

Unheard Voices

Twenty-one short stories in Balochi
with English translations

Collected and edited by Carina Jahani,
Nagoman Baloch and Taj Baloch

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ABSTRACT

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This book presents twenty one Balochi short stories in Balochi-Latin and Balochi-Arabic script, as well as English translations and introductions of the authors in English. The stories have been edited to correspond to the grammatical and orthographic standards adopted by the Balochi Language Project and are arranged according to three themes: Human Relations, Man and his Environment, and Exile.

The writing of short stories in Balochi began in the early 1950s and was mainly limited to Eastern (Pakistani) Balochistan. During the 1950s and 1960s a number of new writers of fiction emerged. The themes of stories by these early authors were often of a local character. Most of the stories are plot-centred and chronologically structured. Often an omniscient narrator tells the story. The writers frequently want to convey a message and depict injustices in society, and in doing so they indirectly call for social and political reforms.

From the 1970s onward, a new generation of authors appeared on the scene. The writers belonging to the second generation are, as a rule, better educated than those of the first generation. They developed the short story genre by trying out new techniques and bringing in more varied and sometimes less locally anchored themes.

Since the 1990s, a large number of new authors have emerged. New trends in Balochi short story writing include their increased readability, simplification of the language, separation of the characters in the stories from the author's own ideology and a weaker urge to convey a message to the reader, as well as the treatment of taboo subjects that have not previously been addressed in Balochi literature. The growing number of women writers has also added a female voice, where women's issues are no longer discussed only in a male-oriented discourse.

The overwhelming dominance of writers from Pakistan is worth noting. Of the twenty-one authors represented in this anthology, only one comes from the western side of Balochistan, i.e. Iran. It is also noteworthy that several of the younger writers have had to leave their country and now live in exile.

Keywords: Balochi, Balochi literature, Baloch writers, short story, fiction, human relations, man and his environment, exile literature

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*In memory of our
dear brother and son
Sajid Hussain (1981-2020)*

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We also extend our thanks to the translators of the stories for undertaking the difficult task of translating them into English and for allowing us to edit your translations for English accuracy and fluency. As noted by Sajid Hussain in his story, translation is no easy task. It is challenging to try to transfer concepts and ideas between Balochistan and the Anglophone world because of the considerable cultural differences between these two worlds, and there are additional challenges in translating from the Balochi language into English. One problem is that there are no comprehensive Balochi-English dictionaries to rely on. Another is that no form of standard written Balochi is accepted by a majority of Baloch authors, who often write in their own dialect and their own preferred script.

Writing the authors' introductions was a rather challenging task, as often very little information about the authors could be found in books or on websites. We are thankful to several of the authors, who themselves provided the information we were looking for, and also to Fazal Baloch, Akhtar Qazi, Yar Jan Badini, and Rahim Mehr, who gave us valuable information about some of the authors. Regarding the translations, all of which were made by non-native speakers of English, our particular thanks go to Everett Thiele, who has done a wonderful job of editing the English to reflect some of the literary qualities of the original stories.

We are much indebted to the two sponsors of this publication, the Editorial Committee of Acta Universitatis Upsaliensis and the Department of Linguistics and Philology, Uppsala University. We are also thankful to The Royal Society of Humanities at Uppsala for sponsoring a workshop in January 2022 where the final polishing of the manuscript was carried out. The Society has also financed part of the English editing of this book.

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Last but not least our best wishes go to Sajid Hussain's family, his wife Shahnaz Sajid, his two children Taheer and Shahan, his parents, brothers and sisters, and his extended family, as well as to all of Sajid's friends. There are many of us who miss Sajid very much. Let us take care of each other, help carry each other's burdens, and never take each other for granted. Life sometimes ends far sooner than anyone had expected.

Introduction

Back in 2019, one of the editors of this collection, Carina Jahani, and her co-worker in the Balochi Language Project, Sajid Hussain, began planning an anthology of Balochi short stories. The two of us wanted to provide Baloch readers with a selection of short stories by renowned authors. At the same time we wanted to produce a course book for students of Balochi at Uppsala University, in which the Balochi text of each story would be accompanied by an English translation, in order to aid the students with their coursework. Needless to say, we also planned to edit the stories somewhat to follow the standard Balochi grammar and orthography presented in *A Grammar of Modern Standard Balochi*.¹

However, on the second of March, 2020, tragedy struck. Sajid Hussain went missing and after almost eight weeks, on the twenty-third of April, our fears were confirmed. The police informed us that Sajid had been found dead in the Fyris River, just north of Uppsala. His friends and co-workers in the Balochi Language Project² were deeply shaken, and it took a long time for us to regain the strength we needed to resume working productively again.

But as we gradually composed ourselves, we decided that we must honour Sajid's memory by editing the book he so eagerly had wanted to edit himself. Carina Jahani and Taj Baloch started the editorial work, and later on Nagoman Baloch also joined in. There was no question that the book should be dedicated to our late son, brother, and co-worker Sajid Hussain, and that his own story, *Facing Exile, Facing Taunts*, would be included in the volume.

One of the themes of the stories was thus already clear at the outset. We would include a number of stories written in exile. The other two themes, Human Relations and Man and his Environment, emerged as we compiled the stories, all which have been published previously in books, magazines or online, albeit in most cases using non-standard

¹ Jahani, Carina (2019). *A Grammar of Modern Standard Balochi* [Studia Iranica Upsaliensia, 36]. Uppsala: Acta Universitatis Upsaliensis.

² <https://www.lingfil.uu.se/forskning/the-balochi-language-project/> (retrieved 17 December 2021).

language and orthography. Some of the English translations have been published previously, but we have also edited these to some extent.

Indeed, the English translations would not have attained the level they now have had it not been for our co-worker on this editorial project, Everett Thiele, whose input went far beyond just correcting English grammar and usage. Without his assistance, the translators, all non-native speakers of English, would not have been able to make the experience of reading the stories in English a literary experience, something that we aimed for. We hope that one day there will be native speakers of English who are so proficient in Balochi that they can translate literary pieces from Balochi into their mother tongue.

In addition to the Balochi texts of the stories, presented in both in Latin and Arabic script, and the English translations, we have also included introductions to the life and literary production of all the authors of the stories. The editors and translators are also introduced, though more briefly than the authors. All of the author biographies were written by the editors of this book unless otherwise stated. As of yet, there is no comprehensive work on modern Balochi literature, and until such a work is written, the author biographies in this volume can serve to provide basic information about a number of the most active Baloch short story writers. Most of them are still active, but some have put down the pen for good, and in the case of Sajid Hussain, far too early.

The book consists of four parts. The first three use left-to-right script, and the fourth uses right-to-left.

Part 1. Introductory matters in English;

Part 2. Author biographies and English translations of the stories;

Part 3. The stories in Balochi Latin script;

Part 4. The stories in Balochi Arabic script.

As mentioned above, the stories are arranged according to three themes, Human Relations, Man and his Environment, and Exile. There are ten stories under the first heading, seven under the second, and four under the third. In the first two sections, the stories are arranged alphabetically by the authors' last names. The third section is also arranged alphabetically, with one exception. Because Noroz Hayat's story to a certain degree draws upon Sajid Hussain's story, it is placed second in the section, after Sajid's story, although alphabetically it would come first. There is a substantial amount of thematic overlap, particularly between the first two sections, and, of course, human relations are also an important ingredient in the stories written in exile.

The section titled Human Relations is largely coloured by social issues in the society where the stories were written. Some of the stories, however, deal with human feelings more generally.

The first story, *Bot* (The Statues), addresses the topic of power and oppression. Contrary to many other stories in this collection, it is not set in Balochistan, but deals with power relations in a more general sense, in particular the relation between a superior and a subordinate.

The second story, *Syahkár* (The Adulterer), on the other hand, brings up the taboo topic of illicit affairs in a local Baloch context.

The next story, *Nákó* (Uncle), depicts a culturally more accepted, but often still heart-breaking issue in Baloch society, namely marriage between elderly men and much younger women. In this story a young lover is left deprived of his beloved, who chooses to marry his wealthy uncle instead.

Peti Mirás (Patrimony), depicts old age and destitution in a situation where a mother has been deprived of her sons in different ways, something which, unfortunately, is not uncommon in Balochistan.

The story *Gárén Kaldár* (The Lost Coin) again treats the theme of loneliness, but also that of love and affection. Unlike most of the other stories in this volume, this story ends on a positive note.

The following story, *Santh* (The Barren Woman), addresses the issue of childlessness and how a childless wife is often despised by her family. It also deals with the place of women in a patriarchal tribal society more broadly.

The theme of *Jehád* (Jihad) is religious persecution of the Zigri religious minority by the Sunni Muslims who constitute the religious majority, a critical issue in Baloch society and a common theme in Balochi short stories.

The story that follows, *Garmén Sáheg* (The Scorching Shade), again treats the theme of a poor lover whose beloved has been married off to a rich suitor.

In *Rawt Ráh o Rawt Shap* (Endless Road, Endless Night) the theme is fear, and fear of death in particular. The issue of illicit affairs is also touched upon.

In the final story in this section, *Bibi Maryam o Préshtag* (Mother Mary and the Angel), the protagonist struggles with illness and being misunderstood by the people around him, but still manages to show love and concern for a fellow human being in need.

The section titled Man and his Environment deals with the relationship between human beings and the environment around them, but also to a certain degree with relationships between people.

The first story, *Pisshi o Pirokó* (The Cat and the Old Man), treats the theme of fidelity and concern for others, at the same time as it demonstrates deep insight into the behaviour of cats.

In the story *Karkénk* (Oyster Shells), we meet a well-educated young man who has to resort to gathering oyster shells for a living. What then follows is an account of how the vulnerable and powerless are mistreated by greedy and violent authorities.

In *Hasan Sól* (Hasan Sol), we again encounter the theme of childlessness, this time in a way that is somewhat similar to how this issue is dealt with in Balochi folktales, namely with a magical remedy for the problem. But the remedy comes at a cost, and the price is high.

The story *Taw Mahnáza Nabay* (Not as Chaste as Mahnaz) has a dog as its main character but revolves around the issues of chastity and the human need for love, though in disguised words.

In *Bahesht* (Paradise), we meet two runaway pigeons searching for their paradise. Again, the author uses non-human characters to depict human relationships and their complications. Contrary to the other stories in this section, both this and the previous story end on a positive note.

The story *Talk* (The Bird-trap) addresses the common human feelings of shame and guilt, though in a local setting. The main character, a bird-trap, tells its dramatic life-story from the top of a tree, where it is now hanging.

The final piece in this section, *Dorbáni* (Dorbani), tells the story of a young girl in the Baloch nomadic community who has to cope with the hardships of nature and three untimely deaths.

The final section, Exile, contains four stories, all written by authors living in exile. Recurring themes are longing for the motherland, loneliness, the hardships of exile, feelings of guilt and shame, and survival strategies.

The first story in this section, *Darándhéhi pa Saré o Shegán pa Saré* (Facing Exile, Facing Taunts), is partly autobiographical and deals with the pressure of having to learn to live in totally new surroundings and the inner struggle that a Baloch in exile may face.

The second story, *Haw Máti, Tai Bacch Kóhestáná ent* (Yes, Dear Mother, Your Son is Back in the Mountains) is partly based on the previous story. Here the protagonist makes a drastic decision when his longing for the homeland gets the upper hand.

Contrary to most of the other stories in the collection, the third story, *Gawlok o Mollá Charsiy Táit* (The Spoilt Brat and Mullah Weed-

head's Amulet), exhibits a large amount of humour and satire when telling the story of a young man who has made his way to Europe without really knowing why.

The final story, *Dega Kass Nést* (There Is No One Else), which also contains many autobiographical elements, depicts two strong feelings: loneliness and longing for one's loved ones. The story also shows how quickly human beings can forget each other.

As already mentioned, the stories have been edited to correspond to the grammatical and orthographic standards adopted by the Balochi Language Project. These are the same standards that are used in the web-based Balochi magazine *Balochistan Times* and, at least to a certain extent, in the magazine *Braanz*, run by The Unrepresented Nations and Peoples Organization,³ as well as in Balochi courses offered at Uppsala University. These standards have been presented in Carina Jahani's book *A Grammar of Modern Standard Balochi* (for biographical information, see footnote 1). The names of the authors in the Balochi texts also follow this standard, but in the English translations names are spelled as the authors and translators themselves have spelled them in their publications and/or on social media. Proper names in the translations of the stories are furthermore written without the letters á, é and ó, which are part of the Balochi Latin script but do not belong to the English alphabet.

When it comes to Balochi proper names, it is often hard to determine what should be considered the given name and what can be taken as the surname. In this book the final name has been used as the "surname" in bibliographic information, i.e. when referring to works authored by the person. However, in the authors' introductions names are used and shortened according to Balochi conventions. This means that, e.g., the name Sayad Hashmi is found under "Hashmi" in bibliographical entries, but it is shortened to Sayad in running text whenever appropriate. The name A. R. Dad, on the other, hand is both shortened to Dad and found under "Dad" in bibliographical entries. The name Ghaws Bahar is not easily shortened, and therefore it is not shortened in the introduction of this author, although it is found under "Bahar" in bibliographical entries.

At the request of the author, the dialogues in the story *Dega Kass Nést* (There Is No One Else) do not conform to the written standard language. Instead they reflect the dialect of the speakers in the story.

³ <https://balochistantimes.com/> (retrieved 17 December 2021); <https://braanz.news/> (retrieved 17 December 2021).

Altogether there are 21 stories in the book. The original plan was to include 20 stories, but after we had collected and edited all the stories and translations, we realized there was one author who we absolutely did not want to leave out, namely Sayad Hashmi. When we added a piece by him, we ended up with a non-even number of stories. Of course we could have saved one story for a later publication, but in the end we decided to publish all 21 stories – one to read each day for three weeks. We hope you will enjoy your reading and that it will deepen your understanding of life in general and of the struggles that the Baloch face in particular, be they in Balochistan or in exile.

Sweden and United Kingdom, 14 February 2022
Carina Jahani, Nagoman Baloch and Taj Baloch

Brief Notes on Short Story Writing in Balochi

For centuries, poetry has been the leading literary genre in Balochi. Balochi literature shares this characteristic with other literatures in what Widmark⁴ calls “the Persianate cultural space” and defines as “the transnational domain constituted by a number of societies in which elements of linguistic and cultural influence can be traced to the legacy of Persian language and culture”. Widmark proposes the term “poeticised communities” for such societies.⁵ Ahmadzadeh discusses the dominance of poetry over prose in Kurdish and finds that nationalism is not easily fostered in such a poeticised culture. He remarks that Kurdish poetry, especially classical poetry, “did not easily possess distinguishing elements useful for the construction of a separate Kurdish identity.”⁶

The extent of the dominance of poetry over prose becomes clear when one reads the Baloch literary historian Muhammad Sardar Khan Baloch’s work *A Literary History of the Baloch* in two volumes.⁷ Comprising more than 1,000 pages, this work is entirely devoted to classical poetry. There is not even any mention of modern poetry, let alone prose.

Many parallels can be drawn between the development of prose fiction in Balochi and in other Iranian languages such as Persian, Kurdish, and Pashto. Some factors that are recognized as catalysts for the development of modern fiction writing, whether in the form of novels or short stories, have been identified in the discussion of how these genres emerged in Persian, Kurdish, and Pashto.

One important factor that is highly stressed is the socio-political changes that have taken place in the region from the 19th century onwards, including the modernization of social and political institutions and questioning of absolute monarchy, as well as the emergence of a

⁴ Widmark, Anders (2011). *Voices at the Borders, Prose on the Margins* [Studia Iranica Upsaliensia, 36]. Uppsala: Acta Universitatis Upsaliensis, p. 50.

⁵ Widmark, Anders (2011). *Voices at the Borders...*, p. 52.

⁶ Ahmadzadeh, Hashem (2003). *Nation and Novel. A Study of Persian and Kurdish Narrative Discourse* [Studia Iranica Upsaliensia, 6]. Uppsala: Acta Universitatis Upsaliensis, pp. 140–141.

⁷ Muhammad Sardar Khan Baluch (1977, 1984). *A Literary History of the Baluchis*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

nationalist discourse.⁸ These socio-political changes, however, have had a far greater impact on Persian literature than on Kurdish, Pashto, and Balochi literature. The pace of modernization has been slower in areas where these languages are spoken, and particularly so in Afghanistan and Pakistan, and the nationalist discourse has not enjoyed any state support, at least when it comes to Balochi. Another complication is that these three languages are spoken in several countries and have been used only to a limited degree in state administration and/or education during the last century.

The importance of journalism, and not least oppositional journalism, in the emergence of short story writing is stressed by a number of scholars.⁹ One reason for this is that newspapers and magazines were suitable outlets for short works of fiction. Shakely quotes a Kurdish intellectual, Barzinji, who holds that the short story genre in Kurdish “is directly connected to the founding of Kurdish newspapers and magazines.”¹⁰ Behbahani¹¹ also finds that “several social and historical landmarks, most notably in education and journalism, had a direct effect on the development of the new and basically imported literary genres of fiction”. It should also be noted that the introduction of modern printing techniques was a prerequisite for the production of newspapers and magazines.

Another important factor in the emergence of fictional prose writing is that students were sent abroad to study, which led to contact with, among others, the French, English, and Russian cultures and literatures, where the novel and short story were already established genres. The translation of works from these languages into Iranian languages must be seen as an important catalyst in the development of these genres in the target languages as well.¹²

Bo Utas’s comprehensive article on genres in Persian literature up to 1900 makes no mention of short stories.¹³ In fact, Mohammad Ali

⁸ See, e.g., Ahmadzadeh, Hashem (2003). *Nation and Novel...*, pp. 69–82; Widmark, Anders (2011). *Voices at the Borders...*, p. 68.

⁹ Behbahānī, Sīmīn (1999). “Fiction. ii(a). Historical Background of Modern Fiction.” *Encyclopædia Iranica*. Vol. IX. New York: Bibliotheca Persica Press, p. 579; Ahmadzadeh, Hashem (2003). *Nation and Novel...*, pp. 86–90, 150–155; Widmark, Anders (2011). *Voices at the Borders...*, p. 68.

¹⁰ Barzinji in Shakely, Farhad (2016). *The Modern Kurdish Short Story*. [Studia Iranica Upsaliensia, 30]. Uppsala: Acta Universitatis Upsaliensis, p. 35.

¹¹ Behbahānī, Sīmīn (1999). “Fiction. ii(a). Historical Background...,” p. 579.

¹² Ahmadzadeh, Hashem (2003). *Nation and Novel...*, pp. 90–96, 155–157.

¹³ Utas, Bo (2008). “Genres in Persian literature.” In: Lindberg-Wada, Gunilla (ed.), *Literary history. Towards a Global Perspective*, vol. 2. *Literary genres; An Intercultural Approach*. Berlin: De Gruyter, pp. 199–241.

Jamalzadeh, who published his first collection of stories *Yeki Bud, Yeki Nabud* in 1921, is considered by many to be the first Persian writer of short stories.¹⁴

During its 100 year history, the Persian short story has developed from plot-centred chronological narratives, similar in structure to folk tales, to modernist and post-modernist stories, often including complex flashback techniques and psychological portrayals of the characters. The works of several authors also convey strong ideological messages, be they leftist, nationalistic, or religious.¹⁵ Yavari summarizes some of the trends in Persian fiction in this way:

Almost a century old, modern Persian fiction has remained receptive to external influences and follows trends and styles as they appear elsewhere, stream of consciousness techniques and magical realism being cases in point. From a fictionalized remembrance of the nation's idealized past, to a portrayal of imbalances and injustices, and to the depiction of the hardships of war and revolution, Persian fiction has remained a vehicle for change as well as testament to its painful process.¹⁶

Shakely dates the emergence of Kurdish short story writing to the 1910s, approximately the same time as the Persian short story emerged. Shakely finds, as already mentioned, that journalism was decisive for the development of the Kurdish short story, and that journalism served to develop Kurdish politics and ideology as well as language and culture. He also finds that the translation of stories into Kurdish has been a decisive factor in the development of short stories from a genre that was “unsophisticated both in form and content” to one where “content became more profound and styles became more artistic.”¹⁷

Widmark dates the beginning of Pashto short story writing to the 1910s as well, but he notes that “the development of Pashto prose fiction gets off to a slow start” and “it is not until the late 1940s that Pashto short stories and novels are beginning to be published on a more regular basis, both in Pakistan and Afghanistan.” Common themes in Pashto prose literature are “social ills, the situation in the rural areas, and traditional backwardness”.¹⁸ Widmark also points out that the “utilitarian

¹⁴ <https://iranicaonline.org/articles/yeki-bud-yeki-nabud> (retrieved 15 December 2021).

¹⁵ Mīrṣādeqī, Jamāl (1999). “Fiction. ii(c). The Short Story.” *Encyclopædia Iranica*. Vol. IX. New York: Bibliotheca Persica Press, pp. 592–597.

¹⁶ Yāvāri, Houra (1999). “Fiction. ii(d). The Post-Revolutionary Short Story.” *Encyclopædia Iranica*. Vol. IX. New York: Bibliotheca Persica Press, p. 598.

¹⁷ Shakely, Farhad (2016). *The Modern Kurdish...*, p. 19.

¹⁸ Widmark, Anders (2011). *Voices at the Borders...*, pp. 68–69.

function” and ideological colouring of literature, including short stories, are prominent, as has also been noted for Persian and Kurdish. Literature should, according to the writers themselves, be a catalyst for socio-political change. At the same time, Widmark notes that the literature exhibits very strong local attachment.¹⁹

Widmark points to the lack of previous research on the subject when he describes Pashto literature in general and modern fiction writing in particular. He argues that not only has literature written in Dari (the Afghan variety of Persian) been marginalized in the academic discourse, but Pashto literature has been overlooked and excluded to an even larger extent than Dari literature. Widmark also mentions the lack of government attention to this language.²⁰

The same observations about marginalization and a lack of previous research regarding Pashto certainly apply to Balochi as well, which makes the task of presenting an overview of Balochi short stories a genuine challenge. Nevertheless, we will attempt to address the topic by presenting the most important writers and the most common trends in Balochi short fiction writing. This presentation should by no means be seen as the final word on the topic, but rather as a starting point for serious research on modern Balochi fiction.²¹

The writing of short stories in Balochi began in the early 1950s, almost half a century later than in Persian, Kurdish and Pashto. Until very recently it was limited to Eastern (Pakistani) Balochistan, where Balochi journalism had already started in the 1930s, spurred on by one of its forerunners, Mohammad Hosayn Anka.²² These early journalistic forays were nationalistic and anti-colonial. It should be remembered that in the 1930s Eastern Balochistan was under British dominion, and there was strong support among Baloch intellectuals for a revival of the Kalat

¹⁹ Widmark, Anders (2011). *Voices at the Borders...*, p. 92.

²⁰ Widmark, Anders (2011). *Voices at the Borders...*, pp. 54–55, 58.

²¹ When no other reference is given, the following description of Balochi short story writing is based on a lecture by Taj Baloch, *Novel and Short Story Writing in Balochi*, <https://www.lingfil.uu.se/forskning/the-balochi-language-project/> (retrieved 17 December 2021).

²² Jahani, Carina (1996). “Poetry and Politics: Nationalism and Language Standardization in the Balochi Literary Movement.” In: Titus, Paul (ed.), *Marginality and Modernity. Ethnicity and Change in Post-Colonial Balochistan*. Karachi: Oxford University Press, p. 111.

state. This was a Balochi-Brahui Khanate that ruled major parts of Balochistan before being subdued by the British in 1839. It was never formally abolished,²³ but joined a common “Muslim” state.

As has already been mentioned, newspapers and magazines were ideal places for publishing short fiction. In fact, the first two short stories in Balochi, *Béwapá* (Untrustworthy) by Mohammad Hasan Kalakothi, and *Sharábi* (The Drunkard) by Abdul Gafur, both written in 1951, were published in magazines, as were numerous stories following later.²⁴

During the 1950s and 1960s a number of new writers of short fiction emerged. Among these pioneers, Hakim Baloch, Nasim Dashti, Naimatollah Gichki, Sayad Hashmi, and Murad Sahir are represented in this volume. Prominent writers of stories in the Eastern Balochi dialect include Sher Mohammad Mari, who was also a politician, Gulzar Khan Mari, and Surat Khan Mari.

The themes of stories by these early authors were often of a local character. As has been reported for Pashto, the utilitarian function of the short story can clearly be seen. Most of the stories from this early period are plot-centred and chronologically structured, but there are also some examples where flashback techniques are employed. In most stories from this period an omniscient narrator is present and tells the story. The writers often want to convey a message and depict injustices in society, and in doing so they indirectly call for social and political reforms.

In 1970 one of the contributors to this volume, Hakim Baloch, edited and published the first collection of Balochi stories by several authors, *Gechén Ázmánk* (Selected Short Stories),²⁵ which is divided into two sections. The first contains translations of Russian, French, and English short stories by Chekhov, Gorky, Maupassant, Sartre, Hemingway, and Somerset Maugham, among others. This indicates that, like with the other Iranian languages under discussion here, the translation of short stories into Balochi has been an important catalyst for Balochi short fiction writing. The second section is in Balochi, with contributions by,

²³ See, e.g., Dashti, Naseer (2012). *The Baloch and Balochistan. A Historical Account from the Beginning to the Fall of the Baloch State*. Sine loco: Trafford Publishing, pp. 160, 218, 358–362. Although there were Baloch rulers in Kalat before 1666, this year is often quoted as the date of the founding of the Khanate of Kalat.

²⁴ For a survey of periodicals in Balochi, see Dashtyari, Saba (2003). “Periodicals in Balochi: A Brief Description of Balochi Printed Media.” In: Jahani, Carina, and Agnes Korn (eds), *The Baloch and Their Neighbours. Ethnic and Linguistic Contacts in Balochistan in Historical and Modern Times*. Wiesbaden: Reichert.

²⁵ Abdolhakim (1970). *Gechén ázmánk*. Quetta: Balochi Academy. Note that Hakim Baloch is also known as Abdolhakim (or Abdullhakim).

among others, Sher Mohammad Mari, Gulzar Khan Mari, Murad Sahir, Nasim Dashti, and Naimatollah Gichki.

From the 1970s onward, a new generation of authors appeared on the scene. Of these, Munir Ahmed Badini, Ghaws Bahar, Gohar Malik, and Ghani Parwaz are represented in this volume. Among other authors of this generation, Mubarak Ali, Saba Dashtyari, and Abbas Ali Zaymi can be mentioned.

The writers belonging to the second generation are, as a rule, better educated than those of the first generation. They developed the short story genre by trying out new techniques and also by bringing in more varied and sometimes less locally anchored themes. Their stories still, however, mostly centre around conveying a message and use chronological narration. One author whose stories are less ideological, though, is Munir Ahmed Badini.

Since the 1990s, a large number of new authors have emerged. Among the first of these third-generation writers of short fiction who have appeared on the scene are A. R. Dad, Younos Hussain, Munir Momen, Nagoman and Hanif Sharif, all of whom are represented in this volume. Other important writers who debuted at approximately the same time are Nazir Ahmad, Hasa Bijjar, and Makbul Naser. These were followed by a growing number of younger writers, some of whom are already well established as writers of short fiction, and some of whom are just beginning their careers. In this volume, works are presented by Altaf Baloch, Noroz Hayat, Sajid Hussain, Habib Kadkhodaei, Mehlab Naseer, Sharaf Shad, and Shah Ibn Sheen. There are also other young writers, both men and women, who will be introduced in coming anthologies.

The overwhelming dominance of writers from Eastern (Pakistani) Balochistan is worth noting. Of the twenty-one authors represented in this anthology, only one, Habib Kadkhodaei, comes from Western (Iranian) Balochistan. All the others are from Eastern Balochistan. It is also noteworthy that several of the younger writers have had to leave their country and now live in exile, though not all of them write on the theme of exile.

New trends in Balochi short story writing include their increased readability, which can be attributed in part to Nagoman's simplification of the language in his short stories. Another trend that has gained momentum is the separation of the characters in the stories from the author's own ideology along with a weaker urge to convey a message to the reader, something for which A. R. Dad is a prominent spokesman. Munir Momen and Hanif Sharif, among others, are known for using a very poetic language in their stories, and Hanif Sharif also writes on

taboo subjects that have not previously been addressed in Balochi literature. Humour and satire are strongly present in the writings of Sajid Hussain and Habib Kadkhodaei, among others. The growing number of women writers has also added a female voice, where women's issues are no longer discussed only in a male-oriented discourse.

Taj Baloch notes that “with a history of less than a century, Balochi fiction has taken a good start.”²⁶ One of the reasons why it, seemingly, has been somewhat slow to develop, may be the low readership. Taj Baloch points out that the main audience consists of the writers themselves.²⁷ One of the reasons for this may be that, with a few exceptions, the language of the stories is somewhat elevated and detached from the spoken language. An increasing interest in learning to read and write Balochi, together with the development of a standard written language with a unified orthography, will hopefully increase the audience for short stories in Balochi and thus also stimulate further development of the genre.

²⁶ Baloch, Taj (2019). *Novel and Short Story Writing in Balochi*. Online lecture. <https://www.lingfil.uu.se/forskning/the-balochi-language-project/> (retrieved 17 December 2021).

²⁷ See also Widmark, Anders (2011). *Voices at the Borders...*, p. 59. Widmark makes a similar observation about the readership of Pashto literature.

Introduction of the Translators and Editors

Translators

Fazal Baloch is a Balochi writer and translator. He lives in Turbat, Balochistan, where he serves as an Assistant Professor at the Government Atta Shad Degree College, Turbat. He has translated works of several Balochi poets and fiction writers into English. His translations can be found online, for example at *Balochistan Times*,²⁸ *Daily Times*,²⁹ and *Borderless*.³⁰ Two of his translations are included in the anthology *Silence Between the Notes*.³¹ He has also published three anthologies of his translations: *God and the Blind Man*,³² *Why Does the Moon Look So Beautiful?*,³³ and *The Broken Verses*.³⁴

Imrana Baloch graduated with a degree in English literature from the University of Balochistan in 2014. In 2016 she received her MA in English Literature from University of Turbat, Balochistan. Imrana is doing her MPhil in English literature at Iqra University, Karachi. She has written a number of short stories and literary essays in Balochi. She has also translated fiction and non-fiction works from Urdu and Balochi into English and from English into Balochi.

For Carina Jahani, see editors.

²⁸ <https://balochistantimes.com/the-flying-birds/> (retrieved 22 January 2022); <https://balochistantimes.com/the-doomsday-ghaus-bahar/> (retrieved 22 January 2022); <https://balochistantimes.com/moon-look-beautiful/> (retrieved 22 January 2022).

²⁹ <https://dailytimes.com.pk/writer/fazal-baloch/> (retrieved 22 January 2022).

³⁰ <https://borderlessjournal.com/2021/12/14/shorter-poems-of-akbar-barakzai/> (retrieved 22 January 2022); <https://borderlessjournal.com/2022/01/14/folklore-from-balochistan-the-pearl/> (retrieved 22 January 2022)

³¹ Husain, Aftab, and Sarita Jenamani (2019). *Silence Between the Notes. An Anthology of Partition Poetry*. Odisha: Dhauri Books.

³² Badini, Munir Ahmed (2020). *God and the Blind Man*. Translated by Fazal Baloch. Quetta: Balochistan Academy of Sciences and Research.

³³ Naguman (2020). *Why Does the Moon Look So Beautiful?* Translated by Fazal Baloch. Gwadar: Institute of Balochia.

³⁴ Hashmi, Sayad (2021). *The Broken Verses*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

Hooras Sabzal graduated from University of Balochistan, Quetta, in 2011. Her majors were Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry. She received her MA in English Literature from the University of Turbat in 2016. Currently she is doing her MPhil at Iqra University, Karachi, in the field of English literature. In addition to her studies and research, Hooras has translated a number of short stories from Balochi into English.

Mahganj Taj is at present finalising her BA in Linguistics and Literature at the University of Turbat. Mahganj's interests include painting, sketching and writing. In 2018, she was the winner of the International Women's Day sketch competition at the University of Turbat. Mahganj writes short stories in Balochi. She has also translated a number of literary pieces, two of which are included in this collection.

Editors

For Nagoman Baloch, see pp. 143–144.

Taj Baloch is a poet, linguist, and human rights activist, and serves as the coordinator of Human Rights Council of Balochistan. He is based in Sweden, where he is working on the Balochi Language Project as well as another Balochi translation and language development project. He writes in English and Balochi on various social and human rights topics. Some of his articles have been published in Balochistan Times.³⁵ He has also published a book of poetry, *Sarámad* (Leftovers).³⁶ Taj Baloch frequently takes part in discussions on Balochi script, standardization, and language development.³⁷

³⁵ <https://balochistantimes.com/author/taj-baloch/> (retrieved 24 January 2022).

³⁶ Baloch, Taj (2016¹). *Sarámad*. Bahrain, Baloch Club. Baloch, Taj (2020²). *Sarámad*. Uppsala and Stockholm: Uppsala University and Sahitya.

³⁷ See, e.g., <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KA234iDgikk> (retrieved 22 January 2022).

Carina Jahani holds the chair of Iranian Studies at Uppsala University, Sweden. She began working on Baloch in the 1980s and defended her thesis, *Standardization and Orthography in the Balochi Language*, in 1989.³⁸ She has continued her research on Balochi, mainly focusing on grammatical features and sociolinguistic issues, and in 2019 she published a grammatical description of a proposed written standard Balochi language.³⁹ She has supervised a number of PhD theses on Balochi at the Department of Linguistics and Philology, Uppsala University, where she also heads the Balochi Language Project.

³⁸ Jahani, Carina (1989). *Standardization and Orthography in the Balochi Language*. [Studia Iranica Upsaliensia, 1]. Uppsala: Acta Universitatis Upsaliensis.

³⁹ Jahani, Carina (2019). *A Grammar of Modern Standard Balochi*. [Studia Iranica Upsaliensia, 36]. Uppsala: Acta Universitatis Upsaliensis.

Introductions of the Authors
and
English Translations of the Stories

Human Relations

Altaf Baloch

Introduction⁴⁰

Altaf Baloch (also spelled Eltap Baloch) was born on 4 April 1977 in Bit Buleda village, Kech District, Balochistan, Pakistan. He received his primary education at the public school in his village and took his intermediate exam at Degree College Turbat (now called Atta Shad Degree College) in 1993.

Altaf earned his first MA in Political Science from Balochistan University, Quetta, in 2009, and his second MA in Balochi from Balochistan University, Turbat campus, in 2017. He earned his MPhil in Balochi from Balochistan University, Turbat campus, in 2019.

Altaf is a schoolteacher in Turbat. He is the chief editor of the literary journal *Trán* (Discussion), which he founded in January 2020. He is active in the Balochi literary movement, and from time to time he arranges seminars and webinars for discussing issues such as language standardization, orthography, new literary developments, etc. He is also active in other societal issues, such as the struggle against drug addiction in Balochistan.⁴¹

Altaf began writing in Balochi from a very early age, in the 1980s. His first story *Emróz* (The World) was published in 1993 in the magazine *Kéch*, run by the Government Degree College, Turbat, where he was an undergraduate student at the time. However, most of his stories and other writings have been published after 2000. His short stories have so far appeared in several literary journals.

Altaf Baloch's short story *Bot* (The Statues) was published in 2018 in a special short story issue of the Balochi journal *Estin* (Cumulus clouds).⁴² In 2019 the publisher gave it the Estin Award,⁴³ which is

⁴⁰ This introduction was drafted during a conversation with Altaf Baloch on 13 October 2021.

⁴¹ See, e.g., an interview with Altaf Baloch and Alyas Baloch on Gidaan TV carried out by Sham Uddin Shams. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tkxH0lqfP50> (retrieved 22 October 2021).

⁴² Kech: Estin Publications. November 2018.

⁴³ The Estin Award is given by Estin Publications, Turbat, Balochistan.

given to outstanding Balochi short stories. *Bot* is an allegory about power and the usurpation of power. The story begins with a person living alone in a city as its ruler. This ruler decides to embellish his city with two statues, and that is when things begin to go wrong. The ruler remains unnamed and genderless throughout the story. This is possible because Balochi does not have male and female gender (he and she) in the pronoun system. Somehow, though, the character's interests show that he is a man, and therefore the pronoun "he" has been chosen in the English translation.

The Statues

Written by Altaf Baloch

Translation by Mahganj Taj

He lived alone in his city. There was no one else living anywhere in the entire city. He was fond of his solitude. Not a single person had settled in the city except himself. The city panorama was so pleasant that it could bring the dead souls back to life. There were freshwater rivers and canals everywhere, and the parks and gardens were green and flourishing. All kinds of birds and domestic and wild animals could be found in this city. Along with the delightful scenery, it was unique because of its wonderful climate. Each day without fail, clouds covered some part of the city, and a pleasant rain fell here and there. All the necessities and beautiful adornments that a city requires existed there. He was the one and only owner of the city. His solitude had never troubled him. In fact it made him happy and blissful.

One day, it occurred to him that rather than just sitting around idle he ought to do something useful. “Yes, something should be done. But what?” he asked himself. He thought he should make something that did not already exist in his city. “But everything already exists in my city. What is left to be made?”

He pondered it some more. After a thorough brainstorming, and a long walk, and a close inspection of the city, he decided that the city had everything, but if anything was missing, it was *a statue*. A statue it was! Everything else was there. He decided to make a nice, tall and spectacular statue. He went to one of the most beautiful, flourishing and highest peaks in the city, and there, next to a tree with nothing around it, he placed a large stone and began to carve the statue.

He worked on the statue for months and years. One day he felt that it was ready. It was a statue of a tall, slim, pretty and attractive lady with a sharp nose.

He painted it with such humanlike colour that it looked like a real person. No one could tell if it was a real human being or a statue. The lady in the statue had breasts that blossomed like flowers and it was as if honey was dripping between her legs. The smile on her lips was more beautiful than anything else in the city. In her eyes, it looked as if a world of new hopes had begun its journey toward a bright future.

He looked at the statue and was overwhelmed by what he had designed. He certainly had never thought he could create something of such amazing beauty. It occurred to him that if the statue stood there all alone, it wouldn't look as great as it could. "I will make one more statue beside it. Let there be two of them." He brought a stone of the same size and began carving a second statue. After months and years had passed, the second statue was reaching completion. The two statues were standing very close to each other. When the second statue was finally ready you could see that it was a statue of a man.

Having finished the statues, he was very happy and content. "Now my city is even more beautiful than before." The last thing that was missing is now here. He went for another walk to take a good look around the city. It was very big, and he had been busy carving his statues for a long time. It took him a week to look around the whole city. Then he returned to the place where he had made the statues, but to his shock and amazement, they were both missing.

He looked everywhere but could not find them. He was sure that the city was secure in all directions. No one could enter without his permission, nor could anyone leave. Overcome by thoughts and concerns, he felt sleepy for the first time in a very long while. He fell asleep in a cool and shady spot in the garden. When he awoke, he felt that a long time had passed. He opened his eyes and found himself imprisoned in a dark black cell. He wondered what was happening? Why was the world he created himself changing in this way? "What calamity has befallen me?"

A moment later the sound of a prison door opening and the scraping of chains reached his ears. A ray of light entered. Two people were coming towards him, but he could not see their faces from a distance. As they approached, the entire prison lit up. When he saw them clearly he was stunned. They were his own creations, the statues made by his own hands.

Then he remembered that he had made the statues beside the tree that brings life, wisdom and knowledge to whomever is touched by its coolness and sweet scent. But what was he to do now? Time had passed and the game was out of his hands. The city was now owned by the two statues, who ruled it in the name of their creator. They had subdued all the animals, birds and other living creatures. The real owner was imprisoned in a dark cell, full of regret and remorse.

A slightly different version of this translation was published in *Balochistan Times*, 28 August 2019. <https://balochistantimes.com/the-statue/> (retrieved 1 February 2022).

Hakim Baloch

Introduction⁴⁴

Abdolkhakim Baloch (also spelled, e.g., Abdulkhakim Baluch), better known as Hakim Baloch, was born on 25 December 1942 in Panjgur, Balochistan. Hakim Baloch passed his matriculation exam at the Government High School, Panjgur, in 1957, after which he continued his studies at Punjab University and Karachi University. His subjects of study were English literature and political science, and he completed his MA in 1966.⁴⁵

In his youth, Hakim worked as a Balochi newscaster and translator for the Central News Organisation of Radio Pakistan. From there he joined the civil administration of Balochistan Province and advanced to become the Secretary of Labour in the Provincial Government of Balochistan.⁴⁶ Subsequently he held the post of Chief Secretary of Balochistan, Pakistan.

Hakim was a member of *Warná Wánendah Gal*, which later developed into the Baloch Students Organization (BSO) and its literary circle *Balóchi Labzánki Diwán*.⁴⁷ He took an active interest in the development of a standard orthography for Balochi and was one of the advocates of a Roman script at the orthography convention convened by Gul Khan Nasir in 1972.⁴⁸

Throughout his busy life as successful civil servant, Hakim constantly pursued his literary ambitions and never abandoned creative writing. At one point he also worked as an editor of the monthly Balochi-Brahui magazine *Ulus*.⁴⁹ He continued to be concerned about the

⁴⁴ This introduction is partly based on the text written by Sultan Mahmood Niazi on the front and back flaps of Baluch, Hakim (2010). *Silver Footed Dawn*. Quetta: Balucea Luvzank Publications. Other sources will be given in successive footnotes.

⁴⁵ <https://bexpress.com.pk/2021/11/waja-hakeem-baloch-a-mentor-guide-and-leader/> (retrieved 17 January 2022).

⁴⁶ Jahani, Carina (1989). *Standardization and Orthography in the Balochi Language* [Studia Iranica Upsaliensia, 1]. Uppsala: Acta Universitatis Upsaliensis, p. 253.

⁴⁷ Jahani, Carina (1989). *Standardization and Orthography ...*, p. 28.

⁴⁸ Jahani, Carina (1989). *Standardization and Orthography ...*, pp. 144–145.

⁴⁹ Jahani, Carina (1989). *Standardization and Orthography ...*, p. 25.

lack of development of the Balochi language and its literature, for which he blamed both the authorities and the Baloch.⁵⁰ Hakim Baloch passed away on 12 October 2021.

In the preface of his book *Silver Footed Dawn*, Hakim expresses his frustration with the lack of “linguistic and cultural liberty” in Pakistan, and claims that this policy suppresses “cultural and artistic expression”. Writers whose first language is not Urdu have to either express themselves in Urdu, which to some extent is alien to them, or struggle to write in their mother tongue, a language they have not been able to study at school.⁵¹

In addition to Balochi, Hakim was also a prolific writer in Urdu and English. Among his literary activities one can mention his editorship of the Balochi short story collection *Gechén Ázmánk* (Selected Short Stories),⁵² a collection of his own short stories and dramas, *Ásay chahr* (Trial by Fire),⁵³ a collection of articles and short stories in English, *Tears of Resurrection*,⁵⁴ and a collection of short stories in English adapted from his Balochi originals, *Silver Footed Dawn*.⁵⁵ He also translated Voltaire’s *Candide*, into Balochi, and it was published in 2002 with the title *Kándit*.⁵⁶

Another short story writer who is represented in this anthology, Naimatullah Gichki, describes Hakim Baloch’s short stories as progressive yet conservative, simple yet imaginative, illusory yet real and very readable.⁵⁷ These qualities can be seen in the story presented here, *Syahnár* (The Adulterer),⁵⁸ the plot of which is both simple and imaginative. The story is built around the conservative value of chastity and contains a number of unexpected developments. This makes it very readable, though not especially enjoyable or pleasant. At the end of the story, the reader is left with a frightening picture of the possible aftermath of adultery.

⁵⁰ See, e.g., <https://gulfnews.com/uae/abdul-hakim-baluch---former-government-official-and-author-1.418571> (retrieved 27 December 2021).

⁵¹ Baluch, Hakim (2010). *Silver Footed Dawn...*, pp. 12–14.

⁵² Abdolhakim (1970). *Gechén Ázmánk*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

⁵³ Baloch, Hakim (2000). *Ásay chahr*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

⁵⁴ Baluch, Hakim (2000). *Tears of Resurrection*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

⁵⁵ For bibliographic information, see fn. 44.

⁵⁶ Baloch, Hakim (2001). *Kándit*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

⁵⁷ Naimatullah Gichki in Baluch, Hakim (2010). *Silver Footed Dawn...*, pp. 17–18.

⁵⁸ It is equally possible to translate *syahnár* as ‘adulteress’ or ‘adulterers’.

The Adulterer

Written by Hakim Baloch

Translation by Fazal Baloch

The tribal council sent a detailed report on all aspects of the case and concluded that Dawlat Khan found his brother's wife sleeping with a stranger and murdered them both on the spot.

Two years ago Sahti was married to Dawlat Khan's younger brother Mohabbat Khan. Six months after the wedding, the young husband got a job in Dubai. A year and half later he was granted leave. He sent word home that he would arrive on two months' leave on the 15th of the coming month.

Four days before his arrival, his elder brother Dawlat Khan found Sahti in a compromising situation with a man and killed them both. It was evident from the investigation report that the murderer's sense of honour was aroused, and that he therefore killed his sister-in-law and her suitor right there and then. The tribal council unanimously ruled it to be a legally justified act of honour killing and accused both the man and the woman of adultery. In his verdict the deputy commissioner recommended that the honour killing should not be regarded as a common act of murder, and that Dawlat Khan should not be sent to jail.

I studied the report thoroughly and then scrutinized it again in detail. One witness maintained in his account that on the evening in question the woman's suitor came to their hamlet to buy fodder for his camel. He said he had a long way to go to reach his destination. He feared that he might not be able to get fodder down the road ahead. Dawlat Khan sold him some fodder.

The traveller loaded the fodder onto his camel and was about to depart when Dawlat Khan urged him to stay with them, as the new moon gave no light, and clouds also covered the sky. "Stay with us for the night and resume your journey at daybreak tomorrow." But the young man

politely turned down his request and got up to leave. Dawlat again asked him to stay. "Don't be shy. You might lose your way in the dark or become the prey of wild animals." Then the young traveller agreed to stay the night. "After having dinner together, we all retired to our houses," the witness said. "In the morning we found out that the guest had 'blackened his hands and face' by sleeping with Dawlat Khan's young sister-in-law."

I didn't believe that a woman could form a secret liaison with a stranger and sleep with someone who was just staying for a short while. I summoned the accused and the witness again. When I asked the accused about the crime he replied: "Sir, from the day my brother went abroad, my sister-in-law was involved in illicit relationships. Womenfolk in the village often whispered, asking each other why Sahti's belly was bulging out. One said that her husband's extra wealth was causing more flesh to grow on her body. Another said that she was chewing all day long, like an animal being fattened, and if she gains some weight, is that any surprise? But we never thought she was disgracing her honour and smearing soot on the dignity of the family. Had I not seen her with the young man that night, and my brother had found her pregnant, what would he have thought?"

In the report neither the witnesses, nor the accused, nor the members of the tribal council had mentioned anything about Sahti being pregnant. It was a new and important factor for me and the council, and added a new dimension to the murder. The accused himself was asking what his brother would have thought if he had seen his wife pregnant.

I said: "You are right. A beautiful woman and a camel with udders full of milk, neither should be left in another's care." Dawlat's father, who was the primary witness and advocate of his son's honour, said without having been asked: "Sir my daughter-in-law was an immoral woman. God knows how long and with whom she had been blackening her honour. Had we not caught her with the camel-driver that night, she would have presented her illegitimate child to my innocent son when he arrived. The midwives told us the child was almost ready to be delivered. If the mother had not been murdered, the child would have come into the world in a few days. How fortunate that we've been spared from having to murder an innocent."

I wondered how a pregnant woman who was about to give birth would form an illegitimate alliance with a stranger who was only staying over for the night. At such a time she would even refuse to sleep with her

husband – why on earth would she copulate with a shepherd? I didn't believe that the guest of one night who vanished into the darkness was behind Sahti's murder. I therefore forwarded the case to the crime branch to be re-investigated.

I now have two reports before me. One is the report based on the re-investigation of the case made by the crime branch and the other one is an ordinary crime report. Both have reached the same conclusion. After a thorough and detailed re-investigation, the first report finds that Dawlat Khan, in his brother's absence, made illicit advances on his brother's young and beautiful wife, and in the end got her pregnant.

When they got the news that Mohabbat Khan was due to arrive in a few days, it sent ripples of dread through him. He feared that when Mohabbat Khan found his wife pregnant, he would ask her what had happened and she would give him all the details. It wouldn't bode well for him. Thus to hide his illegitimate affair, he falsely accused the innocent camel-driver of adultery. He sacrificed the traveller, the daughter-in-law and the child in her womb to make atonement for his heinous act, if at all possible, with their blood.

The second report informs us that Mohabbat Khan murdered his brother Dawlat Khan because he came to know beyond a doubt that during his absence Dawlat Khan had engaged in adultery with his young wife.

Nasim Dashti

Introduction⁵⁹

Nasim Dashti (also spelled Naseem Dashti) is the pen name of Alam Shah, born on 14 October 1938 in Koddan, Dasht, Balochistan. He got his primary education in his native village Koddan and finished his secondary education in High School Turbat in 1961. He then went on to study at the Inter College Mastung, Balochistan and S. M. Arts College, Karachi, where he got his BA in 1966. Then he started working as a teacher and during this time he continued his studies and acquired a B.Ed., and an M.Ed. degree. In 1972 he also acquired an MA degree in Urdu literature from Punjab University, Lahore. Later on he worked as a headmaster in various schools and as an Education Officer in Makran, Balochistan, until his retirement. He passed away on 8 January 1996.

Nasim was both a prose writer and a poet. He also wrote research articles on various historical and literary topics and translated short stories by internationally renowned authors, e.g. Ernest Hemingway, William Somerset Maugham, Khalil Gibran, and Mahmud Ahmad Taymur, into Balochi. His writings were published in various literary magazines during his lifetime. They were compiled in the book *Sáhé Nabramshit* (Not A Soul Flickers) only after his death.⁶⁰ This collection contains most of his poetry, short stories, research articles, and translations.

Although Nasim himself belonged to a well-off family, he often takes side for the poor and weak in his stories. His language is direct and easy and he attempts to bridge dialect differences in his writings.

In the story presented here, *Nákó* (Uncle), we meet a poor young man whose beloved betrays him by marrying his own rich uncle. The young woman herself confesses that she does not love the uncle, but that life in the modern world demands wealth and therefore she did not hesitate to marry him. The end of the story is open to the reader's interpretation.

⁵⁹ This introduction is mainly based on Dashti, Nasim (2011). *Sáhé Nabramshit*. Turbat: Balochistan Academy Kech, p. 7.

⁶⁰ For bibliographic information, see fn. 59.

Uncle

Written by Nasim Dashti

Translation by Fazal Baloch

“Meet your aunt.” My uncle pointed towards a beautiful girl.

“Her...?” I asked, astonished.

“Yes, yes. She is your aunt Dorgol.”

The moment I heard the name Dorgol I slid back into a labyrinth of memories from the past ten years. The gazelle-eyed Dorgol, her beauty, fair complexion, straight nose, beautiful arched eyebrows, and flowing hair would drive passionate young hearts to the brink of frenzy. But more than anything else I adored the beautiful smile that played upon her crimson lips. I was shocked to hear her introduced as my aunt Dorgol, because I had been in love with her since childhood. But now that she was married and the mistress of my aged uncle’s house, there was nothing left for me to do but wonder and reflect. Tears streamed down from my eyes. I sighed with grief. But for the sake of my uncle I did not reveal my distress. Even so, the burden was too heavy for my weak shoulders to carry. Sad as I was, I got up to leave without showing my emotions, but I felt like the burden of the whole earth was on my shoulders.

“Assalamo alaykum.” I greeted my uncle and scurried out the door.

“Walaykum salam.” May God be with you.

I lay face-down on the bed in my room. The storm of worries and anguish swept me away. I wondered at how our culture had stained itself with such evil practices. Many youths like me yearned to have their desires fulfilled, but were helpless against the cruel traditions. I was extremely hurt by the marriage of my 80-year-old uncle to Dorgol, but what could I do about it? Giving even a single piece of advice to an elder was regarded as a huge insult. Therefore there was nothing left for

me but sighs of lamentation. So in my desperation I began putting questions to God.

“O God! What have I done wrong? Why did it turn out like this? Was this your will too, to let Dorgol, who was entrusted to me, adorn someone else’s home? Is this only a dream? No. This ‘dream’ is about a real situation.” Tears streamed ceaselessly from my eyes. My world was in ruins, and my uncle’s prospered.

The entire world was enveloped in destruction, yet stars were twinkling in the sky. The star of my life, though, which had grown bright after a long time, was now flickering. The world of my hopes was enveloped in darkness. There was nowhere to turn. At last I called out to saints and sages and walked over to the mosque to lighten the burden of my heart. There I cried out to God:

“O God! Why did it turn out this way? Ten years ago in your sacred house Dorgol and I vowed and promised to stand by each other’s side through thick and thin. But what am I seeing today, after ten years? The bright moon of my life is pouring out its light in someone else’s house. It’s true that the world is very cruel, but you never were. Forgive me, but were even you unable to tell them that Dorgol was entrusted to someone else.”

One day I was on my way to see a friend when I saw Dorgol coming the opposite way. I stopped, but she kept talking to her friends and walked past me without even looking at me. I was astonished to see her so full of herself.

Days turned into nights and nights into days, and I grew sadder and sadder. I wondered why Dorgol always passed me by without saying a single word. It was as if she did not recognize me. I decided to ask her why she was so haughty that day. So I went straight to her house. Upon reaching the door, I found her sitting in front of the mirror doing her hair and putting on make-up. It was not the thing an eastern woman would do. I was sad to see her in such a condition. I stepped in and closed the door. I was very restless. She asked me in an arrogant tone: “Tell me, what is the matter?”

“I... I...”

“Yes, I mean you. Tell me why you are so afraid.”

“I...I... Won’t you mind?”

“No I won’t. Tell me.”

“Dorgol.”

“Yes, go on.”

“Dorgol, we pledged to live together. Why did this happen after I left? I returned with so many dreams and wishes, but all of them are reduced to dust. I just want to know if this all happened with or without your consent.”

She lowered her eyes and answered in a low voice, “Yes, with my consent.”

“So all those promises we made in the mosque, you forgot them that quickly?”

“No... but...”

“But what?”

“Times have changed a lot...”

“...and in this world of progress, one needs wealth one needs riches.” I finished her sentence.

“You know, Karim, I’ve no interest in your uncle, but I *am* interested in his wealth and riches. He will soon leave this world. Why should someone else inherit his wealth?”

“Stop talking nonsense! I will not allow such a cheating woman as you to live. You will get the reward of a great transgressor, so that you may not be able to trick any other man.”

I caught hold of Dorgol’s throat like an eagle swooping onto a sparrow, but my hands trembled, and I was interrupted by a voice:

“Why are you destroying your uncle’s world? The man who bore all the expenses of your studies and granted all your wishes, today you are trying to destroy the world of his desires.”

I went straight to the mosque and fell face down on the mat. Evening passed into dusk and dusk into night. The hour seemed drawn-out, as if time had come to a halt. My tears fell like pearls on the lap of Mother Earth. I stood up and walked out of the mosque. My heart was heavy.

Sorrow, trust, love, betrayal, life, Dorgol, Uncle, pain, heart, grief, anger, companion, friend, dislike, faithlessness, world, riches, wealth, love, betrayal, death, life – all flashed by on the screen of my mind.

“Where? Where should I go?” I asked myself. With downcast eyes I struggled with my sorrow. What is life? What is faithfulness? What is that thing called love? Where is my path?

Then a pain arose in my heart.

Here is the knife. Uncle is fast asleep in the embrace of his young wife. I can see Dorgol in my uncle’s arms. Her gazelle-like eyes are closed, and her mouth is open.

I was frowning with anger and the blood was running faster in my veins. I bit my lip. My hand reached out for the knife, and I made my way quickly to my uncle’s house.

All of a sudden a dog barked and interrupted my dream. I lifted my eyes. The moon of the twentieth winter night was about to set. The earth and sky were asleep under a sheet of light. The sky was clear and the stars were twinkling. Fallen leaves of trees crunched under my feet like a broken heart. I fixed my eyes on the moon and stopped. The moonlight filled my heart with light. Woe, woe, what a life. Lightning flashed in the darkness of my heart. A wave of love steered its way through my heart. This bright and yellow moon, these fallen leaves, these withered flowers shared my pain, my anger, and my grief. My eyes welled up and my heart expanded like heaven, and stars began to twinkle in its expanse.

This wide earth accommodates even a dishonest woman like Dorgol.

Of course life is beautiful for my uncle too.

May he and Dorgol live long in this flourishing world with its moon, stars, and colourful flowers.

I turned back from the road to my uncle’s house and took another route. I was moving with rapid steps and these words softly escaped my mouth: “Uncle... Dorgol, forgive me.”

Naimatullah Gichki

Introduction⁶¹

Naimatullah Gichki (also spelled Niamatullah or Nematullah Gichki) was born on 18 April 1942 in Sordo, Panjgur, Balochistan.⁶² After his matriculation exam in Panjgur in 1958, he continued his studies in Quetta and Karachi, earning his Bachelor of Medicine, Bachelor of Surgery (MBBS) degree in 1967. He then began work as a medical doctor in Panjgur. Later he travelled to the USA and Germany for further education and earned MA degrees in medicine in both these countries.

Naimatullah subsequently moved to Quetta, where he taught medicine for many years at Bolan Medical College, and toward the end of his active career he was the principal of this college. In the 1980s, he was also head of the WHO Malaria Control Programme in Balochistan.⁶³

As a college student, Naimatullah developed an interest in literature and began writing short stories. His stories have been published in different magazines. Some were also gathered and published in a number of short story collections, including *Mehray Tayáb* (The Shore of Love),⁶⁴ *Kawray Patár* (Flood Debris),⁶⁵ *Shakkal o Zahráp* (Sweet and Bitter),⁶⁶ *Arwahay Ars* (Tears of the Soul),⁶⁷ and *Támórén Bámgwáh* (Dusky Dawn).⁶⁸

Naimatullah translated a numbers of short stories by internationally renowned writers into Balochi and compiled them into a book published

⁶¹ This introduction is partly based on information provided by the Balochistan Academy, Turbat.

⁶² <https://baloch-community-sweden.blogspot.com/2009/09/how-panjgur-is-losing-battle.html> (retrieved 4 January 2022).

⁶³ Jahani, Carina (1989). *Standardization and Orthography in the Balochi Language* [Studia Iranica Upsaliensia, 1]. Uppsala: Acta Universitatis Upsaliensis, p. 255.

⁶⁴ Gichki, Naimatullah (2008). *Mehray Tayáb*. Lahore: Sanjh Publications.

⁶⁵ Gichki, Naimatullah. *Kawray Patár*. Publication details lacking.

⁶⁶ Gichki, Naimatullah (2011). *Shakkal o Zahráp*. Turbat: Balochistan Academy.

⁶⁷ Gichki, Naimatullah (2012). *Arwahay Ars*. Quetta: Balochia Lavzank Publications.

⁶⁸ Gichki, Naimatullah (2020). *Támórén Bámgwáh*. Karachi: Elm o Adab Publishers and Booksellers.

in 2021 with the title *Gat o Gomán* (Imaginations).⁶⁹ He has also translated some of his own Balochi stories into English. Several of these, together with his translations of selected stories by other Balochi writers, were published by the Pakistani Academy of Letters under the title *Shooting Star*.⁷⁰

In addition to fiction, Naimatullah has also written a travelogue, *Shap Jáh o Róch Jáh* (Always on the Move),⁷¹ in which he retells his journeys to various countries. He has written a book on the nationalist struggle of the Baloch as well, *Baloch in Search of Identity*,⁷² and numerous articles on medical topics. He is still active as an editor of a medical journal at Bolan Medical College.

The story presented in this book, *Peti Mirás* (Patrimony), paints a realistic picture of a conflict over an inheritance, and at the same time depicts the situation in Balochistan, where many mothers are deprived of their children in different ways and end their lives in loneliness.

⁶⁹ Gichki, Naimatullah (2021). *Gat o Gomán*. Gwadar: Institute of Balochia.

⁷⁰ Gichki, Naimatullah (2003). *Shooting Star*. Islamabad: Pakistani Academy of Letters.

⁷¹ Gichki, Naimatullah (2020). *Shap Jáh o Róch Jáh*. Quetta: Balochi Labzanki Diwan.

⁷² Gichki, Naimatullah (2015). *Baloch in Search of Identity*. Washington–London–Paris: Wrigley's.

Patrimony

Written by Naimatullah Gichki

Translation by Hooras Sabzal

Uffff... Dear God, what shall I do? How did I become so helpless! I have strength, yet I'm helpless. I have relatives, yet I'm desolate. Uffff... My throat is dry. No one gives me as much as a drop of water. My body is entirely worn out. Ufff... there's no one to rub my feet, but why should a stranger do it for me? Human love is lost. My child! Strangers are strangers, relatives are a person's heart and soul, but relatives? May dust fill my mouth if I say I have no relatives. God has blessed me with sons, they are a treasure. So how can I say I have no strength, that I have no one? Ah! I would die for you, my sons! But... O my God! What have I done wrong? I have kin and yet my mouth is swamped with flies.

I know! My ill-fortune struck me on the day that Mazar died before me, otherwise I would not be in this condition. But I don't say he has died. For the sake of what days did I feed him my sweet milk? For the sake of what times did I sing him soothing lullabies during the midnight watch? He's alive. I sang wedding songs for him instead of elegies. People mocked me. I smeared his pure blood on my hands like henna. My heart is boiling, but his death appeased the hearts of the enemies. He is immortal. As long as the red tulips blossom and the red roses flourish, my lion-hearted Mazar is alive.

Uffff... Gamdar! I would die for you. May the enemies burn. May they be immersed in constant turmoil, now that they have made me helpless and left me with no kin! May the teeth of the adversaries spill out, those who say you've become a coward. Child! Your exile pains me, but I know in my heart that revenge is fire. It has not been extinguished, it never will be. It is my heart's desire that the scorching wind may never blow over you and the morning clouds may bring rain upon you.

But Jangian, why are you so cold-hearted? Uffff... my heart leaves my body. I don't say it, the enemies say that you are cold-hearted. I am certain that you are the same person. Your blood-red eyes are not unaffectionate. In the scorching heat, through the passes and canyons, your dry lips place a burning coal on my heart. The memory of your bare body in the freezing cold is a knife stabbing me in the heart, but don't worry, my head is high. I'm helpless but my eyes are not cast down. Even if you are not a master of a palace or a fortress, at least you are not the captive of any ruler.

Nasib! You blinded my eyes. I am ill-fated that Nasib is imprisoned. I know you growl like a lion. I know the silent groans of your heart will shake palaces and fortresses. The day will come, for sure. But only fate knows when. Uffff... is there anyone who can put some water in my mouth? Is there anyone who can lift my head a little? I'm so tired.

O Sardu! Sardu! You languid one! I'm gasping for breath. O my son! My breath! Sardu, are you asleep? Poor you! Wake up for a moment. My dress ... Let my thirst kill me, but may I not be disgraced. Strangers are looking at me. Look there. They have all fixed their gaze on me. My God, let me die. O my good Lord, I don't know what to do! O Sardu! Damn you, may you die or may I. But you, O you, the soul of my life! I shall die for you, my son. Mazar Jan, where are you? Jangian, beware of the leopards. Gamwar, may you stand together with your brothers!

It was Granaz, talking randomly to herself, sometimes consciously and sometimes not. Granaz was in this condition for seven days and nights, lying there all alone.

In her happy days, fortune and luck followed her. She was a finicky woman. She did not even feel her widowhood. She had her precious and invaluable sons before her. They were happy and content. But fear was always in her heart. She knew she would face days like this. Headstrong and powerful foes had seized their legacy. She knew that when her sons grew up, they would want to reclaim what was rightfully theirs. When they were children, the legacy of their father was seized by the powerful. Who willingly gives away their property while alive?

When they grew up and understood, they tried to claim it. This displeased the expropriators. Might won over weakness and innocence. When her sons mentioned the issue, the fears in Granaz's heart came true. The blood of one of her sons was spilled, another son went into exile, a third headed to the mountains and caves, and another ended up in prison. All she had now was a useless wimp of a son who was good

for nothing. He had neither vigour nor any excellence. God had given him life, nothing more.

Granaz was a poor and peaceable woman. She earned her living with her own hands. Now she had been unable to do anything for a full six months. Before, she had taken pride in her health and paid no attention to any illness. But now her health was gone. She could neither stand on her feet nor work with her hands. She was entirely destitute. She was so poor that she didn't even have a second set of clothes. Her body was dirty and bruised, and she stank.

Before, the neighbours would sometimes ask how she was doing, but now out of politeness no one asked. Now, everyone was waiting to hear the news of her death so that they could mourn without a single tear. At this time, the one who "took care" of her in her destitution was her incapable son. He had neither ability nor aptitude. God had given him a soul and nothing more.

Among all her fruitless endeavours, she now tried amulets and talismans, but in vain. People said she hadn't made the necessary offering, and that's why the spell didn't work. She had even sought help from every shrine and fakir. But they won't do anything out of charity. Wealth is a gift from God. And as for herbal treatments and decoctions, she had knocked on every door to get this stuff, but there was no way for her to restore her health.

This night was grim for Granaz. She had been groaning and wailing and now she was half unconscious. At the moment, she was so weak that she couldn't make a sound. Sardu raised her head and poured some drops of water in her mouth. He saw that her eyes were fixed high up, at the roof. Sardu's body began to tremble. He tried to wake his mother up, but she did not respond. Sardu's throat became all dry. His eyes were filled with tears.

Granaz was breathing with great difficulty. Grandma Telyan came running.

"Congratulations madam! Soba's wife has given birth to a baby boy."

Granaz opened her eyes a bit and looked at the sky. She had a death rattle. Her eyes became glassy. With the second death rattle, her soul was set free.

Sayad Hashmi

Introduction

Sayad Hashmi, also known as Sayad Zahur Shah Hashmi (and spelled in various similar ways such as Syed Zahoor Shah Hashmi or Hashomi), was born on 21 April 1926 in Gwadar, Balochistan.⁷³ He received his primary education from the Saeedia School in Gwadar,⁷⁴ but there is only scanty information about later studies and employment. Sayad passed away on 4 March 1978.⁷⁵

Sayad dedicated his entire life to developing his mother tongue, the Balochi language, and its literature. He is often called the father of Balochi. He was one of the founding members of the first Balochi literary circle in Karachi in 1952, The *Balochi Zobánay Sarchammag*.⁷⁶

Sayad was first and foremost a poet. He began writing poems in Balochi in the late 1940s, when he was working at Radio Pakistan, Karachi. Previously he had written poetry in Persian and Urdu.⁷⁷ Among his collections of poetry in Balochi one can mention *Sestagén Dastunk* (Broken Ghazals),⁷⁸ *Angar o Trungal* (Embers and Hail),⁷⁹ *Bretkagén Bir* (Burnt Lightning),⁸⁰ *Sechkánén Sassá* (Intricate Thoughts),⁸¹ *Shakkalén Shahju* (Sweet Streams of Water),⁸² and *Gesedgwár* (Rain of Citrine).⁸³

⁷³ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Syed_Zahoor_Shah_Hashmi (retrieved 19 January 2022).

⁷⁴ <http://thebalochistanpoint.com/sayad-zahoor-shah-hashmi-the-man-who-served-balochi-language-all-his-life/> (retrieved 19 January 2022).

⁷⁵ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Syed_Zahoor_Shah_Hashmi (retrieved 19 January 2022).

⁷⁶ Jahani, Carina (1989). *Standardization and Orthography in the Balochi Language* [Studia Iranica Upsaliensia, 1]. Uppsala: Acta Universitatis Upsaliensis, p. 27.

⁷⁷ Hussain, Sajid (2019). *Balochi Written Poetry*. Online lecture. <https://www.lingfil.uu.se/forskning/the-balochi-language-project/> (retrieved 21 January 2022).

⁷⁸ Hashmi, Sayad (2015³). *Sestagén Dastunk*. Gwadar: Sayad Hashmi Academy. This book was first published in 1957 (private publication).

⁷⁹ Hashmi, Sayad (1962). *Angar o Trungal*. No further publication details are available.

⁸⁰ Hashmi, Sayad (1962). *Bretkagén Bir*. Karachi: Sayad Nizam Shah Hashmi (private publication).

⁸¹ Hashmi, Sayad (1985). *Sechkánén Sassá*. Karachi: Sayad Hashmi Academy

⁸² Hashmi, Sayad (1988). *Shakkalén Shahju*. Karachi: Sayad Hashmi Academy.

⁸³ Hashmi, Sayad (2005). *Gesedgwár*. Karachi: Sayad Hashmi Academy.

Sayad wrote a number of short stories as well, some of which have been published in *Mirgend* (Mirgend).⁸⁴ He is also famous for having written the first novel in Balochi, *Názok* (Nazok),⁸⁵ which depicts traditional life in the coastal town of Gwadar.⁸⁶ It was later translated into Urdu and Persian. He also wrote the screenplay for the first modern Balochi movie, *Hammal o Mahganj* (Hammal and Mahganj).⁸⁷

Sayad was not only a fiction writer; he also wrote a history of the Balochi language and its literature in Urdu, *Baluchi zaban u adab ki tarix*.⁸⁸

Sayad is renowned and highly respected for his work as a language activist. One of the areas where he made important contributions is Balochi lexicography. He travelled to different parts of Balochistan documenting vocabulary in various dialects. He was also an active creator of neologisms.⁸⁹ Much of this vocabulary was published posthumously in the dictionary *Sayad Ganj*,⁹⁰ which is also available online.⁹¹

Another contribution for which Sayad is famous is his work on Balochi orthography. He presented a script for Balochi with a number of orthographic rules in his book *Balóchi Syáhagay Rástnebisag*.⁹² Known as the Sayad Hashmi writing system, this was the first attempt to establish rules for writing Balochi.⁹³

In 1983, the Sayad Hashmi Academy was founded in Karachi with the purpose of keeping Sayad's name and contributions to the development of the Balochi language alive.⁹⁴ Other institutions have also been named after him, including a high school in Turbat,⁹⁵ a library in

⁸⁴ Hashmi, Sayad (1969). *Mirgend*. Karachi: Nadkar Publications.

⁸⁵ Hashmi, Sayad (1976¹). *Názok*. Karachi: Nadkar Publications. Hashmi, Sayad (2017²). *Názok*. Gwadar: Sayad Hashmi Academy.

⁸⁶ <http://mariyamsuleman.blogspot.com/2013/11/a-glance-on-syeds-immense-exertions-for.html> (retrieved 19 January 2022).

⁸⁷ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hammal_O_Mahganj (retrieved 21 January 2022). The movie can be watched on YouTube <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JFs8ZU4fQKM> (retrieved 21 January 2022).

⁸⁸ Hashmi, Sayad (1986). *Baluchi zaban u adab ki tarix*. Karachi: Sayad Hashmi Academy.

⁸⁹ See, e.g., Jahani, Carina (1989). *Standardization and Orthography...*, pp. 124–125, 233.

⁹⁰ Hashmi, Sayad (2000). *Sayad Ganj*. Karachi: Sayad Hashmi Academy.

⁹¹ <https://sayadganj.albaloch.com/> (retrieved 19 January 2022).

⁹² Hashmi, Sayad (1962). *Balóchi Syáhagay Rástnebisag*. Karachi: Sayad Hashmi Baloch.

⁹³ For some of these rules, see Jahani, Carina (1989). *Standardization and Orthography...*, p. 137.

⁹⁴ Jahani, Carina (1989). *Standardization and Orthography...*, p. 29.

⁹⁵ <https://x.facebook.com/shhsturbat/photos/a.1642359616041856/2633588403585634/?type=3&source=48> (retrieved 19 January 2022).

Gwadar,⁹⁶ and an important reference library in Karachi founded by another language activist, Saba Dashtyari, in order to gather publications on Balochi, the Baloch and Balochistan in one place.⁹⁷

The story by Sayad Hashmi in this anthology, *Gárén Kaldár* (The Lost Coin), is a touching portrait of loneliness, longing, and love. Contrary to most of the other stories presented in this book, it ends on a positive note.

⁹⁶ <https://pk.worldorgs.com/catalog/gwadar/library/sayad-zahoor-shah-hashmi-digital-library-gwadar> (retrieved 19 January 2022).

⁹⁷ <https://shrlibrary.org/en/> (retrieved 19 January 2022).

The Lost Coin

Written by Sayad Hashmi

Translation by Fazal Baloch

It was a summer day. The sun was high in the sky. Early in the morning he had left for the beach and now he was sitting on the shore. There was still a touch of last night's chill in the sand. He cast a look at the foamy waves churned up during the night by the north wind.

The water was very shallow and the seabed was muddy in places. In this soft mud were many sea insects. Some had burrowed into the mud in such a way that if someone unmindfully stepped on the mud flat, he would sink knee-deep in it. Some fifty, sixty yards from the sea a few trees stood, some date palms and a big neem tree. In the morning sun, the neem would cast its shadow as far as to the sea-brink. But as the sun kept rising, the friendship between the shadow and the sea would begin to fade.

He was sitting in this shadow. But now the shadow had left him. He looked back. Beyond the neem tree there was a heap of sand. Its top looked like a circular dike or the rim of a volcano, higher all around and with a depression in the middle.

The rim enclosed some date palms. What once had been a beautiful garden now lay in utter ruin. Not a trace of the fence was left, not even a piece of net or a single pole or dry thorny branch. Anyone who wanted to escape some great trouble could hide out there.

To the left was a road. Actually it was not a road, but a trail or path that had come into being because people constantly walked to and fro on the sand, and some of the sand had become hard and some had blown away and gathered on the sides of the trail as it was trampled. The wind had also done its job, and now the trail appeared like the part line of a woman's golden hair. To the left of that trail there were wells where people would come to fill their empty pitchers and pots.

All of a sudden a faint sound caught his attention. He raised his eyes and caught sight of a blind man approaching on the right-hand side of the dune. The blind man was led by a girl who held one end of his walking stick. He shifted his concentration from the surroundings to the blind man, or actually to the girl. The girl led the blind man to the sea and more than an hour later she again took hold of the stick and they returned to the village together.

He too got up and made his way home behind them. On the way he exchanged greetings with two acquaintances. By the time he got out of the sand he was tired, because the trail was as narrow as a hair part, and it was covered with sand. So the trail was all sand.

When he passed a well, his heart skipped a beat. It was the second old, stone-walled well located at the farthest end or, if one comes from the other direction, at the beginning of the dune. He recalled something and rapidly shook his head to cast that old memory out of his mind, but it refused to leave him. He pondered, but in vain, because along with this fruitless thought his feelings had been awakened. From nowhere a burning sensation arose in his head, and his eyes were burning too. He touched his body to determine if he had a fever, but it was not like a fever. He quickened his pace to reach his destination as soon as possible. Then suddenly he whispered to himself: "Good for you that you're going home, but there's nobody there either. You'll be all alone there as well."

He was right. No one lived in his house apart from himself. He had a good friend, but the friend spent the whole day trying to make ends meet. At night his friend would come for a while and they would talk together, but his friend couldn't keep him company for too long either because he had to look after his family.

Again he said to himself: "Loneliness is fine but only when you need it. Likewise, it's nice to have someone's company when you grow sick of loneliness. Today even I feel as if I've grown sick of loneliness. I think I only should feel such weariness and disturbing emotions after sunset, but today it has happened at the wrong time. My mind has been stormed in the morning."

He kept walking inattentively, slowly and deep in thoughts. Halfway back, a friend ran into him and greeted him, but now he couldn't recall who it was. He moved quickly, as if someone was watching him or had been waiting for him for quite some time, and any sort of delay would lead to a huge loss.

He slowed his pace and even halted for a while, but soon he unconsciously started walking again with fast steps. He was some hundred steps away from home when his eyes caught sight of someone standing at the corner of the wall that enclosed his house. When he saw the person, he slowed his pace, lowered his head and continued, but his pace gradually became even slower. As he drew near, he raised his head and saw that this person was looking for something by the wall. He recognized her. Every day she passed by there on the way to fetch water. He thought she might have lost her ring or nose pin. He asked her: "What have you lost?"

"A rupee."

"A note?"

"No, a coin."

"So what?"

"It's gone."

He also began to look for it here and there, but when he raised his head, he saw that instead of searching for her lost coin she was standing and looking at him. He slipped his hand into his pocket but couldn't find any coin there. He turned to her: "I've no coin on me. Wait, I'll get you one from my house."

He opened the door and she followed him in. He went to his coat to find a rupee to give her. She asked: "Is there any water in your house?"

"What kind of water?"

"Drinking water."

"Yes, there is."

He picked up the glass to fetch her some water, but she took it from his hand and said: "I'll get it myself."

She filled the glass, came back, stood right before him and said: "Please drink."

"I haven't eaten any fatty food in the morning to drink water."

"It's summer. It's good to drink! By the way what did you have for breakfast?"

"A cup of tea."

"What else?"

“Nothing else.”

“Alright. I’ll bring you some eggs.”

“When?”

“Tomorrow.”

He took the glass and was about to drink when she grabbed his hand and said: “Don’t stand and drink. Sit down.”

He sat down on the bed and said: “But you are standing yourself.”

“I’ll sit down.”

After a while he broke the silence. “May I ask your name?”

“Mahal.”

“Mahal?”

“Actually my name is Mahatun, but out of affection my mother used to call me Mahal. Are you married?”

“Are *you* married?”

“Yes.”

“Any children?”

“I have three children, but my husband has not been here for five years. He has gone on a journey.”

“Is he angry with you?”

“No, he’s not. But he left long ago, and it doesn’t seem like he’ll come back. Occasionally he sends us money, but...”

“But what?”

“Nothing.”

“You didn’t ask me my name.”

“I know your name! I’ve known you since the day you came to live in our neighborhood. I’ve also noticed that this friend of yours visits you every day, and that you sit talking to each other until late in the evening. After midnight you come out and keep walking and talking. I wonder where you go at those late hours? And I don’t know when you return home.”

“What business is it of yours?”

“One night I kept waiting for you and saw you come back at dawn.”

“So, you’ve been spying on me!”

“Do you enjoy being alone?”

“Why do you ask?”

“No special reason.”

“What do you think?”

After a moment’s silence she suddenly said: “You’re not alone anymore.”

“At least not at this very moment.”

An hour and a half later she got up to leave.

He asked: “Did you have a drink at all?”

“You drank and my thirst was quenched.”

She was about to walk out the door when he asked: “Won’t you take your coin?”

“Whose coin?”

“The one I said I’d give you to replace the one you lost.”

“Oh! That lost coin?”

“Yes.”

“I found it.”

She said this and started walking fast. At the door she turned around and said: “I’ll bring the eggs at sunset.”

After she left he was perplexed. He sat talking to himself: “Did she find the coin? When? Where? In this house?”

A moment later he was struck by a thought. He smiled and said in a loud voice: “Oh! The lost coin!”

A slightly different version of this translation was published in *Borderless Journal*, 21 April 2020. <https://borderlessjournal.com/2020/04/21/a-balochi-story-the-lost-coin/> (retrieved 1 February 2022).

Gohar Malik

Introduction⁹⁸

Gohar Malik (also spelled Gawhar Malek) was born on 26 August 1938 in Panjgur, Balochistan. She was the eldest daughter of the famous Baloch politician and poet Mir Gul Khan Nasir.⁹⁹ At the age of two she contracted polio and was left paralysed. Her family later moved from Panjgur to Nushki, where she grew up. In those days it was not yet possible for girls to pursue an education, but her father gave her the opportunity to study at home.

Gohar Malik began her literary career as a translator from Urdu into Balochi. Among the authors she translated are N. M. Rashid, Khalil Gibran, and Krishan Chander. Her translations were published from the mid-1950s onwards in the Balochi magazines *Máhták Balóchi* and *Nókén Dawr*.¹⁰⁰

Gohar Malik began writing short stories in the 1960s, as one of the first female voices in Balochi literature, and the very first female short story writer in male-dominated Baloch society. By telling her female characters' stories through female eyes, she is able to depict the emotions and struggles of women first-hand.

⁹⁸ This introduction is mainly based on information provided in “Bibi Gohar Malik, A Symbol of Courage,” published in *The Baloch News*, 9 June 2017. Online at: <https://www.the-balochnews.com/2017/06/09/bibi-gohar-malik/> (retrieved 27 December 2021).

⁹⁹ For more information on Gul Khan Nasir, see, e.g., https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gul_Khan_Nasir (retrieved 20 January 2022) and Jahani, Carina (1996). “Poetry and Politics: Nationalism and Language Standardization in the Balochi Literary Movement.” In: Titus, Paul (ed.), *Marginality and Modernity. Ethnicity and Change in Post-Colonial Balochistan*. Karachi: Oxford University Press, pp. 105–137.

¹⁰⁰ For more information about these journals, see, e.g., Jahani, Carina (1989). *Standardization and Orthography in the Balochi Language* [Studia Iranica Upsaliensia, 1]. Uppsala: Acta Universitatis Upsaliensis, pp. 25–26; Dashtyari, Saba (2003). “Periodicals in Balochi: A Brief Description of Balochi Printed Media.” In: Jahani, Carina, and Agnes Korn (eds), *The Baloch and Their Neighbours. Ethnic and Linguistic Contacts in Balochistan in Historical and Modern Times*. Wiesbaden: Reichert.

Gohar Malik was also interested in local traditions, such as customs around marriage and traditional herbal medicine. She took an interest in local idioms and proverbs, and frequently used them in her writings.

Another thing that was of great importance to Gohar Malik was the legacy of her father. She kept her father's drafts and manuscripts in her possession, and was well acquainted with his rich poetic production. In fact, she knew many of Gul Khan's poems by heart. She also composed her own poetry, but mainly kept it to herself. She passed away on 28 February 2000.

Gohar Malik's literary style is simple, yet rich, and she is not afraid to treat taboo subjects, as in the story presented here, *Santh* (The Barren Woman). The theme is childlessness, something which is a disaster for a Baloch woman, and in the story the couple is childless for a reason that is not even discussed in the Baloch society. Gohar Malik succeeds in describing a woman's dreams and aspirations in a realistic and vivid way. She then goes on to give an equally realistic picture of the protagonist's discouragement when she finds out that the real world is far from her dreams.

The Barren Woman

Written by Gohar Malik

Translation by Fazal Baloch

“Get out of my house! You’ve ruined my life! Accursed was the day I married you! Tell me, in all these ten years have you ever brought me a moment of happiness?” He gave her a slap and then a kick. She fell down. The barrage of invectives surged out of his mouth like a flood. As mute as a statue she received his kicks and blows; not the slightest complaint came from her mouth. She had been on the receiving end of his invectives, kicks, and slaps for more than a month now. But today he’d added the rod.

She knew that any protest, even verbal, would only fuel the fire of his anger. He would lose his temper even more. He thrashed her until he had drained all his rage and desire for vengeance. He threw down the rod and went to the door, but turned back and warned her: “You must leave before I return, otherwise you will see the worst of me.” Then he went out the door.

She lay on the floor like a corpse, with racking pain in every bone and joint of her body. She closed her eyes: “Hamza says I haven’t brought him a single moment of happiness. I don’t know what he means by happiness. I’ve done my best to stay on good terms with his family. Cooking and cleaning, washing dishes and doing laundry, entertaining guests, showing love and care – I’ve worn myself out trying to make him feel at ease. I haven’t even visited my parents without his permission. I don’t know how he measures happiness. What are his parameters for happiness? He hits me. But who can fight with God?”

Then she recalled her childhood. When her brother Wali used to beat her and she cried, mother would protect her in her arms. Mother would ask Wali how he could have the heart to beat his sister. She would say: “Your sister will not stay with us for long. Don’t you know she is a

guest in your house?” She would embrace her mother, wipe her tears on the hem of mother’s scarf and say: “Mother, I will not leave you and Father and Wali.” Mother hugged her and kissed her head.

Time passed swiftly. They say a girl shoots up fast, like a plant. The months and years sped by.

Like other girls, it had been inculcated in her mind that a husband’s house is a girl’s real home. So she began to decorate her house in her dreams and fantasies. She waited for her “lord” to come and take her to her true abode where she would enjoy the status of being the “mistress.”

And at last the day she had been dreaming of arrived. Looking forward to prosperous days ahead, she prepared to accompany a stranger to his house, a decorated house that would be her own. Her friends bedecked her in bridal dress. It is said that fairies lend their beauty to a bride for three days, but her face was already glowing like the full moon, illuminated by happiness over her coming good times and happy fortune.

Her friends told her to close her eyes or otherwise a famine would strike the area, but she had already closed them lest her dream of a bright future should slip away. Now she shut them all the more tightly. The Holy Quran was placed before her, along with green leaves and water in a white bowl. “Now open your eyes.” She said a prayer, then opened her eyes and read a passage from the Quran and prayed for a happy life. She looked at the water and prayed that with the water Allah would purify the relation between her and Hamza. She looked at the green leaves and prayed for the fecundity of her womb. Then locking away her love for her parents and siblings in a corner of her heart, she went to Hamza’s house in search of a new and prosperous life.

When she found out how hollow her parents’ and everybody else’s words had been, it shattered her to the core. She wanted to go grab her mother and ask: “Mother, why do you lie to your poor daughters and throw them out of the house? Father says a husband’s house is a girl’s real home, and the husband says: ‘Get out of my house. It’s my house. You have no right to make decisions here. A wife is a commodity. She can be easily purchased. Just as I keep or get rid of other household items according to my own will, in the same way I do what I want with a wife. If I don’t like her, I’ll kick her out and replace her with a better one.’”

She recalled Shahgol and Zinat, and started up in terror as if she had been struck by lightning. Every year Shahgol gave birth to a child, yet her lap remained empty. None of her children survived. The doctors said that her

and her husband's blood did not match. But her husband refused to get treatment. He said: "I'll take the money I would have to waste on treatment use it to get a new wife instead." So he threw Shahgol out, and she went mad with grief. Zinat's crime was that she gave birth to daughters, and her husband divorced her. But me...? How am I at fault?

The door opened with a bang. The tangled thread of her thoughts snapped. Hamza shouted: "Are you still here, barren woman?" Her patience finally giving way, she turned to her husband and addressed him: "Why do you thrash me? Fight with the sovereignty of God who rendered you 'ineffective'. Impregnate me first and you can be sure that I will bear you a child. You men always blame women. But you too are human. Don't you ever fall ill? Cannot God render you impotent? Why are the men never blamed for what God does? Do you think I'm unaware of what the doctor told you? You blame me for what is your fault. She stood up and faced Hamza. "You can divorce me and marry another woman, but will you accuse her of being barren too?"

Hamza almost went mad with rage and shoved her with both hands. She flew some distance and fell. "How do the doctors dare? They just talk nonsense. They are damn liars, these doctors. Couldn't you have proven them wrong? Did you have to be so self-righteous? Why do you think I introduced you to my friends? You couldn't even secure the slightest happiness for me from them. I deliberately left you alone in their company, but you..."

