

AHMET HALDUN
TERZIOĞLU



Göktürkler

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Gokturks

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Gokturks

Ahmet Haldun Terzioglu

To the Turkish youth with sky-rooted roots...

Yigidim hey!

Listen!

Otherwise you will not learn.

In spite of the ignorance of those who criticise without listening, you listen!

What we are about to tell is real, even if it is blessed with epic overloads... Those who have been indoctrinated to such an extent that they think that Turkish epics are the imaginings of events that did not happen, what are they good for other than serving the oil?¹

You, listen!

O Turk, listen! Listen

so that you
understand!

Dreams cannot take hold in the mind² without understanding.

If you don't have dreams, you don't
exist! Understand so that you do not
forget!

If you forget, you will find a place for yourself in nothingness, if
nothingness is your preference!

Remember so that you can tell!

Don't carry your essence into
nothingness! Don't lose your
existence in nothingness! Learn
your essence!

Know your
essence!

Teach your
essence!

¹ Oil: Enemy

² Us: Actuality.

Erim, my Bozkurt, hey!

Keep your ancestor, your nation, your
ceremony, your province! Keep your flag and
your flag in the sky!

Remember your past well!

Sing, sing your epics!

If you are not attached to yesterday's day with your heart, today's
day, tomorrow's day, do not expect to be wooed.

If you want Acun to continue to shine with the light of the 5 blessed
races, if you want the Turk to hold Acun again ...

If you want the existence of the Turk to endure as long as the
greaseless earth below and the blessed sky above...

Know yourself, dedicate yourself
to the Celestial! This is your duty!
Your oath will never end! You will
exist with your oath, hey!

I am a Turk!

What a blessed name God has named you! He
has praised you with your name so that you
may boast!

What are you waiting for, boast, hey!⁶

The sky is in the sublime for you to boast! The
earth is full of your praise!

The sun is witness to thy praise!

The moon is awake for thy
praise! The judgement is God's!

That God is with you ...

* Province Country. Yurt.

⁴ Kul: God-given authority, good fortune, good luck, greatness.

* Acun World, earth.

⁶ A reference to the blessed command of Mustafa Kemal Atatürk.

* we are: Holy.

Captivity is forbidden to you. Ruling is recognised
as your power.

The state and the province are a
share of your name.⁹ Acun is in
need of your command... If you
exist, there is peace, hey!

If you exist, ^{there} is wisdom and light...

When there is unity, the mountains also bow down before you, and
they envy your hands that open to the sky...

Blessed to prayer...

Enamoured of prayer...

The peaks are your mansion, the heights of the mountains are your
soul, hey!

Adiru, God gave you your strength, your
blessedness! He created you in the sky and
sent you to the earth.

He gave you a bow, a pike, a
sword. . A horse rooted in the sky
to ride. A yurt made of felt...
For you to obey the law... And
great kings at your head. ..
To walk in the footsteps of the Grey Wolf. ..

O Turk, tremble, return to your essence and hold

your pain!¹² The son of ancestor is born atach.
Mother's daughter is born motherly.

From Turk, Turk... A bozkurt is
born from a bozkurt!

⁸ Erk: Power.

⁹ Share: Share, sharing.

¹⁰ Könü: Justice.

¹¹ Ulu: meaning great.

¹² Reference to the quote of Bilge Kagan.

Hey, my brave!

The beginning must be the same age
as the acuna! The end is equal to
eternity...

The moon and the sun are the only signs of the Turk's existence.

In all the time that has passed... We
will emulate a time!

A time that our ancestors made time...

We will tell of a blessed time, we have an oath, to existence with
the truth!

A reproach to those who deviate from the truth...¹³

The time was such a time that it is hard to describe!

The Turk, uh in the days ...

For a period of fifty years, the shame of captivity-
da.¹⁴

His province and homeland were taken away from him.

He was left without a state, without a province, without
a tradition, without a kaghan. Under the rule of fat,
under the command of fat...

It resists not to lose its essence, language and identity. Waiting for
the good days to come!

If the Turk is a prisoner, the sky cries. Iduk earth burns, burns. Is it
possible?

Will it ever stop?

" Kargış: A curse, a curse...

" Gokturks lived as a prisoner of the Chinese for 50 years between 630 and 680.

¹⁵ Od: Fire.

*"Bilge Tonyukuk, I myself was made in Tabgaç" ilinge.
Turk budun Tabgaçka körür erdi."*

He was waiting for an im¹⁸ in the exhaustion of time, in order to relieve the pain of captivity of his unbearable soul. He was waiting for a sign, a heavenly call that would come from the "blessed Ashina" lineage.

He was waiting for a holy command:

"Come on, to war! Come on, to Ötüken Yış!"²⁰

Destiny's judgement on the Turk²¹! Destiny
has made the Turk a prisoner.

¹⁶In the Orkhon inscriptions, the term "Tabgaç" is used instead of "China". As it is known, Tabgachs or Tobas are known as the political Turkic tribe unity that existed in the east of the Turkic homeland. For 170 years between 385-550, they were a state in Northern China, in the Shan-Shi region, with the city of Tai as their centre. Although their rule came to an end, during the Göktürk period and much later, the name Tabgaç was used instead of China. has been referred to as "China". In order to avoid confusion, we have preferred to use the name "China".

¹⁷"Bilge Tonyukuk, I myself was killed in the province of China. The Turkish nation had followed China"... Orkhun Monuments, Tonyukuk Bengutasi, First Stone, West Side.

is Im: Trace, sign.

¹⁹Ashina lineage: The blessed Turkic lineage that founded the Gokturk State. There are also those who read it as Açine, Açina, Açena, Aşine.

²⁰Yış: This definition, which is used as an addition to the name of the place in the eucharist, expresses a sacred meaning. The word "Yış", which researchers have tried to explain by attributing meanings such as forest, mountain, high place, etc., in my researches, it expresses celestial meanings far above these, depending on the Turkish belief of the time. Therefore, it should be used together with Ötüken. Ötüken Yış is the Iduk place for the Turks. The exact location is not known.

²¹Kıyın: Punishment.

He is also a prisoner!

He who is honourable, active and wise...

His head cannot be bowed, his knee cannot be broken, his spirit cannot be arrested... Tonyukuk the Wise...

He wished to be free, to reach Ötüken Yığı, to see the flag of the Turks rise, before he reached the cliff, before he fulfilled his time in Acunda. He wished to be free to reach the Sky he believed in, to walk with his head held high in the presence of the great ancestral spirits.

One after another, the uprisings were not enough. The fights for freedom had not been victorious. Many of the endeavours he had made on his own had not yielded any results. The more he thought that his time was running out, the more he felt as if he would lose his reason. Neither his son,²⁴ nor his sister, whose face he could not bear to look at, nor his children were in his eyes. Nor did he care about the life he was forced to live. Orun²⁶ did not want peace and prosperity²⁷ .

He wanted freedom.

Tonyukuk the Wise had put his sons, who were old enough and had become soldiers, behind the same dream. "Go!" he told them, "Do not stay in China, hold the steppe. When you find the opportunity, go and do something! It does not befit our tribe to stand still and wait, we have always been pioneers, we have always been passionate about freedom. Come together with those who have the same dream and come to an agreement. Fight the Chinese. Stop them from forcing the Turk into captivity. It is unbecoming for a Turk to stand still. It is better to fly in the steppe than to live like this here. Go, die, but do not be a prisoner! Don't live in captivity!"

They were his sons. He had raised them with honour and ensured that they became Turks and remained Turks. To fulfil the requirements of their noble blood-

²² To reach the abyss: To die. To die and reach the sky.

"Utku: Victory.

" Oğuş: Family.

²⁵ Evdeş: Wife, wife, lady, woman.

^{u.} Orun: Title, rank.

^{r1} Wealthy: Rich.

tan, they did not hesitate to listen to their ancestors. Wherever a fire was burning, they rushed to that side, knowing the difficulty of success. They gladly risked the abyss.

It was no more difficult to risk reaching the plane than to remain a prisoner.

If he could have done it, if he had not been watched, if he could have escaped from his watchers, he would not have stopped for a moment. He missed both the mountains and the steppe. The homeland he had never lived in... The fears of captivity were gnawing at him, he was stuck in impossible outcomes, yet he was trying to keep his hope alive.

"It cannot go on like this! The Turkish God will not allow it!"²⁸ One day for sure....-

Right knee on the ground, head bowed, praying for his wish to be approved-

also ...²⁹

"O God of the Turk! O God of the Turk..." What should he say?

What can he say?

His tongue is as prisoner as his body.

"Only you understand us, Sky God!"

In the light from the sun, in the dark from the moon, from the stars ru He was looking for a glimmer of light that would cheer him up, that would make his hopes soar. Unlike his comrades who could not endure imprisonment and reached flight, he stubbornly wanted to live, to live he was fighting.

What he had endured, what pain, what insults. To see that day...

"Will that day come?"

Bilge Tonyukuk was born in China."

²⁸ The definition of "Turkish God" was written in the rituals of the ancient Sky religion. It is a reflection of the understanding of "Sky God". The discourses are organised within the Orkhon Monuments.

" Greeting by slapping the right knee on the ground and cutting the head is an ancient Turkish posture of respect.

³⁰ Bilge Tonyukuk's birth in captivity in China is stated in the Orkhun Kitabets. According to the calculations made, 646 was determined as the year of his birth.

Captive ancestor, mother... All his offspring, his offspring...³¹ Boyu, ulu-
wate
r...

What does it mean to be born a prisoner in China?

When a Turk is born in China. .. away from the Turkish province...
and forced to live in the longing of Ötüken Yış...

To live on this side of the wall!

That side is one thing, this side is another!

An indescribable aha! An undefined longing...

He had never seen Ötüken Yış, but he knew the meaning of the
dreamland for the Turk. His ancestor had introduced him to the heart
where this longing would not be extinguished.

"Bless your soul!"

When İduk Ölüken moved away from the servant of Yış, he
travelled to the south-east, to the south-west, to the red, to the black...³³
Wherever he went, the Turk's blood flowed like water and his bones were
piled up like mountains. Bey sons became slaves and konçuy" daughters
became servants. The Turks could not find blessings wherever they
went, because they did not have Ölüken Yış in their hands. This had to
be a slaughter. Kut was the existence, power and influence of Ötüken
Yış.

"I remembered only what I was told, I tried to understand, to know my
idyllic homeland. I tried to smell it in the wind blowing from that side.
I endeavoured. I longed for the blessed land. I found strength in the
dream that one day I would be there. I had no other choice.

He took a wife, had sons and daughters...

³¹ Urug: Big family. A union of families.

" Wall: Chinese Wall. Great Wall of
China.

" Directions: East (south-east), west (south-west), north (black-side), south (red-
side), respectively.

³⁴ Konchuy: equivalent of princess, title of nobility.

They are all in captivity...

"We had to multiply, otherwise we would have perished!"

There is knowing captivity, and then there is living without knowing it... And there's embracing captivity, accepting it. ... Especially when the lives of the nobles, the great ones, are so rich... Especially when there are those who choose to live like the Chinese, to be like them... If China wants to lure the nobles of the predecessor Turkic tribes into wealth and make them forget that they are Turks...

He was aware of captivity.

The fire of freedom burned so strongly in the Turkish soul that Bilge Tonyukuk had realised the meaning of captivity from the very beginning. But even this was difficult.

When a person is born a prisoner, how can he know freedom? How can he learn it? If God does not make him feel it in his essence, how can he make a distinction?

Blessed be God, He gave this feeling to the Turk, whom He created free, and in his infinite understanding, expectations existed with freedom. No matter what kind of life he led, the Turk knew the meaning of freedom.

Tonyukuk, the noble but captive sage of a noble tribe, the Ashide³⁵ tribe...

That is why he wore "Sage" at the beginning of his name.

This army was not easily recognised by the nation,³⁶ not easily given.

Wise, but a prisoner!

What good is wisdom in captivity?

What pain! What a shame!

The fight for freedom drew him to his path at the very beginning, to resist when he was young, when bow and sword touched his hand,

³⁵ Ashide: Ashite, Ashete or Ashide. A noble Gokturk clan to which Bilge Tonyukuk belonged. They are related to the Ashinas.

³⁶ Budun: Nation, people... Also used for a part of a nation.

He did not wait a moment in choosing to revolt. It was the honourable thing, what suited him. Because he had grown up with stories of freedom, epics, and his ancestor had constantly told him about the good days of the past, instilled and guided him and his compatriots.³⁷

When there was a call for rebellion, Bilge Tonyukuk did not hesitate or refuse for a moment.

"We are revolting! There is no stopping!" There was no stopping!

"Captivity is unworthy of a Turk!"

Captivity was unworthy. "As long as our hand holds a bow... "

His hand was holding a bow.

When he reached the age when he could be listened to and commanded, he gathered the brave men around him, told them, then led them, and became one of those who lit the firewood of the uprising. Blessed was he that he tried what had been tried many times before, and endeavoured to achieve what could not be achieved.

Bilge Tonyukuk did not stop, he did not settle for fate. It wasn't enough, it didn't succeed. He set out together for freedom-most of his comrades found the cliff.

He lived and what happened? He became a prisoner!

"Blessed are they! Pity me!"

He did not achieve the abyss, he did not win the abyss, he was wounded, he suffered, he lived, he could not rejoice that he was alive, but he accepted it only for the good days to come.

"I am willing to live today in order to die for freedom in the future!"

To live for a purpose.

"To see the wolf-headed tuft that will rise again, the wolf-headed flag that loves the wolf ... "

A hope as beautiful as dreams!

"Kandaş: Brother.

He was exiled from place to place, shot in vineyards, put to odd jobs. They tried to make him forget his Turkishness, his nation, his tribe, his clan, even his name given by his ancestor with blessing. They tried to destroy everything that would keep him Turkish.

China, the consuming power... China grinds, eats,
melts... China, who wants to swallow the Turk!

"Those who can resist this and still remain Turks should be considered to have kept the oath of valour for this alone. For this alone, their names should become epic!"

They forced him to take a Chinese name:

"Yuan-chen... "³⁸

Bilge Tonyu kuk, one of the surviving elders of the noble Ashide tribe, who was close to the Ashinas³⁹ with a cup³⁹, Bilge Tonyu kuk, the Turk Bilge Tonyu kuk, a friend of the Sky, a lover of the Sky, was forced to use a Chinese name. This was done to the Turk,

It was a Chinese trap to make him forget his Turkishness. "Your name is Yuan-chen!"

"My name is Tonyukuk⁴⁰!"

"Yuan-chen!"

"Tonyukuk..."

They thought he'd bow down and shut up! He'll fall for this degeneracy!

Because there were those who did. Those who bowed, those who kept silent, those who accepted...

"The name is one's greatest box! One exists with the name.

Without the name, a person is nothing!"

³⁸ Yuan-chen: The name of Bilge Tonyukuk in Chinese sources. Some historians claim that Bilge Tonyukuk and Yuan-chen were different people. However, there is no conclusive evidence for this, on the contrary, the historical flow has shown the opposite.

" Kap: Relative.

-- Some historians pronounce this name, which is recorded as Tun-yü-ku in Chinese sources, as "Tunyukuk". It is known that the beginning "Tun" or "Ton" means "reborn".

-- Kishioğlu: In the sense of human.

He who loses his name, loses his soul!

He never accepted this name! God had created him as a Turk and gave him the Turkish name. It was dishonour to use a name other than Turkish.

His eyes were always on the ground so that the burning wood flame in them would not be noticed. And with the shame of captivity... He could only look up to the sky to wish and plead.

And also when he missed it!

The Turk's greatest love is for the sky... Not
being able to look at the sky! Ashamed of the
Sky!

"This is the truth! The captive Turk is ashamed of the Sky!"

Bilge Tonyukuk, who never cut his hair as a proof of his Turkishness, and whose body structure, which seemed far below his age, which was read by the grey hair falling freely on his shoulders, made the Chinese uneasy and happy with this ...

He was ashamed of the sky!

Those who thought that his static stance was respectful and docile, believed that he was resigned to his fate, and when he became older, they untied his bindings. They released the restrictions and surveillance on him. They began to believe that they could now win the nobility of a respected Turkish tribe. After all, a man who had lost his youth should want peace and tranquillity in his old age, not war and strife.

Chinese thinking! Right in their own way...

If the hopes of a resister like him were dashed, the young people who followed him, who looked up to him as a pioneer, would be even more affected, and they would give up their rebellion against China at the beginning of the road! In this way, a lineage would be formed that accepted captivity as a fate. A degenerate lineage that does not realise captivity...

But he...

His silence, the silence before the storm...

"Unable to savour the steppe, unable to ride freely..."

After not being able to carry the powerful Turkish bow, hunt in the forests, take part in the army and go to war... After not being able to see Ölüken Yış... What's the use of having lived?"

His longings were inexhaustible, he could not forget freedom no matter what age he was in.

From time to time, the wind blew her long, white hair he'd envy them. How they were mates! How free they were! How happy for them...

"My hair is free, but me!"

Every time her hair swayed in the wind, she remembered her captivity and felt ashamed.

The Chinese even wanted to mess with their hair. Because her hair they were more Turkic than them, so they refused to be bound. The Chinese were annoyed that they were blown away by the wind. They made up their own reasons and asked them to cut them like them and tie them with fine braids. Thus, they would be one step closer to becoming Chinese. They also considered it very important to button their clothes on the right side. They were trying to gradually destroy the existence of small details, the features that distinguish the Turks from the Chinese.

Small, but very important details that make a nation a nation...

The aim was clear:

To make them Chinese!

But God had created them Turks.

"To emulate another race, another nation, is dishonourable!"

Those who had previously emulated and followed the Chinese had disappeared.

If they forgot the differences that reminded them that they were Turks at every moment, at every opportunity, if they resembled the Chinese and became like them...

But their souls are passionate about Turkishness... Whatever is Turkish is in their hearts...

To let their long hair down freely...

Holding on to the mane...

Maybe they were not on their horses now. Depending on the speed of their horses, their hair could not accompany the mane, but they did not forget that they were blood kin to the mane.

Their hair was a cousin of the wind and the manes of their horses...

It was impossible to forget captivity. It was not possible for Tonyukuk to fit in with China.

To live in China ...

It was a necessity for now.

It was not to live, of course, it was to consume time. It was to wait and hope.

"A hint, a call... An imaginary command!" .

Bilge Tonyukuk was waiting, along with his racemates who were waiting like him, waiting with hope, their hearts scorched with wood!

He was waiting for free days. "The

Turkish God does not forget the Turk!"

He believed in this. The superiority, care and duties of his creation... Inarunak was a condition to make his hopes strong!

What he said to his sons, he was saying to the young people of his tribe, children, and even to the honeymooners who were just beginning to crawl. He was trying to prevent them from forgetting their Turkishness. He was angry at those who got used to China, those who accepted Chineseisation, and stayed away from them. He looked at their faces with disgust.

Becoming Chinese was like a pox⁴² . A disease that spreads, corrupts, destroys...

The Turk's fatness is a pestilence!

He felt obliged to look for a way, a solution. To be a pioneer... Instead of standing idle, secretly gathering comrades and having them give and⁴³, preparing for the day of liberation, taking one step further...

„ Sickness: Disease. ""

Oath: An oath.

Tonyukuk knew that day would come. He was praying to the Sky God and waiting.

"Almighty God, do not leave the Turks without a province, a homeland, a tradition, a khan! Acun, this is unbearable. Acun, this is nothing!"

He was not the only one who suffered in the same dream.

It was not difficult for the Chinese to find ways to break the Turks against the Turks, as they had a good sense of the game and saw the existence and continuity of their state and race as dependent on games. It was decided that it would be more meaningful and easier if the Turks, who were captive in China, but whom they considered to be dangerous, were supervised by the noble Turks. Confronting and separating those who were dangerous for China was another way to break the unity. China would not stop when it found a way.

"Let's use unexpected powerful people! Let's make them part of our game. Let them serve us without even realising it. In the meantime, let them be known as fat cats to their own race."

Here's how they were going to go about it:

They were going to appoint powerful and noble people of high rank, people who were recognised by the Turkic people, on behalf of their state, and they were going to give them the job of spying on the Turkic people. Of course, these people, whom they would not leave unattended, would be closely monitored and frequently questioned. It seemed a good way to the Chinese to deal with the few rather than the many. The few would look after the many, and they would look after those who looked after them... A big problem would be easily solved if they organised it well.

In this way, influential people who were thinking of revolting would be kept busy, monitored, given menial jobs and made to care, asked to write time-consuming and lengthy conclusions, and frequently summoned to the palace and interrogated.

The astonishing Chinese found Bilge Tonyukuk suitable for this job.

"Ashide Yuan-chen is one of the suitable people for this job!" The Chinese official who came up with this idea was at first recognised.

Because Ashide Yuan-chen was known to be a very dangerous, headstrong person. He was from a noble clan, wise, wise, respected, powerful, obedient, good at explaining, explaining and influencing... How many times he had gathered troops and tried to rebel, joined the rebels, fought bloody battles, and cost the lives of many Chinese. It was wrong even to keep him alive, and now to think of utilising him...

"It's like entrusting a lamb to a wolf..."

The person who said that this should and could happen, was also saying that the place of Ashide Yuan-chen, as they called him, in the Turkish nation would be shaken and the trust in him would disappear. Because a watchman who co-operated with the Chinese would not be looked upon in a good light, and would be regarded as the Chinese emperor's⁴⁴ chasi⁴⁵. Especially if he was fed with gifts... If he was frequently summoned to the palace and entertained ... Perhaps it was this kind of duty that he expected. Honour could be earned with honours.

"In China, the title of "Emperor" was called "Huang-di". This title means "son of God" in Chinese language. "Huang-di" is an army of the size and power of the "Emperor" and corresponds to the "Kagan" of the Turks. However, in order to ensure the integrity of the novel, it was found appropriate to use the name "Emperor of China" for the people ruling China. It is known that the first person to use the "Huang-di" army was known as "Wang", i.e. "King" before using it, and after defeating twenty-five "Wangs" and binding their tribes to himself, he carried the title of "Huang-di", and this person became the legendary "San Emperor" of China.

⁴⁵ Çayı: Spy.

They'll be useful for a while, then they'll be destroyed!

After much deliberation, it was decided.

"He will be given the assignment, but he will be kept under strict surveillance!

He must be accompanied by armed guards at all times!" In large numbers, of course...

Tonyukuk was summoned to the presence of the city's provincial governor⁴⁶ and was informed of his assignment:

"Ashide Yuan-chen will be given five Chinese scribes..."

These will be the ones who actually do the work. He will be travelling with them, for show... so that he can put on a front to deceive the Turks. Budunu would be angry with him, and it would be thought that he had become attached to the Chinese.

In fact, it was the sappers who would watch him" these five scriptures. They would prevent him from escaping, from doing anti-Chinese deeds. They would watch, they would listen...

"Together with five scribes, you will have guards with you, and you will travel near the border where the Turks live, and you will examine the situation of the people and determine their wishes. Our aim is to help the Turks. To determine the measures necessary for them to live in better conditions. Many people like you will be entrusted with this task. Thus, order will be restored."

They would also take a census. A census of people, horses and herds of cattle. In fact, the Chinese had limited the number of horses and sheep the Turkic nation kept in order to restrict its power, but they still did not refrain from counting them. This was also a way to cause discomfort and unrest.

Bil ge Tonyukuk was surprised that such a task had never even crossed his mind. Since when had China trusted him?

" Ilbay: Governor.

" Sakçı: Sentry.

He knew that there were other things, other purposes behind this job, because he knew the Chinese very well. The job he was given as a mission was nothing else but the surveillance of his tribe. The reason was also clear. Bilge Tonyukuk was aware of the truth.

"They want to take advantage of me and make me a bad person in the eyes of your nation!"

Chinese game ... China's poultry thoughts... To
make the Turk bad for the Turk, to make him fat!
In case he is fooled, believes and goes China's way!

The Turks were forced to live in the territory, which had lost its former importance, but which was still standing, in the inner side of the Chinese Wall, which had been built in the past to prevent their great ancestors, and in the harsh surveillance zones just outside, crowded, bordered by Chinese armies, where they were kept under surveillance. They were not allowed to move or migrate elsewhere. They were headed by people of Turkic descent, who usually had no influence in the Turkic clan, appointed by the Chinese emperor, who were eager to become Chinese. These degenerates, who even changed their Turkish names and took it as a pride to be affiliated to China, could think that they were honoured in this way, while they were traitors to their clan. They took pleasure in using the meaningless but crowded armies given to them by the Chinese emperor, they took pride in dressing like the Chinese, cutting and braiding their hair like the Chinese, and living like them. Of course, they had no value in the eyes of the clan. In the event of a rebellion, they would be dealt with first and their dirty lives would be dishonourably ended.

Those whose souls were passionate about the Turk were constantly on the trail of a sign, waiting. Their horses were not numerous and strong enough. Their weapons were few and ordinary. Moreover, there were limitations even in their clothes, but all this could not extinguish their hopes.

Tonyukuk the Wise was laughing inwardly with happiness as he listened to what was being said with his face downcast and his eyes downcast. What he heard-

he was so pleased with him... God had placed an opportunity before him and he would not wait a moment to seize it.

"The Chinese, who are supposed to be well-behaved, can sometimes make such bad decisions!"

To come and find him and give him such a job. That's corrupt.

The imprudence of the good China...

China, perhaps, was forced, desperate. Even this was a good sign.

Tonyukuk was very upset. Still, he should have chosen to remain silent, thinking that if he acted eagerly, his fat would come out, and he should have made it look like he had accepted this job reluctantly. He should have even opposed it, which was expected of him.

Thus, he left the Ilba's palace happy that he had received a task that would bring him together with the large Turkic tribes and enable him to talk with the Turkic beys and the great irkin⁴⁸. First of all, he was to establish the trust of the scribes who would be assigned to his side, to behave in a conventional manner to the soldiers on guard, and to look for ways to get rid of them easily in time. During his mission, he would meet his trusted comrades. Perhaps he could get them similar assignments, so that he could establish a wide publicity network in the clan.

Getting the word out was the hardest job! Travelling from one side to the other, meeting with the lords and irkin... With this assignment, China was unwittingly giving him this opportunity.

"I can't find a better opportunity to prepare an uprising."

He realised that a long time was needed, but he was fifty-two years older and had no time to lose. Nor did he have the patience to wait.

"Neither I nor my people can wait any longer.¹¹

" Irkin: Ruler, lord, president.

If he waited, his soul would not wait, his soul is dedicated to freedom...

The last days of summer called for cool autumn days. The best time for your uprising was spring. It would be easy to live in the steppe, to find food. And to hide... If he could organise an uprising that would free the Turks from captivity with what he would do until spring... Autumn and winter were enough for preparation.

In the spring...

"How many
men?"

Few or many... The important thing was to start. Once you start...

"The brave ones who hear the wolf-headed brick rising and the wolf-headed flag unfurling will come anyway!"

But there was one unchangeable custom!

"A holy person from the lineage of Ashina must be the pioneer!"

Budun could follow only one Ashina. They were the ruling urug. Since God had blessed them, the kagan could only come from them.

"Who should this person be?"

Bilge Tonyukuk was thinking of many names and could not make a decision. The men of the Ashina lineage would not hesitate to set out in the name of freedom, but there had to be someone who was capable and age appropriate to lead the bud. Of course, the order of age was also important. He would interview many people before making his decision.

"I am in double jeopardy. It is also possible to face a situation that could end before it has even begun..."

He felt that if he was caught once more, if he failed once more, he would not be able to save his head. He didn't care about that, but he wanted to succeed. Budunu was thirsty for success, and he lived to succeed.

"I may not save my head. But I will make my name memorable and ascend to the Sky in peace."

Success was important.

The hope of becoming an epic excited him.

Which Turk would not want to be an epic? Epics live as long as the world endures! And epic heroes... Death is for ordinary people who do not show any existence.

To be an epic is to reach eternity!

To be remembered, to be remembered as a hero, to be told forever... This is the priority for the soul to be blessed.

However, he could not fulfil his hope, and the things that had happened in the past pained him as he thought about them. They were few in the face of many. The many scarcity... Previous uprisings had failed to achieve results, but by God, the flame in Turkish hearts was not extinguished, on the contrary, it grew hotter. For another nation, silence and resignation might have been a choice, but for the Turk, the only choice was freedom.

At the cost of flying...

"Kür Şad's raid on the Chinese palace with forty men. .."

What a great revolt!

The one he admired, the one he remembered with longing!

"I wish I was one of those forty men! I should have stood by my valiant ancestor."

Forty valiant men and a shad set out for a holy war... The Chinese still trembled with fear when Kür Shad's name was mentioned.

They are. More than forty centuries had passed since that day, but Kür Şad had not been forgotten. If someone said, "I saw Kür Şad!", they would recognise it as true, and they would send out new and very crowded guard patrols to look for Kür Şad. Layers and layers of protective walls would be built around the imperial palace. Fear would rule China again. The fear of reliving that night was such an endless fear.

The revolts were not limited to Kür Shad alone.

Only eighteen springs after Kūr Şad's revolt, a valiant shad from the Ashina lineage managed to escape from China, and after reaching the Altai Mountains with his army, he took the name of his great ancestor Shipi Khan⁴⁹ and announced his state and kaganate to the world. In order to stop and destroy him, China this time used the Uighurs, Karluks and other kinsmen, and by making the kinsmen break the kinsmen against the kinsmen, the state that Shipi Khan was trying to establish was put into difficulty in a short time.

The soldiers of Shipi Khan, who were few in number, did not expect such an attack. They had chosen to fight valiantly and die for the Turk, to fly.

Just like Kūr Şad and forty Grey Wolves. ...

Many more valiant Turks had followed in the footsteps of Kūr Şad and Şipi Kagan, and had chosen to rebel and give their lives so that the Turkish name would live. Thus, the Turks had never failed to show at every opportunity that they would never accept captivity. This spirit was still alive. The hearts were still resisting.

They were still waiting for salvation.

The Turkish homeland remained in the hands of Sir Tardush⁵⁰ for a long time. The powerful Sir Tardus, who collaborated with China, destroyed every state formation and every endeavour that had sprouted there. They raided the Ashina nobles who wanted to flee from China and settle in their homeland.

◆⁴⁹ It is known that this state-building initiative, which emerged in 647, was carried out by an Ashina nobleman named Shipi (Ch'e-pi). There is, of course, a reason why this valiant kagan was named after Shipi Kagan, who ruled the Eastern Turks between 609◆¹⁹. As soon as he ascended to the throne, Shipi Khan changed the fate of the state and raised the flag of the Sky.

⁵⁰ Tardush: Or Sir Tardushlan. Those who research their origins say that they belong to the Töles Turkic tribes. - They were formed by the merger of Sir and Tardush tribes, 603-647 is the period when they were the most powerful.

They continued. However, they were of the same lineage, blood and race. China deceived them and used them against the Gök rooted Turks.

China only allowed the Sir Tardus to operate for a short time. And when they were finished... As they always do...

China was governing the Turks in such a well-behaved way...

First of all, it never kept effective crowds and strong clans together, and forced the crowded sons of the same clan to live far away from each other. By putting armies between them, he prevented them from feeling each other and thus prevented them from taking action together.

The fact that they appointed their favourites at the head of some of them and placed them under the command of Chinese sangguns⁵¹ and thus prevented unity, prevented their efforts for freedom. Turkic In the places where they forced them to live, it was so difficult to carry information from one place to another, or even to find and reach horses...

China realised how beneficial it was for her to leave the Turks without horses. In order to prevent the Turks from revolting, he had established a large province in the red wilderness of the Gobi Desert, just to rule the Turks and keep them under surveillance, and had put a nominal Ashina noble at the head of the Turks. By keeping the entire Ashina clan under the rule of this ilbaylik, he tried to prevent their ties with their clan by giving them ordinary, distracting tasks, and he succeeded in this.

Despite all these measures, rebellions would continue. Until the Turks can again run their winged horses across the vast steppe unhindered... Until Iduk Ötüken Yış

51 Sanggun: General. A title given to Chinese nobles who command an army.

May the smoke of the blessed hearth from the yurt⁵² perch⁵³ ascend to the Sky... May the bricks adorned with golden wolf's head meet the Sky... May the wolf-headed flag with golden wolf's head tambourine fly freely...

"We will make those bricks, golden wolf heads and silk wolf-headed flags for the Chinese as in the past! They will send our declarations of independence with their own hands."

It was a sign of recognition by China, of subjugating China."

Slaughter China!

"To those days..."

Without wasting time, Bil ge Tonyukuk started the task assigned by the Chinese. He was travelling around the Turkic tribes settled along the Sirur, ostensibly examining the situation of the Turks, listening to their grievances and conducting censuses. While carrying out this task, he secretly met with nobles, beys, and the clansmen, and at the first opportunity and was greatly appreciated. Responses began to come from the blessed people of the Ashina lineage. He was secretly communicating with them. He had appointed a small number of messengers⁵⁵ and had begun to reach further and further.

Negotiations and preparations for a great uprising were going on...

Some others, who thought that the time was favourable, some others with a heart of wood, saw no need to wait until spring.

⁵¹ Turks call a tent a yurt.

⁵³ Perch: Tent chimney. At the very top of the country, the window opening to the sky. " The Chinese, who made a great effort to create duality among the Turks, from time to time gave tug and flag to shads and tigins for this purpose. tried to create new kaganates by sending " Messenger: Messenger.

They must have had valid reasons. Perhaps they had prepared sufficiently and persuaded large crowds to revolt. Perhaps they had reached an irreversible situation and started the revolt with a sudden decision.

Without a moment's hesitation, Bilge Tonyukuk accepted this defiance. These valiant people from his own tribe
He obeyed his call and mobilised the soldiers he had gathered at his place.

"Turk Tengri has made the idik yiri subı ança itinç erinç. In order that the Turk would not perish, in order that the nation would flourish, my kang İltirish Kaganig kept my ego İlbilge Katunuğ in the tengri's palace and brought him to the surface,,,,.

He was upset at the fate that made the Chinese master and the Turk a prisoner. . And against the Turk who bowed his head, kept silent and accepted it. . A curse on the age of captivity, on time...

If he is a soldier, the shame of captivity stops the heart. It must stop... What's the point of living with shame? Flying is preferable, of course...

A prisoner can't walk with his head held high... He can't walk at all... The ground he walks on is hand, the air he breathes is hand, the water he drinks is hand... No taste, no salt, no humour...

Captivity makes a person homeless. It consumes his name, his essence!

In fact, one should not use the name "Turk" given by God and glorified by his ancestors.

"Turk" and captivity are side by side... Peh! A captive Turk... Peh!

He should not shout that he is a descendant of Ashina.

A captive Ashina... Peh!

What if you are a soldier, what if you are an ordinary person after accepting to be without a province, a state, a khan?

What if you are an
Ashina? What if you
are you?

⁵⁶ "The Turkish God has so arranged the blessed place and water. So that the Turkish nation would not perish, so that it would become a nation, my ancestor İltirish Khan and my mother İlbilge Ha- tunu were lifted up from the top of the Sky."... Orkhon Monument
Bilge Kagan's Bengutasi, East Face...

Under the command of the yellow-faced Chinese...
Come on, boast if you can, if you can boast!

One of those who are passionate about the idea of rebelling against captivity...

A valiant shad from the lineage of Il Khan⁵⁷ was in order to get rid of the captivity that oppressed his essence and soul, and to save his race.

Kutlug Shad.

It was difficult because, like all Ashina nobles, they were constantly being watched. The Chinese were aware that the bitter experiences of the past had made them

They were well aware of the difference between the Turkish nobles who, under the influence of the uprisings that had brought them into the world, had become attached to them, who gladly accepted the Chinese yoke, and those who were actually degenerates and the proponents of freedom who were never in favour of it. They could tell the difference only by their behaviour, posture, words, even their gait and looks. They were sending people behind them and endeavouring to know every place they went and every person they spoke to. From time to time, the information gained was deemed sufficient and all those who were orientated towards the uprising were gathered and imprisoned in dungeons.

In order to win Kutlug Shad, the Chinese had given him high honours. They had prepared a palace for him, kept him in silk and luxury and forced him to live the life of a Chinese. It was not to be! Kutlug Shad did not want a comfortable life. The tough warrior of the steppe was his choice despite all the difficulties. Kutlug

Shad had not abandoned his Turkishness, he had chosen to continue searching for ways to get rid of captivity. Thus, he proved to be a man worthy of the great ancestor Khan Ashina⁵⁸.

⁵⁷ Il Kagan: The last kagan of the Eastern Turks in the First Göktürk Empire (also known as Illig Kagan or Chieh-li Kagan). He came to the throne in 620, was captured in 630 and taken to China. Unable to endure the captivity, he died in 634.

⁵⁸ Ashina Ata: One of the ten descendants of the epic Bozkurt and the founder of the Ashina tribe.

It was difficult to rise to power. To overcome the fatigues that surrounded them with their seemingly limitless power, to attempt it with self-power alone, without any support from anywhere...

It was hard to rebel. It was difficult to rebel and succeed. All these attempts always ended in bitter end. But still the brave did not give up.

Kutlug would not fail to attract attention with his actions, he would be taken into a tighter circle of surveillance. His movements would be restricted and his meetings with influential people would be prevented. Thus, Kutlug Shad was wanted to be labelled and isolated. His surroundings were to be kept empty and nobles were to be prevented from approaching him.

He was not proud.

Kutlug Shad was ashamed. He was sad.

He, like Bilge Tonyukuk, could not carry the burden of captivity.

Two Turkic nobles, far away from each other, were dreaming of freedom like their counterparts and waiting for the day to take action.

However, Kutlug Shad was distinguished even in captivity because he belonged to the Ashina tribe.

The Chinese made it a choice to treat the Ashina with respect, and to win them over as a way of silencing them. The Chinese emperor distributed rich honours to those who accepted them. His subjects were given many service persons and slaves. They were allowed to carry swords, to ride horses, to use the insignia and tamgas⁵⁹ of their noble clans, and to move freely, but under the watchful eye of overseers. Gifts in abundance were at his command. Atlan, the horse servants were always at the ready.

⁵⁹ Tamga: Stamp, seal.

He used to cry. Their "irkin, pots, uya" were close by. Their family members and children were under their protection. They could hunt whenever they wished, they could go to and from the places where the budu lived, provided they had permission.

Of course, they were forbidden to cross the wall.

Privileged captivity...

Still, captivity...

Unspeakable captivity!

China's purpose is clear! To keep the Turk in captivity and force him to settle down. To distract him with land and production and to make him forget his warriorism. If the Turk forgets war, tomorrow he will forget his language, his tradition, his name. He will become Chinese.

"For those who refuse to settle, the task is ready: We will settle them along the borders and assign them the task of protecting China. We will enlist the incorrigible warriors in the army and utilise their fighting skills!"

"Did not my great ancestor, Il Khan, suffer from captivity and fly away, unable to bear this shame? Did not my great ancestor Kür Şad raid the Chinese palace with his forty braves to save the Turks from captivity? Did not the Grey Wolves give their lives for this cause? Didn't Shipi Khan hold the Altai Mountains to establish a state? Many more rebelled and..."

Kutlug Shad was in the footsteps of his great-spirited ancestors. From the moment he started to be among the competent and influential among the Ashina nobles, he had been looking for ways to get rid of China and had been ready for every call.

A new call for war came. A new

revolt...

Kutlug Shad gave up the order he had tried to establish on his own and ran to this call as an ordinary soldier.

⁶⁰ Uya: Kinsman.

Like many Ashina nobles, he joined the revolt.

Henfu and Fenci of the noble Ashide tribe, who were captives of the Ashina tribe that had produced a kagan, were tired of the oppression of the Chinese provincial commander who kept them under constant surveillance. They had had enough of captivity. It was not difficult for their noble souls to come together and choose to be the pioneers of a holy uprising.

They were respected and respected. In fact, both of them had been working alone for a long time to break the chain of captivity. When their paths crossed, they chose to unite together and grew stronger. They agreed on the means to save the Buddha from China. In a short time, they persuaded many Turkic beys and brave men they had reached and formed an army. They established an order and convinced the Buddha to freedom.

They were waiting for the spring to take action, but the developments that emerged brought this time to an early date.

They were aware that the season was not suitable for this work. It was winter, the weather was very cold. It would be even more difficult to stay close to the centre and live in the land where they had to go for fear of being besieged. Moreover, the Uighurs, a clan of different blood, would not give them any comfort. They did not have enough horses and herds to feed their soldiers. The difficulty of rebellion at such a time was obvious, but every moment that passed would cause them to lose much.

China's Chinese jihadists did not stop, they had somehow got wind of their work. It was only a matter of time before they were caught and thrown into prison. Desperate, they early raised the flag of rebellion.

The Chinese were the main occupation of the Chinese and they were involved in all kinds of games. They were looking for ways to sow discord among the Turks, to break their unity, to turn them against each other, and they succeeded easily.

If there were any, they were soon learnt about it; the offender was either destroyed or shot in the vineyard.

Ashide Henfu and Ashide Fenci irkins realised that it was to their detriment to wait when they caught sight of a Chinese chashash who had managed to get very close to them. Information about their movements might have reached the Chinese court. It would not be long, then, before a decision was taken.

They gathered a large number of soldiers and convinced them that it would not be difficult for them to get out of China. The time for freedom had come. If they stepped back now, if they waited, it could be the end of everything. Moreover, if they were caught, they would be destroyed in helplessness. Many more lives were at stake if the chashishts had passed on information about the toylar⁶¹ they had organised.

The two brave Turkic tribesmen chose Nisufu Shad of the Ashina clan to lead the revolt. They vowed to proclaim him kagan after the liberation.

Thus, all the conditions for a revolt were fulfilled.

It was not easy. Even getting the Turkish nobles, beys, clansmen, and heads of the urug to agree for this ideal was a great trouble in itself. However, they used the time well, they did not hesitate to get tired, to go to the feet of every power holder. Even being rejected did not bother them, and they did not hesitate to repeat the same thing over and over again. They would do whatever was necessary for their blessed ideal. If this was necessary, they had already devoted to it.

The Turkish nation was ready.

A spark was expected, they became flame.

⁶¹ Toylar: The name given to various meetings in ancient Turks.

They soon organised themselves and started the uprising. They attacked with enthusiasm and excitement.

Chinese troops. They quickly dispersed the Chinese armies that were nearby and tasked with suppressing them. They took their weights and horses and strengthened themselves. They confiscated the provisions⁶² which they would need a lot.

Now they were more numerous and stronger. They had more horses and weapons. And more hope...

This was no time to stop, no time to wait. The victories were easy victories. To get out of China, to be able to take their offspring with them, to provide them with the conditions to feed them. preparation were the most important issues. For this, Chinese cities by shooting at the enemy.

When the first movement started, it was easily followed. The one who heard the flag being unfurled and the tunic being raised, took his sword and bow and took his place in the blessed army. Those who could find a horse took a horse, those who could not find a horse took a yadag⁶⁴. ... In a short time they became so effective that twenty-four Turkish noble lords who were forced to live in the same region, took their soldiers and ran under the raised flag.

Now there was only one way left. If they could break the circle that had been forced around them, if they could break through the wall and scatter the Chinese armies that would stand in their way and reach Ötüken Yış... If they take it back and announce their state...

They had to be very organised and sequential. One If there was a hitch, it was inevitable that they would break down from cold and hunger. First of all, they had to provide the conditions in which they could live, then they had to take their sons with them and leave their wives, children and even their old men behind and cross the Chinese wall.

⁶² Fulfilment: Food taken as booty.

⁶³ Ulca: Booty.

⁶⁴ Yadag: Yaya, infantry.

One hundred thousand soldiers. . 65 One hundred thousand men came together. However, most of them did not have horses, which was the biggest deficiency for a Turk.66

When news reached the Chinese capital, C'hang-an, that the Turks had revolted.

Emperor Kao of the T'ang dynasty ruling China tsung,67 listened to the narration in a state of disbelief. His pupils dilated and contracted, his thin lips trembled, his face twitched... From time to time, mumbling sounds came out of his mouth, but no meaning could be made of them. He ran his eyes over his divisions,68 sangguns, who were standing before him with their heads down. He wanted to be angry, he couldn't be angry. ... He kept repeating the same question to himself.

"What shall we do?"

The Turks were a problem without a solution. The fact that they were divided into small communities inside or near the Chinese Wall, that they were ruled by the Chinese or by Chineseised people, that they were left without horses or bows, that they were forced to leave their beliefs, customs and languages was not a solution. Oppressions and persecutions could not extinguish the wood of freedom, the dream of Yiş Ötüken.

They had tried to revolt many times, and they were trying again.

"They will not give up their freedom!"

Some historians claim that this number mentioned in Chinese sources is exaggerated. This number has been used to be faithful to the sources.

" It is known that this uprising took place in 679 and was bloodily suppressed by the Chinese.

" Kao-tsung: (650-j\BJ) Emperor of the Tang dynasty. Tai-tsung was the son of Li Shih-min, who ascended the Chinese throne.

68 Divide: Vizier.

Again there was talk of a great revolution.

"If they come out of China and reach the steppe... And if they hold the Furious Yis..."

Kao-tung didn't even want to think about it. "Bad times will begin again for China!"

When they were held inside China, it was easier to surround them, easier to stop them. The steppe people, who were incapable of urban warfare and fighting in narrow spaces, easily fell into all kinds of traps. If they went outside, especially if they were on their horses, it was no longer possible to stop them.

"The steppe provides a very different emotional charge for them. Their strength increases and they change in an instant. The steppe is like a mother that feeds their souls. They find their identity again. They start talking to Gök again. Kamlan, the great celestials, who are now invisible, come out of their hiding places!"

The first question that came to his mind was how many were the rebels.

"Too many!"

Strangely enough, he was relieved when the answer "Forty men" he expected did not come. Forty was the number they feared the most since Kür Şad.

"Let it be a hundred thousand rather than forty!" It would have no worse effect.

"They are too many, huh?"

This revolt, which could be considered the biggest ever, could not be taken lightly. Whatever was necessary had to be done and...

The Emperor turned his eyes back to his divisions, his sangguns. Which one could do the job, which one could teach the Turks the lesson they deserved? He did not have time to think long and hard before he made up his mind.

"Noble Hsiao Ssu-ye!"

The sanggun whose name was spoken was excited. He was an influential figure in China and the head of a powerful tribe. He told the Emperor

a cap and a loyal urug ... He was honoured to be the first name that fell to the imperial grandson's lips in such troubled times. He stepped forward from his seat. He intended to utter a few words of praise, but only one came from his tongue.

"Sire!"

He could not prevent his voice from trembling. Inwardly he resented this behaviour. He waited without saying a word.

"I give you the task of crushing this rebellion. Do whatever you can to stop the rebellious Turks. Crush the heads of the rebels. Do not leave anyone unharmed. Do it in such a way that they will never dare to make such a move again."

"Sire..."

Hsiao Ssu-ye soon set off at the head of the Chinese imperial army. He had fought the Turks many times before and had achieved important successes. But this was the first time he was acting as the "Great Sanggun" leading the great army. His task was very important for his future. Both he and his whole son would rise or his dreams would end before they began. Ulu Sanggun knew how the Turks fought and could predict the path they would take. It was clear that the Turks would waste no time in getting outside the wall. So this had to be prevented. He sent a messenger to the army chiefs⁷⁰ along the Sirur, ordering them to intercept and besiege the rebels. Thus, the rebels were to be encircled from both sides. The circle would be narrowed and they would be forced to fight. Fighting in this situation meant defeat. However, if they managed to get out of the wall, it would be difficult to defeat them.

The most important issue concerning the Chinese sanggun was the persistence of cold. As they travelled towards the Black Sea, the winter increased.

"Great sanggun: Commander-in-Chief.

⁷⁰ Ordubash: Commander.

and he was getting worse and worse. The fighting strength of his troops would gradually decline.

"The steppe people also have to struggle with the cold, but they are used to any hardship. They find an easy way to live in the cold. Whereas my soldiers..."

Perhaps they were more resilient, but it was difficult for them to live and fight in winter. When the goal was freedom and independence, of course, they would not care about anything.

Then he had to hurry, Sanggun. If they did not flee before him and retreat to the mountains, he thought, his work would be easy and short-lived.

"We will defeat the Turks and..."

Hsiao Ssu-ye met unexpected resistance. Nothing turned out as he thought. The Turks did not wait for him to come to them; on the contrary, they quickly mobilised and attacked the Chinese army. Directly and in four columns. This very courageous attack was a disruption of the game. The fight,

to die or to exist. Succeeding in the first step would change a lot and open doors in front of them.

They struck the Chinese army, which was twice as many as themselves, with such hatred that they scattered in an instant. They looked for a place to escape but could not find it. Most of them perished in the hit of Turkish arrows. Those who surrendered were taken prisoner. Few escaped. Those who escaped would tell of the horror they had experienced and live their fears with them.

After this success, the rebellious Turks advanced and reached the city of Ting. They besieged its walls. They started a deadly battle to enter and take it as soon as possible. They were pressing their only hope. If they could take the city, they would have enough food and supplies for the winter. Then it would be easy for them to reach the steppe and live until spring. They had a great hope in their hearts.

The Chinese ilba who ruled the city was very cunning and decided to play a trick. He threw the gates of the city wide open. He had all the imperial flags and army insignia removed. It was as if there were no soldiers inside and the city could be entered easily.

The Turks were expecting a great resistance and were thinking of attacking the city gates. They were also sure that the siege would be prolonged. The new appearance, the meaningless surrender, made them sceptical. They thought it was a trap, which it was. However, they found it difficult to understand what kind of a game this was. Therefore, they had to be cautious. A large Chinese army could have been hidden inside. They might have wanted to lure the Turkish army into an ambush by making the city look deserted and without soldiers. They passed with this suspicion.

For a time the Irkin, the lords, debated what they should do. They needed this city, but of course they needed their men and their freedom more. At last they gave up entering the city and withdrew. Thus their dreams of fulfilment were dashed. This made them short of food. With the effect of the cold, they were in a very difficult situation. They did not even have enough barley to feed their horses. They did not have enough horses either. Even if they had taken the city, they would have taken many prisoners and they could have used these prisoners to rescue their sons. They had no chance of that either.

Around the same time, Emperor Kao-tsung, hearing of the defeat of his army, lost no time and organised a new and larger army, this time with another famous sanggun, P'ei Hsing chien.

An army of three hundred thousand men...

Despite the dwindling numbers of the rebels, a force almost four times their size ... Well-equipped, well-fed warriors ...

Cold, starved and outnumbered, the Turkish army-

water, without horses, without weapons; they had come out of a great war, they were tired. It was possible to fight with this army, but it was very difficult to succeed.

They were almost surrounded at Hei-shan. They fought for existence and extinction. It was a fight for freedom. Flight and freedom at two extremes. Both were the same to them. They were both honourable.

So...

They didn't wait again and attacked with all their might.

They streamed towards the Chinese army. Acun did not witness such a war very often. Because many clans did not know how to fight and die like Turks. For the brave ones who ran to give their lives, the sky had opened all its doors wide open. The raid on the ground continued in the sky. The great ancestor, the child whose spirits came to their presence they boasted of their strength.

"This is how we fight and, if necessary, die in honour!"

Can death be blessed?

It was happening! Celebrated deaths are the glory of suffering-was.

The greatest desire of the warrior who is Yadag is a horse. On a horse.

to fight better, to kill more fat... To be able to go to the sky on that horse...

The ones with horses fight harder and slaughter more heads. was their ideal.

"The fat that I kill will be at my service in heaven. I will rule over them in heaven as on earth!"

Horses that had lost their riders easily found new owners. In the Turkish uruş⁷² system, the original idea was for the soldiers to change horses frequently, thereby renewing their tired horses and increasing their fighting strength, but this time the opposite was happening. Until they were shot or

⁷¹ It is one of the ancient Celestial religious beliefs.
n Flight: War. Fight.

horses would always find a new rider until they were exhausted. The horses were also candidates to write a heroic epic. Of course, their names would be written next to their soldiers.

The Turks were besieged. When they were surrounded by layers and layers of oil, they had no opportunity to use their bows effectively and to practice that very famous steppe warfare. In that case, they had to fight with sword and pike until they could fly away. In the first gaps they found, instead of saving themselves, they were trying to rescue their clansmen, their heads, their Ashina clansmen, to get them out of the siege. This meant that more men would fly.

The race for manhood had turned into a race for flying.

The soldiers who chose to fight until their last breath were shouting prayers looking at the Sky. They were very sad prayers.

"Great Sky God! Help us with your great power. Sky of your "stallion" from the sky! There's no other way to cope with all this fat. Our few horses are tired. We can't fight enough. Otherwise, even so many Chinese are not a problem. We can only reach the road to Ötüken Yiş with horses!"

Maybe at that moment the horses did not come, they did not accompany the soldiers, but when they flew, the Sky God rewarded them with winged horses and took them with him. He did not leave any of his children on the ground, even if the greasy ground was offended and jealous...

Although sanggun, who was constantly breaking the braves, and in the meantime, breaking and losing many of them, made calls one after another to surrender, the bozkurt did not hear these voices.

"Today is the day of flying... May our toy be happy!"

They were toy and they were toyl. They were both valiant and Sky noble.

There was a lot of bloodshed. Each Turkish soldier did not pass away without taking a few Chinese with him. Both they and the Chinese dwindled, but since they were already few, they dwindled a lot, the Chinese a little...

⁷³ "The Epic of the Sky Stallion", see my book "The Huns were crazy too".

Defeat... Black
day...

They were taken prisoner. They did not surrender, it was a desperate captivity. When they were unable to fight, when their attacks on the skies were in vain... When their bows were broken, their arrows exhausted, their sword arms cut off...

They had nothing left to do. Captivity within
captivity...

Captivity while running from captivity to freedom...

The valiant Ashide Fenci, one of the leaders of the uprising, was captured and tied up to be taken to the Chinese capital. The valiant Ashina Nisufu, who was brought to power to be made a kagan, had reached the ascension. Blessed be Gök that captivity could not touch his soul. Immediately his head was cut off and separated from his lifeless body and sent as a gift to the Chinese emperor, together with the news of the victory of the Chinese sanggun.

The burden of pain became unbearable.

Another Ashina noble died on the path of freedom and became a Sky.

Those who could escape from those who had horses, those who could retreat to return and fight again in the future, reached Wolf Mountain to the south-east of the Altai Mountains and hid in the forest of tall trees. Wolf Mountain embraced the Grey Wolves wholeheartedly.

Was it a pity for their hopes of freedom?

Was it a pity for the men who set out to reach Ötüken Yış but reached Gök?

No!

The flame became more fiery, the flame became brighter. Their flames had taken hold of the Sky like a prayer.

Today they were stopped, but tomorrow... . Once it started, it would never end. If it starts..

It had begun, one revolt after another.

Immediately a new revolt was heard. From
the city of wool...

There too, defeat, flight and captivity... And there, too,
destruction and annihilation...

So be it!

It is honourable to die for freedom. So be it!

What would be left of the Turkish nation's pride if they didn't fight
and die?

If I don't die, if you don't die, who will die for the Turk?

Most of the young men who were ready to give their lives to get
rid of captivity lost their lives with the Chinese raid, and most of the
remaining ones were captured...

Ashide Henfu and some of the nobles who participated in the
uprising had managed to escape...

The Turkish God had given them another chance...

Immediately after the blessed uprising, Ashide Henfu organised
another revolt. The never-ending passion for freedom prevailed.
Flying had become hope.

"Resistance up to the cliff"

Again an Ashina noble was needed to be a pioneer. This time Ashina
Kunen was approved to be the khan. Since the attack was the best way, the
Chinese troops in Kansu were raided. The necessary food and provisions for
the winter had to be collected.⁷⁴

Emperor Kao-tsung unleashed his large army on them.

⁷⁴ The date of the revolt led by Ashina Kunen is 681.

what. Inevitably, the Turks retreated to darker, colder regions in order to preserve their meagre strength. Famine did not leave them behind; it became their main bane. They even preferred to live like that instead of captivity. No matter how much the Chinese army travelled around, they could not find them.

The Chinese army couldn't find them, but they found the Chinese army. When they were about to turn back, they came out in front of them. Because they had chosen to fight and fly rather than starve. When they found the right time and place, they did not stop. At their head was the valiant Ashide Henfu... He had left behind Ashina Kunen, whose kaganate he dreamed of, and devoted himself and his comrades to the cause of freedom.

An unexpected success!

The sky wished the Grey Wolves to survive and win, and the Chinese army dispersed and fled, leaving behind all their weight. The obtained wealth and satisfaction would not be enough for the Gök-rooted Turks to live and find the spring, but it would buy them time. So they returned to Ashina Kunen and found hope again.

The army came at them again and again. Four times... Each time they were victorious. They defeated and chased the Chinese away. Holding the mountains was enough to keep them strong for a while. However, they could not complete the strength to leave their places and hold Ötüken Yış. This led to their exhaustion and weakness.

The fact that some people were on their way to join them led Emperor Kao-tung to take new and more important measures. He again appointed his trusted P'ei Hsing-chien. At the head of an army of three hundred thousand soldiers, he sent him against the Turks, who fought valiantly and resisted.

"Do not confront them directly. Divide them first. Break their unity. Then besiege and destroy them!"

China played games.

He knew how to play!

The Chinese sanggun did not fight directly. It seemed to stand close to one side and support the other. It offered hopes. He offered to give the Ka ğhanate and Ötüken Yış. It was all a lie, a game.

Meanwhile, he created sedition and drove a wedge between Ashide Henfu and Ashina Kunen. He spread false rumours to break the unity.

And he succeeded...

It was strange. Yesterday's kinsmen saw each other like oil today. Leaving China, they forgot their original oil and fell against each other. Ashide Henfu attacked Ashina Kunen, whom he thought would be his future khan, with his army. He defeated and dispersed.

The blood of the kinsmen flowed on the greasy ground, in vain.

Blessed Sky was ashamed for being a witness.

China had succeeded again.

What was left of the Turks was even weaker, even less...

Famine and cold...

Some of them asked for peace. ... Peace from China, who had enslaved them, pitted them against each other, broken them, destroyed them...

This time they fell into another game that they didn't even realise.

On the contrary, those who thought that they should find a way to retreat to the mountains, that hunger or cold was preferable to captivity, parted ways. Others put forward conditions.

"If we break our bows, put down our swords and pikes... ..

The Chinese sanggun was ready. He knew the Turks would believe in word and deed.

He promised! He gave an oath!

"If you surrender and promise not to rebel again. ..

The Turks believed. They believed in the bitch China again. They broke their bows and buried their swords and pikes in order not to give the oil into their hands. What they buried were their hopes, their passions, their dreams of the future.

With their heads down, hopeless and resentful; they surrendered.

Of course, their surrender was because they believed that their lives had value for the future, that if they endured imprisonment for a while longer, they would find strength for new uprisings. In the short period they ignored captivity, they had forgotten its destructive effect.

And what a bitch the Chinese are ... That was their biggest mistake.

The shame was on their shoulders like a mountain.

Again, they could not succeed, China, which fiercely resisted every revolt, stopped the Turks by setting up tricks and resorting to unlikely ways.

Amidst the celebrations of victory, the oath would be forgotten and dodgy decisions would be made. The fifty-four Turkic nobles who had participated in the uprising and surrendered on the word of the Chinese sanggun, including many Ashina and Ashidae, were to be executed by beheading in the marketplace east of the Chinese capital C'hang-an. In front of the eyes of the community...

They didn't think they could be such a cunt. They were the epitome of chivalry, the brave ones who were born chivalrous and lived chivalrously, and as they gave their heads, as they ran to the abyss, they cried out with their voices:

"Don't stop! Do not settle for captivity. Do not believe in China. Do not wait to perish. Especially never surrender like us. Instead of being dishonourably beheaded like this, die as a soldier, die fighting! Go and die of hunger and cold in the mountains. Don't go through the shame we went through!"

Of course, there were movements among the audience. The Turkish soldiers acted desperately, but they were stopped by the crowded Chinese troops with pikes.

With great regret, no one shed a tear for the victims of the bloody spectacle. The Turkish nation was accustomed to bloody rains⁷⁵. He denied the pain. The impact of every fallen head
si was the dream of freedom again.

Fifty-four blessed heads ...

Fifty-four headless blessed bodies...

They also shot the head of Ashina Kunen, who failed to realise his dream of the first kingship and chose to surrender to China's promise.

"When an Ashina arrives at the plane, the mountains tremble and the sky weeps!"

The hearts trembled, the hearts cried, and he knew it -
They are.

China had succeeded, at least for the time being, and thus had the opportunity to show once again that it would be unrelenting against rebellions.

It did not stop with the lives it took. Whether they supported the uprising or not, many Turkish nobles were tied up and thrown into prisons. Exiles, redivisions, redistributions, the appointment of non-nationals and the silencing of the Turks...

Suffering, suffering, suffering...

Kutlug Shad took an active part in both of these presidencies. God did not want him to perish and had put a light in his heart. He did not join those who surrendered, but managed to hide in the mountains with a small number of his comrades, and when he learnt of China's capitulation, he chose to bide his time, feeling the pain of his compatriots, but feeling that he had to live. The loss of so many soldiers, the reacquaintance of large crowds within the walls, the new beginning....

" Rainfall: Sacrifice.

it would make it difficult to find the power for the lifts. But someone had to make it.

Someone had to succeed.

Even the sky was shouting this prayer to the archangels. 11 Turk1 cannot be a prisoner!"

Kutlug Shad questioned the reasons for the failure of all these revolts to succeed. The failure of these movements, which cost so much blood and lives and ended with the deaths of thousands of valiant men, to achieve their goals revealed the need to try different ways.

Finally he made his decision:

"It is difficult for a revolt that starts inside China, on the inner side of the wall, to succeed. When there are few, the encirclement of the many is effective. Oil can easily take measures. For the Chinese who block the roads, becoming prey is inevitable. Narrow space fighting is not our business. Turkish, inside the city, between the city walls fighting in a walled environment, often the Chinese easily destroyed. So the revolt must start outside. We must embrace the steppe, our mountains, take refuge in them. The most We must wait for the right time, we must provide all the conditions for success!"

There would certainly be other raiders in the steppe, but there would also be places where they could get away, where they could hide. Mountains, forests, caves would hide them. They especially had to choose forests where they would find plenty of prey. There was no other way to fight hunger. Until they were strong enough, an itinerant life would be their saviour.

It was not possible to oppose such a large number of oil with only the Heavenly Turkic tribe. Especially to become a strong state... It was necessary to persuade other neighbouring steppe tribes to join them. But they

today they were under the influence of China, under its command. They had chosen to be subservient to the Celestial Turks. And it was only possible to appease them with force.

Once they believed...

If they started to walk together... If their kings
bowed...

The marches bring the men closer together. In the dream of flight, in the passion for the sky, the ranks are tightened, kinship is remembered. The blessed days of the past come to mind. The fragments of narratives become whole. The narratives shared at the fires that light up the blessed nights of the steppe, and the masculinities emulating epics, ensure rapprochement. Shared, equivalent road cooked food and marshmallows strengthen their partnership. In fact, these duns, tribes with the same roots, language and rituals, who never hated each other, know how to fuse in a short time.

So powerful armies can be built. Thus, China was brought to its knees.

lyre.

But first it is necessary to get out of China, to raise the turban and unfurl the wolf-headed flag...

When Kutlug Shad realised this way and believed in the necessity of it, he thought of going outside the Chinese Wall, going to places where China could not reach. He discussed with his comrades what he could do to start the revolt outside the wall.

He was searching. His sentence was to be beheaded wherever he was captured. Instead, he bought a lot of time by constantly changing places, staying in the cover of loyal soldiers and telling them what he was going to do.

He had to hide his brother and daughters while he himself fled. Many Ashina nobles tried this way, hiding their offspring amongst their offspring so that they would not be taken hostage and destroyed. Despite all the surveillance and interrogation of the Chinese chasters, the children who would continue the future of the blessed lineage could not be reached.

Kutlug Shad, who was looking for an opportunity to get out of the Chinese wall, expressed his hopes to his sister Ilbilge Hatun, a noble Turkic concubine, as if he was saying a blessing.

"Konchuy, I am going through a long struggle. I have found no other way to break the captivity. I cannot take you and my daughters with me when I am preparing for war with like-minded people outside the Chinese Wall, in the steppe, in the mountains. I will be more comfortable if I know that my son is safe during the days of hardship, poverty and dunnadan fighting. If I fail, I know that other Ashina nobles will follow my path. If I succeed, or if there is a glimmer of hope, when I have a protected place to call home, know that this long separation will be over. When we are in a position to resist, when we have a foothold, I will immediately take you to my side. Then all my people who are captives in China will be freed. Patience and wait! All these persecutions are to end the captivity. One day when freedom comes, when the wolf-headed flag meets its comrade, the reason for all this will be understood. If I reach the plane without success, I have no son to follow me, but tell my daughters about me and what I have done. Don't let them forget that they are descendants of Ashina!"

Many valiant soldiers had made similar farewells before and had to leave their loved ones. Most of them never returned.

At first Ilbilge Hatun could not say a word. She did not know where her soldier was going. She just bowed her head and closed her eyes. She didn't want him to see the tears in her eyes. Maybe she shouldn't cry, but wasn't that her right?

"Go away, my shaman! Go and fight for the Turk!" The words came out like a command.

They were both ready for a difficult separation. What else was there to do but hope for a separation that would end well?

"Kangım Kagan yiti ygirmi erin taşıkmiş. Taşra yonyur Hyin kü eşidip and the one in the fish went up, the one in the fish went down. Tiri/ip yitmiş er bolmış. "76

In the silence of the night, seventeen soldiers and a shad at their head ... They set off on an uncertain path.

They had wrapped the hooves of their horses with thick felt to prevent any noise. Since they did not have their own trained horses under them, they were distrustful of their mounts whose habits they did not know. Seventeen privates and one shad had a hard time finding a horse! They did not even have a single spare horse to carry their needs. Now, in silence, with the excitement of setting off towards the mountains outside the borders of China, they had forgotten all the difficulties they had experienced, and they were moving forward without wondering about the future that the summer carried them. Kutlug Shad, who saw the future and salvation of the Gök rooted Turks outside the Chinese Wall, in the mountains, was together with his cronies Beg Çor Tigin⁷⁷ and Tusifu Tigin⁷⁸ . However, there were seventeen privates and one shad as a necessity. It would have been so difficult for more of them to go to the provinces. Of course, they did not know that they were starting a blessed era. They were thinking about the war they would fight to free their nation. They were all young, all in their inexperience... Even Kutlug Shad, at the head of seventeen blessed soldiers, was only twenty-two years old."

" "Atam Khan went out with seventeen men. When they heard a sound that he was walking out, those in the city went up the mountain and those in the mountain came down. They gathered and became seventy men." ... Orkhon Monuments, Bilge Kagan Bengutasi, East Face ...

⁷¹ In various sources, various readings, "Mo-cho", "Moçur"

It is known that the person who is also introduced in linde is the brother of Kutlug Shad.

" It is also read as Tu-si-fu or Tüzel-bek.

" The birth year of Kutlug Shad is given as 660-661.

When they were passing near the places where the Chinese troops were staying, they would remount their horses, which they had saved for a while, when they came to a suitable place. At that time, they felt completely different when they were on their horses. As if they had taken another step into the future.

Erlik was just like that.

His long hair was free, he met the free spring, the two lovers were reunited.

The Turk's hair and the wind...

At the end of the separation of so many ages.

Wave by wave they were calling out to the silence. Their hair was more excited, more ready than the soldiers... As if they wanted to fight first...

The Turk fights with his hair.

A Turk is a Turk with long hair.

They felt that time had stopped; before moving to a new time... The Sky, their Sky, had commanded the Moon, and it had hidden among the clouds. It was so that the eyes of the greasers would be blinded, but the Grey Wolves could see all around them.

Ears were open to Shad's command. The braves of the sky waited for the command with the pride of being the commanders. They were few, but they were still many. In the multitude of a whole nation... The spirits of their ancestors riding around them were happy.

"Forward, braves!" they were whispering, hanging on the voice of the wind, "Forward!"

Kutlug Shad, after a confused, silent march, thought that the time was ripe and lightly heeled his horse. He stood at the head of them all so that they would know he was the head. Then he called softly.

"Forward!"

It was a command. Orders were given loudly and audibly from the Sky, but neither this place nor this time was the owner of the daunting cries. Kutlug Shad patted his horse's head lightly. Sahi-

It was a behaviour in the sense that it was not to be recognised, but to endure until it reached its destination. He didn't even know his horse's name. He remembered this and smiled.

"An Ashina on an ordinary horse without a name, running towards the future..."

His command was heard, followed by his seventeen followers. In the order of the organisation formed spontaneously, they formed in twos and took a place behind Shad. They were almost riding their horses. Hooves were beating the ground vaguely. Grey Wolves were moving towards freedom. Deep pleasure enveloped their hearts.

"Freedom is so nice!"

Seventeen brave hearts were riding towards changing the destiny of a nation with the shad at their head, of course without realising it at that moment, without knowing where they were going ... If they reached a place, they would look for a better one.

The first place they would settle was important. Until Iduk Ötüken Yiş tulul...

After travelling for a while, a private who missed the end of the monotonous run asked quietly:

"Which way shall we go, Shad?"

The answer he expected would reinforce his belief that the shad at his head knew what he was doing. However, Kutlug Shad did not know where he was going either. The God he trusted would surely accept the line he had drawn in order to free the Turkish nation from captivity in the most correct way.

He turned his head to the questioner. His eyes were in the light of the grey wolf in the darkness.

"Away from China! To a place where our rebellion will pay off, where the oil cannot easily find us and destroy us!"

The soldier was stubborn. Perhaps under the influence of absence and darkness, he wanted an answer that would relieve the pain of separation from his son.

⁸⁰ Almost: Ahn is a state of walking and running. It is named as almost, rahvan, tins and gallop i n order of speed.

"Where is there, Shad?"

He smiled at him, not angry, Kutlug Shad. All this time had made the young warrior forget that no questions could be asked after the order had been given. Of course he would learn in time. Custom had to be implemented first. Before every work...

"We will learn when we reach!" said Kutlug Shad, not allowing his voice to bend, "When we reach... What you must do now is to obey my command and ride your horse behind me!"

Honour must be
remembered! The order
must not be disputed!

The young warrior realised what he had done wrong and kept silent. Yet he could not get the questioning of that place out of his mind. He cast his gaze into the darkness. He was brave. If he hadn't been brave, he wouldn't be in this small unit now. He was brave. If he was not brave, he would not be a soldier of the run to the unknown. He was also curious, not out of fear for his life, but out of a desire to look forward to the future of his nation.

The place where the seventeen Turkish soldiers were looking for under the command of the shaddah at their head was now in obscurity, but in the very near future, it would be heard that an ember was burning on Çoğay Kuzi Mountain⁸¹ and new embers would be added to it in time. These blessed fires, which were to be taken as a sign to get rid of the imprisonment, were to be supported to grow, to warm and light more. A call from the wood would ignite and burn the whole mountain.

Their numbers would soon begin to increase. Their
hopes for this ...

When Kutlug Shad ignited the mountains with the first flames of the wood of freedom...

Bilge Tonyukuk, burnt by the same longing...

⁸¹ In the sources, Chogai Kuzi Mountain is called T'sung-ts'ai in Chinese.

The man whose captivity had once again been reinforced by thick bonds, was shouting at fate.

In an unworthy situation, in order not to lose his reason, he forced himself to keep his faith in tomorrow awake. It was very difficult, but it had to be done.

If those who were not beheaded and were allowed to live should be considered fortunate, Bilge Tonyukuk was one of them. God had wished him to see these days. He was among those who were captured, bound and locked in dark dungeons. Again he had fallen into difficult days, which he was not a stranger to. He was both angry at his racemates, who had revolted from their own fictions, then had fallen into the Chinese trap and caused so much trouble, and at the same time he envied them for their attainment of flight. He was not angry with himself for laughing at them, but he did not hesitate to blame himself for their failure. The question of how they could have done better haunted him. His questions were for the sake of not repeating the same mistakes.

Of course, an ember had been lit, and despite all the oppression and loss, the dream of freedom had fallen to many more brave hearts. Even those who, until recently, had not even considered it worthy of consideration had realised something. They were coming together in secret corners and exchanging their dreams of freedom from Chinese captivity in between words, more and more every day.

Bilge Tonyukuk had no one to share with, in his loneliness.

"I am left to live again! Captivity again!" He could not forget the cry he heard when his comrades were beheaded
he was tired. He was there. It is tied up The cliff face
He had waited for his turn, but for some reason it had not come to him. As he knew in his heart that to ask to fly was to go against God's destiny, he longed for that day when he would be there, when he would meet the Sky. He longed for it very much. Flying is pride, living is shame. God told him

it wasn't pride, it was embarrassment. Of course he knew something.

Now they were longing for the colour of the Sky.

The Chinese, who knew the Turks' passion for the Sky, knew that they were causing great torment just by preventing them from seeing the Sky. Gradually the strength of this separation was running out. Without realising the time...

He was running out too, in his narrow, stone cell. From time to time it became difficult even for him to breathe, and he was unable to endure, even though he knew he had to endure. How long were his moments of captivity, in all the ages he lived in!

He was not aware of the spring that came after autumn and winter. It was.

"No spring comes to the dungeon!"

If spring falls on your heart... May

hope fall...

The Chinese realised that despite all they had done and the victory they had won, they were not safe. They were afraid. In the imperial palace in their capital city, the discourse of "Let's send the steppe people out of China and get rid of them!" was rising again. The Turks had become a problem for China, and this problem could not be solved.

They were right to be afraid. The Turks had an understanding of the state that penetrated into the blood and was not forgotten even after generations. As long as they hold on to something... Let their fingers grasp a place. They can dig with their fingernails, they can stick. As long as they have the strength to resist ...

First, the homeland is taken. Then the kagan is appointed, the institutions of the state are determined and the kagan yortugu⁸² is formed. Aygu çiler,⁸³ başayguçi, 'orders' find their places. Afterwards, the big-

" Yortug: Retinue.

⁸³. Ayguchi: Vizier, counsellor.

t begins to endeavour to possess Ötüken Yış with all its powers.

Sitting in Ötüken Yış is possible with God's box and is of great sanctity.

It has always been like this.

Releasing the Turks, therefore, was not in the favour of the Chinese.

"If we let them go, they will rebuild an army and come against us and make us regret what we have done!" was the dominant idea. Instead, a more effective Chineseisation effect was approved.

"We need another fifty centuries. After that, no steppe people will remember either Ötüken Yış, the steppe, or Gök!"

What a fall to Chineseise a nation whose very language is the language of war. What an impossible task... The reason for this wrong thinking was that they thought that a few carcasses, a few soulless people whom they could buy were the representatives of the whole.

Their connections were severed, as if each of them was a part of a separate nation. More emphasis was placed on destroying the existing ties between the tribes and urugs and preventing them from feeling each other. Of course, the bloodless ones who aspired to become Chinese were of great interest. Their bodies, drenched in Chinese silk, were the epitome of dishonour, wandering behind their masters, and they had no qualms about serving the yellow faces they thought they could curry favour with by betraying their own race.

Tonyukuk the Wise...

He began to think that he would rot in the dungeon where he was bound and would no longer be able to see the Sky. Who and how could have brought him to this

" Order: High-level government official. Today's equivalent of a minister.

who would free them from their bonds? Who would make Turks the owners of provinces and states again? How would the Turks reach the sun when they were longing even for light? When would they make it their flag again? When would the sky become their tent again?

It was not a minority of those who were still trying to raise hope, but could not succeed. As soon as it got cold, they began to be forgotten. With very little food and water
For days the prisoners remained without doors, without sensation of pain. They had time to think and wait, but their minds were beginning to wander. They stayed where they were.
they were being killed.

China was reaching its goal by consuming many Turkish nobles in this way.

But outside, in the mysterious mountains, the flames of burning wood began to rise.

The troop that started with seventeen soldiers and a shad had now reached seventy soldiers. Seventy privates were the muş tucus of many seventy privates, trained privates.

Kutlug Shad, a descendant of Asine, is determined not to make the mistakes made in the past in the name of the freedom struggle. he continued to draw a path. This path was imagined to be the trace of a future that would lead to the Iduk Ötüken Yış.

God would no longer allow the Turks to be in captivity.

The nation created in the sky could not be humiliated on the ground.

While Kutlug Shad was calling the Turks rooted in the Sky to revolt, he remembered his great ancestor II Kagan and his ancestor who served as tudun^{8.5}.

^{8.5} Tudun orun is one of the oruns given to high-ranking emirs. It is given to those who collect taxes and have the authority to monitor the activities of the tribes.

yor proved that he belonged to the tribe of Ashina and was qualified to be chief. He was a member of the noble clan; his call was valid. Not a single person could be found to announce otherwise. The spoilers would certainly plot on a false trail, but even this would not be able to break Kutluk Shad's authority.

Kutlug Shad had chosen his homeland well. Chogay Kuzi Mountain was covered with high trees. It was not easy to pass. The caves were in a structure to protect Turks. They did not suffer from hunger because of the abundance of game.

When Jehnish became a private, they needed to raid for horses and herds. Where should they hit first? It would be wrong to hit China with this structure, they would be exhausted before they started.

"Ashide Yuan-chen, get up!"

Tonyukuk was tired, weary, but still trying to keep his hope high. He had now taken possession of his dungeon, which was above the darkness, above the dimness, and was waiting in bonds. Without thinking about what he was waiting for, that he had to wait for something... He could not make sense of the hopeful rise of the voice coming from inside him, but he could not want something to happen. He closed his eyes and thought in order to make sense of this unexpected stay, even though he did not realise the time.

He was called by his Chinese name and asked to stand up. He weighed his strength. Yes, he could stand up after all this time of inertia, but he did not want to. He found it difficult to take orders from a Chinese and found it unnecessary to obey. What could they do to him if he didn't get up? What was worse than what he was now? Perhaps it was when he most wished to fly. He raised his head and glared at the commanding Chinese. Alarmed by his look, the captain had to turn his head away. He was bound, but he still startled the Chinese with a look.

The head of the dungeon guards had to explain.

"Noble Wang Pen-li will come to speak to you, Yuan chen! Stand up!"

Why would the vice lord's aide come to see him in this state? What business would the Chinese have with him now?

Who knows what the endless Chinese were thinking and planning in connection with his situation. Previously, the task, which was given in order to delay and watch him and to use him against his nation in order to take advantage of him, had been requested by the Ilbay. Now he wanted to talk to his deputy, Tonyukuk the Bilge.

Curiosity to find out what was going to happen made him docile. He slowly got up from his seat. Wang Pen-li must have been waiting just outside the door, because as soon as he straightened up, he walked through the door. He had a fake smile on his face. Tonyukuk the Wise realised at that moment that something was going to change.

Chinese people respect and praise people who talk a lot and speak in long sentences. For this reason, Chinese officials who wish to explain the religion make a long preliminary speech before getting to the heart of the matter. The patience of the listener

He would make an unnecessary speech, as if he wanted to try his luck. It is very difficult for a Turk to endure.

Because Chinese nobles have plenty of time. The Turk, on the other hand, has time.

to steal time away from the man.

Today, Wang Pen-li started to speak as if he had forgotten that he was a prisoner, as if he did not realise his situation, but Tonyukuk immediately silenced this speech that was showering unnecessary praise on him.

"We are not friends, Wang Pen-li! Therefore, you are friends with me. Don't talk as if I were a man, and be brief about whatever is troubling you!"

The smile did not fade from the Chinaman's face, although he was offended by these words, but he chose to shorten his words as if listening to a command.

It was immediately clear that Ashide did not want to lose a noble sage, but to win him, and to bring him into line with his aims. The Chinese must have had a problem outside that put the Chinese in difficulty and forced them to look for new ways, so the Chinese were in the process of winning Tonyukuk the Wise.

In time, Wang Pen-li became his old self again. Again long sentences and endless words... Habits were not easily broken. The conversation followed such an unnecessary and meaningless path that it was as if what had happened until then had never happened and the close relationship between the two friends was valid.

In the midst of all this verbiage, Bilge Tonyukuk did not delay in realising what was really going on. Yes, something was happening outside. Maybe a new uprising... If so ... The Chinese emperor was trying to regain some of the Turkic nobles against those he had lost and opposed. For this purpose, there was no one better suited than the Ashide tribe, no one more useful to him. Thus, they would have a chance to create duality among the Turks again.

At that moment, the first thing that came to Bilge Tonyukuk's mind was to get rid of his ties. He was saying in his heart:

"Kao-tsung has sense and I don't?"

He wasn't going to compete with anyone. God Annagaru trusted in this ability. He had learnt and seen enough in his lifetime. His experiences had made him better acquainted with China and the Chinese.

He listened to the ilba's assistant without interrupting. He endured his long and boring words; because he knew that it would be useful. He even seemed to believe what he did not believe. He did not ask a single question, so as not to get an answer he did not want.

Bilge Tonyukuk was right!

China, who wanted to try again the way of ruling the Turks by dividing them with the fear of a new uprising, asked the Ashide tribe

He had chosen to take some influential people with him. As if nothing had happened, Tonyukuk was to be given the same task as before. This time, he would be accompanied by a larger Chinese troop, thus preventing him from fleeing or engaging in other matters. Travelling with an army would give him a different personality, and it would be thought that he was acting together with the Chinese and obeying them.

It was suggested that he should work for China again. Thus, it was said that both he and his son and tribe would be comfortable. In the beginning, ordinary work would be expected from Bilge Tonyukuk, but later ...

He knew that behind every request, every smile, every word of China, there is always a trick, a trickery. China does not give a gift to a person without any other intention behind it! If someone is still fooled even though this is known, it is because of their irrationality.

He would not be fooled! The Chinese cannot deceive Bilge Tonyukuk-
was!

Wang Pen-li did not wait for an answer. Tonyukuk's bindings ordered them to be untied and walked away. This, too, was a Chinese trick. He was given time to question and rationalise what had happened. If he was in a hurry and asked for an immediate meeting, and if his answer was yes, his opportunities would be reduced accordingly. If he was patient and waited for the Chinese to come again, he would have a chance to negotiate.

The Chinese did something new and unexpected. After the meeting, they rewarded Bilge with a special dish for that day.

Tonyukuk. Moreover, the kuruz was also added. The Chinese had no idea

he was in the habit of making his nobles cry⁸⁶. He was therefore not sceptical about the food offered. But he needed strength and he needed to satisfy his hunger in order to think more clearly. Risking this danger, he attacked the food.

⁸⁶ Aug: Poison.

Tonyukuk the Wise thought, he thought a lot. He thought until Wang Pen-li came again and asked for an answer. Being outside meant that he could do something for the uprising. Even if he could find out what was going on, it would be useful. There was no point wasting time in the dungeon. He would be seen to have accepted the mission. If he could take a few comrades with him and escape outside the walls ... Horse, bow and sword were the first things he wanted.

"I accept!"

"In the name of our great emperor...."

These words were according to Chinese custom. "Ah!" he said with his head down, as he listened to what was being said, "Ah! Will God give me a chance to answer for all this?"

Of course, the sky would protect and watch over his sons. As long as they were worthy of it. Let them live like Turks and behave like Turks.

The Nine Oguzes⁸⁷ were the descendants of today's Ashinalann, the Turks of the Gök root. Another tribe of the same blood, of the same nation... Of the same language, of the same belief in the Sky... living by the same custom... They had entered into co-operation with them against their racemates by the trickery of China and now they were in possession of a part of the Turkish land. If Kutlug Shad, in this situation, went to meet them and invited them to come under his flag bearing the golden-headed grizzly tambura as in the past, he would not be accepted, let alone hesitate even for a moment to destroy him.

" Nine Oghuz: Tokuz Oguz. It is the historical name given to the Turkish tribe consisting of nine tribes. The general opinion is that they were a Turkic tribe including the Uighurs. However, sources have also pointed out different Turkic tribes. In Chinese sources, the Nine Oghuz tribes are listed as follows: Uyghur, Bugu, Hun, Bayirku, Tongra, Apaizi, Sse-ki, Ediz, Kulunwuku.

He knew that they would not. But he needed them.

At least their horses.

They were closest to him, and he had to strike for name, for power, to prove that he existed. It was so difficult for a state-ruling clan to order a raid against a formerly subordinate clan. ...

"For the state... To free my tribe from Chinese captivity...."

Seventy men, two-thirds of them horsemen and one-third yadag, under the command of Kutlug Shad raided the Nine Oghuz homeland near Karakum Fortress⁸⁸. Stunned by this unexpected and fierce attack, the Nine Oghuzs did not know what to do, but in the time gained they lost some of their horses and herds. This was the main goal and the Turks under Kutlug Shad were in great need of horses and food. There was no other way to get all these things in their hiding place. In order to get stronger, they had to hit and take by force.

They hit and took. In fact, this was at the same time an agreement with the Chinese against their own race.

The Sky-rooted Turks took what they were owed and retreated even faster than they had come. Destroying their traces, they returned to the mountain where they had taken shelter. They were happy that fortune had favoured them in their first raid. Now they were stronger with their strong horses. Now they had no choice but to wait for the bozkurt that would come to them after the announcement of this triumph. They did not hesitate to prepare for new raids, to send messengers to all four corners and to make calls, time was so precious.

This triumph was the first triumph that made Kutlug Shad's name known. And the one that proved his existence... The success of the small number of Turkish troops held promise for the future.

⁸⁸ Karakum Fortress is also called Hei-sha-ch'cng.

Bilge Tonyukuk was trying to suppress the pain in his heart, thinking about his situation and burning. He looked back and forth, back and forth, back and forth⁹⁰ and back and smiled bitterly.

"Look what an Ashidee man has become!"

He was talking to himself. Because he was ashamed. To take part in the Chinese oil, which he hated, as if he were a Chinese official... Hoping and expecting to benefit from it...

At the front, one of the soldiers carried a large flag of China with a dragon, thus announcing that those following him were officials of the Chinese emperor. Behind and beyond him, two ornate Chinese nobles, their servants close by, and the pikemen completing the picture... In this ostentatious troop, there was a Turk, a hand, Bilge Tonyukuk. This was also immediately noticeable.

What a humiliating situation for an Ashide noble. Bilge Tonyukuk almost wanted to sink into the ground. If the Iduk earth accepts... "Can't the sky see me? How can the sky allow this? yor?"

The sky was the only thing he relied on at all times...

He hated his situation. Of course, there was a reason for his patience, for which he would take every opportunity.

In the Turkic obas he visited, he was primarily disturbed by insulting looks. They made him feel that he was a disgusting, China-friendly person because he was considered as one of the sell-outs, one of those who obeyed China, and they disturbed him with looks that could not accept the situation of a well-known, wise Ashidenin. Whispers and words were always about this. Budunu was angry with him.

He thought he should be glad that such behaviour, even if it was based on hatred, was now the end of his captivity, that it corresponded to the awakening of the Turks.

⁸⁹ Back: Right side.

⁹⁰ Side: Left side.

was. However, due to the unpredictability of when and what would happen, they were misrecognised and destroyed and recorded in the inscriptions with the traitor tamga.

he was afraid of being full, afraid of it affecting his son, his clan.

"If an attack happens before I can explain my problem..."

There were similar attacks, and Turks who were perceived to be friendly to China were slaughtered.

At the first opportunity he found, Bilge Tonyukuk would secretly explain his problem and purpose. Thus, looks would soften and behaviour would change in an instant. Voices of insult turned into words of respect. He did this without revealing it to the Chinese who knew the Turkish language.

it was so difficult to achieve. ...

"I'm a prisoner," he told them. "I am more captive than you! The Chinese are trying to use me to get information about you.

While he is in his captivity, aiming to sow discord with my help, I am on my way to break free from this captivity and become the vanguard of a new uprising. As you can see, I have neither bow nor sword. I am surrounded on all sides by hired soldiers... If you help me, if you are with me, this captivity will end."

"When?" they were saying. "When?"

"Very soon! Wait for my announcement. In the meantime, get ready. Find recruits, comrades. Organise participation. Let the idea of freedom spread."

Immediately, many young men enthusiastically embraced the cause. Even the old, old men, who were in a position of power, said that they were ready for anything. However, it was obvious that their strength was not enough, so they could only listen and think, dreaming about the future.

Postponing everything to the future did not solve the problems; on the contrary, waiting was tiresome. How long would they wait?

Bilge Tonyukuk did not want to take untimely action and cause an unnecessary and untimely Turkish massacre. He had learnt great lessons from what had happened before. The Turk was necessary, er

was needed for the uprising, but it needed the right and the strong. It needed multitudes. Flying had its time and should not be in vain. After this age, when a Turk left the land, he had to take with him a large number of fatlings with whom he could make honey honey⁹¹ .

Bilge Tonyukuk was acting more cautiously as the events of the past made him realise that he had to be careful in this regard. Without realising it, his thoughts and words of freedom were spreading among the Turkish nation. Previously known as an undesirable person working for the Chinese emperor, he had now become an expected Turkish sage. The Chinese did not even realise the benefit they provided him. He was happy with the progress he had achieved in a short time and found the strength to strive for more.

Hearings in the steppe spread so fast without written bitig⁹² that despite all the Chinese obstructions, the Turks became informed so quickly... What was whispered in one place was strengthened by the Sky and reached the farthest reaches.

On the other hand, Kutlug Shad was trying to strengthen his position with successive raids. Of course, they were ordinary, small raids. While his endeavours to meet the needs with the small number of soldiers he had with him included considerable successes, he had to be content with this. He held a toy with two of his kinsmen and decided to send a call to the captive Gokturk nobles in China and to ensure their participation in the uprising. Among these people, the Ashida tribe's irkin were the most prominent.

After a very short time, they left their reluctant, compulsory travelling

" Balbal: In Turkish tradition, stones erected in the name of the deceased valiant, in the number of enemies he killed. Stone statues.

" Bitig: Letter.

The name whispered in the ear of one of them was a direct call to Bilge Tonyukuk.

"Kutlug Shad raised the high!"

What a great blessing! What great hope!

An Ashina Shad was calling all Turks to the uprising he had started outside the Chinese Wall. The one he knew, the one he knew, He had sent messengers directly and secretly to those he had fought side by side in the uprisings, and therefore also to him.

"I unfurled the sky flag, I raised the wolf's head. You,

I call your sons, your son and all your tribe, those who listen to your word, those who will make you listen to your word, to this holy war. A single day spent in silence is a day not lived, and such a life is unworthy of a Turk! I wish you to come quickly and take your place beside me, O noble sage!"

He trembled with joy when he received the command. The reason for this joy was that a well-behaved Ashina noble shad, whom he knew, whom he knew, whom he had seen fighting in previous revolts with a sword in his hand, had led a new revolt, and that it had been started outside China and had been successful.

Kutlug Shad wanted him with him. He had to respond to this blessed call, which was a sign of trust, without delay.

He had to be there, by his side. The time he was waiting for had come.

Time and his experiences had taught Bilge Tonyukuk to be careful, but to do what was necessary in any situation.

He reported his answer to Kutlug Shad without attracting the attention of the Chinese guards who were watching him in the immediate vicinity.

"Tell Shad exactly that, 'I accepted the call as an order. I was so happy that my head became one with the Sky. I wish I could jump on my horse and reach him immediately, I wish I could be a soldier in his army and fight, but I am weak! I am in captivity, and I am in a captivity with surveillance. I am surrounded by Chinese troops. My every moment, my every step is being watched. From my bonds and dungeon

When the order came, I was in the position of looking for solutions to overcome the captivity by negotiating with the Turkic races and clan nobles, seeming to have accepted the task given to me to get rid of the captivity. Of course

My heart, my mind, my soul are with the holy rebellion and Shad. Only my captive body is here. God is great! The Turkish God does not wish the captivity of the Turk to last longer. I will endeavour to break the circle surrounding my body and join Shad as soon as possible!"

The number of Chinese troops was increased and the measures around the obas and Turkish settlements were activated. The sieges were more difficult around the clans that were considered to be suitable for an uprising and likely to mobilise. Nevertheless, losses and defections to Kutlug Shad could not be prevented. Both

Not only the privates, but also the boys as a whole began to flee. This was a harbinger of an unstoppable situation very soon. The number of Kutlug Shad's soldiers was increasing day by day.

Bilge Tonyukuk did not know that that day would be a completely different day. Although the excited stirrings rising from his heart told him that something would change, he did not see the need to interpret it in a good way because he did not want to be wrong and be sad again. He had waited with hope for years, and had learnt to wait and not to give up hope. Of course, he had never given up hope.

If hope is exhausted, the Turk is exhausted!

The Chinese troops around him had narrowed the circle of captivity, almost to the point that even breathing was monitored. Moreover, he was prevented from travelling to the regions of his tribe, meeting and negotiating with the tiger. The reason for this was obvious. The Chinese were afraid that he would lead the Ashide tribe, which he had a say in, to revolt as he had done before. But he could no longer wait. If he joined the uprising-

or there would be no remedy for the distress of his soul. He did not want to give his head at an unlikely time and place. How painful it would be to die under the Chinese flag while the wolf-headed flag was waving somewhere he could not yet reach. Moreover, the vengeance burning in his heart could not be extinguished. The Chinese had to make him pay for what had happened to him, for the dungeons he had lived in.

His thoughts were now on getting rid of himself.

"I must break this siege around me as soon as possible! I feel bad to be late for the battle. How can I look my fellow countrymen in the face?"

He was always one of the first. He believed that being one of the last would cover his box.

He was constantly coming up with solutions, but his wishes and possibilities could not come to the same line. As he was travelling on the Ahn, his eyes were on the sky, he was praying and asking God for an opportunity. Moreover, those accompanying him became more and more suspicious and exaggerated his observation. They were questioning him, making a thousand and one meanings out of one of his movements. He knew that very soon he would lose this privilege and return to the dungeon. As the impact of the new uprising increased, he would meet the chains again, and this time it would be impossible for him to see the Sky again. He would reach the end of his captivity. Then he would ascend to the Sky in shame.

Gök would ask:

"What did you do to get out of captivity?" Even if he listed what he had done...

He had no time to wait.

When he decided to take the first opportunity that would come his way, to find a way out of captivity, he did not realise that this opportunity was very close at hand. God had answered his prayers, and the time had come when he would experience a blessed era in his life line that turned into old age.

"Yagil tidi. I have brought the light. "93

Bilge Tonyukuk continued to do the job assigned to him under the supervision of the Chinese troops. He was in distress. He had no strength left to wait. If he had seen a single light, a single ray of hope, he would have acted immediately...

Fate did not keep him waiting long for the dream of freedom. God loved him.

In the Turkic village where they arrived, every gaze was different from the one on the ground. The Turkish soldiers of the sky, this time with the young ones, even the old and even the old men seemed like they would be burnt to ashes if they were touched in the trace of an effect. Whatever had happened, whatever eclipse of emotion had overtaken them, however their hatred for the Chinese had faded...

"Do I start here?" He was hopeful.

Before he set off, he was told that the tribe he was going to, the tribe he had reached now, was one of the most disharmonious and dangerous tribe in the eyes of the Chinese, that they belonged to a tribe of the Ashina tribe and that they were in the footsteps and under the command of the orcs. The Chinese were talking about these things with each other and taking measures in their own way. Bilge Tonyukuk, on the other hand, wished to see these characteristics of his racemates, which the Chinese had revived and accepted as praise, and to meet them as soon as possible and do something with their help. He was constantly thinking of ways to get rid of captivity.

Perhaps the day had come.

"Join," he said. I was the one who joined." Orkhon Monuments, Tonyukuk Bengutasi, First Stone, Bah Face...

As he approached the oba, he was quick to realise the difference. "This place is very different! The Chinese are very shy!"

As the best indication of this, a large Chinese caravan⁹⁴ had been set up near the oba to monitor only the inhabitants and was equipped with a large army. In this way, a separate border was established. When they passed through there, permission was taken, they were told what they were there for, and the time of their return was also told. Thus, if there was a delay in their return, the necessary action would be taken, and soldiers would be sent after them.

"So this tribe was not very hospitable to those who came before!"

Bilge Tonyukuk rejoiced when he thought about this. A Turkic obah, which resisted despite all the pressure, was the place he had been planning to reach for a long time.

When he entered the oba, he realised that, as he had expected, despite so many Chinese soldiers

no uneasiness, no fear in the eyes. If they were few, and their horses and bows were complete...

"They won't stop for a moment!"

Poverty was visible, and this was a coast of China, which did not suit them.

Was it necessary? Was a horse and a bow absolutely necessary for the uprising? To be content with what was and to believe...

He had a horse under him; the privilege and superiority of his duty... But he had neither bow nor sword. But his heart ... His hands...

Why not? Why shouldn't he start an uprising here? Why shouldn't someone follow him?

It was a matter of persuasion. To reassure... To be the first to appear, to be the first ready to fly... "This clan's clan is already ready!"

His eyes flashed, unconsciously clenching his fists. "The day has come!" a voice inside him was saying, "If not today, when? Act, you old man! Act, no matter what the end may be!"

9-1 Karavul: Outpost.

The most favourable moment was when most of the Chinese pikemen had dismounted their horses and were at work. If the Chinese soldiers were suddenly attacked and their horses, pikes and swords were taken...

Tonyukuk the Wise was excited. He smelt a fight, his senses were turned on. He felt that he was very strong. He would meet the question marks in the glances directed at him, give the marks that only the Turks understood, and then he would come to an agreement with the obans and resolve this rebellion.
would lead the rebellion.

Kutlug Shad started the revolt.

Bilge Tonyukuk's revolt would start here.

The Chinese scribes and the Chinese scribes working with him were nervous, not knowing what to do, waiting for him to do something. Suddenly, he realised that he had to be calm. As he turned to dismount, one of the young privates ran up and grabbed his horse. Even his look showed that he was ready.

Bilge Tonyukuk's casual behaviour put the scribes and Chinese soldiers at ease. While some of them took their places as sappers, the Chinese flag-bearer found a suitable height to plant it and headed in that direction.

They made their way to the high tent, which the Obabash showed them in a less than hospitable manner. The Chinese scribes followed him, while the pikemen took their own precautions and waited outside.

There was no one else in the tent covered with high cushions. He went to a corner and whispered to the obabash walking beside him. "I am Tonyukuk of the Ashide tribe. You and I are the scribes if we silently deserve..."

First he had to silence the printers. Then he had to silence
Before the men realise it, he will meet with the privates he will call into the tent and arrange ...

The Obabashi nodded slowly and approved his request. It was as if

he was so well prepared for this that he was up for a fight. Breaking a Chinese's neck was the job he wanted most. He was older than Bilge Tonyukuk, but it would not be difficult for two Turks to silence five ordinary scribes. The important thing was to do it quietly. If the Chinese soldiers woke up before they were fully prepared, jumped out and fought back, the revolt would be over before it even started. Especially if the nearby Chinese caravan got wind of it.

They had to act with caution...

The unannounced scribes were in their usual order, preparing their paper and writing nibs for recording and counting. Tonyukuk and the obabashi each took a thick piece of wood in their hands and slowly approached behind the scribes.

It all happened in an instant, it was over in an instant. The two old Turks knocked down the five scribes as quickly as the flash of an age. Some of the scribes lay unconscious and bleeding on the felt floor, others were killed by the blow.

The two old Turks looked at their work, a little surprised and a little delighted. A happy smile on their faces... If the five Chinese didn't buy any fezes, the acun would seem more livable to them. They were so happy looking at their artefacts!

They were out of breath, but the reason for this was not tiredness, but excitement. Tonyukuk did not know that he would experience such excitement at his age. He ran to the door. He opened the thick felt that formed the cover and looked outside. Those outside had no sense of what was happening. As the head of this rebellion, he immediately gave orders to the obabash.

"Now go out and send your five most trusted braves here. You stay outside and lead the others. Have them bring me a sword in disguise. Meanwhile, place those with bows around the Chinese troops. If not, prepare everyone for battle with whatever they find!"

Then he quickly explained the details:

⁹⁵ Your age: Thunderbolt.

The soldiers who were to take up positions to arrow the Chinese soldiers were to stretch their bows and wait for the signal to release arrows. In the meantime, the obans would grab whatever they could find and surround the Chinese soldiers without them noticing them. ... Bilge Tonyukuk was going to try to take care of the five soldiers and the sergeant-major who came to the tent. In the meantime, he gave the command from his heart.

"Show no mercy!"

The obabasi laughed. He laughed at Tonyukuk's words. What pity was this wise man, whom he regarded as a wise man, talking about? Would their hearts, which were burning to kill the Chinese, be still when they found such an opportunity?

Still, he responded:

"No mercy, mister! No mercy at all!"

This time Tonyukuk laughed. He was so thirsty for the conviction of a leg ready for salvation...

"I know, you will not pity!"

If the Turk stands up, even if the whole world comes together, they will not be able to stop him.

Without wasting time, the headman left. When they returned a little later with five privates, concealing their weapons, the battle had begun. In the meantime, he had tied the hands and feet of the two dying scribes, who were dying and delaying their deaths, and tied their mouths so that they would not make a sound.

Bilge Tonyukuk had blocked it.

When he took a sword in his hand, he felt like he was on the peaks of the God Mountains, and he became younger. He hid four of the five soldiers on either side of the door. He admonished one of them.

"Without giving anything away, call the head of the Chinese hordes, the one with the highest army, to the tent!"

In this way, the result would be both to leave the Chinese soldiers headless and to win one more sword. While he was implementing his thoughts, he was also thinking about what to do next.

"We must move as fast as possible, destroy as many Chinese troops as possible and clear the way"

The Chinese army chief, not knowing why he was being called, entered the tent recklessly and...

He lay with his head separated from his body, his eyes wide open, trying to understand what was happening in strange movements. It was as if the four privates, specially trained for the job, were doing it so fast that there was no need for secondary orders. They were eager to see Chinese blood, to cut off Chinese heads, and they did it with the mastery of an artisan. Their faces were smiling as they took charge. Who knows what pain they had suffered and they were so happy. They were murmuring and cursing.

When the sergeant-major was done, Tonyukuk sent the same soldier out again.

"Now call out two more of the privates from the upper army!"

When the soldier came out, those inside had taken their places again...

This tent was a dormitory⁹⁶ used for guests. Now the guests were the Chinese lying lifeless on the ground. The yurt was pleased with this result, and so were the inhabitants... Bilge Tonyukuk was already...

They spent two, then four, then two more.

