

GALIYA UTEBEKOVA

The tale of a kid with golden horns



Once upon a time, there lived in the heart of the world, amongst the great steppe, under the golden sun and blue sky, in their felted houses very brave nomad people.

There were only a few of them because in winter strong winds brought snow and everything was icebound and in summer the heat burned and wasted the steppe. Only strong and determined people could survive in this land. They fed their sheep, almost always on their horses and protected themselves from enemies and wild animals.

The Great Silk Road crossed this country and caravans carried precious silk and other goods from the East to the West and back again and strangers knew, that in the event of any difficulty the nomads would help them, for this was the Law of the steppe.

The magic beings and gods of this country, Tengry, the Lord of the Sky, and Umai, the Mother Land, always protected their brave people and helped them to survive. There was no one else who, in this large country with such a great sky strewn with billions of stars, gave the people great power.

The main treasures of this land were the people, their good relations, their support, the laws of hospitality, traditions and especially children.

These people would care for everyone and when a child was born they had a great celebration known as “toi” and invited guests from all nearby auls .

They knew life was hard in the steppe, so when they met any stranger, they gave him special treatment and warmth, allowing him to relax and only then did they talk to him. Often the strangers told different stories, as it happened on this occasion.

“Once two children, a girl named Aisulu and a boy called Kuntu, played near their aul, when suddenly they saw a snow white kid with golden horns and hooves.

There was a golden ball shining over its head. When the kid jumped, turned around, the ball sparkled in the sun and there were sunlight spots surrounding it, which made everything shine brighter.

This miracle surprised the children and they wanted to catch the spots, so they followed the kid, but it ran further and further away from the aul.

It was a beautiful, warm day and they did not notice how, but found themselves far away with the sun about to set. But the sunlight spots were attracting them, looking like slim golden leaves lying on the ground; Aisulu and Kuntu gathered them happily and ran forward.

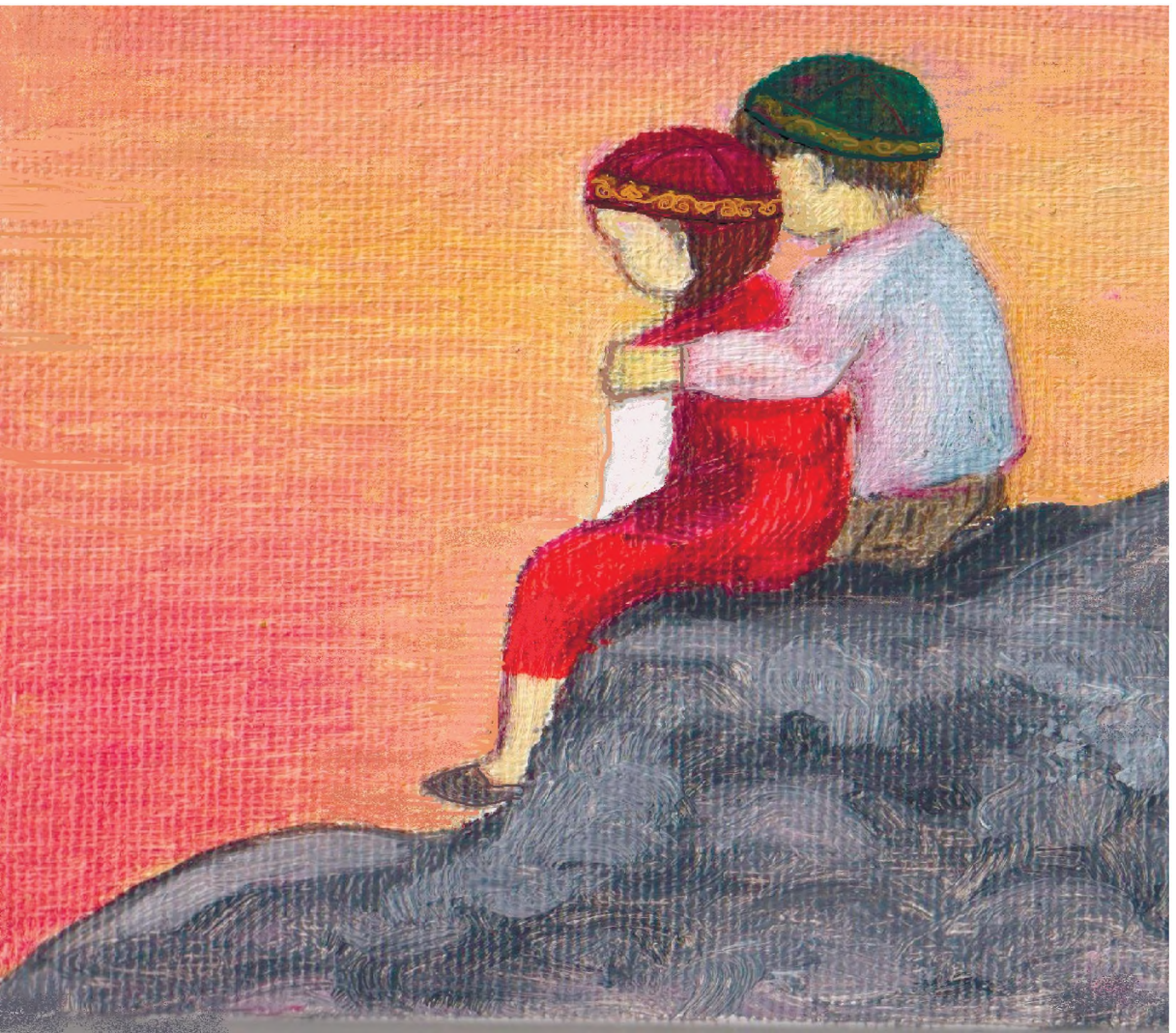
Feather grass was touching them gently, birds were singing, the wind was fresh, the smell of zhusan gave them strength, big white clouds were floating above them and the children were very happy. They talked and decided that the kid with golden horns might lead them to some treasure, which they could then be able to take home.



