

Unheard Voices

Twenty-one short stories in Balochi
with English translations

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

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ABSTRACT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Introduction

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Part 1. Introductory matters in English;

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

Part 3. The stories in Balochi Latin script;

Part 4. The stories in Balochi Arabic script.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Brief Notes on Short Story Writing in Balochi

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Introduction of the Translators and Editors

Translators

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

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

For Carina Jahani, see editors.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Editors

For Nagoman Baloch, see pp. 143–144.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Introductions of the Authors
and
English Translations of the Stories

Human Relations

Altaf Baloch

Introduction⁴⁰

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

⁴² Kech: Estin Publications. November 2018.

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

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

The Statues

Written by Altaf Baloch

Translation by Mahganj Taj

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hakim Baloch

Introduction⁴⁴

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

⁵⁵ For bibliographic information, see fn. 44.

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

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

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

The Adulterer

Written by Hakim Baloch

Translation by Fazal Baloch

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nasim Dashti

Introduction⁵⁹

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

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

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

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

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

⁶⁰ For bibliographic information, see fn. 59.

Uncle

Written by Nasim Dashti

Translation by Fazal Baloch

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

“Her...?” I asked, astonished.

“Yes, yes. She is your aunt Dorgol.”

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

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

“Walaykum salam.” May God be with you.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I... I...”

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

“I...I... Won’t you mind?”

“No I won’t. Tell me.”

“Dorgol.”

“Yes, go on.”

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

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

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

“No... but...”

“But what?”

“Times have changed a lot...”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then a pain arose in my heart.

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

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

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

This wide earth accommodates even a dishonest woman like Dorgol.

Of course life is beautiful for my uncle too.

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

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

Naimatullah Gichki

Introduction⁶¹

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Patrimony

Written by Naimatullah Gichki

Translation by Hooras Sabzal

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sayad Hashmi

Introduction

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Lost Coin

Written by Sayad Hashmi

Translation by Fazal Baloch

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"A rupee."

"A note?"

"No, a coin."

"So what?"

"It's gone."

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

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

"What kind of water?"

"Drinking water."

"Yes, there is."

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

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

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

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

"A cup of tea."

"What else?"

“Nothing else.”

“Alright. I’ll bring you some eggs.”

“When?”

“Tomorrow.”

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

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

“I’ll sit down.”

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

“Mahal.”

“Mahal?”

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

“Are *you* married?”

“Yes.”

“Any children?”

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

“Is he angry with you?”

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

“But what?”

“Nothing.”

“You didn’t ask me my name.”

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

“What business is it of yours?”

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

“So, you’ve been spying on me!”

“Do you enjoy being alone?”

“Why do you ask?”

“No special reason.”

“What do you think?”

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

“At least not at this very moment.”

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

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

“You drank and my thirst was quenched.”

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

“Whose coin?”

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

“Oh! That lost coin?”

“Yes.”

“I found it.”

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

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

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

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

Gohar Malik

Introduction⁹⁸

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Barren Woman

Written by Gohar Malik

Translation by Fazal Baloch

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ghani Parwaz

Introduction¹⁰¹

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

¹¹⁴ For bibliographic information, see fn. 102.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

¹²¹ [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pride_of_Performance_Awards_\(2010%E2%80%932019\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pride_of_Performance_Awards_(2010%E2%80%932019)) (retrieved 10 September 2021).

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

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

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

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

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

Jihad

Written by Ghani Parwaz

Translation by Fazal Baloch

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Murad Sahir

Introduction¹²⁷

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Scorching Shade

Written by Murad Sahir

Translation by Fazal Baloch

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Kahoda Shahsawar's," Kenagi replied.

"Are you coming from the coast?"

"Yes."

"How much do unripe dates go for?" he inquired.

"Eighty rupees per load," came Kenagi's reply.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sharaf Shad

Introduction¹³⁶

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Endless Road, Endless Night

Written by Sharaf Shad

Translation by Fazal Baloch

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

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

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

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

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

The city was far behind and so was his fear.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Well, I'm not afraid of anything at all," our passenger replied curtly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The doctor looked at him with bewilderment.

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

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

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

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

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

Haneef Shareef

Introduction

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mother Mary and the Angel

Written by Haneef Shareef

Translated by Fazal Baloch

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Man and his Environment

Munir Ahmed Badini

Introduction¹⁵⁹

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Cat and the Old Man

Written by Munir Ahmed Badini

Translated by Fazal Baloch

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ghaws Bahar

Introduction by Noroz Hayat and Carina Jahani

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

¹⁷⁶ Personal communication, Abdolsalam Balochzadah, 16 September 2021.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Oyster Shells

Written by Ghaws Bahar

Translation by Carina Jahani

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Wh...at.” My heart froze.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A. R. Dad

Introduction by Mehlab Nasir¹⁸⁸

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hasan Sol

Written by A. R. Dad

Translation by Fazal Baloch

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Younos Hussain

Introduction²⁰²

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Not as Chaste as Mahnaz

Written by Younus Hussain

Translation by Fazal Baloch

Indifferent to everything I sat brooding on the shore.

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

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

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

"Come on, tell me."

"Are you married?"

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

"Then I think I can talk to you."

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

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

"Are there some who wash themselves all day?"