The dormitory was full of dead Chinese.

It didn't take long to realise what had happened. But by the time the Chinese sobered up, all the upper army troops had been rendered lifeless. Then a bloody, coastal battle broke out in the village. A battle of extermination to the death.

Firstly, they held the horses and prevented the Chinese soldiers from escaping. Although the archers were few, they did their duty properly.

⁹⁶ Numbness: Guest cassock.

They did it. The people of the village attacked the Chinese troops in such a way that ... Women, girls, young boys and girls who were just teenagers... They had been waiting for this day. They were beating and shouting with rage, hatred and longing. They poured out their firewood, they were burning. They are the ones burning, the Chinese are the ones burning...

The fight for freedom was a longed-for, blessed fight. It was full of longing. Even the cries heard while shooting, taking life and giving life were enough to describe the feelings on their own. Sensational words followed one another.

"Chinese master! You're going to give me a head? And where is your head now? How dare you take a Turk captive and become his head when you can't even look after your own head? I am happy, Chinaman, and so are you!"

Such was the cry of the Turkish soldier who beheaded a Chinese.
"Strike! Hit the box of Ötüken Yığı!"

This was the cry of a Turkic giant who longed for Ötüken Yığı.
"Don't leave a single one alive!"

It was the avenging cry of a Turkish soldier who hated the Chinese.

There was a lot of bloodshed, many Turks, young and old, soldiers, girls, women, women and even children, met the Sky. The wounded were just as many. Surprisingly, there was no sadness on the faces. On the contrary, a smile of great happiness. ..

In return, most of the Chinese soldiers were slaughtered and the rest were captured by the sword. They had succeeded. Horses, swords and the Chinese bows, useless but necessary for the time being, were divided among the men. Now it was necessary to leave the camp before the nearby Chinese caravan got word of what had happened and an army landed. Of course, they were not to leave the men there, but to carry them off in wagons and send them off to the Sky at the appropriate time, as they deserved. Carrying the wounded was another problem, but the urge to get out of captivity was so strong that they quickly recovered.

Migrating and settling was their job. While the Obans were endeavouring to gather with God-given strength and strength, Bilge Tonyukuk did not neglect to send about twenty archers to the road where the Chinese could come to their aid and ordered them as follows.

"The Chinese, if they come, should not be able to reach us.
Do whatever is necessary for this!"

His command was a call to fly and was not recognised. Once the fight started, for the Turk, living and flying were one and the same.

11The Order is a definition of the Bey!11

The definition of being recognised as the
head... 11Bey!"

Of course, this was not all his orders. He listed his orders one after the other, one after the other, so that things would go right and there would be no mistakes.

At such moments there should be only one head, only one master should speak...

When the day began to break at sunset, they were already on their way to the black side. They had managed to do this without the Chinese army in the caravan being aware of what was happening, which prevented further fighting. Again, while a large number of rearguard troops were watching the Chinese, the fewer herds, flying troops, and the carts carrying the wounded were travelling away as fast as possible.

The Obabasi was thoughtful as he rode beside Bilge Tonyukuk. Although he knew the meaning of the victory and the significance of his actions, he had doubts about the future. His first thought was where they should go and to whom they should go. Of course, as a head, his biggest hesitation was for the future of his clan.

Soldiers were there to fight. Reaching to the abyss was a blessed way. However, the children had to live; they were the future of the clan. The season had not yet turned into spring;

their herds were inadequate. They had a long way to go before they reached their destination. . .

The question he had been waiting for came:

"What shall we do next, Great Sage?"

"God knows! This way is the best way rather than being a prisoner, and know that soon, very soon, all the Turkic tribes will choose this way!"

"Which way do you advise us to go?" "To

Kutlug Shad... "

He had heard his name; he was not surprised. "And you!"

"I..."

He would not leave his comrades until he had secured them, or at least reached an easy-to-hold mountain. Then he would try to find a way to reach his own tribe, the Ashids, and direct the rest of them in China to the path opened by Kutlug Shad.

"I will come too; I will persuade my captains, my followers... The arrow is no longer in the bow!"

"Then we will meet in battle!"

"I'll see you in battle!"

The meeting place will be the battlefields. When this contract was on the lips of all Turks, it meant that the road to freedom was open.

The homeland and the individual are inseparable, inseparable. The son of a person keeps the homeland, the homeland keeps the son of a person. It is such a that they've mated with passion. . .an indispensable partnership. Their paths, their tracks, their water... Sky and earth...

Home is different.

They called their felt tents home because they loved and adopted them. Every piece of land where they place and keep it is also a yurt. As they migrate, the fact that they call the place where they arrive and make a home their home is because the Sky is always above them.

Ötüken Yiş, on the other hand, is indispensable, it is the homeland that gives life and existence to them.

The Turk knows that if he has Ötüken Yiş, he will have both a state and a kingdom. When Ötüken Yiş is lost...

Kutlug Shad was re-counting his army, which was getting stronger day by day in the fight to take Ötüken Yiş, to regain what was the Gök rooted Turks', as if it was multiplying as it counted. What was pleasing was that the number of soldiers increased with each count. It was a good sign that the arrivals did not stop.

When it became, sat, stayed, became an army, it was necessary to set up, make, and divide without wasting time. The first division was the division of work and duty. The triad of difficulty... Those who are able to divide the hardship can divide the future.

Every incoming soldier must find his place, every future soldier's place must be established, must become an army... The army is the apple of the Turk's eye...

Being a nation with an army is the superiority of the Turk...

While all the institutions of the established army were immediately put in place, Shad was heartbroken about the shortcomings. Lack of horses bothered them; even more than half of those who came to join did not have horses.

The raids were not enough to complete the deficiency. In the stories of bravery he had listened to with excitement and longing, he had heard that when the number of soldiers and horses were counted, when the number of horses was ten times or twenty times the number of soldiers, the efficiency increased, the strength increased, and in long battles, the soldiers changed 5-6 or even ten horses and continued the battle with strength, and now he was worried about finding a single horse for a soldier.

They were constantly travelling around the mountains they had captured, constantly changing their paths in order not to fall into the oil trap. Now, since the boyus and urug had started to come and join as a whole, they were tired of looking for suitable places especially for the children to live. The effort to protect them was more difficult than that of dozens of urus.

The counting endeavour⁹⁷ entered the tent with a smile. "Seven hundred..." he said without question.

"Seven hundred..." Kutlug Shad repeated and looked into the eyes of his comrades. They, too, repeated it as if they were saying a holy number:

"Seven hundred ..."

Why should Kutlug Shad not be happy? What is left to be a thousand privates?

"When you become a thousand men..."

While a thousand soldiers were led by a major orunlu irkin, now he prays for a shad to have a thousand soldiers... However, the tradition dictates that every shad who carries the army of shad should be the head of a division of ten thousand soldiers. A division of soldiers is such a great power...

"They will come! They will surely come!"

Kutlug Shad knew the spirit of the Buddha well. Who will come now?

I don't know how many of them were on the road. They must have been coming in disguise, fleeing, as if they had fallen behind a passion.

"The Turk is an unstoppable force behind liberation and freedom!"

Oh, time... If there was time...

Time was short. The more China tightened its measures, the more difficult it would be.

Kutlug Shad came out of his tent to meet the sun like a kagan on a beautiful spring morning. He looked towards the sunrise. When the redness was beginning to dissolve, when the first white rays were in the presence, he bowed three times and offered blessings to the sun.⁹⁹ Then he just looked at it without moving, without blinking his eyes.

"Chop-chop: Sergeant.

⁹⁸ Tangda time: Dawn.

" The kagan's coming out of their tents and bowing three times to the sun is an ancient form of worship, which was also practised in the Göktürk era.

"What a beautiful birth!"

Every sunrise was a new beginning. It preached hope. Newness and expectation. ... The sun congratulated the Turk with a celebration equal to the flag unfurled for freedom.

At the same time, the sacchis, who were waiting to protect their lodging place, were watching and rejoicing at this state of their shad. Kutlug Shad was behaving like a kagan. Of course, being a kagan was not easy.

"Let's see what God will show us today!" He had sensed their power, their effectiveness.

They are. While they were thinking of ways to destroy this rebellion, which attracted the Turks in China and gave a sign of irreparable trouble, before it expanded, they tried to use other Turkic noble tribes against Kutlug Shad, so the number of raiders on their trail had increased. Kutlug Shad continued to send summons to the Turkic beys and elders, calling them and their tribes to his side, knowing that he did not have much time to do anything. He was impatient, but not imprudent. If the number of soldiers, which had reached seven hundred at the last count yesterday, reached one thousand today, both his and his army's hopes would increase.

"May this spring sunshine be the light of new recruits and nobles!"

On the night of the auspicious day...

He was awakened unexpectedly.

"Bilge Tonyukuk from the Ashide tribe came with five hundred soldiers! He asks permission to appear before you!"

11What? 11

It was an unexpected message. In fact, Ashide was waiting for Tonyukuk with hope, but...

He did not stop on his poor bed. He did not think it befitting him to welcome such a great person waiting in the tent. He jumped up from his place. He straightened his clothes and weapons and ran outside.

While he asked God for enough men to complete a thousand soldiers, God sent him a man who would be more effective than an army, Bilge Tonyukuk. The impact of this would be so great. ...

Tonyukuk the Wise...

Tonyukuk, whom God blessed with wisdom, named him and made him good, and encouraged him with his own ardour...

He had finally managed to escape from China. He had taken his sons, his blood relatives, influential people known for their wisdom, many men from his kap and uya, mostly men from the Ashide tribe, hid their women, daughters and children for the time being, and headed towards Çogay Kuzı Mountain to take them with them very soon.

The light was there, they were heading towards the light.

They overcame many dangers to reach Kutlug Shad, who had formed an army, raised a tug and unfurled a flag... They did not set out together as a multitude. Several columns took different paths and applied the necessity of travelling separately. He had come with five hundred soldiers. Those who would come after him would add strength to the Turkish army.

Tonyukuk the Wise... He had to show his respect and loyalty to the Ashina nobleman who watched him and his entourage with happiness and excitement in front of the shad who started this blessed fight. If the Great Sage counted, everyone counted, and if the Great Sage was bound, everyone was bound. Neither age nor rank mattered.

He looked at Kutlug Shad, who burst out of the door of the ordinary, poor cottage and did not hide his happiness at seeing Tonyukuk the Great, his eyes shining. He smiled and then hit his right knee on the ground, cut off his head and called out.

"I am at your command, Shad! I have come with you to fight for the Turk, for my nation, for my homeland!"

His soldiers did not hesitate to follow him. "We are at your command, Shad!"

For the Turk... For the Turkish nation to rise...

Kutlug Shad would not have been able to stop the tears that would flow from his eyes if he had not learnt to hide his emotions. He felt that his head touched the sky with the presence of the soldiers kneeling in front of him and that many things changed that night, that moment.

What changed was the black destiny of the Turk.

He did not stop! He ran and grabbed Bilge Tonyukuk by the shoulders. He let him stand up. They locked eyes and hugged. They hit their shoulders hard and took strength.

"You have blessed our war, Great Sage!" Shad called out. "You added wood to our wood. The sky was lifted with your presence. Our hearts rejoiced. We have been waiting for you for a long time."

"First I was a prisoner, then I was on the road, my Shad," said Bilge Tonyukuk. "The roads are so difficult and dangerous for the Turk... If it were not for your command that attracted us, if it were not for the dreams of glory..."

"We will open those roads, Great Sage!"

A confident shad, confidently wishing to open the horizon! "I found the right one!" said Tonyukuk the Sage from within.

"I found the right person! May God be blessed!"

He was saying these with conviction, with a voice coming from his heart. This time his hopes had met with the person who would overcome difficulties and achieve success. Now he was ready to work and fight with all his might. Calls and prayers had found their place.

Bilge Tonyukuk had arrived and joined the army of Kutlug Shad with his son, his tribe, and the captains, men, and soldiers who trusted him! Blessed be God that they saw these days under the sky! His children were ready for a great battle after freedom.

If they are ready...

One is a blessed shad from the lineage of Ashina, the other is a great sage from the lineage of Ashide. When the two come together, all obstacles to success are removed with a giant effect. A silent call finds the whole steppe, all Turkic tribes. There will be an unstoppable influx towards them.

It has always been like this in the past and it will be like this in the future.

Even in the very, very long future, when captivity will force the Turk, a great person will certainly come forward. The nation will wait and wait for that person. The whole nation will not delay to stand up and march after him. They will not care about flight or death. The Turk only needs to believe... Let a blessed person come out and make the Turks believe.

Confidence and respect will be all around. Hearts will catch fire. This fire will burn all Turks. War will be necessary to extinguish it.

Kutlug Shad is the pioneer. Bilge Tonyukuk will follow. Thus, the way to salvation and freedom will be found.

Bilge Tonyukuk... He had met Kutlu Shad, his future war comrade, his destiny comrade. From now on, their destinies would be written together.

"Come, Great Sage, honour my poor tent!"

His voice was a little offended at his poverty. He was a man of a blessed tribe who had lived and kept alive many riches in the past. It was hard for him to accept his present situation. It was not supposed to be like this. He was inviting Bilge Tonyukuk, his great guest, to his tent, but he was ashamed. His lofty personality was ashamed of the poverty of his tent, which was set far behind what it should be. In his mind, the idea that his guest was there with greater expectations was dominant. He thought that the Sage, who could not see what he expected, might be disappointed and might complain in disappointment.

However, Bilge Tonyukuk's dream was not wealth, it was freedom.

He took Shad's heart:

"The great heart of Shad is the greatest wealth. That is enough for us. Our wish is to breathe free in our own homeland, in our own mountains! Let him be poor, but let him be ours, Shad. It is enough that we can breathe free in it! Today it will be a poor tent, tomorrow it will be a kagan's hut!"

This word made Shad's heart tremble. Now. The Great Sage, who respected and honoured him, was now talking about the kaganate. In that case... Without another word, he fell forward. In front of the tent The two soldiers gave way and opened the felt cover. First the shad, then the Great Sage entered inside. When he took a few steps, Bilge Tonyukuk remembered his soldiers, and he had to do what he had to do without possessing them. So he gave all the authority to the shad.

"Give the order, my Shad, to place the soldiers!"

Even the words were so important!

He was hungry. It was necessary to say many words, but first he had to be full, Bilge Tonyukuk. An old ancestral saying dictated that the mind could not fully function until hunger was satisfied. The Shad called out to fulfil his greatest duty, to feed his people.

"Set the table!"

At the top of the mountain, where they had taken up residence, they could not get enough sustenance, they did not have enough horses and herds, so they had to be fed with whatever the mountain deemed worthy of them.

The tables were set and the traces of poverty were in front of them in all their reality. The best was deer meat, the worst was rabbit meat. There was no Turk in the region who would say no to these. They ate together. They drank a little koumiss.

It is custom... Whatever the shad eats, his bud should eat, and whatever the bud eats, the shad should eat. This is the requirement of kut. This is the kut that is brought by reproduction. When kut and üleş are equal, power is born. Loyalty increases among those who share the same food.

Kut, power and breeding make the shad a kagan, the bud a nation,
and the land a province.¹⁰⁰

This is how a state is born!

"I am full!" said Bilge Tonyukuk. This was praise. He had fed his people in poverty. They retreated and settled down with cushions. After the servicemen came out, they would talk in the light of the oil lamp, which was dimly lit due to poverty, until fatigue overpowered them and they fell asleep.

There was so much to tell. The little part would be about the past. Because they did not have very pleasant memories of those times. It was important to pave the way for the future instead of being burdened with pain and wasting time. What was spoken there at that moment would be the opening of such a blessed age...

It was a great blessing to be in this age.

That box, they lived that night.

The sage and shaman of the
Buddha. ...

"Even though we are so few, if we follow a proper way, if we follow the Turkic code completely, if we build an army and make the lords and elders obliged, if we wage war in an orderly manner, if we subdue our fatlings by means of a proper order, the Turk will become a multitude and follow us."

"What should we do first, Great Sage?"

"We must become kagan without wasting time! The kagan will draw the tribe around him like the sun!"

"Kagan..."

"You, Kutlug Shad, were brave enough to rebel against China. You found the strength in your heart to take seventeen men with you and leave China. You took this mountain as your home and raised a flag.

¹⁰⁰ Kut, power, and trinity are the trinity that constitutes the basis of the Turkish state tradition. Kut is the authority received from God, power is the rank attained and *üleş* is sharing. The kings who fulfilled the requirements of these three made their bud united and their state supreme.

So many men rushed to your tomorrow despite all the despair. You also called me so that I came running to your command! The kaganate is your right, Shad! For this, it is necessary not to stop, not to delay. Rather than running after a Shad, it will be pleasant to be under the command of a kaghan."

He had taken the lead, but there were his kinsmen, the elders of his tribe, and would it be appropriate to take the kaganate? Kutlug Shad was thinking about this.

"Kut is from God, Shad! You cannot go beyond what He has commanded, the line He has drawn. Of course, the elders of your clan and your blood brothers will know their place!"

Beg Çor, the elder of his two clansmen, was a valiant, obedient private. If a decision was made at a meeting, he always obeyed it. He had to be given a suitable orun...

"Shadership is his right. Our little kinsman Tusifu Tigin and the Yabgu takes the army!"

There were not enough Turkish nobles for Toy in the mountain they had made their home. They should not waste time calling them and waiting for them to come. Whoever was there, and the first ones were always first in command, they had to have a toy with them and make decisions.

11When?"

"Without delay! Let us announce the decision at sunrise!"

On a mountain that hid and protected them, in a poor tent, in the witness of a few soldiers under the command of the shad, they were to have a toy with the soldiers chosen by the shad and elect a kagan. Of course, the elected person would be announced as the kagan of all Turks, bitig would be sent to all four corners and commands would be listed.

"Whom shall we call for the toy, Great Sage!"

"With the men who first set out with you, who first trusted and believed..."

Together with his seventeen comrades, the higher in lineage the ordained have been identified. Exactly forty people... The particularly auspicious number forty was decided upon.

When fatigue took its toll...

"Let us sleep, Great Sage," said Shad. "Over there, on each side...."

"No way!" said Bilge Tonyukuk. "I was your guest, that's why I'm in your tent, but I can't stay here from now on. When today it is the tent of the shadhan, tomorrow it is the kagan's tent, it will be hated and strange. Budun pays attention to every detail. Custom can never be compromised."

He straightened up. Shad is still upset...

"There is no other tent worthy of you, Great Sage. You..."

"There is the sky, Shad! Where can I find a tent worthy of it? Besides, captivity has made me miss sleeping in the open so much! Allow me..."

"Tengri is small, so kangım Kagan süsi böri teg enniş, yağısı kony teg enniş."''''

Tonyukuk the Wise.

A person who finds peace because he has fulfilled his longing.

On a warm spring night, the starlight, struggling to pierce the darkness, shone on him as he tried to sleep, wrapped in whatever felt covers he could find. They were smiling at him, through the gaps allowed by the clouds. He could not contain himself. Happy and joyful, like a honeybee rejoicing at the dance of the woodlice...

Happiness is under the sky...

"The Turk who is separated from the Sky cannot remain a Turk!"

Just nearby, in front of Kutluk Shad's tent, a towering

Bilge Tonyukuk was looking at the len brigade, the flag rhythmic with the bow. He felt reflections of its power in him. An active pleasure was opening his heart and flying like a bird.

A free bird... What
happiness!...

As the coolness came, he wrapped himself in his felt blanket. He tasted the embrace of the earth, he was celebrated with the celebration of the sky. He felt like making a wish. A wish that he had done a lot in his childhood, a little in his youth, and never in his later years...

"If the kaganate of Shadin is a blessed choice for the Turk, may the three stars fall!"

He regretted it after he said it. Why was it necessary? If there was any doubt in him... There wasn't! The announcement of Shad as kagan is a necessity...

''' "Because God gave him strength, my ancestor kagan's men were like wolves and his fat were like sheep." Orkhon Memoirs, Kül Tigin Bengutaşı, East Side...

"Then why?"

Not one, not two, but three stars... It can't just happen. If it didn't happen by the time he closed his eyes, he wouldn't be able to sleep, or he would doubt the toy decision. He was trapped in his own language. He was not going to go back on his word. Both the kingship promise to Shad and the covenant with the Sky! A kind of fortune-telling wish...

If the three stars slip...

"And if it doesn't... Why not? Why was it necessary?"

He had lost sleep. He would have sat up and got up, if not for the fear of disturbing his soldiers, who sat up at every stir, with one eye open in their grizzly sleep... Waiting like this, wishing for a sign from the sky... Let there be one... If only a single star would break through...

That for every person living on the earth there is a star in the sky is believed. When a person is born, his star is also born. His star slips away with his flight. Now, three people are waiting for their star to slip away. It is not a wish befitting a well-behaved person...

"I hope the shooting stars will be the stars of some Turkish fatty living in the Chinese palace..."

Bilge Tonyukuk waited. A long time... He spent the time he needed to sleep and rest waiting for the three shooting stars, angry with himself. When sleep overpowered him, while he was struggling not to close his eyes ...

What was that?

The stars moved. Like a selection pose. As if to say, "You choose!"... They came closer to the ground. There was light everywhere. Acun was drowned in light. His eyes were dazzled. It was hard to look at the light.

"I didn't wish for all the stars to disappear!" He thought he would burn. In the firelight... He didn't know what to think.
without...

A star split off to the left. It started to float downwards. It disappeared into the unknown. Immediately afterwards, a large star on the far right side... To honour Bilge Tonyukuk

as if he wanted to disappear in the darkness that doesn't exist and...

Another star shone brightly from the centre. Then it slipped for a long time in the direction of the sky and slipped into the darkness. Gone, gone.

As if it had completed its mission, the Sky was revitalised. Rows were organised. The stars rose and found their place. As if what had just happened had never happened...

Bilge Tonyukuk shook himself. When he sat up, wanting to prove that what had just happened had not happened in a dream. He took a look, all the stars were shining, the sky was smiling at him among the sparkles.

"I saw it!" he said happily. "I saw it and that was enough for me!"

The sky had approved Kutlug Shad's kaganate.

He slept happily. It was a deep sleep that took away all fatigue.

Once the stirrings begin... When the
silence no longer prevailed...

When he opened his eyes, the day had long since dawned. His surroundings were empty. The soldiers who were preparing for the day had moved away so as not to disturb their great sages, in an excited hurry... The difference of waking up in an army mansion, as opposed to an ordinary mansion...

"How I have missed you!"

He doesn't realise that he is repeating the same words over and over again. There seems to be no end to this longing...

11How much...11

The shortcomings and poverty were so obvious. The behaviour of those who had a horse, who had found a horse for themselves, was more secure. Those who were obliged to be on foot were in a state of confusion.

"The biggest problem of all these soldiers is the horse!"

Then the first thing to do was to get a horse! The most ya-

wherever it's easiest. Whichever way it can be found and retrieved.

It was wrong to wait. These men, these blessed men, these men willing to fly for a noble fight were orphaned without horses, deprived, strange...

He found the truth of his thought in the words of one of the great ancestors from long, long ago:

"As the moon is an ornament in the sky, the horse is such an ornament for a soldier!"¹⁰² The horse is the wing of the valiant...

"He must tell the Khan!"

The Khan!

Suddenly he remembered that he woke up on a blessed day. There was no kagan, but it could have been that day. They could have been a budun with a kaghan without that day. There had to be.

Bilge Tonyukuk stood up with a speed unexpected from his age. He was happy. A private, whom he had not realised was standing near him until then, rushed to help him. Either he had assigned himself or Shad had given him this task.

vi. Both were in favour.

"Shad, the Great Sage is waiting for you for food," said the soldier who gathered his fleece.

He tested his hunger. He washed his hands and face in the spilled water, as absence did not provide much expectation. He tried to shake off and straighten his well-worn clothes, knowing that his efforts would be fruitless. This was their situation and no one was any different from anyone else.

"It's good to start like this!" he thought. "It's good to start like this. to succeed!"

When he felt ready, he went to the highest, but still poor tent of the camp¹⁰⁰. One of the soldiers waiting at the door called inside and announced his arrival and Shad appeared at the door. Unlike his good night, he had not slept much.

¹⁰² A saying attributed to Alp Er Tunga.

¹⁰⁰ Ordugah: A place where the army settled.

understood Shad. And the reason for his comfortable sleep...

He slept well because Shad didn't sleep. This was also a sign. He respected Shad with his head.

"May your day be blessed, Shad!"

Celebration in the light of day meant hope in the light of day.

"Blessings be with you, Great Sage. Here, let's share our food!" He who shares the food, shares the trouble and the war... Poverty - the shenanigans, in the future, will have the right to divide the wealth! Those who stand side by side in poverty will rightly stand side by side in wealth.

When they entered the gates, the same dishes as yesterday awaited them at the table.

Venison and rabbit meat...

"Blessed be God! May your bellies be full. May we gather the strength to fight..."

It was a memorable meal. "We ate deer and rabbit meat!"

They could not eat much, because their portion was so little. They had enough. There was no time to talk, because the people calling for the toy had already started to arrive. Each of them was called by name and honour from the door. They were very respectful as they entered and took their places. It was a new toy, new decisions would be taken. There were expectations, expectations would be met.

While the shad was sitting at the head, Bilge Tonyukuk took his place next to him. Two of Shad's henchmen squatted in the place suitable for their oruns, shown on the right half. Each of the other soldiers did not hesitate to find his place, knowing his position. Although they did not know what they were calling out for, it was clear that they were waiting for a battle, for a deserved reward. They could not think of any other reason for the toy. Especially there, in that situation, choosing a kagan did not even cross their minds.

Those who would come were finalised. Eyes weighed and measured. When the balances were found to be balanced ...

"May God make this toy auspicious for the Turk!" prayed Kutlug Shad, "Blessed be God who has brought so many men together and made the Turk free!"

Then he turned his head to Bilge Tonyukuk, who was sitting on his left and thinking with his head down, and said:

"Great Sage, the floor is yours!"

Thus, it became clear who was the one who organised what was to be spoken and understood there. The approval of the braves was obvious. Their silent waiting was filled with excitement, and their breaths were taken from their mouths, but silently. Expectations were great and specific to that day. Everyone was sure of how valuable the words to be spoken by Bilge Tonyukuk would be.

The one who is honoured by Shad as "the great sage" is of course blessed. Even though his nobility in Ashide gave him a special place, they all already knew him, knew his ability and knowledge. Therefore, there was no need to introduce himself and spend words for this. Most people thought that he was a blessed celestial servant, a kam related to the sky. No one had any doubt that his wisdom was connected with the Sky. However, whether he had such power or not, everyone knew his value. Tonyukuk the Wise had gained whatever he had gained with his age and experiences. Now it was time to try and teach them.

When Bilge Tonyukuk began to speak, the soldiers could not help but think that time had stopped somewhere and hope had filled the tent. It was a blessed toy, and Tann had kneaded their hearts with the honour of this day. From the very beginning they realised that good days awaited them in the future.

"I am Bilge Tonyukuk. I myself was made in China, for the Turkish nation was a captive of China ... 104 What a long and difficult captivity that lasted for so long. I have gained this old age with the ages I lived in captivity. Is there anything more painful for a Turk?"

^{HM} Orkhon Monuments, from Bilge Tonyukuk Bengutaşı...

Deep sighs accompanied his words. They were reliving the shame of captivity, but they had gathered there for the fight for freedom.

"The Turkish nation did not find its khan and left China. He thought he had a khan. It did not work out. He left his khan and became captive to China again. Heaven God said: I gave you a khan. You left your khan and chose captivity. Therefore you perished. You have become a fairy glory.¹⁰⁵ Many virtuous people, many great valiant shad, tigin, bey, irkin rebelled to break the captivity. Many valiant men chose flight for this cause. It was not possible, God did not end the doom of the Turk. How many times I myself fought for freedom. I was imprisoned. While my comrades gave their heads, I was tied up and watched with tears in my eyes. How many times the same thing happened. I was tied up again. I heard that Kutlug Shad revolted and left China. With seventeen valiant comrades with him, he set out on a blessed journey.

and then it was seventy. Then the number became seventy, then seven hundred.

it's happened. Shad also called me under the raised brick. I, myself, organised to get rid of captivity. I escaped and went to my tribe. There I took soldiers from the captains, men from the wise men, and I came here, to this blessed otta. I bowed down to Kutlug Shad, I believed in his blessedness."

He specifically called this poor tent an otag. It came from his heart. It was not strange.

"I joined because Shad said join. You joined because Shad said join. Because it was the right thing to do. Many men are saved and wish to come and join. Then..."

Tonyukuk was impressed and excited by the reflection of the essence of the word on the faces. When it came to what he really wanted to say ... He took a deep breath.

"I am Bilge Tonyukuk, a Turkish soldier of old age, who is remembered as the wise man of my nation, who was honoured with this honour. ... I thought, I thought a lot. Before I came, after I came, after we joined-

¹⁰⁵ Orkhon Monuments, Bilge Tonyukuk Bengutasi...

even after... Weak bulls and fat bulls cannot be distinguished from a distance.⁰⁶ It is not known which one is weak and which one is fat. In this case, I thought that even if we are weak, we should look strong and be known as strong. I thought that we should not wait. There is a shad here! The person who calls the Turks to join is shad. But the nation needs a kagan!"

Some people stirred when they heard the unexpected, but necessary words. Those who murmured to themselves... These were the reactions that found his words true.

Bilge Tonyukuk was pleased, but did not respond. Of course, there were many people who were confused and did not know what to do. He had to explain to them. If they believed, they would make their soldiers believe.

"We need a kagan!" he continued, "The kagan forces dreams. The kagan opens the horizons. The kagan..." he paused for a while, then said, "It is the kagan!", not finding another word. Toy soldiers, toyguns, nodded their heads in approval. No one intended to say anything against. When the idea was united, it was easy to realise.

Far away from the Turkish homeland, a sheltered mountain was designated as a mansion, a poor shad tent was designated as an otag, forty men gathered, forty toyguns were in the toy to make decisions that would rule the future of the Sky-rooted nation. Moreover, the first decision taken in the first toy was to be on the necessity of electing a kagan.

After a short pause, Bilge Tonyukuk started to speak again. His pause was for the immature ones to show their thoughts. While they were thinking, he looked at their faces and realised that he was approved.

"I, Tonyukuk of the Ashide lineage, made wise by God, said, 'It is necessary to make Kutlug, the blessed shad of the Ashina lineage, a kagan!' This is my word. If you toyguns also approve

^{The} text is taken as it appears in the Orkhon Monuments.

If he does, let us announce to the world together that the Turkic nation now has a khan."

Every new thought aroused scepticism, but those present at that moment had no time to doubt. Even to think. The thoughts of the Great Sage were immediately accepted. They voiced it aloud.

The voices of approval he heard had pleased Bilge Tonyukuk.

It was important how each soldier would behave, but what really mattered was the opinion of Kutlug Shad's two henchmen.

Beg Çor Tigin, Kutlug Shad's henchman, did not wait.

He was of Ashina nobility; he was courageous and broad-hearted. He knew what was right for the Turkish nation. The great-hearted soldiers did not hesitate for a moment when it was necessary to sacrifice themselves.

"The Great Sage spoke words of heavenly light!" he said excitedly. "He told us

We need a kagan, and the most suitable person for that is echimi¹⁰⁷ Kutlug Shad. When my God made him shad, you were honoured to stand by him. Now I would be honoured to be his servant in his kaganate."

These words found applause¹⁰⁸ in the hearts. Immediately afterwards Kutlug Shad's other kinsman Tusifu Tigin asked for the floor:

"I also think like my brother Beg Çor Tigin. My great master Kutlug Shad should be made kagan."

These excited words were so important... It was the right time.

Bilge Tonyukuk stood up. He knelt on the ground in front of Kutlug Shad and cut off his head.

"Khan!"

His voice sounded like the howl of a crazed grizzly wolf, and was surely heard outside. Beg Çor Tigin and Tusifu Tigin did not wait a moment and rushed to the Great Sage. They stood at his right side and knelt on the ground.

""Eçi: Elder brother. Older brother. Uncle, uncle"" Applause: in the sense of praise.

"Kagan!"

This was no time to wait. Whatever was going to happen was going to happen right then and there.

The hooves rose to their feet. They watched the kneeling people in the poor fen. They took their ranks behind the three great Turkish soldiers. "Kagan!" they shouted. Then they all stood up together, lined up on both sides to repeat the ceremony that had been practised for hundreds of ages, and made way so that Kutlug Shad could come out. It was Bilge Tonyukuk's duty to fall forward and lead the way. It was obvious that he was doing this with a great desire.

He was praying on the one hand.

"God, how many people have such a great kut come across in the world?"

He was aware that he was a fortunate person, but the real fortunate one was Kutlug Shad who was watching him.

"Fortune and burden..."

The burden is on the shoulders of the one who will be kagan...

The voices in the tent were heard from outside, and a handful of soldiers, who formed the basis of the new Turkish army, gathered in front of the tent. Excitement reflected from their hearts to their faces. They realised that a blessed decision had been taken there that day. When Bilge Tonyukuk, Kutlug Shad, who was waiting for him to pave the way, and his two henchmen and toyguns came out, they welcomed the greats of the nation by kneeling and beheading. Even though they were few, they had grown and increased in the blessedness of the way they believed in.

The kaganate ceremony will be performed.

They were in poverty and destitution. It was not possible to see the shortcomings, but nevertheless, as the custom dictates, it will be done as required. Bilge Tonyukuk would stand aside and wait to laugh when necessary. Everyone knew their part. At such times, everything would be realised by a spontaneous assignment.

A custom rooted in the sky: Removing the kagan... The birth of the kagan in the Sky. ...

A constant of thousands of eons ago, which has survived to this day.

How did it start? Why was it necessary to establish such a ceremony?

Who was the first to practise it?

Or who was the first to descend from the sky?

Who was the first to be born in the sky and given the ability to rule? Who was the first...

Who commanded?

There is no answer to all these questions. What is known, however, is that this is how this blessed ceremony, this is how God's blessing is realised. ... Yesterday, this is how the holy Turkish kings were made kagan. Today, Kutlug Shad was to be made kagan in this way.

An irkin asked for a felt cover. It was necessary to lift the kagan. It had to be big and absolutely felt. They brought the best one they could find and laid it on the ground. Kutlug Shad sat on it, right in the centre. Seventeen valiant men who set out with him first were called around the felt. They were his comrades. Seventeen men who set out from China that night and opened the blessed path, including two of his kinsmen...

They grabbed the felt from one side and lifted it all together. Up to the top of their heads...

This ceremony meant lifting the shad to the kaganate, raising him to the sky and consecrating him. The shad on the ground, the kagan by ascending, by becoming celestial...

The kagan to be equalled to the sun...

The sky was always open to acceptance for an Ashina. The doors of the Sky were open to Ashina.

Seventeen braves, my comrades began to rotate in the direction of the sun. Nine times exactly... At each turn, they called out "Kagan" and tried to announce this call to the whole land. First the forty young men, then all the soldiers cried out.

"Khan!"

Each turn was intended to strengthen the kagan. In nine turns, this strength is completed.

During the last turn, the kagan had to take his new name, to be born to the kaganhood. The competent person to do this was the Great Sage, as the most ordained person present at the time. If the name was not pronounced before the return was completed, it was thought that this would imply a lack of kut, and the kagan would have to use his name in shadlik. Of course, Bilge Tonyukuk was aware of this.

"Ilterish Khan!"¹⁰⁹

A moment of silence, followed by shouts that gripped the Sky.

"The Celestial Khan, Ilterish!"

"Ilterish, the Khan of the Turkic nation!"

"Ilterish Khan, blessed be your nation!"

He was glorious on the ground. His seventeen comrades raised him on the felt. They raised him to the sky and named him kagan and Ilterish Khan was born in the sky.¹¹⁰

Kutlug Shad became Ilterish Khan!

After completing the rotation nine times in the direction of the sun, equal to the sun, and taking a name, his horse was asked for. Ilterish Khan was put on his horse for the last part of the kingship ceremony. A comrade untied his silk sash, rare in poverty, from his waist. Two soldiers tied it around the throat of Ilterish Khan on his horse. Pulling from both sides, they started to strangle him. It was a difficult test. Kutlug, whose throat was being strangled, was actually preparing for rebirth. Kutlug would be breathless, Ilterish would be reborn and breathe.

His face began to turn purple from breathlessness. At that moment they released the silk sash and asked:

"How long will you rule the Turkic nation?"

¹⁰⁹ Ilterish: In the sense of compiling the province.

¹¹⁰ Ilterish's kaganate: (682)

"God knows!"

A good answer. It made the onlookers happy.

They started to squeeze again and released breathlessness near the last moment.

"How will you rule the Turkic nation?"

"With honour..."

This answer was also forced out of his mouth. Then squeezing and releasing again:

"Whom do you trust and believe in?"

"First to the Sky God and then to the Turkish nation!"

Suddenly the cries rang out again. Ilterish Khan was born in the blessed Sky, he had found his way in the heavenly place. From now on, he would be guided by his command, his word alone would be obeyed. Of course, as a well-behaved kagan, he would consult the sages. Bilge Tonyukuk was looking to the future with hope because he had established himself in this regard.

He took a few steps and approached the Khan. He expressed the only shortcoming of the ceremony, what should be in the ceremony but is not now.

"The blessed Turkic ceremony dictates that the kagans wear a golden crown. However, today we are so poor that we cannot wear a golden crown to our kagan. However, I swear by God that I will fulfil this deficiency in our first raid."

This wish was received silently. The beys, the irkin, with their eyes on the ground, felt the pain of this deficiency.

Ilterish Khan, who was transfigured and glorified on his horse, was looking for blessings not from the shortcomings, but from what had happened; he was watching his soldiers with pride. He confirmed the words of Bilge Tonyukuk with his head. His eyes were on his soldiers. He had set out with this small number of men, beys and privates who knelt and bowed before him, and had been made kagan with God's permission. Now his duty was to glorify the state established there, on that mountain top, to free his people from captivity and make them free, to save them from poverty and make them wealthy.

"To Ötüken Yış!"

The first command... The Khan pointed to the goal; it was determined as the blessed land that adorned dreams.

The command was repeated:

"To Ötüken Yiş!"

Ötüken Yiş, the blessed land was waiting for the Turk. He must have missed his soldiers, grey wolves. Grey wolves also missed their homeland very much. There was a difficult, long way in that direction. They would advance by fighting, fighting, and if they participated, they would multiply and grow stronger, otherwise they would perish. They had great calculations with those who claimed Ötüken Yiş, with those who took it from their hands.

It's good to do hard things. It is easy; it is not the work of a man!
It is good for a few men to bring the armies of many to their knees!

When the longing for kagans and provinces is established, the nation is strengthened with another power. The dream of keeping a homeland, the dream of keeping and owning the homeland is the commandment of the hearts.

There was no homeland. Province, state, nation were still poor. The nation had not been freed from captivity, the oil had not taken their shores. Preparations were to be made for this. Ilterish Khan listed his orders to be structured and to keep the way.

"My compatriot Beg Çor Tigin, I have made you glorious! I have assigned you to the left flank."

"The command is the Khan's!"

A state is a state with its land, its people, its men, its army, its kagan's honour... If the state is to be a state, it is inevitable for the Turk. It is indispensable. A nation that knows how to be a state in the centuries before, knows and applies this.

This is what the kagan is for.

"My compatriot Tusifu Tigin, I made you yabgu! I have appointed you on the right side."

"The command is the Khan's!"

"Great Sage of my nation, Bilge Tonyukuk, I will make you the apa tarkanii, and you will be in charge of my army and horses.

ii Apa Tarkan: It is a high, military title. Army commander.

I left him in your honour! At the same time, I have made him my chief ruler so that I may be enlightened by his wisdom!"

Tonyukuk the Wise...

Both wise by reason and wise by experience... He found an honour of great value. Being one of the greats of the Ashide lineage had added strength to the power of Ilterish Khan. He knew the necessity of kaganate, and by convincing this nation, he was a pioneer in making Kutlug Şad a kagan.

Ilterish Khan had exalted and authorised him. Now his horse At every step, the army would follow Bilge Tonyukuk's word and listen to what he said.

He spoke his word without wasting time.

"Let us first hold the blessed Turkish capital, Ötüken Yış. After that, God willing!"

The ceremony was not without sacrifice. They were poor, but they still needed a sacrifice. This sacrifice had to be a horse. Bilge Tonyukuk had thought of that too. He gave his own atıru kagan sacrifice and announced his dedication to the Sky. With this blessed announcement, the ceremony was completed and it was time for the feast.

The great kagan fire was lit! A big cauldron was driven on it.

The servants started to prepare the feast in a rush.

When they set out with their small number and even smaller number of horses, no one could imagine that this army was an army that was destined to establish a state and was a kagan. This was the real imagination. The behaviour that suits the Turk...

To make existence out of poverty! Holding on to hope with poverty... Those in the light and power of the steppe were soon heard.

and spread. "Ashina Ilterish Khan has found a state! To take Ötüken Yış for the army to come out!"

As a blessed, proud command spread, we Turks ran to this command. The few will soon move towards the many. One day the Turk will be stronger than the previous one.

Eleven raids were made. Eleven difficult battles were fought on the way to Ötüken Yış. Turks fought with a speed equal to the speed of time. They attacked in the most appropriate and necessary way to fulfil their needs. Raids were very useful. They became stronger, they multiplied.

Their horses multiplied, they became wealthy.

Bilge Tonyukuk kept his oath. He had a golden crown made and presented it to the Ilterish Khan.

"Now the honour is complete!"

They started with hope and rose with hope.

They were just at the beginning of the road.

It was hard to live, and they were tough soldiers because they chose to live this life. Out of the ordinary, worthy of the Turk...

They had thrown off the humiliating effect of Chinese captivity and revived. When they took precautions and stayed in secret mansion places, they expressed their shortcomings, what they felt, and did not lack hope.

"What is lacking will surely be fulfilled!"

Toy was wished.

Beys and elders gathered and came before Ilterish Khan. They knelt down and asked permission.

"Yagil will trace our sons, Khan. If we do not bring them back from their hiding places, we will burn tomorrow. Let them come, kagan!"

Ilterish Khan was in similar troubles. Not being able to keep a homeland, not being able to reach Ötüken Yış yet, constantly fighting, not being able to have enough horses and herds, and not being able to feed his sons sufficiently caused fear. Constantly

While waiting in the danger of war and raids, they would also have to think about their daughters, daughters-in-law, sons and daughters-in-law, and old men. Moreover, they would be forced to divide the meagre food.

He had hidden them among the captive clan, and had learnt their names and

to use their names so that they would not be held hostage by the fat. However, as the soldiers came to join, the protection and concealment of those who stayed there became a problem. They were sceptical about the condition of their son. Was it time?

Of course the Kagan knew best.

The Kagan asked for permission to think, to find a way, and discussed the matter with Bilge Tonyukuk and asked his opinion.

"I have been thinking about this too!" said Bilge Bilge. "Your sons will become more and more troubled. We need to take them and bring them to us in good health. For this, we must establish a proper organisation. Otherwise we will lose our most important values!"

The Khan bowed his head. His decision concerned the future of the whole nation. Konchuyu Ilbilge Hatun and her daughters were in his eyes. He was a Turkish kagan, but he had no sons yet to establish the future of the kaganate. His wife had to be with him, close to him. Although it was time for him to take other wives as required by the kaganate, he thought that it would be too soon even for that.

Of course, old people had to be taken from Chinese captivity. Otherwise who would look after them?

Bilge Tonyukuk was travelling and thinking at the same time. He thought for two whole sunsets. Finally, he told the solution he found to the Khan.

When there were fewer horsemen and more foot soldiers, if the army approached China and overcame the wall, they would be ambushed and destroyed with this number. However, if the boys set out on their own without protection, there would be trouble again. Especially for the older ones, they had to find carts with high wheels.

"A soldier on horseback should take a horse as a spare. Also wagons

we'll get raids and raids. Then we'll deploy this troop and put it to work. Let's send messengers to our sons secretly. Let them sneak out of China. Our soldiers will wait for them outside the wall. Let them come back piece by piece without letting the Chinese know. Another great problem, Great Khan, is that we have very few tents. We must definitely get a tent."

The closest way to complete the deficiencies was to shoot the Nine Oghuzs, who held the Öliken Yiş and thought themselves the owners of the Turkish state. It did not seem possible for them to obtain horses, arba and tents from any other place than their own homelands. Although they were of the same race and blood, it was deemed appropriate to destroy and intimidate this tribe, which had made an agreement with the Chinese and had been treacherous to the Gök-rooted Turks, and to force them to leave Ötüken Yiş.

İlterish Khan ordered:

"Let us strike the Nine Oghuz tribes with small but sufficient troops. Horses, chariots, tents, bows, swords... Let us take everything of value that is useful to us!"

There was no other way.

At the head of the small army as the Apa!arkan, Bilge Tonyukuk had to win glory by establishing appropriate ways. He had to raise his kingdom, his state.

What was done was in the name of becoming a great state in the future of time.

"Köriḡ sabı antaḡ: Tokuz Oguz budun one kagan would be tir. Tabḡaçḡan Kunı sengünüg was. Tongra Esimig was his sword. " 1

While they were making preparations, a sensation came. A sensation that proved that they were on the right path, that they were right to act righteously and announce the kaganate of Ilterish Khan:

"The kagan is seated over the Nine Oghuzes!"

The Nine Oghuz, who had taken possession of Ötüken Yış, the homeland of the Gök rooted Turks, had also proclaimed a kagan and made Baz Kagan 11' their chief, and were trying to break the power of Ilteriş Kagan and to reduce his possible influence on the steppe peoples. Had they waited for Ilterish Khan to make a kagan for themselves? Since the Nine Oghuz had maintained ties with China, was this another dividing game of China?

"It must be so!" thought Bilge Tonyukuk. "It is a game organised to keep us at bay, to throw us off our path. But it should be our job to destroy this game with our strength and reason!"

They would move faster. When the first reconstructed troops of horsemen began their raid, the Nine Oghuzs would realise what trouble they had gotten themselves into.

⁽¹¹²⁾ The word of Çaçıt is as follows: The kagan sat on the Nine Oghuz nation, he says. He sent Ku'yu sanggun towards China. He sent Tongra Esim towards the continent." Orkhon Monuments, Tonyukuk Bcngütaşı, South Side.

¹¹³ The expression "Kagan sitting" is frequently used in the Orkhon Monuments. "Ka

ğan election" or "appointment of a kagan", it means that the kagan sat on the throne and started to rule the state.

¹¹⁴ Baz Kagan: This name, mentioned in the Orkhon Monuments, is mentioned as "Pi-li" in Chinese sources.

Bilge Tonyukuk conveyed the incoming sensations to the kagan with the following words:

"Our ranks are many and strong, Great Khan. It is like a great furnace in which the fire is great and the flames are great... If we had not behaved well, the great furnace would have swallowed us too and we would have been left without a trace. But now, our men raided the Nine Oghuz tribes and obtained plenty of food and ulca and the number of our horses increased. We have herds. In this way they broke many men of the Nine Oguz. However, Baz Kagan, the self-proclaimed head of Nine Oghuz, will soon play another game. Before that, it would be appropriate for us to take our sons close to us before they are dislocated by the marshals!"

"Are our soldiers, horses and carts ready for this, Great Sage?"

"They are ready, Great Khan! They are waiting for orders." "Then there is no need to stop!"

Everything was organised in a hustle and bustle, which boasted the silence of the steppe at night and my loneliness during the day. So much work was done in a short time that even us could not reach this salt. What was there that the Turk could not do when he wished?

His sons ran to freedom. What a pleasure it was to bring them back! To save them from China...

Every Turk's son who came increased their strength and matured their joy. Excitement and joy rose so high... When their homeland was filled with the voices of children, they realised that they were alive, that they existed. How strong they were... How they longed for these days. ...

One of the greatest joys was experienced with the arrival of Bilge Tonyukuk's son. While his sons were already engaged in their own endeavours, the arrival of his wife, daughters, daughters-in-law and even his grandchildren was a blessed blessing both for him and for the nation. Ilterish Khan came and congratulated the Great Sage.

He congratulated his son. The bitterness in his heart was that his own son, his wife and daughters were far away. They had kept them more secret, they were looking for the most favourable time for them to come. Waiting was so hard! Great Bilge knew this as someone who had been waiting for his son for a long time. He was endeavouring with all his might to reunite Kagan with his wife.

The Chinese gangs will try to put Ilterish Khan in trouble if they get their hands on him.

They were endeavouring to get information behind the pledge. Because China had heard about what was happening and started to make great efforts to prevent the Turkish sons from moving to the Black Sea. The greatest endeavour was, of course, to find the trace of Ilterish Khan's wife and to hold Ilbilge Khatun as a hostage and to hinder the rise of the rising Turkish state. The damage this would cause to the new Turkish state was obvious. The Great Sage had made a great effort not to give this opportunity.

No matter how hard the Chinese tried and endeavoured, they could not succeed in reaching the son of the Khan. Sage Ton yukuk had established the order well. His soldiers who were assigned for this job worked well, and at the end they brought Ilterish Kagan's wife and daughters from their hiding places. This was achieved with great labour. China was still looking for them even when the great koghus came out of the wall.

The Great Sage wished for a feast, for this good news had removed a great problem.

"Whatever is in the flesh, whatever is in the blood, let it be brought out. Let this auspicious day be celebrated."

They had few possessions, but their hearts were great. These days They offered much sacrifice and rain for the Sky, who had given them a gift, so that the Sky might be favoured.

At the great reunion, Ilterish Khan could not hide his happiness, no matter how hard he tried to be upright in the posture of his kaganate. As he seated his brother on the throne he had prepared next to him, he whispered in his ear ...

"You have brought happiness to my state and my country, my Great Hatun!" The throne...

It was not yet in the splendour it should be. Until the establishment of the "Alhn Örgün" ¹¹⁵, which was the Turkish Kağanlık box, the khan and his wife had an ordinary throne. Bilge Tonyukuk was endeavouring to complete this box, which was the sign of the Turkish khan. The ceremonies that would carry the nation into the future should live with all its elements, and the Golden Örgün should be established for the Ilterish Khan. The wealth and greatness of the state would thus become evident, and the rulers would recognise this wealth and take steps accordingly.

The arrival of the boys was completed; the yurt became another yurt. In the show of a Turkish yurt, children and balas were walking around and playing. Of course, their games were about war. The joyful voices ceased when the armies returned from the raid, when they learnt what had been lost, what was now in the Sky. As the sadness loaded, silence shrouded the land. However, what happened was the priority of building a future. There was no other way. In the shadow of the flying soldiers; the homeland could only be held. A homeland for which there was no one to die could not remain as a homeland.

Bilge Tonyukuk; as required by the state¹¹⁵ all over the four corners and was drawing the path according to the sensations. This path was becoming clearer and clearer.

On that day, Körg, who had heard from the Nine Oghuzes, spoke important words:

"The one who was commissioned from China to observe the Nine Oghuzes, to direct their kagan to be pro-Chinese

¹¹⁵ Golden braid: Golden throne. It represents the Turkish kagan. It is established according to custom. In some sources it is written that it has wheels and is kept ready to be pulled by horses.

¹¹⁶ Körg: Messenger, spy.

Sanggun Ku was sent back by Baz Kagan. The reason for this must be that he was assigned to deliver an important wish! Baz Kagan similarly sent Tingra Esim, one of the Nine Oghuz elders, to the Kılan. It was also heard that other nobles were sent to other tribes!"

The meaning of this was obvious. Baz Ka ğan, the Nine Oghuz Khan, was looking for a partner power for himself. He did not want to be expelled from Ötüken Yıř, he wanted his kaganate to rise, to be recognised, and he wanted to rule the steppe tribes.

Sky-rooted Turks were not strong enough. They were few in number. Atlan was still incomplete despite all efforts. The Nine Oghuzs, who did not want to give back their homeland even though they were the tribes of the same great sun, and who did not know their limits, wanted to keep the Gök-rooted Turks weak and destroy them. For this purpose, they aimed to get help from the Qantans and the Chinese to act jointly. However, if they had become partners with the Ashina kagan and taken place under his tunic. They would have acted more honourably if they shared the state. Baz Khan did not think of this at all.

The information received by Bilge Tonyukuk was correct. Baz Kagan, the head of the Nine Oghuzes, feared that the Gök rooted Ashina Ilteriř Kagan would march towards Ötüken Yıř, and realised that neither his pro-Chinese state nor Ötüken Yıř, which he held by force, would be his at the end of this affair. In the bitig he wrote to the rulers of the clans he tried to make partners in his dreams, he said as follows:

"Kutlug Shad, one of my kinsmen, dreams of coming towards me as he became a khan under the name of Ilterish. His raids on the tribes under my command have become harmful to my knowledge. It is a great danger for you, the noble rulers, that he calls out all the steppe clans under the flag he raised and the banner he unfurled. Standing beside him is Tonyukuk the Wise, one of the wisest men of the land, a powerful and respected man from the Ashide tribe, and he is the one who is the most important person in the land.

both bashayguchi and apa tarkan were appointed. This means that the Turks of the Sky-rooted Turks have made up their minds to become a great state. The realisation of such a thought is a sign that the future is dark both for me and for you. We cannot wait for the Ilterish Khan to rise and grow stronger. Therefore, we must unite and deal with this problem. If the Sky-rooted Turks get stronger, they will destroy both the Qantans, the Chinese and the Nine Sons. We must attack together, at the same time, and defeat and stop the army of the Ilterish Khan and the Buddhas who are loyal to him. If the Kantans attack from the south-east, the Chinese from the red, and my army from the black....

Bilge Tonyukuk was worried because he knew that it would be difficult for them to resist the army to be formed by such a union. A united army meant a strong army. They were not yet strong enough, they had not yet gathered enough men and horses. He could not sit during the day and could not sleep at night. He had to find a way, he had to glorify his nation and his kagan. Ordinary saturation and uka raids were useful to some extent. God had kept him alive to reach these days, to fulfil his duty, and had kept him alive until these ages. Of course, he had something to do.

Turkish Sir Budun¹¹⁷ was being formed. The number of steppe tribes that obeyed Ilterish Khan and sent envoys with their men and horses to enter his command was increasing. Their lords, their tribes were valued in the recognition that they were part of the great Turkic nation without any discrimination. The meeting of kinsmen was already inevitable. Today, when the kings of the steppe tribes, who had lost their way, and who had been slaughtering the Turks, received the slaughter they deserved,

¹¹⁷ Turk Sir Budun: Various opinions have been put forward on the exact meaning of this definition in the Orkhon Monuments. The common opinion is that it is the definition of "Unified Turks" and the equivalent of "United Turkish Nation".

The unity of the entire nation will be considered an ordinary development.

Bilge Tonyukuk was explaining his thoughts to Ilterish Khan in his slightly larger and more prosperous ottoman and said:

"When the phyllo is thin, it is easy to pierce, the thin one is easy to break, Khan. When the phyllo is thick, it is difficult to pierce, and it is very difficult to break the thick one.¹¹⁸ If we allow our oils to combine, I fear that we will suffer one of the massacres that we have experienced in our distant past. I know we do not have enough men and horses, but Great Khan, we have to attack and fight. If we slaughter the Nine Oghuz kagan and defeat them, if we take the head of their kagan and add their army to our army, we will become stronger. Moreover, the clans who expect glory from us will also line up to obey our command."

"You are right, Great Bilge," said Ilterish Khan. "When I appointed you apa tarkan, I had the utmost confidence in your knowledge and experience. All that you say is true. That is why I left you in charge of my army. Prepare and lead it as you wish. Go and slaughter Baz Khan as he deserves."

This confidence honoured Bilge Tonyukuk. The kagan's kinsmen, Beg Çor Shad and Tusifu Yabgu, were to take their places in the army at the behest of the Great Sage. This would have an effect on the army's unity.

While Ulu Bilge was endeavouring to find more horses and looking for ways to feed his army, on the one hand, he established the order of war by gathering the beys, irkin, army chiefs, guiding and consulting them. He had a considerable power in his hands. Of course, the past had nothing to do with the Turkish armies holding the mountains. Since he thought this was enough for the Nine Oghuzes, he did not stop anymore. Time was short. The power that had been looted-

This simile is mentioned in the Orkhon Monuments.

They should have struck with all their might without being paralysed. Even though they were a small army, if they were well led, they could defeat many armies. They also needed the will and the command of God, which the Great Sage believed to be upon them. Gök Tann would not allow his children to be without a homeland, province and state.

İlterish Kagan had to reach Ötüken Yış and set up his tent.

As the nation gathered, great needs arose. The only way to find them was to raid. Raiding to wherever the nearest, easiest place to find what was needed.

China...

The border was close. It was easy to reach. It was necessary to get what was needed by the shortest route. China was fat. It deserved every kind of slaughter.

İlterish Khan ordered a raid to find strength. "Do not stand against great armies! Engage in great battles
Don't! Go, shoot, take! Of course, the time will come for coastal wars. Until then, we must do whatever it takes to strengthen ourselves."

The order was given.

Eleven raids were made against China. They were small raids, which only a small number of armies could accomplish. Short, hit-and-run raids.

All of them were
successful. Whatever was
necessary was taken!

Whatever was necessary was done.

Ordu-budun means that every soldier and even every woman and girl must be a soldier of war. In the nomadic life, the Turkish tradition, which has been adapted to make every place under the sky a homeland, has confirmed such a phenomenon. There is no other way for the Turkish nation to live. The valour of the Turkish soldier, united with the horse, comrade with the horse, comrade with the horse, in battles, has been taken as an example.

In the past, armies used to be very splendid. Their stance, horsemanship, clothing and weaponry were indicative of wealth. Without fighting, fear would fall into the hearts of the fat. And when the war started...

When the war starts, each soldier becomes war, becomes death, destroys...

Apa Tarkan Bilge Tonyukuk realised all this and was saddened as he watched the Sky Turk army he led to Ötüken Yığı. A victory, a single great victory, would restore the confidence of the soldiers and even change their posture.

These soldiers were the soldiers of an army that was created out of nothing, formed out of poverty. But they were just as courageous and believing. A soldier's heart must first be ready for victory...

"They will be ready! There is no other way!"

Tonyuk the Wise prepared the soldiers, the beys, the irkin for war.

It's their weapons that he's afraid of, fighting just like them, was that they had a strong tribe with strong horses. Moreover, they were more numerous. If they were defeated, their dream of a state would end before it even began. The future of the Turks depended on this war.

The burden of this was also on Bilge Tonyukuk's shoulders.

Towards dusk it began to get colder. The Great Sage, He was thinking about what kind of future the silent rain was signalling. He was afraid that the fate of a nation depended on his own actions. Was the sky lamenting the plight of its children, or rejoicing at the formation of an army out of nothing?

He would take the good side.

"The sky is shedding happy tears!"

The Great Sage, who had reached old age, his long hair grey, riding at the front of the army, was reaching for prayers and offerings, making vows. A voice from within him said, "Utku is ours!"

and tried to find reasons to believe in this voice. It was reassuring that the voice coming from his heart was full of hope.

The Grey Wolves crossed the K k  ng river. They had found a strange strength and gained speed. Prayers were in this direction.

It was as if they could smell the fragrance of their blessed homeland. They did not want to stop and rest.  t ken Yiş was pulling them. It was no longer possible for anyone to stop the soldiers filled with the desire to fight as soon as possible. Self-confidence was growing more and more.

At the same time, the Nine Oghuzs, who had heard that the Turkish army rooted in the Sky was coming against them, had mobilised to oppose this different branch of the same race with the command of their kagan. Even though the Bitiges were fulfilled, the Kılan and the Chinese, whom they considered as friends, could not reach the battle. Perhaps they did not want to come, they wanted the two tribes to break each other.

When it came down to it, Baz Khan would not hesitate to fight alone. He too was a soldier of the same warrior nation. He also wanted  t ken Yiş. Moreover, he had reached the power of kaganate and the glory of ruling was too much for him. If he defeated the Sky-rooted Turks, he would gain great fame and his army would rise.

Bilge Tonyukuk sent out a scout. Incoming sensations prompted him to make preliminary preparations.

"The Nine Oghuz are coming with three thousand horsemen!"

The Turkish army had two thousand men. Five hundred of them were yadag soldiers. This many soldiers and horsemen meant a big difference. When they had freedom to lose, they would fight to the skies. The only obstacle between them and Iduk yurt  t ken Yiş

¹⁹ Or Root Ongun...

these three thousand privates. They had to shoot them, crush them, kill them and pass through.

Or they would die there.

A dream would end before it began.

When there were warriors on both sides, the real work depended on the ability of the rulers. Where and how to fight was of great importance.

The Great Sage voiced this to the army chiefs and their leaders.

"This is a fight to stay or die. The results of our endeavours for so long depend on our resistance. Either we go beyond this place or we die here. Tell your soldiers that this war is for Ötüken Yıış. If we resist, if we kill, then Ötüken Yıış is ours. When our kagan comes and claims our holy city, then we will truly be a state. After that, it will be much easier than before, despite all the difficulties."

The thoughtfulness of the Irkin was due to the condition of their soldiers. Otherwise, flying would not have been a problem for any Turk. Not to live one day longer, but to live with honour.

The kagan was left behind with few soldiers and if this battle was lost, the fatim would want to reach him. Moreover, his sons . they could not wait there without enough men to defend them.

The Sky-rooted Turks were there to overtake, the Nine Oguz were there to strike and stop. One half was led by Bilge Tonyukuk, the other by Baz Kagan.

Baz Khan's army is large and strong!

Whoever has the superior strength... Whoever organises the battle better... will win!

The loss of this battle meant the loss of everything. It was easier to lose life than anything else. Dying was the easiest.

Thoughts were exhausting Bilge Tonyukuk's mind. If the future of the Turkish nation depended on what would happen in this war, if it depended on it...

The Turkish beys, the irk.ins made their soldiers ready to fight with passion.

"We must win. The sky is with us...."

The Sky, the Sky on both sides of him, in whom he believed, who he wanted to win.

Them?

For the order of battle, Bilge Tonyukuk expressed the need for the foot soldiers to support their mounted comrades by continuously raining arrows. For this purpose, five hundred men were to try to break the Nine Oguz army, which had crossed the Tola River, by shooting arrows from their hiding places on both sides. The raiders, who would obviously choose a direct attack, would lose their organisation with this attack and split up, and this time the rain of arrows from the horsemen with swords and pikes. Then a close, man-to-man battle would begin with swords and pikes, and the strongest, the believer would win.

The Nine Oghuzes were the tribe that claimed Ölüken Yiş and wanted to unite with the Chinese and the Kultans and destroy the Celestial Turks together with their kings. Unfortunately, the fact that they were of the same lineage, language and tradition could not prevent them from fighting. They had chosen to be cowardly and oppose the army of Ashina Ilterish Kagan; therefore, their fate should have been death.

This is what the sky should have decreed!

Two steppe peoples fighting is like two mountains crashing into each other. So fierce, so crushing, so effective... One mountain will stay as it is, the other will melt into dust. The strongest mountain will win the battle of the mountains!

It is a war of kinsmen of the same race, speaking the same language, living in the same homeland with the same customs... The war of the kings who want to be the head, to come to the forefront, to rule.

The shores of the Lake of Cows and the region surrounded by the Tola River were chosen by God as the place to give blood and life. Those on both sides were not afraid to die and did not run away from the war. The same two blood will mix and flow abundantly. Iduk yer will be saturated with blood.

The land will be blessed with Turkish blood!

They fought. It was difficult to implement the calculations. It was a difficult battle. Since both sides saw it as a fight for life and death, they struck incessantly. They killed and died without stopping. They did not think of retreating a step or stopping for a moment.

On the one hand, there were many Nine Oghuzs, and on the other hand, there were few Turks with Gök roots... On the one hand, those who wanted their state and homeland back. Those who fought to save their offspring in captivity. On the other side, Baz Kagan, who united with the Chinese and the Kantans against his own kindred.

It was a senseless fight. Soldiers were dying heroic deaths. The selection paths of slaughter and flight were open. Valour was put forward, the most valiant one won, the most valiant one reached the abyss. The sky had opened its gates wide. He immediately accepted the soldiers of such a blessed war. He was proud of them.

In a short time, the heavier side became clear. One began to advance, the other began to retreat.

At last:

The army of Ilterish Khan, led and directed by Bilge Tonyukuk under the testimony of Gök, won the war.

The Turks of the Sky were victorious against the Nine Oguz.

God had willed it; the few had defeated the many. The army of Ilterish had achieved great victory and was saved from annihilation.

When the Nine Oghuz accepted defeat and began to retreat, them
surrounded into the river right lasted
Wise

The Turks of the Sky led by Tonyukuk. Most of the Nine Oguz chose to die in battle, while some of the rest fell into the river and drowned.

His army was defeated and Baz Kagan was killed. Arhk would continue his kaganate as a balbal.

It was a great, great victory. It was soon heard in the steppe. The Sky, who witnessed the rise of the Celestial Turks, was proud. Iduk was proud that the earth was watered with the blood of the valiant.

The spirit of Kür Şad, the spirit of forty bozkurt was sent up. With all the valiant ones who revolted for freedom and reached the plane the spirit of the people was exalted.

"Here!" they said, "Here is our tribe. The men of the Sky, to whom we sacrifice our blood, our lives. May it be blessed!"

May it be blessed!

There was no barrier between the Turks of the Sky-rooted Turks and Ötüken Yış. Moreover, the steppe tribes who heard of the victory were competing to join this blessed army.

The head was clear, the nation had chosen its kagan.

Ötüken Yış...

Iduk yurt...

Bilge Tonyukuk is happy! He restored their homeland to the Turks rooted in the sky. This pride is enough for him. This applause is food for his soul. This pride of achievement...

He is so happy. ..

Agas had passed, he had lived in captivity with the longing for Ötüken Yış. Now he would ride proudly in his blessed homeland. He was thinking about the future of the Buddha, letting his dreams soar high. It had begun again. They existed and were strong again.

He sent a messenger to Ilterish Khan and called to Ötüken Yış. "The blessed capital city awaits its kagan!"

How proud I am even to vocalise it. What a great pleasure!

When the message of victory was received, Ilterish Khan set out for Ötüken Yış with his few remaining soldiers and his nation. Turks who wished to conquer their province and homeland were on the run of a blessed era.

When it was necessary to reach Ötüken Yış, to make it a province again, to make it a capital city, when the Turks, who had escaped from captivity, were overwhelmed...

Ilterish Khan could hardly believe that he was there, holding his province and homeland.

Defeated in the war, the Nine Oghuzes were forced to join the union. From then on, there would be either forced or spontaneous joining. Many kaganless, stateless steppe tribes from the red, black, south-east and south-west had to join the order. The voluntary ones with their hearts, the involuntary ones by force...

It had always been like this, it would be like this again.

When a kagan of Ashina descent, whose roots were rooted in the Sky, established a state, settled in Ötüken Yış, set up an otag and erected a tughon, and waved the Sky-coloured flag with the golden coloured grizzly wolf's head tamga to the power of the wind, those who heard and heard the news would surely get up and join.

They came. Whoever was in charge knelt down and bowed down before Ilterish Khan. He liked a place, a place was given. His army joined the army. Thus, in an instant, he became crowded, strengthened, grew and prospered Ötüken Yış.

"Congratulations, Khan!"

"Congratulations, Great Sage!"

If two thousand, only two thousand Sky soldiers defeated the Eastern Oghuz army, which was larger than themselves, and held Yış Ötüken

The influence of the apa !arkan who led the war was great, but we should not forget that the wish of the Sky God, that he had written this victory to them. Then the Sky had to be given its due.

Sky wants rainfall!

"Do you know where it is, Khan?" asked Bilge Tonyukuk.

"Do I know, Great Bilge?" replied Ilderish Khan. "To be descended from Ashina and not know the great Cave of the Ancestors....."

Its secret is spoken like a dream. It is spoken of in a low voice. Its meaning for the familiar, the value of the Cave of the Ancestors is so great... Even if Ötüken Yış is lost, lost, or falls into other hands, no one else will ever learn this great secret. Only the Ashina nobles and the higher orders authorised by the kaghan know its location. They can participate in the ceremonies by being sworn to death, but they are still blindfolded and taken there. It is very well hidden and cannot be found without being known, explained, shown. In an unknown sacred secret, known from the unknown past, from the far distant past...

God has made this secret for the Familiar, only the Familiar for.

All this time, I've been thinking that the Familiars

The fatan, who knew about it, tried to find its location, they used vehicles, but they could not reach it. Every Ashina man who comes to Acuna first learns the story of the ancestral cave.

Atalar is the place where the mother Bozkurt lives with the ancestral child, whose arms and legs were cut off, whom she rescued from the raid of the oil raid and carried with her teeth, and then became her mate.

"" The Cave of the Ancestors is mentioned in the sources as an epic reality. Its location is unknown, it has not been found.

Cave. The boy with the Sky-rooted root, who was left alone, and the Bozkurt mother, who united with him and conceived him because God wanted it, brought their ten sons there. also gave birth and raised...¹²¹

It is in this cave that Khan Ashina, the first ancestor of the Ashina lineage, and nine of his kinsmen were born. The Cave of the Ancestors, which has preserved the deep-rooted lineage with the Box, is a sign of the Sky and is never ordinary. It is a heavenly, divine place.

Thanks to this cave, the lineage of the Turkish kings still exists in the world. As long as this cave remains a mystery in obscurity, the Ashina lineage will exist.

The Cave of the Ancestors is the secret of the Ashina. God will not allow anyone else to find it, to enter it, to defile it. Never. Those who intend to do so have remained with their intentions, they have perished.

Khan Ashina's birthday is known to his descendants living today. On that day they gather there and sacrifice to the Sky God for Khan Asina. With this offering of rainfall, the ancestral spirits find peace. This ceremony, which has been going on for ages, is forgotten only when the Turk is in captivity, until he is free again.

The time had come.

The Cave of the Ancestors is so important for the Turks that the Ashina nobles, who gather here once a year, become sensuous with the Sky. They become celestial.

The Sky hears and listens to them. It tests and evaluates their wishes. The experiences, the path to existence are remembered and told. The bedizens on the walls of the mağa ¹²² relive what has happened. Whatever there is of the past is preserved and hidden under the protection of the cave.

¹²¹ See "Bozkurt Epic".

¹²² Bediz: Image.

The kings sacrifice their rainfall with their hands in order to find blessing in the power of the Cave of the Ancestors. This unique feature has been kept alive throughout the ages.

The Cave of the Ancestors will forever be known as the birthplace of the Turk.

Familiar people believe so. All
Turks know so.

"We must not delay, Khan!" "We
must not delay, Great Sage!"

They were long overdue. During the time when they did not have Ötüken Yiş in their hands, the expected rainfall sacrifices could not be offered in the Cave of the Ancestors. From now on, every time the age came, it would be remembered with rainfall.

It was decided to organise a great ceremony.

While the Turkic elders and Ashina nobles were offering rain to the Sky in the Cave of the Ancestors, a great feast was to be organised for the nation and the rebirth was to be celebrated.

The rebirth of the Turkic state rooted in the sky... "I will
lead the ceremony!" said Ilterish Khan.

Thinking about that moment, he felt proud and rejoiced that he was an Ashina noble worthy of his ancestors. He had tried, he had succeeded. He would share it with the spirits of his ancestors and tell them about it.

When the Turk asked for blessings from the Sky, the Sky would never deny it.
leek.

The sky belonged to the Turk.

At sunrise, Ötüken Yiş was ready for the blessed ceremony. Ilterish Khan, who came out of his high ottoman and bowed to the sun three times and offered blessings, seemed to have realised that day how bright, powerful and beautiful the sun was, and he prayed peacefully looking at its golden rays.

"God, let the Turks never taste captivity again!"

Help me to free the Turks from captivity and unite them under one flag!"

There were so many people repeating this prayer at the same time! Moreover, they were not yet safe and comfortable enough. They had much work to do, much fat to fight. But now that they had taken back their homeland, they knew what to do next.

In the blessed mountains behind Ötüken Yığı, they started to wait for the preparation of the Ashina nobles who would go to the Cave of the Ancestors, who were waiting for them and the rains they would offer, and the Turkish nobles who would be present at the toy to be established there. Being present at this ceremony, which he would attend for the first time, was a blessing and Bilge Tonyukuk was looking forward to it with excitement.

It was such a splendid ceremony that the kagan's soul was at peace. Ashina İlderish Khan thought that he was burdened with a great blessing.

From the words he kept repeating while praying:

"Almighty God, give me sons who will perpetuate my lineage, bear my name and bring glory to the Ashina and glorify my state!"

God must have heard him...

God will protect the blessed Ashina lineage as long as the world lasts-

tır!

Innovations and dreams...

Expectations...

Those who had come to Yığı Ötüken as a hope had great dreams for the future. In the power of these dreams were themselves, their sons, clans and tribes. Thus, the united and growing dreams were becoming the dreams of a great nation. Now the owner and protector of this dream was Ashina İlderish Khan. Bilge Tonyukuk, who took his place beside him and endeavoured to be the light and guide of thought as a person who guided with his knowledge. He took on the role of a soldier and gave-

The burden is also shared by his kinsmen, travelling companions, beys and irkin, who are candidates to fulfil their duties to the fullest...

The greatest characteristic of the Turk is to believe in dreams, to be attached to dreams. When you believe in it, it goes to the end. Grab hold of it, until it is realised...

"The army is gathered, Great Khan! He awaits your command!" It's time to pay for what has been done, to cut the shore.

had come. From this moment on, China, the biggest oil, the most powerful oil, was going to pay its debt to the Turkish nation, which it had lorded over and made to taste captivity. It was obliged to do so. This debt was blood and life, as much as enough.

It was the return of what had been taken.

"We will destroy those who stand in our way. We will take what is ours and we will take what is theirs. Raiding is our business. We will flood into China. God is with us!"

This was how the Turkic khan, Ilterish Khan of the Gök-rooted Ashina lineage, addressed his comrades on his way to strengthen his state. They would not stop now, they would show the whole world that they were created for war. This was a necessity.

"A raid is made in the time of a raid. The time for raiding has come and our target is the Ping region of China. Our goal is to save our nation that is forced to live there. The wealth and satisfaction we will receive from China in return for what they have done to our nation will make our state strong and our nation prosperous."

China had been taking all this time. Now it was going to give.

They advanced very fast.

Ilterish Khan, Bilge Tonyukuk right next to him. At the head of their army Beg Cor Shad and Tusifu Yabgu ... The Turkic beys of the Sky-rooted Turks, irkin...

They entered the Ping zone from one end. The army they came across

They defeated the du and killed many Chinese. They took Ch'an-yü province. They killed the provincial sanggun and broke his army, and burnt it down.

The sky witnessed their deeds. The Turks' greed for war...

They were wars of revenge.

It was the destruction of the shame of captivity.

With their unstoppable wet fury, they annihilated the crowded Chinese armies one by one, just like in ancient times. They put them to the test of manhood and were defeated every time. The nobles of the T'ang dynasty, who had risen by deceit and deceit, were looking for ways to stop the Turkish army.

It was a futile endeavour, for they had no remedy.

Advancing forward, Ilterish Khan entered the Lan region, the army of Sanggun II mister Wang Te-mao was destroyed and he himself was killed.

In a short time, they reached Ordos,¹²³ which had been a Turkish homeland since time immemorial. In order to protect Ordos, a large Chinese army was stationed near the Chinese Wall rising in the east of the city. They thought that they could resist and stop the Turkish army, but they realised their mistake by dying for their misconception.

It was time for the Chinese to
die. It was time for the Turks to
live...

A great battle had been fought that day, and at night the kagan's hut was set up on a hill dominating the victorious area. Hundreds of tents were pitched so that there would be no men in the open, and the Turkish custom from ages past was followed, and the high tents of the apa!

¹²³ This region with large pastures is very important for Turks. China took these lands where Turkish horses were raised and surrounded them with a wall.

The order of the order was as follows.

As per the custom, Apa Tarkan Bilge Tonyukuk had formed the Börü Troop from the soldiers of Ashina nobility, selected forty soldiers for this troop, and had them stationed around the otakh to protect and guard the Kagan and his son.¹²⁴ Whatever the state custom dictated was done, nothing was left undone. This was the only way the Great Sage could find peace. One by one, the khiduns who would receive and bring the salms¹²⁵ released to regulate the income and expenditure of the state and the commanders who would ensure that they were used as required were appointed.

The establishment of a state was being completed rapidly and completely.

Toy was set up in the kagan's tent.

Beg Cor Shad asked:

"Great Khan, what is the new raiding route of our army?" The Khan replied:

"I say we should hit the Ting region this time. Let's make China regret what they did to us before winter!"

He said this and looked at Bilge Tonyukuk. Thus, he questioned the appropriateness of his order. The Great Sage smiled. He liked the word of the Khan. When the army set out, raids should be made as necessary. China had to be crushed without raising great armies or travelling new roads. He had to recognise the Turk.

He was thinking about the first war he had led. How much they had grown in a short time...

"We were two thousand men! Some of them had no horses. Now we have two huge armies!"

The Kōrgler had heard the news that China was beginning to be impressed by what was happening.

¹²⁴Börü Union: It consists of forty valiant men selected by rules established by an ancient Turkish tradition and applied for centuries. The duty of the Turkish Börü Guards is to protect the kaghan, his otbah and his son. It is believed that the first person to establish this unit was the Hun Khan Teoman. On this subject, see my book "Teoman Khan".

¹²⁵Salma: Tax.

and the consequences. It was unpredictable what the consequences of possible changes would be. Before that, they had to go as far as they could and get as strong as they could.

The Ting region was dispersed. It was burnt down so that it would not be forgotten that Turks had passed through here.

*"Kangım kagan had this much, forty plusukı had travelled the road, yigirmi süngüş süngüş. Tengri had made illigig ilsiretti, kaganligig kagansıratti, yağig baz kagan, tizligig sökürti, başlıgig yükündürdürti."*¹²⁶

"China will become even more chaotic!"

Bilge Tonyukuk, who was born a prisoner in China and spent his youth and advanced years as a prisoner in China, knew China well. It is good that he knew China well, otherwise he would not have been so accurate in his judgements. In accordance with the saying, "Know your oil well, choose your friends well!", which has been expressed as an ancestral advice from the past to the present, he was seeing signs of a strong future.

In his opinion, inter-dynastic and intra-dynastic quarrels would intensify in China.

Emperor Kao-tsung had died, and it was not easy to fill the vacuum that immediately followed. The unexpected uprising and success of the Gök rooted Turks and the helplessness in the face of successive raids on China shook the administration, which was in favour of the Turks. Because there was a secret fight between the new rulers and the old ones. If this quarrel had continued, it could have led to divisions.

The T'ang dynasty, which had ruled China for a long time, had been ruled by the Im

Due to the presence of the empress Wu-hou, it was characterised by a two-headed government. On the surface, there was agreement and unity, but Tonyukuk was sure that this would not last long.

¹²⁶ "My ancestor kagan has raised an army forty-seven times and fought twenty wars. Because God willed it, he made the ill to be ill, the kagan to be kaganless, the fat to be subordinate, the kneeler to kneel. He made the head bow to the head." ... Orkhon Monuments, Bilge Kagan Bengutasi, East Side.

Empress Wu-hou had endeavoured for a long time to seize power in China, and today she had achieved her goal to some extent.

It is necessary to know her story well!

Where did this empress come from? How did she rise and become so influential?

It was still secretly rumoured that Li Yüan, the founder of the T'ang dynasty¹²⁷, was descended from the Tobas¹²⁸. It had been known from the past that he was a Turk who had become Chinese, that he retained the characteristics of this noble blood, and that he retained and often demonstrated the racial influence he had assumed. When he was a powerful sanggun in the Chinese army, Li Yüan had mobilised with his like-minded comrades and seized the Chinese throne. Closest to him were Ch'i-pi Ho-li, a one-armed sanggun of Nine Oghuz descent, and She-ni, a sanggun of Ashina descent. They were also of Turkic origin, but they preferred to be Chinese and claim to be Chinese. The Tang dynasty, which was formed by those who completely forgot their Turkish side in time and chose to become Chinese, ruled China for a long time and still ruled China.

These people, who dominated China with their power in the beginning, were the last

In the meantime, they started to be at odds with Chinese nobles and other dynasties. When the Turkish influence was completely erased and the T'angs, a Chinese dynasty, ruled China, they did not refrain from favouring the Turks with Gök roots.

¹²⁷ The Tang dynasty ruled China between 618-907.

¹²⁸ The Turkic tribe known as the Tobas or Tabgachs established sovereignty in North China, in the Shansi region, and became the founder of the dynasty that would rule all of North China, with Tai as its capital (315-376).

His son Kao-tsung, who succeeded Li Yüan, fell in love with his ancestor's beautiful chambermaid in the palace.

But in Li Yüan's lifetime, he had to keep silent, burying it in his heart. When Emperor Li Yüan died, according to Chinese custom, the heads of all his wives and concubines were shaved and sent to the Buddhist temple where they were to live out the rest of their lives.

Kao-tsung's favourite concubine was among them.

Kao-tsung, who became emperor and ascended to the throne, saw the woman he loved, his ancestor's chambermaid, during a visit to the shrine in question, and the fire in his heart was rekindled. The empress, who was his sister-in-law at the time, was childless, so he had to take a new wife to win the heir to the Chinese throne.

to find a wife for the emperor. So the empress was persuaded, the former emperor's chambermaid was brought from the Buddhist temple where she had been staying, taken into the palace and joined the emperor's wives.

Of course, Emperor Kao-tsung was going to treat his former favourite differently. Thus the destiny of China would change.

While all this was happening, the chambermaid's ambition and lust for power was unknown. When it was discovered, it would be too late.

The former chambermaid, who suppressed all her rivals in a short time, managed to influence her new emperor sister, Emperor Kao-tsung, to eliminate the actual empress and to declare herself empress. Moreover, she had all the emperor's other women arrested, imprisoned or killed, leaving her unrivalled. The former chambermaid, who took the name Empress Wu-hou, had become so influential that she was able to establish the powerful lineage of the T'ang dynasty.

He had even opposed and destroyed most of them. He was able to establish his influence by promoting his loyalists and placing them in influential positions.

Empress Wu-hou, after the death of Emperor Kao-tsung

On"" he placed his son on the throne, but as his guardian he took the government completely into his own hands. The Buddhist monks at his side were quick to do their duty. They prepared a noble history for Wu-hou, formerly an ordinary chamberlain, but now ruler of China. They rewrote and consecrated his life so that the Buddha would not revolt. Wu-hou's consecrated life, and therefore Wu-hou himself, would be honoured.

The Buddhist monks said that Wu-hou was the daughter of the Buddha, and they made up evidence in their heads that her nobility was sufficient to rule China. They tried to explain this with records. They told everyone everywhere. Moreover, they forced it to be accepted.

Wu-hou was now very powerful and no one had the courage to say that these proofs were false. So it was accepted that he was a noble, great person. With this acceptance, he could rule China.

This was also the period when the Turks' struggle for freedom was in full swing. Many T'ang nobles had been slaughtered or driven out of the capital under various pretexts. This left a vacuum in the Chinese administration.

Empress Wu-hou had never forgotten the Buddhist monks who had helped her in the Buddhist temple where she had been forced to live in the past, and she had chosen to keep them close to her and to give them positions in the administration of the state. Thus, it was in her interest to keep her power strong by taking advantage of the religious power of the monks over the people.

When the people he put in charge and gave great powers to were people who did not understand war and army, the defeats against the Turks started to put him in a difficult situation. As the Turkish armies grew stronger, the Chinese armies were defeated in battles, China

¹²⁹ Date of Kao-tsung's death: 684

Turks were advancing as their armies were defeated.

Wu-hou would try to stop the Turkish raids by taking new measures.

Empress Wu-hou endeavoured to find a solution by appointing Yüan-kui, the sanggun orunlu ilba of the city of P'ei-p'ing, to try to stop the raids of the Turks of the Sky root. It was a hope and she had to hold on to it.

A large army was placed under the sanggun's command, but he was an incompetent and uninformed person. The biggest factor that prevented him from succeeding in this task was his fear of the Turks. Sanggun was very afraid of the Turks. Even hearing their name made him tremble. It was enough to say, "Turks are nearby!" to keep him awake at night.

This fear was so ingrained in the Chinese sanggun's soul that he thought it would be better to surrender or flee rather than fight. He did not care that he had abandoned the empress's command. The suggestions made were not effective either.

As an outnumbered Turkish army approached his city, Sanggun sent an envoy. Declaring that he would not fight, he opened the gates of his city to the Turks. He thought that he would save his life if he welcomed the Turkish khan in a proper way. He was right in this too. The Turk loved the brave of the fat. He had no need for victories achieved without fighting.

Budun hid in their houses out of fear and waited for the Turks to come.

However, this unexpected situation made Ilterish Khan sceptical. He could not imagine that his people could be so helpless, incompetent and cowardly. Why would they choose to surrender instead of fighting, he thought. He did not enter the city, considering what might be a trap instead of interpreting what happened as a good thing. It was a trap.

The Chinese had played the games many times in the past and it had ended badly for the Turks. He could not jeopardise his small army even with the slightest possibility of an ambush. He consulted with Bilge Tonyukuk and his elders and chose to retreat and wait for a while. He did not need to enter anyway, he had sent his cowardly sanggun salma with a big caravan. Thereupon the Turkish army retreated.

Sanggun Yüan-kui rejoiced at an unexpected result. It would have been better for him to have been victorious than to have fought and been defeated. He had succeeded, he had kept the Turks out of his city. Of course, he would expect higher honours and gifts from the empress. And a mission away from the Turkish borders as soon as possible.

The Turkish army, which had been waiting near the city for some time and received the salute, turned in another direction with a sudden decision. In front of them was the Kui region. Chinese cities were waiting for them to be taken and burnt. Of course, those who spontaneously sent a salute would not be told no again.

They came across the city of Ch'an-yü. Ilbai wanted to fight. This request was not refused.

The city was besieged. It was not difficult for the Turks to break through the walls. Ilbay Hsing-shih was killed and the city was taken. The days of captivity were avenged. It was burnt to the ground. Everything useful was taken. China was paying and would pay.

Sky-rooted Turks did not stop. Their aim was to spread more uneasiness to China and take as much as they could.

The Wei territory was entered, and the defiant Provincial Colonel Ssu-chien was eliminated. The pacifist buddha was left untouched; it was enough to take what they needed. Many farmers and craftsmen were taken prisoner. People were chosen to serve Ötüken Yış. While they were fighting, someone had to do their work in their homeland. They had to produce for them.

All this was done to avenge the past and remind China who they were. Turks were thirsty for war. They did not want to stop, they did not want to waste time. They endeavoured to gain more power and wealth.

Feng region was also affected by the Turkish raids. Ts'ui Chih-pien, the sanggun ilba of the region, was captured and imprisoned on Chiao-na Mountain, where he fled and hid. He was now to pay a heavy price for his freedom.

The successive victories had strengthened the Turkish state, intimidated the fat, and increased the participation in the unity of the state. Ilterish Khan's word was listened to and his command was obeyed.

Raids to China would continue.

Bilge Tonyukuk thought that it was no longer necessary for two armies formed with increasing numbers of soldiers to raid together. Separate raids would be more useful and more work would be done, unless they were confronted by large armies. With the authorisation of the Kagan, he took nearly half of the army and started to raid alone. In this way, he could reach the intended targets in a shorter time and expand the frontiers.

After several successful raids, Bilge Tonyukuk unexpectedly encountered a large Chinese army in the Huang-hua-tu-yeh region. The Chinese army, led by Ch'ang-chi, one of China's famous sangguns of Tabgach origin, attacked the Turkish army at an unexpected place and at an unexpected time. There were too many of them. Even the efforts to retreat by fighting were not enough. The Turkish army lost many lives. They suffered badly from being caught short. This time the oil put Bilge Tonyukuk into a well-prepared war game. They were in a war of annihilation.

They were surrounded on all four sides. Although the Turks tried to break the siege and retreat several times, they were not successful. They had no choice but to fight to the death, to die. When the two armies entered into each other, neither the dead could be accounted for nor the survivors.

In the fierce battle, more than ten thousand Turkish soldiers reached the cliff. Twice as many Chinese were broken, but since it was not possible to exhaust them, Bilge Tonyukuk gave the order to retreat at all costs.

"Let anyone who finds a way break the siege and try to reach the mountains! Don't worry, if we survive, we will slaughter China. Fight to live, to keep your comrades alive!"

If they failed to retreat, their chief beys, irkin, even Bilge Tonyukuk might be captured. They realised what a bad outcome this would be. They were choosing death to avoid this opportunity.

Finally, they broke the siege by force. The surviving Turkish soldiers managed to leave their weights and hold the mountains with their speed. A large number of horses, cattle and sheep obtained during the raids fell into the hands of the Chinese. Nobody cared about goods and herds. The important thing was not to be captured.

The Chinese army pursued the retreating ones. They did not want to miss the opportunity to destroy the Turks thus captured, especially Bilge Tonyukuk. While the war and pursuit was going on, Bilge Tonyukuk sent out messenger soldiers, but he could not reach Ilterish Khan and get help. Deciding on his own, he was trying to save his remaining soldiers, asking God for help to get out of this difficult situation.

It was a long chase, a retreat in which many lives were lost and much blood was given.

After much effort, Bilge Tonyukuk withdrew his few remaining soldiers and brought them to the protected area. Thus, he saved the Turkish army from total annihilation. The Chinese had to stop following after a while.

This was the first defeat after a long period of triumph. It was bad, of course, and regrettable. Although he accepted this as a warning, the Great Sage of course vowed to respond to it in a short time. He thought that he should not fall into such an ambush, that he should not fight in narrow places against the large Chinese army, and that he should increase his vanguard and blind troops. Against the Chinese, who fought to ambush and trap and destroy, he would choose to use ways of warfare that suited them.

"If we do not decide the time and place of the war, we may suffer such defeats against the Chinese armies."

Ilterish Khan regretted the defeat of his army led by Bilge Tonyukuk, lamented the loss of lives, but expected he couldn't. With the speed of age, he rushed to his aid. He was late for the battle. There was nothing he could do but comfort Apa tarkan.

"Don't worry, Great Sage, don't worry. We'll soon cut the coast of this to China! And we will cut it a thousand times more. And we will do it as soon as possible!"

"The Great Khan is in command!"

Ilterish Khan and his soldiers were anxious to do what was necessary for their braves who had reached the plane. They could not just leave them. On the one hand, while they were preparing to take revenge for this defeat...

the Chinese were searching for the Turkish army's secret camp in the mountains.

Sanggun Ch'nag-chi's deputy, Sanggun Ch'üan Pao-pi, had appointed a large number of Chinese troops. These Chinese messengers, whom he sent all over the world, immediately passed on what they had learnt to the army chiefs. Sanggun Ch'üan Pao-pi had secretly scoured the area, followed the trail, and came to a conclusion. He decided to wait.

the camp of the retreating Ilterish Khan. A siege and a sudden raid with a large army would have had disastrous consequences for the Turks. For China, it was a great triumph...

Sanggun Ch'üan Pao-pi thought he had a great opportunity. However, Ilterish Khan was cautious because he expected such an endeavour from the Chinese. He was a wise king who had built a state. He always had to be vigilant and cautious. He had placed advanced scouts far away on the route of the army, in places where a raid could be possible, and he had heard about the Chinese army before it approached.

"This is the opportunity I have been waiting for! Come on, Great Sage, while we were waiting for revenge, the fortune of revenge has come to us. Let's show these incompetents how the Turk fights."

Countermeasures were taken and the crowded Chinese army was ambushed. The valiant Turkish soldiers rained arrows on them from all four sides. The Chinese troops, bewildered by this unexpected attack and not knowing what to do, could neither escape nor retreat. They were in a desperate battle, struggling clumsily. It was their turn to die.

The Turk reaches the sky, rises to the sky! The
Chinese...

He dies to serve the Turk in the sky!

After a bloody battle, not a single Chinese was left standing. Ilterish Khan won a great victory. Those who came to raid did not know what had happened and were destroyed before they realised that they had been raided.

Thus, the defeat of the recent era was responded, the valiant were avenged, and the epic was written with a greater glory. Ilterish Khan dedicated this triumph to Great Bilge and all his soldiers who fought with him and reached to death. Then he gave the command.

"Raid!" They would not stop.

Afterwards, China would be devastated with similar raids. Having learnt great lessons from what had happened, the Turks had made raids by taking every precaution. The triumphs were for the Turks.

China is in fear...

Helpless in the face of Turkish raids.

Empress Wu-hou and her son, who was a pretend emperor under her protection, were at peace in their sheltered palaces.

They were worried because they were no longer safe even there. Many sangguns and ilbays had died and their armies had been destroyed by the relentless Turkish raids. The bad old days had come back again.

the Empress feared that this would continue. She was having great difficulties in the administration. The Greeks were organising to overthrow her. Their numbers and influence were increasing. The nobles to whom she entrusted the nobles with the task were coming up with unreasonable solutions, but they were not yielding any results.

The Turks had become so strong that it seemed impossible to stop them. Fear had fallen into the hearts of the Buddha. So they had to retreat and the lands and cities formerly under Turkish rule had to be left to them. China had to withdraw its armies from the Turkish homelands. Resistance was pointless. It was no longer possible to defeat the Turks who had come to their senses. There would be no games to play in this age.

With such a thought, the Chinese had accepted defeat from the very beginning. However, only a few years ago, the Turks were the dominant force. China was looking back to those days and was angry with itself for not taking more effective measures to protect the Turks. Again and again it was searching how this had happened. How had the Turkish nation risen so high?

There is only one nation in the world that can fight and raid non-stop!
Only one nation is never tired of raiding, never exhausted in raids!
For only one nation are battlefields and toy fields synonymous.
For that one and only one nation, it is the most meaningful dream.

kind

Türk!

He was created in the sky and sent to the ground to fight.

There is only one nation which, with effective, strong and well-behaved kings at its head, can hold the land with its small numbers and defeat the fat of many. The Turks. ...

God has made them masters of war.

During one of the long raids, one of the blessed returns to Ötüken. Yiş, İlteriş Kagan received the good news that his sister İlbilge Hatun was pregnant. It was expected, longed for. When it was announced, the budun held a toy.

İlteriş Khan visited the Cave of Ancestors. He prayed for this blessing to be honoured with a son. Even he himself had forgotten the number of the rain he had dedicated. His kinsmen had sons. God had not given him a son until that day. Of course, the state he had founded would not remain without a head, but if he had a son, the Ashina lineage would be blessed and the trust of the budun would increase in the kagan.

While he was going on a raid, his mind was also on the Yiş of Ötüken. During the long raiding ages, he had to constantly ask for sensations by messengers. Especially as the time of birth approached...

If only he could get the good
news he wished for... "May I have
a son!"

This time, İlteriş Khan was striking the Shuo region of China with a large army led by himself. On the one hand

On the one hand, he was fighting, and on the other hand, he was waiting for a messenger from Ötüken Yış. If he had a son, no matter where the messengers to find him and inform him.

How hard it was to fight in anticipation. How hard it was to think that every messenger brought the good news he had been waiting for.

The good news never came.

It was a blessed raid with many messengers again. Now, the raiders could no longer set up obstacles for the Turkish armies flowing easily into the Chinese interior. Plenty of ulcas without war brings wealth.

İlterish Khan gave the order for return. He was so excited that curiosity was affecting him to the extent that it was clouding his mind. He was also worried about II Bilge Hatun's health. Such a delay did not seem to him to be a good thing.

Finally, the expected announcement came as they approached Ötüken Yış. Bilge Tonyukuk had learnt that the kagan had a son. Now he wished to convey this to the kagan in the most beautiful way.

He stood just behind the soldiers who had come to gather the kagan's ottoman. When he saw that the Great Sage was looking at him with a smile, he exclaimed, "Are you in luck, Apa Tarkan?" so loudly that the soldiers stopped.

"There is a blessing, Khan!" said Bilge Tonyukuk. "The great knight!"

He closed his eyes, the kagan could not say a word. The question he wanted to ask had never left his tongue. He just waited for what the Great Sage would say.

"God has given you a son! Bless you, Khan!"¹³⁰

The cry of joy must have been heard in the sky. A grizz-

¹³⁰ As the date of Bilge Kagan's birth, sources point to the year 684 (the year of the Monkey in the ancient twelve-animal Turkish calendar).

in the wolf howl... The wolf howled as a wolf, the kagan called out to the Sky, which was a sw1Um of blessing. He was not alone, all his men accompanied him. This sound was heard far away. The Chinese retreated behind the wall, expecting a new raid.

İlterish Khan has a son! A son whom he will name, teach manhood, wisdom and prepare for the future of the state...

"God, you have given me these good days!"

Those who had a son knew the meaning of this feeling as they had experienced it long ago. They also knew that its reflection contained a great blessing...

The Ashina clan had gained a soldier. In fact, the whole Turkic-dun had won.

"Let's return to Ötüken Yış, Ata!"

"Let's return, Kağan!"

"Ata" was Bilge Tonyukuk...

They loved such returns very much. May

God make every return like this!

The Utkular army and its kagan were given a great welcome in Ötüken Yış. Those who showed the longing for the glories of the Turkic nation, which was flowing from few to many, were also celebrating the birth of his son, who had honoured the nation at the arrival of Khan İlterish. The soldiers of the glorious army were unable to ride their horses due to the crowds. Such a crowd surprised both Bilge Tonyukuk and the kagan. It was enough for them to realise how much they had multiplied.

The kagan in the forefront, the Great Sage on his right, Beg on his left When Cor Shad and Tusifu Yabgu were riding with the noble lords of the bud behind them, the budun was applauding them with their hearts and words of praise. It was impossible to describe the enthusiasm.

"O great khan of the Turks!"

"The proud kagan of the Ashina clan, you have brought blessings to your homeland!" "You and your kin are the pride of this nation! May your son bring good luck to your nation, Khan!"

"Brave ones, your arrival has enlightened Yiş!"

Flowers were laid along the roads they travelled. Women and girls sang songs and praised their soldiers. The Buddha had a great gift for the kagan. They didn't stop, they built a high, unprecedented, golden-coloured otakh for their kagan.¹³¹ Nine bricks with golden wolf heads were erected in front of it, and nine wolf-headed flags with wolf heads were left to fly.

Of course, the Golden Örgün, one of the kaganate insignia, was also prepared.

The Golden Örgün is the blessed tahn ... The sign of wealth. ... Now the Turkish kagan will sit on this throne.

It is wealth that provides all this. The wealth provided by the kagan...

The beautiful Ilbilge Hatun was dressed up for this day, dressed in her ceremonial clothes, her forty-six-year-old calf in her arms, and went out to meet her husband. Her daughters were lined up right behind her, smiling at their ancestors who were rich in glory.

The khan had such a leap down from his horse that no other soldier could have achieved such a feat. This performance also received great praise and applause.

The Khan. In front of the Great Khatun... He was at a loss for words to express his happiness. Great Khadun helped him.

"You have brought bliss to your homeland, Great Khan. The last of the victories

may you be free. God has given you a son in the blessedness of these days." Then he held his son with both hands and handed him to the king.

He could not be there at his birth. All that time had passed in wars and this was the moment he missed. Ilterish Khan took his son with a happy glow on his face.

¹³¹ Gold colour is the sign of the Turkish kagan.

When the cool winds of autumn hit his face, the pleasantness of the honeybee's nerves made Kagan smile. Here was the son he longed for in his hands. His ancestor was seeing him for the first time. He lifted it above his head. He vocalised the name that came to his mind at that moment

it was his right.

11Boğcu ...^{*1J2}

He was named, Ashina bala. He was named right then and there. He would grow up with this name. He was taking his first steps into life with this name. His first name was given by his ancestor kagan, and the next ones were left to the knowledge and permission of God.

Budun shouted this name.

The sky listened to these blessed cries.

"Boğcu Tigin ..."

Life is for living. Erlik is for fighting. A life adorned with battles is the longing of a soldier.

The kaganate is to glorify his nation, to make his state strong and to make wealthy. Shadlik, tiginlik is for the future of the nation and the security of the throne.

When the Turkish khan sits in the Golden Örgün, when his people follow him and are content with what they have, his oil does not stop or sleep!

¹³² Although different behaviours are observed in Turkish naming ceremonies, the general tendency is to wait for the male children to show heroism and valour in order to be named. In addition to this, it is also known that people who are known as ancestors, ancestors, and the holy men of Gök, the kams, have the right to give names. In addition, it is also known that names are given during and immediately after birth, influenced by extraordinary events and nature, without taking into account time and place. As a general tendency, the name is changed throughout the life, and some noble Turks change their names at the age of tiginlik, shadlik are the customs mentioned in historical sources. Chinese historical sources record that Bilge Kagan's name before becoming a kagan was M<->-chü-lien. He was called Hsia<->-sha (Little Shad) in his shaddom. In order to be faithful to historical information, the closest Turkish equivalents of these names will be used.

All this stagnation is not the work of a soldier. It is the work of great kings to keep the line of the homeland in the shadow of the Sky and to drive it further, to spread the Turkish name as much as possible, as much as fate allows, to establish mastery and write epics.

Ilterish Khan was a great kagan.

Bilge Tonyukuk, the great sage of his nation. Apa tarkan, who met freedom late and was passionate about it. He knew that waiting was bad for the state. Raids were necessary. More and more raids with many nations. It was necessary for the state, the nation and the province. God created the Turk to fight, not to stand still.

Then...

With the spring, in the renewal and festivity of spring, the Grey Wolves went on the raid again. The lesson to be learnt by China, the shore to be cut was not over, it would not end. The anger of the Sky-rooted Turks would continue. The captivity that had taken so long would be paid for, and the reward would definitely be taken. Until China would kneel down and ask for forgiveness! The rains were skipped to see those days, in order to live until those days...

Ilterish Khan commanded!

The wealthy cities in the Tai region of China were hit one by one. The Chinese armies were crushed. Without a break, without stopping, Turkish troops poured into the interior of China.

This time the Chinese empress authorised Sanggun Shun-yü Ch'u p'ing.

"Enough of all these casualties and deaths. Stop the Turks. Go and recruit as many soldiers as you can. Raise an army. End the fields, end the deaths!"

He had no peace in his own capital, in his own palace. How had the Turks become so strong in such a short time?

They are. Did captivity and poverty have no effect on this lost nation? Even those who wanted to become Chinese, even those who sided with them, where were they now? What kind of power, what kind of influence united the Turks and made them indestructible, invincible? How could the Turk change so much and come back to himself in an instant?