Whatever was coming out of Hamza's mouth, it was not words. It was molten lead being poured into her ears. It was a bolt of lightning. The tears dried up in her eyes. She had a bitter taste in her throat, and her eyes bulged in their sockets. She heard Hamza's voice as if coming from the bottom of a deep well saying: "Go away. I have divorced you, divorced you, divorced you."

Now she is the mother of four girls. She also gave birth to a boy, but he died.

Hamza is a religious fellow now. He has performed the pilgrimage and all the people address him as Hadji Sahib. He also leads the prayer in the local mosque. Hamza remarried. But to his bad luck, his second wife also turned out to be a "barren woman."

Ghani Parwaz

Introduction¹⁰¹

Ghani Parwaz (also spelled Gani Parwaz) was born on 15 August 1945 in Nezarabad, Kech District, Balochistan. He received his basic education in Nezarabad and holds a B.Ed. and two MA degrees, one in Urdu and one in Political Science. He also has a degree corresponding to an MA in Balochi. He has worked as a schoolteacher, headmaster, lecturer and professor of Political Science in Turbat. Now retired, he still lives in Turbat.

Parwaz is a champion of Human Rights, and for many years he has been active in the Human Rights Commission of Pakistan, where he is the head of the Special Task force in the Makran region. He also actively advocates for women's rights in Pakistan in general and Balochistan in particular.

Parwaz has been interested in literature since a young age, and he is a very productive author. He has published numerous works in different genres. His non-fiction prose treats both political and literary subjects. For political subjects, he prefers to write in Urdu, whereas his literary criticism is mostly in Balochi. He has also published two collections of poetry, *Mósom Ent Wadáráni* (It is the Waiting Season)¹⁰² and *Kassi Naán Mátén Watan* (I am No One's Motherland).¹⁰³

Parwaz is, however, most renowned as a writer of prose fiction, and he has published several collections of short stories and a number of novels. His first collection of short stories, *Sánkal* (Iron Chains),¹⁰⁴ was published in 1992, and his latest collection, *Distagén Wáb o Nadistagén*

¹⁰¹ This introduction is partly based on information from https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ghani_Parwaz (retrieved 10 September 2021). Some information has also been obtained from friends and acquaintances of Ghani Parwaz, and from Ghani Parwaz himself.

¹⁰² Parwaz, Ghani (1998). *Mósom Ent Wadáráni*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

¹⁰³ Parwaz, Ghani (2001). *Kassi Naán Mátén Watan*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

¹⁰⁴ Parwaz, Ghani (1992). *Sánkal*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

Máná (Seen Dreams and Unseen Meanings),¹⁰⁵ was published in 2021. Ghani Parwaz has also published five novels, the first, *Mehray Hóshám* (Craving for Love), in 2000,¹⁰⁶ and the latest one, *Máhay Sar o Róchay Chér* (On the Moon and Under the Sun),¹⁰⁷ in 2017. *Mehray Hóshám* was republished by the Balochi Language Project¹⁰⁸ in 2015.¹⁰⁹ Parwaz has also written novels and short stories in Urdu.

After a journey to Sweden between December 2013 and January 2014 during which he visited the Balochi Language Project, Parwaz wrote a travelogue which he published in 2016 under the title *Wábáni Dawár* (The Abode of Dreams).¹¹⁰

In 1997 Parwaz received Mast Tauk Ali¹¹¹ award for his first collection of Balochi short stories, *Sánkal* (Iron Chains),¹¹² and he was given the same award in 1998 for his book of literary essays *Labzánki Shargedári* (Literary Criticism)¹¹³ and his first anthology of poems, *Mósom Ent Wadáráni* (It is the Waiting Season).¹¹⁴ He received a provincial award from the Department of Information, Government of Balochistan in 2001 for his fourth collection of short stories, *Mortagén Marday Pachén Chamm* (The Open Eyes of the Dead Man).¹¹⁵ He was given another provincial award by the Department of Culture and Tourism, Government of Balochistan, for his second Balochi novel *Shapjatén Ráhi* (Traveller Caught by Night)¹¹⁶ in 2007. In 2008, he got the same award for his fifth collection of short stories, *Bandén Chamm ke Pacha Bant* (When the Closed Eyes Open),¹¹⁷ in 2009 for his second book of literary criticism, *Fekshan o Áiqy Teknik* (Fiction and its Techniques),¹¹⁸ in 2010 for his

¹⁰⁵ Parwaz, Ghani (2021). *Distagén Wáb o Nadistagén Máná*. Quetta: Balochi Academy. Note that the construction for dreaming in Balochi is ‘to see dream’.

¹⁰⁶ Parwaz, Ghani (2000). *Mehray Hóshám*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

¹⁰⁷ Parwaz, Ghani (2017). *Máhay Sar o Róchay Chér*. Turbat: Balochistan Academy.

¹⁰⁸ <https://www.lingfil.uu.se/forskning/the-balochi-language-project/> (retrieved 10 September 2021).

¹⁰⁹ https://www.lingfil.uu.se/digitalAssets/562/c_562186-l_3-k_mehrhosham.pdf (retrieved 10 September 2021). The title of the republished novel is *Mehrhóshám*.

¹¹⁰ Parwaz, Ghani (2016). *Wábáni Dawár*. Turbat: Jamshed Publications

¹¹¹ Mast Tawkali is a renowned Baloch poet who lived in the 19th century. See, e.g., <https://medium.com/@mblh/tawkali-mast-and-sammo-83c9338c0857> (retrieved 6 October 2021).

¹¹² Parwaz, Ghani (1992). *Sánkal*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

¹¹³ Parwaz, Ghani (1997). *Labzánki Shargedári*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

¹¹⁴ For bibliographic information, see fn. 102.

¹¹⁵ Parwaz, Ghani (2021). *Mortagén Marday Pachén Chamm*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

¹¹⁶ Parwaz, Ghani (2007). *Shapjatén Ráhi*. Turbat: Balochistan Academy.

¹¹⁷ Parwaz, Ghani (2008). *Bandén Chamm ke Pacha Bant*. Turbat: Balochistan Academy.

¹¹⁸ Parwaz, Ghani (2009). *Fekshan o Áiqy Teknik*. Turbat: Balochistan Academy.

collection of short stories *Sarshapay Marg* (Death of Early Night),¹¹⁹ and again in 2013 for his Balochi novel, *Mehr o Hamráhi* (Love and Companionship).¹²⁰

In 2010, Ghani Parwaz received the Pride of Performance award,¹²¹ which is given by the Pakistani president for “notable achievements in the fields of art, science, literature, sports, and nursing.”¹²² He also received the Life Achievement Award from the Balochi Department of Balochistan University, Quetta, in 2016 and the National Award from the Pakistan Academy of Letters in 2017.

Ghani Parwaz has founded two literary organizations in Turbat, the *Labzánki Kárwán* (Literary Caravan) in 1984¹²³ and the Balochistan Academy.

The story presented here, *Jehád* (Jihad), was published in *Bémenzelén Mosáper* (Traveller Without a Destination).¹²⁴ Its theme is clearly in line with Ghani Parwaz’s advocacy of human rights, religious freedom, and freedom of thought. In the story we meet two shopkeepers, Nabi Dad, who is a Sunni Muslim, i.e. an adherent of the mainstream religion among the Baloch, and Golsher, who belongs to the Zigri religious community.¹²⁵ The Zigris have from time to time been severely persecuted by the Sunnis in many parts of Balochistan,¹²⁶ and in this story, a jihad is proclaimed from the mosque against the Zigri pilgrimage, which is to take place in a few weeks. Nabi Dad, who is looking for a way to get rid of the competition that Golsher’s store constitutes for him, is now very excited and hopes that a final solution to his problem is near.

¹¹⁹ Parwaz, Ghani (2010). *Sarshapay Marg* Turbat: Balochistan Academy.

¹²⁰ Parwaz, Ghani (2011). *Mehr o Hamráhi*. Turbat: Jamshed Publications.

¹²¹ [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pride_of_Performance_Awards_\(2010%E2%80%9C2019\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pride_of_Performance_Awards_(2010%E2%80%9C2019)) (retrieved 10 September 2021).

¹²² https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pride_of_Performance#List_of_recipients (retrieved 10 September 2021).

¹²³ Jahani, Carina (1989). *Standardization and Orthography in the Balochi Language* [Studia Iranica Upsaliensia, 1]. Uppsala: Acta Universitatis Upsaliensis, p. 30.

¹²⁴ Parwaz, Ghani (1995). *Bémenzelén Mosáper*. Quetta: Zomorrod Publications.

¹²⁵ For more information on the Zigri religious beliefs and practices, see, e.g., Badalkhan, Sabir (2008). “Zikri Dilemmas: Origins, Religious Practices, and Political Constraints.” In: Jahani, Carina, Agnes Korn and Paul Titus (eds), *The Baloch and Others. Linguistic, Historical and Socio-Political Perspectives on Pluralism in Balochistan*. Wiesbaden: Reichert, pp. 293–326.

¹²⁶ See, e.g., Noraiee, Hoshang (2008). “Power and Religion in Iranian Balochistan.” In: Jahani, Carina, Agnes Korn and Paul Titus (eds), *The Baloch and Others...*, pp. 345–364.

Jihad

Written by Ghani Parwaz

Translation by Fazal Baloch

Nabi Dad had been at his shop continuously since nine in the morning. But his mind was on Golsher's shop more than his own, because hardly a customer had turned up at his shop. Golsher's shop, on the other hand, was so crowded that there was hardly room for anyone to stand or sit down. Nabi Dad lamented over the fact that although he had been in the business of shopkeeping for the past twenty years, after only six years, Golsher's shop was flourishing much more than his own.

"I wonder what kind of sorcery Golsher uses to cause his shop to flourish?" Nabi Dad thought to himself, consumed with jealousy. "Our shops are in the same street, they're opposite each other, they're both the same kinds of stores, general stores, and they both have the same kinds of items for sale. His prices aren't lower than mine. Still, people swarm to his shop like ants, and nobody even asks about my shop. If his business continues to flourish like this, the day will come when I must close my shop once and for all. So I need to do something. I definitely have to do something or other."

One day the Assistant Commissioner walked into Golsher's shop together with the chief of the local Levies and some soldiers. Nabi Dad was overjoyed that something was afoot. The Assistant Commissioner arrested Golsher for smuggling alcohol and heroin on the basis of a written complaint, and took him to the police station. But within a few hours he was released for lack of evidence. Nabi Dad became sad again.

A few days later Rami, a notorious dacoit, kidnapped Golsher in front of his shop after receiving a telephone call claiming that he had a lot of cash and it would be quite easy to abduct him for ransom. Nabi Dad was over-

joyed, thinking that even if nothing happened last time, this time something definitely would. But within moments a crowd of people chased after Rami and freed Golsher, and Nabi Dad was even sadder than before.

Some time later, Ramadan arrived. One day, while Nabi Dad was sitting in his shop deep in thought, a sudden announcement was made on the mosque loudspeaker:

“Muslim brethren! *The Majlis-e Tahaffuz-e Khatm-e Nabuwwat** have decided not to allow the Zigris to perform the fake pilgrimage. If they try to visit *Koh-e-Namorad*** and perform the fake pilgrimage, Jihad shall be waged against them. Therefore, on the 21st of the Holy Month of Ramadan, there will be a religious congregation at the Central Mosque, and on the 25th all roads to their fake pilgrimage site will be blocked and Jihad will be waged against them. All fellow Muslims are requested to participate in both the congregation and the Jihad to fulfil their Islamic duty.”

After hearing the announcement, Nabi Dad pondered for quite a while. Joy and sadness rippled across his face in turn. His expression kept changing back and forth for quite some time, from bright to gloomy and back again. But finally the gloom vanished behind the brightness.

He closed his shop on the 20th of Ramadan and began making preparation for the gathering and the Jihad. He bought himself a new white headscarf for both occasions. He washed a couple of outfits and kept them ready. He took a proper shower and trimmed his grey moustache, but at the same time he lamented over his beardless face, since he thought that a beard was a necessity on such blessed occasions. The next day, having dressed in his off-white clothing, put on the white headdress, and slipped into his soft grey shoes, he looked at himself in the mirror and saw that nothing was lacking for participating in a religious congregation and a Jihad, except for a beard.

On the 25th of Ramadan, in the evening, the news spread like wildfire that Golsher had got into a car and was on his way to the Koh-e Morad along with some Zigri relatives of his, when a group of Mullahs saw them. One of these Mullahs opened fire on their vehicle. Golsher died on the spot and five of his relative were injured. Given the vast crowd of Mullahs, the shooter couldn't be identified. Even so, a few mullahs were detained and put in house arrest.

The final evening of Ramadan had arrived with a new development. The arrested mullahs had been released. Golsher's shop remained closed, while Nabi Dad's was packed with customers. He was busy running the business. It appeared that at long last he was experiencing the true delight of shopkeeping.

* *Majlis-e Tahaffuz-e Khatm-e Nabuwwat* (The Assembly to Protect the End of Prophethood, i.e. the religion of the last prophet, Muhammad): A religious organization in Pakistan.

** *Koh-e Morad* (Bal. *Kóh-e Morád*): (The Mountain of Fortune) A sacred site for the Zigri religious community located in Turbat, Balochistan. Each year during the month of Ramadan, the devotees of the Zigri sect visit this site for their annual pilgrimage. Here the word *námorád* (misfortune) is used as a derogatory term.

Murad Sahir

Introduction¹²⁷

According to his national identity card, Murad Bakhsh, known as Murad Sahir (also spelled Morad Saher), was born in 1929, in Shay Sichi, Negwar, Kech District, Balochistan.¹²⁸ There is no record of the day and month of his birth, and even the year is uncertain. The place and date of his birth have been recorded differently in different documents, which is not uncommon among people of his generation.¹²⁹

Murad Sahir received basic schooling at a religious madrasa in his native village from an early age. After studying the Quran, Arabic, and some Persian literary works, all of which were part of the madrasa curriculum, he was sent by his father to Karachi to live with an uncle and continue his studies. In Karachi, Murad Sahir was sent to a municipal school, where he studied until sixth grade. Afterwards he returned to his native village to help his father with agricultural work.

When Murad Sahir was about 12 years old, his family migrated to Karachi to escape a famine in their village. They initially lived near an agricultural district in Karachi, but later they were forced to leave and moved to Old Golimar, where they settled permanently.

Murad Sahir first worked in construction, loading and unloading vehicles that transported sand, bricks and other materials, then as an assistant mechanic in an auto garage. Later he learned to drive and worked as a driver for a company. After some time, a medical doctor employed him as his personal driver. These were golden days for him. After dropping off his boss at the clinic, he could read all day until it was time to drive the doctor home again.

¹²⁷ This introduction is mainly based on a telephone conversation held on 13 January 2021 with Rahim Mehr, who has done extensive research on Murad Sahir.

¹²⁸ This date and place of birth are taken from a master's thesis titled "Murad Sahir: His life and Literary Services," written by Muhammad Asim under the supervision of Rahim Mehr and defended at Balochistan University, Quetta, in 2016.

¹²⁹ See, e.g., <https://www.thebalochnews.com/2017/06/12/murad-sahir/> (retrieved 19 January 2022); Dashti, Naseem (2015). "Balochi zuban ka ek ruhani shaer, Murad Sahir." (In Urdu). Monthly magazine, *Balochi Dunya*, Multan, March 2015, p. 13.

Later, Murad Sahir worked as a driver at the Russian Consulate in Karachi, at the Karachi Electric Supply Corporation, and in many other places. Finally, he bought his own small transport vehicle and worked for himself.

Murad Sahir was a lover of flowers, literature and all forms of art. He spent most of his spare time, often whole nights, reading literature or watching movies.

Murad Sahir fell ill on 16 September 1998 and was taken to a nearby hospital. Due to the seriousness of his condition he was quickly transferred to one of the city's largest medical facilities, Jinnah Medical Centre, where he passed away on 18 September 1998.

Although Murad Sahir is best known for his poetry, he was among the first writers of short stories in Balochi as well. His stories deal with traditional themes in Baloch society such as love, betrayal, rural life, social inequality, and the lack of facilities and infrastructure in the region, and they often have a clear social message. Some of his collections of poetry are *Páhár* (Vapour),¹³⁰ *Chihál* (Scream),¹³¹ *Zeray Morwáred* (The Ocean Pearl),¹³² and *Beshkon Mani Peryátán* (Listen to my Cries).¹³³ Some of his prose writings have been collected in *Garmén Sáheg* (The Scorching Shade).¹³⁴

Murad Sahir also translated a number of short stories and articles into Balochi. The compilation *Zer Dir Ent* (The Sea is Far Away)¹³⁵ contains most of his translations.

The story presented here, *Garmén sáheg* (The Scorching Shade), depicts the main character's deep love for a childhood friend. Unable to forget her, he takes the courage to visit her after her marriage. He struggles with his emotions – not only love, but also indecisiveness, fear, and rejection, to mention a few.

¹³⁰ Sahir, Murad (1970¹). *Páhár*. Karachi: Fazil Academy. Sahir, Murad (1986²). *Páhár*. Karachi: Azat Jamaldini Academy 1986.

¹³¹ Sahir, Murad (1987). *Chihál*. Karachi: Sayad Hashmi Academy.

¹³² Sahir, Murad (1995). *Zeray Morwáred*. Quetta: Progressive Writers' Association.

¹³³ Sahir, Murad (2011). *Beshkon Mani Peryátán*. Karachi: Murad Sahir Memorial Society.

¹³⁴ Sahir, Murad (2007). *Garmén Sáheg*. Gwardar: GAM Publications.

¹³⁵ Sahir, Murad (2017). *Zer Dir Ent*. Karachi: Sayad Hashmi Reference Library.

The Scorching Shade

Written by Murad Sahir

Translation by Fazal Baloch

Kenagi sold the whole camel-load of unripe dates for eighty rupees, wrapped the money in his handkerchief and slipped it under his loincloth. Then he tethered his camel and strolled to the bazaar. He needed to buy some essentials. The shop in his village didn't stock such a variety of goods. He returned from the bazaar before sunset, packed the foodstuffs and other things he had bought in the saddlebags, saddled the camel, untethered its knees, balanced and tied the load, and set out for his village. Once he was out of the bazaar he made the camel kneel and mounted its back. Now dusk had fallen, and the camel, ruminating and indifferent to the surroundings, strode along narrow and meandering trails.

When a man is alone, he often slips into thoughts. Kenagi too walked the paths of memory and had now reached the happy moments of bygone days. These fond memories carried him to a paradise for a short time. But this paradise of the imagination did not last for long, and soon he found himself back on the camel, crossing a dark plain all by himself. He looked up towards the stars. They caught his attention, and he kept his eyes fixed on them for a while. He was thinking "see how they twinkle in the darkness of the night. Is there anyone who remembers when they were born? These stars remember many things. Age will never creep upon them. Why are they so bright?" All of a sudden he heard someone chanting a poem. He noticed a camel train was coming the other way. The camel-driver was chanting a sorrowful and melancholic poem. The refrain of the poem was:

Come! Your memories leave me no peace
Maidens come, group by group, to fetch water
Like a gentle morning breeze
Of you, nobody gives me a clue
Come! Your memories leave me no peace

He had barely finished chanting these lines when a light-hearted man from the caravan yelled out: “Don’t stop. Keep reciting, my broken-hearted buddy! These dark nights and long roads can’t be travelled in silence.”

Kenagi’s attention turned from the stars to the hubbub. As if someone had plucked the strings of his own heart, he too felt like chanting. He had a melodious and strong tenor voice. This voice of his had caused him great heartache. So in response to the camel-driver’s song, Kenagi began to chant:

Of gardens, O sweet-voiced pigeon
In silence plod your days forth
There is no fidelity in the world
Come! Your memories leave me no peace

These few words pouring from Kenagi’s troubled heart tore through the darkness of the night and reached the ears of the camel-drivers. Silence engulfed both sides for a while, until the caravan drew close.

Someone asked Kenagi: “Hey sir, whose clan do you belong to?”

“Kahoda Shawsawar’s,” Kenagi replied.

“Are you coming from the coast?”

“Yes.”

“How much do unripe dates go for?” he inquired.

“Eighty rupees per load,” came Kenagi’s reply.

“Do you have any fish on you? We need a few.”

Kenagi bartered some fish for dates and they all resumed their journeys. But the poem Kenagi had just chanted opened up his old wounds again.

A happy memory of the old days flashed through his mind, and tore at his heart. He recalled Mahan, his childhood friend. Two years back she

was given in marriage to a wealthy man. She was his childhood friend. They grew up in the same village. After the wedding Mahan's husband took her to his village. Now Kenagi's path would pass through Mahan's village. Once before, deep down in his heart, he had desperately wanted to visit her, but he hadn't paid any attention to his heart.

Now he was helpless before his fervent heart. He was thinking about Mahan. He wondered how she was doing, how she was getting on, if she still thought of him, if she still loved him. This was a question he asked himself. But his wounded heart didn't reply. Then he himself replied that Mahan could never forget him. He would visit her at any cost. At dawn Kenagi's camel was approaching Mahan's village.

Mahan, too, desperately loved Kenagi but things don't always turn out as they should in this world. Today, two years later, Kenagi was on his way to her village. At breakfast time he reached the village and asked a man for her address.

The man told him: "See the tent on that rocky field? It's where Mahan lives."

Following the man's instructions, Kenagi reached Mahan's place. He tethered his camel to a wooden post from which a water bag hung. Mahan was churning milk in a goatskin. When she saw Kenagi, she left the goatskin, pulled out a mat and rolled it out in front of the wool tent. She greeted Kenagi from a distance. She got up, filled a plate with dates, poured a glass of milk from the goatskin and placed it in front of Kenagi. She herself went and sat down at a distance. Kenagi took a mouthful of the dates with a gulp of the milk. He raised his eyes to cast a glance at Mahan. He fixed his eyes on her, as if he was looking for something in her face. Mahan raised her head. Their eyes met. Kenagi regained his senses and asked her: "Do you recognize me?"

It was as if Mahan was jolted out of a deep sleep. They looked at each other as if they were trying to recognize one another. Silence prevailed for quite some time. Then Mahan replied: "No."

To Kenagi this "no" was not an answer. Instead he felt as if someone had stabbed him in the heart with a dagger. The date tasted bitter in his mouth and his hand went limp on the plate. With great effort he pulled his hands from the plate and wiped them with the corner of his shawl. He got up, slipped into his footwear and untied the camel.

Mahan turned to him: "Oh! You didn't even touch the breakfast. Stay a little and help yourself to the breakfast. My husband will be back from

tending the flock in a while. In the meantime you had better wait out the midday heat before resuming your journey.”

Kenagi’s voice broke as he answered: “If you don’t recognize me, then this cool shade is nothing less than scorching heat to me. After all, one’s own burning sun is better than a stranger’s cool shade. Your shade is no longer cool for me.”

He held the rein of the camel in his hand and strolled off. But his feet were heavy. Though he was walking forward, his spirit was jumping about on the rocky field, crying out in search of his lost partner like an wild deer.

Sharaf Shad

Introduction¹³⁶

Sharaf Shad (also spelled Sharap Shad) was born in Ball Negwar, Dasht, Kech District, Balochistan, Pakistan, on 1 February 1979. He received his primary education at Government High School, Ball Negwar, and then took his matriculation exam at Degree College Turbat in 1999. He earned an MA in Balochi from Balochistan University in 2002, and an M.Phil. in Balochi in 2016 from the University of Balochistan, Turbat campus. He is a visiting teacher at Karachi University.¹³⁷ He also works as a host on a Balochi TV show on *Vash TV*, Karachi.¹³⁸

Sharaf is mostly known for his translations of international literature, especially fiction, into Balochi.¹³⁹ He has translated and published *The Stranger* by Albert Camus (with the title *Darámad*),¹⁴⁰ *Chronicles of a Death Foretold* by Gabriel Garcia Marquez (*Péshgoptén Margay Ródaptar*),¹⁴¹ and *The Thief and the Dogs* by Naguib Mahfouz (*Dozz o Kochekk*).¹⁴² In the same year as *Dozz o Kochekk*, 2015, he also published a collection of international short stories titled *Bandigay Póshák* (The Dress of the Prisoner).¹⁴³ A year later he published a translation of *Ward Number 6* (*Wárd Nambar 6*) by Anton Chekhov,¹⁴⁴ followed by Albert Camus' *The Fall* (*Zawál*).¹⁴⁵ In 2018 he

¹³⁶ This introduction was drafted during a conversation with Sharaf Shad himself on 14 September 2021.

¹³⁷ <https://bolanvoice.wordpress.com/2014/03/15/balochi-certificate-course-at-university-of-karachi/> (retrieved 20 September 2021).

¹³⁸ <http://vshnews.tv/> (retrieved 20 September 2021).

¹³⁹ For his translations, Sharaf Shad worked from existing English and Urdu versions of the works. Personal communication, Sharaf Shad, 27 September 2021.

¹⁴⁰ Shad, Sharaf (2012). *Darámad*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

¹⁴¹ Shad, Sharaf (2015). *Péshgoptén Margay Ródaptar*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

¹⁴² Shad, Sharaf (2015). *Dozz o Kochekk*. Quetta: Sangat Academy.

¹⁴³ Shad, Sharaf (2015). *Bandigay Póshák*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

¹⁴⁴ Shad, Sharaf (2016). *Wárd Nambar 6*. Quetta: Sangat Academy.

¹⁴⁵ Shad, Sharaf (2016). *Zawál*. Gwadar: Sichkan Publications.

published his translation of Gabriel Garcia Marquez' work *Short Stories of Marquez (Márkwezay Ázmánk)*.¹⁴⁶

Sharaf has also published a book of his research articles in Balochi, with the title *Labzánk, Darkessahi Labzánk o Shayr* (Literature, Non-fiction and Poetry),¹⁴⁷ a book of his essays on Mubarak Qazi, a popular Balochi poet, titled *Cherág Tahná Ent* (The Candle is Lonely),¹⁴⁸ and a collection of short stories called *Safará Dam Bortagén Ráhán* (In the Exhausted Paths of the Journey).¹⁴⁹

Sharaf Shad is famous for his symbolism. In the short story presented in this anthology, *Rawt Rah Rawt Shap* (Endless Road, Endless Night), the main character remains nameless and ageless and shows no individual identity throughout the story. As it unfolds, the story not only describes the lack of infrastructure in Balochistan, but also depicts a huge social dilemma in rural Baloch society.

¹⁴⁶ Shad, Sharaf (2018). *Márkwezay Ázmánk*. Gwadar: Institute of Balochia.

¹⁴⁷ Shad, Sharaf (2017). *Labzánk, Darkessahi Labzánk o Shayr*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

¹⁴⁸ Shad, Sharaf (2019). *Cherág Tahná Ent*. Gwadar: Institute of Balochia.

¹⁴⁹ Shad, Sharaf (2020). *Safará Dam Bortagén Ráhán*. Gwadar: Institute of Balochia.

Endless Road, Endless Night

Written by Sharaf Shad

Translation by Fazal Baloch

The bus was jiggling along a bumpy road. It was past midnight and the passengers were asleep or half-dozing in their seats. Only two people were awake. One was the driver who was playing an old Indian song on the radio as he tried to avoid the potholes in the road. The other was a passenger lost in thought.

The bus was crossing a wide plain at the foot of a mountain. Some scattered lights flickered in the distance. But it was hard to tell if they were lamps gleaming in the windows of nearby houses or stars in the distant sky shining on the earth.

The bus had covered a great distance when an unexpected shower with no flash or thunder began to sprinkle the ground.

“Step on the gas, Captain! The river Tank still lies ahead,” shouted the conductor, who was lying down in the last row. Heavy-eyed passengers yawned and rubbed their eyes in the dark to catch a glimpse of the rain through the window, then went back to sleep.

The sound of the raindrops was barely perceptible amidst the rattling of the bus and the music blaring from the radio. But our sleepless passenger was certain that the raindrops would be washing away the tire tracks behind them. This thought brought him a sense of relief.

The city was far behind and so was his fear.

The bus stopped and his heart skipped a beat. But instead of soldiers, two new passengers stepped onto the bus. One was a man dressed in white, holding a small briefcase and wearing glasses. The other one wore a silk scarf on his head. He looked like a peasant or a camel-driver.

The conductor walked up and pleaded with our sleepless passenger, “there are no vacant seats on the bus, and these two have an emergency. Please let one of them take the empty seat beside you for a little while.”

“I reserved both seats because I don’t feel comfortable having anyone sit next to me,” he replied bluntly.

Before the conductor could answer, the peasant begged our passenger: “Sir, we’ll be getting off soon. It would be kind of you to allow the gentleman to sit beside you for a while.”

He lifted his bag off the seat and placed it at his feet. The peasant strolled to the last row and took the very spot that had been occupied by the conductor earlier.

The man who sat down beside him was a handsome fellow. The multi-coloured light inside the bus made his face look pale-yellow. His clothes were a bit damp from the rain. Our passenger looked intently out the window in a way that suggested he was not going to say anything for the rest of the journey. From the briefcase, our passenger assumed he was a doctor. Country doctors used to carry such cases.

The doctor took a pack of cigarettes from his pocket, offered him one, then lit one for himself.

“A few moments ago, when we were standing in the wind and rain, I was thinking about how terribly helpless man is against nature.” The doctor was a soft-spoken man. Our passenger looked at the doctor but did not say anything. “Man’s relation with his fellow human beings is quite enigmatic. A short while ago, before we got on this bus, we had our own individual destinies, but now all of us passengers share the same fate. If the bus falls into a ravine, we will all die. If it breaks down, we will all be in trouble. And if it arrives safe and sound, we will all reach our destinations happily. Our lives, destinies and fears overlap.”

“Well, I’m not afraid of anything at all,” our passenger replied curtly.

“I’m not only talking about you.” The doctor pursed his lips and blew a smoke ring into the air. “But looking at it another way, I’m wrong. Whether or not we are on board together, our lives and deaths are our own. If the bus rolls over, not every passenger will necessarily die. Some of us may sustain injuries. Some might break an arm or a leg. And some may not get as much as a scratch. But we all wish to see the bus reach its destination smoothly without anything happening to us, because fear of death is pouring down within us like rain.”

“As I told you before, I’m not afraid of anything at all.”

“Everyone fears death. Even you. When assailed by fear of death, a man always sputters like you.” The doctor blew out another billowing cloud of smoke. After a short pause he said: “The desire to live is more or less the same for all of us. It is this very fear that makes me scared to travel by bus at night. The moment I shut my eyes, I get the feeling that the bus will roll over. That’s why I can’t sleep on a bus at all. I don’t know how you feel.”

An impulse arose in our passenger’s heart. “Have I fled from my past? Nobody knows. Do I have a future? Nobody knows. How can it be like this?” But he didn’t say a word.

“I’m also afraid of darkness,” said the doctor. “But the darkness is outside the bus now,” he continued. “The inside of the bus is filled with a light that is so peaceful it doesn’t disturb those who are asleep, and gives comfort to those who are awake.”

He took out another cigarette but just held it between his fingers without lighting it. “Man fears nothing but death. No matter whether he dies in an accident or from cardiac arrest or cancer. At times I think that it is the people who lose their ability to face life who actually die. I reckon that God would never seize the life of a man who lives for a cause. I have seen death from very close, so close that personal relationships and the fervour of life roll like waves.”

“Have you seen it from closer than I have?” he asked the doctor in a hushed voice.

“What do you mean?” The doctor flicked the cigarette he had between his fingers but soon discovered it was unlit. He extended the cigarette to him.

“I have killed my wife.” He lit the cigarette and took a long puff on it. “My pregnant wife. My beloved wife. Have you seen death closer than I have, doctor?”

“Your pregnant wife.....” The doctor’s voice was trembling. “But why did you kill your pregnant wife?”

“Because the child in her womb was not mine.”

The doctor looked at him with bewilderment.

At that very moment, the peasant yelled from the last row: “Driver, please stop the bus! We’ve reached our destination.”

His hand trembled and some ash fell on his clothes. “Doctor, please don’t go,” he whispered, “I’m afraid.”

The peasant drew close to them and said: “Let’s go, doctor. We’ve arrived.”

The doctor took his briefcase and told him: “This man’s wife is in severe labour pains. There is no doctor in their village, and he has covered twenty kilometres to get me. In this battle of life and death, I will try my best to see life stand victorious.”

A slightly different version of this translation was published in *Daily Times*, 11 June 2018. <https://dailytimes.com.pk/251820/runs-the-road-goes-the-night/amp/> (retrieved 2 February 2022).

Haneef Shareef

Introduction

Haneef Shareef (also spelled Hanif Sharif) was born in Karachi on 25 December 1976.¹⁵⁰ He completed his basic education in Turbat, Balochistan, and received a Bachelor of Medicine, Bachelor of Surgery (MBBS) degree from Bolan Medical College, Quetta, in 2003.

Haneef was active in the Baloch Students Organization (BSO), which in addition to organizing Baloch students engages in political activities.¹⁵¹ His abduction by Pakistani secret agencies in 2005 was publicly protested by local and international human rights organizations, including Amnesty International.¹⁵² He was released after nine months, and in 2011 he left Pakistan. After some years in Oman he moved to Germany, where he now lives in exile and is active as a writer, filmmaker, YouTuber, and photographer.

Haneef has written one novel, *Chegerd Poll Ent* (The Chegerd Tree is Blossoming),¹⁵³ and a number of short stories in Balochi. Some of his short stories have been published in the three collections, *Shapá ke Hawra Gwárit* (The Night When it Rains),¹⁵⁴ *Tirándask* (Tirandask),¹⁵⁵ and *Hanipnám* (Hey You, Hanip).¹⁵⁶

In addition to his authorship, Haneef has directed four films in Balochi, two in Balochistan and two during the time he spent in Oman.¹⁵⁷ All of his films deal with the current political situation in Balochistan, and the main theme is Baloch patriotism. Haneef also runs a YouTube channel, Radio Balochistan,¹⁵⁸ where he publishes videos, stories, interviews and lectures on various topics.

¹⁵⁰ <https://www.imdb.com/name/nm6289428/> (retrieved 15 January 2022).

¹⁵¹ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Baloch_Students_Organization (retrieved 18 March 2021).

¹⁵² <https://www.amnesty.org/en/documents/asa33/032/2005/en/> (retrieved 15 January 2022).

¹⁵³ Sharif, Hanif (2010). *Chegerd Poll Ent*. Kech: Sárbán Shengkár.

¹⁵⁴ Sharif, Hanif (2008). *Shapá ke Hawra Gwárit*. Turbat: Balochistan Academy.

¹⁵⁵ Sharif, Hanif (2014). *Tirándask*. Turbat: Balochistan Academy.

¹⁵⁶ Sharif, Hanif (2020). *Hanipnám*. Karachi: Elm o Adab Publishers and booksellers.

¹⁵⁷ <https://haneefbalochsite.wordpress.com/> (retrieved 15 January 2022).

¹⁵⁸ <https://www.youtube.com/c/radiobalochistan> (retrieved 15 January 2022).

Haneef Shareef's short stories are characterized by a poetic style, and he often discusses taboo subjects. In the short story presented here, *Bibi Maryam o Préshtag* (Mother Mary and the Angel), Haneef skilfully portrays human relationships, both problematic and respectful. He draws on his experience as a medical doctor when describing a protagonist who has lofty dreams but whose kidney problems prevent him from making them come true.

Mother Mary and the Angel

Written by Haneef Shareef

Translated by Fazal Baloch

After a very long time he dreamed again, after about eleven years... He had not dreamt since he was thirty-five, and now he was an old man of forty-six. Today, as he was lying on his bed in the nephrology ward, he closed his eyes and had a dream.

Mother Mary and the angel appeared before him, like fond memories of his bygone days. The fog, dust and haze were gone, and the days of scorching heat, burning hot winds and thirst were over. Today, in the shade of the monsoon clouds, the two familiar old shadows emerged after a long wait. He recognized both of them. Even if he wished to, he could not forget them. What he had gained from his dreams during the first thirty-five years of his life were the two well-known and intimate faces... And today Mother Mary and the angel, whom he had been desperate to meet in every dream since childhood, had returned home after eleven years of waiting.

As usual Mother Mary was standing one step closer to him than the angel. She was silent. Moonlight had drenched her hair and the signs of a long journey to her destination lingered in her eyes. He had etched Mother Mary's eyes into his heart. Light was pouring forth from Mother Mary's white robe. It seemed to him that she was surrounded by cotton flowers and wax moths. The entire ward was enveloped in the scent of camphor as well. He saw that Mother Mary was looking at his dialysis machine. The machine was making a rattling sound. The tubes attached to his arms were "breathing" his blood, which after passing through the machine by means of these tubes and being purified, returned to his body through other tubes. This machine was his kidneys, and enabled him to keep pushing his book cart along.

He wished to go on a pilgrimage to Mecca at some point, and there he would have a dream. Under the overcast sky, in the gentle breeze, at the foot of the high mountains where the desert began, dressed in an Arab robe, he would hold the reins of Mother Mary's camel, and before the end of the dream, ahead of the falling dusk, he would lead her across the desert. And then, by the fountains, under the shade of the blessings, he would marvel at flowing streams of milk and trees laden with figs and mulberries. Yet he knew that the pilgrimage was beyond his reach, as both his kidneys had given in. He could only keep his life dragging on with the support of the dialysis machine. He knew that once a week he had to appear before this machine and endure the pain and solitude of the dialysis room. But he never thought that he would have a dream during his dialysis session on this very day.

He was quite astonished that the angel was still thirty-five. Not a day more or less. The Angel looked the same as eleven years ago. As far as he could remember, they had grown up together. Whenever they ran into each other in a dream, they mulled over the same plans, did the same things, and played the same games.

They had travelled together from childhood until the age of thirty-five. It was the journey of half a lifetime. They shared the same age. Hence, he always used to think the angel was his twin brother, that he lived with Mother Mary, but sometimes would come out and look for him in the scorching heat of noon. He didn't look like the angel, but he believed that he had been blessed with immortality and sent to earth. He traced his lineage to angels; he was created from fire, and these earthly folks were nothing. He was far superior. All the others were born from water and clouds. He was far above all visible and tangible things, and he constantly felt he was better than other human beings, but...

The facts were otherwise. He had spent his whole life selling books from his book cart, and Kamal always tried to convince him he was a liar. Kamal told him that selling books from his book cart was his destiny, and staring at people was his obsession. "In fact, when selling books you have sold yourself as well. But you refuse to believe it; you refuse to accept what I say. That's why you've created your own world, an illusory world."

He always argued with Kamal. He never wanted to see him. He never visited his house; he didn't even walk past his clinic. If someone from his family fell ill, whatever illness it might be, he would stand in front of the Civil Hospital for two hours in the middle of the crowd in the

heat, but he would never seek Kamal's help. Actually he and Kamal had become like the snake and the mongoose. Besides, he did not need Kamal. His dreams never forsook him. It never even occurred to him that he might need anyone else. And after losing faith in his own cousin Kamal, he never asked anyone to interpret his dreams anymore. He took refuge in the world of his dreams.

But the season is not always blessed; the clouds don't always bring mercy. One evening when he was thirty-five, while he was pushing his book cart home, he felt a stabbing pain around his waist. Glowing embers were running down his sides. Thus began the never-ending visits to the hospital. He couldn't help stretching out his hand towards Kamal; he became needy of other people's help. Who would have offered him free dialysis for eleven years, if the nephrologist at the Civil Hospital had not been Kamal's friend? You could put it like this: if he hadn't been Kamal's cousin, the headmaster would have thrown him out of school, just like when a schoolchild skips class after the recess bell.

Death lurked closer to him for every step he took. He thought that he actually was not one person. Rather, his body housed two people. Both got up early in the morning, had their breakfast and set out for their daily duties. Gradually he felt a heaviness come down on his shoulders. He constantly told Kamal that he felt as if he was carrying a corpse, and his shoulders were weighed down by the burden. His strength was finished, and he lamented that people around him would never share his burden.

Kamal always invited him to his home, treated him to tea, and saw him off at the clinic. People noticed that he walked with a visible uneasiness. As if he was carrying a funeral bier on his shoulders and the other end of it was dragging on the ground.

His family witnessed something else. He lay curled up in his bed as if a baby was sleeping beside him and he was afraid he would roll over in his sleep and suffocate it. He spent his nights in great agony. And then came the completely sleepless nights, as a gift. Sleep had forgotten the address of his eyes. During those years his relatives had forsaken him. Mother Mary and the angel had forsaken him. Mother Mary did not send him any message and there was no trace of the angel. The afternoons were as hot as fire and the nights as cold as ice.

He waited for many months. He deliberately tried to catch a dream and planned to write a few letters, but to no avail. His fears grew, and again he resolved to go on pilgrimage. He bought a clay piggy bank and started

saving money. But he never shared his plan with his family. Eleven years passed and the dialysis machine became an integral part of his life.

Whenever Kamal and the nephrologist met, they always pondered what it was that kept him alive. Usually after two years of dialysis, patients get fed up with it and seek emancipation in death. But it seemed that he had the strength to carry this burden year after year. The desire to go on a pilgrimage had made him stronger day by day.

He knew that he was a prisoner of this city. He could not leave Kamal's realm. He knew that on each occasion of mourning, his family lengthened their prayers for the dead more and more. He felt as if they had been mourning someone for all of the last two years. He didn't know who was about to die. After all he was about to go on a pilgrimage. He feared that while he was performing the pilgrimage, someone else might breathe his last here and die, as his dreams had done.

He was complaining to Mother Mary and telling her about his last eleven years of loneliness and sorrows. He was about to ask the angel where he had been when someone placed a hand on his cold forehead. He opened his eyes and saw that the doctor was doing his rounds. He was accompanied by two interns, the nurse and the registrar. The doctor was asking him something, but his voice did not reach him. Besides, it seemed to him that the doctor had seventy heads. He hated the doctor intensely. The doctor and his team had interrupted a dream that had returned after eleven years. He closed his eyes to recapture the dream. But there was no sign of the dream. It had vanished like a road lost in the fog. Half-heartedly he opened his eyes again.

The doctor was still standing by the head of his bed. The ward boy was noting his blood pressure while the nurse was busy scrawling something on the medical chart. He saw someone he recognized. It was Kamal, who was sitting on his bed.

He wanted to tell Kamal: "You were lying when you said I'm alone in the world, that I've built up a fake world for myself, that Mother Mary has left me, that the angel is not my twin brother, that he has forgotten me. In my own home you called me a lunatic. You called me a dream digger. I didn't say anything, not a single word. My dreams had abandoned me. I had no witness to call upon. The door of my seeking had been closed. But today I again received the tidings that I am blessed with immortality. I am the last living being from the city of the angels and I have mistakenly landed on earth. Fire is the light of my eyes. If I want, I

can reduce the whole world to ashes. And you, Kamal, you never believed me. You thought I was out of my senses. But today I announce before you that I am superior to these earthly folks. I am a descendent of heaven. You all are dependent on me. It is because of me that life goes on. Without me nothing would exist in this world. Not you, not the doctor and not this tormenting, rattling dialysis machine. These clouds and colours all owe their existence to me.”

Kamal saw that he was pointing at the dialysis machine and trying to say something. He assumed that Hussain was complaining about his being late. Kamal addressed him by his name and kept repeating that he had things to do, that he was busy and only belatedly learned that the doctor had called him on the telephone. Kamal started coming up with excuses.

It seemed that Kamal’s voice was reaching him from afar. As if he was speaking from behind a wall, as if his voice was coming through a tumultuous and bustling crowd, as if it was sinking into a marshland. He barely managed to tell Kamal that he was unable to hear his voice. Kamal spoke louder, but Hussain was only half-conscious, and he soon drifted off to sleep again.

Now he had a second dream. In it, he saw Mother Mary and the angel. Mother Mary looked as usual, but now the angel had aged; he was about forty-six and he had grown old like Hussain. Hussain smiled. He looked for Kamal in the alleyways of his mind, but to no avail. Darkness had descended upon the lanes of his mind, and the doors of the houses were locked. Before he could slip into contemplation, the angel came forward. He was carrying some fresh blooming jasmine flowers. He placed them on the bedside table. The fragrance of the fresh jasmine bore glad tidings to Hussain; it filled the suffocating room and his heart with refreshment. The angel came close to him, sat beside him, caressed his hair, wiped the froth from his mouth, and took Hussain’s hand in his own and placed it against his chest. Hussain raised his eyes and saw that Mother Mary was standing at the foot of his bed. She was in tears. The angel was looking down. His long hair hung loose across his neck, and his wings were at rest. The wax moths were melting and the cotton flowers were catching fire. But the fragrance of camphor was in full bloom. The dust and haze were thickening. It was the first dream during all his forty-six years in which he craved for the companionship of a fellow human being. Silently he called out the name of an intimate companion, but in the shower of jasmine flowers his voice only carried a short distance, and then the jasmine started pouring down. He found it harder and harder to breathe; he

was caught in the trap of not getting any air. The flowers kept showering down and his breath got stuck in his nostrils.

The dialysis machine was rattling, and the tick-tock of the wall clock had gained momentum. The fan was running faster. Amid tumult and clamour, nurses and ward boys were hurrying to and fro. The doctor's sweating forehead and sombre face disappeared in the fog before his eyes – a fog that was a deadly monster, a mist that was a demon. Abruptly he was put under the oxygen mask by the doctor, the oxygen cylinder started working, but his heart had ceased to beat. His eyelids had stopped blinking; the life of his eyes had come to an end. He was no more.

The doctor looked around gloomily. Everyone was in a state of grief. The doctor placed his hand on Kamal's shoulder. Kamal was in tears. His self-appointed enemy had departed, but had left him in tears. He closed Hussain's eyes. He blew out the candle of dreams that had been lit for forty-six years. He covered his face with a piece of cloth.

An elderly woman who was attending a boy lying on the adjacent bed began to wail in great grief. The boy began weeping with her. Kamal, the doctor and the entire staff, everyone was surprised. They didn't know why this old woman was crying. How did she know Hussain? She was remembering how earlier today, before going to the dialysis machine, Hussain had looked at her with compassion, greeted her in a friendly way and enquired about the boy's health. The doctor and Kamal tried to comfort her, but...

It was a long time since Kamal had left the room. He had not returned, and no one else had come to the hospital. The dead body was still lying there, and the old woman was still sobbing unrelentingly. The rattling of the dialysis machine had come to an end; the tubes had been removed from his body. The wall clock was still ticking in the ward, and the fan had scattered the jasmine flowers.

A slightly different version of this translation was published in *Borderless Journal*, 14 July 2020. <https://borderlessjournal.com/2020/07/14/thus-spake-the-vagabond/> (retrieved 1 February 2022).

Man and his Environment

Munir Ahmed Badini

Introduction¹⁵⁹

Munir Ahmed Badini (also spelled, e.g., Muneer Ahmad Badini) was born in Shareef Khan village, Nushki District, Balochistan, Pakistan in 1953. After his early studies in the village school, he went to Quetta where he completed a BA in Sociology, Political Science and Philosophy at the Govt Degree College in Quetta.¹⁶⁰ He later earned an MA in Philosophy from Punjab University.

During his time as a student, Munir Badini became a member of BSO.¹⁶¹ He was influenced by Marxist literature and thinking and made a Balochi translation of a work by Stalin, though it was never published. He later rejected Stalinist thinking.

After completing his master's degree, Munir Badini taught Philosophy at the Degree College, Quetta, but in 1980 he joined the Pakistani Civil Service. He has held various posts in the Provincial Government of Balochistan, such as Secretary of Fisheries, Secretary of Education, and Secretary of Sports and Youth Affairs. He is now retired and lives in Quetta.

Munir Badini is a prolific writer who has written more than 100 books, some of which have been awarded literary prizes. One of his early works is the novelette *Rékáni Talá Halké* (A Village in the Dunes),¹⁶² which was followed by another novelette *Bell ke Máh Bekapit* (Let the Moon Vanish).¹⁶³ In 2008 he published a trilogy about the social life and changes in Quetta between 1970 and 2000. The title of the book is *Shálay*

¹⁵⁹ This introduction is mainly based on the information found about Munir Ahmed Badini on Wikipedia. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Muneer_Ahmed_Badini (retrieved 29 December 2021).

¹⁶⁰ https://web.archive.org/web/20120803023606/http://www.jworldtimes.com/Article/82011_We_Do_Not_Have_Capable_people_for_the_Suitable_Jobs (an interview with Munir Ahmed Badini, retrieved 29 December 2021).

¹⁶¹ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Baloch_Students_Organization (retrieved 18 March 2021).

¹⁶² Badini, Munir Ahmed (1993). *Rékáni Talá Halké*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

¹⁶³ Badini, Munir Ahmed (1994). *Bell ke Máh Bekapit*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

Golén Bázár (The Flowery Bazar of Shal).¹⁶⁴ Another novel of his, *Karnáni Kahrén Dhokk* (The Harsh Sorrows of Centuries)¹⁶⁵ received the Mast Tauk Ali award in 2009,¹⁶⁶ and in 2010 his short story collection *Hazárén Pásáni Shap* (A Night of a Thousand Watches)¹⁶⁷ received the same award. Among his later novels, *Bahesht o Dózah* (Heaven and Hell) can be mentioned.¹⁶⁸ In addition to novels, novelettes and short stories, Munir Badini has also written a fictional travelogue describing a visit to the USA. It was published in 1996 with the title *Ágahén Chammáni Wáb* (The Dream of Open Eyes).¹⁶⁹

In 2018 Munir Badini received the Pakistan Academy of Letters' Kamal-e-Fann Award, one of the highest literary honours in Pakistan.¹⁷⁰

In addition to his literary activities, Munir Badini is interested in a number of current issues, such as education and environmental protection. In a 2011 interview, he comments on education in Balochistan, and finds that “the status of education in Balochistan has been neglected in the past and it will be neglected in the future too. [...] In fact, the ruling elite in third world countries is not interested in educating its people because of its vested interests. Education brings awareness and freedom with it. The educated masses would ultimately change the very fabric of the society, much to the disadvantage of the ruling elite.” He does not foresee any rise in the quality of education in Balochistan, but is more optimistic about environmental protection and the development of sports in the province.

In line with Munir Ahmed Badini's interest in the interaction between man and his environment, the theme of the story presented here, *Pisshi o Pirokó* (The Cat and the Old Man), is the importance of caring for others, be they animals or humans. It also shows the author's insight into the behaviour of cats, and that caring for an animal can help fill an empty nest.

¹⁶⁴ Badini, Munir Ahmed (2008). *Shálay Golén Bázár*. Quetta: New College Publications. Shal is the traditional name of Quetta.

¹⁶⁵ Badini, Munir Ahmed (2009). *Karnáni Kahrén Dhokk*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

¹⁶⁶ Mast Tawkali is a renowned Baloch poet who lived in the 19th century. See, e.g., <https://medium.com/@mblh/tawkali-mast-and-sammo-83c9338c0857> (retrieved 6 October 2021).

¹⁶⁷ Badini, Munir Ahmed (2010). *Hazárén Pásáni Shap*. Quetta: New College Publications.

¹⁶⁸ Badini, Munir Ahmed (2014). *Bahesht o Dózah*. Quetta: New College Publications.

¹⁶⁹ Badini, Munir Ahmed (1996). *Ágahén Chammáni Wáb*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

¹⁷⁰ <https://tribune.com.pk/story/2243528/1-munir-ahmad-badini-wins-top-literary-award> (retrieved 29 December 2021).

The Cat and the Old Man

Written by Munir Ahmed Badini

Translated by Fazal Baloch

Not long after we moved into our newly rented house, a cat started turning up there. Every night when we sat down to dinner, we heard meowings through the air vent of the room, coming from a hungry cat on the veranda. Drawn by the smell of food, coming from who knows what house, she would scratch on the veranda with her paws, put her head in front of the vent with its mosquito net and start meowing. Her eyes sparkled like a lamp; she moved her whiskers and meowed loudly, and then, having lost hope of getting a bone and a piece of food, she would stroll back to her unknown home, meowing... Perhaps she had already given up on getting anything from us.

Whenever I wanted to throw a piece of food to her, my wife would say, "Never feed her or she'll make a habit of coming all the time." I tried to convince her that this poor cat is hungry. When we eat she can smell it, and she comes to our air vent and gazes in expectantly. Then she loses hope and goes away meowing... What difference does it make if I dip a piece of bread in the stew and throw it to her?

But my wife didn't agree. I don't know why she loathed that cat so much that she wouldn't even let me throw her a single piece of food ...

The cat kept coming and meowing at our vent at dinnertime. One day I told my wife that I could not take this animal's disappointment any longer. "I'm going to throw a piece of food to her. Let this poor creature fill her stomach."

If she did make a habit of coming every day it would actually be a blessing, because I knew our house was infested with rats. If the cat began hanging around here, that would be the end of them. But when I broke off a piece of bread to throw, my wife grabbed my hand and said, "To

hell with her! I hate her meows and you want to feed her... I won't let you. Damn her! Every night she comes to the vent, sticks her nose in and spoils our meal... And again and again your mercy is awakened and every night you forget about eating and listen to that cat's meowing. I won't let you. To hell with her!" She waved her hands in the air to scare the cat away. "Get lost, you filthy animal!"

The poor cat, still meowing at the air vent, had to watch and listen to my quarrel with my wife. When she saw me stand up, she stopped meowing. It seems she got her hopes up that this was the time when I finally would give her something to eat... But my wife grabbed my hand and the cat lost hope again, seeing that we were still arguing about feeding her. She started meowing again, really loudly. I looked at her for a long time. Then I said to my wife: "You don't know anything about the pangs of hunger. Ask this poor cat about it."

"Alright. If you insist then go ahead. I'm not going to stop you." At last she felt some empathy for the poor cat. I threw some pieces of food on the veranda, and the cat leapt towards them and ate them.

Before leaving, she appeared again at the vent, uttered another meow and set off. In response to this cheeky behavior of the cat, I turned to my wife and said, "Look what a great favor you did for the cat. Now she's thanking you."

The cat came back every night, ate her fill at our house and went away. We began expecting her, and if she was late we would save her a share of the food. When we heard her meowing, we would throw the food onto the veranda.

One night we were having dinner but the cat didn't appear. We knew that she sometimes came late. We waited for her and kept looking up towards the vent expecting to see her weary eyes any moment, hoping that she would come, but so far there was no sign of her. In the meanwhile, someone began knocking on the front gate, and I got up to open it. In the glow of the streetlight I saw a beggar standing outside, a frail, white-bearded man at our gate: "I haven't eaten anything for the last two days. If there is any morsel of food, please..."

I saw that it was an old beggar with a cane who had made his way to our gate, limping with the help of the cane. From his rapid breathing and wheezing, I assumed he had come a long way. When I saw his white beard and how weak he looked, I felt compassion for him. I came back

in and gave this old man whatever food was left. The old man was very happy and went his way.

I came back in and had only just sat down in the room when I heard the sound of the cat. But I had given all the food to the old man. While giving food to a hungry man, I completely forgot that another hungry creature was also supposed to come.

I was at a loss what to do. Not even a single piece of bread was left in the house. My wife and I were distressed and felt embarrassed hearing the cat's meowing, but there was no food left to give her that night. So we retired from the dining room and went to the other room, leaving the cat to meow. She continued for quite a long time. The sound of her meows echoed in my ears. I felt sorry for her. Today she remained hungry.

I wish that the cat had understood my language. Then I would have told her that there was no food left for her today. That I would definitely keep some for her tomorrow evening and that an old and sick man took her share today. He too was hungry like herself.

The cat stood at the vent meowing for a long time. After she gave up hope, I heard her scratching on the veranda. "This time she left disappointed," I thought.

The next night we waited for her but she didn't come. Nor did she turn up on the third or fourth night. We didn't have a clue whether she was alive or dead.

A slightly different version of this translation was published in *Daily Times*, 12 November 2018. <https://dailytimes.com.pk/320983/the-cat-and-the-old-man/amp/> (retrieved 2 February 2022).

Ghaws Bahar

Introduction by Noroz Hayat and Carina Jahani

Ghaws Bahar (also spelled Ghaus Bahar) was born on 8 March 1954, in Ormarah, on the Makran coast of Balochistan, Pakistan.¹⁷¹ After finishing his BA, he began working as a civil servant. Soon, however, Balochi language and literature became his main interest in life, and he later also became active in Baloch civil rights and politics.

Ghaws Bahar was an active member of the Baloch National Movement,¹⁷² a political organization founded in 1987 to be a voice for the independence of Balochistan.¹⁷³ A number of the leaders and members of this organization have been killed or abducted over the years,¹⁷⁴ and Ghaws Bahar, too, faced death threats due to his political activism. As a result he had to leave Pakistan and take refuge in the Iranian part of Balochistan.

In Iran, Ghaws Bahar was mainly based in Sarawan, where he continued his literary work and joined together with Baloch literary activists. He also started classes in Balochi for his literary friends,¹⁷⁵ and even wrote a book about the Baloch literary activists in Sarawan, *Mortagén Halkay Zendagén Mardom* (The Living Souls of the Dead Land). It is unclear whether this book has been published.¹⁷⁶

After some years in Iran, he was diagnosed with cancer and he returned to his home town, Ormarah, for treatment. The treatment was not successful, and he passed away on 8 August 2018.¹⁷⁷

¹⁷¹ https://twitter.com/ghaus_bahar?lang=en (retrieved 15 September 2021). However, on the back cover of his book *Karkénk* (for bibliographic details, see fn. 181), from which the story presented here is taken, his year of birth is given as 1952.

¹⁷² https://twitter.com/ghaus_bahar?lang=en (retrieved 15 September 2021).

¹⁷³ The original name of this organization was the Baloch National Youth Movement.

¹⁷⁴ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Baloch_National_Movement (retrieved 15 September 2021).

¹⁷⁵ It should be added that Western (Iranian) Balochistan does not have the same tradition of reading and writing Balochi as is found in Eastern (Pakistani) Balochistan.

¹⁷⁶ Personal communication, Abdolsalam Balochzadah, 16 September 2021.

¹⁷⁷ <https://balochistantimes.com/the-doomsday-ghaus-bahar/> (retrieved 17 September 2021). Personal communication, Abdolsalam Balochzadah, 16 September 2021.

Ghaws Bahar was a poet and short story writer. His literary pieces were published in magazines and in a number of books, such as *Zergwát* (Sea Breeze), a short story collection;¹⁷⁸ *Balóchi Daryáb*¹⁷⁹ (Balochi Prosody), on Balochi poetry and its prosodic system;¹⁸⁰ *Karkénk* (Oyster) a short story collection;¹⁸¹ and *Abétkén Bolór* (Gloomy Crystal), a collection of poetry.¹⁸²

Ghaws Bahar also did translations from Urdu into Balochi. Among his translated books, *Ájóiy Cherág* (The Lamp of Freedom), written by a certain Ikramullah, can be mentioned.¹⁸³

Ghaws Bahar also took part in the discussion on Balochi orthography. He published a book titled *Balóchi Likwarh* (Balochi Script),¹⁸⁴ and in an article published in 1984 he suggested that the Bengali script should be used for Balochi.¹⁸⁵ Toward the end of his life he also wrote a piece about the modification of the Balochi script made by the Balochi Language Project.¹⁸⁶

Ghaws Bahar was a member of the Balochi Academy in Quetta. Founded in 1961, this institution works for the promotion of the Balochi language and its literature and has published a considerable number of books in Balochi as well as other languages on topics concerning the Baloch.¹⁸⁷ Most of Ghaws Bahar's books were published by the Balochi Academy.

Ghaws Bahar engaged with societal issues not only as a political activist but also as a storyteller, narrating in a social realist style the true tale of the hardships of his people and his homeland. Similarly, he depicted criticism of his people's disunity in his literary works. He always

¹⁷⁸ Bahar, Ghaws (1988). *Zergwát*. [Sine loco].

¹⁷⁹ The Balochi word *daryáb* actually means 'perennial river', but Ghaws Bahar has used it here to denote the prosodic system (including rhyme and metre) prevalent in Arabic, Persian, and Urdu poetry, which is also adopted by many Baloch poets. Personal communication, Nagoman Baloch, 23 September 2021. See also Jahani, Carina (1995). "The Formal Structure of Gul Khān Naṣīr's Poetry." *Orientalia Suecana*, 43–44, pp. 141–147.

¹⁸⁰ Bahar, Ghaws (1997). *Balóchi Daryáb*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

¹⁸¹ Bahar, Ghaws (2003). *Karkénk*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

¹⁸² Bahar, Ghaws (2004). *Abétkén Bolór*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

¹⁸³ Bahar, Ghaws (2003). *Ájóiy Cherág*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

¹⁸⁴ Bahar, Ghaws (1997). *Balóchi Likwarh*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

¹⁸⁵ Jahani, Carina (1989). *Standardization and Orthography in the Balochi Language* [Studia Iranica Upsaliensia, 1]. Uppsala: Acta Universitatis Upsaliensis, 149, 242.

¹⁸⁶ https://baask.com/archive/category/fiction_writers/ghaus_bahar/ (retrieved 17 September 2021). For The Balochi Language Project, see <https://www.lingfil.uu.se/forskning/the-balochi-language-project/> (retrieved 17 September 2021).

¹⁸⁷ <http://academy.balochiacademy.org/> (retrieved 17 September 2021).

wished to convey the message of unity to his people. Moreover, being a poet, he had a poetic way of storytelling. In his literary pieces he often painted patriotic pictures to convey the beauty of his homeland and express his genuine fear that the state would forcibly turn the Baloch into a minority on their own soil.

The story *Karkénk* (Oyster), which is presented in this anthology, is told in the first person, and the protagonist is a young man who has just completed his education but is unable to find a job. Recalling that a year earlier he had met an old man, Uncle Tangahi, who made his living by gathering oysters, he decides to do the same thing. But on his first day “at work,” he is arrested and he subsequently finds out that an even more sinister fate has befallen Uncle Tangahi. Set in the coastal region of Balochistan, the story is full of subtle criticism of the political system and the people in power. Although there are clear indications in the story that it is set on the eastern side of the border dividing the land of the Baloch between Iran and Pakistan, the same events could certainly happen on the western side as well.

Oyster Shells

Written by Ghaws Bahar

Translation by Carina Jahani

I had not picked up more than ten shells when four uniformed soldiers surrounded me. One tore the bag from my back and shook out the contents onto the ground. I was at a loss what to tell them when the butt of a rifle thudded against my back and I curled up on the ground. All four soldiers beat me with punches and kicks, rifle stocks and metal pipes until I fainted.

When I regained consciousness, lo and behold, I was in the holding cell at the police station. My shirt and trousers were torn and soiled. The watch had been spirited away from my wrist, and the sandals from my feet. I asked myself why such a thing was happening to me. What had I done wrong? But I could not make any sense of it.

Oysters were not that valuable and gathering them was not such a big crime that someone like me would be beaten and imprisoned for it, and coming to this beach was not something that would make the soldiers so infuriated. The people in our community spend both their childhood and their old age here.

Well, there is a difference. When I was small I came to this beach to walk around and pass the time, while today I came in search of bread for the day. Is it possible that such a pitiful means of securing life's necessities is an affront to our benevolent government? The fact that a person who has studied fourteen grades is reduced to going from beach to beach gathering oyster shells and earning a pittance, does this not reflect well on the noble leaders of our country? "Is this the huge crime for which the soldiers are punishing me?"

I thought to myself that if someone comes near my cell I will ask him what crime I committed to be brought here and imprisoned, and how long I will be confined to this cell. But no one came close to me. I was isolated in the cell like a murderer. Only God knows why such a fear

grew in my heart that my eyes involuntarily scanned my hands and feet for signs of illness. Well, I had not been afflicted by such a terrible disease that no one would approach me out of fear of infection, unless we count the disease of poverty.

You can't imagine how I spent this unpleasant night in the police station, but the memory is carved into every fibre of my body. A pile of my own filth lay in a corner of the cell, and as for the flies and mosquitoes, there are no words to describe how they attacked me. The soldiers had not given me nearly as hard a time as these flies and mosquitoes did. The soldiers had hit me and caused me to faint, but the flies and mosquitoes tortured me in a state of consciousness. There was a mattress left in the cell from before I came. God knows what poor fellow it had belonged to. Its musty smell filled the air, but to escape the flies and mosquitoes I sometimes covered myself with it. Other times I ran around the cell in circles, like a spindle.

Now it was ten o'clock on the second day. I had been hungry and thirsty and sleepless since the day before, and it seemed like nobody was aware that a "murderer" was imprisoned in this cell.

Suddenly a soldier passed by in front of me in the police station. My eyes lit up. I was about to ask him something when he lifted his right hand and put two fingers to his lips signalling me to be silent. I recognized this soldier, and he knew me too. Passing the door of my cell a second time, closer now and with his AK47 swinging on his back, he whispered: "Mate, praise God. He had mercy on you. It's now been an hour since Uncle Tangahi..."

He kept walking without finishing his sentence. I'm sure you can imagine the confusion that took hold of me. Has Uncle Tangahi made a complaint against me? Did I encroach on Uncle's livelihood? Uncle Tangahi had surely lay behind it somehow.

Now I was filled with anger toward Uncle, and uttered some strong curses against his old wife and his grown daughters. There were so many oysters on the beach that even if Uncle Tangahi and I were to gather them for years and years they would not run out. Uncle has caused me so much torment for no reason that I wish God will torment him the same way.

I was grumbling against Uncle when that soldier again passed close to me. "What did Uncle Tangahi say?" I asked quickly. My forehead was all wrinkled.

“He hasn’t said anything. The poor fellow, this morning...” The soldier’s words broke off again. I almost went crazy now. “Uncle didn’t say anything. The poor fellow, this morning...” All these words were a riddle to me.

This soldier passed close to me again, but perhaps someone was standing outside, because he did not respond to my question and passed by in silence. Now every hair on my body was standing on end. I stood as if affixed to the door of the cell, keeping a hard grip on the bars. I was waiting for the soldier to return and give me a full account of the events. The few words from the soldier made it clear that Uncle had not made a complaint against me. Actually, poor Uncle, this morning... These words made me ponder.

The soldier did not come. Had poor Uncle died this morning? Had poor Uncle been imprisoned like myself? Poor Uncle, this morning... I was immersed in thoughts when the soldier passed by again, and this time it seemed like a good opportunity. “What happened to poor Uncle this morning?” I asked quickly.

“The soldiers shot him dead,” the soldier replied.

“Wh...at.” My heart froze.

“Yes, Uncle was shot to death for the crime of gathering oysters,” the soldier informed me. Then he walked on, leaving me wishing that the ground would open up and swallow me then and there.

I had doubted Uncle and cursed his wife and daughters for no reason at all. I thought I really should be ashamed of myself. My thoughts went to Uncle’s old, lame wife and two grown daughters whose breadwinner had been wasted by the oppressors over nothing.

Well, now I knew why I had been arrested, but I couldn’t understand what kind of greatness had come into the oysters to make gathering their shells a worse crime than murder.

Yesterday was my first day of gathering shells, but Uncle Tangahi had been doing this job for a long time. I remember that it was a year earlier, when I came to the beach to spend some time with a couple of friends, that I first saw Uncle picking oyster shells. I was surprised because nobody had so much as picked up a single one here before.

For hundreds of years these oysters had been lying on the red sand of the beach. No one ever valued them even as much rubbish. Well, occasionally the small children would pick them up, hit them against each other as if they were fighting and break them.

Astonished, I asked Uncle why he was gathering oyster shells.

He answered: “Hey mate, it is to fill a hungry stomach, a stomach.”

Uncle raised his head a bit, looked at me and slapped his stomach with his hand. “I’m an old man. I can’t work any longer. Well, you know a male child is a treasure from God, but in my house there is none. They are both girls and I cannot bring myself to send them to work in other people’s houses. The world is a bad place. Your auntie has lost her strength and cannot go and wash dishes in other people’s houses to help me. I was at a loss as to what to do. God himself had mercy on us. No doubt God is the giver of daily bread, mate. It is a miracle that he sent someone who buys scrap iron, old sandals and rubber, clay pots and oyster shells. So I wove myself a basket of palm leaves, and every morning I come and gather some ten or twenty *man* of oysters to get twenty or so rupees, which buys enough bread and onion for half a day.”

“Twenty rupees for some ten or twenty *man* of oysters?” I was surprised. “Businessmen are really mean.”

“A *man* is nothing, mate! A *man* is only two and a half kilos. What kind of times has God brought upon us that not even twenty rupees is enough for half a day’s bread and onion?” Uncle went on talking and his hands were working fast. He was constantly picking up the closed oysters and putting them in his bag. For a long time we watched the eighty-year-old man’s efficiency and then we took farewell of Uncle and went on.

And a full year later, after I had finished my studies and worn myself out fruitlessly searching for a government job in different offices in Kech, Quetta, Karachi and Islamabad, I returned home with a heavy heart. I was at a loss regarding what to do. For us poor ones, finding work was rarer than a fig tree coming into blossom. In our town there was not a single factory, and educated people like me were not made to lounge about. Therefore my many deliberations and ponderings of the night before led me to think of Uncle Tangahi.

Yesterday morning I bought a bag for ten rupees and went towards the seashore. I strongly sensed that people were watching me closely. It seemed that they were mocking me, saying “why not go and study some more?”

When I arrived at the beach my eyes tried to find Uncle Tangahi, but he was nowhere to be seen, not even far away. Actually, soldiers were measuring the ground near the shore and putting up tents, but I paid no attention to them and went towards my daily bread.

After a lot of requests from different people, I was released from the prison today, but first I had to swear that I would never again go to the seashore for oyster shells. When I got out I went straight to the marketplace to buy something to eat, having gone without food for two days.

At the marketplace my eyes involuntarily fell on the shop of an oyster-dealer and, lo and behold, before his shop two military vehicles were parked, full of oyster shells.

A. R. Dad

Introduction by Mehlab Nasir¹⁸⁸

Abdul Razak Dad better known as A. R. Dad, was born on 20 January 1971 in Gwadar, a coastal town in Balochistan, Pakistan, where he also received his primary and secondary education. His father was a sailor, and his mother a traditional healer. Dad spent most of his childhood with his grandmother in a village in Dasht, near Gwadar.

After his matriculation exam in Gwadar he went to Turbat town for further studies, as there was no boys' college in Gwadar in those days. He took his intermediate exam at Government Degree College, Turbat in 1991–92. Thereafter he got his BA in Balochi, Political Science and Sociology, and an MA in Balochi from the University of Balochistan, Quetta, in 2001. Currently, after finishing his M.Phil., he is doing his Ph.D. in Balochi at University of Balochistan, Quetta, where he is also serving as a professor of Balochi. The topic of his thesis is Balochi fiction writing.

Dad served as a primary school teacher in different schools from 1994 to 2005. In 2005 he was appointed lecturer of Balochi at the University of Balochistan, Quetta.

Dad has also worked in FM Radio in Gwadar. He was inspired by listening to All India Radio and the BBC, and also used to write letters to them. He was a regular listener to Quetta Radio and was much influenced by Ghaws Bakhsh Saber, a Baloch newscast translator and writer.

Dad began his writing career when he was in 9th grade by writing letters and short humorous pieces for children's magazines. In those days he wrote under the pen name Razzaq Arzu. Dad is still a prolific contributor to Balochi magazines, though he now writes for an adult readership.

Dad is best known as a writer of short stories. He has published two short story collections titled *Darigé Pacha Bit (A Window Opens)*¹⁸⁹ and

¹⁸⁸ This biography of A. R. Dad is based on a number of interviews with him carried out by Mehlab Nasir in March and April 2021.

¹⁸⁹ Dad, A. R. (2009). *Darigé Pacha Bit*. Turbat: Balochistan Academy.

Daryá Démá Péddák Ent (The Sea is Coming Forward).¹⁹⁰ His other published prose works include a novelette titled *Sáheg Wátarra Kant* (The Shadow Returns).¹⁹¹

As a poet, Dad was inspired by the renowned Baloch poet and language activist Sayad Hashmi, as well as by Ata Shad, another well-known Baloch poet. He has published two anthologies of poems, *Taháragay Wahdá* (At the Time of Twilight)¹⁹² and *Jangalé Edá Butén* (There Should Have Been a Forest Here).¹⁹³

Dad is also a literary critic. His works on literary topics include *Nyáday Bahárgáh* (The Spring of Discussion), a collection of interviews of writers and artists published in two volumes,¹⁹⁴ and *Bozergén Ásmán* (Elderly Sky),¹⁹⁵ a long essay about the renowned Baloch poet Ata Shad. Dad has taken a great interest in the life and literary production of Ata Shad, and in *Delá Balén* (Enlighten the Heart),¹⁹⁶ he has compiled Ata Shad's published interviews and prose writings. He has also published a book on literary terminology titled *Labzánki Gálband*.¹⁹⁷ In his work *Darkessahi Labzánk* (Non-fiction Literature) Dad gives an overview of Balochi non-fiction prose-writing (e.g., letters, biographies, travelogues, etc.),¹⁹⁸ and in *Patantákén Enjir* (Fig Trees with Broad Leaves)¹⁹⁹ he presents a survey of modern Baloch women writers and their works.

Another area where Dad has made a name for himself is the field of literary translation. He has translated works by T. S. Elliot, Charles Baudelaire, Ezra Pound, Octavio Paz, and Carlos Fuentes, among others, into Balochi.²⁰⁰

¹⁹⁰ Dad, A. R. (2014). *Daryá Démá Péddák Ent*. Kech: Estin Publications.

¹⁹¹ Dad, A. R. (2017). *Sáheg Wátarra Kant*. Kech: Estin Publications.

¹⁹² Dad, A. R. (2009). *Taháragay Wahdá*. Turbat: Balochistan Academy.

¹⁹³ Dad, A. R. (2016). *Jangalé Edá Butén*. Kech: Estin Publications.

¹⁹⁴ Dad, A. R. (2013, 2014). *Nyáday Bahárgáh*. 2 vol. Kech: Estin Publications.

¹⁹⁵ Dad, A. R. (2015). *Bozergén Ásmán*. Kolwa: Ezm.

¹⁹⁶ Dad, A. R. (2012). *Delá Balén*. Gwádar: Sichkan Publications.

¹⁹⁷ Dad, A. R. (2012). *Labzánki Gálband*. Turbat: Balochistan Academy.

¹⁹⁸ Dad, A. R. (2016). *Darkessahi Labzánk*. Kolwa: Ezm.

¹⁹⁹ Dad, A. R. (2014). *Patantákén Enjir*. Bahrain: Balochi Adabi Johdkar. The figurative meaning of "Fig Trees with Broad Leaves" is "Respectable Women."

²⁰⁰ <https://dailytimes.com.pk/119800/ar-dad-a-versatile-modernist/> (retrieved 27 September 2021). As the source language for his translations, Dad mainly uses Urdu translations.

A. R. Dad's style has been characterized as vague and surrealistic, and the world depicted in his works has been described as "mysterious and tinged with fantasy,"²⁰¹ as can be seen in *Hasan Sól* (Hasan Sol), the story presented here. Dad deals with cultural taboos and myths about the power and impact of natural objects on human life and experiences. The story describes the agony of the protagonist, first when he is faced with childlessness and then, after becoming a father, when he is left with the options of either breaking his promise or marrying off his daughter against his own better knowledge.

²⁰¹ <https://dailytimes.com.pk/119800/ar-dad-a-versatile-modernist/> (retrieved 27 September 2021).

Hasan Sol

Written by A. R. Dad

Translation by Fazal Baloch

Even after so much medication and treatment, the lamp of his fortune refused to shine. His wife had also tried everything she'd been told might help.

One day, a colleague at the office gave him some advice: "They say there is a jujube tree on the mountain facing this town. If you spend a day and a night in its shade, you will definitely get a child." He was desperate. The sorrow of being childless had eaten away at him for the last five years and he was worn out. That very morning, he wrote an application for leave, left it on his boss's desk and took off.

He walked and walked and asked the way, and finally he reached the shade of the jujube tree. He felt as if the gate of paradise had opened before him. For a while, he couldn't recall why he had come, because his body was nearly falling apart after the day-long journey. Reclining against the tree, he drifted off. When he opened his eyes again, the silence of the night and the darkness of the forest had released a snake in the recesses of his soul. Once again he wondered why he had come here. He seemed to have forgotten everything – who he was, what language he spoke, the whereabouts of his home village.

He got up, stood silently under the tree and cast a glance around. "I think I have seen this old man before, but I can't remember when or where. Maybe I dreamed of him." He wondered about it and then caressed the jujube leaves. He felt hungry now too. He had already consumed all the provisions he'd brought for the journey. His mouth watered at the sight of the ripe jujubes. When he stretched out his hand to pick a few, a voice startled him.

"What are you seeking, standing here in this darkness?"

“Sir, I am an unlucky man. I have no offspring. The people in my clan joke that I’m sterile. I’ve been everywhere. I’ve knocked on all the doors but to no avail. I came here with empty hands so that you may fill them with your blessings.”

The jujube tree replied: “My name is Hasan Sol. Promise me that if it’s a girl, she will be my fiancée and her name will be Nokmadinah. And if it’s a boy, do whatever you and your wife wish.”

“Sir. I happily accept whatever you bestow upon me. I won’t go back on my promise. I belong to a clan whose people always keep their word.”

The sun had risen now. He looked around, relaxed and content. Hasan Sol had fallen silent amidst the morning symphony of the forest birds.

Back at the office now he spoke in a loud voice, and after finishing his tasks he distractedly tapped his fingers on the table, as if it were a drum. His co-workers sitting nearby all looked at him curiously. The colleague who had told him about the jujube tree was smiling.

He was no longer the man who didn’t talk to anyone from the time he arrived at the office in the morning until he left in the afternoon. His colleagues had always wanted him to talk with them, to have a cup of tea and discuss their salaries and current issues in the city. But being unconcerned about any of them, he had never talked to anyone or greeted them when entering the office.

Now, a year later, his colleagues were worried about his loud singing and table banging, but he remained just as indifferent towards them. He was so elated over the birth of Nokmadinah that pain, sorrow, hopelessness and all the other sufferings people would complain about were meaningless to him. He felt nothing but happiness. In those days he began hanging around new restaurants in the city, and he never tired of looking at newly constructed buildings and roads. You would think he was a newcomer to the city. For him everything was fresh. He began spending time with some old drunkard friends.

Every Sunday, he went for a picnic with those friends, and he drank as well. After three or four glasses, his friends began complaining about how tough life was these days, but he seemed unmoved, having consumed the drink that lets a man forget everything for a while. At such moments he would stand up and gaze at the trees and mountains. He never liked his friends’ complaining about the hard times.

On Monday mornings, he would get up as usual, take a shower and leave for the office. Now he enjoyed the honking of the vehicles and

the kids walking to school with their bags on their shoulders. Everything seemed filled with meaning. He had grown so used to singing in a loud voice and drumming on the table after completing his office work, that it seemed to be part of his job description.

Sixteen years later he suddenly became sad again. One morning when he was about to leave for the office, Nokmadinah, also getting ready for school, asked him: “Dad! I dreamt of a jujube tree last night. It was as if it wanted to tell me something.”

He smiled and replied: “It’s just a dream, my child. You can dream about anything. Dreams have no meaning. Pay attention to your studies and don’t give any thought to the dreams...”

He left and hurried to the office. Everything looked exactly the same to him as it had sixteen years before. Every word the schoolchildren spoke, the honking of the vehicles, it all reminded him of his promise to Hasan Sol. He ran his hand across his face. It felt like the same face he had worn sixteen years before: a bony face without any layer of flesh. When he entered the office, a colleague took his hand to greet him but he couldn’t utter a word, as if he didn’t know the ritual of greeting. He went forward and sank into his chair as if someone had thrown him into a well with full force.

“The jujube tree, Hasan Sol, Nokmadinah, and the dream...” He pondered and cupped his face in his hands. His colleagues who sat near him wondered what had happened. Today his pen did not move quickly like before. His work was not efficient. Nor did he sing loudly or tap his fingers on the table. It was as if he’d never done such things. As if someone else had been occupying his chair for sixteen years, and today that other man had finally returned, the one who didn’t know how to do his job or to sing in a loud voice and drum on the table.

He pondered some more: “The jujube tree, Hasan Sol, Nokmadinah, the dream, what does it mean?”

He stood up and stepped out of the office. As he walked it occurred to him that he should go to Nokmadinah’s school and ask the teacher to tell her not to dream about the jujube tree again, otherwise he couldn’t go on living. Right then a car honked from far behind him. He moved to the side, crossed the road, and kept walking. He wandered about, all the while brooding about Nokmadinah’s dream, and did not get home until after midnight. His wife was still awake. He said nothing to her and lay down on his bed. Again, the thought appeared in his head: “this dream,

this jujube tree, this Hasan Sol and Nokmadinah.” After quite some time, he finally drifted into sleep.

As soon as he opened his eyes, he thought of calling Nokmadinah and asking her, “Did you have that dream again?” But Nokmadinah came by herself. “Daddy! I had the dream again and now I feel like the tree was a man who was calling me.”

“No, no, it’s not a man, my child. It’s only a dream. Dreams don’t mean anything.” Without even knowing what he was saying, he stood up and went to the bathroom.

That morning, Nokmadinah went on a picnic with her friends. After they had eaten, they climbed a knoll to take pictures and pick jujubes. Happy and laughing, they stopped near a giant old jujube tree. Nokmadinah studied the tree closely. She felt that it was the very tree that appeared in her dreams at night. “No, no, it’s not that one. All jujube trees look alike. It must be another one.”

When they had filled their pockets and hands, and were climbing down from the knoll one by one, Nokmadinah’s headscarf got entangled in a branch of the tree. As she turned to free it, she felt someone holding her hand. She blurted out: “Ew! What kind of jujube is this.” The sound of a voice reached her ears: “Listen.”

Nokmadinah looked around, but nobody was there. She realized that all her friends had already climbed down. “I am the jujube tree talking to you. When you go home, tell your father to honour his promise. If you forget, you will find a wooden box at the head of your bed. Open the box. A wasp will come out and sting one of your fingers and remind you of my words.”

She freed the hem of her scarf and hurried down the slope as if being chased by a bloodthirsty beast. She was soaking in sweat. Her lips were trembling. She wanted to go home as soon as possible. Their vehicle was ready, and everyone was waiting for Nokmadinah, who had become separated from them. She reached home at dusk and collapsed as if she had not slept for centuries.

As she opened her eyes in the morning, she found her father standing before her. He was holding a box. “Did you bring this?” Astonished, Nokmadinah tried to remember whether she had brought it, or if it was there before, but she couldn’t remember anything.

“I don’t know if I brought it, or if it was already here.” She and her father both sat down in front of the box.

It was a really beautiful box with carved patterns on all sides. When they opened it, all they found was an old book. Its pages had turned yellow. Her father turned the first page and read: "It is the reward of my good deeds that I have been transformed into a jujube tree, but you haven't honoured your promise yet."

As she read the word jujube, Nokmadinah remembered yesterday's picnic and everything that the tree had said. She wanted to tell her father all about it, but he had already reached the door and she didn't want to call him back. Just as Nokmadinah was about to ask her mother what the relationship was between her father and the jujube tree, her mother coughed as if something had got stuck in her throat, and before Nokmadinah could ask her, she answered with a lie, "I don't know, my daughter," and left for the kitchen.

Nokmadinah was now the cause of his worst agony. "Daddy, what does the jujube tree want?" He could not bring himself to tell the truth and deprive himself of his daughter's love.

But concealing the facts was an ordeal for him too. Now most of the time he would wander around outside not returning home until one or two in the morning, and he would leave for the office before Nokmadinah opened her eyes in the morning. Leaving work early, wandering along unknown roads in strange parts of the city, and returning home at one or two a.m. had become his routine. He no longer liked a single tree in the town. Whenever he came across a tree by the road he would spit at it, and if he saw a traveller standing beneath a tree, he would scowl at him with contempt.

One day he thought to himself, "If I happen to bump into Hasan Sol on these roads I'll cut off his head" and he kicked an empty cardboard box lying at his feet. People passing by looked at him as if he were crazy, as if he were out of his senses.

That night he spent all his money on wine. Staggering, he stumbled home, entered the house and woke up Nokmadinah. "Every day you ask me why the jujube tree appears in your dream or what my relationship is with the tree. Now listen. You are that tree's fiancée; you are the fiancée of Hasan Sol, the old man who sent a box to our home."

His shouting and screaming woke his wife, and she too got up.

"Come on, let's go, I will take you to your fiancé's village. I can't bear this torture any longer." He held his daughter's hand and was about to

leave when his wife blocked the way. “Kill me first and then take her away,” she said.

“Today I’m not listening to anything,” he replied. “What is death to us? Were we really alive before?” Pushing his wife aside, he took Nokmadinah by the hand and left.

Nokmadinah was speechless and confused. She didn’t know what was happening. The night was deep and dark, the road tough and steep. The fountain of love in the father’s heart had run dry. He didn’t have any hopes for his daughter anymore. All he was thinking was that tomorrow he would return to life, go to the office, sit with his colleagues, discuss what was new in town, drum on the table, and sing songs in a loud voice.

Struggling with his thoughts, he reached the jujube tree at dawn. He called out loudly: “Hasan Sol, here is your fiancée. I have honoured my promise.”

He let go of Nokmadinah’s hand and began his descent. It was as if he had relieved himself of a huge burden. He felt so light that covering the long distance back to town was child’s play to him. As if he was kicking a football on his way home. The sun had risen. Kids were carrying their book bags on their way to school. The entire city was awake. Everyone was heading somewhere. Without looking at anyone, he went straight to a bathhouse, took a shower, shaved, and left for his office, whistling.

A slightly different version of this translation was published in *Balochistan Times*, 8 November 2016. <https://balochistantimes.com/hasan-sol/> (retrieved 2 February 2022).

Younos Hussain

Introduction²⁰²

Mohammad Younus, known as Younos Hussain, was born on 5 January 1969 in Gwadar, Balochistan, Pakistan. He passed his matriculation exam at Government High School Gwadar in 1985 and his intermediate exam at Urdu College, Karachi, in 1988. He is working as a laboratory technician at Civil Hospital, Gwadar, where he is in charge of the Thalassemia Centre.

Younos began his writing career by writing stage dramas in Urdu. At the time, he felt that he did not know how to write in Balochi, but the renowned writer A. R. Dad, also represented in the volume, encouraged him to try his hand at it. His first Balochi short story, *Bándátay Wáb* (The Dream of Tomorrow), was published in the monthly magazine *Ásáp*²⁰³ in 1996. Since then he has continued writing short stories, stage dramas, and film scripts in Balochi. He has written scripts for a number of films. Most of them are of an entertaining character and can be found on the Khair Jan Art Academy's YouTube channel.²⁰⁴ Two of the most popular of these are *Zahr Makan Zargol* (Don't Get Angry, Zargol), and *Mehrok* (Mehrok).²⁰⁵ So far, his works have not been compiled into a book, however.

Two of Younos Hussain's short stories have received awards. He received the Sayad Dad²⁰⁶ award in 2008 for his story *Bédastén Sarichk*

²⁰² This introduction is mainly based on a number of voice messages exchanged between the editors and Younos Hussain on 19 January 2022.

