

ATSIZ



GREY WOLVES RESURRECTED

NIHAL ATSIZ

BERSERKER

BOOKS



For the last three days, the BltUn 3lgonfu and its neighbourhoods have been organised, and some people have been judged and imprisoned, although many @ itWncelerations have been made. 4whether they were hidden by one of their own board of directors? In that case, the question of a frso't kollamofor could also come to mind.

Siganfu had been closed to the streets at night for fear of the revolutionaries. A Chinese man living on the edge of the city was walking along the banks of the Vey River one night when he saw many of them swimming across the river with their autos. The first time I saw that a very frigid and crude neighbourhood was rapidly growing in the Koranic oceans, it was a very difficult and difficult task, the police did not make a gay for either of these two men. fokot killed an old man. The woman, who had bought a bag of rice from the neighbour of the village, said to the man who came out of the kopi, I ol4 y4g1mf5, lekr- ar and gmlgor found the poor man's body. There were no arrow or sword wounds on him. It was rumored that the little boy, who had seen the terrible bandits in his country, had died of fright.

Thinking about all this, the Chinese government had taken measures, increased the number of its xat-ay troops, the u6bel in place, and a road for travelling in the diocese at night. Despite all this, he was not happy inside. He was not sure that even Kür- Shod, who had been killed and beheaded, had been killed. He had Kür Shad's son executed, but he could not find the focal host and his son.

we

Silgonfu soroy in a large room in a large room with a large hearth in a hovel. Nêzirlar were fucking themselves in the corridor of the min kagoni to control their sînrlar. Kogan Ktîr Sod

The Chinese khan Tay-tsung was very thoughtful. For some days he had been feeling something different about himself, an incomprehensible change. At first he felt uncomfortable without realising what it was, then he thought about it and found out where it came from: He was afraid: especially after sunset, every shadow, every shadow frightened him, and 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 were found, and three of them were recovered from the river Vey. You can't believe that such a big noise was made by 41 men, As the khan of China, he couldn't believe it. How desperate these revolutionaries

crazy bastards they were, there must have been several hundred of them to kill more than 300 Chinese soldiers and 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, and many 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 was bored excited thinking aboutHe received According to reports, revolutionaries had appeared in many places during the night. But no one was captured despite all the rigorous searches.

They must have liked to work at night. Just as they raided the palace at night, they also in the cities at night, but disappeared in the daytime. 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 at the edge of the city, returning from the banks of the river Vey, saw many of them swimming across the river with their horses, and another saw a mass of very large men in Siganfu, armed with full compasses, walking swiftly through the darkness, and fled screaming.

The revolutionaries did not do anything to either of them, but they killed an old woman. The woman, who had bought some rice from her neighbour at night, collapsed shouting "revolutionaries" after leaving the door.

the neighbours found the poor man dead. She had no arrow or sword wounds. It was clear that she had died of fright when she saw the terrible bandits in front of her.

Who knew 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 all these in mind, increased the number of palace guards, 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 Kür Shad, who was killed and beheaded, was dead. He had Kür Şad's daughter executed, but he could not find the konçuyu and his son.

On the one hand, the reports of the ministers and the proposals in the reports
Therefore, he felt completely confused, became angry, and thought of nonsense. A meeting was to be held at the palace today to untie all these knots. Tay-stung pinned his last hopes on this meeting.

The meeting in a large room of the Siganfu palace opened in an excited atmosphere. The ministers were tightening their nerves in order to control their nerves in front of the Chinese kagan. The kagan explained the situation after the Kur 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-ching took the first floor. He said that this man, who was a staunch Turcophobe, had

His hatred increased completely after the Kür Şad revolution, and he made the destruction of the Turks his ideal.

and he had acquired it. He explained his thoughts with great eloquence, saying that the Turks were dangerous dragons, and that one day they would pave the way for China's downfall.

that it was necessary to think of a solution now, rather than preparing for it. He

stated the remedy in cold blood: To kill all the Turks in China. .

Ven-yen-po, whose job to 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 would accrue to China from utilising the capabilities of this nation.

Li-pe-lo a thesis between the two, and Yen-sen-ku supported him.

The Chinese khan was very weak-willed today. He was influenced by whichever minister spoke and thus changed his mind constantly.

Finally, after long discussions, a conclusion was reached: the Turks, whose dash and fearlessness made it dangerous for them to remain in China, were to be sent back to their old homeland. This decision sent a lightning bolt through Vey-ching. as if he had been hit. Speaking for the last time:

- "With this decision, we accept that we have been defeated against Kur Shad; this is what he wanted," he said.

But the Chinese khan and other ministers were in such a 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 how this decision would be implemented. Turkelia had come under the rule of the Sirtardush. One hundred thousand Turks in China could not cope with them. Because most of them were women and children. The Chinese emperor had bright thoughts about this issue:

- "Since the Sirtarduşs are also Turks, we will thus divide the Turks into two, and we will establish equilibrium 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. we will have ensured," he said.

This brilliant 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 lead these Turks?

While all of the tigers of the Grey Wolf family were passing through the minds and none of them was liked, the kagan started to speak again:

- What do you think of Serbian Tegin?

This question made Ve-ching's face wrinkle and 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 the sky for us." Then he satisfied the curiosity of the ministers who looked at each other, not understanding anything from these words:

- All of them are bright-faced and handsome men, but they do not consider this ugly man with a horrible face from their lineage. Since he was from the Western Turks, they did not examine his lineage thoroughly and were suspicious of him. There are various rumours about him. According to one rumour, his mother took this unknown child instead of her stillborn child and raised him... Thus, putting Sirba 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 among them. And in order to foment this separation, I will place two tegis of the Bozkurt clan under the command of Sirba. Sirba is the most loyal tegis to us, and since he is not loved by the Sky Turks, he is obliged to remain loyal. I will give him
If we give him a kaganate, he will probably rule the Gök Turks accordance with China's interests.

A few days later, the Serbian Khan, accompanied by a hundred thousand Turks, went outside the Chinese wall, and this departure was celebrated throughout China, especially in Siganfa, as if it were a festival. Now they will be able to go out at night, they wouldn't have to face the demons of death. Tay-tsung was very happy with his life.

After that, there was no longer any danger of the palace being raided. It meant he would have the good fortune to sleep in peace.

Especially in his imagination, Kür Şad, the chief of those sinister thieves, would not stand against him with his severed head and poison his life.

Only Vey-ching did not like this departure. When he met Venat 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.

- II -

AFTER THE (IN 679)

A grey colour spread across the endless plain as far as the eye could see. On this plain, only a mound-like hillock could be seen, and a few trees were lined up on it. A few sheep were grazing near the mound. There were four Turkish tents at the foot of the mound.

As the sun was setting, a man emerged from the foremost tent and took a long look towards the horizon. This man with a stern look, poor clothes and a brave stance seemed to be about forty years old; the sword on his forehead and face

The wounds and lines told that he had been through a lot. The feathers of his cap had fallen off, 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 stands out, and with its gold and silver inlays, it was taken from a kagan treasure. he looked like he'd just stepped out. 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 his weary eyes, the poverty-stricken young man entered the tent from which he had come. In one corner of this tent, an old woman was lying on a felt

silent over him, staring with dull eyes. This dying woman was the mother of the poorly dressed knight. Speaking with difficulty:

- "Urungu! Have they appeared?" he asked

The male, whose name appeared to be Urungu, replied:

- No, mum! But of course they will come!...

The old woman used all her strength to gather herself a little:

- He said, "I realise I won't be out tomorrow. I something to tell you."

Urungu slowly sank down beside his mother, sat cross-legged 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 infinite desire. From that loyal, suffering, good mother who was like no other mother....

Although they belonged to a poor and orphaned family, they were born from a mother who was superior to the purest noble women.

This good woman, who had reached the end of her life, now began to speak in a low voice.

- Urungu! The coldness is slowly rising towards my heart. When it touches my heart, it's all over for me and I'm 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 man. Fifteen years.

When you came of age and took the name of Private, I had nothing left to do on earth. Since then I have tried to live to see only one thing. That thing was the thought you had been chasing for years: To see the Turkish khan sitting in Ötüken, to see the Turkish race marching... Thirty-three years ago, when you were only an eleven-year-old boy, when Çıbı Tegin revolted against the Chinese and attempted to establish the Sky Turk state, the wolf-headed banner was in Ötüken.

I sent you to Chibi Khan's army so that it would wave. 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 your father that you were a valiant son.

I'm so glad that my efforts were not in vain. My milk is 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 through many Turkish lands. But you couldn't reach Ötüken, the holy place. That's why I say you are in bad luck. Although I can't be in Ötüken when I die, my happiness is superior to yours. Because I was born there, I lived there for many years. When Kür Shad stormed the Chinese palace, a light of hope lit up in my heart twice. Now this light is dimmed. But a spark is still burning among its ashes. So much so that when I die, if anyone opens my cold and frozen heart, he will see the spark there. There is also the dream of Ötüken on that spark...

Urungu! The coldness is approaching my heart. I must tell you what I have to say quickly. Find out who you are now! 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 remember everything and forget your only son's name?

- Son! you know what the desire of the heart means? I wanted to forget your name. I wanted it so badly that I forgot it. I couldn't remember it again.

Urungu's brows furrowed, his voice stiffened:

- Mother! Am 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 who your father was from you and everyone else until now.

- Have you forgotten his name too?

She didn't answer. Her eyes became a little more glazed.... Urungu would never know who his father was. The mother's breathing became strange. She showed her son the tent door:

- 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 heart-wrenching strangeness filled the tent.

- Ana! Have you forgotten my father's name too?

- I haven't forgotten! Even if I wanted to forget, I couldn't. Your father was unforgettable. Because your father was Kur Shad!

Urungu flinched again and reached for 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, how much I endured.

Your sister sacrificed herself so I could kidnap you. The Chinese executed her...

Tears flowed from her eyes. Outside, one of the sheep on the bank of the stream 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 in your waist is your father's knife.

He left it to me on his way to the revolution. This knife is the talismanic knife

is a knife. It dates back to Bumun Khan. The name of Bumun Kagan is written at the bottom of the handle and his stamp is engraved.

Urungu unsheathed his knife: but he could not see the writing.

- That writing is not always visible. It appears at sunrise and sunset. Approach the tent door. Take out the knife.

look at the west holding...

He did as his mother said. He read the inscription Bumun Khan at the bottom of the stalk. And on the other side

he saw. But they were so faint that a person who did not know could not see them.

- Son! When the box of the Turks rises, the stamp with the writing you can hardly read now shines brightly on the blade. This knife was made by a great kam.

- The Horse of Crac?

- No, no, no, no, no! The father of the Crag Horse...

Meanwhile, the footsteps of galloping horses were heard in the distance. Sharp Urungu, looking at the horizon, saw three horsemen coming north of the newly darkening plain and said to his mother "they are coming".

he wanted to give the good news. But he gave it up in order not to interrupt him.

- Urungu! You are a great son of the Bozkurt clan. Because you are the son of Kür Şad. It is your right to be proud of this.

I too boasted all my life that I was Kur Shad's son, but I did not reveal it.

Your father gave up his right to be a khan and fought. You, too.

If you want to be a useful son to your father, live without telling anyone that you are of the Bozkurt lineage. Strike until the wolf's head is erected in Ötüken. Stay as Urungu, not as a tegin!

Urungu objected to his mother for the first time in my life:

- Why Ana?

- Because the strongest and best person is the one who gives up his rights. The greatest heroism is the one who does it without expecting anything in return. Kür Şad did that. Your sister did it. You the same. I want you to be like your father.

Urungu didn't answer. The hoofbeats were getting closer. The dying mother said in a slower voice:

- If you swear to do what I say, to be a son worthy of your father, I will die happy. The day Kür Şad died, I was as good as dead. I took this burden of life so you could grow up.

and death will seem like a sweet dream.

Urungu thought of the hardships his poor mother had endured since the day he knew her. He felt a heartwarming joy in doing the last wish of this mother, whose value had suddenly increased because she was Kür Şad's wife.

He sat on the floor next to his mother. Pulling out his knife, he put it down. He put his hand on it:

- "I will fight for nothing to be a son worthy of my father, a son worthy of you, a brother worthy of my sister.

If I do not keep my oath, sky will be red and the sky be red." His mother, who had taken the knife with him

He smiled.

The sound of hoofbeats approached the door of the tent. The three horsemen jumped down from their horses. Urungu rushed to the door and saw Börü holding a koumiss pudding in his hand.

he turned his head to his mother:

- "Mother, look! Börü has brought you a pine-keg of kımız," he gave good news.

But the suffering mother could no longer hear. Although everyone in the 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. Although Kür Şad's konçuyu waited for forty more years after the revolution and suffered for forty more years, she died without seeing Ötüken.

- III -

KUR SHAD'S CONCHO

That night the village fell into a deep silence. Urungu, sitting near the open door of the tent, waited and thought about his mother until morning:

One by one, his old memories came back to him. The most ancient ones were dark and confused. Even

it wasn't even clear which one was before and which one was after.

Then the faces and the facts would light up and fall into a neat line. 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 for it. How could a child, who was too young to know that he had never spoken while he was in this hut, remember what had happened to him? No, no, no! He was not that small. He knew how to talk.

But he did not speak because he was forbidden to speak. It was his mother who forbade him to speak. Yes, the trouble came from this prohibition. Well, she took him in her arms

Who was that young girl who took him for a walk and loved him? I think he was confused, remembering his mother's youth. But if that was the case, he would have been in a big garden with his mother.

and he couldn't remember sitting with her. I wonder if that young girl was his sister? She must have been his sister. Then some braves, and among them some sinister Chinese faces...

Urungu, by digging up memories from the earliest times, was able to see his father's face. He tried to remember. He was four years old when his father raided the Chinese palace. He could remember. But his mother, in order to overcome the danger, had tried to make him forget everything so much that many places remained dark and many people were confused with each other. This was the city of Siganfu. But how could he choose his father's dream among the many braves? Yes, here he was again, in a big house, he remembered two Turks talking. had swords on their waists. I wonder if one of them was Kür Shad? It was probably Kür Shad. Because his mother was also there. Even, even the young girl who took him in her arms and loved him and then there was her father. If her mother and sister were there, her father must have been there too. Yes, he was there. Because one of the two bahadis 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. The sniper of Ötüken with his broadsword and quiver at his waist... Yes, there he was. He addressed the hero as "Böğü Alp". Urungu heard this name too, He had learnt when he was very young that he had also died in the revolution. Then suddenly other things began to come to his mind.

He was all grown up now. He was six, seven years old. He remembered travelling a long way through a swampy place on his mother's back. Then she had a great illness and stayed in a tent for days with a burnt head. At that time, his mother was a woman with a horse and a compass. Leaving her in this tent, she travelled for a long time and returned with koumiss, yoghurt and milk.

He also remembered a fight. He saw himself lying on the grass. Someone was attacking him with a sword.

No, not to him, but to someone else there, a woman. attacking his mother. This was a Chinese. A Chinese soldier, in fact. And his mother a sword in her hand. They were fighting. He did not remember the end of the fight. He only remembered that his mother, who was covered in blood, ran away with him in her arms.

as if he had seen him. It seemed to Urungu that this escape was done both on foot and on horseback. There was also the hiding in the bushes. But all these were mixed memories. Then he saw himself in a Turkish tent. Suddenly....

Urungu raised his head and looked at the sky. The moon had risen and it was cool. Then, realising that his eyes were teary, he turned his head inwards to the place where his mother was lying. At first he could not see anything because the moonlight dazzled his eyes. Then he jumped up with excitement. It was as if he had seen the dreams of his father and sister at his mother's bedside. 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 lesson his mother gave him as if it was yesterday. After Urungu learnt how to shoot arrows, he used to go hunting to help his mother, but he often returned without hitting anything. In the days when their food was very scarce, for some reason his mother

"I have no appetite today," he would say, and give his own portion to his son. When he killed two beasts when he was twelve years old, his mother was very happy, and when she put the knife she took from one side of their poor tent on his waist, she said: "As you grow up, the value of this knife will increase".

In his free time, the two of them would sit opposite each other, and his mother would tell him about the old wars, kings, kings, and favourites.

Urungu's favourite war was the Kür Shad Revolution. For some reason his mother used to tell him that very well. O

Urungu would tell it so beautifully that Urungu would regret that he was not among those 41 people.

Seven years after the Kur Shad revolution, the Chinese were attacked by the terrible-faced Serbian Khan.

While he was dying in Kora raid on his account, Çıtlı Tegin of Bozkurt lineage rose up, In Altai, he became the head of many Turks and established the Gök Turk kaganate.

and tried to resurrect him. Urungu, who was 11 years old at that time, was summoned by his mother and sent him to Chibi's army, saying that he should take part in this great work. Urungu, a child who had not yet seen the day, jumped on his horse, put on his sword, quiver and bow, and put some roasted meat and boiled meat in his bag.

and with millet. On the way, he met bandits, predators
He struggled with animals, fought with Chinese outposts, and finally overcame them all
and reached the army of the Turkish khan, Chibi Khan.

He had fought in this army for three years and learnt what war was. How many old men, over
sixty, had fought in this army?

Soldiers and children travelling side by side. His own captain Kutluk was an
eighteen-year-old brave and the son of Böğü Alp, one of the great heroes of the Kür
Şad revolution. Kutluk's seventeen-year-old brother Örlen
He was Urungu's corporal. In Örlen's squad were two brothers, eleven and twelve years
old, like himself.

that Urungu them the most, that he has a sense of
He was getting closer to them day by day. The elder of these brothers, Arslan, was a boy
with a grim face. The younger one, Börü, was smiling.

He was a fat-faced, greasy-skinned charioteer. These two brothers were the sons of
Captain Yagmur, one of the braves who fell in the Kür Shad revolution.

For three years, without resting; without saying summer, winter; without caring about hunger,
thirst, without knowing fatigue, they ran horses, played swords, swung pikes, and shot arrows.
Urungu, the great sufferings of the earth

It was during these years that he had first seen and lost his loved ones in these battles. In one
battle Captain Kutluk was pierced by arrows, another comrade Arslan
and he was stabbed with pikes. Then.... Then things went sour again, there was discord
among them, the army was disbanded and Chibi Khan 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 for the death of his friend Arslan.

A boy of fourteen when he returned to his mother's poor tent
but he was a tried and tested shepherd. His mother took him seriously.
He welcomed him, kissed him on the forehead for doing his duty, told him that he was not
to blame for the failure, said that this work, which could not be done today, would
definitely be done tomorrow, and that it would be done.

that I had to be a part of it.

Then years passed, Urungu waited for the flag of the Bozkurt lineage to be raised, and when he despaired, he went out on the steppe on his own, sometimes with his friends, sometimes alone, he fought with the Chinese, slaughtered heads, shed blood, wounded, killed, and every time he left his mother's side.
in his tent.

After this long and arduous life, Börü and corporal Örpenle had united as brother and sister, and had established a self-governing tribe in the dispersed Turkeli. North of the great Chinese wall, half a day's journey
This clan on the road was made of four tents. Urungu, his mother, wife and children were living in one tent. In the second tent Börü Beğ, his wife and
lives with his son, in the third, Corporal

Örpen was sitting. Örpen had five sons one year apart in age. The fourth
In the tent there was an old woman and her grandson Kyzyl. This woman was the mother of Yumru, one of the heroes of Kür Shad revolution, and Kyzyl was the only surviving son of Yumru.

Urungu had listened to the Kür Shad revolution from his mother and had become a person who had seen and lived it.

Since Börü, Örpen and Kızıl were the sons of these heroes, he loved them very much, wished that he had a friend among the sons of other revolutionaries, and lamented that he himself could not be the son of one of those who died in this revolution. There was one more thing he lamented: though he was such a sharp shooter, such a good shot, ran like a storm when he rode a horse, and trusted his heart and wrist so much, it was strange that he was a black man and did not know who his father was. He had asked his mother one or two times who his father was, and she had said "I will tell you when the time comes". Such respect for his mother

If he hadn't heard, he would have forced her to tell him. But this hero was so attached to his mother that he could not find the strength to go beyond her words.
Among these heroes, his own father

He must have died in his bed, but his mother was afraid to say so, and Urungu could go no further.

One day a great disaster this tribe. When the four braves, namely Urungu, Örlen, Börü and Kizil returned from the hunt, they found their homeland in disarray. The oba was attacked, tents were burnt, sheep were taken, women and children were killed. Only Urungu's mother and a son, wounded and unconscious, survived in the heaps. Urungu while the other three, who had lost everything and had gone mad while trying to restore their mother and son, rode south at full speed, and came across the Chinese wall.

They raced until they came out, but they did not come across any Chinese. Having lost his wife and five sons, Örlen shouted at one of the towers, begged for help, and when he did not get an answer, he cursed, and when the tower laughed at these curses, he cursed even more, and finally cried out in his loudest voice as follows:

- I am Örlen, son of Major Böğü Alp! Who are you, the head of the bitches there? Tell us your name so we can find out who you are. Don't be afraid that I'll 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, Archbishop of the haunts! I'm afraid you'll climb the wall, but since you commanded me

I'll tell you. You're the captain who today had to deal with the rat babies and their mothers in four tents.

Ven... 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 came to him a little, took his son and his friends that night and headed north and landed in this desolate place where they are now. Even though years had passed, they were still here. The mother and the little boy, who had been lying in the open for days, were finally saved from death, After the first stupor of the disaster had passed, they owned a few sheep, entered the tents woven by the mother, and reorganised their lives.

In one or two years, Örpen, Börü and Kizil even travelled far away to find a match for themselves, but Urungu had not thought of remarrying.

Corporal Örpen was the head of the oba, and was older than the other men. But none of them would do their work without asking Urungu's mother. This woman always said the right thing, thought of everything, and did not hesitate to provoke them to be aggressive when necessary.

When Örpen's, Börü's and Kizil's children were born, it was always her who looked after the fresh brides and taught them how to raise their children. In short, this mother woman was the soul of the oba.

That evening the spirit of the orphan died and the orphan was orphaned.

The moon was high. A cool wind was blowing on the plain. The horses, which were approaching rapidly again, stopped in front of the tents, and Örpen and Kizil and their wives and children got off from these horses. All the obans, from fifty years old to five years old.

They rushed to the mother woman with all their speed to get some koumiss. The poor tribe, living in a barren and unproductive place, struggled not to lose its soul, and the words "if only we had some koumiss" from her lips that morning were considered a blessed command, and three men, three women and eight children, the youngest of whom was five years old. They jumped on their horses and rode off in the directions Örpen had signalled. Fourteen of the fourteen people who went in four parts returned with four pinch of koumiss, but the mother died before the first one could even drink the koumiss...

The Oba had lost its soul. That's why all of them were crying with their necks bent and their hearts heavy. Urungu was looking at the sky through the tent door, his fifteen-year-old son Tacham was standing still inside.

In the morning, all but Urungu had fallen asleep. Only he stayed up until sunrise.

he reckoned his heart with the days. The mother he lost was such a mother that he. Even with his death, he honoured his son, secretly informing him that he was the son of Kür Şad.

What an incomprehensible work of God! Everyone was crying that Urungu's mother was dead. The truth was that it was Kür 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, while he was lamenting his unique mother, 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 army even though he was a tegin from the Bozkurt lineage.

As the light of the day filled the 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 on the other side. The first stirrings had begun in the other tents. Urungu looked at his mother with a sigh: "Kür Shad's konçuyu" he murmured. Then he turned his eyes to Tacham who was about to wake up. Kür Shad's grandson, he thought.

- IV -

IN THE LAP OF THE STEPPES

Urungu was riding alone on the endless steppe. A year after the death of his mother, he married Tacham, left his tent to them, said goodbye to the obans and threw himself into the lap of 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 to Ötüken and see this blessed land.

Days passed, hunted game and fledged birds, 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 boiling water, when three horsemen got off their horses at the spring. After they drank water and watered their horses, one of them called Urungu:

- From Bozkir! Who are you? Where are you going?

- My name is Urungu. I'm heading north.

It was clear from their postures and looks that the foreigners were not fooled by this promise. How could 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. Were there any kagans left in Turkeli and they were asking these questions? He responded harshly:

- I am a Sky Turk. As for my kagan...

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, "If you say you are a Sky Turk, you don't have to tell your kagan."

Urungu jumped up from 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 the other with a stern behaviour:

- Enough! You don't have to tell me about your kagan after you say you're Nine Oghuz.

The captain was furious:

- Don't you like the Nine Oghuzes?

- I know you are more brave than the Karluks.

- What about the Sky Turks?

- I also know that you were a subject of the Sky Turks.

Urungu and the Nine Oghuzes were facing each other at a distance of about fifteen paces. A storm was about to break out.

The Nine Oghuz captain smiled contemptuously:

- "Don't you Kür Shad who still frightens the Chinese," he said. Then he finished his words, not giving Urungu, whose face was dishevelled like a blizzard, a chance:

- Your Kür Shad was a very sharp shooter. But in the age of Kara Khan, Even though he was in the army of Tulu Khan that we defeated, his arrows did not hurt us.

Something inside Urungu was aching. was about to lose himself. Wanting to close with sarcasm:

- "I also know that the Nine Oghuz are better marksmen than the Chinese," he said.

This word had created a storm. With unprecedented swiftness Kadyr Baga drew an arrow from his quiver, put it on the bow, travelled and threw it. A sharp sound was heard. Urungu's cowl flew from his head and stuck into the tree behind him along with the arrow. Then the voice of the Nine Oghuz captain boomed:

- Have ever seen a sharper sniper than a Chinaman? That's an earful for you! I could've hit him a finger lower and punched his brains out!

All three of the Nine Oghuzes started laughing with laughter. Then something more serious happened: Urungu quicker than the captain, and with lightning-like swiftness he grabbed his quiver. Three in a row

a whoosh was heard. Three arrows had blown the cowls off the heads of the three laughing men and stuck them in the trees behind them.

