

# ATZ

**GREY WOLVES**



**NIHAL ATSIZ**

# **BERSERKER**

---

## **BOOKS**

---



First Book  
BOZKURTES  
--  
URBAN POPULATION



## The Story of the Novel

The moon in the sky was shining so ripe that it made even the brightness of this navy night pale, and the sky was as clear as if it were daylight. This student boarding house in one of the narrow streets leading to the main street was very deserted because of the holiday. Six or seven young people sat with serious faces on the wooden benches facing the street, the sorrow of not being at home in their distant dormitory corners at this happy moment when everyone was laughing and having fun, at least in the family hearth, was visible in their pensive looks. They had just returned from dinner and were seated at random desks. One of them was a slender brown-haired girl with a beautiful face. She was a science student, although her soft and silent posture had the harmonies of a poet. Perhaps for this reason, she spoke very little and did not attempt to revitalise the already exhausted conversation. A tall, rather large young man, sitting a little apart from them all, sat in silence for a while, as if expecting something, some liveliness, some speech from his friends, and when he saw that they did not speak, he took out a book folded in half and worn out from being carried by hand from his jacket pocket, put it right up to his eyes and started to read. This gesture was so inappropriate for the situation at that moment that the young men laughed involuntarily. The smallest of them, and the one with the strangest voice shouted:

## 8 - Death of the Grey Wolves

- That's the pose of a literary man! Why would one read a book at the expense of wasting one's eyes when one could at least watch, or at least appear to watch, the beautiful nature?

The young man, who was said to be a man of letters, did not seem to intend to answer at first. But then, seeing that a general cheerfulness was about to arise, he must have felt the urge to fuel it:

- And you, he said. I wonder what you are imagining in your head while you seem to be watching this beautiful nature? Is it the story of how Grandfather Moon, who has set himself up on the highest point of the sky for who knows how many times to watch the old world, has seen how many bloody battles like steaks along with the most poetic landscapes, how many bayonets have pierced how many steel faces without mercy thanks to his own light, and how he has been able to preserve his lively smile despite this, our desirer?

The young naturalist immediately suppressed the answer:

- This is not my subject, my dear, but that of novelists... Even on this most marvellous night, when I look at the sky, I think only of the moon itself. Or not the smile on its old, wrinkled face. Even if this smile turns into laughter one day, it would still be of no interest to me, let me speak in the manner of a novelist.

Another student, a history student, whom all the students living in the same boarding house called <"Tonyukuk", referring to the oldest Turkish historian, rushed forward excitedly:

- And if one day you see the moon appearing in three places in the sky, will you not be interested?

The small-built youth slowly turned to this speaker:

- Unless you had too much rice in the evening, it is obvious that you have stopped being a historian and started to set up novel plots. Otherwise you wouldn't have asked this ridiculous question, he said.

Tonyukuk smiled:

- I haven't stopped being a historian. But you've started making prophecies despite your materialism. Because I'm about to write a novel. And such a novel that will reflect life itself. Although there is room for both romanticism and realism in it, I will not leave the flow of life itself, and I will be as faithful to history as I am to it. A novel that will make you live 13 00 years ago, and the heroes who appear one after the other will come to the present day. A novel in which there will not be only one hero. Each person in it will be a hero in his own right, just like in life. There is always a single skeleton in the works of both romantics and realists: The love affair between the two protagonists of the novel, male and female. However, since my book will have the flow of centuries, it is impossible for me to get stuck in a single adventure, especially in love stories, which have become very vulgar and obsolete after being repeated in tens of thousands of novels. This will be a brand new type of novel. If I succeed, I'll give you, O moonlight expert, a big telescope as a present.

The young girl, who had until then followed the conversation in silence, intervened:

- Oh, good. According to this, your novel will be a completely realistic work.

This time the future writer turned to him:

- No! My book will not be one of those works that do not hesitate to insinuate or even expose all the physiological movements of people down to the finest details because they are realities. I will not leave the material life, but I will not, as it is fashionable in some of the recent works of authorship, load my book with the simplest and most natural but unrefined subjects. Just as a psychologist considers the psychological cause of each issue, a physician considers the cause of a disease, and a physician considers the cause of a disease.

## 10 - Death of the Grey Wolves

If he tries to find out why it all started, I, too, spent a lot of time trying to find out what the lines of action of future nations are based on, since I have spent a lot of time in history. It is certain that both the intellectuals and the popular stratum of a nation are very suitable for being studied. For this, the best thing, the best tool, can be artefacts. Don't we know that Verter was once found in the pockets of many of those who committed suicide in Germany? Didn't heroic epics with unknown authors such as *Körölu*, *Danişmend Gazi*, *Battal Gazi*, etc. cause the patriotism in our country to continue for centuries? Since I am not a stylist or a scribe, I do not know to what extent I can overcome this task. Just as the silent work of a simple village physician, without anyone realising it, adds up in health statistics, just as the battle of an infantry company is among the reasons that prepare the final result, I will make a move that I consider useful for our national upbringing with my work. That's it...

So, you've just been reading by the light of the moon.

or the young man who was trying to get out of the hospital:

- How many days have I been so brain-weary from reading and trying to understand these genius classics that if you have started your work, and especially if it has a lively beginning, tell me a little, my dear, so that I can recover.

This proposal appealed to all those present. They showed their agreement by making the circle a little narrower. Even the Moondede had lowered himself a little to hear better.

At that moment, as if out of nowhere, everything changed: Where there had been a student hostel, there now a 1,300-year-old Turkish tent. The girl became a robuststrongslant-eyed steppe girl. The men's hair had grown long and spilled over their shoulders, and a *börk* had appeared on their heads.



had changed. Their jackets had become caftans, and their scuffed boots had become boots. The classical artefact in the hands of the literary man was now a kopuz, the fountain pen of the scientist was a knife hanging on his waist belt. All of them were sitting cross-legged on the grass, looking at Tonyukuk with hazel and green eyes that gave a different meaning to their faces, which were notched with sword wounds. The future novelist also became an imposing soldier with a sword at his waist. He was not coy at all and began to tell the story in a heavy voice:



## Part One



## One Summer Night in 621

~~They were~~  
Captain Isbara Alp, who chattered to the wide, meadow, resting. he was

giving, his horse from one side to the other. At night, the mother  
When it got dark, he got off his horse. He walked towards the fire lit by  
the cheris. His horse servant Çelik had taken his horse and was  
travelling.

Tonight the captain was troubled in his heart. He was working  
without knowing it. He walked towards the fire to warm himself. When  
he approached the fire, he remembered that it was summer and there  
was no need to warm up. The soldiers were roasting meat. When he  
reached the fire, one of the soldiers knelt on the ground and offered a  
pine-kug of kimız to the captain. Isbara Alp drank it. He drank it  
reluctantly. He did not take the roast meat offered by a second soldier  
and left them. He came to the foot of a big tree a little further. He sat  
down in a hollow. He looked at the branch...

The bright moon of the Turkish hand was shining all around. One  
by one, the children were lying down on the grass and sleeping. Some  
of them were grooming their horses, someone was cauterising the  
wound on his arm with a red-hot iron.

Corporal Yamtar was sitting far away from the fire, inspecting his  
compass and eating a piece of roast meat. On war days the corporal  
made good use of himself,

## 16 - Death of the Grey Wolves

he wouldn't step on rotten wood. He would eat three days' worth of food in one day, and then he would endure three days without a mouthful, and he would not lose his strength. Before the battle, he would sharpen his sword and sharpen the tips of his arrows.

. After the corporal had sharpened his sword well, he wanted to try it. He plucked a blade of grass from the ground and touched it to the sharp edge of the sword. At the same time, a voice was heard from behind: "Your sword is sharp, but is <sup>your</sup> blade sharp too?"

Yamtar without turning his head:

- He's sharp in his turn.

- Then guess why the captain is in a bad mood tonight<sup>2</sup>? The person who said these words slowly moved to Corporal Yamtar's side.

he collapsed in front of you. That was Corporal Pars.

- Two days ago, Captain Isbara Alp was defeated in the sword games in front of Chuluk Khan. That's why he is troubled.

- Who did the captain lose to?

- To Tunga Tegin.

- Why should the captain be sorry for that? No one can defeat Tunga Tegin with the sword, so the captain can. Besides, even if the captain is defeated, he is still equal to Tunga Tegin in valour. If Tunga Tegin defeated Isbara Alp in swordplay, Isbara Alp was superior to Tunga Tegin in horse racing and arrow shooting.

- And if so, why is he bored?

Corporal Pars answered after a few sips of koumiss:

- He was going to be a major, but he didn't make it.

Yamtar thought for a while. He was not fooled by this reason-

it  
w  
a  
s.

---

<sup>1</sup> Us: Reason.

<sup>2</sup> With this: Kederli.

-İşbara Alp said, -İşbara Alp is not one of those people who will be depressed because I am not a major.

- I'm not saying he's bored because he's not a major.

- What are you saying?

- İşbara Alp could not become a major. İking Katun was the reason for that. I'm saying the captain is angry.

- How could the captain be angry? İching Katun, Chuluk Ka is the brother of the Khan<sup>3</sup>-

- He's her brother-in-law, but he's Chinese.

The two corporals were silent for a long time. They seemed to be lost in thought.

Corporal Pars started talking:

- I saw it with my own eyes: The captain didn't greet Katun near the kagan's tent. He pretended not to see her.

- To tell you the truth, the captain is right, Katun is one thing, but the Chinese, who were captives in our hands, have begun to interfere.

- İşbara Alp also detested the Chinese for this reason. He couldn't become a major because he didn't salute Ka tun. He must have lost his sleep in anger.

- Our Chuluk. The Khan is a good Khan, but this  
It would have been better if he hadn't taken the Chinese woman.

- I'm afraid this Chinese woman is going to get us in .

- In China, there used to be the Sui Qaghan family. Now there's the Tang Qaghan family. This woman is from the old family. They say that she is provoking Chuluk Qaghan so that her family will come to power again in China.

- What he provokes? Dont we think they're all one?

- That's up to the captain. I think it's better to shut up and sleep. I'm sweaty and drenched from talking about troublesome things and blabbering.

---

<sup>3</sup>Sister-in-law: Zevce.

## 18 - Death of the Grey Wolves

Looking at the black mountains lying opposite, Isbara Alp was thinking about the army that would gather behind that mountain tomorrow and raid to China, and he could not understand why he was bored even though there was a raid. There was not a sound in the whole meadow. The wind was not even blowing... Isbara Alp was completely bored. He took off his robe from his head and his quiver from his back. He wanted to expand, to relieve his boredom. In vain... He turned round and looked behind him. All the horses were standing with their heads up and ears pricked up. Captain: <<I'm not the only one bored,>> he muttered. He put on his cap and put on his quiver to walk among the sleeping soldiers. Amazing thing! All of these soldiers, who seemed to be asleep, were awake and not making a sound. They were watching the stars and the moon and wiping their sweat with their surroundings. Such heat at night had never been seen before. The captain came back to his old place. He looked up at the sky. His eyes remained fixed on the sky. A black cloud was coming fast from the west.

This cloud looked like a Chinese horseman. The captain did not find it good that the cloud was travelling so fast in the sky while not even a blade of grass moved on the earth... He thought to himself that there would be a jinx. Just then he saw something like a thunderbolt shoot out from his side. It was an animal, perhaps a fox. It was not clear where it came from and where it went. When the bored captain saw this fox-like animal, he suddenly grabbed the quiver. With lightning speed, he placed an arrow in his bow. He travelled the fleeing animal on the flat meadow and shot<sup>4</sup> the arrow. The captain's arrow was wasted. For the first time in his thirty-five years of life, Isbara Alp had failed to hit his target. Suddenly he felt a coldness on his face. Then he quickly turned back and shouted:

- Crocus!

A stern voice :

---

<sup>4</sup>Travelling: Engagement.



- Here you go!
- the bugle!

But before Çalık could bring the pipe to his lips, the light night suddenly darkened. The moon disappeared. There was a thunderstorm. Lightnings started to make the centre groan and the rain started to pour down in torrents. As the sharp horn of the bush sounded, the soldiers rushed to their horses with the speed of lightning. The captain jumped on his horse in one leap. <<Come after me. Act quickly!>> he shouted. A hundred horsemen rode full speed towards the mountain while the terrible thunderbolts cracked from right and left and the hail stung their faces. The captain wanted to reach the shelters at the foot of the opposite black mountain, and the horsemen raced after him. But this race did not last long. The wind was blowing towards them with a fierce howl, choking the breath of horses and soldiers. The head of the hundred constantly reversed his horse back and forth:

- Come back! Gallop! He shouted. The horses were whipped. The riders were now running in the opposite direction to before. But the wind was blowing chaotically, confusing the way to go. The horses were being cut. They were soaked to the bone. The beautiful meadow had become a swamp, blocking the horses' way.

Now they were fleeing back the way they had come in half a day. They could have got there very quickly with their sturdy horses. But the wind was making them tired, darkness and rain were disorienting them. So they ran for a while.

The rain raged and the wind went mad. The horses no longer paid any attention to the soldiers. At one point, their path came to a descent. They attacked this descent in the dark. This was a wooded place. It very bad for them to come here. The rains had made a hard flowing stream on this descent. Lightning scorched the woods. Two thunderclaps with terrible rattles infuriated all the horses. They jumped into the stream with a neigh. Throwing off the bush, the horse ran madly into the void.

## 20 - Death of the Grey Wolves

when a bolt of lightning struck him and burned him. The bush was fortunate. Several horsemen were caught in the stream, shouting. No one was in a position to help anyone. There was only one Isbara Alp left who had not fallen off his horse. The soldiers who were left helpless did not know what to do. Some were fighting to hold their horses, some were trying to find a shelter. A corporal drew his sword and tried to organise the soldiers under his command. The thunderbolts became more frequent. The captain paused for a moment: <"Has the Turkish God turned away from us?" he thought. Then he shouted in his harsh, booming voice:

- Come here, all of you, gather round me! The soldiers obeyed this command and gathered

together. Isbara Alp shouted:

- Either God has turned away from us, or he wants to sharpen our swords. Hurry up. Take out your swords and stack them over there!

For a moment there was a clatter of swords. The soldiers threw their swords one after the other on the mound on the ground. The captain threw his own sword on top and shouted, "Follow me!". He led the soldiers a little further on, away from the woods, to the rocks. There was no way back now. The water was flowing from above into the stream below and the stream was swelling. Isbara Alp shouted:

- Hang on to the rocks. He who holds on will survive. Those who can't will be washed away!

The soldiers clung to the protruding, pointed places of the rocks in the knee-deep water. The water was rising, and lightning strikes were falling on the pile of swords a little further away. When Corporal Yamtar saw that the rock he was on was pointed upwards and large, he immediately took off his belt with one hand. He commanded the two soldiers with him:

- We haven't run out of power yet. Hold me tight.

Tup If you help me tie this strap to the sharpness of the rock, the three of us will be saved. And a couple of other people, too.

It will. If you don't hold on tight, all three of us will be washed away. Come on, you back against the water. cover me. And you hold me so I can fasten this strap before I'm washed away!

Corporal Yamtar knotted his belt tightly in the centre...

di. He stretched the two dangling ends down. He held one of these ends himself. One of the soldiers grabbed one of them. The other soldier was hanging on to the corporal. The water was approaching their waist. No one paid any attention to the snakes anymore. Their strength was failing. They were fading, clenching their hands tightly on the rocks, trying not to be swept away.

Isbara Alp was on his horse. He attached the bowstring of his bow to the sharpness of the rock and held the iron with his hand, thus protecting himself and his horse against the waters. Corporal Yamtar was now obliged to hold on more tightly to the belt he had tied to the rock. Because it was no longer just one gang hanging on to the corporal. There were maybe twenty of them hugging each other.

... But Yarntar did not protest, did not flinch, but only to hold on tighter to the belt. At this moment there came a sound sharper than a thunderclap, stronger than thunder.

- Kurt Kaya, untie his hand!...

And then the sound of thunder again filled the air. Isbara Alp thundered just in time. The captain, clinging to a higher place than everyone else, saw all Yamtar's actions in the occasional glare of the chakins<sup>5</sup> and then chased the chain of people clinging to each other with his eyes without uttering a word. His heart was always searching for the reason why God had turned away from them. Here they were, constantly flowing to China, never a moment away from the oil, sleeping with their swords in their sterns, their bows unstrungarrows in their quivers.

---

<sup>5</sup> Çakın: Lightning.

## 22 - Death of the Grey Wolves

they didn't spend a single day together. But why was God angry again? The captain was thinking about this and at the same time watching Yamtar. Suddenly, in the brief light of a flashing penknife, he saw the sharp rock gnawing and filing the old strap that had withstood a regiment of soldiers with ever-increasing swiftness. He again decided what to do with the speed of a penknife and shouted: "Wolf Rock, untie his hand! .-Kurt Kaya said that Yamtar was the tenth of the privates who clung to his back. When he received the captain's order, he did not hesitate for a moment, and the black, raging waters swallowed these ten men in an instant. The captain's voice, thundering a second time, warned Yamtar of the danger:

- Yamtar; Hold on tight, the belt will break...

The young corporal made a move. With the last effort of his human strength, he managed to pull himself forward, despite all the weight behind him. With his other hand, he held a ledge of the rock in place. Now they were more secure. The rain had stopped and the wind had died down, although the water flowing down from above kept its speed. One by one, the soldiers began to assemble, each of them sticking to one place or another. Each of them now looked a little taller under their soaked clothes.

tired. They were running here and there in the bright daylight to carry out the captain's orders, lending a hand to their friends who needed help. The confusion lasted for a while. When the day rose an arrow's length above the ground, he found everything organised and in its place.

When Captain Isbara Alp saw that things were going well, he shouted to his troops:

- Come on, get to the sword pile. Find your own sword!

The soldiers rushed forward, the lightning had shattered and scattered some of the swords. Isbara Alp's sword was on top, brighter and sharper than before. Those who had lost their horses were looking for them, calling them by name and whistling. Whinnies could be heard in the distance, horses that had not died

They appeared one by one. The horses of some of them were not returning, and the horsemen of the horses that came in the haze were no longer alive. Isbara Alp was looking at his sword taking his sword, which was more sharpened by the lightning than before, as God's favour to him. But this storm, this hail, these waters, these dead soldiers? ... Was God both favouring and angry?

When the captain wanted to find out how many had died, he shouted to the corporals:

- Corporals, count your men!

The corporals started counting the soldiers gathered around them. Isbara Alp asked one by one:

- Corporal Yamtar!

- Here you go.

- your privates all right?

- s something missing.

- Corporal Sulemish!

- Here you go.

- your privates all right?

- s something missing.

- Corporal Sanjar!

- Here you go.

- your privates all right?

- s something missing.

- Corporal Pars!

- Here you go.

- your privates all right?

- Okay.

- Corporal Sky Börü!

- Here you go.

- your privates all right?

- OK. (Sighs)

- Corporal Arik Buka!

- Here you go.

- your privates all right?

#### 24 - Death of the Grey Wolves

- We're five short.

- Corporal Buğra!

Captain Isbara Alp did not get an answer to this question. He shouted again:

- Corporal Buğra!

A deep voice answered:

- Corporal Buğra has arrived at the plane.

- You got the privates?

-Okay.

- Corporal Kara Budak!

- Here you go.

- your privates all right?

- three missing.

- Corporal Three Sons!

- Here you go.

- your privates all right?

- s something missing.

While Isbara Alp was asking the corporals about their deficiencies, he was drawing the deficiencies on a tally sheet with his knife. When the questioning was over, he counted them all. Twelve privates and Corporal Buğra were dead.

The sun was warming up. There were white clouds in the sky resembling sheep's hair. The soldiers, who had been soaked and cold during the night, were now slowly drying and warming up. Where was the water that had risen up to their chests a little while ago on the descent where the horsemen were gathered, the water that had swallowed thirteen braves of the Sky Turk army? It was as if the soil of Turkeland, the soil that melted everything in its bosom, the soil of the steppes that had been fed with blood for centuries, had drunk these waters in an instant. A thin mist was rising from the earth, and large birds were flying overhead.

With a new order, Isbara Alp started to lead his troops to the place where they had camped last night. They had just crossed the plain when a horseman rode towards them.

They saw him coming at full speed. One of them, mounted on a grey horse, stopped thirty paces in front of them and shouted:

- Who is Captain Isbara Alp? Isbara

Alp rode a horse and answered:

- It's me! Who are you? What do you want?

The rider jumped down and saluted the captain:

- I am Bagatur Shad's horse servant. Bagatur Shad ordered us to return to his army immediately. There will be no raid to China. Chuluk Khan has reached his death bed.

The horseman mounted his horse in one leap. He rode like lightning across the smoky steppe. Nothing was heard on the steppe except the horseman's distant hoofbeats. There was a death silence among Isbara Alp's soldiers. They were frozen, no one said a word, no one breathed a breath. Isbara Alp raised his head to the sky. He looked for the ominous black cloud last night. He thought about the arrow he shot. He passed the previous gale, storm and hail before his eyes: <God has taken our great kagan and from us. Then he gave orders to his troops who looked at him, stunned, but silent:

- me! We must arrive early!

87 horsemen were flying over the endless steppe. Captain Isbara Alp, who was under the command of Bagatur Shad, Chuluk Khan's lair<sup>6</sup> was going to his army. As the minutes passed, the speed of the horses increased and eyebrows were furrowed. The manes of the horses and the auburn hair of the soldiers waved in the air.

---

<sup>6</sup> *Ini*: Younger brother.

## Bagatur Shad

With messengers from side to side, all the chieftains Bagatur  
They had rallied **to Dshad**'s army. There's no turning back  
now.

to the army. There would be a migration to Chuluk Khan's own  
army and then to the homeland. Twenty thousand horsemen were  
travelling slowly towards the north. Captain Isbara Alp was in the  
centre of this group with his 86 troops. The whole army was silent.  
Because they had learnt that Chuluk Khan had been killed by Iking  
Katun.

Corporal Yamtar and Corporal Pars were behind the knee.  
They were talking in a slow voice. Pars was :

- Did you see what Chinese Katun did? When she realised we  
were going to tear China apart, she cried for the Khan.

Yamtar replied:

- I don't understand. Doesn't this katun want his family to be  
kings of China again? Chuluk Khan was going to do what he wanted  
by beating the Chinese. Then why did she cry for him? I think there  
must be other reasons.

- What other reason could there be?

- I don't know what will happen. Of course this woman will be  
questioned. Then we'll find out why.

- This woman must die. Of course they'll choke her with a  
bowstring.



- Whoever cried the Khan cannot be killed with a bowstring. He must be beheaded with a sword or pierced in the chest with an arrow.<sup>7</sup>

- Did you see the Chinese henchmen looking at Bagatur Shad's ottoman? They don't want to show it, but they're not happy.

- Bagatur Shad would not let this woman who was crying for his agha Çuluk Khan alive.

- These Chinese women are always sterile. The noblest can give birth to five. Cows have calves. Mares give birth to foals. A bitch dog to a foal. But the Chinese woman is useless. Moreover, she makes our kagan sick.

- Is it only the female that's useless? What good the male?

- The men at least plough fields and weave cloth. When we raid, he prepares goods for us to plunder.

-  
- -

At dusk the army halted. It was summer, so they were not nagging. The storm the night before had cost them dearly, but now they knew it would not come again. God had taken Çuluk Kagan to take away their anger. It was beautiful tonight. A cool wind was blowing, thin clouds were travelling in the sky, and sounds were coming from the forest next door. Tonight, horses were not groomed, compasses were not sharpened. Tonight there was no drinking of kibbles, no roast meats, no dried meats were eaten. Tonight everything was negotiated from within. Tonight, orders were not given harshly and promises were not spoken firmly.

After half past midnight the moon set. Darkness descended on the night. Darkness also descended on the hearts. Few of the soldiers were sleeping, most of them were thinking. It is not known what a Turk is thinking because of his face. Suddenly a sound roused the dozing, thinking soldiers from their reverie. It was a rupture.

~~In the Turks, elders executed by strangulation with~~ <sup>190</sup> beam.

## 28 .Death of the Grey Wolves

was the sound of the zoon. Those who were lying on the grass stood up, those who were sitting stood up. The sound was growing. One by one, the soldiers walked towards the sound. Corporal Pars, looking at Corporal Yamtar:

- He said, "It will be the Black Bard, he has gone wild again. Yarntar responded:

- He's on fire. He's gonna rock us, too!

The two corporals walked with heavy steps. Many soldiers, who did not recognise each other in the darkness, were going towards the sound. Among them were corporals and captains. There were even majors and divisional captains among them. There also tarkans, emirs and tangins among them. Even Bagatur Shad was among them. Those who heard the voice were getting up and walking.

The Black Bard was sitting cross-legged on the ground, playing his kopuz. He was too engrossed to realise that a crowd was gathering around him. A very young soldier was sitting in front of him, looking at Kara Ozan. Kara Ozan played first. Then he became more enthusiastic and started to sing. He was singing and playing... Not a sound was heard around him. It was as if the hearts of these hundreds of soldiers and admirers were trembling in the strings of Kara Ozan's kopuz. Kara Ozan's bright voice was descending to the steppe and hearts like an avalanche. Kara Ozan was singing idioms<sup>8</sup>.

*Is Chuluk Khan dead? Are the  
Turks left without a head? Did  
the cowardly Chinese laugh?  
Hearts are shattered!*

*Who set a trap for us? God is  
far from the Turks!*

---

<sup>8</sup> Sayings: Poetry.

Kaghan is the adornment of the land<sup>9</sup>-  
Hearts are shattered.

Chuluk Khan was valiant,  
now he's gone. Who did this  
to us? Hearts are shattered!

Our star is extinguished, The  
oilers rejoice, The kagan is  
weeping, The hearts are torn!

The army had grasped the melody<sup>10</sup> in the Black Bard's verse. They sang the end of the stanzas in unison and wept. As these thousands of people, from 15-year-old children to 60-year-old husbands, each of whom had seen bloody days of war and had escaped death in a few ways, moaned in trembling voices, "Hearts will be shattered! - the steppe moaned as if thousands of grizzly wolves were howling, and the grizzly wolves in the forest opposite were responding to these compatriots with their own voices. The Black Bard was singing:

Now this is your budun,  
Kagan, you made us one. You  
did this, Katun! Hearts will  
break!

Katun should overcome  
you, should raid your  
homeland, should slaughter  
a hundred thousand  
Chinese, hearts will be  
shattered!

---

<sup>9</sup> Decoration: Ornament.

<sup>10</sup> Melody: Composition, music.

### 30 .Death of the Grey Wolves

*Now the heart is <sup>sad</sup>11  
Separated from its khan,  
Chinese Katun is crooked,  
Hearts are broken!*

*Don't say that there are 12 em  
12, Our wound will not come to  
eme. Black Bard, don't moan,  
hearts will break!*

While the Black Bard was playing the kopuz and reciting his melody, suddenly a voice cried out in the darkness:

- Bard, stop! You're breaking hearts! ...

Everyone turned left and right to see who was shouting. Nothing could be seen in the darkness... O- then the Black Bard realised the mass surrounding him on all four sides. He got up slowly. He slipped among the pile.

It was dawn. As the steppe was dawning, it seemed to take the darkness from the hearts. Bagatur Shad had not slept all night and his Chinese servants had to stay awake too. Two of these servants had retreated to a shore and were talking in Chinese. One of them:

- It's a good thing that Chuluk Khan has been pardoned. Otherwise he would have turned China upside down, says the other:

- He should make a statue of this Iching Katun and put it in the temples.

Then they began to discuss who would be the new khan. One of them said:

---

<sup>11</sup> Sayn: Sick  
<sup>12</sup> Em: Medi

- There are two sons of Chuluk Khan: Yasar Shad and Shu Tegin. Şu Tegin is only eighteen years old, he is considered as a child. Yasar Shad is twenty-two years old, but he is a yellow, pale, pale person. Of course, since he is the eldest son, he will become the kagan. When he becomes kagan, China will have a good day. Because he is not one of the men who will fight.

While the Chinese servants were chattering like this, they did not realise that there was someone listening to them. In the twilight, it was not clear who this soldier, who was apparently lying there to rest, was. While he was listening to the Chinese, he stood up for a while and was about to reach for his sword. Then he must have given up and slowly withdrew from there. The Chinese were talking to him.

Meanwhile, two horsemen approached slowly from a distance. They stopped two hundred paces ahead. One of them pointed with his hand to the other at the Chinese. In the darkness, from two hundred paces away, these two Chinese could only be seen as a circle. The second rider drew two arrows from his quiver. With incredible speed he shot both of them and knocked down the two Chinese. Then the two horsemen rode away. This happened so quickly that no one saw them.

When it was light, they found the dead Chinese. Bagatur Shad frowned when he saw that two of his horse servants had been killed. The bugle sounded, Bagatur Shad's tunic was raised, and Shad mounted his horse. The messenger he sent out shouted asking if anyone had seen who had killed the two horse servants. In a few minutes 20.000 people had learnt that Bagatur Shad's two horse servants had been killed. When the messengers shouted and returned to their places, Isbara Alp galloped his horse and came in front of Bagatur Shad. He jumped from his horse and bowed to the ground. Bagatur Shad asked:

- Captain Isbara Alp! You know who killed two horse ?  
you tired?
- I know, Shad.
- Tell me who it is.

### 32 . Death of the Grey Wolves

- Ben!

Bagatur Shad's face changed:

-Why did you do that?

Isbara Alp spoke heavyfull and cold:

- They were rejoicing that Chuluk Khan was dead.

Bagatur Shad bowed his head. He thought for a while. Then he asked Isbara Alp:

- How do you know they're happy? Do you speak Chinese?

- I don't speak Chinese. The horse servant Çalık knows it. He learnt it after being a prisoner in China for three years. He gave me what he spoke.

- Isbara Alp! Do you know how this ends?

- To be a major for destroying those who blasphemed Chuluk Khan, to be caned for killing your men...

Those who were listening to the conversation between Bagatur Shad and Isbara Alp were so engrossed in these two that they did not see a very horseman slowly approaching and listening to these conversations very closely.

Bagatur Shad said it again. He :

- Isbara Alp! You are mistaken. Did anyone order you to kill Chinese horse servants without asking me?

Isbara Alp did not respond to this interrogation, but the young man, who had been listening to the conversation, intervened:

- Maybe it was Bagatur Shad!

Baghatur Shad, Isbara Alp, the likes and cheris lowered their heads. It was Shu Tegin, the younger son of Chuluk Khan, who spoke these words. There was a revival there immediately. The likes and çeris greeted Tegin by kneeling on the ground. Bagatur Shad got off his horse and walked towards his tegin. He also dismounted his horse in one leap and went towards the shada. Bagatur Shad smiled:

- He said, "Welcome, nephew.

Everyone thought that it was Shu Tegin who ordered Isbara Alp to kill the Chinese. Shu Tegin, who came to Bagatur Shad from Chuluk Khan's army, first looked around. He looked at Isbara Alp, looked at the likes. At some point his eyes fell on Bagatur Shad's Chinese servants. His gaze was hard. Although he was only eighteen years old, he was a big, strong and manly brave. Then he turned towards Bagatur Shad:

- May you be blessed. The Kurultai chose you. He said, "You have become the Khan.

This word fell like a thunderbolt. It was not clear whether they were happy, disappointed or surprised. Bagatur Shad's face suddenly became serious. A few of those with him seemed to smile vaguely. Shu Tegin and Isbara Alp exchanged glances as if they wanted to read each other's hearts through their eyes. Then a command of Şu Tegin stirred the atmosphere:

- Let the drums beat, Bagatur Shad is Khan!

These words were spread to the whole army by word of mouth. In a short time twenty thousand horsemen learnt that Bagatur Shad had been elected as the king.

## Black Khan

**O**N DAYS later, the kaganate of Bagatur Shad was celebrated in Ötügen. Bagatur Shad had now taken the name of Kara Kagan. His great otaku was decorated, a decorated throne was set up. Drums were beating, trumpets were blowing, and kisins were being offered. Kara Kagan's makeshift ottoman was so big that it could hold hundreds of people. The kagan sat on the throne on the left, which was the blessed direction. A katun was sitting on his right. A little below the throne on the left and on the right stood shads, tegins, emirs, tarkans. Farther away, alps, majors, captains, corporals, corporals were lined up, and servants were constantly carrying kımız.

Yasar Shad, the eldest son of Chuluk Khan, was named Tulu Khan by Kara Khan. Shu Tegin was also called Kur Shad. However, Tulu Khan's pale face showed the traces of eternal distress. Because the katun sitting next to his wife<sup>13</sup> Kara Kagan was his stepmother, Iking Katun, who had been crying for his father, Chuluk Kagan. Kara Kagan, instead of questioning this woman who had cried for his brother, had married her for a reason no one could understand.

Quite far away from the otaku, Corporal Yamtar was drinking who knows how many cups of koumiss when Corporal Pars approached him:

---

<sup>13</sup> Eçi: Uncle, also "elder brother".



- Yamtar said, what do you think about these things? Yamtar replied:
- That's what I was going to ask you. What do you think?
- The Kurultai did not elect Yasar Tegin as kagan because he was a punk<sup>14</sup>. The likes did not like Yasar Tegin's behaviour either...
- We understood this, but why did Kara Kagan marry the katun who had slandered his Agha?
- According to what I have heard, in the Turkish tradition, when the Agha dies, he marries his sister in order to take his wife.
- In the Turkic species, the one who slays the khan be left unpunished?

The corporals were interrupted here. A Chinese servant was offering koumiss. Yamtar looked the Chinese up and down:

- You Chinese! Don't you dare to think that there is a sludge in the pudding you are offering? Then, while giving back the pine cup he had emptied to the Chinaman who was looking at him year after year, he added: I drank twenty pine kegs, I have to die twenty times. One way is no way to die!..

As the Chinese servant walked away, Pars gently nudged Yamtar:

- Look, look! Look well! He said, "How hard do the sons of Chuluk Khan look at the katun?

Yamtar his head to the ottoman.

- Kara Khan complied. He made Yasar Tegin, the eldest son of Chuluk Khan, Tulu Khan. He will send him to the east against the Tunguz and Tatars.

- So he can get rid of her?
- Who knows?
- And the little boy?

---

<sup>14</sup> ♦ Ank: Weak, skinny.

### 36 - Death of the Grey Wolves

- He's younger... And the kagan took him into good graces. He made him Kür Shad.

- So why is our captain in this again?

- I don't know much, but a new daughter was born yesterday. Hundred-head's had four children so far, all girls. Maybe that's it.

At these words of Yamtar, Corporal Pars suddenly became still and silent.

-  
- -

Thousands of people gathered in front of the new kaghan's otaku were in great silence even though <sup>they</sup> drank a lot of koumiss. Even those who were the farthest away from the kaghan spoke in a slow voice. Only the sounds of drums, trumpets and cymbals filled Ötüken. Entertainment was to be held until the day darkened. Today wrestlers would wrestle, bahadars would fight, marksmen would shoot arrows, riders would race.

On the signal of the Khan, the drums and pipes stopped. Turning to the likes on his left, the Khan said to Tunga Tegin:

- Tunga Tegin! Today you will play swordplay! Are there any other brave men besides you? If there is a man equal to you among all these alps, I will honour him. If you defeat them all, I will give you one of my best horses that I will choose with my own hand.

Tunga Tegin knelt on the ground and said, "Your kagan is in command". Kara Kagan looked across this time. He smiled. He broke his balls:

- If anyone wants to compete with Tunga Te gin, the invincible brave of Ötüken, the unbending brave of the Bozkurt family, the supreme leader of the Sky Turks, come on!

---

<sup>16</sup> to be yawning: To get drunk.

For a moment there was not a sound. It was obvious that they were not fighting with Tunga Tegin. Then four people came out from four places and walked towards the khan. When they approached the otak, they knelt down and introduced themselves:

- I am Apa Tarkan, Chuluk Khan's comrade in war and his wife in knowledge!

- I am Ash Chur, whose sword is sharper than a penknife, who is dominant in battle, who uproots trees!

- I am Major Makaraç Alp, who has raided China forty times, whose three brothers died in battle, whose ancestors died in fight, whose grandfathers died in battle!

- I am Captain Isbara Alp!

When Iking Katun saw that Isbara Alp had introduced himself very briefly, she bowed to the Black Khan:

- Why doesn't this Alp praise himself and introduce himself longer?

The Khan returned to Isbara Alp:

- He said, "Great Katun wants you to praise and introduce yourself like the other soldiers.

Isbara Alp knelt on the ground and got up. Then he turned to Katun and introduced himself as follows:

- I am Captain Isbara Alp, whose arrow never fails, who never falls off his horse, who carries ten divisions of goods when he raids to China, who shoots Chinese and lives when Chuluk Khan dies!

These words came down like lightning: Kür Shad and Tulu Khan looked at Katun. Katun was flushed, biting her lips, trying to restrain herself. There was no change in Kara Kagan's face. He turned to Tunga Tegin:

- Which of these men do you wish to compete with?

He asked.

Tunga Tegin bowed his head and :

- He said, "You're in charge!

Black Khan swept his sharp gaze over the four soldiers. There was no breath in the air. He said slowly:

38 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

- Tunga Tegin! You will fight with Isbara Alp!...

At the same time, in the distance, Corporal Pars took a hand on Yamtar's shoulder:

- He said, "I am afraid nothing will happen to our captain.

Tunga Tegin went forward and stood in front of Isbara Alp.

He was wearing a beautiful new breastplate of armour. A silver moon was shining on his tulga. He was taller and bigger than Isbara Alp. His slanted green eyes looked sweet and hard. "Are you ready?" asked the Khan. Then he clapped his hands three times. Two braves, who were ten steps away from each other, drew swords like lightning and attacked each other. All eyes were turned towards them. Those who stayed behind were riding horses and looking. The two braves were wielding their swords with great skill. They either deflected the swords with their own swords or stopped them with shields.

Nothing was heard but the clatter of swords. Katun was in a fog. <sup>16</sup>He wanted Isbara Alp to be defeated or even killed. Although Tulu Khan and Kür Shad wanted Tunga Tegin, who was their close relative, to win, they could not consent to the defeat of Isbara Alp. Because he was also their distant relative. The corporals under Isbara Alp's command were watching this battle without blinking an eye, while the kagan remained frozen. The battle was getting faster and harder, two braves, leaping with agile steps, were fighting back and forth on the field in front of the kagan.

At one point they both turned to their right, took back the shields held in their left hands, and began a terrible, yet beautiful and sweet sword-play, in which they both clashed swords in the air without taking a step forward or backward. They were making these fierce descents towards each other's tulgass, but as the other immediately tripped them up

---

<sup>16</sup> Excitement: Excitement; to be excited: To be excited.

It was as if two braves were twirling swords in the air. Kür Shad was staring at this game. This fight was truly unsatisfying. Black Khan had chosen the two braves to fight well. Suddenly both of them took a step and approached each other. Their swords were stuck together. They met eye to eye. Tunga Tegin:

- Isbara Alp! Say, "I'm proud of fighting with you.

di.

Captain:

- Thank you, Tegin!

Then they both took a step back and raised their shields they took the lead. The fight resumed at the same pace as before. There was no sign of fatigue yet. Iking Katun was getting angry. Leaning towards the Khan:

- Won't he grow up now? he asked. The Khan answered without turning his head:

- To separate such fine fighting men so quickly 't that a shame? Take a good look You'll never see this of fighting again in your life. They don't have such things in China!

Katun fell silent. He turned his head to the battle again. Just at this moment, it was seen that Tunga Tegin made an unbearable attack, swung three swords one after the other at Isbara Alp, Isbara Alp met these swords with his shield, but the shield could not withstand these fierce blows and broke in two and fell to the ground. Katun's eyes suddenly lit up. Isbara Alp's corporals bit their lips. Kür Şad's eyes widened with curiosity. The Khan smiled. Isbara Alp immediately turned to his right and took cover with his sword. While everyone was waiting for Tunga Tegin's new and final attack, they saw him throw his shield to the ground and shout, "Move, Isbara Alp! The swordplay that had just begun, which had knocked everyone unconscious, had begun again, and the two valiant men were giving each other some vicious pokes. This time the swords only occasionally found their mark, but the tulgas and armour withstood it. Now Isbara Alp fell back.

#### 40 - Death of the Grey Wolves

to protect the boy. Tunga Tegin was constantly attacking and Isbara Alp was guarding his neck. One was advancing, the other was retreating. Isbara Alp seemed a little tired. He finally came to the front of the audience. He realised that one more step back and he would be defeated. After blocking Tunga Tegin's last attack, he made a fierce attack. Tunga Tegin could only be saved by taking a step back. His second attack was even more ferocious. His sword found Tunga Tegin's tulga with an excruciating descent, and the tulga fell to the ground, breaking its bonds. Blood was coming from Tunga Tegin's nose. Seeing this, Katun's eyes blurred. Here Isbara Alp was winning the game. One more sword stroke could have killed Tunga Tegin, whose head was still uncovered. But Katun was wrong. Isbara Alp took a step back. In one move, he took off his tulga from his head, threw it on the ground and attacked <(Davran Tunga Tegin! It was as if the battle had just begun. They were fighting so fast and hard. Their long hair was flying, thin scratches appeared on their faces and foreheads, and blood was oozing from these scratches.

Four of the Chinese servants of the Khan were at the back of the otaku. They could not see the swordplay in front of the otaku, they were looking for a way to see it. One of these four servants was a captive Chinese officer. He was more eager to see it than all of them, and was going back and forth. One of the Chinese said to his friend:

- Can we lift the shuraqan skirt of the otakh and look? We can see because there is always a plain in front of us and the fighters are fighting on the ground.

This offer was accepted. four Chinese all lay down on the ground. After a few struggles, they lifted a place at the foot of the otaku and started to watch the fight at a distance of one or two hundred paces. The old Chinese officer was criticising the fighters and teaching his companions:

- We came for nothing. They're both novices. They don't know anything. What kind of idiocy is this? When his opponent's tulga fell, he threw his own tulga off his head. Turks call this bravery, but it's just plain sass. If I had the quiver, I'd show you.

The battle had become so prolonged and heated that the hearts of all the spectators began to beat like drums. Those who could not see the battle were looking for a thousand ways. A few people brought a cart, put a horse on it, and themselves got on the horse. Çalik, the horse servant, was travelling back and forth, unable to find a hole to see the swordplay. But he was running, going and looking for a place without getting tired, lying down and tiring. While he was looking for a place, he sensed that he was sneaking up to the back of the otaku. When he got there and saw four people lying on the ground and looking somewhere, he realised that they were watching the battle. He walked on. Before he realised that they were Chinese, he also lay down.

Hooray! The door of the camp was wide open, so you could see the fight from here. They were some distance away, but he could see them. The Chinese were so engrossed in the fight that they couldn't tell if someone new had come to them or if one of them had moved. The fight was going on and on. Isbara Alp had a big wound on his forehead and Tunga Tegin had a big wound on his temple. None of them could see any colour anymore from the other thin wounds.

One of the Chinese asked the officer:

- these guys mad? They're still fighting!

When he heard these words spoken in Chinese. Chalig's face changed so much... But the taste of the fight he was watching prevented him from interfering. The old Chinese officer would answer:

- These Turks are a weak people. They fight like wild boars, but they have no skill. If it were me, I'd knock down that arsehole called Isbara Alp!

42 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

The cypress sprang up as if stung by a snake. He kicked the old Chinese water dealer in the back and shouted:

- You son of a ! What did you say?

The four Chinese suddenly stood up. They could not comprehend where this Turk, who understood their Chinese, had come from, and were surprised. When the Chinese realised that things were going badly, he wanted to play coy:

- Look at me! I can see you're a commoner. We are Black Khan's horse servants. Come on, get out of here!

- You are still Chinese even if you are the brother-in-law of Kara Kagan, not his horse servant! How can you curse the Sky Turks and speak ill of the great Isbara Alp?

The Chinese was surprised. However, he was not afraid because there were four of them. But when his eyes fell on Çaliğ's sword, he felt sick:

- Bully! You trust me because I have a sword. If I had a sword, I wouldn't have made you say those words.

- In the case of a rash behaviour, take out his sword with the strap and throw it on the ground.

it

w

as

:

- Come on, I'm swordless too, but I'm not a bitch.  
He said, "We're going to get laid!" and attacked the Chinese.  
While there was a fight in front of the otakah, which was seen by thousands of eyes, another fight began behind the otakah, which was seen by no one but God. Five people were struggling and fighting one under the other, one on top of the other. The Chinese want to fight. But this rampaging mob had forced them to fight, and the arrow was out of the bow. Çalık was beating him as if he had only the old Chinese officer against him, and the other three Chinese were punching Çalık.

Tunga Tegin and Isbara Alp were tired. But still none of them could turn away. Iking Katun, on the other hand, was restless. He was looking more at others than at the fighters. At one point, for some reason, he turned his head back



he peeked inside. His eyes widened in surprise. Tulu Khan, who kept glancing at Iking every now and then, saw her astonishment and looked behind the otaku. Something was happening here. The skirt of the otaku was lifted from somewhere, and its top was shaking from time to time. When Tulu Khan saw this, a wolf fell into his heart. He thought that something unseemly was happening and Iking Katun was making him do it. He bowed to Kür Shad:

- There's something unseemly going on behind the threshold. He said, "Go and find out without letting anyone know.

Kür Shad passed through the spectators who gave way to him and came behind the otbah. There was not an unseemly business going on here, but a handsome one: A Chinaman, covered in blood, had rolled over and was struggling to recover, and three Chinese horse servants were fighting with a Chinese. Kür Shad found this fight more worth watching than the other. He did not approach, lest they would stop the fight if he approached. Because the end of the fight was approaching. The Chinese were getting a good beating. At one point, one of the Chinese rolling on the ground caught the eyes of Çalık's sword. He took the sword by crawling like a snake. He took it out of its scabbard and walked away to hit the head of the Turkish soldier who was fighting with them. Kür Shad saw all this. When he saw that he was involved in the affair, he realised that it was time to intervene. He put an arrow on his bow and travelled. As the Chinese was lowering the sword, he shot the arrow. The arrow stuck in the Chinese's hand and the Chinese made a fuss. This arrow and the shouting of the Chinese stopped the fight. When Çalık saw Kür Şad, he saluted him. The Chinese also wanted to greet him by kneeling on the ground according to Turkish custom. But they were so tired and so clumsy that they made ridiculous movements as if falling to the ground. The Chinese who had been beaten, the former officer, was about to complain to Kür Şad. Kür Shad interrupted him:

- You guys don't know how to fight. In a private fight, there's only one man. Let's say you all came together because the four of you are worth one man. What about a private without a sword

44 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

Why do you draw your sword? It is seen that this soldier took out his sword to fight with you. Is it befitting to be a bitch by drawing his sword on him?

Then he turned to the bush and asked:

- Who are you? The  
crocodile answered:

- They call me Çalık. I am the horse servant of Captain Isbara Alp. Kür Shad turned back when he heard the name Isbara Alp. Seyri-,

to see the fight he'd abandoned. The Chinese also looked to get away immediately. Because Çalık had put on his sword and was ready to fight again. But Çalık was no longer looking at them, he was going after Kür Şad to look for a place to watch the fights. When Kür Shad came to his old place, he briefly told Tulu Khan what had happened. Then he knelt on the ground in front of the Black Khan and said:

- Khan! These two men are equal. Order them to leave.

Otherwise we won't be able to do the other games.

The Khan responded by fixing his eyes on the fighters:

- You're right, Kur Shad, separate them!

Kür Shad drew his sword and entered between the two.

Separating their swords with his sword:

- The Khan has commanded. The shooting is over. You are equal! said the two soldiers, saluted the kagan. The kagan looked at Isbara Alp:

- Isbara Alp! You are equal to Tunga Tegin, the invincible hero of the Sky Turks. 'm making you a major!

There was not a sound in the neighbourhood. Isbara Alp's corporals smiled at this remark.

Kür Shad was also happy: Because Isbara Alp was their distant kinsman.

Now the wrestling began. The loud-voiced messenger shouted:

- Whoever is numbered to wrestle, come!

Eight soldiers from eight places came out of eight places and towards the otbah. They greeted the Khan and introduced themselves:

- I am Inal Tarkan, the buğga of Ötüken, with a solid iron wrist, a black lion's heart, whose back is not touched by the ground, who does not bow down to anyone!

- I am the Son of Tinesi, who is virtuous when there is peace, helpful when he sees the poor; who knocks down a hogha and throws a tree to the sky!

- I am the mighty Karluk beğ, a bee of mighty men, a great Karluk beğ of the Black Khan's clan, who makes salt out of stone, who does little and makes much, they call me Moon Born!

- I am Alp Bamsı, the lion of the Kyrgyz, the tiger of Gökmen Eli, the one who rides in a blizzard, stands upright when the earth trembles, and cleaves stones with a sword!

- I am Tudun the Wise, the mighty of the Nine Oghuz, the avenger of the seventy oils, the wish of the seven daughters, the messenger of Selenge, the one who raced with the black bow, fought with the grey bear, and wrestled with the nine alps!

- I, the Basmil Eli falcon, supreme hero, flick it  
'the one who sheds blood, the mountain collapses when he cries out, the rock of the rocks, the invincible power saddle';- Salcı Beğ'm!

- I, the comrade of Isbara Alpthe **brother** of fourteen  
privatesfull ka

leaning on the bow, soaking in the crazy water, carrying twenty soldiers, I am Yamtar, the head of the Ten.

- I am the son of Silver, who does not ache even if he is bayoneted, who does not get tired if he drinks koumiss, who is windy if he plays the trumpet, whose chest is perforated with a sword, who flattens the four Chinese who cut twenty oil!

Iking would have been angry again if she had heard Çalık's words. But she did not hear it, she was looking at Bilge Tüdun. The Nine Oghuz beg, who was the wish of the girl, was the most handsome of all the men Iking Katun had ever seen.

At this time there a stirring in the rear. - One of Ka ra Khan's favourites came forward and stood in front of the Khan. He bowed down and said something. The kagan turned to Katun and talked to her for a while. Iing Katun's face was smiling. Having received a command from the kagan, he quickly turned back and said

---

<sup>17</sup>Eye: Owner.

46 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

He cut through the people and went back the way he came. After a little while he came back by the same way with some Chinese people behind him. One of them was walking in front of the others, and from his dress it was clear that he was a Chinese chief. When the Chinese chief came in front of the khan, he knelt down and greeted him. Then he greeted Katun. Katun got up from his seat, took him by the hand and lifted him up. She sat next to him. The Black Khan did not move at all, not even a line on his face changed.

A little later, messengers reported that the wrestling had been interrupted because the Black Khan's honoured guest, Shen-King, brother of Iching Katun, had arrived.

~ ~

✱

At night, two inseparable companions, Corporal Pars and Corporal Yamtar were sitting and talking. When the talk turned to the wrestling that day, Yamtar said:

- The wrestling was left for tomorrow because the Chinese duke came. Will the Chinese duke wrestle too? Is this done so he can rest? If he wrestles, I want to fight him.

Pars .

- Chinese likes do not wrestle. Wrestling was stopped so that Katun could talk to her brother and be a dilmaçç<sup>18</sup> to the kaghan. Because the Chinese lord Shen-king had fled from China. The kagan wants to learn Chinese affairs. But God forbid that they should not lead the kagan to a bad way...

- There were three other men with the Chinese leader. Are they horse servants?

- They're Chinese officers, the comrades of the Chinese tyrant. Chinese people look like snakes anyway, but I don't like the face of the Chinese tyrant.

---

<sup>18</sup> Dilmıfıf: Translator.

- Then take a good look at his face. If you lose your appetite and eat less, the best way is to eat less when we have fewer sheep and cattle. I have twenty sheep left. Two of my mares were devoured by wolves. I had one cow, but it was eaten. If there is no raid soon, we are finished!

## The Sharp Shooter of the Oztec

◆ arrow horse wrestling was being held in the afternoon on the

**E<sup>TH</sup>URSDAY.** Inal Tarkan and Bilge Tudun, the leader of Nine Oghuz, defeated all the other wrestlers. They fought with each other, but they could not win and remained equal. Corporal Yamtar had defeated the Kyrgyz wrestler Alp Bamsı in the first wrestling match and lost to Bilge Tudun in the second match. Bilge Tudun was a very good wrestler, but Corporal Pars was annoyed that Corporal Yamtar lost to him so quickly. He asked Yamtar after the fight:

- Even if you couldn't beat him, you wouldn't be beaten so quickly. What's the matter with you? Are you in pain? Are you feeling sick?

- I don't have a cold. I have no aches and pains. If a person does not eat three days' rations<sup>19</sup> all at once before going out to fight or wrestle, is there any strength left in his arm? At sunrise I drank only one pint of koumiss. This the wrestling with an empty stomach. Then the Nine Oghuz strong-armed both in battle and fight. I was afraid that the Nine Oghuz chief would also defeat Inal Tarkan, our Ötüken buğra<sup>20</sup>.

---

<sup>19</sup> Provision: Provisions.

<sup>20</sup> Buğra: Male camel.

In the meantime, drums started beating and trumpets were blowing. The singing was beginning. As everyone marched to take their places, a loud messenger shouted:

- The men of Ötüken will shoot arrows. To the Sky Turk Khan

The few men of all these nations will shoot arrows. Sky Turk soldiers, Tölis, Tardush warriors, Nine Oghuz braves, Karluk braves, Kyrgyz, Bayırkus, Kuri-kan, Basmıl, Kıtaylar, Tatars, Oghuz Tatars; all the gins, shads, yabgular, iltebers, likes, emirs, tar kan, warriors, warriors will shoot arrows! The great guest of the Black Khan, the famous Chinese lord, Shen-king, will also shoot arrows! Everybody come to your place- sı-n ! ...

A very short time passed. The whole field was filled with thousands of çeris and bahadis. There was a hum in the centre. As usual, the kaghan's tent stood away from this buzzing and no sound could be heard around it. When the gathering of the çerile r was over, the Black Khan appeared with the katun on his right and the guest Chinese lord Shen-king on his left. At that moment everything was silent and everyone knelt on the ground. After a while, the kings lined up to the left and right of the kagan. After the places were taken, the loud voice of the messenger filled the centre.

- The Great Khan summons the men of Ötüken to a trial!

Those who trust in the strength of their arm and the sharpness of their eye, to the battlefield! ...

Today the width in the centre was than every day. The soldiers had made the ring a wider. In the left angle of the seat of the kaghan, the travelling board was rising, and the circles painted black on it could be seen very well. The number of these circles was four. The first shooting would begin by hitting all four of these rounds in order from top to bottom, and those who failed to do so would withdraw from the field.

In the right angle of the kaghan, the shooters were gathered right after the command. Only in the left angle of the kaghan, the spectators who were far away could not see how the arrows fell on the arbour board.

## 50 .Death of the Grey Wolves

they would eat. The messenger would shout at them, but it would not be as sweet as seeing with the eye.

Since the guest was blessed by the Turkic race, the khan invited Shen-king, who had wished to enter these trials, to shoot the first arrow. Chinese beg got up from his place. He went to the square on foot among the bahadis who led the way for him. There was a swagger in his swing, a boast of confidence in his arm and marksmanship. He stopped when he reached his place. He took the bow and arrow extended by a soldier. He placed the arrow and stretched the bow and travelled. There was not a sound. The sound of the arrow whistling

even those who were far away could hear. The first arrow reached the wood. But it didn't find the top round. It stuck a little off it and stayed there. As the messenger shouted that the arrow was stuck four fingers away from the round, it was as if the atmosphere became a little quieter. Eyes watched for the second arrow to set off. Shen-king was not paying attention. It natural to him, so he took the second arrow the soldier handed him. He placed it in his bow and shot it. The arrow stuck in the wood again, but not in the second round, but in the third. There was one around again. There was only The Chinese king turned a little yellow. The third arrow hit one inch above the first round. Kür Shad, who had not moved or breathed until that moment, and had been watching what was happening among the soldiers without making a sound, jumped up from his place. In front of the Khan

what listen to:

- Why is the Chinese guest making fun of us?

The kaghan had to give a proper answer to this question asked in front of Katun. But even before he opened his mouth, there was laughter among the soldiers. Especially on the back shelves, the privates were waving and the humming was increasing. Kür Shad quickly turned round. But when he saw the situation, a faint smile spread on his lips. He looked at Kagan. I think he was smiling slowly too.

It was Corporal Sanjar who caused such an overflow of the troops. The young corporal laughed almost once a year.



He, too, was often seen in unexpected situations. The corporal's majestic face always sullen and thoughtful, and he was not interested in anything other than his soldiers and their compasses. Today, he approached the field with a sullen face again. He waited, not getting off his horse because he was left behind. He watched with a trembling heart as Shen-king came out and stretched his bow. I wonder how skilful a marksman this foreigner was? Corporal Sanchar was eager to find out. The fact that the first arrow did not find its mark did not change the corporal's condition at all. He only took a big breath, showing that the scepticism in his chest had diminished. He also observed the flight of the second arrows. But when Kür Şad mistook this inexperience for mockery and asked the kaghan about it, and the fourth arrow, which had been shot while Kür Şad was asking the kaghan about it, went through the outer edge of the hafting board and blew off a Turkish soldier's cap, the corporal let himself go. was laughing like he was going to faint with laughter, and leaning over his horse the left. Those around him and those in the distance looked at him with surprised eyes for a moment. But soon Corporal San- , czar's laughter was drowned out by many more. A deep hum filled the whole area. Shen-king turned back. This time passed through the ranks of the privates, who bowed deeply, not in respect, but with their hands on their chests, so that they could participate without laughing. He sat down. Katun had lived among the Turks for a long time and knew what kind of shooters they were. But she was biting her lips again, resenting her brother's failure.

voice of Sançar, who was driven away by his friends  
The commotion didn't last long after that. After one or two thumps of the da vul, the voice of the messenger announced that the firing would resume. The number of privates in the centre was about forty. And the 160 arrows shot by forty privates travelled unerringly before the astonished eyes of Shen-king and found their target. This test was made of fifty paces. It only the Chinese leader who retreated from the field. This time the soldiers were a hundred

stepping back, they were called upon to make the same attempt. The shots were fired in silence. The hits were again high. However, since those who failed to hit the target even once were forced to stay outside, the number of survivors from this trial only 22. After this, the test had to be more rigorous. Two privates crossed each other and held a long stick at one end. A rope was suspended from the centre of this stick. An egg was tied to the end of the rope. The two men holding the stick moved it a little, so that the egg was shaken. Those who took part in the trial had to hit this egg at fifty paces. As the egg was hit, a new one was tied. Now Shen-king was almost unable to stand still. He could not look at the Chinese officers he had brought with him, who had been given front row seats to watch these games, and he looked very angry.

Katun was in the same situation. Besides, he another grief besides the defeat of his brother. Isbara Alp, the young hero who had shown disrespect to him at every opportunity, who had fought Tunga Tegin head to head and had once again proved his valour to everyone, and who had become a major for this reason, was now showing great mastery in shooting, stretching his bow and shooting his arrow. But this arrow went where it was meant to go without fail, and pierced the heart of the katun every time along with the wood it pierced. When Sen-king showed the inexperience of a child, Isbara Alp did not laugh like everyone else even a smile did not appear on his lips like Kagan and Kur Shad. He only glanced at the katun with the corner of his eyes, then turned his head away with greatness. This had angered and angered the katun. But it was necessary to wait for a way. Now he was chasing the shooters with his eyes, praying to God that every time Isbara Alp drew an arrow from his quiver, he would be surprised. But there were only two people left in the square: The eggs, which were swinging and travelling away, were the same so-

Kür Şad and İşbara Alp, who struck with calmness and unabashedness...

As both men were equally skilful, another test was made. This time they were to shoot the eggs in the air before they landed. The arrows whizzed. The eggs were pierced together. It was as if both braves were proud of it. They tolerated each other's victory with the same heartfelt desire. At last, two big boards were brought, the sides of which were about a cubit each. Kür Şad and İşbara Alp were to write the word <(Turk" on these boards with fifty arrows each. Whoever finished the writing first would be celebrated as the first. No one made a sound. The soldiers seemed to be holding their breath. With the thumping sound of the drum

The race began. The two braves drew the arrows from their quivers, placed them on the bow and released the arrow so quickly it was almost impossible to follow their movements one by one. Seconds passed, the word began to take shape on both boards, but it was not clear who would win. Sen king could no longer sit down. He stood up , fists

He was bored, out of breath, just staring. Çalık, from where he was standing, was looking at İşbara Alp, Kür Şad, and Sen-king with his sharp eyes, and even in the most excited moments, he could not help laughing when he saw him in this state. Suddenly, sharp shouts filled the centre. The çeris, who had greeted every time with the same silence and celebrated only from within during the festivities that had lasted for two or three days, were wildly applauding Kür Şad, who had prevailed by a very short margin<çyaşa

"I will avenge Chuluk Khan!" they cried out. The fact that he was victorious even against İşbara Alp showed that a valiant man who would avenge the death of Chuluk Khan was living among them, and they could not hide the joy in their hearts. İşbara Alp, who extended his hand to Kür Şad, also had a gleam of victory in his eyes. He as joyful as if he had won himself.

54 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

He congratulated this superior sharpshooter of Ötüken with a joy that softened the stern gaze shining on his burnt face, and offered him with his own hand the pine of koumiss, which had been brought to him by a charioteer at the command of the kaghan.  
tired.

-  
\* \*

The day was getting dark. All the races, runs, games were over. Now the bards had the floor. The Black Bard and Çuçu were going to play the kopuz and sing. The circle surrounding the kaghan's otaku had narrowed: The Black Bard came first. He seated the Khan and cross-legged. Çuçu came after him. He also greeted the Khan and sat opposite the Black Bard. Then slowly, slowly the kopuzes began to moan. The whole Turkic nation was listening in respectful silence. Kara Ozan sang the first phrase:

*The men of Ötüken  
know my strength.  
The plectrum of my  
kopuz is no match for  
my sword.  
Black Bard! Is Chuchu  
the one who fell in love  
with you?*

Chuchu immediately to this challenge without flinching:

*it our blood or water that  
makes you say that? I won't  
avenge you if you say it so  
badly.*

*Is your speech more  
deadly than my sword?  
Is the confusion that  
overtakes you as bitter  
as Aug?*

The Black Bard angry:

*The men of Ötüken  
have no mate in  
Acunda. Daughters of  
Ötüken The fifteenth  
of the moon in the  
sky.*

*The fire of your eyes  
makes the heart bleed.  
That surprise the work  
of the Chinese guest...*

Hearing the words of the Black Bard in Chinese from ling Katun, Shen-king was startled as if he had been stung. But when he saw the stony silence of the kaga and all the Turks, he stopped. Katun was furious too. Here was a bard openly mocking his own brother, who was a supreme He bowed to the Khan:

- *I do not* condone this lowly person's condemnation of the honourable guest.

you're not going to do it?

The Khan with the same stone immobility:

- The word of the bards is blessed, it cannot be interrupted.

The Black Khan was saying so coldly that the katun was afraid to go further. He had already taken Chuchu now, let's see what he was saying:

*What if the Chinese  
guy's throw was  
wasted? He's Chinese...  
If he throws to the right,  
the arrow goes, it falls  
to the left.*

56 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

*What can he do, when the  
Great God does not give  
strength. May the Black  
Khan have a son like Kür  
Shad...*

When Kür Shad's name was mentioned, there was an uproar among the clan. The Chinaman was as if he was ecstatic under these condemnations. As Iking Kacun translated these sayings into Chinese and told them to him, he became furious. He was so furious that he involuntarily reached for his sword. The Black Bard had seen him reach for his sword. Now he answered with a ko puz:

*Don't touch your  
sword, it's the age of  
the saying. There's a  
lot of rumours  
Our white wine is pine.*

*Those who sit in a  
foreign hand know  
that they are fugitives  
from home. Your sword  
is the toy of the Turk.*

The Chinese favourite was frustrated. Katun looked on with vengeful eyes. But no one paid any attention to them. Now it was Chu-chu's turn again:

*The eyes of the girls of  
Ötüken make the heart  
grow fonder. The sun  
surrounds them by day, the  
moon by night.*

*If the Chinaman  
challenges, what's the  
surprise?*

*When the goat is drunk, it  
looks for a wolf to fight.*

The Chinaman realised that he had fainted, but he did not move. Night had fallen. Now that Iking Katun was no longer a mute, he could not understand what was being said. But at every word he felt that he was being condemned, and he was filled with feelings of revenge. However, now the Black Bard and Çuçu were praising Kür Şad. One was singing a verse, the other was with another verse:

*There lions in Otuk. Kür  
Shad is one of them. There  
are many brave men, but  
Kür Shad is the man of  
men.*

*The mother who gave birth  
to Kür Şad, what did she  
feed him? In favour of  
masculinity, greatness  
Tamu is inferior to Kur Shad.* <sup>(21)</sup>

*There are so many çeri in  
Acunda, some superior,  
some backward.  
A Gok Turk soldier named Kür  
Şad was born a soldier.*

*His sword pierces lightning,  
His arrow pierces iron, Kür  
Shad laughs if death comes  
For eighteen years.*

<sup>21</sup> These two quatrains were written by Comrade Mengüç Atsız - Kür Şad is from the saying. Only the first verse is slightly modified. Şad"

58 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

The most *advanced in valour*,  
*he will remain alive for ten*  
*thousand years. The hearts*  
*of the Sky Turks are now the*  
place of *Kür Şad*.

The drums signalled the end of the entertainment. Everyone went to their places and entered their tents. Shen-king and Katun seemed to be thinking angrily. The Chinese boy came up to his sister and said in Chinese:

- I'll show them. They'll realise what it means to have fun with a Chinese lord!

Katun smiled like an albiz<sup>22</sup>:

- Don't be impetuous! There's an age for everything!

Then the Chinese chief with his three officers went to the tents allocated for them.

■  
--

At night, the door of Kür Shad's tent opened and Tulu Khan entered:

- Kür Shad said. I will set off very early tomorrow. The Khan said it was difficult to manage the Tatars and Tunguz. I arrive very quickly. Do you have anything to say to me?

Kür Shad stood up. He slowly walked towards Tulu Khan:

- I' got nothing to say to you. You something to say to me?

Tulu Khan was looking deeply at Kür Shad with eyes that gave a different meaning to his pale face. It was obvious that there was a pain in his heart. Slowly he said the following:

---

<sup>22</sup> Alim.: Satan.



- I'm trying to prevent the Chinese Katun from making the kaghan conform to her. After the Chinese beğ arrives, they will try to deceive the kaghan<sup>23</sup> and deceive him. My khan is not as good as I had hoped. I want to tell you to look after all the Chinese in my country.

Kür Shad was startled:

- I know that all Chinese people are hardworking<sup>24</sup>. Trust me! If you need **anything** send a messenger at once.

The two brothers looked at each other with sparkling eyes. They seemed to have some unspoken words. Then Tulu Khan suddenly said:

- Goodbye, I am going! he returned saying. Kur

Shad:

- He replied, "!

---

<sup>23</sup> Aldani: Ijfal

<sup>24</sup> Cachyte: Spy.

## Envoys of Tüng Yabgu Khan

it was **sad**. The great autumn of the Turkish Hands had **G**made the Chinese lord Shen-king very angry. He both admired and found this Turkish country strange. Here it is open and He liked the Turkish Hands because of the clean air, the strengthening koumiss and the strong, robust girls. But he did not like the fact that the sun was sharp, the cold was harsh, the people were tough and the girls were steep. If he was in China now, he would have already got a girl he liked. However, even though he was a famous favourite, he couldn't even make friends with any girl here, let alone get one.

Shen-king was suffering from a great inner distress. Every day he would summon three Chinese officers who were his comrades, talk to them, gamble, drink koumiss or milk. Today, nothing amused him anymore. One of the Chinese officers made an offer to Shen-king:

- Wouldn't it relieve their boredom if they took a ride on horseback and saw the beauty of Ötüken?
- Can show me a beautiful palace, a beautiful cloth, a beautiful woman in Ötüken?

The Chinese officer laughed evilly:

- In order not to deceive our taste, I will not say anything definite, but perhaps we will be able to see beautiful women, even young girls.

- I see beautiful girls every day as much as you do, but seeing them doesn't make you anything. ..

When Shen-king spoke angrily, his opponent fell silent. Shen-king thought for a while. Then he suddenly asked:

- Or is an object you know about?

- I don't know many objects. But a long way from here, when you reach the Orkun River, there is a beautiful grove there. Turks keep mares there. Many young Turkish girls go there every day and make koumiss.

- Don't these girls have men with them?

- No! .

- Strange thing! In China, a young girl cannot step out of her house. Aren't these Turkish girls afraid?

Shen-king drank and drank and drank. And this Turkish sake was not at all like the Chinese one. Now he began to find it beautiful and favourable. His comrade's offer was not to be thrown away. After he drank another 25 sajj, he said to his friends:

- Come on, let's go for a ride, he said.

Soon the returning Chinese were on their way to the place where the girls were making koumiss on the banks of the Orkun River. Shen-king's ecstasy was extreme. He began to babble to the Chinese officers:

- If the Sui were in power again in China, I know what I would do... Iking Katun has been harassing the Black Khan all along. China will be raided in the coming summer. The Tangs will fall. Then maybe I the khan of China. I'll make you all chief kings. Then we will come and take this place too!

## 62 .Death of the Grey Wolves

At these last words the three Chinese officers jumped up and looked behind them and to their sides. They were travelling on the open steppe, but they were terrified that someone might hear them. Nevertheless, they enjoyed listening to these words they did not believe.

So they travelled a long way. The cold had broken the Shen-king's ecstasy. Now they had reached the place they wanted. There a beautiful grove here and small caves next to it. These caves shelter against snow, winter and rain. Many Turkish girls were working here. No sound was heard except the occasional neighing of mares. As we approached here, Shen-king turned to his friends and said:

- Take a look, he said. These girls all have a bow and quiver. If they had swords, they'd be soldiers. What do you say, Van-zin-shan? Did you know that these girls such warriors?

Van-zin-shan was the Chinese water chief who had given health to the Chinese tyrant. He answered this question as follows:

- I knew it, dear. And even if they don't have swords as you say, they have knives, which is half a sword.

Shen-king's eyes widened in surprise:

- That's right, I'd like to be the chief of such a troop. The Chinese approached the girls after talking like this.

They are. Van-zin-shan approached the Chinese leader and said:

- Do they see the girl next to the three bay mares? She is the most beautiful of all the girls here. I have never seen her smile even once.

- Anyway, these Turkish girls dont know what it means to laugh...

- Even men...

But Van-zin-shan could not finish. Because he remembered how the Turks had laughed at Shen-king when they shot arrows on the very day of their arrival in Ötü ken.

Shen-king slowly rode his horse to the beautiful girl.

By making yourself presentable to her:

- He said, "Can you give me some koumiss?"

She raised her head and looked at Shen-king's face. The Chinese king almost fell off his horse. He had never seen such a beautiful girl in all his life. Her slanted green eyes shone like light, and her face radiated peace and blood. She was a tall girl. Her long auburn hair was braided in two braids under her scarf towards her waist. Her feet were wearing boots. A long knife dangled from her belt, and her red dress gave her a terrible beauty. Sen-king pulled himself together and asked again:

- Give me some koumiss, will you?

The girl looked at Shen-king without saying a word. The other girls did not even look up, they were busy with their work. Van-zin-shan approached the Chinese favourite:

- She doesn't understand because you say it in Chinese.

Shen-king was so enamoured by the beauty of this girl that he was unable to understand Turkish or Chinese. Van-zin-shan warned him, he asked her again in the half-baked Turkish he had learnt in two or three months:

- Give me some koumiss, will you?

The girl did not answer again. She only presented a full pine cup to the Chinese favourite. For some reason, Shen-king found the flavour of this koumiss very good. After drinking it, he gave the pine cup back, pointing to his three friends:

- He said, "Will you give these to them?"

Without another word, the girl handed the three Chinese a pine-knife each. Shen-king was proud of his success. He took out his pouch and handed the girl a Chinese gold coin:

- He asked, "Here, this enough? She didn't take the money:

- He said, "I didn't sell the koumiss.

- And why did you give it to him?

- I gave it to you because you asked.

64 - Death of the Grey Wolves

- Do you know who I am?
- You'll be Iking Katun's brother. .
- How did you know?
- The Chinese in Ötüken speak Turkish. You haven't learnt it yet.
- Yes! t you scared here?
- Who should we be afraid of?

When the Chinese lord saw that the beautiful girl answered every question without getting bored, he got his hopes up. It's the age of the wrestler.

❖ and he looked her in the eye and grinned-

it

wa - Who are you afraid of? Me, for example.

s: - 's afraid of the Chinese?

The Chinese leader, expecting the girl to get bored and blush, jumped when he saw that she responded like a stone. But not wanting to show that he was upset, he asked again:

- Then why are you travelling with a compass?
- For protection in case an animal attacks on the road.

Shen-king was silent. He was angry. was thinking very bad thoughts. But at that very moment a rider came out from behind the mound, and then another. Then the horsemen multiplied. Soon about 200 horsemen rode towards where the girls and the Chinese were. The Chinese were surprised. Some of the girls rushed into them, while some of them did not even raise their heads, they were busy with their work. These were Turkish horsemen dressed and armed with compasses. The rider in front, riding on a full rein, approached the place where the girls were and shouted:

- Girls! The envoy of the Western Khan, Tüng Yabgu Kagan, Kül there no one to guide Private Tekin?

At these words, all the girls raised their heads, and all of them looked at the beautiful girl who was standing in front of the Chinese favourite. The beautiful girl went towards the horseman:

- He said, "I will take you to the Black Kagan's otbah.

Then he called a girl:

- Day Yaruk! You look after the mares!

As he said this, he got on his horse. Meanwhile, the horsemen had also arrived. In front of them stood a favourite who was apparently Kül Er Tegin. He was dressed in armour. So were most of the troops with him. Among these valiant men were some with long beards that did not look like Turks at all. The beautiful girl said "Let's go" and galloped her horse. The envoy delegation followed her. Shen-king looked on:

- Van-zin-shan! This girl rides like a forty-year rider, edi.

-Yes, dear. Turks are born and die on horses. Therefore, riding a horse is easier for them than walking.

Shen-king was bored. He approached a girl who was closest to him and asked:

- Who's the girl who left?

- She is the eldest daughter of Isbara Alp.

- What's his name?

- Alla!

- Why did he take the messengers?

- He is the purest noble among us.

Shen-king didn't wait any longer. He rode his horse back the way he had come. The Chinese officers followed him without making a sound.

Towards night, no one had heard that a messenger had arrived from the Western Khan. By the order of the Black Khan, the envoys and those who came with them were settled in the guest otaks. That night all the people of Ötüken were talking about Kül Er Tegin. Although they did not understand the reason, everyone was glad that these envoys had arrived. Yamtar again ran to his friend Pars to get some information about these affairs, which he could not comprehend. Corporal Pars, who knew the affairs of Acun better, always solved Yamtar's difficulties and explained things he could not understand. Corporal Yamtar's first question :

## 66 - Death of the Grey Wolves

- Who is greater, the Western Khan or Black Khan?

- They're equal.

- How can both be equal? Can there be two equal kagan in one Turkel? When there are two kagans, it means that one is under the command of the other.

- Until ten years ago, there was a great kagan in Turkel. At that time, the little kagans recognised their elders. For twelve years there has been a separate kagan in Ötüken. The two kagans no longer recognise each other.

- What did you say? For twelve years, there has been a separate kagan in Ötüken? In the past, were the Khans of Ötüken under the command of the Khans of the West?

- Yes!

Corporal Yamtar stopped talking. He started to think. He had never thought about such things before. Now he remembered: 12 years ago, one night his father had a long talk with his guests, talking about two kings, about the wrongness and evil of it. Yamtar was a boy of about 10 years old at that time. Now he was beginning to understand this business. Well, then.

Why had a messenger come from the Western Khan? Yamtar asked his friend to find out:

- Then why do you think the Khan of the West sent an envoy?

- They say that the Western Khan, Tüng Yabgu Kagan, was a well-behaved, knowledgeable and thoughtful person. He would have understood the evils caused by the division of Turkel into two. Maybe he sent an envoy to unite.

- How do two kings unite? One must come under the rule of the other. Which one wants that?

- They can unite without being at each other's command. If they do not favour each other and make raids together, both they will win and we will win. These Chinese are as numerous as a pack of dogs! They never stop killing. If we defeat the armies of the North, they will raise a tenth. Even if we kill ten of them and die one, we will still win faster.



we will be exhausted. If the troops of Tüŋg Yabgu came with us, things would be different.

-  
"

The next day Kūl Er Tegin was received by Kara Kagan together with other envoys. Kara Khan was sitting on his throne with katun on his right. On his left were Kūr Shad, Tunga Tegin and other elders. On his right there were some smaller kings. Sen-king also among them. After the drums and horns played the greeting air, Kūl Er Tegin came to Kara Kagan with four other likes behind him. After the envoys all greeted the kagan, Kūl Er Tegin started to speak:

- I am Kūl Er Tegin, the chief envoy of Tüŋg Yabgu Khan, the Khan of On Ok<sup>16</sup>! I have brought the greetings of my Khan, his greetings and gifts to the Great Khan. Tüŋg Yabgu Khan wishes Kara Ka ğan to be alive and well. He beseeches the Sky God that the soldiers should have sharp swords, hard bows and iron hearts.

Then he went forward and handed Kara Kagan the bitig of Tüŋg Yabgu Kagan. This <sup>bag</sup><sup>27</sup> was a large and thick paper wrapped in a silk embroidered bag. When he handed the bitig, he turned to the four people standing behind him. He gave a sign. First one of these four men went forward. After greeting the kaghan by kneeling on the ground, he put a big box made of leather in front of the kaghan:

---

<sup>26</sup> "Ok- also tribe. Since the Western Turks are ten tribes they were also called "On Arrows".

<sup>27</sup> Bitig: Writing, letter.

## 68 - Death of the Grey Wolves

- I am the Yugish king Ogulchak Buğra Beg! I am the second envoy of Tüng Yabgu Kagan. Our kagan sent them to the great Kara Kagan, he said.

The leather box was filled with gold. When Oğulçak Buğra returned to his place, the second beğ went forward and greeted the Khan:

- I am the Oghuz chief Kül Erkin. I am the third envoy of Tüng Yabgu Khan. Tüng Yabgu Khan sent this to you. He wished you good luck in the war, he said; Kül Erkin was holding very beautiful and valuable sword in his hand.

On the left arm of the third favourite was a white falcon with red eyes. He advanced towards the Khan and saluted:

- I am Major Alp Kutluğ! I am the fourth envoy of Tüng Yabgu Khan. This white falcon was sent to you by Tüng Yabgu Khan. This is a rare and noble falcon on earth. It fights with eagles. No bird escapes from its claw. It flies like an arrow. Tüng Yabgu Khan said, "As this falcon holds the birds, this falcon wished you to hold your fat in the same way.

The fourth sevak had a saddle set inlaid with gold. He said the following to the Black Khan:

- I am Major Alp Kutluğ! I am the fifth envoy of Tüng Yabgu Khan. giant horses<sup>28</sup> that our kagan sent to you. This saddle was sent to you by Tüng Yabgu Khan. He wished that you would get endless lions<sup>29</sup> and goods in the raids you would make with this saddle, he said.

Kara Kagan's soldiers took the gifts and the white falcon on command. Then the Kagan said the following to the chief envoy Kül Er Tegin:

- I was very happy that my great brother Tüng Yabgu Kagan did not forget me, and I was very glad that he favoured me with the unique gifts he sent. His sharp goodness,

---

<sup>28</sup> Bidevi horse: A kind of fast, pedigree horse.

<sup>29</sup> Ulca: Booty.

I hear that he is a highly knowledgeable, hard-armed, hard-sworded kagan. I would like to be like him. Since we are sons of the family of Bozkurt, there is no separation, no contradiction between us. I do not keep you, Kül Er Tegin, separate from my own soldiers and tegin... All of you here are my own favourites, my own mercenaries. I will meet you again after reading Tüng Yabgu Kagan's letter. For now, rest in your tents. If you want anything, tell Tunga Tegin and Major Isbara Alp. They will fulfil your every wish.

When Kara Kagan stood up, he was saluted by the budun. The envoys withdrew.

When Kara Khan retreated to his own tent and stayed alone, he opened the bitig of Tüng Yabgu Khan. The bitig was as follows:

"I, Tüng Yabgu Khan, have written this to Kara Khan. I wish you to be alive and well from God. One life in one body, one head

As there is one brain, there is one kagan in one hand. Since we are two khans in Turkeli, our Turks remain poor and diminish. If the head increases in one hand, the nation decreases. In the past, when there was one kagan in Turkelia, things fine. Goods and cattle were brought to the country with the herd. Now the Turk is divided into two. Suspicious of each other. If you and I unite against our foreign oil, your nation will win and so will we.

we will grow stronger. With my chief ambassador Kül Er Tegin, I will give you five thousand gold coins

I am sending a valuable sword, a white falcon, a saddle set, and nine bidevi horses the Persians by our demiz Istemi Khan."

When Kara Kagan read the letter, he started to walk around the tent. It was clear from his face that he was very thoughtful. He had not been able to win the hearts of Turks since he became a kagan. It was necessary to make his bud a little bay<sup>30</sup> and feed him. I wonder if this opportunity come now? The Khan was thinking about it,

---

<sup>30</sup> Bay: Rich. Bayımak: To be rich.

## 70 - Death of the Grey Wolves

he could not make up his mind. There was no other way but to resent<sup>31</sup>. He opened the gate and, orders to one of the guard, marched towards the katun's otu.

Katun was already waiting for the Black Khan. She was curious to know what the Western Khan had written. Knowing that nothing could be learnt by asking a direct question to the stern kagan who spoke little, she understood that it was necessary to start with cunning. When he saw the kaghan's sullen face, he asked:

- Black Khan! something troubling you?
- No!
- You look thoughtful. Did the Western Khan write bad things?
- No!
- Are you gonna answer him?
- Yes!
- He wants to merge with you?
- Yes!
- Will unite?
- We will discuss this at the congress.

Iking Katun realised that the Khan was not as angry as he seemed. It was time to ask him many more questions:

- Khan, you an offering for me.
- What is it?
- You were going to raid China, overthrow the Tangs and make my family the kings of China.
- I'm not backing out of this.
- When are you gonna do it?
- When he comes of age...
- When will this age come?

---

<sup>31</sup> To be at loggerheads: consult, to deliberate. Kineş: consultation, deliberation.

- It's almost here. If we make a compromise with the Western Khan and we have no doubts on that side, we will attack China.
  - Are you going to take down the Tangs?
  - It's not that easy.
  - Why?
  - He wants to shed a lot of blood.
  - Are you afraid of bloodshed?
  - I do not hesitate to shed Chinese blood, but I hesitate because it is not only Chinese blood that will be shed.
- ling Karun could see that things were going badly. To provoke the Khan, he said:
- Does a Turkish khan think about the blood of the Turks' battle?
  - If it is to protect the homeland, he will not think. He will think if it is for unruly<sup>32</sup> affairs.
  - Do you think it is wrong for my family to be khan in China? You are wrong, great khan! If my family becomes khan in China, you will firstly get land from China. Then Turks will trade in Chinese cities. Then China will send you wheat, millet and cloth every year.
  - We can take as much land as you will give us with our own sword. Trade does not bring us anything. Whenever there is trade, the Chinese deceive and cheat the Turks. It is better for them not to have this business than to have it. As for food and cloth, we already buy this from China with our strength in every raid. The wish in war is to bring profit to the nation. Where there is no profit, the blood of the Turkic nation should not be shed.
  - 't it better to take the whole of China and take all this wealth at once?
  - We can't take all of China.

---

<sup>32</sup> Unassisted: Useless, .

## 72 - Death of the Grey Wolves

- Why cannot you take it? Why should you not be able to take China when your soldiers are so fearless, so undaunted, when their arrows do not fail, when their horses run like lightning?

The Black Khan looked at the katuna with a stern fidget. Raising his voice a little higher, he asked:

- How many people are there in China?
- 4,000 divisions.<sup>33</sup>
- And how many of us are there?
- I don't know.

- I'll tell you: 200 divisions. Assuming that the Western Khan also has as many people, it means that there are 400 divisions in the whole Turkelia. This means that if I unite with the Western Khan, I will be able to raise only one çeri against ten Chinese. However, the Western Khan cannot give me his çeri. His job is not to favour the baria. When he refuses to be a sycophant, I can withdraw all my troops from the western borders with peace of mind. In other words, I will be able to raise only one çer against 20 Chinese. Can China be taken with this many çer? It can be taken, but only in a pitched battle. If there were no castles and walls in China, it would be easy to enter from one end of China and leave from the other. But the Chinese do not only fight in the field. They enter fortresses and hide. When 1,000 men enter a fortress, it holds 10,000 for months. Then, let's hold them.

We have taken China. What will be the end? If I put a few Turkish soldiers in every village and city in China, there will be no Turks left on earth in two centuries.

- Okay, but you me.
- I you a raid on China.

I'll keep that promise!

---

<sup>33</sup> Division: 10,000

## Corporal Sanjar

NBashi Sanjar was sowing his field. The soil was wet

He dug for it easily. His face, always, he was sullen. However, he was the best-off of Major Isbara Alp's corporals. He had no one. Since he had no one, his few sheep and mares supported him abundantly. He led a quiet life alone in his tent and was not bored because he did not like to talk too much. Corporal Kara Budak the son of his uncle. He gave the wool of his sheep to Kara Budak's mother, who spun it and made enough cloth for Sanjar, and took the rest for herself.

Sanchar ate as little as he spoke. Yarnatar said and couldn't understand how Sanchar lived. Corporal Sanchar was quite rich...

There many swords, bows, knives and quivers in his tent. Some of them had been inherited from his father and some of them had been captured by him during the wars. He had never sold any of his belongings because he had never been in trouble until now.

was. Especially their furs were so many that maybe even Kara Kagan there wasn't that much fur.

But was this the reason for the young corporal's carefree behaviour? No! In his tent there were about 20 valuable furs, a sword inlaid with gold, silver penknife, many valuable

#### 74 - Death of the Grey Wolves

he would have been like this even without the ambushes. All those ten swords and one sword were one.

From time to time, Sanchar would gather his own soldiers and make them practise combat training.

In these training sessions, in the war, he used to use the kuman alone. He would praise what he liked and not curse what he did not like. It was not clear what the corporal liked, what he did not like, whether he was happy, disappointed<sup>34</sup>, or upset<sup>35</sup>.

Today he had been working on his field until the evening. When he finished, he took a look at the field. He had very little work left for tomorrow. He was going back. At this moment Fu-lin appeared. Fu-lin was a Chinese woman. She told everyone that she was the daughter of one of the Chinese elders. No one in Ötüken had heard that she was the daughter of a favourite except Sançar. Her husband was a rich Chinese merchant. He knew his business so well that even though he was captured in a raid in a naked state and came to Ötüken, he became rich here in a few years. The Turks of Ötüken did not know his name. They only called him Mr Chinaman. Mr Chinaman robbed not only the Turks by trade but also the Chinese by gambling. The Turks did not realise that they had been swallowed up in shopping, but the Chinese, who had been swallowed up in gambling, were gnashing their teeth at him. Here, when Corporal Sanchar had finished his work and was looking after his field, Fu-lin, who approached there, saw this Mr Chinaman.

was his brother-in-law...

Although Corporal Sanjar's sullen face scared the Chinese, Fu-lin approached without hesitation. He smiled:

- He said, "Good day, Corporal Sanjar, what are you doing? Don't say more than ten words a day with a tidy count

yan Sançar had never said a single word to a Chinese person in his twenty years of life: Although it was very rare, occasionally a Chinese person would say a word or greet him.

---

<sup>34</sup> To grieve: To be grieved.

<sup>35</sup> To feel burdened: To regard something as an inconvenience.



and he wouldn't fight back. So he ignored Fu-lin. But the woman didn't look like she was going to leave easily. She repeated her promise:

- Take it easy, Corporal Sanjar, what are you doing?

Sanchar did not answer this either. The woman was one of Sanchar's very close neighbours, so she knew his habits well. The corporal must have been angry that she said "good luck". Because according to him, there was no job that was not easy. That's why Fu-lin repeated his words one more time:

- Corporal Sanjar, what are you doing?

- Can't see? I'm looking at the field.

This answer made the woman happy. Because my ulsim was broken. Even if it was you, she got an answer. After all, she could not expect a softer response from Sanjar.

By this time the woman had entered the field. She asked a new question with a flicker:

- What'in the field?

- Earth, stone, grass, worms, and you!

Fu-lin was interested. He came a little closer to the corporal:

- I'm gonna tell you something.

- You better not tell me.

- Why?

- I detest the word Chinese.

The woman was very brazen. She was not offended by these words, she approached corporal Sanchar, snuggled up to him, flirted and made blood<sup>36</sup>. This woman a Chinese beauty. She had a thin pale She wore beautiful odours.

- Corporal Sanjar! My word to you is important.

The corporal paid no attention. The woman smiled and snuggled close to him:

---

<sup>36</sup> Swim: *Cilve*.

## 76 - Death of the Grey Wolves

- Corporal Sanjar! I have something very important to tell you.

Something you never expected! ...

Suddenly Sanchar's eyes widened:

- What!.. .. Did one of my privates fall off his horse?
- No ! What's wrong that? more important.
- The Black Khan is dead?
- No, it's more important!
- Whatever it is, tell me quickly! You made me speak a month's worth of words in one day!

Fu-lin playful. He threw his arms round the neck of the Corporal, who looked stunned:

- I have a crush on you, he said.

The corporal was completely surprised:

- I don't give a about that.. .. What you have to say is important.

Tell me what!

The woman was shaking, laughing, leaning her head on the corporal's chest:

- I told you, I love you!
- that what you were gonna say?
- That's it, 't you glad?

Sançar gave a shove to the woman who was expecting joy from him.. Fu-lin took a few steps backwards and fell softly into the field. She was dazed from the fall. Sanchar shouted:

- Are you out of your mind? It's not important that a Turkish soldier falls off his horse or that the Black Khan dies, but it's important that you have a crush on me? You've gone mad! Do you have a crush on me because I raided China and slaughtered your ancestor, your mother, your descendants, and plundered your property and homeland?

Sanjar went back. He headed for his tent. It was already sundown. Fu-lin stood up straight. His angry face changed. He smiled. Then he murmured the following between his lips:

- You'll come round, Corporal Sanjar. The others were like you first; see you ...

## Kineş

**K**URULTAY had been established. The Khan handed the letter  
Klen from the Khan of the West to Kürşad to read. Kür Şad  
After it was finished, the kagan began to speak:

- Turkish likes! There is reason above wisdom. Whatever you think, what is necessary. Let us fight. Then we will find the right way and work accordingly.

One of the favourites asked for the floor:

- Black Khan! Give the command, let me speak. I have something to say, he said.

This was an old man. His hair and beard grey. There were traces of sword wounds on his forehead and face. He seemed to speak without thinking. But he was saying handsome words and making people listen to him:

- I know Western Turkelia well. My brother-in-law is from there. Westerners are stronger than us. The best horses come from there. There is no hunger in the West. There are all kinds of good fruits. Their fields are fertile and their tens are many. We must accept the words of Tüng Yabgu Kagan as they are. In the past, when there was only one kagan in Turke Li, the nation had a full throat, a strong back and little fat. When the hand was split in two, the first thing they did was to look at each other sideways. Just as the Turks who travelled to China started to draw swords against us even before they forgot their Turkishness, the East Turkel and the West Turkel, at this rate, will start to turn against each other.

78 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

They will see us as Chinese. I think we should send an envoy to Tüing Yabgu Kagan right away. Let's make a treaty. Let the two kagans swear that they will not favour each other. They will send us horses and good ammunition. And we will send them silk from China. If it is possible, let the two kagans promise to give each other soldiers in wars.

Black Khan looked at the other elders. Tunga Tegin took the floor.

He :

- Tüing Yabgu Khan is stronger than us. The strong want to associate with the strong. Let us show him our strength. We will keep the envoys here this winter anyway. When summer comes, let's raid to China. Let the envoys see our strength. Then we will send our envoys there. If Tüing Yabgu Khan sees that we are also strong, he will want the treaty more. He will trust us. He will show us soldiers.

After these words, Kur Shad, the youngest of the elders in the assembly, took the floor:

- You speak well. Let us show the ambassadors our strength. Then let's make the treaty. Let the two khans negotiate. You're forgetting one thing!

Everyone looked at each other. They did not understand. Kür Shad continued:

- In Ötüken, there were half as many Chinese as Turks.

will the messengers not see?

When Kür Shad asked this question, silence fell on the onalga.

Again they did not understand what he meant. The Khan answered:

- What they do? They'll realise you're a prisoner.

- No, they don't understand that. They don't call them prisoners.

A favourite asked me:

- What do you say, Kur Shad? Aren't these Chinese our captives, our slaves?

- They are our prisoners, but in Ötüken they are more or less equal to the Turks. They are not similar to prisoners.

The Khan asked again:

- Kur Shad! Say what you mean more clearly. We don't understand well.

- What I mean to say is that the Chinese trumpet here is as loud as ours. The day Kara Kagan sat on the throne, there was a fight behind his throne. Chinese horse servants were fighting with a Turkish soldier. In the past, could the Chinese have fought against this? Where and from whom do the Chinese get this power? What is this Chinese lord Shen-king? Every now and then, he goes to the kaghan's or even the kaghan's tent and talks to the Turkish kings as if they were equals?

- Shen-king is not a prisoner, but a guest.

- He is a guest, but he is Chinese. The Chinese is always Chinese, whether he's a prisoner or a guest. Even if he's a guest, we didn't invite him. If he's no good to his own people, what good is he to us? Then his comrade Van-zin-shan. He travels all over Ötüken. In and out of everywhere. After that, he talks to Sen king over hashish.

- He's a guest. what if he's travelling?

- If he's a guest, why is he consorting with the captive Chinese?  
Do you know what they talk to them about?

- What's knowing? What the Chinese talk about? And the instrument, It's either women or money. ..

- That's not all. There's a scam... you ever wondered if these Chinese are chappies?

The kagan and the kings stood up. They all frowned.

The Khan asked:

- Is the Chinese lord a chassid? How can that be? In China, his own family is not a king ...

- What will come of it? If the Grey Wolves were to die out in Ötüken and the Nine Oghuzes and Karluks were to become kings in their place, I would still go to China.

80 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

I'd have kept the oil. Why can't the Chinese do what I'm going to do?

A silence of death spread. The kagan was looking at Kūr Shad and his likes one by one, and the likes kept their eyes on Kūr Shad. Kūr Shad bowed his head to the ground. Tunga Tegin broke the silence:

- What will happen if the Chinese lord is a cheat? Would our swords lose their sharpness? Will our bows loosen?

- No, none of that. They'll know our numbers. They'll know when we're going to raid. They'll act accordingly and set up ambushes. Whoever among us is the most fearful for China, they will kill him easily.

- Kur Shad! You treat us like children. How can this prisoner kill one of us? Can the sword in the Chinese prisoner's hand kill a Turkish leader? To kill a Turkish leader in Ötüken, all of China must be armed with an ambush.

- I am not telling you that the Chinese kill bravely. It is difficult for the Chinese to kill a Turkic leader on the battlefield. But you have all seen how they killed even a Turkish kagan in his ottoman. I'm not telling you about the sword. I'm talking about the Aug.

Kūr Shad spoke like lightning. The Khan was offended by these words. He asked Kūr Shad coldly:

- Well, Kur Shad! What do you say we should do before sending a messenger to Tüng Yabgu Khan?

- What should we do? Let's show them that these Chinese are prisoners. Let the Chinese have no fields of their own. Let us take half of their sheep and give it to the Turks. We go and shed blood and die in raids and wars. They sit in Ötüken, ploughing fields and producing sheep. Then they trade with our Turks and buy ten fox skins for one sheep. Then they sell these skins to China and become rich.

- This is easy to prevent.

- It's easy, but it doesn't end there. These Chinese also corrupt the morals of Turks. The captive Chinese women make a thousand kinds of kanniş and deceive the Turkish soldiers. Our girls do not know such deceit. Just as Chinese men deceive us with their bad goods by pretending that they are good goods, Chinese women also sell themselves to Turks paint and kanniş. Men are easily deceived. They think Chinese girls are something. They fall for skinny Chinese girls with yellow skin, dark eyes and skinny Chinese women, while Turkish girls with rosy cheeks like apples, auburn hair like silk, green eyes like light and tall as suna are the ones they fall for. you look at a married woman ? In the Turkish genre, to touch a married woman is punishable by death. It would end, but now this type has also fallen into disuse. Because married women now consent to this.

The assembly was in a great excitement. The kagan and the elders jumped up. The Khan shouted:

- What are you saying? We don't hear about people attacking married women?

- We don't hear. They don't hear it. We'd be out of our minds if it was in our dreams, wouldn't we? Yes! ... The brothers of Chinese prisoners are hunting Turkish soldiers. Don't the Chinese know what their brothers are doing? He knows... He knows, but he doesn't say anything. On the contrary, he provokes him. Because in this way, all the gold, silver and goods we take during the raids are carried from the Turkish tents to the tents of the Chinese prisoners. This is the Chinese... Foreigner. Won't he do it? Tell me, what are we going to do about this? In our culture, if a person assaulted a married woman, the woman would complain and the attacker would be destroyed. What if this woman doesn't complain... The Turkish version doesn't say anything about that.

The assembly was excited. One beğ shouted:

## 82 - Death of the Grey Wolves

- A woman doesn't complain, does she? Have you ever seen such a woman? What about that woman's husband?

Kür Shad was thundering like lightning, but he was not excited.

- You can't find a Turkish woman like that. But Chinese househusbands do! Because Chinese men need money and goods. His purse must be filled with money. In order to get the money, he gives his property, he gives everything, he goes further, he also gives his sister-in-law. This is how Chinese women rob Turks and make their husbands rich. See, Chinese children born in Ötüken do not look like Chinese children. Do you think this is because of the air and water of Ötüken? If the dog in China does not become a wolf by coming to Ötüken, how come the Chinese resembles a Turk by coming to Ötüken? Because Turkish blood is instilled in him. It is good that only the Chinese is infused with Turkish blood. Maybe in the future there will be better soldiers from China and we can fight more sweetly. However, now the Turks are also They started buying Chinese women. The Chinese woman we know Taking a wife is for kings. There are reasons for this too. But have all these Turkish soldiers become kagans now? While the Chinese are revitalised by being infused with Turkish blood and become brave, are we going to become degenerate by adding Chinese blood to our blood? From this day forward, Chinese women who seduce Turkish soldiers should be caned. If the husband of the Chinese woman knows about this, he should be killed. The Chinese should not be allowed to farm on their own. Turkish soldiers should not marry Chinese women. They must look after all the Chinese. Otherwise, the Chinese palace will already hear about our raid to China in spring 388.

Kagan looked at the likes. Don't interfere until then  
whod just left the hospital:

- Kur Shad is right. The Turkish species cannot be underestimated. It's not without blame. One man was ambushed.



If it falls, the blame lies not only with the founder, but also with the ambush. If Turkish men are seduced by Chinese women, it is not enough to beat Chinese women with sticks and kill Chinese men. In order for the Turkish species to be fully fulfilled, Turkish men who have relations with married women should also be beheaded. Our species does not look whether the woman is a Turk, a Chinese or a captive in order to behead a soldier who has relations with a married woman.