²⁰³ The magazine *Ásáp* was published for a number of years in Kech, Balochistan. Its chief editors were Ubayd Shad and Mumtaz Yousuf.

²⁰⁴ <https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCoWaCsBGvX9BFUeYaoSO0XA/videos?view=0> (retrieved 19 January 2022).

²⁰⁵ Some other films based on Younos Hussain's scripts are *Sarichk* (The Scarecrow), *Time Pass*, *Dajok* (The Hedgehog), *Commitment*, *Shambay Padger* (Shambay the Tracker), and *Shóház Ásara Nabit* (The Search Will Not End).

²⁰⁶ The Sayad Dad is given by Balochi Adabi Johdkar, Bahrain.

(The Handless Scarecrow), which was published in the monthly magazine *Sechkán*²⁰⁷ the same year. In 2018, he received the Estin Award²⁰⁸ for his story *Násarjamén Kessah* (The Incomplete Story), published the same year in the quarterly magazine *Chammag*.²⁰⁹

Younos is General Secretary of Khair Jan Art Academy, Gwadar, which was founded in 2000 for the purpose of promoting Balochi art and films.²¹⁰ This academy provides a platform to Baloch artists, be they storytellers, actors, musicians or painters. It organizes an annual cultural festival and other cultural events.

Younos Hussain's style is simple and communicative. He is not afraid of writing on taboo subjects. In the story presented in this book, *Taw Mahnáza Nabay* (Not as Chaste as Mahnaz),²¹¹ he treats the subject of female sexuality, disguised in the character of a female dog.

²⁰⁷ The magazine *Sechkán* is published in Gwadar. Its chief editor is Jamil Imam.

²⁰⁸ The Estin Award is given by Estin Publications, Turbat, Balochistan.

²⁰⁹ The magazine *Chammag* is published in Nasirabad, Kech. Its chief editors are Rafiq Ajez and Fida Ahmad.

²¹⁰ See, e.g., <https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCY5uq9yPIGHbO1KosjUPVgg> (retrieved 19 January 2022).

²¹¹ Mahnaz is a female character in classical Balochi poetry known for her chastity.

Not as Chaste as Mahnaz

Written by Younus Hussain

Translation by Fazal Baloch

Indifferent to everything I sat brooding on the shore.

I don't know what time of the night it was. I was quite dismayed about what had happened three days before. I could not eat properly, and I did not think my boss would be looking for me anymore. The only thing that occupied my mind was why the fish that I had shipped to Karachi got spoiled. Was I solely responsible for the spoiled fish? Suddenly a soft sound caught my attention. I turned around and looked. A female dog was standing behind me. She was pregnant and started wagging her tail.

“What are you doing here in the middle of the night?” I asked.

“Don't ask me. I'm very tired,” she replied.

“Come on, tell me.”

“Are you married?”

“Yes I am. I have four children, too. Why do you ask?”

“Then I think I can talk to you.”

She relaxed and sat down beside me. Then she began talking. “It's a long story, but first tell me, how many times a day does a person wash?”

“Sometimes once, sometimes twice,” I replied smiling. “But why do you ask?”

“Are there some who wash themselves all day?”

“Yes there are, but they soon fall ill.”

“I didn't know how to wash myself before. When I was small, my mother was at captain Charok's house. Then a child took me to his house. The people there played with me and fed me really well. When

I was full grown, I went out for a stroll one day. Lalu's dog tricked me, saying: 'Let's go to the beach and wash ourselves.' When I returned home my fur was still wet, so the people in the house had doubts about me. They chased me away from their house."

She broke into tears and said, "I made a terrible mistake, washing myself that day."

I caressed her head, comforted her and said, "Only those with weak hearts cry about the past. Think of the future instead."

She continued, "Now I'm afraid of water. At first I enjoyed washing. But now every drop of water feels as heavy as a sack of flour. I don't have the strength to lift even a single drop. Just now eight dogs chased me and said: "Let's go and wash ourselves," but I ran away. I was running, but two of them still managed to pour water on me. I'm so tired. My back is aching. Look, it hurts the most right here."

She took my hand and pulled it towards her back. I pressed my thumb into her back and asked: "Here?"

"No, a bit lower. Ye... ye... yes, the pain is right there."

I took pity on her and asked: "If someone would take you to his house right now...?"

"Do you want to take me along?" she interrupted.

I already have a dog in my house. But my grandmother is lonely. I'll take you to her house, and you know what you're supposed to do there."

"I know. I have to stay awake and bark at night."

I took her along to my grandmother's. She grumbled and said: "What the hell have you brought along? What use is she to you?"

I tried to convince her, saying: "She'll stay with you and go to the trouble of guarding the house for you at night. If she fails to take care of you, you're free to thrash her."

After that I came to see grandmother and the dog every evening. Grandmother was very happy with her. One of her main concerns had been that her chickens kept disappearing. But now they were growing in number.

Then seven puppies started roaming around the house. I became even more interested in her because my grandmother praised her the whole time. I took better care of her and always brought her good food, so that she could feed her puppies more milk.

Now her puppies were growing up and were weaned. One evening when I went to my grandmother's house I didn't find her there. I asked my grandmother: "She's not around today. Where has she gone?"

I'd barely uttered these words when she sneaked in. I kept quiet, thinking she might be afraid I had doubts about her.

The next night she approached me, sat down and then opened her heart to me again: "I feel sorry for Bassham. The poor fellow has a big house. He has a dog in his house, but he has a lot of domestic animals as well. We're in the middle of summer now, with warm nights. Thieves are prowling the streets. People sleep outdoors and there's nobody to look after their houses. If you don't mind, can I go there at night? The children are here, after all. They've grown up now and know how to bark."

I was about to ask, but before I had a chance she said, "I know what you're going to ask me. Yes Bassham's dog is a male."

I looked deep into her eyes. Two teardrops were about to roll down her face.

Munir Momen

Introduction

Munir Momen (also spelled Monir Momin) was born on 12 October 1966 in Pidrak village, Kech District, Balochistan, Pakistan. He got his primary education from the Government school in Pasni, Gwadar District. He took his intermediate exam at Degree College Turbat in 1984, and earned his BA in psychology from Balochistan University, Quetta in 1986. He lives in Pasni, Gwadar District, Balochistan.

Munir is first and foremost a poet. He is known as one of the most versatile poets of the Balochi language and has been called an imagist *par excellence*.²¹² The first anthology of his poems, *Negáhay Bátenay Sapar* (Inner Journey of the Eye), was published in 1999.²¹³ It was followed by *Abétkén Shayráni Zémer* (Melody of Melancholy Poems),²¹⁴ *Daryá Chanké Hósham Ent* (The Ocean is a Handful of Thirst),²¹⁵ *Estál Shapádá Gardant* (Stars Walk Barefoot),²¹⁶ *Pás Janán Ent Darwázag* (The Door is Keeping Night Watch),²¹⁷ *Yakk Bechillé Ázmán* (A Handspan of Sky),²¹⁸ and *Payápén Lacchahé Pa Taw* (A Pure Poem For You).²¹⁹

Munir is known for his poetic precision and compression of words. He uses fewer words to convey more. He is considered a poet who speaks between the lines and expresses more than just what his words say. His tone is often that of a monologue, as if he is speaking to himself. The subjects of his poetry range from love and affection to the pain of a thinking mind, the ups-and-downs of society, loneliness, and so on.

²¹² <https://dailytimes.com.pk/120795/munir-momin-an-imagist-par-excellence/> (retrieved 22 September 2021).

²¹³ Momen, Munir (1999). *Negáhay Bátenay Sapar*. Pasni: Miras Publications.

²¹⁴ Momen, Munir (2004). *Abétkén Shayráni Zémer*. Gwadar: Gam Publications.

²¹⁵ Momen, Munir (2005). *Daryá Chanké Hósham Ent*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

²¹⁶ Momen, Munir (2009). *Estál Shapádá Gardant*. Oman: Baloch Sangat Adabi Majlis.

²¹⁷ Momen, Munir (2011). *Pás Janán Ent Darwázag*. Bahrain: Shingkar Zuban.

²¹⁸ Momen, Munir (2014). *Yakk Bechillé Ázmán*. Pasni: Gidar Publications.

²¹⁹ Momen, Munir (2015). *Payápén Lacchahé Pa Taw*. Pasni: Gidar Publications.

Munir is considered one of the architects of modern Balochi poetry, following in the footsteps of Ata Shad,²²⁰ who introduced blank verse and new ideas to Balochi poetry from the 1960s to the 1990s.

Munir Momen has also written on literary subjects, and in 2019 he published a book of his literary essays, *Gédi o Sáchesht* (The Universe and Creation).²²¹ He has also written a number of short stories which have been published in various journals and in a collection of short stories, *Lilán* (Lilan).²²²

The story by Munir Momen presented in this book, *Bahesht* (Paradise) is an allegory of two pigeons, Mezar and Didar, who fall in love but are not allowed to meet. It is not hard to draw a parallel between the world of pigeons and the world of humans. Unlike most of the stories in this book, however, the story of Mezar and Didar ends on a positive note.

²²⁰ Ata Shad's name is also often spelled Atta Shad.

²²¹ Momen, Munir (2019). *Gédi o Sáchesht*. Gwadar: Gews Publications.

²²² Momen, Munir (2016). *Lilán*. Kolwah: Ezm.

Paradise

Written by Munir Momin

Translated by Fazal Baloch

The very first ray of sunlight found its way between Mezar's and Didar's necks. They shivered and began scanning their surroundings thoroughly. They both thought they had spent the whole of last night like this.

Mezar and Didar had slipped away from their village the afternoon before. Along the way, darkness had fallen upon them, so they decided to spend the night on this mound. It was a wide plain with a few scattered mud mounds and nothing else. Mezar thought that paradise might be like this. Then she tucked her head under her wing.

It is an old mud compound. The fort it once enclosed is now levelled to the ground, but its remains still linger there in the shape of mud mounds here and there. It appears that it was once the fort of the rulers of this region. But over the course of time, its tenants kept changing. Now it belongs to Bassham the goldsmith.

A rich man, Bassham has built a beautiful new house inside the compound, and there are only a few last remnants of the fort. So far he has not touched the old mud wall. It is still strong and sturdy. On its eastern side there are large black-plum trees. It is hard to estimate their age. They are really old trees. Nobody knows if the compound was built first, or if the trees were planted before. Right to the southeast of Bassham's house lies Sabzal the mason's house. Although it is not small either, it is not even a quarter of the size of Bassham's house.

Sabzal's house has four rooms with mud walls and a large concrete dove-cote with roosters, hens, pigeons, laughing doves, parrots, grey francolins and many other kinds of small birds. Sabzal's eldest son, Ramazan is an avid bird lover who busies himself with his birds all day long.

Chippan has built her nest on the plum tree to the right. She has two squabs, Shepalok and Mezar. Chippan is a pigeon who made this plum tree her abode long ago. She has lived here since her childhood, and after she met Shepalok's and Mezar's father, they lived here together.

Then one day a few months ago, her squabs' father flew off and never returned. God knows what befell him. Now that such a long time has passed, the mother and children are certain that he is no longer alive.

Among the birds kept at Sabzal's house there are also many pigeons. Every day his son lets them out and then, at the right time, he catches them again and puts them back in the dovecote. But one pigeon, known as Didar, always darts out of the dovecote and perches on the wall, looking for an opportunity to fly to the plum tree. Didar thinks that it is the world's leafiest tree with the most pleasant shade. He takes a strange delight in perching on its branches, a feeling he has never experienced before.

Every day Ramazan wanders about searching for him. He shuts in all the birds, but there is no sign of Didar. Didar thinks the dovecote is like a hellish prison. He wishes he had never set eyes on it or its owner. Ramazan, on the other hand, curses him, thinking: "This Didar gives me trouble all the time. This damned rascal is always missing. All the birds are here; only *he* is out of sight. He keeps wasting my time." After looking for him for a long time, Ramazan sees him courting Mezar in the plum tree. Ramazan yells at him, but the bird is unaware of his surroundings. Ramazan calls out: "Didar!" but Didar pays no attention, being indifferent to everything but Mezar. Ramazan grumbles: "So this is what you've been doing all this time. Once I get my hands on you, I'll teach you such a lesson that you'll never want to fly to the plum tree again and give me trouble."

All of a sudden Mezar senses Ramazan's presence and tells Didar: "Over there! Ramazan is looking for you." When Didar sees Ramazan he says to himself: "If only I could escape into Mezar's eyes." At that very moment Mezar closes her eyes and says: "Didar! This man is not going to let you sit here. Why don't you make me into a ring and wear me on your leg?"

Right then, Ramazan climbs the tree, catches Didar and takes him to the dovecote.

Early in the morning Mezar alights on the wall. Time passes. It's mid-day and Mezar is still lonesome and lovesick. She feels that it is hotter than usual. She looks around. The wind is blowing, but she wonders

why she hasn't felt it. Looking for a gust of wind, her eyes fall on the dovecote. She thinks to herself that if the door of the dovecote were opened right then, a breeze would arise and the weather would change into its finest new clothing. But the dovecote is not opened until dusk, and Mezar's mother calls her back to the plum tree. For the next four days, the air feels hot as an oven to Mezar. On the fifth day, Ramazan opens the dovecote and lets the birds out in the hope that Didar has been punished enough for flying to the plum tree, that he has learnt his lesson and won't even look in that direction ever again.

After these four days of soul-scorching waiting, today Mezar and Didar finally have their change of season. A pleasant breeze is showering them with ocean mist like musk. The pair think that if they are to make this heavenly moment eternal, they must leave this village, slipping away before dusk, before Ramazan comes.

The sun is high in the sky. There is nothing but light between heaven and earth. Mezar and Didar are soaring like two dots high in the sky. They have their eyes fixed on the earth, looking for a place where they can keep their paradise.

Nagoman

Introduction

Nagoman Baloch, (also spelled Naguman Baloch),²²³ was born on 5 April 1974 in Grepoki, Ball Negwar, a village west of Turbat, Balochistan, Pakistan. After getting his primary and secondary education in Ball Negwar and Turbat, he was admitted to Bolan Medical College in Quetta, where he received a Bachelor of Medicine, Bachelor of Surgery (MBBS) in 1998.

In 2001 Nagoman began working as a medical doctor in the Balochistan Provincial Health Department, a position he held until 2012, when he left Pakistan. He then spent a few years in Oman before coming to the United Kingdom in 2015, where he lives at present.

During his student years, Nagoman was a member of the Baloch Students Organization.²²⁴ He also has been a member of the Balochi Academy in Quetta and of the Sayad Hashmi Reference Library in Karachi.

Nagoman's interest in literature began at an early age, and he published his first story at the age of 15. In addition to stories, he has written literary criticism and worked with developing Balochi terminology in various scientific fields, including his own profession, medicine. He has also written a number of articles and reviews on Balochi politics.

Some of Nagoman's literary works are *Dáray Aps* (The Wooden Horse), a collection of short stories;²²⁵ *Nagdánk* (Critique), a collection of articles on literary criticism;²²⁶ *Balóch Ráji Johd: Ráh o Menzel* (The National Struggle of the Baloch: the Road and the Destination)²²⁷ and

²²³ Note that as an author Nagoman Baloch only uses his given name.

²²⁴ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Baloch_Students_Organization (retrieved 18 August 2020).

²²⁵ Nagoman (2003¹). *Dáray Aps*. Karachi: Legend Publications; Nagoman (2012²). *Dáray Aps*. Muscat: Balochi Adabi Majlis.

²²⁶ Nagoman (2006¹). *Nagdánk*. Quetta: Balochi Academy; Nagoman (2013²). *Nagdánk*. Gwadar: Sichkan Publications, 2nd edition.

²²⁷ Nagoman (2007). *Balóch Ráji Johd: Ráh o Menzel*. Ball Negwar: Negwar Labzanki Majles.

Gwáchen (Reality),²²⁸ two collections of articles on Baloch socio-political issues; *Balóchi Gálambáray Nókáz* (An Update of Balochi Vocabulary), a glossary of modern Balochi terminology;²²⁹ and *Ráji Johd o Zobán* (National Struggle and Language),²³⁰ a collection of Nagoman's Facebook posts on the role of the mother tongue in the national struggle for freedom.

Nagoman spent his childhood in the village of Ball Negwar. Many of his short stories reflect life in the village. One of these is *Talk* (The Bird-Trap), a masterpiece dealing with the issue of guilt. Although the story is set in Nagoman's home village, it treats a subject that is common to all human beings and cultures.

²²⁸ Nagoman (2012). *Gwáchen*. Ball Negwar: Negwar Labzanki Majles.

²²⁹ Nagoman (2011³). *Nókáz*. Karachi: Sayad Hashmi Reference Library. The 1st and 2nd editions were published in 2008 and 2009 respectively.

²³⁰ Nagoman (2015). *Ráji johd o zobán*. Gwadar: Sichkan Publications.

The Bird-trap

Written by Nagoman

Translation by Fazal Baloch

I am a bird-trap. I have been entangled here for about a year now, at the top of a high kahur tree. The hot days and cold nights, the humidity and dryness, the wind and rain, the scorching heat of the summer winds, have all made me very weak. My rubber parts have decayed and broken off. The termites have eaten the wooden pin, and the iron arch has rusted.

Why do I remain suspended here in this awkward position? Who brought me to this miserable state? Well, it is quite a long story.

It was a pleasant and cloudy morning last summer. Badal took me and my two fellow bird-traps out of his dwarf-palm basket and set out for his father's field. He was taking us to where he could position us to catch prey.

This basket was where I and my two companions slept at night. Badal did not leave us out overnight because frogs, mice and beetles would spring us, or ants would take the grains he used as bait. Therefore, we caught birds in the field during the day, and rested in the basket at night, talking about life.

Badal had built me three days before, and had begun taking me to the field, but I had not yet managed to catch a single bird. That's why I felt a bit ashamed in front of my companions who had had caught so much prey.

My reason for not being able to catch anything was that on the first day I was set so tight that the birds took my grain without springing me, and on the second day I was set so loose, that I sprung all by myself. When that happened, the birds on the threshing floor flew away, and even after landing again, they stayed well away from me. So now I know – a bird-trap should not be set so tight that the birds can eat the grains off its

trigger without springing it, nor should it be so loose that it springs at the blowing of the breeze.

That morning, Badal picked us up and took us straight to the sorghum threshing floor, where the sorghum was piled up on a patch of hard ground near the field. Many a bird visited this threshing floor. In addition to collar doves, it was common for laughing doves, black-headed buntings, babblers, sparrows and sometimes even common mynas to come by.

Now some laughing doves and babblers were pecking at grains. When Badal approached, they flew away and sat on a small kahur tree a short distance away. Badal put down the other two traps and placed me out. He dug the earth a little, positioned me there and gently covered me with soil. Then he blew away the soil, exposing the grain of sorghum pasted onto my trigger mechanism with resin. He put some millet stalks behind me to block the way of the birds approaching from behind, since we cannot catch birds that come from behind very firmly.

Badal placed out the other two traps as well. Then with the corner of his shawl he wiped away his footprints from around us, so that the birds would not suspect anything. Once he was done, he walked over to a kaler tree that stood at a distance and fixed his eyes on the threshing floor.

The weather was very pleasant. The clouds gave shade, and a cool breeze was blowing. The birds perching on the kaler and kahur trees around the threshing floor were intoxicated by the pleasant weather and praised it with their sweet voices.

At that very moment, two doves came flying and alighted atop the same high kahur tree in which I am now entangled. I was quite happy to see the birds increasing in number. I will definitely catch one of them, I thought. But I hadn't caught any yet. I didn't know if I could do it.

I was struggling in my heart as I waited for the birds to land on the threshing floor. Hiding behind the kaler tree, Badal waited for one of us to be sprung. The period of waiting kept increasing for all of us, but not a single bird had landed on the ground. They all remained perched on nearby kahur and kaler trees, singing and praising the fine weather

At last our prolonged wait came to an end. A laughing dove flew down from the kahur tree and landed on the threshing floor. A few others followed it. Some were close to the other traps and one was coming slowly towards me. My heart pounded faster, and I think Badal's did too, as he hid behind the kaler tree.

Pecking at grains, the laughing dove approached, stopped right in front of me, and was ready to peck the grain on my trigger, when at that very moment the two doves on the kahur tree glided down and landed to the side of the threshing floor. This sudden movement startled the laughing doves, and they flew to the very kaler tree that Badal was sitting behind. Spotting Badal, they continued to a small kahur tree nearby.

I was very upset with the doves because they had spoiled my chance to catch my prey. If they had not flown down, I would surely have caught the first prey of my life. For a moment I longed to spring myself, startling the doves and making them fly away. If they have caused my prey to escape, I will not let them forage here. But then I thought that I should not let them off so lightly. If I scare them off, they'll just find another field or threshing floor and fill their stomachs. The best punishment is for me to catch one of them.

The two doves were moving gracefully, side by side around the threshing floor. At this very moment, the laughing doves that these collar doves had scared away also returned. I was quite happy, and my anger with the collar doves subsided. For the first time I took a good look at them. They were young, plump doves. One was male and the other female. Strolling side by side, they looked very beautiful. How happy they are, I thought. The poor birds did not know that the Angel of Death was lurking nearby, ready to take them at any moment.

For a brief second I felt a bit sorry for them, but then my desire to catch one of them – to catch my first-ever prey, and to win good-repute in the eyes of my companions and Badal – re-emerged and hardened my heart.

The male dove was coming towards me with the female following close behind. My heart beat more quickly again. One of them was about to become my prey. Now the long time of my and Badal's waiting was about to end. Seeing my sorghum grain, the male walked faster towards me and pecked on my grain. My wooden pin slid out, and I snapped, trapping his neck instantly.

The moment I snapped, all the birds on the threshing floor flew away. But the mate of the trapped bird remained above me, circling. When Badal saw that I'd been sprung he rushed forward. Seeing him coming, the hovering bird retreated to a nearby kaler tree.

Badal removed the half-conscious dove from my jaws. He looked at the bird, smiled and addressed it in a merciless tone: "Come and peck at the sorghum, you damned freeloader!" He laughed loudly in his excitement.

I felt sorry. What a beautiful life they had had. But it crumbled in an instant, like the sandcastle of the crabs. How helpless and frightened they are now, the poor ones. I wished I hadn't caught it! With regret I looked towards the dove held firmly in Badal's hands. Now he is going to kill it and its mate will die of grief. I am responsible for the untimely death of both. I've ruined their happy life.

I was blaming myself with thoughts like these, but now things began to really get out of hand. Badal took a sickle from his waistband, faced in the direction of prayer and made ready to slaughter the male. Perched on the kaler-tree, the female was cooing mournfully.

I regretted having taken the blood of that innocent bird upon myself. How could I now rescue it from the lethal clutches of Death? This late realization was of no use. The worst had already happened.

Badal put the dove's legs under his right foot and its wings under his left foot. He held its neck and head with his left hand and rubbed the sickle against its throat, all the while reciting "In the name of God, God is greatest." Out of fear of death, the dove closed its eyes, and its female mate again started flying in circles above Badal. The sickle cut into the dove's throat and its blood started spurting. It continued to twitch until it went cold.

Badal put a few droplets of the pure dove blood onto my wooden pin, so that I could catch even more birds in the future. But I... I was roasting in the blazing fire of regret.

From that day on I did not catch a single bird. Whenever some came close to me I set myself off, and any birds that were on the ground close to me and the other traps flew away. This was the only way that remained for me to get some slight relief from the agony of my sin.

Badal had patience with my untimely springing for a week or so, but how long could it last? One day, when I had yet again gone off at the wrong time, he got very angry and hurled me away with full force. Leaving his hand I ended up stuck in a forked twig at the top of this high kahur tree, and from that day on I have been hanging here.

Even though the rain and sun have cleansed the bloodstains on my wooden pin, the wounds inflicted on me by the hooked dagger of regret are still fresh, and whenever I hear the melancholic chanting of a ringneck dove, a pain arises in my heart and the whole world becomes desolate.

Shah Ibn Sheen

Introduction by Mehlab Naseer

Fida Ahmad, better known as Shah Ibn Sheen (also written, e.g., Shah Ebne Shin), was born on 8 September 1992 in Dasht Maksar village, Balochistan, Pakistan. He received his primary education in the same village. After that his family moved from place to place for various reasons, and he went to school in several different towns. When Shah was in the 9th grade his family moved to Gwadar where he continued his education.

After completing high school Shah moved to Karachi and graduated in sociology from the National College, Karachi. Later he completed an MA degree in political science at the University of Balochistan, Quetta. In 2018 Shah participated in a Chinese language programme at Zhenjiang University, Jiangsu, China. Shah is currently working with an NGO as a social organizer in the Public Primary Health Initiative (PPHI) in Gwadar.²³¹ He is also a member of Gwadar Educational and Literary Welfare Society.

Shah found himself to be interested in working with radio. He used to listen to the Vividh Bharati Service (VBS)²³² and was very much inspired by the radio host Kamal Sharma.²³³ As a result of the passion for radio that this aroused in him, Shah began working at Radio Gwadar, Balochistan, broadcasting Balochi programmes. He also worked in radio in Karachi and Quetta. Currently Shah is the chief editor and director of an online literary radio, *Radio Zergwát*, which he founded a few years ago.

In 2000, encouraged by the Baloch poet Ahmed Abdal, who also came from Dasht Maksar, Shah tried his hand at writing poetry in Balochi. Ahmed Abdal edited his poems and sent them to the Balochi magazine *Máhták Balóchi* for publication.

²³¹ See also https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/People%27s_Primary_Healthcare_Initiative_KP (retrieved 15 April 2021).

²³² https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Vividh_Bharati (retrieved 25 March 2021).

²³³ <https://letstalkonair.wordpress.com/2017/04/02/a-most-experienced-and-knowledgeable-radio-host-kamal-sharma-vividh-bharati/> (retrieved 15 April 2021).

Shah took a further step on his literary journey after reading A. R. Dad's short story *Hasan Sól*, which is also published in this collection. This story made a great impact on Shah. He began writing scripts for radio in 2010, and wrote the script for a short film *Métag* (Village), directing and recording the audio himself in 2012. He wrote three other radio plays the same year: *Daryá Tonnig Ent* (The Sea is Thirsty) in two parts, and *Bábol Bárén Kojá Shot* (So Where Did Bábol Go?). He wrote another play, *Átráp* (Environs), in 2015. He personally directed and recorded these as well. Today Shah is basically known as a writer of short stories and a scriptwriter, but he also writes poetry. Most of his work has been published in local literary magazines.

Shah Ibn Sheen's story *Dorbáni* (Dorbani) offers a glimpse of the hard life of Baloch nomads. Dorbani, the main character of the story, is a victim of fate and cultural norms. She is driven by the harsh hand of destiny throughout the story.

Dorbani

Written by Shah ibn Sheen

Translation by Mahganj Taj

The lines on my palms never showed any signs of good fortune. Still I kept going to him to have my palm read on the first Friday of every year. I knew that he had got tired of encouraging me, but he couldn't say so.

His name was Shay Swali. Shay was a palmist. I don't know who he learned this craft from, but he used to say that he'd been a palmist as long as he could remember. I recall that the first time I visited him, I went with Mullah Mahatun, and we brought dried jujube fruit and *lassi* to give him. When I stretched out my hand to him the first time, it was Mullah Mahatun who held it. Shay Swali said it was the first time that the hand he was studying was held by someone else.

I don't know what he saw while perusing the lines that made him sigh so deeply but say nothing. My reason for coming to him every year was to find out when I would be married. He never told me anything about that either.

My name is Dorbani. I belong to a Baloch nomad family. We've been herders for generations. God knows how many regions and villages our ancestors moved between before my deceased father finally reached this region. He had pastured his herd here for five years.

I was a two-year-old child when my father left us forever. Mother told me later it was the season of rains, and the storm winds had been blowing continuously for six days. She said my father was an expert on the seasons. He had said: "Whenever the wind used to blow like this, it would never last for more than two days, and it would always be followed by heavy rains. But this year, may God have mercy upon us, there are clouds, and the storm winds have been blowing continuously for six days."

That very day, in the afternoon, the storm died down, and a heavy rain began, which was to last for eight days on end. All the rivers and streams flooded heavily. My mother told me that our two Bela goats had got lost. She made a divination. They were both fine. Then father had said: "Something has blocked their way. I will go and get them back."

Mother told me: "It was late Sunday afternoon. Two bright stars were high in the western sky. I waited for your father the entire night and made a big fire because he might have lost his way and the light could guide him in the right direction. But at dawn he had still not returned. That morning, the storm began again. It was blowing forcefully. Your father wasn't back with the goats at noon. Later our fellow nomads brought us his body. Your father had slipped into a ravine and died."

In the second year after my father's death, my mother was bitten and killed by a scorpion. I was brought up by Mullah Mahatun. She was also a nomad.

Mullah tells me that I had a twin and that Mullah was my mother's midwife. "Your twin was brighter than you, but her days ran out. She was only seven days old when she breathed her last tiny breath. Your mother cried a lot. Your mother got pregnant three more times, but she had miscarriages."

Sometimes when Mullah had prayed the midnight prayer, she folded her prayer mat, took her lantern and went out. I always thought she might be going for a short toilet visit, so I followed her, but she stopped me. She said that if anyone came to the door and asked for her, I should say she had gone to the old man's sheepfold. But no one ever came while she was away. I often asked her where the old man's sheepfold was. But she never answered.

One night when she was offering her prayer, someone called her name, "Auntie! Are you offering prayers? We have cooked some date sweets. Come and pray over them."

It was a deep voice. Mullah returned the greeting saying: "May God preserve your honour." She took the lantern and left again. I followed her halfway and then I returned. Now I knew where she was going. I never asked her again.

One night she took the lantern and before leaving she asked: "My daughter, do you know where I go now?"

I said: "Yes."

“You are now mature enough to understand that helping these creatures is virtuous.”

I said: “May God protect you.”

Mullah had become very feeble over the last few months. I was worried. I couldn't handle the goats and sheep because Mullah was ill, and there was no male member of the family to help either.

It was the first Friday of the year and Mullah was a bit better. We couldn't visit Shay Swali that Friday, but the next day Mullah said: “When you go to Shay Swali this time, give him my regards and tell him that I am weak now and ask him to remember my request.”

I took someone along and went to him the next day. “I waited for you yesterday,” Shay said as soon as he saw me.

“Mullah is weak and aged. She sends her regards and asks you not to forget her message.”

He told me to return the greeting and immediately began examining my fortune lines. This was the first time that my hand was held by a man. He studied my palm for a long time and then folded a piece of turquoise in white cloth and asked me to give it to Mullah.

It was the first time he didn't encourage me at all, or even tell me anything about the lines on my palm.

Two days later, he came to visit Mullah dressed in white. He was accompanied by another man as well. Mullah covered me with a red shawl, put the turquoise in my hand, softly caressed my hand and said: “May your wishes come true.”

Shay Swali married me that day. Mullah died a few months later.

Days and months passed. There was rain that year. The pastures were green. The herd was well fed, and I was pregnant.

Shay went to his place for palmistry every Saturday. One day, a storm wind was blowing. It was late Saturday afternoon, two bright stars were high in the western sky and Shay had gone to his place. Rain began pouring down at dusk. All night long clouds were thundering and heavy rain was pouring. I waited for Shay, but he didn't return.

The next morning a fellow nomad of ours covered me with a black shawl. “We have got the news that Shay's workplace has collapsed, and he has died beneath it.”

I lost my senses. I wanted to cry but I couldn't. I recalled the first time Shay had held my hand and examined my fortune lines. I wanted to look at my palm, but I couldn't.

A hand caressed my head. I looked up. It was the man who had married us.

“Shay was your palmist, and he didn't want to hurt you with the truth of your fate, but blessed Mullah ...” He didn't finish his sentence, yet it was as if something pierced my chest. I looked around and caught sight of blessed Mullah's prayer beads, and I cried a lot.

Exile

Sajid Hussain

Introduction²³⁴

Born on 16 January 1981 in Nezarabad, Kech District, Balochistan, Pakistan, Sajid Hussain received most of his education in Karachi. He held a BA in Economics but his main interest was literature, and in 2012 he completed his MA in Balochi and English at the University of Balochistan, Quetta.

In 2002 Sajid Hussain joined the Baloch Students Organization (BSO) which, in addition to organizing Baloch students, also has a political agenda.²³⁵ After a few years, however, he abandoned his political activities and devoted himself increasingly to writing.

As a man of the written word, Sajid Hussain was first and foremost a journalist. His English was excellent and he had a flowing pen. He achieved great success as a journalist, and before going into exile he worked for Pakistani newspapers such as Daily Times and The News, as well as for Reuters. His writings covered sensitive topics such as drug trafficking and human rights violations in Balochistan. In 2012, he had to flee Pakistan due to threats made against him because of his journalistic activities. He spent some years in Oman, Uganda and Dubai before coming to Sweden in mid-2017.

In 2015, when he was living in Dubai, Sajid Hussain founded the online magazine *Balochistan Times*.²³⁶ This English and Balochi news magazine addresses current issues in Balochistan including human rights, political violence, abductions, and killings, as well as social and cultural issues. It also contains a literary section, where pieces are published in Balochi and English. Due to the broad scope of the work, he recruited a number of talented co-workers to help run the magazine, and even after his death articles and literary pieces continue to be published on the *Balochistan Times* website.

²³⁴ See also <https://thebalochistanpost.net/2020/05/sajid-hussain-obituary/> (retrieved 18 August 2020).

²³⁵ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Baloch_Students_Organization (retrieved 18 August 2020).

²³⁶ <https://balochistantimes.com/> (retrieved 2 May 2020).

Soon after his arrival in Sweden, Sajid Hussain got involved with the Balochi Language Project at Uppsala University.²³⁷ Together with Professor Mousa Mahmoudzahi of Velayat University, Iranshahr, Iran, he launched a Balochi-English online dictionary in February 2019.²³⁸ He was furthermore engaged in authorship, text edition, and translation work. Sajid Hussain was also Carina Jahani's main source of inspiration while writing *A Grammar of Modern Standard Balochi*, which was published in December 2019.²³⁹

In an interview with him carried out by Hammal Haider in February 2020 and posted on YouTube on 1 May the same year,²⁴⁰ Sajid Hussain endorsed the orthographic system for Balochi proposed by the Balochi Language Project. This script system was also adopted by the magazine *Balochistan Times* in spring 2020.

Sajid taught Balochi at the Department of Linguistics and Philology, Uppsala University. In January 2020 he was admitted to the MA programme in Iranian languages at the same department and began writing his MA thesis on Balochi argument structure as illustrated by religious sermons and political speeches. He was busy with this work when, on 2 March 2020, he went missing. On April 23, after several weeks of searching, he was found drowned in the River Fyris just north of Uppsala.

Sajid Hussain was a true lover of literature and was very well read in both English and Balochi literature. His love for the written word led him to engage in literary criticism as well as creative writing. The short story published in this anthology, *Darándhéhi pa Saré o Shegán pa Saré* (Facing Exile, Facing Taunts) is semi-autobiographical, and although he claimed in a note to the original text that the characters in the story are purely fictional, it is clear to anyone who has known Sajid and his friends and co-workers that these personalities are largely inspired by his close friends and acquaintances. No one will miss the refined sense of satire in the story.

²³⁷ <https://www.lingfil.uu.se/forskning/the-balochi-language-project/> (retrieved 18 August 2020).

²³⁸ <https://www.webonary.org/balochidictionary/> (retrieved 10 August 2020).

²³⁹ <http://uu.diva-portal.org/smash/record.jsf?pid=diva2%3A1372275&dswid=9941> (retrieved 10 August 2020).

²⁴⁰ <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Troo9srFXY> (In Balochi) (retrieved 10 May 2020).

Facing Exile, Facing Taunts

Written by Sajid Hussain

Translation by Carina Jahani

The story of my exile began on that unfortunate day when an ill-fated interest in literature came over me. It seems that every writer I liked had been in exile at some time. Marquez had been, Kundera too. Some had angered the government, others the army. By following in their footsteps I invited trouble into my hitherto trouble-free life. If I had known that following Marquez would cause me harm, I would never have fallen into that trap. Of course I believed that once one of us becomes a great author the critics will write “this man is the Marquez of the Balochi language.”

Everyone does these kinds of meaningless things when they're young. I had a friend who always kept a stone in his pocket, and all day long he used to scratch his forehead with it. Because in a film Mithun Chakraborty had a red mark on his forehead. Mithun disappeared from the public eye, but the dent on my friend's forehead remained.

That's why it's better to admire a movie star than a writer. A cousin of mine liked Sanjay Dutt. He went and did bodybuilding. I'd become entangled with Franz Kafka and soon was drinking twenty cups of tea and smoking two packs of cigarettes a day. Because most great writers have an ulcer.

A person who is ready to give himself an ulcer to become a writer is not likely to shy away from the sacrifice of going into exile either. So ever since my youth it has been my desire to do something so great that the enemy would be obliged to drive me into exile. They say that if you wish for something from the bottom of your heart, the door will be opened for you. In His generosity, God opened the door for me to enter the Baloch Students Organization just to fulfil this one wish of mine, and He bestowed upon me the blessing of exile from my country.

But mind you, since I went into exile people's taunts and reproaches are killing me. If someone has indigestion in Kalatok, we're the ones who

face the reproach: “Here the Baloch are poor and destitute while you’re enjoying the luxuries of Europe.”

This kind of criticism always ends with the same admonishment: “Don’t forget you got your asylum by using the name of these poor Baloch.”

So you mean we mortgaged the whole land of the Baloch and struck it rich in Europe by seeking refuge to save our ill-starred lives. The mere fact that someone says hello to us here makes us happy, so how can we cure the indigestion of the poor Baloch?

We really long to upload a photo on Facebook, but we can’t out of fear of the pointed reprimands that follow. Sometimes you’ve just taken a shower and are standing in front of the mirror, and all of a sudden you feel like today’s the day to take a picture. Your skin is a little bit fairer and your hair is thicker. On top of that, it looks like your eyebrows have trimmed themselves. This happens by chance once a year or so. But you know that if this nice looking fellow who’s admiring himself in the mirror takes his picture today and puts it on Facebook many will burn with jealousy. Those friends at least who are left back home without any security or even electricity and have no share in the God-given privilege of travelling around the world will burn to ashes.

In the rain, on the lawn, in front of a tall building, now’s the time for a selfie.

But no. The fear of reproach gets the upper hand.

I have a friend here who cleans train cars at night, sleeps until noon and smokes hash in the afternoon. When he’s high he either engages in politics on the phone or gives us a list of the evils of exile. His European name is ABC and back home he’s called Allah Baksh Chorasi²⁴¹ because he was born in 1984. But we call him Allah Baksh Glass, because he stacks two water glasses on each other and smokes hash in them instead of in a cigarette. One day he says: “It would have been better to graze the sheiks’ camels than to end up in Europe. At least Mum could have sent some dates. To hell with a country where you can’t even get a date to sweeten your mouth after smoking.”

I don’t know about the connection between hashish and the Baloch soul, but I can testify that the Baloch in the Gulf are ten times better off than we are. Every month there are gifts arriving for them; sometimes the wife has sent a pair of sandals, and sometimes the mother has sent some

²⁴¹ Chorasi means 84 in Urdu.

pounded dates of high quality. The best thing is that once a year they can travel home and see their wife and children.

And even better than going home is preparing to go home. I was in the Gulf for some years and I saw how the Baloch in the Gulf were filled with pride before going home. They labour on the landlord's farm the whole year and get along on the milk and canned fish their landlord gives them, in order to save some money for the holidays. When it's time for their holiday they get a couple of really flashy outfits sewn up for them and buy a pair of high-heeled Muscat sandals. The poor things sacrifice their own needs and spend the rest of the money on perfume and soap for their relatives and friends. The wife wants an iPhone X in exchange for the ugly sandals she had sent. Mother's rotten dates were inedible but she needs Tang drink powder, Panadol pills, Axe Brand Universal Oil, band-aids, incense, and some herbal medicine. If she had needed all this for herself it would have been fine, but my friend in the Gulf is constantly in agony because his mother puts everything in a box so that for the whole year if a needy person appears she can solve their problem.

The only purpose of this mother's life is that if someone in town gets a headache or has a bad tummy, or if a guest arrives, then that someone should come to her for help.

The people in our town have never bought a single Panadol. Everyone knows that the medicine sold at Babu's medical store is fake; it can neither cure a fever nor relieve a headache. But foreign Panadol has always been among Mullah Patomah's belongings. Her only condition for dispensing it is being able to prove that you or someone in your household has a high fever. She won't waste her foreign medicine on just a headache or a cold.

"Mullah, Mullah, Mum asks if you could give her a Panadol?" Every week I went to Mullah Patomah's and pleaded for a pill.

"Who is ill?" Mullah began her questioning.

"Mum has a fever." My mother had told me to say that. Actually, she had a headache.

"Does she have a fever? Yesterday afternoon she was running after you, right? When did she get the fever?"

"Last night the mosquitoes bit her. Mum didn't know there was a big hole in the mosquito net! Now she's miserable. When Dad comes he will take her to Karachi." When I said this, Mullah looked at me with concern and

I knew the lies were doing the job. “Mum says that when uncle Obayd comes from Muscat we will repay you.” Now I was improvising.

“No need for repayment,” she said. “If Mullah Patomah were repaid she would have been drowning in money by now.” Mullah got upset but then immediately calmed down. “But the people in this town don’t let me keep any pills. Let me look, maybe I can find one.”

Mullah took her box into a corner and opened it just enough to be able to peep into it. Then she put her hand into the box through the opening, felt around a bit and took out a single Panadol.

“This is the only one left. Take it. Hopefully it will solve your problem.”

Even if there had been a hundred pills in Mullah’s belongings, she would still have said: “This is the only one.” If you went back an hour later to get another Panadol she would again give you a single one and say: “This is the only one I have.”

But to set the historical record straight, I want to make it clear that Mullah did get her repayment from me. I was the one who wrote her letters. This was in the days before telephones and mobile phones. From fourth grade on I could both read and write a letter. If a letter came from the Gulf, or if an elderly person or a woman wanted to send a letter, then I was the one to call. It’s not that there weren’t other literate people in town, but of all the children it was me and only me who could do this job, and since I was still small, people didn’t hide their secrets from me.

The only problem was that I didn’t know much Urdu. At school they only taught us greetings and prayers. “We are all well and we pray to the Lord, the Exalted, for your wellbeing.” That was the full extent of my Urdu, but I would still play around and finish the letter.

The problem was when Mullah really got into her pure Balochi mood. “Tell me, my son, my dear Rahim, I have heard that your enemies have caught a fever. May Allah make you well. May I give you my share of life, my dear Rahim, you are worth everything.”

When Mullah stopped, I took the point of the pen out of my mouth and started writing. “My Rahim Jan, I heard this days health of your enemies bad. Allah make you well. My life be with you, my expensive Rahim, I not worthy of you.”

For years and years I struggled to understand why dear Rahim should be made well if his enemies had a fever. Only after studying Balochi classical poetry did I finally realize this enemy was none other than dear

Rahim himself. Mullah's mouth and heart were not "worthy" enough to make her say that her dear son Rahim had a fever.

After greeting her son and asking how he was, Mullah started her complaining. "Your mother is old now. When I stand up I get dizzy, and even if I eat just a little I get indigestion."

When Mullah paused, my pen was let loose. "Your mother is old now. I get up, my eyes bring darkness, I eat small piece, my stomach blow up."

This was my first period of translation. Already at this young age I realized how difficult it is to translate words and sentences from one language into another. That is why even today I honour my friends who do translation, possibly more than they deserve.

I want to make it clear to my Baloch brothers that if exile in Europe was such a pleasant thing I would not have been nostalgic about Mullah Patomah's letters and her Panadols. Exile is a disease, and this disease makes you remember things at home that you couldn't even dream of: sleeping under a shed made of date palm leaves at lunchtime in the summer, and looking for any movement in the decomposing palm leaves; lying on the bedding piled up on the cot outside the door and reading a ghost story; sprinkling a sheet with water and covering yourself with it at night in the summer; gathering outside the house with your family each new moon, and checking who's first to see the moon; mother's scolding that we should only take a little of the stew; getting a sweet from Auntie Nazal after helping her churn butter for a couple of hours; chasing the sheep and goats at sunset and tying them up; keeping watch for the fox at night so that it won't eat the chicks; gathering up the clothes and dishes in the courtyard before a storm and running into the house; and the moist smell after the first rain of the year.

If we have any time left after these useless nostalgic dreams in our European exile, then we will go to Mr Trump and complain about Pakistan.

When we got word that Trump had won the election, our friends in exile were so overjoyed you would think Mr Trump's grandfather's cousin had been a Baloch. "This is the end of Pakistan. This crazy fellow will do something about the Punjabis." Allah Baksh Glass took two glasses and went into the washroom.

"Yes, Trump actually became president of the USA just to do this very job. He will definitely take revenge for the Baloch." I gnashed my teeth.

Three years after Trump's election, on a day not long ago, Glass asked me: "Do you think Trump is aware of the Baloch question?"

“He must be, ’cause if the Baloch question is not settled there will be never be a solution to the world’s problems.”

The fellow did not like my answer. But when we were still in Balochistan our leaders had fooled us into joining the BSO by saying that America had made all the necessary preparations; the map of an independent Balochistan was even ready. All that remained was for the Baloch to make the effort. We thought if America is on our side, it means bye-bye Pakistan.

For two years, whatever actions we took, nobody so much as raised an eyebrow. Sometimes we burned the flag of “God-gifted” Pakistan, sometimes we stood outside the army camps and cursed the soldiers, but nobody took the least notice of us.

Knowing that America was on our side bolstered our confidence. We were so certain we had dear America’s blessing upon us. Whatever trace of fear remained in our hearts vanished, because our leaders’ words had indeed been proven true: the Baloch are brave and the Punjabis are cowards. So now we went about our business more brazenly than even animals would dare.

At least until we made the Pakistani army, the Falcons of Iqbal, really mad.

When the Falcons stood up against us, they struck with such fury that the lion cubs didn’t know which way to run and hide. The brave cubs ran to the mountains, while the cowards, like us, ran abroad.

Now our brave leaders send messengers every day: “Go and ask America to tame the Falcons.” If the Americans were not aware of our predicament, then our leaders should not have lied to us, saying that the map and all the rest were ready. If our leaders trusted in their own strength and courage, what have *we* done wrong to make them taunt us, now that we are old and worn out.

Even when we were married off nobody asked us what *we* wanted, so why on earth would Trump pay any attention to us?

Four years have passed but Glass has still not been able to bring his family to Europe. I’ve been trying to survive without my family for two years. So it’s not for nothing that when Glass and I see a little child running around in town I almost start crying, and he runs and kisses the child’s cheeks. I’ve told him at least a hundred times that it’s a crime here even to touch someone else’s dog, let alone their child, but who can make Glass understand? I can’t sleep for fear that one day the damned fellow will bring a bad reputation on the Baloch.

Actually, not everyone living in exile is as miserable as we are. There are also the few odd prosperous Baloch exiles, rare as Mullah's Panadols. If you take Glass's word for it, there are three kinds of exiled Baloch.

The first kind are those who live in America, Canada and Great Britain. These countries are the most fortunate, rich and politically influential in the world. So any Baloch who has gone there is higher in rank than Baloch who live in the European Union. If you compare them with the social stratification of Balochistan, we can call them the Rind and Lasharis of the exiles. They are the noblemen among the exiled Baloch. Most leaders of political parties and sons of tribal chiefs live in one of these three countries, which is why "the distribution of their inheritance is never settled" and they never stop fighting. They're always trying to trap each other. A few white-skinned senators know them, and sometimes they can be glimpsed in the back rows of the European Parliament or at a session of the United Nations.

But not even these upper-class refugees ever get a chance to meet Trump.

The second kind are those who came with their families. They mainly live in the richer countries of the European Union such as Germany, France, Sweden, Norway and the Netherlands. At home they didn't even have rice and chutney to eat, but here they live in nice houses and get a good subsidy from the government. The more children they have, the better the subsidy. Their children go to good schools, and if you run into them in town they will definitely tell you how quickly their child has learned the local language. "Miran, the little rascal, he knows German better than Balochi. The way he speaks it, you'd think his mother was a German." Baloch refugees of this kind have advanced so far they praise both their wives and their children in the same breath. Well, will any of these people who are so glad about their children forgetting Balochi ever bother to grab Trump by the collar and tell him about all the Baloch activists who've disappeared? All that these refugees have left to show they are Baloch are some sets of Balochi clothes they keep in a closet to take out for Baloch Culture Day.

These are the "nomads" among the Baloch refugees.

The third kind are those who live in the poor countries of Europe, like Italy and Greece. They mostly came on boats and have the lowest status among the Baloch refugees. Their status is the same as that of slaves in Balochistan. These poor ones have just saved their lives, nothing more. They cannot engage in anything beyond themselves. They're neither in Europe nor at home. They're happy if someone sends them a penny or

two from home. If their situation does not improve soon, then within a couple of years they'll commit collective suicide. If Trump himself came and told them, "I will give you whatever you want," they would ask for a decent pair of flip-flops.

How could these poor souls engage in politics?

Well, this classification that Glass has come up with is correct and based on scientific principles, but even good things have their flaws. Faced with this classification, the reader should not be misled into thinking that the Baloch refugees have set aside the social stratification of their homeland. Someone who was a low-class blacksmith at home has the same status here. Even if he lives in America or Britain, he is not higher in class and worth more than the unlucky refugees in Italy and Greece. These people take part in rallies and meetings just so that someone at home can say: "The chap socializes with tribal chiefs these days."

Glass and I have a neighbour. A Baloch from Iranian Balochista.... oh please forgive me, may God have mercy on me, damned Satan... from *Western* Balochistan. There are many people from Western Balochistan in Sweden, and many of them fled to Europe during the time of the Shah. Our neighbour's name is Mohammad Ali Irannezhad. Mr Irannezhad is a European in all respects. His coat and trousers, his flat cap, his daily routine, his dog, and his afternoon walks with the dog – all these things are European, but Mr Irannezhad's manners are still those of a Baloch tribal chief.

Mr Irannezhad came to Sweden in 1980, a year after I was born. Back home his crime was having expelled the Shah of Iran, Mr Mohammad Reza Shah Pahlavi, and made Khomeini the ruler of the country. As soon as the evil Khomeini came to power he began getting rid of his sympathizers. Mr Irannezhad barely escaped with his life and made it to Sweden. From that day on, he has not glimpsed his beloved fatherland again.

Back home, he was the nephew of the tribal chief of Baho, and he still has the manners of a tribal chief. Not that he talks about it the whole time. He is a well-read man and also a poet, and according to him it is the low-cast blacksmiths and musicians who have kept true Balochi culture alive: music, epic singing, weaponry, praise songs and cradle songs, embroidery and metalwork. But to show that he is the son of a tribal chief, he will definitely throw a few words into the conversation now and then to make it clear he comes from a noble line. For example he will never say "this is a good thing." He always words it like this: "This is a noble thing." If he wanted to say that he was a really naughty

boy in his childhood he would say it like this: “Do you know about my childhood, my dear? When I was small, I had my own slave.”

Later on in the conversation he puts it more strongly: “At our castle, each person of noble birth had his own appointed slave. If he was elderly he had an elderly slave, if he was a *choild*, he had a *choild* slave.”

That’s right, in Western Balochistan they pronounce the word child as *choild*, and instead of spoiled they say *spiled*.

Well, Mr Irannezhad kept telling his story. “My slave must have been some two or three years older than I. Now, look how naughty I was. Every day I made this docile creature lie down on the ground and jumped on him.”

Mr Irannezhad told this heart-breaking story just to show what a really naughty child he was.

Allah Baksh Glass and Mohammad Ali Irannezhad are always quarrelling. Just like with the elite refugees, “the distribution of their inheritance is never settled,” so their quarrel never ends.

Sometimes Mr Irannezhad brings his vegetarian food and visits me and Glass for lunch. Like the European white-skins, he eats with a fork and spoon. Glass gets all five fingers into the food, takes a good mouthful and eats it.

Mr Irannezhad can stand this.

However, after finishing the meal Mr Irannezhad goes to the washroom to wash his hands, while Glass clears his throat, makes some sounds as if he is about to throw up, and washes his hands under the kitchen tap. This habit Mr Irannezhad cannot tolerate at all. He always reproaches Glass for it. “Hey mate, you will grow old but not grow noble. You have been in this country for four years but your habits are just like those of the uncivilized Baloch. Can’t you go and wash your hands in the wash-room? You use this kitchen tap to wash food and vegetables, and then you bend down here to wash your dirty hands.”

After giving voice to his inner anger, Mr Irannezhad felt that Glass was hurt by his words, so he softened his voice. “You are my son; that’s why I am giving you this piece of good advice. When you come to a civilized country like this you should leave your uncivilized Balochi manners behind. In Europe, be European.”

As a matter of fact, Glass had always taken Mr Irannezhad’s older age into account and not been upset about these kinds of rebukes, but on that

particular day, damned Glass had had enough. He interrupted Mr Irannezhad: “It’s none of your business what I do. Look at your worn-out coat. What an expert you are!”

Mr Irannezhad’s whole appearance changed. It was as if someone had mentioned Khomeini’s name to him. He stood up, put on his flat cap and left the room trembling with rage. Glass and I were surprised. After all, what Glass said wasn’t bad enough to make him this upset.

But mind you, in Iran an “expert” is what they call a gay person.

Glass and I had to go to a lot of trouble to be reconciled with Mr Irannezhad. When he finally accepted that it was a misunderstanding caused by differences between Balochi dialects, he smiled and said: “Mate, this is really oddish.”

Well, as a matter of fact, the word “oddish” does not seem to exist in this language called Balochi. Not in any dialect spoken in Western or Eastern Balochistan. It was coined by Mr Irannezhad himself.

But after forty years in exile, Mr Irannezhad is convinced that a word like that is part of the basic vocabulary of Balochi.

Didn’t I tell you? Exile is a disease!

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Noroz Hayat

Introduction

Noroz Khan, better known by his pen name Noroz Hayat, was born on 1 February 1989 in Khairabad village, Kech District, Balochistan, Pakistan. He received a BA in Balochi, Sociology and Political Science from the Atta Shad Degree College in Turbat in 2010, and an MA in Social Work from the University of Karachi in 2013.

During his college years, Noroz became a member of the Baloch Students Organization (BSO).²⁴² During this time he became increasingly interested in human rights and in recent years he has been active in the Human Rights Council of Balochistan.²⁴³

In Karachi, Noroz worked as a member of the executive committee of the Sayad Hashmi Reference Library. Between 2014 and 2015 he worked as a programme associate at Health and Nutrition Development Society (HANDS), based in Karachi.²⁴⁴ In 2015 Noroz left Pakistan for the USA, and he currently lives in Connecticut. In 2021 he joined the Balochi Language Project as a text editor.²⁴⁵

Since arriving in the USA, Noroz has written on social, political and human rights issues, in both Balochi and English, with his writings mainly being published in two web-based magazines, Balochistan Times²⁴⁶ and Balochistan Affairs.²⁴⁷ He also writes short stories where common themes are the struggles of life in exile, alienation and nostalgia.

²⁴² https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Baloch_Students_Organization (retrieved 18 August 2020).

²⁴³ <https://hrcbalochistan.com/about/> (retrieved 24 November 2020).

²⁴⁴ <http://hands.org.pk/live/> (retrieved 24 November 2020).

²⁴⁵ <http://www.lingfil.uu.se/forskning/the-balochi-language-project/> (retrieved 12 January 2021).

²⁴⁶ <https://balochistantimes.com/> (retrieved 24 November 2020).

²⁴⁷ <https://www.balochistanaffairs.com/> (retrieved 24 November 2020).

This attachment to a homeland is also the theme of the story published here, *Haw Máti, Tai Bacch Kóhestáná Ent* (Yes, Dear Mother, Your Son is Back in the Mountains), which tells of a person who is spending his life far from his native land, and who constantly longs to return. It is inspired by the life story of Sajid Hussain, who was forced into exile a few years before Noroz Hayat. But the story could also be that of anyone who has left his or her homeland, be it in search of a career, a decent livelihood, a safe haven from oppression, torture and war, or for any other reason, and who constantly longs to return to “the Mountains,” the place where he or she truly belongs.

Yes, Dear Mother, Your Son is Back in the Mountains

Written by Noroz Hayat

Translation by Carina Jahani

This distress of his was increasing day by day. It felt like a century since he had left his homeland, the Mountains. That homeland, that old country, and the people who live there, even though they were struggling with various hardships these days, they were the ones who had given him an identity. He wondered how they were doing now, after so much misery and destitution.

He had actually left his homeland long ago, in his youth. But not for reasons of exile or migration abroad. He went to live in a big city to study. But his inner being constantly missed the moonlight of the late nights in the Mountains. He would find himself longing to sit atop Chief Hasan's berm absorbing the scenery of his village, or to play cards at the Sangin roundabout at dusk. So, packing his worn-out little bag he would head back to the Mountains the next day.

After completing his studies he got a job in the city, and although he was not a physically active person, whenever his yearning for the Mountains became too strong, he would travel home. Some of the time he was in the big city, some of the time in the Mountains. Whenever he was travelling, he thought to himself that if his journey was just a bit longer, he would immediately break with his beloved Mountains, because he really didn't like all these long, drawn out and tiring journeys back and forth.

He did not really leave his homeland for good until the year when there was a huge flood in the Mountains. This merciless flood devastated the Mountains completely. It swept away everything in its path, the domestic animals, houses and farming lands of the people living there. The torrents of the big river also took an uncle, a cousin and some of his friends.

In fact there was always hunger and poverty in the Mountains. People were poor and needy there. Their greatest struggle was to find something to eat for the day, and they subsisted on the hope that God would help them find something tomorrow. Having eaten some little something, they carried on as best they could. If these little somethings were to run out, then a neighbour, a friend or a relative would lend them some edibles. And if no one could lend them anything to eat, then surely a brother, a grown son or an elder of the family would find the courage to go to a foreign land, take a menial job, and feed a mother, a father, a child and a wife.

He, too, left his homeland and became a wanderer in search of a livelihood, hoping to save himself from the poverty and destitution of the Mountains. With the ups and downs of living abroad he also became detached from his motherland, his language and his culture. The land was actually nothing you could call a land. For a long time after leaving, he had no desire to return. The language had been neglected for centuries, and the sons of the Mountains had not done such a great job of saving it either. Even worse, the Government had done what it could to eradicate it. Therefore he never had any great desire to read and write his own language. Also, when you resort to going abroad to find a job, you have to wear their kind of clothing to be able to work in their companies and offices. As a result he had become so used to the dress of others that he had never since worn the dress of his own culture.

For 37 years he had lived in foreign lands, never settling down. His sojourn in Arab countries, Africa and the West had worn him out so much that he looked like a piece of wood eaten by termites. At this stage he had nothing left but feeble emotions.

But the emotions were still there. He did have a motherland, he did have a language, he did have a people and his people did have a soil. They had been living on this soil for thousands of years, but now it was afflicted by war. The sons of the land were being killed. Some were exiled from their land by force. Some were bribed, and others still were threatened to keep them quiet about the violence of the regime. These emotions were constantly consuming him like a fire, and the flames of this inner fire compelled him all the more strongly to return to his land: "It is time to return home. Enough with all this exile!"

Without telling anyone, neither his friends in exile nor his family in the Mountains, one day he returned to his motherland with nothing but a pair of empty hands. Before returning, he had struggled in his heart:

“Should I tell my family and friends that I’ve had enough of this exile? That I want to return to my motherland, I want to speak my own language, I want to wear my own clothes? Enough depending on foreigners. *There is no place like home!* It is better for me to seek refuge in my motherland, however poor and destitute it may be.”

But all he did was smile to himself and say: “No, it is better not to trouble anyone. Just as I went into exile unannounced, I will keep quiet about my return and not bother anyone. I will go and lie down right there in the Mountains and take some rest on my land, on my soil.”

The thoughts that had distressed him in exile proved true: the Mountains had indeed changed a lot by now. These alleys, that township, this bazaar, those villages – their appearance had completely changed. Molla Patomah had left the village before the war and her huge compound had fallen into ruins. Chief Hasan and the people of Nodan village had abandoned their habitation in the Mountains after the war, and left it to desolation. But not everything had changed – the breeze at dawn, the sunset, the duststorms, the moonlight, the scorching heat, the season of the date harvest from the earliest dates to ripen to the very end of the season, and the moist smell after the first rain of the year were all exactly like they used to be.

Yes, dear mother, your son is back in the Mountains!

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Habib Kadkhodaei

Introduction

Habib Kadkhodaei, also known as Habibollah or Farzin Kadkhodaei, was born on 23 September 1992 in Bog, Kaserkand, Sistan and Baluchestan Province, Iran. He holds a degree in Electrical Engineering from the Islamic Azad University of Zahedan, which he was awarded in the spring of 2016.

From 2016 to 2018 Habib taught middle- and high-school level mathematics in Kaserkand, but in late 2018 he had to flee his country. He now lives in Germany.

Already during his time in Iran, Habib wrote about social and political issues on weblogs and different websites, but due to the repressive nature of the Iranian regime, he always had to publish under fictitious names. All these writings were in Persian, and although Habib had already become interested in reading and writing in Balochi, he felt that he lacked the tools to do so because his entire education had been in Persian.

In Germany, Habib has continued writing on social and political subjects. His tweets and blogs are quoted in Persian oppositional media, e.g. *Zamanehmedia*²⁴⁸ and *Iranwire*.²⁴⁹ He is also one of the reporters for the *Rasanknews* webpage.²⁵⁰

The story presented here, *Gawlok o Mollá Charsiy Táit* (The Spoilt Brat and Mullah Weedhead's Amulet), tells of a person who, for no good reason, flees his homeland and ends up in an unspecified European country. The story contains many subtle critical observations about both human nature and the European refugee reception system, combined with a good portion of humour.

²⁴⁸ See, e.g., <https://www.radiozamaneh.com/556508> (retrieved 24 March 2021).

²⁴⁹ <https://iranwire.com/fa/features/41065> (retrieved 24 March 2021).

²⁵⁰ <https://rasanknews.com/> (retrieved 24 March 2021).

The Spoilt Brat and Mullah Weedhead's Amulet

Written by Habib Kadkhodaei

Translation by Carina Jahani

From the moment I was born and first opened my eyes, I saw that all the people in my family were filled with joy. From all directions, everyone sung my praises with different melodies. As for Auntie, she was so happy she declared her willingness to die for me a hundred times an hour. The apple of her eye had come to this world. Mother said her hero had been born. Grandmother and Grandfather said that a tribal chief had been born, whereas my sisters said that a doctor or a pilot had been born.

The members of my family were constantly on tiptoe, and if, God forbid, I caught some slight fever or other illness, they all asked God for mercy in their own way. One would sacrifice a sheep, another a cow, and another still would make a pilgrimage to the Sheikhs' village and pray for me. I was a spoilt and overprotected child that received nothing but love and affection. Already in the cradle I was filled with joy and felt elevated above everyone and everything. I said to myself there is nobody else like me in the whole world. I am the only perfect one in the universe.

I was the only boy in the family. Growing up, all I heard every day were words of praise and admiration. Everyone knows that an excess of admiration will lift a person above his fellow earthlings, and I was becoming more puffed up with every day that passed. I esteemed myself so highly in my own mind that again and again I told myself that apart from me there is not a single good-looking, smart, handsome young man in the whole world. I'm the only flower that smells sweet.

From the first day I started school, I never opened a single book, but still I only got top grades. I thought woooooow! I'm really on top of things! But the truth is, the reason I got good grades was that my sister's

husband was headmaster of the school, and he had told the other teachers not to give his brother-in-law anything less than top grades. "He's the only son in his family, and his sister loves him more than she loves me. If you give him a low grade his sister will curse me day and night. Well, I can take being cursed, but she'll also make me stand on one leg in the corner for a whole night, as if I were a schoolchild."

As I grew up and became more and more arrogant, I came to believe that there was no one better and more knowledgeable than myself in the whole world. If God grants me a few more years, I will soon take charge of the country's affairs and become a great leader. It was with these big plans that I began my university studies while still thinking I was the only flower that smelled sweet.

One day, as we were studying in the classroom, our teacher began to praise and commend himself. He told us all about his achievements. I was very troubled by what he said and I got all upset. This was the first time someone else had praised himself in front of me in this way. All of a sudden I burst out: "What on earth are you saying, sir? Are you out of your mind? How dare you boast about yourself like this? If you and the other university lecturers were pounded in a mortar, all of you would not add up to a fourth of my weight. Get lost and play your tricks somewhere else."

What I said actually upset the teacher quite a bit, and he told the other lecturers: "Deceive this crazy boy as best you can, and don't give him any passing grades." My four years at university had come to an end, but I had not yet finished my studies. I thought to myself that if I stay any longer people will start ridiculing me. I secretly gave up my studies, and told others that I had got my degree but did not feel like working at the moment, and was going to take it easy for a while before looking for a job.

Every day I put on a suit to boost my self-image, went out, and walked aimlessly up and down the streets of the village. Sometimes in the afternoon I went down to the village *madrassa* where the youngsters of the village gathered, or sometimes I walked all the way from there to Miran's garden.

But for some time I had been struggling mentally, telling myself that sooner or later people would realize that I had not completed my studies. After all, how long can this lie be concealed? So I needed some sort of pretext to leave the country, to be on the safe side and make sure no one found out about my huge lie.

One afternoon when, as was my habit, I was walking the streets counting the potholes, a relative of ours called Janal Petrol-Smuggler bumped into me. I greeted him, and there and then he declared: "I hope you don't mind, but I'm going to leave the country." I was taken completely by surprise by this. Out of nowhere I asked: "Where are you going?" He answered: "To Europe." Even more astonished, I said: "My dear Janal, it's not that easy to go to Europe."

But I realized there was no way to hold Janal back. He had really taken a firm decision and said that he was going to Europe by any means. "I only have two loads of petrol left. I'll deliver these two loads and then sell the car and finance my journey with the money I get."

I asked: "How are you going to get there?"

"This is how. Europe has opened its borders. Everyone is setting out for Europe. Don't you know that Yakub and Mawlok also sold their sheep and cows two months ago and set out for Europe. They're already there. I swear by the shaikh of Bog village, they're so well off now that after two months they each bought an iPhone.

So, right then and there I concluded that if I stay here, and people find out I never finished university, I'll lose face in front of everyone. It would be a very good idea to leave!

I asked Janal: "When? Exactly what day are you leaving?"

He said: "Hodal 'Benz' has gone to Chahbahar to sell his Mercedes. As soon as he gets back and I'm done delivering these two loads, in twenty days or so, that's when we're going."

Then I told him to be sure to let me know before they leave. "Who knows? Maybe I'll come along." Janal the Petrol-Smuggler said: "Sure, we'll let you know before we take off so you can get ready too. It would be great if you came, but honestly I don't think you're going to. You're the spoiled child of your family."

I went home and tried to bring up the subject gently. I noticed no one liked the idea. Mother said: "If you go, may the milk I've fed you be *haram*."

And Grandmother said: "My dear child, stay right here. Why on earth would you want to go to the land of the infidels? You'll lose your faith, and all your habits and customs will change."

My sisters protested vociferously: "You're our only brother. If you leave here, we'll die of longing!"

Janal's twenty days were coming to an end, but there was no sign that my family would be ready to send me off. One evening, when my cousin Balanch and I were sitting in my front parlour, I told him that I intended to leave the country, but that my family were not at all happy about it. He said: "Don't worry at all. I have a mullah, a superb one. He will give you an amulet which will change all their minds to such a degree that they'll tell you to go themselves."

But this mullah doesn't help everyone out like this. He only does it for his close friends and confidants, or if someone has a lot of money or is very good looking. But don't worry, my dear cousin, the mullah is my friend. We always smoke hash together. So we'll go there on the pretext of smoking some hash, and when he's high and out of his senses he'll surely do the job for you."

We bought some really high-quality stuff from Abdol the Lame and went to Mullah's house and greeted him. After a few minutes, Balanch lit the joint. Mullah wouldn't smoke in front of me at first, but Balanch said: "Dear Mullah, you don't need to worry about a thing. This is my cousin. His mouth's locked tight and stamped 'Made in Japan'. Come on and smoke some. If you don't smoke this, it's like you'll be missing out on half your life." So then the mullah started smoking, even if there was still some fear in his heart.

After his fourth hit, Mullah was so high that he completely forgot his Balochi and started speaking Urdu: "Wow, my friend! What superb hash! It takes you to seventh heaven!"

I said: "Drop dead, Mullah! The only Urdu I know is 'Hi, how are you? I love you.' I picked it up from a movie by Amitabh Bachchan. Now give me an amulet that will make my family accept my going to Europe, and get lost."

Again in Urdu, Mullah said: "Well, this is no big deal. I'll give you an amulet that will do the job in ten minutes."

Mullah Weedhead gave me the amulet and I took it to the village. Not a day had passed before I found out that all the people in my family had accepted my journey. My father sold a plot of land, my mother sold her gold, and they gave me a decent amount of money. On the seventeenth day, Janal called and said: "We're ready. Make your preparations, you too, because we're leaving in three days."

So on exactly the twentieth day we set out for Europe. Our journey lasted two months and then we reached Europe.

Once we'd arrived, we thought everything was fine, but actually that's when the real problems began. We phoned Mawlok and Yakub: "We don't know anything at all. What should we do now?"

They said: "You don't need to do all that much. As soon as you see a policeman, just say in English: 'I am a refugee.' He'll take you to the office for asylum seekers himself."

So that's what we did, and they took our fingerprints, and then the refugee officer sent us to this temporary camp and told us we would stay there for two weeks. After that they would send us to a permanent camp.

We phoned our friends and said we were settled now, and that they should come and see us. So the two of them came. The moment they saw us they broke out laughing. We were surprised. What on earth was making them laugh so hard? They said: "So you're still wearing Balochi clothes. This is not the place for such clothing. The cold will destroy you in those things. You'll freeze to death. Take them off immediately."

I came to think of how right poor Grandma was when she said: "In a foreign land you will lose your traditions, little by little."

So with heavy hearts we changed into foreign clothes and went downtown. As we were walking, I asked: "They told us that we must go to a certain place in two weeks. They have some questions to ask us. What do they want to ask us about?" Yakub and Mawlok answered: "They will ask you what you have done in your country that puts your life in danger if you stay there. You must provide a case that they will believe."

I said I had no idea what to say, so what should I do?

They said: "We've found some Baloch who have lived here a long time and know how things work. Let's go and see them so that they can give you some good advice. But truth be told, it's either a political or a religious case that stands a chance. If you want your issue settled quickly, you have to go for one of these options." I said: "Neither of these is a way forward. Don't even mention converting to Christianity. It's bad enough that our clothes are gone; we mustn't lose what feeble faith we have as well. And more important, if Grandma finds out, she'll have a heart attack and be on her way to the graveyard in a coffin in no time. And if I go for a political case, my family will end up in trouble with the regime and face all sorts of harassment."

So they said: "Well, your highness, in that case you should end the process right now, return to your country and go back to loitering outside the *madrasa* and walking around the village counting potholes."

There was nothing else for me to do than to say with a sad heart: “Damn it. I’ll throw myself into the trouble of making up a political case. It’s better than losing what feeble faith I have and killing Grandma.”

So I asked how I should prepare my political case and who could help me with it? They said there was a man here who used to live in Dorap village in Balochistan. He had also been a political adviser to the Gulf Sheikhs for a few years. He came here some ten, fifteen years ago and is a great political activist! He’s on top of whatever political goings on there are in the world, and it’s rumoured that his grandfather was an intimate friend of Churchill’s. Actually he’s as wise as Churchill!

Then I went to see this man, and as soon as my eyes fell on him, when I saw his tall figure and broad shoulders, his suit, tie and Rolex watch, I said to myself that there can surely be no greater political leader in the world than he. He seems to be the kind of politician who’s spent so much time hunched over political cases and files that his neck has disappeared!

So this man explained to me what to say and what not to say. Then he promised to write a statement about me, which I should submit to the court at the time of my hearing. I had nothing to worry about, and would be able to put my new passport in my pocket within four or five days.

The time for my hearing came, and I went there and said everything this man had told me to say. I also gave them the statement. When the judge saw the piece of paper, he shook his head and asked who had written the statement. I answered that it was our great political leader, the fellow who is a really great political activist.

The judge looked at me with suspicion and said: “I neither accept this statement about you, nor do I accept what you have told me.”

“How come?” I asked. “This statement was written and given to me by this great politician, you know, the one who is in charge of running the whole world.”

He said: “What you are telling me does not agree at all with what is in the statement.”

In fact, that man was so careless that he had given me the wrong paper. The “statement” was nothing but the old Balochi legend of Hani and Shay Morid as sung by the legendary Kamalan!

Ladies and Gentlemen!

The story about our great political leader with his Rolex watch has a parallel. When the horses are not allowed to race, surely a donkey will finish first. That statement-writing fellow came at a time when there were no other activists, and had created an image of being a political leader in charge of the whole world.

But now, having made up a political case, I too have become a political activist and can no longer return home. And here, nobody believes what I say. But one day I came to think of Mullah Weedhead, and gave Balanch a call. I thought perhaps Mullah could give me an amulet to solve my problem! But Balanch called back and said Mullah had told him that this was beyond his capacity, that his magic and his amulets do not work in the lands of infidels. If there's anyone whose amulets and incantations have power over there, it is the Zigri Master from Palliri.

So I asked someone to go and see the Master from Palliri, and he prayed and said a blessing over me. All I can do now is to sit here and lament my situation, and wait to see what the Master from Palliri's incantation can do for me at the next asylum hearing!

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<http://uu.diva-portal.org/smash/get/diva2:1526287/FULLTEXT01.pdf> (retrieved 28 January 2022).

Mehlab Naseer

Introduction

Zar Jan Naseer, better known by her pen name Mehlab Naseer (also spelled Mehlab Nasir), was born on 18 December 1982 in Khairabad village, Kech District, Balochistan, Pakistan. She went to school in Gurhi village, after which her family moved to Turbat to enable her to continue her education. She received a BA in Sociology, History and Balochi from the the University of Balochistan, Quetta, in 2002, and an MA in English literature from the same university, in 2006. She then pursued a second MA at the University of Balochistan, this time in Balochi literature, which she completed in 2008.

Mehlab worked in special education for three years, from 2007 to 2010 in Quetta, the provincial capital of Balochistan, Pakistan. In 2010 she moved to Turbat and started teaching English literature at the Girls' Degree College and the University of Turbat. She continued teaching until 2016 when she left the country.

Mehlab began writing in Urdu in 2007, and a year later she wrote her first pieces in Balochi. She writes poetry, short stories and literary essays. She is particularly interested in literary criticism. In an interview published online,²⁵¹ she talks about the challenges that a woman writer faces in a male-dominated society. She emphasizes that it is only when women overcome their fear of expressing themselves through writing that Balochi literature will be able to fly with two wings.

An anthology of Mehlab's poems was published in 2019 under the title of *Mehlab Taw Ché Gwashay?* (Mehlab, What Do You Say?).²⁵² Some of her short stories have been published in literary journals. She is also a regular contributor to the web-based magazine Balochistan Times.²⁵³ In addition to writing, she does translation work from Urdu and English into Balochi.

²⁵¹ <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wxOrG-Y1abc> (retrieved 13 January 2021).

²⁵² Nasir, Mehlab (2020). *Mehlab Taw Ché Gwashay?* Uppsala and Stockholm: Uppsala University and Sahitya.

²⁵³ <https://balochistantimes.com/> (retrieved 24 November 2020). This version is slightly different from the one published in this volume.

In 2014 Mehlab began collaborating with the Balochi Language Project by taking part in an orthography workshop.²⁵⁴ She visited Uppsala several times to work on the project before moving to Sweden in 2018. Before that she had lived in Oman for two years. Mehlab now lives in Uppsala, Sweden.

The story presented here, *Dega kass nést* (There is nobody else) is semi-autobiographical, and concerns the time when Mehlab lived in Muscat, the capital of Oman. Among the feelings depicted in the story are love, affection, selfishness, alienation, loneliness, and the pain of exile.

²⁵⁴ <http://www.lingfil.uu.se/forskning/the-balochi-language-project/> (retrieved 12 January 2021).

There Is No One Else

Written by Mehlab Naseer

Translation by Imrana Baloch

“I have taken out the books you asked for.”

“Ok mom, then send them to me if someone travels here.”

“My daughter, nowadays people don’t tell anyone when they go abroad, but I’ll ask your father to take them to the airport. He’ll send them if he comes across someone who by God’s grace is willing to take them along. But it won’t work this Monday. Maybe your father can take them there on Thursday?”

“Fine, mom.”

Then my mother went on to tell me how the world is changing. “There is no affection between people anymore. They don’t visit each other, nor do they care about how others are doing. In those days, there were no cell phone or other such gadgets for communication, but there was so much kindness. Today there are cell phones, Internet, WhatsApp and all that, but people’s hearts are far apart.

On the surface I was answering her, saying “yes, mom... yes,” but deep down I was thinking that mom was talking as if she was conversing with me face to face. International calls are very expensive, but I couldn’t ask her to end the call. She told me as many things as she could until there was no balance left on the phonecard. When the call was disconnected, I closed my eyes and tears rolled down my cheeks...

How long it had been since I had talked to my mother. She became so lonely after I left. I felt like screaming, like crying, but I wiped away my tears. I thought that I should not think about these things and tried to divert my attention to other issues...

“Did he deliver the things? Your father went to so much trouble to send them. Everyone he asked refused because they already had too much luggage. Also, the employees at the airport are so greedy and stingy nowadays. You can’t send anything anymore. You just have to forget about it.”

“I sneaked in some pieces of dried meat and split dates. Your father was standing over me, bless him. He kept nagging at me, saying it’s too heavy, nobody will take it. I knew he was right, but I just couldn’t help it ... It’s the dried meat from the Eid festival. I saved a little for you...”

Whatever mother had said to herself in her loneliness, or to my sister or my aunt, or to anyone else who was willing to listen from Friday to Thursday, she now told me. I kept replying “yes mom” and “right mom,” and I was thinking how much trouble my father had taken in this hot weather, how many people he had had to beg in order to send me these things.

“I don’t want my books anymore.” My heart was breaking at this thought. I felt a sensation of pain run through my blood and out to my entire body. My eyes filled with tears.

The books were plastered like broken legs. I got some pieces of dried meat and pitted dates. I took out the dried meat to cook it, but memories of Eid and gatherings at home made me so uneasy and restless that I wrapped them back up in the pieces of cloth my mother had wrapped them in and put them aside. My heart sank further.

I took up the books and smiled. “Look at Mom. What care she has taken. How efficient she is!” I opened the pitted dates and began eating like a person who’s been starving for a long time. I finished half of them.

I was missing the seasons of the date harvest back home in Gurhi village. The memories of ripe and half-ripe dates saddened me deeply. I felt like dying... but how does one die like this? I went to my bedroom, lay on the bed and closed my eyes.

I thought I should unwrap the books, but I was feeling so lazy and lonesome that I couldn’t even get up.

“I thought about your new shawls... But of course you don’t wear shawls there. Our maid-servant’s daughter came to us wearing a torn shawl. I pitied her and gave them to her out of charity. They were just lying about. There was a pair of sandals as well. God will give you new ones, so I gave them away to her as an act of charity too.”

“You did the right thing, mom. Did you send my diary too?”

“I don’t know whether it was your diary or not, but I sent something that looked like a notebook with a folded paper book cover. I put it in. Well, I don’t recognize these things, but there was a booklet, I sent it.”

I knew I hadn’t put a book cover on my diary. Surely, mom had sent something else thinking that it was my diary.

A week had passed since the books arrived, but I had not yet opened them. I thought I should open them.

When I removed the plastic tape around the books, I burst into laughter.

“Look at Mom. She sent Mano’s notebook instead of my diary. Now Mano must be searching for it everywhere, and it has arrived in Muscat.”

The notebook was in my hand, and I didn’t know whether it was a pain or a pleasure. I could feel the flow of blood in my veins.

I caressed the notebook softly. It felt as if it was Mano’s soft face. I began to turn its pages. A smile was spreading on my face.

“Unit one: My family.”

The picture she had drawn of my father was that of an old man. Below it said “Granddad.”

I laughed.

The picture she had drawn of my mother was that of a bent, old woman wearing glasses. Below it said “Grandmother.”

This time I laughed even more.

The “Father” she had drawn was holding “Mano’s” hand.

In the arms of “Mother” she had drawn a baby.

The “Sisters” were drawn as standing side by side.

Beside the drawing of “Uncle,” under the erased drawing of a woman, I could see an erased word, “Auntie.”

Góshán Nakaptagén Tawár

Balóchiay bist o yakk ázmánk
gón Engrézi rajánkán

Nazz árók:

Káriná Jaháni, Nágomán Balóch o
Táj Balóch



*May dóstén brát o chokk
Sájed Hosaynay (1981-2020) námá*

Ensáni Syádi

Bot

Eltáp Balóch

Á wati shahrá éwak at. Téwagén shahrá dega kass ham néstat. Áiá éwaki wassh butagat. É shahrá dega kass ábád naat, áiá abéd. Shahrá jalwah o nedárag anchó delkassh at ke mortagén del bóda kant. Har némagá shirkenén ápay kawr o jó tachagá atant, bág o bágichah sabz o ábád atant. Har tahray morg, dalwat o jánwar é shahrá hastat. Abramay delkasshén nedáragay hamráhiá mósomay hesábá é shahrá badal néstat. Har róch shahrá yakk na yakk kondhéá jambár sáhél atant o hawr gwáragá at. Har kojám sharri o zébái ke yakk shahréay wástá allami ent, á chizz é shahrá hastat. Á, é shahrá yakkén wáhond at. Áiárá éwakiá hechbar bétáhir nakortagat o á wati éwakiá sakk shát o gal at.

Yakk róché áiá hayál kort ke cha hoshkén nendagá náay gaddhag kanag gehter ent. Chizzé na chizzé kanagi ent. Gorhá ché kanagi ent? Áiá chort jat ke anchén káre kanagi ent o anchén chizzé maná sázagi ent ke mani shahrá angat néstent. Bale mani shahrá wa har chizz hast. Kojám chizz ent ke pasht kaptag?

Yakbaré padá hamé sawarhagá but. Bázén pegr o jerhahán o shahrá gard o saylá pad, áiá máret ke mani shahrá wa har chizz hastent bale agan yakk chizzéay kammi ent, á “bot” ent. Bezán áiy shahrá bot néstat o dega harché hastat. Áiá paysalah kort ke man jwánén, borz o boland o mazanshánén boté thahénán. Áiá, shahrá zebáterén o sabzazárén o borzterén tholléá mazanén drachkéay kashá ke dega hecch néstat, shot o mazanén sengé ér kort o botay tráshagi bená kort.

Máh o sál gwastant o á gón hamé sengén botay addh kanagá moshkul at. Yakk róché áiá máret ke bot tayár ent. É borz o bolandén báraband o shépagpónzén washrang o dhawldárén jenekki boté at ke tayár at.

É botará baniádami anchén rangé jati ke chó ensáná but o kassá ham pajjáha nayáwort ke é asli ensáné yá boté. Eshiy gwar chó pollá sraptagatant o pádáni shamá gwashaygá bénag petthagá at. Eshiy lontháni sará anchén bechkandé sahrá bayagá at ke cha téwagén shahrá zébáter at. Eshiy chammáni tahá gwashay ométéay donyáéá wati bándátay rozhnáén saporé bendát kortagat.

Áiá bot cháret, ta wat hayrán o habakkah but ke é chéé ke man sharr kort. Áiá bésah néstat ke é rangén dhawldárén chizzé jórha bit. Áiá jérhet ke é dhawldárén bot ke edá éwak bebit, jalwaha nadant. Eshiy kashá dega yakk boté thahénán ke belli do bant. Áiá dega hamé kadday sengé áwort o dega botéay tráshag bená kort. Máh o sál gwastant o é bot ham tayár but. Doén bot yakké domiá sakk nazzikk atant. Domi bot ke tayár but ta é mardéni boté at.

É botáni jórh kanagá pad, á sakk gal o wassh but ke nun mani shahr dhawldárter ent. Hamá chizzay kammi ke butag, nun sarjam ent. Yakbaré padá á wati shahray sayl o nedáragá dar átk. Shahr sakk mazan at o dér gwastagat ke á gón é botáni tráshagá dazgatth butagat. Áiá shahray sarjamén saylá yakk haptagé lagget. Haptagéá pad wátarr hamá jáhá átk ke ódá áiá bot sharr kortagatant, ta hayrán o habakkaha bit... seng o syáha bit... doén bot edá naant...

Yakbaré padá téwagén shahri gólet ta é botáni hecch jágah sój néstat. Á jérhagá at ke é shahray chárén kondh band ant, shahrá áiy hokmá abéd na kasé poterta kant o na ke kasé dar átka kant. Gón hamé jérhag o waswásán, áiárá maróchi awali bará kóchandhagá gept o á, bágay sártén sáhegéá wáb kapt. Cha wábá ke bosti kort, áiy nezzá mazanén sáhaté gwastagat. Chammi pach kortant ta syáh o tahárén zendánéá bandig ent. Á jérhagá at ke ché bayagá ent? Mani hasti o donyá é rangá badal bayán ent. É chónén esrará maná geptag.

Damánéá pad zendánay yakk darwázagéay pach bayagay tawár but. Zamziláni zhelikk zhelikk at. Kasánén rozhnáié thembán at. Do kas áiy némagá pédák at ke cha durá áyáni dém gendag nabutant. Nazzikká ke sar butant, ta téwagén zendán rozhná but. Áiá é ke distant, hoshk o hayrán but. Chéá ke é hamáiy jórh kortagén doén bot atant ke áiá gón wati jenday dastán jórh kortagatant.

Nun áíá yát átk ke man é bot hamá drachkay kashá jórh kortagatant ke é drachkay sárti o washbó harchéá belaggit, áíay tahá zend, agl o dánesh wadia bit. Bale nun... Báz wahd gwastag o layb cha áíay dastá shotagat o é shahray wáhond hamé bot butagatant ke wati jórh kanókay námá hákemi kanagá atant. Har charend o parend, sahdáresh wati tábeh jórh kortagat o aslén wáhond yakk tahárén zendánéá band at o cha pashómániá bashbash waragá at.

Cháp o sheng: Tákband *Estin*, ázmánk nambar, Nawambar 2018. Bechár chérnebis 42.

Syahkár

Hakim Balóch

Jergahá mokaddamhay dráhén tak o pahnátáni yakk sarjamén rapórhé dém dátagat o sepáreshi kortagat ke Dawlat Háná wati neshár gón darámadén mardéá geptag o doén hamé jágahá koshtagant.

Sahtiyay sur gón Dawlat Hánay kasterén brát Mohabbat Háná do sál sári butagat. Surá shash máh rand, áiá Dabaiá rózgáre rasetagat. Yakk o ném sálá rand áiáy chotthi bayagi at. Áiá hál dátagat ke démay máhay pánzdahá, á do máhay chotthiá áyagá ent.

