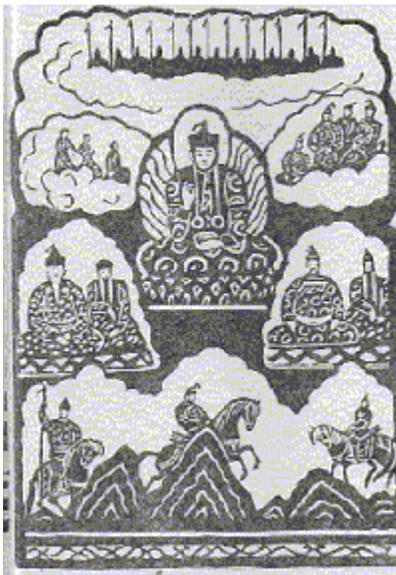


Abai Geser (Tibetan)

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Abai Geser: The First Branch

The War among the Tenger



In the earliest of early times,
In the most ancient of periods,
In the first of first times,
In the time of the beginning;
When the highest bright heaven
Was swirling with fog,
When the earth below
Was covered with dirt and dust;
When the grass had not yet begun to grow,
When the broad long rivers had not begun to flow,
When the great Milk Sea was but a small puddle,
When the world mountain Humber Ula was a hillock,
When the sandalwood tree at the forest's edge
Had not yet put out branches,
When the greyish deer was but a fawn;
When the giant yellow snake was but a little worm,
When the giant fish were only little minnows;
When the earth did not have any continents,
When the center of the universe was not yet finished;
When the great giant bird was small as a crow,
When the first horse was the size of a foal;
When the khan's many roads were not built,
When the people's many roads were not laid out;
This was a good age,
This was a beautiful time
It has been said!..

When the many gods of the heaven did not compete with each other,
When the many tenger of the skies did not quarrel with each other;
When the many tenger of the west were not arrogant,
When black and white were not different from each other;
When the many tenger of the east did not argue,
When appearance and color were not differentiated;
When Esege Malaan Tenger was not an old man,
When Ekhe Yuuren Ibi was not an old woman;
When Han Hormasta Tengeri did not brag of his strength,
When black and white were not estranged;
When Atai Ulaan Tengeri did not boast of his greatness,
When hatred and jealousy did not sow discord;
When those of Oyodol Sagaan Tengeri had not yet gathered,
When those of Oyor Sagaan Tengeri had not yet flowed over;
It was a time of beautiful things!
So it is written on the thin paper!

Han Hormasta Tengeri of the western tribe
Was the leader of fifty five tenger.
He who dandled Han Hormasta on his knee,
The father who had laid him in the cradle,
He who was the highest of nine serene tenger,
He who controlled the history of the world,
Father Esege Malaan Tenger.

When Han Hormasta Tenger was a swaddled child,
In the very beginning, when the thousand white gods
were being rocked in the warmth of their cradles,
Ten thousand white tenger were raised by Mother Ekhe Yuuren Ibi.

When fifty-five tenger were born from the Milky Way,
When many rich tenger began in the evening time,
A thousand gods and protector spirits and ten thousand tenger were supported by
Grandmother Manzan Gurme Toodei with her silver cup.

She who joined together with Han Hormasta Tenger,
Who made clothes for her family,
Who led her sons and held her daughters' hands,
Whose house was full of happiness,
Was the goddess Gere Sesen, with a face of bright light.

Han Hormasta Tenger had three beautiful sons,
Three beautiful daughters,
Three younger brothers who were khans,
Thirty three warriors,
Three hundred leaders of his army,
And three thousand soldiers.

Han Hormasta Tenger's white oldest son,
Master of the peak of a high jutting mountain,
With the power of the tornado,
With a horse brown as a hawk,
He who poisons the poisonous and has revenge on evil,
Who sees good and stops evil,
Was Zasa Mergen Baatar.

His red middle son,
Master of a white mirror-like mountain peak,
With a neck like a hub, hair like a bull, and powerful sinews,
Never to be overcome by evil and never to be defeated by the powerful,
Was Bukhe Beligte Baatar.

The runty young son,
With the profound mind of the mountains,
Brave as an eagle,
Riding a fat yellow horse,
Striving against hard things, attacking the difficult,
Bright and spirited Habata Gerel Baatar.

The oldest white maiden daughter of Han Hormasta,
Capable of raising the dead back to life,
Bringing riches to those who have nothing,
Maker of man and his steed,
With healing power in her thumb and magic in her fingers,
Jewel to men, best of women,
Was the maiden Erjen Goohon.

The middle red daughter,
Who steals the love of those who are in love,
Who takes away the thoughts of those thinking of their beloved,
Who flies in the still high heavens,
She who is said to be the most beautiful in our world,
Was the maiden Duran Goohon.

The little runt daughter,
who wraps infants in their swaddling,
Who causes children to be born,
Walking evenly on all places she causes plants to grow,
Trampling the same on all places she causes lambs to be born,
Of beautiful thoughts and beautiful face,
Was the maiden Sebel Goohon.

According to their duty to watch the earth below,
The three younger brothers of Han Hormasta
Are said to have ruled as khans on earth.

The eldest brother was the master of a white river,
With a yellow horse as big as an elephant,
With a head of white hair,
Following a white path,
With a white bow of rule,
He had the name Sargal Noyon.

The middle brother was the master of a black river,
With a strong blue black stallion as a mount,
With merciless black thoughts,
A path of black clouds,

With a black bow of rule,
He had the name Hara Zutan.

The youngest brother was a master of a river in the middle,
Riding a buckskin colored horse,
With beautiful and honest thoughts,
A path of blue clouds,
With a clean bow of rule,
He had the name Sengelen Noyon.

The very greatest warrior of Han Hormasta,
With a strong and stiff bow and hot and swift arrows,
With a strong back and a powerful broad chest,
Traveling between heaven and earth
On his camel-colored pacer horse,
The eldest son of Booluur Sagaan Tenger,
Buidan Ulaan Baatar.

The greatest warrior after him,
Always shooting down evil things,
Sending his arrows after hostile and ruinous things,
Practiced and powerful as an archer,
With a yellow horse that could fly above the sun,
Was the youngest son of Zayaan Sagaan Tenger--
Burgii Shuumar Baatar.

The second greatest warrior,
With thick and powerful muscles and strong great tendons,
He who could kick the mountains and attack the peaks,
He who could swoop down and hit his target,
He riding a blue steed and shooting arrows as white as the stars,
Was the white oldest son of Oyodol Sagaan Tenger--
Erjen Shuumar Baatar.

The third greatest warrior,
Who would crush that which is evil and pulverize that which is bad,
Measuring what can be measured, counting what can be counted,
Controlling the right side of his mouth and watching the left,
Large as the cliffs and bulky as the mountains,
Was the youngest son of Budargy Sagaan Tenger--
Baga Builen Baatar.

The fourth greatest warrior,
He who could cure what is injured and heal what is infected,
He who had healing power in his thumb and magic in his fingers,
Beautiful in his walk and creative in his thoughts,

He who had fame as a warrior and renown for his skill,
Was Neeher Emshen Baatar.

The fifth greatest warrior,
With a chest as broad as the sea and armor of pounded iron,
Thick muscles and a powerful spine,
A bow-case of pure silver...

The red middle daughter
Who had ten magic powers in her palm
And twenty types of magic in her fingers,
Who goes with hatred and anger in the serene golden sky,
Who shows resentment and jealousy in the high silver heavens,
Was the lady Mungen Hurabsha.

The youngest daughter,
With her steps going much within the house,
With a face full of light,
With a humble disposition,
A clear bright mind and wise and intelligent words,
With a good and beautiful heart,
Was the lady Uyen Sesen.

Where the realms of the western 55 tenger
And eastern 44 tenger came together,
There was a land of great joy,
Where the subjects lived with blessing and abundance,
Where there were three satisfying meals a day,
And every year there were three celebrations,
A realm that had not allied itself with the western tenger,
And which had not declared itself for the eastern tenger,
This was the land of Segeen Sebdeg Tenger
And his queen Sesen Ugan.

The several gods of the western direction
Were trying to confirm their place of control,
The several tenger of the eastern direction
Fought and argued among themselves.
At the time when this was happening,
Segeen Sebdeg's wife Sesen Ugan
Gave birth to their daughter Seseg Nagoon.

Han Hormasta tenger began praising and bragging about his strength,
Atai Ulaan Tenger very quickly became very angry.
Two gods taking power from each other,
Two tenger tried magic on each other.

For ten years struggling with each other,
Watching the signs from each other's mouth for ten years,
They watched the signs of each other's face for twenty years.
Making a path around the world three times,
They traveled around the earth four times.

Atai Ulaan Tenger summoned twelve magicks on his palm,
Twenty three spells upon his fingers.
This was done against the most crucial of the 55 western tenger,
The daughter of Naran Dulaan Tenger, Naran Goohon,
Suffered from cold and fever for three years.

It was written in the book of fate
That the death or immortality of Naran Goohon
Would determine whether the 44 tenger of the east
Would conquer the 55 tenger of the west.

The 55 tenger of the west,
Being able to only partly heal the illness of Naran Goohon,
A thousand gods and protector spirits and ten thousand tenger
Went to Manzan Gurme Toodei grandmother of the silver cup
Coming into her house, sitting and asking her.
Manzan Gurme Toodei, looking in her book wrapped in silk, said,
◆ In the northwest part of the serene high heavens,
Singing in the light of the dawn,
With golden writing on its back and silver writing on its breast,
There is a giant lark, which when taken alive
If the breast is laid against Naran Goohon's chest,
And the back against her back,
In this way she can be healed. ◆

When the middle son of Han Hormasta Tenger, Bukhe Beligte,
Had the order to come to the house of Manzan Gurme Toodei,
He came to the house of Manzan Gurme Toodei of the silver cup.
She greeted him and asked him to sit, then told him,
◆ It is known that the life or death of Naran Goohon of the western 55 tenger
Will determine if the 44 tenger of the east can conquer the 55 tenger of the
west.
If Naran Goohon, the daughter of Naran Dulaan Tenger
Can be healed and return to her original condition,
The 55 tenger of the west can prosper forever under their own rule.
We have tried to find a way to cure the daughter of Naran Dulaan Tenger,
Naran Goohon, but, having failed it is a difficult time for us,

Hard times have come.
In the serene high heavens in the northwest direction,
Singing in the light of the dawn,
With golden writing on its back,
And silver writing on its breast there is a giant lark;
If it is taken alive,
If its back is placed against the back of Naran Goohon
And its breast placed against her breast,
If she is treated in this way she can be healed.
It must be caught alive,
Shot down to earth without killing it,
Catch it by shooting it through the hole of the wing bone! ❖

The red middle son of Han Hormasta Tenger Bukhe Beligte
Was very amazed, very surprised, saying:
❖ My grandmother Manzan Gurme Toodei of the silver cup,
I have never seen such a giant lark while hunting.
Where and how will I find and pursue it? ❖
Having been asked,
Manzan Gurme Toodei of the silver cup said,
❖ Ask your father Han Hormasta Tenger,
He will tell you. ❖

The red middle son of Han Hormasta Tenger--
Bukhe Beligte Baatar
Returned quickly to his home.
When his father Han Hormasta
Greeted him he asked,
❖ Where and how does the giant white lark travel? ❖
Han Hormasta replied:
❖ When I was young I used to read poetry.
It is said that in the northwest part of the high serene heavens,
It goes forever singing where day and night come together.
It sings and chirps the golden writing on its back,
It sings and recites the silver writing on its breast while it flies.
While the bird of the heavens sings it flies upward,
While the bird of the skies sings it flies downward. ❖

The red middle son of Han Hormasta Tenger--
Bukhe Beligte Baatar,
Made great preparations for his quest.
Finally he took his bow and quiver and went out.

Taking the horse best fitted for the task
He rode Beligen the bay horse.

Beligen the bay horse went exactly between heaven and earth.
He leaped up like a squirrel and soared like an eagle.
Reaching the northwest part of the heavens
He went skillfully on his way.

Having reached that place,
Bukhe Beligte came to the
Place where day and night come together,
Taking his yellow bow he aimed at his target.
The giant white lark,
Beginning on its flight,
Sang the words of its golden writing...

The middle red son of Han Hormasta--
Bukhe Beligte Baatar,
First nocked a dark black arrow,
He said these magic words,
The power of the magic appearing on the bowstring like fire--

◆Hit your target without mistake,

Catch it by sticking in the hole of the bone!◆

Having done this Bukhe Beligte
Loosed his arrow,
The giant white lark was shot while it was singing.
The first black arrow to be loosed
Had power from the thumb that released it,
It sang from the fingers that it left,
The singing bird of the heavens fled from it.

The bird said, ◆Is the arrow that has been shot fast,

Or is the horse pursuing after fast?◆

While Bukhe Beligte waited for it
The arrow returned.
It brought back the giant bird,
Shot through the hole in its bones.
The middle son of Han Hormasta,
Bukhe Beligte, said,

◆The task for which we traveled is complete,

The goal for which we came is accomplished!◆

They went on the way back and came home.
They came to the golden hitching post of

Manzan Gurme Toodei of the silver cup
And gave the giant white lark which they brought.

Grandmother Manzan Gurme Toodei of the silver cup
Was greatly excited and pleased.
This became great healing and curing
For the maiden Naran Goohon.
She put the back of the white giant lark
To the back of Naran Goohon.
She put the breast of the giant white lark
To the breast of Naran Goohon.
The giant white lark healed and cured
The injury and illness of Naran Goohon,
Taking away the fever and cold she became healthy again.

Manzan Gurme Toodei of the silver cup
Took the giant white lark
And let it fly again,
Giving it her blessing,
She took it outside and let it fly away.

The daughter of Naran Dulaan Tenger
Naran Goohon, became stronger with each day,
Standing up she became healthier.
Daily, having become healed,
Being cured she constantly improved.
Her disease being taken away she returned to her old self.
Her sickness being gone she took on her old appearance.
The fifty five tenger of the west were excited and rejoiced,
The eastern forty four tenger argued and fought among themselves.

After this happened, Han Hormasta Tenger said,

◆I am tired of eating meat from my herds,

I am missing the taste of wild game.

I will look at the overseers of my herds,

I will see the watchers of my horses,

Then I will go on the hunt!◆

He then went to his horse,

Who had a body as great as a mountain,

Ears like a rabbit,

Who had a powerful body

And bones full of wisdom.

He went about preparing him,

Placing on his head a halter of pure silver,

He put on a bit of silver.

He led him over gravel to make his hoofs resistant to stone,
He led him over ice to make his hoofs resistant to cold,
He tied him to a low place and fed him the food of falcons,
He tied him in the mountains and fed him the food of hawks,
He offered him a drink of black water from a cup,
He offered him a handful of white hay.
He laid on his back a saddle blanket edged with silk,
A saddle gleaming with silver.
He pulled and adjusted thirteen silver girths.
He laid two silver cruppers over his flanks,
And two silver breast straps over his shoulders.
He tied his reins onto the saddle horn,
And hung his quirt on the right side of the saddle.
He lightly fastened his horse to the
Hitching post with eighty hitching rings.

This being done, Han Hormasta said,

◆My horse being ready, I will prepare myself!◆

He started putting on his clothes.
He pulled on a shirt of fine silk,
Then he put on top of it a shirt of finer silk.
He put on black pants sewn from the skins of eighty deer,
Then pulled on black sealskin boots.
He then put on a summertime deel and fastened in strongly,
He buttoned it with seventy copper buttons.
He then bound it around his waist with
A sash decorated with silver and gold.
He then put on an ebony black armored shirt on his back
That seven days of rain could not penetrate,
That neither war nor battle had ever been able to hurt.
He then put on his head a mink hat as big as a haystack.
He then girded on a sword eighty ells long and eight ells wide,
Having magic on its blade and a spell on its grip,
Having never been scratched by the hardest bone,
Having never been melted by the hottest blood,
Made of silvery hard steel,
He girt it onto his left side.
He bound onto his left side a bowcase,
It was of silver, decorated with symbols of honor,
The bow was of mountain goat horn,
Layered together a hundred times,
Its bowstring made of silk.

When this was done Han Hormasta said,

◆It is time to leave!◆ and went outside.

Opening the strong pearly door,
He stepped over the pure granite threshold.
Stepping quickly like a mare after its colt,
Without mistake he left,
Like a mare after its offspring
He stepped smoothly over the silvery threshold without stumbling.
He came and leaned on the silver hitching post with eighty eight rings,
He made a spell over the flanks against falling,
He made a spell over the shoulder for conquering.
He took and pulled on the beautiful reins,
He held them in his left hand while holding his quirt in his right,
He mounted on his massive silver stirrups and
Sat on his silver decorated saddle.
The bay horse Beligen,
Went in the direction of the sun with all his might.
At the base of the hitching post all that was left was a puff of dust.
Han Hormasta went powerfully toward his destination,
With all his steps he went toward his goal.
He went to a place in the north where a hundred thousand of his horses were grazing.
He met with his herdsman Agsagaldai Hara Baatar.
He said that in watching the herds not one kid goat had wandered,
Not one lamb had been lost,
The herds were ever increasing, better than before.
Han Hormasta said, ♦It is time to water the flocks, ♦
And ordered that they be brought down to the black lake to drink.
They yelled ♦Namtai, namtai, ♦ and brought them down,
They yelled ♦ Bugtiin, bugtiin, ♦ and the herds went before them.
In that way they called the herds down to earth.
The animals that went in front drank pure water,
Those that followed licked water off the stones.

Han Hormasta Tenger departed from there,
Going to see his ten thousand cattle he traveled over his pastures,
Going south he saw his cattleherd, Uher Hara Baatar and greeted him.
The condition of his cattle was better than before.

Han Hormasta said,
♦It is time to water the flocks, ♦
So they herded the animals toward the yellow lake.
They shouted ♦Namtai, namtai, ♦ to bring them down,
They yelled ♦Bugtiin, bugtiin, ♦ and the herds went before them.
In that way the herds were brought to the yellow lake.

The animals that went in front drank pure water,
Those that followed licked water off the stones.

Han Hormasta Tenger went further from there,
He went hunting in the dark taiga.
On the edge of the forest he took the leanest animals,
He shot the darkest otters with his arrows.
He took the brownest minks.
In front Beligen the bay horse was loaded up to his cropped ears,
On his overloaded flanks he was balancing game.
Walking gently he was like a full cup,
Like a loaded platter he trotted back home.
When he had reached home the reins were
Tied lightly to the golden hitching post,
Han Hormasta entered the doorway gently.
He commanded that the game be taken,
◆ Take those animals that are needed for skins,
Cook the animals that are edible! ◆
Having said this he went into his house.

His wife Gere Sesen brought up a golden table laden with good food,
She brought up another silver table laden with beautiful food,
Han Hormasta took out a pipe as big as his forearm,
Loaded it with smoke from a pouch of velvety black sheepskin,
He smoked the bundled tobacco thoughtfully.
He lighted it from a silvery flint with bright sparks,
Smoking a pile of tobacco as big as a moose ◆'s ear.
The smoke was like that of a campfire,
When he inhaled it made a noise like a flute.
Having done this he said:
◆ I have seen my livestock,
I will go off hunting and seeing what is interesting! ◆
Thus he went out and rode off on his horse.

He went to visit his subjects in the north as their guest.
He gave the best wishes and greetings to their leaders as their khan.
He extended his hands to them and gave them good words,
◆ My people of the north are better than before, you are doing well! ◆
This was his message to their leaders.

Han Hormasta went riding onward,
He went to his subjects in the southern lands,
He greeted the leaders of his southern realm.

Reaching his right hand to them he offered strong words.
After greeting each other they exchanged good words.
Han Hormasta said,

◆The people of the south are better than before, you are doing well!◆
These were his words to their elders.

Han Hormasta Tenger rejoiced greatly and was very excited,
Having seen how everything was
He set out for the land between the 55 western tenger and 44 eastern tenger,
A happy land blessed with wealth,
Where its citizens prospered,
Eating satisfying food three times a day,
Having celebrations three times a year,
Where there was no allegiance to the western tenger
And no declaration to the eastern tenger,
He looked upon the realm of Segeen Sebdeg Tenger.

When Han Hormasta Tenger looked upon these lands,
His heart broke within his mighty dark chest,
His poor heart was pounding within his body.

He thought, ◆I will go to Segeen Sebdeg Tenger,

I will go see his daughter Seseg Nagoon.◆

He rode on the trail to the house of Segeen Sebdeg,
Tied his horse to his golden hitching post
And knocked gently on the door.

Having done this he stepped quickly over the silver threshold,
Like a mare going to her foal he did not stumble,
He stepped over the silver threshold with grace,
Like a mare going after her colt,
He opened the pearly door beautifully.
He gave his greetings to the lord Segeen Sebdeg Tenger,
He wished health to his wife Sesen Uugan.

Segeen Sebdeg sat down at his table,
He invited him to sit on the western side,

Saying, ◆Sit at the head of the table!◆

Han Hormasta looked for a place to sit,
He took his place on the western side.

Segeen Sebdeg and his wife Sesen Uugan
Pulled up a golden table set with delicious food,
They pulled up a silver table set with beautiful food.
They poured out enough liquor to satisfy all of them,

They brought out enough meat to make them all full.
When Han Hormasta was eating Segeen Sebdeg's delicious food,
His knife slipped, cutting his fingers,
He was very surprised and embarrassed.
His hosts Segeen Sebdeg and Sesen Uugan
Blurted out "Ai, nokhoil!" (Oh shit!)

Two great tenger talked about old and new things,
Two great gods told each other stories.
Remembering things that happened in the past,
They talked in a friendly and spirited way.
Talking about what happened since the world began,
Talking about ancient history,
Talking about what happened since water appeared,
Talking about all that happened since the world was formed,
They sat and told stories...

While this was happening Atai Ulaan Tenger was traveling,
Looking at his subjects and his herds,
Having done this he came to the door of Segeen Sebdeg Tenger,
Tying his horse to the golden hitching post
He tied his beautiful reins his saddle horn.
Opening the pearly door in a beautiful way,
Stepping over the pearly threshold without dirtying it,
He gave his greetings to Segeen Sebdeg,
He wished health to his wife Sesen Uugan.

Segeen Sebdeg Tenger and his wife Sesen Uugan
Invited Atai Ulaan to sit on the western side of their table,
Saying "Sit at the head of the table!"

Three great tenger greeted each other,
In reaching out the right arm they spoke proud words,
In reaching out the left arm they spoke beautiful words.
They made a feast that lasted for eight days.
On the ninth day they talked about important things,
On the tenth day they talked about even more important things.
The two visiting tenger began to sober up and talk about leaving.
Two great tenger,
Two great gods,
Knowing it was time to be leaving,
Felt it necessary to say these words:
Han Hormasta said, "If you would like to join with the 55 western tenger,
You will become one of my tenger."

Atai Ulaan said, ♦If you would have good thoughts about
Joining the 44 eastern tenger, you will become one of my tenger. ♦

While the two tenger were speaking
Segeen Sebdeg Tenger listened to the words of the two gods.
He replied to them:

♦Whose tenger I am to become,
Which party to which I will belong,
Is something that must be written in my book of fate.
Let us read it and find out. ♦

Two great tenger,
Two great gods,
Read in the yellow book of fate...

Han Hormasta Tenger said to Atai Ulaan Tenger:

♦May the 44 eastern tenger be like younger brothers
To the 55 western tenger, give your loyalty to me! ♦
Atai Ulaan Tenger, hearing this demand,
Either did not hear those words because he did not like them,
Or he did not hear those words because he did not pay attention.
He said he would give Segeen Sebdeg Tenger to Han Hormasta.
He then invited Han Hormasta Tenger to visit his home.

Han Hormasta Tenger was very excited and rejoiced greatly.
He went as a guest to the home of Atai Ulaan Tenger.
After talking with Atai Ulaan Tenger for ten days,
He decided it was time to return home.
This having happened he invited Atai Ulaan to his home,
Saying, ♦Come to me on the tenth day of the new moon! ♦

Han Hormasta Tenger went on his way home,
Riding the bay horse Beligen at a trot.
When he came home he forgot his invitation to Atai Ulaan,
On the tenth day of the new moon,
He went to visit his wife ♦s relatives, the eight Hajarangi tenger.

Atai Ulaan Tenger, remembering the invitation,
Made great preparations for his visit,
On the tenth day of the new moon,
He arrived as a guest at the home of Han Hormasta Tenger.
When he arrived the door of the ger was barred,

The smokehole of the ger was covered.
When Atai Ulaan saw what had happened,
His mouth gaped wide in anger.
The white hairs on his crown bristled and he tore them out,
He gnashed together the white teeth in his mouth.
He rode around the ger for thirteen days,
He went around it for twenty three days.
He shouted passionately as loud as a thousand stags,
He shouted loudly with the voice of ten thousand stags.
Having done this his anger departed,
He was cleansed of his hatred and jealousy.
He rode to the home of Segeen Sebdeg Tenger,
Shouting from his horse, ♦ You are mine! ♦

Having forgotten about his invitation to Atai Ulaan,
Han Hormasta Tenger returned from visiting his wife ♦s relatives.
When they returned home his wife Sesen Uugan said,
♦ Who or what came here?
Who rode around our house gaping his mouth in anger?
Who went cursing around our house and then fled away? ♦
Han Hormasta, suddenly remembering what he had forgotten,
Said carelessly, ♦ The person you are talking about
Was certainly Atai Ulaan Tenger. ♦
He urgently sent three swift messengers
To the home of Segeen Sebdeg Tenger.
His message: ♦ You are mine! ♦

The three swift messenger of Han Hormasta Tenger
Encountered the three messengers of Atai Ulaan Tenger
At the household of Segeen Sebdeg Tenger.
Arguing with each other they punched each other in the nose.

Segeen Sebdeg Tenger sternly told the messengers of the two tenger khans,
♦ I belong to nobody! ♦

He then chased the messengers away from his house.
After this had happened

Han Hormasta ♦s grey spotted bull and Atai Ulaan ♦s red bull
Encountered each other at the center of the world.
They challenged each other, saying--

♦ Are you more skilled than me?

Are you stronger than me? ♦

They struggled and butted each other among the three worlds,
As they tossed their horns it shook the spine of the earth,
They scratched up the surface of the earth with their horns,
Their cold white horns locked together in battle,
They butted each other furiously with hot white horns.
For seven days they battled each other,
For nine days they attacked each other.

On the tenth day of battle Han Hormasta's grey spotted bull was wounded,
The sight in his dark black eyes was dimmed,
His hot red blood became thick,
His thick neck was dislocated,
His handsome chest had been caved in.
This having happened the grey spotted bull
Fled into the forest,
Crashing through the trees,
He made his retreat.

Atai Ulaan's red bull chased after
Han Hormasta's grey spotted bull
Until they had reached the lands of the west.

When Han Hormasta Tenger saw what happened,
His mouth gaped open in anger,
He snatched up a bull whip nine ells long.
He used it to drive the bull before him,
He lashed the bull with his whip.

Chasing away Atai Ulaan's red bull
He came to the land of Segeen Sebdeg.
When he came there he encountered Atai Ulaan Tenger.
Two leaders of the tenger greeted each other as equals,
Two great gods stood close, looking at each other.
They split apart a dried up tree with their cursing,
They bent and broke a living tree with their arguing.
A fight began, an event for all time,
A fight that would determine history.
In their struggling they kicked up clouds of black dust.

This having come to pass,
The two leaders of the tenger,
Two great gods,
Stopped their cursing and fighting.
Anger and fury dissipated.
They dismounted in a white clearing,

They sat down cross-legged beneath a white birch.
They talked long enough for foam to form on water,
Long enough for plants to start growing on a flat stone.
They were unable to agree on who would
Rule over Segeen Sebdeg Tenger,
They decided to go on the path of war,
They would follow the trail to battle.
They agreed to meet after a year's time,
To battle over the fate of Segeen Sebdeg Tenger.

At this time the maiden Seseg Nagoon,
Daughter of Segeen Sebdeg Tenger and his wife Sesen Ugan,
Who had rocked her in a warm cradle since birth,
Who had swaddled her in warm swaddling from infancy,
Who had kissed her when she was sick,
Who had hugged her when she was hurt,
Who never let her play in a dirty place,
Who raised her up with clean hands,
Thus they did from the time she was an infant,
From the time the umbilical cord was cut.
Seseg Nagoon had grown up, come of age,
From the age of two she would sing and dance,
From the age of seven she could sing like a bird,
From the age of eight she could dance gracefully,
From the age of ten she started doing women's work,
Showing a gentle temperament she never became angry.
Looking with her black left eye she threaded her needle,
She put the little polished bell of a thimble
On a finger of her lovely right hand,
From a piece of silk as big as her palm she made ten garments,
From a piece of silk as big as her finger she made twenty robes.

Segeen Sebdeg Tenger and his wife Sesen Ugan said to each other:

◆Our pretty little daughter is learning to be of help,

She is putting her hands and feet to work!◆

As so they were happy.