"Yes there are, but they soon fall ill."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Munir Momen

Introduction

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Paradise

Written by Munir Momin

Translated by Fazal Baloch

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nagoman

Introduction

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Bird-trap

Written by Nagoman

Translation by Fazal Baloch

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I was struggling in my heart as I waited for the birds to land on the threshing floor. Hiding behind the kaler tree, Badal waited for one of us to be sprung. The period of waiting kept increasing for all of us, but not a single bird had landed on the ground. They all remained perched on nearby kahur and kaler trees, singing and praising the fine weather.

At last our prolonged wait came to an end. A laughing dove flew down from the kahur tree and landed on the threshing floor. A few others followed it. Some were close to the other traps and one was coming slowly towards me. My heart pounded faster, and I think Badal's did too, as he hid behind the kaler tree.

Pecking at grains, the laughing dove approached, stopped right in front of me, and was ready to peck the grain on my trigger, when at that very moment the two doves on the kahur tree glided down and landed to the side of the threshing floor. This sudden movement startled the laughing doves, and they flew to the very kaler tree that Badal was sitting behind. Spotting Badal, they continued to a small kahur tree nearby.

I was very upset with the doves because they had spoiled my chance to catch my prey. If they had not flown down, I would surely have caught the first prey of my life. For a moment I longed to spring myself, startling the doves and making them fly away. If they have caused my prey to escape, I will not let them forage here. But then I thought that I should not let them off so lightly. If I scare them off, they'll just find another field or threshing floor and fill their stomachs. The best punishment is for me to catch one of them.

The two doves were moving gracefully, side by side around the threshing floor. At this very moment, the laughing doves that these collar doves had scared away also returned. I was quite happy, and my anger with the collar doves subsided. For the first time I took a good look at them. They were young, plump doves. One was male and the other female. Strolling side by side, they looked very beautiful. How happy they are, I thought. The poor birds did not know that the Angel of Death was lurking nearby, ready to take them at any moment.

For a brief second I felt a bit sorry for them, but then my desire to catch one of them – to catch my first-ever prey, and to win good-repute in the eyes of my companions and Badal – re-emerged and hardened my heart.

The male dove was coming towards me with the female following close behind. My heart beat more quickly again. One of them was about to become my prey. Now the long time of my and Badal's waiting was about to end. Seeing my sorghum grain, the male walked faster towards me and pecked on my grain. My wooden pin slid out, and I snapped, trapping his neck instantly.

The moment I snapped, all the birds on the threshing floor flew away. But the mate of the trapped bird remained above me, circling. When Badal saw that I'd been sprung he rushed forward. Seeing him coming, the hovering bird retreated to a nearby kaler tree.

Badal removed the half-conscious dove from my jaws. He looked at the bird, smiled and addressed it in a merciless tone: "Come and peck at the sorghum, you damned freeloader!" He laughed loudly in his excitement.

I felt sorry. What a beautiful life they had had. But it crumbled in an instant, like the sandcastle of the crabs. How helpless and frightened they are now, the poor ones. I wished I hadn't caught it! With regret I looked towards the dove held firmly in Badal's hands. Now he is going to kill it and its mate will die of grief. I am responsible for the untimely death of both. I've ruined their happy life.

I was blaming myself with thoughts like these, but now things began to really get out of hand. Badal took a sickle from his waistband, faced in the direction of prayer and made ready to slaughter the male. Perched on the kaler-tree, the female was cooing mournfully.

I regretted having taken the blood of that innocent bird upon myself. How could I now rescue it from the lethal clutches of Death? This late realization was of no use. The worst had already happened.

Badal put the dove's legs under his right foot and its wings under his left foot. He held its neck and head with his left hand and rubbed the sickle against its throat, all the while reciting "In the name of God, God is greatest." Out of fear of death, the dove closed its eyes, and its female mate again started flying in circles above Badal. The sickle cut into the dove's throat and its blood started spurting. It continued to twitch until it went cold.

Badal put a few droplets of the pure dove blood onto my wooden pin, so that I could catch even more birds in the future. But I... I was roasting in the blazing fire of regret.

From that day on I did not catch a single bird. Whenever some came close to me I set myself off, and any birds that were on the ground close to me and the other traps flew away. This was the only way that remained for me to get some slight relief from the agony of my sin.

Badal had patience with my untimely springing for a week or so, but how long could it last? One day, when I had yet again gone off at the wrong time, he got very angry and hurled me away with full force. Leaving his hand I ended up stuck in a forked twig at the top of this high kahur tree, and from that day on I have been hanging here.

Even though the rain and sun have cleansed the bloodstains on my wooden pin, the wounds inflicted on me by the hooked dagger of regret are still fresh, and whenever I hear the melancholic chanting of a ringneck dove, a pain arises in my heart and the whole world becomes desolate.

Shah Ibn Sheen

Introduction by Mehlab Naseer

Fida Ahmad, better known as Shah Ibn Sheen (also written, e.g., Shah Ebne Shin), was born on 8 September 1992 in Dasht Maksar village, Balochistan, Pakistan. He received his primary education in the same village. After that his family moved from place to place for various reasons, and he went to school in several different towns. When Shah was in the 9th grade his family moved to Gwadar where he continued his education.

After completing high school Shah moved to Karachi and graduated in sociology from the National College, Karachi. Later he completed an MA degree in political science at the University of Balochistan, Quetta. In 2018 Shah participated in a Chinese language programme at Zhenjiang University, Jiangsu, China. Shah is currently working with an NGO as a social organizer in the Public Primary Health Initiative (PPHI) in Gwadar.²³¹ He is also a member of Gwadar Educational and Literary Welfare Society.