On the one hand, he tried to take precautions by sending out an army, and on the other hand, he wrote orders to his divisions, asking them to find a solution. His throne and power were almost lost because of the Turks. What he had built with so much time and organisation would be destroyed.

Each new army, each newly appointed sanggun gave rise to new hope, but could not be effective. Indeed, Sanggun Shun-yü Ch'-p'ing's army captured the Turkish army in Hsin province. But he regretted catching them and confronting them. There was such a massacre that in the first encounter more than five thousand Chinese tamuyu¹³. The Chinese army, superior in strength and numbers, was shattered. The Turks, who considered war as a toy, played with the Chinese troops. When the orders of their sangguns were ineffective, the Chinese troops found no other way but to flee.

This time the Emperor authorised one of his higher divisions, Wei Shih-chia, the head of one of the noblest sons of China, whom he had previously shunned because he had dreams of the throne, to raise a larger army. He was also counting on the help of his internal fatty, who was now recognised as competent against the Turks. If he succeeded and defeated the Turks, he would be saved from a great trouble. He would ordain the army of the chief division to divide the power with him. If he was defeated, his fame would be maligned and it would be easy to destroy him. Either way, a rival would be eliminated.

Sanggun was one of the largest armies in China, the Yen-jan-

ill Tamu: Hell.

tao"" army and sent them against the Sky Turks. More than three hundred thousand Chinese troops were constantly charging and fighting, trying to catch, trap and ambush the raiding Turkish armies. Yen-jan-tao, who had lost so many warriors in this year-long chase, returned with his head bowed and his former fame gone. The Turks had exhausted another Chinese nobleman and sent him back to his emperor.

Bilge Tonyukuk, Ilterish Khan's Apa Tarkan, the one who had stood by him in all the battles. The irkin who existed with raids and swore to take part in raids as long as he existed... He was peaceful in his old age. He thought that he had done his duty to his nation, that his years of captivity had paid off. From now on, he had to take measures to make his nation live more peacefully.

When autumn came, the Turkish army returned home again with plenty of food and sustenance. The valiant Turkish soldiers made their homeland prosperous.

They went to great lengths to make money, to live off their wealth, to multiply and grow stronger, so that in the spring they would again pour into China and again ravage and destroy.

Moreover, they were happy with a new good news.

Ilbilge Khatun had given another son to Ilterish Khan. The Kagan explained this box by being in Ötüken Yış. His sons were born free in a free province. Every breath they took was their own.

He immediately gave the name of
his son. "Kül Tigin!"¹³⁵

"" Military governorship and commander-in-chief of the northern region.

¹³⁵ Although it is claimed that the name of this blessed Ashina soldier should have been "Göl" and it is more meaningful to be called "Köl", it is also known that some writers and historical researchers prefer "Gültekin" as it is known to the Turkish nation.

Two sons, one after the other, were God's gift to the Ashinah. The sky was happy with what was happening on the ground and was celebrating their children.

Thus, the sons of the kagan, born one year apart, would grow up together, and learn the skill and virtue together. They would be the continuity of the Ashina lineage, the guarantors of the Turkish state.

Spring again, raids again...

The solution was thought of, and Hei-ch'ih Ch'ang-chih was appointed as the great sanggun in the Chinese army this time.

This was all the solution the Empress could find!

The great sanggun divided his large army into three units. He set up ambushes on the raiding routes of the Turks so that there was no other way to catch them. In the meantime, he had chosen a system that would not break the bonds between his armies, but would enable them to unite in a short time, unite and destroy the small Turkish armies. It was a new way, and if well implemented, the Turks could be destroyed.

When he was in charge of ten thousand troops, which formed the centre of the Chinese army of thirty thousand soldiers, he was informed that there was a trace of a small Turkish troop of three thousand soldiers. For him, the size or small size of the army he would defeat was not important. The Chinese state needed a victory over the Turks. A single victory meant renewed hope. As long as he could defeat and destroy the Turks and make his empress happy.

The fact that the pronunciation of "Kül Tigin" is mostly preferred in the generally accepted software of the monuments has been taken into consideration, and this name has been preferred to be used so that the reader does not refuse. In addition, unfortunately, the historical sources do not mention which name this Ashina soldier took and which names he used in the future, as opposed to which name he was called before according to the Turkish naming tradition. Historical sources have calculated Kül Tigin's birth date as 685 (Year of the Chicken according to the 12-animal Turkish calendar).

Let him announce a good omen. Immediately, he sent messengers to the other two troops and called them to surround the Turks.

Three ten thousand Chinese troops spread out from three different directions and surrounded the three thousand Turkish army. They tried to leave no place to escape or retreat.

In the past, the Turks would have chosen to retreat and seek escape routes in the face of a Chinese army more numerous than their own. This is what had to be done close to the horizon. While some of them kept the fatty busy, arrowing from a distance, others would try to find a way out, at least some of them would break through the siege and escape. With their strengthened horses and skilful driving, this would not have been difficult, but

such faith and strength had come to them... Crowd oil

they chose to face their people, to fight. After all, flying was also a blessed choice.

Thirty thousand Chinese against three thousand Turks. ..

It was a decision beyond the comprehension of the Chinese. It was an effect that a Chinese could not understand. Desperate, desperate struggles to the death had no meaning in the Chinese language. It was incomprehensible to a Chinese that these three thousand heroes, who had laughed at the call for surrender, should be able to endure such a mad battle when they could not possibly succeed.

In fact, forty of their ancestors had stormed the Chinese palace guarded by thousands of troops under the leadership of a blessed shady woman.¹³⁶

Three thousand Turkish horsemen wanted to fight to the death that day, to write an epic. They were laughing, joking, swearing to each other to meet in the sky.

"How good it is to fly together!"

Three thousand valiant Turks bravely stood up against thirty thousand Chinese soldiers. And with an extraordinary display.

They got off their horses to show that they would fight on the

¹³⁶ Kūr Shad's uprising.

They dismounted. They tied the tails of their horses.¹³⁷ In front of the Chinese who watched them with astonishment, they put on their light ^{tails}¹³⁸. Then they jumped on and attacked the Chinese army with loud shouts and howls of grizzly wolves. Until they got close, they intimidated the Chinese army by shooting arrows with their powerful bows. They retreated for two journeys and shot arrows at the arrow range again, so that the Chinese warriors' helpless breakdowns and their inability to shoot arrows at them were greeted with mocking laughter. By this time the encircling circle had been narrowed and there was no space left to ride. This was what was necessary and they plunged into the very centre of the Chinese with bare swords and snow.

The aim of this irrational war should have been to show the Chinese how to be a soldier and how to fight, and the Turks of the Sky were very successful in this.

They struck and struck until each soldier met the Sky. They broke, they broke...

Broken! They died and killed.

The sky was open, accepting... It enveloped them so much...

They became one with the sky, in its deep blue infinity. One by one they flew away.

Nearly half of the three thousand braves had reached the plane, and at least five thousand Chinese had been sent to Tamu. Suddenly, with the sound of a trumpet, they reversed their horses and left the incomprehending gazes of the Chinese behind them, and retreated through the breaches. How it happened was not understood, because one had to be a master of war to understand it. China's great sangday he stared at these one thousand five hundred Turkish soldiers fleeing from his hands.

After.

The battle for the cliff ended in triumph, with three thousand soldiers wiping out thirty thousand Chinese.

¹³⁷ Tying the tail of horses before the battle is a sign of readiness to fight to the death.

It is a very old Turkish custom. It is called widow-making.

''' Kuyag: Armour.

A battle they had never understood, and a retreat at the end, still seemed like a triumph to the Chinese, and they rejoiced. If they had counted the dead on the ground, they would have realised what a defeat they had suffered. In their own way, they had won a victory despite all the casualties.

The words of the army chiefs, who thought that they would get good gifts and honours by praising the great sanggun, made the great sanggun believe what was said, not what he saw. Yes, he had won a great victory, defeated a large Turkish troop, killed half of them and made them flee. He would immediately send a messenger to tell his empress. The empress, the glory-hungry Wu-hou, would be happy. "We have defeated the Turks!" he would boast, and he would sit more comfortably, clutching his tahna more tightly. She would tell her inner fatty what a triumph she had won, and that from now on she would have to defeat the Turks.

how he's going to destroy it.

So did the great sanggun. He was satisfied with this victory and returned back.

Neither following the retreating Turks nor advancing towards the Turkish homeland with a new raid crossed his mind. He was satisfied with what he had taken, and considered survival as a gift.

The Chinese sangguns were desperate enough to be consoled with cheap and meaningless victories.

The Chinese army halted at a new camp. They had to relieve their fatigue, rest and...

It was past midnight. The great sanggun was happy in his sweet sleep, chasing Turks in dreams of unlikely battles. Suddenly he was awakened by the cries of grizzly wolves holding the sky. He opened his eyes to see if he was in a nightmare.

and rubbed it with both hands. The voices he heard told him the truth.

"The Turks! Turks are here!"

There could be no other description for the howls of the grey wolves. The desperate cries of the sakists, the desperate cries of the

The running of the Chinese troops, the sounds of horses and men mingling together...

It was this bloody raid that proved that the reports that Turks did not attack or fight at night were wrong, and that Turks would not wait for battle when they felt like it. Some one thousand five hundred Turkish soldiers, who had retreated in front of them and who had become bitterly resentful at leaving behind the lifeless bodies of their comrades, had returned to ask for the blood of their comrades whom they had lost in the day's fighting. They had returned to fight, to fly. They had returned in order not to leave their comrades alone in the Sky.

And what a return. When the only command of the chief officer was "Kill!"...

How would the Great Sanggun Hei-ch'ih, who had just declared victory to his Empress, account for this defeat? What would he have to say for what he had lived through?

It was difficult to describe such a bloody battle.

The battle lasted until near dawn. When the Turks retreated, they left behind a crushed Chinese army. Of course, they had taken many of their comrades, but what they really needed was war and victory. And this they achieved.

The great sanggun escaped with minor wounds, but somewhere he had lost his courage. He was now heartless. He was startled and trembled at every sound. Fearing that the Turks would come again, he gave orders to his men, who still did not realise what was happening.

"Gather round. Light a big fire and stay awake! No sleeping! If the Turks come again..."

They didn't come.

They didn't need to. They had written enough epics and inscribed it on the great sanggun of China.

"You will never appear before us again! You will never forget this night!"

Another year passed.

Boğçu Tigin and Kül Tigin grew another year older.

The young Turkish state grew and strengthened with them.

In China, the situation was very confused. Empress Wu hou, who thought that she had to find a response to the defeats, a culprit, announced that she had completely abolished the name and influence of the T'ang dynasty and that she was the only one who ruled China.³⁹ She completed this task by driving her son, Emperor Chung-tsung, into the interior of China. He was his son, but he was of the T'ang lineage and could not tolerate this dynasty. He did not spare even his son in taking revenge on the dynasty, which he saw as the cause of all that he had suffered in the past.

The meaning of this was only to increase his power within China. Despite all her failures, Empress Wu-hou had achieved this. She became the sole ruler of China.

It would not be enough to stop the Turkish raids. On the contrary.

Spring came to the Turkish armies with the promise of raids.

Tonyukuk the Sage! The great irkin, who devoted his existence to his budun, was following the custom.

"Every spring is for raiding again!"

When spring came, it was time for the raid! "Until the spring is exhausted, we must raid without stopping!"

When the Turkish khan Ilterish had the same thought...

When they entered the Chinese city of Ch'ang-p'ing under the command of Ilterish Khan, the army was ready for a new victory. Hei-ch'ih, the Great Sanggun of China, came against them with a large army. When the Turks were few and the Chinese were many, the battle was fought according to the will of the Turkish soldiers and the order of Bilge Tonyukuk. First they struck swiftly; then they took their time and withdrew the army. Then again ... Weary, tired, frightened and scared away-

¹³⁹ The date given by the sources for this event is 689.

the crowded Chinese army. It was now their right to laugh behind them. And to advance...

The fight was not only with China. One after another raids were also organised against the Kılan, who had done evil to the Turks in the past and who would never be friends, and who would harm the Turks by raiding the Turkish homeland whenever they had the opportunity. It was not difficult to intimidate this fat nation by going a little further each time and killing a little more Kılan. They destroyed the land of Kılan with seven raids. This coast was the coast of the past. If they did not obey, if they again became fat, the persecution would continue. They wanted to claim the Turkish land and destroy the Turks.

So they had to pay for it.

Shortly afterwards, a raid was made to the Shuo region of China under the command of İterish Khan. This time, three Chinese armies led by three famous sangguns confronted the Celestial Turks. They were very crowded and Bilge Tonyukuk realised that they could be destroyed if they were surrounded in the first battle. When he told this to the kagan, he was ordered to retreat. The Chinese army fell behind them, this time choosing to follow relentlessly. On the one hand, he was also trying to besiege them and block their way. However, they could neither capture nor attack the Turks. The Turkish army kept their distance, retreated to the Gobi Desert and waited for the Chinese to come. They knew how to fight in the Gobi, which was one way to defeat large armies. The great sanggun, knowing what had happened to those who had tried to do this in the past, gave up watching and turned back. What had happened was announced to the Chinese court as a great victory.

"The Turks have escaped!"

No, no, no! The Turks had not fled. They retreated until the time was right. They were not about to let their army perish, to let their hair-

they weren't so weak as to be broken by a battle. They knew when and how to fight.

Empress Wu-hou was delighted with the news of the usual victories, but this woman of reason wondered why there was no decisive result. Why the great casualties, why the destruction of Chinese cities? Why were the sangguns so powerful and so victorious, why were they waiting to crush the Turks and destroy their state? Boasting of his achievements and on his way back, the great sanggun commanded the Black Canaan to launch a great raid towards the Turkish homeland.

"If you have defeated the Turks, pursue and destroy them! or your victory will mean nothing." This thought was irrational, this expectation was a great mistake.

There was no army to shoot the Turk in his homeland anymore. Those who came would come to die.

Although no one was happy with Empress Wu's decree, the desperate sangguns organised their armies and headed for the Black Sea again. For this, they put one of the three armies under the command of Sanggun Ts'uan Pao-pi and put him in the vanguard. If there was an attack, the other two armies would immediately follow and the Turks would be surrounded.

They had organised themselves according to the Chinese. However, the Turks were in front of them.

Bilge Tonyukuk had sensed what the Chinese were trying to implement, had received orders from Ilterish Khan and had prepared accordingly.

Sanggun Ts'uan Pao-pi was convinced that the Turkish armies were showing themselves and retreating for show. Because the dream of winning a great victory had taken his mind. His empress expected a decisive victory from him. His future also depended on it.

When the Turkish army took a sudden turn, when it was confronted by an unexpected force, it sent a messenger after it and asked for help from the other sangguns. They had so agreed and had no other choice. But he did not know that the roads to help were blocked. Bilge Tonyukuk sent other troops to distract the Chinese. China's other sangguns also dreamed of defeating the Turkish armies that came against them, and the pioneering Sanggun Ts'uan was unhurt.

Ts'uan waited in vain for help.

While his soldiers were being broken, he was still looking behind him for the help to come. He had established the order, but he was the victim of the order he had established. The battle was short, another Chinese army was destroyed, but Sanggun escaped and barely saved his life. It was certain that he would never lead an army towards the Turkish homeland again. His heart was filled with such fear...

The last victory completely extinguished China's hope of exterminating the Turks. Fear and uneasiness increased, their expectations were destroyed. This was what had to happen and it caused many lives. The Chinese realised that they were facing a powerful state and a powerful kagan. Empress Wu-hou's anger it is rumoured that he removed all the failed sangguns from their posts. tired. Choosing an easy way of revenge, he started to define "Pu-tsu-lu" when talking about the Turkish Khan Ilterish in his bitig, and turned it into a commandment.

What good was it to him?

This did nothing but anger the Turks. They attacked non-stop and won territory from China after each battle. More and more of their buddhas were freed from the hysteria. In fact, the lands they were occupying were their own homelands and they were saving them from occupation. At the cost of their blood...

whether the 1.0 Kaganate lasted or was short-lived.

The intense raids forced Empress Wu-hou to look for solutions, but they also led her to make more mistakes. This was evidenced by the fact that she appointed a Buddhist monk, Hsie Huai-i, as the supreme sanggun and placed an army under his command. It was not reasonable to put a powerful army under the command of a monk and send it to the land to destroy the Turks. However, he no longer had any sanggun.

Although this powerful army tracked for months and advanced to the Ts'u river, somehow it could not come across the Turks. However, they were hitting other parts of China at the same time. This helplessness had to be attributed to the success of the great sanggun. Somehow he had always led his army to places where there were no Turks.

Years had passed and the Turkish state had clung to life with wars and raids in order to regain its former strength. The pain of captivity was not forgotten and efforts were being made not to return to those bad days that lasted for fifty years. Budun was prosperous and his kam was full. The Great Khan had three more sons, and God wished that this blessed son would multiply.¹⁴¹

"Pan Tigin, Kang Tigin, And Tigin...-

Thus, two older and age-matched kinsmen and three younger and age-matched kinsmen, five Ashina leagues, were being trained to take part in the future of the Sky-rooted Turks. The state would be stronger on their shoulders.

On the one hand, China was dispersed by raid after raid, and on the other hand, the same noble steppe tribes in the southwest, who refused to submit to the Turkish state, were put in their place and taken away.

"" Most historians agree that Ilterish Khan had three more sons. However, there is no detailed information about their names or their lives in the sources. An attempt has been made to utilise the little information available.

They were reminded of their duties. This duty was undertaken by Apa Tarkan Bilge Ton yukuk.

At the same time, the Chinese state was anxious to break the rising influence of the Tibetans. The empress of China, who had prepared an army to suppress this tribe, which had started a rebellion similar to that of the Turks, did not hesitate to put at the head of this army a Turkic race of Ashina descent who had lost his essence and was loyal to China. Since the Turks were the first to think of war, it was undeniable that the empress highly valued the Ashina Chung-chieh, who remained loyal to her and considered Chineseisation an honour.

Sanggun Ashina Chung-chieh, who might even soon choose to fight against his own race, was very successful against the Tibetans. He took back the An-shi region, which had been under Tibetan rule for twenty-two years. China had chosen to hold it by establishing four caravans.

When the Tibetans realised that they would perish and their homeland would be taken away from them, they asked for help from the Turkic kagan of the Sky-rooted Turks.

"If you help us defeat the Chinese, we will come under your rule!"

Ilterish Khan did not refuse this request. Immediately an army and sent help to the Tibetans regardless of the autumn season. Thus, he enabled them to resist the Chinese army.¹⁴² Tibetans managed to stop the Chinese thanks to Ilterish Khan. and they were off.

On the other side, the war continued.

The Turgish tribe refused to bow to the Turkish kagan"

¹⁴² Year 692.

¹⁴³ Turgish: According to Chinese sources, a Turkic tribe belonging to the Tu-lu tribe of the Ten Arrows. The homeland of the Ten Arrows is the westernmost part of the Turkic homeland.

A raid was launched on them. Of course, it was not an easy raid and it would not end in a short time.

The Turgish had thrown off the Chinese yoke, and Uchele", who had announced his kaganate, had defeated and chased away Hosrav Böri Shad, who had been appointed by the Chinese and who had chosen to be loyal to China, and after Hosrav, who had saved his life only by taking refuge in China, had endeavoured to gather all the Ten Arrows in the unity of the state he had announced.

With his powerful army, he had held his borders in Chach,¹⁴⁵ Turfan and Bashbalig regions. He wished to grow bigger and stronger, and the biggest obstacle seemed to be the Turks of the Sky. And on the other side, the Arabs, who had begun a show of strength and were in the process of expansion... Uchele, a strong place between two strong oils was preparing for war in order to hold it.

Some Turkish historians believe that this name should be read as "Üç-elig".

¹⁴⁵ Chach: The name of Tashkent at that time.

"Kangım kagan anca ilig törg kazgıp uça barmış. Baz kagan had put a balbal on Kangım kagan. In that törede, he would become a kagan. As soon as he became a child, the Turkic budunug went out. Çığanyğ made bay, azıg made eughüş. "146

Ötüken Yış is silent...

Ötüken Yış is in mourning...

Aalar loaded hearts. All the enthusiasm was extinguished.

Founding the Turkish state, freeing the Celestial Turks from captivity and making them again invincible Great Khan Ilterish,

he was delirious. A disease of unknown cause enveloped his body. Despite all the efforts, the fever could not be extinguished. The great khan, whom the battlefields could not hold, was gripped by a disease so that he could not get up from his bed.

The fate of a soldier should not be like this.

A great kagan who was built on valour and valour should not be destroyed like this, but this is fate. Because God said so...

In the obscurity of pain, when and from where is unknown. Illness kept the Ashina brave, who struck fear into the fat with his heart that did not fit in Acuna, captive on the bed.

Another captivity...

Despite all the efforts of the Otaas,¹⁴⁷ the holy men of the Sky, the kams, every passing day was to the kaghan's detriment.

"" "My ancestor kagan won the province, honour and flew away. Baz Kagan first erected a balbal for my ancestor kagan. The kagan sat on that honour. My uncle kagan reorganised and fed the Turkic nation. He made the poor rich and the few many." ... Orkhon Monuments, Kül Tigin Bengutaşı, East Side.

¹⁴⁷ Herbalist: A physician, a wise person who makes medicine and cures illness.

and they could be seen. The Great Sage, his wife, his comrades, his kinsmen did not leave his bedside and waited in hope. Every time he made a sound, every time he moved, they took it as a blessing for his recovery.

However, Ilterish Khan was melting before their eyes.

Boğçu Tigin was eight years old and Kül Tigin was seven years old. His other three sons were still very young... However, Ilterish Khan had a dream to go on a raid with them and fight side by side.

Tonyukuk the Wise could not bear the loss of his kağan, with whom he had set out together and become a comrade, and his eyes were misty. "There is still a lot of work to do!" he was saying to himself, in case Gök would hear and pity them.

"Their son who will take his place is too young. Please leave him to us. Give him time to realise what he dreams, what we dream together!"

Hope persisted, but the herbalists said...

It did not happen!

Ilterish Khan could not resist. He could not try to live, the gates of from the new Sky were opened to take another Ashina.

In the times when the Turkish nation was in captivity, he reached the age of youth and met the shame of captivity.

Kutlug Shad was called Kutlug Shad.

He did not stop, he did not consent to the bad fate of the Turk. He chose to resist to change it. He proved at every opportunity that he was a soldier worthy of his ancestors who fought for freedom. He took sides in all the freedom wars he grew up in, took part as a private and fought. He neither expected nor wished for a reward. His wish was for Turkishness and to live in the homeland of Ötüken Yıſ...

He took seventeen comrades with him and escaped from China, from captivity.

If he had not escaped, he would have lost his head; a revolt had ended with losses, hopes had come to naught, and his comrades had been beheaded.

Together with seventeen men he reached Chogay Kuzı Mountain and stayed there. All the Turks, nobles, beys and kinsmen came to him.

he called out. First seventy, then seven hundred, then more and more. Bilge Tonyukuk escaped from captivity and joined him. He took a place beside him and announced his kaganate. When he received the kaganate from the Sky, he was called Ilterish. Those who believed in freedom marched to Ötüken Yış with him. He took part in so many battles; the earth witnessed his valour.

Ilterish Khan succeeded; the Turkish nation tasted freedom, had a homeland, a province and a king.

Seventeen times he struck the Chinese, seven times the Kanyans, five times the Nine Oghuz and countless times the other fatigues and won glory by fighting with them. Shady, yabgusu, apa tarkan and other Turkish beys

They raided forty-seven times. They fought twenty great battles.¹⁴⁸

They made the head of the head to bow, and the knee of the knee to kneel.

He won many victories, fed his hungry people, and made the naked and he dressed his people, Hterish Khan. But when fate wills, he wishes to take it with his power. Neither herbalists nor kams will help the great kagan.

What a tragedy!

The great Turkish Khan Ilterish is on his way to the sky. God brought him for him. The Great Sky will rejoice with him and the earth will grieve at his departure.

His comrades are experiencing his absence.

He left behind a state.

A province, an army...

Five sons...

¹⁴⁸ These numbers are taken from the Orkhon Monuments.

Many daughters...
A tearful Great Khatun...

Ilterish Khan reached his final rest.¹⁴⁹
He was young, how could the fate befit him to fly?
The Turkish nation mourned. Speaking tongues have ceased to
speak. The Yiş of Ötüken is weeping for him!
There is nothing to do in the face of fate!

God gave Ilterish Khan only ten years in the kaganate. All that
happened, all the raids, all the wars were completed in these ten years.
What greater proof is there that he was a great kagan?

In the kagan's ottoman, a boy in pain... The
son of the kagan...

Boğçu Tigin, who was eight years older than his mother, and Kül
Tigin, a year younger than him, were the daughters of the kagan who
were silent with tears in their eyes, trying to share their mother's
sorrow... All of them were unaware of what had happened, playing by
themselves, thinking that their three little cows would never be able to
recognise their ancestors, and all of them felt sadness in their hearts.

Two kagan sons ...

Two familiar men who had become soldiers, they were aware of
what had happened and what was to come. Their experiences had
made them grow up before their years. The truth was true, God's fate
did not change. Unexpected illness had taken away their ancestors at a
young age. Ilterish Khan had now won his place in the Sky.

The good, noble Ilbilge Hatun would have cried more and
burned more if her sons were not with her, but she resisted

¹⁴⁹ Sources give the date of Ilterish Khan's death as 691. In this case, he must have
died at the age of 30-31.

his grief. She had lost her soldier at a young age and had become a widow. She was to be honoured according to the custom and, of course, she was not to be left hungry and in want.¹⁵⁰

The fact that a kaghan was a kagan posed other problems. While the Turkic custom favoured the election of the eldest son of the kagan as kagan, if he was too young, as was the case now, it was considered appropriate for an older kagan's kinsman or an influential Ashina noble to become kagan. The establishment of the Toy and the opinion of the elders would help to resolve the problem.

Waiting was the most difficult and there was not much time for it. The hopeful ones among the waiting ones were also looking for solutions in their own way. The horizons were making invitations and calls for them with lights. They did not want to dwell on the issues they considered themselves right, and their basis was the custom.

One of those waiting was Beg Çor Shad.

When Ilterish Khan became a kagan, his son¹⁵¹ Beg Çor Shad was a valiant young man of twenty-seven years of age. At the very beginning of the journey, he had been by the side of his sire kagan, had participated in many battles under his command, had led armies on his own, had received countless wounds and had shown great merits. He was loved, respected and his name was praised.

The state continued. Of course, it would not be possible to be without a king. Turkish tradition was loaded with knowledge for this, so that the tradition would be implemented.

On the one hand, while the mourning was going on, Ilterish Khan established a mourning chad-

¹⁵⁰ Turkish tradition requires the siblings of the deceased to take care of his family and children. This is to prevent them from becoming destitute and destitute. For this purpose, one of the brothers takes the deceased brother's wife as his wife and adopts his children as his own. Thus, inheritance fights do not arise. Uruges are not divided. Children and women would not be orphaned. Considering the conditions of the time, it will be understood that this is an appropriate solution.

¹⁵¹ Ini: Younger brother.

"While the Turkic nation was grieving for their great kagan, expectations had to be made, and the new kagan had to sit on the Turkish throne, the Golden Örgün, as soon as possible.

The very next busy day...

Beg Chor Shad made his presence and power known and stood for the kaganate. Many of the Ashina nations he had met with recognised him as rightf ul and declared that they would be behind him. The opinion of the Great Bilge was important for him.

Bilge Tonyukuk, whom the Turkic nation trusted, believed and listened to... He had organised his thought in the words "Toy must be established, a decision must be taken!", which was the right thing to do. According to him, it was right for Beg Çor Shad to be the kagan. If the toyguns expressed the same opinion, the problem would be solved. If this was to happen, the grieving son and sons of Ilterish Khan should not be left on the sidelines, they should find their rightful place. They had to be in unity, they had to be on the side of the kagan so that the state would live.

While mourning his comrade Ilterish Khan in great sorrow, Bilge Tonyukuk was not unaware of what had happened and what would happen in the future. The person who was dependent on his word to become a kagan today might not recognise him as a friend tomorrow because of his closeness to Ilterish Khan in the past. He might not be able to attract his influence and might endeavour to keep him behind. Power could arouse such passion in people that wrong c o u l d be seen as right and right as wrong.

Bilge Tonyukuk was in mourning respect. Silent construction-

¹⁵² In ancient Turkic beliefs, deceased great persons were first kept in mourning. For this purpose, their bodies were preserved with special medicines and surgical interventions, so that they would remain intact until the day of yogh. Yoğ was held twice a year. For those who died in winter, yogh was performed in spring, when the leaves turned green, and for those who died in summer, yogh was performed in autumn, when the leaves turned yellow. The time for this was decided by the kams by looking at the stars and telling fortunes.

He did not interfere much because he thought that the commemorations were appropriate, and he was waiting for the appropriate time to provide guidance and solutions.

This time would not be too late.

Having heard of the flight of the Ilterish Khan, the Turkic raiders had taken action to put the Turkic state in difficulty. The kagan had to be chosen as soon as possible, the army had to be gathered and the raid had to be launched. The state could not afford a moment's idleness. Especially when it was not fully matured, not strong enough... The establishment of Turkish unity was not complete...

He thought for a while more and decided to be a guest of Bilge Tonyukuk and Ilbilge Ha tun at the kagan's otaku. The main reason for this visit was the desire to talk to the eldest sons of the kagan and to inform them about what should happen. He had to explain the custom to them, make them realise that their rights were not lost and remind them of the need to stand by their parents. There should be no question left in their minds. He wished that tomorrow they would not judge him, that they would know why. He was the closest to them and always would be. Perhaps he would suffer for it, but it was what he knew was right and he had never abandoned it. That was one reason why his name was associated with trust.

A private is a private by his word! By his deeds, by his behaviour...

The sons of Ilterish Khan, two of his kinsmen who were brave enough to take part in the test of manhood, welcomed their ancestor's companion with great respect. Bilge Tonyukuk was honoured. He honoured them with their holy stance.

Ilbilge Hatun, after scolding the guest, left the soldiers alone so that they could talk freely. When they asked her to stay with them, she refused. She was now a widow

She was a woman and it would not be appropriate for her to interfere in state affairs.

There were many words to be said, but to draw the path of the word required the same mastery. And who could do it better than the Great Sage?

"My heart aches, my horses!"¹⁵³ he began. It was the right thing to do. His horse had recognised the two young men and his heart was burning.

tired. Words were not enough to express his sadness. However, he had to do something for the state that day. What he had to say concerned both his two kinsmen, his wife and him. The path to be chosen is the state ...

"While the absence of my war comrade Ilterish Khan has caused so much pain to my heart, I know that your pain is even greater. Because you have lost both your kagan and your ancestor. While we are in this situation forced by fate, we should especially know this: The spirit of your ancestor is happy where it belongs. In the peace of fulfilling his duty while he was alive, in the pride of offering the best of valour, in the pride of being next to the spirits of the ancestors. With the pride of the state he founded, he now sits in the highest of glories, on his throne in the sky. And the state that glorified him and made us happy continues and must continue ... For the survival and growth of the state, for the fulfilment and prosperity of the people, it is necessary to make decisions without wasting time!"

The two kinsmen nodded their heads. Their good upbringing made it easy for them to understand what was being said. The older one said something like:

"We will do our part, Apa Tarkan! If our first duty for the state founded by our ancestor is to fly, we are ready for that too."

These words of wisdom were spoken by an eight-year-old child. Tonyukuk the Wise just looked dumbfounded. He could hardly pull himself together. His eyes turned to Kül Tigin, who had chosen to remain silent in front of his sage. He was proud to see in him the respect he had for his brother Boğçu Tigin.

¹⁵³ Ah: Nephew.

"These boys are different!" he thought, and turned again to Boghchu Tigin, who he knew would understand his words, and whose last word showed that he had grown up.

"We have so much fat... You know!" "Do I know, Apa Tarkan?"

He was vocalising the burden his ancestors had placed on him. The depth of the place in his heart became clear.

"And that the state should not wait, should not stop..." Slowly, Boghchu Tigin nodded his head.

"It is necessary to elect a new kagan!"

This was the most effective part of the speech. Immediately, Bilge Tonyukuk got straight to the point:

"If your age were competent..."

"Isn't there a custom for all this, Apa Tarkan? Surely there must be a solution!"

The Great Sage froze, unable to say a word for a while. He shook his head from side to side, trying to find a suitable word, trying to come to his senses. "Of course," he finally managed to say, "honour exists for such cases!"

Bullchu Tigin responded without delay:

"Then!"

"Then..." breathed Bilge Tonyukuk, "The great eçin Beg Çor Shad wishes for kingship!"

Boğçu Tigin was not surprised by this announcement. He fixed his eyes on the eyes of the Great Bilge. He asked his question without waiting:

"What do you say to this wish, Apa Tarkan?"

"I..." Bilge Tonyukuk breathed again and said, "I cannot speak of Beg Çor's manhood or valour. He was one of the first to obey your field. One of the first to leave China with him, one of the first to burn the wood of freedom on Çogay Kuzı Mountain... He recognised your ancestor's kaganate and acted accordingly. He deserved it with his labour. He took part in many battles and cut heads. How many times we went to war together, I witnessed his valour."

"Is the kaganate right?"

This was the most difficult question. Like a test...

"Töre finds Beg Çor Şad's kaganate appropriate. Budun loves and respects him. Even the elders, beys and irkin will be on his side."

The Great Sage did not hesitate to respond. He knew that this

"Sen!"

wise boy would understand even the smallest dilemma and come up with other solutions.

"Me too... If there is a toy and this wish is approved, I will obey Beg Çor Shad's kaganate! That is the best way!"

Boğçu Tigin bowed his head to the ground. He thought for a while. At the end...

ra;

"My ancestor, the Flying Khan, I value your word and opinion.

that you always told the truth, that you always did the right thing. He also told us to always honour your word. If you approve of the kaganate of our great sage Beg Çor Shad, then of course it is our duty to abide by this decision!"

That's all...

Words full of wisdom. A stance befitting a tigin...

Sons worthy of the Ilterish Khan of Flying...

"May God's box light your way!" said Tonyukuk the Wise, "I have seen that your virtue is worthy of our ataruza. I will always be with you, I will keep you informed, and I will do whatever it takes to get what is yours when the day comes!"

This was an oath and it was given with faith.

Not long after, the toy was established.

With the common wish of the Toyguns, Beg Cor Shad was elected Kagan. He took the name "Kapkan Kagan" under the command of Gök...

"" Kapkan Kagan (692-716): It is known that this name was the title of the Turkish kagan and means "Conqueror". According to some Chinese historical sources

God's box signalled it. When celebrated with this blessing... Traditions were followed, ceremonies were performed accordingly. Irkinler,

beys and nobles came and followed Kapgan Khan. Bilge Tonyukuk and two sons of Ilterish Khan were among them.

Budun rejoiced and boasted. He knew and trusted that the Turkish throne was in competent hands. While mourning was going on on the one hand, the statute ordered preparations for the feast celebrating the kaganate.

When everything is done on time and in place, it will be fulfilled.

When the time came, Kapgan Kagan, who knew the custom, had the balbal of the Nine Oghuz Khan Baz Kagan erected in the name of his son Ilterish Khan, so that as long as the world lasts, Baz Kagan would serve the valour of his son. May he serve Ilterish Khan in the sky.⁵⁵

Ilterish Kagan had met with the Sky, and the Turks, under the command of a new kagan, were heading towards the future.

Kapgan Kagan was a valiant kagan who knew the meaning of time. And the meaninglessness of keeping the Turk's fat empty... He consulted with the beys and elders and decided to raid to China. It was to be a raid of an age. Its effect had to be great so that its power would be heard. Let it be known that the Turkish province is not unclaimed.

Bilge Tonyukuk waited for Kapgan, who was sitting kagan, to make decisions about the state before the raid. Indeed, this was not the old time. The state had to be renewed, duties had to be defined and orders had to be issued. It was not even clear whether the position of apa tarkhan over him would continue or not.

Although they wrote that Kapgan Kagan took the kaganate by force, Bilge Ka ğan stated in his monument that it was a matter of custom.

''' The erection of the balbal of Baz Khan, who was the Nine Oghuz Khan and died in battle, in the name of Ilterish Khan is a tribute to his spirit.

he was in charge. With the order of the raid, it seemed as if everything would go on as before, but Bilge Tonyukuk felt that this was not the case. If the Kagan did not make the necessary judgement in due time, great difficulties would arise the next day. The Turkish state was not strong enough to bear these troubles.

Even though he knew the truth, he did not see the need to explain since no one asked him. It was best to wait.

It seemed appropriate for Kapgan Kagan to make his first raid to China, to the Ling region. There had to be a wealthy result, plenty of wealth, plenty of dollars had to be taken. Striking this region, which was both wealthy and close to home, would certainly be of great benefit. When he gave the order, his army was prepared and set off with him at the head.

When the kagan is at the head of the army, the power is multiplied thousands of times, the heart of the soldiers is charged with holiness! The kagan who leads his own army is loved, respected and praised.

China had made its own preparations against the expected Turkish raids. Large armies had been established, and measures had been taken. It was thought that Kapgan Kagan would not be able to provide the effectiveness of Ilterish Khan.

However, the Turkish army was strong and the kagan was valiant.

Kapgan Kagan dispersed the army of Sanggun Li To-tsu who came against him. He slaughtered the Chinese troops mercilessly. For him, the life of a Chinese meant that he would appear before him again the next day or the day after tomorrow. He had all the captured Chinese soldiers and commanders killed. He ordered looting and destruction in the Ling region.

China recognised the new Turkish khan, although it was not very happy about it. He understood his power, ability and organisation. Kapgan Khan was sharp, tough and perceptive. Nothing had changed for the Turks of the Sky root. Moreover, everyone obeyed him and there was no duality within the state.

Kapgan Kagan's childhood was also spent in captivity. He was haunted by China's ways to destroy and erase the Turk. China had never been a friend, never would be. They had games and Kapgan Khan knew these games well. And the necessary response... He would work for the Turk with all his might in the path of his valiant ancestors, as a member of the blessed Ashina lineage.

With the decisions and actions taken by Kapgan Kagan as soon as he took power, China realised that there was a kagan who tried to glorify the Turk without leaving the path of İterish Kagan, and he had great anger against China. This was due to the long period of captivity.

Empress Wu-hou, while continuing her efforts to find a different way to stop the Turks, was on the way to appoint new sangguns and build new armies. For this, her supporters were again her favourites. Because to put large armies under the command of someone who was against him would be to prepare his own end.

He appointed a new great sanggun: Hsie Huai-i, himself a monk of the Buddhist Pai-ma Ma monastery. He appointed this ignorant person, who knew nothing about the army or warfare, as the head of the eighteen sangguns who commanded the Chinese armies. This was an unprecedented authorisation. Then he ordered them to resist the Turks with all their might.

"Stop the Turks at all costs!" The great army was mobilised without waiting. It moved, but...

Time had passed, Kapgan Kagan's strong influence was seen, and uneasiness and fear had increased among the Chinese troops. If someone shouted, "The Turks are coming!" every one of them was looking for a place to flee. A frightened army could not fight. The Chinese army was afraid. The crowd they were in was nothing but a show.

it was no use. Fear had once captured their hearts. Meeting the Turk meant death, and the Chinese did not want to die.

When they finally encountered the Turks, and it was a small army, they chose to wait instead of fighting. It must have been a new order of battle of the Chinese sangguns to put a distance between them that the Turkish arrows could not reach, and to hide behind their shields and wait. Thus, there was now a great Chinese army that accepted defeat without fighting.

A strong, crowded, but frightened army...

Of course, the Grey Wolves were not going to stop just because they stopped. First they pretended to attack and rushed at the Chinese. When they saw them cowering in fear, they called out, "We don't even need to fight with you!". They laughed merrily and turned away in another direction. They just left them there.

The Chinese did not fight, nor did they bother to follow them.

However, the Turkish army that came against them was only a raiding force of a few thousand.

The great sanggun of China thought:

"If I attack, I am likely to be defeated. If I am defeated, the empress will surely think ill of me. Therefore, there is no point in letting my troops be broken and dying in vain. Let's say I win. That won't stop the Turks anyway. But if I form a defence line and wait... Maybe the Turks will give up their raids. What the empress really needs to do is a good peace."

Waiting and wishing for peace instead of fighting could not be the thought of a war soldier. Anyway, the Chinaman could not be a soldier of war.

When the Turk was free and on the horse, the Chinese thought not to fight and not to die.

He did so and saved his army and himself.

Sanggun. He did not think that because they were not fighting, the Turkish army was flowing in another direction. He had done his duty.

The great sanggun, who had not fought for an absurd reason, but who had somehow become the Empress Wu-hou's greatest security, fell into such a bad situation when the attack of the Turks from another side became known that the Empress immediately dismissed him and appointed Wang Hsiao-chiei as the great sanggun in his place. However, the former sanggun's action was to be regarded as a solution, and he was to give up the offensive and only work in defence, Chinese armies would be on standby. These were the new laws of warfare, and in the distant past, the Chinese had fought similar wars against another tribe with Turkic roots.¹⁵⁶

When this path was followed, the past was replicated. Chinese armies used to wait for the Turks behind the wall! The Turks again on the dominant side, the Chinese again on the defensive side... Thus, the Chinese sangguns and their troops, who thought that every day they lived, every day they stayed alive, was won...

Kapgan Kagan made continuous raids to China for three years. Bilge Tonyukuk also took part in most of these raids. However, he was no longer on duty as apa tarkan. The army was being led directly by the kagan. The Great Sage led the army under his command, just like the others. Sometimes

The Turks were bringing victories to the Turks by raiding all over the four corners, sometimes collectively, sometimes in small troops. Kapgan Kagan's fame was increasing, and his friends as well as his supporters were multiplying.

The raids were devastating for China. While the Turks were attacking China with all their activity, victories were coming one after another...

¹⁵⁶ In the age of the Huns, many Chinese sangguns chose to stay behind the wall rather than fight.

Kapgan Khan suddenly offered peace to China.¹⁵⁷

He didn't consult anyone, but he was right. Because he had business with the raiders on the other sides. He did not want to divide the army and his power, he wanted to raid to the southwest, to take the same noble steppe clans under his command, and to increase the number of soldiers in his army with them. If the people living in the south-west were left alone, they could mobilise in the most difficult moments and strike from behind the Gök rooted Turks, and there were sensations of mobilisation. The Turkish khan had to act more swiftly. Therefore, the Chinese border had to be secured first. While fighting on the other side, a Chinese attack from this side would put the state in difficulty. The good kagan had done what was necessary.

The Chinese empress Wu-hou embraced Kapgan Kagan's request for peace. Peace with the Turks was also a good opportunity for her to stop the turmoil within China. She did not make a new request, nor did she condition the withdrawal of the Turks from the places they had taken. His only wish was that there should be no new raids. In order to ensure this, he showed great acceptance and sent gifts to Kapgan Kagan in abundance.

China had bowed down. China had suffered a heavy defeat.

Kapgan Kagan's main wish was to rescue the Turkic tribes still captive in Ordos¹⁵⁸ and to take them from the Chinese yoke. He thought that he could achieve this through peace and that he had squeezed China enough. As their existence would be of great benefit to his state, he also wanted to regain the Ordos region and include it within the borders of his state.

¹⁵⁷ The date when Kapgan Kagan sent an envoy to China is shown as 695.

¹⁵⁸ The Ordos region was the Turkish homeland and its pastures were very necessary for the nomadic people. China has long dominated Ordos.

For a strong state, they needed more soldiers, more d needed Kapgan Kagan. He could have got the soldiers he needed from his fellow steppe people of the same race. But they would refuse to submit. This meant great battles. Uniting all the steppes was a great dream and had been achieved many times in the past. Kapgan Khan also wanted to pursue this dream.

At the same time, another power was growing stronger in the southwest. Something had to be done before they reached the Turkish border. The rumours were that the Arabs were constantly advancing and trying to spread their new religion. For this reason, Kapgan Khan was going to make a raid to the southwest.

China's submission to the Turks, and Kapgan Kagan's full embrace of the peace proposal was perceived as a weakness, which it was, and this result mobilised other tribes of China.

The Kuntans attempted a rebellion that would put the T'ang dynasty in difficulty. This tribe, who had settled in the south-eastern part of the Chinese mainland, attacked the Chinese armies in their territories. They were led by irkin named Chin-chung and Wang Yün. After liberating their homeland, their aim was to bring other tribes under their command. Turks to organise a raid against them.

They killed the Chinese Ilba Chao Wen-hai and put his troops to the sword. The revolt spread in a short time. The Chinese army found it difficult to suppress the revolt.

Kantans were the fat of the Turks. When they caught a weak moment, they would not stop, they would raid to the Turkish homeland and plunder the tribes. In the past, they did not hesitate to make agreements with other tribes, even with China. Kapgan Khan decided to take advantage of this opportunity and slaughter the Kanyans.

He thought he had found a way to achieve this easily and sent a bitig to the Chinese empress.

"The mighty Turk kagaru would like to help you against the Kistanans, but ...", the well-behaved kagan said, of course, this help must be reciprocated. He had a discussion with the Irkin, consulted with Bilge Tonyukuk and took this decision. The Turkish elders liked this good behaviour of the Khan. At times he took such strong decisions without waiting...

To shoot the continents while they were fighting against China, to shoot them on both sides

and bring them into the war. This meant that they would be weakened. A certain, easy victory awaited the Turks.

Kapgan Kagan was a wise kagan, a thoughtful statesman. Of course, his behaviour was not like Ilterish Khan. He did not have unexpected behaviours, he liked to calculate all the possibilities that could put his state in trouble. His obedience to the words of Bilge Tonyukuk, whom he always kept by his side, also prevented him from making mistakes. However, Kapgan Kagan could make sudden decisions on his own.

Kapgan Kagan's letter to the Empress of China was full of praiseworthy requests. It almost resembled a set of commands.

"First, you will recognise me as the Turkish khan and accept my state, my knowledge and my authority. Then you will stop helping and instigating the steppe tribes against me. I wish to bring these steppe nations, who were under the command of the Turks with Gök roots and Ashina noble kings in the past, and who are of the same race and kinsmen, under my banner again, to keep them united, and to glorify my state; this box, this ability was given to me by God. You will cease to support the races that oppose the unity of the nations that are one with us in lineage and language. It is to the detriment of China that my state tries to prevent the unification of knowledge. If China continues to flatter the Turks and play games, so be it!"

These hard-to-accept words reached the empress in distress-

When he saw this, he clung to Kapgan Kagan's wrist as if he was clinging to the rope of salvation. He sent his closest, most trusted sanggun, "the sanggun of the left splendour guards¹⁵⁹" as a messenger.

"Whatever you do, persuade the Kapgan Khan to stay in peace! Use your wives and delay him!"

Ambassadors coming for peace were treated in a friendly manner. In the reception

In the eyes of everyone present, this was the surrender of China and the faces were smiling. Questions were asked. Requests were repeated.

Sanggun did his duty exactly. He managed to please Kapgan Khan. The Empress sent him a good envoy.

for peace. If there is talk of peace today, it was his achievement.

The decision was taken and the way was paved for a joint war against the Kantans. The Turks would gain a great deal from this, because the Kantans would be slaughtered without the loss of a large number of Turkish troops.

Kapgan Khan supported the Chinese. He slaughtered the Kantans for what they had done to the Turks in the past. He shot them and made them miserable in their homeland. He also made China stay back from the lands under Turkish sovereignty.

The raids of the Gök-rooted Turks were so effective that the Qilans had to flee and take refuge in high mountains and densely forested forests. They suffered great losses and were desperate to leave their homeland. Even if for a temporary period of time, the actions of Kapgan Kagan also relieved China.

h. Of course, the Chinese armies were overwhelmingly overwhelmed by this common oil.

and they didn't hesitate to do it.

Kapgan Kagan was very careful in the raids against the Khans. He did not want to wipe them out completely and destroy their resilience and resistance until what they wanted from China was realised. For the time being, he contented himself with driving and chasing, and then simply left the job to the Chinese. Even this behaviour shows how great

¹⁵⁹ China used such exaggerated armies a lot.

was enough to show that he was a kagan.

For this favour to China, Empress Wu-hou presented the kagan with an army of her own importance:

"The kagan who develops and grows his state!"

Thus he wanted to express his friendship and gratitude, and praised him. But the orands he had given before were insulting.

was. It would be a matter of curiosity how long this return would last. Wu-hou declared that he recognised Kapgan Khan and his state and acknowledged his greatness. This was the kind of praise that the rulers of China made whenever the Turk was strong, and of course Kapgan Khan did not value such honours. His dream was to strengthen his state, to gather under his banner all the steppe peoples of the same lineage, who were part of the great Turkic nation.

A peace treaty had been concluded, but Kapgan Khan still did not intend to leave China alone. He left behind a small army under his lieutenant Tisufu Yabgu, and ordered that the Chinese were not to be trusted, that every move they made should be watched, that they should be responded to if necessary, and that they should be subjected to occasional harassing raids. Of course, China was a fatty waiting for an opportunity to give up its ostensible peaceful face.

The way had already been given for the raid...

Tisufu Yabgu, who was empowered by Kaghan, gave the order, and one of the Turkic elders, with a small number of soldiers under his command, struck the Liang region and took the provincial colonel of this region prisoner. China only had to watch and keep silent, for it had no power to resist. Because any action would anger the Turkish kagan and cause him to come back. The captive ilbay was released with a large price and sent back to his country with an oath not to oppose again.

Despite the treaty, the Turkish raids extended to the regions to the southeast of the old Turkish homeland of Ordos. They caused great damage to China. The Chinese were content to retreat and leave the areas where Turkish horses ran. They kept silent about these raids so that peace would not be broken. On the one hand, they sent envoys to Kapan Kagan and asked him to stop the raids. In the end, all the Gök-rooted Turkic tribes were recalled and peace with China was ratified. Thus, Empress Wu-hou had a comfortable life.

Bilge Tonyukuk, this great man who was not satisfied with war, was on the raid in the interior of China. When he was called back and ordered to return to Ötüken Yış upon the finalisation of the peace, he made his army wealthy with the abundant food and ulca he received.

Twenty-three cities had been razed to the ground by Tonyukuk the Wise. The army under his command was organised by the Taluy River.

He had travelled as far as the Shan-tung valley. Now he, too, was waiting for his assignment in the autumn.

Although there were expectations that the peace with China would be broken in a short time, the agreement was made and Kapan Khan had secured his back. Now he would give China time to fulfil its promises. He wanted to implement the decisions he had taken for the tribes in the southwest as soon as possible.

When Kapan Khan returned to Ötüken Yış, he ordered preparations for new raids to be made. He did not want to delay even a moment. The biggest problem in the south-west was the Kyrgyz. It was necessary to take the most appropriate way to defeat this powerful nation and subjugate it to the Gök rooted Turkic state. Of course, the person he would consult for this would be Bilge Tonyukuk.

"" This river is also mentioned in the sources under the name of Green Oguz.

"When I became a kagan, my own tigin erk... iy... Tengri yarlıkaduk threeün tört yigirmi yaşımka Tardush budun üze shad I would be. Eçim kıgan birle ilgerü Yaşıl ögü z Shantung yazıka tegi süledimiz. "161

While all these battles were going on, is it conceivable for the braves of the Han Ashina clan, who had grown old and thirsty for manhood, to stand still, hear, watch and wait? Especially if these braves are the sons of Ilterish Kagan of the flying age...

Od had fallen on the faces of two Ashina soldiers who were holding on to their age. They found it difficult to wait, they were bored and sad. Although they could not tell their mother, Ilbilge Ha tun, who had burdened her troubles on her age, who had devoted herself to the growth of her children, who tried to calm her sons, who were a gift from her soldier, with her advice and guidance, they could not prevent her from understanding. They were afraid that their sons, whom they doted on, might do something wrong or get involved in an internal quarrel. It was not possible to tell too much, because saying words to people who were worthy of manhood would sometimes give the opposite results. It was already his right to say what was necessary.

Ilbilge Hatun was thinking about what might happen and the consequences. As her sons grew up, they might try to claim their kingship rights from their parents. This meant hard times for both the son and the state. Kagan Kagan had to sacrifice two of Ilterish Khan's sons, the discarded Boğçu and Kül Tigin, for his kaganate.

¹⁶¹ "When Echim kagan sat down, I myself was Tigin. Because God had ordained it, at the age of fourteen I sat as shad over the Tardush budun. With Echim kagan, we led an army as far as the Green Innagh in the east and the Shantung plain." Orkhon Monuments, Bilge Kagan Bengutasi, East Side...

should not have seen danger and oil. Kapgan Khan had removed Bilge Tonyukuk from the post of apa tarkan. He seemed to be trying to make a point by choosing to keep him behind. His actions were an attempt to erase the İterish Khan's influence in the state. He had a right to do this to some extent.

Bilge Tonyukuk, a name that would be influential in the future of his sons... It was not good that he was away from Ötüken Yış for a long time. Now that he was close by, he would make up for the time deficit and complete the delayed days.

İlbilge Hatun, who remained the kagan's sister by custom, was trying to keep her five sons together and to bind them to each other with the bond of heart. She had chosen to live with her sons and daughters. Her greatest happiness was to watch her two older sons, two of whom were close in age, and her three younger sons, also close in age, grow up. On the other hand, he advised his sons to take a wife, to get a woman for their tents as soon as possible. This should not be delayed. Ashina nobles married sooner and had children sooner.

"Which of them would find a wife first?"

Kül Tigin is more active, Boğçu is more thoughtful... His main advice was that they should always be united...

"The two of you become as one! Unity is strength. Look at the state! What was the state of the Turkish nation when it was separate, when it was divided? How was it after A taruz kagan raised his tughong and unfurled his flag, when the Turks united and opposed their fatim? This is how the captivity ended. If today Ötüken Yış is the Turkish capital, it is the result of unity. When you, two Ashina descendants, become one, you will see what greatness the unity of only two soldiers will bring? Thus, you will set an example for your descendants. You are two kinsmen who are a gift to the Turk. Remember this and never break away from each other. Tomorrow, when your descendants grow up, they will take a place next to you. We will be an unbending, unbreakable power."

As if in a dream she sees her five sons fighting shoulder to shoulder... The greatest wish of Turkish mothers is to know their sons fighting for their nation!

Bilge Tonyukuk knows how to act appropriately when necessary. There is a time to act and a time to speak, and this time is important. To speak out without time means to be fruitless. It even means to take a loss... Both manhood and wisdom are timeless, even though they may have to be held back for a while... Therefore, there is no point in rushing.

The sons of Ilterish Khan had chosen manhood, but they also had to acquire wisdom. It was inevitable for those who ruled. While they were taught to ride horses, to stretch the bow and release arrows, to use sword and pike in a certain order, and were trained as war soldiers under the direction of skilful soldiers, they were also required to acquire knowledge as a requirement of being of Ashina nobility.

The Great Sage was with them as the cornerstone of this structure, the ancestral companion. Because it had to be so...

The Great Sage was using the most valuable knowledge of his life, which had turned into an old age, to educate these two braves. Starting from the distant past, he was telling them about yesterday's day, and he was memorising the events that lasted until today's day, especially the pain of the days of captivity and the rebellious Ashina soldiers. He was in a hurry to regain the time he had lost during the long periods he was on raids. The Great Sage was happy as he planted the Turk's passion to remain free in their souls. As he had taught his other sons...

What must not be abandoned, what must never be left... Yur du, nation, honour...

The calls of time are fierce when growing up. If the priority is competent with masculinity, it is difficult to keep the masculine part in place. It will be difficult to stop.

The sons of İterish Khan, Boğçu Tigin and Kül Tigin were fourteen and thirteen years old, respectively, and they were unable to stay in their places. They should have been ordained when the time came, without the need to apply for it, which their sire Kapgan Kagan should have thought and commanded on his own. Even though Bilge Tonyukuk knew that the waiting should end, he kept silent, believing that it would be wrong to make the kaghan feel this. If he saw a sign, he would be the first to speak.

The change had affected Bilge Tonyukuk. Kapgan Kagan had made it clear that he should stay away from the administration, and the Great Sage had chosen to comply with this. This brought him closer to the sons of İterish Kağan, the flying İterish Khan. He had to seek time to share with them.

The Tigin were waiting!

Kapgan Khan was waiting.

Although what they were waiting
for was different...

Bilge Tonyukuk thought that it was wrong to wait, that nothing should be done later than its time.

At last Boğçu Tigin believed that the time for waiting was over, the time for asking and receiving had come. Because Kapgan Khan, in order to prepare his own son Böğü Shad for the future and to make his kaganate certain, had announced Ine! Kagan had announced "Little Kagan" with the name of Kagan. Kapgan Kagan, who held on to the custom and took the kaganate because his sons were not old enough, was taking steps to leave the kaganate to his son when the time came, while the sons of İterish Kagan, who had come of age, could not remain without army and army.

It was time to ask.

When Bilge Tonyukuk, the two leagues came to him and consulted him on this matter, he said that their wishes were appropriate and that the time had come.

he found it. Even though he knew it was not right for him to interfere, he offered this too:

"If you wish, let me talk to the kagan."

"No, Apa Tarkan!" said Boğçu Tigin. "No! We have to speak directly. That is what the custom dictates!"

He was right.

"Then weigh your words well when you speak to the kagan. Do not give opportunity for misunderstandings. Don't say anything that will bring you harm!"

They had no objection to this. The kagan who ruled the state was their sovereign, and respect for him was respect for the state.

Boğçu Tigin took the opportunity of Kapgan Kagan's interruption of the difficult wars in China and his being in Ötüken Yış and rushed to the otbah. He conferred with Kül Tigin, and they both concluded that it was more appropriate for him to go alone. His aide would go and see him, and Kül Tigin would wait outside.

They had heard that there would soon be a raid to the sunset. They both wished to be on that raid. At least this should have been told to the kaghan. They wanted to fight, even as unarmoured privates.

Boğçu Tigin told his wish to the otag gatekeeper¹⁶² who organised the service affairs of the kaghan.

"I wish to meet with Echim Kagan!"

Kapgan Khan did not keep his horse waiting. He was saddened to remember that in all his labours he had neglected the children of his flying wife. He got up from the Golden Örgün, the sign of wealth, the kagan insignia of his ancestor, and greeted his horse standing up, bowing to him and offering blessings.

¹⁶² The janitorial service is a service class consisting of upper-ranking privates who attend to all the services of the kagan's kaghan. The kapıcıbaşı at their head is one of the beys closest to the kagan.

"Boğçu Tigin... My valiant horse!"

He hugged her by the shoulders. How his horse had grown! He was sorry he hadn't realised. He immediately realised why she was there. He was angry with himself for forgetting, for being late. If he did not treat people as they deserved today, he might find it difficult to honour them in the future.

A kagan becomes a respected kagan when he treats his subjects equally.

was.

Kapgan Khan must not let his horse take precedence. He had to use and thought of a way. He would both give his ancestors a task and keep them away from Ötüken Yış...

He smiled.

"I was going to call you, my valiant horse! God has compared us with what is heard that you acted as a hero. I am very happy about it."

While Boğçu Tigin was not surprised by these words of his aide kaghan, the kaghan was thinking while saying these words:

Boğçu Tigin and Kül Tigin were old enough for the army and had received the necessary education. To put them without orun and army would have displeased the bud and the honour would have been wounded. These brave men, whose blood was now boiling, were waiting for difficult tasks. Kapgan Khan was thinking. How could he give a task to his two horses when there was a token peace with China, when the opportunity to raise an army and raid to the southwest was being utilised? How could he make them satisfied and happy? In addition to these, there were other influences that haunted his mind. The army he was going to give should not cause any trouble for himself and his son, whom he dreamt of becoming kagan after him.

He was organising the relations with China himself. According to him, this was the main issue that concerned the kagan and he did not want Bilge Tonyukuk to be involved in the state administration anymore. In the south-west, he had decided to put his eldest son, Inel, to whom he had given the position of Little Khan, in charge. It was pointless to keep him in Ötüken Yış any longer. For his kinsman Tisufu Tigin, too, the south-east-

He was thinking of a mission in the south, near the Chinese border. And Bilge Tonyukuk, whom he was keeping with him for the time being.

and send him to that side, to instruct his son in the ways of the law. that it would be good for him to be with us. Moreover, he thought it would be a good idea

being far away would allow him to experience his power alone. The Great Sage, who was always by the side of his sidekick, Ilterish Khan, should not have been near him. As an Ashina noble

It seemed wrong to Kapgan Kagan to always be seen with the support of an Ashide Uruglu. He was the king, the ruler. Kut and the power was with him. When he kept company and behaved according to custom, no one could challenge his choices.

Now, the duties and responsibilities he would assign to his horses had to be different from those of his son or blood brother, and they had to have lower authority. Over-authorising them might cause trouble for the future, under-authorising them might upset them and push them to search for something else.

Kut, power, and honour required such an attitude.

Kapgan Kagan had to calculate even the smallest possibility that would put his kaganate in trouble and his administration in difficulty. Maybe it would not be enough to treat him equally, but he could not think of any other solution, so that those who respected him today and recognised him as a kagan would also recognise his son as a kagan tomorrow.

While giving his horse distracting words, while making him talk

He was thinking about these things and asking questions to gain time. Firstly, he asked Ilbilge Hatun, whom he had been obliged by custom to marry, but had not even seen her face for a long time. asked him. Then his other horses...

"I heard that you and your kinsman, Kül Tigin, have been competing in hunting!"

He smiled when he said this, he wanted to show that he was interested in their horses without any concern for them.

"What we are doing is not a competition, eçim Kagan, does one ever compete with one's kinsman? We are competing!"

The wise answer made Kapgan Khan falter. He immediately corrected- It was:

"Of course you compete! Your budun will soon see your race of manhood."

It was the word Boğçu Tigin was waiting for. He immediately straightened up. "When will I compete, Khan?"

The Khan was surprised. He was in trouble with his own language. His experience helped him answer this question.

"Immediately!" he said, "Who can give the account of delayed manhood to the Sky? Now! Zamaru is here, Boğçu Tigin."

Seeing the gleam of joy in Atisu's eyes, Kapgan Khan took a breath. Now he had to complete his speech.

"Soon there will be a great raid to the sunset. I will be honoured to have my horses with me on this raid."

"The raid..."

Of course, in this raid, the horse would have an army, but what kind of army?

Kapgan Kagan thought about it for a short time. Finally, satisfied with his decision, he spoke with a smile:

"I appointed you shad over the Tardush budun in the southwest! You will be the Little Shad of the Sky-rooted Turks in the southwest." An imaginary army. Being a shad in the south-west of the state was an important army, but already on that side, there would be a Little Khan to be authorised. Although the Tardush were not in their former strength, Kapgan Khan thought that the Tardush shadiyat was a suitable army for his ancestor. This was also the reason why he had decided, and he said it to the face of the ox.

The south-west is more dangerous than the red and the south-east. It was a difficult region. In particular, the difficulty of fighting with the powerful steppe tribes and keeping them under control made the work of the irkin who would dominate there difficult. Moreover, there was also a Muslim

The Arab attacks had begun. Which could soon prove to be a separate problem. This mobilisation, which had not reached its limits for the time being, necessitated taking measures for the future.

Calling his horse Little Shad, because of his young age...

because of the name. The kagan had said this so that the Turks, who were keen on naming themselves, would not find another army. He would also mention this at the toy, and it would be recorded as such.⁶³ Nevertheless, the budun would think that the kagan, who had given his son the orun of Kūçük Kağan, might have implied that his orun was lower by calling his son Kūçük Şad.

First he smiled, then he bowed his head to the ground and said, "The order is Kapgan Khan's," said Boğçu Tigin, who knew the custom. Yet, his questioning posture also signalled other expectations. An army under his command and the army of his kinsman Kül Tigin...

In that brief moment, Kapgan Khan thought about these things too. But he explained it as if it was an idea that had been thought long ago:

"I am arming you and your crony with the powers of shad at the head of an army of ten thousand men. Go, fight for the Turk. Make your name equal to valour. Subjugate our army and bind it to our state. Take enough salma so that our nation will be prosperous. Keep your kinsman by your side. Today and tomorrow, a soldier's being with his kinsman increases his strength. I am with my husband İterish Khan, who is a flying horse...."

Emotion-laden words, sincere memories...

While he was saying this, he couldn't help but think of his experiences with İterish Khan and Tusifu Yabgu in the recent past. These three kinsmen were the ones who started the war for the freedom of the Turkish nation.

While he was struggling to complete his words, his horse caught up with him. "The Great Khan is in command!"

He left his dreams with the call of Boğçu Tigin. He was pleased with the propriety of his orders. In the scarcity of time

⁶³ As mentioned before, Turkish custom must have been applied for Bilge Kagan and Kül Tigin. According to this, it is customary to bear a different name every time a position is taken. Historical sources have been analysed on this subject and the name changes have been presented to the reader.

It would have been of great benefit to the nation to offer oruns that would make them satisfied. The nation would look at things differently and evaluate them well. The fact that such a powerful Gök irkin was in the southwest favoured the friends and frightened the foes. When Bilge Tonyukuk was also on that side, the importance Kapgan Kagan attached to the southwest became evident. Now it was time to organise an army accordingly. It was obvious that things would not be solved easily in the southwest. Even one defeat could change everything.

"God forbid!"

Thus, Kapgan Kagan had eliminated the troubles that might arise.

"The fact that the sons of Ilterish Khan are far away from Ötüken Yış will also stop those who have other things on their minds!"

Such versatile thinking was the experience of time. He was well-behaved and knowledgeable in the kaganate. The decisions he took were also decisions that illuminated the future.

Despite all that had happened, Kapgan Khan was surprised that he had fears about the future. While it was not possible for his fourteen-year-old horse to covet the kaganate instead of him... While Bilge Tonyukuk, whom he feared the most, was content with his situation and did not make a sound...

"After so many triumphs and successes, neither the kings nor the great ones will see any need to discuss my kaganate, but..."

Such fears were haunting him. I wish they didn't happen, but they did!

"I will find new solutions according to the time and situation."

Trust is the biggest supporter of the ruler. But too much trust can lead to mistakes.

Kül Tigin was eagerly waiting for his wife to come out of the otag. He respected him, honoured him, and did not appear before the kaghan himself. He was a little excited and was afraid to speak falsely in front of the khan. Don't stop him, don't say

he had never been in the habit of withholding. In his opinion, the soldier should have spoken how he felt. His first word should be his last. Of course, it was unbecoming for a soldier to speak idly, but there was no point in keeping silent. Even if his wife, who was one year older, had the same opinion, she would not say a single word without thinking and measuring. Thus, he was less likely to be wrong. Kül Tigin was not afraid of wrong, but he did not do wrong either.

Now, in his curiosity, Kül Tigin kept having his own ideas about what was going on. Moreover, he was always thinking of bad things.

What would happen if Kapgan Kagan rejected his wife's wish?

He did not want to think about that. Because there would definitely be repercussions. His young, imprudent heart was crying, and he was thinking about difficult things. He was not going to leave his wife's right to anyone. His own right too...

"Whatever it takes to get it! Today and tomorrow..." For himself, he did not think of any priorities. He prioritised was the man of steel. His own concern was to have an army and to fight. War tugged at the warrior's heart. He must always be in the fight, in the fight. He should not get off his horse, bow, sword and pike should not fall from his hand. He did not necessarily have to be ordained.

"Even if I am an ordinary warrior, let me be in the fight, let me eat sweat."

And now, sons of the kagan, noble men of the Ashina clan if the custom is not followed. What if the echi kagan makes it difficult for us to make a ration!

"We know how to enforce it!"

Something would be done, but the state would be in difficulty. Budun would have trouble making a choice. Because he would have to make a choice. Until that time, Kül Tigin had learnt that the result of such choices was always drawn in blood drowning. Bilge Tonyukuk, his ancestral friend, wrote about those days in the Ashina lineage-

that had caused so many difficulties for the people. Soldiers, beys, irkin...

It was not good for the state, but it was not good to give up what was right. They were not people who would sit in a tent and pass the time.

"If necessary, you have to risk everything!"

Such was Kül Tigin's determination. The longer he waited, the more sceptical he became, and the more sceptical, the angrier he became.

It lasted like this until a movement in front of the otag separated him from his thoughts. Thoughts kept gnawing at his heart.

"My wife is coming!"

When he saw his squire, whom the otag gate-keeper led the way with respect and saw him off, and to whom the bureaucrats, who were always waiting in the sac, offered a blessing... Seeing the peace in his eyes, the smile on his face...

Ash Tigin felt relieved.

He came closer.

"Your face is smiling, Tigin! Has the khan become the giver he wished for?"

"May your heart be at peace, my comrade. Our Echimiz Khan followed the custom, without my asking for anything. He decreed what he had been thinking for a long time. He appointed me Tardush Shady. He appointed you to my side, so that together we could bring the fat to our knees. Our command will be ten thousand men each! Kapgan Khan will discuss and hear all this at the toy. Without much delay, we will take a place in the kagan's army for the raid and set off to the sunwest."

"Bless you in the heavenly realm, my son! You don't know how happy I am. You should know what I was thinking while I was waiting for you here!"

"Don't I know?"

They laughed. It was a laugh of relief, but they were still preoccupied with other thoughts. What kind of a future had God prepared for them, how had He ordered their destiny?"

"You don't know until you've lived!"

What was heard made his bud so happy... They boasted of the righteous and honourable Kapgan Khan and his name loudly. Flying had honoured the sons of Ilterish Khan and had been fair in the distribution. It was a ration worthy of a blessed kagan. He had made his two horses as valuable as they were worth. After that, it was God's and their business.

Only Bilge Tonyukuk was a little sceptical.

The Great Sage knew that it was not what it should be. He also knew the impact and danger of the orders... Kapgan Khan had taken a test and had not given enough power to Bogchu Tigin. The man who was to rule the south-west was the Lesser Khan. Bogchu Tigin had received an ordinary shadership. Kül Tigin, on the other hand,

but to be a comrade to his wife and to keep an army of one division. Even though this was what it looked like, the Great Sage knew that it was not the orcs that deserved and honoured the people, but the people deserved and honoured the orcs. When the sons of the Ilterish Khan needed a flight,

and that he will act according to ...

"Tann'run's w i l l !"

Kapgan Khan convened a toy. At the toy, Bilge Tonyukuk chose only to listen without giving his opinion. When Kapgan Kagan announced his decision about him and the sons of Ilterish Kagan, he would not hesitate to approve when asked for his opinion.

Kapgan Khan announced his decrees:

"When there is a state, honour must be implemented and the province must be established properly. Of course, in the reflection of the past, the state will be established on the right side, left side and centre. In this way, you appointed my kinsman Tusifu Yabgu as the left flank shad, and made him the ruler of the territory to the south-east of my country. His name is Il Cor Shad

as "*****"

This honouring of his valiant comrade who took part in every raid received great applause from the assembly. Kapgan Kagan continued his words as follows:

"I appointed Boghchu Tigin, the eldest son of my fighter, Ilterish Khan, as the Tardush Shad on the right side. I announced his name as Mekilen Shad with the army of the younger Shad. I appointed my younger horse, Kül Tigin, as the divisional head of the army of eleven men on the right side of his sidekick. I also made him an irkin under the command of Mekilen Shad."

At the toy, he confirmed that his son, whom he had previously appointed as Little Khan and named Inel Khan, would be the heir to the Turkish throne in the future by giving him a position above the right and left flank shadlans. He also said that he assigned him to the southwest. He also gave his younger son Tonga Tigin¹⁶⁵ to Inel Kağan. This tigin, who was known for his valour and bravery, was loved and respected among the soldiers.

He did not neglect to announce that he would keep his youngest son Hankoti Tigin¹⁶⁶ and Mo Tigin, who was still a calf, with him until they were old enough and that he would be able to deploy them in the future if necessary.

Kapgan Kagan showed the value he attached to Bilge Tonyukuk by announcing that his wisdom would be more useful in the day to day life. The Great Sage's wish was to stay with the sons of Ilterish Khan, which he did. He was to be in the south-west, and he was to be a sage both to the Lesser Khan and to the two sons of the Ilterish Khan. Whose side he should stand on was a matter for him to decide according to the time and events. A wise element was needed in the south-west of the state. The experience of the young irkin was needed.

¹⁶⁴ There are various opinions about the name Il Çor Şad or Il Çor Tigin in the sources. In my research, I adopted the idea that this person was Tusifu Tigin, a kinsman of Kapgan Kağan.

¹⁶⁵ Tonga Tigin is a holy person mentioned in the Orkhon Inscriptions.

¹⁶⁶ The spelling Yang-wo-chih appears in Chinese sources.

They would have needed an element for their judgement and counselling. No one else could be considered for this task.

His sidekick, Ilterish Kagan, granted Bilge Tonyukuk greater powers and authority, held him in high esteem and honour, and declared him apa tarkan. He had left him in charge of his army. However, now he was to serve as an element in the southwest. With this assignment, Kagan Khan kept him away from Ötüken Yış. Immediately after this, he would not delay in appointing apa tarkan and ayguchis to him.

There was no objection when this was the order.

If the kagan ruled the province with his kaganate and made the bud prosperous, whoever has a duty must be there. The reality called time somehow gives value to the person according to its value. One must know how to carry this value! It is not the ores that are important, but the people who carry these ores properly. A person of a certain value, no matter which ordeal he/she carries, holds a place according to his/her value.

When the Toy was over, a new era began for the young Irkin. Each of them would go to the places where they were appointed, as candidates to do praiseworthy deeds. When Boğçu Tigin, who had only fourteen years of experience in the field, was honoured with the shad ordeal, as expected, all the Ashina nobles were pleased. The meaning of his being ordained shad in the south-west, over the Tardushes must have been different.¹⁶⁷ Little Shad was now the army to commemorate him. His name had also been raised to Mekilen Shad. He was to lead an army of ten thousand men in battles. His compatriot Kül Tigin was given an army of ten thousand men under his command and was assigned to the southwest under the command of his squire. Bilge Tonyukuk, ögelik orunu il" now had a say in the administration of the southwest.

At the Toy, the raid to the southwest was also decided. Perhaps this was the most crucial decision.

¹⁶⁷ The date of Bilge Kagan's appointment as Tardush Shady coincides with 697-698.

While Budun rejoices, the only one who is sad is Ilbilge Hatun...

She will be away from her two sons and will not be able to see them as much as she wishes.

Of course, it was not easy to be a soldier's mother. Even though she knew that these things would happen one day, she could not silence her heartache and shed tears. It was futile to hug her three little sons and daughters and try to forget her troubles. One day his little sons would meet with their armies anyway.

The Ashina nobleman, who was the Tardush Shad and took the name Mekilen, gave the order for preparations, fearing to lose time. They chose their comrades from the soldiers they had grown up with and recognised together with their compatriot Kül Tigin. They endeavoured to speed up the time of departure. There was only one reason for all this haste to become warriors: The Ashina spirit that brought them to this day!

Before setting off to the south-west, the two companions visited their mother, Ilbilge Hatun, and asked for her blessing. They saw their companions and encouraged them to become soldiers.

Their mother was angry. Her anger was not for the honours they had received or the tasks they were going to perform. Her problem was different. He had a wish, or rather a command, which he constantly voiced in his old age.

"Loneliness is the work of Gökçül... It does not suit a man. I know you have a lot of work and troubles, but a man should keep a wife and have many children, sons and daughters. I have seen that you are not prepared for this. So...."

His greatest fear was that they would delay in keeping a house while they were engaged in raids in the southwest. That he would die before he realised he had grandchildren.

Eyes down, the two henchmen smiled. They had forgotten how to live from thinking about war and preparing for the future; their mother was right. It was necessary for the few Turkic tribes to multiply, and it was no longer strange that they were lagging behind their peers in keeping a home.

Mekilen Shad said what came to his mind at that moment.

"Even though I am one year older, I have given my turn to my compatriot Kül Tigin, my mother Hatun. Let's find a girl and make Kül Tigin a wife!"

It was hard not to laugh. However, Kül Tigin took his wife's words as the truth and got excited and started stammering, not knowing what to say.

"No way! You... My wife... Not me!"

"Yes!" said Ilbilge Hatun. "Why not, it will happen! It will be! Not only you, but your husband too! As soon as possible... If you don't find it yourself, I will. Pair up soon, and even before sunset."

"So many privates..."

Mekilen Shad fell silent at the last moment. He did not want to upset his mother. He did not want to anger her. She was right in her words. However, until that age, he had not found and searched for someone who suited his mind and heart.

It was an order. An order that must be fulfilled without delay.
ruk!

"All right, mother-in-law! As you wish..."

They neither promised nor refused. There's no time to waste. somehow things just happened of their own accord. By God's judgement, by fate's right...

Maybe for the first time they were in such a hurry to get out of their mother's side.

Kapgan Khan was in the comfort of having solved an important problem. He was sure of the establishment of his state and thought that he would sit on his throne more comfortably and rule the state more easily.

Now the priority was the wars that would maintain and strengthen the unity. Wars and victories were much more important after this time. The raids of the armies under the command of all the strongest of the strongest of the strong, together or separately, would determine the future of the Turkish nation.

However, Bilge Tonyukuk was in deeper questions. He had been assigned to the southwest. He was thinking, and as time passed, he was interpreting his duty in a different way. He felt as if his hands and arms were tied. While his real place should have been Ötüken Yış, next to the kaghan, while he should have had more say in the state he had contributed greatly to the establishment of, he was kept far away. Now, less competent, younger people were in charge of the place where he should have been. Of course, it was difficult for him to be like this. He could not bear the fact that he was excluded from warfare, that there was no army under his command.

The Great Sage had lived long enough in the past to understand the thoughts of Kapgan Kagan, who was inclined to keep him away from Ötüken Yış, but he also knew that obeying the state and the khan was the most important duty. While the great battles with China and the victories won by Kapgan Kagan made his bud happy, he did not realise that his reckless and unconsulted decisions would continue in the future and would cause trouble. Moreover, he was annoyed by the fact that he had named his son as the heir to succeed him with the title of Kaghan Minor, and that he had obliged the great elders of the state to do so. Little Khan Inel was authorised in the south-west, and the two sons of Ilterish Khan, who were in charge of the plane, were given two armies of ten thousand each and they took up their army under him and came under his command. How long would this be valid? How long would the two kinsmen keep silent about this unjust treatment? Would they consent to the kaganate of the Little Khan?

"There is something strange about this! The position of junior kagan is above the authority given to me and Mekilen, who is a shad. It is obvious that Kapgan Kagan did not think well in this matter. Because the state does not tolerate many heads. Such a powerful race cannot be kept in a forced power ranking. Either Kapgan Kagan will correct this mistake in the near future or something will happen spontaneously. Inel Kagan's authority to rule until today

has been revealed. It's hard to carry this heavy burden. It is difficult for him to be effective with the army. He doesn't have the personal ability to complete it."

He didn't want to think of anything else, anything wrong, but he was bored.

He had only one task assigned to him. To be an eunuch...

He had neither an army under his command nor the authority to rule. He interpreted this in his own way.

"I will use this army to raise the sons of Hterish Kagan, to prepare them for the future with my knowledge! I will be their eugenic."

It did not seem possible for him to be close to the Little Khan. He was thinking...

"Ine! Kagan's becoming kagan in place of his ancestor in the future seems certain for today, but only God knows what will happen tomorrow."

When Bilge Tonyukuk met with Mekilen Shad and Kül Tigin, he blessed God for being with them. He thought of the great hope for the future, the benefits they would bring to the Turkic nation, and the great hope for the future of two Ashina men, one fourteen and the other thirteen years old, who were with him with such good feelings, who knew that serving the Turk was the commandment of Gök. When they had formed their army and were ready for war, their ancestral comrade Bilge Tonyukuk, whom they still regarded as apa tarkan, meant so many valuable things to them! They expected so much from him! Being aware of this was increasing the burden of the Great Sage.

Although the Tardush shadership was not a sufficient position for Mekilen Shad, nor a position that would adequately evaluate him, it was necessary to accept it even if only for the sake of making his homeland, position and duty clear. Living on the banks of the river Irtysh in the red part of the Altai Mountains, known to be the birthplace of the Turk

Tardushes were a tribe that produced strong soldiers although they were not at their former strength. It would be a great vision for Mekilen Shad to keep the steppe tribes living in this region with the same lineage, speaking the same language and living with different traditions together with his small Shad army and to make them believe in the dream.

"The future...."

Bilge Tonyukuk was shaping another dream for the future for Mekilen Shad. He was almost sure that what he dreamt would come true.

"God's will be done!"

There was a lot of work to be done in the southwest, and it was obvious that first of all, it was necessary to establish a toy with Küçük Kagan. However, Bilge Tonyukuk was not going to be very pleased with the interest and effort of Küçük Kağan, whose negative side he had seen many times in the past. Most of his work was mundane and he liked to sit rather than fight. Looking at him, his kinsman Tonga Tigin shone like a star with his virtue...

If this continued, if his behaviour was the same in the spring of the day, great troubles would arise.

How would he get along with the other races? How would he be able to cope with them with his condition? Even though Mekilen Shad was under the army, he would show a superior stance against him. Especially if there were other factors supporting his situation.

What he thought at that moment was enough to make the Great Sage happy. He had found a way to be even closer to the son of Ilterish Kagan, his flying comrade. He was angry with himself as to why he had not thought of this before.

"If I give my daughter to Mekilen Shad as a wife, the balance of activity will change."

This would make Mekilen Shad more powerful. When Ashide took a girl from his descendants, he used to support them among the clan. He would raise

He decided to give his daughter Pofu, whom he had made proud¹, to the Tardush shad as a wife, and no one could dissuade him from this decision.

"I will do it, even by force."

He had to meet Ilbilge Khatun before he set off for the autumn.

"Blessed is the end of this!"

He was happy to see this
blessing.

It all happened in such a hurry, everything was over. No one had a chance to understand who, why and how it happened. He could not understand how this was done. First, Bilge Tonyukuk spoke to Ilbilge Hatun. And he spoke in such a way... Ilbilge Khatun called her son Mekilen Shad to her side and almost obliged him with a command. Immediately afterwards, the matter was conveyed to Kapgan Kagan and his permission was obtained. Of course, it was met with great surprise by the kagan. He realised what was going to happen and its consequences, but he could not go against Ilbilge Khatun's request.

The toy was established in a short time.

Bilge Tonyukuk's daughter Pofu and Mekilen Shad, the eldest son of Ilterish Khan, became brother and sister.

Toy was established.

Ötüken Yış became festive, entertained and happy.

Because of the mission and the raid to the sunrise, the toy was kept short, but it was festive and splendid enough.

¹ It is known that Pofu (Po-fu) means "White wolf" and in different readings it is called Po-beg or So-fu.

*"İlk Kırkızkla suleser yig ermiş tidim. Kögmen yolu bir ermiş.
Tumış tiyin eşidip this road yonsar yaramaçı tidim. Yırçı ti/edim.
çölgi az eri bultum. "169*

Mekilen Shad.

The great son of Uchmakhk Ilterish Khan.

By the order of his sire Kapgan Kagan, he sat as shad over Tardush budun in the autumn. His kinsman Kül Tigin was with him... They are at the head of armies of ten thousand men. Tonyukuk, his ancestor's comrade, the Great Sage of the budun, is in this lurunak in the ege orun. Moreover, the great sage has one more son-in-law, he is Mekilen Shad's ancestor-in-law.

Tardush Shad is fourteen years older than his ancestor. His first mission, his first raid to the sunset.

His heart is full of excitement.

These dun Kyrgyz, of the same blood, race and language, had taken the Kem¹⁷⁰ region, which was a part of the homeland of the Sky-rooted Turks, held it in their hands and started to prepare to strike Ötüken Yış from there. In this way, they wanted to maintain their state and attack Ötüken Yış before the Ashina Kapgan Kagan became too strong.

Kapgan Kagan also wished to end this danger by striking the Kyrgyz. For the implementation of the decision taken at the Toy, it is more appropriate to wait for spring, the age of raids.

¹⁶⁹ "I said, "It would be better to send an army to Kyrgyz first. I heard that the road to Kogmcnin was one. I said it would be inappropriate to march on this road because it was closed. I looked for a guide. I found a man from the desert Az bud." Orkhon Monuments, Bilge Tonyukuk Bengutasi, East Side...

¹⁷⁰ Kem: The ancient name of the Yenisei river. The area irrigated by it is the Kem region.

but rumours from the körgs revealed the necessity of not delaying. If Kapgan Kagan waited, if he delayed in the raid, the Kyrgyz would join forces with other steppe tribes and with the fat of the Gök-rooted Turks, and the Turkish state would be in difficulty. It would not be easy to repair the consequences of delay.

The season was winter, a difficult time for raiding. It was difficult to travel and raid in the cold, but there was no other solution. The beys he consulted reported that Kapgan Kagan had cleared his doubts and approved his request to hit the Kizghiz.

"Great Khan, there is a possibility that our oils will unite and come to the aid of the Kyrgyz kagan. We cannot take this risk. Waiting for spring means more trouble for the future. We must strike the Kyrgyz without wasting time. If they get stronger, find supporters and strike us, our state may be in trouble."

The thought of the good Kapgan Khan also sat in this direction. Even though he knew that the snow and blizzard would block their way and the soldiers would have difficulties, he gave his order.

"Prepare for the raid on the Kyrgyz!"

The Turkish army was going on a great and important raid in the southwest. If the sky willed, there would be victory, otherwise the Turks would die.

The heaven-rooted Turkish army is ready! Meliken Shad and his kinsman Kül Tigin, who will join the Turkish army led by Kapgan Kagan on the way from Ötüken Yış, will lead their army and hold the right flank. Il Cor Shad, the kagan's kinsman, will lead the left flank. The younger Khan Inal will find a place next to his ancestor.

Kapgan Khan ordered Bilge Tonyukuk, who would come with Mekilen Shad and Kül Tigin and join the raid, to be with him. In such a great raid, a difficult and dangerous raid, he wished to benefit from the knowledge of Inu Bilge.

The order was answered.

The Great Sage, who was always ready for the mission, did not express what had happened before, that he was held back in the state administration. He showed no resentment. He was needed and from now on it was for the country and the nation. It would be treacherous to think of resentment, to stay away. After his great contribution to the rise of the state, of course he will run to do his part.

"The order is the Khan's!"

For the first time, the Sky-rooted Turks would march to the south-west with such a large army. The excitement of the raid had gripped the braves.

When the preparations were completed and they set off for the difficult raid, rain sacrifices were offered to the Sky for the result to be a triumph. The people who stayed behind in Ötüken Yiş were praying for the triumph of the army and longing for the return of the kaghan and the triumph.

Sky-rooted Turks were on the raid. Iduk earth was shaking from the hoof power of their horses. The gazes were looking at each other with confidence, "We will win!" they were saying, "There is no other way! We will win!"

Believing in winning is equal to winning.

The sun longs for the glorious day.

Winter was harsh, the mountains were harsh...

The mountains are the stakes that God drove into the ground... 171
Mountains that are friends of the Turk. Mountains that hide their passes when they wish, do not give way...

It's so hard to move forward... While crossing the mountains, their horses eat...

¹⁷¹ Quote from Divan Lugat-it Turk: "Tengri tağ ije yeriğ basurđ!" meaning "God drove stakes into the ground with the mountain!"

They were trying to move forward by holding on to the branches and pulling themselves and sometimes their horses. A dominant war was considered, it was necessary to hit the Kyrgyz when they did not expect it, from unexpected places. There was no other way to be effective and to lose fewer men. The Kyrgyz kagan was to keep a large number of guards on the possible and expected routes and take precautions against a raid. If he heard that the Sky-rooted Turks were coming, it would be easy to strike back.

As they got closer, they learnt that Kyrgyz had many men. The Kyrgyz khan had come a long way in his preparations to strike at the Celestial Turk homeland. When he found himself on the defensive, he would resist, and many Sky Turk soldiers would be broken. Maybe it would be even worse, God forbid.

The blackest winter had blocked their way and made them stop in the middle of nowhere. They were stuck. They were waiting, not knowing which way to go. Both in front of them and behind them were white snow. There is no path, no trace in this whiteness.

If you move forward, it is impossible, if you try to go back, it is even worse.

it was.

In times of trouble, the opinions of wise old men are very important.

is. They are right there to be consulted. Kapgan Kagan announced the problem to Tonyukuk, the Great Sage of the bud.

"What to do? How can we get rid of this deadlock?" Tonyukuk, the Sage, saw the clouds rising in front of him, their peaks

He looked at the Kögmen Mountain, invisible from him, its slopes full of snow. It was obvious that he was thinking of a way out. All eyes were on him. The cold was biting and the endurance of the soldiers was breaking. The Khan was waiting for the words of the Great Sage, whom he had kept at a distance for some time.

"We must overcome this mountain, Khan!" said the Great Sage, "so that we may pursue the Kyrgyz. There is no other way!"

¹⁷² Mount Kögmen: An extension of Mount Tannu-ola.

"We have to cross the mountains! But how?"

Both Kapan Kagan and Ulu Bilge knew how difficult this task was... Again the Great Sage was seen observing the mountain peaks rising impassably.

Then he called out as follows.

"If this difficult mountain does not give us passage, we will be broken," he said sadly, "We need to know the passes!"

"To know the passes..."

"The command is the Khan's! If we find a way, if we find a guide!"

"Let's find one!"

When the decision was in this direction, the soldiers were assigned to find someone. The most emphasised word to them was "Hurry up", because the army could not wait.

Mekilen Shad and Kül Tigin, two young Ashina men, were going around among the soldiers and instilling hope in them so that they would stand firm and hold on. This also helped. The two valiant henchmen, who had become soldiers for the first time, stood strong and gave strength.

The men who went to find a person who knew the way did not search long. They found a person from a tribe called Azlar¹⁷³ who lived in the desert and brought him to Bilge Tonyukuk with his wish for goods and gifts. The Great Sage questioned him thoroughly. He listened to his words that showed his confidence in himself.

"I know this mountain and the passes well. I will overcome the mountain and bring you to the Kyrgyz homeland in no time!"

There was no other way to move forward. Losing time meant extinction. Bilge Tonyukuk explained the situation to Kapan Khan and received an order. Then, he knew how to work, chose a path, and traversed the mountains.

¹⁷³ Az clan: The Az, one of the tribes mentioned in the Orkhon Monuments, is a tribe whose origins have been questioned and about which there is no definite information. It is more likely that it is a Turkic tribe.

He commanded them by giving his two well-knowing men to the person who knew the way of Az:

"Watch the Az soldier closely. Do not pity him if he does anything wrong! The age is bad, a man carries a thousand and one thoughts in his heart. But if he keeps his promise and helps us overcome Mount Kögmen, we will shower him with enough gifts!"

The army followed the guide. They started climbing the mountain. They had chosen hardship; no lord, no leader, not even Tonyukuk the Wise had thought of such difficulty.

The faith of the soldiers was remarkable. They were silent despite all the hardship. They were thinking of glory. The triumph to be won at the end of all this...

The stronger ones, who were in the vanguard, probed the snowdrifts with their pikes and found a suitable place to step. They were the first to step, followed by the others. They were advancing slowly behind their few soldiers.

One of the two people who were happy to experience the hardest in their first raids was Mekilen Shad and the other was his kinsman Kül Tigin, who believed that they were born for these days. The soldiers and beys praised Kül Tigin's motive to lead his army and drag his soldiers despite his young age. Dragging the soldiers behind him in such difficulties was a special power and very few people had it. And at such a young age!

Mekilen Shad was proud as he heard the praises and applause for his comrade.

"The one who has such a valiant henchman will never run out of hope or strength!"

In the future, he dreamt of his kinsman leading huge armies and rising behind the glories.

The heavenly Turkish army, under the command of Kapgan Kagan, raided the Kır gızs, and for this purpose, the snow-covered, impassable-

mez was trying to overcome Mount Kögmen. Despite all the cold and cold, this effort was going on.

Although it was more difficult than they thought, they resisted and advanced because it would be worse to fall back. Many times they had to tow their horses behind them and pull them out of the snow. From time to time the mountain took away their horses. Not even a farewell call could be made after them. They behaved as if they had not left, as if they were still among them. They could not even shed a tear, which would freeze on their faces in this cold.

Their horses were very necessary for them during the war. To use them in vain, to tire them, to lose them, meant to lose the war tomorrow. It was thought appropriate to ride in a line, one after the other, holding on to each other. One hand on the reins, one hand on the horses' tails... They ascended in single file, several columns climbing.

They tired very quickly and were out of breath. It was so difficult even to choose resting places. At every billet, a few privates froze in place. The only solution for the soldiers resting in short stops. They huddled together on the snow and warmed themselves. They just slept.

From time to time, thousands of soldiers pioneered and trampled the snow in order to find a way through the snow and make way for those who followed. Those who took part in this work were more tired, more exhausted. They made tracks for their comrades so that they would be less tired.

From time to time they left a trail and searched for a way. From time to time snow

They listened to the short cries of those who tumbled into the hail. There were some who froze from the cold and some who were crippled. They left them where they were, but they did not stop; because the kagan commanded

It was in this direction that the kagan suffered the same troubles together with his soldiers. In this way he showed that he was one of them, and this gave strength to the army.

When a soldier felt that he was exhausted, he silently accepted his fate. Instead of being a burden on his comrades and exhausting them, he chose the coldest place to retreat and fly away. Blindly and silently... Kögmen Mountain was the host and guest of the great flight.

The mountain was a kinsman with the Sky...
Those who fell would not stay on the ground
anyway.

When they reached the hill covered with high trees, they were halfway there. The most difficult part had been overcome. They deserved to breathe and rejoice. It was a more formidable achievement than a hundred raids. Just a little beyond them, the Kyrgyz must have taken up residence. Kapgan Khan sent a scout ahead and learnt the truth of the matter. When the rumour came, his thought was confirmed.

"The Kyrgyz are encamped on the banks of the Anı River!" Their status, posture, number of men, number of horses, number of hide...

All information was thus received.

The order was given to move in that direction. They were more relaxed when they started to descend. Their speed also increased. The road became easier and the direction they would go was now clear.

However, an unexpected event happened. The Az soldier, who was leading the way, at one point got so lost that he caused about one hundred and fifty soldiers to fly unnecessarily. It was as if it was a deliberate, treacherous mistake.

Kapgan Khan was very angry.

"What is the business of the one who says he knows business but does not know business, who causes my soldiers to fly away? Behead him at once! He who says that he knows and in his ignorance causes me to lose my comrades does not need to breathe."

The order was immediately fulfilled. Thus, Kapgan Ka ğan's unforgiving stance against wrong was once again revealed. Some said, "It was good," and agreed with the khan, while others bemoaned the man of few virtues.

It was impossible to undo what had happened!

They had lost the one who knew the way and now it was up to God. Blessed be God who was with them. Soon it was possible to find a way. In this, Kūl Tigin, who came forward and said, "I will find the way!" and made a trail with about a hundred soldiers, had a great effect.

Kūl Tigin...

The one who became the young hero of the sky-rooted soldiers. ... The son of Ilterish Khan ...

Challenging times call for challenging people, leaders, heroes. is the age of birth. Kül Tigin showed his virtue on the mountain path. He was so effective at such times that the Sky was proud of him. Now he had become a pioneer, a pioneer. He was going to succeed in this, too, and make the khan and all the people happy.

The whole army applauded tigirti with their looks. They were comforted by his presence.

"From now on it will be different!" they said aloud,
"This league is different ..."

When they got close to the Kyrgyz, Kapgan Khan thought that they should rest and ordered them to stay again. They had to be alive when they met the Yagilan so that they could fight well.

They were very cold in the night frost. The cold was like a shore. It was like a sword, cutting. Every soldier thought of this in his shivering and asked for forgiveness from the Sky for his mistake that would cause this shame. Since it was not possible to light a fire because of the need to remain hidden, the darkness gave the army of the Sky-rooted Turks a darkness with all its judgement. Their hope was that the sun would rise sooner the next day. However, he would again ignore no one and wait for the rising time. It was as if he had not heard the haste with which the soldiers were waiting for him. ...

They were freezing, burning only with the longing to fight. They had acquired the most different meaning of freezing and burning. And then there were those who disobeyed the order, who did not recognise the blessed state they had founded.

When their resentment against the same noble Kizghiz was added... They teamed up with Ya ğılan and prepared to hit Iduk Ötüken Yıř. Once they shot the Kyrgyz, all this suffering would be forgotten. Utku was their only longing.

The night has come to an end, as all things come to an end. Sab-

their hostages and their endurance were enough. They saw the day without feeling the warmth of the sun. It was very cold again, but bright. Light meant hope. The hope they needed ... Many of their comrades had not made it through the night, had not reached the day. They just left them where they were. Dedicated their glory to their souls.

At sunrise they saw that they were close to the source of the Ani river. When they followed this water, it became clear that they would reach the Kyrgyz. Bilge Tonyukuk said, "Your fat is not going to pray for us. Then let us eat and be full! Let us prepare for war, Great Khan!" and waited for an order.

Hunger on top of the cold would make the soldier weak. The cold had already done its best. At least they should not have starved. The kagan approved the words of the Great Sage.

"Let's eat!"

So they did. They allocated a short cooking time and shared whatever they had in their pockets. Although it was difficult to eat their frozen food while shivering from the cold, they considered it a duty. For many soldiers, it was to be the last meal they would eat in the cave. The one who made them think about it would always raise his head and look at the Sky. When the Sky they believed in took them with him, he would surely welcome them with more satisfaction. This was the superiority of flight over life.

They were full and well rested. Their hearts had been strengthened and they were refreshed. They warmed up to the happy atmosphere of the pre-war period. According to the news brought by the blinds, the Kyrgyz were only a day away. They would ride during the day, hide at night when they approached and raid the Kyrgyz, who outnumbered them in number, in the deepest depths of their sleep. Striking the crowds from the direction they did not expect and at the moment they did not expect would make the victory easy, and all these sufferings would be forgotten.

¹¹²Yancik: A leather bag hung on the saddle.

No one thought of dying before the war. It was more attractive to each of them to live to the end and celebrate the victory.

It was clear that young soldiers would be more excited before their first battle. Mekilen Shad and Kül Tigin were experiencing this excitement. Many of their peers were similarly anxious to get it over with as soon as possible. The difference between the two of them was that they were also army leaders.

Mekilen Shad admired the organisation of the Turkish army of the Sky, the diligence of the soldiers in obeying orders. Getting up at the same time, staying at the same time, speed and passion for duty ... He knew that this was a superiority, a Turkish characteristic. He said to himself that he was surprised that the training he had received was so regularly applied.

"What can't be done with this army?"

That was his thought. However, when he recalled the stories of his years of captivity, he found it difficult to understand the incompatibility between them.

"How could a nation with such an army be captured? Who is wrong?"

It could not be the Buddha!

They rode all day. They got closer and closer to the Kyrgyz army. When the sun was leaving the acuna, they hid and stayed. Silent orders were given to them to rest. At night, in anticipation and excitement, it was impossible to sleep.

Near sunrise was the most favourable time. They quietly approached the still sleeping Kyrgyz girls as ordered by the Khan. If they had known what such heavy sleep would cost them, they would never have slept.

Mekilen Shad promised him that day. "I will always carefully test my subordinates, never
I will not let them sleep so soundly!"

The time for the raid had come. Mekilen Shad presented to Kapgan Khan the decision he had made with his henchman beforehand. He wished to take the lead. The two henchmen wanted to catch up with each other, thinking that they had been so many ages late in the show of manhood and had fallen behind in the war.

When Kapgan Khan approved it, they took the foremost place and attacked together.

The ten thousands under their command fought such a battle that...

The Kyrgyz Khan, who had slept unaware of the arrival of the Sky Turks, was of course not happy to be awakened by the pikes of his indomitable warriors. The Sky Turks struck without giving them a chance to recover. They attacked without stopping, without giving any respite. The resisting Kyrgyz khan was killed at the very beginning of the war. Seeing him fall, his followers did not resist much. They put down their swords and surrendered. After all, the oil against them was their blood cousins. If they were defeated, they were defeated by one of their own nation.

They were of the same blood as the Turks of the Sky root. They were of the same language, the same tradition... They fought with the same troops and fought with the same type of bows. They fought with their kinsmen because their kagan's wish was to be a pioneer, to be the head. Their fatality would last until the end of the war, and then unity would be born. Such was the war of the steppe tribes.

The Kyrgyz nation was thus captured and made subject to the state. No one can account for the bloodshed and the fallen head. was. When the war was over, all the fat would be over, and the loser would follow the victorious victor.

It was blood for the state, it would flow. It flowed.

With this victory, the province was blessed. The new Turkish state found strength.

From the beginning to the end of the war, the two kinsmen fought gloriously. They fought so **much** that they received praise from the great ones.

Kapgan Khan congratulated them at the end of the war.

"Valiant sons of Ilterish Khan! In this war, you have offered us the titles of soldier and army chief in accordance with your Ashina nobility. In fact, it would be wrong to say that I did not doubt the management of the armies of ten thousand that I gave to your command because of your young age. But now the situation has changed. Henceforth twenty thousand men are fit for the command of my horses that lead men in this blessed fight! May all your battles end in triumph!"¹¹

They responded to these flattering words: "The command is the Khan's!"

They were now stronger and more effective.

As Bilge Tonyukuk had said at the very beginning, the time was a test of manhood.

The Kyrgyz were bound to the state, but it was not possible for the Gök rooted Turks to remain in this, to be satisfied.

They had tasted the taste of war and were praying for new wars. With the army on their side... The Great Sage kept saying that it was time for the Turgish. And without delay.

The Turkish state was on its way to become powerful again. In that case, the kinsmen clans of the steppe had to obey the command, the kaghan. Those who did not obey had to be conformed one by one. This was the way to become a great state. Mekilen Shad wished this the most. It was for the sake of unity that his ancestor, Ilterish Khan had made so much effort. Without unity, power could not be made complete. The state was glorified.

he couldn't. He immediately approved the words of the Great Sage.

"The Turgish must join the union! Let us do whatever is necessary for this. Let us make them under our command."