And soon there appeared some hills and rocks overgrown with juniper, the sun was disappearing behind them, the white kid was going up the stones and the children were finding it more and more difficult to go up. They were following the kid whose steps were like sparkling golden leaves.

The sun was slowly disappearing behind the hill and they were trying to follow the rays and reach the top while it was still light, because as the spots began to dim the leaves were also starting to disappear.

And then, with the last ray of the sun, the kid with the golden ball disappeared behind the rocks and the night was approaching. The leaves of the spots were still shining like pieces of coal; but Aisulu and Kuntu were becoming afraid with every dimming piece of coal.





Stars appeared in the blue sky, the wind was already cool. The distracted children did not know what to do or where to go, they were lost.

– Mom, Mo-o-o-om! – cried Aisulu, the wind caught the sound and soon brought it to the aul, where people were already looking for the children. Naturally, the parents were worrying the most. Kuntu felt ashamed – they had forgotten that their parents did not allow them to go far away and, being the brother, he did not stop his sister following the kid with the golden horns.

The stars were watching the children from the dark sky with their shining eyes. They wanted to help, but were too far away.

The children were shivering, the voices of wild animals could be heard in the darkness, and next to them something was rustling in the grass.

– Mom, Mom! – called the children together, they cried louder, but nobody came.

Only the steppe helped the wind and also called: Umai! Umai! – the wind and the steppe called the goddess for help, only she could be of any assistance at this moment.

– Umai! Umai! – called the stars to the winged protectress of the children, who could hear them calling, because she went up to the sky to watch all the people of this enormous country.

She heard the voices of the stars, going where the wind showed her and carrying a cup with milk from Sut-Kol in her hands.



Aisulu and Kuntu were sitting near a big stone crying and hugging one another to keep warm, they thought about their parents, grandparents and all the people who were looking for them at that time and decided that they would always obey the adults from now on.

And suddenly they saw stars sparkling in the sky; the moon appeared and showed the beautiful Umai heading straight to them! She was wearing a dress in the colour of the starry night, a trident crown and carrying the golden bow, her winged coat was fluttering and the bells on her winged sleeves were sounding calming.

Umai smiled, gave the children the cup with the magic milk, which satisfied their hunger and thirst and gave them strength and warmth. Then she hugged them and then they headed together with the wind towards the aul.

What a wonderful flight it was! The children saw the ground in the moonlight from the sky. The rivers and lakes were glittering in that light as well as the steppe with the waves of feather grass, finally, they saw the lights of their home aul and people going through the steppe with torches.

Umai went close to the ground, left Aisulu and Kuntu next to their home, and touched the children's clothes with the golden arrow, telling them to keep the secret and disappeared.

The children ran home where they were met first by their grandparents and then the others, their mother finally hugged them and cried in happiness. The children told how they ran after the kid and wanted to play with it and they hoped to find some treasure for all of them.

And at that moment they reached for the dimmed leaves of the sunlight spots in their pockets, the light appeared again, and the golden leaves flew off spinning around the mother and turned into her necklace! It was the present of Umai and the remembrance of the most important treasure – the mother, the family and that nothing could lead one too far away where it is possible to get lost for ever.”

The stranger finished his story and everyone thought about what they heard. In the morning he went away and in the nearest left corner of the yurt there was a winged doll with the golden crown wearing a blue dress and holding a cup in her hands, whilst the bells were quietly ringing calming the children as a reminder that Umai always cares for them. Since then, there has always been the protectress Umai to the left of every front door. And everyone lived happily ever after and cared for one another.





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Алтын мүйізді лақ
туралы ертегі

ГАЛИЯ УТЕБЕКОВА
Сказка о золоторогом
козленке

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