

# The Book of Edef Wicked Atundash

There was a land a long time ago where people obeyed the gods implicitly. Different animals used to live on that land: cats, dogs, sheep, cows, camels and many other wild creatures. There used to grow different trees and bushes like apple trees, grapes, pear, peach and cherry trees and many others with tasty fruit.

People on that land were also very different. Some of them used to make the others submit, and they were called wicked. They bit animals, chopped fruit trees and worshipped the Lord Atundash – he used to have the power equal to the power of three bulls. He could smash any stone with his fist and could snatch a huge tree.

His tremendous power enslaved weak people in his attempt to conquer the whole world. However, it was impossible to conquer a huge world and all the people whose heart love, loyalty and justice live in because lord Sumur, who was Atundash's blood brother, protected them.



Sumur was the complete opposite of his brother. He called every living thing nature and was a very kind man. Besides, his power was a thousand times greater than Atundash's.

He could turn a mountain upside-down with one hand and wrest the tree from the root with one blow

only. Nevertheless, Sumur did not want to hurt animals and trees, which he considered his friends, and to weak people, which he considered his brothers.

Lord Sumur used to say that only the alive can give birth to life and the Lords of the universe just help it. The sun warms the land, and the water makes the soil wet. The moon brings light and peace in the darkness of night, and nature creates life, and people should help each other. They should feed animals and look after them and then they will love the people back. Cows will give milk; camels will give chal and help to carry cargo. Moreover, sheep will give wool to people, not letting them get cold.

Sumur also used to say that it is essential to care about the trees and bushes, which are the ancestors of all the living. You need to give them fresh water and plough the soil with the arrival of spring, and then you will have delicious fruits: apples, cherries, pears, peaches and many other fruit and berries.

"My brothers, people!" powerful lord Sumur was shouting from the high mountain, "love nature and help each other. It is only kindness which can help the universal gods protect the nature!"

Therefore, two brothers were separated by claiming endless war to each other. Sumur was on the bright side, and Atundash chose the dark side for himself.

For many years, good Lord Sumur fought off his

evil brother's attacks, who tried to damage nature by all the possible means: he set fire to trees and bushes, kidnapped weak people, and enslaved them. Every time Sumur put out the fire. He returned his brothers to a kind land without any weapon and blood, but with the help of his wisdom. However, everything comes to an end. After a life of eighty-eight winter and eighty-seven hot summers, Lord of good passed away, and the Earth God took Sumur in his arms.

People mourned the Lord for forty days and forty nights. Only Atundash felt happiness because of his brother's death. Because in the never-ending struggle between good and evil, Lord Sumur managed to return all his friends-animals and all his brothers-people to the lands where the living devoted itself to the nature and helped it. Animals left the lands of the wicked Lord and didn't breed there. People were running away, even the leaves of the trees scattered to the winds in attempts to find freedom. And when there was no one and nothing left for evil deeds, the Lord of evil was left all alone.

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A couple years after his brother's death, lonely Atundash came out to the house porch. There was a pail full of milk. The Lord was surprised. He looked around. "What if someone wants to poison me?" he thought and

picked up the pail.

He looked around the second time, holding a wooden jar in his hands and leaning against the edge of the bucket lips, drank the milk up.

“Who left that?” he shouted and, after breaking the wooden jar off the ground, kicked it towards the drought-cracked field.

Thinking about what had happened on the porch, Atundash was walking around the house and suddenly saw a man. He had a big white beard, and his body was covered by torn clothes.

“Strange,” the Lord muttered under his breath. “Hey, man, what are you doing here, eh?” he shouted to the back of an unknown traveller.

The old man stopped for a few seconds and, without turning around, said, "Before calling me old, you'd better turn your gaze on yourself, whose beard is whiter than the clouds in the sky."

“What did you say, a smart aleck?! Go away, and do not show up again. Shoo, shoo” Atundash started to through pieces of mud to the old man.

The following day, the lord went out on the porch at home and was surprised again to see a wooden jar of milk in front of him.

“What’s that? Who’s brought it?” he thought and drank the milk up.

When this strange thing happened for the second time, the evil Lord started thinking about and, trying to