Now the laughter stopped, the gaze hardened and the gap was halved. Urungu was still aching inside:

- "Let this be a lesson to you," he said. His eyes saw his surroundings in a haze, he could not even make out the horsemen approaching from behind the Nine Oguz.

Captain Kadyr Baga quickly recovered from his surprise:

- "I can see that you're no joke," he said.

I'm not gonna let you off the hook without trying."

They drew swords. Urungu took with his back to a tree. Kadyr Baga, cautious and his first attack. A sharp snap 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, as if he had been pinned in place, blocked all the blows.

The other two, who had been robbed of their headscarves, were astonished. Where did this troublemaker come from?

Even Kadyr Baga couldn't handle him.

While they were thinking so and looking curiously at the shot, a caravan of about twenty horsemen came and stopped.

Among them, besides the likes, çeris and horse servants, there was also a young girl and from the respect shown to her, it was understood she was the head of the caravan. Although they all dismounted from their horses, she did not.

The young girl looked at the fighters for a while. The captain asked Kadyr Baga who this brave man was who had made him sweat. The two men with their caps blown off, Urungu a Sky Turk named Gök Turk, and that his marksmanship skills his unprecedented superiority. The young girl commanded one of those nearby:

- Major! Separate the combatants!

The major drew his sword and entered the fray:

- "Break it up! Mrs Moon gave the order," he shouted.

Neither Urungu nor Kadyr Baga were willing to leave. But when he heard the name of Ay Hanım, the captain stepped back and lowered his sword. Kneeling on the ground, he greeted Ay Hanım.

Urungu saw his surroundings at that moment. Well-dressed, well-behaved braves. They were looking at him, and a young and 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 confused. Looking at the major:

- "Why did you separate us? Who is Mrs Moon?" he asked.

- Lady Moon is the daughter of our Khan Baz Khan. I separated you by his command.

A short clatter 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 Moon, he stood up straight. Despite his shabby clothes, his stance, his speech, especially his previous fight told that he was a great person. The daughter of the Nine Oghuz kagan recognised people at a glance and even understood what was in their hearts. One of her nephews was a kam. It was rumoured among the Nine Oghuz that he had taught her a lot of secret knowledge. He began to speak to Urungu:

- Yigit! Saying your name is Urungu doesn't make you well known. 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 recognised this voice. It was so beautiful, so close that he could hear it in himself and respond to it.

he couldn't give.

Mrs Ay started to speak again:

- I've seen how you fight. It's a big job to play sword with Captain Kadyr Baga. I can also see the marks of your shooting. You must be one of the great elders of the Sky Turks.

Urungu was silent. This voice penetrated his heart, reminded him of the past days, and gradually he recognised this beautiful girl.

he was beginning to recognise. Again his voice was opening a wound inside her.

- Valiant! If it had not been forty years since the death of Kür Shad, whose fame in archery was unmatched, I would have said you were Kür Shad on the basis of your marksmanship.

Urungu trembled. He restrained himself not to say that he was Kür Şad's son. His heart rejoiced that even though his father had been dead for forty years, his name and fame were still alive, and that he was living among the Nine Oghuz, who were the descendants of the Sky Turks.

and filled with pride.

Now he recognised her and her voice: Mrs Moon, who had been killed twenty years ago by Chinese Captain Ven.

He looked exactly like his wife, and his voice exactly like hers. Remembering this, Urungu was speechless:

- "No, madam! I'm not a Beğ. I am a Sky Turk from Karabud," he said.

The Khan's daughter at Urungu. She didn't seem to believe his words. He seemed to want to read her heart. They exchanged glances.

The others, who had heard all that had been said, looked at Mrs Ay and Urungu and wondered what this would lead to. A kagan

It was inconceivable to look at his daughter's eyes so insistently. How could this Sky Turk, even if he was a favourite, look at the kagan's daughter like this?

But Kür Shad's son was not interested. He was ecstatic as he looked into 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 wife again. With the difference that this face, these eyes were more charming, more beautiful, more different than his wife'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 was staring at her unceasingly, be from the black powder?

- "Bahadır! Where are you going?" he asked.

- I'm going to Ötüken, madam!

- We're going north too! You can come with us as far as you like. Urungu hit his knee on the ground:

- "The command is yours," he said, and he never raised his eyes to look at her face again.

That night the caravan stayed in the forest by the spring. The horse servants unloaded the vineyards from the spare horses.

and set up the tents. The big tent of the Khan's daughter was carefully erected and the bed of felt was prepared. Then the tents of the major and two captains were erected. Corporals, privates and horse servants

in small tents, three or four at a time.

Urungu had no tent. The fleece on his horse 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. that he'd be enough for himself.

Baz Kagan's little daughter Ay Hanım, who had been travelling with her father's order, was now returning home.

It was also rumoured that Baz Kagan had a secret purpose in this journey, but no one knew about it.

Urungu was sitting alone, some distance away from the Nine Oghuzes, thinking. While he was about to refuse the meat with our koumiss brought by a corporal, when he learnt that Ay Hanım was on her way, he gave up and drank the koumiss he had not drunk for months with a great appetite.

While the cool wind of the night hit the trees and made eerie sounds, Urungu called his wife

And he thought of Mrs Moon, and this resemblance increased the closeness born in his heart towards Mrs Moon. Her eyes were also like this. She also this tall. She also made him tremble like this when she spoke. Her colour was as beautiful as this. Alone... Alone, Mrs Moon was more beautiful.

Urungu loved his dead wife so much that he did not take any woman as his wife after her death. Among the Sky Turks, when his wife died
His friends used to marvel at Urungu because there was no one who did not marry. Even his mother once asked him to marry, but Urungu refused so firmly that his mother did not bother about it again, and Urungu lived without a woman for twenty years, and although the memory of his dead wife was erased in his heart and the fire of her fire was ashed away, he continued to honour her memory.

Tonight he thought of her all the time. What was left to him from this woman besides memories? Tacham as a living heritage. Now it was so sweet to think of the old days, to remember her, that the moon was honoured to be the cause of these sweet memories. He felt grateful to Mrs. Hanım from inside. Then he felt bitter inside and thought "how nice it would have been if she had lived too". If that karganmış Ven had not killed him, he would not be such a homeless, homeless traveller now. It would have been better if Lady Moon, lying in the tent fifty paces away, had not been Baz Khan's daughter but his own wife. In Urungu's heart, the one who died twenty years ago
His feelings for his wife and his feelings for Mrs Ay mixed and merged, and only one woman remained in his imagination. This woman stretches back twenty years to the present day, Urungu's unholy life, his life that resembled a dark road.

a sun that illuminated steppe. Something like the sweet sun illuminated the steppe in the first summer months...

He was forty-five years old. He had seen everything bitter and sweet in this world; but Finally, he realised that he was filled with three great pains and resented his luck. The first pain is the Turkish khan in Ötüken, the wolf-headed banner

to see his beloved wife. The second pain was not being able to say that he was the son of Kür Şad the third pain was not being able to see his beloved wife.

to miss. The deaths of his father and mother were in accordance with God's commandment, so he was not bitter about that, but the others were not God's law, so his heart ached. Why would he not be happy? Turkish kaganate in Ötüken Couldn't say he was the son of Kur Shad? Couldn't he build a home with his wife again?...

Urungu suddenly came to his senses: His wife had been dead for twenty years. He had sworn an oath to his mother not to tell that he was Kur Shad's son. There was only one hope left: to establish the Gök Turk kaganate in Ötüken.

Establishment. Surely one day a tegin would raise a banner and he himself would run under the shadow of that banner.

After midnight he sat on a log and thought until Captain Kadir Bağa came to him and asked why he had not gone to bed. He had seen that the day's oil had gone in order when he got up to change shifts for the privates, and then he had seen that he was still in bed and, despite the chill in the air, was still wearing his felt. He approached Urungu, who was not hugged, and offered him a tent.

Urungu then felt the chill in the air and realised that the time was late. The moon was high. Captain

suddenly bent down and looked at Urungu's face:

- "Did you something in your eye? Why is your eye wet?" he asked. Urungu put his hand to his eye.

Something, perhaps a small insect must have caught his eye. Looking at the captain:

- "It's better for me to sleep in the open. Have a good night."

He took his felt from his horse a little further away and wrapped it round him. He lay down on the grass and stayed like that.

The guards at the lodge saw that the Sky could not get comfortable on the grass until dawn.

- V -

ON THE WAY TO ÖTÜKEN

The next day, as the caravan travelled northwards, Urungu joined them, with the permission and command of Lady Ay. Captain Kadyr Baga and two corporals were well ahead. The major was behind Lady Moon, and when he received a signal to speak to her, he rode up and approached her.

The soldiers, horse servants and pack horses were coming from the rear. Two corporals were on the right left of the cavalcade occasionally rode out and kept watch to the left and right, and then came back to the cavalcade. A captain rode in the rear, occasionally riding backwards and watching the surroundings.

Urungu was in the rear, between the captain of the rearguard and the pack horses. He was very much separated from these well-dressed men of honour and çeris, he was bored and at the same time he liked to go with them. He wanted to give them some help in return for the kismet given to him and the hospitality shown to him. But how and on what occasion would he do it? He was always thinking about this on the road, not talking to anyone. Occasionally, if the rear captain asked him something, he would give short answers, thus wasting time.

This journey lasted the same three days. 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, in front of the gate of her otaku, was riding her horse.

Sitting on his throne made of saddles, he listened to the melody, and the major did the same, standing opposite him.

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 blows, heart-piercing arrows, chest-breaking pikes, decapitating swords, praised the blood that flowed like water, the countless lives spent, the gallantry done in abundance.

But Urungu had not come across a bard for years, longed for the sound of the kopuz like everything else. Now the strings being struck by a Nine Oghuz minstrel had made him ecstatic again. Outside the circle around the kopuz player, quite a few
He was sitting cross-legged behind him, listening, drifting away from himself. What the bard of Nine Oghuz was not saying...

**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 gets wet when
the bird of love sings.
Love is a hard truth, Your
beloved is a flower far away.
My love go on and on till
I'm no longer alive.**

Longing for a beauty...

That's the most beautiful

saying!

When love forgets you.

Every time I remember

my beloved, I meet a

death! Maybe my burning

will subside

When he fell asleep for the last time.

The bard continued to sing. But now he was getting more and more Urungu, who had passed by, did not hear, only a few words engraved in his brain were repeated in him incessantly:

Maybe my burning will

subside when I fall asleep

for the last time...

All of a sudden, this Nine Oghuz bard had made his heart ache he had fallen in love with him.

While he was thus immersed, anxious hearts were drifting away, Mrs Ay was talking about him. The major, who had seen and examined him a lot in three days of travelling companionship, had not delayed to see and understand the great value of the knife on his waist despite his old clothes and poor condition. When he told this to Mrs Ay, he mentioned the possibility that it was not from Urungu's black powder, which strengthened the suspicion of Mrs Ay, who already did not believe this.

It was a little difficult to think that this Gök Turk, who did not even have a tent to sleep in, was a beğ. However, looking at his bravery, his condition and his knife, it was not to be suspicious. Even Ay Hanım, who was a master at reading people's hearts, could not make a definite decision about this unknown person.

he was a worthy man, that's for sure. But that it... He did not 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 riding on horseback some distance away.

Urungu knelt on the ground. Then he stood up straight and waited for what Mrs Ay would say. No one was with them except the major. 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 like this every day, they would stay every evening, the kagan's daughter would see him from afar as he entered and left the kagan's lodge, then they would set off, with him being the furthest behind and the farthest away from the kagan's daughter, and so on and so on... By saying that they would part ways tomorrow, the kagan's daughter making his heart ache. Lifting his eyes from the ground for a moment and looking at her:

- "My heart aches for this, madam," he replied.

The Major paid attention at this word. There was no change in Mrs Ay's face. She asked with a smile in her green eyes:

- Why?

- You took me under your command and brought me here. You didn't spare the koumiss. In return, I could not serve you in any way, 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 how this service could be done with his gaze. 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 Mrs Moon, to join her father's army, to never be separated from her... What a beautiful thing it was!

But unfortunately, none of these good things could be realised. If he went with 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 one day break out. The Nine Oghuzes, who were their own organisation.

The souls of Kür Şad and Konçuyu would be hurt if he united with his troops. Urungu these

thinking, he became serious. Kneeling on the floor again:

- "Forgive me! I cannot join your father kaghan's troop. But other than that, I would be grateful to your every command".

They were silent. The major understood that this moon-faced kagan's daughter was sad inside. And inside Urungu there was a gale blowing. It was again that booming voice that stopped the blowing of this horn:

- Bahadır! I'd have been happy if you'd come with us. So we're leaving tomorrow. What do you wish me?

- I wish you good health. I also ask you to forgive me for unknowingly fighting with your men.

Mrs Moon 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 held it out...

Urungu walked quickly and hit his knee on the ground. He took the b rk that Mrs Ay handed him and kissed it and put it on his head:

- "You have given me fame, Moon Lady! I will 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, drank for three days.

He seemed to sense that his reckoning was resolved: I think he had fallen in love with the daughter of the kagan.

That night he slept with the relief of a man who had solved a difficulty. In his dreams, he always saw himself as a fortunate person, he often woke up and looked around him and nothing but a sentry far away. Only once, without being able to distinguish whether it was a dream or reality, he seemed to see the door of Ay Hanım's otaku opening in the distance, the kagan's daughter appearing, looking deeply into the sky, far away and around her, and then re-entering the otaku. Towards the morning, he always saw K r Şad, his mother, sister and his dead wife in his dream, then all of them disappeared and only his wife remained in the square, adorned and charming.

His wife, standing with her head uncovered among the clothes, wept and wept.

Urungu got up very early and his horse. He wore the b rk given by Ay Hanım. He would again experience one of the troubled days of his life. Bahtın accepted without complaint to bear the burden he was burdened with, on the contrary, he understood that fortune occasionally showed him a smiling face. What was the meaning of the sun of fortune showing its light for a short moment and then drowning him in darkness again?

This morning the caravan woke up earlier than usual. As they were setting off, they came across Urungu a little ahead, behind a small mound. Mrs Ay jumped off her horse as he passed by. 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:

- "May your fortune be good, my friend!" and he passed by. Urungu, who stayed on his knees until the caravan passed, was called by Captain Kadyr Baga, who was in the rear today and he stood up and looked at him. The captain presented him with a pint of koumiss. A gift he would have refused at any other time, but for some reason today he was happy to accept it. Kadyr Baga seemed a little depressed:

- "Urungu! Lady Moon liked you. 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 this unfinished fight?

- The mountain doesn't meet the mountain, but the person the person. We'll meet again one day. The captain smiled:

- Goodbye!

- Good luck to you.

Urungu stared at them, unmoving like a stone, until the caravan disappeared over the horizon.

Spring was over and the heat of summer had begun. The sentries guarding the towers of the great Chinese wall were given strict orders to watch for passers-by. There was nothing in sight. But the news coming from the Chinese Chinese messengers were united in stating the necessity of vigilant behaviour.

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 took one of the roads leading up without stopping; when he reached the top of the wall, he walked towards the tower on the right without stopping again. When the Chinese soldiers in the tower saw a horseman approaching, they cut him off.

- "Hold it! 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:

- He said, "Tonyukuk! 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:

- Will you 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 you there's going to be a wedding. Don't tell me how to get out. Just give way to me.

- I can't.

- It'll be good for you if you do.

Saying this, Tinyukuk his belt. The Chinese captain understood. He took Tonyukuk by the arm and led him a little further away:

- He said, "I'm an acquaintance of yours. 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 shone:

- "How will you pass the other towers?" he asked.

Tonyukuk smiled:

- With your help!

- With my help?

- Yes!

The captain was scared:

- "I don't interfere that much," he shouted. Tonyukuk jumped on his horse.

- "I was just , leave that to me," he said, and galloped off.

As he approached the second tower, he noticed that the guards on the other side had arrows in their bows.

As they approached at full speed, he drew the first arrow from his quiver and shot it. One of the guards was hit in the chest by this arrow and rolled on his back, while the others started to shoot arrows at Tonyukuk.

While arrows were flying from his right and left, Tonyukuk galloping, and on the other hand, with his Gök Turk quickness and marksmanship, he was knocking down the Chinese by drawing arrows from his quiver. When he reached right in front of the tower, his right

Those who remained fled inside, but as soon as he passed, they came out again and started shooting arrows after him.

At the same time, Captain Ven in the tower had a fire lit, signalling danger to the next tower, five

The Chinese came out of the tower a hundred steps ahead and started walking towards Tonyukuk.

While Tonyukuk was galloping with an arrow behind him, the horse, which had been hit in the rump by Captain Ven's arrow, reared up and whinnied painfully. Then Tonyukuk whistled, shouted "on the moon!..." and led his horse

He put spurs to the edge of the wall and flew down the wall, leaping with his horse in front of him.

The place where Tonyukuk jumped was the lowest part of the wall, but seven or eight men. It was obvious that the one who jumped from this place would not survive. Since the Chinese knew this, they were sure that both the horse and its owner were dead. They were afraid to even look down, they felt a strange fear. However, Tonyukuk jumped with great skilfulness and composure, stood up by stepping on the saddle of his horse while his horse was crossing the wall, and stood a man's length away from the horse falling to the ground.

Kala also threw herself off him and fell to the ground. Just then, a horseman, who was watching the wall from behind a pile of earth about a hundred paces away, quickly approached Tonyukuk with a horse in tow. Tonyukuk jumped on the spare horse and they both rode northwards. This happened so quickly that Captain Ven looked down from the wall and saw the dead horse.

When he heard the hoofbeats and raised his eyes a little more, he saw the dust raised by the two horsemen and started cursing profusely.

When Kutluk Shad, who was watching the horizon on his horse on the edge of a wood, saw two horsemen coming at full gallop, he grasped the post he had planted in the ground. On the top of this post was a golden wolf's head.

There was a picture of a bow resembling a half-moon on the flag.

When the two horsemen came to Kutluk Shad, they got off their horses. Kneeling on the ground, they greeted him. Shad started to speak:

- Tonyukuk! Boyla Baga Tarkan! The wolf-headed banner is no more.

Boyla Baga Tarkan, who was waiting for Tonyukuk outside the Chinese wall, replied:

- We waited for years for this

day. Tonyukuk added:

- 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, God

With the help of God, we will re-establish the Gök Turk state and lead armies from Ötüken to the four corners. God

If God helps us, our soldiers will be like wolves, and the fat soldiers will be like sheep. If God wills

The Turkish race marches in Ötüken, the Turkish nation is united from 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 take this battle with me?

Two claps were heard: Two Turkish kings drew swords. They swore an oath according to Turkish custom:

- In comes the sky, out comes the red!...

Tonyukuk wrote writings on small wooden boards and sent them to the scattered Turkish tribes and called them under the banner of Kutluk Shad. That day was the day of the meeting. By evening, fifteen more people came from the four districts and entered the brigade of Kutluk Tegin. Among them was Corporal

Corporal Örpen and Börü Beğ, Kizil, Tacham and finally Urungu, who had grown up.

The next morning Kutluk Shad and his seventeen men set out to revive the Gök Turk state.

With Tonyukuk's advice, they thought it appropriate to first attack one of the Chinese outposts and win a success. When this success became known among the Turks, more people would join them 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 would be greater. The design was prepared accordingly: A few tents were pitched near this tower, less than half a day's journey away. Every day some of Kutluk Shad's men rode horses northwards.

They were going hunting, a few soldiers were hidden inside the tents, but they never went out of the tent. They were only watching the south from the holes, looking for anyone coming and going.

A few days later, when Captain Ven's messengers reported that a Turkish obta had landed there, Ven's grim face broke into a smile. He hadn't taken himself on a hunt for a year. Now he was going to get those wet rats again. One morning he took thirty horsemen from his choicest troops and headed for the unwary Turk's oba.

That day four soldiers under the command of Börü Beğ were on watch. When they saw the Chinese through the holes in the tent they had made up their eyes, they ignited the kindling they had ready and shone them into the hole at the top of the tent.

Smoke from the hole in the hill signalled to those hidden in the distance that the Chinese were approaching. Captain

When Ven's thirty horsemen came within a hundred paces of the obaya, those who were hidden inside came out with the command of Börü Beğ.

They sprang up, stood side by side and with a swiftness befitting the Sky Turks, showered the Chinese with arrows.

Thirty Chinese troops were confused at once. 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 pouring out on the one hand and approaching the Turks on the other.

Most of them had their horses shot and 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 a fierce sword strike began 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 is fighting two Chinese on foot, one of whom is Captain Ven, while the others have their backs to the tents.

and they were fighting against a crowd.

After one or two attempts, Ven stepped forward with a fierce attack and shouted "take it" as he made a sword strike that he was sure would knock the other man down. But this attack almost cost him dearly. With a sharp contradiction, Börü swung his sword to the side and moved so hard that 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 moment something that he did not realise: those of his own troops who had horses suddenly turned round and started to flee towards the south. Ven, who was looking north, was quick to realise the situation.

A troop of horsemen was coming at full speed from aheadkicking up dust. Ven sensed they were being ambushed.

He attacked the Gok Turks again with seven or eight foot soldiers.

Now he was fighting Börü Beğ one on one. Against Börü, with whom he had fought 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 officers in the Chinese army. But this rabid Sky Turk, as if he was his forty years' veteran, had his eyes on him.

Ven was attacked by swords from all sides, as if he had been attacked with several swords at once, and he could do nothing but retreat.

At this moment, thirteen men under Kutluk Shad's command arrived and stopped for a moment; with two or three sword strikes they knocked down all of them except Ven. As Kutluk Shad was giving orders to chase 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! Don't you recognise Captain Ven?

He recognised it too. He was going to attack to avenge what happened 20 years ago. But Örlen wouldn't let go:

- Leave him to me! He only killed your wife and one son. He killed my wife and five sons.

Then his brow furrowed and he thundered:

- Son of a bitch! Now it's my turn!..

He attacked the Chinaman with a terrific charge. He attacked so fast that Ven was whirling round

spinning, bewildering him.

Örlen had driven him towards the tents. There was nowhere to retreat. Suddenly Örlen's voice rose:

-Take it! This is my wife's right!...

The Chinese had a long sword wound on his face. But he knew what was coming, so he defended himself and the fight with a last struggle. Among the clatter of swords, Örlen's voice boomed again:

- Take it! This is the right of my first son!...

The Chinese's tula was torn and the sword touched his forehead.

Although Örlen was playing a bloody game, he looked differently, as if in a dream, and heard voices shouting "revenge, revenge". 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, Örlen, who is not wearing any armour, is only attacking, striking, trying to protect himself.

he wasn't thinking.

- Take it! This is the right of my third son!...

Örlen had his sword stuck in the Chinaman's arm. Ven was heard moaning slightly as he dropped his sword.

Örlen lifted his sword to strike a blow for his fourth son and was shouting "take" when a stern command was heard:

- Don't shoot!... 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 salvation. The Chinese, realising that he could not fight with his aching right arm, gripped his sword with his left hand. But what could Ven, who had done nothing with his right hand, now do with his left?

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 strike with indifferent looks. The sound of swords clattered with a steady beat, and then suddenly one of the strokes went wrong.

was heard. Immediately afterwards, Örlen's voice boomed:

- Take it! This is my fourth son's right!...

Ven took a sword thrust in the chest, piercing his armour and wounding him in the chest. He knelt in agony.

Örlen couldn't take his anger:

- "Get up, bully," he shouted. Ven tried to get up, but could not. Örlen smiled greedily:

- You were good with a sword when you killed little children. Chinese hero' come on, show yourself!...

Captain Ven exhausted, .

- "Don't hit me! I'll give you some money," he whined. Örlen took a step forward:

- Is your life worth the money? Behave!... Or else...

Örlen could not finish his words. Because taking advantage of the fact that he had lowered his sword, Ven suddenly leapt out and made an attack, inflicting a deep wound on Örlen's face.

Örlen paid no attention to this. He swung his sword with a roar:

- Take it! This is my fifth son's right!...

Then he swung another sword at Ven, whose sword had fallen from his hand and about to collapse with the sword he had received on his head:

- "Take it! This is my right," he shouted.

Örpen his just deserts 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 dog shit," he muttered.

That night, the eighteen men who had taken up the compass 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, and all the others were routed. Under Tonyukuk's command, they marched to the Chinese wall and killed those who had escaped.

Ten of the pursuers in front of one of the towers, calling out from below and begging for help.

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 replied 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? It's a Turkish wedding. that's how it happens.

Now they had pitched their tents by a water. Kutluk Shad had divided the ulcas taken from the Chinese. They had succeeded because God had blessed them, and of them had died. Corporal Örpen had received the biggest wound, which seemed as insignificant to him as a dog attack.

The wolf-headed banner was 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. Inside them Faith gave them glad tidings of the realisation of this thought, and their hearts beat with joy.

- VII -

BAHTIYAR SLEEP

A young man, who looked to be about seventeen or eighteen years old, was walking tiredly with a sack on his back. The bag on the back of this young man, who had set out before sunrise, was full of broken pieces of iron. The sun was setting. Although he was about to eat, he had not yet put a morsel in his mouth. He was walking with great effort and hurrying.

This well-built young man, who was a Sky Turk, could ride a horse very well, and his arrow had five hundred arrows.

and his sword would cut through the armour. But he was so impoverished that he did not even have a bow, let alone a horse, or even a small knife in his waist. He was walking on foot across the endless steppe with the indomitability of people running towards a great ideal, and he did not think of taking a break for a moment.

Suddenly his steps quickened. He saw a cliff far ahead. When he reached the door of the cave carved into the rock, 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 a thin soil, a white-haired old man was lying.