The maiden Seseg Nagoon, like flowers and plants,

Began to bloom like a flower,

Like a plant her body grew in strength.

Wherever she stood and walked the plants would sway and rock,

Wherever she danced the plants would roll like waves,

Wherever she went in the golden world,

Thirteen kinds of flowers would wave in her path,

When she would stand on the earth,

Colorful flowers would flow around her like waves.
The light reflected from her cheek
Outshone the glory of the western tenger,
The color of her left cheek
Exceeded the splendor of the eastern tenger.
Looking at her throat was like looking at the sun,
Looking at her neck was like looking at the moon.
With a round red face,
A square white forehead,
Deep black eyes,
Hair three ells long,
Thin black eyebrows,
Six armfuls of hair,
Lovely as the painting of a white goddess,
Like a fine work of art,
Like one of the stars of the heavens,
Like the full moon.
News of such a beautiful woman,
Such a lovely girl,
Went to the lands of the far west,
Where it was said there would be a celebration;
The news went to the lands of the distant east,
Where it was said there would be a meeting.
The news that Seseg Nagoon, the daughter of Segeen Sebdeg Tenger,
Was such a lovely, beautiful and pure maiden,
Was gossiped about and exaggerated,
And in that way her reputation spread.

The spirited and lively sons of ten thousand gods became agitated,
The proud and famous sons of many tenger of the skies became boastful.
For the sake of the beautiful and pure maiden Seseg Nagoon
The homes of ten thousand tenger were abandoned,
The courage of many white gods ran away.

At the home of Segeen Sebdeg Tenger
Throngs of western gods came to see the maiden Seseg Nagoon,
Groups of eastern tenger arrived and dismounted.
Segeen Sebdeg and his wife Sesen Ugan
Greeted and met many white gods,
They welcomed and spoke with ten thousand tenger.
Many young men renowned as heroes dismounted in throngs,
Many young men famous as archers sat down in groups.
Segeen Sebdeg Tenger and his wife Sesen Ugan
Announced a celebration every month,
The announced a great gathering for every year.

The proud and famous sons of many white gods,
The stupid sons of ten thousand white tenger,
Drinking liquor they became drunk,
Smoking their pipes they lost their sense.
When they saw the beauty of the maiden Seseg Nagoon
Strong brave young warriors were not able to stand,
Skillful young archers were not able to sit.
Many beautiful thoughts were in abundance,
Many brave red hearts were pounding.
Seseg Nagoon stole their hearts,
The green maiden became master of their thoughts.

Saying, ♦ Strong warriors with their horses be on the north,

Archers with their skilled thumbs be on the south! ♦

Those with necks as thick as axles,
Those hairy as bulls,
Those with dark tanned bodies,
Those with bows as thick as a neck,
Those with chests as wide as the sea,
Those with armor of beaten iron,
Those with bulging muscles,
Those with powerful tendons,
Those with massive silver saddles,
Those with silk-edged saddle blankets,
Those with black arrows,
Those with buckskin horses,
Those with silver decorated bow cases,
Those with heroic yellow bows,
Those with hearts pounding in their chests,
Those with twitching necks,
Made demonstrations of their skill,
Showed their ability as warriors.

The gods of the west joined together their right hands,
Meeting together they spoke strong words to each other.
The gods of the east joined together their left hands,
Plotting together they spoke true words to each other.
Speaking strong words they rolled up their sleeves,
Speaking fierce words they cut away the skirts of their robes with their knives.
Han Hormasta Tenger came forth, putting on a hard face.
The three Hura tenger, drawing on their strength,
Rushed forward yelling and making a loud noise.
The three Buudal tenger, taking their power from lightning,
Drew their bows from their cases.
Oyor Sagaan Tenger,

Entered with pride and authority,
And stood among the many gods.
Oyodol Sagaan Tenger,
Grinding his teeth together,
Looked for his place,
Finding it he stood watching intently.
Budargy Sagaan Tenger,
Stealing himself a place,
Squeezed through many tight places,
Stopping when he found a seat.
Shudargy Sagaan Tenger,
Looking about silently,
Came up with a new idea,
And sat trembling on top of a stem.
Zayaan Sagaan Tenger,
Being short on time,
Tried to find a place,
And rudely rushed to the front.
Uhaa Solbon Tenger ,
Coming with his white eldest son,
Pushing in front and in back of them,
Neither were able to find a place.
Booluur Sagaan Tenger,
Having left and come back,
Pushed and squeezed his body through,
And found a place in front.
Sair Sagaan Tenger said,

◆It is necessary to see from up close,

It is necessary to find a place in this crowd! ◆

Joining with Uhaa Solbon Tenger,
Protector of horses and herds,
Finding their way through openings,
Walking through in a curious way,
They found their places together.

Atai Ulaan Tenger rolled his many colored eyes,
Thinking jealous and hateful thoughts.
The Hara Balai tenger,
Drawing on dark powers,
Arrived shouting filthy words.
The Balar Hara tenger,
Speaking arrogant words,
Followed behind Atai Ulaan Tenger.
The Unyaar Hara tenger,
Veiled in a haze of dust,

Dancing back and forth,
Lost their intelligence and sense.
The three Shuhan Gurban tenger,
Making a great noise,
Were craving blood and meat.
Boro Soohor Tenger,
Bowling as low as his shins,
Stood at the right hand of Atai Ulaan Tenger.

The Shara Soohor tenger,
Being garrulous in nature,
Lacking any skills of their own,
Stopped and watched the skills of others.
The Gurban Halhin tenger,
Having frivolous thoughts,
Said to Hara Soohor Tenger,

◆Let us go together!◆

The Emeershin Gurban tenger,
Ever talking this and that,
Saying what to win and what to know,
Were running about here and there.
The Burtan Hara tenger,
Arriving together, said,

◆Friends sit together as one,

The shadows of a standing tree are one!◆
They stood at the side of Hara Soohor Tenger.
Boolor Hara Tenger,
Arriving shamanizing and singing,
Embraced and kissed Haira Hara Tenger,
They greeted each other saying,

◆Friend and relative!◆

The many western gods said,

◆Let the two strongest prove their skill!◆

The many eastern tenger said,

◆Let the two best oppose each other!◆

The western gods felt proud,
The eastern tenger quarreled among each other...

The white oldest son of Han Hormasta Tenger,
Zasa Mergen Baatar, said,

◆You took the golden words of advice with hostility,

You can test true words with your strength!◆

He made his dark tanned body hard,
He made his white sinews strong.
Being the head among many he came out haughtily,
Being the head of ten thousand he pushed his way through to the front.

The white oldest son of Atai Ulaan Tenger,
Sagaan Hasar Buhe, said,

◆Your great thoughts I will grab in my spread out hands!

With such power I will win,

With such force I will conquer!◆

He spread out his broad chest,

He made his thick sinews strong.

The hair on the crown of his head was bristling,

The white teeth in his mouth were gnashing together.

Those who sat on the western side of the contest were engrossed,
Those with places on the southern side of the contest were watching.
Famous spirited men,
Renowned skillful archers,
Those with bow cases decorated in silver,
Those with yellow bows,
Those with quivers decorated in gold and silver,
Those with black arrows,
Those with the name of a warrior,
Those with the challenges of famous men,
Waited while the two wrestlers struggled,
Going in two directions they formed two groups.

While the two famous warriors showed off their strength,
While the two renowned wrestlers displayed their skill,
While the two celebrated brave men revealed their cleverness,
Coming out of her palace white as the stars,
Seseg Nagoon, daughter of Segeen Sebdeg Tenger,
Adding beauty upon beauty,
She wanted to see the contest of skills in archery.
Coming out she walked along one side,
The famous young warriors of the western tenger forgot where they stood,
The brave young warriors of the eastern tenger were intoxicated and confused.
Those with bow cases decorated in silver,
Those with powerful backs,
Those with broad chests,
Those with heroic yellow bows,
Those with steel-tipped spears,
Those with silver-decorated quivers,
Those with hard steel swords,

Coming together from all directions,
Crowding together from ten thousand directions,
Stood and wondered at the maiden Seseg Nagoon.

The daughter of Segeen Sebdeg Tenger,
The maiden Seseg Nagoon,
Like a fine piece of art,
Like a white star of the heavens,
Was beautiful and proud.
The famous young men looked at each other jealously,
The proud young warriors felt a blow to their pride.
Great strong warriors made their muscles strong,
Skillful young archers practiced the skill of their thumbs.

The oldest white son of the western tenger,
Zasa Mergen Baatar,
And the oldest white son of the eastern tenger,
Sagaan Hasar Buhe,
Entered the contest with the full courage of their hearts,
They entered the fight with the full strength of their blood,
They circled around each other in the direction of the sun,
Then grabbed on each other to wrestle.
Butting together like two stags,
Flying at each other like two hawks,
They entered into the fight,
They wrestled together.
This having been well begun,
Taking strength from heaven they wrestled each other,
They fought each other well.
Taking strength from earth they shouted at each other,
They went at each other quickly.
The noise of battle reached the high heavens,
The struggle made the earth to tremble.

The oldest white son of Han Hormasta Tenger,
Zasa Mergen Baatar,
Held on stubbornly to his place,
He never forgot his reason for entering.
He summoned his strength as a warrior,
He called upon his cunning as a marksman.
His powerful black body was straining,
His strong white sinews were tense.
He grabbed Sagaan Hasar under the arms,
Holding onto his body with a powerful grip.
Swinging around to the west he struck the western taiga,
Swinging around to the east he hit the trees of the eastern taiga.

This having happened,
He grabbed and shook the body of Sagaan Hasar,
Throwing him down to earth,
Where he became stuck in the ground!

The white oldest son of Atai Ulaan Tenger,
Sagaan Hasar Buhe,
Whistling through the air like an arrow,
Making a noise like a falling rock,
Fell from the high serene heavens to the broad earth.
At the very beginning of the east,
In an ugly looking land,
In a poor and meager country,
Dried up, withered, and full of grief,
In a place of three marshy rivers,
In a place of slippery slopes,
A land of evil spirits and demons,
In a scorching hot land,
In a dark sunless land,
He came back to life as the eldest of the Sharaidai khans,
His name became Sagaan Gerel Khan.

The white oldest son of Han Hormasta Tenger,
Zasa Mergen Baatar, said
◆Defeating my enemy I am undefeated,
Conquering my opponent I am invincible!◆
He proudly danced in victory.
The many western tenger shouted and rejoiced.

Conclusion of the First Branch

The War among the Tenger

This having happened,
The red middle son of Atai Ulaan Tenger,
Shara Hasar Buhe,
His older brother having been dispatched so easily,
Thrown down to earth so disrespectfully,
Anger and hate boiled in his heart.
The black hairs on the crown of his head stood up,
The white teeth in his mouth gnashed together.
Many white gods were making a great noise,
Ten thousand white tenger were clamoring together.
Shara Hasar Buhe
Became as strong as a moose,
He became as dark as an eagle.
He grabbed the throat of Zasa Mergen Baatar.
They flew at each other like battling birds,
They tore at each other like fighting wolves
They went at each other like struggling eagles,
They soared like two hawks in battle.
The serene heavens shook to its highest skies,
The broad earth quaked down to its roots.

The white eldest son of Han Hormasta Tenger,
Zasa Mergen Baatar,
Held on firmly to his place,
He stood steadfastly on the ground.
The red middle son of Atai Ulaan Tenger,
Shara Hasar Buhe,
His heart became confused,
His spirit was going away.
His neck, thick like an axle,
Was dislocated,
His hair, thick like that of a bull,
Was broken off,
His powerful black back
Was bent,
Eight of his ribs
Were broken.
The strongest and most famous warrior of the western tenger,
Doing like an eagle he showed his skill,

Doing like a moose he won honor.
For the most famous wrestler of the eastern tenger
He grabbed Shara Hasar behind the knee joint,
With a strong jerk he brought him beneath his feet.
Breaking off like grass,
Bending like reeds,
Shara Hasar lost his strength,
His power and skill were gone,
He was exhausted.
Zasa Mergen saying he would take what was his,
He squeezed his body ever more strongly,
Saying that his enemy's life was finished,
He crushed his body.
He grabbed and shook the body of Shara Hasar,
Throwing him down to earth,
Where he became stuck in the ground!

Shara Hasar Buhe,
Scattering like dust,
Blown by the wind like ashes,
Fell from the serene heavens to the broad earth.
Becoming the middle brother of the Shiraidai khans,
He was known by the name Shara Gerel Khan.

This having happened,
The youngest brother,
The last one born to his family,
Hara Hasar Buhe,
Being left alone,
His two beloved older brothers having fallen into the enemy's hand,
Having been killed like wild animals,
His hair on the crown of his head stood up,
He ground together the white teeth in his mouth.
Saying, "My two lovely older brothers,
Who always trusted their younger brother,
For your sake let this be finished!"
He grabbed on the head of Zasa Mergen and they began fighting.
Two great wrestlers,
Struggling together like two stags,
Fighting together like two bull camels,
They battled in the clouds that came from the north,
They pulled at each other in the clouds that came from the south.
Struggling together they kicked up clouds of yellow dust,
The creatures of the forest could not find their young,

The doe could not find her fawn.
Zasa Mergen Baatar,
Standing tall and strong,
Stood steadfastly in his place,
He could not be moved from where he stood.
He grabbed Hara Hasar Buhe behind the knee joint,
With a jerk he had him below his feet.
He broke his ribs,
He swung his head around,
He dislocated his thick neck,
He broke his powerful black back,
He threw his two legs against the ground,
He snapped his two arms like a whip.
Having crushed in his belly,
He grabbed and shook the body of Hara Hasar,
Throwing him down to earth ,
Where he became stuck in the ground!

The youngest son of Atai Ulaan Tenger,
Hara Hasar Buhe,
Whistling through the air like an arrow,
Blown like dust by the wind,
Fell at a place where life and death come together.
He lay on the earth with only his two ears above ground,
He was buried with only two toes sticking out of the dirt.
Becoming the youngest of the Shiraidai khans,
He came to be known as Hara Gerel Khan.

Having come out invincible,
Zasa Mergen Baatar said,

◆With such strength I have won this beloved beautiful maiden!◆

His thoughts made his heart beat fast,
Love made his heart pound in his chest.
He went to Seseg Nagoon,
Embraced her and stood at her side.
Taking her right hand he spoke strong words,
Taking her left hand he spoke true words.
Many white gods gathering together,
Ten thousand white tenger were disappointed.
Having lost the maiden Seseg Nagoon
Their hearts were fluttering,
Their chests contracted together.
The proud famous sons of the tenger of the skies
Lost their cunning,
The powerful spirited sons of ten thousand gods of the heavens
Were thrown into confusion.

Skillful young archers lost their craft,
Strong young warriors sat down, unable to stand.

Zasa Mergen Baatar took control of his destiny,
Taking Seseg Nogoos for himself,
Many white gods lost their cunning,
Ten thousand gods were confused.
Black thoughts were seething,
White words were said,
Dark thoughts were boiling,
Blue words were spoken.
The western gods were celebrating,
The eastern tenger quarreled among themselves.

This having happened Atai Ulaan Tenger
Made this scandalous announcement:

◆ Seegen Sebdeg Tenger had promised
Seseg Nogoos to me!
Having become his anda she was to join my family,
This having been done twenty years ago,
Having sworn bonds of kinship and brotherhood,
Ten years have gone by!
His daughter and my son,
Being engaged from earliest childhood,
We exchanged clothes according to custom.
The white oldest son of Han Hormasta Tenger,
Zasa Mergen Baatar,
Has overturned what had been arranged before,
Customs established from before have been abandoned.
A gelded horse is restrained by the catching pole,
Family and tribe are restrained by the elders!
Family and tribe have their elders,

Deels and clothing have hems! ◆

Tenger of the skies, come to your senses,

Gods of the heavens, say what is right! ◆

Feeling jealousy he longed for hot blood,
Thinking wicked thoughts he desired clotted blood.

The tenger of the east said ◆ Right, right! ◆

The gods of the west said, ◆ Stop, stop! ◆

The shouts of ten thousand tenger could be heard in the highest heaven,
The voices of the gods thundered on the broad earth.

Han Hormasta, coming out before them,
Confronted Atai Ulaan Tenger.

He cried out in a forceful voice,
A thousand gods were startled,
He shouted in a loud voice,
Ten thousand tenger were frightened.

He said, ♦ Atai Ulaan Tenger
Is speaking poisonous lies.

In his jealousy he is deceiving the tenger! ♦
The western tenger shouted in approval, he said
♦ For true words there is no need of argument,

For tender meat there is no need of a knife! ♦
They made a great noise, then he bade them to sit down.
Segeen Sebdeg came out among them,
He spoke words of truth,

♦ I am not the anda of Atai Ulaan Tenger,
I have not become the kinsman of Han Hormasta Tenger.
In this special gathering of the tenger of the skies,
Before this court of the gods of the heavens,
I will not be fined for telling lies,
I will not be punished for stealing and using what is not mine! ♦

Many white gods began crowding together,
Ten thousand tenger were pushing against each other.
Black and arrogant thoughts were going about,
Wicked thoughts were seething and boiling.
Atai Ulaan Tenger came forth arrogantly,
Spreading his broad chest he approached his enemy.
Han Hormasta Tenger crossed to meet him,
Reaching out his ten white fingers he seized him!

While this was happening,
The red middle son of Han Hormasta Tenger,
Bukhe Beligte Baatar,
Knowing what was happening,
Having good sense,
He understood the situation well.
When the sun was shining with the red light of dawn,
When the sun was shining with the yellow heat of midday,
When the sun was shining with the blue light of dusk,
Through half the night
He rode on his way to a visit.
At the house of Manzan Gurme Toodei of the silver cup
He entered quietly and respectfully.

She who came down from the
Milky Way of the fifty five gods,
She who sat at the top of the many rich tenger,
She who raised a thousand gods and protector spirits,
She who raised ten thousand tenger,
Grandmother Manzan Gurme Toodei of the silver cup said:

◆My dearest child!◆

And she sat him beside her fire.

◆Did you ride over a long road,

Have you traveled a long way?◆

While they talked he told her

To try riding Beligen the bay horse,

He went to see Manzan Gurme Toodei◆s book wrapped in silk.

Opening the book of fate he looked for the location of

Atai Ulaan◆s ami and hulde souls.

It was written that those two souls

Were in the big toe of his massive right foot.

This having happened,

Bukhe Beligte went out,

Giving his regards to Grandmother Manzan Gurme,

Traveling as fast as he could,

Returning with great haste,

Soaring like a hawk,

Flying like an eagle,

He reached the realm of Segeen Sebdeg Tenger.

Changing back into his human body,

His round face was showing,

Returning to his true form,

His red face was showing.

Entering Segeen Sebdeg◆s gate,

Tying his horse onto his silver hitching post,

Many white gods were gathered together,

Ten thousand white tenger sat crowded together.

Atai Ulaan Tenger,

Having black thought toward Han Hormasta Tenger,

Was showing a hard face.

Two great tenger,

Two great gods,

Following the path of war,

Following the trail to battle.

Started fighting in the heights of the heavens,

Battling on the wide expanse of the earth.

Atai Ulaan Tenger,
With his sixty six warriors,
Six hundred leaders of the army,
And six thousand soldiers,
Making preparations for battle,
Forty four tenger went off in four directions,
With jealousy and hate they plotted revenge!
Han Hormasta Tenger,
With his thirty three warriors,
Three hundred leaders of the army,
And three thousand soldiers,
Making preparations with haste and skill,
Fifty five tenger went off in five directions,
Making promises they went off to battle!

The serene high heavens became dusky,
On the broad earth it became completely dark.
In the great hot country they hit each other again and again,
On the mountainous broad earth they spilled each other's blood.
When the sun set on the dead and wounded,
The rising sun found them lying on the ground grasping blades of grass.
In the darkness of night those who had gotten up and fled,
In murkiness like black fox fur they snatched at reeds.
Remembering what had happened before,
They continued to do as before.
The sound of flying spears
Was answered by the whistle of arrows!

The thirty three warriors of Han Hormasta Tenger,
His three hundred leaders of the army,
And three thousand soldiers,
Fighting the sixty six warriors of Atai Ulaan Tenger,
His six hundred leaders of the army,
And six thousand soldiers,
Overcame them without difficulty,
Defeated them without trouble.

Atai Ulaan's army fled to the beginning of the east,
To an ugly land,
A poor and meager country,
Dried up, withered, and full of grief,
A place of three marshy rivers,
A place of slippery slopes,
A land of evil spirits and demons,
A scorching hot land,
A dry world devoid of plants.

On the battlefield they wore away like the rim of a wheel,
They melted away like ice,
Decreasing like a waning moon,
Blowing away like the wind,
They remained in this distant land.

The two leaders of the tenger
Went into combat,
Jealousy and hatred
Began fighting together.
Atai Ulaan Tenger assaulted his enemy with great passion,
Han Hormasta went at him like an arrow going to its target.
Becoming dark as eagles,
Flying at each other like hawks,
Going at each other like two eagles,
Goring each other like two bull mooses,
Fighting toward the south they tore apart the southern sky,
Fighting toward the north they ripped the northern sky.
This was a struggle for all time,
A battle that would determine history.

They grabbed each other's necks,
Trying to break them.
Their thick white sinews
Were strained to the breaking point.
On the great Milk Sea waves were splashing on the shore,
The world mountain Humber Uula was trembling.
The sky shook to the highest heavens,
The surface of the broad earth was quaking.
The first great jealousy was overflowing,
The first wicked lawlessness was boiling and bubbling!

Han Hormasta Tenger and Atai Ulaan Tenger,
Taking their strength from heaven struggled powerfully with each other,
Taking their strength from earth they grabbed each other quickly.
Han Hormasta became exhausted and started losing strength,
Atai Ulaan used magical powers to protect himself.
The gods of the west gave their support to Han Hormasta,
The tenger of the east were adding morale to Atai Ulaan.

The red middle son of Han Hormasta Tenger,
Bukhe Beligte Baatar,
Seeing what was happening,
Becoming tired of waiting,
Summoning his life's strength,

Grabbed up a black spear an ell long.
Throwing it, the spear lodged in the
Big toe of Atai Ulaan's right foot,
The hiding place of his ami and hulde souls.

Han Hormasta Tenger summoned up extra strength,
Atai Ulaan Tenger began to be worn out.
Pulling him, Atai Ulaan was under his elbow,
With a jerk he had been brought under his feet.
His head striking the ground,
His arm was snapped like a whip.
When his body was swung to the west,
The western skies shook.
Swinging his body around to the east,
The eastern heavens quaked.
Lightning flashed like fire,
The earth was trembling,
Rain came down in torrents,
Hail fell down like stones!

The western gods, saying
◆Let us take what is ours!◆
Joined their right hands together
And danced in victory.
The eastern tenger,
What they wanted having been taken away,
What they desired having been finished,
Fled away to the east.

The white oldest son of Han Hormasta Tenger,
Zasa Mergen Baatar,
Took as his wife the maiden Seseg Nogoos,
Daughter of Segeen Sebdeg Tenger.
Seating her in front of him
On his hawk brown horse,
They followed the path of the winds
To his beautiful home and country.

Han Hormasta Tenger,
Drawing his silvery hard steel sword,
Chopped off the head of Atai Ulaan Tenger.
In his agony Atai Ulaan Tenger
Rolled his colorful eyes around thirteen times.
His black hair, an ell long,
Scattered across his back.

His lips pressed together as his life departed.
Han Hormasta kicked the big black head of Atai Ulaan Tenger,
It went flying toward the earth until it disappeared.

The huge black head of Atai Ulaan Tenger
Found its place between heaven and earth.
Lacking the strength to go up,
It had no desire to go down.
Frighteningly powerful in sorcery,
Possessing great magical powers,
It became Arhan Shutger,
It went about trying to swallow the sun and moon.

Taking his silvery hard steel sword
Han Hormasta Tenger chopped off the neck of Atai Ulaan Tenger.
He spitted the neck on his sword,
Flinging it forcefully toward the earth.

The neck of Atai Ulaan Tenger
Landed in an ugly land,
A poor and meager country,
Dried up, withered, and full of grief,
A place of three marshy rivers,
A place of slippery slopes,
A land of evil spirits and demons,
A scorching hot land,
A dry world devoid of plants.
It developed a body with ten thousand eyes on its back,
Forty thousand eyes on its chest,
With a great single eye on the crown of its head,
A single tooth in its mouth,
Able to take on many forms,
Transforming itself into two thousand different forms,
Able to take on many appearances,
Metamorphosing into a thousand and three different appearances.
With great power in its two hands,
With magical powers in its two feet,
It became the demon Gal Nurma Khan.
He made the promise,

◆From this time onward I make war and battle!◆

Han Hormasta Tenger hacked off the right arm of Atai Ulaan Tenger,
The arm lay on the ground limp as a whip,
He picked it up with the blade of his sword and threw it away.
It plunged forcefully into the earth and stuck there.
When the right arm of Atai Ulaan

Tumbled down to the world below,
Landing on the remote north side
Of the world mountain Humber Uula,
It became the master of the taiga,
Orgoli the tiger.
Gobbling up all in its path,
Eating the black sandalwood trees on the edge of the taiga,
He ate them up roots and all.

Han Hormasta Tenger snapped off the left arm of Atai Ulaan Tenger,
Ripping it out with his own hands,
Snapping it like a whip,
He sent it flying noisily down to earth.
The arm making a loud noise as it fell toward earth,
It became something standing between life and death,
Becoming the demon Sherem Minaata Khan
It fled away.

Han Hormasta Tenger cut off the deep chest of Atai Ulaan Tenger,
He sent it crashing violently into the ground.
When the broad chest of Atai Ulaan Tenger
Landed on the earth it was
In an ugly land,
A poor and meager country,
Dried up, withered, and full of grief,
A place of three marshy rivers,
A place of slippery slopes,
A land of evil spirits and demons,
A scorching hot land,
A dry world devoid of plants.
Near to the yellow lake,
Close to the black lake,
It turned into a creature powerful in sorcery,
With great magical powers,
The mangadhai Abarga Sesen.

Han Hormasta cut off the massive belly of Atai Ulaan Tenger
At the hip joints,
He sent it falling down to earth with a great noise.
When the massive lower trunk of Atai Ulaan's body
Fell on the earth it was in
An ugly land,
A poor and meager country,
Dried up, withered, and full of grief,
A place of three marshy rivers,
A place of slippery slopes,

A land of evil spirits and demons,
A scorching hot land,
A dry world devoid of plants.
It became Loir Hara Lobsogoldoi,
Riding his iron horse, he departed.

Han Hormasta Tenger cut apart the legs of Atai Ulaan Tenger
At the knee joints,
Piece by piece he sent them
Tumbling to crash in the earth below.
When they landed on the earth
They were close to the lower trunk
Of Atai Ulaan's body.
Knowing the place they came to life,
Taking off together.
They became the three older sisters,
The Yonhoboi sisters of Loir Hara Lobsogoldoi.

The broken pieces of Atai Ulaan's body,
Lying on the earth,
Began to burn and become infested with maggots.
A vapor rose to the heavens,
On the broad earth it spread and became disease.

When this had happened,
Gal Nurma Khan,
Born of the neck of Atai Ulaan Tenger,
A fearsome sorcerer,
Having great magic powers,
Taking on his real form,
His round face taking shape,
He arose to take leadership of the evil spirits.
He cried out this vow:

◆ Whatever child is born a boy,
Will be snatched away,
Whatever child is born a girl,
Will be made to lie down!
If this happens every day
In the land of the three Tugshen khans,
Mankind will die in one generation! ◆
This was his hateful command.

Having done this,
The insanely powerful Gal Nurma Khan

Quickly went to the land of the yellow lake.
When he came there he prepared
Three hundred evil spirits,
Thirty demons to lead them,
Having yellow spotted horses,
Yellow trimmed beards,
Yellow fur-lined garments,
Yellow squirrel-skin tassels on their hats,
Yellow iron pots, and
Yellow lice for their food.

He traveled further to the land of the blue lake.
When he came there he prepared
Three hundred evil spirits,
Thirty demons to lead them,
Having blue spotted horses,
Blue trimmed beards,
Blue fur-lined garments,
Blue squirrel-skin tassels on their hats,
Blue iron pots, and
Blue lice for their food.

Going further on from there he came to the land of the black lake.
When he came there he prepared
Three hundred evil spirits,
Thirty demons to lead them,
Having black spotted horses,
Black trimmed beards,
Black fur-lined garments,
Black squirrel-skin tassels on their hats,
Black iron pots, and
Black lice for their food.

Nine hundred evil spirits,
Ninety black demons,
Coming to the land of the three Tugshen khans
They laid waste to the land,
They brought calamity and suffering,
The fortune of the people was thrown into disorder.
Flowing waters were polluted at the source,
Growing plants were polluted at the roots,
This unspoiled existence was eaten up by maggots,
This land beautiful as crystal was infested by snakes and worms,
This rich existence began to be used up and die,
This fat and virgin land was oppressed and becoming extinct.