Shah found himself to be interested in working with radio. He used to listen to the Vividh Bharati Service (VBS)²³² and was very much inspired by the radio host Kamal Sharma.²³³ As a result of the passion for radio that this aroused in him, Shah began working at Radio Gwadar, Balochistan, broadcasting Balochi programmes. He also worked in radio in Karachi and Quetta. Currently Shah is the chief editor and director of an online literary radio, *Radio Zergwát*, which he founded a few years ago.

In 2000, encouraged by the Baloch poet Ahmed Abdal, who also came from Dasht Maksar, Shah tried his hand at writing poetry in Balochi. Ahmed Abdal edited his poems and sent them to the Balochi magazine *Máhták Balóchi* for publication.

²³¹ See also https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/People%27s_Primary_Healthcare_Initiative_KP (retrieved 15 April 2021).

²³² https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Vividh_Bharati (retrieved 25 March 2021).

²³³ <https://letstalkonair.wordpress.com/2017/04/02/a-most-experienced-and-knowledgeable-radio-host-kamal-sharma-vividh-bharati/> (retrieved 15 April 2021).

Shah took a further step on his literary journey after reading A. R. Dad's short story *Hasan Sól*, which is also published in this collection. This story made a great impact on Shah. He began writing scripts for radio in 2010, and wrote the script for a short film *Métag* (Village), directing and recording the audio himself in 2012. He wrote three other radio plays the same year: *Daryá Tonnig Ent* (The Sea is Thirsty) in two parts, and *Bábol Bárén Kojá Shot* (So Where Did Bábol Go?). He wrote another play, *Átráp* (Environs), in 2015. He personally directed and recorded these as well. Today Shah is basically known as a writer of short stories and a scriptwriter, but he also writes poetry. Most of his work has been published in local literary magazines.

Shah Ibn Sheen's story *Dorbáni* (Dorbani) offers a glimpse of the hard life of Baloch nomads. Dorbani, the main character of the story, is a victim of fate and cultural norms. She is driven by the harsh hand of destiny throughout the story.

Dorbani

Written by Shah ibn Sheen

Translation by Mahganj Taj

The lines on my palms never showed any signs of good fortune. Still I kept going to him to have my palm read on the first Friday of every year. I knew that he had got tired of encouraging me, but he couldn't say so.

His name was Shay Swali. Shay was a palmist. I don't know who he learned this craft from, but he used to say that he'd been a palmist as long as he could remember. I recall that the first time I visited him, I went with Mullah Mahatun, and we brought dried jujube fruit and *lassi* to give him. When I stretched out my hand to him the first time, it was Mullah Mahatun who held it. Shay Swali said it was the first time that the hand he was studying was held by someone else.

I don't know what he saw while perusing the lines that made him sigh so deeply but say nothing. My reason for coming to him every year was to find out when I would be married. He never told me anything about that either.

My name is Dorbani. I belong to a Baloch nomad family. We've been herders for generations. God knows how many regions and villages our ancestors moved between before my deceased father finally reached this region. He had pastured his herd here for five years.

I was a two-year-old child when my father left us forever. Mother told me later it was the season of rains, and the storm winds had been blowing continuously for six days. She said my father was an expert on the seasons. He had said: "Whenever the wind used to blow like this, it would never last for more than two days, and it would always be followed by heavy rains. But this year, may God have mercy upon us, there are clouds, and the storm winds have been blowing continuously for six days."

That very day, in the afternoon, the storm died down, and a heavy rain began, which was to last for eight days on end. All the rivers and streams flooded heavily. My mother told me that our two Bela goats had got lost. She made a divination. They were both fine. Then father had said: "Something has blocked their way. I will go and get them back."

Mother told me: "It was late Sunday afternoon. Two bright stars were high in the western sky. I waited for your father the entire night and made a big fire because he might have lost his way and the light could guide him in the right direction. But at dawn he had still not returned. That morning, the storm began again. It was blowing forcefully. Your father wasn't back with the goats at noon. Later our fellow nomads brought us his body. Your father had slipped into a ravine and died."

In the second year after my father's death, my mother was bitten and killed by a scorpion. I was brought up by Mullah Mahatun. She was also a nomad.

Mullah tells me that I had a twin and that Mullah was my mother's midwife. "Your twin was brighter than you, but her days ran out. She was only seven days old when she breathed her last tiny breath. Your mother cried a lot. Your mother got pregnant three more times, but she had miscarriages."

Sometimes when Mullah had prayed the midnight prayer, she folded her prayer mat, took her lantern and went out. I always thought she might be going for a short toilet visit, so I followed her, but she stopped me. She said that if anyone came to the door and asked for her, I should say she had gone to the old man's sheepfold. But no one ever came while she was away. I often asked her where the old man's sheepfold was. But she never answered.

One night when she was offering her prayer, someone called her name, "Auntie! Are you offering prayers? We have cooked some date sweets. Come and pray over them."

It was a deep voice. Mullah returned the greeting saying: "May God preserve your honour." She took the lantern and left again. I followed her halfway and then I returned. Now I knew where she was going. I never asked her again.

One night she took the lantern and before leaving she asked: "My daughter, do you know where I go now?"

I said: "Yes."

“You are now mature enough to understand that helping these creatures is virtuous.”

I said: “May God protect you.”

Mullah had become very feeble over the last few months. I was worried. I couldn’t handle the goats and sheep because Mullah was ill, and there was no male member of the family to help either.