This old man, 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, had been taken to China with Kara Khan when he was captured, had stayed in Chinese dungeons for years after the Kür Shad revolution, his hair had turned grey, but his back had not bent.

He was a very skilful blacksmith. The swords and knives he made were snapped up by the Sky Turks and they liked to go to war with him. 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 has been living on half and half food brought by his grandson, and he can't even walk anymore.

so spent most of his time lying in the cave. His grandson took a step towards him:

- "Grandpa! I brought you 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..." he replied. The youth was not interested. After wiping the sweat from his forehead with a new hand, 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 memories.

I begged and begged to collect them. I set out before sunrise and walked till sunset. I'm hungry.

I'm thirsty. I'm tired. I'm exhausted. But if you make me a sword, I'll forget all I've suffered and be blessed.

The old blacksmith smiled:

- How quickly you become happy-go-lucky? You, who are happy-go-lucky with a sword, will you go mad with joy if the Gök Turk state is revived?

- I am fortunate that the Sky Turk state will be revived. I also 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 them without a sword at my waist?

The old man was excited:

- Kutluk Shad? I know Kutluk Shad. He's the most powerful soldier of the Bozkurt clan. Now you sword from me

You want it? This be the sweetest job in my life... Quick, bring the irons here...

Buluç took the bag on his back again and brought it to the anvil inside the cave. Here was a pile of coal, dusty from years of use, mixed with the earth. Old, rejuvenated

With a quickness and agility unexpected from him, he lit the kindling and threw the coal on it. He took the fan made of eagle wings in his hand. Then he knelt in front of the hearth and raised his head up.

Opening his hands:

- "Almighty God! Give me strength. Give some mastery to my hands, which have forgotten how to work for years, and some strength to my arms."

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 hammers disappeared in 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 carefree, that is, fortunate days of his childhood. Every strike of the hammer was a step towards the ideal. The hammer would be made into a sword by hitting the anvil, he would join Kutluk Shad when he wore the sword, and then the holy war would begin to reach Ötüken. 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 struck with love, fervour and strength, working as if he, and not his grandson, was going to wield the sword: Croak!....
Quit it!... Quit it!...

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. Dreaming tonight

he hadn't seen it. But he knew how his grandfather worked as if he had seen it in reality, not in a dream.

The echoes of the hammer on the anvil were still ringing in his ears. It seemed to him that he had woken up shortly after the last hammering.

His eyes fell on the hearth. The fire was full, bright and glowing as if it had just been lit. He slowly got 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.
He slowly unsheathed it. This sword is a sword

dazzlingly bright. 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 felt on.

Buluç looked at him with pity. How this old grandfather was working until the morning when war was mentioned, and what a beautiful work he was creating!....

Suddenly a beautiful knife caught Buluç's eye. His grandfather had made it and left it a little ahead of the sword. Here he had received two fortunes in one night. He had endured so much labour and hardship for only a sword, and now he had a knife as a bonus.

Buluç reached out slightly and took the knife. He unsheathed it and examined it carefully.
Tomorrow's battle

his friends would envy him for this knife. He looked at his grandfather with a smile.

Suddenly had to restrain himself from shouting with a cry of joy: A sword a step ahead of the blade

Another sword was still standing, and a step ahead of it another sword was visible. Buluç jumped up and picked up the swords, trying not to make any noise. He turned to the door of the cave and examined it 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 "İlterish Khan" were read. For a moment he thought who this İlterish Khan was. Since it was written on the same sword, it was probably another name of Kutluk Shad, or maybe not maybe, it was definitely the name he would take after becoming a kagan.

Buluç curiously grazed the other sword and looked at it. The words "son of Kür Şad" were written there. Yes, he remembered: His grandfather had told him that Kür Shad had a son, and that this child, who was very young at the time of Kür Shad's revolution, had been born to his mother.

and even stayed as a guest in his tent for a few nights, then he told how he had kidnapped them by giving them his own horse and his own compasses, how the Chinese suspected him and imprisoned and tortured him, but Kür Şad did not say anything by enduring all the pain so that his son and his son would be saved, so he was invisible for years. that he was languishing in dungeons.

But how could he find and give Kür Shad's son? This is the answer for now. Finding it unnecessary to deal with the riddle, he unsheathed his own sword. He read the inscription "Buluç" on one side. His grandfather, wherever he found it, had left a sword strap there. Buluç put on his sword and knife and left the cave door. The sun was rising with an unprecedented beauty.

He looked at the horizons and skies for a while. The sweet wind was adding life to his life. There was something missing, but he could not understand what it was. Suddenly he smiled.

- "I'm inspired by good fortune," he muttered. He had discovered what was missing: He was terribly hungry. I wonder if his grandfather had some food left over? He entered the cave to find out. Looking around softly he approached his grandfather with steps. 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. In his left hand he held his big clamp. Clamp, a piece of iron to make a sword

grasped it. That is to say, the grandfather was so tired that he sat down and fell asleep.

But why was he so still and pale? Buluç bent down with one knee on the ground. "Grandpa," he called. His grandfather was smiling. He called him again, faster. Then he pressed his hand to his grandfather's heart. After a count of one to ten, he jumped to his feet with a deep sigh. Grandad was dead.

After carrying the burden of a hundred years, after losing everyone and everything, not even a grandson, not even a grandson's son, the old blacksmith died just as the Grey Wolf banner 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 fortunate face that it was the most joyful
A person who had a dream in an instant, or who felt good fortune in his veins, could only smile like this.

He began by beseeching God to give him strength, and then he took three swords, the most beautiful of all the swords he had made in all his lifetime.

He had made one, and then his heart, worn out by a hundred years of beating, anvilised by disaster and misery, could not withstand this exhausting night work and stopped.

However, even this much was a beautiful, great result. The old blacksmith, Kutluk Shad's brigade

When he heard that the sword had been raised, he was revived, strengthened with the faith he had never lost, he worked all night, labouring above human strength to help this blessed war with his hammer, although his eyesight was not good and the cave was darker at night, he made three swords and a knife by being content with only the gleam from the furnace, and then he passed away from this world great good fortune, lying on his earthen bed.

He was now sleeping a blissful sleep, never to wake up again. Indeed, to be able to sleep this blessed sleep with such a labour was worth a hundred years of suffering.

He was asleep. As if he heard the clatter of swords that would revive the Gök Turk state, Its banner will wave in Ötüken

he slept as if he knew tomorrow, what would happen tomorrow.

Buluç now standing like a stone, filled with respect for the old blacksmith who had died while labouring to make swords for the Sky Turk warriors.

Suddenly 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. 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 Chassis.

- There'll be an old blacksmith here, you know?

- He is 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. So did all his chieftains at once. Kutluk Shad, followed by Tonyukuk and Boyla Baga Tarkan, entered the cave and saw the dead body of the old blacksmith.

He stood in front of him in a respectful position. Then, turning to Buluç behind Tonyukuk, he said:

- He said, "Tell me how it happened."

After Buluç brought the bag full of iron pieces, he explained what had happened and said that it was made for Kutluk Shad.

the sword to the ooze:

- "This sword was made for you, Shad," he said.

Kutluk Shad took the sword in his hand:

- How do you know it was made for me?

- It's got your name on it.

Tonyukuk and Boyla Baga Tarkan approached Kutluk Shad, whose sword had been stripped, and all three said, "İlterish

They looked at each other reading the words "Kagan". Then they saw the name "Kutluk Shad" on the other side. O

when Tonyukuk:

- "Kutluk Shad," he said, "this 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, Ilterish Khan you will be."

Kutluk Shad did not answer. He only nodded his head in acknowledgement. Then Buluç extended the second sword.

he asked:

- Whose is this?

- Kur Shad's son. Shad

frowned:

- Is Kur Shad's son alive?

- Alive Shad!

- How do you know?

Buluç told what his grandfather had once told him. Boyla Baga Tarkan interjected:

- I've heard something similar, Shad. If you give the order, let's ask the gang.

- Ask.

Shad, Tonyukuk and Tarkan came out of the cave with Buluç behind them. Baga Tarkan's voice caused a stir among the soldiers:

- Do 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. Is there a son of Kür Shad among you?

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:

- "Here! Take good care of it as Kutluk Shad commanded."

No one was as happy about this beautiful coincidence as Urungu. But this joy remained a secret

Kutluk Shad and his troops stayed in front of the cave for a long time. They buried the old blacksmith. Two blacksmiths in the chariot made pikes, swords and tulgash from the rest of the iron Buluç had brought. Then they took Buluç with them and prepared to march. Boyla Baga Tarkan gave him one of the extra horses in the chariot:

- "We are seventy with you, your corporal is Börü," he said. Then, they set off at full speed with seventy horses and rushed forward with lightning speed. At the forefront, the wolf-headed red banner was waving, and behind it was the Gök Turk state. heroes who tried to resurrect the dead. Eyebrows furrowed, mouths they fly locked, eagle as their dark auburn long hair waves they were looking ahead with their gaze. The eyes saw only what was ahead, nothing behind 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 flowed forward in line 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.

- VIII -

İLTERİŞ KAGAN

A new spring had come to the steppe. The snow melted, the hungry soil drank the water, and everywhere was covered in green. The snow-capped mountains were listening to the tale of the steppe for thousands of years. Birds were singing on the slopes and in the forests, and the ground was bursting with life.

There was a ceremony on a wooded plain. The army of Kutluk Shad, 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 of them were on horseback one on foot. Tonyukuk had organised seven hundred people and spread the Turkish species.

- "Kutluk Shad! You will be our Khan."

- Do you believe that if I become Khan, I will raise the Turkish race?

- I've thought about it a lot. Buğa, from far away, you can't tell whether you are fat or lean. But I have been seeing you closely for two years. You can be a great kagan like the ancient kings of Bozkurt clan.

Therefore, 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 chariot was wrapped around the compass to seat the

Turkish khan on the throne. Kutluk Shad put his hand on

Tonyukuk's shoulder:

- "I agree to be the Turkish khan," he said. Tonyukuk

smiled:

- "I, Tonyukuk, together with Boyla Baga Tarkan and the cheri, declare you the Turkish khan. From now on, you are the Ilterish Khan."

Then he concluded his words as follows:

- For this day, the will of the blacksmith who died forging a sword and wrote the name of Ilterish Khan on the sword he made for you will be fulfilled.

The Khan answered:

- Tonyukuk! When I raise the wolf-headed banner, let you be the first to join me. You have managed well with your high knowledge and wisdom in two years of wars. 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 troops! Today we are re-establishing the Gök Turk state. Kutluk Shad is our kagan and Ilterish

He took the name of Kagan. We shall reach Ötüken again as in the past, 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 be known throughout the world.

will cover it.

Swords were raised. Seven hundred people were thundering in honour of the foundation 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**

Establishing the kaganate

starts from the beginning.

Eyes on the moon and the

sun; Ilterish Khan is in

the lead.

Summers pass in war. It

winters in Ötüken Let's

drink the koumiss...

When the Yosma Gök Turkish girls are

mested

Yavuzs slow down.

Urungu, who had been given the title of corporal because he had shown great merit in the battles with the Chinese and the Qingai, was listening to the minstrel in a state of sad fortune. The dream of his mother and himself had come true.

Now he could listen to his own inner pains, he could have time to burn himself to death. He knew why he was not as joyful as them among these fortunate seven hundred people, he even admitted it to himself: Now he had a dream of a woman in his heart. This dream, whose name was not known, was a long time ago dead

It was born from the mingling of his wife 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 warned him: "You cannot love": "You cannot love", another voice warned him.

What a blessed thing this war was! Through the war, he was consoled, forgot his troubles, and got rid of his sorrows.

He thought that without the war he would probably be the most troubled man in the world, and he sent his gratitude to God who had created him not as a Chinese but as a Turk. He sensed a secret joy, or rather not joy but hope, shining in his heart, and he was searching for what it was.

Urungu was accustomed to coming to terms with his own heart, so he was quick to understand this.

Soon there would be a war with the Nine Oguz. , under bad circumstances, there was a chance to see Ay Hanım again. When he thought of Lady Moon, Urungu could not think of anything else. The melody in her voice, the light in her gaze, the beauty in her face would stir his heart, and when he came to his senses, he would realise that something that could be called a joyful bitterness or a bitter taste had settled in him.

Now he was thinking of him again, neither seeing nor hearing the shouts of joy, swordplay and wrestling of the troops.

Suddenly he remembered his mother. Here her dream had come true. Here was the Turkish king Ilterish Khan on the throne, he had formed an army. He was a corporal of this army. What more could he want? At that time, he felt a secret fire he sensed he was on fire: He would not tell anyone that he was the son of Kur Shad. Urungu was absent-mindedly looking somewhere when he heard the strumming of the kopuz and the voice of a minstrel: **When the eye is dazzled**

The moon and the girl

are side by side. One

lights the eye, one enters

the blood.

Is the moon prettier or is

she ? Who's asking?

It is part of each other

Sounds like it to me. The
moon 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 entered 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 hugged each other.

Many privates are melting

That month is the girl's
mourning. Those who
drink are ecstatic

**From the bowl of your
eyes. The melody that
caresses the heart flows
from her voice. That girl
strikes you, separates
you from your thoughts...**

Urungu remembered only one part of this saying:

**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 kımız and said: "Sent by İterish Khan."

he said. When the name of the Khan was mentioned, there could be no other thoughts. Corporal Urungu has recovered. He was sent by the Khan

"Thanks to the Khan," he said after he drank our kagis.

- IX -

URUNGU'S WOUND

Baz Khan, the Nine Oghuz Khan, had called the elites and was holding a meeting in his tent:

- "My lords," he said, "the few Sky Turks the move again. If they continue like this, they will be a 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, China, and the Kitay. Let's unite with the Continentals and Chinese and eliminate them.

The Chinese march from the south, the Continentals from the east. We should attack from the north. If we can, let's eliminate this Sky Turk khan. What do you say?

They liked it: "That would be good" The Khan
turned to one of the elders:

- Kuni 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 KItai and say the same thing!

- Your command, Khan!

Baz kagan thought for a while. Then he looked at the likes:

- "You will set out immediately and ensure that they mobilise to converge on the
Sky Turk headquarters at the end of the summer," he said.

As they left Baz Qaghan's tent, they did not realise that a pedestrian was standing
inconspicuously at a considerable distance, watching them. This unknown man was soon
following Kuni Sengün to the south and Tungra Sem to the south.
moving eastwards. That's when he saw
that the youngest of the assembled dignitaries, Captain Kadyr Baga.
the tent. There was no guard at the door of this tent, nor was there anyone around it. The
unknown man looked around him and then
He approached the tent with slow steps, squatted down and put his ear inside. Kadyr Baga
was talking to someone and his voice could be heard outside, albeit faintly.

After the listener has been silent and motionless for a period of time, counting from one to one hundred, the noise

trying not to get . He walked away with slow steps. This faceless man who learnt what he was going to learn.

He was nothing but a messenger sent by Bilge Tonyukuk. At dusk, he jumped on his horse and rode at full speed towards the south.

Bilge Tonyukuk could not sleep the night he received this news. He thought about his plans until the morning.

After preparing it, he went to Ilterish Khan and told him his thoughts:

- Ilterish Khan! China! If these three come together, we will be in danger. It is easy to harvest a thing when it is soft and to break it when it is thin. If the dough is thick, it will be difficult to harvest. If it is thin and dense, it will be difficult to break. We will oppose Kıtay in the east, the 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.

we will fight.

Ilterish Khan didn't think much:

- He said, "Pass the word to the army."

A day or two later, a two thousand strong Gök Turk army was marching at lightning speed against the Nine Oguz.

Corporal Urungu was not favoured by fortune. Because he, too.

He was among the one hundred people who formed the reserve behind and were under the command of Captain Örlen. However, a strong feeling inside him told him that he would be able to see Mrs. Moon in this battle. By staying behind like this, he could see Mrs Moon.

He was bored because he did not think that he would be able to see, but he could not do anything about it. However, when the army of the Nine Oghuzes appeared

he felt his insides tingle with a strange excitement.

The enemy was three thousand. But the Gok Turk troop, which started with eighteen people, won every strike, every battle, and became like this, fed with victory, he was used to winning.

The battle began with a dazzling exchange of arrows. Then, when the arrows were exhausted, they came sword to sword, riding at lightning speed.

Captain Örlen was 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 so he was as far away from the battle as possible.

Time could not pass, the battle could not end. However, it was noticed that the Nine Oghuzs were retreating towards the Brick River.

Suddenly, a Sky Turk horseman came towards Captain Örlen and said something to him.

Behind him thundered Örlen's command:

- Move! Forward after me!..

One hundred men from the reserve to enter the battle at the crucial moment and finish the job in favour of the Sky Turks.

Örlen's company made a great arc and attacked the retreating troops of the Nine Oghuzs and rained them down fiercely.

Nine Oghuzs were throwing into the Brick River and trying to cross to the opposite shore. Örlen did not leave him and with his command he plunged his troop into the river.

Those who drowned from both sides drowned, among those who crossed to the opposite shore the chase was on. Örlen was doing a great job. He was moving towards the headquarters of the Nine Oguz. At the headquarters, Ba zKagan's guards with arrows met them valiantly.

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 soldiers were fighting on foot.

Captain Örpen was sword to sword with an enemy between two tents. Because they were scattered over a wide area, there was no longer any commanding, organised and collective fighting. The soldiers, scattered in threes, fought on their own, striking, fighting, drowning. The swords were swung with great force and skill, deflected with equal dexterity and fierceness, and the sound of iron on iron filled the whole field.

Örpen, the other

Nine Oghuz was a worthy favourite because of his clothes and sword.

the way he used it. Sometimes he would advance a step or two and then forced to retreat in the face of her fierce attacks. They were both wounded.

Corporal Urungu targeted one of the tents he saw on the battlefield,

He wanted to get there, he fought with those he met for this purpose, he wanted to break through and go to the tent without thinking that the fat would follow him. Was it the same Nine Oguz who had been standing in front of him all this time, or was Urungu a few

He did not realise whether he had changed enemies or not. He did not even see, sense or understand that goose was oozing from his wounds.

When he entered the big tent, which was his target, he suddenly stopped. Mrs Moon, at the back of the tent, with her bow in her hand

He was standing with fire in his eyes, preparing to fight against three Gök Turk soldiers who had entered the tent and wanted to take him captive. Urungu recognised his own soldiers and called them "sword

After giving the command, he took one or two steps forward and greeted Mrs. Ay by tapping his knee on the ground.

Then he ordered his men 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. The noise had subsided on all sides. In the distance, some wounded

There was the sound of moaning, and the clash of iron outside the tent and just beside it, as if two men were fighting with swords.

Urungu's sad voice rose in the tent:

- Forgive the soldiers if they were disrespectful, Miss Moon! How will they know who you are?

- You won the war, Urungu. I think you also killed my father kaghan. Urungu bowed his head:

- It's war, Mrs Moon. Anything can happen. Mrs Moon's voice has slowed down:

- Yes, even captivity. Even captivity...

- Madam Moon! You don't take prisoners. You're a prisoner. I've been thinking of you for so long.

and reach Corporal Urungu? The Khan's daughter smiled bitterly:

- So you're a corporal, huh? But you're not a kagan. How can a kagan's daughter marry a blackguard?

Urungu was shaken. "I am the son of Kür Shad," he wanted to shout. But he could not say it. What was he going to do now?

Before there was time to think about it, the sound of swords outside the tent approached. Then someone was seen to enter the tent quickly. This warrior with a sword in his hand:

- "Mrs Ay! Hurry up! We're running away!" he shouted, then turned towards the door and took a position against another warrior coming from behind him. Urungu recognised them both at once: the first was Kadyr Baga and the second was Örpen.

The two captains, who had been fighting outside the otaku since a while ago, were now going to start fighting again in front of Ay Hanım. Suddenly Kadyr Baga shouted, recognising Urungu:

- Is that you, Urungu? I'd like to fight with you, but this mate of yours won't let go...

Örpen 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, Örpen attacked Kadyr Baga again. But things worked out differently: As Urungu was advancing to fulfil the order he had received from the captain, Ay Hanım's bow whistled tensely and the arrow shot out and hit Urungu. between his heart and his shovel and knocked him out. The second arrow was worse. Because Mrs Ay did not give up to Captain Örpen, 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 Moon:

- 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 shot," he said and acted quickly.

Of course this arrow wound would not kill him. For a Sky Turk corporal, what was the wound of the 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?

Urungu looked at Captain Örlen lying lifeless beside him. The kagan's daughter, who was a sniper.

He could have shot himself in the same place as he shot Örlen in the heart. So he took pity on himself and didn't kill for him.

The fact that the girl he loved, the girl who had rejected him, had mercifully spared his life, 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. He stepped out by holding on. It was twilight. Two horsemen were galloping northwards. Urungu silently looked at the distant shadows of Mrs Ay and Kadyr Baga. Then his eyes darkened and he fell to the ground.

- X -

RETURN FROM INFLUX

It was almost autumn. Corporal Urungu was lying in his tent. Lady Moon's arrow had shaken him badly, and he could not recover because he was bleeding too much. Therefore, when the army marched to Shadung to fight the Chinese, he could not join the troops. An eight-year-old girl entered his tent every day to look after him, to bring him food, to take him by the arm for a walk. This little girl was his granddaughter, the daughter of Tacham.

Urungu was forty-eight years old. In a life of fights and dangers, he had faced death since he did not know himself, and since the age of eleven he had begun to face death. He had been fighting for thirty-seven years. His heart was hardened by pain, but he did not fall for the war.

He no one but his son Tacham, his daughter-in-law and three grandchildren. He also had an ancestor: Captain Börü.

Börü, who was the same age as him, was the youngest son of Captain Yagmur, who died in the Kür Shad revolution. Urungu felt 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 Shadung expedition would come back today, if only they would see Börü and Taçam, maybe his boredom would ease a little and he would forget the pain of the wound still aching in his left shoulder blade. However, Urungu also knew that his inner distress would not go away with the return of the army. He realised that Ay Hanım filled the biggest place in his mind and heart. I wonder where she was now? Nine Oguz had been defeated and bowed down, Baz Khan had died, but Ay Hanım could not be found. How could she be found in this endless endlessness?

Corporal Urungu woke up from his deep thoughts with a noise. The Sky Turk army was turning round. Horse neighs, hoofbeats, shouts were heard. Pipes and drums were beaten. Then, as the sounds subsided, the door of the tent opened: Captain Börü entered:

- Still in bed, Urungu?

He smiled when he saw that she didn't answer:

- How badly did the Khan's daughter hit you?

The kagan had really hit her hard. But Börü didn't know how he hit her, he only by the wound on her body.

I enjoyed it:

- "We made a good raid, we were well satisfied," he said.

Urungu was silent. Andasi attributed this silence to his desire to learn about the raid:

- We crossed all of Shadung to the sea... The Chinese are not good fighters. Only they know how to hide behind the castle walls and wait. Still, there are a few entered their cities and ransacked them. only one pitched battle. At that, we scattered the Chinese with arrows. Two of my horses were shot dead

We brought countless cattle, sheep, cattle, goods, cloth, rice, millet to Turkeli. There are quite a few prisoners.

A wave of joy passed through Urungu. The Grey Wolves were revived and the wolf-headed banner was waving with honour.

Börü kept on telling:

- One day, while looting a city, a soldier came: "We caught three women with moustaches and beards."

I thought that Chinese men look like women, maybe their minds are like men, so I decided to wear a beard.

I sent for the women. They had moustaches and beards. I asked the soldier how he found 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 veil with the knife, and I was so surprised that I fell down." At first I was surprised too. Then I gave orders to the privates and when they took off the women's robes, I saw three Chinese officers underneath.
won't it? That's how they want to get rid of us...

Börü's cheerful narration made Urungu laugh too. He had never heard such a thing in his life. But his laughter did not last long. Now he was listening to something sad:

- One day we entered another city, where 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 Chinese prisoner to show us the granary and the treasury, and he showed us not only the granary and the treasury, but also the dungeon. If we were left to our own devices.
We got out of the dungeon about twenty checkers, and one of them was an old Turk.

Urungu's interest increased when he came here. Börü explained with a seriousness that wiped the smile off his face, looking not at Urungu but at the ground.

- He was a grey-haired, troubled husband. At first he thought he was being taken to be killed. When he saw us, he shouted: "Are you Turks? We said we were Turks. "I am a Turk too," he said. "Are you the Kür Şad revolutionaries?" he asked. We said, "Kür Şad has been dead for a long time." "I know. What about his soldiers?"

"Who is the kagan?" he asked. We said, "His troops have reached the Mountaintop." His eyes shone and he said, "Who is the kagan?" "İlterish

He cried with joy. He introduced himself to us. Kür Shad
He was the younger brother of Çengşi, one of those who died in the revolution. They
threw him in the dungeon even though he was a small child. He escaped. He was caught
again. He escaped and hid again. After being caught for the third time, he entered this
dungeon. The sun

his face is pale to see. His torso was purified. He said he had been vomiting blood for
years. We said, "Let's take you to Türkeli." His face lit up with joy. Then he fell on his
knees on the ground. "Enough of this misfortune. I don't care if I die anymore," he said.
Blood poured out of his mouth like a gutter. He died there. I didn't spare him. I had many
Chinese captured and beheaded.

Börü was silent. Urungu sighed. The most distant news about Kür Shad made his heart ache in
a different way.

and sentenced him to death. Now he was thinking of the poor Turk who had died on the
day of his release after twenty years of uninterrupted imprisonment, and how he still
remembered Kür Şad.

Börü raised his eyes from the ground and looked at his anna:

- You've got more than your share of the flux. I'll bring it tomorrow.

Then he thought, frowning as if he wanted to remember something:

- Your mother should have lived to see these days, Urungu! Kür Shad's revenge has been
avenged.