The people and animals,
Had never known such torments,
Death and disease
Oppressed and defeated them.
The herds of horses and cattle
Had never known disease,
Anthrax and plague
Were killing and exterminating them.
The torment of hunger,
Anthrax and plague,
Horses dying of thirst,
Sickness was everywhere.
Thus it is said that the lonely and orphaned people,
Died day by day,
Passed away night by night.

The people and animals of the land of the three Tugshen khans,
Oppressed by hunger,
Defeated by anthrax and plague,
Were filled with astonishment,
They were filled with wonder, they said:

◆What kind of creature,
What kind of manifestation,
Is the cause of our suffering,
Why is this happening to us?◆

This having happened, they went to
The shamaness Sharnaihan Shara,
With skin tanned like cooked meat,
Who had never lost at anything,
They crowded around her demanding,

◆Know! Shall we all be eaten up

By the crows and ravens perched in the treetops?◆

The shamaness Sharnaihan Shara,
Being pressured by the animals and humans
Crowded around her,
She took up a broken ladle,
She gathered up her magic powers,
Her eyes seeing and not closing,
Her feet not moving,
She started shamanizing,
Calling the fifty tenger of the western skies,

◆You who gave birth to the fifty five tenger,
You who are above the many rich tenger,

You who have a thousand gods and protector spirits,
You with ten thousand tenger,
You with the silver cup,
My grandmother Manzan Gurme,
Nine hundred evil spirits,
Ninety black demons,
They have made disorder of the history of the
Three Tugshen khans,
Bringing calamity and suffering,
They have disrupted their fortune.
Flowing water are polluted at the source,
Growing plants are polluted from the roots,
This unspoiled existence is eaten up by maggots,
This land beautiful as crystal is infested by snakes and worms,
This rich existence begins to be used up and die,
This fat and virgin land is oppressed and becoming extinct.
My ladle I send you on your way,
Fly straight upward,
Come tumbling on the table
Of my grandmother Manzan Gurme! ❖
Shamaness Sharnaihan Shara
Threw her ladle up to the heavens.

This ladle overflowing with illness and suffering,
Tumbling through the serene heavens,
Went up directly to where it should go.
Entering the golden court
Of Manzan Gurme Toodei with the silver cup,
It landed, spilling its contents on her table.
She who had swaddled a thousand gods,
She who had brought up ten thousand tenger,
Having a thousand gods and protector spirits,
She with ten thousand tenger,
She who possessed the silver cup,
Grandmother Manzan Gurme Toodei,
Seeing this happen,
Was filled with amazement,
She was filled with wonder.
Taking her large shaman mirror
She looked at what was happening in the upper world:
In the upper world eternal peace prevailed.
Looking in her small shaman mirror
She saw what was happening in the world below:
In the world the nine hundred evil spirits,
And ninety demons of Gal Nurma Khan,
With noses like stovepipes,

Two strings of snot running from their nostrils,
Black pots full of disgusting things,
Eating black tarry food,
Wearing topless hats,
Walking with soleless boots,
Riding tailless horses,
Having bodies without shadows,
Chests full of tears,
Flowers full of pus,
Raising a brown vapor over the brown earth,
Raising a black fog over the black earth,
Slithering around like worms,
Swarming around like flies,
Killing male children while still attached to the birth cord,
Killing girl children as soon as they were born,
Oppressing the wide world with hunger and torment,
Exterminating living things with anthrax and plague,
Making water pour from their eyes,
Making them cry out in suffering,
They trampled upon the people
Of the three Tugshen khans.

After this had happened,
The nine hundred evil spirits and
Ninety black demons said to each other:

◆ Taking our jealousy and hate,

Let us meet on the full moon! ◆

Thus they spoke happily and excitedly.
The animals and people of the earth
Were like dust scattered by the wind.
The herds of cattle and horses
Melted away like ice and snow.
Nine hundred evil spirits,
Ninety black demons,
Traveling along every river,
Gathering on every creek,
Meeting on every mountain,
Greeting each other on every road,
Were roaring and thundering about.

Having seen what happened,
Grandmother Manzan Gurme of the silver cup said:

◆ The neck of Atai Ulaan Tenger,
Having fallen down to the earth,
Having landed on the world below,

Has turned into the insanely powerful Gal Nurma Khan,
He has prepared and sent
Nine hundred evil spirits and ninety black demons.
He has brought calamity and suffering
To the three Tugshen khans.
He has brought troubles to their beautiful homeland.
They are killing and burying the animals and people.
They are eating and swallowing the herds of cattle and horses! ❖
Her mouth gaped open as she became enraged at what she saw.

And so because of this,
She ripped apart her black silk scarf and threw it,
She tore apart her scarf made of decorated silk and threw it away.
She took her eighty ell long felt beating stick,
Beating with it until it was bent.
Looking like a cloudy sky
She went to the home of Etseg Malaan Tenger.

When Grandmother Manzan Gurme of the silver cup came in,
Father Etseg Malaan and Mother Ehe Yuuren said:
Grandmother, sit in the place of honor,
Drink a cup of liquor with us! ❖
They brought out a silver dombo,
Bound with thirteen bands,
They sat down taking their cups.

When they had drunk a round of drinks,
Manzan Gurme Toodei sipped from her cup and said,
❖The orphaned and lonely people of the earth,
Tormented by nine hundred evil spirits
And ninety demons,
Dying in the daytime,
Passing away at night,
Being twisted like a rope,
Being stretched like a cord,
Being mowed down like hay,
Being broken like reeds,
Those that travel are eaten on the road,
Those remaining home are swallowed in their own house,
Who is at fault?
It is your fault!
Who is going to correct it?
You correct it! ❖
Having said these things,

Looking as gloomy and colorless as a fall day,
Looking like a dark and stormy sky,
She went back to her home.
Father Etseg Malaan said to his wife Ehe Yuuren:

◆The biggest offense is from Han Hormasta Tenger!

Going down to the earth himself
He must correct his wrong,
He must see the living things and people!◆

This having happened,
Skillful white messengers
Were sent out in a thousand directions,
Quick white messengers
Were sent out in ten thousand directions
With the instructions:

◆Going quickly give your message to the tenger,
Going skillfully speak to the gods!
Meeting in the stars we will make a wise decision,
Meeting on the moon we will make a beautiful decision!◆

The quick white messengers traveled among the tenger,
The skillful white messengers traveled among the gods.
The fifty five tenger of the western heavens,
Meeting in the stars had a wise gathering,
Meeting on the moon they had a beautiful gathering.

Although Father Esege Malaan Tenger,
Having reached old age
Had not attended any meetings for many years,
He came to this year◆s wise meeting in the stars,
He went to this year◆s beautiful meeting on the moon.
When he arrived,
When he stood before them
Leaning on the colorful golden table,
He looked about the gathering with his dark black eyes.
Many white gods were gathered together,
Ten thousand white tenger sat crowded together.
Rich god princes were all packed in together.
Rich tenger princes were sitting in splendor.

They said, ◆Father Etseg Malaan is here to exercise his authority!◆
Many white gods acclaimed him,
Ten thousand white tenger made a great noise.

Han Hormasta Tenger,
Thinking selfish thoughts,
Kept them in his narrow-minded heart,
Presenting a brave face to his father.

Father Etseg Malaan Tenger
Opened the meeting in the stars with wisdom,
He opened the beautiful meeting on the moon with dispatch.

At the wise meeting in the stars,
At the beautiful meeting on the moon,
They could not find any tenger
Who wanted to go to the earth,
Who wanted to fight the 900 evil spirits and 90 demons.
The tenger said:

◆ If we go down to the earth,
We cannot return from there,
We cannot go back to the sky,
Becoming polluted we become mortal,

We will not be able to go home! ◆

Many tenger and gods became
Dejected and reluctant.

Father Etseg Malaan became angry,
His mouth gaping in fury,
He said what needed to be said:

◆ The biggest offender among you

Is Han Hormasta Tenger!

He having made the offense,
He needs to correct it himself,
Going down to earth,

He needs to make right what he made wrong himself! ◆

This having happened,
The many white gods come from the stars,
The white wise tenger come from the constellations,
Were agitated and said:

◆ Han Hormasta Tenger

Being responsible for the wrong

Must go himself to the broad world!

Who is going to do the tasks of someone else!

Who is going to kill for someone else!

The person who has done wrong

Must correct his own mistakes! ◆

The tenger made a great tumult,
They shunned Han Hormasta Tenger.

Han Hormasta Tenger
Wanting to speak some words
Tried many times to get recognized.
Because the rich god princes
Were arguing among themselves
He was not able to say a word.

This having happened,
The red middle son of Han Hormasta Tenger,
Bukhe Beligte Baatar,
Being at the wise meeting of the stars,
At the beautiful meeting on the moon,
He felt sorry for the way that they were compelling
His father Han Hormasta,
So he said to the assembly:

◆It is necessary to quickly go down to earth,
It will be an order to send away the
Head of our family.
If the older brother I look up to,
The younger brother I look down to,
Are unwilling to go down from
Serene high heaven to the earth,

I will certainly go. ◆

Han Hormasta Tenger heard these words gladly,
He listened with his full attention.
The wise assembly of the stars declared:

◆This is right! ◆

The beautiful assembly of the moon declared:

◆This is fitting! ◆

Han Hormasta Tenger summoned his oldest son,
Who dwells in the high heavens,
Who has the power of the tornado,
Who rides a hawk brown horse,
Zasa Mergen Baatar,
His message commanded him to come and enter the assembly.

When Zasa Mergen had arrived,
Han Hormasta Tenger asked his oldest son
If he would be willing to go to the world below.

The oldest white son of Han Hormasta Tenger,
Zasa Mergen Baatar,
Did not like hearing the words
His father spoke, saying:

◆Do you tell me you want your oldest son
To be sleeping outside in the forest?

I have no desire to be soaked by a week◆s worth of rain,
I have no wish to be shot with the shafts of seventy arrows.
I have two younger brothers,
Send those two instead!◆

He having said this,
Han Hormasta Tenger put on a severe face,
He spoke words trying to compel
His youngest son, Habata Gerel.

The youngest son of Han Hormasta Tenger,
Habata Gerel Baatar, said:

◆Have mercy on me,

It is my destiny to take care of my father◆s fire!◆

He contradicted his father◆s suggestion vehemently.
Han Hormasta failed in his wish.
He announced this to Bukhe Beligte Baatar.

The red middle son of Han Hormasta Tenger,
Bukhe Beligte Baatar, said:

◆In going to fix what is wrong,

In going to set things right,

In entering into punishment and suffering,

In having picked up the spear for the fight,

I am powerless to repudiate the declaration of the wise assembly,

There is no time to dispute the decision of the beautiful assembly!◆

These were his words to his father Han Hormasta Tenger.

Father Etseg Malaan Tenger announced:

◆Those things that you came here with I will give to you!◆

Bukhe Beligte Baatar asked what was necessary:

◆Will you give me my older brother,

Zasa Mergen with the hawk brown horse?◆

Han Hormasta answered, ◆I will give him!◆

◆Will you give me my three pretty older sisters?◆

◆I will give them!◆

◆Will you give me Beligen the bay horse,
A fitting saddle,
And all the equipment that will be necessary?◆

◆I will give!◆

◆Will you give me the four magic staffs
Capable of gathering up four seas?◆

◆I will give them!◆

◆Will you give me the white snare
Capable of holding seventy animals?◆

◆I will give it!◆

◆Will you give me the healing sandalwood
That is placed on the crown of the head?◆

◆I will give it!◆

◆Will you give me the zadai stone
That stops a thousand storms?◆

◆I will give it!◆

◆Will you give me the maiden Naran Goohon,
Daughter of Naran Dulaan Tenger?◆

Han Hormasta Tenger replied,

◆I will give her!◆

The red middle son of Han Hormasta Tenger
Bukhe Beligte Baatar,
Asking for what he desired,
Received what was necessary for him to take.
The wise assembly of the stars rendered a wise decision,
The beautiful assembly of the moon confirmed a beautiful decision:

◆The red middle son of Han Hormasta Tenger,
Bukhe Beligte Baatar,
Being sent by us down to the broad earth,
Being dispatched to the world below,
Must incarnate as the son

Of a husband and wife living in poverty and deprivation!◆

This decision having been made,
The many tenger of the skies returned to their clans,
The ten thousand gods of the heavens went back to their homes.

This having happened,
The firstborn of the three Tugshen khans,
He who has great benevolent thoughts,
Sargal Noyon Khan,
Had a beautiful dream:

◆ On the northwest side of Humber Mountain,
Going happily a little below the high heaven,
Bobbing up and down a little above the mountain,
The bird of heaven,
A brown spotted lark was singing.
If someone was able to
Bring down the brown spotted lark,
If it was settled in the land of the three Tugshen khans,
It would decide history! ◆
This was the message of the dream.

This having happened,
He who has benevolent thoughts,
Sargal Noyon Khan,
Beat on his golden drum,
Gathering together the people of the north,
Beating on his silver drum,
He assembled the people of the south.
The three Tugshen khans were gathered together.
Animals and people came together and sat.
Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan said:

◆ On the northwest side of Humber Mountain,
The bird of heaven,
A brown spotted lark is singing.
If this brown spotted lark can be taken alive,
If it can be settled in the land
Of the three Tugshen khans,
Our fortunes will return. ◆

Hara Zutan Noyon,
Who always thought black thoughts, said:

◆ Do you want someone to fail trying to
Bring down the brown spotted lark?

I can bring it down! ◆

He snatched up his black bow,
He defiled his arrow with the blood of a black bitch,
He smearing it on with a piece of blackish felt.
Loosing one shot from his heroic yellow bow,
He shot upward at the brown spotted lark,

His black arrow hit it from afar,
And it fell down gently to earth.
The bird lay next to the three Tugshen khans.
It stood up as Naran Goohon,
The daughter of Naran Dulaan Tenger,
Who had come down to the earth.

Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan said:

◆ Whether the daughter of Naran Dulaan Tenger,
The maiden Naran Goohon,
Is beautiful or pitiful
Will determine the destiny of the three Tugshen khans.
Her one arm being broken,
Her one leg dislocated,
Her one eye blinded,
Married to Sengelen Noyon,
Building a teepee for their shelter,
Using cracked pots,
When these two are married,
If they live without suffering,
The fortunes of the three Tugshen khans will not return. ◆

Sengelen Noyon spoke true words:

◆ I cannot inflict suffering on the maiden Naran Goohon,
Daughter of Naran Dulaan Tenger. ◆

Hara Zutan Noyon,
He of black thoughts, said:

◆ If suffering needs to be inflicted, I can do it! ◆
He broke the arm of Naran Goohon,
He dislocated her leg,
He blinded her right eye.
Being married to Sengelen Noyon,
Suffering had been fulfilled.

To the husband and wife who were made to suffer
There came no child to dandle on the knee,
There was no baby to rock in the cradle.
There was no dog to be barking,
There were no cattle to tread on the ground.
Gathering herbs and wild onions all day,
They dug up roots to sustain themselves.

This having happened,
One night Naran Goohon was roused from her sleep.

Looking at her blanket,
It was moving up and down,
There was the sound of a person leaving...

Naran Goohon's poor broken arm
Returned to its original condition,
Her poor dislocated leg was as before,
Light returned to her poor blinded eye and she could see again,
All injury and sickness vanished and went away.
Naran Goohon ran outside.
On the south side of the teepee there was a fresh trail.
Looking at it the trail was as clear
As footprints in white snow.
Naran Goohon was greatly astonished,
She was very curious.
Tracking the fresh trail it led onto a rainbow,
She continued following the trail on the rainbow.
It went up to the summit of Humber Mountain.
There where it ended there was standing a
Square white palace.
Looking at the trail she followed
She saw that the footprints having become large,
They led into the palace built in the sky.
Naran Goohon, coming close to the door,
Peered along the lintel to see what was inside:
Seeing Father Etseg Malaan sitting there she recognized him.
Han Hormasta was saying to him:

◆ Going to a forbidden place I got my boots wet! ◆

Naran Goohon rejoiced, she was very excited.
Going back from there she went
Back to the home of Sengelen Noyon.

This having happened,
Naran Goohon's first milk began to flow,
In the mother's golden womb something new began to grow.
From strong white thoughts there was satisfaction,
From the father's silver pole destiny was made!

The Second Branch

Geser Comes Down to Earth (Part 1)

The evil beings that developed from the body of Atai Ulaan
Spreading death and suffering upon the earth,
With noses as big as stove pipes,
Two lines of snot running from their nostrils,
With black kettles full of tarry food,
Eating disgusting black food,
Having soleless boots,
Topless hats,
Tailless horses,
Bodies that cast no shadow,
Nine hundred evil spirits,
Ninety black demons,
Went three times around the world,
Trotting around the earth three times,
Throwing the fortunes of the people of the
Three Tugshen khans into confusion,
Turning their destiny into disorder,
Wreaking destruction upon their land,
Plants dried up from their roots upward,
Waters dried up at their source.
Thirst and hunger spread among the two footed beings,
Anthrax and plague spread among the four footed animals.
Those with children were left alone,
Those who loved were separated from their beloved.
Horrible smells spread over the wide world,
Yellow mists rose up into the heavens!

This having happened,
On the northwest side of the world mountain Humber Uula,
A man and wife who were made to live a life of suffering,
Lashed together a teepee and put on its covering,
And made this place their home.

The husband Sengelen Noyon and his wife Naran Goohon,
Put weirs in the creek to catch minnows,
Put traps in the forest to catch rabbits.

One morning Sengelen Noyon prepared to go hunting.
The sky was dark enough to hide the moon,
It was cloudy enough to hide the sun,
His wife Naran Goohon told him:
"The sky is low in the north,

The weather looks bad in the south,
Please don't go hunting today."
She forbade him to go out,
But her husband Sengelen Noyon said:
"When the wolf is biting there is hunger,
When a man gives up what he intends, his name goes bad!"
Saying these words he went out hunting.

When Sengelen Noyon was not home,
His wife Naran Goohon
Spread out a felt mat,
Put a thick pillow under her head, saying:
"We will have a son to dandle on the knee,
We will have a daughter to put in the cradle!"
When she said these happy excited words,
A child's voice could be heard inside her body,
"Mommy, Mommy,
Take off the white hat on your head."
Naran Goohon was most surprised,
She was most astonished,
She swept the hat off of her head.
This having happened,
The hulde of her child rushed up from her crown
And flew away.
Naran Goohon quickly crushed the hat back down on her head,
Holding it firmly with her right hand.
Then another thing came out from her right armpit,
And likewise flew away.
Naran Goohon held her right arm
Tightly against her body to keep her armpit closed,
But then another thing came out from her left armpit,
And also flew away.
When Naran Goohon held her hat down firmly,
Squeezing her arms against her body,
The hulde of her fourth child
Came out of her belly button...
Naran Goohon was very surprised,
She was very astonished.
Looking down at the ground she cried,
When she looked up she was very sad.
After this had happened,
A voice came from within her womb,
Where lay the child Bukhe Beligte:
"I have been separated, separated,
Separated to overturn evil,
"I am born, I am born,

I have become a small and innocent child,
I am now ready to come forth
From my mother's golden womb!"

The being which had flown away
From the crown of Naran Goohon's head,
Was Bukhe Beligte's older brother Zasa Mergen.
That which emerged from her right armpit,
Was Bukhe Beligte's older sister Erjen Goohon.
That which pushed out of her left armpit,
Was Bukhe Beligte's older sister Duran Goohon.
That which came out from her belly button,
Was Bukhe Beligte's older sister Sebel Goohon.
Having been born in spirit upon the earth,
They flew upward to the heavens,
To the land of the fifty five tenger of the west.

When Sengelen Noyon returned with the game he had gathered,
Naran Goohon greeting him cursing and scolding.
"When I told you not to go,
When I told you not to leave,
You took off anyway,
Like a cow going off to graze!
The souls of our four children,
Have all been lost,
Because you insisted on going away in the morning,
We have certainly lost all of our children!"
Thus she was offended and feeling regretful,
Lying on her bed swearing and complaining.
The next morning she forbade her husband to go out.
All of her bones were aching,
All of her joints felt loose,
She ate a little bit of soup!...

He was ugly and rough,
A very reddish little boy,
He came forth from his mother's golden womb.
His nose was runny with snot,
He crapped and pissed until his swaddling was full,
Such a son was born to them.

Naran Goohon was very distressed,
Taking his out from between her legs
She pushed the baby away from her.
Sengelen Noyon said to his wife:
"It is a good thing for a man

To have a son born to him
At an age when he will soon become
Old and decrepit.
A son is good for a man,
A yolk is good for an egg!"
He dandled the ugly and unsavory child on his knee,
He put him in his cradle.
The reddish-faced son of Sengelen Noyon
Was decidedly different from the very start.
As soon as he was born he was
Raising his right arm as if to strike,
Bending his leg as if to kick,
The right eye looking straight ahead,
The left eye squinting.

The father and mother were vary surprised,
Naran Goohon was very astonished,
"Raising the right hand so has what meaning?
Bending the leg in this way had what meaning?
Why does the right eye look straight ahead?
Why does he squint his left eye?
When she had said these words in wonder,
The ugly unsavory boy spoke these words as he lay in the cradle:
"I raise my right hand to strike down my brave enemies,
I bend my leg to kick my cowardly enemies,
Glancing with my right eye I see the right way to go,
Squinting with my left eye I see through deception."
Thus were the words of the little red infant as he lay there.

The husband and wife who were made to suffer,
From the rising of the red morning sun
Until the dark of the evening,
Put the little baby in the northern side of the teepee,
While he lay in the hoimor he crapped and pissed
Until it was full.
The stench could be smelled from outside the entrance.
Feeling frustrated and worried
The husband and wife took the cradle outside
And laid it on a nearby hill.
In the dark of night the baby crawled out of the cradle,
Placing seventy snares around where he slept.
He then laid in the cradle and cried so loudly
That the lands of the east trembled from his shouts.
At the very beginning of the east,
In an ugly land,
In a meager country,

In a place withered and dried by grief,
By three marshy rivers,
In a place of slippery slopes,
A dwelling place of demons and evil spirits,
A scorching hot land,
A dark and sunless country,
A place dry and devoid of plants,
A meeting was called.
Nine hundred evil spirits,
Ninety black demons,
Hearing the noise of the child's cries, said
"Where is the child with fire in its eyes
That is screaming and yelling so?
Perhaps it has a chest full of blood
For us to drink!"
Two rats the size of three year old steers,
With muzzles made of brass
Were sent to find the baby.
Two rats the size of three year old steers,
With muzzles made of brass
Rushed to the infant's cradle.
They circled about sniffing nervously,
Getting caught in the seventy snares surrounding the cradle
Being tangled up they kicked up clouds of dust.

The baby Bukhe Beligte
Took a black whip with eighteen tails.
Striking the two rats the size of three year old steers,
With their brass snouts,
He hit them until they broke into pieces, saying
"In all time to follow,
Two times becoming as one,
You will not go with brass snouts,
But will have muzzles made of flesh!"
When he shouted this command
The rats became a mass of black mice
Great enough to fill a swift river.

This having been done he said:
"I am not yet one day old and I have defeated one enemy!"
Then Bukhe Beligte fell into a deep sleep.

When the yellow sun of the new morning had arisen,
The husband and wife brought their baby home in his cradle.
Putting him in the north side of their home
He filled up the hoimor with crap.

The stench filled the entire house.
When it became evening they once again left the baby outside.
Putting him on the hilltop they went back home.
When the baby was up on the hill he lay babbling and laughing.
After he had once more put out the snares
He fell into a happy sleep.
The nine hundred evil spirits
The ninety black demons,
Had failed when they sent the rats.
They created black ravens to attack the child.

From the very beginning of the east,
In an ugly land,
In a meager country
, In a place withered and dried by grief,
By three marshy rivers,
In a place of slippery slopes,
A dwelling place of demons and evil spirits,
A scorching hot land,
A dark and sunless country,
A place dry and devoid of plants,
Two ravens came flying,
Cawing and croaking.
They hovered over the face of Bukhe Beligte,
They planned to blind him by pecking out his eyes.

The baby Bukhe Beligte lay in the cradle gathering his strength,
He quickly grabbed the wings of the two black ravens.
"What kinds of devils are you,
Flying about the wide world,
With beaks and talons made of iron?!"
He yanked out their iron beaks and gave them beaks made of horn.
He broke off their iron talons and gave them claws made of horn.
He said, "From this time onwards,
Two times becoming as one,
You will go with beaks and claws made of horn!"
He sent them away to live on the steppe.
He then said,
"I am not yet two days old,
And I have defeated two enemies!"
The baby Bukhe Beligte settled into a peaceful sleep.

When it became morning it was quiet and peaceful.
Sengelen Noyon came to the hilltop.
Hugging his little red baby he carried him back home.
After the baby had been fed in the noontime,

He slept quietly as if lifeless.
In the evening he started crying,
A terrible stench filled the house as before.
Since the father and mother could not stand the smell,
They carried him once more out to the hilltop.

The boy Bukhe Beligte once more prepared for spending the night.
He placed seventy snares around where he slept.
He cried making a foolish noise until the earth quaked.
Nine hundred evil spirits,
Ninety black demons,
Created mosquitoes as large as scrawny horses.

From the very beginning of the east,
In an ugly land,
In a meager country,
In a place withered and dried by grief,
By three marshy rivers,
In a place of slippery slopes,
A dwelling place of demons and evil spirits,
A scorching hot land,
A dark and sunless country,
A place dry and devoid of plants,
Two mosquitoes as large as scrawny horses came buzzing,
They flew around and pestered the sleeping child.

The mosquitoes as large as scrawny horses
Also became caught--
They struggled in the seventy snares buzzing loudly.
Bukhe Beligte took a black whip with eighteen tails
And thrashed the mosquitoes the size of scrawny horses,
They became a mass of mosquitoes and gnats
Large enough to fill a river.
He shouted the command,
"From this time onwards,
Two times becoming as one,
Whining about from hungers
You will live among the stems of the grasses!"
This was the powerful oath which he spoke.

This having happened he said:
"Before I have become three days old
I have already defeated three enemies!"
He then fell into a deep sleep.

In the morning, when the sun of the day had risen,
The father and mother brought their child
Back to their teepee thatched with grass.
After the baby had been fed at noontime,
He slept until it was evening.
Sengelen Noyon hugged his son and said happily:
"We have a foal to meet us,
We have a colt to follow us!"
He thought of the next ten years,
He thought of the following twenty years.

The dark of night had come,
Yellow leaves were falling.
Sleep have overcome the mother and father.
When they woke early in the morning
A terrible smell filled their house.
Sengelen Noyon quickly ran out the door,
Mother and son rushed outside.
Hara Goohon was stunned, not knowing what to say.
Finally she told her husband Sengelen Noyon
How to make a bad thing good.
"This is not a son to take care of us in our old age.
Take him and leave him in the bears' den!"

Sengelen Noyon,
Feeling great sorrow in his heart,
Took the little infant son
And threw him in the bears' den.

The next morning,
When the father went out hunting,
He came to the rocky forested mountainside
Where the bears had their den.
When he came,
The little red boy
Saw his father and ran out and squeezed him.
Full of love for his father he hugged him.
The mean black bear
Had been killed by his own hands,
The boy had laid him out for the aranga.

Sengelen Noyon was full of joy,
He carried the boy home in his arms.
Dragging the mean black bear behind them
They returned to their dwelling.
The father and mother laid the boy

Down to sleep in their own house.
They butchered and roasted the fat bear's meat.
When it had become morning
A terrible smell once more filled the house.
Sengelen Noyon threw open the door,
All three of them rushed outside.
The smell and stench of the dirty stinky boy burned their eyes.
They were unable to sleep.
Not knowing what to do,
Having tried everything they could,
The father and mother spoke together:
"This dirty stinky boy is not something
We can watch and raise.
Let us leave him in a cave on
The mountain to the north!"
This having been decided they left home carrying the boy:
Leaving him in the cave they returned home.
When it became night the boy pushed his way out.
Flowing through a hole in the cave wall
He turned into an batch of gravel and rolled down the mountainside.
The father and mother spoke together again,
Taking the boy they said:
"Let us be rid of this boy sent to us by the tenger of the heavens,
Let us be rid of this boy willed to us by the gods of the skies.
Leaving him on the hilltop we will be rid of his sobbing,
Leaving him outside we will be rid of his crying!"

This red boy had a chest broad as that of a warrior,
His white tendons became strong,
And he could no longer be wrapped in a sheepskin when he slept.
One night later he was so big he could not be wrapped in an oxhide.
He played jumping around with the skirts of his robe flapping about,
He ran around with his diapers full of piss and crap.
From time to time he would be babbling,
Mumbling his words he played, running and jumping.