Áiay áyagá chár róch pésar, áiay masterén brát Dawlat Háná Sahti gón á mardá pa nárawái dist o doéni koshtant. Cha patth o pólay rapórhá sahrá but ke koshókay gayratá báhand kort, áiá wati neshár o áiay “áshná” har doén hamá damán o hamá jágahá katl kortant, o jergahá gón yakk tawará é gayrat o lajjay kósh jáhi karár dát o mard o zál syahkár léketant o DhiSiá (DC) wati ewárdh é paymá dém dát ke syahkáriay kósh chó é dega kóshán lékag mabit o Dawlat Háná kayd o banday sezá dayag mabit.

Man mesl boná tán sará padá hurtiá cháretagat o sharriá wántagat. Yakk gwáhé wati bayáná gwashit ke é “áshná” pa wati óláká kadimmay geragá hamá bégáhá áyáni halká átkagat. Gwashti: “Mani drájén ráhé, man pa wati oshterá kadimma zurán, bårén démá rasit yá narasit?” Dawlat Háná áiará kadimm pa bahá dát.

Mosáperá kadimm oshterá laddhetant o roksati gept pa rawagá ke Dawlat Háná gón áiá gwasht: “Nun tahármáhi ent o jambar ham sará ant. Taw shapá gón má bejall, sohbá bám ke dant, beraw.” Warnáyá marháh kort. Áiay mennati gept o pád átk pa rawagá. Dawlatá á padá saláh jat, gwashti: “Marháh makan, chó mabit ráhá rad bekanay yá náháreay warháli bebay.” Gorhá warnáén mosáper jallet. Má drostán yakjáh nán wárt. Harkas wati gesá shot. Sohbá mára samá kapt ke mehmáná wati dast o dém syáh kortagant gón Dawlatay brátay warnáén janá.

Maná báwar nabut ke pa katrahé o damanéá mard o janay áshnáí o do darámaday yakjáhi o démsyáhi chetawr amal buta kant. Man gwáh o molzem o dráh padá lótháéntant. Cha molzemá ke joston kort áíá gwasht: “Sáheb! Mani neshará baddasti cha mani brátay darmolkiá rand bená kortagat, chosh ke halkay zálbulán wati halwatán yakdomiá josta kort ke Sahtiyá láp parchá chó gwát gerán ent. Kaséá gwasht ke marday bázén zarr o sohráni pig ant. Degaréá gwasht ke dapi chó heláriá drahén róchá rómostá ent, piga najant o lápa naródenit, dega ché bekant? Bale mára é gomán néstat ke á wati démá syáh kanagá ent o dráhén kothomay démá tápagé lagáshagá ent. Man á shapi agan á gón é mosáperén warnáyá mageptén, mani brátá wati lógi ke lápporriá bedistén, áíá wati delá ché gwashtagat.”

Meslay tahá, na gwáhán, na molzemá o na memberán Sahtiyá lápporriay zekr kortagat. É pa man o pa mokaddamahá nókén o ehmén habaré at, gwáhi o shónkárié at ke áíá jorm o jormay amalára nókén rangé dát. Molzem dape wat gwashagá ent ke mani brátá wati jan lápporriá bedistén, áíá wati delá ché gomána kort.”

Man gwasht: “Taw rásta gwashay, sharrén jan o shiri ólák anámati shay naant.” Dawlatay petá, ke mokaddamahay masterén gwáh o wati gayratmandén bacchay wakil at, bé jostá gwasht: “Sáheb! Mani neshár wat baddasté at. Hodá bezánt cha kadi o gón kay kayá wati démi syáh kortagat. Agan á shapi gón bagjatá gerag mabutén, áíá mani pardisién warnáyará, gón áíay sar bayagá lápáy kóthek pa mestági dátagat. Dinbóán gwasht ke tai nesháray zahgá damán o katrahéá dáshtagat. Agan máti koshag mabutén, do chár róchá rand allamá wadi butagat. Sharr but ke má cha náhakkén hónéá bacchetén.”

Lápporrén zálé ke áíay zahgay wadi bayagá damán o katrahé bedárit chón gón damán o katrahéay mosáperéá “áshná” bit? Á máh o nókiay sandá wati jenday jódá jwába dant, gón bagjatá chón joptia bit? Maná báwar nabut ke Sahtiyá mawtay sawab yakshapi mehmán ent ke tahármáhén shapay syáhián gár o gomsár but. Man mokaddamah Kráem Bránchára dát ke eshiay patth o póla cha nóksará bekant.

Mani démá do rapórth ant, yakké Kráem Bránchay nóksaránay patth o pól ent o domi har róchi kráem rapórth ent. Har do yakkén habará gwashagá ant. Awaliá sarjamén patth o póla rand pakkáíá wati rapórth dátag ke Dawlat Hána gón wati brátay sharrang o warnáén janá, brátay rawagá rand pa zór o nárawai nájáhi kortag o néth áíay láp porr kortag.

Áyán hál raset ke Mohabbat Hán do chár róchá randa kayt o sara bit. Dawlat Hána tors mán delá kapt ke áíay brát lógiá lápporriá begendit,

áiá allamá josta kant o jan áíá hakkén hálá zalura dant. Gorhá pa áíá hayr naent. Áíá pa wati syahkáriáni chér dayagá bécháragén mosáperén bagjat náhakká syahkár kort, mosáper, bánór o kóðak démhóni dátant ke balkén áyáni hón áíay syahkáriá gár bekant.

Domi rapórth hála dant ke Mohabbat Hána wati brát Dawlat Hán koshtag ke áíá pakkáíá málum butag ke áíay darándhéhiay wahdán, áíay brátá áíay warnáén janay gwará wati dém syáh kortag.

Cháp o sheng: Balóch, Hakim (2000). *Ásay Chahr*. Bechár chérnebis 53.

Nákó

Nasim Dashti

“Wati truá begend.” Mani náková yakk zébáén jenekkéay némagá wati dast shahár dát.

“Eshiá?” Man hayrániá jost kort.

“Haw, haw. É tai tru Dorgol ent.”

Cha Dorgolay námay eshkonagá mani démá dah sáláy yátáni wasshén nedárag gardagá laggetant. Áiay zébái, rang o dánag, áski didag, káthárén pónz, kamánén borwán, márpéchén malgór har warnáén delá cha bandókána sendit. Bale maná áiay pollén démay sohrén lontháni wasshén bechkandag sakk dóst ant. Paméshká man nákováy é gappá ke tai tru Dorgol ent, báz hayrán mantán parchá ke á cha kasániá mani wáb o hayáláni máhдарwarén dottok at. Bale nun ke mani kamáshén náková wati lógbánok kortagat, pa man cha pegr o hayálán abéd hecch pasht nakaptagat. Hamé sawabá cha mani chammán arsáni ragám shaletant o cha delay bonbandá opparán báhand kort, bale pa nákováy kóhén háterá man wati bétáhiri yakdam sahrá nakort. Bale chónáhá é gamáni bár cha mani nezórén báláday saggá gésh at. Paméshká man pa dhannay rawagá wati gám pa gég o andám chest kortant, gwashay ke dráhén zeminay bár mani chakká at.

“Assalám alaykom.” Man nákovárá salám dát o goshád goshádá pa wati báná dar shotán.

“Wálaykom salám. Beraw, taw Hodáay mayár ay.”

Man wati báná tahtay sará shakundém bután o pegr o andóháni tuppáná maná mán ropt. Man hayál kort ke may rawájá gón bédhawl o badrangén kárán wati dámon chinkas pólung kortag. Mani dhawlén chinkas warná wati hakkén armán o wáhagáni wástá talwasagá ent, bale á zálemén rawájay démá béwas ant. Maná hashtád sálién nákováy gón kasánsálén Dorgolá sur kanag sakk tawret bale chón kanán? Kamásháná pant o sój kanag mazanén béadabié. Hamé sawabá pa man

náométiay áh o opparán abéd dega hecch pad namant o man cha pahkén lácháriá gón Hodáyá jost o jwáb kort.

“Oo wájah Hodá! Mani gonáh o mayár ché ent? Chosh parchá but? Tai ham wáhag hamesh at ke Dorgol yakkéay amánat at, á dega kaséay lógay zéb o bráh bebit? É yakk wábé wa naent? Bale na. É wáb yakk allamén ehwáléay but. Mani didagáni ars náhudagá retkant. Mani donyá wayrán... o mani nákoáy donyá ábád but.”

Donyáay chárén kondhán tabáhiá mán shántagat. Hamé tahármáhén shapá ásmánay estár drapshagá atant, bale mani tahárén shapay hamá drapshókén estár ke báz dérán rand dhalag butagat nun mermeránkó but... o mani ométáni donyá har némagá syáh o tahár at, na ráhé pad, na dém. Cha wati delay haláhóshá zyárat o piráná tawáron per kort... Wati gránén gamáni sobakter kanagá dém pa masitá shotán o gón Hodáyá wá o zárion kort.

“Wájah Hodá! Bárén chéa chosh but? Cha maróchiá dah sálá pésh man o Dorgolá tai pákén lógá zenday sakkí o sóriáni tahá hamráh o hamkópag bayagay sawgend wárt bale maróchi, dah sálá pad man ché gendagá án? Mani zendagániay rozhnáén máh degaréay lógá shahm kanagá ent. Rasté ke donyá sakk bérahm ent bale taw chó bérahm naatay, tawbah. Taw ham kassará hecch gwasht nakort ke Dorgol yakkéay amánat ent?”

Yakk róché man wati yakk sangatéay dochár kapagá rawagá atán ke man Dorgol domi némagá áyagá dist. Man óshtátán bale á gón wati dazgohárán gapp janán cha man shegwast o man hoshk o hayrán bután ke á parchá chosh mowáz ent.

Róch shap o shap róch bayáná gwastant o man molur molur bután o har wahdá pegr jat ke Dorgol mani gwará parchá chó bé bramsh o tawará gwazit, gwashay maná pajjáha nayárit. Man wati delá niyyat kort ke man Dorgolá á róchay mowáziay sawabá zalur josta kanán. Paméshká man pa áiyay lógá rahádag bután. Bale wahdé ke darwázagá sar kasshet ta diston ke á drájén ádénkay démá neshtag wati mud o malgórán randag o wati jenday sambahénagá at ke yakk ródarátki janénéa chosha nabráhit, o cha áiyay é hálatá man sakk padard bután. Man áiyay bánay tahá potertán o darwázag band kort. Man sakk bétáhir atán. Bale áiyay gón mazanén pahréa darráént: “Begwash, che gappé?”

“Man... man...”

“Haw ji... ji... begwash taw chéa torsay?”

“Man... man... taw nawassha nabay?”

“Enna... taw begwash na.”

“Dorgol...”

“Ji...”

“Dorgol! Má zendagániá yakké domiay hamráh o hamkópag bayagay sawgend wártagat bale cha mani rawagá rand parchá chosh but? Man wati delá chinchok wáhesh o armán dáshtag o lógá átkagatán bale mani drostén wáhesh o armán hák o porán hawár butant. Maróchi man tará hamé jostá kanán ke é drost cha tai wáhagá butagant, agan na?”

“Haw... cha mani wáhagá.” Áiá wati chamm jahl kortant o yakk nezóren tawaréa passawi dát.

“Taw gorhá hamá sawgend zutt shamoshtant ke má páken masitá wártant?”

“Enna... bale...”

“Bale... ché?”

“Bale nun zamánag báz démá shotag ...”

“...o é démá rawókén zamánagay wástá mála lóthit sohr o zarra lóthit.” Man áiy gapp tawám kort.

“Taw nazánay, Karim! Maná gón tai náková hecch wáhag nést. Bale man gón áiy mál o dawlatá hobba dárán o tai náková maróchi na bándát ent cha donyáyá rawt. Dega parchá cha áiy dawlatá páedag bekasshant.”

“Bass kan wati puttáriá. Man tai dhawlén makrbázén janén zendagá pashta nagéján. Annun tai hamá hála bit, anchó ke yakk mazanén gonahkáréay, tánke taw cha wati locchén wáhagá dega kassá barbád makanay.”

Man yakdam Dorgol gothgir kort anchó ke yakk sháhiné jenjeshkéay sará hinzh bekant bale mani dast larzetant o yakk tawaré mani góshán kapt.

“Parchá wati nákováy armán o wáhagáni donyáyá wayrána kanay? Hamá náková ke tará harch o darchi dát... wánénti... tai har thahl o názi pojjet. Bale maróchi taw áiy wáhagáni donyáyá tabáh kanagá ay.”

Man shot o masitá tagerday sará dém pa chér kaptán. Bégáh, shap o shap, némshap but. Sáhat dráj but o wahd wati jáh jekk óshtát. Mani arsáy gawhar zeminay máti dámoná kaptant. Man pád átk o dhanná dar átkán. Man del porr at.

Gam, wapá, dósti, béwapái, zend, Dorgol, náκό, dard, del, ranj, zahrbár, dóst, nádósti, béwapá, donyá, mál, zarr, dósti, Dorgol, béwapá, mark, zend, é koll átk o mani démá óshtátant.

Kojá...? Kojá...? Man cha wati delá porset. Mani sar jahl at o gón wati gamán jérhagá atán. Zend chéé? Wapá ché ent? Dósti kojámiay nám ent? Mani ráh kojám ent?

Delá padá dardé pád átk.

É kárch ent. Náκό wáb ent, wati warnáén janay bagalá ent. Mani chammán dist ke Dorgol náκόay bagalá ent. Áiay bádámén chamm band ant o lonthi pach ant.

Mani del cha zahrá porr but, hón mán ragán téz but, lonth gath chetant, dast pa lánkay kárchá shot, gám téz kortant o pa náκόay lógá rahádag bután.

Anághá kochekkéá wakket o man cha wati wábá ágah bután. Man wati chamm chest kortant, borzá cháret. Zemestáni shapay bisti máh ér rawagi at. Chó sáli nádráhá mani némagá cháragá at. Zemin o ásmán máhay nuray cháderá wáb atant. Ásmán sáp at o estár jarhashkagá atant. Drachkáni kaptagén ták mani pádáni chérá chó proshtagén delá tawará atant. Man wati chamm máhá sakk dátant o óshtátán. Máhay nurá mani del cha nurá porr kort. Off, off, zend. Delay taháriay tahá gerókéá jat o dóstiay yakk lahrhé pád átk. É rozhnáén zardrangén máh, é kaptagén ták, é mortagén pollán mani dard, mani zahr, mani gam bahr kortant. Mani chammán ars átkant, mani del chó ásmáná práh but, estár delá rók butant.

É thuhén práhén golzeminá béwapáén Dorgolá jágah hast.

É zend pa náκόá ham wassh ent.

É máh o estári donyá, é sabzén zardpolláni donyá náκό o Dorgolá nasib bát.

Man cha wati náκόay lógay ráhá padá gasht o dega ráhé gept. Mani gám téz butant. Mani zobáná wassh wasshá é labz dar átkant: “Náκό! Dorgol! Maná pahell kanét.”

Cháp o sheng: Abdolhakim (1970). *Gechén ázmánk*. Bechár chérnebis 25.

Peti Mirás

Naymatolláh Gechki

“Off, mani wájahén Hodá! Man chón kanán? Man parchá chó béwas bután. Wason hast, bale béwas án. Kason hast, bale békas án. Off, mani nokk chón hoshk ent. Maná kass trampé áp dapá nadant. Jánon pahk zhand zhand ent. Off, kasé nést ke pádánon beprechit, bale degaré parchá pa man bekant? Ádami mehr bégwáh ent. Bábi! Degar degar ant, wati ján o jagar ant, bale wati? Dapon sengá belaggát agan begwashán wation nést. Bacch maná Hodáyá dáttag, ganj ent, gorhá chón maná was nést, chón maná kas nést? Abbaw, mabátán bábi pa shomá. Bale oo mani Hodá! Mani gonáh ché ent? Kason hast, bale dapon makeská porr ent.

Mana zánán, mani badbahti hamá róchá átk ke Mazár cha man pésh shot, agan na man pa é hálá nabutagatán. Bale mana nagwashán ke á mortag. Áiárá man pa kojám róchán wati shakkalén shir méchéntagant. Némshapi pásán delsahrhén lóli pa kojám sáhatá áiárá dáttagant. Á zendag ent. Áiay mótkay badalá man háló kort. Mahluká maná malandh kort. Man wati dast cha áiay zagren hónán chó henniá lójetant. Mani dela joshit, bale dozhmenáni del sárt but. Á namirán ent. Tánke gwárhagay sohrén polla srapant o sohrén golábay poll gamara kanant, mani mazárbimmén Mazár zendag ent.

Off, Gamdár! Pa taw mabátán. Dozhmenán áse kapát. Áshópéa sar o chér bátant ke maná béwas o békasesh kort. Badwáháni dantán dar byáyátant ke gwashant lagór butay, bábi! Zántet, zánant ke mard pa gég. Tai daránmolki maná dard ent, bale delá jazm án ke bérgiri áse, delá sárt nabutag, nabit. Mani zerday zarábén wáhag ent ke gamay garmén gwát tai démá makasshát o sohbi nódet sará beshanzátant.

Bale Jangián! Taw parcha chó sardmehr ay? Off, delon dara kayt. Mana nagwashán, badwáha gwashant ke taw sardmehr butagay. Man saddak án ke taw hamá taw ay. Hónchakén chamm tai bémehr naant. Garm o jalán, gathh o garán tai hoshkén lonth mani delá eshkaré pera dárant. Áherrén gwahrán tai bépóshákén jánay yát mani delá kárché janant. Bale delgrán

mabay. Mani sar borz ent. Béwas án, chamjahl naán. Agan kóthói wájahé naay, kóthói wájahéay bandig wa naay.

Nasib! Taw mani chamm kór kortant. Bahton kamm ent ke mani Nasib band ent. Mana zánán ke taw shéri bashbasha waray. Tai zerday bétawárén nehardag, zánán kóth o kalátána jombénant, bale shálá kayt hamá róch. Bale yá nasib. Off, kasé hast maná kammé áp dapa bedant? Kasé hast ke mani sará kammé chest bekant? Damon pasht kapt.

Oo Sardu! Sardu! Gáróth! Mani dam band but. Abborhay bábi, mani dam. Oo Sardu! Taw wáb ay? Garib! Kammé hósh kan. Mani jandhén jámag léthetag. Tonnon belli koshit, bale bépardag mabán, námahramon chárágá ant. Ódá bechár, drostáni chamm sakk ant. U bábi, mabátán. Off, mani sharrén Hodá! Nazánán chón kanán. Oo Sardu! Óhe taw, taw mabátay yá man mabátán. Bale taw, taw, háay, mani sáh, man mabátán pa taw bábi, Mazár ján! Taw kojá ay? Jangián! Polangán hayál kan. Gamwár! Gón brátán hamred bátay.”

É Gránáz at ke déme wat parhagá at. Baré hósh o baré béhósh. Hapt shap o hapt róch at ke Gránáz pa é hálá at, békasá kaptagat.

Á wahdá ke áiy róch atant, bahti barjáh at, nasibí hamráh at. Á baznázén zálé at. Wati janózámii namáret. Tangah o teláhén bacchi démá atant. Wassh o washdel atant. Bale áiy delá har wahdá jat. Áiá zánt ke é róch pa áiá káyant. Mazanmarr o zórakén dozhmenán áyáni goddh poshtá jatagat. Áiá zánt har wahdé ke bacch láheka bant, wati mirásá jóhant. Áyáni kasánsáliá áyáni peti mirás zórakán chér jatagat. Kay pa zend o wasshén delé wati málá degarána dant?

Wahdé á hóshi butant, áyán wati mirásay jóhagay johd kort. Godhwárán tawret. Zóráki hilah cha nezóri o dábahíá gésh but. Wahdé ke áyán nám gept, hamá but ke Gránázay delá jat. Yakké górhí but, yakké darándhéh but, sayomiá sar pa kóh o gárán kasshet. Dega yakké pa bandihánahá sar but. Nun hast o nést yakk béhayrén móchóén bacché at, chath pocchi démé. Na budé, na kamalé. Hodáyá sáhé dáttag o bass.

Gránáz garib o bépasátén zálé at. Wati dastay purýátá wati róchi shapa kortant. Nun porrén shash máh at ke cha kárá kaptagat. Sáriá áiá cha wati sháhitabiá wati ján nabort gón. Bale nun jáná chath dawr dáttagat. Na dasti dásht na pád. Chére wat at. Cha garibi o wáriá badalshódé ham néstati. Chell o ázag at, bóá kass abélá naesht.

Sáriá hamsáhegán baré baré hála gept. Bale nun kassá dapi josté nakort. Nun harkasay gósh ráhá atant. Kadi markay hália bit ke má béarsén

mótké byáren. É wahdá áiy é tangiy démpán áiy nábudén zahg at. Áiy láheki hamesh at ke kerrái kaptagat.

Áiá pa wati nábudén wasá pa chetth o táitá wati maskah jat, bale hecch pa hecch. Mardoma gwashant shogránahi nabutag, paméshká damán nageptag. Áiá pir o pakir ham naeshtagat. Bale á ham pa Hodá nakanant. Hasti wa Hodái dádé. Káré pa tahlag o dárúá bebit, áiá pachén dhakk yala nadátag pa lóthag o áragá, bale jáná démay padá kanag hecch nazánt.

É shap pa Gránázá tang at. Á cha bázén nálag o peryátán bésodd o samá at. É wahdá á cha trekk o tawará kaptagat. Sarduá áiy sar chest kort. Ápi dapa petthént. Cháreti tánke chammi borzá shotagant, gesay tirá sakk atant. Sarduay jáná draháge zort. Máti thóhént. Bale áiá tawár nadát. Sarduay nokk gón nádóká kapt. Chammi golgol butant.

Gránáz sáhay jan o gerá at. Ballok Telyán tachán tachána átk.

“Bibi! Mobáarak bát tará. Sóbáay janén zahgá dráh but. Zahgi bachakké.”

Gránázá kammé chamm pach kortant. Ásmáni cháret, yakk hekkagé jati. Chammi pasi butant. Domi hekkagá áiy bolbolá bál kort.

Cháp o sheng: Gechki, Naymatolláh (2011). *Shakkal o Zahráp*. Bechár chérnebis 66.

Gáren Kaldár

Sayad Háshmi

Garmági róché at, róchá gwar bastagat. Á, sabáhá cha lógá dar átkag o tayábay kerrá shapay sárt kortagén rekáni sará neshtagat o daryáay kókarén gwarmán chárágá at ke dóshigén shamálén gwátay sawgát atant.

É daryáay áp báz talag ent o zemini báz jágah sakk chekkel ent. Eshiy hamé lahmén chekkelay tahá daryái lullok báz ent. Lahtén lulloká hamé narmagén chekkel anchén rangéá gwatkgag o wati lóg jórh kortag ke agan pa nazántkári kaséay pád hamé lógay sará bekapit, tán kóndhá ména rawt. Cha tayábá panjáh shast gwáz borzá macch o drachk ant, yakk mazanén sherisshe ke eshiay sáhegá sabáhay róch gón tayábá goláesha kant o har chont ke róch borz bayána bit sáheg o tayábay dósti dur bayána bit.

Á, hamé sáhegá neshtagat. Bale nun é sáhegá áiy hamráhi ham yalah dát. Áiá chakk jat o poshtá cháret. Sherisshey hamá démá rekay borzagé. Bale hamé borzag chó ke ápay band yá ásshánén kóhay chodagá ent ke chapp o chágerdá chó ke bandá ent o tóki johl ent.

Eshiá lahtén bon macch ham mán ent. Yakk zamánagé é yakk jwánén pallé butag bale annun wayrandán ent o wárhay bándátá yakk dasté máhór yá thálé karz o yakk chótheké ham lekk naent. Eshiy nazzikká hamá kasa rawt ke watá cha masterén janjálá rakkénaga lóthit.

Hamé borzagay chappá ráhé gwazit. Ráhé naent, keshké yá chó begwash ke randé ke mardománi bázén raw o áyá hamé ráh jórh butag ke eday rék chizzé badetag o dega chizzéá cha lagatmáliá bál kortag o kerr o gwará jam butagant. O gwát ham komakk butag o gwashay záná arzonrangén mudáni tahá giwwaré kasshetag. Hamé keshkay chappi dastá chát ent ke harkas gón hórken jahlagá kayt o gón porréná bera gardit.

Áiy delgósh yakk anágahá yakk bramshéá wati némagá tarrént. Chárit ta hamé borzagá o rást yakk kóré pedák ent ke áiy latth yakk jenekkéá geptag. Áiá drostén némagán wati delgósh dur kort o hamé kórá na, hamé jenekká chárágá lagget. Kóren mard é jenekká tayábá bort o yakk

sharrén adaréá rand padá jenekká kóray latth gept o hamráhiá dém pa métagá tarret.

É ham cha wati jágahá pád átk o hamesháni randá dém pa métagá rahádag but. Ráhá gón do pajjárókén mardomá drahbáti but. Tánke rék kotthet, eshiá ham dam bort parchá ke pa é gappá ke chó giwwára báragén keshké jórh butagat bale é keshk ham rékay tahá ent, paméshká é keshk ham rék ent.

Hamá wahdi ke á chátay kerrá gwast, áiy delá yakk baré drikkagé jat. É domi kwahnén chát at ke sengband at o rékay kotthetagé sará at yá ke chósh begwash bongéj á. Tránagéá kapt, bale wati sari dranzet ke watá bétránag bekant bale padá ham tránag áiy hamráh at. Sassái kort, bale béasarén sassá, parchá ke gón béasarén sassáyá áiy samá zendag bayána but. Watsará wat cha áiy sará garmié dar átk, áiy chamm ham garm geptant, áiy wati jend dast per kort gwashay záná tapá geptagat bale tapay rangá naat. Wati pádi trond kasshetant ke zutter wati jágahá berasit. Padá yakk anágahá gón wat ástá gwashti: “Lógá raway jwán ent, bale tai lógá ham kass nést, ódá ham tahná nenday.”

Rásti gwashtagat. Áiy gesá béde áiy jendá dega kass néstat. Yakk jwánén sangaté áiy hast bale á, róchay drájiá géshe wati garibiá naent. Shapá damánéá kayt o har do nendant, gapp o tráné kanant, bale á ham tán dérán gón áiy neshta nakant ke áiy watá lógé hast ke pa lógbánok o chokk o chaláng ent.

Padá watsará gapp janagá at: “Tahnái wassh ent bale hamá wahdi ke tahnái pakár bebit o hamé rangá hamráhi wassh ent, hamá wahdi ke cha tahnáiá mardom shezár bebit. Maróchi gwashay záná man ham cha tahnáiá bészár án. Báyard ent ke é rangén bészár o shezár choshén béwahd o béajámén báhandán cha róchay ér rawagá rand gir byárant, bale maróchi chappokáén rangéá gón sabáhá róchay gwar bandagá eshán birh áwortag.”

Á watsará wat mizzán mizzáná jérháná rawagá at. Ráhá dega yakk dóstén mardomé gón áiy drahbáti but. Drahbáti but bale áiy é samá naat ke kay at. Wati pádi kasshetant, gwashay záná kasé áiy ráh cháragá ent yá yakké dér ent ke áiy rahchár ent ke kammé dér kanag pa áiy biragén táwána kárit.

Yakk baré óshtát o wati gámi sost kortant, bale padá chárit ke pa bésamá padá gámán kasshán ent. Cha wati lógá sadé gámá dur, chárit ke yakké áiy lógay kampánay srugá óshtátag o gón áiy gendagá eshiay gám sost butant. Sari jahl kort o démterá shot bale nun gámi angat ham sostter atant. Nazzikterá wati sari chest kort o padá cháreti ta

hamé mardom diwálay boná chizzéay shóházá ent. Wahdé ke áiy kerrá raset pajjáhi áwort ke har róch cha hamedá gwazit o ápa rawt. Eshíá wati delá gwasht ke balkén áiy pollok yá mondrikké kaptag ke inchok shóházá ent. Josti kort: “Ché gáret kortag?”

“Kaldaré.”

“Kágadé?”

“Enna. Trondén kaldaré.”

“Gorhá?”

“Gár ent.”

Eshíá ham shóház kanagay háterá ingor ángor chárag bongéj kort. Bale wahdé ke sari chest kort, gendit ta eshiay jend kaldáray shóházá ent bale áiy jend óshtátag o eshiay jendá cháragá ent. Wati kissagi patthet bale pachén kaldaré mán néstat. Gwashti: “Mani kissagá kaldár nést bale cha lógá kaldaré kárán o tará dayán.”

Darwázagi pach kort. É ham potert gón. Á, lógay tahá kóthay némagá shot ke kaldaré bekasshit o bedanti. Eshíá gwasht: “Tai lógá áp nest?”

“Chetawrén áp?”

“Waragi.”

“Bale, hast.”

Eshíá gelás zort ke áiy áp bedant. Gelási cha dastá pach gept o gwashti: “Man wat ápa warán.”

Gelási cha ápa porr kort o áwort o áiy démá óshtát. “Bezur. Áp bwar.”

“Man sabáhá charpi nawártag ke áp bwarán.”

“Garmág ent, áp wassh ent. Sharr ent, acha taw sabáhá ché wártag?”

“Yakk kópé cháh.”

“Dega?”

“Dega hecch.”

“Sharr ent man pa taw hayka kárán.”

“Kadi?”

“Bándá.”

Ápi zortant o lótheti ke bwártesh, dasti dásht o gwashti: “Óshtokái enna. Benend.”

É tahtay sará nesht. “Acha, taw óshtátagay?”

“Man ham nendán.”

“.....”

“Tai nám kay ent?”

“Máhal.”

“Máhal?”

“Máhátun ent bale mani mátá dóstia Máhal kortag. Taw sur kortag?”

“Taw sur kortag?”

“Haw.”

“Chokk?”

“Say chokk ant... Bale chokkáni petá panch sál ent ke edá naent... Mosáperia shotag.”

“Zahr ent?”

“Enna... Bale dér ent ke shotag o padá déma nakant, chónáhá zarr baré baré déma dant, bale...”

“Bale ché?”

“Hecch.”

“Taw mani nám jost nakort.”

“Tai námá mana zánán. Hamá róchi ke taw may hamsáheg butagay, man tará pajjááh áwortag. Har róch man distag ke tai gesá tai pelán dósta kayt o shomá tán dérá nendét o gappa janét tánke shapay némá pad gapp janáná rawét. Man hayrán án ke taw é shapay némá kojá raway? Nazánán kadi padá káay?”

“Tará gón mani raw o áyá che kár?”

“Yakk shapé man tánke bángwáhá neshtag o cháretag, tánke taw padá átkagay.”

“Acha, bezán taw mani chárig butagay?”

“Tará tahnái wassha bit?”

“Parchá záná?”

“Wat josta kanán.”

“Tai del ché gwashit?”

Bétawária pad yakk anágahá gwashti: “Nun taw tahná naay.”

“Annun wa enna.”

Yakk o ném adará rand pa rawagá pád átk.

“Taw áp wárt?”

“Taw wárt mani tonn prosht.”

Á ráh gept. Eshíá gwasht: “Wati kaldára nabaray?”

“Kai kaldár?”

“Hamá gárén kaldáray badalá ke man tará gwasht ke dayáni.”

“Hán. Á gárén kaldár.”

“Haw...”

“Á man dar gétk.”

Choshi gwasht o zutt zutt rawagá lagget. Darwázagay dapá chakki jat o gwashti: “Rózardá haykána kárán.”

Cha áiy dar áyag o rawagá rand hayrán at o neshtagat o watsará wat gappá at: “Kaldár dar gétkag. Kadi? Kojá? É lógay tahá?”

Yakk damánéa rand áiy sassáyá kár kort. Bechkandet o pa ják gwashti: “Hmm... Gárén kaldár.”

Cháp o sheng: Saymáhi *Drad*, 2001.

Santh

Gawhar Malek

“Dar á cha mani gesá, taw mani zend azáb kortag. Nazánán hamá chónén shummén róché at ke man gón taw árós kort. É dah sálay tahá taw maná kojám wasshi dátag, begwash?” Jati chapánthé, padá lagaté jati, á kapt. Náshotén záh chó hár o hirrópá cha áiy dapá dar áyagá atant. Á chó botá latth o lagatáni chérá kaptagat, bale cha áiy dapá off o abbawé dar nayátk. É cha máhéá zyát at ke áiy ward o warák záh o mosht o lagat at, bale maróchi latthi sarbár at.

Áiá zánt ke mani hamjwábi áiy zahray ásá chó gásathéla téztera kant. Badter ganóka bit. Jati, jati tánke wat dami bort. Latthi chagal dát, tán darwázagá shot, pad tarret o átk. “Man wápasiá tará edá magendán, agan na cha man o gandag kass nést” o cha darwázagá dar átk.

Á dhagáray sará chó mordagá tachk at. Áiy haddh o jánay band band cha dardá proshagá at. Áiá wati chamm nazz kortant. “Hamzaha gwashit taw maná wasshi nadátag. Áiy haddá wasshi chéa gwashant? Gón áiy kahóla yakki o tepáki, nánay dayag, ropt o róp, shosht o shód, mehmándári, mehr o dósti, man wati ján wár kortag bale áiára ásudag kanagay johdon kortag. Bé áiy razáyá man wati mát o petay cháragá ham nashotagán. Hamzahay nezzá wasshiay kyás o kayló ché ent, á wasshi chéa gwashit? Áiá maná jat. Albat gón Hodáyá kayá dast o dáwá hast?”

Padá áiá wati kasáni delá átk. Waliá ke jat o áiá grét, mátá áiy sar bagalá kort o gwasht: “Wali! Tará gohár dela bit? Gohár gón taw pádara nabít, taw nazánay gohár tai gesá mehmáné?” Áiá mát goláesh kort o gón áiy goshánay lambá wati chamm pahk kortant. Gwashti: “Ammá! Man tará, abbáyá o Waliá naylán o dega jágaha narawán.” Mátá á bagalá kort o sar chokket.

Wahday gwazagá dér nalagget, gwashant jenekk chó keshará ent, zutta rodit. Wahd o pás máh o sáláni parragán swár, bál kanána shotant.

Drostén jenekkáni warhá áiy majgay tahá é habar cha kasániá ródénag butagat ke jenekkay ges áiy marday ges ent. Áiá wati delay tahá wati

gesay singárag o palgárag shoru kortagat o wati hayáláni wájahay wadará at ke kadia kayt o áia bárt o gesay bánoka kant.

Padá hamá róch átk ke áia pa wasshén rócháni ométá gón yakk dhanni mardéa wati palgártagén gesay rawagay tayári kort ke á ges áia wati ges at. Dazgohárán á sambahént, gwashant bánóra tán say róchá pari wati rangá dayant, bale cha áyókén wahd o ákebatay wasshiáni nurá áia dém wat chárdahi máhá róshná at.

Dazgohárán gwasht ke chammán pach makan ke sál dhokkála bit, bale áia pa wati wasshén wábáni sáthagá wati chamm nazz kortagatant ke chosh mabit ke wáb cha áia chammán berechant. Dazgoháráni gwashagay padá, áia wati chamm gón zóra pretkant. Padá dazgohárán Korán Sharip, sabzén ták o espétén táséay tahá sápén áp áwort o gwashtesh: “Nun chammán pach kan.” Áia awalá besmelláh kort o chamm pach kortant o Korán wánt o cha Hodáyá wati wasshén rócháni dwá lóthet. Ápi cháretant o dwái kort: “Yá Alláh! Mani o Hamzahay delá watmánwatá gón ápá sáp kan,” sabzén táki cháret o wati zenday kesháráni sabz bayagay dwái kort o padá áia wati mát o pet, brát o goháráni mehr mán delay yakk konjéa band kortant o gón Hamzahá yakk nókén o wasshén zendéay gwázénagá é gesá átk.

Mát o pet o donyáay gwashagay padá, áia wati poshtá tiranké dát. Áia delá gwasht beraw mátay gotthá beger o begwash o jost kan: “Mát! Shomá gón béwasén jenekkán chéa dróga bandét o áyán cha wati gesá kasshét? Peta gwashit ke jenekkay ges áia marday ges ent, marda gwashit: ‘Cha mani gesá dar á, é ges ke manig ent, tará hákemi kayá dátag. Jan málé, pa bahá rasit o anchó ke gesay é dega mál o asbáb cha mani marziá gesá ér ant, anchó jan ham cha mani marziá ent, dóst nabut, gallénáni, áia badalá degaré kárán.’”

Áia delá Sháhgol o Zinat átkant, gwashay áiará naptéa gón jat, trási kort o nesht. Sháhgolá sálé chokké awort bale láp porr o koth halig at, chokki sara nayátkant. Dáktarán gwasht ke mard o janay hón barábar naant. Mardá eláj nakort, gwashti: “Hamé zarrán ke pa elájá dáktarán bedayán parchá dega jané makanánesh?” Sháhgoli gallént, Sháhgol cha gamán ganók but. Zinatay gonáh esh at ke áia jenekka áwort bale mardá sawn dátant, bale man... Mani gonáh ché ent?

Darwázagay drahpáragay tawár but. Áia hayáláni bandikkay arhetagén tár trahkárágá sest. Hamzahá padá habar kort: “Taw angat hamedá neshtagay, santh?” Áia delá ham páhár kort: “Taw gón Hodáyay Hodáia dáwá bekan ke tará aybi mán kortag, maná chéa janay? Taw chokké mani lápá beday, man chon pédáia nakanán? Shomá mardén har dubahá

janénay sará janét. Shomá ham bandah ét. Shomá bimmára nabét? Hodá shomará santh korta nakant? Shomá cha Hodái kárán chéa mayáriga nabét? Dáktará tará ché gwasht? Tai delá man sahig naán? Wati aybá mani sará tappay?” Pád átk, Hamzahay dém pa démá óshtát. “Maná yalaha dayay degaré geray padá áiy sará santhiay dhubahá janay?”

Hamzah ganók but, dáti dodasti télánké, á dur shot o kapt. Gwashti: “Dáktar goha warant, jakka janant, dróga bandant dáktar, taw dáktaráni habar dróg kort nakortant, hayádár o pársá taw butagay. Man tará gón wati dóstán pajjárók chéa kort? Taw cha áyán pa man inchokén wasshié gept nakort? Man tará pa zánt gón áyán tahná nakort? Bale taw...”

É habar naatant ke cha Hamzahay dapá dar átkant, gwashay srop atant ke Hamzah áiy gósháni tahá mán réchagá atesh, áiy sará gwashay geróké kapt. Arsi chammáni tahá hoshk butant, nokki cha nádóká chó jawrá tahl but, thélagi dar gorhetant. Hamzahay tawár dur chó ke cha johlén chátéay tahá byayt áiy góshán kapt: “Beraw, man tai sawn dátant, sawn dátant.”

Áiy chár jenekk ant, bacché buti bale mort.

Hamzah mazanén dindárén mardomé. Hajji kortag, drostén mardom “háji sáheb” gwashanti, péshemámi ham kant, dega jané gepti bale é ham áiy kesmatá “santhé” but.

Cháp o sheng: Dád, A. R. (2014). *Patantákén Enjir*. Bechár chérnebis 199.

Jehád

Gani Parwáz

Nabi Dád cha sabáhay noh bajay kesásá yaddhawlá wati dokkáná neshtagat. Bale áiy géshter delgósh wati dokkánay badalá Golshéray dokkánay némagá at, parchá ke áiy dokkáná hásén gerák áyagá naat o Golshéray dokkáná cha gerákay báziá nendag o óshtagá gég néstat. Á pa é habará sakk apsózig at ke áiy dokkándáriá bist sál at o Golshéray dokkándáriá shash sálá géshter naat, bale cha áiy dokkáná Golshéray dokkáná báz géshter démrawi kortagat.

“Nazánán Golshérá kojám karámát yát ent ke áiy dokkán chó démrawi kanagá ent?” Nabi Dádá cha zahrá táb o rés wárt o wati delá hayál kort: “Áiy dokkán o mani dokkán har do yakkén damká ant, dém pa dém ant, yakk warhén dokkán ant, har do jarnal esthór ant, har doénán yakk warhén chizz mán. Á cha man chizz arzánterá ham nadant. Bale angat mahluk áiy dokkáná chó mórá sorit o mani dokkánay jostá nakant. Agan áiy dokkánay démrawiay raptár hamé dhawlá bebit, gorhá yakk róché kayt ke maná wati dokkán band kanaga kapit. Paméshká maná chizzé kanaga lóthit. Allamá chizzé na chizzé kanaga lóthit.”

Yakk róché wahdé AySi (AC) gón laywizay jamádár o lahtén sepáhigá Golshéray dokkáná potert, gorhá á sakk gal but ke nun allamá chizzé bit. AySiá Golshér yakk kágadi shekáyatéay bonyádá sharáb o hirwinay shapokiay bohtámay sará gept o bort, bale hecch sobutay narasagay sawabá chizzé kaláká rand yalahi dát. O cha áiy yalah bayagá Nabi Dád padá gamig but.

Dega róché Rami Gondháya é thilpuni hálay sará ke Golshérá nagdi zarr sakk báz hast o áiy agwá kanag sakk ásán ent, Golshér cha dokkánay démá agwá kort, gorhá Nabi Dád cha galá pádán chest but ke á randi hecch nabutagat, bale é randi allamá chizzé na chizzé bit. Bale damánéa rand, báz mardom Rami Gondháay randá kapt o Golshéresh pach gept. Cha eshiá Nabi Dád géshter gamig but.

Chizzé moddatá rand, Ramazán but. Yakk sabáhé, á wati dokkáná neshagat o delá jérhagá at ke anágahá lódhespikaray sará járéay tawár but.

“Mosolmánán! *Majlese Tahaffoze Khatme nabowwatá* paysalah kortag ke á, é sálá Zegrián hecch suratá drógén hajjá naylit o agan áyán Kóhe “Námoráday” rawag o drógén hajjay kóshest kort, gorhá áyáni helápá jehád kanaga bit. Paméshká bist o yakk Ramazán Sharipá, jámah masitá ejtemá bit o cha bist o panch Ramazán Sharipá Zegriáni drógén hajjay dráhén ráh band kanaga bant o áyáni helápá jehád kanaga bit. Handay dráhén Mosolmán ejtemá o jehád har doénán allamá bahr bezurant o wati eslámi parzá purah bekanant.”

É járay eshkonagá rand, Nabi Dád mazanén pegréa kapt. Cha áiy déma gal o gam har doénáni jabzah gendag butant. Tán zandhén sáhatéa áiy déma rangé shot o rangé átk. Áiy dém baré rozhná but o baré tahár. Bale áherá kamm kammá áiy démay tahári rozhnáiy chérá chér tarret o andém but.

Cha bist Ramazáná áia dokkán band kort o ejtemá o jeháday tayári shoru kort. Nókén espétén dazmálé hás hamé rócháni wástá gepti. Do say jórhah godi shodáént o tayár kanáént. Wati jáni sharr shosht o sapá kort o másh o kanagén baróti tháp kortant. Bale pa é habará á sakk kohtig at ke áia rissh per nést, parchá ke áiy hayálá choshén wasshén rócháni wástá rissh sakk zaluri ent. Domi róchá wahdé áia espétdapén pocch per kortant, espétén dazmál sará bast o hákirang o narm narmén buth pádá kortant o watará mán ádénká cháret, ta áia ejtemá o jeháday wástá wati tóká abéd cha risshay per nabayagá dega hecch ayb nadist.

Bist o panch Ramazánay bégahá sajjahén handá ádhahór but ke Golshér gón wati dega lahtén syád o wáresén Zegriá gárhiéa swár butag o dém pa Kóhe Morádá rawagá butag o molláyáni yakk rombéa distag. Cha hamé molláyán yakkéa gárhiay sará tirgwári kortag o Golshér hamá sáhatá mortag o áiy panch syád o wáres thappig butag. Molláyáni rombay mazaniay sawabá payr kanók zánag nabutag. Padá ham lahtén mollá gerag o nezarband kanag butag.

Ramazánay goddhi bégah gón nókén rangéa átkagat. Geptagén mollá yalah dayag butagatant. Golshéray dokkán band at. Nabi Dáday dokkán pach at o cha geráká dapá dar átkagat. O Nabi Dád chárh chárhá sawdáia delgósh at. Anchó málum but, gwashay záná á drájén moddatéa rand dokkándáriay rástén lezzatá máragá at.

Cháp o sheng: Parwáz, Gani (1995). *Bémenzelén Mosáper*. Bechár chérnebis 124.

Garmén Sáheg

Morád Sáher

Kénagiá wati oshteray báray kolónth pa hashtád kaldará bahá kort, kaldár dazmálay lambá bastant o lánká mán jatant, oshteray kónndh bastant o bázaray tanká borzád but. Áiá chizzé sámán geragi at. Áiay métagay sawdágeray dokkáná choshén alkápén sámán nést. Asorkazáay wahdá áiá cha bázará wátarr kort. Har sámán o tóshagé ke áiá geptagat, drost mán lachán kortant, oshterá raht per kort, kónndh bótkant, tangi sharr mohr bast o dém pa wati métagá rahádag but. Cha bázará dar átk, oshteri jóként o jammáz but. É wahdi magreabay taháriá mán shántagat. Oshter wati delay maylá bárag o chapp o chóthén ráhán goláth borrán at o rawagá at.

Mardom ke éwaka bit, áiá bázén hayálé kayt. Kénagi ham hayáláni rongráhán borzád but o shot o hamá gwastagén rócháni wasshén sáhatán raset. Hamé hayálán áiára gwandhén sáhaté yakk jannatéa bort o rasént, bale é hayáláni jannat chand sáhat at. Damánéa rand á padá hamá oshterá jammáz at o yakk syáhén waddhéa éwaká rawán at. Nun áiá wati delgósh shapay estáráni némagá tarrént, lagget estáráni chárágá. Delá hayáli kort ke é tahárén shapá é estár chón trepagá ant. Erán, kaséa esháni pédá bayag ham yáta bit? É estárán bázén habaré yát ent. É pir ham nabant. É chó trepnák ant chéa? Haminchoká shayréay tawaré áiay góshán kapt. Kammé durá galagé dém pa hamé ráhá pédák at. Galagay sárbán yakk pordard o sóznákén shayré janagá at. Áiay shayray sarhál esh at:

*Byá ke zahir maná naylant ent
Romb rombá jenekk káyant ápa
Chó sabáhay sártén gwátá
Maná kassa nadant tai shóndátá
Byá ke zahir maná naylant ent.*

Shayr tán hamedá rasetagat ke cha hamáyán yakk zendadeléa kukkár kort o gwasht: “Begwash, arhay begwash sotkadel ke é dursarén ráh o syáhén shap pa bétawária nagwazant.”

Kénagiay hayálá cha estáráni tappásagá béraw kort o hamé shór o kukkáray némagá shot. Kaséá gwashay záná áiy imánay tár dast jatant. Áiára chengá naesht. Gotthi sakk boland o wassh at. Hamé washgotthiá áiára mazanén dardé delá dátogat. Áiá sárbánay shayray passaw gón é gálán bená kort:

*Bágáni kapót washáwázén
Bétawára wati róchán gwázén
Emrózá wapá néstent bázén
Byá ke zahir maná naylant ent.*

Cha Kénagiay dardmandén delá dar átkgén é chárén gál shapay syáhi o taháriá derrán but o shot o hamá galagay sárbánáni góshán ér kaptant. Har doén némagán yakk bétawáriéá mán shánt, tánke galag ham átk o raset.

Yakkéá darráént: “Arhay wájah! Taw cha kai mardomán ay?”

“Kahodá Shahswáray,” Kénagiá jwáb tarrént.

“Taw cha bandená pédák ay?”

Kénagiá gwasht: “Haw.”

“Kolónthay che nehád ent?”

“Báre hashtád kaldár,” Kénagiá gwasht.

“Tará máhig gón? Mára chár dánag beday.”

Kénagiá chizzé máhig áyáná dát o áyán chizzé kolónth. Harkasá wati ráh gept o shot, bale Kénagiay wati gwashtagén shayrá áiy del kodént.

Á wati gwastagén rócháni yakk wasshén sáhatéay delsóchén tránagéá kapt. É tránag Máhán at, áiy kasániay hambal. Bale áiy sur do sál pésar gón yakk máldaréá butogat. Máhán áiy kasániay dóst at. Á yakkén métagá rostag o mazan butagatant, bale surá rand Máhánay mardá áiára wati métagá bortogat. Máhánay métag Kénagiay ráhay sará at. Yakk baré áiy delá báz merr kortogat ke Máhánay jágahá mán tarr, bale áiá wati delay habar hecch kemár nakortogat.

Nun áiy del nazánay cha áiy jendá gésh at o á yaddhawlá Máhánay bárawá hayál kanagá at ke báren Máhán chón ent? Báren che hálá ent? Máhánay delá angat mani wáhag hast? É yakk swálé at ke áiá gón watá kort bale cha bázén dard o gamán thapp wártagén delá hecch passaw nadát. Padá wat jwábi tarrént ke Máhán hechbar maná béhayál korta nakant. Man Máhánay chárágá allamá rawán. Hamá shapay bámgwáhay wahdá áiy oshter Máhánay métagay némagá rawagá at.

Máháná ham pa Kénagiá sakk dósti hastat bale donyáay dód ent ke yakk paymá naóshítit. Maróchi do sálá rand Kénagi pa áiy métagá rawagá at. Náháriay wahdá Kénagi, Máhánay métagá shot o raset. Yakk mardomé josti kort.

Áiá sój dát: “Á dhalay démay gedáná genday? Hamá Máhánay lóg ent.”

Kénagi hamá marday sójay padá Máhánay lógá shot o raset. Oshteri mashkay dára bast. É wahdi Máhán shiray mantagá at. Áiá ke Kénagi dist, hínzaki yalah dát, tagerdi gerrán kort o gedánay péshgáhá pach kort. Kénagi nesht. Máháná cha durá wasshátk kort, pád átk, sódagé náya porri kort, kaddahé shiri cha hínzaka ér rétk, áwort o Kénagiay déma éri kortant o wat yakkerrá shot o nesht. Kénagiá cha sódagá yakk daparé ná zort o dapá kort, cha kaddahay shirán goláthé gept, chamm chest kortant o Máháná chárágá lagget. Doén chammi Máhánay déma sakk dátatant, gwashay záná Máhánay déma chizzéay shóházá at. Máháná sar chest kort. Doénáni chamm dochár kaptant. Kénagiá wati hósh barjáh kort o gwasht: “Taw maná pajjáha káray?”

Máhán gwashay cha wábá pach drahet. Har do yakdegará anchó chárágá atant gwashay záná yakdegará pajjáha áragay johdá ant. Sharrén sáhaté pa bétawári gwast. Máháná jwáb dát: “Enna.”

É “enna” pa Kénagiá jwábé naat. Gwashay záná kaséa shelsarén kárché áiy delá jat. Áiá ná dapá jawr butant, dast sódagay tahá hoshk tarret. Mazanén moshekléa dasti cha sódagay tahá dar kort o gón cháderay lambá pahki kort, pád átk, swási pádá kortant, oshteri cha mashkay dára bótk.

Máháná darráent: “Taw bárén náhari nakort? Sáhaté bejall, náhari bekan. Mani lógwájah cha ramagá kayt, garmá sárt kan, gorhá beraw.”

Kénagiá gón borretagén gotthéa jwáb tarrént: “Taw ke maná pajjáha nayáray, pa man é sártén sáheg garm ent. Cha darámaday sártén sáhegá watigay róchay sar sharter ent. Tai sáheg pa man nun sárt naent.”

Kénagiá wati oshter mahár kort o rahádag but, bale nun pádán jwáb dátatagat. Áiy jend ráhá rawán at, bale áiy ruh chó berrén áhuá hamé dhalay déma wati jetá butagén hambalay shóházá peryát kanán o serr bandáná rawagá at.

Cháp o sheng: Abdolhakim (1970). *Gechén ázmánk*. Bechár chérnebis 25.

Rawt Ráh o Rawt Shap

Sharap Shád

Bas jump o jólán loddhán at. Shapay sayomi pásay bétawáriá mosáper wáb o wábénag atant. Ágahén mardom yakké dhréwar at ke áiá ridhuá kwahnén Hendi sawté per kortagat o ráhay kandh o béthán sar o chér at, domi á at ke hayál o jérhagáni tahá gár at.

Sapar sháhegánén getanéá bayagá at. Jáhé jáhé dur rozhnáié jalashket, zánaga nabut lógáni darigán sar kasshókén cheragé at yá ásmánay estál atant ke duriá zeminay sará dará butant.

Gazalé ráhá pad, anágahá, na grand, na gerók, mórshanzén hawréay trampán ér dát.

“Ostád! Chekki ke Tankay kawr démá ent,” poshti sitthá waptagén kelindhará áwáz dát. Wábsarén mardom kolkochetant. Basay darigá dhann taháriá hawray chárágá chammesh romborhéntant, padá waptant.

Cha basay kalóng kaláng o ridhuay tawará, hawray trampáni tawár sharriá góshán kapagá naat, bale áiá zánt basay poshtá trampáni pad, basay padán karójagá bant, hamé gappá áiára yakk warhé táhir dát.

Shahr dur pasht kaptagat, áiay tors o bimm ham.

Basá dásht. Áiay del thopp o thápá lagget, bale sepáhigáni badalá do mardom basá swár but. Yakkéá espétén god gwará, chashmaké chammá, kasánén suthkaysé dastá at, domiá ábréshomi dazmálé sará át. Dhill o dábá chó dehkán yá sárbanéá at.

Basay kelindhar áiay gwará átk. “Basá jágah nést, é mardom majbur ant. Tai kashá yakké kammoka nendit.”

“Man do sitthay bárhaw dátag ke kass mani kashá manendit, maná wassha nabit.”

“Má, wájah, nazzikká éra káén, tai mehrabánia bit agan damané wájahá jágah bedayay,” kelindharay gapp janagá pésar dehkáná mennat kort.

Áiá wati bayg cha sitthay sará chest kort o pádáni démá ér kort. Dehkán, sitthán gwázénán, posht poshti sitthá shot ke hamódá damáné pésar kelindhar neshtagat.

Áiay kashá neshtagén, sharrázáén mardomé at. Basay rang rangén laytháni tahá áiay dróshom zararang dará but. Hawrá áiay god kammé missetagatant. Kammé cháragá pad áiá basay darigá dhann taháriá anchó hawray cháragay kóshest kort gwashay hecch gapp janagi naent. Áiá cha áiay kasánén suthkaysá andázah jat ke dáktaré. Kuchagáni dáktarán géshter hamé warhén suthkays gón at.

Dáktará cha kissagá segréthay dhabbi kasshet, yakkéay bondh dhanná kort o áiay némagá shahár dát. Áiá zort. Domii wat rók kort.

“Damáné pésar ke má dhanná hawr o gwátay sará átén, maná gomán but, baniádam abramay démá modám béwas ent.” Dáktar narmgoptárén mardomé át. Áiá dáktaray némagá cháret bale hecchi nagwasht. “Baniádamay yakké domiá sedag o hamgranch baygay tamáshá ham ajab ent. Má ke basá swár naatén, gorhá may wati wati zendagi, wati nasib atant, nun ke basá swár butagén, may mark o zend yakk butagant. Agan é bas chilléá bekapit, máshomá drosta merén, bas haráb bebit, máshomá drost ázára bén. Pa wasshi o salámati sar bebit, máshomá drost wati menzelá sara bén. Nun may drostáni zendagi, nasib o tors watmánwat hamgranch butagant.”

“Maná torsagá naent,” áiá goshád goshádá gwasht.

“Man tahná tai gappá naán,” dáktará lonth gól kortant, segréthay duttáni challahé yalah dát. “Yakk hesábéa becháray chó naent ham. Má é basá swár bebén sharr, swár mabén sharr, may mark o zend may wati mark o zend ant. Agan bas bekpít, lázom naent má drost bemerén. Buta kant kasé thappig bebit, bass áiay dast yá pádé beproshit. Chó ham buta kant kaséay pónzé mabojit. Bale má drosta lóthén ke bas pa salámati menzelá sar bebit o mára hecch mabit, parchá ke may tahá markay bimm modám chó hawrá gwáragá ent.”

“Man gwasht na, maná torsagá naent,” áiá goshád goshádá gwasht.

“Markay gwará harkasá torsit, tará ham torsagá ent, mardom ke torsay ámacha bit, gorhá goshád goshádá gappa kant, tai warhá,” dáktará segréthay duttáni dega challahé yalah dát ke basay tahá láthór warán but. “May drostáni gwará zendag bayagay wáhag yakk warhá ent,” kammé bétawár bayagá pad dáktará darráént. “É hamé tors ent ke maná shapá basay sapara torsit. Maná anchó samá bit ke ingor mani chamm

nazz butant, ángor bas chappia bit, paméshká basá maná beh wába nayayt, mana nazánán taw chón ay?”

Áiay delá hollé chest but. “Man wati gwastá tatkgán? Zánaga nabit. Bándátéa sara bán? Zánaga nabit. Chó, chón buta kant?” Bale hecchi nagwasht.

“Yakké maná taháriá sakka torsit,” dáktará gwasht. “Annun tahári wa basá dhann ent,” áiá gwasht. “Basay tahá anchén deláramén rozhnáie tálán ent ke pa wábén mardomán nátáhiria nayárit o ágahén mardomán táhira dant.”

Dáktará dega segréthé dar kort, rók nakort, bass lankokáni shamá dásht. “Baniádamay tors bass yakké: áiay mark. Bale é gapp hecch bestára nadárit ke mardom chóna merit. Wayléay ámáchiá, delay drikkagay band bayagá, kaynsaray nádráhiá, baré baré maná gomána bit, hamá mardoma merant ke zenday bud o barkatá zebahra bant. Hodá, á mardomána nakoshit ke áyáni zendá maksadé hast. Man mark cha báz nazzikká distag, haminchok nazzikká ke watigi o zenday jósh, chó mawjá chawl janán bebant.”

“Taw mark cha man ham nazzikter distag?” áiá halwat kort.

“Matlab?” Dáktará lankokáni shamay segréth chandhet, padá cháret ke rók naent, áiay némagá shahárti.

“Man wati lógi koshtag,” áiá segréth zort o rók kort, drájén sutthé jati. “Wati lápporrén jan, wati dóstigén jan koshtag man. Taw mark cha man ham nazzikter distag, dáktar?”

“Lápporrén janén, parchá... parchá koshtag taw?” Dáktaray áwázá larzagé mán at.

“Áiay lápay chokk mani nabutag.”

Dáktará pa habakkahi áiay némagá cháret.

Hamé wahdá cha posht poshti sitthá dehkáná tawár jat: “Ostád! Bedár, may jágah átkag.”

Áiay dastá segréth larzet. Por godáni sará retkant. “Dáktar! Maraw,” áiá halwat kort. “Maná torsit.”

Poshtay neshtagén dehkán nazzikká átk. “Wájah dáktar! Berawén. May bázár rasetag.”

Dáktará suthkays dastán zort o gón áíá gwasht: “É marday lógi chokki dardán ent, eshání bázará dáktar nést, bist kilumitar dur átkag mani randá, johda kanán ke mark o zenday é jangá zend bekatthit.”

Cháp o sheng: Shád, Sharap (2020). *Safará dam bortagén ráhán*. Bechár chérnebis 149.

Bibi Maryam o Préshtag

Hanip Sharip

Áiá báz dérán pad wábé distagat, kesás yázdah sálá rand. Wati goddhi wábi hamá wahdán distagat ke omri 35 sál at o nun á 46 sáli pirmardé butagat o maróchi neprálóji dhepárthmenthay nepáday sará waptagat ke chammi nazz butant o wábé disti.

Áiá dist Bibi Maryam o préshtag áiy gwastay zahiráni paymá sahrá ant. Moj, danz o gobár poshtá pasht kaptagatant, tabd o lewár o tonn áiá déri ér bortagatant o maróchi basshi jambaráni sácháná péshi sáheg gwashay moddatéay wadará pad átkagatant. Áiá doén pajjáh áwortant. Áiá belóthetén ham doéni shamosht nakortagatant. Áiay 35 sálay wábay mozz do áshnáén o mahramén chehrag; Bibi Maryam o préshtag ke kasániá beger tán 35 sálay hamok wábay pand áiá hamesháni nimmóná gwázéntagat, maróchi yázdah sálay wadará pad wátarr lógá átkagatant.

Bibi Maryam modámién dhawlá cha préshtagá gámé démá óshtátagat, bé trekk o tawár, áiy mudáni sará máhekán ér retkagat o chammán drájén menzelay sapar angat ér at. Áiá Bibi Maryamay chamm delá naksh kortagatant. Cha Bibi Maryamay espétén godán rozhn balagá at. Áiá anchó gomán but ke Bibi Maryam karpásay pollán o mómay bálóán hasár kortag, o wárdhay tahá kápuray bó ham átár at. Áiá dist Bibi Maryamay chamm mani dáyálesesay meshiná sakk ant. Meshin garr garr kanagá at. Áiay dastá jatagén payp sáh kasshagá atant o hón hamé paypáni komakká cha meshiná gwazag o sáp bayagá pad é dega paypáni komakká wátarr kanagá at. É meshin áiy gotthag atant o á hamesháni barkatá wati ketábay rérhíá télánk dayagá at.

Á delmánag at ke róché na róché hajjá rawán o hamódá wábé gendán. Ásmáná shénka bant, gwát pa tabé bit, borzén kóháni boná, rékestánay bendátá, man, arabi god, oshteray mahár kanag o wábay halásiá sári... shap kapagá pésar, man rékestáná gwázénán o Bibi Maryamá hamá kappá sara kanán o padá chammagáni bonzeh, rahmatáni sáheg, shiray

jó, enjir, tud, bale... bale áiá zánt ke hajjay rawag pa áiá mazanén gappé parchá ke áiy doén gotthagán jwáb dátagat o á dáyálesesay meshinay sará wati zendagiay róchán hillabaláh dekkah dayagá at. Áiá zánt ke maná haptagé yakk randé é meshinay démá allam házer bayagi ent o é grán o tahnáén sáhat saggagi ant, bale wahdé ke á maróchi pa dáyálesesá átk, gorhá áiy wahm o gománá naat ke man wábé gendán.

Bale á é gappay sará sakk hayrán at ke préshtagay omr hamódá 35 sáláy sará óshtát, na kammok sarhakká é kapp, na pohlá á dém. Á hamá dhawl at ke 11 sálá sári at. Áiá hósh at ke man o préshtag yakkén wahdá rostagén. Hamok wábá doénán ke dhikk wártag áyáni shawr, padyánk o gwázi yakk butagant.

Áyán gwandhóia beger tán 35 sálá ném omray sapar jatagat. Doén yakkén omrá atant, paméshká áiá modám máret ke préshtag mani domi brát ent o Bibi Maryamay kerrá ent, bale némróchi garmén sáhatán mani shóháza dara kayt. Bell toré á préshtagay hamrang naat, bale padá ham é gappay sará saddak at ke maná ásmáni omré dayag butag o donyáyá ráh dayag butagán. Á préshtagzadagé, cha ásá jórh butag o é donyáyá hákién mardom hecch naant. Á sharter ent. Sajjahén jambarzadag ant. Á, cha sajjahén negáh o dazjanián borzter ent o áiá modám hamé máret... o á cha sajjahén ensánán sharter at, bale...

Bale aslá chó naat. Áiy sajjahén omr rérhiay sará ketáb bahá kanagá gwastagat o Kamálá modám áiára hamé sarpada kort ke taw dróga banday. Rérhiay sará ketáb bahá kanag tai baht ent. Pa mardomán chamm romborhénag tai talab ent. Taw aslá ketáb bahá kanagá, wat ham bahá butagay, bale tará báwara nabit. Taw é gappay mannagá tayár naay, paméshká taw wati donyáé jórh kortag, watgarhén donyáé.

Á modám gón Kamálá arhet. Áiá gón Kamálá dochár kapag hechbar wassha nabut. Kamálay lógay rawag wati jágahá, á Kamálay klénekay nazzikká ham nagwast. Áiy lógá harkas bimmár butén, har dhawlén nádráhiéa begeptén, á do do ganthah Séwel Hespétalay mocchiá róchay sará óshtát bale Kamáli tawár pera najat. Aslá á o Kamál jenn o gandákó jórh butagatant o padá áiá Kamál pakár ham naat, áiy wábán á hechbar ham tahná nakort o áiá é gomán ham nabut ke maná mardoméay hájat ent. O cha wati truzátká bésahay próshagá pad áiá wati wábáni máná cha kassá nalóthet o wati wábáni donyáyá báhóth but.

Bale mósom modám sáchána nabit, jambar modám rahmata nabant. 35 sáláy yakk bégáhéá, á wati ketábáni rérhiá dekkah dayán, lógá áyagá at ke áiy kamká dardé chest but. Eshkar atant ke tachagá atant o padá hespetáláy halás nabayókén sapar bendát but o á béwas but ke pa Kamálá dast shahár bedant, donyái mardománi mohtáj bebit. Dega, tán yazdah sálá kojám Séwel Hespétáláy mardomá á moptá dáyáleses kortagat agan neprálójiay dáktar, Kamáláy sangat mabutén. Taw gwashta kanay ke agan á Kamáláy truzátk mabutén, eskulay hedhmástará áiy nám anchó kasshetagat ke tapriay ganthiá tawár kort o á pasht kapt.

Bale áiá mark modám wati kashá wápént, áiy delá man do mardom án. Doén sohbá máhallah páda káyant, cháha warant o kára sara gerant. Áiá kamm kammá watára grán grán máret. Modám gón Kamálá gwashti ke man jóné baddhá ent o mani kópag jahl rawán ant o zór jwáb dayagá ent. Áiá dam pa sáhat gelaga kort ke kashay hecch mardom maná kópag dayagá tayár naent.

Kamálá modám áiára lógá áyagay saláha jat o cháhé wárént o cha kléneká roksata kort, bale mardom gwáh atant ke wahdé á ráhá shot gorhá gerrán gerrán at chó ke mardéá janázahay tahtay saré kópagá bebit o é dega bahr zeminá gerrán bebit.

Áiy lógay mardomán dega tamásháé dist. Á tahtay sará anchó wapt, gwashay áiy kashá nonnoké waptag o á delwárag ent ke wábay tahá lagati madayán o makosháni. Áiy shap sajjahá pa azábi gwastant o pada áiá shapáni béwábiay théki raset. Wábá áiy chammáni dhass béhayál kortagat o hamé sáhat o sáláni tahá áiy mardomán á shamoshtagat. Bibi Maryam o préshtag cha áiá béhayál butagatant, na Bibi Maryamay kolaw átk, na préshtagay darak hastat. Némróch atant ke ás atant, shap atant ke barp atant.

Áiá bázén máhéá wadár kort, zór wáb gendagay johd kort, kágad o karráchay niyyat bast, bale hecch pa hecch. Nun wa á ganter delwárag but o padá áiy delá hajjá rawagay niyyat bast. Áiá kolloké gept o zarray chenag o ér kanag bendát kort, bale áiá wati lógay hecch mardom hál ham nadát o padá á at, dáyálesesay meshin at o porrén yázdah sáláy kórén keshk at.

Kamál o neprálójiay dáktar ke dochára kaptant é gappay sará allam jérhetesh ke á kojám chizz ent ke éshiá zendag dáragá ent. Dega, mardom do sálá rand cha dáyálesesá bézára bant o marká arzánter sarpada bant, bale eshiára gwashay sál kasshagay hammáli rastetagat o domi némagá, hajjá rawagay omét róch pa róch twángerter bayán at.

Áiá zánt man é shahray bandig án, cha é shahrá dhann shot ham nakanán. Dhann wati jágahá, á Kamálay hasará ham yalah korta nakant o áiá é ham zánt ke hamok mordashámiá áiy lógay mardom pátiáyá drájkashter kanán ant o nun do sál at ke áiy lógá chellé dáragá atant bale chellé at ke do sálá rawagá at. Bale á é gappá sarpad naat ke kay meragi ent. Áiá wa hajjá rawagi at. Chó mabit ke á hajjá berawt o edá kasé sáh kasshagá band bekant, áiy wábáni rangá.

Á hamé gelagá Bibi Maryamay kerrá kanagá at, porrén yázdah sáláy abétki o delranjián záher kanagá at o á nóki préshtagá jost kanagi at ke kojá butagay ke mardoméa áiy sardén peshániay sará dast ér kort. Áiy chamm pach butant, disti ke dáktar wárdhay tarr o tábá átkagat. Áiy kash o kerray mardom, wárdhay doén háus jábar, nars, rejesthrár sajjahá gón atant. Dáktar áiá jost kanagá at bale áiy góshán tawár narasagá at o padá áiy delá dáktará haptád sarag per at, áiá dáktaray sará sakk bad áyagá at. Yázdah sálá rand átkagén wáb dáktar o áiy mardomán wati harján jatagat. Áiá wati chamm padá band kortant, á wati wábay shóháza dar átkagat bale wáb moján gár bayókén sarhakkay paymá bégwáh at. Áiá wábi padé ham nadist o pa nádelkasshi wati némwábén chammi kalahé pach kortant.

Dáktar angat áiy saruná óshtátogat. Wárdhay bachakk áiy hónay peshará tappásagá at o narsá hesthri shith gón at o nebeshtahá arhetagat. Áiá wati pajjáróké dist, Kamál áiy nepáday sará neshtagat.

Áiá gón Kamálá gwashag lóthet ke tawe Kamálá dróg bastag o maná gwashtag ke taw láwáresé ay, taw watgarhén donyáé jórhéntag, tará Bibi Maryamá yalah dátat, préshtag tai brát naent, tará béhayáli kortag. Taw mani lógá kukkár kort, maná ganóké gwasht, wábáni donyáay górpattay nám dát o man, man hecch nagwasht, piskag nakort. Mani wábán maná yalah dátat, mani kerrá sháhed o gwáhé néstat ke man byáwortén. Mani shóházay dar band butagatant. Bale maróchi... maróchi maná padá bashárat bayagá ent ke maná préshtagáni omr gón ent. Man maláekatáni shahray goddhi sahdár án ke pa radi zeminá átkagán, ás mani chammay rozhn ent, man belóthán é sajjahén donyáyá sótká kanán o tawe Kamál ke mani sará hechbar báwaret nakortag, tai delá mani gapp ganóki butagant. Maróchi tai démá kukkára kanán o gwashán ke man cha é hákién ensánán borzter án, man ásmánzádagé án. Shomá sajjahá mani mohtáj ét. Mani sawabá zendmánay kár o bár hasant. Man mabán na taw bay, na dáktar o na ke é azábén garr garr kanókén meshina bit. Man án ke jambar ent, man án ke dróshom ent.

Kamálá dist á dáyáleses meshinay némagá eshárahá ent o padá chizzé gwashagay johdá ent, gorhá hamé sarpad but ke Hosayn mani derá áyagay gelagá ent. Kamálá Hosaynay nám tawár kort o padá é gappi bená kort ke maná kár butag, dazgatth butagán, dáktaray thilpunay hál maná dérá rasetag o padá Kamálá dega bázén ozré pésh kort.

Áiay delá Kamálá tawár durá, cha diwálay hamá kappá pédák ent o padá áiá anchó gomán but ke é tawár mardomani kukkáraray tahá ér rawagá ent, méná kapagá ent. Áiá bárén chónaká Kamálará gwasht: “Man tai tawára eshkonagá naán.” Kamálá wati tawár borzter kort bale Hosayná samá nabayagá at o padá á dwárag wáb kapt.

Nun áiá yakk baré padá wábé dist. Áiá Bibi Maryam o préshtag distant. Bibi Maryam hamá rangá at, bale préshtag nun pir butagat, omri kesás 46 sál at bale Hosaynay paymá piriay harján butagat. Hosayná bechkandet. Kamáli wati zehnay damk o kóthián shóház kanagay johd kort bale besób but. Damk tahár atant o lógáni darwázag band atant. Eshíá pésar ke áiá wati chortay mahri tátkén, préshtag démá kenzet, áiay dastá lahtén nók sraptagén ásomi poll atant, préshtagá poll kashay thébalay sará ér kortant. Polláni bó kóthiay mojay tahá pa Hosayná mestágé at, bóá áiay del dam dát o padá préshtag kammok démterá átk, áiay nepáday sará nesht, áiay mudí samártant. Dapi pahk kort. Létári sáp kortant o dasti zort, wati dastáni delá kort o senagá dáshti. Hosayná chamm chest kortant ta disti áiay páduná óshtátágén Bibi Maryamay chammán áp dar áyagá at o préshtagá wati sar jahl jatagat. Áiay drájén mud kópagán ér atant o bánzol jahl kaptagatant. Mómay báló áp bayagá atant o karpásay poll ás geragá atant, bale kápuray bó mast bayán at, gobár o danz waddán at o sarjamén 46 sálay tahá é awali wáb at ke pa del o setk Hosayná mardoméay talab but. Áiá bétawáriá mahramé áwáz dát, bale áwáz ásomi polláni ramán tán kammé dérá ráh gept o padá ásomi polláni hawr bendát but o áiá máret ke sáh kasshag pa áiá gránter bayán ent o á sáh kasshagay gránén sáhatáni shekár but. Bale poll at ke rechagá atant, sáh at ke mán gisshetagat.

Dáyálesesay meshin garr garr kanagá at, wárdhay garhiay thekk thekk waddetagat, pankahá wati parrag tézter kortagatant, hamé kukkáráni tahá nars o wárdhay bachakkáni tach o tág hór kaptagat. Dáktaray péshániay héd o krechkén dém áiay chammáni démá moján gept, moj at ke baláhé at, gobár at ke déhé at o padá anágat dáktará áksijan másk áiay dapá dát. Áksijan selendhar estháarth but, bale áiay delay drikkag

band butagatant, áiy chammáni kós hamá jágahá óshtátogatant, chammay omr kotthetogat. Áiá cha donyáyá sapar kortogat.

Dáktará gón nákamén déméá wati mardom cháretant, sajjahénáni lonth hoshk atant. Dáktará Kamálay kópagay sará dast ér kort, Kamálay chamm namb atant, Kamálay watsarén dozhmen mort bale Kamálay chammi arsig kortant. Áiá Hosaynay pachén chamm band kortant. 46én sáláni wábay kandili kosht, cháderi zort o Hosaynay démá peri dát.

É nedárag ke kashay nepáday sará waptagén gwandhóay pirzálén hamráhá dist, gorhá zár zárá gréwagá lagget. Áiy gendagá gwandhóá ham dap pach lagósht. Kamál, dáktar o áiy estháf hayrán butant, áyán nazánt ke é pirzál chéá grewagá ent? Hosayná chón pajjáha kárit? O edá pirzálá hamé gapp sakk gir áyagá at ke maróchi dáyálesesá sári é mardomá pa mehr áiy némagá cháret o pa wasshén tabéá salámi dát o gwandhóay háli jost kort, dáktar o Kamálá was kort ke pirzál bass bekant, bale...

Drájén sáhaté gwastagat. Kamálá tán é wahdi wátarr nakortogat o na ke dega mardomé o kas o wáresé átkagat. Paméshká mordag angat ér at. Pirzáláy hiskáragáni tawár barjam at, wárdhay tahá meshinay garr garr band butagat, payp yakk kerr butagatant, wárdhay garhiay tawár yaddhawl at o Kamálay áwortagén ásomi poll pankáay gwátá dur sheng o sháng kortogatant.

Cháp o sheng: Sharip, Hanip (2014). *Tirándask*. Bechár chérnebis 155.

Ensán o áiy Chágerd

Pisshi o Pirokó

Monir Ahmad Bádini

Lahtén wahd nagwastagat ke may nókén keréhi makánay tahá yakk pisshié gón bidallet. O é chosh but ke har shap wahdé má pa shámay nánay waragá neshtén, barándhahay borzá cha kóthiay róshendáná pisshiay myáón myáónay tawára átk. Gozhnagén pisshié at ke gón nánay bóá cha nádrostén geséá átk, barándhahay sará sráp kanán may kóthiay jálidáren róshendáná myáón kanán wati sari ér kort ke áiy chamm chó cherágá laggetant o áiy, wati barótán sorénán sakkén myáón myáóna kort o padá wahdé á cha may némagá náomét but ke má áiy haddh o nánay lonkahé nadayén, á myáón myáón kanán pa wati nádrostén gesá rahádag but. Balkén á bazzag cha edá ham náomét at.

Anchá man lóthet ke pa áiy nánay kapp o chondhé beshánán, bale mani janéná gwasht ke náni maday, dwárag héláka bit, harwahda kayt. Man wati janénay rázi kanagay kóshest kort ke badbaht gozhnagén pisshié, má ke nána warén áiy bóa zurit o á may róshendáná kayt o chamma dárít o myáón kanán omét o náomét padá rawt... Che parké kapit agan man pa áiy kappé nán nároshtay tahá charp bekanán, beshánán?

Bale mani janéná mani gapp namannet. Mana nazánán áiy cha pisshiay rangá ham chéá bada átk ke áiy maná ham naesht ke pa áiy lonkahé nán beshánán?

Balé wahdé ke pisshi padmánpad may nánay waragay wahdá róshendáná myáón myáón kanána but, man wati janén gwasht ke man é sahdáray é náométiá saggeta nakanán, man pa eshiá nánay kappé shánán ke bell sahdár sérlápa bit.

Agan hélák but o har rócha átk, é chizz shartera bit, parchá ke mana zánt ke may gesay tahá moshk ham báz ent, agan pisshi lámó but moshkání hayra namánit. Bale wahdé man nánay kappé bórént ke pa pisshiá shánáni, mani janéná mani dast dásht o gwasht: “Gomi kan, maná cha áiy myáón myáónán bada kayt o taw zuray áiy nana dayay. Man tará naylán. Hodá bejant eshiá ke har shap may náná zahra kant o

kayt róshendáná wati buzá éra kant... O dwárag tai rahmdeli bená bit o taw har shap wati nánay waragá nazánay o pisshiy myáón myáónán gósha dáray. Man tará naylán, bell gomi kan.” Áiá wati dast gwátay tahá pa pisshiá shánt ke “Dur bay, mordár!”

Bale pisshi tán é wahdi bazzag o láchár láchár róshendánay sará myáón myáón kanán may mard o janénay jérhahá sayl kanán o gósh dárán at o yakdamé wahdé áiá maná dist ke man pád átkán, áiá chopp kort. Balkén áiá omét but ke man áiá náné dayagá án... Bale dwárag wahdé mani janéná mani dast dásht, á padá náomét but ke pa áiá nán dayag o nadayagay sará tán é wahdi jérhah at. Nun áiá wati sakkén sakkén myáón myáón dwárag bená kort. Man áiay sayl kanagá pad gón wati janéná gwasht: “Taw nazánay gozhn chónén chizzé. Gozhná cha pisshiy delá jost kan.”

“Bahtáwaria kanay gorhá beraw bedayi, man tará nadarán.” Mani janéná cha mani habarán bazzag but, áiá maná ejázat dát ke man pa pisshiá chondhé nán beshánán. O wahdé man nánay thokkor brándhahay sará shántant, pisshiá setthán o kapán thokkor zort o wártant.

Cha rahádag bayagá pésh á yakk wár dwárag róshendánay sará átk o yakk myáóné jati o rahádag but. Pisshay hamé sharáratay sará man gón wati janéná gwasht: “Sayl kan, taw gón é sahdará enkas mazanén nékié kort, nun á tai mennatá geragá ent.”

Dwárag har shap pisshia átk, cha may gesá sérlápa but o shot. Nun may jendá áiay áyagay entezár at ke baré baré á dérá átk, bale áiay nánay bahr má esht o wahdé áiay myáónay tawára but, má nánay tokkor brándhahá shántant.

Yakk shapé má nán wárt o halás kort, pisshi nayátk. Má zánt baré baré á déra kant. Gorhá má áiay entezára neshtén o dam pa sáhat may chamm róshendánay némagá borza butant ke nun má áiay zerhókén chammána gendén ke daméá goddh á kayt, bale tán é wahdi á dará naat. Dwár may makánay habéliay darwázag kaséá jat o man pád átkán darwázag bótk. Sarhakkay bejliay rozhnáiy tahá man yakk pendhóké wati habéliay darwázagay dapá óshtók dist ke gón mani gendagá gwashti: “Wájah! Man do róch ent ke gozhnag án, agan nánay bákóé hast, mehrábáni bekan...”

O man dist ke é pirén pendhóké at gón latthá, latth o band kanán tán may darwázagá watá raséntagati, nun cha áiay damay tawár o hiskagá málum but ke á cha durá áyagá at. Áiay espétén riss o kamzóriay gendagá maná rahm átk o man átkán o har chenkas nán ér at, man

pirokóay bagalá dátant. Pirén mard sakk wassh but o latth o band kanán rahádag but.

Man átkán o tán é wahdi kóthiay tahá naneshtagatán ke pisshiay tawár but bale maróchi dráhén nán man pirokóará dátant o yakk gozhnagén baniádaméá nán dayagay wahdá maná yát nayátk ke gozhnagén sahdaré ham kayt.

Man hayrán bután ke chón kanán? Bale nánay yakk bákóé ham namantagat. Paméshká man o mani janén wat náomét butén. Pisshiay myáón myáónay démá, má sharmendag atén ke enshapi áiá nan naraset, paméshká má cha wati nán waragay kóthiá domi kóthiay tahá shotén o pisshi pa myáón myáón kanagá esht ke tán dérá pisshiá myáón myáón kort o mani gósháni tahá áiay tawár áyán but. Maná sakk rahm átk ke é sahdár maróchi gozhnag mant.

Armán ke pisshi mani zobáná póh bebutén, man áiá gwashtagat ke maróchi nán pa taw namantag, bándá shapá pa taw zalur nána kellén. Maróchi tai bahr yakk nádráh o pirén ensanéá bortag ke á ham tai warhá gozhnag at.

Bale pisshi myáón myáón kanán tán dérá róshendáná óshtók but o wahdé náomét but, man dist áiay sráp kanagay tawár brándhahá but. “Bezán á náomét rawagá at,” man hayál kort.

Domi shapá má pisshiay entezár kort, bale pisshi nayátk. Sayomi o cháromi shapay entezára ham pisshi nayátk. Pisshiay darak nabut ke taw mortay yá zendag butay.

Cháp o sheng: *Ásáp*, Kéch, Dasambar 1992. Bechár chérnebis 203.

Karkénk

Gaws Bahár

Tán é wahdi man dahé karkénk nachetagat ke maná lashkari darésá póshetagén chár sepáhigá mán ropt. Yakkéá mani baddhay lach chandhet o hamé dahén karkénk zeminá rétkant. Man pahk bah mantán ke eshán ché begwashán ke tupaki kondákéá mani baddhá tawár kort o zeminá nazz átkán. Padá har chárén sepáhigán maná gón mosht o lagat, kondák o nalán tán hamá wahdá mán bandán kort ke man tostán.

Wahdé man sodd kort ta man tánahá kuliéay tahá kaptagán. Pa man na sharrén pashké sar átkag o na ke gehén shalwáré. Mani dastay pásgó o páday chawatth Hodái mál butagant. Man biccháréá kaptán ke gón man chosh parchá but. Mani gonáh ché at? Bale mani sar hecch chizzá per nabayagá at.

Karkénk wa choshén chizzé naat ke eshiay chenag yakk anchén baláhén jormé bebit ke mani dhawlén mardomé janag o tánahá band kanag bebit o na ke é kandi choshén kandié at ke edá áyag pa lashkari sepáhigán dega tahrózi gappé bebit. May mahlukay kasánsáli o mazanomri doén mán é kandiá gwastagant.

Haw, yakk parké hastent ke man kasániá mán é kandiá pa tarr o gardá, pa sayl o sawádá átkagatán o maróchi pa rózigay shóházá. Buta kant ke choshén béhayrén rózig mehrabánén sarkáray bésharapi bebit? É gapp ke yakk chárdah jomáet wántagén mardomé kandi pa kandia gardit o karkénka chent o chár gabarra kamáénit, pa may molkay nékén sarkará sharrén gappé naat. Paméshká sarkáray lashkari sepáhigán maná é mazanén hatáay sezá datag?

Delá biccháron kort ke kasé mani kuliay nazzikká kayt, josté geráni ke mani hatá ché at ke maná edá árag o band kanag butag o man tán kad é kuliay báhótha bán? Bale kass mani nazzikká nayáyagá at. Man chó hónigá éwaká hamé kuliá band atán. Hodá bezánt parchá mani delá yakk torsé chest but ke mani chamm wati maylá dast o pádáni némagá

shánk geptant ta maná choshén sellén hawpéá ham gwar najatagat ke cha áiy torsá kass mani nazzikká mayayt, abéd garibiay hawpá.

Man é kahrén shap mán tánahá chón gwázént, mani delay bona zánt. Yakk némagé mani jenday gand o gasarh mán kuliay kondhéá ér atant o domi némagá makesk o porían maná anchosh mán bastagat ke ché begwashán. Lashkari sepáhigán maná inkas takánsari nadátogat ke é makesk o porían dátogat. Áyan maná jatag o tóséntogat bale eshán maná pa sodd o samá karyáb kortagat. Hamé kuliay tahá yakk gandalé cha man sári ér at. Hodá bezánt kojám bazzakárayg at. Eshiy nedetagé n bóá sar gwát dátogat bale cha makesk o poríani takánsariá man baré baré hamé gandal pera dát o baré baré kuliay tahá chó jallaká chakarretán.

Nun domi róchay dah baj at. Man zikkén atán ke gozhnag o tozhnag o béwáb atán o gwashay záná kassá é gappay samá néstat ke mán é kuliá hónigé band ent.

Anáogat, tánahá yakk sepáhigé mani dé má gwast. Mani chammán do rók áwort. Man nóki delmánag atán ke cha eshiá chizzé pól bekanán ke eshiá wati rástén dastay do mórdánag wati lontháni sará dásht o maná bétawár bayagá kati kort. Man é sepáhig pajjá h áwort o áiy maná ham sharriá zántogat. Hamé sepáhig domi randá padá wati baddhay Kaláshankópá chandhénáná mani kuliay dapá nazzikterá gwast o pa halwat darráenti: “Bábol! Shográ beger Hodáyá tai sará rahm kortag. Annun kaláké bit ná kó Tangahi...”

Áiy gapp pilah nabut o á dé má shot. Nun gwashay záná maná takánsariá zort. Chosh naent ke ná kó Tangahiá mani arzi dátog? Man ná kó ay rózigay sará orosh áwortog? Hatman ná kó Tangahiá badmáshi kortag.

Man nun pa ná kó á cha zahrá gwát geptagatán o áiy pirén zál o nyá rhién jenekká ná lahtén keshtagén zá o bad dát. Kandíá karkénk haminkadar báz at ke man o ná kó Tangahiá sáláni sál bechetén, nakotthetog. Ná kó á moptá maná chó karyáb kanáéntag, ná kó á Hodá anchó karyáb bekanát.

Man nun ná kó ay sará norondhagá atán ke hamé sepáhig padá mani nazzikká gwast. “Ché gwashtag ná kó Tangahiá?” man zutt zuttá pól kort. Mani anisshag krechk tarretog.

