ACTA UNIVERSITATIS UPSALIENSIS
Studia Iranica Upsaliensia
45

Breaking Silence, Finding Voices

Twenty-three Balochi short stories
by women writers
with English translations

Collected and edited by Noroz Hayat,
Abdul Malik and Malek Zeynoldini
In cooperation with Carina Jahani



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ABSTRACT

Hayat, N., Malik, A. and Zeynoldini, M. (Eds.), 2026. Breaking Silence, Finding Voices. Twenty-three Balochi short stories by women writers with English translations. Acta Universitatis Upsaliensis. *Studia Iranica Upsaliensia* 45. 362 pp. Uppsala. ISBN 978-91-513-2950-5.

This book presents twenty-three Balochi short stories in the Balochi-Latin and Balochi-Arabic scripts, along with English translations. The stories have been edited to correspond to the grammatical and orthographic standards adopted by the Balochi Language Project, and are ar-ranged according to four themes: Fear, Revenge, Nostalgia, and Hope.

All of the stories were written by women authors. Some are still alive and active, while others are deceased. Some have had long and prolific literary careers, and others have only just be-gun their literary journeys.

Most of the stories in this collection were written in the last ten years. They reflect a multi-faceted society in which many women are still married off at the whim of their relatives, while others are fighting for political freedom alongside their Baloch brothers.

The protagonists are women in several of the stories, though not all. These female protagonists are often depicted as having suffered poverty, rejection and injustice at the hands of both their own communities and the state. In some stories, the struggle of women to find their role in the public space is very tangible. The title of the book was chosen as a tribute to the women writers who have dared to step outside the traditional comfort zone of Baloch women and give a voice to the previously silent half of Balochistan's population.

We, the editors of this book, also harbour a hope that motivates us to continue striving towards a brighter future for the Balochi language. With this volume, we wish to provide interesting reading that will encourage our Baloch brothers and sisters to actively read and write their own language, and we hope that many Baloch will be moved to take action for the survival of Balochi.

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ISSN 1100-326X (print)
ISSN 3035-7578 (online)
ISBN 978-91-513-2950-5 (print)
ISBN 978-91-513-2951-2 (electronic)

URN http://urn.kb.se/resolve?urn=urn:nbn:se:uu:diva-588149

Cover art by Sadaf Iqbal Baloch
Back cover photograph by Ali Rais

To one of the courageous forerunners
of Baloch women's authorship

Mehlab Nasir

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Acknowledgements

This volume would not have been possible without the dedication, creativity, and generosity of many individuals and institutions. First and foremost, we would like to express our deepest gratitude to all the writers whose stories are included in this collection. Without your talent and commitment to Balochi literature, this book could not have come into existence. We are honoured that you have entrusted us with your stories and allowed us to edit and publish them in accordance with the standard Balochi language and orthography promoted by the Balochi Language Project at Uppsala University, Sweden.

Moreover, we wish to thank all the translators who devoted their time and effort to bringing these stories into English. Translation is a demanding task that requires both linguistic skill and cultural understanding. Thanks to your efforts, a wider audience will now be able to appreciate the richness of Balochi literature.

Our sincere thanks go to our colleagues in the Balochi Language Project, particularly Nagoman Baloch, Taj Baloch, and Mehlab Nasir, who contributed in numerous ways throughout this project. Their help in finding stories, preparing authors' introductions, and giving us valuable advice during the editing process greatly strengthened this volume.

We would also like to extend our special thanks to Abdullah Abbas, Saif Abdullah, Fida Ahmad, Mohammad Amiri, Yar Jan Badini, Altaf Baloch, Fazal Baloch, Rahmat Baloch, A. R. Dad, Rezwan Fakhir, Sadaf Iqbal Baloch, Zahir Kawmi, Rahim Mehr, Ghani Parwaz, and Rakhshanda Taj Baloch, for their invaluable support in preparing this volume. Their guidance, encouragement, and assistance in locating texts, authors, and other resources were essential to completing this project.

Furthermore, we are very grateful to Everett Thiele for his careful editing of the English translations and for helping to improve their clarity, accuracy, and literary quality.

We are much indebted to the two main sponsors of this publication, the Editorial Committee of *Acta Universitatis Upsaliensis* and the Department of Linguistics and Philology, Uppsala University. We are also grateful to the Royal Society of Humanities at Uppsala for sponsoring two workshops: one in January 2022, during which we edited another book (*Má Kessaha Kárén*) and began work on this volume; and one in March 2025, when the final revisions and polishing of the Balochi manuscript were completed. The Society also provided financial support for part of the English-language editing.

Finally, we wish to thank our families and friends for their patience, encouragement, and unwavering support throughout the long process of editing and preparing this book. Their belief in the importance of the project has been a constant source of motivation.

To everyone who contributed to the completion of this volume, directly or indirectly, we offer our heartfelt gratitude.

Introduction

This book, *Breaking Silence, Finding Voices,* contains twenty-three Balochi short stories written by women authors. Short story writing is a relatively new genre in Balochi literature, and women's short story writing is even more so. In fact, women's education is a recent phenomenon in Balochistan. Nowadays, however, many girls receive at least a basic education, and many go on to complete higher education as well.

We, the three editors of this volume – Noroz Hayat, Abdul Malik, and Malek Zeynoldini – all attended an online Balochi class run by the Balochi Language Project at Uppsala University in 2021. After a year of training, we got involved in language development, story writing, text editing, and teaching Balochi online. In 2022, we started editing stories written by young Baloch authors. This project resulted in a book published in 2024 titled *Má Kessaha Kárén* 'We Tell Stories'.[1] This book contains twenty short stories written in Modern Standard Balochi,[2] with standardized scripts, both Arabic and Roman. Seven of the stories were written by women.

After finishing this project, we wished to introduce Baloch women authors to an international readership. We contacted translators who were willing to translate the seven stories written by women into English.

When the translations were complete, we reached out to several other women writers for additional contributions and also selected a number of stories from the book *Patantákén Enjir* 'The Fig Tree with Wide Flat Leaves',[3] a collection of literary works by Baloch women.

[1] Nóróz Hayát, Abdol Málek, and Malek Zaynodini (2024). *Má Kessaha Kárén.* Uppsala: Uppsala University. Online at: https://urn.kb.se/resolve?urn=urn:nbn:se:uu:diva-556205

[2] Modern Standard Balochi has been presented by Carina Jahani in *A Grammar of Modern Standard Balochi* (2019) [Studia Iranica Upsaliensia, 36]. Uppsala: Acta Universitatis Upsaliensis. Online at: https://urn.kb.se/resolve?urn=urn:nbn:se:uu:diva-556205 (retrieved 31 May 2026).

[3] Dad, A. R. (2014). *Patantákén Enjir.* Balóchi Adabi Johdkár, Bahrain. It is noteworthy that, in Balochi, the expression 'a fig tree with wide flat leaves' signifies female chastity and modesty.

All in all, the present volume contains twenty-three Balochi short stories written by women from different parts of Balochistan. Some of the authors are still alive and active, and some are no longer with us. Some have long and established literary careers, and some have only just begun their literary journeys.

Most of the stories in this collection were written during the last ten years. They reflect a multi-faceted society in which many women are still married off at the whim of their relatives, while others are fighting for political freedom alongside their Baloch brothers.

The protagonists are women in several of the stories, though not all. These female protagonists are often depicted as having suffered poverty, rejection and injustice at the hands of both their own society and the state. In some stories, the struggle of women to find their role in the public space is very tangible. The title of the book was chosen as a tribute to women writers who have dared to step outside the traditional comfort zone of Baloch women and give a voice to the previously silent half of Balochistan's population.

The book is divided into three parts. The first part is in English and contains introductory material and English translations. The second part contains the stories in Balochi, with Latin script. These two parts are written from left to right. The third part runs from right to left and contains the stories in Balochi, with Arabic script. In the first part, which is written in English, the names of the authors and translators have been spelled according to English standards, as they appear on webpages and/or in official documents unless the author has expressed that he or she prefers another spelling. In the parts written in Balochi, spellings that reflect the correct Balochi pronunciation have been used, in both Latin and Arabic script.

The stories are divided into five themes: pain, fear, revenge, nostalgia, and hope. These themes mirror four important facets of Balochi society. Of course, many of the stories contain more than one of these themes. In each thematic section, the stories are arranged in alphabetical order by the author's surname.

It is not surprising that the section titled 'Pain' contains the largest number of stories. The editors consider nine stories to have pain as their main theme. Some depict the pain caused by the political situation in Balochistan and the arbitrary abductions that deprive families of their loved ones. Others depict pain caused by family members, deceitful individuals, the endemic poverty in Balochistan, or even a person's own mindset.

The section ‘Fear’ contains three stories. All three share the common theme of fear of death, but the nature of the danger differs in each. In the first, it is a natural disaster, in the second, the armed conflict in Balochistan. In the third story, animals being taken to slaughter voice their fear of death, an image that may, in fact, represent humans who are being taken to execution.

The section ‘Revenge’ addresses an important facet of the Balochi honour code, known by the term *balóchmayár*. Three stories are placed in this section. In two of these, wives take revenge by leaving their husbands, while in the third, a bullied schoolchild takes revenge on his bullies.

The section titled ‘Nostalgia’ contains four stories, all of which recount people’s memories from earlier times. They recall what no longer exists: friends, hopes and dreams, a destroyed settlement, and even a deceased family member. Sweet and bitter memories merge as the protagonists return to their past.

Four stories have been placed in the final section titled ‘Hope’. These stories offer a new beginning, something better, brighter and less oppressive. Two of them are tangible and realistic, while the other two are more fantasy-like and surreal.

Actually, most of the stories express some sort of pain, even those that have been placed in other sections. After all, literature often is a mirror reflecting the society in which it was written. Looking at the situation in Balochistan, it is clear that immense suffering exists in this land. However, there is also hope: hope for a better future, hope for a day when women will be given their legitimate rights in society, hope for a day when arbitrary killings will stop, hope for a day when the Balochi language will be given its full rights and even be taught in the schools in Balochistan.

We who have done the work of editing this book also foster a hope that motivates us to continue striving towards a brighter future for the Balochi language. With this volume, we wish to provide interesting reading that will encourage our Baloch brothers and sisters to actively read and write their own language, and we hope that many Baloch will be moved to take action for the survival of Balochi. This language is part of the cultural heritage of the Baloch nation, but if it is not cherished, it will wither and die in a not-too-distant future.

Therefore, we urge all Baloch to:

SPEAK BALOCHI
READ BALOCHI
WRITE BALOCHI

We hope that these stories will capture your attention and provide a deeper insight into the struggles and issues faced by humanity in general, and the Baloch nation in particular. We also hope that those of you who can read the Balochi sections will find that Balochi is a rich and expressive language that is in no way inferior to any other, and that reading it is not as huge a challenge as you might have thought. Our wish is that readers from different dialect backgrounds will be able to understand the stories and see that, with a little effort, it is possible for speakers of all Balochi varieties to adopt a standard written language.

If there are any words in the stories that are hard for you as a reader to understand, please consult the Balochi-English online dictionary:
https://www.webonaray.org/balochidictionary/

If you are unable to find some words in the dictionary, please make a list of the missing words and send it to: carina.jahani@lingfil.uu.se

Finally, if you need explanations of the grammatical forms used in the texts, please consult *A Grammar of Modern Standard Balochi* (see fn. 2).

USA, Sweden and Germany, 11 June 2026
Noroz Hayat, Abdul Malik, Malek Zeynoldini, together with Carina Jahani

About the Authors

Hani Baloch

Hani Baloch is from Tump, Kech District, Balochistan, Pakistan. She wrote some literary pieces for a few years from 2010 onwards, but then her voice went silent. Unfortunately, we have not been able to find any further information about Hani or her literary activities.

Karima Baloch

Karima Baloch (1983–2020), also known as Karima Mehrab, was a Baloch human rights activist, student leader, writer and public voice from Tump, Kech District, Balochistan, Pakistan. She was the first female chairperson of the Baloch Students Organization (BSO-Azad) and played a key role in organizing students and raising awareness of political and social issues in Balochistan. After leaving Pakistan, she continued her activities in exile in Canada, where she remained engaged in writing, speaking, and advocacy related to Baloch issues at both national and international levels. She addressed forums including the United Nations Human Rights Council. In 2016, she was included in the BBC's 100 Women list in recognition of her influence and work.

Alongside her activism, Karima's work had a clear intellectual and literary dimension. Her speeches, written statements, poetry and stories often addressed themes such as identity, human rights, enforced disappearances, and the cultural and political situation of the Baloch people. These contributions to contemporary Balochi discourse are often viewed as part of modern resistance-oriented writing. Her contribution to this volume, "Message of Light", tells the story of a father searching for his disappeared son.

Roksar Baloch

Roksar Baloch was born in Ball Negwar, Balochistan, Pakistan, in 2005. She began her education in her home village, but later emigrated to the United Kingdom, where she is currently studying astrophysics at the University of Sheffield. In her story "The Slaps", included in this book, she recounts a first-hand experience from her early school years. The story vividly illustrates the methods teachers may use to reinforce learning.

Sadganj Baloch

Sadganj Baloch was born in Tump, Kech District, Balochistan, Pakistan, in 1999. She attended school in Tump and Gwadar but was unable to continue her education beyond the seventh grade. She took an interest in literature at an early age and began writing in 2020. Her story "As I Returned to my Homeland", included in this volume, is more of a factual report than a fictional story. It provides an authentic picture of the ongoing conflict in Balochistan – of loss, grief, and pain, but also of how life still has to go on even in the midst of unrest.

Sabeda Barkat

Sabeda Barkat was born in Ball Negwar, Balochistan, Pakistan, in 2000. She began her education in her home village and later attended college in Turbat. She currently works as a schoolteacher in Ball Negwar. Her literary production consists of short stories. In this collection, she is represented by the story "Awful Stench". In it, we meet a desperate woman who has fled from her husband back to her parents and wants a divorce. At first, her family is very upset, but they finally come to understand their daughter's situation and agree to help her.

Ayn Ayn Dashti

Ayn Ayn Dashti (1980–1998) was born in Karachi, Pakistan. She completed her primary education in Karachi, after which she continued her education at the Girls' High School in Gwadar. She then enrolled at Gwadar Degree Girls' College for her intermediate studies, which is a two-year programme. She finished her first year with good marks, but passed away at the age of 18, before receiving her second-year exam results.

Ayn Ayn Dashti wanted to become a doctor, and while pursuing her education, she was also active as a health worker. In addition, she had a strong interest in literature, philosophy, and history. She wrote short stories and poems and also did some translation work. Her contribution to this book, titled "Suicide", tells of an illicit affair that almost ended a young man's life.

Banul Dashtyari

Banul Dashtyari (1925–1992) was born in Karachi, Pakistan. Her given name was Naz Bibi. She was the daughter of the Baloch poet Malang Shah, and although she did not receive any formal education, she was given religious education at home by her mother and later continued studying on her own. She was particularly interested in studying poetry in any language she knew. She married, raised children, and remained in Karachi until her death.

Banul started her literary career as an author for a Balochi magazine, writing anonymously under the pseudonym Ballok Kapot (Grandma Kapot). In this series of stories, Grandma Kapot and two girls, Shari and Mahbi, are the main characters. Through these stories, Banul wished to preserve and promote the Balochi cultural legacy, as well as human values such as compassion and equality. Later, she mainly wrote poetry, a genre that suited her very well. She was a close friend of Sayad Hashmi, another renowned short story writer and poet who was also deeply involved in script and language development.[4] Banul is the first known Baloch woman writer. In this collection, she is represented by one of her stories from the Ballok Kapot series. In it, Grandma Kapot tells a story to warn young women against being tricked by people they don't know.

[4] For a biography of Sayad Hashmi, see Carina Jahani, Nagoman Baloch, and Taj Baloch (eds) (2022). *Unheard Voices. Twenty-one short stories in Balochi with English translations* [Studia Iranica Upsaliensia, 40]. Uppsala: Acta Universitatis Upsaliensis, pp. 59–61. Online at: https://urn.kb.se/resolve?urn=urn:nbn:se:uu:diva-466834 (retrieved 10 June 2026).

Andalib Gichki

Andalib Gichki was born in Karachi, Pakistan, in 1989. She began her education in Tump, Balochistan. She earned a B.A. from the Government Girls' Degree College in Turbat, Balochistan, in 2010, and a master's degree in Political Science from Balochistan University in 2012. During her time at school, Andalib developed a strong interest in literature. She has published numerous short stories in Balochi magazines, as well as three short story collections, two in 2013, titled *Rozhnómán*[5] and *Ázátay Rókén Cherág*,[6] and one in 2024, titled *Ásrang*.[7] In the story selected for this collection, "Akkh…", Andalib gives voice to the sentiments of a calf being taken to slaughter.

Sabiha Karim

Sabiha Karim was born in 1973 in Damb, Lasbela, Balochistan, Pakistan. She received her primary education at Government Boys' High School in Ormara, as no girls' schools were available to her at the time. She completed her matriculation at the Government Girls' High School in Bela, Lasbela, her Intermediate and Bachelor's degrees at the Degree College, Turbat, and her M.A. in Balochi from the University of Balochistan, Quetta. In 2002, she started working as a teacher.

Sabiha began writing in her school days. Her literary journey started with Urdu short stories, but she gradually turned towards Balochi literature and began writing short stories and other literary pieces in Balochi. Her work has been published in various Balochi magazines. Still working as a teacher, she continues her literary and intellectual engagement with the Balochi language and literature. In her story, "The Last Mortal in the Scorched City", she tells of the destruction of village after village in Balochistan as a result of political unrest and modernization.

[5] Gwadar: Sichkan Publications.
[6] Gwadar: Sichkan Publications.
[7] Turbat: Pak News Agency.

Gohar Malik

Gohar Malik[8] (Gawhar Malek) (1938–2000) was born in Panjgur, Balochistan, Pakistan, as the eldest daughter of the Baloch politician and poet Mir Gul Khan Nasir. At the age of two she contracted polio and was paralysed. For this reason, she was unable to go to school, but her father educated her at home.

Gohar Malik began her literary career as a translator from Urdu into Balochi. She then went on to write short stories and poetry. In this book she is represented by the story "Pushing Through Life", which tells of the hardships of a woman who was married off to her cousin, only to find out that he had already married an educated young woman of his own choosing without his parents' knowledge.

Nabila Mehrab

Nabila Mehrab was born in Shapuk, Balochistan, Pakistan, in 1998, but moved to the city of Turbat at a very young age. She completed her Master's degree at Sardar Bahadur Khan Women's University in 2021. She currently lives in Turbat. Although not formally employed, she has been teaching English in Turbat for the past five years.

Nabila developed an interest in writing during her school years but began pursuing her literary journey more seriously in college. She shares many of her works online. She has continued to write after becoming a mother, and in her recent writings she reflects on the meaning and responsibilities of both motherhood and writing. In addition to writing in Balochi, she has also published several articles in English. Her story in this volume, "Laki", portrays a girl who feels a need to express herself, despite having to hide her writings. She is not someone who silently endures oppression, but rather a courageous girl who represents the spirit of resistance.

[8] For a more complete biography of Gohar Malik, see Carina Jahani, Nagoman Baloch, and Taj Baloch (eds) (2022). *Unheard Voices. Twenty one short stories in Balochi with English translations* [Studia Iranica Upsaliensia, 40]. Uppsala: Acta Universitatis Upsaliensis, pp. 69–70.

Shari Mollazaei

Shari Mollazaei was born in Tehran, Iran, in 1981. At the age of five, she moved with her family to Iranshahr in Sistan and Baluchestan where she completed her secondary education. She then moved to Zahedan and studied graphic design at the university. She now lives in Germany. In this collection, she contributes the story "In Search of a Treasure". In it, we meet a Baloch woman who grew up without learning Balochi, something which troubles her deeply and makes her feel rootless, especially now that she lives in exile.

Mehlab Nasir

Zar Jan Nasir, better known by her pen name Mehlab Nasir[9] was born in Khairabad, Balochistan, Pakistan, in 1982. She began her education in Gurhi village, and continued her studies in Turbat, Balochistan. She received a B.A. in Sociology, History and Balochi from the University of Balochistan, Quetta, in 2002, and an M.A. in English Literature from the same university in 2006. She then pursued a second M.A. at the University of Balochistan, this time in Balochi, which she completed in 2008. Mehlab is both a poet and a short story writer and now lives in Uppsala, Sweden. In this collection, she is represented by the story "Soft Hands at the End of Life", in which the narrator returns to her home village after a long absence and recalls childhood memories.

Nargis Nisar

Nargis Nisar was born in Karachi in 1989 and raised in Apsor, Balochistan, Pakistan. She completed her early education at Apsor School and earned her matriculation from the Apsor Girls' School in 2005. She completed her intermediate studies in 2007 and received her Bachelor's degree in Literature in 2010. She went on to earn a Master's degree from the University of Balochistan, Quetta, in 2013 and later pursued M.Phil. coursework at the University of Turbat. She has devoted herself to teaching and academic leadership. She is a lecturer in English and also holds the position of Head of the English Department at The Government Girls' Degree College in Turbat.

[9] For a more complete biography of Mehlab Nasir, see Carina Jahani, Nagoman Baloch, and Taj Baloch (eds) (2022). *Unheard Voices. Twenty one short stories in Balochi with English translations* [Studia Iranica Upsaliensia, 40]. Uppsala: Acta Universitatis Upsaliensis, pp. 185–186.

Nargis began her writing journey during her college years, when her interest in literature and storytelling started to develop. Over time, writing became an important part of her identity, enabling her to express ideas and experiences shaped by her education, surroundings, and personal journey. “The Hut”, included in this collection, is a surreal story about people confined in a hut who are losing their facial features and gradually dissolving.

Hanol Nokap

Hanol Nokap was born in Chabahar, Sistan and Baluchestan, Iran, in 1988. She earned a high school diploma and then began studying midwifery, but her studies were interrupted. She now lives in Chabahar and is a housewife. She started her literary career in 2019 and writes both poetry and short stories. Her story “The Tree”, included in this volume, tells of a person who has to suppress her emotions and whose only friend is a tree.

Sammi Parwaz

Sammi Parwaz, the daughter of the prominent Baloch writer Ghani Parwaz,[10] was born in Nezarabad, Balochistan, Pakistan, in 1974. She completed her secondary education at the Government Girls’ High School in Turbat in 1992. In 1993, she enrolled at Bolan Medical College in Quetta to study for an MBBS degree, which she completed in 2002. She has worked as a medical doctor since 2003, both in Quetta and Turbat, where she now lives.

Sammi’s passion for literature stems from her father. She began writing while studying for her MBBS, initially in Urdu, and later in Balochi. Her writings consist of short stories, novels, and poems. In 2018, she published a collection of Balochi short stories titled *Chárdahi Máhay Gerdén Kól*.[11] Her story selected for this volume, “The Hell of Hunger”, tells of poverty and a lack of compassion.

[10] For a biography of Ghani Parwaz, see Carina Jahani, Nagoman Baloch, and Taj Baloch (eds) (2022). *Unheard Voices. Twenty-one short stories in Balochi with English translations* [Studia Iranica Upsaliensia, 40]. Uppsala: Acta Universitatis Upsaliensis, pp. 75–77.
[11] Quetta: Balochi Academy.

Zaheda Raees Raji

Zahida Raeesi (official name: Zahida Raees), also known by her pen name Zahida Raees Raji is a Balochi writer, researcher, and literary activist whose work has significantly contributed to the development of contemporary Balochi literature. She initially pursued a scientific education and built a professional career in the field of information technology, but her passion for language and literature led her to shift to Balochi literary studies, and she later undertook M.Phil. research in this field, which she completed in 2022. Since 2024 she teaches Balochi at Karachi University.

Zahida began her literary journey writing poetry and prose in Urdu, and she has actively participated in literary circles since the early 2000s. More recently, she has dedicated herself fully to Balochi literature, and her work has become more influential. Zahida's literary works span multiple genres, including poetry, short stories, novels, book reviews, translations, and technical, literary and research-based essays. Her writing reflects concerns about society, identity, and cultural consciousness. Her contribution to this volume, "I Can't Fall Asleep Unless You Tell Me a Story", is a story in which life and death merge and are blurred.

In addition to her creative writing, Zahida has made significant contributions to language promotion. She runs the Balochi digital library *baask.com*. She has participated in numerous national and international literary events, mentored emerging writers, and supported Balochi language learning initiatives. She has received literary awards in recognition of her contributions, including the Azat Jamaldini Award (2013) and the Allama Iqbal Literary Award (2025).

Imrana Rasheed

Imrana Rasheed, also known as Imrana Abdul Rasheed or Imrana Baloch[12], was born in Jusak, Balochistan, Pakistan, in 1994. She graduated with a degree in English Literature from the University of Balochistan, Quetta, in 2014, and obtained her M.A. in English Literature from the University of Turbat in 2016. She completed her M.Phil., also in English Literature, at Iqra University, Karachi, in 2022.

[12] See also Carina Jahani, Nagoman Baloch, and Taj Baloch (eds) (2022). *Unheard Voices. Twenty-one short stories in Balochi with English translations* [Studia Iranica Upsaliensia, 40]. Uppsala: Acta Universitatis Upsaliensis, p. 27.

Imrana is a writer of short stories and literary essays in Balochi and translates both fiction and non-fiction from Urdu and Balochi into English, and from English into Balochi. Her stories often explore the inner lives of characters excluded from the centre of society. This is also true of her story "Migration", included in this volume, which tells of a man who is marginalized both socially and existentially.

Alia Shah

Moza Iqbal, whose pen name is Alia Shah, was born in Dasht Pannodi, Kech District, Balochistan, Pakistan, in 1992. She holds an M.Phil. in Balochi Literature and Linguistics from the University of Turbat. She currently works as a Balochi radio jockey (RJ) on FM 101, where she connects with a wider audience and promotes cultural and literary awareness.

As a creative writer, Alia specializes in short story writing and scriptwriting. Her work reflects a commitment to using storytelling as a tool for social change, particularly by highlighting issues related to women's rights, education, and empowerment. Alongside her writing career, Alia is a voice-over artist. She has recorded literary works, poetry, storytelling pieces, announcements, and advertisements, demonstrating her versatility across multiple media platforms. She is also actively involved in journalism and social advocacy, with a particular focus on women's empowerment and education. She is a sub-editor of the magazine *Dazgohár*, where she promotes and supports emerging female writers. In this collection, she is represented by the story "Friends", in which the protagonist, a teacher, becomes nostalgic during a school outing to the beach.

Shaheena Shaheen

Shaheena Shaheen (also spelled Shahina Shahin) (1996–2020) was born in Shahi, Tump, Turbat, Balochistan, Pakistan. She completed her secondary education at the Government Degree College in Turbat in 2014. She went on to study Fine Arts, and obtained a B.A. from Balochistan University, Quetta, in 2018. She also earned an M.A. in Balochi from the same university in 2019. Tragically, she was killed in her home on 5 September 2020.[13]

[13] For more information, see e.g. https://hrdmemorial.org/hrdrecord/shaheena-shaheen/ (retrieved 12 June 2026).

From an early age, Shaheena was outspoken about women's rights and freedom. She created a platform for women writers called Dazgohár Labzánki Chágerd, through which she published a Balochi magazine called *Dazgohár*.[14] Moreover, she hosted a Balochi morning show on Pakistan TV Bolan and acted in drama serials produced by Pakistan TV. She also wrote Balochi short stories and poetry. Her literary pieces were published in various magazines. In this collection, she is represented by the story "It Rained", in which we meet an elderly woman who is frustrated with her life and the people around her.

Hamideh Shastan

Hamideh Shastan was born in Iranshahr, Sistan and Baluchestan, Iran, in 1975. Between the ages of six and twenty she lived in Sarawan, where she completed her secondary education. She then moved to Sweden, where she studied to become a pre-school teacher. She now works at a pre-school in Stockholm. She also studies Balochi at Uppsala University.

Hamideh is a short story writer. In addition to writing, she paints and does pottery. Her story "Mahbano", included in this collection, is about a premature baby who is named after her great-grandmother. The story goes on to tell Grandma Mahbano's life story.

Mahganj Taj

Mahganj Taj was born in Turbat, Balochistan, Pakistan, in 1999. She holds a B.A. in Linguistics and Literature from Turbat University and an M.A. in Balochi from the University of Balochistan, Quetta. She is currently studying Fine Arts at the same university. Her interests include painting, sketching, writing, and translation. She lives in Quetta, where she works as a traditional oil painting artist. In this collection, she contributes the story "I Wish", which tells of a woman who receives an unexpected voice message and some pictures at 3:45 am one morning.

[14] After Shaheena's death, her sister Masuma Shaheen continued publishing this magazine, where Alia Shah is also a sub-editor.

Rakhshanda Taj Baloch

Rakhshanda (also spelled Rukshanda) Taj Baloch was born in Turbat, Balochistan, Pakistan, in 1989. She completed her matriculation at the Government Girls' Model School, Turbat, and earned her B.A. from the Girls' College, Turbat. From an early age, she worked as a junior artist on the Radio Pakistan Turbat children's programme *Zahgáni Diwán*. After that, she worked with an NGO called Strengthening Participatory Organization (SPO). She also served as the Turbat District Coordinator for prison crimes with the Human Rights Commission of Pakistan (HRCP). In 2013 she had to leave Balochistan due to the many pressures she was experiencing there and moved to Islamabad. In 2014, she became a reporter at the Associated Press of Pakistan (APP), where she still works today. During this time, she also completed her M.A. in Balochi privately at the University of Balochistan. She later pursued an M.Phil. in Pakistani Languages (Balochi) at Allama Iqbal Open University. She is currently working on her Ph.D. project.

In 2007, Rakhshanda took her first step into literature, although recognition did not come immediately. Because the prolific Baloch writer Ghani Parwaz was also associated with the HRCP, she developed a close connection with him and received his guidance. He introduced her to the Balochistan Academy, where she began attending monthly literary gatherings and reading her works. Her book *Kandil Abadmán Ant* was published in 2012.[15] In the same year, she received the Best Woman Balochi Writer Award. At various times, she has been actively involved in literature, journalism, and human rights work, making significant contributions to all three fields. Her story "I Also Deserve a Life", included in this collection, tells of a girl who is married off as a payment for a crime her brothers have committed, and how she finally finds a way to freedom.

[15] Balochistan Academy, Turbat.

About the Translators

Fazal Baloch[16] is a writer and translator. He lives in Turbat, Balochistan, where he is an Assistant Professor at the Government Atta Shad Degree College. He has translated several works by Baloch poets and fiction writers into English. His translations can be found online, for example in the *Balochistan Times*,[17] *Daily Times*,[18] and *Borderless*.[19]

Ryan Blakesley is the Persian Languages Program Director at ILC Training Center in Bahrain, which hosts the first Balochi language program of its kind in the region. He has been learning Balochi since 2013. In 2021 he completed an M.A. in Linguistics at Texas A&M University, with a thesis focused on the history of Balochi dialect fragmentation.

Noroz Hayat, see About the Editors

Sadaf Iqbal Baloch is a human rights activist and the current secretary of the Human Rights Council of Balochistan.[20] She is also a translator with Balochi, Brahui, Persian, Pashto, English, and Urdu as her working languages, as well as a painter.

Carina Jahani, see About the Editors

[16] For a slightly longer biography of Fazal Baloch, see Carina Jahani, Nagoman Baloch, and Taj Baloch (eds) (2022). *Unheard Voices. Twenty-one short stories in Balochi with English translations* [Studia Iranica Upsaliensia, 40]. Uppsala: Acta Universitatis Upsaliensis, p. 27.
[17] https://balochistantimes.com/the-flying-birds/ (retrieved 26 May 2026); https://balochistantimes.com/the-doomsday-ghaus-bahar/ (retrieved 26 May 2026); https://balochistantimes.com/moon-look-beautiful/ (retrieved 26 May 2026).
[18] https://dailytimes.com.pk/writer/fazal-baloch/ (retrieved 26 May 2026).
[19] https://borderlessjournal.com/2021/12/14/shorter-poems-of-akbar-barakzai/ (retrieved 26 May 2026); https://borderlessjournal.com/2022/01/14/folklore-from balochistan-the-pearl/ (retrieved 22 May 2026).
[20] https://hrcbalochistan.com (retrieved 26 May 2026).

Zahir Kawmi[21] holds an M.A. in International Relations from the University of Karachi. He is a co-worker at the Balochi Language Project and he also writes short stories in Balochi. His stories have been published in the online magazines *Balochistan Times*[22] and *Labzánk*.[23]

Waleed Lal is a writer, translator, and human rights' activist, affiliated with the Human Rights Council of Balochistan.[24] He is also a staff member at *Balochistan Times*,[25] where he works as a writer and editor. Walid translates from English and Urdu into Balochi and writes short stories in Balochi. He is currently based in Toronto, Canada.

Mehlab Nasir, see About the Authors

Sebastian Strid is a computational linguist. He began his studies of Balochi at Uppsala University, Sweden, in 2016, and is currently pursuing an M.A. in Iranian Languages with Balochi as major subject. He has also studied several other languages at Uppsala University, including Greek, Persian, Pashto, and Kurdish.

Mahganj Taj, see About the Authors

[21] The spellings Zaheer Qoumi and Zaheer Qumi are also encountered.
[22] https://balochistantimes.com/author/zaheer-qumi/ (retrieved 31 May 2026).
[23] https://labzank.com/post.php?id=3191 (retrieved 31 May 2026).
[24] https://hrcbalochistan.com (retrieved 26 May 2026).
[25] https.//balochistantimes.com (retrieved June 10 2026).

About the Editors

Noroz Khan, better known by his pen name Noroz Hayat,[26] was born in Khairabad village, close to Turbat, Kech District, Balochistan, Pakistan. He earned a B.A. with a triple major in Balochi, Sociology and Political Science from the Atta Shad Degree College in Turbat, and an M.A. in Social Work from the University of Karachi, where he completed his studies in 2013. In 2015, Noroz left Pakistan for the USA, where he currently lives. He is affiliated with the Human Rights Council of Balochistan[27] and has worked on the Balochi Language Project at Uppsala University since 2021. Noroz is a writer, translator and text editor. He mainly writes short stories and novels. His stories have been published online, e.g. in the *Balochistan Times*[28] and *Branz*[29], as well as in *Unheard Voices* (see fn. 25). He translates fiction and non-fiction from English into Balochi and from Balochi into English.[30] In addition to his editorial work on this volume, he has translated several of the stories into English.

Abdul Malik[31] was born in Balochabad, Mand, Kech District, Balochistan, Pakistan. After receiving his F.Sc. from the Atta Shad Degree College in Turbat in 2010 he left Pakistan for Sweden, where he currently lives. He is a founding member of the Human Rights Council of Balochistan[32] and has worked on the Balochi Language Project at Uppsala University since 2021.

[26] The Balochi Latin form of the name is Nóróz Hayát, which is the form used in *Má Kessaha Kárén.* For a more complete biography of Noroz Hayat, see Carina Jahani, Nagoman Baloch, and Taj Baloch (eds) (2022). *Unheard Voices. Twenty-one short stories in Balochi with English translations* [Studia Iranica Upsaliensia, 40]. Uppsala: Acta Universitatis Upsaliensis, pp. 169–170.
[27] https://hrcbalochistan.com (retrieved 29 May 2026).
[28] https://balochistantimes.com/author/noroz-hayat/ (retrieved 30 May 2026).
[29] https://branzbaluch.com/?s=Noroz (retrieved 30 May 2026).
[30] See, e.g., https://uu.diva-portal.org/smash/get/diva2:1926481/FULLTEXT01.pdf (retrieved 30 May 2026) and https://uu.diva-portal.org/smash/get/diva2:1622643/FULLTEXT01.pdf (retrieved 30 May 2026).
[31] The Balochi Latin form of the name is Abdol Málek, which is the form used in *Má Kessaha Kárén.*
[32] https://hrcbalochistan.com (retrieved 29 May 2026).

Malek Zeynoldini[33] was born in the village of Kasarkand in Sistan and Baluchestan Province, Iran. His family then moved to Eastern (Pakistani) Balochistan, where he lived until the age of seven. He returned to Kasarkand for educational purposes and completed his secondary education there. During this time, he developed an interest in reading and writing Balochi. However, there were few opportunities to study Balochi in Iran. After moving to Europe, he joined an online Balochi language course arranged by the Balochi Language Project at Uppsala University in 2021, and he has been affiliated with the project ever since. He has also worked as an editor for *Branz*.[34] He now lives in Germany.

Carina Jahani is the chair professor of Iranian Studies at Uppsala University, Sweden. Since the 1980s her main research focus has been the Balochi language and its literature, and she heads the Balochi Language Project. In addition to her editorial work on this volume, she has translated several of the stories into English.

[33] The Balochi Latin form of the name is Malek Zaynodini, which is the form used in *Má Kessaha Kárén.*
[34] https://branzbaluch.com (retrieved 3 June 2026).

English Translations

PAIN

Message of Light

Karima Baloch

Translation by Carina Jahani

Tonight seemed colder than the previous nights. The north wind was blowing vigorously and relentlessly. The moon was shining. Its light coated the rivers, trees and plants all around and seemed to add to the coldness of the night. The wind continued to blow all night. The moon was shining; it looked as if hail was falling from the sky. It was already past midnight; all the townspeople were asleep in their homes, deeply unaware of tomorrow's worries.

On the western side of the town was a cemetery, but there was no difference between the town and the cemetery. The cemetery was silent. The town was also silent. A short distance from all the other houses stood a house where a candle was still burning. To combat the cold, a fire burned in the stove. An old man was sitting in the house, deep in thought.

Uncle Mayar had given up on sleeping tonight. He was sitting on his bed, staring into the fire that burned in the stove. He was lost in the depths of his many thoughts. Suddenly, Uncle jerked his head as if he were trying to separate it from an upsetting thought. Immediately, Uncle Mayar's eyes fell on a wooden box standing in a corner of the house. His heart told him to open it, but then another thought came to him, and he changed his mind. "Forget it…" he said to himself.

However, the second time his eyes fell on that corner, Uncle Mayar's heart could not resist. Without hesitation, he got up and began walking in that direction. When he got there, he slowly sat down and opened the lid. Although the top of the box was clean, the items hidden inside were covered in dust. One could believe it had not been opened for centuries. Inside the box were some books and hand-drawn pictures.

Uncle picked up a thick book and wiped the dust from it. He looked at the front and the back of the book and then opened it. "My eyes are weak. Even

if they weren't weak, do I know how to read?" he muttered. His eyes were weak from waiting and watching; he looked older than his years from grief and sorrow. He put the book down and began fumbling with the other items. He took out a hand-drawn picture and looked at it carefully. The picture showed a mirror that had been broken into three pieces.

The three pieces of the mirror revealed the image of a woman, in whose eyes a question seemed to be forming. She was wrapped in chains, and tears of blood were streaming from her eyes. "Whose image is this?" Uncle wondered.

"When he had nothing else to do, he always used to sit and make these sketches," Uncle thought once more. Then he busied himself with dusting the books. "These books are really thick. Who knows all the things he has read?" At this thought, two teardrops fell from Uncle Mayar's eyes and landed on the book in his hands; in them the light of the fire began to shine.

These books belonged to Uncle Mayar's young son, Shohaz. It was Shohaz who had drawn the pictures as well. The few pictures that Shohaz had made were very good, for he was good at drawing. Uncle Mayar would always question Shohaz, "My child! What kind of pictures are these? No one even knows what they mean." He would reply, "My father! A day will come when everyone understands the meaning of my pictures."

Memories had begun to swim in the depths of Uncle's eyes. He began to think about how four years ago, under such challenging circumstances, he had sent Shohaz away to study at university. Shohaz was very eager to study, and this is why his father wanted him to go, no matter the cost.

One day when Shohaz had come home for the holidays, his father said, "Son, finish your studies and find yourself a good job so that you can live a good life. Look at me, I've always been a farmer."

Shohaz replied, "Father, in my opinion, it is not a good life if only *my* life is easy. If I can find a better life for my entire nation, then I will know my life has been well spent. So I must struggle hard to reach this goal."

"The entire nation? Shohaz! I don't understand what you're saying, but for once spend your entire break here."

"Father! I must leave in three or four days."

"Why, son?"

"I can't tell you, but I have a lot of work to do."

“The days when Shohaz was with me all the time were so good. Where is he now? Who knows?” Uncle pondered.

Two years ago, Shohaz had completed his studies, but even then he rarely came home. Then he enrolled in a course at another school and remained there.

One day, about a year before now, someone notified Uncle Mayar that Shohaz had been abducted from his dormitory room by unidentified men. Uncle could not believe it. In astonishment he asked, “What has my son done wrong?” “You should know about your wrongdoings,” replied the man who notified him. “But I’ve heard that people are being abducted these days. Many people have been missing for years.”

A thought suddenly struck Uncle. He remembered that tomorrow would be the one-year anniversary of Shohaz’s abduction. “The same winter, the same north wind, the same frozen moonlit night with all these stars… and after this very hour of the night, the dawn will surely bring a new day. But, Shohaz, it will not bring news of you,” Uncle said to himself.

It was around three a.m. and the night was almost over. Dawn was right around the corner, and the darkness was losing its grip. Uncle resumed strolling through the meadows of his memories. “I remember when Shohaz was small, and I took him with me to the fields.”

Whenever Shohaz saw farmers and other people busy with their work, he asked his father why farmers loved their fields so much. His father answered, “My child, the field gives life to the farmer. Where there is a field, there is a farmer. Since the field gives life to the farmer, surely the farmer will love the field deeply. Just as a mother raises her child and toils for the child, in the same way, the field is a mother to the farmer and raises the farmer. The field is the farmer’s mother, and how can a child be without love for its mother?”

Now the first light of dawn had come. The fire in the stove struggled to stay alive, but to no avail. Uncle was still deep in thought. He remembered a time when he had said to Shohaz, “People ask, ‘What is your son getting up to over there? Don’t you ask him what he’s doing?’ So tell me, how are your studies going?”

“Father, my studies are going very well. My exam went well too,” he said with a smile. “Father, do you remember when I was small? You said, ‘We will surely love the field that gives us life.’ It is necessary to have a place to love.”

The fire had breathed its last. Without even realizing it, the old father’s night had turned into day while he was thinking of his young son. The light of the

reddish, cold morning sunrise spread all around. Suddenly from outside, the faint sound of a crowd of people reached Uncle's ears. Hearing these sounds, he came back to his senses.

Light from the rising sun was coming into Uncle's house through the narrow gaps in the windows and doors.

Now that the day had dawned, Uncle realized he had passed the entire night in thought. He placed the book he was holding back in the box, closed the lid, and stood up to see what was causing such a stir on a morning like this.

When he opened the door, he saw a crowd of people talking. Going closer, Uncle asked, "What's going on?" Someone looked at him and answered, "Uncle! A little while ago, some people dumped this body here and left."

"Body?" Uncle asked in astonishment, quickening his pace to get to the body as fast as possible. When Uncle saw the body, the hours of waiting were over.

Just like that, the north wind kept wandering toward its destiny. Light had driven away the darkness of the night, and the sun was anxious to rise from behind the mountain pass.

Suicide

Ayn Ayn Dashti

Translation by Carina Jahani

I looked at my watch. It was early evening, seven p.m. After a light stretch, I rose from my chair, left the office through the front entrance, got in my car and started home.

The sky had been overcast today. The weather was so beautiful I was soaking it all in – until, without warning, someone jumped in front of my car. Had my foot been less quick to hit the brake, he'd have surely died. I immediately got out of the car and saw a handsome, stout young man, about 20 to 25 years old. "If my brakes hadn't worked, you'd be dead now," I said harshly.

"So, what if I'd died? Why did you stop? Don't people die in accidents in this world?" he replied softly.

"If you don't want to live, there are plenty of other ways to kill yourself. Why'd you jump in front of my car?" He gave no answer to my question. Instead, he turned around and began walking away.

"Stop!" I called out. He stopped, turned and looked at me.

"You appear to be sane. Why are you hopeless and fed up with life?" Without a word, he turned and began walking away again.

"Hey! I won't let you leave like this. You have to answer my question," I said, reaching from behind him and putting my hand on his shoulder.

After considerable persuasion, he agreed to get into my car and come home with me. When we got to the house, I sat him down in the living room and placed a glass of water and a cup of tea before him.

“You still haven’t answered my question.”

When he heard this remark, he drank the water, put the glass on the table, took a gulp of tea and began to respond.

“Why do you think I want to kill myself?” he asked me.

I answered, “Because you don’t have a job, you’re unemployed. That’s why.”

He smiled. “No, that’s not it. If you really want to know why I tried to kill myself, then listen. My father is a rich man in this city, he owned the KK Factory. It all started two years ago. A poor girl worked at our factory. I loved her so much, she was beautiful. I told my father I couldn’t live without her. I was my father’s cherished only child, so he accepted my request and arranged our marriage.

“Less than a month after the wedding, my father made me the sole owner of the factory. I accepted the responsibility because he had given me everything I needed to have a happy and comfortable life.

“My mother died when I was a child, so my father had raised me.

“Thus, my days were spent in the office and my nights were spent at home. Sometimes the factory work took me to other countries. After a full year, my wife expressed some frustration that I was spending so little time with her. I had to explain all my responsibilities to her so she could understand the situation.

“This morning, when I was halfway to the office, I remembered some paperwork I’d forgotten at home. I went back. When I arrived, I saw that the door to my father’s room was half open. I thought I’d go check on him. I hadn’t said goodbye before leaving for the office. But when I got to the door, I turned stone cold. I saw that my wife and my father...

“Now you tell me, how can I go on living after seeing that?”

Grandmother Kapot

Banul Dashtyari

Translation by Noroz Hayat

“Grandmother, if I tell you something, you won’t get angry, will you?” Madinah asked me.

“Madinah, don’t say anything that will break my heart,” I replied.

“It’s not something that will break your heart, Grandmother. Didn’t Mahbi and Shari tell you about my situation? That I’ve been going back and forth for ten days asking for two hundred rupees?”

“No, Madinah.”

“Grandmother, Shari and Mahbi never hide anything from you. Why didn’t they tell you what happened to me?”

“Madinah, you need to ask Mahbi and Shari that. Now tell me why you went back and forth ten times asking for two hundred rupees.”

“Grandmother, it’s because I’m desperate. The children’s clothes are ready to be picked up from the seamstress, and we have a lot of other expenses coming up. Mahbi and Shari help everyone in need, but they didn’t give anything to poor me. Nobody cares about poor people. Two hundred rupees might be a lot, but they didn’t even give me a hundred. I’m desperate. I’ll go back and talk to Mehrok.”

“Madinah, don’t talk to Mehrok. Neither she nor Mahbi or Shari will give you anything.”

“Mehrok won’t give me anything either?”

“Madinah, they have sworn they won’t give anyone a loan.”

“Sworn how? What did they swear on? God’s beloved prophet? The Holy Book? For goodness sake! Where should a poor person like me go, Grandmother? What on earth could have made them take such a solemn oath? Still, there must be someone who will give me a loan.”

“Madinah, don’t people say ‘once bitten, twice shy?’”

“Yes, Grandmother. You’re right.”

“I will now tell you why they won’t give you a loan. One day, Mahbi and Shari came to see me, but about an hour after they arrived, Mahbi’s son Akram came too.

He said, ‘Mama, come. Someone wants you.’

‘Akram, who is it?’, Mahbi asked.

‘An old man,’ Akram replied.

‘Who is the old man? Akram, tell me the truth. Is he at the house?’

‘No, he left. He said he’d come back tomorrow at ten o’clock.’

Then Mahbi asked me, ‘Grandmother, is it okay if we leave? Goodbye. Shari, should we go? Don’t be offended, Grandmother. We’ll come back on Friday.’

Although it wasn’t Friday yet, I saw Akram coming back to my house.

‘Grandmother,’ he said. ‘Come, mother wants you.’

‘Is your mother well?’ I asked him, concerned.

‘Yes.’ Akram replied.

‘You go then,’ I said. ‘And I will come.’

Madinah, you know I have an anxious heart. They had come the day before, and now they were calling for me again.

So, that same day, after the afternoon prayers, I went. I saw that Mahbi was saying her prayers and Shari was busy smoking her hookah.

I asked, 'Children, is everything okay?'

'Yes, Grandmother.' Shari replied. Although Mahbi was distracted, she finished her prayers and then came and sat next to me.

I said to Mahbi, 'You sent Akram to get me. Is everything okay?'

Shari let out a laugh and said, 'Yes, everything is fine.'

But Mahbi didn't say a word.

'Shari, tell me what happened,' I urged.

Shari laughed loudly. 'Mahbi, tell Grandmother what happened! Why are you so quiet?'

Mahbi became angry and replied 'Grandmother, what can I say? Shari is laughing at me, but honestly, I feel like laughing at myself, too. Remember when Akram came running to us yesterday, saying, "Come, Mother, someone wants you"? That *someone* turned out to be a cheat.'

'A cheat?' I asked.

'Yes, Grandmother. I didn't know who he was. Akram was playing with the kids when that old man came up to him and asked, "Whose child are you?" Akram replied, "Mahbi's." The old man asked what his father's name was, so Akram said, "My father is dead. My uncle is Dost Mahmad and he's in Dubai. He's my mother's brother." The old man said, "Go tell your mother that her brother has sent her some clothes, a watch, and two blankets." Akram answered him, "My mother isn't here. She went to Grandmother's house. I'll go and get her." The man said, "No. I'll come back tomorrow at ten. Don't tell anyone. Just tell your mother."'

Mahbi continued, 'Yesterday, Akram didn't tell me that his uncle had sent us clothes, blankets, and jewellery. He only told me when we got home. At half past ten the next day, there was a knock on the door. Akram went to see who it was and found the same man standing there. Akram called me and said,

“Mum, it’s the same uncle.” I went and let him in. What else could I have done? I thought he was a good man.’

Shari interrupted, laughing loudly, and said, ‘Ooh yes, well, and he also had nice clothes, jewellery, and a Rado watch from Dubai.’

‘Shari! Just be quiet! Let Mahbi finish talking,’ I snapped.

‘Grandmother, Shari has been laughing at me ever since she came,’ Mahbi said.

‘Forget about her and finish what you were saying!’

Mahbi continued, ‘Well, Grandmother, after we exchanged greetings, I asked him if my brother Dost Mahmad was well. He said, “Yes, he is well. He misses you a lot. He also said he plans to send you on the pilgrimage to Mecca this year.” *Oh my*, I thought. *This is the same brother who never even sent me a headscarf before, and now he’s sending me on the pilgrimage?* I was so happy I felt like I could fly! My brother had sent me so many things! The man continued, “It’s been a month since I came back from Dubai, but you know how it is in Karachi. I was with my friends and I’ve been so busy. Oh, and by the way, customs for these items cost me one hundred rupees.” When I heard about the hundred rupees, I said to myself, *I must give him a hundred rupees. No – two hundred rupees!* Then he said, “I have to go back soon, so if you want to send your brother anything, you can write him a letter and give it to me. But he’s also planning to come to Karachi soon.” Then I remembered, *Mahbi, you haven’t asked the man if he wants tea. Forget about the tea, you haven’t even asked him if he wants water!* “Uncle, sit. I’ll make you some tea,” I said. The man sat down, and Akram stuck to him like glue. The man drank the tea and then got up to leave. I invited Uncle to stay because it was lunch time, “Have lunch with us and then go on your way.” He replied, “I’m afraid I can’t, my dear. God bless you.” I gave him two hundred rupees.

He got up and said, “Send someone with me to bring the clothes inside.” I said, “Yes, Uncle.” Then I asked him, “What’s your name?” He replied, “Yakub.” I said to Akram, “Go and get Abdorahim.” Abdorahim came and I told him, “Abdorahim, my son, go with Uncle and fetch our clothes. My brother Dost Mahmad sent me some clothes.” He asked, “Which Dost Mahmad?” I said, “My brother who is in Dubai. He said he’ll send me on the pilgrimage this year.” Abdorahim congratulated me and said, “Uncle, since you have a bicycle, I will rent a bicycle and come with you.” Uncle said, “No, I’ll just walk my bike. We can talk as we go.”’

Mahbi took a breath and continued, ‘Uncle took Abdorahim to Alsaudi Restaurant and had him sit down. Then he said, “Have some tea. The clothes are at my house. I’ll be back soon.” Abdorahim thought that Uncle’s house was nearby. He sat and waited until ten that night. He was exhausted. Uncle had disappeared without a trace, and Abdorahim returned home empty-handed.’”

“Madinah, my daughter, this is why they have sworn not to give out any loans. God allows his people to suffer loss so that they will learn from their mistakes and be more careful in the future. God willing, I will tell you more about Uncle Yakob’s story and just how much money this man has taken from other people. He took two hundred rupees from Mahbi, but he has taken tens of thousands from others. Our homeland has bad people like this as well.”

The Last Mortal in the Scorched City

Sabiha Karim

Translation by Noroz Hayat

Ometan was the last representative of mankind in this scorched city. He lived on in the hope that someday someone would return to this place, and it would once again be inhabited and alive.

The entire village had been pulverized by bombs and was now left desolate, without the presence of man or beast. The aerial bombardment had destroyed all of the houses. Some had burned down and others had simply collapsed. All that remained of the village were burnt pieces of wood and the rubble of demolished walls. With the exception of Ometan, there was not a trace of humanity left in this village, once home to some two thousand people.

Next to this abandoned village, the foreigners were building a large road. Pakistani soldiers were stationed there to protect the labourers as they worked.

But in Ometan's village, only he remained, as the guardian of the rubble. He lived in the wreckage of a collapsed room. At sunrise, beams of light spread directly into his shadowless quarters, but the sun's hot rays did not bother him.

There was no one left in the village with whom Ometan could talk. God only knew if they had all died in the bombing or had simply fled to a safer place. But fear of death had not compelled Ometan to abandon his country, his land, and the house of his fathers.

Now it was dusk, and the sun was setting. Ometan began to talk to the walls. "People don't understand me when I speak," he said. "And I have no complaints against anyone… But do you not understand me *either*?" He looked at the walls and strained to hear them, for he believed that the walls were listening and even responding to him.

"My grief is not that my children have died and my houses have been destroyed," he continued after a pause. "See, this ground that you are now

standing on… I received it from my father and my grandfather." He placed his hand on a broken wall. "Today no one is here because they fear death. Yet one day the villagers will surely return. Until then, this is my grief: your destruction and ruin. But a time is coming when you will be inhabited again… After all, everyone has times of hardship."

The ruined wood and walls were the only companions Ometan had to listen to him. They never answered, but his heart grew lighter when he spoke to them. Day after day, his only hope, the one thing he lived and waited for, was that one day the villagers who had left would return to their homeland, and that this village would regain its former glory.

Next to the village, the Chinese and Pakistani governments were busy building their large road. The Pakistani army had bombed and desecrated every village that the road happened to pass by, claiming they were "destroying Baloch Freedom Fighters' camps," though there were no such camps in these villages. Ometan's own Jan Mohmad Village had been pulverized by the military's bombardment. So many men, women, infants, children, and elderly people had died in the bombing. Those who remained had abandoned their homes and lands to save their lives, and now who knew where they all had gone?

Ometan's entire family had died. His wife and children, brothers and sisters, mother and father… Not one had survived. During the evacuation after the bombing, the villagers begged Ometan, saying, "Come with us, don't stay here… The army will kill you, too!" But Ometan refused to give up his homeland and his demolished house.

Now the sun was setting, and Ometan was afflicted by hunger. He stood up.

"I'll be right back," he said to the ruined walls.

To quench the hellish flames of hunger in his stomach, Ometan would go to a nearby village where the people would give him morsels of bread. Thus, he spent his days in this routine.

The villagers there often told him that he should stay with them and not return to his scorched city. "Give up your ruined home," they told him. "The army will kill you and no one will even know about it." But his answer was always the same: "I won't abandon my land and my house."

Now, as Ometan was passing the large road, the Pakistani soldiers recognized him and laughed at him. Although he felt as if the full length of a dagger had pierced his heart, he passed them in silence. The soldiers called to him, "Come

here and have some food!" But he walked by without a word. The enemy's food disgusted him.

Ometan arrived safely at the nearby village. However, it turned out that on this same day the military attacked this very village where he often went to beg for food. The army seized many people and took them away, Ometan among them.

Now, finally, Ometan's village was utterly deserted. The burnt wood and demolished walls waited… But after more than a week, there was still no sign of him.

Lakki

Nabila Mehrab

Translation by Zahir Kawmi

Lakki came out of her house, stepped down from the cement porch, and began to run towards the corner of the housing compound. She covered her mouth and cried as she ran towards the desert acacia tree that had grown there. In her mind, she saw her mother's pain, her moans, and her sickly face.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, in the scorching heat of Turbat in June, when birds die in flight. She was soaked in sweat as she ran towards the shade of the tree, in a corner of her compound where people rarely went. When Lakki got there, she started digging, with tears in her eyes. She lifted a box out of the hole, cleaned it with the corner of her headscarf, and then opened it. Inside was a diary and a pen.

Lakki and all her sisters shared a single room with only one wardrobe. She couldn't keep the diary and pen inside it because if she did, she would be caught, and all her writings would be burned or torn up.

Her father always used to say that girls from good homes never make a bad name for themselves. So the quieter they were, the better. Her father also never liked writers. He said that writers had no honour, and so women from good homes would never accompany men to literary events or get involved in poetry. However much Lakki tried, though, she couldn't kill her desire and passion. And her passion was literature.

She had got herself a diary and would write all her feelings in it. She never revealed to outsiders what was going on in her home, but she wrote everything that she felt and saw in her diary and then went and buried it when no one would see. Today's events, too, had forced her to channel the full magnitude of her pain and emotions onto the tip of her pen and spill it onto the pages of her diary.

Lakki had seven sisters and one brother. Because the house was small, Lakki and two of her sisters always slept in their mother and father's room. Most of

the time when she woke up during the night, she would see her father having intercourse with her mother. She saw that her mother was suffering greatly – that she was being hurt and abused and yet couldn't say anything. This made Lakki feel wildly distraught during the night and she would start to tremble. She wanted to scream, but bit her scarf so that no one would know.

Lakki always wondered: Why does my mother suffer so much and yet, like an animal, she never speaks up? Her mother's suffering and animal-like submission consumed Lakki from within.

When her father was drinking, he would curse and slander Lakki's mother in front of everyone. Because of this, she had no honour at home. In fact, Lakki's mother-in-law and sisters-in-law tormented her to such an extent that there were many times when she slaved away in the kitchen day and night while they rested in the bedroom. Even as a newlywed, Lakki's mother was harassed in this way. Her sisters-in-law took back the gold their family had paid her as her bride-price. Then, during her pregnancies, she was the one who sat by the dirt oven, baking bread for them. Still, no one took pity on her. She couldn't share her thoughts with a sister, nor did she have a friend to whom she could confide her pain.

One time, Lakki's father got so drunk he locked Lakki's mother in the bathroom all night.

Because he only had one son, he used to say, "I will get another wife, since I only have one child." As she wrote these words, Lakki's tears spilled onto the page of the diary. Lakki had seen all these things with her own eyes since she was small. Day after day, they gnawed at her from within, and yet in her society they were nothing new.

How many years had her mother been ill and no one had believed her or even taken her to the doctor, because in their eyes it was the way of women to complain and make themselves ill? Now her mother was bedridden but still had to do the housework.

Today Lakki had taken courage and was writing down everything she had seen. But as she wrote, tears fell into the diary. She always spoke up, yelled and screamed, and condemned wrongdoing, and so she was not considered a good child. Lakki's family called her ignorant; they didn't think she was good, because their idea of a good child was one who was silent, who didn't put up a fight, and who did what the family said…

"Lakki! Unlucky Lakki!"

At the sound of her brother's voice Lakki flinched and jumped up. She hurriedly closed the diary, placed it in its box, and buried it as fast as she could.

The Tree

Hanol Nokap

Translation by Zahir Kawmi

I was the owner of a tender heart, but society treated me in such a way that I took my tender heart and buried it in the ground, and every day I spilled my tears there.

My tender heart grew and became a sapling. I nurtured that sapling with tears. The sapling continued to grow and became a bushy tree. The shade of the tree was very pleasant and cool. Sitting under the tree, it was as if my soul found peace. All my laughing and crying, my conversations and social interactions were with that tree. I felt that the tree understood me and my speech. I wrote my every thought on its branches. Every day I wrote down a hurt. The tree gladly made my hurts its own and continued to grow. The tree was very affectionate towards me, which is why I named it Affection.

The tree was dense and wide and spacious. Every morning, doves and pigeons made sweet cooing sounds in the tree. The tree was the habitat of all kinds of birds. Its interior was full of birds' nests. I loved these birds like my own life. The bees made honey in the tree. It was like a bazaar. I loved this tree so much that I gave up all my other walks and recreations. It was my refuge from the icy winds of winter and from the hot winds of summer. The tree was so accustomed to me that, from the way I saw it, you would think it was troubled when it was without me. For this reason I never left the tree alone.

Time kept passing in this way. It seemed as if the time just fled, and day by day the tree got taller.

More time passed. The tree grew very tall, so tall that its shade no longer reached the ground. Its leaves drew away from me. As the tree grew tall, the shade left, and I was at the mercy of the sun. I couldn't reach the tree's

branches. The thoughts I'd written became very distant from me, and I couldn't write anything more on the branches. My winters became very cold, and the summer winds scorched me. I couldn't hear the cooing of the pigeons and doves, even from afar.

Then, once again, I took my tender heart and buried it in the ground…

The Hell of Hunger

Sammi Parwaz

Translation by Zahir Kawmi

I don't know what the fires in hell are like, but today the hot wind was like a sword that pierces the skin. It was hotter than the heat of a brick oven. In the sky, the sun towered above the highest tree branches, setting fire to everything with its taunting heat.

But beneath the hot wind and summer heat, Grandma Morti was guided by her walking stick and held on to her orphaned granddaughter Kapot's shoulder. They were going to Aunt Sharan's house. Grandma Morti's hands were weak and shaking, and her head was spinning like a millstone with hunger. Little Kapot felt the same way, but both grandmother and grandchild continued to drag themselves along. When they arrived at Aunt Sharan's hut, they threw themselves on the straw mat as if they were breathing their last breath. Sharan was happy to see them and said to her youngest son's boy: "My child, there's bread and a sardine in the basket. Go and give them to Grandma Morti to eat. The poor one is destitute. God will reward us."

"Okay, mother." The boy took the basket and headed for the hut, but Sharan's daughter-in-law Solti snatched the basket, took the sardine and threw it to the cat. The cat immediately grabbed the fish, pulled it aside and began eating.

"My auntie! Have you completely lost your mind? Every day we give this blind woman and her granddaughter some food as charity. Her sight won't be restored, and she won't be able to embroider any dresses for your children or grandchildren. But if you give this cat a small piece of fish, she'll keep your house free of mice." Solti gestured mockingly with her hands and spoke as if she thought herself wise.

“Hey there, how can I make you understand?” Aunt Sharan shook her head, and said with disappointment: “Should the grandmother just go hungry today? How can you be so coldhearted?”

“There’s no need for all this grumbling,” Solti said angrily, picking up her sewing basket and leaving the hut. Morti’s grandchild Kapot, brought the food basket closer, looked at the dry bread miserably, but said nothing. Grandma Morti felt around for the bread. She had already realized that there was only hard bread and nothing to go with it, and she wondered how she’d be able to swallow it.

For a moment a dark shadow spread across her expressionless face. Slowly waves of emotion took shape on the ocean of her forehead. And she began to drown in the waves. She heard a little girl being coddled by her mother. “No, no, I won’t eat this,” the child fussed. “I don’t like sardines. I’m telling you to give me bread and cheese curds. Give me bread and cheese curds! Are you deaf?” the child demanded petulantly, shouting at her mother.

“Don’t cry my love, my everything! I’ll do anything for you, my dear Morti! I’ll make you some cheese curds and bread right away. Meanwhile you should eat this jujube fruit, okay?”

Meanwhile, Aunt Sharan watched as the grandmother and child dipped the hard bread in warm water in a bowl and ate it. Grandma Morti’s tears were falling like raindrops, and the water in the bowl turned salty from these tears.

It rained

Shahina Shahin

Translation by Carina Jahani

At daybreak, as I opened my eyes, I saw the sky through the open door. I rose and went outside. I looked up and, lo and behold, misty black clouds had taken over the sky. I stood there, gazing at them. The vegetation all around was beautiful, and the lovely voices of perching birds made the weather even better.

Today's weather was different, it was so pleasant. I sat down on some stones in front of the house. Oblivious to the world, I became enthralled with the weather. Suddenly, a sound struck my ears. I turned around and saw Aunt Zolayka sweeping and grumbling in front of her house. She caught my attention. I wondered what she was saying: Who is she berating?

"Look at Golatun's daughter-in-law. Look at Naz Bibi's children. They get up in the morning and do all the household chores without being told. They put their mother at ease. But how can I call you my children? You've wounded my heart. God shouldn't have given us any children if they were going to turn out like this. When you see other people's children, they capture your heart. But when you look at your own children, your heart flees."

Aunt Zolayka kept sweeping and grumbling in front of her house. But this is not just today's problem. This is her daily routine. After she gets up in the morning, she sweeps the area in front of her house and grumbles again and again.

I tried to turn my attention back to the weather, but now I was completely focused on Auntie. I couldn't help but wonder what her issue was. What was she always grumbling about? Every day she gets up and scolds her children, grumbles and curses them, saying, "look at so-and-so's children, look at so-and-so's daughters-in-law." I wonder what their children and daughters-in-law are like, and what Zolayka's are like. What is Zolayka's problem? Is it just hers or is it every

woman's? Is it a real problem, or is there something she can't let go of? Is she envious, or does she have some grievance? In my pondering, I arrived at this thought: Why can't a woman endure another woman's success? Are these issues unique to our society, or are they typical of women in every nation?

More than anything else, women's greatest problem is that they don't have the strength to progress. If they see another woman getting ahead, they can't stand it and try to hold her back. I believe there's a race going on between the women in our society. But in this race, none of the women are making any effort to run faster or win. In this race, everyone is trying in some way to trip each other up, so that others fall and they win. If everyone had simply tried to run faster, then by now not a single woman would have fallen behind.

I was still deep in thought when my mother called out to me, "Come do your house chores. What are you doing sitting there?"

"Yes, Mum! I'm coming," I replied, but my thoughts were still fixed on the question. Nothing came to mind about what I should do. Or what I could do.

By all means, I had to figure this out. I stood up and headed towards Zolayka's house. When I arrived, I took the broom from her and left it on the ground. I grabbed Auntie by the hand and led her into the shade of the neem tree, un-rolled a straw mat and sat her down on it.

