

## One Summer Night

It was the middle of summer, and to the rear of a knoll which ran south from a rocky ridge on the northwestern slopes of the Bogd Uul, the pride of the capital, there was a wooded gorge which continued down and opened out at the place where the summer camp was located. A beautiful, sunny, July day drew to an end.

When the golden sun slanted towards the horizon far to the west above the wide, vast Tuul river valley, pink and murky-grey clouds were separating and sometimes re-joining like a floating camel caravan, and when taken in with a glance, looked like the looming brocades of a snowy majestic mountain.

Above the tall mountains to the west, the thick clouds still shadowed the slopes and hills of the plains, which were cloaked in a dark blanket.

Suddenly, for some unknown reason, the winds blowing from the northwest completely changed their direction and turned to blow from the south as if to see off the evening sun on its journey, the yellow sun surging westwards as it set. At a stroke, the stifling heat of the day was exchanged for the cool, fresh air of the evening.

In a magical way, as though blessed by nature, that abrupt fluctuation in the weather spontaneously influenced the characters of the animals. Cuckoos and other small birds fluttered their wings, soared into the air and chirped and frolicked to and fro. A beautiful flock of piebald magpies perched in line on the poles of the corral, twittering with their throbbing voices as hard as they could, as if forewarning of some dangerous event.

Having drunk their fill, a few cows lazily chewed their cud in the thick soft grass, barely capable of arising and standing as if not knowing why they were doing so. However, regardless of the weather, the black crows and grey hawks were used to flying high and expertly seeking out and scooping up the remains of food carelessly thrown away by the summer campers.

Before long the clouds gathered and coalesced to cover the sky and shut out the sun. In an instant, dusk arrived, beckoning in the night and its darkness. The shrill sounds of children and the lively talk of adults quieted down as noise died away from the traffic climbing up the paved asphalt road of the mountain valley. Suddenly, the summer campers became quiet. The gathering strength of the whistling wind was reminiscent of a spring storm on the open steppe. Flashes of lightning flew like sparks and when the thick, swarming black clouds were slashed open by these flaming arrows, the heavens gave out a vibrating, rumbling noise.

That frightening thunderous noise repeatedly rattled the windows, its echoes numbing the minds of the people. The tremendous noise coming from the heavens sounded just like the explosions from heavy gun fire during the war. The transformation taking place in the air caused the trees and bushes to sway in the summer camp. The tall, graceful poplars blocked the rushing whistling wind, with their long limbs and wet leaves

bowing, bending, thrashing, and entwining around each other. Acacia, larch, pine, spruce, and planted trees such as the bird-cherry tree clasped each other while remaining rooted, as if trading blows.

As midnight approached, the glaring, thunderous noise of the heavens subsided into the distance. But the rain still poured down without stopping, and flowed down the rain gutters from the roofs of the buildings, making a continuous gurgling noise.

The summer campers saw out this anxious night in different ways. The tired children, who had spent the whole day running about and playing, were used to sleeping soundly whatever the circumstances, tucked up in their warm, brownish-colored quilts. The thunderous noise of the rain and the damp coldness made some people try and work out the reason for this unusually dark night. They paced to-and-fro peering in vain through the windows. Others found ways to catch drips coming through the holes in the roof by placing buckets and basins underneath them. One clever person who had anticipated all possible needs, lit some previously prepared dry wood in the iron stove using an unseen ember, thereby warming the building. Some of the more argumentative people, who had not forgotten the floods of previous years speculated with glee that anything might happen in rain as heavy as this. However, those who had had some experience of life said that the evening rain would not last long, and as the old-timers used to say, a thunderous sky usually never ended in flooding.

As the summer campers had thought, the thunderous noise and glare of the night did not in fact last long. Suddenly, by the middle of the night, the heavily falling rain seemed to die down and stop. The thick clouds in the night sky were blown away by the wind turning from the north, and while the clouds were being dispersed, the dawn soon arrived.

All the crises experienced by the people as a result of the ferocious fluctuation in the heavens were over now. The dim and dark harshness of the night changed into a clear, bright morning, and everything became peaceful. All around, nature awoke from its sleep, and the living things nearby rearranged themselves. The trees, bowed by the wind, and the grass and plants, flattened by the weight of water, regained their usual shapes and heights, and flowers and bouquets of many colors blossomed. The morning sun beamed its yellowish rays over the high mountain tops, and as the rays sparkled down, they illuminated every building in the summer camp. A powerful heat turned on everyone like friendly laughter and warmed everything which had been made uncomfortable by the rain and dampness of the night before. Mist rose from the wet ground basking in the morning sun. Mingling and wafting with the aroma of clean, clear air, it seemed to be purifying the hearts of all living creatures.

The whistling, melodious singing of the Mongolian lark, the singer of the steppes, was heard nearby. The cuckoo's song echoed in the trees of the southern mountains. Everyone is touched by Mother Nature's hidden, tuneful, but communicative echoes. The gentle, gurgling noise of the clear stream coming down the mountain comforts everyone.

On December 20, 1991 the current Presidium of the Central Committee passed a resolution which read:

... it is obvious that at the time Shirendev was being punished by the Party, some high officials in the Party and government leadership who had misused their powers gave those



people they disliked a bad name politically, and used all sorts of pretexts to criticize them. All kinds of information on the above-mentioned activities were gathered and utilized through the channels of the Party Investigative Commission and the Ministry of Public Security. Some people in responsible positions in the Academy of Sciences were forcibly included in this investigation, the consequences of which were reflected in the above-mentioned Politburo resolution of 1981 and in the material issued at the meeting of academy activists which was held in response to it. Nowadays, many kinds of work are being carried out by the transformed organizations of our country. Democracy and open discussion are growing, our citizens are using their powers, and the time has come to strive actively for the good of our motherland. . . .

I presented a typed manuscript of this book to my editor on June 5, 1989. Before long it was transferred to the joint editorial board of the Soëmbo publishing company. However . . .

In an interview published in the newspaper *Ardyn Erkh* on August 1, 1990, the Japanese specialist I. Shirano said, "In terms of your national income per head of population, you are quite poor. It is possible to escape from this situation, but for this to happen you must work single-mindedly for the sake of the nation. If you do this, in ten to fifteen years' time Mongolia will become as developed as Thailand or South Korea and in twenty five years you will be able to catch up with Japan."

If we wish to raise the glory of our dear country with the famous name Mongolia, then Mongols must maintain an honest, dignified temperament. At home, in public, or while traveling in foreign countries, their thoughts must always be disciplined. Whether in managing the economy, producing goods, or acquiring knowledge, it is right that we should strive and work to say that it was achieved in Mongolia, using Mongolian wisdom and techniques.

May the pillars of government be strengthened,  
May you cherish your native customs,  
May you do it before you talk about it.  
Along the path of D. Sükhbaatar we will all reach  
the summit of happiness.

Kind-hearted ones,  
Let us make this a country of good workers.  
If flowers can adorn the wide world  
Then good people will decorate the nation.