

As night falls on a spring evening, Uunkhbat, 45 years old, as a keen observer, looks for a missing young goat during the day's pasture. Difficult to perceive anything with the naked eye in this immensity. He lives with his wife, Oyuntsetseg, in Bor nuruu, their winter camp. At the heart of a semi-desert ecosystem, made of sand and pebbles, four kilometers from Khavtsgait valley, dominated by Bogd mountain which rises towards the sky as a backdrop. At this time of year, mid May, the birthing season has just taken place. As Uunkhbat points out to me, the young goat is "hidden behind a shrub maybe? " "Dozing at the bottom of a plant?" or "he has joined a neighboring herd". Perfect knowledge of their livestock, 306 animals, is admirable. Each animal is marked with an intergenerational birth imprint. However, to identify a lost animal, they indicate color and age's coat.

Herder's knowledge, their careful listening and observation are such intense that nothing escape them. Being herder is a «fatality», «resilience and adaptation are usual » to life in this harsh environment. « Ashig ur shim », the benefits, depend only on climate, the only place's master. Their greatest sorrow comes from "the loss of a large number of animals which occurs during dzuds". After few phone calls in the neighborhood, that same evening, the young goat is visibly found. Tomorrow it will be time to pick it up. Being herder is not a labour, « it is a fatality ».

- *Fatality. Jinst sum. Bayankhongor aimag. 2020* -