Waiting for the new raid order to be realised as soon as possible-

the Irkin were getting tired. Of course, it would not be as easy as defeating the Kyrgyz. It would be more difficult to subjugate the Turgish, the most populous tribe of the Nine Oghuz, who were growing stronger. a war was necessary. It was clear that the stubborn Turgish would not listen to a spontaneous call and order. They considered themselves the only and the strongest on this side. Moreover, their victory over the Muslim Arabs was on the lips. They considered themselves superior. They would have risked a very bloody war in order to have this recognised.

The Turks with Gök roots were going to fight for the unity and statehood of the Turgish. This meant a new, difficult war.

Bilge Tonyukuk asked for permission from the kagan to release körg to the Turgish. As a person who knew these affairs well, he deemed this necessary. If there was a movement on that side, it would be heard early. The experienced element knew that it was all about prioritisation and preparedness. Ha he explained that while preparations were underway, precautions had to be taken to avoid a sudden raid.

In his opinion, it was necessary not to stop even for a moment.

Kapgan Khan thought for a short time and confirmed the Great Sage with his command.

"We must be informed to take precedence. Release as many blinds as you wish. Let us know what the Turgish are doing!"

"The command is the Khan's!"

Rumours were coming in that the Turgish were preparing to oppose Kapgan Khan. Yugish Khan Uchele knew, of course, that after the Kyrgyz, it was his turn. Instead of bowing down and obeying the state, he was more concerned with maintaining his own kaganate.

As a noble steppe tribe, the Turgish, like all noble tribes, considered themselves justified in pursuing kaganate and statehood.

Such were the kings. Instead of being united, they kept on fighting with the same noble clans in the business of being themselves, in the business of being the head. Until one of them was defeated, forced to submit. Or until they died...

Turgish lived as two separate tribes. Those who were close to the Sky Turks, in the sunwest, were called Yellow, and those who were far away were called Kara.

Uchele was the kagan who ruled the Yellow Turgish.

In Kapgan Kagan's opinion, it would have been good to make a new raid and solve this matter before returning to Yıř, but it was necessary to calculate well. Then he was thinking of returning to China again. Because he suspected Chinese tricks. They had promised peace, they had received your help against the Kanyans, but they had been behind their backs.

and broke their promises. O

He had big calculations on the side. He wanted to make the peace he wished to be conditional and to use it for the strengthening of the state. Kapgan Khan would definitely ensure this.

If China reneged on its promise, the Turkish raids would begin again.

Mekilen Shad was so different, so full of future when he was thinking about what was going to happen.

"Turgish khan, our Turk is our nation. We are of the same lineage, the same language, the same tradition. I cannot understand why he opposes unity even though he knows this. Remaining a minority makes us powerless against our enemies. But if we were united, who could stand against the armies we would raise? Because he is wrong against us, because he does not recognise the state, both he and his clan will be killed. The blood of my nation will be shed in vain. We will die ourselves, just like the Kyrgyz. We will not give up our unity just because Uchele Khan does not want it. If we keep an army here today, we are neglecting our main oil, China. Whereas our

Our problem is with him! And we must deal with those who do not speak our language."

They had to take advantage of the unrest in China. If China solved its internal problems, it would cause them more trouble. The time was ripe for war with China. Although peace had been made, it was clear that it would not last long. They had to unite without delay and return to China to save their land and their clans.

Empress Wu-hou's appointments of her relatives, captains and followers, and Buddhist monks who were devoted to her, to important positions in the state, led to the original imperial dynasty, the T'ang. In China, discontent continued with the complete removal of nobles from their posts. Moreover, the demonstrations with the Turks. Despite the tenuous peace, on the one hand, there was a small amount of Turkish the raids had made powerful people expect a change. They were secretly negotiating and organising among themselves to depose the Empress. In fact, strong Turkish raids would have helped them a lot. The end of Wu-hou would have come sooner.

Kapgan Khan knew all this, of course. His thoughts on this issue were different. In order to interfere in the internal affairs of China and to try to use this for the benefit of the Turkish state, he had set his mind to be influential in the Chinese administration by forming an alliance with the T'angs. He kept this in his mind for now, waiting for the appropriate time. Let the affairs in the southwest be resolved...

As the Kōrgs arrived, Bilge Tonyukuk better understood the thoughts of the San Turgish Khan Uchele. Uchele was afraid of Kapgan Khan. With the greatness of his victories, he was convinced that his end was near. He knew that the Sky-rooted Turks would act in the manner of Bilge Tonyukuk and that the Turgish homeland would eventually be raided. Therefore, he intended to act sooner and strike, if God gave the opportunity!

This was the general tendency for steppe peoples. While they lived in a nomadic way, while they made their home under the sky, they did not hesitate to fight and strike. The kagan, who found himself strong, would gather his army and shoot his own descendants, his own blood, whom he recognised as fat, when necessary. The one who acted early in this matter, the one who prepared early, found strength and struck would be closer to victory.

Mekileh Shad, the Ashina noble who had become the head of the Tardush, would soon be staying in the south-west with his army and making raids to establish himself in his homeland. It was not yet his place to speak in his shad. Because of his age and newness in war, he kept silent and obeyed only the orders given. He was not asked for his opinion, he was sharing his thoughts with his compatriot Kül Tigin. However, he also knew that they should shoot the Turgish kagan as soon as possible. He thought that his brother Bilge Tonyukuk would not hesitate to push Kapgan Kagan to the raid in this way.

Bilge Tonyukuk had never been in favour of wasting time. In his old age, as long as he could ride a horse, as long as his hand could stretch a bow, he wanted to make war and get glory.

This was also Kapgan Kagan's wish at the beginning. He had given a preparation order. Before returning to Ötüken Yiş and dealing with Chinese affairs, he wanted to solve the big problems in this direction and leave less work for his son Küçük Kagan.

The raid on the Turgish seemed imminent.
However...

When the great Turks of the Sky-rooted Turks were thinking of raiding and preparing for war with the Turgish, a messenger from Öhlken Yiş brought a dark news. Kapgan Kagan's Great Hatun had reached the end of her life. The kagan Öhlken Yiş was expected for mourning and mourning. Ulu Hatun, who came from a noble clan, was to be given a proper send-off.

At the commemoration, Kapgan Kagan had to be there.

As he was preparing to set off with his sons Tonga Tigin and his younger son Hankoti Tigin, Kapgan Kagan took Bilge Tonyukuk into his presence:

"God has taken my wife to his side. I shall return and perform a ceremony for her!" he said in a sad voice, "Let the bulk of my army stay here and camp in Al tin Forest and wait. My son Ine! I will leave my son Ine Kagan at the head of the army, and your knowledge and experience are necessary for you to be by the side of the Little Kagan and advise him on the slaughter to be inflicted on the Turgish according to the situation. If Yugish Kagan comes against you, fight him, if not, wait for information from the kings and stay in the camp in the Golden Forest!"

He ordered his kinsman Il Cor Shad to take his army and return to his homeland. Although an attack from China was not expected, it would be better to keep an army on that side.

Kapgan Khan did not ask Great Sage's opinion. His order was final. He could not have known what would happen next when he took two ten thousand men and his warriors with him and set off without delay for Ötü ken Yıř.

The loss of Ulu Hatun, the Khan's sister, had also upset Mekilen Shad and Kül Tigin. Their servants wished to be with the Khan and share his wealth. However, Kapgan Khan had left even his son, Kül Tigin there. They were in the age of raiding. If the Turgish were to move, they had to be put on the road to Ötüken Yıř. It was deemed appropriate for the Irkin to be at the head of their army. None of them could imagine what the situation would be if the raid was not carried out. For one thing, the Yugish had heard that they were preparing for the raid. The absence of Kapgan Khan was also a priority for the Turgish. They would be even more emboldened. They knew that San Yugish Khan Uchele would not wait.

Like the other Irkin, Mekilen Shad took Kül Tigin with him.

He wished to take and strike the mighty Turgish army single-handedly, but the armies under his command were not enough for that.

Most of the Turkish army was encamped in Alhn Forest, waiting for the Yugish to attack. At that moment, the Yugish, who were strong and the only army that could raid Ötüken Yış, were continuing their preparations.

While Kapgan Khan had returned to Ötüken Yış and was mourning the death of his wife, the irks in the south-west had to wait for the end of the mourning period and the return of the Khan to the head of his army.

Bilge Tonyukuk had a different opinion.

"It is necessary to strike the warned fatty without waiting, not to give him a chance to prepare!"

He was right in his opinion, but how could he do this without the command of the kagan? An impulsive action could drive a wedge between him and Kapgan Kagan, further alienating him from the administration.

Bilge Tonyukuk had received new sensations from the körge. When three körge, all three of them said similar words, it became an undoubted fact:

"The Turgish Khan commanded the tribes under his command and asked for men. He ordered them to gather at the Race Plain. We think that a great attack on the Turkish homeland will be organised at the end of this!"

There was no time to wait.

The Great Sage called Little Khan Inel, Mekilen Shad, Kül Tigin and the lords who led the army and asked for the establishment of a toy. The messengers reported that the matter was very important. Although the highest ordained person present there was Küçük Kagan, Bilge Tonyukuk considered himself competent and decided to hold the toast. Many people were thinking whether it was right to obey the call. It was natural for them to be curious.

"What is the reason for the toga?"

Kapgan Kagan had ordered Bilge Tonyukuk to wait in the Golden Forest until the Turgish army arrived. However, a decision had to be taken according to the situation, and the Great Sage was wise enough to see this. For this, he had called the irkin to the toya.

Negative thoughts were turned into positive ones. The beys sensed each other and came to the conclusion that it would be good to attend the toast. Little Khan obeyed the call in order not to be alone.

When the day began to fall in the south-east, the Toy was established. In his own tent, the Great Sage again opened the Toy and explained his thoughts and the sensations he had received. He did not skimp on his words about what needed to be done. His words were not in accordance with the kagan's order, but he had valid reasons.

"The situation is clear. Turgish Khan Uchele is preparing to strike us. He has gathered a large, powerful army. If we stop, he will gather more. I think it's wrong to wait here like this. Every moment longer is to our detriment. We must hit them before our raiders hit us, before the Yugish increase their number of troops, before they organise their raids! Moreover, the forest where we are encamped is suitable for siege. Waiting here is an association to get defeat at the beginning".

At first no one spoke. Since the views of the Great Sage were contradictory to those of the Great Sage upon the order of the Kaghan, the people hesitated and chose to think instead of speaking. Although he was one of the youngest in age, Mekilen Shad felt the need to express his approval of the Great Sage's correct words and his agreement with him. It was the first time he would speak at a toy.

"The Great Sage speaks the right words. The situation has changed. It is to your detriment to wait. It is necessary to strike the oil before it gets stronger!"

The shaddah's support pleased the Great Sage. Those who had not spoken were also emboldened.

It was known that Mekilen Shad would say something to the contrary when the Little Khan stood up to speak.

"My ancestor Kagan ordered us not to fight unless the Turgish attacked. He must have known something because he said so. However, the rumours indicate that the situation has changed. Then we need a new order. Let us send a messenger to my ancestor kaghan and ask for a decree! He may want to cut his mourning short and head his army. At least he will give the order. Let us wait!"

The nods of assent from the hooves showed that many were of the same opinion. In fact, they were not unkind words. The Turkish equestrians, whose speed was known in the acunda, would cross the roads in a short time, reach the kaghan and return. All this time to be lost should not have been worth anything.

Bilge Tonyukuk became still. It was not difficult to understand that he was thinking about what had happened in the past and his expectations in terms of the value of time. Ilterish Khan, who made him competent and made him apa!arkan and put him at the head of his army, trusted his every word and left him free in his behaviour. Great Sage was looking for those days. However, the kagan had changed, thoughts and commands had changed, and the attitude towards him had also changed.

The Great Sage insisted that it was wrong to send auxiliaries to Ötüken Yış when time was of the essence. But there was nothing to be done. He had to obey the Little Ka ğan, who had authority over him in the army. Otherwise he would have defied orders and warnings. He announced his decision.

"A messenger will be sent to the Khan .

The messenger was sent without delay and the news was announced to Kapgan Khan. The Irkin thought that a war order would come from him to attack the Turgish. At least this was the opinion of Mekilen Shad, Kül Tigin and the Great Sage. Du-

¹⁷⁵ Eşkinçi: Horse messenger.

Kapgan Khan would realise the evil of the situation and come and lead the army or give orders for war.

This hope was in vain. Those who were expecting a war order were wrong in their expectations. Kapgan Khan ordered them to stay in their places, to send out yelme soldiers¹⁷⁶ to watch what was happening, to increase the number of guards and to be careful not to be overpowered.

"Do not raid before the Turgish come upon you!"

Kapgan Khan did not stop there, he secretly sent a bitig to his son with another messenger and said, "Keep an eye on Bilge Tonyukuk. His aim is to hit the Turgish as soon as possible and increase his fame. He will have no difficulty in bringing Mekilen Shad and Kül Tigin to his mind. They, too, will be in favour of striking the Turgish without wasting time, following in the footsteps of their elders. Don't let that happen. If the Turgish are to be fought, I must fight, I must be at the head of the army!"

Bilge Tonyukuk would learn this later and be saddened. But it was only to be useful to his nation, who did not know his name in his old age? It was obvious that Kapgan Kagan's main fear was the fame of Mekilen Shad and Kül Tigin.

Bilge Tonyukuk was a strong personality and had always been in the closest proximity of Ilterish Khan, Kapgan Khan's sidekick. In the wars he participated in, he led the small armies very well and won unforgettable victories. Moreover, he gave his daughter to Mekilen Shad and both strengthened him and gained strength himself. The fact that he was loved and respected within the Budun and that his closeness to the sons of Ilterish Kagan continued to increase must have made Kapgan Kagan think. Therefore, he had taken the army management, apa tarkan orun from him. However, since he needed his knowledge and experience, especially when the buddha's view of him became clear-

¹⁷⁶Yelme troops: Reconnaissance troops.

He could not afford to send him far away from the state affairs, to keep him away from state affairs. If not now, in the future there could be danger to the Little Khan these rapprochements. Wise That Tonyukuk would win new victories and grow stronger, Ilterish Khan saw the presence of his sons by his side as a danger for the future of Little Khan.

His feelings of ancestry influenced his decisions.

The order had come, but Bilge Tonyukuk had to do something. The other irkin chose to keep silent, saying it was not the time. And to wait...

The Great Sage had spent all his time for the Turk. So that the Turkish name would live and be glorified... With his experience, he was quick to realise that something different was going on. When he had his loyal men watch and interrogate him, he realised that the other soldiers sent by Kapgan Kagan

He had the messenger found and made him talk.

What he learnt made Bilge Tonyukuk very angry. The Khan was waking his son to watch him. This could not have been a good intention. The Great Sage thought that he should not stop at these unexpected words about himself. He would defy the Khan's order and risk slaughter if necessary.

However, he should not have been alone for this.

Mekilen Shad, who had spoken to Bilge Tonyukuk. he didn't. Moreover, the new orders made him think about the past and the future. Such thinking of his sidekick Kapgan Kagan was the thought of a great Ashina'run. should not have happened.

When Ilterish Khan had reached the age of flight at a young age, hadn't he been passed over to the kaganate because of his young age? The fate of God was unpredictable. For this reason, the organisations for a distant future would harm both the state and the nation. In this, too, the kagan wished to delay a battle that should have taken place. There was no doubt that he was a great personality.

Mekilen Shad did not like this behaviour of the dullness eeci kaghan.

Kül Tigin was very angry at the order. Kül Tigin was born for war. Every decision that would prevent this was tightening his heart.

Mekilen Shad was not expecting to be visited by the Great Sage in the middle of the night in the very centre of his camp. If he had called out to him, out of respect for his age, he would not have hesitated to come to him. When his faithful sacer, who was standing at his door, announced the arrival of the Great Sage, who was both his element and his father-in-law, he got rid of the clothes he was preparing for stew and welcomed his guest as a shad.

"You have brought blessing to my tent, Ata!"

"May the blessing be with you, my comrade's son Shad. I did not want to disturb you, but it was necessary to discuss the matter face to face."

There was the Great Sage he expected and knew. Never consenting and never turning from his thought. He had taken a decision that would put his essence in difficulty in the face of Kapgan Ka ğan. He had come to ask the opinion of a shad who was just coming of age on this matter. It was nice to be consulted. Until today the shad had consulted him and never regretted it. So now it was time.

The Great Sage said that the Turgish Khan must be struck without delay.

"Even tomorrow may be too late!"

"I think the same, Ata, but there is a kagan's order!"

"The kagan is not here," said Bilge Tonyukuk. "He doesn't realise what will happen. If you and your kinsman Kül Tigin will be with me, we will convince the Little Khan and the other tribesmen and strike the Turgis."

The shad thought. It was necessary to understand and accept what would happen at the end of this. He asked the question in his mind:

"If we are defeated..."

"Our defeat will happen anyway by waiting!" said the Great Sage. "I want to change this fate. Believe me, Shad, even a setting sun is important!"

Mekilen Shad believed him.

"Let me call out to my kinsman. I must get his opinion!"

They decided together, they agreed not to do anything without hearing from each other.

It is as if he never sleeps, always ready for battle. When called, he comes running! Especially if it is his sidekick Mekilen Shad... Mekilen Shad laughed when he saw him in front of him, almost in battle clothes.

"What is this, my comrade Tigin?" he teased, "Do you sleep in a queue?"

He was excited. He was ready to take orders.

"Here, my dear Shad! When you called me, I immediately got dressed and came. Since you need me at this time of the night..."

Only then did he recognise Bilge Tonyukuk. He bowed and offered blessings. He realised that something was different.

It was already past midnight. Two Ashina and one Ashide noble Turk were talking about the imminent Turgish war. One white-haired old man, two young... Their thoughts were merging and diverging, which was ordinary for their age. They tried to equalise for a long time. It was even difficult to bear what would happen in the end.

The decision was taken close to dawn.

"The Turgish must be shot without delay!"

The Great Sage had convinced the two kinsmen of the inevitability of this. In this way, the other tribes would be influenced and would not want to be separated from the whole. The only problem was the behaviour of the Little Khan.

"We hired your kagan. Yabgusin shady would die at once. Eligçe er tutdumuz. Ol ok tün budunun sayu ihmuz. Ol sabıg eşidipip On Ok begs budunı kop kelti, yükünti. "17

Great Sage was the head of the army. When Yarunda Mekilen Shad and Kül Tigin became Mekilen Shad and Kül Tigin, he had risen to his former position and made himself the authorised army chief. He didn't care about the army and thoughts of the Little Khan. The fact that he was next to the sons of the Ilterish Khan increased his power. The army chiefs and great beys he talked to were people who knew and respected him. It was impossible for them not to obey his command. Only the opposition of Küçük Kagan did not change the result and he had to obey the decision of war. Now the Great Sage was giving his order under his disbelieving gaze.

"From now on, there is no stopping. Delaying the time of war will harm the state and the nation. We will attack now, we will slaughter the Turgish kagar!"

Obeying this order was now unquestionable. The war was for the Turk and it had begun. The little kagan would not hesitate to send a messenger to his ancestor kagan to tell him what had happened, but even this would not hold back the raid.

When the powerful army of the Sky-rooted Turks, who set out with the order of Bilge Tonyukuk, left the Golden Forest where they were staying, an enthusiastic raid had begun.

¹⁷⁷ "We killed his kagan. His Yabgu and shad were killed there. We hired about fifty soldiers. That same night we sent a message to his people. Hearing that word, the Beys of the Ten Arrows, his clan all came and bowed down." Orkhon Monuments, Tonyukuk Bengutasi, Second Stone, West face...

If there was no way, they found a way, if there was no trail, they found a trail.

The left side was led by Küçük Kagan and the right side by Mekilen Shad.

At the end of the two-day journey, they came across the Irtysh River... It is known to be an impassable river. It is necessary to understand its language, to get its favour so that it can be crossed. If mountains and rivers could speak, they would surely speak Turkish language. Where would they learn another language?

Bilge Tonyukuk ordered them to find a shallow place and drive the horses into the water. It was difficult, but they crossed to the other side without wasting time. Then they did not stop and travelled on.

At daybreak they reached Bolçu¹⁷⁸ and stopped. The men of Yelme came back from their duty. They said that the Turgish Khan had gathered a hundred thousand men at the Yarış Plain. He had acted swiftly and managed to gather a large army, but the Turks of the Sky were late. Their army was barely half the size of the Turgish. The reason for Bilge Tonyukuk's insistence on raiding was in front of them. If they had not lost so much time, the Turgish army would not have reached this crowd. After that, it was a triumph to be won with skill and wisdom, if the army was led by sages who were fit to achieve this.

Mekilen Shad was in different emotions again. He was sad. Fighting with such a large army, especially with the same noble, bloody, good warriors Turgish, was very dangerous and unnecessary. Its unnecessary was connected with the necessity of unity.

When he reached Bilge Tonyukuk at his lodge, Mekilen Shad saw him thoughtful. He was sceptical about the stance of this valiant husband who had won victory in many similar battles.

"Great Sage, have we done wrong? Turgish, our Turk, this-

¹⁷⁸ Bolçu: It is one of the place names mentioned in Orkhon inscriptions. Historians think that it is the name of one of the tributaries of Irtysh River and the region where it is located is named with the same name.

is our condition. They fight like us and resist like us. Since they have so many men, should we have waited? Should we have listened to the command of the Khan and stayed in the Golden Forest? Our chances of winning the war against the multitude of oil are in trouble. If we are defeated..."

He had said this before and could not finish.

As he was about to speak to answer him, the noble Turkic people came one by one and stood beside him. They all expressed similar views.

"Isn't it necessary to be good, to know when to strike, Great Sage?" they were saying so eloquently...

Bilge Tonyukuk said the following with difficulty not to show his anger:

"We are few, are we? We are few... How would you know what a small army is? What is your age? You are afraid to stand against the Turgish with so many strong men. When Ilterish Ka ğan the Flying gave the order to march towards Ötüken Yış, I had a small number of soldiers at my command. Some of them did not even have horses. We did not think for a moment to shoot the large number of Nine Oghuzes we came across. Our nobles were good warriors. They had valiant, fearless soldiers, but God willed, we defeated, we won the victory. God willed, we reached Ötüken Yış, we kept our homeland, our province. Now both our men and horses are strong. There are Turgish against us. They are crowded, but they have armies gathered from many tribes. Let their numbers be many. Let them fight and quarrel like us. This was going to happen sooner or later. Turgish Khan would not give in, he would fight with us. Maybe with more armies he would hit us at our most difficult moment. We have travelled all this way, we have waited all this time in the Golden Forest, we will not be afraid of them, we will not run away from them. Sky God, Holy Umay, 179 Iduk

¹⁷⁹ Umay: In some sources, Umay is believed to be the spirit that protects pregnant women, labouring women, mothers and children in the ancient Turkish belief system.

the ground sub180 is with us. It is to the Turk's detriment if this battle is delayed."

Bilge Tonyukuk again objected to their turning back, retreating, waiting for Kapgan Khan. His words were right. First, Mekilen Shad supported him again. Thus, the other beys were convinced. Then they were ordered to go to the head of their armies and address their soldiers.

"Make them believe in victory! Remind them that they must fight to the death."

When everything started with belief, success increased.

When they were alone, Mekilen Shad said, "I saw you thoughtful when I first arrived, ancestor," he said, "If the reason for your thought was not that we were few, what was it?"

"I was not thinking about today or tomorrow, Shad," said Tonyukuk the Wise. "I was thinking of times beyond."

"What did you see and what did you think, ancestor?"

Bilge Tonyukuk did not answer this question. "It is not the time, shad. When the time comes ... "

Hard day for the state, hard battle for the army...

God created the Turk for these days, gave strength and blessing.

The soldiers of the heavenly Turkish army attacked the Turgish with such speed.

A very favourable way was taken, and the Turgish were surprised. Until they realised what had happened and found the strength to fight back, there was no other way but to be shot and die. Then the di-

is defined as a spirit. In different Turkic tribes, "Umay" is referred to in different dimensions of belief, and sometimes she is also described as a "god". As depicted on the rocks, she is a middle-aged woman with white clothes, white silver hair reaching to the ground. She is sometimes depicted with wings. Different images of her have also been encountered.

"" Iduk place sub: It was used as it appears in the Orkhon Inscriptions. It is a belief term meaning the spirits of the blessed earth and waters.

Even though they made an effort to reconcile, it was no longer possible for them to succeed.

The war continued until sunset. Much blood was shed on both sides. When both the one who hit and the one who was hit were of the same nobility, the sky was saddened. How blessed were the men of this war that they were able to make flying an epic.

The Turks won the battle, but the Turgish did not retreat. Both sides rested for a bigger, bloodier battle the next day. They never saw the need for dodgy ambushes or night raids. When it was parts of the same great nation... They were of each other, like each other. This was a battle of supremacy.

If the fatty showed valour, the battle was fought with valour.

They spent the night in preparation. They tried to milk the wounds of their wounded and to recruit men for the battle. The Irkin came together and talked about the order of battle. Sometimes the long nights before the battle quickly exhausted, the sun did not give time to the soldiers. However, they needed rest very much.

The next day it was the Turgish who were fast. As if the war had just started... They were burnt to ashes. If Bilge Tonyukuk had not predicted what would happen and taken precautions, the Sky-rooted Turks would have been in trouble. When they took a proper line and resisted, there was no wood to burn.

When Mekilen Shad found an opening and managed to release his troops from that direction, the Turgish lines were broken. The valiant Kül Tigin was right behind him. Gaps in the ranks is the effect that destroys an army! The Turgish Khan made this mistake. From here the way opened towards the centre of the Turgish army. The Celestial Turks ploughed on. Yugish soldiers could not stop this advance. Entering into the kagan's otbah, Kül Tigin fought alone against all the guards and killed them all. Yugish Khan Uchele was taken prisoner.

At the same time, about fifty of the most noble and influential Turgish lords and elders were captured. Many great men of the rulers were captured and the Turgish army was left without a head. The battlefield abandoned it, retreated away and waited. What are they gonna do? They did not know how to fight. So, how could they fight if they had no kagan, if they had no lords to command them?

There was expectation on this side too. Mekilen Shad took the lead in the decision for the first time.

"We cannot shoot our Turk, our nation, the Turgish when they are in trouble. Tomorrow we will comrade each other side by side, shoulder to shoulder. We will break down the divisions that separate us. The war must end.

They were no longer oil, but part of the same nation. They could remember their kinship and embrace. Spilled blood and fallen soldiers would be an excuse for unity, not for separation. It was high time to ask for unity. Bilge Tonyukuk also thought this was necessary and sent a message to the bud and the retreating Turgish army.

"Bow to the Turkish state and Kapgan Kagan. Follow the unity! Your Khan is our prisoner. If you bow down, we will leave him in our captivity again and we will take you as our own."

This is what was done. From this time onwards, there was no point in the war of kinsmen.

The Turgish bowed their heads. Their khan Uchele agreed to the order.

was.

The San Turgish were the connected, the Black Turgish were distant yet. But the raid towards them was imminent.

A great victory had been won and the San tribe of the Turgish had joined the state. Of course, not all of them could be expected to keep silent and obey the order, but for the time being, the problems were solved in the southwest near the Turkish homeland.

¹⁸¹ Historical sources point to the year 699 for the Turgish raid. Bilge Kagan, his army and Mekilen Shad were fifteen years old and Kül Tigin was fourteen years old.

When the news of the triumph was reported by messenger, Kapgan Kagan would not be very happy, and the coldness in his heart would increase against Bilge Tonyukuk who did not obey his command. Of course, he was happy for the victory, but only if it had been won by the army led by him. ... He thought that Bilge Tonyukuk had put the state and the army in a difficult situation by not waiting for the rest of the Turkish army and the khan in a hurry, and he would often voice this opinion. It seemed that in the future the relations between the two nations would be even more unfavourable. Mekilen Shad and Kül Tigin would also have their share of this reproach. Because Kapgan Khan's son Küçük Kagan had conveyed to Kapgan Khan how much he was against what was happening and that his order was not being obeyed. Inevitably, scepticism arose in the heart of the Khan.

Despite all this, a great victory was achieved.

Each new frontier announces a new frontier. Since the last frontier of the Turk is the land on which the Sky is located, the Turkish homeland is limitless.

They did not stop anymore, they could not stop. There was no weighty, strong oil left in front of them. They set out to take it from two arms and to take new homelands. The Nu-shih-pi and To-lu bu duns of Turgish were not resisting too much and bowed down to them. The whole Balkhash province, Isig lake surroundings, Talas tribes came under the command of the Gök rooted Turks, Kapgan Ka ğan. The steppe tribes living along Maveraünnehlr, Aras river joined the state.

Every life lost is travelled with pain...

While waiting for the end of the mourning of his Great Kagan, Kapgan Kagan was thinking about the future of the state and his own son and realised the need to establish new orders. In his mind, the kaganate was the right of Inel, the younger kagan. He also wished to give suitable positions to his other two sons who had become soldiers. He often met with the elders. He consulted and talked to them.

From his son Inel Kagan, it was heard that Bilge Tonyukuk had ordered a raid on the Turgish and disobeyed the kagan's order, and although the kagan was very angry at this, he did not issue a counter order to stop this raid, which he thought that stopping it would cause greater harm to the state. Now there were successive reports of victory from the south-west.

Bilge Tonyukuk had briefly described what had happened in his dispatch to the equestrian messenger:

"We won great victory in the Turgish raid.

Uchele was taken prisoner. Budunu bowed his head. We tied them up and left Uchele in charge again. Then we crossed the Moment.

We crossed Yincü Ögüz¹⁰ with our horses. We reached the Kyzylkum desert. I wished to leave a part of the army there under the command of Little Khan to subjugate the Buddhas living in the region. I, Mekilen Shad and Kül Tigin postponed our raid. We travelled towards the red side of the south-west and left the blessed Ek Mountain behind. The Sky Turk army under my command reached Demirka pı⁸³ in the southwest. Congratulations on your victory, Khan. Wait for your command!"

Utku was good. Utku was good. Even though there was resentment arising from the fact that the order of the kagan was not listened to, what was more important was what had been won. This would surely be reckoned with one day. In the autumn, it was understood that the problems had been solved to a great extent. Of course, the wars would continue and the rebellious tribes would be dealt with. Now important work awaited the Turkish army. Endless work...

¹⁰ Yincü Ögüz: Seyhun River.

¹⁰ Demirkapi: Temir Kapı... It is a legendary description of a passage with historical meaning. Historians agree that there is a passage in the southern part of the Maverannnehir. It is thought to be a rocky, narrow strait on the road connecting the city of Bclh and Samarkand.

Kapgan Khan, who believed that Bilge Tonyukuk's being away from Ötüken Yiş and staying in the south-west would be more beneficial for his son Küçük Kağan, thought that this was wrong today. Therefore, he decided to call the Great Sage to his side. He wished that the only ruler in the south-west, the highest commanding person would be his son. Since Mekilen Shad and Kül Tigin were also on that side, and there were twenty thousand soldiers under their command, it was unnecessary for Bilge Tonyukuk to stay.

He was going to command this, but as a good khan, he did not want to contradict a great person whom the Buddha loved and praised. For this reason, he dictated his letter very carefully: "May your victory

be blessed, Inu Bilge. Your nation is proud of you and the Turkic peoples who contributed to this victory. It is obvious that from now on there will be no more important troubles on that side. While my son Küçük Kagan, Mekilen Shad and his kinsman Kül Tigin continue their raids when necessary with their armies, I need you now in Ötüken Yiş.

I wish you to leave the armies of the three Turkic races, each with twenty thousand men, at your command, and come with the rest of my army! When the army was in the south-west, Chinese behaviour is different. If this continues, new raids will be necessary."

Would this bitig mean the end of an era? Would it result in Bilge Tonyukuk being completely removed from the state administration? Time would tell.

Kapgan Khan's fame increased and he became a khan who was feared by his subjects. The Empress of China, Wu-hou, frequently sent gifts and praised Kapgan Kagan with new honours in order to establish a close relationship with the kagan, or at least to prevent him from coming against her. Envoys from China were vocalising such titles as "Great Khan" and "Successful Khan". In this way, China was following its own way, praying for the peace to last.

Maybe this way would have worked, if Kapgan Kagan did not have other thoughts about China.

The great kagan had already decided to put his thoughts about China into practice. He was not going to waste time.

He sent an envoy to China unexpectedly. He informed Empress Wu-hou that he wanted to marry his eldest daughter, a Turkic concubine of Ashina lineage, to a T'ang nobleman. Again, he had taken his own decision, did not hold a toy, and did not consult the elders. While putting forward this request, which was not accepted by the Turkish elders and frowned upon by the Buddha, he had commanded many other things to China.

The Turkish kagan had become a ruler of China.

What they wanted were favours that would benefit the Turkish state and increase its strength and prosperity. On the other hand, they wanted favours that would put China in difficulties, that would lead to great troubles if done, and that would cause a rift between China and Kapgan Kagan if not done...

The first and most important of these favours was the return of the Turkish territories that remained in the hands of China to the Turkish state, the Ordos region called C'han-yü tou-hu-fu, under the command of a Chinese ilbai. Thus, all Turkic tribes living in Ordos would be free. This problem, which was constantly imposed on China, was tried to be postponed and forgotten by sending gifts each time. However, it was a known fact that the Turk would not forget his homeland. Not only that, Kapgan Kagan was also demanding the administration of the Sogdian nation, which had been under the Turks since ancient times but had been taken under Chinese rule when the state collapsed, back from China.

Sogdians were a very important nation for trade. The Turkish state needed them in the western domination. China should no longer interfere with the Sogdians and should withdraw its hand from their homeland and administration. The road carrying silk from east to west had to be completely under the command of Kapgan Kagan.

Kapgan Khan had one more request. China's various

He also wanted to subjugate the Turkic tribes living in the regions dependent on China.

"China will not keep any Turk, steppe tribe in captivity and under its command! I do not recognise this ability to China."

They also had what they asked for in the form of keel...

"One hundred thousand shih¹⁸⁴ dan, three thousand sets of tarig¹⁸⁵ tools and a large quantity of iron ready for working."

These were the demands and if they were not fulfilled, China would be the target of new raids.

The Chinese court was confused and these demands confused the minds. If they were fulfilled, China would be in trouble; if not, China would be in even greater trouble.

The decisions taken by the Chinese court were unfavourable. As the consequences of Kapgan Kagan's demands were obvious, it was seen that they would not be followed. Chinese nobles were expressing their opinions in favour of not making concessions and rejecting Kapgan Kagan, but they knew that they had to look for ways not to anger him. It was best to take the matter slowly and spread it over time. In the meantime, they would think of ways to destroy the Turks and put their state in difficulty. According to them, in any case, the Turks would not last long in the face of China's greatness and the games it would organise, and they would be divided. The Empress had to work for this, instead of trying to memnun Kapgan Kagan...

Empress Wu-hou, on the other hand, thought that the only solution was to please Kapgan Kagan; she sent a high-born Chinese nobleman, T'ien Kuei tao, to Ötügen Yiş to get him to agree to less.

The Chinese envoy had taken a thousand and one precautions to avoid angering Kapgan Khan, who had defeated the continentals and made them retreat to the mountains.

¹⁸⁴ Shih: A Shih is 41 kg.

¹⁸⁵ Tarig: Agriculture.

"Do whatever you can to please the Turkish kagan!"
This was not going to be easy.

Kapgan Khan was very angry. He immediately realised that the Chinese envoy was trying to make him forget his words and requests by spreading them over time. Empress Wu-hou had sent her envoy, whom she thought was a good boy, to deceive him. However, the past years of captivity had taught Kapgan Khan a lot. He would neither wait nor give up.

"When China starts a game, it never ends!"

He insulted Ambassador T'ien Kuei-tao, who was waiting helplessly before him, trembling in fear as he realised that his game had failed. Insulting him was an insult to the Empress of China, which Kapgan Khan did on purpose. He did not stop there. He had the Chinese envoy arrested and tied up. He could not take his ambition, he decided to cut off the head of the envoy. He would send the severed head to the empress, thus showing his anger. Immediately afterwards, he was going to raid with his army.

Bilge Tonyukuk opposed the beheading of the envoy. He did not hesitate to tell this to the kagan. If he was there and the kagan had said he needed him, then he would not hesitate to voice the truth he believed in. And by going the way he always did.

"Great Khan, he is a messenger. His duty is only to deliver bitig and words. The killing of a messenger does not honour the Turkish Kaghan. It also hinders the realisation of what he wants to do. The Chinese do not want to meet with a kagan who kills his envoys. Let the Great Khan reverse his decision. We are strong today. China is afraid of us. We only need to mobilise our army to get our way! Killing envoys will only bring us shame."

Although there was a cold wind blowing between them after what had happened, Great Sage managed to persuade Kapgan Khan. Thus, the Chinese envoy's head was saved.

Immediately afterwards, the army was ordered to prepare. A call was also made to the Turkic tribes in the south-west. There was going to be a great raid on China and they had to take their armies and join this raid.

Kapgan Khan also did a good deed and withdrew his army, which he had kept in the Kultan country and prevented them from raiding to China. He sent a message to the Kultan irkin that he would no longer strike them.

"If the Kintans come under my command...."

This command was immediately responded. Instead of obeying the Chinese, the Kintans chose to obey the Turkish kagan. Kapgan Kagan's calculation was correct and China suffered a loss.

The united Continans came out of the forests where they were hiding in fear of the Turks and attacked China again under the leadership of Wang Yün. They sacked the city of Chl-chou. They defeated and expelled the Chinese army of one hundred and seventy thousand prepared against them. Then they advanced and plundered the cities of Yü-chou and Ying-chou.

Kapgan Khan was watching what was happening with pleasure. China was reaping the rewards of playing tricks on him.

While they were dealing with the kictans, Kapgan Kagan was also The news reached the Chinese palace.

The Chinese empress Wu-hou was frightened and realised that a new Turkish invasion would be the end of her and that she would be unable to stop those who opposed her. In order to prevent the raid and to stop the Kintans, she chose to fulfil some of Kapgan Kagan's wishes immediately, which was a good choice.

At the request of Kapgan Kagan, a large number of Sogdians from Sogdia and some tribes with Turkish roots were sent to the Turkish province. Thus, the presence of the Sogdians, who knew the trade well, would strengthen the Turkish state and the nation would become more crowded with the new tribes. Empress Wu-hou did not forget to give Kapgan Kagan hope for the future with regard to his other wishes. It's war now.

he didn't want to. If the friendship of the two states continued, his buddhas would be comfortable.

When some of his demands were fulfilled, Kapgan Kagan was pleased that he listened to Bilge Tonyukuk and did not have the Chinese envoy killed. He did not need him anymore. He released the Chinese envoy he had bound and sent him back, but he did not forget to continue his warnings and remind that all of his demands should be fulfilled.

"If the Empress of China tries to play games, I will burn China!"

Fear gripped China to such an extent that Kapgan Kagan's demands were being fulfilled one by one. When the presence of Turkish horsemen riding along the border was heard, it was assumed that Kapgan Khan had started his raid and envoys were immediately sent to Ötüken Yiş.

Empress Wu-hou had organised a great toy caravan. This caravan was the long-awaited caravan of Kapgan Kagan. The dan, tarig tools and iron he wanted were in this caravan. Also the gifts of gold and silver sent by the empress... The caravan was so rich and numerous that it was watched with astonishment and amazement on the roads it travelled. It signalled the surrender of China.

However, the Turkish nation did not show much enthusiasm. Because Kapgan Kagan continued his wish to make his daughter a bride to China. Ötüken Yiş was silent to show his unhappiness for a business he did not adopt. Turks did not give daughters to China. Especially a conch of Ashina lineage... The few nobles who had done so in the past were still not well-regarded after all this time. They questioned why their valiant kagan did not convene a toy for such an unnecessary business and did not seek the opinion of the elders. In any case, someone would have prevented it if it had been organised. What was a heaven-rooted konchu doing in the Chinese palace?

But Kapgan Khan believed it was necessary. Or rather, someone had made him believe that it would be good. He saw it as a work to be done for the strengthening of the state and the continuity of this power, to place a konçuy in the Chinese palace.

Kapgan Khan was so persistent...

The Empress of China finally made up her mind, despite all the pressures and efforts to prevent her, and found it appropriate to take Kapgan Kagan's eldest daughter to one of her own subjects, her own horse. As Kapgan Kagan wanted; it did not suit him that a T'ang descendant should receive this honour. If Kapgan Kagan also accepted, an alliance would be established between them, perhaps this would increase his power in China and prevent Turkish raids. Satisfied with his work, he waited with open ears for good news from Ötüken Yiş.

When Kapgan Kagan wanted to send his daughter to the Chinese court, he aimed to be in line with the T'ang dynasty ruling China. Empress Wu-hou, on the other hand, aimed to be obedient to the Turkic kagan of Ashina descent through one of her horses. As both sides were calculating in their own way, the calculation of one of them would not be fulfilled.

While examining the delegation of Chinese nobles who had come to Ötüken Yiş to take his daughter as a bride, Kapgan Kagan was listening to those who were kneeling in front of him with a pathetic stance, who had once tried to lord it over the Turks, by humiliating them with his gaze. He was looking at Wu Yen-hsiou, whom Empress Wu-hou had sent as a wife for her daughter, as if he was not a wife for her, but a fatty.

"You are welcome, come to take your daughter as a bride, to take her to China-

Upright Kagan!" said a divided old man. He was using his voice so low so as not to anger the Kagan. Kapgan Kagan did not respond directly to what they said, and even with those who knew and understood the Turkic language very well, he did not speak to them himself, but spoke through the intermediary of one of the gates of the otag. It was not difficult to understand from his behaviour that he was angry with what had happened, even when he was saying his orders to the doorman in a low voice. The Chinese envoys were trying to understand why the Turkish kagan was angry, and the words spoken made it clear.

The otag doorman quoted Kagan's words as follows: "Kapgan Khan said, 'I have asked the empress

I wished for someone from the T'ang dynasty.

I was going to give it to one of them! And he dared to give me a commoner!"

While Empress Wu-hou was trying to break the influence of the T'ang dynasty, Kapgan Khan wished to support the T'angs by giving his daughter. No one in China would interfere with whoever took his daughter, and the T'angs would continue to cause trouble and maintain their existence.

"You have brought with you a doorman of the empress, a nobleman of Wu, a nobleman of Wu, a nobleman without a name, a nobleman without honour. This person's identity and value are unknown. There is no nobility in his past. I wouldn't give my daughter to such a person. This is a game. Since you are in a game, you will be rewarded for it."

The Chinese nobles were trembling with fear. The good khan wished to fulfil his own command, not their wish.

Kapgan Kagan continued his anger with these words:

"Will I not take my mighty army and enter China, will I not burn your capital city to the ground, will I not overthrow the empress and give the throne of China to those who really deserve it?"

The Chinese envoys were pleading in panic. But their efforts were in vain.

Bölün P'ei Huai-ku excused himself and tried to speak words to placate the khan:

"May the Great Khan forgive us. Our Empress's thoughts are to establish an alliance between her and the blessed Ashina lineage. WuYen-hsio, who was sent as a wife to the noble concierge, is a noble person, Great Khan. He is very close to our Empress. He is her son and her ancestor... But if the Great Khan doesn't like this person..."

"Of course I don't like it!" said the Kapgan Khan, " ... and I will make them pay for it!"

Kapgan Khan wanted to humiliate China. He was looking for a way to do it.

He thought for a short time and then asked a member of the envoy delegation who was waiting quietly:

"Who are you? What is your army?"

The Chinaman, who was taller than the others, tremblingly replied:

"I am an ordinary emir, Great Khan. I am the aide to the Chinese religious affairs commissar... My name is Yen Chih-wei..."

Kapgan Khan laughed and announced his decision:

"I have made you the emperor of China. From now on, you will be under my command and will be in charge of ruling China! You will not leave my side, and when I enter China, you will convey my orders to your tribe. Since Wu's clan is noble, I have made you nobler than him, and I will confirm it with my power. Let us see who will oppose you. Let us see who will hinder me."

Having said these things, he gave his orders and ordered Yen Chih-wei's disguise to be changed, a crown to be made for him from the one worn by the Chinese emperors, and to be announced as the emperor of China. He also appointed servants from among the Chinese who were in Ötüken Yığı.

The envoys were surprised, but could not say a word. It took a long time for them to realise the meaning of what had been done.

he was going to die. If they had objected, the head would have gone, and it was not reasonable to attempt such a show of virtue there.

By proclaiming an ordinary Chinese as emperor, Kapgan Kagan wanted to show his power, to show that he was interested in what would happen in China and that he could change the throne if necessary. Of course, his actions would not remain only in words. He did not take back the order he had given for raiding to China, and the Irkin he had ordered started to gather for the raid with their armies.

Kapgan Khan gathered a big army in a short time. The armies of Little Khan Inel, Mekilen Shad and Kül Tigin, who were in charge in the southwest, were ready for the raid. There were also many soldiers from the affiliated tribes.

When the raid was announced to China, who would stay away?

Mekilen Shad had participated in many battles in the southwest after he became shad over the Tardus and had been victorious. He and his blood brother Kül Tigin would follow the order and take part in the raid to China with their armies. Burning for war, Kül Tigin, who would enter China for the first time, was so happy. He kept talking about it. It was a matter of curiosity what he would do in this raid. Because every war of Kül Tigin was an epic.

Kapgan Kagan wished Bilge Tonyukuk to join the battle in such a difficult raid. In this, he showed that he was a good khan. His presence in the raid with his army, even the mention of his name would be a problem for the fatan.

When the Turkish army set out, Mekilen Shad and Kül Tigin were commanded to take a place on the right side of İl Çor Shad, the left flank lord, the kagan's kinsman, who had taken a place on the left flank. Then, the Kagan called his beys to the haldun and listed his commands on horseback. The younger Khan Inel, Bilge Tonyukuk, Tonga Tigin, the second-ranked son of the Khan, and other Turkic elders took their places in the line of honour.

While he was in a state of suspense, the Chinese in ornate clothes, standing on the right side of the Kagan, attracted attention. When the questioning gaze met with Kapgan Kagan's gaze, he laughed and explained who was standing next to him.

"The one I appointed emperor of China, Yen!"

They were surprised but did not say a word until they learnt the truth of the matter. When they found out, they laughed and laughed a lot. They all ~~aged~~ agreed on the same word.

"Kapgan Khan has found an emperor worthy of China!" The

Irkin took their positions and led the privates to their places in the army.

As they were returning to the head of the Chinese capital, Kül Tigin's words made the spirits more pleasant.

"Are we going to reach the Chinese capital and put this ridiculous Chinese on the throne?"

They realised that they had the power to do it. It was not difficult to reach the Chinese capital, but after that. ..

It was not their job to think afterwards.

The number of soldiers of the Turkish army exceeded one hundred thousand. In the mass raid, Kapgan Khan first chose the regions of Ching-nan, P'ing-ti and Ch'ing to ravage. Then, each of the clans dispersed to the regions assigned for their armies and returned after raiding. When a large army needed to be brought together, they did so; when it was not necessary, they struck China with separate raids. The empress, who could not raise a proper army against them, had already regretted her mistake. But it was too late.

So much pressure was exerted that China could not even breathe. The armies that were prepared and came against them, some or many of them, were of no use. Although the war did not come to an end, those who gave up the war were the Turks.

There would be no sangguns. Sometimes they would break the Chinese in bloody battles, and sometimes the Chinese sangguns, who were afraid to fight, would bring their armies to their knees without engaging them in battle, and would be sent to Kapgan Kagan.

they surrendered. Kapgan Khan did not like such easy jobs. The privates, the irks were angry, "Fight, you degenerates!" they shouted to those who surrendered.

"As long as you can breathe, as long as you have your bow and sword in your hands, why stop! Is your valour for the weak?"

Of course, the questions remained unanswered.

When the Kuei and Tan regions were raided, such an abundant supply was obtained that it was even difficult to transport it to Ötüken Yış. This task again fell to the Chinese. Who knows what the Chinese thought when they transported their own goods and herds to Ötüken Yış?

At the same time, the Chinese capital was in a panic, trying to find solutions.

"Why?", the Empress Wu hou was angry with the nobles, "Why did I obey you? Why did I not fulfil all the wishes of Kapgan Khan? Why didn't I send a T'ang noble as he wished for a wife for his daughter? Is what we have lost now less than what we have to give?"

His words were of the lying kind. In fact he also

He thought he could deceive Kapgan Khan and persuade him to give his daughter to his horse. He thought that a T'ang to be obedient to the Prophet.

Now there was no other way! They would fight. But nobody wanted to take part in any sanggun and go against the Turks, because they knew what the end would be before they started. No matter how large their armies were, the fear of the Turks had gripped the hearts of the cherim. It was so difficult to fight this nation, which until recently had been their prisoners.

The Empress Wu-hou invested Wu Chung-kuei, who was the gate and was engaged in dynastic affairs, with high honours and authority, and placed under his command three hundred thousand soldiers. He made it a bit difficult for him. He also appointed Sha-t'o Chung-i as auxiliary sanggun, also with high honours, who was experienced

an army chief. He did not stop there, but raised another army of one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers and appointed Yen Ching-jung, the sanggun of the Right Guards, to guard the palace.

He ordered them:

"My messengers have brought word that Kapgan Kagan has at most one hundred thousand men under his command. You are at the head of four hundred and fifty thousand troops. If you cannot stop the Turks with all this power, what else can I do? Destroy this barbarian thirsting for Chinese blood!"

He called the person he wanted to obey until yesterday a barbarian today.

It was easy to give orders, but difficult to implement them. Yes, maybe something could have been done with an army more than four times as large as the Turkish army, if the Turks who believed, who were strong, who made war an art, were not against them.

Kapgan Khan did not even consider the large Chinese armies. He mocked them by attacking again and in the same ways. He was a strong, wise, warrior kagan. He gained the trust of his soldiers and beys and became a person to die for.

The Wei region was attacked. Then the Ting region was entered. Ilbay Sun Yen-kao, who tried to resist, was killed. Cities that refused to submit were burned to the ground.

Huge Chinese armies were behind them. They could not catch the Turks, nor could they compass them. Maybe they could, but they did not want to fight. The Turks, on the other hand, either all together or with their own armies, fought and crushed the Chinese armies whenever they wished. When they encountered very large armies, they would retreat without a compass, pull them behind them and make them scatter at the speed of their horses, and thus defeat them.

Unable to win in war, China would set up new games. And in new ways...

Empress Wu-hou had announced that whoever could destroy Kapgan Khan and bring back his head would be given the highest noble honour and be lavished with gifts so great that they would stop the mind. These words were being spoken and spread everywhere.

In addition, the empress had meaningless orders: "All the honours given to Kapgan Khan by me before the honours, the glorifying wwan were taken back. His oron is now 'Chan-ch'o'186"

Kapgan Khan sent more sarcastic and more effective replies to his words. He crowned the person he carried with him and declared him the emperor of China, dressed him in clothes similar to the imperial clothes, and ordered the Chinese to follow him wherever he went. He did not stop there; he gave new honours to any Chinese person he wished, dressed them in the clothes of Chinese nobles, and sent them to the Chinese capital.

"Go on, find your place. I will come soon to rule you. in the police force!"

He did not hesitate to make announcements humiliating the empress and the pride to which she belonged and humiliating her in the eyes of this dun. Desperate, the empress, on the one hand, forced her sangguns to destroy Kapgan Kagan, and on the other hand, she started to send envoy after envoy to the Kagan.

With one of these envoys, she had asked the following question:

"What is the reason for the Turkish kagan to shed so much blood and ravage China, even though we fulfil all his wishes and increase the gifts we give him?"

Kapgan Khan's answer:

"China kept my nation in captivity for many years and encouraged our oil. Even today, by keeping many Turkic tribes in captivity

¹⁸⁶ This insulting designation means "decapitated Çor". As it is known, Kapgan Kagan's name before becoming a kagan was Beg Çor.

is doing evil. In the past, he severely slaughtered our nobles and nobles who were passionate about freedom and beheaded them in front of the eyes of the people. So everything I say is done? Then why is it that the grain I wanted for seed was actually cooked? The gold and silver that was sent as ransom was of low value. Why did he send a common doorman as a wife for my noble daughter? As long as the Empress thinks that she can deceive me by playing tricks, she will be satisfied with my slaughter. I will burn China as long as I rule with God's box!"

Although Empress Wu-hou was the wife of the noble emperor of the T'ang dynasty, she seemed to have acted in favour of the continuation of the T'ang dynasty after the death of her brother emperor, but in fact she was increasing the influence of her own son, continuing to appoint her close associates and followers to positions. Of course, not forgetting these dist priests. In fact, his dream for the future was for the Wu dynasty and his own tribe to rule China. However, as they became helpless against Kapgan Kagan, the voice of the T'ang nobles began to rise, and effective efforts were made against a non-noble woman ruling China.

At last...

Unable to withstand pressure from within and without, the empress was forced to recall her son Chung-tsung, a T'ang noble whom she had expelled from the capital, the heir apparent of the dead emperor, and make him the supreme sanggun of her armies on the mainland. Thus, if Chung succeeded in stopping the Turks, he would have done his duty and China would be saved; if he failed, he would again be discredited and the influence of his mother, the empress, would continue.

Chung-tsung could not stop the Turks either. The Turks, however, could not be stopped.

Kapgan Khan again raided the Chao and Ting regions as the Chinese army tried to intercept him, and ninety thousand Chinese-

li to the Turkish homeland for labour. Thus, the fame of the new great sanggun was exhausted even before it started.

He was a great king, Kapgan Khan. His thoughts were always about the future. He did whatever he said, he did not go back on a word he said against China. His raids were so effective that he finally took back all the lands that were once Turkish homeland but dominated by China, and moreover, he had become in control of all the Chinese lands on the land bordering the Turkish homeland. The impotence of the rulers of China was used to demonstrate the power of the Turkish state, causing the tribes that favoured the Turks to hesitate.

Kapgan Khan was as powerful and effective as his ancestors who built a great state. Thanks to him, the Turkish state was as strong as it deserved and the nation was prosperous.

*"Begleri budunı tüzszüz üçün Tabgaç budun tebligin kürlüğün
üçün armakçısıñ üçün inili, eçili, kingsürtükün üçün begli budunluğ
yongşurtukın üçün Turk Irodun illedük ilin icğını idmiş kaganladuk
kaganın yitürü idmiş. "187*

Mekilen Shad was seeing, hearing and learning while he was on his way to be a good Shad for his nation. Time brought different skills to a person. If you know how to make time valuable.

He knew what was not, but should be. He saw what could not be done, but should be done. The reasons for the dissolution, destruction and deterioration of the past were so clear! And the reasons for the suffering.

"It is necessary to change, to change. It is necessary to find the strength for this. The only thing I admire about the Chinese is their scribes. They write down everything with the habit of the ages and leave it to those who will live in the future. Thus, it is impossible to forget. Mistakes to be made are reduced. We, on the other hand, have narratives and descriptions. Many subjects are forgotten. We are wrong in this regard."

Scribing had become an honour in China. The scribes, who gained a respected place in the palace, had two different duties. At every banquet, there were always two scribe troops with the emperor. While those standing on the right recorded everything that came out of the emperor's tongue, those standing on the left recorded everything that happened, everything that happened. Thus, nothing was forgotten.

¹⁸⁷ "Because its beys and bud are disharmonious, because it is deceitful, because the Chinese budun is deceitful and dishonest, because it pits younger brother against older brother, because it pits bey and budun against each other, the Turkish budun has lost the province it made a province, has lost the kagan it made a kagan -" Orkhon Monuments, Bilge Kagan Bengutasi, East Side...

"To forget the past is to forget the future. If all this time was of no value, why would it have been lived? If the Turkish nation, which has existed since the beginning of time, has fallen into many troubles, there must be a reason for it!"

When he was born, his ancestor named him Boğçu Tigin. When he was ordained as Kū çük Şad, he was sent against the Tardush under the name Mekilen. He took part in raids with his kinsman Kül Tigin, and wrote his name in epics in the test of manhood. He was preparing himself for the future, and he was aware of how volatile the future was. Today the nation was strong, the state was wealthy. Similar glories had been achieved in the past, but then the Turkish nation had to taste captivity. Mekilen Shad was thinking, consulting and learning what should be done to prevent this and not to experience it again. The Great Sage's lecturing voice was still in his ears.

Time was so short... Soldierhood was a duty, the name of the duty was soldierhood... Under the influence of this duty, they were leading an army and fighting. Realising that something had to be done differently...

He rarely came to his sister Pofu Hatun and stayed in her tent for a short time.

When Pofu Khatun gave birth to a son to him, he learnt about it during the raid, and he was able to see the newborn Ashina Tigin, his son, after a long time. Just like his ancestor, Ilterish Khan, the flying Ilterish Khan ... The fate of Ashina nobles did not change.

It wasn't long before he learnt the power and meaning of direction. Nor for him to realise the value of unity...

"Unity is a value above all else! One cannot be destroyed, one cannot die, one is not afraid of oil!"

Ensuring complete peace in the south-west meant being active with greater power against China in the red zone. To know the value of this was to know the Turkish state.

"It is so difficult to explain this to the clans and tribes of my Turkic nation... But this is my duty. If necessary, I will explain it to everyone one by one!"

Knowing was the first priority while he was living. The fact that he recognised this as a path for himself was perhaps because he had talked and listened to the Great Sage a lot; perhaps because of what he had experienced and seen. Whenever he and Kül Tigin, who was his compatriot and at the same time his war comrade, came together, they shared what they knew. And their dreams reflected on the future... They were beautiful dreams, and in these dreams lay the Turkish nation's possession and ownership of a great state living in eternity. For this, the nation must become one and consolidate it.

Immediately after the Toyun, he had forced his kinsman to take a wife for the continuation of the blessed Ashina lineage. Thus, the command of their mother Ilbilge Ha tun was fulfilled.

Marriages had to be commonplace for those who, like them, were drafted into the war at an early age. Like a duty. ... as it should be... Of course, their daughters had accepted the life they lived knowingly. To do what was necessary for the budun was the duty of all Ashina nobles since the great ancestor Khan Ashina.

was an attitude. God had made them for this purpose.

Mekilen Shad liked to tell his dreams to young soldiers of his age. And they liked to listen to their shad. It was a privilege to be able to speak words of wisdom, and God had given Mekilen Shad this ability. While telling, he wanted to keep alive the longing of even the old soldiers for better days. In addition to being their shad, he was also telling them so that they would not be dragged behind the wrongs with the necessity of being a person of the nation that is building the future. Soon he would realise that he would have to submit to God's destiny and not be content with what he had earned.

When he spoke to his kinsman, Kül Tigin, he said

The trouble of staying, of being under the Little Khan Ine, was becoming more and more apparent.

"Echim Shad," Kül Tigin was saying, "You are my elder. You are my kinsman. Of course it is wrong for you to stay in the position of Little Shad while three of our comrades on the path of Erlik are still waiting for their turn to fight and striving to grow up. I, on the other hand, accept every army under your command and ask your permission only for war."

God had created all Turks as soldiers and warriors. Since each of them believed that they had come to the world to fight in the army-unit structure, valour was ordinary for them.

However, Kül Tigin was living like the definition of valour alone. He was fighting for the sake of war.

He fought to the death in every battle, usually took part on the right side, and the army he led would glorify the tribe and change the fate of the fight. He had a heavenly way of fighting. No one knows how, he could enter and survive among hundreds of fannies alone. And he left hundreds of dead fat behind him. ... At times, the beauty of his battle and the passion with which it was watched were such that the privates almost stopped fighting to watch him.

Now he wished only one thing for the future. To fight! To fight and fight!

"I don't care about any name, honour or title. As long as I am known as a warrior."

He lived to fulfil the only purpose for which God had created him. Thus, his dreams for the future were coming true.

Mekilen Shad knew that God's duties for him and Kül Tigin were different. His words were pouring out of his tongue in a way that inevitably implied this. Even he had difficulty in understanding how this happened.

"To be a great state, to challenge the power; then to be impoverished, to fall into captivity... This is what happened in the past. The Turk has suffered many hardships. Today, with his freedom, he is the son of Echim Kagan.

While endeavouring to maintain a state that is rooted in the region, we must not forget what happened yesterday. If we have to go through the same problems again, what is the point of living? We must solve this problem. The Turk must not fall into trouble again. He must not forget himself!"

In the heavenly dream of the past narratives, such a great blessing was hidden. If only all Turkic greats could see it.

The words spoken in Mekilen Shad's wise mind and spilled from his tongue:

"When God created the blue sky above and the greasy earth below, He created mankind between them. My great ancestor Bumin Khan,¹⁸⁸ Istemi Khan¹⁸⁹ came to power. They established a state and ruled the nation with honour. There was oil all around us. They formed great armies and organised raids on all four sides and claimed the Turkish homeland. While the Turkish nation was just sitting without a master, living in dependence, they brought down the oil one by one and established a homeland and order until the Kadirgan Forest in the southeast and the Iron Gate in the west. Knowledgeable, strong, blessed kings sat one after another. They were accompanied by knowledgeable elements, valiant beys, irkin, commanders. They were so wise that they knew how to settle and strengthen the nation. Since both their people and their nation were righteous, brave, and honourable, they knew how to protect their homeland and their state!"

This was the first condition for a Turk to have a state. To own it... To know its value and meaning... To never forget this...

"There is only one God who is eternal. Even if so many lives are long

¹⁸⁸ Bumin Khan: Years of kaganate (551-552). He is known as the first Göktürk kagan. He was also known as İlig Kagan (İl kuran) and Aşina Tumen. He was the Gokturk kagan who revolted against the Juan-juans and established a state and then ruled the eastern part of the state.

¹⁸⁹ Istemi Khan: Years of kaganate (552-583). He is the brother of Bumin Khan. With the establishment of Goktur state, he ruled the western part.

one day, it will be exhausted. My great ancestors, too, have fallen to time. Acun mourned their deaths. Mourners, mourners¹⁹⁰ gathered. They praised, shed bloody tears, wept and remembered my great ancestors. Of course, the state did not leave them unattended, their kinsmen and sons became kagans."

Among them there were those who were not worthy kagan, who did not think of the state and the nation. This was the reason for the greatest destruction.

"Uninformed kagans... These kings, who did not know how to give orders, who could not choose good Irkin for themselves, naturally had bad governance. Since the kings did not listen to the bud and did not solve their problems, the collapse began. China, the biggest oil, was waiting for these days as in every age. The rulers of China knew how to turn the kinsmen, the son and the ancestor against each other, because they could easily deceive them with their playfulness and deceitfulness."

As a result, the homeland, province and state gradually fell away.

"The budun lost its kagan. He lost his homeland, his state. The proud sons of Irkinlik became servants to China. His daughters of Konçuy value became concubines!"

What a pity for such a great nation! What a disgrace to live like this...

"The nation's trust, the nation's hope for salvation, the nation's hope, the beys, the elders, have fallen under the influence of China. They abandoned their blessed Turkish names and chose degeneracy.

They lived like Chinese, dressed like Chinese and took Chinese names. They abandoned the kagan from their own lineage and found it a solution to obey the Chinese emperor." Long period of captivity...

Living dishonourably for more than fifty years... Moreover, those who fit into China, who look like Chinese, don't even realise it...

Even boasting of being Chinese

what happened...

Budun is aware of what is happening. Budun, in search of its essence-

¹⁹⁰ Lamerter: A weeper, lamenter.

is. He sits and talks in secret corners, reminiscing and lamenting the blessed days of old...

"I used to be a nation with a home! Where is my knowledge, my homeland? I was a nation of kagans! Where is my Khan?"

Surely there will be someone who warns, someone who tells, someone who sees the truth. Turks never lack a man, a brave man, a well-behaved sage. This is how God wished and created the Turk. When the desire for freedom, state, kagan and honour enters his heart, he cannot be stopped. No one can hold it back. Neither being a fly, nor the shores are his concern. Of course it is better to die than to live dishonourably!

The budun knew its fate. He was honoured.

"There have been many revolts. How many shad, tigin, irkin took up arms to break the captivity. They died. They were broken on the shores. They did not give up. God witnessed their endeavours, was pleased and rejoiced that the Turk had awakened!"

Above, the Turkish God wishes to see the Turk, whom he created and sent to the blessed place, free. He does not want the Turkish nation to perish, to be exhausted, to lose its essence! Because the world cannot be without Turks!

"God has glorified my ancestor Ilterish Khan and my mother Ilbilge Hatun. He has blessed them with honour."

The great Turk Kagaru Ilterish, who came out of China with seventeen men and called out to his nation...

"Seventeen became seventy. Seventy became seven hundred."

The Turk had a lot of fate.

"China in the red, Baz Kagan in the black, Nine Oghuz, Kyrgyz in the south-west, Kunkan, Thirty Tatar, Kultan, Tatabi. ...¹⁹¹And many more were always favouring the Turk."

Ilterish Khan made Bilge Tonyukuk an apa tarkan. They established a state by giving great strikes and raiding without resting.

¹⁹¹ Tatabis: They are one of the tribes mentioned in the Orkhon Monuments. It is known that they were proto Mongolians.

Then their sons... He
boasted...

"His sons are the ones who brought the Kyrgyz to their knees. They are among those who subdued Turgish. They are the ones who intimidated China with raids begging for mercy. They are the ones who fought for the Turk in the sunrise, sunrise, sunrise, and in the red."

If Ilterish Khan did not sleep at night and did not rest during the day for his nation, there was only one reason: To make the nation free and prosperous. His sons were also in the way of their ancestors.

Valiant men who fight for the Turk keep the nation awake.
If the İrkin is awake, the nation is also awake.

Being under the command of a great kagan brings a special honour.

Mekilen Shad praises Kapgan Kagan at every opportunity. His bringing China to its knees is such a great honour. "My master Kapgan Kagan sat as a kagan according to the Turkish tradition. At that time, Kül Tigin and I were young in age, but we knew the custom. It was up to us to follow the custom. Kapgan Khan strengthened the Turkish nation. He glorified the mission he took from the place left by my ancestor Kagan. Kapgan Khan, after the death of my great ancestor, knowing his duty, made Baz Khan a balbal and dedicated it to his memory."

All that labour, all that blood...

"My master Kapgan Khan, the valiant Turkish khan, did not stop. He waged war after war and enlarged his state. He made the poor wealthy and the weak strong. Those who opposed the Turk were slaughtered as they deserved."

China recognised Kapgan Khan, understood his greatness; bowed down.

Now they were the Turkic tribesmen who were hiding in the southwest, in the waters of the Turkic homeland. At the call of a raid, the first to run with their armies...

Little Khan Ine, Mekilen the Tardush Shad, with the valiant Turkic race Kül Tigin...

Whatever Kagan Khan thought, his son Ine! He had authoritatively made his son Ine Kagan more powerful, appointed him as the Lesser Kagan and overshadowed the two kinsmen. In this way, he was in his own way signalling the person who would succeed him as kagan. However, the efforts of individuals to fulfil their own wishes often did not find a response in fate.

Ine! When Kagan was made kagan over the Ten Arrows, Bilge Tonyukuk did not like it, but he did not stand against it either. Mekilen Shad and his henchmen did not realise what it all meant at the beginning. When they realised, they said it was necessary for the future of the state and kept silent. Even though the younger kagan tried to be authorised by his ancestor kagan to be kagan for the future, kut was taken by the command of God. No matter what anyone said or did, he could not break the destiny.

"Destiny is broken by power and kut!"

Their army became stronger and the number of soldiers increased. The two kinsmen were famous for their valour in battles. Those who heard their names and feared them had increased as well as those who loved and respected them. They had much work to do.

The indestructible path they knew:

Töre is the tradition of the Turk. It is the duty of the Turk to organise the world with the command of God. Before the war, a messenger is sent to the same noble clans to be obeyed and the command is announced. He who obeys will be accepted. The one who does not obey is slaughtered...

"The Turgish khan was our Turk, our nation. He was like us, he was one of us. He did not know this. He did not accept that he should be under the command of Ashina. That is why he died. He, his shads, and his people were destroyed. Ten arrows were persecuted for this reason. However, they should have obeyed the Turkish tradition and the Turkish kagan in order to stay in the province and state."

Mekilen Shad sent an order to the chief of Tanguts¹⁹² :

¹⁹² Tanguts: A part of the Tibetan people.

"We do not wish to render the province without a province and the kaganic tribe without a kagan. There is a Turkish khan sitting in Öiliken Yiş! God has glorified him with blessings and strengthened him with power. You should obey and bow to him. If you do not do so, trusting in your many armies, you should know that it is God's command and a debt on me to slaughter you. I do not like to be indebted to an ordinary person. Don't you go wrong. Don't be a suck-up to the Turk!"

The command is strong in the power of the owner of the command... Effective in its influence. Once spoken, if not done, neither the word nor the command has any value.

Mekilen Shad waited for a short time. When the answer he was waiting for did not come, when it was heard that the Tanguts were preparing for war, he sent news and consulted the Great Sage.

"What should I do, ancestor?"

The answer was expected and very short. "We need to hit Mekilen Shad!"

When his comrade Kül Tigin also thought the same, a raid on Tanguts was established. Mekilen Shad, together with his crony Kül Tigin, hit the Tanguts. He made them regret that they did not lead. He took away their horses, property, women and children. He made their yurt a Turkish homeland.¹⁹³

As the Tangut raid was being completed, a stir was heard in the south-west of Jungarya. Chu tribes, the remnants of Huns, were living in that region. Turgish might have thought to settle in that direction and take Chu under their sovereignty. Mekilen Shad acted as a soldier and led his army in that direction with the aim to subjugate the same noble Chulan and to break the ambition of Turgish before the beginning.

With a bloodless, warless raid, the Chus joined the Turkish state." After that, he gained sovereignty over the whole Sogdian province.

¹⁹³ It is estimated that the Tangut raid took place in 699-700.

¹⁹⁴ The dates 700-701 are given for the campaign against the clan called Chu or Chu-yu.

there was a dream in Mekilen Shad's mind. Whenever Tann wrote it...

He had just completed the raid and returned...
an order came from Kapgan Kagan:

"I raided to the Lung-you region of China and took more than ten thousand noble horses. I heard that the Chinese will raise a big army and come against me. They want to slaughter the Turkish king. Take your army and come. Let us show who is strong enough to slaughter!"

The two kinsmen rejoiced at the order. They set up a feast. They offered rain to the Sky. It was better to hit China than to fight with their own blood clans. The raid on China was the work they had always waited for. Their feelings were moulded with revenge. They did not consider the slaughter given until that day and the damage done by raids on China as enough. It was not enough. China had taken away fifty years of their clans. Even when they were fighting for the state in the spring, their ears were in Ötüken Yıř; they were waiting for a raid for China.

The good news they had been waiting for had come.

Inel Khan set off separately. They do not know why he did so. Mekilen Shad and Kül Tigin organised and ran their armies as ordered by Kapgan Khan.

When the army was gathered, they had a toy with the irkin. Different regions of China were marked and raids were ordered. They were asked to fight freely in separate raiding areas for each of the ethnic groups until a strong Chinese army fell behind them, until they were confronted and decided to fight.

Mekilen Shad again kept his kinsman Kül Tigin by his side. The two kinsmen raided Altı-Çub Sogdak¹⁹⁵ as a priority.

* Altı-Çub Soğdak: It is the name of a nation and region mentioned in the Orkhon Monuments. The year 701 is given for the date of this raid. During this raid

It was a great battle for which Kül Tigin is remembered in epics. Praises were sung, narratives were multiplied about him. His deeds became the word of the ages.

Intense raids were exhausting China, exhausting its people. Those who ruled China were waiting in vain for them to stop. There would be no end to the raids without China bowing to the Turks.

In response, the Chinese empress was taking measures that would never be enough. She was desperate.

Wei Yüan-chung¹⁹⁶, one of the great nobles of China, and Hsiang Wan-tan, the sanggun of the Ling-wu region, were assigned to lead this large Chinese army together. Kapgan Kagan thought that it was necessary to confront and fight against this army, and called his shads and irkin with their armies.

They rode with the speed of age and obeyed the command. They were in a hurry, believing that the first one to arrive would get more blessings.

How many Chinese raids, how many battles between Chinese and Turks was this? The duty of a private was not to count, but to be a proper private. Soldiers would fulfil this duty and fight for the flying cliff.
they were.

It was a bloody battle. It only took a short time for it to become clear who was a hero and who was a commoner. The Chinese sangguns, eager to learn a lesson and thinking that they could cope with the Turks, failed again against the Turkish army, which was small in number but strong in heart. The rain of arrows raining down on them was so effective that it was not even possible for them to keep their ranks together.

In this battle, Acun mediated how much a brave would be glorified. The Blessed Sky, the Iduk Yer sub witnessed this.

Kül Tigin...

Mekilen Shad was 18 and Kül Tigin was 17 years old. Sources indicate that Alb Chub Sogdak's homeland was northeast of Kansu.

" This person is mentioned as "Ong Tutuk" in the Orkhon Monuments.

Ashina descendant Kül Tigin, the black-eyed crony of the black-eyed shad, with his twenty thousand soldiers under his command, dispersed the most crowded ranks of the raiders and relieved the Turkish army and performed such deeds that words are not enough to describe. The old men watched with misty eyes this glorified brave. They offered heartfelt blessings to God, "This is a soldier of our tribe!" they said proudly.

"Strike on the white horse", struck young Kül Tigin. Whatever kind of a run he made, the white ah, flying like wings, suddenly surpassed the Chinese who were hiding behind their high shields in the front ranks. It was so fortunate to see such a departure that who knows how long it would take to come across its equal again. The valiant Kül Tigin, who had set his sword in his hand to destroy, found himself near Wei Yüan-chung, one of the great sangguns of the Chinese army, hidden behind the Chinese troops who were surprised, trying to stop and understand what was happening. Or, conversely, the sanggun found him.

Ash Tigin was trying to get through several lines of Chinese soldiers to reach the sanggun.

Sanggun must have been surprised because he just stood there. The others around him must have been so surprised that they just stood there. They wanted to understand what was happening in the horror of seeing an unusual sight. It was not easy to understand. In a very short time, they were shattered and stopped fighting again. They tried to stop, to kill Kül Tigin. It was as if Ulu Tigin was surrounded by blood. This blood was the blood of the fat. It flowed like a gutter, showed no mercy, cut off heads.

Ash Tigin's horse was shot, he was left yadag. In an instant, the Chinese surrounded him. He was alone among so many crowded Chinese. The soldiers called out to each other and endeavoured to come to his aid. They pushed to break through the lines. In the distance, Mekilen Shad, who was watching him with pride, burned with pain. It was impossible to escape from this siege. This impossibility was not an ordinary

"" High five: Lightning.

it was necessary to wait to realise that this was true for everyone.

Mekilen Shad closed his eyes. But at that moment, Kül Tigin was the strongest of the Grey Wolves. He managed to make way for himself alone.

Eyes could not believe what they saw. It could not be a single person fighting. One person could not do the work of an army. It was neither unique nor unprecedented before that tongues were held.

Every time the sword landed, the head of a Chinese met the ground, Kül Tigin. The headless body would stand for a while in a daze, then lay on the ground as if trying to reach the head. To no avail, the head was on one side and the body on the other. As the soldiers who followed behind him broke the Chinese like masters of destruction, Kül Tigin had already reached his goal. He leapt up and took off like an eagle. He placed the short shield he held in his left hand in the face of the sanggun who was watching what was happening on his horse. His aim was to catch him alive. When the disgruntled sanggun was about to fall off his horse, strong hands grabbed him and took him down.

"Give me a horse!" Ash Tigin called out to his men, 11A horse. ..."

The command was heard, and a soldier ran out beside him. He jumped down from his horse and gave his horse to Kül Tigin. Only Turkish soldiers would show such self-sacrifice, they would do what was necessary in the eternity of listening to the command.

No one could understand how it happened. Those who could look suddenly saw Kül Tigin riding his horse and the sanggun fainting in front of him. He was bringing the sanggun, whose army was great and who was out of his mind. He was one of the sangguns that the Chinese empress trusted the most and let loose on the Turks.

The horse was battle-weary, but obeyed the order. Say that he knew the weight of his task. He was carrying two people at once, and despite warnings of "Turn round!", "Get him! He's taking the sanggun away!" and the Chinese troops rushing, the Chinese abandoned their lines and rode on to the Turks.

was running towards the centre of his army, at the behest of Kül Tigin.

Kül Tigin, who had undertaken this work requiring great mastery and virtue, managed to arrive in front of Kapgan Kagan without hearing the words of praise of his comrades. The war was in a momentary pause, waiting for this work to be finished. He threw Sanggun Wei, who was lying face down in front of him, unconscious like an empty felt sack, at the feet of Kapgan Khan and said, "My Khan! I have brought the most famous sanggun of China to subjugate you! May he be my gift!" he exclaimed. Then, as if he had done an ordinary deed, he rode his horse back towards the Chinese again, in the eagerness to fight.

Kapgan Kagan liked this behaviour of his valiant horse very much. He praised and glorified him. The battle was won at that moment, the victory was achieved. Even Mel<llen Shad was praising this box he saw where he was. Because it had to be understood, forgotten and had no other owner.

"This brave is my kinsman! He is Kül Tigin, named by my ancestor and honoured by God!"

The struggle lasted long, many lives
were lost. The glory was Turks again.

Unable to withstand the pressure, the Chinese army abandoned many of its men on the battlefield and tried to retreat. The Turks then shot arrows and destroyed those they hit.

"Woe to him who falls before the Turkish arrows! There is no hope of salvation!"

Not only heroic epics were written. Plenty of food was taken. Budun was made wealthier. The strong army was celebrated for its strength.

They were there for some time. To do what was necessary for the flies and the wounded.

They returned and were sent to their homeland.

The return of the victorious army, the entrance to Ötüken Yıř

It is one thing, God forbid, for a defeated army to return...

Glory is greeted with enthusiasm. Defeat is silence and devastation. It is almost as if they don't want it to be heard, but it is definitely heard. Especially when the army that brings the oil afterwards causes such destruction... This has happened in the past. Prayers and rains were to prevent it from happening again.

They did their duty and brought great triumph to Ötüken Yış. They were welcomed with congratulations and praised. They shared plenty of food with the budun. They took from the Chinese and gave to the Buddha. The necessity of familiarity...

Mekilen Shad and Kül Tigin also visited Yış to see their mothers, to meet with their daughters and daughters-in-law. To present gifts to them.

They rejoiced at the news that one of their daughters-in-law had been thrown out. They were surprised to see their lairs and their growth. They could hardly persuade three new adults who wanted to tag along with them. Although they could not stay long, they stayed together. They shared the short time. They received plenty of prayers and listened to advice. They were going to reach the sunset... Their place, their home, their place...
revi... No matter how hard the separation is, the virtue is calling them.

The air, the water... Its soul is another homeland, Ötüken Yış. Being there is a superiority for the Turk; praise for Turkishness. Ade ta is renewed again, reborn, rejuvenated. It grows again, rises again.

Mekilen Shad and Kül Tigin are in the sorrow of not being able to stay too long, in the longing for Ötüken Yış even before they leave...

If they were not where they should be, the heads of the steppe peoples, whom they had subjugated with the power of their presence, would cling to wrong thoughts. This meant starting over again and again, dying over and over again.

They barely held their mother's hand long enough for their longing. They felt sadness in her box approaching old age, in her white hair. It was the fate of the Ashina tribe to know their mothers far away. To miss their sons far away... Nevertheless, a hope...

"If you return to Ötüken Yiş to stay forever..." Was Ilbilge Khatun offering them a wise hint?

or had the words fallen from his tongue spontaneously? Perhaps for the first time, Kül Tigin took the lead and made an unexpected remark.

"Yiş of Ötüken knows whom to choose!"

These words brought a moment of silence in silence, asking about his daughters-in-law and grandchildren. Those who understood ignored those who understood. Those who heard ignored.

Then separation again...

Kapgan Khan, the king of the army that had once again brought China to its knees, was even more glorified. The most feared and dreaded person of China was still active. He had achieved this with the strength of his soldiers, his troops.

It was a duty. It had to be done.

The way back...

When the Irkin, who were stationed in the south-west, rode at the head of their armies, their heads were in pride with the Sky. Although they were burdened with longing for those left behind, it was duty that called to them.

Blessed be God! He was with the Turk again, and they were the soldiers under the command of God...

God is very close to the Turk. Equal to Shah Damanna... You have to believe to know this...

They are advancing close to each other, in the lands they have made their home. They are behind a future that calls for new wars and endeavours. The men of a nation that has written its war traditions for ages, against the raids of the multitudes....

have taken their precautions. The leading mane soldiers, flankers and rearguards are at their most vigilant, as the safeguard of the whole army.

Kül Tigin is again in unstoppable breezes... This way and that way... A little bit bitter and resentful... The reason is the behaviour of his master, Kapgan Khan.

A l t h o u g h he doesn't vocalise it...

Little Khan Ine led his army from the front. His ancestor had given him new soldiers and army chiefs to replace those who were missing in the Chinese war. His army was complete. The importance and priority of the southwest for the state was obvious. The security and continuity of the trade routes from the south-east to the south-west had to be ensured so that the budun could receive dividends from the wealth. What he did was right.

However...

Ine! Kagan's army was completed and multiplied, the armies of Mekilen Shad and his kinsman, each consisting of twenty thousand men, were left with a lack of war. Even though this difference was not discussed, anxiety and inner questioning continued in the emotions. According to Mekilen Shad, who considered the situation more ordinary and kept silent, Kül Tigin, his kinsman, occasionally spoke words that showed his resentment. He no longer hesitated to express his expectations and dreams about the future. He would not do anything without consulting the Great Sage who stayed behind, he would not say a word to anyone openly, but...

He thought about what he had said to his mother. Why was an Ashina nobleman, the sons of the fleeting Ilterish Khan, far away from Ötüken Yış, in the most dangerous area? Why was Bilge Tonyukuk away from the armies?

"It is necessary to think well, to think well!" said Mekilen Shad.

He could not prevent Kül Tigin's reproach.

"Our ancestor Flying Kagan never prioritised his own, his son....

He couldn't, my dear Shad. All he cared about was his tribe, his state. He built a life in his dreams and succeeded. From time to time I wonder how many times I saw my ancestor's face. I don't even know that exactly."

Mekilen Shad thought the same thing.

"How many times have we seen the face of our ancestor?"

How long did it take him to come back from the wars, to stay, to take care of his children?

"What is different now? What has changed? And how many times will we see our children, my fellow man?"

God offers two choices: either you will live for yourself or for your people!

"Our choice is clear, my kinsman!"

With a joyful shout, Kül Tigin greeted the Sky. His resentment had passed a little bit. Grey Wolves gave voice to this familiar voice from the mountains. Echoes followed each other. The timid hid in the distance.

When the age is the age of the Grey Wolves, jackals look for a den to hide in! Even the deepest dens cannot protect their lives.

On long journeys, during ordinary horse rides, such conversations take place. When two kinsmen want to stay on their own, they make this clear to the irkin, and the neighbourhood is cleared in an instant. They also talk and commiserate in the places where they stay, either in the tents or in the firesides.

The devotion, respect and love between the two kinsmen was enviable. This was made possible by the fact that they were only one year apart in age and had grown up together. Due to the influence of their mothers, the loss of their ancestors, and their shared destiny, they were never separated. When their three little cows and older siblings stayed with their mother, the two of them became more attached to each other away from the dormitory. They used to show their loyalty to the neighbourhood so that no one would come between them, no one would complain about one another, no one would intend to make them talk after each other. The ill-wishers should not divide their kinship.

Mekilen Shad would usually talk about the state, the buddha, what had happened, the administration; he would dream about the future in this direction. Kül Tigin, on the other hand, would talk about war, explain his views on the order and organisation of the army. They would always reach a common point and conclude. However, Mekilen Shad always had the last word. He knew this, and when the time came, he would be silent in their silence of approval. This was the sign of his great heart.

That day, on the way back, they talked about

It was about the evaluation of their views on their destiny as a whole. Mekilen Shad's words were influenced by Bilge Tonyukuk, with whom he spoke and consulted whenever he could. Listening to the experiences of the Great Sage, who had reached old age, the times of captivity, and what he heard and knew would develop his mind and help him find answers to his questions. The subject he was most interested in was what kind of a nation the Turkish nation was.

"The Turkish God tested the blessed earth and water for the Turk and established it for the Turk. So that the Turkic nation would not perish, so that it would remain as a nation..."

The existence of the sky, Iduk yer sub box was the power of the Turk's existence. So that he does not lose his essence. Protect its essence and tradition! It was not easy to keep a province and establish a state. Turk was a nation of province and state. However, from time to time...

"Who can spoil the province and tradition of the Turkish nation? If he keeps his kagha, his province, his tradition..."

Turkish nation is honest, knows no tricks. His work is in the field of valour, on valour. There is no one above him in valour. It is easy to be tricked because it does not know games. China, on the other hand, is a nation that has become a nation, a nation that has become a state. It constantly produces games to disrupt the vitality of the Turkish nation, which it is afraid of.

The essence of this saying:

"The Chinese nation has sweet words and soft silk. With sweet words and soft silk, the Turkic tribe, which is far away from itself, is a

he manages to find a way to get them close. After getting close, he starts to do evil. He endeavours to corrupt good, knowledgeable people."

When the Turkic nation fell for China's soft silk and sweet words, it lost its state, its province, its kagan, its tradition.

Mekilen Shad reminded his compatriot Kül Tigin of this on a return of glory on horseback:

"If your Turkic nation approaches China, it will die. He must stay in Ötüken Yış, his khan must not leave there, he must never leave the land of Iduk where he finds blessing and strength! If the Turk sits in Ötüken Yış, he will live forever. He keeps his province, his tradition. When the Turkish nation is full, it does not know the value of fullness. It does not remember hunger. In hunger, he does not think of satiety. Even though the same thing has happened to him many times, he falls for China's lies and tricks."

Töre...

It is of unforgettable value for Kül Tigin. Töre has a blood that knows honour.

"The kagan who will implement the custom is the blessed kagan, eçim Shad.

Only when he is equal in rations, the kagan is respected and loved."

After saying this, he glanced towards the crowded army of the Little Khan who was going ahead in the distance in a clear image like a trace. He revealed his distress in this way so that he could tell his trouble.

When he looked that way, Mekilen Shad saw the same thing. Kapgan Kagan wished to keep his son on top and stronger. This showed that he had doubts in his heart.

"It is a pity ... However, I have such a respected place in my heart for the echim kagan. The way he brought China to its knees with his strong rule and his mastery in battles have always been an example for me. I wish he would not force his bud to follow the custom."

Their eldest son Kapgan Kagan came with the custom and sat as a kagan. However, it was not right that he made his son the Lesser Khan, authorised him and gave him a place above the two blood kings. From time to time

It was this issue that strained his soul and tired his thoughts. He should have left the matter alone and helped the deserving one to take the kaganate. But he chose to look after his son.

"Since Kapgan Khan sat down, the budu's blood is full and his face is smiling. China bowed down. Our fatans are afraid of our power. However, his departure from the tradition, protecting his son and making him the Little Khan. ..."

Kül Tigin shook his head from side to side.

"God knows the fate!"

This word startled Mekilen Shad. If Kül Tigin hurried...

If he was caught up in his known excitement...

He stopped his horse and looked into the eyes of the blood stone that fell behind him a horse length away. He saw determined lights. He realised that it was necessary to stop him, to prevent him from acting prematurely. He would surely obey his word, but...

"The kagan is the stability of the state. ... It is not for Ashina nobles to break this stability, my compatriot. Especially not the sons of the Ilterish Khan who established a state and kept a province... Don't you dare..."

"No!" said Kül Tigin. "As long as Kapgan Khan is in charge, I have no worries, only after that..."

"After that..."

The future is in God's box.

"I wonder what it is like to be born a prisoner, Echirn Shad!" This question that came suddenly...

He trembled inside. The subject he didn't even want to think about... They were fortunate privates. They were born in Ötüken Yış.

"Thanks to our ancestor Ilterish Khan, we were born in the shadow of the blessed tug in Iduk Ötüken Yış. But our ancestor, my mother Ilbilge Hatun, Bilge Tonyukuk, Kapgan Kagan... The beys, irkin born in captivity in China... ."

The narratives were endless. Uprisings, massacres, death those...

When I remember them ...

"Not without a kaghan! A nation without a kaghan, without a province, state, honour without you!"

Suddenly it didn't seem so difficult. They were living on Atlann as they wished. Their wars were for state and nation. They were taking revenge on China and asking for an account of their days of captivity. They had slaughtered and killed those who betrayed the Turk, who tried to protect Öl-üken Yış. The reason for the war that was going on in the present day was also the recovery of the past.

"When we arrive, we will fight again...."

War again and again, non-stop war. Until the borders of the homeland were boundless, until all the steppe tribes were once again united to the state!

It was not easy, but it was not as difficult as before.

İlterish Khan, who came out of China with seventeen men and held the mountains, first with seventy, then with seven hundred men, became the messenger of these days.

Mekilen Shad's tent was rising in the centre of all the tents at the deployment place of the army. The three tughks, the insignia of Shad, were embracing the spring in a blessed, happy breeze. As if waiting for a blessed sensation in every breeze...

The similar high tent rising next to his tent, the tent of Kül Tigin...

When two holy men of the Turks pitched their tents side by side in the same mansion...

Two young kinsmen...

Surely, great values will come out of their mix. If wisdom, experience and strength are united...

The Turk celebrates the
present. The Turk finds light in
the future.

In the past, Mekilen Shad couldn't help but think of their great ancestor Kaghan's establishing a kaganate toy in a poor tent and starting it there.

Blessed be God that they have reached today from those days!

"At the age of one and thirty, Çaça sengünke sünggüşdümüz. Ang first Tadygin Çonmg rode on a grey horse. That horse died instantly. The second Isbara Yamtar rode on a grey horse. That horse died instantly. The third Yigen Silig beging kedimlig toruğ rode on a horse. That horse died instantly. He shot a hundred more arrows in his yalma, not a single arrow was shot in his head."198

Gök God, Iduk yer sub, umay gave power. The Turk
set out to establish the order of the world. The Turk,
bound to the sky, blessed with the earth...
Who can stop him when he is united?

Sacrifices of rain were offered after every triumph. Great feasts and festivities were organised so that they could be both heard and enjoyed. The Cave of the Ancestors, which was considered sacred by the Ashina who stayed in Ötüken Yiş, was honoured many times by the Ashina nobles. It was blessed with sacrifices. Kapgan Kagan was there as he should be. They became passionate again. They were reborn and came into being. They remembered their ancestors and their ancestors' spirits. They offered enthusiasm so that they would rejoice.

The winter was cold and snowy, but the abundant, prosperous Ötüken Yiş was not affected by this. The Turkish nation lived the winter comfortably. It was in great expectations and found the opportunity-

¹⁹⁸ "When Yinni was one year old, we fought against Chacha Sanggun. First Tadygin attacked on Corun's grey horse. That horse died there. Secondly, Isbara attacked on Yamtar's grey horse. That horse died there. Thirdly, he attacked Yigen Silig Beg's dressed bay horse. That horse died there. They shot more than a hundred arrows from his armour and robe. Not a single one touched his face or head." Orkhon Monuments, Kül Tigin Bengutaşı, East Side.

While hunting and staying vigorous behind Kapgan Kagan, who organised hunts as much as he could, he spent his time in his tent longing for spring and new raids.

It was during this time that Mekilen Shad and Kül Tigin had the good fortune to go down to the red side of their homeland. The redwood of the sunwest...

They were interested in the rumours. What they heard was different. A new and active religion was now being talked about. A grovelling... 199 The large armies of the Arabian Buddha were travelling on their borders, offering war to the tribes. The practices and the way of warfare of this nation, which had not been seen much in the region until that time, and which was fuelled by their religion, did not resemble the Turks at all. Their priority was to invite the tribes to the new religion. Then they fought, killed men and took women and children as slaves. These rumours troubled the Ashina nobles.

The active steppe tribes of the south-west, the Turgish of the Ten Arrows, were quick to oppose the Arabs. They defeated them many times; they drove them away. The Arabs could not withstand the war of the Turgish. That's how much they were warlike.

If they had come against the Sky Turks, they would have shown them how to fight. It didn't happen... They went away. God knows what day they will meet? Because this departure is like more crowded arrivals.

"Let them come! Let them learn how Turks fight!"

Mekilen Shad was listening to the people coming from that side, he especially valued the sensations. He learnt what they wanted, what they did and how they did it. The new belief system, their rhetoric did not fail to attract his attention.

'God is one!'

"Of course He is! What is there not to know?"

¹⁹⁹ Yalavach: Prophet.

"God has sent a prophet!"

"The glorious God will send when necessary!"

Despite all this acceptance, some of the things he heard did not please the shaman.

"One day when we meet..."

As the army grows stronger, the soldiers cannot wait.

The call to raid comes with unstoppable demands.

If the time comes...

Kapgan Khan set out on a raid towards China with the promise of spring. As it was ordered last spring, Little Khan, Tardush Shad and Kül Tigin were behind him with their armies. Yen and Hsia regions were hit with such intense raids that China was again helpless...

Many goods and sustenance were taken.

"Ten thousand horses, several tens of times as many sheep..."

Then the Ping region was raided again. And then to Tai and Hsin...

They didn't meet any decent armies. Those that did either fled or perished in battle. It was a great joy to run their horses inside the Chinese borders.

Empress Wu-hou of China was worried about her lost influence. Her struggles were in vain. Her posture was becoming weaker and more ineffective with each age of incursion. The Turks were changing something in China.

Kapgan Khan believed that he had struck China with enough force that he had the idea of establishing activity in the southwest again. He separated part of his army and put it under the command of Bilge Tonyukuk. He sent Küçük Kagan, Mekilen Shad and Kül Tigin to their homeland with their armies. This time it was Bilge Tonyukuk who was the competent one. Why did the Khan think so?

It was not understood how such a decision was suddenly taken. Nor was it questioned... However, this decision would be beneficial, and there were many who rejoiced.

Kapgan Kagan ordered Bilge Tonyukuk as follows. "China can't field strong enough armies. This

We can continue the raids with the armies led by me and my kinsman Il Cor Shad on the side. However, there are tribes in the southwest, our Turks and our clans, who may revolt at any moment and disrupt our unity. It is also rumoured that Arabs are roaming on our borders. I wish you to establish an effective pressure on that side and to bind all the steppe tribes to my kaganate by raids.

What else could the Great Sage wish for? His place was on the battlefields even in his great age. As long as Mekilen Shad and Kül Tigin were with him, he did not think of a glory that could not be won and an army that could not be defeated.

"The order is the Khan's!"

A nation... All its soldiers are in the army. All its soldiers are at war. They are fighting great battles on all four sides. They have no other choice but to keep their state alive and glorified.

The armies of Bilge Tonyukuk, Inel Khan, Mekilen Shad and Kül Tigin flocked to the side of the setting sun. They did not sit during the day and did not sleep at night. They fought to glorify Turkishness. They reached the shores of Yineli Ögüz. They crossed over and went to the opposite side. They raided many times and took many cities. They subjugated the tribes.

The heavenly Turkish armies made the Iron Gate the border for the Turkish homeland.

For now...

It was their right to long for further.²⁰

²⁰There are conflicting information in historical sources about the order and dates of the raids of the Göktürks. These continuous raids

The raids continued for two years on both sides. Without stopping, without resting...

Kapgan Kagan struck China, sometimes with large armies, sometimes with small armies. Each time the Turks were victorious and China fell a little more. Empress Wu-hou was in a more difficult situation. She could do nothing against the Turkish armies. The day was coming when she could no longer bear to stay in power.

Two years had passed when Kapgan Kagan made a sudden decision to stop the raids to China. Kapgan Kagan, who was the luck of the Turkish nation, was a kagan who tried to strengthen his state with his good thoughts. His account with China was not over, and the wishes circulating in his thoughts were revitalised.

He sent an envoy to China.

"I have decided to send my daughter to China as a bride." He was putting forward his separate wish again, like a command. This had been implanted in his mind. He thought that he had something to take from China, which was ruled by a woman, and he wanted his own descendants to rule China. The fact that Wu-hou ruled China gave him new thoughts. Why shouldn't his daughter do the same job, so that she could be more effective in the Chinese administration and even become a partner to the throne?

However, many Turkish nobles were still opposed to the idea of an Ashina noble's daughter-in-law going to China. Even Kapgan Kagan's persistent persuasive narratives did not change their minds. Those who voiced their opposition loudly demanded that this business be abandoned.

The sequence ^{and} dates of the raids are debated. The predominant opinion is that the date of the sunwest raids led by Bilge Tonyukuk is 701.

²⁰¹ Dates point to the year 703.

One of them was Kül Tigin. When the order was heard again...

Mekilen Shad, however, was in similar uneasiness: "On reflection, I began to approach things more rationally.

Although I regret Kapgan Kagan's behaviour, I should at least be able to remain unresponsive to this wish, which seems to be a way to interfere in China's internal affairs. My compatriot Kül Tigin, on the other hand, does not hesitate to loudly announce his anger and discontent. We are the irkin who are watched and observed by the buddha. We cannot think out loud and criticise the kaghan's actions in public. This is a requirement of Turkish tradition. If something is not done today as it should be, we cannot find hope for tomorrow."

Kül Tigin also did not like the recent actions of Eçisi Kagan. No matter how much Eçi told him, no matter how many other ways he said, he could not be relieved.

"Enough with the influx to interfere in China. I pray that this desire, which touches my blood, will not happen. It is wrong to value the Chinese so highly, for whatever reason. The aftermath could be worse than expected."

He was not wrong.

China must have understood Kapgan Kagan's thought. Even if it seemed to accept it, it was trying to find many solutions and looking for ways to put this request back.

However, Kapgan Kagan was going on this decision he had taken by relying on his power. He made his conditions more stringent. He was saying his request directly.

"This time you will not send an ordinary person as a wife for my daughter. It is not enough for it to be someone from the dynasty. The only condition is that my daughter's brother-in-law must be the son of the Chinese dauphin."

The real purpose behind this request was thus made clear. Kapgan Khan was listing his demands in order to put Empress Wu-hou in a difficult situation. He was mocking her.

He wanted to send her to China as his rival. Thus, there would be more turmoil within the dynasty and the Chinese administration would be further divided.

The Empress Wu-hou had been tricked the last time she had been asked to do the same, and she had not forgotten what had happened to her because of it. China suffered a lot in return for the mistake. She could not refuse Kapgan Ka ğan when powerful Turkish armies were waiting for raids on the border. Since he knew that if he consulted the Chinese nobles and divisions, he would be opposed, this time he met only with his son, his heir. The heir-apparent, who had no power to oppose his mother, had no say, no authority... He could not even claim his throne, although it was his right.

The information brought by the large delegation of Chinese ambassadors who arrived in Eutiken Yis that day seemed to change a lot of things. There was a very splendid welcome, and Kapgan Khan had specially kept part of his army ready, as a sign that if the news he expected did not come, he would immediately rush to China.

The Turk, whom China feared the most, had found a way to keep China in fear.

The incoming delegation appeared before the Khan in fear and uneasiness. They were prepared not to say a single word that would anger him. After they bowed down and paid their respects, the noble at the head of the delegation began his speech with long and ornate words in the usual style of the Chinese, praised Kapgan Kagan, and then announced the wish of Empress Wu:

"My great empress sends her good wishes to the Turkish kagan. She said that she was very happy to see that the daughter of a Turkic khan was to be a wife to the son of our heir, and that she wished this to be realised as soon as possible."

Actually, Kapgan Khan thought that the empress would refuse his request with the influence of the nobles around him. He was surprised by the words of the envoy but did not show it. The envoys, who would have been in great trouble if they had brought an opposite answer, deserved to be entertained at the level of a guest with the good feeling they gave. Orders were given for this, and preparations were also requested for the counter delegation to China.

The delegation of ambassadors was prepared without much delay. Ili Tarkan was put in charge of them. Ili Tarkan was a nobleman capable of representing the heavenly Turkish state, the Great Turkish kagan in the Chinese sara}’l. Ili Tarkan was a noble, a man of honourable name, and his wisdom and valour were also known by the Chinese. This showed the importance Kapgan Kagan attached to the job. He had a thousand horses selected from the most noble ones and prepared as a gift to the empress. Kapgan Kagan’s ambassadors were also carrying many gifts that showed the wealth of the Turkish homeland.

Interestingly, both horses and gifts were bought from China during the raids. It must have been a well-thought-out and different behaviour to give China gifts of its own goods.

The Chinese capital was in great preparation. The visitor was the envoy of Kapgan Kagan; he had to be received accordingly. A sumptuous pavilion in the garden of the imperial palace was prepared for the ceremony. A great feast was organised and Ili Tarkan was welcomed by a crowd of the highest nobility.²⁰² Every noble in the Chinese capital was present. Arranged in three rows, they stood in obeisance before the envoy of a Buddha that had once been their captive.

²⁰² The date when Ili Tarkan went to China as an envoy is calculated as 703.

they had passed. This was power! The Turkish envoy was given great importance and value because Kapgan Khan had frightened the Chinese. Because his state and army were strong. At the slightest mistake, their army was ready to pour into China.

An old Turkish ancestral saying says: If China respects you, it is because you have established your unity and have a strong enough army.

As it is today!

Ili Tarkan was hosted at the highest level during his stay in the Chinese capital. Feasts and entertainments followed each other. It was as if the Turkish Khan had come to the city. The Chinese nobles were circling around him so that he would not get angry or resentful. Any dissatisfaction that would change the situation, any behaviour that would offend the envoy of the Turkish kagan was never allowed. Ili Tarkan travelled with pride, entered wherever he wanted, said whatever he wanted. He did not even spare his words insulting the Chinese. He repeated the wishes of Kapgan Kagan as a command. He avenged both himself, whose youth had been spent in captivity, and the whole nation. He showed at every opportunity that he did not value China in the slightest, and cut a sword in the name of the past.

On his way back, Ili Tar kan was sent off with unique gifts. Thus, the hope that peace would be maintained and Turkish raids would be prevented was preserved.

When Ili Tarkan returned to Ötüken Yış and told what had happened, Kapgan Khan was pleased. He especially wanted this to be publicised so that his people would learn about the strength of their state and their kagan. In response to this behaviour of China, he ordered the release of some of the Chinese nobles he had captured. Even this ordinary behaviour would please China and give hope for the continuation of peace. The Chinese empress Wu-hou rejoiced, thinking that she had found a way to distract the Turkish Kaghan.