Tunga Tegin intervened and said, "It is true". Kūr Shad objected:

- It won't work. Then the Turk and the Chinese become one. The Turkish genre was made for Turks. And in our culture, anyone who forcibly attacks a woman is beheaded. Turkish soldiers don't forcibly attack Chinese women...

The kineş would grow longer. The sun was setting. One by one, the Khan asked the likes what they thought. Half of the twelve favoured Kūr Shad. Whichever side the kagan was on, they would win the word. The Khan had the last word:

- When the spring arrives, we will flock to China and show our power to the ambassadors. The Chinese will have no fields of their own, half of their wealth will be distributed to the Turks, and the Turks will not marry Chinese women. Chinese women who seduce Turkish soldiers will be caned. If their husbands know anything about it, they will also be destroyed... Since the Turks do not look at the clan of a married woman, Turkish soldiers who have relations with these women will also be killed!

Judgement.bee

ALL the yasavuls<sup>40</sup> had received orders from the kagan. At night

! They keep a close eye on the Chinese tents, they were to start work tonight. The Turk who entered the tent of a married Chinese would be caught, and the Chinese woman in the tent would be put in the hole with him. If the woman had a husband, he would receive fifty sticks from the Yasavul before being put in the hole. Baga Tarkan, the head of the Yasavul, would also be on duty tonight.

Baga Tarkan, accompanied by two yasavuls, one of whom spoke Chinese, walked around, occasionally stopping in front of Chinese tents. He listened to the slightest sound. The kaghan's command was clear and firm. Baga Tarkan had been waiting for such an order for a long time. He the one who was most upset that things were going badly in Ötüken. For this reason, he had taken the risk of travelling and waiting every night until daylight.

It got cold around midnight. Baga Tarkan was hungry from his non-stop travelling. He sent one of the yasavul to fetch some meat. He waited at the foot of a tree with the other yasavul.

---

<sup>39</sup> *Judgement*: Court, judgement.

<sup>40</sup> *Yasavul*: Police, police.

Someone was coming with heavy steps from a distance. Baga Tarkan yasavula slowly:

- Take a good look. See if you recognise him.

He passed quite close to them. He didn't look left or right. He walked away and disappeared. Baga Tarkan asked:

- him?
- Yes! San-Czar, one of Major Isbara Alp's corporals.
- What is this time doing here?
- Sanjar's work is beyond comprehension.

The koumiss had arrived. They sewed and revitalised. They went travelling again. This was going on and on. At one point one of the yasavul stopped:

- He asked, "Do you hear me, Tarkan

Baga Tarkan heard it too. There was a murmur coming from nearby. They walked in the direction of the sound without making any noise. This sound was from a Chinese tent. A man and a woman were talking harshly. Baga Tarkan signalled to Yasavul, who knew Chinese, to listen. Yasavul knelt down and put his ear to the tent. He listened. Inside, a man and a woman were engaged in a quarrel. The Chinese man was saying without breathing, the woman was replying with intermittent words. Baga Tarkan, yasavulu

he asked slowly, nudging:

- What does it say?
- He tells her she's incompetent. You didn't fool that corporal.

Baga Tarkan jumped:

- Who's this corporal? Could Sanjar?

Inside, the quarrel was growing. Now the man was silent, and the woman was talking all the time. Yasavul told Tarkan about her words:

## 86 - Death of the Grey Wolves

- He says, "I brought the corporal to the tent; if I haven't done the rest yet, is it my fault? What are you going to do with all this money and property?"

Yasavul was suddenly silent. He put his ear closer to the tent. Now the man was shouting. Baga Tarkan nudged him again and asked:

- What is he saying?

- I will take these money and goods and flee to China and live like a beğa. If you want, you can stay here with Corporal Sarıçar.

Baga Tarkan didn't wait any longer. He opened the tent door and went inside. The two yasavuls entered after him. The Chinaman turned pale. This was the first time in Ötüken that everyone was involved in gambling and trade.

was Mr Chinaman. His sister, the beautiful Fu-lin, was looking at Tarkari and the Yasavuls in astonishment. Baga Tarkari's voice boomed:

- You Chinese mutt! You're robbing the Turks by putting your brother forward, aren't you?

The Chinaman started to say - he started to say. But Baga Tarkari interrupted him:

- Shut up! ... And then you were going to run away to China?

The Chinese began to tremble. Yasavulbashi thundered again:

- I'll have your evil soul sent to Tamuya<sup>41</sup> and then you can flee to China again if you want!

Then he turned to the Yasavuls and shouted:

- Knock it ...

The Chinese were already on the verge of collapse. One of the Yasavul rolled as soon as the tissue touched him. Baga Tarkan commanded:

- Fifty !

The whips of the two yasavuls began to rise and fall, and the Chinaman began to shout loudly. But this shout did not last long. Maybe after the twentieth, maybe after the thirtieth

---

<sup>41</sup> *Tamu*: Hell.

Mr Chinaman died of fright, unable to withstand a hard blow on the back. Fu-lin was so astonished at quick of events that he was almost speechless. Baga Tarkan asked angrily:

- And you seduced Corporal Sanjar?

- Why are you silent? But you can't let Sanjar go one more way. If you've set your heart on him, you'll wait until he goes to the other world.

Then, looking at the dead Chinese, he said:

- It's not like your husband robbed your acin. I don't think these coins will last long. But your husband was cunning. He died quickly and saved himself from being caned and executed.

Then he commanded the yasavuls:

- I'll take these chests full of gold, silver and silver and you fall in front of me.

It was dawn. Two Yasavul shouldered all the money Mr Chinese had saved and were carrying it away. Fu-lin also walking behind Baga Tarkan. He was trembling. Because he didn't know where he was going and for what.

After placing the crates in a safe place and putting Fu lin in the hole, the Yasavul chief took the two Yasavuls. The corporal headed for Sanzar's tent. Sanzar was up very early. That day he was going to give his men battle practice. He had sewn the koumiss and was armed with his sword. Suddenly footsteps were heard outside. Then the door opened and a yasavul appeared:

- Corporal Sanjar said, "Come out!"

Sanchar was already on his way out. When he came out and saw Baga Tarkan's sullen face, he was not startled at all. Kneeling on the ground, he greeted Tarkan. Baga Tarkan asked:

- Corporal Sanjar! Where were you tonight?

## 88 - Death of the Grey Wolves

Sançar looked at Tarkan with his usual sullen face. He didn't answer. Baga Tarkan did not know Corporal Sanchar's temperament at all. He shouted angrily:

- I'm asking you! Where were you tonight?
- What's to you?
- I'm the head of the law enforcement. I'm asking to see if you've been to forbidden places.
- Is there forbidden place in Ötüken?
- It's okay.
- I don't know.
- Are you going to tell me?
- No!
- Knock him . Fifty strokes!

The two yasavuls knocked Sanjar down. They began to raise and lower their whips rapidly. Sanchar was not interested at all. He didn't understand why he was being beaten, he didn't bother to ask, he didn't make a sound only because he saw the yasavul head in front of him. When the fifty sticks were over, Sançar stood up:

- He said it was good grooming for today's training.
- Baga Tarkan's anger was growing. He shouted to surprise Sanchar:
- You can hide it all you want. I know where you are tonight.
  - If you know, why are you asking?
  - Weren't you in Mr Chinaman's tent tonight? Why are you lying?
- Sanchar's eyes widened:
- What? What? What the fuck? Are you crazy? Are dreaming?
- Baga Tarkan shouted at the Yasavul:
- He doesn't want to say it. Grab him. Put him in with Fu-lin!

The Yasavuls sprang to their feet. But the corporal, enraged at Fulin's words, drew his sword and shouted:

- I'll rip shreds! ...

- You're defying me?

It was too late. The two yasavuls and Baga Tarkan were marching towards Sanchar, drawing swords. The fight was supposed to be bloody. But it didn't. Because a sound like a thunderclap:

- Corporal Sanjar shouted, and Sanjar lowered his sword and straightened up:

- He replied, "Here! This was

Major Isbara Alp.

- Corporal Sanjar! your sword!

A clatter was heard. The sword was sheathed. Then Isbara turned to Baga Tarkan and asked:

- Baga Tarkan! Do you wish to take the corporal away?

- Yes!

Major, he ordered Sanjar again:

- Corporal Sanjar! Put your sword in your tent. Go to the vineyard with Tarkan!

Sanchar responded with a knee strike:

- You're in charge!

-  
--

A little after sunrise the judgement was set. Nine judges took their seats decorated with thick felt. Baga Tarkan, the chief of the law, stood in front of the judges with his two law officers. Today, when the budun heard that there was going to be a judgement, they surrounded the area. The chief judge turned his face to Baga Tarkan and began to speak:

- Baga Tarkan! Tell me what you saw and what you did.

Yasavulbasi gave a brief account of the events of the night.

Bashyar

he said:

## 90 - Death of the Grey Wolves

- Bring the Chinese woman!

One of the two yasavuls ran off. He brought Fu-lin before the judges. Fu-lin was frightened and trembled when he saw all these crowded people and frowning judges. The chief magistrate immediately opened the interrogation:

- What's your name?

- Fu-lin.

- Why did you seduce a Turkish corporal when you were married?

The burning gaze of hundreds of Thunderers gathered on Fu-lin. He thought they were going to kill him right then and there, he could hardly stand. His voice trembled under the terrible gaze of the judges, waiting for an answer:

- That's what my husband said, she could only say.

- Was your husband such a dishonest person?

- No, no, no, no, no, no! He was honourable, but...

- What's that? If he was honourable, why did he provoke you into bad behaviour?

- My husband wanted to save a lot of money. He attacked who had money. They'd fall for it and give him their money.

- How much money did your husband have?

- I don't know.

- Baga Tarkan! How much money did you find in this woman's husband?

- With two yasavuls, we could only count the gold. Six thousand akça came out. There is even as much silver.

- Even the kagan doesn't have this much money. Your husband has this much money.

why was he collecting them?

- run away to China and live like a beğ.

- How were you going to escape to China?

- I don't know.

- How many people did you seduce before the corporal?

- Five...



- Who are they? What are their names?
- I don't know.
- How many times did you seduce him without knowing his name?
- My husband was showing them to me. And I was falling in behind them.
- Look at this pile, is there any of them in it?

Fu-lin turned to the pile surrounding the field. The many people staring hard at him all seemed to look alike. Already in this confusion, in this bad moment, he was in such a state that he could not recognise what he knew. He asked for the Chief Justice:

- Are any of these the ones you seduced?
- No!

The Chief Justice asked, looking at the other judges, four on his right and four on his left:

- Let's punish him. Let Baga Tarkan give him fifty strokes.

One of the judges :

- Fifty sticks are too much for this woman now. Her husband could not stand fifty sticks. How can her sister endure what her husband could not? Ten sticks are enough for her.

- That's right!
- That's right!
- That's right!

- Ten sticks is too little. Ten strokes of the cane now. After a few days, when the pain of the sticks has subsided, ten sticks should be struck again.

- That's more like it.
- Yes!

This opinion was accepted. The Chief Justice looked at Fu-lin and said his last word:

- You'll get ten strokes of the cane. This will bring you to your senses. In ten days the bruises will be gone. Then ten sticks

## 92 - Death of the Grey Wolves

you're gonna get another nek. That'll be a lesson to you. From now on, you won't try to seduce anyone. If you cross us again, the punishment will be death.

On two signs of Baga Tarkan, two yasavuls took Fu-lin and brought Corporal Sanchar. He asked for the Chief Justice:

- Corporal Sanjar! Do you know that a married woman can't be touched by the Turks?

- I know.

- You know that, so why bother?

- I didn't touch anyone.

- Baga Tarkan saw you outside at night.

- Let him see. What's in it for you?

- But you were coming from near the Chinese tent.

- I'll come. Who cares?

- What were you doing out in the middle of the night?

- I dropped my knife in the field. I went to get it.

- Why did you go to get your knife in the middle of the night?

Couldn't you have gone during the day?

- I couldn't sleep at night.

- Why you sleepy?

- Out of anger...

- Who are you angry with?

- To the Chinese woman.

- Why are you angry?

- In the evening, he was cosying up to me, making me angry.

- Tell me, how did it happen?

- He came to the field at sunset. He said, "I have something very important to tell you. I was worried and thought the Black Khan was dead. I said, "Tell me what it is." He came and me. He said he had a crush on you. I pushed him; he rolled. As he was crawling towards me, the knife fell out of its scabbard. When I couldn't sleep at night, I went to get him.

At these words of Corporal Sanjar, the chief justice paused. He seemed to believe Sançar's words. He looked at the judges to his right and left. One of them asked Sanjar:

- 't you enter the Chinese tent at this time?
- You're all incomprehensible! I didn't go in.
- Corporal! Don't be obstinate. Yasavullar listened to the Chinaman and his wife talking in their tent. They were talking about a corporal who entered the tent.
- there no other corporal in Ötüken but me?

Upon this answer, all the judges sceptical.

The Chief Justice asked Baga Tarkan:

- Baga Tarkan! Did the Chinese say that the corporal who entered the tent was Sanjar?

- They did not say the name of the corporal who entered the tent, but Mr Chinaman told his brother-in-law that he was going to flee to China and if you did not come, stay with Corporal Sançar. From these words I guessed that it was Sançar who entered the tent.

The Chief Justice asked Sançar:

- you see it?
- I didn't see anything. Why don't you ask the Chinese woman who was the corporal who entered the tent?
- Baga Tarkan! Bring the Chinese woman.

A Yasavul came along. He brought the Chinese beauty. The chief groom asked:

- Fu-lin! The Yasavuls heard your husband say to you last night, "If you don't come to China, he will stay here with your Sanjar. Corporal Sanjar says he didn't enter your tent. Was it Corporal Sanjar? Or was it another corporal?

Fu-lin began to tremble again as he was brought before the judges. He was told: "If you appear before us again, the punishment will be death. He of appearing before the magistrates again, even though very little time had passed and Fu-lin had committed no offence during the time he had been trapped in the hole. The chief magistrate's question made him feel very...

!and he shuddered. When he realised that he was not dead, he stopped shaking. He looked at Corporal Sanjar's face. The sullen-faced Sanjar was also looking at him, and with disgust.

Fu-lin seemed to think for a moment. The judges were silent. The Buddha was silent. The Chinese beauty realised that the result of this business was in her own words. When Sanjar saw that Fu-lin was silent, he shouted angrily:

- You , tell me! Who was in your tent last night?

Fu-lin's eyes narrowed. His complexion, which had just turned yellow with fear, was now flushed with anger. He turned to the judges:

- He said it was Sanchar who came to my tent last night.

Sanchar shouted, slamming his fist, raised in anger, into the Chinese woman's face like a huge mace:

- Lie!

Fu-lin had many teeth knocked out of his mouth, his face was covered in blood, and he fell to the ground and fainted.

The Chief Justice asked, shouting angrily:

- Why would it be a lie?

- How should I know? You know that!

- Corporal Sanjar! You'll be in trouble, tell the truth and don't come to God with a lie!

- It's a lie! You don't believe Corporal Sanjar, but you believe this Chinese woman?

Just then there was a commotion among the surrounding clan. A tall, poorly dressed young man in a big cap broke through the crowd and stood before the judges:

- Sanjar is telling the truth. He said, "I was the one who was with this Chinese woman last night.

All the eyes of all all the eyes of all the people of Ötüken were united on this this brave.

Those who knew him murmured his name:

- Black Snag!

The Chief Justice asked:

- Who are you?
- I'm Kara Budak, a corporal of Major Isbara Alp.
- Did know this woman was married?
- I knew it.
- Why did you break into his tent?
- He called me.
- You shouldn't have entered.
- He tricked and deceived me.
- 't her husband in the tent?
- There was none.
- What did he take from you for letting you into his tent?
- He asked me for money. I had a silver coin. I gave it to him.
- he say anything else to you?
- Come back tomorrow night, he said.
- Where were you going to get the money for Gene?
- I have a silver knife I looted from China; I was going to give it to him.
- you married?
- No!
- How old are you?
- Twenty.
- You're past your prime. Why didn't you get married?
- I wanted Almıla, the daughter of Major Isbara Alp. He said, "I have no heart for you. I asked for Corporal Sülemiş's singlet<sup>42</sup> and he said, "You are poor.
- Is it true? Are you poor?
- Yes!
- Who's got what?
- I have a wife<sup>13</sup> mother. I have seven brothers and sisters. I have a mare and two sheep.

---

<sup>e</sup> Singil: Little  
He's old.

<sup>43</sup> He's been fooled.

96 - Death of the Grey Wolves

- Dont you have a field?
  - I did. I sold it.
  - Who did you sell it to?
  - A Chinese man.
  - Why did you sell it?
  - I made my Singh my bride. I made her a thick<sup>44</sup>.
  - Do you know what your punishment is?
  - I know.
  - You will be executed by the Turkish species, by the order of the Black Ka- ğan, for having intercourse with a married woman.
  - No worries! God will forgive me.
  - you have anything to say?
  - I do: Let Sanchar look after my mother and brothers.
  - Did you hear that, Sanchar?
  - I'm not deaf, I heard. The Chief Justice got up:
  - He said, "I'm going to report this to the Black Khan. He has the last word.
- There's a sense of unease the air.
- The chief justice entered the kaghan's tent. The kagan and the kings were there. The judge knelt on the ground:
- Supreme Khan! The culprit has been identified: Corporal Black Budak. He said he entered the woman and knew she was married. He said, "We have decided to execute him. You have the last word.
  - Who is Corporal Kara Budak?
  - He was one of Major Ispara Alp's corporals.
- The Khan thought. Kür Shad started to speak as if he was watching this thought:
- Great Khan! Order another punishment for this corporal.
  - that all right? Gotta bow to the species, right?

---

<sup>44</sup> thick: Dowry.

- The corporal's death will not be in keeping with the genre.

- Why?

Kur Shad turned to the chief justice;

- Judge, did Corporal Black Budak force himself on the Chinese woman?

- No, she called him herself! Kür Shad turned to the Khan:

- Great Khan! You see, there is object of our kind. If the corporal had attacked the woman, then the punishment would have been death. What the corporal did is not in accordance with other part of the genre. If we kill a corporal for those evil Chinese, your nation will be angry with us and will despise us.

- There is no budun in front of Türe. The khan turned to the likes:

- Lover! Is the judge's judgement correct?

Likes: <cCorrect> and agreed with the decision. Kür Shad was left alone.

-

-

When the Chief Justice took his seat, the deathly silence in the court was unbroken. In a deep voice, he spoke his last to Black Budak.

- Corporal Black Budak! The Khan's judgement was correct.

You will die for corrupting the Turkish species!

Black Budak and Sanchar exchanged glances. Then they lowered their faces to the ground. Yasavulbasi came and stood in front of Corporal Kara Budak:

- Corporal Black Budak! Sword or arrow?

- Ok.

The young corporal declared that he wanted to die with an arrow. Since he himself was a favourite, he should have been strangled to death with the bowstring of his bow. Since his offence was grave, he should have been killed by arrow and sword.

he was to be executed. Yasavuls lined up on both sides and took Kara Budak away. Far away, at the foot of a tree, Kara Budak was to be shot. All the corporals of Major Isbara Alp comrades of Kara Budak came running out. Pars was the first to arrive:

- Black Snag! losing you?

- Invisible trouble. I committed an offence. Corporal Sulemish came from behind:

- Black Budak! My sister had agreed to marry you. Shame! he shouted.

Black Budak laughed bitterly.

Corporal Yamtar hugged Black Budak's neck:

- Shame on you, my brave! How many more pinejack kızız you drank in this acunda ... he cried.

Corporal Three Sons tapped Black Budak on the shoulder:

- Comrade! Will you give me your sister? I'll remember you when I look at her. If I have a son, I'll name him Black Budak, he said.

- I'll give it to you. Tell Mummy. Don't ask me to stay any longer. You know my poverty.

Corporal Gök Börü, this most angry, mad corporal of Ötüken, shouted:

- Tell me, Black Snag! Who caused it? As God is my witness, I won't sheathe my sword until I've slain him.

- one is the cause... I myself am the cause...

Sanchar was standing a little on the edge. He didn't approach his friend. After all, they were related. Black Budak called him:

- Sanjar! Won't you give me an avunç-s? Don't you have anything to say?

Sanchar approached slowly:

- Black Budak! You're leaving me in your debt. I don't owe anyone. That's bad, he said.

---

<sup>45</sup> *Consolation*: Consolation.



Soon Yasavul came. The bag belongs to Tarkan:

- Come on, braves. The age has come. As the corporals retreated, Kara Budak called out:

- Tell the major: I have committed no other offence in my lifetime.

Yasavulbaşı asked:

- Corporal Blackfoot! Shall I blindfold you? Black Budak smiled angrily:

- You think Corporal Black Budak is afraid of ten arrows in his chest?

The Yasavuls were twenty paces away from Kara Budak. Five were kneeling. Five were standing behind them. Baga Tarkan commanded:

- Shoot an arrow!

Ten yasavul drew an arrow from their quivers and placed them on the beams. Baga Tarkan commanded again:

- Go for a ride!

The bows were drawn and aimed at Black Budak's chest.

The last command was firm:

- Okla!

A sharp, whooshing sound, a gust of wind was heard. Ten arrows flew and found Corporal Kara Budak's chest. The young corporal's chest had become blood-soaked with arrows.

Black Budak was shaken at first. Then he took three steps forwards. Slowly he fell to his knees. He turned his face to the sky, as if he wanted to talk to God. He raised his hands upwards as if he wanted to say something. Then he fell to the ground like a big tree. The earth was suddenly stained with red blood.

Just at this moment a horseman was seen coming at full speed. Major Isbara Alp came at full gallop, but could not catch up. When he saw Black Budak on the ground, he frowned. He jumped down

and ran to his side. lifted the corporal's head, resting it on his arm. He kissed his forehead:

- He was a brave corporal. He said, "God bless you!

Without looking at his corporals who kneeled and saluted him, he jumped on his horse again and galloped away.

Then the corporals approached the dead body of Kara Budak. They pulled one arrow from his chest. The young corporal's blood was dripping from the arrows. 46 Pars took out the koumiss pot. He poured some of Kara Budak's blood into it. Then he took out his knife and cut his own wrist. He also dripped some of his own blood. The other corporals did the same. Only Corporal Three Sons did not agree. Pars asked:

- 't you coming?

- I can't be best mates with you. I'll take Black Budak's sister.

The corporals took a sip of our blood and sprinkled the rest on the ground:

- Let the sky bear witness. Let the earth bear witness. Let the tree bear witness. Let the water bear witness. We took an oath. We are Anda17. We are brothers, they said.

Corporal Three Sons looked at them. His blood boiled and he wanted to be with them. But he could not take Kara Budak's sister if he became best mates with him. While the six corporals were making a covenant of kinship with their dead friends and with each other, Corporal Üç Oğul, with the bloody arrow in his hand, which had been pulled out of Kara Budak's bosom, was going towards his obaya with tears in his eyes, his heart burned, and his insides were full of sorrow.

---

46 *Shurting*: To gush.

47 *Aida*: Brother-in-law.

## Calık

HE CAN'T SLEEP EVEN ARE PUT OVER "

((A The word "hungry" was very well understood by Çalık. He was cold all night and could not sleep because he had given the last of his food to his mother, sister and three children and had gone to bed hungry himself. The day before, he had not put anything in his mouth. Things were not in order this winter.

Çalık knew what would happen if he did not hunt a deer or at least a rabbit, so he got up very early and headed for the mountain. He was willing to spend thirty arrows in his quiver in order to hunt a hare. As he was riding his horse, he seemed to see some shadows in the darkness. He sharpened his gaze: Many horsemen like him were going to the mountain and forest to hunt. He was bored. He put spurs to his horse. It was daylight he reached the mountain. When Çalık looked round and saw hundreds of horsemen on the mountain, he was dumbfounded: "There are more people than rabbits here," he said. So he was not the only one who went to bed hungry last night. He was happy when he thought about it. The wedding that comes by hand is a feast, he thought. He started to look for prey.

There were those who gathered on the mountain and went on a hunting expedition. They shouted and frightened the hawkers and dugouts, then rode round and shot them. Those who shot a deer were more likely to stop-

102 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

They would return, sharing the deer. But the state was not the same for every servant.

Çalık had shot arrows three times but had not hit anything yet. He could not travel well because his hands were shaking and his eyes were black from hunger.

Even though it was close to noon and he had not caught any prey yet, Çalık's eyes suddenly lit up: There, a few hundred paces ahead, a large hare was running towards the end of the plain. Çalık, realising that if he didn't shoot the animal before the end of the plain, he would miss it, rode at breakneck speed. The rabbit was near the end of the plain and there was a gap of about a hundred paces between them when Çalık shot his arrow. In an instant he saw the hare jumping up and down. He approached to pick it up. But when he reached the animal, he was so surprised that he almost rolled off his horse. Because two arrows were stuck in the body of the rabbit. While Çalık was thinking about how the arrow he shot was stuck in the rabbit as two arrows, he saw two horsemen coming out, one from the left and one from the opposite side, the end of the plain. The three horsemen stood facing each other in front of the rabbit and looked at each other. Çalık had grasped the situation. He asked the two horsemen:

- I shot one arrow. Which of you shot the other? One of the horsemen answered:
- I shot an arrow.
- Then the rabbit belongs to both of us. We will divide it. But the third rider said to Çalık:
- You don't own the rabbit. The rabbit belongs to both of us.
- Why?
- The second arrow that hit the rabbit is mine. The bush paused:
- I shot the rabbit, too. I should have a share.
- The rabbit has two arrows. The rabbit belongs to the shooters.

Apparently all three horsemen had shot arrows at the rabbit. However, two of these arrows hit the rabbit. It was not clear which two of the three were the shooters.

One of the horsemen pulled a few arrows from his quiver. He told Çalık and  
and he showed it to the other one and said:

- My arrows two notches. If the rabbit has two notched arrows, half of them are mine.

Çalık took his arrows out of his quiver and showed them:

- My stamp is two conflicting lines. The other rider didn't shoot an arrow:

- He said, "There is no stamp on my arrows.

The three of them got off their horses. They took out the two arrows stuck in the rabbit. One of them:

- Here's my arrow. It has two notches on it, he showed me.

With the second arrow in his hand, Calık was looking for his own stamp. Caliph's eyes began to glaze over. He handed the arrow to the other rider:

- Look at this, look, he said. I'm starving and I can't see. See my brand?

The horseman took a good look at the arrow:

- This does not have your stamp on it. This is my arrow, he replied.

The two horsemen cut, skinned and shared the rabbit. Then they rode away on their horses.

-  
--

The bush was stunned. He thought he had shot the rabbit himself. Where had these two horsemen come from? While he was waiting with his eyes fixed on the place where the rabbit was shot, a horseman came along. He called out to Calık:

104 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

- Looking for your arrow? There...

When he looked where the name of the bush pointed, he blushed with embarrassment. Because his own arrow had fallen twenty paces from the rabbit. He pulled out the arrow stuck in the ground. He saw his own stamp on it.

He was not going to stop. He jumped on his horse. He started to watch for prey again. At one point, his eyes turned forwards. He looked: Two people were fighting with swords on horses in the distance. When Çalık saw the hit, he forgot the hunt and hunger. He spurred his horse towards the fighters. Two soldiers were fighting only with swords. Calik seemed to recognise one of them. He said to himself:

- Maybe he's one of my acquaintances. Let no harm come to him. Let me separate them, he thought, drew his sword and stepped between them. He shouted with his horse:

- Are you fucking idiots? What are you fighting about? I guess you're full and you're here to enjoy yourselves instead of hunting game!

The riders split up. Both were wounded. One of them :

- The rabbit is mine. This one wants to take it because I shot it. Do I protect it?

The other rider shouted:

- No, no, no, no, no, no, no! The rabbit is mine. I shot it.

They both wanted to take the rabbit from the ground, claiming that they had shot it first. So it came to a fight. The bush intervened:

- God willed it, and both your arrows hit. What are you fighting about? I've just seen a buyer. His arrow had fallen twenty paces away from the rabbit. He wanted to get the rabbit again. You're the good guys. This is beneath you. I'll split the rabbit with you!

The crocodile jumped to the ground. He swam the rabbit. He cut it into two equal pieces and gave them to the horsemen. The horsemen said "good health" to each other and then rode away. Çalık looked after them for a while. Then he hit his hand on his knee and shouted:

- Tuuh! Let Albız have it. I was going to ask for some of this meat for myself.

Çalık again remembered his hunger, which he had forgotten while watching the fight. He rode his horse. When he rounded the forest's coastal bend, he stopped. On the ground lay a rabbit shot with an arrow. Çalık was surprised to see the prey that had been shot but had no eyelashes. According to the fight just now, he thought who could be this full-eyed one. But this thought did not last long. A horseman came out from around the bend. Çalık recognised Corporal Sançar:

- Corporal Sanjar! Did you shoot this rabbit? he asked. The corporal answered like a scold:

- I shot him, take it if you want!

Çalık did not think where the corporal had thought of this gift. He jumped to the ground in one leap. He picked up the rabbit. Then, turning to the corporal:

- He said, "Thank you, corporal, I haven't eaten for two days. If it wasn't for this, I would have starved to death.

The corporal asked with a sour face:

- You haven't eaten for two days?

- I didnt buy it.

- Why didn't you eat?

- I couldn't find any food.

- come there's no food? Here, drink this!

Corporal Sançar handed the pine-keg of koumiss to Çalık. Çalık finished half a pine-keg of koumiss in one gulp and handed the pine-knife back:

- Thank you, corporal, he shouted.

His strength was restored. Corporal Sanchar rode away. Çalık was quite ecstatic with joy. Now there was no other way but to go home and eat this rabbit.

Coming up the slope, he suddenly stopped. He met Corporal Yamtar. Yamtar had a big rabbit in his hand. A crocodile:

- Corporal! He said, "You've hunted well

106 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

Yamtar replied sullenly:

- What's so good about ? This rabbit's no match for me. What about the crowd at home?

Yamtar asked, staring at Calık's rabbit:

- sell me half your rabbit?
- What will you give me?
- When we raid China in the summer, I will give you a calf or three sheep.
- You will, but then you won't find me.
- Why?
- I'll starve to death by then. Yamtar was bored.

Suddenly he said:

- Will you wrestle your rabbit with me?

The crocodile thought about it. It would be nice to go home with two rabbits instead of one. answered happily:

- Let's ignite!

Yamtar and Çalık dismounted and took out their swords and quivers. They took up arms. It was noon. Yamtar was the bigger man, but Çalık was confident in the half a pine-keg of blood he had just drunk.

The rabbits were lying on the ground, and the horses of the two wrestlers, which were no fuller than they were, were grazing.

Çalık attacked Yamtar as soon as the wrestling started. he wanted to hit it. He wanted to, but Yamtar, which looked like a pine stump, did not fall so easily. Çalık threw a bad trip, but it was in vain. As if Çalık had tripped a tree, his leg hurt and he barely saved himself from falling on his back.

Çalık got tired after a long struggle and got hungry again. Corporal Sançar's half a pint of pine kebab could not stand all this bickering. Now it Yamtar's turn to attack. They couldn't wrestle standing up anymore. Yamtar,

He grabbed him round the waist and knocked him to the ground. He was so fierce

he stole it, and he tumbled to the floor. Each other



and they were entwined. It was not clear who was on top and who was on the bottom. Çalık realised that he would be defeated if he could not get up, he shook himself, got up, the two wrestlers exchanged glances. Unwilling to engage, they circled around each other. Then they suddenly got angry and fought again. Since they were tired, they wanted to win wrestling with games. The two master wrestlers were now having a very good wrestling match. Çalık had a great game in wrestling: Grabbing his opponent by the hands, he threw himself on his back on the ground, kicked his opponent, whom he had pulled towards him while he was falling to the ground, off him with a kick, and then, jumping up suddenly, he pounced on the other, who had fallen to the ground from the air, and brought his back to the ground. Çalık held the back of Yamtar's neck one hand, he grabbed him by the wrist with his other hand. He threw himself on his back. Yamtar also fell on him. But Çalık was a he lifted his foot. As Yamtar fell on Çalık's foot, he lifted Yamtar's heavy body with his foot and threw it towards his own head. Yamtar took a somersault in the air and fell to the ground on the head of Çalık, while Çalık was frightened. Both of Yamtar's shoulders were about to hit the ground. But would Yamtar be defeated easily? As if the big Çalık who was on him was a duvet, Yamtar moved and got up. He clung to him not to lift him up. This scuffle was bad. Because in this wrestling match that had been going on for a long time, the wrestlers did not realise that they had come to the edge of the slope. Upon this stirring, both of them started to roll down the slope with their arms around each other. The slope was about a hundred paces away. The two Sky Turk soldiers descended to the plain. They clung tightly to each other. If there was not a puddle where they had fallen, they would not have been separated. This cold water did not chill the fierce fighters. On the contrary, it cooled them because they were sweating. They came out of the water and started wrestling again.

## 108 .Death of the Grey Wolves

The wrestling had gone on so long that it was evening. It was getting dark. At some point, Çalık's foot tripped on a stone and he found himself on the ground.

The wrestling was over, Çalık was defeated. Yamtar gasped and said:

- It's good that you're beaten. Look, it's evening.

The crocodile answered:

- It's no good. The rabbit's gone.

- It's a good thing. Otherwise we'd be hungry tonight.

- good. We'll starve tonight.

They both climbed the slope they had just rolled down. The horse. The animals were still grazing and the rabbits were lying on the ground. When the two tired soldiers climbed the slope, they were completely exhausted. They were cooling down wide and wide. Çalık collapsed on the ground. Yamtar did the same. Now that he had lost the rabbit, he didn't want to stay here any longer<sup>1:1</sup>. He got up, panting, and jumped on his horse. He said goodbye to Yamtar and rode off. Yamtar shouted after him:

- Hey! Come here!

The cypress turned round. Yamtar put his hand on the ground:

- You're leaving without your quiver and sword?

The crocodile did not know what he was doing with boredom. He got down from his horse. He sheathed his sword with tired movements. At this time Yamtar jumped on his horse. He rode. Çalık looked at him and looked the ground and shouted:

- Hey! Hey! Hey! Corporal! Come back here! Yamtar returned.

Crocodile asked:

- You're leaving without the rabbits?

Neither of them knew what they were doing because they were tired.

Çalık wrestled hard from noon to evening, lost the rabbit and was returning home empty-handed. On his way he met Corporal Sançar. Sançar asked him when he saw him without the rabbit:

- What did you do with the rabbit? you eat it?

Çalık rode his horse on one side and muttered

di:

- I didn't eat the rabbit, but I did eat something, don't ask, onba

shi

!

Çalık's eyes widened with surprise when he entered the tent: His

brother-in-law

a deer was being butchered and roasted. The horseboy, suddenly hungry, forgot that he had returned empty-handed:

- Where did you get this?" he asked. In a voice that sounded a little resentful:

- I hunted him, he replied.

Çalık liked his brother inwardly, but did not make a sound. His mother, instead of helping her son, who had no strength to stand up from hunger, reproached him:

- Your father used to keep his milk alive and make koumiss from the mare's bones. You never took after him.

Calik looked sharply at his mother. She was going to say something sharp, but her sister acted first:

- Three years in captivity in China and he was incompetent!

When her sister-in-law intervened, Çalık kept silent. Because he knew what a hard woman she was. She both loved her sister very much and was afraid of her. One day in the first month of her marriage, she had a quarrel with him, then it escalated and they fought like two wrestlers. Çalık couldn't subdue her in this fight, and even he couldn't hold her in his hand.

received two severe lashes from his brother who had received the whip, and his face was covered with blood. The goods were on display: The calik himself

even the rabbit that had been given to him, but he caught a big ge yik. But his mother escalated again:

- Calik, are you no longer a soldier? Doesn't your arrow hit?

Çalık had learnt to lie during his years of captivity in China. He could find no other way out:

- Who told you not to shoot me?

- Where is it?

110 . Death of the Grey Wolves

- Where will he be, in Yamtar!
- Why Yamtar?
- I **gave** it to you
- Why?
- Does Yamtar eat easily? His house is crowded!
- One thinks of one's own house first. What would have happened if my bride had shot the deer?
- Would I have given it to Yamtar if I didn't know he'd shoot it?

The meat was fried. Çalık's sister-in-law first gave a piece to her mother-in-law, then to the children, then to Çalık. Finally she took it herself. They did not speak, they ate with appetite.

Çalık slept soundly that night. He always saw good things in his dreams, hitting a refuge or a deer with every arrow he shot. He gave some to Yamtar, some to Sanchar, and even brought a deer he had caught alive to Major Isbara Alp.

## Behind the crocodile business

THE THIRD day, Çalık woke up early again. Be full today

His strength good because **he was** eaten. Now when he

shoots an arrow, his arm  
he wouldn't shiver and black out. After putting a large piece of meat in  
his bag, he left the tent. It covered with snow. It had snowed a lot last  
night, which was bad for the horses. Calık thought well when he was full.  
The previous day's warning had stuck in his ear. Today he was not going  
to shoot rabbits or deer, but to hunt birds. Çalık had been hunting small  
birds in this forest for a long time, using thin arrows made from tree  
branches. These birds small but very cute. Anyway, there were a few  
And since it was day-old meat, was no need to rush.

Don't dismount the cypress horse because it is necessary to climb  
trees.

and left his horse on the plain to dig through the snow for grass.  
He thought that if he caught a lot of birds, he could even exchange them  
for our blood. If he could find a pint of our koumiss, his mother would not  
have the face to open her mouth and her brother would be happy.

When he reached the forest, he climbed a pine tree. The wind  
was not blowing and it was snowing lightly. After placing himself well  
on a branch, he started to carve the branches with his knife. Arrows  
made of pine wood were more useful for shooting small birds. As he  
was placing the arrows he had made from the branches into his  
quiver, he suddenly-

112 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

re's eyes were fixed ahead. Two pedestrians were coming slowly, talking. When Çalık saw them, he thought:

"They wouldn't walk like this if they came for the hunt," he said.

When they came a little closer, he realised that they were two Chinese. Two Chinese were coming towards Calık's tree. Looking carefully, Calık realised that one of them was Van-zin

he recognised it as glory. As for the other one, he's poorly dressed,

He seemed to recognise the ugly-faced man, but he could not remember who he was. The czar had heard that both Shen-king and Van zin-shan were very well-established, so he wondered what he was talking about with this disguised Chinaman.

Meanwhile, two Chinese were passing very close to the tree where Çalık was standing. They were talking in a very slow voice. Even so, he could hear Van-zin-shan saying in Chinese, "Shen-king is suspicious.

The horse servant Çalık looked after the retreating Chinese:

- Where have I seen this guy, he said. Then suddenly, as if angry with himself:

- Let Albız have it! No matter where I saw it. Now I have to go bird hunting, he said and shot his first arrow and shot a bird from one of the trees opposite.

-

...

For each bird he shot, the bush climbed down a tree and climbed up another tree until noon. He had shot 20 birds. That was no small amount. Now he had to go and see if he could buy koumiss from them. Calık began to go to the shopping place without stopping. The Khan said that in the winter days

He had built a large house made of wood with a canopy. Chinese merchants have been staying in Ötüken in June since ancient times, then they would return to China in the summer. They would go shopping...

As long as they did so, the kings would collect taxes from them, so this exchange was mutually beneficial. When Çalık entered this big house, he paused. He had travelled here several times before, but he had never seen such a crowd.

As he looked around, he saw Corporal Yamtar and Corporal Pars. The pars was attached. The two corporals were talking to the men with long black beards who came with the envoys of the Western Khan and did not look like Turks. The bell slowly approached them. This is

The men were speaking in broken Turkish and slowly. When Yamtar saw Çalık:

- He said these are Sughdaks.

The bush had never heard this word. He asked:

- What does Sugdak mean?

- Sughdaks are a small tribe in the western neighbourhood. They are under the command of the Western Khan. They came here for shopping.

Çalık took a look at the Sugdaks. So he could start shopping with them. He opened his bag and showed the birds:

- He asked if you'd take these.

For a while the Sughdaks spoke to each other in their own language. Then one of them said to Çalık:

- I give one akça each to the small birds and two akça each to the big ones.

- What should I do with the maple? Give me koumiss. Does the maple make your wife happy?

Corporal Pars intervened:

- You take the coins. With these coins you can go and buy koumiss. Look, there are Chinese on the other side of the house. They were selling koumiss just now. If it's not sold out, buy some.

Saying these words, Pars was pointing to the other corner of the house with his hand. Çalık looked at the place shown in the crowd. He saw the Chinese. And among these Chinese he also recognised the disguised and sullen man he had seen in the forest in the morning. He shouted to Sukdak, fearing that we were running out of kvass:

- Quick, he'll eat the money. the birds!

Çalık emptied the birds from his bag in one behaviour. Taking the ducats given by Sugdak, he walked towards the Chinese. There were eight to ten paces between them. Çalık, who made eye contact with the disguised Chinese, shouted:

- Chinaman! you recognise me?

But the Chinaman did not answer this question. He jumped out of his seat with ridiculous surprise and haste. Breaking through the crowd, he ran to the door, bumping into one another. He ran away without looking back. Çalık's mouth remained open. The Chinese also surprised. Those who saw what was happening were all looking at Çalık. The horseboy was about to ask the Chinese why this guy ran away when a harsh, crisp laugh rang out. Turks and Chinese recognised Corporal Sanjar's laughter. Sughdaks, however, did not recognise it and looked at each other in amazement. Sanjar was laughing his head off and at the same time saying to Çalık:

- Çalık, you've never been a man. Do you ever go fast on a Chinese man? That's how he gets scared and runs away. He obviously thought you were coming to take his life.

The young corporal's words were followed by a general laughter that filled the whole house and caused a buzz outside. All the Turks were laughing, and the Chinese were joining in, either out of fear or from the revelation of this ridiculous fact. As for the Sughdaks, they were also trying to take advantage of this opportunity, as they could not fulfil their need to laugh with the Turks, who laughed very little. Otherwise, they did not see what was happening and could not understand the words of Corporal Sançar in their limited Turkish.

Sanjar and Çalık were laughing so hard that they both rolled on the floor. They pressed their hands to their chests to prevent themselves from joining in, and although they wanted to say something every now and then, they couldn't because they were laughing. When Corporal Sançar started laughing, especially when he rolled on the ground, it would not stop.



he would not stop. However, his laughter had such an effect on the people of Ötüken that when Sançar started laughing, they all laughed and would not shut up until he stopped. Here Sanjar rolled on the ground, laughing as if he was going to faint. What would have become of those people if he did not stop laughing? Maybe Sanchar could endure this laughter, but the others were not very confident. They all remembered a cheri who had died last year while laughing. Pars and Yamtar found a way to prevent this danger. They shouldered Sançar, who was breaking on the ground and laughing, and took him out of the house. They made him get on his horse. Leaning on the horse's mane, they tied Sanjar lightly. Then they drove his horse with a whip.

While the horse was galloping, Sanchar was still laughing, and this laughter was ringing in the plain, not ringing, but roaring.

When Çalık got up from the ground, he immediately went to the Chinese sartlar<sup>48</sup>.

Putting the chisels in front of them:

- He said, "Give me value of these. One of the Chinese counted the sovereigns:

- You have nineteen sovereigns. I'll give you a pine kite, he replied.

Calık handed him the pine. Then he sewed the pine that the Chinese had filled. He drank to the end. It was clear from his face that he was proud to drink a pine-keg of koumiss. But gradually the cheerfulness passed from his face. As if he was mumbling:

- God forbid! I was going to take this koumiss home. Sanchar made me forget everything, he said. Then suddenly he frowned. He turned to the Chinese and asked:

- What did you say, you took nineteen akça from me?

- Yes, our favourite!

- Don't call me "beğ", I'll blow your eye out! I'm a horse servant.

Çalık rushed to Sughdak:

- How much did you give me?

---

<sup>48</sup> Sart: Merchant.

116 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

- I gave him thirty akça.
- You gave 30 sovereigns, why did the Chinese get 19 sovereigns?
- How can that be? I gave you 30 akça. The calık again ran to the Chinese and shouted:
- Chinaman! Don't make me angry. Look, Sughdak says you gave me 30 sovereigns. I gave you all the money I got from him. Tell the truth, or...

The Chinese swore a thousand oaths. Çalık ran to Suğdağ again. Taking him by the arm, dragged him to the Chinaman. He asked Soudag:

- How much did you give me?
- Thirty!
- How much did you take from me?
- Nineteen!
- Whichever one of you is lying, let me know and I'll blow your eye out!

The Chinaman tries to smile slyly and says  
di:

- I wonder if half of the coins were left in our favourite's purse.

Or not?

- Are you crazy? Is my white hair as big as your arsehole?
- No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no! So it's not in your purse?
- What pouches! Do I have any other pouches than my alms and my

sidecar<sup>49</sup>?

At this point Sugdak intervened:

- You didn't drop the coins while laughing just now? Çalık thought. I wonder, he muttered. This thought  
It was true. But he didn't drop the money.

She knew, but she couldn't tell which of these guys was cheating on her, so she kept quiet. He didn't have much time to stop anyway.

---

<sup>49</sup> Yancık: A small bag in which things are placed and hung on a belt or horse.

he didn't have one. He had to go to the forest again and hunt birds. At the very least, he should have found another pine-keg of koumiss and taken it home. This thought saved the Chinese and Sugdag.

It was almost sunset. Çalık was returning quickly with twenty birds in his bag again. ♦ If he did not catch up and buy another pine-kag of koumiss before the Chinese yellow people left, he would not be able to escape his mother's tongue and his wife's resentful look. At some point he came to a place where the forest was very dense. The trees were so dense here that the snow could not completely break through these dense and tangled branches and fill the ground. Calık slowed down his steps. He began to move forward with his head up and trying to make less noise with his steps. There must have been many birds hiding among the dense branches. It was necessary to see them without startling them and then to shoot them. This way, if the amount of our blood would increase a little more, his place in the house would become more secure.

As Çalık was walking in silence and with alert steps, he heard a noise to his left. It was accompanied by grunting and panting. Suddenly he forgot about the birds, the house and the snow and turned to the left. These dense trees made it quite dark here. Before he had taken a few steps, he heard a curse in Chinese that made him straighten up. At the same time, he stopped and still. In this place where the trees had thinned by only one fathom, a bear, two men's height tall, had stood up to attack a Chinese man who was covered in blood and bruises. The distance between the Chinaman and the bear was so small that the Chinaman could not draw an arrow from the quiver on his back, but only tried to defend himself with the large knife in his hand. Çalık was not in time to think that the quiver on the Chinese's back was an unusual object in Ötüken. However, he shot his wooden arrow, which he had prepared for shooting small birds, towards the bear's eye. The arrow entered the bear's eye, but at the same time the bear attacked the Chinese with a terrible attack and a terrible cry. Calık '

118 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

he didn't stop for much longer. He drew his knife. He stabbed the bear's back three times. When this terrible bear saw that his new enemy was stronger, he suddenly left the Chinese and turned towards Çalık.

The bear and Çalık stood three or four paces apart and looked at each other. If the arrow shot by Çalık was made of iron, this bear would have already passed away. But the wooden arrow only hit him and this infuriated the bear. Çalık knew what a monster the bear had become and acted accordingly. The horse servant of Isbara Alp remembered a word of the major. Isbara Alp used to say that the best way to protect oneself was to attack. The bear and Çalık attacked each other at the same time. The first to fall was Çalık. But the big wrestler kicked the bear's belly with both feet and put him on his back.

The bush got up first. He was shaken inside by this fall and his head was very angry. Before the bear could get up, he jumped up and stabbed the bear again with his knife.

The bear was on its feet. Blood was flowing from his wounds. The bush shouted at the bear:

- You big boy! You think you're Yamtar? How can you win the wrestling match and take the birds and leave?

The bear attacked again. This time Çalık's knife was stuck in the bear's throat up to the handle. The big beast collapsed as it was, and after a struggle or two, it remained motionless.

The Chinaman, who was watching all this with his mouth open and his eyes wide with fear, immediately bent down when he saw Çalık walking towards him, panting, after the bear rolled on the ground. He picked up his little cap that had fallen on the ground. Without even straightening his clothes or murmuring a word of thanks to Çalık, he darted into the trees like a fox and disappeared from sight. However, the fact that all this happened in a very short time gave Çalık a good and close view of the Chinese's face.

to see the Chinaman's face. This was the disguised Chinaman who had passed through the forest with Van-zin-shan in the morning, and who had just made Corporal Sanchar laugh by running away when he saw him.

Çalık's mind scrambled once more to remember this face he seemed to recognise. He said to himself: "Wow. . . " he said. His eyes shone with joy. "Wow. . . " he said again. This time his eyes widened in surprise. Çalık looked left and right as if something terrible was going on in the neighbourhood. Then he began to run forward.

-  
- -

It was long after sunset when Çalık opened the door of his house with a gasp. Without saying anything to his mother and brother who were looking at him, he threw the birds on the ground. Quickly he put on his best compasses. Then he ran out of the door. He ran and jumped on his horse. He galloped away.

## Corporal Pars

NBAŞI

Pars was leaning against a pine tree, thinking;

Oyamtar, he's standing in front of her, on a big board. and he was scraping something with his knife. The weather was snowy, but good for the people of Ötüken. Yamtar raised his head:

- He said, "You know what? There's a lot of dumb people in that jungle.
- How did you know?
- I've spoken to the Sogdaks and I understand.
- What did the Suğdaks tell you?
- They said that the sweetest work in the world is shopping and earning money.

Pars grimaced:

- He said, "It doesn't show their stupidity, it shows their cowardice.

Yamtar was narrating:

- I asked them whether war or shopping was sweeter. They laughed. They spoke among themselves in their own language. And their language doesn't sound human.

- What did they answer you?
- In war, people die. They said, "Where's the flavour in that?
- Stupid bad people! So they haven't tasted the taste of war. You can't give an ox the flavour of koumiss. Neither can they.

Yamtar was getting angry:

- Which God created these Chinese and Sughdaks? It is better not to create such a tribe than to create such a tribe!..

- They're all lies and deceit.

- , cowards...

- Here come the Chinese from afar.

Corporal Pars' sharp eyes had picked out Shen king and three Chinese officers coming from far away. The Chinese were riding very fast. They slowed down as they approached the two corporals. They were talking to each other. Yamtar and Pars turned their backs to avoid seeing the faces of the Chinese, whom they disliked. Meanwhile, Shen-king bowed to Van-zin-shan and said something. Smiling, he turned his horse round and came to the two corporals:

- I salute you, braves, he said.

Pars didn't mind. Yamtar glared at him. Van-zin-shan asked with a laugh:

- I've got permission from the great Shen-king. I want to race with you. Are you confident?

Yamtar was surprised:

- I don't understand, you're gonna race? Who are you gonna race?

- With you...

Pars :

- There are no children in Ötüken? You race them!

The Chinese were laughing:

- The great lord has given me a gold coin. Whoever wins the race will get the gold coin.

- Does your great favourite want to give us a gold coin?

The Chinese officer was defiant:

- Whoever's confident will the field.

The two corporals exchanged glances. The Chinaman was trying entice them into the race:

- Do Turkish soldiers shy away from a race? Now the three of us will spur horses and ride. We will ride to the mound where we came from, before reaching our great lord's otbah, and then we will come back here again. The first one to come first gets the gold.

Pars glared at the Chinese:

- Then give us the gold. Then we'll compete with Yamtar.

The winner takes the gold, he said.

- He gave a silver coin for the second .

- Give that to us. If he gave you something for the third, keep it for yourself.

- Yigit! You talk a big game, but I'm afraid you'll be let down!

In this beautiful, snowy weather, Pars was going to offer Sen-king to enter the race. So he turned his head in his direction. How strange! Shen-king had ridden away across the steppe with the two Chinese beside him. Why was he offering money if he wasn't going to watch the race? A flash went off in Pars' brain. Then he turned to the Chinese:

- You race with Yaintar. I will wait for you here, he said.

Yamtar jumped on his horse grazing a little ahead. To the Chinese:

- You take a hundred steps forward. Your horse is tired. He said, "We'll start the race when the pars lifts and lowers the bajaji.

Van-zin-shan went a hundred paces forward. He turned his head and waited for the signal. Pars raised his whip high. Suddenly he brought it down quickly. The two horses bolted.

Pars looked after the two horses for a while. Then he ran and mounted his own horse. He galloped in the opposite direction to the way the Chinaman and Yamtar were going. He was chasing the tracks of the Chinaman and his comrades.

The corporal rode his horse as far as he could over the snow, watching the horizon with his eyes. It was the Chinese who had caused him to fly like lightning across the steppe. Pars was somehow suspicious of this Chinese coming and offering a race, especially the fact that the race was not this way but the other way.



and it made him nervous. Pars knew very well that the Chinese would not give money unless there was something at stake. Especially when it was a hundred per cent certain that Van-zin shan would be defeated in this race. Of course, there was a bad reason for the Chinese to sacrifice one gold. Pars did not enter the race because he thought about these things, he fell behind the Chinese. The biggest job was not to follow the Chinese, but to catch up where the Chinese were going.

When the corporal saw the horsemen in the distance, he whipped his horse. He descended like a lightning and came to the Chinese. Three Chinese were standing in front of Allya on a grey horse. Beautiful Almila was looking at them with her usual calm and indifferent look. She smiled when she saw Pars catching up.

The corporal brought his horse to a opposite Shen-king. They looked at each other in silence. Then Pars asked Almila:

- they say anything to you?
- The Chinese chief asked where I was going.
- Why do you need it?
- I don't know.

Pars stared at the Chinese. Then he spat in his face and said:

- You're Chinese, but you're not cunning.

Shen-king was laughing, he wanted to mock this Turk.

Looking up, he asked the corporal:

- How did you know?
- You tried to use the race to get us out of here, but it didn't work.
- You have been a great tarkan with that mind of yours.
- I'd rather not be than like you...

Shen-king was when he was insulted in the name of mockery.

He paused for a moment, as if thinking, then shouted:

- Don't go too far! Then therebe blood?
- it bad? We'll see the colour of his blood.
- Remember, there's three of you! You're not getting out of here alive!

124 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

- Three of ? You're so few!...

Shen-king drew his sword in anger. When they saw him two Chinese officers did the same. But Corporal Pars was not interested. he said to his favourite:

- Can't the three of you and Allama fight instead of me? This question was asked with great composure and seriousness.

It infuriated the Shen-king. He shouted and attacked the corporal. Pars made his horse make a nimble move to frustrate his attack and drew his sword. The four horsemen tangled together. The fight had begun.

Pars was not in any hurry, he was using his sword with movements that showed he was a skilful soldier. The Chinese were shouting, attacking, surrounding Pars, swinging their swords, but they could not touch him. He was only deflecting the swords and turning horses without stopping.

Almila was watching this fight with a smile from her horse and it was clear that she was enjoying this battle.

At one point, when the fighters approached him, he called out:

- Pars, if you can't take all three of them, you're out of my favour! Pars replied amidst the clatter of swords:

- Don't worry, they're tired.

Soon one of the Chinese fell off his horse with a cry. His wound was not big. He was scared because he was Chinese. Ten-headed Pars also had small wounds on his face, but he didn't care. He more interested in protecting his horse than himself.

Almila called out again:

- Pars! You didn't knock him down well!

But when Almila's eyes fell on the fallen Chinese, she interrupted. Because the wounded Chinese was standing up and stretching his bow. Even if the arrow he would shoot would not hit Pars, it would wound him and Pars would have to fight on foot against two horsemen. When Allama saw this, he galloped towards the Chinaman who was thirty paces away from him. When the Chinese saw this attack on him, he immediately made a half turn and shot his arrow.

He threw it at Allya. The arrow pierced into the horse's chest, knocked him down and Almıla was thrown from the horse onto the snow. This throw was hard, but the soft snow protected her. Allya, who had fallen to the ground right next to the Chinese, jumped up with great agility and attacked the Chinese. While three people were fighting on horseback, these two started to struggle on the ground. The Chinese, who had already received a sword in his left arm, was thrown down by Almıla in the first attack and grabbed him by the throat with both hands. The Chinaman tried to save himself from suffocation by grabbing Almıla's wrists with his hands. When he failed, with a last effort he grabbed the knife from his waist and swung it towards Almıla's face. Beautiful Almıla's cheek was scratched all over and blood started to flow. When the young girl was wounded, she left the Chinese and stood up. The Chinaman jumped up at once. Alla had drawn her knife. They spun round and round each other. Then they came face to face again with Almıla's lunge. With a swift trip, Almıla knocked the Chinaman to the ground again, grabbed his right hand holding the knife with her left hand and pressed his other arm with her knee. Then she quickly raised her knife and stabbed him in the throat up to the handle. As the man struggled and died, Almıla got up and saw a horseman galloping towards them. Corporal Pars was still dealing with the two Chinese. When the rider, coming like a thunderbolt from the opposite direction, came near the fighters, he stopped and shouted:

- What does that mean? Put the sword down!

Almıla recognised by his face and Pars by his voice that it was Kür Şad. Pars, who immediately put down his sword, wanted to return to Kür Şad. But Şen-king, taking advantage of this, swung a sword at Pars, who had put down his sword, and wounded him in the arm. Pars fell on the mane of his horse in pain and moaned.

Kür Şad, who saw this wickedness of the Chinese prince, rode towards him:

- He said, Did you not hear me order you to put down the sword?

Then, without waiting for him to answer, he struck Shen-king's face with his whip so hard that the Chinese king fell off his horse and lay on the snow before he could utter a word. When the other Chinese officer saw this, he immediately jumped down from his horse. He knelt down and saluted Kür Shad.

Kür Shad looked around him. He looked at Almıla who was looking at him with blood flowing from her face, Pars who was trying to gather by holding his wounded arm, and the Chinese lying dead on the ground. While galloping, he had seen this Chinese killed by that beautiful girl. He asked:

- Girl, who are you?

- I am Almılaof Major Isbara Alp.

Kür Shad smiled at the young girl who turned out to be his distant relative:

- Why did you hit each other?

Allana told me what happened.

- I can tell you're Isbara Alp's daughter. I saw how you fought. You are a brave girl with a heart of steel. I like you!

Then he turned to Pars and asked:

- Who are you?

Pars, covered in blood, jumped from his horse. Kneeling on the ground and saluting Kür Shad:

- He answered, "I am Pars, one of the corporals of Isbara Alp".

- Who struck first?

- They...

Sen-king, who had fainted with the whip he had received from Kür Şad, was slowly coming to his senses. Kür Shad looked at him with a disgusted look and said:

- Let that be a lesson to you. Don't forget you're a refugee here. If you misbehave again, I'll send your bad life to the Red Dragon.

Then he went back to Pars and Alilla:

- Allama! The horse of the Chinese who killed your horse is yours. The horses of the others belong to the corporal. If I hadn't caught up, Pars would have got them both. They can't even pay their debts by giving the horses. Let's go!

Almila and Pars saluted Kür Şad and took the horses and set off. Sen-king stood up with the help of his friend. Kür Shad asked him:

- Do the Chinese know how to fight one on one? If you're confident, let's try our swords!

The Chinese did not make a sound. Kür Shad made his voice harder:

- I'll be on foot. You can both shoot if you like. Are you hard of heart? If you like, I'll drop my shield and fight bare sword. I'll throw away my turban.

Kür Shad, who was waiting in vain for a response from the Chinese, grimaced at their silence:

- You are vile, spineless men. Only when a few of you get together can you follow a woman, he said.

Then he rode away at full speed.

-

--

After winning the race with Van-zin-shan and getting the gold, Yamtar's first job was to find Pars. When he learnt that he was lying wounded in his tent, he rushed there without understanding anything. When he entered the door, he saw that Pars was lying down and Almila and Sançar, Sülemiş, Arık Buka, Gök Börü and Three Sons were gathered around him. Pars' colour had turned yellow. A white-bearded shaman<sup>50</sup> was cauterising his wounded arm. Yamtar:

- He shouted, "What happened, Pars?"

---

<sup>50</sup> Utes: Doctor.

Pars with a tired voice:

- I've bled so much I'm tired, he replied. Yamtar looked around. He looked at the face of Almila.

he opened his eyes when he saw the rail:

- He asked, "Did you play swordplay with each other?"

Corporal Three Sons briefly told Yamtar what had happened. The Utaci had finished his work. At this time a noise, a clatter was heard outside. Major Isbara Alp came in with quick steps. The ten heads knelt on the ground. Utaci lowered his head by pressing his hand to his bosom. İşbara signalled Pars, who was trying to get up from his bed, to lie down with his hand and asked the utaci:

- How is it? it deep?

- He's travelled a long way, so he's bleeding a lot. This wound will close. If he drinks a lot of koumiss, his body will be strong and he will not die.

The corporals looked at each other. The major turned to Almila and said:

- He said, "Go, bring all the milk we have. As Almila was leaving, Isbara Alp looked at Yamtar:

- Yamtar! Find the bush. See me before sunset, he commanded.

Then he turned to Pars and asked if he had anything to say. Pars:

- I've got nothing to say. Be proud of your daughter! She killed a Chinaman. And she carried me here on her back. I fainted... he replied.

A little while after Isbara Alp left, Allama came. She had a small penknife in her hand. She put it next to Pars:

- That's all we have, he said.

Then the corporals came out all at once. Yamtar took out the gold he had won in the race and gave it to Sançar:

- Take as much koumiss as you can find with this. He said, "I'm going to find the Bush.

The corporals asked each other if they had any koumiss at home. None of them had any left. There was a short standing ko-

there was a conversation. Seven sheep and two horses were put forward. Sanjar was to take them from each corporal's obban, collect them, sell them to the Chinese, add gold to them and bring them to Pars.

In the evening, as Corporal Sançar entered the tent of the unconscious Pars, where Almıla was still waiting for him, with seven large pots full of koumiss, Yamtar appeared in front Major Isbara Alp and after kneeling down:

- The bush has disappeared. His brother-in-law said he hadn't seen him for a few days and didn't know where he had gone.

Çaşıt

**ANÇAR** said that even though it was freezing in the winter.

He was not lagging behind. He was trying to get the men under his

command

di had taken them on a four-day war drill, and on the first day they had galloped all the way, and at night they had marched through a storm. They had three spare horses. They knew that they would find prey on this march, so they took these horses and loaded them with what they hunted. Corporal Sançar's name was known to everyone in Ötü ken. He was a fierce fighter and a good soldier.

They had travelled so far away from Ötüken in these four days of battle drills that they could almost have raided to China if they had gone a little further.

On the fourth day, the drills were over and the reserve horses were returning to Ötüken of game; they were tired. Fortunately, the storm and snow had subsided. It was very nice to ride on horseback in this vast area stretching as far as the eye could see. Sanjar and his troops seemed to be getting tired. Suddenly one of the soldiers said:

- He said, "There's a horse going ahead

Ahead, a horse was travelling slowly towards Ötüken. San çar immediately looked to the right, left, front and back and counted the soldiers and horses. There was no shortage. After looking for a while, Sançar again fixed his eyes on the next horse:



- There is a rider on the horse. He spurred his horse, saying, "Come quickly after me! They all took off at full speed.

Sanchar's sharp eyes were not mistaken. When they reached the horse, they saw that there was a wounded man on it, he trying not to fall down by grabbing the horse's mane, he could hardly stand on the horse. The horse was travelling very slowly and smoothly in order not to drop its owner. Sanchar asked the wounded man:

- Who are you? What are you doing here?

There was no answer. Then one of the horsemen jumped down. Approaching the wounded man, he bent down, looked at his face and turned to Sanchar:

- He said, "Çalık, the horse servant of Isbara Alp! The soldiers looked at each other.

Çalık, who was lowered to the ground by Sançar's order, could not speak. Occasionally he opened his eyes, then closed them again. It looked like he was going to die. Sanchar commanded:

- Quick, his wounds!

While the wounds were being cauterised and he was forced to drink koumiss, San Tsar had a bed prepared for Çalık with a felt stretched between two horses. Çalık was laid on it. He was covered well. They set off.

Sanchar was thinking his brains out: Why was Çalık injured? What was he doing here?

They reached Ötüken before Sançar could solve this riddle. After putting Çalık to bed in his tent, Corporal Sançar went to Major Isbara Alp and told him what had happened.

When Isbara Alp arrived, Çalık opened his eyes. A thousand heads:

- When he asked, "Where did you go?" Çalık pointed to the south with his eyes. Then he fainted.

The Utajis were labouring to save the Chaldee, applying various ointments to his wounds and reciting prayers. Fa-

the floor wounded could not recover and even worsened.

-  
- -

On the fourth day of his arrival in Ötüken, Çalık seemed improve a little. Isbara Alp, who examined him every day. When he had seen him well, he asked again why he had disappeared. With great difficulty, the bush only said:

- Chashit... he could only say... and he stopped.

The major was frowning. Who was this crocodile? He would have asked many questions if he hadn't been so tired that he fainted every time he mentioned it.

But Çalık was so weak that he could barely breathe. Nevertheless, Isbara Alp understood

and he couldn't leave without lamma. He asked:

- Where's this mollusc?

- He died.

- Did you kill him?

- Yes.

- Did he hurt you?

Calık's power was gone. He signalled yes with his eyes and fell silent. He was so exhausted that he could no longer respond to interrogations.

While the major and Çalık were talking, Corporal Sançar in Çalık's tent. Suddenly he was startled. Towards Calık:

- Could it that Chinese bloke who ran away when he saw you?

Çalık smiled. He signalled yes with his eyes. That's when Sanchar saw the disguised Chinese in the shopping centre

He told Ishbara Alp how the lynchman had fled when he saw the Bush.

The major cocked his head and thought, then asked Sanchar:

- How did you know that that Chinese guy was a monger ?

Sanchar sensed this. When he looked at Ça Ilik for an answer, horseboy a last effort. He cut himself off:

- I saw him when I was a prisoner in China. He was a Chinese officer.

I also caught a bitig. Under the saddle of my horse... In the bag... and he fainted again.

Isbara Alp looked at Sanchar. The corporal understood:

- His brother must have ridden his horse and gone hunting. I will find him now, he said and jumped on his horse and galloped off.



Shortly before sunset, Sanchar entered Isbara Alp's tent in a sweat of blood. After saluting, he gave the major handing over paper:

- I found this under the saddle of ÇalıĖ's horse, he said. Isbara Alp opened the folded paper and looked at it. This is his face.

ruřturuřturuřtur:

- This is written in Chinese. Anyway, what is the use of such paper in Ötüken... he said. Then he turned to Sanjar and said the following:

- You go. We'll read this tomorrow. Don't say a word to anyone!
- You're in charge!

Sanchar headed for his own tent.

Isbara Alp and Sanjar kept their mouths .

The news of "Chashit" had spread in Ötüken. Although the people of Ötüken had not heard it from anyone, they had found it by their own intuition. All kinds of rumours were circulating:

- He's got a coyote.
- The bush has been hit by the coyotes.
- Since Çalık was lying unconscious, he could not say the name of the chashit.

The Chinese in Ötüken had become completely pissy. , after all, very . Even Shen-king

#### 134 - Death of the Grey Wolves

he had forgotten the pain of the whip wound and got on with it. At night, he lured Van-zin-shan and the other Chinese officer into his tent and talked to them. He said:

- It is good for us that this messenger comes from China. Because it will be a reason to provoke the kagan. He should tell him that if he destroys the current family in China and makes our family the khan, he will never see such a tsashit again.

Van-zin-shan to this idea:

- No, my dear. It will be bad for us too if the khan hears about the chashid. Because the tsashid from China is more important than this and that family in China. If the news is true, the kagan will no longer look favourably on us.

- Why shouldn't he? You're a strange thinker. If only Isbara Alp's horse servant would come to his senses and tell me the name of the henchman...

- Did Isbara Alp's horse know?

- He knows. I heard that this horse servant speaks Chinese well and is very shrewd. He must have learnt something. If it becomes clear that the horse servant came from the Chinese khan, I will ask the Black Khan for permission to raid China. Of course he will give me forty thousand, fifty thousand horsemen.

- No, my dear! Kara Khan won't give you soldiers.

- Why?

- Because he wants to give the goods to be looted in the raid only to the Turks ...

- What should I do with the goods? I'll give them back to the Khan. I need the Chinese kaganate!...

- Yeah, but not again!

- Man, you're really going off the deep end tonight. Get out of my face!

Shen-king was so enraged that he immediately reached for his sword. Fortunately, Van-zin-shan got up quickly and threw himself out of the door. Otherwise the other mu-

he would have done something. Shen-king turned to the second Chinese officer:

- What hell happened to this snout-nosed bloke? He's so arrogant. He forgot he was in front of me.

- Yes, dear! There's been a change in his condition for two or three days.

-  
- -

Towards midnight a fierce storm broke out in Ötüken. The wind was howling with terrible screams and the snow was falling like crazy. The howling of the wolves in the forest added to the horror. The cold had also increased. Bora, blizzard, storm, snow, cold were ravaging Ötüken in a way not seen for years.

The calik was moaning in his bed, his brother was sleeping in the tiredness of the whole day, then he woke up from the storm, but he could not behave and dived again. How many times did he wake up and dive? He did not know this much. Once in a while, in one of his awakenings, he saw the shadow of Çalı standing. The woman was going to close her eyes again. But at that moment, she remembered how delirious he was. She opened her eyes. Çalık was moving slowly towards the door. The woman could not understand the reason for this secret departure.

He thought that if Çalık went out of the door, he would not come for days again and maybe bigger things would happen to him. Suddenly he called out:

- Crocus!

When Çalık heard this voice, he stood straight in front of the door. He did not move or make a sound. But his brother was now well awake. He shouted again:

- Calık, where are you going?

This time, the Crocodile slowly:

- I'll be back in a minute, he said, opened the door and ran out. The mother of Çalık woke up from this conversation. She asked her daughter-in-law:

- Come on, he gone?

- It's gone!

- He couldn't stand. How can he walk? It's blowing ti- pi outside.

The woman did not answer these words. Then she shouted to her father-in-law in a panic:

- Quickly! Quick, light the kindling!

The mother of the bush jumped up with a speed beyond her years. She quickly lit the kindling. The tent was illuminated. When the old woman held the kindling to where the bush was lying, they froze. They thought he was gone, but in his bed. But a knife was stuck in his chest up to the handle and he was dead.

~  
~ ~

Isbara ordered Sanjar:

- Corporal Sanjar! Find two Chinese who read Chinese well and bring them to me.

- You are in charge.

Isbara Alp was furious. He was very angry that his horse servant Çal was killed. It was obvious that the Chinese chashik that Çal had killed was not alone and his friend had taken revenge. The major went up and down the tent until Sanchar found the two Chinese and brought them back.

One of the two Chinese brought by the corporal was an old, hunchbacked bloke with a perpetual grin. The other was middle-aged and well-dressed. Isbara Alp looked at the Chinese:

- He asked, "Do you read Chinese well? He was a hunchbacked, talkative man. He started talking:

- Of course I'll read it, dear. If I were in China, I'd have...

The Major interrupted him:

- I didn't ask you that. I asked you to read it well.

- I'll read it, dear.

- And you?

- I will read it.

- Now I will make you read a letter in Chinese. If one of you misreads it, you can count yourself absent.

Then, pointing to the middle-aged Chinese, ordered Sanchar:

- You take this and wait for me outside!

Sanjar took the Chinese and went out, Isbara Alp handed the bitik to the hunchbacked Chinese:

- Read this. Then translate it into Turkish. You know what happens if you don't tell the truth.

The Chinese first read the handed letter himself. But when he read it, his colour turned yellow. His hands began to tremble ...

- What does it say?

- We like... Bad things... It's so bad...

The Chinaman swallowed a little. He tried to pull himself together. Then he started translating into Turkish:

"To the Great Khan of China:

May-tu-ching, one of your loyal servants, came here and reported your orders. Your orders will be carried out. There is now some hunger in the Turkish country

in the spring. That's why they will raid China in the spring. Shen-king and Iking Katun are still trying to deceive the Turkish Khan. They hope that their family can become the kings of China again. Here Kūr Shad very hostile to the Chinese. Kūr Shad and Tulu Khan are hostile to the kagan because their uncle Kara Khan married İcing. But they don't want to show it. Taking advantage of this opportunity

to loot, divide the Turks into two, and then crush them all. Shen-king has lost his old ardour. He fell in love with a beautiful Turkish girl. Now he's always behind her. That's why

He fought with a Turkish corporal and beaten by Kur Shad. I, your loyal slave Van-zin-shan, am sending this bitik to you with May-tu-ching."

Isbara Alp's face became very stern. He called the second Chinese and had him read it to him. When the words of the two Chinese matched, he left the tent. After telling Sançar not to leave the two Chinese anywhere until he arrived, he jumped on his horse.

The major was going to explain these affairs to Kür Şad, under whose command he was.

When Isbara Alp knelt on the ground and greeted Kurur Shad he was experimenting with a new bow just him. After looking at the major's face:

- Isbara Alp! I think you brought bad news, he said.

- Good point, Shad. We don't know that there's a gangster inside Ötüken.

- Isn't he Chinese?

- Yes!

- It was bound to happen. Who is it? got it? Isbara Alp from the disappearance of the bush

He told Kür Shad all the affairs until the killing of Rak and the translation of the letter. He also gave the bitik to him.

Kür Shad thought for a while. Then he said to Isbara Alp:

- We will finish the job as we know how. We'll inform the Khan after that.

Then he called the soldier on guard at the gate and ordered the head of the Yasavul to be found immediately.

Yasavulbaşı Baga Tarkan came quickly. All three of them jumped on their horses and set off. When Kür Şad told the matter to Baga Tarkan, the big Yasavulbaşı gritted his teeth:

- These foreigners will sell Ötüken one day and we will not know... he muttered.



When the three riders stopped at Van-zin-shan's tent and learnt that he was with the Shen king, smiled. It didn't take them long to get there.

When Kür Shad, followed by Isbara Alp and Baga Tarkan entered Sen-king's tent with frowning faces, the people inside stood up in surprise and alarm. Shen-king was deeply frightened by Kur Shad and Van-zin shan by Isbara Alp. The other Chinese officer, thinking that there were three of them, thought that these three Turks had come to fight with them, and his face was hit. He knew that Turks come to fight when they are angry about something small.

Kür Shad threw the bit to Sen-king:

- He said, "Read this!

The Chinese leader picked up the letter without understanding anything. He opened it. When Van-zin-shan looked at the letter and recognised it, he turned completely yellow. He even staggered a little. When Shen-king finished reading the letter, he dropped it from his hand in surprise. Then he said to Van Zin-shan:

- Scoundrel!" he cried and reached for his sword. Kür Shad took a step:

- Don't get your hands on the ambush. We have more to talk to him, he said. He turned to Van-zin-shan:

- Hey, you! You've been exposed. Now tell us the truth. You killed Isbara Alp's horse , didn't you? Don't tire us for nothing. If you didn't kill him, then a friend. Tell the truth before Yasavulbasi makes you tell it with a whip!

Van-zin-shan knew that Kur Shad was a man of unrivalled valour. In fear and traction:

- He was able to say, "I killed him.
- What the fuck did you do that for? He lying wounded in that bed.
- So he wouldn't give me away.
- Did know that you were a clerk?

- No, but I was suspicious May-tu-ching had heard my name.

- You've earned the right to die, you little squire! But we're not scoundrels like you. We give you the right to defend yourself. Draw your sword!

Kurr Shad's last words were spoken with a great senity. Kur Shad had drawn his sword. When he saw the Chinese hesitating, he shouted:

- I say draw your sword. like a man!

Van-zin-shan felt hopeful for a moment. He even smiled wickedly. Then he drew his sword. A sword fight broke out inside the Shen-king's great otaku. The Chinaman fought hard for his life and even went on the offensive. But the fight did not last long. Van-zin-shan, who had been hit by a severe poke on his arm, dropped his sword from his hand, while Kür Shad's sword, which descended with lightning speed, separated the head of the Chinese from his body. While Isbara Alp and Baga Tarkan looked on with indifferent eyes, a great excitement gripped the Chinese. Kür Shad sheathed his sword and ordered Baga Tarkan:

- Yasavulbashi! Take this man's property, money, cattle, whatever he has, take it all to Çalık's house and give it to his brother and children!

- The command is yours, Shad!

- And as for you, Chinese lord! Let this be a lesson to you. If you do not stop interfering in our affairs, remember what it will lead to one day. Choose your comrades from the righteous ones.

## Budun Angry

• When ŞBARA ALP left Kür Şad, he went to the shopping centre.

It was very crowded here today. But it's a crowd of people he didn't trade. He was listening to Chuchu's kopuz. Çuçu was both playing and reading:

*It's been a very bad time,  
Acun's been very bad. When  
we wished for success, our  
business went up in smoke.*

*When he was not twenty  
years old, his comrade  
Isbara Alp, Black Budak  
Corporal went because of the  
Chinese.*

*Is it the hand of the albiz?  
Are the Begs always  
crazy? Is this the hand of  
Ötüken or the hand of  
China?*

*Believing a foreigner,  
especially a Chinese*

142 - Death of the Grey Wolves

*It's to make the agar into a  
cooked meal, or to endure the  
water.*

*Iking Katun's brother, the  
head of Chinese dogs was  
shot with a sword Hero Pars  
Corporal.*

*On one side is the Turkish  
börus<sup>51</sup>, and on the other side  
is the Chinese börus<sup>52</sup>; the  
Chinese trumpet is now  
sounding from us.*

*This is the burning of the  
heart; they killed the  
Chaldee! He deceived all  
of us, the most dastardly  
of the Chinese!*

The audience was ecstatic. They were playing and shouting all at once. were also those who drew swords and clashed them. They were leaping, collapsing and stepping in unison, almost boiling. Cursing and swearing were also heard from time to time du. After watching this game for a while, Isbara Alp and and rode off into the woods to be alone and think.

Meanwhile, another minstrel was inside, strumming his kopuz and saying:

*All Kür Shad's labour was  
in vain. A dog named  
Chinaman bit the Turkish  
wolf.*

---

<sup>51</sup> Börör: Kurt.

<sup>52</sup> Favour: Thief

*These dogs don't know  
how to fight one on one.  
It takes the sword of the  
Turk to give the  
Chinese.*

*They're all females,  
there's not a male  
among them. He wants  
to be shen-king, direct to  
the Turkish kagan.*

Chuchu got carried away. picked up his kopuz. Let's see what he said:

*Onee Ozan! What did you  
say? Down with that pole!*

*Let Iking Katun weep, let  
the Black Khan be bored.*

*What's he doing in the  
Otherkin? The Chinese  
should be locked up in  
China!*

*Let's go on raids to  
teach the Chinese a  
lesson!*

*May God bless the Sky Turks  
on their raid!....*

The Turks, who were completely enlivened by the word "raid", started to play all together. Now both Çuçu and the other minstrel were playing the kopuz alone, and all the Gök Turks in the shopping house were performing Turkish raks by going back and forth with quick steps, squatting down and getting up all at once. The house was shaking with all the sudden collapses. With their faces flushed red from their fast behaviour, they looked ostentatious.

and they were taking it. Their march was becoming more and more terrifying. Now there was only one heart: You and me were erased, and an indivisible being emerged. This single body, burning with the feeling of revenge against the bloody China, was mad to fight, to struggle, and the tip of this anger extended a little bit to Kara Kagan. They respected him because he was their kagan, but they were angry because he had given face to Shen-king and had not yet issued the order to raid.

There was not a single Chinese left. They were now cowering in the most invisible places. Even Shen-king was far away from his own tent. Iking Katun dreaded the end of this joint dance. He had never seen or heard Turks in this state. These games, these kopuzes overflowed from the shopping house and continued outside until half past midnight.

## Akin

**A** RADAN four months have passed. Spring had made Ötüken beautiful like a paradise. The steppes were green, the snow was melting the surging waters had accelerated.

There was a raid to China. A Turkish army of one hundred thousand people- was prepared and waiting for the command of the Black Khan. Tulu Khan came with his army of twenty thousand men and entered into the command of the kagan. Kür Şad and Tunga Tegin were at the head of their divisions. The kagan was to follow behind with his own sixty thousand troops. Major Isbara Alp was in Kür Şad's division. The envoys of the Khan of the West and the Chinese Khan Shen-king were in the army of the Black Khan.

On a fine day in 622, the order to march given. Kür Shad's division was the vanguard. 1 00.000 horsemen spurred their horses without looking back even a single way. the raid started, when the war started, when the Turks got on their horses, they could only see ahead, they did not think of their children, brothers, sisters and mothers they had left behind.

This huge army had crossed the Chinese border in five days with galloping marches and had come in front of the great Chinese wall.

The Chinese immediately lit a fire and announced the arrival of the Turkish army to the rear, and gathered in the towers by closing the gates of the Great Wall.

#### 146 . Death of the Grey Wolves

Kür Şad, the commander of the vanguard division, summoned Major İşbara Alp and said:

- İşbara Alp! To break through this wall quickly, the sharpest you will choose ten of the best marksmen. Together with us, these ten men will shoot at the most favourable part of the wall and knock down the Chinese there, while ten of the most distinguished braves, good swordsmen, will climb the wall with a ladder and go down and open the gate for us.

İşbara Alp did not say much. He only said "Your command is yours" and turned back. Soon after, he stood before Kür Şad with twenty men. Ten of them sharp shooters and ten of them were swordsmen. Corporals Yarntar, Pars, Sülemiş and Sanchar were among the archers. Arik Buka, Gök Börü and Three Sons were among the swordsmen.

While a few captains selected by Kür Şad, together with their own men, would distract the Chinese by making false attacks beyond the Chinese wall, the main division would wait here, and when ten bouncers opened the gate, they would attack inside.

The attack started upon Kür Şad's command. Kür Şad, İşbara Alp, Yarntar, Pars, Sançar, Sülemiş and private horses They advanced on it and shot at the Chinese in the attacked tower of the Chinese wall.

Corporals Arik Buka, Gök Börü, Üç Oğul and seven privates on foot, they drove up the ladder and pushed it against the wall.

Kür Şad and his companions were firing so many arrows that the people in the ku led could not open their eyes, they were shot down one by one.

they were. The ladder stood. First, the crazy ten of Ötüken

Ten bouncers, led by Gök Börü, were climbing the ladder. The corporal was coming out with his shield shielded, followed by Three Sons. The Chinese realised the danger.

Since they could not take their heads out and shoot arrows, they were throwing stones from inside. Some of these big stones hit Corporal Gök Börü's shield and shook the ladder. But from below, the ladder was being held by two wrestler-like Gök Turk soldiers,



The shield held by Gök Börü's steel arms was unharmed.

While the arrows rained like rain by Kür Şad, İşbara Alp and the others were knocking the Chinese to the ground, Corporal Gök Börü took one step on the Chinese wall, grazed his sword and made a fierce spin in the air. During this spin, the Chinese retreated one step and it was enough for the Ten-headed Three Sons to climb the wall. When two of them started to swing their swords, the other eight were committed inside. At this point, when the front Turks and the Chinese came face to face, those below were forced to cut arrows. Kür Şad took a quick look at the wall. When he saw that a life and death battle had started on the wall, that ten Turks were surrounded by many Chinese, and that many Chinese were coming to help from the right and left, he realised that the bouncers had failed to hold the raid. In this cramped situation, things could only be sorted out quickly. Kür Şad pointed to the wall with his sword to his companions <<behave>> he shouted. Then he dismounted his horse and rushed to the stairway. İşbara Alp, corporals and privates did the same. Kür Şad was on the wall in one breath. was dangerous. Either they would find a way down and open the door or 22 people would die here. There were about 50-60 Chinese in front of them. But there were many more Chinese coming running from both sides of the wall. Kür Şad climbed to a high place on the wall, pulled İşbara Alp to him and commanded him:

- İşbara Alp! I will stop those coming from here with arrows, and you stop those coming from beyond. Order the best of the mercenaries to cut the oil with swords and open the door while we work with arrows!

İşbara Alp's loud voice waved in the air:

- Corporals! Break through the Chinese with the sword and go down. Open the door even if you all die. The army will attack inside. Quickly!

While Kür Şad was shooting arrows to the right and Isbara Alp to the left and the others were exchanging swords with fifty or sixty Chinese, seven corporals of Isbara Alp, namely Yamtar, Pars, Sülemiş, Sançar, Gök Börü, Arık Buka and Oğul, rushed into the Chinese with swords. Isbara Alp hit the foremost of the Chinese coming from the left with each shot, Kür Shad was doing the same on the right with more speed. Thirteen soldiers were breaking one by one, but they were also breaking the Chinese by selling their lives dearly.

The corporals were in the thick of the Chinese. At the forefront, the big Yamtar was walking with his big shield, taking cover and never using his sword. Like a bull among rams, he was crushing the Chinese with his lone gait. He did not even pay attention to the swords hitting his tulga and iron breastplate. On Yamtar's right rear, Gök Börü was waving his sword with attacks as agile as lightning, killing or repelling the raiders. Behind Yamtar's left, Pars was marching step by step with his agile and well-behaved moves, watching the surroundings. Behind Gök Börü Sülemiş and behind Pars was Arık Buka. Sançar was at the back, so these six corporals formed a circle. Sançar turned back to back with Yamtar. As Yamtar advanced step by step, he retreated step by step, guarding the back of this circle. Corporal Three Sons was spinning like a spinning top in the centre of the circle, correcting the situation with a couple of sword thrusts at the expense of his friend who was limping and asking for help.

The corporals were doing well. Because Kür Shad and Isbara Alp were shooting down the Chinese who came to their aid with arrows from a distance and preventing the crowd around them from increasing. But this good situation did not last long. Because Kür Şad and Isbara Alp ran out of arrows and there were only five men left standing out of the soldiers fighting in front of them.

Isbara Alp ordered one of his soldiers to go down the stairs again and bring arrows. But

the ladder was overturned, smashed. There was no way out: the job had to be finished here. Kür Şad and İşbara Alp joined the five soldiers and drew their swords. They had their backs to the bastions of the walls and were fighting with ten times their number of Chinese. İşbara Alp made an attack to break through these Chinese and come to the aid of the corporals. But, but alas! Things were going vertically today. Just as he had slashed the Chinese left right and knocked down a few of them, his sword broke and İşbara Alp came to Kür Şad wounded again. At that time, a private next to the head of the thousand was shot and was falling. İşbara Alp snatched his sword from his hand just in time to restore their broken ranks. Otherwise, they would have been in disarray.

When the arrows of Kür Şad and İşbara Alp were not wasted and a company of Chinese who had found a way attacked the seven corporals, the corporals, who were advancing slowly, did not realise what had happened to them. At first they seemed to be shaken. Then Yarıntar cried out with a curse:

- Damn it! These are the Continentals, who served the Chinese with money. Son of dogs, they have found the future age!...

When these Kıtay, who were good soldiers, confronted the corporals, who were already tired and covered with more oil than they were, the situation changed. However, they had also come to the front of the door. If one of them would turn the latch and pull the knob, the door would open and the Gök Turks would come in. Seeing this first, the mad corporal Gök Börü cried out:

- Come on, move it! There's only a few of us left. Let's do this!

What Gök Börü called a few people were two or three times as many as they were. The swords were rising and falling so fiercely that soon there was nothing left of any of them.

What a fierce battle, what a terrible fight. A few men in this tiny place were fighting the fiercest battle of the pain. This was the battle of the men, the steel-armed, iron-hearted soldiers.

150 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

It was the work of the Chinese. Therefore, after a while, there were Chinese left in the centre, and the field was left to the Gok Turks and Kitay.

Seven Sky Turk corporals and fifteen Kitay...

The warriors gradually tired. They were breathing widely. The swords, struck with tired arms and landing on iron tulgas and armour, were left behind because they were broken and chipped, and the knives were taken up. Some of them were working with one, some with two oils. Yamtar was fighting with four Continents alone. The Kitays realised that he was a very strong wrestler, and all four of them fell upon him. They no longer knew what was going on up there.

When they came upstairs, there were three of them. In the centre, a soldier was standing against the swords with the shield he held with both hands, on his right was Kür Shad, on his left was Isbara Alp fighting against ten or fifteen Chinese.

The most crucial part of the battle was below. At one point, while the Three Sons of the Eleventh were rolling around in a tangle with a Continent, they shouted at the same time:

- Shame on us! We're supposed to be protecting our own bad lives? Come on, let's jump! One of us turn that latch... Are we gonna die before we do the major's bidding?

At these words, the corporals shook themselves and acted. But in vain... Now they were being defeated. There was no strength left in their veins. They were panting, struggling, but they could do nothing. Blood was oozing everywhere. The knives were broken. Since they and their men were armoured, most of the knives had fallen off before they could work. The corporals sensed the approach of death and could not forget the latch of the door, even though it was Bö}le. For a moment, all of them thought of nothing else but to get rid of the oil in front of them, run to the door and open the latch.

Yamtar the first to try it. In a last ditch effort  
the karak raised a stanza with both hands and said to those in front of  
him

and ran for the door as his opponents staggered and fell. But just as he turned the latch, a whizzing arrow sank into his cube and brought the great Yamtar to his knees. One of the wounded Kaitai had used his arrow just in time to prevent this. Before Yamtar could realise whether he was hurt or not, he was attacked again by another Kitay, and together they tumbled to the ground.

This time Pars jumped out. But a big Kitay ran after him, grabbed him by the waist and knocked him down.

Sanchar attacked third. After knocking down one of the two Kitsai foals with a trip and one with a punch, he ran to the mandala. But the wounded Kaitai warrior, who had just shot Yamtar, this time shot Sanchar in the arm. Until Ozarnana, Sanchar's two fatties caught up with him and rushed at him.

Seven corporals and fifteen Lieutenants were now fighting on the ground. The shield was shot with an arrow by the wounded Kitay. This Kitay soldier had fallen to the ground thirty or forty paces ahead of them. He could not get up because he had been hit by a sword in the head, but he was doing well with his strong arms.

Corporal Arik Buka got a fat one. But as this was a large and very strong soldier, Arik Buka could hardly protect himself. Several times the corporal barely saved himself from drowning. Even though Arik Buka was covered in blood, he knew that he was the closest to the mandala and saw that there was a knife on the ground a little further away. It was a long unbroken knife. It must have belonged to one of the Kitay. If he could get his hand on it, they would finish the job. Arik Buka glanced around him between the struggle. Four or five paces ahead, Corporal Üç Oğul was struggling with two Kitayays. Poor Three Sons had fallen to the bottom. He was almost dying. Arik Buka shouted at him:

- Three Sons! There's a knife at your feet. Throw it at me and we'll be saved!

Three Sons kicked his foot once or twice without looking round. The knife came close to Arik Buka, who grasped it with a last effort. Three Sons shouted hoarsely as the corporal plunged the knife into the big Kitay's stomach:

- I'm dying!..

One of the two Continentals hugged him and grabbed his arms, while the other grabbed his throat.

Arik Buka was not old enough to think about the Three Sons. He only wanted to kill two birds with one stone. As he got up and ran towards the door, he kicked Kitayın in the face, who was squeezing Three Sons' throat. This kick loosened the pressure on Three Sons' throat and allowed him to breathe. At the same time Arik Buka grabbed the latch.

But the wounded Kitay was waiting on the bowstring. He immediately travelled and shot his arrow. This time it was the worst of all. Because the arrow pierced right through Arik Buka's lung and came out of his chest. As the big corporal fell to the ground shaken, he pulled himself together. He got up again and grabbed the latch. He had seen the one who shot an arrow at him. The one who shot the corporal did not expect him to get up again, so he did not hurry to put another arrow in his bow. When he saw him getting up and clinging to the peg with a last effort even though his chest was broken, he quickly put another arrow in his bow. But he was too late. The corporal had pulled the latch and was opening the door. The second arrow fired by the wounded troop struck Arik Buka in the chest.

The heroic corporal exclaimed, smiling bitterly with the joy of opening the door.

- Arrow, you son of a bitch!.. .. If you're done with overthrowing Arik Buka, pull one for me...

The corporal fell silent. Standing up, his eyes closed. He fell straight to the ground. The brave remained like that with his forehead in the ground.

While the Gök Turk horsemen, who were waiting outside for the gate to open, were attacking with shouts at full speed, the Kitay, realising that it was too late, could find no other way out but to flee.

They are. All at once they tried to flee, leaving the exhausted corporals they had tried to kill and strangle. They were too late. The horsemen rushed in like lightning, knocking them all down in one attack. A few of them headed upwards and rushed to the aid of Kür Şad and İşbara Alp. They had arrived just in time. Because Kür Şad and İşbara Alp were left alone after they had fought here. Eight to ten people who remained from the Chinese they had knocked down were trying to finish off the two heroes.

When Kür Şad gave the last orders and he and the major descended to the ka pansion, they found six corporals sitting tiredly around the dead body of the valiant Corporal Arık Buka, binding each other's wounds.

-  
--

By sunset the Turkish army had broken through the Chinese wall in four places, held the gates and pitched tents within the Chinese borders.

The dignitaries were gathered at the Black Khan's ottoman. Kül Er Tegin, the chief envoy of the Western Khan, was also listening to the speeches. After a short talk, decisions were made: Tomorrow, march before dawn. Tulu Khan would attack from the east. To the west of him would be Kür Shad's division, and further west would be Kara. Kagan and Tunga Tegin would march. China would be attacked with lightning speed, and if enough troops were taken, they would return without waiting for the Chinese armies to arrive. Only one thing bothered Kür Şad. That was that Kara Kagan had made Sen-king a major and put him under his command. But Kür Shad found an easy way out of this too: He sent a messenger to the majors under his command at night and informed them that he would set off at midnight. No messenger went to the lonely Shen-king. Long marches

154 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

While the exhausted Shen-king slept soundly in his tent at night, Kur Shad took his division and plunged into China.

Kür Şad's vanguard was Isbara Alp. He had also brought Corporal Pars forward. Although Pars had received some minor wounds and bruises from yesterday's fight, he was still the strongest of the corporals. With ten privates under his command, he was on the alert, watching the darkness. As the day dawned, they saw the Chinese in the distance. Pars had nothing else to do for now. He turned back and informed Isbara Alp, who was five hundred paces behind him, that the Chinese were in sight. While the major was spreading his troops by blowing the trumpet, the Chinese also saw the Gok Turks and prepared for war.

One thousand people of Isbara Alp were arranged in two Jiras. The head of the thousand was in the centre and in front. When the horse servant blew the horn, one thousand of them rode towards the Chinese with terrible war cries. Approaching with arrows at three hundred paces, these Chinese were coming very fierce. But it is not known what happened all of a sudden... They stopped fifty paces before the Chinese. After shooting some more arrows, they quickly turned away. What was that? The Turks were running away.

The chief of the Chinese did not want to miss this opportunity. With his command, he went after the Sky Turks. Turks were both fleeing and shooting arrows after them. These arrows were so accurate that they knocked the Chinese who were chasing them off their horses like aardvarks.

Suddenly, again without realising how, another sharp bugle sounded. With the sound of the horn, the Turks turned away. When the Chinese chief looked left and right, he realised that they were surrounded. The Turks, pretending to be fleeing, made the Chinese fall behind them, and their centres ran too far to let the Chinese in, creating a situation that would trap the Chinese like the two mouths of a pincer. When the Chinese chief saw that they were surrounded, he shouted, "We have been deceived! Then he made his soldiers draw swords. He knew that the Turks would have finished them if they had used arrows.



tired. Maybe with a sword they could cut through this sash.

When he saw the Chinese going for the sword, Isbara Alp shouted:

- Draw a sword!

This order was spoken by the captains and corporals and travelled to the ears of the most distant soldiers. Then the major, who did not need to give an order, galloped towards the Chinese.

The Sky Turk horsemen, who drew swords like lightning, did likewise and came face to face with the Chinese. This battle was a very enjoyable object. Since the Chinese were more or less as big as themselves, they fought one on one and fought on horses.

The battle did not last long. Soon all the Chinese were knocked down and their chief was wounded and captured.

Seeing that the Chinese were quickly destroyed, Isbara Alp realised that it was time to gather the Chinese and pointed to the village in Herde with his sword:

- Come on, we'll plunder the village. Full speed ahead!...

The Sky Turk troops attacked the village like lightning. Already at the beginning of the battle, the Chinese in the village, who had guessed the outcome of the battle, had fled on horses. Those who were not on horseback were also running on foot. When the Sky Turks entered the village, there was almost no one left there. The Chinese were not looking at the Chinese either. They were collecting sheep, cattle and goods.

## Rage of the Shen-King

### SHEN-KINGG

When he woke up in the morning and learnt that Kür Şad was already gone, he was furious. He shouted at the soldiers around him. Then he took a thousand men under his command and after Kür Shad. But for some reason These horsemen, who flew like lightning at times, were limping today.

Sen-king was both angry with Kür Shad and cursing him inside, but at the same time he was afraid. He was afraid that Kür Shad would play a trick on him for being late.

The Chinese lord rode on in such scepticism until noon. When the sun was high in the sky, Shen-king came to a battlefield. It was obvious that a battle had been fought here by the dead lying on the ground. There were hundreds of Chinese lying on the ground. Turks were also among them. Shen-king first had a look at the field. Then he saw a Turkish wounded man lying on the ground. His eyes were closed and his breathing was intermittent. The Chinese king jumped off his horse and approached the wounded man. He asked him in a loud voice:

- He's wounded! What happened to the war? Where are ours?

The wounded Turk slowly opened his eyes. When he saw Shen-king, he turned his head. Then he looked at him again and said:

- We beat you. Yours always went to the red tamu.

The Chinese chief turned red. The wounded Turkish soldier thought he was a Chinese fatty. Shen-king sensed that something had to be said. In a deep voice:

- Cheri! Don't you recognise me? I am Shen-king Beg, one of the Kara Khan's majors, brother of Iking Katunhe shouted.

- We beat you. Go save your country.

The Chinese leader's hand went to his sword. He raised his head and looked back. He seemed to hear a harsh challenge, a swearing in these eyes that were staring at him. Leaving the dying wounded, he jumped on his horse. He rode with a thousand horsemen behind him.

When they reached the village, Isbara Alp's troops were plundering the village. Sen-king looked at the plunder. Isbara Alp's troops were entering the houses, taking what they found and loading it on spare horses. Some of them were gathering sheep from far and wide and bringing them back. The Chinese lord turned round to let his own troops also benefit from the plunder. He shouted to his soldiers standing in neat rows:

- Go on, !

He thought that the soldiers would disperse with joy upon this order. He was surprised to see that no one moved. He shouted again:

- Don't you get it? I'm telling you to loot!

But there hasn't been the slightest stir. The Shen-king has been exalted. What does that mean? How dare they disobey his command? He shouted again, this time trembling with rage:

- I'm telling you! !

The Chinese lord was almost furious. Or were they rebelling against him? Here he was as Corporal Pars, whom he knew very well, was coming with the ukalan he had filled in a bag, he saw that he was shouting orders and his soldiers were not paying attention. He smiled. Sen-king was more disgraced.

he didn't want to be. He called one of the captains at the front of the line:

- Captain! Come here! The captain rode .
- Why don't you listen to my tail? Why don't you loot it?
- We have no right to loot!
- Why?
- Major Isbara Alp took the village. He has the right.
- I'm you.
- No; it doesn't fit the genre.