“Hecchi nagwashtag. Á béchár ag sohbi...” Sepáhigay gapp padá kappi but. Maná nun gwashay záná ganókiá gept. “Ná kó á hecch nagwashtag. Á béchár ag sohbi...” É drahén labz pa man chách atant.

Hamé sepáhig padá mani nazzikká gwast bale dhanná kasé óshtátogat záná ke mani pól kanagay dijá áiy hecch nagwasht o bétawáriá gwast. Nun mani já nay poth pád átkagatant. Man kuliay simbandén darwázagá

lecchetag o óshtátogatán o hamé simm mohriá dáshtagatant. Wadárig atán ke sepáhig byayt o maná sarjamén hálá bedant. Sepáhigay sayén dánkán maná é wa samá dát ke náková mani arzi nadátag. Albat, náková béchárag sohbi... É dánkán maná biccháréa dawr dát.

Sepáhig nayáyagá at. Náková béchárag sohbi mortag? Náková béchárag sohbi chó manigá bandig kanag butag? Náková béchárag sohbi... Man bicchára atán ke hamé sepáhig padá gwast bale gwashay é padi pa móh at. “Náková béchárag sohbi... ché butag?” man zutt zuttá pól kort.

“Lashkari sepáhigán tirbáran kortag o koshtag,” sepáhigá darráent.

“Ché...é.” Mani del ér mort.

“Haw, náková karkénkay chenagáy jormá tirbáran kanag butag,” sepáhigá maná hál dát o démá shot, bale mani delá gwasht ke annun zeminay dap pach bebit o man ér berawán.

Man moptá náková sará shakk kort o áiy lógi o jenekk zá o bad dátant. Man pashómánía goh bwártén. Mani hayál pa náková pirén langén zál o doén nyárhien jenekkán shot ke áyani róziay katthók zálemán wati harján jatagat.

Nun man é wa zánt ke man parchá band kanag butagán bale é gappá mani sar per nabayagá at ke anágahá karkénkay tahá kojám sharri átk ke áiy chenag cha hóna zyát hatáwári ent.

Zi mani karkénk chenagay awali róch at bale náková Tangahíá dér at ke hamé dandáyá at. Maná yát ent ke sálé sári man gón lahtén sangatá kandíay nedáragá átkán, ta awali randá náková, karkénkay chenag o mocch kanagá dist, hayrán bután chéa ke edá hechbar kassá karkénké nachetag o mocch nakortag.

Sadán sálá é karkénk anchó kandiá sohrchakén rékay sará kapók atant. Kassá buchéay jost nakortagatant. Haw, baré baré gwandhóán chetag o watmánwatá mérhéntag o próshtagatant.

Man pa wati hayrániay dur kanagá chá náková jost kort.

“Bábaló! Lápay sók ent, lápay.”

Náková yakk katrahé wati chamm chest kortant o maná cháret o wati dasti lápá jat. “Man pirén mardé án, kár o dandá man korta nakanán. Taw wa zánay mani gesá mardénzahg, Hodáay ganj ent, kass nést. Doén nyárhí ant ke é pa kára degaray gesá dém dayagá maná dela nabant. Donyá haráb ent. Tai tru ham nun cha pádán shotag ke yakkéay gesá razáni moshtagat o maná komakki dátagat. Man wat hayrán atán ke nun ché bekanán.

Hodáyá wat rahm kort. Beshakk, Hodá rózigrasán ent, Bábaló. Áiá bárén cha kojá yakk mardé áwortag ke kwahnén ásen, kwahnén champal o labbarh, kalandhi o karkénk pa bahá zurit. Paméshká man pa watá laché gwaptag o hamok sohba káyán tán bégáhá dahé bisté man karkénka chenán ke maná bisté kaldára rasit ke yakk béléá nán o pim�áza bant.

“Dahé bisté man karkénk bist kaldár?” Man hayrán mantán. Bápári ham sharrén náthápé.

“Man chéé, bábaló! Yakk man do sér o ném ent. Hodáyá ham chónén wahdé áwortag ke pa béléay nán o pim�ázá bist kaldár ham kamm ent.” Nákóay dap gappá at o dast téziá kára atant. Á yakkói dapbandén karkénkán chenán o lachá kanán at. Má tán dérá hamé hashtád sálígén marday goshádkári dist o padá nákoára “Alláhay amán” gwasht o démá shotén.

O porrén sáléá pad wahdé man wati wánag dar bort o pa sarkári nawkariá Kéch, Shál, Karáchi o Eslámábádá mokhtalefén kárgesán sag janag o gorbag eshkél kanagá pad gón nákamén deléá lógá wátarr kort, hayrán atán ke che kár bekanán. Nawkari pa má garibán chó enjiray pollá at o may shahrá kárjáhay nám o neshán néstat o mani dhawlén wánendahén mardom pa wándhahiá paym nabutagat. Paméshká parandóshigén bázén bicchár o pegrán mani hayál náko Tangahiay némagá bort.

Zi sohba man yakk laché dah kaldará zort o dém pa kandiá rawán bután. Man sharriá samá kort ke mahluk maná hurtá cháragá ent. Gwashay záná maná gwashagá ant ke angat bwán géshter.

Wahdé man kandiá sar bután yakk randé mani chamm pa náko Tangahiá shánk geptant bale dur durá ham áiay gwáh néstat. Albat, lashkari sepáhig kandiay nazzikká zeminá máp kanán o tambu mekk kanán atant bale cha eshán bésamá, man dém pa wati rózigá shotán.

Maróchi man mardománi bázén mennat o layláya pad, gón hamé mánzamániá cha tánahá yalah kanag bután ke áendagá hechbar kandiá karkénkay chenagá narawán. Cha tánahá áyagá pad, man joptá bázará átkán ke chizzé begerán o bwarán. Do róch at gozhnag atán.

Wahdé man bázará sar bután, mani chamm watsará karkénki séthay dokkánay némagá shánk geptant, ta áiay dokkánay démá do lashkari móthal cha karkénká chakár, óshtátogat.

Cháp o sheng: Bahár, Gaws (2003). *Karkénk*. Bechár chérnebis 181.

Hasan Sól

A. R. Dád

Mazanén dáru o darmánéa pad ham, áiy nasibay cherág nashahmet, na ke áiy janéná choshén ráh o daré eshkot o ráh nakapt o nashot.

Áherá yakk róché áiy kárgesay kár kanókén sangatéa áiará sój dát ke “É shahray kohdémá, gwashant konaray drachké hast. Hamáiy sáhegá agan taw shapé o róché bejallay, tará allamá chokka bit.” Á wa chónáhá pádáni sará óshtátagat, padá poshpadéay gamá, panch sál porrén, áia watá cha tahá wártag o russéntagat. Áia hamá sohbá róchéay roksati kágadé nebesht o wájahay thébalay sará ér kort o rahádag but.

Janán o próshán, jost o pors kanán, áher á hamá konaray sáhegá pojjet. Gwashay pa áia baheshtay darwázag pach but. Yakk baré wa shamoshti ke edá chéa átkag, parchá ke sarjamén róchéay janag o próshagá pad, á anchó zhand at gwashay áia wati hecch gón nést. Gón drachkay tekah dayagá, áiy chamm band butant. Yakk wahdé ke áiy chamm pach butant, ensertagén shap o jangalay tahária syahmáre áiy arwáhay bandán ráh dát. Yakbaré padá áia gón wat jérhet ke “Man edá chéa átkagán?” Á gwashay cha har chizzá perámósh at. É ham zánagá naat ke “Man kay án? Kojám zobána gappa janán? Mani halkay hadd o simsar kojá ant?”

Á chopp but o pád átk, konaray chéa óshtát o cháreti. “É pirmard man gwashay pésará ham distag, bale maná gira nayayt kadi o kojá distag. Begenday wábá distag,” áia delá hayál kort o tákáni marzagá lagget. Á nun shodá ham geptagat. Áia gón wat zortagén tóshag máhallah halléntagatant. Gón konaray lobbén baráni gendagá áiy dapá áp dát, dasti bort ke yakk o do besendán ke tawaréa serrént.

“É tahária taw edá óshtátagay, ché lóthay?”

“Man, wájah, bémorád án. Maná poshpad nést. Mani kahól maná tazhna jant ke man námardé án. Man kojá kojá nashotagán, kai kai dar nathokketag. Man é hoshkén dast zortag o tai dará átkagán ke taw eshán besabzénay.”

Konará darráént: “Gón mane Hasan Sólá é kawlá bekan, agan jenekké bit, gorhá mani deshtár ent, áiay námá ham Nókmadinah bekan. Agan bachakké bit, taw bezán o tai jan.”

“Na wájah! Taw harché baksháay mana zurán o hechbar ham cha wati zobáná nabajján. Man zobánmókén thakkéay mardomé án.”

Nun róch dar átkag. Gón jangalay zémerén sohbá Hasan Sól ham chopp but. Nun á trahetagat o árám at. É kapp o á kappá chárágá at.

Gón borzén tawará gappi jat, o wahdé cha thébalay dé má éren kágadán chotthet gorhá pa bésamá dasti thébalay sará ér butant, bená but dhokkor janagá. Áiay nazzikká neshtagén kár kanók dráh áiay némagá chárágá atant. Á bechkandagá at ke áíará drachkay sóji dátagat.

Nun á péshi mardom naat ke sohbá kárgesá potert o tán roksatiá gón kassá gappia nakort. Áiáy hamkárána lóthet ke gapp bejant, gón má cháhé bwárt, wati pagár o shahray nókén jáwaráni bábatá gapp bejant, bale á cha eshán bésamá na gón kasséa gappia kort na kárgesay poteragá gón kaséa drahbát o salámé korti.

Sálé bit ke áiay kárgesay dráhén hamkár cha áiay borzén tawará sawt janag o thébalá dhokkor janagá paréshán atant, bale á cha é dráhénán bésamá gón Nókmadinahay pédáeshá haminchok gal at gwashay áiay nezzá dard o gam, náométi o béosti ke mardom esháni zangá janant, dráh bémánaén gapp ant. Á éwaká gón wasshiá áshná at o bass. Hamé róchán áiá shahray bázén nókén hóthaléa raw o á bená kort o nók addh kortagén jáh o daggáni saylá séria nakort. Gwashay nókén mardomé at ke shahrá átkag. Pa áiá har chizz nók at. Hamé róchán áiá gón yakk o do kwahnén sharábi sangatá nend o nyád bená kort.

Nun hamok Yakshambeh sangatáni pajjigá shot o peknekia kort o sharábi ham wárt. Áiay hamráh zutt, say chár gelásá pad bená butant zamánagay gelag o zangá, bale á gwashay sahig naat ke anchén chizzé wártagi ke mardomá pa sáhatéa badala kant. Choshén sáhatán á pád átkagat o kóh, dár o drachki cháretagatant. Áiá wati sangatáni hamé gón zamánagá másiat o gelag hecch dósta nabutant.

Doshambehay sohbá padá hamá rangá páda átk, jánia shosht o dém pa wati kárgesá rahádaga but. Nun gwashay gárhiáni girr o gár o chokkáni, jóli kópagá, pa wánagjáhá rahádag bayag áiá sakk dóst atant. Nun pa áiá har chizzá mánáé hastat. Kárgesá káráni chotthagá pad, borzén tawará sawt janag o dhokkor janagi anchó ádat kortagat gwashay é ham zemmawárié o áiay káráni tahá hawár ent.

Shánzdah sálá pad yakk baré padá á abétk o mónjá but. Yakk sohbé ke á sar geptagat ke kárgesá berawt, gorhá Nókmadinahá ke pa wánagjáhá sar geptagat, cha wati petá jost kort: “Abbá! Man dóshi wábá konaré distag, gwashay maná chizzé gwashaga lóthit.”

Áiá bechkandet o darráent: “Mani chokk! É wábé, wábá harkas harché gendit, eshán máná nést. Taw wati delgóshá wánagá beday. É wábán yalah kan...”

Á dar kapt o pa eshtápi dém pa kárgesá rahádag but, bale é sarjamén ráhá maróchi har chizz pa áiá anchosh at ke shánzdah sál pésará at. Hamok eskuli chokkéay gapp o habar, gárhiáni tawár o pémp áiá Hasan Sólay kawlay tránagá perrénagá at. Áiá dast démá samárt, samái but ke é mani shánzdah sál pésarigén dém ent ke hoshkén haddh o pósté o góshti hecch per nést. Anchó ke kárgesá potert, hamkáréa áiy dast gept o jórhi kanag lóthet, bale cha áiy dapá hecch dar nakapt. Gwashay á é jórhirangén hecch chizzá nazánt. Démá kenzet o wati korsiy sará anchó nesht gwashay kaséa pa zór chátay tahá dawr dátag.

“Konaray drachk, Hasan Sól, Nokmadinah, wáb...,” áiá jérhet, dast sará kortant. Áiy nazzikká neshtagén hamkár dráh habakkah atant ke mardá ché butag. Maróchi na áiy kalamay á tézi, na zutt káráni gishshénag, padá borzén tawará sawt janag o dhokkor janag, gwashay hecchbar áiá choshén kerd o kár nakortag. Gwashay degaré butag ke tán shánzdah sálá eshiay korsiy sará átkag o neshtag. Maróchi asl mardomay jend átkag ke na káráni gishshénaga zánt, na borzén tawará sawt janag o dhokkor janaga zánt.

Yakk baré padá áiá jérhet: “Konaray drachk, Hasan Sól, Nókmadinah, wáb ché ent?”

Á pád átk o cha kárgesá dar kapt. Rawag rawagá áiy delá átk ke Nókmadinahay wánagjáhá berawán o áiy ostádá begwashán wati nódarbará begwash “dega baré konaray drachkay wábá magend, man zendag buta nakanán” ke gárhié cha durá áiy poshtá pémp pémp kanagá lagget. Á yakk kerr but o á dega dasti gept o rawán but. Edá ódá gardáná, Nókmadinahay wábay bárawá pegri kort. Hamé dhawlá, sar jahlá, pegr kanáná, á shapay yakká lógá sar but. Áiy janén taningah ágah at bale mardá hecch nagwasht o átk o nepádáni sará dráj but. Padá hamé pegr, hamé wáb, hamé konar, hamé Hasan Sól o Nókmadinah... tán wahdé áiy del pa wábá shot.

Gón chammáni pach kanagá áiá lóthet ke Nókmadinahá tawár bekanán o josti bekanán ke “Taw maróchi padá hamá wáb nadistag” ke Nókmadinah

átk o áiy démá óshtát. “Abbá! Dóshi man padá hamá wáb distag bale maná samá butag ke drachk mardomé, maná tawará ent.”

“Enna, enna, mardomé naent, mani chokk! É anchén wábé, wábán máná nést.” Áiá nazánt man ché gwasht, pád átk o pasilá shot.

Hamé sohbá Nókmadinah wati dazgoháráni pajjigá pekneká shot. Nán waragá pad, á akskasshi o konaray chenagá borzagá sar kaptant. Gal o kandán, thahk dayán á dhekkén konaray démá óshtátant. Nókmadinah yakbaré óshtát o drachki cháret. Áiá samá but ke hamé drachk ent shapán mani wábá kayt. “Enna, é nabit, konaray drachk dráh hamrang ant, degaré bit.”

Áyán wati pandól o chank porr kortant o yakk yakká ér kapán atant ke Nókmadinahay sarig gón lónjánén sháharhéa arhet. Áiá dast bort ke sarigá begisshénán ke samái but yakkéa mani dast dáshtag. Áiy dapá dar átk “Way! Chónén konaré” ke áiy góshán tawaré rost: “Eshkon.”

Nókmadinahá é kapp o á kappá cháret ta kass nést. Inchoká áiy drahn dazgohár yakk yakká ér kaptagatant. “Mane konar gappá án. Lógá ke raway wati petá begwash wati zobáná bemók, agan taw shamoshtay, saruná dáray pétié ér ent, áiá pach kan. Cha áiy tahá gwamzé dara kayt, tai lankoké wárt, hamé tará mani gappáni tránagá géjit.”

Áiá wati sarig gisshént o drekk drekká jahlá ér kapt, gwashay hónwárén rastaré áiy randá kaptag. Áiy jig cha hédá micchal at, zobán larzagá at. Á zutt lógá sar bayag lóthagá at. Jahlá áyáni gárhi pa rawagá sájó at. Dráh éwaká Nókmadinahay rahchár atant ke cha áyán gesar butagat. Magrebtahará á lógá sar but, hecchigi naat, gwashay karnáni béwábé at.

Sohbá ke áiy chamm pach butant, pet áiy démá óshtátagat. Péti áiy dastá at. “É záná taw áwortag gón?” Nókmadinah habakkah at, lótheti yát bekant ke é péti man áwortag gón yá cha pésará hamedá ér ent, bale hecch giri nayátk.

“Mana nazánán bárén man áwortag yá cha pésará hamedá ent.” Á o pet doén pétiay démá neshtant.

Sakkén zébaén pétié at. Har chárén némagán naksh o negár at. Áyán péti ke pach kort, áiy tahá éwaká ketábé ér at ke táki zard o kwahn atant. Áiá awali ták léthént, nebeshtah at “maná mani nékiáni barward hamé rasetag ke konaray drachké jórh butagán, bale taw wati zobán taningah namóketag.”

Gón konaray labzay wánagá, Nókmadinahá zikkén peknek o konaray dráhn gapp gir átkant. Lótheti konaray dráhn gappán gón petá

bejant, bale á darwázagay dapá rasetagat. Áiá nalóthet tawári bejant. Nókmadinahá lóthet wati mátá jost bekant ke konaray drachká gón petá che syádi hast, ke mátá anchén kollagé jat gwashay chizzé gotthá gatthetagi. “Mani chokk! Man zánta nakanán.” Mátá áiy jostá pësh wati drógén passaw dát o ásrókay némagá rahádag but.

Nun pa áiá masterén azáb Nókmadinahay hamé jost at ke “Mani pet! Konar záná ché lóthit?” Áiá rástén gapp jat nakot ke chó mabit ke cha áiy mehrán zebahr bebán.

Hamé nagwashag ham nun pa áiá azábé at. Nun áiy chawakki gésh bayán butant. Shapay yakk o doá áyag o Nókmadinahay chammáni pach bayagá pésar dar kapag, kárgesá sáhaté nendag o padá shahray bénomén ráh o darán sar kasshag o hamá yakk o doá béraw kanag áiy ádat at. Nun áiá wati shahray hecch drachk ham dóst naat. Rahsarán ke drachké disti, tokké allam jati. Mosáperé ke áiy chérá bóshtátén, gón zahr o kénagi chammán cháreti.

“Hasan Sól agan anchó maná hamé rahsarán dochár bekapit, man áiy sará goddhán,” yakk róché áiá jérhet o wati pádáni démá kaptagé n kárthunéará lagaté jat. Gwazókén mardom áiá ajabén rangéá chárágá atant, gwashay á ganóké, wati hóshá naent.

É shapi áiá wati kissagay drahen zarr sharáb kort o wártant, tattaráná lógá potert o Nókmadinahi cha wábá pád kort. “Taw harwahd josta kanay: ‘Konar parchá mani wábá kayt?’ yá: ‘Tará gón konará che syadié hast?’ Gorhá eshkon. Taw hamé drachkay deshtár ay. Taw Hasan Sólay deshtár ay, hamé pirmarday ke pétié may lógá démi dátag.”

Áiy hamé ják o kukkárán áiy janén pach drahet o pád átk.

“Byá, berawén tará tai deshtáray halká barán, nun géshter azáb man saggeta nakanán.” Áiá Nókmadinah dastá gept o lótheti dar byayt ke áiy janén démá mán tarret. “Yakk baré maná bekosh, nun eshiá bebar.”

“Maróchi man hecch gósha nadarán. Mark dega chéé? Máshomá záná pésará zendag butagé n ke bárig maróchiayg ent?” Áiá janén dekkahé dát o Nókmadinah dastá gept o dar kapt.

Nókmadinah chopp o habakkah o hayrán at, nazánagá at che gappé. Shap chó zhimb o gará syáh o tahár at. Áiy delá nun mehray chammag hoshk butagat, pa wati chokká hecch armán pasht nakaptagat. Á éwaká hamé pegrá at ke bándá padá man zendaga bán. Gón washháliá kárgesá rawán, gón wati hamkárána nendán molkay jáwaráni sará gapp o trána kanán, thébalá dhokkora janán, borzén tawará sawta janán.

Jérhán jérháná átáragay wahdá á konaray drachkay chérá sar but, gón borzén tawáréá gwashti: “Hasan Sól! Esh ent, man wati zobán móketag, tai deshtár zortag o áwortag.”

Nókmadinahay dasti yalah kort o jahlagá ér kapán but. Gwashay mazanén béré cha áiy kópagán dur átkag. Á anchó sobakk at ke pa áiá pandéay borrag gwashay chokki laybé at. Áiá gwashay bóle gón at, layb kanáná dém pa métagá rawagá at. Róch nun dar átkagat, chokkán wati ketábáni jóli gón at o wánagjáhán rawagá atant. Shahr sarjamá pád átkagat. Harkas wati menzelay némagá rahádag at. Áiá kassi némagá ham nacháret, tachká hammáméa potert, jáni shosht o risshi sát o shézaráná wati kárgesay némagá rahádag but.

Cháp o sheng: Dád, A. R. (2009). *Darigé Pacha Bit*. Bechár chérnebis 189.

Taw Mahnáza Nabay

Yunos Hosayn

Man bésamá tayábay dapá neshtagátán.

Bárén shapay che wahd ent? Gapp ham anchéné ke man say róch ent béwat án. Na sharriay sará waraga warán, na maná é sodd hast ke mani séth maná shóházagá ent. Éwak hamé pegrá án ke Karáchiá dém dátágén máhig parchá haráb butant. Záná máhigáni harábiay zemmawár éwak man án? Aná gat bramshé but. Man chakk jat o cháret. Mani poshtá yakk mendhén kochekké óshtátogat ke lápi ham porr at, dombá sorénagá lagget.

Man jost kort: “Taw shapnémá edá ché kanay?”

Gwashti: “Jost makan. Man nun sakk dam bortag.”

“Bárén, gapp bejan.”

“Taw sur kortag?”

“Haw, maná chár dánag chokk ham hast. Chéá záná?”

“Gorhá gón taw gapp janaga bit.”

Áiá gé g kort o mani kashá nesht, padá gappá lagget. “Mani kessah báz dráj ent bale taw maná begwash mardom róché chont bará jána shódant?”

Man bechkandet o gwasht: “Baré yakk randé, baré do randá. Taw chéá jost kanagá ay?”

“Lathén dráhén róchá jána shódit?”

“Shódagá shódant, bale á zutt nádráha bant.”

“Man sáriá ján shódag nazántag. Man wahdé kasán butagán, mani mát náhodá Chárokay lógay dapá butag. Padá maná yakk gwandhóéá wati lógá bort. Eshán gón man layba kort o maná sharr sharrén warag ham dát, bale wahdé man mazan bután yakk róché pa tarr o tábá dhanná shotán, Lálóay kochekká maná baddhet o gwashti: ‘Berawén tayábá

jána shódén.’ Padá man wati lógá shotán, mani poth tarr atant, gorhá lógay mardom mani sará shakk butant, padá áyán maná cha wati lógá dar kort.”

Padá gréwagá lagget o gwashti: “Man mazanén radé wárt ke á róchi ján shosht.”

Man áiy sar marzet o áiará tasallá dát o gwasht: “Gwastagén gappáni sará nezórdela gréwant, nun wati bándátay pegrá bekan.”

Padá gwashti: “Nun maná cha ápá torsit. Awali róchán maná ján shodag wassh butag, bale nun mani hayálá trampé áp purah ártay gónié. Hamé trampay chest kanagay zór ham maná nést. Annun hasht kochekk mani randá kaptagat, gwashagá atant: ‘Berawén jána shódén,’ bale man tatkán. Angat doá tachag tachagá maná áp per rétk. Man sakk zhand án. Mani srén dardá ent. É jáh gésht darda kant, bechár...”

Áiá mani dast gept o wati srénay némagá bort. Man áiy srén gón mati lankoká zór per dát o jost kort: “Edá?”

Gwashti: “Enna, kammé jahlerá... hm... hm... hamedá darda kant.”

Maná áiy jáwaray sará bazzag bayagá at o joston kort: “Annun agan kasé tará wati lógá bebárt...?”

Áiá mani gapp kappi kort o gwasht: “Taw maná wati lógá baray?”

“Mani lógá yakk kochekké wa sáriá hast bale mani ballok éwak ent. Man tará hamáiy lógá barán o zánay ódá ché kanagi ent?”

“Mana zánán maná shapán ágah bayag o ráshagi ent.”

Man á hamráh kort o ballokay lógá áwort. Ballok norondhagá lagget: “É che baláhé taw áwortag? É tai che dardá wárt?”

Man ballok sarpad kort o gwasht: “É hamedá ent. É tai háterá béwábia saggit o agan eshiá tai hayál nadásht, gorhá latth tai kashá ér ent.”

Padá man har shapa shotán o ballok o áiy hálporsia kort. Ballok cha áiá sakk wassh at. Ballokay yakk mazanén pegré hamesh at ke mani kokkorh gár bayagá ant bale nun géshter bayán atant.

Padá lógay tahá hapt dánag gollorh tarragá lagget. Mani hobb ham géshter but parchá ke mani ballok modám áiy tawsipá kanagá at. Man áiy géshter hayáldária kort o modám sharrén waráka dát ke wati chokkán géshter shir bedant.

Nun áiy chokk mazan bayán atant. Áyán shir ham yalah kortagat. Yakk shapé man ke ódá sar bután, á ódá naat. Man cha balloká jost gept: “Maróchi záher naent, kojá shotag?”

Habar mani dapá at ke á potert. Man chopp bután ke balkén á delá kárit.

Domi shapá mani kerrá átk, nesht, padá gappá lagget: “Basshám sakk bazzag ent. Bécharagay lóg sakk mazan ent. Áiy lógá kochekké wa hast bale lógá dalwat ham báz ant. Nun garmági shap ant. Molká dozzáni ham shór ent. Kollén mardom dhanná waptagant. Áyáni lóg ham yalah ant. Agan taw delá mayáray, man shapá hamódá berawán? Edá chokk wa hastant. Nun mazan ant o ráshag ham zánant.”

Man lóthet josti bekanán bale áiy maná gapp janagay móh nadát o gwasht: “Mana zánán taw ché jost geraga lóthay... Haw Basshámay kochekk narázé.”

Man áiy chammáni tahá cháret. Áiy chammán do tramp ars pa shép geragá járhi at.

Cháp o sheng: *Máhták Balóchi*, Márch 2000.

Bahesht

Monir Mómen

Róchay awali bránzá Mézar o Didáray gardenáni nyámá wati keshk shóházet o doén pach larzetant. Wati kerr o gwará sharriá cháragá laggetant. Doén jérhagá atant ke má dóshigén tawámén shap hamé warh gwázéntag.

Mézar o Didár zi béhgáhá cha wati hankéná lekketant o esháná hamedá shapá gept. Gorhá doénán jérhet ke shapá hamé jompay sará gwázénén. É yakk waddhé at. Bass lahtén anchén háki jomp atant o dur durá dega hecch néstat. Mézará jérhet: “Bahesht begenday hamé warhá bebit” o padá wati sari bánzoláni chérá chér dát.

É yakk kwahnén geli kampáné. Eshiyah táhá hamá kalát ke butag, á nun dhoretag o kaptag, bale áiy neshán angat gelay jompáni dróshomá báz jágahá hastent. Anchó samá bit ke é yakk zamánagé é handay hákemáni jágah butag, bale wahday badalián é kampán o kalátay wáhond badal kanán kortagant. Annun é jágah Basshám zargerayg ent.

Basshám sér o azgáren mardé. Kampánay táhá shawk o nókén lógi jórh kortag o kalátay bass godhsari nesháni pasht kaptagant. Bale kampáni angat nasoréntag o é hamá warhá mohr o mohkam ent. Kampánay táhá, ródarátki pahnátá jamay mazanén drachk ant ke esháni omray kesás janaga nabit. Sakkén kwahnén drachk ant. Mardom zánta nakant ke é kampán kwahnter ent yá jamay drachk pirter ant? Basshám zargeray kampánay zerbári ródarátká mesteri Sabzalay lóg ent. Mesteri Sabzalay lóg ham kasán naent, bale Basshám zargeray kampánay chárek ham nabit.

Mesteri Sabzalay kampánay táhá chár bán mán o yakk semetth o bolákay mazanén dhabbé ham hast ke áiy táhá korós, nekénk, kapódar, shántol, metthu, kapinjar o é dega kasán kasánén bázén morgé hast. Sabzalay masterén chokk Ramazán morgay sakkén shawkié o tawámén róchá gón wati morgán moshkul ent.

Rástén némagay jamay sará Chippánay hankén ent. Áiay do chokk ant, Shépalok o Mézar. Chippán kapódaré ke dér ent é jami wati hankén kortag. Á cha kasániá hamedá átkag o randá Shépalok o Mézaray peti dochár kaptag. Gorhá hamedá butagat.

Bale chizzé máh pésar Shépalok o Mézaray pet yakk róché ke cha edá dar átk, gorhá padá wátarr nabut. Hodá bezánt chónén waylé sarái kaptag. Bale inchok wahd gwazagá rand nun é mát o chokk ékimm butant ke á hayát naent.

Mesteri Sabzalay lógay morgáni tahá bázén kapódaré ham hast. Sabzalay chokk eshán pa wahd o pás dhanná kasshit o padá gipt o dhabbesha kant. Bale yakk kapódaré ke námi Didár ent modám ke cha dhabbá dara kayt, tachká rawt diwálay sará nendit o chamm o do chamm ent ke bál bekant o jamay sará berawt. Didár modám wati delá jérhit ke é jamay drachk donyáay sabz o sártsáhegterén drachk ent. Eshiy bazén sháharháni sará nendagá áiá anchén táhiré rasit ke áiá cha ed o pésar namáretag.

Ramazán har róch tach o tágá ent, shóházá ent. Drostén morgána gipt o dhabbá kant bale Didár gár ent. Didáray hayalá é dhabb pa áiá jahandamén zendané. Áiay delá lóthet é dhabb o dhabbay wáhondá áiay chamm makapténant. É némagá Ramazán jawarhag o dwá o pospár kanagá at ke é Didárnámá maná delsyáh kortag. Har róch hamé shumm o shánzdah gár ent. Tawámén morg hamedá ant bale é gendaga nabit. Mani wa kár o rózgári bortag. Tán dérá shóház kanagá rand, Ramazáná dist ke jamay sará Didár gón Mézará sonth pa sonth ent o neshtag. Ramazáná tawár kort: “Didár!” Bale Didár bésamá at. Áiá nazánt ke gwát kai macchán ent. Ramazán labajagá at. “Haw. Tai kerdár bezán hamesh ent. Taw maróchi mani dastá bekap. Padá nagwashay ke mana rawán jamay jamká nendán o tará tinn delá dayán.”

Anágat Mézará Ramazán samá kort o Didár hál dát ke ódá bechár Ramazán tará shóházagá ent. Didará ke Ramazán dist jérheti: “Man genday Mézaray chammáni tahá jágah bekortén, chón sharr at” o Mézará hamé damáná wati chamm band kortant o gón Didará gwasht: “Didár! É mard wa tará edá nendaga naylit. Taw nagwashay maná challahé bekanay o wati pádá bekanay.”

Haminchoká Ramazán jamay sará bálá butagat o Didári gept o bort pa dhabbá.

Mézar sohbá máhallah cha jamá ér kapt o diwálay sará nesht. Wahd gwazán but. Némróch átk. Bale Mézar angat abétk abétk at o jérhagá at ke maróchi gwashay róch garnter ent. Kammé delgóshi kort. Gwát wa

kasshagá ent bale parchá maná nalaggit? O pa gwáti kóléay shóházá áiy chamm pa semetthay dhabbá kaptant. Áiá hayál kort genday agan annun é dhabb pach kanag bebit, gwátay dar pacha bit o mósom wati nókén godán gwará kant. Bale dhabb pach nabut tánke magrebá Mézaray mátá Mézar tawár kort o jamay sará bort. Mézaray mósom tánke chár róchá yakk hesáb chó tinná taptag at. Panchomi róchá Ramazáná dhabb gón é jazmá pach kort o morg dhanná kasshetant ke nun Didará jamay sará rawagay sezá rasetag. Nun allam ebrata gipt o á némagá nachárit.

Chárén rócháni arwáhgrádén wadará rand maróchi Mézar o Didáray mósom badal butagat. Kawsh zeray nambán chó meská shanzán at. O é doén sawarhag kanagá atant ke agan é baheshtén mósom abadmán kanagi ent, gorhá mára cha magrebá o cha Ramazánay áyagá pésar halk réchagi o cha edá lekkagi ent.

Róch zeminay saray báná dratkagat. Zemin o ásmánay nyámá abéd rozhná dega hecch néstat. Bass dur némásmáná Mézar o Didár do kasánén thekkay warhá bál atant o chammesh zeminá atant pa anchén hankénéay shóházá ke ódá wati baheshtá ér kort bekanant.

Cháp o sheng: Mómen, Monir (2016). *Lilán*. Bechár chérnebis 222.

Talk

Nágomán

Man talké án. Maná kesás sálé bit ke edá borzén kahuréay thollá drang án. Rócháni garmi o shapáni sártiá, namb o droshkán, gwát o hawrán, tabd o lewárán maná sakk nezór tarréntag. Mani labbarh sarhetag o sestagant. Nyámdár warókán wártag o nál zangán geptag.

Man parchá edá bégwami drang án? Maná pa é hálá kayá kort? É drájén kessahé.

Á párigén garmágay yakk wassh o sáhélén sohbé at. Badalá maná o mani é dega doén hamráh cha lachokká dar kortant o dém pa wati petay dhagárá rahádag but. Á mára pa chér kanagá baragá at.

Mani o mani doén hamráháni shapá wapsagay jágah hamé lachokk at. Badalá shapá mára chéra nakort, chéa ke shapá mára pogol o moshk o karhokkána srapént yá mór o solórán dána bortant. Paméshká róchá má molká morga gept o shapá hamé lachokkay tahá árama kort o wati sargwast o kessaha áwortant.

Say róch at ke Badalá maná addh kortagat o chér kanagá baragá at, bale man taningah hecch morg gept nakortagat, paméshká wati hamráháni kerrá kammé pashal atán ke áyán béhesáb shekár geptagat.

Shekáray geragá mani bésóbiay nimmón esh at ke awali róchá man anchó dhakk atán ke mani dán morgán bort bale nasraptán, o domi róchá man anchó sonn atán ke watsará wat sraptán o neshtagén morgán bál kort o padá jóháná neshtant bale mani nazzikká nayátkant. Hayr, nun mana zánán ke talk chó dhakk mabit ke morg áiy koblokay dáná bwarant o angat masrapit o chó sonn ham mabit ke kawshay kasshagá besrapit.

Á sohbi, Badalá mára zort o tachká sohróay jóháná átk ke dhagáray gwará práhén sirkagéay sará kót at. É jóháná bázén morgé átk. Kapót, shántol, drichk, pintól o jengolán abéd baré baré gólóáni sar ham kapt.

Annun jóháná lahtén shántol o pintól neshtag o dánay chenag o waragá at. Wahdé Badal nazzikká raset, áyán bál kort o kammé passend, sóléay

sará neshtant. Badalá doén talk boná ér kortant o maná chér kort. Kandhoké jati o maná hameshiay tahá éri kort o wár wára bári dát. Padá koblokay sará gón sosorrá per lecchéntagén sohróén dáni hopp jat o dará kort. Mani poshti némagá lahtén karhabbi kándhéli ér kort tánke morg maná poshtokái majanant, chéá ke má cha poshti némagá áyókén morgán sakk sakká gepta nakanén.

Badalá á dega doén talk ham chér kortant. Chér kanagá rand, may kash o gwará wati padi gón cháderay lambá gár kortant ke morg mamárant. Cha eshiá rand Badal jóháná gestá yakk kaléréay poshtá nesht o chammi gón jóháná kortant.

Mósom sakk wassh at. Jambar sáhél atant o sártén kawshé ham kasshagá at. Jóhánay kash o gwaray kalér o kahuráni sará neshtagén morg cha mósomay wasshiá mast atant o gón wati wasshén tawará mósomá názénagá atant.

Hamé wahdá do kapót bál kanáná átk o hamé borzén kahuray thollá ke annun man drang án, nesht. Mani del wassh but ke morg báz bayán ant. Esháni tahá man yakké allamá gerán, bale man pésará wa hecch morg nageptagat. Bárén chóna bán?

Man delá jérhagá atán o morgáni jóháná nendagay wadará atán. Badal kaléray poshtá neshtagat o cha má yakkéay srapagay wadará at. May drostáni wadáray damán waddán atant, bale hecch morg boná naneshtagat. Dráh kash o gwaray kalér o kahuráni sará neshtag o zébáén mósomay tawsipá atant.

Áher, may wadaráni drájkasshén damán kotthetant. Yakk shántoléá cha kahuray sará bál kort o átk o jóháná nesht. Áiay poshtá dega do say shántol domb pa dombá átk o nesht. Lahtén shántol á dega talkáni nazzikká at o yakké wár wára mani nazzikká áyán at. Mani delay drikkag trond butant o mani hayalá kaléray poshtá neshtagén Badalay ham.

Shántol dán chenán o waráná, mani démá átk o óshtát o pa dánay chomb janagá gég at ke hamé sáhatá doén kapótán goshádiá cha kahuray thollá bál kort o jóhánay kerrá átk o neshtant. Shántol gorhetant o bálesh kort o hamá kaléray sará shot o neshtant ke áiay poshtá Badal neshtagat. Gón Badalay gendagá áyán padá bál kort o dega sóléay sará shot o neshtant.

Maná kapótáni sará sakk zahr átk chéá ke eshán mani dastay shekár baráéntagat. Agan é mayátkénant, allamá man wati zenday awali shekár geptagat. Yakk baré mani delá holl kort ke watará srapénán, belli kapóta gorhant o cha edá bála kanant o rawant. Agan áyán mani dastay shekár baráéntag, man ham edá áyán chénkay chenagá naylán. Bale padá man

cháret ke eshán choshén ásanén sezáé nadayán. Agan edá manesh bál bedayán, á dega jóháné yá molkéay sará rawant o lápá porra kanant. Sharterén sezá hamesh ent ke man cha eshán yakké shekár bekanán.

Doén kapót kashmánkash loddháná jóhánay Kerrá gardagá atant. Hamé wahdá kapótáni bál dátagén shántol ham padá átk o neshtant. Mani del wassh but o kapótáni sará zahr ér átkant. Awali randá man á sharriá cháretant. Á warná o binkasén kapót atant. Yakk naréné at o yakk mádagéné. Kashmánkash loddháná doén sakk brahdár atant. É chón gal o shádán ant. Bécharaga nazánant ke malkamut har damán áyáni srápá ent.

Yakk baré maná kammé bazzag but, bale padá cha eshán yakkéay geragay wáhagá, zenday awali shekáray gerag o hamráháni o Badalay démá washnám bayagay wáhagá mani del dhaddh kort.

Narén kapót mani némagá áyán at o mádagén áiy poshtá gón at. Mani delay drikkag padá trond butant. Esháni tahá yakké mani shekár bayagi at. Nun mani o Badalay wadáráni sáhat o damán kotthagi atant. Naréna mani sohróén dán ke dist, gámi pa man trond kortant o átk o mani dáni chomb jat. Mani dárok cha kobloká dar átk o man hamá damáná kapót gotthá gept.

Gón mani srapagá jóháná neshtagén morgán bál kort, bale geptagén kapótay matth mani sará chapp o chágerdá chakarroki waragá lagget. Gón mani srapagá Badalá ham drekk zortant. Wahdé kapótá Badal áyagá dist, nazzikká kaléréay sará shot o nesht.

Badalá kapót cha mani dapá dar kort ke mártósag butagat. Kapóti cháret o bechkandeti. “Mozhdawár ay taw, bwar sohróán,” Badalá bébazzagén gálwáréa gwasht o cha galá krishtagé jat.

Maná bazzag but. Chónén wasshén zendé at, esháni. Yakkén sáhatá chó kokkoliáni kalátá karotk. Nun chón béwas o deltrakk ant, bécharag. Dréगतén man é mageptén. Man pa pashómáni kapótay némagá cháret ke Badalá mohr dáshtagat. Nun Badal eshiá koshit o eshiay matth gamána merit. É doénáni náwahdén markay zemmawár man án. Man esháni washhálén zend barbád kort.

Man watá malámat kanagá atán, bale nun áp cha sará per gwastagat. Badalá cha lánká dás kasshet o dém keblahá kort o pa morgay helár kanagá gég but. Kaléray sará neshtagén kapót nálágá at.

Sakk pashómán atán ke man é hóne náhakk parchá wati sará kort. Nun man chón eshiá cha malkamutay sahgerén panjagán rakkénta kanán. Bale randay hettheray che dardá wárt. Kár wa haráb butagatant.

Badalá kapótay pád wati rástén páday chérá o bánzol chappén páday chérá kortant. Chappén dastá gotth o sari dáshtant o dásá kapótay gotthá per moshána “Bessmelláh, Alláho akbar” wánán but. Cha markay torsá kapótá wati chamm nazz kortant o mádagén kapót Badalay sará chakarroki waragá lagget. Dás kapótay gotthá ér kapt o hónán pizzhár bast. Kapótá parparroki jat tánke sárt but.

Badalá cha kapótay zagren hónán say chár petth mani nyámdáray sará per mosht ke man sharter o géshter morg gept bekanán bale man... man pashómániay jamburén ásá sochán atán.

Cha hamá róchá rand man hecch morg nagept. Har wahdá ke morg mani nazzikká átkant, man watá srapént o cha eshiá mani nazzikká o jóháná chérén é dega talkáni kerrá neshtagén morgán bála kort. Wati kortagén gonáhay gránén báray sobakter kanagay bass hamé yakkén ráh pasht kaptagat.

Badalá tán haptagé kappéá ópár kort bale tán kadéná? Cha mani náwahdén srapagán yakk róché sakk zahr gept o maná zórán kurráti. Man cha áiy dastá lakoshtán o é borzén kahuray thollá jamkéá mán átkán o cha hamá róchá beger tán róche maróchi hamedá drang án.

Harchont ke hawr o róchán mani nyámdáray sará laggetagén hónáni pólong shoshtagant, bale pashómániay zumsarén kátharáni thapp angat tázag o ázag ant o har wahdé ke kapótéay zahirnálén kukuána eshkonán, delá dardé chesta bit o dráhén jahán abétka bit.

Cháp o sheng: Nágomán (2003¹, 2012²). *Dáray Aps*. Bechár chérnebis 225.

Dorbáni

Sháh ebne Shin

Mani dastáni lakirán mani washbahtiy hecch gwáhia nadát, bale man hamok sálay awali ádenagá wati dastay pésh dáragá áiy gwará shotán. Man zánt ke áia mani delbaddhi dayagá dam bortag bale gwashtia nakort.

Áiy nám Shay Swáli at o Shay daschéré at. Chosha nazánán é honar, áia cha kayá dar bortagat. Bale áiy gwashag at ke tán maná yát ent man daschéré án. Maná yát ent ke man awali randá ke áiy kerrá shotagátán, man o Mollá Máhátun atén o má pa áia hoshkén konar o dógén shir bortagat gón. Awali bará ke man wati dast pa pésh dáragá thál kort, gorhá Mollá Máhátuná mani dast wat dásht. Shay Swáliay gwashag at ke é awali bar ent ke man kaséay dastá chárágá án o dast degaréa dáshtag.

Lakirán cháráná áia baren chónén lakiré dist ke baláhén áhé kassheti bale dega hecchi nagwasht. Man pa á maksadá modám wati dast pésha dásht ke mani sur kadia bit, eshiay bábatá ham hechbar nagwashti gón.

Mani nám Dorbáni ent. Man Balóchoké án. Má poshti máldár én. May pirénán baren chont halk o métag matth kortag o godhsará mani hodámorzién petay sar hamé ápbandán kaptag. Áia wati dábaw tán panch sála hamé gwáshán cháréntagant.

Man do sálay chokk butagán, mani petá mára pa modámi yalah dátag. Mát kessaha kant: “Basshay mósom butag, tán shash róchá hárgéjén gwátá yakshalá kasshetag.” Mátá gwashit: “Tai pet mósomzánté butag, gwashtagi: ‘É gwátá hardén kasshetag, gorhá cha do róchá gésh eshiá nadáshtag o padá mazanén hawr o harrag átkagant. Embari wájah Hodá wat hayré byárit, jambar sará ant o hárgéjá shash róch ent ke yattábá kassagá ent.’”

O padá hamé róchay péshimá gwát kaptag o koblén hasht róchá hawrá ganóki gwartag. É kóhestagay dráhén kawr o shépán tuppánén ápe áwortag. Mát kessaha kant: “May do bélahi boz gár butag. Man másag bastag. Á har do salámat butagant bale chizzéa áyáni ráh dáshtag. Gorhá petá gwashtag: ‘Gatthéa dáshtagant. Mana rawán padesha janán o káránesh.’”

“Sáhat asor butag o róch Yakshambeh. Keblahá do estár borz butag. Á sajjahén shapá man tai petay ráh cháretag, ás jambur kortag ke balkén ráhá gár ent, begenday rozhni shahmé áia keshká begéjit, bale tán bámsará á nayátkag. Hamé sohbá hárgéj á padá kasshag bená kortag o sakk trondiá kasshetagi. Tán némróchá tai pet gón bozán nayátkag, gorhá may hamráhén Balóchokán áia lách áwortag. Tai pet, shapá kóhi garéá lakoshtag o bérán butag.”

Petay markay domi sála mát kóhi zumméa wárt o kosht. Maná Mollá Máhátuná ródéntag. Mollá Máhátun ham Balóchoké.

Mollá kessaha kant: “Shomá do járh butagét o shomay ballok man butagán. Tai hamshir cha taw rozhnáter butag bale róchi halás butagant. Hapt róchi chokké butag ke dap o chammoki pach butagant. Tai mátá sakk grétag. Cha shomá pad tai mátá dega say chokk butag o har sayén eshkand butagant.”

Mollá, baré baré shapay nehengámá tahajjodá butag, gorhá mosollái pétkag o battii zortag, ráh geptag. Man gwashtag balkén ápdastéa rawt, hamráhi butagán. Maná makani kortag o gwashtagi ke agan kasé gesdapiay dapá kayt o maná tawára kant, gorhá begwashi piray gwáshá shotag bale cha áia rawagá pad gesdapiá kass nayátkag. Man báz barán jost kortag: “Mollá! É piray gwásh kojá ent?” Áia maná hechbar nagwashtag gón.

Yakk shapé á nomázá at, yakkéa áwáz dát: “Bibi! Taw nomázá ay? Má madarén náh jatag, byá, pátyáesh day gón.”

Gránén tawaré at. Molláyá salám tarrént o jwáb dát: “Alláh washnám kanát.” O padá battii zort o rahádag but. Man tán ném ráhá hamráhi bután. Padá man wat béráw kort. Man nun zánt ke á kojá rawt. Padá man á hechbar jost nakort.

Yakk shapé áia batti zort, cha dar áyagá pésar gwashti: “Mani mát! Nun taw zánay man kojá rawán?”

Man gwasht: “Haw.”

“Taw nun mazan ay o sarpad ay ke é lullokáni dazbóji sawáb ent.”

Man gwasht: “Alláh madat bát.”

Hamé chandé máhay tahá á nezór butagat. Man paréshán atán. Man dábawáni dém dásht nakort ke Mollá nádráh at o mardénádamé néstat.

Sálay awali ádéng at. Mollá kammé jórhter at balé é ádéngá má Shay Swáliay gwará shot nakort. Domi róchá Molláyá gwasht: “Taw é bari

ke Shay Swáliay gwará raway, mani salámáni beday o begwash mátiá gwashtag ke man nun ájez án, mani kolawá posht majan.”

Man domi róchá yakké hamráh kort o shotán. Shayá anchó ke maná dist, gwashti: “Man zi tai ráh cháretag.”

“Mollá ájez ent. Tará salámi kortag o gwashtagi ke mani kolawá posht majan.”

Áiá salám alayk kort o eshtáp eshtápá mani dastay lakiráni chárág bená kort. É awali bar at ke mani dast mardénádaméay dastá at. Shayá mani dast tán dér á chéret o padá sabzé espétén pocchéá patát o maná dáti ke eshiá Molláyá beday.

É awali bar at ke áiá maná hecch delbaddhi nadát o na ke mani dastay lakiráni ehwáli maná dát.

Do róchá pad áiá espétén god gwará at o Molláay chárágá átk. Áiá hamráhé ham gón at. Molláyá maná sohrén cháderé sará dát o hamá sabz mani dastay delá ér kort o mani sar samárt o gwashti: “Morádán bátay.”

Hamá róchá Shay Swáliá maná nekáh kort. Chandé máhá pad Molláyá wapát kort.

Róch o máh gwazán atant. Sál hawr at. Kahchar sabz atant. Dalwat sérláp atant o man népagán atán.

Shay, har Shambehay róchá wati dará pa dascháriá shot. Yakk róché hárgéjay gwat kasshagá at, róch Shambéh at, asoray wahd at, keblahá do estár borz at o Shay wati dará shotagat. Magrebay wahdá hawrá ér dát. Sajjahén shapá jambarán grandet o hawrá gwart. Mani chamm ráhá atant bale Shay nayátk.

Domi sohbá may hamsáhegén Balóchokéá maná syáhén cháderé sará dát o gwasht: “Shayay hál átkag ke áiay dar kaptag o á chér tarretag.”

Mani saray hósh shot. Man gréwag lóthet bale grét nakort. Maná hamá róch yát átk ke Shayá awali bará mani dast gept o mani dastay lakiri cháretant. Man lóthet ke wati dastay lakirán bechárán bale man dast cháret nakort.

Mani sará yakkéá dasté samárt. Man chamm chest kortant, hamá mard ent ke mára nekáhi dátag.

“Shay tai daschár butag o taw deli nabutagay bale baheshtién Molláyá...” Áiá cha eshiá gésh hecch nagwasht o mani delbandá purah chizzé gott but. Mani chamm baheshtién Molláy tabzián kaptant o man sakk grét.

Cháp o sheng: Tákband *Sách*, 2019.

Darándhéhi

Darándhéhi pa Saré o Shegán pa Saré

Sájed Hosayn

Mani darándhéhiay kessah hamá shummén róchá shoru but ke maná labzánkay béhayrén hobbá gwar jat. Har nebeshtakaré ke maná dósta but, gwashit byá zamánagéá darándhéh butag. Márkwéz anchosh, Kondhayrá hamé paym. Yakkéá sarkár zahr baráéntag, yakkéá pawj. Hamesháni randgiriá man wati bédardén sará dardé dát. Agan man bezántén ke Márkwézy randá kapag saray zyáni ent, choshén goh hechbar nawártagat. Man wa gwashtag wahdé mardom baláhén nebeshtakaré bit, shargedár nebeshtaha kanant ke é mard Balóchiay Márkwéz ent.

Nókwarnáia é paymén bésuttén kár harkasa kant. Mani sangatéá modám sengé kissagá butag o sohb o bégáh wati péshánigi kakarretag chéa ke pelméay tahá Matan Chakráwartiay péshánigá sohrén nesháné per butag. Matan gár but bale é sangatay péshánig angat kandh ent.

Hamé wástá cha nebeshtakára sharter ent mardomá pelemi ektharé dóst bebit. Mani nákozátkéá Sanjay Dat dóst at. Á shot o bádhi addh kort. Mani bandikk gón Fránz Káfkáyá arhetagat. Man róché bist pyálah cháha wárt o do do párkitth segrétha kasshet chéa ke géshter mazanén nebeshtakarán alsara bit.

Nun á mardom ke nebeshtakár bayagay wástá watá alsar dáta kant, cha darándhéh bayagay korbánigá ham sara nagwazit. Gorhá cha nókwarnáia shomay kasteray wáhagé hamé butag ke anchén baláhén karé bekant ke dozhmen áia cha molká kasshagá majbur bebant. Gwashant agan chizzé pa del o setk bwáhay, pa taw ráh o dar pacha bant. Sakidádén Hodáyá pa hamé yakkén wáhagay purah kanagá mani dar mán BiEsÓá (BSO) pach kort o maná cha dhéhá darándhéh kanáént.

Bale byá ke darándhéhiá rand maná mardománi shegán o hakkalán kosht. Agan Kalátoká Balóchéay láp gays bebit, habar bezán má wártant. “Edá Balóch bazzag o wár ant o shomá Yuropá ayyáshi kanagá ét.”

É warhén shegán o pogán modám é biháray sará kotthant ke “É habará béhayál makanét ke shomá hamé bazzagén Balócháni námá panáh zortag.”

Nagwashay má wati naksén sáhay rakkénagá panáhoké zortag, purah Balócháni molk má rahn kortag o Yuropá jáedád katthetag. Má wassh én edá mára yakké dapi josté bekant, gorhá má kojá bazzagén Balóchay gaysá elája kanén?

May dela tokshit bale góndhalén shegánáni torsá póthóé Faysbökká dáta nakanén. Baré baré, taw ján shoshtag o ádéncay démá óshtátagey, tará anágat hayála kayt ke póto kasshagey róch maróchi ent. Purah tai póst espéter o mud bazter ant. Áyán bell, borwán gwashay watsará bandikk butagant. É warh sálay sará kazá yakk randé bit. Taw zánagá ay ke é sharrang ke ádéncay tahá watá lónsok dayagá ent agan maróchi wati póthóé bekasshit o Faysbökká bedant bázéné sókiga bit. Kamm cha kamm hamá sangat wa sochant o pora bant ke bélayn o béemenén molká pasht kaptag o cha donyágardiay Hodái dádá bébahr ant.

Hawray sará, sabzagay tahá, borzén beldhengéay démá, selfiay wahd hamesh ent.

Bale na. Shegánay tors zorácker ent.

Edá sangaté hast ke shapá réla shódit, sohbá wáb ent o bégáhá charsa kasshit. Charsay neshahá, yá wa pawnay sará syásata kant yá may démá darándhéhiay aybán hesába kant. Áiay Yuropi nám ABC ent o molki nám Alláh Baksh Chorási chéa ke 1984á pédá butag; bale má áia Alláh Baksh Gelásia gwashén chéa ke segréthay badalá do gelás sar pa sara kant o hamáyáni tahá charsa kasshit. Yakk róché gwashit: “Cha Yuropay kapagá sharter ent mardomá shékháni oshter becháréntenant, kamm cha kamm, mátá náhé ráh dáta kort. Á molká Balóch besóchit ke tará charsá rand náhé pa dapay shirken kanagá marasit.”

Chars o Balóchay ruháni syádiay bárawá nazánán bale é sháhedíá mana dayán ke Khalijay Balóch cha má dah sari sharter ant. Har máh, pa áyán thékié ráhá ent: baré janá jórhahé chawatth dém dátagey o baré mátá metagén bégamjangi náhé. Sharterén habar esh ent ke sálay sará molká chakkaré janant, jan o chokké gendant.

O cha molkay chakkará, molká rawagay tayári washter ent. Man lahtén sálá Khalijá butagán o distagey ke molká rawagá pésar Khaliji Balócháni bagalok chón gwáta gerant. Sajjahén sálá arbábay bágá dehkánia kanant, arbábay dátagey shir o dhabboki máhigáni sará gozarána kanant ke chotthiáni wástá zarrok marroké bechenant o ér bekanant. Chotthiay wahdá pa wat hesábi say jórhah drapshókén goda dócháénant o jórhahé

borzén Mashkati champala zurant. Á dega sajjahén zarrán, Hodái espétpas, pa wati syad o sangatán saynth o sábuna kanant. Jan wati garrién chawattháni badalá Aypawn Eksé lóthit. Matay sónsén náh waragi nabutag bale áia théng sharbat, paynádhól góli, taparoki bám, réshi palastar, sóchoki o konderk drost pakár ant. Agan áia pa wat pakár buténant angat dardé pa do, bale Khaliji sangatay sók paméshká naserit ke tán sálé hamé azbáb mátá bokchahéa bastag o ér kortagant ke hájatmandé kayt áia y káré sharra bit.

É mátay zendagiay maksad hamesh ent ke bázará agan yakkéa sardardé begipt, deli bad bebit yá mehmáné gwari bebit, á chizzay pach geragá mani kerrá byayt.

May bázaray mardomán beh paynádhól bahá nazortag. Harkasá zántag Bábuay médhikal esthóray darmán nakli ant; na tapé wassh korta kanant, na sardardé barant. Mollá Pátomahay ordán waláeti paynádhól modám butag. Áia y shart bass hamé butag ke taw sábet bekan o beday ke tará yá tai mardoméa gránén tapé per. Pa sardard yá passhánká molláyá wati waláeti góli zawál nakortagant.

“Mollá, Mollá! Ammá gwashit dánagé paynádhól nadayay gón?” Man har haptag pa góliay pach geragá molláyá pántag butagán.

“Kay wassh naent?” Molláyá wati jost o pors shoru kortagatant.

“Ammá tappig ent.” Mátá gwashtagat ke anchosh begwash. Chónáhá áia y sar dardá at.

“Tappig ent? Zikkén bégáhá wa tai randá tachagá at, tapá kadi gept?”

“Dóshi makeskán wártag. Ammá sahig nabutag bezán bashánagá baláhén thongé per! Nun hecchigi naent. Abbá byayt, bárti Karáchiá.” Hamé habará Molláyá wati chamm kell kortant o man zánt ke dróg kár kanagá ant. “Ammá gwashit náko Obayd cha Mashkatá byayt, tai badalá dayén.” Nun man emprówáez kanagá atán.

“Badalé nalóthit. Mollá Pátomahá badal bezortén, maróchi korholáni tóká laybia kort,” Molláyá jabazzah kort, bale hamá damáná narm tarret: “Bale é bázaray mardom pa man góli o darmán ériá naylant. Chárán balkén dánagé dar átk.”

Molláyá wati péti yakk kondhéa bort o dapi bass haminchoká pach kort ke tahá sarok dát bekant. Sarok dayagá rand, dasti cha pachén shamá pétiay tahá ráh dát o kammé dazmósh kanagá rand dánagé paynádhóli dar kort.

“Hamé yakkén dánagay jend pasht kaptag. Beraw, belli shomay kár sharra bit.”

Agan Molláay ordán sad dánag butén, hamé gwashtagati ke “Yakkén dánag ent.” Taw agan sáhatéá rand padá beshoténay paynádhólay pach geragá, tará padá dánagé dátatag o gwashtagati: “Hamé yakkén dánag ent.”

O tárikhi rekárdhay tachk kanagay wastá man é habará gissshénaga lóthán ke Molláyá cha man badal geptag. Man áiy kágadáni nebeshtah kanók butagán. É cha thilpun o mobáelá pésaray zamánag ent. Man cha cháromi jomáetá kágaday wánag o nebeshtah kanag zántag. Cha Khalijá kágadé átkag, yá kamásh o janénéá kágadé ráh dayagi butag gorhá mardom man butagán. Chosh naent ke bázará dega wánendah nabutag. Bale chokkání tahá é káray goshád mani yakkén sar butag o mani kasánomriay sawabá, mardomán wati rázi habar cha man chér nadátatag.

Mani moshkel é butag ke man báz Ordu nazántag. Eskulá mára bass salám o dwáesh dars dátatag.

”هم سب خيریت سے ہیں اور خداوند تعالیٰ سے آپ کی خیر و عافیت کے لیے دعاگو ہیں۔“

Cha ed o dém mani Ordu halás butagant, bale padá ham gaddh o waddhon kortag o kágadon purah kortag.

Garhbarh hamá wahdá butag ke Mollá wati Balóchi ragá shotag. “Begwash, mani Rahim Ján, man eshкотag ke tai dozhmen tapig butagant. Alláh tará wassh bekanát. Tará mani omr gón bát, mani Rahim Poll, makarzátán tará!”

Wahdé Molláyá bass kortag, man kalamay nebb cha dapá kasshetag o nebeshtah kanagá laggetagán.

”میرے رحیم جان، میں نے سنا ہے کہ آجکل تمہارے دشمنوں کی حالت خراب ہے۔ اللہ تم کو اچھا کرے۔ تم کو میری عمر ساتھ ہو، میرے رحیم پھول، کاش میں تمہارے لائق نہ ہوں۔“

Chinchok sálá man jérhetag ke agan Rahim Jánay dozhmen tapig ant gorhá Rahim Ján chéá wassh bebát. Balóchi klásikal sháeriay dar baragá rand nun man zántag ke é dozhmen dega darámad nabutagant, Rahim Jánay jend butag. Molláay nakarzén dap o delá nageptag ke begwashit Rahim Ján tapig ent.

Chokkay hálporsiá rand, molláyá wati zang o zári bená kortagant. “Tai máat maróchán kamásh ent. Páda káyán chamm syáhia kárant. Daparé waraga warán del gaysa bit.”

Gón Molláay mahtal bayagá mani kalam chotthettag.

”تمھاری ماں آجکل بوڑھی ہے . کھڑی ہو جاتی ہوں آنکھیں اندھیرا لاتی
ہیں . نوالہ کھاتی ہوں دل گیس ہو جاتا ہے .“

É mani rajánkkáriay awali dawr butag. Hamá omrá man zántag ke habarán cha yakk zobánéa domi zobáná tarrénag chón grán ent, paméshká man róche maróchi ham wati rajánkkárén sangatán cha áyáni kaddá géshter ezzata dayán.

Man wati Balóchén brátán sarpad kanaga lóthán ke agan Yuropay darándhéhi choshén wasshén chizzé butén, maná Mollá Pátomahay kágad o paynádhólán zahirig nakortagat. Darándhéhi nádráhié o é nádráhi mardomá molkay anchén chizzáni tránagá géjit ke habara nabit: garmági némróchán káparay chérá wapsag o káparay rézetagén pissháni chárág ke kadia sorant; darigay dapá éren tahtay sará sar pa sar kortagén nepádáni sará tachk bayag o jenni kessah wánag; garmági shapán cháderay áp janag o per dayag; gón har Balóchi máhay shoru bayagá lógay démá janén o chokkáni mocch bayag o chárág ke kay pésará nóká gendit; mátay habar dayag ke nárosht kammok per bejanét; tán némbéla addá Názalay hínzaké mantagá rand áiy dátágén pudeni; magrebá pasáni randá kapag o bandag; shapá róbáhay pásá nendag ke mayayt o kokkorhán mawárt; syahgwátay rasagá pésar peshgháhá tápén god o hiranáni chenag o tachán tachána bánay tahá poterag; o sáláy awali hawrá rand missay bó.

Mára, Yuropay darándhéhán, cha hamé bésuttén zahirán móh berasit, nun má rawén wájah Thrampay kerrá Pákestánay shekáyatá kanén.

Wahdé hál átk ke Thrampá gechénkári katthettag, may darándhéhén sangat anchosh galá bál butant gwashay wájah Thrampay mátay petay nákozátá Balóché butag. “Nun Pákestána máat ent. É ganókarháé, Panjolá warhé kant.” Alláh Baksh Gelásiá do gelás zort o hammámá potert.

“Haw, Thramp wa hamé káray wástá Amrikahay sadr butag. Balócháni bérá zalura gipt.” Man wati dantán nejéntant.

Cha Thrampay gechén bayagá say sálá rand, hamé zuttán, Gelásiá yakk róché cha man jost gept: “Tai hayálá, Thramp Balócháni masalahá sahig ent?”

“Báyad ent sahig bebit ke bé Balóchay masalahay gissshénagá donyáay kár sharra nabant.”

Mani jwáb sangatá wassh nabut. Bale má ke molká atén may lidharán hamé habaray sará mára rad dát o BiEsÓá (BSO) bort ke Amrikahá sajjahén tayári kortagant, Ázád Balóchestánay nakshah ham járhi ent, bass Balóchán hemmat kanaga lóthit. Má cháret ke Amrikah may bérá ent gorhá Pákestáná boné nést.

Tán do sálá má harché kort, kassá may náma nagept. Baré má hodádádén molkay jandhi sótk, baré pawjiáni kaympay dapá óshtátén o áyáni mát o gohár cha Hirámandhiá náwalletant, bale manah ent ke yakké may lempán begipt?

Hamé habará má ganter shékel butén. Nun má deljam atén ke Amrikah Jánay dast may sará sáhél ent. Kasánokén torsé ke may delá hastat, á ham dar átk. Pa má, lidharáni é habar sábet butagat ke Balóch delér o “Panjol” lagór ant. Cha ed o rand má hamá kár kort ke na aspá gón hará kortag o na hará gón aspá.

Tán má Ekbálay sháhin zahr baráéntant.

Wahdé sháhin zeddá kaptant, eshán mára hamá kathá jat ke shéri gollorhán nazánt kojám némagá démá bedayén o betachén. Delérén gollorh kóhani némagá tatkant o may paymén lagór darmolká.

Nun may delérén lidharán har róch napar o kásed ent ke “Berawét Amrikahá hál bedayét ke sháhinán bedárit.” Agan Amrikahay sar o góshé sahig nabutag gorhá lidharán báyad ent gón má choshén dróg mabastén ke nakshah makshah tayár ant. Agan áyán wati jenday zór o delériay sará barósah at gorhá may mayár o gonáh ché ent ke sare piránsari mára shegánia kanant.

May jenday surá may gapp kassá nazortag, Thramp kojá mára mána kárit?

Chár sál purah ent, tanninga Alláh Baksh Gelási wati jan o chokkán Yuropá áworta nakant. Maná do sál ent bé chokkán dantánoka dayán. Manah naent man o Gelási gwandhén chokké bázará tarragá begendén; mani lonth jarothóá bant o á tacháná rawt o gobbánia chokkit. Man sad randá gwashtag ke edá degaráni chokk wati jágahá, degaray kochekkay dast janag ham jormé, bale Gelásiá kay sarpada kant? Maná ganter hamé tors wábá naylit ke yakk róché Balóchán bannáma kant o kellit, kahrwár!

Chónáhá drostén darándhéh may warhá shumm naant. Ábádén darándhéh ham dara kayt, dánag dánagé, chó Molláay paynádhóla. Agan Gelásiay habará bezuray, darándhéhén Balócháni say zát ant:

Yakké hamá ke Amrikah, Kánadá o Bartániahá neshtagant. É donyáay washhál, ábádter o syási hesábá asardárterén molk ant. Paméshká har Balóché ke edá átkag, áiy rotbah cha Yuropi Yunianay molkáni neshtagén Balóchán borzter ent. Agan molkay zát o pátay hesábá chárág bebit gorhá má eshán darándhéhay Rend o Láshár gwashta kanén. É darándhéhén Balócháni sharzát ant. É sayén molkán géshter syási párthiáni sarók o sardárzádag ábád ant, paméshká esháni petáni mirás hechbar bahra nabant. É modám yakké domiay rán kanagay sará ant. Eshán dánag dánagé espétpostén senetharé pajjáha kárit o baré baré Yuropay Párlimenth o Akwáme Mottahedahay diwánéa posht poshti sitthan gendaga bant.

Bale é elith kelásay darándéháni ham Thrampay lógá raw o á nést.

Domi hamá darándhéh ant ke gón wati jan o chokkán átkagant. É geshter Yuropi Yunianay sérén molkán ábád ant chó ke Jarmani, Paráns, Swidan, Nárway o Nederlaynd. Eshán molká batth o chathani bahr nabutag bale edá sharrén lógán neshtagant o cha sarkáray némagá jórhookén wazipahé gerant. Haminchok chokk, haminchok geshter wazipah. Esháni chokk sharrén eskulán wánagá ant o agan gón taw bázará dochár bekapant gorhá é táripá zalura kanant ke mani chokká Yuropi zobán chetawr jaldi dar bortag. “Mirán kosay cha Balóchiá Jarmaná zabrter ent. Anchosh Jarmana kant gwashay máti Jarmané.” É kesmay darándhéháni kamál esh ent ke yakkén ginná janay táripá ham kanant o chokkay ham. Nun á mardom ke pa é habará gal ent ke mani chokk Balóchiá yalah dayán ent, á kojá Thrampay kálará kasshit o bégwáhén Balócháni hálá dant? Esháni Balóchi bass haminchoká pasht kaptag ke esháni partagán jórhhah jórhhahé Balóchi god dara kayt pa Balóch Kalchar Dhayá.

É darándhéhay Balóchok ant.

Sayomi kesmay darándhéh hamá ant ke Yuropay garibén molkán neshtagant chó ke Itáliá o Yunán. É géshter lánchán átkagant o darándhéhén Balócháni nyámá jahltérén darjahay mardom ant. Esháni máná o molkay thih o gólámáni máná yakk. É béchárág sáhá zortagant. Géshe wat naant. Na Yuropá ant, na molká. Wassh ant cha molká yakké chár kaldár dém bedant. Agan esháni jáwar zutt matth nabutant é say chár sálay tahá ejtemái watkoshia kanant. Agan Thramp wat byayt o eshán jost bekant ke “Shomá har chizzé belóthét, shomará dayáni” gorhá é jórhhahé Bátháay champala lóthant.

É garib kojá o syásat kojá?

Chónáhá Gelásiay é kelásipekésan yakk o thekk o sáensi osuláni sará ent. Bale sharrá bé aybá nabit. Cha é kelásipekésaná wánók rad makapant o chosh majérhant ke darándhéhay Balóchán wati molkay zát o pát yalah dátagant. Á ke molká ostáé butag edá ham ostáé. Belli Amrikah o Bartániahá neshtag bale rotbah o bestáray hesábá cha Itáliá o Yunánay badnasibén darándhéhán sharter naent. É réli o jalsahán bass hamé wástá bahra zurant ke molká yakké begwashit: “Bachakk maróchán sardáráni hamráh ent.”

Maná o Gelásiá dega Balóchén hamsáhagé hast. Éráni Balóchestá... tawbah nauzobelláh, shummén Shaytán... magrebi Balóchestánay Balóché. Swidaná magrebi Balóch báz ent o bázéné cha Sháhay zamánagá tatkg o Yuropá átkag. May hamsáhegay nám ent Mahmad Ali Éránnezhád. Wájah Éránnezhád dega har hesábá Yuropié: áiy kóth o patlun, áiy haythkoláh, áiy warag o wapsag, áiy kochekk, áiy o áiy kochekkay bégáhán gám janag, drost Yuropi ant; bale wájahay hákemi tab angat Balóchi ent.

Wájah Éránnezhád nózdah sad o hashtáday sálá Swidaná átkag, cha mani pédáeshá sálé rand. Molká wájahay gonáh o mayár é butag ke áia Sháhe Érán wájah Mahmad Razá Sháh Pahlawi galléntag o Khomayni molkay hákem kortag. Naksén Khomayniá, hákem bayagay shartá wati jenday dózwáh o mohsenáni janag o gár kanag shoru kort. Wájah Éránnezhádá haminchoká wati sáh áwort o Swidaná rasént. Cha á róchá pad áia názákén molkay dém nadist.

Molká, á Báhoáy sardáray brázátk butag o angat ham tabá sardárzádagé. Chosh naent ke wájah wati sardárzádiagiá dapá réchit. Á wánendah o sháeren mardomé, o áiy parmánay hesábá Balócháni asl kalchar ostá o lórhigán dáshtag, chosh ke sáz o zémel, pahlawáni, zahm o espar, sepatt o názénk, dóchgeri o zargeri. Bale wati sardárzádagiay záher kanagay wástá á habar habaray tahá anchén habaré zalur dawra dant ke mardom cha áiy hákemi naslá sarpad bebant. Mesálay habará, á beha nagwashit ke “É sharrén káré.” Á hamé habará modám é warhá kant: “É hákemi káré.” Agan áia gwashagi bebit ke “Man kasániá sakkén shaytáne butagán,” á hamé habará é warhá kant: “Tawe dordánag ay, mani kasániay kessaha nabit, orhay. Man ke kasán butagán, maná watá jetáén thihé butag.”

Démay habar áia sharter zór dát o gwasht: “May kalátá, har sardárzádagá watá náméntagén golámé butag. Pirénay pirén golám, gwandóay gwandén golám.”

Ji haw, magrebi Balóchestáná gwandhóá gwandó gwashant o jotkián gondh.

Hayr, wájah Éránnezháday kessah rawán at. “Mani golám cha man begenday do say sál mastera bit. Nun mani shaytánián bechár man har róch hamé gongodám zeminay sará wápént o áiy sará jotkona jat.”

Delá kapp kanókén é kessah wájah Éránnezhádá tahná paméshká áwort ke begwashit á kasániá shaytánén chokké butag.

Alláh Baksh Chorási o Mohammad Ali Éránnezhád modám chawk ant. Chó elith darándhéhán, esháni petáni mirás ham beh bahra nabant.

Baré baré wájah Éránnezhád wati wejethérian warákána zurit o manig o Gelásiay lógá kayt pa sobáregá. Wájah chó Yuropi espétpostán káshok o konthagay sará waraga wárt. Gelási panchén lankokán waragay tahá ména shordénit o dapará mastera kant o wárt.

Wájah Éránnezhád edá ópára kant.

Waragá rand, wájah Éránnezhád hammámá rawt o dastána shódit o Gelási hamedá kechenay nalá shákárit o ókárit o watá sapá kant. Wájah Éránnezhádá hamé ádat toshé dósta nabit. Hamé káray sará modám Gelásiá habara dant. “Taw orhay pira bay bale mira nabay. Tará chár sál ent é molkay lápá bale tai ádat drost hamá jatth o Balóchi ant. Taw natwánay beraway hammámá dastán beshóday? É áshpazay nalá shomá warák o sabzagán sapá kanét, padá taw hamedá jahlád ay káay wati chirkién dastána shóday.”

Wájah Éránnezhádá wati delay zahráni kasshagá rand máret ke Gelásiá gapp delá áwortag, paméshká narm tarret. “Taw mani chokk ay, paméshká tará é sójá dayán. Shomá é wánendahén molká ke káét, wati molkay Jatth o Balóchi ádatán wayl kanét. Orupáyá, Orupáay dábá bebét.”

Chonáhá, Gelásiá modám wájah Éránnezháday kamáshi cháretag o áiy é warhén hakkal delá nayáwortagant, bale á róchá kahrwár hasaddá jat o wájah Éránnezháday habari tóká borret. “Tará che kár ent mani kará? Gón wati suhetagen kóthá! Mazanén sháhokaré ay taw!”

Wájah Éránnezhád anchosh sohr o syáh tarret, purah áiy démá yakkéa Khomayniay nám geptagat. Zahrá zahr, pád átk o wati haythkoláhi sará kort o drahán o larzáná cha lógá dar átk. Man o Gelási hayrán atén ke é choshén habaré wa naat ke wájah chó zahr bekant.

Bezán nakanay ke Éráná sháhokár bagáyá gwashant.

Man o Gelásiá wájah Éránnezhád pa kočekrozwáíé wasshán kort. Wahdé á sahig but ke Balóchi gálwáráni parkay sawabá é “galatpahmi” pád átkag, bechkandagé jat o gwashti: “Orhay, é ajabbatén gappé.”

Ji na. Áiá ke Balóchia gwashant, á zobánay tahá “ajabbatay” labz nést. Na mashreki Balóchestáná na magrebi Balóchestáná. É labz wájah Éránnezhádá wat thahéntag.

Bale chell sálay darándhéhiá pad wájahá báwar butag ke é warhén labzé cha bon o béhá Balóchi zobánay tahá hast.

Man shomará nagwashtagat: Darándhéhi nádráhié!

Cháp o sheng: *Balóchestán Táemz* (Arabi syáhag).

<https://balochistantimes.com/drandehi-pa-sare-shegan-pa-sare/>

Haw Máti, Tai Bacch Kóhestáná ent

Nóróz Hayát

Áiay hamé waswás róch pa róch géshter bayán atant ke man wati molk, Kóhestán, purah yakk karné bit yalah dátag. Hamá molk, hamá dhéh o hamá zeminay saray neshtagén mardomán, bell toré á maróchi warh warhén janjáláni ámách ant, hamáyán maná yakk pajjáré dátag. Nun bárén á mardom chón ant, cha bázén bazzagi o láchárián o rand?

Áiá wati molk chónáhá kasániá yalah kortagat. Bale darándhéhi o darmolki naat. Wánag o zánagay háterá dega yakk mazanén shahréa wándhah at. Har wahdá áiay delá holla kort pa Kóhestánay máhekáni o shápáni nespán, mehter Hasanay bándhomay saray nendag o wati métagay nedárag kanag, yá rózardá Sangin Chawkay sará pattái layb kanagá, gorphá bezán é dega róchá áiá wati kalandhén baygok bastagat o dém pa Kóhestáná rahádag at.

Á tachókén mardé naat, bale wánag o zánagá rand pá lápay shóház o Kóhestánay zagren zahirán, raw o ái kortagat. Baré mazanén shahrá at o baré Kóhestáná. Har wahdá ke á saporá at, modám jérheti: “Agan mani sapor toshoké drájter bebit, man damáná cha wati Kóhestáná sedán, parchá ke maná bázén rawag o áyag o dráj o durén ráh o bandán sapor kanag wassha nabit.”

Bale pa sarjamiá áiá wati molk hamá sálá yalah kort ke Kóhestáná yakk mazanén háre átkagat. É nájabbáren hára purahén Kóhestán mallet. Óday mardománi mál o dalwat, lóg o dhagár, drost hára tabáh kortant. O hamé hára áiay yakk nákové o yakk nákozatké o lahtén sangat ham bort.

Kóhestáná chónáhá modám shodigi butag, tangdasti butag, mardom garib o bazzag butagant. Óday mardománi masterén jérhah hamé butag maróchigén náná warén, bándá Hodá máleké, bass káhoké warén o ráhoké rawén. Agan hamé káhoka kotthant, gorphá yakk hamsáhegé, hamráhé yá syád o wáresé pa wám o badalá káhoké dant. O agan hamé káhok o náhok cha wám o badalay dazrásá dhann butagant gorphá zalur

yakk bráté, masterén chokké yá lógay kamáshéa wati del dhaddh kortag o dari molkán shotag o dega rájáni kerrá mozzurié kortag, mát, pet, jan o chokké láp dátá.

Á ham lápay shóházá o cha Kóhestánay bazzagi o láchárián watá rakkénagá cha wati dhéhá dur shot o darpadar but. Gón darmolkiay gissh o walán, á cha wati molk, wati zobán o wati dód o rabédagán sest, parchá ke molk wa chonáhá molké naat. Wahdé áia wati molk yakk baré yalah kort, padá tán baláhén moddatéa áiy delá nagwasht ke wati molká wátarr bebán. Zobán cha karnán dhálchár kanag butagat o padá Kóhestánay chokkán ham choshén shehmén káré nakortagat ke wati zobáná bedárant. Sarkára wa chónáhá ganterén kár kortagat pa áyáni zobánay géshter gár o bégwáh kanagá. Paméshká áia hechbar choshén hobb o wáhag nabut ke wati zobáná bwánit o benebisit. Wahdé pa kár o mozzuriá degaráni molká wándhaha bay, pa áyáni kampani o daptarán kár kanagá, tará allam áyáni pocch o póshák gwará kanaga kapant. O hamé warhá áia ham gón degaráni pocch o póshákán anchó ádat kortagat ke padá wati pósháki hechbar gwará nakortant.

Arabestán o Aprikáyá beger tán Magrebi molkán, é si o hapt sáláy darmolkiay darpadarián, á chó sarhetagén dára kortagat, anchosh warókán wártagat, goddhiá bass áiy kerrá abéd cha yakk némbondagén máreshtéa dega hecch pasht nakaptagat.

Bass áia máret, maná yakk watané hastent, maná yakk zobáné hastent, maná yakk rájé hastent o mani rájá yakk zeminé hastent ke hazarán sál hamódá neshtag. Bale Kóhestán maróchán jangéay ámách ent, chokk janag o koshag bayagá ant, cha wati zeminay sará pa zór kasshag o darándhéh kanag bayagá ant, yá lahtén lálech o lahtén bihár dáyag bayagá ent ke sarkáray zolmay sará dapesch band bebit. Á hamé máreshbán modám ásay warhá kothént o áiy tahay ás géshter jambur kort ke wati dhéhá wátarr bekan, nun bass ent inchok darándhéhi o darmolki.

Yakk róché áia kass hál nadát, na darmolkay o na wati Kóhestánay sangat o mardom, bass wati hórké cháderi chandhet o dém pa wati dhéhá rahádag but. Jonzagá pésar yakk baré áia wati delá sakk jérhet: “Begwashán wati mardomán o wati sangatán, nun bass ent maná darmolki, man wati molká rawaga lóthán, wati zobáná habar kanaga lóthán, wati pocch o póshákán gwará kanaga lóthán. Bass ent dega rájáni pádunán kapag, wáay watan o hoshkén dár, angata rawán hoshkén dára pánaga bán, sharter ent.”

Bale gón wat bechkandet o gwashti: “Enna, kassá delwárag kanaga nalóthán. Man hamé dhawlá ke watá darándhéh kortag, hamé warhá kassá hála nadayán o rawán wati sará Kóhestánay delbandá éra kanán, wati zeminá, wati háká sáhaté áráma kanán.”

Áiay darmolkiay waswás rást butant, wáki Kóhestán nun badal butagat. Á damk, á shahr, á bázár, á métagán wati rang badal kortagat. Mollá Pátomahá jangá pésar métag yalah kortagat o áiay mazanén kampán dhoretag o kaptagat. Mehter Hasan o Nódánay bázáray mardomán jangá rand wati bázár yalah dátag o Kóhestán wayrán kortagat. Bale Kóhestánay bámsáray kawsh, rózar, syahgwát, máhekáni, ásén tabd, hámén o háménay awalsaray getrángén náh tán bégamjangi pógas o cha sálay awali hawrá rand missay bó, drost hamá péshigén warhá atant.

Haw, máti! Tai bacch Kóhestáná ent.

Cháp o sheng: *Balóchestán Táemz* (Arabi syáhag).

<https://balochistantimes.com/hao-mathi-tae-bach-kohestana-en/>

Gawlok o Mollá Charsiay Táit

Habib Kadhodái

Man cha mátá wahdé ke pédá bután o chammon pach kortant, chárán mani sajjahén kahólay mardom anchó gal ant, har yakké pa démé gón warh warhén tárip o sepatán maná tawára jant. Tru ján pa saré gal ent o sáhaté sad bará watá mani sará nadr o kawliga kant ke chamrók jáné pédá butag. Mátá gwashit mazár jáné pédá butag. É némagá ballok o piroka gwashant sardaré pédá butag, á némagá gohár gwashagá ant dáktar ján o páeith jáné pédá butag.

Anchó lógay mardom pádáni sará óshtátagant ke Hodá makant maná hordén tap o nádráhié begipt, harkas pa sare wat hayráté kant. Yakké pasé koshit, yakké góké, dega yakké Shay Kallagay zyáratay swáliga bit. Man anchó gawlok o náz o náyápt án ke cha mehr o moribatá abéd dega hecch chizza nagendán. Man gwánzagay tahá galá bál án, cha zeminá chest án, gón watá hamé gwashagá án ke donyáay bématth o békeccchah man wat án o bass.

Lógay mardénchokk éwaká man atán. Nun ke anchosh man daré daré master bayán atán, man har róch wasshokén sárháyag o satáyán eshkonagá atán. Shomá wata zánét bázén sárháyag ensána cha zeminá chesta kant o mani bagal gwát gerán ant. Nun man watá wati tahá anchó borz lékagá án, gón wat gwashagá án ke mani paymén chóthkoláh o chóthgiwárén sharborr, é donyáay tahá néstent o éwaká bóigay poll man án.

Wahdé ke man eskul bendát kort, hecch ketábéay dapon pach nakort, bale chárán har róch mani nambar nózdah o bist ant. Man pegr kort haw... nun man án o man, bale bezán é mani nózdah o bistén nambaráni kessah o kaháni esh ent ke may zámát eskulay hedhmástar ent o é dega mástari gwashtagant ke mani waserkzátka cha nózdahá kamter madayét ke é, lógay yakkén mardénchokk ent o eshiay gohára wati brát cha man ham dóstter ent. Agan shomá kammok nambari bedayét, gohári maná sér cha zá o habara kant. Zá o habará jahndam, tán sabáhá maná nendag o pád áyagay sezáyá dant.

Anchosh ke man rodán o mazan bayán án o bagaláni gwát géshter bayán ant, nun pa é báwará rasetagán ke cha man dega hechkas sharter o zántkárter é donyáyá néstent. Hodá ján zendé mani nasibá bekant dega chandé sálá molkay sarmasteri o lidhariá dastá gerán o anchosh gón hamé dhalagén hayálán atán ke dáneshgáhá sar bután o man angat hamé hayálay tóká atán ke donyáay bóigay poll éwaká man án.

Yakk róché má kelásá wánagá atén, mástarji lagget wati sárháyag o táripá. Gwashti: “Man é kortag o á kortag.” Maná é habará sakk tawrént o gaynz geptán. Zenday tahá awali bar at ke degaréá watá mani démá chó sárhát. Man cha adaré dapá zort ke: “Taw ché gwashagá ay mástarji? Taw sará barábar ay? Watsará wat, taw wati bagal gwát dátagant. Agan tará o dáneshgáhay é dega mástarán dánchezopay tahá bechópant, shomá sajjahén mani cháreké nabét. Berawét dega jágahé wati golán bekeláénét.”

Bezán mástarjiará é habará sakk tawrént o é dega ostádi gwashtant ke é sorotthén bachakká sharr berépénét o hecch nambari madayét. Dáneshgáhay chár sál purah but bale man angat wati wánag pa ásar o saburat narasént. Bale man cháret ke géshter dáneshgáhá bedarán, mardom kalága gerant. Paméshká man chérokái wánag angár kort bale mardománi démá gwashton ke wánagon pa saburat raséntag, bale ádaroké pa kará wákona nakant o kammoké damé sásarán gorhá démterá karé dast o páda kanán.

Man har róch wájakári kóthé gwará kort o bagal gwáta dátant, cha lógá dara bután o molkay sarhakk gwáza kortant, yá ke baré baré bégáhána shotán dini madrasahay kashá ke hamódá métagay bachakka átk o moccha butant yá ke baré baré cha dini madrasahay kashá tánke Miránay pallay gwará kadamona jat.

Bale nun moddaté bayagá ent ke gón watá jérhagá án o watará hamé gwashagá án róché na róché ásar mardom sarpada bant ke mani wánag kappi butag o é dróg tán kadéná chér o andém buta kant? Gorhá yakk paymé nimmóné bekanán o cha molká dar bekapán ke cha é mazanén drógá dar gazá o dar amán bebán.

Yakk bégáhé, pésarigén rócháni dábá sarhakk gwáz kanagá atán, may syádé ke námi Jánal Gázáilkassh at, sarhakkay sará gón man dochár kapt. Man gón áiá tayár jórhi kort, hamé óshtátagén jágahá wájahá darráént: “Maná sharr pahell kan, man cha molká rawán.” Gón hamé habaray eshkonagá ajekkah bután. Man ham cha adaré jost kort: “Kojá raway?” Passawi dát: “Yuropá.” Man padá ajekkah bután o gwashton: “Jánal ján! Yuropay rawag ásán naent.”

