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Old-time boy

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There was rough time came and atmosphere of countryside is trivial. Along the sandy spring-well and bushy hills smoke occasionally curling from ragged ger. Four cardinal directions covered with haze and sadness. Intense heat of summer burns felt ger that makes shepherd angry. Dung is continuously through the side walls of ger. Here and there, few calves gamboling in the sweltering heat. This life ends as migrating up and down along just one river or settling down all round just one well, starting from the time when learn to walk till become grizzled man.

Lama Jambal who takes seat in honored place of the ger, always talks about religion and trivial chief Namjil comes to philosophize on the rules. Each time wears away like listening those things. They left behind a reality of the world due to their thoughts of that there is no place to see or nobody to meet away from the horizon. During the whole life, they only pray to Buddha in the mornings, worship the sky in the evenings. Like staying in thick fog there is no meaning to live.

Old-time boy came over as sitting side wisely on his tawny horse. Bristling several hairs of his entangled braid hang down his cheekbone. He pulled out his filthy torn garment, so his weather-beaten elbows were appeared. The boy dismounted from the horse, pulled the reins and attach to the pommels of the saddle. Then wiped the sweat from his forehead by bottom of his deel and went inside after blown his nose. "The Baldans are making felt. The Tsends are pasturing their sheep on salt marsh. Damba is looking for his horse. Gombo has arrived from Khangai." He talked these words as news to elders. But he neither dares to look right straight into the Jambal nor say anything to Namjil. From here he had bowl yogurt and some husam (sediment on the bottom of a pot after boiling milk), also had koumiss (fermented milk of mares) in return of pulling calves for wealthy man Baljir. A noble man Dendev gave some paunch, because the boy helped him to slaughter a sheep. That is how he used to live. Even though he was clever man, there was nothing much to know, since he has never been to another place and even has not think to try find it.

However, old-tome boy was young, he lost his family besides as poor as dirt. Therefore he had to serve to other people alternately. During winter he has to tend horses, in summer has to herd the sheep but marmot was the only meal for fall and spring. He thought

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there is nothing true except word of olds and nowhere to go except the four of winter, autumn, spring and summer quarters. In other words he was grown up in crudity of the countryside. How unfortunate life, how lovable young blood, why he is not willing to search new world? How could he realize that poor situation? How could he recognize misfortune of feudalist and lamas? Not just old-time boy but also all people closed the eyes and ears, believed their pain as happiness; brutality as enjoyment and it was nearly to be left in wide open steppe forever.

How regrettable, how pitiful!

Fortunately, from the day when one of his friends built the source of revolution there was bright light in the inversion of the pot. They knew that there is new life beyond the skyline, acknowledged about five oceans and five continents in the end together led the way to new world.

Feudalist Mongolian became a revolutionist

Old-time boy became modern man

What a happiness, what a fortune.