Kapgan Kagan was trying to increase his power in various ways, but not all of his actions were appreciated by the Turkish elders. In the past, those who lived in captivity in China saw the kagan's getting closer to China as a trap. It was so difficult to remain the same under the pull of China. In particular, the endeavour to establish an alliance with the T'ang dynasty was considered so pointless. If an alliance had to be established, it would have been more appropriate for a noble konchuy to come from China for the khan. This had always been done in the past. Even the widowed empress was suitable for the job. Of course, there was a hidden hint of anger in these last words.

"I am Mekilcn Shad. I live in the speed of time. I am twenty-one years older than Acun- . My compatriot Kül Tigin is twenty... During all this, I have been living in the southwest, on the Tardus, and I continue to be a shad. We are preparing for a new raid together with my compatriot Kül Tigin. I am having a toy with Bilge Tonyukuk and getting his thoughts. My inner voice tells me that this will not last!"

He is in his own troubles... He is prepared, but...

Bilge Tonyukuk resented Kapgan Kagan's perception of him as a danger for the future and his efforts to keep him away from the administration. I've seen a big difference between the beginning and the present.

that the kagan, while trying to get closer to China.

his harshness towards other clans. Specialised

He was of the opinion that the heavy restrictions he imposed on his fellow tribes of the steppes would bring about a revolt. Hold on to their freedom to make the Buddhas believe in unity and statehood.

would have been effective. Moreover, China was provoking them to take their side and oppose the Turkish state.

He was experienced and strong. He was able to organise the

He could win the hearts and minds of the khans of China. At the beginning he was very well behaved, but in his endeavour to stand closer to China, he seemed to have changed. The kagan, who was feared by China, while trying to establish friendship with China, was unknowingly fattening his fellow buddhas.

Due to the behaviour of Kapan Kagan, which he could not balance, Basmls²⁰³ revolted. However, they were a tribe that had promised to remain loyal to the state in the recent past. They had large armies and valiant soldiers. They did not hesitate to give soldiers to the Gökü Türk army in the wars and showed great merits.

The revolt of Basml could have an effect on other steppe tribes.

Bilge Tonyukuk knew that the way to solve the problems arising under Kapan Kagan's rule would not be to raid the cognate tribes. Although he could not do much about it, his greatest fear was that the sons of Ilterish Khan would be in trouble and be harmed. He especially guessed that Kül Tigin, whose temperament he knew very well, was inwardly angry with Kapan Kagan and asked Mekilen Shad to find a way to calm him down with advice.

"Your comrade, valiant Kül Tigin, do not succumb to his anger. There is a time for everything."

The damage of untimely mobilisations was suffered by the whole nation. The most important thing was that the state should not suffer losses. Mekilen Shad also thought like Kül Tigin in many matters and told this to Bilge Tonyukuk. He wanted the Great Sage to guide them with his own solutions.

But moderation and silence do more harm than good.

²⁰³ Basmls: They are a powerful Turkic tribe. In time, they fused with other tribes and disappeared.

they would see. As the younger Khan grew stronger, Kapgan Khan, who had treated him favourably, did not notice his retreat in raids. should have been. No future could be expected from a structure that indulged in comfort and did not care about the condition of its people.

He was the Khan, Kapgan Khan! He was a good, strong, effective, respected kagan. Mekilen Shad was cooling his heart thinking that he must have a thought. He always thought that he had to be with his sidekick and praised his deeds. The efforts of the kaghan were for the state. No one could ignore all he had done, the glories he had brought to the Turk, the prosperity of the nation. It was not wrong for him to try different ways to keep China away from the Turkish homeland, but he had to keep his word and make sure that what he said was done. The wishes that remained in the air and spread over time would be blunted by the Chinese game, and the word of the Turkish king would fall to the ground.

Mekilen Shad could hardly believe that the Chinese empress would accept such a marriage that would put him in trouble in the future. He thought that what was being done now was nothing but a distraction for the kaghan and buying time. The Chinese empress Wu-hou might be trying to get something done by pretending to do what Kapgan Khan wanted. She thought that if she used the time well, she could change a lot. Was the revolt of the Basmil a sign of this?

When he shared this thought with Kül Tigin...

"If the Basmils have been tricked by China and revolted, this will follow. Hard times await the state. What do you think Kapgan Khan will do if his wish is not fulfilled?"

"What will he do? He will raid China again. Without stopping and without stopping..."

"But we would only be wasting time. I say that we should finish the Basmil's business as soon as possible, before the order to raid the Red We have to finish it! Or we'll be left behind!"

He was right. The Basmil uprising had to be crushed as soon as possible.

It was clear that they would have to deal with the Basmils for a long time, and both tribes would get tired and die. Their wish was to ensure that this noble offspring would bow down without further offence.

"Iduk kut oğuşum!"²⁰⁴

Mekilen Shad was calling Basmil kaghan this way. Even when he was making the last preparations for the raid, he was warning him to submit to submission. No matter how undesirable, the war with the same noble steppe tribes was hard and bloody. Many lives were lost in the long fights that lasted until their kagans bowed down, or until one side grew weak and laid down the sword. However, these lives were needed elsewhere, in wars of real importance for the Turks, against the Turkish plunder.

At last a great raid was ordered to finish the job.

With a crowded army...

Kül Tigin asked him to ride at the forefront of the Basmil raid, to lead the wind troops of the vanguard army. Mekilen Shad had to give this task to the brave man who could not stand still, could not do without war; there was no reason to say a word against his wish to his blood brother, whose corruption was boiling. He only voiced that he would need him very much in the future, that he would look after him.

"May your war be blessed, my kinsman!"

The Sky-rooted army attacked like tears. It struck like a jackhammer. The ffiismil army was hit by raid attacks. Basmil could not stand against this power. The battle was unexpectedly short. Utku was won, and the Basmils were also defeated.

Mekilen Shad reported the victory to Kapgan Khan. He received a bitig full of praise in return, which was worth all the labour and blood. Making the Basrruls a nation again had also made the kaghan happy. The more trouble-free the south-west remained, the more China was squeezed.

²⁰⁴ From the same blessed family, from the same blessed lineage...

Kapgan Khan was waiting for news from China, Empress Wu-hou was stalling and delaying the marriage. His internal difficulties were becoming more and more pressing. The powerful Chinese sangguns opposed the marriage of the son of the dauphin with the daughter of Kapgan Khan, saying that it was a complete surrender to the Turks of the Sky root.'os

The pressures increased to such an extent that Empress Wu-hou was forced to relinquish the throne from which she had ruled China for so long to her son, who was waiting to take the throne as her heir apparent.

This event was a change of era. The T'ang dynasty had come to power anew, with true dynastic figures, and owed this to the Turkish kagan. However, the new emperor would not feel indebted to Kapgan Khan at all. His hatred of the Turks and his view of the past would not change. New ways of warfare, new armies seemed to be the solution to get rid of Kapgan Khan. Solutions that had been tried many times before, but to no avail...

Emperor Chung-tsung, who had settled in the throne after a long time, resorted to drastic measures to assert himself and put an end to the meaninglessness of his life in the shadow of Empress Wu hou. The pending requests of the Turkish king were rejected. Empress Wu-hou had not been able to stop the Turks with her armies, but she believed she would succeed. After all, the sangguns of the dynasty would lead the armies. Not the Empress's useless tiger Buddhist monks.

As the vast armies were assembled and marched towards the Black Sea.

²⁰⁸ Some historical sources report that the request of Kapgan Khan was fulfilled and a son of the Chinese dauphin was sent to Ötügen Yiş as a wife for the Turkish konçuy, but it is thought that this did not happen because there was not enough information to confirm this.

was. They were taking all the hopes of China and the emperor with them. Chung-tsung, who had been unaware of the power of the Turks during the years he had lived without army and throne, and who knew what kind of warriors they were only through stories, thought that the crowded Chinese armies would be enough to cut down the unyielding steppe people. Soon he would again leave them stateless and enslave them.

However, her mother, Wu-hou, had tried similar ways many times before, and eventually lost her throne. Caruru, too, had tried too many times.

that he couldn't protect them. He had so much fat...

Kapgan Khan was very angry. The untrustworthy Chinaman had again played a trick, reneged on his promises and moved against the Turks who had retreated because of the peace. It was a big mistake for him to think that he could force the Turkish homeland with raid attacks.

Kapgan Khan held a toy. He explained his thoughts to his subjects. The outcome of this toy was well known to everyone.

"Who rules China and what they think is of no concern to the Turkish king. We wait for the promises made and their fulfilment. They were the ones who sent envoys so that there would be no war and China would not be harmed. In return, I gave my conditions, which were accepted. My envoy was treated very well and gifts were sent. Now, if the son of Empress Wu-hou, who succeeded her, thinks himself strong and raises an army against the Turks again, all of China will pay the price."

With these feelings, Kapgan Kagan ordered to gather an army.

"We will raid China!"

In fact, what should have been done long ago was to strike until China completely bowed down, and then to release it. Because in the meantime, China had acquired new armies and strengthened. Nevertheless, there was no delay. After the state was big and the army was strong, it was their job to cut off China.

Mekilen Shad received Kapgan Kagan's order to raid. He gathered his army without delay. He was ready with the participation of his kinsman Kül Tigin and set off to join the great army.

The army was advancing with joyful voices. The strong soldiers were happy with kut, who considered the battle as a toy.

This battle was also important in that two of Ilbilge Hatun's younger kinsman tigin, Pan Tigin and Kang Tigin, were also going to join the army and test their manhood. Kapgan Kagan had not refrained from fulfilling the custom of giving armies of ten thousand men to tigin who had just reached the age of manhood. However, he chose to keep them under his command.

The four sons of Ilterish Khan of Flying are in the same army... The youngest of them, And Tigin, who was not yet old enough to be a soldier, stayed at home... It is likely that he will join the army in the near future...

The four comrade tigin are leading the armies under their command.

What a blessing! Praise
for them...

A strong army had been formed with the joiners. Kapgan Ka ğan's eldest son Kūçük Kagan İne!, his younger son Tolga Tigin and Bilge Tonyukuk were also participating in the raid.

The mountains were full of men, the steppe was full of men. They were flowing towards China in several directions. If Emperor Chung Tsung had known that the Turks would come with such an army, he would not even sit on the throne, let alone raise an army and send it against the Turkish homeland.

The Turkish army entered the Ling region in several columns. The Great Sanggun Sha-'to Chung-i, whom the Turks called "Çaça Sanggun", must have known that he could not stop the Turks when he came against them with his army.

"" This name is mentioned in the same way in the Orkhon Monuments. Although it is disputed whether he was the same person as Sha-t'o Chung-i, it is important that this battle is mentioned in detail in the monuments.

He did not know, but soon learnt.

What kind of battle
was it? What kind
of...

Mekilen Shad observed his kinsman Kül Tigin and other kinsmen throughout the war. How they fought, how they led their armies... He was not alone in doing this. What was seen was a demonstration of manhood.

Especially Kül Tigin's war was special and no one wanted to miss it. Kül Tigin's warrior character is put in a different place, and his fictionalised narratives are compared with
ra was the subject.

The war was already an epic in itself for the Turk, and Kül Tigin was there so that the Sky could see him, to mark him... He knew that the Sky was watching him as he fought. He was displaying the rising stance in the presence of the blessed ancestral spirits.

It was as if the war was made for him, for that war. Even though he lost horses one after the other, even though he received wounds one after the other, no one could stop him. It burned like a tear, it flashed like a flash.

God knows that they were there that day, that they fought there that day.
for such an epic to be written.
Such an epic...

They had a race among themselves. This race also enthused the other soldiers, made them unstoppable and unstoppable.

Kapgan Khan, who was determined to teach the Chinese a lesson, ordered a raid to Wu-sha. The wind troops of the Turkish army were again led by Kül Tigin. This was the task he had not left to any other race, and the other races knew that they could not be as successful as him, so they were not even willing to share this box. Everywhere he reached, Ash Tigin was thundering. The rest of the army was almost unnecessary. For Kül Tigin, neither the large Chinese armies nor the small size of his own army mattered. China

and it looked as if he was going to finish off his troops with his strength, all by himself.

The great Sanggun Chacha must not have imagined such a fate when he stood before them with his army to defend the city of Wu-sha.

Kül Tigin was in the most blessed breakthroughs of his young age. He was enthusiastic, strong and eager, passionate for war. He was so passionate that his war would not fit into the songs of the bards, it was so blessed that it would reach from language to language and meet with the Sky.

Ashina noble, Gök rooted Kül Tigin would write another epic to the unforgettable ones.

"When an arrow hit his noble white horse, he expected to fall to the ground. However, he had experienced many similar ones in all these wars. He took a glimpse of the grey horse standing close by. This horse, which had lost its soldier and was idle, was Tadık Çor's horse. He was waiting for his new owner and wanted to continue the war like every Turkish horse. He did not alienate the strong soldier on his horse. With the command 'Forward', he charged at the fat. He was a slaughtering soldier; a slaughtering soldier. With each blow, a body, several more bodies were decapitated. The Chinese turned towards him, trying to stop this unstoppable brave. The only way to stop this brave man, who did not care about the blows to his body, was to kill the grey horse under him."

So they did.

When the grey horse died, he was happy to have served such a soldier. He called out to his private as he went on his way:

"Make me your horse again in the sky! So that my boast may continue!" He did not hear this word, could not hear it, Kül Tigin, but he was at his service

he would never forget the horse. There was no time to wait, no permission. The battle raged on.

"Kül Tigin, before the grey horse collapsed and fell on him Standing up, he knocked down two more fatties with his sword. "I need a horse!" he was looking around. He found what he was looking for... Isbara Yamtar's grey horse was waiting for him. "

With a snap, he aimed and gave the order.

"Forward!"

The command, to obey! The grey horse charged and...

"Kül Tigin started to slaughter again, this slaughter was on the Chinese. Isbara Yamtar's horse was looking for its owner, missing him on the one hand, on the other hand, it was proud and boastful of the soldier on it. When he found his master in the Sky, he himself met the Sky!"

We need another horse...

Soldiers admired Tigin's battle. Almost to the point of giving up the battle to watch him... When Tigin was left without a horse, a private, at the risk of being arrowed, made Tigin run to the unattended horse standing near him. This time it was Yigen Silig Irkin's armoured bay horse. His soldier had become a private and his horse was left unattended on the battlefield. He treated him, Kül Tigin, to write a new epic. Whatever kind of a run this was, his direction was towards the privates. So many arrows rained down on him, so many pikes tried to find his body, wild swords tried to cut ... They failed. Even though his tail was slightly wounded, the Sky protected him so that manhood would live."

It was Kül Tigin who succeeded.

Exactly three horses died under him. Kül Tigin did not collapse from the wounds he received. He became a giant, he grew, he was an army in his own right, who made the Turk an army.

When the bloody war ended, Gök was smiling at his children who embraced the victory.

As if to say, "You deserved it!"

The Chinese army of eighty thousand men was dispersed, those who could escape found a way and fled, those who could not escape and could not die threw down their weapons and chose captivity.

The great Sanggun Chacha was among those who managed to escape, but the fate of the defeated sangguns back home

For this battle, sources point to the year 705.

He was waiting. He was dismissed and arrested. But he was not the culprit. The real criminals were those who dared to put him in front of the Turkish army. Of course, the great sanggun was among those who would be dismissed and dragged into poverty.

The army of the Celestial Turks continued to defeat the Chinese armies in front of them. Without stopping, without resting, they poured into China.

They entered Yüan and Huei territory. They razed the wealthy city of Lung-you and took what they needed for shore.

The emperor was in a difficult situation. Knowing a way of revenge, he tried to do something of his own by completely rejecting the marriage, which had been previously accepted and put on hold. Moreover, he reported this to Kapgan Kagan with an envoy. This would only serve to further anger the Turkish kagan.

The thoughts of his mother, Empress Wu-hou, had also begun to haunt the imperial grandson. While her armies were being destroyed, her only thought was the destruction of Kapgan Kagan and thus China's comfort. Edicts and announcements were spreading all over the world and travelling from hand to hand.

"The one who kills Kapgan Kagan will be given the highest nobility of China and a great sanggun."

Great wealth and gold were also promised, so that China would be rid of the kagan who had caused so much trouble.

The Chinese emperor should have chosen either to fight like a man or to bow down instead of thinking of such deceitfulness. Instead, he sought glory, even if he was disgraced, by unlikely means. He was forcing and scolding his sangguns.

"You're all so well-behaved. How is it that your good behaviour is not enough to stop a barbarian Turk? But the Chinese state owes its existence to reason. Maybe we cannot fight like the Turks, but we will find a way to get rid of them. Go ahead, think and find a way to destroy Kapgan Khan!"

It was the most ordinary way for China to provoke the steppe peoples, to make them betray their own kindred and thus to strike the Turks from within. They sent ambassadors to all four corners and made promises to deceive the kings and kings, and those who were assigned for this purpose acted accordingly. If one would not obey, another would obey. If one would not be fooled, the other would be fooled. After the game was set up...

The biggest problem of the Turkish nation is the resistance of the sovereign nobles for unity, and the wish of the kaghan, who builds a state, to exercise authority alone... Knowing this, China endeavours to break the Turkish unity with a thousand and one plots. They succeeded in this too. Many states were lost in this way.

"Inim Kül Tigin, two shad, we contracted with Kül Tigin. Kangımız, eçimiz kazganmış budun atı küsi yokmazun tiyin, Türk budun üçününün tün udımmadı.üntüz olmmadım. Inim Kül Tigin birle two shad birlele ölü yiti kazgandım. "2°"

Mekilen Shad, together with his crony Kül Tigin, was labouring day and night for the Turkish nation to live and prosper. They were leading their armies in the endless battles. There was no stopping, resting or taking a break for them. No matter how much they wished, it was not as they wished. Their lives were going on this way and that way behind those who were slandering them.

They began to doubt the future of the state because it did not look very hopeful. The fact that Kapgan Kagan continued to make great mistakes was also putting them in difficulty. There was no end of revolts.

Bayırku Budun^{'''} revolted. They were strong as well as being a self-reliant and self-sufficient budun. Their leader, Ulu Irkin, must have thought that he could oppose the Goklu Turks with the men he had gathered, for he was also deceived. China had sent envoys to the Bayırkus with its most playful people and made them take part in the war.

^{'''} "I spoke with my little kinsman Kül Tigin, two shad, my kinsman Kül Tigin. I did not sleep at night, I did not sleep during the day for the Turkic nation, so that the name of the nation won by our ancestor, our ancestor would not be lost. I won with my little comrade Kül Tigin and two shad." Orkhon Monuments, Bilge Kagan Bengutasi, East Side...

^{'''} Bayırkus are a Turkic tribe of Töles. They lived to the east of the Gokturks and north of the Oghuz. It is mentioned in the sources that their original homeland was north of the Gabi Desert. They revolted in 705-706.

It was also customary for the Turks to be impotent against those who tried to break the unity and put the state in difficulty. No matter how difficult and difficult the war with the tribes of their own blood was, Mekilen Shad and Kül Tigin undertook this duty. They could never turn back from the state and unity, and they could not pity those who did. As long as there were disobedient kings at the head, as long as there were kings who betrayed their own nation, of course their buddhas would suffer. Soldiers were aware that these judgements were two-sided, but there was nothing else to do.

When the Sky-rooted Turks came upon them with their mighty army, Ulu Irkin took his army and began to retreat. He expected them to just leave him and come back. He was wrong... Mekilen Shad was determined to restore order in the lands under his command. He led his army against Bayırku. His order was clear.

"We will find and shoot our Turk, our tribe Bay:raculan. We will make the kagan pay for betrayal and breaking the unity. Wherever they retreat, we will ride until there!"

There was no other way. If there was, Mekilen Shad would definitely implement it. It was a pity that the path of unity had to pass through war, through the blood of kinsmen.

They rode fast after them.

They captured the Bay:irku on the shores of the Turkic Lake Yargun. Great Ir kin was first told that he had to obey honour and unity. When he did not listen, the war started.

It was a bloody, hard and crushing war.

It did not take long for them to be defeated. The Bayırku army was broken. Ulu Irkin had to flee with the few soldiers he had taken with him. Thus, he would have to pay for his rebellion against the union by being left without a clan, without an army. If he had been caught, he would have been beheaded anyway. Mekilen Shad knew that the traitor should be pitied. He had to be slaughtered in such a way as to set an example so that those who emulate him would not emulate him. Those who remained had no other way but to bow their heads.

The two Turkic races had brought their nation one more victory. No amount of boasting would be enough.

Körgler continued to bring different sensations from the autumn, from the places close to the borders of the homeland. It was mentioned that the influence of the new religious Arab nation, which had never been encountered or fought before, was increasing. Their borders had not yet coincided with the borders of the Turkish state, they had not yet met, but the nations living in the south-west, the steppe nations were feeling this influence.

"The Turgish, who are our Turks, our nation, and whom we took under our command, are fighting with the Arabs. They defeated them in many places and forced them to return."

These rumours made it unnecessary to land a separate army in that direction. Still, it was a matter of curiosity.

"Time will tell if they are rude or temporary!" From time to time, those who preached this new religion appeared again in the presence of Mekilen Shad. He was surprised by what he heard and tried to understand with new questions.

This information conveyed by those who heard was limited for now. It was necessary to take precautions before encountering this tribe, whose name he had never heard before, whom he did not recognise, while he was fighting with his oils on all four sides. They were far away, and if the Turgish could keep them away, they must not have been very strong.

However, it was clear that the day of the encounter was getting closer and closer. "This tribe called Arabs attacked the Sogdians. A few
the city fell into their hands. However, the Turgish came in front of them and
they chased them. They forced them to retreat towards Khorasan."²¹⁰

"Is that all they have? As much as my nation, the Turgish, can bucket? Maybe they will stop coming this way."

He congratulated the Turgish heartily. If they had been in trouble, if they had asked for help, Mekilen Shad would have immediately sent an army. But there was no need for that.

²¹⁰Year 707.

While China was setting up its new games, it was continuously sending its minions into the Turkic homeland to deceive the Buddhas and to attack the Turkic state.

to instigate against them. So much so that wherever they passed, the situation changed in an instant, and these people, with sweet tongues and sordid hearts, became the agents of corruption.

Everywhere his hand touched, counter voices were raised. The steppe clans, which until yesterday had been united and loyal to Kagan Kagan, were revolting one after another, and the Turkic tribesmen were fighting with their armies to suppress these revolts. The disruption of the established order was imminent and China was endeavouring to ensure this.

Mekilen Shad was not surprised how China was able to achieve this. They had to establish the unity with blood, but it only took one Chinese with the heart of a bitch to break it. Whatever he said, however he said it, these dununs who had obeyed the state, who had been kinsmen, would suddenly become oil. These developments were incomprehensible. On the other hand, China was also trying to make peace with the Gök-rooted Turks and not to wage war. How was it possible to solve this double game?

The Chinese emperor had warned his provincial colonels along the border and asked them to keep their armies ready against the Turks and to be in a position to go to war at any time. Three 'capitulation fortresses' were set up to block the Turkish raiding routes and stop them.

'The fortress of surrender...'

Even this name was carefully chosen to show that China was ready to overthrow the Turkish state and enslave the nation in the coming days.

If the Turkic kagan and the Turkic people would allow it...

Eventually, a Chinese scoundrel, ostensibly commissioned as an envoy, but whose real purpose was to sow corruption in the Turkic homeland, was captured. His name was Ts' ang Ssu-yen, and he was beheaded.

Kapgan Kagan ordered the head to be shot, and the severed head to be sent to the Chinese court. The order was carried out immediately.

The decapitated man was only one of the many chassidim who had done similar work. Thus, it was a warning to China.

"Keep your minions away from my land!"

The rift with China was growing. It was impossible to even think of peace, let alone speak of it. In addition to the bloody battles, the preparations signalled that there would be other things to do.

The Chinese emperor Chung Tsung, in desperate search for new solutions, appointed Chang Jen-tan, who carried the title of "Border guard sanggun", as the supreme sanggun of the Shuo-fang region. He was given the task of protecting China's land borders and preventing Turkish incursions. China's new hope was the sanggun, as it is known.

However, the great sanggun decided that the problem could not be solved by defence.

It must have been one of the believers that he concentrated on the construction of fortresses on the landward side of the San River and the repair of the existing ones. In the past, in the distant past, these actions, similar to the repair and renovation of the Chinese Wall, were the easiest, simplest, but fruitless works to prevent Turkish raids. The Chinese military could only protect itself by doing so, not its borders. Therefore, China's choice was in this direction.

Deploying and reserving his army, Sanggun stored plenty of food in these places so that large numbers of Chinese troops could be kept and withstand sieges.

The Chinese held many fortified strongholds along the border. Instead of direct field battles, the Chinese sanggun found it more expedient to wait behind the walls as before. Thus, the Turkish raiding routes would be cut off, and ambushes would be set up on the raiding routes as sensations were received. In the meantime, the power of Kapgan Kagan was to be destroyed by the disturbances to be created in the Turkish homeland.

The Turks would be in difficulty if the game worked, and the real game was to divide and break the unity.

Mekilen Shad was pushing hard to glorify the Turkish nation. He was finding solutions together with his comrade Kül Tigin. The influence and support of Bilge Tonyukuk, his greatest support, was becoming more and more difficult. Because Kapgan Ka ğan had become a person of increasing scepticism as he grew older.

"Our Turk increases the hardness of Kapgan Kagan against our tribes. Being in great anxiety pushes him to undesirable, unexpected ways. This brings unrest in the province. If the nation is restless, the kagan in Öhlken Yış cannot find peace!"

Mekilen Shad knew this, thought about it, but could not find a way to tell it to Kapgan Khan. It was obvious that it was difficult to explain the situation to his wife while his suspicions about them continued. Every misunderstood word meant the emergence of new questions, which was to the detriment of the state.

The fact that Küçük Kagan, who was the real head of the southwest and who had been given a higher authority than them, was holding back from the battles and delaying in suppressing the rebellion increased the work of Mekilen Shad and Kül Tigin, and the discontent of the two kinsmen was increasing. They, too, had to gather more crowded and powerful armies even though they had no authority to do so. Thus, when they became strong and warlike, they did not want to be under the command of the Lesser Khan Inel. Kül Tigin began to vocalise frequently that his handmaiden should be the sole person in charge of the southwest.

"Small or great, who needs a kagan who is not at the head of his army? Of course, our clan and our soldiers know the difference. Our life spent in constant wars and raids has made us strong and influential. While it is impossible not to see that the future is moving to very difficult days, is it understandable not to prepare for it? Our state, which was founded by our ancestor İterish Khan with a thousand labours and efforts, is flowing towards dangerous days. We cannot turn a blind eye to this. Moreover, although China's efforts to destroy the Turks with games, which it knows it cannot defeat with fights and strength, are increasing, the responses are insufficient?"

Chinese games... Endless bitching...

Emperor Chung Tsung ordered all nobles and sangguns to find ways to destroy the Turkish state. All of these ways were unmanly.

With similar expectations, Bilge Tonyukuk, in his bitig sent to the two kinsmen, asked them to be ready for anything that might happen. And that they should be very careful... In his opinion, very important affairs affecting the state would soon be revealed.

"If we cannot persuade the steppe people, our Turk, our nation, to remain loyal to the state, if we cannot ensure the integrity of the state, I am afraid...."

Thoughts they did not even want to hear...

It was best to finish the work on this side, to leave no troubles; then to solve the other sides. At the same time, he thought that it was necessary to try to persuade the irks of the Turkic steppe tribes to unite by concluding agreements with their kagans based on remuneration. It took a kagan's command to implement it. Kapgan Kagan, that powerful, knowledgeable kagan had been done.

Even though they did not refrain from obeying Kapgan Kagan and fulfilling their raiding duties, it was foolish not to see that something was wrong. Neither words nor power could suffice for the fate written by God!

"May destiny write what it will write in favour of the Turk, O Great God!"

Another year has passed. Order could not be restored and the state could not be brought to peace. Not a moment passed without raids or rebellions. Although the result of all these raids and all these fights was to grow a little more, China never stopped. China did not shut up and did not give up the game. Now it was rumoured that Chinese gangs were wandering all over the Turkish homeland, in every obada and city, and from time to time and from time to time people were caught. Non-stop,

They were working tirelessly to disrupt Turkish unity. It was not difficult for them to achieve this. Promises, gold, silver and silk... Even Chinese konchuy... Were the steppe peoples ready to be fooled? Were they so unaware and gullible? What was the secret? How could this game be set up so easily? Why did they forget what happened in the past, why did they fall for it despite all the bloodshed?

Kapgan Khan is very angry...

Another one of the Chinese messengers sent by China to revolt the steppe tribes in the south-west was caught and confessed his guilt.

"My name is Feng Chia-ping! I have been sent by the Chinese emperor as an envoy to the Turgish!"

In the bitig hidden inside the ambassador's staff, information was found that would reveal the real reasons for his presence and journey. It was written in the Chinese emperor's language, urging the Turgish to oppose Kapgan Kagan.

The emperor said:

"Turgish should not be under the command of the Sky-rooted Turks. They are a great and holy tribe. The Chinese emperor would be happy if they had a state on their own. Why should the great Turgish kagan take orders from Kapgan Khan? Why should he give a keel? Why should he not rule his own state, his own nation? If there is a rebellion against Kapgan Kagan, China will be on the side of the Turgish! Whatever is needed for this will be given. The Chinese emperor is the friend of the Turgish and the favour of Kapgan Khan."

Kapgan Khan did not spare the envoy and then China. He gathered his armies and ordered. The reward for the bloodshed should be given as raids in the hard days of winter, winter raids should burn China as wood. China should experience one of the warmest, bloodiest winters.

It was winter, it was cold, it was difficult, but it was necessary to teach China a lesson, to wake her up from her pipe dreams. A large Turkish army entered China. A coastal raid was organised, albeit a short one. The Turks, who were accustomed to fighting in the cold, harassed their foes, who dreamed of spending the winter indoors, by the fireside. They inflicted many casualties and destroyed their cities. Turks warned their foes with this shame.

"Stop stirring up the Turkish homeland, or something worse than this will happen to you! Let spring come...."

Another sensation that surprised Kapgan Kagan also made him happy.

Niou Shih-chiang, the Provincial Ilba of An-hsi Province, who had moved in to squeeze the Turgish and force them to revolt, was met by the Turgish Khan with an army. The Turgish did not betray Kapgan Khan; on the contrary, they shot down the Chinese ilba's army and killed the ilba.²¹¹

Mekilen Shad was very happy to hear this news. It was a hope that the Turgish king would remain loyal to the state and hold on to the unity. The fact that the strong and crowded Turgish people found the right, did the right, increased his confidence in the future. He felt great strength in his heart.

However, the news that came immediately afterwards, what happened in China

S...

Mekilen Shad was saddened by what he heard. A great work had begun in China. On the one hand, while the turmoil and rebellion efforts continued within the Turkish state, on the other hand, fortresses were built and walls were repaired to prevent raids. Crowded Chinese armies were trying to hold the borders.

Mekilen Shad ...

From the noble Ashina lineage of the Turkic nation that made the gold of the sky its home, from the race that fought for its nation...

²¹¹ The date of this event is 708.

The son of Ilterish Khan of Flying...

He was made shad over the Tardushes, but he was an Ashina soldier who had vowed to make the whole south-west subordinate to the state... The Turkish shad who lived in war with his valiant compatriot Kül Tigin...

When the day dawned, he realised that something was troubling him with the excited arrival of his compatriot Kül Tigin. He did not become a shad to sleep. Nor to sit... If his nation, his state was in danger, he could not pause for a moment to act.

"May your day be blessed, my dear Shad," began his companion, but it was clear that he did not bring any good news.

"May Kut be your good luck!" said Mekilen Shad, trying to smile. "It's good to see you, but there must be a reason you came so soon!"

"Rumours," his henchman kept saying. "Hearings!"

Mekilen Shad knew which of his words he was thinking of as a premise. It was also difficult to understand the difficult sensations.

Finally, he decided that he would speak:

"The Arabs were travelling around the Iron Gate in the south-west, under the leadership of a man named Qutayba. They had a powerful army... They will hit our obas and..."

This was an important news, but in order to fight this tribe, which they had never met before, the Arabs had to cross the Turgish country and then the Iron Gate. But there were so many troubles in the province...

He told this to his kinsman.

"If we send an army that way, there will be trouble on this side! I think the Turgish can cope with the Arabs. If not, we will go that way and cut their coasts. I say, let's wait for now, let's see the battles of our Turk, our tribe, our valiant Turgish"

Kül Tigin agreed. Then he told the real bad news.

"The Chik'12 have revolted!"

Such were the rumours that Mekilen Shad did not want to hear. The revolt of the steppe peoples who had been subjugated by long wars. The blood of kinsmen flowing again. ...

"So China has done what is necessary again!"

But there was no complaint or sign of danger from the Chiks. There could be no other meaning to this revolt. China had deceived the Chiks.

When the Turgish were fighting the Arabs, they were winning great successes. It was heard that Uchele, who had been left at the head of his tribe as Turgish Khan and had remained loyal to the Turkish state, had collapsed in the cold of winter and had reached his death. This news also upset Mekilen Shad. He was worried that a new problem would arise there. His son Souka²¹³ Kagan had taken his place. Thus, treachery and an endeavour to provoke other tribes to join their rebellion could start.

The expected announcement came from Kagan Souko in a short time. He had left the path of his ancestor. He was trying to establish relations with the Chinese. However, Uchele had already kept the Turgish loyal to the Turkic state after a recent war, and even defeated and chased away the Arabs who approached their borders. Then he had resisted the pressure of China, which was trying to make him revolt against Kapgan Kagan, and had defeated the Chinese army sent to him and killed the ilba.

Souko must have had a hand in the Chiks' uprising. "There's more to this. This revolt is limited to the Chiks no more!"

²¹²Historians put forward various opinions about which Turkic tribe the Chik bud mentioned in the Orkhon Monuments was. There are those who claim that he came from Basmils, as well as those who say that he was the ancestor of Kimeks. There are also historians who claim that it is a tribe of Kipchaks. What should be known is that they are Turks.

²¹³There are also historians who read this name as "Suko", "Sakal".

"I thought so too, Shad. Turgish Kagaru must be looking for an opportunity!"

Mekilen Shad did not understand the betrayal.

"Is it possible? How could the Turgish, my Turkic people, get into such a betrayal again? Haven't they suffered enough deaths? Why can't they get enough of their fellow countrymen's blood? Why do they want to destroy the state they joined and took part in?"

There were no words to say.

"This is the biggest problem of my nation, my dear Shad! With their feelings preventing unity and wanting to be the head, the Irkin cause wasted bloodshed. However, this also means destroying their own state and destroying their kaganate. Will China leave them alone if we step aside?"

Mekilen Shad understood Souko's thinking after compiling and discussing the incoming sensations. He wanted to mobilise the Chiks on that side, so that in the upcoming battle, the Sky-rooted Turk army would be weakened and weakened. Then he himself would attack with his army and destroy Mekilen Shad and Kül Tigin. Usunca said.

"Still, let's not blame Souko until we know for sure. Let's see what happens. There might be a new Chinese game in this. We must be very careful. We mustn't be tricked. We must recognise from the beginning that when we set out, it won't be only the Chiks we will meet. We must conceal the strength of our army and keep our main troops behind. Without being ambushed, we must suppress those who revolt or think of it in turn. If the Turgish Khan raises an army ..."

This time a bigger shore awaited the Turgish. "By the sky..."

Mekilen Shad formed two separate armies and took the lead. He did not wait for orders for the raid from either Kappan Khan or Little Khan.

and did not ask for help. He had Kül Tigin with him and did not need any other support.

They put the second army in the rear. The soldiers of this army were to watch their rear and also to run to help when necessary. For this purpose, fast messengers were kept ready, so that orders would be received quickly.

When they set out, it was the army in the lead. They behaved as if they had no second army. Perhaps the messengers would be heard, but by then much work could be accomplished.

It would be a long journey. Rivers would be crossed, mountains would be traversed.

Blessed be God, it was spring. The Turk's favourite time for war.

The Chiks were the tribe that lived between the Kem River and Irtysh. When the Turkish army crossed the Kem River, they should have been aware of their presence. They would surely retreat and wait for the Turkish army of the Sky-rooted in the mountains. It was obvious that their strength would not be enough for an open battle. It was clear that they would think of both protecting themselves and breaking the Turkish army by setting ambushes.

The Turkish army had to watch the Chiks. If the Chiks were united with other clans and others were supporting the uprising, they would use the time well and attack the Turkish army at the appropriate time and place. Mekilen Shad had chosen to keep a strong army behind to avoid this.

When the leaders are brave, the army rises. It was impossible to stand in front of it...

They crossed the road with unexpected speed. Even the raging flow of the river Kem did not reduce their speed. Kem, which started to flow with the snow water carried from the mountains, gave way to the Turks. So it recognised the Turks.

As they expected, when they saw the strong Turkish army coming towards them, they retreated and held the mountains. No one came to their aid. It was obvious that their defeat was inevitable. Maybe they regretted their rebellion, but they were too mature to vocalise it. Because they were also from the Sky, they were of heroic lineage. The Turkish army surrounded the Chiks who tried to retreat instead of fighting. They were in such a place that they would not be able to escape.

It was not by chance that the place called Örlen witnessed a great victory. The place where the foothills of the Kogmen Mountains, running towards the plain in Kyzylia, bordered by multiple tributaries of the Kem River...

There the Chik army was trapped. Mekilen Shad didn't attack directly and hit first. He warned them that it was wrong for those with different blood to fight.

"Do not break the union. Do not go against the Turkish state. Let blood not flow! Don't let our fatties rejoice! Come and bow again to Kapgan Kagan, have your deeds forgiven. Swear that you will never rebel again. Do not give opportunity to those who deceive you! Don't make the fat laugh at us."

The clan of the Chiks did not listen. After all that had happened, it was time to bow down. Maybe there was somewhere he trusted and hoped for help.

There was nothing else to do.

Kül Tigin was very angry at the unbending Chiks and went to the front of his army, at the head of the Yelme soldiers. The soldiers who were expecting to see him there were again not split. This time, he took a different way and made them draw their short pikes. He did not even think it necessary to destroy and wear them down by stretching the bow and releasing arrows beforehand. It was only a matter of time before the matter was resolved with a pressurised attack.

When he saw Kül Tigin's Yelme soldiers attacking with their pikes

there was such enthusiasm in the army... Mekilen Shad commanded them to make the main army or the army he was running after. Kül Tigin had been teaching the Turks new ways of warfare and attack patterns. Wherever and however he found out the essence of the war, each time he surprised his opponent more and more.

They soon subjugated the Chiks. They did not shed much blood, they did not lose many casualties. They killed the Chiks as they deserved. They subjugated Buduna.

Mekilen Shad didn't allow any plunder and pillage. "I am Turk, my tribe will never go to the shore against the tribes.

I've never been. We've always needed them. We fight now, then we remember our kinship. I only took the irks in their heads, the ones that drove them to resist the state. I know that one day they too will realise the value of being one."

They stayed for a while in the Chik homeland. They looked and organised every side. They explained to those who understood, they explained again to those who did not understand. They persuaded the Chiks to unity again. They put irkin on their heads and made them swear an oath.

The soldiers were encouraged by this victory without the need for a reserve army. They learnt that Az budun was also the head and they're intent on abolishing it. Then get their heads before it gets too big.

so that the Turk won't be in trouble later.

"Let's reach the shores of the shallow lake. Let us take Az bud back under our suzerainty!"

This was Kül Tigin's wish. Mekilen Shad found it right and sent him ahead with one of the armies. It was neither possible to stop him nor to catch up with him. It was his greatest skill to ride towards the distant sound of the battle and find it.

They were not far, but the Azlar were prepared. Their eyes were full of blood and they had set their minds on destroying the Turk. What was said about their resentment, what happened to the Turks of the Sky-rooted Turks

against the Chinese? To understand this, it was necessary to forget the influence of China. The Chinese succeeded the way they did. They had already taken their precautions.

The Az'lar had taken their precautions according to what they knew beforehand, whereas Kül Tigin knew how to fight with the schemes that spoil all games, and to draw a path according to the condition of his oil.

Again he rode swiftly on the Az's.

His arrival was one and the same. The Az tribe was forcibly persuaded to remain a part of the state. 214 The force they had seen had spoilt their game.

It seemed that things would take a long time on this side. However, the time spent on long journeys brought autumn. To spend winter in these mountains meant to die. However, it was a great trouble to bring his comrade Kül Tigin back. He was looking at his eyes so much with his insatiable spirit of war. Mekilen Shad could hardly persuade him.

"Kyrgyzlan, Turgish must be slaughtered, my shad!"

He carried his goals even further.

"Arabs too...."

The nation was now aware of the deeds of this distant and elusive tribe. If the Turgish resistance was broken, the Arabs would approach the Turkic homeland. They would never allow this.

"When the time comes, we will do it all properly, but staying here now will put our clan in trouble. Let's spend the winter in the sheltered place where we have taken shelter and come back in the spring," said Mekilen Shad. He wished that in the meantime the kings of the separate noble clans would come to their senses. They stop opposing the state and the union.

He was right to think so, because change is possible.

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When the war was over and they were on their way back, the boys-

²¹⁴ The date of the war with the Chik and Az tribes is 709.

The longing for victory was in their hearts. This feeling, which they did not prioritise during the long days of raiding, when they were in pursuit of glory, when they were trying to destroy the enemies of the state, became competent in time.

Mekilen Shad had four sons and two daughters... Kül Tigin also had two sons... They were growing up together with their children. Mekilen Shad was sure that his children would come when Pofu Hahm's efficiency was at a level that would not be surpassed by his soldier. The daughter of Bilge Tonyukuk was as wise and influential as her ancestor. Her place in the Budun was also hitkun... Since the Great Khahin was so powerful, he did not leave his eyes behind him, but still other wishes arose in Mekilen Shad's heart from time to time.

To see his sons riding behind him...

"This must be the wish of all son owners. May God give me this box, I wish!"

The Kyrgyz and Turgish misinterpreted the return of the Turkish army to the homeland. The Kyrgyz and Turgish, following the Sky-rooted Turks, in their euphoria, denounced the Turks with similar words.

"They were afraid and retreated!"

"They did not dare to raid us!"

It suited them to see and show the truth in a different way. In this way, they thought that they would be able to attract the tribes loyal to the Turkish state to their side. They had an opportunity in their hands. They began to talk about this opportunity and started to gather an army. They were looking for an opportunity to strike the Sky-rooted Turks, for which they would not wait for spring.

When this was heard, it was impossible to hold Kül Tigin anymore.

"I do not know winter or snow, my dear Shad. Let me go alone with my army. Let me make your land narrow for those who said this!"

Mekilen Shad tried to convince his comrade.

"The war should be peaceful, my comrade tigin. The strong must choose the time and place. The armies we will need tomorrow day-

let's not break our hearts in the snow and winter. Every new day changes the realities. When new realities are born, the old ones become obsolete. Let's wait for the day. When that day comes, and you will know it is coming, I will not stop you, but today..."

These words took the anger of Kül Tigin. It was necessary to be as strong as possible when immersed in the chaos of the sunset. While he was thinking of solutions within himself, Mekilen Shad was prioritising the states of the clan he could not understand.

"Why would the Turgish khan Souko betray us? Unity of lineage, language and traditions... Moreover, his ancestor understood the value of unity and followed Kapgan Khan. Under what influence did he fall for it? What's wrong with the rebels? If it's glory, won't it be won when we raise an army together? Why is it so difficult to be one under the same sky, under the same sky we believe in?"

The wars of the steppe clans against each other are bloody, yet so full of drama!

"At the end of the war, even performing a ceremony similar to the ones on the cliff will bring us closer to each other."

He was angry at the same time.

"If Souko does not do good deeds by the time of the raid, by God, she will pay. I cannot forgive treachery."

They were having a hard winter. It was like a test from God... Many old men would never see spring again. And many children and balas ...

The Turkic nation buries the ancestors in the snow, while the fliers are kept in mourning tents to send them to the Sky...

They spent the whole winter thinking, working, training men and hunting. They listened to the news from Ötüken Yış, but what they heard from even further away...

China...

Bilge Tonyukuk, in his report, said exactly as follows:

"China is pregnant with great changes! You must be prepared, Shad!"

Always ready, always alert! They had to be like that. "It's to our advantage that China is in a mess. We can't see how much the safer they are, the better off we'll be. But when it comes to change... If Chung-tsung, who was incompetent, who grew up in the shadow of his mother and came to the throne too late, changes, if a more capable emperor comes..."

The calculations had to be made on that.

Mekilen Shad had reached the age of twenty-seven, one year older. Thinking about what they had been through from time to time...

"There's no use thinking about it. God gives life to be lived. And man wishes to use it well..."

His prayer is that when he gets to Tann, when asked, he will be able to say that he used all his ages for the Turk, and that this will be true.

They hardly waited for the first rays of spring. They were waiting, but the oil was not. They received soul-destroying sensations that they could not stand still. Returning back without hitting them, without crushing them, made both the Kyrgyz and the Turgish behave disrespectfully and recklessly. Attacks on trading caravans, looting of the Turkic-dominated obans... They even heard that they had agreed to unite and come against them.

He told Kül Tigin, "We cannot wait any longer. Let us set out before the sun rises ten times in the south-east!"

his cheerfulness, like a valiant man going to a toast, was an indication that Kül Tigin was filled with the last patience in anticipation.

"What a blessed man I am, that from now on there will be nothing-

I don't have to worry about that. I can go to the raid when my comrade solves everything and says, "The army is ready!" God has given me such a valiant comrade. When our two tigin kinsmen, who are now old enough to lead an army, are under the command of Kül Tigin..."

They took the decision on the way. First they will shoot the Kyrgyz. They will raid their homeland and slaughter them. As they had done before... The difference is that they had Bilge Tonyukuk with them then. But now there are four henchmen...

Two of their kinsmen will come with them this time. The two valiant Ashina men, who are advancing step by step into manhood, are working so hard not to fall behind in the battle... What they themselves felt years ago, their excitement and curiosity, they must be experiencing now. Mekilen Shad observes the two young tigin with a strange happiness... Their old mother must have felt pride on the one hand and longing sadness on the other when she got Kapgan Kagan's permission and sent them to their parents. Moreover, their coming with their armies had increased their strength. Kapgan Khan must have known the magnitude and difficulty of the battles on this side and wished that the army under the command of Mekilen Shad would become stronger. In the meantime, the blood brothers of Little Khan Inel had reached him with their armies.

"This raid will be different. Our army, our horses are very strong. There is no difficulty to fall behind on short routes. Having many horses gives us a chance to rest our horses. If I stop, Kül Tigin will not stop; if he stops, I will not stop."

Now he will have one more addition to this saying!

"If two of us stop, our kinsmen Pan Tigin, Kang Tigin dunnaz..."¹

He smiled with this possibility. Happily, if one falls, there is a soldier to take his place.

"Blessed be God!"

The four sons of Ilterish Khan are in flux for the survival of the state.

"The spirit of our great ancestor is with us. This box is waiting to share with us..."

They arrived on the oil like tears. They crossed the Kögmen Ormaru. They raided Kyrgyz in Songa Onnaru.

It is important to establish order for the raid in order to lose less men.

When Mekilen Shad rode to be a companion to Kül Tigin, who was keen to be at the forefront of the battle, and two valiant tigin kinsmen who never left his side, Kül Tigin stopped him.

"You stay back, my dear Shad!" he said, "Buduna is much needed. It would be wrong for you to fight with the manes in this difficult war. It is appropriate for you, our valiant young man, to be one step behind while we, the three kinsmen, are with you."

Mekilen Shad was surprised. It was the first time he wanted such a thing blood his mate. Bakh, the other two henchmen agreed.

"You are blessed. Blessed are you to lead today and tomorrow. We do not wish you to be at the forefront of the war."

Desperate, he let them go as yelme. Although Mekilen Shad did not feel very peaceful, he obeyed the wishes of his cronies and waited at the head of the main army and led his army behind Kül Tigin. He ruled according to his will.

It was a very hard battle.

His eyes were on one of Kül Tigin's henchmen and two young tigus, Pan and Kang.

As he watched Kül Tigin's battle, his heart suddenly ached. Kül Tigin had lost his white horse at the beginning of the attack. While he was telling him that he was necessary for the budun, he was forgetting Mekilen Shad's need for him. He was relieved to see Kül Tigin reach Bayırku's grey horse and jump on it. He attacked again, and there was no stopping him. Somehow, he was stretching his bow and releasing arrows from one side, knocking down one soldier with his arrow, and then killing two soldiers with his pike. Those who could not wash him tried to shoot him again. Bayırku's white

breaking the stallion's thigh, but they destroyed it, but what they destroyed was only the horse. Kül Tigin immediately jumped on another horse and continued his war.

When Mekilen Shad knew the time to complete the deficiency and listed his orders, the Grey Wolves descended on the top of Kır gızs like age. They have slaughtered, destroyed, made them pay for the betrayal. They killed their kagan.²¹⁵

On the one hand, of course, they were sad. It was their own lives that were lost, their own blood that flowed.

The pain hit the Ashina tribe deeply. Mekilen Shad'a and he didn't want to believe what he heard. Kang Tigin had lost his blood brothers. Fighting valiantly for the unity of the state, he gave his life for the Turk, the valiant league of Ashina descent.

What!

Kang Tigin travelled to the Sky with dozens of Turkish soldiers. Flying İterish Khan must have travelled with his son.

Mekilen Shad speaks words to comfort both himself and Kül Tigin in aalar.

"There are more eyes watching us in the sky!"

Ash Tigin, his eyes pensive, said such a word. "How can we say this to our mother?" Mekilen Shad is in the same hesitation:

"The pain made me forget that. Now that you've told me, I'm worried too. My mother will be very sad, my comrade. I'll send some of our well-behaved irkin to Ötüken Yış... First they will tell the sage Ton yukuk what happened. And he... He will understand, my mother. She is the wife of a kagan. She is the mother of Shad. She knows that every soldier is ready to fly at any moment, but still..."

They got tired, they died. They lost comrades, kinsmen, but the glory was theirs. There was no time or need to go back. It was the time to make those who had forced them to raid this far pay for it.

²¹⁵ The date of the Kyrgyz raid is 710.

They had come out of a difficult raid. They needed time to rest and get stronger. But Souko, the Turgish Khan, was not going to give this opportunity. He thought that it was the right time to strike the Turkic army rooted in the Sky, taking strength from China. Both their aching hearts and so many casualties... On this side, in order to stop the uprisings, they had to slaughter and crush the Turgish.

Mekilen Shad made a decision with his kith and kin.

"We will shoot the Turgish and kill their kagan!" Their thoughts were two-sided.

"Our nation, our tribe Yugish will be slaughtered because their kagan betrayed them. If it is necessary to make the provincial without a province, if it is necessary to make the kagan without a kagan, this will be done. The kneeler will be made to kneel, the head will be made to bow."

Mekilen Shad marched the army without wasting time. They crossed Irtysh, they never stopped. They raided the Turgish at Bolchu when they least expected.

Kül Tigin was again at the forefront, raiding with his white grey horse. His most spectacular act that day was to hold with his own hand the Az ilbay, who was fighting under the command of the Turgish khan.

Again a very bloody battle was fought. Those who did wrong against the Sky-rooted Turks were punished. Their kings, commanders and elders all died. Their powerful armies were broken and defeated. Their triumph was a bitter triumph. Glory against their own nation did not seem great to the Ashinas. What was the need for treachery? What was the need

to put the state in trouble?

They could not leave the Yugis without a king, without a head. It was necessary not to leave this powerful tribe of their own nation without a head. Mekilen Shad presented his idea to Kappan Khan and got his approval. He made his decision and appointed a Yugish nobleman named Bars Bey as the head of the Yugish. A kagan loyal to himself, to the Tardush shad... In order to put an end to what was happening, to the suffering and the bloodshed of the same nation, he warned Bars Bey to warn the Ashinas.

Thinking that it was necessary to make it so, he gave his daughter, his daughter's wife to him, so that with this obedience the unity would be strong. Then he advised the new Turgish kagan:

"Look, Mr Bars! The fight of those of different blood is enough. Even the Heaven we believe in, which has witnessed so much unnecessary bloodshed, does not wish for the war of cronies. While we are struggling with each other, our real fatties take advantage of our separation and pit us against each other. It is necessary to be good, so as not to fall for their tricks. You are now a king who obeys me and the Ashina clan. Don't ever violate the unity. Do not betray the Turkish state! In the future, let the Turks be ruled by your descendants, the braves of Ashina. Tell them the value and meaning of Turkish unity. Unity brings strength. Help us to maintain this strength. When we go to war on the other side, let us not leave our eyes behind us. Raise soldiers, build an army and support the Sky-rooted Turks!"

He told him many things. The need for the unity of the tribes living in the southwest. The dangers in the future...

"Look, on this side the Arabs will push your limits. Let me help you in your fight with them. I will send an army. Drive the Arabs away. Do not let them into our country. Don't flatter our own tribe when we have so much oil!"

Bars Bey in the stance of a good khan.

"My wish is that the Turgish will not rebel again and we will not fight them."

This was the hope, but it was not to be.

The Turgish state had come to an end, Bars Bey had been made kagan, but some Turgish men, unwilling to obey the Turkish state, had chosen to retreat further afield under the leadership of Suluk Çabiş-çor²¹⁶ orunlu, a descendant of the kagan.

... Suluk Çabiş-çor would make a name for himself as a Turkish commander who would successfully resist the Arab attacks in the near future.

*"...birle Koşu tutukirle bayoneted. Erin kop dies.
Ebin, banmın kalısız kop kelürti. "217*

"Sky-rooted Turks cannot be stopped. On the other hand, the Arabs are approaching with a completely different purpose and are endeavouring to establish their influence in the region. The Tibetans have also become a nuisance."

They conveyed all these troubles to the Chinese emperor. "We can cope with the others, if it were not for the Turks!"

Worse than all this were internal problems, the source of which was the women of the court.

The emperor's mother, whom he had shadowed for a long time

After Wu-hou, his wife had also become a problem. The new empress wanted to avenge herself on Wu-hou, to strike another blow at his broken power. She was willing to get rid of her brother in order to put her younger son in Chung-tsung's place and rule China as his guardian. It had been tried, power had been savoured, and the like was to be replicated. For this purpose, it was thought that every wish would be fulfilled.

Chung-tsung was assassinated. Before the emperor died, the new empress wrote a fake will in his mouth. She used Chung-tsung's name to have the edict, which made her son emperor and herself guardian, executed.

She thought she had succeeded.

She, like Wu-hou, could now become a powerful empress and rule China.

⁽²¹⁷⁾ "Ç, –ile Koşu fought with Ilbay. He always killed his soldier. He always brought his house and property in full." Orkhon Monuments, Kül Tigin Bengutaşı, North Face.

But this fraud was soon exposed. The empress, who could not find supporters in the army, was in a difficult situation. At the beginning of the work ; active people, nobles, sangguns, and could not find supporters within the army. Wu-hou had prepared for the event for a long time. He thought that he could achieve it quickly, that he could bring everyone under his command. But the army was one thing, and the power to rule was another.

Li Lung-ki, a sanggun from Chung-tsung's captains, did not wait long to act. He was popular and respected by the Tang supporters and had a strong army at his command. Many nobles sided with him. His success was now a matter of course.

The uprising had begun and a change of power had taken place in the Chinese court.

Sanggun Li marched to the palace. He played a trick on the emperor.

Ran had all those who were involved in his agony, who were in league with the empress killed and took over the state. Immediately afterwards he proclaimed his ancestor emperor. He himself did not want to sit on the throne.

Thus, Juei-tsung ascended the Chinese throne.

Kapgan Kagan, who wanted to use every confusion in China in favour of the Turks, sent an envoy to the new emperor Juei-tsung without wasting time.

His message read as follows:

"As it has been done many times in the past, it would be appropriate to choose a Chinese konchu, who is your door, as my brother-in-law and send him to me in order to establish a relationship between us through marriage and to maintain peace. In this way an indestructible friendship will be born between the T'angs and the Ashinas."

Kapgan Ka ğan, who had recently sent his eldest daughter to the Chinese court and endeavoured to make an alliance with the T'ang dynasty, this time tried to achieve the same goal by doing the opposite.

to raid China and wreak havoc. His threat, of course, was to raid and ravage China. He had placed this in his ending with skilful words, leaving the new emperor little choice.

China was in no position to stop the Turkish raids. The nobles gathered in the palace thought that they should take this fact into account and not anger Kapgan Ka ğan. Finally, after much debate, the Ilba of Sung Province, the noble Ch'eng

to send his ch'in's daughter to Kapgan Khan for a wife

they decided. They did not forget to change the orun of the girl ^{to} Chin-shan Konchuyu²¹⁶ and give her a more noble appearance. They informed this decision to Kapgan Kagan with an envoy.

Kapgan Ka thought he had found a great opportunity.

ğan. He had finally got his wish, his expectations of many years had been realised. He did not hesitate to take his decision alone, even though there were good, well-behaved, wise people around him. He did not consult anyone again. He thought that the conch offered to him by China would bring him under Chinese rule. Thus he would become stronger and more respected by the steppe tribes...

But the girl sent was an ordinary noblewoman. She had nothing to do with the dynasty ruling China. Kapgan Khan was deceived. Moreover, China did not hesitate to ask him for a hostage in return for his favour.

Without thinking, Kapgan Khan sent his young son Hankoti Tigin as a hostage to the Chinese palace. He was happy, he had a son in the Chinese palace, and a Chinese concierge would be on his bed.

He was a valiant Turkish kagaru. He was a powerful Chinese fatty. Until a short time ago, he had no thoughts other than slaughtering China, but somehow now an ordinary obedience could make him happy. His great ancestors had made similar mistakes before.

²¹⁶ Konchuyu of the Altai Mountains.

Kapgan Kagan was in the same mistake.

Because China knew how to play games. Kapgan Khan was moving forward without realising that he was being drawn into a game. Moreover, China had offered Hankoti Tigin high sanggun titles and had done everything to please him.

China had softened another Turkic khan and started to make him more like him.

"I am Mekilen Shad. Since the day I was made shad by the echim kagan over the Tardush in the southwest, we have been doing nothing but chasing war, first with my kinsman Kül Tigin and later with my younger kinsman Pan Tigin. We are saddened by the news coming from Ötüken Yiş. Although it is time to raid China, Kapgan Khan does not call us to raid. We have heard that he has made peace with China. We would not have anything to say about this if China had let him go properly. But now he is busy in a new game, distracting the Khan and strengthening himself! The steppe dweller also continues to play on the same noble tribes as us."

He could do nothing but voice his thoughts to himself. Especially in order not to further anger his kinsman and put him in a position to oppose the kaghan, he speaks alone in his high ottoman. He thinks.

"This will not end well!"

The Ashina noble kinsmen were devastated by a rumour they received in those days.

"İlbilge Hatun has passed away!"

Their mother, from whom they had been separated for so long, was no more. How could they honour death when even being a husband did not suit her?

Great mourning was observed in the Turkish homeland. The call went out to all four corners to fulfil the last duty. Of course, it was the duty of sons to put their mothers on the journey. Always together

They rushed to Ötüken Yış. Her saints Kapgan Kagan, Bilge Tonyukuk, many tigers, and many tigers saw her off with bloody tears. How much she was loved

it was enough to be there, to listen to the eulogies, to know the number of showers dedicated to his soul. There was nothing to do but grieve, and his sons had little time to mourn. ... They had to take their youngest kinsman And Tigin with them and return to the head of their army. Then they had to fight and fight and fight.

As the days of sorrow continue, so must the mission-
was.

While all this was going on, the fat was not idle. They didn't have a moment to rest, to weigh their pain. A crooked

With the touch of the hand, the tribes that were bound by the touch of the hand revolted one after another, and in order to suppress them, it was necessary to raise an army without waiting. Now they rushed from one side to the other. Sometimes together, sometimes separately with their armies...

In case of strong uprisings, the Lesser Khan Ine) and, when necessary, Kapgan Khan had to come that way with his army. However, the main reason for all this was that China had found a way to distract Kapgan Kagan and was at ease.

The Sky-rooted Turks led an army to the Sogdian province. This time, Kül Tigin was leading the army by himself, and his cronies Pan Tigin and And Tigin were rushing to the battle beside him and under his command.

d. Mekilen Shad stayed behind and waited to take precautions against what would happen next and to raise an army according to the situation. Thus, they were cautious against multiple raids.

It was heard that the Arabs were pressing the Sogdaklans, which was a part of the Turkic state. It was necessary to give a new order on that side.

He reached as far as the Iron Gate. This time the order-

to go as far and as far as necessary. This meant going against the Arabs with his army. His army was small, but he was Kül Tigin. He had destroyed many with a small army.

The Sogdians were not strong enough to resist the Arabs. They were defeated and crushed. Therefore, they would be happy with the arrival of the Ashina, to whom they were loyal. The Turgish had also been slaughtered by the Turkish army a short time ago. This kinship quarrel favoured the Arabs, and they started to advance rapidly because they did not have a strong army in front of them.

When Qutayba bin Muslim was on his way to increase his fame by claiming that he had taken the land of Sogdia and that he had the authority to rule, they encountered a small Turkish army led by a brave man whose name they had heard and would never forget.

Kül Tigin...

He was waiting for this day, he was coming out to teach a lesson to the Arabs who were members of the new religion, whose warrior prowess he was curious about. The Turks were pleased with this exit and the Arabs regretted it. Kül Tigin, the hero of the Sky-rooted Turks, was going to fight such a war of aggression. They would be surprised.

Who was he, what kind of a person was he that he could disperse them with an army that was less than half their number. Kül Tigin took great pleasure in fighting the Arabs.

As he was frustrating various attempts in different ways, his grizzly wolf's frustration was meeting with Gök.

"This is how we fight!" he said to those who did not recognise him.

He was famous for countless victories. Qutayba ibn Muslim perhaps did not realise that his greatest defeat would come from such a small army.

Kül Tigin's command to his soldiers was as follows:

"Show them how Turks fight!"

A command that is concise and precise, and from which there is no turning back.

Under his command, the army, accustomed to victories, made such an attack...

They taught. They even made it known. The question, "Who are they?" was constantly asked and the answer came:

"Turks of the Sky root!"

The Arabs would never forget this name, this heavenly definition, they would always fear this name.

"The Turks are coming!"

This call would be their nightmare.

At the end of the war, when the devastated Arabs were retreating, Qutayba bin Muslim was sending the following bitter message to his headquarters.

"The daring Turks attacked us. It was such a bloody battle that I had to retreat in order not to perish!"

Of course it will be so. The Turkish army, led by valiant tigers, never returned from a battle without shame when it believed.

Kül Tigin thought he had taught the Arabs enough of a lesson and turned back to rush his army to where it was needed most.

While Mekilen Shad was admiring the valour of his compatriot and taking great pride in what had happened, a new sensation was the forerunner of a new war.

"The Black Turgish²²⁰ revolted. They raised a great army They're on their way to Kengeres!"

It was necessary to act quickly, to cut them off at once. Their horses were tired. After so long travelling and fighting, they were short of men. While Mekilen Shad was thinking what to do, his valiant comrade Kül Tigin said:

²¹⁹ The date of this encounter is 712.

²²⁰ Black Turgish. The Hah branch of the Turgish. Those in the east were called Yellow Turgish.

"Give me an army, Shad. Let it not be crowded. Let us jump with our strongest horses. Without stopping, without wasting time, let me fall on the road to Kengeres. Let me fight the Black Turgish."

Mekilen Shad did not wish to send his khansir alone.

"Our horses are weak, our soldiers are tired. You have just come from the war. You have fought many hard battles. We don't have enough provisions for the road. If you go when you are in so much trouble, let the fearful take your sense of pain, my comrade!"

He was determined, Kül Tigin. When he was determined, it was necessary to support him instead of stopping him. So did Mekilen Shad. The strongest

horses and the strongest soldiers for him. After seeing him off with his army, he dedicated rains to the Sky. He knew that the work of his kinsman run was very difficult.

He did not stop either. He endeavoured to complete his horses and soldiers, to rest them and prepare them for the war. He had to get stronger, because he knew that a new raid would require a strong army.

Not long after, the messenger he expected from Kül Tigin arrived.

The face and eyes of the messenger who brings bitig are looked at. The one who brings good sensation and the one who brings bitter sensation are recognised at the very beginning. It is as if you can read what has happened from their faces and looks.

The messenger from Ash Tigin was smiling. Nevertheless, he opened the bit eagerly.

"My dear Shad, I have fought bloody battles with the Black Turgish. They resisted a lot and pushed us hard. But Gök was with us. We defeated them. I killed all who rebelled, all the rebels, all the rulers, all the emirs. I subdued the Black Turgish. What is your command?"

11Tann'ya kut!"

A loud prayer, a deep inhalation...

He commanded that the sacrifices he had rained should be offered to the Sky

because of that. He slaughtered many horses and sheep. His wish was to come to his kinsman. However, the Karluks had revolted and it would be difficult to suppress this crowded, powerful nation.

It was heard that the Bayirkuls, whom he had previously defeated and united to the state, were also mobilising to revolt. For these rebellions, Kapgan Kagan had received an order from him and informed that he was gathering an army and would come to solve the troubles in the southwest.

Mekilen Shad ordered Kül Tigin to stay in his place and be ready for new battles.

"There are long wars ahead!"

An important announcement came from China. Emperor Juei-tsting had abdicated the throne to his son, saying that he did not want to do it any longer and that his son would do it better. Hsüan-tsting now sat on the Chinese throne.²²¹ This meant that more attention had to be paid to China.

The turmoil in China was not over, but the new emperor was becoming more and more powerful because he was popular and had the approval of the sangguns, the nobles. The Sky-rooted Turks, on the other hand, were not flowing into China, as required by the peace, and were watching the gifts sent by the new emperor to Kapgan Kagan dwindle as time went on. China seemed content with what was happening in the southwest, looking for an excuse to break the peace.

Mekilen Shad was not very angry with Kapgan Khan. He was a blessed warrior kagan and had made his state strong and his nation prosperous. However, they could not even go a period without a war. The war with the steppe buddhas in the south-west, with their fellow buddhas, with whom they spoke the same language and were bound to the same Sky, was going on endlessly. As if waiting for each other, they were constantly raising armies and opposing the kaghan and the state they were loyal to.

²²¹ Hsüan-tsung's accession to the throne in 712.

Mekilen Shad knew the reason for what had happened:

"This is China's business again. Their troops are working well. They have captured the minds of their fellow tribes."

The Turkic nation had to live in a difficult era. An age of long war. Consuming, exhausting labour.

Even those whom they knew as friends and kept close, even those they knew as close, were tricked and revolted. At an unexpected moment, a rumour came from an unexpected place:

"Mr Bars has rebelled!"

Mekilen Shad felt even worse this time. Bars Bey, whom he had appointed to rule the Yellow tribe of Turgish, whom he had made his wife and son, to whom he had given a captaincy, whom he had trusted...

"This time I will pay the price of treachery myself!"

He took everything from men and horses and marched on the Turgish. He swore an oath to fight at the forefront next to Kül Tigin. He could not make Bars Bey feel bad about what he had done. He had trusted him and offered him kinship.

A bloody battle and a triumph!

The Turgish army was routed. The treacherous kagan was captured. Thus, the blessedness was fulfilled.

Bars Bey, who betrayed the Turk, was beheaded as an example. Because he did not deserve even a blessed death.

"We can't stop. If we stop, if we wait, we will weaken. If our fats try to unite, our job will be very difficult. After every revolt, a new one arises."

The revolt of the Karluks was very big and had a devastating effect on the state.

Kül Tigin is on the Karluks...

Mekilen Shad knows that his army is insufficient in the war with the Karluks. Kül Tigin will be in great trouble!

"In order to solve this matter, the whole Turkish army should be gathered

to press him. Kapgan Khan must realise how bad the situation is! He should take his army and come this way. At the very least, he should put the Lesser Khan in charge."

Little Khan is also dealing with uprisings in his region, but if the Karluks are not given priority, this is not good!

Mekilen Shad began to suspect that the bitig he had sent had not reached the kagan.

"Why doesn't he come with his army, at this rate ...

He finally got what he expected. Kapgan Khan paid attention to the Karluk uprising. Mekilen Shad sent bitig to Ulu Bilge many times, telling him about the difficulty of the situation, Kül Tigin's endeavour, and asked him to warn Kapgan Khan. The Great Sage was able to explain to Kapgan Khan the magnitude of the problem, and the need for a great raid was recognised. Armies of all races and come that way. The Turkic army as a whole was on the Karluks.

Mekilen Shad was relieved. Otherwise, he was afraid of losing his comrade Kül Tigin who was left alone in this difficult battle.

There were many battles. How many fields they dived at each other. Many lives were lost and much blood was shed. The Karluks drew and struck. The Sky-rooted Turks, too, drew back and struck. They besieged, they opened. They cut, they broke. Seeing the difficulty, the Karluks had to retreat. To fall behind, to follow, was duly fulfilled.

In the end...

They held the Karluks at the summit of Mount Tamag Iduk-bash and besieged them. After a very bloody battle, the victory went to the Sky-rooted Turks. Instead of bowing down, the Karluks chose to flee.²²

The Karluk revolt had lasted so long. In the end

²² The date of the battle against the Karluks is 713.

Two tribes of the same nobility had offended each other and caused much damage to each other.

Kül Tigin was twenty-seven years old when he came upon the Karluks. He had reached the age of thirty when they won the victory and chased them. It would take many more ages to tell about his battles and heroism.

At the end of this difficult war, the Karluks, who chose war instead of unity, vanished and took refuge in China. They abandoned their own kinsmen and became one with the oil. China kept the game here too.

When he heard this, "I am heartbroken," said Mekilen Shad. "Why was this carelessness? Why did they take refuge with the Chinese instead of submitting to the state with the same blood, the same language? How could they not see the meaning of this, how could they not think? How can they not know that what they have done is treason? How can they not see what comes next?"

He asked these questions to Bilge Tonyukuk because he did not understand.

Bilge Tonyukuk had grown very old, but it was clear that he fought better than the young soldiers in the battle. At the head of his army, he was a candidate for flying, as in every war. Perhaps he was longing for the Sky.

It was the greatest longing of the old people to be a flyer with his bow, sword and sword in his hand. They used to worry about staying on comfortable mattresses...

"I've been waiting for this!" he said in a troubled voice. He was also very sad.

"Were you expecting it, Great Sage?"

"Of course I was!" he said, "It is similar to what has happened many times in the past. If the Khan ..."

He was silent! He wanted Mekilen Shad to understand something without speaking. It was clear that he did not want to talk about the paper he was standing next to, which he had been modelling from time to time. Yet

Shad needed to know. He had his own thoughts. He wanted to share them, so that similar things would not happen in the future...

"Tell us, Ata!" he said, "We will soon return to our homeland. And you to Ötüken Yış... There will be no time to talk... But I need to know your thoughts."

In his wisdom, he would find a way and tell. What was wrong, what shouldn't have happened... There had to be a reason for all this rebellion and discontent. There was discontent, it was big.

Just as he was about to untie his tongue, a new sensation came. "Az budun has revolted again!"

They locked eyes with the Great Sage.

"Kagan," was all he said. "Kagan..."

Mekilen Shad understood. There was no need to say more. They would wait for orders for a new battle.

Kapgan Khan was very angry with Az bud. His orders were full of ao and revenge. He had made peace with China with his own solutions, but he could not control the subordinate tribes. He wished to slaughter the steppe people. He was even talking about exterminating them to the last soldier.

The army was assembled. Ashina brave Kül Tigin volunteered for the Yelme army again. He wished to go ahead and make it easy for the Turkish army.

The Celestial Turks applauded his readiness for a new battle without being treated for the wounds he carried. He had inexhaustible power. It had become an ordinary behaviour to boast of their Tigin, to speak of him with applause. But Kül Tigin, on his white horse, seemed to be doing only what he had to do, never proud. When he fought, he was an ordinary member of his race. He did not mind taking two blood brothers with him. As one learns to be the best soldier in the company of a private, they were almost in the company of their parents.

Kül Tigin had named Alp Shalçı after his newly acquired white horse.

his name. He would be the first to overcome the few. It was known that horses could not withstand the valiant Kül Tigin. Those who could not afford him did not hesitate to slaughter their horses.

The Yelme soldiers set out with Kül Tigin at their head. Then the rest of the Turkish army... On the few...

When the army is strong and its khan, shads, tigin, tigin and irkin are at the head, the oil realises that its job is difficult. It gives up fighting and starts to retreat. Until they find a place to hold on to, or until those following them give up and turn back. Azlar did the same. They did not know that the Turks of the Sky Root were surrounding them with four armies from four sides.

Their retreat was in vain. They were held near the Black Lake. At the command of Kapgan Kagan, the Sky-rooted Turks attacked. It was a war of annihilation and destruction. A bloody war of kinsmen...

Sky-rooted Turks were victorious. Few of your people died in vain. What was the need for this war? What was the need for kinsman against kinsman?

Kül Tigin surprised everyone again. He forced Ilteber, the ruler of the few.

and brought him and presented him to the Khan. No one knew how he did it, how he hired Ilteber. Even if they asked, he didn't say. He was praised, applauded, he didn't care. His eyes were still on the war, on the fight...

Looking at the lifeless bodies lying on the ground after the war, Mekilen Shad asked himself.

"Why? Why did so many Turkish nobles die?"

It turned out that Bilge Tonyukuk was right behind him. He had heard Mekilen Shad.

"Khan!" he said, loudly, "Khan!"

Mekilen Shad turned and looked. The Great Sage was young with a bloody sword in his hand. This Heavenly soldier who loved war was unhappy just like him. He understood the reproach in his voice.

"Kagan... Not doing what was expected...."

He gathered the army, Kapgan Khan.

"There is no time to stop!" he said.

Why did he say that? How did he know when now? What was the raid?

"Izgil! We're going to shoot you!"²²³

It was as if the kagan and the budun were divided into two. When had the Izgils rebelled and had to be shot?

But it was not the time to ask questions and wait for answers. It was time for war and Kül Tigin was already on his horse, ready. His horse Alp Shalchi, who had survived the Karluk and Az battles, was already excited by the trembling of his white trousers.

Horses are like soul mates of the soldiers on them. They feel what they feel. Horses also fight together with their soldiers. Before the war, it is as if the excitement of glory is loaded on their bodies. The feelings of their soldiers are in their feelings.

The Turkish army of the Sky-rooted Turks arrived on the Izgils. He hit them and devastated them. Kapgan Khan had cut a heavy and destructive shore. He took revenge in unnecessary feelings of revenge.

Mekilen Shad's soul, on the other hand, had begun to burn more and more. His feelings were different even when he was fighting as a duty. "It shouldn't be like this!" he was saying inside. "It shouldn't be like this. Blood and blood should not break the kinsman!"

However, fate had placed him and his fellow countrymen in this war today.

²²³ i
zgi Budun: Mentioned in the Orkhon Memoirs in the Kültigin Bengutasi
There is no doubt that this tribe is Turkic. However, the original is not known for certain. Iz egil, Izig-il, readings as
There are also others. It has been claimed that they may be from the Nine oğuz, or from the White Huns or Bulgarian tribes.

Kül Tigin was not sorry for all the wounds he had received, he was sorry for the white horse he had lost. Alp Şalçı would wait for his owner until the day came. Kül Tigin must be the person with the most horses in the Sky!

When Mekilen Şad needed to tell about the times he lived in, he thought he had no other way but to talk about the wars. And also the valour of his valiant compatriot Kül Tigin...

"From time to time I think, if only we had our flying companion with us. ... It comforts me to know him in the sky, and blessed be God, he did not take Kül Tigin with him. He wished to show his celestuality on the ground. He survived so many battles and showed great merits. Always at the forefront, always in battle like an ordinary manoeuvre soldier. He was not interested in either the army or the army. He had a strange passion for glory ... A passion for fighting ..."

The more he thinks, the more nauseous he gets. There is no end to the rebellion and the war.

"We had to fight with the Nine Oghuz, who were from our own nation, but who would not give their consent and turned against Kapgan Kagan. We slaughtered all the rebellious Turkic tribes with blood. We fought with the rebellious tribes five times in the last year. Our biggest and first battle was with the Do kuz Oghuz at Togu Balık... ^{*224}

Heaven and earth must have been confused, and the Nine Oguz must have been confused too. The fact that they were a powerful tribe, that they were kagan... Their jealousy...

"It was not worth all this blood and life. Since the sky had authorised the Ashina tribe to establish a state, we had to obey!"

Kül Tigin had acquired a horse named Ak Azman after losing his beloved horse. At the Battle of Togu Balık, his first raid, he had killed all six soldiers at once, and the seventh one with his sword.

²²⁴ A place on the banks of the Togla River.

and destroyed them... He killed nine soldiers alone, circling around them...

"It was so spectacular that we all watched in amazement.

Blessed be God, I have such a kinsman!"

The second battle was fought with Ediz budun²²⁵ at Kushalguk.

The third battle was fought with Oghuz at Bolchu...

The fourth, at Chush Bashi, again with the Oghuz...

At the battle of Chush Bashi, there was great trouble. If it was not for Kül Tigin, it would have been very difficult.

Because:

In the second month of the year²²⁶ by the order of Kapgan Kagan, Kül

The dick Khan Inel had been assigned to raid on the black land of Besbalık. Inel Khan was accompanied by his blood brother Tonga Tigin and Huopa Ilteber, one of Kapgan Khan's subjects.

When the Turkic horsemen of the Sky Root attacked with all their might, the Oils took shelter in the nearby fortress and closed the gates. The fortress was besieged and a hard battle was fought. Tonga Tigin, who had been brought close to the castle walls, in a show of valour, was fighting to offer his manhood to the command of the Turks when an arrow pierced his armour and pierced his chest. He had lived valiantly. His flight was valiant. He ~~was~~ loved and not hesitated to follow.²²⁷ His comrades loved and praised him very much.

Inel Khan did not know what to do when he lost his kinsman. Huopa Ilteber, fearing that Kapgan Khan would accuse him, took his son and fled to China. Thus, it added shame to the lost.

China was open and giving to anyone who betrayed the Turk.
was. I'm not going to honour this person from the rulers

²²⁵ Ediz Budun: A tribe of the Töles.

²²⁶ Year 714.

²²⁷ Tonga Tigin's flight 714.

He welcomed and embraced him so much that the Emperor gave him a great *sanggunluk* and appointed him the head of the guard. He did not even forget his wife and honoured her with the army of "Altai Mountain Chin-shan Konchuyu". After that he made his messengers run around the Turkic lands and exaggerate the events so that the division would increase.

"Another Turkic race has taken refuge in China. Doesn't this show that China is right and Kapgan Kagan is wrong?"

Mekilen Shad, who prioritised valour and valour above all else, never hesitated to praise and applaud the men who brought glory to the Turks. He admired Tonga Tigin, the son of his brother-in-law, because of his valour. When he learnt about Tonga Tigin's flight, he was very sad and mourned. He dedicated rainfall to his soul, so that they would accompany him in the sky.

He also announced a great mourning within the clan for the loss of a soldier whom the army and the soldiers remembered with pride, which he deserved. But the war would go on.

They were on the raid, but the loss of the valiant tigin had affected and shaken the army. The grief was great. Soldiers resisted to hold back from the war. They wanted to continue the mourning of Tunga Tigin. However, the Oghuz army was coming towards them. There was no stopping. Retreat was not an option.

Ash Tigin did not wait. He jumped to fight and stood forward. He said.

"Mourning can wait, and when the time comes, it will be done properly.

But war does not wait. A Turkish soldier does not wait for war. Would it be right to stand still while the Oghuzs are coming towards us? If we do not fight today, we will lose a lot tomorrow and regret it. Even the sky will regret us. Act! Show your manhood! If you do not come, I will go alone and oppose the Oghuz army! If I ever achieve my dream of flying, when I'm all dead, don't forget that you put me here alone!"

These words were so effective that the soldiers regained their strength.

to find the strength to fight, to stand up, to come to their senses. In such difficult moments, the call of a brave man was enough to find the strength to fight. As long as there is such a soldier!

At last they met the Oghuz army. They fought well and it was Kül Tigin who set an example. If he had not done what was necessary that day, the result would have been bad.

The Oghuz were defeated.

The fifth battle was fought at Ezginti Kadız, again with the Oghuz...

The Sky-rooted Turks were again victorious, because God willed it.

Mekilen Shad... The sidekick of the valiant Kül Tigin, Tarduş Shad. The Ashina nobleman whose life, equal to the passing of time, was spent in battles.

Now he knew that Kapgan Kagan was not the same as before; that is why there are so many rebellions and troubles in the state. Even thinking that it was the result of fatigue due to the fact that the state had been struggling since its foundation is not a solution to the problem. From time to time, the decisions taken by Mekilen Shad disturb the buddhas, which he adopted as "Our nation is our nation".

Kapgan Kagan was slaughtering, forcing and oppressing with unreasonable orders. His commands were never aimed at negotiation and persuasion. This kept the state constantly at war in a very bloody time. They knew that China was taking advantage of the division and endeavouring to gather its strength, and they expected measures against this.

Kül Tigin was also restless because all his efforts, endeavours and disregard for his life were not enough to ensure unity. From time to time, the two kinsmen came together and wished that the Great Sage would be with them to help them find a solution and guide them.

When Kapgan Khan lost his son Tonga Tigin, he started to behave differently. He never listened to Bilge Tonyukuk anymore.

and he couldn't. The decisions he took without consulting anyone could be full of mistakes.

The state could not last only by bringing China to its knees and keeping them in fear. However, China was comfortable by deceiving Kapgan Kagan.

They received a news again.

Kapgan Kagan had to endure another aaya. He had lost another son; in such a close time.

Kapgan Kagan's younger son, Hankoti Tigin, whom he had sent to China as a hostage, and whom he had actually wished to stay there and become active in the administration in time, had been counted in China and arrived at the plane.

To die away from home, in the Chinese palace...

The Chinese emperor attached great importance to this death. After all, it must have been a reflection of the awakening with Kapgan Kagan. In fact, he must have been alarmed because he was afraid of Turkish raids.

Hsüan-tsung issued an announcement:

"Let all China mourn, we have lost a praiseworthy guest, our grief is great. It is necessary to share the mourning of the Turkish kagan. A committee should be prepared for this. This delegation will include

three noble men from the kingdom. Let them reach the king. Let them express my sorrow. God knows that Hankoti Tigin was a valuable guest in my palace. We entertained him well and loved him. and counted."

It was like the behaviour of an ordinary neighbour, a close friend. If China's feelings towards the Turks were not known and recognised, perhaps they would have been believed.

A great mourning ceremony was held in Ötüken Yıř. Many people came joined in. He was a migrating Ashina; he had to be sent off as he deserved.

Kapgan Kagan listened to the praises about his son in sorrow. His grief was written all over his face, and he stood speechless, not knowing what to do. Against the power of fate

there was nothing to do. Prayers and memories were exchanged to praise the tigin.

The influence of the new emperor was getting stronger in China. Everything from the past was being erased and new and effective decisions were being taken. The emperor chose to destroy the internal fat one by one.

Because even within the palace there were people he couldn't trust. Just like Chung-tsung, Chung-tsung was attempted to be impregnated twice, but he was saved by luck. Moreover, those who attempted this were women.

The emperor passed a new law. He banned Buddhism, which had established a relationship with Empress Wu-hou. Thus began the hard times for the followers of this religion. Except for the old and respected ones, Buddhist monks were expelled from the capital and the old

were forced to return to their places. The worship of the Buddha's bodies and monuments was forbidden. The activity of this group, which had been working against the emperor and the dynasty, was brought to an end. Thus, the great relaxation was achieved. Soon the T'angs became a powerful dynasty as before.

Bilge Tonyukuk told all this to Mekilen Shad in one of his bits and said, "The Chinese emperor has become very strong. Budunu now supports him. Production in China has increased. Wealth means power. At this rate, it will be very difficult to cope with China." He reiterated that the situation was getting worse. Like all good people, Mekilen Shad also realised that things were not going well, but he could not do anything else but to wage constant war in his own country and crush the rebels together with his kinsmen.

The nobles of the steppe tribes were getting further and further away from Kapgan Kagan, whose decisions they did not like. Force and coercion were not as effective as before. They were subjected to his unnecessary anger, they were angered by his behaviour unworthy of their army. All this rebellion was the result of

It could have been solved by winning the hearts and minds of their elders, by treating them more fairly in distribution and, most importantly, by increasing their wealth through raiding to China. However, unnecessary slaughter was imposed and tribes were driven out of their pastures. Once the word spread about the lack of judgement²²⁸, revolts followed one after another.

But China was inviting the heads of the clan with the softest smile. Underneath that disgusting smile, the real reasons were hidden, gifts and promises for the future were coming one after another. Many Turkic nobles sought refuge in China and received support. However, China was on friendly terms with Kagan Kagan as if all this had not happened.

The good lords, irkin were struggling and struggling. Knowing that this would not last, they wanted to renew the fate from somewhere. It was expected that the kagan would correct his orders, and it was wished that they would correspond with the old elders who were near him and make this happen.

was being done. Most of all, they were trying to establish a dialogue with Bilge Tonyukuk. Despite all this, the Great Sage was still powerful and influential. Moreover, he knew the truth.

While the Turkic peoples were waiting for a turn for the better...

Kagan Khan took an action that shocked them when they heard about it. He sent an envoy to China to ask for a new conquest. This time the emperor's request that one of his real captains should be sent, so that he could establish direct co-operation with the T'angs, was a great imprudence.

Hsüan-tsung ignored this request and did not respond favourably or he didn't give any negative answer. So he felt that he was getting stronger and stronger.

²²⁸ Judgement: Justice, righteousness, judgement.

"Ödsig ötölüg küç igidmiş alp kaganga yangıldı. Üze Tengri idik yır sub eçim kagan did not celebrate, erinc. Tokuz Oguz budun yirin subındıp Tabgaçgam bardı."2

The state organisation was in trouble, but there were some hopeful deeds. The Kılans and Hsis, who were afraid of the power of Kapgan Kagan and thought that they would come upon them and be condemned, came on their own and bowed their heads to the Turkish state. Their Irk.in reported that they wanted to serve in the army and to be counted from the state. The large number of Kılans in the Turkish army would bring an important power. Moreover, when so many tribes were in a state of revolt...

Kapgan Khan's strong bowmen numbered four hundred thousand.

Despite this great strength, on the one hand, the Chinese On the other hand, Kapgan Kagan's harsh and cruel behaviour accelerated the disunity of the steppe tribes. The increasing number of those who thought of separation posed a great danger for the state.

Bilge Tonyukuk was anxious as he listened to what was said. "Ten arrows, left Tu-lu clans' five noble clans, right the five races of Yan Nu-shih-pi united. They sent an envoy to the emperor to join China."

That uh news was the sound of destruction. Under the order

²²⁹ "He betrayed his distinguished, respected, valiant kagan who had nurtured power. God above, blessed land, water; the state of the echim kagan will not be accepted, the Nine Oghuz clan left its land and water and went to China." Orkhon Monuments, Bilge Kagan Bengutasi, East Face.

A significant number of the Karluks, who had resisted to enter and had been forcibly suppressed by Kül Tigin's successful wars, had also taken refuge in China. With their support, China would soon come against the Turks. In fact, what should have been done was to act earlier than them and dominate them. However, Kapgan Kagan was waiting for his concierge who never arrived from China.

The Chinese Emperor Hsüan-tsung, happy that his long efforts had yielded results, was looking for new games and had calculated how he could use the steppe tribes who wished to be bound to him against the Turks. He had to make the best use of this opportunity to take revenge on Kapgan Kagan, who had caused great suffering to China in the past, and on all the Ashinans in general. In the end, he had to take these people who had turned their backs on the Turks, who were of the same lineage and language as the Turks, to China and put them into a situation. It was not in his favour to settle them in places and take care of them. Because, similar to the result reached by the Turks who had been held captive in China in the past, the steppe people would seek freedom again at the first opportunity, even if they seemed bound today. They had to stay in their own homeland and be supported by silk, gold and silver. Their Cores, their elders should have been provided with high Chinese honours, pampered with abundant gifts, and at the most opportune time they should have revolted together and overthrown the Turkish state. He himself should make the preparations for this, and when the time came, he should give the signal himself. The emperor was not to use his armies unless necessary for this purpose. Because he was at peace with Kapgan Kagan. In case the revolts of the grey country people failed, he had to have something to show that he was not involved in this.

"Be ready. Wait for the appropriate time!"

To subvert from within, to make them fight each other. This was Hsüan tsung's real aim, and it was the most viable, the least dangerous way. When internal strife broke out, both sides would lose a lot of power and lives, and it would be best for China to intervene and rise as the sole power. The steppe tribes were never

could not be trusted. Therefore, he had to keep the power in his hands at all times, and he had to take many of the powerful elders with him.

Although everything was obvious and the bitter facts were seen, Kapgan Khan did not do what he should have done and did not give the order to raid China. Instead, Kapgan Kagan chose to crush the Karluks again. He could not attract the effectiveness of his ancestor Kül Tigin, who showed great achievements on that side, and considering the future of his throne and his son who should be ready for him, he decided to go on this raid himself. Moreover, he had left Kül Tigin behind to protect his autobahn and his tribe. Thus, it would be possible to separate the two clansmen and keep them away from each other.

It was obvious that such calculations did not suit a blessed person like Kapgan Khan. Those who heard were bewildered, waiting without being able to do anything. The irkin, whose blood was crying for the Turk, were vowing to be with the kagan until the end, so that he would hinder them and prevent them from opposing each other.

Kapgan Kagan had to give an explanation and find a good reason for taking Kül Tigin from the head of the army. Otherwise, the soldiers who could not see their beloved league at their head would revolt and not fight.

Kapgan Khan found this excuse.

In the war with the Nine Oguz, Kül Tigin defeated them and made them fall behind and suffer many casualties. He fought another battle with the Nine Oghuzes at Ezgenti-Kadaz, defeated them, but failed to take the city. Kapgan Kagan found it convenient to portray this as a failure. Kül Tigin had to take the city of Kadaz.

That was the justification: Because Kül Tigin had failed to take the city, he had been cut down and removed from the head of the army.

Kapgan Kagan spread this especially and assigned another race, Alp Eletmish, to take Kadaz. Thus, what Kül Tigin failed to achieve, another race would achieve, and Kül

Tigin's previous successes would be overshadowed. Although it was not accepted that Kül Tigin, who was an epic in the Turkish army with his fighting prowess, was presented as a failure, Kapgan Khan hoped to benefit from this.

When Alp Elettirish Irkin successfully fulfilled the mission and took Kadaz, there was no obstacle for Kapgan Khan. The reason for Kül Tigin not to join the Karluk raid was ready. He left him behind in charge of guarding his ottoman and went out to lead the raid with his army.²³⁰

The Qarluqs were quick to realise that Kapgan Kagan's army was not strong enough. Moreover, Kül Tigin was absent. This was enough to make them even more courageous. They could inflict defeat on the Sky-rooted Turks in a suitable way. Instead of fighting directly and getting in front of the Turkish army, they divided their armies into two. One arm was to block the return route of the Turkish army and set up an ambush, while the other arm was to raid the kagan's otak. Whatever was there was to be taken, soldiers were to be slaughtered, women, girls and children were to be captured. Even capturing the Golden Örgün, where the Turkish kagan was sitting, would have a great effect.

Action was taken to implement what was thought. The game was set up accordingly. The Karluks would have realised all their dreams if a powerful person who could spoil the game had not been involved.

When the crowded Karluk army attacking Kapgan Kagan's otba was confronted with the defence of Kül Tigin and a handful of warriors, they realised that their job was not easy at all. However, the time was too late. The Ashina brave Kül Tigin, who once again demonstrated his epic narrative nature, would protect the kagan's hermitage and his son entrusted to him at the cost of his life, and would protect the women, daughters, sons and sons of the Kagan's women, daughters, sons and sons.

²³⁰ The date of this event is 716.

to prevent the oil from falling into his hands.

During the first attack, he killed nine men single-handedly, breaking the Karluks' momentum, and then gave his men a single command.

"Die, but never surrender to the fat what has been entrusted to us. Your valour today will save the Turk from a great shame!"

From time to time they fought with ten to one and twenty soldiers. The passion for flight found a target in Kül Tigin's reflection.

in the recesses. Time took a soldier every moment and carried him to the sky. So **much** so

that blood flowed... The epic would be written with this blood. Their resistance received great honour and applause in the sky. He offered light and colours to his braves. They took the most effective colours. The whole place was glorious with blood.

As they were forced, they struck another blow. They were reborn as they died. The effect of the bloody war that lasted until sunset ended with breaking the resistance of the Karluks and giving up their goals. As the defeated Karluks retreated, they vocalised how epic even their defeat was, saying.

"We are good, strong warriors. Today we could not defeat our fat, which we caught here in short supply, but it looked so easy! It means that the Sky-rooted Turkic tribe has stronger warriors than us!"

Both victory and defeat are precious to the valiant. The Karluks had experienced this, and on their way back only the breeze of that hard battle remained in their minds. They rode on, praying that in the future, when the time came, their names would be remembered and their valour celebrated.

"We will win the next battle!"

Kapgan Kagan was also successful in his raid and defeated the Karluk army that came against him to destroy him.

But even this victory would not end the revolt.

The Karluks were defeated, but they did not stop. Kapgan Khan did not stop and continued his raids. The one who set up the real game

China, on the other hand, was preparing the tribes that had been subordinated to it to revolt against the Turks in many ways. The divisions were also reflected on other steppe tribes, and the Azlar and Izgil, who had previously been oppressed and bound to the state, chose to be under China's command.

Immediately afterwards, a large number of Oghuz tribes followed the same path and united with the Chinese.

Even though Mekilen Shad and Kül Tigin were running from side to side without a day without a battle and trying to prevent the destruction at the head of their armies, many Turkish people were trying to keep the Turkish state alive, but they were helpless because of the ever-changing orders and senseless behaviours of the kaghan at the head. The Turkish state was getting more and more difficult, more and more confused. While the Chinese emperor was celebrating his success, the Turkic nobles were looking for a way out of this difficult situation. They would protect the state they had established after so many difficulties as long as they had soldiers, horses, and as long as they were alive.

Kao Wen-chien, the son-in-law of Kapgan Kagan's daughter, was the head of the Tuyü-huns who had submitted to the Sky Turks. He wanted to take advantage of this situation, which he considered as an opportunity, and he, together with many of his relatives, joined China.

h. This unexpected betrayal upset the Turkic leaders very much. The only solution they knew was to burn China to the ground. When every betrayer was supported by China, there was no point in maintaining peace.

China had opened its gates wide open to the descendants of the Sky-rooted Turks and rewarded them with high gifts, silk, gold and roses. Their nobles were immediately given Chinese armies and Chinese names, which were listed with long, flamboyant descriptions, and their armies were preparing for a great offensive against the Turks.

Perhaps what hurt and saddened Kapgan Khan the most was that his other daughter's brother-in-law, Hu-lu, a Turk of Ashidean descent, had travelled to China.

was his binding. When he heard about it, he did not take anyone with him and mourned for a long time. If his closest uyalan, his captains betrayed him, who would he be able to say to, who would make him believe in his kaganate?

Who was wrong? The ones who left?

If those who left were so many, shouldn't the kagan look for fault in himself?

Kapgan Khan never found fault with himself, on the contrary, he thought there was only one solution: Crush the head of the rebel! To try to take back from China what had gone. Thus proving that he was strong!

While there were still those who obeyed his command, while his army was strong, it was obvious that it was pointless to waste time.

He gave the order to raid, but again not towards China. Oy But it was the Chinese emperor who made the game and put him in difficulty.

The Turkish army led by Kapgan Kagan marched against the Oghuzes. The Turks, led by Apussu Irkin, defeated at Chi-pei this tribe which had defied the state. Those who escaped and survived again took China as a friend and ran to that side.

"Zamaru is here!"

Chinese Emperor Hsüan-tsung thought that the end of Kapgan Kagan and the Turkic state had come. He had done his best and succeeded in separating many tribes from the Turks. Thus he had a second army. Now one mark would be enough for destruction. At the same time, a great uprising would be organised everywhere...

Three separate troops of messengers, having received the bitig of orders from the Chinese palace, set out for the heads of the steppe tribes waiting for these orders in three different parts of the Turkic homeland. To their own nations, their own states and kagans

Those who had chosen treachery had taken the signal to act at the behest of the Chinese emperor, who was the main spoiler.

The uprising began at the same time, and from three columns, three separate bu duns marched towards Ötüken Yış with three powerful armies.

The first vanguard, the Bayırkus, came, eager to avenge what had happened in the past. They were hopeful of a great victory. But they were up against the Turkic Khan of the Sky-rooted Turk, a man who had spent his life in battle and knew when and how to strike. The attack of the Bayırku did not affect him in the slightest. He led his army so well that the result was clear in the first moments. Kapgan Kagan had blocked the escape routes of Bayırkulans and ordered slaughter.

"Destroy anyone who comes against my state! Do not leave a single one alive!"

There was a bloody battle on the banks of the Tola River. Bayırkus were defeated with heavy losses. They ran away. If it was in the past, maybe he would not have chased after these tribes of different nobility, he would not have made them pursue and kill them, but this time Kapgan Khan did not pity them. The Bayırkus were slaughtered. It was a slaughter they deserved.

The victory was great and Kapgan Khan was happy. This triumph had raised their hopes again and made them hold back. The songs that would tell what happened on the battlefield had not yet been sung. It was not easy to put into language either. Because what happened was so different. The burden of pain and death...

Kapgan Kagan was at the head of his army, returning to Ötüken Yış, among his warriors. He would prepare an army again and slaughter other traitors. There was no forgiveness in his mind. He had given orders to solve this matter once and for all and wished the preparations to be completed. Now he was living his victory in peace and travelling towards Ötüken Yış.

But what he didn't know is that the Bayırkus, fleeing from the battle in which he won a great victory, took refuge in the forest on his way -

and when they saw the Khan coming that way, they set up an ambush.

Ho Ling-ch'üan, the Chinese messenger who had incited the Bayırku tribe of Chisühlu, Yarunda, against the Turkish tribe, had barely escaped with their lives and hid in the forest. They were waiting for the Turkish army to retreat so that they could set out for their homeland. Ho Ling-ch'üan, the Chinese warrior, was waiting in fear, trying to think of a lie to get away if he was caught, laughing in his heart at the incompetence of the Bayırku, whom he trusted, but laughing in their faces. If he tried to flee alone, he would surely be caught, and since he was Chinese, he would lose his head. Moreover, he did not know this land, he would lose his way and fall into a wrong place. Now his prayer was that Chisühlu, who was with him, would do something and send him back to China alive. He thought to achieve this by half threat.

Kapgan Kagan was riding cheerfully. He was victorious, he had found himself again. He wanted to push his white horse, to race with the yelle. Suddenly he started to run. The warriors could not understand what was happening, but they thought that it was a mischief run and they also ran their horses with the main duty; to protect the kagan. The army coming from behind was also mobilised to accompany this run, at least to see the result more closely.

The running of Kapgan Kagan's powerful horse had created a long gap between him and his blinds; but since neither side had any troubling thought in their minds, they did not care about it, and the blinds were content with the white horse, which they could never catch up with, being seen at least at a certain distance and determining the direction, and they were going after him in order to catch up with the khan at the first place where he would stop.

Çisihlü of the Bayırku race, who hides in the Willow Forest in order to save his life; the one who gallops with his white horse

He had no difficulty in realising that it was Kapgan, the khan of the Celestial Turks. He shared this information with the Chinese mate. They had two things to do, either let him pass by without a sound, or risk all dangers and capture him.

The man in white clothes and on a white horse was coming towards them, and there were only forty bulls behind him. It was at that moment that the Chinaman realised that he was facing the most important opportunity of his life. He turned to Chisihlu with his usual sweetly deceitful, persuasive smile on his face.

"Let's not miss this opportunity. If their Khan is captured or killed, the Turks will be defeated. Your fame will grow as the one who achieves this. Those who come after you will multiply. Finally, the opportunity to get rid of Kapgan Ka ğan has come to your feet. Don't let it go to waste."

Chisihlu thought this thought. Even if he didn't, he would have been convinced by the Chinese mate anyway! The Chinese mate, who was a master of sweet and appropriate speech, would do whatever he could to convince Chisihlu.

The Bayırkular moved and hid. Kanak set an ambush. As soon as Kapgan Khan, who did not know that he was riding towards the trap, entered the trap, they surrounded him and came in front of him.

The kagan was first asked to surrender. The astonished but valiant kagan never agreed to this. He had suffered from captivity in the past. He knew how dishonourable it would be to surrender here. The kagan, who had won a great victory, would be insulted by being a prisoner of the people he had defeated, just because of his thoughtlessness. If his followers and his army catch up... He could buy time. He was a valiant kagan, a valiant Turkish warrior. He decided that it would be more blessed to fight even if death was at the end, to take a few Bayırku soldiers with him.

"How dare you order the Turkish kagan to surrender?" he shouted and attacked the Bayırkus with his sword. He was skilful and used to taking lives. The heads of two traitors were be-

<he had separated him from his llama and cheered him up. Such fights reminded him of the old days. But his body was tailless. Therefore, the only precaution he could take against the rain of arrows was to ride left and right and to dodge the target, which he tried to do. But one more fat dozens of Bayırku arrows found his body while cutting off his head. Kapgan Khan rolled off his horse. With a bitter smile on his face, he lay on his back on the ground. His eyes were on the sky, his whole life flashed before his eyes. For some reason he thought he had lived good days. He felt that he had risen and embraced with the spirits of his ancestors.

A great kagan, the nightmare of his foes, who terrorised Acuna, was ambushed in the Willow Forest and fell to the ground. He was breathing hard, but he had difficulty understanding what was happening. How had he ended up in this situation?

When the following börus realised the ambush and saw that their khan's white horse was empty, they understood the bitter truth. They had a lot to do. If the kagan was dead, it was dishonourable for them to live. In a relentless battle, they dived into the fat that was more crowded than themselves. A dive to death...

The valiant börüler soon reached the plane. They were an open target for those who hid and released arrows. They had done their duty, they had not left Kapgan Kagan alone on the way to the sky.

The Willow Forest was silent again. No one had yet realised what was happening. What happened there was so important.

The Turkic khan and his forty loyal börus were lying in embrace with Iduk Yer. Their fight was a candidate to become an epic.