It was the first Friday of the year and Mullah was a bit better. We couldn’t visit Shay Swali that Friday, but the next day Mullah said: “When you go to Shay Swali this time, give him my regards and tell him that I am weak now and ask him to remember my request.”

I took someone along and went to him the next day. “I waited for you yesterday,” Shay said as soon as he saw me.

“Mullah is weak and aged. She sends her regards and asks you not to forget her message.”

He told me to return the greeting and immediately began examining my fortune lines. This was the first time that my hand was held by a man. He studied my palm for a long time and then folded a piece of turquoise in white cloth and asked me to give it to Mullah.

It was the first time he didn’t encourage me at all, or even tell me anything about the lines on my palm.

Two days later, he came to visit Mullah dressed in white. He was accompanied by another man as well. Mullah covered me with a red shawl, put the turquoise in my hand, softly caressed my hand and said: “May your wishes come true.”

Shay Swali married me that day. Mullah died a few months later.

Days and months passed. There was rain that year. The pastures were green. The herd was well fed, and I was pregnant.

Shay went to his place for palmistry every Saturday. One day, a storm wind was blowing. It was late Saturday afternoon, two bright stars were high in the western sky and Shay had gone to his place. Rain began pouring down at dusk. All night long clouds were thundering and heavy rain was pouring. I waited for Shay, but he didn’t return.

The next morning a fellow nomad of ours covered me with a black shawl. “We have got the news that Shay’s workplace has collapsed, and he has died beneath it.”

I lost my senses. I wanted to cry but I couldn't. I recalled the first time Shay had held my hand and examined my fortune lines. I wanted to look at my palm, but I couldn't.

A hand caressed my head. I looked up. It was the man who had married us.

"Shay was your palmist, and he didn't want to hurt you with the truth of your fate, but blessed Mullah ..." He didn't finish his sentence, yet it was as if something pierced my chest. I looked around and caught sight of blessed Mullah's prayer beads, and I cried a lot.

Exile

Sajid Hussain

Introduction²³⁴

Born on 16 January 1981 in Nezarabad, Kech District, Balochistan, Pakistan, Sajid Hussain received most of his education in Karachi. He held a BA in Economics but his main interest was literature, and in 2012 he completed his MA in Balochi and English at the University of Balochistan, Quetta.

In 2002 Sajid Hussain joined the Baloch Students Organization (BSO) which, in addition to organizing Baloch students, also has a political agenda.²³⁵ After a few years, however, he abandoned his political activities and devoted himself increasingly to writing.

As a man of the written word, Sajid Hussain was first and foremost a journalist. His English was excellent and he had a flowing pen. He achieved great success as a journalist, and before going into exile he worked for Pakistani newspapers such as Daily Times and The News, as well as for Reuters. His writings covered sensitive topics such as drug trafficking and human rights violations in Balochistan. In 2012, he had to flee Pakistan due to threats made against him because of his journalistic activities. He spent some years in Oman, Uganda and Dubai before coming to Sweden in mid-2017.

In 2015, when he was living in Dubai, Sajid Hussain founded the online magazine *Balochistan Times*.²³⁶ This English and Balochi news magazine addresses current issues in Balochistan including human rights, political violence, abductions, and killings, as well as social and cultural issues. It also contains a literary section, where pieces are published in Balochi and English. Due to the broad scope of the work, he recruited a number of talented co-workers to help run the magazine, and even after his death articles and literary pieces continue to be published on the *Balochistan Times* website.

²³⁴ See also <https://thebalochistanpost.net/2020/05/sajid-hussain-obituary/> (retrieved 18 August 2020).

²³⁵ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Baloch_Students_Organization (retrieved 18 August 2020).

²³⁶ <https://balochistantimes.com/> (retrieved 2 May 2020).

Soon after his arrival in Sweden, Sajid Hussain got involved with the Balochi Language Project at Uppsala University.²³⁷ Together with Professor Mousa Mahmoudzahi of Velayat University, Iranshahr, Iran, he launched a Balochi-English online dictionary in February 2019.²³⁸ He was furthermore engaged in authorship, text edition, and translation work. Sajid Hussain was also Carina Jahani's main source of inspiration while writing *A Grammar of Modern Standard Balochi*, which was published in December 2019.²³⁹

In an interview with him carried out by Hammal Haider in February 2020 and posted on YouTube on 1 May the same year,²⁴⁰ Sajid Hussain endorsed the orthographic system for Balochi proposed by the Balochi Language Project. This script system was also adopted by the magazine *Balochistan Times* in spring 2020.

Sajid taught Balochi at the Department of Linguistics and Philology, Uppsala University. In January 2020 he was admitted to the MA programme in Iranian languages at the same department and began writing his MA thesis on Balochi argument structure as illustrated by religious sermons and political speeches. He was busy with this work when, on 2 March 2020, he went missing. On April 23, after several weeks of searching, he was found drowned in the River Fyris just north of Uppsala.

Sajid Hussain was a true lover of literature and was very well read in both English and Balochi literature. His love for the written word led him to engage in literary criticism as well as creative writing. The short story published in this anthology, *Darándhéhi pa Saré o Shegán pa Saré* (Facing Exile, Facing Taunts) is semi-autobiographical, and although he claimed in a note to the original text that the characters in the story are purely fictional, it is clear to anyone who has known Sajid and his friends and co-workers that these personalities are largely inspired by his close friends and acquaintances. No one will miss the refined sense of satire in the story.