This having happened the leader of
Nine hundred evil spirits and
Ninety black demons
Gathering twelve magicks upon his palm
Making twenty three magicks dance upon his fingers, said:
"This being of great magical power,
Possessor of great sorcerous power,
Willed by the tenger of high heavens
Has been born upon the earth!"
Knowing this well,

He understood this well.
Thus he said:
"Before he has come into his true body,
Before he has taken on his true form,
We shall pulverize him while he is still a baby,
We shall crush him while he is still an infant!"
Nine hundred evil spirits and
Ninety black demons
Agreed with him in one voice,
Waving their assent in a single motion.

The gathering of the evil spirits made a decision
The gathering of the demons gave their consent.
Nine hundred evil spirits,
Ninety black demons decided:
The being of great magical power,
The possessor of great sorcerous power,
Should be pulverized while still a baby,
Should be crushed while still an infant.
The leader of the demons
Was chosen by the assembly,
Was given permission by the gathering.

The leader of the demons,
Being selected for a mission he could not turn down,
Made great preparations,
He made himself ready.
From the very beginning of the east,
In an ugly land,
In a meager country,
In a place withered and dried by grief,
By three marshy rivers,
In a place of slippery slopes,
A dwelling place of demons and evil spirits,
A scorching hot land,
A dark and sunless country,
A place dry and devoid of plants,
He left to kill the being with great magical powers.
The leader of nine hundred evil spirits
And ninety black demons,
Approaching the homeland of Sengelen Noyon
In the center part of the world,
At a distance of three days travel,
He changed himself into a shaman.
He arrived at the household of Sengelen Noyon
In the guise of a blind black shaman,

He greeted them with words as if they were old friends,
He wheedled and flattered them as if he were their protector.
When Sengelen Noyon greeted the black shaman he said:
"Where did you come from and where are you going?
What is your name?
What is the name of your father?"
While they spoke together the black shaman said:
"I come from the land of the yellow lake,
In the most distant east.
I travel and become naija to newly born children,
I allow them to become big so I can teach them the yohor dance.
I have come because I heard that you have a new baby!"
When they had heard these words
Father and mother straightened out their appearance,
Changed their clothes for the ceremony.
They starting worshipping with the black shaman.
The little boy lying in his cradle immediately started
Wailing and could not be calmed.
He bawled in dismay to his father and mother.
The black shaman said:
"Why does your little boy have the colic,
Why is he crying so much?"
The black shaman approached the cradle

The boy Bukhe Beligte
Knew very well what was happening,
He understood very well in his mind,
Gathering up his strength,
He watched the black shaman approaching.
When the blind black shaman
Reached the baby's cradle
He took on his true form as a demon:
"I will break off your amin and hulde,
I will swallow up your life!" he said,
Bending over the cradle
He had an iron snout two spans long
That he brought close to the baby's mouth.

This having happened
The baby Bukhe Beligte
Quickly grabbed the snout
Of the leader of the demons,
Kicking him in the throat,
The demon's head was ripped off.
The liver and heart were pulled away together
With his head and throat in one piece.

His empty body flew away from the force of the kick,
Landing on the far side of three mountain ranges.
The leader of the demons lay dead,
Ready to be laid on the aranga.

Sengelen Noyon and his wife Naran Goohon
Were greatly surprised,
They were greatly astonished.
The boy Bukhe Beligte
Took the white steel axe
That his father would hang from his belt.
Going into the forest he cut down trees,
He gathered up roots and stumps,
Cutting the trees into firewood,
Piling up the brush from their crowns,
He made a great fire to burn the
Body of the blind black shaman.
Grinding up the ashes and bones
He scattered them to the winds,
Taking the soot and ashes
They blew away like dust.

This having happened
The boy Bukhe Beligte said:
"I have not yet become four years old
And I have already defeated four enemies."
He went back to playing and babbling,
Mumbling to himself,
Singing songs,
He went about jumping and running.

Sengelen Noyon and his wife Naran Goohon
Said to each other:
"To a man a good boy has been born,
To a woman a good baby has been given."
They sat happily watching their son.

When Bukhe Beligte was tall enough to
Reach the saddle thongs,
When he was big enough to
Reach the stirrups,
In the land of the yellow lake,
At the beginning of the yellow river,
Three hundred evil spirits,
Thirty black demons,
Rushed about as they pleased,

Playing their foolish games.
The waters of the yellow lake
Was squirming with earthworms,
The waters of the yellow river,
Dried up at its source.
Plants were dried up from their roots,
The inhabitants suffered from thirst,
They were sickened by pollution.
Every day the population
Decreased by a hundred,
Every night a hundred citizens passed away.

The boy Bukhe Beligte knew this very well,
He understood what was happening.
For this reason he
Created a yellow spotted horse,
Grew a pointed yellow beard,
Wore a hat with a tassel of yellow squirrel fur,
Made a yellow iron pot for cooking yellow lice,
And traveled to the land of the yellow lake.

When Bukhe Beligte came to the land of the yellow lake,
He cooked a meal of yellow lice
At the source of the yellow river.
Standing on the shore of the yellow lake
He was yelling and shouting,
At the source of the yellow river
He hollered and made a great noise.
Three hundred evil spirits and
Thirty black demons
Came yelling and shouting,
Crying and hollering.
When they arrived they followed after,
Pestering him they demanded,
"Young man, young man, who are you,
Of what khan's country are you a subject?"
When they asked him Bukhe Beligte replied:
"I have been sent on a mission
From the forty four tenger of the eastern heavens!
They told me I should go in the same way as you,
I am commanded to work together with you!"
When he had said this
Three hundred evil spirits and
Thirty black demons were surprised,
They were very astonished.
"Young man, young man, that seems to be true!

What if you are not able to work with us?
If you have meat, you are soup,
If you have bones you will become grease,
If you are truly like us,
If you are to be our ally,
Ride your yellow colt around the yellow lake
In the time it takes to blink an eye!"

Bukhe Beligte rode his yellow colt.
He deceived the eyes of three hundred evil spirits,
He confused the eyes of thirty black demons.
In the time it took to blink an eye,
He returned from riding around the yellow lake.

Three hundred evil spirits and
Thirty black demons,
According to their own thoughts,
According to the words they promised, said:
"Become our friend,
Young man, you are our ally!"
They cooked and ate a meal of yellow lice,
They talked together making a great hubbub.

Bukhe Beligte decided to swim in the yellow lake,
He said to the others:
My relatives who live by the water,
Let us go in a have a race!"
He then ran into the water before them,
The evil spirits and demons followed after him.
Three hundred evil spirits ran into the water shouting,
Thirty black demons entered the water yelling.
This having happened
Bukhe Beligte stood up on a ridge
On the shore of the lake,
Raising a black whip with eighteen tails
He struck and stirred up the waters of the lake.

Three hundred evil spirits
Thirty black demons
Became mixed up in the mud of the
Bottom of the lake.
Bukhe Beligte shouted an oath,
"From this time onwards,
Two times having become one,
You will never come out again
From the depths of the yellow lake!"

Using his healing sandalwood staff
And his magical powers he cleansed the lake.
The yellow lake took on its old appearance,
Clear pure waves lapped upon its shores.

The next day came.
Bukhe Beligte went to the
Inhabitants of the blue lake.
Three hundred evil spirits and
Thirty black demons of the blue lake
Were crushed under a boulder.

Another morning dawned.
Bukhe Beligte rode to the
Shores of the black lake.
Three hundred evil spirits and
Thirty black demons were
Covered up by a pile of gravel
On the shore of the black lake.

When this was completed
Bukhe Beligte took a silver sucking tube,
The poisons, hunger, thirst, and disease
That had thrown the history of the land of the Tugshen khans into confusion,
That had overturned their fortunes,
Were sucked up and he spit them out
On the icy shores of the Arctic Ocean.

After this had happened,
He who lived on the white river,
Who rode a buckskin horse as big as an elephant,
Who had a head of whitish grey hair,
Who had his path among the white clouds,
Who bore a white bow of rule,
Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan,
Went to see his younger brother Sengelen Noyon,
Whom he had sent into a life of hardship.
When he greeted his brother and his wife
Naran Goohon, he ran into their house.
His brother Sengelen Noyon and
His wife Naran Goohon had a baby.
Sargal Noyon rejoiced greatly,
He was very excited.
He said to them:
"A good time has arrived,
A good new order has appeared!"

Therefore you can come home,
Let me adopt your son!"
When he had said this
The brother Sengelen Noyon and
His wife Naran Goohon
Gave the baby to the older brother,
They then returned to their homeland.

Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan,
Setting his nephew before him
On his mighty buckskin horse,
Departed for home.
Holding his nephew before him
His robes became dirtied.
The boy's urine made the
Hair fall off the horse's sides.

Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan
Had two boys born and raised in his home.
The elder white son was called Altan Shagai mergen.
The baby of the family was name Mungun Shagai mergen.
Sargal Noyon Khan adopted his nephew,
Having three sons
He rejoiced in being rich in relatives.

This having happened he said:
"My only born nephew,
Cannot have fame without a name,
He cannot have a reputation without being called something,"
Thus he called together all of the elders of his land,
He assembled his friends and relatives.
He ordered enough food to last nine years,
Ordering a great festival,
An elegant party was given,
Happiness suppressed unhappiness,
Joy and rejoicing spread.
In enough talk to last a month,
With enough conversation to last a year,
There still was no name found
To give to Sargal Noyon's adopted son.

For this reason benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan said:
"The only born son of my younger brother Sengelen Noyon
May not have fame without a name,
He cannot have a reputation without being called something,
This is against custom!"

He took a piece of meat as big as a hat,
A piece of fat as big as a head,
Showing them he said,
"To him that gives a name
To my only born nephew
I will give a piece of meat as big as a hat,
And a piece of fat as big as his head!"
When he had announced this,
An old man with swan white hair,
A white reed cane,
And brownish face came forward to the khan.
The hairs of his head were sticking through his hat,
The nails of his hands stuck through his gloves.
When he stood before Sargal Noyon Khan
The old man explained his thoughts:
"This snotty, sweaty, dirty thing
Is a slimy little boy.
Why not give him the name
Nyuhata Nyurgai (Slimy Face)?"
The people sitting at the party said "True, True!"
The people at the feast said "That is sufficient!"
Sargal Noyon Khan rejoiced,
He was very happy.
He gave the meat the size of a hat
The fat the size of a head
As a present to the old man.

Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan
Made the great mistake
Of having his three boys
Watch his livestock.
They would go out to watch seventy steers
They went out to follow a herd of seventy young cattle.

This having happened,
One day while watching the cattle out at pasture
Nyuhata Nyurgai decided to make mischief with his two older brothers.
He said to them:
"We watch and follow seventy young steers,
Let us go out and kill one and eat the meat."
Altan Shagai said, "Father will be angry."
Mungun Shagai said, "Mother will be angry."
Nyuhata Nyurgai pestered them ceaselessly,
He pressured them until they were sick of it:
"Whose idea is it, whose thought is it?
We can stuff the hides full of hay

We can drive them home before us!
I only have to say the words 'toihor moihor huush'
And they will go running before us!"
Thus he bothered them with these words.

The two poor older brothers,
Thinking of freshly butchered meat,
Spoke among each other:
"Let us see if he can do it!"
Nyuhata Nyurgai went to where a steer was standing.
Grabbing the steer by the tail,
It lowered its head and was trembling,
With a jerk he yanked the meat away from the hide...
Having stuffed the red steer's hide with hay he said
"Toihor moihor huush!"
The steer jumped to its feet and quickly took off.

The three handsome sons of Sargal Noyon Khan
Lighting a red campfire,
Roasted and ate the meat of the red steer.
Gobbling up the meat like wolves,
They divided the haunches among them
And played with the anklebones.

Having done this the three of them got worse and worse.
They were eating one steer a day.
Of seventy red steers only one was left.

When this had happened,
Nyuhata Nyurgai said to his two older brothers:
"My two good older brothers,
Spread the news about,
We have eaten sixty nine steers
Without anyone knowing about it.
We should not harm the seventieth steer,
We should keep the last red steer."
When he had said this
The two older brothers ran out
And brought the last steer.

The three sons of Sargal Noyon Khan
Ate the seventieth steer until it was gone.
Having eaten up the last steer,
They returned home driving ghost cattle.

When he came home
Nyuhata Nyurgai drank fresh black water,
Gulping it down until he swelled up.
When he was doing this his mother
Came in from seeing the cattle.
The mother was surprised and asked,
"My boy, my boy, was happened to you
Why are you gulping down so much water?"
Nyuhata Nyurgai said:
"We ate the last of seventy red steers,
Having eaten up so much meat,
I came home thirsty."
When he had said this his mother said:
"My boy, what are you saying,
Why are you telling lies!
When I came in from milking
They were sucking on their mothers' teats."
She was very astonished
She went out to look at the steers.

She went and saw the steers,
Going among them she checked them.
Seventy young steers
Were stuffed up and dry,
The mother could not say a word,
Then she shook the hides yelling in anger.
She pulled out the straw from seventy steers' hides,
They fell over to the ground, stiff and dry.

When the mother came back into the house,
She did not say a word.
She thrashed her three sons within an inch of their lives.

Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan
Intervened and protected his three sons.
He laughed so hard he started coughing.
After that Sargal Noyon Khan said:
"This is a son that was born
To straighten out the pain and suffering we endured!"
He was very excited,
He rejoiced greatly.

The Second Branch

Geser Comes Down to Earth (Part 2)

When the yellow sun rose the next morning,
Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan
Gave his son Altan Shagai a cup of tea to drink.
He seated him in front of him
On an unbroken four year old ox.
Thus he traveled off to test his son.

They came to a taiga with tens of thousands of trees,
Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan
Asked his son a question to test him:
"What would you build with this fine wood?"
The boy Altan Shagai,
Being naive and innocent, said,
"This would be fine wood to build a temple!"

They went on further to a level open plain.
Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan said:
"What would you grow in this fine place?"
To the second question Altan Shagai said:
"Plowing while watching for rain,
I would plant rye on this fine land."

When they had traveled further they came to a very dense forest.
Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan said:
"Take the lead rope of the ox,
Walk before me and guide him.
Make a pot out of wood
And prepare some meat to satisfy my hunger!"
When he had said this
Altan Shagai prepared a wooden bowl.
Sargal Noyon Khan spitted meat on a stick and roasted it.
When the father had eaten he rode further,
The son followed after, still hungry.

After this had happened a bird suddenly flew up,
Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan goaded
His four year old unbroken ox
Behind the front leg.
His four year old unbroken ox bucked suddenly:
Sargal Noyon Khan fell sprawling on the ground.

The boy Altan Shagai could not revive his father.
"Father, get up!" he cried and shouted,
"Let's go home!" he cried and yelled.
Yelling into his ear,
He shook his body and shouted.
Being unable to awaken his father,
He became tired and went home.

Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan,
Observing what had happened,
His great heart was broken.
He said within his poor heart,
"This is not the boy who was born
To correct pain and suffering!"
He returned to his home,
Having come home he slept.

When the yellow sun of the next morning had risen,
Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan
Tested his son Mungun Shagai in the same way.
Thinking to himself,
"This is not the boy who was born
To correct pain and suffering!"
He walked home grumbling,
He went to sleep feeling sad.

On the next morning,
Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan
Went out again to test his nephew.
On a lofty white mountainside,
In a stand thick with white birch,
He asked as they stood there:
"My boy, tell me what kind of land this is."
In reply to the question Nyuhata Nyurgai said:
"After I have met my enemy,
When I have gone into battle,
I want to go to such a beautiful fine land,
I would bless such a quiet and cool forest."

In his heart benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan
Praised his nephew.
Having gone further they came to a taiga of short red pines.
Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan asked,
"My boy, tell me what kind of taiga this is."
Having been asked Nyuhata Nyurgai replied:
"After I have been fighting and battling,

I would often want to come to a place of good and beautiful pines,
I would want to go to a forest rich with sappy larches."

After they had traveled further,
Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan
Goaded his unbroken four year old ox behind the front leg.
The short red ox suddenly bucked,
Sargal Noyon Khan fell sprawling on the ground.
His face was pale and he appeared as if he were dead.
Nyuhata Nyurgai cried, "Father, wake up!"
But he was unable to revive him.
When he yelled, "Uncle, let us go!"
He was unable to make him get up.

Because this had happened,
Nyuhata Nyurgai cut down trees,
He gathered up stumps and roots,
Cutting the trees into firewood,
The cut up the brush of the trees' crowns,
Piling the wood in a circle around his father,
He lit a roaring and crackling fire,
As it burned he started doing ariulga.

It was time for benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan to get up.
Shouting "Ouch! Ouch!" he jumped up.
When this happened the boy Nyuhata Nyurgai grabbed him:
Saying "Bringing the dead back to life
Is unpleasant work for your nephew!"
He spoke magic words to the fire and it went out.

Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan promised,
"I am done with testing!"
As he spoke he was shaking and trembling.
Father and son forgave each other,
Speaking kind words to each other.
Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan said:
"This is the boy who was born
To correct the pain and suffering
That we endured in the beginning!"
He rejoiced and was excited.

Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan came home,
He was greeted by his wife,
Bringing a golden table she served delicious food;
Bringing a silver table she served beautiful food.

Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan,
Eating this and that,
Muttering and talking,
Took out a silver pipe as big as a shin bone,
Took out a tobacco pouch of velvety black sheepskin
As big as a sleeve.
Filling the pipe with a pile of tobacco like a haystack,
Lighting it with sparks from his flint,
He burned a pile of tobacco as big as a moose's ear,
Sucking on it noisily,
Exhaling the smoke noisily,
Each puff like steam,
Each puff like the smoke of a campfire.
As they sat together the sun set and it became night.

When the yellow sun rose on the following morning,
Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan,
Rising from his sleep,
Cleaning his face and hands,
Straightening his hair and face,
Made some important orders.

This having happened,
Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan
Called his white oldest son Altan Shagai mergen:
"I am tired of eating beef,
I miss the taste of wild game.
Let us order a group hunt,
And we will go hunting and tracking."
He sent the boy with this message
To his brother Hara Zutan.

The white oldest son of
Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan,
Altan Shagai mergen,
Bringing the message to his uncle Hara Zutan,
Conveying the message of his father,
Came and was talking.

Malevolent Hara Zutan Khan,
Hearing about the group hunt,
Clicked his tongue,
Looking up he laughed,
Looking down he coughed.
He had a hundred and twenty hunting companions,
Putting a massive silver bridle

On his handsome grey stallion,
Putting a massive silver bridle in his mouth,
Putting a silk-edge saddle blanket on his back,
Fastening on a saddle decorated with silver,
Putting on a fine silver crupper,
Laying a fine silver breast strap over its shoulders,
Tightening ten strong girths
That would not come loose for ten years,
Adjusting twenty girths
That would not come loose for twenty years,
He tied lovely reins to the horn of his saddle,
He tied his horse to the hitching post.

Having done this
Malevolent Hara Zutan Noyon
Beat on a golden drum,
His subjects were summoned from the north,
Hitting a silver drum,
His subjects were called from the south.
Announcing there would be a group hunt,
He shouted his orders to them,
They quickly made preparations,
They wisely made preparations.

When this had happened
Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan,
Sitting his nephew before him,
On his mighty buckskin horse,
Kicking up a cloud of dust,
Came to the place of the hunt.

Older brother and younger brother,
Embracing and wishing good health and peace,
Said the appropriate greetings to each other.
Grasping each other's arms,
They said beautiful words to each other, saying
"I have become tired of eating beef,
I miss the taste of wild game,
Let us go hunting in the thirteen Altai ranges,
Let us go out in the thirteen Huhii ranges."

Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan,
An his younger brother
Malevolent Hara Zutan Noyon,
Hunted in the northern part of the Altai Mountains,
They hunted together in the southern part of the Huhii Mountains.

The son of benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan,
The boy Nyuhata Nyurgai,
Shot the blackest of otters,
He bagged the brownest of minks.
Coming bravely among the dogs
He broke ribs and backs.
He provided food for those who were hungry,
He provided nourishment for those who hungered.

This having happened,
Malevolent Hara Zutan Noyon
Had not even been able to bloody the nose of a black rat.
When he encountered his older brother
Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan,
Looking jealously at all the game they had killed,
Said in great amazement:
"Why is it that even up to now
I have not been able to kill anything?
Why is it that up to now
You have been able to take so much?"
He grumbled and complained,
And benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan said to him:
"My son Nyuhata Nyurgai
Is the one who has so much game.
Like you even until now
I have taken nothing."

Malevolent Hara Zutan Khan
Pressured his brother, saying:
"Give your son Nyuhata Nyurgai to me!"
He persisted bothering his brother,
Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan
Gave the boy Nyuhata Nyurgai to him
And the boy sat in front of his uncle
Hara Zutan Noyon.

The boy Nyuhata Nyurgai
Grabbed and squeezed
The handsome grey stallion
Of Hara Zutan Noyon,
He grabbed on its legs
So that its hair came off in his hands.
Malevolent Hara Zutan Noyon
Was very upset,
And immediately gave the boy
Back to his brother Sargal Noyon Khan.

Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan,
Who dandled his only nephew on his knee,
Who kissed him when he put him to bed,
When the boy was returned he also
Grabbed the great buckskin horse.
Where he touched its shoulders
Its hair shimmered with gold and silver,
When he sat behind his uncle
The withers of the horse
Glittered with gold and silver.

After this had happened,
The ruler of the lands of the northwest,
Temeen Ulaan Khan made a decree:
"She who goes about my house,
She with a face full of light,
My daughter Tumen Jargalan,
Will be married to the man
Who can win three contests!"
When this announcement spread
To the land of the Tugshen khans,
The boy Nyuhata Nyurgai
Made preparations for the contest,
Getting permission from his
Father Sargal Noyon Khan,
He rode off to Temeen Ulaan's kingdom.

This having happened,
The maiden Tumen Jargalan,
The daughter of Temeen Ulaan Khan,
Said, "I go to do worship,
I go to see the kingdom,"
She filled an oxhide bag with yellow gold,
She filled a horsehide bag with gold and silver.
Preparing her nightingale sorrel horse
That was thirty ells long,
She made quick preparations,
She made wise preparations.
Going to make worship of the white Zayaasha,
She rode to make worship of the god of fate.

Her sorrel horse that was thirty ells long,
Trotting quickly to a very distant place,
Was seen by Nyuhata Nyurgai.
He knew very well,
He understood very well.

He came out to greet the maiden Tumen Jargalan.
On the khan's straight road,
On the people's broad road,
He stood to greet her,
The boy Nyuhata Nyurgai
Reached out his arms to greet
The maiden Tumen Jargalan, saying:
"Of what land are you a daughter,
Of which khan are you a subject?
What is your father's name,
What is your mother's name?"
Thus he was bothering her.
The daughter of Temeen Ulaan Khan,
The maiden Tumen Jargalan,
Was greatly surprised,
She was very astonished:
"I am from the northwestern lands,
My home is quite far from here,
I am Tumen Jargalan,
The daughter of Temeen Ulaan Khan"
When she had asked this she said
"From where did you come and where are you going?"
Nyuhata Nyurgai stood blocking her way
Standing, staring, and wondering at her.
Tumen Jargalan wanted to be rid of him
She said, "To make you happy,
I have to give you gold,"
She gave two sacks of gold to the boy,
Nyuhata Nyurgai took the gold, and she said
"From the time I have come,
Be waiting here,"
Saying this she went home,
From there she rode toward her homeland.

The daughter of Temeen Ulaan Khan,
The maiden Tumen Jargalan,
Regretting the time that she met him...
Being exhausted from the long journey,
Being tired from traveling so far,
Taking off her horse's saddle,
Spreading the saddle blanket upon the ground,
Lay her head upon the saddle and slept a deep sleep.

The boy Nyuhata Nyurgai,
Hiding himself from being seen,
Went to an orphan boy,

Giving him the gold and silver,
Went back to where Tumen Jargalan slept.
When he came to her side
Not a blade of grass was disturbed,
Stems were not even bent,
A cow would not have been startled,
A fox would not have smelled him.
He took a wet little puppy
And put it inside Tumen Jargalan's dress.

Having done this Nyuhata Nyurgai
Got up and waited by her side.
He started coughing loudly.
Tumen Jargalan jumped up quickly.
A wet little puppy fell out of her dress.

The daughter of Temeen Ulaan Khan
The maiden Tumen Jargalan,
Was very humiliated,
She was very embarrassed,
Nyuhata Nyurgai was laughing very hard and said:
"A woman who sleeps with dogs
Gives birth to puppies,
A woman who sleeps with men,
Gives birth to boys!
If a khan's daughter gives birth to puppies,
People will say about you
'What a bad, disgusting woman!'"
When he mocked her
The princess Tumen Jargalan
Who was as beautiful as the round bright sun,
Had no place to hide her shame,
She fell down hugging Nyuhata Nyurgai's feet,
"Damn, I can do nothing!
I am powerless!
I have to have a good name,
Do not bring shame to me!
If my royal father heard of this
He would have me beheaded!
What do you want from me?
I can give you riches
Piled high as a horse's ears!"
The daughter of a khan
Lay prostrate at his feet.
In his chest Nyuhata Nyurgai's heart was pounding,
The tendons in his legs were twitching.

He replied to Tumen Jargalan:
"If our fortunes are united,
If we become as one,
If we are married,
No bad thing will be revealed,
All scandal will be repressed."

The daughter of Temeen Ulaan Khan,
The maiden Tumen Jargalan
Said to him deceitfully:
""We will become as one,
We will be married."

The boy Nyuhata Nyurgai demanded of her:
"If you are speaking the truth,
Give me the ring you wear on your little finger!"

The maiden Tumen Jargalan
Who was as beautiful as the round sun,
Had no other choice.
She gave away her ring to the boy Nyuhata Nyurgai.
The boy said to her:
"After two or three days
I will come following you!"
Thus the maiden Tumen Jargalan
Turned back toward her home.
The boy Nyuhata Nyurgai,
Turning himself into a black fly
Sat on the horn of her saddle,
He watched what she was thinking and doing.

The maiden Tumen Jargalan,
Whose face was as beautiful as the round sun,
Who had made a pledge and given away her golden ring,
Was full of regret for what she did.
Saying, "If I must become the wife of such an ugly boy,
I will kill myself by jumping off a high cliff!"
She rode toward the edge of a cliff.

When she had decided to kill herself
By jumping off the mountain cliff,
Nyuhata Nyurgai became a man again,
Grabbing her sorrel horse by the tail he said:
"What kind of girl are you who goes about telling lies?"
Pulling her backwards he sent her back to her home.

The maiden Tumen Jargalan,
Who was as lovely as the bright sun,
Was very startled,
She was very embarrassed.
She said, "Now I will stop!"

When the maiden Tumen Jargalan came to her home,
She told her father about everything that happened.
Because of this Temeen Ulaan Khan
Having heard what she said,
Decided to hold the contest to determine
Who his daughter should marry
As soon as possible.
Thus the fate of the maiden Tumen Jargalan
Was turned around.

This having happened,
Malevolent Hara Zutan Noyon
Learning of the new decree of Temeen Ulaan Khan,
Prepared himself to go to the wedding.
He promised to himself
That the daughter of Temeen Ulaan Khan,
The maiden Tumen Jargalan
Would become his wife.
He prepared his handsome grey stallion
Along with his three hundred followers,
Gathering his party together
They made quick preparations,
They made wise preparations.

After the boy Nyuhata Nyurgai
Has sent the princess Tumen Jargalan back to her home,
Nyuhata Nyurgai came to Hara Zutan Noyon's party, saying
"I will go along with you."
He joined up with the soldiers.
Malevolent Hara Zutan Noyon,
Cursing and swearing at him,
Immediately forbade the boy from going with them
And threw him out of the camp.

The boy Nyuhata Nyurgai,
Returning to the home
Of his father Sargal Noyon,
Prepared for his journey:
Taking a mousy brown colt,
He spoke a blessing on its legs,

Speaking words over its shins,
Laying on a saddle pad of the right size,
He put on a rawhide saddle.
Putting on a crupper made of mouse fur,
Putting on a breast strap made of marten fur,
Fastening it with a girth made of flying squirrel fur,
Tightening straps made of chipmunk fir,
He said: "Now that my horse is ready,
I will prepare myself!"
Pulling on a shirt made of rat fur,
He put on a deel made of badly scratched up leather.
He put on a hat made of fox tails
And hung a tiny quiver on his back.

His right eye had sight as keen as a hawk's,
His left eye had sight as keen as a bee's eyes.
Looking at the taiga in the west with his right eye,
Looking at the land in the east with his left eye,
Speaking a blessing on the legs of his
Mousy brown colt he rode off,
Finding the party of Hara Zutan Noyon,
He followed from behind.
They trotted swiftly on the khan's straight road,
They galloped along the people's broad road.
Going downhill they were swearing,
Going upward they were raving,
Going strongly and swiftly,
They left their own good land behind,
They entered into a very cold country.

