

SUHO



THE CREATION OF THE HORSE-HEAD FIDDLE

RETOLD BY
CATHERINE KHOO

ILLUSTRATED BY
JAYNE ONG



SUHO



Dedicated to my three angels
Patricia, Pamela and Paulina.
May you continue to inspire
your own little angels.
—Catherine Khoo

Dedicated to all who have
inspired and supported this journey.
—Jayne Ong

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Published by Epigram Books
www.epigrambooks.sg

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With the support of



National Library Board, Singapore Cataloguing-in-Publication Data

Names: Khoo, Catherine. | Ong, Jayne, illustrator.
Title: Suho : the creation of the horse-head fiddle /
retold by Catherine Khoo ; illustrated by Jayne Ong.
Other title(s): Asia's lost legends.
Description: Singapore : Epigram Books, [2019]
Identifiers: OCN 1083238994 | ISBN 978-981-47-8552-5 |
978-981-47-8553-2 (ebook)
Subjects: LCSH: Legends—Mongolia—Juvenile literature. | Horses—Mongolia—
Juvenile literature. | Conduct of life—Juvenile literature.
Classification: DDC 398.209517—dc23

First edition, March 2019.

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EPIGRAM
SINGAPORE · LONDON



On the wide steppes of Mongolia,
there lived an orphan named Suho.

He was strong and brave, gentle and kind,
and most of all, he loved his fiddle.

Every evening at sunset, Suho played his fiddle. The music would sail through the winds and draw his friends to his little ger. Suho often played his fiddle till it was time to go to bed.



One day, when Suho was out hunting,
he came across an injured foal.

The young horse was in pain so
Suho carried it to his ger.

There, he tended to the foal and
decided to name it Khuur, which
means fiddle in Mongolian.



Khuur was very fond of Suho and followed him everywhere. Once, Khuur even fended off a wolf who was attacking Suho's sheep. It was then that Suho knew his foal was special, and the two became inseparable.





In time, Khuur grew into a beautiful horse. He was Suho's pride and joy and Suho loved him dearly.



During the day, Suho rode Khuur all over the grasslands. And at night, when Suho played the fiddle, Khuur joined the villagers. He neighed when everyone began to sing. This always made Suho laugh.





Then one summer,
a herdsman brought news
that the ruler of the land
was having a horse race.
The prize was the princess'
hand in marriage.



“Will you help me
win the race so I can
marry the princess?”
Suho whispered
to his horse.

Khuur neighed
in approval.



Suho, a fiddle player, and his beloved horse,
Khuur, are inseparable—until an evil king tries
to tear them apart.

This touching tale of devotion between a
boy and his friend inspired the legend of
Mongolia's national musical instrument.



ISBN-13: 978-981-47-8552-5



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