²³⁷ <https://www.lingfil.uu.se/forskning/the-balochi-language-project/> (retrieved 18 August 2020).

²³⁸ <https://www.webonary.org/balochidictionary/> (retrieved 10 August 2020).

²³⁹ <http://uu.diva-portal.org/smash/record.jsf?pid=diva2%3A1372275&dswid=9941> (retrieved 10 August 2020).

²⁴⁰ <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Troo9srFXY> (In Balochi) (retrieved 10 May 2020).

Facing Exile, Facing Taunts

Written by Sajid Hussain

Translation by Carina Jahani

The story of my exile began on that unfortunate day when an ill-fated interest in literature came over me. It seems that every writer I liked had been in exile at some time. Marquez had been, Kundera too. Some had angered the government, others the army. By following in their footsteps I invited trouble into my hitherto trouble-free life. If I had known that following Marquez would cause me harm, I would never have fallen into that trap. Of course I believed that once one of us becomes a great author the critics will write “this man is the Marquez of the Balochi language.”

Everyone does these kinds of meaningless things when they’re young. I had a friend who always kept a stone in his pocket, and all day long he used to scratch his forehead with it. Because in a film Mithun Chakraborty had a red mark on his forehead. Mithun disappeared from the public eye, but the dent on my friend’s forehead remained.

That’s why it’s better to admire a movie star than a writer. A cousin of mine liked Sanjay Dutt. He went and did bodybuilding. I’d become entangled with Franz Kafka and soon was drinking twenty cups of tea and smoking two packs of cigarettes a day. Because most great writers have an ulcer.

A person who is ready to give himself an ulcer to become a writer is not likely to shy away from the sacrifice of going into exile either. So ever since my youth it has been my desire to do something so great that the enemy would be obliged to drive me into exile. They say that if you wish for something from the bottom of your heart, the door will be opened for you. In His generosity, God opened the door for me to enter the Baloch Students Organization just to fulfil this one wish of mine, and He bestowed upon me the blessing of exile from my country.

But mind you, since I went into exile people’s taunts and reproaches are killing me. If someone has indigestion in Kalatok, we’re the ones who

face the reproach: “Here the Baloch are poor and destitute while you’re enjoying the luxuries of Europe.”

This kind of criticism always ends with the same admonishment: “Don’t forget you got your asylum by using the name of these poor Baloch.”

So you mean we mortgaged the whole land of the Baloch and struck it rich in Europe by seeking refuge to save our ill-starred lives. The mere fact that someone says hello to us here makes us happy, so how can we cure the indigestion of the poor Baloch?

We really long to upload a photo on Facebook, but we can’t out of fear of the pointed reprimands that follow. Sometimes you’ve just taken a shower and are standing in front of the mirror, and all of a sudden you feel like today’s the day to take a picture. Your skin is a little bit fairer and your hair is thicker. On top of that, it looks like your eyebrows have trimmed themselves. This happens by chance once a year or so. But you know that if this nice looking fellow who’s admiring himself in the mirror takes his picture today and puts it on Facebook many will burn with jealousy. Those friends at least who are left back home without any security or even electricity and have no share in the God-given privilege of travelling around the world will burn to ashes.

In the rain, on the lawn, in front of a tall building, now’s the time for a selfie.

But no. The fear of reproach gets the upper hand.

I have a friend here who cleans train cars at night, sleeps until noon and smokes hash in the afternoon. When he’s high he either engages in politics on the phone or gives us a list of the evils of exile. His European name is ABC and back home he’s called Allah Baksh Chorasi²⁴¹ because he was born in 1984. But we call him Allah Baksh Glass, because he stacks two water glasses on each other and smokes hash in them instead of in a cigarette. One day he says: “It would have been better to graze the sheiks’ camels than to end up in Europe. At least Mum could have sent some dates. To hell with a country where you can’t even get a date to sweeten your mouth after smoking.”

I don’t know about the connection between hashish and the Baloch soul, but I can testify that the Baloch in the Gulf are ten times better off than we are. Every month there are gifts arriving for them; sometimes the wife has sent a pair of sandals, and sometimes the mother has sent some

²⁴¹ Chorasi means 84 in Urdu.

pounded dates of high quality. The best thing is that once a year they can travel home and see their wife and children.

And even better than going home is preparing to go home. I was in the Gulf for some years and I saw how the Baloch in the Gulf were filled with pride before going home. They labour on the landlord's farm the whole year and get along on the milk and canned fish their landlord gives them, in order to save some money for the holidays. When it's time for their holiday they get a couple of really flashy outfits sewn up for them and buy a pair of high-heeled Muscat sandals. The poor things sacrifice their own needs and spend the rest of the money on perfume and soap for their relatives and friends. The wife wants an iPhone X in exchange for the ugly sandals she had sent. Mother's rotten dates were inedible but she needs Tang drink powder, Panadol pills, Axe Brand Universal Oil, band-aids, incense, and some herbal medicine. If she had needed all this for herself it would have been fine, but my friend in the Gulf is constantly in agony because his mother puts everything in a box so that for the whole year if a needy person appears she can solve their problem.

The only purpose of this mother's life is that if someone in town gets a headache or has a bad tummy, or if a guest arrives, then that someone should come to her for help.

The people in our town have never bought a single Panadol. Everyone knows that the medicine sold at Babu's medical store is fake; it can neither cure a fever nor relieve a headache. But foreign Panadol has always been among Mullah Patomah's belongings. Her only condition for dispensing it is being able to prove that you or someone in your household has a high fever. She won't waste her foreign medicine on just a headache or a cold.