When this happened,
The boy that had been following them
Caught up and joined a party of three men.
Seeing them from the front,
They seemed massive as tall mountains,
Seeing them from behind
They looked massive as yellow mountains.
With teeth as broad as spades
That showed when they smiled,
Having dark red faces,
There was the son of the sun Nagaadai Mergen,
The son of the moon, Haihan Mergen,
The son of the stars, Munhe Mergen.

These three good archers,
These men with swift horses,

When the boy Nyuhata Nyurgai joined them said:
"You troublesome thing of the earth,
Where did you come from,
Where are you going?"
They spoke to him arrogantly and reproachfully.

"I am going to marry Tumen Jargalan,
Daughter of Temeen Ulaan Khan,"
Was the reply of the boy Nyuhata Nyurgai.
"You loathsome thing of the earth,
You cannot come close
To matching great heroes as ourselves!"
Hitting him many times with their horse whips,
They rode away swiftly leaving him behind.

Nyuhata Nyurgai caught up
With the party of his uncle Hara Zutan.
Riding among the group of soldiers
He could not get warm.

When malevolent Hara Zutan Noyon
Decided to camp for the night,
There was no firewood to be found at their campsite.
The soldiers of Hara Zutan's party shivered with cold,
They nearly froze to death.

The boy Nyuhata Nyurgai,
Finding a campsite nearby,
Lighting a fire at his feet,
Stood warming his hands and feet.

Malevolent Hara Zutan Noyon,
Was very astonished when he saw this.
He sent a group of soldiers, saying:
"Find out what he is doing,
Then do the same!"
Nyuhata Nyurgai said to them:
"If I burn my saddle in the fire
I can pull it out later
In the same condition as before!"
Having chopped up his saddle
He used it to kindle his fire.

Having learned this
The soldiers of Hara Zutan
Said to Hara Zutan Noyon,

"He says that if he burns his saddle
He can take it out again
In the same condition as before.
Having chopped up his saddle
He sits and feeds the fire with it."
Malevolent Hara Zutan Noyon commanded them:
"Cut up your saddles and make a fire with them!"
Chopping up their saddles,
They made a fire to warm themselves.

When the yellow sun rose the next morning,
The boy Nyuhata Nyurgai,
Taking his saddle out of the fire,
Saddled his horse and rode off.
The soldiers of Hara Zutan Noyon,
Looking in the fire found nothing.
They rode on with great difficulty.

When it became time to camp for the night,
Once again there was no firewood.
Nyuhata Nyurgai stood at his fire warming himself.
Malevolent Hara Zutan Noyon
Sent a group of soldiers to
Find out what he was doing.
The boy Nyuhata Nyurgai said:
"If I put my bow and quiver in the fire,
I will be able to take them out again!"
He sat feeding the fire
With pieces of his bow and quiver.

When the soldiers of the malevolent prince Hara Zutan returned
They said: The boy Nyuhata Nyurgai,
Says that if he puts his bow and quiver in the fire,
He can take them out again.
He is sitting feeding the fire
With pieces of his bow and quiver."
Malevolent Hara Zutan Noyon said,
"If he can do it, do the same yourselves!"
Thus the soldiers of Hara Zutan,
Chopping up their bows and quivers,
Kindled a fire for themselves.

When it had become morning,
Nyuhata Nyurgai pulled his bow and quiver out of the fire,
The soldiers of the malevolent prince Hara Zutan,
Finding only ashes in the fire,

Went on their way having nothing.
Trotting along without saddles,
Gallop along without bows or arrows,
Even if their destination was far,
They trotted on,
Even if the world is wide,
They galloped on.
Entering the kingdom of Temeen Ulaan Khan,
They saw a palace that reached to the heavens.
The gold on the north side,
Reflecting light to the people to the north,
The silver on the south side,
Reflecting light to the people to the south,
The windows at the top
Reflecting the world,
The windows at the bottom
Reflecting the earth,
A multitude of cattle and sheep
Made a great noise,
Mooring and baaing.

When malevolent Hara Zutan Noyon
Reached the gate of Temeen Ulaan's palace
He tied his handsome grey stallion
At the khan's golden hitching post.
This having happened,
The boy Nyuhata Nyurgai,
Blessing the legs of his mousy brown colt,
Speaking to the shins of his horse,
Tying his horse at the post,
Re-tied the rope of the grey stallion the wrong way.

The malevolent prince Hara Zutan,
Seeing the arrival of his nephew,
Was very offended:
"This smelly creature,
With yellow-stained clothing,
Where did this dead thing come from?
Have you come to destroy my good name?
Have you come to defile my good reputation?
You bring scandal to my name,
You bring shame to my reputation!
Get out of here, scram!"
He followed the boy,
Cursing and swearing.

After this had happened,
The three great warriors
Arrived and dismounted.
Five powerful men,
Five strong men,
Met each other at the khan's court.
Coming for the festival,
Coming for the wedding,
With necks as strong as axles,
With chests as hairy as a bull's
With great bowcases and quivers,
With heroic yellow bows,
With horn tipped arrows of silver,
With armor of black iron,
With round red faces,
Warriors of great fame,
Archers of great skill,
They had come to win three contests.

Malevolent Hara Zutan Noyon,
Three great warriors,
Entered the palace of Temeen Ulaan Khan.
The boy Nyuhata Nyurgai,
Following after them,
Opening the massive pearly door in a beautiful way,
Stepped over the massive granite threshold in a clean way.

Five powerful men,
Five able heroes,
Standing before Temeen Ulaan Khan,
Wishing peace to the khan,
Wishing good health to the khan,
The maiden Tumen Jargalan,
Daughter of Temeen Ulaan Khan,
Invited them to sit on the west side.

Temeen Ulaan Khan asked them:
"Where is your homeland,
Who is your khan?"
Asking this, he sat down.
The first to answer:
"My name is Nagaadai Mergen,
I am son of the sun!"
"My name is Haihan Mergen,
I am son of the moon!"
"My name is Munkhe Mergen,

I am son of the stars!"
"My name is Hara Zutan Noyon,
Red middle brother of the three Tugshen khans!"
"My name is Nyuhata Nyurgai,
I am a simple herdsman!"
Thus the guests introduced themselves,
One after another.
The khan asked the Nyuhata Nyurgai:
"You chubby round faced boy,
Where did you come from,
Where are you going?"
He bravely answered Temeen Ulaan Khan:
"I have come to become a son-in-law,
I have girded on my belt for a wedding!"
Temeen Ulaan Khan then spoke:
"When one is selecting a steed,
One picks the best from a herd of horses,
When one selects a son-in-law,
One picks a man with fire in his eyes!
I have made a decree to find
The most able of warriors,
The most skillful of archers!"

The khan then declared:
"The daughter of Temeen Ulaan Khan,
The maiden Tumen Jargalan,
Will be given as wife to the man
Who wins three prizes,
Who is a victor in three contests!
The first contest--
To shoot the liver-black rock as big as an ox,
So that it shatters into flints!
The second contest--
To shoot the short red pine standing out in the field,
So that it breaks into pieces!
The third contest--
To shoot into the knot of the crowberry bush,
So it shatters into splinters!"
Thus the three tests were announced.

The strong warriors muttered among each other,
The skillful archers talked among each other.

At the great festival,
At the elegant celebration,
The men who had arrived for the games,

Watched each other carefully,
The warriors and archers
Who had come to win the khan's three contests,
Were discouraged by the difficulty of the tests.

This having happened,
The boy Nyuhata Nyurgai,
Having strung his own bow,
Came and stood tall before Temeen Ulaan Khan:
"It does not matter what anyone has said,
Can my ability be tested?"
The warriors and archers,
Mocked him and said:
"This loathsome thing of the earth
Has come here for what reason?"
They laughed and snickered at him.
One of them said:
"Look at the tiny bow he has!"
Another said:
"Look at this 'warrior' who has come,
His right eye looks at the high heaven,
His left eye is staring at the east!"
In this way they made fun of him.
In this way they spoke with derision.

These famous warriors,
These skilled archers,
Whose strength was to be tested,
Began the competition.
Nagaadai Mergen,
Son of the sun,
Was the first to shoot.
His arrow was unable to reach
The liver-black rock the size of an ox.
It fell short of its target.
Haihan Mergen,
Son of the moon,
Shot after him.
When he loosed his arrow,
It fell closer to
The liver-black rock the size of an ox.
Munkhe Mergen,
Son of the stars,
Shooting next,
When he loosed his arrow,
Fell down halfway to

The liver-black rock the size of an ox.
Malevolent Hara Zutan Noyon,
The red middle brother of the three Tugshen khans,
Being the fourth to shoot,
Hit the liver black rock the size of an ox,
But could not break it,
His arrow shattered on the hard rock.

The boy Nyuhata Nyurgai,
Preparing to shoot his arrow,
Taking his tiny bow,
Nocking an arrow made from a splinter,
Spoke these words to his weapon:
"Shooting like a warrior,
I shall win a woman!"
After saying this he spoke magic words on the head,
He spoke words of power upon the shaft,
He said a blessing upon its fletching,
He enchanted the arrow so that fire appeared upon it.
He said: "The arrow shall speed to its target,
The bow is bent to send it!"
As he pulled back,
The muscles of his body bulging,
Laughing as he prepared to shoot,
His thumb pulling mightily,
His arrow loosed with great power.

Nyuhata Nyurgai was the last to shoot,
The last arrow to be loosed,
Left his thumb mightily,
Left his fingers with a great noise.
With the song of the arrow,
With the voice of the arrowhead,
It hit the liver black rock the size of a wolf,
Striking it so that it smashed into flints.
The arrow continued flying--
It struck the red pine standing out in the field,
Breaking it into pieces.
The arrow kept on flying--
Striking the knot on the crowberry bush
Shattering it into splinters,
Thus this arrow,
Precious as the golden beam of the smokehole,
Passed through the waters of a lake to cleanse itself,
And flew back into its quiver with a ringing sound.

When the three prizes were won in this way,
The watchers of the contest were most surprised,
They were greatly astonished.

Temeen Ulaan Khan,
Being displeased that his daughter Tumen Jargalan,
Who was as beautiful as the round sun,
Should be given to this snotty slimy boy,
Declared a new contest:
"He who can kill a yearling lamb,
And can share the meat among ten thousand people,
Can take my daughter as a wife!"

Malevolent Hara Zutan Noyon said:
"I am able to do it!"
He killed a yearling lamb
, Ten thousand people waited to receive the meat.
Temeen Ulaan Khan asked him:
"Are you sure you can make the meat of a yearling lamb
Sufficient to satisfy ten thousand people?"
When he had asked this Nyuhata Nyurgai said:
"Father khan, look at this!
Does a yearling lamb have ten thousand legs?
If it is a yearling lamb,
Will it not have only four legs?
Will the legs of a yearling lamb not be small?"
The boy took a leg of the lamb
And threw it up in the air.

Temeen Ulaan Khan was surprised and said:
"How are you going to get so many lamb legs?"
He was most astonished.
Nyuhata Nyurgai answered:
"Father khan, watch me!
In the time of the blinking of an eye
I will give out meat to all!"

Temeen Ulaan Khan
Did not like what he heard,
He did not want to listen.
He said distastefully:
"If you can do it, distribute the meat!"

The boy Nyuhata Nyurgai killed a yearling lamb--
In the blinking of an eye
Ten thousand people were given meat.

Having accomplished what Temeen Ulaan Khan had asked,
Having fulfilled his words,
The khan was obligated to give him Tumen Jargalan.
When the khan looked at Nyuhata Nyurgai
He recognized the golden ring the boy wore on his little finger.

Being united in marriage,
Nyuhata Nyurgai became a husband.
Taking her by the right hand he spoke his vows,
Taking her by the left hand he spoke true words.
The two of them standing together,
Like a fox and a mink,
Speaking together a day and night,
The wedding was celebrated.
The wedding party lasted eight days,
On the ninth day there were great discussions.
On the tenth day,
When people began to sober up,
They returned to their homes,
Those who came from the north,
Returned to their country,
Those who came from the south,
Returned to their homeland.

Nyuhata Nyurgai declared he wanted to go home.
Going to his wife's father he said:
"The fawn misses its mother and goes back to her,
The son of a mother and father misses his home.
A guest cannot be detained on his visit,
A moose's leg cannot be contained in a kettle.
I come to tell you it is time for me to go home.
Temeen Ulaan Khan replied:
"Your words are true, you may go!"
Nyuhata Nyurgai and Tumen Jargalan received their dowry:
Half of the subjects of Temeen Ulaan's kingdom,
Half of the gold in Temeen Ulaan's treasury.
Loading the gifts on an iron wagon,
Receiving the blessing of the khan,
They made the long journey home.

The multitudes and herds
Following Nyuhata Nyurgai and Tumen Jargalan
Were enough to fill a valley,
Enough to fill a river,
As they marched toward his home,
When they returned to the land of the Tugshen khans.

When Nyuhata Nyurgai and Tumen Jargalan
Reached the land of the Tugshen khans he said:
"We will sleep the first night at my father's house.
The following night we sleep in my house!"
After telling her this they went hastily to the home of Sargal Noyon.
He told Sargal Noyon about all that had happened,
Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan rejoiced and was happy.

This having happened,
Sargal Noyon Khan beat on his golden drum,
The people came from the northern lands.
Striking his silver drum,
His subjects came from the southern lands.
He served enough liquor to satisfy all,
He served enough meat to satisfy everybody.
Blind people walked to the party,
Lame people came on stretchers.
A great festival was held,
A wedding party was celebrated.

The maiden Tumen Jargalan,
Who was as beautiful as the round sun,
Slept the first night at her husband's father's house.
The next day they came to the home of Nyuhata Nyurgai.
When this had happened,
Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan
Traveled a long way to give his greetings to his daughter in law.

Nyuhata Nyurgai and his wife Tumen Jargalan,
Making an elegant party,
Making a great celebration,
Received their blessing from his true parents,
Sengelen Noyon and Naran Goohon.
Becoming as one,
They became mounts to one another.

The Second Branch

Geser Comes Down to Earth (Part 3)

After this had happened,
Nyuhata Nyurgai rode his mousy brown colt,
Strapping on his tiny bow and quiver
He rode about randomly,
Riding fast,
Riding mightily,
Going at a quick pace,
He galloped about his homeland.

When he came to one valley
He saw his brother Altan Shagai.
He was picking up a hammer
Weighing 1400 pounds,
Hoisting it up toward the sky.

Nyuhata Nyurgai came and stood by his side,
He asked Altan Shagai:
"What are you doing in such a far-away place?"
His brother replied:
"I did not come here to be far away.
I am practicing my strength
For the contest of Shaazgai Bayan Khan,
So I may win Urmai Goohon for my wife!"
Such was the answer of Altan Shagai.

Nyuhata Nyurgai traveled on further.
He came to another valley--
He saw that his brother Mungun Shagai
Was taking the mountain in the south,
And putting it in the north.
He was taking a mountain from the north,
And putting it in the south.

Nyuhata Nyurgai came and stood by his side,
He asked Mungun Shagai:
"Why are you making yourself powerful,
Why are you preparing your strength?"
Mungun Shagai answered:
"I have to make myself powerful,
I have to build up my strength!
I am thinking of going to the contest of Shaazgai Bayan Khan,

So that I may win his daughter Uрмаi Gooһon for my wife!"
Such was the answer of Mungun Shagai.

Nyuhata Nyurgai traveled on to a third valley--
In that place Tengeriin Teneg (fool of the sky)
And Gazarai Gani (crazy man of the earth)
Were wrestling to test their strength.
When they went toward the north,
They tore away at a yellow mountain,
When they went toward the south,
They gouged a mountain in the south.
Goring each other like bulls,
Butting each other like camels,
Flying at each other like hawks,
Tearing each other like eagles.

Nyuhata Nyurgai came and stood next to them and asked:
"Are you fighting to break a black thing?
Are you wrestling to defeat a white thing?"
They replied to him:
"You loathsome thing of the earth,
Get out of here!"
They ignored him and continued wrestling.

Nyuhata Nyurgai left them behind,
Trotting on the khan's straight road,
Gallopіng on the people's broad road,
When he traveled further he saw the white palace of Shaazgai Bayan Khan:
Appearing from afar its glittering dazzled the eyes,
On its upper part countless windows reflected the sun,
On its lower part seven thousand windows reflected the moon.

At the gate of the khan's palace many heroes waited:
Having necks as strong as axles,
Chests as hairy as a bull's
Having bowcases made of silver,
Heroic yellow bows,
Quivers of gold and silver,
Yellow horn tipped arrows--
They talked loudly among one another,
They were making a great hubbub.

When the boy Nyuhata Nyurgai went among them,
They counted him as nothing,
He watched and observed them.

In order to win Urmai Goohon,
The daughter of Shaazgai Bayan Khan
As a wife,
Three contests had been declared:
The first contest was to lift a 1400 pound hammer toward the sky,
Holding it in the hand it could not be let to fall to the ground.
In this first contest the competitors were
Altan Shagai and Mungun Shagai,
Tengeriin Teneg and Gazarai Gani,
The boy Nyuhata Nyurgai,
And the prince Hara Zutan.
Six distinguished warriors
Were able to lift the hammer

The second contest:
To take a mountain from the north
And put it in the south,
To take a mountain from the south
And put it in the north.

Six powerful men,
Six capable warriors,
Tried themselves at this test.
Malevolent Hara Zutan Noyon,
His strength failing,
Dropped out of the contest.

The third contest:
"The man who wins the wrestling competition
Will become my daughter's husband!"
Was the declaration of Shaazgai Bayan Khan.

Five powerful men
Prepared for the contest.
Their red hearts pounded in their chests.
The first match started:
Altan Shagai and Mungun Shagai
Wrestled each other.
Altan Shagai threw Mungun Shagai on the ground.

The second match:
Tengeriin Teneg and Gazarai Gani
Wrestled each other.
Gazarai Gani defeated Tengeriin Teneg.

The third match:

The boy Nyuhata Nyurgai
Wrestled with Altan Shagai.
Nyuhata Nyurgai threw down Altan Shagai.

The fourth match:

Nyuhata Nyurgai wrestled with Gazarai Gani.
Gazarai Gani spread out his wide chest,
He flexed his white tendons,
Nyuhata Nyurgai circled around him,
He locked in battle with Gazarai Gani.
Goring each other like bulls,
Butting each other like camels,
Flying at each other like hawks,
Slashing at each other like eagles,
They were as evenly matched as the two sides of a camel.
They were as evenly matched as the two sides of a horse.
As they leaned against each other,
As they competed with each other,
Not being able to budge the other,
Not being able to move the other,
Red hearts were pounding,
Their eight short ribs were straining,
They pushed one another backwards
Until each almost sat down,
Yet neither could throw the other,
Jerking each other it was as if they were bucking.
Nyuhata Nyurgai began to prevail over Gazarai Gani--
Folding him like felt,
Gathering him up like clothing,
Stretching him like a string,
Coiling him up like a rope,
Gazarai Gani could not hold Nyuhata Nyurgai,
He lost the strength to wrestle him,
He lost the ability to stand,
Being picked up off the ground he felt weak,
His power departing he lost his place,
Being hoisted up in the air his legs were kicking,
Nyuhata Nyurgai grabbed him under the knee,
With a jerk he brought him under his feet.
Having done this he swung him westward,
Striking the trees of the western taiga.
He swung him eastward,
Striking the trees of the eastern taiga.
Trees were uprooted,
Trees were scattered,

Green trees fell down,
Torn from the ground with their roots,
Lying scattered here and there.
Living trees were bent,
Dead trees were broken.
Gazarai Gani's cheeks were bulging,
His toes were sticking out,
Nyuhata Nyurgai threw him
So that he landed beyond three mountain ranges.

Gazarai Gani Bukhe lay stuck in the ground.
Shaazgai Bayan Khan's strong warriors,
Strong as iron,
Had to dig him out with shovels and picks.
They said to him:
"You may be of help to us sometime!"

After he had won the match,
The boy Nyuhata Nyurgai,
Taking the right hand of Urmai Goohon,
Daughter of Shaazgai Bayan Khan,
Saying, "Have I not won three contests?"
He asked for the khan's approval.

Shaazgai Bayan Khan
Was repelled by the boy Nyuhata Nyurgai.
He declared a fourth contest:
There would be a horse race.
He gave his yellow horse,
Who could chase the sun
To a strong warrior to ride in the race.
Carrying with him the khan's hopes for a favorable outcome
The warrior rode off to join the race.

The horses were quickly prepared for the race.
Ten khans from the north joined in the race.
Nyuhata Nyurgai prepared his mousy brown colt for the race.
He went off to a place so distant
It required three days journey to reach it.
When the race horses took off,
They raised a cloud of reddish dust.
The boy Nyuhata Nyurgai
Entered the race with his brownish colt.
Urging on the mousy brown horse,
He reached the other horses and left many behind.
In the middle of the galloping horses

He saw the malevolent prince Hara Zutan.
In front of him was the warrior Erhe Monsog,
Riding the yellow horse of Shaazgai Bayan Khan.
All at once Nyuhata Nyurgai's brown colt,
Sprinting ahead of three other horses,
Leaping ahead of the others,
Took the lead in the race.

Nyuhata Nyurgai cried out,
Loud enough to shake eight heavens,
Shouting loud enough to make eight lands tremble.
Thus they trotted on the khan's straight road,
They galloped on the people's broad road,
The pounding of their hooves
Making the high heavens shake,
Making the broad earth quake,
Galloping and galloping,
Running out in the front,
The black dust kicked up by his horse
Burying the spotted horse of the khan who rode behind him.

The boy Nyuhata Nyurgai,
Returning ahead of the others,
Arriving in the first place,
Said to the khan and his princes:
"I have returned from the race!"
Their cheating having been revealed
They muttered among each other.

This having happened,
The other race horses came in far behind.
The riders asked:
"Did the boy Nyuhata Nyurgai return from the race?"
The khan and his princes talked among each other,
"The one who had left last came in first,"
Confirming the boy's victory to the other riders.

This having happened,
The boy Nyuhata Nyurgai
Came and stood next to Urmai Goohon:
"Now that I have won four contests,
Have you not become mine now?"
He stroked the right cheek of the khan's daughter,
He kissed her on the left cheek.

The maiden Uрмаi Goohon,
When she was kissed and fondled by Nyuhata Nyurgai,
Was filled with embarrassment and revulsion.
Thinking he was no better than slime,
Thinking he was inferior to her,
Tears flowed from her eyes like two creeks,
She wiped her face again and again
With the yellow silk sleeves of her dress.
Her father Shaazgai Bayan Khan,
Feeling sad at his fate,
Trying to make good out of bad, said:
"This filthy boy,
This disgusting creature,
Becoming my son-in-law
Will be my entire life's sorrow!"
He looked down and cried,
He looked up and his heart was broken.

Shaazgai Bayan Khan,
Seeing the crying and sorrow
Of his daughter Uрмаi Goohon,
Declared yet another contest:
"To win my Uрмаi Goohon,
You must shoot down the golden gem that captures the sun
From the top of the mountain!
This will be the fifth contest!"

Many powerful men,
Many men with strong thumbs,
Shooting their arrows,
Lacked the skill to hit the target.
After they were finished,
Nyuhata Nyurgai brought down the stone with one shot.

This having happened
Nyuhata Nyurgai said to Shaazgai Bayan Khan:
"Have I not won the fifth contest?!"
Shaazgai Bayan Khan,
Seeing that the boy Nyuhata Nyurgai had won,
Was filled with despair.
When he looked at the boy
Something strange appeared:
Sometimes he appeared to be handsome,
Then he would be ugly again.
Sometimes he rose up and appeared as a man,
Then he would shrink down and become a child again.

When he had seen this
Shaazgai Bayan Khan was very surprised,
He was filled with astonishment.
Remembering what he saw he was afraid,
His body felt weak.
Seeing the boy as a man his fears were calmed,
He felt proud in his heart.

After this had happened,
Shaazgai Bayan Khan beat his golden drum,
Summoning his subjects from the north,
Striking his silver drum,
He called his subjects from the south.
Serving portions of meat as big as a hill,
Serving liquor in portions as big as a lake,
The wedding party lasted eight days,
On the ninth day there was great discussion.
On the tenth day when people had sobered up,
Nyuhata Nyurgai said to his wife's father:
"A guest cannot be detained in his visit,
A moose's leg cannot be contained in a kettle.
Water must return to water,
I want to go back to my homeland.
I will be taking Urmai Goohon with me."

Shaazgai Bayan Khan did not like what he heard,
He did not want to listen,
Yet he gave his daughter Urmai Goohon,
A dappled horse with a blaze,
Laying on a silk edged saddle blanket,
Putting on a saddle decorated with silver,
Giving her husband a gift of weapons,
A heroic yellow bow,
Fiery swift arrows,
And a bow case decorated with silver,
He sent them on their way.

Nyuhata Nyurgai and Urmai Goohon,
Walked their horses on the way home,
They galloped on the road to his homeland.

When Nyuhata Nyurgai returned to his home,
Even though he was congratulated by his uncle Sargal Noyon,
Even though he was given a party by his father Sengelen Noyon,
He did not sleep with his two pretty wives.
When yellow leaves fell in the dark of the evening,

He would bed himself between two stiff hides,
Thus he would go to sleep.
His two pretty wives were surprised every evening,
They were filled with wonder,
They were astonished,
Saying, "What kind of creature is this,
What thing takes on the form of our husband,
Bringing us here to suffer?
What kind of person is he
To keep two wives?"
Thus these two pretty women talked among themselves,
They tried sleeping in different beds.
Nyuhata Nyurgai made his wives sleep in his parent's house,
He would go out in the dark of night,
Wandering about until morning.

Two pretty wives,
Seeing that he had this habit,
Became filled with jealousy,
Saying to each other:
"With what kind of creature
Have we come here to suffer?
The boy who brought us here
Is such a strange person.
Where does he go to in the dark of night?
Let us tie a thread to the back of his deel,
Then we can follow his trail."
Thus the two wives schemed behind their husband's back.

In the dark of the evening,
When the yellow leaves were falling,
Nyuhata Nyurgai once more crept between his hides.
His two wives tied a string to the back of his robe,
Then lay down as if sleeping.

The boy Nyuhata Nyurgai,
In the late evening,
When it was darker than a fox fur,
Quietly pulled on his clothes.
Going outside he went quickly,
He sped along on his way.

His two pretty wives,
Following his trail,
Arrived at the foot
Of the world mountain Humber Uula.

When he had come to the mountain
Nyuhata Nyurgai turned into an eagle,
Flying straight up in the air,
He landed on the summit of Humber Uula.

The two pretty women
Were unable to ascend the mountain,
Trying to scale the cliffs
They slid back down.
When they gazed up at the summit,
An awesome thing was happening:
A man was standing there--
Seeing him from behind,
He was as massive as a yellow mountain,
He had the face of a real man,
Seeing him from the front,
He was as huge as a lofty mountain,
Having a dark red face,
White teeth like spades,
A strong broad chest,
A powerful back,
Bright eyes of many colors,
Black hair an ell long,
He was not a boy but a powerful being!
On an altar on the top of the mountain
He was doing a shaman ritual
Honoring Esege Malaan Tenger,
Praying to receive a suitable steed,
Begging for the instruments to do his work.

When they had seen this
The two pretty wives
Ran away toward home,
They were filled with wonder,
They will filled with astonishment,
They said, "This boy Nyuhata Nyurgai
This slimy faced child,
Is a being of great magical power.
Until now he has not revealed this to us.
Such an entity of great power
Is certainly come down from the upper world.
Why has he let us suffer so?
Why has he deceived us?
Why did he deceive us?"
Thus they wept and complained.

On the summit of Humber Uula,
Having sacrificed a white faced ram,
Nyuhata Nyurgai did his ritual.
Worshipping and sacrificing to the fifty five tenger,
To the white Zayaasha,
To the white god of fate,
To the father of his father,
Esege Malaan Tenger,
He was praying and worshipping:
The smell of the meat of the white faced ram,
Drifted up from the earth to the heavens.
The father and lord of the tenger,
Father Esege Malaan Tenger,
Smelling the odor of the sacrifice,
Knew its meaning without a doubt.
"What person on the earth
Is making this worship?"
With this thought he looked down to the earth from the upper world.

In the center of the earth,
The red middle son of Han Hormasta Tenger,
Bukhe Beligte Baatar,
Making his sacrifice,
Praying for his steed,
Calling for his equipment,
Asking for his thirty three warriors,
Summoning and worshipping the gods,
Offering the white faced ram,
He was making his ritual.

Father Esege Malaan Tenger,
Calling the ten thousand gods of the skies,
Calling the many tenger of the heavens,
Summoning them to the moon,
He made a beautiful gathering.
Calling the gods to the stars,
They made a wise assembly.
When they had met he commanded:
"The red middle son of Han Hormasta Tenger,
Bukhe Beligte Baatar,
Is ready to receive his steed,
He is ready to use his equipment,
He is ready to ride with his thirty three warriors.
Let us now send these down to the earth!"