When Shen-king heard the word türe, he stopped. He knew what a fierce object the Turkic species was, and how heads that did not bow to it were cut off. Sen-king knew well that even if the person who did not obey the Turks was a king and a great hero and had brought victories to the Turks, they would still be crushed. That's why he had interrupted the captain when he said, "He doesn't obey the Turks. Now he did not know what to do anymore. He told the captain to wait until he arrived and entered the village.

He was looking for Isbara Alp. He was going to ask Isbara Alp what he should do since Kür Şad had withdrawn without giving him an order. Besides, he did not know the situation. Kür Shad was nowhere to be seen. He was going to find out.

He travelled slowly through the village on his horse. The soldiers were entering the houses and taking out whatever they found useful for their business. This was a big and very rich village, even a town.

On his way, Shen-king came across a small square. Here a few hired men were talking on their feet. One of them was saying something loudly to the others, and the others were listening. The narrator was saying:

- He a greedy bloke. He wanted to plunder the village we had taken for himself. hadn't even learnt

he hasn't learnt. The Chinese mind ... It's not good for being a shepherd, but it's good for being a chappie.

Sen-king realised that he was being spoken about. He rode towards the gangster whose back was turned towards him. He was going to hit his head with his whip. But when he heard the sound of the horse, he turned back. Then the Chinese king paused. Because this was Corporal Pars. Shen-king shouted:

- Corporal! Stay in your boots!
- I'm not out of line. I'm saying you're incompetent.
- Don't go too far... Then I'll put you in your place!
- With sword?
- You'll see what for later!

Shen-king walked away saying this word. Those who were with Pars were laughing and going away one by one. Pars suddenly turned round as if something occurred to him and shouted at departing Chinese favourite:

- Or Kur Shad's whip?

When Shen-king heard this, he stopped his horse. The blood rushed to his brain. He placed an arrow in his bow and travelled. Again, he turned round and threw it at Pars, who was struggling with the bag in front of him. The arrow flew with a whizz and stuck in the ground exactly one inch to the right of the corporal. As Pars slowly turned his head to look for who had shot the arrow, sharp, merry laugh rang through the village. Hearing this laughter, many soldiers rushed out of the houses to find out what was going on. Sanjar was on the shore, on his horse, leaning sideways, looking at Shen-king, laughing as if he was going to join in, and at the same time muttering:

- He still hasn't learnt how to shoot an arrow. He couldn't hit Pars at fifty paces... I wonder if he can hit the ox at nine paces.

These words, and the arrow lodged in Pars' side, were the words of a man standing on his horse fifty paces away, looking furious.

Shen-king explained the matter to the chariots. As they always did when they heard Sanjar's laughter, they all joined in and started laughing.

Sanjar was huddled in the mane of his horse, laughing, occasionally lifting his head to look around, tears welling in his eyes, and then leaning over the horse again.

Shen-king was worse than the day he shot an arrow in Ötüken. Because then he was only a guest. Now, even though he was a major in the Sky Turk army, they still did not count him and laughed at him.

When the laughter that had been buzzing around the four circles suddenly stopped, the Chinese chief raised his head. The appearance of Isbara Alp in the centre had silenced everyone. Only one person, Sanchar, who had rolled off his horse, was still laughing hysterically. The major looked left and right. Two corporals ran and in one embrace put Sanjar on his horse and tied him to his mane. Then they made the horse run with a whip. When Sanjar started laughing, there was no other choice. They always did it like this.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, Shen-king wanted to ask Major Isbara Alp what he had to ask. As he tried to ride his horse towards him, there was a clatter. Kür Shad appeared from beyond the village several majors and captains behind him. They were coming at full speed. They were coming so fast that the Chinese king was afraid that he would be trampled on and retreated to the shore. However, those galloping horsemen stopped in front of Isbara Alp even before they reached him. Kür Shad said the following in a loud voice:

- Ishbara Alp! A messenger came from the Chinese kagan. He gave a lot of goods, millet, cloth, money, animals to make peace with us. The Black Khan agreed. We are going back.

When Shen-king heard these words, like boiling water over his head. What did he expect, what did he get? It meant that the Black Khan had taken China and put his family on the throne of China.

do this. While the Chinese lord was thinking about these things, Kur Shad turned to him. He said:

- Your troops didn't plunder anything. They won't return empty-handed to Ötüken. I've left some goods for them outside the village. Have them plunder them at once!

When Shen-king gave this plunder order to the soldiers under his command, he found them very reluctant. Even one of the captains did not move. When the Chinese lord asked him why he did not go, he gave the following answer:

- Looting must be the right of the sword. We didn't do anything with our sword.

Saying these words, the captain began to whistle and pat his horse. Shen-king gritted his teeth, thinking that all the mishaps had come to him today. He walked away from the captain.

The next day, the whole Gök Turk army returned to Ötüken with their bellies full and in good spirits with the abundant sustenance they had received from China. There were two people in the whole army who were not satisfied with their situation. One of them was the Chinese lord Shen-king. The readers- will learn who the second one was in the future.





## Part Two



Kıraç Ata

The **ELENCE** RIVER flowed silently. A death in the midst

There was silence. Sparse pine trees on the hill opposite and the sun was shining overhead. This is where the Selenge approaches Lake Baikal.

A tired horseman, heading towards the road where the Selenge flows, was slowly moving forward, constantly looking ahead with his eyes. This was a traveller from Ötüken. He had nothing on him but sword, bow and quiver. From his condition, from the way he was travelling, it was clear that he was a great brave. But both he and his horse were so tired that it was doubtful whether they could walk until sunset.

When they crossed a bend of the river, the rider's eyes suddenly lit up. Ahead, on the left, a bare hill was visible, and three pointed rocks were lined up on top of the hill. The tired traveller spurred his horse. He let off the bridle towards the Three Rocks. Soon he was hugging the foot of the hill. This place was not at all what it looked like from afar. It became clear that it was very steep. The traveller jumped from his horse and bent down to the crystal water leaking between the rocks. After drinking it, he raised his head to the rocks. After looking for something with his eyes for a while, he started to climb. The tired traveller's horse was walking slowly, trying to fill its stomach with skinny grass.

The traveller climbed and ascended for a long time and then came to a plain. Here he stopped, not knowing where to go. Because on the edge of this plain there were four caves like caves and one of the caves was seen to rise like a tower inside. After looking at the cavities for a while, the traveller went towards the one closest to him on the right. stepped through the door, which was big enough for a person to enter without bending down. But he stood still. Inside a high, four very large falcons were looking at him, ready to pounce. There was no use in entering here anyway. Because the place where these four falcons stood was nothing but a closed stone room.

The passenger retreated and levelled again. Below No sound could be heard but the caressing gurgle of the spring, the thin wind blowing against the rocks and his own footsteps. I wonder if he had come wrong?

This time he moved towards the second cavity with the same slow steps. This cavity was a black hole. He stepped in and stopped for a while. It was silent and dark. Suddenly two embers appeared ahead. Then two more embers came next to them. The embers began to grow. The traveller's sharp eyes looked as if they wanted to pierce the darkness. As the embers approached him step by step, he accustomed his eyes to the darkness and realised what was inside: They were two wolves. Yoku stepped back step by step, not taking his eyes off the cavity and said: <<It must be this place, since falcons and wolves live together, I was not mistaken! What should he do now? Should he look in the remaining two hollows? Or should he wait here? The traveller did not have time to decide, because a big bear came out of the third hollow and started walking towards him with grunts. The bear was walking slowly and the traveller was stretching slowly on the plain. Although this traveller had a sword and a knife at his waist, and a bow and quiver on his back, he did not use his compass and kept the bear at bay.

it was strange. The plain they were on had only one place to go down. Yoku had travelled up to the plateau from that one place, and now he was quite far away from it. Moreover, there was no attempt on his part to go towards this one and only place to go down. On the contrary, he was retreating towards the steep rocks. After a while he heard the rocks touching his back. There was no more room to retreat, he was face to face with the bear. Standing up, the bear was one and a half human height. There were two steps or less between him and the traveller. But the traveller did not show any alarm or fear. He was silent and motionless looking at the bear that was about to pounce on him.

The bear rushed at the traveller from this two-step path with an unexpected speed. But as soon as he was thrown, he was pushed backwards as if he had been pushed by a spring and fell to the ground. With his back to the rocks, Yoku hit the bear in the stomach with a single blow and threw him back like a ball. It was understood that this tired traveller was a fierce brave.

The bear on the ground bellowed bitterly. The traveller didn't move at all. To the bear:

- Forgive me if I hurt you. Otherwise you would have killed me, he said.

Meanwhile, from the fourth hollow with a tower on top.

a white-haired, white-bearded old man, the traveller who knocked down the bear.

looked at him. Then he stood up and shouted at the bear who wanted to jump again:

- Get in your house, shut up!

When the big bear, in front of the traveller's astonished eyes, understood these words and entered the hollow from which he had come out by stopping his growling, the bahadır yoku turned to the old man:

- I've been travelling for three days. He asked, "Are you Ata Kırac?"

The old man nodded yes. The stranger then bowed with his hand on his chest and took a step or two to introduce himself:

- They call me Captain Bögü Alp. I'm from Kara Kagan's army. I have come to ask you to read my fortune. Will you read it? Or shall I do things my own way as I do now?

The old man fixed his eyes on the eyes of Bögü Alp. Then he took his hand. Without blinking his eyes, he slowly said the following:

- Captain Bögü Alp! You are 32 years old. You want to kill a great man. nine years, it be done. . Nine more years will pass, and the day will come to use the hard sword. . And beyond that, God Almighty knows...

When the old man took his eyes off Bögü Alp, the young captain was startled. He wanted to say something. But before he could say anything, the other one said:

- Stay with me tonight. At midnight I'll see your fortune and give you advice. Now get some rest. And don't worry about your horse down there. He'll find food. No one will bother him.

Then he took out a whistle from the knitted belt around his waist and blew it four times. Four falcons responded to this sharp sound from inside. The falcons came out of the hollow one by one and stood in front of Kırac Ata and spread their wings. Bögü Alp was looking at these birds with admiration. When Kam held his left arm horizontally, one of the falcons jumped, old man:

- He flew him away, saying, "Bring birds of prey for the guest! He did the same with the other three falcons. After the birds flew away like arrows, the two of them went towards the hollow with a tower on top. It was not dark like the other hollows. Since there were a few holes on the tower, it received light, and you could climb up to the top with the stones on the stair-shaped side. When he entered the hollow, the first thing that caught Bögü Alp's eye was a large hide and a pile of animal bones on the ground. These were all shovel and purse bones. Kırac Ata pointed to the pine tree next to the bones:

- It's full. Drink as much as you can!

The captain, who was amazed at everything here, was also amazed at the taste of the kisins in the pine tree, which he had never tasted before. After drinking half of it, he left it:

- He said, "This must have been made with the milk of the mare of God.

Meanwhile, the falcons of the kam were returning one by one, leaving the birds they had hunted in front of the hollow and retreating.

## Captain Bögü Alp

As the sun was setting, Kırac Ata climbed to the top of the tower and his supplication to God, then roasted the birds brought by the falcons on the fire and hosted Bögü Alp. He ate very little himself. The captain did not know how the time would pass until midnight. He was impatient on the inside, although nothing was happening on the outside. To say something:

- Craggy Ata! He asked, "Don't these wolves and bears eat anything?"
- Every night, one of the wolves goes and hunts a deer. I divide it up, and they eat it. I get a share.
- So the bear's here for nothing.
- No, it's not for nothing. He waits here at night.
- And the wolves? 't they wait?
- Born with the wolf are noble animals. They don't fight everyone. They fight when they have to, but they fight well.
- Craggy Ata! How did you acclimatise these animals and make them manly?
- It is God's secret, son, not to be asked.
- I didn't know. Forgive me!

The peninsula was approaching the horizon. The wind was making terrible noises as it hit the sharp rocks. Bögü Alp took off his compasses and reached for the post. There he was.



the man would soon read him his fortune, tell him his future. The captain was now thinking about things he had never thought about before. For as long as he could remember, he had thought of nothing but war, the army, oil, tents and horses. Now, such things were going through his mind that even he could not understand them intellectually. Even the feeling that had brought him here was something vague. How had he come here, how had he found Kıraç Ata? Now he was trying to remember these things in order:

He never knew his father. He didn't know what he was. He didn't see the need to ask. He must have died in battle or been captured. It didn't matter which war he had died in. Wasn't war and fat all the same?

He was brought up by his grandfather. His grandfather was a husband of eighty. Even so, there was hardly anyone, even among the young braves, who could break his back. Fifty or sixty years ago, he had defeated all the wrestlers in Ak Dağ against İstemi Khan, the great khan of the Sky Turks, and had told him that he had received a gold inlaid sword from İstemi Khan. That sword was now in the waist of his grandson Bögü Alp. While his great grandfather was giving him his first riding lessons:

- When a Turk rides a horse, he should not even see his ancestor. Son! When necessary, one can even give one's life, but horse, wife, compass; these three cannot be given!

When Bögü Alp was growing up in the fresh air of Ötüken, his grandfather used to tell him about the old kings and kings and give him advice. Now he realised that his grandfather was a very knowledgeable person. A person who had lived so long, known so many people, seen so much worldly strife would surely be wise.

His grandfather told him about God, that he was sitting in a very distant and very high place in the sky, and that there were godly men on earth who spoke with God:

172 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

- Son! If you are in trouble, go to Kıraç Ata, one of God's masters...  
He is up there, at the end of the Selenge, at the Three Rocks!

When Bögü Alp was fourteen years old, his grandfather died and he was orphaned. His sisters had married and gone away, his uncles had died in battle. His grandfather had taught him to shoot arrows, use sword and pike, ride horses and wrestle. He also knew that his son had come to this land to fight, to fight. It was also his grandfather who had advised him to crush anyone who evil to Turkeli, to the Turkic nation. He had also explained that the lowest of the people was Chinese by showing many examples with many stories. With this information, there was nothing left for Bögü Alp but to join the army and go to war. He joined the army and ran from raid to raid for seventeen years. He did not die even though he was pierced by so many swords and arrows. But he again unlucky. If it were not so, would all three of his brothers and sisters have died even though he had married three times so far? Bögü Alp's children did not live either. Who knows, maybe he would pass away without leaving a son on earth.

Until that day he had never thought so long and long. Now, in a place without any quarrel, as a guest of a man of God, he felt closer to God than ever, and he thought that these long thoughts came from him. Kıraç Ata had read his heart at the first glance. I think his grandfather had also said that he was related to Kıraç Ata. If he was not mistaken, their third or fourth were related. It was a good thing he had come here. Kıraç Ata, who had once foretold what Istemi Kagan would do, was known to very few people among all Turks today. Those who knew where he lived would only tell their sons when they died. Those who died without telling their sons were many, and thus those who knew Kıraç Ata were few. He was the only relic left from the years when the Gök Turk state was founded. His grandfather said that he knew all the old kings, wars and everything,

He had told it to Böğü Alp. As he thought about it, he remembered what his grandfather had said and remembered many things.

While the captain was thinking like this, the moon on the horizon sank. The earth was plunged into darkness. The stars were twinkling and fading, the wind was lighter. For the first time in his life, Böğü Alp felt that living was sweet.

-  
.. -

In the midst of this beauty, the captain fell asleep:

- Guest get up! He was awakened by the voice saying, "It's midnight! At any other time and in any other place, he would have jumped up with a sword at such sudden awakenings. However, now he wakes up with confidence because he sleeps safely in the house of the man of God, and then he gets up slowly, not as fast as lightning. Kırac Ata had lit a fire with a flint and was choosing a shoulder blade. While Böğü Alp was putting on his quiver, he brought a long, flat stone from another shore and was reading the inscriptions on this stone in the light of the fire. When he had finished reading, he carefully placed the stone where he had picked it up. He signalled to the captain to stand in front of the fire and put the scapula

He held it to the fire. He started reading her fortune:

- Böğü Alp! What's troubling you? Why did you come here?

- I come from the great bee lineage. The Khan has set up Sen-king as a major over me. Because of this Sen-king and Iking Katun, there is no difference between Turk and Chinese in Ötüken. The Black Khan turns a blind eye to them. If I kill the Khan, will things be in order or not? That's what I came to ask you!

Karn's gaze changed. He was staring at the burning bone, sooty from the fire, and singing slowly:

- Great days are coming!... In nine years, what's done is done. Another nine years will pass and the day will come to use the hard sword... When there is famine, the moon will be shattered!.. ... You will not kill the Black Khan... The sorrow will kill him. I see forty men gathered in a great city... You are among them... It's raining. You fight on the banks of the river. Your clan survives... Your name will not be forgotten!... You will be resurrected after a thousand and three hundred years of death... Your name will remain in hearts till the west of the continent.

Kam was excited. He was foaming at the mouth, making violent movements. Suddenly he threw the scapula out of his hand and threw it on the ground. Raising his hands to the sky, he began to moan, "God, God. In the opposite hollow, wolves howled and falcons cried out. Böğü Alp, who had memorised all the words of the kam stood stiff. Resurrection after one thousand three hundred years? ... How could things get better without killing the Black Khan? How could he live when Shen-king would be in charge again? How would the moon be shattered? A sense of rebellion seemed to be rising in him. But at this moment he remembered one of his grandfather's words: His grandfather had taught him the Tarin elders were never wrong, it was never right to go against their words. Who knows, maybe there was some wisdom in these things.

While thoughts were chasing each other in Böğü Alp's mind, he suddenly thought of Sen-king. In the last raid to China, when he could not gain anything for his troops because of his incompetence, Kür Şad had reserved some goods for them and ordered Şen-king to plunder them. Böğü Alp was so angry with Sen-king that day that he did not participate in the plunder, and even when Sen-king asked him why he did not plunder, he replied: "Plunder should be the right of the sword". That day he and Shen-king had a very bad look at each other and had a bad feeling in their hearts. When the whole army was returning to Ötüken, there was a Böğü who returned without goods and dissatisfied with the raid.

There was Alp. Fortunately, he lived alone in the world. Otherwise, his children would have starved.

And now this kam was foretelling that after two or nine more years of waiting, he would do great things. He had to wait without any remedy. Since he was the guest of Kırac Ata until dawn tomorrow, there was nothing left to do. He walked towards the tower and lay down on the post.

## Turnaround

**B**ÖGÜ ALP was returning to Ötüken tired. His stomach was full. He was not wounded. But there was a crush inside him, in his heart he felt reluctant. After Kıraç Ata's words, when he had slept at night, he had always seen terrible things in his dreams. Now he could not remember what he had seen very well. But the feeling inside him seemed to tell him that troubles would fall from the sky. When he woke up at dawn, he looked for Kıraç Ata to say goodbye to God, but he could not find him.

When he came down from Three Pointed Rocks, he called his horse with a whistle, and the horse came running alive. When the captain jumped on his horse, he galloped away from Pointed Rocks without looking back. It was now noon. How pleasant it would be to rest under that tree on the shore of the Selenge.

He turned his horse into the woods. He got off at a place where the trees were dense. He drank water from Selenge and lay down in a shade. The tired horse also collapsed to the ground among the trees after pulling some grass. The captain looked at his horse with astonishment. So the horse was very tired. It was resting its head on the ground and looking at Bögü Alp with weak eyes. By the time the sun was overhead, the heat had become unbearable. The captain thought, "I won't set off before sunset. He was left with only one horse.

he was left. If anything happened to him, he'd be left on the ground. He was in no hurry anyway. He could set out at night and travel until the moon set, so that he would not tire his horse. When he made this decision, it occurred to him that it would be a good thing to sleep and he tried to sleep. asleep? It was not clear whether he was absent-minded or unconscious. He opened his eyes with distant rattling. It was getting evening. It was clear from the rattling that a few horsemen were coming. He put his ear to the ground. After listening for a while, he said --They are coming here. His horse also raised his head and pricked his ears. It looked like it was about to get up. When Bögü Alp told his horse to stay still with a whistle or two, he laid his head on the ground and stayed like that.

The hoofbeats were getting closer.

After a while, four horsemen rode up to Bögü Alp and stopped. The captain could see them from where he was lying down, through the leaves and grass. They could not see him. They had to come in front of him to see him. It was clear that one of them was a captain or a major. One of them was Chinese. The captain or major, who appeared to be the head, turned to the fourth one and said:

"You will leave us here," he said. Then they approached each other and talked something. This conversation opened the eyes of Bögü Alp. Why were these four people talking to each other in this endless, desolate steppe? Especially since there was a Chinese among them, Captain Bögü Alp was very suspicious of this secret conversation. The conversation was getting heated. It was the Chinese who said the most. After a stern gesture by the man in charge, the Chinese man shouted angrily, "No way, Tulu Khan will get angry!", and it flashed like a light in Bögü Alp's brain: These four people were Tulu Khan's men. But what was happening to the Chinese among them? Why were they talking like that here?

Suddenly three of the four horsemen rode off. They started heading south. Then again suddenly the president-

stopped and turned round. A little ahead of Bögü Alp, he shouted to the rider who was standing on his horse and stroking his mane:

- Corporal Pars! You will not leave before we disappear over the horizon and you will be back to the inn before four months have passed!

The horseman, whose name turned out to be Corporal Pars, jumped to the ground.

Standing tall:

- He replied, "It's your command!"

The other three galloped away. Bögü Alp looked at the corporal and his horse from where he was lying. The corporal was well dressed, well armed, and his horse was beautiful and well fed. He smiled:

- The army of Tulu Khan is more powerful than the army of the Black Khan, he muttered.

It was obvious from the bulge that there was food in the corporal's bag. When Bögü Alp saw this bulging bag, he felt hungry and envious. But why were these men separated from each other? Did they have a bad wish? The captain looked at the horizon. The sun was setting. At this very moment Corporal Pars had spurred his horse and was flying south. Bögü Alp looked without getting up from his seat: The corporal was galloping, and his bag of food looked bigger than before. He smiled again: <"A hungry calf thinks the white cloud is its mother's teat.

..  
- -

At night, Bögü Alp was galloping, the thin moon illuminated the steppes and showed the way. The wind was also his helper. The captain was flying with his sharp eyes, always looking ahead, and at the time he was burning inside himself for not asking Corporal Pars for some food. Then Kırac Ata's words came to his mind: Didn't he say that when there's a famine, the moon will crumble? If so, it would be best



to acclimatise himself to hunger in advance. If he got used to hunger, he wouldn't have much trouble in the famine. But then he laughed again:

- Is there ever a time when our people are full? We are always so hungry; we are always so poor, he thought. Then again he thought of the four horsemen he had seen in the evening. The Chinese among them made him feel sick. "Don't let Tulu Khan send an envoy to China secretly from Kara Kagan," he said. All Turks knew that Tulu Khan and Kür Shad did not like their uncle Kara Kagan. The kagan was also favouring them and was loyal to Iking I<atun. I wonder if Tulu Khan was planning to become a kagan? If these four horsemen were not accompanied by a Chinese, Böğü Alp would not have cared at all. That's why he didn't like the departure of the three horsemen and Corporal Pars staying behind.

## The New Year of Bögü Alp

Y When **ÜZBAŞI** Bögü Alp entered his tent and threw himself on his bed made of thick felt

It had been a while since he had eaten his last mouthful of food and he was hungry again. As he was thinking about how to find some food, Corporal Pars' bag came to his mind. Then he remembered those four horsemen. He thought that there must be some evil that would come to him. Then he planned to announce this to the kaghan. Of course, he had to go to his major first. Bögü Alp suddenly jumped out of his bed. He stood up as if he had been raided and put meat on his sword. It occurred to him that his major was the Shen-king, and the captain furious. Then he suddenly paused: <<If my major is the Chinese Shen-king, then thanks to my divisional commander Kur Shad. Suddenly he grimaced again. He was going to mention Tulu Khan's name when he told Kur Shad what he had seen. Then he should also tell him that he suspected Tulu Khan. But would it be right to complain to Kur Shad about his brother? The captain lay on his bed again and thought long and hard.

When the door opened and a messenger entered, he was repeating Kıraç Ata's words in his mind. After saluting the captain, the messenger reported the order he had received:

- Captain Bögü Alp! The Khan wishes to see you immediately at his otbah.

The captain took a position of honour:

- Your Khan is in charge!

They came out of the tent together. They mounted their horses and ran towards the kaghan's otaku. There was a crowd around the ottoman. Its two doors were wide open. The guards were giving the place a different look. The messenger introduced Captain Bögü Alp to Börü Tarkan, who was the chief messenger, at the gate of the otaku. Börü Tar kan said to the captain, "Follow me!" and walked towards the kaghan on the path decorated with felt. A little behind him was Bögü Alp. Tarkan and the captain knelt on the ground and greeted the kagan. When the khan signalled them to stand up with his hand, they got up. Captain Bögü Alp, while looking at the kaghan and those on his right and left, saw Tunga Tegin, Kür Şad and the other lieutenants and admirers as well as Sen-king and went up to the top of the blood hill. Iking Katun looked very beautiful and joyful with the kaghan today. When Bögü Alp stood up at the kaghan's signal, Tarkan introduced him to the kaghan:

- Captain Bögü Alp of the Kur Shad Division!

Kara Kagan, Kur Shad and Sen-king fixed their eyes on Bögü Alp. Sen-king recognised the headstrong captain who had disobeyed his orders during the Chinese raid and then did not join the raid.

The Khan's booming voice rang out:

- Captain Bögü Alp! The captain

kneeled on the ground again:

- Yes, Khan!

- I have chosen you as the third envoy to the Western Khan. Tomorrow you will set out under the command of Tunga Tegin. Necessary horses, clothing and provisions will be sent to your tent.

- You're in charge!

- you have anything to say, anything to wish for?

- I wish you health!

- Tomorrow at sunrise, you will be ready in front of the otaku. Now go, get ready!

182 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

Bögü Alp knelt on the ground and retreated nine paces. - Then, saluting the khan once more, he turned back and left the otak with swift steps.

Soon after he entered his own tent, the sound of horses was heard outside his door. A messenger greeted Captain Bögü Alp and handed him three horses, a bag of clothing, a bag of food and a bag of money that the khan had sent him.

When the messenger delivered what the Khan had sent, he gave his last orders:

- Tomorrow, before sunrise, you will be in front of the tent with your troops and soldiers. The Khan will inspect you all.
- The khan is in charge.

Tuber

ÜZBAŞI

Bögü Alp first sent three horses

He looked . Two of them were pack horses and one

was a riding horse. There was a lot in the pouch.

he had akça. With these, first and foremost, he paid for himself and his horses.

to feed them. After going into his tent and looking at his belongings, which consisted of a few muskets and some felt, Bögü Alp decided He gave it to him. He was to load his tent on one of the two riding horses and his belongings on the other riding horse sent by the kaghan was to be used by the eqek.

as a horse servant. He was to take only his horse servant Tuber with him. Even if he was the third envoy, he would have only one It would have been unseemly to take him to the hospital, but with such poverty, nothing more could be done.

When the captain made up his mind, he jumped on his horse and reached Yumru's tent. Tuber was hoping his horse in front of the tent.

- Lump!
- Here you go!
- Tomorrow we leave for the Western Khan. You will come with me!
- You're in charge!
- you got a spare tent?
- None.

Bögü Alp opened the pouch from the kagan. He took out about a quarter of it and handed it to Yumru:

- By tomorrow, buy yourself a tent, a packhorse and good clothes. Leave the rest at home. Come back tomorrow before dawn and groom my horses. You will groom four horses. Act accordingly.

- You're in charge!

Following behind Bögü Alp, who spurred his horse, Yumru first looked at the coins in his palm. Had the captain plundered the Chinese khan's treasury? If not, where had he found so many coins? But he was not going to waste time. He jumped on his horse in one leap and rode towards the shopping house.

He found the packhorse easily. He had some trouble to find a tent. He bought himself a nice outfit and a brand-new scarf. There were five silver pieces left. He gave it to his mother and told her to take care of herself until he returned and then he left.

Tuber was the eldest of six siblings. He was 17 years old. But only Yamtar was bigger than him in the whole Ötüken. They called him Yumru because he was as big as a three-month-old child when he was born. His father had died in the war in the time of Chuluk Kağan. His mother was the sister of Çalık. Yumru, who was a cheerful-faced brave, worked with his mother to take care of his siblings, and the two eldest of his siblings helped him. Even so, there were many evenings when he went to bed hungry. But he never complained. Those who looked at his face always thought he was smiling. He was very strong for his age. But he was not a skilful fighter like Yamtar. He had a very loud voice. For this reason, Captain Bögü Alp had chosen him as a horse servant and taught him to play the pipe.

His fortune, which seemed very large to him, was given to him by  
Bögü Alp

and after finishing his work, he went to say goodbye to his relatives. Then he visited his aunt. His aunt's eldest son Gü-

and müş was there, too, working on the preparations. Before the lump could open his mouth, his aunt started talking:

- Major Isbara Alp is leaving tomorrow on a second embassy to theKhan. After his father, his horse servant took Gumus. Gumus will go too.

- I'm going with Captain Bögü Alp.

- Who else will come under the command of Bögü Alp? That's what Silver was asking. Tuber didn't know anything.

no ri. He was silent. Silver:

- Major Isbara Alp said that since he was the second envoy, he was taking two corporals and five privates besides me.

It was dark when he said goodbye and came back to his tent. Tonight they had all found enough food to fill their bellies well. The lump had never felt such a sweet desire to sleep. It seemed that satiety made people sleepy. He fell into a sweet sleep, thinking that he would be well fed in the places he would go.

-  
- -

When he opened his eyes early, he jumped up. He was going to groom the four horses of Bögü Alp. When he quickly made preparations for the journey and arrived at the captain's tent, he saw him awake. The captain had demolished his tent and was standing to load the load on his horse. Tuber skilfully and quickly finished the grooming of all four horses and loaded the belongings on the pack horses together with the captain.

## Ambassadors

ÖGÜ ALP approached the kaghan's tent with tuber and horses  
At this time, he sensed that there was a vitality around him.

With the eye  
With his razor, he was looking for the head of the messengers,  
Tarkan the Börü. Otherwise, everyone but Tarkan the Börü was in his  
eyes. He seemed to see Tunga Tegin a little ahead. Then, looking  
forwards again, he saw Tarkan the Börü standing in front of him.

du:

- Bögü Alp! You will stand over there. Next to Isbara Alp... The Khan  
will inspect you.

Major Isbara Alp stood still on his horse.

was riding. Then there was Gümüş, the son of his former servant  
Çalıknow a horse servant, on horseback. Corporal Yamtar and Corporal  
Sançar were standing behind Gümüş. Five privates up positions behind  
the corporals. Behind these

and loaded horses were lined up. ahead of Isbara Alp,

Tunga Tegin was standing on a horse at a place closer to the kagan's  
ottoman. Behind him were two horse servants, and behind them four  
corporals and twelve privates. Spare horses

there were a lot of them. Captain Bögü Alp was further away, Tunga  
Tegin

and stood in line with Isbara Alp. Fist was behind him on horses.

In front of the three ambassadors, about forty of the kaghan's troops

They'd already taken part. They didn't wait long. A sharp trumpet sound



while the air was ringing, the doors of the kagan's ottoman opened. The kagan appeared. At that moment, the envoys and their soldiers and the soldiers standing in front of them dismounted from their horses, knelt on the ground and saluted the kagan.

Kur Shad, a beğ and Sen-king were following the kagan. Since Tunga Tegin was the closest to the door, the kagan stood in front of him first. He looked at Tegin and the soldiers behind him with sharp eyes. Tunga Tegin was already known to everyone in Ötüken. He also liked the behaviour and appearance of the soldiers behind him. These were the people who would make him look good in the Western Khan's honour. He spoke to the first envoy:

- Tunga Tegin!

- Yes, Khan!

- You will give this bit to the Khan of the West. You will talk to him and do as I tell you.

- You are in charge.

Tunga Tegin took the bitik the kaghan handed him.

- What gift do have for the Khan of the West?

At this question, the eyebrows of Böğü Alp frowned for the thousandth time. However, his face immediately improved and his eyes shone with joy. Tunga Tegin was counting the honours he was going to give to the Khan of the West:

- I carry a sword inlaid with gold, four hunting falcons, and two balls of Chinese silk.

- Well do you have a wish?

- My wish is for your health.

The Khan walked a little and stood in front of Isbara Alp.

He reviewed him and his troops:

- Isbara Alp

- Yes, Khan!

- What gift do have for the Khan of the West?

- I am taking a belt inlaid with gold, a knife inlaid with silver, and a white falcon.

- Good. Are there any good swordsmen, keen marksmen, skilful riders, strong wrestlers among the soldiers?

- Var kagan.

Kagan was looking back at the privates and corporals. His eyes were fixed on Yamtar. He pointed to him with his hand and started talking again:

- I've my eye on that corporal. Is he a wrestler?

- Yes, Khan.

- He was defeated at the Khanate festival. He must not be defeated in front of the Khan of the West.

- He starving then. He's not hungry now.

- you have a wish?

- My wish is for your health.

The Khan took a few more steps and frowned when he saw Captain Bögü Alp with only one horse servant:

- Captain Bögü Alp! You're going with a private?

- Yes, kagan!

The Khan's voice stiffened:

- Is this how you will protect the Eastern Khan's reputation with the Western Khan?

- I'm going this way to raise the Khan's fame. The Khan looked furious.

- I don't understand this?

- If I had taken other soldiers with me, I would not have been able to feed and clothe them.

- I sent you a pouch. Didn't get it?

- I got it, Khan! All these preparations were made with that pouch. Because we had nothing.

- Why didn't you have anything ? We just came back from the Chinese raid. You didn't loot anything?

- No, Khan!

The Khan hesitated. He was trying to overcome his anger. He asked:

- Why didn't you loot?

- We behind. We couldn't keep up with the loot.

- How come? Whose orders you under?
- I was under the Chinese guest's command.
- A guest? He's no longer a guest. Don't you know he's a division commander?
- I didn't know, kagan! The Khan turned to Shen-king:
- You didnt loot anything?
- Shen-king with an evil glare at Böğü Alp:
- This captain did not loot when I ordered him to loot. He was just as stubborn then.
- Is that so, Bug Alp?
- That's a lie, Khan! Plunder is the right of the sword. Kür Şad had left some of the plundered goods to us out of pity. We ourselves did not shoot anyone and took his property. We did not see the face of the fat in this raid.

The word "lie" was like a slap on Sen-king's face. When Kür Şad said to the kaghan: "This captain is telling the truth," this slap became a whip. Now he himself was a bit divisional captain like Kür Şad. But he thought it better to keep silent.

The Khan tried to overcome his anger and asked Böğü Alp:

- If an arrow is shot in the Western Khan's court, who will shoot it?
- I'll throw it:
- Swordplay?
- I'll play.
- How about a horse race?
- I will compete.
- Wrestling construction
- I'll wrestle.
- Why have I not heard of you until now, such a mighty sage as you are?
- The stone is heavy in its place, kagan!
- you have a gift for the Khan of the West?
- Yes, Khan!
- What is it?

- An arrow!
- It's a mighty arrow to take to the Khan of the West.

wi

th. - Yes, Khan! A Chinaman had travelled with this arrow. It hit the forehead of my tulga and did not touch me. Then I shot fourteen Chinese with this arrow. All of them had their tulgass pierced; the arrow entered into their foreheads; their brains exploded.

- that enough to be a gift?
- Not enough, Khan! This arrow was made in China. They put the date of the year and day it was made on it. It is a hundred years old. An arrow this old has never been seen.
- Yes. you have a wish?
- My wish is for your health.

When the work of reviewing the envoys was finished, the kagan turned back. He got on his horse in front of the door of the threshold. Kür Shad and the others also mounted and stood behind the kagan. The trumpets and drums to be played.

The envoys were now on their way. The first envoy Tunga Tegin passed through first with his own soldiers behind him, their swords drawn. As they passed in front of the Khan, they bowed their swords and saluted him. Then the second envoy Isbara Alp and his soldiers passed. The third envoy, Bögü Alp, and his horse servant, Yumru, were the furthest behind. Yumru's lovely and smiling face softened the kaghan. After the envoy procession had travelled a few hundred steps in front of the khan, the horses were spurred. The dust from the hooves of the speeding horses rose into the air. The horsemen diminished on the horizon. Soon they were invisible.

On the  
road

Change the marching order after moving away from TÜKEN

--

Oti. As in battle marches, the two vanguards at the front

They were travelling a few hundred steps ahead of the caravan. At the front of the caravan, on both sides, Isbara Alp and

Tunga Tegin part, whereas Bögü Alp is

Tunga Tegin's and Isbara Alp's corporals were following twenty paces apart. Horse servants were behind the corporals with the horses in their reserve. The privates were at the rear. Every once in a while, one of the corporals would leave the caravan, turn round and go to the right or left to look at the horizon.

Then he would catch up with the caravan again and his turn.

The three envoys spoke very little. Tunga Tegin and Isbara Alp had known each other before. They only seen Bögü Alp in the army. He didn't speak much either.

he didn't intend to. The first and second envoys always thinking of Bögü Alp's conversation with the kagan. The third envoy

When he was talking, he was regretting why he didn't take a turn and tell me about Corporal Pars.

Four corporals of Tunga Tegin were well-dressed, well-built and well-off braves. Two of them, Corporal Karpak and Corporal Burgucan were brothers. Their brotherhood was evident from their resemblance. They were tall, green-eyed, auburn-haired braves. Karpak had sword scars on his forehead and cheek.

The scars on his scalp showed that he had been in and out of many battles. As for Burgucan, the line extending from his left eye to his temple told that he had received a fatal arrow. Burguçan had bad eyesight in his left eye. Therefore, the corporal, who used to be a sniper, now thanked that he could shoot as many arrows as anyone else.

Corporal Alka was a brave man who always gave the impression that he was thinking about something, with his keen eyes fixed on one point. His mother was Uyghur. Therefore, he was often called Uygur Alka in Ötüken. He was very agile. There was nothing he could not do on horseback. He was once a prisoner of China. Although his hands were tied behind his back, he was able to ride a horse in a leap, and although he was hungry and thirsty, he was able to come to Ötüken on this horse with his hands tied.

Corporal Yağmur, who had just become a corporal, was not like the others. His black eyes in the centre of his dark round face were always smiling. He was seventeen years old. He had plump cheeks. Therefore, those who first looked at him would think that he was very fat. However, Corporal Yağmur was not fat. He was of medium height, slow moving. For example, he would be very slow when placing his arrow on the bow, but then he would be very agile when drawing the bow and releasing the arrow, and he would always do these with a smile.

Yamtar, one of Isbara Alp's corporals, and Sançar were always travelling side by side. Sançar kept silent with his sullen face looking ahead, and even occasionally responded to Yamtar's words with one word or not at all.

Gümüş and Yumru, two of the horse servants, were travelling side by side, and I think they were the ones who talked the most among the whole caravan. Gümüş looked just like his father Çalık, and Yumru more cheerful than usual because he was sure that the five silver coins he left to his mother would feed them for a long time. The two aunt's sonshad lived a lifetime...

They were in the most carefree days of their lives. Setting up tents, lighting fires, grooming horses, getting up before sunrise and dismantling tents were not even a chore for them. Especially the fact that they had left a great fortune to their homes filled their hearts with joy.

At sunset they stayed by a water. Tents were pitched. Fires were lit. With the command of Tunga Tegin, two privates were put on guard duty. Towards the middle of the night, the guards would change and one of the corporals would review the guards.

-  
- -

That night, Gū müş, who was on guard duty towards sunrise, saw a shadow on horseback approaching very slowly and silently from a distance. When he came within twenty or thirty paces, he stretched his bow and shouted:

- Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa! Who are you?

The shadow on the horse with a voice that sounded familiar to Silver:

- He's not a foreigner. I come from Ötüken.

When he approached, riding his silver horse, he recognised the famous bard of Ötüken, Chuçu, with his quiver on his back, his sword on his back, and his kopuzu hanging from the horse's saddle. The harsh conversation between the two of them at thirty paces had awakened all of the people in the mansion. Because they were all on the alert. They could have fallen asleep again because it was not a foreigner. But the fact that it was Chuçu a strong enough effect to wake them all up. Tunga Tegin walked towards him and smiled:

- Tell me, Choochu! What brings you here after us? Or has the Khan chosen you to be the fourth envoy?

Chuçu jumped from his horse and saluted Tunga Tegin:

- No, Tegin! I miss my ancestor's and mother's homeland. If I go to the Western Khan's hand, I will return to my birthplace, my husband-

194 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

I hope you won't see me among you too much.

- proud and honoured to have you among us. In our midst there are no bards. If there is a bards' meeting on the floor of the Western Khan, will you come out for the Eastern Turks?

- You're in charge, Tegin! I was born in the West Hand, but most of my life was spent in the East. I am also an easterner. Anyway, for me, there is no eastern or western Turks. It is the job of kings and kings to divide Turks into easterners and westerners. Not bards...

Tunga Tegin smiled again:

- You will be tired!

Then he called out to one horse servants:

- Chuchu some meat and offer him koumiss!

After Chuchu arrived, no one felt the urge to go back to sleep. It was already dawn. When the marching order was established, Tunga Tegin called out to Çuçu.

- Chuchu, you can be anywhere you like on the march. So the procession will march day by day and night by night. with the people. Everything went on as usual, with no change other than the occasional game hunt.



## Khan of the West

The IR messenger opened the door of the otaku and "The envoy of the  
Eastern Khan

When he shouted, "Greetings to the great khan!", the most  
With Tunga Tegin in the front, then Isbara Alp and Bugu Alp, and a  
few corporals in the back, the envoys of Kara Kagari entered. Tüng  
Yabgu Ka ğan, the khan of the Western Turks, was sitting on a golden  
throne. Next to him was Yar kın Katun, and on the right and left were  
the kings, tarkans and likes. Among the tarkans, the white-bearded  
Dede Korkut stood out. The ambassadors coming from the Eastern  
Khan had realised the superiority of these western likes over  
themselves from their attire at the first sight.

Three messengers and corporals approach the throne and kneel on  
the ground.

and greeted the Khan and the Qatun. At the same time, all three  
envoys something bitter in their hearts. Because all three of them had  
only thought of the khan when they brought gifts, they had not taken  
the katun into account. Since the katun of their own kagan was the  
Chinese Katun, whom they did not like at all, for some reason none of  
them thought that they would find a Yarkin Katun of Turkish blood in  
the west. They could not sing the Yalar. They had to embrace this first  
inexperience.

Tüng Yabgu Khan up:

- He said, "The ambassadors of my compatriot Kara Kagari, the  
khan of the Eastern Turks, have honoured us and made our tent  
happy.

The ambassadors and corporals got up, and Tunga Tegin began to speak:

- I am Tunga Tegin, the first envoy of Kara Khan, the khan of the Eastern Turks. I have brought a bitig from my kaghan to the great Western kaghan. I also something to say. I offer my gifts to the supreme kagan.

Tunga Tegin turned round and took the gold inlaid sword carried by Corporal Karpak:

- handed it to one of the messengers, saying, "I wish this sword, which has seen many battles, to bring good luck to the supreme khan.

Then Corporal Burgucan and Alka took the four hunting falcons in their arms one by one and gave them to the messengers:

- He said, "Since we have heard that the great khan is a great hunter, we also offer these hunting falcons.

Then Corporal Yagmur held two cannons of Chinese kasha:

- These are the fabrics we bought from China in our last raid. If the supreme khan will have his troops, whom we know to be very great warriors, attack China with us, he can be sure that we will be able to find many more ulcas, and he has already started to fulfil the requirements of the embassy.

When Tunga Tegin finished his words, Isbara Alp introduced himself:

- I am Major Isbara Alp, the second envoy of the Black Khan. I brought a belt inlaid with gold, a knife inlaid silver and a white falcon to the great kagan.

Isbara Alp took the heedings from Yamtar and Sanchar, who were standing behind him, and gave them to the kaghan's messengers.

Finally, Bögü Alp advanced and the ground.

- My Captain Bögü Alp, the third envoy of the Black Khan! present this hundred-year-old arrow as a souvenir to the Great Khan.

There a deep silence in Tüng Yabgu's tent. The ka ğan, the karun and all the admirers stared intently at Bögü Alp, while Tunga Tegin and Isbara Alp blushed and bowed their heads. Bögü Alp sensed the atmosphere in the otag. He continued his speeches without changing his posture:

- Great khan! I know that it is unseemly to come to a great khan like you with such a small gift. We could have brought you useful gifts if there had been no Chinese interfering among us in Eastern Turkestan, if there had been no bad luck and famine in our country. Forgive us for our poverty.

Tüng Yabgu Khan liked this open-heartedness.

He told the third messenger:

- Captain Bögü Alp! Poverty is not a good thing. But the poverty to be feared is poverty of heart and heart. The greatest valour is to be brave-hearted, hard-armed, indomitable-eyed. When there are outspoken brave men like you in the Eastern Turks, they cannot be called poor. East Turk, West Turk are two branches of one tree. Our root is one. The valour of one is the valour of all, the poverty of one is the poverty of all.

Bögü Alp to these words as follows:

- Great Khan! On the day when your army flows with us to China, poverty will be lifted from Ötüken!

Tunga Tegin and Isbara Alp raised their heads. They liked this word.

## Encounter with Tüŋg Yabgu's Chariots

**K**ARA KAGAN's envoys were summoned the next day by Tüŋg Yabgu for an inspection.

The Khan would review his army and show it to the ambassadors.

First they saw the braves practising sword on foot. Ten people on each side were fighting with swords to the sound of a drummer beating a harmonious mallet on a drum. At one stroke of the mallet, one side would bring down a sword on the other side, and the other side would take cover with a shield. At the second stroke of the gavel, the other side would attack, and the first would take cover. These well-dressed steel-armoured soldiers were good swordsmen. Tüŋg Yabgu Khan introduced these twenty braves to the ambassadors.

- These ten people are Turkish braves. Opposite them are Oghuz. They are all captains and corporals. They are the elite of the war-tested elite.

While the three envoys of the Black Khan were watching this sword training with pleasure, a harmonious and pleasant sound of "clack, clack, clack" was emitted.

After this beautiful stroke, they watched the pike drill of about fifty horsemen in two teams. These were the Chinese and the Yagma warriors, who were skilfully using pikes against each other. Farther away, Argu and Tuhsi marksmen, who were rivals of each other, were practising arrows. In the army of Tüŋg Yabgu Ka ğan there were soldiers from all uruks and tribes. Tunga Tegin looked around him again

asked the Khan:

- Great Khan! It seems there are good soldiers in your army. The braves of every neck are gathered here. But I don't see Sugdaks among them.

Kagan smiled:

- Sughdaks are not herders. They only know how to trade. Sughdaks are not Turks.

Then, seeing the questioning on the faces of the three ambassadors, he added:

- The Sughdaks in Western Turkestan are not as harmful as the Chinese in Eastern Turkestan. They are both few in number and do not have a separate state.

Tüŋg Yabgu Khan was showing his army to the envoys and telling many things. He stopped for a while and asked:

- Tunga Tegin! Would you like to play sword, shoot arrows, wrestle and compete with me? I heard about your raid to China from Kül Er Tegin. It seems that you are a great man of valour.

Tunga Tegin knelt down:

- Your command, Khan!

✱

~ ~

The next day, in front of Tüŋg Yabgu Kagan's otakah, the two kagans' qagans met. Dede Korkut prayed to God. After the invocation, the games started. Tunga Tegin, Isbara Alp and Böğü Alp came out and they fought with swords.

## 200 - Death of the Grey Wolves

Tunga Tegin was opposed by Bö rü Tegin, the nephew of Tüng Yabgu Kagan. Börü Tegin, a lively and robust valiant man of about twenty years of age, wielded a sword with unprecedented speed. They could not defeat Tunga Tegin in a long battle.

Division head Buğaç appeared Isbara Alp. They could not fight either.

Arslan Tarkan appeared against Bögü Alp. Before the astonished eyes of not only Tüng Yabgu and his admirers but also the envoys of the Eastern Khan, Captain Bögü Alp defeated Arslan Tarkan in an unexpectedly skilful battle. No sound came from anywhere, no one said a word, but Tuber said to himself: "The stone was heavy in its place.

It was time to shoot arrows. Isbara AlpBugu AlpYamtarKarpakand two other men from Kara Kagan's army were to shoot arrows. There were ten of them from the West. Arrows were shot from close to distant targets, and those who were a bit lame were removed from the encounter. Isbara Alp was in charge of the Easterners. They had never expected to find the Western Turks so sharp. Tunga Tegin was always thinking of Kür Shad. As time passed and the shooting became more difficult, the marksmen left the square one by one. Only Isbara Alp and Bögü Alp remained from the Easterners. There were six people from the West. These eight people were hitting every target with every arrow without fail. Finally they started to shoot arrows at the moving targets. The Westerners were hitting every target and it looked like they were going to win the shootout. As a matter of fact, they did. After long shootings, only one more of them withdrew from the centre and there were five of them, and since İşbara and Bögü Alp could not fight with these five shooters, the shooting was terminated.

This time it was not only Yumru who said "The stone was heavy in its place". Tunga Tegin was also muttering the same thing.

Now the wrestling was going on. Bögü Alp, Yamtar and Gümüş came out from the East. Many wrestlers from the West

had come out. But the three most skilful ones stayed and the others withdrew by the order of the kagan. The hope of the Easterners was in Yam tar. But when Yamtar was defeated after a long wrestling despite all his strength and mastery, the Easterners were upset. Especially Isbara Alp was very sad. Because he had told Kara Kagan that Yamtar, who had a full stomach, would not be defeated this time. Silver was also defeated very quickly. Although no one in Ötüken knew it, Böğü Alp was showing everyone that he was a great wrestler. Firstly, he defeated a wrestler who was in his share after a hard struggle. Secondly, he met the one who defeated Gü müş. He defeated him too. But the Karluk wrestler who defeated Yamtar and was bigger than him was not easy to hold. This Karluk brave, who could tear off his grip, was not only strong but also skilful. This terrible wrestler, who had hurt Big Yamtar's wrist, t h e fearful that he might break something of Böğü Alp. But the captain did not pay any attention to his height, weight or strength and fought a tough wrestling match. Everyone admired Böğü Alp. Everybody realised that he was a unique, great wrestler. Although the big Karluk once grabbed Böğü Alp by the waist, he could not lift him up and knock him down on the contrary, Böğü Alp knocked him down once. The wrestling was getting faster the longer it went on and harder the faster it went. Yamtar had forgotten the pain of his wrist. He was thinking why Captain Böğü Alp had not participated in wrestling in Ötüken until now. Tun- ga Tegin and Isbara Alp were standing side by side, watching with excitement. Seeing that at an unexpected moment Böğü Alp grabbed the big Karluk wrestler, threw him to the ground and won the wrestling match by touching his shoulders to the ground, Major İşbara Alp turned to Tunga Tegin. He said to him with a smile in his eyes:

- He said, "The stone is heavy in its place, Tegin!

It was time for the horse races. The horsemen who were going to leave in front of the kaghan's otaku stood four or five thousand paces ahead.

and they would come back to the otaku. Twenty horsemen from the West were entering the battle. Böğü Alp came first, followed Corporal Sançar, Corporal Alka, Corporal Yağmur and three privates. Tunga Tegin thought that they would lose the race against the famous horsemen of the Westerners and hoped for something only from Corporal Alka. Tuber, on the other hand, was sure that Captain Böğü Alp would win the race.

The horsemen lined up. The beating of the drum rose and fell three times. After the third thud, the 27 horsemen snapped their whips. 27 horses jumped like lightning. For a while they all ran in one line as if they were practising. Then gradually there were some who fell behind. Among the Westerners was Türe Tegin, the son of Tüng Yabgu Kagan. Corporal Sançar and Corporal Alka were in the lead, followed a little later by Türe Tegin and Corporal Yağmur. At the back was a Western major, and Captain Böğü Alp was a horse-length ahead of him. Halfway along, Alka passed them all.

Sanchar was trying to overtake the four Westerners running with him, but he could not succeed. Four Western horsemen were slowly overtaking him. Türe Tegin and Corporal Yağmur were running together on horseback and catching up with Sançar. Böğü Alp was struggling and overtaking the riders in front of him one by one, and the Western major behind him was keeping up with him. Now two of the three Easterners were left behind.

As he approached the brigades, Corporal Alka was at the front. As Alka grabbed one of the bricks, something unlucky happened. He dropped the brick he grabbed to the ground. Since he was the best rider in Ötüken, he immediately jumped off his horse and grabbed the brick he dropped. But in the meantime, he collided with the horse of the second coming Western Bahá'í and fell to the ground. His head quickly hit a stone and he fainted.

One by one the riders grabbed the bricks and returned. The last to arrive the Easterner. He was the last to take Corporal Alka.



When he saw him on the ground, he jumped off his horse. After gently striking his face with his whip to sober him up, he swung him up and put him on his horse. He shouted, giving him the tuque and the whip in his hand:

- Corporal! We're losing the race! After we win the race, you can die if you want, but don't faint now!

And he struck Alka's horse hard with the whip. Alka, half-awake, began to run at full speed, while Alka himself, without any hope, got back on his horse and continued the race.

On the way back, the race had intensified. Now six Westerners were running at the front, followed Corporal Yağmur, Sançar and Türe Tegin. Further back Bögü Alp was in a tug of war with five Westerners, and just behind them Corporal Alka was flying in a semi-conscious state with his life in his hands. The valiant man who had put Alka on a horse was riding at the very back. Halfway along the road, Captain Bögü Alp and Alka began to overtake the others one by one. Bögü Alp was in a terrible state. They had left Yağmur, Türe Tegin and Sançar behind. Now Türe Tegin and Corporal Yağmur were passing the others one by one. After a while it was seen that Corporal Yağmur took the lead, leaving Tegin and all those in front of him behind. Captain Bögü Alp was also overtaking the others, and Corporal Alka was following close behind. After these, the Westerners were running almost in a line. Sançar was far behind. The three Easterners were in a tight race with each other not to be left behind. Suddenly Captain Bögü Alp was seen tumbling with his horse: The horse was cracked.

Alka was slowly catching up with Yağmur. Two Eastern corporals were riding together at the front trying not to pass Tegin and other Westerners coming behind them. At one point, Yağmur saw Alka drop his whip and fall into the mane of his horse. He shouted as he hit Alka's horse with a hard whip:

- Alka! Grasp the sword tightly! Try not to faint!

Alka's horse ran like lightning, even though its owner could not manage it. Alka couldn't lift his head from the horse's mane, but he held the tuque tightly. The son of Tüng Yabgu Kagan was very close. But he could not catch up. Tegin followed by 19 Westerners. All the other Orientals were left behind. Bögü Alp was not only left behind, he was on foot. Sanjar was at the front of the Easterners who were left behind. He was whipping his horse and doing everything to overtake at least one Westerner, but he could not even maintain the gap, let alone overtake. There were three or four hundred paces to go before the end of the race. Yagmur and Alka were still going at the head of the horse. Tegin was right behind them. Rain was tired, overwhelmed. But his face was smiling as always. At one point he saw Alka sliding to the side. What was that? Alka, the best horseman of Ötüken, Alka, who had escaped from China to Ötüken without falling off his horse even though his arms tied behind his back, was now falling off his horse? Corporal Yagmur held Alka by the shoulder and put him on the mane of his horse, even though they were travelling like lightning on horseback. Alka's bright eyes were closed. It was understood that he had fainted. Rain cried out again:

- Grasp the halberd tightly!

The race was coming to an end. Türe Tegin had not passed the two Eastern corporals. Both of them finished the race in the same line in first place. Corporal Yağmur immediately jumped off his horse and knelt on the ground in front of the kagan. He planted the first prize. Tegin also jumped from his horse. He was waiting for Alka to come and put up the second place brigade to put up the third place brigade. The fourth, fifth and the next ones always came. But Alka still did not get off his horse and did not raise his head. He was tightly holding the brigade. When Tunga Tegin and Isbara Alp went to him and ordered him to dismount, they received no reply. The last one to arrive said that he had fallen and got wounded on the way.

When they learnt about it from the horseman, they wanted to take it away from him to sew his brigade. But Alka was holding it so tightly that they could not take it. Tunga Tegin wanted to raise his head to sober him up and give him a drink. Alka, who had won the race, was now looking more pensive than before. Alka's eyes no longer saw Tunga Tegin. Corporal Alka did not know that he had won the race.

Corporal Alka died for the glory of the Orientals.

## Yamtar's Discussion

**OGU** The ambassadors and their entourage were shown great hospitality. They were invited to toasts every day, and every once in a while Tüng Yabgu Khan organised a feast. In fact, at the end of a feast, Major Isbara Alp swore an oath with Barınan Beğ, one of the Western majors, and became blood brothers. Since Barınan Beğ was the brother-in-law of Tüng Yabgu Kagan

He was a respected and honoured hero in the West.

Corporal Yarntar was the most pleased and benefited from the hospitality of the Westerners. "I would have been in good shape if I had wrestled after being fed like this for forty days, but for some reason the wrestling was done early," he said to himself. Since Corporal Sançar was his closest friend and his mother here, he never left him, he sat next to him at the toys, and he ate half of Sançar's share, who was full-eyed, himself. There was no number of kisins, buttermilk, meat, dried fruits and nuts. Indeed, these Western Turks were very honourable people.

~  
..''

One morning, when Yamtar and Sanchar were travelling with Corporal Derse, who was hosting them, they saw a crowd under a big tree. Two white-bearded husbands were explaining something in broken to the people gathered around them.

tardi. Yamtar looked at Derse's face. He could not understand these strange-looking men who spoke in a broken language. Corporal Derse:

- He said, "These are priests from the Greek country. Neither Yamtar nor Sanchar could understand anything:

- Greek country? I've never heard of such a country until now.

- The country of Rum is a big country in the west. It was surrounded by great seas. They had a city called Byzantium and no one knew the number of people in it.

- What is a priest?

- A priest is their respected person. He's like our kam. He proclaims the command of their God.

Corporal Yamtar was very interested. They approached the priests.

They asked the Turks around them to ask God, Jesus Yalavach tan<sup>53</sup>, they were talking about Mary. After listening for a while, Yamtar, his curiosity piqued, asked one of the priests:

- Look at me, husband! You keep saying "Yalavac". Why don't you tell me what a henchman is...

- Yalavach is Taz:iri's messenger.

Yamtar's eyes widened in surprise:

- What is he? God's messenger? Is God a **ka&an** to be his messenger?

- God is the King of heaven and earth, of men and beasts!

Yamtar was a little more surprised:

- He said, "I have never heard that our God sends messengers.

Turning to Sanjar, he asked:

- you hear that?

- No!

The Greek priest in a heavy and slow voice:

---

<sup>53</sup> Yalavac: Prophet.

208 . Death of the Grey Wolves

- There are no separate Gods, your God and our God. God is one. He is the God of all human beings.

Yamtar asked, completely surprised:

- Is God one? Is our God the same as the God of the Chinese?

The priest smiled and replied, "Yes. Yamtar could not make up his mind about these things.

- Then which of us will this God help when we fight the Chinese?

- God does not help those who fight. For all men are brothers. God does not love those who kill their brothers.

- What did you say? Are all the Chinese like a pack of dogs my brothers? you crazy? What mother can give birth to so many brothers and sisters?

- People are brothers and sisters. Jesus said so.

- Who the hell is Jesus?

- The messenger and son of God!

Yamtar almost rolled on the floor. He scratched his cheek for a while, at a loss for words. Then he asked the priest:

- Is this Jesus the man you call a lickspittle?

- Yes!

- Since he is the son of God, he must be a very great person.

- Of course.

- he fifty fathoms tall?

- No, no, no, no, no! Isa Yalavach was just like you me.

Yamtar looked sharply at the priest. Was this bearded husband telling the truth? He could not understand this. He asked again:

- Which katun did God marry and this Jesus Yalavach was

- God has never married a katun. God does not marry.

Now Yamtar was bored. What was this dull husband saying? He asked shouting:

- Look at me, husband! Speak to me truthfully. If God didn't marry, was this Yalavach born without a mother?
- No, he had a mother. Mary gave birth to him.
- Wasn't this Mary the daughter of God?
- It was not.
- But she gave birth to her?
- She gave birth.
- Jesus is the son of God...
- Yes!

Yamtar raised his face to the sky and began to grumble:

- Jesus is the son of God. Mary gave birth to Jesus. But Mary is not the daughter of God. God is the father of Jesus. . Jesus has a mother and a father. His father is God... Mary is his mother But Mary is not the daughter of God... Jesus...

Corporal Yamtar could not finish his words. Corporal Sanchar, who had been listening to this discussion without saying a word, was frustrated by this irrationality and let out his famous laugh. Suddenly the eyes of the Turks around Pa pazla turned to Sanchar. He was participating as he always did, clutching his flanks, tears streaming from his eyes, and in between his laughter he was shouting:

- How could this old fool be born before God and Mary got married? Probably, the God of this senile man has secretly entered Maryam's hut, but he hides it from us so that Kara Kagan would not hear. Otherwise, his outcome would have been similar to Kara Budag's...

In the midst of this thunderous laughter, Yamtar shouted as he again tried to tie Sanjar, who had fallen to the ground, to a horse with the help of Corporal Derse:

- Look here, big priest! The Turkish God does not do anything against Turkish law. If your God comes to Ötüken, his work is wrong.

## On the Road to Ötüken

**K**ARA KAGAN's envoys were returning to Ötüken after two months in the Western Hand. Tunga Tegin, West Ka He had three secret meetings with his kagan and received a bitig to take to his own kagan. They received great hospitality in the Western Hand and mingled with the Western Turks. Both the kagan, the katun and the admirers had given very large gifts both to Kara Kagan and Iing Katun and to themselves. They were taking valuable gifts to Ötüken from the west, loaded on many horses. But they left Corporal Alka, the pensive-looking Uyghur Alka there.

The value of Captain Böğü Alp, who had won them in swordplay and wrestling, had increased among them. Tunga Tegin also gave Corporal Yağmur, the winner of the race, a beautiful horse with a good harness. Yumru, the horse servant, told Gumus that if the horse had not cracked, Böğü Alp would definitely have won the race, but Gumus claimed that it was impossible for him to catch up with Alka and Yagmur and that he could only come third.

On a moonlit night, they were resting by the water where they had stayed. Tunga Tegin, Isbara Alp and Böğü Alp were sitting cross-legged on the grass talking. The topic was Ötüken and the West



The measure of his hand was the unification of the two Turkic khanates and the hardship and poverty that Ötüken had suffered during these years. The conversation turned round and round to their own homes. Then, at one point, upon a question of Tunga Tegin, Isbara Alp started to tell about his own corporals. After listing their virtues<sup>54</sup> one by one:

- I consider Corporal Pars superior to the others. He is a good boy, a good thinker, he said.

Tunga Tegin and Böğü Alp at the same time:

- They asked, "Corporal Pars?

The name of Corporal Pars interested both Tunga Tegin and Böğü Alp very much. Tunga Tegin had heard the name of Pars who fought with Sen-king. Böğü Alp, on the other hand, remembered the four horsemen he had seen on his way back from Kırac Ata and Corporal Pars among them. When it occurred to the captain that one of these four men coming from Tulu Khan's side was Chinese, he felt a wolf gnawing at his insides again. Thoughts were passing through his brain at lightning speed. He could not decide whether he should tell Tunga Tegin and Isbara Alp about this matter not. Even though he knew it would be right to open it, a voice inside him was telling him not to open it, and this was making Böğü Alp feel depressed:

- Major! He asked, "Do you have a lot of confidence in this Corporal Pars?

Isbara Alp never thought he would face such a question:

- I have a lot of trust. I ordered my house to Corporal Pars until I return to Ötüken, he replied.

There was silence for a while. Then Isbara Alp asked as if he had suddenly thought of something

- Do you know Corporal Pars?

---

<sup>54</sup> Virtue: Virtue.

## 212 · Death of the Grey Wolves

- I saw him once from a distance.

Böğü Alp was thinking. Was Tulu Khan preparing a rebellion against Kara Kagan? Since Corporal Pars was under Isbara Alp's command, was Isbara Alp also involved in this? Would it be good or bad if Tulu Khan raised the tughon like this? Since the Chinese lking Katun and Sen-king were leading the Black Khan in the wrong direction, would it not be better for Ötüken to take the side of Tulu Khan?

Then he suddenly remembered Kırac Ata's words. Qirac Ata had said, "Tasa will kill the Black Khan. Böğü Alp raised his head to the sky. He seemed to see Kırac Ata again. He said 1300 years later you will be resurrected. He said your name will not be forgotten until the world ends. He said you will fight on the banks of a river. He said that great days are coming. When these last words came to his mind, the captain seemed to get excited. Then suddenly he said to the others:

- Kırac Ata asked, " you heard of my name?

To this question Tunga Tegin answered yes, Isbara Alp answered no.

Then there was a long silence. The three envoys were thinking of different things. All three of them were thinking bad things. They came to the same conclusion in different ways. The only thing they did not know was this: They all thought that they were alone in these dark thoughts and did not know that their friends were also thinking terrible things. They were silent. They never looked at the beautiful moon or the bright stars. Their eyes, immersed in the distance, saw nothing. They were only thinking. The rest of the corporals and privates on guard duty were lying on the grass, sleeping. Yumru and Gümüş, who were lying side by side, talked for a long time about the games held in front of the Western Khan, and they were tired and dozed off. At one point Yumru opened his eyes and turned to Gümüş:

- If the horse hadn't cracked, Captain Bögü Alp would have come first, he said.

Silver heard these words in her light sleep.

He answered without opening his eyes:

- No, no, no, no, no! If his horse hadn't cracked, he would have come third after Rain and Alka.

## Purchase

-- Almıla, the most beautiful daughter of TÜKEN, has won many hearts

He was hooked. Especially with Corporal Pars.

From the moment it was heard that he had killed a Chinese in a clash with the Chinese, his fame had increased, his volunteers had multiplied, and Shen-king, who was now a divisional chief, was among those who had fallen in love with him. Although no one among the Turks liked this Chinese, who had been trumpeting in Ötüken on the basis of İçing Katun, the kagan continued to keep him with an incomprehensible resistance. Sen-king had made up his mind to marry Almıla. He had learnt that Isbara Alp was very popular in Ötüken and even belonged to the family of the kagan from afar, and his love for Almıla had increased. However, things in Ötüken were not working as they were in China. Even if Almıla was not from a noble family, it was necessary to persuade her to marry him. Besides, she was both the daughter of Major Isbara Alp and a valiant girl who would not like a man easily. Only of the three officers he had brought from China remained with Sen-king. Although Sen-king wanted to take one or two Turkish officers with him in order to warm himself to the Turks, he had failed. All these things were done in order to win the favour of Almıla. But Almıla's unsmiling face was not looking at Sen-king, she only smiled a little when she saw Pars the Eleven. Sen-king

he was so enamoured with her that he almost passed out.

Finally, realising that this would be the end of him, he turned to his sister Iking Katun for guidance. Iking Katun first of all wondered whether this marriage would benefit his own family and whether his family would again ascend to the throne of kaganate in China. If Shen-king married Allya, it was certain that they would also get the help of Isbara Alp. Iking Katun advised Şen-king to enter Almila's tent for three nights in a row, talk to her and persuade her to marry him according to Turkish custom. Sen-king did not know that there was such a Turkish custom.

- He asked, "If I go into the tent, won't they say anything to me?"
- They won't. You're going in late anyway.
- Allama doesn't want me. she let you in her tent?
- That's Turkish custom. Even if the girl doesn't want you, she won't say anything. You will try to win the girl's heart with sweet language.
- What if I don't win?
- You go three nights in a row and try to win. If you are an accident-prayer, you can no longer go on the fourth night.
- These Turks are strange!
- And don't forget this: You'll be very serious with her at night in the dark. Don't get carried away with the album, they'll kill you.

Shen-king turned pale. He couldn't understand what the Turks were doing.

Even so, that night he entered Allya's tent with fear and a pounding heart. Entering the tent where Allya slept together with his mother and sisters made Shen-king nervous. He couldn't see where Allya was in the darkness, and he was trembling. After his eyes got used to the darkness, he chose Almila. On a thick felt-

216 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

lying on the bed. There was a knife at his bedside. It was the that killed Sen king's officer. Şen king's legs started to tremble when he saw it. When he looked carefully at Almıla's face, he saw that she had woken up and looking at him. He could only say "Almilal" slowly. "What do you want?" Allya asked without getting up. Sen-king knelt down beside Allya in excitement. Since his eyes were completely used to the darkness, he saw her sparkling eyes and did not know what to say. When all the people in the tent woke up and saw the situation, they closed their eyes again. Sen-king lied to Allya until the dawn. But the girl would not soften. After seeing that there was no danger for her, Sen-king felt a little reassured, but Almıla's eyes were surprised as she looked at him, and she began to tremble again. İking Katun advised him to win her favour by saying nice words. However, he did not know what to say, he only begged and begged, and then cried, but since the girl next to him was a beauty of the world, Sen-king felt great happiness from this.

Allama was always lying down. When the Chinese lord begged him, he said, "I have no heart for you." When he asked, "What shall I do to get you?" he replied, "Don't bother! Sen-king's heart was filled with despair. He realised that Almıla was disgusted with him. Katun's his brother, a Chinese tegini and a major in the Turkish army

Although he was, this girl did not want <sup>him</sup>. However, following the Turkish custom, he did not expel her from his tent, but he did not  
he was talking.

It was getting morning. It was starting to get light. Now he could see Almıla better. O God Almighty! What beauty, what dazzling handsomeness! One could not look into his eyes, but trembled with excitement at being near him! Sen-king thought he would melt as he looked at her.

tired. He could not stop himself from revealing a suspicion that came to his mind:

- Or do you have your heart set someone else?

Almaza did not answer this question, but looked at him sternly, and the Chinese leader's heart trembled. He collected himself and added:

- Tell me so I can deal with whoever he is!

Shen-king was saying these words from his heart, from the bottom of his heart. Allya turned her head and looked again. But this time it was not a sharp look, but a smile. This smile finished Sen-king. He became tearful. He didn't know what to say. Allya's smile was gone. But there still seemed to be a smile in her eyes. :

dawn, he said.

Shen-king understood. She left the tent exhausted. After that, he spent two more nights in Allya's tent.

he went to her. But he could not find his heart. In great despair he went to Iking Katun and told her what had happened and asked for help. Sen-king realised that he was deeply in love, he could see nothing but Almıla. He would endure anything for her sake. He would give up being a division chief and his dream of becoming the King of China one day. But he was telling Iking Katun that he could not give up Almıla even if the world collapsed. Katun, on the other hand, saw it from another point of view. According to him, his brother's marriage with Almıla help the realisation of his plans. Because they would be related to Isbara Alpthey would benefit from the valour and influence of Isbara Alp, who was of the kagan lineage.

Iking Katun decided to use his influence. One day a messenger came to Isbara Alp's tent and reported that Katun had summoned Allya to his court. Allama more or less understood why she was called. When she went to Katun's tent and knelt on the ground, Iking Katun greeted her with a smile.

218 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

He did. Fak.at asked many questions before entering the request. After praising Aimila's beauty, he suddenly became serious and that he wanted to take her to his brother Shen-king. The beautiful Aimila said without any hesitation: "I don't want him," she replied. Katun hesitated a little at this harsh answer:

- He asked, "Can a Tajik, a division chief, who is the brother of a Katun, be rejected?"

Katun thought that she would Allya with the weight of her position. But she did not:

- I am also the daughter of Isbara Alpshe replied... ling Katun's brow furrowed. In her brother's entourage

teach a lesson to this girl who killed one of the Chinese officers. had to be done:

- I'm ordering you to marry Shen-king!

Almila knelt on the floor:

- The order is yours. But I have a condition. I will marry the man who grabs a kid from me, who beats me in the race. According to Turkish custom, a girl can make such a condition.

Iking Katun looked angrily. Isbara Alp's daughter was teaching him wisdom. He realised that by throwing the Turkic genre into the middle, she had tied him up. Katun couldn't say anything contrary to the genre, couldn't give orders. But after all, the power of the katun had been damaged. This young girl's defiance against him, who had killed Çuluk Kagan, who had so much influence over Kara Kagan, was angering him. However, there was nothing else to do:

- Well, fine! You'll have a horse race and a goat fight!

di.

linging Katun is a match between Shen-king and the Turks that he was no match for the girl who didn't want him. He also knew that in this game it was very difficult for a boy to snatch the goat from a girl who did not want him. Because the girl would not let the boy



he could hit her face with a whip. To win a strong and brave girl like Almıla in this race, more precisely, in this stroke, is not something that every soldier can do. To prevent this, Karun was spreading a terrible rumour in Ötüken: Almıla will marry Sen-king, and if someone else takes the goat, he will be killed by Katun... The Chinese were spreading this rumour the most, whispering it secretly to everyone and saying that Almıla also wanted Sen-king. Those who had a heart for Allya had heard everything. They were not only intimidated, but their blood rushed to their brains when they heard the name of Shen-king. Corporal Pars, who had been assigned to look after the tent of Isbara Alp by the order of Isbara Alp, learnt what was going on his favour for Shen-king increased.

- The day of capricorn grabbing become a day numbered for Ötüken. Those who wanted to marry Almıla were more than a hundred people. Most of those who wanted to take Almıla were captains and corporals. The highest ranked of them was division chief Shen-king. But he, too, was confused about what to do among so many Turkish horsemen, and his colour turned yellow with excitement. He relied only on his rank and the fact that he was Katun's brother. But his hopes were dashed by the fact that despite the terrible rumour spread by Iking Katun, so many braves did not hesitate to ask for Almıla.

The horsemen formed in ranks on the field. Rank order of formation

so Shen-king was at the head of the line. He had two majors with him. Then came the captains and corporals. Corporal Pars was towards the end. Since Sen-king's horse was a good horse from the kagan stable, he hoped that he would catch up with Almıla quickly. But the problem was to take the kid from his hand. Shen-king saw the other person as a girl, and when he thought of a girl, he of frail and gentle Chinese girls. To snatch a goat from the hands of Turkish girls, especially a tall, strong, powerful and indomitable girl like Almıla, especially when Almıla did not want it.

to do... The more he thought about it, the more faint Sen-king felt. There was a silence in the field. It seemed to Shen-king that it was only the beating of his own heart that broke the silence.

Soon the beautiful Almaza appeared. She was riding on a grey horse, holding a slaughtered goat in her arms and riding towards the field. All eyes were turned towards her. There was an indescribable, strange hardness, a terrible meaning in these gazes. This hardness in the gaze of those who loved Almila was not against her, but against the unworthy Shen-king and Shen-king's sister, Iking Katun, who wanted to take her away from them unjustly.

Almila was travelling and down in front of the horsemen, looking carefully at the people waiting for her. While everyone except Shen-king was looking at the beauty of the world, the Chinese lord was standing on guard with a tight grip on the reins. Almila was passing in front of the horsemen again, twenty or thirty paces apart from them. As she passed by Corporal Pars, the way she smiled through her eyes made those who saw her smile ache and burn inside. They realised that Corporal Pars was liked and wanted. But they would not be deterred from fighting to the end...

At this interval something happened that no one expected: When Allya rode up to the head of the line, a drum beat, and it was seen that Shen-king, who had been on his guard, was fast towards Allya. The drum beat prematurely. Allama, the horseman-  
The drum could not be beaten and the horsemen could not chase her before she passed in front of them nine times and started to run away. The drum beating at the moment when Alila was closest to Shen-king was surely a trick. Those who looked at the drum saw that a Chinaman, one of the Khan's horse servants, was in charge of it, and they realised that this was a trick.

in which they realised it was a cunning ploy by the katun.

Almaza was also among those who were surprised. But when she saw that Shen-king was approaching towards her, she turned her horse back and started to gallop away. There was no order, no law anymore. They were not going to lose Almila to the Chinese in front of their eyes... All of them put spurs to their horses and took off. A horse clatter covered the whole area. Since all the horsemen were running towards the same target, they soon became tight and narrow. In order to prevent this, some of them started to make a big curve outside the other horsemen. Corporal Pars, on the other hand, broke through the horsemen in front of him and ran towards Almila.

Almila could not go very fast at first because she could not get up to speed with the goat in her arms. Sen-king, who was riding the best horse and had taken off before everyone else, came quite close to her. There was a gap of eight to ten paces between him and Almila. This was slowly closing. The other horsemen were coming like mad twenty or thirty paces behind. Allya looked behind her: Chinese beg was getting closer to her and the others were getting closer to her. She looked behind her with her eyes: She saw Corporal Pars. When their eyes met, it was as if a secret light came out from both of their eyes and this light travelled like an arrow and settled in the heart of the other.

Almila was in no hurry. Shen-king had caught up and was trying to align himself with her on his right. Eventually he succeeded. Now it was time to grab the goat. The foremost of those behind were still about fifteen steps away from them. Corporal Pars, with his sharp gaze fixed on the two of them, was running around all the time. Finally the exciting moment came: Sen-king leaned towards Almi la's horse to grab the goat. But as soon as he stooped down, he fell back and fell on his own horse. Almyla hit him hard in the face with her whip and he didn't know what hit him.

## 222 - Death of the Grey Wolves

Sen-king, too, had fallen into the mane of his horse in pain. With this, he had lost Almıla. Because his horse, which he could not manage at all, had taken him out of the race field and left the square to the others.

Major Ay Beğ and Corporal Pars were very close to Almıla. Ay Beğ was between Almıla and Pars, trying not to let Pars get close. All the other horsemen were trying to get in front of Almıla by passing to the right and left. Ay Beğ, who was very agile, approached Almıla and the goat. Now both of them were running side by side, pulling the goat. Ay Beğ was slowly taking the goat. But Almıla did not let go. He started to hit his hand with his whip. In the first hit the goat was snatched from Almıla's hand

he survived. On the first hit, Ay Beğ's hand was covered in blood. he loosened the pressure. After the third and fourth strokes, he released the goat. Pars was one or two steps behind and again on Ay Beğ's left. After a quick glance at his surroundings, Almıla suddenly reared his horse and turned back and galloped. All the horsemen the same. Now a run was started towards where they came from. A little to the right of Allama

Ay Beğ was going after her, and Pars was chasing her on her right. Those on Almıla's left stayed a little further behind they had done it. That's why Allya was wheeling her horse to the left. Corporal Pars getting angry now. His brow was furrowed. Because he had made his dangerous decision. He relied on his veteran horse for this. Spurring his horse madly, he gave his last speed and as he approached Ay Beğ's horse, he made him jump. This was a mighty jump. The horse jumped unbelievably, jumped over Ay Beğ and fell down next to Almıla and continued to run. Now they were going side by side with Almıla. Pars took the goat in his hand. Allya didn't move at all, she only sped up her horse more. After a while the goat was in Corporal Pars' lap. Start running...

they came side by side as far as they could. All the horsemen were behind them. Only Shen-king had disappeared.

Almalla and all the horsemen got off their horses. Pars took Almila by the shoulder and pulled her towards him. He kissed her cheeks:

- Happy engagement, daughter of Isbara AlpMajor Ay Beğ was smiling. He showed his bleeding hand-

Rec:

- Allama! You were going to leave me without hands! A joking captain interjected:

- Even if I regret not getting Almila, I'll be glad I didn't eat her whip. Corporal Pars is going to suffer!

Then they all shouted in honour of Almila and Corporal Pars and wished good luck and blessings.

## Drinking Katun

**K**ATUN was resentful when he heard that his brother could not win despite the cheating. Almıla's marriage with Pars to prevent him from doing so. Otherwise, his plans would fail and he would lose a great trump card like Isbara Alp. He knew that Isbara Alp would soon become the head of the division when the envoys arrived from the west. Staying away from the help of a divisional chief like Isbara Alp would be an unpayable loss. Therefore, Iking Katun wanted to find a way to take Almıla to his brother by any means possible. The Chinese people, who were the horse servants of the kaghan and served as his attendants, followed Almıla with Corporal Pars, and reported to Iking Katun day by day where they went and what they did.

One day the katun ordered his horse servants and announced that he was going for a ride. very ornate and beautiful horse was prepared for him. He went for a ride, accompanied by a major and seven or eight soldiers. No one knew where he was going. Katun rode slowly, occasionally calling the major who came after him and talking to him about something. On this day Katun a smile on his lips.

Nobody knew what was going on in his head. So they came to a wood and suddenly Alilla and

They were in front of Pars. The two fiancés had left their horses and were talking. When they saw Katun, they bowed to the ground. Katun spoke directly to Pars:

- you Corporal Pars?
- Yes, katun!
- Are you going to marry Almila?
- Yes katun!
- What would you ask me to give up Almila?

Corporal Pars' eyebrows furrowed. His eyes glazed over. His voice became tough:

- Katun! Even if you give me the Chinese kaganate, I won't give up Allya!

It Iching Katun's turn to get angry:.

- Corporal! Are you disobeying the cleric's order? I'm ordering you to let Allya go!

- No, katun! I won't leave Allama!
- Are you disobeying my command?
- Yes!

Iching Katun had his wish. Turning to the major:

- "Hold this!" his final command.

Receiving orders from the major to capture Pars, the soldiers dismounted their horses and marched towards him to hold him, while the corporal drew his sword:

- He shouted, "Don't behave!"

While the soldiers paused for a moment to draw swords, Almila jumped on her horse with a leap. Snapping her whip, she attacked the horses whose owners had dismounted and started to whip and chase them. Pars realised the situation. With great agility, he jumped on his horse and rushed into the çerile who were on foot. He dispersed them with one or two sword strokes. He wounded a few of them. Then the major, seeing that it was his duty to fight with Pars, rode towards Pars. They started to fight on horseback. After driving and dispersing the soldiers' horses, Almila came back to the fighting place. He fought with the soldiers on foot.

## 226 .Death of the Grey Wolves

He was riding on them and preventing them from attacking Pars. Iking was watching with anger, hatred and fear this fight that was taking place in front of her eyes, but not at all in her favour. Oh, that karganish<sup>55</sup> Allya! If she hadn't interfered, Pars would have been caught by now. Katun felt both anger and jealousy towards this beautiful and skilful heroine, and these two contradictory feelings made him very sad.

Both the pars and the major were wounded. When Katun saw that the situation was bad, he ordered the major to stop the shooting. They separated. Pars was panting and glaring at Katun. Katun:

- You will see the consequences of disobeying Katun's command! he shouted.

Pars smiled:

- All that matters is getting into the gilt. One day before, one day after...

With a signal, Katun put the major behind him and turned round, while the soldiers on foot started to call their horses with whistles. Pars also set off, taking Allya with him.

-

- -

Before this news spread to Ötüken, the news of the return of the envoys to the Western Khan had spread, and the envoys returned towards sunset. Almila told her father about the events of the day, and Isbara Alp called Corporal Pars to talk to him. During the movement arising from the arrival of the envoys, when the kagan ordered the capture of Corporal Pars in the darkness, the Yasavuls could not find him. Because Pars and Almila had brought good pu-

---

<sup>55</sup> She's messed up: Melfun.



Having taken satellites and two spare horses, they fled to the land of the Western Khan, to Major Barınan Bey, the ancestor of Isbara Alp.

The escape of Pars caused the puzzle in Captain Bögü Alp's mind to become a little tighter. Because the day after they arrived in Ötüken, when Bögü Alp came to Major İşbara Alp's tent and asked for Almıla, he received the answer that she was engaged to Corporal Pars, and when he heard the name of Corporal Pars, he remembered the Corporal Pars he had seen on his way back from Kırış Ata. Suddenly all his old suspicions were revived and he asked the major:

- Where's Corporal Pars? Can't I see him right away?
- Corporal Pars escaped with Almıla.

Bögü Alp had been thinking about Almıla for months. He hoped that Isbara Alp would give him his daughter after the games played in front of the Western Khan and that Almıla would not refuse. But now? All his hopes were dashed in an instant, and besides, he could not get a good look at Corporal Pars. Bögü Alp a fatigue he had never felt before. Then he talked something with Isbara Alp and left the tent.

-

A few days later, Captain Bögü Alp married Gun Yaruk, the second daughter of Isbara Alp...

## Steppe law

it was sad. Cool, even harsh winds were blowing in Ötüken. Four G andas, namely Yamtar, Sanchar, Sulemiş and Gök Börü were gathered in Corporal Sülemiş's tent, drinking koumiss. They were remembering their comrades who were no longer with them; Corporal Buğra who drowned in the flood, Corporal Kara Buda.k who was executed, Corporal Arık Buka who died at the Chinese fence and Corporal Pars who ran away. Especially Pars's incompleteness was very evident. They did not know for sure where he had gone. Yamtar thought it was possible that he had gone there because he was at the same time with Major Isbara Alp and Major Barınan Beğ in the west.

Sulemicised:

- He said, "I am afraid that Pars's escape with Almıla should not prevent our major from becoming a division commander.

Corporal Gök Börü in his usual angry mood:

- It can be done. Iching Katun holds the reins!

Corporal Yamtar was wondering whether there would be a famine in Ötüken this winter. Besides, there was no Çalık in Ötüken this year who would give his rabbit to Yamtar after being defeated in a wrestling match. Poor Yamtar was already miserable with the dreams of the abundant and sweet food he had eaten in the West Hand. Sanjar, as was his custom, sat with a sullen face and did not interfere;

he drank very little koumiss. Meanwhile, the footsteps of a horse were heard. Sülemiş jumped out to see who it was. A little later he came in with Corporal Burgucan. Bur guçan was smiling:

- He said, "I bring you news that you will be glad to hear, what it is?

Sulemish was thrown out:

- an influx to China?

- Id. Yamtar

asked:

- gift of food from the Chinese khan?

- It is not.

Sky Börü interjected:

- Is Iking Katun dead?

- You didn't know...

Sanchar was silent again. Yamtar turned to him:

- Sanjar! We didn't know. You guess! Sanjar snapped

back:

- I don't give fuck!

Burgucan satisfied your curiosity:

- Isbara Alp became a divisional commander. From now on he will be called Isbara Khan.

At these words, all of them, except Sançar, smiled, and Burgucan continued:

- Captain Böğü Alp became a major. Corporal Yağmur became a captain.

Yamtar drank another pint of mulled wine in one gulp and then spoke his mind:

- All in their place. All three of them deserved it. There's just one thing missing.

- What's missing?

- I'd like to be a corporal.

- Satiety is not a rank so that the kagan can give it to you!

- If the kagan doesn't give me satiety, can't he also give me a lot of <toklui56? I would be free from hunger this winter.

They really liked this news. The koumiss was being drunk all along. Burguchan didn't drink any more from a pine, he left their side, jumped on his horse and rode northwards. This ride was not without reason. He was going to pick up a girl he had had his heart set on for two years.

Corporal Burguchan his horse. Then he trotted. He would reach his destination at nightfall.

Halfway along the road, he found the woods ahead to be a convenient place to take a break, and as he rode towards it, he realised that the woods were not empty because of the horses he saw there. A young woman and a man had dismounted from their horses and were probably resting. There a few more people on the ground at a distance. When Burguchan reached them, the man looked at him with distrustful eyes. It was clear that he did not like this arrival. As Burguchan got off his horse, the stranger asked in a deep voice:

- Who are you? What are you doing here?
- They call me Burguchan. Who are you?
- Corporal Pars!

Burguchan wanted to cut the conversation short and lie down to rest. But the other one was dragging it out:

- What brings you here?
- To get a girl...
- They don't give him girls easily.

Burguchan smiled:

- I know how to take it.

Then Corporal Pars suddenly roared:

- You're crazy, aren't you? It's not like I don't know you've been after me for days. I'll show you what it means to chase Corporal Pars. Hurry up, or you'll get pregnant!

Pars drew his sword with lightning speed, so did Burguchan. The swords touched. The young woman stood on the shore, watching the strike. :

In this endless steppe, a life-and-death battle was now taking place. According to the immutable law of the steppe, two men would fight and clash here for an ideal, an idea, an amusement or for nothing, in the end one, maybe both, would fall never to get up again, and the insatiable steppe would continue its life by making the body of the fallen one food.

Lightning flashed as the swords clashed together, the war-uran<sup>57</sup> shouted as the strikers attacked, and the young woman looked on in horror as they fought. After Burguchan blocked one of the other's attacks, you swung a sword. This time the sword found its mark and cut a deep from Pars' right temple to his chin. Blood flowed down his clothes, but he did not pay any attention and continued the fight at a greater speed. As Burguchan started the fight tiredly, he started to stop and started to breathe. He got more tired after a hit of Pars pierced his chest and blood started to leak. They separated and breathed for a while. Then they attacked each other again and continued to fight. They were fighting a wide area, jumping back and forth. At the hardest moment of the fight, it was seen that the sword fell from Burguçan's hand, and he jumped back a step and grabbed the knife. The knife slipped out of its scabbard with a hard pull flew three steps towards Pars. Pars fell on his knees with the knife in his chest. But with great valour he brought his left hand to the handle of the knife. After grasping and pulling it out, he threw it to Burgu bell. He attacked Burguçan, who staggered with the pain of the knife stuck in his shoulder, and made a fierce fight with the sword. Corporal Burguchan fell to the ground with a fall like a log. Holding his chest with both hands, he moaned.

---

<sup>57</sup> Uran: Password.

Corporal Pars could hardly stand, he was staggering. After sheathing his bloody sword with difficulty, he walked towards his horse. After respectfully mounting the young woman who had watched the fight without making a sound, he jumped on his horse. Even though he was covered in blood, he rode towards the men who appeared ahead. After a while they all disappeared into the horizon.

It was evening. A horseman was coming towards the place where Burgucan was lying. Looking with sharp eyes from a distance, he saw a horse standing without a rider, and when he came a little closer, he saw someone lying on the ground. Then he galloped forward and jumped on the ground next to Burgu çan. This rider was Major Böğü Alp. When he looked at the unconscious wounded, he recognised Corporal Burgucan. He held the wounded man's head with his hand and called out:

- Corporal! Corporal! What have you become?

Burgucan opened his eyes with a groan. He recognised Böğü Alp...

it

w

as:

- I obeyed the law of the steppe. I'm going to Tann, binba-

shi! - What doing here?

- I was going to the girl I love.

- Why did you hit?

- I don't know.

Böğü Alp's brows furrowed. Burgucan seems to be a respectable-tired. He asked again:

- Who hurt you?

- Corporal Pars.

- What's that? Corporal Pars?

- Yes!

- there a pretty girl with him?

- Yes!

- Can you describe this corporal to me?

Helix was turning yellow. The blood draining from his veins. He closed his eyes. Bögü Alp repeated his question. The corporal could hardly open his eyes:

- I gave him a long sword wound in the face, temple to chin.

The corporal's eyes closed again. His voice was slowing down:

- He said the girl I love shouldn't wait for me anymore.

Bögü Alp saw the wounded man in his arm smiling and mumbling something. The only word he could hear was "Steppe law".

.. \*

The law had taken Burguchan from his sons who obeyed the law.

## Tulu Khan

TULU Khan was sitting in his ottoman, thinking. An admirer was standing front of him, looking at Tulu Khan's pale and pale face. Tulu Khan, who had been ruling the northern regions of Eastern Turkelia for two yearshad developed a grudge against his uncle Kara Khanhad grown become unbearable. Iking Katun, who had killed her father, was not punished. Moreover, his uncle had taken this woman to the throne and usurped his right to be kagan. Tulu Khan could not forgive this. decided to take the throne of the kaganate, he'd designed the work he was going to do.

At one point, he lifted his eyes from the floor and looked at his favourite:

- He said they were late.

I like it, after getting a state of respect:

- I've just sent another messenger. We'll almost have , he replied.

Then a long time passed in dull silence.

Tulu Khan was now wandering around in the otaku. It was clear that he was very bored. He was talking to his favourite without looking at him:

- news from Ötüken?

- Yes. The envoys have returned from the Khan of the West.

- Did the two kings come to an agreement?



- Nobody knows that.

At this time, the sound of horses was heard outside. Tulu Khan looked up. The eyes of the beloved shone:

- They have arrived.

A messenger entered and knelt on the floor:

- The Chinese lady is here, Khan!

Tulu Khan orders to his favourite:

- Take the lady to the lodge prepared for her. Have Mud Beg and Chang-su come here.

Major Chamur Beğ was one of the most favourite admirers of Chuluk Khan. After his death, he remained loyal to his son Tulu Khan and was deeply resentful that Tulu Khan did not become kagan.

A little later, Mud-lik and Chinese Chang-su were standing in front of the khan. The khan's pale face was radiant. He was smiling for the first time in months:

- He said, "Tell me, Mud Beg, what happened?"

The major took out a bitig from his bosom and presented it to the khan:

- Everything happened as you commanded, Khan! We had a talk with the Chinese dauphin. He sent you a lady of his kinswoman as a konchuy<sup>58</sup>. He said he would help you to become the khan of Ötüken. He will also ask for your help when necessary.

The Khan has turned Chinese:

- You tell me! Chiang-su bowed with a grin:

- The Chinese dauphin She-min sent you 10 bags of money. He did not send any other gift so that it would be heavy and not stand out.

- How was the journey?

- We've had a few close calls. Two Chinese servants died.

- How?

- We were raided.

---

<sup>58</sup> Konchuy: Princess wife.

236 . Death of the Grey Wolves

Tulu Khan looked at Mud Beg's face. The major grimaced:

- It's nothing that Chinese servants died. One of our privates died. Almost all of us were wounded.

Tulu Khan amazed:

- You fought a big war?

- No, Khan! We fought with a brave Yavuz. We met at night.

- Bahadur was the only one who did all this work?

- Yes, han.

- Who is this yavuz bahadır?

- We didn't find out. He attacked us at night. We fought with arrows and swords. He killed three of us. He wounded many of us. We fought him off with difficulty.

- What did he want from you?

- We don't know.

Tulu Khan thought for a while and then asked them both:

- Do you have a wish? Mud Beg  
has kneeled on the ground:

- My wish is for your health.

Chiang-su kneeled on the  
ground:

- Tulu Khan! You offered money to those who helped to bring the conch. I wish you would give me this money.

Tulu Khan threw a pouch at the Chinese.

-  
...

next morning, Tulu Khan summoned Chamur Beg to his otgah:

- Major! You served me as you served my father, the Khan. I will repay you one day. Now I expect a new service from you.

- You are in charge.

- You will go to Ötüken to meet my brother Kür Şad and give him this bitik.

Tulu Khan the bitik in his hand to Mudur Beğ:

- You will also tell him that I will go to war for the throne of Ötüken and ask for his help.

- You are in charge.

- You will also tell him that everything is prepared, that I have married a Chinese conch, and that I will be helped by the Chinese dauphin She-rnin. Then you will send me the answer you have received from him as soon as possible.

- You are in charge.

- To do this, the best of the men you took with you when you went to fetch the concierge.  
spend it where it's \_ needed.

Tulu Khan handed a full pouch to Mudur Beg. After the major took the bag, he knelt on the ground:

- Your order will be fulfilled!

-  
- -

Soon three horsemen were galloping on the road to Ötüken.

## Solved Riddle

**INBAŞI** BöGü ALPreturning from the toy given by Tunga Tegin

He stopped by the shopping centre **on his** way. Tunga Tegin toy  
At the end he had given five silver pieces each to his guests and  
BöGü Alp wanted to buy something for his brother Gün Yaruk with  
this piece of silver. But he could not find anything useful. BöGü  
Alp was about to leave the shop because he could not find anything  
to buy when his eyes fell on someone ahead. He thought he  
recognised him. But he could not recognise him. That man, who  
was obviously a Bahadır, had left the shopping centre before him.  
BöGü Alp absent-mindedly walked out of there and walked  
towards his own tent. Just as he was approaching his tent, a man he  
met attracted his attention. There was nothing unusual about this  
man. There were only the conspicuous traces of a recent wound  
from his right temple to his chin. Major BöGü Alp suddenly  
remembered Corporal BurguÇan's words. BurguÇan had said that  
he had fought with Corporal Pars and that Pars had inflicted a deep  
wound on his face from his temple to his chin. When Pars' name  
flashed through his mind, BöGü Alp focused his attention on him  
and remembered Corporal Pars whom he had seen on his way back  
from KiraÇ Ata. It was him. Only he was a bit tired and sore. But  
what was Corporal Pars doing here?

Everyone had heard that he had fled from Ötüken after İçing Katun.  
What if he did? ...

Bögü Alp had arrived in front of his tent. He quickly went inside.  
He summoned Day Yaruk:

- Day Yaruk! You know your brother-in-law Corporal Pars, don't you?

- I recognise him.

- Look, he's walking past the gazebo. He's got a big arse on his face.  
a gunshot wound.

Day Yaruk rushed. He opened the door felt of the tent and looked.  
He saw the man with the scarred face:

- He said, "This is not my brother-in-law Pars. Bögü Alp was surprised; he asked:

- Did you get a good look?

- I have seen it.

Jumping out of the tent, he followed behind the man with the wounded face and caught up with him:

- He asked, "t you Corporal Pars?

The man with the scarred face suddenly paused. He looked at Bögü Alp with suspicious eyes:

- He answered, "Yes!

- We're brothers-in-law.

- I don't have a brother-in-law.

- Aren't you one of Isbara Khan's corporals? Isn't your sister-in-law Allama?

- No!

Bögü Alp was surprised. They looked at each other for a while.  
Bögü Alp started to speak again:

- Then tell me: What did you kill Corporal Burgucan for?

- Corporal Burgucan?

- Yes.

- I don't recognise him.

- How could you not recognise Bur- guçan, who inflicted that scar on your face?

240 . Death of the Grey Wolves

The man with the scarred face startled. He stiffened:

- Who are you? Why do you keep asking me questions?

di.

- I'm Major Bögü Alp. I suspect you.

Aren't you Tulu Khan's man? Aren't you Corporal Pars who passed by the Pointed Rocks along the Selenge with two Turks and a Chinese?

Corporal Pars reached for his sword. Just at this moment, a messenger was seen galloping ahead. The messenger was making way. Because the kagan and his entourage were coming fast behind him. Bögü Alp and Pars had to make way in a hurry. But they were separated from each other, one staying on one side and the other on the other.

The kagan was travelling along, followed by a number of elders and messengers. Those who were on the way greeted him by kneeling on the ground: After the kagan retreated, Bögü Alp looked in the opposite direction. Pars, the head of the ten, had disappeared.

-

- -

That night three horsemen were travelling northwards along the Selenge. One of them was Major Mudur Beğ. He was talking to Corporal Pars:

- Corporal! Do you know no-one's behind us?

- I know, Major!

- If they fall behind us and we have to fight, our situation will not be good. Last time, although we were so many, only Bögü Alp killed three of us.

- That's true. And I don't know how he saw me in the woods by the Selenge.

- If Bögü Alp was not Kür Şad's man, I would be suspicious of him, but he is not. Kür Shad did not accept Tulu Khan's offer.

- Even if Kür Shad does not accept Tulu Khan's offer, he will not tell this to the Khan. He doesn't like the Khan either.

It was a cold night. The wind was blowing hard. Major Mud beğ looked at Pars with a smile:

- Do know why Bögü Alp is so interested in you?

- No, no, no.

- He was confusing you with his brother-in-law, Corporal Pars. There was a corporal Pars of Isbara Khan who married Isbara Khan's eldest daughter Almıla and then fled to the west. Bögü Alp had not seen this Pars. He heard your name from wherever he heard it and thought you were his brother-in-law. If he had not thought so, you would have been finished.

- Bögü Alp now learnt the real situation?

- He found out, but it was too late.

- Why?