The captain up to leave. Urungu also sat up on his bed at his last words. They looked at each
other for two moments. Urungu:

- "Kür Şad has been avenged," he repeated, "as for my mother.... She is already..."

he could not finish his words. He lay down on his bed again and turned his head towards
the door. Along with Kür Shad, his mother, who was Kür Shad's wife, had also been
avenged. Urungu was comfortable in this respect. For the first time in his life he could not
fight in a war. There was no harm in that either. He would probably recover from this
wound. Then this was not worth thinking about either. But Mrs Ay? How could a kagan's
daughter marry a blackbird...?

the beetle was about to leave. Urungu turned his eyes to ask Tacham. But before he could open them, the Beor started:

- I forgot to tell you about Tacham. We lost him.

- Is he dead?

- No, he's not. He's nowhere to be seen.

- Is he a prisoner?

- Who will he be a prisoner to? We chased and chased. We defeated and defeated. In a campaign like this, would anyone be a prisoner of the Chinese?

- Then what happened?

- That's what I was going to ask: What happened?

- **XI** -

MRS MOON

With autumn came the cold the north. On the shore of a small lake, a band of twenty or thirty tents was established. These were the Nine Oghuz who, after the death of Baz Kagan, refused to submit to the GökTurks and tried to by retreating to the north, and Ay Hanım was at their head. First Ay Hanım and Captain Kadir Bağa had fled alone, then they had come here, taking with them those they could find among the scattered Nine Oghuzes. They sent horsemen to the Dolays. These were the other Nine Oghuzes.

If they found any, they would bring them, and especially they would try to find one of Baz Kagan's brothers or sons to be the kagan. Until a new kagan was found, Mrs Ay would preside over the Oghuzes, who remained independent.

There was no other leader in the yurt except Captain Kadyr Baga. In the battle along the Brick River, the Sky Turks had been badly defeated and were scattered to pieces. Most of the survivors bowed theirthe Ilterish Khan. He honoured them

It was impossible to lure them back and bring them here. Because the Sky Turks were on the alert. Bird

they were on the run.

Without Kadyr Baga, this group of twenty tents could not have gathered. He had organised them and put them under the command of the kagan's daughter. He had sent some of his most trusted horsemen to watch the neighbourhood. Today he was waiting for news from these horsemen.

Towards noon, one of the horsemen came and brought good news to Kadyr Baga:

- Kuni Sengün is coming.

This beğ, whom Baz Kagan had first sent an envoy to China, was one of the elders of the Nine Oghuzes and his arrival would probably strengthen the tribe. Captain Kadyr Baga went to meet him.

Kuni Sengün was coming with four or five men and seven or eight horses. In their dishevelled state, the Nine Oghuz tribe, hoping for help from the flying bird, travelled to .
he expected something from the messenger. But Kuni Sengün dashed those hopes.

When he entered Ay Hanim's otbah with Kadyr Baga, the Khan's daughter was sitting on her throne made of felt and moon saddle. Kuni Sengün knelt down and greeted her and gave his condolences first:

- Thank you, if our Khan has reached the plane!

- Do you bring us good news, O Oğuz Nine?

- No, Mrs Moon! The Sky Turks were very vigilant. The news of our defeat came to China before I went to the Chinese Khan. Then the Sky Turks raided China.

- You couldn't provide any help?

- I had come to Shadung to negotiate with the Chinese border commanders.

they raided. The Chinese commanders who were supposed to help us were broken.

- So you're coming empty. Kuni

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 sent three of my soldiers against him. He tried to fight, but was wounded and captured. After the Sky Turk army retreated, we took him with us and left the city.

Mrs Moon's eyes were distracted. Who knows what she was thinking:

- "Bring the prisoner," he commanded.

The wounded Sky Turk soldier was immediately brought to the tent and knelt on the ground to greet Lady Moon. Twenty-five

He looked like he was in tears. Lady Moon, who was a master of reading hearts, stared at him and looked intently, trying to understand something. At first, the robust Sky Turk soldier looked at her with a hard gaze, but gradually

he heard his power was cut off and couldn't look at Mrs Moon. He bowed his head in front of him. Then he heard a sweet voice:

- Sky Turk! What is your name?

- Taçam.

- Do you like it?

- No, no, no.

There a change in Mrs Moon's face that showed her disbelief. I was deceived for the second time in my life

it was happening. More precisely, something like being deceived rather than deceived... There was no way this young man didn't like it. Then why was he hiding it? Why was he hiding it?

He had seen this hiding from another Gök Turk, Corporal Urungu, but he could not understand the truth of the matter. Mrs Ay seemed to know this Sky Turk. Probably she had 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 otakh and was wounded by an arrow.

This suddenly interested both the kagan's daughter and Captain Kadyr Baga:

- Who is your father?

- Corporal Urungu.

Captain Kadyr Baga's eyes lit up. Mrs Ay became serious:

- Is your father's wound healed?

- He was still in bed when we left for the battle of Shandung.

They were silent. Young Tacham, with who knows what kind of a thought, added without asking the kagan girl:

- But you pierced Captain Örlen's heart. He's reached the plane.

Sparks 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 other reasons. Kadyr Baga, who had left his stroke unfinished.

Urungu's right, for it will complete

that she was . Mrs Ay was also happy. But she could not understand the reason for this joy.

He regretted that he had wounded a soldier who had once been his comrade in battle, but was glad that he was not dead.

That night Kadyr Baga went to the tent where Tacham was staying. He is a prisoner but he was respected as a guest because he was Urungu's son and was wounded. Lady Moon had spared his life. After the Nine Oghuz captain asked if he had any request:

- "Tacham," he said. "Your father and I unfinished business. Do you know about it?"

- No, Captain.

- Your father is a sharper marksman than I am. But I'll show him I'm better than him with a sword.

Tacham didn't answer.

- I'm surprised I don't like this kind of fighter.

- We've got a lot of good men like that, captain.

Kadyr Baga looked at him with a look of disbelief:

- He said, "It's a load of rubbish."

- Easy for you to say, Captain.

- Who am I going to try it with? Is there a trial here?

- He said.

- With you?...

Kadyr Baga's eyes widened with astonishment. Then they sparkled with joy. But suddenly he became serious:

- He said, "No. You are wounded,"

he said. Tacham protested:

- It's on my left arm. It will not prevent a fight.

Kadyr Baga is angry:

- You Sky Turk!... you gone mad? I'm telling myself that Captain Kadyr Baga that I'm the one who's been tossed around?

- Sky Turks don't hesitate to fight with only one wound, captain!

- That fight you're talking about is against the Chinese. Not with the Nine Oghuz!...

- You can fight the Chinese with two wounds, captain!...

- Let Albiz take it!... What a stubborn person are! Wait a few days. When the wound heals, we'll fight.

- Suit yourself, Captain.

Kadyr Baga left there in a rage. The next morning, when he reported to Ay Hanim with a compulsion, the daughter of the kagan:

- "You won't be able to fight Tacham," he said. 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 that the Sky Turks have sent outposts all the way here. They're about to track us. Tacham.

we'll surprise them by sending them out. While they're looking for us here, we'll move to a safer place in the west.

- You're in charge, Mrs Moon.

Mrs Ay thought deeply for a while. Then she said:

- "Give Tacham his horse with all his lances. Prepare food too. Bring him here," he said.

When Tacham knocked his knee on the floor, the kagan was still thinking about his daughter. He lifted her off the ground on cue:

- He said, "Tacham, I'm sending you to your dormitory."

- 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 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, you stubborn brave," he said, "you got off easy."
- God knows who got rid of who, Captain.
- You're talking sharper than your father!...
- If the son doesn't surpass the ancestor, things don't work...
- Anyway... Now I'm suing both your father and you. You're both injured. It would have been nice if your father was here so I could get you both in one fell swoop, but...

Tacham smiled bitterly:

- Maybe we will meet, captain. It must be very sweet to fight with a Nine Oghuz bey, Kadyr Baga smiled:
- It's not sweet, brave! It is bitter, bitter...
- God knows, Captain!
- Here's your ambushes... Here's your horse... There's fried meat in this bag. Say hello to your father for me... We'll hit him first. I don't hit under the shovel like Mrs Moon.

Tacham did not answer. jumped on his horse in one leap:

- "Goodbye, captain," he shouted.
- !

The Sky Turk troop galloped southwards.

- XII -

LIBERATION FROM CAPTIVITY

When Tacham was returning from the Nine Oghuzes, he in trouble: he was wounded, and the full-speed march had shaken him. So he threw his horse

and he was late. When he 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 was awakened by a noise.

There were ten horsemen around him. When he heard something being said to him in a language he could not understand:

- "Who are you? What do you want?" he asked.

One of them is in Turkish:

- "We're the Kite. We have taken you prisoner."

Tacham's brow furrowed. It was not a mishap to be freed from one captivity and fall into another. He is in great boredom:
He said, "Let's shoot."

Kitay, who knew Turkish, told this to the others in his own language. All eyes were fixed on Tacham and Kitay, who was a dilmaç, reported the answer of his corporals:

- 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, you won't run.

The Kitay looked at each other at this great offer. They spoke something among themselves in their own language. Dilma. She announced 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 Kitay. He fought with great fury

The Kite warrior was forced to retreat, but he did not hesitate to make opportunistic attacks, showing that he was a skilful soldier.

The Continentals, who were looking at the strike, were eagerly waiting for the result. As the clattering of swords went on and on, their corporal said slowly:

- That's why we lost to them. Even the wounded are attacking like hungry wolves!..

The corporal had just finished speaking: Tacham's sword struck Kitay's right arm, and the man, his arm covered in blood, could not hold his sword in his hand and dropped it. He was no longer able to use his sword. Seeing this, the corporal, shaking with rage, jumped off his horse and rushed at Tacham, dodging his sword.

The Sky Turk soldier realised he was up against a first-class batsman.
They're just about

They were standing in place, unable to take a step forward as attacks and contradictions followed one another.

At first, Kitay was stopping every strike by striking from the right, left and up. When he saw that it didn't work, he started to circle around his oil. Tacham

He was slowly getting tired and thought that if the battle was prolonged, the outcome would be bad. In order to prevent this, he made a swift move and rushed forward and swung his sword at Kitay's face with great skill. The sword found its mark and the corporal

a long and deep scratch on his face. But at the same time, he also attacked and stuck his sword into Tacham's bicep. When the young Sky Turk saw his sword fall, he felt a great pain in his arm. His eyes seemed to darken.

He was going to fall. He wanted to pick up his sword from the ground. But he stopped, sensing that if he took one more step, he would collapse. He was a prisoner of the Kytai.

Suddenly he saw that there was a stir among the Continentals. Something was said in Kitay. Then, at the corporal's command, four of them rode off to the east. Then Tacham's eyes fell on the horizon and his heart leapt with joy as he recognised four horsemen coming from there too. I wonder if these were the Sky Turks? But his joy did not last long. The departing and the arriving ones exchanged a few words with each other and then came back together. Now their hopes of salvation were dashed. Then something happened again that Taçam didn't expect: Dilmaç.

He came to him and informed that he was going to the Nine Oghuz Eli returning from the Kitay Eli. He was again given his horse and his ambushes.

The Nine Oghuz Khan, who had died in battle with Ilterish Khan had sent Tunga Sem to the Qaitsai to make an alliance against the Gok Turks, but the Gok Turks had acted alertly and defeated the Nine Oghuz, the Qaitsai and the Chinese separately. Tunga Sem was returning home without being able to do anything. Suffering of his own hand

he had heard of the defeat. In order to be able to do something, he was taking this Sky Turk troop as captives to the Nine Oghuz Hand.

After the Continentals moved away, Tacham introduced himself to Tunga Sem:

- "You're not doing me any good taking me to Mrs Moon again. I've already come from her side."

These words interested the Nine Oghuz elders:

- "What were doing with Mrs Moon?" he asked.

- 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 Ilterish 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 Hanim, Kuni Sengün, Kadyr Baga, and we will also tell you that the Nine Oghuz Hands were in disarray.

After saying this, Tacham Mrs Moon. When he started to tell about Kuni Sengün, faith came to Tungra Sem: Tacham was not lying:

- "All right, brave! I'll let you go," he said. He had his wound cauterised and put some provisions in his bag.

Tacham had forgotten the pain of his wounds and his suffering. After feeding his stomach, he headed south. After a comfortable two-day journey, he reached Türkeli.

- XIII-

MAD ERSEGUN

After Taçam had his wounds groomed by a good shoemaker, he appeared before Ilterish Khan with the guidance of Bilge Tonyukuk and his ambassadorial obligations and told all he knew about the Nine Oghuz and Kitay. Then he saw his father Urungu and conveyed the greetings of Lady Moon.

Then he went to his tent and lay down on his bed to rest and recover his strength. But before he could have the first talk with his wife and children, the door of the tent opened quickly and Mad Ersegun rushed in like a gale.

Ersegün, who was thirteen or fourteen years old, but as big as a seventeen-year-old, Captain

He was the son of Örlen. The courage and strength of his grandfather, Böğü Alp, was manifested in him, and he went so far as to be undaunted, and this In fact, he surpassed his father and grandfather to such an extent that he became known as Deli Ersegün among the Sky Turks. He fought with wolves and bears in the mountains and rode his horse

He would drive to the cliffs and hunt for refugees, he would go to China and Kıtay alone and hunt for goods, he would wrestle anyone, he would not give up defeat, he would accept defeat.

As soon as he entered the tent, he knelt cross-legged next to Tacham and said:

- "So you saw the woman who killed my father" he asked: for some reason Taçam was very fond of Mad Ersegün. Smiling:

- "I saw it," he replied.

The big boy started talking like a thunder:

- I'm going to take revenge on the woman who wounded your father and killed mine.

tell me where it is!

- Ersegün! You are right, but Ay Hanım is the daughter of a kagan and she is under the command of Ilterish Khan.

We defeated and destroyed the Nine Oghuzes, what more can we take revenge for?

Ersegün the Mad was in no condition to listen to the rules of peace. He was resisting:

- Just let me know where they landed and don't interfere with the

rest!... Tacham tried to dissuade him:

- Even if I tell you where it is, you will not find it. When he entered Ilterish Khan's tent as the envoy of Ay Hanım, Bilge Tonyukuk spoke the right words: "Nine

The Oghuzs moved and put Taçam in order to cover their tracks". Bilge Tonyukuk is not wrong. You cannot find them. Nine Oghuzes are not a big hand now, so that you can look for them in the steppe. They all thirty tents or less.

But Tacham's advice did not help. 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 was travelling at full speed, his horse was cracking, and he was watching the horizon with his eyes all the time. 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 Oghuzes. One morning, as he was travelling at full speed, the tents he saw on the horizon told him without any doubt that he was approaching Ay Hanım. Taçam had said thirty tents.

Ersegun counted fifty tents. So they had multiplied. There a preparation in the yurt. They probably wanted to get away from here. Crazy boy at night
Realising that he had done well by travelling day and night, he rode his horse with joy. Since he was the only one, the Nine Oguz did not pay much attention to him.

When he reached the obaya, he got off his horse. To the first man he came across:

- "I have come to see the Moon Lady," he

said. Nine Oguz asked:

- Who are you?

- I am a Sky Turk. They call me Ersegun Beğ. Act quickly! I have something to talk to Mrs Moon.

When Dokuz Oguz learnt that the other was a Gök Turk, he looked at him suspiciously and then walked away.

and a little later he arrived with Captain Kadyr Baga. The captain asked:

- What will you tell Mrs Moon?

- I can only tell him that. You see that I get to him.

The Nine Oghuz bead: "Wait a while" and left. went in and out. Then he came to Ersegün:

- " me. You will enter the Moon Lady's otbah."

They entered the otaku with the captain in the front and Ersegün in the back, and bowed to Lady Moon by kneeling on the ground.

On either side of Mrs Moon stood Kuni Sengün and Tungra Sem.

When Ersegun stood up and looked at the face of the kagan's daughter, he was amazed. This amazement arose from 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 Ersegun's heart. He forgot what to say. There was a long silence in the otag.

Mrs Moon is sixteen, seventeen years old.
but he knew for certain that he wasn't here on an embassy. He could not make sense of his silence. Smiling:

- "Tell me what you have to say to me, Sky Turk," he said.

Ersegün had recovered himself:

- "I am the son of Captain Örlen, whom you killed," he replied, and a heavy air descended on the ottoman. Despite this, there was no change in the face of the kagan's daughter. With her heart-warming voice:

- "Well, what do you want?" he asked.

Crazy Ersegun got heated:

- "I've come to avenge my father's death," he shouted.

At the same time, Kuni Sengün and Tungra Sem were seen reaching for their swords, and Captain Kadyr Baga knelt on the ground and asked for words.

Mrs Ay was still calm. "Tell Kadir Bağa," commanded. Ersegun said angrily:

- You and me, we'll play our cards close to our chest. I'll deal with the one who killed my father first, then it's easy.

Mrs Moon asked:

- You wanna fight me?

- Yes.

- You're just a kid.

- You're a woman!

Mrs Moon up:

- Fine, let's fight. Wait for me outside!

Kuni Sengün knelt on the ground as Ersegun left his post:

- "Ay Hanım, why are you fighting with this madman while your likes are alive?" he asked.

- The Sky Turks have begun to look down on us. We must erase this wrong idea from their minds...

Saying this, he took off his tulga, put on his tulga and put on his sword. He came out of the otağ with three likes behind him.

They were going to fight in a large field in front of the camp. All his people of fifty tents the perimeter. Ay Hanım approached Ersegun five or six steps before him and drew her sword. Ersegun did the same and bowed to her again, kneeling on the ground. Kuni Sengün clapped his hands three times and the child Gök Turk Prince 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. The young Gök Turk leader's very agile and dashing moves were countered by Ay Hanım's calculated and sharp attacks, sometimes one, sometimes the other advancing or retreating. At one point, there was a dispute among the Nine Oghuzes. there was a ripple: They had seen a thin scratch on Mrs Moon's face, oozing blood. Now they were very excited. They were not even breathing. Lady Moon was sword-swinging at close quarters, for this she kept getting closer to her fatty, and the other was deflecting their attacks with swings that were hard enough to cut a cattle in two.

At a time when the nerves were at their limit and no sound could be heard except the clatter 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 thought it was a trick of war. Because no one had seen a sword touch him. But when it was seen that his left hand pressed to his chest was covered in blood, everyone realised that the Sky Turk had been wounded and fallen, and they all took a big breath: Mrs Moon had won the stroke.

The daughter of the kagan came to the head of her fallen fatty 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:

- After giving the order, "Groom his wound", he walked to his tent and entered amidst the joyful gaze of the Nine Oghuz who honoured him by kneeling on the ground.

- XIV -

CAPTIVITY OF THE HEART

Ersegun recovered in a week. He started travelling and walking. By the order of the daughter of the kagan, he was very well looked after and even was given kohl. When the young beg became able to walk, there was a stir in the Nine Oghuz tribe.

When he asked Kadyr Baga, who visited him every day, what this was about, he received the answer "we are migrating". When the captain saw him looking at him with questioning eyes:

- "You will come with us. This is the order of Mrs Ay," he added.

Ersegun was both a prisoner and powerless. He had no power to protest strength to stand up to them. He made no sound.

The Nine Oghuz had multiplied in a week and had become seventy tents. So, they had fled and hid in the mountains.

Those who were in the neighbourhood were gathering around Ay Hanım.

However, after the battle of Tuğla boyu and the death of Baz Kagan, the Nine Oghuzs gathered around Ilterish

They had bowed to the Khan. Then it was the rebels who gathered with Lady Moon.

Although they sentacham to Ilterish Khan and declared submission, gradually

they were gathering and growing.

When the clan set off westwards, Erseğün was among them, mounted on a horse. Their ambushade

was taken. He was always accompanied by Captain Kadir Bağa. Deli Ersegün's mind was running away. If he was able to withstand the jolt of a horse, he would not stop even 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 counted the Nine Oghuzes; he counted their horses, their ambushes, their cattle and their horses.

secret glances at his sheep. Seventy tents

the clan numbered 400. Eighty of them were fighting men. They all had horses. But they had very few cattle and sheep. I wonder if there were hitters like Mrs Ay among his women. When we came here, there was a man in Ersegün.

something incomprehensible was going on, he sensed he was becoming irritable. He had lost to a woman. When he thought of this, he felt like going on a rampage. The girl who had killed his father with an arrow had wounded him with a sword. Now even the thought of taking revenge on Mrs Ay was too much for Ersegün. Revenge for what?

he was going to get? That he was beaten, right? He was beaten 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 would welcome her to her hermitage, and sometimes she would invite her along with Kunu Sengün, Tungra Sem and Kadyr Baga and have a meal together. The daughter of the Khan was very good to her.

During these meetings and meals, Ersegün slowly realised something: Mrs Ay was inconceivably beautiful. When he spoke to her, everything else went out of his mind. At first, he attributed this to

but then he realised it was heartburn. 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, some Nine Oghuzes were still coming and joining the oba. They were a hundred tents. They were even practising and they started to do it. Captain Kadyr Baga fought in the winter, sometimes with a hundred and twenty men.

. They never left him alone either. Even though he was in the obada as a guest of Mrs Ay, in reality he was nothing but 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: Even if they had said, "Come on, go to your homeland," perhaps he would not have been able to go. Because the Gök Turk leader loved Ay Hanım with the excesses of his youth and first love, and he loved nothing else but her. he couldn't think.

He did not know what to do. He was waiting for Ay Hanım to call him, and after he went to her otba and listened to her voice, he would come out if he had drunk twenty cups of koumiss and got drunk. If the interval between being called to the otaku was prolonged, he would become overwhelmed, upset, he would lose sight of the world.

Only one woman among the Nine Oghuzes had sensed this storm 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 Battle of the Brick Clan with the Sky 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 Ersegun because she realised that he was still a young boy. He also loved him because he was an orphaned prisoner, a kind-hearted admirer and a brave soldier. He kept him under surveillance from a distance and talked to him occasionally. After months of this acquaintance, he had realised that the young admirer had fallen in love with Ay Hanım, that he had fallen in love with her. The old woman was burnt inside for such mad infatuation.

Once upon a time, a younger brother of his had fallen in love with a beautiful girl, could not get her, into a thousand kinds of trouble, and then died by vomiting blood. He wanted to give advice to this valiant man so that he would not fall into the same situation.

One day in late winter, he met Ersegün in a secluded place:

- "Sky Turk beeg! have something to say to you." Deli

beğ immediately frowned:

- "Say, big mother," he replied. Big mother started

to speak sadly:

- I see that you have set your heart on Lady Moon. When I think of her eye-catching, heart-attracting beauty, it is impossible not to agree with you. But you should take care of yourself. Because the daughter of the kagan is very dangerous.

At this point, Ersegün looked hard at the big mother's face. But he did not say anything. He continued:

- He was Mrs Moon's nephew. He taught her 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 she was twenty-three years old, she still could not get married. Because she could not find a man to be her mate.

Ersegün's madness was raging. He looked sharper at the big mother. 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 sword with the most skilful warriors. Five years ago he fought with Kadyr Baga and knocked him down. The big captain almost died. Since then, no one has been able to fight with him.
she can't afford to get married. Consider yourself lucky to leave a small mark on Mrs Moon's face.

kAdır Baga collapsed before he could do that, too.

The woman fell silent. Ersegün's gaze had changed completely. He was waiting to see what the end of the conversation would be. It was heavy for him to be told that he loved Mrs Ay by someone else.

With this it was as if the Khan had lost his daughter for good. The big mother went on:

- Lady Moon doesn't make a booby, but her eyes are worse than a booby.
Aug doesn't drink, but his word

is sharper than a dagger. It doesn't pierce the heart with an arrow. He kills with his gaze. His smile is like a sword

worse than if you'd been working. Shame on you, valiant one! Get away from here. Go back to your homeland before your mother sighs. Keep my word and 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 come. One night he slept in his tent and called Mrs Moon before going to sleep as he did every night.

While he was thinking, he listened to a conversation outside. From the half-heard words, he understood that the Sky Turks would march on the Nine Oghuzs again. He couldn't stay here any longer. Ilterish

If the kagan's troops came here and found him a prisoner, he could not bear the weight of it.

Suddenly he sprang up in a fit of madness. He quickly walked out of his tent. He jumped on the first horse he found and galloped. An arrow whizzed past him as he left the yurt. A thrown knife stuck in his waist. Crazy Ersegün pulled the knife out of his waist and shouted:

- I was missing my compass. Let this be your gift!...

- XV -

THE CLIFF OF DEATH

Four horsemen were travelling eastwards across the endless steppe. The caravan, which could not ride fast because the man at the head was a very old octogenarian husband, been on the road for twenty days. Two the travellers were the old man's sons, one of whom was forty and the other thirty years old, 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 used this single horse.
the white-haired husband lived in the tent.

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, "There's the abyss of death."

The others were seeing this place for the first time. This cliff, seen as it was from the mountainside, was very scary.

. The crevice, which was maybe fifty men's length, was filled with some strangely shaped rocks. It was impossible to see the bottom of the rift. It was horrible, strange sounds were coming from the unknown bottom. These sounds resembled the flowing of water, the neighing of many horses, the shouting of ferocious pars, the galloping of horsemen, and even the sound of a person shouting.

The old man was looking at the cliff with absent-minded eyes wanting to revive old memories:

- "The Cliff of Death takes one man and one woman every year," he said. Then he gestured to a distant rock:

- Flying Kam used to live there. Sixty years ago, when I was passing through here, I stopped by. He said he would come here again in sixty years. He was right.

Slowly they moved towards Uçar Kam's cave. There was no one there. They got off their horses and entered the cave.

There a few shoulder blades and a bearskin on the ground.