"Mullah, Mullah, Mum asks if you could give her a Panadol?" Every week I went to Mullah Patomah's and pleaded for a pill.

"Who is ill?" Mullah began her questioning.

"Mum has a fever." My mother had told me to say that. Actually, she had a headache.

"Does she have a fever? Yesterday afternoon she was running after you, right? When did she get the fever?"

"Last night the mosquitoes bit her. Mum didn't know there was a big hole in the mosquito net! Now she's miserable. When Dad comes he will take her to Karachi." When I said this, Mullah looked at me with concern and

I knew the lies were doing the job. “Mum says that when uncle Obayd comes from Muscat we will repay you.” Now I was improvising.

“No need for repayment,” she said. “If Mullah Patomah were repaid she would have been drowning in money by now.” Mullah got upset but then immediately calmed down. “But the people in this town don’t let me keep any pills. Let me look, maybe I can find one.”

Mullah took her box into a corner and opened it just enough to be able to peep into it. Then she put her hand into the box through the opening, felt around a bit and took out a single Panadol.

“This is the only one left. Take it. Hopefully it will solve your problem.”

Even if there had been a hundred pills in Mullah’s belongings, she would still have said: “This is the only one.” If you went back an hour later to get another Panadol she would again give you a single one and say: “This is the only one I have.”

But to set the historical record straight, I want to make it clear that Mullah did get her repayment from me. I was the one who wrote her letters. This was in the days before telephones and mobile phones. From fourth grade on I could both read and write a letter. If a letter came from the Gulf, or if an elderly person or a woman wanted to send a letter, then I was the one to call. It’s not that there weren’t other literate people in town, but of all the children it was me and only me who could do this job, and since I was still small, people didn’t hide their secrets from me.

The only problem was that I didn’t know much Urdu. At school they only taught us greetings and prayers. “We are all well and we pray to the Lord, the Exalted, for your wellbeing.” That was the full extent of my Urdu, but I would still play around and finish the letter.

The problem was when Mullah really got into her pure Balochi mood. “Tell me, my son, my dear Rahim, I have heard that your enemies have caught a fever. May Allah make you well. May I give you my share of life, my dear Rahim, you are worth everything.”

When Mullah stopped, I took the point of the pen out of my mouth and started writing. “My Rahim Jan, I heard this days health of your enemies bad. Allah make you well. My life be with you, my expensive Rahim, I not worthy of you.”

For years and years I struggled to understand why dear Rahim should be made well if his enemies had a fever. Only after studying Balochi classical poetry did I finally realize this enemy was none other than dear

Rahim himself. Mullah's mouth and heart were not "worthy" enough to make her say that her dear son Rahim had a fever.

After greeting her son and asking how he was, Mullah started her complaining. "Your mother is old now. When I stand up I get dizzy, and even if I eat just a little I get indigestion."

When Mullah paused, my pen was let loose. "Your mother is old now. I get up, my eyes bring darkness, I eat small piece, my stomach blow up."

This was my first period of translation. Already at this young age I realized how difficult it is to translate words and sentences from one language into another. That is why even today I honour my friends who do translation, possibly more than they deserve.

I want to make it clear to my Baloch brothers that if exile in Europe was such a pleasant thing I would not have been nostalgic about Mullah Patomah's letters and her Panadols. Exile is a disease, and this disease makes you remember things at home that you couldn't even dream of: sleeping under a shed made of date palm leaves at lunchtime in the summer, and looking for any movement in the decomposing palm leaves; lying on the bedding piled up on the cot outside the door and reading a ghost story; sprinkling a sheet with water and covering yourself with it at night in the summer; gathering outside the house with your family each new moon, and checking who's first to see the moon; mother's scolding that we should only take a little of the stew; getting a sweet from Auntie Nazal after helping her churn butter for a couple of hours; chasing the sheep and goats at sunset and tying them up; keeping watch for the fox at night so that it won't eat the chicks; gathering up the clothes and dishes in the courtyard before a storm and running into the house; and the moist smell after the first rain of the year.

If we have any time left after these useless nostalgic dreams in our European exile, then we will go to Mr Trump and complain about Pakistan.

When we got word that Trump had won the election, our friends in exile were so overjoyed you would think Mr Trump's grandfather's cousin had been a Baloch. "This is the end of Pakistan. This crazy fellow will do something about the Punjabis." Allah Baksh Glass took two glasses and went into the washroom.

"Yes, Trump actually became president of the USA just to do this very job. He will definitely take revenge for the Baloch." I gnashed my teeth.

Three years after Trump's election, on a day not long ago, Glass asked me: "Do you think Trump is aware of the Baloch question?"

“He must be, ’cause if the Baloch question is not settled there will be never be a solution to the world’s problems.”

The fellow did not like my answer. But when we were still in Balochistan our leaders had fooled us into joining the BSO by saying that America had made all the necessary preparations; the map of an independent Balochistan was even ready. All that remained was for the Baloch to make the effort. We thought if America is on our side, it means bye-bye Pakistan.

For two years, whatever actions we took, nobody so much as raised an eyebrow. Sometimes we burned the flag of “God-gifted” Pakistan, sometimes we stood outside the army camps and cursed the soldiers, but nobody took the least notice of us.