- Because he is now lying wounded in his otbah. Pars looked at Mud Beg's face, not understanding anything.

The Major solved the riddle:

- After he lost you, started looking for you and tracked you down. That's when he met me. He would have recognised me. We came face to face that night, sword to sword. When he looked at me as if he wanted to recognise me, I shot an arrow at him and when I saw him fall, I came to find you without waiting any longer.

## Scepticism

**RADAN** two years have passed. The people of Ötüken clawed with poverty  
They spent two summers and two winters together. I don't think

anything's going to happen.  
it was me. But nothing was happening. There a situation of people  
who wanted to run in their dreams, but could not run.

One day in 624, one of the favourites entered the room of Kara Kagan and knelt on the floor. He reported that the old Chinese kagan was tired of the Turkish raids, that he was thinking of destroying Siganfu, his capital city, so that the Turks would not attack, and that the son of the Chinese kagan, She-min, was against this idea.

Since his ascension to the throne, Kara Kagan had been thinking in doubts that would not leave him. First of all, he knew that he was under the influence of Iking Katun, but he could not shake off this influence. He also understood that Shen-king had been a repellent and instigator in Ötüken, but he tolerated it in order not to offend Katun's favour. In order to prevent the anger of the people of Ötüken, he made raids to China from time to time, but these raids did not bring as much satisfaction and profit as he had hoped.



A month passed in this hesitation and indecision. One day, Tunga Tegin entered the kagan's otbah and reported that a raid to China was absolutely necessary for satisfaction.

- Will Tulu Khan come with us to the raid?
- He will surely come after the Khan's command.
- Send word to Tulu Khan. We'll raid in five days.

-

In the next three days, the kagan received the likes three times and talked at length. Iking Katun and division chief Shen-king were present at these talks. No one knew what was said between them. But when the kagan announced that he was going to raid China, the eyes of all the Turks lit up.

A few days later the Turkish army was advancing rapidly towards the south. Kür Şad, Tunga Tegin, İşbara Khan and Şen king were at the command of the kaghan at the head of one division each. Tulu Khan was also coming with his own troops.

This army spread fear and death in China and stood against the Chinese wall. Breaking through the wall, it split into several branches and flowed southwards. Then it gathered again and headed towards the Chinese capital. The Chinese people were fleeing in droves and the Chinese soldiers were trying to escape from death and captivity by taking shelter in fortresses.

In the Chinese capital there was confusion born of fear. No one knew what to do or what to do. There was a panic in the palace too. - Some of the Chinese officers ran away and hid in hiding places. The only one who did not fall into panic and lost his composure was the son of the Chinese khan, She-min.

Kara Kagan, which he has selected from the most selective of his work 1

O

marching straight at She-min with a thousand men. This selection

There were almost all division chiefs, majors, captains, corporals, corporals in the army. Tulu Khan was also with them. But it was raining so much that they were all soaked to the skin. The rain never stopped, soaking into their bones, and worst of all, loosening their bows and rendering them useless.

When 100 horsemen, the vanguard of the army, reached the "Seven Dragon Hill", they found part of the Chinese army there. They were so frustrated with the Turks that the appearance of the Turkish vanguard was enough to shake the Chinese army and provoke an uproar.

She-min realised that his own troops would escape. To prevent this, something extraordinary had to be done. He had no time to think long and hard, so he summoned his aide-de-camp and immediately ordered a few valiant officers and about a hundred soldiers to separate. He ordered another officer to rush to the main Chinese army in the rear, ordering it to form in battle array and advance slowly.

He rode towards the kagan with about a hundred troops behind him. The kagan standing where three bricks were erected. She-min approached the Turkish army at a hundred and fifty paces. Not a sound was in the Turkish army except the sound of rain. She-min shouted from a hundred and fifty paces:

- Is the Black Khan there?

Dilmach translated these words aloud into Turkish and responded with the command of the kagan:

- The Black Khan is here.

- I am She-min, the son of the Chinese khan and the Tsing minister! We owe you nothing. Why are you plundering our country?

He was silent. He wanted to see what kind of reaction his words caused. But when Dilmach translated these words into Turkish, he realised that all Turks, especially the kagan, stood like stones.

he saw. There was no movement between them. their horses were silent and motionless.

She-min got up from his horse and backed away. The great Chinese army was slowly approaching. Then he shouted again:

- If we fight, the soldiers will die. What is the use of spilling so much innocent blood? That's why I'm here with a hundred horsemen. I've come to fight the Khan one on one. Whoever is defeated will be defeated!

After Dilmaç translated these words into Turkish, the ka ğan's face changed. It became strange. He smiled. Black Ka ğan was smiling for the first time in his life.

She-min was enraged that the Khan did not deign to answer him and smiled. The Turkish Khan was insulting him and laughing at him. But this was no time for anger. If he did not win the case by intimidation, Chinese state might collapse. He rode towards Tulu Khan, whose tug he saw in the distance. He shouted:

- Tulu Khan! We had an alliance with you. I helped you... you forgotten the vow you made? Do you want fight me head to head and defeat me or make defeat depend on this fight?

Tulu Khan never answered. He bowed his head. The first smile on the Black Khan's face had disappeared, and now he frowned and turned towards Tulu Khan. All the elders next to Kara Kagan were looking at Tulu Khan. Especially Kür Shad ... There was lightning in his eyes and thunderbolts in his brain. It meant that his brother had told the truth when he sent him the news, that he had done this despicable thing... Tulu Khan was silent, not looking at anyone. Why was silent? Suspicion had crept into the Black Khan's mind. So Tulu Khan had made a deal with the son of the Chinese khan.

None of the elders understood anything. Only Major Böğü Alp had a knot in his head untied.

Since he was closest Tulu Khan, he was staring at him, studying him. Gradually a dark spot in his brain began to light up. Looking carefully, his eyes fell on a major behind Tulu Khan. This was the major he had seen on his way back from Kırış Ata, the one he had fought in the dark after Corporal Burguan had been killed. This was the major he had seen in the shopping centre, the one who had wounded him with an arrow. So this major, who was Tulu Khan's man, had united the son of the Chinese kagan with Tulu Khan and acted as an ambassador and mediator between them. Because he did these evil deeds in secret, he was determined to destroy anyone who got in his way.

When Bg Alp looked a little further back, he saw Corporal Pars and that was it. Now there was no more dark spot. To be more certain, he searched Ishbara Khan with his eyes. Isbara Khan

♦ was standing about fifty paces ahead of him. Bg Alp He approached him without making any noise. He pointed to the bead standing behind Tulu Khan and asked if he recognised him. Isbara Khan said that this was Major Chamur Beg. He did not recognise Corporal Pars, who was standing further back with a sword wound on his face.

There was a deep silence in the Turkish army. Kara Khan was thinking. He saw the great Chinese army coming from behind. His own great army was far behind. The rains that had been falling for a long time had loosened the bowstrings. No arrows could be shot with these bows. What about She-min's words? So Tulu Khan had agreed with him.

Just at this moment Tulu Khan said something to the likes next to him, and a little later Tulu Khan's troops retreated about 200 paces and stopped. The Black Khan had no doubts left. Even if he started himself, Tulu Khan would not help. To fight so far away from tken, inside China, with beams that did not shoot arrows and a Chinese army with a sword... The Khan could not tolerate this. He ordered Tunga

and sent it to Tulu Khan. Tulu Khan was chosen as an envoy by the kagan and sent to the Chinese army. Soon Tulu Khan went to the Chinese palace for peace, while the Turkish army was rapidly retreating towards the north.

The soldiers were speechless. After so much fatigue and labour, they were returning home empty-handed. The eyebrows of the elders were furrowed. They resented the Kaghan's indecision. Major Bögü Alp was whistling his whistle while looking at the sky, 4<It seems that God has closed the eyes of the kaghan. He has entrusted his most important work to his mortal enemy," he thought.

China was saved.

## Corporal Sulemish

-- things going wrong again in TÜKEN. Starvation

He said. On is one of those who suffered the most this winter. was Sulemish. corporal with his two younger brothers, mother, sister-in-law and three small children was in a lot of trouble. He could not get his affairs in order and could not get rid of hunger. He was selling whatever valuables he got during the Chinese looting one by one, finding meat, koumiss and kurut in return, trying not to starve his house to death, and occasionally going hunting. On a day when the last crumbs in the house were gone, Corporal Sülemiş jumped out of his tent and went to the forest in search of food. It was an unfortunate day. He could only hunt one rabbit until the evening. As he was absent-mindedly returning to take it home, someone suddenly appeared in front of him. It was clear that the bag hanging around his neck was full of food.

- He said, "You're Corporal Sulemish, aren't you?"

- Yes!

- You don't have any food at home, do you?

- .

- My bag is full of food. I'll give you this food if you do what I say.

Corporal Sulemish smiled, stroking his knife:

- Say, what are these works?

- They are easy jobs. In addition to this food, you'll get some money.

Corporal Sülemiş and the man opposite him exchanged glances. He was a well-dressed, well-armoured soldier with a good ambush.

- The map is yours. There are no goods in Ötüken, so the map will pass.

What's in that bag?

- It's full of dry-roasted meat. There's a small pot of koumiss.

- Oh, that's good. So, tell me, what is it I'm going to ?

The well-dressed young man moved a little closer to Corporal Sülemiş and lowered his voice:

- You're from Isbara Khan's division, right?

- Yes!

- I want you to find out how many soldiers, how many corporals, how many captains there are in Isbara Khan's division and tell me.

Sülemiş's eyes widened:

- Does that count as private?

- You can't count them one by one.

- And how do I count?

- You will learn from the corporals and captains the number of men under your command.

Sülemiş put his hand to his forehead. He thought about something. Then he asked the man in front of him:

- Who are you? Why don't you count it yourself and make me count it?

Beriki laughed:

- Don't ask who I am. And don't try to find out why I want this information. Just tell me: Do you accept what I say or not?

Sülemiş began to think. He could not understand why the other man wanted to know these things, why he was trying to give him plenty of food and money.

250 - Death of the Grey Wolves

Seeing his indecision, the other man started to speak again:

- Corporal Sulemish! Do you want to be a captain?

- I would like to.

- Then do as I say.

Sulemish was surprised:

- Look at me! You sound like Ishbara Khan or Kur Shad. Is it in your hands to make me a captain? After all, how do you know my name? I don't know you...

- I know you. I'm not Kur Shad or Isbara Khan, but I can make you a captain...

Sulemish was completely surprised:

- How can you get it done?

- If you enter Tulu Khan's service, you'll immediately become a captain. But as I said, you will inform me of the number of Isbara Khan's division.

Sulemish realised the situation. Suddenly his face changed:

- You're Tulu Khan's subordinate, aren't you?

- Yes.

For a while they were both silent. The stranger was laughing:

- Corporal Sulemish said. Tulu Khan will soon become the Turkish king. When he went to China to make peace, the Chinese king sat him on his throne and spoke to him side by side. He said he equalled him with the Black Khan. Corporal Sülemi! Keep your eyes open! Kara Kagan is leading his tribe to the abyss. After Chuluk Khan, the kaganate was the right of Tulu Khan. The Black Khan is a toy in the hands of the katun. Only Tulu Khan can save us.

- I'll get you the information you asked for in three days.

- That's good. Then we will go together to Tulu Khan's army. After three days, we'll wait for you here again at this time.



I will. The horses will be ready. Bring your children with you...

- It's okay.

The unknown man handed the bag full of food to Sulemish. He also gave a bag of money. They left.

-

--

Three days later Corporal Sülemiş was on his way to the edge of the forest where they were to meet. He had the look of a man who was watching the road, not travelling to the crossroads. He was looking ahead and to the sides. As he approached the forest, a few horsemen caught his eye from far away. Sulemish was about to shout the battle cry when an arrow whizzed past his ear. Then the young corporal stood on his horse, looked back and shouted with his war lance. At the same time, after the shouts were heard, horsemen galloped from far and near. The second and third arrows fell near the corporal. He too grabbed the quiver and started to shoot arrows across. They were shooting from a great distance. After the retreating men approached, Sulemish attacked the forest with them. When the crowd in the forest saw the attack, they began to flee, drawing arrows behind them. The forest was protecting them. The darkness of the evening was also favourable for the fugitives. Sporadic arrows were shot, but the distance and darkness prevented them from reaching the target.

Finally, those who escaped were saved. The pursuers could catch only one horse. Isbara Khan looked at the well harnessed and groomed condition of this horse:

- Say, "This horse looks like it came out of the Chinese khan's stable. di.

Bögü Alp answered:

## 252 - Death of the Grey Wolves

- Tulu Khan is no different from the Chinese khan. His soldiers are well fed and dressed like Chinese kings.

Yamtar looked at the horse. There was a bag on the horse and he was looking for food in the bag.

As they were returning in the dark, Bögü Alp remembered the words that Kırac Ata had spoken to him: In nine more years, what is done will be done. Nine more years will pass and the day will come to use the hard sword. When there is famine, the moon will be shattered. I see forty men gathered in a great city, you are among them. It's raining. You fight on the banks of the river. This dun is surviving. Your name will not be forgotten. After 1300 years of death, you will rise again. Your name will remain in hearts until the sunset of pain...

## Corporal Three Sons

• Three Sons, one of the corporals of ŞBARA HAN, is a shrewd ten

He was the chief. When there was peace with China, he would go to the border

and even went further inland to make profit for himself. After Tulu Khan went to China as an envoy and made peace on behalf of Kara Kagan, the border was opened to the Turks and many Turks went to the border one by one or in clusters and started to trade. They sold horses, cattle, sheep, furs; they bought rice, millet, cloth. Since Üç Oğul had travelled to China several times, he also knew some Chinese.

After marrying the sister of his friend Kara Budak, he had a son and named him Kara Budak according to his promise. Since he did not have a large crowd, he did not suffer from a shortage of livelihood. When peace was made with China and the border was opened, he reached the border with two horses and five sheep.

Markets were set up here and there. There was a heated exchange of goods. Turks who had goods for sale lined up their goods and waited, and when a Chinese approached them and offered to buy, they started to bargain. After letting his horses and sheep free together and putting some dry grass in front of them, Üç Oğul to eat his meal on the horse. The Chinese buyers gradually came to the corporal and began to inspect his sheep and horses. One by one

and they were talking to each other in a hurried manner. The Three Sons could not understand much of these conversations.

After a long wait, a buyer appeared for the sheep. A Chinese gave five silver pieces for five sheep. Three Sons five

He wanted three bags of rice for the sheep. The Chinaman resisted, saying that since there was no rice, he would give him a coin, and with this coin he could buy four bags of rice.

even rice would be bought. When he realised that the corporal was not going to hesitate to ask for rice instead of money, he sidled up to him and grinned cheekily:

- You look like a good Turk. Listen to me well: Take these coins and sell the sheep to me. Then go to Siganfu and sell your two horses there. Take as much rice as you want and return to your homeland, he said.

The thought was too soft for the Three Sons:

- All right, Chinaman! Let it be as you say!" he gave the sheep to the Chinese and took five silver coins. The Chinese, who was very happy with this sale, winked:

- Now go to Siganfu, but leave your sword here somewhere. They won't leave you with a sword, he said. Then he added with a snarl: "Because the Turks are naughty.

Now there was nothing left for Corporal Three Sons but to head for the Chinese capital. Taking two horses in tow, he put his horse to bed.



- -

The next evening the Three Sons were entering Siganfu. He wrapped his sword in felt and placed it on the back of one of the horses for sale. As he entered the city gates, the Chinese police station questioned him briefly, and when they learnt that he had come to sell his two horses, they levied a land tax of one akcha and let him in. The Three Sons first sought and found a guest house, drew his horses into the stable himself, took the sackcloth from his back and brought it to his room. Accustomed to the open air

The Chinese city with such narrow streets and stables was a nuisance for the corporal and his horses, but there was nothing else to do.

At dusk, the Three Sons sat on a wooden cushion in the large courtyard of the guest house and offered him food. There were a few other guests. Everyone was eating and talking to each other. After a while, a man, who appeared to be an officer by his dress, came in with two men behind him and gave orders to the owner of the guest house. When he entered, everyone except the Three Sons stood up and greeted him in the Chinese way. The host showed great respect to this newcomer and always spoke to him as "our favourite". After looking at the Three Sons for a while, this Chinese lord sat down somewhere in the distance and began to eat with his companions. The Three Sons were waiting for the food he had ordered, but it never came. Because the owner of the guest house and his two sidekicks were serving this newly arrived Chinese honour. The onba was bored. He grabbed the passing squire by the arm and pulled him to himself:

- Look here, squire! You brought the food for those who came after me. What about mine? he asked in a harsh voice.

The squire was trembling with fear as the Three Sons grabbed him with an iron wrist and pulled him to them. In a slow voice:

- This supreme dignitary is the squire of the Chinese dauphin Kien-ching, say  
di.

Corporal raised his voice:

- What do I care about the Yaverse?

I did. This food will be here soon, ?

After saying these words, the squire, whom he had pushed quickly, jumped a few steps and fell to the ground. The Chinese squire heard the words spoken by Three Sons in broken Chinese and realised that he was a Turk. The squire himself was a Turk, born of a Chinese mother. Since he had come to China at a very young age, he could not speak Turkish. He only understood a little. He had not forgotten his Turkishness. In front of him...

When he saw <lakini> and realised that he was a strong brave, he was pleased. Turning to the corporal:

- Yigit! He asked, "Who are you?"
- Corporal Ojj of Isbara Khan's division!

Ishbara Khan, the squire stood up. Isbara Khan was known to the Chinese.

- What are you doing here?
- I'm here to sell horses.
- How many horses do you have?
- Two!

Yaver was interested. Everybody Turkish horses.

- Bring those horses and let's see them.

The Three Sons hurried to the stable. As they were about to untie the horses for sale, the squire whom they had just thrown to the ground appeared at the stable door in a hurry. He gasped:

- Oh, boy! Don't come out of here! Now Prince She-min's men have arrived at the guest house. He said there will probably be a fight.

The corporal didn't understand much:

- He said, "What are you saying? Can you run away from a fight?"

The squire was rubbing his hands:

- Oh, brave one! You don't know. The three sons of the Chinese khan are such enemies that their devotees kill each other wherever they see each other.

The Three Sons came into the courtyard with their horses without listening. A man dressed as an officer and three men behind him were standing in front of the adjutant who had just spoken to him. Because he was a Turkish corporal, Üç O ğul realised that a fight was about to start here. Undoubtedly, he could not be a spectator in this fight. He had to hold one of the two sides. And when he had to, it would have been right to take the side of the aide he had just spoken to. After all, there were three against four. Moreover, the aide had spoken to him in a friendly manner.

The Three Sons went to his room without much thought. He quickly unbuckled his fleece, took out his sword and armed himself. Then he ran to the courtyard. The battle had begun. She-min's officer and three of his troops attacked the squire and two of his troops. By the time the Three Sons had run the twenty paces, Kien-ching's squire was alone because his two henchmen had fallen. When the Three Sons came to the squire's side, the situation changed. After several attempts, he knocked down one of them with his first blow, and a little later the second. The Chinese dauphin's squire was overjoyed at this unexpected help and was shouting war cries. In the courtyard, the pantry was in disarray. Some had fled, some were on the shore watching the fight. The Three Sons, separated from the squire, were fighting in a distant place. But this fight did not last long. After a few sword clashes with the Chinese, who was a novice soldier, Üç Oğul swung a Turk-like sword. With this swing, the Chinese's head was separated from his body and fell to the ground. The Chinese officer, who was fighting alone and with the Chinese crown prince's aide on the other side, saw that the Three Sons were also facing him and could not find any other way but to flee. He ran with great speed and disappeared from the door of the courtyard.

The Chinese dauphin's squire returned to the Three Sons with a smiling face:

- Yigit! I won't believe you if you say you're not Turkish anymore. What was your name again?

- Three Sons!

- My name is Karakulan. I am also Turkish. But I've forgotten Turkish for years. Now you are my guest. I can't let you spend the night here anymore. We'll go to my house. You can sell your horses to the Chinese crown prince and get good money. If you sell them here, they'll cheat you.

-

--

#### 258 - Death of the Grey Wolves

A little later, in Karakulan's house, the Three Sons were sleeping in a good bed, having drawn their horses into his stable and having eaten a meal he had never seen in his life and would never see in his life, and they were tired from twenty-five years of uninterrupted life in Ötüken.



## Karakulan

**T**he Three Sons had been guests at Karakulan's house for a month. Karakulan had found his horses a good value.

He sold it to the Chinese crown prince and gave the money to Üç Oğul and did not fail to entertain him. Now he was speaking Turkish with Üç Oğul. At first he had a lot of difficulty, but after a few days he got used to it. Only occasionally he could not remember some words, then he would say the Chinese instead.

Karakulan could not forget the help Three Sons had given him in the fight in the courtyard of the guest house, and he did his best to repay them. If it had not been for Three Sons, Karakulan would be dead now. Karakulan tried to get Three Sons to join the Chinese dauphin's troops, but was refused. The Chinese crown prince accepted Three Sons into his court and thanked him for saving his squire and gave him a beautiful sword, a silver inlaid belt and a bag of gold coins. After such hospitality, the Three Sons were ashamed to leave immediately, but Karakulan insisted and prolonged his stay in his house. Because his mother was Chinese, Karakulan looked more like a Chinese than a Turk. But in swordplay, horsemanship and valour he was closer to Turk than to Chinese. Day after day, he reminisced about their friendship and intimacy, and told the Three Sons about deceits in the Chinese palace:

The Chinese khan had three sons. One was Kien-ching, the heir apparent, and Karakulan was his aide. One was She-min, the most valiant. And one was Yüen-kie. All three of them did not like each other, but the other two acted together against She-min. Once they even tried to kill She-min, but he was saved.

After telling him these things, Karakulan went hunting with the Three Sons outside the city, trying not to bore him. One day, on his way back from hunting, he opened up to Three Sons:

- Corporal! I really want you to spend this winter in Siganfu, for the three sons of the Chinese khan are secretly preparing against each other. Soon they will surely share the trump card between them with the sword. I would like to enlist the help of a brave man like you. If you are among us, we will defeat them.

The Three Sons could not say "No, I cannot stay" because they asked for help. But his heart was not willing to stay here.

- I have a home in Ötüken. They will be waiting for me, he wanted to protest. Karakulan found the answer to that too:

- I'll send a message to Ötüken and report to your homeland. I'll send some maple too.

Three Sons could not resist this brilliant offer. A Chinaman, who had travelled to Ötüken and was familiar with the place, set out for the Three Sons' house, accompanied by two of his companions with a compass, a bag of money, a horse-load of rice and millet, and the Three Sons settled down in Karakulan's house spend a winter in the Chinese capital. -

Karakulan was not married. But there were many young women in his big house. Until then, the Three Sons had not inquired who they were. Now some evenings, when the Three Sons and Karakulan were having dinner together, these young and beautiful Chinese girls were playing instruments, singing and games. These girls were even dressed in a

it was weird. Her arms, her breasts were quite bare. The Three Sons had never seen anything like that before. At Karakulan's table there was red-coloured water, and when he drank it, the Three Sons saw the world in a strange way. Even these lifeless, frail Chinese girls were pleasing to him. Especially, these girls had such a beautiful fragrance that when they came near him, they would blow Three Sons' mind.

As the nights passed, girls came closer and closer to the Three Sons, offering him water with their own hands, sitting beside him, and even kissing him. One day, at a time when he was still in a haze, the Three Sons could not resist and kissed the most beautiful of the girls. Then his eyebrows furrowed as if something had suddenly occurred to him. He asked Karakulan in a stern voice and in Turkish:

- Karakulan! Who are these girls? they married?
- No, why do you ask?
- Why? If they're married, they'll kill me in Ötüken.

be!

- they kill him? Why?
- Don't you know the Turkish genre? Anyone who touches a married woman dies-

is wrapped up.

Karakulan smiled:

- I don't know the Turkic genus because I left Ötüken when I was very young. But you don't do anything to these women by force... They kiss you themselves.

The Three Sons smiled bitterly:

- That's what they did to Corporal Black Budak. But the judges wouldn't listen.

They were silent... The eyes of the Three Sons were like this. Looking in an indeterminate place:

- Poor Black Budak! He was killed by an arrow like a commoner, he said.

- And how would he be killed?

- You don't know? Oh, yeah... Of course you don't know. In the Turkish genus, if nobles are killed, their blood is not poured into the ground. They are strangled with a bowstring. That's not how they killed Kara Budak. He is my brother-in-law. My son's name is Kara Budak...

While the Chinese girls played the saz and sang, the Three Sons drank another bowl of and ate another snack.

- Karakulan! What are these girls?

- All of these are claws.<sup>60</sup>

The Three Sons had already heard what a kimak was. He did not need to think much. Here in the city of China, when he drank water like them, he became dizzy and passed out. He grabbed the slender-faced girl who was making love to him next to him and pulled her towards him. Karakulan was laughing with laughter. In Turkish:

- Three Sons! Only Turkish kings are not going to enjoy these Chinese beauties. - We are kings in our own way, he said. He also a Chinese beauty in his lap.

She was a fierce Chinese beauty to whom the Three Sons were lovingly drawn. When the corporal woke up the next morning, he found her in his room. He could not remember how and when he had got there. This went on and on, and the Chinese beauty took care of Corporal Three Sons. Sariki was his sister-in-law. She stayed with him every night, took care of him, and gave him all the care a woman gives to her husband. Three Sons began to like her too. He was thinking about his sister-in-law in Ötüken. Compared to this autumn-apple-cheeked, hazel-eyed, tall, agile, pars-eyed singleton of Kara Budak, this Chinese beauty was very insignificant. But there was also something incomprehensible and attractive about her that fascinated the Three Sons. And that smell of water... Even the most beautiful flowers do not have this fragrance.

---

<sup>60</sup> Claws: Concubine.

the Three Sons were always dizzy. Then, her being skinny, weak and weak was also strange to the Three Sons. Where was the woman in Ötüken, the woman who could squeeze the water out of a stone, and where the gentle, cowardly woman here? But despite all this, he still liked it and did not want to leave. Why had she promised Karakulan? If he hadn't promised to spend the winter here, he would be in Ötüken now, and this Chinese beauty wouldn't be a trouble for him.

Karakulan looked very happy: "Chinese women are not like Turkish women, but they have their own beauty," he said, and then he finished with a laugh: "If one eats the best food every day, one gets tired of it and craves for tasteless food."

Karakulan was not a bad person at all, but his morals had changed. He did not know the law of Ötüken at all. It was probably impossible to do otherwise in China.

Sometimes he told the Three Sons that he was going to stay at the palace of the Chinese dauphin and did not come home, and then the Three Sons became the owner of the house. The head of the Chinese servants treated him with great respect, again organising the music, having the cook cook good food and making his day. Three Son's girlfriend was now jealous of him from the other girls. If Three Sons looked at one of them with a smile, she cried. The corporal said to himself:

- He complained, "This despicable China has corrupted my morals too," and consoled himself by thinking that he would get rid of them when he went to Ötüken in a month or two.

-

--

Winter had passed and spring had come. The Three Sons were about to return to Ötüken. One day Karakulan approached him:

- Three Sons! In order to settle the dispute between his three sons, the King of China sent all three of them to sara-

to the palace. Tomorrow there will be bloodshed at court. Perhaps the dauphin will ascend to the Chinese throne. He asked, "Will you help us in this fight?"

The Three Sons had been waiting here for months to get involved in this fight. "Of course," he replied. Karakulan hugged his neck in joy. He explained the work to be done. That night they went to bed early without making the saz.

The next day everything was ready. Kara.kulan had given the Three Sons a plateau of sadaqa and had mixed the Three Sons with them. Three hundred warriors came to the courtyard of the palace with the crown prince and stopped, then the crown prince went inside with his aide.

The Three Sons were waiting. Fighting on foot would not be pretty, but it was better than nothing.

The other sons of the Chinese khan had also come to the palace with their chariots. It was almost the start of a fighting festival here.

Corporal Three Sons suddenly saw Karakulan coming running. As he approached, the aide said in Turkish:

- He shouted, "Three Sons, me!"

As the Three Sons rushed like arrows to catch up with him, Kara.kulan explained the situation in between the run:

- She-min acted alert He killed the Dauphin and Yüen-kie with an arrow from a distance.

The Three Sons stopped the squire by the shoulder:

- Where are we going? Then let's fight.

- It's no use fighting after the Dauphin is dead. Our soldiers won't fight anymore.

- Can't we two go and fight? Can't we avenge the Dauphin?

Karakulan pulled the Three Sons by the arm and started running again:

- There are thousands of soldiers in the palace. What can you and I do? Three Sons, who was running beside Karakulan, asked:

- Where are we going now?
- To save our lives.
- What about the soldiers we left in the courtyard?
- They'll be fine. They will immediately become She-min's and follow us.

The Three Sons continued running, uttering a harsh curse. They were going to the aide's house. Since no one knew what was going on in the palace, everyone was respectfully making way for the aide.

Finally, Karakulan's riding horses and two spare horses were prepared. They quickly took their ammunition and rations. Karakulan did not forget to take a few bags of gold with him. He told the five servants who were looking at him in astonishment that they would be coming in a few days and to keep the house as he knew it until he arrived and jumped on his horse. So did the Three Sons. They galloped through the streets of the city and came to the gate. Since the Dauphin's aide was recognised here, they were not asked anything. They went out of the gate. They were saved.

Then the Three Sons thought of the Chinese lover he had left at the squire's house. He asked Karakulan what would become of them. With great indifference:

- They will seize my house. The contents will either go to She-min's palace or to his aide's house...

The Three Sons almost cried:

- That girl loved me. Why didn't we take her together?

Karakulan laughed:

- Did you think the Siganfu girl was a girl from Ottawa? She's already forgotten you. Maybe she's alone with her new lover.

Three Sons spurred his horse with another curse.

Then he asked as if something had suddenly occurred to him:

- Where are you going?
- To Ötüken... To my homeland... Mother Earth does not hesitate to embrace her unfaithful sons...

## Famine

-- another SEASON has passed. Husbands dead New babies

Udoğdu. Babies to walk, little children to coach he got used to riding. Mares foaled; cows calved. In the forests, the puppies of the bozkurt started to hunt. Yamtar, Sanjar and Three Sons became captains. Beginningless, endless time walked. The winter months of 627 came. Kara Kulan became a captain under Tunga Tegin. Since he knew the inside of China well, Kara Kagan benefited from his knowledge. While Karakulan and the Three Sons were fleeing from the Chinese capital, the Chinese khan, She-min, took the name of "Taitson" and started to show favouritism against the Turks.

That year the winter was very harsh. It was snowing snowing and storms were howling in Ötüken.

-

...

Yamtar, who had not put a morsel in his mouth for three days, went hunting before sunrise and returned home empty-handed after struggling until sunset, and what he saw was very sad: His brother was in bed with hunger and his one-year-old son was dying. The others were also miserable. But the little boy could not bear the hunger at all.



Yamtar ran out. He had to find something to eat. He had taken a few steps when he came face to face with his ancestor Gök Börü.

Corporal Gök Börü was not angry this time, but even mad. He shouted at Yamtar:

- Captain Yamtar! What's this disgrace? I don't have a horse or a sheep. They're all dead. And now my little girl is starving at home. What are you doing?

- There's nothing to do. I've only got one horse left. We'll cut it up and eat it. Come on, I'll give you a piece.

The two of them took quick steps towards Yamtar's barn. Let Albız have it! Yamtar's last horse had died last night. There was no solution. They tore the dead horse to pieces. Immediately they built a fire there and started to roast it. After the fire was out, they went back to their tents, eating the roast meat they had shared. They were late. Because when they entered their house, Yamtar's son, Gök Börü's daughter was dead.

Yamtar was trying to save his weak, emaciated sister by feeding her meat. The stomach of this poor young woman, who had not eaten anything for three days, and before that had only had a mouthful or two for a long time, would not accept dead horse meat. She wanted fresh meat and koumiss. Faced with this situation, Yamtar did not think much. He jumped out of the tent and ran to Gök Börü, <(Come after me!

It was night. The cold made their skin tingle and their faces freeze. Captain Yamtar was walking like a giant in the darkness with his big body, and he was also calling to Gök Börü:

- Let the captive Chinese live in abundance while we, the owners of Ötüken, starve to death... Will that do? We will take food from them by force. As if Iking Katun and Sen-king were not enough, every day a few more Chinese likes and scholars appear. They are making a mess in Ötüken with the advice they give to the Black Khan. Our kagan believes them too. this possible? I'm a captain. You're still a corporal. Then fifty

who couldn't hit the big Corporal Pars with his footsteps. .. he was saying, "Is this okay?"

They came to the houses where the Chinese were sitting together. Yamtar entered one of the Chinese houses as a man who knew what he was doing. In this house, a man who had become rich in Ötüken. One of the Chinese lived there, with his brother and his Chinese servant, in abundance. A large Turkish captain and a ten. Seeing his head enter with a stern face, the Chinese became pale. Yamtar roared:

- Chinaman, act fast! Pile all the food over there!

The host was no longer surprised. He wanted to headbutt me:

- I'll report you to the Black Khan. Shen-king is my friend. Then...

The Chinaman couldn't finish. There was a clatter. With a speed like lightning, Yamtar drew his sword and struck the Chinaman's head off.

His brother-in-law could not stand and collapsed on the floor. The servant ran, trembling, bringing the koumiss, dried and fresh meat. After Yamtar had carried it all on his back:

- He said, "Come on, Sky Börü! me!

Gök Börü stayed inside a little longer. Then he ran to catch up with Yamtar:

- I got the rest of them, otherwise they would have killed Iing Katun and made our mother cry, he said.

They shared food on the way. Everyone ran to their own tent.

Yamtar was trying to save his brother from death. But everyone in the house was hungry. Everyone wanted good food, except Yamtar, who had such a strong tripe that he could praise the meat of a dead horse. He didn't mind his old grandmother so much, but when he looked at his sons, who would go into battle tomorrow as brave men, his heart ached. His youngest son had died. His nursing sister also in very bad shape. When Yarritar was overwhelmed, China-

He was hostile to the Chinese, thinking, "God is doing this because He is angry with us because of the Chinese.

The rations the Chinese had collected at home were almost gone. There was little left for tomorrow. Yamtar was getting hungry as he looked at this beautiful food, and as he got hungry, he snacked on the roast of the dead horse. He couldn't take his eyes off the pudding he had set aside for his brother for tomorrow when footsteps were outside. The door opened and Sülemiş entered. His colour was yellow. As the light of the burning kindling hit his face, he looked completely yellow:

- Yamtar, we're starving. There is shim left alive in one house. Can't you give me some food for him? he begged.

Without thinking, Yamtar grabbed the puddle of koumiss. He divided half of it for his brother and gave the rest to Sulemish. After giving a piece of kurut the size of a fist:

- Here, give these to my sister-in-law, he said. She took a piece from the roast of the dead horse:

- He handed it to me saying, "You eat this too!"

-  
--

The next morning Corporal Sançar got up early and slaughtered one of the two horses he had left and roasted it well. After saving a large piece for himself, he jumped on his horse and started to visit the houses of his ancestors. First he visited Yamtar, whose house was the most crowded. Big Yamtar was crying. Because that night both his grandmother, one of his sons, his younger brother and sister-in-law had died. He was sighing, saying that the sky had fallen on my head, and tears were pouring down his cheeks. Sanchar, who was sullen and did not know how to speak, said: "Try to save the rest!" and gave him a big piece of meat. For the first time in his life, Yamtar, who had almost always lived hungry, not touch the food when there was plenty of food in front of him. His four-year-old daughter and three-year-old-

He gave meat to his son and told him to eat. When Sanjar went out, he stood cross-legged looking at his children who were eating the meat with appetite, not making any sound, but drops were falling from his eyes abundantly and thickly.

After that, Sanchar went to Corporal Sulemish's house. Sulemish's complexion was yellow and his eyes were red. He was smiling bitterly. Sanchar realised the situation: Sulemish's brother died. Sanchar could find no words to say. left a piece of meat there.

Then he entered Gök Börü's house. The crazy corporal was not at home. One of his three children was dead. His old mother was dying. His sister-in-law was lying in her weak bed, his two children were crying from hunger. When Sançar brought the meat, the two little ones attacked like hungry wolves. The young woman sat up laughing. The old grandmother showed no movement.

Captain Sanchar was on his way home when suddenly he stopped his horse. Someone was lying on the ground. His face was not visible. But when Sanchar jumped down and raised his head, he recognised him: It was Corporal Karpak. At first Sanchar thought he was frozen and wanted to rub his face with snow. Karpak was not frozen. He opened his eyes and looked at Sanchar:

- Don't bother; my work is done, he could only say.

- Are you hurt?

Karpak's look changed:

- Is a wound a promise? My brother and sister-in-law and my son are dead. I've been hungry for nine days.

With great effort Sanchar lifted him from the ground and placed him on his horse. He himself rode towards his house with difficulty. He placed Karpak on his bed and gave him a thin piece of the meat he had reserved for himself. But Karpak did not take it, his eyes shone str.

- Give good news to Iking Katun. Another Turkish corporal is dead, he said.

Soon Corporal Karpak was gone.

## rebellion

Tulu, who survived the winter better than the Black Khan

Khan was sitting in his ottai on a cold spring day  
Major Muddy-Beast came in:

- Tulu Khan! A messenger from the Black Khan has arrived. He said he wants to see you.

The Khan has given the order:

- Come on!

Soon Börü Tarkan, the head of the Black Khan's messengers, entered and knelt on the ground. Tulu Khan seemed a little surprised that it was not Börü Tarkan who had been sent to him. He asked in a harsh voice with a ring of angry sarcasm in it:

- Tell me, Tarkan the Börü! Does the Great Khan wish to judge me by sending the headman?

Tarkan the Börü, a man of many years, replied in a full voice:

- No, Khan! Famine and starvation have left no man left in Ötüken... The Black Khan couldn't find another messenger to send you, so he sent me.

Tulu Khan's face hardened:

- What is the Khan's command?

- Sırtarduş, Dokuz Oğuzs, Bayırkus rebelled.

- Yes?

- The Great Khan has appointed you to put down this rebellion.

272 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

- Only my own turf?

- No, no, no, no! Kur Shad and Isbara Khan divisions will be under your command.

Börü Tarkan took out a board from his side. This board was the bitig written by Kara Kagan. He handed it to Tulu Khan with respect. Tulu Khan was not at all put off by this heavy hand. It was not a pleasant thing to fight with such valiant people as the Sırtardush, especially the Nine Oghuz, for the throne of his uncle Kara Khan, whom he did not like at all. He looked at Börü Tarkan with sharp eyes:

- What did they rebel against?

- Hunger. The Black Khan demanded taxes to feed Ötüken.

- The Khan is now asking us for blood tax.

Tarkan the Börü was silent. He was also looking at Tulu Khan with sharp eyes. Behind his gaze and words was hidden the pain and longing for a lost throne.

Tulu Khan asked, disturbed by Börü Tarkan's gaze:

- Are the troops of Kur Shad and Isbara Khan divisions complete?

- No!

- Can the Nine Oghuz with so many soldiers be defeated they are accompanied by Sırtardush and Bayırkus?

- This winter, both horse and man have been broken in Ötüken. The troops that the Black Khan will send to you are half-starved. It is the order of the kagan that you should join your own gang and crush the rebels.

There was another silence. Then Tulu Khan was heard to say, "The honour belongs to the kaghan. But Tulu Khan was smiling and insulting the kaghan when he said these words. Börü Tarkan turned red with anger.

■

- -

Fifteen days had passed. Tunga Tegin entered the kaghan's tent and knelt on the ground:

- He said, "Things are badKhan

Black Khan had already been fussing for two days. He did not think the delay of the news he was waiting for was good.

- He asked if Tulu Khan was defeated.

Tunga Tegin said <yes> in a mournful voice. Then he concluded the news with these words:

- Our troops were scattered. The Nine Oghuz broke most of them. Tulu Khan is returning with very few troops! We won't be able to hold on in Ötüken!

- Kur Shad and Isbara Khan are alive?

- Right, but not solid.

- Bring them here as soon as they get here.

- You are in charge.

-

- -

Towards the evening, Tunga Tegin carried out the kaghan's order and brought Tulu Khan, Kür Shad and Isbara Khan into the kagan's ottoman. The three chief chiefs greeted the kagan. Kara Ka ğan was very sad. He asked in a stern voice:

- Tulu Khan! How was the battle?

- Too bad, Khan! Because our horses were too weak and our troops were tired. We were attacked by valiant troops.

- Can there be any excuse for such a great defeat, such as a horse, a tired soldier, and valiant fat?

Tulu Khan is silent. The defeat was indeed great. The Khan was now talking to Kur Shad, who was wounded in the shoulder and arm:

274 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

- Kır Shad! Didn't you think that this defeat would shake the Sky Turk Khaganate to its foundations?

- The Sky Turk Khaganate will not be shaken by defeat to the Nine Oguz, Khan! Because the Nine Oguz are our own tribe. They will come to their senses in the end. What shook the Sky Turk Khaganate from its foundation is something else.

Black Khan asked, looking angry:

- Tell me: shook the kaganate to its foundations?

- The Chinese in Ötüken. Especially the ones who are in charge of these Chinese:

- What do you mean? You mean the Shen-king?

- Shen-king and his kind...

- I'm the one who made him a major!

- The command is yours, kagan! But the fact that the command comes from you cannot prevent the fall of the kaganate.

This harsh answer made the kaghan red in the face. He asked in a bitter voice like a slap:

- you play your part in the war?

- We did it! The Nine Oguz were attacking like a gale, like fire. While the wrists of our weak soldiers were trembling, every arrow of theirs was knocking down a Gök Turk. There was no way to prevent the defeat. Had it not been for Captain Yarntar and a private named Yumru, our troop would have been completely destroyed.

Khan was curious. He knew Captain Yarntar.

He also remembered the lump. He asked:

- What did they do to save the gang?

- They crossed a broken bridge over a rushing stream on their shoulders.

- What did the Nine Oguz do when they crossed a single bridge?

- They attacked. We met them with arrows.

- Who with him?

- Isbara KhanBugu Alp and captains!



The Black Khan looked carefully at Isbara Khan. He was wounded in the face and chest. He was standing up straight. Black Khan loved Isbara Khan for some reason he did not know. He asked him:

- Isbara Khan! Who are your friends who delayed the Nine Oguz with the rain of arrows?

- Besides Major Böğü Alp, we were accompanied by Captain Sançar, Captain Üç Oğul, Captain Yağmur, Corporal Sülemiş. Not all of us had done what Kurd Shad had done alone.

- your wounds deep?

- These wounds will not kill me, kagan! But another wound that penetrates me: Corporal Sulemish died in battle!

- Ishbara Khan! A man is born at home and dies in battle. Why does the death of a Turkish corporal touch you so much?

- Because his death was not like everyone else's, kagan!

Isbara Khan had his eyes fixed on one end of the ottoman. Sava he was seeing that moment again. This such a valiant sight that one could not forget it until death: Gök Turks were fleeing towards the bridge, some on horseback and some on foot, and they were reaching the opposite shore by crossing the bridge, which was held on their shoulders by Yamtar and Yumnı, who entered the water up to their chests and held it on their shoulders with more than human strength. Only two people could cross the bridge side by side, and the one who reached the opposite shore escaped death. Kür Şad, İşbara Khan, Böğü Alp, Sançar, Üç Oğul, Yağmur, Sülemiş were standing on the right and left sides of the bridge and shooting arrows at the attacking Nine Oguz from afar. Kür Shad was a piece of lightning that day. He could no longer be called the sniper of Ötüken. He was now something like the God of arrows. He was in his form, he could knock down two men with one arrow. Two or three wounded soldiers who had been left unattended were picking up the arrows shot by the Nine Oguz and bringing them to them. But the Nine Oghuzes were attacking with such a disregard for death that if they were not stopped a little longer, the Gök Turk

276 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

they could destroy his army. At that time, it was seen that Bögü Alp released horses to the approaching Nine Oguz and stopped them alone. This was a diversion, a deception. But it did not last long enough for the Gök Turks to cross to the opposite shore. At that moment Corporal Sülemiş, who had run out of arrows, jumped off his horse. He ran to the thin tree on the left side of the bridge and tied himself to it with his belt under his armpits. This was done so quickly that no one but Isbara Khan saw it. While Bögü Alp was retreating from the fatty in blood, Sülemiş was waving his sword and shouting loudly to the Nine Oghuzes, challenging them. When the Nine Oguz saw him, they showered him with arrows. Suddenly Sulemish was riddled with holes. But because he was tied, he did not fall, he was still swinging his sword. The valiant corporal had bought the Sky Turks the longest time they needed. All the survivors were able to cross to the opposite shore. The valiant corporal, who did not bow down under his direction, had his head bent to the right, his tulga had fallen from his head, and his face covered with blood. There were forty or fifty arrows in his body. Onba Sülemiş was dead. But he was still holding his sword tightly, and in the face of the galloping attack of the rebellious Nine Oguz, who did not understand why he did not fall even though he had been hit by so many arrows, he stood with his neck bent like the bloody banner of the Gök Turk Kaganate.

The last Sky Turk to cross the bridge was Isbara Khan. Sülemiş's blood, which watered the soil abundantly, seemed to Isbara Khan as if he was saying, "I died so that the Turkish law would be carried out in Ötü ken". Then Yamtar and Yumru left the bridge and crossed to the opposite shore, where they were taken out by their friends and put on horses.

Isbara Khan seemed to see all this war, all this valour again. When he was telling these things to Kara Kagan, he was also listening with trembling and excitement.

The speech was over and the three chieftains had left the otbah. That night, all the people of Ötüken were in darkness. It was one thing to be defeated by the Nine Oghuz, but the arrest and imprisonment of Tulu Khan in chains had a lightning effect, and the people of Ötüken resented the kaghan from within.

## Captain Rain

ÜZBAŞI YAGMUR BEĞ had returned to his tent after visiting the luthier to have his wounds groomed. Even though it was the end of summer, in the last Nine Oghuz war the wounds he had received had not healed. Utacı made Yağmur laugh by saying that he needed to eat well in order to heal his wounds quickly. Because Captain Yagmur, like all the people of Ötüken, was suffering from the famine, he was going to bed hungry many nights; his mother, sister, brother, sister and little son were all enduring the famine together.

He had to find a remedy for this. Firstly, he applied to Tunga Tegin, under whose command he was, and asked him to give him some food and help him. Tunga Tegin smiled:

- Take whatever you can find more than enough to save us from death, he replied. Then Yagmur took a few knives and daggers from his ancestors and grandfathers, mounted his horse and to the Chinese border. He had decided to sell them and bring some food.

On the evening of his departure, he saw that many of his fellow Otgenians were also travelling towards the Chinese border. Few travelled alone. Most of them were travelling in teams of two, three, four, five. The next day Yagmur Beğ joined three of them and made a team of four.

One of his comrades the Black Bard, well known in Ötüken. His horn hung around his neck. The second was Gü müş, the son of Çalık, the third was Corporal Pars, who had a long sword wound on his face. Kara Ozan would take up his kopuz during breaks and night stays, and play beautiful melodies, and sometimes he would sing runs.

They were sitting in the mansion before they reached the Chinese border, watching the moon. Since they had no food left, they drank plenty of water and lay on the ground. The Black Bard was strumming his kopuz again. After touching the strings for a while, he must have grasped the melody he wanted to find, so he started to sing and play on the one hand:

*The Turk jumped on his  
horse; China was  
terrified. The bloody taste  
of the sword is indelible.*

Rain, Pars and Silver were listening with a stone silence. The Black Bard was singing:

*Hunger has become a  
mate, it will not go away;  
Our poverty will not end.  
Our sigh has ascended to  
the sky, the Black Khan  
does not hear.*

*Go away, my days go  
away, God give strength to  
the kopuza. You starved and  
defeated us. To the Nine  
Oghuz.*

The Black Bard was suddenly silent. He bowed his head. None of them understood why he was silent. They were waiting for it to start again and break their hearts. The bards

It is not known whether there was magic in their words and kopuz. But when they played and sang, Ötüken would beat like one heart. Now, far away from Ötüken, at the edge of China, these Ötüken people also found a closeness from God in the Black Bard's melodies, and they wanted this closeness to never pass, to never end. But the Black Bard still did not raise his head. What was going on? Was he immersed in something? Or was he delirious? Captain Yağmur, who was closest to him, put a hand on his shoulder:

- Bard! Play!

The young captain looked up in the light of the moon and saw the Black Bard's face was grey and his eyes were old. In these old eyes were the sorrows of a hearth destroyed by the last famine. The famine, which took a few people from every house in Ötüken, had wiped out Kara Ozan's house; his brother-in-law, sisters-in-law, , brothers, sisters, orphaned nephews had all died. There were seventeen less people in Kara Ozan's house and he was the only one left.

Then Yağmur Beğ took his kopuz from his hand. After a few turns on the strings, he started to play and sing:

My family moans with  
hunger, I have a torn aba  
on my back. My brother  
and son are hungry;  
Hey dad, oh my dad!

The hungry of Ötüken  
gnaw the trees. Where are  
the baches of China?  
Hey dad, oh my dad!

Will the sword stay in the  
scabbard? Lord, keep us  
close

*Mr sword in the raid.*

*Hey dad, oh my dad!*

No one knew that Yağmur was a minstrel. He had learnt to play the ko puz and sing sayings from his father. His father used to sing sayings to him as <(hey son". He was playing the kopuz saying hey dad, aman ba bam, in remembrance of his father who was now dead.

The four comrades stayed for a day in one of the markets on the Chinese border, sold their goods and bought food, then started to return to Ötüken. The first day passed without incident. second they stopped at noon on a hillock and listened

As they were doing so, they saw a dust rising from the north, and they saw a black figure beginning to grow. ❖

The Kenyans realised that a mass of horsemen was slowly moving towards them. But they could not make out what it was. It was unprecedented to see such a crowd heading towards the Chinese border for shopping. Silver, whose sharp eyes were fixed on the incoming crowd:

- There cars among them!" he shouted. Captain

Rain responded:

- He said, "Is there an exodus from Ötüken?

This word caused pain in all of them. Because now Ötüken was in the hands of Nine Oguz and Sırtarduş...

They were waiting without understanding anything. When the caravan got a little closer, the Black Bard:

- They're all Chinese! he said.

Then they all stood up at once. Corporal Pars stroked his sword. Rain got on his horse in a leap.

These were not soldiers. There were women and children among them. But where were they going?

Gradually the caravan approached the four Otuken. At the front two men dressed as çeri. They quivers on their shoulders and swords on their waists. Women and children

and the goods were loaded. There were a few who travelled on foot, but most of them were on horseback. The strange thing was that they took many cattle and sheep with them. Where did these Chinese find so many animals when Turkeli was starving? Yagmur, the head of the hundred, shouted as if giving orders to the head of the caravan:

- Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. Who are you? Where are you going?

One of the two men dressed as hussars at the head of the caravan replied:

- We are returning to China with the order and permission of the Black Khan.

- Are you all Chinese?

- We're all Chinese in Turkel.

- Why are you going back to China?

- In order not to die of famine in the Turkel...

The smile on Captain Yagmur's face suddenly disappeared. The Chinese, who said that they had escaped from the famine, had enough goods, cattle, snakes and rations to feed the whole Turkel. His four friends looked at these goods, and also thought of their relatives who had died of famine. Suddenly, the veins of all of them boiled. They were looking at a sign of Captain Yağmur. The young captain asked in a stern voice, thinking that the steppe law was in force here, the Kara Kagan genre:

- If there is a famine in Turkel, where did you get so many cattle?

The Chinese grinned:

- You like it, brave! We earned it by trading.

Like all Turks, Yagmur could not get rich by buying and selling. It was the greatest injustice in the world for the captive Chinese to get rich by buying and selling while the Turks were starving. He made a quick calculation by himself. Then he shouted at the Chinese in a more upright voice:



- Tell your comrades: They should allocate a quarter of their rations, goods, cattle, horses to us. Then you can go to China with your lives intact...

The Chinese's face became confused. He too was calculating for himself and relying on his own numbers against four:

- By what right do you want our property?

- the right sword!

- You're a brave man! We have a sword too. If you want sweetly, we'll give each of you four a sheep. But if you want a quarter of all our wealth, we won't give it.

The captain's eyes darkened:

- Now I'm not asking for a quarter of your property. That was what I asked for a while ago. Now I want half.

The Chinese laughed:

- I was giving four sheep a little while ago. Now won't even give a kid!

Yagmur Beğ quickly drew an arrow from his quiver and before the Chinaman could react, he shot him in the chest. The Chinaman fell from his horse to the ground with a groan, and after a few struggles he remained motionless. A deep silence fell over the place. The Chinese were very many. But very few of them had an ambush. The four opposite them were armed to the teeth. The two sides looked at each other fiercely. Then the captain's order was heard:

- Act quickly. Half of what you have and half of what you don't. If you try to meet again, I'll take all your property. Come on, quick!

When the Chinese realised that the situation was getting worse and all their goods were in danger, they understood that there was no other way out but to spare half of what they had. Those at the back of the caravan also realised the situation by shouting from front to back.

At the captain's command, Silver stepped forward, organising the animals taken from the Chinese, one by one, in order, and accomplishing this task single-handedly and with great skill. Then there a roar: A Chinaman rode a horse and came to the Sky Turks. He shouted in an angry voice:

- It's not fair to me. Take sheep instead of two.

di.

These words were spoken against Rain. Then suddenly The Chinese's eyes lit up when he saw Corporal Pars:

- Corporal Pars! Tell your mate to give back one of the sheep, he said.

Yağmur and Kara Ozan were surprised that this Chinese man spoke proper Turkish and talked to Pars as if they had known each other for forty years.

Pars was not answering. The Chinese kept saying and gesturing with his hands. Captain Yağmur silenced the Chinese with a stern voice:

- You don't talk to a corporal when you're a captain!

- Corporal Pars is my comrade.

- You Chinese! Do you think you're a Turkish lord? Why does Corporal Pars have to be your doorman? Who are you?

The Chinaman's deceitful face was full of evil smiles. He looked at Rain and Pars, and seemed to enjoy doing evil:

- I am not a Turk, but I have been in the ottahs of Turkic elders many times. I sat at the feast with Tulu Khan many times. I have fulfilled many orders of Tulu Khan. This Corporal Pars was also in Tulu Khan's army. That's why he's my comrade-in-arms. My name is ((Chang-sui.

Rain and the Black Bard exchanged glances. The Chinaman was in a good mood because of the interference. He even had a vicious thought in his head to make these fight right then and there and save their property. He continued his words in order to stir up the others:

- I've travelled with him many times, and I know that Yavuz is a brave man. One day I even watched him fight with a valiant man from Ötüken. Although he himself was wounded, he killed his opponent. He learnt the name of the deceased later and told me. I think it was Corporal Burgucan.

..

- Corporal Burgucan?

Rain asked me that. So the man who killed his own friends was the Pars who was with him now. Rain reached for his sword. But he quickly recovered himself and shouted at the Chinese:

- Will you shut up? Or shall I shut up?

The Chinaman was silent. The captain his last order:

- Come on, stop your nagging and get going! Cha buk...

The Chinese streamed southwards. The four Turks were left with about fifty horses, a few hundred cattle and sheep, and bags of provisions. Captain Yagmur wanted to interrogate Corporal Pars before the distribution:

- Tell me, corporal! Are you the one who killed my comrade Burgucan?

Pars wasn't one to give up over nothing.

- Yes, I killed him, replied.

- A man fights with a man, but your company with that sullen Chinaman shows that you are not a good person. So tell me. Why did you kill Burguchan?

- I was a comrade with the Chinese because we were both in Tulu Khan's army. As for Burguchan, I killed him because he was in my way.

After realising that Pars had killed Burgucan, Yağmur had no intention of talking more. The other one didn't seem willing to give more account. They were watching each other with their eagle eyes. Suddenly they attacked each other with swords drawn. There was a fierce beating on the horse.

## God Angry at Turks

UNES had brought another new summer to ! But Otüken was no longer of the Gök Turks. The Sirtardush ruled there and their khan was called Çur Bilge Kagan. He had become a rival of the Sky Turks. The terrible famine had passed, the dead had died and the rest were left.

Yamtar, Sanchar and Gok Börü were drinking koumiss. Yamtar was a good mood because his stomach was full and his back was strong. The conversation turned round and round to Tulu Khan. Tulu Khan did not recognise Kara Kagarı after he came out of the hospital and sent an envoy to China to ask for help. He was not deterred from claiming the throne of the Gök Turk Kaganate. Yamtar:

- The Chinese khan did not help Tulu Khan this time, he said.

Sky Blind:

- Tulu Khan replied that he had lost his best messengers.

Yamtar asked:

- Who are these good messengers?

Gök Börü spoke in a harsh and angry rage as always:

- His chief envoy was Major Chamur Beg. While Tulu Khan was in prison, he was saddled with a buğa.<sup>61</sup> His intestines were disembowelled and he died. There was also his deputy, Corporal Pars.

Yamtar's eyes widened:

- Pars? Pars? Our Pars?

- What about our Pars? Another Pars. He was killed by Captain Yağmur Beğ!

Yamtar was relieved. With this relief he drank another mudjug of koumiss. Gök Börü finished it:

- There also the Chinese Chang-su. Whenever Tulu Han envoys to China, this guy used to do the mending. Captain Yagmur sent Silver after him and had him cleaned too.

- That's good. If I see that captain, I'll give him two pine-knives.

They were in Yamtar's tent. They were eating roast meat and drinking koumiss. At one point, Yamtar took his hand to his brow and patted it. Then he said:

- If I woke up, I'd think it was winter. Is it cold or what? I'm cold even though I've drunk so much koumiss. I've never heard anyone cold like this in the summer.

Skybearer blew his hands:

- That's a nice thing to say. My hands are frozen too. Or did we drink too much koumiss?

- The world feels warm to the yawning man. We're almost freezing.

Sanchar, who never interfered, also realised that he was cold. How could it be so cold in the hottest month of summer? Surely there was something wrong in this. Sanchar got up and went to the door to find out. The sun was about to set. Yamtar and Gök Börü, whose backs were turned towards the door, heard a cold wind touching their backs and turned their heads towards the door, but the noise outside the door caused Sançar to fall to the ground.

---

<sup>61</sup> Decorate: To hit with a horn.

they realised. Then Sançar's famous laughter rang out. After glancing at each other for a moment, they jumped out and opened the felt on the door. O God Almighty! ... Big Yamtar's eyes widened and his mouth opened. He could only exclaim: "Wow, wow, wow". Crazy Gök Börü was so surprised that he rolled on the ground in astonishment.

It was snowing in the middle of summer. Sanchar slipped on the snow in front of the door and fell to the ground. On the one hand, he was participating; on the other hand:

- While we were drinking koumiss in the tent, four months passed and winter came and we didn't know it!

Meanwhile, Yamtar's five-year-old daughter and four-year-old son were running through the snow, stumbling and falling. When Yamtar saw them, he recovered a little and asked:

- Oh, man, what is this?

The big captain looking at them and interrogating them, as if these little children were the ones responsible for the snow in the middle of summer. The girl looked at her father with fearful and bewildered eyes, shivering from the cold and clashing her teeth together:

- Dad! Dad! We were playing in the fields and suddenly it started snowing. We're so cold, Dad...

But Sanjar's laughter drowned out all sounds, making it impossible to speak. Yamtar was at a loss what to do. There was no other way to silence Sanchar except to tie him to the back of his horse and make him run. However, Sanzar's horse was not here now. Besides, if he tried to deal with Sanjar, both he and the children would freeze. He lifted Gök Börü, who had fallen to the ground, and shouted:

- Quick, bring Sanjar inside!

He himself grabbed the children and went inside. He immediately wrapped them in a felt and sat them down. He put his winter coat on his back. Gök Börü brought them inside and left them on the ground.

When he grasped Sanjar, who was about to be killed, he put Gök Börü to the test. He thundered as if he was giving orders in battle:

- Have Sanjar run inside the tent. You'll be warm and he'll join in and save his breath. Hurry up! ...

While Gök Börü with Sançar on his back was running inside the tent, Yamtar quickly took out the spare tent poles and broke them. He lit them on fire with a tinder. There was nothing else to do in order not to die from the sudden winter. He brought the children to the fire. Then, taking off his fur coat and throwing it on the ground, he took Sançar from the back of Gök Börü, who was already tired. After telling him to put on the fur coat and go in front of the fire, he himself started to run Sançar inside the tent. Since Yamtar was very strong, he would not get tired quickly, but because the tent was narrow, he had to run round and round, making him dizzy and staggering as he ran. Sançar, on the other hand, was laughing with tears in his eyes, laughing, participating, and at the same time:

- Look at Yamtar! ... .. he runs faster Kara Kagan's stallions!

The children, seeing such a thing for the first time, started laughing and laughing. At first, the crazy Gök Börü looked at Sançar with a furious look. The children's laughter reminded him that there really was something to laugh about. He was also struck by the fact that in Yamtar's huge fur coat he looked like a child. He started laughing too. Yamcar was staggering and running, sweat dripping down his forehead as he said:

- It's a good thing. I'm hot. Otherwise I'd freeze to death. You guys are laughing much! ... What' there to laugh about? Not much, really...

And he couldn't stand it and started laughing too. He was also , laughing, laughing, with Sanjar on his back.

and whirling round and round in the tent.



For five days in the hottest part of the summer, Turkeli was freezing and suffocated as if it was winter. Those who were unprepared froze to death and fell ill. Everyone was filled with fear. This must have been God's anger. Even the oldest people of Turkelia had never seen such a cold in the middle of summer, nor had they heard about it from their ancestors and grandfathers. Yes, God must have been angry and resented the Turks. Everyone was thinking about this and looking for a reason.

God would surely be angry. Kara Kagan did not stay in one place, he travelled from one place to another. Turks were no longer burning their dead as before, but burying them. The kagan was not only fooled by the words of the Chinese Iching Katun, but also made Sen-king a divisional chief like the Turkish elders. Tulu Khan forgot the situation and pursued the cause of establishing a separate khanate. As if the trouble from the Chinese was not enough, now the khan was also listening to the words of a Chinese scholar named Chao-teyen.

Yamtar wondered how he had survived that night. Not only had he saved San Tsar from joining, but he had also saved the children, Gök Börü and himself from freezing. As they were just recovering from the last famine, this five-day frost had killed many of their livestock and put them in a pitiable situation again. The cold had passed, but the dread had not. There was an incomprehensible pain, a great fear. It seemed to them that trouble was about to fall from the sky.

One evening Captain Yamtar had just got up from dinner with his children when suddenly the tent door opened.



In the dim light of the tinder, Yamtar had no difficulty in distinguishing the pale yellow colour of Gök Böril. Realising that something unusual was happening, Yamtar asked, "What is it, Gök Böril?" and saw that the other was trembling. Gök Böril was not saying a word. His jaws were clashing and he was looking at Yamtar without moving. What could have made this madman from Ötüken, who had never been afraid of anything in his life, tremble like this?

Slowly the fear of Sky-Borour infected Yarntar, for the wrath of God was pouring down on them these days. He grabbed him by the shoulders and shook him:

- He shouted, "What is it?"

Gök Börü did not open his mouth again; he only grabbed Yarntar's arm and pulled him out of the tent door. He showed the sky to Yamtar, who thought he would see snow or ice again but was relieved to see nothing like that. Yamtar was startled; he looked up at the sky again. Then he grabbed Gök Börü's collar and said trembling with fear:

- He shouted, "What's this?"

The two of them hugged each other and began to tremble. Because three moons were shining in the sky. While they were standing like this, they suddenly heard a shout from afar. Then there was a running, a noise. Soon the whole Turkeli was standing. They were shouting, making noise by hitting their shields with their swords, and shooting arrows into the sky. Yamtar said, "There is no stopping" and took Gök Börü to his tent and took him to the place where the compasses stood: They quickly put on a quiver each. They took a sword and a shield and rushed out. They also started to hit their swords on the shields and shoot arrows to the sky. The shouting of thousands of men, women, children and children made a terrible noise; dogs howling, horses neighing, cows bellowing increased this noise.

292 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

They shouted and clamoured, waiting in vain for the three moons to meet. The moons did not unite until sunset. It was only after sunset and darkness had fallen that the hearts of these frightened and excited people were calmed down a little. They went to their tents and slept. This could not be called sleep. They passed out from exhaustion.

-  
- -

But there was one person who stayed awake all night. Major Bögü Alp had been thinking about Kırac Aca's words until morning. These words, which had been engraved in Bögü Alp's brain, were slowly being realised. Kırac Ata had said:

"Great days are coming... When there is famine, the moon will be shattered... You will not kill the Black Khan... He will be killed by the sweat. I see forty men gathered in a city... You are among them... It's raining... You fight on the banks of the river... Your clan will be saved... Your name will not be forgotten... You will be resurrected after a thousand and three hundred years of death... Your name will remain in the hearts until the sunset of the pain... -

After the famine, the moon was shattered. So it was time for the Black Khan to die of grief. Bögü Alp had not understood Kırac Ata's words so well when they were spoken. Now, after things had happened, he realised what great truths those words, which he could not comprehend before, were, and he thought deeply. Who were the forty soldiers gathered in a great city? Where could this great city be? Especially resurrection after one thousand three hundred years of death....

There was an incomprehensible trouble in Bögü Alp's heart. He had left his tent before dawn and was wandering in the countryside and slopes. He himself did not know where he was going. He didn't realise what he was doing. At one point he was asked

When he arrived, he saw that he was leaning on a mound and the sun was about to rise. Suddenly a thought like lightning flashed in his brain: I wonder how it would be if he went to Kırac Ata again? I wonder if Kırac Ata alive? Bögü Alp about to decide to go. Suddenly his eyes were fixed ahead. Then he stood up from his seat and looked around. Strange thing!... ... A red smoke was coming out of the earth. He had never seen anything like this before: It was incomprehensible, unbelievable that after the snow in the summer and the three moons in the sky, now a red mist was coming out of the ground.

As the sun was rising, the mists were increasing and turning into smoke. As his footsteps dragged Bögü Alp towards his home, many people were looking at the red smoke covering the ground with astonishment and fear, and many others were waiting at the door of their tents with their rifles. No one could understand what was going on. Neither kams, nor bards, nor elders, nor elders could find any explanation for these events. Everyone was sensing that a disaster was looming over them, but they could not do anything against it, so they bowed their necks in resignation and kept silent. Winter, famine and pestilence had ravaged the Turkel, many had died, and men and horses were left without food. God's anger had probably not yet passed, and now there was a frost in the middle of summer, the moon was divided into three, and red smoke gushed out of the ground.

\* \* \*

God's anger had not yet passed.

## Disruption

**E**RTESI spring has come early to Turkey. These people, exhausted by all kinds of troubles coming down from the sky do. -They were unanimous in thinking that nothing but raiding to China to get them would be of no use. They could not understand what the kagan was planning and why he did not give the order for the raid. As the order to raid was delayed, rumours and gossip increased, and those who did not hesitate to openly speak against the kagan multiplied.

Iking Katun was getting information about who was speaking against the kagan and himself through his Chinese men. When she heard that Major Böğü Alp was among them, she thought that it was necessary to prevent this and if she did not prevent it, it might lead to a bad result. He had heard that Böğü Alp was a brave man who did not spare his eyes. Moreover, he was the son-in-law of Isbara Khan. Iking summoned Ulug Tarkan, the most loyal favourite of the Black Khan, and gave him his orders. Everyone knew Böğü Alp. Especially after he had sent an envoy to the Western Khan, his fame and reputation had spread far and wide. When Ulug Tarkan found the major, he asked in a stern voice:

- Major Böğü Alp! You spoke against the khan and katun, is it true?

- That's right, Tarkan!

- Then I'll imprison you to await the king's command.
- All right, let's go.

Just at this moment, a messenger on horseback came and galloped away with the order of the Black Khan for the gathering of the troops. Then Böğü Alp, sensing that something was wrong, said:

- Ulug Tarkan! Did you get the order from the kagan to come here?

- No, no, no, no, no! I got it from your katun.

- Then I can't go with you.

- Why?

- When the Black Khan calls me to the army to go to war, Iking Katun cannot order you to put me in a hole.

- Iking Katun gave me this order.

- Even if he does, it's worthless. After I get on my horse soon, I won't recognise Iing Katun's order.

Ulug Tarkan did not resist much. Because he saw that Böğü Alp was right. Even if he resisted, he saw that the major would not listen. After fighting with Böğü Alp one on one there was little chance that the katun's order would be fulfilled.

Ulug Tarkan is back.

-  
- -

Major Böğü Alp could not understand what kind of raid this was. Isbara Khan's army had not come to the raid. Kür Shad's division was also absent. As for Tulu Khan: Far from raiding together with the Black Khan, he had become his supporter and entered into friendship with China. When the army of Kara Kagan was marching to China, Tulu Khan was a guest at the Chinese palace and was welcomed with a great ceremony. By attracting Tulu Khan to himself, Tulu Khan was able to show that China was getting stronger.

At one time, the Black Khan was going on a raid with two divisions of troops. Moreover, the head of one of these two divisions was the evil Chinese Shen-king.

On the first night of the march, at their lodgings, Major Böğü Alp was discussing this with Major Ay Beğ. They had left their horses to graze on the endless steppe, and they were lying on the ground. The horseboy Yumru was a long way ahead, sitting cross-legged with his horn round his waist, sharpening his sword. Böğü Alp said:

- Ay Beğ! Do you know why we raided with two divisions? Do you know why Isbara Khan and Kur Shad were not in the raid? Do you know what we will gain or lose in this raid?

Moon Like smiled bitterly:

- You should ask Iking Katun and Shen-king. After suffering so much hunger, we should have taken our women and children to China.

The two majors got into a lively discussion about what seemed to them a riddle. At first they spoke very slowly. Then their voices grew louder. It became harsh enough for Tuber to hear. Since Tuber was a simple soldier, the number of soldiers going on the raid of little interest to him. He saw no difference between attacking with ten divisions or raiding with two divisions. He had always been used to seeing only one fat against him. After he had taken down one, there would be others, but no harm would come to the Tuber. Even if the oil was a hundred divisions, it was not as if a hundred divisions of it would come against the Tuber all at once. Any private from any division within this hundred divisions would come to him, and Yumru would kick him anyway. It would have been the same if the others had come after he had beaten him. Why were these majors sitting around arguing about the number of soldiers? The lump didn't have time to think too much about it. Under the cool night wind,

He fell into a sweet and comfortable sleep on the earth, looking up at the stars.

The majors hadn't heard midnight pass. They did not even recognise the shadow that slowly approached and stood behind them. Or rather, they realised it, but did not think it necessary to look at a passing night watchman.

But the shadow on the head ends.

the majors took notice. They looked up and glared angrily at the guard, and then they jumped up from the ground. De

This shadow, which they have ignored as a sentry since  
It was the Khan himself.

The two majors knelt on the ground. The Khan looked at them with a gloomy gaze:

- He said, "You're thinking wrong, majors!"

Then he concluded by seeing them standing silent and motionless like stones:

- If we gather all the troops of Isbara Khan and Kur Shad, it would not be a division. Half of them are horseless. Isbara Khan and Kur Shad, with their ill-organised troops and their horses, will defend Turkeland against any attack in our absence. Do you know how many people and animals died in the last famine and starvation? You do not know. In order to equip this army, I, the Turkish khan Kara Kagan, have distributed the few hundred horses I had left from the thousands of horses to the guards. I have nothing but the only horse I ride.

After saying these words, Black Khan walked away quickly and with hard steps. The two majors were very upset about this. Böğü Alp could not sleep until morning.

..

\* ..

Two days later, when the Gok Turk army reached the Uyang Mountain, the scouts reported the appearance of the Chinese. According to the information brought by the vanguard and the messengers, the Chinese army consisted of five or six well-dressed and well-fed divisions. What worried Kara Kagan the most was whether Tulu Khan was also on the other side. The fact that Tulu Khan and none of his troops were present in the Chinese army was Kara Kagan's only consolation. Otherwise, it was not so easy to fight against an enemy three times superior to him with two tired and purified divisions.

Bögü Alp was stationed on the right flank of the Turkish army in the rear. From a fairly high slope overlooking the entire battlefield, the major was carefully observing the march and formation of the Chinese army. The fat was marching in three lines, in tight formation. There were no vanguards. The Khan had planted his three bricks in the centre and led Major Ay Beğ to attack as the vanguard.

Ay Beğ got up with a thousand men under his command. Then he accelerated. Five hundred paces before the mountain, a sharp horn rang in the field. Then they were seen galloping. While they were galloping towards the Chinese with war cries, they were also shooting arrows. They raced like this until they were two hundred paces away. Then another trumpet sounded. It caught Bögü Alp's eye that Ay Beğ's thousand had suddenly turned back and started to flee. This feigned escape was being made just in time. Because the two Chinese divisions in the first line had rushed forward from the right and left to surround Ay Beğ. Ay Beğ was not trapped. After pulling all his troops to the right with the horn, he turned back again and attacked one of the Chinese divisions. The Khan liked this manoeuvre, and he sent out another thousand against the Chinese division advancing from the left.

Ay Beğ was now fighting within a thousand paces of Bögü Alp. Like a falcon entering a flock of crows, he dived into the swarm and smashed them to pieces. Watching the battle from a high place in cold blood, Bögü Alp slowly said:



"The Khan is right!" he muttered. Because today Turkish horses could not run with their usual lightning speed, Turkish arrows could not pierce Chinese chests with their usual unerring flight. Even from a thousand paces away, one could see how much more refined the Turkish horses were than the Chinese horses.

Ay Beğ was dodging again, fleeing backwards, trying to beat the Chinese with arrows shot in the back. At this moment, Bögü Alp's eyes left Ay Beğ and in the direction of the kagan. He saw that the three brigades of the kagan had been raised and the two armies were engaged with all their might.

He was not to move unless he received an order from the khan. But the fact that the Chinese attacked the kaghan with five divisions and he stood against it showed that he could no longer give orders. He looked at Ay Beğ again. Let Albız take it... As Ay Beğ drew his sword and attacked the Chinese, he was hit by an arrow and fell down, and his half-diminished thousand began to retreat rapidly. Bögü Alp shouted to Yumru, who was standing a little behind him: "Blow the attack horn!" and then threw a soldier to his bow. As the trumpet rang, a thousand horsemen of Bögü Alp leaped like lightning. Bögü Alp joined the remaining horsemen of Ay Beğ and attacked at full speed. He had made up his mind. He would not go back on his decision whether he did or not.

While he was riding towards the Chinese, he first shot arrows and knocked down the leading ones of them. Then he rallied his troops with a trumpet and rode as fast as he could behind the Chinese army. To do this, he had to make a big curve and travel further than the Chinese. Taking advantage of a brief moment of confusion on the part of the Chinese, who did not realise what was about to happen, he advanced like lightning. The Chinese realised the situation and tried to prevent Bögü Alp by a short cut. Then the major's voice boomed:

- Captain Yaglakar! ...

Amid the noise of battle and horses, a voice responded again:

- Here you go!

Bögü Alp gave his order by pointing his sword at the Chinese horsemen who were coming behind them and trying to prevent him from falling behind the Chinese army:

- Hold off these Chinese until I reach behind the oil!

- You are in charge.

Captain Yaglakar was a Kyrgyz who was brought to Ötüken at the age of three. For many years, he had been hoping to find an opportunity to overcome the Kögmen Mountain and go to his ancestral homeland, but every year there was an obstacle. When he received this order, he realised that he had to give up his hopes of overcoming Kögmen. Because to hold off a division of Chinese with his own hundred horsemen meant to reach to the plane very soon. But the thought of his imminent death never him feel any anxiety. The big Kyrgyz captain, with a very loud and majestic voice, which also resonated with the rang of saying goodbye to the life, quickly gathered his soldiers around him, and with a hundred men, he plunged into ten thousand Chinese. Yaglakar was knocking down a Chinese with every sword stroke: "Al! For the sake of Kögmen Mountain...-he shouted. His soldiers were also excited. They were shouting "For the sake of Ötüken", "For the sake of Kara Kagan", "For the sake of İçing Katun", "For the sake of Sen-king" they were melting like snow in the

Captain Yaglakar marched as if he was really going to Kögmen. He almost broke through the Chinese division. But his horse was shot and he found himself on the ground. An arrow shot from close range pierced his flank. The world went dark in his eyes. Hundreds of horses passed over him. But the valiant Kyrgyz and his hundred soldiers had given Bögü Alp the time he needed. The major dived after the Chinese army like a wolf in a flock of sheep. It was a strange battle.

While five Chinese divisions were driving two divisions of Kara Kagan backwards, Böğü Alp was chasing these five divisions, followed by the Chinese division chasing him.

Böğü Alp fought hard that day. He received wounds with arrow and sword. He separated many Chinese from his sweet life. He sacrificed hundreds of his valiant men. But he could not prevent the defeat. The major could console himself with the fact that he had prevented the defeat from reaching the level of annihilation due to the great losses he inflicted on the Chinese. As a matter of fact, the Chinese could not follow the Turkish army and they themselves could easily cross the great desert. But he could not take solace. All his captains and most of his corporals were lying on the battlefield. Böğü Alp's thousand was down to three hundred men, and Kara Kagan's two divisions had been halved by the time he crossed the desert.

## Deception

**K**ÜR ŞAD left Böii Tarkan in his place in Gök Turkel and galloped south towards the kagan army. he was riding. There were five more horsemen behind him. When the messenger from the Kagan brought the news of defeat, he angrily grabbed his sword, but when he heard that an envoy was to be sent to China for peace, he threw down his scarf: -Peace?" he shouted like crazy. Kür Şad thought of running to the Kagan in order to prevent the envoy from going, and after leaving Börü Tarkan in his place, he told him to be very vigilant, because there was a possibility that the Chinese might take advantage of the opportunity and attack the Turks from the east-south; he took a captain, two corporals and a horse servant along with the messenger and set off.

He was always looking ahead with his sharp eyes. But he could not see where he was looking, because thousands of thoughts were passing through his brain with lightning speed. Kür Şad was furious at the kaghan's indecision; he knew that the Turkish hand would gain nothing by making a war or a peace. Although they were broken, diminished and purged by hunger and famine, they believed that if they gathered all their available forces and fought China, they would be satisfied and there was no other way out. As they had heard their ancestors had done in ancient times, hundreds of years ago, they would send weights of women and children northwards.

It was best to make a lightning attack on China with all the horsemen they could muster, then to retreat and turn north, and after driving the Chinese who would follow them away from their own homeland, to engage them in a battle of death and death. It was necessary to gather all the horsemen of the Khan, Isbara Khan and himself even the remnants of Tulu Khan's army. If this could not be done, the Western Khan could also be asked for troops. To send an envoy to China for peace before everything was done... Kür Shad could not understand this.

Kür Şad and his five horsemen arrived at the army of Kara Kagan at dusk. There was a deep silence in the army. The tired, wounded soldiers of this army, half of whom had left the battlefield, were noticeably weary. When they left their homeland for the raid, they did not have much food with them, they were going to plunder China and find goods and food. After losing the war, this hope was dashed and hunger started again. There was no other way but to return to their homeland and eat the little and half food there. Kür Shad's arrival suddenly revitalised the whole army. Kara Khan was sitting alone in his ottoman, thinking with a sad face. Kür Shad's arrival brought a smile on his face.

dispelled the gaiety:

- Kur Shad! He said, "We lost the war.
- If we lost one, we can win the second. Kagan smiled bitterly:

- I was with ten thousand horsemen, tired and wounded. I like it. most of them are dead. Can you win a war with that many troops?

Sparks flashed Kur Shad's eyes:

- If you give the order, we will now send a messenger to the land and to Isbara Khan bring as many horsemen as we can and try our luck again.

Black Khan looked at him with a stern look. Then he asked in an unexpectedly soft voice:

- Are we going to leave the future of the Sky Turk Kaganate to a trial of fortune?

#### 304 - Death of the Grey Wolves

Kür Şad harshly:

- It is better to try luck than to make peace. Because with peace we accept in advance that our future will be darkened. If we try fortune, a chance of winning.

The Khan sounded humble:

- I sent an envoy to China for peace! Kür Shad and Kur Shad exchanged a glance. Sorrow oozed from the Kagan's gaze. The other the sparks of a fire about to blaze. His voice became steeper and steeper and he began to say

It has begun:

- You did badly to send a messenger for peace, Khan! Now the Chinese will ask a lot from us. Accepting their demands is equal to being a prisoner of China. Give an order: Let us send a messenger to the country and gather all our troops here. If they talk to us like men, fine! If not, let us raid again. Shall we wait here and starve to death? If 2000 horsemen are waiting for orders to set out, and if Isbara Khan comes with his troops, we can teach the Chinese a lesson. We are defeated, our situation will be no worse than it is now. At least they will not be able to boast that the Turkish Khan has bowed down.

Kagan was thinking with his head bowed down. It was obvious that he was in indecision again. There a deep silence in the otag. Then the kagan raised his head. Looking into Kür Shad's eyes:

- Do as you wish! he said. Kür

Shad knelt on the ground:

- Your command, Khan!

He rushed out immediately. After giving a short order to the two corporals he brought from home, he sent one to Börü Tarkan and one to Isbara Khan. They were going to make them come with all their might. The one going to Börü Tarkan

After the corporal finished his work there, he was going to go further north to Tulu Khan's Hand and try to bring troops from there. When this was done, Kür Shad called the captain and his own horse servant to him. He gave them an order secretly. After these two galloped off, he joined the army and walked to see the soldiers closely. Kür Şad had done a crazy thing and sent the captain and the horse servant to the Western Khan. Hadn't the Black Khan told him to do as he wished? So he did as he wished and sent an envoy to the Western Khan, asking for help with the greatest speed. There was no time for much thinking and preparation. Since he wanted to keep this secret and not to be heard by anyone, he sent only a captain as a messenger, and he could only take his own horse servant with him. He did not any money, provisions or helpers with the envoy. If these things were done, not only time would be lost, but also it would be heard and spread. In short words, he explained to the hundred-headed man the size and weight of the work he was to do, told him to find his food on the way, to go very fast, and ordered him not to say anything to anyone about the softening they had received until they reached the Western Khan.

Kür Shad did not sleep that night. The condition of the army looked more pathetic than he thought. The severely wounded were moaning, and there was not a sip of wine to put in their mouths. One of the sentries died, bleeding from his wounds. Bögü Alp, the greatest hero of the last war, fainted after cauterising his wounds with a red-hot iron. There were more or less no officers left in the army. Tunga Tegin, one of the two divisional captains, remained on the battlefield. The other division head, Sen-king, was unhurt. When Kür Şad saw this unlucky man, his blood rushed to his head and he could hardly keep himself from killing him. Only Bögü Alp was left of the majors. He was also exhausted. Kür Şad laboured until morning and had the three surviving corporals count the whole army. The Chinese didn't recognise Shen-king as a man. Ka-

306 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

ğan and himself, 1 major, 4 captains, 21

corporals and 9850 privates were left. Of these, 600 too seriously wounded to fight. Börü Tarkan and Isba-ra Khan

whichever of his troops comes first, Kür Shad will provide them with their rations.

he would feed these 600 soldiers and send them back. So he was down to 9300 people. The soldiers from Tarkan the Börü

With 2,000 men, they would ~~increase~~ to 300. 300, and with Isbara Khan's troops they would have grown stronger. But alas! ... Fortune has taken its own

He had turned away from them. Because at dawn, the head of the ten men said that the troop of Ishbara Khan was coming, but Ishbara Khan, who was very ill, was not at the head of this troop.

he was going to be killed. Kür Shad asked with a frown:

- How many of them are coming?

Then he received the following answer with a heavy heart:

- 400 men! Isbara Khan has kept only twenty useful men with him.

They have no horses.

Kür Shad was disappointed. He thought that a division would come from Isbara Khan, but to encounter 400 people was to bury his hopes in the ground. But the will of the valiant Kür Shad was not shaken, and even though he was hopeless, he did not fail to do his duty. While he was sending 600 seriously wounded people back with a few privates, 2000 horsemen sent by Börü Tarkan also arrived. Although he had not slept all night and had worked all night, he tried organise the army without any fatigue. 11. He was thinking what he could do with an army of 700 men against the great Chinese forces. All he could do was to buy some more time. Maybe some soldiers from Tulu Khan's army would come, and if more time was gained, maybe the Western Khan would come to his aid. With this in mind, he organised the army and made many captains majors and ten captains captains. He did not give a single soldier to the Chinese Shen-king, but summoned him to his side and said in a stern voice:

- He said, "I made you the kagan's squire!



Sen-king was insulted. Because Kür Shad, who was a divisional captain like him, had taken him from the head of his troops and made him the kagan's aide. He had no right to do this. He was going to complain to the kagan. But before Sen-king could implement this decision, was a fluctuation in the army: A messenger had arrived from the Chinese kagan.

Kara Kagan, accompanied by Kür Shad, Şen-king and major Böğü Alp, received the Chinese envoy in his tent. A Chinese officer, who knew Turkish, came with the envoy to act as a linguist. The envoy was a very friendly man. He showed great respect to the Kaghan. Firstly, he consoled the Khan for the defeat he had suffered and said that the war was a matter of fortune, that many worthy kings and chief kings had also tasted the pain of defeat, and added that the value of the Black Khan would never decrease with this. Then he asked the conditions of the kagan to make peace. At that time Kür Shad said:

- Kagan! If you command, let us discuss this matter between us before, he said.

Kara Qaghan was relieved that they asked him for peace terms when he was expecting very heavy conditions from the Chinese. He accepted Kür Shad's request:

- I will report this tomorrow," he said, ending the conversation with the envoy.

Kür Shad also expected heavy conditions from the envoy. But when he did not see any heavy conditions, he did not feel relieved like Kara Kagan, on the contrary, he felt troubled. He did not know where this distress came from. With an intuition, he found something wrong in this matter and his heart was troubled because of this. Böğü Alp, on the other hand, with his face yellow from anaemia, immediately left the kagan's seat and looked after the Chinese envoy.

308 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

Both Kür Şad and Bögü Alp were suspicious of the presence of Sen-king in this conversation. Since they had always known him to be evil, they were looking for his finger in every evil that happened to them, in every trouble to come... He was Chinese. This reason alone was more than enough for him to be evil. After the two of them had only talked, they decided to keep Shen-king under surveillance and assigned a trusted corporal to watch him.

The Chinese envoy had pitched his tent on the highest place there. He was accompanied by two privates and a cook besides the mandarin officer. The Turks looked at him strangely, as it seemed ridiculous for him to be travelling with a cook even in such a time and place of war. The cook cooked twice until the evening and even gave some to two wounded Turkish soldiers. He was a very idle, very talkative man. He kept saying something in Chinese, and when the Turks could not understand him, he called for a linguist and tried to speak with his help.

- This is good food. It strengthens the body. It repairs your wounds quickly.

The Turks were very hungry. They ate what they were given without making a sound.

But the indiscreet cook wouldn't shut up:

- Are your wounds deep? A

Turk answered:

- Sword scratch...

And he opened his bloody robe to reveal a cauterised

He pointed to the wound. The cook a strange scream:

- What scratch? Gouge, gouge! ...this wound won't heal with this much food.

Saying this, he brought the Turk some more food.

His jaw was working again:

- I'd like to feed all the wounded, but I don't know if it's enough.

How many wounded are there?

- What's a private without wounds? Almost all of us are wounded... The cook was pitiful:

- Alas! .. . . . Oh, what a pity about this war! Thousands of our people died. The rest returned to China exhausted.

The Turk found these words strange:

- Half of us are dead too. Whats there to be surprised about?

The Chinese looked at the Turk with pitying eyes, while entertaining him with various kinds of food:

- Tomorrow you can go back home and rest. Your wounds will heal.

The Turk was furious:

- If we were going back home, those who stayed at home wouldn't come here either. One is born in a tent and dies in a meadow.

-  
- -

That night Kür Şad and Bögü Alp were walking among the soldiers and talking. The corporal who had been watching Sen-king did not see any suspicious behaviour on his part. Kür Şad was about to leave Bögü Alp to go to bed after a long sleepless night. Suddenly they saw a large fire not far away. Although Kür Shad had forbidden burning wood, lighting such a big fire was a violation of the command. They quickly walked towards the fire. In front of the mound where the Chinese envoy had pitched his tent, there was some harsh talking. A Turkish sentry warned them that it was forbidden to light a fire and to put it out immediately, and the Chinese envoy responded by saying something in Chinese, while the cook continued to cook his meal. Cooking at this late hour was a strange gluttony. When Kür Şad and Bögü Alp arrived there, the sentry knelt down.

- Kür Shad! These guys don't understand Turkish!" Kür Shad  
di.  
commanded the sentry:

- Put it out!

The sentry walked towards the fire. When he grabbed the cook who wanted to pass in front of him, he knocked him down. Then he took off his cloak from his back covered the fire and extinguished it. Then Dilmaç, who was running ahead, asked Kür Şad the reason for this action after talking to the envoy: Kür Şad looked at the envoy and the dilmaç with contemptuous eyes:

- "Aren't you a soldier? Don't you know that firewood cannot be lit in armies at night?

Dilmach spoke to the ambassador again. Then, after asking for their forgiveness in a very respectful manner, he said that he was not aware of such an order.

■  
.. \*

A little later, when Kür Şad was exhausted and Bögü Alp was passed out on the black earth, wrapped in a thin felt, due to the weight of his wounds, the envoy and Dilmaç were talking in a slow voice in the Chinese envoy's tent. Dilmaç was saying:

- Since the one who broke through is dead, that means we're more or less here.

10,000 have arrived. There must be 15,000 now, seeing as they've summoned the rest of their forces. Our cook did his job well. We signalled the number of Turks to our men with the signal of fire, but we would have reported that many of them were wounded if Kur Shad had not extinguished the fire...

The messenger interrupted:

- That's enough. Ours will come with 60,000 people.  
We'll get the Turks because we'll be raided.

## Inside the Trap

IR ULAK

**B** had risen when IR ULAK woke Kür Shad, who had fallen asleep, and told him that the Khan was waiting for him. But the whole army was asleep. There was weakness and silence. The rations brought by Isbara Khan and Börü Tarkan's troops the day before had been distributed to the army and there was not a morsel of food left this morning.

When Kür Şad entered the kaghan's room, he saw that Bögü Alp and Şen-king had arrived. When he saw the useless, heartless Sen-king in the kagan's room, among those who would discuss the most pithy affairs of the Turkish kaganate, he was suddenly worried. He considered it unlucky.

Kara Kagan had convened the meeting to discuss the reply to the Chinese envoy. Kür Shad took the floor and argued that it was dishonourable to make peace when the Chinese had won the last war. Based on the authority given to him by the Kagan, he sent a message to the army of Tulu Khan and the Western Khan and asked for help, and explained in sharp words that it was necessary to delay the Chinese envoy until this help came, and if this was not possible, it was necessary to fight another war with the army they had.

The news to the Western Khan had a lightning effect on the Khan:

- He asked, "Do you expect help from him?"

### 312 - Death of the Grey Wolves

- Let us not fail to do what is necessary and leave the rest to God.

The Khan resisted this idea:

- The Chinese have sent a peace envoy. So they have no intention of fighting. In our weary state, what's in it for us to step on the tail of a sleeping snake?

- We will win our honour.

There was a profound silence in the otag. Then Kur Shad concluded his words as follows:

- As if it was not enough that we were halved, if we return home after being defeated by the Chinese, we will no longer be recognised in Turkish Hands. No tribe will recognise us. There will be no Gök Turk Khaganate.

Seeing the Khan looking at him with questioning eyes, Böğü Alp said:

- Kür Shad is right. He supported Kür Şad by saying that peace would save the lives of many of us, but it would kill our ancestral reputation.

The Black Khan turned towards Shen-king:

- What do you think? he asked. The Chinese with the crooked essence and crooked words smiled:

- You know the truth, Khan, replied.

At this time, a horse was heard running outside, a clatter.

Something was said in a harsh voice. Then the door of the otaku-one of the guards at the hospital was seen to come in and kneel on the floor:

- Great Khan! Captain Yamtar wishes to see you.

The Khan sensed that bad news was hidden in this untimely visit. <He ordered him to come. the great Yamtar was inside the tent: The kagan looked at the captain, the biggest-bodied man of the Sky Turks, and then said:

- Captain Yamtar! He asked, "What have you got to say?"

Yamtar's answer created an air of astonishment in the otgah:

- The Chinese envoy fled with his entourage.

Kür Shad and Bögü Alp exchanged glances. The Khan asked again:

- The guards didnt see it?

- The guards are crying?

- How you know about this?

- I heard they had a lot of food. I went to their tent to ask for some.

There was no one there. I saw five or six Turkish soldiers lying around. They had all kinds of Chinese food with them. I realised that they were crying. I didn't eat, even though the food was very good.

Before Yamtar had finished speaking, a horse was heard clattering outside. Captain Yagmur, who entered without listening to the guard, greeted Kagan:

- The Chinese army is fast approaching from the south,  
he said. The Khan stood up with a stiff posture:

- The brigades shall rise, the trumpets shall sound the trumpet of war!

As Captain Yagmur rushed out of the otag, Captain Selchik knelt on the ground in front of the kaghan and said in an angry voice:

- He said, "The Chinese behind us from the east and the west!

Kür Shad and Bögü Alp looked at each other again. Major:

- He muttered, "That's what last night's fire was all about!

After the Khan ordered everyone to take their places, he jumped out of his tent. The trumpets were blowing, the Sky Turks were running and jumping on their horses. The army was entering into a state of war with the organisation made by Kür Shad. But they barely had time to mount their horses. On the signal given by the Chinese envoy with fire at night, the Chinese army marched rapidly and killed the khan.

The Chinese envoy was present in the Turkish army and took the khan by surprise, who did not expect an attack.

Kür Şad took Isbara Khan and Börü Tarkan, the strongest and most unwearied soldiers of the Gok Turk army, under his command and attacked the Chinese coming from the south, while Böğü Alp rode with his mount against the Chinese troops coming from the rear. They were besieged and had no time to manoeuvre. Soon the two armies came face to face. Now only swords and pikes were in action.

Yagi was attacking towards the three brigades of the kagan and wanted to take him prisoner. The kagan, together with the horse servants around him, was shooting arrows at the approaching Chinese, while Kür Shad and Böğü Alp were engaged in a hand-to-hand sword fight.

At first the Chinese surrounded the Gok Turk army, but they could not do anything successfully. They struggled like this until noon. But in the afternoon, when the Turks became fewer and fewer, the situation began to change. Kür Şad and Böğü Alp gradually approached the khan's neighbourhood. They were as if they were dead from exhaustion. These soldiers, most of whom were already wounded and hungry, were falling off their horses one by one and dying, decorating the eternal steppe with their blood. On the battlefield, the sounds of swords and swords hitting shields and tulgas and penetrating into the bodies of the soldiers made a horrible harmony, and this harmony was mixed with war cries, curses and the moans of the wounded.

It was now evening in the field where thousands of Turks and Chinese were lying. Kür Shad, who had received many wounds with swords and whose face was covered in blood, took a quick look around him. There were only two or three thousand people left. The Khan was well surrounded, trying to protect himself. They were stuck in a narrow place. The Chinese surrounding them were boiling like sand. Kür Şad thought it was necessary to save the Khan. He looked round to see Böğü Alp. The major was nowhere in sight. There was no time to think too much. He quickly rode towards the kaghan.



and as he drove closer, he saw a bump. He gave him the command: "Blow the cannon horn! While Tuber was blowing the gathering horn, Kür Shad came to the kaghan and said to him:

- Khan! While we hold off the oil, you break through them and reach home. Keep your bricks here to deceive the Chinese!

There Captain Selchik and Yamtar caught his eye. He gave orders to them and some of the soldiers with them. Taking the kaghan with them, they started to break through the Chinese band and make way for the kaghan. Kür Shad was helping them from afar, knocking down the Chinese with his unerring arrows. After a while he stopped helping.

Because he knew that he was obliged to hold and delay the Chinese with his few hundreds of his troops. The tuber also with the kaghan.

The largest of the Sky Turks Yamtar and Yumru, who were the Chinese, were bringing their swords down on the heads of the Chinese with great strokes, and the Chinese they hit fell lifeless without making a sound. Captain Selchik was using the pike, and the kagan was helping Selchik with his bow in his hand, hunting the Chinese one by one. Three or four horse servants were behind the kagan, drawing arrows backwards and trying not to let the bowman approach.

The sun had set, and the kagan and his entourage had travelled far. If the Chinese had known that the kaghan was among those few people who were trying to break through them, they would have done otherwise. But since Kür Şad fought by raising the three bricks of the kagan, they attacked there in the hope of holding the kagan, and they did not hesitate to spend their troops.

It got a little darker. Tuber and two of his horse servants were wounded and fell. The Khan ran out of arrows, his sword was broken, and his pike was left in the chest of a Chinese. He had no other ammunition but a knife in his waist. After Yamtar had beaten another Chinese in a sweat of blood and sweat, he saw that the Chinese were almost split in half and said:

- Behave, Black Khan! he cried.

This shout made a ripple among the Chinese around them. There must have been some among them who knew Turkish, because they started shouting something and attacking harder. It was not clear what they were saying, but Captain Selçik realised from the shouts of "Kieli Han!" "Kieli Hann" that the Chinese had sensed that the Kagan was here. Because those dog-faced Chinese could not find the tongue to call him Black Khan, they called him Kieli Khan. When Captain Selchik saw that the Khan was in danger, he realised that he could do nothing but lie to save him. Captain Selchik detested lying. It was too much for him to lie like the Chinese, but there was no other way save the Khan. Oh, this evil lie! ... His grandfather had died in God's anger because he had lied, and his father had been killed by the order of Chuluk Khan because he had lied his way through all his wealth. It was unfortunate that now he himself would lie and be killed by the Chinese for lying. Captain Selchik:

- Yes, I am the Black Khan! Don't you recognise me, you Chinese bastards!

Then he turned his horse round and plunged into them. There was again a stirring and shouting among the Chinese. They attacked on his head with greed. Selchik was very handsome because he was from the tribe of Yagma. Because of this, the Chinese must have thought that the kaganate suited him, so they attacked to catch him, swung swords, swung pikes, but they could not overcome him. Taking advantage of this mistake of the Chinese, the kagan, with Captain Yamtar and a horse servant behind him, broke through them and rode towards the north. Eight or ten Chinese had fallen behind them, but they did not know that it was the kagan, so they did not hold tight.

While Captain Selchik was fighting with the Chinese, he was also shouting, cursing and mocking the Chinese. But this mockery did not last long. First his horse was shot.

When the Chinese, who wanted to capture him alive, saw that he was still fighting on foot, and that he was not in any condition to be called alive, and that he was covered in blood and wounds, they attacked to hold his dead body. As Selchik fell to the ground exhausted, bloody and powerless, thought of his son at home: <"I wonder if my son die lying like my grandfather, my father and me". This thought was Captain Selchik's last thought.

As Kara Kagan was riding through the Chinese with the time gained by Selchik, the Chinese realised the situation and started to run after him, realising that they had been taken. Kagan's horse was a fierce horse, unique in the whole Turkel. No horse could compete with him. Yamtar knew that he could not run beside the kaghan with his wounded horse like himself. He had no arrows left in his quiver. He asked the horse servant who was racing with them if he had any arrows. He didn't have any either. Then he said to the kaghan:

- Black Khan! You reach home while we hold off the oil a little longer. As long as Kagan is alive, Sky Turkeli will not fall!...