Chisihlu, the Bayırku race, sent out a scout to watch the Turkish army coming from behind. He got off his horse and came to Kapgan Kagan. The kagan was like a monument with arrows on his body. His eyes were wide open, looking at the traitor who was his master and kagan until yesterday. He was breathing, still smiling. Chisih-

lū could not recognise who he was, but the Chinaman standing just behind him looked familiar to him. He couldn't help wondering what a Chinese man was doing there with the Bayırkus. Then he suddenly thought of Konchuy, whom he had been waiting for from China. The Chinese emperor had delayed him all this time and had not sent a noble concierge from the T'ang dynasty. How this had stuck in his mind.

"Raid China!" he said quietly. "Slaughter China..."

Gasping for breath, he realised it was too late for that.

"Gök!" he called out, but no one heard him, "Gök!" Of course that was the place of a valiant Turkish khan.

"Gök!"

While the Bayırku were wasting time, not knowing what to do, the Chinese Ho Ling-ch'üan, who thought that the Turkish army was coming and was very afraid of it, called out.

"Take the head of Kapgan Khan!"

If they had left it that way, the kagan would have died anyway, but those who did this work would not be sufficiently known and famous. Killing Kapgan Khan meant great fame. And a head that he would take with him to China and present to the emperor would change the life of the Chinese manservant and make him a wealthy and famous person.

Chisihlu looked at the dying kaghan and the Chinese tsashi. He was undecided. The sky was looking down on him, and this insult to an Ashina nobleman would surely be a slaughter. He hesitated and took two steps back.

The Chinese did not stop:

"This is a great honour, Great Irkin. You have defeated the undefeated Sky Turk kagan. It is your right to take his head. This head has great value in the Chinese palace and in the emperor's court. You and your tribe will be drowned in gifts, don't forget! Get his head! "

It was as if he was giving orders...

He confused his race with many other appropriate words.

He himself would have done it with pleasure, but he hesitated.

Such words were the most used by the Chinese who knew the game. The result was always successful.

In the end...

Chisihlu knew that if they stayed there too long, they would not be able to resist the Turkish army coming from behind. Especially when he saw this situation.

if they did... They'd tear him to pieces, chop him to pieces. What he wanted was here, lying dying on the ground. If he took his head and sent it to China, he would be rewarded with artefacts of unimaginable value. But time was running out and something had to be done.

The Chinese mate finally persuaded him; he gave the order again.

"Take his head!"

A Bayırku soldier rushed against the ambivalence of his race and cut off the head of the valiant Turkish kagan. ²³¹

What a tragedy!

The blood of a heaven-rooted khan was flowing on the ground, his body was lying headless.

Sky was ashamed of his son's fall.

Ho Ling-ch'üan, the Chinese messenger, rubbed his hands with joy and thought about what to say next.

"I must deliver this head to the Chinese palace! To do this... n

He had to convince, or rather deceive, the Bayırku.

They didn't stop now. They put the head of the kagan in a leather menchik²³². Then, with the head of the great Turkish kagan by their side, they quickly travelled away from there. Once they were in a sheltered place and there was no longer any fear of being caught by the Turkish army, they had to decide what to do. There were some people in the crowd who knew what to do.

²³¹ Historians point to the sixth month of 716.

²³² Menchik: A leather bag or pouch hung on a horse's saddle.

The only person who could convince his people was the Chinese chachit, and it would not be difficult for him to convince his people. In his opinion, the severed head of Kapgan Kagan had to reach China. The Chinese emperor Hsüan-tsung would surely offer great honours and riches for this beautiful gift to the person who brought the head. That person had to be a Chinese warrior.

Bayırkus of the same nobility, the same blood, the same tradition will have handed over the head of the Turkish khan to China... He will be honoured with such dishonour... The greatest praise will actually be given to the Chinese tsar Ho Ling-ch'üan...

This disgraceful and disgraceful event was done under the guidance of Gök, in the knowledge of Iduk Yer Sub, in which the Bayırkus also believed. Those who boasted instead of being ashamed would surely realise China's game tomorrow and regret it, but...

When the Turkish army, lagging behind and endeavouring to catch up with the kaghan, reached the place of ambush, they found the body of their kaghan, whom they had been riding behind all this time, no longer moving, moreover, without a head, and the bodies of forty foremen...

Bitter cries echoed from the great mountains and gripped the Sky. Sky was ashamed of what he heard, what he saw. The sun chose to hide among the clouds instead of bearing witness.

Kapgan Khan, whom China had feared and dreaded for so many years, had reached the plane and his head had been taken captive. This was a great pain, a great shame. When their kagan was in ambush, they could not reach him, they could not protect him. But now it was time for them to organise a feast of glory and make a toy. Now the feast was to be a feast of mourning.

What a thing! The head of the Turkish kagan, who had spent his childhood and youth in captivity in China, who had taken great part in the Turk's war for freedom, who had subsequently grown and strengthened the state, who had made China bow its head, was on his way to China...

Captivity began again.

Chisihlu of the Bayırku race behaved in a way that would be remembered in the future as a disgraceful behaviour.

He was riding with the dream that his behaviour would be praised in China. It was not ordinary for him to see himself in Kapgan Kagan's place, on his throne, in Ötüken Yış in his dreams. However, he did not know how he should behave after that.

The Chinese attendant was going to memorise what he had to do at the first place of stay:

"You cannot carry this head and take it to China, Great Irkin. You have a large army. It will be thought that you are on a raid towards China and an army will be brought against you. Besides, it is necessary to prove that this head belongs to Kapgan Kagan and witness it. I can do that best."

The chieftain, who had organised everything in his mind, managed to confuse the minds of his race by listing the most appropriate and most beautiful words; meanwhile, he was looking for a way to attract the real praise to himself with a part of an order directed towards himself.

"How should I behave?"

The mate was expecting this question from the irk. He immediately explained. "Let me be accompanied by a hundred Bayırkulu soldiers. I will take the head with me.

First we will cover it with honey to protect it and prevent it from spoiling. Three sunsets after our departure, the great irkin will head towards the Chinese capital with his army, and he should not worry that he will be duly met by me."

Bayırku thought for a very short time. After consulting with a few more of his men, he agreed with the words of the tsashikh. He asked for more details and agreed to the arrangement.

How would a man who rules a steppe tribe know what a game is?

At daybreak, Ho Ling-ch'üan, who left the Bayırku mansion with a hundred horsemen and headed towards the Chinese capital, sent two men ahead of him and said to them, "Go and understand what has happened.

tın" to Emperor Hsüan-tsung, giving him time to prepare for the blessing ceremony. The Chassid himself wanted to be well received and

He wanted to be famous. He wished to be recognised and known when he entered the Chinese capital, and was looking forward to the moment when he would be showered with gifts and honours. From time to time he glanced at the precious head he carried in the menchik, which was hung on the saddle of the soldier's horse next to him like a worthless commodity. Kapgan Ka ğan's head was wrapped in honey and leather cloth to prevent spoilage.

The Chinese emperor did not know that he was waking up to the happiest day of his life. The strange smile on the faces of the servants who waited for him until he woke up in the silent part of his palace in the capital, signalled that something had happened. Of course, they were not authorised to tell him what had happened. The chief chamberlain must have been waiting at the door, but the emperor was in no hurry. He had organised his state and digested all his internal fat. He had gathered the nobles of his dynasty close to him, and had secured himself and his son by organising a large army of guards loyal only to him. The chief ruler of China had done all kinds of unreasonable evil against the Turks, had mobilised his henchmen and sangguns for this purpose, and had put the Turkish state into the process of disintegration by raising uprisings. If not today, the result would definitely be obtained tomorrow. He was sure of this and was waiting.

But even he didn't expect this much. Even he did not expect this much.
er wasn't expecting it.

He sat up in his high bed with a stretch. He watched the bustle of the servants with his eyes, which were still not fully opened, and even if they were opened, they were not very clear. As he watched the graceful, distinguished, silent movements of the girls, all young and beautiful, he could not help thinking which of them would be more suitable for his bed at night, which one would give him more pleasure.

"My lord!"

It was said so quietly that it was up to Hsüan-tsung to hear it or not. He turned his head to look, his head, his eyes

to the service person standing on the floor, his hands tied in front of him. He shook his head as if what he saw did not make him happy. He thought to himself, "This one is a bit old. I should ask for a younger girl instead." But he made sure to signal with his eyes that he had permission to speak.

The service woman received the order and tried to hide her excitement and tried to explain her problem.

"The head of the department said that he had received a very important announcement and wished to see you immediately. They are waiting at the door!"

He usually just waited at the door until she called him. Since he came with such a request... He got a little excited. His fear was a new Turkish raid. Yes, it had to be. The emperor wanted to find out as soon as possible. However, he did not find it appropriate to appear before the head division in this state. He immediately ordered his servants to get dressed.

"Dress him!"

Hsüan-tsung got ready, stood up, and walked into the throne hall, wanting to speak to the chief chamberlain first. He would enter with his head down, try to understand what was happening on the chief's face, and then listen to him.

When the head of the chief entered... When he fell to the floor and waited to be allowed to stay like that...

The head man's feet literally didn't touch the floor. He showed his happiness, his joy, to the point of forgetting how to behave. Since it was not appropriate to be the first to speak, he took his place in front of the emperor and waited with his head down, but hardly able to stand.

"Speak!"

The archbishop bowed again and said in a barely audible voice, "It was a great blessing..." Then he stopped again so that he could savour the time. When there was no new call from the other side, he did not wait.

"The faint..." he breathed. It was even hard to say. Then he said, "They beheaded Kapgan Khan. Ho Ling-ch'üan, your slave, witnessed all this. He sent two Bayırku men to lead the way, knowing that Kapgan Khan had brought his head with him and was on his way."

"What?"

Hsüan tsung couldn't wait for the explanations that would follow, couldn't hold his voice, couldn't maintain the gravity, the emotionlessness he needed.

"Yes, my lord. The two Bayırku men who brought this news told me that their irkin wanted to present you with the head of the kaghan. He will follow behind. He must be waiting for your permission to enter the Chinese capital. So I disturbed you as soon as I heard the news."

Hsüan-tsung could not sit still. He felt the need to do something, to say something, but he was so bewildered. At first he turned towards the servant who had prepared the morning meal and was waiting to serve. Then he gave up and said, "Let's go!" He wanted to hear this news in detail, to believe it was true. Even the words of the chief did not suffice for him to believe. Let the most powerful kagan of Acre be beheaded and be on his way to his palace... He was offended.

The Bayırkular had rebelled against the Turkish kagan, and with the support of China they had become a nuisance. But they were not strong enough to cope with the Turks. How could this happen?

"The head of the Turkish kagan! How could this happen?"

They had no great sense of victory. In fact, it was known that the Bayırkus were struggling. It was hard to believe that the head of Kapgan Khan had been brought.

"Let's find out the truth of the matter first!"

Bashbölün explained in a meek voice.

"Sire, if Ho Ling-ch'üan says it happened..."

"I still need to see it!"

The two Bayirku men were made to kneel on the ground, two rail guards on top of them, their heads down and prevented from looking at the emperor. Until that day, no ordinary soldier from Bayirku had ever been in the presence of the Chinese emperor. They were the lucky ones, but they did not realise it. The emperor addressed his question to the chief, who relayed it to the linguist, the Bayirku soldiers were asked, the answer was returned in the same way, after which they waited for some time and then asked for more details. Hsüan-tsung, unconvinced after the Bayirkus had repeatedly given the same account, asked again.

What had happened had happened so quickly that it could be described in very few words. Their elders had commissioned them to accompany the Chinese Ho Ling-ch'üan, and the Chinese messenger had directed them to go out as pioneers to spread the word, and they had come with flags in their hands. They repeated the words they had been taught. Of course they had been present at the raid and had seen what had happened. However, they realised at that moment that what they had experienced was not something they could understand.

The emperor wanted all the details. "Was the Khan alone?"

"Alone?"

"What about his famous bureaucrats..."

"They were left behind. They caught up and were killed -

"s."

110rdusu..."

"They were too far behind. They were still far behind far away."

"What were you doing?"

"When we were defeated in the battle, Ikin and I fled and hid in the Willow Forest. We were waiting for the Sky-rooted Turks to leave. When they left, we would return to our homeland. Kagan came alone on his white horse. We had him on a compass."

"The Khan was alone, was he? Why?"

"He was on his own. He was riding his horse galloping . Why?"

We didn't know! Maybe he was competing with his bulls. They do that from time to time. So do we."

"Who recognised the Khan first?"

Even the smallest detail was important and...

The Bayırkus were getting bored. Their leader, Chisihlu, would soon come with his army and declare his allegiance. The Chinese messenger was bringing the severed head of Kapgan Kagan. What more did the emperor want from them?

The Bayırku men's voices changed. Their anger was evident.

The emperor finally realised the pointlessness of further dealing with the two barbarians. He gave the order.

"Host these two barbarians. Treat them well." They were barbarians. They hadn't heard of this ordeal

they would not understand. If they heard, they would not understand, and if they understood, they could not respond. Because their irkin had knelt down and pledged allegiance to China. He had betrayed his own kagan. No matter what they did, no matter what despicable behaviour they fell into in order to be favourable to China, this was China's view of them.

"Barbarian!"

Hsüan-tsung listed his orders one after another. First, his own chashash was to be well received and rewarded for the great work he had done and the precious gift he had brought. Immediately afterwards, preparations were to be made for the Bayırku Irkin.

"Set forward scouts. If Irkin'i the Owl is really coming, set up a parade for him! But first, let's find out if the severed head Ho Ling-ch'unan brought belongs to Kapgan Khan, and find people who can testify to this!"

Noble sangguns, divisions, envoys who knew Kapgan Khan, who had met him, who had been in his presence before, were to be called out and the severed head was to be shown to them. Even the testimony of one Chinese messenger was not enough. Because it was an unbelievable event. It could have been followed by disappointment.

If true, festivities, feasts... If false, great disappointment. ...

But peace had been made between Kapgan Khan and Hsüan-tsung. He had sent a concierge and they had obeyed. Kapgan Khan had even asked for a second concierge, but this was not responded to, and they had been stalling. In return for all these, Kapgan Khan had stopped the raids to China. However, for China, what happened was of no importance. China, of course, would prefer the severed head of a powerful fatty to have him alive and on horseback.

One day, after a day's excursion, Ho Ling-ch'üan, the Chinese chassid, entered the gates of the Chinese capital and felt that he had received a sufficiently honourable welcome. He was immediately brought before Emperor Hsüan-tsung. This was Ho Ling-ch'üan's first time. He was trembling with excitement, the head he was carrying in his manchik became heavier and heavier, and he behaved like a novice.

When the compliments were raised, the Chinese chassid was crouching on the ground, waiting.

"Get up" came the command. Question.

"Is the head in this?" "Yes, my lord." "Does it belong to Kapgan Khan?" "Yes, sire!"

"An attendant picked up the Turkish menchik lying on the ground. He placed it on a small elevation in the centre. Carefully he opened it and took out the contents. From the crowded hall, filled with nobles, there were voices of astonishment.

A head covered in honey... Honey dripping down his face. Its colour has faded. One eye completely closed, the other half open as if blinking.

Immediately after the astonishment, those who had been to Ötüken Yış before, who had appeared before Kapgan Kagan and claimed that they would recognise him, lined up. One by one they approached and examined the severed head.

It was difficult to make a decision at once. A wrong decision could have left them just as headless. Bakhlar,

they looked and looked... They talked among themselves and competed in details and finally announced their decision.

"This severed head is the head of Kapgan Khan!"

It was forbidden even to speak aloud in the throne hall, but that day an exception was made. The sounds of joy could be heard even from outside.

China had been saved from a great fatty. For Ho Ling-ch'üan, the most important person involved, a new, prosperous life was beginning. He became one of the most famous people in China.

Until that day, Bayırku İrkini Chisühlü did not know that China loved and admired him so much. How many kings, how many shahas, how many irks could have received such a welcome? He was proud, he was proud.

China had prepared a marvellous welcome for him. The Chinese troops, lined up in rows on both sides from a great distance to the city gate, were in ceremonial dress, emphasising the importance of the day. From outside the gate, the clan was also present, with young girls holding flowers in their hands, waiting for the person who had saved them from Kapgan Khan.

Without emphasising that he was not a very important person, but rather to show the value attached to the gift he had sent, the main reception was set up at the gate of the palace. The sangguns and the nobility were waiting, although they were not very high ranking. And the flamboyant palace guards.

The first time I'd ever seen such a welcome.

Chisühlü, bewildered, did not realise that it was the headless body of Kapgan Khan that was not there, and that he himself was a common traitor, a wretch, a traitor to his own race. One day he would realise this, but it would be too late. When China, insatiable to take, took everything from him, would he remember these days?

*"For the sake of your ignorance, for the sake of your ignorance,
the echim kagan went to the sea. "2]*

What is the word "burn"? On the one hand, shame, anger on the other... Always one question, always another question:

"How can it be?"

Those who cry out, those who shed bloody tears with screams...

"How can it be? How is Kapgan Khan in a bloody ambush to fall into such an abyss? Who dares?"

Let a kagan of the blessed Ashina line be compassed. And let his head be cut off...

"His soul is now free, but his head is a prisoner!"

China had done great evil to the head of Kapgan Khan, who had announced his victory and offered friendship. The head of Kapgan Kagan was displayed in the biggest area of the capital for the Buddhists to see, in a container, preserved with honey.

Oh, it is so difficult to speak the truth!

"This is the end of getting close to China, believing in China, leaving China without raids!"

While the Turks of the Sky-rooted Turks wept, the Oils rejoiced. This unhappy end did not suit the valiant, warrior khan. China had got rid of its greatest fear and was having a festival. In the Turkish homeland, even the mountains and stones were in mourning. Everyone was crying. The wish for revenge is the only hold of the heart...

Kapgan Kagan, who had ruled the Turks for twenty-four years, must be avenged, first against the Bayırkus who had betrayed him, and then

¹³ "Because of your ignorance, because of your mistake, my kagan eçim kagan reached the plane." Orkhon Monuments, Kül Tigin Bengutaşı, East Side.

And the great coast to China had to be cut. The blood of the Ashina lineage could not be left there.

However, the future of the state was a separate issue.

Another question:

"Who will rule the Turkish state?"

Inel Kagan, who was named with the title of Little Kagan, considered Alhn Ör gūn as his right and rushed to Ötüken Yış to take the kaganate vacated by the flight of his ancestor. He did not receive any reaction at first. Kapgan Khan had already nominated his son to succeed him in his lifetime!

Inel Khan sat down as the Turkish khan.²³⁴ He did not hesitate to declare that he would maintain the state order of his ancestor and that he would give suitable lands and homelands for every Turkish race. While he continued to appoint his sidekick Il Çor Shad as the left shad, Küçük Shad, Mekilen'i shad was assigned to the right side, to the south-west, which he had previously ruled himself.

It was not yet clear what fate wished.

Because the Turkic clan, speaking inwardly, did not hesitate to emphasise that the turn of the kaganate belonged to the sons of Ilterish Khan. Bilge Tonyukuk was of the same opinion.

Since Mekilen Shad's thought was based on the continuity of the state, he did not attach much importance to Inel Kagan's becoming the head. Their first wishes were to take back the head of Kapgan Kagan, to eliminate the traitors, and not to delay the raid to China. Kül Tigin, on the other hand, did not refrain from expressing his opinion that the right of kingship was upon them. When he discussed this with his wife, she gave a hint that she did not want to wait too long.

"When our ancestor Ilterish Khan reached the plane, the kaganate,

²³⁴ Inel Kagan became kagan in 716.

While it was our right as his sons, we obeyed our son who took the kaganate by claiming our age. We did not refrain from fighting under his command without taking enough troops. While it was wrong to announce Inel Kagan as Little Kagan and to prepare him for these days, we kept silent again. However, when the right of kaganate should be presented to the one who deserves it, Inel Khan took the Golden Örgün without wasting time, without asking, without consulting. It is not a good thing to keep silent."

These were the words that made it clear that he would not keep silent.

In the words of the valiant, fearless, warrior Kül Tigin, Mekilen Shad, who was under the impression that he wished to be kagan and it was his turn to be kagan, did not see anything wrong in this. Of course, his comrade, the brave of braves, could become a kagan. He would also support this. However, when we think about the state, the time, what happened, the rebellious steppe tribes; it was so clear t h a t a fight that would arise internally was not in the best interest of the state. Inel Khan would not want to leave the kaganate, and this would lead to a fight. It was not in Mekilen Shad's mind that the Turkish army would split into two and break each other.

He felt the need to voice this:

"Of course you are right, my comrade Kül Tigin! I also think you should be the king, but..."

Kül Tigin interrupted his brother in a hurry.

"What do you say, my dear shad, what kind of words is this? How can you misinterpret my words and think that I want the kaganate for myself? You are my eçim. I am older... Of course the kaganate should be yours! And it is the duty of all of us, your kinsmen, to obey you!"

Age...

It was often not enough for preference.

"There is only one age between us apart from our other kinsmen!" said Mekilen Shad with a smile. "And you are in the hearts of the Turkic nation with your virtue and valour. I also wish you to be a kagan. You have fought so many battles. You made the Turk famous with triumphs.

Your name is honoured by the whole land, even by the oil. The kaganate is fit for you, my kinsman!"

110Inaz!"

His voice sounded angry and strong. When Mekilen Shad looked into the eyes of his kinsman, he saw righteousness and determination.

"The kaganate is your right, O my blessed son. I should also be under your command, I should pursue glory at the head of the army. Together with our other kinsmen, we should lead our army, we should make the land narrower for our foes. Your wisdom is necessary for this country and state!"

They said many more words to turn each other's minds. Acun had rarely witnessed such magnanimity. While many people were thinking of themselves by saying, "Me!", the two valiant sons of Ilterish Khan and Ilbilge Hatun were offering the kaganate and rule to one another.

Kül Tigin prevailed. He even suggested to act immediately and depose Ine! He suggested to depose Kagan and replace him with his son.

"I know that this is the wish of most of our elders and elders. Give me your permission. Let me go and hold Ö! Inne! Let me lift the Khan and take his right!"

At such a greatness, Mekilen Shad's eyes were filled with tears and he was looking at his valiant comrade with a smile. He spoke to his comrade as a wise and knowing person.

"If you're going to listen to me..."

"You are in charge, my shad! Of course I will listen to you!"

"Then I tell you not to hurry. All this time I have seen that you, like me, are burning like me when the blood of our Turk, our clan is flowing, that your heart cannot bear the blood of your kinsmen. If we come out unnecessarily, at an unnecessary time and pursue kaganate, we will be no different from others. We should not risk the blood of our kinsmen and internal strife for the throne, for ruling. Our aim is not to be the head and rule, but to make the state great and strong. Isn't it so?"

"It is so, my dear Shad. But the one who will achieve this is Ine! You know as well as I do that it is not the Khan. Even though the sunwest is under his command, look at our wars, and look at his. We have seen how many times he came out of the place where he had made a home for himself. Ine[Khan is not the person to rule the Turks. I fear that he will not find a solution to disintegration and will cause great harm to the state."

Mekilen Shad thought for a short moment. Then he said the following to his comrade:

"If that happens... If Ine! Kagan fails... If the elders, beys, irkin of this dunumuz see this and wish the kaganate to change hands rightfully, of course we will not stop, my kinsman. Whatever is necessary will be done accordingly. But now, while our state is in trouble, it is meaningless for us to be in trouble. It should be our aim not to let it be said that the sons of Ilterish Khan shed the blood of their kinsmen for the throne. We will wait."

"We will wait," repeated Kül Tigin, "We will wait!
When the time comes...."

Mekilen Shad, Ine! He would prefer to stay under his command if the Khan was a good and strong Khan, ruled the state in accordance with the custom, and made his nation happy and prosperous. He would also want Kül Tigin to obey this.

"This is what befits Ashina nobles! The state comes first!"

The words spilled from his tongue like a prayer. His expectation was in this direction. It was the state to fight for, not the throne. As long as he deserved the Golden Ördög, it did not matter if another Ashina noble sat on it.

Kül Tigin did not think like Mekilen Shad, but he would not give up obeying his master.

"Inne! If the Khan makes the state strong and the nation prosperous..." This was not very convincing to Kül Tigin.

Bilge Tonyukuk's thought was not different from Kül Tigin's, but his experiences and experiences had shown him that

that there would be a change. He knew the sons of Ilterish Khan. Ine) Kagan too...

Bilge Tonyukuk had reached the age of seventy. He adorned this with his wisdom and knowledge, and of course he conveyed information from his mind to those who asked. If Inel Kagan had kept him by his side, he would not have refrained from being a sage.

"Budun gives voice! Budun distinguishes and chooses those who rule well and those who do not rule well. If Ine! Khan becomes a blessed khan and glorifies the state, of course I should be on his side. If the opposite happens..."

It would not take a long time to see the truth. In the early days, with his behaviour, he would either win the hearts of the buddha, Ine! Kagan or he would look like an ordinary person and make things worse.

It was not only Mekilen Shad and Kül Tigin who had suspicions, nor was it Bilge Tonyukuk. All the great people, the elders, the nobles of the Sky-rooted Turks were waiting. Ine! It was customary to give enough time to the Khan. If there were no people to be elected in his place, perhaps they would have kept silent, but the presence of Ilterish Khan's sons changed the matter.

In the end, Bilge Tonyukuk also found a solution to the situation. In doing so, of course, he was not happy at all. Bilge Tonyukuk, who took part in the wars until the last days of Kapgan Kagan and did important work in the suppression of revolts; Ine! When his heart could not bear the Kagan's sitting on the Golden Örgün and his unexpected behaviour, he decided to leave Ötüken Yış. He had chosen to retreat to his homeland in the upper Tola Valley, where his tribe lived.

He watched what was happening, of course, but in order to return again waiting for something to happen, for something to change.

This departure was very sad for the sons of Ilterish Khan and his loved ones. They no longer had a great person they trusted in Ötüken Yış.

Those who wished to see Kül Tigin, who was busy preparing his army, would always find him ready for battle on his horse. No one ever saw him enter the high tent erected in his name, except after daybreak, when he would sleep and rest. This holy soldier, who devoted himself to the existence of his nation, was aware that what he was going to do was for the sake of building a future, for the sake of becoming an epic, and he was constantly labouring in accordance with the reality that brought him into existence. That day, when he saw a few young people he was unfamiliar with watching him on the shore, he took a rest break and approached them.

They were noble in posture. They were looking at the Ashina brave with smiling faces as a candidate for manhood. There was a closeness, but it was difficult to explain why. When Kül Tigin approached them, when there were a few horse-lengths between them, they all jumped from their horses, knelt down and offered blessings to the Ashina youth.

Kül Tigin was puzzled, trying to make sense of this ceremony. While the four guardian braves who came immediately after him, with their swords in their hands, waited carefully not to give an opportunity for a game, he called out to the young soldiers over the attire.

"Be well, braves. I am honoured by your respect, you have obviously come from far away. You have been watching my soldiers training on the battlefield for some time. If you have come to join my army, without waiting, write yourselves in the lunar bitig²³⁵ and take a place in my army. If we are here for some other purpose, tell us your problem!"

One of them, standing at the front, raised his head and laughed. He looked at Kül Tigin with eyes and showing that he was envious of his manhood. He asked permission to speak.

"Stand up!" commanded Kül Tigin. Then he said, "Speak!"

²³⁵Moon bitigi: Army notebooks in which soldiers are written down with their names and nobility. Records.

The young privates stood up and lined up side by side. It was noticeable that they took care to keep one step ahead of the one who had just asked permission to speak.

"We," the young private began. "Your ancestor, our brave tagai!"²³⁶ All this time we have waited with longing. When the time came for us to get permission from our mothers, we left Ötüken Yış and ran to you to be under your command. We thought that our place was to fight beside you. We wish to be under your Mekilen Shad and other tagays if we are allowed!"

Kül Tigin was surprised, but also happy. All this time of separation had unfortunately made him forget his pots living in Ötüken Yış. In his life from war to war, he had not even had the chance to see his fly mothers, he could not be with her before her fly, but when he saw the children of his female compatriots in front of him...

"Wow!"

Both joy, astonishment and longing were in this call...

He jumped from his horse and ran to them. Hugs...

The young people, who had not expected such an enthusiastic welcome, were so delighted that they almost responded with tears of happiness to the hugs of their descended tagai. As their tagai, the epic brave of the Sky-rooted Turks, searched for words to express his happiness, questions and answers came one after another. Each of them told about his mother, his kinsmen and gave voices from Ötüken Yış. It was no longer possible to stop there. It was time to reach Mekilen Shad, to find his other companions, to share the joy with them too. As he was advancing towards the Shad's otbah, Kül Tigin was experiencing the pleasure that those who came after him were the soldiers of his tribe. His sons were not yet at the age of manhood, but they had been thrown.

²³⁶ Tagay: Uncle.

Mekilen Shad chose to keep his horse Yuluğ,²³⁷ with his tiginlik army among those who came. Other ahlanru He put them under the command of Kül Tigin so that they would be good soldiers of war. Each soldier's worth as he grew up would be a contribution to the state.

Yuluğ yigigit was the first to bring all the other young men to the Tagaylanr, the first to speak to Kül Tigin, and the first to show his ability to govern. Mekilen Shad accepted the young men of his tribe with joy and talked to each of them separately.

and asked for his wish. Of course, no one could be familiar with him and not wish for manhood. However, as they talked, Yuluğ sensed the difference in the valiant. His knowledge, his words...

"What have you done all this time? What did you do all this time? at this?"

The young horse bowed his head to the ground, fearing that his words might be misunderstood and misinterpreted, and spoke in a barely audible voice.

"I... I learnt how to write and read very soon, Tagayım Shad. Having acquired so many habits, I wished to read everything that needed to be read. Being informed, understanding and learning gave me another pleasure."

Mekilen Shad's eyes lit up. It was a great blessing to have such a person come out of your army, from your door. It was one of the subjects that had been forcing his mind for a long time, the need for good writers, readers and recorders. While the Chinese record all their experiences and lives and hide them as lessons for future generations, the Turks do not have such a tradition.

²³⁷ Yuluğ Tigin: There are names such as "Yolug, Yoluğ, Yullug, Yollug" in various source readings. "Yuluğ" has been preferred because it is common and in line with the language used today. Unfortunately, there is not enough information about the life of this brave of Ashina descent, who introduced himself as "Bilge Kagan's horse" in the Orkhon Monuments. It is his own declaration that he contributed to the writing and painting of the Orkhon Monuments and that he wrote the Bilge Kagan Bengutash in "one month and four days".

It seemed wrong to his eyes. He was afraid that the information limited to narratives would disappear. He was worried that all this would be forgotten. He knew that it was necessary to take precautions and do something, but he could not figure out where to start.

tired. His horse, now standing in front of him, with its obvious difference, struck a chord in his mind. An Ashina race that reads and writes, of course

the indispensable, unquestionable person. So they could start somewhere.

Still, he was not satisfied with what he had learnt.

"Another!" he said, "Another... Tell me, don't be shy! You've made me happy. You made me so happy! Tell me!"

This permission and approval comforted the young soldier.

"I read what happened in the past, what the Chinese wrote. The inscriptions that tell us about us are always in Chinese. There is no other way to learn. But there are so few inscriptions written in the Turkish language. ... And Ulu Shad..."

He stopped and thought. He weighed his words. "I've learnt how to do bedazzling."

He said this as if it were a crime. Here was an Ashina who wrote, read and bedizened. But he did not even realise the superiority of his values.

"Very good!" he supported his horse, "I can't think of anything better. and I couldn't wait. I was so happy. So you know how to bedazzle."

This light opened the young soldier's tongue. He began to tell.

One day he went hunting. While hunting with his peers in the Turkish mountains, he had seen traces of the past, of his ancestors on almost every rock. There was a sequence of epics in the tamgas and bediz describing the past. The Turkish soldiers who had passed through there had chosen to leave traces. The day came, they flew away, but what they wrote and bediz remained. Yuluğ had recorded on the rocks that first day that he was there with a few bediz. Afterwards, he made a habit of it and started to write and bedizen without stopping. Even what he heard and learnt...

"My Great Ancestor, the flying Ilterish Khan, the flying Ilbilge Hatun, you, Kül Tigin taga... Your wars, your glories..."

The mention of the glories set his heart on fire, and then he started to write them down on silk papers.

"Monuments and inscriptions...."

As he listened, Mekilen Shad adopted the superior thoughts of his horse. When Yuluğ came to the end of his words...

"Okay!" he said. "From now on, you have only one duty. You will always, always be near me. I have ordained you with the army of 'Tigin'. Whenever I look, I will see you behind me. Whether you are alone or in a group with other like-minded Bedizji. Write down what happened. If you want, monumentalise it, but be sure to tell it. Make it a bitig for the future. I want all these things to be remembered in the future. You are my chief scribe, Yuluğ Tigin. Moreover, I command you to teach these deeds to the young people who are capable!"

Yuluğ Tigin did not know that he would ignite and raise the wood burning in his heart today with the command of his taga Mekilen Shad. He rejoiced as if he was reborn and offered blessing to Mekilen Shad by kneeling down and cutting his head.

"Whatever is necessary, I will bring it from the sun west or China. Be complete so that you can do good deeds!"

Thus, a scriptural union of the Sky-rooted Turks gave birth. Those who heard and saw were surprised and a little reluctant at first. However, as the inscriptions, monuments, and carved rocks appeared, they became enthusiastic. They wanted to be in those inscriptions themselves. This first step taken to ensure that what had happened would be remembered began to grow and develop.

Chinese scribes were famous and renowned. Since time immemorial, the scripts, which kept records in the Chinese palace, had gained a special place of honour. Mekilen Shad had been thinking for a long time that this structure should also exist in Turks. With the presence of Yuluğ Tigin, it was now realised.

While recording the events, Melik Shad did not forget to write down what he felt from time to time. He was so full. At some time in the future, on some auspicious day, he was thinking of making a monument of these events. So that it would be an example, a lesson and the same mistakes would not be repeated. His biggest thought was not to let the experiences of his ancestor Ilterish Khan, who founded this state, and those difficult days be remembered. Especially that the clans of the same nobility, of the same blood, who opposed the state, could not understand the unity and came to the tricks of China.

"Write!"

When this command came, they would usually be in front of a small number of people in the otta. Yuluğ Tigin would run, kneel down and start writing down what was said. No one would speak or even breathe so that Mekilen Shad's word would not be broken. Not a single word would be left unwritten.

He spoke his words aloud. As if he was explaining to the crowds.

"Hear my words completely. My words are about you, Turkish nation. My son, my tribe, my clan, my lineage. My Kapla r, my uyalar, my kinsmen, my horses, my son... Shadpıt²³⁸ irkin in the rear, tarkans and emirs in the neighbourhood, Thirty Tatars... Nine Oghuz... Hear this word of mine, listen well!"

He usually began his dictation with similar calls. He was raising his voice, shouting to be heard far and wide. From time to time, he would stand up and walk. It was like a scream. His words were loaded with warnings for the truths he did not want to accept. The voice of a thinking, wise shaddah...

The state was unstable. Parts of the great Turkish nation

²³⁸ Orkhon Monuments, Kültigin Bengütaşı, south direction ... It is known that this word "Shadpıt Bcgleri" is an orun. There are also those who define it as "Buyruk begs". The word "Shadpıt" was used here to keep the original alive.

didn't know how to come together and be great. Each tribe, each clan thought that they could achieve something on their own. Their clans and clans did not give up the dream of being the head. The oilers could easily play them against each other and trap them.

they succeeded. They were causing trouble for the state at the most inopportune times.

It was as if the efforts to get out of captivity had never happened. As if fifty years full of shame had never happened. As if Turkish shadlans, beys, lords, kings had not fought and struggled to be free. As if China did not want to crush and destroy the Turks, and did not kill them endlessly. They had not spent days without bows, game or horses, they had not lived in shame.

"How can these things be forgotten?"

It was forgotten. Moreover, Inel Khan, instead of suppressing all rebellions and slaughtering China, was just waiting. Sitting in his high ottoman was more pleasant than fighting. Waiting was in vain. The blood of the Turkish Khan Kapgan was still on the ground. His head was still on display in China. This ashamed

it had to come to an end.

Mekilen Shad realised that the end of waiting had come, he knew that this was the beginning of the road that would lead to the shedding of Turkish blood. He could not bring himself to give the order.

"ötiken Yış'a!"

That was it! Budun was ready. The elders, the elders, the nobles were waiting for his voice.

Kül Tigin could no longer stand still.

"A nation that has not even avenged its kagan is no nation!" It is nothing! Your name is tainted. Wash it away with blood.

a stain to be washed away with vengeance...

Affiliated tribes attributed this inactivity to fear and mocked the Ashina who chose to live with shame. To fall into this state, this dishonour was unworthy of the Turk.

Bilge Tonyukuk wrote in his epilogue that he did not want to walk on the ground at his old age. He was calling him from his homeland.

"Isn't it time?"

How difficult it was for the Great Bilge, who devoted his life to the foundation and glorification of a state, to wait on a shore without doing anything.

"Tengri teg tengride bolmış Türk Bilge Kagan, I would have been in this place. My patience is exhausted, eşidigil. "239

It was so hard for him to make up his mind!

Mekilen Shad spent another sleepless night. One night, one more night ...

The army, which had smelt the smell of war for days before, and had spoken of it with vigour and happy shouts, was silent this time, knowing that something was going to happen. To have to fight one's own countrymen in one's own homeland, to march on one's own capital, was the most difficult, the most unacceptable thing for an army.

The inevitable reality was approaching. The soldiers were aware of this. It was not their job to rule. Their job was to obey orders, to fight. When they were led by men they trusted...

Kül Tigin...

The valour created for the Turk... The pride of his nation...

All eyes were on him. While Mekilen Shad, who spent time thinking and consulting in his ottoman, rejoiced that he prevented the shedding of kinsmen's blood for every day he postponed, Kül Tigin was preparing for the war that he knew was inevitable. His words to his subordinates showed how realistic he was.

"There are very difficult days ahead. It will be necessary to fight hard for the continuation and strengthening of the state. Our day and night will be the same. We will not sleep, we will not sit. Today, za-

²³⁹ "Turk Bilge Kagan, born in the Sky like God, I sat at this time. Hear the whole of my words." Orkhon Monuments, Kül Tigin Bengutaşı, South face...

"Prepare your soldiers for those days while there is time!"

He had prepared special tasks for his followers. He had tried their sighs from Ötüken Yiş and found them ready. He had given them tasks suitable for their nobility and manhood. Another task was to prepare his horses, Mekilen Shad's sons, who were not old enough to be soldiers. He equated them with his own sons and gave them time.

Those who do not raise those who will come after them will find no one tomorrow.

What Echi Shadad had conceived in his mind was so meaningful, valuable and powerful. Kül Tigin knew this.

"He is necessary for the state. The Khan must sit. He trusts me. It is my duty to make this trust eternal! It will be in the interest of both the state and the nation to do everything according to his command."

As the day dawned, those who saw Mekilen Shad at the door of his otbah, greeting the sun with respect, realised that the waiting time was over. Immediately after the meal time, when he called his kinsman, his followers to him and commanded...

"Send messengers to the four corners. Tell them that I am asking for men from the tribes loyal to me!"

The time had come. His wish was that the journey towards Ötüken Yiş would end without bloodshed. However, this was a difficult possibility. The person who occupied the Golden Örgün was used to it. He would not want to give it up. It would be necessary to remove him by force.

Meanwhile, Mekilen Shad had secretly sent a messenger to Bilge Tonyukuk and announced his decision.

"I have decided to reach Ötüken Yiş and take what is rightfully ours!"

The difficult thing was voiced once.

It was not unexpected that many Ashina nations, the elders, the nobles chose not to stand against the movement of the sons of Ilterish Kagan to Öiliken Yış. Kül Tigin, who built a crowded and powerful army, sent rains to the Sky so that no army would come against him. It would be a pity if the blood of his countrymen flowed.

Finally that day came. The Turkish army, which was prepared in the spring of the day and aimed to reach Ötüken Yış and change the khan, set out. Mekilen Shad was protected as he should have been and was made to stay behind. Kül Tigin, on the other hand, chose to lead the army at the very beginning, on kuyaglarunış, ak atırın. He was as determined and careful as he could be, thinking of making his son the khan by reaching Öiliken Yış...

The excitement was growing as the road was exhausted, and the blinds brought the feeling that Inel Kagan was preparing an army to protect the throne and the kaganate. When the inevitability of the fight became clear, the wish to end it with as few lives as possible was on the lips.

Mekilen Shad sent messengers to the Ashina elders, sent bitiges and asked them not to oppose him and not to give their armies to the command of Inel Khan.

"All this time I waited for Inel Khan to become the kagan. But he chose to sit. My valiant Kapgan Khan's blood is on the ground. His severed head is on display in China. It is unbecoming for the Ashinas to live with this shame. If Inel Khan wishes to avenge his ancestor on the ground, I wish to avenge my ancestor. When my ancestor, the flying Ilterish Khan met with the Sky, when the kaganate was the right of our sons, we did not oppose the implementation of the ceremony and the making of our son as the khan. We did not hesitate to fight under his command, accepting the orders he gave. So much so that I and my kinsman did not sit still during the day and did not sleep at night for our nation. When Inel Khan sat on the Golden Örgün, we did not oppose. We gave him time to do what was necessary. He didn't. Now we, the Sons of Ilterish, are on our way to Ötüken Yış to take what is rightfully ours. It is the command of Heaven that we will slaughter those who oppose us.

We do not want the blood of our kinsmen to be shed and lives to be spared!"

This important warning order would affect many races. Immediately afterwards, Bilge Tonyukuk's warning to the Ashide nobles would also be effective. İl Çor Shad, Kapgan Kagan's kinsman, Mekilen Shad's and Kül Tigin's younger brothers, and the left flank lord, was among those who did not obey Inel Kagan. He also considered the sons of Ilterish Khan right.

After the mistakes of Kapgan Khan, the Great Sage, who did not like the silent kaganate of Inel Khan, made it clear that he was on the side of the sons of Ilterish Khan.

Mekilen Shad sent a bitig to Inel Khan and asked him not to oppose him and to leave Golden Örgün.

"You and your son will be treated well, you will be honoured as you deserve! But I will not allow you to be kagan!"

Inel Khan did not give up the kaganate. Despite all warnings, he chose to take his army and protect his army. The endeavour to protect the kaganate of the kagan, who did not even think of raiding China to avenge his ancestor, revealed his nature. He had thus demonstrated his desire to remain at the head of the Turkic state, regardless of the fact that he had not honoured even the small kaganate army sufficiently.

When the blinds reported that Inel Khan's army was approaching, Kül Tigin laughed bitterly. He turned to his squire and said, "Don't hold me anymore, my squire shad! Leave what is necessary for the future to me so that I can put those who do not know their place in their place!"

Mekilen Shad was suffering, he did not want such a war. The words froze on his tongue, but there was nothing else to do. He nodded slowly, just. After that, it was God's decision.

Kül Tigin had received the order. He bowed his head silently in a posture of approval. He would do whatever was necessary. The army in front of them were their kinsmen, but now they were their foes. No matter how difficult it was for a kinsman to be a kinsman, they would be for the state.

Until the end of the war, they had to be fat, they had to do justice to their soldierhood.

After the war, they would send off their dead together and heal their wounds together. Mourning and mourning would be experienced together.

When the two equal armies of the Turkish Sky faced each other...

They did not use their most striking weapons and bows. They didn't shoot arrows from afar and slaughter each other. If this war was a battle of supremacy, then it had to be fought hand to hand and ankle to ankle.

They plunged into each other without thinking of way, order or game. They neither boasted with shouts nor made oohs and aahs as they fell to the ground. Whoever was destined to be defeated would be defeated, and the others would only fulfil their duty to their chief race.

The sadness was so effective... So
bitter was the kinship quarrel...

Those who can't bear to hit each other, those who prioritise flying, those who yesterday were chasing oil together in the same war and today they swing swords at each other, heads that fall without knowing why, horses that are meaninglessly left unattended. ..

The fatties laughing and having fun at this situation!

The most disgraceful fight is the fight of kinsmen. The sky is ashamed, the earth is ashamed.

"What kind of necessity is this?"

The Turkish nation lost many lives in the balance of power. His blood flowed to the homeland lands.

When the day turned to sunset, when the superiority of the army led by Kül Tigin became certain, when it became clear whose side the power and the Sky were on; the defeated did not press too hard. Ine! The commands of Kagan and the irkin who united with him were useless. Those who were powerless bowed down in the face of power.

Without any command, they retreated with swords. They dismounted their horses and bowed their heads to fate.

And the vanquished fell upon the vanquished. They waited on their horses, for the battle was over. From now on, it would go on according to the wishes of the people and the command of Heaven.

Inne! For a moment Kagan thought about what to do, he even thought of retreating and fleeing, but then he could not bring himself to do it. Of course he regretted that he had resisted, that he had decided to fight, and that he had caused the blood of so many Turks.

"Fate!"

Actually, he knew what would happen to him. Tradition dictated not to pity the defeated after such a war. There was no point in promising and bowing down. He was a kagan son of a kagan. He was of Ashina lineage. He had served his nation to the best of his ability. After that...

"I would rather die than live in shame!"

He did not get off his horse. He did not let go of his sword. He made it clear that he would not obey the sons of Ilterish by kneeling and not cutting heads. He was resigned to his fate.

A few survivors of the forty valiant bulls around him... They just stood as shields in front of their kings. Tradition said that the khan could not be reached without killing them. Even those who were wounded and couldn't stand on their legs, they were just waiting. Ine! It was their duty to stand up to those who came to kill the kaghan.

They would fly, for their kagan!

They met with the Sky.

Mekilen Shad did not see himself as the leader of a victorious army. Maybe he was right, but the loss of so many Turk lives was not something to be forgotten. It was not possible to accept the slaughter of Turk by Turk when there was oil to fight. Nor tolerate it.

The battle was won, Ine! Khan and the great men who were with him were overwhelmed. The soldiers of the defeated army were waiting to know what would happen next. Their warriors had chosen the cliff and their kagan was a prisoner. What would be decided for the captives?

In the established otag, Kül Tigin was on the right side of his wife... Yuluğ Tigin is writing what happened right behind Mekilen Shad. .

A decision had to be made. "A decision!"

Mekilen Shad, thinking of Kül Tigin's labour in this war, saw him as his predecessor. An age between them did not matter. The race of manhood was above all else, and Kül Tigin's manhood was unquestionable. Besides, he would be relieved of the burden of making the heavy decisions that were inevitable from now on, if Kül Tigin agreed to lead the state!

Who was to speak first and what was to be said? It was important to solve all these problems before entering the Ölüken Yış.

"I wish Bilge Tonyukuk was with us!"

When Mekilen Shad said this aloud, he waited for Kül Tigin to confirm that it would be good to have a person to consult in case of indecision.

"No, my dear Shad! It is better that the Great Sage is not here now."

"Why?"

The answer to this question, asked in surprise, showed what a thoughtful man his blood brother was.

"You should take such important decisions alone and not share responsibility with anyone. He is now an unprotected person. He has no position in the state. His participation in the topic will put you in trouble. Ka

and that will damage your future effectiveness. This was a fight between the Ashinas and we won. An Ashide cannot decide the outcome of this fight. It is for you to decide, Shad!"

"Why me? Why not you?" "Because you will be the Khan, Echirn Shad!"

They had talked about this before and Kül Tigin had given his final decision. Mekilen Shad, on the other hand, saw this right in his kinsman.

"My comrade! The army, the beys and irkiris love you very much. Your masculinity and warriorism are so pioneering. ... Come, don't burden me with this. The kaganate..."

"No! I didn't fight all these wars to make myself a kagan!"

He raised his voice. Perhaps for the first and last time ... He realised this, quickly recovered himself and continued.

"No, my dear Shad! I cannot be made khan. One Even if it's age, greatness is important by custom. If we don't respect honour, who will respect us? And not only warrior is not enough for kingship! Wisdom, thought... You will be the kagan! And I will be under your command..."

They were immersed in their thoughts again; but they knew that they had little time even to think.

Mekilen Shad took the lead again.

"Inne! Khan... About him ..."

"The one who will be the kagan must also be the one who decides. I only say this: If the old kagan lives, the new kagan's orders will be troublesome. It is a condition even for the appointment of a kagan..."

Oh, the truth! It is undesirable, but it must be done.

ken...

Mekilen Shad knew that he had to order death for many. Otherwise the duality would not end, and ruling the state would have been difficult. He thought:

"If I am to be the kagan, it is inevitable that I must take the most timely decisions. Then!"

He stood where he sat. If he is going to be a kagan, the old kagan

the full termination of his sentence. And for that...

"Look here!"

He himself was surprised at how harsh his voice sounded. Circumstances had a way of changing a person very quickly.

One of the guards waiting at the door burst in. He waited for orders. Mekilen Shad ordered him to call one of his most trusted beys. At that moment, Kül Tigin realised that he was too much there. He asked permission and left his master. He left so that his squire could do what was necessary for his kaganate.

Not only them, but the whole army was waiting for the decisions. Continued indecision was a great difficulty for the new order. Something, perhaps everything, would change.

Mekilen Shad gave the most difficult command to his race entering the door without the slightest tremor in his voice.

"Inne[Kagan..."

Thus, the kaganate would be vacant, and a kagan would be needed to sit on the Golden Örgün and carry the golden crown.

"The order is Shad's!"

Blessed lineage! From that moment on, the Ashinas, whose roots were rooted in the Sky, would give their lives for the sake of the state. Ine at the head! Kagan, his son, members of his clan, and those who were loyal to him and opposed the sons of Ilterish... In this way, the soldiers and armies loyal to them would not remain undecided, they would join the victorious side and unite.

This was what the
tradition meant. There
was no other choice.

"I wish there was!"

The solution was to celebrate that day as a day of triumph, or as a day of mourning. The lives taken for the integrity of the state were causing silence and sadness all around. Faces were not smiling, even if they were under the influence of a necessity, even if they were in accordance with the custom, they were still burning in the heart.

The Ashina nobles, whose blood should not flow to the ground according to the custom, were strangled one by one with the bowstring. Of course, they would be travelled to the Sky as they deserved. When that day was over, the work was not over yet. More blood would be spilt for unity. Inne! Il Çor Shad, who was assigned to the left side by the Khan, declared his allegiance, presented his army to the command of Mekilen Shad, both prevented new wars and managed to stay in his place.

"Is that enough, my comrade Kül Tigin? All these lives..."

"If that is your command, I obey, my dear Shad, but..." It was not enough. For unity and order...

"When we reach Ötüken

Yış..." There would be more.

"After that, you..."

"I have received your order, eçim Shad!"

For the state, for unity and order... For the future of the Turkish nation...

"I will go ahead with my army and prepare Ötüken Yış for your arrival, my dear Shad."

"That would be the right thing to do!"

Kül Tigin wished for a waistcoat again, and Mekilen Şad accepted.

"Which of us is more fortunate!"

He did not have much time! He had to think and sort everything out in a way.

"Hard times await us!"

He smiled again. They had never had easy days. Not him, not his kinsman, not my Kapgan Khan, not his ancestor Ilterish Khan...

"None of them had easy days." And after this!

"God knows!"

For the future, today's hardships were necessary. Son lu...

"No! I will not mark his kaganate today, I will not make the mistake of Kapgan Khan, I will not cause unnecessary Turkish bloodshed!"

Yuluğ Tigin left the two kinsmen alone during their conversation and did not have the opportunity to write down the latest events. However, Mekilen Shad's idea was so important. It had to be recorded without forgetting a moment, without skipping a single thing. Perhaps in the future, those who learnt exactly what had happened today would not have allowed so much bloodshed, partisan strife and division.

He called his horse. He briefly described what had happened.

"Write!" he said, "Write all this down. The suffering for the state..."

"The order is Shad's."

Kül Tigin had done what was necessary. Ine! The ayguchis, eggs, commanders and servants who served the Khan were no longer alive. The Golden Anvil and the golden crown were ready, waiting for the new kagaru.

Silence reigned in Ötüken Yış. A tense waiting...

Blood, enough blood, had made everyone speechless. A waiting mixed with curiosity and fear of what would happen next.

The budun, lined up on both sides, was welcoming the eldest son of the Ilterish Khan. Knowing that they would soon applaud him as the Turkish kagaru ... Another Ashina would sit in the Golden Örgün, which one Ashina had vacated, albeit by force. The valiant Kül Tigin had prepared all the necessary ceremonies for this. In front of the golden coloured otaku, the greats, nobles, beys, and elders were waiting around the wide felt spread on the ground.

Mekilen Shad, approaching on his white horse in front of his army, was surprised when he realised that he was excited. A great burden was going to fall on his shoulders. A new path was opened in front of him to realise his dreams.

He had chosen a bay horse for himself, Kül Tigin. Even with him

e thought of being separated from his wife, and did not wear white clothes so that they would recognise him as special, so that they would understand that today was his day.

They congratulated each other with their eyes. Their faces were dull, not showing the slightest emotion.

Ash Tigin jumped off his horse and rode forward. Leaving no time for anyone to hold him, he leapt up and grabbed onto Mekilen Shad's horse's bridle. This astonishing gesture, this gesture which showed that he was nothing in front of his sire and that he was under his command, was applauded by the hearts. Like an ordinary soldier, Kül Tigin was pulling his sire's horse. He stopped the horse near the goat. He waited for his squire to get down. From now on, the kingship ceremony will be implemented under the guidance of an old Ashina nation.

The one person who was supposed to be there was absent, and his absence was felt.

Mekilen Shad sat in the very centre of the felt.

At that moment they saw that Kül Tigin also clung to one side of the felt-na.

All together, "The Khan is removed".

Mekilen Shad, sitting on the ground on felt, ascend to the Sky and was made a king in the sky.

As he was rotated in the direction of the sun, the old pioneer called out his name...

"Bilge Kagan..." Turkish

Bilge Kagan...

The Turkish Bilge Kagan, who was made a kagan in the Sky to solve the difficulty in a difficult time, was reborn in the Sky...

On his head, the sign of the kaganate, the golden crown, was placed by his kinsman Kül Tigin. His kinsman Kül Tigin seated him in the Golden Örgün. When the elders, the great ones, lined up in front of him and offered blessings by kneeling and beheading, Kül Tigin took the foremost place.

"Khan!"

The first cry came from him. Then Ötüken Yış called out to the Sky:

"Khan!"

What was necessary was done in the ceremonial court, Jduk Gök, Iduk earth water had witnessed the new birth.

Yuluğ Tigin, who was now the kagan scribe, recorded the words spoken by Turk Bilge Kağan one by one so that they could be carried into the future:

"I am Turk Bilge Kagan, born in the Sky like God!" These words speak of greatness. It signifies celestialty. Kagan kagan It tells about the importance, value and power of being protected. It expresses change, existence, sanctity and tradition.

"The Turkish God commanded, so willed; I became a kagan over the Turkish nation."

The importance of God's command, the value of destiny...

"If the sky above does not tread, the earth beneath is not pierced; Turkish nation, who can disrupt your province and honour?

No one!

"You are only yourself, the fat of yourself! When you do not know yourself..."

"Turk budun ertin, ekün! For the three days of your globe day, you had to be interested in your kaghan, and you had to go to your province, your city was burned, and your country was burned. "240

The hidden, mysterious Cave of the Ancestors was the scene of another sacred ceremony. The tradition of centuries ago continued.

After Bilge Kagan was lifted from the ground to the Sky and made Kagan in the Sky, before doing any other work, he took two of his kinsmen and Kül Tigin with him and visited the Cave of the Ancestors with the participation of his sons, ahs and Ashi na elders. Maintaining their secrecy, placing sacred men at almost every passage and not allowing anyone to follow them, they prayed to God in their sanctity and offered precipitation. Experiencing this greatness, which was full of great blessings, which had been a sign of their existence since ages, which had not been touched by wild and fat hands and feet until that day, and seeing what was left there as a gift from their ancestors, gave hope for the future to their hearts. When the celebration ceremony, which he led according to the custom, came to an end, Bilge Kagan, together with his kinsman Kül Tigin, chose to stay alone inside, both to pray and to live in that box alone.

To listen, to hear...

The voices coming from every corner told them about the past. The Great Ancestor Ashina Khan was born in this cave, the Turks were blessed in this cave. It was in this cave that the Great Mother She-Wolf ensured that the Turks did not perish by God's command, and it was in this cave that the epic of rebirth was written. Now, the Turkish Khan, the Bilge of Ashina lineage, is there to glorify the Turk.

²⁴⁰ "Turkic nation, give up, repent for your wrong! You have made a mistake against your khan who has nourished you, against your free and independent beautiful province. You have put yourself in a difficult situation." Orkhon Monuments, Bilge Kagan Bengutasi, East Side.

He was crying out to God. Whispers echoed, the cave was talking.

"Our troubles are many, Almighty God!"

Bilge Kagan's words were not a complaint. A narrative, a story... He wished to share his expectations with the Cave of the Ancestors.

"Our troubles are many," repeated Kül Tigin.

He, too, without despairing, confidently declared that he was the resolver. The two henchmen knelt side by side, hearing each other's words, calling out to each other and to the cave.

"Give strength, keep your blessing upon us. Light our path. Support our solutions! Make the Turks understand us and follow our unity. Make our armies victorious!"

Bilge Kagan completed his prayer and turned his face to his kinsman. He smiled thinking of the years they had lived together.

Bilge Kagan, who had lost his ancestor at the age of eight, had started to work for his state at the age of fourteen with his shad oru nu. His compatriot Kül Tigin, one year younger, had followed and supported him in every step. Today he is thirty-two years old in his kaganate. When he saw the grey hairs beginning to appear in the long hair of his kinsman, his heart ached. These grey hairs, which also existed in his own hair, were the work of hardship and fatigue.

"So soon..."

They were two braves who lived life fast, never stopped, never rested, never slept; now, side by side, they would leave their mark on the resurrection.

The uprisings continued. A harsh winter was approaching and there was famine for the Turkish nation. Their horses and herds began to dwindle.

"Hard times await us, my comrade!" he called out to Kül Tigin. "First of all, we must prepare our nation for winter so that we do not lose our lives from hunger and famine. If we enter winter in this state, I am afraid we will be very short!"

"You are right, my kagan! When you give the order, solve this matter.

I will endeavour with all my might to make it happen. I swear that our nation will not suffer under your kingship!"

It was one of the words spoken by soldiers who were confident and knew their job. It also gave confidence to the listener. While he was on his way to rebuild the state, he had to carefully choose the people he would take with him. He shared his thoughts with his comrade.

"I wish that my ancestor-in-law, the great sage of the nation; I will address Tonyukuk the Wise to Ölüken Yiş. We need his knowledge and wisdom! What do you say?"

"Your word is true, Great Khan. You need a suitable, trustworthy chief archimandrite, and it would be wrong to think of anyone other than Bilge Tonyukuk for this task. My fear is that he will claim his old age and will not want to come. If he does not come ..."

Thinking about the past... There seemed to be no such possibility. Whenever the state was in need, the Great Sage had run without stopping.

Now...

"He knows we need him. He will surely come." "Then we must send a messenger without delay, Ulu Kagan!"

The state was being reshaped, and those who would take part in the kagan's feast were being determined. The sine qua non was the assignment of Ashina nobles to the south-east and south-west. The sons of Bilge Kagan and Kül Tigin, who would be active in the administration in the future, were to be honoured with appropriate positions. They were to stay in Ölüken Yiş until they reached the age of competence, and they were to continue their learning by hiring people from the great lords and nobles nearby. Until they reached the age when they could lead an army on their own, the armies had to be properly and adequately manned. In this way, they would be in front of him and receive as much education as they could. Sukan Tigin, the oldest, was to be prepared for the future.²⁴¹

²⁴¹"The information given in the sources about the appointments in the state administration during the time of Bilge Kagan is mixed.

Bilge Kagan had ordered that İl Çor Shad, Kapgan Kagan's kinsman and his aides, who had not sided with him in the battle against Inel Kagan, should remain in his place. This experienced shad would continue to rule the south-eastern part of the state. He also assigned Mo Tigin, the younger son of Kapgan Kagan, to that side with an army under his command. Thus, he showed his judgement in the division.

As for the right side, it was very important to rule the south-western part of the country, which was never without war and which was never settled due to the frequent revolts of the steppe tribes. Bilge Kagan, who had served as Tardush Shad on that side in the past, chose to appoint his cronies on that side. Pan Tigin and And Tigin would now be known as shads and would lead armies of twenty thousand men each under their command. The two kinsmen would be under the command of their sire, Kül Tigin.

Winter was approaching.

In the Upper Tola Valley, in the fertile lands irrigated by the Tola River, a branch of the Ashide tribe had settled in a hollow area that was relatively free from the effects of winter. Bilge Tonyukuk lived here, in his high dacha, with his old wife. Bilge Tonyukuk, who had proved his valour in battles and whose wisdom was already indisputably great, lived a life he did not dream of, while his young son, whom God had allowed to live, did not neglect his service, and being with his pots and near and far uyalan was enough to meet the needs of his old age. Many people of service were around him. Loyal to him, the soldiers were waiting for orders. Of course, he was resisting the destruction of years. He was stretching his bow, releasing arrows, riding horses, often hunting and staying vigorous.

In the long nights that followed the short days, his greatest pleasure was to tell the young people and children about the past and what had happened. He wanted his crowded tigers and wise men to serve the state and unity, and he travelled long distances and finally reached the Orkhon River.

From time to time he would talk and commiserate with Tola. When he turned his direction towards Yış, the pain of longing burned his heart and he prepared his soul for the good and beautiful sensations that would come from there.

The Great Sage was writing his memoirs. He was thinking about the dream of preparing something to be read in the future. The Turkish nation should not forget all the hardships, the bloodshed, the lives lost. It must not forget what had happened.

In the end, what was necessary had happened, the sons of the flying Ilterish Khan had taken over the state. Golden Örgün was in safe hands. Bilge Kagan and Kül Tigin would surely do good deeds for the future of the nation and the continuation of the state in order. Their work was difficult, but not impossible. Great Bilge had worked for his state as much as he could, as much as he could, fought non-stop, and served in the footsteps of victories. Now he had decided to live here, to fulfil the necessity of coexistence. After some time, maybe he would go to the capital, visit Bilge Kagan, who was his son-in-law, but whom he considered as his ancestor, one of his clan, one of his sons, and be his guest.

Wars had tired the Great Sage. Time had worn him down. In his dreams he was still fighting. His nightmares belonged to the days of captivity. His only wish for the future was that his state would prosper and his nation would see good days. He knew the situation very well. The winter had caught the Turks in a difficult situation. They were not sufficiently supplied from revolts and wars. Their horses were weak, their herds were small and not enough to survive the winter.

"A good kagan sees this and takes precautions without waiting!
Otherwise... --

Bilge Kagan must have made his calculation well.

Close to sunset, the sun, which was inactive in the heat, was casting its dappled light on the Tola River, and was waving goodbye. The shadows of the horsemen or yadag soldiers who were hiding around the oba began to grow. The crowd was counted, attacked by the

The soldiers knew the benefit of waiting attentively, even though they were strong enough to withstand the rains. The herds that had been sent away before the snow covered them, so that they could make use of the available grass, were returning to the corrals under the watchful eye of the shepherds and the guards. They were not very cheerful. The effect of endless anticipation was evident. Bilge Tonyukuk thought that there would soon be a call for war. Although it was not the time for raids, there was no other solution in the face of the difficulties of winter.

The wood flame strengthened by his servant was rising and he was praying to God in his own language. Soon it would be dark; the wood, which would be his greatest friend during the winter, would illuminate the fields to be seen with its flames.

The effect of the change was the mobilisation of the crowds. Ordinary village life was characterised by small changes, which were immediately apparent. An effect coming from near or far was immediately reacted to, and the most important sign of this was the children.

The Great Sage realised from the change in the voices that something different was happening. He did not feel the need to look back at the oba area behind him. Something told him that he would have to deal directly with what was happening. He did not know whether to be happy or sad.

Until his son came to him:

"Ancestor! A messenger from Bilge Kagan has arrived. He wishes to see you!"

Great Bilge was startled. He felt a strange relief and peace. He had escaped from a situation that he had expected and seemed not to expect; that he had longed for and seemed not to mind. He was over twenty years old, but his love of service to his race had not been extinguished. He knew he could and would do something. If the kagan wished, if he would ordain him and treat him as he deserved...

"If they named him 'The Wise'!..."

The structure balanced by God, the two kinsmen complemented each other.

s were made. Kül Tigin; valiant, warrior, aggressive; his wife, "Wise, thoughtful, careful...."

"He also liked to consult!"

Much blood had been shed, many lives had been lost. Now it was time to glorify the state, to make the nation prosperous, and the Great Sage was setting himself tasks without even knowing what the messenger had brought. He had served his ancestor, the Ilterish Khan, and had stood by his side.

"And now to his son?"

He had served his sire, Kapgan Kagan.

"And now for his mate?"

Excitement gripped his whole body. He bowed his head down so that his waiting son would not notice.

"Speak up!" was all he said. He hadn't even thought of using long sentences, and even in this short command he couldn't stop his voice from trembling. On the other hand, he wondered who was coming and what kind of superior officer he was. Because the arrival of an ordinary soldier and the arrival of a superior soldier would make the meaning of the call different.

His son did not recognise the change in his ancestor and hurried away from him, so as not to keep the messenger from the kagan waiting. Left alone, the Great Sage stood up straighter in his seat and became more collected. What he would hear and how he would respond were forming in his mind, he was thinking of every possibility. Darkness had fallen, and the stars began to appear and disappear through the gaps allowed by the clouds. All of a sudden he felt like falling a fortune. Just like the fortune telling he had done for Ilterish Khan a long, long time ago...

"If this call is auspicious, let a star move away so that I can...."

Suddenly, a huge star shifted with a flash. The Great Sage was startled. Surprised.

"So quickly... So..."

He felt warm inside despite the spreading frost. He pulled on a felt blanket...

threw the feather backwards. As the footsteps approached, he lowered his eyes to the ground again and waited. He did not neglect to turn his head slightly in the direction of the sound so that it would not be thought that he did not value the person who came as a messenger.

The person who came wished blessing out loud. When he stood right in front of him

he struck his right knee on the ground and beheaded him.

The messenger was a major he knew from the battles. The sending of this person with a high army as a messenger showed the value the Kaghan gave to the Great Sage. Glad Bilge Tonyukuk. He wished Kut to the messenger and showed a place on the other side of the wood.

"Sit down, major! I wish that the sensation you bring will be auspicious!"

The major sat respectfully in the place shown, while at the same time showing that he had brought a good call under the influence of his voice. He also scolded Bilge Tonyukuk.

"Ötüken Yiş missed you, Great Bilge. I brought you a blessing from my Khan. And a bitig... If you allow me, I'll present it. There is nothing for me to say. In other words, there is no command given in words. It is my duty to deliver this bitig to you!"

The major had finished speaking. He took out the bitik from the leather container hanging around his neck and handed it to Bilge Tonyukuk with both hands as if holding a sacred object. He took it carefully. He held it for a while without reading it. As if he wanted to feel what was written in it... In the meantime, in order to fulfil the requirements of hospitality, the meal was prepared and the table was set in front of the major. When the guest, who first tasted the khunuz, started to eat with appetite, Bilge Tonyukuk

took the bit out of its leather sheath and started to read it.

11Ata...--

Great Sage could not help smiling. He respected the person who called him like that even in the kaganate. He knew the value of people who did not change and forget even when they rose in power. "Son," he said, "O son! May the Blessing be with you!" Then he continued reading.

"I have found strength in God's blessing and sat on the Golden Örgiin. Ba-

On my side is the golden crown of my ancestor, the flying Ilterish... Beside me is my valiant Ash Tigin... My race and Ashina elders... I've been looking for you since I heard of your absence, Great Sage Ancestor. The state needs you. I wish you to contribute with your knowledge to establish the renewed, organised structure, to create unity, and to come to Ötüken Yış as soon as possible. May the Blessing be with you!"

The Great Sage liked this short bitig with carefully written, heart-warming words. He cheered up.

"And offer me a kynuz, too!"

When he cheered up, everyone who was watching him cheered up. The pleasantness of the sensation coming from Ötüken Yış was obvious. Suddenly there was a rush. Only his son dared to ask.

"What is the Great Khan's wish, my ancestor?" "He wishes to see me by his side!" "Bless you, my ancestor!"

For some, duty is eternal. No matter how old he grows, no matter how long he lives, no matter what he does, does, teaches, there is still a part of him that says it is not enough. There is always more. Only then will he be happy. Only thus he believes that he is alive.

The Great Sage, who had lived, fought, made, made for the Turk for so many years, could not sleep that night from the happiness of the call. He thought about what to answer. He chose the words one by one. It was not enough, it was not enough. In fact, he wished to jump on and set off immediately. But he thought it was wrong. There was a way to do everything. He would make preparations, take some people with him and set off for Ötüken Yış.

At dawn, he found the Great Sage awake. It was now his ambition to go to the gate, offer blessings to the sun, and then prepare to realise what he had thought. And then he looked at his son... He hadn't slept either. He was looking up at him and smiling. He called out to him.

"You are not asleep, son!" "I could not sleep, my ancestor!"

"Why?"

"You must have been infected with the euthenian Yiş priority that surrounds you." He looked at his son with love. He was staying here for him.

If he went to Ötüken Yiş... "You will come with me, won't you?"

The answer to this question was a similar question. "You will take me with you, won't you?"

The Great Sage laughed out loud. It was a good and well-placed remark.

"So we're going to leave here in great numbers."

"Like an army..."

He laughed again. Yes! An army... There were many of them, and because the Great Sage was there, the rest, from the oldest to the youngest, would not hesitate to follow him. So...

The morning meal is eaten strong, so that their strength is not exhausted soon afterwards. The Great Sage, who took his guest to his table and hosted him with a rich variety of food and accompanied him, also continued his narratives, telling and drawing attention to the unknown things about the past. Not a single voice was heard from the people surrounding him, waiting for him and the guest major to finish their meal. The major could not stay there long. There were people watching for his return. He was saving his words for the end of the meal when the Great Sage, in his ordinary way of knowing the way, intervened.

"The messenger looks towards the way back before he rests, don't you think, Major!"

"So it is, Great Sage!"

"Then you are no longer welcome in my lodge. I have often wished to have you as my guest."

"I too would be honoured to be your guest, but I must return!"

He took another mouthful and spoke again: "Do you have anything for me, Great Sage?"

This was as it should be. A bitig for a bitig of command...

"No," said the Great Sage, "I don't need to write a bitig. Tell the Great Khan that I am under his command and that I will set out immediately to be with him and enter his service."

The major set off immediately after eating his meal to convey what he had heard. Bilge Tonyukuk also called out to his son.

"We will be on the road to Ötüken Yiş as soon as the sun rises. Go and announce it. Let every man who wishes to come be ready!"

Joy on the one hand and sadness based on separation on the other.

The truth of life!

It must be...

Bilge Kagan felt a little more comfortable with what he heard. Tonyukuk Bilge, one of the Ashide elders, his ancestor-in-law, would be with him. A wise personality and a warrior kinsman ... On the right and left side, his trusted elders... The tiger with whom he shared the administration of the state... His four sons whom he would prepare for the future... His scribe horse who never left his side. ... His horses who are passionate about war...

Why does a khan need more than this to have?

He ordered that the Great Sage, who was on his way to Ötüken Yiş, should be duly welcomed. And that a suitable, high tent be pitched close to his tent... There was no time to waste. It was necessary to establish order and revive the state as soon as possible. Bad rumours kept coming from all around. He was evaluating them and Kül Tigin was strengthening the army.

Winter was very troublesome in the Turkish homeland. If this continued, spring would come too late.

If the Turkic Khan did not do what was necessary!

On the Golden Örgün, with a golden crown on his head and golden clothes, sat a kagan worthy of the Sky.

Turkish Bilge Khan ...

It was a beautiful day that made Ötüken Yiş festive. The cold was in effect, but the bud did not care. It was a blessed day. The nine tughongs and nine flags flying in front of the golden kagan's ottoman were the announcements of the toy being held inside.

Bilge Kagan had called all of the mentioned clans, nobles and elders to the toast. Also the rulers of the affiliated tribes. Except for those who thought that they had established their own state and those who rebelled against the Turkish state, everyone came, took their place and found a place according to their strength.

Bilge Kagan had seated Ulu Hatun on his right side. Turkish tradition valued Ulu Hatun as much as the kagan and gave her the right to speak. His two sons, Sukan and Yiyan, found a place on his right side. The other two, Yerkan and Gokkan, were standing right behind their mother. To their right sat the great sage of the nation.

On the left side, Kül Tigin was standing alone, which he had wished for himself, to show that he was ready to fight for the Turkish nation at any time under the command of his sage. The place where he stood also signalled his succession after Bilge Kagan.

The Toy was established.

The first word is the word of the kagan:

"I am Turk Bilge Khan, born in the sky like God, in the blessing of God. In the record of destiny, by the command of Tann, I became the kagan of Turk. At this time I sat in Golden Örgün. Turk Sir budun, my great nation; hear my word. My kinsman, my sons, my tiger, my followers, my tribe, my tribe, my tribe... Elders of Ashina, my lords, my beys, my elders, the men of the Turkic nation whose word is honoured and whose command is listened to; hear my word!"

The words of a wise kaghan were echoing in the otog. Not a single dissenting voice was heard, neither inside nor outside. Yuluğ

Tigin recorded all that was said and done and dictated it to the scribes under his command.

"I have seen so many places. I have been to so many places. There is no better place than Öiliken Yış, no better land to keep a province. If you are here, if you keep this place, you are strong, you will not be destroyed, Turkish nation. China's words are sweet and silk is soft. He will make promises to you, he will endeavour to drive you out of Ötüken Yış, to keep you away. When he gets close to you, that is when he will do the real evil. You have died many times because of his sweet words and soft silk. Turk nation, you will die again. If you come to Kyzyljana and get close to China, if you say, "I will settle in Chogay Forest, Tögültün Plain", Turk nation, you will die. China gives good goods if you are far away. It gives bad goods if you are near. You went close to him and became a prisoner, you died. If you go again, you will die again. If you sit in Ötüken Yış and be yourself, you will live. You will keep the province forever. You will not think of hunger and satiety. Turkish nation, you do not know the value of satiety. If you are full, you will not think of hunger. Because you are like that, you have always been miserable because you went everywhere without taking the word of the khan. You perished. Now my duty is to feed my hungry nation and make my poor nation wealthy. To keep my science and my state strong and united...."

The Turkish king took a deep breath. He thought about what to say. He started speaking again. It was important because it was the first time such a speech was made. It was full of warnings.

"God raised my ancestor Ilteish Khan and my mother Ilbilge Hatun so that the Turkish name would not perish. God, the giver of the province, does not want the name and honour of the Turk to perish. Today, we are not as wealthy and peaceful as we wish and deserve. On the one hand, heavy winter conditions and famine are forcing our nation! We have to raid and fight without waiting for spring. I have heard a new rumour that our herds are breaking down with sickness. Our horses are dying. We can't stay strong as we are. We have to fight. We have to fight.

So that the state he glorified may not be destroyed, we will not stop, we will not sit. God knows that I did not wish to sit as a khan. I considered my kinsman Kül Tigin more competent, but he did not want to. Know this also. Then my command will be kaganly. Whatever is required by the kaganate will be done! Eğim kagar will be avenged, his head will be freed from captivity."

Now, present the oruns of the people attending the kagan's feast. the time had come.

"I called my distant ancestor-in-law, the sage of our nation, Bilge Tonyukuk to my side, because I need him. I have appointed him as my chief ruler so that he would be at the head of my commands. He should be close to me as an elder. Let me consult, discuss, and then decide. Now I am waiting for his arrival. My comrade, my war comrade, your lifelong comrade Kül Tigin'i Shad

As I appointed him, I left him the army of İnançu Apa Yargan Tarkan and the management of all my armies. He said that he did not wish to take another name with his high heart, and that it would be enough to be known as Kül Tigin. Therefore, he tied my hands."

He praised Kül Tigin with long words. Then he announced other duties one by one. He honoured each buddha and declared that he regarded them as equal to each other by giving high positions to their heads. He frequently expressed his wish that there should be no resentment and deficiency in the new order of the state, and called the same noble buddhas to unity by saying "I am Turk, my buddum".

"I left my sons, who have reached the age of manhood, who are now in a hurry to serve their nation as warriors, to the command of Kül Tigin with the tiginlik orunu. Let them learn both manhood and the state and the nation from him... They will be under the command of Kül Tigin, and they will be in the test of manhood and principality."

The toy lasted until sunset. After Kagarun, every gentleman who wanted to speak and express his opinion was given the floor.

Contrary to expectations, Kül Tigin did not speak. It must be because they had to listen, they paid attention to every word spoken, which was the way it should be.

The state had found its kagan, the kagan element, the head of the army. And the sides found their beys... The emirs found their army... New hopes were born for the nation. The first problem was to make up for the shortage of horses and sheep that had died. The kagan had to find solutions to avoid hunger and famine in the harsh winter days. It was the duty of the kagan to feed the nation.

Although he had resentments and anger from time to time, Bilge Kagan had never opposed his master Kapgan Kagan and never left his command. He always praised his valour and admired his appropriate actions. He was very sad after him and lamented the condition of a Turkish kagan. He did not consider the honour and farewell to his headless body sufficient. Today, China still displays the head of an Ashina noble, a Sky noble, and took great pleasure in it.

Bilge Kagan ordered Kül Tigin that this matter must be solved first and foremost.

"Let us do whatever it takes to end this suffering!"

Kül Tigin was looking forward to raiding China. However, Bilge Kagan's thought was that it would be to their detriment to hit China first while rebellions were going on on the other side of the state. He remembered a saying of Bilge Tonyukuk.

"No result can be obtained only by raiding. Think about all these raids. It is enough to prepare, warn and frighten. If you show that you are determined, it will be as effective as or even more effective than a raid!"

The Great Sage had to be with him at once.

He ordered Kül Tigin. "Keep your army ready!"

On the one hand, while the rumours of a raid to China were spreading, Chinese messengers were ensured to convey this rumour to the Chinese capital, on the other hand, a large delegation of envoys was sent to China. Especially a bitig was not written, the idea of expressing the wishes in words was adopted.

"The new Turkish Khan sat on the Golden Örgün. Of course, nothing will be the same as before. The sky-rooted Turk Bilge Kagan wants the head of his brother, the valiant Kapgan Kagan. If you wish the peace between us to last and do not want the Turkish armies to flow to China..."

A statement was also made. "China, don't help the tribes that are must give up. The slaughter of the Bayırkus who ambushed Kapgan Kagan will be a lesson for the tribes who will be the ones who will despoil the Sky-rooted Turk in the future."

The Chinese Emperor Hsüan-tsung was aware of the difficult situation the Turks were in. On the one hand, the pestilence was breaking their herds and horses, and on the other hand, revolts were upsetting the order of their state. He was also aware of what the new kaghan, whom he closely followed, had done together with his kinsman Kül Tigin in the past. Moreover, Bilge Tonyukuk had joined the administration. The rumours that a large number of people were acting under the command of Bilge Kagan revealed the need for thoughtfulness.

Although Bilge Kagan had given orders to Kül Tigin, the emperor did not think that there would be a raid to China during the winter and in such difficulties. However, if they grew stronger in time, the Turks would raid China, which would cause them to have difficulties.

"The strengthening of the Turkish state is to China's detriment. For this reason, while continuing our call to warn the other Buddhas and to oppose Bilge Kagan, it would not harm China to appear friendly to the Turks just in case. Thus, we can establish our order and prevent their raids until they have the opportunity to destroy the Turkish state."

He had used Kapgan Kagan's head enough, he had savoured this victory. He did not see any harm in sending the head, which would be useless for the future. Thus, he would not anger the Turks any more.

He welcomed and entertained the envoys of Bilge Kagan very well and did not hesitate to say that he knew Bilge Kagan. He even said that he regarded him as his own son.

"I will not break his wish!"

If Kapgan Kagan's head was given to the envoy delegation and sent, it would not be effective enough. The Chinese, masters of multifaceted gamesmanship, would use it as a show.

Emperor Hsüan-tsung, in order to make it as useful as possible by consulting his divisions and sangguns, sent the envoys back with abundant gifts and said:

"The head of Kapgan Kagan, who has terrorised China for years, will be sent back to its rightful place with ceremony."

In these days, Bilge Tonyukuk honoured Ötüken Yış. The approach was heard from far away. Bilge Kagan ordered a great ceremony to be organised in order to duly welcome the ancestor of the ka y, the head of the ka y, and the Great Bilge was worthy of it. It was necessary to show the value given to the person who, at his old age, rushed to his duty at the call of the kaghan, who would make a great contribution to the state administration.

A large troop was sent out to meet him. They took him from far away and brought him to Ötüken Yış. It was also ensured that the budun was also present at the welcome. Even if the order was not given, the budun would not miss such a day.

Bilge Tonyukuk was being waited by Kül Tigin on the ground at the door of the otaku. The great hero, who was led in front of the service people who helped him dismount from his horse, congratulated the arrival of the old man by cutting his head. Then he lifted the door of the otag and allowed him to enter.

Bilge Kagan was standing in front of the Golden Örgün. He approached Bilge Tonyukuk with a smiling face and said a single word that described all his feelings.

"You have brought welcome and blessings to our kaganate, Great Ayguçi!" The stones were in place.
Now it was time to do duty.

The very next day the delegation travelling to China returned.

Bilge Kagan said that the envoy delegation returning to Ötüken

Yış

and listened attentively to what they were saying
He asked.

"What do you say to these words, ancestor?"

The Great Sage wisely explained what he had in mind:

"It is obvious what China wants to do. In fact, it wants to send Kapgan Kagan's head with a great ceremony and use it as an insult. When we think about it from this point of view, it becomes clear that we should know China's games and deceitfulness and decide to raid immediately. However, when we know our other troubles and troubles, the Chinese emperor fulfils your wish. I say that Kapgan Kagan's headless body should be restored and his soul should be at peace. Then let us pass these hard winter days and bring our nation to spring. Then let us slaughter the rebellious tribes as they deserve. China will somehow pay for what they have done."

China kept its promise. In fact, it would be more correct to say that he did what he wanted to do! He formed a large delegation to send the head of Kapgan Kagan to Ötüken Yış. The delegation, which left China with an unprecedentedly large ceremony, frequently stopped, Kapgan Kagan's head reappeared at the stops, then regrouped and continued the journey. The Chinese were trying to show their superiority by pretending to show respect. When the borders of the Turkish homeland were reached...

but Kül Tigin put an end to the situation.

"So much for the show!" he said to the head of the Chinese delegation, "From now on, we will send your kagan on his way duly.

He did not allow any objections and turned the Chinese back from there. He also did not accept the gifts they brought.

Ötüken Yiş welcomed the head of Kapgan Kagan with sadness. Bilge Kagan had prepared a dwelling place and a salar²⁴² worthy of his honour for his eu, who had made China do what he said for years, did not give peace to the Turkic oils, and kept the name of the Turk alive.

Ötüken Yiş stood in mourning again.

It was as if Kapgan Kagan had reached the plane that day, as if he had died that day...

Kapgan Khan travelled to the Sky.

Bilge Khan erected a balbal at the head of the Kyrgyz kagaruru, whom he had defeated and killed while he was alive, for his sire kagan.

"May you live in peace in the land of Sky. May Kyrgyz kagaru be at your service!"

Thus, everything was done for the Great Turk kagan. Very soon the Bayırkus would be slaughtered and Kapgan Kagan would be avenged.

²⁴² Bark place and salar: Mausoleum and tomb.

"Tengri il birigme Tengri, the horse of the Turkic nation atı küsi does not disappear, so my own Tengri became kagan sooner. I did not become Neng yılsıg budunka. I would be upset in the wild wild bud without food inland, without food, without tons in the country. We made a contract with Inim Kül Tigin. I did not become aün udımadım, күntüz olmmadım for the three days of the Turkic nation, for the sake of our kangımız eçimiz kazganmış budun atı küsi yokmazmazun tiyin Türk budun üçünün udımadım, күntüz olmmadım.""¹³

Budun was as excited as before a blessed birth. When they had a kagan at their head who knew where and how to start, they left thinking to him and waited for orders. When they had an apa tarkan like Kül Tigin, they waited for orders to fight. He expected that if the state was ruled with the support of a trusted element, everything would be fine.

Sensations from the south-west told that the Turgish were mobilising. They had spread over vast territories and were now claiming statehood in order to increase their influence. A Yugish nobleman named Sulug had proclaimed himself a kagan and built a large army. Sulug, who had retreated to the south-west with his army and bore the army of "Çor" in order not to be subordinate to the Turkic state, chose to use the change in Ölüken Yış as an opportunity, returned and seized the Turgish throne. Located on the banks of the Talas River, in the region towards the land, Kuz-

² "Tann, God, the giver of the province, certainly Tann made me a kagan, so that the name of the Turkic nation would not perish. I did not sit on a wealthy, prosperous nation, I sat on a poor, wretched nation, without food inside and without clothes outside. I made an agreement with my little kinsman Kül Tigin. I did not sleep at night and did not sit down during the day for the Turkish nation, so that the name of the nation won by our ancestor, our apa, would not perish." Orkhon Monuments, Kül Tigin Bengutaşı, East Side...

By being chosen as the Turgish capital,²⁴⁴ all the conditions of the state were established.

This rebellion was a step towards breaking the influence of the Turkic state, but Sulug did an important job and stopped the Muslim Arabs who wanted to enter the Turkic homeland with his raids at different times. Thus, the danger from the south-western borders would not reach further. This success would delay the raid against him, and the Gök rooted Turks would leave Sulug, who had fought a successful war with the Arabs, alone for a while.

Who knows when the Yugish would be next in Bilge Kagan's list of priorities? The first thing he did was to make the custom effective and to implement it completely. It was enough to attract attention that he gave more trust and authority to the rulers of the same deep-rooted clans, and acted judiciously in the distribution. It was even important to listen to them and solve their problems. Thus, good news started to come from the tribes who were angry with Kapgan Kagan, who had defied the state and fled to China fearing to be exterminated and slaughtered. It seemed that a little labour and call would be enough for them to return.

"We have no choice but to raid!"

Famine was becoming widespread. Bilge Tonyukuk announced the necessity of the situation to Bilge Kagan. When the steppe clans did not give the state the salaams they were supposed to give, when the herds that had disappeared due to the disease were not enough, the Turkic clan was fighting with hunger, which must be the worst of wars!

"Time is running out, kagan! Something must be done. Otherwise the situation is getting worse!"

It is the duty of the kaghan to feed and nourish his hungry people. With the remnants of a long time, lack of raids, winter and epidemics, this

²⁴⁴ Balasagun.

the situation had come to a point. If something was not done soon, it would be difficult to find men to fight and horses to ride.

"With the necessity of raiding China..." Kül

Tigin said thoughtfully.

"Our horses are few and weak. If we try to hit China like this..."

"Let us ask for horses from the clans. Let's ask them to send their salutes."

"They will not listen to us, kagan. They know our situation better than we do. They are waiting for us to be exhausted."

There was only one way left. To bring the steppe tribes into line, starting with the closest ones! It was actually a way that Bilge Kagan did not want to try, but when there was no other choice...

"First, let's send envoys and let them know what they have to do. In the meantime, let my army be ready. If they do not do what is necessary and do not obey my command..."

"Which nation do you intend to raid?" "The Uighurs!"

It was clear that the Uighurs' stubborn ilteber would not obey the order and would choose to oppose. His army was large and strong. Defeating the Turkic khan of Ashina descent would bring great honour itself. With the added influence from China...

"First I will send an envoy and ask the ilteber to obey the order. Then..."

"It is impossible to stop an ilteber who wants war, Great Khan. Our delay will weaken us."

Kül Tigin acknowledges weakness while voicing the truth.

He added that he did not refuse, and that he would fight with all his might to make the raid victorious if ordered to do so.

"If my master Kagan wishes, I will shoot a on my head Uyghur ilteberini!"

Bilge Kagan wished to be at the head of the army in his first raid after becoming a kagan. This was more appropriate.

An envoy was sent to the Uighurs with the orders of the Turkish kagan and a period of waiting began.

The envoy did not return. The Uighur ilteberi, wishing to show that he was in charge, dared to make the Turkish kagan's envoy a prisoner.

"Then there is nothing more to do," said Bilge Khan. "We are going on a raid!"

The Uighurs had many herds and horses. If victory was won at the end of the raid, the Turkish nation would have plenty to eat.

It was a battle to the death. When the harsh conditions of winter were added... Weakness and lack of horses...

The Turk had to make raids in winter. Because God wished it so.

The Turk Bilge Khan rode at the forefront. Beside him, his blood brother Kül Tigin... They both chose white horses for themselves. Bilge Tonyukuk stayed at Ötüken Yış. The worst outcome of the war was considered, and it was chosen that Sukan Tigin, the eldest son of Bilge Kagan, did not participate in the war. Yiyan, Yerkan and Gökkan Tigin were riding right behind their ancestors. Although they were close to being privates, their nervousness in their first raids was evident from their postures.

Ashina soldiers were trained in battles. Very soon, Kül Tigin's sons would join them.

Since the Uighur ilteberi saw this war as the beginning of his dream state, he chose to take his army to meet Bilge Kagan. It was not difficult to calculate how bloody the battle of two warrior tribes from the same root would be. The sky would once again witness the fight of its children.

The Turkish army of the Sky-rooted Turks had drawn a line along the Selenge river.

on the road to ti. The Kōrgs thought that the Uighurs were not far away. They were not waiting, they were flowing this way. This was a sign of confidence in themselves. Ilteber was so sure that he would win this battle that he was coming at them recklessly.

"When we cross the mountain, there will be a wide field in front of us to fight the Uighurs."

This is how Kōrg explained it; he did not think about the speed of the Uighurs. However, fate had chosen to bring the two armies face to face at Karagan Pass. The Yelme soldiers lined up against each other and made the first strokes of the battle. Immediately afterwards Bilge Kagan ordered the attack.

"To exist and to perish... This battle will change the destiny of the Turkish state! Fight accordingly, my soldiers. We need to convince the Sky with our valour for the Turk to choose his existence. Strike!"

While this is happening, the phrase that has been said many times is "This has never happened before", which is true. Changes, differences lead to this saying. Just like today.

Nothing like this has ever happened before.

It's a war that doesn't suit the steppe people. It was all about dying and killing... What both sides would lose was important, but the Turks of the Sky-rooted Turks would lose so much... It was not clear on which side and how the attack was mobilised, how it could be exhausted there and pass to the other side in an instant. The bloody passage was rippling, dying and rising again. No one thought of running away, but many thought of dying.

Soon the victor chose which side he would be on. The Uyghurs were about to be crushed and destroyed.

The fortune of the Gök rooted Turks was that Bilge Kagan and Kül Tigin were at the head. Their fighting at the forefront and their effective management of their armies determined the outcome. Especially the epic written by Kül Tigin alone...

In the toughest, most difficult war ever, Kül Tigin did not choose to die. Whatever he had in his hand, under him

he'd organised such a battle, whatever horse it was. He was hitting, hitting, hitting. On the one hand, he was giving orders to prevent Bilge Kagan, who was fighting among his horses, from being harmed, and he was pulling the fat to his side. He was like an army all by himself.

The Uighur army could not withstand this pressure and broke down. Ilteber, who was in difficulty, delayed in believing that it was better to flee towards the south-east with a hundred loyal soldiers he took with him. The Turks rooted in the sky had won a great victory. The Uighur soldiers who left their swords were not spared. Captivity was not demanded. The accession was not very difficult. The Turkish army entering the Uighur homeland encountered wealth. The horses and herds of the Uighurs were now the property of Bilge Kagan, since the Uighurs were his tribesmen... The great kagan commanded that enough be taken.

"Enough to save our tribe from hardship and famine...

Do not take more! Leave it in its place."

The Uighurs had suffered many casualties and the shame of defeat. They had no other way but to obey the Turkish state. It was best for them to unite all their power with their nobles.

This triumph was conveyed to Ötügen Yiş. The Buddha was made to hear and relax, and Bilge Tonyukuk chose to organise a great feast and feed the Buddha and celebrate the victory in this way. Then messengers were sent to all four corners, telling how the Uighurs had been brought to their knees. Thus, fear was struck into the hearts of the Turkic oil.

"Your turn will come! Follow the honour, be loyal to the state!"

The soldiers were armed with the best and strongest horses. The wealth of the Buddha increased. On his return to Ötügen Yiş, Turk Bilge Kağan added the following to the writings of his ancestor Yuluğ Tigin.

'Because God so ordained, because fate was in my favour, I fed my hungry nation, I made my impoverished nation prosperous!"

Now his ideal was to make a nation of few a nation of many.

Overcoming the harsh winter was enough for them to have hopes for the future.

Turks love spring, because in spring Turks have fewer troubles.

With the greening of the steppe, the land becomes livable, and it is ceremonial to celebrate this with ceremonies.

Bilge Kagan shared the joy of the victory with the great spirits by offering precipitation to the Sky in the Cave of Ancestors. The sense of unity was so ingrained in his mind that he sent ambassadors to all four corners and wished that the tribes with whom he spoke the same language would no longer pursue separation.

"Let the Turk Sir Budun not be divided. Let there be no separation in our state. As long as you come to me, I will be with you, I will know you as my own. The one who seeks separation will be crushed and slaughtered. I wish that there will be no death in vain!"

This was Kagarun's wish, but there would be many who would obey and many who would oppose. Those who opposed would get their rights by the shore; because the necessity of being a state was stability and unity. Without this, there would be neither a province nor a nation!

"Oghuz rebelled!"

It was so difficult to hold this noble Turkic nation that never stopped and never rested. The sense of ruling, the wish to be the head and dominate the world was so strong that it was rooted in their souls from the past. They had revolted a lot in the past and Bilge Kagan was not surprised by the new sensation. However, he wished to meet with the Oghuz elders and do whatever was necessary for them to be free and prosperous in their homeland.

The valiant Kül Tigin, foreseeing direct raids and war in matters that he knew could not be solved by telling, was now waiting for an order to strike the Oghuz.

Toy was established; a war was decided.

Bilge Kagan authorised his kinsman this time.

"Take our army! Our Turk, our nation, raid the Oghuz. Do not neglect your efforts to make them believe in the state and unity. Today we know each other's fate, but tomorrow we will run horses side by side and remember that we are kinsmen."

"The command is the Khan's!"

The two shad kinsmen stationed in the southwest and the Ashina irkin stationed in the southeast were to take their armies and join Kül Tigin. Thus, the strong army to be formed would cut off the Oghuz.

The Sky-rooted Turks were ready. They were strong. If they wished, they could crush and kill the Oghuz, but they could not have such wishes. The Oghuzes were themselves, they were Oghuzes. Only preventing rebellion and subordinating them to the state was the limit of Kül Tigin's orders to his beys. They did not follow to send out scouts, to send envoys and bitigues, and to call the Oghuz race to unity. Winning rather than losing was of course preferable for the state. They would fight to win.

When the state was in mind, Kül Tigin also thought like his easi kagan. If men were needed, there were many men in Oghuz. They were of the same blood. Budun was a part of the same nation...

"The state in which the Oghuz joined will be indestructible!"

This had settled in their minds as a belief. It was on the tongues from the greatest lord to the most ordinary soldier. Oghuzes were wanted to be seen in the state.

When all expectations were in this direction, when there was full belief that even the war would be very short and that the participation of soldiers and armies was inevitable, the return of the pioneer soldiers, the soldiers who had been dispatched by messenger, brought dream shattering sensations. An unbelievable and unacceptable situation had arisen.

The Oghuz were no more. They had left their homeland and done the unthinkable; they had fled and travelled to seek refuge in China.

11Why?"

The Oghuzs were frightened and could not think straight for fear that the coming Turkish army of the Sky-rooted Turks would ruthlessly slaughter them.

"Why? Why do the people choose to obey the Chinese state instead of living under their own flag, under their own tunic and obeying the kaghan?"

Kül Tigin turned his direction towards China. He went after the Oghuz. His anger was great. He would be cruel to those who made such a mistake. Nevertheless, he sent a messenger and asked for a command from the khan.

"The Oghuz are fleeing towards China! Your command..."

To treat wrong as right is to bring down the state! China opened its doors to anyone who opposed the Turkish state. This was also attractive to those who knew that they could not rebel and succeed. However, living like this was the most disgraceful life. Not realising this was irrational.

Bilge Khan was very angry. Until that age, he had always looked after the people of his own nation and had been forgiving even in war. But this time...

"It is the greatest betrayal to abandon the Turkish homeland, the Turkish state, the Turkish khan and seek refuge in China. No more forgiveness. Don't leave the Oghuz behind!"

Maybe it would be a lesson for those who think of similar behaviour! "When the state is necessary, it can show its statehood in the most ruthless manner.

show him!"

Receiving the order, Kül Tigin did not stop. He chased after the fleeing Oghuzes. He caught and broke their rear forces. Since the only way to escape is to flee faster, the Oghuz did not hesitate to choose this way. While they wanted to flee faster, they first left their goods and herds behind.

Kül Tigin took them.

Then high-wheeled carts, tents, horses, women and children... Reaching China and crossing the Chinese wall

The Oghuz had left everything behind and could think of nothing but saving their lives.

If he had been ordered by the kagan, Kül Tigin would have chased them behind the Chinese wall. But he had called back. With the property, women and children of the Oghuz...

Unbecoming and unbecoming to the Oghuzes; an unprovoked, fruitless flight had lost much."

The Sky-rooted Turks became more prosperous with what they took, but they were not happy. They could not rejoice at the situation of their own kinsmen.

China was the one rejoicing.

As Bilge Kagan listened to Kül Tigin's story, the pain of his heart was visible on his face. Questions he could not find answers to... Questions he could not comprehend...

"If I don't know my nation, if I don't know their feelings ... they can't live in China. They can't... Whoever has ever been to China has perished. They died. If the Turkic khan holds Ötüken Yış, if the state is established, there will be no trouble in the province. There is nothing better and more beautiful for the Turk than Ötüken Yış. If you hold this place, China will give you whatever you want. He will be afraid of you. If you hold this place, you can negotiate with him. You can make him do what you say. You can get gold, silver and silk without any trouble. But if you go to China, you will be exhausted. You will have no value. You will be tolerated for a while, then you will be enslaved. You will be made a captive. The Chinese have sweet words, soft silk, and many games. He wants you to leave Ötüken Yış. Leave your khan, your state, your province. Come to China. Because he cannot do anything to you when you are far away, but if you are close... If you fall for China's sweet words and soft silk, if you come close to her, she will think such evil of you... He wishes to soften the good, the learned, the brave, the valiant, to make them like himself. If the ruler is wrong, if he falls for China's tricks, his tribe will not survive.

" The flight of Oghuz to China took place in 717.

The Oghuz who went to China will perish, die, they will no longer know themselves! Alas!"

There was a saying in China. It was written on Bilge Tonyukuk's about. When the Chinese emperor heard this, he rejoiced and organised a feast. They thought that it would be a great benefit for them if one of the three great people they feared and dreaded was missing. They knew that **such an** element could solve many problems.

Tonyukuk the Wise laughed, "Let them think so!" he said, "Soon, when we move to China, they will see me at the head of my army..."

Still young at heart, still a soldier, still a warrior... He couldn't stand it, he asked Kül

Tigin:

"Great Sage, do you want to be in the army when we raid China?"

"Of course!" said the Great Sage, "and this time I will lead the men of Yelme!"

"May God keep you in the light, Great Sage! You are an example for many young men. I will be blessed to fight by your side!"

The word was out, China was relieved that Bilge Tonyukuk was no more, and reduced the sovereignty it had agreed to give to the Turks. Thus, he had entered into a new trial.

"Now that Bilge Tonyukuk is dead, Bilge Kagan and Kül Tigin have nothing more to do!"

This rumour had an effect. China's minions had worked well. The Kılans and Tatabis, who had made it their aim to attack the Turkic homeland and fight against the Turks whenever they found an opportunity, chose to become affiliated with China and to come under the command of the T'ang dynasty. Thus, a great connection against the Turks had begun to emerge. The steppe peoples, who had lost confidence in the state and had become sceptical, and who had heard and interpreted the events in their own way, also separated.

for the opportunity to leave. The tribes, who had been in rebellion for years and had never given up fighting, prepared for separation with even more enthusiasm.

Bilge Tonyukuk told Bilge Kagan that it was necessary to be good to overcome all these.

"No matter what the oil thinks, no matter how rude it may be, he who sets out with reason wins! With good organisation, it is possible to spoil all games. It is enough not to panic, to bind the army and the soldiers to victory."

A wise kagan, a wise ayguchi, an invincible Turkish warrior...

When the three are together...

China soon learnt that the Great Sage was alive and on duty in Ötüken Yiş. All the rejoicing, feasts and ceremonies had been in vain. Surprise and sorrow would be grounds for the beheading of those who had caused the false rumours. China, which had learnt that change was the order of the day, would have no difficulty in adapting to the new situation. Even though it felt strong and had large armies, it was best to wait until they were even weaker before risking war with the Turks. In the meantime, it would be convenient for them to pretend that there was peace between them.

A caravan of gifts was immediately organised and set off for Ötüken Yiş. The Emperor would base his future order on the destruction of the Grey and Grey tribes against the Turkish state. Whatever is necessary for this will be done.

In the meantime, Bilge Kagan convened a toy and announced his thoughts.

"If the tribes, which have been co-operating with China one after another, unite, and if China also falls into their hands, it may be difficult for us to cope with them. Then we must take precautions today and chop them up one by one. We must land on our fat, each of which is on one side, in such a way that when we cut off the fat of one, we cut off the fat of another.

and come to your aid. We must start an era of raids at the speed of your age!"

This was the opinion of the kaghan and Bilge Tonyukuk took the floor and praised the good kaghan.

"It is an inevitable reality that we will fight with China. However, before that, without giving the great rain a chance to sober up, continuing to slaughter those who revolt and commit treason will relieve our state and discourage those who wish to strike us from behind."

Toy decision came out. According to Bilge Kagan's wish, the Tatabis were to be shot first.

Striking the Tatabis, who had taken up residence near the Chinese border, on the upper reaches of the Liao River, towards the land of Liu ch'eng, would attract the attention of China. Such a victory would also serve as a warning to the Chinese emperor.