Auntie looked at me in astonishment, but before she could say anything, I asked her, "Auntie! What do you want?" When I asked her this question, she lost her ability to speak. Her eyes welled up with tears. She wanted to say so much, but all that came out of her mouth was, "uhh, uhh...," nothing else.

I laid my head on Auntie's lap. She stroked my head with her hand. Tears began to well up in my eyes as well. At that moment Auntie's daughter-in-law and daughter came out of the house with brooms in their hands and started to give me angry looks. Aunt Zolayka's daughter spat out, "So you're the one giving her ideas! You come to mother, fill her up with a bunch of ideas, and then she yells and screams at us."

"She certainly doesn't have anything else to do," Auntie's daughter-in-law screamed. "She's not like other aunts. Night and day she wounds our hearts. She doesn't understand. Okay, so you're the one who stirs her up against us!"

They were both shouting and screaming, shaking their hands accusingly at me. I was stunned. I stood and looked at them both, then at Aunt Zolayka. I looked at their house, and then towards my house, and finally at myself. Speechless, I went on my way.

Now the rain began falling.

I wish

Mahganj Taj

Translation by Sadaf Iqbal Baloch

I was asleep when the notifications started going off. I was getting a lot of messages. The noise woke me, and I reached for my phone. Rubbing my eyes, I touched the screen to check the time; it was 3:45 a.m. I opened the messages and saw that an unknown caller had sent me a whole lot of pictures along with two voice messages. My internet was very slow, so the pictures and voice messages took a long time to load. I didn't go back to sleep, though. I waited, wanting to see the pictures. Who could the sender be, and what kind of pictures had they sent?

After a while, I opened the chat again. Before playing the voice messages, I tapped on the first picture. The moment I saw it, the phone slipped from my hand and fell, breaking as it hit the ground. In the picture, I saw your naked body, so unrecognizable that it was hard to tell whether your hands had fingers or if your body even had hands and feet. Because my phone was broken, I couldn't listen to the messages. I didn't know who the sender was, or what your condition might be like in the other pictures. That blood-drenched, mutilated body still lingers in my mind, and the memory of those moments continues to haunt me.

It pains me to imagine how sad, helpless, and utterly alone you must have felt at that moment. Perhaps you called out for me, and I wasn't there. You always used to say, "I want to die in your lap", and I would get upset and tell you to stop speaking nonsense, and that you should wish to live with me, by my side, for as long as I lived. You laughed and replied, "Mahalo! Death isn't a curse, my love. Everyone will die. Just pray that I will have a peaceful death, that I will rest my head on your lap and die there." Those words of yours have always troubled me. But whenever you held me in your arms, I would forget all the restlessness, sorrow, and hardship in the world.

I still remember that moonlit winter's night when you took me in your arms for the very first time and held me so close. But when I saw your last picture, I wished you had taken me with you. I wish I hadn't lived to witness that moment. I wish I had been with you in your final moments. I wish I had heard your last breath. I wish we could have felt each other's warm breath one last time. I wish I could have held you in my arms, just once more. Or…

I wish we had never met, never known each other, never felt so deeply for each other, never thought about each other. I wish I had never tasted the sweetness of your lips, never drowned in the ocean of your eyes. I wish we had never known the fragrance of each other's breath. I wish I weren't writing this to you now. I wish you could read this. I wish you could feel me. I wish it wasn't you, I wish it wasn't us…

FEAR

Silence

Hani Baloch

Translation by Zahir Kawmi

It was spring – the rainy season. For three days, dark, black clouds had covered the sky and it had been raining non-stop. A crisp, cold wind was blowing, and the leaves of the date palms in the orchard in front of the house were swaying in the wind. There was also a big jujube tree at the entrance of the house.

Sammol's mother, Dor Bibi, was cooking. Sammol called from the house: "Mama, O mama! What are you making for lunch today?"

"Rice and mung beans… nothing else tastes good in the rain," mother said. Sammol's brother was also sitting in the house, drinking black tea. "Sammol! Rice and mung beans and sardines are very tasty."

"You really are crazy about sardines! But in this rain and clouds, no one is going to bring you sardines."

The rain came down faster and the cold wind kept blowing. "My heart says, 'Go outside – stand in the rain!' Such a pleasant wind is blowing! It reaches into your heart," Sammol said to herself.

Hasan said, "You really are a different person! When it rained before, you didn't go outside. You hid in a corner of the house. Today, when the wind is so strong it could kill us, you say: "I will go outside.'"

"That was the summer rain, it was filled with thunder. This kind of rain, without thunder or lightning, is good."

After a while, Sammol's mother called out: "Children! Come eat lunch."

Mother came into the room with the lunch. Outside, the great, heavy rain was roaring. It had been raining cats and dogs for five minutes, and it was keeping everyone from going outside. As Sammol picked up a small ball of rice, her brother said, “We heard that a big flood is coming from the Kech River.”

“Eat your food – the flood won’t sweep us away,” Sammol’s mother said. After lunch, Sammol’s brother went into the next room, turned on the TV and said, “The electricity is still out.”

“Those electricians see one tiny cloud in the sky and they shut off the electricity,” Sammol replied. “It’s been raining for three days straight. No electricity since last night, so we can forget about it for the next two weeks.”

“My child! Come and prepare the hookah, I’ll have a smoke. It’s hookah weather today.” Sammol prepared the hookah and mother started to smoke.

“Sammol! Where have our poor goats gone? Now the rain will slow down. There’s a bundle of hay in the shed – give it to the goats,” mother said.

Sammol went outside. She heard the sound of the goats and the shouting of the children, and along with these sounds came another sound, like gushing water. When she heard this sound, Sammol began to tremble with fear.

“Mama, mama! Can you hear the sound of a flood?”

“Yes, my child! It is the sound of streams. It’s coming from the stream behind our house.” Sammol listened to her mother’s words and started walking towards the shed. But the sound of the flood was still occupying her thoughts.

“Everyone was running towards the hill,” Mahgol said.

Sammol looked back and forth between the sky and the village and thought to herself: “This water will come and take us all, and we won’t be able to do anything about it.” The clouds were still dark and black like before, but now it was raining lightly. If it rains even a little harder, then this water will definitely take us.

She lifted her eyes and looked toward the next village. She saw five or six men running toward the fields. Their donkeys and cows were tied in the fields.

Mahgol said, “The river water is white, like saline soil. It’s also getting louder. May God have mercy.”

Terrified, Sammol felt her heart drop into the pit of her stomach.

“There’s Maryam, coming with her friends,” said Granaz, Mahgol’s youngest sister. Everyone looked that way.

Maryam was an old and talkative woman. “Children! The water is visible,” Maryam said.

“Yes, the water is visible, and it’s also getting louder. This water will sweep us away,” Sammol replied.

“This water won’t sweep us away. You are so full of fear. Kids these days! In my time, it once rained for forty days and the water didn’t take us. Now, it’s rained for three days and you think the water will take us?”

“Auntie!” Maryam’s nephew Bibagr said, “you’re right. In the old days, it could rain for forty days and the river wouldn’t sweep anyone away. But the river had an open outlet. Now there’s a big dam there. The water from all the rivers goes into the dam. What if the dam is full? Then the surplus water will surely sweep away the villages.”

Sammol was astonished and thought to herself: “Was this dam built for our benefit or to kill us?”

The people standing on the hill had fixed their eyes on the water in the Neheng River. Everyone had the fear of death in their hearts. Everyone was sailing on the ship of their own thoughts. Suddenly someone said, “The river is overflowing its banks; it’s covering the lower fields. The cows and donkeys are in the water. The people in the field are also in the water.”

The people standing there began running, some for the fields and others for their own homes. Sammol, too, started running toward her own house. After a little while, where once was heard the mooing of cows, the braying of donkeys, and the cries of people, there was only silence.

The rain kept falling. The dam was full of water. But the village behind the dam was silent.

As I Returned to my Homeland

Sadganj Baloch

Translation by Mahganj Taj

After five years of exile, I returned to my homeland. There was already a war on when I left the country. People were being abducted back then, too. The decomposed bodies of Baloch sons were being found in the forests and on the plains every single day. Everyone was afraid. Everyone feared that it would be their turn at any moment. Life was really hard. Nobody could get a good night's sleep in their cozy beds at night. Whenever a light was flashing in the village, all the men tried to run and hide in the date groves, riverbeds and forests. Most of them were young. And so I left my village and went into exile.

Abroad, I lived in a free society. Nobody jumped into our houses and searched every corner, nor were there any dead bodies to be found in the forests. There was no fear in anyone's heart. Everyone lived a good and happy life. But in our Balochistan, the fire still burned and was roaring higher every day.

Reports arrived daily of something new that had happened. Sometimes a student had gone missing from an educational institution, other times a doctor from a hospital. Educated and uneducated, young and old, politically active and inactive, some piece of news came every single day: The army raided this or that village, two young men were abducted from this or that place, a dead body was found by the side of the road leading to the main city.

Village after village is being burnt down. Young men like Hayat are being killed and their corpses dumped on the roads. But it didn't affect my life in exile at all. That's why I could never have imagined how hard these times would be, how troubled life would be, if the police attacked houses and started searching every corner, abducting people and making them disappear.

Who can imagine the pain in the heart of a missing person's parents? I could never imagine the torment that families of missing people have to endure. Some stout-hearted fathers may be able to carry on with their lives even after their

sons are abducted and turn up dead. But the mothers, who are waiting and waiting for their sons to return, either go mad or die, unable to endure the pain.

Now that I was back in Balochistan, I realised what terrible suffering this causes. I knew how a family would feel after someone went missing. Both their sleep and their peace of mind were ataken away.

Having returned, I saw that the military had taken over the entire village. Schools, private houses, mosques – no place was spared. The soldiers had set up checkpoints everywhere. Everyone was consumed by fear. It made them stay away from their brothers, relatives and friends.

Having returned, I saw that the two main graveyards in the town had grown; there were more graves. I don't know how many young men in their prime were resting in peace there. And many sons of the land had not even been fortunate enough to receive a burial. Even the grave flags were missing.

But after five years, I was very happy to have returned to my homeland. I felt like I was floating with joy. It was as if the feet of my motherland were also filled with happiness, and the sky had covered itself in a pleasant dress of clouds.

One day, it rained. As the raindrops fell on the bosom of the land, the fragrance of the soil spread all around me. And I felt that this was the only thing about home that hadn't changed, as if the pleasant smell was even sweeter now.

After the rain stopped, I ran to see the water streaming down the hillsides. Times past came untied like a knot. After the rain came a rainbow. The stream overflowed, and all the townspeople went to see the water. This rain and rainbow, these rivers and rainwater, the crowd of people, the talking and laughter were like sweet music to my ears and soothed my heart. The day after the rain, some went to the mountains for picnics, others to bathe in a wadi, or in a pool where rainwater had collected. Every moment was truly refreshing.

The war in Balochistan was still going on, but when it rained, the people forgot their fears for a little while. The rain had made the village more beautiful. Busy with all these thoughts, I didn't even notice myself falling asleep.

I woke to a loud noise. A sound like great thunder. I saw that my mum was holding a large tray and was wiping up the water that had poured into the house through the cracks in the roof. "Go back to sleep," she said, "these sounds are a part of life now."

The night was dark. The sound of bomb blasts increased, and in the distance the barking of dogs could be heard.

Akkh...

Andalib Gichki

Translation by Ryan Blakesley

"They call this place Bakraperhi," my father said as he held out his hand toward the large cow paddock. "They bring cows here from all over Sindh and Balochistan, and then they take them to Iran and other regions to sell."

The smell of cow dung almost took my breath away. A tall, skinny old man, bent almost to the ground, was sweeping the hay and filth in the paddock. Rain had soaked the land, and a foul smell filled the air.

Our car eased forward a bit. The road was crammed with traffic. It was as if the cars were a large herd of cows heading out to pasture. In front of our car was a truck with a cow and a calf in the back. The calf had laid its head on an iron bar, its pitiful eyes bulging as it watched the cars and motorcycles lumber along. Its mother looked around helplessly, as if she was trying to free herself and her child, but saw no way out, because they were tied up.

By now we were a long way from Bakraperhi. The suffocating stench of petrol had replaced the hazy smell of cattle. The black-lipped exhausts of the motorcycle rickshaws, charred from long use, spewed thick smoke; a pouring cloud of steamy darkness. It felt as if the smell was suffocating me – I who was used to having fresh air in my face, to breathing in the sweet fragrance of mimosa, lemon, and neem flowers with every breeze, reviving my weary heart, refreshing and soothing my soul.

My eyes were fixed on the little calf being taken to slaughter. My eyes were drowning in its yellow eyes. I saw myself in the place of the calf…

I lay my head on the iron bar, remembering my past, my first day of life. My mother licked me tenderly as I slipped on the ground. It had rained before I was born, and the ground was soaked and muddy. The coming and going of many cows had only made it muddier. My mother was cleaning a place for

me. She used her hooves to remove the muddy straw that had been thrown on the ground.

To the mooing of the cows, I saw a tall, skinny old man enter the paddock. There was a strong wind, and raindrops hit my face with every gust. Cows were jostling for the hay he held, and the old man slipped and fell face first. “Allah!” he cried out as he fell.

Mother was licking and cleaning me and looking at the hay, now spilled on the ground. The other cows trampled the old man as they went to eat the hay. The old man struggled up, but his turban had fallen on the ground and was covered in mud. He tried to pick it up, but one end of the turban was in his hand and the other end was under a cow’s hoof. He pushed the cow, saying, “Git... git... hyah... hyah!” But of course, the cow had no idea what he wanted.

The old man’s eyes drifted to me and he cried out: “Oh dear! The calf hasn’t suckled yet.” It was true, I hadn’t taken any milk, because I was still struggling to stand on my feet. When I heard the old man’s words, my hunger only seemed to increase. He lifted me up with trembling hands. Since it was my first time suckling and I didn’t know how, my head was bobbing around. But bravo to the old man. He helped me. When I was full, I looked at him affectionately. He stroked my head with his hand and said in a loving baby voice: “You dlank some milk? Is your wittle tummy full?”

After I suckled, a warm wave of heartfelt love flowed from me to my mother, and she seemed to love me even more. By now I was very upset with the cows who had made a fool of the loving, old man and stomped his turban into the mud.

From that day on, I saw this old man every day, coming and going to our paddock and feeding the cows. The cows would always carelessly bump the old man, hitting him with their horns, and I said in my heart, “Look at this poor one, how kind he is to us, and yet we push and shove him around. In our rush to get the hay, we have no concern for the old man. How selfish we are and how selfless that poor old man is.”

“Momma! I want to go for a walk outside the paddock.”

“No,” my mother said as she nuzzled my head. “How could you get out, and where would you go?” I shook my head and neck, as if I was shooing a fly from my nose.

“Momma! Let me! I want to go on an outing, Momma!”

“Go!” my mother said angrily, for I was being stubborn and insistent. “Go, if you can break these heavy gates and get to the other side.”

I looked at the fence. Yes, it was firmly made of strong wood and thick rope. I went up to it and squeezed my head through the narrow gap between the planks, though my body was still inside the paddock. My mother began rubbing her head on my neck and said in a miserable voice: “My child! You are still small. You may be able to get your little head out between the wooden planks of the fence, but we….”

I lay down on the ground in the paddock and put my head on the ground. My mother came and lay down beside me. We both gazed out of the paddock. I started to think about the old man. Why doesn’t he open the gate so we can go out?

One day, after the old man had given us hay and fodder to eat, we were all lying around ruminating when a large vehicle came and parked near the gate. Five or six young men got out and entered our paddock. At the sound of their laughter, all the cows rose to their feet. It was as if fear suddenly spread like a cloud over them, and they all began to moo. My mother planted her feet firmly on the ground. She even stopped ruminating and hid me behind her. This was definitely something scary, I felt. I curled up behind her, watched secretly.

The old man led the way, holding out his hand and presenting the cows. Some of the youths came forward, chained several cows by the neck, dragged them out and loaded them onto a truck. Once they were gone, the old man closed the paddock gate, wrapped his dirty turban around his head, and left.

“Momma! Where did they take those cows? Are they taking them on an outing? And why were you all so afraid?”

“My child! You are still small and you don’t know anything; you don’t understand. They’re not taking them on an outing. They’re taking them to kill them.”

“Really!? Momma! How do you know this?” I asked, looking at her.

Her eyes welled up with tears and she said, nuzzling me: “Once, after they took some cows, they brought one back. That cow told us the story of how they were taken away on the truck, saying, ‘There was a big slaughterhouse. Right in front of me, they put a lot of cows on the ground and slaughtered them. When my turn came, one of them came and said, “Let this one go. The doctor said this one is thin. We won’t take this one.”’ And now, every time a truck comes, we’re all terrified.”

“Momma! Did they take that cow again?”

“No, my child! It got so scared that it died.”

Ever since that day, I’ve hated the old man, and whenever he comes near me, I turn my face away.

Now this morning, the sun showed itself briefly, but clouds quickly hid it. In the soft morning breeze, the smell of wet chaff mixed with morning fog increased my hunger. Much time had passed since I stopped suckling my mother, and now I too ate hay and chaff. But today the old man had still not come and we had not been brought any hay or fodder to eat. In fact, whenever clouds and rain come, or the weather is misty or overcast, we all get more hungry. How many months old am I anyway? And who among us cows counts months and years? I just felt that I was no longer that young, small calf.

“Gurr... rrr... Gurr… rrr...” The sound of the truck startled all of us, and we jumped up. The old man entered with four or five youths. The dirty turban was on the old man’s head, and now even I understood what the turban’s real colour was. The old man showed the cows to a youth who seemed to be their leader, and he kept touching each cow’s hindquarters and nodding yes or no.

My mother’s eyes went wide, and as she looked at them, they kept coming closer. Then a fly started bothering the old man. It seemed that the old man’s attention was on the fly, and he stepped into a fresh pile of dung. He slipped and fell face first. His turban fell to the ground, and I said to myself, “May you fall. May you drown. May you die before you do business with our lives.”

One of the youths was laughing and saying: “Uncle, you really fell!”

The old man was on all fours, and when he stood up his sunken eyes widened as they fell on me and my mother. The wrinkles around his pale lips receded as he smiled craftily.

“Heh heh heh…Look at these,” stretching his hand toward us: “This little calf. Hmm, this cow has only given birth once. It’s young.”

My heart started beating hard, and I could hear my mother’s heart beating as well.

“Yes, they are good,” said the youth without touching us. Then two or three of them came and dragged us away.

My mother started to cry out: “Take me, but don’t take my child!”

But my mother's cry was only mooing to the old man. As the old man stroked his thin beard, he said to the youth: "Also, tell the cattle owner to give me a little extra for all I've done for him."

In the truck we were both silent. Both of us stared, our eyes fixed on the road as we thought of our deaths. Now I knew for sure that the old man had fed us only to kill us.

"Momma! Why are we so helpless? They are going to kill us and we…"

My mother didn't look at me but said, "My child! We are slaves to humans. Slaves have no power over their own life and death."

The smell of the blood from the slaughterhouse poured forth, filling the air with a rusty odour. It was just like the smell of the iron bar on which my head was lying. A stocky black-skinned boy was holding a big knife. Some others knocked me over and held me down. Right in front of my mother's eyes, they laid me down to kill me. My mother was screaming. Angels dressed in white stood ready to take our spirits into their hands. My mother's cries filled the angels' eyes with tears, but her crying didn't reach the humans' ears, and they didn't see the angels or their tears either. You see, we are not the only ones who are powerless because of the humans; even the angels of heaven are helpless. The young man put the knife to my throat.

"Akkh..."

"What happened?" my father asked, as he turned around to look. I saw that my hand was on my throat and my head was leaning against the door of the taxi, and the smell of rust from the taxi's door filled my nose.

REVENGE

The Slaps

Roksar Baloch

Translation by Carina Jahani

We were in second grade. One day our teacher, Mr Monir, said: “I’m going to ask a question. If you know the answer, raise your hand. If you don’t know the answer, but raise your hand anyway, you’ll get a slap! The question is: “When we inhale, what gas goes into the blood?”

Four of the thirty children raised their hands: Morad Jan, Belar, Hammal, and me. Mr Monir called on Belar first. Belar said: “Carbon dioxide.”

I wanted to laugh but didn’t, out of fear of the teacher. He asked Hammal, and Hammal also answered: “Carbon dioxide.”

Then he turned to Morad Jan. Morad Jan stuttered and stammered: “O...ox...ox...xy...gen!”

Then it was my turn. I said: “Oxygen.”

“Roksar and Morad Jan,” said the teacher, “your answers were correct. Now, come and give Belar and Hammal a slap each!”

Morad Jan immediately went and slapped them, because Belar and Hammal were always bullying him for his stuttering.

I felt sorry for them. I said: “I’m not going to slap them.”

The teacher said: “If you don’t slap them, I’ll tell them to slap you.”

Then I stood up and also gave each of them a slap. The teacher said to Belar and Hammal: “Go and sit down, but remember – oxygen!”

As he returned to his seat, Belar whispered: “Whether or not I remember the oxygen, I’ll never forget the slaps.”

Awful Stench

Sabeda Barkat

Translation by Carina Jahani

That night, it felt as though the sky had fallen on me. Resentment burned in my heart towards my husband. I cried and blamed myself. Everything in the house stung me, like a scorpion. Even my dress stung because he had touched it. My heart was telling me I should set fire to the house with myself in it. But at that moment, the child that had been growing in my womb for the past five months kicked, and my thoughts wandered off in another direction. I began slapping my belly with both hands, because the child it contained was also his offspring. I was unleashing my anger on myself and on the child in my womb.

My heart was wearing out. My eyes were full of tears. I lay flat on the bed facing the wall, and began thinking about how my husband is not the only man like this. Our society is full of men like him. How do women spend their lives with them and have children with them? How can they stand them? Surely they cannot remain unaware of the truth for their entire lives! I wish I had died rather than marry this man. It would have been better never to have married at all.

I heard the creak of the door. He opened it slowly, came to the bed, and lay down behind me. I was at the edge of the bed, leaving most of the space for him.

My anger towards him was growing. Like an awful stench, he was everywhere in the house, making it hard for me even to breathe. My heart was telling me to get up, grab him by the throat, choke him, and slap him in the face until no one could bear to look at him.

It felt like the longest night ever. I didn't know what time it was. I couldn't wait for morning to come so I could get away from that awful stench. My head was about to explode with pain.

Just like that, he fell asleep and began snoring loudly. His snoring made my grudge against him stronger. I got out of bed and lay down on the floor. I felt as if there was a fire in the house, burning me to ash.

I suddenly remembered the gold earrings I was wearing. I sat up and started removing them. My heart was so broken that tears were pouring from my eyes. I took off the earrings and hurled them aside. My heart urged me to take them and pulverize them on a rock, but I was unforgiving and vengeful, like a mistreated camel. How would pulverizing the earrings end such a grudge?

The kicks were increasing. The baby was kicking me constantly now, as if it was saying, "Hold me. Stroke me. Please cool down. I'm upset." But in my heart, the baby's kicks only increased my anger for its father. I wondered where my motherly love had gone. The pain my husband had caused me was more powerful than my love.

I was squeezing my head with both hands. My eyes were burning. I couldn't sleep. I remained like that until the imam gave the daybreak call to prayer. I stood up, took my chador from the wardrobe, and put it on. It also seemed to smell of his vile body. I had bought this chador with his money. I threw it back in the wardrobe, searched for the wedding chador my sister had given me, and put it on instead.

If I could, I would have pulled off my own skin and thrown it away, since it had touched his body.

I took all the money out of the pocket of my dress and threw it into the centre of the room. Barefoot, I left the house and started down the path to my home village. I didn't even want to put on my sandals, because it was he who had bought them for me a few days before.

The village was far, but I had such stamina inside me that I wasn't tired at all. By mid-morning I had arrived.

The state I was in worried everyone. They offered me something to eat and drink, but I didn't feel like eating. So, I only drank two small sips of water.

I was doing all I could to hold back my tears. Once I had settled down, everyone in the house gathered around – my mother, father, sisters, brother, and sister-in-law. No one spoke, but their eyes were full of questions.

In a trembling voice, my mother asked what had happened: “Where is your husband?”

Unable to control myself I blurted out, “I left him! That despicable man!”

Instantly, my mother slapped me across the mouth. It was the first time in my life she had ever slapped me. Through tears, I told them the whole story.

They were speechless. No one said a word. Regretfully, my mother took me in her arms and hugged me. I was crying. She comforted and consoled me. My brother said, “Don’t worry. We’ll get you a divorce from him.”

My burden became a little lighter, but the fire in my heart still burned. I couldn’t stand the fact of my husband’s existence. Pictures were flashing before my eyes – of the young men in my village who had gone missing and who had been martyred, and of their mothers. Nothing could calm me down. I wanted to get up, go to the mosque loudspeaker, and announce to everyone that my awful stench of a husband was a spy.

I Also Deserve a Life

Rakhshanda Taj Baloch

Translation by Noroz Hayat

Mahpali lay face down in her room. She pressed her face against the mat, leaving marks on her cheeks. Surprised, she asked herself: "Is this all the reward I get for my whole life? Is this the result of my love? Was I a stranger to you for you to do this to me? You paralysed me. My love, my fidelity, my sacrifices, my staying awake at night – what's my reward for all this? Only a divorce? Was our relationship so weak that it had to end with you pronouncing the irrevocable divorce formula three times? How can I believe that you've left me? How can I come to terms with you cutting yourself off from me? How can I forget the years and months I spent with you? The sweet taste of the milk you gave me to drink on my wedding night was still fresh in my mouth when you made me take this bitter medicine. You never stopped praising the beauty of my face, but now you have put a huge brand on it and disgraced me in front of the community. How can I face you again? You know everything about me. O God! What should I do?"

She sighed in desperation and, having grown tired of lying face down, rolled over onto her back. Her face was red from all her crying and worrying. Her eyes fell upon the wooden beams in the ceiling, where a beetle emerged from one hole and crept into another. She thought to herself, "This beam is the beetle's home, but where is my home now? The beetle doesn't leave this beam even for a little while, but me, I have spent ten years, a lifetime, in this house. How can I leave it? I have to go, but who will take care of my little children? Oh, my anguish! My children have become fatherless. Oh, my anguish! I am shattered; I am lost. Will my children be dispersed? They have become orphans even though their father is still alive.

When she grew tired of lying down, she got up and sat in the corner, leaning against the wall. A basket stood there, containing the new dress she was

embroidering for the upcoming Eid festival. When her eyes fell upon it, she took the material and held it to her chest. “Who should I wear this new dress for?” she thought to herself. “My time is over. Yes, my life partner divorced me as a reward for my ten years of love and companionship. Didn’t you feel bad about it at all? Couldn’t my love restrain you? Couldn’t ten years of companionship hold you back? How could you bring yourself to tell me to go? How could you renounce your marriage to me and say that I am like a mother or a sister to you.”

Outside, Golam Bejjar too was lying face down, holding his head in his hands. He was astonished at what he had done. He thought he had never been so senseless as to do such a stupid thing before, but this time it had happened. Now it cannot be undone. “What can I do to become my old self?” he wondered. “Who can I turn to for some advice?” He considered different options in his mind. “Still, nobody knows that I have done such a thing.” Suddenly he realized that there was a way out. “If Mahpali accepts this option, my home will definitely be spared, my children won’t be left homeless.” Golam Bejjar felt that this new step that he was about to take was a huge punishment for him, a terrible blow to his honour, but it was something he had to do.

The story of Mahpali and Shahbaht was no big secret. Since childhood, they had loved each other beyond measure. They missed each other desperately if they didn’t see each other even for a short while. Besides, they were cousins. They were constantly together. When they went to study at the Mullah’s, when they built toy houses, when they played with dolls – Shahbaht and Mahpali were there with the other children.

Well, such was their childhood. Months and years passed. Mahpali became a teenager, and Shahbaht too. He grew into a tall and handsome young man with a well-formed nose and a dark complexion. He was so good-looking that even the stars coveted him. And Mahpali was a fair-skinned young girl with a well-shaped head and a beautiful face.

Childhood was now over and they were both in their youth. This was the time of fire and gunpowder. Before the gunpowder ignited, Mahpali’s mother told her about the demands of society, but it was too late. The seed of love had grown into a tree. And Mahpali did not know when her desire would echo in Shahbaht’s heart. The fire had been kindled on both sides, but the Balochi code of honour had sealed their lips. Their desires were not all that innocent, and disgrace lurked nearby, ready to catch them, and people would think a

hundred times before giving birth to a girl. In any case, they never disclosed to each other the thoughts they harboured for each other in their hearts.

Shahbaht was Mahpali's cousin. They visited each other's families, but Shahbaht and Mahpali never crossed the line. Shahbaht was certain that his uncle would take him as his son-in-law, but he was unaware that fate has snatched many a groom from the marriage ceremony and many a bride from the wedding-night tent.

They say that when fate is against you, a dog will bite you even if you are sitting on the back of a camel. Yes, the dog caught Shahbaht on the camel, and fate played its trick. Hearts were crushed. And nobody even raised an eyebrow. Nobody realized anything. Mahpali surrendered in front of her relatives. Shahbaht, too, calmed his heart. In his mind he wanted to put up a fight, but in practice he did not know how to play the honour game. He respected his uncle's and his cousin Mahpali's honour above all else. The traditions and customs of the time took their toll on them.

Times were changing little by little, and people were trying not to fall behind. So everyone claimed to be a chief, a mir, in their village. Whoever had a lot of cultivable land was a mir, and the number of mirs was increasing.

Mahpali's father, Mir Dadellah, was a somewhat sensible man, but Mahpali's two brothers, Mir Mehlab and Mir Pordel, strutted about like peacocks. Sometimes they fought with others over irrigation water, sometimes over a piece of land. Mir Dadellah was worried and tried to make his sons understand that they had to stop fighting, that fighting never ends well. But the sons would reply: "What do you think? Should we be cowards and hide at home? Should we take up embroidery and sit in a corner like women? No, that would violate our honour. If someone does something to us, we'll give them a taste of their own medicine. We won't even spare their babies. Then they'll know who they're messing with. If they think they're brave, they should face real men."

Dadellah fell silent. He knew his sons were young and foolish, that they were hot-tempered. He thought that, as time passed, they would learn, but fate was standing at a distance, laughing.

The very next day Mehlab started an argument with Mir Bahot's youngest son, Mir Lallah, about irrigation water. The quarrel got out of hand. Lallah had his slave Shaban with him, but Mehlab was alone. What's more, he was unarmed.

Lallah and Shaban gave Mehlab a proper thrashing and worked him over good. Blood poured from him as he made his way back to his field, to Pordel. He said to his brother, “Hey, Lallah and his slave beat me up.” Pordel could see that Mehlab was covered in blood and found out that, of all things, his brother had been beaten by a slave. What’s become of our honour? Pordel took his shotgun and set out for Mir Bahot’s field together with Mehlab. When they arrived, Lallah was nowhere to be seen. So they went to the irrigation channel. Lallah and Shaban were coming from the direction of the well. Close to the village graveyard, without asking any questions, Pordel fired his shotgun. Lallah was hit. His chest was torn open, and his intestines came out. Shaban ran away. Pordel chased him, but he couldn’t catch him. Mehlab and Pordel then left for the mountains to hide out.

The news that Mir Dadellah’s sons had killed Mir Bahot’s son spread like wildfire, turning the village upside down. Mir Bahot collapsed, but his brothers, relatives and friends swore an oath to take revenge before the first three days of mourning had passed. “If Mehlab and Pordel can’t be found, we’ll take revenge on whoever we can lay our hands on.”

Dadellah was terrified. He didn’t know what to do, and he couldn’t hide at home day and night either. He took his brother Shadollah with him and went to see a spiritual authority, a shay. He requested the help of the shays. For two days and two nights, he begged Shay Kambar Jan to mediate. In the end Shay Kambar Jan sent someone to Mir Bahot with the message that Shay wants to visit him at his home together with some others, but Mir Bahot refused the request. So Shay Kambar Jan sent a final messenger to announce that Shay and his people were coming over to Mir Bahot’s place for dinner that evening. Mir Bahot understood perfectly well what message Shay wanted to convey, but he could not refuse. Goats were slaughtered and preparations were made at Mir Bahot’s house, and then Shay arrived with five land cruisers full of people. Mehlab and Pordel also came along. When Mir Bahot’s people saw them, they could hardly restrain themselves, but they had no choice, because of Shay Kambar Jan.

They all sat down in the guest room. The two adversaries sat face to face. “Dear Mir Bahot,” Shay Kambar Jan said, “we have come with an important appeal. Mir, we are hurting over the death of your son, but Mehlab and Pordel are young and reckless. They made a mistake. We who are older must forgive these children for their mistake. God will reward you. Your son is a martyr, for sure. He will not come back. But God has given you other sons; someone

will be there to bury you. If you want land, if you want a girl for one of your sons, if you want money, just let us know. Mir Dadellah will compensate you. But Mir Bahot, you should know, we will not leave empty-handed."

Mir Bahot replied, "Sir, of course I will do whatever you say, but am I raising children and making them good people just so that Dadellah and his sons can kill and dump them? No, sir! An eye for an eye. He has cut down a young tree of mine that hadn't yet borne any fruit. I will cut down the same kind of tree of Dadellah's as well.

"If you won't forgive them, what will you do?" Shay asked.

"I will take revenge for my son," replied Mir Bahot. "A man will take his revenge, even if he has to wait for ages."

"Look, dear Bahot, people make mistakes, but forgive them for my sake. If you take revenge, then they will take revenge again. Both of you are powerful enough to do it. This way your whole lineage will come to an end. Do me this favour, please."

The discussion went on until midnight. At last, Mir Bahot announced his decision: "Dadellah should give us one of his daughters to marry one of my sons. That is my final word. If Dadellah can agree to this, then he should accept my offer; if not, then I'll go for revenge." Mir Dadellah's face turned ashen. "Well Mir, what now?" Shay Kambar Jan asked Mir Dadellah. "Our friend Bahot has announced his decision. What do you say?"

Mir Dadellah could not get a word out, but Pordel spoke up: "No, we won't do this. If Mir Bahot wants a feud, then he'll have one. We're no cowards."

Dadellah began scolding Pordel. "Shut up! You got us into this mess, and I'm not prepared to let my clan be killed. Keep your bragging to yourself."

Mir Dadellah took counsel with his people and accepted the offer.

Mir Dadellah went home with his two children. Startled to see her two sons there, Dadellah's wife asked: "What happened?"

Dadellah answered, "It went well," and went into his room.

His wife followed him and asked, "So it went well, but how?"

"They wanted a girl in marriage and we couldn't refuse," Dadellah said.

His wife erupted in fury. "You think our daughter should go live with our enemy?" she asked.

"Well, your two bright sparks made this terrible mistake, so someone obviously has to pay the price," Dadellah roared back.

"But I won't give them my daughter," she pleaded.

"Well, then give them your sons," Dadellah replied. "Let them cut off their heads and dump their bodies in the sewer. It won't take long. Hayri, my dear wife, it was your sons who started all this."

Hayri wept and sobbed, but she also knew that there was no other way out.

So what happened? Do you know who was sacrificed? It was Mahpali… Yes, Mahpali. This chain was tied to Mahpali's neck. No one even bothered to ask her if she agreed. She was sacrificed for the sake of her brothers.

There were no singing friends, no wedding guests, no ceremonies – nothing. They took her from the kitchen and washed her hair with fine clay and jujube leaves. They plaited it using sweet-scented ispaghula and nutmeg, and applied henna to her hands. Her mother sat by her side while her hair was being plaited. Mahpali looked at her mother like an abandoned child. Her mother couldn't bear to look at her and turned her face away. Again, Hayri looked at Mahpali and saw that she still had her eyes fixed on her mother. Hayri came closer to Mahpali and said, "Maho, my child, it is your wedding day."

Having said this, she got up and walked away. "Wedding?" Mahpali was astonished. "Is this what a wedding looks like? But with whom is this my wedding?" One of the women in the crowd said, "It's good that they came to an agreement and became relatives. Otherwise, who knows what might have happened?"

Another woman replied, "What would have happened? There would have been revenge. A life for a life, an eye for an eye."

It wasn't until now that Mahpali realized she had been given in marriage as compensation for the murder. "I'm going to live with my enemies, but how am I at fault?" The image of Shahbaht swept over her heart again and again, but she controlled herself.

They adorned her until the afternoon, making her ready for the wedding. At sunset the groom and his people arrived. Three men entered the room where the bride was waiting. Mahpali sat there with her head down and her eyes closed. One of the men asked, “Who is the guardian of your marriage? Who is the guardian of your marriage? Who is the guardian of your marriage?”

The woman sitting next to the bride replied, “The guardian of the marriage is Mr Shay Kambar Jan.”

Then the man asked his companions, “Sirs, did you hear that?”

“Yes, we heard it.”

Another one said, “Yes, we heard it.”

So now Mahpali was getting married. She raised her head and noticed something. “This voice? This voice? How could I forget this voice? It’s Shahbaht, but has he come to see me?” She peeked out from behind her veil. Someone was putting on his flip flops by the door. Oh fate! It was Shahbaht, yes, it was Shaho.

Mahpali was lost in thought when gunshots were fired to celebrate the wedding. A moment later, someone came and sat down to her left. Congratulations were given all around. The heads of the bride and groom were brought together symbolically. Mahpali still didn’t know who her husband was. All the women left the room. She guessed that it was Golam Bejjar.

Mahpali didn’t see Shahbaht again after this. She longed to see him very much, but she controlled herself. She knew that she was now an instrument of mediation between the two clans.

On the day after the wedding – the day of congratulations – the groom’s family took Mahpali with them. As she left, her father stroked her hair to bless her and tried to draw her head to his chest, but she backed away. She didn’t look at anyone. She just got in the car.

Months and years passed. Mahpali became the mother of five children, yet she never once returned to her parents’ home. Her parents and brothers came to visit her, but she didn’t make peace with her family.

She met with various kinds of problems, but she had promised herself never to complain. She had grown tired of all the constant admonitions and taunts. However, her husband, Golam Bejjar, was kind to her.

Even he got tired of all the yelling and shouting. One day, he took his wife and children and moved to a separate house. Mahpali was also relieved. She thought that all her troubles were over. But fate hadn't finished testing her yet. According to those who know, fate is written in the lines of the palm. Now, if Mahpali had known that her fate was written in the lines of her palms, she would have chopped off both her hands. But nobody knows what the future holds, as people say. Once again, fate played a trick on Mahpali. As the proverb says: "Alone she mourns, whom fate scorns."

Golam Bejjar was losing a lot of money in his agricultural business. He was in debt as well and was very worried. One night he had had a bit too much to drink. He stumbled home at midnight. Mahpali served him dinner, and he ate. She sat in front of him. He looked at her, then suddenly he threw the full water jug in her face. Mahpali jumped up.

Golam Bejjar also stood up. Without a word, he grabbed Mahpali's two braids and dragged her around the room, beating her. Mahpali just kept asking: "What have I done wrong? I haven't done anything!" Golam Bejjar emptied his anger and frustration on her. He told her not to scream. "I'll divorce you," he said. "If I kill you, nobody will give a damn. You'll just be a carcass and the ravens will tear your flesh apart."

Golam Bejjar kept cursing her, but Mahpali didn't say a word. Her silence only made him more furious. He wanted her to shout back, but she remained silent. Golam Bejjar screamed, "I don't want you! I don't need…"

He was so drunk he couldn't speak properly. He was drooling from so much shouting and snorted like a rutting bull. "Get lost, I won't have you! Go wherever you want," he said.

He took Mahpali by the hand and kicked her right out of the house. "I'm telling you, get out of my house! Don't you understand Balochi?"

"Bejjar, don't do this, my children will suffer. You're not thinking straight now," Mahpali said, crying.

Golam Bejjar slapped her and said, “What? So you think I’m crazy? You mean Bejjar is crazy and you will take another husband? So you’ve found someone else for yourself? Is that what you’re up to? While I’m at work you’re seeing someone else, is that right?”

Mahpali was shattered. “No, Bejjar, no! Beat me if you must, but don’t accuse me of that.”

Golam Bejjar seemed to have completely lost his mind. “I divorce you,” he shouted, “you are not my wife! Go! I divorce you, divorce you, divorce you! Go! You are not my wife! Go! You are not my wife!”

He stumbled, fell and lost consciousness. Mahpali froze where she stood. She could not believe what she had heard. She knew that fate had betrayed her again and again. But like this? This was huge.

Mahpali spent the rest of the night in silence. When the sun rose, it brought the news of her devastation. The new day announced her destruction. She lay face down on the floor. When Golam Bejjar came to his senses, he recalled what had happened the night before. He began hitting his head, asking himself what on earth he’d done. He had indeed done it. And what is done is done.

“There is a way out, though” he thought. “If Mahpali is willing, that is. If she agrees, my family will be saved from breaking up, and my children will not be dispersed.” He entered the room, ashamed. Mahpali was sitting in the corner now, exhausted from crying and vomiting. Her face was very red.

Golam Bejjar sat some distance away with his head lowered. He didn’t know how best to express himself – how to kill the snake without breaking the rod. “Look,” he said, “people make mistakes; nobody’s perfect. I made a mistake too. I’m aware of my fault. I did something terrible – but I was drunk.”

Mahpali didn’t say a word, but she thought to herself, “Was my father drunk too? And my brothers, were they drunk? And my uncle and cousins, were they drunk as well? Was my whole clan drunk when they tied me up in your stable, like a goat or a cow?” So many questions were rising up in her heart, but she stayed silent, because she knew that things had gone too far. What had happened could not be undone. She was thinking about her next step, what her next move should be. What should she do?

Her brain wasn't working. Golam Bejjar came a bit closer, put his hand on her shoulder and said, "Look, nobody knows anything yet about what has happened in our home. And nobody ever needs to know. If you're OK with it, we'll find you a temporary husband and do a *halalah.* Then we can remarry."

Mahpali shoved Golam Bejjar's hand away with full force and he jumped up.

What on earth was he saying? Mahpali wasn't even listening to him. Her head was pounding and her ears were ringing. Now she had stood up too and was glaring at Golam Bejjar.

For the first time in his life he was afraid of Mahpali. "Enough is enough, Mir Golam Bejjar! It's enough now." She enunciated her words clearly, one after another. "You have done your part. Now it is my turn. Golam Bejjar! This time you are not going to win. You're looking for an orange in an apple orchard, Bejjar! You're talking rubbish. You can't get out of this now. Your bow is broken and your dagger is blunt."

Mahpali continued, shouting: "Why? Why me? Why should I be punished for mistakes I never made? Why me? How many men am I supposed to allow to sleep with me? How many more times will I have to be divorced, Golam Bejjar? How many times will I have to agree to a *halalah*? You committed the wrongdoing, so why should I be punished?"

"But our children will be orphans, Mahpali," Golam Bejjar beseeched her.

"Even motherless children grow up," she replied.

"But Mahpali! It's children who lose their mothers that are orphans, not those who lose their fathers."

"Orphans don't die from becoming orphans," she answered. But her heart was aching for her children.

"I was drunk," Golam Bejjar repeated. "Mahpali!"

She said to herself, "How drunk are you if you can still tell the difference between your mother's bed and your wife's? People only divorce their wives." She was speaking in a calmer tone now, but a storm was raging inside her. Then she said, "Mir! You cut your tie with me. I don't want anything else from you. If you give me the children, I'll take them with me. If not, I'll go alone."

Golam Bejjar knew that the situation was beyond his control. Now Mahpali was acting like a true mir. “Take the children with you,” he said.

“Fine,” Mahpali replied.

She took only her clothes and the children. She only glanced back at the house once. Her heart trembled, but she showed no signs of weakness. She walked out of the house, stood outside for a while recalling her past, and then walked off towards her parents’ village.

Again Mahpali returned to the village where she had once been sacrificed. However, now she was not coming back to be a victim; she was coming to be saved from being a sacrificial lamb. “People will have so many questions in their hearts,” she thought. “My community will ask me many things. Maybe my children will ask me questions too, but I am not obliged to answer anyone’s questions. I am my own master now – I alone, Mahpali. Not Dadellah or Shadollah, not Pordel or Mehlab. Others have controlled my life, but now I am in charge. Now my true life begins.”

She walked without turning back even a single time. The farther she went, the closer she got to herself. She sat under a tree to rest for a while. Leaning against it, she closed her eyes. As the sun set, sparrows and doves flew to their nests, and the leaves of the ghaff trees were closing. A peaceful silence filled the universe. Mahpali also felt peaceful and calm, because today she had entered her own world, her new life – only Mahpali and her own life. Her eyelids narrowed, heavy with sleep. Sleep stood politely waiting for her. A cool breeze blew. The trees shook their locks of hair charmingly. The breeze blew elegantly. Mahpali’s eyes were half closed, and she was gradually coming to understand the pleasure of peace and calm. Then her eyes closed.

NOSTALGIA

Pushing Through Life

Gohar Malik

Translation by Sadaf Iqbal Baloch

The child placed a small photo album in her hands and said, “Aunty, these are the photos from Lal’s wedding.”

“Are there any pictures of me?” she asked.

“Yes, Auntie,” the child replied. “There are beautiful pictures of you, especially the picture of you alone.” Then the child left.

Softly and pleasantly, she began reciting her favourite poem while looking at the pictures.

I am that fig tree with broad leaves,
Grown high between the mountain peaks.
No storm could bend my head,
Nor monsoon rains drench my trunk.

Suddenly, a sharp pain shot through her fingers. She put away the album and started rubbing them. She stood up, took a glass, and filled it with water from the cooler. Then she unzipped her pouch, took out two Disprin tablets, and dropped them in the glass. Only yesterday, she had been at the hospital to get treatment for her hands, and the doctor had advised her to dissolve two tablets in water and drink it whenever the pain starts. There is no other treatment for this pain. With old age, many people’s joints and nerves weaken and begin to ache.”

She drank the water in one gulp and began rubbing her fingers again. “Have I grown old so quickly that my joints and nerves have failed me?” she thought to herself. “That’s the story the doctor makes up. But I believe it’s the evil

eye, because everyone used to say, 'Nazork doesn't have ten fingers, she has ten lamps.'"

She looked at her hands. Her long, slender fingers, once delicate as a newborn's, were now swollen at the joints and aching badly. The veins were blue and elevated like rivers on a map. It was as if they had popped out and were floating on top of the skin.

There was no kind of work that these hands had not done. *Mosom, Dartu, Tanab, Bakkali, Pariwar, Jalar, Kappok, Nal, Tametakay Nal, Chandanay Haray Mosom* – there was not a single Balochi embroidery design she had not mastered. And the carpets she wove were so intricate that people marvelled at them. She had even embroidered the drapes for the bedding storage shelf. People often wondered how such delicate hands could create designs on those rough, carpet-like sheets.

Many girls in the village could weave, but none like her. With light shoulders and effortless movements, she would swing the switch so that the wool rose like patches of white clouds. From it, she spun such fine thread that it seemed more like silk than wool. The blankets she made were so heavy that nobody could carry them. Each month, she tanned one or two goat or sheep skins for storing water and other liquids.

When winter arrived, she would begin preparing for the summer ahead by tanning animal skins in which to churn milk when spring returned. Big metal pots were heated to make clarified butter. Her mother would sometimes get angry and say, "Hey there, don't you take care of yourself at all? Look at your face, covered with dark patches from the steam of all this cooking. Look at the other girls. They spend their whole days washing and caring for their skin. It's only you who doesn't care about your body or your beauty."

Her friends would tease her: "Oh my God, you're really crazy! God bestows His gifts upon those who don't value them. If we had worked this much, our bodies would have fallen apart, but you're as fresh as newly drawn milk."

She would laugh and reply, “I’m only fulfilling the predictions in the lullabies my mother used to sing to me:

Naz Jan will be asked by her friends
To teach them embroidery so they master it,
To gain knowledge and embrace religious teachings,
To craft carpets and rugs,
To weave straw mats,
And to play boardgames.

“It wasn’t only your mother who sang for her daughter,” the girls would say. “Our mothers sang similar praises for us too.”

“Then who is holding you back?” Nazork would answer. She worked and worked, not only for herself and her own family, but also for all her friends and neighbours.

As wise people have rightly said, to secure her livelihood, a woman needs fortune more than intelligence and beauty. There is a proverb that goes: “The pig may have a snout and head, but fortune fills its trough with bread.” This proverb suited her well. Since childhood, she had been betrothed to her cousin Bangol, and Bangol’s sister had been betrothed to her brother – an exchange marriage. Her uncle had one son and one daughter. But Nazork was the only sister among three brothers. One of her brothers married Bangol’s sister. At the time, Bangol was studying in Karachi and had told his family not to trouble him about marriage until he had completed his education. Nazork’s brother already had two children, and after much begging, Bangol’s parents and sister finally secured his consent to marry. Before taking her leave on the wedding night, Bangol’s aunt, his father’s sister, placed the groom’s hands into the bride’s, offered them blessings for the beginning of their new life, and wished them happiness, harmony, and prosperity.

Bangol stood up and locked the door. He took the white scarf from beneath the bridal shawl, spread it out, and performed a ritual prayer upon it. Then he came and sat down beside her and said, “Listen, Nazork,” he said. “I’m no liar, and I’ve never liked liars. Ever since childhood, I never imagined you as my wife, and now times have progressed. Now it’s the age of knowledge and studies, a time when competence and capability define a person’s worth. I have studied and obtained higher education. I will be a high-ranking official in the near future. You, too, have studied, but nowadays no one who has studied the Qur’an and some Persian literature like *Panj Kitab*, *Gulistan* and

Bustan, which are part of your studies, is regarded as educated. In my world, weaving carpets and mastering embroidery are not seen as qualifications. Nobody even cares about beauty. Marrying within the family for generations makes the children retarded; they will be stupid idiots. I don't want my children to be mentally and physically disabled like Dorr Mahmad's are. That is why I have already married a classmate of mine in Karachi, who is a Muhajir from India. My parents don't know yet, but I'll tell them soon. Until then, I hope you will not speak of this to them. And do not place your hopes in me. You are not the partner I need; it is my parents who need you. I accepted this marriage for their sake, and also as an exchange marriage for my sister, whom I love deeply, so that her marriage will remain secure."

A bitter taste spread through her mouth and up to the back of her palate, as if she had been drinking gall. She bit her red, dry lips as her eyes welled with tears.

Soon the parents, the families and relatives all learned about Bangol's earlier marriage. But what could they do? After all, he had married a woman, not committed a sin. If only Bangol were involved, Nazork would have ended the story quickly, but her father and brothers would be unable to bear the shame that a separation would bring upon the family. Nor was she satisfied in her own heart with this solution. She would have felt that a girl is not a red tablecloth to be spread out before a different man every day. For me, Bangol's name and my uncle's love and care are enough. Fate is written in heaven, and I accept my fate.

Days and months turned into years. Only those who live with constant pain know its true weight. Four years had passed since her kind uncle had passed away. Nazork's mother-in-law had moved in with her son, Bangol. He and his wife were both senior officials. Their work took them from city to city, so the house and their children needed a caretaker. It was hard to find honest servants these days. Earlier, Bangol's mother had lived in the village for her husband's sake, but now her son would not leave her there. So for the sake of Bangol's needs – well, as the proverb goes, old people are good at two things: cooking and taking care of the home. Thank God, they never asked her to cook, but she was happy to look after her son's house.

Nazork was now the sole caretaker of her uncle's village home. No one could force her to leave. She lived partly on the support of her father and brothers, and partly on the earnings of her own hands. Pieces of embroidery that people had made for only fifteen rupees twenty years earlier now earned three to four thousand.

Again, she looked at her fingers. It seemed to her that the colour of the turquoise gemstone on her ring finger was fading. “How come?” She shook her head, as if trying to drive away a memory, then shifted her attention back to the photographs. Her gaze fell upon the picture of herself alone, and she was drawn into deep thought.

She stood up, took the keys that hung on the wall, and opened her large clothes chest. One by one, she pulled out her dresses, counting them “one, two, three, four, five, six…” She had some twenty dresses. “When will I ever wear these?” What should I do with them all? What use are they to me now?” She tossed them all onto the bed and pulled out an old photo album from the bottom of the chest. Again, she began counting on her fingers. “Thirty. Oh dear, is this album thirty years old? How quickly the days and years pass.”

The small photographs, taken by old cameras, were hard to make out. She could only guess who the people were. She wished modern cameras had existed back then. Yet among the pictures was one of her together with a friend. They had taken it secretly at a photographer’s on Jinnah Road. She took the photo out of the album and placed it beside her recent one. “Which one of these two is me? The one like a fresh apple from Kalat, or the one whose face looks like a squeezed mango?” Everything in them is different: the eyes, the mouth, the nose, the teeth. Even I can’t recognize myself.” She burst into laughter at the absurdity of the contrast and laughed until tears welled up.

In the middle of all this, the pictures slipped from her hand. She stopped laughing and began rubbing her fingers again.

Soft Hands at the End of Life

Mehlab Nasir

Translation by Waleed Lal

As the vehicle approached my hometown, I longed for every alley, street, house, place, farm, mosque, and person. It had been five years since I last saw Kech, and I still didn't want to come, but now I was forced to by my mother. She had cried and insisted and asked me repeatedly. But the real reason I came was to see the carcass of my town, the town where I had spent my childhood. My mother always told me that the flood had destroyed everything; nothing remained, no houses, farms, or gardens. No matter what I had heard, I couldn't picture everything being gone, because that's where I had spent my childhood. To me, those walls, huts, sheds, and homes just had to still be the same. "Those neem trees that were on the grounds of the house, the palm trees along the canals, the cement water tank, the cement pillars of the gates – whatever the flood couldn't destroy – you can see them and remember there was a town here," Akmal had told me.

I was trying to picture all this in my mind, riding on a bumpy road with my cousin. I missed my childhood games, school, strolling in farmlands, bathing in Sari Pull, Karim Baksh's shop, the river behind the school, Ali Baba's popsicles – everything. Now, my mother, my sister Goli, my father, and more than anything, my uncle and Bibi came to mind.

Uncle was my father's relative, and Bibi was my mother's aunt. They were childless and had two rooms, a hut, and a shed inside our complex.

I loved Bibi only at dusk. While Uncle held the rope of the calf and the donkey, bringing them in, cursing and berating them, Bibi had already placed the sickle against the pillar. If Bibi was a little late, dinner would be dreadful. The minute Bibi made the tea, Goli and I ran to take our portions. Our portions were always there.

Other times, Bibi wore both us siblings out with her chores. I knew how to avoid the chores, but Goli always did the work, ceaselessly going here and there.

Bibi had the bad habit of never giving all the instructions at once. “Take this bowl and fill it with water from that tank, dear.” When that was done, and before you had even reached the hut, she would take the bowl. “Wash the kettle.” That was done quickly. “Go and get an onion; it’s on the shed.” After you got the onion, “Clean this mat for rolling out the dough, dear. The dough is very old now.” It was as if Bibi had decided not to let Goli rest. Later, Goli would be too tired to enjoy the tea, but Bibi’s work was endless.

If we sometimes couldn’t go, Uncle missed us. He called us from his hut: “Blackie! O, Talo! Come quickly. Your Bibi is finishing all the tea.” Then he laughed. I hated these names Uncle called us by.

“Am I so black, that you call me Blackie? If my friends hear it, what will be left of me, Uncle? And what is this Talo? I’m studying in the 10th class now; I’m not a kid.”

Uncle always taunted everyone, from my teacher to my classmates, and then laughed.

I never liked shaking hands with Uncle, either. It felt like he had been making dough, and there was still flour on his hands that he never washed off. It was as if his hands had been cut and sewn back up. I felt uncomfortable shaking hands with him, but whenever he put his hand out, I had to shake it. I was also upset with Bibi because I wondered why she didn’t give him some Vaseline to put on his hands and make them softer.

When I sat with Uncle for tea, he would talk nonstop like a radio. He shared stories about his farm, his land, weirs, vegetables, palms, dwarf palms, wheat, fava beans, watermelons, trailing plants, cantaloupes, seepweed, saltbush, saltwort, everything. If as much as a single extra sweet clover grew in Uncle’s alfalfa, he would talk about it too. These farmlands, palms, lemons, and tropical almonds meant the world to him. They were like his children and grandchildren.

Sometimes I’d ask him, “Uncle! Why is your back not straight?”

He’d reply: “My children and grandchildren are on my shoulders, my son!”

I thought maybe Uncle had another wife and set of children, but later I understood he was calling those mangoes and bananas his children. Bibi also sometimes teased him when he came back empty-handed from the fields. “Didn’t my rival wife send anything today?”

“You rascal! Your rival wife would send a piece of poison, and I would become a widower,” Uncle said, laughing. He loved his goats and cows as fiercely as he sometimes was angry with them.

“Look at this mischievous grin! You’re grinning at me? Okay, now you won’t see me at the pen,” he thought, seeing the cow grin at him as humans do.

A goat wandered in front of the vehicle, and Salam braked. I was pulled out of my thoughts. When I lifted my eyes, I saw a new place before me – a new complex with enormous grounds. It was as new to me as the world is to a blind person seeing it for the first time. Every sight was new.

“Is this the new Godi?” I asked in shock.

“Yes, it is,” Salam said, stretching and looking around.

“Where’s our home among all this?” I wondered.

The complex was very long and very wide. On one side, there were two rooms and a shed. On the west side, I saw a hut with a shed.

It was dusk. I wore my bag like a basket and walked towards the house. As I got closer, I saw a short man lying in a corner of the shed, covering his face with a soft Iranian chador and snoring softly. I knew it was Uncle. He woke up from the sound of our footsteps and removed the chador from his face. “Uncle,” I said softly, not wanting to wake him in case he was still asleep. If he was awake, he would reply.

Uncle grunted and his big toe twitched. He moved his hand, needing help to get up. Seeing his hand, I felt the same discomfort as always, but I was helpless, so I held his hand. I was shocked. It felt like I had grabbed a wad of cotton. I couldn’t believe how soft Uncle’s hands had become.

His farmlands had been destroyed by the flood, and it had been a long time since he had put his hands to work. I quickly let go. Those soft hands felt very unfamiliar to me.

I Can't Fall Asleep Unless You Tell Me a Story

Zahida Raees Raji

Translation by Fazal Baloch

Exhausted from the day's work, I drifted off to sleep the moment I lay down on the bed – without telling little Didag his bedtime story. He had grown so used to hearing a tale each night that, when I didn't speak, he gently tried to shake me awake. But I didn't stir. He pleaded softly: "Sister! Dear sister! Please wake up. I'm afraid of being awake. I can't fall asleep unless you tell me a story. Sister! Please, wake up!"

When he broke into frightened sobs, my heart jolted me out of deep sleep. I sat up and began rubbing my eyes. Seeing me awake, he stopped crying, visibly relieved.

I yawned again and wiped the sleep from my eyes, wondering what kind of story I could tell that he might like and that might gently carry him into sleep. Then, suddenly, I remembered the dream I had the night before. I laid Didag's head on my pillow, stroked his hair, and began:

"…And then the elder sister arrived and stood at the doorway. Suddenly, their uncle Dosten – who had been missing for a long time – appeared and stood beside them. He turned to the elder sister and said, 'Come, my beloved daughter. Come with me. I will take you to a place so beautiful, so full of joy that your heart will overflow with happiness. Once you're there, you'll never want to return.'

"The elder sister glanced affectionately at her younger sister but said nothing. Her eyes, however, held a quiet firmness – it was clear to her uncle that she would not yield easily. After a pause, the uncle urged her again. Sensing his insistence, she turned to him and replied: 'Uncle, I am still too young to go there. I can't come with you – not so soon. My loved ones wouldn't be able to

bear my absence. My little sister, she can't live without me. Please, return to where you came from, Uncle. I can't go with you.'

"Disheartened by her refusal, the uncle lowered his head. After a moment's thought, he turned his attention away from the elder sister and toward the younger, and spoke to her in a voice full of warmth: 'Little one… my sweet daughter… You'll come with me, won't you? Don't leave me behind, my precious doll…'

"The younger sister listened quietly to her uncle's words. Her bright eyes wandered to her elder sister.

"The younger sister was very eager to go, but her elder sister gently placed a hand on her shoulder, as if asking her not to leave, not to be tricked by what her uncle said. One moment she looked at her uncle; the next she turned her gaze toward her sister. Then, suddenly, she said, 'Sister, dear sister, Uncle is all alone. I can't bear to see him go by himself. You have so many people around you, but he has no one. Let me go with him. His place is beautiful. When I get there, I'll find you a good place too.'

"The elder sister pulled her into a tight embrace, trying to make her change her mind. But the younger sister was determined to go. Afraid, her elder sister kissed her forehead. The younger sister smiled softly, let go of her sister's hand, and walked away with her uncle to a faraway land.

"The moment she stepped outside the door, the earth shook violently. A powerful earthquake struck. Their house crumbled to the ground in an instant. The elder sister's world was reduced to rubble. She wanted to search for her younger sister, to cry out her name – but there was no one there to hear her voice."

When I finished the story, my eyes turned to Didag. He had already drifted off to sleep, a peaceful smile on his lips. Gently, I moved his head from my pillow to his own, kissed his glowing forehead, and lay down beside him.

At that time, I didn't know why, but the story brought tears to my eyes. And now, almost a month later, just as I was about to fall asleep, I felt as if Didag's voice was shaking me awake. Still half asleep, I sat up and looked over at the spot where he used to sleep. A sharp wave of pain tore through my heart. My eyes were filled with tears. My ears longed – ached – to hear that little voice once more: "Sister, dear sister, please wake up. I can't fall asleep unless you tell me a story."

Friends

Alia Shah

Translation by Noroz Hayat

Kalkashan was spending time with her students on the beach, but she had left her companions and was walking around alone. Her eyes fell upon three little girls at the water's edge, who were collecting seashells and putting them in the pockets of their dresses. They were playing and walking, and they kept stopping near the boats to get fish from the fishermen. Seeing the children, Kalkashan dove deep into the sea of her thoughts...

Hanol and Hattali were laughing at Mahdarwar, whose name means "moon-like", and Kalkashan was saying: "As soon as you come to the seashore, you collect shells like this. What are you going to do with them, stupid?"

Before Mahdarwar could answer, Hanol said, "She'll string them and wear them, right?"

Hahaha! All three of them started laughing. Offended, Mahdarwar pulled the shells out of her pocket and threw them away. She continued walking in silence. Hattali followed behind. She started clapping and singing:

La, la, la,
Today the moon was caught by fog,
The darkness caught us on the beach.

Hahaha! Hanol and Kalkashan started running, then stopped in front of Mahdarwar. Grabbing her hand, they said, "Why are you taking offence like this, girl? We were only joking. Be happy, you beauty! We've picked up a lot of seashells too."

It was sunset. The sun's yellow glow spread across the sea, which took on a special splendour. The sea breeze made the beach even more pleasant. The wind buffeted the girls so much that their headscarves and hair flew in the wind. Kalkashan played with her friends on the beach, like a seabird with wide wings, free from all the world's sorrows.

"I won't be your friend," Mahdarwar said, though affectionately. "Leave me alone. You're always tricking me."

But they didn't leave. They went on together. Mahdarwar told Hattali, "Don't sing about me. There's a song for your name, too, you know:

Hattali Lal comes with the girls,
Adorned with a necklace, chain and daisies.

Mahdarwar sang this and laughed and was happy again.

Hahaha! Hattali also laughed and said, "But I like it. I don't feel hurt."

Hearing this, Mahdarwar pushed Hattali into the ocean. Kalkashan and Hanol grabbed Mahdarwar's hand and they all jumped in. They started splashing each other, laughing.

Suddenly drops of water hit Kalkashan's face, startling her out of her thoughts. She heard the voice of one of her companions: "You're sitting here all alone on this stone. We've been taking pictures over there for a while and having a great time. It's time to leave, and you're sitting here like a statue. What are you thinking about?"

"Nothing," Kalkashan answered with a tired voice and broken words, "just remembering my friends. Friends were once a big part of my life too."

HOPE

In Search of a Treasure

Shari Mollazaei

Translation by Carina Jahani

As she sipped her coffee, she felt like joining in with the song on YouTube and singing along in a loud voice:

Come and hear about the oath of Shay Morid…

In April, after a long wait, the sun had peeped out from behind the clouds, and the cold wind had stopped blowing. It was perfect weather for a walk outside, an outdoor barbecue, and a hookah by the river. Even for someone who didn't like exercising, a bicycle tour sounded like a good idea.

She sighed from the depths of her heart and took another sip of coffee. Then she looked at the pile of papers on the table. All of them were about Balochi orthography – how the language should be written and read. She knew many languages well and a few others to some degree. She had learned Persian at school and English before leaving her country. Since moving abroad, she had also learned Turkish and now she was learning German, too. But learning Balochi was very hard for her.

Although she had grown up in Balochistan and had lived and studied there, it was a society where her mother tongue was being trampled. This is what had made her into someone whose Baloch clothing was all that remained of her Baloch identity. Whenever people spoke Balochi she felt like a deaf and mute person. As a child, she had not had any opportunity to learn the language, and now that she was an adult, she was ashamed to speak it with other Baloch.

Exile has a special effect on every individual, and for her it was that she had realised that however many languages she knew, if she didn't know her mother tongue, she would be like a mute person.

A new song started, interrupting her thoughts.

She placed the glass coffee cup back on the table and fixed her eyes on the papers. To her, a mother tongue now meant much more than just letters, words, grammar and writing rules. It was a living entity that needed nourishment, care and tending. Just like other living creatures, it must have food to survive. Otherwise, only the bones will remain, buried in the ground like dinosaurs.

She took the cup from the table, ignoring the many papers in front of her, and began remembering old times. She thought of her parents and the great sacrifices they had made to save up a large sum of money, little by little, so that she could continue her studies. Of course, society had influenced her parents to speak Persian with her so that she would not be teased for having an accent, and so that their beloved daughter would be able to speak Persian well and succeed in life. But this was actually the first step towards her becoming mute.

You're unaware of my situation, dear lady…

The song changed again, and her thoughts wandered off in another direction. It felt as if the songs were reflecting her feelings. Her heart was filled with an intense longing for her motherland, for the hot winds of Chabahar, for Ballok Bazaar, for the vast Darya Bozorg beach, for the blazing sun.

She thought about what her friends had said – that those who left the country for Europe are now far away from all sorrows and troubles. But no one understood what was going on inside her: how heartbroken she was about her people and their hard life, and how much the eradication of her culture and mother tongue through the authorities' neglect troubled her.

