



The Adventures of Aldar Kose: The Wise Trickster

Аі Жақсылыкова



Aldar Kose stands on a grassy hill overlooking the vast Kazakh steppe, his face weathered by the sun and his eyes twinkling with mischief. He wears a simple, tattered tunic and carries a small wooden staff, looking out at the endless horizon where the earth meets the sky.



A wealthy Bai, adorned in shimmering silk robes and a heavy fur hat, sits proudly on a magnificent white stallion next to a table laden with roasted meat and golden bread. He looks down with a cold, arrogant expression as Aldar approaches, refusing to share even a scrap of his feast.



As a biting wind begins to howl across the plains, Aldar Kose begins to fan his face with his hat, pretending to wipe sweat from his brow. He acts as though he is suffering from intense heat, even though the grass around him is starting to frost.



The Bai, shivering and pulling his furs tighter, looks at Aldar in disbelief and asks how he could possibly be hot in such a thin cloak. Aldar leans closer and whispers that his tattered cloak is a magical treasure that absorbs the sun's warmth and keeps the wearer boiling hot.



The greedy Bai's eyes light up with desire, and he immediately demands to trade his expensive fur coat and his beautiful white horse for the magical hot cloak. Aldar pretends to be reluctant, stroking the thin fabric of his cloak as if it were the most precious silk in the world.



The trade is completed, and the Bai quickly wraps himself in the thin, hole-filled rags, standing frozen and confused as the cold wind cuts through the fabric. Aldar Kose, now warm in the Bai's heavy furs, waves a cheerful goodbye as he gallops away on the powerful white horse.



Aldar arrives at a cluster of humble yurts where the villagers are huddled together, their faces weary from a long, hard winter. He opens the large leather bags tied to the horse, revealing the Bai's stolen treasures and plenty of delicious food.



The village square becomes a place of celebration as Aldar hands out warm clothes to the elders and handfuls of dried fruit and meat to the children. The fire in the center of the camp burns brightly, reflecting the newfound hope and joy in everyone's eyes.



Far away on the lonely road, the greedy Bai is seen walking slowly through the tall grass, his thin rags fluttering in the wind as he realizes he has been outsmarted. He looks back at the distant village lights, finally understanding that his own greed was the trap that caught him.



As the first light of dawn paints the steppe in shades of pink and gold, Aldar Kose continues his journey toward a new horizon. He rides his horse with a gentle smile, knowing that wherever there is injustice, his wit will be there to set things right.