Knowing that America was on our side bolstered our confidence. We were so certain we had dear America’s blessing upon us. Whatever trace of fear remained in our hearts vanished, because our leaders’ words had indeed been proven true: the Baloch are brave and the Punjabis are cowards. So now we went about our business more brazenly than even animals would dare.

At least until we made the Pakistani army, the Falcons of Iqbal, really mad.

When the Falcons stood up against us, they struck with such fury that the lion cubs didn’t know which way to run and hide. The brave cubs ran to the mountains, while the cowards, like us, ran abroad.

Now our brave leaders send messengers every day: “Go and ask America to tame the Falcons.” If the Americans were not aware of our predicament, then our leaders should not have lied to us, saying that the map and all the rest were ready. If our leaders trusted in their own strength and courage, what have *we* done wrong to make them taunt us, now that we are old and worn out.

Even when we were married off nobody asked us what *we* wanted, so why on earth would Trump pay any attention to us?

Four years have passed but Glass has still not been able to bring his family to Europe. I’ve been trying to survive without my family for two years. So it’s not for nothing that when Glass and I see a little child running around in town I almost start crying, and he runs and kisses the child’s cheeks. I’ve told him at least a hundred times that it’s a crime here even to touch someone else’s dog, let alone their child, but who can make Glass understand? I can’t sleep for fear that one day the damned fellow will bring a bad reputation on the Baloch.

Actually, not everyone living in exile is as miserable as we are. There are also the few odd prosperous Baloch exiles, rare as Mullah's Panadols. If you take Glass's word for it, there are three kinds of exiled Baloch.

The first kind are those who live in America, Canada and Great Britain. These countries are the most fortunate, rich and politically influential in the world. So any Baloch who has gone there is higher in rank than Baloch who live in the European Union. If you compare them with the social stratification of Balochistan, we can call them the Rind and Lasharis of the exiles. They are the noblemen among the exiled Baloch. Most leaders of political parties and sons of tribal chiefs live in one of these three countries, which is why "the distribution of their inheritance is never settled" and they never stop fighting. They're always trying to trap each other. A few white-skinned senators know them, and sometimes they can be glimpsed in the back rows of the European Parliament or at a session of the United Nations.

But not even these upper-class refugees ever get a chance to meet Trump.

The second kind are those who came with their families. They mainly live in the richer countries of the European Union such as Germany, France, Sweden, Norway and the Netherlands. At home they didn't even have rice and chutney to eat, but here they live in nice houses and get a good subsidy from the government. The more children they have, the better the subsidy. Their children go to good schools, and if you run into them in town they will definitely tell you how quickly their child has learned the local language. "Miran, the little rascal, he knows German better than Balochi. The way he speaks it, you'd think his mother was a German." Baloch refugees of this kind have advanced so far they praise both their wives and their children in the same breath. Well, will any of these people who are so glad about their children forgetting Balochi ever bother to grab Trump by the collar and tell him about all the Baloch activists who've disappeared? All that these refugees have left to show they are Baloch are some sets of Balochi clothes they keep in a closet to take out for Baloch Culture Day.

These are the "nomads" among the Baloch refugees.

The third kind are those who live in the poor countries of Europe, like Italy and Greece. They mostly came on boats and have the lowest status among the Baloch refugees. Their status is the same as that of slaves in Balochistan. These poor ones have just saved their lives, nothing more. They cannot engage in anything beyond themselves. They're neither in Europe nor at home. They're happy if someone sends them a penny or

two from home. If their situation does not improve soon, then within a couple of years they'll commit collective suicide. If Trump himself came and told them, "I will give you whatever you want," they would ask for a decent pair of flip-flops.

How could these poor souls engage in politics?

Well, this classification that Glass has come up with is correct and based on scientific principles, but even good things have their flaws. Faced with this classification, the reader should not be misled into thinking that the Baloch refugees have set aside the social stratification of their homeland. Someone who was a low-class blacksmith at home has the same status here. Even if he lives in America or Britain, he is not higher in class and worth more than the unlucky refugees in Italy and Greece. These people take part in rallies and meetings just so that someone at home can say: "The chap socializes with tribal chiefs these days."

Glass and I have a neighbour. A Baloch from Iranian Balochista.... oh please forgive me, may God have mercy on me, damned Satan... from *Western* Balochistan. There are many people from Western Balochistan in Sweden, and many of them fled to Europe during the time of the Shah. Our neighbour's name is Mohammad Ali Irannezhad. Mr Irannezhad is a European in all respects. His coat and trousers, his flat cap, his daily routine, his dog, and his afternoon walks with the dog – all these things are European, but Mr Irannezhad's manners are still those of a Baloch tribal chief.

Mr Irannezhad came to Sweden in 1980, a year after I was born. Back home his crime was having expelled the Shah of Iran, Mr Mohammad Reza Shah Pahlavi, and made Khomeini the ruler of the country. As soon as the evil Khomeini came to power he began getting rid of his sympathizers. Mr Irannezhad barely escaped with his life and made it to Sweden. From that day on, he has not glimpsed his beloved fatherland again.

Back home, he was the nephew of the tribal chief of Baho, and he still has the manners of a tribal chief. Not that he talks about it the whole time. He is a well-read man and also a poet, and according to him it is the low-cast blacksmiths and musicians who have kept true Balochi culture alive: music, epic singing, weaponry, praise songs and cradle songs, embroidery and metalwork. But to show that he is the son of a tribal chief, he will definitely throw a few words into the conversation now and then to make it clear he comes from a noble line. For example he will never say "this is a good thing." He always words it like this: "This is a noble thing." If he wanted to say that he was a really naughty

boy in his childhood he would say it like this: "Do you know about my childhood, my dear? When I was small, I had my own slave."