As she thought about the Balochi language, her attention was drawn back to the papers on the table. Here, in exile, she blamed herself for not knowing Balochi. This feeling of guilt prevented her from leading a comfortable life in Europe.

When she went into exile, she had left everything behind: her relatives, her friends, her past and her future. By not learning Balochi, she was also taking part in the annihilation of her language. These things were her heartaches. They cast a shadow over her life.

The song changed again. It was as if YouTube had connected itself to her feelings. It began playing the kind of song that perfectly matched how she felt:

O homeland, your meadows…

She wasn't sure if learning the Balochi language here in Europe really would save it, but at least making this effort was something she could do. She thought of an article she had read in a book – it may be impossible to save all the starfish stranded on the shore, but you can at least throw one back into the water and give it a chance to live. She thought that if she made this small of an effort to learn Balochi, it might produce a great harvest for future generations; it could be a mustard seed that bears great fruit for generations to come. Perhaps these thoughts were just empty imaginings, but she definitely had to try.

The weather was good and she could not restrain herself. She changed her clothes and left her house. It was a bright day, the birds were singing, and their song calmed her soul. She tried to distance herself from her negative thoughts, to be at peace and not think about the past or the future. But her intrusive thoughts brought her back to Balochistan once more. "I know several languages," she thought, "and I'm able to write poetry about a warm day and beautiful weather, but I cannot compose even a single verse in Balochi."

Stopping next to a tree, she looked at the green leaves that had just started to grow. She thought to herself that a tree is a strange creature. It dies and comes back to life. It blossoms and brings forth fruit. It does not worry about the future of the fruit. It makes no difference to the tree if a person picks the fruit and eats it, or if it falls to the ground and is eaten by worms – it just keeps doing its job. The tree always maintains its goodness and generosity. It gives of its fruit, shade, and beauty to everyone and asks nothing in return. Even after it dies it provides firewood, or its trunk can be put to some kind of use.

Suddenly, she had an idea that burst the cage of her thoughts. To learn Balochi you have to be like a tree. You should study the language yourself and also teach it to others. The end result is not what matters. The important thing is that you become a participant in the life of your language.

She went home filled with joy and a desire to study Balochi herself, to learn it well and then teach it to other Baloch. Now that she had found the purpose of her life, she said to herself, “Ask and it will be given to you; seek and you will find; knock on the door and it will be opened to you. For everyone who asks will receive, everyone who seeks will find, and for everyone who knocks on the door it will be opened.”

The Hut

Nargis Nisar

Translation by Sebastian Strid

Madok sat in silence inside the hut, surrounded by people with broken and half-broken faces. On one side, an oil lamp was flickering, its wick nearly spent.

It's impossible to say whether the people in the hut are men or women. Most have no facial features at all. At most, one or two might still carry a trace of them, and they are all wearing the same kind of clothing.

The heads of everyone in the hut are bent, as if a lead collar were fastened around their necks, pulling them down, heavy as lead, iron, and stone.

Madok is among them. Her neck is stiff, and her face is nearly erased. Only a single eye remains, and an ear.

The people in the hut could not tell night from day; darkness closed in on every side. With her single eye, Madok tried again and again to look around the room but saw nothing. Now she groped blindly, trying to restore her missing features, but to no avail.

Madok heard moaning. She wanted to lift her single eye to know who was in pain.

But then a voice spoke. Not human, but something from beyond. "Unsee what is seen!"

Hearing this, Madok immediately lowered her eye.

After a while, the moaning started again. Madok understood that she must unsee what she had seen. But she could not do it.

The moaning increased. From the same unearthly source, the exhortation was repeated: “Unsee what is seen!” This time Madok raised her eye and looked. Now two people were moaning, not just one. One was scraping at the other’s face with a piece of cloth, whining. The other was digging into the hollow space that once had been a face, moaning.

“Unsee what is seen!” the voice urged again.

This was the permanent situation for the inhabitants of the hut. They had grown accustomed to living this way. But Madok found it hard to adjust. She had adopted some of the hut’s rules and regulations as her own. It was a safe zone. Inside, the people were protected. Outside, the jinns and spirits served their masters. They had gathered swarms of insects and other creatures in the sky, blocking out the light.

Again, the unearthly voice rang out: “Unsee what is seen! A caravan of ogres and demons is passing by. Anyone in the hut whose face is still intact – destroy it! Otherwise, a child of the jinn left behind by the caravan might strike you if he sees that your faces still bear features.”

Madok was among the half-broken ones. They were all destroying what was left of each other’s faces, but she would not allow them to touch hers. She tried to raise her head, but someone placed an even larger stone on her neck. Madok was uneasy; she wanted to go to the ogres. Actually, more than anything, she wanted out of the hut.

Madok raised her head and sped straight to the corner where the lamp was still lit just like before. The people tried to restrain her, but now their faces were growing back. They were all becoming Madok.

She was passing through the bodies of Madoks who were melting, dissolving. She stepped out of the hut. Outside, there was light. The wind blew, water flowed, vegetation grew. People were gathered. Outside the hut, there was life.

Migration

Imrana Rasheed

Translation by Mehlab Nasir

It was shortly after he appeared in the streets of the village. He was a stranger there. The residents had made up stories about him – each tongue telling a different story. And each had bestowed a different title on him, according to their own moods and ideas. Some said he was mentally disturbed, some called him feeble-minded, and others thought he was a sorcerer who took and ate the hearts of newly married women and women who have recently given birth. That was why everyone was furious. No one felt safe. The kind-hearted and unassuming among the villagers thought the man was an ascetic, a beggar, and that it was against God and His prophets to chase him away, beat him or flog him. The poor thing should not be spoken ill of; it will come back to haunt you.

Anyhow, no one knew who was right and who was wrong. Because of the different opinions of the two groups, no one could say anything definite yet. But they sensed he was different from everyone else. He did not seem to be a man of that area, or that village, or that era. But wherever he went, fear arose in everyone's heart. Different kinds of fear, fear of having their children's hearts taken, fear of being taken from their homes, fear of losing their lives and wealth, and then the biggest fear of all – fear that he might be a spy for the intelligence agencies. He might be involved in the abduction of villagers, but who knew for sure?

One day, I was sitting in Golam Jan's café as an excuse to drink tea and smoke a hookah, when he entered the café and sat down on the chair at the table next to me. After half an hour of silence, he gestured to the waiter to bring him tea. I stared at him in silent amazement. He took out a cigarette and a lighter. It wouldn't light, even after several attempts accompanied by clicking noises. I rose from my chair and sat down beside him. I took out my lighter and handed it to him. He took it in silence and lit his cigarette.

I waited to see if he would say something to me, but he remained silent, puffing smoke. So, I asked him a question to break the silence, “Where are you from, sir?”

“There is no place in this land where I have not set my foot. How can I say where I am from? Ever since village after village began to migrate, I have also been moving along.”

“Where did you migrate from to come here, then?”

“I have not migrated from anywhere. I’ve been travelling since my birth. Yes, villages migrate. This village will also migrate soon. Then you will move, too. Just like me, always travelling.” He was still busy with the smoke from his cigarette and spoke without looking at me.

I replied, laughing, “Buddy, how do villages migrate? People migrate.”

“No, people don’t migrate. Villages migrate, civilizations migrate, theories migrate, voices migrate – leaving the places they departed from empty. Emptiness spreads, in the wilderness, in villages, and in cities. It will not be long before new civilizations and theories spread.”

“Who made you migrate?”

“Fear… Who scatters more people than dread? Even a river changes its course, so why shouldn’t I?

“Fear of whom? What kind of dread?” I persisted in asking.

“Of myself! Yes, of my own self.”

“Then why have you come here?”

“I sense my own smell here.”

He fell silent. After a moment, he again asked me for the lighter, lit another cigarette, and left the café.

Clouds adorned the sky, and the moon was passing behind them. Sometimes it hid, and sometimes it emerged to reveal its radiant countenance before veiling itself again. It was summer, and monsoon rains were expected. The

farmers were very concerned. Now the sky was overcast every day, which was why the wind had stopped blowing. Before, the branches of the date palms had been moving, but now they were whispering to each other. The old palms were frightened and waiting their turn to fall any moment, while thick darkness hid the entire landscape.

In the night, a dying lantern was at the window, and fingers moved on canvas. Some empty paint cans were scattered upside down on the floor. Among them was a can with some paint left in it. Hands covered in paint were moving across the canvas, and a painting was being created. It was pitch-black outside. Nothing could be seen. How deep the dark, how deft the fingers working at their craft. Then, with a clap of thunder, the raindrops began pouring down, and the moving hands began to slow down too.

Suddenly, he put down the brush and stepped back. He stared carefully at the painting for a long time, as if it was incomplete. Something was missing, but he didn't seem to know what.

He picked up the brush again and painted a lit lantern in the hand of the old man in the picture. Then he let go of the brush, looked at the canvas, and smiled.

Another day, early in the morning, I was taking a walk on the beach, when I saw him sitting on the sand gathering seashells. I asked him, "Buddy! What are you going to do with those seashells?" He looked up, and staring into my eyes he said, "I suspect this ocean will migrate. That's why I'm gathering seashells, so that something will remain."

I was very surprised at how red his eyes were. "Your eyes are so red, do you take drugs?" slipped suddenly out of my mouth.

He burst into laughter and answered me: "No, I gaze at the stars at night. It's the stars that have made my eyes bloodshot."

Then my eyes fell on his hands. "What are these colours covering your hands?"

"They aren't colours, they're feelings," he replied, looking lovingly at his hands. "And when I'm alone," he continued, "I take these feelings and create paintings. Then my paintings talk to me, and I never feel lonely in my solitude."

Each of his answers made me more troubled. I asked him, "Where were you living before?"

This time he didn't answer.

"Where is your home now?" I persisted.

"I, in a village… that side… at the foot of the mountain… I live there."

"Don't you have people? Family and relatives?"

"I had… a son."

"Then, where is he?"

"Gone." This time his voice seemed to be shaking.

"Where has he gone?" I asked.

After a long silence he sighed and answered: "Down the narrow path."

I didn't see him again after that day, but he had told me he lived in a village on the other side of the mountain. I asked around about that village, but I learned that people were afraid to go there. No one knew why they were afraid, and this troubled me even more. Now I wanted to go to that village at any cost.

When I went, I saw crumbling and fallen houses, the doors of which were all closed. The windows were open, though, and every face I saw was darkened by loneliness, as if all the people were waiting for someone. Some were sitting by the windows with their heads hanging out, and some were leaning against the doorframes. But they were all wearing black, and they were all women. There was not a single man to be seen.

The loneliness of this village made me feel restless and troubled, and I even forgot the purpose of my visit. Suddenly, someone put a hand on my shoulder and I shivered. A woman's voice asked, "Who are you looking for?" I was speechless, my hopes had been dashed.

"Go to that street over there, and you will see a house with an open door. That's the house you're looking for." After saying this, she turned around and went her way.

The question slipped unconsciously out of my mouth: "What's this village called?"

She turned and said, “The village of widows.”

I started walking and kept up my pace. I saw that the door was open and entered. It was very dark. I took the lighter out of my pocket and lit the lamp by the window. I saw some complete and some incomplete paintings hanging on the wall, and some incomplete paintings on the floor, surrounded by empty paint cans, brushes, and canvases lying upside down. I took the lamp and walked to each painting, one by one. It was as if every painting told a story of loneliness. One depicted the loneliness of the dark night, another shattered nests of birds. Another canvas depicted pain, agony and helplessness in the eyes of a widow. But among all the paintings hanging there, one struck me as having been recently made because it was still drying. There was another difference between this painting and the others. In this one, the artist himself was also pictured. It was a painting of a village. The village was burning, and the man was holding a lantern and walking towards a dark street. I felt as if I was running after that man, following him forward.

Mahbano

Hamideh Shastan

Translation by Noroz Hayat

Mahekan was weak, exhausted, and covered in sweat. She had just brought a new baby into the world after a long and difficult labour. She had wanted to have her husband or mother there to comfort her, but the delivery nurse would not allow them inside.

When she held her small and fragile child in her embrace, she forgot her pain. She looked lovingly at her baby and noticed that the child could fit neatly into the palms of her two hands. The baby's face was blue from crying.

The delivery nurse looked at Mahekan and said, "Your child is very weak and she is premature too. She should be put on the ventilator right away." When the nurse was about to take the baby to another room, Mahekan begged the nurse to let her hold her baby again. The nurse placed the baby on her mother's chest, and she calmed down, soothed by her mother's warmth. Mahekan put her little finger in the baby's mouth, and the baby sucked it. Mahekan's eyes filled with tears because her baby was not even strong enough to nurse.

After a few moments, the nurse took the baby from her mother's chest and said they would need to feed her with pumped milk for a few days until she could breastfeed. Mahekan was feeling lonely and her eyes filled with tears again. She lost all her energy and fell asleep.

When she awoke and opened her eyes, she saw her mother, mother-in-law, and older sister sitting around her bed. She gave them no chance to congratulate her; she was crying and sobbing. She thought to herself, "What will I do if my baby doesn't survive?"

Mahekan's mother, Granaz, encouraged her daughter not to worry, saying that the nurses and doctors were caring for the baby, and if she was destined to live, she would live. But her mother's words brought no comfort to Mahekan, who was gripped by fear. Mahekan's sister, Mahnaz, had brought a special meal to revive her after her long labour. But Mahekan refused to eat, insisting that only mothers who can breastfeed their babies deserve this kind of food, and that her baby was too weak to be breastfed.

Like a moody and sullen child, Mahekan turned her face away and refused to speak any more. Visiting time was over, but Mahnaz pleaded with the nurse to allow her to stay with her frail sister through the night. Finally the nurse agreed. Mahnaz looked at her sister and said, "Worrying won't relieve your suffering. If you want your baby to be discharged quickly and go home, you have to get up, pump some milk, and feed her."

Mahnaz gave her sister a breast pump and helped her to pump out some milk. Mahekan's face brightened and her anxiety subsided after she had finished. Mahnaz took the milk and gave it to the nurse.

Mahnaz had many children herself, but she had never held such a fragile child. She looked fondly into the baby's eyes, which were no bigger than those of a sparrow. She listened to the baby's heart, which was beating very fast. The baby had her milk and fell asleep.

Mahnaz smiled as she told her sister that the baby drank the milk and fell asleep. This was the best news Mahekan had heard since giving birth. Mahnaz asked her, "Have you thought of a name for the baby?" "We've spent some time looking for a name," Mahekan replied, "and we've decided to name her Mahbano, after Grandmother."

Mahekan had fond memories of her grandmother, who had shown her much love and care, but she had passed away some years earlier. She still remembered Bibi Mahbano's pleasant smile and brown hair. While she was alive, there were always people around her. Grandmother cooked delicious food and made halwa and other delicious things, and everyone loved what she made.

Grandmother was a small woman, but she was capable and clever, with a solution to any problem that might arise. She was utterly devoted to her grandchildren, and she was well-spoken, charming and considerate. When people spoke with her about their troubles, she never rushed to give advice but

listened quietly while they spoke. Finally they arrived at their own solutions to their problems.

Mahekan was deep in thought about these things when she suddenly realized she had inherited her empathetic nature and passion for psychology from her grandmother. Her older sister Mahnaz upheld their grandmother's legacy and often told stories about her. She would recount how Bibi Mahbano had once been a young girl, spending her days as a nomad in the mountains and wilderness of Balochistan.

In former times the nomads journeyed on the backs of their livestock for many days. They had very few outside needs. They tended their own flocks and ate from their own crops. They made buttermilk in the skins of their goats, curd from the milk, and jerky from the meat. There were no hospitals, schools, cars, or other facilities. Once, during a journey in the mountains, Grandmother was stung by a black scorpion. No one knew if she would live or die, but after the poison was sucked out and she was given herbal medicine, she survived.

Bibi Mahbano's mother died while she was still a small child, so her father raised her. When she was seven, she was engaged to be married to a much older man named Dormahmad. The young Mahbano was terrified of her fiancé. She stayed in her father's house until she was eleven, then married and moved into her husband's house. From this young age, she took on the household responsibilities of a grown woman, such as sweeping and cleaning the house, baking bread, cooking meals, and caring for the livestock.

Grandmother was pregnant three times, but each time she had a miscarriage. Dormahmad took a second wife and had children with her. He often beat Grandmother. Eventually, her father, Dosti, could no longer tolerate the way his beloved daughter was being abused and brought her back home.

Some time later, Bibi was married off to a widower named Delwash. He had five children from a previous marriage and, although Bibi Mahbano was not any older than these children, she became their stepmother. She did her best to create a good and restful life for them, giving them training and advice as they helped with the household chores, looked after the livestock and tended to the crops.

After a number of miscarriages, Grandmother bore a son who was given the name Morad Han. A few years later her husband died, and she and Morad Han moved to the city. Life in the city was difficult for them, but Bibi worked hard

to provide for herself and her son. She covered their expenses by washing clothes and kept herself busy caring for her livestock and tending a small vegetable garden within the walls surrounding their house. A few years later, when he had grown up, Morad Han continued his education. He became a skilled engineer and found a good job. From that point on, Grandmother lived a comfortable life.

Grandmother would often remark that in the past, there was a spirit of unity and sharing the workload of others, and that if someone needed help, everyone was ready and willing to lend a hand. No one ever went to sleep on an empty stomach. Everyone's house was open, and anyone in need was given a piece of bread and a cup of stew. People were more compassionate. She always said that neighbours are the hems of your sleeves, and mothers and sisters are the hems of your headscarf. What she meant was that neighbours are closer than a mother or a sister in hard times.

Engrossed in such thoughts, Mahekan fell asleep. Mahnaz watched her sleeping peacefully. As uncomfortable as she was in the hospital chair, Mahnaz forced her eyes shut and compelled herself to forget the cares of the world. Early in the morning, Mahnaz woke her sister in order to pump some milk for the baby.

Baby Mahbano was awake and crying softly. After she had drunk some milk, she calmed down. Mahnaz looked at her and thought to herself: "This fragile child will one day be a smart, capable, and well-rounded young woman who will care for her mother and father and fight for progress in her society. If Grandma Mahbano, despite all of her suffering, was able to have an impact on the people around her, to speak words of love, kindness and empathy, and to have the strength, with empty hands, to fight and send her son to school against all odds, then without a doubt one day this baby will also be a strong young woman, striding forward, breaking meaningless traditions, and carving a path for change in her society."

Balóchi Látini syáhag

DARD

Rozhnay Kolaw

Karimah Balóch

Maróchi shap gwashay cha gwastagén shapán sártter at. Góricch trond trondá kasshagá at, máhekáni har némagá kawr o drachk o dáráni sará tálán at o shapay sártiá gwashay gésh kanán at. É sártén shapá góricch yakpaymá kasshagá at. Máh drapshagá at. Ásmán gwashay tróngal gwáragá at. Shapay do pás ke ásar but, sarjamén bázáray mardom wati lógáni tahá wábay ambázán shotant o cha bándátay pegrá bésamá butant.

Bázáray rónendi némagá kabrestáné hastat. Bale é kabrestán o é bázáray nyámá hecch tapáwat néstat. Kabrestán hámósh at, é bázár ham hámósh at. Cha bázáray sajjahén lógán kammok gestá lógé hastat ke kandili angat rók at. Sártiay kamm kanagay háterá chollay tahá ásé rók at. É lógay tahá yakk pirmardé gón wati hayálán neshtag o jérhagá at.

Nákó Mayárá maróchigén shapay wáb cha wati chammán dur dawr dátagat. Wati tahtay sará neshtag o chollay rókén ásá cháragá at o warh warhén hayáláni zeray johlánkiá kaptag o gár at. Nákóá anágat wati sar anchén zrombeshté dát ke gwashay nagégén hayálé cha wat sendag lóthagá at. Hamé sáhatá Nákó Mayáray chamm lógay kondhá érén dáray pétiá kaptant. Nákóay delá gwasht pétiá pach kan bale padá gón dega hayáléay áyagá wati erádahi badal kort. Gwashti belli.

Padá, domi randá ke chammi hamá kondhá shotant, Nákó Mayáray del dárag nabut. Goshád goshádá pád átk o hamá némagá rawagá lagget. Pétiay kerrá ke shot o sar but, madán madáná nesht o pétiay dapi pach kort. Pétiá, sará hák o danz per néstat bale áiay tahay chérén chizz danzá sarbár atant. Gomán but ke cha karnán pach kanag nabutag. Pétiay tahá lahtén ketáb o lahtén daskasshén aks ér at.

Nákóá zandhén ketábé chest kort o áiay háki chandhetant, é kash o á kashi cháretant o pachi kort. “Mani chamm nezór ant. Agan nezór mabuténant ham,

man záná kojá wánaga zánán?" Nákóá jawarhet. Áiay chamm cha bázén wadár o rahcháriá nezór atant o jendi cha bázén gam o gorsatán gwashay cha wati omrá master at. Wati dastay ketábi ér kort o dazmósh kanagá lagget. Daskasshén aksé dari kort o hurt hurtá cháreti. Aksay tahá yakk ádénké at ke proshtag o say bahrá at.

É ádénkay tahá zálbuléay aks at ke sayén bahráni tahá paddar at o cha zálay chammán gwashay josté sar kasshagá at. Cha áiay chammán hónay ars shép gerán atant o áiay kerr o gwarán sánkal ér at. "Bárén kai aks ent?" Nákóá jérhet.

"Modám ke hoshká neshtag, gón hamé aksáni jórh kanagá delgósh butag," yakk randé padá Nákó gón wat gappá at. Padá gón ketábáni chandhagá delgósh but. "Chónén zandh zandhén ketáb ant. Kassa nazánt ché o ché wántagi." Gón hamé gappá cha Nákó Mayáray chammán do tramp ars retk o áiay dastay ketábay sará kapt o cha ásay shahmá drapshagá laggetant.

É ketáb Nákó Mayáray warnáén bacch Shóházayg atant. É aks ham Shóházá jórh kortagatant. Shóházá báz kamm bale báz jwánén aks jórh kortagat. Sharrén nakshkáré at. Nákó Mayárá har wahdá ke Shóház josta kort: "Mani chokk! É chónén aks ant ke kassesh sarpad ham nabit?" Áiá passawa dát: "Mani pet! Yakk róché kayt ke harkas mani aksáni mánáyá sarpada bit."

Gwastagén yát nákóay chammáni zerá ózhnág kanagá laggetant. Hayálá kapt ke man chár sál pésar chónén nagégén jáwaráni tahá Shóház pa wánagá yuniwarsethiá dém dát. Shóházá wánagay sakk shawk at, paméshká petá lóthet ke har hálá démá bwánénáni.

Yakk róché ke Shóház chotthián lógá átkagat, petá gwasht: "Mani chokk! Nun taw wati wánagá bass kan o pa wat sharrén káré dar géj ke tai zend sharr bebit. Man wa wati sarjamén zendá dehkáni kortag."

Shóházá passaw dát: "Mani pet! Mani nezzá sharrén zend á naent ke tahná wati jend ásudag bebit. Agan man pa wati sarjamén rájá sharrén zendé shóház kort gorhá man sarpada bán ke man wati zend sharr gwázént, o pa eshiá maná bázén tach o tágé kanagi ent."

"Sarjamén ráj? Shóház! Man tai gappá sarpada nabán bale é randi taw wati sajjahén chotthián hamedá gwázén."

"Mani pet! Maná say chár róchá rand rawagi ent."

“Parchá, mani chokk?”

“Man tará gwashta nakanán. Bale maná báz kár hast.”

Chón wassh atant hamá róch ke Shóház gón man modám yakjáh at. Nun bárén kojá ent? Kay bezánt? Nákóá jérhet.

Shóházá do sál pésar wati wánag sarjam kortagat bale wánagay sarjam kanagá rand ham wati lógá sakk kamma átk. Padá yakk maktabéá, dega kawrséá dákelahi zort o hamángor jallet.

Kesás sálé pésar, yakk róché Nákó Mayár yakkéá hál dát ke Shóház cha wati hásthalay kóthiá náshonásén mardomán áwár jatag o bortag. Nákóá báwar nabut o pa hayráni josti kort: “Mani bacchá záná che gonáh kortag?” Áiá passaw dát ke gonáhá shomá wat bezánét, bale man eshkotag ke maróchán mardom chest kanag o bégwáh kanag bayagá ant. Bázén mardomé cha sálán bégwáh ent.

Nákóay hayáláni zerá chawlé prosht. Jérheti ke bándá Shóházay bégwáhiá sálé sarjama bit. “Hamá zemestán, hamá góricch, hamá barp bastagén máhekánén shap gón hamá estárán... O shapay é pásá rand allamá bámgwáha bit. Bale Shóház! Bass tai gwáh nést,” Nákó gón wat habará at.

Shapay sayomi pás ham ásar bayagi at. Bámgwáh yakk gámé á dém óshtátagat o tahári watá gár kanagay nedáragá paddar kanagá at. Nákó, padá wati yátáni malgozárá saylá lagget. “Á ham wahdé at ke Shóház kasán at o man wati hamráhiá dhagáráni sará bort gón.”

Har wahdá ke Shóházá dehkán o kárá delgóshén mardoma distant, cha petá jostia kort ke dehkán wati dhagárán parchá inchok dósta dárant? Petá passawa dát: “Mani chokk! Dhagár dehkáná zenda dant. Dhagár ke hastent, dehkán hastent. Nun á dhagár ke dehkáná zenda dant, gorhá dehkáná allam gón á dhagárá mehra bit. Anchó ke máté wati chokká ródénit o pa áiá johda kant, hamé warhá dhagár pa dehkáná máté ke dehkáná ródénit. Dhagár dehkánay mát ent o chokk pa wati mátá chón bémehr buta kant?”

Nun bámgwáh butagat. Chollay ásá watá zendag dáragay báz johd kort bale békár. Nákóá wati hayáláni hamráhdári angat yalah nadátagat. Hayálá kapt ke man yakk randé gón Shóházá gwasht: “Mardoma gwashant: ‘Tai bacch ódá bárén che warhén kárán dazgatth ent? Taw jostia nakanay ke ódá ché kant?’ Taw begwash ke tai wánag chón ent?”

“Mani pet! Wánag sakk sharr ent. Chakkás sharr gwastag,” pa bechkandag gwashti. “Mani pet! Tará yát ent man kasán atán, taw gwasht: ‘Á dhagár ke márá zenda dant, allam gón áiá mehra bit?’ Mehrá jáhé darkár ent,” Shóházá gwasht.

Ásá nun sáh dátagat. Pirén petay shap kadi gón warnáén bacchay hayálán róch but, áiá hecch samá nabut. Bámay sártén rozhn gón sohrchakén rangéá har gwará tálán at. Anágat dhanná báz mardomay bramsh Nákóay góshán kapt. Gón é tawárán, á cha wati hayálán dar átk.

Bámay rozhn cha Nákóay lógay darig o daráni shamá lógay tahá áyagá at.

Róchá ke wati chamm pach kortant, Nákóá jérhet ke mani sarjamén shap gón hayálán gwastag. Wati dastay ketábi dáray pétiá ér kort o pétiay dapi band kort o pád átk ke chárán bárén chónén bramshé é bámgwáhá?

Wahdé áiá dar pach kort, disti ke mardom mocch ant o habará ant. Nazzikká rawáná Nákóá jost kort ke che gappé? Yakkéá Nákóay némagá cháret o passaw dát: “Nákó! Sáhatéá pésar lahtén mardomá é lásh edá ér kortag o shotagant.”

“Lásh?” Nákóá pa habakkahi jost kort o padá zutt láshay kerrá sar bayagay johdá gámi trond trondá chest kortant. Nákóá lásh ke dist, wadáray sáhati ásar butant.

Góricch hamá dábá sar janán dém pa menzelá rawán at. Rozhná shapay tahári poshtá dawr dátagat o róch cha kandhagay poshtá pa dar áyagá bétáhir at.

Watkoshi

Ayn Ayn Dashti

Man wati dastay garhiál cháret, bégáhay hapt baj butagat. Yakk sobakkén jánkasshéá pad cha wati korsiá pád átkán. Man cha apisay démá wati gárhi zort o dém pa lógá rahádag bután.

Maróchi ásmáná jambarán bastagat, mósom báz jalwanák at o man hamé mósomay delkasshiá gár atán. Anágatá yakkéá mani gárhiay démá dawr kort. Agan mani pád berekkay sará makaptén o man zutt berekk majatén, allamá á mortagat. Man damáná cha gárhiá ér átkán o dist ke á dhawldár o jáná porrén warnáé o omri kesás bist tán bist o panch sála bit. “Agan mani gárhiay berekkán kár makortén, taw é donyáyá naatay,” man pa trondi gwasht.

“Belli mortagatán, taw berekk parchá jat? Záná é donyáyá thraypekay hádesahán mardoma namerant?” áiá pa narmi darráént.

“Tará agan wati zend dóst naent gorhá pa watkoshiá dega ráh báz ent, mani gárhiay démá parchá dawret kort?” Áiá mani jostay hecch passaw nadát o démi tarrént o rawagá lagget.

“Bósht,” man tawár kort. Á óshtát, chakki jat o maná cháragá lagget.

“Gendagá wa taw sárén mardomé ay, taw parchá cha wati zendá bézár o náomét ay?” Hecchi nagwasht, démi tarrént o rawagá lagget.

“Enna, man tará chó rawagá naylán, mani jostay passawá beday,” man cha poshti némagá áiay kópagay sará dast ér kort o gwasht.

Man mazanén kóshestéá pad á rázig kort, wati gárhiá swár kort o wati lógá áwort gón. Á man wati ótágá nádént, gelásé áp o kópé cháh áwort o démá dát.

“Taw taningah mani jostay passaw nadátag.”

Gón é gappay eshkongá áiá gelásay áp wártant o gelás thébalay sará ér kort, cha cháhá gotthé gepti o habar kanagá lagget.

“Tai hayálá man watá parchá koshaga lóthán?” áiá cha man jost kort.

Man passaw dát: “Kár o rózgár nést, taw bérózgár ay, paméshká.”

Áiá bechkandet. “Enna é gapp naent. Agan taw mani watkoshiay bárawá zánaga lóthay gorhá gósh dár. Mani pet é shahray sér o hazgárén mardomé o KK Pekthriay wáhond ent. Do sál pésaray gapp ent. May pekthriá garibén jenekké kárá at. Maná sakk dóst but. Dhawldárén jenekké at. Man gón wati petá gwasht ke man bé eshiá nabán. Man petay yakkén o lárhokén chokk atán, paméshká petá mani gapp naprósht o márá suri dát.

Árósá taningah máhé nagwastagat ke mani petá wati pekthriay dráhén zemmawári maná dát o man ham petay gapp zort, chéá ke petá maná zenday dráhén wasshi o ásráti dátagatant. Mani mát hamá wahdá bérán butag ke man kasán butagán o maná petá ródéntag.

É paymá mani róch apisá o shap lógá gwastant. Gón pekthriay kárán baré baré dhanni molkán ham mani raw o á but. Porrén sáléá pad mani lógiá kammé nawasshi záher kort ke man áiá kamm wahd dayagá án bale man wati dráhén dazgatthi áiay démá paddar kortant o sarpad kort.

Maróchi apisá rawagá atán, némráhá tránagá kaptán ke man wati apisay lahtén kágad lógá shamoshtag. Padá wátarron kort. Wahdé lógá sar bután, gendán ke petay kamrahay darwázag némpach ent. Man gwasht rawán o petá chárán. Apisá rawagá pésar man pet ejázat nakortagat. Bale anchó ke darwázagay dapá rasetán, seng o syáh bután. Man dist ke mani zál o mani pet...

Nun taw wat begwash ke é nedáragay gendagá pad man zendag buta kanán?”

Ballok Kapót

Bánol Dashtyári

“Ballok! Habaré bekanán shomá zahra nagerét?”

“Madinah! Taw anchén habaré makan ke gón habará del mani do kapp bebit.”

“Choshén habaré naent. Ballok! Máhbi o Sháriá mani hál shomárá nadátag? Madinahá dah róch ent ke pa do sad kaldárá rawt o kayt.”

“Enna, Madinah!”

“Ballok! Shári o Máhbi yakk habaré cha shomá chéra nadayant, mani hálesh shomárá nadátag, chéá?”

“Madinah! É jostay padá Máhbi o Sháriá bekan. Nun taw begwash dah rand pa do sad kaldárá taw dátag, chéá?”

“Ballok! Wati lácháriá. Zahgáni god mashiná kaptagant. Sará gránén róch pédák ant. Máhbi o Sháriá harkasay gatth goshád kortagant, bale bezán mane garibárá dátesh nakort. Garib wa kassi syád naent. Do sad wa do sad ent, maná sad kaldáresh ham nadát, bale láchár án, padá rawán Mehroká gwashán.”

“Madinah! Mehroká magwash, parchá ke Máhbi o Shári o Mehrok tará nadayant.”

“Maná Mehrok ham nadant?”

“Madinah! Eshán wám o badalay dayag sawgend kortag, sawgend!”

“Chéay sawgend? Hodáay dorrén Nabiay sawgend, Pákén Ketábay, tawbah tawbah. Mani dhawlén garib kojá berawt, Ballok? Anchén habaré butag ke choshén zandhén sawgendesh chest kortag? Agan na wám o badalay mát namortag.”

“Madinah! Nagwashant ke máray wártagén mardom cha sádá torsit?”

“Haw, Ballok! Sharra gwashay.”

“Nun tará begwashán ke é wám o badala nadayant, chéá. Yakk róché Máhbi o Shári mani gendagá bezán káyant ke rawén Balloká chárén, bale esháni áyagay sáhatéá rand Máhbiay bacch Akrama kayt.

‘Ammá! Byá tará mardomé lóthit.’

‘Akram! Kay ent?’

‘Pirén mardé.’

‘Pirén mard kay ent? Akram, rást begwash lógá neshtag?’

‘Enna, á shotag. Gwashti bándá káyán dah bajá.’

‘Ballok! Márá ejázat ent? Wassh ent. Shári, berawén? Ballok! Delá mayár, jomahá padá káén.’

Jomah wati jágahá at, chárán Akram pédák ent.

‘Ballok! Byá mát shomárá lóthit.’

‘Tai mát jórh ent?’

‘Haw.’

‘Taw beraw, man pédák án.’

Taw wa zánay Madinah ke Kapótay waswásén del. Zi átkant o maróchi padá naparesh kort.

É domi róchay bégáh ent, asoray nomázá rand man shotán, chárán Máhbi nomázá ent, Shériá chelimm sutth mán sutth ent.

‘Hán, chokkán! Hayr ent?’

‘Haw, Ballok!’ Shériá darráént. Máhbiá pa hillaté nomáz halás kort o átk mani kashá nesht.

‘Taw Akram pa hayri dém dátag?’

Shári kandagá lagget o gwashti: ‘Ji haw, pa hayri.’

Bale Máhbiá trekkag nakort.

‘Hán, Shári! Taw begwash ché butag?’

‘Máhbi! Balloká hálán beday. Taw hayrán ay.’ Sháriá thahké dát.

Máhbi zahr gept o gwashti: ‘Ballok! Ché begwashán? Shári mani sará kandit, bale maná wati jenday sará kandaga kayt. É Akram ke zi tachán tacháná átk ke byá ammá, tará mardomé lóthit, mardom bezán thaggé butag.’

‘Thaggé?’

‘Ji Ballok! Bárén kay butag? Bezán Akram gón zahgán laybá bit, é pirén marda kayt o josta kant, taw kai zahg ay? Á gwashit, Máhbiay. Petay námá josta kant. Akrama gwashit, mani pet mortag, mani nákó Dóst Mahmad ent, Dabaiá ent, mani mátay brát ent. Á gwashit, wati mátá begwash ke tai brátá pa shomá god o garhyál o do kambal dém dátag, bale god báz ant. Akram áiá passawa dant ke mani mát edá naent, Ballokay lógá shotag, rawán tawária kanán. Á gwashit ke enna, man bándá káyán dah bajá, dega kassá magwash, éwaká wati mátá begwash.

Akramá zi maná nagwasht ke áiay Nákóá god o kambal o saht dém dátag. É gapp padá maná lógá átk o gwashti. Dah baj o némá darwázag thokkaga bit, Akrama rawt o chárit, hamá mard ent. Akram maná tawára jant ke ammá, hamá Nákó ent. Man shotán o tawáron kort, byá Nákó. Man chón bekortén, mani hayál at sharrén mardé.’

Sháriá gappay tahá thahk dayáná gwasht: ‘Huuu, sharr ent, o domi Dabaiay god o saht o rádhó garhyál.”

Man gwasht: ‘Shári! Taw bass kan, Máhbi belli habará puraha kant.’

Máhbiá gwasht: ‘Ballok! Shári hamá ent ke átkag, mani sará kandagá ent.’

‘Taw Sháriá bell, wati gappá bekan.’

‘Ballok! Wasshátk o drahbátiá rand joston kort ke mani brát Dóst Mahmad jórh ent? Gwashti, haw jórh o dhaddh ent, shomárá báz yáta kant o é ham gwashtagi ke gohárá man é sálá hajjá déma dayán. Óhe man, hamé brátá yakk sarigé pa man dém nadát o é maná hajjá déma dant! Man nun galá bál án ke brátá inchok chizz pa man dém dátag. Áiá gwasht, maná máhé bit ke cha Dabaiá átkagán, bale shomá zánét molk Karáchi ent, dóst o sangat, domi sakk dazgatth butagán. Sad kaldár kasthomá geptag. Sad kaldáray nám man eshkot, delá gwashton, Máhbi sad na do sad kaldár beday. Áiá padá gwasht parchá ke padá maná zutt rawagi ent, shomárá agan salám o kágadé dém dayagi ent, bedayét maná, bale á wat ham zuttána kayt Karáchiá. Hamedá man yát kort ke Máhbi, wájakárá cháhá wa bell, taw ápay ham jostá nakanay? Man gwasht, Nákó shomá nendét, man pa shomá cháh jórha kanán o káyán. Mard bá nesht. Akram áiay kashá lecchet. Mardá cháh wárt o pád átk. Man saláh jat, Nákó sobáregay wahd ent. Sobáreg bekan o beraw. Gwashti, na mani mát, Hodá ganj bedant shomárá. Man do sad kaldár dát.

Gwashti, maná yakk hamráhé bedayét, godána kárén. Haw, Nákó. Hamedá man jost kort ke shomay nám kay ent? Gwashti, Yákub ent. Man gón Akramá gwasht ke beraw Abdorahimá tawár bekan. Abdorahim ke átk, man gwasht ke Abbá Abdorahim, taw Nákóay hamráh bay, may godán byár. Mani brát Dóst Mahmadá pa man dém dátagant. Áiá gwasht, kojám Dóst Mahmad? Man gwasht, mani brát ent o Dabaiá ent, gwashtagi Máhbiá é sálá hajjá déma dayán. Abdorahimá maná mobárakbáti dát, padá gón Nákóá gwashti, tará saynkalé gón. Man ham saynkalé zurán kréhi. Nákóá gwasht, na saynkalá dastá gerán. Doén brát gapp janáná rawén.’

Máhbiá wati ginn bálá kanáná gapp démá bort o gwashti: ‘Abdorahimi bort Alsaudi Hóthalá nádénti o gwashti ke taw cháh war, god lógá ant, man annun káyán. Áiay hayál at ke záná lógi hamé tal o tókána bit. Abdorahim tán dah bajá nesht, dami bort. Nákó pahk bégwáh but. Abdorahim gón hoshkén dastán per tarret.’”

“Madinah! Tawe mát ay, hamé sawabá eshán wám o badalay sawgend wártag. Hodá wati bandahá táwána dant ke démá watá bepahrézit. Haw, Nákó Yákubay kessahá agan zendag bután, padá Madinah tará gwashán ke é mardá bárén chinchok mardomay zarr zortagant. Cha Máhbiá wa do sadi zort, bale cha lahtén mardomá dah dah hazár kaldári ham poletag. May é golzeminá choshén radén mardom ham hastent.”

Sotkagén Shahray Goddhi Baniádam

Sabihah Karim

Ométán é sotkagén shahray goddhi baniádam at. Bass hamé óstá zendag at ke kasé kayt o é bázár dobar ábáda bit, zendagia bit.

Téwagén métag bambán droshtagat, tabáh at. Na baniádam, na sahdár... Hecchay gwáh néstat. Métag wayrán at. Bass proshtagén o sotkagén dar o diwáláni hesht o dhók atant. Géshterén lóg o jágah kaptagatant. Bázéné mán dárag butagat. Hawái bambáriá drostén lóg o jágah próshtagatant. É métag ke yakk wahdé kesás do hazár mardomay hankén at, nun Ométánay yakkén sará abéd ensán o ensáni zátay dega hecch nám o neshán néstat.

Métagay nazzikká yakk mazanén daggé jórh bayagá at ke ódá dhanni mardom kárá atant o pa áyáni jánay pahrézagá pawj óshtátagat.

Métagay hesht o dhókáni pánpáiá bass yakkén Ométán sar átkagat. Á proshtagén bánéay tahá neshtagat. Róch ke chesta but, rozhn o bránzi tachká é bésáhegén báná tálán atant bale á cha róchay garmén bránzán takánsor naat.

Métagá dega kass néstat ke Ométán gón áiá gappé bejant. Alláh bezánt cha bambáriá métagay drostén mardom mortagatant yá laddhetag o dega jáhé shotagatant. Bale Ométáná markay torsá wati dhéh, zemin o pet o piroki ges yalah nadátagatant.

Nun magrebay wahd at, róch ér rawagá at. Ométáná gón diwálán gapp janag bendát kort. “Mani gappán kass sarpada nabit. Maná gón kassá gelag nést bale shomá ham mani gappán sarpada nabét.” Áiá diwál cháretant o padá góshi gón diwálán kortant. Anchó samá bayagá at ke diwál áiay gappán gósh dáragá ant o padá áiay gappáni passawá ham dayagá ant.

“Maná é gam naent ke mani zahg mortagant o lóg o jágah proshtagant. É zemin ke taw eshiay sará óshtátagay, é maná cha pet o pirokán rasetag.” Áiá dast proshtagén diwáléay sará ér kort o gwasht. “Maróchi edá cha markay torsá kass nést bale métagay mardom yakk róché wátarra kanant o padá káyant. Maná shomay tabáhi o barbádiay gam ent. Yakk wahdé kayt ke shomá padá ábáda bét. Sakkiay wahd harkasay sará kayt.”

Ométánay éwakiay hamráh métagay proshtagén dar o diwál atant ke Ométánay gappesh gósha dáshtant. Jwábesha nadát bale Ométánay del sobakka but. Ométán hamé yakkén ométá zendag at o wadárig at ke shotagén mardom wátarra bant o padá dhéhá káyant, métag padá pésarigén dawr o nawbatána bit.

Métagay kashá Chin o Pákestánay mazanén daggé jórh bayagá at. Har métag ke daggay kash o kerrána kapt, pawjá sarmacháráni kaympay námahá hawái bambária kort o tabáha kort. Ján Mahmad Bázár ham cha pawjay bambáriá tabáh butagat. Shirmechén zahg o pir o warná o mardén o janén bázéné cha é bambáriá mortagat. Pasht kaptagén mardomán pa wati sáhay rakkénagá wati zemin o lóg yalah dátant o bárén kojá shotant?

Ométánay lógay drostén mardom mortagatant. Jan o chokk, brát o gohár, mát o pet, kass sar nayátkagat. Métagay mardomán laddhagay wahdá Ométán mennat kort ke byá gón, edá majall, é pawj tará ham koshit bale Ométáná wati zemin o proshtagén lóg o jágah yalah nadátant.

Róch jahl rawán at. Ométán shodá béwár kortagat. Á pád átk.

“Man annun káyán,” áiá gón proshtagén diwálán gwasht.

Ométán, lápay dózahay ásay tósagá modám nazzikkén métagá shot o métagay mardomán chondhé nagana dát. Hamé warhá á wati zenday róchán télánk dayán at.

É métagay mardomán báz gwasht ke taw hamedá benend, maraw. Wati métagay proshtagén lóg o jágahán yalah kan. Pawj tará koshit o kass sahiga nabit. Bale áiay passaw modám hamesh at ke man wati zemin o jágahán yalaha nakanán.

Wahdé Ométán daggay kerrá gwazagá at, pawjián pajjáh áwort o áiay sará kandetesh. Ométáná purah hanjaré delá lagget bale bétawáriá gwast. Sepáhigán tawár jat ke byá edá warag bwar, bale áiá hecch nagwasht o rawán but. Dozhmenay warag áiay delá baz atant.

Hamé métagá ke Ométán har wahdá nánay pendhagá shot, maróchi pawjá hamé métagay sará orosh kort o bázén mardomé dazgir kort o gón wat bort. Esháni tahá Ométán ham hawár at.

Ométánay métag wayrán at. Proshtagén dar o diwál áiay wadárá atant bale haptagéá gésh at ke Ométánay hecch gwáh néstat.

Lakki

Nabilah Mehráb

Lakki cha wati lógá dar átk o cha tallóay sará ér átk, dém pa lógay kampánay kondhá tachán but. Áiá wati dap bastagat, gréwán o rawán at dém pa chegerday drachká ke áyáni lógay kampánay kondhá rostagat. Áiay chammáni démá mátay dard, nárag o zard tarretagén dém záher butant.

É wahd kesás róchay do at, Torbat o Junay máhay taptagén garmágá ke morg bálá merant, á cha hédá jánshód at o dém pa chegerday sáhegá tachán at. É jágah áiay lógay kampánay kondhá at o ódá mardom sakk sakká narawant. Lakki ke ódá sar but, gón gréwánén chammé hamé jágahá kalóndhagá lagget. Chárkondhén dhabbahé dari kort, wati goshánay lambi zort o sapái kort o padá pachi kort. Dhabbahay tahá dháerié o kalamé mán at.

Lakki o áiay sajjahén goháráni kóthi yakkén at o kóthiay almári ham yakké at. Áiá kalam o dháeri ódá ér kort nakortant ke agan ódá éresh bekant, gorhá geraga bit o áiay nebeshtah kortagén drostén chizz sóchag yá derraga bant.

Áiay petá modám gapp gappay tahá gwasht ke sharrén lógáni jenekk hechbar watárá nám o dapa nakanant. Paméshká, haminchok ke hámósha bay, sharter ent. Áiay petá nebeshtakár wa hechbar dósta nabutant. Modáma gwashti ke nebeshtakárán hecch ezzat nést, sharrén lógáni janén mardénáni hamráhiá labzánki diwánána nanendant o shayr o sháeria nakanant bale Lakkiá satar johda kort, wati é hobb o wáhagi koshta nakort. Áiá labzánkay shawk at.

Áiá pa wat dháerié zortagat. Wati har máreshti hamé dháeriá nebeshtaha kort. Hechbar wati lógay gappi dhanná nakortant, bale har chizzé ke máret o disti, hamé dháeriá nebeshtahia kort o modám anchén wahdéá shot o dháerii kalla kort ke kassi magendit. Maróchigén jáwarán ham á láchár kort ke drostén báláday dardán gón wati máreshtán kalamay nebbá bekant o wati dháeriay tákáni sará ér beréchit.

Lakkiay hapt gohár atant o yakk bráté at. Lóg kasán at, paméshká Lakki o áiay do gohár modám wati mát o petáni kóthiá wapt gón. Áiá shapay némá ke bosta kort, géshter wahdá disti ke mát o pet wapt o wábá ant. É ham disti ke wapt o wábay wahdá mát chón azáb ent o chón janag o prenchaga bit bale hecch gwashta nakant. Hamé sawabá Lakki shapay némá ganók butag o larzagéá geptag bale wati gosháni dapá mán chetag ke kass sahig mabit.

Lakkiá modáma jérhet ke mát chéá chó azáb ent o angat gongodámay paymá heccha nagwashit. Mátay é azábi o gongodám bayagá Lakki cha tahá halás kortagat.

Petá ke sharába wárt, drostáni démá máti záh o bada kort. Paméshká Lakkiay mátá lógay tahá hecch ezzat néstat. Tru o doskichán á anchó azáb kortagat ke báz wahdá áiay jend shap o róch chollá kaptagat o kóthi doskichán dast geptagat. Nóksuriá ham Lakkiay mát anchó tang butag. Sohr doskichán bortagant o lápporriay wahdán ham tarunay sará neshtag o náni patkag bale kassá áiay sará bazzag nabutag. Na gón wati goháréá gappi kort kortag, na ke dazgoháré butagi ke wati dardán darshán kort bekant.

Yakk randé Lakkiay petá sharáb wártagat o neshah at. Lakkiay máti sajjahén shapá chamshódá band kort.

Lakkiay petá modáma gwasht ke man dega jané gerán ke mani chokk yakké. Gón é gappay nebeshtah kanagá Lakkiay ars petth petthá dháeriay tákay sará retkant. Lakkiá cha kasániá é drostén chizz chamme wat distagatant. Á, róch pa róch watá cha tahá warán at bale é drostén chizz pa áiay chágerdá nókén chizz naatant.

Chinchok sál at ke áiay mát bimmár at bale kassá báwara nabut o dáktará ham nabortesh ke zang janag o watárá bimmár kanag janénáni ádat ent. Nun áiay mát tahtay báhóth at bale angat lógay kári sará atant.

Lakkiá maróchi hemmat kortagat o sajjahén chamdistán nebeshtah kanagá at bale nebeshtahay hamráhiá áiay ars dháeriay sará rechagá atant. Chónáhá áiá modám habara kort, kukkár o jáka kort, badárá bada gwasht, hamé sawabá á sharrén chokké lékaga nabut. Lakkiay lógay mardomán áiay nám jáhel kortagat. Kassá á sharra naléket. Áyáni hayálá sharrén chokk hamá ent ke gong ent, dáwá nakant o hamá hesábá rawt ke lógay mardoma gwashant...

“Lakkó! Oo shummén Lakki!”

Lakki cha brátay tawárá gorhet o jáh serret. Damáná dháerii band kort o dhabbahay tahá kort o eshtáp eshtápá bári dát.

Drachk

Hánol Nókáp

Man názorkén hayáléay wáhond atán, bale chágerdá maná anchosh kort ke man wati názorkén hayál zort o zeminá kall kort o har róch hamé jágahá arsa rétk.

Mani názorkén hayál rost o nehálé but. É nehál man gón arsána ródént. Nehál rodán but o sólén drachké but. Drachkay sáheg sakk wassh o sárt at. É drachkay chéray nendagá gwashay mani arwáhá táhira raset. Mani kandag o gréwag, gapp o diwán drost gón hamé drachká atant. Maná anchó gomána but ke drachk maná sarpad bayagá ent o mani gappán pahmagá ent. Man wati har hayálé drachkay sháháni sará nebisána kort. Har róch yakk dardé man nebeshtaha kort. Drachká pa galé mani dard watiga kortant o rodána but. Drachk gón man sakk mehrawán at, paméshká man drachkay nám kortagat Mehrawán.

Drachk sakk baz at o práh o sháhegán at. Har sabáh shántol o kapót drachkay sará gón wasshén tawárá kuku kanagá atant. Drachk warh warhén morgáni hankén at. Drachkay tah o tók cha morgi kodóhá porr at. É morg maná chó sáhá dóst atant. Bénagmakeskán é drachkay sará bénag bastagat. Drachk purah bázáré at. Maná é drachk anchó dóst at ke man wati tarr o táb, dhannay dar áyag, drost yalah kortagatant. Zemestáná é drachk mani góricchay panáh at o garmágá lewáray. Drachká ham anchó gón man ádat kortagat ke bé man, pa mani chammán gwashay molur at. Man paméshká drachk tahná nakort.

Wahd hamé warhá gwazán at. Zendagi gwashay tachán at o drachk róch pa róch borz rawán at.

Moddaté gwast. Drachk sakk borz shot, anchó borz ke drachkay sáheg jahlá nayatk. Drachkay ták cha man dur butant. Gón drachkay borz rawagá drachkay sáheg shot o maná róchá gept. Man drachkay sháh o lambána narasetán. Mani nebeshtagén hayál cha man sakk dura shotant o man dobar padá drachkay sháháni sará hecch nebeshtah korta nakort. Mani zemestán sakk sárt butant o garmágay lewárán maná sótk. Kapót o shántoláni kuku man cha durá ham naeshkotant.

Gorhá man wati hayál padá zort o zeminá kall kort…

Gozhnay Dózah

Sammi Parwáz

Mana nazánán dózahay ás chón ent, bale maróchi tabd chó zahmaygá shikkán at o garm cha taruná garmter at o róch gwashay á borzén kahuray borzterén sháhay sará arhetagat o cha wati garmági tazhná har chizzá mán dáragá at.

Bale é tabd o garmay jalá Ballok Mórti gón wati chórahén nomásag Kapótá wati latthá jekk dayán at o wati nomásagay kópagi geptagat o dém pa Tru Sháránay lógá rawagá at. Áiay dast cha nezóriá drahán atant o sari cha shodá chó jenterá chakarragá at o gwandhén Kapótay hál ham cha áiá jetá naat. Bale doén, ballok o nomásag watá gerrán kanán o rawán atant. Anchó ke Tru Sháránay dodapay chérá rasetant, tagerday lambá doénán watá dawr dát. Sháráná ke distant gorhá áiay chamm rozhná butant. Áiá gón wati kasterén bacchay chokká gwasht: “Mani chokk! Beraw, á ticchay tóká nán o lujjaré mán, Ballok Mórtiá beday, wártesh. Bazzag garibé, márá sawábé rasit.”

“Sharr ent, ammá!” Nomásagá ticch zort o dém pa dodapá rawagá at ke Sháránay neshár Soltiá ticch kaponchá kort o lujjar cha ticchá zort o pisshiay démá dawr dát, pisshiá lujjar amb chet o yakkerr kort o waragá lagget.

“Mani tru! Tai wa hósh pahká shotag. Har róch hamé kórén Ballok Mórti o áiay nomásagay wástá chánug éra kanay. Eshiay chamm nóki padá pacha nabant o tai chokk o nomásagáni wástá kánthok o jálára nadóchit. Angat hamé pisshiá chondhé beday, tai lógá cha moshkán sapá kant,” Soltiá yakchekká pa tazhn doén dast soréntant o wati manná pa zántkári gwasht.

“Ay, tará man chón sarpad bekanán?” Tru Sháráná wati sar soránt o pa apsózi gwasht. “Maróchi gorhá ballok shodláp bebit? Chónén bébazzagé ay taw.”

“Nun inchok norondhaga nalóthit,” Soltiá pa zahr gwasht o goday kathuri chest kort o cha dodapá dar kapt. Ballok Mórtiay nomásag Kapótá ticch nazzikká kenzént o pa bazzagi hoshkén nán cháretant, bale hecchi nagwasht.

Ballok Mórtiá nán dazmósh kanán kortant, áiá pésará pahmetagat ke nán hoshkén ant, á ham taruni nán ant, gotthá chón éra rawant?

Áiay seng o syáhén démay ádénká yakk tahárén sáhegé damánéá átk o áiay péshánigay daryáyá gwashay chawl janán but. Á ham chawláni tóká boddhagá lagget. Áiá yakk hordén jenekké dist ke áiay mát áiá pa lárhoki sahrhénagá ent. “Enna enna, man eshána nawarán. Maná lujjar wassha nabit. Mana gwashán maná shillánch o nán beday. Maná shillánch o nán beday. Taw záná karr ay?” Á chokká pa kódeki grét o gón wati mátá gwasht.

“Taw magréw, mani ján! Mani sáhay badal! Man hayrát án, mani Mórti! Man annun tai wástá shilláncha chópán o grádán. Annun taw é konarán bwar, sharr ent?”

O domi némagá Tru Shárán gendagá at ke ballok o nomásag, doén tarunay hoshkén nánán róday garmén ápán per janag o waragá ant o Ballok Mórtiay ars chó hawrá gwáragá ant o cha áiay arsán róday áp sórtám bayagá ant.

Hawrá Gwart

Sháhinah Sháhin

Gwarbámá ke man chamm pach kortant, cha pachén darwázagá ásmánon dist. Pád átk o dhanná shotán, chamm ásmánay némagá shánkon dátant. Chárán, ta ásmán syáh o gobárén jambarán geptag. Óshtátán o ásmáná cháragá laggetán. Kash o gwaray drachk o dár brahdár atant o áyáni sará neshtagén morgáni wasshén tawárá mósom washter kortagat.

Maróchi mósomay jetáén rangé at, báz delkassh at. Gesay démá dhókáni sará neshtán o cha donyáyá chath bésamá, gón mósomá delgósh bután. Anágat tawáré mani góshán kapt. Man chakk tarrént, ta diston másí Zolayká wati lógay démá rópagá ent o norondhagá ent. Man wati hayál gón másí Zolaykáyá kort ke bárén ché gwashagá ent? Kai sará koppagá ent?

“Golátunay neshárá bechárét. Náz Bibiay chokkán bechárét. Sohbá páda káyant, bé gwashagá wati lógay drostén kárána kanant. Mátesh ásudag kortag. Bale shomá nun chokk butét? Mani del shomá résh kortag. Alláhá márá é chokkáni badalá chokkay jend madátén. Degaray chokkána genday, del mána bit. Wati chokkána genday del cha chokká rawt.”

Másí Zolayká wati lógay dapá rópán o norondhán at. Bale é tahná maróchigén habaré naent. É másí Zolaykáay har róchigén kár ent, sohbá ke páda kayt, péshgáhá rópán ent o koppán ent.

Man padá wati hayál mósomay némagá tarrént. Bale nun mani hayál cha mósomá géshter másí Zolaykáay némagá shot ke másiay jérhah ché ent? Hamok róch páda kayt, koppit o norondhit o wati chokkán dwá o bada kant ke peláníay chokkán bechárét, peláníay neshárán bechárét. Záná áyáni chokk o neshár chón ant o Zolaykáay chón ant? Ché ent Zolaykáay jérhah? É jérhah éwaká másí Zolaykáayg ent yá hamok zálbulay? É jérhahé yá zedd o hasadd o kénagé? Man pegréá kaptán ke yakk zálbulé domi zálbulay sóbmandiá chéá bardásht korta nakant? Éwaká may chágerd anchosh ent yá hamok rájay zálbulay jérhah hamesh ant?

Zálbuláni cha drostán masterén jérhah esh ent ke watá, démá rawagay tawkalesh mán nést o agan dega zálbulé démá rawagá begendant, bardásht korta nakanant o áiay dáragay johdá kanant. Mani nezzá may chágerdá zálbuláni raysé bayagá ent bale é raysay tahá har zálbul é johdá naent ke man tézter betachán o bekatthán. É raysay tahá har yakké hamé johdá ent ke warhé na warhéá domigá rán bekanán ke bekapit o man raysá bekatthán. Agan har yakké hamé johdá butén ke man tézter betachán, maróchi yakk zálbulé ham poshtá pasht nakaptagat.

Man angat gón jérhaháni zamzilán mán gisshetagatán ke mani mátá maná gwánk jat: “Byá gesay kárán bekan. Ódá neshtagay, ché kanagá ay?”

“Ji ammá! Pédák án,” man passaw dát, bale mani hayál angat gón hamé jérhahán at. Mani sar hecch per nabayagá at ke ché bekanán? Yá man ché korta kanán?

Maná é jérhah har warhá gisshénagi at. Man pád átk o óshtátán o dém pa másí Zolaykáay lógá rahádag bután. Ódá ke rasetán, másiay dastay rópag pachon gept o boná ér kort. Man másí dastá gept o sherisshay sáhegá bort. Man tagerd pach kort o másí nádént.

Másí hayrán hayráná maná cháragá at. Cha ed o pésar ke á maná jost bekant, man cha áiá jost kort: “Másí! Taw ché lóthay?” Gón mani é jostá gwashay másí Zolaykáay góyák shot. Áiay chamm arsá golgol butant. Másí maná bázén gappé gwashag lóthagá at, bale cha áiay zobáná béde “án... án...”, dega hecch dar nayátk.

Man wati sar másiay kotthá ér kort. Áiá wati dast mani sará ér mosht. Mani ham ars dar áyagi butant. Hamé wahdá másiay neshár o jenekk cha gesá dar átkant o maná zahrá zahr cháragá laggetant. Rópagesh dastá at: “Ammáay pamp kanók bezán taw ay, hán? Káay mátá pampa kanay o mát may sará kukkár o jáka kant,” másí Zolaykáay jenekká dap pach lagósht.

“Eshiá wa dega kár nést. Tru wat cha á truán naent, shap o róch may deli résh kortag. Násarpadé. Hán bezán taw ay ke márá mérhénagá ay!” másí Zolaykáay neshárá ham kukkár kort.

Doén ják o kukkárá atant o mani némagá dast o dasshániá atant. Man hoshk o hayrán atán. Óshtátán o doénon cháretant o padá másí Zolayká cháret. Padá esháni lógon cháret o padá wati gesay némagá cháret o padá wati jend. Man hecch nagwasht o ráh geptán.

Nun hawrá gwart.

Drégatén

Mahganj Táj

Man wáb atán. Mobáel báz áwázá at, báz maysej pédák at. É áwázá man gorhetán o mobáelon dast jat. Chammán latáráná man mobáel pach kort o wahd cháret, shapay 3:45 at. Man maysej pach kortant ta nókén nambaréá gapparhé aks dém dátag o do áwázi ham dém dátag. Mani kerrá neth nezór at, paméshká áiay dém dátagén aks o tawárband doén báz wahdá rand pach butant. Bale man padá nawaptán, man wadár kort ke aksána chárán, bárén kay ent o chónén aks ant?

Kammó dérá rand man padá hameshiay chayth pach kort. Áwázay gósh dáragá pésar man awali aks pach kort o hamé sáhatá mobáel cha mani dastá kapt o prosht. É aksay tahá man tai brahnagén jón dist ke hecch zánag nabayagá at ke dastán lankok per ent yá jesmá dast o pád. Man á mardomay tawárband naeshkot, chéá ke mani mobáel prosht. Man nazánt ke á kay ent o é dega aksáni tahá tai arwáh chón ent. Á hónén o thappigén jón angat mani démá paddara bit, hamá sáhatáni hayál maná angat bétáhira kanant.

Mana jérhán á sáhatá taw chinchok nawassh butagay, tahná butagay, nákas butagay. Buta kant taw maná tawár per jatag, bale man ódá nabutagán. Taw modám gwashtag ke man tai zánsarán sáh dayaga lóthán, o man modám zahr geptagán ke choshén sellén gapp makan, taw mani zánsarán mani hamráhiá zendaga bay. Taw kandetag o maná jwáb dátag: “Máhaló! Mark dwáé naent ján, drosta merant, bass dwá bekan ke maná ásudagén marké nasib bebit, man tai zánsarán wati sará ér bekanán o hamedá sáh bedayán.” Maná tai é gappán modám bétáhir kortag. Bale wahdé taw maná wati ambázán zortag, man donyáay sarjamén bétáhiri, nawasshi o sakki béhayál kortagant.

Maná angat yát ent hamá zemestánay máhekáni shap, wahdé awali bará taw maná wati ambázán zortagat, wati sakk nazzikká áwortagat. Bale man wahdé tai goddhi aks dist, man jérhet, drégatén taw maná gón wat bebortén gón, drégatén man é sáhat madistén. Drégatén man é sáhkandanén sáhatá gón taw hamráh buténán. Drégatén man tai goddhi sáh samá bekortén. Drégatén man o taw goddhi bará yakdomiay garmén ginn samá bekortén. Drégatén man tará goddhi bará ambáz bekortén. Yá…

Drégatén má hechbar dochár makapténén, yakdomi mazántén, samá makortén, hayál makortén. Drégatén man tai shirkenén lontháni tám machashtén, drégatén hamá daryáén chammáni johlánkiá gár mabuténán. Drégatén má sáhay washbóiá bésamá buténén, drégatén man annun pa taw nebisagá mabuténán, drégatén taw é wánt bekortén, drégatén taw maná samá kort bekortén, drégatén é taw mabuténay, drégatén é má mabuténén…

TORS

Bébramsh

Háni Balóch

Hawráni bahárméchén mósom ent. Say róch ent ke syáh o taháren jambarán mán shántag o hawr yakkasshá gwáragá ent. O sárt sártén gwáté kasshagá ent. Lógay dém pa démay bágay maccháni pisshán loddhénagá ent. Lógay dapá baláhén konaré ham hastent.

Sammolay mát Dor Bibi kanwará at. Sammolá cha lógá tawár kort: “Ammá, oo ammá! Maróchi sobáregá ché addha kanén?”

“Batth o másh, hawrá dega hecch warag wassh naent,” mátá darráént. Sammolay brát ham lógá neshtagat o Solaymáni cháhé waragá at. “Sammol! Batth o másh o lujjarén máhig sakk wassh ent.”

“Taw chó naay pa lujjarén máhigá, bale é hawr o jambará kassa narawt, pa taw lujjara nayárit.”

Hawr tézter bayán at o sártén gwáté kasshagá at. “Mani dela gwashit dhanná beraw, hawray sará bósht, chonén wasshén gwáté kasshagá ent, purah delay tahá poterit,” Sammol gón wat gappá at.

Hasaná gwasht: “Taw wa dega warhén mardomé ay. Pésari hawrá taw wa dhanná dar nayátkagay, bárén lógay kojám kondhá kaptagay. Maróchi ke márá gwahrá kosht, taw gwashay má dhanná rawén.”

“Á garmági hawr atant o jambarán sakka grandet, hamé warhén hawr wassh ent, na geróké gón, na grand.”

Sáhatéá rand Sammolay mátá tawár kort: “Byáét chokkán sobáreg bekanét.”

Mátá sobáreg gón ant o lógá kayt. Dhanná hawray baláhén dradéay tawár ent, panch menetha bit ke hawr delay tabá gwáragá ent o dhannay dar áyagá naylit.

Sammolá ke batthay dapáré chest kort, áiay brátá darráént: “Má eshkotag ke Kéchá baláhén háré pédák ent.”

“Waragá bwar, kawray áp márá nabárt,” Sammolay mátá gwasht. Sobáregá rand brát domi lógá shot o thiwiay bathani jat o gwashti: “Layn gár ant.”

Sammolá darráént: “É mardakár jambari potthahé gendit, laynána bárt. Maróchi say róch ent ke hawr yakshalá gwáragá ent. Do haptagá laynán anchó yakimm bebay ke dóshigén shapá.”

“Mani chokk! Byá chelimmá per kan, damé kasshán. Maróchi chelimmi mósomé.” Sammolá chelimm per kort o mát chelimmay kasshagá lagget.

“Sammol! May pas bazzag bárén kojá shotagant. Annun hawr narma tarrit, lóthoké káh koddhuá ér ent, pasáná bedayi,” mátá gwasht.