The old man looked sadly at the ceiling and walls of the cavity:

- "At that time I was a young man of twenty years old," he said, "and I was fleeing from the Hands where I was born and brought up because of a Chinese woman. I was fleeing to the Western Khan with my wife, your mother Almıla, whom I had just married, because my own khan, Iking Katun, the katun of the Black Khan, was going to kill me. At night Uçar Kam saved us from falling into this abyss in the darkness and 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 fifteen years all your comrades would disappear. It happened: The last of my comrades died in the Kür Shad revolution. You do not know Kür Shad. He was a piece of fire.

He was the pride of the race 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 Allama, I joined the army of Tüing Yabgu Khan.

I've worked for the kings who came until I was mixed. I didn't die. My eldest sons were blessed by me. Your three elders are dead. Your sister got married and left. And Allama has reached the plane. Now her flavour

I'm left to bear the burden of this unrelieved wealth. I want to go to the place where I was born and die there. You don't know Ötüken either. What raids we made to China from there! It is obvious that Flying Kam is also dead and gone. God makes time and all creatures die... Look, the abyss of death! I've heard of this abyss when I was a child. I know how many men and women are lost in its bosom by this deep chasm, which does not take a man and a woman every year. If a man loves a girl and can't get her, so he goes mad, the madness in his blood is calmed here. I'm with Almıla.

we were riding together at full speed towards this place when suddenly we were stopped by the swaying of a great light.

A voice in the dark: "Stop! There death ahead". The voice that warned us was the voice of Flying Kam.

"Show us the way. We can't stop," I replied. They can come after me," I shouted.

"No one is coming after you. You are safe," he reassured us and welcomed us in his cave. Sixty

I still remember that day, even though I came back sixty years later. Sixty years later... Sixty years is easy. These sixty

years ground so many men and brave men. They all disappeared. Kara Kagan, Isbara Alp, Kur Shad... Yamtar, Saçar, Gök Börü, Üçoğul, Sülemiş, Arık 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 fixed his eyes on an unknown point, manoeuvred by the agonies of eighty years. Then, at the end of a great cause

bowing his head in the manner of a weary man:

- He said, "Let's go." They
set off.

The appearance of a few horsemen in the distance suddenly them to be alert. Arrows were drawn from quivers and placed in bows. But they were still moving forward. When there were fifty steps between the two sides, they stopped. One of their opponents stepped forward and shouted:

- Who are you? Where do you come from and where are you going?

Major Pars signalled his eldest son. He took a few steps forward and answered in a loud voice:

- We are Sky Turks. We come from the West Hand and go to Ötüken. Who are you?

After talking among themselves, they called out again:

- We are Nine Oghuz! It's a long way to Ötüken. Be our guest! The two sides advanced and met.

There was a short talk. Then Major Pars's caravan marched with the Nine Oghuzes towards their oba.

The Nine Oghuz tribe grown to two hundred tents. However, since there was no one from Baz Kagan's brothers or sons or nephews, Ay Hanım was still at the head. The Obans loved him very much. Although they paid heavy taxes to the Sky Turks, they were very prosperous.

and by changing their places frequently he prevented them from being attacked again.

Now he had three hundred of them, and of valiant warriors

This small army protected them from attack by anyone who came along.

Captain Kadir Bağa welcomed Major Pars with the command of Mrs Ay and hosted them in two tents.

Immediately, he sent good cooked food and khums and entertained his guests.

Pars was pleased. It was not a bad thing to have a little rest 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 dreams as he was when he was a corporal in the army of Kara Kagan: The terrible thunderstorm they were caught in at the time of the death of Chuluk Khan and the death of Buğra, the fierce battle on the Chinese wall and the shooting of Arik Buka, the execution of poor Karabudak and the moment they happened, I'm going to take

He relived how he loved her, how he snatched her away from so many people. Among all these dreams, there was also I-çing Katun's blackened dream. 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.

- XVI -

MAJOR PARS

When Major Pars and his two sons entered Ay Hanım's tent and knelt on the ground, he was a little surprised. This astonishment arose from the fact that the kagan's daughter resembled Almıla with an astonishing resemblance. Ay Hanım lifted him to his feet and said:

- "Welcome, Major," he said, 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 are relatives," he said.

The major and his two sons gathered themselves carefully. The Khan told the girl as follows:

- Anam katun was Almıla'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 wife and tore a thin wire from him.

In a bitter voice:

- "You look a lot like Almıla, Mrs Ay," he said.

The Khan's daughter was looking at Pars and his sons with her majestic stance, looking into their eyes and reading what was in their hearts:

- "Major," he said, "why do you want to return to Ötüken?"

- For me, the fight for the world is over. I want to see my birthplace again and die there.

The kagan's daughter, the three Sky Turks in front of her, made a firm and unshakable decision to return to Ötüken.

he could see it in their faces:

- "Will you come to İterish Khan as my envoyhe asked. Pars knee

knocking on the ground:

- "The command is yours," he replied.

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.

A soldier with a furrowed brow and a sullen face. No one had ever seen him smile even once. He showed great merits in the wars in the Western Khaganate, his two sons were killed in the war, and his other children and his wife were killed in the turmoil. or he died in the broken. He had several sword wounds on his face. He was also missing a finger on his left hand. It had been blown off by a Chigil bahadyr.

Corporal Yula, the younger son of Pars, was a brave man of about thirty. He was unfortunate man: He had been married three times.

all three women were dead. The children born to these women did not live either. He had fought in almost all of the wars in the west, had faced death several times, yet nothing had happened. He had a limp when walking on foot because of a pike in his scrotum. He ate very little. That's why he knew him by listening to his father.

He considered not seeing Yamtar a real deficiency in life. No one had ever seen this one get angry once in his life. "To fight.

If I wait for anger, I will die without fighting" and he would enter the battle and the battle very calmly, as if he was drinking koumiss. He was a very good rider. He understood the horse very well. For this reason, he was in charge of the seven horses sent to Ilterish Khan as a gift by Lady Moon.

The horse servant Çalkara was an Oghuz about twenty years old. Since he had no one in his homeland, had agreed to come to Ötüken with Pars. He was carrying the sword and spare horses sent by Lady Ay to the Sky Turk Khan. He was a big and strong wrestler. He was so eager to wrestle that one day in a battle his horse

When he was hit and left on foot, he forgot that he was in battle, and attacked a fatty who was on foot like himself, clapping his hands, intending to wrestle, but he came to his senses when the other swung his sword. Or rather, he came to his senses.

He didn't come to his senses, his mind was gone. Because Chalkara had been severely wounded in the head with this sword and had not recovered for days. He was very good.

a brave, good-natured soldier. He could not bear to see wrestling alone. 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 didn't take a compass with him, and he kept 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 did not pay much attention to their claws. Therefore, his face and other places were full of claw scratches. One day, while wrestling with a big bear, they rolled down a 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 ear was broken. But the bear died. and because he was on his back in the queue, Çalkara considered him defeated: "You died of shame, didn't you?" he laughed.

Sometimes he could not find a bear to wrestle with, then he would wrestle with his horse. His horse also got used to it, and he was quite

and wrestled with . But the horse was not able to wrestle, so once he hit Çalkara's mouth with his front foot, and he got three

and he put his tooth in his mouth.

At first they spoke sporadically and were interested in their surroundings. As they approached Ötüken, the conversations stopped. Eyes were fixed ahead and no thought came to mind.

Finally Pars Beg's eyes shone. "Here we have reached Ötüken," he said. When he said this, his voice like the voice of Corporal Pars, who once commanded his soldiers in Ötüken. Now he was looking carefully at every piece of land, every mound, stone, tree, and recognised most of them. Sixty years of world struggle could not erase the traces of the places where he was born and raised from his mind and heart. So he didn't realise how far they had gone.

He was travelling in ecstasy, thinking that fog had descended on the steppe, which he could not see because his eyes were moist. In a reverie, the journey continued until the first tents and the first people of Ötüken appeared.

The first captain they met gave him a guide. Thus, it was possible to be sent straight to Ilterish Khan's headquarters.

- XVII -

AMBASSADOR OF THE LADY MOON

There was a great ceremony in Ötüken that day: Ilterish Kutluk Kagan, the Sky Turk king, was to receive the envoy from Ay Hanım, the Qatun of Nine Oghuz. The kagan's three tuktuks were erected in front of the otaku. Pipes and drums were playing ceremonial airs. Kagan's own soldiers wearing iron breastplates were standing like big boulders on both sides of the otaku. Ilterish 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, the standing next to him. On the signal of a tarka who was leading the ceremony, the drums and horns were silenced and a messenger shouted: "Major Pars Beğ, the envoy of Mrs Ay, is here". All eyes were fixed on the major.

Pars Beğ was walking with his two sons behind him. Further back, Chalkara, He was travelling with seven horses behind him. The kagan and katuna stopped twenty paces away and all four of them knelt on the ground. Then Pars and his two sons got up. They came before him and knelt on the ground again. Khan:

- "Major Pars Beğ! Welcome to Ötüken," he said. Pars

answered:

- Welcome, kagan! The Nine Oghuz katunu came to your thrones as the envoy of Lady Ay and presented their gifts.

and I bring news of submission. But I am no 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. I was under the command of Işbara Khan, who was a captain at that time. I took Işbara Khan's eldest daughter Almıla, and İing Katun and her brother

Because of Shen-king's evil deeds, I went to
the army of the Western Khan.

The bad memories of Iking Katun and Shen-king had not yet been forgotten. At the mention of their names, a wave of disgust passed through the eyes of all the kings. Ilterish Khan wanted to learn about the western Turks:

- "Major Pars! Which kings in the west? What is it like there now?" he asked.

Pars looked in front of him as if he wanted to remember the incident and after thinking for a while, he started to tell the story:

- While there was Kara Khan in Ötüken, there Tüng Yabgu Khan in the west. He was a great kagan, but unfortunate.

Kara Kagan died in the same year he was captured. Then Bagatur Sibi Khan and after him Sır Yabgu Khan came to power. Then El got mixed up. Two kagans started to rule at the same time. There was 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 living twenty years without a khan, without a species, Echine Turçe Khan came to power and held his hand for nine years. O

when he died, order broke down again. There was turmoil again for three years. When Echine Kurur Chur Khan came to power, we were hopeful, but when he died before a year had passed, I realised that we could no longer live in the Western Hand.

I heard that a state had been re-established in the east. I took my two surviving sons and came to Ötüken with my horse servant.

As we approached Ötüken, the first El we came across were the Nine Oguz. Ay Hanım was at their head. Since her mother was the daughter of Isbara Khan, this kagan's daughter, who was also a member of the Grey Wolf family, welcomed us well.

After pledging his allegiance to Ilterish Khan, he 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 that they be accepted," said Ilterish Khan's chariots and 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."

The Khan looked carefully at the sons of Major Pars:

- He said, "Let them take on my men first." Ezgene and

Yula kneeled together:

- They said, "You're in charge."

The horse race was to be held first. Captain Börü and Deli Ersegün from the people of Ötüken came out against the sons of Pars. They were going to follow a tree about three thousand paces away from the kagan's khanage and come to the kagan's khanage. A messenger had travelled there earlier and erected four race brigades. There was not even a sound. After the drum thumped three times, the four racers jumped out like lightning. First they ran in one line. Then Ezgene and Yula overtook the others.

Ezgene, with his frown and sullen face, was flying as if he was chasing enemies in battle, and Yula, with his calm countenance, was racing as if he was having fun. Börü, Knowing that his father had once come first over all the westerners, he was lying on the horse's mane and galloping as befits a skilful rider. Deli Ersegün could not believe that anyone in the world could overtake him, so he was whipping his horse with hard strokes. This situation did not change for a while. As they approached the bricks, Börü was the furthest ahead and left the two brothers behind. Ersegün also caught up after him and came almost in the same line. They came to the bricks without breaking this sequence. Börü grabbed the first brick and turned back.

Yula, who grabbed the second brick, showed that he is a very skilful rider. In front, Börü

He fell in front of Börü, who, without making a big wheel like a big wheel, suddenly raised his horse and reversed it where it was. While Ezgene and Ersegün took it at the same time.

they collided. But they didn't think and swerved backwards. This collision worked in Ersegun's favour and he overtook Ezgene by about ten paces.

The order did not change until halfway round the turn. After halfway, the race got faster and more exciting.

The people around the kagan's otaku were sharpening their gaze as if they were piercing the horizon and trying to choose the four people who were coming. At the front, Börü and Yula were fighting. Yula was a horse length ahead. About ten paces ahead of them behind Ezgene and Ersegun were racing. Captain Ezgene had caught up with Mad Ersegun. But there was a gap of one horse's head between them. he couldn't close it. Even so, one or 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 riding together. Ersegün and Ezgene were also travelling in the same line and were just 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.

At a hundred paces, Börü caught up with Yula. Captain Ezgene's face was completely sullen. It's nice to be at the back.

it was nothing.

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 upset because one of his sons was at the back of the pack. But then something unexpected happened; there were twenty paces to go before the end of 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.
Ezgene's horse

When he fell to the ground, the gap between him and Ersegün was closed and the two horses were in the same line. The race

At the end, Börü and Yula were in front and on the same line, and Ersegün and Ezgene were half a horse length behind and on the same line.

The racers jumped from their horses and planted their brigades in front of the otaku. Then, they drank the kism offered to them by the command of the Kagan.

Now the arrow was to be shot. Against the sons of Pars, there were four likes from Ötüken. One of them was Ersegün the Mad, who could not digest not being first in the race.

After the arrows shot from a hundred paces to the targets that did not move were found with unerring accuracy, a cannon was tied to the top of a long pole and a bow was started to be drawn to the target on the pole planted in the ground while the horse was galloping.

All six snipers found the target.

Now a new experiment was being conducted: 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 at it. It was an Öutkenian who didn't make it.

When the range increased to ninety paces, the Thracians couldn't hit this one either. That left the two sons of Pars.

At that time, it was seen that a brave was walking towards the Khan. Kneeling on the ground:

- "Great kagan! If you give the order, I will shoot arrows with these likes". The kagan was pleased:

- "You'd better, Corporal Urungu," he replied.

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 branch moving at such a distance.... But before the admiring eyes of all the spectators, all three marksmen's arrows found their target.

İlterish Khan looked at Major Pars:

- "Your sons are good marksmen, Pars Beğ! Shall we make more trials?" he asked.

In Pars' eyes, the ceremony held at Kara Kagan's kaganate festival and Kür Şad and Işbara Alp's arrow shooting there came to life:

- "You know, kagan," he said, "there is also writing Turks on the boards with fifty arrows each... Once Kür Şad and Işbara Alp shot arrows here for this purpose."

The Khan . On three boards of the same size, three marksmen were to write the word Turk with fifty arrows each.

With the beating of the drum, the shooting began. With unprecedented quickness, the right hands

He would go to the quivers, attach the arrows they had drawn from there to the bowstrings and place the arrows on the board in the most careful way by releasing the bowstring. At first the three braves were shooting the same 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 most advanced archer lose the race... Major Pars was

watching the competition with great attention. His two sons

He was glancing at Urungu with his movements, living the time of the Black Khan.

Ezgene and Yula had just shot their last arrows when Urungu shot the last arrow. Corporal Urungu had won for a moment.

While drinking the koumiss sent by the Khan, Pars saw his face better and thought to himself: "How much like Kür Şad," he thought. Kür

If he didn't know that Shad was dead, he could claim that Urungu was Kur Shad. This arrow shot, these strokes and then the resemblance...

- XVIII -

CALKARA

It time for swordplay. Captain Börü and Corporal Urungu came out against the sons of Pars.

Ersegun was going to leave too. But he gave up when he thought of his battle with Mrs Moon. First, two captains Ezgene and Börü were going to play. of them had tulgas, breastplates and shields. The third beat of the mallet to the drum

After his strike, they quickly attacked each other with their swords grazing each other.

Börü hit harder, Ezgene more agile. First Börü was advancing. Then couldn't move forward. Ezgene struck first and the sword landing on Börü's tulga stunned him a little. He was bleeding from his nose.

The second hit was made by Börü and Ezgene's shield broke in two and fell from his hand. Despite this, Ezgene was advancing, putting Börü in a difficult position. Börü, realising the injury in his retreat, threw his shield to the ground and, feeling lighter, attacked, dodging his move. Now, with unprecedented swiftness, strikes and contradictions were chasing 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 torn and fell from his head. Kagan smiled and stopped the strike:

- "Major Pars! Your eldest son is defeated. He's a good fighter, though. Now let's look at the other one."

He said.

The two corporals, Urungu and Yula, stood facing each other. The drum thumped three times. Again the swords were drawn and Yula attacked Urungu, who took cover where he stood.

Urungu stands like a rock, deflecting swords, occasionally swinging a sword, much younger than himself

and Yula was always around him.

The battling went on too long. You never knew who would win. Yula always attacked, Urungu defended alone.

The warriors were getting tired and panting. With the thought of fatigue, both threw down their shields at the same time and continued the game.

Yula, lame as he was, walked around his opponent with quick steps, his face silent and clear, much to the delight of the spectators. Both were slightly injured 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 Ezgene, a good wrestler, was up against Buluç from the east. Buluç, the grandson of the blacksmith who died while making swords for Ilterish Khan's troops, was a sturdily built, big-bodied brave. 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. But he immediately rolled over on his stomach, stood up with Ezgene on top of him, and re-engaged. Soon afterwards, with a skilful move, he knocked his opponent's head he tucked it in his arm.

The Otukenians thought Buluç had won. But he didn't. Captain Ezgene saved his head with an unprecedented effort and threw a terrible scythe at Buluç. As Buluç went sideways, he swooped down 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 in order not to fall on his back. They were making such an effort that their bones were crunching and their faces were red with blood.

This fierce struggle lasted until he counted from one to fifty. While the people of Ötüken were looking in astonishment that Buluç would be defeated, something unexpected happened again: Buluç raised his shoulder in the air and threw Ezgene over him. They both jumped up. After circling 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 over 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 never been on the ground before. After making a show of wanting to catch his head, he dived towards Ezgene from the ground.

Grabbing her by both feet, he knocked her on her back and pushed her down. Gradually Ezgene lost her strength. First one, then the other shoulder touched the ground. Buluç had won the wrestling match.

İlterish Khan returned to Pars:

- "Pars Beğ! Your son did not win the wrestling, but he also showed that he was a great wrestler."

At this time something strange happened in the centre: The men of Ötüken saw the valiant man, who was Major Pars's horse-servant, come out and begin to struggle. Pars knelt on the ground:

- "Great Khan! horse servant Çalkara is a master wrestler. If you give the order, let him wrestle," the kagan agreed. The messengers shouted Çalkara's wish for a fight. No one came out for a short time.

Then Buluç came to the centre and agreed to wrestle with Çalkara.

Buluç was tired. But he had confidence and belief in himself because he had never been on his back before.

The wrestling began with great fierceness. The wrestlers, both sturdily built, robust, were grabbing and grabbing, scything and tripping with a force that would dislodge the logs, and grasping the waist with a frequency that would overwhelm the wheat.

The Orientals realised that this young wrestler was a very formidable man.

Buluç

and the more he wrestled, the lighter he became, the less tired he became and the more cheerful he became.

Major Pars was a bit subdued. His sons had lost the matches by small margins. He wished with all his heart that at least horseboy would win the wrestling match. But the wrestling was getting longer and longer.

it felt like it was never going to end. Now it was escalating, the movements were quicker and more violent.

Suddenly Buluç grabbed the big Çalkara by the waist, lifted him up and slammed him to the ground. There was the sound of a tree hitting the ground. I wondered Chalkara would be able to cope with 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 struggling to hold on to the flat ground. If he couldn't hold on, he was finished. Because the blacksmith's grandson was wrestling with all his strength, all his mastery.

Çalkara, realising that he could not stop Buluç in this scuffle, lost his waist to him and grabbed his arms. The two fierce men were now
They were trying to move each other off the ground with their strength.

One or two ways they listened to each other and manhandled each other.

Then Çalkara turned round and threw Buluç and threw himself down with him.

After they fell to the ground in an embrace, they came back to back, each other's right arm in the left arm

and they quickly stood up on their feet. In a blink of an eye, they locked their other arms together. This was an unheard of wrestling. Standing, back to back, with their arms linked, they were trying to back each other up and knock each other down. 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 a lively and skilful wrestling on the ground. Çalkara was trying to put on the yoke, the other was not giving anything. Buluç was getting tired. Realising the need to finish the job quickly, he made an act. He stood up against all odds.

Again they grappled with each other. Standing up, grabbing each other by the arms and pushing and wrestling, they were making hard jerks, unknowingly hitting each other's faces with their heads. Both of them had blood in their mouths and noses; it was almost impossible to see their faces. Çalkara had a black eye. Buluç's eyebrow burst and blood filled his eye. At the signal of the captain who was in charge of the games, the drums started beating rapidly and the wrestlers and began to provoke.

It was as if the spectators were not even breathing. The sounds of the wrestlers pushing, tripping, grabbing by the neck or wrist were heard, and all these sounds were drowned out by their breathing. The two big braves were breathing like a blacksmith's bellows.

The wrestling went on longer and longer, and they got tired and tired. Both of them were afraid that the kagan would stop the wrestling, so they were trying to finish it 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 help either. Çalkara was unable to overpower He dived at his legs and knocked him down. But Buluç, who immediately turned round, grabbed the head of Çalkara, who rushed at him from behind, and made him tumble over him.

They could not fight each other. At some point, Çalkara must have been so hurt that he was heard grunting like a howl, not grunting but roaring. Then a terrible crack was heard. Buluç's shoulder bone was broken. His back touched the ground as he had no strength left to endure. He was defeated.

Nevertheless, he did not hesitate to stand up quickly. He brought his hand to his mouth and spat in his palm. He handed the two bloody 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.

Buluç's outstretched hand was lined with three bloody teeth.

- XIX -

CELESTIAL TURKISH AMBASSADORS

The sons of Major Pars Beğ showed their usefulness and became Ilterish Khan accepted into the army. The old major was also included in the ranks of the kagan's commanding elders. All these were good things.

But now an unsolved riddle in his mind: Who was Corporal Urungu, who showed Kür Shad's mastery in marksmanship and who was very similar to Kür Shad... He had learnt that he was from the Black Sea.

However, a soldier who resembled Kür Şad so much with his arrow shooting, his condition and his face had no relation with him.

It was also very strange that there was none. Pars Beğ, with the experience of eighty years of rule, had sensed that there was something to this. A person who had lived a long time and seen a lot could certainly get inside the events and knew things that others did not know.

Pars Beğ was lying on his felt in the new tent donated by the Khan and talking . More or less

Forty-five years ago, the hero Kur Shad had attacked the Chinese palace with forty of his friends and died in a way that would make all Turks proud. When he received this news in the West Hand and learnt that his ancestors were also present in the revolution, he lamented that he could not be there, and this lamentation remained as knot in his heart. I wonder what had happened to Kür Şad's wife, who was Pars' aunt. What a smart, knowledgeable, skilful woman she was! She was indomitable like a soldier, thoughtful like a kagan, in short, a unique woman.

Now it was certain that he was no longer alive. But where and when had he died?

Pars suddenly felt his heart swell with the desire to find out. The dream of his aunt was not erased from his mind. He thought that maybe there was someone in Ötüken who knew and recognised her. But no matter who he asked, he got no answer. One of the most he turned to his elders. He asked around. No one had seen, known or heard of Kür Shad's konçuy.

While the old major was thus absent-minded, a messenger came to the tent and reported that Itish Khan was waiting for him. Pars got up immediately. When he arrived at the kagan's tent, he saw that a crowd had gathered and Captain Börü was among this crowd. He did not wait long. A Tarkan brought him and Börü before İterish Khan.

They kneeled on the ground.

The Sky Turk Khan addressed Major Pars:

- Pars Beg! I am sending you as the first envoy of the nine Oghuz qatuns to Lady Moon.

- Your command, Khan!

- I was very grateful for your gifts, but as we are related. Therefore, you will tell him that he should live closer to us. You will tell him not to keep moving and hide from us, because the Nine Oghuzes are my tribe!

- Your command, Khan!

İterish Khan turned to Börü Beg and began to speak:

- Captain Börü Beg! I'm sending you as the second envoy to Lady Moon.

- Your command, Khan!

- You will count the tents of the Nine Oghuz and tell them to send one horse and cattle and two sheep per tent. We will pay this tax before autumn. that if it doesn't, we're gonna put a gang on them!

- Your command, Khan!

İterish Khan thought for a while. He spoke something to Tonykuk the Sage. Then to both envoys:

- "You will set out tomorrow, taking the necessary troops with you, and you will be here in less than a month.

Tarkan will give you ten balls of Chinese silk and a gold inlaid knife as a gift to Lady Moon."

The two ambassadors knelt down on the ground and left the tent, and until sunset they were busy with the preparations for next day.

The next day the envoys were on their way before dawn. Major Pars had taken his horse servant Çalkara and four other soldiers with him. Captain Börü, on the other hand, had taken no one except his ananda Urungu and a horse servant.

Long after the caravan had set off, Deli Ersegün galloped up and approached Pars Beğ and asked for an order to come with him, which was granted. Ersegün was alone at the back.

It was as if he was the third envoy. But he had not been softened by the kagan, he had not received a gift to give to Lady Moon, he was such a strange, unique envoy. That made ten of them. Major Pars said that Deli Ersegün

When he realised that he was a restless boy, he left him to watch the sides and backs of the caravan. Ersegün was riding along, galloping to the right or left, looking at the horizons, then staying behind to watch the rear, and when he could not see anyone, he joined the others and rode along for a while.

The leaders of the caravan were two of Pars' soldiers. They could not go fast because the first envoy was old. They hoped that they could reach Nine Oguz in ten or twelve days.

Pars and Börü were often travelling side by side, but they spoke very little. Urungu was the quietest in this caravan. When his ancestor Börü offered to go with him, he did not refuse. Because he couldn't find a reason to refuse. And to go,

and she also wanted not to go. It was possible that the burning in his heart would be cooled a little by seeing Mrs Ay, but it was also possible that it would spark more. it was possible. He was travelling towards the unknown, unable to think of anything. He had an incomprehensible fatigue. What would happen? Nothing.