In this raid to establish activity, it was not anyone's wish to stay behind in Ötüken Yış and wait; Kül Tigin, who wished to lead the Yelme soldiers, Bilge Tonyukuk, who would take a place right next to Bilge Kagan, the great irkin of the Gök-rooted Turks, were ready to lead the Turkish army and write their names in the history with glory once again.

"At the speed of your age..."

It is only God's ability to prevent what the Turks want to do when He wishes. Beyond that, it is in the hands of the soldiers created by the war. If the command to arrive at the speed of age is given, the Turkish soldiers will not get hungry, tired or rest. The presence of three Turkish races proudly riding at the front of the army makes the war passionate. Flying is the most blessed wish after killing enough fat.

Their horses are strong, their bows taut, their swords sharp, their pikes sharp...

They winged their way to the land of the Tatab. Wingedness

It is God's commandment to give the offender's shore to a man. It is the kagan's command to strike without stopping or waiting. By the time the oil was sensed by the arrival of the brown wolves, it was too late. To be forgiven and to escape...

His plea for forgiveness would not be granted and he would not be allowed to escape. The Tatabis, who had arranged themselves with their backs to the mountains to fight, realised how meaningless even this effort was when they felt the pressure on them. Kül Tigin directed his soldiers in such a way that the mountain split and a Turk came out of it. The earth was pierced and the Turk came out of it. The sky opened, the Turk landed on the oil with the most heavenly stance.

The head of the one who did not know how to bow down and rebelled was crushed, which was the Turkish custom.

The one who did not kneel and honour was made to kneel down, which was the Turkish tradition.

Tatabis' houses, their homes were destroyed. Their tents were demolished on their heads.

Is running away a manly thing to do? The Tatabis fled. Those who had put everything they had behind them and found it difficult to ride their horses fled, leaving behind their wives, children, property and homes. Those who knew that escape was salvation, took refuge in the Kadyrgan Mountains.

Kül Tigin fell behind them and asked for permission to make the mountain a home for them. Even Bilge Tonyukuk, with his bloody sword in his hand, made the same wish. He had fought like a young soldier in his old age and had received glory.

"Give the order, let's exterminate these traitors, Great Kağan!"

Bilge Kagan believed that all the shores and lessons were enough.

"Fighting in the mountains and losing soldiers, after so many victories

what's in it for you? The Tatabis left all their wealth and fled. It's hard for them to live like this. Let the mountains overcome them. If they do not live and again despoil us, we will need a new triumph!" and he stopped his braves.

The Tatabis had left so much wealth that it would take many days to collect it and take it back to the Turkish homeland. They kept thinking of sending them off to the Sky and returning back.

The Chinese emperor was informed that the Turks of the Sky root had crushed and driven out the Tartabs. He trembled on his wide throne. He did not know what to do against the Turks, who had cut off the coast of another powerful nation and taken their homeland. If he knew he would succeed, he would have led his army and attacked the Turkish homeland, but he had neither the courage nor the strength.

"What shall we do?" he kept saying, "What shall we do to get rid of the Turks?"

The Turks, who had reached as far as the Kadyrgan Mountains and drawn a new border, should have stayed there at least. But he knew that soon, Very soon, China would have to take measures against the Turkish horsemen flowing in from the Chinese borders.

This is what China was all about, on the one hand, not to be flattered and on the other hand, not to be afraid!

Settled, populous China had always been afraid, frustrated and fed up with the nomadic, minority Turks. At the end of all these games, at the end of all these organised bitchiness, it was not the work of another tribe to exist and live. God, the Sky they believed in, was protecting and guarding the Turks in the direction of a box.

"When we got rid of Kapgan Kagan, we thought that we could easily get along with his son, but the sons of Ilterish Kagan and Tonyukuk, who would not die, became a problem for us. Yesterday the Oghuz and today the Tatabis have ceased to be a power and have gone into hiding!"

The hope that would lighten the troubled thoughts was the possibility of success of other tribes declaring allegiance to China.

"Maybe a bud... "

To find another way, to unite and overcome the Turks...

In fact, while this was the whole aim, the most populous and seemingly strongest 'ratabis' were to be excluded from this calculation. They were active yesterday, but today they were nowhere to be seen.

"If Bilge Kagan suppresses all revolts and re-establishes Turkish unity...."

"Turkish Oghuz begs budun eşiding. Uze tengri basma sar, asra yir telinmeser, Turk budun, ilingin, törüngin who increased udaçı erli? Tūr budun erlin, ekün! For the three days of your globe day, the city of your wise kaghan's erimis bannış edgü ilinge city was burned, wild kigürtüg. '46

Power was shown, blessings were found, and equality in distribution was ensured. When the Turkish kagan did what he had to do in order, he made the nation wealthy and the province prosperous. Ruling with Yarguluk was the condition that made the nation prosperous. Thus, the state had begun to come to its senses. Those who had despaired until yesterday and looked for a solution in China would take new paths as they found reason.

At the bend of the Yellow River, the Ashina nobles, who had been allowed to live in China, began to resent and feel ashamed of their existence, their deeds and their essence as they heard what was happening in the Turkish homeland. They had been living in a part of the ancient Turkish homeland, but now it was within the borders of China. Even though they were told that they were not captives, but only guests, they were troubled by the Chinese sanggun, the presence of the Chinese army, which made it clear that they would not leave them. They had tied their thoughts to their albums, left their homeland, their state and their kagan and came here. China, which had made promises and endeavoured to win them while away, had changed.

²⁴⁶ "Turkish, Oghuz beys, nation, hear: If the sky above does not collapse and the earth below is not pierced, who can disrupt the Turkish nation, its province, its honour? Turkish nation, give up, see the truth! Because of your carelessness, you have made a mistake against your kaghan who has fed you, against your free and independent good province, you have put yourself in trouble!" Orkhon Monuments, Kül Tigin Bengutaşı, East Side...

Now, where he would give ten, he would not even give one. And when he did, he insulted and belittled them. This was dependence.

They had fled from Kagan Khan. They could not come back again. Bilge Kagan said that those who would return would not be judged, would not be slaughtered, and he swore to this issue with his secretly sent men.

"The Turkish homeland needs you. What is the name of this life you lead? What is the value of recognising China as the head rather than being a Turk and existing freely under the command of the Khan? It is in your hands to make the Turkish Khan strong. Go back to your homeland. Bow your heads and obey the kaghan. May you be honoured and your nation be honoured!"

Chinese messengers were not idle either, they were conveying what was happening to their capital and bringing rumours that there might be escapes in this region. The greatest fear of China was the increase in the number of the Turkish army when the affiliated tribes joined Bilge Kagan. If the strengthened Bilge Kagan becomes even stronger...

Although it was expected, Bilge Kagan did not raid China. He ignored China's games and accepted what they did as not done. This situation was making the Chinese emperor more frightened. It was getting to such a situation that...

"Whatever will happen, will happen! It is very difficult to wait like this!"

As he grew older, the wish to see his homeland, Ötüken Yığı, was burning in his heart. It had been so long since smiles were frozen on his face. His wife and children began to think that he could not stand it, that he would not live long.

Ahshilan Irkin, a nobleman of Ashina...

He felt humiliation even in the smile of the Chinese army chief, who hardly ever came near him, but when he did, he bowed low and paid his respects. It hadn't come to him like this at first. The Chinese chieftains, who found his tent in one way or another almost every day, had promised him great things for the future and even told him that he would be able to claim the Golden Weave. He was fooled. And Kagan Khan's harsh attitude...

"How was I fooled?"

When he was thinking about this, those days were coming before his eyes.

The sweet words spoken...

"Is it possible not to be fooled by China's sweet tongue?"

He was fooled!

Another Turkic noble burning in the wood of the same problem; Adiztay Irkin...

He regretted what he had done, he had brought the boys and men of his crowded tribe with his own feet and made them servants of China. But of course this was not it! He was reminded that he deserved more than what he had received that day. It was said that the Flying Kapgan Kagan had been unfair in the ration... As a result, not only did he get nothing today, but he was in the state of a race that betrayed his nation. What he would have given to not have lived those days!

The call of Bilge Kagan had come and the order for all Turks to return had been conveyed to him. However, his pride did not approve of his casual return. The fear of being shamed was the foremost obstacle. However, they could not live like this either.

"Even if God took my life..."

The Turkic tribes who were deceived by the Chashits, who came and settled on the Chinese border for many other reasons, who came under the command of the Chinese emperor were desperately burning in the same trouble. It was not to live in the land of the Yellow River, which was actually a Turkish homeland, surrounded by the Chinese army, not knowing what to do, waiting, not knowing what to do. To be content with what the Chinese gave them when even their hunting was limited...

They missed their free horses running across the steppe. They missed the battle, the raid, the hunt. Their flags, their brigades, their armies... Their states, their kings... What happiness they did not realise.

The elders of the tribes who took refuge in China one after another had similar thoughts, but since China forced them to stay in distant homelands, they could not hear from each other and could not share their situation. China, which had broken the Turkic unity, was trying to prevent them from becoming united and strong again.
for the Turkish refugees.

When Sanggun Chiang Hui, whom the emperor held responsible for the Turkish refugees, visited the Hui irkin, he saw growing dissatisfaction and conveyed this to his provincial chief.

"Bilge Kagan's successes are affecting the Turkic tribes on the border. They are dissatisfied with what we give and their lives. I am afraid there will be a revolt!"

Ilbay, who was also the army chief of the Ch'an-yü region, was responsible to his emperor, but fearing that what would happen here would affect his future and his army, he ordered his deputy Chang Chih yün:

"The warnings from the border guard are important. It won't be good if the Turks stage an uprising. Find a solution and break their influence."

Chang Chih-yün, like all Chinese rulers, was a well-behaved, courteous person. He was also a coward! If the rumours were true, the consequences were not difficult to predict. The Chinese army in the region was large and strong, but it was impossible to predict how much the Turks would resist and how effective they would be. If an uprising started in one place spread in a short time, there would be a lot of bloodshed, even if it was suppressed. This made the emperor run would not like it, the slaughter would be the end of his own head and the end of his son. He thought long and hard. He consulted with those who knew the business.

In the end, he came to the conclusion that it would be appropriate to move the Turkic tribes that were under Chinese command further inland, to the red side of the Yellow River. He shared this idea with the ilbay so that the order would be given. Considering the fact that the nomads had to migrate to more temperate regions as winter was approaching, it would be easier to do this...

Ilbay realised that the migration meant keeping the Turks under his command a little further away from Bilge Kagan. The Turks who would enter the Chinese borders could be better controlled, but it was also dangerous for these unpredictable barbarians to approach China on their horses. If a countermeasure could be found...

"Let us take their bows, their pikes, their swords, Great Ilbay!" said Chang Chih-yün, "even their horses. ..."

"Take their horses... That will be difficult, but if we confiscate their weapons for some reason. ..."

"Maybe if we limit the number of horses..." "First and foremost, their guns... And bows."

After much deliberation, the decision was taken. First, the Turks would be appeased with plenty of food and silk. Then they would be given the excuse that they were now under the command and protection of the great emperor of China, that they did not need weapons, that they would even join the Chinese army and would be rearmed, and on the one hand they would be allowed to cross to the red side of the Yellow River, and on the other hand their weapons would be taken away from them.

"A difficult task, but if we succeed!"

If they were thus disarmed, their horses could soon be taken away. There would be no point in fearing a Turk without a bow or a horse.

"A small miracle!" said the ilbay. "Don't touch the weapons of the nobles, of the commoners!"

Autumn brought cool winds. In their silent homeland, the discoloured grasses hinted at their migration to warmer regions. For this they needed the permission of the Ch'an-yü Ilba.

"Waiting for permission from a Chinese to migrate!"

As time passed, Ahshilan Irkin realised that the situation that was troubling him was the problem of all the soldiers around him, but out of respect for him, they were silent, showing their unhappiness by keeping silent.

Waiting in the coolness of the cool wind... "If we stay here, you will be very offended!"

And that would be in China's favour. They had to live through these days to realise that there was no other purpose but to keep them few. But now, in Ölüken Yı...

"I had both space and value!"

While the sun was shining its light, which was no longer warm enough, on them from the very top, the warnings of the sacchan who were watching the oba rose to be heard from the tent of the irkin.

"Someone is coming!"

His faithful servant, who was soon at his door, would have told him what was going on, but Ahshilan Irkin, his curiosity getting the better of him, chose to go to the door instead of waiting. He was well past middle age, and the longer he stayed here, the more decadent he became. It was. The aches in his bones showed that his old age was accelerating. His body, accustomed to the steppe life, could not accept such comfort. He stretched where he stood. He straightened his clothes and weapons.

When he went out of the door, he saw that many tent owners from near and far were outside with similar curiosity. They greeted him. He greeted them back. They could see a large troop of horsemen approaching in the direction they were looking. Their flags and insignia proved that they were guests of a Chinese nobleman. Of course, the village guards would stop them and let in as many as necessary.

If they had come to meet the lord, only the noblest of them would be allowed to enter his tent.

It was too much for Irkin to meet a Chinese at the door, so he went back to his tent and sat down on his high cushion.

Two armed soldiers, who were ready for such a reception, stood behind him, and a few nobles from his clan stood to his right and left.

He asked for koumiss from his servant. Thus; he was holding he would have insulted the Chinese nobleman, whom he would have greeted with a glass of mizz. An interaction of his own...

"Chang Chih-yün, vice-colonel of Ch' an yü district, wishes to meet the Great Irkin!"

A guest with many gifts... He brought more than China had to give that day, Ilbay Yar. her call.

Ahshilan was a guest Irkin hadn't expected. It must have been something important. Maybe Bilge Kagan made a raid to China and China the emperor was asking for his help. The irki's eyes lit up. "Here is an opportunity to join my army, my nation. Tann pity me!"

I've been supporting the Turkish army at the most inopportune time and place

If he does, he'll be forgiven. His deeds will be praised. And it will mean he can go back and join his greatness.

uA raid!"

Chang Chih-yün entered with the most false smile on his face, his eyes almost completely closed, approaching a line. This formation was to present unexpected requests and to deceive again. Bending low to the ground, in fact

even when he showed the respect he didn't have in his heart. "On behalf of my Ilbay, I would like to pay my respects

May God reward him with a long and happy life!"

"A long and happy life, staying here..." thought Irkin, "It is impossible! Captivity will kill the Turk early! And there is no need for it."

Then he announced in a loud voice that he accepted the honour. The servants offered the Chinese a cushion to sit on, but he preferred to remain standing. For a short moment he observed with his eyes those standing around him. Then he enumerated the pleasantries of the day and of his stay.

The Chinese were not used to such long and explanatory speeches. Irkin was used to it. There was no point in silencing or stopping Ilbay's help. It would come to an end anyway, long say vin. In the meantime, he sipped his koumiss and waited without saying a word.

When the Chinese's discourse came to an end, this time he briefly described their situation. Their troubles ... He reminded them that it was time to emigrate.

Suddenly the Chinese vice-colonel's face lit up. The opportunity he had been dreaming of had presented itself.

"That is why I stand before you, Great Irkin. Then our hearts are alike. Surely an emperor who cares for you as much as you do would not wish his subjects to suffer hardship!"

that was the insult he was praising. Dependent clan...

Still, Ahshilan Irkin hoped. If they would spend the harsh winter in a more favourable place...

"First of all, I must protect my tribe..."

The ilbay aide began his long speech again. He told them that they would be given a homeland on the red side of the Yellow River together with other Turkic tribes loyal to the emperor. So they will be closer to China and their needs will be met. ..

Chang Chih-yün, who had been the guest of many Turkic tribes after a not too long time, was now in the presence of Adiztay Irkin, inviting them to the red side of the San River with almost the same words.

"You will be welcomed and entertained by the Great Ilbay!" He had recognised the Chinese, albeit late. going further away from Ötüken Yıış, going deeper into China, meant their loss. It meant not being able to protect their children, the future of their clans from Chineseisation. But now there was another Adiztay Irkin had no solution in mind. Moreover, once they crossed to the red side of the Yellow River, their chances of going back and escaping from China would be reduced.

On the appointed day, the day foretold by the Chinese Ilbai Auxiliary arrived, and the Turkic tribes gathered their homes, loaded their goods into their wagons and took their herds on their backs, and headed towards the Yellow River.

they were descending. Unexpectedly, they saw that other Turkic tribes were also in the same movement with them. Moreover, very large Chinese troops surrounded them and kept them under control.

The Turkish elders were quick to realise that this was not an ordinary course. The elders of the approaching tribes sent envoys and agreed on what they would do and how they would revolt in case of an impossible situation. If death was the end, it would be a blessed death, which they were more than willing to accept.

Chiang Hui, the sanggun in charge of the borders, was there. Chang Chih-yün had to be ready, but the provincial colonel was nowhere to be seen. His promise to meet and entertain them had turned out to be a lie.

As the yellow river flowed with its beautiful yellow colour, the Turkic tribes stopped. They stopped by themselves. They did not like the behaviour of the Chinese troops lined up in front of them and realised that they were being forced to do something they did not want to do.

Chiang Hui and Chang Chih-yün were alarmed.

They approached the Turks with enough Chinese officials and called out.

"As winter approaches, you should be grateful to the Chinese emperor for choosing to welcome you to his land. Now you will cross the San River in order and under observation and settle in your new homes."

The response was a wish for the Chinese troops to withdraw both in front of them and from the neighbourhood.

There are no conditions, Chiang Hui said, "If you lay down your arms and cross over to the other side. ...

A buzzing kopfi on this wish. What does it mean?

Why were they asked to lay down their arms? Why were they being asked to lay down their arms?

Unable to resist, Ahshilan Irkin went forward with the elders of his tribe. It was not long before Adiztay Irkin and the others followed him. Then they questioned this new request, knowing the order and the problem.

"Let not a Turk without a bow, a Turk without a pike, a Turk without a sword live
iyir'

"You'll want our horses the day after tomorrow!"

"A Turkish fighter never surrenders his weapons. Take them.

"If you want to fight, you must know that your life will be gone."

"How can we hunt without weapons, how can we fight when necessary!"¹¹

The Chinese realised that it was impossible to take the weapons of the Turks. However, it is also impossible for them to approach China in this way.

Thus, an unsolvable situation arose. While the Irkin came together and talked about what to do, the Chinese were trying to change and adapt their complicated solution.

The Turkish Irkin decided and elected Ahshilan Irkin as the head. His deputy was Adiztay Irkin. From now on they decided not to separate and to act together. With the result of their Toy, they decided to return to the Turkish homeland and to obey Bilge Kagan as the best way.

Ahshilan Irkin:

"If we have taken this decision, there is no point in neither staying here nor being tied to the Chinese any longer. Let us first secure our herds. Let us keep our women, old men and children under protection. Let's turn back and set off for Ötüken Yıř. If the Chinese try to stop us, let us fight to the death!"

The chosen head gave the order and the others agreed to obey. The organisation, which was made suitable for migration and relocation, did not delay in making it easy. Suddenly the Turkic tribes were on the move. They turned in the opposite direction and organised themselves. They did this in such a short time that before the Chinese realised what had happened, they had taken their clans under protection and were in a state of migration.

Chiang Hui and Chang Chih-yün were bewildered.

The Chinese were trying to understand, not knowing what to do, they were shouting orders left and right, trying to prevent this new structure. The Chinese could not adapt to what was happening as quickly as the Turks. Until they had decided what to do, the Turkic tribes had to move on.

They had taken their herds, goods and children and kept them safe on Karakaya Hill. And they were in a state of war around the hill.

The highest orlu person there, the border official of the ilban si Chiang Hui, realising that things had gone so wrong, that the end would be bad, that the Turkish tribes were now lost, gave the order with a last effort.

"Exterminate!"

If the Turks were going against China, it was best to exterminate them before they could join Bilge Kagan. The crowded Chinese army could easily destroy the Turks captured in a limited area without giving them a chance to escape. The Turks could not escape because they had their flocks with them. They did not want to leave them. Moreover, women, children and old men were also a big problem for the Turks. Fighting with them in mind would change the outcome in favour of the Chinese.

Chiang Hui thought so when the war began, but he had forgotten one thing:

"When it comes to his son, one Turk will fight a hundred Chinese."

Chinese attacked, Turks prevented. The Chinese attacked again, the Turks prevented them again. Then suddenly Ahsilan Irkin's command was heard.

"Don't stop! Fight!"

This time the Turks attacked.

How beautiful is the Turk's war. It is even more beautiful when it is fought in the name of holy causes, wealth and freedom. No matter how many layers of oil. A divine power is loaded on the Turk's wrist, and he strikes as much as he can. As much as he can kill...

"To the death!"

This call is the sign of the determined end. There is death and there is no turning back. Either freedom or death... The sky is a witness that this call, which has been used in previous ages, will be used in the near and distant future!

They fought to the death.

Protecting both their herds and their sons, not allowing any harm to come to them... With faith...

No warriors of any nation could withstand such resistance. How could the Chinese, who knew nothing of war?

The Chinese army, for all its numbers, was defeated. Crushed. The survivors thought it a virtue to escape in order to save their lives. Most of those who jumped into the blood-coloured waters of the yellow river and tried to swim across failed. Captivity became commonplace. At the end of the work done in order to imprison the Turks, to confiscate their weapons and to make them naked, the Chinese were the ones to be held in captivity.

Chang Chih-yün, who wanted to trick the Turk, survived.
he was caught and tied.

"Here," said Ahshilan Irkin, "is the best armour for my Bilge Kagan!"

It was dangerous for them to stay there any longer. Without waiting, they travelled
they had to take it. They took their prisoners with them and signalled Ö!üken Yiş on their way.

"The Chinese armies on this side have been tipped off and are riding in this direction. There is no need for another battle!"

They had fought their battle and saved their honour.

They had left just in time.

Hsüeh No, the Great Sanggun of China's black armies, had learnt of the defeat and the revolt of the Turks under Chinese command, and had led his army in that direction.

The Turkish army marched forward under adequate precautions, keeping both their goods and their children safe, sending them ahead. They inevitably passed close to Chinese cities. Thus, they were both trying to prevent the Chinese Great Sanggun, who had fallen behind them, from getting closer, and to stop the attack of the Chinese caravans in these cities.

The most difficult task arose near the city of Ta-pin, when they encountered Chinese troops led by Kuo Chih-yün. The good iltebers reasoned that it was better to release the prisoners than to fight, and that the Chinese did not want to fight anyway. Kuo, thinking that he had thus won a victory without a battle, agreed to the proposal. There was only one condition: The noble Chang Chih-yün must also be released.

In fact, they wished to take him with them as a gift to the Bilge Kagan, but more important were their cavalry and offspring. They made a good deal and continued on their way, promising to release Chang Chih-yün and the other prisoners at a distant place. Their followers honoured the agreement, knowing that they were men who always kept their promises.

The Yaguns, who had once betrayed their kings by taking China's word for it, were now returning home to their kings to make amends for their wrongdoing.

Chang Chih-yün had come up with his own ideas, and as a result, he had caused the Turks to leave the Chinese rule. He had survived, he had been released, but he had also brought great trouble to China.

There was no question of the emperor sparing him.

Chang Chih-yün was executed as an example to others who do foolish things. His son was also destroyed.

Those who left caused sorrow. Their return was greeted with joy.

The Turkic nation, which was scarce and in need of people in contrast to China's crowded structure, chose to embrace those who turned back from the wrong and returned.

Bilge Kagan announced a decree that "Those who go and those who come back will not be questioned, will not be judged. They will be accepted by me and counted among my nation as if they had always been among us. From now on, my call is for those who are in China and wish to join those of their own clan to come as soon as possible."

Bitter departures, b l e s s e d returns...

"Anda kisre tengri yarlıkazu kutum bar üçün ülügüm bar üçün ölteçi budunug tırgürü igittim. yalıng budunug tonlug, çığayn budunug bay kıldım. az budunug öküş kılım. Igar illigde ıgar kaganlıgda yig kıldım.""

There is no greater mistake than forgetting what has happened in the passing of the ages! Because they are forgotten, they are relived again and again.

mistakes. Then again... Because what happened is forgotten, braves, heroes are forgotten ...

Bilge Kagan thinks about this.

"Someone should come out and tell what Kül Tigin did for the Turkish nation! He must make it unforgettable!"

A life spent in wars...

And his constant prioritisation of himself. Going to every battle from the front...

"If it wasn't for him..."

"I will lead an army against the Karluks. This time I wish to crush them and solve this problem once and for all!"

When Bilge Kagan announced his order, Kül Tigin, who was ready for war at any moment, stepped forward and took it upon himself. He neither waited nor hesitated.

"The order belongs to the Khan!"

However, this time the kaghan had a different idea. In order to keep his kinsman on his side, he sent another Turk for the Karluk raid.

²⁴⁷ "After that, God forbid, because my state existed, because my fortune existed, I made the dying nation alive and fed, I made the naked nation clothed, I made the poor nation wealthy, I made the few nations many, I made the worthy ill, the worthy khan better than the worthy khan." Orkhon Monuments, Bilge Kagan Bengutaşı, East Side.

He was going to appoint his elders. While saying this, he made the explanation that would appease Kül Tigin, who had never been able to make himself feel bad about being held back from the war.

"I have no intention of moving the whole army that way! If you arrive on the Karluks, your troops will think that they can move more easily on this side. Especially after the last volleys, even China will come to this conclusion. But if you stay at Ötüken Yış, they will have to think a thousand times if they take a step!"

Kül Tigin and falling behind in the war!

What a great deficiency! However, the good boy thinks right. Just as the rumours of Bilge Tonyukuk's death had made the fatim happy, it would be just as important for the Turk fatim if Kül Tigin, who was now fighting behind the powerful Karluks, stayed away from Ötüken Yış.

"Whom does Echim Kagan think will be the army chief for this war?"

"I will appoint Isbara Bilge, Tardush Shad with the name of Köl Ich Cor248 ,

I thought it appropriate for him to lead the Karluk raid!"

İşbara Bilge was a strong man, whose manhood was unquestionably recognised, experienced in army management. He was one of Bilge Kagan's close relatives, a descendant of Ashina. It was a relief that this name was chosen especially. This noble person, whose name was Isbara Bilge before he received the army of Corluk, had shown great merits in battles and won the praise of the great ones. This choice of Bilge Kagan, who gradually made his power felt in the state administration and was applauded with his good behaviour, was also widely accepted. Thus, another powerful person would be sent to the southwest. Certainly with an army under his kinsman shadlans...

"I ask for your help in forming the army, my kinsman!" "The Great Khan is in command!"

²⁴⁸ A bengütaş was erected in the name of Köl İç Çor, an important Turkish hero.

Kül Tigin remained in Ötüken Yış, but it was deemed appropriate for all the sons of the two kinsmen to join the Karluk raid. The Ashina tigins would now be in every battle, for in the future one of them, or perhaps all of them, would rule the state in their turn. It is not known to whom God gives what life span... The presence of the sons of the kagan and the shad in the army appealed to the feelings of the soldiers, and the soldiers were enthusiastic with an understanding that did not single them out. In fact, to keep a Turkish soldier of nobility or descent away from war and fighting was to go against the command of God.

The Turkish army, which was prepared in a short time, marched against the Karluks under the command of Köl İç Çor.

The Karluks of the same lineage and kinsmen were the strongest, most warlike and powerful of the steppe tribes and had large armies. They again fiercely opposed the Turkish army coming against them.

At times there was so much bloodshed in the battle of the neighbouring tribes that it was often unclear which of them had been defeated and which had triumphed. This could only be decided with the retreat of the sun. The defeated would either retreat or try to win again at dawn.

When the valiant Köl İç Çor entered the land of Karluk with his skilfully led army, he had only one wish: To subjugate the Karluks and make them obey Bilge Kagan.

The Karluks chose to fight and retreat, but not to submit. There was much bloodshed. Karluk Ilteber resisted despite all appeals. Thus he showed how brave he was. They fought continuously along the banks of the Tez River. The Turkish army of the Sky-rooted Turks finally succeeded in driving out the Karluks.

Köl İç Çor, who fell behind the retreating Karluks, fell to the ground with an arrow in his chest. His soldiers and comrades did not give up the war. They did not let an epic written with so much labour and blood remain unfinished. Those who reached him realised that he had already met with Gök and burned, so they returned to the war and fought for him this time.

The Karluks withdrew, but the war was not over. Tez ır
The river was flowing with blood. Turkish blood made that river Turkish
in colour.

When the news reached Ötüken Yış, there was great sadness. The
war was won, the Karluks were defeated once again, but a valiant Turkic
race was lost. Bring his blessed body
when they erected, Bilge Kagan, Kül Tigin and Bilge Tonyukuk,
Kapgan Khan's younger kinsman Il Cor Shad, who was on the left side,
and the noble lords and lords of the Turkic province were present on their
horses. Praise and applause were for him. He was placed in the
mourning tent where he would wait until the age of death. His comrades
stood for him in turn.

Bilge Kagan, knowing the necessity of not forgetting this valiant
race who gave his life for Turkishness, had a stone body of him made,
and had a bengütaş erected describing his heroism.

Mourning and crying will not bring results! For the resolution of the
Karluk problem from the root, for the unity of the Turkic state
unfuckable condition. The Karluks are there, they're so strong
While standing with the situation, they were always dangerous for Ötüken
Yış. This time, when Kül Tigin reached the Karluk raid and asked for
permission to end the work, Bilge Kagan again prevented him. His
thinking had not changed.

"You need me here. This time on the Karluks
I'll put Tudun Yamtar in charge. Let him follow the Karluks where Flying
Köl İç Çor left off!"

The order of the kagan...

Tudun Yamtar, of course, was not going to make Köl İç Çor look like
him in his blessed task.

Advancing along the Tez river, the Turkish army pursued the
Karluk
to hold him back. Another great battle was fought and in the end Karluk
Ilteber was killed on the battlefield. He took over

His kinsman could not stand it and fled; he was forced to retreat to a nearby fortress. Tudun Yamtar, endeavouring to follow up this great victory, besieged the fortress, then sent a messenger to Bilge Kagan.

"I defeated the Karluks on your command, killed the Ilteber, and his henchman fled and took refuge in a fortress. Now let my army besiege the fortress. The next step is to arrive and take the whole Karluk land! I wish for your command!"

He cheered up with this beautiful sensation. The Karluk tribe, which had been troubling the state for a very long time, had finally come to its senses. Bilge Kağan, who established Toy and announced the situation to his elders, thought that the war should end.

"For this we need to make peace!" said Bilge Tonyukuk, "We are of the same blood with the Karluk budun. There is no reason for us not to get along. It is necessary to make it good, to be a giver!"

Bilge Kagan approved.

"You are right, Ata! Both we and our Turk, our clan, the Karluks suffered a lot. It is my wish that I reach the land of Karluk, meet with their elders and come to an agreement! Let me forgive those who remain loyal to my state, my kaganate!"

The pain of such a long time could not be solved in one age, but greatness required it. When the Toy approved the decision of the kagan, the order was sent to Tudun Yamtar.

"Bilge Kagan is coming towards Karluk land. Enough of the blood of the kinsmen. Stay where you are and stop the war!"

The Great Turkic Khan left Bilge Tonyukuk at Yış in Ötüken and marched with Kül Tigin to the land of Karluk. Tudun Yamtar announced that this arrival was for peace, and the war. He announced that the past would be forgotten if the Turkish kagan was duly recognised, and that his fellow Karluks would be equal partners in the truce.

Blood was enough for the Karluks too. Especially when they lost their favourites...

They announced their decision:

"We obeyed Bilge Kagan!"

The Karluk elders kept their word. They opened the gate of the fortress. They duly welcomed the Khan and his henchman. The girl threw flowers

on the path of the khan's white horse. They often shouted for joy, "Our khan has come!"

Peace was not easy, of course, but it was easy when it was between kinsmen. They considered themselves to have shed blood and become kinsmen of the oath.

Bilge Kagan welcomed the Karluk elders. He gave them orons, even more than they were worth, and declared that he knew from him. He distributed the abundant gifts he had brought with him, so that their hearts would be pleased. ²⁴⁹

The two henchmen opened their minds.

"We have to start somewhere, suppress all this rebellion.

it c o s t a lot of blood to set it up! Especially the blood of the same nobles..."

Bilge Kagan's favourite thing to end, to bring to an end

The work he led is the shedding of blood of the kinsmen...

"There is no other solution, my Khan! It seems that so much has come and so much will go. The tribes of the steppe belonging to our nation wish to be sovereign on their own. The result of this strange stubbornness is weakness that sometimes leads to captivity. However, being many, being united provides eternity to the state."

Bilge Kagan shook his head.

"I always say that I do not understand. I cannot understand the wish to be bound to China instead of being bound to your Khan. Why do the beys do this, how can they accept it? The captivity of our ancestor Ilterish Khan and many other Ashina nobles

²⁴⁹ The resolution of the Karluk problem by Bilge Kagan took place towards the end of 717.

"How can one forget the fight to get rid of loneliness?" "China deceives!"

"China... Always deceives. The closer you get, the more it deceives. Stay away from China!"

A deep silence...

Then!'. Kül Tigin opened his wish.

"If we have come this far, if the echim kagan gives the order, I think it would be appropriate to go further when our army is so ready!"

"You are right, my comrade, that is my opinion too. Let's give the order at sunrise and move forward!"

Kül Tigin smiled. He had no idea of rest. Even a few sunrise-long stays bored him

h. To go further and further, to fight ...

They left the lodge as quickly as they had landed. Wise Ka ğan gave the direction to move on.

"Let's reach the Root Ong River. Let us raid along the river. It is God's command to put anyone who dares to stand in our way in his place!"

In this way, they would have reached the borders of the Turkish homeland, they would have conformed all those who remained inside to the state and put an end to the rebellions.

When they reached the Kök Öng river, it took a long time and was difficult for them to cross. However, Kül Tigin, who was accustomed to overcoming every difficulty, drew a road trail from the most suitable place for his soldiers. Then they rode in the arid land for seven days. They made the Yelme soldiers constantly in the vanguard so that they would not be subjected to raids and ambushes. They did not lack flankers and rearguards.

The strong influx of the Turkish army frightened their foes and cheered their friends. They fought several times. Utku was easily theirs. It was a show of strength and a demonstration of boundaries. They thought it enough to raid as far as Kechen.

After all this time, perhaps for the first time, the kagan's ottoman was so peaceful. At its gate, the nine tughuks, the nine wolf-headed sky flag was waving, its shadow was hitting the land of Karluk. They had achieved unity over the cap tribes of the steppe, from Günbahs to Türgiş.

The Turgish were to be accepted as they were for the time being by the state. Thoughts about them were postponed for later.

The order on this side was like a glimpse of what was to come on the red side and in the south-east.

God had made the Turkish Bilge Khan a kagan and made his valiant compatriot Kül Tigin a comrade with him. God, the Great God, the giver of province, the giver of state, the giver of kingship, the giver of bliss, wished that the Turkish nation should not perish. The kagan did not sit on a prosperous, united nation, and Bilge Kagan ensured prosperity and order. The state founded by his ancestor Ilterish Qaghan, who was a flying man, and enlarged and glorified by his elder brother Kapgan Qaghan, was in trouble when he came to power. The tribes had revolted and China was in ambush.

After the raid to the south-west, many things had changed, Bilge Kagan's kingship ability had been recognised, and his cooperation with his kinsman and Great Bilge had started to yield good results.

The Turkish state was strong. The pedestrian, naked, tired nation of the founding ages was no more. There was a competent, secure, wealthy Turkish nation. A small nation had become a multitude with the victories and additions. Three valiant Ashina descendants, one after the other, had carried the state to this day.

As they were travelling towards Ötüken Yış, they were at peace with the pride of their achievements and successes. It was not the last raid, of course. God would draw the next one.

When Bilge Tonyukuk heard that the army under the command of Bilge Kagan was on the way to Ötüken Yış, he ordered a welcome feast to be prepared. The arriving Turkish kagan was welcomed in the province.

ru had provided the necessity of unity. The power of the cap nations, which had become one after all this time, was not to China's liking. The Great Sage knew that China would soon mobilise for a new game. However, in the times when the Turkish state was strong, China's influence was not felt.

There was one more fact:

"It is time to raid China! We have waited all this time for unity and multiplication, but when we are in a good enough condition, it is impossible not to hit China. The end of the games, at least for a time, depends on the raid!"

It was very important to solve all the problems in the southwest before the raid on China. Bilge Kagan had achieved this.

Travelling sac soldiers announced the approach of their kagan. The nation took to the roads and started to wait. Kös were beating, trumpets were blowing, celestial grizzly wolves were shouting and holding the sky. Yiş of Ötüken was welcoming his kagan.

On the other hand, in the show of wealth, big fires were burnt and big cauldrons of food were ploughed on it. Dedicated horses and sheep were waiting to be sacrificed as rain.

At last the Turkish army of the Sky-rooted Turks appeared in the distance. Bilge Kagan was at the forefront and his henchman Kül Tigin was riding beside him.

There was such a great noise...

The feast lasted for days.

Ötüken Yiş did not sleep.

The triumph was
celebrated.

The comfort brought by the sunset had given the Turks a long period of preparation. Bilge Kagan took care of his son for a while. He stayed with his wife. He hunted with his sons and his horse. Then he wished for a toy and called his lords and elders all over the land to Ölüken Yiş. Time

Organisations to be established for the Chinese influx would be discussed and competent decisions would be taken.

It was necessary to exert great pressure on China in order to dissuade it from the games that it had established and dreamt of establishing. It was not necessary to find a reason to break the so-called peace that had lasted since the time of Kapgan Khan. China could not have a word to say when it was obvious that it was being unfaithful. It was nice; he had been sending the salute he should have been sending for some time, but...

It was a useful toy. The elders shared their thoughts and were happy. Then they returned to their homeland to prepare their armies. Now they had to wait for the kagan's command for war.

Time...

Bilge Kagan would decide, but since it was not an easy decision, they talked a lot with Ulu Bilge and Kül Tigin so that the raid would be effective. They signalled the ways and order of the raid. Whenever the time was discussed, Bilge Tonyukuk did not stop reiterating that it was early each time. He based this on his own reasons.

"Striking China when we have not yet established our organisation, when we are not yet strong enough, when our army and our nation are exhausted from long wars, striking China will bring harm instead of good!"

On the contrary, Kül Tigin was explaining the necessity of hitting China as soon as possible.

"As long as we leave China alone, as long as she sits there peacefully behind the walls, she will continue to play tricks on us and will try to create confusion in the Turkic homeland. We must not allow this!"

"I am not saying we should not strike," said Bilge Tonyukuk. "Let us strike at such a time..."

Bilge Kagan also knew that if they did not hit China, China would act.

"We have to strike when Zamaru comes!"

Only he knew the time, he did not vocalise it.

On a night of long moments, in the light of the lamps that illuminated the otaku with Bilge Tonyukuk, as the end of the time that lasted almost in the sense of a word exchange was approaching; Bilge Kagan presented an unexpected thought:

"Ancestor, did it ever occur to you? When the Chinese nation is settled and lives behind high walls, it is always in the same place. The nation is bound together in its complex structure, perhaps because of the strength of always living in the same place. Even if the rulers fight each other from time to time for power, they easily re-establish unity. I think and sometimes say that maybe it would be better for us to be settled, to live in cities, inside walls, so that we can be united and not laugh at each other! What do you think about this... Would it be appropriate to make Turks urbanised? Would we be more united if we settled down?"

Kül Tigin knew that his wife had made this wish out of fear of new uprisings. The blood of his kinsmen was drying up, and the steppe bore the traces of wars. Then the difficulties of living in the steppe emerged. Pastures, which were of vital importance, dried up in times of insufficient rainfall, herds and horses could not be fed sufficiently, and the community died due to great famines, especially in prolonged droughts. The urban dwellers who cultivated the land and harvested crops kept their surpluses in their warehouses and used them in times of scarcity so that they would not suffer from famine. This subject was also on his mind from time to time. There had to be a way to overcome the inefficiency of the steppe. He was also curious about the views of the Great Sage on this subject.

The Great Sage did not think too long before replying to the Khan. He knew that these views had troubled many noble Turks in the past. There had even been some who had tried. It was a pity that as a result of the trials, many had perished and some kagans had perished together with the people they had gathered in the castle.

"When God created the Turkic nation, he chose the place where it would live

conditions with the power of onW1. When we have a lot of oil and not enough labour, the place and conditions we live in should be accordingly. China learnt horseback riding from us, but it is obvious how much it learnt. We also used the first bow, and the most powerful bows are Turkish bows. Iron

processing... But China, our main oil, also has an advantage: Its multitude ... The Chinese nation is so much more numerous, so much more populous than us... A hundred times as many, perhaps more. .. They've learnt to live according to these structures. They can live behind walls.

because they can organise soldiers and armies along all the walls. They have also learnt wall warfare well. They have built so many cities, so many dwellings. High walls, fully enclosed houses. And they filled them all.

they were. Imagine the number of our clans. How many cities can we build and fill them? If we had high and long walls like China, how many sacred men could hold them?"

Bilge Kagan thought and shook his head negatively. "We cannot hold them!" he said, "We cannot hold them!"

"Let's say that we, the Turks of the Sky root, settled in the cities! What about the other steppe tribes, our kinsmen? Is it possible to persuade them?"

Thoughts struggled to find an answer. At last, "It's possible
"It's not possible!" said both henchmen, "It's not possible!" "However, I don't think it will last much longer like this.

I believe. When the time comes, as God commands, we will have to choose the cities. Only then will we have to organise ourselves accordingly. Today, in a populous country like China.

urbanisation will destroy us when the oil is right next to us."

Kül Tigin shrugged his shoulders. It was difficult for him to compare the scarcity of the Turkish nation with the abundance of the Chinese nation.

"Let's say we have built fortresses," continued the Great Sage. "We are enclosed behind walls. If China surrounds us with such a large army... They can catch us in the steppe, in the mountains, in the desert.

If China, which is unable to swallow, encircle and compass us, traps us in the cities, how and where will we be able to escape? If we do not have mountains, who will hide us?"

The answer to this was also clear. The endeavours to get rid of the long captivity had been spoilt in the cities. Many revolts had been suppressed until the ancestors of the Flyers chose the mountains.

"The only reason why we have existed all this time, the only reason why we have been able to stand against China, is that we can migrate by following water and pastures. We choose the places we make our homes according to our needs, and we can move whenever we wish. We can cultivate the land as much as we need, produce crops, which we have to carry with us when we migrate. If we had warehouses like the great stone warehouses of China, no matter how much we produce, it would definitely be taken by the oil. Protecting warehouses is more difficult than protecting castles. It is not a job for a Turk."

The two compatriots were listening with interest and the Great Sage was explaining with examples.

"Let the Great Khan think about what kind of life he will have without seeing the Sky, without looking at the Sky. To live in dwellings with high roofs, closed on all four sides... How long can a Turk go without hunting? The Turk, who gets off his horse and sits down all the time, forgets to be a warrior. His body loses its strength. If he is fed as the Chinese are fed, he will become clumsy and weak like him. Turks who went and settled in China lost their Turkishness for this reason. That is why they perished. Walls and dwellings consumed their Turkishness."

This is what happened. The Turk who settled in China and accepted sedentarisation became Chinese and forgot his essence.

"Let's say our number decreased. Like your ancestor, Ilterish Khan, there was a revolt against captivity. What did your ancestor do? He took refuge in the mountains. He hid. There he found strength again and multiplied with those who came. He hunted and fed in the forests. I'll never forget the first day I joined him. We ate rabbit and venison.

together. It was enough for us. That's how we fed our army. If he had stayed in the city. ... if we had stayed in the city..."

The Great Sage's face was grim as he remembered his days of captivity and his experiences in China. His hatred of China and Chinese cities was so obvious...

"One must know this: The Chinese cannot live where we live, and the Turk cannot live like the Chinese."

The thoughts of the two kinsmen were settled. Especially the fear of not seeing Gök...

It was as if it was time to talk about the impossible that day. He got into another subject, which was also straining his mind:

"What about their beliefs!" said Bilge Kagan. "They have big temples. The God they believe in is different. Their worship is also... If only we had flamboyant temples too..."

"What are we going to build ostentatious temples for, Great Khan? We believe in the Sky. Is it possible to build a temple that will contain the Sky?"

It was a casual question.

"Besides, the Cave of the Ancestors is more beautiful and holy than many hand-made temples. Worship in closed places makes people weak and powerless. China's religion is also polytheistic. What does a man who spends most of his time in temples and worship know about war and warriorism? We, on the other hand, see the sky every time we raise our heads and pray to God whenever and wherever we wish. We both fight and watch the Sky. Neither shelter nor search! It is necessary to know that life is shaped accordingly and so is faith..."

Bilge Kagan nodded and approved. He looked into Kül Tigin's eyes. After all these words, the two kinsmen were even more resentful towards China. There was no other solution but to fight a nation that did not live like them, did not believe like them, but tried to destroy them.

Ash Tigin thought back to his raid against the Arabs in the southwest.

and he was thinking. The shouts of the people of other religions who attacked them when they started to fight. How they believed and could run to their deaths shouting their faith. They were very different from the Chinese. So different in shape, so different in fighting...

He shook his head from side to side and shook off his thoughts for a moment. He thought of the raid to China.

While organisations were being set up in the Turkish homeland for the raid to China, in China, too, there were plans to eliminate the strengthening Turkish state.

games were being prepared. The Chinese emperor realised that they could not do it on their own. The Turkish raid would then take advantage of these circumstances.

The Chinese Emperor Hsüan-tsung's armies on the mainland Wang Chun, whom he had ordained as the supreme sanggun, came to the palace and asked to meet the emperor, stating that he had important ideas to destroy the Turks. As the Turks were at stake, of course he was admitted without delay.

Sanggun paid his respects to Emperor Hsüan-tsung with his head bowed to the ground. When he was allowed to speak, he said the following.

"By your order, I command our armies on the mainland. I have been stationed there for a long time. I know the Turks very well. I think I do, your honourable sir. The way to defeat them and destroy their state, you know, is not to fight them directly, not to confront them. Because, no matter how few in number they are, they hunt us by using their powerful bows with their attack patterns that have not changed for ages, using their powerful bows at a distance, riding their strong horses in their own way, attacking and retreating and dispersing our forces. It is difficult to ambush and trap the Turks in the lands they know very well. When we get behind them, they easily get away from us. They hide in forests, climb mountains, retreat to the steppe and desert and find a way out.

and destroy their tracks. When we retreat, they attack again."

The emperor, tired of the person he was confronted with repeating what had already happened and what was known, instead of finding a solution, ordered the company to warn the sanggun and to say what he really wanted to say as soon as possible. When he was warned, the great sanggun, a little disturbed and his initial enthusiasm gone, explained his thinking:

"My suggestion, if our lord approves, is to shoot them in their capital!"

This had been tried before without any result. Ötüken Yış was in a sheltered place, and great losses would be incurred to reach it.

The Emperor asked his division.

"How do you intend to do this? Isn't it too difficult for our army to reach there? What way have you found?"

The great sanggai was encouraged that his suggestion was being considered. He continued:

"My lord, of course our army cannot do it. Because as soon as we set out in large numbers, Bilge Kagan will be aware and take precautions. We will be intercepted and shot before we can reach Ötüken Yış. Even if we reach, very few of our troops will remain, and those who arrive will find no one there."

"Knowing all this, why do you want to hit the Turkish capital?"

"Sire, I intend to capture the Turkish capital with the help of the Basmils, the Tatabis, the Khitans. Not with our own army."

Of course, Hsüan-tsung was curious. "How?" he asked the chamberlain.

Ulu sanggun excitedly explained. In minute detail. In this way, he showed that he had put a lot of thought into this.

They were to send messengers and secretly negotiate with the leaders of the Turkic tribes. The Chinese army would move from the Red Army and stop at a certain distance, take precautions and wait. The tribes that would not refrain from being with them, because they had been hit by the Turks and were tied to the raft, would take the south-west, and they would approach Ötüken Yış, and the two-sided attack would take place at the same time. Thus, the Turks would have no chance to escape.

Winter was near. Turks did not like to fight in winter. They would definitely retreat to their homeland and wait for spring. If they stayed strong until spring, and they were very strong now, they would surely flow into China. Already, Bilge Kagan was organising a massive war with the armies of Il Cor Shad, the shah of the subordinate tribes and even the left side of the state.

He allowed them to carry out raids, and many tribes raided the Chinese cities on the border. It was clear that these raids were a precursor to the big raid.

A long silence... Hsüan-tsung was thinking. Then he turned to the division again and whispered. The words repeated by Bölün showed that the proposal of the great sanggun was appreciated, but not enough:

"The Basmils, the Tatabis, the Kytans
is not enough. There must be others...-

"Your Highness is right! Let us try to get the word out to all the clans of the Turks and try to co-operate with them, for the more clans we have with us, the more effective the siege will be. The Turks will find nowhere to flee.

*"This sabım edgüH eşid kahǵdı hngla: Ilgerü kün tog sıkka birigerü kün ortusingaru kungaru kün batsıkinga yıngaru tün ortusingaru anda içreki budun kop manga körür."*²⁵⁰)

The main goal for China was to construct a system to destroy the Turk. All these gangs used to wander around the Turkish homeland without rest and load the tribes with plunder, so that the Turkish state would collapse. If there was an independent, strong state in Ötüken Yış, ruled by the Ashina, the Chinese capital would not be at peace, would not be at ease.

The Chinese Emperor Hsüan Tsung approved the proposal of Wang Chun, the great sanggun of the armies in the land, but ordered that more Buddhas should participate in this work. And that it should be done in secrecy...

"If word gets out, Bilge Kagan will act swiftly and order a raid on China. China will suffer a lot!"

In fact, the emperor had great doubts about the delay of the Turkish raids. Why should the strengthening Turkish army wait? No matter how strong measures were taken, it was impossible to stop them. Bilge Kagan must have had a much more dangerous idea that would lead to worse consequences, so he was waiting. While he was waiting, China could get rid of Bilge Kagan with a work to be done. What happened to Kapgan Kagan did not refer to a very old time.

"Why don't you find a similar one for Bilge Kagan, Kül Tigin?"

²⁵⁰ "Hear this word of mine, listen to it well: From the east to the south-east, from the south to the midday, from the west to the midday, from the north to the midnight, these dununs are all bound to me." Orkhon Monuments, Kül Tigin Bengutaşı, South Face...

A great work has been started. A great trap for the Turk... So much so that there will be an attack from four sides at the same time, Ötüken Yış will be burnt down, the Turks will be broken down to their last soldiers...

Who would take part in this attack?

The Basmils were more than willing. They had suffered a lot from the Turks. It was difficult for them to bow down and to give them a constant release. They were afraid of a new uprising. They had been crushed in the Turks' raiding war and their numbers had dwindled. But if China was with them, if there were other solidarities...

The Tatabis still carried the memories of an imminent war. They had suffered a defeat that they could not bear to talk about, they did not even want to remember, they had lost everything to the Turks and were impoverished. They were burning for revenge. Of course they would take part in this attack. Their greatest wish was that if Kül Tigin was captured alive, he would be given to them.

"We hate him so much! Flaying him and tearing his flesh to pieces would only cool our hearts!"

The Kılan rulers also dreamed of independence. It was difficult for them to be under the Turkish yoke. Although they concealed their wish to establish their state as soon as possible, this was what they wanted. They were also ready to attack the Turks!

Thus, an agreement was reached with the tribes that would attack and besiege the Turkish homeland from the southwest. However, since more was needed and wanted, the envoys went in search of other supporters.

No matter how much they concealed it, China's endeavours were heard by someone, moreover, they were welcomed, and China, which was looking for supporters, spontaneously found supporters. Kutlug Bilge Kagan, the head of the Kyrgyz, said, "If the Turks of the Sky-rooted Turks are to be shot in Ötüken Yış, I would like to be a part of it. My only wish is that Ötüken Yış is given to me!"

The Kyrgyz were a great support for the Turks with their large army and strong warriors. For a long time they had their eyes on Yis Yis and they did not hide it. They saw it as their right

to take it from the Ashina of the same blood. When the Sky-rooted Turks were strong, even the thought of this was enough to destroy them. However, with their timely intervention in such a game, they would have made a great impact and easily entered the Turkish homeland. Because the Turks who fought like them, lived like them, and were like them...

A tribe of them!

The raiding force of the Sky-rooted Turks was getting stronger, becoming more and more powerful. While it was easier to fight with those who stayed outside and became greedy, those who were known as friends and became greedy were going to be a big problem.

According to the order of the Chinese emperor, Bilge Kagan, Kül Tigin and Bilge Tonyukuk were searched for fat among the Turkic nation. It was not difficult to find them. Those never-ending rivalries, jealousies, and the desire to become the head and take over the power had come to a head. There were so few people who could not be deceived by China's conniving minions.

Mo Tigin, the younger son of Kagan Kagan the Flying... Those in favour of Kagan Khan's son Inel Khan, Kül

Tigin, Mo Tigin was not killed because he was too young and not in an active position at that time. His great achievements in battles had brought him to the position of shad, and he had taken a position on the left side with his wife and had an army. He was made a partner in the state administration by Bilge Kagan, and only now, Mo Tigin began to dream of kingship. This was due to the success of the Chinese jawan who had managed to get close to him. He had no trouble saying "Yes!" to a raid on the Turkic homeland and began to prepare his army to destroy Bilge Kagan and Kül Tigin. Firstly, he would either make a deal with his sidekick II Cor Shad, who was in charge of the left side of the state, or he would destroy him.

This was not all the Turkish nobles deceived by China. Ashina Bilge Tigin, one of the Turkish greats in charge of the right side

With the army under his command, he had accepted to oppose his kagan who had given him army and troops and trusted him. He also had the problem of Bilge Kagan, who was in charge of the right side of the state to which he belonged.

were two of his kinsmen. Ashina Bilge Tigin had to destroy them first so that the right yaru would be completely held.

Turkic elders, beys, irkin had chosen to break each other with the deception of China and to go against their kagan.

The Chinese were not satisfied with this. They managed to deceive many more Turkic peoples with high words. In the Yen-shan region, Huopa Irkin, who ruled on behalf of the Turkic kagaru, was elected head of that region and gathered the Turkic nobles who would rise up against the state.

They had gathered enough strength, and they were able to armies were formed. According to their calculations, the total number of men in their army was three hundred thousand. If the Chinese army is added to that...

While efforts were underway to prepare the necessary means for the destruction of Bilge Kagan, Kül Tigin and Bilge Tonyukuk, the rumour spread, and the körgs, whom Bilge Tonyukuk had appointed and dispatched all over the country, managed to hear what had happened and carry it to Ötüken Yış.

The greatest pain is experienced by those who are betrayed. What could be worse than the people they trusted abandoning them and siding with the fat?

Bilge Kagan was very sad. Just when he had put the country in order and made the state function, a new and great betrayal came to him. Then he realised Bilge Tonyukuk's reason for preventing the Chinese raid. The Great Sage had anticipated such a counter-movement. Waiting would allow the fat to come out. but the Turkish army remained strong and there was time to take measures.

Bilge Khan convened a toy and discussed the events with the elders. He announced the decision he had taken before taking opinions.

"I'd like to divide the army into thirds.

I'm thinking of giving our people a proper dressing down. First, of course, we'll clean out our betraying inner fat. Let us know what you think about this so we don't make a mistake. Because the situation is getting worse and worse."

One by one, each race spoke their minds. They were angry and sad. In general, the idea was to raise an army and fight as soon as possible. It looked as if this would be the decision, but the Great Sage asked for the floor. He wished to listen to everyone and give his final opinion. Unlike the others, he was very calm and his words were full of hope.

"I understand your anxiety very well," he said in a confident voice, "you are eager to fight to protect the Turkish homeland, the Ötüken Yıış. Of course there will be war, but it will be fought as we wish and where we wish."

The Great Sage has always been of this opinion. War must be fought they had to decide how to do it. "If we do as the oil men wish, we'll be in harm's way.

They know we've heard what happened and they're waiting for us to move in and attack. If we attack, we will fall into a trap. We will make an easy victory difficult and lose many lives."

Kül Tigin could not stand it:

"I have no doubt about your knowledge and good judgement, Great Sage, but if we wait here, won't we be trapped? In other words, isn't it better to fight outside Ötüken Yıış?"

"Of course we should not wait here," replied Tonyukuk. "However, it is necessary to make the attack carefully and carefully, and to hit what is necessary where necessary. In the meantime, we will not evacuate Ötüken Yıış, we will take it under protection."

"Wait..."

Kül Tigin had no sense of humour. Waiting was a definition he never knew. He would attack, fight, kill. That was his short course of action.

The Great Sage explained his thought carefully:

"When you think about it, you will realise that the work of our oils is difficult. It does not seem possible to unite so many different tribes, to establish relations among them, to mobilise them together. Great Khan and Kül Tigin know the difficulty of managing even the Turkic tribes that are loyal to us in war. If there are such difficulties when the war mastery of the Turkic tribes is an indisputable fact, how can the Chinese lead and manage so many tribes? There will surely be disruptions and major disconnections. Imagine Basmil in the south-west, Tatabs and Kilans in the south-east. It is the same for the traitors of Ashina nobility. We have strong shadas on both sides, and they will prevent them from moving freely. With so much distance between them, it is difficult for our fat to unite. They have neither the sense to join forces nor the patience to wait. Someone will surely rush in and disrupt the order. Moreover, it is not possible for the Chinese army to come here, nor for Wang Chün to risk it. If he leads, he will be afraid of being defeated and destroyed, and rightly so. The Chinese army cannot fight us here. It cannot even try. We have scouts and scouts on the road to Ölüken Yış. If Wang Chün tries this unwise thing, we'll hear about it immediately. Either we ambush them along the road or we get up and move, which won't be necessary. The Chinese army is not like ours. On long journeys, they are short of food and drink, hungry and thirsty. They travel for a while and then turn back. We will know this, wait and strike where we need to when we need to. In this way, we will not waste all the strength of our army and we will not waste time!"

Wisdom and virtue were two different things. However, when both were gathered in the same person and the accumulation of time was added to this... The Great Sage had explained his thoughts well and comforted the hearts.

Bilge Kagan ordered that all this should be done under the direction of Bilge Tonyukuk. He said that the biggest and most important job was to slaughter the traitors among them. that they were going to pioneer this. Let's get things back on track!

Thus, any disconnections and disruptions in the oil, the Turkish would not be in his army. The task was divided and they started to wait.

The words of Bilge Tonyukuk were coming true. The fatans, who could not establish a relationship with each other, prolonged the work. So much so that when autumn came, they could not take any action.

Unable to bear the wait, the Basmils took their army and travelled to a from one to one they moved towards Ötüken Yış. However, they could not advance much. Although they had sent messengers and made an agreement, when neither the Kyans nor the Tatabis came to their side, they were afraid of attacking Ötüken Yış and started to retreat.

When Bilge Kagan and Kül Tigin thought that they could easily destroy the Basmils by attacking, Bilge Tonyukuk reminded them that this should not be the solution.

"Now, so far away from their homeland and determined to fight If we attack the Basmils, they will fight to the death and much blood will be shed. Let's not do that. Let's wait. Let them approach their homeland, Beşbalık. Now let us raise a small army and appear to chase them, but never engage them in battle. We'll split our main army in two and move the larger part to another and send them swiftly to Bashbalık. The others chase the retreating Basmil army!"

He was a great sage. He had lived so many ages, seen so much, learnt so much. When his words were acted upon, victory came by itself.

One of the two armies prepared against the Basmil

Tonyukuk was in command. With this army, he moved fast to raid Beşbalık. The second army, led by the valiant Kül Tigin, also moved quickly and chased the Basmils. Half a day away from their homeland, both armies attacked. When the Basmils retreated to their homeland, not knowing what to do in the face of the great attack, it had already fallen into the hands of the Gök rooted Turks.

Those who resisted were killed. Those who left swords were taken prisoner.

This was such a great victory.

Us and masculinity won together. Turks have a lot of ulca and while they were satisfied, took many captives and enjoyed the best of glory, the Basmils, who had been plundered and had joined forces with China for this purpose, were crushed.

ti. heat

The Chinese emperor was very annoyed by the long-thought-out scheme, which had come to naught when it was put into practice. Since they could not act together, the Turks had won another great victory.

The Kılans and Tatabis had cut their ties with China out of fear. They behaved as if they had nothing to do with this affair.

Bilge Kagan, happy with the victory, ordered the internal traitors to be slaughtered immediately. They were now the priority. When the army set out, the traitors realised that they could not resist. They took their children with them and threw themselves into China, barely escaping with their lives. Those who could not escape and were caught were not spared. The traitors were given the punishment they deserved. This punishment was also an example. Anyone who wanted to create duality on the right and left sides, anyone who thought about it, was destroyed.

"Is it time, Ata!" "It is time,
Great Khan!"

251 For this battle, historians have pointed to the autumn of 721.

"Then let us flow to China!"

11Let's go!11

Winter was near. China, on the other hand, had done everything to survive and deserved to live in winter. Bilge Kagan ordered his elders to gather as large an army as possible.

"All this time we've waited for this day. I know how much vengeance is in you. You've hidden it for China. It's time to bring it out into the open. We will strike China with all our might and make them pay for what they have done!"

"The order is the Khan's!"

The raid to China is different. Hearts find another joy. The enthusiasm is indescribable, incomprehensible. One of those who experience this enthusiasm is Kül Tigin. While thinking that these days will almost never come, they are now preparing for the raid.

Bilge Kagan would be in the centre with his army, Kül Tigin would lead the left side and Ulu Bilge would lead the right side.

He knew that this raid would be the last one he would take part in. So he would savour it to the fullest. For Kül Tigin, this raid was like his first raid. So blessed and excited...

Bilge Kagan, Kül Tigin and Bilge Tonyukuk...

They set out with their armies in three separate columns, not far from each other. They would fight the Chinese armies both separately and together when necessary.

Kansu, the Turkish homeland Kansu... He missed the sound of Turkish horses' hooves. He remembered those who came, he was wild. Fertile lands embraced the Turkish horsemen of the Sky Root. They embraced them from three arms like an old friend. The Chinese soldiers who came in front of them, who did not want to let them go, regretted that they came in front of the Turks flowing like a flood.

They took Kansu with battles at the speed of age. They also captured Ch'ih-ting and Liang-chou regions. They took possession of the herds of horses and sheep, which were very numerous.

Entering fortresses and towns would have been to their detriment and would have cost them time. It was winter, it was cold, they had little time. They had been ordered by the Ka ġan not to try this unless it was necessary. They were to advance without stopping or resting; they were to prove to the Chinese emperor that they could ride wherever they wished.

And a warning:

"If you play with the unity of the Turkish state and the future of the Turkish province, you will pay dearly for it."

Crowded China did not hesitate to oppose with its crowded armies. The most famous and noble sangguns were assigned to prevent Turkish raids. A series of battles would take place one after another. Sovereignty and the ability to rule were in the hands of the Turkish kagan. He could strike wherever he wanted, whenever he wanted. China was looking forward to the so-called peace period of games.

Although the emperor Hsüan-tsung, who was alarmed, chose to find a solution to the Turkish raids by appointing another one in place of each defeated or destroyed sangg, forming new armies and sending them to the battlefields, he knew that this was not a solution. The ordinary measures taken did not change anything.

China burned and suffered. In fact, what they suffered was the reward for what they did. He deserved it. The games that had been played since the removal of Kagan Kagan's head were being reckoned one by one.

The appointment of Sanggun Ilbay Yang Ching-shu was an extraordinary measure. Sanggun was authorised to command all Chinese armies on the mainland and was also responsible for the protection of fortresses.

He chose two sangguns to help him: La Kung-li and Yüan Teng. One of them was to stay behind in the border hiding place, while the other was to travel with a Chinese army of a hundred thousand troops and try to prevent the Turks.

Yang Ching-shu, knowing that the Turks would surely be victorious if they fought in the open, thought that it would be more beneficial for China to defend the cities and fortresses and to draw Bilge Kagan into the sieges of fortresses. He chose to organise the army to prepare for sieges and to wait with plenty of provisions. It would do no good to add new armies to the armies that were moving around outside. If necessary, the Turkish army could be struck by sudden attacks or pinched by simultaneous attacks from both the outside and the inside. Bilge Tonyukuk, sensing Yang Ching-shu's organisation and he didn't delay. When they united their armies

ğan and Kül Tigin:

"Sanggun Ilbaym aims to draw us into sieges. He wants us to lose time and be forced in the harsh conditions of winter. In the meantime, he wants to break our army with sudden exits. He can also succeed in this. Because there are many Chinese troops in the fortresses. The Chinese army is also designed for this purpose. We should never enter the siege of fortresses. Let them defend their fortresses. We can find other places to hit Yang Ching-shu can't wait too long The more damage we do to China, the more he will be forced to bring his armies against us. We must spoil his game!"

Bilge Kagan found the words of the Great Sage, whose foresight had come true in the past and saved the Turkish state from great troubles, appropriate. Until the Chinese army appeared in front of them, they continued their raids inside the Chinese walls, crossing the Chinese borders almost everywhere and to do harm to China. Thus, the game of Yang Ching-shu, who thought himself well-behaved, would be spoiled, and the war would take place at the request of the Turks.

They split up again and continued to burn China in three columns.

They took, they shot, they killed. Every army they came across seemed like a war game, a prey.

When Yang Ching-shu could not establish his game, he started to get reaction from the emperor. In his order, Hsüan-tsung said:

"While you are locked up in the castle and waiting; the country is burning in flames.

Either you do what is necessary or I will do what is necessary!"

Although the great sanggun knew that it was impossible to stop the Turks, who were excited with the excitement of the ut ku, who were getting stronger and stronger after this time, he gave desperate orders to his assistants:

"Unite your armies and fight the Turks in the open!"

Sanggun Yüan Ch'eng had given the following order at the very beginning while leading his troops:

"Turks fight in such a way that just when you think you have caught them, you realise that they have surrounded you. Their greatest characteristic is that they move very fast with their horses and resort to another way in every unfavourable situation. Don't be fooled by their retreats and pauses and think that we are winning the war!"

It was Yüan Ch'eng's greatest aim to prevent the Turks, who were famous for their ordinary retreats at the time of war, from dividing his army and thus breaking it. He now knew that he had to leave the time and place of the battle entirely to chance.

He followed the path of the Turkish armies, which moved close together and always co-operated with each other, and he came into close contact with the army of Sanggun Li Kung-li, just as it was heard that the Turkish armies were bivouacked near Shan-tan. Li Kunh-li's army took the lead and moved rapidly in that direction. Yüan Ch'eng immediately followed on the flank, desirous of laying siege.

Bilge Kagan had organised his armies in the form of a bow to destroy the Chinese armies. A great battle

it was time to make it happen. The bulk of the Chinese army was being watched and had taken the necessary precautions to exhaust the army.

Winter had increased its effect, snow and cold had become a hindrance to movement. The Turks' clothes were suitable for these conditions and their horses were strong. If they pulled the crowded Chinese armies approaching from both sides towards higher ground, they would have rendered them unable to fight. Their weapons and clothes, which were not suitable for winter conditions, would put the Chinese in difficulty.

The first fights were mere distractions for the Turks. The Chinese army, thinking that they had been defeated despite Yüan Ch'eng's repeated warnings, kept expanding and expanding. Curiously, Yüan Ch'eng himself was no longer able to follow his own warnings. The Turks, masters of war, had no difficulty in imposing their own conditions when they found a favourable field to fight on.

The cold hit the Chinese badly. Because of their inadequate clothing, they began to freeze to death without fighting. The longer the work went on, the more the army suffered. Their hands and faces were chapped and their bows, already weak, were useless. They were praying for this to be over, but the Turks were still at the beginning of the war.

Finally, Bilge Kagan, thinking that the most appropriate time had come, gave the order to attack. Three Turkish armies, led by three war masters, descended on the Chirilis at the same time. The Chinese troops had no way to escape and no strength left. They could not even die like soldiers in the siege, they were crying while fighting. It was too late to retreat. It was too late to surrender.

Kül Tigin, the Turkic race created to fight... He missed this day so much. The patience of all this time, fighting so hard to eliminate his sadness, his boredom... Those who knew knew he didn't want the war to end.

From time to time he raised his head to the sky and begged, "Please don't let the sun set! Let the day not end!" His thought was that the Chinese would flee in the darkness of the night and the battle would be left unfinished.

But the inevitable:

At sunset, seventeen thousand Chinese soldiers lay lifeless on the battlefield. A dozen more were wounded.

They could not escape. Sanggunleri knew what would happen to him if he returned to China, so he chose to stay on the battlefield. He would keep fighting, which was not the usual thing to do. Meanwhile, Sanggun sent a messenger to Ilbay Yang Ching-shu, asking for help.

This request was answered in the affirmative. He was asked to endure.

The day dawned on the blood, and the Turks attacked again, vigorous and strong, as if they had awakened that day and rested for all time. Killing Chinese had never been so much fun.

"Good thing China is crowded! Good thing China is too much!"

This is how they shouted as they fought. Otherwise how could they have such a festival.

As the day began to fall, an army came to help the Chinese. But they could not break the siege. Bilge Tonyukuk, who was holding on to that side, gave a beautiful welcome to the new guests.

"Welcome to die, O Chinese who do not recognise the Turk!
Welcome and welcome us!"

Bilge Kagan loaded from the centre, so that the work on this side would be easier. They broke through the crowded newcomers just in time. They killed and killed.

On the second day, the Chinese died twice as many as the day before. The Turks, on the other hand, had enough, but fewer... Because they knew how to fight and how to resist the cold.

That night, he didn't last till the next day's battle.

Yüan Ch'eng. Yaruna took a few hundred soldiers and fled. He didn't look back to see what would happen. When he ran away, when Li Kung-li heard that he ran away.

"Dying here is not to be missed. But if I run away, I will find suitable words to live and be forgiven!"

This was the difference. The Turk chose to fly, the Chinese chose to escape.

The sun was congratulating the victorious Turkish army, its valiant khan, its men, its soldiers with its winter-like pale rays. When the Chinese troops realised that they were headless, they laid down their weapons, the horseman dismounted, knelt down with the yadags and surrendered to the Turkish kagan.²⁵²

He who bowed his head would not be decapitated
in Turkish tradition. The knee of the knee-breaker
would not be broken.

The one who surrendered was not slaughtered.

"Tie him up!"

There were so many of them. First they had them tied together. The Chinese who survived death tied their comrades with joy and excitement. The rest were tied by Turkish soldiers.

Bilge Kagan, Kül Tigin and Bilge Tonyukuk, their swords dripping with blood, watched this pitiful scene for a while. They could not cope with feeding. The herds of the whole Turkic province were not enough for such a crowd. That's when they realised the greatness of victory. Defeating an army of invincible size they did.

They couldn't just take their prisoners and leave. Bilge Kagan regretted having them tied up. This time he gave a new order.

"Untie them! Let them go! Let them go, regain their strength and come again!"

Kül Tigin's thought:

²⁵¹ The date of this great Turkish triumph is given as 721.

"How will I write my new epics if there are no Chinamen, if there are no Kistan, Tatab, Basmil?"

The new command was received with enthusiasm. The captivity was very short; the defeated Chinese army was sent back with their weapons. No other kagan but the Turkish kagan would have done this.

Shame was enough for him.

Most of the Chinese who ran home without looking back would not make it. Because the cold and snow would not allow it. Most of those who managed to survive would vow never to face the Turkish army again.

He who fights the Turk will never forget it!

The Chinese capital, C'hang-an, is in mourning.

How can such a great defeat be forgotten? How to break the influence of this?

The Chinese emperor didn't even want to hear the details.

Yüan Ch'eng, who had chosen to abandon his religion and flee, was relieved of all his duties and banished to the far southeast, while Yang Ching shu had his property confiscated and thrown into a dungeon. He would have liked to have tortured these powerful men to death, but the fear of an internal revolt following the recent defeat prevented it.

What would happen now?

Bilge Kagan had spoilt all their games and made their armies miserable. His thoughts were clouded and he could not find a solution.

"What now?" "We will, sir!"

He thought aloud, and the head of the department next to him took it as a question and answered it.

"What? What will we give?"

"Whatever they want, master! Whatever they want..."

This was the truth, but his heart would not accept it. All those years of play, preparation, Bilge Kagan and...

"Tonyukuk, who is the cause of all this order? He destroyed my dreams with his mind, soul and body..."

A soldier was necessary for war, but a thinking, wise person was necessary for every
dem was necessary.

"Tonyukuk... He thinks and calculates everything so finely that! Despite his old age, his brain works as hard as a thousand people. And Kül Tigin is a giant in battles, an army on his own!"

When the three came together, they were invincible. God the Turk-
had gifted such important people to the people.

"While we were afraid of Kapgan Kagan, now we are faced with a kagan more influential and powerful than him!"

How was this to be solved?

"By giving!"

But Hsüan-tsung hoped to destroy the Turkish state!

Their own army was destroyed!

"I made the little budunug eughüş, I made it yig in Igar ilig, I made it yig in Igar kaganlıg. I made the budunug kop baz, yagless. Kop manga blindti. "253

Bilge Kagan chose to go to the end of what he had started. Turkish armies descended into China. They chose especially wealthy Chinese cities and increased their wealth.

Through the winter and the following spring...

Twelve great raids!

Uncounted battles.

One after another, the Chinese emperor Hsüan-tsung led his sangguns and armies against the Turkish armies. Each time, defeat was inevitable for the Chinese armies. The Turks won epic victories.

Kül Tigin was the owner of fights that left a trace in the minds in almost every flow. He fought on and on and on. Even as the spring came to an end and the armies returned to Ö!

of the order of the raid. He was thirty-seven years old. At the age of thirteen, when he was appointed shad, he had travelled to the sunwest to fight, and from that moment on he had not sat down or slept; he had built his life on war. For twenty-four years...

His sage Bilge Kagan is thirty-eight years old...

"War lasts until the soul meets the Sky." O Great Sage!

253 "I have made a few nations many, I have made them better than the worthy illis, the worthy kagan, I have made the nations on the four sides always bound, I have made them fatless, they have all bowed down to me." Orkhon Monuments, Bilge Kagan Bengütaş ♦ De> ğu Face...

He had reached the age of seventy-five.

As many years as Bilge Kagan and Kül Tigin lived...

He often spoke words that showed he was tired.

"Even in the duty of being an eugenic, difficulties come to a person after a certain age. I wish to do what I want to do before my mind starts to fog up, while my hands and feet are working. And for that I need time. If God permits..."

His biggest dream was to erect a monument to his experiences.

"Maybe we should build a monument, a bark..."

He said that the works of Chinese scribes were bitig written for the future, and he thought it was very right that Bilge Kagan carried his horse Yuluğ Tigin with him and dictated what happened. He also wanted to tell, to record his experiences on the stones.

"This bengütaş is also my account to God. As long as the sky stands on it, my stone will also stand, it will tell the readers what I have lived, what I have seen and experienced!"

This was an aim that Bilge Kagan also welcomed. He, too, realised that the inscriptions he had recorded would be more useful as he thought of them as bengütaş. However, he could not accept that Bilge Tonyuku.k would leave Ö!üken Yiş and return to his homeland. He had always seen the great sage with him, close to him, benefited from his knowledge and wisdom.

"You need the state, Ata!" he said, "I wish you to stay!"

"Until when, Great Khan? Of course there will be an end. What is the point of holding an army when the time comes when it is useless for me to stay any longer? Isn't the real goal the state, the nation? People come and go. It is necessary to know when that time has come. Your wisdom is enough for the state, Great Khan! Besides, I don't think you've got much time left in the pain."

Until recently, he was a sword in his hand, on the battlefields.

It was not as if he was the valiant one who offered death to their fat. He did not think that he would be able to fight in future battles, nor did he think that he would be of much use as a sage.

Finally, Bilge Kagan realised that Great Sage would not be with him in a short time. He gave him his last command:

"Ata, there are two important things left to do. I want you to go to the Chinese and ask them for partnership, to laugh at the trap set up against my state, and to make sure that the Turk I need to teach a lesson to the Kistanans and Tatabis who want to destroy it. I wish you to stay in Ötüken Yış when we go on a raid with Kül Tigin and keep the state until we return from the raid! I will leave my son Sukan Tigin by your side, thinking of every possible end. In case it is not destined to return. For the continuation of the state... -"

Bilge Tonyukuk accepted this blessed task. Bilge Kağan's eldest son Sukan Tigin was to stay in Ötüken Yış for the security of the future of the state and the continuation of the Ashina lineage. This was what the tradition implied. The reasons that made every war difficult required this.

The last days of autumn, the beginning of winter... He knew they would not get away with what they had done.

They are. They said that they would be able to form a partnership with the Tatabis, with whom they had decided to raid the Turkish homeland, and that they would be able to fight back and defeat the Turks. they were still thinking about them.

The Kilen called for their armies to unite. They said they had no choice. The Tatabis ignored what was said. Their former partnerships were cancelled because China wanted it.

They entered into the war, and they regretted very much after what had happened, after what had happened to China. They thought it was not possible to fight with Bilge Kagan. The solution was to flee, to take refuge in the mountains. Perhaps the Turkic kagan would forgive them and make them his people again.

When the Turkish army, led by Bilge Kagan and Kül Tigin, entered their homeland from four sides and blocked all escape routes, the Kultans realised how dangerous it was to do wrong to the Turk. They went to war, even though their efforts were in vain. They had no other choice.

Sky-rooted Turks would not forget or forgive treachery. Maybe they would be patient, wait for the time to come...

There was such a great raid... Such bloody battles...

The Kantans paid a heavy price for betraying the Turk. They died! Their women, children, property, herds; everything fell into the hands of the Sky-rooted Turks. Their homeland was razed to the ground so that it would serve as an example for traitors.

Then they returned to Ötüken Yış.

They were welcomed with glory feasts and ceremonies. It was necessary to experience the victory, to announce the victories to the whole nation, for the soldiers to hear the praise they deserved.

Bilge Kagan waited for the spring for the Tatabı raid. At the appropriate time for the raid, at the most appropriate time, the grizzly wolf

The Turks set out for a new triumph. The Great Khan of the Turks, together with his compatriot, the Turkish hero Kül Tigin, raided the land of the Tartabis.

It was a raid. They did not allow their fatans to flee or escape. The slaughter was cut with the most severe death. The Tataby homeland was burnt to the ground. Everything they had was confiscated. A new dream of treachery was rendered unimaginable. It was necessary.

When the Utkular army returned to Ötüken Yış, they were again welcomed by Bilge Tonyukuk with a great feast. A great ceremony was held so that the people could hear what had happened.

This ceremony was also the farewell ceremony of the Great Sage.

Great fires were lit and feast tables were set. A large number of rainfall sacrifices were kept ready to be offered to the Sky.

Kül Tigin took his place on the left side of Bilge Kagan and Pofu Hatun took her place on the right side. Bilge Tonyukuk was sitting right next to his daughter. Tigin were lined up to the left of Kül Tigin. The nobles, elders, beys, lords and elders of the Turkish nation filled the tables by their organisations.

The ceremony started with the prayer of a great kam. Then the presentation of rainfall sacrifices... When the meat was prepared and put to be cooked, one after the other, the songs that sounded in the kopuz of the bards were heard.

The bards are the mysterious soldiers of the Turkish nation...

The bards are the ones who say what they know, what they wish, without hesitation...

Bards are the sine qua non of a nation...

Whatever was on their tongues, on the strings of their kopuzes poured out one by one. They started to tell about their years of captivity in China. They spread the burden of pain on the hearts. Then they became enthusiastic while telling about Ilterish Khan and the war for freedom. They praised the glories of the age of Kapgan Khan. They passed by his flight with knowledge. They did not repeat or commemorate it in order not to increase the sadness.

When they reached the age of Bilge Kagan...

A quarrel started between the bards. When one was silent, the other immediately struck the strings of the kopuz. The Khan was praised! The blessed war was told. Then they sang for Bilge Tonyukuk.

There was a strange speed. As if they wanted to finish quickly and move on to the main subject. They could not understand the reason for this at the beginning. There were even some people who wondered why the order was skipped. Some thought that their favourite Ash Tigin had been forgotten.

It would soon become clear that this was not so.

The sons of Bilge Kagan, Ulu Hatun to Pofu

The completed order of praise turned into an endless rainfall when an aging oazar titled it as "Yiğit Kül Tigin".

The kagan was Bilge Kagan and he had done his best for his state and nation and had been the cause of wealth and peace. Bilge Tonyukuk, who had added his wisdom to his valour in the battlefields, was also praised and deserved to be applauded. The behaviours of the sons of the Khan and Ulu Hatun that glorified the nation were also important.

However, when it came to Kül Tigin...

Such a narrative, such an epic story began.

First there was astonishment at the kagan's table. Then smiles of happiness... Bilge Kagan rejoiced at the righteousness of the nation's favourite bards. That what was done, valour should not be forgotten...

He was saying in his heart:

"Those who do not forget Kül Tigin's valour, what he suffered for his nation, his battles, will surely not forget me."

Another unexpected thing happened. When the bards were listing the descriptions of Kül Tigin, many people were accompanying these words. They were praising their tigin in high voices. Everyone was happy except one person.

Ash Tigin; his head bowed to the ground, his face red, bored with the praises ...

He did not show virtue to be praised. He did not want to be told and forgotten. Moreover, he did not expect such praise. He wanted it to end, he wanted the bards to be silent.

The bards did not stop, they did not stop. Once they started, no one else could silence or stop them.

The minstrels were exhilarated, the soldiers obeyed them. Now, after each stanza, they were making a unity sound in the cry of "Kül Tigin" in unison.

Kül Tigin...

The cookery was cooked and started to be distributed. The narration of Kül Tigin's valour in battles was still going on.

As the middle of the night approached, the moon, which wanted to accompany the celebration of the feast, showed itself with its extraordinary beauty. The bards finally decided that it was enough to praise Kül Tigin. A master bard had the last words. He merged his wish into a prayer.

"May Almighty God protect Kül Tigin! May he honour him with many glories!"

Again, the loudest praises came for Ash Tigin. He did not change his posture at all, just listened.

The koumiss pots were being passed from hand to hand, refilled as they emptied, and the food bowls were constantly being fed. The sign of wealth was the variety of food; it was renewed to feed the people. The time for games and raks had come, but before that it was necessary for the great people to speak. Two people will speak tonight. Firstly, Bilge Tonyukuk would pour his heart out and list his wishes, and then He was going to say that he would return to his homeland, that it was time to bid farewell to Ötüken Yış. He was sitting in his seat, waiting for the permission of the kagan for this, weighing and weighing the words on his tongue, aiming to be distinguished in his words so that his farewell would not be drowned in sadness.

It would be difficult to find so many kings, so many clans, so many noble Turkic nations together again. When the kagan gave permission and it was time to leave his duty, one would not have thought of such festivities.

With a nod, Wise Kağan allowed the Great Sage to speak. There was no enthusiasm on his face a moment ago. Budun is not yet a kagan that his element would be separated. Therefore, Bilge Kagan was wondering how they would react.

When Bilge Tonyukuk started to rise from his seat for the discourse, the competent kagan gatekeeper silenced all the noises and conversations with a cue.

He announced loudly:

"The kagan element Bilge Tonyukuk will speak! We wish you to be silent!"

The kagan was expected to speak. The Great Sage's wish to speak seemed different to the soldiers who had begun to feel intoxicated by our blood. They fell silent and focused their attention on the Great Sage. They were waiting for a new battle or raid.

were words of warning about his announcement. Bilge Tonyukuk must have hidden this as an **omen** especially for tonight!

When the speech began, they would realise they were wrong.

"Great Khan..."

He made this address by looking Bilge Kagan in the eyes. Then, one by one, he addressed the Turkish elders at the same table.

"My daughter, Great Khatun! Valiant Inchu, the praise of the Turkic nation Apa Yarkan Tarkan..."

He especially called Kül Tigin that way. He chose to honour him with his army.

He said:

"Shads, tigin. . . Son of a kagan, Shad son Ashina tigin!"

He also mentioned his daughter's children, grandchildren and Kül Tigin's sons.

Thus he continued his counting. Other Ashina tigin... Then, in order of honour, utulan, beys, irkin...

"I have become a husband!"

According to him, he wanted to say the most bitter, the most truth at the beginning of his speech, and thus he wanted to express his main reason and reflect his thoughts.

"The Great Khan took an important decision and chose to carry the events into the unknown. For this purpose, he assigned his ancestor Yuluğ Tigin to write down what happened. Yuluğ Tigin also formed a scribe's union, which will write what is happening today. Thus, the bards and poets

The epics of valour performed by our kings together with the budun are being recorded in immortality. I wish kings had done this long ago, long, long ago. If only we had inscriptions like in China. However, whenever the truth is turned back, the truth has begun. The one who initiates that righteousness is blessed. God's honour is upon him. I, too, will ask permission from your kagan to write my own inscriptions and engrave them on bengütaş. The bengütaş, which will remain in place as long as Acun stands, will carry the signs of today and yesterday to the future!"

He said this and looked at Bilge Kagan. He, with light in his eyes, nodded his head in approval of the Great Sage's wish. He was pleased that his deeds were being watched and praised. May a great sage praise him with wisdom!

As Tonyukuk continued his words, his voice was now dominated by sadness and emotion. It was as if he was closing an era, as if he was signalling an end.

"I myself was born in China. The Turkic nation was a captive of China. I was in captivity for a long time. May God never let any Turk, any of my compatriots experience captivity. Those who do not understand this should live, but I do not wish it to be so. However, those who fall for China's sweet words, who do not realise its tearful language, run to China. When they regret it, it will be too late!"

He was short in his criticism, but he had a lot to say.

"I have lived through the most terrible times of captivity. I was thrown into the dungeons. They wanted to change my name, my blessed Turkish name. I resisted, I fought. Many Turkish men and women gave their lives in the fight for freedom. The ordeals were ordinary. We resisted in order not to become Chinese, not to betray our race, not to lose our name and customs."

The orientation of the discourse is to commemorate the past-tu.

"İlterish Khan told me to join, I did. when... Our endeavour to save the Turkish homeland, Ötüken Yış... With our small army, I took back Ötüken Yış and shot Oğuz.

China, Oghuz, Kultan tried to unite against us. Opportunities to take revenge on the Chinese came my way. I did not miss any opportunity. Under the command of Ilterish Khan, we struck the Kyrgyz and killed their khan. We brought the Ten Arrows and Turgish to their knees. When Ilterish Khan reached his death, our wars continued in the age of Kapgan Khan. With the sons of Ilterish Khan, we raised united armies and made the name of Turk come into existence. We fought without stopping, without resting. Blessed me, my war comrades were the ones who would rule the Turkish state in the future."

He also described the period of Kapgan Khan at length. Time, It was a time of praise. There was no room for the slightest criticism, no bad words.

"When Bilge Kagan sat on the Golden Örgün, I was at home, with myself. He commanded me to come, I took my place beside him. He was the third khan under whose command I worked and fought. Exactly three To remain at the helm of the state together with the Ashina noble kagan... God grants this box to very few!"

The Great Sage was reliving the past. Understand his battles with a sword in his hand and a horse under him...

Finally came the most difficult part of the narrative. The one that must be said...

"My husband!"

The word he started with. .. it seemed to him the most accurate word to describe him. It sounded like a bit of anger. She was angry with her husband.

"I served three Turkish kings. I spent many years for Turkishness with great enthusiasm. The raid to China, which I participated in, was my last field. My arms weren't as strong as they used to be. My eyes were not as sharp as before.

it wasn't. I cut a lot of fat, I killed a lot of Chinese, but...

A great sadness had descended on the feast. Old and elderly people took Bilge Tonyukuk's words to heart, and nodded and shook their heads, showing that they were experiencing similar feelings.

No Turk wishes to die in comfort. They especially do not wish to reach old age and become old and decrepit and become dependent on others. It is their greatest fear, even in their youth. Wishing to die is blessed in war and flying. How dare they disobey the command of God!

The old men always say that they do not understand why God has kept them on the ground for so long, no matter how much their wisdom has been utilised and how useful they have been to their nation. Their time to fly has come and gone.

Of course, Tonyukuk did not vocalise this with his wisdom. However, he could not help telling him to emulate flying while fighting.

"From now on, I will not be of much use to the state or the nation. The Great Khan and his kinsman Kül Tigin will rule the state without the need for an old man like me. Besides, there are many wise people in the Turkish nation to take my place. So, when the time comes, you must know how to step down. Soon, when the Great Khan gives permission, when an ayguchi is appointed in my place, I will return to my homeland. When so many of you gathered together, so many people, my war comrades, my comrades, I wished to say goodbye to you all. My strong knowledge, my strong nation will not forget me. I wish that my state, which is active in our sphere of sovereignty extending from Demirka pı in the southwest to the Shantung Plain in the southeast, will live as long as the world endures. I wish that the name and honour of the Turkish nation will not perish and its tradition will not disappear. May you fight glorious battles and win honourable victories from now on. Remember me as your half-boss in every battle. Vann stay blessed! I hope that God will give me time to erect my inscriptions which will be bitig for the future."

Prayers poured from his tongue. Then he fell silent for a while and just stood there. In a moment of silence... The eyes were clouded involuntarily. Separation was not easy. Anyone who would spread this sad atmosphere would be committing a great offence.

When Bilge Tonyukuk finished his words and collapsed in his place, the budun remained silent for a while. In the stillness of not knowing what to do... If Bilge Kagan had not signalled to his doorman that he would speak, if this had not been heard, perhaps the feast would have ended in silence.

"The Khan will speak!"

A commanding voice called the silence to the silence. Bilge Kagan exclaimed with his loud voice from his seat:

"God, God who created mankind! God; God who created time ... When I lost my ancestor Ilterish Khan at the age of eight, I first realised what loss was. When I lost my comrade in war, when I lost so many of my soldiers and comrades in battles, I realised the importance of flight. When I lost my mother Ilbilge Khatun, I realised that the son of a man comes to the world to die. Separation was more difficult than flying, I realised this now, the ancestor said

i, my ancestor-in-law, my ancestor-in-law, my ancestor, comrade of ancestors, comrade of kagans, Bilge Tonyukuk, said it was time to leave. I know, if I say stay, he stays. If I say the province needs you, he will stay. However, when he said that he had been working hard, when he said that my burden was enough for me, when he said that he wished to return to himself for a while and work on the bengütaş inscriptions, I had nothing more to say. There was nothing left to do but to send him off with blessings. This feast is both a celebration of our victories. It is also a feast of farewell to the Great Sage. I know he will leave us with his heart by our side. I know he will leave the trace of his spirit here! He wished it so, so I have nothing to say. May God bless him! May he live many more good years!"

He did not say a word that would bring an end to his speech, and so he fell silent. It was the sign of his bitterness and sadness that he gave a new sign to the doorman. He somehow called for help.

The doorman called out with all his might. He wanted to disperse the burden of sadness:

"Let the braves take the field! Let them offer their valour as a tribute to the celebration of this night, to praise the Great Bil ge with their games!"

One time, at the output of a short time pause, immediately then shouts filled the field. The one who drew the sword stood up for the sword play. It was seen that Kül Tigin was one of the first to enter the field.

When Ötüken Yiş recognised the silence, it was almost dawn. and he stayed. It was a beautiful night and a very pleasant feast. There were those who chose to retire to their homes and rest for a short time, as well as those who wanted to stay where they were and meet the day. There were also others.

At sunrise, as it was customary, Bilge Kagan came out of his ottoman. Turning his face to the sun and bowing three times, he offered blessings on behalf of his nation. He welcomed the lights that illuminated the Turkish country so that its light would last for many ages.

Bilge Tonyukuk did not sleep. His son hadn't slept. Ya Those who would experience the separation from Ötüken Yiş in the near future inhaled the blessed air, they kept the crowded and blessed image of the toy in their minds. His young son would again accompany the Great Sage in the future and be with him together with his son. Such memories with their parents. They had made it a rule to honour their ancestors without failing in their duties.

For some reason, Bilge Tonyukuk felt that the war with China had to end.

"Son," he addressed for the first time in a long time, "Son! It is time to make peace with China. China, which is ready to give, which we defeated and crushed, is necessary for us from now on. For our province to remain prosperous, for our other provinces to remain silent and under our command, we need peace with China! You set the conditions. Ask for what you wish from the beginning! From now on, raiding China will be useless. China will give you much more than the wealth and satisfaction you will get from raiding!"

Before leaving, he was thinking about his state and nation and informing the kagan what was right for him. Bilge Kagan

"I shall miss you much, Great Sage!" he said in a way that only he could hear, as he nodded his head in agreement. He was thinking of ways to delay the separation.

While Bilge Kagan was sitting in Golden Örgün, thinking about what had happened up to that time, his aide Yuluğ Tigin was busy writing down what had happened, what happened at the farewell feast. Suddenly Bilge Kagan turned to him.

"Write!" he commanded and then immediately added his words:

"For my Turk, for my nation..."

In order to pour out his heart, he dictated one by one what should not be forgotten...

.

"I became a kagan because Tengri was favourable to me, because I was blessed. Kagan o/urup yok ıgany budunug kop kubratdım. ıgany budunug bay kıldım. az budunug küş kıldım. azu this sabım igid bar gu? Turkic begs budun is mating this.'.

Bilge Toyukuk was irreplaceable, but when he left, it was obvious that it was necessary to appoint a person for the head of the state. Tradition dictated that what was necessary for the continuity of the state should be done without delay. It was unthinkable for a great kagan like Bilge Kagan to act outside the code. He started to search for appointing a new headaygu chi as soon as possible, and for this he again consulted with the Great Bilge. Before his departure, it would be appropriate to appoint a replacement and to be guided by the Great Sage.

The words of the Great Sage were on his mind. He thought for a while, then called Kül Tigin to the toast and talked about it. The warrior Kül Tigin found peace with China unnecessary and meaningless. If it was up to him, China should not be left alone in any age. Because the first thing he did when he got a little stronger was to mobilise his opponents against the Turkic state. Unity was so difficult to achieve that it was only a matter of time before it was broken.

"We fought and defeated the Chinese armies, and now China is no longer strong against us. Then how can we fight them, my kinsman?"

There was no answer to the question Bilge Kagan asked Ash

"" "I sat as a kagan because God had commanded me, because I myself was in power. I sat as a kagan and gathered the hungry and poor nation. I made the poor nation wealthy, I made the little nation many, or is there a lie in this promise of mine? Turkish lords, the nation, hear this." Orkhon Monuments, Bilge Kagan Bengutasi, North Face...

Tigin. He could think of nothing else but ravaging China, taking and plundering the cities. The army was strong. He would return home with triumph from many more raids.

"If we come to an agreement with China, if we get them to accept our conditions, if they give us what we ask for, there is no point in raiding China."

"Are you going to offer peace to China, my kagan?"

They had experienced what had never been experienced until that day. After that day, Bilge Kagan saw no harm in being different. If the Great Sage advised a job, it had value and meaning. He did not want to delay. He wanted to discuss and agree on the conditions with China before winter came. He explained all his reasons to the Turkish elders. He made Kül Tigin accept the need for peace and then...

A splendid, crowded delegation of ambassadors was prepared from the Turkic races, who had been cooked in wars and made China tremble with fear even at the mention of their name. It was a large delegation. It was splendid and impressive. He had everything prepared in the open so that the Chinese people would hear and inform the Chinese palace and act accordingly.

Emperor Hsüan Tsung couldn't believe it. He let it out again dozens of times, but he still couldn't believe it.

"A trick! A new game! A game that the Chinese fatty called Tonyukuk had organised and Bilge Kagan and Kül Tigin had put in motion!"

"Sire," said one of them, who had the courage to speak, "Tonyukuk will leave Ölüken Yış. He will return to his own life, in his homeland. He is busy writing and dictating now. It is as if the truth of the matter..."

"It seems so!" said Hsüan-tsung. "It seems so, but..."

Why? Why should the Turks ask for peace at the very stage of their victories, when China was unable to raise an army against them? There is no precedent for this! The Turk is a strong

he raided and raided for as long as he lived. Burning China to the ground.

Now all of a sudden...

"Let us wait and see, my lord!" said the sanggun who had just dared to speak. "Let us be ready and ..."

He said the word "ready" as an ordinary word. For they had no new preparations for war, nor the strength to stop the Turkish horsemen. If they prepared for peace, it was no more than accepting the terms of the victorious Turks.

Hsüan-tsung was silent, lost in thought, trying to find a way, a reason. He even thought of the most unthinkable, so that his heart would accept that Bilge Kagan's wish for peace was true.

He could not find it.

Until the Turkish envoy delegation arrived!

At that time, the Chinese palace was in a great hurry and in a chaotic state. Moreover, the Emperor was made aware of all the moments when the envoy delegation set out, crossed the Chinese border and reached the capital.

The Turkish envoy delegation, consisting of the soldiers of the glorious, victorious army, headed by well-known, well-known and feared in China, was welcomed with a great ceremony. It was as if it was the Turkish khan. Standing proudly on their horses, the Irkin were looking with contempt at the enemy they had defeated and ravaged. These glances were crushing the Chinese nobles standing in the queue.

A palace was prepared for each of their races and soldiers, and orders were given to fulfil their every wish. The chief city of China was standing, paying respect to the envoys of Bilge Kagan. They behaved in a way that they knew the magnitude of their work.²⁵

"" It is dated that the envoy delegation entered the Chinese capital in 723.

As if China was theirs...

Feasts, entertainments, gifts...

Hsüan-tsung did not know what to do and how to treat the envoys of Bilge Kagan. Moreover, he did not dare to meet, he did not ask why the Turkish envoys were there, why the Bilge Kagan wanted peace. Seven days had passed since the envoys had arrived, and they had not been able to meet with Hsüan-tsung or even with a division assigned by him.

They laughed at the Chinese's panic and not knowing what to do, and did not complain that they were kept waiting and kept waiting. For a Turk, being entertained in a great palace³ in China was at first both pleasant and entertaining.

Their divisions, sangguns and sangguns were wishing and wishing for a meeting with the envoy delegation as soon as possible. The greatest fear was that Bilge Kagan's envoys would not return and that they hadn't made an announcement, and that was the justification for pouring back into China.

On the eighth day...

At last Hsüan-tsung found the courage to meet the Turkish envoy. That day, before the sun was high in the sky, in the large, splendid reception room, China's noblest, most

The envoys were to be received at a ceremony attended by influential people. The five Turkic races, in accordance with Bilge Kagan's decree. they were going to list their orders in front of all these crowds.

With firm, firm steps, they entered the reception hall. Right in front of the throne where Hsüan-tsung was sitting uneasily, again in the order of the army, they stood in Turkish tradition, and offered blessings to the Chinese emperor. Then, the most ordained person began to speak in the Turkic language, and all of them were well-behaved irkin who spoke the Chinese language well.

"Thus says the Great Khan of the Turkic nation, Bilge Khan, son of Ilterish!"

He introduced the kagan neither with very long oruns nor with ornate sentences like the Chinese do. Because his deeds were more important than the high orcs he would place before or after his name. Thanks to him, there they were making China, which they had brought to its knees, suffer.

"We fought for so long. I have defeated all the Chinese armies that came against me, I have broken all the plots against the Turk, I have achieved unity in science and in my homeland, I have a wealthy nation and a strong army. My armies are waiting for my command to pour into China."

What did this mean, a threat... Then why was a peace envoy sent?

These were the questions, but who would dare to ask them? Who will learn from this noble Turkish race the answers they do not want to give?

Irkin was happy to see the effect of his words. He raised his voice even higher. Thus, the idea that Bilge Kagan was the real sovereign was imprinted on the minds. The Chinese palace was taken captive.

"My Great Khan has commanded! China should withdraw its hand from the Turkish province. Let it stop deceiving the steppe peoples and inciting them against the Turkish kagan. What belongs to us is ours. It is also our right to break the hand of the one who lays a hand on what belongs to us. I wish there will be no more war between us. For this, China..."

It was time to ask. Bilge Kagan had listed the things that the Turkish province and the Turkish nation needed one by one, and was reporting them to the Chinese emperor as emoluments. He would never accept less. If China did not want to be raided by the Turkish armies, it had to give the emoluments in full every year. Bilge Kagan wanted to say:

"Give it voluntarily and there will be peace. If you don't, I will come and take more anyway!"

When the envoy was talking to the Chinese, when he was carrying out Bilge Kagan's orders, no one had the courage to say a word. In the minds of almost every Chinese, the bargain for less than these

there was. Otherwise, it never crossed their minds not to give at all.

The envoy, irritated, finished his words. He nodded his head to indicate that these were the wishes of Bilge Kagan.

Now it was Hsüan-tsung's turn.

Hsüan-tsung did not say much, rejoiced at the peace, and did not prolong his efforts to reduce the tribute he had to give. In the end, the Turks got what they wanted. After such agreements, the Chinese emperor would send a Chinese concierge to the Turkish kagan, asking him to establish a bond of kinship between them. The envoy was surprised that this was not mentioned. Bilge Kagan had no wish in this regard, but they had waited for the envoys. It seems that the emperor wanted to write even this in his profit account, and despite all the defeats, he chose to console himself by thinking that he had made the Turkish kaghan incomplete.

Peace was established.

Sky-rooted Turks stopped their raids to China. In return, China gave Bilge Kagan whatever he wished.

Mutual ambassadorial delegations followed one another. Thus, the sensation

They did not give opportunity for misinterpretation.

Bilge Kagan expected a *conchuy* from China as a sign of agreement, but Hsüan-tsung seemed to have forgotten it.

He did not ask the reason for this directly. He did not want to be the one to ask.

His new chief minister took up his post: Ashide Ilteber.

He was a Turk from the well-known and popular Ashide tribe. Bilge Tonyukuk had recommended this *ulama*, who was a door, and after watching him for a while, he had left the affairs of state to him. Now he was staying with Bilge Kagan as his father-in-law, waiting for him to let him go. Bilge Kagan, on the other hand, was delaying this decision endlessly. There were issues that he needed to consult for the problems that would arise in the innovation of the peace period with China. Bilge Tonyukuk became inseparable from the kagan's seat. Di-

At other times, he was working and thinking about his dream inscriptions.

From time to time he asked for leave and made short journeys to his homeland.

the Great Sage. The fact that his troop was not far away made it easy for them to come and go. Every time he went, he travelled along the banks of the Tola River, looking for a place for the monument he dreamt of, consulting with the people he took with him.