Na, man cháret, Jánal Ján nun hecch paymá dáragay dábá naent o pádi yakk kalléa kortag o gwasht: “Har dáb mantag man Yuropá berawán. Bass mani do sangáray gázáil pasht kaptag, é doén sangárana janán o máshiná bahá kanán o zarrán wati saparay nawl o bárhaha kanán.”

Padá má jost kort: “Chónoká raway?”

“Bale, chó rawán: Yuropá wati molkáni simsar pach kortagant. Sajjahén mahluk chandhag o rawagá ent. Záná taw sarpad naay ke Yákub o Mawloká do máhá pésar wati pas o gók bahá kortant o dém pa Yuropá shotant o annun sar butagant? Maná Bogay Gaws begipt, annun anchó barábar ant, do máhay tóká harkasá pa wat ÁiPawné zortag.”

Gorhá man hamódá thóthal jat ke man agan edá bedarán, mardom sahig bebant man dáneshgáh halás nakortag, mahlukay démá páshka bán. Man ham beshoténán sakk sharr at.

Man cha Jánal jáná jost kort: “Kadi? Kojám róchá pakká rahádaga bét?”

Gwashti: “Hodal Benzwála, benzay bahá kanagá Chahbárá shotag, á byayt o man é doén sangarán bebarán, bisté róch dega rahádaga bén.”

Gorhá gwashton ke shomá pësh cha eshiá ke rahádag bebét, allamá maná sahig bekanét. Chárán balkén man ham átkán. Jánal Gázáilkasshá gwasht: “Allamá pësh cha sar o sargerá tará sahiga kanén ke taw ham tayári bekanay. Sakk wassh ent agan taw byáay bale mani dela najant ke taw gón má byáay. Taw wati kahólay gawlok ay.”

Gorhá man shotán lógá o habaray saron kammoké záher kort, chárán hechkas dast nazzikká naylit. Mátá gwasht: “Taw agan beraway tará mani shir nápahell ant.”

Balloká ham gwasht: “Bábá ján! Hamedá benend, ché kanay raway káperáni molká? Tai imán sosta bit o tai dód o rabédag pahk gára bant.”

Goharán ham sarig gotthá kort ke taw may yakkén brát ay. Taw beraway edá mára zahira koshtant.

É Jánalay bist róch tawám bayagá ant, chárán lógay mardom hecch dábá razá nabayagá ant. Shapé baytheká man o mani nákozátk Bálánch neshtagatén, Bálánchon gwasht ke byá maná choshén erádah o maksadé hastent bale lógay mardom rázig nabayagá ant. Gwashti: “Hecch paréshán mabay. Maná yakk molláé zabardastén hast ke tará táité dant ke sajjahénán anchó deltarréna kant ke á wati dapá tará begwashant ke beraw.

Bale é mollá pa harkasá choshén kára nakant. Yá pa wati nazzikkén bél o bráhondagán é kárana kant yá ke kaséa bázén zarré bebit, yá ke

washrangén ensáné bebit. Bale nákozáték ján! Taw hecch paréshán mabay, mollá mani sangat ent, má modám hórígá charsa kasshén o pa chars kasshagay nimmoná rawén, sari ke dhambart, neshahay tóká pakká tai kára kant.”

Má chandé espéshalén sigári chars cha Abdol Mondhay gwará zort o shotén molláay baytheká o salám alayk butén. Chandé meneth ke gwast, Bálánchá sigári chars sar kort. Molláyá awalá mani démá nakasshet, bale Bálánchá gwasht: “Mollá ján! Hecch mators, é mani nákozáték ent. Dapi kobl o karhi o ‘Mayd en Jápán’ ent. Byá bekassh. Agan é charsá makasshay, tai ném omr bezán zawál but.” Gorhá molláyá gón kammoké tors o larzá chars kasshet.

Bezán molláyá cháromi dam ke jat, charsá mollá anchó gept ke Balóchi zobáni pahk shamosht o lagget Ordu kanagá ke:

”ابئے یار! یہ کیسا چرس ہے جو لوگوں کو آسمان کی ساتویں منزل پر لے جاتا ہے۔“

Man gwasht: “Mollá! Tará tapar belaggát, mani pahkén Orduay zánt

’سلام، کیسے ہو؟ مجھے تم سے محبت ہے‘

ent ke cha Amitáb Bacchanay pelmá yád geptag. Sharr ent annun, taw gark bátay, maná táité beday ke mani lógay mardom rázig bebant ke man berawán Yuropá.”

Molláyá gwasht:

”یہ کوئی بڑی بات نہیں ہے۔ ابھی تم لوگوں کو ایسا تعویذ دونگا، تھمارا کام دس منٹ میں پورا ہو جائے گا۔“

Mollá Charsiá mára táit dát o má bort métagá. Cháren, lógay mardom yakk róché nagwast rázig butant. Petá thokkoré zemin bahá kort, máta wati sohr bahá kortant o mára sharrén zarrok o marroké dátesh. Habdahomi róchá Jánalá zang jat ke má tayár én o taw ham wati chen o bandá bekan ke say róchá rand rahádga bén.

Gorhá má barábar bistomi róchá dém pa Yuropá rahádag butén o may saporá do máh lagget o má Yuropá rasetén.

Má ke wahdé Yuropá rasetén, pegren kort ke nun dega pahkén chizz sharr butant, bale bezán kessah o kaháni nóki bongéj bayagá ant. Pa

Mawlok o Yákubá zangen jat: “Má wa heccha nazánén, ché bekanén bárén?”

Gwashtesh: “Bázén chest o éré nalóthit, har kojá polisé distó, begwashét: *‘I am a refugee.’* Gorhá shomará wata bárt mayárjalliay kárgesá sarmenzela kant.”

Má hamé kár kort o may lankok o mankokáni neshánesh geptant o mára hamé mayárjalliay edárahá adároki jáhé dátesh ke edá do haptagá bedárét o do haptagá pad shomará mokimi kaympá déma dayén.

Má padá wati sangatáni sará zang jat ke má sarmenzel butagén, byáét gendoké kanén. É doén wájah átkant. Anchosh ke chammesh pa má kaptant, kandagá laggetant. Ajekkah butén ke eshán che mark ent ke keki keki kandagá ant? Gwashtesh: “Angat shomará Balóchi chólak gwará ant, edá é godáni molk naent. Gwahr shomará chólakáni tahá próshit, sárti koshitó, zutt daresh kanét.

Bécháragén ballokay habaray hayálá kaptán ke wáki rásti gwasht ke darmolká mardomay dód o rabédag kamm kammá gára bant.

Má ham gón nákamén delé gajari darésé jat o shotén dém pa bázará. Anchó ke rawagá atén, ráhay tahá joston kort: “Mára gwashtagesh ke do haptagá rand byáét pelán jágahá, mára lahtén jost hastent. É ché lóthant jost bekanant?” Jwábesh dát: “Josta kanant ke taw molká ché kortag ke pa óday mánagá tai ján dar hatar butag? Taw báyard késé bedayay ke á báwar bekanant.”

Man gwasht: “Man wa heccha nazánán ché begwashán, gorhá ché bekanán?”

Yákub o Mawloká gwasht ke má lahtén kadimi Balóch ke dér ent edá átkagant dar geptag. Rawén drostána gendén ke tará sharr sar o sój bekanant. Bale asli gapp esh ent ke edá géshter syási o Masihi késa chalit. Taw agan lóthay tai kár zutter jórh bebant, báyard cha é doén ráhán yakké gechén bekanay. Man gwasht: “É doén ráh wa nabant. Masihi késay námá hecch mager, bass ent ke may poch shotagant, dega némkappién imán marawt. O mohemter esh ent ke agan é hál balloká berasit, sektahé kant o chárdáray sará dém pa kabrestáná baranti. O agan syási némagá berawán, mani lógay mardomán hokumat gapchaléa chagala dant o á delsyáha bant.

Gorhá maná gwashtesh ke wájakár cha hamedá band bekan o gehter ent ke pach tarr o beraw molká o hamódá padá dini madrasahay kashá bedár o jádah gwáz bekan.

Cha nácháři o gón nákámen delé gwashton: “Jahndamsari, wati sará syási késay sallahána dayán, cha wati némkappiën imánay yalah dayag o ballokay koshagá sharter ent.”

Padá man jost kort ke gorhá chónaká wati syási késá sarjam o tayár bekanán o kay maná komakka kant? Gwashtesh ke yakk wájahé hastent ke pésará Dórápay kallagá Balóchestáná neshtagat o chinchok sál ham Khalijá shékháni syási mosháwer butag o annun dah pánzdah sáli bit ke edá átkag o yakk baláhén syási johdkaré. É donyáay tóká har ché syásat hastent, hamé marday kerrá ent. O eshkonagá é wájahay pirok Charchalay syád o hamkásag butag o wájakár Charchalay dábén mazanaglé.

Gorhá hamesh ent má shotén wájahay gendoká o anchó ke may chamm pa wájahá kaptant, wájakáray boland o báláén kadd o chárshánagén andám gón kóth o patlun o kráwát o Róleksén sáhatá ke dist, man wati delá gwasht: “Wáki cha eshiá donyáay tahá dega syásatter buta nakant. Anchén syásatkaré ke modám wájahay sar inchok syási parwandaháni tóká butag ke áiy gardená becháray pahk chukketag o gár ent.”

Gorhá wájakára mára anchén sarpadi dát ke ché begwashán o ché magwashán. Randá gwashti ke man yakk kágadé ham pa taw nebisán o dayán, har wahd ke dádgáhá shotay, mani é kágadá beday o tará dega kár mabit o allamá chár o panch róchay darmyáná pás tai jébá bit.

Dádgáhay wahd raset o má shotén ódá o har habaré ke wájakára mára sój dátatag má gwasht o á kágad ham dát. Dádgáhá mardakóá kágad ke dist, sari sorént o gwashti ke é kágaday nebisók kay ent? Man gwasht ke hamé may mazanén syási lidhar na, ke sakkén mazanén syási johdkaré.

Dádgáhay mardakóá chó chapp chappá maná cháret o gwashti: “Maná na tai kágad kabul ent o na tai habar.”

Man gwasht: “É chón? Wájah! É hamá mardomá nebeshtag o maná dátatag ke donyáay pahkén syásat hamáiy gwará ambár ent.”

Gwashti: “Taw dega chizzé gwashagá ay o é kágadá dega chizzé nebeshtah ent.”

Bezán wájahay sodd o sár kojá butag ke kágaday tóká cha namiránén Kamálánay áwázán Háni o Shay Moriday kessahé nebeshtagi.

Wájahán o bánokán!

É may mazanén Rólekswáláén syási lidharay gapp o kaháni hamá kessah ent ke wahdé aspán chakkásay maydáná rawagay ejázat mabit, gorhá cha harán yakké zalur chakkásay áheri keshká rasit o nambar yakka bit. É kágadnebisén wájakár edá hamá wahdi átkag ke hecch dega johdkáren mardom nabutag o annun záherá syási lidharé ke donyáay sajjahén syásat áiy gwará ant.

Bale annun gón wati dátágén késá má ham syási butén o na molká shota kanén o na edá may habarán kassé báwara kant. Bale yakk róché Mollá Charsiy wahmá kaptán o pa Bálánchá zangé jaton ke Mollá Charsi balkén mani moshkelá gón táité saránjámé bedant. Bale Molláyá gwashtgat ke é kár cha mani wáká dar ent o mani dam o dutt o táit gón Parangán kára nakanant. Agan táité gón Parangán kár bekant, gorhá bass Palliriay wájahay táit o dwá ant.

Annun má yakk mardomé dém dátág Palliriay wájahay gwará o wájahá ham wati nékén dwá kortagant o má ham hamesh ent neshtag o darday gánáyá janag o chárágá én ke Palliriay wájahay dwá báren may démi dádghá ché kanant?

Cháp o sheng: *Balóchestán Táemz*.

<https://balochistantimes.com/gawlok-o-molla-charsiy-tait-2/>

Dega Kass Nést

Mehlab Nasir

“Tai hamé ketáb ke taw lóthetagan, man gisshéntagan.”

“Sharr en, amamá. Agan kasé átk, démesh day gón.”

“Chó wa mádaró kass kassá hálo nadan, bale tai petá goshin, ayrpóρθhá bártesh, aga yakkéá Hodáyá parmát wa tai petesh démo dan, bale é Doshambhéá nabi, Passhambhéá bárén tai petesho bá.”

“Sharr en, amamá.”

Ammá nun maná donyáay badal bayagay hálán dayagá at ke “Kass, kassigi naen, kass, kassi lógay dapá nayay, kass, kassi hálá nagí. Wahdán mobáel o bendhásk nabuta, bale mardomgeri buta. Nun mobáel, neth, Wassapé che baláhé hast, bale del dur an.”

Man záherá “ji haw... haw” kanagá atán bale delá gwashagá atán ke amamá purah dém pa démá majles kanagá ent, darmolki thilpun chón grán ent, bale maná del nabut ke begwasháni ke bandi kan. Tán mani kárdh halás but, ammányá haminchok hál maná dát kort, dáti. Pawn ke band but, man chamm nazz kortant, mani ars retkant...

Chinchok chinchok wahdá pad man gón mátá gappa kanán. Chón tahná but, man dar átkán. Delá gwasht peryát kan o begré, bale man ars pahk kortant. Sóchon kort ke sócha nakanán, é gappá. Hayál é dega chizzáni némagá tarrénagay johdon kort.

“Bárén chizzi raséntan? Kojam nasakki tai petá dém dátagan. Harkasará ke goshta, goshi may wati jenday sámán báz an. Padá marchán wa eshán hadhakkah kota. Chizz bezán dém dayago nabi, nebah bekan mardom...”

“Toshé tabáheg o yakk kappóén náhé man chérokái mán kota. Tai pet negba mani saray tahá óshtáta. Mani hóshi kassheta ke wazan báz en, nabarant gón. Chó wa rásto goshi bale mani delá chó ér nakenzet... Hamá aiday tabáheg en, man toshé gotthá basta...”

Ammáyá Jomahá beger tán Panchshambehá hamé gapp ke gón wati éwakiá, gón addáya, gón truá, o harkasá ke gósh dáshtagat, jatagatant, gón man jatanti. O man padá “ji haw” o “rást en” kanán o jérhán atán ke é garmá mani pet chón janjál butag, chinchó mardomay mennati geptag o é chizzi dém dátagant.

“Nun man wati ketábána nalóthán.” Gón é hayálán delá trekkagé jat. Dard, gwashay hóná hawár but o sarjamén jesmá sapari kort, chamm arsig butant.

Ketáb proshtagén páday warhá palastarán atant. Kammok tabáheg o kappóén náhé maná sar but. Tabáhegon kasshet ke grádáni bale molkay aid o dém pa démiay tránagán maná anchó béwár o béchárh kort ke man padá hamá godi thokkorá ke mátá patátagat, patát o ér kort. Del ér retk o ér retk.

Man ketáb dastá kortant, kandet. “Ammáyá genday! Choshén pakkákári?” Kappó, man pach kort o zamánagi shodigáni paymá tán némá halás kort.

Górhiá kapátay áyagay wahd, pógas o getrángáni tránagán maná pretk. Delá gwasht bemer... bale chó chón mardoma merit? Kóthiá shotán, tahtay sará tachk butan o chamm nazz kortant.

Delá gwasht ketábán pach kan bale béwáki o abétkiá pád áyag naesht.

“Man go tai nókén cháder an... Bale shomá wa ódá cháder sará nakané. Másiay chokk átkaga, cháderi dertaga, maná bazzag bu, man dátan náme Hodá. Hoshká kaptagan, jórhahe sayndhal atan bale tará Hodá dega dan, man pisabilelláh dátan gón.”

“Taw sharr kota, amma. Mani dháeri dém dá gón?”

“Nazánin, yakké chó kápiay dhawlá at, pósh kotaga, man mán ko. Man wa pajjáhi nayárin, bale yakké hasta, mán ko gón.”

Man zánt ke mani dháeri pósh nakortag. Ammáyá allam dega chizze mani dháeri kortag o dém dátag.

Ketábán haptagé gwastagat ke átkagatant, bale man angat pach nakortagatant. Delá gwasht pachesh kan.

Palastar ke lerhént, man prisht kort o kandet.

“Ammáyá genday! Mánóay kápii dém dátag. É bazzag bepatthit bepatthit kápiá nagendit o kápi Mashkatá sar ent.”

Kápi mani dastá at o man nazánt ke dardé at agan wasshié, bale mani hón mán mani ragán chawl janagá at.

Man lahm lahmá kápi samárt, purah Máhuay názorkén démok at. Ták léthénán kortant. Bechkandagé mani lontháni sará práh rawán at.

Unit one: My Family.

Abbáay dhráeng, pirén mardé at. Chérá *Granddad* nebeshtah at.

Man kandet.

Ammáay dhráeng, pirén kómpén janéné at gón chashmaká. Chérá *Grandmother* nebeshtah at.

Man géshter kandet.

Fatheray dhráengá Mánóay dhráengay dast geptagat.

Motheray dhráengá nonnokay warhén dhráengé baddhá at.

Sisteráni dhráeng, kashmáncash óshtátogatant.

Uncleay dhráengay kashá yakk botokkéay káth kortagén dhráengay jahlá káth kortagén *Auntie* man dist.

Cháp o sheng: *Balóchestán Táemz* (Arabi syáhag).
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Mother ۾ ڏرائنگا ٺٺڪئ ۱ وڙين ڏرائنگئ ٻڏا اٽ .

Sister ۱ني ڏرائنگ ، ڪش مان ڪش اوشتاگ اٽنت .

Uncle ۾ ڏرائنگئ ڪشا يڪ ٻٽڪئئ ڪاٺ ڪرتڪين ڏرائنگئ جِهلا ڪاٺ
ڪرتگين *Auntie* من ديست .

چاپ و شنگ : بلوچستان ٽائمز .

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دلا گوشت پچش کن۔

پلستر کہ لڑنت، من پریشت کرت و کندت۔

”امایا گندے! مانوئے کاپی ای دیہ داتگ۔ اے بزگ پپیت پپیت کاپیا
نگدیت و کاپی مشکتا سر انت۔“

کاپی منی دستا ات و من نزانت کہ دردے ات اگن وشییے، بلہ منی ہون مان
منی رگان چٹول جنگا ات۔

من لہم لہما کاپی سمارت، پورہ مانوئے نازرکین دیمک ات۔ تاک لیٹینان
کرتنت۔ بچکندگے منی لٹنانی سرا پراہ رٹوان ات۔

Unit one: My Family

آبائے ڈرائنگ، پیرین مردے ات۔ چیرا *Granddad* نبشتہ ات۔
من کندت۔

آمائے ڈرائنگ پیرین کومپین جنینے ات گون چشمکا۔ چیرا *Grandmother*
نبشتہ ات۔

من گیشتر کندت۔

Father ڈرائنگا مانوئے ڈرائنگے دست گپتگ ات۔

کتاب پُرشَتگین پادئے وژا پلستران اَنت. کُمک تباہگ و کپوین ناہے منا سر بوت. تباہگن کشت کہ گرادانی بلہ مُلکے ائیید و دیم پہ دیمے ترانگان منا آنچو بیوار و بیچاژ کرت کہ من پدا ہما گدی ٹکرا کہ ماتا پناگات، پتات و ایر کرت. دل ایر رتک و ایر رتک.

من کتاب دستا کرتنت، کندت. ”امایا گندے! چشین پکاکاری؟“ کپو، من پیچ کرت و زمانگی شدیگانی پیما تان نیما ہلاس کرت.

گوژیا کپاتے آیکے وهد، پوگس و کترانگانی ترانگان منا پرتک. دلا گوشت بمر... بلہ چو چون مردم مریت؟ کوٹیا شتان، تھتے سرا تچک بوتان و چم نر کرتنت.

دلا گوشت کتابان پیچ کن بلہ بیواکی و ابیتکیا پاد آیک نہ اشت.

”من گو تئی نوکین چادر آن... بلہ شما وہ اودا چادر سرا نکنے. ماسیے چک آتکگہ، چادری درتگہ، منا بڑگ بو، من داتن نام ہدا. ہشکا کپتگ آن، جوڑھے سینڈل اتن بلہ ترا ہدا دگہ دن، من پی سیبللاہ داتن گون.“

”تسو شر کتہ، اما. منی ڈائری دیم دا گون؟“

”نزانین، یکے چو کاپیے ڈٹولا ات، پوش کتگہ، من مان کو. من وہ پجاہی نییارین، بلہ یکے ہستہ، مان کو گون.“

من زانت کہ منی ڈائری پوش نکرتگ. امایا الم دگہ چیڑے منی ڈائری کرتگ و دیم داتگ.

کہ بگوشانی کہ بندی کن۔ تان منی کارڈ ہلاس بوت، اُمایا ہمینچک ہال
 منا دات کرت، داتی۔ پئون کہ بند بوت، من چم نر کرتنت، منی ارس رتکنت۔

چینچک چینچک وهدا پد من گون ماتا گپ کنان۔ چون تھنا بوت، من در
 اتکان۔ دلا گوشت پریات کن و بگرے، بلہ من ارس پھک کرتنت۔ سوچن
 کرت کہ سوچ نکان اے گپا۔ ہیال اے دگہ چیزانی نیمگا ترینگے جھدن
 کرت۔

”بارین چیزئی رسینتن؟ کجام نسکی تئی پتا دیم داتگان۔ ہرکسارا کہ
 گشتہ، گشی مے وتی سامان باز آن۔ پدا مرچان وہ اشان ہدگہ کتہ۔ چیز
 بزان دیم دئیگ نبی، نبہ بکن مردم...“

”تھے تباہگ و یک کپون ناہے من چیزکایی مان کتہ۔ تئی پت نگبہ منی
 سرے تھا اوشتاتہ۔ منی ہوشی کشتہ کہ وزن باز ان، نبرنت گون۔ چو وہ
 راست گشی بلہ منی دلا چو ایر نکنزت... ہما ائییدے تباہگ ان من تھے
 گنا بستہ...“

امایا جمہا بگر تان پنچشمبھا ہمے گپ کہ گون وتی ایوکیا، گون ادایا، گون
 تروا، و ہرکسا کہ گوش داشتگات، جتگانتت، گون من جنتتی۔ و من پدا
 ”جی ہئو“ و ”راست ان“ کنان و جیزان اتان کہ اے گرما منی پت چون
 جنجال بوتگ، چینچک مردمے متئی گپتگ و اے چیزئی دیم داتگان۔

”نون من وتی کتابان نلوٹان۔“ گون اے ہیالان دلا ترگے جت۔ درد،
 گوشے ہونا ہئوار بوت و سرجمین جسما سپری کرت، چم ارسیگ بوتنت۔

دِگه کَسّ نیست

مهلب نسیر

”تئیی همه کتاب که تئو لوئتگان، من گیشیبتگان.“

”شَرّان، اَمّا! اگن کَسّے آتک، دِیمش دئے گون.“

”چو وَه مادرۆ، کَسّ کَسّا هالُ ندن، بله تئیی پتا گشین ائیرپورٹا بارتش، اگن یکیا هُدايا پرمات وَه تئیی پتیش دِیم دَن، بله اے دوشمبها نبی، پشمبها بارین تئیی پتیشُ با.“

”شَرّان، اَمّا.“

اَمّا نون منا دنیائے بدل بئیگئے هالان دئیگا ات که ”کَسّ، کَسّیگی نهان، کَسّ، کَسّی لوگئے دپا نئیے، کَسّ، کَسّی هالا نگی. وهدان مُبائل و بنداسک نبوته، بله مردمگری بوته. نون مُبائل، نِٹ و وَسپے چه بلاهے هست، بله دل دور اَن.“

من زاهرا ”جی هئو... هئو“ کنگا اتان بله دلا گوشگا اتان که اَمّا پوره دِیم په دِیما مجلس کنگا انت، درملکی ٹیلپون چوَن گران انت، بله منا دل نبوت

ادا ہما وھدی آتکگ کہ ہچ دگہ جھدکارین مردم نبوتگ و انون زاھرا
سیاسی لیڈرے کہ دنیائے سجھین سیاست آییے گورا آنت۔

بلہ انون گون وتی داتگین کینسا ما ہم سیاسی بوتین و نہ ملکا شت کنین و
نہ ادا مئے ہبران کسے باور کنت۔ بلہ یک روچے ملا چرسیئے وھما کپتان
و پہ بالانچا زنگے جئن کہ ملا چرسی بلکین منی مشکلا گون تایتے
سرانجامے بدنت۔ بلہ ملایا گوشتگ آت کہ اے کار چہ منی واکا در انت و
منی دم و دوت و تایت گون پرنگان کار نکنت۔ اگن تایتے گون پرنگان
کار بکنت، گرا بس پلیریئے واجھے تایت و دوا آنت۔

انون ما یک مردمے دیم داتگ پلیریئے واجھے گورا و واجھا ہم وتی نیکین
دوا کرتگ آنت و ما ہم ہمیش انت نشتگ و دردئے گانایا جنگ و چارگا این
کہ پلیریئے واجھے دوا بارین مئے دیمی دادگاھا چے کنت؟

چاپ و شنگ: بلوچستان ٹائمز۔

<https://balochistantimes.com/gawlok-o-molla-charsiay-tait/>

شُتے، منی اے کاگدا بدے و ترا دگہ کار مبیٹ و الما چار و پنچ روچے
درمیان پاس تئی جیبا بیت .

دادگاہے وهد رست و ما شتین اودا و هر هبرے که واجکارا مارا سوچ
داتگ آت، ما گوشت و آکاگد هم دات . دادگاہے مردکوا کاگد که دیست،
سری سُرینت و گوشتی که اے کاگدے نیسوک کئے انت؟ من گوشت که
همے مئے مزین سیاسی لیڈر نه، که سکین مزین سیاسی جُهدکارے .

دادگاہے مردکوا چو چپ چپا منا چارت و گوشتی: ”منا نه تئی کاگد کبول
انت و نه تئی هبر .“

من گوشت: ”اے چون، واجه! اے هما مردما نبشتگ و منا داتگ که دنیائے
پهکین سیاست هماییے گورا اَمبار انت .“

گوشتی: ”تتو دگه چیزے گوشگا ائے و اے کاگدا دگه چیزے نبشته انت .“
بزان واجهے سُد و سار کجا بوتگ که کاگدے توکا چه نمیرانین کمالائے
آوازن هانی و شے مریدے کسھے نبشتگی .

واجهان و بانکان!

اے مئے مزین رولکس والاین سیاسی لیڈرے گپ و کهانی هما کسّه انت
که وهدے اسپان چکاسے مئیدانا رتوگے اجازت مبیٹ، گرا چه هران یکه
زلور چکاسے آهری کشکا رسیت و نمبریک بیت . اے کاگدنیسین واجکار

گڑا منا گوشتِش کہ واجکار چہ ہمدہ بند بکن و گہتر انت کہ پیچ تر و برئو
ملکا و همؤدا پدا دینی مدرسہئے کشا بدار و جادہ گواز بکن.

چہ ناچاری و گؤن ناکامین دلے گوشتن: ”جہندم سری، وتی سرا سیاسی
کینسے سلہان دئیان، چہ وتی نیم کپین ایمانے یلہ دئیگ و بلکئے کشگا
شرتر انت.“

پدا من جست کرت کہ گڑا چؤنکا وتی سیاسی کیسا سرجم و تیار بکنان و
کتے منا کُمک کنت؟ گوشتش کہ یک واجھے هست انت کہ پیسرا دؤر آپے
کلگا بلوچستانا نشتگ ات و چینچک سال ہم خلیجا شیخانی سیاسی مشاور
بوتگ و اتون دہ پانزدہ سالی بیت کہ ادا اتکگ و یک بلاہین سیاسی
جھدکارے. اے دنیائے توکا ہرچے سیاست هست انت، ہمے مردے کرا انت.
و اشکنگا اے واجھے پیرک چرچلے سیاد و ہمکاسگ بوتگ و واجکار
چرچلے دابین مزنا گلے.

گڑا ہمیش انت ما شتین واجھے گندکا و انچو کہ مے چم پہ واجھا کپنت،
واجکارے بلند بالاین کد و چارشانگین اندام گون کوٹ و پتلون و کراوات و
رولکسین ساہتا کہ دیست، من وتی دلا گوشت واکی چہ اشیا دنیائے تھا دگہ
سیاست تر بوت نکنت. انچین سیاستکارے کہ مدام واجھے سر اینچک سیاسی
پروندہانی توکا بوتگ کہ آییے گردنا بچارے پھک چوکتگ و گار انت.

گڑا واجکارا مارا انچین سرپدی دات کہ چے بگوشان و چے مگوشان. رندا
گوشتی کہ من یک کاگدے ہم پہ تئو نیسان و دئیان، ہر وھد کہ دادگاھا

”انگت شمارا بلوچی چولک گورا أنت، ادا اے گدانی مُلک نہ انت. گوهر شمارا چولکانی تھا پرؤشیت، سارتی کُشیتو، زوت دَرش کنیت.“

بیچارگین بلکئے ہبرئے ہیالا کپتان کہ واکی راستی گوشت کہ درملکا مردمئے دؤد و رییدگ کم کما گار بنت.

ما ہم گون ناکامین دله گجری دریسے جت و شُتین دیم پہ بازارا. انچو کہ رٹوگا اتین، راہئے تھا جُستن کُرت: ”مارا گوشتگش کہ دو ہپتگا رند بیایت پلان جاگھا، مارا لہتین جُست هست انت. اے چے لؤنتت جست بکننت؟“ جوابش دات: ”جُست کننت کہ تئو ملکا چے کُرتگ کہ پہ اوڈئے مانگا تئی جان در ہتر بوتگ؟ تئو باید کیسے بدئیے کہ آ باور بکننت.“

من گوشت: ”من وہ ہیچ نزانان چے بگوشان، گڑا چے بکنان؟“

یاکوب و مئولکا گوشت کہ ما لہتین کدیمی بلوچ کہ دیر انت ادا آتکگ انت، در گپتگ. رٹوین درستان گندین کہ ترا شر سر و سوچ بکننت. بلہ اسلی گپ اش انت کہ ادا گپشتر سیاسی و مسیہی کیس چلیت. تئو اگن لؤتئے تئی کار زوت تر جوڑ بینت، باید چہ اے دوین راہان یگے گچین بکنئے. من گوشت: ”اے دوین راہ وہ نبنت. مسیہی کیسے ناما ہیچ مگر، بس انت کہ مئے پُچ شتگ انت، دگہ نیم کپین ایمان مرئوت. و مہمتر اش انت کہ اگن اے ہال بلکا برسیت، سکتھے کنت و چاردارئے سرا دیم پہ کبرستانا برنتی. و اگن سیاسی نیمگا برئوان، منی لوگئے مردمان حکومت گپچلیا چگل دنت و آ دلسیاہ بنت.“

ملا چرسيا مارا تاييت دات و ما بُرت ميٽگا. چارڀن، لوڳئو مردم يڪ رُوچو نگوست رازيگ بوتنت. پتا ٿوڪرے زمين بها کرت، ماتا وتي سهر بها کرتنت و مارا شرڀن زرڪ و مرڪے داتش. هبدهمي رُوچا جانلا زنگ جت که ما تئيار اين و تئو هم وتي چن و بندا بکن که سئو رُوچا رند رهاڳ بين.

گڙا ما برابر بيستمي رُوچا ديم په يورپا رهاڳ بوتين و مئو سپرا دو ماه لگت و ما يورپا رستين.

ما که وهده يورپا رستين، پگرن کرت که نون دگه پهڪين چيز شر بوتنت، بله بزبان کسه و کهاني نوکي بنگيچ بيگا انت. په مئولک و ياکوبا زنگن جت: ”ما وه هيچ نزانين، چه بکنين بارڀن؟“

گوشتش: ”بازين چست و ايرے نلوٽيت. هر کجا پليسه ديستو، بگوشتيت: *I am a refugee*“

گڙا شمارا وت بارت مئيارجليئو کارگسا سرمزل کنت.“

ما همه کار کرت و مئو لنڪ و منڪاني نشانيش گپنتت و مارا همه مئيارجليئو ادارها ادارڪي جاهے داتش که ادا دو هپتگا بداريت و دو هپتگا پد شمارا مڪيمي کئيمپا ديم ديئين.

ما پدا وتي سنگتاني سرا زنگ جت که ما سرمزل بوتگين، بيايت گندڪي کنين. اے دوين واجه آتکنت. انچش که چمش په ما کپنتت، کندگا لگنتت. اچکه بوتين که اشان چه مرڪ انت که کي کي کندگا انت؟ گوشتش:

بلہ اے مُلاّ پہ ہرکسا چُشین کار نکنت۔ یا پہ وتی نَرَبکین بیل و براہندگان
 اے کاران کنت یا کہ کسیا بازین زَرے بییت، یا کہ وشرنگین انسانے بییت۔
 بلہ ناکوزاتک جان تنو ہیچ پَریشان مبعے، ملاّ منی سنگت انت۔ ما مدام
 ہوربگا چرس کشین و پہ چرس کشگئے نیمونا رٹوین، سری کہ ڈمبرت،
 نشہے توکا پکا تئی کارا کنت۔

ما چندے اسپیشلین سیگاری چرس چہ ابدل مُندئے گورا زُرت و شتین ملاّے
 بیٹکا و سلام الٹیک بوتین۔ چندے منٹ کہ گوست، بالانچا سیگاری چرس
 سر کُرت۔ ملاّیا اٹولا منی دیما نکشت، بلہ بالانچا گوشت: ”ملاّ جان! ہیچ
 مٹرس۔ اے منی ناکوزاتک انت۔ دپی کُبل و کزی و (مئیڈ ان جاپان) انت۔
 بیا بکش۔ اگن اے چرسا مکشے، تئی نیم بزان زتوال بوت۔“ گُرا ملاّیا
 گون کُمکے ٹرس و لزا چرس کشت۔

بزان ملاّیا چارمی دم کہ جت، چرسا ملاّ انچو گپت کہ بلوچی زبانی پھک
 شمشت و لگت اردو کنگا کہ ”آبے یار! یہ کیسا چرس ہے جو لوگوں کو
 آسمان کی ساتویں منزل پر لے جاتا ہے۔“

من گوشت: ”ملاّ! ترا تپر بلگات منی پھکین اردوئے زانت (سلام، کیسے
 ہو؟ مجھے تم سے محبت ہے) انت کہ چہ امیتاب بچئے پلما یاد گپتگ۔
 شر انت انون، تنو گرک باتے، منا تایتے بدئے کہ منی لوگے مردم رازیک
 بنت کہ من برٹوان یورپا۔“

مُلاّیا گوشت: ”یہ کوئی بڑی بات نہیں ہے۔ ابھی تم لوگوں کو ایسا تعویذ
 دونگا، تھمارا کام دس منٹ میں پورا ہو جائے گا۔“

من چه جانل جانا جُست کرت: ”کدی؟ کجام رُوچا پکا رها دگ بیت؟“
 گوشتی: ”هُدَلِ بنزوالا، بنزئے بھا کنگا چھبارا شُتگ، آ بیئیت و من اے
 دوین سنگاران ببران، بیستے رُوچ دگہ رها دگ بین.“

گڑا گوشتُن کہ شما پیش چہ اشیا کہ رها دگ بیت، اَلْمَا منا سھیک بکنیت.
 چاران بلکین من ہم آتکان. جانل گازایل کَشَا گوشت: ”اَلْمَا پیش چہ سر و
 سرگرا ترا سھیک کنین کہ تتو ہم تیاری بکنے. سکا وش انت اگن تتو بیائے
 بلہ منی دل نجت کہ تتو گون ما بیائے. تتو وتی کھولے گٹولک ائے.“

گڑا من شتان لوگا و ہبرئے سرن کُمکے زاهر کرت، چاران ہچکس دست
 نزیکا نیلیت. ماتا گوشت: ”تتو اگن برئوے، ترا منی شیر ناپہل انت.“

بلکا ہم گوشت: ”بابا جان! ہمدنا بنند. چے کنے روئے کاپرانی ملکا؟ تئی
 ایمان سست بیت و تئی دود و ریدگ پھک گار بنت.“

گھاران ہم سریگ گٹا کرت کہ تتو مئے یکین برات ائے. تتو برئوے، ادا
 مارا زھیر کُشنت.

اے جانلے بیست رُوچ تتوام بیگا انت، چاران لوگے مردم ہچ دابا رزا
 نبیگا انت. شپے بیٹکا من و منی ناکوزاتک بالانچ نشتگ اتین، بالانچن
 گوشت کہ بیا منا چُشین ارادہ و مکسدے ہست انت بلہ لوگے مردم رازیگ
 نبیگا انت. گوشتی: ”ہچ پریشان مئے. منا یک ملاے زبردستین ہست
 کہ ترا تایتے دنت کہ سبھینان انچو دلترین کنت کہ آ وتی دپا ترا بگوشنت
 کہ برئو.“

يڪَ بِنِگَاهِي، پيسريگين رُوچاني دابا سڙڪَ گواز ڪنگا اَتان، مٿي سيادي
 ڪه نامي جانلِ گزاييل ڪش اَت، سڙڪي سِرا گون من دُچار ڪپت. من گون
 آيا تئيار جوڙي ڪرت، همي اُڻتاتگين جاگها واجها دَرانِنت: ”منا شر پهل
 ڪن، من چه ملڪا رٿوان.“ گون همي هيرئي اِشڪنگا اِجڪه بوتان. من هم
 چه اَدارے جست ڪرت: ”ڪجا رٿوئي؟“ پَسئوي دات: ”يورپا.“ من پدا
 اِجڪه بوتان و گوشتن: ”جانل جان! يورپئي رٿوگ آسان نه اِنت.“

نه، من چارت، جانل جان نون هِچ پئيمادارگي دابا نه اِنت و پادي يڪَ ڪلِيا
 ڪرتگ و گوشت: ”هر داب منتگ من يورپا برٿوان. بس مني دو سنگارئي
 گزاييل پَشت ڪپتگ، اے دوين سنگارانِ جنان و ماشينا بها ڪنان و زران
 وتي سپريئي نئول و باڙه ڪنان.“

پدا ما جُست ڪرت: ”چُونڪا رٿوئي؟“

”بله، چو رٿوان؛ يورپا وتي ملڪاني سيمسر پچ ڪرتگ اِنت، سَجِهين مهلوڪ
 چنڊگ و رٿوگا اِنت. زانا تئو سرپد نه ائي ڪه ياکوب و مئولڪا دو ماها پيسر
 وتي پَس و گوڪ بها ڪرتنت و ديم په يورپا شتنت و ائون سر بوتگ اِنت؟ منا
 بگئي گئوس بگيپت ائون انچو برابر اِنت، دو ماهئي توکا هرڪسا په وت
 آبي پئوني زرتگ.“

گزا من همودا ٿوئل جت ڪه من اگن ادا بداران، مردم سهيگ بينت من
 دانشگاه هلاس نڪرتگ، مهلوڪي ديم پاشڪ بان. من هم بشتينان سڪ
 شر اَت.

گپتان. زندئے تها ائولى بر ات كه دگرنا وتا منى ديمآ چؤ ساژات. من چه ادارے دپا زرت كه: ”تتو چے گوشگا ائے، ماسترچى؟ تتو سرا برابر ائے؟ وتسرا وت، تتو وتى بگل گوات داتگ انت. اگن ترا و دانشگاهئے اے دگه ماستران دانچؤپئے تها بچؤپنت، شما سجهين منى چاركة نبيت. برئويت دگه جاگهے وتى گلان بکلایينيت.“

بزان ماسترچيارا اے هبرا سگ تئورينت و اے دگه اُستادى گؤشتنت كه اے سرئين بچگا شر برپينيت و هيج نمبرى مدئيت. دانشگاهئے چار سال پوره بوت بله من انگت وتى وانگ په آسر و سبورت نرسينت. بله من چارت كه گيشتر دانشگاها بداران، مردم كلاگ گرت. پميشكا من چپرکايى وانگ انگار كرت بله مردمانى ديمآ گوشتن كه وانگن په سبورت رسينتگ، بله اداركے په كارا واكن نكنت و كمكے دمه ساساران گرا ديمترا كارے دست و پاد كنان.

من هر رؤچ واجكارى كؤئے گؤرا كرت و بگل گوات دانتت چه لؤگا در بوتان و ملكئے سرك گواز كرتنت، يا كه برے برے بيگاهان شتان دينى مدرسهے كشا كه همؤدا ميتگئے بچگ آتك و مچ بوتنت يا كه برے برے چه دينى مدرسهے كشا تانكه ميرائے پلئے گؤرا كدمن جت.

بله نون مدتے بيگا انت كه گون وتا جيژگا آن و وتارا همه گوشگا آن رؤچے نه رؤچے آسر مردم سرپد بنت كه منى وانگ كپى بوتگ و اے درؤگ تان كدينا چپر و انديم بوت كنت؟ گرا يك پئيمے نيمنؤے بكنان و چه ملكا در بكيان كه چه اے مزنين درؤگا در گزا و در امان بيان.

بازین ساڑایگ انسانا چہ زمینا چست کنت و منی بگل گوات گران آنت. نون من وتا وتی تھا انچو بُرز لیکگا آن، گون وت گوشگا آن کہ منی پیمین چوٹ کُلاه و چوٹ گیوارین شربُر، اے دُنیائے تھا نیست انت و ایوکا بویگئے پُل من آن.

وهدے کہ من اسکول بندات کُرت، ہیچ کتابے دپن پچ نکرت، بلہ چاران هر رُوج منی نمبر نوزده و بیست آنت. من پگر کرت هئو... نون من آن و من، بلہ بز ان اے منی نوزده و بیستین نمبرانی کِسّه و کھانی اش انت کہ مئے زامات اسکولے هدماستر انت و اے دگہ ماستری گوشگ انت کہ منی و سرک زاتکا چہ نوزدها کمتر مدئییت کہ اے، لوگئے یکن مردین چُک انت و اشیئے گھارا وتی برات چہ من هم دوست تر انت. اگن شما کُمک نمبری بدئییت، گھاری منا سیر چہ زا و هبر کنت. زا و هبرا جهندم، تان سباها منا نندگ و پاد آيگئے سزایا دنت.

انچش کہ من رُدان و مزن بئیان آن و بگلانی گوات گیشتر بئیان آنت، نون په اے باورا رستگان کہ چہ من دگہ هچکس شرتر و زانتکارتر اے دنیا یا نیست انت. هُدا جان زندے منی نسیبا بکنت دگہ چندے سالا مُلکئے سرمستری و لیڈریا دستا گران و انچش گون همے دَلگین هئیلان اتان کہ دانشگاها سر بوتان و من انگت همے هئیلئے توکا اتان کہ دُنیائے بویگئے پُل ایوکا من آن.

یک رُوجے ما کلاسا وانگا آتین، ماستر جی لگت وتی ساڑایگ و تارپیا. گوشتی: ”من اے کرتگ و آ کرتگ؛“ منا اے هبرا سک تئورنت و گئینز

گٹوئک و ملا چرسئے تائیت

هیبب کدهدایی

من چه ماتا وهدے که پیدا بوتان و چمن پچ کرتنت، چاران منی سجھین
کھولئے مردم انچو گل أنت، هر یکے په دیمة گون وژ وژین تارپ و سپتان
منا تئوار جنت. ترو جان په سرے گل انت و ساھتے سد برا وتا منی سرا ندر
و کئولینگ کنت که چمرؤک جانے پیدا بوتگ. مات گوشیت مزار جانے پیدا
بوتگ. اے نیمگا بلک و پیرک گوشنت سردارے پیدا بوتگ، آنیمگا گھار
گوشگا أنت داکتر جان و پائلٹ جانے پیدا بوتگ.

انچو لوگے مردم پادانی سرا اوشتاتگ أنت که هدا مکنت منا هردین تپ و
نادراھیه بگیپت، هرکس په سر وت هئیراتے کنت. یکے پسه کشیت، یکے
گوکے، دگه یکے شئے کلگئے زیارتے سوالینگ بیت. من انچو گٹوئک و
ناز و نایاپت آن که چه مهر و مربتا ابید دگه هچ چیز نگندان. من گوانزگئے
تھا گلا بال آن، چه زمینا چست آن، گون وتا همه گوشگا آن که دنیائے
بیمٹ و بیکیچه من وت آن و بس.

لوگے مردین چک ایوکا من اتان. نون که انچش من درے درے مستر بئیان
اتان، من هر روچ و شکین ساڑایگ و ستایان اشکنگا اتان. شما وت زانیت

پادونان کپگ، وائے وتن و هُشکین دار، انگتَ رثوان هُشکین دارا پانگ بان،
شترتر انت۔“

بله گون وت بچکندت و گوشتی: ”نه، کسا دلوارگ کنگ نلوٹان۔ من همه
ڈٹولا که وتا دراندیه کرتگ، همه وڑا کسا هالَ ندیان و رثوان وتی سرا
کوہستانے دلبندا ایرَ کنان، وتی زمنیا، وتی هاکا ساهتے آرامَ کنان۔“

آیئے درملکیئے وسواس راست بوتنت، واکي کوہستان نون بدل بوتگات۔
آدمک، آشهر، آ بازار، آمیتگان وتی رنگ بدل کرتگات۔ مُلا پاتمها جنگا
پیسر میتگ یله کرتگات و آیئے مزین کَمپان ڈرتگ و کپتگات۔ مهتر
هسن و نودانے بازارے مردمان جنگا رند وتی بازار یله داتگ و کوہستان
وئیران کرتگات۔ بله کوہستانے بامسارے کئوش، رۆزرد، سیه گوات،
ماهکانی، آسین تبد، هامین و هامینے ائولسرے گترانگین ناه تان
بیدگمجنگی پوگس و چه سائے ائولی هئورا رند میسے بو، درست هما
پیشیگین وڑا اتنت۔

هئو، ماتى! تیبی بیچ کوہستانا انت۔

چاپ و شنگ: بلوچستان ٹائمز۔

<https://balochistantimes.com/hao-mathi-tae-bach-kohestana-en/>

کنگا. پمیشکا آیا ہچبر چُشین ہب و واہگ نبوت کہ وتی زبانا بوانیت و بنیسیت. وھدے پہ کار و مژوریا دگرانی مُلکا وانڈہ بے، پہ آیانی کمپنی و دپتران کار کنگا، ترا اَلم آیانی پُچ و پوِشاک گورا کنگ کپنت. و ھمے وڑا آیا ھم گون دگرانی پُچ و پوِشاکان انچو آدت کرتگ آت کہ پدا وتی پوِشاکی ھچبر گورا نکرنت.

ارستان و اُپرکایا بگر تان مگر بی مُلکان، اے سی و ھپت سائے درمُلکئے درپدریان، آ چو سڑتگین دارا کرتگ آت، انچش وروکان وارتگ آت، گڈیا بس آییے کرا ابید چہ یک نیبندگین مارشتیا دگہ ھچ پِشت نکپتگ آت.

بس آیا مارت، منا یک وتے ھست انت، منا یک زبانه ھست انت، منا یک راجے ھست انت و منی راجا یک زمینے ھست انت کہ ہزاران سال ھمؤدا نشتگ. بلہ کوہستان مروچان جنگیئے آماچ انت، چک جنگ و کُشگ بئیگا انت، چہ وتی زمینے سرا پہ زور کُشگ و درانڈیہ کنگ بئیگا انت، یا لھتین لالچ و لھتین بیہار دئیگ بئیگا انت کہ سرکارئے زلمے سرا دپش بند بییت. آ ھمے مارشتان مدام آسے وڑا کُئیت و آییے تھے آس گیشتر جمبور کرت کہ وتی ڈیہا واتر بکن، نون بس انت اینچک درانڈیہی و درمُلکی.

یک روچے آیا کس ہال ندات، نہ درمُلکئے و نہ وتی کوہستانے سنگت و مردم، بس وتی ھورکین چادری چنڈت و دیم پہ وتی ڈیہا رھاگ بوت. جُنزگا پیسر یک برے آیا وتی دلا سک جیڑت: ”بگوشان وتی مردمان و وتی سنگتان، نون بس انت منا درمُلکی، من وتی مُلکا رٹوگ لوٹان، وتی زبانا ھبر کنگ لوٹان، وتی پُچ و پوِشاکان گورا کنگ لوٹان. بس انت دگہ راجانی

دمانا چہ وتی کۆہستانا سیدان، پرچا کہ منا بازین رٹوگ و آیک و دراج و دورین
 راہ و بندان سپر کنگ و شِ نیت۔“

بلہ پہ سرجمیا آلیا وتی مُلک ہما سالا یلہ کرت کہ کۆہستانا یِک مزین ہارے
 آتکگات۔ اے ناجبارین ہارا پورہین کۆہستان مَلت۔ اؤدئے مردمانی مال و
 دلوت، لوگ و ڈگار، دُرست ہارا تباہ کرتنت۔ و ہمے ہارا آییے یِک ناکوے
 و یِک ناکوزاتکے و لہتین سنگت ہم بُرت۔

کۆہستانا چؤناہا مدام شدیگی بوتگ، تنگدستی بوتگ، مردم گریب و بڑگ
 بوتگ انت۔ اؤدئے مردمانی مسترین جیڑہ ہمے بوتگ مروچییگین نانا ورین،
 باندا ہدا مالکے، بس کاہکے ورین و راہکے رٹوین۔ اگن ہمے کاہک کُننت،
 گڑا یِک ہمساہگے، ہمراہے یا سیاد و وارسے پہ وام و بدلا کاہکے دنت۔ و
 اگن ہمے کاہک و ناہک چہ وام و بدلئے دزرسا ڈن بوتگ انت، گڑا زلور یِک
 براتے، مسترین چُکے یا لوگئے کماشیا وتی دل دڈ کرتگ و دری مُلکان شُتگ
 و دگہ راجانی کڑا مزوریے کرتگ، مات، پت، جن و چُکے لاپ داتگ۔

آہم لاپئے شوہازا و چہ کۆہستانے بڑگی و لاچاربان و تا رکینگا چہ وتی
 ڈیہا دور شت و درپدر بوت۔ گؤن درملکیئے گیش و ولان، آچہ وتی مُلک،
 وتی زبان و وتی دؤد و رییدگان سست، پرچا کہ مُلک و ہ چؤناہا مُلکے
 نہ ات۔ و ہدے آلیا وتی مُلک یِک برے یلہ کرت، پدا تان بلاہین مُدتیآ آییے
 دلا نگوشت کہ وتی مُلکا وائر بیان۔ زبان چہ کران ڈالچار کنگ بوتگ ات و
 پدا کۆہستانے چُگان ہم چُشین شہمین کارے نکرتگ ات کہ وتی زبانا بدارنت۔
 سرکارا و ہ چؤناہا گنترین کار کرتگ ات پہ آیانی زبائے گیشتر گار و بیگواہ

هئو ماتى، تئىي بچ كوهستانا انت

نوروز هئيات

آيئى همى وسواس روچ په روچ گيشتر بئيان آنتت كه من وتى مُلك، كوهستان، پوره يك كرنى بيت يله داتگ. هما مُلك، هما ڈيه و هما زمينى سرئى نشتگين مردمان، بل تُرے آ مروچى وژ وژين جنجالانى آماچ آنت، هميان منا يك پجارى داتگ. نون بارين آ مردم چون آنت، چه بازين بزگى و لاچاربان و رند؟

آيا وتى مُلك چوناهما كسانيا يله كرتگ آت. بله درانديهي و درملى نه آت. وانگ و زانگى هاترا دگه يك مزين شهربا وانده آت. هر وهدا آيئى دلا هُل كرت، په كوهستانى ماهكانى و شپانى نسيان، مهتر هسنى باندمى سرئى نندگ و وتى ميتگى ندارگ كنگ، يا روزردا سنگين چئوكئى سرا پتايى لئيب كنگا، گُرا بزبان اى دگه روچا آيا وتى كلندين بئىگك بستگ آت و ديم په كوهستانا رهاگ آت.

آتچوكين مردى نه آت، بله وانگ و زانگا رند په لاپئى شوهاز و كوهستانى زگرين زهيران، رئو و آيى كرتگ آت. برى مزين شهرآ آت و برى كوهستانا. هر وهدا كه آسپرا آت، مُدام جيژتى: ”اگن منى سپر تُشكه دراجتر بيت، من

بله چلّ سائے درانڈیہیا پد واجھا باور بوتگ کہ اے وڑین لبزے چہ بُن و
بیہا بلوچی زبانے تھا ہست .

من شمارا نگوشتگات: درانڈیہی نادراہیے .

چاپ و شنگ: بلوچستان ٹائمز .

<https://balochistantimes.com/drandehi-pa-sare-shegan-pa-sare/>

واجه ایران نژادا وتی دلئے زهرانی کشگا رند مارت کہ گِلاسیا کپّ دلا
 آورتگ، پمیشکا نرم تَرّت. ”تتو منی چُکّ ائے، پمیشکا ترا اے سوچا دئیان.
 شما اے واندهین مُلکا کہ کایت، وتی مُلکئے جتّ و بلوچی آدتان وئیل
 کنیت. اُروپایا، اُروپائے دابا بیت.“

چوناہا، گِلاسیا مُدام واجہ ایران نژادئے کماشی چارتگ و آییئے اے وڑین
 ہکّل دلا نغیاورتگ انت، بلہ آ روچا کھروار ہسدا جت و واجہ ایران نژادئے
 ہبری توکا بُرت. ”ترا چہ کار انت منی کارا؟ گون وتی سوہتگین کوٹا،
 مزین شاہکارئے تتو.“

واجه ایران نژاد انچو سُھر و سیاہ تَرّت، پورہ آییئے دیما یکیا خُمینیئے نام
 گپتگ ات. زہرا زہر پاد آتک و وتی ہئیٹ کُلاہی سرا کرت و دُرہان و لِرزانا
 چہ لوگا در آتک. من و گِلاسی ہئیران آتین کہ اے چُشین ہبرے وہ نہ ات کہ
 واجہ چو زہر بکنت.

بزان نکنئے کہ ایرانا شاہکار بگایا گوشنت.

من و گِلاسیا واجہ ایران نژاد پہ کچک رُزوايے و شان کرت. وهدے آ سہیگ
 بوت کہ بلوچی گالوارانی پَرکئے سئوبا اے ”گلت پھمی“ پاد آتکگ،
 بچکندگے جت و گوشتی: ”اُرئے، اے اجبتین گپے.“

جی نہ. آیا کہ بلوچی گوشنت، آزیانئے تھا ”اجبتئے“ لبز نیست. نہ مشرکی
 بلوچستانا نہ مگربی بلوچستانا. اے لبز واجہ ایران نژادا وت ٹھینتگ.

هٿير، واجه ايران نژاد ئے كسٺه رٿوان اٺ. ”مني گلام چه من بگندئے دو سئے سال مسٽر بيت. نون مني شٽيتانيان بچار من هر رٿچ همه گنگدام زمينئے سرا واپينت و آبيئے سرا جٽكن جت.“

دلا كٲ كنوكين اے كسٺه واجه ايران نژادا تهنا پميشكا آورت كه بگوشيت آكسانيا شٽيتانين چٲكے بوتگ.

آلاه بكش چراسي و مهمد آلي ايران نژاد مدام چٲوك اٺت. چو ايليٺ درانديهان، ايشاني پتاني ميراس هم به بهر نبت.

برے برے واجه ايران نژاد وتي وچٽيرين وراكان زوريت و مني و گلاسيئے لوگا كئيت په سبارگا. واجه چو يوربي اسپت پوستان كاشك و كٽنگئے سرا ورگ وارت. گلاسي پنچين لٺككان ورگئے تهنا مين شردينيت و دپارا مسٽر كنت و وارت.

واجه ايران نژاد ادا اوپار كنت.

ورگا رند، واجه ايران نژاد هماما رٿوت و دستان شوڊيت و گلاسي همدا كچنئے نلا شكاريت و اوكاريت و وتا سپا كنت. واجه ايران نژادا همه آدت تشے دوست نبت. همه كارئے سرا مدام گلاسي هبر دنت. ”تعو اٺئے پير بئے بله مير نئے. ترا چار سال اٺت اے ملڪئے لاپا بله تئبي آدت درست هما جٺ و بلوچي اٺت. تعو نتوائے برٿوئے هماما دستان بشوڊئے؟ اے اشپزئے نلا شما وراك و سبزگان سپا كئيت، پدا تعو همدا جهلاد ائے كائے وتي چيركيين دستان شوڊئے.“

واجه ایران نژاد نوزده سد و ہشتادئے سالو سویدنا آتکگ، چہ منی پیدائشا سالے رند. مُلکا، واجهئے گناہ و معیار اے بوتگ کہ آییو شاہ ایران واجہ مہمد رزا شاہ پهلوی گلینتگ و خُمئینی مُلکئے ہاکم کرتگ. نکسین خُمئینیا، ہاکم بئیگئے شرتا وتی جندئے دؤزواہ و مہسِنانی جنگ و گار کنگ شرو کرت. واجہ ایران نژادا ہمینچکا وتی ساہ آورت و سویدنا رسینت. چہ آ روچا پد آییو نازاکین مُلکئے دیم ندیست.

مُلکا، آ باھوئے سردارئے برازاتک بوتگ و انگت ہم تبا سردارزادگے. چُش نہانت کہ واجہ وتی سردارزادگیا دپا ریچیت. آ وانندہ و شائرن مردمے، و آییے پرمانئے ہسابا بلوچانی اسل کلچر اُستا و لوژیگان داشتگ، چُش کہ ساز و زبمل، پهلوانی، زہم و اسپر، سپت و نازینک، دوچگری و زرگری. بلہ وتی سردارزادگیئے زاهر کنگئے واستا آہر ہبرئے تھا انچین ہبرے زلور دئور دنت کہ مردم چہ آییے ہاکمی نسلا سرپد بینت. مسائے ہبرا، آ بہ نگوشیت کہ ”اے شرن کارے.“ آہمے ہبرا مدام اے وژا کنت: ”اے ہاکمی کارے.“ اگن آییو گوشگی بییت کہ ”من کسانیا سکین شئیتانے بوتگان،“ آ ہمے ہبرا اے وژا کنت: ”تئو دُردانگ ائے، منی کسانییے کسہ نبیت، اڑئے. من کہ کسان بوتگان، منا وتا جتاین ٹیہے بوتگ.“

دیمئے ہبر آییو شرتر زور دات و گوشت: ”مئے کلاتا، ہر سردارزادگا وتا نامینتگین گلامے بوتگ. پیرنئے پیرن گلام، گوندوئے گوندین گلام.“

جی هئو، مگر بی بلوچستانا گوندوا گوندو گوشنت و جتکیان گند.

اُنت چہ مُلکا یکے چار کلدار دیم بدنٹ. اگن اِشانی جاوَر زوٹ مٹ نبوتنت، اے سے چار سالے تھا اِجتمایی وَتکُشَی کنت. اگن ٹرмп وت بیعت و اِشان جُست بکنت کہ ”شما هر چیزے بلوٹیت، شمارا دئیانی“ گُرا اے جوڑھے باٹائے چمپل لوٹنت.

اے گریب کجا و سیاست کجا؟

چوناہا گِلاسیئے اے کلاسیپیکیشن یک و ٹک و سائنسی اُسولانی سرا انت. بلہ شرا بے ائیا نبیت. چہ اے کلاسیپیکیشنا وانوک رد مکپنت و چُش مجیزنت کہ درانڈیہے بلوچان وتی مُلکے زات و پات یلہ داتگ اُنت. آ کہ مُلکا اُستائے بوتگ، ادا ہم اُستائے. بلی اُمریکہ و برتانیہا نشتگ بلہ رُتبہ و بستارے حسابا چہ ایتالیا و یونائے بدنسیبین درانڈیہان شرتتر نہ انت. اے ریلی و جلسہان بس ہمے واستا بھر زورنت کہ مُلکا یکے بگوشیت: ”بچک مروچان سردارانی ہمراہ انت.“

منا و گِلاسیا دگہ بلوچین همساہگے هست. اِیرانی بلوچستا... تتوبہ نعووژبلاہ شومین شعیتان... مگر بی بلوچستانے بلوچے. سویدنا مگر بی بلوچ باز انت و بازینے چہ شاہے زمانگا تتکگ و یورپا اتکگ. مے همساہگے نام انت مہمد الی اِیران نژاد. واجہ اِیران نژاد دگہ هر حسابا یورپے: آییئے کوٹ و پتلون، آییئے هئیٹ کُلاہ، آییئے وِرسگ، آییئے کُچک، آییئے و آییئے کُچکے بینگاہان گام جنگ، درُست یورپی انت؛ بلہ واجھے هاکمی تب انگت بلوچی انت.

اسپیٽ پوسٽين سينٽرے پجاءَ ڪاريت و برے برے يورپی پارليمنٽ و اکوام
مٿهههه ديوانيا پشت پشتی سيٿان گنگ بنت .

بله اے ايليٿ ڪلاسے درانڊيهاني هم ٿرمپے لوگا رٿو و آنيست .

دومي هما درانڊيه انت كه گون وتي جن و چڪان آتڪگ انت . اے گيشتر
يورپی يونينے سيٽين ملڪان آباد انت چو كه جرمني، پراس، سويدن، ناروے
و ندرلئيند . اشان ملڪا بٽ و چٽني بهر نبوتگ بله ادا شرين لوگان نشتگ انت
و چه سرڪارے نيمگا جوڙڪين وزيهے گرنٽ . همينچڪ چڪ، همينچڪ
گيشتر وزيهه . اشاني چڪ شرين اسڪولان وانگا انت و اگن گون تئو بازارا
دچار بڪپنت گڙا اے تارپيا زلور كننت كه مني چڪا يورپی زبان چتئور جلدی
در برتگ . ”ميران كسے چه بلوچيا جرمن زبرتر انت . انچو جرمن كنت
گوشے ماتي جرمنے .“ اے كسمے درانڊيهاني ڪمال اش انت كه يڪين گينا
جنے تارپيا هم كننت و چڪے هم . نون آ مردم كه په اے هبرا گل انت كه
مني چڪ بلوچيا يله دئيان انت، آ ڪجا ٿرمپے ڪالرا ڪشيت و بيگواهين
بلوچاني هالا دنت؟ اشاني بلوچي بس همينچڪا پشت ڪپتگ كه اشاني
پرتگان جوڙه جوڙهے بلوچي گد در ڪئيت په بلوچ ڪلچر ڏيا .

اے درانڊيهے بلوچڪ انت .

سيمي ڪسمے درانڊيه هما انت كه يورپے گريبين ملڪان نشتگ انت چو كه
ايتاليا و يونان . اے گيشتر لانچان آتڪگ انت و درانڊيهين بلوچاني نياما
جهلترين درجهے مردم انت . اشاني مانا و ملڪے ٿيه و گلاماني مانا يڪ .
اے بيچارگ ساها زرتگ انت . گيش وت نه انت . نه يورپا انت، نه ملڪا . وش

گڑا لیڈران باید انت گون ما چشین دروگ مبستین کہ نکشه مکشه تیار
 انت. اگن آیان وتی جندے زور و دلیریے سرا برؤسه ات گڑا مئے میار و
 گناہ جے انت کہ سر پیرانسری مارا شگانی کنت؟

مئے جندے سورا مئے گپ کسا نرتگ، ٹرمپ کجا مارا مان کاریت؟

چار سال پورہ انت تنینگہ آلاہ بکش گلاسی وتی جن و چکان یورپا آورت
 نکنت. منا دو سال انت بے چکان دنتانک دئیان. منہ نہ انت من و گلاسی
 گونڈین چکے بازارا ترگا بگندین، منی لنت جروٹو بنت و آتچانا رتوت و
 گبانے چکیت. من سد رندا گوشتگ کہ ادا دگرانی چک وتی جاگھا دگرے
 کچکے دست جنگ ہم جرمے، بلہ گلاسیا کئے سرپد کنت. منا گنتر ہمے
 ٹرس و ابا نعلیت کہ یک روچے بلوچان بنام کنت و کلیت، کھروار.

چوناہا درستین دراندیہ مئے وڑا شوم نہ انت. آبادین دراندیہ ہم در کثیت،
 دانگ دانگے، چو ملاتے پیناڈولا. اگن گلاسیے ہبرا بزورے، دراندیہین
 بلوچانی سئے زات انت:

یکے ہما کہ امریکہ، کانادا و برتانیہا نشتگ انت. اے دنیائے وشہال، آبادتر
 و سیاسی ہسابا اسردارترین ملک انت. پمیشکا ہر بلوچے کہ ادا آتکگ،
 آبیے رتہ چہ یورپی یونیتے ملکانی نشتگین بلوچان بززتر انت. اگن ملکے
 زات و پاتے ہسابا چارگ بیت گڑا ما اشان دراندیہے رند و لاشار گوشت
 کنین. اے دراندیہین بلوچانی شرزات انت. اے سعین ملکان گیشتر سیاسی
 پارٹینی سروک و سردارزادگ آباد انت، پمیشکا اشان پتانی میراس ہچبر
 بھر نبت. اے مدام یکے دومیے ران کنگے سرا انت. اشان دانگ دانگے

”باید انت سہیگ بییت کہ بے بلوچئے مسلہئے گیشینگا دیائے کار شرّ نبت.“

منی جواب سنگتا وش نبوت. بلہ ما کہ ملکا اتین مئے لیڈران ہمے ہبرئے سرا مارا رد دات و بی اس او آبرت کہ امریکھا سجھین تیاری کرتگ انت، آزاد بلوچستانئے نکشہ ہم جاڑی انت، بس بلوچان ہمت کنگ لوٹیت. ما چارت کہ امریکہ مئے بیرا انت گڑا پاکستانا بئے نیست.

تان دو سالو ما ہرچے کرت، کسا مئے نام نکیت. برے ما ہدادادین ملکئے جندی سوتک، برے پئوجیانی کئیمپئے دپا اوشتاتین و آیانی مات و گھار چہ ہیرامنڈیا ناولنت، بلہ منہ انت کہ یگے مئے لمپان بگپیت؟

ہمے ہبرا ما گنتر شیکل بوتین. نون ما دلجم اتین کہ امریکہ جانئے دست مئے سرا ساہیل انت. کسانکین ترسے کہ مئے دلا ہست ات، آہم در اتک. پہ ما، لیڈرانی اے ہبر ساہت بوتگ ات کہ بلوچ دلیر و ”پنجل“ لگور انت. چہ اد و رند ما ہما کار کرت کہ نہ اسپا گون ہرا کرتگ و نہ ہرا گون اسپا. تان ما اکبالئے شاہین زھر برائنتنت.

وہدے شاہین زدا کپنتت، اشان مارا ہما کٹا جت کہ شیرى گلوان نزانت کجام نیمگا دیما بدئین و بتچین. دلیرین گلڑ کوهانی نیمگا تتکنت و مئے پئیمین لگور درملکا.

نون مئے دلیرین لیڈران ہر روچ نپر و کاسد انت کہ ”برئویت امریکھا ہال بدئیت کہ شاہینان ہداریت.“ اگن امریکھے سر و گوشے سہیگ نبوتگ

پیشانی چارگ کہ کدی سُرنت؛ دربگئے دپا اِیرین تھتے سرا سر پہ سر
 کرتگین نپادانی سرا تچک بئیگ و جنی کسہ وانگ؛ گرماگی شپان چادرے
 آپ جنگ و پر دئیگ؛ گون هر بلوچی ماہے شرو بئیگا لوگئے دیما جنین و
 چُکّانی مِچ بئیگ و چارگ کہ کئے پیسرا نوکا گندیت؛ ماتے ہبر دئیگ کہ
 نارُشت کُمک پر بجنیت؛ تان نیم بیلا ادا نازلے ہینزکے منتگا رند آبیے
 داتگین پودنی؛ مگر با پسانی رندا کپگ و بندگ؛ شپا روہاہے پاسا نندگ
 کہ مئییت و کُکُران مٹوارت؛ سیہ گواتے رسگا پیسر پیشگاہا تاپین گد و
 ہیرانانی چنگ و تچان تچانا بانے تھا پُترگ؛ و سائے اٹولی ہئورا رند
 میسے بو۔

مارا، یورپے دراندیہان، چہ ہمے بیسوئین زہیران مؤہ برسیت، نون ما رٹوین
 واجہ ٹرمپے کرا پاکستانے شکایتا کنین۔

وہدے ہال آتک کہ ٹرمپا گچینکاری کتنگ، مئے دراندیہین سنگت انچو
 گلا بال بوتنت گوشے واجہ ٹرمپے ماتے پتے ناکوزاتک بلوچے بوتگ۔
 ”نون پاکستانا مات انت۔ اے گنوکرے، پنجلا وڑے کنت،“ الّٰہ بکش
 گلاسیا دو گلاس زرت و ہمّاما پُترت۔

”ہئو، ٹرمپ وہ ہمے کارے واستا امریکھے سدر بوتگ۔ بلوچانی بیرا زلور
 گیپت،“ من وتی دنتان نجینتنت۔

چہ ٹرمپے گچین بئیگا سے سالا رند، ہمے زوتان، گلاسیا یک روچے چہ
 من جُست گپت: ”تئی ہئیلا، ٹرمپ بلوچانی مسلہا سہیگ انت؟“

حالت خراب ہے۔ اللہ تم کو اچھا کرے۔ تم کو میری عمر ساتھ ہو، میرے رحیم پھول، کاش میں تمہارے لائق نہ ہوں۔“

چینچک سالا من جیڑتگ کہ اگن رھیم جائے دژمن تپیگ آنت گڑا رھیم جان
چینا وش ببات؟ بلوچی کلاسیکل شائریئے در برگا رند نون من زانتگ کہ اے
دژمن دگہ درامد نبوتگ آنت، رھیم جائے جند بوتگ۔ مُلّائے نکرزین دپ و
دلا نگپتگ کہ بگوشیت رھیم جان تپیگ آنت۔

چُکّے ہالپُرسیا رند، مُلّایا وتی زَنگ و زاری بنا کرتگ آنت۔ ”تئی مات
مروچان کماش آنت۔ یاد کایان چم سیاہی کارنت۔ دپارے ورگ وران، دل
گئیس بیت۔“

گون مُلّائے مہتل بیگا منی کلم چُتتگ۔ ”تمہاری مان آجکل بوڑھی ہے۔
کھڑی ہو جاتی ہوں آنکھیں اندھیرا لاتی ہیں۔ نوالہ کھاتی ہوں دل گیس ہو
جاتا ہے۔“

اے منی رجانک کاریئے اٹولی دتور بوتگ۔ ہما اُمرآ من زانتگ کہ ہبران چہ
یک زبانیا دومی زبانا ترّینگ چون گران آنت، پمیشکا من روچ مروچی ہم
وتی رجانک کاربن سنگنان چہ آیانی کدا گیشتر اِزت دئیان۔

من وتی بلوچین براتان سرپد کنگ لوتان کہ اگن یورپئے دراندیہی چُشین
وشین چیڑے بوتین، منا مُلّا پاتمہئے کاگد و پیناڈولان زھیریگ نکرتگ آت۔
دراندیہی نادراہیے و اے نادراہی مردما مُلکئے انچین چیزانی ترانگا گنجیت
کہ ہبر نبیت: گرماگی نیمروچان کاپرئے چیرا و پسگ و کاپرئے ریزتگین

اگن ملّائے اُردان سدّ دانگ بوتین، ہمے گوشتگ اُتی کہ ”یکین دانگ اِنت.“
 تتو اگن ساھتیا رند پدا بشتینے پیناڈولے پچ گرگا، ترا پدا دانگے
 داتگ اُت و گوشتگ اُتی: ”ہمے یکین دانگ اِنت.“

و تاریخی رکارڈے تچک کنگے واستا من اے ہبرا گیشینگ لوٹان کہ ملّایا
 چہ من بدل گپتگ. من آییے کاگدانی نبشته کنوک بوتگان. اے چہ ٹیلپون
 و مبالا پیسرے زمانگ اِنت. من چہ چارمی جُمائتا کاگدے وانگ و نبشته
 کنگ زانتگ. چہ خلیجا کاگدے آتکگ، یا کماش و جنینیا کاگدے راہ دئیگی
 بوتگ گڑا مردم من بوتگان. چُش نہ اِنت کہ بازارا دگہ وانندہ نبوتگ. بلہ
 چُگانی تھا اے کارے گشاد منی یکین سر بوتگ و منی کسان امریے سئوبا
 مردمان وتی رازی ہبر چہ من چیر ناداتگ اُنت.

منی مُشکل اے بوتگ کہ من باز اردو نزاننگ. اسکولا مارا بسّ سلام و
 دواش درس داتگ اُنت. ”ہم سب خیریت سے ہیں اور خداوند تعالیٰ سے آپ
 کی خیر و عافیت کے لیے دعاگو ہیں.“ چہ اِد و دیم منی اردو ہلاس
 بوتگ اُت، بلہ پدا ہم گڈ و وڈن کرتگ و کاگدن پورہ کرتگ.

گڑبڑ ہما وھدا بوتگ کہ ملّا وتی بلوچی رگا شتگ. ”بگوش، منی رہیم
 جان! من ایشکتگ کہ تعیی دژمن تپیگ بوتگ اُنت. آلاہ ترا وش بکنات. ترا
 منی اُمر گون بات، منی رہیم پُل! مکرزاتان ترا.“

وھدے ملّایا بسّ کرتگ، من کلمے نبّ چہ دپا کشتگ و نبشته کنگا
 لگتگان. ”میرے رحیم جان، میں نے سنا ہے کہ آجکل تمہارے دشمنوں کی

”مُلا، مُلا! اما گوشت دانگے پئیناڈول ندئیے گون؟“ من هر هپتگ په گولیے پچ گرگا مُلایا پانگ بوتگان.

”کئے وش نہ انت؟“ مُلایا وتی جُست و پُرس شر و کرتگ انت.

”اما تپیگ انت.“ اما گوشتگ ات که انچش بگوش. چوناها آبیے سر دردا ات.

”تپیگ انت؟ زیکنین بیگاها وه تئی رندا تچگا ات، تپا کدی گپت؟“

”دوشی مکسکان وارتگ. اما سہیگ نبوتگ بز ان بسانگا بلاهین تُنگے پر. نون هچییگی نہ انت. ابا بیئیت، بارتی کراچیا.“ همه هبرا مُلایا وتی چم کِل کرتنت و من زانت که دروگ کار کنگا انت. ”اما گوشت ناکو اُبیید چه مَشکتا بیئیت، تئی بدلا دئین.“ نون من امپروائر کنگا اتان.

”بدلے نلوئیت. مُلا پاتمها بدل بزرتین، مروچی کُزلانی توکا لئیے کرت،“ مُلایا جبزه کرت، بله هما دمانا نرم ترت: ”بله اے بازارے مردم په من گولی و درمان ایریا نئیلنت. چاران بلکین دانگے در آتک.“

مُلایا وتی پیئی یک کُنڈیا بُرت و دپی بس همینچکا پچ کرت که تھا سُرک دات بکنت. سُرک دئیگا رند، دستی چه پچین شما پیئیه تھا راه دات و کمے دزموش کنگا رند دانگے پئیناڈولی در کرت.

”همه یکنین دانگے جند پَشت کپتگ. برئو، بلی شمئے کار شر بیت.“

و چہ مُلکے چکرا، مُلکا رٹوگے تئیری وَشترِ انت۔ من لہتین سالا خلیجا
 بوتگان و دیستگ کہ مُلکا رٹوگا پیسر خلیجی بلوچانی بگلک چون گوات
 گرت۔ سَجھین سالا ارباے باگا دھکانی کننت، ارباے داتگین شیر و
 دُبکی ماہیگانی سرا گُزران کننت کہ چُئیانی واستا زَرَک مَرُکے بچننت و اِیر
 بکننت۔ چُئیے وهدا، پہ وت ہسابی سے جوڑا درپشوکیں گُد دَوچایننت و
 جوڑھے بُرین مَشکتی چمپل زورنت۔ آدگہ سَجھین زران، ہدایی اسپتِ پَس،
 پہ وتی سیاد و سنگتان سَینٹ و سابون کننت۔ جن وتی گرین چوٹانی بدلا
 آئی پعون اِکسے لوٹیت۔ ماتے سونسین ناه ورگی نبوتگ بلہ آیی ٹینگ
 شربت، پئیناڈول گولی، تپرکی بام، ریشی پلستر، سوچکی و کُندرک دُرست
 پکار اُنت۔ اگن آیی پہ وت پکار بوتیننت انگت دردے پہ دو، بلہ خلیجی
 سنگتے سوک پمیشکا نسریت کہ تان سالے ہمے ازباب ماتا بکچھیا بستگ
 و اِیر کرتگ اُنت کہ حاجتمندے کثیت آئیے کارے شر بیت۔

اے ماتے زندگیے مکسد ہمیش انت کہ بازارا اگن یکیا سردردے بگپت،
 دلی بد بیت یا مهمانے گوری بیت، آچیڑے پچ گرگا منی کرا بییت۔

مے بازارے مردمان بہ پئیناڈول بھا نُررتگ۔ هرکسا زانتگ بابوے میڈیکل
 اسٹورے درمان نکلی اُنت؛ نہ تپے وش کرت کننت، نہ سردردے برنت۔ مُلا
 پاتمھے اُردان ولاتتی پئیناڈول مدام بوتگ۔ آئیے شرت بس ہمے بوتگ کہ
 تئو سابت بکن و بدے کہ ترا یا تئی مردمیا گرانین تپے پر۔ پہ سردرد یا
 پشانکا مُلایا وتی ولاتتی گولی زئوال نکرتگ اُنت۔

بَزْتَرِ اَنْت. اَيان بِل، بَرُوانِ گُوشَے وِتسرا بِنديک بوتگ اَنْت. اے وِزْ سائے
 سرا کِزَا يِک رندے بيت. تَعُو زانگا ائے کہ اے شَرَنگ کہ اَدِينکے تها وِتا
 لُونسُک دَئيگا اِنْت، اگن مَرُوچي وِتي پُوتُوے بَکْشِيت وِ فَعِيسُبُکا بَدنْت،
 بازِينے سُوکِيگ بيت. کَم چہ کَم ہما سَنگت وِہ سُچنْت وِ پُر بِنْت کہ بِيَلِئِين
 وِ بے اِيْمِنِين مُلکا پِشْت کِپْتگ وِ چہ دِنيا گَرديے هُدایي دادا بِيہر اَنْت.

هَتورے سرا، سَبزگے تها، بَرزِين بِلْدَنگِيے دِيما، سِيَلْفِيے وِهد هَمِش اِنْت.
 بلہ نہ. شِگائے تَرَس زُوراکِتر اِنْت.

اِدا سَنگتے هَسْت کہ شِپَا رِيَل شُودِيت، سُهبا وِاب اِنْت وِ بِيگَاها چَرَسَ کَشِيت.
 چَرَسے نِشها، يا وِہ پَعُونے سرا سِياسَت کَنْت يا مے دِيما دِرانْدِيهِيے اَثِيبان
 هَساب کَنْت. اَيِيے يورُپي نام ائے بي سي اِنْت وِ مُلکي نام اَلّاه بَکْش چُرَاسي
 چِنا کہ 1984 آ پيدا بَوتگ؛ بلہ ما اَيِيا اَلّاه بَکْش گِلَاسي گُوشِين چِنا کہ
 سَگَرِيئے بَدلا دو گِلَاس سَر پِه سَر کَنْت وِ هَماياني تها چَرَسَ کَشِيت. يِک
 رُوجے گُوشِيت: ”چہ يورُپيے کِپْگا شَرْتَر اِنْت مَرْدما شِخِخاني اُشْتَر
 بِچارِئِنْتِنْت. کَم چہ کَم، ماتا ناھے راہ دات کَرْت. آ مُلکا بِلُوچ بَسُوچِيت کہ
 تِرا چَرَسا رند ناھے پِه دِپے شِيرکِن کِنگا مَرَسِيت.“

چَرَس وِ بِلُوچے رُوھاني سِيادِيے بارِئوا نَزانان بلہ اے شَاهِديا مَن دَئِيان کہ
 خَلِيجے بِلُوچ چہ ما دَہ سَرِي شَرْتَر اِنْت. هَر ماہ، پِه اَيان تِيکِيے راھا اِنْت:
 بَرے جِنا جُورْھے چِئوٹ دِيم داتگ وِ بَرے ماتا مِتْگِين بِنِگَمَجَنگي ناھے.
 شَرْتَرِين هَبَر اِش اِنْت کہ سائے سرا مُلکا چَکَرے جَننْت، جَن وِ چُکے گَنْدَنْت.

گُون فُرانز کافکایا اُرْتگ اَت. من رُوچے بیست پیالہ چاہ وارت و دو دو پارکیٹ سگریٹ کشت چیا کہ گیشتر مزین نشتکاران اَسر بیت.

نون آ مردم کہ نشتکار بیگئے واستا وتا السر دات کنت، چہ دراندیہ بیگئے کربانیکا ہم سر نگوذیت. گزا چہ نوک ورنایا شمئے کسترئے واہگے ہمے بوتگ کہ انچین بلاہین کارے بکنت کہ دژمن آییآ چہ مُلکا کشگا مجبور بنت. گوشت اگن چیڑے پہ دل و ستک بواہئے، پہ تئو راہ و در پیچ بنت. سکیدادین ہدایا پہ ہمے یکین واہگئے پورہ کنگا منی در مان بی اس او آ پیچ کرت و منا چہ ڈیہا دراندیہ کنایت.

بلہ بیا کہ دراندیہیا رند منا مردمانی شگان و هگلان کشت. اگن کلاتکا بلوچئے لاپ گئیس بیت، ہیر بزان ما وارتننت. ”ادا بلوچ بزگ و وار انت و شما یورپا آئیاشی کنگا ایت.“

اے وژین شگان و پُگان مدام اے بیہارئے سرا کنت کہ ”اے ہبرا بیہیال مکینت کہ شما ہمے بزگین بلوچانی ناما پناہ زرتگ.“

نگوشئے ما وتی نکسین ساہئے رکینگا پناہکے زرتگ، پورہ بلوچانی مُلک ما رهن کرتگ و یورپا جانداد کنتگ. ما وش این ادا مارا یکے دپی جُستے بکنت، گزا ما کجا بزگین بلوچئے گئیس اِلاج کنین؟

مئے دل تُکشیت بلہ گونڈلین شگانانی تُرسا پوٹوے فعیسبکا دات نکین. برے برے، تئو جان سُشتگ و آدینکے دیما اوشتاتگئے، ترا اناگت ہیال کثیت کہ پوٹو کشگئے روچ مروچی انت. پورہ تئیی پوُست اِسپیت تر و مود

درانڈیھی پہ سرے و شِگان پہ سرے

ساجد ہسین

منی درانڈیھیے کسہ ہما شو مین رچا شرو بوت کہ منا لبزانکے بیہیرین
ہبنا گور جت . ہر نبشتکارے کہ منا دوست بوت ، گو شیت بیا زمانگیا درانڈیہ
بوتگ . مارکویز انچش ، کُنڈیرا ہمے پیئم . یکیا سرکار زہر برائنتگ ، یکیا
پئوج . ہمشانی رندگیریا من وتی بیدردین سرا دردے دات . اگن من بزانتین
کہ مارکویزے رندا کپگ سرے زبانی انت ، چشین گہ ہچبر نوارتگ ات .
من وہ گوشتگ و ہدے مردم بلاہین نبشتکارے بیت ، شرگدار نبشتہ کننت
کہ اے مرد بلوچیے مارکویز انت .

نوک ورناییا اے پیمپین بیسوٹین کار ہرکس کنت . منی سنگتیا مدام سنگے
کیسگا بوتگ و سہب و بیگاہ وتی پیشانیگی ککرتگ چیا کہ پلمیے تھا
متن چکراورتیے پیشانیگا سہرین نشانے پر بوتگ . متن گار بوت بلہ اے
سنگتے پیشانیگ انگت کُنڈ انت .

ہمے واستا چہ نبشتکارا شرتر انت مردما پلمی اکثرے دوست بییت . منی
ناکوڑاتکیا سنجے دت دوست ات . آشت و باڈی ای اڈ کرت . منی بندیک

دَرَانْدِيهِی

”شے تیی دسچار بوتگ و تئو دلی نبوتگئے بلہ بہشتیین مُلایا...“ آیا
چہ اشیا گیش ہیچ نگوشت و منی دلبندا پورہ چیزے گت بوت. منی چم
بہشتیین مُلایے تَبزبان کپنت و من سک گریّت.

چاپ و شنگ: تاکبند ساچ 2019.

دو رۆچا پد آبیَا اِسپیتین گُد گورا اَت و مُلّائے چارگا اَتک. آبیَا همراھے هم گون اَت. مُلّایا منا سُهَرین چادرے سرا دات و هما سَبز منی دستتے دِلا اِیر کرت و منی سَر سَمارت و گوشتی: ”مُرادان باتتے.“

هما رۆچا شئے سواليا منا نِکاه کرت. چندے ماها پد مُلّایا وپات کرت.

رۆچ و ماه گوزان اَتنت. سال هئور اَت. کَهچَر سَبز اَتنت. دلوت سیرلاپ اَتنت و من نیپگان اَتان.

شئے، هر شمبهئے رۆچا وتی دَرا په دسچاريا شُت. یَک رۆچے هارگیجئے گوات کَشگا اَت، رۆچ شمبه اَت، اَسرئے وهد اَت، کِبَلها دو اِستار بُرز اَت و شئے وتی دَرا شُتگ اَت. مگریتے وهدا هئورا اِیر دات. سَجْهین شپا جمبران گَرندِت و هئورا گورت. منی چَم راها اَتنت بله شئے نعیاتک.

دومی سُهبا مئے همسَاهگین بلوچُکینا منا سِباھین چادرے سرا دات و گوشت:
”شعیئے هال اَتکگ که آبیئے دَر کِپتگ و آ، چیر تَرَتگ.“

منی سرئے هوش شُت. من گریوگ لَوْتت بله گریت نکرت. منا هما رۆچ یات اَتک که شعیَا ائولی بَرا منی دست گیت و منی دستتے لکیری چارتنت. من لَوْتت که وتی دستتے لکیران بچاران بله من دست چارت نکرت.

منی سرا یَکینا دستے سَمارت. من چَم چست کرتنت، هما مَرَد اِنت که مارا نِکاهی داتگ.

من گوشت: ”هئو.“

”تتو نون مزن آئے و سرپد آئے کہ اے لوٹکانی دزبوجی سئواب انت.“

من گوشت: ”آلاه مدت بات.“

ہمے چندے ماہئے تھا آنزور بوتگ آت. من پریشان آتان. من دابئوانی دیم
داشت نکرت کہ ملاً نادراہ آت و مردین آدمے نیست آت.

