

## Перевод

на английский отрывка из произведения «Отзовись, мой жеребенок» О. Бокея.

Folenevder Irina  
English teacher  
School – gymnasium #1  
Mamlutka

Why, everything in this world is just a tribute to the past. But when we were going the lake Auliekol around I forgot about it, I really forgot about everything in this world. All my feelings tangled in the being's nets suddenly set free and melted away in the crowns of the mighty cedars which crowded the lake. The noise of the stream falling down into Auliekol from the great Ashkoky burst into my ears. Here is a place of white boiling, blinding splashes and flying high into the sky foam! Suddenly horror stricken I tightened the bridle – reins as it seemed to me that the lake Auliekol had shrived up and turned to marsh, and instead of our tempestuous mountain river in front of me there is just a waterless ravine. What's happened to you, my dear Altai? That can't be true! Got save us... Not clear inspiration is overcoming me again, my lips are whispering something but I don't see anything around... I hear drumming of hoofs of hundreds of thousands of steppe horses; millions of birds of paradise are singing in my soul; thousands of lakes like Auliekol are flooding in my breast but the heart feels tight; I open my mouth; oh, Lord, hardly ever my eyes have been so insatiable, I can't let my glance rest upon something while thorough surveying of these mountains, masses as well as every peak and jut. I am a poet! My tutor is my native land, my teacher is – severe Altai!

What's going on? Am I out of my mind with the joy which fell from above on me like a waterfall?

Oh, Altai, you are my life! What if I have overpraised you while describing your qualities?!