

## Return at home

**Video shape:** One little boy came into the museum and saw a picture of an unknown animal. Suddenly this animal /takhi/ asks him:

-Do you recognize me little boy? Do you know which kind of animal I am?

**Boy:** Donkey

**Takhi:** No

**Boy:** Wild ass

**Takhi:** No

**Boy:** Horse

**Takhi:** No, no. I am takhi that is a great ancestor of the ancient wild horse specially closest origin of Mongolian wild horse. I was protected because my name was written in the list of the World red book. Mongolia is my native land. But, can you believe that I did not live in my home land for more than 20 years. This is really sad history.

I was venerated and worshiped by Mongolian people and they called me Takhi. Thoroughly, in the Mongolian State History during the 16<sup>th</sup> century our ancestors were protected and it was prohibited to kill and to destroy us. But our origins became very rare from merciless activity of people and harsh weather conditions.

**Video shape:** Many takhi are on the steppe and they are feeding with plants.

**Takhi:** Do you know during the Empire of Manjchu who had dominated Mongolia for 200 years they used to kill 300 of our ancestors per day. In the end of 19<sup>th</sup> century people had discussed that there were or were not takhi in the world. They had visited to see us and then started to kill us and then they had picking up us to abroad. They gave our foals to their kings and lords as a present.

At the first we had visited in foreign country 58 all together. But only ten foals could stay alive, who could spend much difficult life test, because of they had lost the native wild character. So our steps were not here in Mongolia for last 35 years. So during the 20<sup>th</sup> century we had lived in American and European zoo as exhibits.

**Video shape:** Takhi returned home by the plane. /animation/. The little boy is seeing at the takhi's picture.

**Tahki:** Many foreigners and Mongolians had paid much attention to bring us back to our mother land. So we had started our travel to my mother land 16 all together from Holland in summer, 1992. But unfortunately two of us had died on the way.

**Video shape:** One little foal with his mother.

Takhi: So nowadays, there are almost 200 of us in the wild. This is youngest foal of our cattle. Me, as a stallion of cattle, that is responsible for our safety.

So this is my history. And this story left at back of us. Actually this is my happiness that I am breathing with our fresh air, drinking crystal water and feeding with juicy plants.