سائے ائولی آدینگ آت. ملاً کمے جوڑتر آت بلہ اے آدینگا ما شے سوائیے
گورا شت نکرت. دومی روچا ملاًیا گوشت: ”تتو اے بری کہ شے سوائیے
گورا رئوئے، منی سلامانی بدئے و بگوش ماتیا گوشتگ کہ من نون آجز
آن، منی کلئوا پُشت مجن.“

من دومی روچا یکے ہمراہ کرت و شُتان. شُتیا آنچو کہ منا دیست، گوشتی:
”من زی تتیی راہ چارتگ.“

”ملاً آجز انت. ترا سلامی کرتگ و گوشتگی کہ منی کلئوا پُشت مجن.“

آییا سلام العیک کرت و اشتاپ اشتاپا منی دستئے لکیرانی چارگ بنا کرت.
اے ائولی بر آت کہ منی دست مردین آدمیئے دستا آت. شُتیا منی دست تان
دیرا چارت و پدا سبزے اسپیتین پُچیا پتات و منا داتی کہ اشیا ملاًیا بدئے.

اے ائولی بر آت کہ آییا منا ہیچ دلبڈی ندات و نہ کہ منی دستئے لکیرانی
اھوالی منا دات.

پتے مَرکے دومی سالہ مات کوهی زومیا وارت و کشت. منا مُلا ماہاتونا
رودینتگ. مُلا ماہاتون ہم بلوچکے.

مُلا کِسہ کنت: ”شما دو جاڑ بوتگیت و شمے بلک من بوتگان. تئی ہمشیہ
چہ تئو رُزنا تر بوتگ بلہ روچی ہلاس بوتگ انت. ہیت روچی چکے بوتگ
کہ دپ و چمکی پچ بوتگ انت. تئی ماتا سک گریتگ. چہ شما پد تئی
ماتا دگہ سئے چک بوتگ و ہر سئین اشکند بوتگ انت.“

مُلا، برے برے شپے نہنگاما تہجد بوتگ، گڑا مُسلائی پیتکگ و بتی ای
زرتگ، راہ گپتگ. من گوشتگ بلکین آپ دستیا رتوت، ہمراہی بوتگان.
منا مکنی کرتگ و گوشتگی کہ اگن کسے گسدپیے دپا کثیت و منا تتوار
کنت، گڑا بگوشی پیرے گواشا شتگ بلہ چہ آییے رتوگا پد گسدپیا کس
نئیاتکگ. من باز بران جست کرتگ: ”مُلا! اے پیرے گواش کجا انت؟“
آییا منا ہچبر نگوشتگ گون.

یک شپے آنمازا ات، یکنا آواز دات: ”بیبی! تئو نمازا اے؟ ما مدرین ناہ
جتگ، بیبا، پاتیا ایش دئے گون.“

گرانین تتوارے ات. مُلایا سلام ترینت و جواب دات: ”الہ و شنام کنات.“
و پدا بتی ای زرت و رھاگ بوت. من تان نیمراہا ہمراہی بوتان. پدا من
وت بیرو کرت. من نون زانت کہ آکجا رتوت. پدا من آہچبر جست نکرت.

یک شپے آییا بتی زرت، چہ در آیکا پیسر گوشتی: ”منی مات! نون تئو
زانے من کجا رتوان؟“

منی نام دُرَبانی اِنْت. من بلوچکے اَن. ما پُشتی مالدار اِن. مئے پیرِنان
 بارِن چُنْت ھَلک و میتگ مَتّ کرتگ و گُدسرا منی ھُدَامُرِیِن پتے سر ھمے
 آپَبَنَدان کپتگ. آِیَا وتی دابئو تان پنچ سالا ھمے گُواشان چارِپتتگ اِنْت.

من دو سائے چُکّ بوتگان، منی پتا مارا پہ مدامی یلہ داتگ. مات کِسَّہ
 کنت: ”بَشَّئے مۆسَم بوتگ، تان شش رۆچا ھارگیچین گُواتا یكشلا کَشْتگ.“
 مات گوشیت: ”تئی پت مۆسَم زانتے بوتگ، گَوشتگی: ’اے گُواتا ھَرْدِیِن
 کَشْتگ، گُڑا چہ دو رۆچا گیش اِشیا نداشتگ و پدا مزین ھئور و ھرگ
 اَتکگ اِنْت. اِمَبری واجہ ھُدا وت ھئیرے بیاریت، جمبر سرا اِنْت و ھارگیجا
 شش رۆچ اِنْت کہ یَتابا کَشگا اِنْت.“

و پدا ھمے رۆچے پیشیما گُوات کپتگ و کُبلین ھشت رۆچا ھئورا گَنوکی
 گُورتگ. اے کُوهستگئے دُراھین کئور و شپیان توپانین آپے اُورتگ. مات
 کِسَّہ کنت: ”مئے دو بیلھی بُز گار بوتگ. من ماسگ بستگ. آ ھر دو
 سلامت بوتگ اِنْت بلہ چیزیا آسانی راہ داشتگ. گُڑا پتا گَوشتگ: ’گُتیا
 داشتگ اِنْت. مَن رُوان پَدَش جنان و کارانش.“

”ساھت اُسُر بوتگ و رۆچ یكشمبہ. کِبَلھا دو اِستار بُرز بوتگ. آ سَجھین
 شپا من تئی پتے راہ چارِتگ، اَس جمبور کرتگ کہ بلکین راھا گار اِنْت،
 بگندئے رُزنی شھمے آِیَا کَشکا بگیجیت، بلہ تان بامسارا اِنئیاتکگ. ھمے
 سُهبا ھارگیجا پدا کَشگ بنا کرتگ و سَک تَرُنِدا کَشْتگی. تان نیمرۆچا تئی
 پت گُون بُزان نئیاتکگ، گُڑا مئے ھمراھین بلوچکان آئیے لاش اُورتگ. تئی
 پت، شپا کُوهی گُریا لُکشتگ و بیران بوتگ.“

دُرَبَانِي

شاه ابن شين

منی دستانی لکیران منی وَشَبَهَتِيَّے هِچَّ گواهی نَدَات بله من همک سائے
ائولی آدینگا وتی دستے پیش دارگا آییے گُورا شُتان. من زانت که آییَا منی
دلبدی دئیگا دم برتگ بله گوشتی نَکرت.

آییے نام شے سُوالی اَت و شے دسچارے اَت. چُش نزانان اے هُنر، آییَا
چه کئیا در بُرتگ اَت. بله آییے گوَشگ اَت که تان منا یات اِنْت من دسچارے
آن. منا یات اِنْت که من ائولی رندا که آییے کِرا شُتگ اَتان، من و مُلا
ماهاتون اتین و ما په آییَا هُشکین کُنر و دوکین شیر بُرتگ اَت گُون. ائولی
برا که من وتی دست په پیش دارگا ٹال کرت، گُرا مُلا ماهاتونا منی دست
وت داشت. شے سُوالیے گوَشگ اَت که اے ائولی بر اِنْت که من کسپیے
دستا چارگا آن و دست دگرِبا داشتگ.

لکیران چارانا آییَا بارین چُونین لکیرے دیست که بلاهین آھے کَشْتی بله دگه
هچّی نگوشت. من په آ مکسدا مدام وتی دست پیش داشت که منی سور
کدی بیت، اِشییے بابتا هم هِچبر نگوشتی گُون.

بدلا تان هپتگے کپیا اوپار کرت بله تان کدینا؟ چه منی ناوهدین سُرپگان
یک رۆچے سک زهر گپت و منا زوران کوراتی. من چه آیئے دستا لکُشتان
و اے برزین کهورئے تُلا جَمکینا مان آتکان و چه هما رۆچا بگر تان رۆچ
مرۆچی همدا دُرنگ آن.

هرچُنت که هئور و رۆچان منی نیامدارئے سرا لگتگین هونانی پۆلنگ
شُشتگان، بله پشومانیئے زومسرین کاتارانى تپ انگت تازگ و آزگ انت
و هر وهده که کپوتیئے زهیرنالین کوکوان اشکنان، دلا درده چست بیت و
دراھین جهان ابیتک بیت.

چاپ و شنگ: ناگمان (2003¹، 2012²). دارئے اُپس. بچار چپر نیس 225.

من وتا ملامت کنگا اتان، بله نون آپ چه سرا پر گوستگات. بدلا چه لانکا داس کشت و ديم کبلها کرت و په مرگے هلا ر کنگا گيگ بوت. کليرے سرا نشتگين کپوت نالگا ات.

سک پشومان اتان که من اے هون ناهک پرچا وتی سرا کرت. نون من چون اشيا چه ملکومتے سهگرين پنجگان رکينت کنان. بله رندے هيرے چه دردا وارت. کار وه هراب بوتگ اتنت.

بدلا کپوتے پاد وتی راستين پادے چيرا و بانزل چين پادے چيرا کرتنت. چين دستا گت و سری داشتنت و داسا کپوتے گتا پر مشانا ”سَمِلاه، الَاهُ اکبر“ وانان بوت. چه مرگے ترسا کپوتا وتی چم نر کرتنت و مادگين کپوت بدلے سرا چکرکی ورگا لگت. داس کپوتے گتا اير کپت و هونان پيزار بست. کپوتا پيرکی جت تانکه سارت بوت.

بدلا چه کپوتے زگرين هونان سے چار پت منی نيامدارے سرا پر مشت که من شرت و گيشتر مرگ گپت بکنان بله من... من پشومانيے جمبورين آسا سُچان اتان.

چه هما روچا رند من هيچ مرگ نگپت. هر وهدا که مرگ منی نزيکا اتکنت، من وتا سربينت و چه اشيا منی نزيکا و جوھانا چيرين اے دگه تلکانی کرا نشتگين مرگان بال کرت. وتی کرتگين گناهے گرانين بارے سبکتر کنگے بس همه يکين راه پشت کپتگات.

يڪَ برے منا ڪمے بڙگ بوت، بله پدا چه اِشان يڪيے ڳرگئے واهگا، زندئے
 ائولى شڪارئے ڳرگ و همراهانى و بدلئے ديما و شنام بئيگئے واهگا منى دل
 دڏُ ڪرت.

نرين ڪپوت منى نيمگا ايان اَت و مادگين آبيے پُشتا گون اَت. منى دلئے
 دريگگ پدا تُرند بوتنت. اِشانى تها يڪے منى شكار بئيگى اَت. نون منى و
 بدلئے و دارانى ساهت و دمان ڪنگى اتنت. نرينا منى سُهروين دان كه ديست،
 گامى په من تُرند ڪرتنت و اَتڪ و منى دانى چُجب جت. منى دارُڪ چه ڪبلڪا
 در اَتڪ و من هما دمانا ڪپوت گُڻا گپت.

گون منى سُرپگا جوھانا نشتگين مُرگان بال ڪرت، بله گپتگين ڪپوتے مٺ
 منى سرا چپ و چاگردا چڪرُكى ورگا لگت. گون منى سُرپگا بدلا هم ڏرُڪ
 زرتنت. وهدے ڪپوتا بدل آيگا ديست، نزيڪا ڪليريے سرا سُت و نشت.

بدلا ڪپوت چه منى دپا در ڪرت كه مارتوسگ بوتگا اَت. ڪپوتى چارت و
 بچڪندتى. ”مُژده وار ائے تئو، بور سُهروان،“ بدلا بييزگين گالواريا گوشت
 و چه گلا ڪريشتگے جت.

منا بڙگ بوت. چونين وشين زندے اَت، اِشانى. يڪين ساهتا چو ڪڪليانى
 ڪلاتا ڪرتڪ. نون چون بيوس و دلترڪ اَنت، بيچارگ. دريگتئين من اے
 مگپتئين. من په پشومانى ڪپوتے نيمگا چارت كه بدلا مُهر داشتگا اَت. نون
 بدل اِشيا ڪُشيت و اِشيعے مٺ گمان مريت. اے دوينانى ناوهدين مرڪے
 زمهوار من آن. من اِشانى وشهالين زند برباد ڪرت.

شانتل دان چنان و وрана، منی دیما آتک و اؤشتات و په دانے چُمب جنگا گیگ ات که همه ساھتا دوین کپوتان گُشادیا چه کھورے ٹُلا بال کرت و جوھانے کِرا آتک و نشتنت. شانتل گُرتنت و بالَش کرت و هما کلیرے سرا شُت و نشتنت که آبیے پُشتا بدل نشتگات. گون بدلے گنگا آیان پدا بال کرت و دگه سُولیے سرا شُت و نشتنت.

منا کپوتانی سرا سگ زھر آتک چپا که اِشان منی دستے شکار برائنتگات. اگن اے مئیاتکیننت، آلمنا من وتی زندے ائولی شکار گپتگات. یک برے منی دلا هُل کرت که وتارا سُرپینان، بلی کپوت گُرت و چه ادا بال کنت و رئونت. اگن آیان منی دستے شکار برائنتگ، من هم ادا آیان چینکے چنگا نیلان. بله پدا من چارت که اِشان چُشین آسانین سزای ندیان. اگن ادا منش بال بدیان، آ دگه جوھانے یا مُلکیے سرا رئونت و لاپا پَر کنت. شرترین سزا همش انت که من چه اِشان یکے شکار بکنان.

دوین کپوت کَشمان کَش لُدانا جوھانے کِرا گردگا اتنت. همه وهدا کپوتانی بال داتگین شانتل هم پدا آتک و نشتنت. منی دل وش بوت و کپوتانی سرا زھر ایر اتکنت. ائولی رندا من آ شریا چارتنت. آ ورنای و بینکسین کپوت اتنت. یک نرنے ات و یک مادگینے. کَشمان کَش لُدانا دوین سگ برهدار اتنت. اے چون گل و شادان انت. بیچارگ نزاننت که ملکوت هر دمان آیانی سراپا انت.

بدلا آ دگه دوین تلک ہم چیر کرتنت. چیر کنگا رند، مئے کش و گورا وتی
 پدی گون چادرئے لمبا گار کرتنت کہ مرگ ممانت. چه اشیا رند بدل جوہانا
 گستا یک کلیرئے پُشتا نشت و چمی گون جوہانا کرتنت.

مؤسم سک و ش ات. جمبر ساہیل اتنت و سارتین کٹوشے ہم کشگا ات.
 جوہانئے کش و گورئے کلیر و کھورانی سرا نشتگین مرگ چه مؤسمئے
 وشیا مست اتنت و گون وتی وشین توارا مؤسما نازینگا اتنت.

ہمے وهدا دو کپوت بال کنانا آتک و ہمے برزین کھورئے ٹلا کہ انون من
 ڈرنگ آن، نشت. منی دل و ش بوت کہ مرگ باز بیان ات. اشانی تھا من
 یکے الما گران، بلہ من پیسرا وہ ہیچ مرگ نگیتگات. بارین چون بان؟

من دلا جیرگا اتان و مرگانی جوہانا نندگئے ودارا اتان. بدل کلیرئے پُشتا
 نشتگات و چه ما یکئیے سرپگئے ودارا ات. مئے ڈرستانی ودارئے دمان
 وڈان اتنت، بلہ ہیچ مرگ بنا نشتگات. ڈراہ کش و گورئے کلیر و کھورانی
 سرا نشتگ و زیباین مؤسمئے تئوسپیا اتنت.

آہر، مئے ودارانی ڈراجکشین دمان کُنتنت. یک شانٹلیا چه کھورئے سرا بال
 کرت و آتک و جوہانا نشت. آبیئے پُشتا دگہ دو سئے شانٹل دُمب پہ دُمبا
 آتک و نشت. لہتین شانٹل آ دگہ تلکانی نژیگا ات و یکے وار وارا منی
 نژیگا آیان ات. منی دلے دریکگ ٹرند بوتنت و منی ہیبالا کلیرئے پُشتا
 نشتگین بدلے ہم.

سے رُچ ات کہ بدلا منا اڈ کرتگ ات و چپر کنگا برگا ات، بلہ من تنینگہ
 ھچ مَرگ گپت نکرگ ات، پمیشکا وتی ھمراہانی کرا کمے پشل اتان کہ
 آیان بیہساب شکار گپتگ ات۔

شکارے گرگا منی بیسویئے نیمون اش ات کہ اٹولی رُچا من انچو ڈک
 اتان کہ منی دان مَرگان برت بلہ نسرپتان، و دومی رُچا من انچو سن اتان
 کہ وتسرا وت سرپتان و نشتگین مرگان بال کرت و پدا جُوہانا نشتنت بلہ
 منی نژیکا نثیاتکت۔ ھئیر، نون من زانان کہ تلک چو ڈک مبیٹ کہ مَرگ
 آییئے کُبلکئے دانا بورنت و انگت مسرپیت و چو سن ھم مبیٹ کہ کٹوشے
 کَشگا بسرپیت۔

آ سہبی، بدلا مارا زرت و تچکا سُوہوئے جُوہانا آتک کہ ڈگارے گُورا
 پُراہین سیرکگیئے سرا کُوت ات۔ اے جُوہانا بازین مَرگے آتک۔ کپوت،
 شانٹل، ڈریچک، پینتول و جنگلان ابید برے برے گولوانی سر ھم کپت۔

انوں جُوہانا لہتین شانتل و پینتول نشتگ و دانے چنگ و ورگا ات۔ وھدے
 بدل نژیکا رست، آیان بال کرت و کمے پَسند سُولیئے سرا نشتنت۔ بدلا دوین
 تلک بُنا ایر کرتنت و منا چپر کرت۔ کَنڈکے جتی و منا ھمشیئے تھا ایری
 کرت و وار وارا باری دات۔ پدا کُبلکئے سرا گون سُسرا پر لچینتگین سُوہوین
 دانی ھپ جت و درا کرت۔ منی پُشتی نیمگا لہتین کُڑی کاندیلی ایر کرت
 تانکہ مَرگ منا پُشتکایی مجنت، چیا کہ ما چہ پُشتی نیمگا آیوکین مَرگان
 سَک سکا گپت نکین۔

تلک

ناگمان

من تلکے آن . منا کِساس سالے بیت کہ ادا برزین کھوریئے تُلا دُرنگ آن .
رؤچانی گرمی و شپانی سارتیا، نمب و دُرشکان، گوات و هئوران، تبد و
لواران منا سک نرؤر ترَبنتگ . منی لَبُر سُرَتگ و سِستگ اُنت . نیامدار ورؤکان
وارتگ و نال زنگان گپتگ .

من پرچا ادا بیگومی دُرنگ آن؟ منا پہ اے هالا کئیا کرت؟ اے دراجین
کِسھے .

آ پارِیگین گرمائے یگ و ش و ساھیلین سُهے اُت . بدلا منا و منی اے دگہ
دوین همراه چہ لُچکا در کرتنت و دیم پہ وتی پتے ڈگارا رھادگ بوت .
آ مارا پہ چیر کنگا برگا اُت .

منی و منی دوین همراھانی شپا و پسگئے جاگہ همے لُچک اُت . بدلا شپا
مارا چیر نکرت، چپا کہ شپا مارا پُگل و مُشک و کُرکان سُرِپینت یا مۆر و
سلؤران دان بُرتنت . پمیشکا رؤچا ما مُلکا مُرگ گپت و شپا همے لُچکئے
تھا آرام کرت و وتی سرگوست و کسّہ اُورتنت .

میڙر سُهبا ماھلہ چہ جَمّا اِیر کِپت و دیوالئے سرا نِشت. وهد گوزان بوت. نیمروچ آتک. بلہ میڙر انگت ایتک ایتک ات و جیڙگا ات کہ مروچی گوشے روچ گرمتر انت. کَمے دلگوشی کُرت. گوات وَہ کَشگا انت بلہ پرچا منا نلکیت؟ و پہ گواتی کولئے شوہازا آئیے چَمّ پہ سَمئے دُبّا کِپنت. آیا هئیل کُرت گندے اگن انون اے دُبّ پچ کنگ بیت، گواتے در پچ بیت و مؤسّم وتی نوکین گدان گورا کنت. بلہ دُبّ پچ نبوت تانکہ مگربا میڙرے ماتا میڙر تتوار کُرت و جمے سرا بُرت. میڙرے مؤسّم تانکہ چار روچا یک حساب چو تینا تپتگات. پنچمی روچا رَمزانا دُبّ گون اے جزما پچ کُرت و مُرگ دُنا کَشنتت کہ نون دیدارا جمے سرا رئوگئے سزا رستگ. نون الم اِبرت گپیت و آنیمگا نچاربت.

چارین روچانی ارواہگرا دین ودارا رند مروچی میڙر و دیدارے مؤسّم بدل بوتگات. کئوش زرے نمبان چو مسکا شنزان ات. و اے دوین سئوژگ کنگا اتنت کہ اگن اے بهشتین مؤسّم ابدمان کنگی انت، گُرا مارا چہ مگربا و چہ رَمزانے آیکا پیسر هلک ریچگی و چہ ادا لکگی انت.

روچ زمینے سرے بانا دُرَتکگات. زمین و آسمانے نیاما ابید رُژنا دِگہ هچ نیستات. بس دور نیم آسمانا میڙر و دیدار دو کسانین ٹکئے وژا بال اتنت و چمّش زمینا اتنت پہ انچین هنکینیئے شوہازا کہ اودا وتی بهشتا اِیر کُرت بکننت.

چاپ و شنگ: مؤمن، منیر (2016). لیلان. بچار چیرنیس 222.

و چَمّ و دو چَمّ اِنْتِ كِه بال بكنْتِ و جَمّے سَرا برئوت. دیدار مُدام وتی دِلا
 جیڑیت كِه اے جَمّے درچك دُنیاے سَبز و سارت ساھگتیرین درچك اِنْتِ.
 اشیے بَرین شاھزانی سَرا ننداگا آییا اَنچین تاهیرے رسیت كِه آییا چہ اِد و
 پیسر نمارتگ.

رَمزان ہر رُؤچ تَچ و تاگا اِنْتِ، شوہازا اِنْتِ. دَرستین مُرگان گپیت و ڈبّا كنت
 بلہ دیدار گار اِنْتِ. دیدارے ہئیالا اے ڈبّ پہ آییا جھندَمین زندانے. آییے
 دِلا لَوٹت اے ڈبّ و ڈبّے واھندا آییے چَمّ مَکپتیننت. اے نیمگا رَمزان جَمّوڑگ
 و دُوا و پُسیار كنگا اَت كِه اے دیدارناما منا دِلسیاہ كُرتگ. ہر رُؤچ ہمے
 شوّم و شاندرزہ گار اِنْتِ. تتوامین مُرگ ہمدّا اِنْتِ بلہ اے گندگ نبیت. منی
 و ہ کار و رُؤزگاری بُرتگ. تان دیرا شوہاز كنگا رند، رَمزانا دیست كِه جَمّے
 سرا دیدار گون میزرا سُنٹ پہ سُنٹ اِنْتِ و نشتگ. رَمزانا توار كُرت:
 ”دیدار!“ بلہ دیدار بیسما اَت. آییا نزانْت كِه گوات كئی مَچان اِنْتِ. رَمزان
 لَبجگا اَت. ”هئو. تئی كِردار بزّان ہمیش اِنْتِ. تتو مروچی منی دَسْتا بکپ،
 پدا نگوشتے كِه مَن رُوان جَمّے جَمکا نندان و ترا تین دِلا دئیان.“

اناگت میزرا رَمزان سَمّا كُرت و دیدار ہال دات كِه اوّدا بچار، رَمزان ترا
 شوہازگا اِنْتِ. دیدارا كِه رَمزان دیست، جیڑتی: ”مَن گندے میزراے چَمّانی
 تھا جاگہ بکرتین، چون شرّ اَت“ و میزرا ہمے دمانا وتی چَمّ بند كُرتنت و
 گون دیدارا گوشت: ”دیدار! اے مرد و ہ ترا ادا ننداگ نیلیت. تتو نگوشتے
 منا چلھے بکنے و وتی پادا بکنے.“

ہمینچکا رَمزان جَمّے سرا بالا بوتگا اَت و دیداری گپیت و بُرت پہ ڈبّا.

بشام سیر و آزگارین مردے . کمپانے تھا شئوک و نوکین لوگی جوڑ کرتگ و کلاتے بس گڈسری نشانی پشت کپتگ انت . بله کمپانی انگت نسرینتگ و اے هما وڑا مھر و مھکم انت . کمپانے تھا ، روڈراتکی پھناتا جمے مزین درچک انت کہ ایشانی امرے کساس جنگ نبیت . سکین کوھنین درچک انت . مردم زانت نکنت کہ اے کمپان کوھنتر انت یا جمے درچک پیرتر انت ؟ بشام زرگرے کمپانے زرباری روڈراتکا مستری سبزے لوگ انت . مستری سبزے لوگ ہم کسان نہ انت بله بشام زرگرے کمپانے چارک ہم نبیت .

مستری سبزے کمپانے تھا چار بان مان و یک سمٹ و بلاکے مزین ڈبے ہم هست کہ آییے تھا کروس ، نکینک ، کپوڈر ، شانٹل ، مٹو ، کپینجر و اے دگہ کسان کسانین بازین مرگے هست . سبزے مسترین چک رمان مرگے سکین شئوکیے و توامین روچا گون وتی مرگان مشکول انت .

راستین نیمگے جمے سرا چپانے هنکین انت . آییے دو چک انت ، شپیلک و میزر . چپان کپوڈرے کہ دیر انت اے جمی وتی هنکین کرتگ . آچہ کسانیا همدا آتکگ و رندا شپیلک و میزرے پتی دچار کپتگ . گڑا همدا بوتگ انت .

بله چیزے ماہ پیسر شپیلک و میزرے پت یک روچے کہ چہ ادا در آتک ، گڑا پدا و اتر نبوت . هدا بزانت چونین وئیلے سراپی کپتگ . بله اینچک وهد گوزگا رند نون اے مات و چک ایکیم بوتنت کہ آھیات نہ انت .

مستری سبزے لوگے مرگانی تھا بازین کپوڈرے ہم هست . سبزے چک ایشان پہ وهد و پاس دنا کشیت و پدا گیپت و دبش کنت بله یک کپوڈرے کہ نامی دیدار انت ، مدام کہ چہ ڈبا در کئیت ، تچکا رتوت دیوالے سرا نندیت

بہشت

منیر مؤمن

رُوچے اٹولی برانزا میزَر و دیدارے گردنانی نیاما وتی کِشک شوہازت و
دوین پچ لَرزنتت. وتی کِر و گورا شَریا چارگا لَکنتت. دوین جیڑگا اتنت کہ
ما دوشیگین تتوامین شپ ہمے وڑ گوازیبتنگ.

میزَر و دیدار زی بیہگاہا چہ وتی ہنکینا لَکنتت و اِشانا ہمدا شپا گیت. گُرا
دوینان جیڑت کہ شپا ہمے جُمپے سرا گوازیبنین. اے یَک وڈے ات. بس
لہتین انچین ہاکی جُمپ اتنت و دور دورا دگہ ہیچ نیست ات. میزرا جیڑت:
”بہشت بگندے ہمے وڑا ببیت،“ و پدا وتی سری بانزلانی چیرا چیرا دات.

اے یَک کوہنین گلی کَمپانے. اِشیے تھا ہما کلات کہ بوتگ، آنون دُرتگ
و کپتگ، بلہ آییے نشان انگت گلئے جُمپانی دروشما باز جاگہ ہست انت.
انچو سَمّا بیت کہ اے یَک زمانگے اے ہندے ہاکمانی جاگہ بوتگ، بلہ
وہدے بدلیان اے کَمپان و کلاتے واہند بدل کنان کُرتگ انت. انون اے جاگہ
بشام زَرگرتیگ انت.

پدا لوگئے تہا ہیت دانگ گُلڑ ترگا لگت. منی ہب ہم گیشتر بوت پرچا کہ منی بلک مدام آیئے تتوسپیا کنگا ات. من آیئے گیشتر ہیالداری کرت و مدام شربن وراک دات کہ وتی چکان گیشتر شیر بدنت.

نون آیئے چک مزن بیان اتنت. آیان شیر ہم یلہ کرتگات. یک شپے من کہ اوڈا سر بوتان، آ اوڈا نہات. من چہ بلکا جست گیت: ”مروچی زاہر نہانت، کجا شتگ؟“

ہبر منی دپا ات کہ آپتیرت. من چپ بوتان کہ بلکین آ دلا کاریت.

دومی شپا منی کرا اتک، نشت، پدا گپا لگت: ”بشام سک بزگ انت. بیچارگے لوگ سک مزن انت. آیئے لوگا کچکے وہ ہست بلہ لوگا دلوت ہم باز انت. نون گرماگی شپ انت. ملکا دزانی ہم شور انت. کلین مردم ڈنا وپتنگ انت. آیانی لوگ ہم یلہ انت. اگن تتو دلا مٹیاریے، من شپا ہمؤدا برئوان؟ ادا چک وہ ہست انت. نون مزن انت و راشگ ہم زاننت.“

من لوٹت جستی بکنان بلہ آییا منا گپ جنگئے موہ ندات و گوشت: ”من زانان تتو چے جست گرگ لوٹئے... ہتو، بشامئے کچک نراے.“

من آیئے چمانی تہا چارت. آیئے چمان دو ترمپ ارس پہ شپ گرگا جاڑی ات.

چاپ و شنگ: ماہتاک بلوچی، مارچ 2000.

’برئوین جان شو دین، بلہ من تتکان. انگت دوا تچگ تچگا منا آپ پر ریتک.
من سک ژند آن. منی سرین دردا انت. اے جاہ گیش درد کنت، بچار...“

آییا منی دست گپت و وتی سرینے نیمگا برت. من آییے سرین گون ماتی
لنکا زور پر دات و جست کرت: ”ادا؟“

گوشتی: ”انہ، کمے جھلترا... ہم... ہم... ہمدا درد کنت.“

منا آییے جاورے سرا بزگ بییگا ات و جستن کرت: ”اٹون اگن کسے ترا
وتی لوگا ببارت...؟“

آییا منی گپ کپی کرت و گوشت: ”تتو منا وتی لوگا برے؟“

”منی لوگا یک کچکے وہ ساربا هست بلہ منی بلک ایوک انت. من ترا
ہمایے لوگا بران و زائے اؤدا جے کنگی انت؟“

”من زنانان منا شپان آگہ بییگ و راشگی انت.“

من آ ہمراہ کرت و بلکے لوگا آورت. بلک نرندگا لگت: ”اے چہ بلاھے
تتو آورتگ؟ اے تئی چہ دردا وارت؟“

من بلک سرید کرت و گوشت: ”اے ہمدا انت. اے تئی ہاترا بیوایی سگیت
و اگن اشیا تئی ہئیال نداشت، گڑا لٹ تئی کشا ایر انت.“

پدا من ہر شپ شتان و بلک و آییے ہالپرسی کرت. بلک چہ آییا سک وش
ات. بلکے یک مزین پگرے ہمیش ات کہ منی ککر گار بییگا انت بلہ نون
گیشتر بیان اتنت.

”گڑا گۆن تئو گپّ جنگ بیت. “

آییا گینگ کرت و منی کشا نِشت، پدا گپّا لگّت. ”منی کِسّه باز دراج انت

بله تئو منا بگوش مردم رۆچے چنت برا جان شۆدنت؟“

من بچکندت و گوشت: ”برے یگ رندے، برے دو رندا. تئو چیا جُست

کنگا ائے؟“

”لهتین دراهین رۆچا جان شۆدیت؟“

”شۆدگا شۆدنت، بله آ زوت نادره بنت. “

”من ساریا جان شۆدگ نرانتگ. من وهده کسان بوتگان، منی مات ناھدا

چارکئے لۆگئے دپا بوتگ. پدا منا یگ گوندۆیا وتی لۆگا برت. اشان گۆن

من لئیب کرت و منا شرّ شرّین ورگ هم دات، بله وهده من مزن بوتان یگ

رۆچے په تر و تابا دُنا شتان، لالوئے کُچکا منا بڈت و گوشتی: ’برئوین تئیا

جان شۆدین. پدا من وتی لۆگا شتان، منی پٹ تر انتت، گڑا لۆگئے مردم

منی سرا شک بوتنت، پدا آیان منا چه وتی لۆگا در کرت. “

پدا گریوگا لگّت و گوشتی: ”من مزین رده وارت که آ رۆچی جان شُشت. “

من آییئے سر مرزت و آیارا تسلّا دات و گوشت: ”گوستگین گپّانی سرا

نزوردل گریونت، نون وتی بانداتئے پگرا بکن. “

پدا گوشتی: ”نون منا چه آبا ترسیت. ائولی رۆچان منا جان شۆدگ وش بوتگ،

بله نون منی هئیالا ترمپے آپ پوره آرتئے گونیه. همه ترمپئے چست کنگئے

زور هم منا نیست. ائون هشت کُچک منی رندا کپتگ ات، گوشگا انتت:

تتو مہناز نبے

یونس ہسئین

من بیسما تئیبائے دیا نشتگ اتان.

بارین شپئے چہ وهد انت؟ گپ ہم انچینے کہ من سئے رۆچ انت بیوت آن.
نه شریئے سرا ورگ وراں، نه منا اے سُد هست کہ منی سیٹ منا شوہازگا
انت. ایوک همه پگرا آن کہ کراچیا دیم داتگین ماہیگ پرچا هراب بوتنت.
زانا ماہیگانی هرابیئے زمہوار ایوک من آن؟ اناگت برمشے بوت. من چک
جت و چارت. منی پُشتا یک منڈین کچکے اؤشتاتگ ات کہ لاپی ہم پُر ات،
دُما سُرینگا لگت.

من جُست کرت: ”تتو شپینما ادا چے کنئے؟“

گوشتی: ”جُست مکن. من نون سک دم برتگ.“

”بارین، گپ بجن.“

”تتو سور کرتگ؟“

”هئو، منا چار دانگ چک ہم هست. چیا زانا؟“

نیمگا رھادگ اَت. آییا کسئی نیمگا ہم نچارت، تچکا ہمَامیا پُترت، جانی
شُشت و ریشی سات و شیزارانا وتی کارگسے نیمگا رھادگ بوت.

چاپ و شنگ: داد، ائے. آر. (2009). دریگے پیچ بیت. بچار چیرنیس 189.

”بیا، برئوین ترا تعیی دشتارے هلکا بران، نون گیشتر آزاب من سگت نکنان.“ آیا نوکمدینه دستا گپت و لوٲتی در بیعت که آییے جنین دیمما مان ترٲت. ”یک برے منا بکش، نون ایشیا ببر.“

”مرٲچی من هیچ گوش نداران. مرک دگه چپے؟ ماشما زانا پیسرا زندگ بوتگین که باریگ مرٲچیئیگ انت؟“ آیا جنین دکھے دات و نوکمدینه دستا گپت و در کپت.

نوکمدینه چٲ و هبکه و هییران ات، نزانگا ات چه گپے. شپ چو ژیمب و گرا سیاه و تھار ات. آییے دلا نون مهرے چمگ هُشک بوتگات، په وتی چُگا هیچ ارمان پُشت نکپتگات. آ ایوکا همه پگرا ات که باندا پدا من زندگ بان. گون وشهالیا کارگسا رئون، گون وتی همکاران نندان مُلکے جاورانی سرا گٲ و تران کنان، ٹیپلا دُکر جنان، برزین تتوارا سعت جنان.

جیٲان جیٲانا اتارگے وهدا آ کُرنے درچکے چیرا سر بوت، گون برزین تتواریا گوشتی: ”هسن سؤل! ایش انت، من وتی زبان موکتگ، تعیی دشتار زُرتگ و اورتگ.“

نوکمدینهے دستی یله کرت و جهلگا ایر کپان بوت. گوشے مزین بارے چه آییے کوپگان دور آتکگ. آ انچو سبک ات که په آیا پندیے بُرگ گوشے چُکی لئیے ات. آیا گوشے بؤلے گون ات، لئیب کنانا دیم په میتگا رئوگا ات. روچ نون در آتکگات، چُگان وتی کتابانی جولی گون ات و وانگجاهان رئوگا اتنت. شهر سرجما پاد آتکگات. هرکس وتی منزله

نون پہ آيا مسترین آزاب نؤک مدینہئے ہمے جُست ات کہ ”منی پت! کُتر زانا چے لوٹیت؟“ آيا راستین گپّ جت نکرت کہ چو مبيت کہ چہ آيئے مهران زبهر بیان.

ہمے نگوشگ ہم نون پہ آيا آزابے ات. نون آيئے چئوکی گیش بئیان بوتنت. شپئے یِک و دوا آيگ و نؤک مدینہئے چمانی پیچ بئیکا پیسر در کپگ، کارگسا ساہتے نندگ و پدا شہرئے بینامین راہ و دران سر کَشگ و ہما یِک و دوا بیرو کنگ آيئے آدت ات. نون آيا وتی شہرئے ہیچ درچک ہم دوست نہ ات. رھسران کہ درچکے دیستی، تُکے الم جتی. مساپرے کہ آيئے چیرا بوشناتین، گون زھر و کینگی چمان چارتی.

”ہسن سؤل اگن انچو منا ہمے رھسران دُچار بکپیت، من آيئے سرا گڈان،“ یِک رُچے آيا جیڑت و وتی پادانی دیمما کپتگین کارٹونیارا لگتے جت. گوزوکین مردم آيا آجبین رنگیا چارگا اتنت، گوشے آگنوکے، وتی ہوشا نہ انت.

اے شپی آيا وتی کیسگئے دراہین زرّ شراب کرت و وارتننت، تترانا لوگا پُترت و نؤک مدینہی چہ و ابا پاد کرت. ”تتو ہر وہد جُست کنئے: ”کتر پرچا منی و ابا کئیت؟“ یا: ”ترا گون کُترا چہ سیادیے ہست؟“ گڑا اشکن. تتو ہمے درچکئے دشتار ائے. تتو ہسن سؤلے دشتار ائے، ہمے پیرمردئے کہ پیتھے مئے لوگا دیمی داتگ.“

آيئے ہمے جاک و کوکاران آيئے جنین پیچ ڈرہت و پاد اتک.

آییا وتی سریگ گیشینت و ڈرک ڈرگا جھلا ایر کپت، گوشے ہونوارین
 رسترے آیئے رندا کپتگ. آیئے جیگ چہ ہیدا میچل ات، زبان لرزگا ات.
 آزوت لوگا سر بئیگ لوٹگا ات. جھلا آیانی گاڑی پہ رٹوگا سا جو ات. دراہ
 ایوکا نوکمدینھے رہچار اتنت کہ چہ آیان گسر بوتگا ات. مگربتھارا
 آ لوگا سر بوت، ہچگی نہ ات، گوشے کرانی بیوایے ات.

سُہبا کہ آیئے چم پچ بوتنت، پت آیئے دیما اؤشتاتگا ات. پیتی آیئے دستا
 ات. ”اے زانا تئو اورتگ گون؟“ نوکمدینہ ہبکہ ات، لوٹتی یات بکنت
 کہ اے پیتی من اورتگ گون یا چہ پیسرا ہمدا ایر انت، بلہ ہیچ گیری نغیاتک.
 ”من نزانان بارین من اورتگ یا چہ پیسرا ہمدا انت.“ آ و پت ہر دوین پیتیئے
 دیما نشتنت.

سکین زباین پیتیئے ات. ہر چارین نیمگان نکش و نگار ات. آیان پیتی کہ
 پچ کرت، آیئے تھا ایوکا کتابے ایر ات کہ تاکی زرد و کوہن اتنت. آییا
 ائولی تاک لیٹینت، نبشته ات: ”منا منی نیکیانی برورد ہمے رستگ کہ
 کُئرے درچکے جوڑ بوتگان، بلہ تئو وتی زبان تنینگہ نموکتگ.“

گون کُئرے لبزے وانگا، نوکمدینھا زیکنین پکنک و کُئرے دراہین گپ
 گیر اتکنت. لوٹتی کُئرے دراہین گپان گون پتا بجننت، بلہ آ دروازگے دپا
 رستگا ات. آییا نلوٹت تتواری بجننت. نوکمدینھا لوٹت وتی ماتا جُست
 بکنت کہ کُئرے درچکا گون پتا چہ سیادی ہست، کہ ماتا انچین کُلگے
 جت گوشے چیڑے گُٹا گُٹتگی. ”منی چُک! من زانت نکنان.“ ماتا آیئے
 جُستا پیش وتی دروگین پسئو دات و آسروکے نیمگا رھادگ بوت.

گُون چمانی پچ کنگا آیا لُوٹت کہ نوک مدینہا تئوار بکنان و جُستی بکنان کہ ”تئو مروچی پدا ہما واب ندیستگ؟“ کہ نوک مدینہ آتک و آیئے دیما اوشتات. ”ابا! دؤشی من پدا ہما واب دیستگ بلہ منا سَما بوتگ کہ درچک مردمے، منا تئوارا انت.“

”انہ، انہ، مردمے نہ انت، منی چُک! اے انچین وابے، وابان مانا نیست.“
اییا نزانن من چے گوشت. پاد آتک و پسیلا شت.

ہمے سہبا نوک مدینہ وتی دزگہارانی پجیگا پکنکا شت. نان ورگا پد، آ آکسکشئی و کُئرے چنگا بُرزگا سر کپنتت. گل و کندان، ٹہک دئیان آ ڈکین کُئرے دیما اوشتانتت. نوک مدینہ یگ برے اوشتات و درچکی چارت. آیا سَما بوت کہ ہمے درچک انت شپان منی و ابا کئیت. ”انہ، اے نبیت، کُئرے درچک دراہ ہمرنگ انت، دگرے بیت.“

ایان وتی پندول و چنک پُر کرنتت و یگ یگا ایر کپان اتنت کہ نوک مدینہے سربگ گون لونجانین شاہڑیا اڑت. آیا دست بُرت کہ سربگا بگیشینان کہ سمایی بوت یکیا منی دست داشتگ. آیئے دپا در آتک ”وئے! چوین کُئرے“ کہ آیئے گوشان تئوارے رُست: ”اشکن.“

نوک مدینہا اے کپ و آ کپا چارت تہ کس نیست. اینچکا آیئے دراہین دزگہار یگ یگا ایر کپتگ اتنت. ”من کُئر گپا آن. لوگا کہ رئوئے وتی پتا بگوش وتی زبانا بموک. اگن تئو شمشتے، سرونا دارے پیتے ایر انت، آیا پچ کن. چہ آیئے تھا گومزے در کئیت، تعیی لَنکُکے وارت، ہمے ترا منی گپانی ترانگا گیجیت.“

دپا هېچ در نکپت. گوشے آ، اے جوڑی رنگین هېچ چيزا نرانت. دپما کنزت و
وتی کُرسیئے سرا انچو نشت گوشے کسیا په زور چاتے تها دتور داتگ.

”کُترے درچک، هسن سؤل، نوکمدینه، واب...“ آييا جيٲت، دست سرا
کرنتت. آيیئے نزيکا نشتگين همکار دراه هبکه اتنت که مردا چه بوتگ.
مروچی نه آيیئے کلمے آتيزی، نه زوت کارانی گيشينگ، پدا برزين توارا
سئوت جنگ و دُکر جنگ، گوشے هچبر آييا چشين کرد و کار نکرتگ.
گوشے دگرے بوتگ که تان شانزده سالو اشيئے کُرسیئے سرا آتکگ و
نشتگ. مروچی اسل مردمے جند آتکگ که نه کارانی گيشينگ زانت، نه
برزين توارا سئوت جنگ و دُکر جنگ زانت.

يک برے پدا آييا جيٲت: ”کُترے درچک، هسن سؤل، نوکمدینه، واب چه
انت؟“

آپاد آتک و چه کارگسا در کپت. رئوگ رئوگا آيیئے دلا آتک که نوکمدينهئے
وانگجاها برئوان و آيیئے اُستادا بگوشان ”وتی نو دربرا بگوش دگه برے کُترے
درچکے و ابا مگند، من زندگ بوت نکنان“ که گاڙيے چه دورا آيیئے پُشتا
پيمپ پيمپ کنگا لگت. آيک کر بوت و آدگه دستی گپت و رئوان بوت. ادا
اودا گردانا نوکمدينهئے وابے بارئوا پگری کرت. همه دُتولا، سر جهلا، پگر
کنانا، آشيئے يکا لوگا سر بوت. آيیئے جنين تيننگه آگه ات، بله مردا هېچ
نگوشت و آتک و نپادانی سرا دراج بوت. پدا همه پگر، همه واب، همه
کُتر، همه هسن سؤل و نوکمدينه... تان وهدے آيیئے دل په و ابا شت.

کنت. چشپن ساهتان آ پاد آتگکأت و کوه، دار و درچکی چارتگ آنتت. آيا وتی سنگتانی همه گون زمانگا ماسیت و گلگ هیچ دؤست نبوتنت.

دوشمبهی سُهبا پدا هما رنگا پاد آتک، جانی شُشت و دیم په وتی کارگسا رهادگ بوت. نون گوشے گاڙیانی گیر و گار و چُکّانی، جُولی کویگا، په وانگجاها رهادگ بیگ آيا سَک دؤست آنتت. نون په آيا هر چیزا مانا هستأت. کارگسا کارانی چُگکا پد، برزین تتوارا سئوت جنگ و دُکر جنگی انچو آدت کرتگأت گوشے اے هم زمهوارے و آییے کارانی تها هئوار انت.

شانزده ساله پد یک برے پدا آ ابیتک و مؤنجا بوت. یک سهبے که آ سر گپتگأت که کارگسا برئوت، گُرا نؤک مدینها که په وانگجاها سر گپتگأت، چه وتی پتا جُست کرت: ”آبا! من دؤشی و ابا کُنرے دیستگ، گوشے منا چیزے گوشگ لوئیت.“

آيا بچکندت و دَرائنت: ”منی چُک! اے وابه، و ابا هرکس هرچه گندیت، اشان مانا نیست. تتو وتی دلگوشا وانگا بدے. اے و ابا ن یله کن...“

آ در کپت و په اِشتابی دیم په کارگسا رهادگ بوت، بله اے سرجمین راها مروچی هر چیز په آيا انچش ات که شانزده سال پيسر ات. همک اسکولی چُکئیے گپ و هبر، گاڙیانی تتوار و پیمپ آيا هسن سؤلے کئولے ترانگا پَرینگا ات. آيا دست دیم سمارت، سمایی بوت که اے منی شانزده سال پيسر بیگن دیم انت که هُشکین هُد و پؤسته و گوشتی هیچ پر نیست. انچو که کارگسا پُترت، همکاریا آییے دست گپت و جوژی کنگ لوئت، بله چه آییے

گُون بُرزين تئواريا گپي جت، و وهده چه ٿيبلے ديما ايرين کاگدان چٿت گٿا
 په بيسمايي دستي ٿيبلے سرا اير بوتنت، بنا بوت ڏگر جنگا. آيے نزيگا
 نشتگين کار کنوک دراه آيے نيمگا چارگا آنت. آ بچکندگا ات که آيارا
 درچکے سؤجي داتگات.

نون آ پيشي مردم نه ات که سُهبا کارگسا پٿرت و تان رُڪستيا گُون کسا گپي
 نڪرت. آيے همكاران لوٿت که گپ بجنٿ، گُون ما چاهے بوارت، وتي
 پگار و شهرے نوکين جاوراني بابتا گپ بجنٿ، بله آ چه اِشان بيَسما نه گُون
 کسييا گپي کرت نه کارگسے پٿرگا گُون کسييا درهبات و سلامے کرتی.

سالے بيت که آيے کارگسے دراهين همكار چه آيے برزين تئوارا سئوت
 جنگ و ٿيپلا ڏگر جنگا پریشان آنت، بله آ چه اے دراهينان بيَسما گُون
 نوک مدينهے پيدائشا همينچک گل ات گوشے آيے نزا درد و گم، ناميتي
 و بے اوستي که مردم اِشاني زنگا جنٿ، دراه بيமானين گپ آنت. آ ايوکا گُون
 وشيا آشنا ات و بس. همه روچان آيا شهرے بازين نوکين هوٿليا رٿو و آ
 بنا کرت و نوک اڏ کرتگين جاه و دگاني سئپلا سيري نڪرت. گوشے نوکين
 مردمے ات که شهرا آتکگ. په آيا هر چيز نوک ات. همه روچان آيا گُون
 يک و دو کوهينين شرابي سنگتا نند و نياد بنا کرت.

نون همک يکشمبه سنگتاني پجيجا شت و پکنکي کرت و شرابي هم وارت.
 آيے همراه زوت، سے چار گلاسا پد بنا بوتنت زمانگے گلگ و زنگا، بله
 آ گوشے سهيگ نه ات که انچين چيزے وارتگي که مردما په ساهتيا بدل

چینا آتکگان؟“ آ گوئے چه هر چیزا پراموش ات. اے هم زانگا نه ات که
 ”من کئے آن؟ کجام زبانا گپ جنان؟ منی هلکئے هد و سیمسر کجا انت؟“

آ چپ بوت و پاد آتک، کئرے چیرا اوشتات و چارتی. ”اے پیرمرد من
 گوئے پیسرا هم دیستگ، بله منا گیر نئییت کدی و کجا دیستگ. بگندئے
 و ابا دیستگ،“ آیی دلا هیال کرت و تاکانی مرزگا لگت. آ نون شدا هم
 گپتگ ات. آیی گون وت زرتگین توشگ ماهله هلینتگ اتنت. گون کئرے
 لبین برانی گندگا آییے دپا آپ دات، دستی برت که یک و دو پسندان که
 تتواریا سرینت.

”اے تھاریا تتو ادا اوشتاتگئے، چه لوئے؟“

”من، واجه! بیمراد آن. منا پشید نیست. منی کهول منا تزن جنت که من
 نامردے آن. من کجا کجا نشتگان، کئی کئی در نکتگ. من اے هشکین
 دست زرتگ و تئی درا آتکگان که تتو اشان بسبزینے.“

کئرا درانت: ”گون من هسن سولا اے کئولا بکن، اگن جنکے بیت، گرا
 منی دشتار انت، آییے ناما هم نوک مدینه بکن. اگن بچکے بیت، تتو بزانت
 و تئی جن.“

”نه، واجه! تتو هرچه بکشائے من زوران و هچبر هم چه وتی زبانا نبجان.
 من زبان مؤکین ٹکئیے مردے آن.“

نون روچ در آتکگ. گون جنگلے زیمین سہبا هسن سول هم چپ بوت.
 نون آتڑهتگ ات و آرام ات. اے کپ و آکپا چارگا ات.

هسن سؤل

اے . آر . داد

مزنین دارو و درمانیا پد ہم، آیئے نسیئے چراگ نَشَهْمِت، نہ کہ آیئے جنینا
چشپین راہ و درے اِشکت و راہ نکیت و نَشْت .

آہرا یِک رُوچے آیئے کارگسے کار کنوکین سنگتیا آیارا سوچ دات کہ
”اے شہرئے کُھدیمَا، گُوشنت کُنرئے درچکے ہست . ہمایئے ساہگا اگن
تتو شپے و رُوچے بجلئے، ترا اَلْمَا چُکَّ بیت .“ آ وَہ چوناہا پادانی سرا
اؤشتاتگات، پدا پُشپدیئے گما، پنچ سال پُرین، آیا وتا چہ تھا وارتگ و
روسینتگات . آیا ہما سہبا رُوچیئے رُکستی کاگدے نبشت و واجھے ٹیبلئے
سرا ایر کرت و رھادگ بوت .

جنان و پرؤشان، جُست و پُرس کنان، آہر آ ہما کُنرئے ساہگا پُجَّت . گُوشے
پہ آیا بہشتئے دروازگ پچ بوت . یِک برے وَہ شَمُشتی کہ ادا چنا آتکگ،
پرچا کہ سرجمین رُوچیئے جنگ و پرؤشگا پد، آ اَنچو ژند ات گُوشے آیا
وتی ہِچ گون نیست . گون درچکئے تکہ دئیگا، آیئے چم بند بوتنت . یِک
وہدے کہ آیئے چم پچ بوتنت، اِنسرتگین شپ و جنگلئے تھاریا سیہمارے
آیئے ارواہئے بندان راہ دات . یکبرے پدا آیا گون وت جیڑت کہ ”من ادا

زی سُهبا من یِک لَچے دَہ کلدارا زُرت و دیم په کنديا رثوان بوتان. من شریا
سما کرت که مهلوک منا هورت هورتا چارگا انت. گوشے زانا منا گوشگا
انت که انگت بوان گیشتر.

وهدے من کنديا سر بوتان یِک رندے منی چم په ناکو تنگهیا شانک گپنتت
بله دور دورا هم آییے گواه نیست ات. البت، لشکری سپاهیگ کنديے نزیگا
زمینا ماپ کنان و تمبو مک کنان اتنت بله چه اشان بیسما، من دیم په وتی
روزیگا شُتان.

مروچی من مردمانی بازین منت و لئیلایا پد گون همه مانزمانیا چه تانها یله
کنگ بوتان که آندگا هچبر کنديا کرکینکے چنگا نرثوان. چه تانها آیگا پد،
من جُپتا بازارا آتکان که چیژے بگران و بوران. دو روچ ات گزنگ اتان.

وهدے من بازارا سر بوتان، منی چم و تسرا کرکینکی سیٹے دُگانے نیمگا
شانک گپنتت، ته آییے دُگانے دیما دو لشکری موئل چه کرکینکا چکار،
اوشتاتگ ات.

چاپ و شنگ: بهار، گئوس (2003). گرکینک. بچار چپرنیس 181.

پادان شُتگ کہ یَکَّیے گِسا رَزانی مُشتگَات و منا کُمَکِی داتگَات. من
 وت هئیران اَتان کہ نون چے بکنان. هدایا وت رهم کرت. بيشک، هدا
 رُوزبِگِرسان اِنْت، بابلُو. آييا بارين چه کجا يَکْ مردے اُورتگ کہ کوهنين
 اَسِن، کوهنين چَمپِل و لَبْرُ، کَلَنَدِی و کرکينک په بها زوريت. پميشکا من په
 وتا لچے گوپتگ و هَمُک سَهَبْ کايان تان بيگاها دَهے بيسته مَن کرکينک
 چنان کہ منا بيسته کَلدَار رسيِت کہ يَکْ بيليا نان و پيمَاَز بنت.“

”دَهے بيسته مَن کرکينک بيست کَلدَار؟“ من هئیران مَنْتان. باپاری هم
 شَرين ناٿاپے.

”من چيے، بابلُو! يَکْ مَن دو سير و نيم اِنْت. هدایا هم چُونين وهدے اُورتگ
 کہ په بيلِيے نان و پيمَازا بيست کَلدَار هم کم اِنْت.“ ناکوئے دپ گپَا اَت و
 دست تيزيا کارا اَتنت. آيکُوِي دَپِنْدِين کرکينکان چنان و لچا کنان اَت. ما
 تان دِيرا همے هشتاد ساليگين مردے گُشادکاری ديست و پدا ناکوُارا
 ”اَلَاهَيے امان“ گوشت و دِیما شُتین.

و پُرين ساليا پَد وهدے من وتی وانگ در بُرت و په سرکاری نئوکريا کيچ،
 شال، کراچی و اسلام آبادا مختلفين کارگسان سگ جَنگ و گُربگ اِشکيل
 کنگا پد گُون ناکامين دليا لُوگا واتر کرت. هئیران اتان کہ چه کار بکنان.
 نئوکري په ما گريبان چو اِنجیرے پُلَا اَت و مے شهرا کارجاهے نام و نشان
 نيست اَت و منی دُئولين واندهين مردم په واندهيا پعيم نبوتگَات. پميشکا
 پرندوشیگين بازين بيچار و پگران منی هئيال ناکو تنگهيے نيمگا بُرت.

من مُبتا ناکوئے سرا شک کرت و آییئے لوگی و جنگ زا و بد دانتت. من
پشومانیہ گہ بوارتین. منی ہئیال پہ ناکوئے پیرین لنگین زال و دوین نیازیین
جنگان شت کہ آیانی رُوژیئے کٹوک زالمان وتی ہرجان جتگات.

نون من اے وہ زانت کہ من پرچا بند کنگ بوتگان بلہ اے گپا منی سر پر
نبئیگا ات کہ اناگہا کرکینکئے تھا کجام شری آتک کہ آییئے چنگ چہ ہونا
زیات ہتاواری انت.

زی منی کرکینک چنگئے ائولی رُوچ ات بلہ ناکو تنگہیا دیر ات کہ ہمے
دندایا ات. منایات انت کہ سالے ساری من گون لہتین سنگتا کندیئے ندارگا
آتکان، تہ ائولی رندا ناکو، کرکینکئے چنگ و مچ کنگا دیست، ہئیران بوتان
چہا کہ ادا ہچبر کسا کرکینکے نچتگ و مچ نکرنگ.

سدان سالہ اے کرکینک انچو کنڈیا سہرچکین ریئے سرا کپوک آنتت. کسا
بوچیئے جُست نکرنگ آنتت. ہتو، برے برے گوندوان چتگ و وتمانوتا
میڑینتگ و پرؤشتگ آنتت.

من پہ وتی ہئیرانیئے دور کنگا چہ ناکوا جُست کُرت.

”بابلو! لاپئے سوک انت، لاپئے.“

ناکوا یک کترہے وتی چم چست کُرتنت و منا چارت و وتی دستی لاپا جت.
”من پیرین مردے آن، کار و دندا من کُرت نکان. تتو وہ زائے منی گسا
مردین زہگ، ہدائے گنج انت، کس نیست. دوین نیازی انت کہ اے، پہ کارا
دگرئے گسا دیم دئیگا منا دل نبت. دنیا ہراب انت. تعیی ترو ہم نون چہ

”هېچى نگوشتگ. آبيچارگ سُهې...“ سپاهيگے گپ پدا کپى بوت. منا
 نون گوشے زانا گنوکيا گپت. ”ناکوا هېچ نگوشتگ. آبيچارگ سُهې...“
 اے دراهين لبز په من چاچ آنتت.

همه سپاهيگ پدا منى نزيکا گوست بله دُنا کسے اؤشتاتگ آت زانا که منى
 پؤل کنگے ديجا آيا هېچ نگوشت و بيتتواريا گوست. نون منى جانے پُت پاد
 آتکگ آنتت. من کوليے سيمبندين دروازگا لچتگ و اؤشتاتگ آتان و همه
 سيم مهربا داشتگ آنتت. وداريگ آتان که سپاهيگ بيئييت و منا سرجمين هالا
 بدنت. سپاهيگے سئين دانکان منا اے وه سما دات که ناکوا منى آرزي
 نداتگ. البت، ناکو بيچارگ سُهې... اے دانکان منا بيچاريا دتور دات.

سپاهيگ نييايگا آت. ناکو بيچارگ سُهې مُرتگ؟ ناکو بيچارگ سُهې چؤ
 منيگا بنديگ کنگ بوتگ؟ ناکو بيچارگ سُهې... من بيچارا آتان که همه
 سپاهيگ پدا گوست بله گوشے اے پدى په موه آت. ”ناکوا بيچارگ
 سُهې... چے بوتگ؟“ من زوت زوت پؤل کُرت.

”لشکرى سپاهيگان تيرباران کرتگ و کشتگ،“ سپاهيگا درآينت.

”چے...؟“ منى دل اير مُرت.

”هئو، ناکو کرکينکے چنگے جرما تيرباران کنگ بوتگ،“ سپاهيگا منا
 هال دات و ديما شت، بله منى دلا گوشت که انون زمينے دپ پچ بيت و
 من اير برتوان.

نون دومی رُوچئے دَہ بج اَت. من زیکین اَتان کہ گُزنگ و تُوَنگ و بیواب
 اَتان و گوَشئے زانا کَسا اے گپئے سما نیست اَت کہ مان اے کولیا ھونیکے
 بند اِنت.

اَناکت، تانھا یگ سپاہیکے منی دیمَا گوست. منی چمان دو روک اُورت.
 من نوکی دلمانگ اَتان کہ چہ اِشیا چیڑے پوَل بکنان کہ اِشیا وتی راستین
 دستئے دو مؤردانگ وتی لُٹانی سرا داشت و منا بیستوار بیگا کتی کُرت.
 من اے سپاہیک پجّاه اُورت و آیا منا ھم شریا زانتگ اَت. ھمے سپاہیک
 دومی رندا پدا وتی بدئے کلاشنکوپا چندینانا منی کولیئے دپا نزیکترا گوست
 و پھ ہلوت دراینتی: ”بابُل! شگرا بگر ھدایا تئی سرا رھم کرتگ. اَنون
 کلاکے بیت ناکو تنگھی...”

آیئے گپ پیلہ نبوت و آ دیمَا سُت. نون گوَشئے زانا منا تکانسریا زُرت.
 چُش نہ اِنت کہ ناکو تنگھیا منی اُری داتگ؟ من ناکوئے رُوَزیگئے سرا اُرش
 اُورتگ اَت؟ ھتمن ناکو تنگھیا بدماشی کرتگ.

من نون پھ ناکو چہ زھرا گوات گپتگ اَتان و آیئے پیرین زال و نیازین جنگانا
 لھتین کشتگین زا و بد دات. کندیا کرکینک ھمینکدر باز اَت کہ من و ناکو
 تنگھیا سالانی سال بچتین، نکُتگ اَت. ناکو اُپتا منا چو کریاب کنایتگ،
 ناکو اُدا انچو کریاب بکنات.

من نون ناکوئے سرا نرندگا اَتان کہ ھمے سپاہیک پدا منی نزیکا گوست.
 ”چے گوشتگ ناکو تنگھیا؟“ من زوت زوتا پوَل کرت. منی ایشگ کُرچک
 تَرَتگ اَت.

هٿو، يڪَ پرڪے هستِ انتِ که منِ کسانيا مان اے کنديا په تر و گردا، په سئيل و سوادا آتگِ اتان و مروچي په رُوڙبگئے شوهازا. بوت کنت که چُشين بيٿيڙين رُوڙبگ مهربانين سرڪارئے بيشري بيٿ؟ اے گپَ که يڪَ چارده جُمائتِ وانتگين مردمے کندي په کندي گريدتِ و کرکينڪَ چنت و چار گبرَ کماينيت، په مئے مُلڪئے نيکين سرکارا شرين گپے نه ات. پميشکا سرڪارئے لشكري سپاهيگانِ منا اے مزين هتائے سزا داتگ؟

دلا بيچارُن کُرتِ که کسے مني کوليئے نڙيڪا کثيت، جُستے گراني که مني هتا چه ات که منا ادا آرگ و بند کنگ بوتگ و من تان کد اے کوليئے باهوٽ بان؟ بله کس مني نڙيڪا نئيياگا ات. من چو هونيجا ايوکا همے کوليا بند اتان. هُدا بزانتِ پرچا مني دلا يڪَ تُرسے چست بوت که مني چم وتي مئِلا دست و پاداني نيمگا شانڪ گپنتت ته منا چُشين سلين هئوپيا هم گور نجتگ ات که چه آيئے تُرسا کس مني نڙيڪا مئِيت، ابيد گريبيئے هئوپيا.

من اے کهرين شپ مان تانها چون گوازينت، مني دلئے بِن زانت. يڪَ نيمگے مني جندئے گند و گسڙ مان کوليئے کُنڊيا اير اتنت و دومي نيمگا مڪسڪ و پريان منا انچش مان بستگ ات که چه بگوشان. لشكري سپاهيگانِ منا اينڪس تکانسري ندادتگ ات که اے مڪسڪ و پريان داتگ ات. آيان منا جتگ و تَوسينتگ ات بله اشان منا په سُڌ و سما کرياب کرتگ ات. همے کوليئے تها يڪَ گندلے چه من ساري اير ات. هُدا بزانتِ کجام بڙڪارئيگ ات. اشيئے نديتگين بوا سر گوات داتگ ات بله چه مڪسڪ و پرياني تکانسريا من برے برے همے گندل پر دات و برے برے کوليئے تها چو جَلکا چڪرتان.

کرکینک

گئوس بہار

تان اے وھدی من دھے کرکینک نچتگآت کہ منا لشکری دريسا پوشتگین
چار سپاہیگا مان رُیت. یکیا منی بدھے لچ چنڈت و ھمے دھین کرکینک
زمینا ریتکنت. من پھک بہ منتان کہ اِشان چے بگوشان کہ توپکی کُنداکیا
منی بدّا تتوار کرت و زمینا نرّ آتکان. پدا ھر چارین سپاہیگان منا گون مُشت
و لگت، کُنداک و نلان تان ھما وھدا مان بندان کُرت کہ من تُستان.

وھدے من سُدّ کرت تہ من تانھا کولیئے تہا کپتگان. پہ من نہ شرین پشکے
سر آتکگ و نہ کہ گھین شلوارے. منی دستے پاسگو و پادئے چئوٹ ھدایی
مال بوتگآنت. من بیچاریا کپتان کہ گون من چُش پرچا بوت. منی گناہ چے
آت؟ بلہ منی سر ھیچ چیزا پر نبئیگا آت.

کرکینک وہ چُشین چیزے نہآت کہ اِشیئے چنک یگ انچین بلاھین جرمے
بیت کہ منی ڈٹولین مردمے جنک و تانھا بند کنگ بیت و نہ کہ اے کندی
چُشین کندیے آت کہ ادا آیک پہ لشکری سپاہیگان دگہ تھروزی گپے بیت.
مئے مھلوکئے کسان سالی و مزنأمری دوین مان اے کنديا گوستگآنت.

دومی شپا ما پیشیئے انتزار کُرت، بلہ پیشی نعیاتک. سئیمی و چارمی شپئے
انتزارا ہم پیشی نعیاتک. پیشیئے دَرک نبوت کہ تئو مُرتئے یا زندگ بوتئے.

چاپ و شنگ: آساپ، کیچ، دسمبر 1992. بچار چیرنیس 203.

و من دیست که اے پیرین پندو کے ات گون لٹا، لٹ و بند کنان تان مے
 دروازگا وتا رسیپتنگ آتی، نون چہ آییے دمے تتوار و ہیسکگا مالوم بوت
 کہ آچہ دورا ایگا ات. آییے اسپتین ریش و کمزوریے گندگا منا رهم آتک
 و من آتکان و هر چنکس نان ایر ات، من پیرکوئے بگلا دانتت. پیرین مرد
 سک و ش بوت و لٹ و بند کنان رهادگ بوت.

من آتکان و تان اے وهدی کوئیے تھا نشتنگ اتان کہ پیشیے تتوار بوت بلہ
 مروچی دراہین نان من پیرکوآرا دانتت و یک گزنگین بنی آدمیا نان دئیگے
 وهدا منا یات نیاتک کہ گزنگین سهدارے ہم کثیت.

من هئیران بوتان کہ چون کنان؟ بلہ نانے یک باکوے ہم نمنتگ ات. پمیشکا
 من و منی جنین وت نامیت بوتین. پیشیے میاؤن میاؤن دیم، ما شرمندگ
 اتین کہ انشپی آیا نان نرسیت، پمیشکا ما چہ وتی نان ورگے کوٹیا دومی
 کوئیے تھا شتین و پیشی پھ میاؤن میاؤن کنگا اشت کہ تان دیرا پیشیا میاؤن
 میاؤن کرت و منی گوشانی تھا آییے تتوار آیان بوت. منا سک رهم آتک
 کہ اے سهدار مروچی گزنگ منت.

ارمان کہ پیشی منی زبانا پوه بوتین، من آیا گوشتگ ات کہ مروچی نان پھ
 تتو نمنتگ، باندا شپا پھ تتو زلور نان کلین. مروچی تئی بھر یک نادراہ و
 پیرین انسانیا برتگ کہ آهم تئی ورا گزنگ ات.

بلہ پیشی میاؤن میاؤن کنان تان دیرا روشندانا اوشتوک بوت و وهدے نامیت
 بوت، من دیست آییے سراپ کنگے تتوار براندھا بوت. ”بزان آ نامیت
 رٹوگا ات،“ من هئیال کرت.

آئیے سئیل کنگا پد گون وتی جنینا گوشت: ”تعو نرائے گژن چوئین چیرے .
گژنا چہ پیشیے دلا جُست کن.“

”بہتاوری کنے گژا برئو بدئے ای، من ترا نداران.“ منی جنینا چہ منی ہبران
بزگ بوت، آییہ منا اجازت دات کہ من پہ پیشیا چنڈے نان ہشانان. و وهدے
من نانے ٹکر براندھے سرا شاننت، پیشیا سٹان و کپان ٹکر زرت و وارنتت.
چہ رھادگ بئیگا پیش آیک وار دوارگ روشندانے سرا آتک و یک میاؤنے
جتی و رھادگ بوت. پیشے ہمے شرارتے سرا من گون وتی جنینا گوشت:
”سئیل کن، تعو گون اے سھدارا اینکس مزین نیکیے کرت، نون آتییہ متتا
گرگا انت.“

دوارگ ہر شپ پیشی آتک، چہ مے گسا سپرلاپ بوت و شت. نون مے
چندا آئیے آیکے انتزار ات کہ برے برے آدیرا آتک، بلہ آئیے نانے بہر
ما اشت و وهدے آئیے میاؤنے تعوار بوت، ما نانے ٹکر براندھا شاننت.

یک شپے ما نان وارت و ہلاس کرت، پیشی نیاتک. ما زانت برے برے
آدیر کنت. گژا ما آئیے انتزارا نشتین و دم پہ ساہت مے چم روشندانے
نیمگا برز بوتنت کہ نون ما آئیے زڑوکیں چمان گندین کہ دمیا گڈ آ کئیت،
بلہ تان اے وهدی آدرا نہ ات. دوار مے مکائے ہبیلیے دروازگ کسینا جت
و من پاد آتکان دروازگ بوتک. سڑکے بجلیے رژناییے تھا من یک
پنڈوکے وتی ہبیلیے دروازگے دپا اوشتوک دیست کہ گون منی گندگا
گوشتی: ”واجه! من دو روچ انت کہ گژنگ آن. اگن نانے باکوے ہست،
مہربانی بکن...“

بله منی جنینا منی گپ نمئت. من نرانان آیا چه پیشیئے رنگا هم چنا بد
آتک که آیا منا هم نه اشت که په آیا لنگھے نان بشانان؟

بله وهدے که پیشی پدمان پد مئے نائے ورگئے وهدا روښندانا میاؤن میاؤن
کنان بوت، من وتی جنین گوشت که من اے سهدارئے اے نامیتیا سگت
نکنان، من په اشیا نائے کپے شانان که بل سهدار سیرلاپ بیت.

اگن هیلاک بوت و هر روچ آتک، اے چیز شرتتر بیت. پرچا که من زانت که
مئے گسے تها مشک هم باز انت، اگن پیشی لاهو بوت، مشکانی هئیر
نمانیت. بله وهدے من نائے کپے بورینت که په پیشیا شانانی، منی جنینا
منی دست داشت و گوشت: ”گمی کن، منا چه آییے میاؤن میاؤنان بد کئیت
و تئو زورئے آیا نان دئیے. من ترا نعیلان. هدا بجنن اشیا که هر شپ مئے
نانا زهر کنت و کئیت روښندانا وتی بوزا ایر کنت... و دوارگ تئی رهمدلی
بنا بیت و تئو هر شپ وتی نائے ورگا نزانے و پیشیئے میاؤن میاؤنان گوش
دارئے. من ترا نعیلان، بل گمی کن.“ آیا وتی دست گواتے تها په پیشیا
شانن که ”دور بے، مردارا!“

بله پیشی تان اے وهدی بژگ و لاچار لاچار روښندانے سرا میاؤن میاؤن
کنان مئے مرد و جنینئے چیزها سئیل کنان و گوش داران ات و یکدمے،
وهدے آیا منا دیست که من پاد آتکان، آیا چپ کرت. بلکین آیا امیت
بوت که من آیا نانه دئیگا آن... بله دوارگ وهدے منی جنینا منی دست
داشت، آپدا نامیت بوت که په آیا نان دئیگ و ندئیگئے سراتان اے وهدی
چیزه ات. نون آیا وتی سکین سکین میاؤن میاؤن دوارگ بنا کرت. من

پیشی و پیرکو

مُنیر اَہمد بادینی

لہتین وھد نگوستگ ات کہ مئے نوکین کربھی مکائے تھا یک پیشیے گون بیدلت۔ او اے چش بوت کہ ہر شپ وھدے ما پہ شامے نائے ورگا نشتین، براندھے بُزا چہ کوئیے روشندانا پیشیے میاؤن میاؤنئے توار اتک۔ گونگین پیشیے ات کہ گون نائے بوا چہ نادرستین گسیا اتک، براندھے سرا سراپ کنان مئے کوئیے جالیدارین روشندانا میاؤن کنان وتی سری ایر کرت کہ آییے چم چو چراگا لگنتت و آییَا، وتی بروتان سربنان سکین میاؤن میاؤن کُرت و پدا وھدے آچہ مئے نیمگا نامیت بوت کہ ما آییَا ہڈ و نائے لُنکھے ندیین، آ میاؤن میاؤن کنان پہ وتی نادرستین گسا رھاگ بوت۔ بلکین آ بڑگ چہ ادا ہم نامیت ات۔

انچا من لوٹت کہ پہ آییَا نائے کپ و چنڈے بشانان، بلہ منی جنینا گوشت کہ نانی مدے، دوارگ ہیلاک بیت، ہروھد کثیت۔ من وتی جنینے رازی کنگے کوشست کُرت کہ بدبھت گونگین پیشیے، ما کہ نان وربن آییَا بؤ زوربت و آ مئے روشندانا کثیت و چم داربت و میاؤن کنان امیت و نامیت پدا رتوت... چہ پرکے کپیت اگن من پہ آییَا کپے نان نارشتے تھا چرپ بکنان، بشانان؟

انسان و آئیے چاگرد

مرّوچی دایالِسیسا ساری اے مردما پہ مہر آییئے نیمگا چارِت و پہ وشین تبیا
سلامی دات و گونڈوئے ہالی جست کرت. داکتر و کمالا وس کرت کہ
پیرزال بس بکنت، بلہ ...

دراجین ساہتے گوستگ آت. کمالا تان اے وھدی واتر نکر تگ آت و نہ کہ
دگہ مردمے و کس و وارِسے آتکگ آت. پمیشکا مردگ انگت اِیر آت.
پیرزالے ہیسکارگانی تتوار برجم آت. واردئے تھا مشینئے گر گر بند
بوتگ آت. پیپ یک کر بوتگ اتنت. واردئے گزیئے تتوار یدتول آت و کمالے
اورتگین آسُمی پل پنکائے گواتا دور شنگ و شانگ کرتگ اتنت.

چاپ و شنگ: شریپ، ہنیپ (2014). تیراندسک. بچار چیرنیس 155.

پُلانی رمان تان کَمے دیرا راه گپت و پدا اَسْمی پُلانی هئور بندات بوت و آییَا
 مارت که ساه کشگ په آییَا گرانتربعیان انت و آساه کشگئے گرانین ساهتانی
 شکار بوت. بله پُل ات که رچگا انتت، ساه ات که مان گیشتگات.

دایالِیسئے مِشینِ گَرِ کَرِ کنگا ات. وارڈئے گَرِیئے ٹِکِ ٹِکِ وِڈتگات. پَنکایا
 وتی پَرگ تیزتر کرتگانتت. همه کوکارانی تها نرس و وارڈئے بچکانی تیج
 و تاگ هور کپتگات. داکترئے پیشانیئے هید و کرچکین دیم آییئے چمانی
 دیمَا مُجان گپت. مُج ات که بلاهے ات، گُبار ات که دیهے ات و پدا اناگت
 داکترا آکسیجن ماسک آییئے دپا دات، آکسیجن سلنڈر اِسٹارٹ بوت، بله
 آییئے دلئے دریکگ بند بوتگانتت. آییئے چمانی کؤس هما جاگها
 اوشتاتگانتت. چمئے اُمر کُتگات. آییَا چه دنیا سیر کرتگات.

داکترا گون ناکامین دیمیا وتی مردم چارنتت، سجھینانی لُنت هُشک انتت.
 داکترا کمالئے کوپگئے سرا دست اِیر کرت. کمالئے چم نمب انتت، کمالئے
 وتسریں دژمن مرت بله کمالئے چمی ارسینگ کرتنت. آییَا هسئینئے پچین
 چم بند کرتنت. چل و ششین سالانی وابئے کندیلی کُشت، چادری زرت و
 هسئینئے دیمَا پری دات.

اے ندارگ که کشئے نپادئے سرا وپتگین گونڈوئے پیرزالین همراها دیست،
 گؤا زار زارا گریوگا لگت. آییئے گندگا گونڈوَا هم دپ پیچ لگؤشت. کمال،
 داکتر و آییئے اِسٹاف هئیران بوتنت. آیان نزانت که اے پیرزال چیا گریوگا
 انت، هسئینا چؤن پجَاه کاربت؟ و ادا پیرزالا همه گپ سگ گیر آییَا ات که

آیئے دلا کمالے تتوار دورا، چه دیوالے هما کپا پیداک انت و پدا آیا انچو
 گمان بوت که اے تتوار مردمانی کوگائے تھا ایر رتوگا انت، مینا کپگا انت.
 آیا بارین چونکا کمالارا گوشت: ”من تئی تتوارا اشکنگا نه آن.“ کمالا وتی
 تتوار بُرترت کرت بله هسئینا سَمَا نبئیگا ات و پدا آ دوارگ واب کپت.

نون آیا یگ برے پدا وابے دیست. آیا بیبی مریم و پریشنگ دیستنت. بیبی
 مریم هما رنگا ات، بله پریشنگ نون پیر بوتگا ات. امری کساس
 46 سال ات، بله هسئینے پیما پیرے هر جان بوتگا ات. هسئینا بچکندت.
 کمالی وتی زهنے دمک و کوئیان شوهاز کنگے جُهد کرت بله بیسوب
 بوت. دمک تهار اتنت و لوگانی دروازگ بند اتنت. اشیا پیسر که آیا وتی
 چرتے مہری تاتکین، پریشنگ دیما کنزت. آیئے دستا لهتین نوک سرپتگین
 آسمی پُل اتنت. پریشنگا پُل کَشے ٹیبلے سرا ایر کرتنت. پُلانی بو کوئیے
 مُجے تھا په هسئینا مستاگے ات. بو آیئے دل دم دات و پدا پریشنگ
 کُمک دیمترا اتک. آیئے نپادے سرا نشت. آیئے مودی سمارتنت. دی
 پھک کرت. لیتاری ساپ کرتنت و دستی زرت، وتی دستانی دلا کرت و
 سینگا داشتی. هسئینا چم چست کرتنت ته دیستی آیئے پادونا اوشتاتگین
 بیبی مریمے چمان آپ در ایگا ات و پریشنگا وتی سر جھل جتگا ات. آیئے
 دراجین مود کوپگان ایر اتنت و بانزل جھل کپتگا اتنت. مؤمے بالو آپ بیگا
 اتنت و کرپاسے پُل آس گرگا اتنت. بله کاپورے بو مست بیان ات، گبار و
 دنز ودان ات و سرجمین 46 سالے تھا اے اتولی واب ات که په دل و ستک
 هسئینا مردمیئے تلب بوت. آیا بیتتواریا مهرمے آواز دات، بله آواز آسمی

آیبا گون کمالا گوشگ لوٹت کہ تتو کمالا دروگ بستگ و منا گوشگ کہ تتو لوارسے ائے، تتو وتگرین دنیاے جوڑبتگ، ترا بیبی مریمایله داتگ، پریشگ تئی برات نہ انت، ترا بیھیالی کرتگ. تتو منی لوگا کوگار کرت، منا گنو کے گوشت، وابانی دنیاے گورپئے نام دات و من، من ہیچ نگوشت، پیسگ نکرت. منی وaban منا یله داتگات. منی کرا شاهد و گواھے نیستات کہ من بیاورتین. منی شوہازئے در بند بوتگ انتت. بله مروچی... مروچی منا پدا بشارت بئیگا انت کہ منا پریشگانی امر گون انت. من ملائکتانی شہرئے گڈی سہدار آن کہ پہ ردی زمینا آتکگان. آس منی چمئے رزن انت. من بلوٹان اے سجھین دنیا یا سوٹک کنان و تتو کمال کہ منی سرا ہچبر باورت نکرتگ، تئی دلا منی گپ گنوکی بوتگ انت. مروچی تئی دیما کوگار کنان و گوشان کہ من چہ اے ہاکیین انسانان برزتر آن، من آسمانزادگے آن. شما سجھا منی مہتاج ایت. منی سئوبا زندمانئے کار و بار ہست انت. من مبان نہ تتو بئے، نہ داکتر و نہ کہ اے ازابین گر گر کنو کین مشین بیت. من آن کہ جمبر انت. من آن کہ دروشم انت...

کمالا دیست آ دایالسیس مشینئے نیمگا اشارھا انت و پدا چیزے گوشگئے جھدا انت، گرا ہمے سرید بوت کہ ہسین منی دیرا آیکئے گلگا انت. کمالا ہسینئے نام تتوار کرت و پدا اے گپی بنا کرت کہ منا کار بوتگ، دزگٹ بوتگان، داکترئے ٹیلپونئے ہال منا دیرا بستگ، و پدا کمالا دگہ بازین ازرے پیش کرت.

آییا زانت من اے شھرئے بندیک آن، چہ اے شھرا دُنّ شت ہم نکنان. دُنّ
وتی جاگھا، آکمالئے ہسارا ہم یلہ کرت نکنت و آییا اے ہم زانت کہ ہمک
مردہشامیا آیئے لؤگئے مردم پاتیا یا دراجکشتر کنان انت، و نون دو سال ات
کہ آیئے لؤگا چلے دارگا انت بلہ چلے ات کہ دو سال رٹوگا ات. بلہ آ اے
گپا سرپد نہ ات کہ کئے مرگی انت. آییا وہ ہجا رٹوگی ات. چو مبیٹ کہ آ
ہجا برئوت و ادا کسے ساہ کشگا بند بکنت، آیئے وابانی رنگا.

آہمے گلگا بیبی مریمے کرا کنگا ات. پڑین یازدہ سائے آیتکی و دلرنجیان
زاهر کنگا ات و آنوکی پریشنگا جست کنگی ات کہ کجا بوتگئے کہ مردمیا
آیئے سردین پیشانیئے سرا دست ایز کرت. آیئے چم پچ بوتنت، دیستی کہ
داکتر وارڈئے تر و تابا آتکگ. آیئے کش و کرئے مردم، وارڈئے دوین ہاوس
جابر، نرس، رجسٹرار سجھا گون اتنت. داکتر آییا جست کنگا ات بلہ آیئے
گوشان تئوار نرسگا ات و پدا آیئے دلا داکترا ہپتاد سرگ پر ات. آییا
داکترئے سرا سک بد آیگا ات. یازدہ سال رند آتکگین واب داکتر و آیئے
مردمان وتی ہرجان جتگات. آییا وتی چم پدا بند کرتنت. آ وتی وابئے
شوہازا در آتکگات، بلہ واب مجان گار بیوکین سڑکئے پیما بیگواہ ات.
آییا وابی پدے ہم ندیست و پہ نادلکشی وتی نیموابین چمی کلھے پچ کرتنت.
داکتر انگت آیئے سرون اؤشتاتگات. وارڈئے بچک آیئے ہونئے پشارا
تپاسگا ات و نرسا ہسٹری شیٹ گون ات و نبشتھا اڑتگات. آییا وتی
پچارؤکے دیست. کمال آیئے نپادئے سرا نشتگات.

کمالا مُدام آبیارا لُوگا آیکئے سَلَاہ جت و چاہے وارینت و چہ کلینکا رُکست کرت. بلہ مردم گواہ آنتت کہ وهدے آ راها شت گڑا گِران گِران ات، چو کہ مردیا جنازہئے تہتے سرے کوپگا بیت و اے دگہ بھر زمینا گِران بیت.

آیئے لوگئے مردمان دگہ تماشاے دیست. آ تہتے سرا انچو وپت، گوشے آیئے کشا نُتکے وپتگ و آ دلوارگ انت کہ وابے تہا لگتی مدئیان و مکشانی. آیئے شپ سجھا پہ ازابی گوستنت و پدا آیا شپانی بیواییے ٹیکی رست. وبا آیئے چمانی ڈس بیھیال کرتگات و ہمے ساہت و سالانی تہا آیئے مردمان آ شمشتگات. بیبی مریم و پریشتگ چہ آیا بیھیال بوتگ آنتت، نہ بیبی مریمے کُلو آتک، نہ پریشتگے درک هستات. نیمروچ آنتت کہ آس آنتت، شپ آنتت کہ برپ آنتت.

آیا بازیں ماہیا ودار کرت، زور واپ گندگئے جہد کرت، کاگد و کراچے نیّت بست، بلہ ہیچ پہ ہیچ. نون وہ آ گنتر دلوارگ بوت و پدا آیئے دلا ہجا رتوگئے نیّت بست. آیا کُکے گپت و زرئے چنگ و ایر کنگ بندات کرت. بلہ آیا وتی لوگئے ہیچ مردم ہال ہم ندات و پدا آت، دایالسیسے مشین ات و پُریں یازدہ سائے کورین کشک ات.

کمال و نیرالوجیئے داکتر کہ دُچار کپنتت، اے گپے سرا اَلَم جیترتش کہ آ کجام چیڑ انت کہ اشیا زندگ دارگا انت. دگہ، مردم دو سالا رند چہ دایالسیسا بیزار بنت و مرکا آرزانتہ سرپد بنت، بلہ اشیارا گوشے سال کشگئے ہمالی رستگات و دومی نیمگا، ہجا رتوگئے اُمیت روچ پہ روچ توانگرتر بیان ات.

هسپتالڻي مڇيا رڙڇي سرا اوڻتات بله ڪمالي تئوار پرنجت. اسلا آو ڪمال جن و گنداڪو جوڙ بوتگاتنت و پدا آيا ڪمال پڪار هم نه ات. آيئي و ابان آهچبر هم تهنا نڪرت و آيا اء گمان هم نبوت كه منا مردميئي هاجت انت. و چه وتي تروزاتكا بيئهي پريشگا پد، آيا وتي و اباني مانا چه ڪسا نلوٽ و وتي و اباني دنياي باهوٽ بوت.

بله موسم مدام ساچان نبوت. جمبر مدام رهمت نبت. 35 ساله يڪ بيگاهيا، آ وتي ڪتاباني رڙيا دڪه دئيان، لوگا آيگا ات كه آيئي ڪمكا درد چست بوت. اشڪر اتنت كه تچگا اتنت و پدا هسپتالڻي هلاس نبئيوڪين سپر بندات بوت و آ بيوس بوت كه په ڪمالا دست شهار بدنت، دنيايي مردمانى مهتاج بييت. دگه، تان يازده سالا ڪجام سيول هسپتالڻي مردما آ مپتا ديا لسيس ڪرتگات، اگن نيرالوجيئي ڊاڪتر، ڪمالي سنگت مپوتين. تئو گوشت ڪنئي كه اگن آ ڪمالي تروزاتڪ مپوتين، اسڪولئي هڊماسترا آيئي نام انچو ڪشٽگات كه تپريئي گنٺيا تئوار ڪرت و آپشت ڪپت.

بله آيا مرڪ مدام وتي ڪشا واپنت. آيئي دلا من دو مردم آن. دوين سُهبا ماهله پاد ڪاينت، چاه ورنٽ و ڪارا سر گرت. آيا ڪم ڪما وتارا گران گران مارت. مدام گون ڪمالا گوشتي كه منا جوئي بڏا انت و مني ڪوپگ جهل رٿوان انت و زور جواب دئيگا انت. آيا دم په ساهت گلگ ڪرت كه ڪشي هچ مردم منا ڪوپگ دئيگا تئوار نه انت.