Ersegün, on the other hand, was travelling with a heart infatuated with the love of the mad youth that came with a noise like a summer gale.

He didn't realise what he was going to do. Did the kagan ever want to meet his daughter again? to hit him? There was no way that someone in the delegation could hit like that.

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 had already been sent to him by Ilterish Khan. He had escaped when he was her prisoner. But Lady Moon would not 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 as a respected guest as a Sky Turk leader, he would erase some of the shame of his previous captivity.

While he was a prisoner here, it was rumoured that the Sky Turks had come here. If they had attacked, it would have been a feast for Ersegun, he would have attacked the kagan's daughter's tent, her, and then taken her as a host. But now there was no such thing. So he was going to let it be.

For the time being, he would be content with seeing Mrs Moon's face, bright from the moon and burning from the sun. 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 far away, looking northwards:

- "Captain Börü! Do you know Corporal Urungu?" he asked.

- 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.

- tell me about this woman? Börü's eyes

widened:

- "She was a rare woman. She was the soul of our clan," he began. 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.

He jumped out of nowhere:

- "Did you have a noticeable mole on your right cheek?" he asked.

Börü looked at his face in amazement:

- "He did. How do you know?" replied.

Pars fell silent. With the old age of having lived for eighty years, he turned the word elsewhere:

- "I once knew such a woman in Ötüken," he said. Then, unable to overcome his curiosity:

- "Do you remember this woman's name?" he asked. Börü:

- "No," he said, "we didn't know her name. We all just called her Mother."

they were silent. The captain did not understand why this enquiry was being made. He's now trying to find Urungu's mother.

he was thinking. The pain he felt at not being able to bring her the distant koumiss he had brought from far away.

it was knotted inside him again. He couldn't forget that day. If a particle had come to him a little earlier.

he could make her drink. When he thought about it, he always felt strange and his heart was troubled. This was happening again. Pars realised and asked:

- Are you depressed, captain, because we are talking bitter things? Börü

told about that long run and the death of Urungu's mother. Only on the

sixteenth day of their journey, they reached Nine Oguzlar.

It was very difficult to find this tribe, which was constantly moving without leaving a trace. The clan had grown again, to more than four hundred tents.

Iterish Khan's envoys settled down in the oba and after talking with Captain Kadyr Baga, they decided that he would be brought to Ay Hanim next day.

Pars gave a short instruction to his companions. In accordance with these instructions, Ersegün, who was standing behind, first said the word himself and then held five balls of silk each.

Beğ and Urungu were to present their gifts. After him, Börü Beğ was to speak and present the gold inlaid knife to him. Urungu and Ersegun never

by this unexpected softening, but they could not resist because they had received orders.

Urungu shuddered inside. He would see her light 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 saying, "You are from the black sea". The whirlwind that seemed to have calmed down inside him would come to life againspark that he thought had burnt out would be lithis heartaches would begin again. No, no, Urungu

he was a little bit wrong. All this wasn't going to happen. It had already begun to happen...

Here, his ancestor had unknowingly done him a disserviceMajor Pars had gone further in this disservice.

Ersegün was more puzzled. Because he didn't have any experience of trials and difficult situations that make one make the most accurate decision in difficult situations. He did not even know what it was to love a girl. She did not know what to do, what to say, why she had come. He didn't know anything. She was alone.

Although it was the first attempt in his life, he said that he had given his heart to Mrs Ay, and that this giving of his heart was both sweet and bitter.

he knew it was something. He also had a scar: He had lost to Mrs Moon.

When Pars gave the orders, he came face to face with Urungu for the first time and looked at him very attentively. He looked just like Kür Shad. There was something in his posture and speech that resembled the likes of the Sky Turks. Then a corporal

Two objects stood out strongly in his costume: His cap and his knife... This cap

looked like a kagan cap and the knife looked like a kagan knife. Suddenly Pars' eyes fell 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. Pars, like all the old people of Ötüken, 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 woke up every now and then for different reasons.

they were tossing and turning in their beds, mesmerised by the result.

Lady Moon the envoys with great ceremony. The Nine Oghuz troops were now well dressed and armed with compasses.

they were. Major Pars fulfilled orderIlterish Khan.

- Lady Moon! My Khan was honoured by the gifts you sent. Since you are related to each other on the mother's side, I suggest you to live closer to Ötüken. to you. He does not want you to change places and hide all the time. 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 Ersegin and Urungu standing behind him:

- "My Qaghan has sent you ten balls of Chinese silk as a gift," he said.

The two people holding the silks were the Sky Turks who their hearts on the Moon Lady without knowing each other, took a few steps, knelt on the ground, and at the Moon Lady's signal
So they waited until two of the Nine Oghuz chieftains took the silks.

The light and sharp gaze of the Khan's daughter lingered for a moment on the two men who loved her, one of whom was a big boy and one of whom was older. After reciting the heart's desire by fixing her eyes on their eyes, she lifted both of them with a command.

The old Major Pars knew nothing about what was going on between these three. However, this most intelligent corporal of Isbara Khan, this well-behaved Gök Turk, matured and cooked by the trials of life, did not fail to intuit some things.

Now Captain Börü was speaking:

- Lady Moon! I counted the tents of Nine Oghuz according to the command of Ilterish Khan. You are four hundred and eight tents. My Khan ordered you to send one horse and cattle and two sheep per tent as tax. Before autumn this tax or the Sky Turk army will come against 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 was not 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 Kadyr Baga passed into Ay Hanım's hand, there was a deep silence in the otag. In this silence, Gök The Turks and the Nine Oghuzes 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 informed him about it times.

Our kinship also ties me to him. Nine Oghuz and Sky Turk are two branches of one tree. When heaven and earth were mixed, there war between us. Now there is no turmoil in heaven and earth. All the orders of the Great Khan will be fulfilled. I will discuss this with the first envoy Pars Beğ tomorrow. For now, rest in your tents and roam our yurt as you wish...

Sky Turks kneeled down and left the camp.

- XX -

URUNGU'S KNIFE

Pars sent for Urungu in the evening and started to talk. At first he was talking about embassy affairs. Then gradually the subject changed; he asked Urungu when he became a corporal.

When it came to this point, Pars told about the time when he was a corporal and suddenly mentioned Ötüken at that time;

- "Urungu! Maybe I know him, who was your father?" he asked. The corporal's face blurred like a blizzard. He locked eyes with Pars:

- "I never knew my father, Major," he replied.

- You don't know his name?

- No!

This now was spoken in a very full, ferocious voice. Pars was looking at Urungu without any change in his face, trying to make sense of his looks and words, trying to understand the confusion on the corporal's face, the confusion in his voice. he didn't mind the gruffness:

- You recognise your mother, don't you?
- She raised me.
- And he didn't tell you who the father was?
- He said.
- Who is it?
- A warrior who died when I was young.

Pars asked another question after a moment's hesitation:

- What was your mum's name?

Urungu looked in front of him. Then he raised his head with a strange astonishment:

- "It never occurred to me to ask that, Major," he replied.
- It just happened... had no one but her. She raised me in hardship. She taught me everything.

For me, she was only a mother. And after she became a mother, her name was worthless. That's why it didn't occur 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 your knife," he said, 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 Kagan" 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 honoured among the Nine Oghuzes Captain Kadyr Baga. It was he who detained the Sky Turk ambassadors. Three of the most shrewd soldiers to keep an eye on Pars, Börü and Urungu. He himself kept them all under surveillance. After the news that the Gök Turks were going to march again, was sceptical when a messenger arrived instead of a messenger. He was afraid that the Sky Turks would delay the Nine Oghuzs with the messenger and defeat them. Therefore, he had sent a corporal with ten of his men to the south to guard against the Sky Turks.

In the evening, Pars and Urungu's secret conversation did not go unnoticed by Kadyr Baga. At night, he came to one of the soldiers on guard 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 and bled 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 went 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 well 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 seemed to 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 in astonishment. He stayed there until midnight, and after Urungu had gone out, he himself walked slowly away and came back to his tent, where, being very hungry, he attacked the food and absent-mindedly nibbled on the quiver strap for roast meat.

That night, Kadyr Baga was always dealing with Urungu in his dream and hard time in the morning. When he entered Ay Hanim's otbah, he did not know whether the news he was going to give would be of any value. After kneeling down:

- "I listened to a secret conversation between Major Pars and Uurungu last night," 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 you don't know.

I'll tell you; your mother's name was Golden Tarim.

Mrs Ay asked:

- What did Urungu say in response?

- "Major, how do you know that and why would you use my mother's name you were interested," he said. Then Pars: "How could 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 can get it from the knife in your waist and I know your father". Urungu shouted: "Tell me who he is", Pars gave an answer that I could not believe my ears.

Miss Moon had become very serious. There was a marvellous light in her beautiful eyes as she looked at me with curiosity.

In a commanding voice:

- "Who is Urungu's father?" he asked. Kadyr Baga:

- When he answered, "It was Kur Shad," a sweet red flush covered his whole face and he threw his hand to the knife at his waist:

- "What are you saying, Kadir Bağa?" he cried.

The captain was saying it absent-mindedly:

- I could already tell by the way he shot arrows and hit. We thought he liked it. Turns out he's more than a tigin. How did we know he was Tegin? Now I'll fight my unfinished battle with greater appetite. They say Captain Kadyr Baga defeated a Gök Turk thegin.

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:

- If I lose, they'll say I lost to a tegini.

Mrs Ay 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 get anything on the knife in Urungu's waist?

- I have learnt! This knife was a talismanic knife from the first khan of the Sky Turks, Bumun Kagan. Bumun Kagan's stamp was engraved on one side and his name on the other side. However, this inscription and stamp could only be seen when the sun was rising and setting. Also, the more the glory of the Sky Turks increased, the better the inscription on the knife could be seen.

- All right! Today, you will bring Pars Beğ to the otta before sunset, and before that you will receive the necessary orders from me!....

Towards the evening, Ay Hanım had taken her arrangements and gave some orders to Kadir Bağa. When she brought Pars Beğ to her presence, the door of the tent and

The curtains were opened and there plenty of light inside. Lady Moon spoke very briefly and declared that she accepted all the orders of Ilterish Khan and gave Pars a beautiful bow as a gift.

When Pars left, he brought Börü Beğ. He spoke with him very briefly. He said that he would send the requested taxes before autumn, only because the sheep were scarce, there were not two sheep per tent, but he would obtain and send it by autumn. He also gave Börü Beğ a knife as a gift.

After Börü, he sent for Deli Ersegün. After a few heartwarming words, he presented 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 in case her calling Urungu out of the blue drew attention. His main purpose in bringing Urungu was to see his knife.

Mrs Ay was looking at the corporal who was standing straight in front of her. On his head he was wearing a scarf given by her.

His dress was no longer poor. Ilterish Khan had made the Sky Turks rich. The lines of life and swords on Urungu's face gave him a different meaning. Even if Ay Hanım, who reads hearts, knew nothing else, she could still understand that he had suffered great pain. 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. you were greasy with my men. Then you became my comrade. And then war broke out. You wanted to take me prisoner. I wanted to kill you. didn't fulfil either of our wishes. And now, as friends.

we're facing each other. Maybe this is the last time we'll ever meet. So I want to give you a gift and learn something from you.

Urungu kneeling on the ground:

- "Ay Mrs! I carry 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 on 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 not doing Mrs Ay's order he couldn't help it. He unsheathed his knife and held it out.

The sun was setting. The last rays of its redness fell on the face of the kagan's daughter and made her look like a daughter of God who had descended from the sky and was born of light. When Urungu saw her pointing the knife in her hand at the sun and looking intently, he realised that she knew everything and turned red.

Now Mrs Ay at the Gök Turk corporal, and Kür Şad's son is facing her gaze.

He wanted to resist, he resisted, but he felt his strength failing him.

This battle of glances did not last long. It ended with Urungu bowing his head. The Khan's daughter's knife

when giving it back:

- "Son of Kur Shad! 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 Chashits hide themselves. You of the most valiant and righteous braves. Tell me: Why did you hide this?

Lady Moon's voice now commanding. Urungu's heart seemed to be caught in a whirlwind. He was rejoicing that the girl he loved had learnt that he was a tegin, thinking that his mother's wish had been broken, wondering how the Moon Lady had understood all this. The kagan's daughter was like a pars now. She was commanding and begging, begging and commanding:

- 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, Mrs Moon! I promised her.

- **XXI** -

VU KATUN'S FAVOURITE

Chinese Empress Vu had decided to destroy Ilterish Khan, who had made China tremble with his raids. If she achieved such a success, she would consolidate her position on the Chinese throne, which she had taken by deception.

he hoped. The reports of the messengers he sent to Turkelia were full of encouraging information: Ilterish Khan, including the troops of the tribes he had subjugated, 20,000 people. Vu Katun was pleased.

Because he was going to prepare an army of 200,000 men and with this ten times superior army he was going to eliminate the Gok Turks. At the same time, he would place his favourite "Hoay-i" at the head of this army and give him the honour of victory, thus killing two birds with one stone.

Hoay-i was a Buddhist monk. He was not capable of leading not an army of two hundred thousand men, not even two hundred horsemen. She knew nothing but strutting around the palace and discussing state affairs with commanders and ministers. It was rumoured in the palace that she and Vu Katun had once had a love affair. The empress, now an old woman, a beauty who was the talk of the town in her youth. Hoay-i, whom he had spoiled, was an incompetent favourite, considered a degenerate snob by serious men at court. But when he was given the post of commander-in-chief, his pride increased and he tried to explain the great projects he had prepared.

Within a few days, all the people of the capital had learnt about the expedition to Turkeli. In fact, it was not overlooked that thousands of soldiers from other cities started to come to the capital.

On his tenth day as commander-in-chief, Hoay-i returned to his mansion in high spirits, seeing that things were going well. He realised that future victories
a feast in his honour at the mansion that night. Dinner in the garden with the large pool

there was to be eating and drinking. The four aide-de-camps were moving 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 strange and incomprehensible to the servants. Nevertheless, in order not to see his sullen face, hear his rebukes, or even be beaten, they carried out all his orders promptly. The squire had especially prepared the most pungent wine in large 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 ministers and commanders, were eating the food brought by the servants in abundance, they were cheering themselves with the sharp water and refreshing themselves with good nuts.

When the junior aide Yin-shao reappeared, other aides ate and drank and left the organisation and conduct of the feast to him.

Yin-shao did not drink at all, but ran from place to place, keeping the guests and Hoay-i out of sight for a single moment.

Towards midnight, the minds were in a fog. The commander-in-chief had taken over the jocularly, was saying everything, explaining the routes by which the march to Türkeli would be made, and was already ecstatic with the joy of a future victory.

At one point he called one of his aides and said something to him secretly. Yin-shao did not miss the fact that this short and secret speech and the squire who had made it had disappeared immediately. He went away from the feast and summoned a servant who was standing by doing nothing. After saying a few words secretly
Then he came quickly to the feast again. The servant who had received the order from him was secretly following the other servant in the darkness, keeping a careful watch on the surroundings as he did so.

It was clear from all his movements that Yin-shao was waiting for something, waiting for an opportunity. But he was not in a hurry.

He commanded the servants to drink very little. They were afraid of him, so they did not violate the order. The squire seemed to pity this state of the servants. His sullen face smiled a little as he allowed them to drink another bowl, and the servants rejoiced. Yin-shao, on the other hand, had sent them all out to distribute drinks and food to the guests before they drank, and taking advantage of the room being empty, he sprinkled a little of the white powder into the bowls of some of them and began to pour their wine. When the servants returned to their rooms one by one, they were to find that Squire Yin-shao was pouring water into their own bowls, and they could not understand this stern and gruff man could condescend to do so.

Some of servants who drank the bowls filled by the aide were soon overcome by an unbearable sleep.

underneath them curled up in a little nook and cranny. These were the servants who added white powder to their wine.

Having thus reduced the number servants working in the centre, Yin-shao substituted himself for them in entertaining the commander-in-chief and guests, and was thus able to fill the bowls with wine.

A little after midnight, the other two aides, Hoay-i and some of the officers among the guests 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 comfortable. Taking the seal from the belt around his waist, he left the room great composure. With confident steps, he entered the divan room of the commander-in-chief. Under the light of a candle, he wrote something in Chinese on a piece of paper and then stamped the seal of the commander-in-chief with beeswax. Then

He again quietly blew out the candle, came into 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 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 mounted his horse and galloped through the streets of the capital. Outside the city

He stopped in front of the door of a small house in one of the neighbourhoods. He jumped from his horse with an agile behaviour never seen in the 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's aide:

- "I've been waiting for you, Karabuka," he said.

Yin-shao, who was the fourth aide in the Chinese commander-in-chief's residence, actually put Bilge Tonyukuk there.

none other than a Turkish 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 that the Chinese army of two hundred thousand men had fled to the Gok Turk country.

He had learnt all the subtleties of how he would attack, from which columns, by which routes and under the command of which commanders. His friend, who was to convey this information to Bilge Tonyukuk, was now disguised in the house he came from

a captain. Karabuka showed him the decree sealed with the seal of the Chinese commander and asked his opinion. In order for the Chinese army of two hundred thousand people not to be gathered at the desired time, the largest of this army a forged order was written to the Chinese chief who was to command the corps

the time was fifteen days late.

Karabuka told his friend that he could do nothing more and that if he did, he would be suspected.

His friend approved of his actions and after informing him of a new order from Bilge Tonyukuk, Karabuka returned to the mansion with lightning speed.

The other was riding a very fast, unpretentious Turkish horse, a bow and quiver hanging from his waist, and was flying at full speed towards Ötüken.

When Karabuka returned to the mansion, he put on his false pride again and became Squire Yin-shao again.

As he walked swiftly through the mansion, he saw someone making a secret sign to him from a distance. This was the servant who had been sent after the other adjutant, who had gone off to an unknown place on a secret order from the commander-in-chief during the feast, and in reality he was one of the Turkic messengers sent by Bilge Tonyukuk. The two of them secretly retreated to a corner of the mansion and they talked in secret. Karabuka asked:

- What did you do?

Beriki answered in Turkish:

- Then I took off his clothes and threw him into a well. None of them written on him.

Karabuka pulled out a forged order from the commander-in-chief:

- "Immediately the adjutant shall put on his clothes and carry this order to the place where it is written, so that out of the two hundred thousand who will descend upon us, sixty thousand will be fifteen. you'll be delayed."

Glancing at the order, the marshal smiled vaguely: "OK" and walked away.

After all this was done, Yin-shao took a white powder from his pouch. He poured some wine into a bowl, poured some wine into it, and after drinking it in one gulp, he lay down on the floor next to the other squire who had fallen asleep in a room and soon fell into a very deep sleep.

- XXII -

CHINESE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

The Chinese commander-in-chief Hoay-i was seething with rage. He was ranting and raving in the tent.

the squire in stone silence. Although it had been three days since he had set up his headquarters, his army had not massed. However, according to his orders, all corps should have been there one day before him. Two

Not even half of the army of a hundred thousand men was assembled. The commander of a corps of thirty thousand men had announced 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 had to be executed.

This was not the reason that bothered Hoay-i. For one thing, the possibility of a raid on the Sky Turks had been cancelled.

A day or two later they were outside the Chinese wall. they would have found out that he was gathered anyway, and they would have taken precautions accordingly. Then Vu would fall out of favour with Katun. The Qatun, who had done him a great favour by giving him the position of commander-in-chief when there were so many famous Chinese commanders, could not keep him after this failure.

Moreover, he was surprised that his most trusted chief aide had disappeared, and strange things were arising in him. He never remembered that he had been so deceived in choosing people. The worst part was that he could not decide what to do. While he was in such a turmoil of thoughts, 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 tell you," he said.

The Commander-in-Chief was quite by these words. He said that if he spoke out loud, his fear would dissipate.

he cried out in a delusion:

- Don't be afraid!... Don't be afraid!...

Say it!.. The fourth squire took a step

forward:

- Lord! I think we've been betrayed.

The Commander-in-Chief stopped short in the tent he was walking into and jumped up and shouted:

- What?... What did you say?... How

treason? The aide slowed his voice:

- Don't be angry with me, sire! I dare to tell you because you commanded me to tell you.

- Yes, I gave the order, tell me... What are you waiting for? Tell me....

- Sire!... I am suspicious about the disappearance of the chief aide and the lack of news from our corps of sixty thousand men.

- What do you mean? Are you suspecting 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:

- When I said, "I was already suspicious," they stopped with an astonished look.

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:

- Our corps of thirty thousand men, which we expect to arrive tomorrow or the day after tomorrow.

our army will be a hundred and twenty thousand. It was supposed to be a hundred thousand. There is no news of our two corps, one of sixty thousand and one of twenty thousand. There's no news of the chief archboss with these eighty thousand people. Maybe we'll find them.

to delay the death of the man who'd been killed in the war.

- 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. He put his hand to his forehead and ran it over it hesitantly, then asked again:

- Well, what should we do?

Yin-shao has been expelled:

- Sir! If you give the order, we'll send word to the corps commander 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 command you sent him before, he asks for at least twenty days to prepare and come again. In that time, it will be too late to march to Ötüken. we'd be stuck.

- Why should we be late?

- The Turks 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 and after greeting the commander-in-chief, he announced that a commander was waiting to see him.

This commander was the commander of a corps of thirty thousand men, which they expected to arrive tomorrow or the day after tomorrow.

After greeting Hoay-i respectfully, he waited for his command.

The Commander-in-Chief was so confused that he could not even decide whether he should be happy or angry about this visit, and he was still wandering 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 at full speed to tell you the reason for my tardiness.

- Yes! Tell me! Why are you late?

- Sire, I was my way with my corps in accordance with your command 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, my lord.

- How is it possible? Can the Turks march troops this far west?

- They marched, my lord. After this first raid, they beat our marching column relentlessly.

Hoay-i was almost terrified. How had the Turks heard the news and intercepted the troops travelling from the west of China? He asked excitedly:

- Have you lost much? I lost a tenth of my herd.

- It's no big deal.

- Yes, our master is not important. The important point this: 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. The 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 a silk cloth from his chest. On it was written a letter in Chinese in colour. Hoay-i read it with alarm:

"I, Bilge Tonyukuk, say to the Chinese commander-in-chief Hoay-i that you are not a good commander. Because you cannot gather your troops in the same place on the same day. Your corps of sixty thousand people will be there fifteen days after you. According to this situation, you are already defeated."

- "How does this blasted man know our insides?" he shouted. The fourth squire bowed respectfully:

- "It seems that what I just said is true, sire. "He learns everything from the minions."

He said.

The commander-in-chief was struggling with indecision. Yin-shao had suddenly caught his eye. The young aide's predictions spot on. Turning to the second and third aides:

- "You are asleep," he exclaimed. Then he looked at the fourth squire, not seeing the faces of the other two, yellow with jealousy:

- "I am making you the chief valet," added. The new chief marshal bowed respectfully.

- "I will try to be worthy of this favour, sir," he replied.

- **XXIII** -

CHINESE CHASITI

Commander-in-Chief Hoay-i's attack against the Sky Turks with a hundred thousand men

Vu Katun was very saddened when he fell into the water for reasons not understood. Especially Bilge Tonyukuk's mockery made him almost sick. In order to wage war against the Sky Turks again and finish it successfully, he sought allies and started looking for them. The first thing that came to his mind was the Nine Oghuz. Although the Nine Oghuz had been defeated and bowed down to the Gök Turks, it was certain that they harboured enmity from within.

Vu Katun firstly tried to revolt them and to prevent the Sky Turks while he was planning to attack from the south. If this happened, Hoay-i's reputation would be restored.

After discussing this proposal at length with Hoay-i, the Chinese Qatun then asked him for his opinion on the man to be sent to the Nine Oghuzes. The commander-in-chief, without hesitation, recommended Yin-shao, the chief aide-de-camp.

Vu Katun believed he was on to something big. Chief Counsellor After giving him a bag full of money with his orders, he set him on his way.

Yin-shao became Karabuka after crossing the great Chinese wall. A Chinese chashash travelling from China to Turkeli

He was not acting like a Turk returning to the homeland, but like a Turk returning to the homeland, sleeping, hunting game, making kebabs, and occasionally entertaining himself by riding horses.

In this way, he reached Ötüken at 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 new orders. All this was done in a very short night. in time. Then Karabuka rode northwards like a Chinese who had never seen Ötüken in his life.

While Karabuka was thus travelling and thanking God for being away from the boring walls and absurd ceremonies of China, one day a jinx happened when he least expected it: While crossing a stream with his horse, the horse got stuck in the marsh, and after a struggle or two, he sank to the bottom and drowned. Karabuka and threw himself on the opposite shore. The worst thing was that all his food and money and his sword were buried in the swamp along with the horse. Without food, without sustenance, He was left alone in the steppe with his bow and quiver without any money. However, even if he had a horse, he would be able to reach the Nine Oghuzes only after travelling for three or four more days.

He didn't know what to do when he was left without a surplus.

Karabuka thought about it: The road to Ötüken was further. Again, the best way was to head north, to the Nine Oghuzes. So he did so, leaving it to God. He started walking towards the north.

first hunted one or two and fried them. second he found no prey. He drank only from a cold spring.

On the third day he shot a hare and ate it in one meal. On the fourth and fifth days he neither hunted game nor found water.

On the sixth day, he walked with his knees shaking from hunger and thirst. He wounded a deer with an arrow. But the deer escaped and escaped. On the seventh day, he could not hit a rabbit with the arrow he shot very close because his hands were shaking. He came to a wood. He lay down at the foot of the trees. He passed out between sleep and wakefulness in an unconscious state.