When Nyuhata Nyurgai worshipped on the summit of Humber Uula,
A breeze started blowing,
A wind started blowing.

When this happened,
A horse came down from the sky,
Having a powerful body,
With a body full of wisdom,
Having hooves that never slip,
Having a spine that could not be broken,
With a body thirty ells long,
With teeth three spans long,
With a tail thirty cubits long,
With ears three spans long,
The bay horse Beligen.
Having a mane of three armfuls of hair
Spilling over his withers,
With a tail thirty cubits long
Lashing on his flanks,
A very fine steed,
Carrying all the equipment a hero needed to live,
His four fine black hooves
Striking sparks when he walked,
His two spirited black eyes
Full of fire and lightning.

Bukhe Beligte Baatar
Grabbed the red reins of
Beligen the bay horse.
Putting his foot in the massive silver stirrups,
With a single motion
He swung into the saddle decorated with Yakut silver.
Beligen the bay horse,
Taking his power from the sky,
Stood strong and straight,
Taking his power from the earth,
He stood bravely and proudly.
Thus the horse spoke to Bukhe Beligte Baatar:
"What power do you have to sit on my back?"
Thus Beligen the bay horse asked of Bukhe Beligte.
The warrior replied:
"If the world had a handle,
I could turn it around myself.
What kinds of powers do you have
To not be afraid of this?"
Beligen the bay horse replied:

"If I eat three handfuls of hay without finishing,
I can ride three times around the world!"

Bukhe Beligte said:

"If that is so,

Let us use our powers together!"

Bukhe Beligte started riding toward his home,
Gallop ing toward the earth below.

Beligen the bay horse
Traveled between heaven and earth,
Flying like an eagle,
Soaring like an eagle,
The sky trembled to the highest heaven,
The earth quaked to its roots,
Breaking off the tops of black mountains
Black dust was raised,
Treading against the summits of red peaks,
Red dust was raised.

Riding down toward a notch in the mountains,
Riding down to the sloped covered with red pines,
Thirty three warriors,
Bringing the joy of the people,
Bringing happiness and rejoicing,
Cried, "Our hero Abai Geser,
The mighty hero has come!"
They cheered as they came to him.
Smiling as they looked up,
Overcome with emotion as they looked down,
They came to greet him.

The blessing of the western fifty five tenger
Had come down to earth.
By the fate of the five wise gods,
The red middle son of Han Hormasta Tenger,
Bukhe Beligte Baatar,
Had come down to the earth,
Coming to kill the evil enemies
Of men and living things,
Coming to bring peace and happiness
To the inhabitants of the earth.
Coming to restore order in the land of the Tugshen khans,
Coming to restore their good fortune,
The elders of the land honored him,
Giving him the name Abai Geser!

When Geser came down to earth
With his fiery steed,
He had all the things he needed
For war and battle.
Followed by his warriors,
He had taken on his true form!

This having happened,
Geser came to the golden hitching post
Of his uncle Sargal Noyon Khan.
Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan,
Meeting the mighty hero Abai Geser,
Honored him by doing dallaga
With a plate of milk foods.
He beat his golden drum,
Summoning his subjects from the northern lands,
He beat his silver drum,
Calling his subjects from the southern lands.
Serving portions of meat as big as a hill,
Serving liquor in portions as big as a lake,
He threw a feast that lasted eight days.
On the ninth day there was great discussion.
On the tenth day
People and animals alike
Honored him according to his greatness as a hero!

When the yellow sun arose one morning
Geser spoke these words:
"I grow tired of eating beef,
I miss the taste of wild game.
I will go hunting in the Altai Mountains!"
He prepared his mighty bodied steed,
His horse full of wisdom,
Beligen the bay horse.
Putting on his weapons,
He rode off to the hunt.
Geser hunted in the northern part of the Altai Mountains,
He hunted in the southern part of the Huhii Mountains,
Hunting and tracking for three days
In the Altai and Huhii Mountains,
He was unable to even bloody the nose of a black mouse.
Geser was surprised:
"It is said that the Altai Mountains are rich with deer,
Have they become empty of animals?"
He was most astonished.

This having happened,
In a clearing in the taiga,
A spotted deer was grazing peacefully.
When Geser had seen the deer,
When he spoke in a quiet voice,
It continued to crop grass,
When he spoke in a loud voice,
I continued to bend down and ignore him.

At this very time,
Another young warrior appeared:
Riding a blood-red horse,
With a vermilion colored saddle,
With a dark red face,
With white teeth like spades,
With bright many-colored eyes,
With black hair an ell long,
With a heroic yellow bow,
Armor made of steel,
The warrior came riding beside Geser,
Loosing an arrow the warrior killed the deer,
Grabbed it and rode off,
Picking it up while the horse was trotting.
When Geser saw this happen,
He became very angry,
His mouth gaped in fury,
"Whose father's son is this,
Who would shoot a deer in front of another,
Who would grab it and take off?
Whose mother's son is this,
Who would kill another person's deer,
Who would steal it and run away?"
Saying this he started chasing the other hunter,
Yelling and yelling in a thin voice,
Shouting and shouting in a deep voice,
Urging on Beligen the bay horse
To the limits of his strength,
He was unable to catch up,
He was unable to reach the other rider.

This having happened,
Geser took out his red zadai stone,
Biting on it with his forty teeth,
He spat toward the sky,
Loosing a thousand storms.
It became hot enough for horse dung to catch fire.

The rider of the red horse with the red saddle said:
"How cold it is!"
And put on a hat of fox fur
And a coat of wolf skins.

Geser was still unable to overtake the warrior.
Gathering up the cold of three winter days,
It became cold enough to crack a cow's horns,
It became cold enough for a fox's tail to fall off.
A bitterly cold wind was blowing.
The red-faced youth said:
"How hot it is!"
Unbuttoned his silk deel
And went on riding.

Geser became even more angry,
His mouth gaping in fury,
Riding his horse that could circle the earth
Being fed only three handfuls of hay,
Chased the young warrior
Three times around the world,
But could not catch up.
Chasing the hunter around the world a fourth time,
He still could not get close.

This having happened,
Geser pulled the reins of his steed on the right side,
Striking Beligen the bay horse on the right flank,
This horse full of wisdom
Leaped fiercely into the air,
Flying between heaven and earth.
Taking power from heaven and earth
The horse soared between heaven and earth.
Jumping from the mountain range behind him,
Coming down on the mountains before him,
Springing across thirteen valleys,
He started to come closer to the warrior.
Jumping across twenty three valleys,
He was dashing mightily after the hunter,
Jumping from the peaks of mountains,
He rushed past the treetops.

Thus by going through the air
He was gaining on the other rider.
He was getting closer and closer,
On the shore of the yellow lake,

He was able to crowd the rider against the shore,
He had the warrior cornered.

This having happened,
The red faced warrior riding the red horse
Rode into the yellow lake without stopping.
The rider entered the water and disappeared.
Thus the warrior had escaped from Geser's grasp.

This having happened,
Geser tied Beligen the bay horse
On the edge of the yellow lake.
Tucking the skirts of his deel above his buttocks,
Rolling his sleeves up to his elbows,
He waded into the water and folded back the edge of the lake.
Taking his black iron spear he propped the edge so he could enter

Abai Geser entered the land of Uha Loson Khan.
It was sunny and full of plants--a beautiful place.
Having mountains and hills--it was immense.
It was another world,
Like the earth of long ago,
The one who had come from the world above,
The warrior who rode into the lake on the red horse,
The world becoming dark before her eyes,
Rode to and entered the palace of Uha Loson Khan.

The palace of Uha Loson Khan,
Which stood tall reaching toward the sky,
Was gilt with gold on the north,
Reflecting light on the northern lands,
On the south it was gilt with silver,
Reflecting light on the southern lands.

Geser gathered thirteen magicks on his palm,
He let twenty three magicks dance on his fingers,
Rolling up the broadness of Uha Loson's land,
Like rolling up felt,
In the blinking of an eye,
He stood before the gate of the palace.
The blood red horse was tied at a silver hitching post.

Geser opened the pearly massive door of Uha Loson Khan's palace in a beautiful way,
He stepped over the massive granite threshold in a pure way.
He quickly entered into the palace.

When he had entered the palace
He heard a conversation going on behind several curtains.
When he came close to the curtains,
When he watched closely,
By a table placed in the hoimor
There was a white haired old man,
Sitting holding a white cane.
Sitting next to the old man was a woman,
He recognized her as being the one he had chased,
She was crying.
The two were talking affectionately to one another:
"There was no horse that could catch up with my horse,
There was no man who could overtake me,
Father, who was this?
Going up to the world above,
Hunting in the Altai Mountains,
Killing fat game,
Taking lean game,
Seen from the front he looked like a mountain,
Seen from the back he was like a yellow mountain,
Looking at him he was a real man,
With a dark red face,
Teeth like spades,
Bright eyes of many colors,
Hair an ell long.
A very yellow brave man
Was hunting and tracking game.
What kind of man was this,
Who hunted for three days,
Who could not find any deer,
Who could not even bloody a mouse's nose,
Was this something come down from the sky,
Or a thing of the earth?
Traveling and not saying a word,
Coming to a clearing in the taiga,
He was hunting after a spotted deer.
I shot the deer first,
I took the deer first.
This heroic young man
Bringing down great heat,
Was unable to get close to me,
Bring down great cold,
He was unable to catch me."
When she had said these things
Uha Loson Khan was very surprised,
He was very astonished.

Taking out a large shaman mirror
He looked at what was happening in the world.
When he had done this he said:
"The red middle son of Han Hormasta Tenger,
Bukhe Beligte Baatar,
Has been born on earth.
Long ago, at the tailgan for Bayan Hangai,
Saying hurai, hurai,
Han Hormasta Tenger and I
Pledging to be anda with our knives,
Speaking vows to each other,
Sharing our meat together,
Exchanging our deels,
Two khans became blood brothers,
Smoking a great silver pipe together,
Eating meat off the same spit,
Promising that if I had a daughter,
She would marry his son!
You have been born with this destiny.
This fate determined with the white god of fate.
The red middle son of Han Hormasta Tenger,
Bukhe Beligte Baatar,
Is fated to become your husband.
You having been born after this happened,
You were born to be married to him.
Abai Geser who you met in the Altai Mountains,
His steed Beligen the bay horse,
Is the only horse that could catch you.
You have met no one other
Than the man you are engaged to.
There is no other horse that
Could have chased you like that.
There is no one born in the wide world
Who would be able to catch my daughter.
There has never been a foal born
That could overtake my horse.
At the tailgan for Bayan Hangai
Beligen the bay horse came in first,
He was ridden by Bukhe Beligte Baatar,
Who won all the games at the ceremony.
It was at the tailgan for Bayan Hangai
That he was given the name Bukhe Beligte!"
Uha Loson Khan told this tale
To his daughter Alma Mergen.
When he had explained these things
Alma Mergen suddenly became angry:

"From the time I was a little baby in my cradle
I never knew these things!
You are telling me this now?
When I was a little girl I never knew this!
Father, you only remember now?
I would rather hang myself than live on earth!
I will go find a rope!
I would rather kill myself than live outside the lake!
I will go find a noose!
Saying these words she ran outside.

Geser grabbed and caught her.
He quickly snatched up Alma Mergen,
Alma Mergen struggled and cried,
Taking her strength from heaven and earth.
Geser stood and held her firmly.
He said to her:
"Bring the man who has come from earth into your house,
One who has come a long way through the water
Needs to have something to drink!"
So he sent her home and he followed.

Geser greeted Uha Loson Khan according to custom,
Wishing him peace,
Wishing good health to his wife,
Uha Loson Khan greeted him with joy.
He sat Geser at his right side,
Bringing a golden table delicious food was served.
Bringing a silver table beautiful food was served.
Talking about all that happened from the earliest times
They talked together as friends,
Talking about all that happened before,
They talked and explained many things.
They talked until foam formed on the black waters,
They talked until plants grew on a flat stone.

There was no doubt that
Geser and Alma Mergen
Were perfectly suited for each other.
When Uha Loson Khan saw this
He understood this well,
He knew it very well.

Geser and Uha Loson Khan
Grasping each other's right hand,
Made vows to one another,

Grasping each other's left hand,
They spoke true words to each other.
Becoming the man-mount for Alma Mergen,
Two people united as one,
Giving out gifts of clothing,
The wedding party lasted for eight days.
On the ninth day there was great discussion.
On the tenth day Geser said:
"Evenks must make their migration,
Foals long for their pastures,
A son of a mother and father,
Longs for his homeland."
When he said these words
Alma Mergen heard them with displeasure,
She did not want to hear of it.
Geser said to her:
A guest cannot be detained in his visit,
A moose's leg cannot be contained in a kettle."
He ceaselessly was agitating to leave,
He was ready to go home.
This having happened
Alma Mergen found a way to hold him in her hand.
She honored her husband very much,
She loved him with a wife's true love.
Giving drugged food to Abai Geser
She made him stay by making him forget.
Abai Geser did not know his right hand from his left,
He could not distinguish his left hand from his right.
His mind became confused,
He became intoxicated,
For the duration of three years
He was a herdsman
For Uha Loson Khan's livestock.

The eyes of Geser having become dark,
His powerful body having become confused,
The tenger up in the high heavens said:
We have stopped hearing Geser's cries and yells,
We no longer hear the pounding of the hooves
Of his steed Beligen the bay horse."
They were very surprised,
They were most astonished.
They told his three pretty older sisters,
"Go find him!"
And sent them down to earth.

The three lovely older sisters of Geser
Came down to earth,
Looking closely at hot trails,
Investigating cold trails,
They went around the world three times,
They went about the earth four times,
They could not find their younger brother
Abai Geser in any land.

This having happened,
Geser's sister Erjen Goohon
Came to the entrance to Uha Loson Khan's kingdom.
There on the shore of the yellow lake
The waters were folded back like felt,
Bent back like a reed.
Abai Geser's black iron spear
Was holding it open.
Beligen the bay horse was drying up in the grass,
Moss was growing on his back,
A tree was growing between his hind legs,
His four black hooves had broken off,
His forty white teeth were falling out.
He had shrunk to the size of a foal,
He had withered to the size of a colt.
When she saw what had happened,
The maiden Erjen Goohon understood,
She knew well why Geser was gone.

For this reason Erjen Goohon,
Knowing the magic power of Alma Mergen,
Changed her shape so she would not be recognized--
Turning herself into an ongoli bird
She entered the kingdom of Uha Loson Khan.
She saw Abai Geser watching cattle,
Having eaten enchanted food,
He was forgetful and confused.

Erjen Goohon slapped Geser on the right cheek,
He vomited up a dark black substance,
She slapped him on the left cheek,
He threw up a shiny black substance.
Burning juniper from ten different taigas
She smudged and did ariulga,
Taking water from ten different springs
She made arshaan and cleansed him.
Abai Geser came back to his true self,

His face became as before,
Remembering his true nature,
His round red face returned.
Erjen Goohon said to him,
"Go back to your homeland!"
Then flew up and away.

Abai Geser went out and shot a moose.
Cutting off its one leg
He instructed his two year old daughter,
Telling her what to do when she
Went to her grandfather:
"When you come to his door,
Stumble on the threshold and fall down.
When you get up start crying,
Then give this to him."
He then sent his daughter on her way,
The two year old little girl,
Stumbled and fell on her grandfather's threshold,
Getting up she was crying and wailing.
She brought the moose's shin
To her grandfather Uha Loson Khan.
Trying to soothe her he said:
"A guest cannot be detained in his visit,
A moose leg cannot fit in a kettle,
A foal longs for its home pasture,
A son of a mother and father,
Longs after his homeland.
Water must go back to water,
You may go back to your homeland."
Uha Loson Khan,
Speaking affectionately to his granddaughter
Told her that she could go home,
That he would let her family leave.

This having happened
He called for his daughter and her husband.
Giving them half of his herds,
Giving them half of his treasure,
He said to his daughter and son-in-law:
"Water must return to water,
Go back to your homeland!"
Loving his daughter and her husband
And their two year old daughter,
He sent them on their way home.

When Geser came back up to the world,
He immediately ran to his steed
Beligen the bay horse.
Throwing his arms around his neck he kissed him.
Looking at his front legs he saw they had turned grey,
Looking at his back legs he saw they had withered,
The saddle had slipped around to his belly,
The girth lay across his back.

Abai Geser was very sad at what he saw.
Hugging Beligen around the neck he kissed him,
He spoke magic words over his flanks,
Beligen became like a foal,
He spoke magic words over his shoulders,
Beligen became like a colt.
Taking off his saddle and blanket,
He washed his horse in the clear waters,
Allowing him to graze on fresh grass
The horse improved with every day,
Returning to his original appearance
His health being restored with each passing day,
His body became as it was before.

When Geser went to take the spear that had held back the waters,
A birds' nest full of eggs had been built on it.
By his magic the eggs became
Full grown birds and they flew away;
He pulled his iron spear loose and took it.
When the body of Beligen the bay horse
Had become strong again,
He rode with his wife Alma Mergen and their little girl
To the land where the Muren River flows,
By the shores of the eternal lake,
Returning to the waters he had drunk,
Returning to the land he had left,
He had finally come home.

His uncle Sargal Noyon Khan,
His father Sengelen Noyon,
And his mother Naran Goohon,
Were happy and rejoiced greatly.
Their son Geser and his wife Alma Mergen
And their pretty little new granddaughter
Were greeted with love,
They were greeted with great emotion.

Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan,
Greeting Geser and his wife Alma Mergen
According to the custom of relatives,
Performed the wedding ceremony again.
When Alma Mergen offered fat
While worshipping at the gulamta,
Three flames came together,
Growing into a golden red willow tree.
The wedding party lasted for eight days,
There was great feasting and rejoicing.
On the ninth day there was great discussion.
On the tenth day the people gave their blessings
And returned to their homes.

When Geser's wedding was over,
He went back to his old routine.
Meeting with his thirty three warriors,
His three hundred leaders of his army,
And his three thousand soldiers,
He announced to them:
"On the Hatan River,
Near the shores of the black lake,
By the river called Muren,
Near the shores of the eternal lake,
I want to build three houses
For my three beautiful wives!"
Those who did not have a taste for battle,
Those who did not have a liking for shooting,
When they followed their leader Geser,
They became afraid of nothing,
Becoming as brave as wolves,
Their hearts as hard as stone,
The thirty three warriors,
The three hundred leaders of the army,
The three thousand soldiers,
All together followed Geser into the taiga.

Cutting and dragging many trees in the forest,
Trimming and spreading them out,
They built a square palace
Tall enough to touch the blue sky.
They built a building
That reached the edge of the heavens.
Three beautiful houses
Were built along the river,
Homes in which the three wives could live,

On the earth there were fields
On which the plants could grow,
In the sky there were towers,
Reaching up from the earth below.
On the outside they were gilt with silver,
Making them appear as white as snow,
Inside they were gilded with gold and silver,
So that they appeared more lovely than gold.
With seventy thousand windows below,
Looking down at the seven lands of the earth,
With countless windows above,
Looking up at the nine heavens,
The walls bound with ribs of silver,
The ceilings made of coins' silver,
Having eighty eight rooms,
Nine gleaming doors,
The beams made of pounded silver,
The foundation made of massive silver,
With massive pearly doors,
With thresholds made of granite,
With doors of carved silver,
With handles of precious silver,
With doorposts a foot thick made of silver,
With smokeholes of gleaming silver,
With thick silver floors
A mare and her foal could run on,
With layered silver steps
A mare and her colt could run on.

Tumen Jargalan was settled in the house
Furthest upstream on the Hatan River;
Becoming queen of a palace beautiful to see.
Urmai Goohon was settled
Downstream from her,
She became mistress of a house lovely as a precious gem.
Alma Mergen settled in a home
Near the mouth of the Hatan River,
Becoming owner of a house beautiful as gold.
This having been done
Geser would say happily:
"Is the sun in the sky beautiful,
Or is Tumen Jargalan beautiful?
Is the sun in the heavens beautiful,
Or is Urmai Goohon beautiful?
Is the golden sun beautiful,

Or is Alma Mergen beautiful?"

The Third Branch

Arhan Hara Shutger

Born from the head of the leader of the
Forty four tenger of the east, Atai Ulaan Tenger,
Having been cast down from the sky,
Coming from the serene heavens
Toward the broad earth,
It stood exactly halfway between heaven and earth.
As if hung by a cord from the heavens,
As if supported from the earth below.
Lacking the power to go up,
Having no desire to go down,
This magical creature,
This being of sorcerous power,
Became the monster Arhan Hara Shutger,
Shouting curses up to the heavens,
Yelling imprecations down at the earth,
Croaking like a black raven,
Soaring like a grey falcon,
Casting up dust toward the sky,
Covering the earth with mist!

When this was happening,
The people who remained on earth
Were increasing in happiness and offspring day by day.
The numbers of people and animals
Grew larger and richer night by night.
Babies who were born could grow to adulthood,
Calves were able to grow to become cattle.

The giant head of Atai Ulaan Tenger--
Having become Arhan Hara Shutger,
He began having evil thoughts of revenge,
Malicious thoughts seethed in his heart.
The white hairs stood up on the top of his head,
His white teeth gnashed in his mouth.
The heavens trembled to their highest point,
The world shook to its roots.

Arhan Hara Shutger said:
"My hatred and jealousy
Grow like the waxing moon;
My animosity and vengeance increase
As I take on a new form!"

After he had vowed this
He chased the sun and moon
In the high heavens,
Trying to gobble and swallow them up.
His intention was to exterminate the people
who remained on the earth.
With red burning fire flowing out of his mouth,
With poisonous fire spurting through his teeth,
A tornado swept through the high heavens,
Yellow mists enveloped the whole world.
When this was happening,
Those things that were thrown from the heavens,
Those things that were flung from the skies,
The hacked and destroyed pieces of
The body of Atai Ulaan Tenger
That lay on the surface of the broad earth
Began to decay and rot.
Its effluvia became mists rising to heaven,
On earth it spread disease.
The demons and monsters
That developed out of the pieces of his body
Made this terrible oath:
"From this time onwards,
Two times becoming as one,
We make war and battle!"
They shouted in anger and menace.

When the gigantic head of Atai Ulaan Tenger
Had turned itself into Arhan Hara Shutger,
It looked down upon the earth
And saw the calamities caused
By the pieces of his ruined body
And rejoiced and was excited.
He bared his teeth in a terrible smile,
Fire was glittering in his eyes.
He gathered up his power,
He summoned up his magic.

Arhan Shutger said:
"I will gobble up and swallow
The sun and moon in the sky!
Thus I can exterminate
All living things remaining on the earth!"
Making the skies tremble with his shouts,
Making the earth quake with his noise,
Waves splashed on the shores of the Milk Sea,

The world mountain Humber Uula was shaking.
A hot wind was howling,
A poisonous fog covered the earth;
A cold dry wind was blowing,
It covered the earth with poisonous dust.

This having happened,
The gigantic head of Atai Ulaan Tenger,
The demon Arhan Hara Shutger,
Chased the sun and moon,
Trying to catch them
For three days.
He was unable to swallow them up.
He began to worry and panic,
He became very furious,
His mouth gaped in anger...
When this had happened
He cried out to the
Forty four tenger of the eastern heavens,
Agitating for them to help him,
Begging them to rescue him:
"Make magic over the pieces of my body,
Put my body back together,
I have many years' worth of vengeance to wreak,
I have many years of red hot hatred to act on!
My wrathful body being untangled,
My broken body being pulled together,
When I have my real body again,
When I have taken on my true form,
I will burn down the high heavens,
I will burn the earth to a cinder!
I will crush and destroy Han Hormasta Tenger,
I will rip the 55 tenger of the west into pieces!
Gather up the pieces of my body,
Put it back together,
Tie it together with stems of grass,
Pull it together with reeds!"
Shouting and begging
He was crying up in the sky...

Those whose cause had been lost,
Those whose hearts had been broken,
The gods of the eastern skies,
The forty four tenger,
Hearing the voice of Atai Ulaan Tenger,
Gathering up their wits,

Quickly gathered for a meeting,
Came together for wise counsel.
At the meeting of the black tenger,
They swore and fought among each other,
At this meeting of the evil tenger,
They blamed each other and were divided.
The leader of the thirteen Asrangi tenger
Taking the lead in the meeting,
Giving his own advice,
Showing the wisdom in his heart,
Showing the strength in his body,
He was the first to speak:
"When Han Hormasta Tenger,
Leader of the tenger of the western skies,
Cut the body of Atai Ulaan Tenger into seven pieces,
He threw them down toward the earth.
His three good sons were flung down as well.
The gigantic head of Atai Ulaan Tenger,
Having become the demon Arhan Hara Shutger,
Remains midway between heaven and earth,
Suspended where the middle and upper worlds come together,
Unable to go upwards,
Unwilling to go down,
He tried to eat up the sun and moon,
He lacked the power to do so,
He was thrown into confusion!
His abilities being depleted,
He flew away crying and sobbing.
After this had happened
Those parts of his body that were flung from the sky,
Those parts of his body that lay smashed upon the earth,
Brought on an age of suffering to the world,
Spreading suffering upon the mountainous earth,
Babies died of starvation and thirst,
Animals died of anthrax and plague.
Tears flowed from the eyes of the animals,
Tears poured from the eyes of human beings.
The fifty five tenger of the western skies,
Hearing the cries of the suffering people,
The red middle son of Han Hormasta Tenger,
Bukhe Beligte Baatar,
Being incarnated as the hero Abai Geser,
Was called to come down to earth!
Abai Geser who battles evil,
With the skill of his thumb,
With the strength of his body,

It is time to fight him with red lightning,
It is time to burn him up with fire,
Then we can do what we want!
We need to help Arhan Hara Shutger,
The head of Atai Ulaan Tenger!
We need to join our power and abilities with him!
Going to find the ruined pieces that are in the sky and earth,
We shall gather up the cut up body parts in the heavens and in the world!
Let us restore him to his true body,
Let him have his original form!
Let us make him better than before,
Let us make him stronger than before!
Then we can have revenge on
Han Hormasta Tenger and his son Abai Geser,
On the fifty five tenger of the west
And that old hag Manzan Gurme Toodei!
We shall utterly smash them,
We shall completely blow them away!
Then we can pour out the hot contents
Of our crucible of hatred and vengeance!"
Thus the leader of the thirteen Asarangi Tenger
Shouted out his advice.
After he had spoken, Balai Hara Tenger,
Shouting from his place,
Yelling from where he sat
Expressed a rather stupid idea
That was shared by many of the tenger:
"That terrible being,
Who was born to be the powerful hero Abai Geser,
Should have been smashed when he was a baby,
Should have been pulverized while an infant!
When he stood up we were defeated,
When he began to walk we were overcome,
This black monster,
This good-for-nothing being,
Must be torn apart,
Must be bent and broken!
Let us grab the colt by the tail,
Let us stop the war before it starts,
Let us divert what will inevitably happen,
Let us sweep up the best of our enemies,
If we do this we can rejoice in what we have done,
In becoming masters of the world we can celebrate!
We need to send the leader of the
Thirteen Asarangi tenger down to earth at once!"
He looked around the meeting

To see what the response was to his idea.
Hara Hirhag Tenger,
Who was sitting beside him,
Was the next to give his counsel:
"Of this hero Abai Geser,
Who was born as this monstrous being,
We shall make whips of his arms,
We shall turn his head into a ball!
Let us gather up the ruined pieces
Of Atai Ulaan Tenger's body,
Bring them here up to the sky and sort them out,
Bringing them up to the heavens we will resurrect him!"

Oyor Hara Tenger,
Gnashing his teeth loudly,
Reminding those who were gathered
Of all that happened from the past to the present,
Explained things this way:
"Atai Ulaan Tenger,
That good-for-nothing tenger,
Who was always jealous and scheming,
He who led us on a dark path,
That demon bent on spreading suffering,
Who always did bad and hurtful things,
Since he got what he deserved
After he was struck by the spear
To him we can say:
"Fix your own wrongs,
Suffer for the bad things you did!
When two people have an argument,
Everybody is listening,
When two bulls are fighting,
The whole camp watches!"
When twenty tenger had spoken,
Buuluur Hara Tenger,
Spoke of what happened to the amin and hulde
Of Atai Ulaan Tenger,
Of what had happened before,
Of all that resulted from it,
He sang a shaman song and spoke:
"Here you sit in your meeting in the distant east,
You babble and argue and lay blame on each other,
But it is the fifty five tenger of the western skies,
Who have done wrong to us,
The forty four tenger of the eastern heavens.
They are the ones who committed a crime,

They are the ones who made us powerless,
They are the ones that made things right,
They are the ones that intervened on earth.
Saying words and more words,
Heaping crime upon crime.
Our great and powerful Atai Ulaan Tenger,
In our fearsome and terrible land
It was he who was our guiding spirit,
In our land where we are fallen and defeated,
He will be a support for us.
We must rescue this demon
Born from the head of Atai Ulaan Tenger,
It is imperative that we help him!
Let us put his body back together,
Let us raise him up from the dead,
Let us resurrect his name,
Let us restore his reputation.
If we are able to do what we intend,
If we are able to fulfill this idea,
We will defeat this indefatigable enemy,
We will overcome this insurmountable obstacle.
We will be able to seize Han Hormasta Tenger,
We will be able to strangle the 55 tenger of the west!
We will be able to control the heavens,
We will be able to rule the skies,
Our name will thunder about the heavens,
Our reputation will make the earth tremble!"
Thus Buuluur Hara Tenger spoke as he shamanized.
Thus he called on the tenger to follow his words.
Unyar Hara Tenger became very angry,
His mouth gaping in wrath he said:
"We do not need to get involved
In what other people have done,
We do not to put spokes
In somebody else's wheel."
After this had been said
The many tenger of the east
Split into two factions.
For an entire day and night
They argued and tore at each other...