The intervals of his returning increased, almost making him forget himself. Now he had become a guest in Ötüken Yığı.

As the passage of time passed by, peace with China was settling down. As Kül Tigin went on raids at the head of the Turkish army, China took this sensation as a raid towards its own country and tried to take precautions, but after a while this fear proved to be unnecessary. China was accustomed to peace.

The Turkish state saw the great benefit of this, and increased its strength by spending more time dealing with its other favours.

After spending a whole winter in his homeland, Bilge Tonyukuk appeared before Bilge Kagan. He was a little embarrassed for being late.

The great kagan welcomed his ancestor standing up, showing him a place nearby to sit down. His face was smiling.

"Ancestor, you have blessed me and come to my otaku. How much time has passed,

we missed you, we searched for you."

Bilge Tonyukuk immediately followed the khan with his eyes, right He shifted his gaze to Ayguçi Buyruk Çor, who was standing next to him, and said, "Blessed be God, there are people in the khan's tent who will make us look good." These words pleased Buyruk Çor, he bowed his head and greeted the Great Sage.

"It's been a long time, Ata!" said Bilge Kagan, smiling and reproaching Bilge Tonyukuk, who immediately asked after him and wished to know what Bilge Tonyukuk was doing.

"I am working on the inscription I dreamt of."

That was all he had to say.

The Wise Khan encouraged him in this regard and reminded him how important what he was doing was. Immediately afterwards, he said, "You came at the right time, Ata", Bilge Kagan said, "There was a matter I needed to consult you about", and indicated that he was wanted and expected.

The Chinese emperor was to visit T'ai-shan in the south-east, the site of a Buddhist temple considered sacred by the faithful. For a long time, fear of the Turks had prevented him from travelling, and when it became clear that peace had been restored, he thought he could go. But he still had reservations.

"Will the Turks get wind of this, will they raid and take me prisoner?" This is how effective and persistent the fear of the Turks was. Neighbourhood

Even though those who surrounded him told him that the Turkish king was a man of his word, that he had no problem influencing his soldiers and armies and getting them to do what he said, Hsüan-tsung could not shake off his fears. If there was a guarantee...

He ordered Cgang Yüe of Chang-shu-ling²⁵⁶, his closest and most trusted Chang-shu-ling, to raise an army, keep it ready, and provide protection during his journey. Chang Yüe was of the opinion that it would be wrong to prepare an army and set out with it.

"I know the great lord does not trust the Turks. It is obvious that there has been no disruption in the peace, but even I cannot reassure him. Bilge Kagan is a person who wants peace and cares about friendship. He manages his subordinates well and is authoritative. Kül Tigin, who stood by his side and led the Turkish armies, is one of the mightiest warriors we have ever seen. Besides, I've been relieved of duty in the same-

²⁵⁶ A post in the Chinese court that could be called "Secretary of State".

Although we are told that he has passed away, Bilge Tonyukuk, whose influence still lingers, is brave, knowledgeable and experienced. They got on well and

There is no one against them to oppose them and seek separatism in the state. Therefore, there is a fear of a breakdown of peace.

it's probably out of place. But still..."

The noble P'ei Kuang t'ing, one of the Chinese emperor's divisions, listened attentively to these words, and had a suggestion he said:

"The only way to ensure that the Turks do not attack during this important visit of our Lord is to have a Turkish nation and a substantial fighting force with us.

to be found. Then the Turks will never betray the trust placed in them and the lives entrusted to them."

"How can we ask for it?" asked Hsüang-tsun. He said.

What if! If the request is misunderstood and counterproductive! If the peace achieved after all this time is jeopardised!

To prevent this, a skilful envoy, a noble Chinese person, had to be sent to Bilge Kagan. He had to be one of the emperor's captains and the Turks had to trust him. El

Certainly, gifts in abundance were not to be neglected.

Chang Yüe suggested that it would be appropriate to send Yüan Chen as an envoy to the Turkic homeland in order to find a solution that would reassure the emperor. With the emperor's approval...

Yüan Chen reached Ötüken Yış and made great efforts to win the favour of Bilge Kagan. In his indirect wishes, he had drawn such a line.

"I need the support of my great lord, the great Turkish kagan!

The Chinese emperor had to attend an important ceremony in the country. According to Chinese belief, the ceremony was to be organised by a great person from the Turkic province, for example a great person such as Aside khteber.

The discovery of the ayguchi would break the influence of the oils in China and strengthen it. After the peace between them

The continuation of the peace was not liked by some people. The Chinese emperor regarded Bilge Kagan, who was the same age as his son, as his son and wished this help from him.

Bilge Kagan used the time well to think about the consequences of such a wish. Just in those days, he was relieved with the arrival of Bilge Tonyukuk. Yüan Chen was waiting for an answer and did not want to return to China without any result.

After a long consultation, the Wise Khan called the Chinese envoy to his otag after creating a situation for himself.

When Yüan Chen entered the gate, he looked up! His eyes were so wide open, such astonishment sat on his face:

He was not on his throne. He was sitting cross-legged on the floor on high cushions. Ulu Hatun on his right side, Kül Tigin on his left side, Bilge Tonyukuk right next to him... Forty valiant men of valour lined up behind him, their hands on their swords...

Yüan Chen realised that this appearance of indifference and carelessness was the appearance of not taking the Chinese state, the Chinese emperor as a person, not valuing him. It is the appearance of the confidence that the powerful state, the powerful emperor carries knowing this.

There was nothing to do. For a while, while he was standing, those sitting were engrossed in a conversation among themselves. After a while, Bilge Kagan raised his head and seemed to recognise the presence of the envoy, speaking as if he was also in the conversation. Then he answered the emperor's wish with sarcasm.

"The emperor says that the emperor has put me in the place of his son, but what kind of captivity, what kind of devotion, he is still afraid of me. He is afraid to attend a ceremony for his faith in his own country. He asks me to send my chief, that he may have some army with him, and that he may be able to get some of his internal fat.

he's lying even when he says he cares about my support."

Every one of these words was a wound in the envoy's heart. Seeing the Turkish kagan so wise and honourable made him miserable. Dutifully, he kept silent and waited for the kagan to finish his words.

"It is unreasonable to even think that the Turkish khan is the one who would fall for this. Because Hsüan-tsung wants to keep the chief of the army as a hostage to ensure his safety. So I will be He wants to ensure that my armies will not raid him and that I will not try to take him prisoner. However, I will not engage in such a bloody game, because blood games are not the work of a Turk. Even today, if I wished, I could raid directly to the Chinese capital and take Hsüan-tsung prisoner in his bed!"

Ambassador Yüan Chen staggered at these very harsh words.

"Great Khan..."

With his hand, the Wise Khan silenced the envoy's speech. "Listen!" he roared. "Shut up and don't speak. Or else I'll [bleep] your head!"

The messenger began to tremble. The others, who did not interfere, saw his condition and looked at him with stern eyes, helpless. his body. Bilge Kagan continued his words as follows.

"In spite of all this, I wish to show that my men, my people are not as cowardly as the Chinese. I will send Bashaygu chi Ashide hteber to accompany you on your journey, as an envoy, mind you, as an escort. I will add a few more Turkic clans with him so that they can be at Hsüan Tsung's side."

"Great Khan, this will make my lord so happy!"

The envoy could not stand it again and spoke. Bilge Kagan, who looked at him sternly, vocalised what he really wanted to say.

"Hsün-tsung has also forgotten the ancient Sino-Turkish custom of peace."

Ambassador Yüan Chen bowed his head to the ground. He understood what the Wise Khan wanted to say. When peace was made with the Turks, it was necessary to send one of your household members to the Turkish kagan as a brother-in-law. In this way, there would be a mutual understanding and trust would grow.

With a smile on his face, Bilge Kagan continued his words.

"Hsüan-tsung, the Turk Bilge Kagan of Ashina lineage, who sent a concierge from the T'ang dynasty to the Tibetans of dog lineage, even to the Kanyans and Tatabis under my command, and established obedience

If he doesn't want to be captured by the Khan, that's his business. El I am not ignorant of the fact that the condition for being close to Tibetans, Khans and Tatabis is that they favour the Turks! This is the end of this era. In the future, if China makes another mistake..."

It was the end of his promise. He was not going to speak again.
ian.

The Chinese envoy starts making promises to save the situation When he came back, he started to chat with Kül Tigin and Bilge Tonyukuk, who were sitting next to him, showing that he did not take him for a person.

"Great Khan, let them know that as soon as I return to China, I will send a noble konchuy to your room..."

Yüan Chen told all this to his emperor and had to watch his helpless stance. Hsüan tsung was only relieved of his doubts when Ashide Ilteber came to join him on the journey and brought gifts to show the wealth of the Bilge Kagan. As the noble Turkish breeds, armed with their weapons and tails, waited to accompany him on his journey on their noble Turkish horses, he could not help wondering, "Have I done wrong?".

Along the way, he was greeted by a group of noble Turks who behaved as if they were in their own homeland.

When the Turks stopped to hunt, they watched with interest the religious behaviour of the Chinese, which seemed very strange to them.

The emperor, who had gone on a journey and returned, realised that his fears had been in vain, and paid compliments and lavish gifts to Ashide Ilteber and his companions.²⁵⁷

²⁵⁷ Historians indicate that this trip took place in 724-725.

*"İlterish Kagan kazganmasar, yok erli erser, I myself Bilge Tonyukuk kazganmasar, I yok erlim erser, Kapgan Kagan Türk sir budun yirinte bod yime budun yime person yime was yok erleçi erli. İlterish Kagan, Bilge Tonyukuk kazganduk üçün Kapgan Kagan Türk Sir budun yondukı bu. Türk Bilge Kagan, Türk Sir budunug becomes Oguz budunug igidü."*²⁵⁸

"Let me go now, Khan!"

Words that tell that the day is ready for this, that it is time to go and never come back... No matter how much he postponed this day, delayed, came and went...

He could not say a word. He nodded slowly. State

Bilge Kagan, who endeavoured to put the Great Sage on duty as he wished to withdraw his hand and power from his duty, saw that this was no longer possible.

"My strength is exhausted, Khan," said Bilge Tonyukuk once, "I get tired so quickly ... Old age is very bad!"

Now, without further ado, I'd like to announce

that it was a departure. Bilge Tonyukuk was returning to his homeland, never to return again.

"When, Ata?"

"Tomorrow's day! When the sun rises..."

"" "If İlterish Khan ^{had} not ^{won}, if he had perished; if I, Bilge Tonyukuk, had not won, if I had perished, I would have been the son of Kapgan Khan.

In the place of the Turkic Sir bud, the tribe, the buddha and the person would all perish. İlterish Khan, because Bilge Tonyukuk won, Kapgan Ka
This is the path of the Turkic Sir bud of the Turk... The Türk Bilge Kagan, the Turkic Sir clan, the Oghuz clan is being nourished and cherished.

As the day dawned, as Yış Ötüken stirred, the most movement was near the high tent of Bilge Tonyukuk. It had been gathering and preparing for a long time, but it still seemed that the work of the last day, the last brew, would not be exhausted.

Shouts, commands, running around...

Bilge Kagan invited the Great Sage to his otbah. He thought it appropriate for him to stay with him until the preparations for departure were completed. Not long afterwards, Kül Tigin also attended Ulu Bilge's last feast. Then the sons of the kagan, the sons of the shad came and entered the hermitage with permission.

The faces that were trying to smile were hiding their true feelings, not bothering to be hypocritical today. Erlik required this. They were very sad, but they had to show it, so as not to upset the Great Sage.

Time was running out. When his young son called out, "We are ready to set off!" the Great Sage rose from his seat. Vanp stood in front of the kaghan. He bowed and greeted the Turkish king.

Bilge Kagan stood up to see off his ancestor-in-law, his brother-in-law, his war and toy comrade to the gate of the otag. They came side by side for a while. Great Bilge whispered his last advice in his ear.

Only he knew, one kagan heard it.

Bilge Tonyukuk stopped right in front of the door. Tradition did not allow Bilge Ka ğan to go any further. Outside the door, his daughter, Ulu Hatun, was waiting to see her ancestor off.

"Bless you, Khan!" she said in a strong voice.

"Bless you, ancestor!" replied Bilge Kagan. "Good luck!"

Börüler stood in two rows, drawing their swords and raising them to the Sky,

the Great Sage, for whom they had great respect. They shouted a few pleasant words of praise.

The Irkin had jumped off and were waiting to see the Great Sage off.

they were. They had drawn his horse right in front of the door. With his head held high, his eyes on his comrades, smiling and hiding his sadness, Bilge Tonyukuk mounted his horse. Kül Tigin, his sons, Bilge Kağan's sons, the elders of the bud, jumped on to follow him and ride with him for a while. In this way they would show their value. A division of soldiers would accompany Bilge Tonyukuk's migration under the command of a division head until he reached his homeland.

So the caravan was sent on its way. The Great Sage was blessed by the Yis of Ötüken.

and said goodbye.

There was a lack, a deprivation... If it was fate,
you had to get used to it. This was fate!

It did not take a long time for him to reach his homeland, and he chose to embrace with all his might the thought that he had taken as a job with his settlement. He did not know how much more time Tann would give him, how many years he had left in his life, and he wished to finish his dream as soon as possible.

He had determined his place, he liked it.

Not far from Ötüken Yış, in the Tola Valley, he completed all the preliminary preparations for the monument he dreamt of.

Just before reaching the upper bed of the Tola river, a plain close to the place called Bayın Çokto seemed to him the most suitable for the arut. The bengt stones were to be erected in a large bark. Bilge Tonyukuk wished to have his writings recorded on two large stones.

He had told this to his son.

Now he was looking for stones suitable for what he would write, for the bitig he left for the future. His son, who had taken this job upon himself, had sent people in four directions to search for portable rocks shaped in the narrative of the atasir. This was a blessed ambition.

If it flies before it is realised...

Bilge Tonyukuk did not even want to think about it. Of course his son would complete the dream, but he wanted to do it himself, to see it.

With the spring, the construction of the barn began. As Tonyukuk the Wise had thought and drawn... A wide entrance door was made by skilful people, and the bark was surrounded with a brick wall.

The bark was also organised to be covered. Inside, there would be a place for offering a rain sacrifice and a place for praying to Gök.

When he reached the cliff, the Great Sage wished his remains not to be found too far away, but to be buried close by, but in a secret place. He had two salar stones prepared in order to make his presence known that he was nearby. Since it was an extension of the ancient custom to prevent the bodies of great people from being touched by oil, this precaution was taken.

Bilge Tonyukuk had also wished for the implementation of the min.

The body belonged to the earth, the soul to the sky. So both were sacred.

Bilge Tonyukuk carved bedizens in stone Bilge Tonyukuk carved bedizens in stones. His friends and favourites had their likenesses drawn and painted by hand. He had defined their faces to resemble the faces of his comrades who were with him in battles, and the faces of the people he had killed, and had them made accordingly.

The reliefs were so real that when he saw them he was amazed at the skilfulness of the painters.

He had a statue of himself made to his exact measurements and placed at the entrance to the place of worship. Both so that it would be understood that he was bound to the Sky for eternity and so that it would be remembered what kind of a person he was.

Near sunset, the younger son of Bilge Tonyukuk, As his ancestor had wished, he had two large stones worked into four faces and brought them to the bark place by carts drawn by oxen. One was a little bigger than the other. Bilge Tonyukuk liked the stones very much. They were big and shiny, suitable for processing and writing...

His son was blessed and delighted by his ancestor's happiness.

The Great Sage, who had spent years for his state, was so careful for the bengüt stones, which would almost be his last wish.

When the master stone scribes began to write with care... When the first sentence was recorded...

"Bilge Tonyukuk, I, myself, was made in the province of China. The Turkish nation was bound to China..."

That's how it started. Then it came easily.

Bilge Tonyukuk dictated his experiences, wars and Turkish kings in order. Taking care not to leave anything missing, not to forget anything...

The writing took days. The words were engraved on the stones.

The first stone had exactly twenty-five sahr of space on it. tanged. Twenty-seven lines on the second stone...

Turkish scribes had written twenty-seven lines, and the house had been decorated by Turkish bedizers.

When the last sentence was written...

"The Turkish Bilge Kagan, the Turkish Sir tribe, the Oghuz tribe, is feeding and sitting!"

He described that day and put this ending. He ended the inscription with a description of how great a great kagan Turk Bilge Kagan was.

The two bengütaş were placed on high pedestals and placed in the bar khan, one after the other, with a small distance between them. It would be some time before the bar and its surroundings could be organised, and when it was finished, it would be a monument to be seen and praised.

In the early days of summer, the arut was completed.²⁵⁹ Bilge Tonyukuk travelled around the monument with people from his son, tribe and clan. He liked it very much. a monument to be proud of, a monument that would never disappear.

²⁵⁹ The date of the construction of the bark in which the Bilge Tonyukuk Bengutas are located and the date of the erection of the stones are not known for certain. It is estimated to have been completed between 721-725.

He had left behind a bengübitig that could not be left behind. After that, it was no longer important.

"I have completed my mission!"

As he said this, he raised his eyes and looked at Gök, and a great longing was born in him to meet him. He knew that he didn't have much time in pain anymore.

He wrote a bitig and sent it to Bilge Kagan. He told about the barracks he built and the bengut stones he erected.

"If you find a time to come and see...."

Bilge Kagan would certainly come to see Ulu Bilge's bark one day, but he could not do it immediately. Instead, he responded to the Great Sage's wisdom and congratulated him.

"You have become a pioneer again with what you have done, ancestor! You have done an honourable deed.

Congratulations!"

The fame of Bilge Tonyukuk's bengütaş and bark soon spread. The effect of curiosity was so serene that those who found the time and way from all over the Turkish homeland came and visited. They read and learnt about it. Some old people were happy to remember the same ages again. Some young men were happy to learn about the ages they did not know. Some of them brought a valuable artefact and left it inside the building. Some of them prayed for blessings and tied a coloured cloth to the branch of the bush or agaon they found.

So much so that people from other clans and even people from China came and visited the bengütaşlan.

His fame has spread! He has caught your fancy!

Suddenly Bilge Tonyukuk was counted. He had exhausted his work in the field, done everything that needed to be done, erected the bengüt stones. It was as if his body was waiting for them to collapse, his soul to migrate. His soul, along with his exhausted work, was looking for a new place. This place was in the Sky.

Winter was just beginning to give way to spring. The wise Tonyu kuk realised that he was at the end of his time, in his last days. His wish from God was to pass away before he was tied to his bed, unable to stand up and do his own work. Of course, he wished to see the spring, to write his homeland in his mind in the most beautiful and livable way, and then to pass away.

"God knows the time!"

The children of his sons and daughters grew up, entered the ranks of manhood, their children were also born, and became inseparable from his neighbourhood. The sage of the past, who had spoken with the great people and made toy, was now talking and explaining with the balas. Even he himself was surprised that he could answer their questions without getting bored. Balas had such pedantic questions that he would stop and feel ashamed of his wisdom.

Most of his lectures were for teaching purposes. He liked the fact that the soldiers, women, youth and children who came to receive instruction listened to him breathlessly. His stories about the battles were found incredible, especially the deeds of the soldiers who wrote heroic epics, especially Kül Tigin, were constantly repeated. From time to time, he was reminded of his mistakes. He was thinking and muttering to himself what should be done.

One of his queries was about his long life:

"Why did I live so long?"

From captivity to the state, to the highest position of the state... "To work with the three khans, to live with them and to be a-
to fight together..."

I wonder how many people Acun had come across since he was founded. He changed ages, ages changed around him. Being born in China, living there and learning Chinese had given him a lot despite the pain of captivity. It was thanks to his son and ancestor that he did not forget his Turkishness despite spending his childhood, youth and adolescence in China.

The behaviour of the Turkic nation was one thing in China and another outside China. It was inconceivable that before even a generation had passed, while the existence of those who were still alive, there would be those who wanted to be connected to China again as if nothing had happened.

"Your Turkish nation forgets quickly!"

In order not to be forgotten, he had erected bengüt stones and told everything from there.

It was also a unique characteristic of the Turks that they did not stop fighting for independence and became a state in a short time. The good side and the wrong side were thus balanced. I wonder what those who are too lazy to think and remember will think of him when they read the bengübi tig in the future?

"We did not sleep at night, we did not sit by day, so that our nation may prosper. We shed our red blood and sweated our black sweat. If we had not won, both the province and the state would have perished. Ilterish Khan, Kapgan Khan, Bilge Khan... If they had not won....

In the end, the province became a province, the nation became a nation. "But I've grown old!"

What a pity to grow old!

Even though he was respected, loved, missed and listened to, he knew that time was enough and he had to go.

He had become weak. His hope was to find his place as soon as possible...

"I raised good, valiant sons, all of them warriors... I brought up good, valiant daughters, all under the command of the bud....

God decrees who will be a sage, who will be a kam, who will be a bard and who will be a warrior. He never complained about what he was, he lived his life with love. He thought that it was what it should be, that it was enough.

He wanted to sleep. His bed, which he did not want to enter even in his delirium, was so attractive to him. All he had to do was sit up and take a few steps. The private who looked after him would never leave him alone.

He announced it to his little son, who did not leave him alone, who ran to him every time he called, even though he did not want to. His son ran. Never failing in respect, always waiting, always at the command of his ancestor...

11Ata...11

"I wish to lie down!"

His son was strong. Just like his youth; what youth, he was strong even five or ten years ago. He supported his ancestor with his arms. Slowly he helped him to lie down on his mattress. Then he gave him some water to drink.

"Sleep, Ata! I'll wake you up when it's time to eat!" Sleep! That was his greatest wish now.

The sun was about to set.

The Great Sage closed his eyes!

He could not believe what he heard. The crowds are chanting his name. He wants to open his eyes; he can't. But he doesn't need to! Because he sees what's happening, he understands.

"This, this... It's very different... It's ..."

The sun had set and his son had cooked his ancestor's favourite dish. His daughter-in-law had also arrived, and his grandchildren were sitting quietly in the tent so that their great ancestor would wake up and tell them something. They were silent as instructed, but they could hardly stand, their eyes on their great ancestors who were lying there.

The food was ready. It was even better for the Great Sage's health if he woke up and ate. The bride looked at her sister-in-law.

"Let's wake him up!" she said. "He'll count more if he's hungry!"

"Let's wake him up!"

The boy slowly approached his ancestor's bed. First he called out.
di.

"Ata! The food is ready! Even if you get up..."

He saw the face of the Great Sage a little differently. He was sceptical.

He slowly reached out his hand and put it on his forehead. He was startled. He was also alarmed... He gently nudged him.

11Ata!"

There was no sound.

The Great Sage had arrived at the plane.²⁶⁰

Bilge Tonyukuk had lived, fought and laboured for eighty years to glorify his nation. His loss was many, but his loved ones were also many. Those who heard were saddened and mourned.

When the news reached Öfüken Yiş and was conveyed to Bilge Kagan and Kül Tigin, mourning was announced in the province, and messengers were sent to all Turkic tribes near and far and asked to obey the law.

The kams marked the first days of spring for yoghurt. It was a good time, suitable for meeting with the Sky. Until that time, he would be ready for praise and visitation in the mourning halls, and he would be kept in the circle of soldiers. Of course, his friends, loved ones, comrades; people of his son, his tribe would stand around him in order not to leave him alone.

Yoğ time came.

It was a beautiful spring day and the blessed reflections were affecting people. Such great crowds gathered to see the Great Sage off...

A blessed traveller from the earth to the
sky! A blessed journey...

The house he had built, the bengütüt stones he had erected were left without him. It was as if they were like him, as a part of him, they were lost to eternity.

That is why they were erected.

²⁶⁰ Although no exact date is given, the year 726 is indicated for the date of Bilge Tonyukuk's death.

"Tengri teg tengride bolmış Türk Bilge Kagan bödke olurtum. My patience is exhausted. Ulayu ini yigünüm boyım biriki oğuşum budunum biriye şadpıt begler yinya tarkat buyruk begler Otuz Tatar... Tokuz Oguz begs budunu this sabım edgüti eşid, kahgdı hngla: "ı-ı-ı"

Neither to know nor to know. To understand... Neither is living.

All that you've done, all that you've boasted about, all of it on a stone. All that time...

Only that remains, and your place in the minds of those who know you, in the hearts of those who love you. If you become an epic...

You are talked about for a while, you are often remembered. Then... You are not forgotten, but life goes on. Some people leave, others come.

Later, much later; at an unexpected time... Especially if the value of bengütaşlans is recognised...

After the death of Bilge Tonyukuk, a great feast was organised for him. This time only the great men, beys, lords, elders and noble men of the Turkic tribes gave their voices. So that speeches would be made and praises would be sung in his memory. He would hear, they knew. He would hear, his soul would be happy.

⁽²⁶¹⁾ "Turk Bilge Kagan, who was born in the Sky like God, I sat at this time, hear my words completely. Especially my younger brother, my nephew, my son, my whole lineage, my nation, the shadpıt lords in the south, the shadpıt lords in the north tarkat, command beys, Thirty Tatars... Nine Oghuz beys, budunu! Hear this word, listen carefully!" Orkhon Monuments, Bilge Kagan Bengutasi, NORTH FACE...

"Here," he would say. "Here are the men of my nation. My comrades with whom I fought shoulder to shoulder in battles. "Tiger, my comrades, my comrades!"

Blessed soldiers, blessed
departure! Blessed soldiers are
remembered with blessings!

Even the soldiers with whom they fought and fought against each other are blessed.

They commemorate the brave men and it is inevitable that valour will be expressed.

Everything is exhausted, but epics remain
behind! As a sign for those left behind!

The state does not stop. The state does not live depending on individuals.

The state should not die either. Especially the states of the blessed nations that come from eternity and are candidates to reach eternity...

But the main thing is the immortality of the nation. Acun dur
To continue to exist as long as possible, which God has not granted to every nation.

The Turkish nation is one with eternity.

Sorrows are for being forgotten. For the Turks who are bound to the Sky, it is not appropriate to grieve too much since the destination of the departed is known. The departed is honoured in the Sky by going in bliss. He is honoured with erected balbalas. Those who would be in his service bowed their heads around him...

"Balbals are the honour of the
soul!" There, around the bark...
There...
Always there, always...

Habit; after every word he spoke, every command he gave, Bilge Kagan would turn round and look back to the place where Bilge Tonyukuk should be. But there was another face, other eyes there now.

Habit...

It can also be called longing, even if it is not vocalised... The need to consult...

He consults again, sitting where Bilge Tonyukuk was sitting. It is as if his voice rings behind the words. As if giving approval...

"The Turgish have become very strong, my kagan! A solution for them...¹¹

As Kül Tigin was vocalising this, he was thinking of the Yugish kagan's war against the Arabs. He was both angry and a little praising... Bilge Khan was in the same mood. If only the Turgish, who valiantly defended their homeland, had not opposed the Turkish kagan. If only they had accepted that the Ashinas had the right to be the head and obeyed the state.

"What would they have lost?"

To remain independent in co-operation and self-government, to leave their kagan at the head of the bud as a kagan...

It was not enough. The Turgish Khan Sulu, who had won victories against the Arabs, had seized the Samarkand region and had grown stronger and his tribe wealthier. After that, it was imperative that he should turn this way and Bilge Kagan was calculating this.

"Keep the army ready..."

Kül Tigin was ready for this. As long as his eunuch, the kagan, gave the order.

While an endeavour in this direction was in progress, fate pointed in another direction

that unexpected things happened at unexpected times.

The Tibetans were at war with China. Tibetan Irkin Hsinolu had the idea of taking China after a few victories, and began to consider himself competent to do so. Bilge Kagan only laughed at this endeavour of the Tibetans, who had been favourites of the Turks in unlikely ages. They would not be able to do it on their own, they would have to look for other supporters. The closest seemed to be the Khans.

And then!

If the Tibetans and Kantans did as they wished and dominated China; if they gained so much power, it was inevitable that the Turkish state would be their target this time.

At an unexpected time, another unexpected thing happened. Tibetan Irkin Hsinolu sent an envoy to Bilge Kagan. In his letter, he asked for help and friendship.

"China is the fat of all other nations. In the past every
They made each other suffer, and attempted to play unimaginable tricks in order to establish influence over our clans."

What Hsinolu wrote was very true. But he quickly forgot that his own people, the Tibetans, were also involved in the games.

"Now is the time for revenge. The powerful Tibetan nation
He has become strong enough to defeat and destroy the T'ang dynasty and has prepared his armies for this task. We ask the great Turkish king to unite with us in our raids against China. The raids we will make with our armies from both sides will enable us to easily defeat China and take prisoners. Our wealth will increase and we will not have to deal with such a problem again in the future."

"Of course," thought Bilge Kagan. "Then you will be the trouble!"

Then he gave his mind to the recitation.

"If the great Turkish khan takes his powerful army and joins us to take China..."

Here, too, there was arrogance. An ordinary Tibetan
Kin had the audacity to call the Turkish khan to his side. Bilge Kagan stopped the recitation of the bitik in order to immediately point out this great mistake to the envoy's face. Then he turned to the chief porter to relay his words.

"It is clear," he said, "Hsinolu has lost his senses. He knows neither himself nor us! He doesn't know China at all. But I have seen him take the Chinese konchuy and try to get a cup with the T'ang dynasty.

and I know the effort he made. What has happened now that he has suddenly become a China hater and is filled with a sense of revenge? What has happened now that he intends to take China?"

The gatekeeper addressed these words to the Tibetan envoy.

The Tibetan envoy could not find an answer. Then Bilge Khan continued his words:

"If it is necessary to raid China, we can do it if necessary. If it is necessary to take China, we can do it by ourselves, we don't need anyone, no buddha. Hsinolu, who addressed me as if he was a king and a friend, showed what kind of helplessness he was in by thinking himself so powerful and great and being so imprudent as to address me to him. There is peace between us and China. The Chinese emperor fulfils our orders, does what we ask, and gives us what we wish without war or raids. Hsinolu's dream game is imprudent and impossible to realise. His dream will soon turn into a nightmare, and he will suffer the consequences."

He paused and took a breath. He raised his voice:

"The partnership of the Grey Wolves with the dog-bred Tibetans is impossible. Only if Hsinolu wishes to be under my command, come in. Then I'll decide whether to buy China or not! I have no more words on this matter!"

Bilge Khan did not even feel the need to give a written bitig to the Tibetan envoy. He sent him back to his country to convey his words. Then he chose to watch what would happen and think about what to do accordingly.

Kül Tigin was angry at the audacity of the Tibetans. It was ignorant of themselves for ordinary tribes to think they were something and call the Turkic kagan into partnership.

"If the Chinese emperor knew what the Tibetans, whom he favours in friendship with us, whom he sends concubines to, whom he keeps as vessels..."

"Even if he knows, he still prefers them to Turks. Because ge-

easy to defeat," replied the Wise Khan. "But what happens next seems to concern us closely!"

As if the envoy had not conveyed Bilge Kagan's words and rejected his request to raid China together, Hsinolu sent another envoy and bitig to the Turkic kagan, just as he was about to lead his army on a raid and take the city of Kua-chou:

"I am on my way to take China and overthrow the T'ang dynasty. Those who are not with me today, I will face them next day!"

Bilge Khan was very angry this time. This unprincipled Tibetan had dared to threaten the Turkish nation at the very beginning.

"There will be a consequence for this mistake!"

Kül Tigin suggested to raise an army and shoot the Tibetans, but he said, "If he wants to fight with China, let him fight. This would be more favourable to us," and he sent Buyruk Çor, whom he had now made the chief ambassador, as an envoy to Hsüan tsung. He sent him Hsinolu's bitig and wrote a mocking bitig.

When the Tibetans raised an army to raid into China, the Chinese emperor, who had raised an army to counter them, was quite agitated when a messenger from Bilge Kagan arrived at this very time. However, Bilge Kagan was lecturing him with all his greatness.

"Even to know what peace and oath are is a greatness. It is the greatest characteristic of the Turkish nation to keep a promise, not to play deceitfully and to keep a promise of friendship. The Tibetans, whom you had made your own friends, sent conchuys and made your captains, wished to make a partnership with me while raiding against China, but I informed Hsinolu that I would never break my word, and I showed that I could not make a partnership with dog nobles. But in the past, you wanted to overthrow the Turkish state by making a partnership with the Tibetans. Now fight well with your old friends so that your throne

Do not let it be jeopardised and choose your friend and oil well. Know this: As long as you keep your word, the Turkish Khan will keep his word!"

He was Chinese. His sense of shame and honour was mixed with a sense of benefit. He could not find words to say to the Turkish kagan, who reminded him of the treaty in a difficult moment and told him what he had done in the past and asked him to make a comparison. Now he had to deal with the Tibetans, with whom he had conspired against the Turks, in a difficult battle. His greatest fear was that in such a difficult moment, the Turks would also rise up to raid. However, the Turkish khan said that he would honour his oath at the end.

"I must please him!"

Hsüan-tsung ordered:

"Send three hundred thousand pieces of silk cloth to the great king. Let him accept it as a gift in addition to our annual emission."

He also provided more facilities for the development of border trade with the Turks, so that the Turkish kaghan would be pleased.²⁶² Trade thus flourished on the borders, especially in the Ordos region.

The Tibetan race failed in its raid. So he chose another partner for himself. This person was the Turgish Khan Su lu. The Turgish Khan, who wished to show himself more and be recognised, saw the Tibetans' offer as an opportunity. Their concern was that Bilge Kagan would not be angry.

and not to interfere.

The armies of the two Buddhas attacked the An-Hsi region. They thought to move quickly, destroy the Chinese army there and then flow into the Chinese interior. However, the developments were not as they expected. They were defeated and had to retreat.

The Uighurs were not late to join the tribes who wanted to settle accounts with China one after another. They wanted to flock on their own and take advantage of the chaos. Thus, ol-

¹⁶² Historians point to the year 726 for this event.

n a long period of turmoil and mutual raids began. While all these endeavours caused a lot of bloodshed and weakened the clans participating in the war, the Turks of the Sky-rooted Turks were contented with watching and protecting their homeland. This made them stronger and wealthier.

Cave of the Ancestors...

Two companions, only two of them, arrived at the sacred cave secretly without waiting for the time. They were followed by the Börü troop, consisting only of the elite men of the Grey Wolf clan, and along the way there were hidden guards to keep the mystery in mystery. Kül Tigin had wished for this journey. His wife wished to be with the kagan, to share the wolf of the Cave of the Ancestors only with him.

From somewhere, a place whose mystery has never been solved They had lit some of the oil lamps that had been set up to supplement the daylight that poured in through the window. Just watching the shadows cast by the flames on the walls was a pleasure for the two Ashina nobles.

One is a great khan..

The other a great shad..

The pleasure was insatiable. The fact that they were there, that they were there, was the work of such a powerful courtship.

Tamgas, bediz, inscriptions...

Each mark occupying the walls has thousands of meanings, thousands of words to say. For those who understand, so few people understand, so few people know...

Those who know know...

Everything tells what happened. Who put
the first bookmark?

It must be the Great Ashina

Khan! The first...

Then kagans, shads, tigins...

"The Turkish name, Turkishness, suddenly appeared in the world.
Because God commanded it..."

Many names of clans, clans, tribes, uruges, oğuş, surnames...

The Turk is the one who comprehends all these, gives meaning to all these... The one who summarises all these...

"Because God commanded it!"

The understanding that spreads over time, that spreads over time...

"Year of Sığgan, Year of Ud, Year of Bars, Year of Tavışgan, Year of Luy, Year of Snake, Year of Yunt, Year of Koy, Year of Biçin, Year of Takagu, Year of Mutt, Year of Tonguz..."

In the exhaustion of the years, clinging to the years...

"It's like we've always been here! Always here, always the same!"

A c c e p t i n g that things have changed... And that some things remain the same...

"Since the first kagan..." The last kagan will come here! "Who will be the last kagan?"

"Not the last khan at all!" said Kül Tigin. "If he is to be the last khan...."

Eternity is the sign of existence. Eternity, the sign of non-extinction.

"The Turkic nation will never perish! So be the last khan! maz!"

They existed there. They multiplied there. That's where they came out and spread across the Acuna.

They are the children of Ashina Khan.

"We, the children of Ashina Khan, the soldiers of the Turkish nation, who have existed from the moment he took part in the realm until today..."

"This place is different!" said Kül Tigin. "It is as if he sees everything, lives everything anew, understands everything..."

w Twelve Animal Turkish Calendar: It is a Turkish calendar that started to be used since the Huns. This calendar, which has sixty-year cycles with five periods of twelve years, begins in 209 BC, the date of Mete Khan's ascension to the throne. (Year of the Rat, Year of the Ox, Year of the Tiger, Year of the Rabbit, Year of the Dragon, Year of the Snake, Year of the Horse, Year of the Sheep, Year of the Monkey, Year of the Chicken, Year of the Dog, Year of the Pig)

"Have you become a kami, my fellow man!" "Here it's even more, even more powerful..."

In the passion of thought, the results... The vision that gives light

They'

re... "The Turkish nation is passionate about the moon and the sun, kandaşım tigin.

And the room..."

Moon, sun and od...

Whatever is connected to the sky...

"The moon and the sun are in the sky! Od is praying to the Sky with its flames!" God is the sovereign of eternity!

"God always lives, men live to die..."

To be born here, in this blessed cave, as a bozkurt from the bozkurt lineage...

"Even more important is to live as a bozkurt," said Kül Tigin. He spoke differently today. He must be under the influence of the cave.

The Cave of Ancestors draws attention to another image with every breath. In a moment of silence in front of another image...

Attachment, addiction...

"One wishes never to leave this place, never to be separated!"

To this wish of Bilge Kagan, Kül Tigin gave a response in Kül Tigin.

"Only in times of war!" Loving to fight...

"You become more Turk in wars. A more grizzly wolf..." Time has worn them both out.

"If we don't grow old..."

Bilge Kagan laughed. Wanting the impossible...

"It is not impossible," said Kül Tigin, "It is also a wish to fly without growing old..."

The Wise Khan trembled inside. He did not think death befitting his kinsman at all. In so many battles, so many wounds and survived and fought again and again...

"Isn't he a soldier to talk about the flybridge, henchman!"

"The years are passing, Mr Kagan, and we are getting old. The most natural... ."

"God knows what's best, kinsman!" God knows!

Suddenly, a completely different question came from Kül Tigin: "Are we going to erect stones too, my dear Kagan?" Bilge Kagan nodded slowly.

"I have so many things to tell! I have dictated so much to my horse Yuluğ Tigin and it is still not enough for me. For the Turkish nation, I wish to address and tell the Turkish nation. The bengut stones will remain in place as long as Acun stands!"

"The Great Sage did the right thing!"

"The right thing. It attracted so much attention. Budun is visiting his house, his monument like an idyllic place."

Thus he is commemorated, retold again and again.

"Echim Kagan, erect a monument for me too!" There is a pain inside you again...

"Whoever dies first, for the other..." "Long live the Great Turkish Khan." "Long live my kinsman tigin!"

They were silent. Both of them are thinking of bengütaş to be erected, t o live, t o speak.

"Stones talk, if you succeed in making stones talk!" Bilge Tonyukuk succeeded.

They were born in this cave. This cave, the cave that gives birth to a person ...

11This cave is our mother!"

From this cave they spread across the continent.

Now the two Ashina noble kinsmen are in the cave of the Cave of the Ancestors ... In a different feeling...

*"Kül Tigin flew to kony yılda yiti yiginnike. Tokuzunç month yiti thirtyka yoghurturtırtımız. Barkın bedizin bitig taş biçin yılda yitiñ ay yiti thirtyka kop alkdımız. Kül Tigin himself was forty plus forty years old... Theseça bedizçig Tuygut ilteber kelürti."*²⁶⁴

They did not stop, because to stop was to stop the nation. They showed that they deserved peace as much as they deserved war. Again they did not stop; they used the time for the welfare of the province and the nation, for development.

They multiplied. Both horses and soldiers ... Multiplication meant power on its own. Their sons and daughters grew up. There were those who kept a wife.

They took daughters from noble sons, gave daughters to noble sons.

s.

While Bilge Khan stayed in Ö!üken Yıış and ruled the state, Kül Tigin could not stay still. He was at the head of the army, when and where necessary. He did not neglect his presence along the borders so that the Turkish homeland would be safe.

With Bilge Kagan's ruling power and Kül Tigin's name that frightened the fat people, the Turkish state became a power that could not be fought or opposed for the fat people.

²⁶⁴ "On the seventeenth day of the year of the sheep, Kül Tigin arrived at the plane. On the twenty-seventh day of the ninth month. We finished his bark, painting, and bengütüt stone on the seventh month, twenty-seventh day in the year of the monkey. Kül Tigin made the cloud collapse at the age of forty-seven. Tuygut İlbay brought all these painters." Orkhon Monument, Kül Tigin Bengutaşı, North-East Face...

The Turkish Khan met with the ambassadors who came to him one after another, and listed his orders. The negotiations held in the posture of the burei lined up behind him, and in the cases of his elements and irkin, were always for a step beyond. It was to rise, to become the Sky.

Kül Tigin should have been there too. He had asked him a few times and could not get a correct answer. Since they had similar behaviour, the Great Khan did not dwell on it too much. But when the sun set... He first asked his son Sukan Tigin.

"What does Eğin Kül Tigin do?"

"I don't know, my ancestor kagan! I haven't seen him all day long."

There was something in this. Kül Tigin would be in Ötüken Yış and not come to see his wife!

Bilge Kagan could not sleep without seeing him, without knowing that he was well. He immediately rushed, whoever was around.

It did not take long. One of the blind men brought the news.

"Great Khan, your Ash Tigin kinsman is in the high chadnda yahnak. He has been counted!"

Bilge Khan jumped out of his seat.

"Ne?"

He wouldn't even think of treating his kinsman with disrespect. Where did this come from? How did it happen?

Ash Tigin was lying in flames. When his bedside brother leaned on the mattress and said that Bilge Kagan had come to the tent, he tried to sit up forcibly, but he could not.

"Forgive me, my dear Khan!" he said in a weak voice. "I am very weak! I didn't want to meet you on the mattress."

He did not wish to see his kinsman on the mattress in such a state.

"What words!" said Ka ğan the Wise, and knelt down beside his kinsman. He put his hand on his sweaty forehead. He was startled as if he had been stung by a room. All this wood would have cracked the soldier.

"Quickly call the herbalists, the kams!"

While the soldiers were running, he stayed there, not knowing what to do because of his sorrow; first he lashed out at Kül Tigin's brother-in-law.

"Why didn't you announce it to me? Why?"

"He didn't ask for it himself, Great Khan," said the sad woman with her head down, "He told us not to disturb you in the midst of all his work, that he would recover anyway. He did not even ask for an herbalist. He didn't want it to be heard, he didn't want your nation to be curious."

The great kagan looked around with flashing eyes. He could hardly keep himself from saying the first words that came to his mouth. He was angry with everyone present. His horses, his sons, his servants...

He swallowed his words, did not let them out, but it was obvious that he was having difficulty.

He looked again at his comrade who was burning in flames. He was helpless. Let the hero of the Turks, who had brought so many states into difficulty, who had destroyed so many armies, who had brought the fat to their knees, who had run from battle to battle, whose name had become a household name, be tied to his bed.

"You will recover," he said in a low and soft voice, "You will recover!"

Until that moment, it was incomprehensible that he did not call the herdsman. He was the wisest and most skilful of the Turkic nation, who took the command of the kagan and ran around.

rikli herbalists endeavoured to cure Kül Tigin. This run attracted great attention, and the community began to pile around the tent in excitement and curiosity. So much so that voices could be heard from inside. The elders of the nation came one after the other, eager to find out what was going on. The chief guardsman, who gave them brief explanations, told them that the kaghan was in the tent and took on the task of maintaining calm and silence. With a unanimous decision, the Otaalar wished the tent to be cleared. While others were in a hurry to leave, Bilge Kagan could not leave the head of his kinsmen. He was angry with himself, complaining...

"Why didn't I ask for his kandaşır today? Why didn't I call?"

Fear of being late even for a moment. "If only I had known sooner!"

He was brave, heroic, heroic. He did not want to express his disability, he despised it.

Bilge Kagan was thinking. They last met yesterday morning...

"A state of dignity, exhaustion, ruin..."

No! He hadn't seen it, hadn't noticed it. Or was he not interested enough?

He saw him standing tall with his usual majesty. As if he was going to go to war...

Forty-seven years old, with long grey hair, but vigorous, strong...

"All of a sudden... What happened?"

He didn't even think of such a heavy honour. "If it was affected by the wind..."

It was cold.

In the case of loved ones, it is always the most easily overcome, the most expected to heal quickly. One does not deserve worse for the ones they love.

Bilge Kagan could not return to his hut. He went out, right in front of the tent, walking up and down... Thinking... He doesn't realise that his buddha is watching him, getting more curious and upset.

The observation lasted very long. The herbalists, the kams discussed among themselves and tried to put a name to Kül Tigin's honour. They failed.

They drank a series of drinks so that Kül Tigin's fever would subside and his body would relax. After each attempt, they waited for a while. It didn't work, they tried another one. Failed, they tried another one...

When it was well past midnight, the people who had been waiting until that time were told that "Tigin's wood had fallen and he had fallen asleep", and a murmur of relief was heard.

"Go to your homes. Pray for Tigin."

The heart did not want to, but it was the right thing to do. At the very first steps, the voices of prayer began to rise. Offerings were lined up one after another.

"As long as Kül Tigin is well!"

Bilge Kagan stayed there, outside. He could not leave, he could not go. He kept an eye on the door, waiting for a call inside.

Sayrlik, neither kaganate nor shad... Now both the khan and the kagan are the herdsmen... The command is with the herdsmen...

The authority...

God is in charge!

Kül Tigin's wife and daughters are waiting in the next yurt. His sons are also near Bilge Kagan... Heads bowed, eyes downcast...

The chief herald appeared at the door with his old, limping stature. He deserved the respect of a warrior with his long labour ... Bilge Kagan took his kaganate and put it aside... He paced the distance. He couldn't even wait for Otaa to arrive. Ko and his speech...

"What is it? What's wrong with my fellow man?"

For a while there was no answer. Bashotaa thought of the most appropriate answer. When it was the kagan who asked the question, the burden of the answer was heavy.

"Hope in God does not fade!"

What did that mean? It is meaningless... "Now..."

My kinsman..."

Bilge Kagan could not find the appropriate words. The herbalist has already reached out to God. It is said as if it is helpless and unsolvable ... The words that would correspond to the interrogation hardly come out of the Khan's tongue. Intermittent, incomplete...

The herbalist thought again. Then suddenly;

"We don't understand, Khan! We couldn't solve Tigin's illness. We tried everything, but ... He is sleeping now. God willing, if he could open his eyes and tell us a little... He didn't answer any of our questions. We couldn't observe any situation. Even dropping the wood wasn't enough. If he wakes up..."

Thinking about the possibility that he might not wake up... He lost his senses, Bilge Kagan. He shouted with his voice.

"What are you talking about, Otaabashi? Did you hear the word yourself? What do you mean if he wakes up? His name is Kül Tigin. What's a sickness to him?

Suddenly he stopped. His voice dropped. "What is it to him, the delirium..."

Seeing that he was staggering, one of the bōrōrs ran up and stood beside him.

Another on the other side. To hold him if he collapsed.

Will the Bilge Kagan, who is renowned throughout the world, collapse?

"If Kül Tigin, the great hero of the Turks, is counted..

His head, which was always upright, bowed down. If he had a golden crown on his head, he would have tumbled to the ground, but his cowl fell. His white hair scattered, a partner in his sadness. He felt the breeze of a cold wind. He forced to lift his head. He tried very hard.

They've never been separated, they're two years apart in age. They were born only a year apart. They shared everything, one life. They have two more inis, but they seem to be separate. Ash Tigin and him are separate.

"We were the same!"
From the very beginning

...

"Let him wake up!" he said in a wishing tone. "May he wake up! Let my comrade wake up!"

"God knows!"

A stern look ... Bilge Kagan remembered that the sages of the Turkish nation would not refrain from saying what they knew to be right under any circumstances, and would not be forced to accept the wrong even by command. He realised his mistake.

Even the kagan cannot stand against destiny. God's will be done. Then...

He listed his offerings. Lots of rain, horses, sheep, cattle... Rains for Kül Tigin's recovery...

"Whatever the sky wishes!"

Thinking that he should save him from the troubled situation he had fallen into, the herdsman reminded the kaganate that the nation always wished to see him upright.

"You go back to your post, Great Khan. We will take turns to take care of Kül Tigin. If there is any change, we will announce it."

Then he added his main word.

"The kaganate should be in his otta!"

The kaganate has already become nothing in Bilge Kagan's eyes. All he cares about is his kinsman. What happened is in his mind in the order of a memory.

"If he doesn't wake up ..

"He will wake up! He is the hero of the nation. Indestructible hero, Kül Tigin!"

Without saying a word, Bilge Kagan headed to the hut. Behind him were his sons, his blind men. He listed prayers at every step. He asked God for time for Kül Tigin.

"Take from my life and add to his life, O Great God. He is necessary for the Turkic nation that there is no replacement for him! Make him live longer than me. If it is necessary to take someone, take me!"

Her sister-in-law, the wise daughter of the Great Sage of the Flying Great, is waiting at the door of the otaku. Of course she heard what happened. She stayed there because she had to be there.

The doorman lifted the cover that marked the door. When the heat from the hearth inside hit his face, he realised how cold he was. The bulls stayed outside. Bilge Kagan with his son.

No one wished to speak. They fed the back of the kaghan, who preferred to collapse on a high mound, with a cushion.

"Go yahn!" said the Khan, "Tomorrow is a hard day! Vann ya-tt!"

The order was answered. Soon he was alone, per-

under the watchful eye of the servants waiting for orders behind the walls. Suddenly he relaxed. It takes one to share the pain, but often one wishes to be alone. One wishes to share one's wealth with one's essence. Even if he eats and consumes himself...

The great kagan leaned his head back. Sleep was the last thing he wished

the...

Thinking

"What happened all of a sudden? I've heard that the illness that defeated Kül Tigin

What's the reason?"

But he is the invincible hero. The pride of the Turk. The valour that even the fatties could not refrain from speaking words of praise when his name was mentioned.

Memories in the smoke of dreams:

The little henchman did not know his trade. It was not easy to win province and honour. He who went to the south-west did not find blessedness. He who went to the south-east did not find bliss. Blood flowed like water. Bone piled up like a mountain. Would God, the giver of provinces, want the name and fame of the Turkic nation to perish?

"Kül Tigin, Azman is on the white ahn. He rushes forward alone and strikes the six soldiers with a pike. A sword on the neck of the seventh..." It's hard to remember which battle, but Kül Tigin did it. it's easy to honour them. So unique and valiant. ... "In the battle with Ediz in

Kushalguk... "Kül Tigin Az's fat horse in the back of the car. Again alone, again at the front... He drops one soldier with a pike. He shoots nine soldiers by turning them."

Epics fall short of Kül Tigin's valour. He is an army on his own.

"The battle with Oguz in Bolchu... Kül Tigin is in battle with Azman white horse. He is a hero who lived the war. A warrior Ashina."

All Ashina are warriors. They are a special race. To rule and fight... Not to bow down...

"The war with Oguz didn't stop there. In Ezginti Kadız... Kül Tigin got on his Az fatty and fought. He made two soldiers precipitation. He put them in the mud."

Their horses also became heroes. Their horses also became warriors... When the horse and the soldier become one...

"The orphan rode his white horse. He guarded the otaku with it. He shot nine soldiers on his own."

Now it's time to burn. Kül Tigin became delirious unexpectedly, unexpectedly. He fell into an impossible situation.

"Frailty consumes the valiant."

Kül Tigin must overcome frailty.

"Kül Tigin..."

He called out like a wail.

"If not for Kül Tigin ... If he did not dive alone at the forefront... If he did not encourage his soldiers... It was ordinary to die many times. To disappear..."

To whom should you cry? To whom...

"God lives in time! Man has always been born to die!"

Bilge Kagan opened his eyes. What he experienced is a fragment of a dream. Words, bitter words; mixed with memories... Rebellion:

"To Kül Tigin, death is unbecoming for such a brave man!" Death befits so many brave men...

Why did you think of death? Why?

The day is about to dawn... A silence that will not be outside.

Bilge Kagan called out. "Who's at my door?"

The doorman immediately appeared in front of him. "Come in, Khan!"

"A sensation! From the herbalists... " "No!"

If the herbalists are silent...

He must go and see his kinsman. If the herders, who are the kings of the cyriarchy, let him go.

If he sees, if he speaks...

"Can he speak? He was asleep; did he wake up from sleep?"

He who knows no sleep for his nation...

"Has he recovered a little? If I call out to him. When he hears my voice... He responds!"

"Echim Kagan..."

The kaganate would suit him, but he didn't want it. He didn't use any other orun either.

"It's enough for me to be Ash Tigin!"

All this selflessness and living for his nation! "I must meet the sun!"

It is necessary to offer kut to the power that lights your pain, the power that provides light. Your nation waits for him. If he does not see his kings at the day ceremony, he will be sceptical. What he will continue as long as he can, what he must do as long as he remains a khan...

He slowly got up from his seat. How hard it was for him. A witch?

"My kinsman's grief ..."

The servant, who had been watching his movements, hurried over. In his hand was a basin of water and a basin for washing. The kagan held out his hands. The servant prepared the order with years of mastery. He poured water, the kagan washed his hands and face. He did not ask for the cloth. He just wished to feel the morning coolness more deeply and come to himself...

He headed for the door. His ear locked on the sounds coming from the kagan and the otag, he immediately lifted the door cover. The kagan closed his eyes, thinking about the effect of the light. He was wrong. The light inside was less than the light of an oil lamp...

"There is still time!"

Nevertheless, he went out with heavy steps. 'Better to wait for the sun than to drown in thoughts inside' As soon as he was out of the door, he turned his direction towards Kül Tigin's tent. Maybe he will come out. To show that he was fine, to cheer his wife... Despite the cold, he got up early and saw his bud beginning to pile up around the tent. And wherever and however they heard, the great kams of the nation...

They were praying with their unique movements. Some of them were gently beating the small drum in their hands and signalling to unknown places. It was both good and bad that the kams were there...

He turned his head to the sun as if all hope was in it.

If it warmed the acre with its light today... "My fellow man must be cold!"

Why did he have such a feeling? He had measured how cold he was himself.

"He's not cold!"

Suddenly the first rays of the sun hit his face. Bilge Kagan bowed down in order not to lose time. He offered blessings to the sun. Then again, and again... While watching the presentation of their kagan, the Budun did not hesitate to make voices and praise, telling how happy they were with the presence of their kagan, how much they were loyal to the kagan who fed and clothed them.

Bilge Kagan, who turned his direction to his ottoman, took one or two steps and stopped. At that very moment, his sons came to him and stood to welcome him. No matter how much desire he had in him to see Kül Tigin, he could not prevent his desire to resist seeing him. He was used to seeing him always fighting on his horse, leading his army. A Kül Tigin who was lying on his bed, weak, weak, not knowing himself...

"Go and consult the chief herbalist!" he commanded his eldest son, "Find out what they say about Echin! Quickly!"

"It is the command of my ancestor, the kaghan!"

As Sukan Tigin was running, before he had gone far, there was such a cry from below! The voice of Kül Tigin's sister-in-law sounded like that of a wounded wolf roaring in pain.

It was impossible not to understand what had happened. Kül Tigin had reached the asylum.

Sukan Tigin froze one step in the air, and Bilge Kagan fell on his knees in sorrow.

What goes through your heart is one thing, what goes through your mind is another. He doesn't know which one suppresses the other and dominates his body, his behaviour and his emotions. He is sure that the spirit of his kinsman, who will no longer be with him, will always be somewhere nearby, but he cannot hear his voice, cannot see him... His heart is in flames, but his reason says: A valiant man like Kül Tigin should not be tied to a mattress and live in need of people. God did not want that either. His recovery was impossible, so he took him in.

Should he rejoice?

How should he rejoice? The companion who was with him in every moment of his life, in every difficulty, in every endeavour, in every battle, is no more. There is no companion, no comrade who is only one year younger. The great hero of the Turks, Kül Tigin, whom all tribes from the sunset to the east recognise and whose name is equal to epics, is gone.

"My God, why did you take him and leave me alone?"

These words spilled out of his tongue, but it also caused him to flinch.

"God's will is not to be questioned! And you are not alone. Your other kinsmen, sons, daughters, daughters-in-law, sons, daughters, daughters, daughters, daughters-in-law... Your whole tribe... Buddha..."

Loneliness is not a definition that fits a person. Especially not for a kagan.

"Yuluğ Tigin! Where are you?"

He needs her so badly at that moment. It is impossible for him to be far away! Even if he hasn't been seen since he gave the first command, he will appear from somewhere nearby...

"Tagayım Khan, come in!"

Sometimes he calls out like this. Sometimes he just says, "Ka ğan". His horse, faithful to his work, writing down everything that needs to be written...

"Write!"¹¹

"I am writing, Great Khan!"

What is he writing? How does he write? He must tell him. There, on his knees, languishing in agony.

He raised his hands to the Sky and called out again, "Write!" Yuluğ Tigin was writing, looking at him and aalanru...

Yerkan Tigin was the first to come to his senses. He ran to his ancestor.

"Atam Kagan," he said quietly. "You have to get up, my ancestor Khan! Such a situation is unbecoming for a Turkish kagan!"

The Wise Khan raised his head as if to say, "Who is this? Who is he to interfere in what suits him and what does not suit him? He saw similar traces of Kül Tigin on his son's face. It was his wife! How could he not look alike? But he mistook this resemblance for reality.

"Kül Tigin," he said with a smile. "Have you come? Have you been well?"

"My ancestor!" Yerkan Tigin was crying. "Ancestor, get up! If you fall, the nation will fall. Kül Tigin is now in the sky. Whatever we say, whatever we say is useless! Now you stand up so that the nation will stand! Do not fall down so that we will not fall down!"

He shook himself. He was reminded of what he had to do by a boy who had just reached manhood, his little son. The interconnected blood power of the Ashina lineage was producing such valiant soldiers.

Bilge Kagan got up. He examined himself. His next duty was to send off his kinsman as he deserved, to make him unforgettable. He stood firmly where he was. He walked with heavy steps to the otba.

The day had fallen for Yuluğ Tigin, Kül Tigin's flight: "The seventeenth day of the year of the sheep... "20;

Tagayı chose to observe what happened and put it down on paper while describing the situation of Bilge Kagan. Bilge Kagan was not aware of this, but he must have wished it to be so.

26. ♦ The date of Kül Tigin's death was written by Bilge Kagan in the Orkhon Monuments. On this date, 27 February 731, Kül Tigin was 47 years old.

"The Great Khan was so lost in thought. Even when he was sitting in the Golden Örgün, talking to his guests, taking care of his bud, he seemed to be somewhere else, not there. He could hardly stop the tears from flowing from his eyes. His heart wanted to cry, he was making great efforts to prevent it. His sight had become blind, his knowledge had become ignorant. He was trying to convince himself of Kül Tigin's death, often comforting himself by saying, "People are always born to die."

These times of relaxation were so limited. Afterwards, Yuluğ Tigin could not find words to express the sadness of the kaghan. He was also very sad at the flight of Bilge Tonyukuk, but was consoled by his old age. The Great Sage, who had pardoned himself from his duties and retired to his homeland, was in a state of longing for the Sky.

However, Kül Tigin was very young and had a lot of work to do. For such a brave, unique hero to leave his homeland, it had even upset his followers, who thought that Bilge Kagan would be in difficulty in his absence. After the battles they had lost, those who had found solace in the realisation that Kül Tigin led the army they had fought against, those who had boasted about the war they had fought against him, what were they to do next? To whom were the bards to dedicate epics?

A great mourning was announced in the Turkish homeland. There was no need to force anyone to obey this law. Each person was voluntary in his own way. The great kams of the nation came together, made fortunes and said, "The appropriate age of mourning for Kül Tigin is the autumn season. When the leaves turn yellow and leave the trees, the sky will be ready to receive his child.

A big, white mourning tent was set up. The herbalists prepared Kül Tigin's valiant body to stay in a proper condition until the time of mourning. They dressed him in his tails, gave him his weapons and kept him ready in his unforgettable appearance. Turkic

The elders, the nobles of Ashina enrolled themselves in the queue to stand in the mourning tent. People from every tribe, from every lineage came and made a respectful march around the tent. They made their offerings there in the name of Kül Tigin.

The rumour spread quickly; the leaders of each friendly and oil nation sent their elders to Ötüken Yiş to attend Kül Tigin's mourning and pay homage to his spirit. The fact that they brought with them gifts of unimaginable wealth showed that Kül Tigin's place in the hearts was different. The mourners also brought with them the most famous and skilful asylum-seekers²⁶⁶ of their buddha. Thus, with each new guest, the pain was rekindled and Kül Tigin was remembered anew. The sectarians, finding such pleasant, inconceivable words of praise, competed with each other.

Sanggun Udar from the Tatab tribe came. From China came the nobles Isi and Likeng. And beside him brought gold and silver worth a zine. Tibetan kaghiu sent his division.

Sanggun Neng and Oğul Tarkan came from Sogdia, Berçeker²⁶⁷ and Bukhara from the tribes living in the autumn.

Turgish khan sent his tamgaos Oguz Bilge and his bethan Makarach.

From the Kyrgyz tribe, Tardush Inanchu Cor came.

From the Bokli and Mukri clans, hand-chis came from the hand of Purum-Rim.'.

²⁶⁶ Sitter: Persons with eloquent speech who take part in mourning ceremonies by weeping, singing laments and praising the deceased.

²⁶⁷ Berceker: Or Berchik. It is believed to be a tribe of Iranians, Alans or Sogdians.

²⁶⁸ These names are mentioned in the Orkhon Monuments; Purum-Rim describes Bizans.

From many more tribes, many more nobles, many more renowned warriors came running to offer blessings to Kül Tigin.

Since mourning was a Turkish custom, all those who came were required to observe it. First, it was necessary to walk around the mourning pavilion where Kül Tigin lay. Thus, it was believed to contribute to the meeting of his soul with the Sky. While the wounding of faces with knives and shedding bloody tears depicted respect for the dead, Bilge Kagan scolded and forced those who tried to oppose this. The reluctance of the Chinese and Punun-Rim ambassadors was overcome by force. Even their tearful postures were not pitied.

"Mourning will be honoured. Otherwise..."

Who would dare to disobey the command of the Turkish khan?

What is it?

The people who filled Ötüken Yığı, whether they were Turks or other nations.

Each time, his people cried out of grief, and again they were in a cycle of respect. For Bilge Kagan, too, there was renewed grief...

As the time of mourning was getting longer and longer, Bilge Kagan ordered that a splendid monument be built for his kinsman, and that the place of his bark and his dwellings be built in an unprecedented beauty. Thus, the unique hero of the Turks would be unforgettable. Yuluğ Tigin wished for the honour of participating in this work before the kagan ordered.

"Great Khan, with your permission, I wish to be in charge of the monument to be built for my tagayım Kül Tigin!"

It was the right thing to do.

"Call our craftsmen who will make this work the best! And you be at their head!"

It was going to be a long, hard effort. A plain not far from Bilge Tonyukuk's bark was chosen as the place: Near Koşo Çaydam, in the part of the valley where the Orkhon River flows, on the red side of Baygöl269 ...

"" Baygöl: Lake Baikal.

While the preparations for Kül Tigin bark and monument were going on, the Chinese emperor sent a new delegation to Bilge Kagan. The delegation was headed by Sanggun Chang and included master stonemasons, barkmakers, bedizers of the Chinese province.

The emperor wrote in his epilogue:

"Great Khan, I am deeply saddened by the loss of your kinsman. I have announced mourning in China, so that I may pay aaru. that you are building a monument to your fellow countryman. I would like to make my contribution to this. I am sending the most valuable and experienced craftsmen of China to your command. I would be glad if you would not refuse this wish for the continuity of peace between us!"

If it would be best for Kül Tigin, of course, Bilge Kagan would not refuse these masters. He put them under Yuluğ Tigin's command. Thus, both the mourning and the excitement of a new work would be experienced together.

Of course, all these masters would not be enough, and when the need arose, Tuygut Ilteber, who volunteered for this work, was skilled in the Turkish province,

to find and bring the best craftsmen.

The monument was thought big, and it was designed to be the most beautiful with a great work. The monument that best suited the valiant Kül Tigin had to be built.

"This bitig bitigme Kül Tigin ancestor Yuluğ Tigin bitidim. Yigimii kün o/urup this stone this tamka kop Yuluğ Tigin bitidim. /gar oqlanınızda taygununguzda yigdi ertigiz. Uça bardıgız. As the Tengride is in tirig..."270

Mourning days are one thing, yoghurt is another. It is one thing to be there, to wait in the mourning wadi, it is another to enter the last line of the irreversible path and be sent off to the Sky...

"The time for mourning has come!" the great kams announced; surely they knew the right time.

Ninth month, twenty-seventh day²⁷¹ The last day...

The last farewell...

Crowds, tears, sadness...

A valiant will meet the sky. He will become heavenly with the sky, he will become heavenly...

His name, epics and memories will remain behind.

And the bark in which the bengut stone holds a place ...

The monument rises, it appears in all its splendour. Bilge Kagan often visits the monument dedicated to his kinsman. Hey keller, wall sculptures, stone carvings, balbals... Everything is being done quickly, in the shortness of time, the most beautiful, the best... Turkish and Chinese masters are offering all their skills for Kül Tigin.

It is one thing to do it, it is another to do it with faith and love...

"" "I, Yuluğ Tigin, the nephew of Kül Tigin, who wrote all this writing, completed it. I sat on this stone, on this rock, on this rock, I always wrote Yuluğ Tigin. You would have fed better than your precious son, your child. You flew away. In the sky, as in life...."

²⁷¹ Kül Tigin's burial ceremony was held on 1 November 731, as written in the Orkhon Monuments.

Yuluğ Tigin had become such a skilful scribe that he took upon himself the task of carving on the stones what needed to be written. He also chose suitable stones for this... He travelled the mountains for days and finally found what he was looking for. A stone that was suitable for the words that Bilge Kagan ordered to be written on the bengütaş, that had enough space, that was longer than the height of two men, that was narrower towards the top, which made it more beautiful and splendid, that rose like a mountain peak, that was prepared and levelled in four directions...

It took a long time to remove, transport and smooth it. Yuluğ Tigin especially had Chinese craftsmen do the levelling work.

He wrote for twenty days, almost without rest or sleep. Painstakingly, with great organisation... Starting from his face facing Kizilyana...

"Born in the Sky like God, the Turkish Bilge Kagan..." Then he wrote about Kül Tigin's valour, what happened and what He told about his wars. In the last part, he added a few words from himself as his ancestor and stated that he wrote the stone.

"Let it be known that a Turkish tigin wrote all these holy deeds!"

Bark, bengütaş and salar; the year of the monkey, the seventh month, the twenty-seventh day was completed."

Yuluğ Tigin's face was smiling happily, perhaps for the first time since the flight of his taga Kül Tigin. He got up long before sunrise and stood in front of the kagan's ottoman in his own way. When Bilge Kagan went out to offer blessings to the sun, he hoped that he would see him and give him mushhiyu. After the bengütaş erected by Bilge Tonyukuk, another Turkish bitik presented to the future was completed and took its place on the steppe. Its meaning and value were so great that...

²⁷² Kül Tigin Bengutaşı was completed on 21 August 732.

When Bilge Kagan came out of the gate of the otag to fulfil his duty, which he had never failed to fulfil since his kaganate, he saw his horse. He only smiled. His horse must have brought the good news he was waiting for. He was surprised to see happy stirrings in him as he turned towards the sun to do what he had to do before talking to him. It was as if Cinder Tigin was out there somewhere celebrating his eucharist.

"Isn't it nice, my horse tigin?"

The otag was crowded. He wanted all the state elders, the greats of the nation, and the valiant elders to be present in the expression of what had been done, and it was ensured that the greatness of the work was remembered and known with words of praise.

"It was very beautiful, great kagan!" "It was splendid, wasn't it?"

"It was very splendid, splendid to see, splendid to boast, great kagan!"

From time to time, he examined, examined and made warnings. He read every word engraved on the stone, remembered the times when they were written, and his eyes filled with tears. He observed many craftsmen working day and night, showing all their skills, and he honoured each one of them.

"Then, on the day fifteen days from today, let us all come to you with the elders and the elders, let us visit, let us see, let us boast. Let us also announce it to the Buddha so that they can see what this nation can do."

The ambassadors in Ötüken Yış also had to be made to see it. Thus, the understanding of the limitless horizons of the Turk would also impress them.

"Let's turn the day into a feast. Let us organise such a feast..." "The Great Khan is in command!"

The nation needs a toy! The Turk, who calls even war a toy, who adopts the most cheerful and happy posture, will be able to realise the existence of such an artefact.

celebrations? Wouldn't they be there to boast of their states and kings?

Since the moment the rumour was made, the flow had not stopped in that direction. Boy by boy, clan by clan, they had come and surrounded the mansion in order to see it from the permitted distance. From sunrise to sunset, they admired the view coloured by its lights. They had heard voices coming from there at night, and they had witnessed that someone, some unknown and incomprehensible person, had come and visited like shadows.

"I saw it!" some stubbornly claimed, "I swear I saw it. He was on his white horse. His long hair in a mane..."

"And many great people behind him..." added another. Thus, from the very beginning, a blessed dream was burdened bar-
ka.

The Great Khan has assigned many people to entertain the guests. and so on. Food was constantly distributed and koumiss was offered. Rainfall and offerings followed each other so that the land would be blessed and the nation would be fed.

When the khagan and his kinsmen in front, Ulu Hatun and her sons, and the nation's elders, elders and valiant warriors in the back, came with a crowd as if they were going on a raid, the clan, lined up on both sides, praised their khagan. Sky witnessed and rejoiced at this proud sight. The epic drawn on the steppe was an achievement of his children, the grizzly wolves of Ashina lineage. A dream had come true, the bitig written for the future had welcomed the crowd with all its greatness.

Bilge Kagan was going to travel around the land. First he and his son, then the great ones would follow him.

This work was at the same time a gratitude and a debt. Bilge Kagan thought that the Turkish nation owed a debt to Kül Tigin.

Four walls, short on one side and long on the other, surrounded the bar. The long side was one hundred and thirty paces, the short side sixty paces.

Is...²⁷³ The walls are covered with earthen masonry... It is more than a man's height.

On either side of the two man-high door, which opened in the direction of the rising sun, a statue of a ram with horns stood as if alive. Two rams from the menner, with their heads facing each other, as if explaining the importance of the bark to those who came...

Bilge Kagan entered the door by climbing the steps. On both sides, the statues, which were made in a way that they were waiting in a posture of respect, were there to welcome the arrivals, most of them carrying the faces they recognised from the wars.

A beautiful ceremonial path... Fifteen paces away, on a mound, he saw a huge, alb-foot-tall, menacing statue of a pot-turtle sitting on a benchstone. It was so beautiful and majestic.

The turtle represented long life, patience and endurance. The reason for choosing such a pedestal was the wish that the aruteness would remain in place as long as there was an acun.

"Here," he said aloud, "is the monument of my kinsman. Bitigstone this!"

The Wise Khan was happy. Something in his blessed memory because he could. He walked round the stone. He looked at it carefully. He reread the words he had spoken and Yuluğ Tigin had carved on the stone. The southeast, the red side and the black side were inscribed in Turkish, and on the side facing the south-west was an inscription in Chinese, sent by the emperor, praising Kül Tigin.

A wishstone, a memorial stone, a bitigstone... Everything for him... Anlals for the future. Inscriptions that will make Kül Tigin unforgettable...

After the Bengutashm, in the centre, a four-sided sanctuary

²⁷³ After archaeological excavations, it was determined that the wall surrounding the Kül Tigin bark was 68.25 m. x 28.25 m. and rectangular in shape.

It rises. With the slope of the raised courtyard on both sides, the temple facing the south-east attracted all the light of the sun. Its gate also faced the south-east. Right next to it, two large salar stones were placed as a sign of the presence of bodies that were not there. Of course, Kül Tigin's body was buried in a secret place; the sign was placed here. The direction of the stones pointed towards his actual salar, but no one knew where the salar was.

Not even Bilge Kagan.

Bilge Kagan, in his excitement, climbed the steps and entered the mausoleum, and as if welcoming him, the wall paintings depicted Kül Tigin's battle. The colours were so vivid... One-to-one lived events were in front of the king. He was looking back and forth and then telling the events in the bedizens to those who were watching him. His eyes filled with tears, he could not cry, his voice was silent from time to time. All of the people travelling around were affected and became silent.

Right in the centre...

Bilge Kagan did not expect this at all. He was breathless, just staring at the two statues in front of him. These were the statues of Kül Tigin and Ulu Hatun together. The Chinese emperor had had them made by his carvers and presented them as a gift. The khan, who had not heard of this until that moment, just stared.

"Kül Tigin... My kinsman...."

Only these words fell from his tongue. The statue in front of him was so similar to him. His look, his posture, his clothes... He did not want to leave in front of him. Time passed, and those behind him were afraid that Bilge Kagan would get delirious and fall. In the end, Buyruk Cor had to remind him, calling out to him.

"Great Khan, your tribe is waiting for us...."

Bilge Khan shook himself. He congratulated the statue of his kinsman with his head and walked on. After a few steps he turned round and looked again. A sacrificial altar stone had been placed. The order was given. As the precipitation was sacrificed one after another to the spirit of Kül Tigin, Bilge Kagan

came out of the temple. Usu was already behind. He was thinking as he walked among the statues depicting Kül Tigin's war companions.

Now they were walking among the balbalas erected for Kül Tigin. Outside the wall of the Arutlığın... There were so many that they were lined up on both sides... The balbalas, which took the place of the soldiers killed by Kül Tigin in battles, were as many as the number of people who would serve him in the Sky. They were lined up like an army from sunrise to sunrise... The people of these balbalas should be proud. The valiant man they would be under was Kül Tigin.

At certain intervals, although they were close to each other, they were travelling in numbers to an endless distance.

"How many valiant men can do such a thing? How many men dream of such a multitude of balbales?"

He thought of himself and smiled.

"Of course I will not have as many balbalas as Kül Tigin!"²⁷⁴

That day, he could not leave Kül Tigin's bark until sunset. From afar, further afar, then closer ... He did not go back inside again so as not to interfere with the Buddha's trip, but he would come back many times in the near future and afterwards, especially to look at the statue of Kül Tigin. Bilge Kagan congratulated and rewarded those who took part in the construction of this building. He praised Ahsi Yuluğ Tigin so much...

This was also an endeavour. Like a hope... It was over.

He would miss his kinsmen and fulfil his longing with his other kinsmen and their sons, daughters, sons, daughters, sons and their children, whose numbers were beginning to increase. Every child of Ashina born would increase his hope.

²⁷⁴ ballballs were found in 169 Kül Tigin monument. The actual number is estimated to be much higher than this.

He was forty-eight years old. His long hair had surrendered to grey. He did not have his old cheerfulness, but he had duties. He was preparing his eldest son Sukan to rule the state in his place. He had appointed him and Yiyan, Yerkan, Gokkan, along with the sons of Kül Tigin at the head of their armies.

He assigned new duties to his kinsmen, Pan Shad as the right side shady and And Shad as the left side shady, and made them the most authorised in those sides.

There was no power left to oppose the powerful Turkish state. The long-term peace with China also had an effect on this. Bilge Kagan had mobilised the idea of establishing cities to develop the province. Thus, the Turkish cities that emerged were on their way to become centres where trade developed. Bilge Kagan knew that the way for the prosperity of the state and the nation was to keep the trade routes in his hands, to establish pockets and keep them open, and to carry out intensive trade with China. Moreover, he had Sogdians under his command and God had created them for trade.

The way he continued to make his army strong by going hunting frequently, and his splendid journeys during almost every state hunt were enough to frighten his foes. Keeping the fear of those who thought all these preparations as a raid, kept them away from being fat. However, he was still aware of the fact that he had fat people inside and outside.

He kept dictating to Yuluğ Tigin. He ordered his sons to erect a bark and bengütaş in his name after his death.

"Just as Bilge Tonyukuk made his experiences unforgettable with bitigstones, just as I engraved Kül Tigin's valour in stone, I command you to make my dictations barked!"

He was a wise king who knew his nation well.

Since he knew not only what was good, but also what was wrong, he chose to express his anger and sadness from time to time in his writings. He wanted future readers to learn a lesson. They should not make the same mistakes and put the state in trouble. They should know their oil. They should never be fooled by China. At the time he ruled, just as China listened to the orders, he did not endeavour to create duality in the Turkish homeland. Because he knew that if he did this, the powerful Turkish khan would take his army and burn China.

His experiences had brought him to a conclusion: If the Turk stays in Ötüken Yış, no one can destroy him.

"If the Turkish Khan sits in Ötüken Yış, there is no trouble in the province-

tur."

He had especially dictated this opinion and wanted it not to be forgotten. Ötüken Yış is the power that nourishes the Turk with its spirit, its place and air, its water...

What was in his land as a homeland reinforced the existence of the Turk. The Cave of the Ancestors, its mountains, forests and rivers were all for the Turk. God had united the Turk with Ötüken Yış. He had travelled many places, won many provinces, and had never known a homeland equal to Ötüken Yış.

"I dispatched an army as far as the Shantung Plain in the southeast. I am close to reaching the shores of Taluyka²⁷³. In Kizilya you have raised an army as far as Nine Ersin. I am close to reaching Tibet. I crossed the Pearl River in the southwest. I marched with my army as far as the Iron Gate. I took all these places. However, I could not find or see anything better than Ötüken Yış.

there's no better place. No province. When you live here, when you are strong, it is easy to deal with China. Now he gives gold, silver and silk without any trouble. He does as I command. He does not cause any difficulty in giving. Thus, there is no need to raid."

It was necessary not to let them forget what happened in the past, because the Turkish nation forgets quickly. When they don't know the game, they forget the Turk.

²⁷³ Taluyka: Sea, ocean.

It was easy to deceive, divide and destroy. For this reason, he especially dictated it to Yuluğ Tigin:

"Write, my horse scribe, write, so that the future may also read these, let my nation know. Write that the Chinese have a sweet tongue and silk fabric.

soft. He deceives you with promises of silk and sweet talk. I'm close. If you get close to him, if you live where he shows you, if you live as he wishes, then he starts talking about you.

to think badly. He doesn't keep a good, knowledgeable person, a brave person close. He doesn't want to keep him in charge. He keeps the one who is wrong, the one who is bad for his nation. If an irkin, a kagan is wrong, he does evil to his nation, tribe. In the past, those who fell for China's sweet words and silk died. Turkish nation, if you go on this way tomorrow, you will die if you fall for China. If you migrate to Kyzyllyana and settle in Chogay Forest, Tögültün Plain; Turk nation, you will die. You will stay far away

you think China will give you good stuff. If you're close, they'll give you bad stuff.

will. "If you stay in the Y!üken Yış, you will be great and strong, and you will live!"

The Turk would know how to make peace if peace was necessary. But it would be good if he set the conditions for peace himself. It would be good if he could raise sufficiently strong armies and make devastating raids when war was necessary. Not only against his own tribe, but also against other

Bilge Kagan was repeating his advice to the Turkic tribes. "The Turk

Bilge Kagan, born in the Sky like God. Ötüken

I have been working and labouring for the Turk ever since I sat down in Yış, in Golden Örgün. All my labour has been to ensure stability in the nation and unity in the state. My nation, hear my word, hear my advice well. Obey my command! My tribe, my clan, my tribe, my tribe, my tribe, my tribe... Shadpit people of Kyzyllyan, Tarkat order people of Blackland, Thirty Tatar, Eastern Oghuz people! With this word

to all of you. Turkish nation, you do not know the value of satiety. When you are hungry, you forget satiety and become miserable. In that case, I will feed you.

Why would you leave your kagan of Ran? Why do you go, knowing that you will perish wherever you go? I sat as a kagan and fed the hungry and poor. I made unity. I fought so many wars.

I made a small nation great. Is there any lie in this promise? Turkish nation, lords, listen to me. Do not forget your essence and leave Ötüken Yış. Do not abandon your kagan!"

Then he was telling how he made his nation wealthy and how wealthy it is now.

"I made the head to bow, the kneeler to kneel. As God above permitted, I won yellow gold, white silver, soft, precious silk, the best mare, stallion, black sable fur, blue squirrel fur for my nation. I made it prosperous and sorrowless."

The Turkish nation understood him. His wish was to be understood in the future as well.

Bilge Tonyukuk was no more. There was no Kül Tigin. Many more. There was no Turkish lord, no race. The number of those who chose flight for their nation and state was not known. These things must not be forgotten. What had been done should not be forgotten.

Despite all their wishes, there would still be unrest and revolts.

It was rumoured that the Tatabis had separated from the Continentals and were acting on their own and revolting. It was an unexpected time. The season had stopped for winter and the first cool winds had begun to blow. There had not yet been any movement against the Turkic state and it was not clear that the Tatabis would attack, but the experienced kagan thought that this would happen and kept his army ready.

Tatabis had taken the mountains and started preparations. This sensation brought by the Körgs was enough for Bilge Kagan to set off at the head of his army. The Ashina noble kagan longed for war. If those who wanted to disrupt the stability of his state, those who wanted to revolt thought that he would wait, they were wrong.

Tatabı had gathered an army and his strength had reached forty thousand men. When he learnt that the Turkish khan was coming for him, he thought it would be better to stay in the mountains. By setting ambushes and shooting the strong Turkish army and retreating, he could have achieved victory.

Bilge Kagan read this game more at the very beginning .
He besieged the Tatabis at Töngker Mountain.

Another bloody battle ...

The rebels were dealt their just deserts, and thirty thousand Tatabi soldiers perished. Among them was Ku. This was the consequence of opposing the Turk. The Tatabis learnt painfully what it meant to defy the state.

Their sons, daughters, women. .
horses, sheep, sheep, property...

All taken. But this was not necessary. In the Turk's üleşte
This was the consequence of treachery while living under the blessed rule of the judiciary.²⁷⁶

When the victory of Bilge Kagan over the Tatabis was heard, it dissuaded those who intended to revolt, and deterred those who were thinking of sacking. That's what it meant to be powerful. Even the Chinese emperor Hsüan-tsung
He began to think that he should give and take Bilge Kagan's heart.

The Turkish nation did not tire and break under the weight of winter. When there were plenty of goods, horses and sheep, when there was no problem of being fed and warm...

However, Bilge Kagan experienced a new time.

His eldest son, Sukan, was in his grave. The cold had exhausted him during the war. For a time, he fell on a mattress in his delirium. Despite all efforts, Gök chose to take him. However, he had taken a place next to his ancestor to rule the state.

It was not known when fate would bring someone together with the Sky.

China did not waste a moment of time this time, too, and the Wise Ka-

²⁷⁶ Bilge Kagan's Battle of Tatabı 733.

He had sent an envoy to share Bilge Kagan's grief. And with gifts of unprecedented value...

His son, whom he had prepared for Golden Örgün in his place, caused new sufferings to Bilge Kagan. During the mourning period, he did not come out of his otbah and did not meet with anyone for a long time.

When spring came, Sukan Tigin was honoured and his soul was allowed to meet with the Sky. While Bilge Khan was seeing off his son in great sorrow, Tatab irkirü Ku was made a balbal for him and his honour was completed. Now he had to keep his second son Yiyan for the kaganate. Of course, it was not that he did not see Yerkan, who was just a year younger than him, trying to show himself and get ahead.

"To whom God gives blessings, he becomes the kagan!"

During the mourning period, Chinese Emperor Hsüan-tsung sent Ko-chie-li-pi, one of the noble sangguns, to Bilge Kagan with a large delegation. When Ko-chie-li-pi appeared before the emperor, the emperor offered his grandson's end and said that he was waiting for the answer to an unexpected wish. Out of nowhere, Hsüan-tsung informed Bilge Kagan that he wanted to give a noble Chinese concubine from his dynasty as a wife. And in a language of supplication.

Bilge Kagan, who had not wished for this at the time when it should have been done before, but now suddenly expected that there would be a reward for volunteering for this, that China would make another wish, knew how to use the time to think well, but then he realised that this would be good for his state, that the continuation of peace with China would increase the wealth of the nation.

Thus, he sent Ko-chie-li-pi back to China with a favourable reply.

Ölüken Yiş started preparations for the toy.

The Chinese emperor prepared a Chinese concierge to make the Turkish khan, whom he feared and dreaded, a captive for him, He concentrated on sending him to Ötüken Yiş together with his wealthy çehizi.

"Bilge Kagan flew.'²⁷⁷ Bilge Kagan bitigin Yuluğ Tigin biHdim. Bunça barkıg bedizig uzug kagan ancestor Yuluğ Tigin men ay artukı tört kün o/urup bitidim. Bedizetim. "²⁷⁸

When he was eight years old, he lost his ancestor. At the age of fourteen he was made shad and sent against the Tardushlans. At the age of thirty-two he became the kagan of the Turkic nation.

Because God commanded it.

He ruled the state under the leadership of Bilge Tonyukuk together with his kinsman, Kül Tigin, and led raid after raid, fought countless times and managed to keep the Turkish nation united. He had fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and made the few many.

Because God commanded.

The Turkish Bilge Kagan, who was bound to the Turkish nation with a passion for flying, sworn to make it wealthy, strong and live forever...

In great sorrow for those he had lost, but endeavouring to live and continue the war for the Turkish nation...

China bowed down, finally the emperor endeavoured to give him a conch, and the preparations for the toy were made...

Bilge Kagan reached the age of fifty...

He kept his horse Yuluğ Tigin as a scribe, and dictated to him what had happened, what had happened, adding his advice to it.

²⁷⁷ "Bilge Kagan reached the plane" Orkhon Monuments, Bilge Kagan Bengutaşı, Bah Face...

²⁷⁸ "I, Yuluğ Tigin, wrote the Bilge Kagan bitig... All this mansion, painting, art... I, Yuluğ Tigin, the Kagan's nephew, sat for a month and four days and wrote it. I illustrated it." Orkhon Monuments, Bilge Kagan's Bengutasi, South-West Face...

Thus, he had built a big bark for his son-in-law Kül Tigin and had a bengütaş erected in it as a light for the future. He gave orders to his sons for a similar structure and listed his advice to Yuluğ Tigin in this direction.

Bilge Kagan was too busy not to notice the change in the movements of his chief chief, Buyruk Çor, and the strange twitching of his face from time to time. He couldn't think about the inward favouritism. He could not know that treachery had captured the mind of Buyruk Çor, who had risen close to both him, his kinsman Kül Tigin and Bilge Tonyukuk, who had taken a place in the kagan's ottoman, right behind the kagan, and was influential in decisions. He could not have realised that this person, who was at the head of the elders and in authority over the commands, would fall prey to the tricks of China....

Who can define what it means to bear Turkish blood and to endeavour against the Turk, the Turkish kagan and the Turkish state? Why does a traitor come out of such a great blood? Why are the minds suddenly confused and unable to see one step ahead? Why cannot he calculate the consequences of his betrayal and the damage it will cause to the Turkish state?

Why does God allow traitors to emerge from a nation that has produced so many soldiers, braves and sages? Why does such a noble race harbour traitors?

While the Chinese concierge was expected to arrive, while the consequences of the Chinese emperor's bending so much and wanting to be in harmony with Bilge Kagan were being considered...

Bilge Kagan, the great kagan, who thought of the Turk in every step he took, of course, also thought about the causes and consequences of this wish of the emperor Hsüan-tsung, and decided in the belief that it was for the good of the Turk.

The chief squire of the Turkish kagan, the one whom he had trusted and kept by his side, had become unruly in the hands of those who had approached him and got into his good graces. There were so many rumours, so many promises, so many words. He was a man of age, a man of many years, a man who had fought in wars.

the person who had been found, who had influenced the khan with his decisions, had such wrong ideas that...

"When Bilge Kagan kept the Chinese (kon) ç(uyu) (e)brother, the Chinese ha

When you become more (intimate) with the cause, Chinese nobles will come near you, perhaps they will establish their influence. Would it be necessary to consult you then?"

This was drilled into his mind, and he was convinced gradually by being told.

"Then, as in the past, Chinese ayguchis will take a place in the kagan grass network. Perhaps one of them will be chosen as the chief,..."

Knowing Bilge Kagan's attitude towards China and the (Chinese) (y), why did he (enter) into such a thought? How could he believe?

It is inconceivable!

Buyruk Çor was thinking of protecting his place, maintaining his influence, and becoming a Bilge Tonyukuk. He dreamt of being remembered, consulted and respected like him. He dreamed of building a bigger, more magnificent house than him. He thought that he could not do this in Bilge Kagan's lifetime. Maybe with his flightiness... With the ascension of Yiyan Tigin, who was young in age, to the kaganate. Still with the influence of his ancestor, his power, his word with the help of the kagan (Great) (Ha)jivn'u Pofu, who protects his right He seemed to be reacting to the fact that a Chinese concierge came and took a place in his light tent.

Buyruk Çor, who wanted to surpass the name of Bilge Tonyukuk by becoming a Bilge Tonyukuk, became a victim of thoughts. Chinese chef entered into the vlsak of Albiz t, who had become sobered by the influence of these.

He would honour Bilge Kagan, and in his absence, he would continue to be the chief ruler and become the kagan in his place: He was going to influence Yiyan Tigin and make his name as a pioneer and become more influential in the administration.

"As long as the kagan dies, the rest will follow!"

The day had never caught Bilge Kagan asleep. The respect for the sun, which he had maintained without fail throughout his kaganate

He got up, washed, dressed and prepared for this auspicious presentation.

On that day, something unlikely happened, Buyruk Çor met him at the gate of the otag and congratulated him with respect.

"May your day begin with blessings, Great Khan!"

It must have been important. Or there was something wrong with the toy ... Bilge Kagan smiled at the person he had known and kept as a friend for years.

"Be well, my ego Buyruk Çor! May the days be bright for the Turk!"¹¹

Then he turned to the sun and bowed three times in respect.

When he turned round and stepped into his tent, Buyruk Çor offered him koumiss. A servant would do this, so that the Turkic khan would start the day strong. He took the container of koumiss offered by Bashayguchi, held it out towards the sun, blessed it and took a few sips.

The day was starting now. After that, it was to take and implement the decisions required by the state.

When he entered the otaku, when he took a few steps towards the Golden Örgün, Bilge Kagan staggered with the effect of the nausea coming from inside him. If there hadn't been any different behaviour that day, if Buyruk Çor hadn't given him koumiss, he would have given this effect to his old age, to his old age, but he was a good kagan.

Suddenly he turned round and saw the sordid truth in Buyruk Çor's eyes. At that moment he realised what a bitch he was.

He cried out:

"You made me cry!"

His voice was loud. The bulls, who were always on the alert, charged with the duty of protecting the khan to the death, rushed out and grabbed Başayguçi. They were at a standstill, not knowing what to do...

Bilge Kagan collapsed on his throne. He was looking at Buyruk Çor with unbelieving eyes.

"You made your kagan cry! What kind of traitor are you that you betrayed your kagan?"

Usu couldn't understand such a bloodshed. Even in that state, he felt sad, his heart ached... He could not accept that it was the behaviour of the person who was closest to him, the person he trusted. He was waiting for a voice of objection, for his opinion to be proved wrong, for Buyruk Çor to deny it, but he could not find what he expected.

"This... This..."

Whatever powerful aura the traitor had used, however effective it had been, Bilge Kağan's strength was gradually running out and his mind was getting foggy. The ointment brought from China and given to the traitor by the Chinese herdsmen was leading him to an irresolvable conclusion.

The herbalists were in voice, and in an instant the shouts had taken hold of Ötüken Yış. Buyruk Çor, who could not utter a single word, was looking around with eyes that even he did not understand how he had done this job, let alone his failure, and he was kept motionless on the ground where two valiant bulls pressed him and made him kneel.

Great Khatun, the tigins, the Ashina nobles rushed, burning and weeping, crying out with desperate cries. While the attendants were giving one drink after another and trying to break the effect of the weeping that consumed the blood of the kaghan, Bilge Kagan called Yıyan Tigin to his side. He realised that his flight was near.

"Act quickly, son! Destroy this traitor, his progeny, offspring, offspring, offspring, offspring! No righteous person can come out of the traitorous blood. Do not leave a single one of your descendants alive. Thus, you will be doing a favour to the Turks by destroying a traitorous lineage!"

"The order is the Khan's!"

He did not want an interrogation. He did not expect an answer as to why he had done this, because there could be no reason for treachery, no justification for treachery. In anger, the börüler took the command of the kagan, whom they had protected with their lives, whom they had sworn to protect with an oath, upon themselves in pain.

"This is our business! The one who wants to destroy the kaghan is our life oil!"

Few of them remained in the camp in hope. With their swords in their hands, watching with tears in their eyes the outcome of the treachery they could not prevent, the others immediately took out the Order

They took Cor's head. They threw his headless body to one side and his head to the other and rushed to dry up the treacherous lineage. Now no one could stop them, Yiyan Tigin, whose heart was burning with the pain of his ancestor's grief, was giving orders and directing the Blinders.

As the sun was going down, as the sun was going away with the sun, as the darkness enveloped the Turkish homeland, he was also loading an ancestor into his memories.

Bilge Kagan reached the asylum.

Twenty alhna day of the year of the Dog. 279

His soul flew feeling the coolness of the autumn winds.

The Great Khan, who had spent fifty years working for the Turk, despite all the work he had done, was betrayed by the person he held closest, the person he trusted, while he was going to live many more years for his state and nation, when he could have done many more good and beautiful works...

No one from Buyruk Çor's lineage was alive anymore. No one was left from his son, his tribe, and his blood, which was marked with treachery, was washed by adding the blood of many people. Thus, it was implied that the lineage of a traitor would be dried up with the belief that it would produce new traitors.

The nation was bewildered.

The nation's elders, nobles, gentlemen, and the people of the nation were astonished. Acun was bewildered.

The unnamed, dark minds of the gangsters who had managed to hide their dark minds were happy.

When they heard this, the Turks would be happy.

The Turk had no other friend but the Turk, so no one but the Turk could weep!

Mourning was announced.

All nations called for mourning.

"" Bilge Kagan's death 25 November 734.

Of course, even if the kagans died, the state would live and what needed to be done would be done.

Aa was very big. The Turkish nation had lost its kaghan, the kaghan who introduced himself as "Turk Bilge Kagan" under all circumstances, who spoke the name of his nation before his own name and signalled his pride in this.

Ötüken Yiş was crying.

The mountains... The plains... Deep crevices,
valleys... All were weeping.

Everything that lived, spoke, heard, told was crying. People, trees,
wolves, deer, eagles were crying.

He was crying for his kagan who reached the plane only three years after his descent.

He was weeping for his brave who engraved the Turkish name on the stones and made it immortal.

The Kagan Otağı was marked with mourning. While the wise otaas and great kams of the Buddha were preparing to send Bilge Kagan to the Sky, Ötüken Yiş did not sleep. When the day dawned, there were no more Bilge Kagans to congratulate him. However, the sun was accustomed to the greeting of the Turkish kagan. The sun was orphaned until the new kagan was elected.

Toy was organised without delay. They knew that it was necessary to seat the kagan without delay in order to prevent the fatteners from talking, to prevent those who were interested in sedition and separation. They all talked together and made a decision. They named Bilge Kagan's eldest son Yiyan Tigin as "Drinking Kagan" and kneeled before him.

İçen Kagan announced a ninety sunset mourning for his ancestor Bilge Kagan. Afterwards, the kams of the Turkic nation made fortune-telling and predicted the favourable day of mourning for the kagan.

During the mourning period, around the mourning tent where Bilge Kagan was lying-

In the sinde, the börleri took their place and undertook the protection of him in flight, just as they had done in life. BudW1, who came to pay homage to their kagan, simply offered their sorrows around the mourning tent. They sacrificed for their kagan. They wounded their faces and shed bloody tears. The elders and nobles of the tribes under Turkish command came and shared the mourning of the Sky-rooted Turks. Ambassadors came from all the nations that existed in the land and knew and recognised Bilge Kagan for mourning.

İçen Kagan met with Yuluğ Tigin in order to build a bark and monument worthy of his ancestor.

"Great yaza, honoured person of my tribe, fulfil the powers that I will give you to fulfil the greatest wish of my ancestor. Wherever necessary, let us get craftsmen and masons and build him a splendid monument and a dwelling that will not be destroyed. Let his writings be dictated as he wishes, so that they may not be incomplete."

The master scribe, who found it difficult to get used to the absence of the tagai kaghan, whom he had not left all this time, had determined a structure in his mind. Of course, he would write the high stone bit himself as necessary. Bilge Kagan told him one by one what he would engrave on the stone bit, and he wrote it down. Now he told Içen Kagan that he could not leave the box of engraving them on the stone to anyone.

"Of course, this is the right thing to do," said Iken Kagan, "Go ahead, do as you wish, but honour both my ancestor and the whole Turkish nation. For this, I wish you to act quickly."

A spring day was chosen for Bilge Kagan's burial ceremony. A warm spring day... Ages when spring turns to summer. The kams had deemed it appropriate.

The twenty-seventh day of the fifth month of the year of the pig. .280
It is as if Acun is empty and Ötüken Yış is full...

People from every clan, every tribe, every tribe of the Turk.

"" Yogh date of Bilge Kagan, 22 June 735.

They came to send the great kagan to the Sky. In front of the crowds, the shtiks are crying and singing praises to the flying kagan. From time to time, the bitter sounds emanating from the kopuzes of the Turkish minstrels are accompanied by the words of the yyrs.

Ötüken Yış had never seen such an intensity until that day.

It seems impossible to see it.

The soul of Bilge Kagan, who had been khan of the Turks for nineteen years, was honoured with the praises of his war comrades, the greats of his nation, the men of his tribe. A sectarian weeps and praises, tells a story, a soldier. A minstrel sings and cries, a brave. Women pull their hair, men pull their faces and ears.

to cut down their horses. The best breeds of horses, black sable coats, blue offers squirrel furs for precipitation.

The Chinese emperor attached great importance to Bilge Kagan's journey. He sent Senggun Lsiün Tay, a member of the dynasty.

He sent a hundred Chinese nobles to Ötüken Yış. He sent a lot of gold, roses and silk so that Bilge Kagan would be honoured.

The wise Khan was gone. What was done was only to honour him.

"Having won so much, kangim kagan it year tenç month alh thirtyka went to the plane. Lagzin year bishinc month thirtyka yog ertür- du""281

"I am the Drinking Khan!

I sat down as a Turkic khan after my great ancestor Bilge Kagan's plane. He had commanded me in his lifetime and wished me to build a great and splendid arutkhanate. I did not put the ancestor's command on the ground.

Not far from Kül Tigin's bark, I chose a plain that falls in the red zone for the monument of my ancestor Bilge Kagan. In addition to the Turkish masters and masons chosen by Yuluğ Tigin, I asked for masons and masons from China. The Chinese emperor of course did not refuse my wish. A big stone according to Yuluğ Tigin's wish

You found and prepared the writings **ON** Yuluğ Tigin, thirty-four he wrote it himself in a day. One month and four days... He wrote non-stop completed the words of Bilge Ka ğan. - I said the last part, Yuluğ Tigin **wrote it** again.

The Chinese emperor had prepared an inscription to honour the spirit of my ancestor and sent it with Li Ch'üan. I had him put in the bitig stone.

I had two short and two long walls built for the bark, and its gate was opened on facing east. I had a very splendid gate put in. I had the walls engraved inside and outside with inscriptions about my ancestor.
- I had a unique bark built. I had the words of my heart engraved in stone.

I had a high sanctuary built.

"¹"Having gained so much, my ancestor kagan flew away in the year of the dog, tenth month, twenty alhda. In the year of the pig, fifth month, yinni seven, I made yogh." Orkhon Monuments, Bilge Kagan Bengutasi, South Face...

I had the statues of my ancestor Bilge Kagan and my mother Ulu Hatun erected in it.

It would not be possible without the kaganate crown on his head.

Of course, I did not forget the place of the rainfall altar, so that the sacrifices dedicated to the ancestor would find their place more easily.

Yuluğ Tigin wished, put bedizler according to his own feelings and offered blessings to the atama. He processed his dictations one by one.

I made a long ceremonial road and put the statues of the ancestor's comrades on both sides, just like in the monument of Kül Tigin, so that they would recognise and know them. Also, so that the statue of my ancestor would not be alone, but with his comrades.

My ancestor had fought endlessly and killed fat in every battle. I had their balbals made and erected in my ancestor's bark and monument. I had the khans, beys, and elders who would serve my ancestor in the sky placed in such a place.

The great, high, four-sided cenotaph was placed on a great pedestal in the most visible place. Thus, it was ready for anyone who wanted to see and read it.

Blessed be God that my ancestor Bilge Kagan's deeds for the Turkish nation will not be forgotten!"

Turk, Turk will not forget Bilge Kagan!

AHMET HALDUN TERZİOĞLU

He was born in 1960 in Takazlı Köyü in Beşikdüzü district of Trabzon. He completed his primary, secondary and high school education in different cities where his father, a teacher, worked. After his university education, he worked as a civil servant in many cities of Turkey and in 2006 he retired voluntarily and devoted himself entirely to writing.

He started writing with articles and professional writings. He has contributed to individuals, public and private institutions and organisations with his political works, slogans, poster arrangements and projects. For a period, he served on the editorial board of a professional magazine and wrote articles in his column. He made special studies for organisations; his articles, ideas and projects were evaluated by the relevant authorities. He has contributed to the editing and publication of many magazines and books. He wrote promotional film scripts and took part in their preparation. The books of the author, who has focused his interest on Turkish history and mythology, have been published since 2004.

In the 2007 Mustafa Necati Sepetçioğlu Historical Novel Competition, the author, who won the "First Prize" with his historical novel "Alp Er Tunga", also has many awards in theatre, story and article competitions. His award-winning works have been included in various books.

The author, who lives in Mersin, continues to produce works.

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Türk'üm hey!

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Adınla övmüş ki övünesin diye!

Ne bekliyorsun, övün, hey!

Gök, sen övünesin diye, yüceliklerde!

Yer senin övücünle ıduk!

Güneş senin övücüne tanık!

Ay senin övücünle uyanık!

Hüküm Tanrı'nındır hey!

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Başına ulu kağanlar...

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