Then he ordered his horseboy back. On the steppe, which was now well darkened, they both plunged into the Chinese who were chasing them...

## The Last Laugh

It was as if a whirlwind of trouble had passed through Ozkirdan. Who

For **who** knows how many millennia the sun has risen and set Time had never cast its light on such a pathetic spectacle. Had the fortunes of the world changed? Or was new era beginning?

Ten thousand Turks lay lifeless on the battlefield. They had died so that the kagan, the epitome of the Sky Turkic nation, could be saved, and they had also separated as many Chinese from their sweet lives for this cause. Had the kagan survived and become the head of the nation? This anxious thought could no longer be thought by these dead. Those who were thinking about this were two or three thousand people who were now wounded and captured by the Chinese.

Kür Shad, riddled with wounds in eight places, was looking at the battlefield with eyes full of fire. The blood of ten thousand Turks and ten thousand Chinese had reddened the steppe. They had fallen into the trap of the lying Chinese and were defeated and destroyed. Because of the jinxes that had been going on for how many years, the huge Gök Turk army was finished, and all that was left were two or three thousand prisoners covered in blood. Kür Şad's heart was burning with an endless pain, an unbearable ache. The Khan had been saved. But would he be able to lead the Gök Turkel and save the state as well? The Chinese did not take Kür Shad's horse because he was a descendant of Kagan. He was taken to a high

He was looking at his war mates from the ground. The heroic Böğü Alp stood like a monument of valour with his bloodstained clothes, tulga-less head and pale skin. On the other side, a captain was swaying on the ground, clenching his teeth, wiping the blood from his forehead with his new cap. This captain had lost a leg. Despite being cauterised and bandaged, he was still bleeding, gritting his teeth to keep from moaning next to the oil, shaking his head in pain, and struggling with labour beyond his human strength.

Next to him, a sullen-faced Captain Sançar was standing stiffly, pressing his chest with one hand. His hand and the place where his hand was pressed were covered in blood.

Kür Shad turned his gaze a little further away: Captain Yagmur's eyes, which were always smiling, even in the bloodiest battle, were no longer smiling, but were looking at Yamtar with a gloomy gaze. Captain Yamtar was lying on the ground with his huge body, grimacing and occasionally moaning softly. He had a deep sword wound on his forehead and cheek. A pike had pierced his right arm and a sword torn his leg. These were not much. If it wasn't for the arrow that pierced his chest from the lip of his shovel... The arrow was lodged in the body of the mountain captain.

Next to Yamtar, Captain Three Sons stood cross-legged, his head bowed, his elbows resting on his knees, his head in his hands. His shoulder was covered in blood. Blood was oozing down his chin and some tears were mixing with this blood.

Corporal Gök Börü, whose robe was torn to shreds, was kneeling down, pressing both hands to his left eye and cursing someone who could not be identified. Gök Börü's left eye was blinded by an arrow and blood was filling his palms. His torso was visible under his shredded robe. Every visible part a wound, at least a scratch. The madman of Ötüken fell from his horse.

He fought even after he was exhausted, after his sword was broken, he picked up his knife, he attacked the hand holding the knife with a fist after he was hit by a sword, he did not care about the sword he was hit with, the pike poke too much for him, but when an arrow from the side removed his eye, he could not stand it and fell down. He could not see his surroundings with his one remaining eye. He did not know what had happened. He also did not know that the Sky Turk army was over and that he had been captured. He felt great pain and tried to reduce his pain by cursing.

A little further on, Yumru, Bögü Alp's horse servant, was resting his head on the chest of a dead captain, looking up at the sky with horrible eyes and moaning incessantly. Beside him, a sergeant, his face unrecognisable because of his wounds, was lying on the ground, whistling as his wounds stung, lifting his head, then lying on his back again.

Kür Şad's gaze searched for an uninjured soldier. There was none. The lightly wounded would help the heavily wounded. There was no other remedy. It was impossible to recognise the ten thousand dead one by one, but it was certain that Sen-king was not dead. He smiled bitterly. In all likelihood, Shen-king was the only one who had survived this ravage alive and well. Who knows how that cowardly Chinaman had slipped away while they were in the market for their lives?

They were surrounded by Chinese soldiers with pikes and bows. They were on the alert, watching for wounded Turks. Farther away, the main large Chinese army was trying to organise itself, removing its wounded.

Kür Shad got off his horse with difficulty. He approached Yamtar by walking with difficulty. He called for a slightly wounded and with his help he removed the arrow stuck in Yamtar's chest with difficulty. He was gasping for breath and Yamtar was unconscious. Some of the severely wounded were dying, and some of those whose blood did not stop were dying. Kür Shad summoned one or two sturdy men to him and made them burn the pieces he had torn from the robes of the dead with a flame, and then he heated the arrow from Yamtar's chest. With this Yam-

Starting from Tar, he began to cauterise the wounds of the wounded around him.

-  
- -

It was a furlong before sunset. The prisoners started walking southwards in the centre of the Chinese horsemen. On the right and left of the Chinese soldiers guarding them, the main Chinese army was travelling in heaps. Many wounded were saved from death by Kür Şad's cauterising, and the lightly wounded took the arms of the heavily wounded by his orders. All of them, except Kür Şad, were travelling on foot. Hungry, thirsty and with aching legs, they would go on foot all the way to China. Half of the Chinese army was reserved to Turkeline. Kür Şad was thinking about what would happen to the old men, women and children who stayed at home, and he was begging the Turkish God to save them.

Suddenly his eyes fell on Bögü Alp. Although he was exhausted, he was carrying someone on his back: This was the captain whose leg was broken. Kür Şad got off his horse. He and Bögü Alp exchanged glances. They were not saying words, they were talking with looks. They put the captain on the horse. Blood was still flowing from his severed leg and his face was getting whiter and whiter.

The Ötü ken madman, who could not see well with his remaining eye, was walking by holding on to the arm of another man.

Big Yamtar was being dragged alone, and God and himself knew what he was going through. The Chinese were stabbing the rest with pikes. Although they had not been on the road for long, eight or ten of them had been lost.

Kür Şad was startled for a while. Being taken to China, where they had travelled as conquerors and raiders, now as captives, suddenly weighed heavily on his heart. He almost shouted with a shout that made the earth and sky groan. His face turned red. Bögü Alp said a word.

322 · Death of the Grey  
Wolves

maybe he would have passed out. Major, pointing to the captain on the horse:

- He's dead. He was saying, "Let's leave this one and put a living one on.

They lowered the captain, whose leg had been amputated, and laid him on the ground. Kür Şad had turned his head round to look for someone most in need of a mount when a roar of laughter stopped first the prisoners and then the Chinese: Captain Sanjar was laughing his famous laugh and staggering with his blood-soaked hands against his wounded chest. At any other time, Sançar's laughter would have infected the whole army and made them laugh too. But now they were not laughing, they could not laugh, they felt a thin wire breaking inside them. This laughter, which penetrated all the prisoners, made two people shudder. Captain Yamtar and Corporal Gök Börü, who were Sançar's ancestors, suddenly winced when they realised that they would no longer tie him to the back of his horse and make him run, as they had always done while he was laughing. Gök Börü's one eye could now see his surroundings well, he could see Sançar who had joined, he could see his war buddies on foot. The Chinese with ambushes around them had inflamed all his veins of madness. A voice rumbled across the steppe: "San Tsar! Sanjar! 11 he shouted. Sanchar did not pay any attention, and although he was kneeling on the ground with laughter, he was shouting with the loudest and most joyful laughter.

- Look at the work of God. A herd of rabbits has taken the grizzlies by the scruff of the neck. The wet crows have defeated the falcons.

As Yamtar, spotting Kür Shad's unoccupied horse, approached to ask permission to mount Sançar, the following words were ringing in the ears, beings and hearts of the captives:

- Look at the Sky Turks!.. ... They were all without horses... Only one horse was travelling with a captain with a broken leg... He left his Turk



I'd say we're going to Siganfu to build a state, but there's no Black Khan in us...

The stopping of all the prisoners and the whole Chinese army at Sanchar's laughter had caused some anxiety among the Chinese. After the chief of the Chinese guards pointed to Sanchar and said something, a few Chinese ran towards Sanchar. But he was not interested at all:

- Yamtar, the size of an ox, is being taken captive by a Chinese as big as a goat!" he cried, tears streaming from his eyes.

It was clear that the Chinese had come towards Sanchar with a bad will. The foremost about to give a poke with his pike. Standing next to Sanjar, Fist held the pike in his hand.

<<Stand still!" he shouted. Poor Tuber was staggered by a blow to the head from the second Chinese coming from behind, while the other gave Sanchar a hard jab. Sanchar fell to the ground. But his laughter did not stop:

- Look at Captain Sanjar! The mangy Chinaman can make himself sick, but the great Sky Turk can't do anything.

Sanchar was laughing and laughing and laughing as he said these things. When another Chinaman saw that he was still silent, he swung his sword at Sanchar's head. Sanchar fell down again and then got up again on his knees. Again he was laughing and shouting with laughter:

- Is that how you play the sword? Did we fall for these mangy dogs? Shame on you...

Gök Börü and Yamtar rushed out to attack the Chinese around Sançar. Bögü Alp held with one hand and the other with the other and stopped them.

Meanwhile, one of the Chinese drew an arrow from his quiver and shot Sanjar in the back. Sanchar stopped laughing for a moment when he was hit in the back by an arrow. His eyebrows furrowed and he stood up straight

324 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

he stood up. Then he went on laughing and making the place ring:

- They'll say Captain Sanjar got an arrow in the back. And the shooter is that Chinese bastard....

Saying this, Sanchar took a few steps. Then he sank to his knees. He hadn't stopped laughing. His voice was still that loud. This time another Chinaman shot him in the chest with an arrow. The captain jumped up again. He was laughing again:

- The Chinese have some bravery! And he's a better shot than our division head Shen-king. If the Black Khan saw you, he'd make you a tarkan...

Finally, Sançar was hit by a sword between his shoulder and neck and fell on his side. The arrows in his chest and back kept him on his side. After the third arrow hit him in the chest, he could not get up again. But his laughter was still ringing, only it was getting slower, weaker and fainter every moment. The Chinese took turns hitting him with sword and pike, and as Sançar laughed, they became so angry that they could not stand still.

The mocking laughter gradually ceased. A deep silence covered the steppe. Then, with Yamtar mounted on a single horse and Bögü Alp holding the arm of Gök Börü, the caravan of prisoners flowed southwards.

Night had descended on the steppe. There was a bright moon in the sky and a calm wind in the air. Captain Sanjar's body, riddled with arrows and shattered by swords and pikes, lay on the chest of mother earth. The place where he was lying was red with blood. His face, facing south, was still smiling. There was a meaning in this smiling face, mocking the Chinese, bemoaning their bad fortune, angry at the Black Khan. Far away from the place where this laughter- rang out, long after the time when the laughter rose to the sky, a scribe, Gök

This laughter, this glorious procession and this glorious death would be forgotten until the descendants of the Turks were told.

At night, after the prisoners were invisible even on the horizon, angels descended from the sky, leaving the body of this sullen-faced and cheerful brave of Ötüken, the heroic Captain Sançar, who did not speak when he sulked and made the four corners ring when he laughed, and leaving his body created from earth to the earth, they raised his soul created from steel and fire to the sky. They sang hymns of honour and victory, and carried him to the Asmach.

It has been more than thirteen centuries since Captain Sanchar went to the plane. In the unknown place where he fell, on moonlit summer nights one can still hear anguished laughter and hymns of honour. These hymns are the sound of the wind. Everyone hears it. But not everyone can hear that agonised laughter. Its echoes are perceived by far and near hands, only by the hearts in which the fire of Mount God is burning. These agonised laughter will continue for years, maybe centuries, until the descendants of Captain Sançar hold a victory ceremony at the place where he fell.

End of the Second Section



## Part Three



### *One Year Later*

**K**<sup>ARA</sup><sub>daha</sub> **KA.GAN** looked at her with a sad look that gave a bitter meaning to her face, which had turned yellow and pale with sadness.

and had been still for a long time. The events of the last year flashed before his eyes with lightning speed. He remembered them all with a pang in his heart, but when he remembered that he had been a prisoner for three months, this pang became unbearable. When he came to Isbara Khan alone without an ambuscade, he found him in his tent, and as soon as he wanted to return to his own homeland, he learnt that one hundred thousand children, women and men who remained in his hands as his subjects had been captured by the Chinese. Isbara Khan had with him twenty henchmen and three or four thousand women and children. They did not have a single horse left. While they were in such a situation, the Chinese army came out, twenty soldiers and a few women and children fought a long arrow war with Kara Kagan under the leadership of Isbara Khan, and after they shot their last arrows, they were captured.

The Black Khan could not remember how he had come to Siganfu as a captive. He wondered how it was that the captivity of a Turkish Khan did not anger God and bring down plagues from the sky. Every day for three months his pride had been humiliated, his honour had been whipped, and he had been put into a fog. The mansion he was given to live in was the residence of the Chinese khan.

When he learnt that it was the house of the head of the janitors, he was struck by lightning, and during the night he was speechless and his arm was paralysed. After lying in a heap until the morning, he recovered a little, but his arm did not regain its former strength.

The Chinese capital was a dungeon for the kaghan, who was accustomed to riding horses in the steppe, endless plateau and living in the open air. He could not even look at the big gardens and pools of the mansion where he was sitting. He was only thinking deeply and bitterly.

Ulug Tarkan, who was never separated from Kara Kagan, entered the room and knelt on the floor with his shoulders, which seventy years could not bend, but the captivity had collapsed, and Kara Kagan turned his sad eyes to him:

- Ulug Tarkan! Don't greet me like a khan anymore! You can't show respect to a prisoner!

Big Tarkan stared at the ground, his eyes still hard in the centre of his wrinkled face:

- God created time and threw the sons of men into it without a rifle. Sword, pike, arrow... These are only useful against the sons of men. If God has given us death, if He has made the Turkic nation unholy, let us endeavour to remove it. Even if you are a prisoner, you are still the Sky Turk Khan. And I am your lalan and Ulug Tarkan.

The Khan did not answer. Everything that reminded him of the past filled him with grief. His brain worked like lightning between two points, carving his heart and leading him to death: Gök Turk Kaganate and captivity.

Ulug Tarkan started speaking again:

- The Qaghan of China also gave Tulu Khan the special post of chief of the cavalry. But Tulu Khan did not like this. Because he thought that Isbara Khan was also the commander of the special cavalry he was superior to him.



The Black Khan was looking at Ulug Tarkan. There was a question in his gaze. Tarkan continued:

- Tulu Khan hoped for the kaganate. When the Chinese Khan saw that he was not honoured with this position, he also gave him the title of the city of Pe king. He will leave tomorrow.

Black Khan asked with a faint smile:

- Lala! Why are you telling me all this?

- Because you are the Turkish Khan!

- The Turkish Khan without army, without troops, without ambush, without country! ...

- Your sergeant a prisoner here, waiting for you. Your ammunition is in Chinese warehouses. And there are Sirtardush in your country. One day all of them will unite under the shadow of the wolf-headed banner.

- We won't see that day.

- Our sons will see. If our sons can't see it, our grandchildren will.

The Black Khan suddenly stood up. If he had been in Ötüken, this rising would have signified a great anger. Now it only showed an infallible pain. Ulug Tarkan sensed this and, trying to be as calm as he could, said the following:

- Isbara Khan and Kur Shad will come to see you.

Kara Kagan loved Isbara Khan very much. Isbara Khan, who remained loyal to him until the end, was a person who endeared himself wherever he went with his morality, valour and handsomeness. As a matter of fact, even the Chinese loved him, and the Chinese Kağan had shown enough trust to make him the chief of his own private chariots. Isbara Khan had achieved this rank without working against his own nation. Reconciling the contradictions was not a task for everyone.

Kara Kagan was always a bit reserved towards Kür Shad. This was probably because he was Tulu Khan's brother. Kür Shad never co-operated with Tulu Khan.

332 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

but Kara Kagan could not warm up to him for some reason. Kür Shad had made great sacrifices to save the kaganate. But Kara Kagan could not trust him as much as he trusted Isbara Khan.

The two of them came together. They greeted him as if they were greeting the kagan in Ötüken. Then they began to speak with great solemnity, as if there was a Sky Turk Khaganate. All this was hurting the Black Khan. He said in a bitter voice that he could no longer talk about such things, because he could not erase the shame of being a prisoner for three months. ..

At these words, Isbara Khan was silent out of respect for the kaghan's grief. Kür Shad stood up with red:

- You've been imprisoned for three months. Ours has been a year. Who will revive the kaganate if we give up everything in grief? We all our share of blame in its destruction. We all have a part in its resurrection too!

The Khan remembered that he had had such a discussion with his nephew before the defeat. Kür Shad, who was a warrior to the end, always said too much and did too much. Kara Kagan told him about it:

- It was Tulu Khan who destroyed the kaganate.

There was also a spark of anger hidden in these words Kür Shad, the brother of Tulu Khan. Kür Shad was quick to realise this.

- Black Khan! You were no less than Tulu Khan in destroying the Sky Turk Khaganate!

The Khan wouldn't have been so shaken if he'd taken a sword to the head.

He raised his voice:

- Wasn't it your brother who colluded with the Chinese for the throne?

- It was my brother who made a deal with the Chinese. It was my uncle who married Iching Katun, the Chinese woman who had been the wife of my father's khan, and led the Turkish army to war at her whim.

Kara Khan, Isbara Khan, Kur Shad and Ulug Tarkan looked at each other and fell silent. Then Kur Shad continued in the commanding voice of his war days:

- Isn't it you who made Shen-king's rascal a division chief? Whom did the captive Chinese in Ötüken trust and spoil? Why did you put Tulu Khan in chains because he was defeated with his weak army? Why did you kill him even though he made a deal with China?

The Khan raised his hand and shouted, <<Enough! " he shouted. Then he stood up:

- My marriage with Iq\ng Katun was to obey the Turkish custom. When the agha dies, the lair marries the yenge. Don't you know? he asked.

Kur Shad responded:

- I know. I also know that whoever killed the Khan was killed.

- Kur Shad! You speak like Tulu Khan's envoy.

- No, no, no, no, no. I speak as a Turkish shad of the Bozkurt lineage.

A mocking tremble appeared in the voice of the Black Khan:

- Is that why you became an officer in the Chinese Khan's special troop under Tulu Khan?

- The sword I wear will be drawn not for the Chinese Khan, but for the Turkic nation-

- If you weren't Tulu Khan's brother, I'd believe you.

The contempt in these words struck Kür Shad's face like a sword. At that moment a sharp sound was heard: Kür Shad drew his sword with lightning speed and took a step towards the khan. This swift action made Isbara Khan and Ulug Tarkan realise,

334 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

He had his swords thrust towards him, and the Black Khan stood still as a stone.

For a long moment, Kür Shad and the kagan looked at each other with sore eyes.

Then Kur Shad took another step:

- I had forgotten that you were the Turkish Khan! He was putting the sword, which he had drawn from its scabbard, back into the scabbard for the first time in his whole life. Then he finished his words in a very slow voice:

- Time will show both the right and the wrong.

Kur Shad said this and left. They were silent. The Khan wanted to say something but he was silent, Isbara

Han was silent because he was hiding something, Ulug Tarkan was silent because he knew everything.

After a long silence, the kagan sat down, his face grim, and signalled to the others to sit down as well. Then Isbara Khan said the following which eased the tense nerves a little:

- And this morning he argued with Tulu Khan and threw a knife at him.

Thank God Tulu Khan escaped with small wound in his arm. Otherwise... The Chinese would have been overjoyed that the Turks were fighting each other...

## Heartache and Heartache

When **AMTAR** tightened his belt, he realised that it had become very thin. Even during the famine in Ötüken, he had not become so thin. Sitting cross-legged at the foot of a tree, this he began to wonder why he was like this. He couldn't get as full as he wanted. They were settled around the city of Siganfu. The Chinese gave them land and told them to cultivate it. Many months would pass before Yamtar could reap what he had sown. They also cultivated land in Turkel, but not all their food depended on the land. They hunted game, birds, made koumiss, slaughtered sheep and calves. These things were not here. They gathered nuts from trees, but the nuts of one could feed Yamtar for two days at most. The children they had left behind during the last war had also been taken prisoner and brought to Siganfu. Now Yamtar had to feed himself and his eight-year-old daughter and seven-year-old son. As if this sadness was not enough living in Chinese houses made of wood was very heavy for him. What kind of creatures these Chinese were! If they wanted to move, these houses could not be moved. Where are the beautiful houses of the Turks, where are these wooden houses? Desperate Yamtar was now used to sleeping in this wooden house like a tree worm.

336 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

to be able to ride a horse and run around in the countryside. Especially to ride a horse and run in the countryside... He would endure it all. If it wasn't for this captivity...

The captivity was very offensive to him. The scrawny, sullen, blackened Chinese, whom he did not regard as dogs whose necks he could snap if he caught them, gave Yamtar orders. When he was given a field like the other Turks, Chinese officer taught him how to cultivate it. Yamtar knew how to plough the field; he knew how to sow wheat and millet. When he told the Chinese that he knew how to do this, they mocked him:

- This is not barbarian work, it is not like shooting arrows. Not even a raid! they said.

The pure-hearted Yamtar thought: <"Maybe the Chinese have a different way of sowing and reaping." He agreed to learn,

- Well, teach me and I'll see! he said.

But it was not at all the other way round for the Chinese. Moreover, with his weak arms, he could not stick the waist deep, could not lift the soil quickly, and could not work fast. Yamtar:

- "Give me that," he said, taking the belt from the Chinese officer's hand, and began to survey the field in front of his wide-eyed eyes, with skilfulness and quickness. As he let go of the belt, he said to the Chinese officer:

- He said, "Leave this job and teach me how to sleep in that wooden house!" and had a long discussion with him about whether a tent or a wooden house was better.

Yamtar was surprised when the Chinese officer said that he would learn the Chinese language after he got used to this job:

- What is it? Chinese? He shouted, "What the hell is Chinese?"

Until then, Yamtar had never thought that the Chinese would have a separate language. He had never spoken to the Chinese face to face.

Until now, he had spoken to the Chinese in the language of sword and arrow and got on well. Now he was speaking Turkish to his opponent.

The Chinese officer was also surprised Yamtar exclaimed that it was not Chinese:

- Of course Chinese is .
- What do I care if it's Chinese? Why I learn it?
- To talk and communicate with the Chinese .
- I'm talking to you and getting along with you.
- You communicate with me because I speak Turkish. all Chinese people speak Turkish..
- My dear! I can talk to all the Chinese. You' enough.
- speak with another Chinese?
- that a problem? You come over and be a slicer.
- What an incomprehensible person you are! What if I leave my job and become a mute for you? What if I leave? What if an officer who doesn't speak Turkish comes here?

Yamtar thought for a while, then realised that learning the Chinese language was too much for him:

- Look at me! I can't learn the Chinese language. The Chinese should learn Turkish!" reply.

Since that day, he had almost forgotten how to ride a horse, shoot arrows and wrestle let alone learn Chinese. Even though he was a captain in the Gök Turk army, was he going to spend his days like a commoner, just ploughing fields, selling crops and buying other things with the money he earned? While Yamtar was overwhelmed with these dark thoughts, Gök Börü came to him and collapsed. The madman of Ötüken, who had lost one of his eyes in the last defeat, had also lost one of his two children from the famine in the turmoil of captivity; he had no news from the dead or the living. With his seven-year-old son, he settled in the house neighbouring Yamtar,

338 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

and he started ploughing his field. It was not pleasant to look at the world with one eye. One day I said to Yamtar:

- With one eye one cannot see well, but even that is too much to see that we are prisoners in this filthy Chinese city!

Now the two of them were sitting side by side, with a reaction of emotion in their hearts and a turbulence of thought in their minds, but they were staring ahead with pensive eyes, looking at indistinct place without speaking. After a while, Gök Börü began to speak as if shaking off a heavy burden:

- Yamtar! Did you hear that Tulu Khan died on the way to Peking?

- No!

- He was 29 years old and died with blood pouring out of his mouth. The Chinese khan made Tulu Khan's son "Urku" as Peking Khan in his place.

Yarntar looked at the face of Sky-Bor. Sky Blind understood what that look meant.

- Urku is 14 years old now, but he is a robust, valiant tegin.

He resembles his grandfather Chuluk Khan, he concluded.

They fell silent again. Suddenly, Gök Börü's son appeared. He said the three Chinese were looking for him. Gök Börü, who had been speaking in a soft voice since the day before, was suddenly raging with madness:

- Let Albız have it! He shouted, "What do these dogs want again?

Then he jumped up and started walking fast. Yamtar did not like this way of going. Although he could not get up from his seat, he reluctantly acted. He, too, began to walk slowly towards the house of the Sky Bug.

When the mad Gök Börü came angrily into the garden of his house, he looked hard at the three Chinese in front of him. One was an officer, one a private. One of them appeared to be a sledgehammer.

- He shouted, "What do you want?

Dilmaç:



- He asked, " you Sky Börü?

- It's me! Whatever you have to say, say it quickly and go away!

As Gök Börü was shouting and raging, Dilmaç and the officer spoke something in Chinese. Linguist:

- You haven't scoured the whole field. The officer ordered you to do it in five days.

Gök Börü was surprised. He looked to his right, left and behind.

Then he turned into a dilmaca:

- I don't understand. Who's giving orders?

- Officer.

-Which officer?

- That's the officer next to us.

- What does he command?

- He's ordering you to till the field.

- Which field?

- Your field.

- What are you saying? What is this goat-headed officer doing in my field?

Dilmaç spoke something in Chinese again. Then

- The officer says: "We gave the fields to the Turks, and since they are captives, we can give them any orders we like. Furthermore, the officer .

The Chinese linguist couldn't finish. He grinned. started to laugh.

Gök Börü was very angry at the Chinese's laughter and shouted:

- Tell me! What else did he say?

- He said: This Turk speaks so high with one eye. I wonder how high he would speak if he had two eyes?

Sky Blind was hit in the most emotional place. Suddenly he went berserk. Turning to the Chinese officer:

- He shouted, "Don't you like the one-eyed Corporal Gök Börü?

Then continued his rabid shouting:

- Mutts have two eyes, but that doesn't stop them from being mutts!

Dilmaç was startled. He took a step back. The officer grabbed his sword and removed four fingers from the scabbard. Gök Börü turned red:

- Why do you blame my captivity on me? I've beaten many dogs like you. A sword cannot be unsheathed half-heartedly, you wretch! Your sword will not cut the skin of the one-eyed ten-headed Gök Börü, do you understand?

Gök Börü's voice rang out around him. Suddenly he rushed at the Chinese officer. Before he had time to draw his sword, he slapped him like steel on his left cheek. This Turkish-style slap was enough to knock the Chinese officer down. Amidst the shouting of Dilmac, many Chinese were running from far and wide, while the Chinese soldier beside them had brought his sword down on Gök Börü's arm, it covered in blood. The madman of Ötüken, after looking at the Chinese like a man who had been hurt a little by a small child who had been hit in the arm with a stick, looked at the Chinese coming towards him. Then:

- Now you'll all be worth a lot all at once!  
he shouted and lunged at them.

Yarntar, who was coming from behind, heard only the sound of the slap and, realising from the sound that it was a Turkish slap, guessed that Gök Börü was up to something and hastened his men. But Yamtar was too late. Seven or eight Chinese were dragging Gök Börü away. Yamtar's eyes were caught by the bruised and swollen face of the Chinese officer and a Chinaman with blood pouring out of his nose, and his ears were caught by Gök Börü:

- This is the right to my one eye. I sent ten of you to the tamu to give me the other one!

-  
\* -

After spending that night in a dark and wet dungeon with his hands tied and hungry, Gök Börü was brought before a Chinese commander the next day. The Chinese he had fought the day before and Dilmaç were there. The commander asked him if he knew that attacking a Chinese officer with a compass was punishable by death. Since Gök Börü told with certainty that he would not answer anything until his hands were untied, his hands were untied by the order of the commander. His sword-wounded arm was numb from being tied up all night. Gök Börü started to answer by twitching his arm:

- If I had a compass, I would have destroyed them all. The commander asked with a sour face:

- It looks like you hit that Chinese officer in the face with a compass, or at least a stone or an iron. Don't lie. Tell the truth and the punishment will be less.

Sky Börü shrugged his shoulders:

- I slapped him in the face like an ancestor. That's it...

The commander was furious:

- Don't lie to me. I know how to make you tell the truth!

Gök Börü was angry too:

- Why do you keep resisting? If you don't believe me, let me slap you in the face. I won't go around saying I'm a Turk if I don't break your skin and swell your palms! ...

Dilmach was afraid to translate these words into Chinese. He took a step closer to Gök Börü and told him to give a soft and decent answer. The madman of Ötüken was deeply offended at being accused of lying. In the briefest of moments, a slap like lightning was hidden and the dilmac was knocked to the ground. He had fainted.

342 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

Gök Börü was shouting at the Chinese commander, showing the bleeding, swelling and bruising speed of the dilmac:

- You see, numbskull? Do need a compass to crush the sinister face of a sinister-looking Chinaman?

The commander was greatly angered by this disrespect. He had Gök Börü restrained and tied up again. Then he sobered up the sage and informed Gök Bō rü of the dreadful verdict:

- Because you disobeyed the order of the Chinese khan and did not plough your fields, because you dared to raise your hand against an officer of the Chinese khan, and because you had the audacity to strike one of the palace singers in the face of one of the Chinese khan's court commanders, you will receive a hundred lashes and your other eye will be removed!

Sky Börü listened to these words without shuddering. Then the sword said to Chang-chung:

- He shouted, "I will overcome the bravest of you even though I am blind in both eyes!

-  
--

Corporal Gök Börü was tied to a log in the square, stripped to half his waist and then to be whipped. Two Chinese, standing opposite each other behind him, alternated their lashes with all their might, while those who had gathered shouted, shouted and cursed, provoking the whip-wielders. Gök Börü took the lashes without making a sound, red marks appeared on his back, and blood oozed from these marks. The longer Gök Börü remained silent, the harder the whalers tried to hit him, the louder the ministers shouted, the more they cursed the valiant Turk, shook their fists, shouted at him.

they rejoiced at his beating. The square had become very crowded.

Among this emotionless crowd, only one person looking at this scene with teary eyes, biting his lips, while pearly tears rolled down his cheeks. This was seven year old Sungur, the son of Gök Börü, who was standing on a high place in the back.

One hundred lashes were over and Gök Börü didn't say a word. Sungur did not know what more would happen. also did not understand anything from the insertion and removal of some irons into the fire.

But Yamtar, who came to Gök Börü as the last lashes were being administered, realised what was about to happen. He did not want Sungur to see this. He grabbed him and took him in his arms. The boy did not want to go:

- Let's stay!

Yamtar in a trembling voice:

- Let's not stay, Sungur! Your dad will be here soon!

Then he started to walk, grasping Sungur, who was still small in his arms, even though he was a big boy. Sungur put his cheek against Yamtar's cheek. Both of their faces were wet.

That night Yamtar left Sungur at his house with his children and stayed at Gök Börü's house. In the night, he went to the Chinese commandery and took Gök Börü. He looked like a big tree that had been struck by lightning as he came to his ananda's house holding her arm, both eyes now closed to the lights and colours of the world. An inner pain of not being able to come to the aid of his blood-brother, the pain that had pierced Gök Börü's eye with a red-hot skewer

---

<sup>62</sup> Eçe: Aamca. also means "big brother".

344 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

was not inferior. He was ashamed of himself. Under the moonlight, one of these two dark fortunates, Yamtar, who was big and seeing, was walking with hard steps through the crooked streets, as if collapsed under a heavy spiritual burden; the other, the heroic madman of Ötüken, the unyielding Gök Börü, the valiant corporal, who was now buried in eternal darkness, was taking firm, proud and majestic steps with his head turned slightly towards the sky as if looking at God.

Philosopher Sen -  
Ma

AMTAR now under a heavier burden; Sky Bö  
Yrü's field, anda and anda

Taking care of his son now become one of his duties. In the first days, she a lot of milkyoghurt meat from other Turks and fed Gök Börü well; she tried to help him recover quickly. Gök Börü lay down for a few days and did not go out anywhere, then every day he went out to his field and sat under a tree. He almost never spoke. He put his back to the tree, leaned his head against it, and stayed like that from morning till night, thinking. He ate very little food. He only often called Sungur, him what he was doing, and when Sungur told him what he was doing or that he was not doing anything, he would say "OK" and go back to his silence. Yamtar realised that a big storm was blowing inside him too. He knew that it would be better not to talk too much, even to try to console him, not to anger him, not to touch the thin wires inside him. He came to him three or four times a day, ate his meals with Gök Börü, and said a few words to him in the meantime. Yamtar tried to give news that would make his uncle happy, and hid things from him that he thought he would not like.

And so another year passed. Sky Börü now began to compensate for the absence of his eyes with his emotions. Your house...

He used to walk smoothly on his way from the field to the field or to Yamtar's house, and he used to be able to recognise whether there was someone near him or not. Now he spent all his time giving wrestling lessons to his own son Sungur and Yamtar's son Göktaş, making them wrestle, understanding the games they played with each other with an astonishing intuition even though he could not see them and correcting their mistakes. Sometimes Yamtar would also come, he would intervene in the lessons; he would even increase their enthusiasm by grappling with the younger ones. The little wrestlers improved their skills in a month. Gök Börü made two swords from a tree branch and taught them how to fight. Yamtar also made two shields out of leather and completed the job. Göktaş and Sungur wrestled, played swordplay and competed with stones whenever they could.

One day they were having a curious and, according to them, a tough fight. Their fathers were also looking at them with eyes and heart. They were so engrossed in the wrestling that they could not see an old Chinese man approaching them. Gök Börü was the first to sense this. He hit Yamtar on the shoulder:

- He said, "Ask that Chinaman what he wants.

The wrestling stopped and Yamtar's mouth hung open in astonishment. Gök Börü now not only sensed that someone was approaching, but also realised that it was a Chinese. Yamtar was no longer Yamtar, the two-year prisoner who had wrestled two children, but Yamtar, the Turkish lord, the captain of the Sky Turk army. In a stern voice:

- Say it, Chin1i! What do you want?

The old Chinese smiled uncertainly. It's amazing! When this Chinaman smiled, he didn't take on such a dull and deceitful face as the other Chinamen, on the contrary, he became charming. Yamtar was looking at it, the children sensed it. Gök Börü was waiting. The Chinaman answered in a very proper Turkish:



- I'd like to give you some advice.

Gök Börü was seen to throw his right hand to the left of his belt.

This was a sword-drawing behaviour. But both of his hands fell down at once. There was no longer a sword hanging his belt strap as before. It was enough to infuriate him if a Chinaman came and wanted to give them advice. Yamtar's response sprinkled a few drops of water on the enraged Gök Börü:

- We have no advice to take from the Chinaman! The old Chinaman was not angry at these words. Smile a little more seyerek:

- He asked, "Why are you making these little children wrestle?

Yamtar was surprised:

- So they learn to wrestle well.

- Wrestle well, so what?

- Are you an idiot or what? These children won't stay like this for forty years. They will grow up and become soldiers.

- What good will wrestling do them when they become privates?

- Can a person become a man without wrestling, fighting, shooting arrows, shooting swords, fighting pikes, racing horses?

The Chinese smiled:

- Turkish philosophy, he said.

Yamtar did not understand anything. He asked:

- What did you say?

- Turkish philosophy.

- What is it?

- The deep thought of the Turks.

- deep thought of the Turks? What is it?

- You just told : Wrestling, fighting, racing.

- these bad things?

348 - Death of the Grey Wolves

- Too bad!

Yamtar's eyes widened:

- And what's good?

- Science, philosophy.

Yamtar smiled:

- So, what is this science and philosophy, what does it do?

- It helps to find the truth.

- Look here, Chinaman! Are you senile with old age? If you're going to give such advice, get out of here and don't anger us. We know what's right and what's wrong.

The Chinaman smiled again:

- You do not know.

Yamtar was getting angry:

- What do you care if I don't know the truth? Why do you come here and try to teach me your rubbish?

- Because I promised my teacher to teach everyone the truth.

- teacher? Who's your teacher?

- My teacher is the famous Chinese philosopher Chao-lien. I am his descendant, the philosopher Shen-ma. It's been four years since I left my teacher. I'm travelling everywhere and trying to teach people the truth.

Yamtar asked curiously:

- Were you an apprentice until four years ago?

- Yes!

Yamtar looked pityingly:

- Look here, Chinaman! I don't want to offend you, don't laugh at my words, but you're so dumb.

- Why?

- If you stay as an apprentice until your beard turns grey you can't be called a good person.

- Science and philosophy are not learnt quickly. Yamtar laughed again:

- My dear! What's so hard about Chinese business? It's not like the sword is more powerful than a sword.

- It is more difficult.
  - Harder? Then you'll be a great brave. If you want, let's have a sword fight. But I don't have a sword now. Let's wrestle with you.
  - I don't wrestle.
  - You say science and philosophy are stronger than wrestling. How did you learn its power without knowing what it is?
  - Because wrestling is useless. Science can teach a person a lot.
- tir.

Yamtar was bored:

- You Chinese think you know everything. Field waist

You even think that you alone know how to stain. A learned Chinaman came to teach me this, but I showed him that I knew better than him. What you call science and philosophy will be such nonsense. Even though I am good at shooting arrows and riding horses, I cannot feed myself. Can what you call philosophy satisfy my hunger? You tell me that.

- Of course it does.

Yamtar was startled with joy. He took a step towards the Chinese. it was.

- Tell me quickly. What's *this* philosophy? Hurry up and get over there.

so I don't starve to death.

The Chinaman again with a smile.

- This can't be done in a day. It takes a long time to learn.

## Yamtar Becomes a Philosopher

After the conversation that day, **AMTAR** realised that the Chinese philosopher

Yevine was haunted. The philosopher Shen-ma was sixty-five years old. He was a learned moralist. He travelled widely to spread his philosophy, to guide people to the right path and to give advice. Besides travelling all over China, he had also gone as far as Tibet, Kora, Tür keli and Hind. He knew many languages. When he was still an apprentice of Çao-lien, he started to travel these countries, sometimes with him and sometimes alone with his permission, and extensive knowledge about the morals, customs and thoughts of the people everywhere. He knew that it was very difficult to spread a philosophy. His teacher had been able to educate only himself in his long life. He himself had not yet been able to guide anyone to the right path, but he was not frustrated by this. He thought that he would surely enlighten someone, and he travelled around him giving advice.

When Kara Kagan and about a hundred thousand Turks came to China as captives, he wanted to make a test on these miserable people and open his thoughts to them. Il k first wanted to make a suggestion to Kara Kagan. But he would not accept anyone with him. When he could not succeed in this task, he applied to the most prominent Turks after the kagan, namely Isbara KhanKur ShadUlug Tarkan. Isbara Khan listened to him for a long time, and afterwards he told the Turks

Uluğ Tarkan stated that he could not accept anything that Kara Kagan did not accept. As for Kur Shad, he had come the matter with a very sharp statement that no matter what a Chinese's thoughts were, they could not be adopted. Even so, Sen ma was not fed up. This time he started to look for a person to lecture among the common people of the Turks. But it was very difficult to speak to the Turks, who captives but kept their eyes upwards. One day, when he was talking about philosophy and science to a young Turk and explaining that philosophy strengthens the human spirit, the Turk interrupted him and asked: <If I feed this philosophy to a horse, it take me to Ötüken in one day?" and when he said that philosophy was not an object to be eaten, he looked at him with a look and walked away from him. Sen-ma again did not get tired of it, he started to apply to the likes again.

Starting from the beginning, this time he captured Bögü Alp and tried to lecture him. Bögü Alp made a brief acquaintance with him. he did it, and then he told her:

- He asked, "Does this object you call philosophy foretell what will happen tomorrow?" When he got the answer no:

- What is it good for? Kırac Ata did not know what philosophy was, but he had told me what would happen tomorrow, he said, standing in front of the philosopher, despite Sen-ma's protestations that no one could know tomorrow:

- I won't believe you, Chinaman! I heard the words of Kirac Ata with my ear and with my own eyes that what he said was true, cut him off.

Shen-ma was not fed up again. Again he wandered among the Turks, and this time he confronted Yamtar. The Chinese philosopher disliked the bar. But he found the Turks more capable than the Chinese in understanding his philosophy. These were concise, truthful people who were one inside and out. The first chance to find the truth, to comprehend philosophy

to be right, he thought. The big-bodied Yanuar had openly told him that he had taken up philosophy because he was hungry, and he did not hide the fact that he hoped that through philosophy he could turn hunger into satiety. Shen-ma would try to make him understand that hunger and satiety were both delusions of ours, and thus win Yamtar over. It also good that Yam tar was and strong. Because if he was a good philosopher, he would not get tired while travelling from mountain to mountain and spreading his thoughts, he could endure fatigue and difficulties.

Gök Börü also realised that something had changed in Yamtar. Now there was food for Gök Börü.

He wondered one day why this was so:

- Yamtar asked, "Has our rations increased?" and when he was answered no:

- Then you eat too little!" was his firm conclusion.

It was true. He ate little and gave half of his own food to Gök Börü and the children. Yamtar did not lie because he was a Sky Turk:

- Yes, he said, I'm splitting half my food between the three of you.

Gök Börü fought back:

- No! No! Then you'll starve to death.

- I don't get hungry.

- Aren't you hungry?

Gök Börü said these words with great surprise. Because the first thought that came to mind when Yamtar was mentioned was being hungry, not being full, eating too much. It was of course surprising that Yamtar, who had spent almost every day half hungry in his whole life, now said "I am not hungry". When he answered his friend's question as "I am not hungry" again, Gök Börü sceptical. He took a step and grabbed Yamtar. Lowering his hand from his shoulder to his arm:

- He asked, "Aren't you hungry? Or aren't you Yamtar?"
- Yamtar.
- You'd be a yamtar, but wouldn't be hungry?
- I won't get hungry.
- How the fuck?
- I'm philosopher now.

In the midst of his own great troubles and thoughts of tomorrow, Gök Börü had forgotten the first conversation with the Chinese Shen-ma, and even forgotten Shen-ma himself. When his ananda, who ate little, said that he was not hungry because he was a philosopher, he thought it was a disease:

- Are you feeling ill? Where does it hurt?
- And Yamtar didn't understand where this sickness came from:
- hurts.
  - No? Isn't that whimpering you say it's some kind of a racket?
  - Philosophising?
  - Yes!
  - Ha!. .. That's not a disorder.
  - And what is it?
  - That ? That's a big job.

Sky Börü asked, not understanding anything:

- Yamtar! I sense something different about you. Tell me what this philosophising is, it is, so that I may know.
- Philosophy is deep thinking. It is to know knowledge that not every person knows.
- Doesn't a philosopher get hungry?
- He won't get hungry.
- Why?
- Why that? Because there is no difference between fullness and hunger.
- What?

354 - Death of the Grey Wolves

- It's not like that. I misspoke. Because hunger is self-delusion.
- Delusions?
- Yes! [laughs] A person thinks he's very hungry. He eats a lot.  
When in fact

she eat a little less.

- And then?
- It's useless to rejoice or grieve.
- Yeah!.. Why?
- For there is no event in the earth to rejoice nor to be disgraced.
- Otherwise, why do we rejoice in some and despise others?
- Delusions...
- Wow... Yamtar' bragging:
- That's not all. There's more, more!
- What's available?
- No death.
- What?
- No death.
- But everyone dies.
- They are not dying.
- And what's going on?
- It is changing form.

Sky-Brother was silent. He thought for a long time. In a soft voice, not at all like his usual angry voice:

- I see. This philosophising, he said, will be an unknown madness that takes one's mind away.

Then, feeling sorry for Yam tar, who was bored because he could not explain his philosophising, he finished:

- Anda! Go to the blusher.



## Delusion

Y On the advice of his teacher Shen-ma, AMTAR began to visit Siganfu whenever- he could. This was a great The load was wandering the streets of the city, looking at houses, buildings and roofs, to get an idea about people. But he still had not learnt Chinese. After long discussions, Sen ma convinced Yamtar that it was necessary to learn Chinese and started to give him lessons. But after a few months, he could learn only <<I>, <<you>, "O>> as words, and <my stomach is full>> and He had learnt to say <living is dreaming>. Yamtar, for all his naivety, was not an imprudent person. The reason he did not learn Chinese was his dislike of the Chinese and the difficulty of this language.

Sen-ma first taught him to say "I". The Chinese for this word was ccvu'ou. Yamtar found it very difficult to repeat this word, which sounded like the bellowing of an ox, and for days he spelt it as ccoi>, bui, bo, bu63; the more he heard from Sen-ma that none of them was correct, the angrier he became; the more he could not do it, the more stubborn he became, and finally he was able to say "vu'o.," just like the Chinese. The Chinese word for "you", <eni", also a lot of controversy. Because Yamtar does not say "ni",

---

63 Since there was no letter .y in Gök Turkic, Yamtar had difficulty.

<<ini "64. As his teacher explained the unnecessary of the "i" at the beginning, Yamtar was puzzled and could not comprehend the reason for extending the word to "ni" at the end. But after all, it was not as difficult as saying 'o'. Chinese

Yamtar liked the "ccta" for "it". It was easy to say. He told Shen-ma that he liked it:

- Look, this looks like human language, he said.

Realising that it would take too long to learn Chinese words one by one, Yamtar tried to learn sentences and the first thing he did was to memorise the Chinese phrase "My stomach is full". The Chinese for this "VU'o ı bav lı". The purpose of memorising this was to show his knowledge of the main lines of the philosophy he was learning. As a matter of fact, he asked Sen-ma about the sentence "To live is to dream" with the same thought, studied it, and learnt it with a thousand difficulties. The Chinese version of this "Chin min shi i chan mın". If had gone smoothly like this, the big Yarntar would have learnt Chinese, albeit slowly, albeit half-heartedly, and would have been able to speak it. But when he asked his teacher in one of the lessons how to say "ccbig" in Chinese and got the answer "ta", his brain confused and he felt a great fatigue. ccTa" meant both "it" and ccbig". Although Sen-ma said that there was a difference between the pronunciation of the two and exhausted his breath by repeating both of them many times, Yamtar persisted in defending that the two were the same, finally taking the Chinese's writing brush in his hand, he wrote two "ta" in Gök Turkic script and wrote:65

- Look! He asked, "Aren't these two similar to each other?"

Then Shen-ma smiled and said:

---

64 In Turkish, the letter "N" is very rare at the beginning of a word.

65 Another characteristic of the Turkish language is that the vowels are always short.

- He replied, "When written in Turkish script, they are one, but when written in Chinese script, they are different," and drew two complicated and bizarre shapes, one of which means "O". He explained to Yam tar that "ta" meant "ta" and one of them was "tai", which means "great". When Yamtar saw the Chinese script, he was completely bored and fainted. Because Shen-ma had told him that after he learnt a little Chinese he would teach him Chinese writing so that he would become a good philosopher by reading old Chinese books. This conversation was a turning point for Yamtar, he forgot everything he had learnt in Chinese other than saying "I, you, he", "I am full" and "to live is to dream", and there was no way for him to learn anything new.

Shen-ma was saddened by this, but not disgusted. advised him to wander the streets of Siganfu, so that he might learn Chinese, and have a little more contact with the Chinese.

It was one of the first days of summer. Suddenly Yamtar's heart ached. Oh, Ötüken!.. If he was in Turkeland now, how he would ride on the green slopes and endless steppes, how he would hunt deer in the mountains. In this Siganfu city, however, like the Chinese, he nothing to do but stroll through the stifling streets and lethargically stroll around. There was only himself and his son Gök-taş left from that crowded family hearth. His daughter had withered in this closed city and died with blood pouring out of her mouth. It would have been all right in his own country, but when one had to live as a prisoner in a foreign land, he wanted to see his wife and children with him. Yamtar was now deep in thought. He was looking without seeing, walking without knowing. At some point he realised that he had come to a large area by the sounds of the instruments he heard. At the gate of a garden surrounded by painted boards, Chinese musicians were playing, and a Chinese in a strange dress was shouting and saying something.

Yamtar approached slowly. Many people had gathered around the shouter. Some of them were coming in through the door. I think it was a Chinese holiday, he thought. Soon, in the growing crowd, without realising it, Yamtar saw that he was face to face with the shouting Chinaman. The man was saying something to Yamtar, pointing inside, but Yamtar could not understand anything in Chinese. He could only hear something in between the complicated Chinese words.

It sounded like "ni". He was very happy to hear a word he understood. He decided to speak to him in Chinese: "Vu'o shi Yamtar". <By saying "I am Yamtar" he was introducing himself. The chattering Chinese seemed to be a little speechless. Yamtar took advantage of this and repeated himself with his hand:

- Vu'o shi Yamtar!

The Chinese probably understood. He probably thought the other person was a Chinese speaker. He pointed to Yamtar and said:

- What's that, Ya-mi-ta-ta ma?

Suddenly Yamtar's pissed off. Let Albız have it! That evil "ta" came up again. The dumb Chinaman's tongue could not turn to Yamtar. He said ya-mi-ta. He answered shouting in Turkish:

- May snakes bite your tongue! Not Ya-mi-ta, Yamtar...

The Chinaman began to sing in Chinese again. He spoke so much and so quickly that Yamtar felt a heaviness in his head. When he did not answer because he did not understand, the Chinaman spoke more and more, gesturing a lot with his hand. In the midst of these sloppy gestures, at one point the man's hand touched Yamtar's stomach. Then he said a lot of words. Yamtar thought that by touching his stomach this Chinese was asking if he was hungry. Here was a good opportunity to speak Chinese. Yamtar immediately stuck to Chinese:

- Vu'o çı bav lı.

This answer immediately silenced the talking Chinaman. He was looking at Yamtar's face in amazement. Those around them also stared in amazement. Those near him were marvelling at his words; those far away were marvelling at his tall stature and large body. When the strange-looking Chinaman started talking again and gestured with his eyes, Yamtar tapped him on the shoulder in a friendly way. He suppressed the Chinese as the man writhed in pain, his shoulder almost broken by this, Yamtar's slowest touch:

- Shi min shi i bell mm.

There was a deep silence. As Yamtar looked round to see what had caused the silence, a hand grabbed his arm and a voice spoke in Turkish:

- Yamtar! Is that you? He shouted, "What happened to you?"

Yamtar turned his head. First, he noticed a cap, then he recognised his old friend, Captain Three Sons. Three Sons was singing:

- I was going to call you, but you've changed so much I hardly recognised you. Why did you get so old? Are you psychotic?

- I approached to find out what all the noise and music was for. The loud-mouthed Chinaman became a subject.

- Don't you know what this place is?

- No!

- It's a good place to earn. Everyone gets money for their skills. If you want, you can enter right away.

Yarntar twisted his neck:

- What's my speciality? The

Three Sons told me:

- You're not going to do Chinese tricks. The Chinese do the juggling. Turks also wrestle.

- If that's the trick, it's easy. Shooting arrows, swordplay?
- Not for now, but maybe in the future.

The Three Sons talked to the Chinaman in Chinese and then went inside with Yamtar. The Chinese sat around a large garden, leaving the centre open. Here a rope stretched between two poles attracted Yamtar's attention, he asked what it was and learnt that the Chinese showed skill on the rope. When he came to a place separated by thin trees in the back, Yamtar found Yumru in front of him. The Three Sons:

- Yamtar! You two will wrestle today. owner of this place gives money to those who show skill!

Yumru was brought here by the Three Sons. Since he knew Chinese, he had travelled in and out of Siganfu, learnt the place, even wrestled with Chinese wrestlers here once or twice, and then found Yumru and brought him here and made a profit for him too. After Yumru defeated all Chinese wrestlers, he finally wrestled with Üç Öğül and defeated him too and became famous among the audience. The Chinese people called him the Turkish buğası. Since there was no one left to fight against him, he was now wrestling with two Chinese wrestlers at once, and the people of Siganfu were very pleased with these wrestling matches. But Tuber was beating the Chinese wrestlers two by two. Only he had been defeated in a fight with two wrestlers, one of whom was Kitay and one Tibetan, but then he had easily defeated them one by one. Today he was going to fight Yamtar. The match with a famous wrestler like Yamtar would probably be very tough.

After the acrobatics and juggling, it was time for wrestling. After introducing Yarntar to the audience, the owner of the amusement garden announced that the two famous wrestlers would have a more curious wrestling match than the ones seen so far.

Yamtar and Tuber appeared. But the Chinaman, who had been doing his job every day, was frightened of Yamtar and would not come to the field. He resisted, saying he could not be crushed between these two giant Turks. The people began to murmur. The owner of the amusement garden begged Three Sons, who had already made him a lot of profit, and got him to agree to be the arbitrator. Three Sons clapped their hands three times; Yamtar and Yumru clasped hands...

Yamtar was taller, bigger, older, more skilful. But he had not wrestled for two or three years. Tuber, on the other hand, had wrestled here more than forty times in the last . After the first attempts, when the hard entries began, all the noises in the garden ceased, and everyone went blind. For the Chinese, this was a terrible thing. If these two giants had tripped each other, the tree would have toppled over. Especially when they grabbed each other by the waist and knocked them to the ground, it was very bad. If it were anyone else, their bones would break, maybe they would die. What unthinkable tricks they were playing. A few Chinese could not look at this horrible scene any longer, so they stopped watching and left.

The wrestling lasted too long. By the time Yamtar's back hit the ground, panting from exhaustion and falling into a wolf trap, most of the spectators had fled and only a few brave souls remained. Neither Three Sons nor Tuber had expected this result. Three Sons realised that his old comrade had been defeated because of the weakness caused by the ploughing. But he was very sad again. He felt sorry for him:

- Shame, Yamtar! You are defeated! he said. Yamtar smiled:
- No, no, no, no, no, no! There is no defeat or defeated. The Three Sons asked in surprise:
- And what is it when your back touches this earth? Yamtar answered with a philosopher's attitude:
- Delusion!..

## Yamtar Awakens

The amusement garden after AMTAR's defeat that day  
Y He became the most famous player of the garden. Seeing that his old friend was emaciated and realising that this was due to hunger, the Three Sons approached the owner of the garden and asked him to make a new play, which was accepted.

The game was as follows: The owner of the amusement garden would place a large sum of money in the centre and invite the man who could eat the most food among the spectators to compete in a race. The more the spectator who appeared would eat, the more the man the owner of the garden would bring out would eat. If the spectator won the race, he would receive the money the garden owner had put in; if not, he would give half of it to the garden owner.

Yamtar was the man the gardener would bring out. He was sure to win the competition for the most food. On the first day Yamtar won the race by eating a lamb roast and four big bowls of yoghurt. Yamtar was not only well fed, but he took more akça than he had earned in the wrestling match and carried food to Gök Börü and the children with them.

On the second day, the terms changed: Yamtar was to eat twice as much as the Chinaman. But Yamtar won this too, eating forty large birds, six bowls of yoghurt and twenty bowls of rice. Whatever anyone ate, he could easily double it. Yam-



When Yarn tar's gluttony became known in Siganfu, a short but very fat Chinese, who was known to be the biggest glutton in the city, challenged Yarn tar for a large sum of money. That day the entertainment garden full of people. Chinese dignitaries also came and took among the spectators. Yarn tar ate two lambs and four bowls full of nuts. He also spontaneously drank two big cups of water. For the first time:

- He said, "I'm well fed today!"

When the Three Sons saw that their old comrade had got blood in his skin and had recovered some strength, they talked to the owner of the amusement garden again and wanted Yarn tar to wrestle with Tuber for the second time. wanted Yarn tar to win some money.

Indeed, the satiety of the seven or eight food competitions and the relief from going to bed half-starved with the earned mites fulfilled Yarn tar's strength. Yarn tar defeated Yumru in two consecutive fights. When it came to this, they brought Kitay and Tibetan, who had defeated Yumru together, against him. When Yarn tar defeated them in a head-to-head fight, it was necessary to organise a new fight that would attract everyone's attention. Yarn tar and Tuber were to wrestle against six wrestlers at the same time. Two of them were Kitay and Tibetan. Four of them were famous wrestlers from Siganfu. The owner of the amusement garden had arranged for some of the city's dignitaries to come to the wrestling match. Among them were many high-ranking Chinese officers, courtiers and Vey-ching, one of the viziers. It was unprecedented for eight wrestlers to wrestle in two teams. The criers shouted in the streets of the city and called the people to this spectacle. Even though the entrance fee doubled that day, the garden was full and the owner of the garden was in awe. The place where the wrestling was to be held was enlarged and high boxes were built for the dignitaries to sit. A Chinaman and the Three Sons were refereeing. The Three Sons clapped their hands.

Then the eight of them fought each other. Kıtay and Tibetan, who had defeated Yum ru together in the past, fought with him again and left four Chinese to Yamtar. They planned to defeat Yumru again and attack Yamtar all together and bring him on his back. They were sure that all four Chinese would delay Yamtar until they defeated Tuber. This plan suited Yamtar and Tuber. First be able to hold the two rivals for a long time, while Yamtar would be able to take down the four Chinamen.

The wrestling started with great fierceness, became heated and offensive. People were shouting and encouraging their own wrestlers. There were a few Turks among the spectators. Captain Yagmur and Gumus were sitting next to each other. But they were silent and looked at the wrestlers with an indifferent face. In one of the boxes, Kür Şad and Bögü Alp were sitting and watching without moving. The Chinese vizier Vey-çing was the biggest fatty of the Turks. He was looking at the wrestlers and the box where Kür Şad and Bögü Alp were sitting, and his eyes were filled with hatred. Kür Şad was sitting with his sword. He had become a high-ranking officer in the Chinese khan's private army and had gathered many Turks with him. That Bögü Alp, who had killed many Chinese in his wars against the Chinese, had also become one of the officers of the special troops. At this rate, all of the Turks brought here as tut sak would become the Chinese khan's special troops. And...

Vey-ching interrupted his thought. When he looked round, he saw that one of the four Chinese wrestlers who had fought Yarntar was being led out a broken arm.

In fact, Vey-ching felt a great jealousy in his heart. He could not compete with the Turks, whom he disliked and loathed. They could defeat them either by sheer numbers, by entrapment or by deception. But

They could not defeat the Turks under equal conditions. Especially, the fact that there were six against two Turks, that four Chinese could not cope with one Yam tar, and that one of them left the battle with a broken arm was touching Vey-ching's dignity. Especially this Kür Shad, forgetting that he was a prisoner, walking around Siganfu with greatness, clattering his sword, around the city, shooting arrows with Böğü Alp every day, made him furious inside. In order to destroy these Turks, who would one day become the bane of China, he had made all kinds of proposals to the Chinese kagan, but he could not get any results. Because the other viziers wanted the Turks to be accustomed to cultivation and weaving, they did not support Vey-çing. They thought that it was enough to settle the Turks, who already knew cultivation and weaving, in the cities and villages by connecting them only to these works, to prevent the danger that would come from them. "To think so was as wrong as thinking that a wolf on a leash had become a wolf. Also...

Vey-ching again interrupted his musing. Because he realised from the commotion in the wrestling arena that something had happened, and when he turned his head there, he saw that one of the three Chinese who had wrestled with Yamtar had fainted and had to be dragged out: And this was something that made his heart burn with hatred. Surely the giant of the Oceans would have defeated the other two after he had knocked two of them out of the fight. Vey-ching didn't care at all about Yumru's wrestling. It was the Kitay and Tibetan against the Turk. To him, these barbarians were all one. Vey-ching was equally disgusted with the Turk, Kitay and Tibetan. Let them wrestle, fight and kill each other; it would be good because one more barbarian would be removed from the world. But on the other hand, four Chinese being eaten by one barbarian... That offended him. And...

Vey-ching was again out of his mind. Because Yam tar beaten the two Chinamen head-on, and then had knocked them both to the ground, and the two Chinamen had been beaten to a pulp.

had retreated from the field. Now there were four barbarians in the centre. As Tuber was holding out against the two wrestlers with the last of his strength, he suddenly felt his burden lighten. For when Yamtar entered the ring, he had fought Kitay, leaving Yumru alone with the Tibetan. The shouting of the Chinese spectators was no longer heard. Vey-çing, on the other hand, did not take his spiteful eyes off Kür Şad and Böğü Alp. But he did not see any joy on their faces and said, "Oh, the Kargans! They want to rejoice at last." But I guess Kür Şad could not rejoice. Because Yamtar was tired, worn out and fading. The Chinese vizier was now getting his hopes up, begging God to help Kitay and Tibet to defeat the Turks, saying that Kür Şad should not come out of here rejoicing, no matter what. Probably God would accept his plea. Because now Yamtar had fallen down and was in a difficult situation. Kitay had put a yoke on him and was trying to turn him. Yamtar was fading like a hot mist. Yumru, who had fought a hard fight against two men, had lost his back to Tibedi and was floundering. Yamtar gasped and shouted at Yumru:

- If you don't make it, I'm finished! The lump:

- He was going to reply, "I'm not well either! Suddenly his eyes fell on Kür Şad's box and he looked eyes with Böğü Alp. This look was a happy look. Tuber remembered how Böğü Alp had defeated the big Karluk wrestler on the floor of the Khan of the West. Only Tuber could see the subtle play in that wrestling match. Without thinking, he spread his elbows to the Tibetan and gave him a hard push. With an up-and-down wrist strike on his suddenly limp arms, he untied the arms of the Tibetan who had grabbed him by the waist. With lightning speed he threw the scythe, grabbed him and stole him to the ground. He knocked him to the ground and brought his back to the ground. The Tibetan could no longer move. The Three Sons and the Chinese referee clapped their hands and declared the Tibetan defeated. When the Tibetan came out

he took a big breath. Yamtar was about to lose all his strength. One of his shoulders was on the ground. He was labouring beyond human strength to keep the other one from coming down too. If the fist did not come to his aid by the time he counted to one, Yamtar would be defeated. He rushed forward, grabbed Kitay by both shoulders and lifted him up. He shook him and threw him forward. Now Kitay in a state of confusion arising from being alone against two Turkish wrestlers. They looked at each other for a moment. Yamtar gasped and said:

- If we both go at it, it won't be soldierly. Either you grab hold or I...

The lump knew that Kitay was his right:

- Leave him to me, he said, and dived in clapping his hands.

Soon Kitay was defeated. Vey-çing looked for Kür Şad with his eyes shining with revenge. Seeing his joy, he wanted to be a little more furious, and to spoil the Turks a little. But neither Kür Şad nor Böğü Alp showed any sign of joy or a smiling face. He turned his gaze to the crowd of spectators. Among this crowd, a few Turks with long hair falling down to their shoulders and with their headdresses on their heads caught his eye. But they were looking at him with the same hopeless look, not showing any joy. Vey-çing resented this completely.

- Oh, rabid barbarians! They can't get away with their institutions. They don't care, as if winning in wrestling was a tax on them!

This as good as it got. When a high-ranking Chinese officer sitting in the box next to him, who was one of the Chinese khan's aides, praised the Turkish wrestlers to another Chinese officer and the other one confirmed it, Vey-çing found it very difficult to restrain himself. He no tolerance for those who liked the Turks. On the one hand, the Chinese khan made them special soldiers because they were good riders and marksmen, and gave some of them officer positions, while on the other hand Chinese officers were favouring the Turks.

The power of the Turks was admired, and among the Chinese women there some who fell in love with the Turks. The sister of the aide who praised Yamtar and Yumru was one of them.

Vey-ching could not wait any longer. As he was about to get up and leave, his eyes searched for Kür Shad again. But he was gone.

When Yamtar looked at the money given by the owner of the amusement garden, he thought there was a mistake. He asked with Three Sons' dilmaç whether they all belonged to him. Three Sons told him not to consider this money too much:

- He said, "Do you think the 15 akça he gave you is too much? He earned two or three thousand akça because of your wrestling!"

Yamtar's eyes widened:

- Did you say two thousand? Who knows how much food can be bought with this money?

Then he set off, thinking about how he would eat the various dishes he had loaded with three akça together with Gök Börü and the children. When what they bought from their own fields was added to what they bought from the bazaar, they were all well fed. Gök Börü did not ask anything and Yamtar did not say anything. For the first time that evening he realised that fullness and hunger were not the same thing, that hunger was not a delusion, but a hard reality. He no longer felt lethargic, he longed to take up sword and fight. Göktaş and Sungur had also developed thanks to Gök Börü's lessons and had become little braves. Four or five more years like this and they would become good soldiers.

Yamtar could not sleep that night, despite the exhaustion of exhausting wrestling. He had a philosopher out of the compulsion of hunger, but philosophy could not make him heard. What was the difficulty in diving into philosophy and science now that he was full? The son of man was born to fight and ate to find the strength to fight. Yamtar was deluded in thinking that he would be satiated by philosophy, and despite long trials, he could not satisfy his hunger.

he couldn't say. What liars those Chinese were! Old Sen-ma had deceived himself for months by saying that satiety and hunger were the same, so he had lost the first wrestling match with Tuber. Now there was no need for any philosophy. Yamtar jumped out of bed with this thought. He went straight to Sen-ma's house. The philosopher was reading a book by the light of a kindling. He thought Yamtar was coming late at night to solve a philosophical difficulty. He looked at his face with a smile. He was very serious:

- Look at me, Sen-ina! I've given up being a philosopher!

di.

The Chinaman's sweet smile disappeared:

- Why?
- If my philosophising had lasted a few more months, I might have been able to wrestle Gök-

I'd lose to a stone!

Shen-ma did not understand these words. Yamtar went on:

- You told me hunger was a delusion. Now I realise it's not hunger that's delusional, it's your philosophy.

Sen-ma's face was full of the nervousness of losing the only pupil she had found after a long struggle. She almost cried. She could not find words to say.

Yamtar:

- I have come to say goodbye to you!" and added "Vu'o çı bav lı", which means "My wife tokı" in Chinese. To the philosopher's weary look, he said in Turkish:

- And really full. It's not a delusion!" he concluded.

## The Crag Ancestor's Their Words Are Coming True

So another two years passed.  
B Bögü Alp-. with his eight-year-old daughter, one six and one

six.

He was teaching archery to his two five-year-old sons. Gün Yaruk, the daughter of Isbara Khan and the sister of Almila, had brought up three strong children; a fourth had died in the turmoil of captivity. Bögü Alp was now an officer in the Chinese kagan's private army. Kür Şad was trying to recruit his old comrades one by one into this troop. With the labour of Isbara Khan, Yamtar, Yumru, Three Sons, Yagmur, Gumus had also joined the special troop and took up the sword. These and many other Turks, whose names we do not know, were now the Chinese khan's hordes. Many of them did not want to become the Chinese khan's guards, but when Kür Şad ordered them to do so, saying, "It will be necessary in due time," they took this job.

A person who is made miserable by captivity and hunger; Yarntar Kür Şad and Bögü Alp had talked a lot about what it would take to save the Turks, who had become so poor that they could wrestle with gold like Yumru and Yumru, whose admirers took Chinese names and whose men took Chinese women, from this narrow disorganisation. In order to keep the old spirit of war alive, they had decided to make them Chinese soldiers for the Chinese khan.



they could find no other way. Once they put on a sword and get on a horse, the rest was easy.

Bögü Alp was doing the same. Even an old corporal like Gök Börü, who was blind in both eyes, was provided with horses and ammunition.

He was now teaching the sons of some of the Turkish elders, who were about nine or ten years old, and even riding on the plains outside the city. The first time Gök Börü went out on this plain with his horse, after asking Yamtar a few questions about the obstacles in Herdeki, he had broken his horse, and had ridden like a madman, as if he wanted to deceive his soul, which had been longing for running for years. Now, every day, with seven or eight children in tow, he went out to the countryside and slopes and spent the evening with sword, arrow, wrestling and horse training.

After sending his children to their mothers, Bögü Alp fell into thought. The thing that he always thought about without wavering or tiring was the unforgettable words of Kırac Ata. It was as if these words were engraved in his brain:

"Great days are coming... When there is famine, the moon will be shattered... You will not kill the Black Khan... He'll be killed by the grief... I see forty men gathered in a great city... You among them... It's raining... You fight on the banks of the river... Your clan survives... Your name will not be forgotten... After 1 300 years of death, you will be resurrected... Your name will remain in hearts until the sunset of pain...-

As Kırac Ata said, great days had come, there was a famine, the moon was broken. He also said that the Turkic nation would be saved. Bögü Alp had been enduring captivity for five years with this hope. Otherwise, he would not have been able to endure this captivity even if he was given the title of Chinese tarkan, not an officer in the Chinese khan's private chambers.

Bögü Alp was deeply asleep. He woke up when Yumru came in. He'd taken him on as a horse servant again. Yum-

ru's face showed traces of a sombre thought that was not always visible. In a sad voice:

- Böğü Alp! He said, "Black Khan has reached the plane!

These words reminded him of Kırac Ata again. The old kam had said: "You will not kill the Black Khan... "The tasa will kill him." Didn't he say that? Here another one of his words was coming true. After Kara Kagan had lived in captivity for four years, after he had been overwhelmed, after he had stopped eating and drinking, after he had become pale, after even the ranks given to him by the Chinese khan had offended him and made him feel ashamed, he could no longer live on earth, he had died. Tuber:

- Kür Shad is waiting for you!" he concluded. Böğü Alp said that Kür Shad was still, Isbara Khan and Ulug Tar

He found Kan saddened. He sent his condolences to Kür Şad for the death of his wife and to Isbara Khan for the death of his kaghan who was his close relative. After a short meeting, they decided how to organise the mourning ceremony.

After the ceremony, which was attended by thousands of Turks, Kara Kagan's body was cremated and his ashes were buried to the east of the I<Pa" river. Most of the Turks were offended, angry or resentful to the kagan. Even so, they had tears in their eyes. The death of the Gok Turk kagan in captivity was heavy on them. They were so emotional that day that if Kur Shad or Isbara Khan came out and told them to come on, they could attack the Chinese all together without thinking of the end.

Yamtar had not left his house for a few days because he was feeling a little sad. Gök Börü, too, did not let the children train for a few days, and told them about the wars fought in the age of Kara Kagan, the famines, the appearance of three moons, the snow in summer, the death of Sançar, and finally how his own eyes were blinded; his own son Sungur, Yamtar's son Göktaş, Üç Oğul's sons Kara Budak and Kızıl Bu ka, Sülemiş's son Barmaklak, Arık Buka's son Çıgay Börü, who died at the Chinese fence, Uygur Alka's son Tanrıriver-

They listened to these narrations without blinking, without breathing.

One day Yamtar came out of the house, seeing that his brokenness had passed. Gök Börü was preparing to go to the countryside with his students. Their friend Three Sons came out. Their gaze was strange. At Yamtar and Gök Börü:

- He asked, "What are you doing?"

When I saw that they were about to start their usual work with a state of indifference to the world:

- He said, don't you know what's going on?

Neither Yamtar nor Gök Börü knew anything. The Three Sons became very strange:

- This Siganfu is a strange place. News doesn't travel from one end of town to the other in two days. Didn't you hear that Ulug Tarkan killed himself two days ago?

They were both surprised and paused. Yamtar stammered:

- We didn't hear that Tarkan kill himself?

- Because he didn't want to live after the death of the Black Khan.

There was a deep silence. In the midst of this silence, the words of the Three Sons fell like embers.

- So today you don't know that Ishbara Khan killed himself.

As the Three Sons said this, a sob trembled in his voice. It was not clear whether enough time had passed to count from one to ten or not. Suddenly, the three elders and the seven younger ones were seen throwing down their hoods and weeping. The little ones were sobbing and calling. Yamtar and Three Sons were their eyes out. Gök Börü's face turned red and he raised his head towards the sky. In the midst of this great mourning, he said in a stiffened voice:

- He said, "I wish I had eyes to cry over Ishbara Khan's death.

## China Corrupts the Morals of Turks

**B**ÖGÜ ALP had returned home after a long training. It was difficult to teach even the simplest things to Chinese soldiers. With the Turks in the Chinese khan's They had a good head on their shoulders. They already knew how to shoot arrows, swing swords, swing pikes and ride horses. Attacking all together, gathering with the trumpet, and suddenly turning away was like drinking water for them. However, it was a sad task to raise soldiers from the Chinese who had not taken a compass in their hands or ridden a horse until they were eighteen years old. They had no understanding either. The Chinese were half-and-half people who were created not to be soldiers, but to weave, grow berries and be philosophers. Even Bögü Alp's eight-year-old daughter was more skilful than them in shooting arrows and riding horses. With these thoughts in his mind, he called his children. He practised daily drills with them again. Then he went for a stroll in the streets of Siganfu as he did every evening. These wanderings had been going on for months, but no one had noticed them. There was of course a reason for Bögü Alp's wandering in the same places so many times and returning home at night, but only one other person knew about it besides himself.

After wandering around until nightfall, he started to return from one of the very narrow streets. The sky was quite cloudy. A half-moon was warming the streets as it got rid of the clouds. Again, at a moment when the moon was shining, he saw a Turk walking slowly ahead. This person, whom he recognised as a Turk from his clothes and appearance, seemed to Bögü Alp to be walking with a secret desire and caution; he slowed his steps. Keksın fixed his gaze on the darkness and wanted to see what he was doing. At any other time, Bögü Alp would not have been interested in anyone else's business, open or secret, and would have passed by. But that was not the case now. Bögü Alp had to deal with every secret movement, every suspicious man. ? We will find out in a moment...

At this moment the moon suddenly broke free from the clouds and illuminated the place. Fortunately, since the street was crooked, it was always possible to find a shadow to shelter in. Bögü Alp did the same: First he hid in a shadow, then behind the ledge that cast this shadow. The stranger ahead also hid in a shadow first. When Bögü Alp saw that he was looking backwards rather than forwards, he stood still. The foreign Turk stood still for a while, waiting for the moon to enter the clouds, and then, when it did not, he came out of the shadow. Walking with quick steps, he came to the door of a house a little further away. From his hiding place, Bögü Alp saw this stranger knocking gently on the door, then the door opened and he entered.

Curious, he approached the door and examined it. It was the door of a bigger house than the others. Now he could find it if he came blindfolded. He was about to return with the intention of coming back tomorrow night. Suddenly remembered the four horsemen he had seen on his way back from Kırac Ata and Corporal Pars among them. If I had interfered with those four horsemen at that time, maybe I could have prevented Tulu Khan from pursuing a separate kaganate and prevented many bad things.

I could have prevented the loneliness, he thought. With the fright of this thought, he stayed where he was. There were very few passers-by on the street.

He didn't wait long. The door opened slowly. The moon was helping Bögü Alp. Just then it shone its light again, and Bögü Alp saw that the Turk sneaking out of the house was Captain Three Sons.



--

Bögü Alp deepened his investigations. He learnt that this house belonged to a rich Chinese merchant. The Three Sons often came here. Why did he come here? Some time ago, when Bögü Alp had visited the houses of the Turkish elders in Siganfu one by one, he had also visited Üç Oğul's house and seen his sister and children. Üç Oğul's sister-in-law was tall and very beautiful. She was a woman who reminded him of Almila. Leaving this woman and falling for a Chinese woman, no matter how beautiful she was, was something that Bögü Alp could not comprehend. Turkish law was not in force in Siganfu, but it was also a great offence and a shame to have relations with a married woman. Or was there something else involved? Taking this into account, Bögü Alp went to the rich Chinese merchant's shop. He did a lot of shopping with this old, skinny, old man who saw nothing but gold. He often visited the shop hoping to get some information from him. But he could not learn much.

Bögü Alp saw the Three Sons enter the house twice more in a month. Even one of these entrances was very curious. Long after the Three Sons had entered, the Chinese, the owner of the house, also arrived. The usual silence continued inside the house. Some time passed. The door opened slowly. The Three Sons slipped like a shadow. Bögü Alp couldn't comprehend the situation and felt a wolf in his heart. I wonder if the Three Sons and the Chinaman met at home. Or did the Chinaman know his guest tonight?

was it? If so... If so, were the two of them talking to each other? If so, what were they talking about? Don't ...

Bögü Alp realised that these affairs were not at all like the affairs of war. These were complicated, subtle affairs. His own mind was not in favour of these matters. He had never revealed this to anyone. The more he tried to solve this riddle by himself, the more complicated it became. Especially one day, when the Three Sons were not present at the head of the special troops, Bögü Alp did not know what to say or what to think.

One day the Turkish elders went hunting in the mountains around Siganfu. That day, Bögü Alp did not miss the following thing: Three Sons could not hunt a single prey. He fell behind in marksmanship. He was defeated in swordplay. In wrestling he was defeated by Gök Börü who was blind in both eyes. He also fell behind in the horse race and disappeared. They could see him only the next day.

Bögü Alp thought of doing something that came to his mind and one day he took Yamtar and the Three Sons with him. He travelled around some places in Siganfu by horse. Then he came to the shop of the rich Chinese who owned the house where the Three Sons entered at night. They jumped off their horses. Bögü Alp was talking without looking away from Three Sons' face. After buying a few things, he said to the merchant:

- He asked, "Do you know my friends? He didn't recognise them.

He didn't know how to tell him the names of Yamtar and the Three Sons.

The Chinaman's face had not changed in the slightest. He was smiling and begging to sell to them too. Yamtar looked with reluctance at this shop with no food in it. But when the Three Sons heard from Bögü Alp'tar that the Chinese merchant's name was Ling-tao, his face, which had been calm until then, changed. His eyebrows furrowed and his eyes looked with interest:

- He asked, "Ling-tao?

### 378 - Death of the Grey Wolves

And Bögü Alp stared him:

- Yes! He said, "Do you know him?"

The Three Sons looked at the Chinese merchant for a long time and then smiled. Then, looking at the ground:

- No! He replied.

Again Bögü Alp could not understand anything for sure. That night he took Yumru with him and after showing him the Chinese's shop and house he gave the following order:

- You will watch the shop during the day and the house at night. You will find out who from the Turks visits the shop and who comes home at night. will conduct your business without revealing yourself. You will not tell anyone what you see, but you will tell me!

Fist hit a knee to the floor:

- You're in charge!

For the first few days, no Turks came to the shop the house. On the night of the fifth day, Three Sons entered the house and stayed for a long time. A few days later he came home for two more nights in a row. After that he started to visit the shop. He became well acquainted with the Chinese. Tuber reported the results of each day to Bögü Alp. One day he was very excited: It was as if he had an important clue:

- The Three Sons stopped by the shop again and talked for a long time. After he left, I went to the shop and the Chinaman was very happy. He told me that Three Sons had ordered a pile of goods to buy late in the evening.

- And then?

- Then the Three Sons didn't come to the shop in the evening. While the Chinaman was waiting for him, he went into the other house.

Bögü Alp saw through the cunning: The Three Sons had easily slipped in and out of the house, deceiving the Chinaman that they would come. What Yum ru did not understand was that a Turkish honour could not keep his word.

He's in great distress:

- The Three Sons , he said.



## Five Years Later

**A****RADAN** another five years passed. It had been nine years since the Sky Turks fell into captivity. Now Chigay Börüler, Gok stones. Barmaklaks, Sungurs, Kara Budaklar, Kızıl Su kalar, Tanrıvermişler were all young adults. All of them were special were officers of the military, young as children.

Kür Shad and Böğü Alp had been talking since morning. It was clear that they were on a very difficult subject.

Kür Shad said after a long silence:

- Nine years of captivity must end. The time has come to get to work so that our name and reputation will not perish, so that our nation will be revived. Will the Turkish elders always give their labour to the Chinese kagan? Will the tegins and shads bear Chinese names? The morals of the Buddha have already begun to deteriorate. The air of bravery in Ötüken no longer blows in the hearts. Our children are opening their eyes to the world in Chinese houses. Our women are becoming sterile. Our men are becoming mongrels. Böğü Alp! I've thought the length and breadth, I've calculated everything. We're going to start a revolution to save this nation! ...

Only Böğü Alp knew Kür Şad's secret thoughts. He had been talking and preparing with him for years, running left and right to fulfil his orders. It was for this reason that he followed the Three Sons. He answered him as follows:

#### 380 - Death of the Grey Wolves

- Kur Shad! Nine years of unholiness must have come to an end. Kara Kagan, Tulu Khan... They were not strong enough to lead the buddha. After Chuluk Kagan, they were very unimpressive. There is no more Kara Kagan. After Chuluk Kagan, the right of kingship belonged to his sons. Now you are in the centre as the son of Chuluk Khan. Kür Shad! You will be the head of the revolution, and when it is successful, you will become the kagan!

Kür Shad did not accept this idea:

- No, Bögü Alp! I will preside over the revolution, but I will not be the king!

Bögü Alp looked astonished:

- And who ?

- Urku...

Kür Shad was very precise. Bögü Alp did not open his mouth for a while. Then he asked in a slow voice:

- Why don't you become a kagan?

- I don't want to preside over a revolution to become Khan.

- But Urku is only 15 years old.

- No harm done. My father has all the virtues of a kagan. After Chuluk Khan, the kingship the right of Tulu Khan, and after Tulu Khan, it was Urku's right.

Bögü Alp was so accustomed to the idea of Kür Şad becoming kagan that he could not be deceived even if his words were in accordance with the genre:

- Kur Shad! You are the eldest of the Bozkurt clan. According to our lineage, the kaganate can pass not only to the son of the deceased kagan, but also to his brother, uncle, nephew. You know that all the elders will choose you as kagan. You will be our kagan!

- No, no, no! I will not become kagan even if all the elites choose me. The kaganate is a service to the buddha. But it is also one's gain. The highest service is reward,

is service without expecting gain. I have not been able to serve the Turkic nation properly until now. I will not become kagan both to repay my debt and to erase the unlawful deeds of the Bozkurt hearth in the last years. We will make the revolution with the most elite Turks. The work I envisage is very dashing. If we succeed, your nation will be saved. If we fail, our bloodshed will remind those left behind of their duty. Every unblinking attack against death, every sword drawn for a great ideal, every arrow shot, every labour done; know that it is not in vain. The result of this will surely be profitable. The more valour is shown in such works, the more lives are spent, the more certain the success will be. When embarking on a task, one must first think and design well. Having designed it, the best thing to do is to attack towards the wish without thinking too much. We have waited nine years. We cannot wait any longer. When drawing the sword for such a great ideal, the person who presides must have a good heart and a good mind. If this happens, the president will be stronger. He'll give sterner orders. I would like to have calmed my heart in order to give better orders in the revolution. That's why I don't accept the kaganate. The kagan will be Urku.

Bögü Alp had reassumed his sternness from Ötüken:

- He said, "You're in charge!"

~  
~ -

That night the stars in the sky flickered and burned, and a strong wind from Ötüken filled the lungs. There was a meeting in Kür Şad's house. Kür Şad and Bögü Alp had summoned some of their trusted Turkish favourites. According to the order they had received, they were coming on foot. First came the great Yamtar, then Rain and the Three Sons, then the Moon Blessed and Emen. The seven of them gathered in a big room with little light.

they were talking about a job. They were serious as always. But they seemed to be unaware of the greatness of the work they had begun. They did not know that they would create the most fortunate of the heroes of history. Kür Shad started to speak:

- Turkish elders! Nine years of captivity will come to an end. We will re-establish the state in order not to hurt the spirit of our ancestors who established a state in Ötüken more, not to leave the deserted steppes more lonely, not to make the fat laugh more, not to leave the bud without fame, not to anger the Turkish God more. In order to revive the state, we will make a revolution against the Chinese kagan. Böğü Alp and I have decided this.

After a short silence, he asked:

- Captain Yamtar! Will you stand with us?
- Yes, Kur Shad!
- Captain Rain! And you?
- Yes, Kur Shad!
- Captain Three Sons! You?
- Yes, Kur Shad!
- Corporal Ay Kutluk! What about you?
- Yes, Kur Shad!
- Corporal Emen! What about you?
- Yes, Kur Shad!

Kür Shad drew his sword. So did Major Böğü Alp, three captains and two corporals. They were going to give an oath. Kür Shad said it:

- In comes the sky, out comes  
the red! They all repeated it:
- See red, red!<sup>66</sup>

---

<sup>66</sup> Ancient Turkic form of oath. It means that if I go back on my word, may the sword enter me as sky and come out as red, soaked in my blood.

Swords quickly entered their scabbards. Now Kür Shad began to speak again. His words were written in hearts and beings like a piece of wood:

- Urku Tegin will be the Turkish khan. In order to take him to Ötüken and make him a khan, we will break down the obstacles in front of us. These obstacles are the Chinese khan and the Chinese troops. In order to defeat the many with this few, it is necessary to crush the head of the many. We will take the Chinese khan captive and hold him as a hostage in our hands. In this way, we will lift Urku and take him to Ötüken with the Turks we can gather. As long as we have the Chinese khan as a hostage, they cannot do anything to us. We can command the Chinese kagan and get what we want. If the Chinese do not listen to him because their khan is in captivity, or if we are unable to hold the khan, then we will kill him.

Kür Shad remained silent. Although Böğü Alp was among them, six Turkic chiefs were thinking about how the Chinese kagan would be captured. Kür Şad started to speak again as if he had sensed these thoughts.

- Every night the Chinese khan wanders the streets of the city in disguise and without taking any soldiers with him. He is accompanied only by a squire. We will catch him at this time. The place where we will hold him is close to the palace stables, so we will take him to the strong stables, buy the best horses and destroy the seizures. No one can suspect us because we are the Chinese khan's special herdsmen. We will go to the western circle of the palace with the Chinese kagan among us. Urku Tegin is there. From there, we will get Urku and force him to dictate decrees to the Chinese kagan. Considering the possibility that Urku Tegin's door may be closed, we will keep large stones with us and break his door with them if necessary. While this is going on, a team of us will keep horses ready and watch the surroundings.

Kür Shad fell silent again. In the half-lit room he could see the terrible gleams in the eyes of the six lovers. In these gleams

There was the joy of starting the war again after nine years of longing, the pride of avenging the fat, the joy of the clatter of swords. They were pensive as if they wanted to embark on this great adventure right now. Kür Şad's voice warned them from this absent-mindedness:

- Turkish lords! This work will be done after three nights, when the moon is full. You have two soft things to do in three days: The first is to sharpen your compasses well and prepare your breastplates of armour and steel tulgas, considering that we are few. The second is to call your most valiant and trustworthy friends and relatives to the revolution and make them swear an oath in three days!

Yamtar took the floor:

- Kür Shad, if you give the command, I will already tell you the names of eight people.

- Who are they?

- One of them is Corporal Sky Börü!

Kür Shad's gaze clouded:

- Good point, captain! I've thought about that. But I'm afraid he's blind in both eyes. What can Sky Blind do in a job like this?

- Kur Shad! Gök Börü, who has been living in darkness for ten years, has been waiting for this day. His sun will rise only on such a day. You said it right: He doesn't see, but he senses. At least he senses enough to be equal to a Chinese. Order him to come.

Kür Shad bowed his head. After thinking for a long time:

- All right! Let him  
come! Yamtar  
continued:

- The other seven are the disciples of Gök Börü. My son Göktaş, Sülemiş's son Barmaklak, Arık Buka's son Çıgay Börü; Üç Oğul's sons Kara Budak and Kızıl Buka, Gök Börü's son Sungur, Alka's son Tanrı verdi. These are all young lads, 15-16 years old. Gök

Börü taught them all how to shoot arrows, shoot swords and swing pikes. They have all grown up for this day. We hit harder than them. They hit faster than us. If we and them are together, we will make each other whole.

Kur Shad:

- Seeing these young braves among us will remind us of the old days of raiding, he said.

Bögü Alp has settled down:

- Pity! My son is only ten years old. He's not mature enough to fight in this war...

Then Kür Shad thought of his own family. He had a thirteen-year-old daughter and a four-year-old son. The others had always died in this bad Chinese city.

## Intercession

AMTAR informed Gök Börü of the decision next night.

When **he** ate, Gök Börü was sitting cross-legged on the ground. jumping up, he hugged his ananda's neck and kissed him. That night, with Yamtar's guidance, Gök Börü and his seven disciples went to Kür Şad's floor and took an oath. A little before them, Captain Yagmur had brought the Black Bard, then Three Sons had brought Isbara Khan's horse servant Gumus, and Böğü Alp had brought his own horse servant Yurnru. Now there were eighteen of them. They had accelerated their ambush drills. Everyone was trying to make up for their shortcomings. Yam tar and Yumru went up to the mountain the next day on Kür Şad's order and practised all day long picking up big and heavy rocks and crashing them into other rocks.

By the evening of the second day there were forty-one of them. When Böğü Alp learnt this number from Kür Şad, he shuddered. He remembered Kırac Ata's words again:

"I see forty men gathered in a great city ... You are among them ... "

That night Yamtar returned home very late. There was a faint noise coming from Sky Blind's bedroom. Yamtar quietly approached the room, which was slightly illuminated by the moonlight coming in through the window: His ancestor was facing east, his hands raised to the sky, and he was praying softly:



- Turkish God! Turkish Waters! Umay! Give me strength for Yann! May my revenge not be left in the oil! May your nation not be a prisoner. Turk God! You took my wife and made my heart black for twelve years. You have taken my eyes and left my world in darkness for nine years; I have not thrown up my hands. Give me your glory for tomorrow. Open my eyes until the war is over! Let me fight for blood, let me wrinkle to my heart's content. Life has become a burden on my body. You are my only hope. Illuminate my eternal darkness! Throw a drop of your inextinguishable light on my path! Extinguish my hearth and keep this world alive! ... Turkish God! May life be yours, give me my eyes! What I suffered for years, no one knew. My eyes searched for light, but could not find it. I ran a horse without eyes, the heart did not taste. I have given up everything. Give me light only for one battle. Turkish God! Don't show me the colour of the sky, the brightness of the sun, the stars that adorn the nights, the green trees, even my friends, relatives and my son. Only show the oil until I fight and die. Show me the oil until the arrow in my quiver, the strength in my arm, the blood in my veins are exhausted...

Yartar seemed to be listening without breathing. There was a heartbreaking melody in the light voice of the Ananda, that tomorrow night it would happen, even if the work was accomplished, many would die. Gök Börü had made up his mind to die. But before he died, he begged and pleaded with God to see the fatty and fight, to avenge his eyes on them. Yamtar and Gök Börü were standing face to face five or six paces apart. Gök Börü, who was used to sensing someone's coming even from far away, did not hear Yamtar who had come right up to him tonight. As if he had drifted away from himself and was immersed in another world, his head was up, his hands were spread out, and he was muttering.

Yamtar, too, seemed to be ecstatic. At first he did not know what to do, as he felt ashamed that he had come to his ancestor's secret appeal in secret, but then he felt

As he was absorbed in his prayer, many old things flashed before his eyes. Tomorrow, perhaps he, his loved ones and the memories that tied him to his loved ones would be torn apart and nothing would be left. Yamtar thought with a philosophical thought that the Chinese philosopher Shen-ma could never give him "I think this will be the difficult part of death! Then he suddenly realised that Gök Börü:

- Almighty God! There is no end to your greatness. And now I see!" and he awoke and gazed at him.

Oh my!... Tears were flowing down from Gök Börü's protruding, gouged eyes. Had these springs, which had been dry for nine years, come to life again? Yamtar was looking at his ancestor with amazement, shame and a little fear, waiting for him to see him and call out. But she, with her eyes fixed on Yamtar, did not say anything, but continued her supplication:

- Turkish God!.. .. You gave tears to my dry eyes. I see the oil. I am a guest on earth for one more night. Don't take away the light you gave me! Don't wipe away the tears from my eyes! Don't make me ashamed of- myself! Don't make the Buddha feel ashamed! Don't make the fatty happy!...

The light had descended not in Sky Börü's eyes, but in his heart. He saw the oil with it. He could not see his loved ones, his relatives, himself at all. If he could, his hair, greyed by ten years of ordeal and greyed at a young agehim, It would increase the wrinkled lines of his face from pain.

Gök Börü was still pleading, crying with joy. Tears rolled down his cheeks with an astonishing volume. But he was not the only one who cried to God and had tears in his eyes. Big Yamtar, whose pure face and big body Gök Börü could not see, and Sungur, whose childish face with a vengeful gaze Yamtar could not see, were also begging with open hands and crying silently.

## IhtilAI

Beautiful night come...

B Kür Shad, after he had thought out all the intricacies of the attack and given his final orders, came to his concierge. He said to him in a harsher voice than usual:

- Konchuy! Tonight we'll do a bloody job to save your bud. If I die, do it your way!

Then he kissed her cheeks and called his children. He embraced them.

He raised his head to the sky with the coolness that hit his face when he left his house. The clouds were running at an unexpected speed and the wind was blowing with an unexpected harshness. Kür Shad's eyebrows furrowed. He walked towards the palace stables with quick steps. There were two walls perpendicular to each other about two hundred paces from the stables. These two walls, which were the walls of a half-finished building, with the help of two or three trees, were like a shelter that would hide those who took refuge between them from the eyes of those around. The crossroads<sup>67</sup> would be there. Looking through the unfinished wall, it was possible to see the palace stables and the road that the Chinese khan travelled every night. When Kür Şad arrived there, the rain had begun to drizzle. Those who came to the crossroads before him greeted him by kneeling on the ground. Now

---

<sup>67</sup> Crossroads: A place of meeting, a rendezvous.

390 - Death of the Grey  
Wolves

Some at the foot of the walls, some under the trees, they waited silently, motionlessly, while clouds gathered in the air, darkening the surroundings, and at every short moment, person came and greeted Kür Şad, then retreated to a shore and stood silently.

Kür Shad had calculated that the time had come. He called his friends by their names and started to roll call:

- Major Bögü Alp!
- Here you go!
- Captain Yamtar!
- Here you go!
- Captain Rain!
- Here you go!
- Captain Three Sons!

Kür Shad received no reply to this call. After a moment of silence, he repeated it:

- Captain Three Sons!

Again there was no answer: Three Sons had not come. He did not dwell on it and continued to probe:

- Corporal Sky Börü!
- Here you go!
- Corporal Moon Kutluk!
- Here you go!
- Corporal Emen!
- Here you go!

Now it was the turn of the new corporals, the young Turkish elders whom Kür Şad had given corporal posts:

- Corporal Sungur!
- Here you go!
- Corporal Goktas!
- Here you go!
- Corporal Barmaklak!
- Here you go!

- Corporal Red Buka!
- Here you go!
- Corporal Kara Budak!
- Here you go!
- Corporal Chigay Börü!
- Here you go!
- Corporal Godvermish!
- Here you go!

The likes were over, and it was the turn the karabudun:

- Black Bard!
- Here you go!
- Silver!
- Here you go!
- Lump!
- Here you go!
- Il Kaya
- Here you go!
- Call!
- Here you go!
- Calduruk!
- Here you go!
- Utar!
- Here you go!
- Tunga!
- Here you go!
- Smallness!
- Here you go!
- Lump!
- Here you go!
- Your medicine!
- Here you go!
- Yeke!
- Here you go!

392 - Death of the Grey Wolves

- Arbuz!
- Here you go!
- Ouch!
- Here you go!
- Turumtay!
- Here you go!
- Tugrul!
- Here you go!
- Shepherd!
- Here you go!
- Coat!
- Here you go!
- Totuk Tüğe!
- Here you go!
- Alp Aya
- Here you go!
- Chengshi!
- Here you go!
- Ouch! Black Hunger!
- Here you go!
- Masonry
- Here you go!
- Kutan!
- Here you go!
- Yırım!
- Here you go!
- Badruk!
- Here you go!
- Exchange!
- Here you go!

After the roll call was over, was silence for a moment, not even a peep. Then Kür Şad's voice rose, sounding a little angry:

- Captain Three Sons!

The Three Sons had not come. Then Kür Şad decided to ask his sons about him:

- Corporal Kara Budak!
- Here you go!
- Where's your dad?
- I don't know şad!
- Corporal Red Buka!
- Here you go!
- Don't you know?
- I don't know şad!

They could no longer see each other's faces in the darkness, but only their shadows. Bögü Alp, who had been pondering over the Three Sons for a while, approached Kür Şad to tell him about the suspicion that had been gnawing at him for days:

- Kur Şad! Recently I saw him entering a Chinese's house at night. I didn't realise...

Bögü Alp was silent before he finished. He was ashamed to reveal his suspicions about a Turkish leader, but he felt obliged to take every precaution to avoid falling into any unexpected trap at such an important moment.

Kür Şad's voice rose again in the darkness:

- Does anyone know where Captain Three Sons is? A voice answered:
- I just saw him.
- Where did you see it?

Sixty-six-year-old Bad ruk, the oldest of the revolutionaries, described in a few words where he had seen Captain Three Sons. Bögü Alp and Yumru realised that this was the shop of the rich Chinese merchant whose house he entered at night. Kür Şad and Bögü Alp exchanged glances in the dark. Now they were all waiting for Kür Şad make a decision.

The rain had increased. The wind was blowing hard. On a night like this, there was no way the Chinese Khan could go out on the streets. Three

If the son had been present, Kür Shad could have postponed their work for a few days. But now the situation was changing. What if they had been betrayed? Kür Shad did not think long. In a firm voice he said to his friends:

- The Chinese Khan won't go out on the streets tonight. We'll storm the palace to hold him!

The forty men had already come there vowing to fight to the death. For them, there was no difference between capturing the Chinese Qaghan, who travelled the streets with only one squire, and attacking the palace guarded by thousands of soldiers. It did not occur to them that those who came hundreds of years later would be surprised by the greatness of what they had done. The only thing they knew was that they had acted with an ambush to save Turkish honour.

Kür Şad wore his tulga on his head, and since he knew that he would do most of his work with arrows, he did not wear armour so that it would not weigh him down. He had his sword and quiver at his waist. He did not even take his shield. Bögü Alp also did not wear armour, but he wore two knives on his belt besides sword and bow.

Yamtar his big shield with him. He also had a very heavy stone under his arm. He was going to use it to break the iron gates. Tuber, who was strong like him, also had such a stone.

Gök Börü was the only one among them who had a tulgaarmour and a shield. Because he was blind, they had equipped him with defence ammunition from head to toe. But since Gök Börü believed that his eyesight had returned after last night's prayer, he remembered to take a quiver and a bow with him.

The old Badruk was dressed very lightly. He had a sword at his waist, a bow in one hand and ten arrows in the other. He did not even take a quiver so as not to weigh him down. "I don't have the strength to fight on foot at this age. the time I shoot ten arrows, it will be the sword's turn," he thought.



The Black Bard's quiver was full of arrows. His sword and knife were not complete. As an extra, he also wore his kopuz on his back. On such a day, his heart was not willing to part with his dear companion kopuz.

The young men were dressed in tulga and armour. Apart from everyone else, Il Kaya had four or five knives and Öküş Kara Açkı had two short pikes. One of them very skilful in throwing knives and one was very skilful in swinging pikes from a distance.

The last command of Kür Şad before the revolution was heard amidst the thunder of the rain that began to pour down in torrents:

- We'll attack the palace all at once because our work is getting heavy.

We will kill the guards at the outer gates with arrows from a distance and enter without making a sound. Inside, Yamtar and Fist will break the doors leading to the Chinese Qaghan's apartment with stones. Our goal is to capture the Chinese Khan first, and if that fails, to kill him. Then we will try to save Urku. If I die, Böğü Alp will be in command, then Yamtar, then Yagmur after Yamtar. If he dies too, you will die as you know. Now put arrows in bows and follow me.