Sammol dhanná dar átk ke pasáni peléngag o gwandhóáni ják o kukkár at, hamé pasáni peléngag o gwandhóáni kukkáráni tahá yakk zhimb zhimbéay áwáz ham mán at. Sammolá pa tors o larzé zhimb zhimbay áwáz gósh dásht.

“Ammá, ammá! Zhimb zhimbay áwázá eshkonagá ay.”

“Haw mani chokk! Shépáni áwáz ent, é áwáz may lógay poshtay shépayg ent.” Sammolá mátay habar gept o dém pa koddhuá rawagá lagget. Bale hayáli angat gón ápay zhimb zhimbá at.

Mahgolá gwasht: “Dráh pa drekk o maydán dém pa dhupagá rawagá ant.”

Sammolá baré ásmánay némagá cháret o baré wati bázáray némagá o delá gwashti ke é ápa kayt, márá drostána bárt o má hecch korta nakanén. Jambar hamá warhá syáh o tahár at o hawr kamm kammá gwáragá at. Hawr agan kammok téz begwárit, gorhá é áp allamá márá bárt.

Chammi chest kortant o démay bázári cháret ke cha ódá panch shash mardom tacháná molkay némagá rawagá at. Esháni har o gók dhagáráni sará bastagatant.

Mahgolá gwasht: “Á kawray áp ent ke chó méthá espét ent. Áwázi ham borzter bayán ent. Alláh wat rahm bekant.”

Torsókén Sammolay del cha lápá lakosht. “Á Maryam ent gón wati párthiá pédák ent,” Gránázá gwasht. Gránáz, Mahgolay kasterén gohár at. Drost hamá némagá cháragá laggetant.

Maryam esháni pirén o gappién janéné at. “Chokkán! Áp dará ent,” Maryamá gwasht.

“Haw áp záher ent o áwázi ham trond bayán ent. É áp márá bárt,” Sammolá gwasht.

“É áp márá nabárt, shomá delá kaptagét, shomá annugén chokk ét. May wahdá yakk randé chell róchá hawrá gwartag, ápá márá nabortag. Maróchi say róch hawr ent. Áp márá bárt?”

Maryamay goházatk Bibagrá gwasht: “Mani tru! Taw rásta gwashay. Pésari wahdá chell chell róchá hawrá gwartag, bale kawrá kass nabortag. Bale pésará kawray dap pach butag nun ápay dapá baláh baláhén dhaymé bastag. Dráhén kawráni áp démá rawán ant. Dhaym ke ápá porra bit, gorhá padnendá áp allamá bázárána bárt.”

Sammol wati delá hayrán at o jérhagá at ke é dhaym may páedagay wástá bastag yá may koshagay wástá?

Dhupagay saray óshtátagén mardománi chamm Nehengay kawray ápá atant. Harkasay delá markay tors hastat. Har yakké wati hayáláni bójigá swár at. Anágat yakk áwázé átk ke ápá molké bortag o chéri dhagáráni sará rasetag. Gók o har ápay tóká ant. Hamá mardom ke molkáni sará butagant, ápá ant.

Dhupagay sará óshtátagén mardom tacháná lahtén pa molká o lahtén pa wati lógán shotant. Sammol ham tacháná wati lógay némagá shot. Damánéá pad gókáni bánsag o haráni sarrag o mardománi kukkár kanagá pad yakk hámóshiéá mán shánt.

Hawr angat gwáragá ent o ásmáná angat jambarán mán shántag o dhaym angat cha ápá porr ent. Bale dhaymay á démay bázár bébramsh ent.

Man ke Wátarr Kortagat

Sadganj Balóch

Man panch sálay darándhéhiá pad métagá wátarr kortagat. Á wahdá ke man métag yalah dát, á wahdá ham jang at. Á wahdá ham mardom chest kanag bayagá atant. Har róch jangal o patth o maydánán Balóch baccháni shirchetagén lásh dast kapagá atant. Harkas torsay ámách at. Harkas deltrakk at ke é dam na á dam nun mani bárig ent. Zendagi sakk grán at. Shapá kassá wati gesá bápén nepádáni talá wapta nakort. Métagá anchó ke laythéá shahma kort, sajjahén mardén dém pa machkadag o kawr o jangalána tatkant o chéra butant. Esháni tahá géshter warná atant. O man métag yalah dát o darándhéh bután.

Darmolká man ázátén chágerdéá neshtagatán. Na kaséá may lógán dawra kort o sajjahén kondha patthetant, na jangalán lásh dasta kapt. Kassi delá torsé néstat. Harkasay zend wassh o washhál at. Bale may Balóchestáná ás hamá warhá rók at, angat géshter jambur butagat.

Róché hálé átk. Baré cha wánagjáhéá nódarbaréay gár o bégwáh kanagay hál at o baré cha hespetálá dáktaréay. Wánendah o náwánendah, pir o warná, syási galéay básk yá gayrsyási mardom, har róch hálé átk: Pawj pelán métagá mán retkag, cha pelán bázárá do warná barag butag, mazanén shahray ráhay kashá láshé dast kaptag.

Métagáni métag pawjá mán dáshtagant. Hayát Jánay rangén sálónkén warná keshk o chárráháni sará koshag o dawr dayag bayagá ant. O darmolká mani zend asarmand bayagá naat. Paméshká man hechbar é andázah jata nakort ke é chónén gránén sáhat ant. Zendagi chón azába bit, agan pawj lógá dawr bekant o kondh kondhá patthán bebit, mardomán chest bekant o gár o bégwáh bekant.

Bégwáh kortagén mardoméay mát o pet chónén dard o dóráni ámácha bant? É baláhén gránén dard ke bégwáhén mardománi lógay mardomesha saggant, maná é dardáni hecch andázah néstat. Lahtén mazanjagarén pet wati bacchay gár bayag o padá láshay dast kapagá rand ham démá jonzána kant, bale mát

wati chokkay wátarr bayagay inchok wadárá yá wa ganóka bant yá é dardá saggeta nakanant o merant.

Nun ke man wátarr kortagat o molká atán, nun zánagá atán ke é chónén gránén dardé. Man nun zánt ke kaséay bégwáh bayagá pad lógay mardom kojám hálá bant. Áyáni chammáni wáb ham bégwáha bit o delay karár ham.

Man ke wátarr kortagat, nun man dist ke métagay chárén némagán lashkará bonjal jórh kortag. Eskul, mardománi lóg, masit, hecch jágah pasht nakaptagat. Har jágah pawjián chawki bastag o neshtagatant. Harkas torsá gár at. Hamé torsá hamok mardomá watárá cha wati brát, syád o azizán dur dáshtagat.

Man ke wátarr kortagat, man dist ke métagay doén kabrestán master butagant, kabr géshter ant. Bárén chont sálónkén sar hamé kabrestáná nun pa émeni wáb at o angat bárén chont zeminzádagén sará kabr ham nasibá nabutag. Kabráni sará jatagén bayrak ham gár atant.

Bale man sakk gal atán ke man panch sálá pad molká átkagán. Mani pád cha galá zeminá éra nabutant. Gón mani áyagá gwashay golzeminay pád ham galá chest atant o ásmáná ham watárá pa dábé mán póshetagat.

Yakk róché hawr but. Tramp ke golzeminay delbandá kaptant, mani chárén átrápán hákay washbó shenget. O man dist ke molkay hamé yakkén chizz matth nabutag, é washbó nun gwashay angat géshter meskátár at.

Cha hawrá pad man drekk bután o shotán ke shépáni ápán sayla kanán. Chárán, gwast chó granchéá botk. Hawrá pad sanjá jat. Shépá áp áwort. Sarjamén bázár shépay ápáni cháragá dar átk. É hawr o sanj, é kawr o nókáp, é mardománi mocchi, gapp o kandagáni tawár ke wasshén zémeréay warhá tálán at, mani delá táhir dayagá atant. Hawray domi róchá kasé dém pa kóhá pekneká shot o kasé komb o garáni ápá jánay shódagá… Hamok damán sakk wassh at.

Molká jang wa hamá paymá barjáh at, bale hawrá ke gwart, métagay mardom cha torsá kammé perámósh butant. Hawrá métag brahdárter kortagat. Hamé ger o chillán goláésh atán o hecch samá nabut ke kadi wáb kaptán.

Balához tawáré but o man jáh serretán. Purah balához grandéay tawár at. Gendán mátá tálé gón o lógay rétkagén ápán sholonchagá ent. Mátá gwasht: “Bwaps. É tawár nun zendagiay bahr ant.”

Shap tahár at. Bambáni tawár gésh bayán at o dur durá kochekkáni chángagay tawár ham pédák at.

Akkh...

Andalib Gechki

“É jáhá Bakráperhia gwashant,” mani petá gókáni mazanén pallay némagá dast thál kort o gwasht. É jáhá cha Send o Balóchestánay bázén damagán góka kárant, padá cha hamedá Érán o é dega damagána barant o baháesha kanant.

Gókáni leddháni bóá mani dam gwashay band bayagá at. Borz o lágarén piroké pallay boná dotal at o hoshkén káh o leddhán rópagá at. Hawrá dráhén zemin misséntagat o pallay nedetagén bó gwátá hawár at.

Gárhi kammé démá shot. Dagg sakk rassh at. Gárhiáni báziá anchó samá bayagá at gwashay mazanén góromé dém pa charágjáhá rawagá ent. May gárhiay démá thrakké rawagá at o áiay poshtá yakk góké o gwaské at. Gwaskay sar ásenay patthahay sará ér at, chammi dar gorhetagatant o gón bazzagén chammé poshtá áyókén gárhi o parpathán chárán at. Áiay mát gón béwasén chammé ingor ángor cháragá at. Begenday á wati o chokkay ájóiay johdá at bale hecch ráh gendagá naat chéá ke á bastagatant.

Nun má cha Bakráperhiá dur atén. Gókáni sakanáni bóay jáhá dutt o petrólay deltósén bóé at. Cha rakshaháni syáhén lonthán dar átkagén syáhén dutt atant ke bázén táchénagá tahárók atant o cha áyáni dam kasshagá syáhén duttay gakk dar áyagá at. Begenday é bó bass pa man deltós at ke man sáp o tázagén gwátá dam kasshagá héldár atán; gwátay har yakk shikkéay tahá chenál, limbó o sherisshay polláni wasshén bó átár at o anchó ke shikkag dap o démána laggit, gimmortagén del bóda kárit, jabin sárta bit o táhira gipt.

Mani chamm hamé gwaskoká sakk atant ke pa koshagá baragá atanti. Mani chamm gwaskokay zardén chammáni tahá ér bokketant. Man watá hamé gwaskokay jáhá dist.

Mani sar ásenay sará ér at o wati gwastá yát kanagá atán. Mani zenday awali róch at. Mani mát maná pa mehré chatthán at o man zeminay sará sheterán

atán. Mani pédá bayagá péshter hawrá gwartagat o zemin cheddh o mén at. Cha gókáni bázén raw o áyán zemin géshter cheddh at. Mani mát pa man jágahé sáp kanagá at. Zeminay sará retkagén o cheddhá ménén hoshkén káhán gón wati pádán dur kanagá at.

Cha gókáni bánsagán man dist borz o lágarén piroké pallá poteragá ent. Gwát trond at o gón gwátay shikkagán tramp mani dap o démán laggagá atant. Gókán pa káhán enzár bast o pirokay pád shetert. Pirok gón káhán dém pa chér kapt. Gón kapagá cha áiay dapá mazanén Alláhé dar átk.

Mát maná chatthán o sáp kanán at o boná retkagén káhán cháragá at. É dega gók piroká lagat dayáná káháni waragá laggetant. Pirok pa azábé pád átk bale pági boná kaptagat o cheddhén at. Áiá lóthet ke chesti bekanán. Yakk saré dastá ati o domi sar gókéay srombay chérá at. Á, góká télánk dayagá lagget. "Ishko... ishko... issh... issh..." Harám bát, góká soddé per néstat.

Pirokay chamm pa man kaptant, borzén tawáréá gwashti: "Abborhi... Gwaskoká nametkag wa." Rást at man angat shir nametkagat, chéá ke man wa angat wati pádán óshtát nakanagá atán. Gón pirokay é gappá mani shod gwashay géshter but. Áiá maná gón larzókén dasté chest kort. Awali bará man shiray mechag nazánt, edá o ódá saron jat. Piroká áparin bát maná komakki kort. Wahdé man sér kort, gón mehrawánén chammé pirokon cháret. Áiá ham mani sará dast samáráná chacchó o dóstnákén gálwáréá gwasht: "Sil wált? Lápok tai shél but?"

Shir mechagá pad mani delá gwashay mátay mehr géshter but o mát ham gwashay maná géshter dóst dáragá at. Maná nun hamá gókáni sará bad áyagá at ke mehrawánén pirokesh kamsharap kort o áiay págesh cheddháni tahá lagat dát.

Nun man har róch hamé piroka dist ke átk may pallá góki káh o kadimma kortant. Gókán modám pirok dhakkara jat o man delá gwasht é bazzagá chár, chón mehrawán ent pa má o má eshiá angat dhakkara janén. Pa káhá anchó eshtápiga bén ke pirokay hecch hayálá nabén. Má chónén watwáh én o é pirok bazzag chónén bétamáhé.

"Ammá! Mana lóthán cha pallá dhann saylá berawán."

"Enna. Taw chó kojá shota kanay?" mani mátá mani sar bó chenáná gwasht. Man wati garden anchó chandhént gwashay pónzay sará makeské neshtagat.

"Ammá! Bell maná. Mana rawán saylá, ammá!"

“Beraw, agan taw é zandhén dárán prósht o cha pallá á dém shota kanay,” mani mátá zahrá zahr maná gwasht parchá ke man zedd kanagá atán.

Man pall cháret. Haw, gón zandhén dár o sádán mohr bastagat. Man pallay nazzikká shotán, dáráni shamá wati sar gott dát bale mani jón pallay tahá at. Mani mát wati saragá mani gardená moshán but o bazzagén gálwáréá gwashti: “Mani chokk! Taw angat kasán ay, wati hordokén sará cha é dárán á dém kassheta kanay bale má...”

Man hamé pallay boná waptán o saron zeminá ér kort. Mani mát ham mani kashá wapt. Má har doénán wati chamm cha pallá dhann shánk dátant. Man pirokay bábatá jérhagá laggetán ke é pirok parchá pallay dapá pacha nakant ke má dhanná berawén?

Yakk róché piroká márá káh o kadimm kortagat, má drost waptag o áshkádá atén ke mazanén gárhié may pallay dapá átk o óshtát. Panch o shash warná pallay tahá potert. Gón esháni kandagán dráhén gók pád átk o óshtátant. Áyáni démá gwashay bimmay danzéá mán shánt o á bánsagá laggetant. Mani mátá wati pád zeminá sakk dátant, mát áshkádá ham naat, o maná wati poshtá chéri dát. Man máret ke allam torsi gappé. Man ham poshtá nazz korretán o chérokái cháragá laggetán.

Pirok démá at o dastá thál kanán o gókán pésh dárán at. Lahtén warná démá átk o zamzilesh hamé gókáni gotthá dátant o gókesh gerrán kort o thrakká sar gétkant. Esháni baragá pad piroká pallay dap bast o wati légárén págá bandán but o shot.

“Ammá! É gókesh kojá bortant? Balkén saylá barantesh? O shomá drost parchá torsagá atét?”

“Mani chokk! Taw angat kasán ay, heccha nazánay, násarpadé ay. Eshán pa saylá enna, pa koshagá baragá ant.”

“Haw, hán? Ammá! Shomá chóna zánét?” man wati mát cháráná jost kort.

Áiay chamm arsá golgol butant o maná bó chenáná gwashti: “Yakk randé, hamé gókesh ke bortant, yakké padá áwortesh. Gorhá hamáiá wati kessah áwort ke márá thrakká kort o bortesh. Ódá mazanén koshtárjáhéá, mani démá bázén góké dhagárá dát o heláresh kort. Mani bárig ke átk, yakké átk o gwashti: ‘Eshiá yalah dayét, dáktará gwashtag ke é lágar ent. Eshiá má nazurén.’ Nun hamá ent, é thrakk ke kayt, má drost deltrakka bén.”

“Ammá! Á gókesh padá bort?”

“Enna, mani chokk! Á deltrakk but o mort.”

Nun cha hamá róchá maná pirokay sará bada kayt o anchó ke á kayt, man démá dega némagé tarrénán.

Sohbay sará róchá kammé záheri kort bale zutt nódán andém kort. Sohbay saminay názorkén shikkagáni tahá pogay tarrén bó hawár at ke nódán misséntagatant. Cha é bóá mani shod waddet. Nun sakk dér at ke maná mátá shirá pach kortagat o man ham káh o poga wárt. Maróchi pirok angat nayátkagat o márá káh o kadimmi nakortagat. Chónáhá ke jambar o hawra bit yá nód o sáchána bit, gorhá shod gwashay géshtera waddit. Bárén maná chont máh butagat, bale má gókáni kerrá máh o sáláni hesáb koj ent? Man bass hamé máret ke man nun á gwandhokén gwaskalok naán.

“Gurr... rrr... Gurr… rrr...” é hamá thrakkay tawár at. Má sajjahén jáh serretén. Pirmard gón chár panch warnáyá potert. Piroká hamá légárén pág sará at o man ham maróchi zánagá atán ke é pág aslá che rangé. Yakk warnáé ke gwashay esháni sarók at, pirok áiá gókán pésh dárán at o á, gókáni wangán dast janán o sará pa haw o enna sorénán at.

Mani mátay chamm dar gorhetagatant o hameshán cháragá at. Á démá áyán atant. Yakk makeské piroká delsyáh kanagá lagget. Pirokay delgósh záná gón makeská at ke pádi sampéá kapt o á shetert o dém pa chér kapt. Áiay pág ham boná kapt. Man delá gwasht: “Kapátay. Gark bátay. May markay sawdá janagá pésh taw bemerátay.”

Pirok dhókó bayán, pád áyagá at o warná porkandagén gálwáréá gwashagá at: “Nákó! Taw kaptay wa.”

Anchó ke pirokay chamm pa man o mani mátá kaptant, ér bokketagén chammi dhanná dar átkant o áiay zardén lontháni kashay chall gón áiay chálbázén bechkandá poshtá kenzetant.

“Hén hén hén... eshán bechár,” áiá dast may némagá thál kort: “É gwaskoká. Hán, é gók awalzanké, kasán ent.”

Mani del zórá drikkagá lagget. Man wati mátay delay drikkagán ham eshkonagá atán.

“Haw, é sharr ant,” warnáyá béde may dast per kanagá gwasht. Do say warná átk o márá gerránesh kort.

Mani mát peryátá lagget: “Maná barét bale mani chokká mabarét.”

Mani mátay peryát pa piroká bass bánsag atant. Pirok wati chotthokén risshán samáráná gón warnáyá gwashagá lagget: “Séthá begwash, mani cháragá bekan gón.”

Thrakkay tahá má doén hámósh atén. May doénáni chamm daggá sakk atant. Má wati markay bábatá jérhagá atén o nun man sharr zánagá atán ke piroká márá pa koshagá sáthetag.

“Ammá! Má parchá chó béwas én? Márá pa koshagá baragá ant o má...”

Mátá mani némagá nacháret o gwasht: “Mani chokk! Má ensánáni golám én. Golámá wati zend o markay sará was nést.”

Koshtárjáhá hónay bó sheng at o cha retkagén hónán zangay bó pédák at. É gwashay hamá ásenay bó at ke mani sari sará ér at. Habshigónagén bachakkéá mazanén kárché dastá at. Lahténá maná dhagárá dát o dásht. Mani mátay chammáni kallá maná pa koshagá wápéntagatesh o mani mát peryátá at. Espétpóshén maláek pa may arwáháni dast geragá óshtátagatant. Cha mani mátay peryátán maláekáni chamm ars butant, bale é ensánáni góshán na mani mátay peryát kapagá atant o na ke á, maláek o áyáni arsán gendagá atant. É ensánáni dastá tahná má béwas naén, ásmáni maláek ham béwas ant. Bachakká kárch mani gotthá ér áwort.

“Akkh...!”

“Ché but?” Mani petá poshtá chakk jat o jost kort. Man cháret mani dast mani gotthá ent, mani sar thayksiay darwázagay sará ér ent o zangay bó cha thayksiay darwázagá chest bayán ent.

BÉR

Chámpath

Roksár Balóch

Má doá wánagá atén. Yakk róché ostádá, wájah Monirá gwasht: “Man josté kanán. Hamá ke zánt, dastá chest bekant, agan nazánt o chesta kant, chámpathé wárt! Jost esh ent, má ke ginná tahá barén, kojám gays hóná rawt?”

Siay tahá chárá dast chest kort. Morád Jáná, Belárá, Hammalá o man. Wájah Monirá awalsará Belár pád kort. Belárá gwasht: “Kárban dháyáksáidh.”

Maná kandag átk, bale wájahay torsá man nakandet. Wájahá cha Hammalá jost kort. Áiá ham gwasht: “Kárban dháyáksáidh.”

Padá wájahá Morád Ján pád kort. Morád Jáná mokket o mokket o gwasht: “Á...ák...si...si...jan!”

Padá mani bárig átk. Man gwasht: “Áksijan.”

Wájahá gwasht: “Roksár o Morád Ján! Shomay passaw rást ant. Shomá byáét o Belár o Hammalá chámpathé chámpathé bejanét.”

Morád Ján damáná shot o áyáná chámpathi jat, chéá ke Belár o Hammalá yakkashá Morád Jánay mokkagáni gégána gept.

Maná bazzag but. Man gwasht: “Manesha najanán.”

Wájahá gwasht: “Agan tawesha najanay gorhá Hammal o Belárá parmáyán, belli tará chámpatha janant.”

Gorhá man ham pád átkán o doén chámpathé chámpathé jatant. Wájahá gón Belár o Hammalá gwasht: “Berawét, benendét, bale áksijaná yát kanét.”

Belárá wár wárá gwasht: “Áksijan yáta bit, nabit, *chámpath* yáta bit!”

Badén Bó

Sábedah Barkat

Á shapi mani sará gwashay ásmán kaptagat o delá ás rók at. Maná wati marday sará sakk konnat bayagá at. Man grét o watá dhóbáret. Lógay har yakk chizzé maná chó zummá dajagá at. Gwaray pashk maná konthag janagá at ke áiá dast jatagat. Del gwashagá at ke lógá wati hamráhiá mán dár, bale hamé damáná mani lápay panchmáhi chokká lagaté jat o mani hayál thagaléntant. Man doén dast zortant, wati láp shahmát pa shahmát kort ke áiay tókay chokk ham hamáiay bar at. Man áiay zahrá wati o wati lápay chokkay sará kasshagá atán.

Del tosagá at. Chamm ars atant. Man nepádáni sará tachk bután, dém gón diwálá kort o jérhagá laggetán ke choshén mard wa éwaká mani naent. Chágerd cha choshéná porr ent. É zál che paym gón áyán zenda gwázénant, che paym chokka kárant, chón áyána saggant? Sajjahén zendá wa cha é rástiá nááshná nabant! Man bemorténán cha é marday geragá. Sajjahén zendá kalmánth buténán sharter at.

Darwázagá tawár kort. Áiá wár wárá darwázag pach kort o átk o mani poshtá wapt. Man palangay kerroká atán o géshterén jágah pa áiá yalah at.

Mani zahr pa áiá waddán at. Á chó badén bóéá lógay tóká sheng at o mani sáhi béwár kortagat. Mani delá gwasht pád á, áiay gotthá beger o kans kan, haminchok shahmáti bejan ke démi chárag mabit.

Shap gwashay drájter at. Nazánán che wahd at. Maná hecch sabr bayagá naat ke kadi sohba bit o man cha é badén bóá gestá bán! Mani sar cha dardá trakkagi at.

Á anchó wáb kapt ke trond trondá garrárhagá lagget. Áiay garrárhag mani kénagá pa áiá gésh kanán atant. Man cha tahtay sará pád átkán, shotán boná tachk bután. Mani delá é lógá ásé rók at ke maná sóchag o por kanagá at.

Anágahá man wati góshay sohray nálokáni tránagá kaptán. Pád átk o neshtán o nálokán kasshagá laggetán. Mani del anchó gréwagá at ke ars yakshalá rechán atant. Nálok man kasshetant o sardast kortant, yakk kerréá. Yabbará delá gwasht nálokán zur, sengay sará chóp, bale maná oshteri kénagé mán at. Pa nálokáni chópagá chón halás bebutén?

Nonnokay lagat gésh bayán atant. Á saht o damán mani lápá lagat janagá at. Begenday gwashagá at ke maná dast jan, samár, sard bay, man béwár án. Bale mani delá nonnokay lagat éwaká mani zahrá pa áiay petá gésh kanán atant. Mani máti mehr nazánán kojá shotagat. Cha mardá rasetagén dard cha é mehrá zóráwarter at.

Man gón doén dastán wati sará prenchagá atán. Chamm sochagá atant. Wáb gár at. Anchó anchó tán mollává pajaray báng dát. Man pád átkán, wati cháder cha almáriá kasshet o sará kort. Maná anchó samá but ke cháder ham áiay jónén bóá kanagá ent. É cháder man hamáiay zarráni sará zortagat. Man cháder padá almáriá chagal dát o hamá cháder ke mani gohárá maná surá sawgát kortagat, shóház kort o sará kort.

Agan mani dastá butén, man wati jánay póst ham lakóshtag o chagal dátagat ke gón áiay jáná yakjáh butagat.

Mani pandólá har zarré ke mán at, man kasshet o lógay delá kurrátant o cha lógá dar átkán o shepádá dém pa wati bonokki métagá ráh geptán. Mani champal ham hamáiá chizzé róch pésar zortagatant. Delá nagwasht ke pádá bekanesh.

Métag dur at, bale mani tahá anchén háthigé átkagat ke man dam nabort o róchá gwar bastagat ke man métagá sar bután.

Mani é jáwará drost paréshán kortant. Maná áp o támesh kort, bale mani delá hecch nakasshet, man bass do gotth áp wárt.

Man pa zóré wati chammáni ars dáshtagatant. Man ke gég o gwar bután, lógay drostén mardom mani kerrá neshtant, mani mát, pet, gohár, brát o neshár. Kass hecch gwashagá naat, bale drostáni chamm cha jostá porr atant.

Mani mátá gón larzókén tawáré jost kort ke ché butag? Tai mard koj ent? Man watá dásht nakort o dapay porrá gwasht ke sótkag man, é mard.

Mátá yabbará mani dapá shahmáté jat. Mani zenday awali rand at ke mátá maná shahmáté jat. Man gréwáná téwagén hál áyáná dátant.

Drost gong butant. Kassá hecch nagwasht. Mátá pa pashómáni maná gept o goláésh kort. Man gréwagá atán. Áiá maná tasallá dát o sahrhént. Brátá gwasht taw hecch paréshán mabay, má cha eshiá tai sawnána gerén.

Mani delay bár kammé sobakter but, bale mani del angat bon at. Áiay hasti maná hecch paymá bardásht bayagá naat. Wati métagay bégwáhén o shahid butagén warná o áyáni mátáni aks mani chammáni démá óshtátagatant. Man hecch warhá táhir geragá naatán. Mani delá gwasht pád á, beraw masitay lawdhay dapá jár bejan o begwash ke mani badbóén mard chárigé.

Zend pa Man Ham Bebit

Rakshandah Táj Balóch

Mahpali bánay tahá dém pa chér kaptagat. Démi bánay tagerdá sakk at o golli thapp atant. Á hayrán at ke mani dráhén zenday mozz maná é raset? Mani mehray ásar é but? Man kay atán ke taw gón man é warh kort? Taw maná hecchigi nakort. Mani mehr, mani wapá, mani korbánig, mani shapáni nyád, maná é dráhénáni mozz ché raset? Tahná say gaddhag? Anchó nezór at may syádi ke say labzá halás but? Man chón báwar bekanán ke taw maná yalah dát? Man watárá chón besahrhénán ke taw cha man sest o jetá butay? Á sál o máhán chón béhayál bekanán ke man gón taw gwázéntagant? Mani dapá nekáhay shapay shiráni tám angat naproshtagat, taw pésará mani dap chó kocchalá zahr kort. Á péshánig ke taw áiay tawsipá bassa nakort, hamé péshánigay sará taw balához dágé per kort o maná chágerday tahá aybwár kort. Man nun chón tai démá kapta kanán ke taw mani záher o bátenay yakk yakk gappéá sarpad atay. Off Hodá! Man chón bekanán?

Áiá pa bazzagi oppáré kasshet, dém pa chériá ke dami bort, del pa láp but. Inchok gréwag o jérhagá démi sohr tarretagat. Chammi bánay konthán kaptant ke yakk dhómbóé cha konthay yakk thongéá dara kayt o domiá poterit. Áiá hayál kort ke é konth dhómbóay lóg ent, bale nun mani lóg kojám ent? É dhómbó yakk sáhaté é konthá yalaha nakant. Man dah sál, yakk omré é lógay tahá gwázéntag, gorhá man chón é lógá yalah dáta kanán? Maná allamá rawagi ent, bale mani nonnokán kay pódit? Abborhay máti! Mani chokk bépet butant. Abborhay bábi! Man gár bután, man nabután. Mani chokk bahr kanaga bant? Petay zendá mani chokk chórah butant.

Wapsagá ke dami bort, pád átk o bánay kondhá tekkahi dát o nesht. Dóchagi goday kathuri ér at, chammi wati aiday pashká kaptant, chóth o jálári kanagá at. Godi zort, delay sarái dásht ke nun man pa kayá darés bekanán? Mani dawr halás but. Haw, bezán mani zenday hamráhá mani dah sálay mehr o hamráhdáriay mozz say gaddhag dát. Tai dapá dard nakort? Mani mehrá tai jig kabond nakort? Dah sálay hamráhdáriá tai pád nabastant? Taw gón kojám dapá maná gwasht ke beraw, taw mani mát o gohár ay?

Bánay dhanná Golám Bejjár ham dém pa chér kaptagat o dasti sará atant. Á hayrán at ke é che káré ke man kort? Áiá hayál kort ke man beh chó béhósh nabutagán ke choshén kaptagén káré bekanán, bale gón man nun but. Tokk zeminá kapt. Man kojám warh bekanán ke padá hamá bebán? Áiá sar jat, domb jat ke man gón kayá shawr o saláh bekanán. Angat kass sahig naent ke man choshén káré kortag. Anágat hayáli kort ke hán yakk ráhé hastent. Agan Mahpali bemannit gorhá allamá mani lóga rakkit, mani chokk saránsara nabant. Golám Bejjárá máret ke mani é nókén gám ke man chesti kanagá án, pa man baláhén sezáé, mani gayratay sará yakk trondén latthé laggit, bale maná kanagi ent.

Mahpali o Sháhbaht chérén kerd naatant. Doén yakdomiay sará ápa chakarrénant o warant. Yakdomiá sáhaté magendant, wahdesha nagwazit. Padá nákózátk atant. Har wahdá doén yakjáh atant. Mollâay gwará jozay wánag bebit, koddhoki bebit, dottokay nádag bebit, Sháhbaht o Mahpali é dega gwandhóáni hamráhiá hamódá atant.

É wa kasániay gapp atant. Máh o sál jonzán butant. Mahpali warnáiay dará sar but. Sháhbaht ham warná at. Á yakk drájborrén, borzpónzén o wasshén sabzé at, bale hamá sabz ke estár cha áiá delmánaga bant o Mahpali ham gerdsar o gerddémén espétkóchakén jenekké at.

Nun gwandhóiay dawr o nawbat halás atant o warnáiá watárá paddar kortagat. O é anchén dawré ke ás o apors. Eshiá pésar ke apors ás begipt, Mahpaliay mátá áiárá chágerday jahl o borz sarpad kortant, bale nun dér gwastagat. Mehray tóhm drachké jórh butagat. Mahpaliá ham nazánt ke kadi mani wáhagáni tawár Sháhbahtay zerday chammagá trinz trinza kant. Ás doén némagán rók at, bale Balóchi lajjá áyáni zobán lagám dátagat. Wáhag inchok ham bémayár naatant ke rozwái wati panjagán ér bedant o ráj pa jenekkay wadi kanagá sad randá hayál bekant. Yakkéá domi beh é sarpad nakort ke kay pa kayá delay tahá ché o chónén hayála dárit.

Sháhbaht Mahpaliay nákózátk at, lógay tahá raw o á hastat, bale áyán hechbar cha lakirá á dém wati gám ér nakortagatant. Sháhbaht delá deljam at ke maná nákó allamá zámáta kant, bale áiá nazánt ke bahtá sálónk cha nekáhá pád kortagant o bánór cha kellahán bortagant.

Anchó gwashant ke baht ke kapit, oshteray sará ham kochekka wárt. Bezán Sháhbaht oshteray sará kochekká hab jat o baht o nasibá wati layb pésh dásht. Zerd wayrandán butant. Táké ham cha wati jáhá nasoret. Kass cha kassá sahig nabut. Mahpaliá wati rájay démá sar jahl kort. Sháhbahtá ham wati del sahrhént. Delá jáheli báz kort, bale Sháhbahtá gayratay layb nazántagat. Áiá

wati nákó o nákózátk Mahpaliay gayrat cha har chizzá dóstter at. Zamánagay rasm o rawáján cha áyán báj bort.

Wahd mizán mizáná jonzán at o baniádam é kóshestá atant ke má cha wahdá pasht makapén. Hamé wástá harkas wati kallagá shay but. Kaséay gwará ke dhagár o hangám gésh at, á mir at, o métagay tahá miráni kesás géshter bayán at.

Mahpaliay pet Mir Dádelláh angat sarpadén mardomé at, bale Mahpaliay doén brát Mir Mehlab o Mir Pordelay sontháni sar ásmáná at. Baré kahnáni sará jang o baré zeminay chondhéay sará jang. Mir Dádelláhá del lápá naat, áiá wati bacch báz sarpad kortant ke jang makanét, jangáni ásar sharr naent. Gorhá bacchán passaw dát ke tai hayál ché gwashit ke lagór bebén o lógá chér bebén? Yá janénáni warhá godé kóndhá bekanén o bánay kondhéá benendén? Na, é habaray jend may gayratay heláp ent. Kasé ke gón má kant, má áiay chetkán mána dárén o áyáni gwánzagián ham naylén, gorhá á nun zánant ke áyán wati dast gón kai razánán jatag. Á ke zahmardag ant gorhá gón mardán hamdap bebant.

Dádelláh hámósh but. Áiá zánt ke warnáén hón ant, jósh ant. Wahday hamráhiá sarpada bant, bale baht o nasib dur óshtátag o kandagá at.

Domi róchay jendá Mehlabay gón Mir Báhóthay kasterén bachakk Mir Lallahá ápay sará dapjangia bit. Dapjangi dura rawt. Lallahá wati nakib, Shábán hamráha bit o Mehlab yakké ke éwaka bit o domi tahná dast o gósha bit. Á doénán Mehlabay také kasshet. Áyán delay maylá wati dast wassh kortant. Mehlab hón réchána bit, dém pa wati bastá Pordelay gwará rawt, wati brátá gwashit: “Byá ke maná Lallah o áiay nakibá jatag.” Pordel wati brátay hónána gendit o é sarpada bit ke yakk nakibéá ham brát jatag. Gorhá má zendag én? Á charrahiá zurit, Mehlabá hamráha kant o dém pa Mir Báhóthay bastá rahádaga bit. Á doéna rawant, bale Lallah bastá nabit. Á dém pa kahná rahádaga bant ke Lallah o Shábán cha bórengá pédáka bant. Métagay kabrestánay kerrá, Pordel na josté na porsé gwaria dant charrahi tiré ke Lallahay sénag bahr bahra bit o róti dara káyant. Shábán dara rawt. Pordel Shábánay randá kapit, bale á dasta nadant. Mehlab o Pordel dém pa kóhá dara kapant o bágia bant.

Ódá métagá ása laggit ke Mir Dádelláhay bacchán Mir Báhóthay bacch koshtag. Mir Báhóth cha hóshá béhósh but, bale áiay syád o wáres o brát o mardomán sawgend wárt ke Lallahay sayay ápáni réchagá pésar má wati bérá gerén. Agan Mehlab o Pordel dasta nakapant, gorhá may dastá harkasa kapit, má wati bérá gerén.

Dádelláh imáná yalah kortagat. Áiá nazánt chón bekanán. Shap o róch lógay tahá chér but ham nakant. Áiá wati brát Shádolláh hamráh kort o Shayay

gwará shot. Dasti pa shayán dawr dátant. Tán do shap o do róchá Shay Kambar Jánay sará kapit, gorhá goddhiá Shay Kambar Ján saláhay háterá Mir Báhóthá napar pera kant ke má tai lógá poterén, bale Mir Báhóth dastá pa jáná naylit. Gorhá goddhiá Shay Kambar Ján Mir Báhóthá padá napar pera kant ke má enshapi tai mehmán én. Mir Báhóth sharriay sará sarpada bit ke Shay ché gwashaga lóthit, bale Shayá makan korta nakant. Pas o kósha bit, hayyá pa deha bit. Shay gón panch Kolózará Mir Báhóthay lógá shot, Mehlab o Pordel ham áiá gón atant. Mir Báhóthay mardomán ke Pordel o Mehlab distant, bébardásht butant, bale cha Shay Kambar Jáná majbur atant.

Mehmánjáhay tahá kamarzáni bandag but o nendag but. Doén dáwádár dém pa dém butant. Shay Kambar Jáná gwasht: “Mir Báhóth Ján! Má yakk arz o peryátéá átkagén. Mir! Márá tai bachalokay rawag wa dard ent, bale é chokk ant, násarpad ant. Eshání dastá radié butag. Báyad ent má masterén é chokkáni radiá bebakshén, tará ham sawába rasit. Tai chokk wa shahid ent. Á wa padá nayayt. Tará Hodáyá dega chokk dátag, tai janázahá kópag dayóka bit. Agan taw zemina lóthay, sánga lóthay, zarra lóthay, taw bass begwash. Mir Dádelláh tai malámáni porr kanók ent. Bale Mir! É habará beshkon, má hórkén dastán wátarra nabén.”

Mir Báhóthá gwasht: “Wájah! Tai pád o mani chamm, bale man chokka ródénán o láheka kanán ke Dádelláh gón bacchán koshán o dawr dayán bekant? Na wájah! Man saray matthá gón sará kanán. Áiá mani anchén nehálé dawr dátag ke angat burr o bará nakaptag. Man ham Dádelláhay yakk anchén nehálé jahláda kanán.”

Shayá padá gwasht: “Taw agan pahella nakanay, gorhá ché kanay?”

Mir Báhóthá gwasht: “Man wati bacchay bérá gerán, marday bér pa déri gára nabit.”

“Bechár Báhóth Ján, radi cha mardomá bit, bale é hóná maná bebaksh. Taw wati bérá geray, é padá wati bérá gerant. Shomá cha yakdomiá kamter naét. Anchó anchó shomay nasl halása bit. Mane Shay Kambará bechár.”

É mérh tán némshapá hast but, goddhiá Mir Báhóthá paysalah kort ke Dádelláh márá wati jenekké bedant. Mani paysalah hamesh ent. Agan Dádelláhá sojjit, gorhá démá bekenzit, agan na, gorhá mani gapp hamá ent. Mir Dádelláhay dém syáh tarret. Shay Kambar Jáná gón Mir Dádelláhá gwasht: “Hán Mir! Gorhá nun? Báhóth Jáná wati paysalah dát, bárén taw ché gwashay?”

Mir Dádelláhay tawár cha gotthá dar nayátk, bale Pordelá alhán kort: “Enna, má é warha nakanén. Agan Mir janga lóthit, gorhá sangaw má ham dastá nakortag.”

Dádelláhá Pordel mán bast: “Bass kan taw. Taw wati démá moshtagant, bale maná wati kothom kóshárénagi naent. Wati gorragán wati gwará bedár.”

Mir Dádelláhá gón wati mardomán shawr o saláh kort o razámandi dát.

Mir Dádelláh gón wati doén bacchán lógá shot. Dádelláhay lógiá wati bachakk distant, gorhet o gwashti: “Hán bárén ché but?”

Dádelláhá passaw dát: “Hayr but.” É warhi gwasht o báná shot.

Áiay lógi áiay randá báná shot gón. Josti kort: “Hayr but, bale chón?”

Dádelláhá gwasht: “Áyán sángé lóthet o má enna kort nakort.”

Áiay lógi bránz gept: “Tai hayálá may jenekk nun dozhmenay lógá rawt?”

Dádelláhá ás lagget: “Gorhá é tai doén márgóshán wati démá ke moshtagant, záher ent ke yakké na yakkéá eshiay mozz wa dayagi ent.”

Áiay lógiá padá kwáret: “Bale man wati jenekká nadayán.”

Dádelláhá gwasht: “Gorhá wati bacchán beday, belli saránesha borrant, jónánesh gathará dawra dayant. Áyáni dastán déra najant. Bechár nékén zál! Tai bacch pésh kaptagant.”

Hayriá grét o petthórént, bale áiá ham zánt béde é ráhá dega hecch ráh nést.

Gorhá ché but? Korbániay brák zánay kay but? Mahpali… Hán Mahpali but. É tawk Mahpaliay gwará dayag but. Kassá áiay razá jost kanagay taklip ham nakort. Á wati brátáni námá korbán but.

Na hamgangalán sawt jat, na lóthok but, na kellahá nesht, hecch nabut. Cha chollay sará pádesh kort, saresh gón méth o konartákán shosht, dastesh henni kortant, saresh gón dánich o jawzwákán gwapt. Saray gwápay wahdá áiay mát áiay kerrá neshtagat. Mahpaliá chó békaséá wati mát cháret. Mátá á cháret nakort, wati démi ángor kort. Hayriá padá cháret, disti ke Mahpali angat áiá chárágá ent. Hayri Mahpaliay nazzikterá átk o gwashti: “Máhó, mani chokk! Tai sur ent.”

Áiá gwasht o pád átk o shot. Sur? Mahpali hayrán at ke sur é warha bant? Bale gón kayá ent, mani sur? Cha mocchiay tahá yakk janénéá gwasht: “Sharr ent ke eshán paysalah kort o watmánwat butant. Dega bárén ché butagat?”

Dega yakk janénéá gwasht: “Dega ché butagat, hónay badal hón butagat. Saray matth sar butagat.”

Nun Mahpaliá hayál kort ke man hónay démá dayag butagán. Man wati dáwádáráni lógá rawagá án, bale mani gonáh o mayár? Áiay delay yakk kondhéá Sháhbahtay aks chawl janán but. Áiá wati del moshtá kort.

Tán bégáhá á sambahéntesh, tayáresh kort. Magrebay wahdá nekáhay mardom átkant. Say mardén bánóray báná potert. Mahpaliay sar jahl at, chammi band atant. Hamesháni tahá yakkéá jost kort: “Tai nekáhay pet kay ent? Tai nekáhay pet kay ent? Tai nekáhay pet kay ent?”

Kashay janéná passaw dát: “Wájah Shay Kambar Ján ent nekáhay pet.”

Padá hamé mardá gón wati hamráhán gwasht: “Wájahán! Shomá eshkot?”

“Haw, má eshkot.”

Yakkéá randá gwasht: “Haw, má eshkot.”

Mahpaliay sur at. Sari chest kort o hayáli kort. É tawár? É tawár? É tawárá man chón béhayála kanán? É Sháhbaht ent, bale Sháhbaht mani jostá átkag? Áiá cha goshánay thongá cháret. Bánay dapá yakké wati champalán pádá kanagá at. Haw, arhay kesmat! É Sháhbaht at, Sháhó at.

Mahpali hamé hayálán at ke watásán tawár kort, sáhatéá pad kasé átk o áiay chappén kashá nesht. Mobárakbádi dayag but. Sar dhikk dayag butant. Mahpaliá angata nazánt ke mani mard kay ent. Janénádam dráh cha báná dar átkant. Mahpaliá korhi zánt ke mani mard Golám Bejjár ent.

Mahpaliá é randá pad Sháhbaht nadist. Mahpaliay delá wa báz kasshet Sháhbahtay chárag, bale Mahpaliay jendá nalóthet. Áiá zánt ke man nun do kothomay myánjiá yakk ráhé án.

Mobárakiay róchá Mahpaliesh laddhént. Laddhénagay wahdá áiay petá áiay sará dast ér mosht o sari ambázán zuragay kóshest kort, bale Mahpali poshtá kenzet. Áiá kass ham nacháret o gárhiá swár but.

Sál o máh jonzán butant. Mahpali panch chokkay mát but, bale petay lógá yakk baré ham wátarr nabut. Áiay pet o mát o brát áiay cháragá átkant, bale Mahpaliay del gón wati kothomá sáp nabut.

Áiay sará warh warhén nawbat átk, bale áiá off nakangay sawgend wártagat. Har wahday pant o shegáná áiay gósh gwát dátagatant. Bale áiay mard Golám Bejjár áiay sará sharr at.

Inchok ják o kukkárá Golám Bejjárá ham dam bortagat. Yakk róché áiá wati jan o chokk zortant, jetáén lógéá nesht. Mahpali ham ásudag but. Áiay hayálá

mani dráhén dard o dór halás ant. Bale baht o kodratá áiay chakkásag band nakortagat. Kawwása gwashant ke baht dastay lakiráni tahá ent, bale agan Mahpaliá bezántén ke baht dastay lakiráni tahá ent, gorhá áiá wati doén dast goddhetagatant. Bale gwashant ke démay kárán kassa nazánt. Yakk randé padá bahtá wati dastay sapái pésh dásht. Gwashant baht ke nakant yári, gón kayá gelagdári?

Golám Bejjár dhagáráni sará báz thóth waragá at. Wámdár at ham. Á sakk paréshán at. Yakk shapé áiá kammok géshter wártagat. Shapay nehengámá á tattaráná lógá átk. Mahpaliá áiárá nán dát, náni ham wárt. Mahpali áiay démá neshtagat. Áiá Mahpali cháret o padá jag gón ápán Mahpaliay sar o góshán jat. Mahpaliá trinz bast.

Golám Bejjár pád átk. Na josté na porsé, áiá Mahpali doén motthán gept, bánay chárén kondhán chakarrént o jati, chakarrént o jati. Mahpali tahná haminchok gwashagá at ke mani gonáh o mayár ché ent? Man hecch nakortag. Bass Golám Bejjár wati zahr o hasaddá áiay sará darshán kanagá at. Gwashagá at ke kukkár makan. Man tai sawnána dayán. Man tará bekoshán, kass tai némagá ham nayayt. Anchó bezán ke taw yakk dhundhé ay o tará gwarága chondhant.

Golám Bejjárá á máti o gohári har warhén bad o rad kort, bale Mahpaliá haw ham nakort. Áiay hámóshi Golám Bejjárá géshter porr kanagá at. Golám Bejjár hamé lóthagá at ke Mahpali kukkár bekant, bale Mahpali hecch nagwashagá at. Golám Bejjárá kukkár kort o gwasht: “Man nun tará nazurán, taw maná darkár...”

Anchosh neshah at ke gappi dara nayátkant. Inchok kukkárá dapay lebzi rechagá atant, chó mastén góká punshagá at. Gwashti: “Beraw man tará nazurán, har jáhé raway, beraw.”

Áiá Mahpaliay dast gept, tachká dhanná dar kort. “Man tará gwashán, dar á cha mani lógá. Taw záná Balóchi sarpada nabay?”

Mahpaliá grét o gwasht: “Bejjár, chó makan, mani chokk bazzaga bant. Annun taw wati hóshá naay.”

Golám Bejjárá á chapdasté mán kasshet o gwashti: “Tai hayál ché gwashit, man ganók án? Taw gwashay ke Bejjár ganók ent o man dega mardé gerán? Taw bezán yakké pa wat dar gétkag? Bezán tai kár hamesh ent? Mana rawán kárá, taw bezán wati démá syáha kanay, hán?”

Mahpali purah ganók but. “Enna Bejjár, enna. Maná bejan, bale maná bohtám majan.”

Golám Bejjár maróchi purah ganókián zortagat. Áiá gón kukkárá gwasht: “Man tará nazurán, taw mani mát o gohár ay. Beraw, man tai sawnána dayán. Yakk talák, do talák, say talák! Beraw, taw mani mát o gohár ay! Beraw, mani mát o gohár ay!”

Á tattarán tattaráná kapt o tost. Mahpali wati jágahá seng o syáh at o óshtátagat. Áiá wati gósháni sará báwara nabut. Áiá wa zántagat ke mani baht maná har jáha dróhit, bale é warhá dróhit, é sakkén mazanén habaré at.

Dráhén shap Mahpaliá gón béwánki gwázént. Róch ke dar átk, é róchá Mahpaliay wayrandániay kolaw gón at. É róchá Mahpaliay wayrandániay jár jat. Á bánay tahá dém pa chér kaptagat. Golám Bejjár ke wati hóshá átk, áiá gwastagén shapay kessah gir átk. Nun áiá wati sará chánpath jat ke é kojay káré ke man kort, bale nun wa but. Tokk ke zeminá kapt, padá wa chenaga nabit.

Bale yakk ráhé hastent, agan Mahpali sárhi bebit. Gorhá allamá mani lóg cha proshagá rakkit o mani chokk saránsara nabant. Á hajálat hajálatá bánay tahá átk. Mahpaliá inchok gréwag o shánagá dam bortagat, bánay kondhéá neshtagat, démi sohr sohr at.

Golám Bejjár kammok gestá neshtagat o sari jahl at. Áiá nazánt ke man wati habará chón darshán bekanán ke már bemerit o latth ham maproshit. Áiá gwasht: “Bechár, radi cha mardomá bit o ensáná shire harám metkag. Cha man ham radié butag. Man wati mayárá sarpad án. Man sakk nájáhén kortag, bale man neshah butagán.”

Mahpaliá hecch nagwasht, bale áiá delá hayál kort ke mani pet neshah at? Mani brát neshah atant? Mani nákó o nákózátk ham neshah atant? Mani dráhén ráj neshah at ke maná gók o pasay warhá tai banjáhá bastesh? Chinchok jost áiay delá pédák at, bale á hámósh at, chéá ke áiá zánt, nun habar cha halwatá gwastag. Tokk zeminá kaptag, bale á wati démay gámay bárawá hayál kanagá at ke nun man bekanán gorhá ché bekanán? Ché bekanán?

Áiay agl kárá naat. Golám Bejjár kammok nazzikter but, áiay kópagay sará dasti ér kort o gwashti: “Bechár, angat kass cha kassá sahig naent ke may lógay tahá ché butag. Agan taw belóthay, angat ham kass cha kassá sahiga nabit. Má halálaha kanén.”

Mahpaliá gón zórá áiay dast shápt, Golám Bejjár cha wati jágahá setthet.

Mahpaliay sar o gósh trakkagá atant. Bárén Golám Bejjár ché ché gwashagá at? Á gósh ham nadáragá at. Á pád átkagat o óshtátagat o Golám Bejjárá chó markaygá cháragá at.

Zenday tahá é awali rand at ke Golám Bejjárá cha Mahpaliá bimm pédák at. Mahpaliá wati yakk yakk gappé ját o dar kort. “Bass, Mir Golám Bejjár, bass! Nun bass ent. Taw wati kortagant, bale mani hastant. Golám Bejjár! Taw é randi bája nabaray. Taw nun gár kortag hákán, patthagá ay porán. Bejjár! Taw dur gár kortag. Tai nun bandikkay sar gár ent. Tai nun kamán proshtag o káthár konth ent.”

Mahpaliá wati habar démá bortant. Kukkár kort o gwashti: “Parchá? Man chéá? Man parchá nakortagén gonáháni sezáyá wati sará bezurán? Man parchá? Chinchok mardéná man wati báláday zyárat bekanáénán? O dega chinchok randá man sawn bezurán, Golám Bejjár? Chinchok randá man halálah bekanáénán? Gonáh taw kortag, sezá maná parchá berasit?”

Golám Bejjárá parparroki jat o gwasht: “Bale may chokk chóraha bant, Mahpali.”

Mahpaliá gwasht: “Mortagén mátáni chokk ham rodant.”

Golám Bejjárá gwasht: “Bale Mahpali! Chokk cha mátá chóraha bit, cha petá na.”

Mahpaliá darráent: “Chórah pa chórahia namerant.” Bale Mahpaliay del pa wati chokkán dard kanagá at.

Golám Bejjárá gwasht: “Mahpali! Man neshah butagán.”

Mahpaliá gón wat gwasht: “É chónén neshahé ke á zánt mani mátay taht kojám ent o janay taht kojám ent? Sawn tahná janá dayant.” Mahpaliay gálwár narm tarretagat, bale áiay delá tuppáné chest at. Padá gón Golám Bejjárá gwashti: “Mir! Taw wati band cha man sest. Man cha taw dega heccha nalóthán. Maná agan taw chokkána dayay, manesha zurán. Ágan na gorhá man anchosha rawán.”

Golám Bejjárá zánt ke nun mani kadday gapp naent, nun Mahpali ham wati miriay ragá shotag. Áiá gwasht: “Chokkán bebar gón.”

Mahpaliá gwasht: “Sharr.”

Áiá tahná wati god zortant o chokk randá kortant. Tahná yakk nezaré lógay sará jati. Áiay delá parparroki jat, bale watá nezór paddari nakort. Á cha lógá dar átk, dhanná óshtát, wati gwastagén wahdi gir áwort o padá wati bábiay halká rahádag but.

Á padá hamá halká pédák at ke ódá yakk randé korbánig butagat, bale nun Mahpali korbán bayagá pédák naat, cha korbánig bayagay rakkagá pédák at. Áiá hayál kort ke mardománi delay tahá chinchok josta bant. Chinchok josta kant

maná donyá. Buta kant ke mani chokk ham maná jost bekanant, bale man kassi passawáni dayagay páband naán. Man wati master o kaster wat án. Na Dádelláh o na Shádolláh, na Pordel o na Mehlab, tahná Mahpali ent. Mani zend degarán gwázéntag, bale nun man wati zendá wata gwázénán. Nun mani zend bendát ent.

Á rawagá at o poshtá chakk ham janagá naat. Á haminchok dur rawán at, haminchok gón wat nazzikter bayán at. Á yakk drachkéay chérá nesht, damé bálá baragay háterá. Watá gón drachká tekkahi dát, chammi band kortant. Róch nóki sed o banday tahá at, jengol o shántol wati ramay hamráhiá wati kodóhán rawagá atant. Kahuráni ták band bayán atant. Jaháná yakk portáhirén hámóshié at. Mahpaliá ham táhir rasagá at, chéá ke Mahpali ham maróchi wati donyáyá wati zenday tahá rawagá at ke ódá tahná Mahpali o áiay zend at. Mahpaliay mechách jall o majall bayán atant. Wáb áiay chammáni kósáni sará átkagat, gón adab óshtátagat. Sártén gwáté kasshagá at. Drachk wati zolpán pa názé chandhénagá atant. Samin o sabáh pa laybé mallagá atant. Mahpaliay chamm némbál butant o cha táhiray lezzatá sarpad bayán but, bayán but, bayán but, tán chammi band butant.

ZAHIR

Zenday Gwargend

Gawhar Malek

Zahgá póthóáni kasánén albamé áiay dastá dát: “Tátá! É Lálay árósay póthó ant.”

“Mani póthó átkagant ke na?”

“Haw! Tai báz jwánén póthó átkag. Tai tahnáén póthó sakk sharr dar átkag.” Zahg cha gesá dar átk.

Á narm narm o wassh wasshá wati delpasondén shayrá gwashán póthóán cháragá lagget.

“Man hamá enjir án patantákén,
borz mán kóhi sarshamán rostag,
sar mani hecch gwátá nachandhéntag,
basshámi hawrán bondh namisséntag.”

Hameshiay tahá áiay lankokán bétágatén dardé bená kort. Áiá póthóáni ketábok jahlá ér kort o wati lankokán prenchagá lagget. Pád átk, bolóri zort, cha kulará ápi mán kort. Padá dazdánay chirrii pach kort o dhesperinay do dánagi dar kort o ápáni tahá dawr dát. Á zi wati dastáni darday elájá hespetálá shotagat. Dáktará áiárá hamé sój dát ke hardén tai dastáni dardá báhand kort, do karhó dhesperin ápáni tahá mán kan o bwar. É dardá dega eláj nést. Chéá ke mazansenniá bázén mardoméay rag o band nezóra bant o darda kanant.

Áiá bolóray áp yaksáhá tengetant o padá dastáni prenchagá lagget. Wati delá gwashti: “Man pa hamé zutti anchó pir bután ke mani rag o bandán maná jwáb dát. Dáktar anchó jaka jant. Mani dastán zalur anchén nezaré but. Harkasá hamé gwasht ke Názorkay dah lankok naant, dah cherág ant.”

Á wati dastán cháragá lagget. Áiay dráj o báragén lankok ke chórikay rostagén chuchoká atant, cha darday zahmatá bandáni dapá gokk bandagá atant. Dastáni poshtay rag, nakshahay daryáyáni pésh dáragay neshánay warhá sabz o thengertagatant. Gwashay cha póstá dar átkag o sarborá ér atant.

Kojám kár butag ke áiay é dastán nakortag. Mósoma gwashit man, Dartua gwashit man, Tanáb o Bakkáli, Parhiwár, Jálár, Kappok o Nál, Támétkay Nál, Chandanay Háray Mósom, hecch choshén dóché nést ke cha áiay dastán rad bebit. Anchén tawnia gwapt ke mardom pa cháragá hayrána but. Áiay baronkay démay shapi gón harirén mohrán áiay wati dastay gwaptagéné. Harkas hayrán at ke gón é názorkén dastán kóntháni zebrén shattán chón mohrána chent.

Halká mohrchénén jenekk báz at, bale na ke chó áiá. Gón wati sobakkén bardastán anchén shippánkia jat ke pazhm chó espétén kókerá páda átkant o anchén báragén jallakia rest, gwashay pazhm naant, ábréshomay táb ant. Áiay sanjarién thappor kassá ér korta nakort. Máhé yakk o do mashk o kalli áiá zalur ranga kort.

Zemestán ke shorua but, áiá pa bahárgáhay shirán hinzakay rajag shorua kort. Kasshónay mazan mazanén thin per atant o lahrh atant. Áiay mát baré baré zahra gept ke oo másí, tará wati jánay samá hast ke nést? Bázén kasshónáni gakkán tai démá rám bastag. Á dega jenekkán bechár, drostén róchá wati shosht o shód o mosht o móshá ant. Yakké taw ay ke na wati jánay samá ent, na ke wati rangay.

Áiay dazgohárán gón áiá maskará kort o gwasht: “Hodáay hayrát án, chonén ganókdádé. Hamáiá hamá chizzá dant ke áiay kadrá nazánt. Agan é kár má bekorténant, má thokkor thokkor butagatén, bale tai dém chó shiray paterká ent.”

Áiá kandet o gwasht: “Man wati mátay názénkán puraha kanán. Maná názéntagi ke

Náz Jáná jenekkó lóthant,
dóchay dóchag o ostái,
elmay wánag o mollái,
joll o gáliay bongéjá,
sechkánén tagerday gwápá,
sengi gaddhagay laybá pa.”

“Tahná tará tai mátá názéntag? Márá ham may mátán anchó názéntag.”

“Gorhá shomay dast kayá dáshtagant,” áiay passaw at. Áiá tahná pa wat na, pa drostén dóst o kas o dar o hamsáhegán kára kort.

Bale dánáyán rást gwashtag ke janén pa baht nána wart, pa agl o shegl nána nawárt. Batalé gwashant ke hukkay saré bit, bahtay thokkoré bit. É batal áiá matth kaptagat. Á cha kasániá wati nákóay bacch Bangolay námá at o Bangolay gohár áiay brátay námá, bezán ke badali atant. Nákóay yakk bacch o yakk jenekké at. Bale á say brátay yakkén gohár at. Áiay brátay árós but. Á wahdá Bangol Karáchiá wánagá at o gwashti tánke man wati wánag halás nakortag, gón man sur o árósay námá magerét. Áiay brátay gesá do chokk pédá but, gorhá gohár o mát o petá Bangol pa wárié árósá rázi kort. Árósay shapá truá, petay gohárá sálónk o bánór dast mán dast kortant o pa áyáni nókén zenday wasshi o tepáki o ásudagiá nékén dwá lóthet o dar átk.

Bangol pád átk, darwázagi bast. Padá áiá bánóri goshánay talay espétén goshánay sará do napl wánt o átk, Názorkay kashá nesht o gwashti: “Bechár Názork, man drógbandén mardé naán o na ke maná drógbandén mardom dósta bit. Taw cha kasániá maná pa jani dóst nabutagay, nun zamánag démá shotag. Nun elm o wánagay zamánag ent, láheki o kábeliatay zamánag ent. Man wántag, mazanén tálimé kortag. Bándá mazanén apsaré jórha bán. Haw, taw ham wántag, bale Korán Sharip, Panch Ketáb o Golestán o Bóstánay wánókán maróchán kass wánendaha nalékit. O na ke kóth o gáli gwapók o dóchay ostádiá mani chágerday tahá kasé láheki hayála kant. Rang o sheklá kass nashódit o nawárt.

Posht dar posht yakkén kahólá sur o árósá zahgáni tahá zehni pasmándagi pédá bit, zahg ahmak o abdála bant. Mana nalóthán ke mani zahg chó Dorr Mahmaday zahgán ganók o mázur bebant. Paméshká man Karáchiá gón wati hamsabakkén Hendostáni Mohájerén jenekkéá árós kortag. Mát o pet man hál nadátagant, bale zutt hálesha dayán. Man ométa kanán ke taw gón áyán é bábatá hecch habara nakanay o na ke cha man mazanén omété dáray. Chéá ke taw mani zalurat naay, mani mát o petay zalurat ay. Cha áyáni gwashagá man gón taw árós kort o domi wati goháray háterá ke taw áiay badali ay o maná wati gohár sakk dóst ent.”

Áiay nokk tán nádókán anchó tahl but, gwashay mármótkay pakkié bé ápá éri bort. Wati sohrén o hoshkén lonthi gatth chetant o chammáni golgolén arsi ér bortant.

Mát o pet, ráj o kahól cha Bangolay árósá sahig butant, bale chéesh kort? Jané gepatgi, gonáhé nakortagi. Bangolay razá butén, gorhá áiárá déri halási kortagat, bale na ke áiay pet o brátán é bannámi zort, na ke áiay wati delá

choshén gwáhié dát. Áiá gwasht ke jenekk sohrén parzónagé naent ke róché yakkéay démá pach bebit. Maná tawe Bangolay nám o nákóay mehr o dósti bass ent. Kesmatáni paysalah mán ásmáná bit, harché ke mani kesmat.

Padá róch o máh mán sálán badal butant. É hamáiay sará ke gwastagant, hamá zánt. Mehrabánén nákóá maróchi chár sála bit ke á yalahi dátag, tru gón Bangolá ent. Mard o jan, har do mazanén apsar ant, é shahr o á shahrá dawrahá gardant. Ges o zahgán sambálóké lóthit. Maróchán imándárén nawkar kojá rasit. Awalá petay háter at, nun pa kaigi mátá bellit. Yakké donyáay garaz, chónáhá batalé ke pirén pa do kárá sharr ent, dégay grádag o gespáni. Hayr Hodáay sawábá, wati bacchay dégay grádagi naparmáyant, wati bacchay gesay pánegi o sambálagá áiay del sarda bit.

Nun á tahná nákóay hankénay páneg ent. Kass pa zór kasshetia nakant. Wárt wati pet o brátánigá yá wati dastay puriátá. Hamá god ke bist sál sári pa pánzdahá dótkantesh, hamáyáni keréh maróchi say o chár hazár ent.

Áiá padá wati lankok cháretant. Áiay zarri lankokay pérózahay challah pa áiay chammán gwashay merán at. É chón? Áiá wati sar chandhént gwashay hamé hayálá dur kanaga lóthet o padá póthóáni cháragá lagget. Wati tahnáén póthóay cháragá gwashay yakk chortéay tahá shot. Pád átk, diwálay méhay sará dratkagén keliti jahlá kortant o mazanén méhdánén sonduki pach kort o yakk yakká poccháni kasshagá lagget. Yakk, do, say, chár, panch, shash. Bisti hesáb kort. Esháni gwará kanagay wahd kadia kayt? Man nun eshán chóna kanán? Mani che kárá káyant? Drosti tahtay sará chagal dátant. Cha sondukay boná yakk kwahnén albamé dari kort. Padá lankokáni sará hesábi jat. “Si. É albamá si sál ent? Array… Róch o sál chóna gwazant.”

Péshi kaymeraháni geptagén kasán kasánén póthó áiay nezará nayátkant. Áiá pa dalilá zánt ke é kay o á kay ent. Sheklesh pajjáraga nabutant. Drégatén é kaymerah hamá wahdá bebuténant. Bale hamesháni tahá áiay yakk póthóé at ke áiá gón wati dazgoháréá chérokái cha Jennáh Ródhay póthógráparéá kassháéntagat. Áiá hamé póthó cha albamá dar kort o gón nókéná barábar dásht, cha doénán man kojám án? É ke chó Kalátay nók patkagén srópá ent yá é ke démi chó chussetagén ambá ent. Esháni harché park ent, chamm, dap, pónz, dantán. Man watárá wat pajjáha nayárán. Á wati sará wat kandagá lagget. Anchó kandeti ke áiay ars dar átkant.

Hameshiay tahá póthó cha áiay dastá kaptant. Áiá kandag bass kort o wati lankokáni prenchag benáá kort.

Zenday Ásar Lahmén Dast

Mehlab Nasir

Gárhi anchó ke mani métagay nazzikk bayán but, maná wati métagay har damk o dagg, lóg o jágah, molk o masit o mardom gir áyán butant. Maná panch sál at ke man Kéch nadistagat o angat áyag delá naat, bale é padi mátay bázén berhi berhi o grów o gráshán maná majbur kort. Bale aslá masterén sawab esh at ke maná wati métagay jón chárag at, hamá métag ke ódá man wati kasáni gwázéntagat. Mátá maná modám hála dát ke hárá hecch pasht nagétkag, na lóg, na molk, na bág. Man harché ke eshkot, gománá á aks man jórh korta nakortant ke nun ódá hecch ke hecch pasht nakaptag, chéá ke man wati kasáni hamódá gwázéntag o pa man angat óday bán o koll o kápar o péshgáh hamá warhá atant. “Hamé sherissh ke lógáni dapá butagant, jóáni saray macch o semetthi thánki o gaytháni semetthi menok, bezán hamá chizz ke ápá bort nakortagant, mardom áyána gendit, nun tránagá kapit ke edá métagé butag,” Akmalá maná hál dátagat.

