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"I'm and , as you can see,
I've traveled far—It seems to me,
Though, such a boy, so bright and clever
I have never met—not ever!"

I want you never to forget
Me, lad, so if you will, do let
Me you something that I've got
That no one else has, Tsingl Khvat.

I've a so very rare,
Runs as if he on air,
Like an from the bow—
That's how quickly he can go.

I also have a
That does the most amazing thing—
Just it around,
And starts falling to the ground.

So, my boy, I'll let you choose
Which thing would you like to use?
 or , whichever one—
It's yours no sooner said than done!"

"Horse or ring—which one?" thought Tsingl.
How his mind began to tingle!
"Magic ring or flying horse?"
So he , "Both, of course!"

The dismounted, and
He took the from off his hand.
"You're quite a fellow, I must say,
Dear Tsingl! Now, be on your way."

He gave the horse a hearty slap,
And Tsingl shouted, "Giddyap!"
To say good-bye he turned around—
The man was nowhere to be found!

Tsingl blinked—where did he go?
Then, like an arrow from the
The horse flew from the place
And up the side they raced.

They reached the top; said Tsingl, "Whoa!"
And with the magic ring just so
He turned it around—
Then fell gently to the ground.

Next day, folks got out of bed,
Took a look outside and said,
"What is this?" How they did stare!
"Are those snowflakes in the air?"

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They looked and looked—what a surprise!
They couldn't quite believe their eyes.
And then, they all began to cheer:
"At last, there's snow! The snow is here!"

The townsfolk wanted to ,
But they asked, all in one voice:
" is Tsingl? Where's the boy?
Without him there'll be no joy!"

His went to find her son.
She called and called his name, 'til one
Schoolboy told her he was lost—
Stuck in beneath the frost.

How she , did Tsingl's mother!
People said to one another,
"Well, you see? It isn't right
To walk outside ."

But worry not for Tsingl Khvat—
Remember now, that he has got
The noble's swift and trusty
And the , of course.

Tsingl and the horse fly fast
Like a whirl , rushing past
 , forests, countryside—
Traveling the whole world wide.

 away from home he flew,
And the followed, too—
Disappeared without a trace,
Off to yet another place.

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Now, when winter comes to town,
And only rain comes pouring down—
And there is no snow to see,
As if the snow had ceased to be—

Then Tsingl and his horse take flight
So swiftly through the starry night
That no one ever really knows
Just when and where our Tsingl goes.

Tsingl and his horse fly fast,
Like a whirlwind, rushing past;
Riding through the marketplace,
Then, up the mountainside they race.

They stop when Tsingl calls out, "Whoa!"
And with the magic ring just so,
He turns it seven times around,
And snow falls gently to the ground.