The sun was setting. heard a voice. He put his ear to the ground and listened: Horsemen were approaching.

Since Karabuka did not know who was coming and his own situation was sceptical, he used his last strength

and climbed up into the dense branches of the woods. He hid 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. They were

The mate, who listened to their conversation, soon realised that they were Gök Turks. In fact, these ten people were other than the Sky Turk ambassadors under the command of Major Pars returning from Mrs Ay. When night came, except for two people standing guard, all of them lay down on the ground and slept wrapped in their mats.

Karabuka was waiting for an opportunity in the tree. At a time when the guards were furthest away from him.

trying not to down the tree. He stopped lying on the ground in a dark shadow. Then he crawled a little further. He stopped again and waited for a long time. Thirty or forty paces ahead of him stood the horse of one of the travellers. He took a quick look around. A sentry was fifty paces away. There was no alarm.

and got up without a word. He approached the horse with a very natural gait and with a little noise. The guard turned to him:

"Who is it?" he called out.

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 at a trot and rode southwards. The sentry was very pleased with the answer given in full Gök Turk dialect and the fact that the horse was heading south towards Ötüken.

he suspected nothing. Those who were not yet asleep at that time thought it was Ersegün's madness. Karabuka, on the other hand, after riding for a while, grabbed the bag of food, turned the horse in the west direction, and towards midnight he turned north again and started travelling towards the Nine Oguz.

When he reached Nine Oghuz Eli, the provisions in the bag were exhausted and he himself was exhausted from fatigue. Because the Gök Turks, whose horse he was riding, realised what he was doing and chased after him, and there a long, exhausting and exciting chase between them. Since Karabuka changed his direction again 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 to ask for food. He introduced himself as a Chinese prisoner who had escaped from the Kıtaylars and asked for permission to stay among them. The Nine Oghuzes announced this matter to Ay Hanim.

The kagan's daughter summoned him to her tent and interrogated him, and was suspicious of the way he greeted her by kneeling on the ground.

Because this knee strike was done in Turkish custom. Furthermore, this man, who said that his name was Yin-şao, spoke in a beautiful Turkic dialect, and his face did not look Chinese, but Turkish.

Only Captain Kadyr Baga was present in Ay Hanim's tent as a dignitary. Kuni Sengün and Tungra Sem were dead. There was no other beğ in the Nine Oghuz Hand except Kadyr Baga.

Yin-shao informed Mrs Ay that he had something very important and secret to tell her. She replied whatever she had to say, she should say it in front of Kadyr Baga. Then Yin-shao took out a small 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:

- He said, "I come as a messenger from the Chinese katun Vu Katun."

Vu Katun's seal was engraved on the top of the plate and the words "Yin-shao is our messenger" were written in Chinese underneath.

Lady Moon fixed her piercing eyes on Yin-shao. In her harmonious voice:

- "What does the Chinese katun want from me?" he

asked. The envoy answered:

- A concerted effort to eliminate the Sky Turks. Mrs Moon was

silent. The envoy continued his words:

- The Chinese court has prepared an army of two hundred thousand men. After the Gök Turks were eliminated, the Nine Oghuzes would settle in Ötüken and the Chinese court would give you

he'll need your help.

- 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 are still great value in terms of their 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 in disguise. Why did you come in disguise?

- Even the Nine Oghuzes 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, heard that the kagan was uncomfortable with his daughter's gaze and could not help marvelling at her beauty.

Finally, Ay Hanım ordered Kadir Bağa to host the envoy in the tent of any Nine Oguz and said: "I will welcome you again. I will call him" and took him out of his otu.

Then, fulfilling the order he had received, he came back to Kadyr Baga:

- "Captain! Keep an eye on this envoy. I think he is a Sky Turk," he said, astonishing him.

- **XXIV** -

KARABUKA

Karabuka was obliged to act more cautiously because he realised that Mrs. Ay was suspicious of him. Now he had two tasks: Ay

He will deceive her with an alliance with China, and her response will be He was to inform Tonyukuk. I wonder if Mrs Ay understood that her main duty was this second one.

Was it?

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 and 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 six hundred warriors. They loved Mrs Ay very much and she was doing her best to raise her tribe. Their goods and cattle were not few either. 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. She could not understand what they thought about the Sky Turks and Ilterish Khan. She could have learnt this if she had left them and talked to them, but she did not meet with anyone immediately in order not to arouse suspicion.

Major Kadir Bağa often saw him and talked the weather. 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 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 Kur Shad had a son or not. But as a Chinese envoy, a matter asked to him with such importance he could not show ignorance on it. He answered immediately:

- We have extinguished Kür Shad's hearth. He has no son, 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 is another

was perturbed by the direction. Why was the memory of a battle forty or fifty years ago suddenly being invoked?

Suddenly, he remembered all the days when İterish Khan
A sword that was rumoured came: This sword, made by an old blacksmith, was prepared for Kūr Şad's son. Kūr Shad's son was not found.

But the blacksmith couldn't have done it out of the blue, could he? Maybe he knew something. I wonder if Kur 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 Kūr Şad's son was alive, he could claim the kaganate, İteriş Kġan, and thus Turkelia could be torn apart.

Why had Kadyr Baga asked him about Kur Shad's son? Was he alive and they had heard from him?

Or was Kūr Şad's son about to claim the kingship and had asked for help from the Nine Oghuzes?

Karabuka spent 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 him. Major Kadyr Baga and a captain were on either side of the kagan's daughter in 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, Ay Hanım said to the likes next to her

- If he does not perceive that we have learnt that he is a Gök Turk, we will be at ease for a while.

If so, we should expect a new attack by the Sky Turks soon.

Karabuka was on his way the next day. He wanted to report his suspicions about Kür Şad's son to Bilge Tonyukuk as soon as possible.

He entered Ötüken again under the cover of night and arrived at Bilge Tonyukuk's tent. He told what he knew, what he saw, what he suspected. From Kür Şad's son When the subject came up, Tonyukuk fell into a deep thought.

This to upset him a little. But it was not his custom to dwell too much on things he could not solve.

He looked up and asked Karabuka:

- Did the Nine Oghuz realise that you are a Sky Turk?

- I guess they understood.

- Mrs Moon will know. Nothing escapes her eyes. We can't miss that they're getting stronger day by day. There's no other way but to march a siege on them.

Then he gave him new orders about his work in China. Karabuka was riding towards China and in the darkness an unknown horseman was chasing him from afar.

After some time, the Gok Turk, realising that he was being pursued, 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 and then came out, casting its light over the endless steppe. Two horsemen

They were racing four or five hundred paces apart. Karabuka was looking for a hill, a stream or a woodland in order to cover 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, seeing the unknown horseman approaching, grasped his bow and drew an arrow from his quiver. The horseman coming after him had seen this movement. However, he was riding without paying any attention and trying to close the gap.

They went on like this for a while. 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 fired through this gap could have done mischief to both horsemen. Karabuka said no more. Without waiting, he placed the arrow on the bowstring and aimed it behind him. he was about to throw it. just then the booming voice of the unknown horseman thundered across the steppe:

- Hey, Yin-shao! can you release an arrow without knowing?

As he shouted this, his horse reared and stopped. Karabuka called himself in Chinese. He tightened his grip, finding it pointless to flee in the face of the movement of this stranger who called him by name.

Now the two horsemen stood facing each other, two hundred and fifty paces apart, in the vast steppe, under the light of the half-moon.

Karabuka was looking at the unknown horseman with a sharp gaze as if he wanted to recognise him, while the other one was stroking his horse's mane and leaning forward. Karabuka could not recognise the person in front of him among the various possibilities in 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 one was still stroking his horse's mane and not paying any attention.

it wasn't happening.

Karabuka shouted again and repeated his question. The rider on the other side raised his head:

- "Aren't you Yin-shao?" he shouted.

- 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 Turkish. I am Chinese," he replied. The other

responded with a loud laugh.

The Gok Turk's patience was exhausted. This other brave was not a friendly person. Suddenly, he galloped his horse, charged towards him and shot his arrow. Then the other quickly turned his horse round and ran away.

But he had just shown that his horse was a donkey. As if to help this stranger, the moon had gone behind the clouds and prevented Karabuka from firing the second arrow. The distance between them was getting bigger and bigger. Anyway, Karabuka had no desire to chase to the end. He stopped his horse and thought for a moment who this stranger was. He couldn't find it. Thinking whoever it was, he headed south again.

Meanwhile, the Major, who had been following him for days and realised that he was talking to Bilge Tonyukuk

Kadyr Baga is riding north:

- "It turns out that Yin-shao is a Sky Turk. Miss Moon is infallible... Miss Moon is infallible..."

- XXV -

RAID

Twenty thousand horsemen were flowing southwards at full speed. Ilterish Qutluk Khan's three tuktuks were fluttering in the air the horses' hoofbeats were howling on the steppe with sharp commands heard from time to time.

The Gok Turk Khan was riding in the midst of twenty thousand horsemen with the commander-in-chief Bilge Tonyukuk at his side, followed by his two brothers, Boyla Baga Tarkan, several beğs, börülers 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 decided to attack China without delay by taking advantage of this favourable situation.

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, in the same order, like a sword's back. Sharp gazes were turned 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 had been taken and the troops had marched to the Chinese wall even at night. That night, by the order of the Khan, no fire was to be lit, no talking, 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 was sounded, he was to ride forward after the captains who lit kindling. All the captains had prepared their kindling on long sticks. The companies marched side by side and

They were lined up in a row, waiting without making any noise, almost without breathing.

A very agile and sharp-eyed corporal had left the army on foot, advanced to the very edge of 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 pipe and kindling with him, and he was always looking ahead, occasionally stroking his sword with his hand.

Karabuka would give the signal they expected from the Chinese wall. But nobody knew Karabuka in the whole army except the kagan and Bilge Tonyukuk.

The corporal on the lookout, who was occasionally turning his head to the right and left while looking ahead, suddenly seemed to see a faint light to and immediately reached for the pipe. After a short moment, this light became very bright and visible, and the same

At the same time, some shouts were heard from there. The corporal jumped to his feet with lightning speed, turned back and gave the signal by blowing his horn, which he raised a little in the air, three times rapidly towards the Sky Turkish army.

Then, again with lightning speed, he ignited his kindling and began to run towards the Chinese wall, where the light was visible. At this time, the attack trumpet was sounded in the Sky Turk army

and from behind the two hundred torches that were suddenly ignited, twenty thousand horsemen rushed towards the wall with terrible war cries. The corporal of the lookout swung his kindling

The captains, who had attacked their troops, were chasing the scout with all the speed they could muster. This happened so quickly that in no time at all, counting from one to a hundred, the Sky Turk army had reached the foot of the Chinese wall and entered through an open gate.

After Karabuka gave the signal with fire, he opened the door together with another Turkish chashti who helped him. But as he gave the signal, he was seen by the Chinese, who rushed at him shouting.

He was in a difficult situation. In order not to spoil the work prepared so delicately at the last moment, he to make a decision with lightning speed. And he did so. He shouted to his friend as he grazed the sword with a fierce hardness:

- Jump out of 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. There was a moment of confusion as he entered like a falcon into a flock of crows.

Karabuka and his friend had bought the Sky Turk army the time it needed. The Gok Turk army was so close that there was no way to close the gate.

The Chinese knew this, so they were busy with their lives, not with the door.

Karabuka had suffered one or two minor wounds when he dived into a mass of Chinamen and sliced through them. Now that he had done his duty, he could think about saving himself. He sprang up and began to climb the winding stairs. As he did so, he sheathed his sword and, reaching for the quiver, placed the arrow he had drawn in the bowstring.

Stopping at the roundabout, he smashed into the body of the Chinaman who followed him, shadow in the darkness. With the same swiftness he knocked the second one down.

Had it been any other time, the Chinese would not have advanced in such a situation, they would have stopped and retreated. However, when the Sky Turk army entered the gate of the Chinese wall with terrible war cries, and on the one hand, while they were putting ladders on 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.

As he was running fast, the whizz of the arrow that came after him and passed over his shoulder made him pause for a moment. He drew several and swung them towards the Chinese.

In the meantime, fires were lit in all the towers of the Chinese wall and the news of the Gök Turk raid was sent back home.

Karabuka was running ahead to get to where the Chinese wall curved. He knew there was a narrow staircase to get down there. He went down there he hoped that if he arrived, he would lose himself to the Chinese in the dark. But as we got closer to it, the fire from the tower further on he was approaching the perimeter, the danger zone. After stopping for a moment and shooting another arrow behind him, he started running again.

Fifty paces the bend. An arrow flew past his right. Forty paces from the bend, an arrow whizzed over his head.

Thirty paces away, two arrows flew from his left side.

Twenty paces to go. 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 Karabuka was a Sky Turk captain, he could not accept defeat easily. He quickly grabbed his quiver from where he was lying down, drew the arrow, placed it in his bow, and let it fly. The foremost of the Chinese, who were running forty paces behind, was shot in the heart and fell like a log; he died.

This dead Chinese was an officer of the pursuers. With his fall, the Chinese paused for a moment in astonishment, giving the Sky Turk captain time and opportunity. He stood up with great effort and wanted to run towards the curve. But his leg, which was stabbed by the arrow, was so sore that it was impossible to walk. He took five or six steps, fell down again, and threw the arrow again. 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 tula. 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 he 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 Gök Turk captain could also make use of the arrow stuck in his own body. With this in mind, Karabuka took his best position on the ground 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.

They were now in a part of the region far away from the places attacked by the Gök Turk army, 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. one of the five arrows aimed at him was out of the fight.

However, one of the remaining four arrows passed through his cheek, and his face was covered with blood in an instant.

When the Chinese started to run again, the captain shot all three arrows with incredible speed and shot three arrows.

He knocked the Chinaman down and was left alone with his one fatty in the light of the fire from the tower.

When he was one on one with the last Chinaman, there were ten or twelve paces between them. Chinl, sword drawn, came running at full speed. The one on the ground Karabuka could not resist him with a sword. As he had just calculated. He had no other way out but to quickly pull out the arrow, which was stuck a little behind and a little stuck in his hollow, and aim it at the Chinese. He had to do this before the gap closed.

The wounded captain put his hand on the arrow in his aching wound, grasped it tightly and pulled it with all his strength. He knew how the arrow shaft lodged in his leg would tear his flesh and how excruciatingly painful it would be because he had tried it in the past. Suddenly something inside him felt as if he had been torn away, his eyes darkened and he felt faint in his heart. For a moment he could not see his surroundings. Then he recovered with an inner urge, thinking that fainting would mean dying. He drew an arrow from his wound and placed it in his bow. While he was doing this, the Chinese approached, with a foot of space between them.

While Karabuka was drawing his bow, the Chinaman was swinging his sword towards him.

While this was going on, the Sky Turk army was capturing the towers of the Chinese wall one by one and quickly clearing the contents. A division of the Cherokee had started to pour into China in the darkness of the night.

Ilterish Khan was the commander-in-chief of this division that plunged into China. Bilge Tonyukuk had been ordered to hold the wall and secure it with the other division. After quickly taking the towers and extinguishing the signal of fire, he had the gates secured, outposts set up where necessary, and the Turkish wounded and dead he started calling me. He was also looking for Karabuka. He promised to meet him somewhere. This is the place where he once travelled with his horse

he jumped off the wall. They were to meet on its outer or inner side. Even Tonyukuk sent two of his men who knew Karabuka

As he went out in search of them, he himself, together with one or two of his henchmen, wandered around the neighbourhood, searching the nooks and crannies by the light of the kindling.

When this did not yield any results, he brought some soldiers with loud voices and made them shout "Captain Karabuka" all around. But there was no response to these shouts.

There was no answer. Tonyukuk did not think that Karabuka would have died after the signals had been given as agreed and all the designed works had been accomplished smoothly, but he could not put it to good use that he was not found after so much search.

Bilge Tonyukuk solved this riddle at dawn. After sleeping for a while in a tower on the Chinese wall at night and waking up at dawn, 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. At the bottom of a ruined battlement, near the first step of a staircase, lay Captain Karabuka. Beside him, his blood pooled where the stone had pitted.

It had clotted and one of his hands covered in a puddle of blood. The Sky Turks, who were collecting the Chinese dead at night, could not see the captain in this dim place. Karabuka was dead, and before he died, he dipped his finger in his blood and wiped the wall clean and white.

instead, he wrote the following:

"I have done as you commanded. Greetings to Ötügen..."

- XXVI -

HOPE AND RESENTMENT

The Gök Turk army was returning to Ötügen with great satisfaction. After overcoming the Chinese wall, the army of the Chinese commanders on the border was crushed; many goods, cattle and prisoners 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 had become rich. But since he never thought that he would be happy with the wealth of this false world, the reason for the breadth of his heart was

He seemed to find it, found it, and his face turned red after a few indistinct words fell from his lips.

Urungu was thinking about Mrs Ay without realising it.

He remembered his marriage proposal and Ay Hanım's refusal. At that time, the Khan's daughter had translated her as "you're from the black bear", but then she had learnt that she was a Gök Turk tegini. Now must have changed her mind. Urungu suddenly felt a deep surge of good fortune. There it was,

he had become richer than he could ever have imagined. Undoubtedly, these conditions If he knelt down in front of Lady Moon, he would be received differently. But the joy in Urungu's heart did not last long: Lady Moon would not marry him again because his identity would remain a secret. Then what would the Nine Oguz say?

But Kür Şad's son was going to follow his inner voice. As soon as he reached Ötüken he would go north to find the kagan's daughter and propose again.

The Sky Turk army in Ötüken in a festive atmosphere. Ilterish Khan had done

he had won the greatest of battles. Now he was giving a great feast to the likes. Everywhere drums were beating, kisins were being drunk, young men were wrestling, braves were racing horses.

Urungu did not join the festivities. After seeing his son Tacham andasi Captain Börü, he took plenty of provisions and set off northwards.

The joy of the first day ended in the night. The next morning he felt a feeling similar to anxiety, an incomprehensible timidity. he realised it was something akin to fear.

Urungu, who had lived in so many dangers and looked at death without blinking, was disturbed by this fear-like feeling. But it was impossible to get rid of it.

As he got closer to Mrs Moon, he slowed down his walking speed and reasons to amuse and distract himself on the roads. He was even aware of the fact that he had moved quite a long way to 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 bedside. Urungu jumping to the ground, he took the wounded man's head in his arms

and put it to his mouth. There was no good in Kitay. He could only drink one or two sips. Gasping for breath:

- He said, "One of you shot me."

Iterish Qutluk Khan had fought seven times with the Kiteays, subjugated them and started to tax them. Urungu even participated in these battles. Now, It was strange that a Sky Turk shot him on a day when he was living in peace with the Continentals.

Urungu was more interested in saying something to the wounded Kitay than in understanding the situation:

- "Why did you fight?" he asked. 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 sitting 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 heartache. I said, "The kams will be involved in this." I jumped on my horse.

I was going. He jumped up and grabbed my horse. He said love or revenge. Vengeance.

I said, "Isn't it possible to put love above love? That's the kind of thing and he drew his bow and shot me. Then he rode west, shouting and shouting.

Urungu's brow furrowed. His eyes involuntarily turned westwards: "Beyond the horizon is the land of Lady Moon."

there was. After his sad gaze lingered there for a while, he said to Kitay:

- "When did he shoot you?" he asked.

After looking at the sky for a long time, the wounded man said "yesterday" and said more. His gaze fixed on the sky

he became dull. He just stood there with his head turned to the right. He was dead.

Urungu, slowly moving westwards on his horse, felt a heaviness in his heart. He felt pity for Kitay who was killed in vain. For Urungu, who had seen so many deaths and absorbed so much pain, the pain of this one death incomprehensible. To feel so sorry for a Kitay he didn't know.

This thought seemed to shock him a little, and then he realised that the pain he felt was not from this death, but from what the deceased had told him: Is it love or revenge? Vengeance! To favour love
Isn't it? 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 at a gallop. 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 Lady Moon. He had half a day's journey to reach her. What was he going to do now?

He thought about it for a moment. Bored with indecision, he turned his head at the sound of a horse waving across the wide steppe.

he turned: a rider was coming from the south at full speed. This could hardly be called a full speed ahead. He rode as if an army thirsting for his life was coming after him, tearing up the roads, not crossing them.

Urungu, alert like all steppe men, stood still on his horse, waiting for him to approach.

The man who unloaded the bridle came closer and closer. He stopped right in front of Urungu with his horse at full speed and his face

A private with blood his eyes, his clothes in dust and dirt, his clothes in dust and dirt, shouted angrily:

- Say, brave one! Is love superior or ?

Urungu's gaze sharpened. Under a face covered with blood and dust, he recognised Ersegün the Mad. In a deep, but sad voice:

- "Is this question worth killing a man?" he replied. Ersegün raised his head and came to his side. He marvelled:

- "Corporal! Is that you?"

Urungu did not know that Deli Ersegün was a handful of a child. But he was sure that there was something extraordinary about him now. He had a look like he was looking for trouble. With an angry voice:

- "Is Kitay dead?" he asked.

- He died without knowing why he died.

Ersegün was panting, not from fatigue, but from anger, madness, madness. Urungu had also come here in search of trouble. But he did not show off that he was looking for trouble, he did not shout, he did not go mad.

Understanding the reason for Ersegün's strange question would also untie a knot within himself. The mad boy:

- "Why do you compare love and bogeyman?" he asked, "they are as different as sword and arrow. There is a time when both are superior."

Ersegün's bloodshot eyes flashed like sparks. He shouted:

- "I want to untie the knot in my heart," he said. Urungu asked

with a frown:

- What's in your heart?

- I love a beautiful girl.

- Would innocent Kitay be killed for this? You go and get it.

After Urungu said these words seriously, he remembered Mrs Ay and smiled bitterly. He was sincere when he said, "You can go and get it". But even though he was in the same situation, he could not go and get it.

Thinking that Ersegun was a like, he gave up his bitter smile and said:

- "You are a great honour. You can take any 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.

- "Are you talking about Mrs Moon?" he asked. The

other one was shouting:

- What do you think, corporal? You think you can be a favourite in front of the kagan's daughter? a kagan's daughter who wields a sword, defeats, kills and wounds soldiers...

Urungu could no longer hear. When they talked about the kagan's daughter who had wounded the soldiers, he remembered his own wound.

But he could not distinguish 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 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'm here to ask for Mrs Moon. Urungu's eyes smoked:

- 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.

- Your father was killed in battle, not in an ambush. A man is born in a tent and dies in a field. God's law is not to be broken.

Mad Ersegun's angry face smiled:

- Well said, corporal! Then tonight's the night. Let's go ask for it.

- Go!

- Won't you come with me?

- No!

- Why, Corporal? You've given me so much advice and guidance. You have 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 intervene."

As the night descended, the hoofbeats of horses running madly across the steppe rose to the sky. A young rider was riding northwards with a smile of good fortune, while an older rider was flying in the opposite direction, tearing through the distances.

He was heading towards Ötüken, and the unprecedented speed with which the donkey horse, spurred to the neck, rushed forward was becoming more and more terrifying and dangerous.

- XXVII -

TAÇAM

Tacham did not understand anything about his father's return to Ötüken with a very tired and depressed face.

He did not know where he was travelling 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 an unprecedented exhaustion. Tacham wanted to approach him to find out something. But he failed. He was bored with this. In order to relieve his boredom, he did what everyone does in these most beautiful days of Ötüken. he wanted to go into the woods and 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 and competing. Some of them were wrestling, and of them were playing kopuz and having fun.

When Tacham was immersed in this beautiful weather, beautiful trees and amusements, he forgot about his boredom; he rode towards the steep places of the forest and suddenly he saw a deer in the distance and attacked to catch it. The deer, which was very agile, not only escaped well, but also surprises by turning to the right and left at unexpected moments. Tacham became angry and increased his speed. This speed increase was not good: while turning a corner with the same speed, he collided with someone else running a horse. He fell to the ground with a hard throw. 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 got up and leaned his back against a tree, lame Yula, the little son of the old Major Pars. A little later, three more horsemen came with a tired gait and stopped at the accident site. These were Major Pars and his elder son Captain

Ezgene and his horse servant were Chalkara.

Seeing the situation, they dismounted. Tacham was lying quiet and motionless. Pars told Ezgene:

- "See," he said, "is that private dead?"

Ezgene, with a smileless face, squatted down, put her hand on Tacham's heart and looked at her father:

- He said, "Tacham."

Neither Pars nor Ezgene had heard the name Taçam. They exchanged glances. Yula explained:

- Corporal Urungu's son! Pars was

startled:

- Urungu's son?

- Yes.

Things were changing. Without much thought, he ordered Chalkara:

- Act fast! Bring tents, rations, koumiss, horses. And find a shammer. We'll stay here tonight.

While Chalkara was travelling at full speed, Pars leaned over to the wounded to pass time. His eyes were closed. He was breathing slightly. The blood oozing from the wound on his head was clotted on his face and in his hair.

The old major astonished as he looked at his face. Because he had once left Ötüken

His grandson was about the same age as Kür Shad was in those days and he looked more like Kür Shad than Urungu. Pars felt a deep pain inside. Urungu had no other son. He did not know whether Taçam had a son or not, he knew him as the last soldier of Kür Shad's line. Now, if this last soldier died due to an unnecessary 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 in the last Chinese raid. He fought hard. It will be a pity if he dies."

Pars looked at his little son's face with a thousand and one emotions. Yula understood the meaning of this look

he didn't realise. He thought that his father doubted Tacham's bravery:

- "I have seen with my own eyes that you are a man of valour. Would it not be a pity for such a brave man?" he asked.

Pars answered with his voice:

- Do you only see this 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, perhaps you would have seen this fainting brave a kagan," he said.

Captain Ezgene and Corporal Yula exchanged a glance. Ezgene's unsmiling face more sullen. Yula: "I think my old father has gone senile", he thought. Pars finished his words as if he did not see them in this state and these words stunned the two sons:

- This brave is the grandson of Kür Şad.