Man wati gománá hamé eshkotagén gappáni aksá jórha kanán, wati métagay némagá gón wati truzátká gárhiay tahá loddhán o jamp warán, jonzán atán. Maná wati kasániay layb o gwázi, wánagjáh, molkán wayl bayag, Sari Pohlá ján shódag, Karim Bakshay dokkán, eskulay poshtay kahur, Ali Bábáay kolpi o har chizz gir áyán but. Nun maná mát, mani gohár Goli, pet o cha drostán gésh Nákó o Bibi démá záher bayán butant.

Nákó mani petay syád at o Bibi mani mátay tru. Eshán watá chokk néstat o may pasilay tahá do bán, yakk koddhoké o yakk káparé hastatesh.

Maná Bibi tahná magrebay wahdá dóst butag. Wahdé Nákóá mádag o gwask mahár butagant o áwortaganti, dwá o záhá dayán butag, gorhá Bibiá tás cha pésará káparay menoká mán jatag. Kammé ham dér butén, bezán Bibiay shám kahrkaptag o kahrnapas at. Anchó ke Bibiá cháh grást, man o Goli tachán tacháná wati bahray geragá shotén. May bahr modám ér at.

É dega wahdán Bibiá may, bezán doén brát o goháráni sáh geptag pa kár. Man angat tachagay warh o payma zántant, bale Goli bazzaga mort o éra but pa raw o á.

Bibiá badén ádaté gón at ke kári hechbar yakjágaha nagwashtant. “Beraw dó! Á thánkiá é tásá áp mán kan o byár.” É but o tanigah koddheká sar nabutay, ápi dast geptant. “Chaynaká mosh o byár gón.” É kár man tachagay porrá kort. “Traddolá janán bay, pimmázé cha káparay sará byár gón.” Pimmáz raset, gorhá: “É shékená chandh gón dó, árti sakk kwahn ant.” Bibiá gwashay paysalah kortagat ke Goli bazzag nendagá naylagi ent. Goli tost o palár but o randá hamé petthokén cháhi del o jáná nakapt, bale Bibiay kárán halásia nazánt.

Agan baré baré má góna nakaptén, gorhá Nákóá bé maygá wassha nabut. Cha wati káparay boná gwánkia jat: “Syáhó! Oo Thalu! Zutt kan byá ke tai Bibiá pa cháhá harhakkah kortag!” Padá thahkia dát o kandeti. Maná Nákóay bastagén námáni sará sakk bada átk.

“Man záná anchó syáh án ke taw maná Syáhóa gwashay? Mani sangaté beshkont, pa man ché pashta kapit, Nákó? O é Thalu nun chéé? Man nun dahá wánagá án, gwandhóé naán.”

Nákóá modám mani mástharán beger tán mani dahén jomáet kach o lacha kortant záhá o sharra kandeti.

Dega maná Nákóay dastáni gerag beh wassha nabut. Gwashay árti tarr kortagat o modám hamá árt dastáni sará lecchetagatant o Nákóá beh nashoshtagatant. Nákóay dast gwashay tal tal kortagatant o padá trekk jatagatant. Maná Nákóay dastáni gerag belbeláukia but, bale man majbur atán, wahdé dastia shahárt, gorhá mana gept. Maná Bibiay sará ham zahra átk ke parchá Nákóá wásaliné nadant ke wati dastán charp bekant, tánke kammé lahm bebant.

Nákóay kerrá ke pa cháhay waragá neshtay, gorhá chó ridhuá chálua but o halása nabut. Wati molkay kessahia kortant, dhagár, band, sabzi, macch, konar, gallah, bánkalénk, kutthag, wall, téjag, simsur, sórechk o pozzhó o hecchi pashta nagétk. Agan yakk zyádahi shemshé ham Nákóay espostay tahá rost o Nákóá dist, áiay háli ham gón at. Nákóay hast o nést hamé dhagár o macch o limbó o biddám atant. Hamé gwashay áiay chokk o nomásag atant.

Man ke baré baré josta kort: “Nákó! Tai posht chéá komp ent?”

Gwashti: “Hamé mani mirén bacch o nomásag mani kópagá swár ant, mani pe.”

Man delá gwasht Nákóá balkén dega jan o chokk hast. Bale randá man zánt ke Nákó amb o mózán wati chokk o nomásag gwashagá ent. Bibiá ham baré baré Nákó kalága gept wahdé á cha molká hoshkén dastá lógá átk. “Hapóká hecch dém nadát gón maróchi?”

“Kahrnapas! Hapók pa taw zahri porhié déma dant o maná béjana kant,” Nákóá thahk dát o gwasht. Pas o góki anchó dóst atant ke baré baré cha áyán zahria kort.

“Kahrkaptagay pecchokán bechár! Maná pecchoka dayay? Sharr ent, nun taw maná wárhá genday,” Nákóay delá góká chó mardomá pecchoka dát.

Gárhiay démá pasé átk o Salámá berekk jatant o man cha wati hayálán dar átkán. Man chamm ke shánk dátant, nókén jágahé. Nókén pasil o práhén perhé. Pa man é jágah anchó nók at ke kóré awali randá donyáyá begendit o donyáay rang pa áiá nók bebant.

“Esh ent nókén Górhi?” man hoshk o hayrán jost kort.

“Haw. Hamesh ent,” Salámá jáné kasshet, kash o kerri cháretant o gwashti.

“Bárén cha eshán may lóg kojám ent?” man delá gwasht.

Pasil sakk práh o dráj at. Pasilay tahá yakk kashéá do bán o káparé o kammé róbarkati némagá kollé gón káparéá man dist.

Rólahay wahd at, man wati bayg chó saptá baddhá kort o hamé lógáni némagá rahádag bután. Nazzikká ke rasetán, gendán pathakkén mardé káparay chérá yakk némagéá tachk ent. Dertagén Éráni dazmálé démá peri dátagat o narm narmá gorragá at. Man zánt ke Nákó ent. May pádbramshán Nákóá dazmál cha démá kenzént. Man angat narmén tawáréá “Nákó” kort ke agan ágah ent, gorhá tawár pach bedant o agan wáb ent, magorhit.

Nákóá “ón” kort o páday máti lankoki drahet. Wati dasti shahárt o pád áyagá komakki lóthet. Áiay shahárén dast ke man dist, maná modámi paymá belbeláuki but, bale man náeláj atán o dast gept. Man wáng bután. Gwashay mocché karpás man dastá kort. Nákóay dast anchó narm o názork atant ke man hayrán bután.

Nákóay dhagár hárá bortagatant o chont wahd at ke Nákóá wati dast kár nabastagatant. Man alanjahi Nákóay dast yalah kort. Nákóay é lahmén dast pa man sakk darámad atant.

Bé Kessahá Maná Wába Nayayt

Záhedah Rais Ráji

Cha bázén kárán anchó zhand o pand atán ke anchó ke tachk bután, del wábá shot bale kasánokén Didag ke pa kessahay eshkonagá anchó héldár at ke hamá shapá ke man pa áiá kessaha najat o waptán, á anchó bétáhira but ke maná pa zór cha wábá pádia kort o agan mani delá maná cha gránén wábá pád áyaga naesht, gorhá mennatia kort ke: “Dádá, oo dádá! Pád á, na. Ágahiá maná torsit. Bé kessahá maná wába nayayt. Dádá, oo dádá! Pád á, na.”

Wahdé cha torsá gréwagi bená kort, gorhá mani delá maná cha gránén wábá jáh serrént o chammán latáráná pád átk o neshtán. Gón mani gendagá á ham táhir gept o gréwagi bass kort.

Man gehásán o chammán latáráná wati majg zór dát ke bárén chónén kessahé byárán ke Didag jáná wassh bebit o wáb bekapit. Anágat do shap pésar distagén wábay tránagá kaptán. Man Didagay sar wati sarjáhay sará ér kort o áiay mudán samáráná kessahé bongéj kort.

“Padá masterén gohár gón kasteréná kayt o darwázagay dapá óshtit. Anágat esháni nákó, Dóstén ke dér ent gár butag, esháni kerrá kayt o gón masterén gohárá gwashit: ‘Byá mani lárhokén jenekk! Gón man byá gón. Man tará anchén shawkén jáhé barán ke tai del galá bála bit. Cha ódá padá hechbar wátarr kanaga nalóthay.’

Masterén gohár wati kasterén gohára y némagá pa mehrawánia chárit o heccha nagwashit. Nákó cha áiay chammána márit ke á pa hamráhiá rázig naent, gorhá damánéay hámóshiá rand sakk báz mennatia kant. Masterén gohár wahdé chárit ke nákó báz mennat kanagá ent, gorhá gwashit: ‘Nákó ján! Angat mani wahd sakk dur ent, cha á wahdá pésh man gón taw átka nakanán. Mani jetáiá mani watig saggeta nakanant. Padá mani hordokén goháro k wa bé mana nabit. Nákó ján! Taw cha hamá ráhá ke átkagay, hamá ráhá wátarr kan ke man tai hamráha nabán.’

Nákó cha masterén goháray enkárá pad sakk molura bit o sará jahla kant. Damáné delá jérhit o masterén gohárá yalaha dant o wati delgóshá gón kasterén gohárá kant o pa mehrawáni jostia kant: ‘Dottok! Oo mani dóstnákén dottok! Taw mani hamráha nabay? Bechár, taw chó makan.’

Kasterén gohár nákóay gappán pa delgósh gósha dárit o wati masterén goháray némagá chárit.

Kasterén gohár pa rawagá sakk delmánaga bit bale masterén wati dastá áiay kópagá éra kant ke á nákóay gappán rad makapit. Á baré nákóá o baré wati masterén gohárá chárit. Padá anágat gón wati masterén gohárá gwashit: ‘Dádá, oo dádá! Nákó tahná ent. Maná wassha nabit ke nákó éwaká berawt. Tai gwará bázéné hast, bale nákó ódá tahná ent. Maná bell ke nákóay hamráha bán. Nákóay jáh sakk wassh ent. Man ke ódá bán, pa taw ham sharrén jáhé shóháza kanán.’

Masterén cha torsá kasteréná ambáza kant o wati sará pa enna sorénit bale kasterén pa rawagá mennat o laylá kant. Masterén gohár pa delwáragi wati kasterén goháray péshánigá chokkit. Kasterén gón bechkandéá masteréná yalaha dant o wati nákóay hamráhiá durén menzeléá rawána kant.

Anchó ke kasterén cha lógay darwázagá dara kapit, zeminchandhé kayt o lógay chárén mohrén diwál bustagá kapant. Masterénay sarjamén donyá badala bit. Nun á pa kasteréná sarsara jant bale kash o gwarán kassa nabit ke áiay tawárá beshkont.”

Man wati kessah halás kortagat o mani chamm pa Didagá kaptant ke washwáb at. Áiay lontháni sará bechkandé tálán at. Man wár wárá Didagay sar cha wati sarjáhá chest kort o áiay jenday sarjáhay sará ér kort ke magorhit, áiay rozhnáén péshánig chokket o padá wati nepádáni sará tachk bután.

Á wahdá man nazánt ke é kessahá mani chamm parchá arsig kortant bale maróchi, máhéá pad del ke nóki wábá shotagat, gwashay Didagay gréwagay tawárá maná cha wábá jáh serrént. Del cha bésamáiá dém pa ágahiá at. Chamm Didagay modámién jáhay sará kaptant, delá trekkagé jat. Arsán dawr kort. Gósh talwasagá atant ke kasé begwashit: “Dádá, oo dádá! Pád á, na. Bé kessahá maná wába nayayt.”

Dazgohár

Áliah Sháh

Kalkashán gón wati nódarbarán tayábay lambá saylá at, bale áiá wati hamráh yalah dátagatant o éwaká gardagá at. Chammi say kasánén jenekkóá kaptant ke tayábay lambá kochk chenag o pandólá kanagá atant. Layb o gwázi kanáná rawán atant o náhodá o yaddáráni kerrá máhig pach geragay wástá óshtán atant. Gón hamé gwandhóáni gendagá Kalkashán wati hayáláni johlén zerá ér kapt…

Hánol o Hattali Mahdarwaray sará kandagá atant o Kalkashán gwashagá at: “Taw hamé ke tayábá káay, é warhén kochka chenay, eshán chóna kanay, ganók?”

Cha Mahdarwará pésar Hánolá passaw dát: “Eshán kamáit o gwará kant, haw na?”

Hháhá. Har sayén kandagá laggetant o Mahdarwará zahr kort, wati pandólay kochki kasshet o dawr dátant o hámóshiá rahádag but. Hattali Mahdarwaray poshtá rawán but o cháp janagá lagget o názénagi bendát kort:

“Lárhay lárhay lárhay,
marchi máh moján geptag,
márá tayábá tahárіá geptag.”

Hháhá. Hánol o Kalkashán tacháná shotant, Mahdarwaray démá mán tarretant o áiay dastesh gept o gwashtesh: “Jenekk! Taw chó chéá zahra kanay, má wa maskará kanagá atén. Wassh bay, arhay sharrang! Má ham báz kochk chetag.”

Rózarday wahd at. Róchay zardiá zeray sará mán shántagat o zerá dega jalwahé áwortagat. Gwátay shikkagá tayábay zébái géshter kortagat. Gwát anchó kasshagá at ke dazgohárani sarig o mud gwátá bál atant. Kalkashán gón wati dazgohárán chó zeri morgá tayábay lambá gón wati pachén bánzolán layb o gwázi kanán at, cha donyáay drostén gamán bésamá.

Mahdarwará pa lárhoki gwasht: “Shomay dazgohára nabán, yalah dayét maná. Shomá rada dayét modám maná.”

Bale áyán yalah nadát o hamráh butant. Mahdarwará gón Hattaliá gwasht: “Mani sará názénk majan, tai námay sará ham sawt hastent:

Hattali Lál gón jenekkán kaytent,
kandhig o hár o jawakkán kaytent.”

Gón hamé gálán padá wat kandeti o wasshán but.

“Háháhá,” Hattaliá ham kandet o gwasht: “Maná bale é gapp wassha bit, natawrit.”

Mahdarwará gón hamé gappá á télánk dát o zerá dawr dát. Kalkashán o Hánolá ham Mahdarwaray dast gept o zerá dawr kort. Yakdomiá áp per réchagá laggetant, kandagá atant.

Angahá Kalkashánay démá ápay trinzok laggetant o á gorhet. Cha wati hayálán dar átk, cháreti ke mani hamráhéay tawár ent. “Taw edá sengay sará éwaká neshtag o ché jérhagá ay? Ódá má drost kadigén ent ke aks kasshagá én o chón wassh ent. Nun wa dar kapagay wahd ent o taw chó sengay botá edá neshtagay.”

Kalkasháná gón wati zhandén tawárá o proshtagén labzán passaw dát: “Hecch, bass wati dazgohárani tránagá kaptán. Dazgohár ham zendagiay zendagén bahré atant.”

OMÉT

Ganjay Shóház

Shári Mollázahi

Anchó ke kahwah támók kanagá at, lótheti gón Yuthubay sawtá gón bekapit o pa borztawári bwánit:

Shay Moriday wártagén byá kawl o sawgendá bechár…

Bázén théméá rand Aprélay máhá róchá cha jambaráni poshtá sar dar kortagat o sardén gwátá kasshag bass kortagat. Pa dhanná kadam janag o kababay pachag o kawray kashá chelimmay kasshagá delkasshén mósomé at. É wasshén mósomá saynkalay swár bayag pa hamáiá ke warzeshi dóst naat ham annun wassh at.

Cha delay johlánkiá áhé kassheti o kahwahá dega gotthé gepti o kágadáni jomp ke mézay sará ér at, cháreti. É sajjahén kágad Balóchi rahband o Balóchi wánag o nebeshtah kanagay bárawá atant. Bázén zobáné sharriay sará o dega lahtén zobán kammoka zánti. Pársi zobán wánagjáhá dari bortagat o Engrézi zobán ham cha darmolkay rawagá pésar dari bortagat. Cha laddh o bójá rand Torki zobán sekketagati o nun Jarman zobáná ham sekkagá at. Bale Balóchi zobánay sekkag pa áiá báz grán at.

Bell toré Balóchestáná rostagat, bale anchén chágerdéá zendi gwázéntagat o darsi wántagat ke ódá máti zobán lagatmál bayagá ent. Á paméshká anchén Balóché jórh butagat ke cha áiay Balóchi pajjárá bass Balóchi pocch o póshák pasht kaptagatant. Har wahdá ke mardomán Balóchia kort, á karr o gongéay paymá at. Kasániá móhi nabutagat ke Balóchi bwánit. Nun bálegiá lajjia but gón á dega Balóchán Balóchi zobáná habar bekant.

Darándhéhi har mardomay sará hásén asaré kellit o pa áiá é hásén asar hamesh at ke zánti har chinchok zobán bezánán, bale wati máti zobáná ke nazánán, gorhá gongé án.

Sawt badal bayagá at o áiay hayáláni bandikk sest.

Kahwahay gelási mézay sará ér kort o kágadáni némagá chammi sakk kortant. Nun pa áiá máti zobánay máná bass alep o bé o áb o labz o rahband naatant. Máti zobán pa áiá chó zendagén sahdáréá at ke káh o kadimm o ger o dára lóthit. É dega sahdáráni paymá zobán ham pa zendag o barjáh mánagá ward o waráka lóthit, agan na gorhá dháenásoray paymá zeminay chérá bass haddhi pashta kapant.

Padá kahwahay gelás cha mézay sará zorti o hamá bázén kágad ke démá ér atanti, máni nayáwortant o hayáli gwastagén zamánagá shot. Áiá wati mát o petay bárawá jérhet ke áyán gón mazanén zahmatéá kamm kammá bázén zarré chetag o ér kortagat ke áiá bwánénant. Albat áiay mát o petá cha chágerdá asar zortagat o gón áiá Pársi habaresh kortagat ke mardom áiay lehjahá kalág magerant o áyáni dóstigén chokk sharr Pársi habar bekant tánke wati zendá kámyáb bebit. Bale aslá é áiay gongiay awali kadam at.

Taw mani hálá sahig naay, bánok…

Sawt padá badal but o hayáli dega némagéá shotant. Áiá anchosh máret ke sawt mani máreshtáni paymá ant. Deli kapp but pa máti wataná, pa Chahbáray lewárá, pa Ballok Bázárá, pa Daryá Bozorgay mazanén tayábá o pa róchay béhaddén tápá.

Áiá wati dazgoháráni habaráni hayál átk ke darmolk o Yuropá shotagén mardom cha dráhén gam o jérhahán dur ant. Bale kass áiay delay hálá sahig naat ke á pa ráj o rájay gránén zend, pa dód o rabedag o pa máti zobáná ke cha wákdáráni dhálcháriá gár bayán at, gamig o delprósh at.

Gón Balóchi zobánay tránagay kapagá delgóshi yakk randé padá dém pa mézay kágadán shot. Darándhéhiá Balóchi zobánay nazánagay sawabá áiá watá mayárbára kort. É mayárbáriá naesht ke á Yuropá ásudagén zendé begwázénit.

Darándhéhiá, áiá wati syád o wáres, sangat o sári, gwast o bándát pahk molká yalah dátant. Gón Balóchi zobánay nasekkagá, á wati zobánay gár o gomsár kanagá ham sharikdár at. É áiay delay dard atant ke áiay zenday sará sáheg atant.

Sawt padá badal but, gwashay Yuthubá watá gón áiay máreshtán bandók kortagat, hamé paym ke á máragá at, Yuthubá hamé dhawlén sawté bongéj kort.

Ji watan tai malgozárán…

Nazánti bárén gón Yuropay tahá Balóchi zobánay sekkagá hakk o del Balóchi zobána rakkit, bale kamm cha kamm hamé johd áiay dastá but. Nebeshtánkéay tránagá kapt ke ketábéay tahá wántagati, tayábay hoshkiá pahkén estár rakkénaga nabant, bale kamm cha kamm yakkéá padá ápay tahá mán kanag o zendag bayagay móh dayag bebit. Hayáli kort ke buta kant mani Balóchi zobánay dar baragay é kasánén johd pa áyókén nasl o padréchán mazanén bar o samaré byárit, arzonay tohmé ke pa áyókén padréchán mazanén bar o samaré bedant. Balkén é drost áiay damágay wahm atant, bale har hálá áiá wati was kanagay zalurat at.

Wasshén mósomé at, áiay del dárag nabut, wati pósháki badal kortant o cha wati lógá dar kapt. Róch rozhná at, morg chiri chiri kanagá atant, morgáni tawárá áiay arwáh sokun dát. Johdi kort ke watá cha chapp o chóthén hayálán dur bedárit o é damáná pa émeni zend begwázénit o gwastagén o áyókén wahday hayálá makant. Bale áiay hayálán á padá dém pa Balóchestáná bort. Hayáli kort, man chont zobána zánán o twánán ke garmén róch o wasshén mósomay bárawá sháeri bekanán, bale natwánán Balóchi zobáná yakk bandé ham per bebandán.

Á drachkéay kashá óshtát o sabzén táki cháretant ke nóki rodagá atant. Hayáli kort ke drachk ajabén sahdáré, merit o padá zendaga bit, burr o bara jant o nibaga ródénit. Hecch pegri nést ke é bar o samaráni bándát ché bit. Pa áiá hecch parka nakant ke mardomé chent o wártesh yá dhagárá kapant o kermesha warant. Drachk har wahdá wati kárá goláésh ent. Drachk modám wati néki o baksheshay kárá barjáha dárit. Drachk harkasá wati nibag o sáheg o zébáiá moptá dant. Marká pad ham dár yá konthéay rangá mardomán páedaga dant.

Anágat áiay hayálá sassáé átk o pahkén hayáláni diwáli prósht, pa Balóchi zobánay sekkagá zalurat ent ke mardom drachkéay paymá bebit. Á wat zobáná bwánit o é degarán ham dars bedant. É hás naent ke é káray ásar ché bit. Allami esh ent ke á wat zobánay zendmánay bahré jórh bebit.

Á pa galé gón é wáhagá dém pa lógá shot ke á wat Balóchi bwánit o besekkit o démterá dega Balóchán ham bwánénit. Wahdé áiá wati zenday maksad dar gétk, gón wat gwashti: “Belóthét, shomárá dayaga bit. Shóház bekanét, shomárá rasit. Darwázagá bethokkét, pa shomá pach kanaga bit. Chéá ke harkas belóthit, áiá dayaga bit. Harkas shóház bekant, áiá rasit. Harkas darwázagá bethokkit, pa áiá pach kanaga bit.”

Koll

Narges Nesár

Madok gón karotkagén o némkarotkagén sheklay mardomán yakk kolléay tahá bé trekk o tawárá neshtagat. Kollay yakk kerréá cherágé rók at, bale watthi békesás jahl at.

Kollá neshtagén mardom zánaga nabant ke mardén ant yá janén. Géshterá démay ázá per naant, agan kaséá per ant gorhá yakk o doá. Pocch ham drostáni yakk ant.

Kollay tahá sajjahénáni sar yakk warhá jahl ant, gwashay eshán sropay tawk gotthá. É tawk cha poshti némagá wazandárter ant. Záná srop o ásen o sengá porr ant?

Madok ham gón hameshán hawár ent. Áiay garden hoshk ent o démay ázá géshter lerhetagant. Tahná yakk chammé o yakk góshé pasht kaptag.

Kollay tahá mardomán nazánt ke shap ent yá róch ent, hamok némag tahár at. Madok gón yakkén chammá kollay cháragay yakkui johdá at, bale hecch nagendagá at. Nun á dazmóshá at ke chizzé na chizzé áiá dast bekapit o á wati démay ázáyáni nakshá wati démay sará padá jórh bekant, bale sóbén nabut.

Madokay góshá neherdagay tawár at. Madoká wati yakkén chamm chest kanag lóthet ke bezánt kayá wayléá geptag?

Bale yakk gaybi tawáré chest but. “Gend o magend kan.”

Gón tawáray eshkonagá Madoká wati chamm damáná jahl kort.

Sáhaté bétawáriá pad, dobar neherdagay tawár but. Madok sarpad at ke gend áiá magend kanagi ent, bale kort nakanagá at.

Neherdag géshter bayán atant. Cha gaybá gend o magend kanagi aylán ham tálán at, bale Madoká é randi chamm chest kort o cháret, yakk mardomé nálagá naat, do kas atant. Yakké gón pocchéá démay mardomay sheklá karójagá at o nálagá at o domi, karotkagén jáhá kalóndhagá at o neherdagá at.

“Gend o magend kan,” jár boland but.

Pa kollay nendókán é dhawlén jáwar pa modámi at. Mardomán hamé warhá zend gwázénag hél kortagat. Bale pa Madoká é paymén hélkári grán at. Kollá lahtén jórh butagén rahband áiay ádatay bahr butagatant. Koll napsár ent. Eshiay tahá mardom mahfuz ant. Kollá dhann ogdah o házrát kortagén jenn o játug ant. Warh warhén lullok o jujokáni halkat eshán ásmánay démá árhéngah kortag, rozhn bigár kortag.

Gaybi tawár padá boland at. “Gend o magend kan. Baláh o déháni kárwáné gwazagá ent. Kollay tahá harkasay shekl o ázá nakarotkagant, bekarójétesh. Chó mabit ke jenni chokké cha kárwáná pasht bekapit, shomay démá gón ázáyán begendit o chámpath bekant.”

Madok némlerhetagén mardománi redá at. Dráh yakdomiay sheklá karójagá atant, bale Madoká wati démay kár dárag kassárá naesht. Madok sará chest kanagay johdá at, kaséá Madokay gawká masterén sengé ér kort. Madok takánsar at, á gón baláhán dochár warag lóthagá at. Aslá cha kollá dar áyag lóthagá at.

Madoká sar chest kort, tagi zortant, sest pa kollay kerri némagá, hamódá ke cherág angat hamá warhá rók at. Madoká kollay tahay mardom dárán atant, bale gwashay nun é mardománi dap o dém rodán atant, drost Madok atant.

Madok, Madokáni jasadáni tahá gwazán at. Á, áp bayán atant. Madok cha kollá dar átk. Ódá rozhn at, gwát at, áp at, drachk o dár at. Mardom mocch atant. Cha kollá dhann zendagi at.

Laddh o Bój

Emránah Rashid

Dér naent ke á é métagay damk o darán darái kanagá at. Á pa é métagá darámadé at. Métagay mardomán áiay bábatá warh warhén kessah jórh kortagat. Hamok dap, hamok gapp, o padá harkasá wati hayál o tabay hesábá áiárá pajjáré ham dátagat. Lahténá gwasht ke ganóké, lahténá pawrhahé gwasht o lahténay hayál esh at ke játugé, kaptók o nóksurén zálbuláni delána kasshit o wárt. Paméshká harkas hezhm geptagat, kassi del lápá naat. Métagay narmdel o bazzakárén mardománi hayál esh at ke mard pakiré, nánpendhé. Eshiay táchénag, janag o latth dayag Hodá o áiay paygambaráni heláp ent. Bazzag báyad ent bad o rad kanag mabit ke hakka dant.

Chónáhá kassá nazánt ke kai gapp rást ent o kai dróg, paméshká doén thóliáni jetáén hayáláni sawabá tán é wahdi kassá hecch gwashta nakort. Bale anchosh samá but ke gwashay záná á cha dráhén mardomán jetá at. Á gwashay é halkay, é métagay, yá é ahday mardomé naat, bale á har jáhé ke shot, ódá mardománi delá bimmé rost. Warh warhén bimm, chokkáni deláni kasshagay bimm, lógáni dar kanag, ján o málay bimm o padá cha drostán masterén bimm hamesh at, begenday chérén kárendaháni jásu o pásu kanókén mardé bebit. Buta kant métagay mardománi áwár janag o chest kanagá marday dasté mán bebit, bale kay zánt ke…?

Man yakk róché pa cháh o chelimmay nimmóná Golám Jánay hóthalá neshtagatán ke á potert o kashay thébalay kerrá érén korsiay sará nesht. Ném kalákay hámóshiá pad wánkasshárá cháhay áragay eshárahi kort. Man wáng wángá chamm sakk dátant, cháret. Áiá segréthi thálé kasshet o pa rók kanagá laythari dar kort. Laythar trekk trekk o bázén johdéá pad ham rók nabut. Man cha wati jáhá pád átkán, áiay kerrá neshtán, man wati laythar kasshet o áiay némagá thál kort. Áiá bétawárá mani dastay laythar zort o wati segréth rók kort.

Man wadárá atán ke balkén á gón man gappé kant, bale bétwár at o gón segréthay duttán laybá at. Gorhá man pa hámóshiay próshagá cha áiá josté kort: “Wájah, taw kojay mardom ay?”

“É golzeminá choshén jáhé nést ke ódá mani pád nakaptagant. Man chó chóna gwashán ke man kojay mardomé án. Métagáni métag ke laddh o bójá ant, gorhá man ham hamá ent jonzán án gón.”

“Gorhá taw cha kojá laddhetag o edá átkagay?”

“Man naladdhetagán. Man wati pédákiá pad hamá ent ke sapar kanagá án. Haw, métag laddh o bója kanant. Déra nakant, é métag ham laddh o bója kant. Padá taw ham jonzay, mani warhá sapar dar sapar.” Á angat gón segréthay duttán delgósh at, bale bé mani cháragá gapp janán at.

Man kandáná passaw dát: “Arhay, métag chóna laddhant? Mardoma laddhant?”

“Na! Mardoma naladdhant, métaga laddhant, dódmána laddhant, lékaha laddhant, tawára laddhant o padá á jáh háliga bit, hórki tálána bit, kucchagá, halká, o padá shahrá. Déra nakant padá dega nókén dódmán o lékah chapp o chágerda kanant.”

“Tará kayá laddhéntag?”

“Torsá… Cha bimmá masterén sardhahór dayók kay bit? Kawr ham koccha jant, gorhá man kay án?”

“Kai tors, chónén bimm?” man dega josté kort.

“Wati! Haw, wati jenday.”

“Gorhá taw edá chéá átkagay?”

“Edá maná wati jenday bóa bit.”

Ched o pad áiá géshén gapp najat. Damánéay bé trekk o tawáriá pad áiá cha man padá laythar lóthet o wati domi segréthi bon dát o cha hóthalá dar kapt.

Ásmán jambari potthahán sambahéntagat o máh hamé jambari potthaháni nyámá gwazán at, baré thappet o baré wati gónápay jalashki paddara kort o baré mawjera but. Garmágay mósom at o basshi hawray gomán at. Dehkán

delwárag delwárag atant. Nun har róch jambar jorh kanán atant o hamé sawabá gwát ham band butagat. Maccháni pissh pésará soragá atant, bale nun gón yakdomiá halwat kanagá atant. Garhélén maccháni del lápá naat o end o náendá wati bárigay wadárá atant. Domi némagá lonjén tahária hamok nedárag andém kortagat.

Shapay wahdá mermeránkén kandilé darigay dapá rók at o lankok kenwasay sará soragá atant. Lahtén háligén paynthbáks shakundém kaptagat o háligén paynthbáksáni nyámá yakk dhabbiéay tahá kammé rang pasht kaptagat. Kenwasay sará rangá ménén dast soragá atant o aksé jórh bayán at. Dhann sakk tahár at, chamm pa chammá maym bayagá naat. É náhárén tahária kamál ent hamé lankokán ke chón wati kárá kanagá atant. Gón grandéá trampán wati sar yalah dát o padá dastán ham wati sorag kamm kammá yalah dát.

Anágat áiá dastay borussh ér kort o poshtá kenzet. Tán sharrén damánéá áiá aks pa delgósh cháret, gwashay záná chizzé pasht kaptagat, chizzé angat násarjam at, bale gwashay á zánagá naat ke chéé.

Padá anágat á jahlá kaptagén borusshá chesta kant, aksay tahay pirmarday dastá rókén cherágé jórha kant. Padá borusshá cha dastá yalaha kant o aksá chárit o bechkandit.

Man dega róché sohbá máhallah tayábdapá pád janagá atán, gorhá diston ke á tayábay dapá neshtag o karkénk mocch kanagá ent. Man jost kort: “Arhay! Taw é karkénkán chóna kanay?” Chammi chest kortant, padá mani chammán gón wati chammán dhokkárénáná darráénti: “Maná gomán ent ke é zera laddhit, paméshká man karkénk chenagá án ke chizzé pasht bekapit.”

Maná áiay chammáni sohriá sakk hayrán kort o anágat cha mani dapá dar átk: “Tai chamm chó sohr ant. Taw záná neshaha kanay?”

Baláhén thahké jati o maná passawi dát: “Na! Man shapán estála chárán. Hamé estál ant ke mani chammesh hónig kortagant.”

Padá mani chamm pa áiay dastán kaptant. “É chónén rang ant ke cha eshán tai dast mén ant?”

“É rang naant, máresht ant,” áiá wati dast pa mehr cháretant o gwasht. “O wahdé man éwaka bán, gorhá é máreshtána zurán, aksa sáchán. Padá mani aks gón man habara kanant o man wati tahnáiá ham beh tahná nabán.”

Áiay hamok passaw maná géshter takánsar kanagá at. Man padá jost kort: “Taw pésará kojá nendók butagay?”

É randi passawi nadát.

“Annun tai lóg kojá ent?” man dega josté kort.

“Man métagéá… ángor… kóhay boná… hamángor neshtagán.”

“Tará mardom, kas o syád nést?”

“Butag… yakk bacché.”

“Gorhá kojá ent?”

“Shotag.” É randi gwashay tawári larzagá at.

“Kojá shotag?” man dega josté kort.

Áiá mazanén hámóshiá pad ginsárté kasshána darráént: “Tachkén ráhá…”

Á róchá rand man padá á nadist, bale áiá maná gwashtagat ke man kóhay á démá métagéá neshtagán. Man hamé métagay bábatá jost o pors kort, bale maná hamé sarpadi raset ke mardom é métagay rawagá torsant. Bale parchá torsant, chosh kassa nazánt o é gappá maná géshter takánsar kort. Man lóthet ke nun allam é métagá berawán.

Man wahdé ódá shotán gorhá gendán ke dhoretagén lóg ant o hamé lógáni darwázag band ant. Darig pach atant o har mardomé ke man dist, áiay démá abétkiéá mán shántagat o gwashay dráhén mardom yakkéay wadárá neshtagatant. Lahtén mardom darigáni dapá neshtagat, gardenesh lónj atant. Lahtén chántháni sará mélánk atant, bale dráh syahpósh atant o dráh zálbul atant, yakk ham mardéné gendaga nabut.

Maná é métagay abétkiá sakk bétáhir o takánsar kort o man cha eday áyagay mól o morádá ham béhayál bután, bale anágat yakkéá mani kópagá dast ér kort o man pach larzetán. “Taw kayá lóthay?” Man bégóyák atán, delay wáhag jawr butant.

“Taw á démay damká beraw o genday ke hamá lógay darwázag ke pach ent, bezán hamáiay lóg ent ke taw lóthagá atay.” É gappay janagá rand áiá dém tarrént o rahádag but.

Bésamáiá cha mani dapá dar átk: “É métagay nám ché ent?”

Áiá dém tarrént o passaw dát: “Janózámáni métag.”

Man wati ráh gept o rawán rawáná gendán lógay darwázag pach ent. Man lógá potertán. Lóg sakk tahár at. Man cha wati kissagá laythar kasshet o darigay dapá érén cherág rók kort. Mana gendán ke lahtén sarjamén o lahtén násarjamén aks ant ke diwálá dratkagant o lahtén násarjamén aks boná ér ant o átrápá rangáni háligén dhabbi, borussh o kenwas dém pa chér kaptagant. Man cherágá zurán, yakk yakká dráhén aksáni kerrá rawán. Hamok aks gwashay abétkiay yakk kessahé at. Yakk akséay tahá shapay tahériay abétki sáchetagat o dega yakk akséay tahá morgáni karotkagén kodóh. Dega yakk akséá janózáméay chammáni tahay dard o tawresht o béwasiay máresht kenwasay sará sáchetagat. Bale é dráhén aksáni nyámá yakk anchén aksé dratkagat ke maná samá but ke nók jórh butagat, parchá ke angat tarr at. É aks o á dega aksáni nyámá dega ham tapáwaté hastat. É aksay tahá marday jenday aks ham mán at. É yakk métagéay aks at. Métag sochagá at. Mardá cherágé gón at, dém pa taháren damkéá rahádag at o man anchó máret gwashay man ham hamé marday dombá kaptagán, rawán án gón…

Mahbánó

Hamidah Shastán

Máhekán báz bétwán o béwák at o áiay ján gón héd o hormán yakk át. Áiá nóki kasánén nonnoké donyáyá áwortagat o áiay kaptóki pa sakki o sóri gwastagat. Áiá lóthet ke mani mard yá mát mani kerrá bebutén o áiá maná delgarmi bedátén, bale kaptókjáhay hezmatkárá ejázat nadát.

Wahdé áiá wati kasán o nezórén chokk ambázán gept, wati dardán béhayál but. Áiá gón mehré wati kasánén chokk cháret o disti ke áiay kadd o bálád cha do dastay delá géshter naent. Nonnokay chehrag cha bázén gréwagán syáh o tahár at.

Hezmatkárá Máhekán cháret o gwashti ke tai chokk sakk nezór ent o cha wahdá zutter pédá butag. Báyad ent zutter dazgáhay tahá kanag bebit. Wahdé narsá lóthet chokká dega kóthiéá bebárt, Máhekáná cha áiá dazbandi kort, bell ke wati chokká padá ámbázán begerán. Narsá chokk mátay delbandá ér kort o chokk cha mátay delbanday garmiá árám gept. Máhekáná wati kasánén lankok chokkay dapá dát o chokká áiay lankok metk. Máhekánay chamm arsig butant ke áiay chokká chónáhá shiray waragay twán ham néstat.

Damánéá rand narsá chokk cha mátay sénagá chest kort o gwashti ke chokká lahtén róch tai dóshtagén shirána dayén, tánke chokk twán begipt o tai sénagá gept bekant. Máhekánay chamm cha abétkiá arsig butant, á béwák but o wáb kapt.

Wahdé Máhekáná wati chamm pach kortant, disti ke wassig o mát o masterén gohár mani tahtay kerrá neshtagant. Máhekáná gón arsigén chamm o gréwókén tawárá áyáná móh nadát ke mobáraki bedayant. Á hiskáragá at o jérhagá at ke agan chokk mamánit, man ché bekanán?

Máhekánay mát Gránázá á delbaddhi dát ke deltaparkah mabay, dáktar o nars chokkay hayálá dárant o agan chokká zend nasib bebit, zendaga mánit. Mátay gappán hecch paymá Máhekán árám nakort, tors áiay jáná potertagat. Máhekánay gohár Mahnázá nárosht o tásápi áwortagat, bale Máhekán waragi naat o gwashti ke kaptóki warák pa hamá mátán ent ke twánant wati chokká shir bedayant, bale mani chokk anchó nezór ent ke natwánt mani shirán bwárt.

Máhekáná chokkéay paymá zahr o zaptá watá á dém kort o nalótheti habar bekant. Gendokay wahd halás but, bale Mahnázá gón bázén mennaté cha narsá lóthet áiá ejázat bedant ke shapá wati nawasshén goháray kerrá bedárit o godhsará narsá mannet. Mahnázá Máhekán cháret o gwashti ke tai moshkelay hall delparésháni naent. Agan lóthay wati chokká zuttán lógá bebaray, báyad ent pád byáay, wati shirán bedóshay o chokká sér bekanay.

Mahnázá shirdóshén dazgáhé Máhekánárá dát o pa shiray dóshagá komakki kort. Máhekánay hál shiráni dóshagá rand gehter but o dardi kamter butant. Mahnázá dóshtagén shir bortant o narsay dastá dátant.

Mahnázay jendá báz chokk áwortagat, bale hechbar choshén nezórén chokké nadistagati. Mahnázá pa mehr o dósti chokkay chamm, ke cha jenjeshkay chammán master naatant, cháretant o chokkay delay tawár, ke trond trond janagá at, gósh dásht. Chokká shir wárt o wáb kapt.

Mahnázá bechkandáná wati gohár mestág dát ke tai chokká shir wártag o wáb kaptag. É gehterén habaré at ke Máhekán cha kaptókiay wahdá rand eshkonagá at. Mahnázá wati gohár jost kort ke bárén taw pa wati chokká námé dar gétkag? Máhekáná áiay passawá gwasht ke man o chokkay pet chont wahd ent ke námay shóházá butagén o paysalahen kortag ke ballok Mahbánóay námá bezurén.

Máhekáná cha wati ballok Mahbánóá, ke chont sálé cha áiay bérán bayagá gwastagat, báz wasshén yát hastat o cha áiay némagá bázén mehr o dóstié distagati. Máhekán angat áiay shawkén bechkand o sohrén mudáni yát o tránagá at. Wahdé ballok zendag at, hamok wahdá áiay kerr o gwará mardom hastat o áiá washtámén warák o halwá o dega dega washtámén chizz addha kort o áiay addh kortagén chizz har mardomá dóst atant.

Ballok kadd o báládá kasán at, bale hozzhár o chálákén janéné at o pa har jérhah o moshkeléá ráhé hastati. Áiá watárá nomásagáni nadr o kawliga kort, washgapp o hayáldárén mardomé at, drostán wati arh o janjáláni bárawá gón áiá shawra

kort o bé eshiá ke kaséay bárawá shawr beborrit, mardománi habari gósha dáshtant o godhsará harkasá pa wati arh o janjálay gisshéngá ráhé dara gétk.

Máhekán hamé pegr o hayálay tóká at ke anágat sári kort ke gón tabzántiá mani dósti o gón mardomán mani hamdardi ballokay mirás ant ke maná rasetagant, hás ke Balóchestáná mardom hamok wahdá pa tors o paréshání zenda gwázénant. Mahnáz ke áiay masterén gohár at modám ballokay yáti zendaga dásht o áiay sargwasti kessaha kort. Áiá gwasht ke Bibi Mahbánó ham yakk wahdé kasánén jenekké butag o áiá kóhbalócháni dábá kóh o damagán zend gwázéntag.

Kadimmán mardom pa rawag o áyagá ólákán swár butagant o áyáni saparán báz róch laggetag. Áyán bázén chizzéay hájat nabutag, ramagdáriesh kortag o cha wati jenday kesht o keshárán wártagesh. Áyán gón hinzaká dóg o meskah addh kortag o cha pasay shirá shilánch o cha pasay góshtá tabáheg addh kortag. Á wahdi nádráhjáh, wánagjáh, gárhi o dega ásrát nabutag. Kóháni tahá yakk saparéá syáhén zumméá ballok dhang jatag o kassá nazántag ke á zendaga mánit yá na, bale gón zahray chussag o lógi dawá o darmáná áiay ján rakketag.

Wahdé ballok kasán butag áiay mát bérán butag o petá ródéntag. Hapt sálay omrá balloká deshtáré bit o áiay deshtár Dormahmad cha áiá báz mastera bit. Kasánsálén Mahbánóá cha wati deshtárá tors o bimm butag. Ballok tán yázdah sálagiá wati petay lógá mantag o árósá rand wati marday lógá shotag. Áiá cha kasániá chó rostagén janénéá lógay káráni zemmah zortag, bezán lógay rópag o sáp kanag, nánay pachag, warákay addh kanag o dalwatáni sambálag.

Ballok say bará lápporra bit bale kasánsáliay sawabá chokk eshkanda bant. Dormahmad ham á zamánagay rasm o rawájay redá, ke mardénán báz jan butag, gón dega janénéá sur o árósa kant o cha áiá chokkia bit. Dormahmad báz bará balloká latth o kottha kant o ballokay pet wájah Dósti wati názákén jenekkay ázár o áziatá nasaggit o balloká wati lógá bárt.

Moddatéá rand sarózámén mardé ke áiay nám Delwash butag o bázén chokkéay pet butag gón balloká sura kant. Bibi Máhbánó kasánén omrá panch chokkay mátóa bit o chokkó áiay hamkadd o hamomra bant. Ballok wati johdá kant ke wassh o árámén zendé pa é chokkán addh bekant o chokkán sar o sója dant ke lógay kár, kesht o keshár o dalwatáni dárag o hayáldáriá komakk bekanant.

Lahtén chokkay eshkand kanagá rand balloká mardénchokké bit o áiay námá Morád Hána kanant. Chont sálá rand ballokay lógwájah wapáta kant o ballok o Morád Hán shahrá rawant o nendóka bant. Shahrá zend gwázénag pa áyán grána bit o ballok pa wati o chokkay lápay kasshag o lógay harch o darchán godshódi, dalwatáni sambálag o wati lógay hadd o abélá gwandhén kesht o kesháréá goláésha bit. Lahtén sála gwazit, Morád Hán mazana bit o wati wánagá démá bárt. Mazanén mohandesé bit o sharrén káré rasiti. Cha ed o rand balloká ásrát o ásudagia rasit.

Balloká modáma gwasht ke kadimmán tepáki o hamkári géshter butag o agan kaséá komakk pakár butag, drostán komakk kortag o hechkasá gón gozhnagén lápá shap nagwázéntag. O sajjahén mardománi lógay dap pa béwasén mardomán pach butagant o harkasá chondhé nán o nárosht rasetag o mardom rahmdelter butagant. Balloká modám é batala jat ke hamsáheg sare ástunk ant o mát o gohár sare sarig ant. Áiay maksad esh at ke hamsáheg sakki o sóriay wahdá cha mát o gohárá nazzikter ant.

Mahnázá anágat sár kort o Máhekáni cháret ke shirkenén wábá at. Harchont ke bimmárestánay korsiay nendagá nagég at, bale johdi kort ke wati chammán nazz bekant o cha donyáay pegr o hayálán dur bebit. Sabáhá máhallah Mahnázá Máhekán pa chokkay shiray dóshagá ágah kort.

Mahbánó ágah at o gón jahlén tawáré gréwagá at. Chokká ke shir wárt, árám but. Mahnázá á cháret o gón wat pegri kort ke é nezórén chokk yakk róché chálák o láhek o kárzántén jenekké bit o wati pet o mátay ásráti o chágerday démrawiay johdá bit. Agan ballokén Mahbánóá gón drostén sakki o sórián twántag wati chapp o chágerday mardománi sará asar bellit o mehr o dósti o hamdeliay kolawá bedant o gón háligén dastán o bázén johdéá wati bachakká wánagjáhá dém bedant, béshakk é kasánén chokk ham yakk róché shérzálén jenekké bit o kadam kadam démá rawt o bémánáén dódána próshit o pa wati chágerdá nókén zendmáné dara géjit.

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Studia Iranica Upsaliensia
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چمّان نزّ بکنت و چه دنیائے پگر و هئیالان دور ببیت. سباها ماهلّه مهنازا ماهکان په شیرئے دۆشگا آگه کرت.

مهبانۆ آگاه اَت و گۆن جَهلێن تئوارے گرێوگا اَت. چکّا که شیر وارت، آرام بوت. مهنازا آ چارت و گۆن وت پگری کرت که اے نزۆرێن چُکّ یکّ رۆچے چالاک و لاهک و کارزانتێن جنکّے بیت و وتی پت و ماتئے آسراتی و چاگردئے دێمرئویئے جُهدا بیت. اگن بلُّکێن مهبانۆا گۆن درستێن سکّی سۆریان توانتگ وتی چپّ و چاگردئے مردمانی سرا اسر بلّیت و مِهر و دۆستی و همدلیئے کلئوا بدنت و گۆن هالیگێن دستان و بازێن جهدێا وتی بچکّا وانگجاها دێم بدنت، بێشکّ اے کسانێن چکّ هم یکّ رۆچے شێرزالێن جنکّے بیت و کدم کدم دێما رئوت و بێمانایَن دۆدانَ پُرۆشیت و په وتی چاگِردا نۆکێن زندمانے درَ گێجیت.

مدّتیٰا رند سروٚزامیٚن مردے که آییئے نام دِلوشّ بوتگ و پنچ چکّئے پت بوتگ، گوٚن بلکّا سورَ کنت. بیبی مهبانوٚ کسانیٚن اُمرا اے چکّانی ماتوَ بیت و چکّوٚ آییئے همکَدّ و هماُمرَ بنت. بلّک وتی جهدا کنت که وشّ و آرامیٚن زندے په اے چکّان اڈّ بکنت و چکّان سر و سوٚجَ دنت که لوٚگئے کار، کِشت و کِشار و دلوتانی دارگ و هئیالداریا کمکّ بکننت.

لهتیٚن چکّئے اِشکند کنگا رند بلّکا مردیٚنچکّے بیت و آییئے ناما مراد هانَ کننت. چنت سالا رند بَلُکئے لوٚگواجه وپاتَ کنت و بلّک و مراد هان شهرا رئونت و نندوٚکَ بنت. شهرا زند گوازیٚنگ په آیان گرانَ بیت و بلّک په وتی و چکّئے لاپئے کشّگ و لوٚگئے هرچ و درچان گدشوٚدی، دلوتانی سمبالگ و وتی لوٚگئے هدّ و ابیٚلا گوَنڈیٚن کِشت و کِشاریٚا گلایٚشَ بیت. لهتیٚن سالَ گوَزیت، مراد هان مزنَ بیت و وتی وانگا دیٚما بارت. مزنیٚن مُهندِسے بیت و شرّین کارے رسیتی. چه اِد و رند بلّکا آسرات و آسودگیَ رسیت.

بلّکا مدامَ گوَشت که کدیمّان تپاکی و همکاری گیٚشتر بوتگ و اگن کسیٚا کمکّ پکار بوتگ، درستان کمکّ کرتگ و هچّکسا گوٚن گژنگیٚن لاپا شپ نگوازیٚنتگ. سجّهیٚن مردمانی لوٚگئے دپ په بیٚوسیٚن مردمان پچ بوتگاَنت و هرکسا چُنڈے نان و نارشت رستگ و مردم رهمدلتر بوتگاَنت. بلّکا مُدام اے بتلَ جت که همساهگ سرِ آستونک اَنت و مات و گهار سرِ سریگ. آییئے مَکسد اِش اَت که همساهگ سکّی و سوٚریئے وهدا چه مات و گهارا نزّیکتر اَنت.

اے هئیالانی تها ماهکان واب کپت. مهنازا ماهکان چارت که شیرکنیٚن وابا اَت. هرچُنت که مهناز بیمّارستانهئے کرسیئے نندگا نگیٚگ اَت، بله جهدی کرت که وتی

ماهکان همے پگر و هئیالئے تۆکا ات که اناگت ساری کرت که گۆن تبزانتیا منی دۆستی و گۆن مردمان منی همدردی بلّکئے میراس اَنت که منا رستگ‌اَنت. مهناز که آییئے مستریّن گُهار اَت، مدام بلّکئے یاتی زندگَ داشت و آییئے کِسّهیَ کرت. آییا گوشت که بیبی مهبانۆ یکّ وهدے کسانیّن جنکّے بوتگ، کۆه‌بلۆچے بوتگ و کۆه و دمگان زندی گوازیّنتگ.

کدیمّان مردم په رئوگ و آیگا اۆلاکان سوار بوتگ و آییئے سپران باز رۆچ لگّتگ. آیان بازیّن چیزّیّئے هاجت نبوتگ، رمگداری‌اِش کرتگ و چه وتی جندئے کِشت و کِشاران وارتگِش. آیان گۆن هینزکا دۆگ و مِسکه اڈّ کرتگ، چه پسئے شیرا شیلانچ و چه پسئے گوشتا تباهِگ. آ وهدی نادراهجاه، وانگجاه، گاڑی و دگه آسرات نبوتگ. کۆهانی تها یکّ سپریّا سیاهیّن زومّیّا بلّک ڈنگ جتگ و کَسّا نزانتگ که آ زندگَ مانیت یا نه، بله گۆن زهرئے چوسّگ و لۆگی دوا و درمانا آییئے جان رکّتگ.

وهدے بلّک کسان بوتگ، آییئے مات بیّران بوتگ و پتا رۆدینتگ. هپت سالئے اُمرا بلّکا دشتارے بیت و آییئے دشتار دُرمهمد چه آییا باز مسترَ بیت. کسانسالیّن مهبانۆا چه وتی دشتارا ترس و بیمّ بوتگ. بلّک تان یازده سالگیا وتی پتئے لۆگا منتگ و آرۆسا رند وتی مردئے لۆگا شتگ. آییا چه کسانیا چۆ رُستگیّن جنیّنیّا لوگئے کارانی زمّه زرتگ بزان لۆگئے رۆپگ و ساپ کنگ، نانئے پَچگ، وراکئے اڈّ کنگ و دلوتانی سمبالگ.

بلّک سئے برا لاپ پُرّ بیت، بله چکّ اِشکندَ بنت. دُرمهمد گۆن دگه جنیّنیّا هم سور و آرۆسَ کنت و چه آییا چکّیَ بیت. دُرمهمد باز برا بلّکا لتّ و کُتّ کنت و بلّکئے پت واجه دۆستی وتی نازاکیّن جنکّئے آزار و اَزیتا نسگّیت و بلّکا وتی لۆگا بارت.

مهنازئے جندا باز چکّ آورتگ‌اَت، بله هچبر چُشێن نزۆرێن چکّے ندیستگ‌اَتی. مهنازا په مِهر و دۆستی چکّئے چمّ که چه جنجشکئے چمّان مستر نه‌اَتنت، چارتنت و چکّئے دلئے تئوار که ترند ترند جنَگا اَت، گۆش داشت. چُکّا شێر وارت و واب کپت.

مهنازا بچکندانا وتی گهار مستاگ دات که تئیی چکّا شیر وارتگ و واب کپتگ. اے گهترێن هبرے اَت که ماهکان چه کپتۆکیئے وهدا رند اشکنگا اَت. مهنازا وتی گهار جُست کرت که باریّن تئو په وتی چکّا نامے در گێتککگ؟ ماهکانا آییئے پسّئوا گوَشت که من و چُکّئے پت چنت وهد اِنت که نامئے شۆهازا بوتگێن و پئیسله‌اِن کرتگ که بلّک مهبانۆئے ناما بزورێن.

ماهکانا چه وتی بلّک مهبانۆا که چُنت سال اَت چه آییئے بێران بئیگا گوَستگ‌اَت، بازێن وشّێن یات هست‌اَت و چه آییئے نێمگا بازێن مِهر و دۆستیے دیستگ‌اَتی. ماهکان انگت آییئے شئوکێن بچکند و سهرێن مۆدانی یات و ترانگا اَت. وهدے بلّک زندگ اَت، همُک وهدا آییئے کِرّ و گوَرا مردم هست‌اَت و آییا وشتامێن وراک و هلوا و دگه دگه وشتامێن چیزّ اڈّ کرت و آییئے اڈّ کرتگێن چیزّ هر مردما دۆست اَتنت.

بلّک کدّ و بالادا کسان اَت، بله هُژّار و چالاکێن جنێنے اَت و په هر جێڑه و مُشکلێا راهے هست‌اَتی. آییا وتارا نماسگانی ندر و کئولیگَ کرت، وشگپّ و هئیالداریّن مردمے اَت، درستان وتی اڑ و جنجالانی بارئوا گۆن آییا شئورَ کرت و بے اِشیا که وت کسێئے جێڑهئے بارئوا شئور ببُرّیت، مردمانی هبری گوشَ داشتنت و گڈسرا هر کسا په وتی اڑ و جنجالئے گیشّێنگا راهے درَ گێتک.

دمانیّا رند نَرسا چکّ چه ماتئے سیّنگا چست کرت و گوَشتی که چُکّا لهتیّن رۆچ تئیی دۆشتگیّن شیرانَ دئییّن که چُکّ توان بگیپت و تئیی سیّنگا گپت بکنت. ماهکانئے چمّ چه ابیّتکیا پدا اَرسیگ بوتنت، آ بیّواک بوت و واب کپت.

وهدے ماهکانا وتی چمّ پچ کرتنت، دیستی که وسّیگ و مات و مستریّن گهار منی تهتئے کرّا نِشتگ‌اَنت. ماهکانا آیانا مۆه ندات که مبارکی بدئینتی. آ گریّوگ و هیسکارگا اَت و گۆن وت جیڑگا اَت که اگن چکّ ممانیت، من چے بکنان؟

ماهکانئے مات گرانازا آ دلبڈّی دات که دلتپرکه مبئے، داکتر و نَرس چکّئے هئیالا دارنت و اگن چکّا زند نسیب ببیت، زندگَ مانیت. ماتئے گپّان هچّ پئیما ماهکان آرام نکرت، ترس آییئے جانا پترتگ‌اَت. ماهکانئے گهار مهنازا نارُشت و تاساپی آورتگ‌اَت، بله ماهکان ورگی نه‌اَت و گوَشتی که کپتۆکی وراک په هما ماتان اِنت که توانّنت وتی چکّا شیر بدئینت، بله منی چکّ انچۆ نزۆر اِنت که نتوانت منی شیران بوارت.

ماهکانا چکّیّئے پئیما زهر و زپتا وتا آ دیّم کرت و نلۆٹتی هبر بکنت. گِندُکئے وهد هلاس بوت، بله مهنازا گۆن بازیّن منّتے چه نَرسا لۆٹت آییا اجازت بدنت که شپا وتی نئوشّیّن گهارئے کرّا بداریت و گُڈسرا نَرسا منِّت. مهنازا ماهکان چارت و گوَشتی که تئیی مُشکِلئے هلّ دلپریّشانی نه‌اِنت. اگن لۆٹئے وتی چکّا زوتّان لۆگا ببرئے، باید انت پاد بیائے، وتی شیران بدۆشئے و چکّا سیّر بکنئے.

مهنازا شیردۆشیّن دزگاهے ماهکانارا دات و په شیرئے دۆشگا کُمکّی کرت. ماهکانئے هال شیرانی دۆشگا رند گهتر بوت و دردی کمتر بوتنت. مهنازا دۆشتگیّن شیر برتنت و نَرسرئے دستا داتنت.

مهبانۆ

هَمیده شَستان

ماهکان باز بێتوان و بێواک اَت و آییئے جان گۆن هێد و هُرمان یکّ اَت. آییا نۆکی کسانێن نُنّکے دنیایا آورتگ‌اَت و آییئے کپتۆکی په سکّی و سوری گوستگ‌اَت. آییا لۆٹت که منی مرد یا مات منی کرّا ببوتێن و آییا منا دلگرمی بداتێن، بله کپتۆکجاهئے هزمتکارا اجازت ندات.

وهدے آییا وتی کسان و نِزۆرێن چکّ امبازان گپت، وتی دردان بێهئیال بوت. آییا گۆن مِهرے وتی کسانێن چکّ چارت و دیستی که آییئے کَدّ و بالاد چه دو دستئے دِلا گێشتر نه‌اِنت. نُنّکئے چِهرگ چه بازێن گرێوَگان سیاه و تهار اَت.

هزمتکارا ماهکان چارت و گوَشتی که تئیی چکّ سکّ نِزۆر اِنت و چه وهدا زوت‌تر پێدا بوتگ. باید اِنت زوت‌تر دَزگاهئے تها کنگ ببیت. وهدے نَرسا لۆٹت چُکّا دگه کۆٹییّا ببارت، ماهکانا چه آییا دزبندی کرت، بِلّ که وتی چکّا پدا اَمبازان بگران. نَرسا چکّ ماتئے دلبندا ایْر کرت و چکّ چه ماتئے دلبندئے گرمیا آرام گپت. ماهکانا وتی کسانێن لنکُک چکّئے دپا دات و چکّا آییئے لنکُک مِتک. ماهکانئے چمّ اَرسیگ بوتنت که آییئے چکّا شیرئے ورگئے توان هم نێست‌اَت.

درَتکگ‌اَنت و لهتێن ناسرجمێن اَکس بُنا ایْر اَنت و آتراپا رنگانی هالیگێن ڈَبّی، بُروشّ و کِنوَس دیْم په چیْر کپتگ‌اَنت. من چراگا زوران، یکّ یکّا دراهێن اَکسانی کرّا رئوان. هَمُک اَکس گوَشئے اَبیْتکیئے یکّ کِسّهے اَت. یکّ اَکسیْئے تها شپئے تهاریئے اَبیْتکی ساچتگ‌اَت و دگه یکّ اَکسیْئے تها مُرگانی کَرْتکگێن کُدوْه. دگه یکّ اَکسیْا جَنوْزامیْئے چمّانی تهئے درد و تئورشت و بیْوسیئے مارشت کِنوَسئے سرا ساچتگ‌اَت. بله اے دراهێن اَکسانی نیاما یکّ اَنچێن اَکسے درتکگ‌اَت که منا سما بوت که نوْک جوْڑ بوتگ‌اَت، پَرچا که اَنگت تَرّ اَت. اے اَکس و آ دگه اَکسانی نیاما دگه هم تَپاوَتے هست‌اَت. اے اَکسئے تها مردئے جندئے اَکس هم مان اَت. اے یکّ میْتگیْئے اَکس اَت. میْتگ سُچگا اَت. مردا چِراگے گوْن اَت، دیْم په تهاریْن دمکیْا رهادگ اَت و من اَنچوْ مارت گوَشئے من هم هَمے مردئے دُمبا کپتگان، رئوان آن گوْن...

آ رۆچا رند من پدا آ ندیست، بله آییا منا گوَشتگ‌اَت که من کۆهئے آ دێما مێتگێا نِشتگان. من همے مێتگئے بابتا جُست و پُرس کرت، بله منا همے سَرپَدی رست که مردم اے مێتگئے رئوگا تُرسنت. بله پرچا تُرسنت، چُش کَسَّ نزانت و اے گپّا منا گێشتر تکانسر کرت. من لۆٹِت که نون اَلَّم اے مێتگا برئوان.

من وهدے اۆدا شتان گڑا گندان که دُرِتگێن لۆگ اَنت و همے لۆگانی دروازگ بند اَنت. دریگ پچ اَتنت و هر مردمے که من دیست، آییئے دێما اَبێتکییّا مان شانتگ‌اَت و گوَشئے دراهێن مردم یکّێئے ودارا نِشتگ‌اتنت. لهتێن مردم دریگانی دپا نِشتگ‌اَت، گردنِش لۆنج اَتنت. لهتێن چانٹانی سرا مێلانک اَتنت، بله دراه سیَهپۆش اَتنت و دراه زالبول اَتنت، یکّ هم مردێنے گِندگَ نبوت.

منا اے مێتگئے اَبێتکیا سکّ بێتاهیر و تکانسر کرت و من چه اِدئے آیگئے مۆل و مُرادا هم بێهئیال بوتان، بله اَناگت یکّێا منی کۆپگا دَست ایر کرت و من پَچ لرزتان. "تئو کئیا لۆٹئے؟" من بێگۆیاک اَتان، دلئے واهگ جئور بوتنت.

"تئو آ دێمئے دَمکا برئو و گِندئے که هما لۆگئے دروازگ که پَچ اِنت، بزان همایییئے لۆگ اِنت که تئو لۆٹگا اَتئے." اے گپّئے جنَگا رند آییا دێم تَرّێنت و رَهادگ بوت.

بێسماییا چه منی دپا در آتک: "اے مێتگئے نام چے اِنت؟"

آییا دێم تَرّێنت و پسّئو دات: "جَنۆزامانی مێتگ."

من وتی راه گپت و رئوان رئوانا گندان لۆگئے دروازگ پچ اِنت. من لۆگا پُترتان. لۆگ سکّ تهار اَت. من چه وتی کیسّگا لئیٹَر کَشّت و دریگئے دپا ایرێن چراگ رۆک کرت. منَ گِندان که لَهتێن سرجمێن و لهتێن ناسَرجَمێن اَکس اَنت که دیوالا

پدا منی چمّ په آییئے دستان کپتنت. "اے چۆنێن رنگ اَنت که چه اِشان تئیی دست مێن اَنت؟"

"اے رنگ نهاَنت، مارشت اَنت،" آییا وتی دست په مِهر چارتنت و گوَشت. "و وهدے من ایۆکَ بان، گُڑا اے مارشتانَ زوران، اَکسَ ساچان. پدا منی اَکس گۆن من هبرَ کننت و من وتی تهناییا هم بِه تهنا نبان."

آییئے هَمُک پسّئو منا گێشتر تکانسر کنگا اَت. من پدا جُست کرت: "تئو پێسَرا کجا نندۆک بوتگئے؟"

اے رندی پسّئوی ندات.

" اَنّون تئیی لۆگ کجا اِنت؟" من دگه جُستے کرت.

"من میتگیٹا... آنگُر... کۆهئے بُنا... همانگُر نِشتگان."

"ترا مردم، کس و سیاد نێست؟"

"بوتگ... یکّ بچّے."

"گڑا کجا اِنت؟"

"شتگ." اے رندی گوَشئے تئواری لَرزگا اَت.

"کجا شتگ؟" من دگه جُستے کرت.

آییا مزنێن هامۆشیا پد گینسارتے کشّانا دَرّاێنت: "تچکێن راها..."

شپئے وھدا مِرمِرانکێن کَندیلے دریگئے دپا رۆک اَت و لنکک کِنوسئے سرا سُرگا اَتنت. لھتێن ھالیگێن پئینٹباکس شَکوندێم کَپتگاَت و ھالیگێن پئینٹباکسانی نیاما یکّ ڈَبّیێئے تھا کمّے رنگ پَشت کپتگاَت. کِنوسئے سرا رنگا مێنێن دست سُرگا اَتنت و اَکسے جۆڑ بئیان اَت. ڈَنّ سکّ تھار اَت، چمّ پہ چمّا مئیم بئیگا نہاَت. اے ناھارێن تھاریا کمال اِنت ھَمے لَنکُکان کہ چۆن وتی کارا کنگا اَتنت. گۆن گرندیّا ترَمپان وتی سر یلہ دات و پدا دستان ھم وتی سُرگ کمّ کمّا یلہ دات.

اَناگت آییا دَستئے بُروشّ ایٖر کرت و پُشتا کِنزِت. تان شرّێن دمانیّا آییا اَکس پہ دلگۆش چارِت، گوَشئے زانا چیزّے پَشت کپتگاَت، چیزّے اَنگت ناسرجم اَت، بلہ گوَشئے آ زانگا نہاَت کہ چیّے.

پدا اَناگت آ جَھلا کپتگێن بُروشّا چِستَ کنت، اَکسئے تھئے پیرمردئے دستا رۆکێن چراگے جۆزَ کنت. پدا بُروشّا چہ دستا یلہَ کنت و اَکسا چاریت و بچکندیت.