When this had happened
A wise and intelligent prince
Of the fifty five tenger of the western skies,
Huherdei Mergen Baatar,
Going by instructions of Manzan Gurme Toodei,

Going on a mission from Esege Malaan Tenger,
Went to a place between heaven and earth,
Where the upper world meets the earth,
Holding the reins of a nine-winged horse,
He stood on the bed of a massive silver cart.

As a result of this,
The giant head of Atai Ulaan Tenger,
Arhan Hara Shutger,
Knew what was happening very well,
He understood it very well.
He became very afraid of the powerful Huherdei Mergen,
He shied away from the mighty warrior,
He hid on the north side of the beautiful golden sun,
He hid on the south side of the lovely full moon.

When the heavenly prince Huherdei Mergen
Saw that the demon had fled away,
When he saw Arhan Hara Shutger was hiding,
He spoke to himself,
Knowing well what was happening.
He became very angry,
His mouth gaping in fury,
His voice crackling with anger,
Shouting with the voice of a thousand stags,
His voice roaring and thundering,
Shouting with the voice of ten thousand stags.
Blaming the tenger of the golden sun,
Blaming the tenger of the full moon,
He shouted his accusations at them,
He spoke in a terrible menacing voice:
"Are you hiding the enemy of the
Fifty five tenger of the western skies,
Arhan Hara Shutger of the
Forty four tenger of the eastern skies?
Why do you hide him on your northern side,
Why do you shield him on your southern side,
Have you joined the faction of the enemy?
Have you become my enemy as well?"
His white hairs stood up on his head,
His white teeth gnashed in his mouth.

When Huherdei Mergen made his accusations,
When the heavenly prince was shouting blame,
Nagaadai Mergen,
Son of the tenger of the sun,

Haihan Mergen,
Son of the tenger of the moon,
Putting their black bows in their bow cases,
They hung them on their horses' sides;
Putting their yellow horn tipped arrows in their quivers,
They hung them on their backs.
They mounted their fiery steeds, saying:
"In battle we will show the strength of our bodies,
In the fight we will show the skill of our thumbs!"
Thus they came and spoke with Hucherdei Mergen.

This having happened,
The giant head of Atai Ulaan Tenger,
The possessor of great magical powers,
Arhan Hara Shutger,
Showing evil deceit,
Thinking evil thoughts,
He emerged from the golden light of the sun,
He stood in the reflected light of the moon.
Two skillful archers,
Two brave warriors,
Were there to meet him--
He greeted them with flattery.
He talked as if they were acquaintances,
He acted familiarly as if they were friends.
"My boys, my two brave warriors,
I greet you like you are my own flesh and blood,
I welcome you as if you are my own family!
Let us become anda for ten years,
Let us unite our amin and hulde
Let us be united heart and soul!
Who will go with you when you go on a long journey?
Who will be your companion far away from home?
You two great archers,
You two great warriors,
I will go and watch your front side,
I will go and watch your back side,
On the road I will be your best friend,
At your side I will be your closest friend,
I will hold your horses,
I will lead the way in the forest,
If you save my life,
If you save my skin,
I will be your anda for ten years,
I will be your blood brother for twenty years!"

Thus he was pressuring them,
Thus he tried to trick them with evil deceit.

Nagaadai Mergen,
Son of the tenger of the sun,
Feeling repelled and angry,
Looked at him sharply and said in a loud voice:
"We go with the light of the day,
We follow the stars,
We go with the moonlight of the night,
We go with the constellations.
With a demon powerful in magic,
With Arhan Hara Shutger,
We will not go as fellow travelers,
We will not take him as a companion."

Haihan Mergen,
Son of the tenger of the moon,
Listened with interest to the offer of
The demon powerful in magic.
He promised to rescue Arhan Hara Shutger:
"If you follow me like a shadow during the day,
If you are ever helping me at night,
I will become the anda of Arhan Hara Shutger.
Becoming a friend as close as a shadow,
Bringing our two names together,
Being ever of assistance to me,
I will take you as a blood brother,
We will win fame together."
Opening his vast mouth,
Showing his jagged teeth,
He smiled wide enough to crack his face,
He kept talking and chattering.
Coming closer to the two warriors
He was waving his hands in delight:
"We will be anda for ten years,
We will be blood brothers for twenty years,
Exchanging our belts,
Sharing one pipe and tobacco pouch,
Let us talk until foam forms on liquor,
Let us talk until plants grow on a flat rock."
He was speaking happily and excitedly.
Nagaadai Mergen,
Son of the tenger of the sun,
Seeing what was happening,
Listening to what was being said,

Realized that Haihan Mergen,
Son of the tenger of the moon,
Thinking good about evil,
Was tangled in a trap of deceit.
He therefore rode back toward home,
Gallop toward his homeland.
This having happened,
The demon great in magical power,
Arhan Hara Shutger,
Giving his right hand to Haihan Mergen,
Son of the tenger of the moon,
Spoke strong words,
Giving him his left hand,
He spoke true words.
They took out a pipe as big as a shin
And smoked together.
Taking out a pouch as big as a sleeve,
They shared tobacco.
Exchanging their belts they became anda,
They talked together as they smoked...
The heavenly prince Huherdei Mergen
Met Nagaadai Mergen on his way home,
Greeting each other on this distant road
They grasped each other's arms.
Nagaadai Mergen,
Son of the tenger of the sun,
Told the heavenly prince Huherdei Mergen
About the good and bad things that happened,
His voice full of hurt and regret:
"Haihan Mergen,
Son of the tenger of the moon,
Has become anda of a demon for ten years,
Has become blood brother of Arhan Hara Shutger for twenty years...
I have broken off friendship with my best friend,
When he joined together with a demon,
I have parted from a friend who was like my shadow."
The heavenly prince Huherdei Mergen,
Forgetting what had happened before,
Thinking about what he had just heard,
Became very angry,
His mouth gaped in fury,
He did not say many words,
He did not think any stupid thought,
With one word he called Haihan Mergen,
With one gesture he summoned him.
When the son of the tenger of the moon came to him,

The heavenly prince Huherdei Mergen,
Looked down at the warrior
And thought he was a pig;
Looking up at the young tenger
He thought he was a fool.
This having happened,
The heavenly prince Huherdei Mergen
Pulled out his heroic yellow bow,
He took out a great black arrow,
Spoke magic words on the arrowhead
, Spoke a blessing of the shaft,
Spoke words of power on the fletching,
As he spoke fire flamed upon the arrow:
"If it is your fate to slay the demon Arhan Hara Shutger,
Go up and hit his amin and hulde,
If it is your fate to kill this demon of magic power,
Hit your target with the sound of thunder and destroy him!"
Thus the giant head of Atai Ulaan Tenger,
Arhan Hara Shutger,
Was shot without missing!

The very first shot of Huherdei Mergen,
The great black arrow,
Left his thumb with great power,
Left his fingers with a great noise,
Singing the song of the arrowhead,
Whistling the song of the arrow,
The great black arrow sped on its way,
The arrow that never missed its target,
Shattered the hulde and spirit of the demon,
Struck and tore the tendons of Arhan Hara Shutger!

A noise like a thunderclap shook the heavens,
The broad earth shook to its roots,
Waves splashed on the shore of the Milk Sea,
The world mountain Humber Uula trembled,
A poisonous wind howled,
Covering the land with dry dust,
A hot dry wind blew,
Covering the earth with clouds of dust.

The giant head of Atai Ulaan Tenger,
The demon of great magical power,
Arhan Hara Shutger,
Falling between heaven and earth,
Tumbled rapidly down toward the ground,

Going through the air it made a great noise,
Whistling like an arrow,
Moaning like a goat,
Crying like a fawn!

This having happened,
The leader of the thirteen Asarangi tenger spoke:
"Let us rescue the demon Arhan Hara Shutger!
When he falls down to earth
He will pollute and defile the seven lands!"
Standing at the border of heaven and earth,
The heavenly prince Huherdei Mergen,
Believing that his arrow had reached its target,
Thinking that his enemy had nothing to stop his fall,
Neglecting his duty,
Went back to his own affairs.

The giant head of Atai Ulaan Tenger,
The demon Arhan Hara Shutger,
His great mouth gaping as he fell,
His lips peeled back from his jagged teeth,
Breaking off the tops of mountains as he fell,
Stirring up the surfaces of lakes,
Raising up dust on the earth,
Covering the world with clouds of dust,
Passing the crest of the sandy Manhan mountain
He disappeared into the waters of the yellow lake!

After he had fallen into the lake,
He lay there wanting to get up,
Standing up without fear,
Looking at the world around him,
He got out of the water and walked around the yellow lake.
When he was doing this,
By the slopes of the mountain Khan Uula,
By the Hatan River,
He recognized the home of Abai Geser.
He was filled with fear and embarrassment,
He crept back to the shore of the lake,
Hiding himself among the water plants,
The leaves completely covered his body as he lay there.
At the same time,
The heavenly prince Huherdei Mergen,
Saying, "I have defeated an indefatigable enemy,
I have won myself a mighty name,
Conquering the unconquerable,

I have grabbed the colt by the tail!
May the people of the earth increase in number,
May human beings prosper with large families!"
Thinking good thoughts,
Speaking beautiful words,
Taking out a pipe as big as a shin,
Taking out a tobacco pouch of velvety sheepskin
As big as a sleeve,
Taking out a bundle of tobacco
As big as a haystack,
He struck sparks with flint and steel,
Lighting a pile of tobacco
As big as a moose's ear.

Thinking that he had killed Arhan Hara Shutger,
That he had saved humans and animals,
Saying that he had rescued the sun and moon,
The heavenly prince Huherdei Mergen said:
"Now that the work of the day is completed,
I want the dreams of the night."
With those words he returned to the land
Of the fifty five tenger of the west.

This having happened,
The uncle of Abai Geser,
Who lived in a half-broken place,
Who had a handsome grey stallion,
Who thought malevolent thoughts,
Who was dark and evil inside,
Whose path was one of black clouds,
Who carried a black bow of rule,
Hara Zutan Noyon,
Driving his animals to the shore of the yellow lake,
Bringing his herds of cattle and horses to drink water,
Dismounting from his great grey stallion,
While dusting off the skirts of his deel,
He saw on the shore of the yellow lake,
Swinging and swaying in the wind,
A golden yellow elm tree
Growing in the water close to shore.

When malevolent Hara Zutan Noyon
Was staring at the golden yellow elm tree he said:
"This is certainly a product of Geser's magic."
He became very angry,
His mouth gaped in fury,

In his heart great black thoughts
Began to seethe and bubble.
Malevolent Hara Zutan Noyon
Tucked the skirts of his deel above his buttocks,
Rolled his sleeves above his elbows,
He waded out to the tree.
When he came to the golden yellow elm tree
He broke off its trunk,
He broke off the branches,
Throwing them in the water.
The waters of the yellow lake
Began foaming and bubbling,
The sandy Manhan mountain
Began to shake and tremble,
A black tornado arose,
A hot wind began to blow,
A cloud of yellow dust arose,
Poisonous dust was swirling about...
From the waters of the yellow lake
A pair of red bloodshot eyes appeared,
A black round head erupted from the waters!
Malevolent Hara Zutan Noyon,
Seeing this happening,
Was greatly afraid,
He was very terrified.
The head of Atai Ulaan Tenger,
The demon Arhan Hara Shutger,
Raising himself with the broken trunk
Of the golden yellow elm tree,
Approached Hara Zutan as if to attack:
"Opening the door that is never opened
I opened it and came,
Closing the door that is never closed
I closed it and came to observe,
Whose son are you,
What kind of thing gave birth to you?
If you are able to talk, speak,
If you are not dumb, say something!
I will bite your head and gulp you down,
Grabbing your feet with my teeth I will swallow you!"
Saying this he gaped his enormous mouth,
Making as if he was going to eat Hara Zutan,
Showing his jagged yellow teeth,
Making as if to chew him up,
His upper jaw seemed to reach the sky,
His lower jaw seemed to bite the earth.

Many people could go up and be swallowed,
Ten thousand people could be gulped down at one time.
In his terror Hara Zutan forgot himself,
In his fear he could not remember his own name.
He began calling for his nephew Abai Geser,
He tried to frighten Arhan Hara Shutger:
"My nephew Abai Geser,
Remember your uncle and rescue him,
Come to defeat Arhan Hara Shutger,
Kill and destroy him!"
The demon powerful in magic,
Arhan Hara Shutger,
Demanded of him:
"Your nephew Abai Geser,
If he were to try to defeat Arhan Hara Shutger,
If he tried to kill him,
What kind of powers would he use,
What kind of weapons would he fight with?"
Scheming evil deceit,
Thinking evil thoughts
While he was being asked these questions,
Malevolent Hara Zutan Noyon
Thought of a way to save his life,
He knew how to save his own skin,
So he explained the powers
Of his nephew Abai Geser:
"My nephew Abai Geser is powerful in magic,
He is sent on a mission from the western 55 tenger,
He is sent by the will of the five wise gods.
He is come to restore order
To the land of the three Tugshen khans,
He is come to restore the fortune
Which had been overturned!
He is come to kill evil and malicious enemies,
He is come to bring life and happiness to living things!
He has become the leader of thirteen khans,
He has seventy three allies who swear loyalty to him!
When he came to break and defeat his malicious enemies
He was given a silvery steel sword to cut them down!
He was given a bow made from the horns of seventy wild goats,
Made with seventy five laminations!
He has a great black arrow,
When he speaks magic words on its head
It flames with red fire,
When he speaks words of power on its fletching
It flames with blue fire,

This arrow was the gift of Han Hormasta Tenger!"
When he had recounted these things,
The wretched demon Arhan Hara Shutger,
His black chest contracting in despair,
Digging up the source of Hara Zutan's malice said:
"It is well known that your nephew Abai Geser
Has taken two wives you wanted for yourself,
He having stolen away your name,
You are consumed with hate and jealousy.
When you travel far away who follows you?
When your hatred heats up in the crucible,
Who is going to help you?
Let us be anda for ten years,
Let us be blood brothers for twenty years!
I will go watching before you,
I will go watching behind you,
I will be your companion on your journeys,
I will be your best friend ever at your side!
If you take the weapons of your nephew Abai Geser,
This warrior of great magical power,
If you take them and bring them to me,
I will go together with you and be your ally.
For ten long years I will serve your hate and jealousy,
For twenty some years I will help wreak your revenge!"
The demon with magical power
Spoke long enough for foam to form on liquor,
Arhan Hara Shutger
Talked long enough for plants to grow on a flat stone.

Having listened to the words of Arhan Hara Shutger,
Malicious Hara Zutan Noyon's great black thoughts
Began to seethe, bubble, and boil,
His many evil thoughts
Were splashing and stirring.
Remembering all the wrongs done to him in the past,
Scheming about the words he had just heard,
Fostering his hatred and jealousy,
He became anda to the demon,
Following his red-hot desire for vengeance,
He became brother to Arhan Hara Shutger.

Malevolent Hara Zutan Noyon
Swore an oath to Arhan Hara Shutger:
"When the high heavens are dozing,
When the wide world is sleeping,
Halfway through the dark night,

In the middle of the black night,
I will take the quiver and weapons
Of my nephew Abai Geser,
Of that warrior with magical power,
In this way I serve you as ally!
I will break off the head
Of the arrow that always wins,
I will tear off the feathers
Of the arrow that never misses!
I will break apart the layers
Of the black bow
Made of the horns
Of seventy wild goats,
Then I will cut its string!
The sword that was never scratched by the hardest bone,
That will never melt in the hottest blood,
I will hide under the foundation of Geser's house!
My anda and blood brother,
My Arhan Hara Shutger,
Halfway through the dark night,
In the middle of the black night,
When the high heavens are sleeping,
When the whole world is dozing,
Go to the house of my nephew Abai Geser.
Creep under the floor of his gold and silver palace,
Come out suddenly and kill him!"
When he was saying those things,
Arhan Hara Shutger's eyes turned dark,
His ribs an ell wide contracted in,
He replied to Hara Zutan Noyon:
"In this place of our powerlessness and defeat,
Be ready to be of help to me,
In this place of our losing and being overcome,
Let us go together as allies!
We are jealous and hateful,
As certainly as the moon is full,
Our desire for revenge is red hot,
As certain as the color of silk,
I will take Urmai Goohon for myself as a wife,
You can take Tumen Jargalan as your own wife!
If we have defeated our enemies,
If we have grabbed the colt by the tail,
We two blood brothers
Arhan and Zutan,
Will have a hill of meat to feed on,
Taking the two wives for ourselves,

We will have a lot of pleasure!"
These two evil creatures,
Making promises to each other,
They grasped right hands,
Swearing oaths to each other.
They grasped left hands.

Malevolent Hara Zutan Noyon,
Having watered his herds,
Went back to his home.
Taking Arhan Hara Shutger with him,
He went back to his house.
"Having become anda and blood brother
To the demon Arhan Hara Shutger,
I will be able to take the herds and treasure
Of my heroic nephew Abai Geser.
When I have killed him,
I will take his subjects for myself!"
Thinking these black thoughts
Saying these words in his black heart,
He became very happy,
He was very excited.

This having happened,
Malevolent Hara Zutan Noyon,
Halfway through the dark night,
In the middle of the black night,
Entered the house of his nephew Abai Geser.
Being overcome by jealousy and hatred,
He forgot that he was Geser's uncle,
Thinking only evil and poisonous thoughts,
He came in as if he was a thief.
He broke off and threw away
The head of the arrow that finds its target,
He tore off the feathers
Of the great black arrow.
He broke apart the bow
Made of seventy five laminations,
Throwing away the pieces,
He cut apart the bowstring.
He slid the silvery steel sword
Under the foundation of Geser's house,
He bent Geser's black spear,
Crushing it with a large rock.
He made all of the bladed weapons
Blunt up to the hilt.

The quiver and all other things
Were altogether ruined.

When this was happening,
Geser was visiting his wife Uрмаi Goohon,
Coming as her guest he ate the best food,
He drank the strongest of liquor,
Talking about everything that happened before,
Remembering everything from the earliest times,
He talked in a happy and friendly way.
When the dark night had come,
When the yellow leaves were falling,
He went to the bed of Uрмаi Goohon,
Who was as beautiful as the red sun,
Slipping under her thick soft covers,
He slept holding her in his arms.

Halfway through the black night,
In the middle of the dark night,
Suddenly there was a sharp noise.
The great brown stone door,
Creaked as a stranger entered.
The thirty three warriors
Slept on knowing nothing.
The three hundred guards
Did not see anything.

Uрмаi Goohon was roused from her sleep,
She understood what was happening,
She knew they were in danger.
Trying to wake him quickly,
Trying to make him come to his senses,
She said:
"My great hero,
My warrior Abai Geser!
Have your thirteen khans betrayed you?
Have your seventy three allies turned on you?
Under our black floor
There is the sound of an enemy's footsteps,
Under our black floor
Some terrible thing is lurking!"
When she had screamed
Geser awoke and sat up
In the thick soft bed:
"What kind of thing has come to me?!"
He was greatly surprised,

He was very amazed.
"Has the day come to lock this black palace,
Is it time for us to be contacted at night?
I will meet my jealous and hateful enemy
On the white steppe,
By the five tall pine trees!"
When this had happened,
When he went to take his great yellow bow,
When he went to get his great black arrow,
The head was broken off,
The fletching was ruined,
The layers of his bow were separated,
The bowstring was in pieces,
He found his sword hidden under the house,
Its hard steel blade was blunted,
When he looked for his steel spear,
It was crushed under a stone,
Its head was bent,
Its shaft was broken.
All of his weapons lay scattered about broken,
All of his equipment lay here and there completely smashed.
Abai Geser was hardly able to speak,
Gesturing and calling his steed,
Beligen the bay horse,
The horse of powerful body,
The steed with bones full of wisdom,
Beligen the bay horse
Came galloping up immediately,
Kicking out the southwest window with his hoof,
He cried out to Geser with a great voice:
"What kind of great enemy have you heard from afar,
What kind of great enemy have you seen up close?"
When he was saying this
Geser put on his armor and helmet,
Climbing out the southwest window of his house
He mounted on the back of Beligen the bay horse.
He shouted out a challenge
To the enemy hiding under his house:
"If you are able to fight with me,
If you have the strength to do battle,
You must know that I do not allow
Demons to be lurking under my threshold!
Go quickly to the white steppe,
By the five tall pines we will fight!"
When he shouted his challenge
His voice crackled with anger,

Shouting with the voice of a thousand stags,
His voice thundering and roaring
He yelled with the voice of ten thousand stags.

This having happened,
Geser turned his steed to the right,
Turning Beligen the bay horse
In the direction of the sun,
He rode swiftly to the white steppe,
To the place of the five tall pines.

The giant head of Atai Ulaan Tenger,
The demon with magical powers,
Arhan Hara Shutger,
Crawling out from below the gold and silver palace,
Emerged from Geser's house.
Not being able to take on a demonic form for battle,
He confronted Geser with his true red face.

Two enemies of great strength,
Two rivals with magical power,
Went into battle;
They fought on the white steppe,
In the shadow of five tall pines.
When this happened,
Geser said to Arhan Hara Shutger:
"You come in under the feet of those who are sleeping,
You sneak in under those who are lying down,
What father's son are you,
From what were you born?"
When he was challenged,
The giant head of Atai Ulaan Tenger,
The demon Arhan Hara Shutger replied:
"I should have come to smash you when you were a baby,
I should have pulverized you when you were an infant!"
When Geser had heard the words that had been said,
He became very angry,
His mouth gaped in fury:
"What kind of person talks about smashing a baby,
What kind of thing speaks of pulverizing an infant,
What kind of evil demon are you,
What kind of poisonous enemy are you?
I have strangled many with necks like axles,
I have defeated many warriors with silver bowcases,
Just as there can never be more than seven bones in the neck,
There will never be a man born who can overcome me!

Do you have the strength to fight me,
Do you have the craftiness to do battle with me?"
When he had heard these words,
The giant head of Atai Ulaan Tenger,
The demon Arhan Hara Shutger,
Stood before Geser,
His red heart pounding,
The tendons in his shins twitching.

This having happened,
The demon with great magic power,
Arhan Hara Shutger,
Shouted at Abai Geser:
"If I climb two mountains,
I will not get calluses on my feet,
There is no man
Of whose strength I am afraid,
Starting with your feet I can swallow you,
Starting with your head I can bite and gobble you!"
His many-colored eyes were glittering,
He ground his jagged yellow teeth.

Two enemies of great strength,
Two rivals with great magical power,
Lowered their heads and gored each other like two bulls,
Growing dark like a stormy sky they battled,
Their battle cries reaching the skies,
Their blows shaking the earth,
Battling like two bull mooses,
Butting like two bull camels,
Grabbing and strangling each other's necks,
Yanking out each other's hair.

Their blows resounded like steel hitting steel,
Their blows sounded like stone hitting stone.
The ground upon which they fought,
Was scraped up as if pawed by a stag,
The place where they tried to kill each other
Was rutted as if dug up by a wild animal.
Tearing off the flesh of each other's backs with their fingers,
Biting off the flesh of their chests with their teeth,
Blood flowed in rivers,
Flesh piled up like a hill,
Taking power from the sky they fought,
Taking power from the earth they yelled,

The serene sky shook to its summit,
The wide earth trembled to its roots.

For three long days
The two enemies struggled,
For the length of seven days
They battled with each other.
Hardening their black chests,
Strengthening their thick white tendons,
Geser summoned extra strength to wrestle,
He battled with his whole being,
Summoning the strength of a warrior,
Showing the craft of a warrior,
He started to choke the neck of Arhan Hara Shutger,
Which was as strong as an axle,
He snapped his thick white tendons,
He dislocated his strong black back,
He caved in his eight black ribs.
Arhan Hara Shutger's heart began to fail,
The strength of his body departed...

Geser squeezed the body of
Arhan Hara Shutger,
He brought him beneath his feet.
Breaking him like a dead tree,
Bending him like a living tree,
Black dust was kicked up,
Yellow dust rose in clouds,
Waves splashed on the shore of the Milk Sea,
The world mountain Humber Uula was trembling.
Geser grabbed Arhan Hara Shutger
Under his two red arms,
Swinging him to the west he struck the western taiga,
Swinging him to the east he hit the eastern taiga,
He grunted like a goat,
He cried like a fawn,
The demon Arhan Hara Shutger
Was thrown so that he stuck in the earth,
His head pillowed on the northern mountain,
His legs kicked up on the southern mountain.
He was laid out as if on the aranga,
He lay killed by Geser's own hand...

Abai Geser said:
"I have defeated an indefatigable enemy,
I have won a mighty name,

I have conquered the unconquerable,
I have seized the colt by the tail!"
He rejoiced greatly,
His heart was filled with joy.
He was very happy,
He was very excited.
Looking above he smiled,
Looking down he was full of emotion.

This having happened
Geser uprooted three mountain ranges,
Burying Arhan Shutger beneath them.
By a bay of the outside lake,
At the navel of the Hulhe lake,
He built an oboo to reach the sky,
He raised a mountain to touch the heavens.
He spoke words of power:
"Whenever and forever,
For a thousand ages,
Below these three mountain ranges,
Remain decaying and rotting!"
When he had sworn this oath,
He took out a silver pipe as big as a shin,
Taking out a black velvety sheepskin tobacco pouch
As big as a sleeve,
Taking out a bundle of tobacco
As big as a haystack,
Striking sparks with flint and steel,
Lighting a bowl of tobacco
As big as a moose's ear,
He inhaled with a great noise,
He exhaled with a whistling noise,
His exhalation was like steam,
His smoke was like a campfire.
In this way he sat and smoked...

This having happened,
He went back to his home,
Coming back to his palace
He called his thirty three warriors,
His three hundred leaders of the army,
His three thousand soldiers,
Calling his uncle Hara Zutan together with them,
They were all assembled together.
All the warriors and archers were there,
All the people and animals were there,

Knowing everything very well,
Understanding everything very well,
Geser called his uncle Hara Zutan before him,
Showing him a severe countenance he said:
"Take all of my weapons,
Take all of my equipment,
Have the great seven smiths forge them again,
Have the capable seven smiths temper them!"
Thus he spoke in a commanding and menacing manner.
When the thirty three warriors,
The three hundred leaders of the army,
And the three thousand soldiers
Saw what had happened,
When they heard what was said,
They were greatly surprised,
They were most astonished.
They blamed themselves for being naive,
They regretted their having been careless.
Malevolent Hara Zutan Noyon
Was very frightened,
He was very terrified,
When he tried to speak
He could say nothing.

When Abai Geser spoke to his uncle Hara Zutan
He wanted to make good of what was wrong,
He spoke these words to him:
"You were part of the good things we were doing,
You were part of the good order we support,
Swearing on the points of the weapons,
May the weapons and the gods be witness,
In the sight of the white Zayaasha of fate I accuse you,
Before Zarligh and Solbon I accuse you,
Before the great white father Esege Malaan Tenger,
Before the white maker of fate I accuse you.
If we forget them harmony would be cut off,
If we are separated from them,
The gods of the skies would pass judgment on us,
The tenger of the heavens would accuse us!"
When Geser had said these things,
Malevolent Hara Zutan acted repentant before his nephew,
He cried and said:
"I cannot escape from the words you have said, my nephew,
I cannot hide from the truths you have said, my nephew,
I will remember until I die
The words you have said,

I will never forget
The beautiful deeds and fate of which you speak.
My nephew Abai Geser,
Please do not blame your uncle,
Arhan Hara Shutger had deceived and trapped me...
Go with fortune and good luck
To any place you intend to go,
May fate and destiny
Bring prosperity wherever you go!"
Malevolent Hara Zutan bowed and worshipped him,
He groveled shaking and trembling.

This having happened
Geser spoke true words
Before the humans and animals:
"Remember your carelessness of the past,
Forget your naiveté and credulousness,
Be ever alert and listening,
Be watching with a sharp eye
For enemies that may be nearby,
Be listening with keen hearing
For enemies that may be far away.
Those who have black thoughts,
Those who forsake the gods,
I cut down with hard steel,
I crush them under a great stone.
I send away those dirty things that never
Went to the water's source,
Those who think wrong thoughts,
Know the wrath of Geser and the gods.
I am speaking true words,
I walk on the true path!"
Thus he spoke and taught.