Ezgene and Yula were speechless. They could not say anything, they looked at Tacham, their father and each other in shock.

For the first time, Ezgene was the one who got 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.

- Because he promised his mother, who hid who he was for many years, to save him from the Chinese.

Yula could not resist asking his father a question about this unthinkable business:

- Taçam know about this?

- No, no, no, no, no! Nobody knows. .

The two sons did not ask their father how he knew about it. Then all three of them turned to the wounded man and felt his heart again. Now his heart was beating with extreme rapidity.

Tacham was alive. He fainted when he hit his head violently against a tree, but Afterwards, when they listened to his heart, he seemed to sober up, he even opened his eyes for a while, but closed them again because of great fatigue.

The others did not see him open and close his eyes. Tacham was going to tell them to take him to his tent. It was horrible: 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 and could not speak. He forced himself. In vain. . Then a terrible fear came over him: Not being able to speak! It was daunting. He felt like passing out again. But he was so terrified of not being able to speak that he sobered up with his nerves whipped, and if he moved, he would never speak again.

As if unable to speak, he remained silent, motionless, as if afraid to even breathe.

It was then that the major heard all the talk of Pars and his sons and learnt with joyastonishment and fear that he was the grandson of Kür Şad. His heart began to beat as if it would pierce his chest.

When Chalkara arrived with his horses and utaci, Tacham was still lying still, vaguely hearing the voices. His brain was so full of the great truth he had learnt that everyone seemed to be saying to him, "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, "This must be saved."

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 off.

Çalkara had pitched a tent on top of Taçam on his orders and laid Taçam on a thick felt. Pars Beğ was to sleep in the other tent. It was getting evening. Utaci and Chalkara were going to bring the most famous cam of Ötüken with spare horses.

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 Kür Şad, 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?

- When I saw Urungu shooting an arrow, I became suspicious, and when I saw him up close, my suspicion even more. When I saw the knife on his waist, I had no more doubts.

Ezgene asked again:

- What was on this knife?

- It was Kür Shad's knife. A talismanic knife with Bumun Khan's name and stamp engraved on it.

Yula asked:

- What was this amulet?

A light flashed in 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, Kür Shad's wife, was my aunt.

- What did he say?

- He said he kept it a secret because he promised his beloved mother.

Ezgene and Yula looked fondly at the wounded man, who had suddenly become a tegin at an early age, and pitied him all the more because they were distant relatives.

Tacham heard everything that was said. In the midst of the unbearable pain in his head, as if his brain was being hit with a mallet, he understood all these words. He felt a great desire to intervene, he 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 restlessness and had a dark thought that if Taçam died, an evil would come to Türkeli because Kür Şad's lineage would be extinct. He did not know that Taçam had a little son. If he knew, maybe he would not be so pessimistic. He often pointed to Ezgene or Yula, who listened to Taçam's heart and rejoiced when they realised that it was beating.

Some time had passed. The distant hoofbeats signalled the approach of Çalkara and the kam.

The Pars up. His sons the same. The old major suddenly turned to his sons:

- "Swear that you will not tell anyone what I have told you," he said.

Ezgene and Yula, who had no swords with them, drew their long knives and stretched them forwards. They swore an oath:

- In comes the sky, out comes the red!...

- **XXVIII** -

DECISION

Long days passed. Tacham struggled with death. How many times he was given up hope of living. But Tacham did not die. He got up alive. He found his old strength. The war he participated in their training. All this happened; only his tongue did not open.

It was like waking up from an exhausting dream. What he had heard was seared into his brainleaving him dumbfounded. Now he couldn't speak. As if he could speak and say would he? In the face of the astonishing magnitude of what he had learnt, he found it better not to speak, perhaps even a little bit for this reason. Otherwise, it was not an impossible thing to force himself to start talking again after he was strong enough.

Many years ago, when Ilterish Khan raised the Turkish banner again, The sword that the old blacksmith had made for Kür Shad's son was given to him, the grandson of Kür Shad, because he had no owner. Now Taçam was using his sword She loved him more, she never left his side, and now she understood better why her father had not smiled for years.

To be the grandson of Kur Shad!... 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. How many heroes had come and gone since the creation of the blue sky above and the greaseless earth below, but a hero like Kür Şad had undoubtedly never been seen and known by a single person among the sons of men.

One day, while he was travelling around, a messenger came and said that Bilge Tonyukuk was waiting for him.

Together they arrived at the ottoman. The messenger let him in and . The sage tonyukuk knew what had happened to him, that he was speechless. 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?"

Taçam 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 it be dangerous for the Gök Turk kaganate?

Tacham looked at Tonyukuk in amazement. Then he dipped the brush in paint and wrote:

- Khaganates are not destroyed by a beautiful

girl. Tonyukuk smiled:

- Do you mean to say that he would not enter the hearts of the Gök Turk tegins and admirers and turn us against each other?

Tacham, dipping the brush into the paint with a determined behaviour:

- "He can't!" he wrote.

As he was leaving Bilge Tonyukuk's side, a lightning bolt flashed in his brain and he thought of the tegini that Lady Moon had set her heart on. Don't you dare... Then he left the otag by restraining himself and tried to open the closure that surrounded his father's whole life....

worked. In vain... So he wouldn't learn more than he had learnt from the accident.

Tonyukuk had learnt what he had to learn through his investigations and had made his decision by thinking, staying up all day and not sleeping at night: It was necessary to clash with the Nine Oguz. This decision

When he went to the otbah to report to the Khan:

- "I have come to inform you of my conclusions, my Khan."

Ilterish Khan did not see an imminent danger like Bilge Tonyukuk. But he adopted Tonyukuk's opinion because of his trust in him. Tonyukuk the Wise had never been wrong before. His commander-in-chief

to himself:

- "We must attack with all our strength and speed," said the Khan:

- "I will give orders as if going to the strongest fat," he replied.

Then they talked at length about the details.

The goals of Ilterish Khan and Bilge Tonyukuk were not the Nine Oghuz army, but Ay Hanim herself. Her father

After the death of Baz Kagan, the young girl who organised the Nine Oghuzes and gradually multiplied and enriched them was a danger for the Sky Turks. Because the daughter of the kagan was not only a katun, but also with her dazzling beauty, she created an echo among the Sky Turks.

was arousing. According to what Tonyukuk had learnt through his attendants, nine of the Gök Turk elders proposed marriage to her, but they had not been accepted. Tonyukuk also learnt the names of five of these nine people.

These people, including Ersegün, who was almost a child, had become distressed and sad since then. He could not find out who the other four people were. He did not have the opportunity to examine them thoroughly.

According to another rumour, Ay Hanım had her heart set on a Gök Turk tegin. Tonyukuk thought about this rumour and investigated the matter, but could not come to a conclusion. Because there was no other tegin among the Gök Turks except the two brothers and two younger sons of the Kagan. Therefore, this tegin could only be one of the two brothers of the Ilterish Khan. However, these tegins had not seen Ay Hanım until now, and the news that this tegin was hiding himself made the matter even more complicated. In fact, the strangest thing was that Bilge Tonyukuk, although he knew from whom and when all the news was received, could not figure out how, from whom and when he learnt this. Tonyukuk a feeling of scepticism: Would the tegin, who was hiding himself make a claim for the Gök Turk throne?

When Bilge Tonyukuk could not solve this knot, he opened it to the Kagan and convened the assembly upon his command. In addition to the Kagan and Tonyukuk, about twenty tegin, shad, tarkan and commandant likes attended the assembly.

The Khan opened with a ceremony. Explaining that the heads were burdened and the knees were made to collapse, he said that the fates on all four sides were eaten and tribute was paid, but He said that although the Nine Oghuz had been defeated four times, they had become dangerous again and left it to Bilge Tonyukuk to explain the nature of the danger.

Bilge Tonyukuk has been told of the danger: Lady Moon!

Then, he analysed the reasons for the rejection of the marriage proposals of the nine Gök

He called for reflection and told the assembly members who looked at him with furrowed brows his half-knowledge about the secret tegin and kept silent.

The eyebrows were completely furrowed. In the lingering silence, a like:

- "Bilge Tonyukuk! Who could this tegin be?" he was heard to ask.

All heads turned towards the questioner, and the gaze centred on Major Pars, an old man who sat in the last ranks of the commanders.

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 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 Tacham, 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 made a conscientious he was in labour. He was the son of Kür Shad after the Gok Turk state. he was forced to think about it. Now he seemed to realise that there was a secret bond of love 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 life 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 the understanding ability of years, 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 no ambition for the throne of the Gök Turk Kaganate! If they would have believed Pars was ready to reveal all he knew. But no! He would not tell. .

Now it was his turn. Pars: "Let's not fight," he said as all eyes were fixed on him:

- Let's send an envoy to Lady Moon and ask her to marry a Sky Turk.
- Acceptance answer immediately that day
- then let's walk!

Ilterish Khan stood up. Everyone else the same with him. Kagan:

- "Early tomorrow, my troops will march," he said, turning to Pars, to whom he had given his old age for his proposal not to fight:

- "Major! You stay in Ötüken," he concluded.

The elders saw that Pars had turned red. The old 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!

Give the order, and I in this war, and let it be my last fight."

- **XXIX** -

WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN

The squads of the old Corporal Urungu and the boy Corporal Crazy Ersegün had fallen side by side. After his marriage proposal to Mrs Ay was rejected, Ersegün went completely mad, what is mad, he went crazy. He knew that there was no other way to extinguish the madness in his blood but to take Ay Hanım.

The war against the Nine Oguz had brightened the lights of hope in him and made his child heart happy. 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. He wished to die earlier in order not to see this rather than to see any harm come to her, and he realised that today he would fight the most fierce fight in his life.

Urungu and Ersegun's squads were both side by side and at the front. Ilterish Khan and Bilge Tonyukuk had marched with ten thousand men in order to finish the Nine Oghuz, or more precisely, Ay Hanım's work once and for all.

Although everything was kept secret and action was taken swiftly, the Nine Oghuz could not be completely raided again. They had prepared in the last moments when they heard the news of the work, and since they could not find time to withdraw their weights, women and children, they had risked a life and death battle with all their determination. They could only bring three thousand people into this bloody game.

The attack started very hard and fast, due to the sharpness of the desires and thoughts of both sides. First, in the Turkish style, there were quick advances and They held each other to him, going backwards and forwards with dodging. Then, when the quivers were emptied, they attacked with pikes and swords and touched each other.

Ersegün the Mad had forgotten to command the squad under his command. So much so that even though some of his blows touched the Gok Turks, he did not pay attention and marched on. Because he had planned it well: He would arrive at Ay Hanim's otgah; he would capture her alive, wounded or dead. If Lady Moon was to die, she had to die by Ersegün's sword.

Urungu also towards the same target. But he was giving orders to his squad, seeing where he was hitting, and he wanted to reach Ay Hanim's otak to protect her from danger.

Since the headquarters of Lady Moon was surrounded by the three times superior Sky Turks on the wings of a goose, it was obvious that the work would eventually reach the ottah. The job was to get there before others.

Even though neither the otag nor the Lady Moon had yet appeared, the resistance of the Nine Oghuzs was fierce and bold.

Urungu realised that it was Lady Moon who was leading the war. He led his army only with his valour and wisdom.

It was not only moving with its beauty, but also exciting with its beauty. The Nine Oghuz warriors had such a leap to death without blinking, such fall without making a sound, and such a death without moaning, that we can understand the hidden meaning of this.

only Urungu could understand.

The two sides were fighting with all their material and spiritual forces. Urungu, he's got his whole squad

As he was approaching the otaku of Mrs Ay, his horse was shot and he found himself on the ground bare-armed and wounded. 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 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. Now he was only thinking about Ay Hanım. With this thought, he swung his sword and rushed on the Nine Oguz.

By the evening, the end of the battle had been decided: The Nine Oghuz army was broken into three parts, Ay Hanım's otakh was surrounded and most of the Nine Oghuz perished in the battlefield. Major Kadyr Baga was the last. Together with his braves, he was trying to defend Lady Moon, and Lady Moon joined this resistance with a bow in her hand. The bloody and crushing fighting in a narrow place had mixed everyone together and there was no order, no order, no order anymore. Majors, captains, corporals and privates were fighting side by side and on their own.

Captain Börü also among those who approached the otaku. He was sweating blood, but he was fighting with the utmost dashingness in order to gain the honour of capturing Ay Hanım, which was the goal of the Gök Turk Khaganate. At one point, he found himself in front of an armoured Nine Oghuz warlord.

This beğ, who fought with great valour, was Kadyr Baga. Two braves against each other they were facing each other. Without stopping for a moment, they took a step each and, closing the gap between them, began to exchange swords with unprecedented fierceness. Since Kadyr Baga was armoured, he was not afraid of sword contact and challenged all the Gök Turks with desperate attacks.

The area in front of the bus is getting narrower and narrower. The Sky Turks, who overthrew the Nine Oghuzes one by one, and overthrew themselves one by one, are now the ones who are being defeated by Mrs Moon.

They were steadily approaching the door of his otaku. Captain Ezgene and Corporal Yula were now in this narrow place, and a little further back Taçam and Major Pars were visible. Deli Ersegün was shouting war cries, leaving the people in front of him to reach the otaku, he was moving to the right and left, but when the Nine Oghuzes did not leave him behind, he inevitably turned round and caught fire again.

As the sun was setting, Kadyr Baga entered the otag. In the otag, where a dim view and a bloody scene merged, it was seen that three people were struggling with each other and swords and knives were shining as the whooshes caused by the arrows flying made the air tremble. After all three of them rolled over, one of them staggered to his feet and jumped out of the door.

The last struggles outside. The old major Pars was standing, leaning on his horse's mane.

He was not injured. But at his age, the fight worn him out. His strength was gone, he was fading.

His eldest son Ezgene was in front of him, covered in blood, looking at his father with sad eyes.

When Urungu saw that there was no one left to fight against him, he quickly ran to the grass. As soon as he took his step, he stopped for a moment, for he could not see anything in the darkness. Then he saw a movement on the ground and looked there with his sword: He was seriously wounded. Someone else was lying next to him. Urungu glanced

when he sharpened it, he recognised it:

- "Is that you, Kadyr Baga?" he asked.

Kadyr Baga smiled:

- "Alas! I'll die before I can fight you," he said, pointing to the one lying next to him, making Urungu's heart ache:

- And this is from you.

Urungu, whose eyes were now accustomed to the dimness, looked at the place indicated, saw a Sky Turk lying there, and

The captain recognised Börü. Börü Beğ had fallen in the battlefield, never to get up again.

Urungu took a startled step:

- Kadyr Baga! Where is Mrs Ay?

There was a pleading tone in this harsh voice. The dying Nine Oghuz chief sobbed:

- Mrs Moon has reached to the plane. You killed her! Saying

this, he pointed to a corner of the tent with his hand.

Urungu, who was now well accustomed to the darkness, raised his head and saw Lady Moon in the dead

he recognised him. She was lying there with an arrow in her chest. She was more beautiful than ever. He to hear what was said and even to understand what was in his heart.

Urungu's sword fell from his hand. He was looking at this beloved dead as if he could not believe it if he was dreaming.

He suddenly came to life. He took out his quiver and threw it on the ground and knelt down to Mrs Ay.

- "Mrs Ay! Mrs Ay!" he 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 towards the door of the otakah. Kadyr Baga was still crying:

- "Don't leave her alone. She's always waited for you," he said and died between sobs.

Urungu could no longer think of anything but the one thought that his brain was stuck in. 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 fighting with a Nine Oguz, and closer to him his son Taçam was fighting with another Nine Oguz. Otağ

Right next to the door, Major Pars and Captain Ezgene were facing each other.

They were sad. Because Captain Ezgene killed Mrs Moon.

Ezgene, who saw his friends being knocked down by arrows one after the other while the last battle was being fought inside the otaku, threw an arrow to the side where the arrows were coming from, but he realised who he had hit after he shot his arrow. He was not in a position to see his surroundings while shooting his arrow. Because Kadyr Baga was fighting hard enough to clear them all by himself. Then he and Börü rushed at him, stabbed each other and only he survived this bloody game.

While Ezgene was telling these to her father, she expected him to console her. But Pars did not console him, on the contrary, he told him that he had to see 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 became silent. Kür Shad's son stood before them:

- "Pars Beğ! Take the knife from my waist along with the belt," said the major and 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," he said, then he jumped on one of the unattended horses in the field, with Ay Hanım on his left arm, and rode westwards.

As the sun of the earth set in the horizons, the moon in Urungu's heart also set, never to rise again.

- **XXX** -

RACE

The war was over, the Nine Oguz were defeated. The fifteenth moon was rising. Tacham was wounded

And as he staggered, tired and staggering towards Major Pars, he was giving orders to his son Ezgene:

- I don't like the way this is going. Find Yula and go after him. Turn him back if you can!

Tacham heard these words and was suspicious with a premonition. The Major standing in front of him, looking at him with questioning eyes. His tongue still had not opened. Pars handed him the knife Urungu had given him:

- He said, "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 inquiring 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 and his face became strange.

At this time, it was seen that Mad Ersegun came in a whirlwind. After searching for Ay Hanım's otakh and the neighbourhood, he saw Pars and Taçam and asked them about the kagan's daughter:

- Major Pars! Tell me quickly, where's Mrs Ay? The

major's voice was shaking:

- Mrs Moon has gone to

heaven! The boy corporal

shouted:

- Is he dead? Where is he dead?

- Urungu took it away.

By saying that, he was pointing west. Ersegun was mad again. He grabbed Tacham's shoulder and shook him:

- What's on in the West? Tell me.... Where is your father taking Mrs Moon?... Why is he taking her?...

In the moonlight, Tacham's face expressed a terrible anguish, he looked at the knife left by his father, and then to the west. It was obvious that he wanted to say something.

Ersegun shook him again and shouted:

- Where is he going?

Then something happened: Tacham, who was supposed to be unable to speak any more, 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 have caused quite a stir. .

While the fifteenth of the moon was shedding its divine light on the steppe like the mercy of God, a terrible race was being held in this endless expanse that no one could imagine:

After nearly fifty years of harsh life and unprecedented ordeals, Urungu, who had met only the dead body of his beloved Ay Hanım, who was as beautiful as the gods, the son of the heroic and eternal Kür Şad, was crossing distances towards 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 is crazy in his love as in all his feelings, once killed by his father and defeated himself with a grudge mixed with hatred
Since Ay Hanım, whom he had loved with emotion, was now dead, he was riding with the speed of a bond of heart that was now stripped of grudges and remained only love, burning with the mad fire of his child heart.

Tacham, who was speechless with great anguish, understood his father's invincible grief in life, where he was going, and raced to prevent it.

They were not the only ones who flew westwards across the endless steppe in the divine light of the moon.

The old Major Pars was riding at the same speed, wondering how long his tired and worn-out body would last.

He was travelling like lightning with the mature, the young and the children without thinking.

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 the two brothers Ezgene and Yula.

They could see ahead on the steppe illuminated by the light of the moon, and in front of them, close to the horizon, they could see another horseman riding at full speed. This horseman was Corporal Urungu. Mrs Ay's head rested on his chest and his left
He was going, his right hand on the bridle, his eyes ahead, with his arm tightly gripped.

Not where was he going, but how was he going? This was not a departure that could be described in words. From time to time, he would turn his eyes from the horizon and look at Mrs. Moon, and he would squeeze her more with love and affection, and he would feel his heart ache.

he could hear it. There was everything, everything in that gaze.

The five men chasing him were like stones on their horses with hard eyes. Major Pars, in order to turn Kür Şad's son away from the path of death, made the most important decision he had made many years ago when he was a corporal in the army of Kara Kagan.

He was travelling at a speed resembling a dizzying run. The sound of his horse's hoofbeats seemed to be mixed with the beating of his own heart.

Taçam, now knowing that he is the grandson of Kür Şad, races to prevent his father's terrible decision, and although it is his right to reach the chasing horseman before anyone else, he cannot find the other four.

because couldn't get through.

Corporal Deli Ersegün, in order to see the girl he loved like crazy at least one more time and to ask her kidnapper to pay for it, was riding in a state of unconsciousness and wanted 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 her whole life, was the face of an inner pain.

He was standing forward, completely hanged by the pressure of a secret and incomprehensible pain arising from killing. He was riding with the speed of a strange belief as if he would get rid of this pain if he caught up with Urungu and Ay Hanım.

Lame Corporal Yula, on the other hand, was unbridling in order to fulfil his father's order and to see his relative Ay Hanım for the last time, and he was racing with the ambition of being on the same line with them and not being able to overtake them, even though he was the most robust and uninjured among the competitors.

As Urungu on a horse carrying Mrs Moon with him, the people in the back slowly

they were getting closer. The horses tired, soaked to the skin and foaming at the mouth, but they were still running in line without losing any of their speed.

The moon had risen and was high in the sky. The sharp eyes of the steppe people could now distinguish the shadow of the rider of the horse in front of them and the dead man in his arms. But he on travelling westwards without looking back once, perhaps without even knowing that he was being chased. As if his beloved, whom he held in his bosom, was wounded and not dead, he rode on the horse as best he could.

He was holding her, grasping her with the efficiency of his strength coming from his heart and going to her arms, and flowing towards the unknown. There was not only love and affection but also a great respect in his holding of Ay Hanım, and surely, even though she was dead, the kagan's daughter felt it.

Endless steppe.....The divine light of the moon and the harmonious hoofbeats of horses.

What a terrible race it was, starting at moonrise and lasting until the top of the hill!

The ferocity of the competition with what passes through the minds and hearts of the competitors

he was doing it. Otherwise, would it have been possible to endure this half-night race?

Now there were two hundred paces between Urungu and the Otuken people. But the five people coming from behind could no longer close this gap. Because, Urungu had jumped when he came out of Ay Hanım's ottan with his beloved in his arms.

The stray horse was Mrs Moon's horse. As if he sensed that he was carrying his owner for the last time, he took two people at once, realised that he was being chased, and did not let the chasers approach.

Urungu once again looked at the face of Lady Moon and this time his eyes were stuck there. The eyes looking at this divine face were teary. Raising his old eyes to the sky, as if talking to God:

- "What would have happened if Lady Moon had lived when the Grey Wolves were resurrected?" he whispered.

Then he spurred his horse, looking ahead with the meaningful gleam of eyes fixed on something unseen. As the horse took off with a final leap, he saw Mrs Moon pulled him more tightly towards himself. He kissed his lips touching that divine face that no time has ever seen, no age will ever see, and without taking his lips away from that face, which was as beautiful as the sun, as beautiful as the moon, which was still warm, he remembered all his past with lightning speed in a moment, and after thinking "goodbye Ötüken", he left himself in the void...

The five men, who were two hundred paces behind Urungu with their eyes fixed on him, suddenly realised that Urungu had disappeared and immediately they came to a screeching halt at the horrible, hair-raising, ear-splitting neigh of a horse behind them. The five horses of the five men, running in a line, had done this without any command from their riders, hearing the horse's neighing, which rose to the heavens as it dashed into the void.

As the four of them looked forward with fearful eyes, Captain Ezgene bowed his head with a tremor, clasping his hand over his face, followed by a lament from Tacham's lips:

- 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 of "Cliff of Death" was like a thunderbolt that struck Mad Ersegün's brain. With a very agile movement, he jumped from his horse he started running towards the cliff. The others tried to ride their horses to catch up with him. In vain... The horses no longer obeyed, they did not move a step forward. Then the four of them

and they jumped off and ran after Ersegün. On the edge of the cliff, the crazy corporal was running left and right, shouting "Ay Hanim! Ay Hanim!" he shouted. Then suddenly his madness increased and he lay down on the ground and stretched his head down the cliff:

- "Hey!... Corporal Urungu!... Either bring him back or be ready on time, he shouted.

Mysterious sounds came from the bottom of the cliff, and they sounded like the neighing of a horse, a song, the flow of water, the clatter of a sword, anything.

Ersegün stood in front of Taçam. Looking him in the eye:

- "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 at a moment's notice and cut Tacham open. 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 old Major Pars. His heart, exhausted by 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 arm in arm.

When they saw him fall, the men from Ersegun rushed towards him. Captain Ezgene saw his father's head

and leaned on his arm. Pars was breathing widely, pressing his heart with his left hand. Forcibly keeping his eyes open:

- "The abyss of death takes one man and one woman every year. This is its immutable law," he said.

The yellowing of his petrol was evident even under the moonlight. He was going through something. Trying to smile:

- "Corporal! You have suffered great pain. 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 became heavier and slower:

- Sometimes one wrong move can have major consequences and completely reverse the course of life.

After that, it is useless to burn to death.

Ezgene gritted her teeth when she heard these words. She closed her eyes and shook her head slightly.

Suddenly Pars took a long breath trembled. His head fell to the left on his son's arm.

The Major was dead.

Yula took a step towards him. Then he stopped and remained as still as a stone. Then Ezgene stood up, gently laying his father's head on the ground.

The endless steppe, which had been ringing with the sound of hoofbeats a moment ago, was now deathly silent. Only in the sky the divine rays of the moon were spreading like God's mercy, filling the earth and hearts with light.

Captain Ezgene looked at the others as a brave man, crushed under a great burden, but determined to remain upright:

- "Let us salute our blessed dead," he said.

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's is black.

Then they heard a slight sound of water.

All four of them drew their swords and saluted Mrs Ay and Urungu who disappeared in the depths of the abyss and bowed their swords.

They turned back. After saluting for Major Pars, they dipped their swords in scabbard.

A faint murmur, a folk song from the cliff. The four Sky Turks raised their eyes from Pars and looked at each other. All four of them had tears in their eyes.

END

15 April 1949 Maltepe

BERSERKER

BOOKS