من دگہ رۆچے سُھبا ماھلّہ تئیابدپا پاد جنَگا اَتان، گُڑا دیستُن کہ آ تئیابئے دپا نِشتگ و کَرکێنک مُچّ کنگا اِنت. من جُست کرت: "اَڑئے! تئو اے کَرکێنکان چۆنَ کنئے؟" چمّی چِست کرتنت، پدا منی چمّان گۆن وتی چمّان ڈُکّارێنانا دَرّاێنتی: "منا گُمان اِنت کہ اے زِرَ لَڈّیت، پمێشکا من کَرکێنک چنگا آن کہ چیزّے پَشت بکپیت."

منا آییئے چمّانی سُھریا سکّ ھئیران کرت و اَناگت چہ منی دپا در آتک: "تئیی چمّ چۆ سُھر اَنت. تئو زانا نِشَہَ کَنئے؟"

بلاھێن ٹَھکے جتی و منا پسّئوی دات: "نہ! من شپان اِستالَ چاران. ھمے اِستال اَنت کہ منی چمِّش ھۆنیگ کرتگاَنت."

”نه! مردمَ نلَڈّنت، میّتگَ لَڈّنت، دۆدمانَ لَڈّنت، لیّکهَ لَڈّنت، تئوارَ لَڈّنت و پدا آ جاه هالیگَ بیت، هۆرکی تالانَ بیت، کوچّگا، هَلکا، و پدا شَهرا. دیّرَ نکنت پدا دگه نۆکیّن دۆدمان و لیّکه چَپّ و چاگردَ کننت.“

”ترا کئیا لَڈّینتگ؟“

”تُرسا... چه بیمّا مستریّن سَرڈَهۆر دئیۆک کئے بیت؟ کئور هم کُچّ جنت، گُڑا من کئے آن؟“

”کئیی تُرس، چۆنیّن بیمّ؟“ من دگه جُستے کرت.

”وتی! هئو، وتی جندئے.“

”گُڑا تئو اِدا چیّا آتککگئے؟“

”اِدا منا وتی جِندئے بۆَ بیت.“

چِد و پَد آیِیا گیّشیّن گَپّ نجت. دمانیّئے بے ترِکّ و تئواریا پد آیِیا چه من پدا لئیڑَر لۆٹِت و وتی دومی سِگریّٹی بُن دات و چه هۆٹَلا در کپت.

آسمان جَمبَری پُٹّهان سَمبَهیّنتگ‌اَت و ماه هَمے جَمبَری پُٹّهانی نیاما گوَزان اَت، بَرے ٹَپّت و بَرے وَتی گۆناپئے جَلَشکی پَڈّرَ کرت و بَرے موجِرَ بوت. گَرماگئے مۆسُم اَت و بَشّی هئورئے گُمان اَت. دِهکان دِلوارگ دِلوارگ اَتنت. نون هر رۆچ جمبر جُڑ کَنان اَتنت و همے سئوَبا گوات هم بند بوتگ‌اَت. مچّانی پیشّ پیّسرا سُرگا اَتنت، نون بله گۆن یکدومیا هلوت کنگا اَتنت. گَڑیّلیّن مچّانی دل لاپا نه‌اَت و اِند و نااِندا وتی باریگئے ودارا اَتنت. دومی نیّمگا لُنجیّن تَهاریا هَمُک نِدارگ اَندیّم کرتگ‌اَت.

کنۆکێن مردے ببیت. بوتَ کنت مێتگئے مردمانی آوار جنَگ و چِست کنگا مردئے دستے مان ببیت، بله کئے زانت که...؟

من یکّ رۆچے په چاه و چِلیمّئے نیمّۆنا گُلام جانئے هۆتَلا نِشتگ‌اتان که آ پُترت و کَشئے ٹێبَلئے کرّا ایرێن کُرسیئے سرا نِشت. نێم کَلاکئے هامۆشیا پد وانکَشّارا چاهئے آرگئے اِشارهی کرت. من وانگ وانگا چمّ سکّ داتنت، چارِت. آییا سِگرێٹی ٹالے کَشّت و په رۆک کنگا لئیٹَری در کرت. لئیٹَر ترِکّ ترِکّ و بازێن جُهدیّا پد هم رۆک نبوت. من چه وتی جاها پاد آتکان، آییئے کرّا نِشتان، من وتی لئیٹَر کَشّت و آییئے نێمگا ٹال کرت. آییا بێتئوارا منی دستئے لئیٹَر زرت و وتی سِگرێٹ رۆک کرت.

من ودارا اَتان که بلکێن آ گۆن من گپّے کنت، بله بێتوار اَت و گۆن سِگرێٹئے دوتّان لئیبا اَت. گُڑا من په هامۆشیئے پرۆشگا چه آییا جُستے کرت: "واجه، تئو کجئے مردم ائے؟"

"اے گُلزِمینا چُشێن جاهے نێست که اۆدا منی پاد نکپتگ‌اَنت. من چۆ چۆنَ گوَشان که من کُجئے مردمے آن. مێتگانی مێتگ که لَڈّ و بۆجا اَنت، گُڑا من هم هما اِنت جُنزان آن گۆن."
"گُڑا تئو چه کجا لَڈِّتگ و اِدا آتککگئے؟"

"من نلَڈِّتگان. من وتی پێداکیا پد هما اِنت که سپر کنگا آن. هئو، مێتگ لَڈّ و بۆجَ کننت. دێرَ نکنت، اے مێتگ هم لَڈّ و بۆجَ کنت. پدا تئو هم جُنزئے، منی وَڑا سپر در سپر." آ اَنگت گۆن سِگرێٹئے دوتّان دلگۆش اَت، بله بے منی چارگا گَپّ جَنان اَت.

من کَندانا پسّئو دات: "اَڑئے، مێتگ چۆنَ لَڈّنت؟ مردمَ لَڈّنت."

لَڈّ و بۆج

اِمرانَه رَشید

دێر نەاِنت که آ اے مێتگئے دَمک و دَران دَرایی کَنگا اَت. آ په اے مێتگا دَرامدے اَت. مێتگئے مردمان آییئے بابتا وَڑ وَڑێن کِسّه جۆڑ کرتگ‌اَت. هَمُک دپ، هَمُک گپّ، و پدا هرکسا وتی هئیال و تبئے هسابا آییارا پجّارے هم داتگ‌اَت. لهتێنا گوَشت که گنۆکے، لهتێنا پئوڑهے گوَشت و لهتێنئے هئیال اِش اَت که جاتوگے، کَپتۆک و نۆکسورێن زالبولانی دلانَ کَشّیت و وارت. پمێشکا هرکس هژم گپتگ‌اَت، کَسّی دل لاپا نه‌اَت. مێتگئے نَرمدل و بَزّکارێن مردمانی هئیال اِش اَت که مرد پکیرے، نانپنڈے. اِشیئے تاچێنگ، جنَگ و لٹّ دئیگ هُدا و آییئے پئیگمبرانی هلاپ اِنت. بَزّگ بایِد اِنت بَد و رَد کنگ مبیت که هکَّ دنت.

چۆناها کَسّا نزانت که کئیی گپّ راست اِنت و کئیی درۆگ، پمێشکا دوێن ٹۆلیانی جِتاێن هئیالانی سئوَبا تان اے وهدی کَسّا هچّ گوَشتَ نکرت. بله اَنچُش سما بوت که گوَشئے زانا آ چه دراهێن مردمان جتا اَت. آ گوَشئے اے هَلکئے، اے مێتگئے، یا اے اَهدئے مردُمے نه‌اَت، بله آ هَر جاهے که شت، اۆدا مردمانی دلا بیمّے رُست. وَڑ وَڑێن بیمّ، چُکّانی دلانی کَشّگئے بیمّ، لۆگانی در کنگ، جان و مالئے بیمّ و پدا چه درُستان مستریّن بیمّ همِش اَت، بگندئے چێریّن کارِندهانی جاسو و پاسو

گئیبی تئوار پدا بلند اَت. ”گِند و مگِند کن. بَلاہ و دێھانی کاروانے گوَزگا اِنت. کُلّئے تھا ھرکسئے شِکل و آزا نکَرْتکگ‌اَنت، بکَروَجێتِش. چوّ مبیت کہ جِنّی چُکّے چہ کاروانا پَشت بکپیت، شُمئے دێما گوَن آزایان بگندیت و چامپَٹ بکنت.“

مَدُک نێم‌لِڑِتگێن مردُمانی رِدا اَت. دراہ یکدومیئے شِکلا کَروَجگا اَتنت، بلہ مَدُکا وتی دێمئے کار دارگ کَسّارا نہ‌اِشت. مَدُک سرا چِست کنگئے جُھدا اَت، کسێا مدُکئے گئوکا مستریّن سِنگے ایّر کرت. مَدُک تَکانسر اَت، آ گوَن بَلاھان دُچار وَرگ لوَٹگا اَت. اَسلا چہ کُلّا دَر آیگ لوَٹگا اَت.

مَدُکا سر چِست کرت، تگی زرتنت، سِست پہ کُلّئے کِرّی نێمگا، ھموَدا کہ چراگ اَنگَت ھما وَڑا روَک اَت. مَدُکا کُلّئے تھئے مردم داران اَتنت، بلہ گوَشئے نون اے مردُمانی دپ و دێم رُدان اَتنت، درست مَدُک اَتنت.

مَدُک، مدُکانی جَسَدانی تھا گوَزان اَت. آ، آپ بئیان اَتنت. مَدُک چہ کُلّا دَر آتک. اوَدا رُژن اَت، گوات اَت، آپ اَت، درَچک و دار اَت. مردم مچّ اَتنت. چہ کُلّا ڈنّ زندگی اَت.

مَدُکئے گۆشا نِهِردگئے تئوار اَت. مَدُکا وتی یکّێن چمّ چِست کنگ لۆٹت که بزانت کئیا وئیلێا گپتگ؟

بله یکّ گئیبی تئوارے چِست بوت. "گِند و مگِند کن."

گۆن تئوارئے اِشکُنگا مَدُکا وتی چمّ دمانا جَهل کرت.

ساهتے بێتئواریا پد، دوبَر نِهِردگئے تئوار بوت. مَدُک سرپد اَت که گِند آییا مگِند کنگی اِنت، بله کرت نکنگا اَت.

نِهِردگ گێشتر بئیان اَتنت. چه گئیبا گِند و مگِند کنگی ائیلان هم تالان اَت، بله مَدُکا اے رندی چمّ چِست کرت و چارت، یکّ مردمے نالگا نهاَت، دو کس اَتنت. یکّے گۆن پُچّێا دێمئے مردمئے شِکلا کَرۆجگا اَت و نالگا اَت و دومی، کَرُتککگێن جاها کَلۆنڈگا اَت و نِهِردگا اَت.

"گِند و مگِند کن،" جار بُلند بوت.

په کُلّئے نِندۆکان اے ڈئولێن جاوَر په مُدامی اَت. مردمان همے وَڑا زِند گوازێنگ هێل کرتگ‌اَت. بله په مَدُکا اے پئیمێن هێلکاری گران اَت. کُلّا لهتێن جۆڑ بوتگێن رَهبَند آییئے آدتئے بهر بوتگ‌اَتنت. کُلّ نَپسار اِنت. اِشیئے تها مردم مهفوز اَنت. کُلّا ڈنّ اُگدَه و هازرات کرتگێن جِنّ و جاتوگ اَنت. وڑ وَڑێن لولُّک و جوجُکانی هَلکَت اِشان آسمانئے دێما آڑێنگَه کرتگ، رُژن بیگار کرتگ .

کُلّ

نَرگِس نِسار

مَدُک گوْن کَرُتککگیْن و نیْمکَرُتککگیْن شِکلئے مردُمان یکّ کُلّیْئے تھا بے ترِکّ و تئوارا نِشتگ‌اَت. کُلّئے یکّ کِرّیْا چراگے روْک اَت، بلہ وَٹّی بیْکِساس جَھل اَت.

کُلّا نِشتگیْن مردم زانگَ نبنت کہ مردیْن اَنت یا جنیْن. گیْشترا دیْمئے آزا پِر نہ‌اَنت، اگن کَسیْا پِر اَنت گُڑا یکّ و دوا. پُچّ ھم درُستانی یکّ اَنت.

کُلّئے تھا سجّھیْنانی سر یکّ وَڑا جَھل اَنت، گوَشئے اِشان سرُپئے تئوک گُٹّا. اے تئوک چہ پُشتی نیْمگا وَزَندارتر اَنت. زانا سرُپ و آسِن و سِنگا پُرّ اَنت؟

مَدُک ھم گوْن ھمِشان ھئوار اِنت. آییئے گردن ھُشک اِنت و دیْمئے آزا گیْشتر لِڑِتگ‌اَنت. تھنا یکّ چمّے و یکّ گوْشے پَشت کپتگ.

کُلّئے تھا مردمان نزانت کہ شپ اِنت یا روْچ اِنت، ھَمُک نیْمگ تھار اَت. مَدُک گوْن یکّیْن چمّا کُلّئے چارگئے یَکّویی جُھدا اَت، بلہ ھچّ نگندگا اَت. نون آ دَزموْشا اَت کہ چیزّے نہ چیزّے آییا دست بکپیت و آ وتی دیْمئے آزایانی نَکشا وتی دیْمئے سرا پدا جوْڑ بکنت، بلہ سوْبیْن نبوت.

اناگت آییئے هئیالا سَسّاے آتک و پهکێن هئیالانی دیوالی پرۆشت، په بلۆچی زبانئے سکّگا زلورت اِنت که مردم درچکێئے پئیما ببیت. آ وت زبانا بوانیت و اے دگران هم درس بدنت. اے هاس نهاِنت که اے کارئے آسر چے بیت. الّمی اِش اِنت که آ وت زبانئے زندمانئے بهرے جوڑ ببیت.

آ په گلے گۆن اے واهگا دێم په لۆگا شت که آ وت بلۆچی بوانیت و بسکّیت و دێمترا دگه بلۆچان هم بوانێنیت. وهدے آییا وتی زندئے مکسد در گێتک، گۆن وت گوَشتی: "بلۆٹیت، شمارا دئیگَ بیت. شۆهاز بکنێت، شمارا رسیت. دروازگا بٹُکّیت، په شما پَچ کنگَ بیت. چێا که هرکس بلۆٹیت، آییا دئیگَ بیت. هرکس شۆهاز بکنت، آییا رسیت. هرکس دروازگا بٹُکّیت، په آییا پَچ کنگَ بیت."

نزانتی باریّن گوّن یورپئے تھا بلوّچی زبانئے سِکّگا ھکّ و دل بلوّچی زبانَ رکّیت، بلہ کمّ چہ کمّ ھمے جُھد آییئے دستا بوت. نبشتانکیّئے ترانگا کپت کہ کتابیّئے تھا وانتگ‌اَتی، تئیابئے ھُشکیا پھکیّن اِستار رکّینگَ نبنت، بلہ کمّ چہ کمّ یکّیا پدا آپئے تھا مان کنگ و زندگ بئیگئے موّہ دئیگ ببیت. ھئیالی کرت کہ بوتَ کنت منی بلوّچی زبانئے در برگئے اے کسانیّن جُھد پہ آیوّکیّن نسل و پدریّچان مزنیّن جُھدے ببیت، اَرزُنئے تُھمے کہ پہ آیوّکیّن پدریّچان مزنیّن بَر و سَمَرے بیاریت. بلکیّن اے درست آییئے دماگئے وَھم اَتنت، بلہ ھر ھالا آییا وتی وس کنگئے زلورت اَت.

وشّیّن موّسمے اَت، آییئے دل دارگ نبوت، وتی پوّشاکی بدل کرتنت و چہ وتی لوّگا در کپت. روّچ رُژنا اَت، مُرگ چیری چیری کنگا اَتنت، مُرگانی تئوارا آییئے ارواہ سکون دات. جھدی کرت کہ وتا چہ چپّ و چوّٹیّن ھئیالان دور بداریت و اے دمانا پہ ایّمنی زند بگوازیّنیت و گوَستگیّن و آیوّکیّن وھدئے ھئیالا مکنت. بلہ آییئے ھئیالان آ پدا دیّم پہ بلوّچستانا برت. ھئیالی کرت، من چُنت زبانَ زانان و توانان کہ گرمیّن روّچ و وشّیّن موّسمئے بارئوا شائِری بکنان، بلہ نتوانان بلوّچی زبانا یکّ بندے ھم پر ببندان.

آ درچکیّئے کشا اوّشتات و سبزیّن تاکی چارتنت کہ نوّکی رُدگا اَتنت. ھئیالی کرت کہ درچک اَجبیّن سھدارے، مریت و پدا زندگَ بیت، بورّ و برَ جنت و نیبگَ روّدیّنیت. ھچّ پگری نیّست کہ اے بر و سمرانی باندات چے بیت. پہ آییا ھچّ پرکَ نکنت کہ مردمے چنت و وارتِش یا ڈگارا کپنت و کرمِشَ ورنت. درچک ھر وھدا وتی کارا گلایّش اِنت. درچک مدام وتی نیّکی و بکشِشئے کارا برجاہَ داریت. درچک ھرکَسا وتی نیبگ و ساھگ و زیّباییا میتا دنت. مرکا پد ھم دار یا کُنٹیّئے رنگا مردمان پائِدگَ دنت.

تئو منی هالا سهیگ نه‌ائے، بانک...

سئوت پدا بدل بوت و هئیالی دگه نێمگێا شتنت. آییا انچش مارت که سئوت منی مارشتانی پئیما اَنت. دلی کپّ بوت په ماتی وتنا، په چَهبارئے لِوارا، په بلّک بازارا، په دریا بُزرگئے مزنێن تئیابا و په رۆچئے بێهدّێن تاپا.

آییا وتی دزگهارانی هبرانی هئیال آتک که درملک و یورپا شتگێن مردم چه دراهێن گم و جێڑهان دور اَنت. بله کَسّ آییئے دلئے هالا سهیگ نه‌اَت که آپه راج و راجئے گرانێن زند، په دۆد و ربێدگ و په ماتی زبانا که چه واکدارانی ڈالچاریا گار بئیان اَت، گمیگ و دلپرۆش اَت.

گۆن بلۆچی زبانئے ترانگئے کپگا دلگۆشی یکّ رندے پدا دێم په میَزئے کاگدان شت. درانڈێهیا بلۆچی زبانئے نزانگئے سئوبا آییا وتا مئیاربارَ کرت. اے مئیاربار یا نه‌اِشت که آ یورپا آسودگێن زندے بگوازێنیت.

درانڈێهیا، آییا وتی سیاد و وارس، سنگت و ساری، گوَست و باندات پهک ملکا یله داتنت. گۆن بلۆچی زبانئے نسکّگا، آ وتی زبانئے گار و گمسار کنگا هم شریکدار اَت. اے آییئے دلئے درد اَتنت که آییئے زندئے سرا ساهگ اَتنت.

سئوت پدا بدل بوت، گوَشئے یوٹوبا وتا گۆن آییئے مارشتان بندۆک کرتگ‌اَت، همے پئیم که آ مارگا اَت یوٹوبا همے ڈئولێن سئوتے بنگێج کرت.

جی وتن تئیی ملگُزاران...

بِلّ تُرے بلۆچستانا رُستگ‌اَت، بله اَنچێن چاگردێا زندی گوازێنتگ‌اَت و درسی وانتگ‌اَت که اۆدا ماتی زبان لگتمال بئیگا اِنت. آ پمێشکا اَنچێن بلۆچے جۆڑ بوتگ‌اَت که چه آییئے بلۆچی پچّارا بسّ بلۆچی پُچّ و پۆشاک پَشت کپتگ‌اَتنت. هر وهدا که مردمان بلۆچیَ کرت، آ کَرّ و گُنگیئے پئیما اَت. کسانیا مۆهی نبوتگ‌اَت که بلۆچی بوانیت. نون بالگیا لجّیَ بوت گۆن آ دگه بلۆچان بلۆچی زبانا هبر بکنت.

درانڈێهی هر مردمئے سرا هاسێن اَسَرے کلّیت و په آییا اے هاسێن اَسَر همِش اَت که زانتی هر چینچک زبان بزانان، بله وتی ماتی زبانا که نزانان، گڑا گُنگے آن.

سئوت بدل بئیگا اَت و آییئے هیالانی بندیکّ سست.

کهوهئے گلاسی مێزئے سرا ایْر کرت و کاگدانی نێمگا چمّی سکّ کرتنت. نون په آییا ماتی زبانئے مانا بسّ اَلِپ و بے و آب و لبز و رهبند نه‌اَتنت. ماتی زبان په آییا چۆ زندگێن سهداریْا اَت که کاه و کدیمّ و گر و دارَ لۆٹیت. اے دگه سهدارانی پئیما زبان هم په زندگ و برجاه مانگا وَرد و وَراکَ لۆٹیت، اگن نه گڑا ڈائِناسُرئے پئیما زمینئے چێرا بسّ هڈّی پشتَ کپنت.

پدا کهوهئے گلاس چه مێزئے سرا زرتی و هما بازێن کاگد که دێما ایْر اَتنتی، مانی نئیاورتنت و هئیالی گوستگێن زمانگا شت. آییا وتی مات و پتئے بارئوا جێڑت که آیان گۆن مزنێن زهمتیْا کمّ کمّا بازێن زرّے چِتگ و ایْر کرتگ‌اَت که آییا بوانێننت. البت آییئے مات و پتا چه چاگردا اَسَر زرتگ‌اَت و گۆن آییا پارسی هبرِش کرتگ‌اَت که مردم آییئے لِهجها کَلاگ مگِرنت و آیانی دۆستیگێن چکّ شرّ پارسی هبر بکنت تانکه وتی زندا کامیاب ببیت. بله اَسلا اے آییئے گُنگیئے ائولی کدم اَت.

گنجئے شۆهاز

شاری مُلّازهی

اَنچۆ که کهوها تامۆک کنگا اَت، لۆٹتی گۆن یوٹوبئے سئوتا گۆن بکپیت و په بُرزتئواری بوانیت:

شئے مریدئے وارتگێن بیا کئول و سئوگندا بچار...

بازێن ٹێمێا رند اَپرێلئے ماها رۆچا چه جمبرانی پشتا سر در کرتگ‌اَت و سردێن گواتا کشّگ بسّ کرتگ‌اَت. په ڈنّا کدم جنَگ و کبابئے پچگ و کئورئے کشا چِلیمّئے کشّگا دلکشّێن مۆسمے اَت. اے وشّێن مۆسما سئینکلئے سوار بئیگ په همایبا که ورزشی دۆست نه‌اَت هم انّون وشّ اَت.

چه دلئے جهلانکیا آهے کشّتی و کهوها دگه گُٹّے گپتی و کاگدانی جُمپ که مێزئے سرا ایْر اَت، چارتی. اے سجّهێن کاگد بلۆچی رَهبَند و بلۆچی وانگ و نِبشته کنگئے بارئوا اَتنت. بازێن زُبانے شرّیئے سرا و دگه لهتێن زبان کَمُّکَ زانتی. پارسی زبان وانگجاها دری بُرتگ‌اَت و انگرێزی زبان هم چه درمُلکئے رئوگا پێسر دری بُرتگ‌اَت. چه لَڈّ و بۆجا رند تُرکی زبان سکّتگ‌اَتی و نون جرمن زبانا هم سکّگا اَت. بله بلۆچی زبانئے سکّگ په آیبا باز گران اَت.

اُمیّت

”هاهاها،“ هَتّلیا هم کَندت و گوَشت: ”منا بله اے گَپّ وشّ بیت، نتئوریت.“

مَهدَروَرا گوّن همے گپّا آ تیّلانک دات و زِرا دئور دات. کَلکَشان و هانُلا هم مَهدَروَرئے دست گپت و زِرا دئور کرت. یکدومیا آپ پِر ریّچگا لَگّتنت، کَندگا اَتنت.

اَناگَھا کَلکَشانئے دیّما آپئے ترینزُک لَگّتنت و آ گُڑت. چه وتی هئیالان در آتک، چارِتی که منی همراهیّئے تئوار اِنت. ”تئو اِدا سنگئے سرا ایّوکا نِشتگ و چے جیڑگا ائے؟ اوّدا ما درست کدیگیّن اِنت که اَکس کشّگا ایّن و چوّن وشّ اِنت. نون وَه در کپگئے وهد اِنت و تئو چوّ سنگئے بُتا اِدا نِشتگئے.“

کَلکَشانا گوّن وتی ژَندیّن تئوارا و پرُشتگیّن لبزان پسّئو دات: ”هچّ، بسّ وتی دَزگُھارانی ترانگا کپتان. دَزگُھار هم زندگیئے زندگیّن بهرے اَتنت.“

"لاڑئے لاڑئے لاڑئے،
مرچی ماہ مُجان گپتگ،
مارا تئیابا تھاریا گپتگ."

هاهاها. هائُل و کَلکَشان تَچانا شتنت، مَهدَروَرئے دیّما مان تَرّتنت و آییئے دستِش گپت و گوَشتِش: "جنکّ! تئو چوّ چیّا زَهرَ کنئے، ما وَه مسکَرا کَنگا اَتیّن. وشّ بئے، اَڑئے شَررنگ! ما هم باز کُچْک چتگ."

رۆزَردئے وَهد اَت. رۆچئے زَردیا زِرئے سَرا مان شانتگ‌اَت و زِرا دگه جَلوَهے آورتگ‌اَت. گواتئے شیکّگا تئیابئے زیّبایی گیّشتر کرتگ‌اَت. گوات اَنچوّ کَشّگا اَت که دَزگُهارانی سریگ و مود گواتا بال اَتنت. کَلکَشان گوّن وتی دَزگُهاران چوّ زِری مُرگا تئیابئے لمبا گوّن وتی پچیّن بانزُلان لئیب و گوازی کنان اَت، چه دنیائے درُستیّن گَمان بیّسما.

مَهدَروَرا په لاڑُکی گوَشت: "شُمئے دَزگُهارَ نبان، یله دئییّت منا. شُما ردَ دئییّت مُدام منا."

بله آیان یله ندات و همراه بوتنت. مَهدَروَرا گوّن هَتَّلیا گوَشت: "منی سرا نازیّنک مجَن، تئیی نامئے سرا هم سئوت هست‌اِنت:

هَتَّلی لال گوّن جنکّان کئیت‌اِنت،
کَنڈیگ و هار و جئوَکّان کئیت‌اِن."

گوّن همے گالان پدا وت کَندتی و وشّان بوت.

دَزگُھار

آلیَه شاه

کَلکَشان گۆن وتی نۆدربران تئیابئے لمبا سئیلا اَت، بله آییا وتی همراه یله داتگ‌اَتنت و ایۆکا گردگا اَت. چَمّی سئے کسانێن جنکّۆا کپتنت که تئیابئے لمبا کُچْک چِنگ و پندۆلا کنگا اَتنت. لئیب و گوازی کنانا رئوان اَتنت و ناهُدا و یَدّارانی کرّا ماهیگ پچ گرگئے واستا اۆشتان اَتنت. گۆن همے گوَنڈۆانی گندگا کَلکَشان وتی هئیالانی جُهلێن زِرا ایَر کپت...

هانُل و هَتَّلی مَهدَروَرئے سرا کندگا اَتنت و کَلکَشان گوَشگا اَت: "تئو همے که تئیابا کائے، اے وَڑێن کُچْکَ چِنئے، اِشان چۆنَ کَنئے، گنۆک؟"

چه مَهدَروَرا پێسَر هانُلا پسّئو دات: "اِشان کَماییت و گوَرا کنت، هئو نه؟"

هاهاها. هَر سئیێن کَندگا لَگِّتنت و مَهدَروَرا زَهر کرت، وتی پَندۆلئے کُچْکی کَشِّت و دئور داتنت و هامۆشیا رَهادگ بوت. هَتَّلی مَهدَروَرئے پُشتا رئوان بوت و چاپ جنَگا لَگِّت و نازێنگی بندات کرت:

آ وهدا من نَزانت که اے کِسّها منی چَمّ پرچا اَرسیگ کرتنت بله مرۆچی، ماهیّا پد دل که نۆکی وابا شتگ‌اَت، گوَشئے دیدگئے گریّوَگئے تئوارا منا چه وابا جاه سِرّینت. دل چه بیّسَماییا دیّم په آگهیا اَت. چَمّ دیدَگئے مُدامییّن جاهئے سرا کپتَنت، دِلا ترِکّگے جت. اَرسان دئور کرت. گوّش تَلوَسگا اَتنت که کَسے بگوَشیت: "دادا، او دادا! پاد آ، نه. بے کِسّها منا وابَ نئیئیت."

کستریٚن گُھار په رئوَگا سَکّ دِلمانَگَ بیت بله مستریٚن وتی دَستا آییئے کوٚپگا ایٚرَ کنت که آ ناکوٚئے گپّان رَد مکپیت. آ برے ناکوٚا و برے وتی مستریٚن گُھارا چاریت. پدا اناگت گوٚن وتی مستریٚن گُھارا گوَشیت: 'دادا، او دادا! ناکوٚ تهنا اِنت. منا وَشّ نبیت که ناکوٚ ایٚوکا برئوت. تئیی گوَرا بازیٚنے هست، بله ناکوٚ اوٚدا تَهنا اِنت. منا بِلّ که ناکوٚئے همراهَ بان. ناکوٚئے جاه سَکّ وَشّ اِنت. من که اوٚدا بان، په تئو هم شَرّیٚن جاهے شوٚهازَ کنان.'

مستریٚن چه تُرسا کستریٚنا اَمبازَ کنت و وتی سرا په اِنّه سُریٚنیت بله کستریٚن په رئوَگا مِنّت و لئیلا کنت. مستریٚن گُھار په دِلوارَگی وتی کستریٚن گُھارئے پیٚشانیگا چُکّیت. کستریٚن گوٚن بِچکندیٚا مستریٚنا یلهَ دنت و وتی ناکوٚئے هَمراهیا دوریٚن مَنزِلیٚا رئوانَ کنت.

اَنچوٚ که کَستریٚن چه لوٚگئے دروازگا دَرَ کَپیت، زمین‌چَنڈے کئیت و لوٚگئے چاریٚن مُهریٚن دیوال بوستگا کپنت. مستریٚنئے سرجمیٚن دُنیا بدلَ بیت. نون آ په کستریٚنا سَرسَرَ جنت بله کَش و گوَران کَسَّ نبیت که آییئے تئوارا بِشکنت."

من وتی کِسّه هَلاس کرتگ‌اَت و منی چمّ په دیدَگا کپتنت که وَشواب اَت. آییئے لُنٹانی سرا بِچکندے تالان اَت. من وار وارا دیدَگئے سر چه وتی سرجاها چِست کرت و آییئے جندئے سرجاهئے سرا ایٚر کرت که مَگُڑیت، آییئے رُژنایٚن پیٚشانیگ چُکِّت و پدا وتی نِپادانی سرا تَچک بوتان.

گوَشیت: 'بیا منی لاژُکێن جنِکّ! گوْن من بیا گوْن. من ترا انچێن شئوکێن جاهے بران که تئیی دل گَلا بالَ بیت. چه اوْدا پدا هِچبر واتَرّ کنگَ نلوْٹئے.'

مستریْن گُهار وتی کستریْن گُهارئے نیْمگا په مِهرئوانیَ چاریت و هچّ نَگوَشیت. ناکوْ چه آییئے چمّانَ ماریت که آ په همراهیا رازیگ نهاِنت، گُژا دمانیْئے هاموْشیا رند سَکّ باز مِنّتیَ کنت. مستریْن گُهار وهدے چاریت که ناکوْ باز مِنّت کَنگا اِنت، گُژا گوَشیت: 'ناکوْ جان! انگت منی وهد سَکّ دور اِنت، چه آ وهدا پێش من گوْن تئو آتکَ نکنان. منی جتاییا منی وتیگ سَگِّتَ نکننت. پدا منی هُردُکێن گُهارُک وَه بے منَ نَبیت. ناکوْ جان! تئو چه هما راها که آتکگئے، هما راها واترّ کن که من تئیی هَمراهَ نبان.'

ناکوْ چه مستریْن گُهارئے اِنکارا پَد سَکّ مُلورَ بیت و سرا جَهلَ کنت. دمانے دلا جێڑیت و مستریْن گُهارا یَلهَ دنت و وتی دِلگوْشا گوْن کستِریْن گُهارا کنت و په مِهرئوانی جُستیَ کنت: 'دُتُّک! او منی دوْستناکێن دُتُّک! تئو منی هَمراهَ نَبئے؟ بِچار، تئو چوْ مَکن.'

کستریْن گُهار ناکوْئے گپّان په دِلگوْش گوْشَ داریت و مستریْن گُهارئے نیْمگا چاریت.

بے کِسّھا منا وابَ نئیئیت

زاهِده رئییس راجی

چه بازیّن کاران انچوّ ژند و پَند اَتان که اَنچوّ که تچک بوتان، دل وابا شت بله کَسانُکیّن دیدَگ که په کِسّهئے اِشکنگا انچوّ هیّلدار اَت که هما شپا که من په آییا کِسّهَ نجَت و وَپتان، آ انچوّ بیّتاهیرَ بوت که منا په زوّر چه وابا پادیَ کرت و اگن منی دلا منا چه گرانیّن وابا پاد آیَگَ نهاِشت، گُڑا مِنَّتیَ کرت که: "دادا، او دادا! پاد آ، نه. آگهیا منا تُرسیت. بے کِسّها منا وابَ نئیئیت. دادا، او دادا! پاد آ، نه."

وهدے چه تُرسا گِریّوگی بِنا کرت، گُڑا منی دِلا منا چه گرانیّن وابا جاه سِرّیّنت و چمّان لَتارانا پاد آتک و نِشتان. گوّن منی گِندَگا آ هم تاهیر گِپت و گِریّوَگی بَسّ کرت.

من گِهاسان و چمّان لَتارانا وتی مَجگ زوّر دات که باریّن چوّنیّن کِسهے بیاران که دیدَگ جانا وَشّ ببیت و واب بکپیت. اَناگت دو شپ پیّسر دیستگیّن وابئے ترانگا کپتان. من دیدَگئے سَر وتی سرجاهئے سرا ایّر کرت و آییئے مودان سَمارانا کِسّهے بُنگیّج کرت.

"...پدا مستریّن گُهار گوّن کستریّنا کئیت و دَروازگئے دَپا اوّشتیت. اناگت اِشانی ناکوّ، دوّستیّن که دیّر اِنت گار بوتگ، اِشانی کِرّا کئیت و گوّن مستریّن گُهارا

رۆلَهئے وهد اَت، من وتی بئیگ چۆ سَپتا بڈّا کرت و همے لۆگانی نێمگا رهادگ بوتان. نزّیکّا که رَستان، گندان پٹکّێن مردے کاپَرئے چێرا یکّ نێمگێا تچک اِنت. دِرتگێن ایرانی دَزمالے دێما پِری داتگ‌اَت و نرم نرما گُرّگا اَت. من زانت که ناکۆ اِنت. مئے پادبرَمشان ناکۆا دزمال چه دێما کِنزێنت. من اَنگت نرمێن تئواریا "ناکۆ" کرت که اگن آگَه اِنت، گُڑا تئوار پچ بدنت و اگن واب اِنت، مگُڑیت.

ناکۆا "اۆن" کرت و پادئے ماتی لَنکُکی درَهِت. وتی دستی شهارت و پاد آیگا کُمَکّی لۆٹت. آییئے شَهارێن دست که من دیست، منا مُدامی پئیما بِلبِلاووکی بوت، بله من نااِلاج اَتان و دست گپت. من وانگ بوتان. گوَشئے مُچّے کَرپاس من دستا کرت. ناکۆئے دست اَنچۆ نرم و نازرک اَتنت که من هئیران بوتان.

ناکۆئے ڈگار هارا بُرتگ‌اَتنت و چُنت وهد اَت که ناکۆا وتی دست کار نَبستگ‌اَتنت. مَن اَلَنجَهی ناکۆئے دست یله کرت. ناکۆئے اے لَهمێن دست په من سکّ درامد اَتنت.

گوَشتی: "همے منی میرێن بچّ و نُماسگ منی کۆپگا سوار اَنت، منی پِه."

من دِلا گوَشت ناکۆا بلکێن دگه جَن و چُکّ هست. بله رندا من زانت که ناکۆ اَمب و مۆزان وتی چُکّ و نُماسگ گوَشگا اِنت. بیبیا هم برے برے ناکۆ کَلاگَ گپت، وهدے آ چه مُلکا هُشکێن دستا لۆگا آتک. "هپۆکا هچّ دێم ندات گۆن مرۆچی؟"

"کَهرنَپَس! هَپۆک په تئو زَهری پُڑیے دێمَ دنت و منا بێجَنَ کنت،" ناکۆا ڈَهک دات و گوَشت. پس و گۆکی اَنچۆ دۆست اَتنت که برے برے چه آیان زهریَ کرت.

"کَهرکَپتگئے پِچُّکان بچار! منا پِچُّکَ دئیئے؟ شرّ اِنت، نون تئو منا واڑا گندئے،" ناکۆئے دِلا گۆکا چۆ مردما پِچُّکَ دات .

گاڑیئے دێما پسے آتک و سَلاما بِرِکّ جتنت و من چه وتی هئیالان در آتکان. من چمّ که شانک داتنت، نۆکێن جاگهے. نۆکێن پَسیل و پراهێن پِڑے. په من اے جاگه اَنچۆ نۆک اَت که کۆرے ائوَلی رندا دنیایا بگندیت و دنیائے رنگ په آییا نۆک ببنت.

"اِش اِنت نۆکێن گۆڑی؟" من هشک و هئیران جُست کرت.

"هئو. همِش اِنت،" سَلاما جانے کَشّیت، کَش و کِرّی چارتنت و گوَشتی.

"باریّن چه اِشان مئے لۆگ کجام اِنت؟" من دِلا گوَشت.

پسیل سکّ پراه و دراج اَت. پَسیلئے تها یکّ کَشیّا دو بان و کاپَرے و کَمّے رۆبَرکَتی نێمگا کُلّے گۆن کاپَرێا من دیست.

اگن برے برے ما گۆنَ نکپتێن، گڑا ناکۆا بے مئیگا وَشّ نبوت. چه وتی کاپَرئے بُنا گوانکیَ جت: "سیاهۆ! او ٹَلو! زوتّ کَن بیا که تئیی بیبیا په چاها هَڑَکّه کرتگ!" پدا ٹَهکیَ دات و کَندتی. منا ناکۆئے بستگێن نامانی سرا سکّ بدَ آتک.

"من زانا اَنچۆ سیاه آن که تئو منا سیاهۆَ گوَشئے؟ منی سنگتے بِشکُنت، په من چے پشتَ کپیت، ناکۆ؟ و اے ٹَلو نون چێے؟ من نون دها وانگا آن، گوَنڈۆے نه‌آن."

ناکۆا مُدام منی ماسٹَران بگر تان منی دهێن جُمائِت کَچ و لَچَ کرتنت زاها و شرّ کندتی.

دگه منا ناکۆئے دستانی گرگ بِه وشّ نبوت. گوَشئے آرتی ترّ کرتگ‌اَت و مدام هما آرت دستانی سرا لِچّتگ‌اَتنت و ناکۆا بِه نشُشتگ‌اَتنت. ناکۆئے دست گوَشئے تَل تَل کرتگ‌اَتنت و پدا ترِکّ جتگ‌اَتنت. منا ناکۆئے دستانی گرگ بلبلا ووکیَ بوت، بله من مجبور اَتان، وهدے دستیَ شهارت، گڑا منَ گپت. منا بیبیئے سرا هم زهرَ آتک که پرچا ناکۆا واسَلینے ندنت که وتی دستان چرپ بکنت، تانکه کمّے لَهم ببنت.

ناکۆئے کِرّا که په چاهئے ورگا نِشتئے، گڑا چۆ ریڈوا چالوَ بوت و هَلاسَ نبوت. وتی مُلکئے کِسّه‌ایَ کرتنت، ڈگار، بند، سبزی، مچّ، کُنَر، گلّه، بانکَلێنک، کوٹّگ، وَلّ، تێجگ، سیمسور، سۆرِچک و پُڑّۆ و هچّی پشتَ نگێتک. اگن یکّ زیادهی شِمشے هم ناکۆئے اِسپُستئے تها رُست و ناکۆا دیست، آییئے هالی هم گۆن اَت. ناکۆئے هست و نێست همے ڈگار و مچّ و لیمبۆ و بیدّام اَتنت. همے گوَشئے آییئے چُکّ و نُماسگ اَتنت.

من که برے برے جستَ کرت: "ناکۆ! تئیی پُشت چێا کُمپ اِنت؟"

دُکّان، اِسکولئے پُشتئے کَھور، اَلی بابائے کُلپی و ھر چیزّ گیر آیان بوت. نون منا مات، منی گھار گُلی، پِت و چه درستان گێش ناکۆ و بیبی دێما زاھر بئیان بوتنت.

ناکۆ منی پتئے سیاد اَت و بیبی منی ماتئے ترو. اِشان وتا چُکّ نێستاَت و مئے پَسیلّئے تھا دو بان، یکّ کُڈّکے و یکّ کاپَرے ھستاَتِش.

منا بیبی تھنا مگربئے وھدا دۆست بوتگ. وھدے ناکۆا مادگ و گوَسک مھار بوتگاَنت و آورتگاَنتی، دوا و زاھا دئیان بوتگ، گُڑا بیبیا تاس چه پێسرا کاپَرئے منُکا مان جتگ. کمّے ھم دێر بوتێن، بزان بیبیئے شام کَھرکپتگ و کَھرنَپَس بوتگ. اَنچۆ که بیبیا چاه گراست، من و گُلی تچان تچانا وتی بھرئے گرگا شتێن. مئے بھر مدام ایْر اَت.

اے دگه وھدان بیبیا مئے، بزان دوێن برات و گھارانی ساه گپتگ په کار. من اَنگَت تچگئے وَڑ و پئیمَ زانتنت، بله گُلی بزّگَ مرت و ایْرَ بوت په رئو و آ.

بیبیا بدێن آدتے گۆن اَت که کاری ھچبر یکجاگَه نگوَشتنت. "برئو دۆ! آ ٹانکیا اے تاسا آپ مان کن و بیار." اے بوت و تنیگه کُڈّکا سر نبوتئے، آپی دستَ گپتنت. "چاینکّا مُش و بیار گۆن." اے کار من تچگئے پُرّا کرت. "ترَدُّلا جنان بئے، پیمّازے چه کاپَرئے سرا بیار گۆن." پیمّاز رَست، گُڑا: "اے شێکِنا چَنڈ گۆن دۆ، آرتی سکّ کوَھن اَنت." بیبیا گوَشئے پئیسله کرتگاَت که گُلی بزّگ نِندگا نئیلگی اِنت. گُلی تُست و پَلار بوت و رندا ھمے پِٹُکێن چاھی دل و جانا نکپت، بله بیبیئے کاران ھلاسیَ نزانت.

زِندئے آسَر لَھمێن دَست

مِھلَب نَسیر

گاڑی اَنچۆ که منی مێتگئے نزّیکّ بئیان بوت، منا وتی مێتگئے هر دَمک و دَگّ، لۆگ و جاگَه، مُلک و مسیت و مردم گیر آیان بوتنت. منا پنچ سال اَت که من کێچ ندیستگ‌اَت و اَنگت آیگ دلا نه‌اَت، بله اے پدی ماتئے بازێن بڑی بڑی و گرێو و گراشان منا مجبور کرت. بله اَسلا مستریێن سئوَب اِش اَت که منا وتی مێتگئے جۆن چارگی اَت، هما مێتگ که اۆدا من وتی کسانی گوازێنتگ‌اَت. ماتا منا مُدام هالَ دات که هارا هچّ پَشت نگێتککگ، نه لۆگ، نه مُلک، نه باگ. من هرچے که اِشکُت، گُمانا آ اَکس من جۆڑ کرتَ نکرتنت که نون اۆدا هچّ که هچّ پَشت نکپتگ، چێا که من وتی کسانی همۆدا گوازێنتگ و په من اَنگت اۆدئے بان و کُلّ و کاپَر و پێشگاه هما وَڑا اَتنت. "همے شِریشّ که لۆگانی دَپا بوتگ‌اَنت، جۆانی سرئے مچّ و سِمِٹّی ٹانکی و گئیٹانی سِمِٹّی مِنُک، بزان هما چیزّ که آپا برت نکرتگ‌اَنت، مردم آیانَ گندیت، نون ترانگا کپیت که اِدا مێتگے بوتگ،" اَکمَلا منا هال داتگ‌اَت.

من وتی گُمانا همے اِشکُتگێن گپّانی اَکسا جۆڑَ کنان، وتی مێتگئے نێمگا گۆن وتی تروزاتکا گاڑیئے تها لُڈّان و جَمپ وران، جُنزان اَتان. منا وتی کسانیئے لئیب و گوازی، وانگجاه، مُلکان وئیل بئیگ، سری پُهلا جان شۆدگ، کَریم بَکشئے

میٖهدانیٖن سُندوکی پَچ کرت و یکّ یکّا پُچّانی کَشّگا لَگّت. یکّ، دو، سئے، چار، پَنچ، شَش. بیستی هساب کرت. اِشانی گوَرا کنگئے وهد کدیَ کئیت؟ من نون اِشان چوٚنَ کنان؟ منی چِه کارا کاینت؟ درُستی تهتئے سرا چگل داتنت. چه سُندوکئے بُنا یکّ کوَهنیٖن اَلبَمے دَری کرت. پدا لَنکُکانی سرا هِسابی جَت. "سی. اے اَلبَما سی سال اِنت؟ اَرّئے... روٚچ و سال چوٚنَ گوَزنت."

پیٖشی کئیمِرَهانی گپتگیٖن کسان کسانیٖن پوٚٹوٚ آییئے نِزَرا نئیاتکنت. آییا په دلیلا زانت که اے کئے و آ کئے اِنت. شِکلِش پَجّارگَ نبوتنت. دریٖگتیٖن اے کئیمِرَه هما وهدا ببوتیٖننت. بله همِشانی تها آییئے یکّ پوٚٹوٚے اَت که آییا گوٚن وتی دَزگهاریٖا چیٖرُکایی چه جنّاه روٚڈئے پوٚٹوٚگراپَریٖا کَشّایٖنتگ‌اَت. آییا همے پوٚٹوٚ چه اَلبَما در کرت و گوٚن نوٚکیٖنا بَرابَر داشت، چه دویٖنان من کُجام آن؟ اے که چوٚ کلاتئے نوٚک پتکگیٖن سروٚپا اِنت یا اے که دیٖمی چوٚ چوسِّتگیٖن اَمبا اِنت. اِشانی هرچے پَرک اِنت، چمّ، دپ، پوٚنز، دنتان. من وتارا وت پجّاهَ نئیاران. آ وتی سرا وت کندگا لَگّت. اَنچوٚ کَندتی که آییئے اَرس در آتکنت.

همِشیئے تها پوٚٹوٚ چه آییئے دستا کپتنت. آییا کندگ بسّ کرت و وتی لَنکُکانی پرنچگ بنا کرت.

مات و پِت، راج و کَهوّل چه بَنگُلئے آروّسا سهیگ بوتنت، بله آیان چے کرت؟ جنے گپتگی، گُناهے نکرتگی. بَنگُلئے رَزا بوتیّن، گُڑا دیّری آییارا هَلاسی کرتگ‌اَت، بله نه که آییئے پت و براتان اے بَنّامی زُرت، نه که آییئے وتی دِلا چُشیّن گواهیے دات. آییا گوَشت که جنکّ سُهریّن پرزوّنگے نه‌اِنت که روّچے یکّیّئے دیّما پچ ببیت. منا تئوِ بَنگُلئے نام و ناکوّئے مِهر و دوّستی بَسّ اِنت. کسمتانی پئیسله مان آسمانا بیت، هَرچے که منی کسمت.

پدا روّچ و ماه مان سالان بدل بوتنت. اے هماییئے سرا که گوَستگ‌اَنت، هَما زانت. مهربانیّن ناکوّا مروّچی چار سالَ بیت که آ یلهی داتگ، ترو گوّن بَنگُلا اِنت. مرد و جن، هر دو مزنیّن اَپسر اَنت، اے شهر و آ شهرا دئورها گردنت. گس و زهگان سمبالوّکے لوّٹیت. مروّچان ایماندارّیّن نئوکر کجا رسیت. ائولا پتئے هاتر اَت، نون په کئیگی ماتا بلّیت. یکّے دنیائے گَرَز، چوّناها بَتَلے که پیریّن په دو کارا شرّ اِنت، دیّگئے گرادگ و گسپانی. هئیر هُدائے سئوابا، وتی بچّئے دیّگئے گرادگی نپرماینت، وتی بچّئے گسئے پانگی و سمبالگا آییئے دل سردَ بیت.

نون آ تهنا ناکوّئے هنکیّنئے پانِگ اِنت. کَسّ په زوّر کَشّتیَ نکنت. وارت وتی پت و براتانیگا یا وتی دستئے پوریاتا. هما گُد که بیست سال ساری په پانزدها دوّتکنتِش، همایانی کریّه مروّچی سئے و چار هزار اِنت.

آییا پدا وتی لَنکُک چارتنت. آییئے زرّی لَنکُکئے پیّروّزهئے چَلّه په آییئے چمّان گوَشئے مِران اَت. اے چوّن؟ آییا وتی سر چنڈّینت گوَشئے همے هئیالا دور کنگَ لوّٹت و پدا پوّٹوّانی چارگا لَگّت. وتی تهنایّن پوّٹوّئے چارگا گوَشئے یکّ چُرتیّئے تها شت. پاد آتک، دیوالئے میّهئے سرا درتککگیّن کِلیتی جَهلا کرتنت و مزنیّن

بَنگُل پاد آتک، دروازگی بست. پدا آییا بانۆری گُشانئے تَلئے اِسپیٖتیٖن گُشانئے سَرا دو نپل وانت و آتک، نازُرکئے کَشا نِشت و گوَشتی: "بچار نازُرک، من درۆگبندیٖن مردے نەآن و نه که منا درۆگبندیٖن مردم دۆستَ بیت. تئو چه کسانیا منا په جنی دۆست نبوتگئے، نون زمانگ دیٖما شتگ. نون اِلم و وانگئے زمانگ اِنت، لاهِکی و کابِلیَتئے زمانگ اِنت. من وانتگ، مزنیٖن تالیمے کرتگ. باندا مزنیٖن اَپسرے جۆژَ بان. هئو، تئو هم وانتگ، بله کُران شَریپ، پَنچ کتاب و گُلِستان و بۆستانئے وانۆکان مرۆچان کَسّ واننده نلیٖکیت. و نه که کۆٹ و گالی گوَپۆک و نه دۆچئے اُستادیا منی چاگِردئے تها کَسے لاهِکی هئیالَ کنت. رنگ و شِکلا کَسَّ نشۆدیت و نئوارت.

پُشت در پُشت یکّیٖن کَهۆلا سور و آرۆسا زهگانی تها زِهنی پَسماندگی پیٖدا بیت، زهگ اَهمَک و اَبدالَ بنت. منَ نلۆٹان که منی زهگ چۆ دُرّ مَهمَدئے زهگان گنۆک و مازور ببنت. پمیٖشکا من کراچیا گۆن وتی همسَبَکّیٖن هندُستانی مُهاجِریٖن جنکّیٖا آرۆس کرتگ. مات و پت من هال نداتگ‌اَنت، بله زوتّ هالِشَ دئیان. من اُمیٖتَ کنان که تئو گۆن آیان اے بابتا هیچّ هبرَ نکنئے و نه که چه من مزنیٖن اُمیٖتے دارئے. چیٖا که تئو منی زَلورَت نه‌ائے، منی مات و پتئے زَلورَت ائے. چه آیانی گوَشگا من گۆن تئو آرۆس کرت و دومی وتی گهارئے هاترا که تئو آییئے بَدَلی ائے و منا وتی گهار سکّ دۆست اِنت."

آییئے نُکّ تان نادۆکان اَنچۆ تَهل بوت، گوَشئے مارمۆتکئے پَکّیے بے آپا ایٖری بُرت. وتی سُهریٖن و هُشکیٖن لُنٹی گَتّ چِتنت و چمّانی گُلگُلیٖن اَرسی ایٖر بُرتنت.

آییا کندت و گوَشت: "من وتی ماتئے نازێنکان پورهَ کنان. منا نازێنتگی که

ناز جانا جِنِکّو لۆٹنت،
دۆچئے دۆچگ و اُستایی،
اِلمئے وانگ و مُلّایی،
جُلّ و گالیئے بُنگێجا،
سِچکانێن تگردئے گواپا،
سِنگی گڈّگئے لئیبا پہ."

"تهنا ترا تئیی ماتا نازێنتگ؟ مارا هم مئے ماتان اَنچۆ نازێنتگ."

"گڑا شمئے دست کئیا داشتگ‌اَنت،" آییئے پَسّئو اَت. آییا تهنا پہ وت نہ، پہ درستێن دۆست و کَس و در و همساهگان کارَ کرت.

بله دانایان راست گوَشتگ که جنێن پہ بَهت نانَ وارت، پہ اَگل و شِگل نانَ نئوارت. بَتَلے گوَشنت که هوکّئے سَرے بیت، بَهتئے ٹُکُڑے بیت. اے بَتَل آییا مٹّ کپتگ‌اَت. آ چه کسانیا وتی ناکۆئے بچّ بَنگُلئے ناما اَت و بَنگُلئے گهار آییئے براتئے ناما، بزان که بَدَلی اَتنت. ناکۆئے یکّ بچّ و یکّ جنکّے اَت. بله آ سئے براتئے یکّێن گهار اَت. آییئے براتئے آرۆس بوت. آ وهدا بَنگُل کراچیا وانگا اَت و گوَشتی تانکه من وتی وانگ هلاس نکرتگ، گۆن من سور و آرۆسئے ناما مگرێت. آییئے براتئے گسا دو چُکّ پێدا بوت، گُڑا گهار و مات و پتا بَنگُل پہ واریے آرۆسا رازی کرت. آرۆسئے شپا تروا، پتئے گهارا سالۆنک و بانۆر دست مان دست کرتنت و پہ آیانی نۆکێن زندئے وشّی و تپاکی و آسودگیا نێکێن دوا لۆٹت و در آتک.

وتی دستئے گوَپتگێنے. هرکَس هئیران اَت که گۆن اے نازُرکێن دستان کۆنٹانی زِبرێن شَتّان چۆن مُهرانَ چِنت.

هلکا مُهرچێنێن جنکّ باز اَت، بله نه که چۆ آییا. گۆن وتی سبکّێن بردستان اَنچێن شییّانکیَ جت که پژم چۆ اِسپێتێن کۆکِرا پادَ آتکنت و اَنچێن بارگێن جَلّکیَ رِست، گوَشئے پژم نهاَنت، آبرێشُمئے تاب اَنت.

آییئے سَنجَرییّن ٹَپُّر کَسّا ایْر کرتَ نکرت. ماهے یکّ و دو مَشک و کَلّی آییا زَلور رنگَ کرت.

زمستان که شروَ بوت، آییا په بهارگاهئے شیران هینزکئے رَجگ شروَ کرت. کَشّۆنئے مزن مزنێن ٹین پِر اَتنت و لَهڑ اَتنت. آییئے مات برے برے زهرَ گپت که او ماسی، ترا وتی جانئے سما هست که نێست؟ بازێن کَشّۆنانی گَکّان تئیی دێما رام بستگ. آ دگه جنکّان بچار، درستێن رۆچا وتی شُشت و شۆد و مُشت و مۆشا اَنت. یکّے تئو ائے که نه وتی جانئے سما اِنت، نه که وتی رنگئے.

آییئے دَزگهاران گۆن آییا مسکرا کرت و گوَشت: "هُدائے هئیرات آن، چُنێن گَنۆکدادے. همایِیا هما چیزّا دنت که آییئے کَدرا نزانت. اگن اے کار ما بکرتێننت، ما ٹُکُّر ٹُکُّر بوتگ‌اَتێن، بله تئیی دێم چۆ شیرئے پَتِرکا اِنت."

همِشیئے تھا آییئے لنککان بیّتاگتیّن دردے بنا کرت. آییا پۆٹۆانی کتابُک جَھلا ایْر کرت و وتی لَنکُکان پرنچگا لگّت. پاد آتک، بُلۆری زرت، چه کولَرا آپی مان کرت. پدا دَزدانئے چیرّیای پَچ کرت و ڈِسپِرینئے دو دانگی در کرت و آپانی تھا دئور دات. آ زی وتی دستانی دردئے اِلاجا ھِسپِتالا شتگاَت. داکترا آییارا ھمے سۆج دات که ھردیّن تئیی دستانی دردا باھَند کرت، دو کَڑۆ ڈِسپِرین آپانی تھا مان کن و بِور. اے دردا دگه اِلاج نیّست. چیّا که مَزَنسنّیا بازیّن مردمیّئے رگ و بند نزۆرَ بنت و دردَ کننت.

آییا بُلۆرئے آپ یکساھا تِنگِتنت و پدا دستانی پرِنچگا لگّت. وتی دلا گوَشتی: "من په ھمے زوتّی اَنچۆ پیر بوتان که منی رگ و بندان منا جواب دات. داکتر اَنچۆ جکَ جنت. منی دستان زلور اَنچیّن نِزرے بوت. ھرکَسا ھمے گوَشت که نازُرکئے ده لنکک نهاَنت، ده چِراگ اَنت."

آ وتی دستان چارگا لگّت. آییئے دراج و بارگیّن لنکک که چۆریکئے رُستگیّن چوچُکا اَتنت، چه دردئے زھمتا بندانی دپا گُکّ بندگا اَتنت. دستانی پُشتئے رگ، نکشھئے دریایانی پیّش دارگئے نِشانئے وڑا سبز و ٹِنگِرتگاَتنت. گوَشئے چه پۆستا در آتکگ و سربرا ایْر اَتنت.

کجام کار بوتگ که آییئے اے دستان نکرتگ. مۆسُمَ گوَشیت من، دَرتوَ گوَشیت من، تَناب و بَکّالی، پَڑیوار، جالار، کَپُّک و نال، تامیّتکئے نال، چَندَنئے ھارئے مۆسُم، ھچّ چُشیّن دۆچے نیّست که چه آییئے دستان رد ببیت. اَنچیّن تئونیَ گوَپت که مردم په چارگا ھئیرانَ بوت. آییئے بَرُنکئے دیّمئے شَپی گۆن ھریریّن مُھران آییئے

زِندئے گوَرگِند

گئوهَر مَلِک

زَهگا پۆڑۆانی کسانێن اَلبَمے آییئے دستا دات: "تاتا! اے لالئے آرۆسئے پۆڑۆ اَنت."

"مَنی پۆڑۆ آتکگ‌اَنت که نه؟"

"هئو! تئیی باز جوانێن پۆڑۆ آتکگ. تئیی تهنایَن پۆڑۆ سکّ شَرّ دَر آتکگ." زهگ چَه گِسا دَر آتک.

آ نرم نرم و وشّ وشّا وتی دلپسُندێن شئیرا گوَشان پۆڑۆان چارگا لَگِّت.

" من هما اِنجیر آن پَتَنتاکێن،
بُرز مان کۆهی سَرشَمان رُستگ،
سر منی هچّ گواتا نچَنڈێنتگ،
بَشّامی هئوران بُنڈ نمیسّێنتگ."

زهير

آ رئوگا اَت و پُشتا چَکّ هم جنَگا نەاَت. آ همینچُک دور رئوان اَت، همینچُک گۆن وت نزّیکتر بئیان اَت. آ یکّ درچکێئے چێرا نِشت، دَمے بالا بَرگئے هاترا. وتا گۆن درچکا تِکەای دات، چمّی بند کرتنت. رۆچ نۆکی سِد و بندئے تها اَت، جِنگُل و شانتُل وتی رمئے همراهیا وتی کدۆهان رئوگا اَتنت. کهورانی تاک بند بئیان اَتنت. جهانا یکّ پُرتاهیرێن هامۆشیے اَت. مَهپلیا هم تاهیر رسگا اَت، چێا که مَهپلی هم مرۆچی وتی دنیایا وتی زندئے تها رئوگا اَت که اۆدا تهنا مَهپلی و آییئے زند اَت. مَهپلیئے مِچاچ جَلّ و مَجلّ بئیان اَتنت. واب آییئے چمّانی کۆسانی سرا آتککگاَت، گۆن اَدب اۆشتاتگاَت. سارتێن گُواتے کشّگا اَت. درچک وتی زلپان په نازے چَنڈێنگا اَتنت. سمین و سباه په لئیبے مَلّگا اَتنت. مَهپلیئے چمّ نێمبال بوتنت و چه تاهیرئے لزّتا سرپد بئیان بوت، بئیان بوت، بئیان بوت، تان چمّی بند بوتنت.

مَهپلیا گۆن وت گوَشت: "اے چۆنێن نشهے که آ زانت منی ماتئے تهت کجام اِنت و جَنئے تهت کجام اِنت؟ سئون تهنا جَنا دئینت." مَهپلیئے گالوار نرم ترّتگ‌اَت، بله آییئے دلا توپّانے چِست اَت. پدا گۆن گُلام بجّارا گوَشتی: "میر! تئو وتی بند چه من سِست. من چه تئو دگه هچّ نلۆٹان. منا اگن تئو چُکّانَ دئیئے، منِشَ زوران. اگن نه گڑا من انچُشَ رئوان."

گُلام بِجّارا زانت که نون منی کَدّئے گپّ نه‌اِنت، نون مَهپلی هم وتی میریئے رَگا شتگ. آییا گوَشت: "چُکّان ببَر گۆن."

مَهپلیا گوَشت: "شَرّ."

آییا تهنا وتی گُد زرتنت و چُکّ رَندا کرتنت. تهنا یکّ نِزرے لۆگئے سرا جَتی. آییئے دلا پرپرُّکی جَت، بله وتا نِزۆر پَدّری نکرت. آ چه لۆگا دَر آتک، ڈنّا اۆشتات، وتی گوَستگێن وهدی گیر آورت و پدا وتی بابیئے هلکا رهادگ بوت.

آ پدا هما هلکا پێداک اَت که اۆدا یکّ رَندے کربانیگ بوتگ‌اَت، بله نون مَهپلی کربان بئیگا پێداک نه‌اَت، چه کربانیگ بئیگئے رکّگا پێداک اَت. آییا هئیال کرت که مردمانی دلئے تها چینچُک جُستَ بنت. چینچُک جُستَ کنت منا دنیا. بوتَ کنت که منی چُکّ هم منا جُست بکننت، بله من کَسّی پسّئوانی دئیگئے پابند نه‌آن. من وتی مستر و کستر وت آن. نه دادِلّاه و نه شادُلّاه، نه پُردل و نه مهلب، تهنا مَهپلی اِنت. منی زند دِگران گوازێنتگ، بله نون من وتی زندا وتَ گوازێنان. نون منی زند بندات اِنت.

مَهپلیا گۆن زۆرا آییئے دست شاپت، گُلام بِجّار چه وتی جاگها سِٹّت.

مَهپلیئے سر و گۆش ٹْرکّگا اتنت. باریْن گُلام بِجّار چے چے گوَشگا اَت؟ آ گۆش هم ندارگا اَت. آ پاد آتکگ‌اَت و اۆشتاتگ‌اَت و گُلام بِجّارا چۆ مَرکئیگا چارگا اَت.

زندئے تها اے ائولی رند اَت که گُلام بِجّارا چه مهپلیا بیمّ پیْداک اَت. مَهپلیا وتی یکّ یکّ گپّے جات و دَر کرت. "بسّ، میر گُلام بِجّار، بسّ! نون بسّ اِنت. تئو وتی کرتگ‌اَنت، بله منی هست‌اَنت. گُلام بِجّار! تئو اے رَندی باجَ نبرئے. تئو نون گار کرتگ هاکان، پَٹّگا ائے پُران. بِجّار! تئو دور گار کرتگ. تئیی نون بَندیکّئے سر گار اِنت. تئیی نون کمان پرُشتگ و کاٹار کُنٹ اِنت."

مَهپلیا وتی هبر دیْما بُرتنت. کوکّار کرت و گوَشتی: "پرچا؟ من چیْا؟ من پرچا نکرتگیْن گُناهانی سزایا وتی سرا بزوران؟ من پرچا؟ چینچُک مردیْنا من وتی بالادئے زیارت بکنایْنان؟ و دگه چینچُک رندا من سئون بزوران، گُلام بِجّار؟ چینچُک رندا من هلاله بکنایْنان؟ گُناه تئو کرتگ، سزا منا پرچا برسیت؟"

گُلام بجّارا پَرپَرُّکی جت و گوَشت: "بله مئے چُکّ چۆرهَ بنت، مَهپلی."

مَهپلیا گوَشت: "مُرتگیْن ماتانی چُکّ هم رُدنت."

گُلام بِجّارا گوَشت: "بله مهپَلی! چُکّ چه ماتا چۆرهَ بیت، چه پِتا نه."

مَهپلیا درّایْنت: "چۆره په چۆرهیَ نمِرنت." بله مَهپلیئے دل په وتی چُکّان درد کنگا اَت.

گُلام بِجّارا گوَشت: "مَهپلی! من نشه بوتگان."

دراهێن شپ مَهپلیا گۆن بێوانکی گوازێنت. رۆچ که در آتک، اے رۆچا مَهپلیئے وئیرندانیئے کلئو گۆن اَت. اے رۆچا مَهپلیئے وئیرندانیئے جار جَت. آ بانئے تها دێم په چێر کپتگ‌اَت. گلام بِجّار که وتی هۆشا آتک، آییا گوَستگێن شپئے کِسّه گیر آتک. نون آییا وتی سرا چانپٹ جَت که اے کُجئے کارے که من کرت، بله نون وَه بوت. تُکّ که زمینا کپت، پدا وَه چِنگَ نبیت.

بله یکّ راهے هست‌اِنت، اگن مَهپلی ساڑی ببیت. گڑا الّما منی لۆگ چه پرُشگا رکّیت و منی چُکّ سرانسرَ نبنت. آ هجالت هجالتا بانئے تها آتک. مَهپلیا اینچُک گرێوگ و شانگا دم برتگ‌اَت، بانئے کُنڈێا نِشتگ‌اَت، دێمی سُهر سُهر اَت.