Thirty three warriors,
Three hundred leaders of the army,
And three thousand soldiers,
Hearing these good words,
Loved Geser even more than they had before,
They listened to him even more than in the past.

Malevolent Hara Zutan Noyon,
Having had so much blame piled on him,
Looked like a very pitiful being,
Looking disheveled before the people,
Bereft of power and ability,

In his evil and dark mind,
In his black and malevolent heart,
Many malicious thoughts were stirring...
This having happened,
All of the warriors and soldiers,
All of the people and animals,
All thought to themselves:
"Malevolent Hara Zutan Noyon,
Following the will of the people,
Is abiding by Geser's law!"
Thus they spoke to Abai Geser.

Geser said to his uncle Hara Zutan:
"My uncle, you allied yourself with Arhan Hara Shutger,
When you did this you became an enemy to living things.
There are many who would have hung you from a red pine,
There are many who would have strung you up with a thick rope!
A people must have its elders,
See the way I am saving you,
A deel must have a hem,
See how I repay your coldness with warmth.
Respect the old men with white hair,
Respect the old women with white canes!
Think well about the simple words I tell you,
Be ever mindful of the path you follow!"
Thus being humiliated in the face of so many people,
He lost his face and teeth before living things.
Malevolent Hara Zutan Noyon,
Feeling greatly embarrassed,
His face was red and flushed.
When he spoke his whole body shook.
Geser and all the people went to their homes,
Geser went to the house of Urmai Goohon.
She brought a golden table and served delicious food,
Bringing a silver table she served beautiful food.
Abai Geser said to her:
"It would not be foolish to say I defeated a great enemy,
I will not say that I conquered a great man!"
He talked with Urmai Goohon,
Who was as beautiful as the red sun,
Until foam formed on the waters,
Until plants would grow on a flat rock
. When the dark of night had come,
When the yellow leaves were falling,
Geser slept under a soft blanket!

The Fourth Branch

Gal Nurma Khan (Part 1)

In the heart of the golden earth,
A place of eternal peace,
In the center of the world,
A place of joy and prosperity,
Where a hundred thousand horses graze in the north
Where countless tens of thousands of cattle graze in the south,
Where people ate three satisfying meals a day,
Where people celebrated three festivals a year,
Was the kingdom of Ganga Bured Khan.

These fortunate people,
Who had never known the hostility of an evil enemy,
This bright land,
Which had never known the blast of a cold harsh wind,
Where the plants grew in the warmth of the sun,
Where clear water ran in streams like silk.

In that long ago time,
The plants grew dry from the roots,
Springs grow dry at their source,
The warm yellow sun was shrouded in darkness,
The nourishing gentle rain stopped falling.
Illness and disease spread among the people,
Plague and anthrax decimated the animals.
The people of the north started dying off,
The people of the south started disappearing.
Every day a thousand people were lost,
Every night a thousand animals passed away...

When this had happened,
The ruler of that land,
Ganga Bured Khan,
Became very surprised,
He was most astounded, and asked:
"Is this something willed by Father Heaven?
Is this something sent by Mother Earth?"
He thought with the full powers of his mind,
He spoke many words to himself.
Taking on the mind of a wolf,
Taking on a heart of stone,
He struck his golden drum,
Calling the people from the north,

He hit his silver drum,
Gathering the people from the south.
The blind came walking with someone to guide them,
The lame were brought in on stretchers.
Ganga Bured Khan,
Who had a nine-sided house with nine bright doors,
With ninety nine windows,
That was as white as the stars,
Opened his massive pearly door in a beautiful way,
He crossed his great granite threshold in a pure way,
Going down the silver steps that could be
run over by a mare with a foal,
Going down the silver walkway that could be
galloped on by a mare with a colt,
Walking without stumbling
He came to greet his people.
This having happened,
The people and animals said to him:
"Is this something willed by Father Heaven?
Is this something sent by Mother Earth?
From an ugly looking land,
From a poor and meager country,
Dried up, withered and full of grief,
From a place of three marshy rivers,
From a place of slippery slopes,
From a land of evil spirits and demons,
From a scorching hot land,
From a dark sunless land,
Came a being with a hundred thousand eyes on his back,
Countless tens of thousand of eyes on his chest,
With a huge round eye on his crown,
With a single fang in his mouth,
With the ability to change himself into two thousand forms,
With the ability to shift himself into a thousand and three shapes,
Burning like fire,
Blazing like flame,
Gal Nurman Khan began to yell and cry!
Setting the surface of the earth on fire!
Covering the lovely lands with poisonous fog,
People and animals are suffering from illness and disease.
This having happened what are we going to do?
How can we respond to this terrible enemy?"
When they looked up they were crying,
When they looked down there were crestfallen...
When they were talking about these things,
No prince or minister has any advice to give...

After this had happened,
A man who could walk under a person's arm,
Short enough to walk between someone's legs,
A dwarf only six spans high,
With a beard six spans long,
With a head of white hair,
With a hat of fluffy mink fur,
A brownish old man,
Came and stood before the princes and ministers,
He began to speak very meaningful words:
"O my people, my princes and ministers,
Listen to the words that I have to say!
This thing that has happened,
This thing we are talking about,
Is not from Father Heaven,
It is not from Mother Earth,
It comes from the forty four tenger of the east,
Who are enemies to the living things
Put here on earth by Esege Malaan Tenger,
By the destiny of Han Hormasta Tenger,
And by the fifty five tenger of the west!
Born from the neck of Atai Ulaan Tenger,
A poisonous and hateful being goes about!
This Gal Nurman Khan
Who has gone on the warpath,
Who has come to burn up the face of the earth,
Who wants to consume humans and animals,
He is born to kill young and old alike!
He who came down to restore order for the three Tugshen khans,
He who brought back their fortunes and happiness,
He who was sent on a mission from the fifty five tenger,
He who was sent by the destiny of the five wise gods,
He who came to suppress and kill evil enemies,
He who came to restore life and happiness,
The red middle son of Han Hormasta Tenger,
Bukhe Beligte Baatar,
Was incarnated as the hero Abai Geser!
Geser who lives by the eternal yellow lake,
Whose herds graze by the river Muren,
Who has a lofty mountain at the source of the Hatan River,
Who has three beautiful queens,
Three princes as uncles,
Thirty three warriors,
Three hundred leaders of his army,
And three thousand soldiers,
Such as man has come down to earth!"

Thus the old man explained his thoughts.
The princes, ministers, and peoples,
Thinking of the words of the brown old man,
Approved of them and said:
"Mountains are tall,
Rivers are long,
Whose able son,
Whose worthy hero,
Shall be sent
To meet Abai Geser?"

This dwarf six spans high,
With a beard six spans long,
This wizened old man said:
"By the warmth of the gulamta,
By the broadness of the rivers,
Among the living things,
There is a boy who is worthy,
Among the herds,
There is a steed to show the way.
You must have tests to find him,
You must have a way to select him.
Selecting a thousand from ten thousand,
Selecting a hundred from a thousand,
Selecting ten from a hundred,
Selecting one from ten,
You will find the warrior fit for the task!
In the same way select his steed
From among the herds!"
Thus he commanded,
The people following the words of the old man,
Selecting from among the many,
Picked Zoodoi Mergen Baatar.
From among the many herds,
They selected a bob-tailed dappled horse.

The lord of that land,
Ganga Bured Khan,
Preparing Zoodoi Mergen Baatar quickly,
Preparing the bob-tailed dappled horse well,
Preparing the horse for the long journey,
Gathering up food for the long road,
He prepared a hundred and twenty carts
Loaded with food and supplies.
Twelve men were to be his companions,
Thus the khan said:

"Let us call you Zoodoi Mergen Baatar
Of the hundred and twenty carts!"
Having been given this nickname,
Having gotten this reputation,
Zoodoi Mergen Baatar,
Who had been chosen by the people,
Had his mouth anointed with spider oil,
So he would not hunger for ten years,
His nose was anointed with worm oil,
So he would not hunger for twenty years.
Followed by his hundred and twenty carts,
Zoodoi Mergen Baatar rode off on his mission.

Zoodoi Mergen Baatar,
Pulling the right rein of the dappled bob-tail horse,
Galloping across thirteen hills,
Led the way.
Bending back twenty three hills,
He jumped ahead on the distant journey.
Coming to one muddy place in the road
The thrush was singing to the months of summer;
He opened up the breast of his fur-lined deel
As he trotted along on his journey.
Coming to a white snowy place in the road
The magpie was singing to the months of winter;
He pushed down his foxfur hat,
As he galloped along on his journey.
Turning the distance of three years' travel
Into the journey of three months;
Turning the distance of three months' travel
Into the journey of three days;
He went with all his might,
He sped toward his destination.

This having happened,
Zoodoi Mergen said to his companions:
"Having fed your animals on the best grass,
Having drank the clear water of the spring,
Go back to your homes,
Go back to your homeland!"
So he sent his party away
And he continued on alone.

So he traveled on by himself,
Even if the place was far he galloped on,
Even if the river was wide he crossed it.

Coming to the land of the eternal yellow lake,
He stopped at the place where the river Muren flowed.
He went on and ascended the sandy Manhan mountain.
Looking from the summit of the mountain
He could see the palace of Abai Geser,
Glittering white with the light of the stars,
Gleaming with the light of the moon.
Looking as if suspended from the heavens,
Looking as if supported by the earth,
Its lower parts shining with starlight,
Its upper part reflecting the constellations.

This having happened,
Zoodoi Mergen Baatar,
Who had been selected by the people,
Taking off the saddle from his bob-tailed dappled horse,
Dusting off his saddle blanket,
Kindled a great bonfire,
Bowing his lovely round head in worship,
Bending his handsome legs in prayer...

Geser got up in the middle of the night,
Looking three times around the earth,
Looking four times around the world,
He saw at the source of the Hatan river,
On the summit of the sandy mountain,
A great red bonfire was burning.
In the glow of the great fire
A single man was bowing again and again,
He was seen praying and worshipping.
When Geser had seen this,
He called the eldest white son of Buuluur Sagaan Tenger,
Buidan Ulaan Baatar,
Who was mindlessly snoring,
Who being roused from his sleep,
Came running to Abai Geser.

The hero Abai Geser said to Buidan Ulaan:
At the source of the Hatan River,
On the summit of the sandy Manhan mountain,
Who worships beside the great red fire?
If he is a bad and useless man,
Shoot him in the head
And bring him back on your horse!
If he is a good man,
And does not break down from fear,

Greet him warmly and invite him to come to me!"
With these words he sent Buidan Ulaan to the mountain,
The white eldest son of Buuluur Sagaan Tenger,
Buidan Ulaan Baatar,
Quickly preparing himself,
Wisely preparing his horse,
Girding on his silvery armor,
Putting on a helmet white as the stars,
Stepping into the stirrups
Of his fat yellow horse that was as brave as an eagle,
He swung into his fine silver saddle.

Climbing up to the source of the Hatan River,
Traveling swiftly and quickly,
Coming to the peak of the sandy Manhan mountain,
He trotted with the steps of a moose.
Soaring like an eagle,
Swooping down like a falcon,
He came to meet Zoodoi Mergen.

When he came to the summit of the mountain,
Zoodoi Mergen lay prostrate in worship:
"When the song of the arrowhead is whistling,
I follow the sound of the arrow."
He was terribly afraid,
He was very terrified,
In his fear he forgot himself,
Bowing down and worshipping.
When Buidan Ulaan Baatar saw this
He was very surprised,
He was most astonished:
"I have not seen people that go below one's foot,
I have not seen humans beneath one's soles.
Who is your father,
Who is your mother?"
With his sleeve lined with sable he slapped his face,
With his sleeve lined with mink he hit his face.
Reviving Zoodoi Mergen Baatar to his true self,
His amin having returned he stood up and spoke.

Zoodoi Mergen Baatar who had been chosen
By the people of Ganga Bured Khan's realm,
Recovering his courage and wits,
Spoke to the tall Buidan Ulaan Baatar:
"I am Zoodoi Mergen Baatar,
Who was selected from the subjects

Of Ganga Bured Khan.
Our people who had such good fortune,
Who never knew an evil or hateful enemy,
Who lived in a bright land
Never blasted by a harsh cold wind,
Where the plants grew in the warmth of the sun,
Where the streams ran clear like skeins of silk,
Suddenly the plants dried up from the roots,
The waters dried up at their source,
The bright yellow sun was obscured by darkness,
Illness and disease spread across the land,
The animals were decimated by plague and anthrax,
From the very beginning of the east,
From an ugly looking land,
From a poor and meager country,
Dried up, withered and full of grief,
From a place of three marshy rivers,
From a place of slippery slopes,
From a land of evil spirits and demons,
From a scorching hot land,
From a sunless land,
There came a monster with ten thousand eyes on his back,
With countless tens of thousands of eyes on his chest,
With a huge round eye on his crown,
With a single fang in his mouth,
With the ability to change himself into two thousand forms,
With the ability to shift himself into a thousand and three shapes,
Burning like fire,
Blazing like flame,
Gal Nurman Khan began yelling and crying.
Burning the surface of the earth,
Killing and consuming the people in the north,
He gathered up their horses and cattle,
Swallowing and eating the people in the south,
He stole their herds of horses and cattle.
I have come to speak with Abai Geser,
I am worshipping and begging
That he save us from this hateful evil enemy!"
Thus were the words of Zoodoi Mergen Baatar.

When he had heard this,
Buidan Ulaan Baatar said:
"For many years this hand has not fought an enemy,
For many days I have not defeated an enemy,
You come speaking fine and suitable words!"
He escorted Zoodoi Mergen Baatar

Back to Abai Geser's home.
Zoodoi Mergen Baatar,
Who had been chosen by his people,
Entered into Abai Geser's gate,
Tying the red reins of his steed
At the fine silver hitching post.

This having been done
He stripped off the saddle from his horse,
Spread out the saddle blanket on the ground
And was bowing and worshipping.
Buidan Ulaan Baatar went inside
To tell Abai Geser what had happened
Geser and his thirty three warriors,
Putting on their clothes,
Greeted and embraced Zoodoi Mergen Baatar.
Stretching out their long arms,
Speaking fine words,
Grasping the right arm they said strong words,
Grasping the left arm they said true words.
Bringing a golden table they served delicious food,
Bringing a silver table they served beautiful food.
Welcoming him as a guest
They served liquor and wine,
Taking him in a white ger
They killed and served a white sheep,
Taking him in a black ger
They killed and served a black sheep.

This having happened,
Geser opened his great book of fate with his thumb,
Reading it by the light of the moon;
He opened it with his fingers,
Reading it by the light of the sun...

Geser's thirty three warriors,
All gathering together said:
"In the light of the day and night,
In the fortune of a year,
This opportunity coming into our hands,
This thing being opened up to us,
We have found a good cause,
We have found a way to distinguish ourselves!"
Thus building up the courage of Zoodoi Mergen
They brought him in to meet Abai Geser.

Zoodoi Mergen Baatar,
Who had been chosen by his people,
Coming to speak with Abai Geser,
Asking for a favor,
Expressing the wishes of his people,
Worshipping and praying,
Abai Geser said to him:
The people and animals living in your land
Are people and animals protected by my father's destiny."
Thus he promised to save them.

When Zoodoi Mergen Baatar
Was happy and rejoicing,
Geser continued to speak:
"According to the destiny dictated by my father,
The time to save you from Gal Nurman Khan is determined.
This time has not come,
I must do battle with him after nine years,
Before that time I am powerless to fight him,
If I go into battle with Gal Nurman Khan before then
My strength will not be enough to defeat him,
He has the ability to change himself into two thousand forms,
He has the ability to shift himself into a thousand and three shapes,
In his two hands he has the power of eight Nasarangi tenger,
In his feet he has the power of eight dragons,
In his chest he has the power of eight liquors.
He has sixty six warriors,
Six hundred leaders of his army,
Six thousand soldiers.
With these odds I cannot win,
Before the appointed time I cannot defeat him.
Compared to the mighty strength of Gal Nurman Khan
Before his power as a man
I am just a boy,
I will be mangled!
Before the power of his dappled grey,
My steed does not reach his tether,
In competing with him
My bay horse Beligen
Is like a colt,
It would be a bloodbath!
Until nine years have passed
Nothing can be done,
Before the proper time
I lack the power to fight him,
I lack the strength to battle him,

A connection cannot be made,
Rain is not allowed to fall,
Go back to the water you drink,
Go back to the land where you were born!"
Thus Abai Geser spoke to Zoodoi Mergen.

Abai Geser's wife Alma Mergen,
Bringing out a gold table she served delicious food,
Bringing a silver table she honored him with beautiful food.
Pouring out liquor and wine
She entertained him as a guest.
Making him get drunk
She restored his confidence.
Zoodoi Mergen Baatar,
Who had been chosen by his people,
Being honored as a guest
At the home of Abai Geser,
Honored Geser as a khan,
Wished good health to his wife,
Saying that he wanted to go home,
Saying he wanted to go to his homeland,
Went outside to prepare to leave.

Geser's thirty three warriors,
Gathering around him
Said to Zoodoi Mergen Baatar:
"Is our hero Abai Geser
Going to rescue your people?"
They asked him most urgently,
Zoodoi Mergen Baatar said to them:
"He says that the people and animals
Who live in my land
Are included in his father's destiny.
The time to intervene
According to his father's will
The time to do battle,
Has not yet come.
Before nine years have passed
He says he lacks the strength
To defeat our enemy.
So Abai Geser has sent me away."
When they had heard these words,
Geser's thirty three warriors'
Hearts began pounding in their chests,
Their mighty strong bodies
Were trembling and shaking,

They said: "If the people of his father's will
Are being murdered and suppressed,
Abai Geser is obligated to rescue them!"
They brought him back inside,
Once more he left without success.

This poor disappointed man,
Leaving for the third time,
The thirty three warriors
Went in together, saying:
"Our hero Abai Geser,
You warrior with magic powers,
Will you not go to help
What Zoodoi Mergen has told you about?
Will you not restore the fortunes
Of the people and living things?
It is time to pick up spear and sword!
It is time to hang on bow and quiver!"
Thus they begged and bothered him.
Geser sent out his warriors,
They were grumbling and complaining,
Zoodoi Mergen Baatar,
Who was waiting outside,
Was sent back to his home.

This having happened,
Buidan Ulaan Baatar,
Went to the benevolent khan,
Who lived in a white valley,
Who rode a buckskin horse as big as an elephant,
Who had a head of whitish grey hair,
Whose path was in the white clouds,
Who had a white bow of rule,
Geser's uncle Sargal Noyon Khan,
Making quick preparations,
Making wise preparations,
He went to him and spoke unhappily:
"Our hero Abai Geser,
Even if he dies and is tied
Onto the saddle straps of Gal Nurman Khan,
Even if when he goes into battle,
He cannot reach to his enemy's stirrups,
Even if he is struck down
And is trampled under his foe's boots,
Even if he falls in battle
And is not able to defeat this trash,

We are ready to die
Fighting an evil enemy,
We are ready to die
Rescuing the people and animals,
We are ready to die
Trying to kill this hateful trash,
We are ready to die
Saving the people according to our destiny,
We are ready to die
Defending the people according to fate,
If we are not allowed to do this,
We will go back to the upper world!
Go to Abai Geser and tell him!"

Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan
Making quick preparations,
Making wise preparations,
His horse's hoofbeats
Making waves splash on the eternal lake,
The trotting of his steed
Making the earth tremble,
Riding to the house of Abai Geser,
Dismounting at his gate,
Tying his horse at the silver hitching post.

This having happened,
The uncle of Abai Geser,
Who lived in a white valley,
Who rode a buckskin horse as big as an elephant,
Who had a head of whitish grey hair,
Whose path was in the white clouds,
Who carried a manly white bow,
Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan,
With golden light burning on his fingers,
With silver light glowing on his fingers,
Coming to greet his nephew,
Reached out and doing zolgoh,
Geser brought him into a white ger
And honored him by killing a white sheep,
Bringing him into a black ger
He honored him by killing a black sheep.
Talking until foam forms on liquor,
The talked until plants grow on a flat stone.

Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan
Reminded his nephew of all that happened before,

He sat and explained things;
Making him remember things from the earliest times,
He spoke in a friendly way:
"You have come on a mission
From the western fifty five tenger,
You have been sent by the destiny
Of the five wise gods,
You have been sent down to earth
To kill and suppress the evil enemies,
You were sent down
To bring life and happiness to humans and animals.
You came to restore the fortunes
Of the land of the three Tugshen khans,
You came to restore the destiny and history
Of the people;
This monster that is incarnated
From the neck of Atai Ulaan Tenger,
This Gal Nurman Khan,
Cannot be fought after nine years,
The people and living things
Will all be destroyed and exterminated before then.
Gal Nurman Khan is swallowing the people from the feet up,
He is gobbling the animals from the head down,
My nephew Abai Geser
Will you not go to fix this,
Will you not rescue
The people and living things?"
When Sargal Noyon Khan spoke these words
Abai Geser was greatly moved,
His blood became hot.

Abai Geser then changed his mind,
And prepared to fight Gal Nurman Khan.
His thirty three warriors,
His three hundred leaders of the army,
His three thousand soldiers,
Were greatly rejoicing
And forgot what happened before;
Being greatly excited
They thought of what was at hand.

Abai Geser said to his thirty three warriors:
"Three days from now,
When the red sun of the morning is rising,
We ride off to do battle.

Sew up what is torn,
Fix what is broken!"

This having happened,
The thirty three warriors,
The three hundred leaders of the army,
The three thousand soldiers
Being too busy to pick up a fallen hat,
For the duration of three days
Making quick preparations,
Made wise preparations for war.

When Geser had decided on the way they would go,
When the red sun of the morning had risen,
He prepared Beligen the bay horse,
This steed with a mighty body,
With wisdom in his bones,
Laying on a silk edged saddle blanket,
Laying on a saddle of chased silver,
Laying on a silver crupper on his flanks
That would never let the saddle slide forward on the journey,
Laying on silver breast straps
That would never let the saddle slide backward on his travels,
Adjusting a girth of ten straps,
Tightening a girth of twenty straps,
Tying his beautiful reins on the saddle horn,
Hanging a quirt with a lovely handle from the saddle horn,
Tying him at the silver hitching post
With eighty rings he said:
"Now that my horse is ready,
I go to prepare myself."
Geser opened his massive pearly door in a beautiful way,
He stepped over his massive granite threshold in a pure way,
Having done this he said to his thirty three warriors:
"Strengthen my bow of seventy layers
Stretch it and put on the string!"
Having said this he gave them
His heroic bow with seventy laminations.

Geser's thirty three warriors,
Trying to bend his heroic yellow bow,
None had the strength to string it;
Their muscles bulging
Their sinews snapping,
Thirty three warriors were unable to string it;
They brought it back to Abai Geser.

The hero Abai Geser,
Supporting it on his two knees,
Was able to bend the great bow,
Was able to string the mighty bow;
Letting it go it snapped into shape:
"When I pick you up in the summertime,
You are my very fine bow,
When I hold you in the wintertime,
You are my very good bow!"
Thus he praised his bow,
Giving it his blessing.
Having done this,
He pulled on his black pants
Sown from the hides of seventy deer,
Tugging them up on his legs,
He pulled on his black boots,
Made of sealskin,
Tugging them over his feet,
Pulling on his thick silk deel
That he always wore in battle,
Buttoning up its seventy brass buttons
With the strength of his thumb,
Dressing and turning around
In the light from his door,
Preparing himself and pulling on his clothes
In the light from the smokehole,
Dusting off his garments,
Winding his silver sash around his waist,
Girding on his silvery steel sword on his left side,
Hanging on his yellow steel knife on his left side,
Pulling on a black armored shirt
That would not be penetrated by seven days of rain,
That would not be penetrated by seventy arrows,
Hanging his silver decorated bowcase on his right side,
Hanging his gleaming chased silver quiver on his left side,
Putting his heroic yellow bow
Made of seventy layers of wild goat horn into its case,
Putting seventy five arrows into his quiver,
So that it would be like his shadow in summer,
Putting ninety five arrows into his quiver,
So that it would be his help in winter,
Putting silver armor over his shoulders like wings,
Putting forged steel armor over his breast,
He was glittering like the sun,
He was like a tree in full bloom.
He put on his fluffy mink hat,

That was as big as a haystack,
That was decorated with thick tassels.
Putting on armor on his back that was never defeated,
Putting armor on this chest that was never subdued,
Melting spider oil in his mouth
So that he would not be hungry for ten years,
Anointing his nose with worm oil
So that he would not be hungry for twenty years.

This having been done
Geser's wife Alma Mergen
Bringing a golden table with delicious food,
Bringing a silver table she honored him with beautiful food.
Pouring out liquor and wine
For Geser and his thirty three warriors
Until they were red faced and drunk,
She fed them until they were full.
They stood up to leave,
They got up to ride on their journey;
Opening the massive pearly door in a beautiful way,
They stepped over the granite threshold in a pure way.
Walking down the steps that a mare with her foal could run on
They did not stumble,
Going down the walkway that a mare with her colt could run on
They did not fall.
Loosening the red reins
Of Beligen the bay horse
From the silver hitching post,
Stepping into the massive silver stirrups
Geser swung into his chased silver saddle.
His thirty three warriors
Followed him three by three,
As they rode they left no trail,
The round hooves left no tracks,
Thus they sped on their way toward the east!

Geser traveled the distance of three days' journey,
His horse's hoofbeats on the khans' straight road were like thunder;
Traveling this distance of four days' journey,
The hoofbeats struck sparks on the people's broad road,
Passing the border of the homeland that nourished him,
Geser entered a land that was cold for people.

This having happened
They came to a silvery hill
Where people had never come before,

They drank from a black spring,
From which no living thing had ever drank.

When this had happened
A stag and doe came running out before them...
Geser drew out his heroic yellow bow
And shot them both with a single arrow:
"If game comes out before thirty three warriors,
If we are unable to shoot them
We should turn around and go home."
Thus Geser spoke as he shot his arrow.

Thirty three warriors gathered up the two deer,
They kindled a fire and roasted them.
Geser rested with his thirty three warriors;
They rode off in the following morning.

This having happened,
Geser's uncle Sargal Noyon Khan,
Who lived in a white valley,
Who rode a buckskin horse as big as an elephant,
Who had a head of whitish grey hair,
Who had a path in the white clouds,
Who had a white manly bow,
Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan said:
"I cannot hear the war cries of my nephew Abai Geser,
I do not hear the hoofbeats of Beligen the bay horse!"
Thus he quickly mounted his great buckskin horse,
Following that path of his nephew Abai Geser.
Pulling on the reins on the right side,
Lashing the right flank with his quirt,
He kicked up red dust to cover the earth,
He kicked up yellow dust rising to the heavens,
Going with all his might,
Going as fast as he could.

This having happened
Geser heard hoofbeats from the distance
Of three days' travel.
Bringing his horse to a halt
He was greatly surprised,
He was greatly amazed.
He said to his thirty three warriors:
"I hear the hoofbeats of a great buckskin horse,
I hear the cries of my uncle Sargal Noyon Khan!
My warriors look back on the trail,

Can you see him coming?"
When he had asked this
All of the warriors looked back;
Red dust was spreading over the earth;
Yellow dust was rising to the heavens.
The great buckskin horse thundered as it came,
The cries of Sargal Noyon could be heard as he approached.

Abai Geser got down from his horse,
Waiting to greet his uncle Sargal Noyon.
Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan
Catching up with them,
Coming up to Geser's party,
He stopped next to Abai Geser,
He asked his nephew:
"Why did you leave me behind?"

Abai Geser said to his uncle:
"I left you to watch over the people and animals,
To guard the gulamta,
Coming here to meet me
You are neglecting our homeland."
Thus he tried to persuade his uncle.
Sargal Noyon Khan was insistent,
Wanting to ride with him on the road to war.

Thus Abai Geser said to him:
"I cannot trust my uncle Hara Zutan,
Go back to your house,
Do dallaga for the benefit of the people."
He then took off the white silk shirt
That he wore next to his body,
Giving it to Sargal Noyon he said:
"If I am defeated in battle
This will turn brown and be ruined;
If I defeat my enemy
This will be even cleaner than before."
Benevolent Sargal Noyon Khan
Pulled the shirt onto his own body,
Then he said to his nephew:
"Go and defeat your enemy,
Return when you have caught the colt!
Go on the way you intend to go,
Return with health and good fortune!
When you go to fight your enemy
I will help you in one way."

Having said these words
He turned around to go home.
Sargal Noyon Khan had given his blessing;
He had the power that if the thirty three warriors were killed
He could resurrect them on the following day.
By his magical power, if their bows had been broken
He could restore them so they could shoot arrows again.

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