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Of course all should pay a tribute to the past in this world. But when we circumflexed the Auliekol Lake, I forgot about it. I put out of my head everything. My feelings, which got into a muddle of ends, suddenly break loose and blended in the crowns of atlanian cedars, surrounding the lake. My ears were blown up by the gill, cascaded to the Auilekol lake from the Akshoky. It is here, this is the place with the white ebullition glory lipper and foamite, which carrying away into the sky. And suddenly I pull reins in forrour. It seemed to me that Auliekol lake died. Shapeshifted in swamp and gusty mountain river disappeared into thin air, and I see only water free gullet. What is happend with you, my Altai? That can not be true. The fate will prevent it... And again acataleptic spirit invades in me, and my lips say under my breath something, I don't see anything around. There is a drumming hot rattle of hundreds thousands steppe stallions; I'm in the seventh heaven; I open my mouth I choke with happens, I can-not focus on anything, I gare shrilly in mountains, in thes giants, every cusp, every brow. I'm a versifier! My precepiress is my dear land, my tutor is my dour Altai. What's happened with me? Mya be I'm crazy with joy, which came came upon me as a waterfall? Oh, Altai! You are my life! May be I overpraised you, telling about your perfections.