Forty people began to walk silently with their bows half-stretched. They could neither hear the wind nor the rain. The day they had been waiting for ten years had come, and they had reached the threshold of the war they had been looking forward to. The Turkish nation would be freed from captivity with this mad attack, and the state founded by their ancestors in Ötüken would be reborn.

They were walking.

They were taking silent steps with sweet revenge in their hearts and the dream of the Turkish Kağan in their eyes. Gök Börü, who had no eyes, was walking in the darkness with silent but firm steps, although no one holding his arm and he did not know anything about the way.

Forty unknown heroes of history were walking in the dark.

At the forefront was Kür Şad, the son of that piece of wood of the Bozkurt lineage. He was walking with his eyes ahead and his hand on the beam to write the most beautiful verse in the history of the poetry of his race, in order to save the Turkish nation, which was his duty, but to give the kaganate, which was his right, to someone else.

Behind him, Böğü Alp, Yamtar, Yağmur, Gök Börü, Ay Kutluk and Emen were marching in a line. Böğü Alp, with his sturdier heart beneath his sturdy build, was walking with Kırac Ata's words ringing in his ears; Yamtar was walking with a stone under his right arm, which suited the majesty of his big body; Yağmur was walking with his plump cheeks and smiling eyes; Gök Börü was walking, seeing not with his eyes, but with the light that God had released into his heart; Ay Kutluk was walking with his face ennobled by a sword wound of ten years ago; Emen was walking with the voices of his nine brothers, three uncles, two aunts and his father, who had been killed by the Chinese, crying out for revenge in his ears.

Forty heroes were walking in the rain.

Kür Şad's seven young corporals, Sungur, Göktaş, Barmak lak, Kara Budak, Kızıl Buka, Çıgay Börü and Tanrıvermiş, some fifteen, some sixteen and some seventeen years old, were the third.

They were marching in the order of Turkish order and Turkish respect.

The 26 soldiers marched in five columns behind the elders.

~  
~

While they were walking to the palace, someone running through the streets of Siganfu, which were muddy from the downpour that had been going on for some time. Sometimes he stepped in a puddle of water and splashes painted his face, sometimes he stopped, gasping with the wind, and then started running again. This man, who was running, staggering, panting at this moment of the day Three

It was the Son. His head was uncovered. But he had a quiver on his back, a bow in his hand and a sword on his waist.

Why were the Three Sons late? Bögü Alp is sceptical  
he right?

For a long time the Three Sons had followed the Albus. He had once fallen in love with one of the Chinese women in Kara Kulan's mansion, and after he had been captured in China, he had seen that Chinese woman again in Siganfu and his mind had gone out of his head. This Chinese beauty, who was now the wife of a rich and old Chinese merchant, had seduced the Three Sons and led him into sin. He made a habit of going to her at night before the merchant returned home. One night Bögü Alp saw her entering this house, but he could not understand what was going on. Even one night when the Three Sons were in the house, the Chinaman came too, but the woman hid him and made him leave the house. Now the Three Sons were coming from there again. On the way to this death society, the Chinaman could not help seeing his beloved for the last time and went to her house. But the merchant came home, caught the Three Sons, and he said: "It was destined to start with you tonight! and beheaded him with his sword. The woman was frightened and began to cry, and she urged Three Sons to take her husband's dead body and bury it somewhere, but the captain, who had other business that night, refused to do so, so the quarrel between them was about to turn into a fight, when Three Sons, seeing that time had passed, ran out into the street without wearing his turban.

He was running, cursing and swearing at the Chinese, but he was still running. He was tired. The downpour that blocked his breath was also slowing down his speed. He was close to the palace stables. If he turned the corner, he would meet the others. The Three Sons gathered their last strength and rushed forward again. He rounded the corner. It was too late. All of his friends were together.  
te realised that they were heading towards the palace from the shadows he saw. paused for a moment and breathed widely. Then

he started running again. It was unheard of for a Turkish favourite to run so far on foot.

As the Three Sons caught up with their friends, the first arrows were fired, the guards were knocked down, and the forty began to walk faster. He was now suffering the penalty of being late. Even though he was a Turkic chief and a captain in the Gök Turk army, he was marching at the back on this day of fame. Even his sons, Kara Budak and Kizil Buka, who were only children and were fighting for the first time, were ahead of him. The long run had already made him hot and sweaty. With this thought, he became even more hot and sweaty with blood.

Forty-one people were now marching towards the outer gate of the palace. The sentries holding tinder on thick sticks lit up the surroundings. There were six guards here. Kür Shad signalled to those behind. They stretched the beams. Then, as soon as Kür Şad's arrow shot out, ten more arrows flew behind him. The sentries were knocked down.

They were walking. They were walking without looking back, without looking behind, with their eyes fixed only ahead. They were approaching the big wedding. The fallen guards were nothing more than a loincloth.

When they entered the outer gate of the palace, they across a garden. A hundred steps ahead was the main gate of the palace. This door had not yet been closed. from inside illuminated door, revealing the numerous guards to the eyes of the revolutionaries.

Kür Shad turned round:

- We'll rain arrows and strike fast! Move!

This order, given loudly in Turkish, attracted the attention of the guards. But they did not have time to move. The rain of arrows had made a mess and only two or three the guards had time to enter the gate.

Forty-one people came running to the door. Now they were inside the palace. Kür Shad and Bögü Alp saw the inside of the palace, Chinese Ka-

and Urku's flats. After climbing five or six flights of stairs, they came to a very large room. The big door on the left was the door leading to the kaghan's apartment. But as the revolutionaries climbed the stairs, a few Chinese shouts were heard, and then the sounds of the mallets striking the bronze plates- made the whole palace ring. These bronze sounds were warning of danger and asking for help. Yamtar, who was getting too heavy for him by now, brought the big stone down on the door of the kaghan with all his might, and this was followed by Yumru's stone.

In the midst of this noise, hundreds of Chinese troops He was seen coming towards the revolutionaries. As Yamtar and Tuber tried to break down the iron gate, a rapid exchange of arrows between the revolutionaries and the Chinese troops began at a distance of fifty sixty paces.

Kür Şad, the sharpest marksman of Ötüken, shot down a Chinese in the most fatal place with every shot of his bow, and those who took his arrow died without saying a word.

Böğü Alp shot arrows without much aim, but each time he took one of the opposing crowd out of the fight.

Captain Yağmur was shooting arrows as if he was training, unhurried, slow, without the smile in his eyes fading.

The Three Sons fought on, sweat dripping from their foreheads and still panting.

Gök Börü, the madman of Ötüken, had become as he was ten years ago. He saw the oil with the light sent down by God in his heart, and stretched his bow by shouting the war cry.

Young corporals draw arrows with astonishing quickness  
di.

You can't call the still ringing bronze sounds of Yamtar and Tuber  
The sound of the stones on the iron gate, the shouts of the combatants, was now mixed with the moans of the wounded. both sides were approaching each other step by step.

Turumtay was the first of the revolutionaries to fall. Arbuz and Kaban fell down after him. Gök Börü was hit by a few arrows, but he was not wounded because he was fully armoured. The Chinese dead were piled on top of each other in front of them. They were about to flee. But in the meantime, a new column of soldiers was seen entering from the opposite door. Moreover, the door next to that door was also opened and a regiment of Chinese entered and started to attack the revolutionaries.

The sound of the arrows flying drowned out the sound of the storm outside. Now the Gok Turks were standing where they were, the Chinese were trying to advance step by step, but they were falling to pieces under the rain of arrows. The revolutionaries Alp Kaya, Yeke and Kalalduruk were also lying lifeless. Corporal Ay Kutluk was still fighting with an arrow in his shoulder.

Big Badruk had used up the ten arrows he had bought on his way to the battle, but since he still hadn't got to the sword, he started looking for arrows from the ground. While he was pulling out one of the arrows stuck in Turumtay's body and placing it on his bow, he was hit by an arrow in his stomach and fell on his knees. However, he shot his arrow. Then he fell face down on the ground. His börket fell down. His white hair was smeared with red blood on the ground.

Yamtar and Tuber still hadn't broken the iron gate. They were not taking part in the battle, they were trying in vain to break the door to the Chinese Khan's apartment. By now, even if they did break the door, it was too late. Your drug, Kutan and Corporal Emen were also shot down and all the guards of the Chinese palace woke up and rose up.

Now they were arrowing at a distance of twenty-five, thirty paces. Öküş Kara Akçı shouted with a loud cry and then swung one of his two pikes. What a great swing it was!.. The pike pierced one of the Chinese officers, even though he was armoured, and came out from behind him, spinning him like a pinwheel and knocking him down. Seeing this, Il Kaya also grabbed their knives. The first knife was someone's

second in the chest, the second in the throat of another, the next in the cheek of the third. The fourth was . . . Four or five arrows pierced his chest at once. When İl Kaya was dying, he did not fall backwards and on his side like the Chinese, but he took a few steps forward and fell on his face.

The battle became very hot, fierce and accelerated. Corporal Ay Kutluk, followed by Utar, Tokush and Corporal Tannvermis were killed.

Corporal Göktaş was on the far left of the line of revolutionaries, near the wall. Fifteen or twenty paces behind him the door leading to the Chinese Khan's apartment, where his father Yamtar, accompanied by Yumru, was trying to break the door by lifting and lowering large stones. As Göktaş had no arrows left in his quiver, he was looking to his right when two arrows pierced his arm and then his side. He collapsed with a groan. A third arrow pierced his scarf and blew it off his head. Then Göktaş threw his bow at his father and shouted:

- Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! . . . Dad! . . .

Yamtar, hit by a spring in the arm, turned his head and stopped when he saw his son on the ground covered in blood. Göktaş; Göktaş, who was not satisfied with youth, who was not fooled by war, who did not know vitality, who did not understand death, cried out again:

- There's no work there! Get over here!

Yamtar, who was furious at not being able to break down the door, left the door when he saw that many of his friends were dead and the Chinese had increased. Running into the battle array of the revolutionaries, he threw a large stone towards the Chinese and, seizing the quiver, entered the battle. As the big fell on the top of the Chinese, Yamtar threw his stone after Yamtar in the same way, and Tuber's entry into the battle stopped the Chinese for a while.

Yamtar, what he had just been doing had nothing to do with warfare, now felt great pleasure in fighting.

#### 402 - Death of the Grey Wolves

He was tired, he did not care about the arrows that flew past him, or even Göktaş's death.

Öküş Kara Akçı was shot down after stabbing another Chinese with his second pike, and then Çağrı and Onb-ı.ş Kızıl Buka arrived at Uçmağa.

Major Böğü Alp was fighting with all his strength, skill and valour. At first he had thought they had been betrayed because the Three Sons had not come to the fight. Now he felt relieved when he saw the Three Sons wounded among themselves and fighting hard. In the meantime, Kırac Ata's words came to his mind again. Kırac Ata: "It is raining... You are fighting on the bank of the river, .. " he had said.

It true that it was raining. But here on the banks of the river but inside palace.

Now both sides had run out of arrows. What now? The revolutionaries were halfway there. If the sword, it would be necessary to deal with twenty layers of oil. At this time Kür Shad's command thundered:

- Böğü Alp! Keep the fatty busy with three or five men! We'll attack the stable and take the horses!

Böğü Alp looked around and suddenly realised the situation. Yamtar and Yumru, who had not yet exhausted their arrows because they entered the battle late, gave the order between the draw of their bows:

- Three Sons, Gök Börü, Yamtar, Yumru, Sungur will stay with me! The others will follow Kur Shad... Move!

Kür Shad turned back with Yağmur, Barmaklak, Kara Budak, Çıgay Börü, Kara Ozan, Gümüş, Tunga, Küçlük, Abı, Tuğrul, Çobayıkmiş, Toluk Tüge, Çengşi, Yığaç and Yırım behind him. They were now rapidly travelling away from the road they had just come. The wind had lightened, but the rain had not stopped.

Böğü Alp gave the order to attack by drawing his sword. So did his five friends. Gök Börü said with surprising firmness,



as if they had eyes. Yamtar, with his frighteningly large body, hit the Chinese with the back of his sword, but the head he hit was broken and shattered. Sungur was fighting beside his father as if he was practising with his sword, obeying all the rules of combat, Three Sons was fighting hard to erase the shame of being late, and Yumru was trying hard to win the favour of Bö gü Alp. They were all wounded. Bö gü Alp was destroying those who came in front of him. After a quick glance around him between sword strikes, he realised that they had no more business here. They had bought Kür Şad the time he needed. To his friends:

- Slowly back towards the door! He shouted.

This order was fulfilled with great regularity. But the Chinese were afraid that the blind Blind and his father...

Sungur, who hadn't left Sungur's side, was surrounded by them. Father and son had their backs to the wall. Since Gök Börü was armoured, he did not avoid the sword, he only counted his own hits.

Bö gü Alp, accompanied by Yamtar, Three Sons and Yumru, retreated towards the gate.

- He shouted that we should close the door as we rushed out and hold off the Chinese for a while!

They were about to go out the door. Yamtar's eyes fell on his wife, who was now left to die with her son. Suddenly he frowned and shouted:

- Sky Börü! You're looking at the guy who poked his eye out!

After saying this, he ran out. At that time

Alp closed the door violently, handing the knocker to Tuber:

- Hold it tight! Don't open it! Buy us more time!

Then with the others to the palace stables.

..  
..

Yamtar's thundering voice was enough to drive Gök Börü mad. He threw his shield and attacked the Chinese in front of him. The strongest person in the world is the one who is willing to die. Gök Börü had risked death since last night. Now he was fortunate to encounter a once in a thousand opportunity to avenge himself on the one who had wronged him. Great fortune can also drive a person mad. Gök Börü went a little crazy from this. As he rushed forward swinging his sword, his sword collided with another sword in the air. As the sparks of the swords broken by this fierce clash flashed and faded, Gök Börü embraced the Chinese commander Çang-çung:

- He shouted, "Do you see God's work, you fucking cunt! Then they both tumbled to the ground.

While the Chinese were sword-wielding him, Gök Börü was squeezing the Chinese's throat and trying to gouge out his eyes with the knife he had drawn from his waist. Chiang-çung was trying to protect his throat with one hand, and with the other hand he was trying to stop Gök Börü's knife hand from grabbing his wrist.

Sungur took his father's shield in his hand. He counterattacking the Chinese who were attacking his father, showing that he had learnt his sword lessons well.

Gök Börü's thigh and leg received two large sword wounds and blood began to gush out. But he did not pay any attention to this and continued to fight. Finally he freed his wrist from the Chinese. He brought his knife to his eye fountain and plunged it in and out. Amidst all the noise of the battle, while the Chinese's bitter cry of pain resounded in the huge room of the palace, Gök Börü had the comfort of those who had achieved their ideal:

- Sungur! got my revenge! he shouted.

Sungur did not answer. The young corporal, not being armoured, could not hold out for long and fell lifeless to the ground, riddled with several sword and pike thrusts.

Sky Börü shouted again:

- Sungur! Can't you hear me! I'm avenged!..

A harsh, resonant sound . A sword thrust tore off Gök Börü's tülga, exposing his limbs, and a second thrust tore his face from temple to chin. Then a terrible laugh was heard:

- You're late, you bastard!.. .. I' my revenge! ...

Gök Börü, who had been holding in his grief for ten years, was mad with grief and the joy of revenge for the death of his son, whom he perceived to have died beside him, and he was laughing horribly. This laughter rang and rang, then suddenly died out.

-  
\*-

The Chinese attacked the door all at once. But it could not be opened because it was strongly pulled from outside. After ordering Yumru to hold the door, Bögü Alp started to run towards the palace stable with Yamtar and Three Sons. But after a few steps, Three Sons was trapped and fell. At the same time he groaned as he felt a terrible pain in his foot. Then he realised that an arrow had pierced his foot vertically. There was no way he could run. He crawled on his knees and came to the door again. Clinging to it, he stood up. To Fist:

- He said, "Leave the door to me and run to the barn!"

Tuber held the door knocker with both hands, and when the Chinese wanted to open the door from the inside, he would not let go, saving time for his friends. The lump very heavy and strong, so he was able to do this job successfully. He took the Three Sons with him.

and he didn't like it. Because he had lied recently and had not been at the crossroads tonight:

- He replied, "Bögü Alp ordered me to do this! The Three Sons were moaning:

- He said, "I have an arrow in my foot, I can't walk, I'll stay anyway, save your life!

The lump was resisting:

- I can't go! It is the command of Bögü Alp... The Three Sons were angry:

- You bastard! Did Bögü Alp tell you to stay until sunrise? He told me to stall the Chinese and buy some time. Leave it to me and go to the stables!

The lump didn't want to let go. Then the Three Sons turned the bowstring of their bow on the knocker of the door. He pushed the Tuber and took his place:

- Captain Three Sons gives you an order: "Run to the barn and join your friends!

Three Sons took his knife in his mouth, put his good foot on the other wing of the door and threw himself behind it. But because he was not as strong as the Fist, the door would shake, open, then close again, then seem to open again. When the fist received the order from the captain, he ran away. The door had only one knocker from the inside. But as the Chinese grabbed each other's waist and pulled in a long line, eventually the Three Sons' arms lost their strength. He let go of his bow. He picked up the knife he had been holding in his mouth. He plunged it into the body of the first one.

Captain Three Sons no longer had the strength to stand. He waited, holding the unopened wing of the door with both hands. Three steps ahead of him, he looked at the soldiers with swords and pikes who were attacking to kill him. If they were not in front of him, he would have long since thrown himself to the ground and started moaning with the pain of his wounds. But when he saw them attacking him, he waited for them to strike so that he would fall. The first sword hit his neck

between his shoulder and his shoulder and spurted a thin jet of blood. The Three Sons did not like this blow. If it had been him, he could have severed the head from the body with such a blow. He smiled as he looked down at the striker with a contemptuous look:

- He said it was a clumsy shot.

The second hit landed on his head. The blood from his forehead to his eyes darkened the world. Then a pike was thrust into his chest. Then he let go of the door and grasped the pike; he fell to the ground like an upright tree.

-  
--

While the Three Sons were stalling the Chinese at the gate, Yumru jumped out and started running after Böğü Alp and Yamtar. When BöAlp and Yarntar reached the palace stable, there was a sword fight between the grooms and the revolutionaries. When the bronze plates of the palace were struck with a mallet, about twenty grooms grabbed a compass and grabbed the revolving door of the stable. Since they did not know what the danger was and where it came from, they saddled the horses and waited.

They were surprised when Kür Şad attacked with fifteen revolutionaries behind him. They rushed through the gates at . But when they realised that there were few of them, they did not delay in resisting.

The revolutionaries were tired. They were all wounded. They could not finish the work of the grooms quickly. The swords clattered, the warriors panted and shouted, and the neighing and neighing of the horses mingled with this noise.

Kür Shad, after overthrowing the Chinese in front of him, rushed forward, untied one of the tied horses and jumped on it. War on horseback... Compared to what he had just suffered, it was as pleasant as drinking this. The horse understood the skilful rider, and with a sign from him, it took off. Kür Shad rushed into the Chinese and knocked down one or two more with one or two sword strikes. But

#### 408 - Death of the Grey Wolves

Yırım, one of the revolutionaries, and a little later Abı fell to the ground with fatal wounds, and Captain Yağmur was hit by a sword that made a deep wound on his chin. Kür Şad's command was heard amidst the clattering of swords:

- To the horses! ..

As a matter of fact, there was no one left standing among the grooms, and when Bögü Alp and Yamtar rushed into the stable, they destroyed all the grooms and ended the battle.

Kür Şad shouted as the revolutionaries untied the horses:

- We'll go out the secret door of the barn. Four men will hold the Chinese at the four gates. We ride northwards and cross the bridge of the Vey river...

Then he gave the following order to Bögü Alp:

- Bögü Alp! Put four men at the gates and us!

The secret door is low.

As Kür Şad was finishing his words, Fıst came in gasping for breath:

- They're coming! He shouted, "There's as many as a pack of dogs

As Kür Şad rode his horse towards the secret door of the great stable, Bögü Alp's voice boomed:

- Chengshu... Tugrul!... Yamtar! ... Yumru!.. ... Doors tu tun! ...

Four men stood like rocks in front of the four gates

*They're...*

While the others were walking after Kür Şad with their horses, Bögü Alp said his last words to them:

- I'll untie the four horses and leave them for you, when you're done.

and join us in one of these!

Few people knew that the barn had a secret door. At the far end of the barn, where the hay was piled up, a felt hung on the wall. The back of the felt was empty. After walking about fifty paces from here, it led to a plot of land. This fifty-foot path led underground. It was big enough for a high horse to pass alone. Kür Şad knew this place.

he was tired. But he had not told anyone until the revolution. This secret way, which even some of the grooms did not know, would save them today. Now, Yağmur, Barmaklak, Kara Budak, Çıgay Börü, Kara Ozan, Gümüş, Tunga, Küçlük, Çobayıkmiş, Toluk Tüge, Yığaç and Böğü Alp were behind him and he had entered the secret underground road. Böğü Alp, who was the last to enter the path, tore off the felt, pulled the straw away from the mouth of the door, lined up the four horses one after the other in front of the door and left some straw in front of them.

Before they could finish, the Chinese were at the door. The four protectors made their first move. This meant that four Chinese were knocked down. When Böğü Alp was about to enter the secret path, his eye fell on the quiver on the ground. There were three arrows in it. He did not want to miss this opportunity. He placed an arrow in his bow and travelled. He threw it at the door Yamtar was defending. The arrow passed through Yamtar's shoulder head, entered the forehead of a Chinese, rolled him to the ground like a log, and sent the second arrow to the door defended by Chengshi. This time a Chinese was hit in the eye and fell to the ground as if struck by lightning. The third arrow came to Tugrul's aid. These arrows deceived the Chinese and them think that the revolutionaries were all inside.

When Böğü Alp finished his work, he unhurriedly grabbed his horse and rode into the secret road.

-  
--

At the four doors of the barn, four revolutionaries were engaged in a life-and-death struggle. Although their horses were ready to escape, there was no way for them to get out of here. The inside of the barn was so large that it was impossible for the four of them to come side by side and hold a front, then retreat step by step towards the secret door. Once inside the doors, it was certain that they would be surrounded. They all knew that. For this reason

They fought fiercely, joyfully, eagerly, fiercely, to buy time for their friends, to sell their lives dearly, to revenge by killing fat, and to do what they had come into the world to do by enjoying the fight a little.

Captain Yamtar swung his sword, longer and bigger than anyone else's, in such a way that no good could of it. The battle had scarcely begun when he had knocked down four of them and struck fear into the others. The battle inside the palace, the beating of the iron gate with the big stone, and then all the running had made him so hungry that he felt his hunger even in such a moment of death and dying, and he was thinking that if we had two pots of kimiz, how well we would drink it now.

Chengshi, a hard-looking warrior of twenty years of age, was very smooth, very agile, smooth in his fighting. There was a calculation in his attacks and defences that reminded me of Corporal Pars, Yamtar's ancestor. He was very cold-blooded. He had knocked down three Chinese in front of the door, and his forehead, cheek and chin were scratched.

Tugrul was hitting hard. He was a poor man with no one left on earth. That morning, as he was preparing for this bloody wedding, he had gone over the memories of his life and reckoned with himself. He was 46 years old that night, his mother had told him that he was born on such a night, when the rain was falling and the storm was howling. So he was going to die on a night of thunderstorms just like the night he was born. It was God's will. After living all his life as a righteous man, one night he had been given a Chinese garden full of various kinds of food and had eaten his fill. He was not in the special chariot of the Chinese Khan. Therefore, he had to suffer a lot from poverty and hunger. It would not be right to enter such a war and with no strength. It was for this reason that he had made this endeavour, and he was very sad to add this to the last leaf of his life. He had seen the cold and heat of the world too much, and his heart



he was stiff. He had two sword wounds on his chest and shoulder. Even so, he fought hard without flinching. He had knocked down three Chinese in front of the gate. The fist was very tired. After the fight inside the palace, the brawl at the gate, then coming to the barn with a fast run, and as soon as he arrived, taking the door of the barn being held,

Yumru was exhausted. He had knocked down a Chinese in the first move now he was defending himself alone. It would be great if he could find some time to count from one to twenty and rest, but blood would he ever give him the chance?

The lump realised it couldn't hold out much longer. All he could think about was buying enough time for his friends who were riding towards the river. Suddenly he felt a sword stabbing into his spleen. He saw the sword strike him in great agony. He grasped his sword with both hands and raised it in the air. "Nurun to the Chinese!" he took a step, stretching his chest. Then he brought it down with all his strength and speed.

"Here!" he shouted. The sword shattered the tulga, cut the head in two and knocked the fatty to the ground. But at the same time, a pike pierced the Tuber's heart, and the Tuber fell lifeless with all its weight.

Yamtar, Chengshi and Tugrul, with the sense of humour that only good soldiers have, sensed before they saw Yumru fall that their rear was in danger. Between clash swords they found a moment to turn their heads to the side and back. They saw that Yumru had fallen and that the Chinese were entering through the door he was guarding. At that moment, as if they had received orders or made a contract, they jumped back and stood side by side with their backs to the nearest manger. Yamtar, looking at Tuber, who had collapsed on the ground, said:

-- He said, "I He couldn't take a crow!"

Then, when he felt the manger with his hand to test its strength and looked into it, his eyes shone. Because

There was a big piece of fried meat there. Yamtar immediately grabbed this meat, probably belonging to one of the grooms, bit into it and muttered, "It is good to live as long as you can find food."

The Chinese were surprised to see only three Turks inside. They did not know the secret door either. They looked at each other for a moment. Then they pounced on the three revolutionaries. Now that they were in a wide place, they could attack three people at once, swinging four or five swords against each other. Yamtar was not only fighting with swords, but also tearing off a large piece of meat with his teeth.

It did not take long for the three men to fight against this crowd. First Tugrul fell. Then Chengshi fell. Yamtar was holding on and eating his meat with great appetite. He had one more big morsel left in his hand. Suddenly a sword landed on his left hand. As a piece of meat fell from his blood-soaked hand, a second blow to his right wrist left the great captain without a sword. Then Yamtar's right hand stuck to the manger. He tore off huge piece of wood in one grip. As he picked it up and brought it down on his opponents, he broke a sharp war lance and rushed at the Chinese. The swords held against him were like toy sticks to him. They came arm in arm and five or six of them tumbled to the ground. Yamtar grabbed one of them by the throat and squeezed it, only to be torn to pieces by the swords brought down on him from behind. The Chinese whose throat had been squeezed was dead. But this giant of the Thunder was not dying easily. When he stood up covered in red blood, the Chinese stepped back a little. They were afraid of him. When Yamtar was surrounded, he staggered to the manger again and held on. His cap had fallen off, his long hair, moustache and beard were red with blood. red spots in twenty places on his clothes were growing and multiplying every moment, sucking the life out of the body of the great Yamtar.

Twenty red spots were the twenty badges of valour that life had earned him. Now he had neither a sword in his hand nor a compass on him. He was looking at the Chinese, clinging tightly to the manger he was holding on to with difficulty. They, too, were staring at Yamtar from five or six paces away with both astonishment and fear, not daring to approach this terrible camel, which they realised would die anyway. Yamtar searched the ground for the piece of meat that had fallen from his hand:

- Alas! I will die before I finish the meat! Then,  
leaning more heavily on the manger:

- Göktaş is dead too. There is no one left in our forge! he moaned.  
At this time, and clattering can be heard from outside.

and the Chinese troops poured in again. From their disguise  
One of the palace chiefs in charge of these troops, who had apparently never been in battle. This man, who knew the secret door, pointed to it and said something in Chinese, then looked at Yamtar. He recognised him. With great anger, he drew an arrow from his bow and shot it at Yamtar. The arrow pierced the big captain at the junction of his stomach and chest. Yamtar was shaken. Then he slowly fell to his knees. His right hand was still holding the board of the manger. The palace chief mister placed another arrow in his bow, so that he would have the honour of killing this traitor to the Chinese Khan with his own hand. This time it Yamtar's right lung. His eyes were closing, his hand holding the manger was loosening. His eyes fell on the piece of meat that had just fallen from his hand. The fat would be glad that he couldn't eat it. He did not want to make them happy. He raised his head with a last wiggle. He said to the Sa ray chief, in Chinese, which he still had not forgotten, the words cNu'o ı bav ii, meaning "I am full" Then he fell down like a century-old tree.

-  
- -

Kür Shad, with his twelve surviving companions at his side, rode northwards at full speed. They had taken the best horses from the palace stable. The rain was not still falling, but pouring down, flooding the place. The revolution had not succeeded. Now there was no choice but to revolt the irregular Turks in the mountains and slopes, to go to Ötüken and try to establish the state with them. From now on, the matter of who would be the kagan would be considered later.

The Chinese realised the situation a little late, then they sent out troops from nine or ten columns and set them after Kür Shad. Since there was only one bridge to be crossed nearby, all the quwets were racing towards it. In the darkness of the night, amidst the pouring rain, the harshness of the wind and the thunder of the lightning, thirteen horsemen were now flying towards the bridge, and hundreds of horsemen were rushing towards it arm in arm behind them.

It was the most exciting race in history.

Bögü Alp was the furthest back of the thirteen. As he was riding towards the river, Kırac Ata's words came to his mind again:

"I see forty men gathered in a great city... You are among them... It's raining... You are fighting on the banks of the river..."

Indeed, he was among those gathered in the great city. And it was raining. So there would be another fight on the banks of the river. While Bögü Alp was thinking about these things, they had reached the bank of the Vey River. Let Albız have it!... Because of the downpour, the river had risen and washed away the bridge they were going to cross.

Kür Shad's command was heard in the darkness:

- Look to the right, to the left. there a gate? ..

The river was flowing so fiercely that it was impossible to find a passage. There was no point in staying here too long. The Chinese almost caught up with them. Kür Shad rode his horse a little closer to the water. The horse was frightened by the noise of the water. It was going backwards. People shouted to the right and left:

- No passage!

Meanwhile, Silver jumped down from his horse and put his ear to the ground.

By getting up after listening for a while:

- Kur Shad! We don't have much time. They are getting closer! he said.

Then the Black Bard, who had a slight sword wound on his face, interjected:

- I can buy you some more time. Maybe you can get across.

As soon as he said that, he rode backwards and disappeared into the darkness. The Black Bard had no ammunition left. They did not know how to stop the Chinese. But since it would buy them some time, there was else to do but to try to get across.

Twelve people, dismounted from their horses, were walking slowly to the bank of the river. Çıgay Börü, holding his sword in his hand, was scanning the bank, looking for a place to cross. Only Böğü Alp was not interested in looking for a passage. He believed that there would be a battle here and the buddha would be saved. That was why he wanted to rest now and meet the Chinese with all his might.

The Black Bard rode towards the Chinese and stopped. He stood on a mound he had seen on his way and waited. Wherever the Chinese came from, they would surely pass this way. Here the distant hoofbeats were getting closer. The Black Bard gazed ahead; he pierced the darkness: They were coming. Then he dismounted. He picked up a sharp stone from the ground, took the horse by the bridle, ran a few steps and then picked up the sharp stone.

hit him with a stone and let him go. While the horse was running fast, he himself climbed on top of the whole cart and cross-legged. He took his beloved kopuz off his back and ran his hand over the strings. He started to cluck.

The officer of the first Chinese column, who was on his way there, stopped when he saw a riderless horse running. When he grabbed the horse and realised that it had been taken from the palace, he realised that the revolutionaries were in that direction. He was going to go towards the bridge. But just at this moment a sound struck his ear, it the sound of an instrument. When the Chinese officer listened for a while, he realised that it was a Turkish musician.

In order to draw all the attention to himself, *the Black Ozan* played the kopuz, then slowly began to sing, immersing himself in the melody:

*When the day of judgement  
comes, the heart becomes  
pleasant. The word is the  
sword and the arrow, Other  
words are empty.*

*What is a heart? A bud... Life is  
full of thorns.  
When you've had enough to live  
The soul becomes an invisible bird.*

*Bozkurt is our reputation; Our  
past is full of glory. When our  
last day comes, the whole  
world will be a dream.*

*There were forty of us, but  
half of us fell down. Our  
place to lay our heads  
would be stone on the  
greasy ground.*

*Black bard, the word is  
long... The wail of the  
kopuz is many. As you  
remember one by one, your  
eyes become bloody bloody  
tears...*

The Black Minstrel was brought out of his inner world with a clatter and a shout. A mass of Chinese horsemen were standing in front of him, and one of them, apparently an officer, was saying something to him in Chinese. The Chinese were surprised that he was playing the kopuz and singing in an ecstatic state, and they thought that he was a madman who was doing this by sitting cross-legged on the ground in the rain. They did not attack him because he did not have a compass on him, but they were suspicious of the sword wound on his face. The Chinese officer asked him who he was and what he was doing here, but the Black Bard did not answer even though he understood so much Chinese.

When the Chinaman got no answer, he jumped to the ground. He wanted to get close to this strange man and recognise him. This disguise, these clearly showed he had come out of a battle.

But why was he playing here? Why had he been separated from his friends? Perhaps the Chinese officer would have tried to find out. But a second Chinese column galloping at that moment dissuaded him from this thought. He approached the Black Bard and wanted to take his kopuz from his hand. Because it had been under the rain for a long time, the strings had loosened and it did not sound good. But it was the only inheritance of the Black Bard from his ancestral home. He had lost everything living and non-living, he was left only with his lifelong companion, the kopuz. Turkish by pushing the hand of the Chinese:

- He said, "If you give me the palace of the Chinese Khan in exchange for my harp, I still won't give it!

The Chinaman did not think much when he saw this strange man limping. He realised that he was one of the revolutionaries. He reached for his sword. But he couldn't. Because the Black Bard did his homework.

He had done it successfully, and he quickly brought down his kopuz, which had been raised with the peace of mind of those who had no will left on earth, on his head and knocked him down. Suddenly was shouting and horses were thrown. The Black Bard rolled down with a sword on his head. Then he was trampled under the feet of horses and closed his eyes forever. This death was more beautiful than the most beautiful sayings he had ever sung.

On the banks of the river Vey, those who were looking for a crossing still couldn't find a place. They stopped at the narrowest part of the river. Here the distance between the two banks was about fifty paces. But the water was very rough. With Kür Shad's command, all bridle and stirrup straps of the horses were cut and tied tightly to each other. Some parts of their clothes were also cut and added to the straps. Kür Şad wanted to lead one end of the belt to the other shore and make his friends cross with their horses. But for this, someone had go across and take the belt to the other side. Kür Shad turned to his friends:

- Whos a confident swimmer?

Barmaklak and Çobayıkmiş came out. Barmaklak was the favourite. He had to pass first. Kür Shad told him what to do. Barmaklak tied one end of the belt around his waist and jumped on his horse. After retreating twenty or thirty steps from the shore, he dived into the water, first disappearing in the splashing water together with his horse. Then the heads of the horse and Barmaklak appeared. Barmaklak was clinging to the horse's mane and trying to float it. But his efforts were in vain. He was swept away by the current of the water and dragged along with his horse.

Three people were holding one end of the strap on the shore. Suddenly it was seen that Barmaklak was separated from his horse and the horse disappeared into the water with terrible neighing. Barmaklak had been defeated in his wrestling match with the raging water. Now the people on the shore were pulling him quickly. Let Albız take it!. .. Tonight all the bad luck upon them. Eight or ten paces from the shore, suddenly



it was seen that the belt broke and Barmaklak started to drift. That's when Shepherdfoot threw himself into the water. After a few strokes, he reached him. He held him. First they went against the current of the water and approached the shore for a while. Then the two forces were equalised. They stood where they were with futile strokes. Then the water began to carry them both away, and the two valiant men disappeared into the waters, never to be seen again. But never separated from each other, side by side, shoulder shoulder, hand in hand.

Now there nothing left to do but wait for the oil. Already the hoofbeats were approaching. Kür Shad's harsh voice "Jump!" he commanded. They jumped on unbridled horses. For a Sky Turk, it was of no value whether the horse was bridled or not. It was a pity that they had no arrows left in their quivers. Otherwise, they would have killed many more, perhaps they could have fought until the waters calmed down a little. The rain had slowed down a lot.

The crowd from the opposite side was approaching. Kür Shad drew his sword and gave his last command:

- the end! ...

There was a farewell harmony in this last command. There were ten of them left. They all said in a voice that came from their hearts "the end!" they repeated.

As Böğü Alp rushed forward, he remembered Kırac Ata's words again for a moment:

"It's raining... You're fighting by the river... Your clan survives... Your name will not be forgotten... After 1300 years of death, you will be resurrected... Your name will remain in the hearts until the sunset of the pain... -

As all the words of Kırac Ata were true, Böğü Alp believed that his people would be saved, that they would be resurrected after a thousand and three hundred years of death, and that their name would remain in hearts until the end of time. Because he fought with this belief, he fought harder than all of them.

Kür Shad had no such belief. He was striking, breaking and overthrowing with the pain of despair.

Captain Yagmur was swinging swords and charging horses with his smiling face that never changed.

Two young corporals, Kara Budak and Çıgay Börü, were putting down their swords side by side.

Gümüş remembered a story of his father Çalık: Gümüş's grandfather's name was Gümüş. That Gümüş had fallen into the water while fighting on the shore of a crazy water, but God had saved him.

Toluk Tüge was shouting harshly, Tunga, whose sword was broken, was fighting with the scabbard.

Küçlük and Yığaç were in the moment. They were protecting each other, not themselves.

Now, in the light, many horsemen were fighting, attacking, , shouting, shouting. Now the result drawn by fortune was clear: Black Budak was the first to fall. He fell down from his horse even though he was entwined with a Chinaman. Yığaç fell down behind him. A little later, a sword landed on the neck of Silver, who pierced the belly of a Chinese. Tunga, who broke the scabbard of his sword on the head of a Chinaman, was stabbed with his pike.

In the meantime, they had been driven to the banks of the river. The six of them were making their last defence with the last strength left in their veins. This was not to prolong their lives, which were now over, for a few more short moments, but to avenge themselves by killing Chinese, to do their duty, to gain fame. While they were doing this heroic deed, they did not think that after one thousand three hundred years a scribe would write these lines to keep their memories alive, and they did not know with what passion the sons of Turks would read their glorious adventures.

They were fighting. They were fighting in blood, in hatred. The clouds stood still, the moon and the stars were attentive, watching this battle. Spirits were hovering over them, God's blessings were pouring down on their heads.

Suddenly Captain Rain received a sword to the head. Then a pike struck him on the shoulder. He was caught in the mane of his horse. For a moment he sighed a deep sigh as if moaning in pain. Then, with all his speed, he jumped on the horse of the Chinese who had stabbed him with a pike. Grabbing him by the throat and waist, he brought him down. Both of them slipped off the horse and fell to the ground. Rain was squeezing the Chinaman's throat, and the other, who had drawn his knife, was plunging it in and out of his back and shoulder. Slowly their pulse was getting heavier. After the knife was stuck in Yağmur's back for the last time, it did not come out again, it stayed there. His fingers were still on the Chinese's throat. His plump cheeks were covered in blood. His smiling face was strained, looking dull. The image of a young woman and two babies flashed through his eyes. Rain Beğ was dead.

Bögü Alp had received a fatal wound and was falling. He reached for his knife to do one last deed. He threw it at the nearest Chinese and stabbed him in the throat. Then, as he laid himself in the dirt, he murmured, "After three thousand three hundred years . . he muttered.

Kür Shad was left alone. Toluk Tüge had been killed, Çıgay Böri had fallen into the river with a Chinese he had grabbed by the waist on horseback, and Küçlük had died while beating the Chinese who had shot him after the death of his ancestor Yığaç. Kür Şad was fighting against the Chinese Khaganate alone on the heaps of dead Chinese. He was bare sword. His cap had fallen off and his robe was torn to pieces.

His chest was open. From his chest forehead, cheeks, neck  
blood was oozing;  
but he was still fighting, fighting, fighting, fighting.

He was of a demigod now. His death had to be of a different kind. He was still standing after the forty heroes had fallen one by one. His long hair flowing over his shoulders, his eyes sparkling, his arm rising and falling with lightning speed, knocking down a Chinese with each landing.

#### 422 - Death of the Grey Wolves

Then the daughter of death offered him a milk jug. Kür Shad drank this bitter milk without blinking an eye. He fell on the mane of his horse. He rested his head. In his right hand, the sword halbed was tightly, his left hand was hanging down.

Kür Shad was dead, but he didn't fall off his horse. He died, but the horse was not defeated.

Last

**The AGILAR** separated his valiant head from his body and took it to the Chinese khan. The Chinese khan, the whole palace, the whole

Si-ganfu trembled from him. This trembling came not only from Kur Shad, but from the race that raised him. Kür Shad had saved his tribe with his death.

The next day judgements were set up in Siganfu. Urku, who was not aware of the revolution, was exiled to one of the southern provinces. The men of the palace searched the whole city to extinguish Kur Shad's hearth. If they found Kür Shad's four-year-old son, they would destroy him. Konçuyu and her thirteen-year-old daughter knew that the revolution was about to break out. After a short talk with his daughter, Konchuy took his son and went to unknown place.

When the Chinese came, Kür Şad's daughter was alone. In front of the judges, she said that she knew about the revolution and that she was not aware of her mother and brother. They showed her father's severed head. She said with tears in her eyes: "For homeland and honour ..." he replied. They informed him that he must reveal what he knew to save his life. He kept silent.

Kür Shad's daughter was sentenced to death. Corporal Ay Kutluk's old father and Turumtay's wife were also sentenced to death. Since Kur Shad's daughter and Ay Kutluk's father were of high nobility, they were sentenced to death by bowstring in Turkish law.

they should have been strangled to death. The Chinese khan ordered them to be killed with arrows as an insult.

That evening in the garden of the Chinese palace, all three of them were shot at. Kür Şad's daughter was standing in the centre. Twenty Chinese soldiers took aim. A command was heard. Followed by a sharp whoosh...

The two men were holding Kür Şad's daughter by the arm so that she would not fall. As long as they were alive, Kür Şad's daughter could not fall to the ground. They could hold her up for a few short moments. Ay Kutluk's father fell first. Tururтай's wife was still trying to hold him up even though he was kneeling. Then he fell down too. The last to fall was Kür Şad's daughter, who was wounded by four arrows ...

The night descended in all its beauty. The fifteenth of the moon shed its light like God's mercy... From the Siganfu palace to the Vey river, there seemed to be a different atmosphere. Tonight a fear gripped the Chinese and no one could go out on the streets. Because the spirits of martyrs were wandering in that area.

Suddenly it became cloudy here. Something like fog, like smoke, but something else, something more beautiful, surrounded the surroundings. Then all of a sudden, someone was seen to rise from the ground above this flat whiteness. In his hand a wolf-headed tyrant, lifted from the ground. This ghost, bleeding from his wound, was Kür Şad.

With one hand he raised the tug, with the other hand he made a sign to the smoke and shouted "Get up!". Forty martyrs got up one by one. Kür Şad with his hand showed a place ahead . "Over there!" he thundered. He pointed to Mount God. The spirits of the ancestors were wandering around it. The spirits of forty-one martyrs flowed like a storm, like a music, like a light and started to walk towards Mount God. A caravan of ancestors, headed by Alp Er Tunga, was waiting for them there. These forty-one martyrs surrounded by hundreds of thousands of others,

martyrs surrounded. As this most magnificent parade, which had begun in the presence of God, enveloped the great, infinite void, suddenly a song, a mighty, chilling, divine song, made the universe tremble:

*Even if the earth is pierced, even if the sky collapses, even if it  
burns, even if it burns to ashes, we will still walk on foot  
towards the supreme wish.  
Undaunted by lightning, blizzards, hurricanes; We are bronze-  
hearted Turks who revel in death!*

This folk song is still ringing in the skies. Kür Şad and forty of his  
forty backs are still watching the horizons, waiting for the red flag with  
the moon...

13 April 1946

Saat: 21 .00 Maltepe





Second Book  
BOZKURTLERS  
RISING



CHIN K. AGANI Tay-tsung was very thoughtful. For some days he had been feeling something different about himself, an incomprehensible change. At first he did not realise what it was. he felt uncomfortable, and then he thought about it and realised where the discomfort came from: He was afraid. Especially after sunset, every shadow, every shadow him, he thought that one of those sinister revolutionaries would come out of the darkness and shoot a bow and arrow towards him. He believed that many of the revolutionaries were hidden in the capital. Because the bodies of only 38 of them had been found and three of them had pulled out of the river Vey. As the Chinese khan, he could not believe that such a big uproar was made by 41 people. No matter how daring and crazy these revolutionaries were, there must have been several hundred of them to kill more than 300 Chinese soldiers and to strike such fear into a whole city.

For three days the whole of Siganfu and its districts had been ransacked, many had been tried and executed, many had been tortured, but none of the hidden revolutionaries had been captured. Was one of his commanders who coveted his throne hiding them? If so, it was conceivable that they were looking for an opportunity inside the palace.

The Chinese khan is bored excited thinking about was being lanced. According to the reports he received, at night

revolutionaries had appeared. But despite all the hard searches, no one was captured. They probably liked to work at night. As they raided the palace at night, they also appeared in the city at night, but disappeared during the day. But why hadn't one of them been caught until now?

The people of Siganfu afraid to go out at night for fear of the revolutionaries. One night, a Chinaman who lived on the edge of the city, returning from the banks of the Vey River, saw several of them swimming across the river with their horses, and another saw a large group of men, very large and fully armed, walking swiftly through the darkness in Siganfu, and ran away screaming. The revolutionaries did not do anything to either of them, but they killed an old woman. This woman, who had bought some rice from her neighbour at night, went out of the door and screamed ((Revolutionaries!)), and the neighbours who opened the door again found the poor woman dead. She had no arrow or sword wounds. It was understood that the woman died of fright when she saw the horrible bandits in front of her.

How could it be certain that those who had frightened an old woman to death today would not attack the palace again tomorrow?

The Chinese khan had taken precautions with this in mind, increased the number of palace guards, organised the guard duty, and abandoned the custom of going out at night. Despite all this he was not at ease. He could not be sure that even Kūr Shad, who was killed and beheaded, was dead. He had Kūr Şad's daughter executed, but he could not find the konçuyu and his son.

On the other hand, he felt completely confused by the reports of his ministers and the proposals in the reports, he was angry, and he was thinking nonsensical things. In order to untie all these knots, a meeting was organised at the palace today.

a meeting was to be held. Tay-tsung pinned his last hopes on this meeting.

-  
--

In a large room of the Siganfu palace, the meeting opened in a lively atmosphere. The ministers were trying hard to control their nerves in front of the Chinese kagan. The kagan described the situation after the Kür Shad revolution and asked how the disturbance in the capital could be prevented and what work needed to be done for this. As a matter of fact, he was no less excited than them. Vey-çing took the first This man, who was a staunch Turcophobe, his hatred against Turks had increased completely after the Kür Şad revolution, and he had made the extermination of Turks his ideal. Explaining his thoughts with great eloquence, he said that the Turks were dangerous dragons, and that it was necessary to think of a remedy now rather than preparing the ground for China to sink one day. He also stated the remedy with cold blood: To kill all the Turks in China.

Ven-yen-po, whose job oppose argue with Vey-ching, immediately objected to this idea. He argued that it would be more beneficial for the state to Chineseise the Turks, and enumerated the benefits that China would gain from utilising the capabilities of this nation.

Li-pe-lo advocated a thesis between the two, and Yen-se ku supported him.

The Chinese khan was very weak-willed today. He was influenced by whichever minister was speaking, so that he was constantly changing his mind.

Finally, after long discussions, a conclusion was reached: Turks, who were considered dangerous to remain in China because of their aggressiveness and fearlessness, were to be reinstated.

they would be sent back to their homeland. This decision shook Vey-ching as if he had been struck by lightning. Speaking for the last time:

- With this decision, we recognise that we have been defeated against Kür Şad; his wish was else but this!

But the Chinese khan and other ministers were in such nightmare that they were not ashamed to accept defeat in order to get rid of the oppressive effect of this nightmare.

Now it was time to see how this decision be implemented. Turkelia had come under the rule of Sırtarduş. One hundred thousand Turks in China could not cope with them! Because most of them were women and children. The Chinese khan had brilliant thoughts about this matter:

- Since the Sırtarduş are also Turks, we will thus divide the Turks into two, and we will create a balance by supporting one or the other. In this way, we will not only make them turn against each other, but also ensure the security of our northern borders!

This ingenious idea made the ministers bow their heads in respect. None of them objected. The kagan seemed to have found his long lost joy again. He asked the ministers:

- Who would you recommend to be in charge of these Turks? . . .

While all of the tegin of the Bozkurt family were going through their minds and none of them was liked, the kagan started to speak again.

- What do you think of Serbian Tegin?

This question made Vey-ching's face wrinkle and a strange light passed through his eyes:

- A man with a very scary face and a wild look, he muttered.

Tay-tsung smiled:

- He said, "This terrible face is the greatest favour of heaven to us! Then he satisfied the curiosity of the ministers who looked at each other, not understanding anything from these words:

- The Boz kun family kings, all of whom were bright-faced and handsome men, did not consider this ugly man with a horrible face as their descendant. Since he was from the Western Turks they could not examine his lineage thoroughly and were suspicious of him. There are various rumours about him. According to one rumour, his mother took this unidentified child instead of her stillborn child and raised him... Thus, putting Sırba Tegin at the head of the Gök Turks would be to stir up the discontent of the other tegin and sow the seeds of separation. In order to foment this separation, I will place two tegins of Bozkun clan under the command of Sırba. Sırba is the most loyal to us and since he is not loved by the Sky Turks, he is obliged to remain loyal. If we give him the kaganate, he will probably rule the Sky Turks in accordance with China's interests.

-

- -

A few days later, the Serbian Khan, accompanied by a hundred thousand Turks, went outside the Chinese walls, and this exit was celebrated in all of China, especially in Siganfu, like a feast. Now they could go out at night and not see the demons of death in front of them. Tay-tsung was very happy with his life. There was no longer any danger of his palace being destroyed. It meant that he would be blessed to sleep comfortably. Especially in his dreams, Kür Şad, the chief of these evil thieves, would not stand before him with his severed head and poison his life.

Only Vey-ching did not like this departure. When he met Ven-yen-po at the palace:

- The dead of forty bandits defeated the whole state of forty million people! he said and finished with a laugh:

- Thanks to your fear of ghosts.

## Forty Years After the Revolution

A taupe colour spreads as far as the eye can see

Syordu. On this plain there is only a lonely mound-like te  
The mound was barely visible, with a few trees lining it. A small stream near the mound flowed quietly eastwards, and a few sheep grazed on its banks. At the foot of the mound were four Turkish tents.

As the sun was setting, a man emerged from the foremost tent and took a long look towards the horizon. This man, who had a stern look, poor clothes and a brave stance, appeared to be about forty years old; the sword wounds and lines on his forehead and face told that he had been through a lot. The feathers of his robe had fallen out, his patched robe was torn in many places, his boots were worn and pierced. Among all these old things, only the knife on his waist stood out, and with its gold and silver kakrnas, it looked as if it had come out of a kagan's treasury. It was obvious that his eyes darting to the horizon were waiting for something. But in the distance there was not a shadow, not a speck of dust; no noise could be heard except the sounds of grazing animals.



After surveying the horizon once more with misty eyes, the poverty-stricken Bahá'í entered the tent from which he had come. In one corner of this tent, an old woman was lying quietly on a mat, staring at the door with dull eyes. This woman, who was about to die, was the mother of the poorly dressed bahadır. She spoke with difficulty:

- Urungu! He asked, " they show up?

The male, whose name appeared to be Urungu, replied:

- No, mum! But of course they will come...

The old woman used all her to gather herself a little:

- He said, "I realise I won't be out tomorrow. I have something to tell you.

Urungu slowly sat down beside his mother and gazed at her. He had waited for years with great patience for what his mother would tell him. It was a pity that he was separating from his mother while achieving the things he wanted to know with an endless desire. From that loyal, cheerful, good mother who was like no other mother... The mother who was superior to the purest noblewomen, even though they belonged to a poor and orphaned family. .

This good woman, who had reached the end of her life, now began to speak in a low voice:

- Urungu! The coldness is slowly creeping into my heart. When it touches my heart, everything will be over for me and I will be dead. But this death is not my first death...

Urungu looked at his mother in amazement.

- I could have been dead long before that. I lived to raise you and make you a soldier. When you turned fifteen and took the name of a soldier, I had nothing left to do on earth. Since then, I have tried to live to see only one thing. That thing the thought you had been chasing for years: To see the Turkish khan sitting in Ötüken and the Turkish race marching... Thirty years ago

Before, when you were a boy of eleven years old, when Chibi Tegin revolted against the Chinese and tried to establish the Gok Turk State, I sent you to the army of Chibi Khan so that the banner with the wolf's head could wave in Ötüken. For three years, until Chibi Khan was captured and taken to China, you matured in battles; you received fatal wounds. You fought well. You showed that you were a valiant son worthy of your father. I am very happy that my labour was not in vain... May my milk be halal for you...

The woman was silent. She was tired... If she hadn't seen her son's questioning eyes, she would have been silent for a long time.

- You were born with bad luck. Because when you were born, the Turks had been captive in China for five years. Urungu! You travelled as far as Altai with Chibi Khan. You travelled to many Turkish Hands. But you could not reach Ötüken, the holy place. That is why I call you unlucky. Although I will not be able to be in Ötüken when I die, my blessedness is superior to yours. Because I was born there, I lived there for many years... When Kür Şad stormed the Chinese palace and Çıbı Kagan took up the compass in Altay, a light of hope was lit in my heart twice. Now this light is extinguished. But a spark is still burning among his ashes. So much so that when I die, if anyone opens my cold and frozen heart, he will see the spark there. On that spark is also the dream of Ötüken... Urungu! The coldness is approaching my heart. I must tell you what I have to say quickly. Now you know who you are! Your real name is not Urungu!

Urungu gave a start:

- And what is it?

- I've forgotten what happened.

- What are you saying, Mummy? How can you, who remembers everything, forget the name of your only son?

- Son! Do you know what a heart's desire is? I wanted to forget your name.

I wanted it so badly that I finally forgot about it. I never remembered it again.

Urungu's brow furrowed. His voice stiffened:

- Mother! Was I such a bad son that you tried to forget my name and finally forgot it?

The old mother's eyes smiled tenderly:

- No, no, no, no, no! I hid your name even from myself because you are such a good son, and I hid the identity of your father from you and everyone else until now.

- you forgotten his name too?

She didn't answer. Her eyes a little duller... ... Urungu would never know who his father was. The mother's breathing became strange. She showed her son the door of the hut:

- He said, "Open this, let the light in!"

Evening light poured in through the lifted felt. The sun had just set. Urungu's voice wavered as a strangeness that penetrated the hearts filled the tent:

- Ana! you forgotten my father's name too?

- I didn't forget! Even if I wanted to forget, I couldn't.

Your father could not be forgotten. Because your father was Kur Shad...

Urungu flinched again and reached the knife at his waist:

- Why did you keep this until now?

- The Chinese were looking for you to kill you. You don't know how hard I hid you, what I endured. Your sister sacrificed herself so I could kidnap you. The Chinese executed her...

Tears flowed from her eyes. Outside, on the bank of the stream, one of the sheep bleated sadly.

- I forgot your sister's name too. I had to forget them to keep you alive and raise you. But I couldn't forget your father's name. Once I forgot him, there was no need for you and me to live. The knife at your waist is your father's knife. Bumun Kagan's name is written on it, his stamp is engraved.

Urungu unsheathed his knife. But he couldn't see the writing.

- That writing is not always visible. You see it at sunrise and sunset. Approach the tent door. Look with the knife pointing west.

He did as his mother said. At the bottom of the stem he read the inscription "Bumun Ka ğan". He saw the stamp on the other side, but it was so faint that the unknowing person could not see it.

- Son! When the Turks' box rises with the writing you can hardly read now they shine brightly on the blade. This knife was made by a great kam.

- The Horse Crac?

- No, he's not. of the Craggy Ancestor. ..

At this time, the footsteps of galloping horses were heard in the distance. Looking at the horizon with sharp eyes, Urungu saw three horsemen coming from the north of the newly darkening plain and wanted to give the good news to his mother. But he gave it in order not to interrupt her.

- Urungu! You are a great son of the Bozkurt clan. Because you are the son of Kür Şad. It is your right to boast about it. I, too, have boasted all my life that I was Kür Şad's son, but I did not reveal it. While it was his right to become a kagan, your father gave up this right and fought. If you want to be a son worthy of your father, live without telling anyone that you are a descendant of Bozkurt. Strike until the wolf's head is erected in Ötüken. Stay not as a tegin, but as Urungu!..

Urungu objected his mother for the first time in his life.

- Why Ana?

- Because the strongest and best man is the one who gives up his rights. The greatest heroism is the one who does it without expecting anything in return. That's what Kur Shad did. That's what your sister did.

He did it. You do the same. I want you to be like your father.

Urungu didn't answer. The hoofbeats were getting closer. Die. the mother, who was about to leave, said in a slower voice:

- If you swear that you will do what I say and be a son worthy of your father, I will die happy. The day Kür Şad died, I was as good as dead. I bore this burden of life so that you could grow up.

Urungu thought of the hardships his poor mother had endured since the day he knew her. He felt a heartwarming joy in making the last request of this mother, whose value had suddenly increased because she was Kür Şad's wife. He sat on the ground next to his mother. He pulled his knife and put it on the ground. He pressed his hand on it:

- I will fight for my father to be a son worthy of you, and a brother worthy of my sister. If I do not keep my oath, let the sky come in and the red come out!

His mother, who had taken up the knife with him, smiled.

The sound of hoofbeats approached the door of the tent. Three horsemen jumped down from their horses. Urungu, who rushed to the door, turned his head to his mother when he saw Börü holding a koumiss pudding in his hand:

- Ana, look! Börü brought you a pine-keg of kımız! he gave good news.

But the suffering mother could no longer hear. Even though everyone in three tents of this four-tent obi ran to look for koumiss in the hope that it might cure her, they could not find it. Kür Şad's konçuyu had waited for forty more years after the revolution and had suffered for forty more years, but had died without seeing Ötüken.

## Kur Shad's Konchuyu

**O**n the night, the oba fell into a deep silence. Urungu sitting near the open door of the tent until morning he waited for his mother and thought.

Old memories were coming back one by one. The oldest ones were dark and confused. It was not even clear which of them was before and which was after. Then faces and events would lighten up and fall into a neat order. What was that flattened hut? It would have been a bad Chinese hut. How troublesome were the days he spent there with his mother. But why was it troublesome? Urungu could not find the reason. He only remembered well that he had never spoken while he was in this hut. But how could a child who was too young to speak remember what had happened to him? No, no, no! He wasn't that small. He knew how to talk. But he didn't speak because he was forbidden to speak. It was his mother who forbade him to speak. Yes, the trouble came from this prohibition. And who was that young girl who took him in her arms, walked him around and loved him? I think he was remembering and confusing his mother's youth. But if that were so, he could not remember sitting in a big garden with his mother and that young girl. I wonder if that young girl was her sister? She was probably his sister. Then there were a number of braves, and among them ominous Chinese faces ...

Urungu tried to his father's face by rummaging through his earliest memories. He was four years old when his father stormed the Chinese palace. He could remember. But his mother was so used to make him forget everything in order to overcome the danger that many places remained dark, many people were confused with each other. He could visualise a crowded place. This was probably the city of Siganfu. But how was he going to choose his father's dream among these many braves? Yes, he remembered two Turks talking in a big house again. They had swords at their waists. I wonder if one of them was Kur Shad? It must have been him. Because his mother also there. There was even a young girl who took him in her arms and loved him. When his mother was there, his father must have been there too. Yes, he was there. Because one of the two bahadis called the other Kür Şad. What was Kür Shad calling him? He was saying something, but Urungu couldn't make it out. His father's face was slowly taking shape in his imagination. The sniper of Ötügen with his broadsword and quiver at his waist... Yes, he was addressing the brave before him as <cBöğü Alp>. Urungu had heard this name too, and had learnt that he had died in the revolution when he was very young. Then suddenly other things began to come to his mind. He had grown up now. He was about six or seven years old. He remembered travelling a long way on his mother's back through swampy place. Then he had a great illness and stayed in a tent for days with his head on his side. At that time, his mother was a woman with a horse and a compass. Leaving him in this tent, she travelled for a long time and returned with koumiss, yoghurt and milk.

He also remembered a fight. He was lying on the grass. Someone was attacking him with a sword. No, not attacking him, but attacking someone else there, a woman, his own mother. It was a Chinese... He was a Chinese soldier. His mother a sword in her hand.

They were fighting. He could not remember the end of the fight. He could only see his mother, covered in blood, running away with him in her arms. It seemed to Urungu that this escape was done both on foot and on horseback. And then there was hiding in the bushes. But all these were mixed memories. More  
Then he saw himself in a Turkish tent. Suddenly...

Urungu raised his head and looked at the sky. The moon had risen, the coolness was gone. Then, realising that his eyes were old, he turned his head inside to where his mother was lying. At first he could not see anything because the moonlight dazzled his eyes. Then he jumped up with excitement. At her mother's bedside, seemed to see visions of her father and sister. They looked just like the dreams that had just come before his eyes while he was going through his memories. In order not to lose these dreams, he took a step towards them. But the dreams slowly faded and disappeared, looking at him with sad eyes.

There was no more confusion in his memories after that. He remembered the first archery lessons given to him by his mother as if it was yesterday. After Urungu learnt how to shoot an arrow, he used to go hunting to help his mother, but he often returned without hitting anything. On days when food was very scarce, for some reason his mother would lose her appetite, saying, "I have no desire today." She would give her own food to her son. When he killed two beasts at the age of ten, his mother was very happy, and while putting the knife she took from one side of the poor tents on her son's waist; "As you grow up, the value of this knife will increase."

In his free time the two of them would sit opposite each other, his mother would tell him about old wars, kings, kings. Urungu's favourite war was Kür Shad's revolution. For some reason, his mother used to tell it so well. She told it so beautifully



that Urungu regretted that he was not among those 41 people.

Seven years after Kür Şad's revolution, when the terrible-faced Sırba Khan was killed in the Kora raid on behalf of the Chinese, Çıbı Tegin, a descendant of Bozkurt, had risen up and tried to restore the Gök Turk kaganate by taking charge of many Turks in Altay. Urungu, who was 11 years old at that time, was summoned by his mother and sent him to Çıbı's army, saying that he should also take part in this great work. Urungu, who had not yet seen the day, jumped on his horse, put on his sword, quiver and bow, put some roasted meat and boiled millet in his sack and set off. On the way, he met bandits, fought with predators, fought with Chinese outposts, and finally he overcame them all and reached the army of the Turkish khan, Chibi Khan.

He had fought in this army for three years and had learnt what war was. In this army, many old men, over sixty years old, and children had been travelling side by side. His own captain Kutluk was an eighteen-year-old brave and the son of Bögü Alp, one of the greatest heroes of the Kür Şad revolution. Kutluk's seventeen-year-old brother Örlen was Urungu's corporal. In Örlen's squad, there were two brothers aged eleven and twelve like him, and Urungu them the most and intimate with them day by day with the closeness of age. The older of these brothers

Arslan was a boy with a grim face. His younger brother Börü was a cheerful-faced greasy charioteer. These two brothers were the sons of Captain Yagmur, one of the fallen braves in Kür Şad's revolution.

For three years, without resting, in summer and winter, regardless of hunger and thirst, they rode horses, played sword, swung pikes and shot arrows without knowing fatigue. Urungu had seen the great sufferings of the earth for the first time in these years and had lost his loved ones in these battles.

In one battle Captain Kutluk was pierced by arrows, in another one his comrade Arslan was stabbed by pikes and reached to Uçmağa. Then things went wrong again, there discord among them, the army was disbanded and Çıbı Khan was taken to China as a prisoner. This disintegration and this captivity was very heavy for Urungu, and he felt a pain in his heart that he had not felt even in the death of his friend Arslan.

When he returned to his mother's poor tent, although he was a boy of fourteen, he was a tried and labourer. His mother greeted him with a serious face, kissed him on the forehead for doing his duty, told him that he was not to blame for his failure, and explained that what could not be done today would surely be done tomorrow.

Then years passed, Urungu waited for the flag of the Bozkurt lineage to be raised, when he despaired, he went out to the steppes on his own; some days with his friends and some days alone, he fought with the Chinese; he cut off heads, shed blood, wounded, killed, and every time he took his breath in his mother's tent.

After this long and hard life, they were united with Börü and Corporal Örlen as blood brothers, and established a self-ruled oba in the dispersed Turke li. North of the great Chinese wall, half a day's journey to this wall, this clan was built of four tents. Urungu lived in one tent with his mother, his wife and children. In the second tent, Börü Beğ lived with his brother and son, and in the third, Corporal Örlen lived. Örlen had five sons one year apart in age. The fourth tent was occupied by an old woman and her grandson Kyzyl. This woman was the mother of Yumru, one of the heroes of Kür Şad revolution, and Kızıl was Yumru's only surviving son.

Urungu had become a person who had seen and lived the Kür Shad revolution by listening to his mother's account of it. Since Börü, Örlen and Kızıl were the children of these heroes

He loved them very much, wished he had a friend among the sons of other revolutionaries, and lamented that he himself was not the son of one of those who had died in this revolution. There was one more thing he lamented: It was strange that although he was such a sharp shooter, such a good striker, ran like a storm when he rode a horse, and trusted his heart and wrist so much, he did not know who his father was. He asked his mother one or two ways who his father was, and she said

"<I'll tell you when the time comes,>" she cut him off. He did not respect his mother so much he would have forced her to tell him. But this hero was so devoted to his mother that he could not find the strength to go beyond her words. There must have been someone among these heroes whose own father had died in his bed, but his mother hesitated to tell him and Urungu could not go any further.

One day a great calamity befell this tribe: When the four braves, namely Urungu, Örlen, Börtü and Kizil, returned from hunting, they found their oba in disarray. The tribe was attacked, tents were burnt, sheep were taken, women and children were killed. Only Urungu's mother and a son, wounded and unconscious, survived among the heaps. While Urungu was trying to repair his mother and son, the other three, who had lost everything and had gone mad, rode south at full speed and raced until they came across the Chinese wall, but they did not come across any Chinese. The other three, who had lost their brother and five sons, rode south at full speed until they came to the Chinese wall, but they did not meet any Chinese:

- My Örlen, son of Major Bögü Alp! You're the only one who are you, chief of the bitches? Tell us your name so we know who you are. Don't be afraid I can't climb the wall. Don't be afraid, but don't hide your sinister name!

The men in the tower laughed loudly at this outcry, and then an officer replied in broken Turkish

- Welcome back, you archbishop of the hauntings! I'm not afraid you'll climb the wall, but since you commanded me, say my name.

I will. Your slave is Captain Ven, who today has to account for the rat babies and their mother in four tents. Do you have any other orders?

Then, with another laugh, he entered the tower, and the three unfortunate braves, whose hearths had been dismantled, could do nothing but turn back.

Urungu, with the advice of his mother, who had recovered a little, took his son and his friends that night and headed north and landed where they are now. Although many years passed, they were still here. The mother and the little boy, who had been lying in the open for days, finally escaped death, and after the first stupor of the disaster had passed, they became the owners of a few sheep, entered the tents woven by the mother, and reorganised their lives. In a year or two, Örpen, Börü and Kizil even travelled far away and brought back a girl equal to them, but Urungu did not think of remarrying...

Corporal Örpen was the head of the obban. He was older than the other soldiers. But he never did anything without asking Urungu's mother. This woman always said the right thing, thought of everything, and did not hesitate to provoke them to idleness when necessary.

When the children of Örpen, Börü and Kizil were born. man was always the one who looked after the fresh brides and taught them how to raise their children. In short, this mother woman was the soul of the obah.

Tonight the spirit of the orphanage died the orphanage was orphaned.  
it was.

The moon was high. A cool wind was blowing across the plain. Eat. the horses, which were approaching fast again, stopped in front of the tents.

Örpen and Kyzyl and their children and children were coming down from the horses. All the obans, from fifty years old to five years old, rushed at full speed to the mother woman in search of koumiss. The poor oba, who lived in a barren and unproductive place, struggled not to lose his soul, and the words "If only we had a little koumiss" that morning from his sick lips were considered a blessed command, and three men, three women and eight children, the youngest of whom was five years old, jumped on their horses and raced in the directions pointed out by Örpen. The fourteen people who went in four parts returned with four pine-kegs of our kımız, but the mother died before she could even drink the first one that came...

Oba had lost its soul. That's why they were all crying with their necks bent and their hearts heavy. Urungu was looking at the sky through the tent door, and his fifteen-year-old son Tacham was standing still inside.

In the morning, all but Urungu had fallen asleep. Only he sat and reckoned with the past days until the sun rose. The mother he lost was such a mother that she made her son happy even with her own death, secretly informing him that he was the son of Kür Shad.

What an incomprehensible work of God! Everyone was crying that Urungu's mother was dead. In reality, it was Kur Shad's wife who died. Kur Shad's konçuyu, who defeated the Chinese kaganate with forty men and saved the Turks with the fear he struck into the hearts of the Chinese ...

Urungu lived all night between two contradictory feelings. On the one hand, he was lamenting his unrivalled mother and on the other hand he was glad that he was the son of Kür Şad. He was bored because he could not tell this to anyone, and then he was heartened by thinking of the unique beauty of behaving like a soldier from the black tribe even though he was a tegin from the Bozkurt tribe.

#### 448 .Bozkurtlar Dİrlıyor

As the first rays of the day filled his tent with its open door, he turned his eyes inside the tent. On one side his mother was sleeping her last sleep while his son was relieving his tiredness. In other tents the first stirring had begun. Urungu looked at his mother with a sigh: "Kür Shad's conch!" he murmured. Then he turned his eyes to Tacham, who was about to wake up. Kür Shad's grandson, he thought.

## In the Lap of the Steppes

On the steppe **without TEN**, Urungu rode alone.

A year after her mother died, she married Tacham and pitched her tent. He left them to them, said goodbye to the obans and threw himself into the embrace of the steppes.

This was how he would seek his fortune. If he came across a tegine who raised the flag to establish the Gök Turk state, he would follow him; if not, he would reach as far as Ötüken and see this blessed land.

Days went by, he hunted game and birded, drank water from springs and cooled his bosom, and met very few people.

One evening, after a long journey, he was resting in a forest and listening to the sound of the water boiling near him when three horsemen dismounted at the spring. After they drank water and watered their horses, one of them called Urungu:

- Steppe! Who are you? Where are you going?

- My name is Urungu. I'm heading north. Strangers not fooled by that word,

I could see it in their eyes. How would they recognise Urungu? This time the second one asked:

- Which clan, which uruk do you belong to? Who is your khan?

It seemed to Urungu that they were making fun of him. They were asking about his kagan. Was there a kagan left in Turkel and they were asking for him? He answered harshly:

- I am a Sky Turk. As for my Khan...

Urungu was silent. What could he say? The faces of those in front of him became strange. The stranger, who asked who his kagan was, said in a mocking voice:

- He said, "It is okay not to say your kagan after you say I am a Sky Turk!

Urungu jumped out of his seat:

- And who are you? Which clan are you from? Who is your Khan?

- They call me Captain Kadyr Baga. I am a Nine Oghuz.

My Khan...

Urungu interrupted him with a harsh behaviour:

- Enough! You don't have to tell me about your wife after you say you are a Nine Oghuz.

The captain was furious:

- Don't like the Nine Oghuzes?

- I know you are more brave than the Karluks.

- What about the Sky Turks?

- I also know that you are under the command of the Sky Turks.

Urungu and the Nine Oghuzes facing each other at a distance of about fifteen paces. A storm was about to break out.

The Nine Oghuz captain smiled with a contemptuous look:

- He said, Don't you be Kür Shad who frightens the Chinese!

Then, not giving Urungu, whose face was dishevelled like a blizzard, he finished his words:

- Your Kür Shad is a very sharp shooter. But in the age of Kara Kagan, even though he was in the army of Tulu Khan that we defeated, his arrows did not hurt us.



Something inside Urungu was aching. He was about to lose himself. Wanting to close with sarcasm:

- I also know that the Nine Oghuz are better marksmen than the Chinese!

This word had created a storm. With unprecedented swiftness, Kadir Baga drew an arrow from his quiver, put it on the bow and shot it. A sharp sound was heard. Urungu's cowl flew off his head and stuck into the tree behind him along with the arrow. Then the voice of the captain of Nine Oghuz rumbled:

- Have you ever seen a sniper sharper than a Chinese? Let that be a lesson to you! I could've hit him a finger lower and pierced his brain!

All three of the Nine Oghuzes started laughing. Then something more sinister happened: Urungu, quicker than the captain, grabbed his quiver lightning-like swiftness. Three whooshes were heard one after the other. Three arrows had blown off the heads of three people who were laughing and stabbed them into the trees behind.

Now the laughter stopped, the gaze hardened and the gap between them was halved. Urungu was still aching inside:

- He said, "Let this be a lesson to you!"

His eyes saw his surroundings in a haze and could not even make out the horsemen approaching from behind the Nine Oguz.

Captain Kadyr Baga quickly recovered from his surprise:

- He said, "I can see you're no joke. But I won't let you off the hook until we try our swords."

They drew swords. Urungu took a defensive position with his back to a tree. Kadyr Baga approached with cautious steps and made his first attack. A sharp clatter was heard. The attack was deflected.

The captain took a step back, twirled his sword in the air and attacked again. He struck very fast and very hard from the right and the left, and Urungu stood as if he was stuck where he was, blocking all the blows.

The other two, with their turbans flying off their heads, were astonished. Where had this troublemaker come from? Even Kadyr Baga could not overcome him.

While they were thinking like this and looking at the battle with curiosity, a caravan of about twenty horsemen came and stopped. Among them, besides the likes, çeris and horse, there was a young girl and from the respect shown to her, it was understood that she was the head of the caravan. Although they all got off their horses, she did not.

The young girl looked at the fighters for a while. She asked Captain Kadir Ba ğa who this brave man was who made him sweat. Two of them, whose caps had been blown off, said that he was a Sky Turk named Urungu and described his unprecedented mastery of marksmanship. The young girl gave an order to one of them:

- Major! Separate the combatants!

The major drew his sword and entered the fray:

- Break it up! Mrs Ay gave the order! he shouted. Neither Urungu nor Kadyr Baga were willing to leave.

But when he heard the name of Lady Moon, the captain stepped back and lowered his sword. Kneeling on the ground, he saluted Lady Moon.

At that moment Urungu saw his surroundings. Well-dressed, well-behaved bahadars were looking at him and a very beautiful girl was looking at him from her horse. Urungu recognised her. But suddenly he did not know where he recognised her from. When he saw the captain he had just fought with kneeling on the ground and heard the name Ay Hanım, he realised that this was a noble girl. But his brain was all mixed up. Looking at the major:

- Why did you separate us? He asked, "Who is Mrs Moon?"

- Lady Moon is the daughter of our kagan Baz Khan. I separated you by his command.

A short snap was heard. Urungu had sheathed his sword. He took a few steps and approached Mrs Moon. Kneeling on the ground:

- He said, "You're in charge!"

With the sign of Mrs Ay, he got up and stood up straight. Despite her shabby clothes, her posture, her speech, and especially the way she fought just a moment ago told that she was a great person. The daughter of the Nine Oghuz kagan could recognise people at a glance and even understand what was in their hearts. One of her nephews was a kam. It was rumoured among the Nine Oghuz that he had taught him a lot of secret knowledge. He began to speak to Urungu:

- Yigit! By saying your name is Urungu, you don't know yourself well. It's obvious that you're a tig. Who are you? Won't you tell us?

The melody in this voice was telling Urungu something. He also recognised this voice. It so beautiful, so close that he could hear it in himself and could not respond.

Mrs Ay started talking again:

- I saw how you fought. It is a great job to play sword with Captain Kadyr Baga. I can see the traces of your marksmanship. You be one of the great likes of the Sky Turks.

Urungu was silent. This voice penetrated his heart, reminded him of the past days, and slowly he began to recognise this beautiful girl. Again his voice was opening a wound inside him:

- Valiant! Had it not been forty years since the death of Kür Shad, whose fame in archery is as great as your acres, I would have said you were Kür Shad on account of your marksmanship.

Urungu trembled. He restrained himself not to say that he was the son of Kür Şad. Although his father had been dead for more than forty years.

His heart was filled with joy and pride that he was alive and living among the Nine Oghuz, the descendants of the Sky Turks.

Now he recognised her and her voice: Mrs Ay looked exactly like the sister-in-law killed by Chinese Captain Ven twenty years ago, and her voice just like hers. When he remembered this, Urungu's tongue loosened:

- No, madam! I'm not a Beğ. He said, "I am a Sky Turk from the Black Buddha!

The Khan's daughter stared at Urungu. He didn't seem to believe her words. He seemed to want to read her heart. They exchanged glances. The others, who had heard all that had been said, were looking at Mrs Ay and Urungu, wondering what this would lead to. It was inconceivable to look so insistently into the eyes of a ka ğan girl! How could this Sky Turk, even if he was a favourite, look at the kagan's daughter like this? But Kür Şad's son was not interested. He was ecstatic looking at the green hazel eyes of the girl in front of him. These eyes had taken him twenty years away and it was as if he was seeing his beloved sister-in-law again. With the difference that this face, these eyes more charming, more beautiful, more different than his brother's face and eyes.

The face of the Khan's daughter hardened a little. How could this brave, this sharp-shooting, hard-hitting valiant who looked at her without a pause, be from the black powder?

- Bahadır! He asked, "Where are you going?

- I'm going to Ötüken, madam!

- We're going north! You can come with us as far as you like.

Urungu, knocking his knee on the floor:

- He said, "Your command is yours!" and never raised his eyes to look at her face again.

~  
~ ~

That night the caravan stayed in the forest by the spring. Horse servants untied the ties from the spare horses and set up the tents. The big tent of the Khan's daughter was carefully erected and the bed made of felt was prepared. Then the tents of the major and two captains were erected. Corporals, privates and horse servants were to live in small tents in threes and fours.

Urungu had no tent. His felt on the back of his horse was both his bed and quilt. When the major of Nine Oghuz showed him the tent where he could sleep with the other three soldiers, Urungu wished the major good health and refused; he said that his felt would be enough for him.

Baz Kagan's little daughter Ay Hanım had been travelling on her father's orders and was now returning to her homeland. It was also rumoured that Baz Kagan had a secret purpose in this journey, but nobody knew about it.

Urungu was sitting alone, a little far away from the Nine Oguz, thinking. While he was about to refuse the meat with the koumiss brought by a corporal, when he learnt that Ay Hanım had sent it, he gave it up and drank the koumiss, which he had not put in his mouth for months, with a great appetite.

While the cool wind of the night hit the trees and made eerie sounds, Urungu was thinking about his sister and Mrs. Moon, and this resemblance increased the affection born in his heart for Mrs. Moon. Her eyes were also like this. She was also this tall. heart trembled like this when she spoke. Her colour was just as beautiful. Only... Only Mrs Moon was more beautiful.

Urungu loved his dead brother so much that he did not take any woman as his wife after his death. His friends were amazed at Urungu because there was no one among the Sky Turks whose brother died and never married again. Even his mother once told him to marry, but Urung-

gu had rejected it so firmly that his mother did not pursue the matter any further, Urungu lived without a woman for twenty years, and continued honour the memory of his dead brother, even though the memory of his dead brother had faded and the fire had burnt out in his heart.

Tonight he thought of her all the time. What was left of this woman other than memories? Tacham as a living legacy. Now, thinking about the old days, remembering her was so sweet that he felt grateful to Mrs Ay for causing these sweet memories. Then he felt bitter inside and thought, "How nice it would have been if he had lived too?" If that snowy Ven had not killed him, he would not be such a homeless, homeless traveller now. It would have been nice if Ay Hanım, who was lying in the tent fifty paces away, was not Baz Kagan's daughter but her own sister. In Urungu's heart, his feelings for this woman who died twenty years ago and his feelings for Ay Ha nım mixed and merged and only one woman remained in his imagination. This woman was extending from twenty years ago to today, becoming a sun that illuminated Urungu's unholy life, his life that resembled a dark road. Just like the sweet sun that warms the steppe in the first summer months...

He was forty-five years old. He had seen all the bitter and sweet things of this world; but at the end, he realised that he was filled with three great pains and he was resentful of fortune. The first pain was not being able to see the Turkish kagan and the wolf-headed banner in Ötüken. The second pain was not being able to say that he was the son of Kür Şad, and the third pain was missing his beloved brother. He did not regret the deaths of his father and mother because they were in accordance with God's commandment, but the others made his heart ache because they were not God's law. Why would he not be happy? Couldn't a Turkish kaganate have been established in Ötüken? Couldn't he say that he was the son of Kür Şad? Couldn't he build a home with his brother-in-law again?

Urungu suddenly came to his senses: His brother had been dead for twenty years, and he had sworn an oath to his mother not to tell her that he was the son of Kür Şad. There was only one hope left: To establish the Gök Turk kaganate in Ötüken. Surely, one day a tegin would raise a banner and he would run to the shadow of that banner.

After midnight he sat on a log and thought until Captain Kadyr Baga came to him and asked why he had not gone to bed. He had seen that the day's rain had got up to relieve the privates and that things were going smoothly, and then he approached Urungu, who still hadn't gone to bed and hadn't wrapped himself in his fleece despite the chill in the air and offered him a tent.

Urungu then felt the chill in the air and realised that the time was late. The moon had risen high. The captain suddenly bent down and looked at Urungu's face: .

- Did you get something in your eye? He asked, "Why is your eye wet?

Urungu put his hand to his eye. Something, perhaps a small insect, must have got in. Looking at the captain:

- It's better for me to sleep in the open. He said, "Have a good night.

He took his fleece from his horse and wrapped himself in it. He lay down on the grass and stayed there. The sentinels at the lodge saw that the Sky Turk could not move on the grass until dawn.

## Travelling to Ötüken

On the day of **RTESE** when the caravan was travelling northwards, **E** Urungu joined them with the permission and command of Lady Moon and he took his place beside them. Captain Kadir Bağa and two corporals were going well ahead. The major was behind Ay Hanım, and when he was signalled to speak to her, he rode his horse and approached her. The soldiers, horse servants and pack horses were following behind in order. Two corporals were on the right and left of the cavalcade; they occasionally rode on horseback and kept watch to the left and right; then they came back to the cavalcade. The furthest back a captain, who occasionally rode backwards and watched the surroundings.

Urungu was in the rear between the captain and the pack horses. He was very much separated from these well-dressed men of honour and çeris, he was both bored and at the same time he liked to go with them. He wanted to give them some help in return for the kismet he had been given and the hospitality he had received. But how and with which opportunity would he do it? He was always thinking about this on the way, not talking to anyone. Occasionally, if the rear captain asked him something, he gave short answers, thus wasting time.



This journey lasted three days in the same way. On the evening of the third day, after the tents were pitched by a water and everyone had settled down, one of the Nine Oghuz çeris took out his kopuz and started to play and sing. Horse servants and çeris, even corporals and captains were crowded around the kopuz player, listening. Even Ay Hanım, sitting on her throne made of horse saddles in front of the door of her otaku, was listening to the melody, and the major doing the same by standing in front of her.

Many years ago, when Urungu was a young boy in the army of Chibi Khan, he listened to many kopuzes and was excited. There were many minstrels in that army. On the night of the days of bloody battles, they strummed their strings, told tales of bloody battles, heart piercing arrows, chest shattering pikes, swords that cut heads off, praised the blood that flowed like water, the countless lives spent, the gallantry done in abundance. But Urungu had not seen a bard for years, and he longed for the sound of the kopuz like everything else. Now, the sound of a Nine Oghuz bard striking the strings made him ecstatic again. He was outside the circle around the kopuz player, sitting cross-legged a long way back, but he was listening and moving away from himself. What the Nine Oghuz minstrel was not singing. ..

*Do not think that the heart  
rests when the day sets on  
the horizon. I'm  
overwhelmed with grief  
When the night comes.*

*My gaze becomes hazy, my  
heart mountain becomes  
foggy, my eye fountain  
becomes wet when the bird  
of love sings.*

*Love is a hard truth; Yar is a  
flower far away.  
My love will go on and on  
when I'm no longer  
alive.*

*Longing for a beauty...  
That's the most beautiful  
saying! Consume a  
lifetime search your heart,  
when love holds you.*

*Half every remembrance  
of me is a death, my  
acquaintance! Maybe my  
burning will subside  
when I sleep my last  
sleep...*

The bard continued to chant. However, Urungu, who was now in a state of ecstasy, did not hear, only a few words that had been engraved in his brain were repeated in his mind incessantly:

*Maybe I'll rest when I fall  
asleep for the last time...*

All of a sudden, this Nine Oghuz bard had broken his heart and made his heart ache.

While he was thus lost in thought, sliding away with a worried heart, Mrs Ay and the major talking about him. The major, who had seen and scrutinised him a lot in three days of travelling companionship, was unable to see and understand the great value of the knife on his waist despite his old clothes and poor condition. did not come out. When he told this to Mrs Ay - he said the possibility that Urungu was not from the black powder, and he had strengthened the suspicion of Mrs Ay, who did not believe this anyway.

It was hard to think that this Gök Turk, who did not even have a tent to sleep in, was a beğ. But looking at his bravery, his condition, and his knife, it was hard not to be suspicious. Moon Ha, who is skilful at reading people's hearts

Even my mother had not made a final judgement about this unknown person. He was certainly a worthy man. But that was it... He couldn't understand much more ...

A corporal: <(Miss Moon is calling you", Urungu came to his senses and realised that he had been told this twice.

The sun had set. The bard was still playing, and everyone listened to him, except for three or four sentries horseback some distance away.

Urungu knelt on the ground. Then he stood up straight waited for what Mrs Ay would say. There was no one else with them but the major swordsman. The Khan's daughter started to speak again with her heart-warming voice:

- Bahadir! Tomorrow we'll part ways. What do you think about that?

Urungu's heart ached. He knew that they would be together only for a few days, but he had never calculated that these few days would end. He thought that they would go together like this every day, they would stop over every evening, the kaghan's daughter would see him from afar as he entered and left the kaghan's lodge, then they would set off with him furthest behind and the kaghan's daughter furthest away, and so on and so on ... By telling him that tomorrow they would part ways, the kagan's daughter was making him ache inside. He raised his eyes for a moment and looked at her:

- My heart aches for this, madam!" he replied. The major was attentive at this word. was no change in Mrs Moon's face. Inside her green hazel eyes

he asked with a smile:

- Why?

- You took me under your command and brought me here. You've spared me nothing. And I've done you no service in return, and my heart aches for it.

- It is in your hands to serve.

Urungu's eyes shone. He raised his eyes again and looked at the kagan's daughter. Without saying anything, he was asking with his gaze how this service could be done. Mrs Ay understood. She continued in a voice that made Urungu ecstatic:

- I'll take you to my father, the Khan. You can enter his army and serve as long as you want. My father kagan will surely make a brave like you a corporal.

Then, slowly, with another melody in his voice, a chilling harmony:

- He said, "You deserve it!

Urungu's heart was beating with joy now. To go with Ay Haim, to join his father's army, to never be separated from him... What beautiful things these were! But unfortunately, none of these beautiful things would come true. If he went to the Nine Oghuzes, he would not be able to reach Ötüken, and he would not be able to join the Gök Turk uprising, which he knew would surely break out one day. If he went with his own troops of Nine Oghuzes, the spirits of Kür Shad and Kür Shad's concierge would be hurt. Urungu thought about these things and became serious. Kneeling on the floor again:

- Forgive me! I can't join your father kagan's troop. But other than that, I would appreciate your every command!

They were silent. The major realised that this moon-faced kagan's daughter was sad inside. And inside Urungu there was a gale blowing. It that magical voice that stopped the blowing:

- Bahadır! I'd have been happy if you'd come with us. So we're leaving soon. What do you wish me?

- I wish you good health. And that you forgive me for unknowingly fighting with your men.

Mrs Ay smiled with a smile as beautiful as the blossoming of a thousand flowers:

- It's not your fault, bahadır! This wouldn't have happened if Captain Kadyr Baga hadn't punctured your scarf. I'm giving you my scarf instead of the one he pierced.

Saying this, he took off the scarf from his head and handed it to her: Urungu walked swiftly and struck his knee on the ground,

Lady Moon

's handed b rk and kissed it and touched it to his forehead:

- You gave me fame, Mrs Moon! I wear this tomorrow morning and keep it on my head as a memento of honour until I die!

They exchanged glances. During this gaze, Urungu, who was filled with the unique beauty of Lady Moon, seemed to sense that his three-day inner reckoning was resolved: It seems that he had fallen in love with the kagan's daughter.

\*  
\* \* \*

That night he slept with the comfort of a man who has solved a difficulty. In his dreams, he always saw himself as a fortunate person, he often woke up and looked around him and saw nothing but a sentry in the distance. Only , without being able to distinguish whether it was a dream or reality, he seemed to see the door of Ay Hanım's ot.ağ opening in the distance, the kagan's daughter appearing, looking deeply into the sky, far away and around, and then entering the otbah again. Towards the morning, he always saw K r Şad, his mother, sister and his dead sister in his dream, then all of them disappeared and his sister was left in the square, standing with her head uncovered amidst ornate and attractive clothes, and she wept and wept.

Urungu got up very early and groomed his horse. He wore the b rk given by Ay Hanım. He would again experience one of the troubled days of his life. Fortune had burdened him...

He accepted the burden without complaint, on the contrary, he resented the fact that fortune occasionally showed him a smiling face. To a person accustomed to pain, to a person who is used to pain, to a person who has been spoilt by pain, the sun of happiness shows its light for a short moment, and then again shows it again. to drown him in darkness?

This morning the caravan woke up earlier than usual.

As they were on their way, they came across Urungu a little ahead, behind a small mound. Mrs Ay jumped off her horse as they passed. He greeted her by putting his knee on the ground. He looked at Urungu with his heart-warming smile. With a voice that chilled his soul:

- I wish you good fortune, bahadır!" and he passed by. Urungu, who had stayed on his knees until the caravan passed, woke up at the call of Captain Kadir Bağa, who was riding in the rear today, and stood up and looked at him. The captain was presenting him with a pine-keg of koumiss. Kadyr Baga seemed a little sluggish and out of sorts:

- Urungu! Ay Haryim liked you. He said it was too bad you didn't come to Baz Khan's army.

Urungu was offended. He asked like a person who wants a quick answer:

- Why?

- You're leaving. Where will I find you again so I can finish the unfinished fight?

- The mountain does not meet the mountain, but the person meets the person. One day we'll meet again.

The captain smiled:

- Goodbye

- luck to you.

Urungu looked at them, unmoving like a stone, until the caravan disappeared into the horizon.

## *Wolf Head Banner*

• SPRING was over and the heat of summer had begun. Greater China Passers-by who come and go to the sentries waiting for **the** towers **of the** Iduwall

for the death of the men who had been killed in the war. There was nothing in sight. But the news from the Chinese correspondents were unanimous in stating the necessity of vigilance.

A Turkish horseman was riding northwards through the Chinese border, approaching the great wall. It was clear from his confident riding that he knew the area well. When he got close to the wall, he did not stop and took one of the routes up; when he reached the top of the wall, he did not stop again and rode towards the tower on the right. The Chinese soldiers in the tower saw a horseman approaching and cut him off:

- Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa! Who are you? Where are you going?  
They shouted.

This Turk spoke Chinese like a Chinese:

- I am not a stranger.
- What's your name?
- Tonyukuk

When the captain of the tower heard this name, he rushed out and greeted him. He knew Tonyukuk. But he could not figure out what he was doing here at this time:

- Tonyukuk! He said you can't pass through here!
- Why?

- It is forbidden.
- I've come all this way because I trusted you.
- What are you gonna do?
- A labour of love...

The Chinese  
grinned:

- invite me to the wedding?
- I'll call you if you want me to.
- But I won't leave you again. And there's no door here. Where will you get out?
- I told you there's gonna be a wedding. Don't worry about where I'm going. Just give me the way.
- I can't.
- It'll be good for you if you do.

Tonyukuk said this and touched his belt. The Chinese captain understood. He took Tonyukuk by the arm and led him a little further away:

- He said, "I'm your acquaintance. We can get along.

Tonyukuk took out a bag of money from the inside of his belt and attached it to the battlement of the wall. The Chinese's eyes lit up:

- He asked, "How will you get past the other towers?"

Tonyukuk smiled:

- With your help!
- my help?
- Yes!

The captain was frightened:

- I will not interfere that much!" he shouted.

Tonyukuk jumped on his horse:

- I've already made a joke. Leave that to me!" and he galloped away.

As we approached the second tower, we realised that the guards He did not miss his eyes that they were placing arrows on their bows. As Doludiz gin approached them, he drew the first arrow from his quiver and shot it. One of the guards drew the arrow



He rolled over on his back, and the others started to shoot arrows at Tonyukuk.

While arrows were flying from left and right, Tonyukuk was galloping at full gallop, while drawing arrows from his quiver with his Gök Turk quickness and marksmanship and knocking down the Chinese. When he arrived right in front of the tower, the survivors fled inside, but as soon as he passed by, they came out again and started shooting arrows after him. At the same time, Captain Ven in the tower lit a fire, signalling danger the next tower, and the Chinese came out of the tower five hundred paces away and walking towards Tonyukuk.

While Tonyukuk was galloping with an arrow behind him, the horse, which had been hit in the rump by the arrow shot by Hundred-headed Ven, reared up and whinnied painfully. Then Tonyukuk whistled a sharp whistle

"Hayda!" he shouted and spurred his horse and rode towards the edge of the wall. In front of the astonished and frightened eyes of the Chinese, he leapt with his horse and flew down the wall.

The place where Tonyukuk jumped was the lowest part of the wall. But it was obvious that the one who jumped from this place, which was seven or eight men tall, would not survive. Since the Chinese knew this, they were sure that both the horse and its owner were dead, and some of the Chinese even hesitated to look down because of the horror of this jump, feeling a strange fear. However, Tonyukuk jumped with great skill and composure, up by stepping on his horse's foot while his horse was crossing the wall, and when the horse was a man's length away from falling to the ground, he threw himself over it and fell to the ground. Just then, about a hundred paces away, a horseman spying on the wall from behind a mound of earth approached Tonyukuk with a horse in tow, and when Tonyukuk jumped on the horse in tow, they both rode northwards. This happened so quickly that when Captain Ven looked down from the wall, he saw nothing but a dead horse.

When he heard the hoofbeats and raised his eyes a little more, he saw the dust raised by the two horsemen riding away and started cursing profusely.

When Kutluk Shad, who was watching the horizon from his horse on the edge of a wood, saw two horsemen coming at a gallop, he grasped the post he had planted in the ground. On the top of this post was a golden wolf's head.

When the two horsemen came near Kutluk Shad, they dismounted. Kneeling on the ground, they greeted him. Shad began to speak:

- Tonyukuk! Boyla Baga Tarkan! We are now raising the wolf-headed banner.

Boy- la Baga Tarkan, who had been waiting for Tonyukuk outside the Chinese wall, replied:

- We've waited years for this day:

Tonyukuk :

- This is the most favourable time to raise the wolf-headed banner. Because China's spirit is worn out.

Kutluk Shad, a mature and vigorous son of the Bozkurt clan, started to speak again:

- Tonyukuk! Tarkan! This is the fifth behaviour since Kür Shad. If you unite with me, with God's help we will re-establish the Görk Turkic state and lead armies from Ötüken to the four corners. If God helps us, our troops will be like wolves and fat troops will be like sheep. If God wills, the Turkish species will march in Ötüken, and the Turkish leg will unite Kadirkan to Demirkapı. I am raising the banner to revive the state of my ancestors in the land of my ancestors. Do you promise to fight this war together with me?

Two claps were heard: Two Turkish kings drew swords. Turkish and they swore an oath of honour:

- In comes the sky, out comes the red!..

-  
--

Tonyukuk wrote on small wooden plates and sent them to the scattered Turkic tribes around the turn with the men he believed in, calling them under the banner of Kutluk Shad. That day was the day of the meeting. By the evening, fifteen more people came from Dön bucak and entered Kutluk Tegin's banner. Among them were Corporal Örpen, Börü Beğ, Kizil, Tacharn and Urungu, who was the last to arrive.

In the morning of Enesi, Kutluk Shad and seventeen others had taken action to revive the Gök Turk state. With the advice of Tonyukuk, they thought it appropriate to attack one of the Chinese outposts first and gain a success. When this success became known among the Turks, those who joined them would increase and a step towards unity would be taken.

Tonyukuk knew the situation of the Chinese towers well.

He also knew that Captain Ven, who had been in the same tower for twenty years, was a fierce Turkish fatty. The impact of the blow to him be greater. The draft was designed according to him.

prepared: -Near this tower, less than half a day  
a few tents were set up somewhere. From Kutluk Shad's soldiers  
A few of them went into these tents, the others hid further away, where they could see the tents. They were so well hidden that no one could realise that there were ten people hidden there. Every day a few of the men in the tents rode their horses to the north to hunt, and a few soldiers remained hidden inside the tents, but they never came out of the tents. They only watched the south through the holes, looking for anyone coming and going.

A few days later, when Captain Ven's messengers reported that a Turkish obla had landed there, Ven's grim face broke into a smile. He hadn't had any prey for a year. There he'd go again with those wet shits. One morning

He took thirty horsemen from his elite troops and headed towards the unwary Turkish tribe.

That day, four soldiers under the command of Börü Beğ were on guard. When they saw the Chinese through the holes in the tent, they ignited the kindling they had ready and shone it into the hole at the top of the tent. The smoke coming out of the hole on the hill signalled to those hidden in the distance that the Chinese were approaching. When Captain Ven's thirty horsemen came within a hundred paces of the tent, those who were hidden inside jumped out at Börü Beğ's command, stood side by side, and with a swiftness befitting the Sky Turks, the Chinese with arrows. Thirty Chinese troops in disarray in an instant. But when they saw only five Turkish pedestrians in front of them, they rode towards them with the command of their captain. The Chinese were falling on the one hand and approaching the Turks on the other. Most of their horses

and they were on foot. When the two sides touched each other

The Chinese had twenty men left, and half of these twenty had their horses shot.

Now was a fierce sword fight in front of the tents.

Captain Ven was on foot because his horse had been shot when he was about to approach the Gok Turks, but he did not hesitate to leap up and confront Börü Beğ. Since some of the Chinese were on horseback and some on foot, they were trampling each other and could not overcome five people.

Ven, who thought that he would find women and children in the tent and win an easy success, was sceptical when he saw these tough soldiers, but since there was nothing else to do, he did not hesitate to clash swords.

Börü Beğ was fighting two Chinese on foot, one of whom was Captain Ven, while the others were fighting against a crowd with their backs to the tents.

After one or two attempts, Ven took a step forward with a fierce attack, confident that he would knock him down.

"Here!" he shouted as he swung his sword. But this attack almost cost him dearly. With a sharp contradiction, Bōrū swung his sword to the side and the captain's sword fell to the ground. Ven jumped back and quickly picked up his sword. He was preparing for a new attack. But at this time something happened that he did not understand: The horsemen of his own troops suddenly turned round and fled southwards. Looking north

Ven didn't take long to figure it out. Up ahead were gonna be a company of horsemen were coming at full speed. Ven sensed they were being ambushed. He attacked the Sky Turks again with seven or eight foot soldiers.

