



The Blizzard's Unity

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Duman and Erbol, two Kazakh shepherds, watched their separate sheep pens in the cold winter Qystau, a low wooden fence a silent barrier between them. Suspicious glances were their only exchange as a frosty silence hung heavy in the air. Suddenly, an older woman pointed urgently to the sky, where dark, ominous clouds gathered, warning of a coming storm.



The boran, a fierce blizzard, struck with full force, a whirlwind of heavy, swirling snow blasting across the Qystau. Inside Duman's wooden shelter, his sheep huddled, terrified, as the structure groaned under the assault. With a deafening crack, the ferocious wind tore a large section of the wall away, sending snow blasting inside and several panicked sheep fleeing into the blinding white chaos.



From the warmth of his own sturdy shelter, Erbol watched Duman's desperate struggle through a small opening. He saw the collapsing shelter and the sheep disappearing into the whiteout, a stark image of danger. A wave of conflict washed over Erbol's face, but as the severity of the crisis became clear, his long-held rivalry softened into genuine concern and a firm resolve to help.



Without a moment's hesitation, Erbol and his brave young son burst out into the raging storm. They battled against the fierce winds and blinding snow, their faces stung by the cold and their clothes whipping around them. Using ropes to guide them, they carefully rounded up Duman's lost sheep, one by one, coaxing them back towards the relative safety of Erbol's strong camp.



Inside Erbol's large, resilient shelter, the animals from both herds were now packed tightly and safely, their warm breaths filling the air. Both families huddled together, the tense fear replaced by profound relief and shared warmth. Duman, his eyes filled with gratitude, offered Erbol some dried meat and bread from his bag, a silent but heartfelt gesture of thanks for their lives.



The next morning, the sun rose, casting a golden glow over the desolate, snow-covered landscape, Duman's collapsed shed a stark reminder of the night. Both families emerged from Erbol's sturdy shelter, tired but safe, blinking in the new light. Duman and Erbol stood by the low fence, a symbol of their past, and warmly shook hands, their faces reflecting mutual respect. Together, they began to dismantle the fence, ready to face the future side-by-side, sharing resources and repairing the damage, embodying the spirit: "Бірлік бар жерде — Тірлік бар."