گُلام بِجّار کمُک گِستا نِشتگ‌ات و سری جَهل اَت. آییا نزانت که من وتی هبرا چۆن درشان بکنان که مار بِمریت و لَٹّ هم میرُشیت. آییا گوَشت: "بچار، رَدی چه مردما بیت و اِنسانا شیرِ هرام مِتکگ. چه من هم رَدیے بوتگ. من وتی مئیارا سرپد آن. من سکّ ناجاهێن کرتگ، بله من نشه بوتگان."

مَهپلیا هچّ نگوشت، بله آییا دلا هئیال کرت که منی پت نشه اَت؟ منی برات نشه اتنت؟ منی ناکۆ و ناکۆزاتک هم نشه اتنت؟ منی دراهێن راج نشه اَت که منا گۆک و پَسئے وَڑا تئیی بَنجاها بَستِش؟ چینچک جُست آییئے دلا پێداک اَت، بله آ هامۆش اَت، چێا که آییا زانت، نون هبر چه هَلوَتا گوَستگ. تُکّ زمینا کپتگ، بله آ وتی دێمئے گامئے بارئوا هئیال کنگا اَت که نون من بکنان گڑا چے بکنان؟ چے بکنان؟

آییئے اَگل کارا نه‌اَت. گُلام بِجّار کمُک نزّیکتر بوت، آییئے کۆپگئے سرا دستی ایٖر کرت و گوَشتی: "بچار، انگت کَسّ چه کَسّا سهیگ نه‌اِنت که مئے لۆگئے تها چے بوتگ. اگن تئو بلۆٹئے، انگت هم کَسّ چه کَسّا سهیگَ نبیت. ما هلالَهَ کنێن."

انچُش نشه اَت که گپّی درَ نئیاتکنت. اینچُک کوکّارا دپئے لِبزی رچگا اَتنت، چۆ مستێن گۆکا پونشگا اَت. گوَشتی: "برئو من ترا نزوران، هر جاهے رئوئے، برئو ."

آییا مَهپلیئے دست گِپت، تچکا ڈنّا در کرت. "من ترا گوَشان، در آ چه منی لۆگا. تئو زانا بلۆچی سرپدَ نبئے؟"

مَهپلیا گرێت و گوَشت: "بِجّار، چۆ مکن، منی چُکّ بزّگَ بنت. انّون تئو وتی هۆشا نهائے."

گلام بِجّارا آ چپدستے مان کَشّت و گوَشتی: "تئیی هئیال چے گوَشیت، من گنۆک آن؟ تئو گوَشئے که بِجّار گنۆک اِنت و من دگه مردے گِران؟ تئو بزان یکّے په وت در گێتکگ؟ بزان تئیی کار همِش اِنت؟ منَ رئوان کارا تئو بزان وتی دێما سیاهَ کنئے، هان؟"

مَهپلی پوره گنۆک بوت. "انّه بِجّار انّه. منا بجن، بله منا بُهتام مجن."

گلام بِجّار مرۆچی پوره گنۆکیان زرتگاَت. آییا گۆن کوکّارا گوَشت: "من ترا نزوران، تئو منی مات و گهار ائے. برئو، من تئیی سئونانَ دئیان. یکّ تلاک، دو تلاک، سئے تلاک! برئو، تئو منی مات و گهار ائے! برئو، منی مات و گُهار ائے!"

آ تَتّران تَتّرانا کپت و تُست. مَهپلی وتی جاگها سنگ و سیاه اَت و اۆشتاتگاَت. آییا وتی گۆشانی سرا باورَ نبوت. آییا وَه زانتگاَت که منی بهت منا هر جاهَ درۆهیت، بله اے وڑا درۆهیت، اے سکّێن مزنێن هبرے اَت.

و دۆر هلاس اَنت. بله بهت و کدرتا آییئے چکّاسگ بند نکرتگ‌اَت. کئوّاسَ گوَشنت که بهت دستئے لکیرانی تها اِنت، بله اگن مَهپلیا بزانتێن که بهت دستئے لکیرانی تها اِنت، گڑا آییا وتی دوێن دست گُڈّتگ‌اَتنت. بله گوَشنت که دێمئے کاران کَسَّ نزانت. یکّ رندے پدا بهتا وتی دستئے سَپایی پێش داشت. گوَشنت بهت که نکنت یاری، گۆن کئیا گِلگداری؟

گلام بِجّار ڈگارانی سرا باز ٹۆٹ ورگا اَت. وامدار اَت هم. آ سکّ پرێشان اَت. یکّ شپے آییا کمّک گێشتر وارتگ‌اَت. شپئے نِهنگاما آ تَتّرانا لۆگا آتک. مَهپلیا آییارا نان دات، نانی هم وارت. مَهپلی آییئے دێما نِشتگ‌اَت. آییا مَهپلی چارِت و پدا جَگ گۆن آپان مَهپلیئے سر و گۆشان جت. مَهپلیا ترینز بست.

گلام بِجّار پاد آتک. نه جُستے نه پُرسے، آییا مَهپلی دوێن مُٹّان گِپت، بانئے چارێن کُنڈان چکَرّێنت و جَتی، چکَرّێنت و جَتی. مَهپلی تهنا همینچُک گوَشگا اَت که منی گناه و مئیار چے اِنت؟ من هچّ نکرتگ. بسّ گلام بِجّار وتی زهر و هسدّا آییئے سرا درشان کنگا اَت. گوَشگا اَت که کوکّار مکن. من تئیی سئونانَ دئیان. من ترا بکُشان، کَسّ تئیی نێمگا هم نئیئیت. انچۆ بزان که تئو یکّ ڈونڈے ائے و ترا گوَراگَ چُنڈنت.

گلام بِجّارا آ ماتی و گهاری هر وڑێن بَد و رَد کرت، بله مَهپلیا هئو هم نکرت. آییئے هامۆشی گلام بِجّارا گێشتر پُرّ کنگا اَت. گلام بِجّار همے لۆٹگا اَت که مَهپلی کوکّار بکنت، بله مَهپلی هچّ نگوَشگا اَت. گلام بِجّارا کوکّار کرت و گوَشت: "من نون ترا نزوران، تئو منا درکار..."

گُشانئے ٹُنگا چارت. بانئے دپا یکّے وتی چَمپلان پادا کنگا اَت. ھئو، اڑئے کسمت! اے شاہبھت اَت، شاھوّ اَت.

مَھپلی ھمے ھئیالان اَت کہ وتاسان تئوار کرت، ساھتیٰا پَد کسے آتک و آییئے چپّیٰن کَشا نِشت. مبارکبادی دئیگ بوت. سر ڈیکّ دئیگ بوتنت. مَھپلیا انگتَ نزانت کہ منی مرد کئے اِنت. جنیّن‌آدم دراہ چہ بانا در آتکنت. مَھپلیا کُڑی زانت کہ منی مرد گلام بِجّار اِنت.

مَھپلیا اے رندا پد شاہبھت ندیست. مَھپلیئے دلا وَہ باز کَشّت شاہبھتئے چارگ، بلہ مَھپلیئے جندا نلوّٹت. آییا زانت کہ من نون دو کٹمئے میانجیا یکّ راھے آن.

مبارکیئے روّچا مَھپلی‌اِش لَڈّیٰنت. لَڈّیٰنگئے وھدا آییئے پتا آییئے سرا دست ایٖر مُشت و سری امبازان زورگئے کوّشست کرت، بلہ مَھپلی پُشتا کنزت. آییا کَسّ ھم نچارت و گاڑیا سوار بوت.

سال و ماہ جنزان بوتنت. مَھپلی پنچ چُکّئے مات بوت، بلہ پتئے لوّگا یکّ برے ھم واترّ نبوت. آییئے پِت و مات و برات آییئے چارگا آتکنت، بلہ مَھپلیئے دل گوّن وتی کٹما ساپ نبوت.

آییئے سرا وڑ وڑیّن نئوبت آتک، بلہ آییا اُفّ نکنگئے سئوگند وارتگ‌اَت. ھر وھدئے پنت و شِگانا آییئے گوّش گوات داتگ‌اَتنت. بلہ آییئے مرد گلام بِجّار آییئے سرا شَرّ اَت.

اینچک جاک و کوکّارا گلام بِجّارا ھم دم برتگ‌اَت. یکّ روّچے آییا وتی جَن و چُکّ زُرتنت، جتایّن لوّگیٰا نِشت. مَھپلی ھم آسودگ بوت. آییئے ھئیالا منی دراھیّن درد

آییا گوَشت و پاد آتک و شت. سور؟ مَهپلی هئیران اَت که سور اے وڑَ بنت؟ بله گۆن کئیا اِنت، منی سور؟ چه مُچّیئے تها یکّ جنێنێا گوَشت: "شَرّ اِنت که اِشان پئیسله کرت و وتمانوت بوتنت. دگه باریّن چے بوتگاَت؟"

دگه یکّ جنێنێا گوَشت: "دگه چے بوتگاَت، هۆنئے بدل هۆن بوتگاَت. سرئے مَٹّ سر بوتگاَت."

نون مَهپلیا هئیال کرت که من هۆنئے دێما دئیگ بوتگان. من وتی داوادارانی لۆگا رئوگا آن، بله منی گناه و مئیار؟ آییئے دلئے یکّ کُنڈّیا شاهبهتئے اکس چئول جنان بوت. آییا وتی دل مُشتا کرت.

تان بێگاها آ سمبهێنتِش، تئیارِش کرت. مگربئے وهدا نکاهئے مردم آتکنت. سئے مردێن بانۆرئے بانا پُترت. مَهپلیئے سر جَهل اَت، چَمّی بند اَتنت. همِشانی تها یکّیا جست کرت: "تئیی نکاهئے پِت کئے اِنت؟ تئیی نکاهئے پِت کئے اِنت؟ تئیی نکاهئے پِت کئے اِنت؟"

کَشئے جنێنا پسّئو دات: "واجه شئے کمبر جان اِنت نکاهئے پِت."

پدا همے مردا گۆن وتی همراهان گوَشت: "واجهان! شما اِشکت؟"

"هئو، ما اِشکت."

یکّیا رندا گوَشت: "هئو ما اِشکت."

مَهپلیئے سور اَت. سری چِست کرت و هئیالی کرت. اے تئوار؟ اے تئوار؟ اے تئوارا من چۆن بێهئیالَ کنان؟ اے شاهبهت اِنت، بله شاهبهت منی جستا آتکگ؟ آییا چه

آییئے لۆگی برانز گپت: "تئیی هئیالا مئے جنکّ نون دژمنئے لۆگا رئوت؟"

دادِلّاها آس لَگّت: "گڑا اے تئیی دویّن مارگۆشان وتی دیّما که مشتگ‌اَنت، زاهر اِنت که یکّے نه یکّیا اِشیئے مُزّ وَه دئیگی اِنت."

آییئے لۆگیا پدا کوارت: "بله من وتی جنکّا ندئیان."

دادِلّاها گوَشت: "گڑا وتی بچّان بِدئے، بِلّی سرانِشَ بُرّنت، جۆنانِش گٹرا دئورَ دئینت. آیانی دستان دیّرَ نجنت. بچار نیّکیّن زال! تئیی بچّ پیّش کپتگ‌اَنت."

هئیریا گریّت و پِٹّۆریّنت، بله آییا هم زانت بیّدِ اے راها دگه هچّ راه نیّست.

گڑا چے بوت؟ کربانیئے براک زانئے کئے بوت؟ مهپلی... هان مهپلی بوت. اے تئوک مهپلیئے گوَرا دئیگ بوت. کَسّا آییئے رزا جست کنگئے تکلیپ هم نکرت. آ وتی براتانی ناما کربان بوت .

نه همگَنگلان سئوت جَت، نه لۆٹُک بوت، نه کِلّها نِشت، هچّ نبوت. چه چُلّئے سرا پادِش کرت، سرِش گۆن میّٹ و کُنرتاکان شُشت، دستِش هِنّی کرتنت، سرِش گۆن دانیچ و جئوزواکان گوَپت. سرئے گواپئے وهدا آییئے مات آییئے کِرّا نِشتگ‌اَت. مَهپلیا چۆ بیّکسیّا وتی مات چارت. ماتا آ چارت نکرت، وتی دیّمی آنگر کرت. هئیریا پدا چارت، دیستی که مَهپلی انگت آییا چارگا اِنت. هئیری مَهپلیئے نزّیکترا آتک و گوَشتی: "ماهۆ، منی چُکّ! تئیی سور اِنت."

”بِچار باھوٹ جان، رَدی چه مردما بیت، بله اے ھوٗنا منا ببکش. تئو وتی بیٖرا گِرئے، اے پدا وتی بیٖرا گِرنت. شما چه یکدومیا کمتر نه‌ایٖت. اَنچوٗ اَنچوٗ شمئے نسل ھلاسَ بیت. منِ شئے کمبرا بِچار.“

اے میڑ تان نیٖمشپا ھست بوت، گُڈّیا میر باھوٹا پئیسله کرت که دادِلّاه مارا وتی جنکّے بدنت. منی پئیسله ھمِش اِنت. اگن دادِلّاھا سُجّیت، گڑا دیٖما بکِنزیت، اگن نه، گڑا منی گپّ ھما اِنت. میر دادِلّاھئے دیٖم سیاه تَرّت. شئے کمبر جانا گوٗن میر دادِلّاھا گوَشت: ”ھان میرا! گڑا نون؟ باھوٹ جانا وتی پئیسله دات، باریٖن تئو چے گوَشئے؟“

میر دادِلّاھئے تئوار چه گُٹّا در نئیاتک، بله پُردلا الھان کرت: ”اِنّه، ما اے وڑَ نکنیٖن. اگن میر جنگَ لوٗٹیت، گڑا سنگئو ما ھم دستا نکرتگ.“

دادِلّاھا پُردل مان بست: ”بسّ کن تئو. تئو وتی دیٖما مُشتگ‌اَنت، بله منا وتی کُٹم کوٗشاریٖنگی نه‌اِنت. وتی گُرّگان وتی گوَرا بِدار.“

میر دادِلّاھا گوٗن وتی مردمان شئور و سَلاه کرت و رزامندی دات.

میر دادِلّاه گوٗن وتی دویٖن بچّان لوٗگا شت. دادِلّاھئے لوٗگیا وتی بچکّ دیستنت، گُڑت و گوَشتی: ”ھان باریٖن، چے بوت؟“

دادِلّاھا پسّئو دات: ”ھئیر بوت.“ اے وڑی گوَشت و بانا شت.

آییٖئے لوٗگی آییٖئے رندا بانا شت گوٗن. جُستی کرت: ”ھئیر بوت، بله چوٗن؟“

دادِلّاھا گوَشت: ”آیان سانگے لوٗٹت و ما اِنّه کرت نکرت.“

بله شئیا مکن کرتَ نکنت. پَس و کۆشَ بیت، هئیّا په دِهَ بیت. شئے گۆن پنچ کلۆزرا میر باهۆڻئے لۆگا شت، مهلب و پُردل هم آییا گۆن اَتنت. میر باهۆڻئے مردمان که پُردل و مهلب دیستنت، بێبرداشت بوتنت، بله چه شئے کمبر جانا مجبور اَتنت.

مهمانجاهئے تها کمرزانی بندگ بوت و نندگ بوت. دوێن داوادار دێم په دێم بوتنت. شئے کمبر جانا گوَشت: "میر باهۆڻ جان! ما یکّ اَرز و پِریاتێا آتککگێن. میر! مارا تئیی بَچَلُکئے رئوگ وَه درد اِنت، بله اے چُکّ اَنت، ناسرپد اَنت. اِشانی دستا رَدیے بوتگ. باید اِنت ما مستریْن اے چُکّانی ردیا ببکشێن، ترا هم سئوابَ رسیت. تئیی چُکّ وَه شهید اِنت. آ وَه پدا نئیئیت. ترا هدایا دگه چُکّ داتگ، تئیی جنازها کۆپگ دئیۆکَ بیت. اگن تئو زمینَ لۆڻئے، سانگَ لۆڻئے، زَرَّ لۆڻئے، تئو بسّ بگوَش. میر دادِلّاه تئیی مَلامانی پُرّ کنۆک اِنت. بله میر! اے هبرا بِشکُن، ما هۆرکێن دستان واتَرَّ نبێن."

میر باهۆڻا گوَشت: "واجه! تئیی پاد و منی چمّ، بله من چُکَّ رۆدێنان و لاهِکَ کنان که دادِلّاه گۆن بَچّان کُشان و دئور دئیان بکنت؟ نه واجه! من سرئے مَڻّا گۆن سرا کنان. آییا منی انچێن نِهالے دئور داتگ که انگت بورّ و بَرا نکپتگ. من هم دادِلّاهئے یکّ انچێن نِهالے جهلادَ کنان."

شئیا پدا گوَشت: "تئو اگن پهلَّ نکنئے، گڑا چے کنئے؟"

میر باهۆڻا گوَشت: "من وتی بَچّئے بێرا گِران، مردئے بێر په دێری گارَ نبیت."

دومی رۆچئے جندا مهلبئے گۆن میر باهۆٹئے کستریّن بچکّ میر لَلّها آپئے سرا دپجنگیَ بیت. دپجنگی دورَ رئوت. لَلّها وتی نکیب، شابان همراهَ بیت و مهلب یکّے که ایّوکَ بیت و دومی تَهنا دست و گۆشَ بیت. آ دویّنان مهلبئے تَکے کَشّت. آیان دلئے مئیلا وتی دست وشّ کرتنت. مهلب هۆن ریّچانَ بیت، دیّم په وتی بَستا پُردلئے گوَرا رئوت، وتی براتا گوَشیت: "بیا که منا لَلّه و آییئے نکیبا جتگ." پُردل وتی براتئے هۆنانَ گِندیت و اے سرپدَ بیت که یکّ نکیبیّا هم برات جتگ، گڑا ما زندگ ایّن؟ آ چَرّهیا زوریت، مهلبا همراهَ کنت و دیّم په میر باهۆٹئے بَستا رهادگَ بیت. آ دویّنَ رئونت، بله لَلّه بَستا نبیت. آ دیّم په کَهنا رهادگَ بنت که لَلّه و شابان چه بۆرِنگا پیّداکَ بنت. میّتگئے کبرستانئے کِرّا، پُردل نه جستے نه پُرسے گوَریَ دنت چَرّهی تیرے که للّهئے سیّنگ بهر بهرَ بیت و رۆتی درَ کاینت. شابان درَ رئوت. پُردل شابانئے رَندا کپیت، بله آ دستَ ندنت. مهلب و پُردل دیّم په کۆها درَ کپَنت و باگیَ بنت.

اۆدا میّتگا آسَ لَگّیت که میر دادِلّاهئے بَچّان میر باهۆٹئے بَچّ کُشتگ. میر باهۆٹ چه هۆشا بیّهۆش بوت، بله آییئے سیاد و وارس و برات و مردمان سئوگند وارت که للّهئے سئیئے آپانی ریّچگا پیّسر ما وتی بیّرا گِریّن. اگن مهلب و پُردل دستَ نکپَنت، گڑا مئے دستا هرکَسَ کپیت، ما وتی بیّرا گِریّن.

دادِلّاه ایمانا یله کرتگ‌اَت. آییا نزانت چۆن بکنان. شپ و رۆچ لۆگئے تها چیّر بوت هم نکنت. آییا وتی برات شادُلّاه همراه کرت و شئیئے گوَرا شت. دستی په شئیان دئور داتنت. تان دو شپ و دو رۆچا شئے کمبر جانئے سرا کپیت، گڑا گُڈّیا شئے کمبر جان سَلاهئے هاترا میر باهۆٹا نَپر پِرَ کنت که ما تئیی لۆگا پُتریّن، بله میر باهۆٹ دستا په جانا نئیلیت. گڑا گُڈّیا شئے کمبر جان میر باهۆٹا پدا نَپر پِرَ کنت که ما اِنشپی تئیی مهمان ایّن. میر باهۆٹ شَرّیئے سرا سرپدَ بیت که شئے چے گوَشگَ لۆٹیت،

انچۆ گوَشنت که بهت که کپیت، اُشترئے سرا هم کُچکّ وارت. بزان شاهبهت اُشترئے سرا کچکّا هَب جت و بَهت و نسیبا وتی لئیب پێش داشت. زِرد وئیرندان بوتنت. تاکے هم چه وتی جاها نسُرِت. کَسّ چه کَسّا سهیگ نبوت. مَهپلیا وتی راجئے دێما سَر جهل کرت. شاهبهتا هم وتی دل سَهڑێنت. دلا جاهِلی باز کرت، بله شاهبهتا گئیرتئے لئیب نزانتگ‌اَت. آییا وتی ناکۆ و ناکۆزاتک مَهپلیئے گئیرت چه هر چیزّا دۆستتِر اَت. زمانگئے رسم و رئواجان چه آیان باج بُرت.

وهد میزان میزانا جُنزان اَت و بنی‌آدم اے کۆشستا اَتنت که ما چه وهدا پشت مکپێن. همے واستا هرکَس وتی کَلّگا شئے بوت. کَسێئے گوَرا که ڈگار و هنگام گێش اَت، آ میر اَت، و مێتگئے تها میرانی کساس گێشتر بئیان اَت.

مَهپلیئے پِت میر دادِلّاه انگت سرپدێن مردمے اَت، بله مَهپلیئے دوێن برات میر مهلب و میر پُردِلئے سُنٹانی سر آسمانا اَت. برے کَهنانی سَرا جَنگ و بَرے زمینئے چُنڈّێئے سرا جَنگ. میر دادِلّاها دل لاپا نه‌اَت، آییا وتی بچّ باز سرپد کرتنت که جَنْگ مکنێت، جنگانی آسر شَرّ نه‌اِنت. گُڑا بچّان پسّئو دات که تئیی هئیال چے گوَشیت که لگۆر بِبێن و لۆگا چێر بِبێن؟ یا جنێنانی وڑا گُدے کۆنڈا بکنێن و بانئے کُنڈّێا بِنندێن؟ نه، اے هبرئے جند مئے گئیرتئے هلاپ اِنت. کَسے که گۆن ما کنت، ما آییئے چتکان مانَ دارێن و آیانی گْوانزگیان هم نئیلێن، گڑا آ نون زانّنت که آیان وتی دست گۆن کئیی رَزانان جتگ. آ که زَهمردگ اَنت گڑا گۆن مردان هَمدپ ببنت.

دادِلّاه هامۆش بوت. آییا زانت که ورنایْن هۆن اَنت، جۆش اَنت. وهدئے همراهیا سرپدَ بنت، بله بهت و نسیب دور اۆشتاتگ و کندگا اَت.

مَهپلی و شاهبَهت چێرێن کِرد نهاَتنت. دوێن یکدومیئے سرا آپَ چکرّێننت و وَرنت. یکدومیا ساهتے مگِندنت، وهدِشَ نگوَزیت. پدا ناکۆزاتک اَتنت. هر وهدا دوێن یکجاه اَتنت. ملّائے گوَرا جُزئے وانگ ببیت، کُڈّکی ببیت، دُتّکئے نادَگ ببیت، شاهبهت و مَهپلی اے دگه گوَنڈۆانی همراهیا همۆدا اَتنت.

اے وَه کسانیئے گپّ اَتنت. ماه و سال جُنزان بوتنت. مَهپلی ورناییئے دَرا سر بوت. شاهبهت هم ورنا اَت. آ یکّ دراجبُرّێن، بُرزپۆنزێن و وشّێن سبزے اَت، بله هما سبز که استار چه آییا دلمانگَ بنت و مَهپلی هم گِردسَر و گِرددێمێن اسپێتکۆچکێن جنکّے اَت.

نون گوَنڈۆییئے دئور و نئوبت هلاس اَتنت و ورناییا وتارا پَدّر کرتگاَت. و اے انچێن دئورے که آس و اَپُرس. اِشیا پێسر که اَپُرس آس بگیپت، مَهپلیئے ماتا آییارا چاگردئے جَهل و برز سرپد کرتنت، بله نون دێر گوَستگاَت. مِهرئے تُهم درچکے جۆڑ بوتگاَت. مَهپلیا هم نزانت که کدی منی واهگانی تئوار شاهبهتئے زِردئے چمّگا تْرینز تْرینزَ کنت. آس دوێن نێمگان رۆک اَت، بله بلۆچی لَجّا آیانی زبان لگام داتگاَت. واهگ اینچک هم بێمئیار نهاَتنت که رزوایی وتی پنجگان اێر بدنت و راج په جنکّئے ودی کنگا سَد رندا هئیال بکنت. یکّێا دومی بِه اے سرپد نکرت که کئے په کئیا دلئے تها چے و چۆنێن هئیالَ داریت.

شاهبهت مَهپلیئے ناکۆزاتک اَت، لۆگئے تها رئو و آ هستاَت، بله آیان هچبر چه لکیرا آ دێم وتی گام اێر نکرتگاَتنت. شاهبهت دلا دلجم اَت که منا ناکۆ الّما زاماتَ کنت، بله آییا نزانت که بهتا سالۆنک چه نکاها پاد کرتگاَنت و بانۆر چه کِلّهان برتگاَنت.

لۆگ اِنت، بله نون منی لۆگ کجام اِنت؟ اے ڈۆمبۆ یکّ ساهتے اے کُنٹا یلهَ نکنت. من دَه سال، یکّ اُمرے اے لۆگئے تها گوازێنتگ، گڑا من چۆن اے لۆگا یله داتَ کنان؟ منا اَلّما رئوگی اِنت، بله منی نُنّکان کئے پۆدیت؟ ابُّڑئے ماتی! منی چُکّ بێپِت بوتنت. اَبُّڑئے بابی! من گار بوتان، من نَبوتان. منی چُکّ بهر کنگَ بنت؟ پِتئے زندا منی چُکّ چۆرہ بوتنت.

وپسگا که دمی بُرت، پاد آتک و بانئے کُنڈا تِکهای دات و نِشت. دۆچگی گُدئے کٹوری ایْر اَت، چمّی وتی ائییدئے پشکا کپتنت، چۆٹ و جالاری کنگا اَت. گُدی زرت، دلئے سرایی داشت که نون من په کئیا دَرێس بکنان؟ منی دئور هلاس بوت. هئو، بزان منی زندئے همراها منی دَه سالئے مِهر و همراهداریئے مُزّ سئے گَڈّگ دات. تئیی دپا درد نکرت؟ منی مِهرا تئیی جیگ کَبُند نکرت؟ دَه سالئے همراهداریا تئیی پاد نبَستنت؟ تئو گۆن کجام دپا منا گوَشت که برئو، تئو منی مات و گهار ائے؟

بانئے ڈنّا گلام بِجّار هم دێم په چێر کپتگاَت و دستی سرا اَتنت. آ هئیران اَت که اے چِه کارے که من کرت؟ آییا هئیال کرت که من بِه چۆ بێهۆش نبوتگان که چُشێن کپتگێن کارے بکنان، بله گۆن من نون بوت. تُکّ زمینا کپت. من کجام وڑ بکنان که پدا هما ببان؟ آییا سر جت، دُمب جت که من گۆن کئیا شئور و سَلاہ بکنان. انگت کَسّ سهیگ نهاِنت که من چُشێن کارے کرتگ. اَناگت هئیالی کرت که هان یکّ راهے هستاِنت. اگن مَهپلی بمنّیت گڑا الّما منی لۆگَ رکّیت، منی چُکّ سرانسرَ نبنت. گلام بِجّارا مارِت که منی اے نۆکێن گام که من چِستی کنگا آن، په من بلاهێن سزاے، منی گئیرتئے سرا یکّ ٹْرندێن لَٹّے لَگّیت، بله منا کنگی اِنت.

زند په من هم ببیت

رَکشنده تاج بلۆچ

مَهپلی بانئے تها دێم په چێر کپتگ‌اَت. دێمی بانئے تگردا سکّ اَت و گُلّی ثَپّ اَتنت. آ هئیران اَت که منی دراهێن زندئے مُزّ منا اے رَست؟ منی مِهرئے آسر اے بوت؟ من کئے اَتان که تئو گۆن من اے وڑ کرت؟ تئو منا هِچّیگی نکرت. منی مِهر، منی وپا، منی کربانیگ، منی شپانی نیاد، منا اے دْراهێنانی مُزّ چے رَست؟ تهنا سئے گڈّگ؟ اَنچۆ نِزۆر اَت مئے سیادی که سئے لبزا هلاس بوت؟ من چۆن باور بکنان که تئو منا یله دات؟ من وتارا چۆن بسَهڑێنان که تئو چه من سِست و جتا بوتئے؟ آ سال و ماهان چۆن بێهئیال بکنان که من گۆن تئو گوازێنتگ‌اَنت؟ منی دپا نکاهئے شپئے شیرانی تام انگت نپْرشتگ‌اَت، تئو پێسرا منی دپ چۆ کُچّلا زهر کرت. آ پێشانیگ که تئو آییئے تئوسیپا بسَّ نکرت، همے پێشانیگئے سرا تئو بلاهێن داگے پِر کرت و منا چاگردئے تها ائیبوار کرت. من نون چۆن تئیی دێما کپتَ کنان که تئو منی زاهر و باتنئے یکّ یکّ گپّیًا سرپد اَتئے. اُفّ هدا! من چۆن بکنان؟

آییا په بزّگی اُپّارے کَشّت، دێم په چێریا که دمی برت، دل په لاپ بوت. اینچُک گرێوگ و جێڑگا دێمی سُهر تَرّتگ‌اَت. چمّی بانئے کُنٹان کپتنت که یکّ ڈۆمبۆے چه کُنٹئے یکّ ثُنگیًا درَ کئیت و دومیا پُتریت. آییا هئیال کرت که اے کُنٹ ڈۆمبۆئے

درست گُنگ بوتنت. کَسّا هچّ نگوَشت. ماتا په پشوّمانی منا گپت و گُلاێش کرت. من گرێوگا اَتان. آییا منا تَسَلّا دات و سَهڑێنت. براتا گوَشت: "تئو هچّ پرێشان مبئے، ما چه اِشیا تئیی سئونانَ گرێن."

منی دلئے بار کَمّے سُبکتر بوت، بله منی دل اَنگت بُن اَت. آییئے هستی منا هچّ پئیما برداشت بئیگا نهاَت. وتی مێتگئے بێگواهێن و شهید بوتگێن ورنا و آیانی ماتانی اَکس منی چمّانی دێما اوّشتاتگاَتنت. من هچّ وڑا تاهیر گرگا نهاَتان. منی دلا گوَشت پاد آ، برئو مسیتئے لئوڈئے دپا جار بجن و بگوَش که منی بدبوّێن مرد چاریگے.

همایيئے زَرّانی سرا زرتگ‌اَت. من چادر پدا اَلماریا چگل دات و هما چادر که منی گهارا منا سورا سئوگات کرتگ‌اَت، شۆهاز کرت و سرا کرت.

اگن منی دستا بوتێن، من وتی جانئے پۆست هم لکۆشتگ و چگل داتگ‌اَت که گۆن آییئے جانا یکجاه بوتگ‌اَت.

منی پندۆلا هر زَرّے که مان اَت، من کَشّت و لۆگئے دلا کورّاتنت و چه لۆگا در آتکان و شِپادا دێم په وتی بُنُکّی مێتگا راه گپتان. منی چمپل هم همایيا چیزّے رۆچ پێسر زرتگ‌اَتنت. دلا نگوَشت که پادا بکنِش.

مێتگ دور اَت، بله منی تها اَنچێن هاٹیگے آتکگ‌اَت که من دم نبرت و رۆچا گوَر بستگ‌اَت که من مێتگا سر بوتان.

منی اے جاورا درست پرێشان کرتنت. منا آپ و تامِش کرت، بله منی دلا هچّ نکَشّت، من بسّ دو گُٹّ آپ وارت.

من په زۆرے وتی چمّانی اَرس داشتگ‌اَتنت. من که گێگ و گوَر بوتان، لۆگئے درستێن مردم منی کرّا نِشتنت، منی مات، پت، گهار، برات و نشار. کَسّ هچّ گوَشگا نه‌اَت، بله درستانی چمّ چه جُستا پُرّ اَتنت.

منی ماتا گۆن لرزۆکێن تئوارے جُست کرت که چے بوتگ؟ تئیی مرد کج اِنت؟

من وتا داشت نکرت و دپئے پُرّا گوَشت که سۆتککگ من، اے مرد.

ماتا یَبَّرا منی دپا شَهماتے جت. منی زندئے ائوَلی رند اَت که ماتا منا شَهماتے جت. من گرێوانا تێوگێن هال آیانا داتنت.

منی زَهر په آییا وَدّان اَت. آ چۆ بَدیّن بۆیّا لۆگئے تۆکا شِنگ اَت و منی ساهی بیّوار کرتگ‌اَت. منی دلا گوَشت پاد آ، آییئے گُٹّا بگر و کَنس کَن، همینچک شهماتی بجن که دیّمی چارگ مبیت.

شپ گوَشئے دراجتر اَت. من نزانت چِه وهد اَت. منا هچّ سَبر بئیگا نه‌اَت که کدی سُهبَ بیت و من چه اے بدیّن بۆا گِستا بان. منی سر چه دردا تْرکّگی اَت.

آ اَنچۆ واب کپت که ترُند ترُندا گرّاڑگا لَگّت. آییئے گرّاڑگ منی کیّنگا په آییا گیّش کنان اَتنت. من چه تَهتئے سرا پاد آتکان، شتان بُنا تَچک بوتان. منی دلا اے لۆگا آسے رۆک اَت که منا سۆچگ و پُر کنگا اَت.

اَناگها من وتی گۆشئے سُهرئے نالُکانی ترانگا کَپتان. پاد آتک و نِشتان و نالُکان کَشّگا لَگّتان. منی دل اَنچۆ گریّوگا اَت که اَرس یَکشَلا رِچان اَتنت. نالُک من کشّتنت و سَردَست کرتنت، یکّ کِرّیّا. یَبّرا دلا گوَشت نالُکان زور، سِنگئے سرا چۆپ، بله منا اُشتری کیّنگے مان اَت. په نالُکانی چۆپگا چۆن هلاس ببوتیّن؟

نُنُّکئے لگت گیّش بئیان اَتنت. آ ساهت و دمان منی لاپا لگت جنَگا اَت. بگِندئے گوَشگا اَت که منا دست جن، سمار، سرد بئے، من بیّوار آن. بله منی دلا نُنُّکئے لگت ایّوَکا منی زَهرا په آییئے پِتا گیّش کَنان اَتنت. منی ماتی مِهر نزانان کجا شتگ‌اَت. چه مردا رستگیّن درد چه اے مهرا زۆراوَرتر اَت.

من گۆن دویّن دستان وتی سرا پرِنچگا اَتان. چمّ سُچگا اَتنت. واب گار اَت. اَنچۆ اَنچۆ تان مُلّایا پَجرئے بانگ دات. من پاد آتکان، وتی چادر چه اَلماریا کشّت و سرا کرت. منا اَنچۆ سما بوت که چادر هم آییئے جۆنیّن بۆا کنگا اِنت. اے چادر من

بَدێن بۆ

سابِدَه بَرکَت

آ شپی منی سرا گوَشئے آسمان کَپتگ‌اَت و دلا آس رۆک اَت. منا وتی مردئے سرا سکّ کُنّت بئیگا اَت. من گریّت و وتا ڈۆبارِت. لۆگئے هر یکّ چیزّے منا چۆ زومّا دَجگا اَت. گوَرئے پَشک منا کُنٹگ جنَگا اَت که آییا دست جتگ‌اَت. دل گوَشگا اَت که لۆگا وتی همراهیا مان دار، بله همے دمانا منی لاپئے پنچماهی چُکّا لگتے جَت و منی هئیال ٹگلێنتنت. من دوێن دست زرتنت، وتی لاپ شَهمات په شَهمات کرت که آییئے تۆکئے چُکّ هم همایییئے بَر اَت. من آییئے زهرا وتی و وتی لاپئے چُکّئے سرا کشّگا اَتان.

دل تُسگا اَت. چمّ اَرس اَتنت. من نِپادانی سرا تَچک بوتان، دێم گۆن دیوالا کرت و جێڑگا لگّتان که چُشێن مرد وَه ایۆکا منی نه‌اِنت. چاگِرد چه چُشێنا پُرّ اِنت. اے زال چِه پئیم گۆن آیان زندَ گوازێننت، چِه پئیم چُکَّ کارنت، چۆن آیانَ سگّنت؟ سجّهێن زندا وَه چه اے راستیا ناآشنا نبنت! من بمُرتێنان چه اے مردئے گِرگا. سجّهێن زندا کَلمانٹ بوتێنان شرتر اَت.

دروازگا تئوار کرت. آییا وار وارا دروازگ پَچ کرت و آتک و منی پُشتا وپت. من پَلَنگئے کِرُّکا اَتان و گێشترێن جاگه په آییا یله اَت.

مُراد جان دمانا شت و آیانا چامپَٹی جت، چیّا که بلار و هَمَّلا یَکَّشا مُراد جانئے مُکّگانی گیّگانَ گِپت.

مَنا بَزّگ بوت. مَن گوَشت: "منِشَ نجنان."

واجها گوَشت: "اگن تئو اِشَ نجنئے، گُڑا هَمَّل و بِلارا پرمایان، بلّی تَرا چامپَٹَ جَننت."

گُڑا من هم پاد آتکان و دویّن چامپَٹے چامپَٹے جَتنت. واجها گوّن بِلار و هَمَّلا گوَشت: "برئویّت، بنِندیّت، بله آکسیجَنا یات کَنیّت."

بِلارا وار وارا گوَشت: "آکسیجَن یاتَ بیت، نبیت، چامپَٹ یاتَ بیت!"

چامپَٹ

رُکسار بلوّچ

ما دوا وانگا اَتیّن. یکّ روّچے اُستادا، واجَہ مُنیرا گوَشت: "من جُستے کنان. ھما کہ زانت، دستا چِست بکنت، اگن نزانت و چِستَ کنت، چامپَٹے وارت! جُست اِش اِنت، ما کہ گینّا تَھا بَریّن، کُجام گئیس ھوّنا رئوت؟"

سیئے تَھا چارا دَست چِست کرت. مُراد جانا، بِلارا، ھَمَّلا و من. واجہ مُنیرا ائوَلسرا بِلار پاد کرت. بِلارا گوَشت: "کاربَن ڈایاکساییڈ."

منا کندگ آتک، بلہ واجھئے تُرسا من نکَندت. واجھا چہ ھَمَّلا جُست کرت. آییا ھم گوَشت: "کاربَن ڈایاکساییڈ."

پَدا واجَھا مُراد جان پاد کرت. مُراد جانا مُکِّت و مُکِّت و گوَشت:
"آ...آک...سی...سی...جَن!"

پَدا منی باریگ آتک. من گوَشت: "آکسیجَن."

واجھا گوَشت: "رُکسار و مُراد جان! شُمئے پسّئو راست اَنت. شُما بیایّت و بلار و ھَمَّلا چامپَٹے چامپَٹے بجَنیّت."

بێر

بوتنت، بله اے اِنسانانی گۆشان نه منی ماتئے پِریات کَپگا اَتنت و نه که آ، مَلائِک و آیانی اَرسان گِندگا اَتنت. اے اِنسانانی دستا تهنا ما بێوَس نهاێن، آسمانی مَلائِک هم بێوَس اَنت. بَچکّا کارچ منی گُڈّا ایْر آورت.

"اَخّ..."

"چے بوت؟" منی پِتا پُشتا چَکّ جت و جُست کرت. من چارِت منی دست منی گُڈّا اِنت، منی سر ٹئیکسیئے دروازَگئے سرا ایْر اِنت و زنگئے بۆ چه ٹئیکسیئے دروازَگا چست بئیان اِنت.

”هێن هێن هێن... اِشان بچار،“ آییا دست مئے نێمگا ٹال کرت: ”اے گوَسکُکا. هان، اے گۆک ائولزَنکے، کَسان اِنت.“

منی دِل زۆرا دریکّگا لَگِّت. من وتی ماتئے دِلئے دریکّگان هم اِشکنگا اَتان.

”هئو، اے شرّ اَنت،“ ورنایا بێدِ مئے دست پِر کَنگا گوَشت. دو سئے ورنا آتک و مارا گِرّانِش کرت.

منی مات پِریاتا لگِّت: ”منا بَرێت بله منی چُکّا مبَرێت.“

منی ماتئے پِریات په پیرُکا بَسّ بانسَگ اَتنت. پیرُک وتی چُٹّکێن ریشّان سمارانا گۆن ورنایا گوَشگا لَگِّت: ”سێٹا بگوَش، منی چارَگا بکن گۆن.“

ٹرَکّئے تها ما دوێن هامۆش اَتێن. مئے دوێنانی چَمّ دگّا سَکّ اَتنت. ما وتی مرکئے بابَتا جێڑَگا اَتێن و نون من شَرّ زانَگا اَتان که پیرُکا مارا په کُشَگا ساڑِتگ.

”اَمّا! ما پرچا چۆ بێوَس اێن؟ مارا په کُشَگا برَگا اَنت و ما...“

ماتا منی نێمگا نچارِت و گوَشت: ”منی چُکّ! ما اِنسانانی گُلام اێن. گُلاما وتی زند و مرکئے سرا وَس نێست.“

کُشتارجاها هۆنئے بۆ شِنگ اَت و چه رِتکّگێن هۆنان زنگئے بۆ پێداک اَت. اے گوَشئے هما آسِنئے بۆ اَت که منی سری سَرا اێر اَت. هَبشی گۆنَگێن بَچکّێا مَزنێن کارچے دستا اَت. لهتێنا منا ڈگارا دات و داشت. منی ماتئے چمّانی کلّا منا په کُشگا واپێنتگ‌اَتِش و منی مات پریاتا اَت. اِسپێتپۆشێن مَلائِک په مئے ارواهانی دست گِرَگا اۆشتاتگ‌اَتنت. چه منی ماتئے پِریاتان ملائِکانی چمّ اَرس

بۆا منی شُد وَدِّت. نون سَکّ دێر اَت که منا ماتا شیرا پَچ کرتگ‌اَت و من هم کاه و پُگَ وارت. مرۆچی پیرُک انگت نئیاتکَگ‌اَت و مارا کاه و کدیمّی نَکرتگ‌اَت. چۆناها که جَمبر و هئورَ بیت یا نۆد و ساچانَ بیت، گڑا شُد گوَشئے گێشترَ وَدّیت. باریّن منا چُنت ماه بوتگ‌اَت، بله ما گۆکانی کِرّا ماه و سالانی هِساب کُج اِنت؟ من بَسّ همے مارِت که من نون آ گوَنڈُکێن گوَسکَلُک نه‌آن.

"گورّ... ررر... گورّ... ررر..." اے هما ٹرَکّئے تئوار اَت. ما سجّهێن جاه سِرّتێن. پیرمَرد گۆن چار پَنچ ورنایا پُترِت. پیرُکا هما لێگاریّن پاگ سَرا اَت و من هم مرۆچی زانَگا اَتان که اے پاگ اَسلا چه رَنگے؟ یکّ وَرنا ے که گوَشئے اِشانی سَرۆک اَت، پیرُک آییا گۆکان پێش داران اَت و آ، گۆکانی وَنگان دَست جنان و سرا په هئو و اِنّه سُریّنان اَت.

منی ماتئے چَمّ در گُڑتَگ‌اَتنت و همِشان چارَگا اَت.آ دێما آیان اَتنت. یکّ مَکِسکے پیرُکا دِلسیاه کنگا لَگِّت. پیرُکئے دِلگۆش زانا گۆن مَکِسکا اَت که پادی سَمپیّا کَپت و آ شِترِت و دێم په چێر کَپت. آییئے پاگ هم بُنا کَپت. من دِلا گوَشت: "کَپاتئے. گَرک باتئے. مئے مَرکئے سئودا جنَگا پێش تئو بِمراتئے."

پیرُک ڈۆکۆ بئیان، پاد آیَگا اَت و ورنا پُرکندگێن گالواریّا گوَشگا اَت: "ناکۆ! تئو کپتئے وَه."

اَنچۆ که پیرُکئے چمّ په من و منی ماتا کَپتنت، ایّر بُکّتگێن چمّی ڈَنّا در آتکنت و آییئے زَردێن لُنٹانی کَشئے چَلّ گۆن آییئے چالبازیّن بِچکندا پُشتا کِنزِتنت.

پیرُک دیما اَت و دستا ٹال کنان و گوَکان پیش داران اَت. لَهتیں ورنا دیما آتک و زَمزیلّش هَمے گوَکانی گُٹّا داتنت و گوَکِش گِرّان کرت و ٹرَکّا سَر گیتکنت. اِشانی بَرگا پد پیرُکا پَلّئے دَپ بَست و وتی لیگاریں پاگا بَندان بوت و شت.

"اَمّا! اے گوَکِش کُجا بُرتنت؟ بلکیں سئیلا بَرنتِش؟ و شُما درُست پرچا تُرسَگا اَتیت؟"

"منی چُکّ! تئو اَنگت کَسان ائے، هچّ نزانئے، ناسَرپدے ائے. اِشان په سئیلا اِنّه، په کُشَگا بَرگا اَنت."

"هئو، هان؟ اَمّا! شُما چوں زانیت؟" من وتی مات چارانا جُست کرت.

آییئے چَمّ اَرسا گُلگُل بوتنت و منا بوّ چنانا گوَشتی: "یکّ رَندے، همے گوَکِش که بُرتنت، یکّے پدا آورتِش. گُڑا همایبا وتی کِسّه آورت که مارا ٹرَکّا کرت و بُرتِش. اوّدا مزَنیں کُشتارجاهیا، منی دیما بازیں گوَکے ڈَگارا دات و هِلارِش کرت. منی باریگ که آتک، یکّے آتک و گوَشتی: 'اِشیا یله دئییت، داکترا گوَشتگ که اے لاگر اِنت. اِشیا ما نَزوریں.' نون هما اِنت، اے ٹرَکّ که کئیت، ما درُست دِلٹرَکّ بیں."

"اَمّا! آ گوَکِش پدا بُرت؟"

"اِنّه، منی چُکّ! آ دِلٹرَکّ بوت و مُرت."

نون چه هما روّچا منا پیرُکئے سرا بدَ کئیت و اَنچوں که آ کئیت، من دیما دگه نیمَگے تَرّینان.

سُهبئے سرا روّچا کمّے زاهِری کرت بله زوتّ نوّدان اَندیم کرت. سُهبئے سَمینئے نازُرکیں شیکّگانی تها پُگئے ترّیں بوّ هئوار اَت که نوّدان میسّینتَگ‌اَتنت. چه اے

”اِنّه. تئو چۆ کُجا شتَ کنئے؟“ منی ماتا منی سر بۆ چنانا گوَشت. من وتی گَردِن انچۆ چَنڈّینت گوَشئے پۆنزئے سرا مَکِسکے نِشتگ‌اَت.

”اَمّا! بِلّ منا. منَ رئوان سئیلا، اَمّا!“

”برئو، اگن تئو اے زَنڈّین داران پرۆشت و چه پَلّا آ دیّم شتَ کنئے،“ منی ماتا زهرا زهر منا گوَشت پرچا که من زِدّ کنگا اَتان.

من پَلّ چارِت. هئو، گۆن زَنڈّین دار و سادان مُهر بَستگ‌اَت. من پَلّئے نزّیکّا شتان، دارانی شَما وتی سر گُتّ دات بله منی جۆن پَلّئے تها اَت. منی مات وتی سرَگا منی گردنا مُشان بوت و بَزّگین گالواریّا گوَشتی: ”منی چُکّ! تئو اَنگت کسان ائے، وتی هُردُکین سَرا چه اے داران آ دیّم کَشّتَ کنئے بله ما...“

من همے پَلّئے بُنا وَپتان و سرُن زمینا ایّر کرت. منی مات هم منی کَشا وَپت. ما هر دوّینان وتی چمّ چه پَلّا ڈَنّ شانک داتنت. من پیرُکئے بابتا جیڑّگا لَگِّتان که اے پیرُک پَرچا پَلّئے دپا پَچَ نکنت که ما ڈنّا برئوّین؟

یکّ رۆچے پیرُکا مارا کاه و کدیمّ کرتگ‌اَت، ما درُست وپتگ و آشکادا اَتین که مَزنین گاڑیے مئے پَلّئے دپا آتک و اۆشتات. پَنچ و شَش ورنا پَلّئے تها پُتِرت.گۆن اِشانی کَندگان دراهین گۆک پاد آتک و اۆشتاتنت. آیانی دیّما گوَشئے بیمّئے دَنزیّا مان شانت و آ بانسَگا لَگِّتنت. منی ماتا وتی پاد زمینا سَکّ داتنت، مات آشکادا هم نه‌اَت، و منا وتی پُشتا چیّری دات. من مارِت که اَلّم تُرسی گپّے. من هم پُشتا نَزّ کرتان و چیّرُکایی چارَگا لَگِّتان.

کَپتگ‌اَت و چڈّیْن اَت. آییا لوْٹِت که چِستی بِکنان. یکّ سَرے دستا اَتی و دومی سر گوْکیْئے سرُمبئے چیْرا اَت. آ، گوْکا تیْلانک دئیگا لَگِّت. "ایشکُه... ایشکُه... ایشّ... ایشّ..." هَرام بات، گوْکا سُدّے پِر نیْست‌اَت.

پیرُکئے چَمّ په من کپتنت، بُرزیْن تئواریْا گوَشتی: "اَبُڑی... گوَسکُکا نَمِتکگ وَه." راست اَت من اَنگت شیر نَمِتکَگ‌اَت، چیْا که من وَه انگت وتی پادان اوْشتات نَکنگا اَتان. گوْن پیرُکئے اے گپّا منی شُد گوَشئے گیْشتِر بوت. آییا منا گوْن لرزوْکیْن دَستے چِست کرت. ائولی برا من شیرئے مِچگ نزانت، اِدا و اوْدا سر جت. پیرُکا آپرین بات منا کُمَکّی کرت. وهدے من سیْر کرت، گوْن مِهرئوانیْن چَمّے پیرُک چارِت. آییا هم منی سرا دست سَمارانا چَچّوْ و دوْستناکیْن گالواریْا گوَشت: "سیل والت؟ لاپُک تئیی شیْل بوت؟"

شیر مِچَگا پد منی دلا گوَشئے ماتئے مِهر گیْشتر بوت و مات هم گوَشئے منا گیْشتِر دوْست دارَگا اَت. منا نون هما گوْکانی سرا بَد آیگا اَت که مِهرئوانیْن پیرُکِش کَمشَرَپ کرت و آییئے پاگِش چِڈّانی تها لَگت دات.

نون من هَر روْچ همے پیرُکَ دیست که آتک مئے پَلّا گوْکی کاه و کَدیمَّ کرتنت. گوْکان مُدام پیرُک ڈَکّرَ جَت و من دِلا گوَشت اے بزّگا چار، چوْن مِهرئوان اِنت په ما و ما اِشیا اَنگت ڈَکّرَ جَنیْن. په کاها انچوْ اِشتاپیگَ بیْن که پیرُکئے هِچ هئیالا نَبیْن. ما چوْنیْن وَتواه ایْن و اے پیرُک بزّگ چوْنیْن بیْتَماهے.

"امّا! منَ لوْٹان چه پَلّا ڈَنّ سئیلا برئوان."

نون ما چه بَکراپڑیا دور اَتێن. گۆکانی سَکَنانی بۆئے جاها دوتّ و پِترۆلئے دِلتۆسێن بۆے اَت. چه رکشَهانی سیاهێن لُنٹان در آتککگێن سیاهێن دوتّ اَتنت که بازێن تاچێنَگا تهارۆک اَتنت و چه آیانی دَم کشّگا سیاهێن دوتّئے گَکّ در آیگا اَت. بِگندئے اے بۆ بَسّ په من دلتۆس اَت که من ساپ و تازَگێن گواتا دَم کَشّگا هێلدار اَتان؛ گواتئے هر یکّ شیکّێئے تها چِنال، لیمبۆ و شِریشّئے پُلّانی وشّێن بۆ آتار اَت و اَنچۆ که شیکّگ دَپ و دێمانَ لَگّیت، گیمُّرتگێن دل بۆدَ کاریت، جَبین سارتَ بیت و تاهیرَ گیپت.

منی چَمّ همے گوَسکُکا سَکّ اَتنت که په کُشَگا بَرگا اَتنتی. منی چَمّ گوَسکُکئے زَردێن چمّانی تَها ایْر بُکِّتنت. من وتا همے گوَسکُکئے جاها دیست.

منی سر آسنئے سرا ایْر اَت و وتی گوَستا یات کنگا اَتان. منی زندئے ائولی رۆچ اَت. منی مات منا په مِهرے چَٹّان اَت و من زمینئے سرا شِتران اَتان. منی پێدا بئیَگا پێشترِ هئورا گوَرتگ‌اَت و زمین چِڈّ و مێن اَت. چه گۆکانی بازێن رئو و آیان زمین گێشترِ چِڈّ بوتگ‌اَت. منی مات په من جاگهے ساپ کنگا اَت. زمینئے سَرا رِتکَگێن و چِڈّا مێنێن هُشکێن کاهان گۆن وتی پادان دور کنگا اَت.

چه گۆکانی بانسَگان من دیست بُرز و لاگَرێن پیرُکے پَلّا پُتَرَگا اِنت. گوات تُرند اَت و گۆن گواتئے شیکّگان ترمپ منی دَپ و دێمان لگّگا اَتنت. گۆکان په کاهان اِنزار بَست و پیرُکئے پاد شِتِرت. پیرُک گۆن کاهان دێم په چێر کپت. گۆن کَپگا چه آییئے دپا مَزنێن اَلّاهے در آتک.

مات منا چَٹّان و ساپ کَنان اَت و بُنا رِتکَگێن کاهان چارَگا اَت. اے دگه گۆک پیرُکا لَگت دئیانا کاهانی وَرگا لَگِّتنت. پیرُک په اَزابیے پاد آتک بله پاگی بُنا

اَخّ...

اَندلیب گِچکی

"اے جاها بَکراپِڑیَ گوَشنت،" منی پتا گۆکانی مَزنێن پَلّئے نێمَگا دست ٹال کرت و گوَشت. اے جاها چه سِند و بلۆچستانئے بازێن دَمگان گۆکَ کارنت، پدا چه هَمدا ایْران و اے دگه دَمَگانَ برنت و بَهااِشَ کننت.

گۆکانی لِڈّانی بۆا منی دَم گوَشئے بند بئیگا اَت. بُرز و لاگَرێن پیرُکے پَلّئے بُنا دوتَل اَت و هُشکێن کاه و لِڈّان رۆپَگا اَت. هئورا دْراهێن زمین میسّێنتَگ‌اَت و پَلّئے نِدِتگێن بۆ گواتا هئوار اَت.

گاڑی کَمّے دێما شت. دَگّ سَکّ رَشّ اَت. گاڑیانی بازیا انچۆ سَما بئیگا اَت گوَشئے مَزنێن گۆرُمے دێم په چَراگجاها رئوَگا اِنت. مئے گاڑیئے دێما ٹرَکّے رئوگا اَت و آییئے پُشتا یکّ گۆکے و گوَسکے اَت. گوَسکئے سَر آسِنئے پَٹّهئے سرا ایْر اَت، چَمّی در گُڑِتگ‌اَتنت و گۆن بَزّگێن چَمّے پُشتا آیۆکێن گاڑی و پَرپٹان چاران اَت. آییئے مات گۆن بێوَسێن چمّے اینگر آنگُر چارَگا اَت. بِگندئے آ وتی و چُکّئے آجۆیئے جُهدا اَت بله هچّ راه گِندَگا نه‌اَت چێا که آ بَستگ‌اَتنت.

بلاهێن تئوارے بوت و من جاه سِرّتان. پوره بلاهێن گرَندێئے تئوار اَت. گِندان ماتا تالے گۆن و لۆگئے ریّتککگێن آپان شُلُنچگا اِنت. ماتا گوَشت: "بوَپس. اے تئوار نون زندگیئے بهر اَنت."

شپ تهار اَت. بَمبانی تئوار گێش بئیان اَت و دور دورا کُچکّانی چانگگئے تئوار هم پێداک اَت.

من که واتَرّ کرتگ‌اَت، من دیست که میّتگئے دویّن کبرستان مستر بوتگ‌اَنت، کبر گیّشتر اَنت. باریّن چُنت سالوّنکیّن سر همے کبرستانا نون په ایّمنی واب اَت و اَنگت باریّن چُنت زمین‌زادگیّن سرا کبر هم نسیبا نبوتگ. کبرانی سرا جتگیّن بئیرک هم گار اَتنت.

بله من سکّ گَل اَتان که من پنچ سالا پد مُلکا آتککگان. منی پاد چه گَلا زمینا ایرَ نبوتنت. گوّن منی آیگا گوَشئے گُلزمینئے پاد هم گَلا چِست اَتنت و آسمانا هم وَتارا په دابے مان پوّشتگ‌اَت.

یکّ روّچے هئور بوت. ترمپ که گُلزمینئے دلبندا کپتنت، منی چاریّن آتراپان هاکئے وَشبوّ شِنگِت. و من دیست که مُلکئے همے یکّیّن چیزّ متّ نبوتگ، اے وَشبوّ نون گوَشئے اَنگت گیّشتر مِسک‌آتار اَت.

چه هئورا پد من درِکّ بوتان و شتان که شیّپانی آپان سئیلَ کنان. چاران، گوَست چوّ گرَنچیّا بُتک. هئورا پد سَنجا جت. شیّپا آپ آورت. سرجمیّن بازار شیّپئے آپانی چارگا در آتک. اے هئور و سَنج، اے کئور و نوّکاپ، اے مردُمانی مُچّی، گپّ و کندگانی تئوار که وشّیّن زیّمریّئے وَڑا تالان اَت، منی دِلا تاهیر دئیگا اَتنت. هئورئے دومی روّچا کسے دیّم په کوّها پِکنِکا شت و کسے کُمب و گرانی آپا جانئے شوّدگا... هَمُک دمان سکّ وشّ اَت.

مُلکا جنْگ وَه هما پئیما برجاه اَت، بله هئورا که گوَرت، میّتگئے مردم چه تُرسا کمّے پراموّش بوتنت. هئورا میّتگ برهدارتر کرتگ‌اَت. همے گِر و چیلّان گُلایّش اَتان و هچّ سما نبوت که کدی واب کپتان.

گئیرسیاسی مردم، هر رۆچ هالے آتک: پئوج پلان مێتگا مان رتکگ، چه پلان بازارا دو ورنا برگ بوتگ، مزنێن شهرئے راهئے کَشا لاشے دست کپتگ.

مێتگانی مێتگ پئوجا مان داشتگ‌اَنت. هئیات جانئے رَنگێن سالۆنکێن ورنا کِشک و چارراهانی سَرا کُشگ و دئور دئیگ بئیگا اَنت. و دَرمُلکا منی زند اَسَرمند بئیگا نه‌اَت. پمێشکا من هچبر اے اَندازه جَتَ نکرت که اے چۆنێن گرانێن ساهت اَنت. زِندگی چۆن اَزابَ بیت، اگن پئوج لۆگا دئور بکنت و کُنڈ کُنڈا پٹّان ببیت، مردمان چِست بکنت و گار و بێگواه بکنت.

بێگواه کرتگێن مردمێئے مات و پت چۆنێن درد و دۆرانی آماچَ بنت؟ اے بَلاهێن گرانێن درد که بێگواهێن مردمانی لۆگئے مردمِشَ سَگّنت، منا اے دردانی هچّ اَندازه نێست‌اَت. لهتێن مزن‌جگرێن پت وتی بچّئے گار بئیگ و پدا لاشئے دست کپگا رند هم دێما جُنزانَ کنت، بله مات وتی چُکّئے واتَرّ بئیگئے اینچُک ودارا یا وه گنۆکَ بنت یا اے دَردا سَگّتَ نکَننت و مِرنت.

نون که من واتَرّ کرتگ‌اَت و مُلکا اَتان، نون زانگا اَتان که اے چۆنێن گرانێن درد ے. من نون زانت که کسێئے بێگواه بئیگا پد لۆگئے مردم کُجام هالا بنت. آیانی چَمّانی واب هم بێگواهَ بیت و دِلئے کرار هم.

من که واتَرّ کرتگ‌اَت، نون من دیست که مێتگئے چارێن نێمگان لشکرا بُنجَل جۆڑ کرتگ. اِسکول، مردمانی لۆگ، مسیت، هچّ جاگه پَشت نکپتگ‌اَت. هر جاگه پئوجیان چئوکی بستگ و نِشتگ‌اَتنت. هرکَس تُرسا گار اَت. همے تُرسا هَمُک مردما وتارا چه وتی برات، سیاد و اَزیزان دور داشتگ‌اَت.

من که واتَرّ کرتگ‌اَت

سَدگَنج بلۆچ

من پنچ سالئے درانڈێھیا پد میّتگا واتَرّ کرتگ‌اَت. آ وھدا که من میّتگ یله دات، آ وھدا ھم جنگ اَت. آ وھدا ھم مردم چِست کنگ بئیگا اَتنت. ھر رۆچ جنگل و پَٹّ و مئیدانان بلۆچ بچّانی شیرچتگێن لاش دست کپگا اَتنت. ھرکَس تُرسئے آماچ اَت. ھرکَس دِلترکّ اَت که اے دم نه آ دم نون منی باریگ اِنت. زندگی سکّ گران اَت. شپا کَسّا وتی گِسا باپێن نپادانی تلا وپتَ نکرت. میّتگا اَنچۆ که لئیٹێا شَھمَ کرت، سجّھێن مردێن دێم په مچکدگ و کئور و جنگلانَ تتک و چێرَ بوتنت. اِشانی تھا گێشتر ورنا اَتنت. و من میّتگ یله دات و درانڈێه بوتان.

دَرمُلکا من آزاتێن چاگردێا نِشتگ‌اَتان. نه کسێا مئے لۆگان دئورَ کرت و سجّھێن کُنڈَ پٹِّتنت، نه جنگلان لاش دستَ کَپت. کَسّی دلا تُرسے نێستاَت. ھرکَسئے زند وشّ و وشھال اَت. بله مئے بلۆچستانا آس ھما وَڑا رۆک اَت، اَنگت گێشترِ جَمبور بوتگ‌اَت.

رۆچے ھالے آتک. برے چه وانگجاھێا نۆدَربَرێئے گار و بێگواہ کنگئے ھال اَت و برے چه ھِسپِتالا داکتَرێئے. وانِندہ و ناوانِندَہ، پیر و وَرنا، سیاسی گَلێئے باسک یا

آتک که آپا مُلکے برتگ و چێری ڈگارانی سرا رَستگ. گۆک و هر آپئے تۆکا اَنت. هما مردم که مُلکانی سرا بوتگ‌اَنت، آپا اَنت.

ڈوپّگئے سرا اۆشتاتگێن مردم تَچانا لهتێن په مُلکا و لهتێن په وتی لۆگان شتنت. سَمُّل هم تَچانا وتی لۆگئے نێمگا شت. دمانێا پد گۆکانی بانسگ و هرانی سَرّگ و مردمانی کوکّار کنگا پد یکّ هامۆشییّا مان شانت.

هئور اَنگت گوارگا اِنت و آسمانا اَنگت جَمبَران مان شانتگ و ڈئیم اَنگت چه آپا پُرّ اِنت. بله ڈئیمئے آ دێمئے بازار بێبرَمش اِنت.

مَهگُلا گوَشت: "آ، کئورئے آپ اِنت که چوّ میٹا اِسپیٹ اِنت. آوازی هم بُرزتر بئیان اِنت. الّاه وت رهم بکنت."

تُرسوّکیٹن سَمُّلئے دل چه لاپا لَکُشت.

"آ، مَریَم اِنت گوٹن وتی پارٹیا پیٹداک اِنت،" گرانازا گوَشت. گرانازِ مَهگُلئے کَستِریٹن گُهار اَت. درُست هما نیٹمگا چارگا لَگِّتنت.

مَریَم اِشانی پیریٹن و گَپّییٹن جنیٹنے اَت. "چُکّان! آپ دَرا اِنت،" مَریَما گوَشت.

"هئو، آپ زاهِرِ اِنت و آوازی هم ترُند بئیان اِنت. اے آپ مارا بارت،" سَمُّلا گوَشت.

"اے آپ مارا نبارت، شُما دلا کَپتگیٹت، شُما اَنّوگیٹن چُکّ ایٹت. مئے وَهدا یکّ رَندے چِلّ روٹچا هئورا گوَرتگ، آپا مارا نبرتگ. مروٹچی سئے روٹچ اِنت که هئور بئیگا اِنت، آپ مارا بارت؟"

مَریَمئے گهارزاتک بیبگرا گوَشت: "منی ترو! تئو راستَ گوَشئے. پیٹسری وهدا چلّ چلّ روٹچا هئورا گوَرتگ، بله کئورا کَسّ نبرتگ. بله پیٹسرا کئورئے دپ پچ بوتگ، نون آپئے دپا بلاهیٹن ڈئیمے بستگ. دراهیٹن کئورانی آپ دیٹما رئوان اَنت. ڈئیم که آپا پُرّ بیت، گڑا پَدنِندا آپ اَلّما بازارانَ بارت."

سَمُّل وتی دلا هئیران اَت و جیڑگا اَت که اے ڈئیم مئے پائِدگئے واستا بَستگ یا مئے کُشگئے واستا؟

ڈوپّگئے سَرئے اوشتاتگیٹن مردمانی چَمّ نِهِنگئے کئورئے آپا اَتنت. هرکَسئے دلا مرکئے تُرس هستاَت. هر یکّے وتی هئیالانی بوٹجیگا سوار اَت. اَناگت یکّ آوازے

”سَمُّل! مئے پس بَزّگ باریّن کجا شتگ‌اَنت. اَنّون هئور نرمَ ترّیت، لوٚٹُکے کاہ کُڈّوا ایْر اِنت، پسان بدئےای،“ ماتا گوَشت.

سَمُّل ڈنّا در آتک که پسانی پِلیْنگگ و گوَنڈوٚانی جاک و کوکّار اَت، همے پسانی پِلیْنگگ و گوَنڈوٚانی کوکّارانی تها یکّ ژیمب ژیمبیْئے آواز هم مان اَت. سَمُّلا په تُرس و لَرزے ژیمب ژیمبئے آواز گوٚش داشت.

”اَمّا، اَمّا! ژیمب ژیمبئے آوازا اِشکُنگا ائے؟“

”هئو، منی چُکّ! شیْپانی آواز اِنت، اے آواز مئے لوٚگئے پُشتئے شیْپئیگ اِنت.“ سَمُّلا ماتئے هبر گپت و دیْم په کُڈّوا رئوگا لَگّت. بله هئیالی اَنگت گوٚن آپئے ژیمب ژیمبا اَت.