Now he was fighting one on one with Börü Beğ. In front of Börü, with whom he had fought him so easily, he was now falling back step by step, and even blood was oozing from a scratch on his chin. Captain Ven was one of the best water fighters in the Chinese army. But this rabid Sky Turk, as if he was a forty-year veteran of the army, was darting forward, striking so hard that Ven was surrounded by swords from all sides, as if he was being attacked with a few swords, and could do nothing but retreat.

Meanwhile, twelve men under the command of Kutluk Shad and they stopped for a moment. With two sword strikes, they knocked down all of them except Ven. As Kutluk Shad was giving the order to pursue the fugitives, Corporal Örlen was suddenly seen jumping from his horse. He was shouting as he rushed towards Ven:

- Stop, Börü! Don't shoot!

Börü took a step back and stopped. Ven started to breathe. Örlen cried out:

- Börü! Dont you recognise Captain Ven?

He recognised it too. He was going to attack to avenge what happened twenty years ago. But Örpen wouldn't let go:

- Leave him to me! He only killed <sup>your</sup> brother and one of your sons. He killed my brother and five sons.

Then his brow furrowed and he thundered:

- You son of a bitch! Now it's my turn! ...

He attacked the Chinaman with a terrifying charge. He attacked so fast that he whirled round Ven, bewildering him.

Örpen had driven him towards the tents. There was now nowhere to retreat. Suddenly Örpen's voice rose:

- Take it! This is my brother's right!..

The Chinese had a long sword wound on his face. But he knew what was coming, so he defended himself and continued the fight with a last struggle. Amidst the clatter of swords, Örpen's voice boomed again:

- Take it! This is my first son's right! ...

The Chinese's tulga was shredded and the sword touched his forehead.

It's like Örpen is dreaming even though he's playing a bloody game. he looked the other way and heard voices shouting at him, "Avenge, avenge". He made another attack and shouted:

- Take it! This is my second son's right! ...

Captain Ven took a sword in the shoulder, but his armour protected him and he escaped with a slight wound.

Swords clashing against each other, and the unarmoured Ör Pen was only attacking and hitting, not thinking of defending himself.

- Take it! This is my third son's right!..

Örpen had his sword stuck in the Chinese's arm. Ven was heard to groan slightly as he dropped his sword. Örpen quickly raised his sword to strike a blow for his fourth son and shouted, "Take it!" when a stern command was heard:

- Don't hit him! ... Let him take his sword...

Kutluk Shad was saying this. Örlen cried out again as Börü pushed Ven's sword towards him with the tip of his own sword:

- Act quickly! Grasp your sword!

There was no escape. The Chinese, realising that he could not fight with his aching right arm, gripped his sword with his left hand. But what could Ven do with his left hand when he could do nothing with his right?

<sup>1</sup>. The swords clashed again. Now only the sound of the swords clashing could be heard, and the glitter from Örlen's eyes made Ven regret the murder he had committed twenty years ago.

Beride Börü was trying hard not to be thrown, and a few of the soldiers behind Kutluk Shad were watching the battle with indifferent eyes. As the sound of the swords was beating in a steady beat, suddenly one of the strokes was heard to falter. Immediately after it, Örlen's voice boomed:

- Here! This is my fourth son's right! ...

Ven received a sword thrust in the chest, his armour was pierced and wounded in the chest, and he knelt in agony. Örlen could not contain his rage:

- He shouted, "Get up, bully!

Ven was trying to get up, but he couldn't., Örlen smiled grimly:

- He's good with a sword when he's killing little kids- dun Chinese hero! Come , show yourself! . . .

Captain Ven exhausted, .

- Don't hit him! I'll give you some money!" he whined. Örlen took a step forward:

- your life worth the money? Behave... Or else...

Örlen could not finish his words. Because Ven, taking advantage of the fact that he had lowered his sword, suddenly leapt out and attacked, inflicting a wound on Örlen's face.

Örpen paid no attention to this. He thundered and swung his sword  
du:

- Take it! This is my fifth son's right! . . .

And then, when his sword fell from his hand and he was killed by the sword

waving another sword at Ven, who was about to fall:

- Take it! This is my right!.. .. he shouted.

Örpen's right was done in the Turkish way, the head of the Chinese was separated from his body and rolled in front of Börü.

Wiping the blood from your face with a new one:

- That's a dogfucker! He said.

-  
\* \*

That night, the eighteen men who had taken up the ambush to revive the Gök Turk state were celebrating their first success. Only two or three of Captain Ven's troops were able to escape and get behind the Chinese wall, while all the others were routed. Under Tonyukuk's command, the ten men who had chased the fugitives to the Chinese wall made a demonstration in front of one of the towers. When the Chinese captain, who was the officer of this tower, asked what they wanted in broken Turkish without knowing who the people below were, Tonyukuk in proper Chinese as follows:

- Didn't I tell you there was a wedding? The wedding has begun. You and all the Chinese are invited. This wedding will be a bit bloody, but what can we do? This is a Turkish wedding.

Now they had pitched their tents by a water. Kutluk Shad had distributed the ukalan taken from the Chinese. Because God had blessed them, they had succeeded and no one among them had died. Corporal Örpen had received the biggest wound, which seemed as insignificant to him as a dog attack.



The wolf-headed banner erected in front of Kutluk Shad's tent. They did not speak, but they were thinking about the day when this banner would be planted in Ötüken. The faith in them heralded them that this thought would be realised, their hearts rejoiced. it was crashing.

## Bahtiyar Sleep

**N** A young man, who looked to be about seven or ten years old was walking tiredly with a sack on his back. On the back of this young man who set off before sunrise a bag full of broken pieces of iron. Even though the sun was about to set, he had not yet put a lokffia in his mouth. He was walking with great effort, :

This sturdily built young man, who was a Sky Turk, rode the horse very well, his arrow could hit at five hundred paces, and his sword could cut through armour. But he was so impoverished that he did not even have a bow, let alone a horse, or even a small knife on his waist. there wasn't. With the indomitability of people running for a great ideal walking on foot across the endless steppe, never thinking for a moment to stop for a break.

Suddenly he quickened his steps. Far ahead he saw a cliff. He reached the door of the caves carved into the rock.

When he arrived, the sun had disappeared on the horizon. He put the bag on his back on the ground, took a wide breath and looked into the cave. There, on top of a thin soil, a white-haired old man was lying.

This old man, who was the grandfather of this young man's mother, was a blacksmith perhaps a hundred years old. He had been in the army of Chuluk Khan, had seen the bright and dark days of the age of Kara Khan, had fought many battles, and had been captured by Kara Khan.

When he was taken to China, he was taken to China together with him, and after the Kur Shad revolution, he stayed in Chinese dungeons for years, turned grey, but his waist did not bend.

He was a very skilful blacksmith. The swords and knives he made The Sky Turks used to fight with them and they liked to go to war with them. After taking refuge in this cave, he wanted to earn a living by making knives, but since the Sky Turks were in disarray, there was no work, so he extinguished his hearth and settled for a miserable life. Recently, he had been living on the half-and-half food brought by his grandson, spending most of his time lying in the cave because he could not even walk anymore. His grandson took a step towards him:

- Grandpa! He said, "I have brought a pile of iron. Can you make me a sword out of it?"

The old man sat up with difficulty:

- I don't have the strength to work... answer  
di.

The youth was not interested. He wiped the sweat from his forehead and then he started talking again:

- I collected these irons by travelling from village to village. Most of the villages had no swords or knives left. There were only broken pieces of swords and knife fragments, and they kept them as ancestral souvenirs. I begged a lot to collect them. I set out before sunrise and walked until sunset. I am hungry. I am thirsty. Tired. Exhausted. But if you make me a sword, I will forget all my sufferings and I will be happy.

The old blacksmith smiled:

- You, who are happy with a sword, would you go mad with joy if the Gök Turk state was revived?

- I am fortunate that the Sky Turk state will be revived. I want the sword to participate in the battles that will revive the Sky Turk state.

The old man jumped up:

- What do you mean, Buluç?

Buluç's eyes were shining:

- Grandfather! For ten days the wolf-headed banner has been rising in the hands of Kutluk Shad. They have sent news to all four corners, they are looking for men to fight. How can I join without a sword at my waist?

The old man was excited:

- Kutluk Shad? I know Kutluk Shad. He's the most prominent soldier of the Bozkurt clan. Now you want a sword from me? I will. This will be the sweetest work of my long reign... Quick, bring the iron here...

Buluç took the bag on his back again and brought it to the anvil inside the cave. There was a pile of charcoal, dusty from years of use, mixed with the soil. The old man, as if rejuvenated, lit the kindling with unexpected quickness and agility, and threw coal on it. picked up a fan made of eagle wings. Then he knelt in front of the hearth and raised his head. He opened his hands: .

- Almighty God! Give me strength. Give my hands, which for years have forgotten how to work, a little skill, a little strength in handling!

Buluç was happy. Now he could rest. He lay down inside the cave. Hunger, thirst. Now they were far away from him. He fell into a deep sleep as the flame of the hearth hit his face and the sounds of the hammer disappeared into the emptiness of the steppe. The sounds of the hammer as it descended on the anvil sounded like a sweet lullaby that he had not heard even in the most carefree, that is, the most blissful days of his childhood. Every strike of the hammer was a step towards the ideal. The hammer would hit the anvil and become a sword, and he

When he put on the sword, he would join Kutluk Shad, then the holy war to reach Ötüken would begin. Buluç was asleep. No one could wake him up from this deep sleep he had fallen into after a great fatigue. Even so, he could hear the hammering of his old, very old grandfather. Just like in his youth, he was striking with love, fervour and vigour, working as if he, not his grandson, was going to wield the sword: Croak!..Croak!.. Croak!...

This harmonious sound seemed long to the young man who was sleeping soundly, as if it had lasted not one night but a year.

-  
- -

Opening his eyes at dawn, Buluç felt a warmth in his whole body. He had never dreamt of this night.

But he knew how his grandfather worked as if he had seen it in reality, not in a dream. The echoes of the sound of the hammer on the anvil were still ringing in his ears. It seemed to him that he had woken up a short moment after the last hammering.

His eyes fell on the hearth. The fire was full and bright as if it had just been lit. He slowly sat up from where he was lying. Suddenly his eyes shone with joy: A flamboyant sword was lying beside him like a friend of forty years. He immediately took it in his hand. His heart was beating with joy. Slowly he unsheathed it. This sword was so bright that it dazzled one's eyes. He looked away to say something to his grandfather. His grandfather was lying on his thin earthen bed, tired from working until the morning. He hadn't even had time to pull his fleece over himself. Buluç looked at him with pity. How this old grandfather worked until the morning without sleeping when war was on the agenda, and what a beautiful work he was creating...

Suddenly a beautiful knife caught Buluç's eye. The grandfather had made it and left it a little ahead of the sword. Here, in one night, he had achieved two fortunes at once. He had endured so much labour and hardship for a single sword, and now he was overjoyed. and a knife.

Buluç reached out slightly and took the knife. He took it out of its scabbard and examined it carefully. His battle buddies tomorrow would probably be jealous of him because of this knife. He looked at his grandfather with a smile.

Suddenly to steel himself not to cry out with a shout of joy; A step away from the blade was another sword.

There was another sword a step ahead of him. Buluç jumped up and picked up the swords, trying not to make any noise. Turning to the door of the cave, he looked at them in the light. These were extraordinary swords. Suddenly, he saw an inscription on the last sword he grazed. His grandfather had written "Kutluk Shad" here. He turned the other side of the sword. Here, too, the words "Ilterish Khanwere read. For a moment he wondered who Ilterish Khan was. Since it was written on the same sword, it was probably name of Kutluk Shad, maybe, maybe not, surely, after he became a kagan. Name.

Buluç curiously grazed the other sword and looked at it. Is it here? <The words "son of Kur Shad" were written. Yes, he remembered: His grandfather had told him that Kür Shad had a son, that this child, who was very young, had been kidnapped by his mother during Kür Shad's revolution, that they had even stayed in his tent for many nights, and then how he had kidnapped them by giving them his own horse and compasses, how the Chinese, suspecting him, had imprisoned him and tortured him, but Kür Shad had not said anything, enduring all the sufferings so that his son and his son would be saved, and for this reason he had languished in the dungeons for years. But how could he find and give Kür Shad's son? Buluç now-

deeming it unnecessary to deal with this riddle, Lik unsheathed his own sword. He read the inscription <ıBuluç" on one side. His grandfather, wherever he found it, had left a sword strap there. Buluç sheathed his sword, put on his knife, and went to the ma  
He came out of the gate of the palace. The sun was rising with an unprecedented beauty.

For a time he looked at the horizons and the heavens. Sweet wind ca  
and he was breathing life into it. Something was missing, but he couldn't understand what it was. Suddenly he smiled:

- He said, "I'm ecstatic!"

He'd discovered what he was missing. He was terribly hungry. I wonder if his grandfather had some food left lying around. He entered the cave to find out. He approached his grandfather with soft steps by looking around. Most of the iron he had brought yesterday was lying on the ground. There was nothing else in sight. There was some water in a broken bowl. He drank it to the brim. Then his eyes fell on his grandfather and he stood in amazement. In his right hand was a hammer. With his left hand he was holding his big clamp. The clamp gripped a piece of iron to be made into a sword. It was obvious that the grandfather was so tired that he sat down and fell . But why was he so still and pale? Buluç put one knee on the ground and bent down. <ıDede> he called out. His grandfather smiled. He called again, faster. Then he put his hand to his forehead. It was wet. Working all night at the stove in the summer must have made him very tired and sweaty. Suddenly he pressed his hand to his grandfather's heart. After some time had passed, enough time to count from one to ten, he jumped to his feet with a deep sigh. Grandfather was dead.

After carrying the burden of a hundred years, after losing everyone and everything, not even a grandson, but the son of a grandson, the blacksmith died just as the banner of the Grey Wolves was rising.

Buluç looked at his face again. There was no sorrow of leaving life on this face. On the contrary, it was such a blissful face that only a person who dreams in the most blissful moment of his life, who feels bliss in his veins, could smile like that.

He began by praying to God for strength, and made three swords, the most beautiful of all the swords he had made in all his lifetime, and then his heart, worn out by a hundred years of hard labour, disaster and misery, could not endure this wearisome night's work, and he stopped.

However, even this much was great and beautiful result. The old blacksmith was revived when he heard that Kutluk Shad had raised the tughon, he was strengthened with the faith he had never lost, he worked all night, lab beyond human strength to help this blessed war with his hammer, even though his eyesight was not good and the cave was even darker at night, he made three swords and a knife by being content with only the glow from the furnacethen he passed away from this world in great happiness, lying on his earthen bed...

He was now sleeping a blissful sleep, never to wake up again. Indeed, to be able to sleep this blissful sleep with such a labour was worth a hundred years of suffering.

He was asleep. He was sleeping as if he could hear the clatter of swords that would revive the Gök Turk state, as if he could see the banner that would wave in Ötüken, as if he knew tomorrow, what would happen tomorrow.

Buluç was now standing like a stone. He was filled with respect for the old blacksmith who had died making swords for the Sky Turk warriors.

Suddenly he seemed to hear hoofbeats in the distance. He slowly approached the door of the cave. A company of horsemen was coming at full speed, kicking up dust. He was excited. Don't...



These were Turkish horsemen. When they stopped in front of the cave, Buluç saw the wolf-headed banner and recognised Kutluk Shad. He knelt on the ground.

Kutluk Shad asked this young man who he knew would join his army:

- What's your name?
- Finding.
- Will you be joining us?
- Yes, Shad.
- There'll be an old blacksmith here, you know?
- He's my grandfather.
- Where is it?

Buluç bowed his head. His eyes were smoky:

- My grandfather has reached the plane this morning, Shad!

Kutluk Shad got off his horse with an agile jump. In an instant, so did all the chieftains. Entering the cave with Tonyukuk and Boy la Baga Tarkan behind him, Kutluk Shad stood respectfully in front of the dead body of the old blacksmith. Then he turned to Buluç, who was standing behind Tonyukuk:

- He said, "Tell me how it happened!"

Buluç brought the bag full of iron pieces, explained what had happened and handed him the sword made for Kutluk Shad:

- This sword was made for you, Shad! Kutluk Shad took the sword in his hand:

- How do you know it was made for me? Tonyukuk and Boyla Baga Tarkan

They approached Kutluk Shad and all three of them looked at each other, reading the words <Iterish Khan>. Then they saw the name <(Kutluk Shad)> on the other side. Then Tonyukuk:

- Kutluk Shad said, this veteran blacksmith would not have written this if he had not had a voice from God in his heart. If we can establish the Gök Turk state, you will be the Iterish Khan.

Kutluk Shad did not answer. He only nodded his head in acceptance. Then he took the second sword extended by Buluç and asked:

- Whose is this?
- Kur Shad's son! Kutluk Shad's brows furrowed:
- Is Kur Shad's son alive?
- Alive Shad!

Buluç told what his grandfather had once told him. Boyla Baga Tarkan interjected:

- I've heard something like that. He'll order us to ask you.
- Ask.

Shad, Tonyukuk and Tarkan came out of the cave with Buluç behind them. Baga Tarkan's voice caused a stir among the soldiers:

- any of you have a son of Kur Shad?
- A deep silence... Tarkan asked again:
- old blacksmith made a sword for Kür Şad's son.

any of you have a son of Kur Shad?

Again there was no answer. Then Kutluk Shad's command was heard:

◆ Baga Tarkan! Give this sword to any soldier you wish to carry it until Kür Shad's son appears.

- You are in charge.

Then, one by one, Boyla Baga Tarkan passed in front of them all. Choosing Tacham:

- Take it! Take good care of as Kutluk Shad commanded!

No one as happy about this beautiful coincidence as Urungu. But this joy remained a secret.

-

--

Kutluk Shad's troops stayed in front of the cave for a long time. They buried the old blacksmith. Two blacksmiths in the cavalry were making the rest of the iron that Buluç had brought.

They made pikes, swords and tulgas. Then they took Buluç with them and prepared to leave. Boyla Baga Tarkan gave him one of the extra horses in the stable:

- He said, "You and I are seventy-two. Your corporal is Börü!"

Then they started to march at full speed with seventy horses, and they rushed forward with lightning speed. At the forefront waved the wolf-headed tug, and behind them came the heroes who tried to revive the Gök Turk state. Their eyebrows were furrowed, their mouths were locked, they were flying, their dark auburn long hair was waving and they were looking ahead with eagle eyes. Their eyes only saw ahead, nothing behind them was remembered.

But among these lightning riders, only one occasionally turned his head to look back, then, wiping his wet eyes with his hand, he streamed forward in line with his companions.

Private Buluç was the furthest back in the line and his backward glances continued until the cave where the old blacksmith had perished and was buried was out of sight.

## Iterish Khan

**BOZKIR** a new spring had come. The snow had melted, the  
Hungry earth had drunk the water and everything had turned green.  
The mountains, their peaks covered with snow, were listening to the  
thousands of years old tale of the steppe. Birds were singing on the  
slopes and forests.

bursting with vitality.

There was a ceremony on a wooded plain. Kutluk Shad's army,  
increasing in number with their raids to the right and left, getting rid  
of poverty and excited with victory, was establishing a state.

There were seven hundred of them. Two companies named one  
company

he was on foot. Tonyukuk had organised seven hundred people and  
spread the Turkish species.

- Kutluk Shad! He said you will be our Khan!

- you believe that if I become a kagan, I will raise the Turkish  
race?

- I have thought about it a lot. Buğa, far, you can't tell whether  
you are fat or lean. But I have been seeing you closely for two  
years. You can become a great kagan like the ancient kings of the  
Bozkurt clan. Therefore, from now on we will establish the Sky  
Turk state and you will be our kagan.

Kutluk Shad thought for a short moment:

- What does Boyla Baga Tarkan say?

Boyla Baga Tarkan took a step forward:

- I want you to be Khan.

- What does Cheri say?

Tonyukuk :

- The Cherokee will take up the ambush to put the Turkish khan on the throne.

di.

Kutluk Shad put his hand on Tonyukuk's shoulder:

- I accept to be the Turkish khan! Tonyukuk smiled:

- I am Tonyukuk, together with Boyla Baga Tarkan and the cheri

I declare you as the Turkish khan. From now on you are the Ilterish Khan!

After some thought, he concluded:

- For this day, the will of the blacksmith who died while forging a sword and wrote the name of Ilterish Khan on the sword he made for you will fulfilled.

The Khan :

- Tonyukuk! You were the first to join me when I raised the Kurc-headed banner. In the two years of wars, you managed the work well with your high knowledge and wisdom. From now on you will be called Bilge Tonyukuk.

Bilge Tonyukuk returned to the army. He shouted in his loud voice that howled in the forest:

- Turkish soldiers! Today we are rebuilding the Gök Turk state. Kutluk Shad became our kagan and took the name of Ilterish Khan. As in the past, we will again reach Ötüken, subjugate all the tribes under the command of our ancestors, and take tribute from China. As long as we fight under the command of Ilterish Khan, the few will multiply, the poor will become great, and the name of the Sky Turks will cover the earth.

Swords were raised. Seven hundred people were thundering in honour of the founding of the state. Drums were beating, koumiss was being drunk, a minstrel was singing:

*When the swords are  
drawn, the heart of the Turk  
likes it.*

#### 488 - Grey Wolves Dirlıllıyır

*The establishment of the  
Khaganate starts all over  
again.*

*Eyes on the moon and the  
sun; İlderish Khan is at the  
head. Summers pass in  
war, winter in Ötüken.*

*Let's drink kımız/an... Yavuzs  
are slow/remembering us  
while the slutty Sky Turk  
girls are blowing us away.*

Urungu, who had been given the title of corporal because he had shown great merit in the battles with the Chinese and the Kytai, was listening to the bard in a state of sad happiness. His mother and himself his own dream had come true. Now he could listen to his own inner pains and find time to burn himself. He knew why he was not as happy as them among these seven hundred fortunate people, and even it to himself. Now he had a dream of a woman in his heart. This dream, whose name was unknown, was born from the mingling of his long-dead sister-in-law and the kagan's daughter Ay Hanım, and these two women, who resembled each other like twins, merged into a single being and scorched Urungu's eyes and heart.

Corporal Urungu realised that he had lost his heart to a woman after seeing so much worldly strife, one voice whispered to him: "You will love", while another voice : "You will not love".

What a blessed thing this war was! Thanks to the war, he was consoled, he forgot his troubles, he was free from sorrow. He thought that without the war, he would probably be the most troubled man in the world, maybe he would die of boredom, and he thought that he was not a Chinese, but a Chinese man.

He was sending his gratitude to God who created him as a Turk. He also felt a secret joy in his heart, or more precisely, a light of hope, not joy, shining in his heart, and he was searching for what it was.

Urungu was used to settling scores with his own heart, so he was quick to understand this. Soon there would be a war with the Nine Oguz. So there was a possibility of seeing Ay Hanım again, even under bad circumstances. When he thought of Lady Moon, Urungu would hang there; he would not think of anything else. The melody in her voice, the light in her gaze, the beauty in her face would linger in his heart, and when he came to his senses, he would realise that a joyful bitterness, or what he would call a bitter taste, had settled in him.

Now he was thinking about him again, neither seeing nor hearing the shouts of joy, the sword games, the wrestling.

Suddenly he remembered his mother. Here her dream had come true. Here was the Turkish Khan İterish Khan on the throne, he had formed an army. He was the corporal of this army. What more could he want? At that time, he felt a secret fire burning inside him again.

that was a son of Kurd Shad: He would not tell anyone that he was Kur Shad's son. Urungu was looking absent-mindedly somewhere when he heard the strumming of a kopuz and the voice of a minstrel.

*The moon and the girl  
are side by side when the  
eye is dazzled. One  
warms the eye, one  
enters the blood.*

*Is the moon prettier or is  
prettier? Who's asking?  
I feel like they're part of each  
other.*

490 - Grey Wolves Dirlilliyor

*The moon is a wound  
oozing blood in the bosom  
of the cloud. The moon's  
fortune is dark, the cloud's  
is black.*

*The moon is a girl, she  
combs her hair in the  
water at night.  
God creates many moons  
on this earth.*

*The moon and that girl  
went down to the opposite  
mountain one night. There  
they landed in a hut called  
the heart.*

*The clouds became a  
snake, Two beauties  
rode.  
The moon became a girl and  
the girl became the moon...  
They huddled together.*

*Many privates are melting  
From the mourning of that  
moon girl. Those who drink  
become ecstatic from the  
bowl of her eyes.*

*The melody that caresses  
the heart flows from her  
voice. That girl strikes  
you, separates you from  
your mind...*

Only a fragment of this saying remained in Urungu's mind:



*The moon's fortune is  
dark, the cloud's is black.*

He was about to be sad when a soldier offered him a pint of koumiss and said: j<Iterish Khan sent itWhen the name of the kagan was mentioned, there were no more thoughts. Urungu, the head of the eleven, gathered himself. After he drank the koumiss sent by the kagan, he said: "Thanks to the kagan!"

## Urungu's Wound

Baz Kagan, the khan of *OKUZ OGUZ*, had summoned the elders and he was a meeting in his palace:

- He said, "My lords, the Sky Turks, who were a minority, are on the move again. If this continues, there will be danger for all of us. Because their kagan is valiant and their vizier is wise. As long as these two exist, they will destroy us, the Chinese and the Continentals. Let us unite with the Continentals and Chinese and eliminate them. Let the Chinese march from the south and the Continentals from the east. We should attack from the north. If possible, let's eliminate this Gök Turk Khan. What do you say?"

Likes:

-It would be good, they replied♦ The Khan turned to one of the likes:

- Kum Sengün!

- Yes, Khan!

- You will go to China at once and inform them of my offer!

- The command is yours, kagan! He addressed another favourite:

- Tungra Sem!

- Yes, Khan!

- You're going to go to the Continent and say the same thing!

- Your command, Khan!

Baz Khan thought for a while. Then he looked at the likes:

-- You will set off immediately and ensure that they mobilise to unite at the Gök Turk headquarters at the end of the summer!

~  
~

As they left the Baz Kagan's otba, they did not realise that at a considerable distance a pedestrian, standing inconspicuously, was spying on them. This unknown man soon realised that Kum Sengün was to the south and Tungra Sem to the east.

galloping towards the east, accompanied by several horsemen.

He saw that they were moving. Then he went to the tent of the smallest of the likes, Hundred-headed Kadyr Baga, who was at the meeting in Baz Khan's tent. There was no guard at the door of this tent and no one was around. The unknown man, after looking around, approached the tent with slow steps and squatted down. He put his ear inside. Kadyr Baga was talking to someone and his voice could be heard outside, albeit half-heard.

The listener stood silent and motionless for a period of time long enough to count from one to a hundred, then got up, trying not to make any noise. He walked away with slow steps. This unknown man, who had learnt what he was about to learn, was none other than the chashid sent by Bilge Tonyukuk. At dusk, he jumped on his horse and at full speed towards the south.

✱  
~

Bilge Tonyukuk could not sleep the night he received this news. After thinking until the morning and preparing his plans, he went to Ilterish Khan and explained his thoughts:

- İterish Khan! If China, Oghuz and Qingai come together, we will be in danger. When a thing is soft, it is easy to roll it, when it is thin, it is easy to break it. If the dough is thick, it will be difficult to roll it out. If it is thin and dense, it will be to break. We will oppose Kitay in the east, Chinese in the south and Oghuz in the north with two or three thousand of our troops. For this, we will mobilise before they unite and fight each of them separately.

İterish Khan didn't think much:

- He said, "Pass it on to the army!"

A day or two later, the Sky Turk army of two thousand men was marching at lightning speed against the Do kuz Oghuz.

Corporal Urungu was not favoured by fortune. Because he was among the hundred people who were in the rear of the army, forming the reserve and under the command of Hundred head Örlen. However, he had a strong feeling that he would see Ay Hanım in this battle. Since he could not imagine that he would be able to see Ay Hanım by staying behind like this, he was tight, but he could not do anything about it. However, when the army of the Nine Oghuzes appeared, he felt his insides trembling with a strange excitement.

His number was three thousand. But the Gok Turk troop, which started with eighteen men, had become this way by winning every strike, every battle, had been nourished by victories, had become accustomed to defeat... The battle began with a dazzling whitening.

Then, when the arrows were exhausted, they rode at lightning speed,  
sword to sword...

They've come.

Captain Örlen stood on his horse, watching the fighting, but mostly waiting for the order to join the battle. Urungu, with his ten horsemen, was on the far left and thus the furthest away from the battle. Time could not pass, the battle could not end. But it was noticed that the Nine Oghuz were retreating towards the Tuğla river.

Suddenly, a Sky Turk horseman rode up to Captain Örlen and said something to him. Örlen's command thundered from behind him:

- Move! Forward after me! ...

A hundred men from the reserve were to enter the battle at the last possible moment and finish the job in favour of the Gök Turks. Örlen's company made a great arc, attacking the retreating troops of the Nine Oghuz and raining down arrows.

Nine Oghuzes were throwing themselves into the Brick River and trying to cross to the opposite shore. Örlen did not let them go and with his command he led his troops into the river.

Those who drowned on both sides drowned, and the chase started among those who crossed to the opposite shore. Örlen was doing a great deed and marching towards the headquarters of Nine Oghuz. Baz Kagan's guards with arrows met them valiantly at the headquarters.

-

--

As the sun was setting, the two sides were struggling between the tents and the big carts, and great heroism was wasted like water for small things. The horses were wounded as well as the soldiers. Most of the rest were fighting on foot.

Captain Örlen between two tents with an oil- sword was going on. Now that they were widely dispersed, they could no longer buy

There was no more giving blows, no more proper and ❖ p pliable fighting. The soldiers, scattered in twos and threes, were fighting, fightingfightingfighting on their own. The swords were being used in a fierce

It was swung with power and skilfulness, deflected with the same skill and hardness, and the sounds of iron striking iron filled the whole area. Örlen realised that Dokuz o- ğuz was a worthy tyrant by the way he was dressed and the way he used his sword. Sometimes he would advance a step or two, then

forced to retreat in the face of his fierce attacks. They were both wounded.

Corporal Urungu had set his sights on one of the tents he saw on the battlefield, he wanted to get there, he fought with his opponents for this purpose, he wanted to break through it and go to the tent without thinking that the fat would follow him. He did not realise whether it was the same man, or whether Urungu had changed enemies several times. He did not even see, sense or understand that blood was oozing from his wounds.

When he entered the big tent which was his target, he suddenly stopped. Ay Hanım was standing at the very back of the tent her bow in her hand, with fire in her eyes, preparing to fight against the three Sky Turks who had entered the tent and wanted to take her captive. Urungu recognised his own soldiers and ordered them to "lower the sword", then he took a step or two forward and saluted Ay Hanım with his knee on the ground. Then he turned to his men and ordered them to come out.

Mrs Moon was more beautiful than ever in her state of war. They looked at each other in silence for a while. Sounds had stopped from all sides. The moaning of some wounded people could be heard in the distance, and outside the tent and right next to it, there was the sound of iron sounds telling that two men were fighting with swords. Urungu's sad voice rose in the tent.

- Forgive the privates for being disrespectful, Miss Moon! How will they know who you are?

- You won the war, Urungu. And I think you killed my father.

Urungu bowed his head:

- It's war, Mrs Moon. Anything can happen. Mrs Moon's voice has slowed down:

- Yes, even captivity. Even captivity, even... Urungu hit his knee again:

- Madam Moon! You don't take prisoners. You take prisoners. I've been thinking about you for a long time. cheer my heart and reach Corporal Urungu?

The Khan's daughter smiled bitterly:

- So you're a corporal, huh? But not an admiral. How can a kagan's daughter marry a black clansman?

Urungu was shaken. <<"I am the son of Kur Shad!" he wanted to shout. But he could not. What was he going to do now? Before he had time to think about it, the sound of swords outside the tent came closer. Then it was seen that someone quickly entered inside. This warrior with a sword in his hand:

- Mrs Ay! Act fast! We're escaping!" he shouted, then turned towards the door and took a strike stance against another warrior coming from behind him.

Urungu recognised them both at once. The first one was Kadyr Baga and the second one was Örlen: The two captains, who had been fighting outside the otaku since a while ago, were now going to start a new fight in front of Mrs Ay. Suddenly Kadyr Baga recognised Urungu and shouted:

- Is that you, Urungu? I'd like to fight with you, but this mate of yours won't let go...

Örlen answered:

- You want to escape in peace, don't you?

Then he ordered Urungu:

- Urungu! I think we're with the Khan's daughter. You keep her captive and watch her while I finish my work...

Saying this, Örlen attack Kadyr Baga again.

it was. But things worked out differently: As Urungu moved forward to fulfil the order he had received from the captain, Ay Haim's bow whistled taut, and the arrow that flew out pierced between Urungu's heart and his oar, knocking him down. The second arrow was worse. Because Ay Hanım did not give Captain Örlen any respite, she shot him right in the heart and knocked him down lifelessly:

Kadyr Baga wanted to take advantage of this situation immediately. Looking at Mrs Ay:

- He said, "Let's not waste time!

Mrs Ay Hanım walked to the door of the otaku without any hurry and left without looking at Urungu who was gazing at her with sad eyes. Kadyr Baga was tired:

- Urungu! Lady Moon's arrow will not spare you, and if we meet again in the future, we will finish our half-finished stroke!" he said and acted quickly.

This arrow wound would not have killed him, of course. For a Sky Turk corporal, what was the wound of an arrow that pierced his shovel ... The wound that really killed him was Ay Hanım's words:

- You're no favourite. How can a kagan's daughter marry a black man?

Mrs Ay saw Captain Örlen lying lifeless next to her, he could have shot himself in the same place as he shot himself in the heart. So he took pity on himself and didn't kill him.

The fact that the girl he loved, the girl who had rejected him, had spared his life out of pity, suddenly weighed heavily on Urungu, and he felt as if an arrow had pierced his heart. With a last effort, he got up and went to the door of the otaku. Holding on, he stepped out. It was twilight. Two horsemen were galloping northwards. Urungu silently looked at the distant shadows of Ay Haim and Kadyr Baga. Then his eyes darkened and he fell to the ground...



## Return from the Chinese Incursion

It about to be a sad month. Corporal Urungu was lying in the tent. Mrs. Moon's arrow shook him deeply, and he could not recover himself because his blood was flowing too much. This face Den was unable to join the troops when the army marched to Shandung to fight the Chinese. A seven-year-old girl came to the tent every day to look after him, bring him food, and walk with him for a while. This little girl was his granddaughter, Ta çam's daughter.

Urungu was forty-eight years old. In this life of fights and dangers, he had met death since he did not know himself, and since the age of eleven he had begun to meet death. He had been fighting for thirty-seven years. His heart was hardened by the pain, but he had not yet fallen for the war.

He has no one but his son Taçam, his daughter-in-law and three grandchildren.

There wasn't. an ancestor: Captain Börü. Börü, who was the same age as Urungu himself, was the younger son of Captain Yagmur, who had died in the Kür Shad revolution. Urungu the same love for Börü as he felt for everything related to his father. They had saved each other from death several times.

If only the army returning from the Shandung expedition today would come and see Börli and Taçam, perhaps the boredom would ease a little, and the pain of the wound still aching in the left shoulder blade would subside.

## 500 - Grey Wolves Rising

he would forget a little. However, Urungu also knew that returning to the army would not relieve his inner distress. He realised that Ay Hanım filled the biggest place in his mind and heart. I wonder where she was now? The Nine Oghuz had been defeated and bowed down, Baz Khan had died, but Ay Hanım had not been found. How could she be found in this endless, endless steppe?

Corporal Urungu awoke from his deep thoughts with a roar. The Sky Turk army was turning round: Horse neighing, hoofbeats, shouts were heard. Pipes and drums were beaten. Then, as the sounds subsided, the tent door opened and Captain Börü entered:

- Hfila, are you going to bed, Urungu?

He smiled when he saw that she didn't answer:

- The Khan's daughter hit you hard!

The kagan had really hit her hard. But Börü didn't know how he hit her, he judged only by the wound on her body.

I enjoyed it:

- We had a good raid. He said we had a good saturation.

Urungu was silent. Andasi attributed this silence to his desire to learn the raid:

- We crossed all of Shandung to the sea. The Chinese are not good fighters. They only know how to hide behind fortress walls and wait. Nevertheless, we entered a few of their cities and ravaged them. There was only one pitched battle. In that one, we scattered the Chinese with arrows. Two of my horses were shot dead, but we replaced what was missing with more than enough. We brought countless cattle, sheep, cattle, goods, clothrice, millet to Turkey There are also many prisoners.

A wave of joy passed through Urungu: Grey Wolf

The wolves were revived, and the wolf-headed banner began to wave with honour.

Börü on telling:

- One day, while we were plundering a city, a soldier came: "We have captured three bearded women with moustaches". I thought that Chinese men look like women, maybe their women are like men too, so I brought the bearded women. They were all bearded and moustached. I asked, "How did you find them?" Their faces were veiled, but they were walking with blood, and I wanted to see their faces. I said, "Open up." She didn't open up because she didn't speak Turkish. I opened it when I hit the knife on the veil. At first I was surprised too. Then, when he ordered the soldiers and took off the women's robes, wouldn't Chinese officers come out from underneath? These guys wanted to get rid of us this way...

Börü's cheerful narration made Urungu laugh too. Om  
He had never heard of such a thing: But his laughter did not last long. Now he was listening to something sad:

- One day we entered another city. Here the Chinese held out for a long time. There was a short battle with swords in the palace of the city commander. We forced a captured Chinese to show us the granary and the treasury, and he showed us the location of the dungeon in addition to the granary and the treasury. If we were on our own, we would not have found this dungeon in the world. They took out about twenty men from the dungeon. One of them was an old Turk.

Urungu's interest increased when he came to this point. Börü spoke with a seriousness that wiped the smile from his face, looking not at Urungu but at the ground:

- a greying husband. First he was killed

I was being taken to the pub. When he saw us, he shouted, "Are you Turkish?" We said we were Turks. He said, "I am a Turk too." <"Are you the revolutionaries of Kür Şad?" he asked. <"I know. What about his soldiers?" he asked. <We said, "His soldiers have also reached to the plane." His eyes shone and he said, "Who is the kagan? <We said, "İterish Khan." He cried for joy. He introduced himself to us. He was the younger brother of Çengşi, one of those who died in the Kur Shad revolution. He was the younger

and threw him in the dungeon as a child. He escaped. He was caught again. He ran and hid again. He was caught for the third time.

and went to the dungeon. He lived here for twenty years, oblivious to the world. His skin when he saw the sun. His torso was purulent. He said he had been vomiting blood for years. <We said, "Come, let's take you to Turkeline." His face lit up with joy. Then he fell on his knees on the ground. "This good fortune is enough. I will not regret even if I die." Blood poured out of his mouth like a gutter. He died there. I did not spare him his pain. I had many Chinese captured and beheaded.

Börü was silent. Urungu sighed. The news about Kur Shad would make his heart beat in a different way.

Now he was thinking of the poor Turk who had been in the dungeon for twenty years and died on the day of his release, and his remembrance of Kur Shad.

Börü raised his eyes from the ground and looked at his ancestor:

- You've got a lot of blood on your hands. I'll bring it tomorrow.

Then he furrows his eyebrows as if he wants to remember something. comb thought:

- Your mother should have lived to see these days, Urungu!

Kür Şad's revenge has been avenged.

The captain stood up to leave. Urungu also got up from his bed at his last words. They looked at each other for a moment. Urungu:

- Kür Shad has been avenged! he repeated. for my mother... She is already...

He could not finish his words. He lay down on his bed again and turned his head away from the door. Kür Shad and his mother, who was Kür Shad's wife, had been avenged. Urungu was comfortable in this respect. It was the first time in his life that he had not fought in a war. There was no harm in that either. He would probably recover from this wound. Then it wasn't worth thinking about. But the moon

Madam? "How can a kagan's daughter marry a man from the karabud.

" ...

The blind was about to leave. Urungu turned his eyes to him to ask about Tacham. But before he could open his mouth, Börü started:

- I forgot to tell you about Tacham. We lost him.
- he dead?
- No, he's not. He's nowhere to be seen.
- Is he a prisoner?
- Who will he be a prisoner of? We've chased and chased. We've beaten and beaten. In a campaign like this, would anyone be a prisoner of the Chinese?
- Then what happened?
- I was going to ask you. What happened?

## Mrs Moon

With the autumn came the cold the north. A small  
G A band of twenty or thirty tents was established on the shore of the lake. These were the Nine Oghuz who did not submit to the Gök Turks after the death of Baz Kagan and tried to regroup by retreating to the north, and they were led by Ay Hanım. First Ay Hanım and Captain Kadir Bağa had fled alone, then they had come here, taking with them those they could find among the Nine Oghuz scattered far and wide. They had sent horsemen to the Dolays. If they came across other Nine Oghuzes, they would bring them along and try to find one of Baz Khan's brothers or sons to become the kagan. Until the new kagan was found, Mrs Ay would preside over the Nine Oghuzes who remained independent.

There was no other leader in the obada except Captain Kadyr Baga. In the battle along the Brick River, the Sky Turks were badly defeated and were in disarray. Most of the survivors had bowed down to Ilterish Khan. There was no way to tempt them again and bring them here. Because the Sky Turks were on the alert. They did not let a bird fly.

Without Kadyr Baga, this group of twenty or thirty tents could not have gathered. He organised them and put them under the command of the kagan's daughter. He sent some of his most trusted horsemen

to watch over horsemen. Today he was expecting some news from these horsemen.

Towards noon, one of the horsemen came and told Kadyr Baga that he's been in the hospital for a while:

- Here comes Küm Sengün.

Baz Khan had sent an envoy to China a long time ago, and he was one of the leaders of the Nine Oghuz and his arrival would probably strengthen the tribe. Captain Kadyr Baga went out to meet him.

Kum Sengün was coming with four or five men and seven or eight horses. In their dishevelled state, the Nine Oghuz tribes were expecting help from the flying bird and something from the envoy to China. But Kum Sengün these hopes.

When he entered Ay Hanim's otbah with Kadyr Baga, the kagan's daughter was sitting on a throne made of felt and horse saddle. Kum Sengün knelt on the ground and greeted her and gave his condolences first:

- Thank you, if our Khan has reached the plane.

- Did you bring us good news, Lord of the Nine Oghuz?

- No, Mrs Moon! The Sky Turks were very vigilant. News of our defeat reached China before I went to the Chinese khan. Then the Sky Turks raided China.

- couldn't provide any help?

- I had come to Shan-dung to negotiate with the border commanders of China. This time the Sky Turks raided it. The Chinese commanders who were going to help us were broken.

- So you're coming empty. Sand

Sengün bowed his head:

- Yes, Mrs Moon! I could only bring one Sky Turk and two horses.

- How did you capture the Sky Turk troop?

- We were hiding in a house outside the city. This Sky Turk came home alone. I set my three privates on him.

but he was wounded and captured. After the Sky Turk army retreated, we took him and left the city.

Mrs Moon's eyes wavered. Who knows what she was thinking:

- Bring the prisoner!

The wounded Sky Turk soldier was immediately brought to the otba and knelt on the ground to greet Lady Moon. He looked about twenty-five years old. Lady Moon, who was a master at reading hearts, stared at him and stared intently, trying to understand something. At first the robust Sky Turk soldier looked at her with a stern gaze, but gradually he felt his strength ebbing away and could no look at her. He bowed his head in front of him. Then he heard a sweet voice:

- Sky Turk! What is your name?

- Tacham.

- Do you like it?

- No, no, no.

There was a change in Mrs Ay's face that showed her disbelief. She was being deceived for the second time in her life. More precisely, it more like being deceived than deceived. There was no way this young man didn't like her. Then why was he hiding it? She had seen this kind of hiding from another Gök Turk, Corporal Urungu, but she could not understand what was going on. Mrs Ay seemed to know this Sky Turk. She had probably seen him in the Battle of Brick Length.

- you ever been in a brick-size war?

- Yes.

- Were you among those who came as close as our ottoman?

Tacham raised his head and looked at the kagan's daughter. She seemed to have remembered something:

- No, Lady Moon! My father had entered your otaku and was wounded by an arrow.



This word interested both the kagan's daughter and Captain Kadyr Baga at once:

- Who is your father?

- Corporal Urungu

Captain Kadir Baga's eyes lit up. Mrs Ay became serious:

- your father's wound healed?

- He was still in bed when we went to the battle of Shandung.

They were silent. Young Tacham, with who knows what thought, the kagan without asking the girl:

- But you pierced Captain Örlen's heart. He's on the Flight.

Sparks flashed in Mrs Moon's eyes. With a stern command:

- He said, "Take the prisoner away!"

-

--

That night, Mrs Ay and Captain Kadyr Baga thought about Tacham and therefore Urungu for reasons. Kadyr Baga was glad that Urungu was alive because he was going to complete his unfinished strike. Mrs Ay was also happy. But she could not understand the reason for this joy. He was sad that he had wounded a soldier who had once been his comrade in battle, but he was glad that he was not dead.

That night Kadyr Baga to the tent where Tacham was staying. Although he was a prisoner, he was honoured as a guest because he was Urungu's son and was wounded. Ay Hanım had spared his life. The Nine Oghuz captain asked him if he had any request:

- Tacham, he said, your father and I have an unfinished shot. Do you know about it?

-. No, captain.

- Your father is a sharper marksman than me. But I will show him that I am superior to him with the sword.

Tacham didn't answer.

- I'm surprised you don't like a fighter like that.

- We've got a lot of good men like that, captain.

Kadyr Baga looked at him with a look of disbelief:

- He said, "Nonsense!

- It's easy to try, captain!

- Who do I try it with? **h** trial **h**?

- You're with me...

- you? ...

Kadyr Baga's eyes widened with astonishment. Then they sparkled with joy. But suddenly he became serious:

- I can't. You are wounded, he said. Tacham protested:

- It's on my left arm. It won't stop me from fighting.

Kadir Baga is angry:

- You Sky Turk! Are you crazy? Do you think I'd let myself say that Captain Kadyr Baga had a sword fight with a wounded prisoner?

- Sky Turks do not hesitate to fight with only one wound, captain!

- That fight you're talking about is against the Chinese. Not against the Nine Oghuz! . . .

- You can fight the Chinese with two wounds, Captain!..

- Let Albız take it!.. ... 're such a stubborn person!... Wait a few days. We'll fight after the wound heals.

Kadyr Baga left there in a rage. The next morning, when he was obliged to report this to Mrs Ay, the kagan's daughter:

- He said, "You won't be able to fight

Tacham! The captain asked, startled:

- Why, Mrs Moon?

- We'll send him home.

- You're in charge. But I don't understand why.
  - The reason is this. The Sky Turks have sent outposts all the way here. They're about to track us. We will surprise them by sending Tacham. While they are looking for us here, we will move to a safer place.
  - You're in charge, Mrs Moon.
- Mrs Ay thought deeply for a while. Then she said:
- Give Tacham his horse with all his ~~pt~~. Prepare food too. Bring him here! he said.

When Tacham knocked his knee on the ground, the kagan's daughter was still thinking. He lifted her from the ground with a sign:

- Tacham! He said, "I'm sending you to your homeland!
- Thank you, Mrs Moon.
- Say hello to your father for me and get well soon for his wound.
- You're in charge, Mrs Moon.
- You will be our emissary and you will convey to him that we bow down to the Ilterish Khan and pay tribute to him.
- You're in charge, Mrs Moon.
- See Captain Kadyr Baga and get your compasses and horse.
- You're in charge, Mrs Moon.
- . ;

Tacham knelt on the ground and left the tent. The captain was waiting for Tacham outside:

- Come here, stubborn brave, he said, you got away from me cheaply.
- God knows who got rid of who, Captain.
- You're sharper than your father! ...
- It wouldnt work if the son didn't surpass the ancestor.
- Anyway... Now I' at war with your father and you. You're both wounded. It would have been nice if your father was here so I could take you both out in one fell swoop, but...

510 · Grey Wolves Rising

Tacham smiled bitterly:

- Perhaps we'll meet again, captain. It must be very sweet to fight with a Nine Oghuz lord.

Kadyr Baga smiled:

- It's not sweet, my dear! It is bitter bitter...

- God knows, captain! ~

- Here's your compass ... Here's your horse... Here's a bag of fried meat. Say hello to your father for me... We'll shoot with him first. I don't shoot under the oar like Mrs Ay...

Tacham did not answer. jumped on his horse in one leap:

- He shouted goodbye, captain.

- !

The Sky Turk troop southwards.

## Liberation from Captivity

When AÇAM was returning from the Nine Oghuzes, he got trouble: he was wounded, so he was travelling at full speed. he was shaken. That's why he had to put his horse to bed and was late. He ran out of food. He was hungry. When he was hungry, he lost his strength and fell into a deep sleep. While he was in such a sleep, he woke up with a noise. There were eight or ten horsemen around him. When he heard something being said to him in a language he did not understand:

- Who are you? What do you want?" he asked.

One of them is in Turkish:

- We are the Qingai. He replied, "We have taken you prisoner!

Tacham's brow furrowed. It was not uncommon to be freed from one captivity and fall into another. He is in great boredom:

- He said, "Let's shoot!

Kıtay, who knew Turkish, explained this word to the others in his own language. All eyes were fixed on Tacham, and Kıtay, who was a dilmaç, reported the answer of his corporal.

- You are one person. How dare you fight against us?

The Sky Turk centurion raised his head:

- Let's fight one on one. If you're a man of valour, you won't run away.

The Kitay looked at each other at this great offer. They spoke something among themselves in their own language. Dilmacı reported the result.

- You are wounded. How can you fight with us? A

light of pride flashed in Tacham's eyes:

- I am wounded, but I am a Sky Turk. I'll still fight.

At the command of the Kitay corporal, one of them jumped off his horse and, drawing his sword, rode towards Taçam.

Tacham asked dilmaca:

- Are we hitting?

- Yes.

- We have horses, and we're going to do this kind of pedestrian shooting?

- Yes.

- Why?

- If you ride a horse, you run away.

This word infuriated Tacham. He took out his sword and attacked the Continent. Fighting with great fury, the Kitay warrior was forced to retreat, but he not hesitate to make opportunistic attacks, showing that he was a skilful soldier.

The Continentals, who were watching the battle, were mentally waiting for the result. As the clattering of swords went on and on, their corporal said slowly:

- That's why we lost to them: They attack even the wounded like hungry wolves! ...

The corporal had just finished speaking when Tacham's sword struck the right arm of the trooper and he dropped his sword, his arm covered in blood. He was no longer able to use his sword. Seeing this, the corporal, shaken with rage, jumped off his horse and rushed at Tacham, dodging his sword.

The Sky Turk troops realised that they were facing a first-class fighter. They stood almost where they were, one attack after another, one after another.

they couldn't take a step forward. Kıtay first tried Taçam with strikes from right, left and above. The Yalı Gök Turk was stopping every strike with his wrist games. When he saw that this did not work, he started to turn around his sword. Tacham was slowly getting tired and realised that if the battle was prolonged, the result would be bad. In order to prevent this, he made a quick move and rushed forward and swung his sword with great skill in the face of the troop. The sword found its mark and long and deep line was drawn across the corporal's face. At the same time, however, he also made an attack, and his sword stuck in Taçam's bicep. When the young Sky Turk saw his sword fall, he felt a great pain in his arm. His eyes seemed to glaze over. He was going to fall. He wanted to pick up his sword from the ground. But sensing that he would fall if he took a step, he refrained from doing so and stood still, pressing his wound with his left hand. He had become a prisoner of the Kıtay.

Suddenly he saw that there was a stir among the Continentals. Something was said in Kıtay. Then, at the corporal's command, four of them rode off to the east. Then Taçam's eyes fell on the horizon and his heart leapt with joy as he recognised four horsemen coming from there. Were these the Sky Turks? But his joy did not last long. The departing and the arriving ones exchanged a few words and then came back together. Now their hopes of salvation hed. Then something happened again that Tacham did not expect: Dilmaç came to him and informed him that he had been left with Tungra Sem, the Nine Oghuz envoy who had returned from the Kıtay Hand, and that he would go with him to the Nine Oghuz Hand. He had been given his horse and his compasses again.

Nine Oghuz Ka, who died in a battle with Ilterish Khan  
tion Baz Khan had sent Tungra Sem to the Kiteays to make an alliance against the Gok Turks, but the Gok Turks had acted in a timid manner and defeated the Nine Oghuzes, Kiteays and Chinese separately. Tungra Sem returned home before he could do anything.

he was returning to his own. He had heard about the bitter defeat of his own Hand. In order to be able to do something, he was taking this Gök Turk soldier as a prisoner to the Nine Oğuz Hand.

After the Continentals moved away, Tacham introduced himself to Tungra Sem:

- You're not doing me any good taking me to Mrs Moon again. I've already come from her side, she said.

These words interested the Nine Oghuz elders:

- He asked, "What were doing with Mrs Moon?"

- First I was a prisoner, then he released me and sent me as an envoy to Ilterish Khan.

- Ambassador?

- Yes, messenger. Lady Moon also said she bows to the First Khan.

Tungra Sem fell into deep thought. How could he tell whether this Sky Turk was lying or not?

- He said, "Why don't you tell me about Mrs Moon?"

- I will tell you about Ay Hanım, Kum Sengün, Kadir Bağa, and I will also tell you that the Nine Oghuz Hands were in disarray...

After saying this, Taçam Mrs Moon. As he began to describe Kum Sengün, faith came to Tungra Sem: Tacham was not lying.

- All right, brave! I'll let you go!

He cauterised his wound and put some rations in his sack. Tacham no longer felt the pain of his wounds and his suffering. he was fed. After feeding himself, he headed south. After a comfortable journey of two days, he crossed the Turkeline.



## Crazy Ersegun

After AÇAM had his wounds groomed by a good luthier♦, with the guidance of Bilge Tonyukuk, Ilteriş Kagan

He appeared before him and fulfilled his embassy and told all he knew about the Nine Oghuzs and Kitays. Then he went to see his father Urungu and reported Ay Hanim's greetings. After that, he went into his tent and lay down on his bed to get tired and gather his strength. But before he could have his first talk with his brother and children, the door of the tent opened rapidly and Deli Ersegün rushed in like a gale.

Ersegün, who was thirteen or fourteen years old but as big as a seventeen year old boy, was the eldest son of Captain Örlen. The courage and strength of his grandfather Böğü Alp was manifested in him, and he went so far in this respect that he surpassed his father and grandfather in this respect that he finally became known as Deli Ersegün among the Gök Turks. He fought with wolves and bears in the mountains, drove his horse to the cliffs and hunted for refugees, travelled to China and Kitay alone and slaughtered goods, wrestled with all comers, and refused to accept defeat.

As soon as he entered the tent, he knelt down next to Tacham and sat cross-legged:

- He said, "You saw the woman who killed my father?"

. For some reason Taçam was very fond of Deli Ersegün. Smiling:

- I saw it, he replied.

big boy started talking like a thunderer:

- I'm going to take revenge on the woman who wounded your father and killed mine. Tell me where she is, where she stops! ...

- Ersegün! You are telling the truth, but Ay Hanım is the daughter of a kagan and she is under the command of Ilterish Khan. We have defeated the Nine Oghuzes and smashed them to pieces. Where else can we take revenge on them?

Ersegun the Mad was in no mood to listen to the rules of war and peace. He was resisting:

- Just let me know where they landed and don't get involved in anything else!...

Tacham tried to talk him out of it:

- Even if I tell you where it is, you will not find it. When I entered the tent of Ilterish Khan as the envoy of Ay Hanım, Bilge Tonyukuk spoke a true word: "The Nine Oghuzes have moved and put Taçam in order to cover their tracks." Bilge Tonyukuk is not wrong. You will not be able to find them. The Nine Oghuzes are not a big hand now so that you can search for them in the grey countryside! All of them are thirty tents or less.

But Tacham's advice was useless. When he told Ersegun where the Nine Oghuzes were, the crazy boy did not stop for a moment. He threw his ten days' rations into the saddle of his horse, took his bow, quiver and sword and set off.

He rode at full speed, watching the horizon with his eyes. He also walked at night, occasionally taking a nap by leaning on his horse's neck. Twice a day he made his horse take a break and then he rode again.

Finally, he reached the Nine Oghuz. One morning, when he was travelling at full speed, the tents he saw on the horizon told him that he was approaching Ay Hanım in a way that left no room for any doubt. Taçam said thirty tents. Ersegun counted fifty tents. So, they had multiplied. A preparation was noticeable in the oba. They probably wanted to get away from here. The crazy boy realised that he had done well by travelling day and night and rode his horse with joy. Since he was the only one, the Nine Oguz did not pay much attention.

When he got to the lodge, he got off his horse and went to the first man he met:

- He said, "I've come to see Mrs Moon!

Nine Oguz asked:

- Who are you?

- I am a Sky Turk. They call me Ersegun Beğ. Act quickly!

have something to talk to Mrs Ay.

When Dokuz Oğuz realised that the other was a Gök Turk, he looked at him suspiciously, then walked away and came back a little later with Captain Kadir Bağa. The captain asked:

- What will you tell Mrs Moon?

- I can only tell him that. You see that I get to him.

Nine Oghuz brothers:

- He left saying, "Wait a while.

went in and out. Then he came to Ersegun:

- Follow me. You will enter the Moon Lady's hut!" he said. With the captain in the front and Ersegün in the back, they entered the otba and bowed to the Moon Lady by kneeling on the ground. Kum Sengün and -Tungra Sem were standing on both sides of Moon Lady. tired.

When Ersegun stood up and looked at the face of the kagan's daughter, he was amazed. This astonishment was due to her unique beauty and the warrior look that her face carried among this beauty.

- Welcome home Ersegun Beğ! What do you want to tell me?...

Although he was a child, the harmony of this voice resonated in Ersegün's heart. He forgot what to say. There was a long silence in the otag.

Mrs Ay knew for sure that this sixteen or seventeen year old Gök Turk, whom she thought was sixteen or seventeen years old, did not come to the embassy even though he liked it. She could not make sense of his silence. Smiling:

- Will you tell me what they have to say to me, Sky Turk? Ersegün had recovered himself:

- I am the son of Captain Örlen, whom you killed!

and a heavy air descended in the centre. Nevertheless, there was no change in the face of the kagan's daughter. In her heart-warming voice:

-

- So, what do you want? he asked?

Crazy Ersegun got hot: .

- He shouted, "I have come to avenge my father's death! At the same time, Kum Sengün and Tungra Sem's swords

The captain, Kadir Bağa, knelt on the ground and asked for the floor.

Mrs Ay was still calm.

- Tell Kadyr Baga! commanded. The captain was furious:

- Give the order. I'll teach you a lesson outside the hut!

di.

Ersegun was in ecstasy:

- I'll play you for it. First you kill my father-

I have to deal with the colour, that's easy.

Mrs Moon asked:

- You wanna fight me?

- Yes.

- You're just a kid.

- You're a woman!

Mrs Moon stood up:

- Fine, let's fight. Wait for me outside!

When Ersegun comes out of the otag, Kum Sengün kneels on the ground

- Madam! Why are you living with this madman

"Are you fighting?" he asked.

- The Sky Turks have started to look down on us. We must erase this wrong idea from their minds...

Saying this, took off his tulga and put on his sword. He came out of the otag with three likes behind him...

They were going to fight in the large field in front of the camp. All the people of the fifty bands surrounded the area. Mrs Ay came within five or six steps of Ersegun and drew her sword. Ersegun did the same and bowed to her again, kneeling on the ground. Kum Sengün clapped his hands three times, and the child Gök Turk leader attacked Ay Hanım with a dash like a hunting falcon.

The battle, which was watched in respectful silence, went on and on without any certainty as to who would win. Ay Hanım countered the agile and dashing moves of the young Gök Turk favourite with steady and sharp attacks, sometimes one, sometimes the other advancing or retreating. At one point, there was a fluctuation among the Nine Oghuz: They had seen a thin scratch on Ay Hanım's face, oozing blood. Now they were very excited. They were not even breathing. Ay Hanım was striking with her sword from close range, for this she was constantly approaching her fatty, while the other was deflecting their attacks with blows hard enough to cut a cattle in two.

At a time when the nerves were at their limit and no sound could be heard but the clash of swords, it was suddenly seen that Deli Ersegün staggered, took two steps to the left and fell to the ground by bending forwards. Many people thought this was a trick of war. Because no one had ever seen a sword touch him. But the sword he pressed to his chest

When it was seen that his left hand was covered in blood, everyone realised that the Sky Turk had been wounded and had fallen, and they all took a deep breath: Mrs Moon had won the stroke.

The kagan's daughter came to the head of his fallen sword and looked at him. Ersegun had not put down his sword. He was pressing his left hand to his wound and looking at himself without saying a word even though he was in pain. Then Mrs Ay told Captain Kadyr Baga:

his wound! After giving the order, he walked to his room and entered amidst the joyful gaze of the Do- kuz Oghuz who honoured him by kneeling on the ground.

## Captivity of the Heart

**ERSEGÜN** came round in a week. He started travelling and walking. The kagan was very good to him with the command of his daughter. He was cared for and even given kımız. When the young beğ became able to walk, was a stir in the Nine Oghuz oba. When he asked Kadyr Baga, who visited him every day, what this was, he received the answer "We are migrating". When the captain saw him looking at him with questioning eyes.

- You will come with us. That's what Mrs Moon ordered!" he added.

Ersegün was both captive and powerless. He had no power to object, no power to challenge. He made no sound.

The Nine Oghuz had multiplied in a week and had become seventy tents. That is to say, those who had fled and hid in the mountains were gathering around Ay Hanım. However, after the battle of Tuğla boyu and the death of Baz Kagan, the Nine Oghuzs had submitted to Ilterish Kagan. In that case, those gathered around Ay Hanım were rebels, and although they had sent Taçam to Ilterish Khan and declared, they were slowly gathering and growing here.

When the group set off westwards, Ersegün was among them on a horse. His compass was taken. Captain Kadyr Baga was always with him. Crazy Ersegun's mind running away. He could not withstand the shaking of the horse.

If he was in a position to do so, he would not stop for a moment. The arrows that would fly behind him would have been too much for him, but he did not have the strength to run a horse. However, since he did not want to miss this opportunity, he was counting the Nine Oghuzes; he was casting secret glances at their horses, their compasses, their cattle and sheep. The clan of seventy tents had four hundred people. Eighty of them were fighting men. They all had horses. But their cattle and sheep were very few. I wonder if there were any fighters like Ay Hanım among the women? When he came here, something incomprehensible was happening inside Ersegün, he felt that he was becoming irritable. He had lost to a woman. When he thought of this, he felt like going mad. The girl who had killed his father with an arrow had wounded him with a sword. Now even the thought of taking revenge on Ay Hanım too much for Ersegün. What was he going to avenge? He was defeated, wasn't he? He was defeated by a girl. Shame on him! He no longer had the face to appear among the Sky Turks.

During the breaks and mansions, Ay Hanım welcomed him to her hermitage, sometimes she invited him to eat with Kum Sengün, Tungra Sem and Kadyr Baga. The daughter of the Khan was very good to him. During these meetings and meals Ersegün gradually realised something: Mrs Ay was unimaginably beautiful. When he was talking to her, everything else went out of his mind. At first he attributed this to his hatred, but after a while he realised that it was the burning of his heart. Oh, my heart! ... Even if she was the daughter of a kagan, even if she was the beauty of the world, was this the time to be attached to her?

Crazy Ersegün spent that winter with them. A lot of snow had fallen and all the passes were closed. Even though this was the case, still a few Nine Oghuzes came and joined the oba. They had become a hundred tents. They had even begun to practise their military drills en masse. Captain Kadyr Baga sometimes conducted battle drills with a hundred and twenty men in the winter. He said to himself.



and they never left him alone. Even though he was in the obada as a guest of Mrs Ay, in reality he was nothing a prisoner.

Despite his young age, Ersegün also realised that there were two kinds of prisoners. The first was easy to get rid of. It was the second kind of captivity that was the most troublesome. This was such a captivity that even if they told him: "Go to your homeland", maybe he would not be able to go. Because the Gök Turk leader loved Ay Hanım with the excesses of youth and first love, and he did not think of anything other than her.

He did not know what to do. He was waiting for Mrs. Ay to call him, and after he went to her otbah and listened to her voice, he would come out as if he had drunk twenty çamçak kınz and got high. If the interval between being called to the otaku was prolonged, he would get depressed, sad and become unable to see the world.

Only an old woman among the Nine Oghuzes sensed this gale in his heart. This woman, who lived in a tent with a ten-year-old boy and two younger granddaughters, had lost her two sons in the Tuğla clan war with the Gök Turks. Even so, she did not bear a grudge and said: "We are all from one clan". Despite his big appearance, she took pity on Ersegün because she realised that he was still a young boy. He also loved him because he was an orphaned prisoner, a good-hearted admirer, a brave soldier. He kept him under custody from a distance and talked to him occasionally. After months of this acquaintance, he realised that the young admirer had fallen in love with Ay Hanım and that he had fallen in love with her. The old woman was burnt inside for such crazy infatuations. Once a younger brother of hers had fallen in love with a beautiful girl, couldn't get her, got into a thousand kinds of trouble, and then died by vomiting blood. She wanted to give him advice so that this young man would not fall into the same situation.

One day in late winter, he met Ersegün in a secluded place:

- Sky Turk! have something to say to you!

Deli beg immediately frowned:

- Tell me, big mother, replied. The big mother began to speak sadly:

- I like you, brave one: I see that you have set your heart on Lady Moon. When I think of her eye-catching, heart-attracting beauty, it is hard not to agree with you. However, you should take care of yourself. Because the daughter of the kagan is very dangerous.

At this point, Ersegün looked at the big mother's face. But he did not say anything. He continued:

- He was Mrs Moon's nephew. She taught him a lot of secret knowledge. Lady Moon understands what is in people's hearts, senses what they will do, knows what they think. You cannot stand against her. Although he was twenty-three years old, he still did not marry. Because she could not find a man who could be her mate.

Ersegün's madness was raging. The big mummy he looked at me sharply. But again he said nothing.

- As beautiful as Mrs Moon is, her heart is as hard as she is beautiful. Her wrist is strong. She shoots the flying bird in the eye. No one can beat her in horse racing. She plays swordplay with the most skilful warriors. Five years ago he fought with Kadyr Baga and defeated him. The big captain almost died. Since that day, no one has been able to marry him. Consider yourself lucky if you can leave a small scratch on Ay Hanim's face. Kadir Baga fell down before he could do that too.

The woman fell silent. Ersegün's gaze had changed completely. He was waiting for the end of the conversation. It was heavy for him to be told that he loved Ay Hanim by someone else. It was as if the kagan had lost his daughter for good. The big mother continued:

- Ay Hanim does not make a mole, but her eyes are worse than a mole. She does not make you drink aug, but her word is sharper than aug. It does not pierce your heart with an arrow. She kills with her gaze. His smile will knock you down worse than a sword. Alas.

I'll do you a favour, valiant! Get away from here. Go back to your homeland before your mother sighs. Keep my word, reach your own hand. And don't take offence at me for saying so...

Ersegün again walked away from her without saying anything. After that, he did not know how the days passed, what was going on in the world.

Spring had arrived. Bir was lying in his tent at night and thinking about Lady Moon before going to sleep, as he did every night, when he overheard a conversation outside. From the half-heard words, he understood that the Sky Turks would march on the Nine Oghuzs again. He could not stay here any longer. If the Ilterish Khan's troops found him a prisoner when they came here, he would bear the weight of it.

Suddenly he sprang up in a fit of madness. He quickly walked out of the tent. He jumped on the first horse he found and galloped. An arrow whizzed past him as he left the tent. A thrown knife stuck in his waist. Crazy Ersegün pulled the knife out of its place and shouted:

- I'm short of a compass! This your gift! ...

## Cliff of Death

COVER The horsemen were travelling eastwards across the endless steppe. The caravan had been on the road for twenty days because the man at the head was a very old, octogenarian husband who could not ride fast. Two of the travellers, one forty and one thirty years old, were the old man's sons, and the fourth was the horse servant. The horse servant, who took a spare horse in addition to the riding horse, set up the small tent in the mansions and in this single tent the white-haired husband was sheltering.

It was the first days of summer, a beautiful time in the steppe. The caravan had crossed a small mountain. Suddenly there was a flat plain in front of them and a terrible cliff where the plain met the mountain. The old husband pointed to the cliff with his hand:

- He said, "Here is the chasm of death

The others were seeing this place for the first time. This cliff, which appeared as it was from the side of the mountain, was a terrible thing. The crevice, which was perhaps fifty men tall, was filled with a number of strangely shaped rocks. It was impossible to see the bottom of the rift. Strange sounds were coming from this horrible, invisible, bottom. These sounds resembled the flowing of water, the neighing of a herd of horses, the shouting of ferocious pars, the galloping of horses, and even the sound of a man shouting.

The old man was looking at the cliff with pensive eyes, wanting to revive old memories:

- He said Death Cliff takes a man and a woman every year.

Then he pointed with his hand to a distant rock:

- Flying Kam used to live there. Sixty years ago, when I was passing through here, I called on him. He said he'd come back here in sixty years. It turned out as he said...

Slowly they moved towards Uçar Kam's cave. No one was there. They dismounted and entered the cave. There were a few shoulder blades and a bearskin on the ground.

The old man gazed sadly at the ceiling and the walls of the cavity:

- He said, "At that time I was a young man of 20 years old. I left the Hands where I was born and raised because of a Chinese woman. I was fleeing to the Western kagan even though I had my newly married sister-in-law, your mother Almıla, with me... Because my own khan, Kara Kagan's katun İking Katun was going to have me killed. Uçar Kam had saved us from falling into this abyss in the darkness of the night; he had put us up in this hollow.

His sons and the horse servant were listening attentively:

- Flying Kam had read my fortune and said that in ten years all your comrades would disappear. It happened: The last of my comrades died in Kür Shad's invasion. You do not know Kür Shad. He was a piece of fire. He was the pride of the lineage of the Grey Wolves. I don't know if a sharpshooter like him will ever come to earth again. After I came to the Western Khaganate with Almıla, I entered the army of Tüng Yabgu Kagan. After the death of that kagan, I worked under the kings until the Western Hand was mixed. I fought many battles. I faced many tribes. I did not die. My eldest sons were more blessed than me. Three of your elders died in battles. Your sister got married and left. Almıla also reached her final resting place. I was left to bear the burden of the livelihood that no longer had any flavour.

I want to go to my birthplace and die there. You don't know Ötü ken either. How many raids we made to China from there! It seems that Flying Kam is also dead and gone. God makes time and all creatures die... Look, the abyss of death, I heard about it when I was a child. I know how many men and women are lost in this deep chasm, which does not take a man and a woman every year. If a man loved a girl but could not get her and went mad because of it, the madness in his blood would be calmed here. When I was riding at full speed towards this place with Almıla, we were suddenly stopped by the swaying of a bright light. A voice in the darkness shouted, "Stop! There is death ahead!" a voice shouted. This voice that warned us was the voice of Flying Kam.

"Show us the way. We can't stop!" I replied, "We can't stop. They may come from us!" I exclaimed. "No one is coming after you. You are safe!" reassured us and welcomed us into his cave. I still remember that day even though I came here sixty years later... Sixty years later... Sixty years is easy to say. These sixty years have buried so many men and brave men. They all disappeared. Kara Kagan, Isbara Alp, Kur Shad... Yamtar, Sanchar, Gok Börü, Three Sons, Sülernish, Arik Buka, Buğra, Karabudak... They all died... Almıla... She died too. I'm the only one left. I, the old Major Pars...

Major Pars raised his head to the sky. He stared at an unknown point with his eyes, which had been manoeuvred by the agonies of eighty years. Then he bowed his head in the manner of people who are exhausted at the end of a great cause:

- Come on, let's go!

✱

~ ~

The appearance of a few horsemen in the distance suddenly invited them to be alert. Arrows were drawn from their quivers and placed in the bows. But they continue to advance again-

it was. When there were fifty paces between the two sides, they stopped. One of the opponents stepped forward and shouted:

- Who are you? Where do you come from and where are you going?

Major Pars signalled to his eldest son. He took a few steps forward and responded in a booming voice:

- We are Sky Turks. We come from the West Hand and go to Ötüken.

Who are you?

The others talked among themselves then called out again:

- We are the Nine Oghuzes! It's a long way to Ötüken. Be our guest! The two sides slowly moved forward and met. Something was said briefly. Then Major Pars's caravan marched with the Nine Oghuzes towards their oba.

The Nine Oghuz tribe had grown to two hundred tents. But since there was no one from Baz Kagan's brothers, sons and nephews, Ay Hanım was still at the head. The Obans loved her very much. Although they paid heavy taxes to the Gök Turks, she made them live in abundance and prevented them from being attacked again by moving frequently. Now they had three hundred soldiers and this small army of valiant warriors protected them from the attacks of anyone.

Captain Kadir Bağa welcomed Major Pars with the command of Mrs Ay and hosted them in two tents. He immediately sent good cooked food and kisins and entertained them.

Pars was pleased. It was not a bad thing to rest a little before reaching Ötüken, which he was now approaching, to relieve the long fatigue and to go to the homeland more alive and stronger. With these thoughts, he always saw himself at night in his dream as he was when he was a corporal in the army of Kara Kagan. The terrible downpour they were caught in at the time of Chuluk Kagan's death and Buğra's death, the fierce battle on the Chinese wall and Arık Buka's death, the execution of poor Kara Budak and the moment when they were...

530 - Grey Wolves Rising

He relived his love for Almıla, how he had snatched her away from so many people. Among all these dreams, there was also the dream of Iking Katun. Sixty years, which seemed so long, had passed so quickly.

When Pars woke up from a long sleep, he found himself as alive and strong as he had longed for a long time.

The approach to Ötüken revitalised the octogenarian husband.



## Major Pars

When **INBAŞI** PARS entered into Ay Hanım's tent with his two sons and knelt on the ground, he was a little surprised. This astonishment was caused by the kagan's daughter's striking resemblance to Almıla. resemblance. Mrs Moon made him stand up:

- He said, "Welcome, Major!" and started asking questions:
- When did you get out of Ötüken, Major?
- Sixty years ago.
- Did you go out with a softie?
- No, by running away.
- Running away from whom?
- From Iking Katun.

And he told all of them upon the order he received. Mrs Ay was listening attentively and was very interested. When Pars finished his words, he smiled:

- Then we relatives!

The major and his two sons gathered themselves carefully. The Khan described the girl as follows:

- Anam Katun was Allya's youngest sister.

While his two sons looked at him with stern looks, Pars seemed to be saddened. The girl standing in front of him like a piece of Almıla reminded him of his beloved sister and a thin wire ran through him. With a bitter voice:

- He said, "You look a lot like Almıla, Mrs Ay!

With her magnificent stance, the Khan's daughter was gazing at Pars and his sons, looking into their eyes and reading what was in their hearts:

- Major, he said, why do you want to return to Ötüken?

- The fight for the world is over for me. I want to see my birthplace again and die there.

The Khan's daughter saw in the faces of the three Sky Turks in front of her the firm and unshakable resolve to return to Ötüken:

- He asked, "Will you come to Ilterish Khan as my messenger?

Pars kneeling on the ground:

- He replied, "It's your command!

-  
- -

Three days later, Major Pars was on his way to Ötüken as the envoy of Mrs Ay. He was bringing seven noble horses and a sword as a gift to Ilterish Khan. His eldest son Captain Ezgene was travelling on his father's left. He was a soldier with a furrowed brow and a sullen face. No one had ever seen him smile once. He had shown great merits in the battles in the Western Khaganate, two of his sons had died in the war, and his other children and his brother-in-law had died in the turmoil or in resentments. He had several sword wounds on his face. One finger of his left hand was missing. It had been blown off by a Chigil bahadır.

Corporal Yula, the younger son of Pars, was a young man of about thirty. He was an unfortunate man. He had been married three times, and all three of the women he had taken had died. The children born to these women did not live either. He had fought in almost all the battles in the west, had faced death several times, yet nothing had happened. He was on foot due to a pike hit in his troop.

he limped when he walked. He ate very little. Therefore, he considered it a real deficiency in life that he did not see Yamtar, whom he had learnt from his father. If I wait until I get angry to fight, I will die without being able to fight." He would say, "If I wait until I get angry to fight, I will die without being able to fight." and he would go to the battle, calmly, as if he was drinking koumiss. He was a very good rider. He understood the horse very well. For this reason, the seven horses sent to Ilterish Kagan as a gift by Lady Moon were managed by him.

The horse servant Çalkara was an Oghuz about twenty years old. Since he had no one in his homeland, he had agreed to come to Ötüken with Pars. He was leading his own spare horses with the sword sent by Mrs Ay to the Gök Turk kagan. He was a big and strong wrestler. He was so eager to wrestle that one day, when his horse was shot in a battle and he was on foot, he forgot that they were at war, he attacked a fatty who was on foot like him to wrestle by clapping his hands, but he came to his senses when the other swung the sword. Or rather, he did not come to his senses, his senses went out of his head. Because Çal Kara was severely wounded in the head with this sword and could not come to his senses for days. He was a very good-hearted, good-natured soldier. He could not bear to see wrestling alone. He would get sick if he did not wrestle. Therefore, in winter, he would go to the hills and mountains and wrestle with bears. Besides, in order not to be a spoilsport, he wouldn't take a rifle with him, and he would keep the knife in his belt as a precaution against the bears' spoilsport. Because the bears did not know the custom of wrestling, sometimes both of them would come at once, or they would use their teeth like knives. He didn't mind their claws so much. That's why he got claw scratches on his face and other places. One day, while wrestling with a big bear, they rolled down the steep and long slope, and when they reached the foot of the slope, the bear's brain was scattered with a rock they hit, and Çalkara's one ear was broken. But the bear died.

and because he was on his back in the queue, Chalcara counted him as a loser:

<"You died of shame, didnt you?" he laughed.

Sometimes he could not find a bear to wrestle with, then he would wrestle with his horse. His horse had also got used to it, and he used to wrestle a lot. But because the horse could not wrestle well, once hit Çalkara's mouth with his front foot and knocked out three of his teeth.

At first, they spoke sporadically and were interested in their surroundings. As they approached Ötüken, the conversations stopped... Their eyes were fixed ahead and thought came to mind.

Finally Pars Beğ's eyes lit up.

- Here, we have reached Ötüken! he said. When he said this, his voice sounded like that of Corporal Pars, who used to give orders to his soldiers in Ötüken. Now he was looking carefully at every piece of land, every mound, stone and tree; he recognised most of them. Sixty years of world struggle had not been able to erase the traces of the places where he was born and raised from his mind and heart. He did not realise how far they had gone. He thought that fog had descended on the steppe, which he could not see well because his eyes were moist. This dreamy journey continued until the first tents and the first people of Ötüken appeared.

The first captain they met gave him a guide. Thus, it wasto be sent straight to Ilterish Khan's headquarters.

## Ambassador of the Lady Moon

○ DAY There was a great ceremony in Ötüken. Sky Turk king Ilterish Kutluk Kagan was going to receive the envoy from Ay Hanım, the Nine Oghuz katun. The three brigades of the kagan were erected in front of the otaku. Pipes and drums were playing ceremonial airs. The kaghan's own soldiers wearing iron breastplates were standing on both sides of the otak like big boulders. Il terish Khan was sitting on his throne with Il Bilge Katun beside him. On both sides of the throne, shads, tarkans and emirs were lined up. Bilge Tonyukuk and Boyla Baga Tarkan were standing next to the khan. A tar who conducted the ceremony at the blood's signal, the pipes were silenced with davuls and a messenger:

- He shouted, "Here comes the messenger of Mrs Ay, 6inbaşı Pars Beğ!

All eyes were on the major.

Pars Beğ was walking with his two sons behind him. Further behind, Chalkara was travelling with seven horses behind him. When the kagan and katuna were twenty paces away, they stopped and all four of them knelt on the ground. Then Pars and his two sons came up to the kagan and knelt down again. Kagan:

- Major Pars Beğ! Welcome to Ötüken! he said. Pars answered:

- Welcome, kagan! I have come to your thrones as the envoy of the Nine Oghuz Qatun Ay Hanim and brought gifts and a bow of honour.

But I am stranger to Ötüken. I am a Sky Turk and I was born and raised in Ötüken...

The kagan, katun and all the elders were attentive. The Khan asked:

- What were you in Ötüken? Why did you leave?

- I was a corporal in Ötüken, under the command of Isbara Khan, who was then a captain. I took Isbara daughter Almıla and went to the army of the Western Khan because of the evil deeds of Iking Katun and his brother Shen-king.

The bad memories of Iking Katun and Shenking had not yet faded. At the mention of their names, a wave of disgust passed through the eyes of all the kings. İterish Khan wanted to learn about the Western Turks:

- Major Pars! Which kings in the West?

He asked, "What is it like there now?"

Pars looked in front of him as if he wanted to remember what had happened, and after thinking for a while, he started to tell:

- While there was Kara Khan in Ötüken, there was Tüng Yabgu Khan in the west. He was a great kagan, but unfortunate. The year Kara Khan was captured, he also died. Then Bagatur Sibi Khan, and after him, Sır Yabgu Khan came to power. , the Hand became confused. There were two kagans at the head at once. There was a lot of bloodshed. It became so that thirty years after the death of Tüng Yabgu Kagan, there was neither budun nor kagan left in the Western Hand... After twenty years of living without a kagan and without any honour, Eçine Kür Çur Khan took over and held the Hand for nine years. When he died, order broke down again. There was turmoil again for three years. We were hopeful when Eçine Kür Çur Khan came to power. But when he died before a year had passed, I realised that I could no longer live in the Western Hand. I had heard that a new state had been established in the East. I took my two surviving sons and came to Ötüken with my horse servant. As I approached Ötüken, the first Hand I came across the Nine Oghuz. Ay Haim at their head. Since his mother was theof Isbara Khan

On the other hand, this kagan's daughter, who belonged to the Grey Wolf Quarry, hosted us well. After showing her loyalty to Ilterish Khan, she sent a sword and seven noble horses as a gift.

When Major Pars finished his words, he took the sword from Ezgene's hand. He took it to the Khan and presented it. Then he showed the horses held by Chalkara behind:

- Mrs Ay wished for them to be accepted!

Ilterish Khan's troopers took away seven horses. A captain also took the sword and stood in his place in the array. Then Pars Beğ started to speak again:

- My sons Captain Ezgene and Corporal Yula have also come to join your army. They are both tested soldiers, he said.

The Khan looked carefully at the sons of Major Pars:

- He said, "Let them take on my men first! Ezgene and Yula advanced and kneeled:

- They said, "You're in charge!

The horse race was to be held first. Captain Börü and Deli Ersegün from Ötüken came out against the sons of Pars. They were to follow an aga c, which was about three thousand paces away from the kaghan's kagoda, and come to the kaghan's kagoda. A messenger had gone there earlier and erected four race brigades. There was not a sound. After the drum thumped three times, the four racers leaped out like lightning. First they ran in one line. Then Ezgene and Yula passed the others. Ezgene with his frown and sullen face was flying as if he was chasing enemies in battle, Yula with his calm countenance was racing as if he was having fun. Börü, knowing that his father had once come first by beating all the Westerners, was galloping, clinging to the horse's mane with the same hope and in a manner befitting a skilful rider. Deli Ersegün could not believe that anyone in the world could overtake him, so he was advancing by whipping his horse with hard strokes. For a while

this situation has not changed. As they approached the brigades, Börü was the furthest ahead, leaving the two brothers behind. Ersegün also caught up with him and came almost in the same line. They came to the bricks without breaking this sequence. Börü plucked the first brick and turned back. Yula, who took the second brick, showed here that he was a very skilful rider. Without making a big wheel like Börü in front, he suddenly raised his horse and reversed where he was and fell in front of Börü. Ezgene and Ersegün collided at the same time while taking tug. But they didn't fall and reversed backwards. This collision worked in Ersegün's favour and the captain overtook Ezgene by about ten paces.

The order did not change until halfway round the turn. After halfway, the race became both faster and more exciting. The people around the kagan's ottoman were trying to choose the four people who came by sharpening their gaze as if piercing the horizon. At the front, Börü and Yula were in competition. Yula was a horse length ahead. About ten paces behind them Ezgene and Ersegün were competing. Captain Ezgene was beaten by Mad Ersegün. But the gap of one horse head between them could not be closed. Even so, these two racers, who had been left behind, were slowly catching up with those in front.

It was about five hundred paces to the camp. Captain Börü had caught up with Corporal Yula. Now they were coming together on horseback. Ersegün and Ezgene were also travelling in the same line and were almost behind those in front.

Three hundred paces before the otaku, Ersegün passed them all. The other three were running together on horseback two steps behind him.

At two hundred paces, Yula overtook the others. Ersegün and Börü were right behind him.

Börü caught up with Yula at a hundred paces. Captain Ezgene's face became very grim. It was not nice to stay at the back.



Fifty paces away, Börü and Yula were flying in the same line. Half a horse length behind was Deli Ersegün, followed by Captain Ezgene a horse length behind.

Old Major Pars was very sad that one of his sons was left behind. But then something unexpected happened: There were twenty paces left in the race. Captain Ezgene was seen to stand up in his stirrups with a harsh whistle. Behind him, his horse jumped violently, pretending to rear. When Ezgene's horse fell to the ground, the gap between him and Ersegün was closed and the two horses were in the same line. At the end of the race, Börü and Yula were in front and in the same line, and Ersegün and Ezgene were half a horse length behind and in the same line.

The warriors jumped from their horses and carried their brigades in front of the otaku they planted it. Then, they drank the kismet offered to them by the command of the Khan.

Now the arrow was to be shot. Against the sons of Pars, there were four likes from Ötükenli. One of them was Deli Ersegün, who could not digest his failure to come first in the race. After the arrows shot from a hundred paces to the unmoving targets found their place with unerring accuracy, a cannon was tied to the top of a long pole and the bow was started to be drawn by galloping with the horse on the pole planted in the ground.

All six shooters found the target. Now a new test was to be made: A private was to shoot a thick branch quickly into the ground, while the archers were to aim at it from fifty paces. When the arrows shot from fifty paces hit the branch, the range was increased to seventy paces and Ersegün could not hit it and left the race.

When the range was increased to eighty paces, four men shot this too. The one who didn't make it out was a Thracian.

When the range increased to ninety paces, the Otukenians couldn't do that either. Pars was left with two sons.

Then it was seen that one of the braves was walking towards the king. This is the private kneeling on the ground:

- Great Khan! If you command me, me shoot arrows with these likes!

The Khan was pleased:-

- He replied, "You'd better, Corporal Urungu

Urungu stretched his bow and travelled. A sharp whistling sound...

The arrow was stuck in the branch.

The range was increased to a hundred paces. What an eye, what a wrist it would take to hit a moving branch at such a distance.... But before the admiring eyes of all the spectators, the arrows of the three marksmen found the target. Ilterish Khan looked at Major Pars:

- Your sons are good marksmen, Pars Beğ! He asked, "Shall we make another trial?

In Pars' eyes, the ceremony held at the Kaganate festival of Kara Kagan and the arrow shooting of Kür Şad and Isbara Alp there came to life:

- He said, "It's up to you, Khan. also writing Turks on the boards with fifty arrows each. Once Kür Shad and Isbara Alp shot arrows here for this purpose.

The Khan agreed. On three boards of the same size, the three honoured artists were to write the word Turk with fifty arrows each. The shooting started with the beating of the drum. The right hands went to the quivers with unprecedented swiftness, put the arrows they drew from there into the bowstrings and, releasing the bowstring, placed the arrows on the board in the most careful way. At first all braves were shooting arrows with the same movements as if they were practising. Towards the end, one of them seemed to overtake the others a little. There was no sound from the spectators. One wrong shot could make even the archer who was the furthest ahead lose the race.

Major Pars was looking at the competition with great attention. He was watching Urungu with the movements of his two sons, reliving the time of Kara Kagan. When Urungu shot the last arrow, Ezgene and Yula were the last

they were just launching their arrows. For a moment Corporal Urungu won the arrow shoot-out.

While drinking the koumiss sent by Kagan, Pars saw his face better and thought himself: "How much he looks like Kür Şad! " he thought. If he did not know that Kür Shad was dead, he could have claimed that Urungu was Kür Shad. This arrow shot, these hits and then this resemblance...

## Chalkara

The IRA came to swordplay. Against the sons of Pars

Corporal Börü and Corporal Urungu are out. Ersegun too he was going to leave. But he gave up when he remembered his shot with Mrs Moon. Two captains, Ezgene and Börü would play first. Both of them were wearing tulgas, breastplates and shields. After the third strike of Tok mağ on the drum, they quickly attacked each other with their swords.

Börü hit harder, Ezgene more agile. First, Börü was advancing. Then he couldn't move forward. Ezgene struck first and the sword landing on Börü's tulga stunned him a little. Blood was coming from his nose. The second strike was made by Börü and Ezgene's shield split in two and fell from his hand. Despite this, Ezgene was advancing, putting Börü in a difficult situation. Börü, realising the soundness of his retreat, threw down his shield and, feeling lighter, attacked, dodging his move. Now, with unprecedented swiftness, strikes and contradictions were bucketing each other, and Börü was advancing step by step. Suddenly they approached each other and exchanged swords. A ringing sound was heard. Blood began to gush from the deep scratch on Börü's face, Ezgene's tulga was shredded and fell from his head. Ka ğan smiled and stopped the strike:

- Major Pars! Your eldest son is defeated. However, he fights well. Now let's look at the other one!

The two corporals, Urungu and Yula, stood facing each other. Da vul thundered three times. Again the swords were grazed and Yula attacked Urungu, who was waiting in cover.

Urungu stood like a rock, deflecting the swords, occasionally a sword, while Yula, who was much younger than him, was constantly circling around him.

The battling went on for a long time. It was not clear who would win. Yula always, Urungu defended alone.

The warriors were getting tired and panting. With the thought of fatigue, they both threw down their shields at the same time and continued the game. Yula, lame as he was, walked round his opponent with quick steps, his face silent and clear, the delight of the spectators. They were both slightly wounded in the face.

Ilterish Khan realised what he understood. He stopped the strike and reported that the two corporals were evenly matched.

Now koumiss was being drunk, drums and trumpets were being played. Now it was the turn of wrestling. Captain Ez gene, who was a good wrestler, was up against Buluc from the East. Buluç, the grandson of the blacksmith who died while making swords for the Ilterish Khan's troops, was a sturdily built, big valiant man. He had never been defeated until now.

The two soldiers dived after a mutual struggle. In the first embrace, Ezgene's vicious trip knocked the big Buluç on his back. However, he immediately rolled over on his stomach and stood up with Ezgene, who was already on his back, and grappled with him again. Soon, with a skilful move, he trapped his opponent's head in his arm. The Otgenians thought that Buluç had won. But he did not win. Captain Ezgene saved his head with an unprecedented effort and gave Buluç a knockout blow.

544 . The Grey Wolves are being dired

and threw a terrible scythe. As Buluç was travelling on his side, he pounced on him and put on the yoke.

One shoulder of Buluç was on the ground. Ezgene was using all her strength to touch the other one, while Buluç was struggling with an effort beyond human strength to avoid falling on his back. They were making such an effort that their bones were crunching and their faces were red with blood.

This hard struggle lasted from one to fifty. While the Thracians were looking in amazement at Buluç's defeat, something unexpected happened again: Buluç, touching the ground with his shoulder in the air, quickly turned round and, raising his shoulder on the ground, threw Ezgene over him. They both jumped up. After a spin round each other, they embraced again. Buluç knocked his opponent down with a very hard trip. But Ezgene caught his wrist as he fell. He pulled Buluç towards him and lifted him on both feet and threw him back over his head while he was on his back. They both got up again.

Buluç was getting angrier and angrier. This Western captain almost touched the ground with his back, which had not been on the ground until now. After making a show of wanting to catch his head, he dived towards Ezgene from the ground. He put both feet grabbed him, knocked him on his back and pushed him. There was a short but exhausting struggle on the earth. Gradually Ezgene's strength gave out. First one, then the other shoulder touched the ground. Buluç had won the wrestling match.

Ilterish returned to Pars: .

- Pars Beğ! He said, "Your son did not win the wrestling, but he also showed that he was a great wrestler!

Meanwhile, a strange thing happened: The men of Ötüken saw the brave, who was the horse-servant of Pars the Thousand-headed, come out and begin to clap. Pars knelt on the ground:

- Great Khan! horse servant Chalkara is a skilful wrestler.

He said, "Let him wrestle if you command it!

The Khan agreed. The messengers shouted and announced Chalkara's wish for mercy. For a short time no one came out. Then Buluç came to the court and agreed to wrestle with Chalkara.

Buluç was tired. But he was confident and trusting because he had never been out of his class until now.

The wrestling started with great enthusiasm. The wrestlers, both of whom were well-built and robust, were grabbing and pulling, scything and tripping with a strength that would dislodge logs, and grasping the waist with a tightness that would overwhelm the wheat. The Easterners realised that this young wrestler was a very formidable fighter. Buluç, too, was opening up as he wrestled, his fatigue disappearing and he was in a good mood.

Major Pars was a bit subdued. His sons had lost the matches by small margins. He sincerely wanted at least his horse servant to win this wrestling match. But the wrestling was getting longer and longer, seemed to the spectators that it would never end. But the wrestling was getting longer and longer, and it seemed to the spectators that it would never end.

Suddenly Buluç grabbed the big Çalkara by the waist, lifted him up and slammed him to the ground, with a sound like a tree tumbling to the ground. I wondered if Chalkara would be able to recover from this blow. But he quickly turned over as if nothing had happened and stood up, shaking Buluç like a quilt.

They fought again. Buluç was constantly driving Çalkara, and he was struggling to hold on to the flat ground. If he couldn't hold on, he was finished. Because the blacksmith's toe was open, he was wrestling with all his strength, with all his mastery. Çalkara realised that he could not stop Buluç in this struggle, so he deliberately lost his waist to him and grabbed his arms. The two fierce men were now trying with all their strength to move each other from the ground.

One or two arms tried and manhandled each other.

Then Çalkara turned round and threw Buluç and threw himself on the ground with him. After they fell to the ground in a tangled embrace, they stood up quickly, back to back, one with his right arm around the other's left arm. In a blink of an eye, they put their other arms around each other. This was an unprecedented, unheard of wrestling. Standing, back to back, with their arms crossed, they were trying to back each other up and knock each other to the ground. This brawl worked in favour of the taller Çalkara, and while he was doubled towards the ground, he pulled his opponent out of the air with a hard shake and hit the ground.

Now there was some lively and skilful wrestling on the ground. Chalkara was trying to put on the yoke, but the other was not giving anything. Buluç getting tired. Realising that he had to finish the job quickly, he madeHe stood up despite all the difficulty he saw.

Again they grappled with each other. Standing up, grabbing each other by the arms and pushing and wrestling, they were hard shakes, unknowingly hitting each other in the face. Çalkara's one eye was blackened and closed, Buluç's eyebrow burst open and his eye filled with blood. At the signal of the captain in charge of the games, the drums began to beat rapidly, provoking the wrestlers.

It was as if the spectators were not even breathing. The sounds of the wrestlers pushing, tripping, grabbing by the neck or wrists were heard, and all these sounds were drowned out by the breathing. Two big braves were panting like blacksmith bellows.

The wrestling went on and on, and they got tired and tired. They both hesitated lest the kagan stop the wrestling.



they were fighting to get the job done quickly. But the work was not finished.

At one point Çalkara knocked Buluç down with a trip, but could not defeat him. Then Buluç threw him to the ground with a scythe. But that didn't work either. Çalkara dived at his opponent's legs and knocked him down. But Buluç, who immediately turned round, grabbed the head of Çalkara and threw him over his head.

They could not win. At some point Çalkara must have been so hurt that he was heard howling, not grunting, but almost roaring. Then, with a terrifying lunge, he dived at Buluç, grabbed him by the waist and slammed him to the ground. A crack was heard. Buluç's shoulder blade was broken. His back touched the ground as he had no strength left to endure. He was defeated.

Nevertheless, he did not fail to get up quickly. He brought his hand to his mouth and spat in his palm. He handed the two teeth to Çalkara:

- He said, "You wrestle too hard!"

Çalkara could not see well with her black eye. Bending down, he looked at Buluç's palm and smiled. He brought his hand to his mouth and spat on his palm.

Three bloody teeth were lined up in the hand he handed to Buluç.

## Gokturk Ambassadors

**B** **İNBAŞI** A P RS Beğ's sons had been into the Ilterish Khan's army by showing their usefulness, and the old major had entered the ranks of the kagan's commanding elders. All these were good things. But now there was an unsolved riddle in his mind. Who Corporal Urun gu, who showed Kür Shad's mastery in marksmanship and was very similar to Kür Shad... He had learnt that he was from the black army. But it was also strange that a private who resembled Kür Şad so much with his arrow shooting, his condition and his face had no relation with him. Pars Beğ, with the experience of eighty years of rule, had sensed that there was something in this business. A person who has lived and seen a lot can certainly get into the events, and what others do not know he knew about them.

Pars Beğ was lying on his felt in the new tent donated by the kaghan, thinking deeply. About forty-five years ago, the hero Kür Şad had attacked the Chinese palace with forty of his friends and died in a way that would make all Turks proud. When he had received the news in the West Hand and learnt that his ancestors had also joined the attack, he had regretted not being there, and this regret had remained as a knot in his heart. I wonder what happened to Kür Shad's wife? This wife was Pars' aunt. How wise, knowledgeable,

She was a skilful woman... ... indomitable like a soldier, thoughtful like a kagan, in short, a unique woman. It was certain that she was no longer alive. But I wonder where and when she died.

Pars suddenly felt the urge to find out. The dream of his aunt was not erased from his mind. Maybe there was someone in Ötüken who knew and recognised her, he thought. But no matter who he asked, he could not get an answer. He applied to the oldest people of Ötüken. He asked and enquired. No one had seen or heard of Kür Şad's konçuy.

While the old major was thus absent-minded, a messenger came to the tent and reported that Ilterish Khan was waiting for him. Pars got up immediately. When he reached the kagan's tent, he saw that a crowd had gathered and that Captain Börü was among this crowd. He did not wait long. A tarkan brought him and Börü in front of Ilterish Khan.

They kneeled on the ground.

The Sky Turk Khan Major Pars:

- Pars Beğ! I am sending you as the first envoy to Ay Hanım, the Qatun of Nine Oghuz.

- Your command, Khan!

- You will tell him that I am grateful for his gifts, but that he should live closer to us because of our kinship. You will tell him that he should not constantly change his place and hide from us, because the Nine Oghuzes are my own tribe!

- Your command, Khan!

Ilterish Khan turned to Börü Beğ and began to speak:

- Captain Börü Beğ! I'm sending you as the second envoy to Lady Moon.

- Your command, Khan!

- You will count the tents of the Nine Oghuz and make sure that they send one horse and cattle and two sheep per tent.

and you'll tell them. You will tell them that if this tax doesn't reach us before autumn, we'll send a gang against them!

- Your command, Khan!