بله آ اے گپّے سرا سَکّ ھئیران اَت کہ پریشتگئے اُمر ھمّودا 35 سالے سرا
اؤشتاتگ، نہ کُمک سڑگا اے کپّ، نہ پُھلا آ دیم. آ ھما ڈُتول اَت کہ 11
سالا ساری اَت. آییا ھوش اَت کہ من و پریشتگ یکنین و ھدا رُستگین. ھمک
و ابا دوینان کہ ڈیک وارتگ، آیانی شئور، پدیانک و گوازی یگ بوتگ اَت.

آیان گونڈوییا بگر تان 35 سالان نیم اُمرے سپر جتگ اَت. دوین یکنین اُمر
اَتنت، پمیشکا آییا مُدام مارت کہ پریشتگ منی دومی برات اِنت کہ بیبی
مَریمے کرا اِنت، بله نیمروچی گرمین ساھتان منی شوہازا در کتیت. پل
تُرے آپریشتگئے ھمرنگ نہ اَت، بله پدا ھم اے گپّے سرا سَدک اَت کہ منا
آسمانی اُمرے دئیگ بوتگ و دنیا یا راہ دئیگ بوتگان. آپریشتگ زادگے، چہ
آسا جوڑ بوتگ و اے دنیائے ھاکیین مردم ھچ نہ اَت. آ شرتَر اِنت. سجھین
جمبر زادگ اَت. آ، چہ سجھین نگاہ و دزجنیان بُرتر اِنت و آییا مُدام ھمے
مارت... و آچہ سجھین انسانان شرتَر اَت، بله...

بله اَسلا چو نہ اَت. آییے سجھین اُمر ریڑیے سرا کتاب بھا کنگا گوستگ اَت
و کمالا مدام آییارا ھمے سرپد کرت کہ تتو دروگ بندے. ریڑیے سرا کتاب
بھا کنگ تعیی بہت اِنت. پھ مردمان چم رُمبڑینگ تعیی تلب اِنت. تتو اَسلا
کتاب بھا کنگا، وت ھم بھا بوتگئے، بله ترا باور نبیت. تتو اے گپّے منگا
تعیار نہ اے، پمیشکا تتو وتی دنیائے جوڑ کرتگ، وتگرین دنیائے.

آ مُدام گون کمالا اُرَت. آییا گون کمالا دُچار کپگ ھچر وش نبوت. کمالے
لوگئے رئوگ وتی جاگھا، آ کمالے کلینکے نربکا ھم نگوست. آییے لوگا
ھرکس بیمار بوتین، ھر ڈولین نادراھییا بگپتین، آ دو دو گنٹھ سیول

بیبی مریم مدامین ڈٹولا چہ پریشتگا گامے دیما اوشتاتگات، بے ترک و
توار. آیئے مودانی سرا ماہکان ایر رتکگات و چمان دراجین منزلے سپر
انگت ایر ات. آییا بیبی مریمے چم دلا نکش کرتگ انتت. چہ بیبی مریمے
اسپیتین گدان رزن بلگا ات. آییا انچو گمان بوت کہ بیبی مریم کرپاسے پلان
و مؤمے بالوان ہسار کرتگ، و وارڈے تھا کاپورے بو ہم اتار ات. آییا
دیست بیبی مریمے چم منی دایالسیسے مشینا سک انت. مشین گر گر کنگا
ات. آیئے دستا جتگین پیپ ساہ کشگا انتت و ہون ہمے پیپانی کما چہ
مشینا گوزگ و ساپ بیگا پد اے دگہ پیپانی کما واتر کنگا ات. اے مشین
آیئے گنگ اتت و آہمشانی برکتا وتی کتابے ریڑیا تیلانک دئیگا ات.

آ دلمانگ ات کہ روچے نہ روچے ہجا رتوان و ہمودا وابے گندان. آسمانا
شینک بنت، گوات پہ تے بیت، برزین کوہانی بنا، ریگستانے بنداتا، من،
آربی گد، اشرے مہار کنگ و وابے ہلاسیا ساری... شپ کپگا پیسر من
ریگستانا گوازینان و بیبی مریمہما کپا سر کنان و پدا چمگانی بنزہ،
رہمتانی ساہگ، شیرے جو، انجیر، تود، بلہ... بلہ آییا زانت کہ ہجے
رتوگ پہ آییا مزین گپے پرچا کہ آیئے دوین گنگان جواب داتگات و
آ دایالسیسے مشینے سرا وتی زندگیے روچان ہیلاہ بلاہ دگہ دئیگا ات. آییا
زانت کہ منا ہیتگے یک رندے اے مشینے دیما الم ہازر بیگی انت و اے
گران و تھناین ساہت سگگی انت، بلہ وھدے کہ آ مروچی پہ دایالسیسا
اتک، گرا آیئے وھم و گمانا نہ ات کہ من وابے گندان.

بیبی مریم و پریشتگ

ہنیپ شریپ

آییا باز دیران پد وایے دیستگات، کساس یازده ساللا رند. وتی گڈی وایے ہما وهدان دیستگات کہ امری 35 سال ات و نون آ 46 سالی پیرمردے بوتگات و مروچی نیرالوجی ڈپارٹمنٹے نیادے سرا وپتگات کہ چمی نر بوتنت و وایے دیستی.

آییا دیست بیبی مریم و پریشتگ آیئے گوستے زہیرانی پعیما سہرا انت. مچ، دنز و گبار پُشتا پُشت کپتگ انت، تبد و لوار و تن آییا دیری ایر برتگ انت و مروچی بشی جمبرانی ساچانا پیشی ساہگ گوشے مدتیئے ودارا پد اتکگ انت. آییا دوین پجاہ آورتنت. آییا بلوٹتین ہم دوینی شمشت نکرتگ انت. آیئے 35 سائے وایے مزر دو آشناین و مہرمین چہرگ؛ بیبی مریم و پریشتگ کہ کسانیا بگر تان 35 سائے ہمک وایے پند آییا ہمیشانی نیمونا گوازینتگات، مروچی یازده سائے ودارا پد واتر لوگا اتکگ انت.

پُشتتے نشتگین دھکان نَرِیگا آتک. ”واجه داکتر! برئوین. مئے بازار
رستگ.“

داکتر سوٹکئیس دستان زُرت و گون آییَا گوشت: ”اے مردئے لوگی چُگی
دردان انت، اِشانی بازارا داکتر نیست، بیست کیلومیتر دور آتکگ منی رندا،
جهد کنان کہ مَرک و زندئے اے جنگا زند بکئیت.“

چاپ و شنگ: شاد، شرپ (2020). *سفر دَم بُرتگین راہان*. بچار
چیرنیس 149.

زهر بنت. هدا، آ مردمان نكشيت كه آيانى زندا مكسدے هست. من مَرَك چه باز نَزبكا ديستگ، همينچك نَزبكا كه وتيگى و زندئے جوش، چو مئوجا چئول جنان بمنت. “

”تئو مَرَك چه من هم نَزبكتَر ديستگ، “ آيا هلوَت كرت.

”متلب؟“ داکترالنگکانى شَمئے سگرِيٲ چَنڈِت، پدا چارِت كه روك نه انت، آيئے نيَمگا شهارتى.

”من وتى لوكى كشتگ، “ آيا سگرِيٲ زُرَت و روك كرت، دراجين سوئے جتى. ”وتى لاپ پَرِين جن، وتى دوستيگين جن كشتگ من. تئو مَرَك چه من هم نَزبكتَر ديستگ، داکتر؟“

”لاپ پَرِين جين، پرچا... پرچا كشتگ تئو؟“ داکترئے آوازا لرزگے مان ات.

”آيئے لاپئے چك منى نبوتگ.“

داکترَا په هبكهى آيئے نيَمگا چارِت.

همے وهدا چه پُشت پُشتى سيئا دهكانا تئوار جت: ”أستاذ! بدار، مئے جاگه آتگگ.“

آيئے دستا سگرِيٲ لرزت. پُر گدانى سرا رتكننت. ”داکتر! مرئو، “ آيا هلوَت كرت. ”منا ترسيت.“

لوٹین کہ بس پہ سلامتی منزلا سر بییت و مارا ہیچ بییت، پرچا کہ مئے تھا
مرکتے بییم مدام چو ہئورا گوارگا انت۔“

”من گوشت نہ، منا ترسگا نہ انت،“ آیا گشاد گشادا گوشت۔

”مرکتے گورا ہرکسا ترسیت، ترا ہم ترسگا انت، مردم کہ ترسے آماج بیت،
گرا گشاد گشادا گپ کنت، تعیی وڑا،“ داکترا سگریٹے دو تانی دگہ چلھے
یلہ دات کہ بسے تھا لاٹور وراں بوت۔ ”مئے درستانی گورا زندگ بیگئے
واہگ یک وڑا انت،“ کئے بیتوار بیگا پد داکترا درانت۔ ”اے ہمے ترس
انت کہ منا شپا بسے سپر ترسیت۔ منا انچو سما بیت کہ اینگر منی چم نر
بوتنت، انگر بس چپی بیت، پمیشکا بسا منا بہ واب تعییت، من زانان تمو
چون ائے۔“

آیئے دلا ہلے چست بوت۔ ”من وتی گوستا تتگان؟ زانگ نبیت۔ بانداتیا
سر بان؟ زانگ نبیت۔ چو، چون بوت کنت؟“ بلہ ہچی نگوشت۔

”یکے منا تھاریا سک ترسیت،“ داکترا گوشت۔ ”انوں تھاری وہ بسا دن
انت،“ آیا گوشت۔ ”بسے تھا انچین دل آرامین رُزناہے تالان انت کہ پہ
وابین مردمان ناتاہیری نیاریت و آگھین مردمان تاہیر دنت۔“

داکترا دگہ سگریٹے در کرت، روک نکرت، بس لنگکانی شما داشت۔
”بنی آدمئے ترس بس یکے: آیئے مرک۔ بلہ اے گپ ہیچ بستار ندریت کہ
مردم چون مریت۔ ویلیئے آماجیا، دلئے دریکگئے بند بیگا، کئینسرئے
نادراہیا، برے برے منا گمان بیت، ہما مردم مرنت کہ زندئے بود و برکتا

گوشتے ہیچ گپ جنگی نہ انت. آیا چہ آییے کسانین سوٹکئیساً اندازہ جت کہ داکترے. کوچگانی داکتران گیشتر ہمے وڑین سوٹکئیس گون ات.

داکترآ چہ کیسگا سگریئے ڈبی کشت، یکیئے بُند ڈنا کرت و آییے نیمگا شہار دات. آیا زرت. دومی ای وت روک کرت.

”دمانے پیسر کہ ما ڈنا هئور و گواتے سرا اتین، منا گمان بوت، بنی آدم ابرمے دیما مدام بیوس انت. “داکتر نرْمگپتارین مردمے ات. آیا داکترے نیمگا چارت بلہ ہیچی نگوشت. ”بنی آدمے یکے دومیآ سدگ و همگرنچ بیگئے تماشا هم اجب انت. ما کہ بسا سوار نہ اتین، گڑا مے وتی وتی زندگی، وتی نسیب انت، نون کہ بسا سوار بوتگین، مے مرک و زند یک بوتگ انت. اگن اے بس چیلنا بکپیت، ماشما درست مرین، بس هراب بیت، ماشما درست آزار بین. پہ وشئی و سلامتی سر بیت، ماشما درست وتی منزلا سر بین. نون مے درستانی زندگی، نسیب و ترس وت مانوت همگرنچ بوتگ انت.“

”منا ترسگا نہ انت، “آیا گشاد گشادا گوشت.

”من تھنا تعیی گپا نہ ان، “داکترآ لٹ گول کرتنت، سگریئے دوتانی چلھے یلہ دات. ”یک هسایبا بچارے چۆ نہ انت هم. ما اے بسا سوار بین شر، سوار مبین شر، مے مرک و زند مے وتی مرک و زند انت. اگن بس بکپیت، لازم نہ انت ما درست بمرین. بوت کنت کسے ٹپیگ بیت، بس آییے دست یا پادے بپرشیت. چۆ هم بوت کنت کسپے پونزے مبحیت. بلہ ما درست

چہ بسے کلونگ کلانگ و ریڈوئے تعوارا، ہئورئے ترمپانی تعوار شربا
گوشان کپگانہ ات، بلہ آیا زانت بسے پُشتا ترمپانی پد، بسے پدان کروجگا
بنت، ہمے گپا آیارا یک وڑے تاهیر دات.

شہر دور پُشت کپتگات، آییئے تُرس و بیم ہم.

بسا داشت. آییئے دل تُپ و ٹاپا لگت، بلہ سپاہیگانی بدلا دو مردم بسا سوار
بوت. یکیا اسپیتین گڈ گورا، چشمکے چما، کسانین سوٹکئیے دستا ات،
دومیا آبریشمین دزمالے سرا ات. ڈیل و دابا چو دھکان یا ساریانیا ات.

بسے کلینڈر آییئے گورا آتک. ”بسا جاگہ نیست، اے مردم مجبور انت.
تعیی کشا یکے کُمک نندیت.“

”من دو سیئے باڑو داتگ کہ کس منی کشا منندیت، منا وش نیست.“

”ما، واجہ، نزیکا ایر کاین، تعیی مہربانی بیت اگن دمانے واجہا جاگہ
بدئیے،“ کلینڈرئے گپ جنگا پیسر دھکانا متت کرت.

آیا وتی بیگ چہ سیئے سرا چست کرت و پادانی دیما ایر کرت. دھکان،
سیٹان گوازینان، پُشت پُشتی سیٹا شت کہ ہمودا دمانے پیسر کلینڈر
نشتگات.

آییئے کشا نشتگین، شرآزاین مردمے ات. بسے رنگ رنگین لیٹانی تھا
آییئے دروشم زرد رنگ درا بوت. ہئورا آییئے گڈ کَمے میستگ اتنت. کَمے
چارگا پد آیا بسے دریگا دُن تھاریا انچو ہئورئے چارگمے کوشست کرت

رئوت راه و رئوت شپ

شرپ شاد

بَس جَمپ و جُولان لُدان اَت. شپے سئیمی پاسے بیٹھواریا مساپر واب و وایینگ اتنت. آگھین مردم یکے ڈریور اَت کہ آیا ریڈوا کوهنپن ہندی سئوتے پر کرتگ و راہے کند و بیٹان سر و چیر اَت، دومی آ اَت کہ ہیال و جیڑگانی تھا گار اَت.

سپر شاہگانین گتانیآ بیگا اَت. جاہے جاہے دور رُژنایے جلشکت، زانگ نبوت لوگانی دریگان سر کشوکین چراگے اَت یا آسمانے استال اتنت کہ دوریا زمینے سرا درا بوتنت.

کزلے راہا پدا، اناگھا، نہ گزند، نہ گروک، مؤرشنزین ہئورئے ترمپان ایر دات.

”اُستادا! چکی کہ تنکے کئور دیما انت،“ پُشتی سیٹا وپتگین کلینڈرا آواز دات. وابسرین مردم کلکچنتت، بسے دریگا دُن تھاریا ہئورئے چارگا چمیش رُمبرینتنت، پدا وپنتت.

کینگیا وتی اُشتر مہار کُرت و رھادگ بوت، بلہ نون پادان جواب داتگ اُت۔
آئیے جند راھا رتوان اُت، بلہ آئیے روہ چو برین آھوا ھمے ڈئے دیمہ وتی
جتا بوتگین ھمبلئے شوھاذا پریات کنان و سر بندانا رتوگا اُت۔

چاپ و شنگ: ابدلھکیم (1970). گچین آزمانک. بچار چیرنییس 25.

کدھے شیری چہ هینزکا ایر ریتک، اورت و کینگیے دیما ایری کُرتنت و وت
 یکرَا شُت و نِشت. کینگیا چہ سؤدگا یَک دپارے نا زُرت و دپا کُرت، چہ
 کدھے شیران گلاٹے گپت، چم چست کُرتنت و ماہانا چارگا لگت. دوین
 چمی ماہانے دیما سک داتگ اتنت، گوشے زانا ماہانے دیما چیرئے
 شوہازا ات. ماہانا سر چست کُرت. دوینانی چم دُچار کپنتت. کینگیا وتی
 هوُش برجاہ کُرت و گوشت: ”تتو منا پجّاہ کارے؟“

ماہان گوشے چہ و ابا پچ ڈرہیت. هر دو یکدگرا انچو چارگا اتنت گوشے
 زانا یکدگرا پجّاہ آرگے جھدا ات. شرین ساہتے پہ بیئتواری گوست. ماہانا
 جواب دات: ”انہ.“

اے ”انہ“ پہ کینگیا جوابے نہ ات. گوشے زانا کسپا شلسرین کارچے آییے
 دلا جت. آییانا دپا جئور بوتنت، دست سؤدگئے تھا هُشک ترت. مزین
 مشکلیا دستی چہ سؤدگئے تھا در کُرت و گون چادرے لمبا پھکی کُرت،
 پاد اتک، سواسی پادا کُرتنت، اُشتری چہ مشکے دارا بوتک.

ماہانا دزائنت: ”تتو بارین ناہاری نکرت؟ ساہتے بجل، ناہاری بکن. منی
 لوگواجہ چہ رمگا کئیت، گرما سارت کن، گڑا برئو.“

کینگیا گون برتگین گئیا جواب ترینت: ”تتو کہ منا پجّاہ نیارے، پہ من اے
 سارتین ساہگ گرم انت. چہ درامدے سارتین ساہگا وتیگئے روچے سر
 شرتر انت. تئی ساہگ پہ من نون سارت نہ انت.“

آ وتی گوستگین روچانی یک وشین ساهتیئے دلسوچین ترانگیا کپت. اے ترانگ ماہان ات، آئیئے کسانئیئے ہمبل. بلہ آئیئے سور دو سال پیسر گون یک مالداریا بوتگات. ماہان آئیئے کسانئیئے دوست ات. آیکین میتگا رستگ و مزن بوتگانت، بلہ سورا رند ماہانئے مردا آیارا وتی میتگا برتگات. ماہانئے میتگ کینگیئے راہئے سرا ات. یک برے آئیئے دلا باز مر کرتگات کہ ماہانئے جاگھا مان تر، بلہ آیاا وتی دلئے ہر ہیچ کمار نکتگات.

نون آئیئے دل نرائئے چہ آئیئے چندا گیش ات و آیدتولا ماہانئے بارئوا ہئیال کنگا ات کہ بارین ماہان چون انت؟ بارین چہ ہالا انت؟ ماہانئے دلا انگت منی واہگ ہست؟ اے یک سوالے ات کہ آیاا گون وتا کرت بلہ چہ بازین درد و گمان ٹپ وارتگین دلا ہیچ پستو ندات. پدا وت جوابی ترینت کہ ماہان ہچبر منا بیہئیال کرت نکنت. من ماہانئے چارگا الما رئوان. ہما شپئے بامگواہئے وهدا آئیئے اشتر ماہانئے میتگئے نیمگا رئوگا ات.

ماہانا ہم پہ کینگی سک دوستی ہست ات، بلہ دنیائے دود انت کہ یک پیما نہ اؤشتیت. مروچی دو سالو رند کینگی پہ آئیئے میتگا رئوگا ات. ناہاریئے وهدا کینگی، ماہانئے میتگا شت و رست. یک مردمے جستی کرت.

آیاا سوچ دات: ”آ دلئے دیئمے گدانا گندئے؟ ہما ماہانئے لوگ انت.“

کینگی ہما مردئے سوچئے پدا ماہانئے لوگا شت و رست. اشتری مشکئے دارا بست. اے وهدی ماہان شیرئے منتگا ات. آیا کہ کینگی دیست، ہینزکی یلہ دات، تگردی گران کرت و گدانئے پیشگاہا پچ کرت. کینگی نشت. ماہانا چہ دورا وشاتک کرت، پاد آتک، سوڈگے نایا پری کرت،

باگانی کپوت و ش آوازین

بیتوارا وتی روجان گوازین

امروزا وپا نیست انت بازین

بیا کہ زھیر منا نعلنت انت .

چہ کینگئے دردمندین دلا در آتکگین اے چارین گال شپئے سیاھی و تھاریا
دران بوت و شت و ہما گلگئے ساریانانی گوشان ایر کپنتت . ہر دوین نیمگان
یک بیتواریا مان شانت، تانکہ گلگ ہم آتک و رسیت .

یکیا درانت: ”اڑئے واجہ! تئو چہ کئی مردمان ائے؟“

”کہدا شہسوارئے،“ کینگیا جواب ترنت .

”تئو چہ بندنا پیداک ائے؟“

کینگیا گوشت: ”ہئو.“

”کلونٹے چہ نہاد انت؟“

”بارے ہشتاد کدار،“ کینگیا گوشت .

”ترا ماہیگ گون؟ مارا چار دانگ بدئے .“

کینگیا چیزے ماہیگ آیانا دات و آیان چیزے کلونٹ . ہرکسا وتی راہ گپت
و شت، بلہ کینگئے وتی گوشتگین شئیرا آئیے دل کڈنت .

کَسِیَا اِشَانِی پِیْدَاک بَیْگِ هَم یَا تَ بَیْت؟ اے استارانِ بازینِ ہبرے یاتِ اِنْتِ .
 اے پیرِ ہمِ نَبْتِ . اے چو تَرِ پِنَاکِ اِنْتِ چِیَا؟ ہَمِیْنِ چِکَا شَئِیْرِیْئَے تَئَوَارَے اَیْیَے
 گُوشَانِ کِپْتِ . کَمَے دُورَا گَلْگَے دِیْمِ پَہِ ہَمَے رَاہَا پِیْدَاکِ اَتِ . گَلْگَے سَارِبَانِ
 یِکْ پُرْدَرْدِ و سُوْزِنَاکِیْنِ شَئِیْرَے جَنگَا اَتِ . اَیْیَے شَئِیْرَے سَرْہَالِ اِشِ اَتِ :

بُیَا کَہِ زَہِیْرِ مَنَا نَئِیْلَنْتِ اِنْتِ

رُْمَبِ رُْمَبَا جَنِکْ کَا یَنْتِ اَپَا

چُو سَبَاہَئَے سَارْتِیْنِ گُوَاتَا

مَنَا کَسَّ نَدَنْتِ تَئِیْیِ شُوْندَا تَا

بُیَا کَہِ زَہِیْرِ مَنَا نَئِیْلَنْتِ اِنْتِ .

شَئِیْرِ تَانِ ہَمْدَا رَسْتِگِ اَتِ کَہِ چَہِ ہَمَا یَانِ یِکْ زَنْدَہِ دَلِیَا کُوکَّارِ کَرْتِ و گُوشْتِ :
 ”بِگُوشِ ، اڑْئَے بِگُوشِ سُتْکَہِ دَلِ کَہِ اے دُورِ سَرِیْنِ رَاہِ و سُبَاہِیْنِ شِپِ پَہِ
 بَیْئَئَوَارِیْ نَگُوزَنْتِ .“

کِیْنِگِیْے ہَیْیَلَا چَہِ اسْتَارَانِی تَپَّاسْگَا بَیْرُئُو کَرْتِ و ہَمَے شُورِ و کُوکَّارَے
 نَیْمْگَا شُتِ . کَسِیَا گُوشَے زَانَا اَیْیَے اِیْمَانَے تَارِ دَسْتِ جَنْتِ . اَیْیَارَا چِنْگَا
 نَہِ اِشْتِ . گُئِیْ سَکْ بُلَنْدِ و وِشْ اَتِ . ہَمَے وِشْگُئِیَا اَیْیَارَا مَزِیْنِ دَرْدَے دَلَا
 دَا تَگِ اَتِ . اَیْیَا سَارِبَانَے شَئِیْرَے پَسَّئُو گُونِ اے گَالَانِ بِنَا کَرْتِ :

گرمین ساہگ

مراد ساہر

کینگیا وتی اُشرے بارے کلونٹ پہ ہشتاد کلدارا بھا کُرت، کلدار دزمالے لمبا بستنت و لانکا مان جنتت، اُشرے کونڈ بستنت و بازارے تنکا بُرُزاد بوت. آیا چیزے سامان گرگی ات. آیے میتگے سئوداگرے دُکانا چشپین الکاپین سامان نیست. اُسُرکڑائے وهدا آیا چہ بازارا واتر کُرت. ہر سامان و توشگے کہ آیا گپتگات، دُرست مان لچان کرتنت، اُشتر رھت پر کُرت، کونڈ بوتکنت، تنگی شر مھر بست و دیم پہ وتی میتگا رھادگ بوت. چہ بازارا در آتک، اُشتری جوکیننت و جمّاز بوت. اے وهدی مگرے تھاریا مان شاننگات. اُشتر وتی دلے مئلا بارگ و چپ و چوئین راہان گُلاٹ بران ات و رٹوگا ات.

مردم کہ ایوک بیت، آیا بازین ہئیالے کئیت. کینگی ہم ہئیالانی رُنگراہان بُرُزاد بوت و سُت و ہما گوستگین روچانی وشپین ساہتان رست. ہمے ہئیالان آیارا گونڈین ساہتے یک جتتیا بُرت و رسینت، بلہ اے ہئیالانی جنت چند ساہت ات. دمانیا رند آپدا ہما اُشتر جمّاز ات و یک سیاہین وڈیا ایوکا رٹوان ات. نون آیا وتی دلگوش شپے استارانی نیمگا ترینت، لگت استارانی چارگا. دلا ہئیالی کرت کہ اے تھارین شپا اے استار چون تریگا انت. ایران،

رمزانے گڈی بیگاہ گون نوکین رنگیا آتکگ آت. گپتگین ملا یلہ دئیگ
بوتگ اتنت. گلشیرئے دکان بند آت. نبی دادئے دکان پیچ آت و چہ گراکا دپا
در آتکگ آت. و نبی داد چاڑ چاڑا سئوداییا دلگوش آت. انچو مالوم بوت،
گوشے زانا آ دراجین مدتیا رند دکاندارئے راستین لڑتا مارگا آت.

چاپ و سنگ: پرواز، گنی (1995). *بیمنزین مساپر*. بچار چیرنبیس 124.

اے جارئے اشکنگا رند، نبی داد مزین پگریا کپت۔ چہ آییے دیما گل و گم
 ہر دوینانی جزہ گندگ بوتنت۔ تان زندین ساھتیا آییے دیما رنگے شت و
 رنگے آتک۔ آییے دیم برے رژنا بوت و برے تھار۔ بلہ آھرا کم کما آییے
 دیمے تھاری رژنایئے چیرا چیر ترت و اندیم بوت۔

چہ بیست رمزانا آییہ دگان بند کرت و اجتما و جھادئے تیاری شو کرت۔
 نوکین اسپیتین دزمالے ھاس ھمے روچانی واستا گپتی۔ دو سئے جوڑہ گدی
 شو داینت و تعیار کناینت۔ وتی جانی شر ششت و سپا کرت و ماش و کنگین
 بروتی ٹاپ کرتنت۔ بلہ پہ اے ھبرا آسک کھتیگ ات کہ آییہ ریش پر
 نیست، پرچا کہ آییے ھیالا چشین و شین روچانی واستا ریش سک زلوری
 انت۔ دومی روچا وھدے آییہ اسپیت دین پیچ پر کرتنت، اسپیتین دزمال سرا
 بست و ھاکی رنگ و نرم نرمین بوٹ پادا کرتنت و وتارا مان آدینکا چارت،
 تہ آییہ اجتما و جھادئے واستا وتی توکا ابید چہ ریشئے پر نبئیگا دگہ ھچ
 ائیب ندیست۔

بیست و پنج رمزائے بیگاھا سجھین ھندا آڈھور بوت کہ گلشیر گون وتی
 دگہ لھتین سیاد و وارسین زگریا گاڑیا سوار بوتگ و دیم پہ کوہ مرادا رنوگا
 بوتگ و ملایانی یک رمبیا دیستگ۔ چہ ھمے ملایان یکا گاڑیے سرا
 تیرگواری کرتگ و گلشیر ھما ساھتا مرتگ و آییے پنج سیاد و وارس ٹپیگ
 بوتگ۔ ملایانی رمبے مزئیے سوبا پییر کنوک زانگ نبوتگ۔ پدا ھم لھتین
 ملا گرگ و نزریند کنگ بوتگ۔

يڪَ رُوچَے وهدے ائے سى گُون لئيويزئے جمادار و لهتین سپاهيگا گُلشیرئے دگانا پترت، گُرا آ سڪَ گل بوت که نون الما چيزے بيت. ائے سیا گُلشیر يڪَ کاگدی شکایتیئے بنیادا شراب و هیروینئے شپُکیئے بهتامئے سرا گپت و برت، بله هِچ سبوتئے نرسگئے سئوبا چيزے کلاکا رند یله ای دات. و چه آییئے یله بییگا نبی داد پدا گمیگ بوت.

دگه رُوچَے رمی گُنڈایا اے ٹیلپونی هالئے سرا که گُلشیرا نگدی زر سڪَ باز هست و آییئے اگوا کنگ سڪَ آسان انت، گُلشیر چه دگانئے دیما اگوا کرت، گُرا نبی داد چه گُلا پادان چست بوت که آ رندی هِچ نبوتگآت، بله اے رندی الما چيزے نه چيزے بيت. بله دمانیا رند باز مردم رمی گُنڈائے رندا کپت و گُلشیرش پچ گپت. چه اشیا نبی داد گیشتر گمیگ بوت.

چيزے مدتا رند رمضان بوت. يڪَ سباھے، آ وتی دگانا نشتگآت و دلا جیژگا آت که اناگها لوڈسپیکرئے سرا جارئے تتوار بوت.

”مسلمانان! مجلس تحفظ ختم نبوت پئیسله کرتگ که آ اے سالا زگریان هِچ سورتا دروگین هجَا نیلیت و اگن آیان کوّه ’نامراده’ رئوگ و دروگین هجئے کوشست کرت، گُرا آیانی هلاپا جهاد کنگ بیت. پمیشکا بیست و يڪَ رمضان شریبا، جامه مسیتا اجتما بیت و چه بیست و پنج رمضان شریبا زگریانی دروگین هجئے دراهین راه بند کنگ بنت و آیانی هلاپا جهاد کنگ بیت. هندئے دراهین مسلمان اجتما و جهاد هر دوینان الما بهر بزورنت و وتی اسلامی پُرزا پوره بکننت.“

جہاد

گنی پرواز

نبی داد چہ سباہئے نُہ بجئے کساسا یڈٹولا وتی دُکّانا نشتگ ات. بلہ آییئے گیشتر دلگوش وتی دُکّانئے بدلا گُلشیرئے دُکّانئے نیمگا ات، پرچا کہ آییئے دُکّانا ہاسین گراک آیکا نہ ات و گُلشیرئے دُکّانا چہ گراکئے بازیبا نندگ و اؤشتگا گیگ نیست ات. آپہ اے ہبرا سک اِپسوزیگ ات کہ آییئے دُکّانداریا بیست سال ات و گُلشیرئے دُکّانداریا شش سال گیش نہ ات، بلہ چہ آییئے دُکّانا گُلشیرئے دُکّانا باز گیشتر دیمرئوی کرتگات.

”زنانان گُلشیرا کجام کرامات یات انت کہ آییئے دُکّان چؤ دیمرئوی کنگا انت؟“ نبی دادا چہ زہرا تاب و ریس وارت و وتی دلا ہئیال کرت: ”آییئے دُکّان و منی دُکّان ہر دو یکین دمکا انت، دیم پہ دیم انت، یک وڑین دُکّان انت، ہر دو جرنل اسٹور انت، ہر دوینان یک وڑین چیڑ مان. آ چہ من چیڑ ارزانترا ہم نندت. بلہ انگت مہلوک آییئے دُکّانا چؤ مورا سُریت و منی دُکّانئے جُستا نکنت. اگن آییئے دُکّانئے دیمرئویئے رپتار ہمے ڈٹولا ببیت، گرا یک روچے کئیت کہ منا وتی دُکّان بند کنگ کپیت. پمیشکا منا چیڑے کنگ لوٹیت. الما چیڑے نہ چیڑے کنگ لوٹیت.“

گُرْتنت. همزَهَّے تَعوار دور چو کہ چہ جُهلین چاتیئے تھا بیئیت، آیئے گُوشان
کَپت: ”برئو، من تئی سئون دانتت، سئون دانتت.“

آیئے چار جنک اُنت، بچے بوتی بلہ مُرت.

همزَه مَزَنین دیندارین مردُمے. هَجی کُرتگ، دُرُسْتین مردم ”هاجی ساھب“
گُوشنتی، پیش امامی هم کنت، دگہ جنے گپتی بلہ اے هم آیئے کِسْمتا
"سَنٹے" بوت.

چاپ و شنگ: داد، ائے. آر. (2014). پَن تاکین /نجیر. بچار چیرنیس 199.

شاہگلی گلینت، شاہگل چہ گمان گنوک بوت. زینتے گناہ ایش ات کہ آیا
جنگ اورت بلہ مردا سئون دانتت، بلہ من... منی گناہ جے انت؟

دروازگے درہپارگے توار بوت. آیے ہیالانی بندیکتے اڑتگین تار
ترہکارگا بست. ہمزاہ پدا ہبر کرت: ”تو انگت ہیدا نشتگے، سنٹ؟“
آیے دلا ہم پاہار کرت: ”تو گون ہدائے ہدایا داوا بکن کہ ترا ایبی مان
کرتگ، منا چیا جنے؟ تو چکے منی لاپا بدے، من چون پیدای نکان؟
شما مردین ہر دوہا جنینے سرا جنیت. شما ہم بندہ ایت. شما بیمار نیٹ؟
ہدا شمارا سنٹ کرت نکنت؟ شما چہ ہدایی کاران چیا معیارگ نیٹ؟
داکتر ترا جے گوشت؟ تعی دلا من سہیگ نہان؟ وتی ایبا منی سرا تپے؟“
پاد آتک، ہمزہے دیم پہ دیم اؤشتات. ”منا یلہ دئیے دگرے گریے پدا
آیے سرا سنٹیے دوہا جنے؟“

ہمزہ گنوک بوت، داتی دودستی تیلانکے، آ دور شت و کپت. گوشتی:
”داکتر گہ ورنٹ، جگ جننت، دروگ بندنت داکتر، تو داکترانی ہبر دروگ
کرت نکرتنت، ہیادار و پارسا تو بوتگے. من ترا گون وتی دوستان
پچاروک چیا کرت؟ تو چہ آیان پہ من اینچکین وشے گپت نکرت؟ من ترا
پہ زانت گون آیان تہنا نکرت؟ بلہ تو...“

اے ہبر نہانت کہ چہ ہمزہے دپا در آتکنت، گوشے سرپ اتنت کہ ہمزہ
آیے گوشانی تھا مان ریچگا اتش، آیے سرا گوشے گروکے کپت. آرسی
چمانی تھا ہشک بوتنت، نکئی چہ نادوکا چو جئورا تھل بوت، ٹیلگی در

دزگھاران گوشت کہ چمان پیچ مکن کہ سال دُکال بیت، بلہ آبیآ پہ وتی وشین و ابانی ساٹگا وتی چم نر کرتگ انتت کہ چش مبیٹ کہ واب چہ آبیئے چمان برچنت. دزگھارانی گوشگئے پدا، آبیآ وتی چم گون زورا پرتکنت. پدا دزگھاران گران شریپ، سبزین تاک و اسپیتین تاسیئے تھا سپین آپ آورت و گوشتیش: ”نون چمان پیچ کن.“ آبیآ اتولا بسملاہ کرت و چم پیچ کرتنت و گران وانت و چہ ہدایا وتی وشین روچانی دوا لوٹت. آپی چارتنت و دوایی کرت: ”یا الہ! منی و ہمڑھے دلا وت مانوتا گون آپا ساپ کن،“ سبزین تاکی چارت و وتی زندئے کشارانی سبز بیگئے دوایی کرت و پدا آبیآ وتی مات و پت، برات و گھارانی مہر مان دلئے یک کنجیا بند کرتنت و گون ہمڑھا یک نوکین و وشین زندیئے گوازینگا اے گسا آتک.

مات و پت و دنیائے گوشگئے پدا، آبیآ وتی پُشتا تیرنکے دات. آبیئے دلا گوشت برتو ماتئے گٹا بگر و بگوش و جُست کن: ”مات! شُما گون بیوسین جنگان چیا دروگ بندیت و آیان چہ وتی گسا کشیت؟ پت گوشت کہ چنکئے گس آبیئے مردئے گس انت، مرد گوشت: ’چہ منی گسا در آ، اے گس کہ منیگ انت، ترا ہاکمی کٹیا داتگ. جن مالے، پہ بہا رسیت و انچو کہ گسے اے دگہ مال و اسباب چہ منی مرزیا گسا ایر انت، انچو جن ہم چہ منی مرزیا انت، دوست نبوت، گلینانی، آبیئے بدلا دگرے کاران.“

آبیئے دلا شاہگل و زینت آتکنت، گوشے آبیآ نپتیا گون جت، تراسی کرت و نشت. شاہگلا سالے چکے آورت بلہ لاپ پُر و کٹ ہالیگ ات، چکی سر نیاتکنت. داکتران گوشت کہ مرد و جنئے ہون برابر نہ انت. مردا الاج نکرت، گوشتی: ”ہمے زرآن کہ پہ الاجا داکتران بدئیان پرچا دگہ جنے مکنانش؟“

بله آبیارا آسودگ کنگئے جھڈن کرتگ. بے آبیئے رزایا من وتی مات و پتے چارگا ہم نشتگان. همزهئے نزا وشیئے کیاس و کئیلو چے انت، آوشی چیا گوشتیت؟ آبیانا منا جت. البت گون هدايا کتیا دست و داوا هست؟“

پدا آبیانا وتی کسانیا دلا آتک. ولیا که جت و آبیانا گریت، ماتا آبیئے سر بگلا کُرت و گوشت: ”ولی! ترا گُهار دل بیت؟ گُهار گون تتو پادار نیت، تتو نزانے گُهار تتی گسا مهمانے؟“ آبیانا مات گُلایش کرت و گون آبیئے گُشانے لمبا وتی چم پھک کُرتنت. گوشتی: ”اما! من ترا، ابایا و ولیا نئیلان و دگه جاگه نرتوان.“ ماتا آ بگلا کرت و سر چُکت.

وهدهے گوزگا دیر نلگت، گوشت جنک چو کشارا انت، زوت رُدیت. وهد و پاس ماه و سالانی پَرگان سوار، بال کنانا شُتنت.

دُرستین جنکانیا وُرا آبیئے مجگئے تھا اے هیر چه کسانیا رُودینگ بوتگ ات که جنکئے گس آبیئے مردئے گس انت. آبیانا وتی دلئے تھا وتی گسئے سینگارگ و پلگارگ شرو کُرتگ ات و وتی هئیلانی واجهئے ودارا ات که کدی کئیت و آبیانا بارت و گسئے بانک کنت.

پدا هما رُچ آتک که آبیانا په وشین رُچانی اُمیتا گون یک دُئی مردیا وتی پلگارگین گسئے رتوگئے تتیاری کُرت که آ گس آبیئے وتی گس ات. دزگُهاران آ سمبھینت، گوشت بانورا تان سئے رُچا پری وتی رنگا دئینت، بله چه آیوکین وهد و اکبتئے وشیانی نورا آبیئے دیم وت چاردهی ماها رُشنا ات.

گئوهر مَلِک

”دَر آ چه منی گِسا، تنو منی زند آزاب کُرتگ. نزانان هما چوَنین شومین روچے اَت که من گون تنو آروَس کرت. اے دَه سالے تها تنو منا کُجام وشئی داتگ، بگوش؟“ جتی چپانٹے، پدا لگتے جَتی، آ کپت. ناشتین زاه چو هار و هيرِوِيا چه آيیے دپا در آيگا اتنت. آ چو بِنَا لُٹ و لگتانی چِرا کپتگ اَت، بله چه آيیے دپا اُف و اَبَنوے دَر نثیاتک. اے چه ماهیا زیات اَت که آيیے ورد و وراک زاه و مُشت و لگت اَت، بله مروچی لُئی سربار اَت.

آييا زانت که منی همجوابی آيیے زهرئے آسا چو گاسنِیلا تیزتر کنت. بدتر گنوک بیت. جتی، جتی تانکه وت دمی بُرت. لُئی چگل دات، تان دروازگا شُت، پد تَرَت و اَتک. ”من واپسیا ترا ادا مگندان، اگن نه چه من و گندگ کس نیست“ و چه دروازگا دَر اَتک.

آ دُگارے سَرا چو مُردگا تَچک اَت. آيیے هُدُ و جانے بند بند چه دردا پُرشگا اَت. آييا وتی چم نَز کرتنت. ”همزه گوشیت تنو منا وشئی ناداتگ. آيیے هدا وشئی چیا گوشنت؟ گون آيیے کهولا یکي و تپاکی، نانے دئیگ، رُپت و روپ، شُشت و شوُد، مهمانداری، مهر و دوستی، من وتی جان وار کرتگ

چُشی گوشت زوٲ زوٲ رٲوگا لڳت. دروازگئے دپا چکي جت و گوشتي:
”رؤزردا هٲيگان کاران.“

چه آبيئے در آيگ و رٲوگا رند هٲيران اٲ و نشتگ اٲ و وتسرا وت گپا اٲ:
”کلدار در گيتکگ؟ کدي؟ کجا؟ اے لوگئے تها؟“

يک دمانيا رند آبيئے سسايَا کار کرت. بچکنديٲ و په جاک گوشتي:
”همم... گارين کلدار.“

چاپ و شنگ: سٲيماهي درد، 2001.

”ترا تهنایی وش بیت؟“

”پرچا زانا؟“

”وت جُستَ کنان.“

”تعیی دل چے گوشتی؟“

بیستواریا پد یکَ اناگھا گوشتی: ”نون تئو تھنا نہائے.“

”اَنون وَہ اَنہ.“

یکَ و نیم اَدارا رند پہ رتوگا پاد آتک.

”تئو آپ وارت؟“

”تئو وارت منی تْن پُشت.“

آ راہ گپت. اِشیا گوشت: ”وتی کَلدارا نبرئے؟“

”کئی کَلدار؟“

”ہما گارین کَلدارئے بدلا کہ من ترا گوشت کہ دئیانی.“

”هان. آ گارین کَلدار.“

”ہئو...“

”آ من در گیتک.“

”چُک؟“

”سے چُک اُنٹ... بلہ چُکّانی پتا پینچ سال اِنٹ کہ ادا نہ اِنٹ... مُساپریا شتگ.“

”زہر اِنٹ؟“

”اِنہ... بلہ دیر اِنٹ کہ شتگ و پدا دیم نکنت، چوناہا زَر برے برے دیم دنت، بلہ...“

”بلہ چے؟“

”ہج.“

”تتو منی نام جُست نکرت.“

”تئی ناما من زانان. ہما رُچی کہ تتو مے ہمساہگ بوتگئے، من ترا پجّاہ آورتگ. ہر رُچ من دیستگ کہ تئی گسا تئی پلان دُوست کئیت و شما تان دیرا نندیّت و گپّ جنیت تانکہ شپے نیما پد گپّ جانا رثویت. من ہئیران آن کہ تتو اے شپے نیما کجا رثوئے؟ نزانان کدی پدا کائے؟“

”ترا گون منی رثو و آیا چہ کار؟“

”یک شپے من تانکہ بامگواہا نشتگ و چارتگ، تانکہ تتو پدا آتکگئے.“

”آچہ، بزان تتو منی چاریگ بوتگئے؟“

”دگہ ہیچ.“

”شَرِّ اِنْتِ مِنْ پِه تَعُو هَیِکَ کاران.“

”کدی؟“

”باندا.“

آپی زرتنت و لوٹتی کہ بوارتیش، دستی داشت و گوشتی: ”اؤشتُکایی اِنه. بند.“

اے تہتے سرا نِشت. ”اچہ تَعُو اؤشتاتگئے؟“

”من ہم نِندان.“

”.....“

”تئی نام کئے اِنْت؟“

”ماہل.“

”ماہل؟“

”ماہاتون اِنْت بلہ منی ماتا دؤستیا ماہل کرتگ. تَعُو سور کرتگ؟“

”تَعُو سور کرتگ؟“

”هئو.“

اِشیا ہم شوہاز کنگے ہاترا اینگر آنگر چارگ بنگیج کرت. بلہ وھدے کہ
 سری چست کرت، گندیت تہ اشیئے جند کلدارئے شوہازا انت بلہ آییئے جند
 اوشتاتگ و اشیئے جندا چارگا انت. وتی کیسگی پتت بلہ پچین کلدارے
 مان نیست ات. گوشتی: ”منی کیسگا کلدار نیست بلہ چہ لوگا کلدارے
 کاران و ترا دئیان.“

دروازگی پچ کرت. اے ہم پترت گون. آ، لوگے تہا کوٹے نیمگا شت کہ
 کلدارے بکشیت و بدنتی. اِشیا گوشت: ”تئی لوگا آپ نیست؟“
 ”جتورین آپ؟“

”ورگی.“

”بلہ، هست.“

اِشیا گلاس زرت کہ آییآ آپ بدنت. گلاسی چہ دستا پچ گپت و گوشتی:
 ”من وت آپ واران.“

گلاسی چہ آپا پتر کرت و آورت و آییئے دیما اوشتات. ”بزور. آپ بور.“

”من سبھا چربی نوارتگ کہ آپ بوران.“

”گرماگ انت، آپ وش انت. شر انت، اچہ تنو سبھا چے وارتگ؟“

”یک کوپے چاہ.“

”دگہ؟“

آوتسرا وت میزآن میزانا جیڑانا رٹوگا ات۔ راہا دگہ یک دوستین مردمے
 گون آیا درہباتی بوت۔ درہباتی بوت بلہ آیا اے سما نہات کہ کئے ات۔
 وتی پادی کشتنت، گوشے زانا کسے آئیے راہا چارگا انت یا یکے دیر انت
 کہ آئیے رھچار انت کہ کمے دیر کنگ پہ آیا بیرگین تاوان کاریت۔

یک برے اوشتات و وتی گامی سست کرتنت، بلہ پدا چاریت کہ پہ بیسمایی
 پدا گامان کشان انت۔ چہ وتی لوگا سدے گاما دور، چاریت کہ یکے آئیے
 لوگے کمپانے سروگا اوشتاتگ و گون آئیے گندگا اشیے گام سست
 بوتنت۔ سری جھل کرت و دیمتراشت بلہ نون گامی انگت ہم سستتر اتنت۔
 نزیکترا وتی سری چست کرت و پدا چارتی تہ ہمے مردم دیوالئے بنا چیڑیے
 شوہازا انت۔ وھدے کہ آئیے کرا رست پجاهی آورت کہ هر روچ چہ ہمدا
 گوزیت و آپا رتوت۔ اشیا وتی دلا گوشت کہ بلکین آئیے پلک یا مندریکے
 کپتگ کہ اینچک شوہازا انت۔ جستی کرت: ”چے گارت کرتگ؟“

”کلدارے۔“

”کاگدے؟“

”انہ۔ ترندین کلدارے۔“

”گرا؟“

”گار انت۔“

ہما وھدی کہ آچاتے کِرا گوست، آئیے دلا یک برے دریگے جت۔ اے
دومی کوھنپن چات ات کہ سنگبند ات و ریگے کُتگین سرا ات یا کہ
چوش بگوش بُنگیجا ات۔ ترانگیا کپت، بلہ وتی سری درنرت کہ وتا بیترانگ
بکنت بلہ پدا ہم ترانگ آئیے ہمراہ ات۔ سسای کر، بلہ بے آسرین سسا،
پرچا کہ گون بے آسرین سسایا آئیے سما زندگ بئیان بوت۔ وتسرا وت چہ
آئیے سرا گرمیے در آتک، آئیے چم ہم گرم گپنتت، آیا وتی جند دست پر
کرت گوشے زانا تپا گپتگ ات بلہ تپے رنگا نہ ات۔ وتی پادی ترند کشتنت
کہ زوت تر وتی جاگھا برسیت۔ پدا یک اناگھا گون وت آستا گوشتی: ”لوگا
رئوے جوان انت، بلہ تئی لوگا ہم کس نیست، اودا ہم تھنا نندے۔“

راستی گوشتگ ات۔ آئیے گسا بید آئیے جندا دگہ کس نیست ات۔ یک
جوانین سنگتے آیا هست بلہ آ روچے دراجیا گیش وتی گریبا نہ انت۔ شپا
دمانیا کثیت و ہر دو نندنت، گپ و ترانے کنت، بلہ آہم تان دیران گون آیا
نشت نکنت کہ آیا وتا لوگے هست کہ پہ لوگبانک و چک و چلانگ انت۔

پدا وتسرا گپ جنگا ات: ”تھنایی وش انت بلہ ہما وھدی کہ تھنایی پکار
بیت و ہمے رنگا ہمراہی وش انت، ہما وھدی کہ چہ تھناییا مردم شزار
بیت۔ مروچی گوشے زانا من ہم چہ تھناییا بیزار آن۔ باید انت کہ اے
رنگین بیزار و شزار چشپین بیوھد و بے اجامین باھندان چہ روچے ایر رٹوگا
رند گیر بیارنت بلہ مروچی چپکاین رنگیا گون سبھا روچے گور بندگا
اشان بیڑ اورتگ۔“

اشیا لہتین بِن مچّ ہم مان انت. یكّ زمانگے اے یكّ جوانین پلے بوتگ بلہ
 آنون وئیرندان انت و واڑے بانداتا یكّ دَستے ماہور یا ٹالے کرز و یكّ
 چوٹکے ہم لکّ نہ انت. اشیے نزیکاّ ہما کسّ رتوت کہ وتا چہ مسترین
 جنجالا رکیننگ لوٹیت.

ہمے بُرزگے چپّا راہے گوزیت. راہے نہ انت، کشکے یا چو بگوش کہ رندے
 کہ مردمانی بازین رتو و آیا ہمے راہ جوڑ بوتگ کہ ادے ریک چیرے بدتگ
 و دگہ چیریا چہ لگتمالیا بال کرتگ و کِرّ و گورا جم بوتگ انت. و گوات ہم
 کُمکّ بوتگ و گوشے زانا آرزن رنگین مودانی تھا گیوارے کشتگ. ہمے
 کشکے چپی دَستا چات انت کہ ہرکس گون ہورکین جہلگا کثیت و گون
 پُرینا بر گردیت.

آیے دلگوش یكّ اناگھا یكّ برمشیا وتی نیمگا تریت. چاریت تہ ہمے
 بُرزگا و راست یكّ کورے پیداک انت کہ آیے لٹّ یكّ جنکیا گیتگ. آیا
 دُستین نیمگان وتی دلگوش دور کرت و ہمے کورا نہ، ہمے جنکا چارگا
 لگت. کورین مرد اے جنکا تعیابا بُرت و یكّ شرین آداریا رند پدا جنکا
 کورے لٹّ گیت و ہمراہیا دیم پہ میتگا ترت.

اے ہم چہ وتی جاگھا پاد آتک و ہمیشانی رندا دیم پہ میتگا رهاگ بوت.
 راہا گون دو پچاروکیں مردما درہباتی بوت. تانکہ ریک کثت، اشیا ہم دم
 بُرت پرچا کہ پہ اے گپّا کہ چو گیوارا بارکین کشکے جوڑ بوتگ ات، بلہ اے
 کشک ہم ریکے تہا انت، ہمیشکا اے کشک ہم ریک انت.

گارین گلدار

سئید ہاشمی

گرماگی روچے ات، روچا گور بستگ ات. آ، سبھا چہ لوگا در اتکگ و تئیابے کرا شیے سارت کرتگین ریکانی سرا نشتگ ات و دریائے کوکریں گورمان چارگا ات کہ دوشیگین شمالین گواتے سئوگات انتت.

اے دریائے آپ باز تلگ انت و زمینی باز جاگھا سک چکل انت. اشیے ہمے لہمین چکلے تھا دریایی لوک باز انت. لہتین لوکا ہمے نرمگین چکل انچین رنگیا گوتکگ و وتی لوگ جوڑ کرتگ کہ اگن پہ نزانتکاری کسئیے پاد ہمے لوگے سرا بکییت، تان کونڈا مین رتوت. چہ تئیابا پنجاہ شست گواز بُرزا مچ و درچک انت، یک مزین شریشے کہ اشیے ساہگا سبھائے روچ گون تئیابا گلایش کنت و هر چنت کہ روچ بُر بئیان بیت، ساہگ و تئیابے دوستی دور بئیان بیت.

آ، ہمے ساہگا نشتگ ات. بلہ نون اے ساہگا آئیے ہمراہی ہم یلہ دات. آیا چک جت و پُشتا چارت. شریشے ہما دیما ریکے بُرگے. بلہ ہمے بُرگ چو کہ آپے بند یا آسشانین کوھے چدگا انت کہ چپ و چاگردا چو کہ بندا انت و توکی جھل انت.

سردوئے جانا درہگے زُرت. ماتى ٹوھینت. بلہ آييا تتوار ندادت. سردوئے
نُک گون نادوکا کپت. چمى گُلگُل بوتنت.

گراناز ساهئے جن و گرا ات. بلُک تليان تچان تچانا اتک.

”بيبي! مُبارک بات ترا. سويائے جنين زهگا دراه بوت. زهگى بچکے.“

گرانازا کمے چم پچ کرتنت. آسمانى چارت، يک هکگے جتى. چمى پسى
بوتنت. دومى هکگا آيئے بلُبلُا بال کُرت.

چاپ و شنگ: گچكى، نئيمتُلاه (2011). شُکل و زهراپ. بچار چيرنبيس 66.

و نیست یگ بیہتیرین مۆچۆین بچے ات، چٹ پُچی دیمے. نہ بودے، نہ کمالے. ہدایا ساہے داتگ و بس.

گراناز گریب و بیساتین زالے ات. وتی دستے پورباتا وتی رۆچی شپ کرتنت. نون پُرن شش ماہ ات کہ چہ کارا کپتگ ات. ساریا آیا چہ وتی شاہی تیا وتی جان نبرت گون. بلہ نون جانا چٹ دئور داتگ ات. نہ دستی داشت نہ پاد. چپر وت ات. چہ گریبی و واریا بدل شو دے ہم نیست اتی. چل و آزگ ات، بؤا کس ایلا نہ اشت.

ساریا ہمساهگان برے برے ہال گپت. بلہ نون کسا دیی جُستے نکرت. نون ہرکسے گوش راہا اتنت. کدی مرکے ہالی بیت کہ ما بے ارسین مۆتکے بیارین. اے وهدا آییے اے تنگیے دیمپان آییے نابودین زہگ ات. آییے لاہکی ہمیش ات کہ کرایی کپتگ ات.

آیا پہ وتی نابودین وسا پہ چٹ و تایتا وتی مسکہ جت، بلہ ہچ پہ ہچ. مردم گۆشنت شکرانہ ای نبوتگ، پمیشکا دمان نگپتگ. آیا پیر و پکیر ہم نہ اشتگ ات. بلہ آہم پہ ہدا نکنت. ہستی وہ ہدایی دادے. کارے پہ تہلگ و داروا ببیت، آیا پچین ڈک یلہ ندادتگ پہ لوٹگ و آرگا، بلہ جانا دیمے پدا کنگ ہچ نرانت.

اے شپ پہ گرانازا تنگ ات. آچہ بازین نالگ و پریاتان بیسڈ و سما ات. اے وهدا آچہ ترک و تتوارا کپتگ ات. سردوا آییے سر چست کرت. آپی دپا پٹینت. چارتی تانکہ چمی بُرزا شتگ ات، گسے تیرا سک اتنت.

او سردو! سردو! گاروٹ! منی دم بند بوت. اُبڑے بابی، منی دم. او سردو!
تتو واب ائے؟ گریب! کَمے ھوش کن. منی جَنڈین جامگ لیٹتگ. تُنن بلی
کُشیت، بلہ بیپردگ مبان، نامهرْمُن چارگا اُنْت. اؤدا بچار، درستانی چم سک
اُنْت. او بابی، مباتان. اُف، منی شَرین ھدا! نزانان چوَن کنان. او سردو! اوہ
تتو، تتو مباتے یا من مباتان. بلہ تتو، تتو، ھائے، منی ساہ، من مباتان پہ
تتو بابی، مزار جان! تتو کجا ائے؟ جنگیان! پُلنگان ھئیال کن. گموار! گوَن
براتان ھمرد باتے.“

اے گراناز اَت کہ دیم وت پڑگا اَت. برے ھوش و برے بیھوش. ھپت شپ و
ھپت روچ اَت کہ گراناز پہ اے ھالا اَت، بیکسا کپتگ اَت.

آ وھدا کہ آییے روچ اتنت، بھتی برجاہ اَت، نسیبی ھمراہ اَت. آ بزنازین
زالے اَت. وتی جنوزامی ای نمارت. تنگہ و تلاھین بچی دیم اتنت. وش و
وشدل اتنت. بلہ آییے دلا ھر وھدا جت. آییَا زانت کہ اے روچ پہ آییَا کاینت.
مَزَن مَرّ و زوراکین دژمنان آییانی کُڈ پُشتا جتگ اَت. آییَا زانت ھر وھدے کہ
بیچ لاهک بنت، وتی میراسا جۆھنت. آییانی کسانساليا آییانی پتی میراس
زوراکان چیر جتگ اَت. کئے پہ زند و وشین دلے وتی مالا دگران دنت؟

وھدے آ ھوشی بوتنت، آیان وتی میراسے جۆھگے جھد کُرت. کُڈواران
تتورت. زوراکي ھیلہ چہ نزوری و دابھیا گیش بوت. وھدے کہ آیان نام
گپت، ھما بوت کہ گرانازے دلا جت. یکے گوڑی بوت، یکے درانڈیہ بوت،
سئیمیا سر پہ کوہ و گاران کُشیت. دگہ یکے پہ بندیھانھا سر بوت. نون ھست

گواڑگئے سُہرین پُلّ سَرینت و سُہرین گلابئے پُلّ گمر کننت، منی مزاریمین
مزار زندگِ انت.

اُف، گمدار! پہ تئو مباتان. دُژمنان آسے کپات. آشویبا سَر و چیر باتنت کہ
منا بیوس و بیکسش کرت. بدواہانی دنتان در بیایانتت کہ گوشنت لگور
بوئے، بابی! زانتت، زانتت کہ مرد پہ گیگ. تئیی درانملکی منا دردِ انت،
بلہ دلا جزم آن کہ بیریگری آسے، دلا سارت نبوتگ، نبیت. منی زردئے
زرابین واہگ انت کہ گمے گرمین گوات تئیی دیما مکشات و سُہبی نودت
سرا بشارتنت.

بلہ جنگیان! تئو پرچا چو سردمہر ائے؟ اُف، دُن در کئیت. من نگوشان،
بدواہ گوشنت کہ تئو سردمہر بوتگئے. من سدک آن کہ تئو ہما تئو ائے.
ہون چکین چم تئیی بیمہر نہانت. گرم و جلان، گٹ و گران تئیی ہشکین لُنت
منی دلا اشکرے پر دارنت. آہرین گوہران تئیی بیپوشاکین جائے یات منی
دلا کارچے جننت. بلہ دلگران مئے. منی سر بُرز انت. بیوس آن، چم جہل
نہ آن. اگن کوٹویی واجھے نہ ائے، کوٹویی واجھیئے بندیک و نہ ائے.

نسیب! تئو منی چم کور کرتنت. بہتن کم انت کہ منی نسیب بند انت. من
زانان کہ تئو شیریں بشبش ورے. تئیی زردئے بیتوارین نہردگ، زانان کوٹ
و کلاتان جمیننت، بلہ شالا کئیت ہما روچ. بلہ یا نسیب. اُف، کسے ہست
منا کمے آپ دپا بدنت؟ کسے ہست کہ منی سرا کمے چست بکنت؟ دمن
پشت کپت.

پتی میراس

نئیمتلاہ گچکی

”اُف، منی واجھین ہدا! من چوں کنان؟ من پرچا چو بیوس بوتان. وسن ہست، بلہ بیوس آن. کسن ہست، بلہ بیکس آن. اُف، منی نک چوں ہشک انت. منا کس ترمپے آپ دیا ندنت. جائن پھک ژند ژند انت. اُف، کسے نیست کہ پادائن پپرِنجیت، بلہ دگرے پرچا پہ من بکنت؟ آدمی مہر بیگواہ انت. بابی! دگر دگر انت، وتی جان و جگر انت، بلہ وتی؟ دین سنگا بلگات اگن بگوشان وتی ان نیست. بیچ منا ہدایا داتگ، گنج انت، گڑا چوں منا وس نیست، چوں منا کس نیست؟ اَبُو، مباتان بابی پہ شُما. بلہ او منی ہدا! منی گناہ چے انت؟ کسن ہست، بلہ دین مکسکا پُر انت.

من زانان، منی بدبھتی ہما روچا آتک کہ مزارچہ من پیش شت، اگن نہ من پہ اے ہالا نبوتگ اتان. بلہ من نگوشان کہ آمرتگ. آبیارا من پہ کجام روچان وتی شکلین شیر میچینتگ انت؟ نیمشپی پاسان دلسھڑین لولی پہ کجام ساھتا آبیارا داتگ انت. آ زندگ انت. آبیئے مۆتکئے بدلا من ہالو کرت. مہلوکا منا ملند کرت. من وتی دست چہ آبیئے زگرین ہونان چو ہنیا لوچنت. منی دل جُشیت، بلہ دژمنانی دل سارت بوت. آنمیران انت. تانکہ

چو پُرشَتگین دلا تَعوارا اَتنت. من وتی چَم ماہا سگ دانت و اؤشتاتان،
ماہئے نورا منی دل چہ نورا پُر کُرت. اُف، اُف زند. دلئے تہارئے تہا گِرؤکیا
جت و دؤستیئے یگ لہڑے پاد اَتک. اے رُژناین زردرنگین ماہ، اے کپتگین
تاک، اے مرتگین پُلان منی درد، منی زہر، منی گم بھر کُرتنت. منی چَمان
ارس اَتکنت. منی دل چو آسمانا پُراہ بوت. استار دلا رؤک بوتنت.

اے ٹوہین پُراہین گلزمینا بیوپاین درگلا جاگہ ہست.

اے زند پہ ناکوآ ہم وش اِنت.

اے ماہ و استاری دنیا، اے سبزین زردپُلانی دنیا ناکو و درگلا نسیب بات.

من چہ وتی ناکوئے لوگئے راہا پدا گشت و دگہ راہے گپت. منی گام تیز
بوتنت. منی زبانا وش وشا اے لبز در اَتکنت: ”ناکو! درگل! منا پهل کنیت.“

چاپ و شنگ: اَبْدَلْهَکیم (1970). گِچین آزمانک. بچار چیرنیس 25.

من شُت و مسیتا تگردئے سرا دیم پہ چیر کپتان. بیگاہ، شپ و شپ، نیمشپ بوت. ساہت ڈراج بوت و وهد وتی جاہا جگ اؤشتات. منی ارسئے گئوہر زمینئے ماتی دامنا کپتنت. من پاد آتک و ڈٹا در آتکان. منی دل پُر اُت.

گم، وپا، دؤستی، بیوپایی، زند، درگل، ناکو، درد، دل، رنج، زہربار، دؤست، نادؤستی، بیوپا، دنیا، مال، زر، دؤستی، درگل، بیوپا، مرک، زند، اے کُل آتک و منی دیما اؤشتانت.

”کجا...؟ کجا...؟ من چہ وتی دلا پُرسیت.“ منی سر جہل اُت و گون وتی گمان جیژگا اتان. زند چیسے؟ وپا چے انت؟ دؤستی کجامیئے نام انت؟ منی راہ کجام انت؟

دلا پدا دردے پاد آتک.

اے کارچ انت، ناکو واب انت، وتی ورناین جنئے بگلا انت. منی چمان دیست کہ درگل ناکوئے بگلا انت. آییئے بادامین چم بند انت و لئٹی پیچ انت.

منی دل چہ زہرا پُر بوت، ہون مان رگان تیز بوت، لُٹ گٹ چتنت، دست پہ لانکئے کارچا شت، گام تیز کُرتنت و پہ ناکوئے لوگا رھادگ بوتان.

اناگھا کُچکیا وکُت و من چہ وتی واپا آگاہ بوتان. من وتی چم چست کُرتنت، بُرزا چارت. زمستانی شپے بیستی ماہ ایر رٹوگی اُت. چو سالی نادراہا منی نیمگا چارگا اُت. زمین و آسمان ماہئے نورئے چادرا واب اتنت. آسمان ساپ اُت و استار جُرشکگا اتنت. دُرچکانی کپتگین تاک منی پادانی چیرا

”انہ... بلہ...“

”بلہ... چے؟“

”بلہ نون زمانگ باز دیمَا شتگ...“

”... و اے دیمَا رتوؤکین زمانگئے واستا مال لوتیت سهر و زر لوتیت.“ من آییے گپ تتوام کرت.

”تتو نرائے، کریم! منا گون تئی ناکوآ ہیچ واہگ نیست. بلہ من گون آییے مال و دتولتا هب داران و تئی ناکو مروچی نہ باندات انت چہ اے دنیا رتوت. دگہ پرچا چہ آییے دتولتا پائدگ بکشنت.“

”بس کن وتی پوتاریا. من تئی دتولین مکر بازین جنین زندگا پشت نگیجان. انون تئی ہما مال بیت، انچو کہ یک مزین گنہگارئے، تانکہ تتو چہ وتی لُچین واہگا دگہ کسا برباد مکنئے.“

من یکدم درگل گتگیر کرت انچو کہ یک شاہینے جنجشکیئے سرا ہیئٹز بکنت بلہ منی دست لرزتنت و یک تتوارے منی گوشان کپت.

”پرچا وتی ناکوئے ارمان و واہگانی دنیا و ویران کنئے؟ ہما ناکو کہ ترا هرچ و درچی دات... وانینتی... تئی هر ٹهل و نازی پُجت. بلہ مروچی تتو آییے واہگانی دنیا تباہ کنگا ائے.“

نبراهیت، و چه آییئے اے ہالتا من سکّ پدرد بوتان. من آییئے بانئے تھا
پُترتان و دروازگ بند کرت. من سکّ بیتاہیر اتان. بلہ آییَا گون مزین پھریَا
درائنت: ”بگوش، چہ گپے؟“

”من ... من ...“

”هئو جی ... جی ... بگوش تتو چیا تُرسے؟“

”من ... من ... تتو نئوش نبے؟“

”انہ ... تتو بگوش نہ.“

”درگل ...“

”جی ...“

”درگل! ما زندگانیا یگے دومیئے ہمراہ و ہمکوپگ بیگئے سئوگند
وارتگ ات بلہ چہ منی رئوگا رند پرچا چُش بوت؟ من وتی دلا چینچک
واہش و ارمان داشتگ و لوگا آتکگ اتان بلہ منی دُرستین واہش و ارمان
هاک و پُران هئوار بوتنت. مروچی من ترا ہمے جُستا کنان کہ اے دُرست
چہ تئیی واہگا بوتگ انت، اگن نہ؟“

”هئو ... چہ منی واہگا.“ آییَا وتی چمّ جہل کُرنتت و یگّ نزورین تتواریا
پسئوی دات.

”تتو گُرا ہما سئوگند زوتّ شُمشتنت کہ ما پاکین مسیتا وارتنت؟“

دنيائے چارپن کُنڈان تباھيا مان شاننگأت. همے تھارماھين شپا آسمائے استار ڈرپشگا اتنت، بله منی تھارپن شپے هما ڈرپشوکين استار که باز ديران رند ڈلگ بوتگأت نون مرميرانکو بوت... و منی اُمیتانی دنیا هر نیمگا سیاہ و تھارأت، نه راهے پد، نه ديم. چه وتی دلے هلاھوشا زيارت و پيرانا تتوارن پر کُرت... وتی گرانين گمانی سُبکتر کنگا ديم په مسيتا سُتان و گون هُدايا وا و زاری اُن کُرت.

”واجه هُدا! بارين چيا چُش بوت؟ چه مروچيا ده سالا پيش من و درگلا تتيی پاکين لوگا زندے سکی و سوربانی تها همراه و همکوپگ بئيگے سئوگند وارت بله مروچی، ده سالا پد من چه گندگا آن؟ منی زندگانئے رُزناین ماه دگرئے لوگا شههم کنگا انت. راستے که دنیا سک بيرهم انت بله تتو چو بيرهم نه اتے، تتويه. تتو هم کسارا هيچ گوشت نکُرت که درگل يکئے امانت انت؟“

يک روچے من وتی يک سنگتئیے دُچار کپگا رئوگا اتان که من درگل دومی نیمگا آيگا ديست. من اوشتاتان بله آ گون وتی دزگهاران گپ جنان چه من شِگوست و من هَشک و هئيران بوتان که آپرچا چُش مَواز انت.

روچ شپ و شپ روچ بئيانا گوستنت و من ملور ملور بوتان و هر وهدا پگر جت که درگل منی گورا پرچا چو بے برمش و تتوارا گوزبت، گوشے منا پجَاه نئياريت. من وتی دلا نيْت کُرت که من درگلا آ روچے مَوازيے سئوبا زلور جُست کنان. پميشکا من په آيیے لوگا رهاڊگ بوتان. بله وهده که دروازگا سر کُشت تَه ديستن که آ دراجين آدينکے ديما نشتگ وتی مود و ملگوران رَندگ و وتی جندے سمبهينگا ات که يک روڊراتکی جنينيا چُش

کُرت، بله په ناکوئے کوهين هاترا من وتی بیتاهیری یکدم سهرنا نکرْت. بله چوناها اے گمانی بار چه منی نرورین بالادئے سگا گیش ات. پمیشکا من په دُتئے رتوگا وتی گام په گینگ و اندام چست کُرتنت، گوشئے که دُراهین زمینئے بار منی چکا ات.

”اسلام الئیکم.“ من ناکوارا سلام دات و گشاد گشادا په وتی بانا در شُتان.

”والئیکم سلام. برئو، تنو هُدائے مئیار ائے.“

من وتی بانا تهتئے سرا شکوندیم بوتان و پگر و اندوهانی توپانا منا مان رُیت. من هئیال کُرت که مئے رتوآجا گون بیڈتول و بدرنگین کاران وتی دامن چینکس پوَلنگ کُرتگ. منی دُتولین چینکس ورنا وتی هکین ارمان و واهگانی واستا تلوسگا انت، بله آ زالمین رتوآجئے دیمنا بیوس ات. منا هشتاد سالیین ناکوئے گون کسانسالیین درگلا سور کنگ سک تئورت بله چون کنان؟ کماشانا پنت و سوچ کنگ مزین بے ادبئے. همه سئوبا په من نامیتئے آه و اُپاران ابید دگه هچ پد نمت و من چه پهکین لاچاربا گون هُدايا جُست و جواب کُرت.

”او واجه هُدا! منی گناه و مئیار چه انت؟ چُش پرچا بوت؟ تئیی هم واهگ همیش ات که درگل که یکئئے امانت ات، آ دگه کسئئے لوگئے زب و بُراه بیت؟ اے یک وابه وه نه انت؟ بله نه. اے واب یک المیین اهوالبئئے بوت. منی دیدگانی ارس ناهودگا رتکنت. منی دنیا وئیران... و منی ناکوئے دنیا آباد بوت.“

ناکو

نسیم دشتی

”وتی تروا بگند.“ منی ناکوآ یگ زباین جنکیئے نیمگا وتی دست شہار
دات.

”اشیا؟“ من ہیرانیا جست کرت.

”هئو، هئو. اے تیی ترو دُرگل انت.“

چہ درگلئے نامئے اشکنگا منی دیما ده سالئے یاتانی وشین ندارگ گردگا
لگنتت. آییئے زبایی، رنگ و دانگ، آسکی دیدگ، کاتارین پونز، کمانین
بروان، ماریپچین ملگور هر ورناین دلا چہ بندوکان سندیت. بلہ منا آییئے
پلین دیئمئے سہرین لٹانی وشین بچکندگ سک دوست انت. پمیشکا من
ناکوئے اے گپا کہ تیی ترو درگل انت، باز ہیران منتان پرچا کہ آچہ کسانیا
منی واب و ہئیالانی ماہدرورین دُتک ات. بلہ نون کہ منی کماشین ناکوآ
وتی لوگبانک کُرتگ ات، پہ من چہ پگر و ہئیالان ابید ہیچ پشت نکپتگ ات.
ہمے سئوبا چہ منی چمان ارسانی رگام شلتنت و چہ دلئے بُنبندا اُپاران باہند

سرجمین پٽ و پولا رند پگاییا وتی رپورٹ داتگ که دئولت هانا گون وتی براتے شرنگ و ورناین جنا، براتے رتوگا رند په زور و نارئوایی ناجاهی کرتگ و نیٹ آییے لاپ پُر کرتگ.

آیان هال رست که مهبت هان دو چار رچا رند کئیت و سر بیت. دئولت هانا تُرس مان دلا کپت که آییے برات لوگیا لاپ پُریا بگندیت، آیا الما جُست کنت و جن آیا هکین هالا زلور دنت. گزا په آیا هئیر نه انت. آیا په وتی سیه کاریانی چیر دئیگا بیچارگین مساپرین بگجت ناهگا سیه کار کرت، مساپر، بانور و کؤدک دیمهونی دانتت که بلکین آیانی هون آییے سیه کاریا گار بکنت.

دومی رپورٹ هال دنت که مهبت هانا وتی برات دئولت هان کُشتگ که آیا پگاییا مالوم بوتگ که آییے دراندیھیے وهدان، آییے براتا آییے ورناین جنے گورا وتی دیم سیاه کرتگ.

چاپ و شنگ: بلوچ، حکیم (2000). آسے چهہر. بچار چیئرنیس 53.

مِسلئے تہا، نہ گواہان، نہ مُلزما و نہ ممبران سہتیئے لاپ پُریئے زکر کرتگات. اے پہ من و پہ مُکدمہا نوکین و اہمین ہبرے ات، گواہی و شوںکاریے ات کہ آیا جرم و جرمئے املارا نوکین رنگے دات. مُلزم دپ وت گوشگا انت کہ منی براتا وتی جن لاپ پُریا بدیستین، آیا وتی دلا چے گمان کرت.

من گوشت: ”تتو راست گوشتے، شرین جن و شیرى اولاک انامتی شئے نہ انت.“ دتولتئے پتا، کہ مُکدمہئے مسترین گواہ و وتی گئیرتمندیں بچئے وکیل ات، بے جُستا گوشت: ”ساہب! منی نشار وت بددستے ات. ہدا بزانت چہ کدی و گون کئے کئیا وتی دیمی سیاہ کرتگات. اگن آ شپی گون بگجتا گرگ مہوتین، آیا منی پردیسیین ورنایارا، گون آیئے سر بیگا لاپئے کوٹک پہ مستاگی داتگات. دینبوان گوشت کہ تعیی نشارئے زہگا دمان و کترہیا داشتگات. اگن ماتى کُشگ مہوتین، دو چار روچا رند الما ودی بوتگات. شر بوت کہ ما چہ ناہکین ہونیا بچتین.“

لاپ پُریں زالے کہ آیئے زہگئے ودی بیگا دمان و کترہے بداربت چون گون دمان و کترہیئے مساپریا ”آشنا“ بیت؟ آ ماہ و نوکیئے سندا وتی جندئے جودا جواب دنت، گون بگجتا چون جُپتی بیت؟ منا باور نبوت کہ سہتیئے مئوتئے سئوب یکشپی مہمان انت کہ تہارماہین شپئے سیاہیان گار و گمسار بوت. من مُکدمہ کُرائم برانچارا دات کہ ایشیئے پٹ و پولا چہ نوکسرا بکنت. منی دیمما دو رپورٹ انت، یکے کُرائم برانچئے نوکسرانئے پٹ و پول انت و دومى ہر روچی کُرائم رپورٹ انت. ہر دو یکین ہبرا گوشگا انت. ائولیا

من مِسل بُنا تان سرا پدا هورتيا چارتگأت و شَرِّيا وانتگأت. يَڪَ گواھي
وتى بئيانا گوشتيت كه اے ”آشنا“ په وتى اؤلاڪا كديمئے گرگا هما بيگها
آيانى هلڪا آتگگأت. گوشتي: ”منى دراجين راهے، من په وتى اُسترا كديم
زوران، بارين ديمآ رسيت يا نرسيت؟“ دئولت هانا آيارا كديم په بها دات.

مساپرا كديم اُسترا لُدنت و ركستي گپت په رئوگا كه دئولت هانا گون آيا
گوشت: ”نون تهارماهي انت و جمبر هم سرا انت. تتو شپا گون ما بجل،
سهبا بام كه دنت، برئو.“ ورنايا مژاه كرت. آبيے مئتي گپت و پاد آتڪ په
رئوگا. دئولتا آ پدا سلاه جت، گوشتي: ”مژاه مكن، چؤ مبيت راها رد بكنئے
يا نهاربيے وژالى بيے.“ گژا ورنابين مساپر جلت. ما درستان يڪجاه نان
وارت. هرڪس وتى گسا شت. سهبا مارا سما كپت كه مهمانا وتى دست و
ديم سياه كرتگانت گون دئولتئے براتئے ورنابين جانا.

منا باور نبوت كه په كترهے و دمانيا مرد و جنئے آشنايي و دو درامدئے
يڪجاهي و ديمسياهي چتئور امل بوت كنت. من گواه و ملزم و دراه پدا
لؤٽاينتت. چه ملزما كه جُستن كرت آيا گوشت: ”ساهب! مني نشارا بددستي
چه مني براتئے درملڪيا رند بنا كرتگأت، چش كه هلڪئے زالبولان وتى
هلوتان يكدوميا جُست كرت كه سهتيے لاپ پرچا چؤ گوات گران انت. كسيآ
گوشت كه مردئے بازين زر و سُهراني پينگ انت. دگريا گوشت كه دپي چؤ
هلاريا دراهين رؤچا رؤمستا انت، پينگ نجت و لاپ نرؤدينيت دگه چه بكنت؟
بله مارا اے گمان نيستأت كه آ وتى ديمآ سياه كنگا انت و دراهين كئمئے
ديمآ تاپگے لگاشگا انت. من آ شپي اگن آ گون اے مساپرين ورنايا مڪپتين،
مني براتا وتى لؤگي كه لاپ پُريا بديستين، آيا وتى دلا چه گوشتگأت.“

سیہ کار

ہکیم بلوچ

جرگہا مُکدمہئے دراہین تک و پھناتانی یِک سرجمین ریپورٹے دیم داتگات و سپارشی کرتگات کہ دتولت ہانا وتی نشار گون درامدین مردیا گپتگ و دوین ہمے جاگہا کُشتگانت۔

سہتیئے سور گون دتولت ہانئے کستریں برات مہبت ہانا دو سال ساری بوتگات۔ سورا شش ماہ رند، آہیا دبیا رۆزگارے رستگات۔ یِک و نیم سال رند آہیئے چُئی بیگی ات۔ آہیا ہال داتگات کہ دیمئے ماہئے پانزدها، آ دو ماہئے چُتیا آہیا انت۔

آہیئے آہیا چار رۆچ پیسر، آہیئے مستریں برات دتولت ہانا سہتی گون آمردا پہ نارئوایی دیست و دوینی کُشتنت۔ چہ پٹ و پؤلئے ریپورٹا سہرا بوت کہ کُشوکئے گئیرتا باہند کرت، آہیا وتی نشار و آہیئے ”آشنا“ ہر دوین ہما دمان و ہما جاگہا کتل کرتنت، و جرگہا گون یِک توارا اے گئیرت و لَجئے کوش جاہی کرار دات و مرد و زال سیہ کار لیکننت و ڈی سیا وتی اوارڈ اے پیما دیم دات کہ سیہ کاریئے کوش چو اے دگہ کوشان لیکگ مہبت و دتولت ہانا کئید و بندئے سزا دئیگ مہبت۔

بیت . بله نون . . . باز وهد گوستگ و لئیب چه آییئے دستا شتگآت و اے
شهرئے واهند همه بُت بوتگاتنت کہ وتی جوڑ کنوکئے ناما ها کمی کنگا
اتنت . هر چرند و پرنند ، سهدارش وتی تابه جوڑ کرتگآت و اسلین واهند یک
تھارین زندانیا بند ات و چه پشومانیا بشبش ورگا ات .

چاپ و شنگ: تاکبند/ستین، آزمانک نمبر، نومبر 2018. بچار چیرنیس 42.

اے بُتانی جوڑ کنگا پد، آسک گل و وش بوت کہ نون منی شہر ڈٹولدارتر
 انت۔ ہما چیزے کمی کہ بوتگ، نون سرجم انت۔ یکبرے پدا آوتی شہرے
 سئیل و ندارگا در آتک۔ شہر سکّ مزن ات و دیر گوستگات کہ آگون اے
 بُتانی تراشگا دزگٹ بوتگات۔ آیی شہرے سرجمین سئیلا یکّ ہپتگے لگت۔
 ہپتگیا پد واترّ ہما جاہا آتک کہ اؤدا آییا بُت شرّ کرتگاتنت، تہ ہئیران و
 ہبکہ بیت... سنگ و سیاہ بیت... دوین بُت ادا نہ انت...

یکبرے پدا تیوگین شہری گولت تہ اے بُتانی ہیچ جاگہ سوچ نیست ات۔
 آجیڑگا ات کہ اے شہرے چارین کُنڈ بند انت، شہرا آییے ہکما ایید نہ
 کسے پُترت کنت و نہ کہ کسے در آتک کنت۔ گون ہمے جیڑگ و وسواسان
 آیارا مروچی ائولی برا کوچندگا گپت و آ، باگئے سارتین ساہگیا واب کپت۔
 چہ و ابا کہ بستی کرت، آییے نزا مزین ساہتے گوستگات۔ چمی پچ کرتنت
 تہ سیاہ و تھارین زندانیا بندیگ انت۔ آجیڑگا ات کہ چے بیگا انت؟ منی
 ہستی و دُنیا اے رنگا بدل بیان انت۔ اے چوین اسرارینا منا گپتگ۔

دمانیا پد زندانے یکّ دروازگیئے پچ بیگئے تتوار بوت۔ زمزیلانی ژلیک
 ژلیک ات۔ کسانین رُزناہیے بُمان ات۔ دو کس آییے نیمگا پیداک ات کہ
 چہ دورا آسانی دیم گندگ نبوتنت۔ نژیگا کہ سر بوتنت، تہ تیوگین زندان رُزنا
 بوت۔ آیی اے کہ دیستنت، ہُشک و ہئیران بوت۔ چیا کہ اے ہمایئے جوڑ
 کرتگین دوین بُت انت کہ آیی گون وتی جندے دستان جوڑ کرتگاتنت۔

نون آییایات آتک کہ من اے بُت ہما درچکے کشا جوڑ کرتگاتنت کہ اے
 درچکے سارتی و وشبو ہرچیا بلگیت، آییے تھا زند، اگل و دانش ودی

یکبرے پدا همے سئوژگا بوت. بازین پگر و جیڑهان و شهرے گرد و سئیلا
 پد، آییَا مارتِ که منی شهرَا وَه هر چیژ هست انت بله اگن یگ چیژئے کمی
 انت، آ ”بُت“ انت. بزَان آییے شهرَا بُت نیست ات و دگه هرچے هست ات.
 آییَا پیسله کرت که من جوانین، بُرز و بلند و مزَن شانین بُتے ٹهینان. آییَا،
 شهرے زبَاترین و سبزه زارین و بُرزترین تُلّیا مزین درچکیئے کشا که دگه
 هچ نیست ات، شُت و مزین سنگے ایر کرت و بُتے تراشگی بنا کرت.

ماه و سال گوستنت و آگون همے سنگین بُتے اڈ کنگا مشکول ات. یگ
 روچے آییَا مارتِ که بُت تئیار انت. اے بُرز و بلندین باره بند و شیپگ پونزین
 و شَرنگ و ڈئولدارین جنکی بُتے ات که تئیار ات.

اے بُتارا بنی آدمی انچین رنگے جتی که چو انسانا بوت و کسا هم پجَاه
 نعیاورت که اے اَسلی انسانے یا بُتے. اِشیئے گور چو پُلا سَرپتگ انتت و
 پادانی شَمَا گوشعیگا بینگ پنگا ات. اِشیئے لُثنانی سرا انچین بچکندے
 سَهرَا بیگا ات که چه تیوگین شهرَا زبَاتر ات. اِشیئے چمانی تها گوشے
 اُمیئیئے دُنیا یا وتی بانداتئے رُزناین سپرے بندات کرتگ ات.

آییَا بُت چارت، تَه وت هئیران و هبگَه بوت که اے چبے که من شر کرت.
 آییَا بیسه نیست ات که اے رنگین ڈئولدارین چیژے جوڑ بیت. آییَا جیڑت که
 اے ڈئولدارین بُت که ادا ایوک بییت، جلوَه ندنت. اِشیئے کشا دگه یگ بُتے
 ٹهینان که بلی دو بنت. آییَا دگه همے کدّے سنگے آورت و دگه بُتیئے تراشگ
 بنا کرت. ماه و سال گوستنت و اے بُت هم تئیار بوت. دوین بُت یگے دومیا
 سگ نرّیک اتنت. دومی بُت که تئیار بوت تَه اے مردینی بُتے ات.

التاب بلوچ

آوتی شہرا ایوک ات۔ تیوگین شہرا دگہ کس ہم نیست ات۔ آیا ایوکی وش بوتگ ات۔ اے شہرا دگہ کس آباد نہ ات، آیا ابید۔ شہرے جلوہ و ندارگ انچو دلکش ات کہ مرتگین دل بوڈ کنت۔ ہر نیمگا شیرکنین آپے کئور و جو تچگا اتنت، باگ و باگیچہ سبز و آباد اتنت۔ ہر تہرے مرگ، دلوت و جانور اے شہرا ہست ات۔ ابرمے دلکشین ندارگے ہمراہیا مؤسمے حسابا اے شہرے بدل نیست ات۔ ہر روچ شہرے یک نہ یک کُنڈیا جمبر ساہیل اتنت و ہئور گوارگا ات۔ ہر کجام شری و زیبایی کہ یک شہرے واستا المی انت، آچیز اے شہرا ہست ات۔ آ، اے شہرے یکین واہند ات۔ آیارا ایوکیا ہچبر بیتاہیر نکرگات و آوتی ایوکیا سک شات و گل ات۔

یک روچے آیا ہیال کرت کہ چہ ہشکین نندگا نائے گڈگ کنگ گہتر انت۔ چیڑے نہ چیڑے کنگی انت۔ گڑا چے کنگی انت؟ آیا چرت جت کہ انچین کارے کنگی انت و انچین چیڑے منا سازگی انت کہ منی شہرا انگت نیست انت۔ بلہ منی شہرا وہ ہر چیڑے ہست۔ کجام چیڑے انت کہ پشت کپتگ؟

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