مَهگُلا گوَشت: ”دراه په درِکّ و مئیدان دیْم په ڈوپّگا رئوگا اَنت.“

سَمُّلا برے آسمانئے نیْمگا چارت و برے وتی بازارئے نیْمگا و دلا گوَشتی که اے آپَ کئیت، مارا درُستانَ بارت و ما هچّ کرتَ نکنیْن. جمبر هما وڑا سیاه و تهار اَت و هئور کمّ کمّا گوارگا اَت. هئور اگن کَمُّک تیْز بگواریت، گڑا اے آپ اَلَّما مارا بارت.

چمّی چِست کرتنت و دیْمئے بازاری چارِت که چه اوٚدا پنچ شش مردم تچانا مُلکئے نیْمگا رئوگا اَت. اِشانی هر و گوٚک ڈگارانی سرا بَستگ‌اَتنت.

هَسَنا گوَشت: "تئو وه دگه وڑیْن مردُمے ائے. پیْسَری هئورا تئو وه ڈَنّا دَر نئیاتککگئے، باریْن لوْگئے کُجام کُنڈا کَپتگئے. مروْچی که مارا گوَهرا کُشت، تئو گوَشئے ما ڈَنّا رئویْن."

"آ گَرماگی هئور اَتنت و جمبَران سَکَّ گرَندِت، همے وڑیْن هئور وَشّ اِنت، نه گِروْکے گوْن، نه گرَند."

ساهتیْا رَند سَمُّلئے ماتا تئوار کرت: "بیایْت چُکّان، سُبارِگ بکنیْت."

ماتا سُبارِگ گوْن اَنت و لوْگا کئیت. ڈَنّا هئورئے بَلاهیْن دْرَدیْئے تئوار اِنت، پَنچ مِنٹَ بیت که هئور دلئے تَبا گوارگا اِنت و ڈَنّئے دَر آیگا نئیلیت. سَمُّلا که بَتّئے دَپارے چِست کرت، آییئے براتا دَرّایْنت: "ما اِشکُتگ که کیْچا بَلاهیْن هارے پیْداک اِنت."

"ورگا بوَر، کئورئے آپ مارا نبارت،" سَمُّلئے ماتا گوَشت. سُبارِگا رَند برات دومی لوْگا شت و ٹیویئے بَتَنی جت و گوَشتی: "لئین گار اَنت."

سَمُّلا دَرّایْنت: "اے مردَکار جَمبَری پُٹّھے گِندیت، لئینانَ بارت. مروْچی سئے روْچ اِنت که هئور یَکشَلا گوارگا اِنت. دو هَپتگا لئینان اَنچوْ یَکیمّ ببئے که دوْشیگیْن شَپا."

"مَنی چُکّ! بیا چلیمّا پِر کن، دَمے کَشّان. مروْچی چلیمّی موْسُمے." سَمُّلا چلیمّ پِر کرت و مات چلیمّئے کَشّگا لَگِّت.

بێبرَمش

هانی بلۆچ

هئورانی بهارمێچێن مۆسُم اِنت. سئے رۆچ اِنت که سیاه و تهارێن جمبران مان شانتگ و هئور یکَّشا گوارگا اِنت. و سارت سارتێن گواتے کَشّگا اِنت. لۆگئے دێم په دێمئے باگئے مَچّانی پیشّان لُڈّێنگا اِنت. لۆگئے دپا بَلاهێن کُنَرے هم هستاِنت.

سَمُّلئے مات دُر بیبی کَنوَرا اَت. سَمُّلا چه لۆگا تئوار کرت: "اَمّا، او اَمّا! مرۆچی سُبارِگا چے اَڈَّ کنێن؟"

"بَتّ و ماش، هئورا دِگه هچّ وَرگ وَشّ نهاِنت،" ماتا دَرّاێنت. سَمُّلئے برات هم لۆگا نِشتگاَت و سُلئیمانی چاهے وَرگا اَت. "سَمُّل! بَتّ و ماش و لوجَّرێن ماهیگ سَکّ وَشّ اِنت."

"تئو چۆ نهائے په لوجَّرێن ماهیگا، بله اے هئور و جمبَرا کَسَّ نرئوت، په تئو لوجَّرَ نئیاریت."

هئور تێزتر بئیان اَت و سارتێن گواتے کَشّگا اَت. "منی دلَ گوَشیت ڈَنّا برئو، هئورئے سرا بۆشت، چۆنێن وَشّێن گواتے کَشّگا اِنت، پوره دِلئے تها پُتریت،" سَمُّل گۆن وَت گَپّا اَت.

ترس

زانسَران ساه دئیگَ لۆٹان، و من مُدام زهر گپتگان که چُشێن سِلّێن گپّ مکن، تئو منی زانسَران منی همراهیا زندگَ بئے. تئو کندتگ و منا جواب داتگ: "ماهلۆ! مرک دوا ے نەاِنت جان، درستَ مرنت، بسّ دوا بکن که منا آسودگێن مرکے نسیب ببیت، من تئیی زانسَران وتی سرا ایر بکنان و همِدا ساه بدئیان." منا تئیی ا ے گپّان مُدام بێتاهیر کرتگ. بله وهدے تئو منا وتی اَمبازان زرتگ، من دنیائے سَرجَمێن بێتاهیری، نئوَشّی و سَکّی بێهئیال کرتگ‌اَنت.

منا اَنگت یات اِنت هما زمستانئے ماهِکانی شپ، وهدے ائوَلی برا تئو منا وتی اَمبازان زرتگ‌اَت، وتی سکّ نزّیکّا آورتگ‌اَت. بله من وهدے تئیی گُڈّی اَکس دیست، من جێڑِت، دریّگتێن تئو منا گۆن وت ببُرتێن گۆن، دریّگتێن من ا ے ساهت مدیستێن. دریّگتێن من ا ے ساهکَندَنێن ساهتا گۆن تئو همراه بوتێنان. دریّگتێن من تئیی گُڈّی ساه سما بکرتێن. دریّگتێن من و تئو گُڈّی برا یکدومیئے گرمێن گینّ سما بکرتێن. دریّگتێن من ترا گُڈّی برا اَمباز بکرتێن. یا...

دریّگتێن ما هچبر دُچار مکپتێنێن، یکدومی مزانتێن، سما مکرتێن، هئیال مکرتێن. دریّگتێن من تئیی شیرکِنێن لُٹانی تام مچشتێن، دریّگتێن هما دریایّن چمّانی جُهلانکیا گار مبوتێنان. دریّگتێن ما ساهئے وشبۆییا بێسما بوتێنێن، دریّگتێن من اَنّون په تئو نبیسگا مبوتێنان، دریّگتێن تئو ا ے وانت بکرتێن، دریّگتێن تئو منا سما کرت بکرتێن، دریّگتێن ا ے تئو مبوتێنئے، دریّگتێن ا ے ما مبوتێنێن...

دریٚگَتیٚن

مَهگنج تاج

من واب اَتان. مُبائِل باز آوازا اَت، باز مئیسِج پیٚداک اَت. اے آوازا من گُڑِتان و مُبائِلُن دست جت. چمّان لَتارانا من مُبائِل پچ کرت و وهد چارت، شپئے 3:45 اَت. من مئیسِج پچ کرتنت تَه نوٚکیٚن نمبریٚا گپّڑے اَکس دیٚم داتگ و دو آوازی هم دیٚم داتگ. منی کرّا نِٹ نزوٚر اَت، پمیٚشکا آییئے دیٚم داتگیٚن اَکس و تئواربند دویٚن باز وهدا رند پچ بوتنت. بله من پدا نئوَپتان، من ودار کرت که اَکسانَ چاران، باریٚن کئے اِنت و چوٚنیٚن اَکس اَنت؟

کَمّوٚ دیٚرا رَند من پَدا هَمِشیئے چئیٹ پَچ کرت. آوازئے گوٚش دارگا پیٚسر من ائولی اَکس پچ کرت و همے ساهتا مُبائِل چه منی دستا کپت و پرُشت. اے اَکسئے تها من تئیی برهنگیٚن جوٚن دیست که هچّ زانگ نبئیگا اَت که دستان لنکُک پِر اِنت یا جِسما دست و پاد. من آ مردُمئے تئواربند نهاِشکُت، چیٚا که منی مُبائِل پرُشت. من نزانت که آ کئے اِنت و اے دگه اَکسانی تها تئیی اَرواه چوٚن اِنت. آ هوٚنیٚن و ٹَپّیگیٚن جوٚن اَنگت منی دیٚما پدّرَ بیت، هما ساهتانی هئیال منا اَنگت بیٚتاهیرَ کنند.

منَ جیٚڑان آ ساهتا تئو چینچُک نئوَشّ بوتگئے، تهنا بوتگئے، ناکَس بوتگئے. بوتَ کنت تئو منا تئوار پِر جتگ، بله من اوٚدا نبوتگان. تئو مُدام گوَشتگ که من تئیی

دویّن جاک و کوکّارا اَتنت و منی نیّمگا دست و دَسشانیا اَتنت. من هُشک و هئیران اَتان. من اوّشتاتان و دویّن چارِتنت و پدا ماسی زُلئیکا چارت، پدا اِشانی لوّگ چارت، پدا وتی گِسئے نیّمگا چارِت و پدا وتی جند. من هچّ نگوَشت و راه گِپتان.

نون هئورا گوَرت.

من انگت گۆن جێڑگانی زمزیلان مان گیشّتگ‌اَتان که منی ماتا منا گوانک جت: "بیا گِسئے کاران بکن. اۆدا نِشتگئے، چے کنگا ائے؟"

"جی اَمّا! پێداک آن،" من پسّئو دات بله منی هئیال انگت گۆن همے جێڑگان اَت. منی سر هچّ پِر نبئیگا اَت که چے بکنان؟ یا من چے کرتَ کنان؟

منا اے جێڑه هر وڑا گیشّێنگی اَت. من پاد آتک و اۆشتاتان و دێم په ماسی زُلئیکائے لۆگا رهادگ بوتان. اۆدا که رَسِتان، من ماسیئے دستئے رۆپگ پچ گپت و بُنا ایْر کرت. من ماسی دستا گپت و شِریشّئے ساهِگا بُرت. من تَگِرد پچ کرت و ماسی نادێنت.

ماسی هئیران هئیرانا منا چارگا اَت. چه اِد و پێسر که آ منا جُست بکنت، من چه آییا جُست کرت: "ماسی! تئو چے لۆٹئے؟" گۆن منی اے جُستا گوَشئے ماسی زُلئیکائے گۆیاک شت. آییئے چمّ اَرسا گُلگُل بوتنت. ماسی منا بازێن گپّے گوَشگ لۆٹگا اَت بله چه آییئے زُبانا بێدِ "آن... آن..."، دگه هچّ در نئیاتک.

من وتی سر ماسیئے کُٹّا ایْر کرت. آییا وتی دست منی سرا ایْر مُشت. منی هم اَرس در آیَگی بوتنت. همے وهدا ماسیئے نِشار و جنِکّ چه گِسا در آتکنت و منا زهرا زهر چارَگا لَگِّتنت. رۆپگِش دستا اَت: "اَمّائے پَمپ کنۆک بزان تئو ائے، هان؟ کائے ماتا پمپَ کنئے و مات مئے سرا کوکّار و جاکَ کنت،" ماسی زُلئیکائے جنِکّا دپ پَچ لَگۆشت.

"اِشیا وَه دگه کار نێست. ترو وت چه آ تروان نه‌اِنت، شپ و رۆچ مئے دلی رێش کرتگ. ناسرپدے. هان بزان تئو ائے که مارا میڑێنگا ائے!" ماسی زُلئیکائے نِشارا هم کوکّار کرت.

ماسی زُلئیکا وتی لۆگئے دپا رۆپان و نرُنڈان اَت. بله اے تهنا مرۆچیگێن هبرے نهاِنت. اے ماسی زُلئیکائے هر رۆچیگێن کار اِنت، سُهبا که پادَ کئیت، پێشگاها رۆپان اِنت و کُپّان اِنت.

من پدا وتی هئیال مۆسمئے نێمگا تَرّێنت. بله نون منی هئیال چه مۆسما گێشتِر ماسی زُلئیکائے نێمگا شت که ماسیئے جێڑه چے اِنت؟ همک رۆچ پادَ کئیت، کُپّیت و نُرنڈیت و وتی چُکّان ڈوا و بدَ کنت که پِلانیئے چُکّان بچاریّت، پلانیئے نِشاران بچاریّت. زانا آیانی چُکّ و نِشار چۆن اَنت و زُلئیکائے چۆن اَنت؟ چے اِنت زُلئیکائے جێڑه؟ اے جێڑه ایوکا ماسی زُلئیکائیگ اِنت یا همُک زالبولئے؟ اے جێڑهے یا زِدّ و هسدّ و کێنَنگے؟ من پگریّا کپتان که یکّ زالبولے دومی زالبولئے سۆبمندیا چیّا برداشت کرتَ نکنت؟ ایوکا مئے چاگرد انچُش اِنت یا همُک راجئے زالبولئے جێڑه همِش اَنت؟

زالبولانی چه درُستان مستریّن جێڑه اِش اِنت که وَتا، دێما رئوگئے تئوکلِش مان نێست و اگن دگه زالبولے دێما رئوَگا بگِندنت، برداشت کرتَ نکننت و آییئے دارگئے جُهدا کننت. منی نِزّا مئے چاگردا زالبولانی رئیسے بئیگا اِنت بله اے رئیسئے تها هر زالبول اے جُهدا نهاِنت که من تێزتر بِتچان و بِکَتّان. اے رئیسئے تها هر یکّے همے جُهدا اِنت که وڑے نه وڑیّا دومیگا ران بکنان که بکپیت و من رئیسا بِکَتّان. اگن هر یکّے همے جُهدا بوتێن که من تێزتِر بتَچان، مرۆچی یکّ زالبولے هم پُشتا پَشت نکپتگ‌اَت.

هئورا گوَرت

شاهینه شاهین

گوَرباما که من چمّ پچ کرتنت، چه پچێن دروازگا آسمانُن دیست. پاد آتک و ڈَنّا شتان، چمُّن آسمانئے نێمگا شانک داتنت. چاران، ته آسمان سیاه و گُبارێن جمبران گپتگ. اۆشتاتان و آسمانا چارَگا لگّتان. کَش و گوَرئے درَچک و دار بْرَهدار اَتنت و آیانی سرا نِشتگێن مُرگانی وَشّێن تئوارا مۆسم وَشترِ کرتگ‌اَت.

مرۆچی مۆسمئے جتاێن رنگے اَت، باز دِلکَشّ اَت. گِسئے دێما ڈۆکانی سرا نِشتان و چه دنیایا چَٹ بێسما، گۆن مۆسُما دلگۆش بوتان. اناگت تئوارے منی گۆشان کپت. من چَکّ تَرّێنت، ته دیست ماسی زُلئیکا وتی لۆگئے دێما رۆپگا اِنت و نُرنڈگا اِنت. من وتی هئیال گۆن ماسی زُلئیکایا کرت که باریێن چے گوَشگا اِنت؟ کئیی سَرا کُپّگا اِنت؟

"گُلاتونئے نِشارا بچاریّت. ناز بیبیئے چُکّان بچاریّت. سُهبا پادَ کاینت، بے گوَشگا وتی لۆگئے دزُستێن کارانَ کننت. ماتِش آسودگ کرتگ. بله شما نون چُکّ بوتێت؟ منی دل شما ریّش کرتگ. هُدایا مارا اے چُکّانی بدَلا چُکّئے جند مداتێن. دگرئے چُکّانَ گِندئے، دل مانَ بیت. وتی چُکّانَ گِندئے دل چه چُکّا رئوت."

”تئو مگرێو، منی جان! منی ساهئے بدل! من هئیرات آن، منی مۆرتی! من اَنّون تئیی واستا شیلّانچَ چۆپان و گرادان. اَنّون تئو اے کنران بوَر، شرّ اِنت؟“

و دومی نێمگا ترو شاران گِندگا اَت که بلّک و نماسگ، دوێن تَرونئے هشکێن نانان رۆدئے گرمێن آپان پِر جنَگ و ورگا اَنت و بلّک مۆرتیئے اَرس چۆ هئورا گوارگا اَنت و چه آییئے اَرسان رۆدئے آپ سۆرتام بئیگا اَنت.

”منی ترو! تئیی وَہ ھۆش پَھکا شتگ. ھر رۆچ ھمے کۆریّن بلّک مۆرتی و آییئے نماسگئے واستا چانوگ ایّرَ کَنئے. اِشیئے چمّ نۆکی پدا پچَ نبنت و تئیی چُکّ و نماسگانی واستا کانٹُک و جالارَ ندۆچیت. اَنگت ھمے پیشّیا چُنڈے بدئے، تئیی لۆگا چہ مُشکان سپا کنت،“ سُلتیا یَکچِکّا پہ تَژن دویّن دست سریّنتنت و وتی منّا پہ زانتکاری گوَشت.

”ائے، ترا من چۆن سرپد بکنان؟“ ترو شارانا وتی سر سریّنت و پہ اَپسۆزی گوَشت. ”مرۆچی گُڑا بلّک شُدلاپ ببیت؟ چۆنیّن بیّبَزّگے ائے تئو.“

”نون اینچُک نُرُنڈگَ نلۆٹیت،“ سُلتیا پہ زَھر گوَشت و گُدئے کَٹوری چِست کرت و چہ دودَپا در کپت. بلّک مۆرتیئے نماسگ کپۆتا تیچّ نزّیکّا کنزیّنت و پہ بَزّگی ھُشکیّن نان چارتنت، بلہ ھچّی نگوَشت. بلّک مۆرتیا نان دَزمۆش کنان کرتنت، آییا پیّسَرا پَھمتگ‌اَت کہ نان ھُشکیّن اَنت، آ ھم تَرونی نان اَنت، گُٹّا چۆن ایّرَ رئونت؟

آییئے سِنگ و سیاھیّن دیّمئے آدیّنکا یکّ تھاریّن ساھگے دمانیّا آتک و آییئے پیّشانیگئے دریایا گوَشئے چئول جنان بوت. آ ھم چئولانی تۆکا بُڈّگا لگِّت. آییا یکّ ھردیّن جنکّے دیست کہ آییئے مات آییا پہ لاڑُکی سَھڑیّنگا اِنت. ”اِنّہ اِنّہ، من اِشانَ نئوَران. منا لوجَّر وشَّ نبیت. منَ گوَشان منا شیلّانچ و نان بدئے. منا شیلّانچ و نان بدئے. تئو زانا کرّ ائے؟“ آ چُکّا پہ کۆدکی گریّت و گۆن وتی ماتا گوَشت.

گُژنئے دۆزَه

سَمّی پَرواز

منَ نزانان دۆزهئے آس چۆن اِنت، بله مرۆچی تَبد چۆ زَهمئیگا شیکّان اَت و گَرم چه تَرونا گرمتر اَت و رۆچ گوَشئے آ بُرزیّن کهورئے بُرزترێن شاهئے سرا اَژتگ‌اَت و چه وتی گرماگی تَژنا هر چیزّا مان دارگا اَت.

بله اے تَبد و گرمئے جَلا بلّک مۆرتی گۆن وتی چۆرَهێن نماسگ کپۆتا وتی لَٹّا جِکّ دئیان اَت و وتی نماسگئے کۆپگی گپتگ‌اَت و دێم په ترو شارانئے لۆگا رئوگا اَت. آییئے دست چه نزۆریا درَهان اَتنت و سری چه شُدا چۆ جِنتِرا چَکَرّگا اَت و گوَنڈێن کپۆتئے هال هم چه آییا جتا نه‌اَت. بله دوێن، بلّک و نماسگ وتا گِرّان کنان و رئوان اَتنت. اَنچۆ که ترو شارانئے دودَپئے چێرا رَسِتنت تگِردئے لَمبا دوێنان وتا دئور دات. شارانا که دیستنت گُڑا آییئے چمّ رُژنا بوتنت. آییا گۆن وتی کستریّن بچّئے چُکّا گوَشت: "مَنی چُکّ! برئو، آ تیچّئے تۆکا نان و لوجَّرے مان، بلّک مۆرتیا بدئے، وارتِش. بزّگ گریبے، مارا سئوابے رَسیت."

"شرّ اِنت، اَمّا!" نماسگا تیچّ زرت و دێم په دودَپا رئوگا اَت که شارانئے نِشار سُلتیا تیچّ کپنچا کرت و لوجَّر چه تیچّا زرت و پیشّیئے دێما دئور دات، پیشّیا لوجَّر اَمب چِت و یَک‌کرّ کرت و ورگا لگّت.

اے درچک اَنچوّ دوّست اَت که من وتی تَرّ و تاب، ڈنّئے در آیگ، درست یَله کرتگ‌اَتنت. زمستانا اے درچک منی گوّریچّئے پناه اَت و گرماگا لوارئے. درچکا هم اَنچوّ گوّن من آدت کرتگ‌اَت که بے من، په منی چمّان گوَشئے مُلور اَت. من پمیّشکا درچک تهنا نکرت.

وهد همے وڑا گوَزان اَت. زندگی گوَشئے تَچان اَت و درچک روّچ په روّچ بُرز رئوان اَت.

مُدّتے گوَست. درچک سکّ بُرز شت، اَنچوّ بُرز که درچکئے ساهگ جَهلا نئیاتک. درچکئے تاک چه من دور بوتنت. گوّن درچکئے برز رئوگا درچکئے ساهگ شت و منا روّچا گپت. من درچکئے شاه و لَمبانَ نرستان. منی نبشتگیّن هئیال چه من سکّ دورَ شتنت و من دوبَر پدا درچکئے شاهانی سرا هچّ نبشته کرتَ نکرت. منی زمستان سکّ سارت بوتنت و گرماگئے لواران منا سوّتک. کپوّت و شانتُلانی کوکو من چه دورا هم نه‌اِشکتنت.

گڑا من وتی هئیال پدا زرت و زمینا کلّ کرت...

درچک

هانُل نوّکاپ

من نازُرکێن هئیالێئے واهند اَتان، بله چاگِردا منا اَنچش کرت که من وتی نازُرکێن هئیال زرت و زمینا کَلّ کرت و هر رۆچ همے جاگها ارسَ ریّتک.

منی نازُرکێن هئیال رُست و نِهالے بوت. اے نِهال من گۆن ارسانَ رۆدێنت. نِهال رُدان بوت و سۆلێن درچکے بوت. درچکئے ساهگ سکّ وَشّ و سارت اَت. اے درچکئے چێرئے نندگا گوشئے منی اَرواها تاهیرَ رست. منی کندگ و گرێوگ، گپّ و دیوان درست گۆن همے درچکا اَتنت. منا انچۆ گمانَ بوت که درچک منا سرپد بئیگا اِنت و منی گپّان پهمگا اِنت. من وتی هر هئیالے درچکئے شاهانی سرا نبیسانَ کرت. هر رۆچ یکّ دردے من نبشتهَ کرت. درچکا په گَلے منی درد وتیگَ کرتنت و رُدانَ بوت. درچک گۆن من سکّ مهروان اَت، پمێشکا من درچکئے نام کرتگاَت مِهروان.

درچک سکّ بَز اَت و پراه و شاهگان اَت. هر سباه شانتُل و کپۆت درچکئے سرا گۆن وشّێن تئوارا کوکو کنگا اَتنت. درچک وَڑ وَڑێن مُرگانی هنکێن اَت. درچکئے ته و تۆک چه مُرگی کُدۆها پُرّ اَت. اے مُرگ منا چۆ ساها دۆست اَتنت. بێنَگمَکسکان اے درچکئے سرا بێنگ بستگاَت. درچک پوره بازارے اَت. منا

”لکّوٗ! او شومّیٚن لکّی!“

لَکّی چه براتئے تئوارا گُڑِت و جَه سرّت. دَمانا ڈائِرِی‌ای بند کرت و ڈبّھئے تھا کرت و اِشتاپ اِشتاپا باری دات.

پِتا که شرابَ وارت، درُستانی دێما ماتی زاه و بدَ کرت. پمێشکا لَکّیئے ماتا لۆگئے تها هِچ اِزّت نێستاَت. ترو و دُسکیچان آ انچۆ اَزاب کرتگاَت که باز وهدا آییئے جند شپ و رۆچ چُلّا کپتگاَت و کۆٹی دُسکیچان دست گپتگاَت. نۆکسوریا هم لکّیئے مات انچۆ تنگ بوتگ. سُهر دُسکیچّان بُرتگاَنت و لاپپُرّیئے وهدان هم ترونئے سرا نِشتگ و نانی پتکگ بله کَسّا آییئے سرا بزّگ نبوتگ. نه گۆن وتی گُهارێا گپّی کرت کرتگ، نه که دزگُهارے بوتگی که وتی دردان دَرشان کرت بکنت.

یکّ رندے لکّیئے پتا شراب وارتگاَت و نِشه اَت. لکّیئے ماتی سجّهێن شپا چَمشۆدا بند کرت.

لکّیئے پِتا مدامَ گوَشت که من دِگه جَنے گِران که منی چُکّ یکّے. گۆن اے گپّئے نبشته کنگا لَکّیئے اَرس پِٹّ پِٹّا ڈائِرِیئے تاکئے سرا رتکنت. لکّیا چه کسانیا اے درستێن چیزّ چَمّ وت دیستگاَتنت. آ، رۆچ په رۆچ وتا چه تها وران اَت بله اے درستێن چیزّ په آییئے چاگردا نۆکێن چیزّ نهاَتنت.

چینچُک سال اَت که آییئے مات بیمّار اَت بله کَسّا باورَ نبوت و داکترا هم نبُرتِش که زنگ جنگ و وتارا بیمّار کنگ جنێنانی آدت اِنت. نون آییئے مات تَهتئے باهۆٹ اَت بله انگت لۆگئے کاری سرا اَتنت.

لکّیا مرۆچی همّت کرتگاَت و سجّهێن چمدیستان نبشته کنگا اَت بله نبشتهئے همراهیا آییئے اَرس ڈائِرِیئے سرا رچَگا اَتنت. چۆناها آییا مدام هبرَ کرت، کوکّار و جاکَ کرت، بَدارا بدَ گوَشت، همے سئوبا آ شرّێن چُکّے لێککگَ نبوت. لکّیئے لۆگئے مردمان آییئے نام جاهل کرتگاَت. کَسّا آ شَرَّ نَلێکت. آیانی هئیالا شرّێن چُکّ هما اِنت که گُنگ اِنت، داوا نکَنت و هما هسابا رئوت که لۆگئے مردمَ گوَشنت...

آییئے پتا مدام گپّ گپّئے تھا گوَشت کہ شَرّیْن لوْگانی جِنکّ ھچبر وتارا نام و دَپَ نکننت. پمیْشکا، ھمینچُک کہ ھامؤشَ بئے، شَرتِر اِنت. آییئے پتا نبشتہکار وَہ ھچبر دوْستَ نبوتنت. مدامَ گوشتی کہ نبشتہکاران ھچّ اِزّت نیْست، شرّیْن لوْگانی جنیْن مردیْنانی ھمراییا لبزانکی دیوانانَ نَنِندنت و شئیر و شائریَ نکننت بلہ لکّیا ستَر جُھدَ کرت، وتی اے ھُبّ و واھگی کُشتَ نکرت. آییا لبزانکئے شئوک اَت.

آییا پہ وت ڈائِریے زُرتگ‌اَت. وتی ھر مارِشتی ھمے ڈائِریا نبشتہَ کرت. ھچبر وتی لوْگئے گپّی ڈنّا نکرتنت بلہ ھر چیزّے کہ مارت و دیستی، ھمے ڈائِریا نبشتہایَ کرت و مدام انچیْن وھدیْا شت و ڈائِریِ‌ای کَلَّ کرت کہ کَسّی مگندیت. مروْچیگیْن جاوران ھم آ لاچار کرت کہ درستیْن بالادئے دردان گوْن وتی مارشتان کلَمئے نِبّا بکنت و وتی ڈائِریئے تاکانی سرا ایْر بریْچیت.

لکّیئے ھپت گُھار اَتنت و یکّ براتے اَت. لوْگ کسان اَت، پمیْشکا لَکّی و آییئے دو گُھار مدام وتی مات و پتانی کوْٹیا وپت گوْن. آییا شپئے نیْما کہ بُستَ کرت، گیْشتر وھدا دیستی کہ مات و پت وَپت و وابا اَنت. اے ھم دیستی کہ وپت و وابئے وھدا مات چوْن اَزاب اِنت و چوْن جنَگ و پْرِنچگَ بیت بلہ ھچّ گوَشتَ نکنت. ھمے سئوَبا لَکّی شپئے نیْما گنوْک بوتگ و لرزگیْا گِپتگ بلہ وتی گُشانی دپا مان چِتگ کہ کَسّ سھیگ مبیت.

لَکّیا مُدامَ جیْڑِت کہ مات چیْا چوْ اَزاب اِنت و انگت گُنگُدامئے پئیما ھچّ نگوَشیت. ماتئے اے اَزابی و گُنگدام بئیَگا لَکّی چہ تھا ھلاس کرتگ‌اَت.

لَکّی

نَبیلہ مِہراب

لکّی چہ وتی لۆگا در آتک و چہ تلّۆئے سرا ایْر آتک، دیْم پہ لۆگئے کمپانئے کُنڈّا تچان بوت. آییا وتی دپ بستگ‌اَت، گریْوان و رئوان اَت دیْم پہ چِگردئے درچکا کہ آیانی لۆگئے کمپانئے کُنڈّا رُستگ‌اَت. آییئے چمّانی دیْما ماتئے درد، نارگ و زرد ترّتگیْن دیْم زاہِر بوتنت.

اے وھد کساس رۆچئے دو اَت، تربت و جونئے ماھئے تپتگیْن گرماگا کہ مُرگ بالا مِرنت، آ چہ ھیْدا جانشۆد اَت و دیْم پہ چِگردئے ساھگا تچان اَت. اے جاگہ آییئے لۆگئے کمپانئے کُنڈّا اَت و اۆدا مردم سکّ سکّا نرئونت. لکّی کہ اۆدا سر بوت، گۆن گریْوانیْن چمّے ھمے جاگھا کلۆنڈگا لگِّت. چارکُنڈّیْن ڈبّھے دری کرت، وتی گُشانئے لَمبی زُرت و سَپایی کرت و پدا پَچی کرت. ڈبّھئے تھا ڈائِریے و کلَمے مان اَت.

لکّی و آییئے سجّھیْن گُھارانی کۆٹی یکّیْن اَت و کۆٹیئے اَلماری ھم یکّے اَت. آییا کلَم و ڈائِری اۆدا ایْر کرت نکرتنت کہ اگن اۆدا ایْرِش بِکنت، گڑا گِرگَ بیت و آییئے نِبشتہ کرتگیْن درستیْن چیزّ سۆچگ یا دِرّگَ بنت.

همے میّتگا که اُمیّتان هر وهدا نانئے پنڈگا شت، مروّچی پئوجا همے میّتگئے سرا اُرُش کرت و بازیّن مردمے دَزگیر کرت و گوّن وت برت. اِشانی تها اُمیّتان هم هئوار اَت.

اُمیّتانئے میّتگ وئیران اَت. پرُشتگیّن در و دیوال آییئے ودارا اَتنت بله هپتگیّا گیّش اَت که اُمیّتانئے هچّ گواه نیّستاَت.

و وَرنا و مَردێن و جنێن، بازێنے چه اے بمباریا مُرتگ‌اَت. پَشت کپتگێن مردمان په وتی ساهئے رَکّێنگا وتی زمین و لۆگ یله داتنت و باریْن کُجا شتنت؟

اُمێتانئے لۆگئے درُستێن مردم مُرتگ‌اَتنت. جَن و چُکّ، برات و گُهار، مات و پِت، کَسّ سَر نئیاتکگ‌اَت. مێتَگئے مردمان لَڈّگئے وَهدا اُمێتان مِنّت کرت که بیا گۆن، اِدا مجلّ، اے پئوج ترا هم کُشیت بله اُمێتانا وتی زمین و پرُشتَگێن لۆگ و جاگه یله نداتنت.

رۆچ جَهل رئوان اَت. اُمێتان شُدا بێوار کرتگ‌اَت. آ پاد آتک.

"من انّون کایان،" آییا گۆن پرُشتگێن دیوالان گوَشت.

اُمێتان، لاپئے دۆزهئے آسئے تۆسگا مُدام نَزّیکّێن مێتگا شت و مێتَگئے مردمان چُنڈے نگنَ دات. همے وڑا آ وتی زندئے رۆچان تێلانک دئیان اَت.

اے مێتَگئے مردمان باز گوَشت که تئو هَمِدا بنِند، مرئو. وتی مێتَگئے پرُشتَگێن لۆگ و جاگهان یله کن. پئوج ترا کُشیت و کَسّ سهیگَ نبیت بله آییئے پسّئو مُدام همِش اَت که من وتی زمین و جاگهان یلهَ نکنان.

وهدے اُمێتان دگّئے کرّا گوَزگا اَت، پئوجیان پجّاه آورت و آییئے سرا کندتِش. اُمێتانا پوره هنجرے دلا لگّت بله بێتئواریا گوَست. سپاهیگان تئوار جت که بیا اِدا ورگ بوَر، بله آییا هچّ نگوَشت و رئوان بوت. دژمنئے ورگ آییئے دلا بَز اَتنت.

میٖتَگا دگه کَسّ نیٖستاَت که اُمیٖتان گوٗن آییا گپّے بجنت. اَلّاه بِزانت چه بمباریا میٖتَگئے درُستیٖن مردم مرتگاَتنت یا لڈّتگ و دِگه جاهے شتگاَتنت بله اُمیٖتانا مَرکئے تُرسا وتی ڈیٖه، زمین و پِت و پیرُکی گِس یله نداتگاَتنت.

نون مگربئے وهد اَت، روٗچ ایٖر رئوَگا اَت. اُمیٖتانا گوٗن دیوالان گپّ جنَگ بِندات کرت. "منی گپّان کَسّ سرپدَ نبیت. منا گوٗن کَسّا گِلَگ نیٖست بله شُما هم منی گپّان سرپدَ نبیٖت." آییا دیوال چارِتنت و پدا گوٗشی گوٗن دیوالان کرتنت. اَنچوٗ سما بئیگا اَت که دیوال آییئے گپّان گوٗش دارَگا اَنت و پدا آییئے گپّانی پسّئوا هم دئیگا اَنت.

"منا اے گم نهاِنت که منی زَهگ مُرتگاَنت و لوٗگ و جاگه پرُشتگاَنت. اے زمین که تئو اِشیئے سرا اوٗشتاتگئے، اے منا چه پِت و پیرُکان رَستگ." آییا دست پرُشتگیٖن دیوالیٖئے سرا ایٖر کرت و گوَشت. "مروٗچی اِدا چه مرکئے تُرسا کَسّ نیٖست بله میٖتَگئے مردم یکّ روٗچے واتَرَّ کنت و پدا کایَنت. منا شُمئے تباهی و بربادیئے گم اِنت. یکّ وهدے کئیت که شُما پدا آبادَ بیٖت. سَکّیئے وهد هرکسئے سَرا کئیت."

اُمیٖتانئے ایٖوکیئے همراه میٖتَگئے پرُشتگیٖن در و دیوال اَتنت که اُمیٖتانئے گپّش گوٗشَ داشتنت. جوابشَ ندات بله اُمیٖتانئے دل سُبَکّ بوت. اُمیٖتان همے یکّیٖن اُمیٖتا زندگ اَت و وداریگ اَت که شتگین مردم واتَرَّ بنت و پدا ڈیٖها کاینت، میٖتَگ پدا پیٖسریگیٖن دئور و نئوبتانَ بیت.

میٖتَگئے کَشا چین و پاکستانئے مزنیٖن دَگّے جوٗڑ بئیگا اَت. هر میٖتگ که دَگّئے کَش و کِرّانَ کپت، پئوجا سرمچارانی کئیمپئے نامَها هئوایی بمباریَ کرت و تباهَ کرت. جان مهمد بازار هم چه پئوجئے بمباریا تباه بوتگاَت. شیرمِچیٖن زهگ و پیر

سُتککگێن شهرئے گڈّی بنیٓادم

سَبیهه کَریم

اُمیّتان اے سُتککگێن شَهرئے گُڈّی بنیٓادم اَت. بَسّ همے اوّستا زِندگ اَت که کسے کئیت و اے بازار دوبر آبادَ بیت، زندگیَ بیت.

تیّوَگێن میّتَگ بَمبان درُشتگ‌اَت، تباه اَت. نه بنیٓادم، نه سَهدار... هچّئے گْواه نیّست‌اَت. میّتگ وئیران اَت. بَسّ پرُشتَگێن و سُتکَگێن دَر و دیوالانی هِشت و ڈوّک اَتنت.گیّشترێن لوّگ و جاگه کپتگ‌اَتنت. بازیّنے مان دارگ بوتگ‌اَت. هئوایی بمباریا درُستێن لوّگ و جاگه پروّشتگ‌اَتنت. اے میّتگ که یکّ وهدے کِساس دو هزار مردمئے هَنکێن اَت، نون اُمیّتانئے یکّێن سرا ابیّد اِنسان و اِنسانی زاتئے دگه هچّ نام و نِشان نیّست‌اَت.

میّتَگئے نزّیکّا یکّ مزنێن دَگّے جوّڑ بئیگا اَت که اوّدا ڈَنّی مردم کارا اَتنت و په آیانی جانئے پهریّزگا پئوج اوّشتاتگ‌اَت.

میّتگئے هِشت و ڈوّکانی پانپاییا بَسّ یکّێن اُمیّتان سَر آتککگ‌اَت. آ پرُشتگێن بانیّئے تها نِشتگ‌اَت. روّچ که چِستَ بوت، رُژن و برانزی تَچکا اے بیّساهِگێن بانا تالان اَتنت بله آ چه روّچئے گرمیّن بْرانزان تکانسُر نه‌اَت.

گوَشتی، منا یک همراهے بدئییّت، گُدانَ کاریّن. هئو، ناکوّ. همِدا من جُست کرت که شمئے نام کئے اِنت؟ گوَشتی، یاکوب اِنت. من گوّن اکرما گوَشت که برئو اَبدُرَهیما تئوار بکن. اَبدُرَهیم که آتک، من گوَشت که اَبّا اَبدُرَهیم، تئو ناکوّئے همراه بئے، مئے گُدان بیار. منی برات دوّست مهمدا په من دیّم داتگ‌اَنت. آییا گوَشت، کجام دوّست مهمد؟ من گوَشت، منی برات اِنت و دَبئییا اِنت، گوَشتگی ماهبیا اے سالا هجّا دیّمَ دئیان. اَبدُرَهیما منا مُبارکباتی دات، پدا گوّن ناکوّا گوَشتی، ترا سئینکلے گوّن. من هم سئینکلے زوران کریّهی. ناکوّا گوَشت، نه سئینکلا دستا گران. دویّن برات گپّ جنانا رئویّن.'

ماهبیا وتی گینّ بالا کنانا گپّ دیّما برت و گوَشتی: 'اَبدُرَهیمی بُرت اَلسئوودی هوّٹلا نادیّنتی و گوَشتی که تئو چاه ور، گُد لوّگا اَنت، من انّون کایان. آییئے هئیال اَت که زانا لوّگی همے تل و توّکانَ بیت. اَبدُرَهیم تان ده بجا نِشت، دمی برت. ناکوّ پهک بیّگواه بوت. اَبدُرَهیم گوّن هُشکیّن دستان پِر ترّت.'"

"مدینه! تئوِ مات ائے، همے سئوَبا اِشان وام و بدلئے سئوگند وارتگ. هُدا وتی بندها تاوانَ دنت که دیّما وتا بپهریّزیت. هئو، ناکوّ یاکوبئے کِسّها اگن زندگ بوتان، پدا مدینه ترا گوَشان که اے مردا باریّن چینچُک مردمئے زرّ زرتگ‌اَنت. چه ماهبیا وه دو سدی زُرت، بله چه لهتیّن مردما ده ده هزار کلداری هم پُلتگ. مئے اے گلزمینا چُشیّن ردیّن مردم هم هست‌اِنت."

شاریا گپّئے تھا ٹھک دئیانا گوَشت: 'هووو، شرّ اِنت، و دومی دَبئییئے گُد و سَهت و راڈوّ گڑیال.'

من گوَشت: 'شاری! تئو بسّ کن، ماهبی بلّی هبرا پورهَ کنت.'

ماهبیا گوَشت: 'بلُّک! شاری هما اِنت که آتکگ، منی سرا کندگا اِنت.'

'تئو شاریا بِلّ، وتی گپّا بکن.'

'بلُّک! وشّاتک و دْرَهباتیا رَند جُستُن کرت که منی برات دوّست مهمد جوّڑ اِنت؟ گوَشتی، هئو جوّڑ و ڈّڈّ اِنت، شمارا باز یاتَ کنت و اے هم گوَشتگی که گُهارا من اے سالا هجّا دیّمَ دئیان. اوّهِ من، همے براتا یکّ سریگے په من دیّم ندات و اے منا هجّا دیّمَ دنت! من نون گلا بال آن که براتا اینچک چیزّ په من دیّم داتگ. آییا گوَشت، منا ماهے بیت که چه دَبئییا آتکگان، بله شما زانیّت مُلک کراچی اِنت، دوّست و سنگت، دومی سکّ دزگتّ بوتگان. سد کلدار کسٹما کپتگ. سد کلدارئے نام من اِشکت، دلا گوَشتُن، ماهبی سد نه دو سد کلدار بدئے. آییا پدا گوَشت پرچا که پدا منا زوتّ رئوگی اِنت، شمارا اگن سلام و کاگدے دیّم دئیگی اِنت، بدئییّت منا، بله آ وت هم زوتّانَ کئیت کراچیا. همِدا من یات کرت که ماهبی، واجَکارا چاها وَه بِلّ، تئو آپئے هم جُستا نکنئے؟ من گوَشت، ناکوّ شما نندیّت، من په شما چاه جوّڑَ کنان و کایان. مرد با نِشت. اکرم آییئے کشا لچّت. مردا چاه وارت و پاد آتک. من سَلاه جت، ناکوّ سُبارگئے وهد اِنت. سُبارگ بکن و برئو. گوَشتی، نه منی مات، هُدا گنج بدنت شمارا. من دو سد کلدار دات.

بله ماهبیا ترکّگ نکرت.

’ھان، شاری! تئو بگوَش چے بوتگ؟‘

’ماهبی! بلُّکا هالان بدئے. تئو هئیران ائے.‘ شاریا ٹھکے دات.

ماهبی زهر گپت و گوَشتی: ’بلُّک! چے بگوَشان؟ شاری منی سرا کندیت، بله منا وتی جندئے سرا کندگَ کئیت. اے اکرم که زی تچان تچانا آتک که بیا اَمّا، ترا مردمے لوّٹیت، مردم بزان ٹَگّے بوتگ.‘

’ٹَگّے؟‘

’جی، بلُّک! باریّن کئے بوتگ؟ بزان اکرم گوّن زهگان لئیبا بیت، اے پیریّن مردَ کئیت و جُستَ کنت، تئو کئیی زهگ ائے؟ آ گوَشیت، ماهبیئے. پتئے ناما جُستَ کنت. اکرمَ گوَشیت، منی پت مُرتگ، منی ناکوّ دوّست مهمد اِنت، دَبئیبا اِنت، منی ماتئے برات اِنت. آ گوَشیت، وتی ماتا بگوَش که تئیی براتا په شما گُد و گڑیال و دو کمبل دیّم داتگ، بله گُد باز اَنت. اکرم آیبا پسّئوَ دنت که منی مات اِدا نهاِنت، بلُّکئے لوّگا شتگ، رئوان تئواریَ کنان. آ گوَشیت که اِنّه، من باندا کایان ده بجا، دگه کَسّا مگوَش، ایّوکا وتی ماتا بگوَش.

اکرما زی منا نگوَشت که آبیئے ناکوّا گُد و کمبل و سَهت دیّم داتگ. اے گپّ پدا منا لوّگا آتک و گوَشتی. ده بَج و نیّما دروازگ ٹکّگَ بیت، اکرمَ رئوت و چاریت، هما مرد اِنت. اکرم منا تئوارَ جنت که اَمّا، هما ناکوّ اِنت. من شتان و تئوارُن کرت، بیا ناکوّ. من چوّن بکرتیّن، منی هئیال اَت شَرّیّن مردے.‘

’پیرێن مرد کئے اِنت؟ اکرم، راست بگوَش لۆگا نِشتگ؟‘

’اِنّه، آ شتگ. گوَشتی باندا کایان ده بجا.‘

’بلُّک! مارا اجازت اِنت؟ وشّ اِنت. شاری، برئوێن؟ بلُّک! دلا مئیار، جُمَها پدا کاێن.‘

جُمَه وتی جاگھا اَت، چاران اکرم پێداک اِنت.

’بلُّک! بیا مات شمارا لۆٹیت.‘

’تئیی مات جوڑ اِنت؟‘

’ھئو.‘

’تئو برئو، من پێداک آن.‘

تئو وَه زانئے مدینه که کپوَتئے وسواسێن دل. زی آتکنت و مرۆچی پدا نپرِش کرت.

اے دومی رۆچئے بێگاه اِنت، اَسُرئے نمازا رَند من شتان، چاران ماھبی نمازا اِنت، شاریا چلیمّ سوٹّ مان سوٹّ اِنت.

’ھان، چُکّان! ھئیر اِنت؟‘

’ھئو، بلُّک!‘ شاریا درّاێنت. ماھبیا په ھیلّتے نماز ھلاس کرت و آتک منی کشا نِشت.

’تئو اکرم په ھئیری دێم داتگ؟‘

شاری کندگا لگِّت و گوَشتی: ’جی ھئو، په ھئیری.‘

گریب وَہ کَسّی سیاد نہاِنت. دو سد وَہ دو سد اِنت، منا سد کلدارِش هم ندات، بله لاچار آن، پدا رئوان مِهرُکا گوَشان.“

”مدینه! مِهرُکا مگوَش، پرچا که ماهبی و شاری و مِهرُک ترا ندئینت.“

”منا مِهرُک هم ندنت؟“

”مدینه! اِشان وام و بدلئے دئیگ سئوگند کرتگ، سئوگند!“

”چیّئے سئوگند؟ هدائے دُرّیّن نبیئے سئوگند، پاکیّن کتابئے، تئوبه تئوبه. منی ڈئولیّن گریب کجا برئوت، بلُّک؟ انچیّن هبرے بوتگ که چُشیّن زنڈّیّن سئوگندِش چِست کرتگ؟ اگن نه وام و بدلئے مات نمُرتگ.“

”مدینه! نگوَشنت که مارئے وارتگیّن مردم چه سادا تُرسیت؟“

”هئو، بلُّک! شرَّ گوَشئے.“

”نون ترا بگوَشان که اے وام و بدلَ ندئینت، چیّا. یکّ رۆچے ماهبی و شاری منی گِندگا بزان کاینت که رئویّن بلُّکا چاریّن، بله اِشانی آیگئے ساهتیّا رند ماهبیئے بچّ اکرمَ کئیت.

’امّا! بیا ترا مردمے لۆٹیت.‘

’اکرم! کئے اِنت؟‘

’پیریّن مردے.‘

بلُّک کپوّت

بانُل دَشتیاری

"بلُّک! هبرے بکنان شما زَهرَ نگریّت؟"

"مَدینه! تئو انچیّن هبرے مکن که گوّن هبرا دل منی دو کپّ ببیت."

"چُشیّن هبرے نه‌اِنت. بلُّک! ماهبی و شاریا منی هال شمارا نداتگ؟ مَدینها ده روّچ اِنت که په دو سد کلدارا رئوت و کئیت."

"اِنّه، مَدینه!"

"بلُّک! شاری و ماهبی یکّ هبرے چه شما چیّزَ ندئینت، منی هالِش شمارا نداتگ، چیّا؟"

"مَدینه! اے جُستئے پدا ماهبی و شاریا بکن. نون تئو بگوَش ده رَند په دو سد کلدارا تئو داتگ، چیّا؟"

"بلُّک! وتی لاچاریا. زهگانی گُد مِشینا کپتگ‌اَنت. سرا گرانیّن روّچ پیّداک اَنت. ماهبی و شاریا هرکسئے گَتّ گُشاد کرتگ‌اَنت، بله بزان منِ گریبارا داتِش نکرت.

آرۆسا تنینگه ماهے نگوَستگ‌اَت که منی پِتا وتی پِکٹریئے دراهێن زِمّهواری منا دات و من هم پِتئے گپّ زُرت، چێا که پتا منا زِندئے دراهێن وشّی و آسراتی داتگ‌اَتنت. منی مات هما وهدا بێران بوتگ که من کسان بوتگان و منا پتا رۆدێنتگ.

اے پئیما منی رۆچ اَپیسا و شَپ لۆگا گوَستنت. گۆن پِکٹریئے کاران بَرے بَرے ڈنّی مُلکان هم منی رئو و آ بوت. پُرّێن سالێا پد منی لۆگیا کمّے نئوَشّی زاهِر کرت که من آییا کمّ وهد دئیگا آن بله وتی دراهێن دزگتّی آییئے دێما پدّر کرتنت و سرپد کرت.

مرۆچی اَپیسا رئوَگا اَتان، نێم‌راها تْرانَگا کپتان که من وتی اَپیسئے لهتێن کاگد لۆگا شَمُشتگ. پدا واترُّن کرت. وهدے لۆگا سر بوتان، گِندان که پِتئے کمرهئے دروازگ نێم‌پَچ اِنت. من گوَشت رئوان و پِتا چاران. اَپیسا رئوگا پێسر من پِت اِجازت نکرتگ‌اَت. بله اَنچۆ که دروازَگئے دَپا رستان، سِنگ و سْیاه بوتان. من دیست که منی زال و منی پِت...

نون تئو وت بگوَش که اے نِدارَگئے گِندگا پد من زِندگ بوتَ کنان؟"

”بۆشت،“ من تئوار کرت. آ اۆشتات، چَکّی جَت و منا چارَگا لگِّت.

”گِندگا وَہ تئو ساریْن مردمے ائے، تئو پرچا چه وتی زِندا بیْزار و نااُمیْت ائے؟“ ھچّی نگوَشت، دیْمی تَرّیْنت و رئوَگا لگِّت.

”اِنّه، من ترا چۆ رئوگا نئیلان، منی جُستئے پسّئوا بِدئے،“ من چه پُشتی نیْمگا آییئے کۆپگئے سَرا دَست ایْر کرت و گوَشت.

من مزنیْن کۆشِستیْا پد آ رازیگ کرت، وتی گاڑیا سوار کرت و وتی لۆگا آورت گۆن. آ من وتی اۆتاگا نادیْنت، گلاسے آپ و کۆپے چاہ آورت و دیْما دات.

”تئو تنینگه منی جُستئے پَسّئو نداتگ.“

گۆن اے گپّئے اِشکُنگا آییا گلاسئے آپ وارتنت و گلاس ٹیْبَلئے سرا ایْر کرت، چه چاھا گُٹّے گِپتی و ھبر کنگا لگِّت.

”تئیی ھئیالا من وتا پرچا کُشکَ لۆٹان؟“ آییا چه من جُست کرت.

من پسّئو دات: ”کار و رۆزگار نیْست، تئو بیْرۆزگار ائے، پَمیْشکا.“

آییا بِچکندِت.”اِنّه اے گپّ نه‌اِنت. اگن تئو منی وتکُشیئے بارئوا زانگَ لۆٹئے گُڑا گۆش دار. منی پِت اے شَھرئے سیْر و ھَزگاریْن مَردُمے و کئےکئے پِکٹریئے واھُند اِنت. دو سال پیْسرئے گپّ اِنت. مئے پکٹریا گریبیْن جنکّے کارا اَت. منا سکّ دۆست بوت. ڈئولداریْن جِنکّے اَت. من گۆن وتی پِتا گوَشت که من بے اِشیا نبان. من پِتئے یکّیْن و لاڑُکیْن چُکّ اَتان، پَمیْشکا پِتا منی گپّ نَپرۆشت و مارا سوری دات.

وَتکُشی

ائین ائین دَشتی

من وتی دستئے گڑیال چارِت، بێگاهئے هپت بَج بوتگ‌اَت. من یکّ سُبکّێن جانکَشّێا پد چه وتی کُرسیا پاد آتکان. من چه اَپیسئے دێما وتی گاڑی زُرت و دێم په لۆگا رَهادگ بوتان.

مرۆچی آسمانا جَمبران بستگ‌اَت، مۆسم باز جَلوه‌ناک اَت و من همے مۆسمئے دِلکَشّیا گار اَتان. اَناگتا یکّێا منی گاڑیئے دێما دئور کرت. اگن منی پاد بِرِکّئے سرا مَکپتێن و من زوتّ بِرِکّ مَجتێن، اَلّما آ مُرتگ‌اَت. من دمانا چه گاڑیا ایر آتکان و دیست که آ ڈئولدار و جانا پُرّێن ورناے و اُمری کِساس بیست تان بیست و پَنچ سالَ بیت.”اگن منی گاڑیئے بِرِکّان کار مکرتێن، تئو اے دُنیایا نه‌اَتئے،“ من په ترُندی گوَشت.

”بِلّی مُرتگ‌اَتان، تئو بِرِکّ پرچا جَت؟ زانا اے دُنیایا ٹرئیپکئے هادِسَهان مردمَ نمرنت؟“ آییا په نرمی درّاێنت.

”ترا اگن وتی زِند دۆست نه‌اِنت گڑا په وتکُشیا دگه راه باز اِنت، منی گاڑیئے دێما پرچا دئورِت کرت؟“ آییا منی جُستئے هچّ پسئو ندات و دێمی تَرّێنت و رئوَگا لگِّت.

رۆچا که وتی چمّ پچ کرتنت، ناکۆا جیڑِت که منی سرجمێن شپ گۆن هئیالان گوَستگ. وتی دستئے کتابی دارئے پێتیا ایر کرت و پێتیئے دپی بند کرت و پاد آتک که چاران باریِن چۆنێن بْرَمشے اے بامگواها؟

وهدے آییا در پچ کرت، دیستی که مردم مُچّ اَنت و هبرا اَنت. نزّیکّا رئوانا ناکۆا جُست کرت که چِه گپّے؟ یکّیا ناکۆئے نێمگا چارِت و پسّئو دات: "ناکۆ! ساهتیا پێسر لهتێن مردما اے لاش اِدا ایر کرتگ و شتگ‌اَنت."

"لاش؟" ناکۆا په هَبکّهی جُست کرت و پدا زوتّ لاشئے کرّا سر بئیگئے جُهدا گامی ترُند ترُندا چست کرتنت. ناکۆا لاش که دیست، ودارئے ساهتی آسر بوتنت.

گۆریچّ هما دابا سَر جنان دێم په منزلا رئوان اَت. رُژنا شپئے تهاری پُشتا دئور داتگ‌اَت و رۆچ چه کَنڈگئے پُشتا په در آیگا بێتاهیر اَت.

هر وهدا که شۆهازا دهکان و کارا دلگۆشێن مردمَ دیستنت، چه پِتا جُستیَ کرت که دهکان وتی ڈگاران پرچا اینچُک دۆستَ دارنت؟ پِتا پسئوَ دات: "منی چُکّ! ڈگار دهکانا زندَ دنت. ڈگار که هستاِنت، دهکان هستاِنت. نون آ ڈگار که دهکانا زندَ دنت، گڑا دهکانا اَلّم گۆن آ ڈگارا مِهرَ بیت. انچۆ که ماتے وتی چُکّا رۆدێنیت و په آییا جُهدَ کنت، همے وڑا ڈگار په دهکانا ماتے که دهکانا رۆدێنیت. ڈگار دهکانئے مات اِنت و چُکّ په وتی ماتا چۆن بێمِهر بوتَ کنت؟"

نون بامگواه بوتگ‌اَت. چُلّئے آسا وتا زندگ دارگئے باز جُهد کرت بله بێکار. ناکۆا وتی هئیالانی همراهداری انگت یله نداتگ‌اَت. هئیالا کپت که من یکّ رندے گۆن شۆهازا گوَشت: "مردمَ گوَشنت: 'تئیی بچّ اۆدا باریْن چِه وڑیْن کاران دَزگَتّ اِنت؟ تئو جُستیَ نکنئے که اۆدا چے کنت؟' تئو بِگوَش که تئیی وانَگ چۆن اِنت؟"

"منی پت! وانَگ سَکّ شَرّ اِنت. چَکّاس شَرّ گوَستگ،" په بچکندگ گوَشتی. "منی پت! ترا یات اِنت من کسان اَتان، تئو گوَشت: 'آ ڈگار که مارا زندَ دنت، الّم گۆن آییا مهرَ بیت؟' مِهرا جاهے دَرکار اِنت،" شۆهازا گوشت.

آسا نون ساه داتگ‌اَت. پیریْن پتئے شپ کدی گۆن ورناێن بچّئے هئیالان رۆچ بوت، آییا هچّ سَما نبوت. بامئے سارتیْن رُژن گۆن سُهرچَکیْن رنگیْا هر گوَرا تالان اَت. اناگت ڈَنّا باز مردمئے برَمش ناکۆئے گۆشان کپت. گۆن اے تئواران، آ چه وتی هئیالان دَر آتک.

بامئے رُژن چه ناکۆئے لۆگئے دریگ و درانی شَما لۆگئے تها آیگا اَت.

”پرچا، منی چُکّ؟“

”من ترا گوَشتَ نکنان. بله منا باز کار هست.“

چۆن وَشّ اَتنت هما رۆچ که شۆهاز گۆن من مُدام یکجاه اَت. نون باریّن کُجا اِنت؟ کئے بزانت؟ ناکۆا جیّڑِت.

شۆهازا دو سال پیّسر وتی وانَگ سرجم کرتگ‌اَت بله وانَگئے سرجم کنگا رند هم وتی لۆگا سَکّ کَمّ آتک. پدا یکّ مکتبیّا، دگه کئورسیّا داکِلهای زُرت و همانگُر جَلّت.

کساس سالے پیّسر، یکّ رۆچے ناکۆ مئیار یکّیّا هال دات که شۆهاز چه وتی هاسٹلئے کۆٹیا ناشناسیّن مردمان آوار جتگ و بُرتگ. ناکۆا باوَر نبوت و په هئیرانی جُستی کرت: ”منی بچّا زانا چِه گُناه کرتگ؟“ آییا پسّئو دات که گُناها شما وت بزانیّت، بله من اِشکتگ که مرۆچان مردم چِست کنَگ و بیّگواه کنگ بئیگا اَنت. بازیّن مردمے چه سالان بیّگواه اِنت.

ناکۆئے هئیالانی زِرا چئولے پرُشت. جیّڑِتی که باندا شۆهازئے بیّگواهیا سالے سرجمَ بیت. ”هما زمستان، هما گۆریچّ، هما برپ بَستگیّن ماهکانیّن شپ گۆن هما اِستاران... و شپئے اے پاسا رند الّما بامگواهَ بیت. بله شۆهاز! بَسّ تئیی گُواه نیّست،“ ناکۆ گۆن وت هبَرا اَت.

شپئے سئیمی پاس هم آسر بئیَگی اَت. بامگواه یکّ گامے آ دیّم اۆشتاتگ‌اَت و تهاری وتا گار کنَگئے نِدارَگا پَدّر کنَگا اَت. ناکۆ، پدا وتی یاتانی مَلگُزارا سئیلا لَگِّت.
”آ هم وهدے اَت که شۆهاز کسان اَت و من وتی همراهیا دُگارانی سرا بُرت گۆن.“

چمّان دو ترمپ اَرس رِتک و آییئے دستئے کتابئے سرا کپت و چه آسئے شَهما درَپشَگا لَگِّتنت.

اے کتاب ناکۆ مئیارئے ورنایْن بَچّ شۆهازئیگ اَتنت. اے اَکس هم شۆهازا جۆڑ کرتگ‌اَتنت. شۆهازا باز کَمّ بله باز جوانیْن اَکس جۆڑ کرتگ‌اَت. شَرّیْن نَکشکارے اَت. ناکۆ مئیارا هر وهدا که شۆهاز جُستَ کرت: "منی چُکّ! اے چۆنیْن اَکس اَنت که کَسّیش سرپد هم نبیت؟" آییا پسّئوَ دات: "منی پت! یکّ رۆچے کئیت که هرکس منی اَکسانی مانایا سرپدَ بیت."

گوَستگیْن یات ناکۆئے چمّانی زِرا اۆژناگ کنگا لَگِّتنت. هئیالا کپت که من چار سال پیْسر چۆنیْن نگیْگیْن جاورانی تها شۆهاز په وانَگا یونیوَرسٹیا دیْم دات. شۆهازا وانَگئے سَکّ شئوک اَت، پمیْشکا پِتا لۆٹِت که هر هالا دیْما بوانیْنانی.

یکّ رۆچے که شۆهاز چُٹّیان لۆگا آتکگ اَت، پتا گوَشت: "منی چُکّ! نون تئو وتی وانَگا بَسّ کن و په وت شَرّیْن کارے دَر گیْج که تئیی زند شَرّ ببیت. من وَه وتی سرجمیْن زندا دِهکانی کرتگ."

شۆهازا پَسئو دات: "منی پت! منی نِزّا شَرّیْن زند آنه‌اِنت که تهنا وتی جند آسودگ ببیت. اگن من په وتی سرجمیْن راجا شَرّیْن زندے شۆهاز کرت گڑا من سرپدَ بان که من وتی زند شَرّ گوازیْنت، و په اِشیا منا بازیْن تَچ و تاگے کنگی اِنت."

"سرجمیْن راج؟ شۆهاز! من تئیی گپّا سرپدَ نبان بله اے رندی تئو وتی سجّهیْن چُٹّیان همدا گوازیْن."

"منی پت! منا سئے چار رۆچا رند رئوگی اِنت."

دارئے پیّتیا کپتنت. ناکوّئے دلا گوَشت پیّتیا پچ کن بله پدا گوّن دگه هئیالیّئے آیگا وتی اِرادهی بدل کرت. گوَشتی بِلّی.

پدا، دومی رندا که چمّی هما کُنڈا شتنت، ناکوّ مئیارئے دل دارگ نبوت. گُشاد گُشادا پاد آتک و هما نیّمگا رئوگا لَگِّت. پیّتیئے کرّا که شت و سر بوت، مَدان مَدانا نِشت و پیّتیئے دپی پچ کرت. پیّتیا، سرا هاک و دنز پِر نیّستاَت بله آییئے تهئے چیّریّن چیزّ دَنزا سَربار اَتنت. گُمان بوت که چه کَرنان پچ کنگ نبوتگ. پیّتیئے تها لهتیّن کتاب و لهتیّن دَسکَشّیّن اَکس ایّر اَت.

ناکوّا زَنڈّیّن کتابے چِست کرت و آییئے هاکی چَنڈِتنت، اے کَش و آ کَشی چارِتنت و پَچی کرت. "منی چمّ نِزوّر اَنت. اگن نزوّر مبوتیّننت هم، من زانا کُجا وانگَ زانان؟" ناکوّا جئوَڑِت. آییئے چمّ چه بازیّن ودار و رَهچاریا نزوّر اَتنت و جندی چه بازیّن گَم و گُرسَتان گوَشئے چه وتی اُمرا مستر اَت. وتی دستئے کتابی ایّر کرت و دزموّش کنگا لَگِّت. دَسکَشّیّن اکسے دری کرت و هورت هورتا چارِتی. اکسئے تها یکّ آدیّنکے اَت که پرُشتگ و سئے بهرا اَت.

اے آدیّنکئے تها زالبولیّئے اَکس اَت که سئییّن بهرانی تها پدّر اَت و چه زالئے چَمّان گوَشئے جُستے سَر کشّگا اَت. چه آییئے چمّان هوّنئے اَرس شیّپ گِران اَتنت و آییئے کِرّ و گوَران سانکل ایّر اَت."باریّن کئیی اَکس اِنت؟" ناکوّا جیڑِت.

"مدام که هُشکا نِشتگ، گوّن همے اَکسانی جوّڑ کنگا دِلگوّش بوتگ،" یکّ رندے پدا ناکوّ گوّن وت گپّا اَت. پدا گوّن کتابانی چَنڈَگا دلگوّش بوت."چوّنیّن زنڈ زنڈّیّن کتاب اَنت. کَسّ نزانت چے و چے وانتگی." گوّن همے گپّا چه ناکوّ مئیارئے

رُژنئے کُلئو

کَریمه بلۆچ

مرۆچی شپ گوَشئے چه گوَستگێن شپان سارتِر اَت. گۆریچّ تُرُند تُرُندا کَشّگا اَت، ماهِکانی هر نێمگا کئور و درَچک و دارانی سرا تالان اَت و شپئے سارتیا گوَشئے گێش کَنان اَت. اے سارتێن شَپا گۆریچّ یَکپئیما کَشّگا اَت. ماه درَپشَگا اَت. آسمان گوَشئے ترۆنگل گُوارَگا اَت. شپئے دو پاس که آسر بوت، سرجمێن بازارئے مردم وتی لۆگانی تها وابئے اَمبازان شتنت و چه بانداتئے پِگرا بێسَما بوتنت.

بازارئے رۆنندی نێمگا کَبرِستانے هستاَت. بله اے کَبرِستان و اے بازارئے نیاما هچّ تپاوَت نێستاَت. کَبرِستان هامۆش اَت، اے بازار هم هامۆش اَت. چه بازارئے سجّهێن لۆگان کَمُّک گِستا لۆگے هستاَت که کَندیلی اَنگت رۆک اَت. سارتیئے کَمّ کنگئے هاترا چُلّئے تها آسے رۆک اَت. اے لۆگئے تها یکّ پیرمردے گۆن وتی هئیالان نِشتگ و جێڑگا اَت.

ناکۆ مئیارا مرۆچیگێن شپئے واب چه وتی چمّان دور دئور داتگاَت. وتی تهتئے سرا نِشتگ و چُلّئے رۆکێن آسا چارَگا اَت و وڑ وڑێن هئیالانی زِرئے جُهلانکیا کَپتگ و گار اَت. ناکۆا اَناگت وتی سَر اَنچێن زُرُمبِشتے دات که گوَشئے نگێگێن هئیالے چه وت سِندَگ لۆڅَگا اَت. همے ساهتا ناکۆ مئیارئے چَمّ لۆگئے کُنڈّا ایّرێن

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گۆن اِنگریٖزی رجانکان

نزّ آرۆک:

نۆرۆز هئیات، اَبدُل مالک و مَلِک زئینُلدینی

گۆن کارینا جهانیئے همکاریا