İlterish Khan thought for a while. He spoke something to Tonyukuk. Then to both envoys:

- You will set out tomorrow, taking the necessary soldiers with you, and you will be here in less than a month. The tarkan will give you ten balls of Chinese silk and a gold inlaid knife as a gift to Lady Moon!

The two ambassadors left the tent with their hands on the ground, and until sunset they were busy preparing for the next day.

-

..

The next day the envoys set off before dawn. Major Pars had taken his horse servant Çalkara and four other soldiers with him, and Captain Börü had taken no one but his ananda Urungu and a horse .

Long after the caravan had set off, Deli Ersegün caught up with the four na la and approached Pars Beğ and asked for an order to come with him, which was granted. Ersegün was coming alone at the very back. It was as if he was the third envoy. But he had not been softened by the kagan, he had not received any gift to give to Ay Hanım, he was such a strange, unprecedented envoy. Thus, there were ten of them. When Pars, the head of the thousand, realised that Ersegün the Mad was a restless boy, he left him to watch the sides and backs of the caravan. Ersegün rode along, galloped to the right or left, looked at the horizons, then stayed behind to watch the rear flanks, and when he saw no one, he joined the others and travelled with them for a while.

The leaders of the caravan were two privates of Pars. The first envoy could not go fast because he was old. At this rate, they hoped to reach Nine Oguz in ten or twelve days...

Pars and Börü go side by side many times, but rarely they were talking.

Urungu was the quietest in this caravan. When Anası Börü offered to come with him, he did not refuse. Because he could not find a reason to refuse. He wanted both to go and not to go. It was possible that the burning in his heart would cool down a little by seeing Mrs Ay, but it was also possible that it would spark more. He was travelling towards the unknown, thinking of nothing. He had an incomprehensible tiredness. What was going to happen? Nothing! ...

Ersegün, on the other hand, was going with a heart that was caught by the love of the crazy youth that came with a noise like a summer storm, but with a heart that was covered with the brokenness caused by the defeat of Mrs Ay. He did not realise what he was going to do. Was the Khan going to fight with his daughter again? It was not possible for someone among the delegation to strike such a blow.

He was going to ask her to marry him? It was ridiculous to propose to a woman with whom he had fought for killing his father. And what was he going to do? He didn't know himself. He was not sent to her by Ilterish Khan anyway. Besides, he had escaped while he was his prisoner. But Mrs Ay couldn't look at him as a prisoner now. ..

Ersegün expanded when his thought came here. In this way, he would have made an institution against Lady Moon. By coming there as a respected guest, as a Sky Turk leader, he would erase some of the shame of his former captivity.

If the Sky Turks were to attack here with their troops, as it was rumoured to him while he was in captivity here, it would be a feast for Ersegün, he would attack the kagan's daughter's tent without looking at anything, he definitely take her captive, and then he would give her a conchuy.

as a gift. But there was no such thing now. In that case, he was going to let it be, and for the time being, he was going to be contented with seeing the bright face of Mrs. Moon from the moon and burning face from the sun.

..  
..

One day they stopped at a water hole. The weather was very hot. Pars and Börü were sitting side by side, eating boiled millet and kurut. Pars pointed to Urungu, who was standing on his horse alone and looking northwards:

- Captain Börü! He asked, "Do you know Corporal Urungu?
  - How could I not? He's an old comrade and a friend.
  - Do you know Urungu's father and mother?
  - I did not see his father, I recognised his mother and I was with her for a long time in our four-tent yurt.
  - Can you tell me about this woman?
- Börü's eyes widened:
- She was a rare woman. She was the soul of our clan... he started to speak.

But Pars interrupted him:

- Not this one. Tell me your face, your form.

Börü thought by looking into the distance. Then he started to tell. Pars was listening with curiosity and attention. Suddenly he jumped:

- He asked if she had a noticeable mole on her right cheek.

Börü looked at his face in amazement:

- He did. He said, "How do you know?

Pars fell silent. With the theatricality of having lived for eighty years, he turned the word elsewhere:

- Once upon a time, I knew such a woman in Ötüken, he said. Then, unable to overcome his curiosity:

- He asked, "Do you remember this woman's name?"

Börü:

- No, she said, we didn't know her name. We all just called her Mum.

They were silent. The captain didn't understand why this enquiry was being made. He was now thinking about Urungu's mother. The pain he had felt for not being able to bring her the milk he had brought from so far away as to break a horse was knotted in his heart again. He could not forget that day. If he had come a little bit earlier, he would have been able to make her drink our koumiss. Whenever he thought of this, he would always feel strange and his heart would be troubled. This was happening again. Pars realised and asked:

- Are you depressed because we're talking about bitter things, Captain?

Börü told about the long run and the death of Urungu's mother.

-

.. "

Only on the sixteenth day of their journey they reached the Nine Oghuzes. It had been very difficult to find this tribe, which was constantly moving without leaving a trace. The tribe had grown again and exceeded four hundred tents.

Ilterish Khan's envoys settled in the oba and to Captain Kadyr Baga and decided that he should be brought before Ay Hanim the next day.

Pars gave a short instruction to his companions. According to this instruction, he was to speak first, then Ersegün Beğ and Urungu, who were standing behind holding five balls of silk each, were to present the armaments. After him, Börü Beğ was to speak and present the gold inlaid knife to him. Urungu and Ersegün by this unexpected softening, but they did not resist because they had received orders.

Urungu shuddered inside. He would see her luminous gaze and hear her voice like the melody of God. But with an oil that knocked him down with an arrow.

He would meet a lover who rejected him with the words "I am a black man". The whirlwind that seemed to have calmed down inside him would come to life againspark he thought had burnt out would be lithis heartaches would begin again. No, no; Urungu was a bit wrong. All this was not going to happen. It had already begun to happen... Here, his mother had unknowingly done him a disservice, and Major Pars had gone further in this disservice.

Ersegün was more puzzled. Because he did not have a long experience of life, which had been spent in trials and tribulations and which made one make the most accurate decision in difficult situations. He did not even know what it was to love a girl. She didn't know what to do, what to say, why she had come. She didn't know anything. He only knew that he had fallen in love with Mrs Ay as the first trial in his life, and that this falling in love was both sweet and bitter. He also had a wound: He was defeated by Mrs Moon.

When Pars gave the orders, he came face to face with Urungu for the first time and looked at him carefully. He looked like Kür Shad. There was something in his posture and speech that resembled the Gök Turk favourites. Then he was dressed as a corporal and two of his objects stood out: His cap and his knife...

This cap resembled a kagan cap and the knife looked like a kagan knife. Suddenly Pars' eyes caught on the knife and a light passed through his brain: Yes, this knife was Kür Shad's knife and it had come to him from Bumun Kagan. Like all the old people of Ötüken, Pars also recognised this knife and even knew that the talismanic inscription on it appeared at sunrise or sunset.

Urungu, who took the first watch in the envoy delegation that night, kept watch until the morning without waking any of his friends and distanced himself by thinking about Mrs Ay.



Pars' and Ersegün's sleep was not comfortable either. They were waking up every now and then and returning to their beds with the same result for different reasons.

Mrs Ay the envoys with great ceremony. The Nine Oghuz warriors were now well dressed and armed with ambushes. Major Pars fulfilled the order he received from Ilterish Khan:

- Lady Moon! My Khan appreciated the gifts you sent. He orders you to live closer to Ötü ken because you are related to him by maternal kinship. He does not want you to move and hide without stopping. Because he says that the tribe of Nine Oghuz is my own tribe.

Mrs Ay was listening to these words without moving. Pars pointed to Ersegün and Urungu standing behind him:

-My Khan sent you ten balls of Chinese silk as a gift, he said.

The two people holding the silks, two Sky Turks who had set their hearts on Ay Hanım, who was more beautiful than the moon and the sun, took a few steps and knelt on the ground, and waited until two of the Nine Oghuz warriors took the silks on Ay Hanım's signal.

The light and sharp gaze of the Khan's daughter lingered for a moment on these two men, one of them a child and the other an old man, who favoured her. After reading their hearts by fixing her eyes on their eyesshe lifted of them with a command.

The old Major Pars knew nothing about what passed between these three. But this most intelligent corporal of Isbara Khan, this well-behaved Gök Turk, matured and honed by the trials of life, did not fail to sense something.

Now Captain Börü was speaking:

- Lady Moon! I counted the tents of Do kuz Oguz according to the command of Ilterish Khan. You are four hundred and eight tents. As a tax, my kagan paid one horse and two cattle per tent.

to send a sheep. If this tax is not received before autumn, the Sky Turk army will march on you.

The Nine Oghuz elders, who listened without moving while Pars was speaking, looked at each other upon Börü's last words. Captain Kadyr Baga turned red and lightning flashed in his eyes.

Börü Beğ interested. He continued:

- My Khan has sent you this gold inlaid knife as a gift.

He moved forward and knelt on the ground and after the knife taken by Kadyr Baga passed into Ay Hanım's hand, there was a deep silence in the otag. During this silence, the Gök Turks and the Nine Oguz looked at each other in a very meaningful way. If this glance lasted a little longer, it could have led to a sword fight. The danger was averted when Mrs Ay started to speak:

- I also recognised Ilterish Khan as a kagan and informed him about it timesOur kinship also binds me to him. Nine Oghuz and Sky Turk are two branches of one tree. When heaven and earth were mixed, there was war between us. Now there is no turmoil in heaven and earth. All the orders of the Great Khan will be fulfilled. I will talk about this with the first envoy Pars Beğ tomorrow. For now, rest in your tents and travel around our yurt as you wish...

Sky Turks knelt down and left the camp.

## Urungu's Knife

Towards evening, **ARS** summoned Urungu and began to talk. **P** At first he was talking about embassy work. Then gradually the subject of the conversation changed; Urungu asked Gu when he became a corporal.

When it came to this point, Pars told about the time when he was first corporal and talked about Ötüken at that time;

- Urungu! Maybe I know him, who was your father?

The corporal's face blurred like a blizzard. He and Pars locked eyes:

- I didn't recognise my father, Major!
- And you don't know his name?
- No!

This now was spoken in a very full, very mournful voice. Pars was looking at Urungu without any change in his face, trying to make sense of his gaze and words, ignoring the confusion on the corporal's face, the irritation in his voice:

- You recognise your mother, don't you?
- She raised me.
- And she didn't tell you who your father was?
- He said.
- Who is it?

#### 558 . Grey Wolves Rising

- A warrior who died when I was young.

Pars, after a moment's hesitation, asked one more question:

- What was your mum's name?

Urungu looked in front of him. Then he lifted his head in strange astonishment:

- It never occurred to me to ask that, Major!

- How does it work?

- It just happened... had no one but her. He raised me in great hardship. She taught me everything. She was only a mother to me. And after she became a mother her name was worthless. That's why it never occurred to me to ask her name.

Urungu was going to say some more things. But just at this moment, Major Pars, whose eyes were turned towards the setting sun, seemed to remember something:

- Give me that knife!" and taking the knife Urungu handed him, he turned one side towards the last rays of the sun. A stamp was visible at the bottom of the handle. He looked at the other side of the knife. Here, too, the words "Bumun Ka ğan" were written at the bottom of the handle.

Pars was not fooled: The knife in Urungu's waist was Kür Shad's knife.

~  
~ ~

The most respected among the Nine Oghuzes was Captain Kadyr Baga. It was who kept the Gök Turk envoys in custody. He had ordered three of the most shrewd soldiers to spy on Pars, Börü and Urungu. He himself kept them all under surveillance. After the news that the Gök Turks were going to lead a chariot again he was sceptical when an envoy came instead of a chariot. He suspected that the Gök Turks had delayed and defeated the Nine Oğuz with the messenger.

he was afraid. Therefore, he sent a corporal with ten of his men to the south to guard against the Gök Turks.

In the evening, Pars and Urungu's secret conversation did not escape Kadyr Baga's eyes. At night, he came to one of the soldiers on guard duty and started to watch the tents of the envoys. He gave so much importance to this work that he did not eat so that he would not fall asleep and he cut his finger and pressed salt on it.

After everyone had gone to sleep and there was no one left except the sentries, Kadyr Baga saw one of the envoys' tents come out and enter the tent of the first envoy, Pars. Without making any noise, he immediately moved in that direction and, coming to the shadiest part of the tent, lay down on the ground and put his ear inside.

At first he could not hear what was said in a slow voice. After a while, either because he got used to his place or because the people inside started to speak louder, he could hear more or less what was being said and he recognised the person talking to Pars: It was Urungu, between whom there was an unfinished sword fight. Kadyr Baga lay down at the foot of the tent, hoping to learn something about the secret intentions of the Sky Turks against the Nine Oghuz. But what he heard was completely different. His eyes widened with astonishment. He stayed there until midnight, and after the İlrun gu had left, he himself slowly walked away from there and came back to his tent, but he was still hungry, so he attacked the food and absent-mindedly nibbled on his quiver-strap for fried meat.

That night, Kadyr Baga was always dealing with Urungu in his dream and he woke up in the morning. When he entered Ay Hanım's otbah, he did not know whether the news he was going to give would be of any value. After kneeling down and getting up:

- Last night, Major Pars and Urungu had a conversation I listened to her .. he began. Mrs Ay was waiting with interest.

- Do you know what Pars Beğ said to Urungu? Urungu said, I'll tell you the name of your mother that you don't know: The mother's name was Golden Tarim, he said.

- What did Urungu say in response?

- "Major, how do you know this and why are you interested in my mother's name?" Then Pars: "How can I not be interested? Your mother is my aunt." Urungu's voice stiffened at this remark: "Where do you get this from?" he asked. Pars: "I get it from the knife in your waist and I know your father!" Urungu shouted: "Tell me, who is it?" Pars gave an answer that I could not believe my ears.

Mrs Moon had become very serious. a marvellous light in her beautiful eyes that looked with curiosity. In a commanding voice:

- He asked, "Who is Urungu's father? Kadyr Baga:

- When he answered that it was Kur Shad, a sweet red colour covered his whole face and he threw his hand to the knife on his waist:

- What are you saying, Kadir Bağa? he exclaimed...

The captain was saying it absent-mindedly.

- It was already clear from the way he shot arrows and hit. We thought he was a tiger. It turned out he was better than a tiger. How did we know he was Tegin? Now I will do my unfinished fight with a bigger appetite. They say Captain Kadyr Baga defeated a Gök Turk Tegin.

Mrs Moon asked:

- What if you lose?

Kadyr Baga was a little surprised. He had never thought of this possibility. But he was quick to find the answer to that too:

- If I lose, they'll say I lost to a tegini.

Mrs Moon was silent. Kadyr Baga also dreamed of the sword trial with Urungu. The Khan's daughter was thinking deeply. After what?

- Captain, he said, you bring me valuable news. But it is not complete. Why was Urungu hiding the fact that he was Kur Shad's son? Have you learnt that too?

- No, Lady Moon, there were a few words about it, but I was so surprised and happy when I learnt that Urungu was the tegin that I could not hear the rest. I could not understand what I heard either.

- Did you find out anything about the knife in Urungu's waist?

- I learnt that this knife was a talismanic knife from the first khan of the Sky Turks, Bu mun Khan. On one side was the stamp of Bumun Khan and on the other side his name was engraved. However, this inscription and stamp could only be seen at sunrise and sunset. Also, the more the glory of the Sky Turks increased, the better the inscription on the knife was visible.

- Very well! Today you will bring the Pars bey to the tent before sunset, and before that you will receive the necessary orders from me! ...

■

- -

Towards the evening, Mrs Ay Hanım had made her arrangements and gave some orders to Kadir Bağa. When she took Pars Beğ into her presence, the door and curtains of the tent were opened, and plenty of light poured in. Ay Hanım spoke very briefly and declared that she accepted all the orders of İlterish Khan and gave Pars a beautiful bow as a gift. When Pars left, she brought Börü Beğ. He spoke to him very briefly. He said that he would send the requested taxes before autumn, only the sheep were scarce.

He said that there were not two sheep per tent, he would obtain and send them in the autumn. He also gave Börü Beğ a knife as a gift.

After Börü, he sent for Deli Ersegün. After a few heartwarming words, he gave him a belt with a silver buckle.

When the sun was about to set, he took Urungu to his presence. They looked at each other deeply. Mrs Ay had no intention to talk to Börü and Ersegün. She had acted like this just to call Urungu and talk to him. She had acted like this because it would draw attention to her calling Urungu out of the blue. His main purpose in bringing Urungu was to see his knife.

Mrs Ay looking at the corporal who was standing straight in front of her. On his head he was wearing a cap that he had given himself. He was no longer poorly dressed. İlderish Khan had made the Sky Turks rich. The lines of life and swords on Urungu's face gave him a different meaning. Even if Lady Moon, who reads hearts, knew nothing else, she could still understand how much he had suffered. She started to speak with Urungu's voice that made his heart tremble:

- Corporal Urungu! Those who have fat in war can be friends in peace. First you were greasy with my men. Then you became my comrade. Then war broke out. You wanted to take me prisoner. I wanted to kill you. God didn't fulfil what we both wanted. Now we face each other as friends. Perhaps this is our last meeting. So I want to give you a gift and ask you something.

Urungu kneeling on the ground:

- Ay Hanım! He said, "I am carrying your gift, the scarf, on my head!

The kaghan's daughter's brightly burning, bugle-eyed eyes turned to the setting sun. It was time:

- Corporal Urungu! Can you hand me the knife in your waist?



Urungu looked at his face in astonishment for a moment. After talking to Major Pars last night, he had become suspicious of everything. But he couldn't help doing Ay Hanım's command. He unsheathed his knife and held it out.

The sun was setting. The last redness of the sun was shining on the face of the kagan's daughter and made her look like a daughter of God who descended from the sky and was born from the light.

When Urungu saw him looking intently at the sun with the knife in his hand, he realised that he knew everything and turned red.

Now Ay Hanım was staring at the Gök Turk corporal, Kür Şad's son wanted to resist her gaze, he was resisting, but he felt that his strength was failing.

This battle of glances did not last long. It ended with Urungu bowing his head. As the Khan's daughter returned the knife:

- Kur Shad's son! Why did you hide this? he asked.

Urungu was shaken from head to toe like a man who had received an arrow in the chest. He was silent. The other asked again:

- The Chashidis hide themselves. You are one of the bravest and most truthful chiefs. Tell me: Why did you hide this?

Lady Moon's voice was now commanding. Urungu's heart seemed to be caught in a whirlwind. He was happy that the girl he loved had learnt that he a tegin, he thought that his mother's wish was broken, and he was surprised that Ay Hanım understood these things.

The Khan's daughter was now like a leopard. She was like a lean arriving, begging for orders:

- Tell, Sky Turk tegini! Tell me, Urungu Shad! Why did you hide this?

Urungu responded by kneeling the ground:

- I kept it to fulfil my mother's wish, Ay Haim! I promised her.

## Vu Katun's favourite

CHIN Empress Vu had decided to destroy Ilterish Khan, who was making China tremble with his terrible raids. She hoped that such success would consolidate her position on the throne of China, which she had seized by deception. The reports of the troops he sent to Turkeline were full of promising information: Ilterish Khan could only raise 20,000 men, including the troops of the tribes he had subjugated. Vu Katun was pleased. For he would prepare an army of 200,000 men, and with this tenfold superior force he would annihilate the Turks. At the same time, he would put his favourite "Hoay-i" at the head of this army and him the honour of victory, thus creating a have killed two birds with one stone.

Hoay-i was a Buddhist monk. He was not capable of leading not an army of two hundred thousand people, not even two hundred horsemen. He knew nothing but showing off in the palace and discussing state affairs with commanders and ministers. It was rumoured in the palace that he and Vu Katun had once had a love affair. The empress, now an old woman, was a legendary beauty in her youth. Hoay-i, whom she spoilt, was considered a degenerate snob by the serious men in the palace.

was an incompetent favourite. But he was the commander-in-chief.

He was so proud when he was given this honour that he tried to make announcements about the great proposals he had prepared.

Within a few days, all the people of the capital learnt about the expedition to Turkey. It was already noticeable that the gathering of çereri, the accumulation of provisions, and the arrival of thousands of çereri from other cities in the capital had begun.

On the tenth day after taking over as commander-in-chief, Hoay-i returned to his mansion in high spirits, seeing that things were going well. That night a feast was to be held in the mansion in honour of future victories. Food would be eaten and drink would be drunk in the garden with a large pool... The four aides were scurrying back and forth to fulfil the orders they had received.

Yin-shao, the lowest-ranking of the aides, worked harder than anyone else, but his organisation sometimes seemed very strange and incomprehensible servants. Nevertheless, in order to avoid seeing his sullen face, hearing his rebuke, or even being beaten, they carried out all his orders immediately. The squire had especially prepared the sharpest wine in 1:101 quantities, and then suddenly disappeared.

Fifty people came to the feast. In the garden decorated with colourful lanterns, the meal started amid the melodies of the musicians. The guests, among whom were ministers and commanders, were eating the food brought by the servants in abundance, they were cheered by the pungent water, and cooled down with good nuts.

After the junior aide Yin-shao reappeared, the other aides ate and drank. They left the organisation and conduct of the banquet to him.

Yin-shao did not drink at all, running from place to place, never leaving the guests and Hoay-i out of his sight for a single moment.

Towards midnight, the heads were already in a fog. The commander-in-chief had taken over the jocularity, saying everything, explaining the routes by which the march to the Turkish hand would be made, and already Herki was ecstatic with the joy of victory.

At one point he called one of his aides and said something to him secretly: Yin-shao was not of this short and secret speech, and of the fact that the servant who had made it immediately disappeared. He went away from the banquet-place and summoned a servant who was standing by doing nothing. After saying a few words in secret, he quickly came back to the banquet. The servant who had received the order from him was secretly following the other servant in the darkness, carefully observing the surroundings as he did so.

It was evident from all his movements that Yin-shao was waiting for something, waiting for an opportunity. But he was not in a hurry. He ordered them to drink very little. They were afraid of him, so they could not violate the order. The aide seemed to pity this state of servants. His sullen face smiled a little as he allowed them to drink another bowl, and the servants rejoiced. Yin-shao sent them all out to distribute drinks and food to the guests, and, taking advantage of the empty servants' quarters, sprinkled a little white powder into the bowls of some of them and began to pour their wine. The servants, returning one by one to their rooms, were astonished to find the squire Yin-shao pouring the water into their own bowls, and could not understand how this stern and gruff man could be so modest.

Some of servants who drank from the bowls filled by the aide drank, and after a while, under the pressure of an unbearable sleep, they curled up in a corner and fell asleep. These were the servants who had added white powder to their wine.

Yin-shao, thus reducing the number of servants working in the centre, substituted himself for them in entertaining the commander-in-chief and the guests, and thus was able to fill the bowls with wine.

A little after midnight, the other two or two, Hoay-i and some of the officers among the guests also fell asleep in the same way. Then the adjutant, with feigned haste, summoned a couple of servants and led the commander-in-chief to his bedchamber, where he rummaged about under the pretence of making him lie down comfortably. Taking the seal from the belt around his waist, he left the room with great composure. With confident steps he entered the divan room of the commander-in-chief. After writing something in Chinese on a piece of paper under the light of a candle he lit unhurriedly, he pressed the seal of the commander-in-chief with wax. Then he again quietly extinguished the candle and came to the bedroom and put the seal on the belt. He went down to the garden and continued to entertain the guests who were still standing.

In the morning, he sent the guests who were still standing to their homes with servants and horses.

He was fresh, for he was the only one of all the mansions who never drank. As everyone was falling asleep from fatigue and drunkenness, Yin-shao jumped on his horse and galloped through the streets of the capital. He stopped in front of the door of a small house in one of the outskirts of the city. He jumped off his horse with an agile behaviour never seen in Chinese. He banged the door of the house three times with three knocks. A middle-aged and poorly dressed Turk appeared in front of the opened door. He said in Turkish to the Chinese commander-in-chief's aide:

- I've been waiting for you, Karabuka, he said.

Yin-shao, the fourth aide at the Chinese commander-in-chief's residence, was in fact the fourth aide that Bilge Tonyukuk had brought there.

He was none other than a Turkic warrior named Karabuka. The information he had been gathering for many days had been greatly expanded by what he had obtained tonight, and he had learnt in all its subtleties how many routes, by which routes and under the command of which commanders the Chinese army of two hundred thousand men would attack the Gök Turk country. The friend who would convey this information to Tonyu kuk the Wise was a disguised captain who was now in the house where he had arrived. Karabuka showed him the order, sealed with the seal of the Chinese commander-in-chief, and asked his opinion. In order to prevent the Chinese army of two hundred thousand men from gathering at the desired time, a forged order to the Chinese commander-in-chief, who was to command the largest corps of this army and in this order the time of was shown fifteen days late.

Karabuka told his friend that he could do nothing more and that if he did, he would attract suspicion. His friend said

After finding the behaviour correct and informing him of a new order from Bilge Tonyukuk, Karabuka returned to the mansion with lightning speed.

the other one, meanwhile, was a very unpretentious

He was flying towards Ötüken at full speed, mounted on a Turkish horse and with a bow and quiver hanging from his waist.

When Karabuka returned to the mansion, he put on his false pride and became Squire Yin-shao again. As he walked briskly through the mansion, he saw someone making a secret sign to him from a distance. This was the servant that the other aide had sent behind him during the feast, who had gone off to an unknown place on a secret order from the commander-in-chief, and in reality he was one of the Turkish chashis sent by Tonyukuk the Bilge. The two of them secretly retreated to a corner of the mansion and talked secretly. Karabuka asked:

- What have you done?

Beriki in Turkish:

- Then I took off his clothes and threw him into a well. No writing was found on him.

Karabuka pulled out a forged order from the commander-in-chief:

- Immediately you will put on your squire's clothes and take this order to the place where it was written, so that you will delay for fifteen days the sixty thousand of the two hundred thousand who will fall upon us!

Glancing at the order, the mashgiach smiled vaguely, said, ♦Okay♦ and walked away.

After all these things were done, Yin-shao put some of the white powder in his pouch into a bowl, poured wine into it, and after drinking it in one gulp, he lay down on the floor beside the other squire, who had fallen asleep in a room, and soon fell into a very deep sleep.

## *Commander-in-Chief of China*

CHI  
NA Commander-in-Chief Hoay-i was seething with rage. He paced around the tent, muttering, while his three aides stone silent. Although it had been three days since he had set up his headquarters, his army had not yet massed. However, according to his orders, all corps should have been there one day before. Not even of the army of two hundred thousand men was assembled. The commander of a corps of thirty thousand men had declared that he would be delayed for a few days for various reasons. But there was no news from the commander of the largest corps of sixty thousand men. This corps commander should be executed.

he was killing.

This was the reason that bothered Hoay-i. For one thing, the possibility of raiding the Gök Turks had been cancelled. After a day or two, they would have learnt that such a large army had gathered outside the Chinese walls and would have taken measures accordingly. Then he would fall out of favour with Vu Katun. Vu Katun, who had done him a great favour by giving him the title of the head of the army when there were so many famous Chinese commanders, would no longer keep him after this failure.

Moreover, he was amazed at the disappearance of his most trusted chief aide, and strange things arose in him. remembered being so deceived in his choice of people. The job



The worst part was that he could not decide what to do. While he was in such a turmoil of thought, he asked all three of them, hoping for help from his aides:

- What do you think? What to do?

The second and squire said nothing and looked on. The fourth squire, Yin-shao, bowed respectfully:

- I can think of a terrible possibility, my lord, but I hesitate to say it, he said.

The commander-in-chief was quite startled by these words. He cried out, as if he thought that if he shouted it, his fear would dissipate:

- Don't be afraid! ... Don't be afraid! .. Tell me! .. The fourth squire took a step forward:

- Sire! We seem to have suffered a great betrayal... The Commander-in-Chief was marching in his tent when he just-stopped and jumped up and shouted:

- What?... What did you say? What kind of betrayal? The aide slowed his voice:

- Don't be angry with me, my lord! I dare to say it because you commanded me to say it.

- Yes, I gave the order, tell me... What are you waiting for? Tell me...

- Sire! The disappearance of the chief aide and the lack of news from our 60,000-strong corps makes me suspicious.

- What do you mean? Do you suspect the Chief of Staff?

- Yes, my lord.

The other two aides made a stern gesture to show that they did not like this idea. But the commander-in-chief:

- I was suspicious of him anyway!" and they stopped in amazement.

Hoay-i was a weak-willed man. He was very susceptible to suggestion. Yin-shao knew this and wanted to take advantage of this opportunity.

- When our corps of thirty thousand men, which we expect to arrive tomorrow or the day after tomorrow, arrives, our army will be one hundred and twenty thousand, whereas it was supposed to be two hundred thousand. There is no news of our two corps, one of sixty thousand and one of twenty thousand. Along with these eighty thousand people, there is no news from the chief architect. Perhaps he went to them himself to delay them.

The commander-in-chief shouted:

- How dare he?

- A man can dare to do anything after he becomes the Ilterish Khan's chai!

Hoay-i was shaken by this answer. After running his hand over his forehead in indecision, he asked again:

- So, what should we do? Yin-shao's out:

- Sir! If you give the order to the corps commander

Let's get the word out again.

- Yes, let's do that right away.

The second adjutant objected:

- But, sire, we have already lost three days. If he has not received the order we sent earlier, he will need at least twenty days to prepare and come again. In that time, we will be too late to march to Ötüken.

- Why should we be late?

- The Turks learnt about the work. At the same time, the season passed and our army lost many men due to cold and snow.

- So what should we do?.

While the answer to this question lingered in the tent in an indecisive silence, there was the sound of horses and noise outside. Then the sentry entered, saluted the commander-in-chief, and announced that a commander was waiting to see him.

This was the commander the corps of thirty thousand men, which they expected to arrive tomorrow or the day after tomorrow. After respectfully greeting Hoay i, he waited for his command.

The Commander-in-Chief was so confused that he did not even know whether he should be happy or angry about this visit, and he was still pacing around in the tent. Finally he came to his senses and asked:

- Where's your cherin?

- My cherim will be here in the evening, sire. I've come here at full speed to tell you the reason for my tardiness.

- Yes! Tell me, why are you late?

- Sire! I was on my way with my corps in accordance with your order when I was raided by the Turks and had to retreat, and then...

The commander-in-chief interrupted him:

- What is it? You were raided by the Turks?

- Yes, sire.

- How is it possible? Can the Turks lead troops this far west?

- They made us walk, my lord. After this first raid, they beat our walking arm relentlessly.

Hoay-i was almost terrified. Where had the Turks learnt that they had intercepted the troops gathered in the west of China? He asked excitedly:

- Have suffered many casualties?

- I've lost a tenth of my turf.

- It's no big deal.

- Yes, sir, its nothing important. important point is that...

The commander-in-chief interrupted him with a bad intuition:

- The important point? What's the important point?

- Yes, sire, that's what I wanted to say: Turkish horsemen shot a letter of Bilge Tonyukuk with an arrow.

- What? letter from Bilge Tonyukuk? Who did he write to?

- To you, my lord.

- Give it to , give it to me quick. It's not possible. What does it say? The corps commander takes out a silk cloth from his chest. was. Thereupon a letter in Chinese was written in coloured Chinese, which Hoay-i read in alarm:

"I, Bilge Tonyukuk, say to the Chinese commander-in-chief Hoay-i that you are not a good commander. Because you can't get your gang in the same place on the same day. Sixty thousand people Your corps will be there fifteen days after you. According to this , you have already been defeated ."

Hoayi looked at them angrily:

- He shouted, "How the hell does this guy know about us?"

The fourth squire bowed respectfully:

- It seems that what I just said is true, my lord. He's learning everything with the chappies! he said.

The commander-in-chief was struggling with indecision. Yin-shao had suddenly caught his eye. The young aide's predictions were spot on. He turned to the second and third aides:

- He shouted, "You're asleep!"

Then he looked at the fourth adjutant and did not see the faces of the other two, yellow with jealousy:

- I'm making you the chief marshal!" he added.

The new chief marshal bowed respectfully:

- I will try to be worthy of this favour, my lord!

## Chinese Cross

Two hundred against the Sky Turks of Hoay-i of **ASKUMANDAN**

The attack with a thousand men could not be understood.

Vu Katun was very upset when it fell into the water for some reasons. Especially Bilge Tonyukuk's mockery him almost sick. He started to look for allies in order to wage a war against the Gök Turks again and finish it successfully. The first thing that came to his mind was the Nine Oghuzes. Although the Nine Oghuz had been defeated and bowed down to the Sky Turks, it was certain that they were inwardly favoured. Vu Katun planned to revolt them first and to attack them from the south while the Gök Turks were busy with them. If this happened, Hoay-i's reputation would rise again.

The Chinese cleric discussed this proposal at length with Hoay-i. After talking with him, he asked his opinion about the man to be sent to the Nine Oghuz. The commander-in-chief gave Yin-shao, the chief aide-de-camp, his favour.

Vu Katun believed he was on to something big. He gave the chief counsellor a bag full of money with his orders and sent him on his way.

After crossing the great Chinese wall, Yin-shao became Kara buka. He was moving not like a Chinese chassid travelling from China to Turkeli, but like a Turk returning to the homeland. Thus he travelled across the endless steppe, slept on his horse.

yor, hunted game and made kebabs, and occasionally entertained himself by riding horses.

In this way, he reached Ötüken one night. He had deliberately chosen the night. He wanted to talk to Bilge Tonyukuk without being seen by anyone, and then set off towards the Nine Oguz. Karabuka told Bilge Tonyukuk all he knew and the mission he had received.

Tonyukuk gave him his new orders. All this was done in a very short time of the night. Then Karabuka rode northwards like a Chinese who had never seen Ötüken.

■

~ ~

While Karabuka was travelling in this way and thanking God that he was away from the boring walls and absurd customs of China, one day a jinx happened when he least expected it: As he was crossing a stream with his horse, the horse got stuck in a swamp. After a struggle or two, he sank to the bottom and drowned. Karabuka rescued himself with difficulty and threw him to the opposite shore. The worst thing was that all his food, money and sword were buried in the swamp together with the horse. Karabuka was left alone in the steppe with his bow and quiver without food and money. However even if he had a horse, he would be able to reach the Nine Oguzes only after travelling for three or four more days. He did not know what to do when he was left without a horse.

Karabuka thought about it: The road to Ötüken was further. Again, the best way was to head north, towards the Nine Oguzes. So he did so, leaving it to God. He started travelling northwards.

first hunted one or two and fried them. second he did not find any prey. He only drank water from a cold spring. On the third day he shot a hare and ate it in a boast. On the fourth day

On the fourth and fifth days he neither hunted game nor found water. On the sixth day he walked with trembling knees from hunger and thirst. He wounded a deer with an arrow. But the deer escaped. On the seventh day, because his hands were shaking, he could not hit a hare with the arrow he shot very close. He came to a wood. He lay down at the foot of the trees. He out in an unconscious state, between sleep and wakefulness.

The sun was setting. thought he heard a voice. He put his ear to the ground and listened: Riders were approaching.

Since Karabuka did not know who the visitors were and his own situation was suspicious, he summoned his last strength and climbed the densest branch of the dense wood. He hid himself well in the leaves and waited.

- After a while, ten horsemen came and stopped in the woods and started to eat their roasted meat, whetting Karabuka's appetite. The chashik who listened to their conversations soon realised that they were Gök Turks. In fact, these ten people were none other than the Gök Turk ambassadors under the command of Major Pars returning from Ay Hanım's side. When night came, all of , except the one standing guard, lay down on the ground and slept wrapped in their mats.

Karabuka was in the tree, waiting for an opportunity. When the guards were furthest away from him, he slid down the tree, trying not to make any noise. He lay down on the ground in a dark shadow. Then he crawled a little further. Stopping again, he waited a long time. Thirty or forty paces ahead stood the horse of one of the travellers. He took a quick look around. A sentry was fifty paces away. He got up without any hurry. He approached the horse with a very natural gait and with a little noise. The sentry suddenly turned to him and called out, -Who is it?

Karabuka had reached the horse. He settled on it in one leap:

- I'm going for a ride!" he replied, and then he set the horse into a trot and rode southwards. The sentry did not suspect anything because of the answer given in full Gok Turk dialect and because the horse was heading south towards Ötüken. Those who were not yet asleep at that time thought it was a madness of Ersegun. Karabuka, on the other hand, after riding for a while, grabbed the food bag, turned the horse in the west direction, and towards midnight he turned north again and started travelling towards the Nine Oguz.

-  
.. ..

When he reached the hand of the Nine Oghuzes, the provisions in the bag were exhausted and he was exhausted from fatigue.

Because the Gök Turks, whose horses he was chasing, realised what he was doing and chased after him, and there long, exhausting and exciting chases between them. Since Karabuka changed his direction in order to surprise them in this chase, his way was prolonged and he spent the last two days hungry.

When he arrived among the Nine Oghuzes, his first act was to ask for food. He introduced himself as a Chinese prisoner who had escaped from the Kitay and asked permission to stay among them. Nine Oghuzs announced this matter to Ay Hanım. The Khan's daughter summoned him to her otiha and interrogated him and suspected the way he greeted her by kneeling on the ground. Because this kneeling was done according to the Turkish custom. Furthermore, this man, who said his name was Yin-şao, was speaking in a beautiful Turkish with the full Gök Turk dialect, and moreover, he looked like a Turk, not a Chinese.

Only Captain Kadyr Baga was present at Ay Hanım's otta as a dignitary. Kum Sengün and Tungra Sem were dead. There was no other admiral left in the Nine Oghuz Hands except Kadyr Baga.



Yin-shao informed Mrs Ay that he had something very important and secret to say. She replied that if she was going to say it, she should say it in front of Kadyr Baga. Then Yin-shao took out a small leather pouch from his bosom. He tore this well-stitched pouch with his teeth and pulled a copper plate out of it. He presented it to Mrs Moon:

- I come as a messenger from Vu Katun of China!

di.

Vu Katun's seal is engraved on the top of the plate, underneath and the Chinese words <Nin-shao is our messenger> were written on it.

Lady Moon fixed her piercing eyes on Yin-shao. In her harmonious voice:

- He asked, "What does the Chinese katun want from me? The envoy answered:

- They worked together to eliminate the Gok Turks.

Mrs Ay kept silent. The envoy continued his words:

- The Chinese court has prepared an army of two hundred thousand men. After the Gök Turks disappear, the Nine O ğuz will settle in Ötüken, and the Chinese court will send you millet and ku mash every year.

- When the Chinese army is strong enough to destroy the Sky Turks, does it need the help of a few hundred of our soldiers?

The Chinese envoy hesitated a little on this question. But he did not delay in finding the answer:

- No matter how small the Nine Oghuz troops are, they still of great value in terms of valour. Such a valiant army cannot be neglected when fighting against such a formidable army as the Gök Turks.

- Well said, messenger! But messengers don't come disguised. Why did you come in disguise?

- Even the Nine Oghuzes should not have heard of my secret blow. I came in secret because Vu Katun ordered me to.

Mrs Ay was lost in thought. Although she was looking at the envoy, she was thinking of various possibilities. Karabuka, on the other hand, felt uncomfortable with the gaze of the kagan's daughter and could not help marvelling at her beauty.

Finally, Ay Hanım gave Kadir Bağa a large sum and told him to host the envoy in any tent of any Nine Oghuz and took him out of his tent saying "I will call you again".

Then, in fulfilment of the command he had received, Kadyr Baga came to him again:

- Captain! Keep an eye on this envoy. I think he is a Sky Turk!" he said in amazement.

## Karabuka

**K**ARABUKA,  
anladığı

He was obliged to act more cautiously because  
Mrs Moon was suspicious of him.

Now he two tasks: He pushed Mrs Moon to China

He was to deceive him and report his answer to Bilge Tonyukuk. I  
wonder if this latter was his main task.

Did the lady understand?

Karabuka remained inactive for a few days to dispel the suspicion. He did not talk to anyone and did not travel much. But because he was smart and insightful, he was trying to understand everything among the Nine Oghuz, he was trying to learn their power. They had now become a hand of five hundred tents. Their men were robust and dashing. They could raise about a hundred warriors on horseback. They loved Ay Haim very much and he was doing his best to raise his tribe. Their possessions and cattle were not small. Their biggest shortcoming was that there were not enough captains and corporals among them. A few days after Karabuka's arrival, Mrs Ay had made Kadyr Baga a major. He could not understand what they thought about the Sky Turks and Ilterish Khan. He could have learnt this if he had come among them and talked to them, but he did not meet with anyone immediately in order not to arouse suspicion.

Major Kadir Bağa often saw him and talked about some things. Each time Karabuka would ask when Mrs Ay would reply, showing impatience.

One day, while they were talking like this again, Kadyr Baga suddenly asked an unexpected question:

- Yin-Shao! What happened to Kur Shad's son who stormed the Chinese palace? Karabuka was surprised. Where did this question come from? Was he asking for a special purpose? He did not even know whether he was Kur Shad's son or not. But as a Chinese envoy, he was surprised to be asked such an important question. He could not show ignorance in his knowledge. He answered immediately:

- We extinguished Kür Shad's hearth. He had no son and no one left.

Kadyr Baga asked this question on the command of Ay Hanim and immediately delivered Yin-shao's answer to the kagan's daughter. Karabuka was intrigued in another way. Why was the memory of a battle of forty or fifty years ago being recalled all of a sudden?

Suddenly, he remembered a sword that had been in all tongues in the days when İterish Khan had raised the first tughon: This sword, made by an old blacksmith, had been prepared for Kür Şad's son. Kür Shad's son could not be found. But the blacksmith could not have made it for no reason, perhaps he knew something. I wonder if Kür Shad had a son? Was he alive?

He could have been alive. But what would be the point of being alive? Karabuka was suddenly startled: If Kür Şad's son was alive, he could ask for the kaganate, he could oppose İterish Khanthus Turke li could be torn apart.

Why Kadyr Baga asked him about Kür Shad's son? Was he alive and they had heard from him? Or was Kür Şad's son about to claim the kingship and he had asked for help from the Nine Oghuzes?

Karabuka a few days thinking about this matter. When nothing came out of his thinking, he left his caution and searched the mouths of some Nine Oguz. But he still could not learn anything useful.

Thus the days passed and one day they were told that Mrs Ay was waiting for them. On either side of the kagan's daughter, Major Kadir Bağa and a captain were present at the otak. Ay Hanım gave the Chinese envoy the answer he wanted without making him wait long: She informed him that they could not help China to destroy the Gök Turks and gave gifts to Yin-şao and ordered him to set off the next day. When Karabuka came out of the otak, Lady Moon said to the elders with him:

- If he does not sense that we have learnt that he is a Sky Turk, we will be more comfortable for a while. If he has, we should expect a new attack by the Sky Turks soon.

Karabuka was on his way the next day. He wanted to inform Bilge Tonyukuk of his suspicions about Kür Şad's son as soon as possible.

Entering Ötüken again under the cover of night, he arrived at Bilge Tonyukuk's tent. He explained what he knew and his suspicions. When Kür Şad's son was mentioned, Tonyukuk fell into a deep thought. This seemed to have frightened him a little. But it was not his custom to dwell too much on things he could not solve. He raised his head and asked Karabuka:

- Did the Nine Oghuz realise that you are a Sky Turk?
- I guess they understood.
- Mrs Ay must have realised. Nothing escapes her eyes. We can't miss that they are getting stronger day by day. There is no choice but to march against them...

Then he gave him new orders about what to do in China. Soon Karabuka was riding towards China, and an unknown horseman was chasing him from afar in the darkness.

After a while, the Gok Turk, who realised that he was being followed, could not make any sense of it, but he did not hesitate to speed up his horse.

In the sky, the half-moon occasionally entered the clouds, then came out and spread its light over the endless steppe. The two horsemen were racing four to five hundred paces apart. Karabuka was looking for a hill, a stream or a wood to hide himself, but otherwise nothing could be seen but a wide plain stretching as far as the eye could see.

Glancing behind him for a while, Karabuka grasped his bow and drew an arrow from his quiver when he saw the unknown horseman approaching. The horseman coming after him had seen this movement. However, he was riding without paying any attention and was trying to close the gap.

They went on like this for some time. The gap was down to three hundred paces. The harmonious sound of galloping horses resounded in the steppe, the foaming horses were tired, but they did not lose their speed.

Karabuka turned his head again and looked back. The two riders had entered the danger zone for each other. The gap was about two hundred and fifty paces. The arrows to be shot from this gap could do mischief to both horsemen. Without waiting any longer, Karabuka placed the arrow on the bowstring and aimed it behind him. He was going to shoot. Just then the other horseman's booming voice rumbled across the steppe:

- Hey, Yin-shao... How you release an arrow if you don't know how to do it?

As he shouted this, his horse reared and stopped. Karabuka, finding it pointless to flee in the face of this stranger who called him by his Chinese name, tightened his grip.

Now two riders, on the vast steppe, half a moon in the light of the lights it emitted, standing two hundred and fifty paces apart.

Karabuka was looking at the unknown horseman with sharp eyes as if he wanted to recognise him, while the other was stroking his horse's mane and leaning forward. Karabuka could not recognise who the other person was among all the possibilities that passed through his mind. He had no choice but to ask out loud:

- Who are ? name your seven ancestors?

This question remained unanswered. While Karabuka was waiting for an answer, the other was still stroking his horse's mane and was paying any attention. Karabuka shouted again and repeated his question. Karabuka the rider opposite him raised his head:

- He shouted, "t you Yin-shao?

- I am Yin-shao. And who are you?

- A Turk like you.

Karabuka began to feel anger towards this unknown man who recognised him:

- I'm not a Turk. I am Chinese!" he replied. The other greeted this with loud laughter.

The Gok Turk's patience was exhausted. This stranger was not a friendly man. Suddenly, galloping his horse, he charged towards him and shot his arrow. Then the other quickly turned his horse round and started to run away. But he had just shown that his horse was superior. The moon, as if to help this savage, had come behind the clouds and prevented Karabuka from firing the second arrow. The distance between them was growing. Karabuka was not willing to chase until the end anyway. Stopping his horse, he thought for a moment who this stranger was. He couldn't find out. Thinking whoever it was, he headed south again.

-  
- -

586 - Grey Wolves Dirlıllıyör

Meanwhile, Major Kadyr Baga, who had been following him for days and realised that he had spoken to Bilge Tonyukuk, rode northwards:

- It turns out that Yinshao was a Sky Turk. Miss Moon is infallible... Mrs Moon is infallible! she thought.



## Akin

**Y**IRMI thousand horsemen were flowing southwards at full speed. Ilterish Qutluk Khan's three tughas were fluttering in the air, and the horses' hoofbeats with occasional sharp commands were heard in the grey humming in the countryside.

The Gok Turk khan, accompanied by the commander-in-chief Bilge Tonyukuk, rode in the midst of twenty thousand horsemen, followed by his two brothers, Boyla Baga Tarkan, a few likes, börüler and guards.

After Bilge Tonyukuk analysed the reports from the chashis and took measures to deceive China, he reported the situation to the khan, and the khan, taking advantage of this favourable situation, decided to attack China without delay.

The largest army that Ilterish Qutluk Khan could raise was prepared and gathered with lightning speed and headed towards China with the same speed.

Squadrons of a hundred men were flying in a straight line like a sword's back. Sharp glances were directed forward, watching the enemy with a natural habit, and while the raid was being made, everything belonging to individuals and every emotion belonging to the hearts was left behind.

On the third evening of the raid the army halted for the first time. Before that, only short breaks were taken, and the troops

Even at night, he marched on foot and stood against the Chinese wall. That night, by the order of the kaghan, no fire was to be lit, no talking was to be done, and no movement was to be made. Only everyone was to wait by his horse, ready for battle at any moment, and as soon as the attack trumpet sounded, he was to ride after the captains who lit kindling. All the captains had prepared their kindling on long sticks. The companies were lined up side by side and in a row, waiting without making any noise, almost without breathing.

A very agile and sharp-eyed corporal left the army on foot, advanced on foot, got very close to the Chinese wall, lay down on the ground and began to watch ahead. This corporal was waiting for the signal from the Chinese wall. He had a pipe and kindling with him, and he was always looking ahead, occasionally stroking his sword with his hand.

Karabuka to give the signal they expected from the Chinese wall. But no one in the whole army knew Karabuka except the kagan and Bilge Ton yukuk.

The corporal, who was looking ahead and occasionally turning his head to the right and left, suddenly seemed to see a faint light and immediately reached for the pipe. After a short moment, this light was properly lit and visible. At the same time, some shouting from there hit his ears. The corporal jumped up with lightning speed, turned back and signalled blowing his pipe, which he raised a little in the air, three times in the direction of the Sky Turk army. Then, again with lightning speed, he took hold of his kindling and, raising and waving it, began to run towards the Chinese wall, where the light was visible. At this very moment, the attack trumpet was sounded from the Sky Turk army, and twenty thousand horsemen from behind the two hundred torches that were ignited in an instant rushed towards the wall with terrible war cries. The corporal of the lookout, waving his tinder, ran at full speed to the place where the signal had been given, and the captains, who had attacked their companies, chased the lookout. This was done so quickly that it was possible to see...

In no time to count from one hundred to one hundred, the Sky Turk army had reached the bottom of the Chinese walls and entered through an open door.

After giving the signal with fire, Karabuka opened the door together with another Turkish chashik who helped him. But when he gave the signal, he was seen by the Chinese,  
..the Chinese rushed at him shouting.

In a difficult situation, idL had to make a decision with lightning speed in order not to spoil the work prepared with such delicacy at the last moment. And so he did. He shouted to his mate as he swept his sword with ferocity:

- Run out the door! ... Arrow those who want to close it! ...

While his friend was doing what he said, he turned back and dived at the Chinese coming after him. For a moment was a commotion as if a falcon had entered a flock of crows. Karabuka and his friend had bought the Gök Turk army the necessary time. The Gok Turk army was so close that there was no way to close the gate, and the Chinese knew this, so they were dealing with their lives, not with the gate.

Karabuka had suffered a few minor wounds as he dived into a mass of Chinese and sliced through them. Now that he had accomplished his mission, he could think about saving himself. He started to ascend the roundabout stairs with a quick dash. As he did so, he sheathed his sword and, reaching for the quiver, placed the drawn arrow in the bowstring. Stopping at the bend, he smashed it into the body of the first Chinaman, a shadow in the darkness. With the same swiftness he knocked down the second one.

Had it been any other time, the Chinese would not have advanced in such a situation, they would have stopped and retreated. But when the Gok Turk army entered the gates of the Chinese wall with terrible war cries, and on the other hand, while they were putting ladders against the wall, not a single person in front of them could stop them. Karabuka also calculated this and acted accordingly. When he realised that he could not stop the Chinese, he started to run away again.

As he was running fast, the whizzing of the arrow that came after him and passed over his shoulder made him pause for a moment. He drew an arrow and shot it towards the Chinese.

In the meantime, fires were lit in all the towers of the Chinese wall and the Gok Turk raid was announced back home.

Karabuka was running ahead to get to where the Chinese wall curved. He knew there was a staircase to get down. He hoped that if he reached there he would lose himself from the eyes of the Chinese in the darkness. But as he got closer, he was approaching the perimeter, the danger zone, lit by the fire from the tower further on. He stopped for a moment, drew another arrow behind him, and then running again.

Fifty paces to the bend. An arrow flew past his right.

Forty paces away, an arrow whizzed over his head. At thirty paces, two arrows flew from his left side.

There were twenty paces left. Suddenly, without realising what had happened, he was thrown forward like a person thrown into the water and stopped, dragging himself a few steps on the ground.

Then he felt a pain in his leg and realised he had been wounded. An arrow had pierced his groove and stayed there. Since Kara buka was a Sky Turk captain, he could not accept defeat. He grabbed his quiver from where he was lying, drew the arrow, placed it in his bow, and let it fly. The forof the Chinese, who was running forty paces behind, was shot in the heart and fell like a log; he died. This dead Chinese the officer of the pursuers. With his fall, the Chinese paused for a moment in astonishment, which the Sky Turk captain time and opportunity. With great effort, he stood up and tried to run towards the bend. But his leg, which was stabbed by the arrow, was so sore so tired that it was impossible to there wasn't. I took five or six steps walk

he fell again and drew another arrow and shot it with his quiver. He knocked down another Chinese.

Now they were well under the light of the tower. Karabuka saw that there were seven of them chasing him and at that moment he received an arrow in his tulga. It was a warning: The arrow could come from a little further down and destroy him. He crawled towards the bend. There were six or seven paces to go. But what was the use of getting there now? Wasn't it futile to endeavour to get there when you couldn't run?

Karabuka thought with lightning speed like a Sky Turk captain and realised that all hope was not yet lost. If he could kill the seven Chinese who were thirty-five or forty paces ahead of him with an arrow before they approached him, he would be saved. With this hope, he took a quick glance at his quiver: Alas! There were six arrows left. But a Sky Turk captain could also make use of the arrow stuck in his own body. Thinking of this, Karabuka took the best position where he was lying and started to shoot his arrows.

The Chinese were moving shakily. First they wanted to approach Karabuka by running. If they did so, two or three of them would be able to reach him alive and finish him off with the sword. But when two of them were knocked down by an arrow, they too fell in love with shooting arrows and all five of them stretched their bows.

Now they were in a remote part, in a remote place, far from the place where the Sky Turk army was attacking, so they did not see the need to attack in haste.

Since Karabuka was a Sky Turk, he could draw arrows from them very quickly. When all five of them drew their bows, he also acted, released his arrow and shot another one, out one of the five arrows aimed at him. However, one of the remaining arrows licked his cheek and his face was covered with blood in a moment.

When the Chinese started to run again, the captain shot all three arrows with incredible swiftness, knocked down all three Chinese, and was left alone with his only oil under the light of the fire coming from the tower.

When he was one on one with the last Chinese, there were ten or twelve paces between them. The Chinese had drawn his sword and was running at full speed. Karabuka, who was on the ground, could not fight him with his sword. As he had calculated a moment ago, there was no other way but to quickly pull out the arrow that was stuck in his groove from behind and a little to the side and aim it at the Chinese. He had to do this before the gap closed.

The wounded captain put his hand to the arrow in his aching wound, grasped it tightly and pulled with all his strength. As he did so, he knew how the arrow shaft lodged in his leg would tear his flesh, and what excruciating pain it would cause, for he had tried it in the past. Suddenly, he felt as if something had been torn out of him, and he felt his eyes glaze over and his heart faint. For a moment he could not see his surroundings. Then, with an inner nudge, he recovered, thinking that fainting would mean dying. He drew an arrow from his wound and placed it in his bow. While he was doing all this, the Chinese approached and there was only one step between them. While Karabuka was drawing his bow, the Chinaman was swinging his sword, which he had raised quickly, towards him ...

-  
- -

While this was going on, the Gok Turk army was capturing the towers of the Chinese wall one by one and quickly clearing their contents. A division of the army had started a raid into China in the darkness of the night. Ilterish Khan was the head of this division, which was marching into China. Bilge Tonyukuk ordered the other division to hold the wall and ensure its safety.

and took them over. He quickly took the towers, extinguished the fire signals, secured the gates, put black arms where necessary, and began to search for the Turkish wounded and dead. He was also looking for Karabuka. He promised to meet him somewhere. This was the place where he had once jumped down from the Chinese walls with his horse. They would meet somewhere on the outer or inner side of it. Bilge Tonyukuk sent two of his men, who knew Karabuka, to look for him, and he himself was travelling around the area with a few of his henchmen, searching the nooks and crannies under the light of kindling. When this did not yield any results, he brought a couple of hired men with loud voices and made them shout "Captain Karabuka" all around. However, he did not receive any response to these shouts. Tonyukuk did not think that Karabuka would be dead after all the work had been accomplished smoothly, but he did not think it was good that he was not found after so much searching.

Bilge Tonyukuk solved this riddle at dawn. After he had slept for a while in a tower on the Chinese wall at night and woke up from his nap, he had given his answers to the messenger from the khan and was about to go down the wall to inspect his troop when he suddenly stopped at a bend in the wall. At the foot of a ruined battlement, near the first rung of a staircase, lay Captain Karabuka. Beside him, where the stone was hollowed out, his blood had clotted and one hand was covered in a puddle of blood. The Sky Turks who collected the Chinese dead at night could not see the captain in this dimly lit place. Karabuka was dead, and before he died, he dipped his finger in his blood and wrote the following on the clean and white place of the wall:

"I have fulfilled the order. Hail to the Furies. . . "

## Hope and Resentment

GÖK TÜRK

His army was returning to Ötüken with great satisfaction. After the Chinese wall was overcome, the borders The army of the Chinese commanders was crushed and many goods, cattle and captives were taken.

Corporal Urungu had a secret joy inside him. He wondered where this joy came from, but he could not find it. He, like everyone else, had acquired wealth and rich. But since he had never thought that he would be happy with the wealth of this evil world, he was searching for the reason of this joy in his heart. Gradually he seemed to find this reason, he found it, and after a few vague words fell from his lips, his face turned red.

Urungu was thinking about Ay Hanım without realising it, and he remembered that she had once rejected his marriage proposal to her. At that time, the Khan's daughter had translated him as "you are from the Iika rabuddan11", but then she had learnt that he was a Gok Turk tegini. Now she must have changed her mind. Suddenly Urungu felt deep surge of joy. Here, he had become richer than he could ever have imagined. Undoubtedly, under these circumstances, he would have been received differently if he knelt down in front of Mrs Ay. But the joy in Urungu's heart did not last long: The secret of who he was



Mrs Ay could not marry him because he would stay with her. Then what would the Do kuz Oghuz say? But Kür Şad's son was going to obey his inner voice. As soon as he reached Ötüken, he would go to the north and find the kagan's daughter and make the marriage proposal again.

The Sky Turk army in Ötüken for a festive feast. Ilterish Khan had won the biggest battle of all the battles he had ever fought. Now he was giving a great feast to his favourites. Everywhere drums were beating, kisins were being drunk, young men were wrestling and braves were racing horses.

Urungu did not join the festivities. After seeing his son Taçam and his ancestor Captain Börü, he took plenty of food with him and set off northwards.

The joy of the first day ended in the night. The next morning he felt a feeling similar to fear, an incomprehensible timidity. On the third day, he realised that the stirrings within him had become like fear.

Urungu, who had lived in so many dangers and looked at death without blinking an eye, was disturbed by this fear-like feeling. But there was no way to get rid of it.

As he got closer to Mrs Moon, he slowed down his walking speed and found reasons to amuse and distract himself on the roads. He was even aware of the fact that he had shifted quite a bit towards the east on the pretext of chasing a deer.

One day he suddenly came across a wounded man. This man, who had been shot in the flank with an arrow, was a Kitay. He was lying on the ground, his horse was waiting at his head. Urungu jumped to the ground, took the wounded man's head in his arm and put the koumiss pudding in his mouth. Kitay was no good any more. He could only drink one or two gulps. He gasped for breath:

- He said one of you shot me.

Ilterish Qutluk Khan had fought seven times with the Kytai, subjugated taxed them. Urungu even participated in some of these battles. Now, he fought

it was strange that a Sky Turk shot him on a day of peace.

Urungu, more to say something to the wounded Continent than to understand the situation:

- He asked, "Why did you fight? The other spoke with difficulty:

- I don't know, she replied and moaned slightly. Urungu's curiosity was aroused:

- How did you fight without knowing?

- There wasn't even a shot between us. He was there on the ground, crying. I asked him why he was crying. He said his wound was aching. I went down to cauterise it. He said my wound was invisible, it was a wound of the heart. I said, "The kams will interfere with this." I jumped on my horse. I was going. He jumped and grabbed my horse. He said, "Is love superior or revenge? I said revenge. He asked if it would not be better to favour love. I said such a thing is unworthy of a man. He drew a bow and shot me. Then he rode west shouting.

Urungu's brow furrowed. His eyes involuntarily turned to the west: Beyond the horizon was the land of Lady Moon. His sad gaze lingered there for a while, then turned to KÝ tay:

- When did he shoot you?

The wounded man looked at the sky for a long time, then said "Yesterday" and said nothing more. His gaze, fixed on the sky, became dull. His head turned to the right. He was dead.

-  
\*-

Urungu, slowly moving westwards on his horse, felt a heaviness in his heart. He pitied Kıtay, who was killed in vain. For Urungu, who had seen many deaths and digested many sorrows, this was a single death.

was something incomprehensible. To feel such sorrow for a Kitay he did not know... Was his heart softened? This thought seemed to shock him a little and he realised that the pain he felt came not from this death, but from what the deceased had told him: Love or ? Revenge! Is it not right to favour love? Such a thing is unworthy of a man!...

Suddenly realising that he would be crushed under the mass of thoughts, he kicked his horse and wanted to forget everything by galloping away. And he forgot... He was looking without seeing, going without knowing.

Then, suddenly, he slowed down his horse. Looking at the horizon, he saw that the sun was about to set. He did not know how long he had travelled. But he recognised where he was, and his heart beat fast as he realised that he was approaching the Moon. He had half a day's journey to reach her. What was he going to do now?

He thought for a moment. While he was bored in indecision, he turned his head at the sound of a horse waving in the wide steppe: A horseman was coming from the south at full speed. This could hardly be called a full speed ahead. He was riding as if an army thirsting for his life was coming after him, approaching not by crossing the roads, but by tearing them up.

Urungu, alert like all steppe men, stood still on his horse, waiting for him to approach.

The man who was unharnessing the bridle came nearer and nearer, stopped in front of Urungu with his horse rearing, and a soldier with blood on his face and on his clothes shouted angrily:

- Say, brave one! Is love superior or revenge? Urungu sharpened his gaze. Blood and dust

Under a haunted face he recognised Mad Ersegun. In a deep, but sad voice:

- this shit worth killing a man for? Ersegun raised his head and stood next to Urungu.

It's too tight. Surprised:

- Corporal! Is that you?

Urungu did not know that Deli Ersegün was a handful of a child. But it was certain that there was something extraordinary about him now. He had a look like he was looking for trouble. With an angry voice:

- He asked if Kitay was dead.

Ersegun was panting, not from fatigue, but from anger, madness, frenzy. Urungu had also come here looking trouble. But he didn't show that he was looking for trouble, he didn't shout, he didn't go mad.

Understanding the reason for Ersegün's strange question would also untie a knot within himself. The mad boy:

- He asked, "Why do you measure love with the avenger? They are as different as a sword and an arrow: There is a time when both are superior.

Ersegün's bloodshot eyes flashed like sparks. He shouted.

Riva

- l: - I want to untie the knot in my heart! Urungu asked with a frown:

- What' in your heart?
- I love a beautiful girl.
- Can innocent Kitay be killed for this? Go and get it.

After Urungu said these words seriously, he remembered Mrs. Ay and smiled bitterly. But even though he was in the same situation, he could not go and get it. Thinking that Ersegün was a like, he stopped his bitter smile and said:

- You are a supreme honour. You can take any girl you want!

Deli Ersegun's face was confused like a blizzard:

- I am, but she's a khan's daughter. A Khan's daughter who killed my father...

Urungu understood everything. Now his face was like a blizzard, like a hurricane.

- He asked, "Are you talking about Mrs Moon? The other one was shouting:

- What do you think, corporal? You think you'll be a favourite in front of the kagan's daughter? And the kagan's daughter who wields a sword, defeats, kills and wounds soldiers...

Urungu could no longer hear. When the mention of the kagan's daughter who had wounded the soldiers came up, he remembered his own wound. But he could not distinguish whether it was an arrow wound in his shoulder or a love wound in his heart.

Suddenly he felt his insides ache again with a great pain. Standing up straight, as he did in the face of all great pain, he looked at the young man in front of him and said:

- Did you come here to tell me that?

He asked.

- No! I've come to ask for Ay Harum. Urungu's eyes are smoky:

- Why don't you go to him and attack the innocent bystanders?

- I'm afraid it's a despicable thing to fall in love with the girl who killed my father.

- He killed your father in battle, not in an ambush. The person born in a tent, dies in a field. God's law is not to be broken.

Mad Ersegun's angry face smiled:

- Well said, corporal! Then let's go and ask for it tonight.

- Go!

- Won't you come with me?

- No!

600 - Grey Wolves Dirlıllıyör

- Why, Corporal? You've given me so much advice and guidance.

It'd be nice if you'd come.

Urungu had turned his horse south:

- He said, "When a beğ, a kagan wants the daughter of a kagan, one of the black sword cannot interfere!"

-

\* ..

As the night descended, the hoofbeats of horses running madly across the steppe rose to the sky. While a young rider was riding northwards with a happy smile, older rider was flying in the opposite direction, tearing through the distances and heading towards Ötü ken, and the unprecedented speed with which the donkey, spurred to the neck, rushed forward was becoming more and more terrifying and dangerous.

**T**AÇAM said that his father was very tired and with a depressed face. He didn't understand anything about his return to Ken. He did not know where he had travelled to and from. He had been aware of his father's sadness for as long as he could remember, but he had never seen it this time. Corporal Urungu had an unprecedented bitterness. Tacham wanted to approach him to find out something. But he failed. He was bored with this. In order to relieve his boredom, he wanted to go to the forest like everyone else in these beautiful days of Ötüken, to hunt and ride horses.

It was the most beautiful days in the forests of Ötüken. As if the people of Ötüken wanted to enjoy these beautiful days, they were travelling one by one, or three by five, hunting game, birding birds, and having fun. Some of them were wrestling, some were playing kopuz and having fun.

When Tacham was immersed in this beautiful weather, beautiful trees and people having fun, he forgot about his inner distress, rode towards the steep places of the forest and suddenly he saw a deer in the distance and there to catch it. The deer, which was very agile, not only escaped well, but also surprised him by running to the right and left at unexpected moments. Tacham began to rage and increased his speed. This speed was not good: with the same swiftness, while rounding a bend, the horse ran-

collided with someone else. He hit the ground with a hard thud. He hit his head on a tree and fainted.

The horseman who had hit him was also knocked down, stunned, but nothing else happened. This man, who immediately straightened up and leaned his back against a tree, was lame Corporal Yula, the young son of the old Major Pars. A little later, three more horsemen came in a tired gait and stopped at the accident spot. They Major Pars, his eldest son Captain Ezgene and his horse servant Çalkara.

Seeing the situation, they dismounted. Tacham was lying quiet and motionless. Pars, to Ezgene:

- See, he said, that private dead?

Smiling Ezgene squatted down and put her hand on Tacham's heart, looking at her father:

- He said he's alive, but his heart beats very slowly.

Yula was on his feet. He was fine. His arm was asleep.

and slowly the drowsiness was wearing off. But the two horses that had collided were dead. ♠ First he looked at his horse, then at soldier lying on the ground. Ta he did:

- He said, "Tacham!

Neither Pars nor Ezgene had heard the name Tacham. They looked round. Yula explained:

- Corporal Urungu's son!... Pars

was startled:

- Urungu's son?

- Yes.

Things were changing. Without much thought, he gave the order to Chalkara:

- Act fast! Bring tents, rations, koumiss, horses. And find a \_utaci. We'll stay here tonight.

While Chalkara was travelling at full speed, Pars bent down next to the wounded man and started to examine him. His eyes were closed. He was breathing . Blood oozing from his head wound clotted on his face and in his hair. The old major saw him



He was astonished and marvelled while looking at his face. Because at the time when he had left Ötüken, Kür Şad was about the same age as Kür Şad and his grandson was now at the same age and he looked more like Kür Şad than Urungu. Pars felt a deep pain inside. Urungu had no other son. He did not know whether Ta çam had a son or not, he knew him as the last soldier of Kür Shad's line. Now, if this last soldier died because of an accident, the line of Kür Shad would be extinct.

Corporal Yula was quick to read the grief on his father's face:

- I saw Tacham on the last Chinese raid. He was fighting hard, he said it would be a pity if he died.

Pars looked at his little son's face with a thousand and one emotions. Yula did not understand the meaning of this look. He thought his father was doubting Tacham's bravery:

-I have seen with my own eyes that you are a very virtuous person.

Pars with his voice:

- Do you only see him as a valiant soldier?

- And why the hell should I?

The old major ran his eyes over his two sons and then looked at Tacham:

- If fortune had gone a little differently, you would have seen this unconscious young man as a kagan!

Captain Ezgene and Corporal Yula exchanged a glance. Ezgene's smiling face became more sombre. Yula thought: "I think my old father has gone senile". Pars finished his sentence as if he did not see them in this state and his words stunned his two sons:

- This brave is the grandson of Kür Şad!

Ezgene and Yula were speechless. They could not say anything, they looked at Tacham, at their father and at each other in bewilderment.

604 . Grey Wolves Rising

Ezgene was the first to have her tongue untied:

- So Corporal Urungu is Kur Shad's son!

- Yes!

- Why is he hiding it?

Pars was tired. He didn't seem willing to talk much.

du:

- Who for many years to save himself from the Chinese

his mother, who hid the fact that he was...

Yula could not resist asking his father a question about this unthinkable business:

- Taçam know about this?

- No! No! No! No! No! Nobody knows!

His two sons could not ask their father how he knew about it. Then all three of them turned to the wounded man and probed his heart again. Now his heart was working with extreme quickness.

Tacham was alive. He fainted when he hit his head violently against the tree, but then he seemed to come to his senses when they listened to his heart, and he even opened his eyes for a while, but closed them again because of great fatigue. The others did not see him opening and closing his eyes. Tacham was going to tell them to take him to the tent. It was a terrible thing: He could not speak. When he opened his eyes, he saw his surroundings and recognised Pars. He could hear what was being said. But he was speechless, he could not speak. He forced himself. In vain... Then a great fear fell into him: Not being able to speak! It was daunting. He felt like passing out again. But he was so frightened of not being able to speak that he sobered up with his nerves whipped and remained silent, motionless, almost afraid to even breathe, as if he would never speak again if he moved.

It was then that he heard all the talk of Major Pars and his sons and realised that he was the grandson of Kür Şad.

He learnt with joy, amazement and fear. His heart began to beat as if it would beat his chest.

-  
--

When Çalkara arrived with his horses and utaci, Taçam was still lying still, vaguely hearing the voices. His brain was so full of the great truth he had learnt that every voice seemed to say "You are the grandson of Kür Şad".

Utaci smeared a red em on the wound on his head and poured a few sips of buttermilk into his mouth. Then he told Pars that the situation was hopeless. This news bothered the old major very much:

- He said he had to save it!

The Utacist pressed his hand to the wounded man's chest and listened to his heart:

- Anything beyond that is for the kams to decide!" he cut it short. Çalkara, upon the order he received, threw a chaise on

Taçam.

He had set up a tent and laid him on a thick felt. Pars Beğ was to sleep in the other tent. It was getting evening. Utaci and Chalkara with spare horses were going to bring the most famous cam of Ötüken.

The door of the tent where Tacham was lying was open. Pars and his sons sat cross-legged in front of the door. They ate their meal waiting for the wounded. Pars drank only koumiss and began to speak with the strangeness that came over him after sunset.

- When I recognised Kur Shad, he was more or less Taçam's age. Even if I knew nothing else, the facial resemblance alone could tell me everything.

Ezgene asked:

- What else do you know?

- After I saw Urungu shooting an arrow, I became suspicious. After I saw him up close, my suspicion was greatly increased. When I saw the knife at his waist, I was no longer suspicious.

Ezgene asked again: .

· What was on this knife?

- It was Kür Şad's knife. A talismanic knife with Bumun Khan's name and stamp engraved on it.

Yula asked:

- What was this amulet?

A light flashed Pars' eyes:

· It is a unique knife with an inscription that is well visible in the days of the Turks' greatness and fades in the days of defeat. After seeing all this, I spoke to Urungu and told him that his mother, the konchuyu of Kür Şad, was my aunt.

- What did he say?

· He said he kept it a secret because he promised his beloved mother.

Ezgene and Yula looked with affection at the wounded man, who had suddenly become a tangin from his black bear, and pitied him all the more because they were distant relatives.

Tacham heard everything that was said. He understood all these words amidst the unbearable pain in his head, as if he was being hit with a mallet on his brain. He felt a great desire to join in the conversation, made an effort, but when he couldn't move, he thought it was a dream. A dream of both joy and fear...

The moon had risen. In the beautiful night of Ötüken, Pars Beğ felt a grumpiness and had a dark thought that if Taçam died, something bad would happen to Turkeli because Kür Şad's lineage would be extinct. He did not know that Taçam had a little son. If he had known, perhaps he would not have been so pessimistic. He would often point to Ezgene or Yula, and would say to them

They listened to Tacham's heart and rejoiced when they realised it was beating.

Some time had passed. The distant hoofbeats signalled the approach of Çal kara and kam. Pars stood up. His sons did the same. The old major suddenly turned to his sons:

- Swear that you will not tell anyone what I have told you!

Ezgene and Yula, who did not have their swords with them. and they drew their knives and stretched them forwards. They took an oath.

- In comes the sky, out comes the red! ...

## Decision

**U** **ZUN** days have passed. Tacham struggled with death. How many times he was given up hope of living. But he didn't die. He got up alive. He found his old strength. He participated in war training.

It all happened; only his tongue did not open.

It was as if he had woken up from an exhausting dream. What he had heard had seared into his brain and left him dumbfounded. Now he couldn't speak. What was he supposed to achieve by talking? In the face of the astonishing magnitude of what he had learnt, he found it better not to speak, and perhaps that was partly why he could not speak. Otherwise, it was not an impracticable thing to force himself to start talking again after he had all his strength.

Many years ago, when the Ilterish Khan raised the Turkish banner again the sword old blacksmith for Kür Shad's son was given to him, the grandson of Kür Shad, because he had no owner. Now Taçam loved his sword more, he never parted with it, and he understood better why his father had not smiled for years.

To be the grandson of Kür Şad!... What a great fortune, what a blessed fact! Taçam was happy and proud not because he was a tegini of Bozkurt hearth, but because he was the grandson of Kür Şad. Many heroes had come and gone since the creation of the blue sky above and the greaseless earth below, but Kür Şad

Such a one, no doubt, had never been seen or known by a single one of the sons of men, nor by a single one of the sons of men.



One day, while he was travelling, a messenger came and told him that Sage Ton yukuk was waiting for him. Together they arrived at the otakah. The messenger let him in and left. Sage Ton yukuk knew what had happened to him and that he was tongue-tied. He had prepared wooden plates, a Chinese brush and paint for him.

- Taçam, he said, you stayed with Ay Hanım for a long time... Have you heard anything about her falling in love with a Sky Turk thegin?

Tacharn dipped the brush in paint and wrote on the board:

- I didn't hear it.

- Mrs Moon, is she as beautiful as they say?

- As Umay, as Ayzit.

- Could there be a danger to the Gök Turk Kaganate? Tacharn looked at Tonyukuk in amazement. Then paint the brush-

by dipping it in water:

- Khaganates are not destroyed by a beautiful girl. Tonyukuk smiled:

- Do you mean to say that he will not get into the hearts of the Gök Turk tegin and the likes and turn us against each other?...

Tacham, after dipping the brush into the paint with a determined behaviour:

- He wrote, "He can't!

As he was leaving Bilge Tonyukuk's side, a lightning bolt flashed in his brain and he thought of the tegini whom Lady Moon had set her heart on. Don't you dare... Then, holding himself, he left the otaku and started to open the closure that surrounded his father's whole life.

worked. In vain. So he wouldn't learn any more than he had learnt from his accident.

Tonyukuk had learnt what he was going to learn through his investigations and had his decision by thinking deeply, staying up all day and not sleeping at night: It was necessary to fight with the Nine Oghuz. When he went to the room to inform the kaghan of this decision:

- He said, "I have come to inform you of my conclusions, my Khan!

İlterish Khan did not see an imminent danger like Bilge Tonyukuk. However, he adopted Tonyu kuk's opinion because of his trust in him. Until now, Tonyu kuk had never been wrong. His commander-in-chief told him

- We must attack with all our strength and speed! said the Khan:

- He replied, "My command will be as if I were going to the strongest fatty!

Then they talked at length about the details. İlterish Khan and Bilge Tonyukuk were more interested in Ay Hanım than the Nine Oghuz army. This young girl, who had gathered and organised the Nine Oghuzes after the death of her father Baz Ka ğan, gradually multiplied them and made them rich, was becoming a danger for the Sky Turks. Because the daughter of the kagan was not only a katun, but also a dazzling beauty, she was making waves among the Sky Turks. According to what Tonyukuk learnt through his messengers, nine of the Gök Turk elites had proposed to her, but they were not accepted. Tonyukuk also learnt the names of five of these nine. These five people, including Erse Gün, who was almost a child, had been in a distressed and sad state since then. He had not learnt who the other four people were. According to a rumour that he did not have the opportunity to investigate thoroughly, Ay Hanım had her heart set on a Gök Turk tegi n. Tonyukuk had to investigate this rumour thoroughly.



He thought and analysed the matter, but could not come to a conclusion. Because there was no other tegin among the Sky Turks except the two brothers and two younger sons of the kagan. Therefore, this tegin could only be one of the two brothers of Ilterish Khan. However, these tegins had not seen Ay Hamm until now, and the news that this tegin was hiding himself made the matter even more complicated. In fact, the strangest thing was that although Bilge Tonyukuk knew from whom and when all the news was received, he could not figure out how, from whom and when he had learnt this. There was a suspicion in Tonyukuk: Was the tegin who had concealed himself going to make a claim for the Gök Turk throne?

When Bilge Tonyukuk was unable to solve this knot, he brought the matter to the kagan and convened the assembly upon his order. Ilterish Khan opened the assembly, which was attended by about twenty tegin, shad, tarkan and commanding likes besides the kagan and Tonyu kuk, with a ceremony. Explaining that the heads had been loaded and the knees had been made to collapse, he said that the fatties on all four sides had been defeated and bound to tribute, but that although the Nine Oghuz had been defeated four times, they had started to be dangerous again, and he left the explanation of the nature of the danger to Bilge Tonyukuk.

Bilge Tonyukuk told me the danger: Ay Hanim! ... Then he invited them to reflect on the reasons for his rejection of the marriage proposals of the nine Gök Turk elders, and, telling his half-knowledge of the secret tegin to the assembly members who looked at him with furrowed brows, he fell silent. The eyebrows were furrowed completely. In the silence that followed, a tegin:

- Bilge Tonyukuk was heard asking, "Who could this tegin be?"

All heads turned towards the questioner, and the gaze fell on Major Pars, an elderly Major who sat in the last ranks of the commanding dignitaries.

Tonyukuk as follows:

- I thought about it. But I couldn't make a decision for anyone.
- Then what is your scepticism based on?
- I can't believe that Mrs Moon refused nine offers and risked war with us.
- Couldn't there be another reason for this?
- It could be! But that's what I'm sensing...

Pars was relieved. He was worried that they would know about Urungu and Taçam, and he had argued with Bilge Tonyukuk about it.

Now the assembly would decide on the war. One by one the elders were expressing their opinions. These declarations were not made with long words, but with a short <<Let's fight! When it was his turn, Major Pars was struggling with his conscience. He had to think about Kür Şad's son after the Gök Turk state. Now he seemed to realise that there was a secret bond of affection between Urungu and Ay Hanım, and he asked himself a difficult question about whether Bilge Tonyukuk, knowing everything, had decided to sacrifice these two for the unshaken survival of the Gök Turk Kaganate. The death of one of these two would mean the death of the other. I wonder if Tonyukuk knew everything? Pars looked at his face with years of understanding, but could not learn anything from this silent and dull face.

How difficult it was to convince others that Urungu was a brave who had ambitions for the throne of Gök Turk Kaganate! If they would have believed, Pars was ready to reveal all he knew. But no! He was not going to tell...

Now it was his turn. Pars: "Let's not fight!" and with all eyes fixed on him, he announced:

- Let's send an envoy to Lady Moon and ask her to marry a Sky Turk. If she does not respond with an acceptance that very day, then let us march!

İlterish Khan stood up. Everyone else did the same with him. Kagan:

- Early tomorrow our troops will march!" he said, turning to Pars, to whom he had given the proposal not to fight:

- Major! You stay in Ötüken, he concluded.

The elders saw that Pars was red. The big major took three steps towards the khan and knelt on the ground:

- Great Khan! Even though I am an old man, I am a husband who once fought under Kür Shad's command! Order me to join the battle, let this be my last fight!

### *As the Sun Sets*

The squads of Corporal Urungu and the boy Corporal Deli Ersegün's squads had fallen side by side. Ay told Mrs.

**A**fter his marriage proposal was rejected, Ersegün went completely mad, what do you mean mad, he went crazy. He knew that in order to extinguish the madness in his heart, there was no other way but to take Ay Hanım. The war against the Nine Oghuz had brightened the lights of hope in him and delighted his child heart. No one among the Sky Turks wanted this war as much as he did.

Urungu thought differently, he was afraid that something bad would happen to Mrs Ay. If no harm could come to her, he wished to die before to avoid seeing it, and he realised that today he would fight the most fierce fight in his life.

Urungu and Ersegün's squads were side by side and at the front. İterish Khan and Bilge Tonyukuk had marched with ten thousand men in order to finish off the Nine Oghuz, or rather the Ay Hanım, once and for all.

Although everything had been kept secret and action had been taken quickly, the Nine Oghuz had again failed to carry out a complete raid. In the last moments, they had learnt of the work and prepared, and as they did not have time to withdraw their weight and their women and children, they fought a life and death battle with all their determination.

they risked it. They could only get three thousand people into this bloody game.

-  
--

The shooting started very hard and fast because of the certainty in the wishes and thoughts of both sides. First, in the Turkish manner, with quick advances and feigned evasions, they went back and forth and shot at each other. Then, when the quivers were empty, they attacked with pikes and swords and touched each other.

Ersegün the Mad had forgotten to command the squad under his command. He was attacking like a madman, swinging his sword without seeing where he hit. So much so that even though some of his blows touched the Gök Turks, he did not care, he was advancing along. Because he had planned it well: He was going to reach Ay Hanım's otakah; he was going to capture her alive, wounded or dead. If Ay Hanım was to die, she had to die by Ersegün's sword.

Urungu rode towards the same target. But he commanded his squad and saw where he hit. He also wanted to reach Ay Haim's otgah in order to protect him from danger.

Since the headquarters of Ay Hanım was surrounded by the three times superior Gök Turks by taking the goose wing, it was obvious that the work would eventually reach the hearth. job was to there before others.

Although neither the otag nor Ay Hanım was seen yet, Urungu realised that Ay Hanım was leading the war because of the hardness and bravery of the resistance of the Nine Oghuzes. He not only led his army with his valour and intelligence, but also excited it with his beauty. The way the Nine Oghuz warriors rushed to their death without blinking, fell without making a sound and died without moaning

They had a secret meaning, the hidden meaning of which can be understood by ? Urungu he would know.

The two sides were fighting with all their material and moral forces. Urungu, having lost his whole squad and being wounded, was approaching Ay Hanim's otaku when his horse was shot and he found himself on the ground with bare sword. He took a quick look around and saw that most of the people were on foot. Those whose horses had not been shot were dismounting in order to fight better in this area, which was fortified with carts and weights. Urungu recognised Major Kadyr Baga dressed in armour from the Nine Oghuz side and remembered the unfinished fight. But their presence near Ay Hanım's otaku made him forget the unfinished fight. He was now thinking about Ay Hanım. With this thought, he swung his sword and rushed on the Nine Oghuz.

By the evening, the end of the battle had been decided: The Nine Oghuz army was broken into three parts, Ay Hanım's oasis

■

was surrounded and most of the Nine Oghuz were killed on the battlefield. Major Kadyr Baga, the last remaining braves

They were trying to defend Mrs. Moon together, and Mrs. Moon joined this resistance with a bow in her hand. The bloody and brutal fight in a narrow place made everyone

and there was no more order, no more command, no more ranks. Majors, captains, corporals and privates were fighting side by side and on their own.

Captain Börü was also among those who approached the otaku. He was sweating with blood, but he was fighting with the utmost dashingness in order to gain the honour of capturing Ay Hanım, which was the aim of Gök Turk Kaganate. At one point, he found himself in front of an armoured Nine Oghuz warlord. This great man, who fought with great valour, was Kadir Baga. The two braves were facing each other. Without stopping for a moment, they took a step each and closed the gap between them.

They began to exchange swords with unprecedented fierceness. Since Kadyr Baga was armoured, he was not afraid of sword contact and challenged all the Sky Turks with desperate attacks.

The area in front of the otakah was getting narrower and narrower; the Sky Turks, who had overthrown the Nine Oguz one by one and were themselves overthrown one by one, were constantly approaching the door of Ay Hanım's otakah. Captain Ezgene and Corporal Yula were also present in this narrow place, and a little further back Taçam and Major Pars could be seen. Deli Ersegün was throwing out his war rhetoric, leaving his opponents in order to reach the otaku, but when the Nine Oghuzes did not leave him behind, he inevitably turned round and ignited again.

As the sun was setting, Kadir Baga entered the otag. In the otag, where a dim view and a bloody scene merged, it was seen that three people were with each other and swords and knives flashed as the whooshes arising from the flying arrows shook the air. After all three of them rolled over, one of them stood up with a cry and jumped out of the door.

Outside, the last struggles were taking place. The old Major Pars was standing, leaning on the mane of his horse. He was not wounded. But the fight he had fought at his age had exhausted and worn him out. His strength was gone, he was fading. His eldest son Ezgene was standing in front of him, covered in blood, looking at his father with sad eyes.

-  
\* -

When Urungu realised that there was no one left to fight against, he quickly ran to the otaku. As soon as he stepped in, he stopped for a moment because he could not see anything in the darkness. Then, seeing a stirring on the ground, he reached for his sword and looked there: He was seriously wounded. Someone else was lying next to him. Urungu sharpened his gaze and recognised him:

- Is that you, Kadir Baga? he asked. Kadir

Baga smiled:

- Alas! I'll die before I can fight you!" he said, pointing to the one lying beside him, and Urungu .

- And this is from you...

When Urungu, whose eyes were now accustomed to the dimness, looked at the place indicated, he saw a Sky Turk lying on the ground and recognised his ancestor, Captain Börü. Börü Beğ had fallen in the battlefield, never to rise again

Urungu a startled step:

- Kadir Baga! Where's Mrs Ay?

There was a pleading tone in this voice. The dying Nine Oghuz chief sobbed:

- Mrs Moon has reached the plane. You killed her!

Urungu, now well accustomed to the darkness, lifted his head and recognised Lady Moon in the dead-strewn haystack. She was lying with an arrow in her chest. She was more beautiful than ever. It was as if she could hear what was said and even hear what was in her heart.

Urungu's sword fell from his hand. He was looking at this beloved dead as if he could not believe it, as if he was dreaming. Suddenly he came to life. He took out his quiver, threw it on the ground and knelt down beside Mrs Ay:

- Mrs Ay! Mrs Ay! She called out. Then he sighed a deep sigh believing that she was dead. Then, afraid of hurting her, he took her in his arms and went to the door of the otakh, Kadyr Baga was still crying.

- Don't leave her alone. She's always waited for you! she said and died between sobs.

Urungu could no longer think of anything but the one thought that stuck in his brain. He came out of the otag with the kagan's daughter in his arms. He looked around with smoky eyes. In the distance Deli Ersegün was with a Nine Oguz



and closer to him, his son Taçam was fighting with another Nine Oguz. Right next to the gate of the otag, Major Pars and Captain Ezgene were facing each other.

They were sad. Because Captain Ezgene had killed Mrs Moon;

Ezgene, who saw his friends falling down with arrows one after another while the last battle was being fought in the otaku, threw his hand to the quiver

- he threw an arrow in the direction of the arrows, but the arrow and then he realised who he had hit. He could not see his surroundings as he shot his arrow. Because Kadyr Baga was fighting so hard that he could wipe them all out by himself. Then he and Börü rushed at him, stabbed each other and only he survived this bloody game.

When Ezgene was telling these things to her father, she expected him to console her. But Pars did not console her, on the contrary, he said that she should see the place where he shot his arrow despite everything. The girl he shot was both Mrs Ay and her relatives.

While they were talking like this and writhing in sorrow, they saw Urungu coming out with the kagan's daughter in his arms and they were silent. Kür Shad's son stood before them:

- Pars Beğ! Would you take the knife from my waist with the belt?

The major did as he asked without saying anything. Urungu pointed to Tacham struggling in the distance:

- Give the knife to Tacham, and if he dies, give it to Tacham's son. Then to one of the stray horses in the field, on his left arm With Mrs Moon on board, he jumped off and drove west.

## Race

The battle was over<sup>1</sup>, the Nine Oguz were defeated. Fifteenth of the month

The battle was slowly escalating. Tacham was wounded and tired. As he was approaching Major Pars, staggering, he was giving orders to his son Ezgene.

- I don't like the way you're going. Find Yula and go after him. Turn him away if you can!

Tacham heard these words and became suspicious with a premonition. He stood in front of the major and looked at him with questioning eyes. His tongue still had not opened. Pars handed him the knife Urungu had given him:

- Your father told me to give it to you!

Tacham's eyes widened in amazement as he picked up the knife. What did that mean? When the old major saw his eyes, he satisfied his curiosity:

- Urungu is gone.

Tacham was not fooled by this. He made a gesture with his hand to ask where he was going, and when the major pointed to the west, he turned his eyes there and looked deeply, then his face became strange.

At this time, it was seen that Ersegun the Mad came in a whirlwind. After searching for Ay Hanım's otakh and the neighbourhood, he saw Pars and Taçarn and asked them about the kagan's daughter:

- Major Pars! Tell me quickly, where is Mrs Ay? The major's voice was shaking:
- Mrs Moon has arrived at the plane! The boy corporal shouted:
- he dead? Where is he dead?
- Urungu took it away.

Saying this, he was pointing west with his hand. Ersegun had gone mad again. He grabbed Tacham's shoulder and shook him:

- What are they doing in the West? Tell me... Where is your father taking Mrs Moon? ... Why is he taking her? ...

In the moon, Tacham's face showed a terrible anguish as he stared at the knife left by his father and looked to the west. It was obvious that he wanted to say something.

Ersegun shook him again and shouted:

- Where is he going?

Then something unexpected happened: Tacham, who had thought he would never speak again, was heard to cry out in a terrible, loud voice, like a man being strangled:

- He's going to the Cliff of Death!...

These words a mess of things all of a sudden...

-  
- -

As the fifteenth of the moon threw its divine light over the steppe like the mercy of God, a terrible race was taking place in this endless expanse that no one could have predicted:

After a life of nearly fifty years and unprecedented ordeals, Urungu, who had met his beloved Ay Hanım, who was as beautiful as the gods, only with her dead body, the son of the heroic and immortal Kür Şad, was crossing distances the west with his beloved in his arms.

Captain Ezgene and Corporal Yula, the two valiant sons of Pars, were flying like lightning, side by side, together at the head of a horse, as ordered by their father.

Crazy Ersegün, who was crazy in his love as he was in all his feelings, was now running at the speed of a bond of love that was now free from hatred, which was now only love, because Ay Hanim, whom he had once loved with a feeling mixed with hatred because she had killed his father and defeated him, was now dead, and he was running horses burning with the mad fire of his child's heart.

Tacham, who was speechless with great anguish, understood the invincible fate of his father's life, knew where he was going, and raced to prevent it.

These were not the only ones who flew westwards across the endless steppe in the divine light of the moon.

The old Major Pars rode at the same speed, travelling like lightning with the elders, youths and children, without thinking how long his tired and worn-out body would last.

Only the horses' hoofbeats could be heard in the steppe, and these sounds told that the horsemen were not running, but flying, running a dangerous race.

After a long run, those coming from the rear reached the same line. On the right was Pars, on his left was Taçam, on Taçam's left was Deli Ersegün, and on the far left were two brothers, Ezgene and Yula.

They could see ahead in the moonlit steppe, and in front of them, perhaps close to the horizon, they could see another horseman riding at full speed. This horseman was Corporal Urungu. He was riding with his right hand on the bridle and his eyes ahead, with Ay Hanim's head resting on his chest and gripping her tightly with his left arm.

Not where was he going, but how was he going? It was not a departure that could be described in words. Every now and then, he would turn his eyes away from the horizon

He was looking at Mrs Ay, squeezing her more and more with love and affection, and he felt his insides ache. There was everything, everything in this gaze.

The five men chasing him were like hard-looking stones on their horses. Major Pars, in order to turn Kür Şad's son away from the path of death, was travelling at a speed that resembled the most dizzying lunges he had made years ago, when he was a corporal in the army of Kara Kagan. His horse's hoofbeats seemed to be mingled with the beating of his own heart.

Taçam, now knowing that he was the grandson of Kür Şad, was struggling to prevent his father's terrible decision and was angry that he could not overtake the other four, although it was his right to reach the chased rider before anyone else.

Corporal Deli Ersegün was running on horseback in a state of unconsciousness in order to see the girl he loved like crazy- at least one more time and to ask her kidnapper to account for this, and he was burning to get rid of the four people with him and catch up with Ay Hanım.

Captain Ezgene's face, which had never smiled even once in his short life, completely sullen under the pressure of an inner pain, a secret and incomprehensible pain arising from killing Ay Hanım. He was riding at the speed of a strange belief as if he would take this pain away if he caught up with Urungu and Ay Hanım.

Lame Corporal Yula, on the other hand, was unbridling himself in order to fulfil his father's order and to see his relative Ay Hanım for the last time, and he was becoming frustrated with the ambition of being in the same line with them and not being able to overtake them, even though he was the most healthy and uninjured among the competitors.

Urungu was on a horse carrying Mrs Moon with him, so the others were approaching slowly. The horses were tired, soaked and foaming at the mouth.

but they were still running in the same line without losing any of their speed.

The moon had risen and was high in the sky. The keen eyes of the steppes could just make out the rider of the horse in front of them and the shadow of death in his lap. But he was travelling westwards without looking back once, perhaps not even knowing that he was being chased. As if his beloved whom he held in his bosom was not dead but wounded, he was holding her on the horse in the best 'condition', grasping her with the efficiency of his strength that went from his heart to his arms and flowing towards the meç hule. There was not only love and affection but also great respect in the way he held Ay Hanım, and surely, even though she was dead, the kagan girl felt it.

The endless steppe... The divine light of the moon and the harmonious hoofbeats of horses!..



~ ~

What a terrible race it was, starting at the rising of the moon and lasting until the top of the hill! The ferocity of the competition with what was going on in the minds and hearts of the competitors made it so terrible. Otherwise, would it have been possible to endure this race that lasted half a night?

Now there were two hundred paces between Urungu and the others. But the five people coming from behind could no longer close this gap. Because, the unclaimed horse that Urungu had jumped when he had left the Moon Lady's otaku with his beloved in his arms was the Moon Lady's horse. As if sensing that he was carrying his owner for the last time, he was leading two people at once, realising that he was being chased and not letting the chasers come closer.

Urungu once again looked at the face of Lady Moon and this time his eyes stuck there. The eyes looking at this divine face

he was old. Raising his old eyes to the sky, as if he were talking to God:

- He whispered, "What if Lady Moon had lived when the Grey Wolves were resurrected!

Then he spurred his horse, looking ahead with the meaningful gleam of eyes fixed on something unseen. As the horse took one last leap, he pulled Mrs Moon towards him more tightly than before. His lips were pressed together in a way that no time had ever seen, He kissed that divine face that no age will ever see, and kissed that moon, which is as beautiful as the sun, which is as beautiful as the sun, which is as hot as the moon.

Without taking his face away from his face, he remembered all his past with lightning speed in a moment and thought "Goodbye, Ötüken!" and then left himself in the void...

-

--

Two hundred paces behind, with their eyes fixed on Urungu, the five suddenly saw Urungu vanish and came to a screeching halt at the horrible, hair-raising, ear-splitting neigh of a horse. The five horses of the five men, running in unison, heard horse's neighing, which rose to the heavens as it leapt into the void without taking its rider's armour. As one of them looked ahead with frightened eyes, Ezgene, the head of the Hundred, bowed his head, covering his face with his hand with a terrible tremor, and immediately afterwards Tacham's lips uttered a lamentation:

- The words "Cliff of Death" came out.

Urungu had thrown himself into the abyss of death with his beloved in his bosom, and had reunited with Lady Moon, whom he could not meet in life, in death by crossing time and distances, never to be separated again.

Taçam's cry ((Death Cliff")) was like a thunderbolt that struck Mad Ersegün's brain. With a very agile movement he jumped from his horse and started running towards the cliff. The others wanted to ride their horses to catch up with him. In vain... The horses no longer obeyed, they would not take a step forward. Then all four of them jumped off and ran after Ersegun. At the edge of the cliff, the mad corporal was running left and right, shouting 'Ay Hanım! Then suddenly his madness increased, he lay down on the ground and stretched his head down the cliff:

- Hey!... Corporal Urungu!.. .. Either bring him back, or get ready for your time! he started shouting.

Mysterious sounds came from the bottom of the cliff, and they sounded like the neighing of a horse, a song, the flowing of water, the slashing of a sword, anything.

Ersegun didn't know what he was doing anymore. Suddenly he stood up and faced Tacham. He looked into his eyes:

- Your father kidnapped Mrs Moon! he shouted.

He had his hand on his sword. The mad boy was not joking. He could draw his sword and cut Tacham open in an instant. Knowing this, the others also gripped their swords. But there was no need to draw. Suddenly, one of them was seen to collapse with a deep sigh and clutching his chest. This was the huge Major Pars. His heart, tired with years of palpitations, could not endure this exhausting, exhausting run and the throwing of Kür Şad's son and Baz Kagan's daughter down the Chasm of Death.

When they saw him fall, others than Ersegun moved towards him. Captain Ezgene lifted his father's head and rested it on his arm. Pars was breathing widely, pressing his heart with his left hand. He forced his eyes open:

- The abyss of death takes one man and one woman every year. That's its immutable law!



The yellowing of his petrol was evident even under the moonlight. He was having a fit. He looked at Ersegun, trying to smile:

- Corporal! You have suffered greatly. But the pain you will suffer in the resistance will not end with this, know this!

Then he raised his head towards the sky. He added in a voice that gradually became heavier and slower:

- Sometimes a wrong behaviour can have grave consequences and completely the course of life. After that, it is useless to burn until death...

Ezgene gritted her teeth when she heard these words. She narrowed her eyes and shook her head slightly.

Suddenly Pars took a long breath and trembled. His head fell the left on his son's arm. The Major was dead.

Yula took a step towards him. Then he stopped and stood as still as a stone. Then Ezgene stood up, gently laying his father's head on the ground.

The endless steppe, which a moment ago rang with the sound of swift hoofbeats, now deathly silent. Only in the sky the divine rays of the moon, like the mercy of God, were spreading, illuminating the earth and hearts.

Captain Ezgene looked at the others as a valiant man, crushed under a great burden, but determined to remain upright:

- He said, "Let us salute our blessed dead!

They returned to the cliff.

Now there was a faint sound coming from there. They shuddered. This sound was similar to a saying that is often said in Ötüken:

*The moon's fortune is  
dark, Urungu is black*

628 - Grey Wolves Speak

Then they heard a faint sound of water. All four of them drew their swords and saluted Ay Haim and Urungu, who disappeared in the depths of the cliff, and bowed their swords.

They turned back. After saluting for Major Pars, they dipped their swords in scabbard.

From the cliff came a faint murmur, the sound of a folk song. The four Sky Turks raised their eyes to Pars and looked at each other: All four had tears in their eyes.

END

15 April 1949 Maltepe

# **BERSERKER**

---

## **BOOKS**

---