Later on in the conversation he puts it more strongly: "At our castle, each person of noble birth had his own appointed slave. If he was elderly he had an elderly slave, if he was a *choild*, he had a *choild* slave."

That's right, in Western Balochistan they pronounce the word child as *choild*, and instead of spoiled they say *spiled*.

Well, Mr Irannezhad kept telling his story. "My slave must have been some two or three years older than I. Now, look how naughty I was. Every day I made this docile creature lie down on the ground and jumped on him."

Mr Irannezhad told this heart-breaking story just to show what a really naughty child he was.

Allah Baksh Glass and Mohammad Ali Irannezhad are always quarrelling. Just like with the elite refugees, "the distribution of their inheritance is never settled," so their quarrel never ends.

Sometimes Mr Irannezhad brings his vegetarian food and visits me and Glass for lunch. Like the European white-skins, he eats with a fork and spoon. Glass gets all five fingers into the food, takes a good mouthful and eats it.

Mr Irannezhad can stand this.

However, after finishing the meal Mr Irannezhad goes to the washroom to wash his hands, while Glass clears his throat, makes some sounds as if he is about to throw up, and washes his hands under the kitchen tap. This habit Mr Irannezhad cannot tolerate at all. He always reproaches Glass for it. "Hey mate, you will grow old but not grow noble. You have been in this country for four years but your habits are just like those of the uncivilized Baloch. Can't you go and wash your hands in the washroom? You use this kitchen tap to wash food and vegetables, and then you bend down here to wash your dirty hands."

After giving voice to his inner anger, Mr Irannezhad felt that Glass was hurt by his words, so he softened his voice. "You are my son; that's why I am giving you this piece of good advice. When you come to a civilized country like this you should leave your uncivilized Balochi manners behind. In Europe, be European."

As a matter of fact, Glass had always taken Mr Irannezhad's older age into account and not been upset about these kinds of rebukes, but on that

particular day, damned Glass had had enough. He interrupted Mr Irannezhad: “It’s none of your business what I do. Look at your worn-out coat. What an expert you are!”

Mr Irannezhad’s whole appearance changed. It was as if someone had mentioned Khomeini’s name to him. He stood up, put on his flat cap and left the room trembling with rage. Glass and I were surprised. After all, what Glass said wasn’t bad enough to make him this upset.

But mind you, in Iran an “expert” is what they call a gay person.

Glass and I had to go to a lot of trouble to be reconciled with Mr Irannezhad. When he finally accepted that it was a misunderstanding caused by differences between Balochi dialects, he smiled and said: “Mate, this is really oddish.”

Well, as a matter of fact, the word “oddish” does not seem to exist in this language called Balochi. Not in any dialect spoken in Western or Eastern Balochistan. It was coined by Mr Irannezhad himself.

But after forty years in exile, Mr Irannezhad is convinced that a word like that is part of the basic vocabulary of Balochi.

Didn’t I tell you? Exile is a disease!

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Noroz Hayat

Introduction

Noroz Khan, better known by his pen name Noroz Hayat, was born on 1 February 1989 in Khairabad village, Kech District, Balochistan, Pakistan. He received a BA in Balochi, Sociology and Political Science from the Atta Shad Degree College in Turbat in 2010, and an MA in Social Work from the University of Karachi in 2013.

During his college years, Noroz became a member of the Baloch Students Organization (BSO).²⁴² During this time he became increasingly interested in human rights and in recent years he has been active in the Human Rights Council of Balochistan.²⁴³

In Karachi, Noroz worked as a member of the executive committee of the Sayad Hashmi Reference Library. Between 2014 and 2015 he worked as a programme associate at Health and Nutrition Development Society (HANDS), based in Karachi.²⁴⁴ In 2015 Noroz left Pakistan for the USA, and he currently lives in Connecticut. In 2021 he joined the Balochi Language Project as a text editor.²⁴⁵

Since arriving in the USA, Noroz has written on social, political and human rights issues, in both Balochi and English, with his writings mainly being published in two web-based magazines, Balochistan Times²⁴⁶ and Balochistan Affairs.²⁴⁷ He also writes short stories where common themes are the struggles of life in exile, alienation and nostalgia.

²⁴² https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Baloch_Students_Organization (retrieved 18 August 2020).

²⁴³ <https://hrcbalochistan.com/about/> (retrieved 24 November 2020).

²⁴⁴ <http://hands.org.pk/live/> (retrieved 24 November 2020).

²⁴⁵ <http://www.lingfil.uu.se/forskning/the-balochi-language-project/> (retrieved 12 January 2021).

²⁴⁶ <https://balochistantimes.com/> (retrieved 24 November 2020).

²⁴⁷ <https://www.balochistanaffairs.com/> (retrieved 24 November 2020).

This attachment to a homeland is also the theme of the story published here, *Haw Máti, Tai Bacch Kóhestáná Ent* (Yes, Dear Mother, Your Son is Back in the Mountains), which tells of a person who is spending his life far from his native land, and who constantly longs to return. It is inspired by the life story of Sajid Hussain, who was forced into exile a few years before Noroz Hayat. But the story could also be that of anyone who has left his or her homeland, be it in search of a career, a decent livelihood, a safe haven from oppression, torture and war, or for any other reason, and who constantly longs to return to “the Mountains,” the place where he or she truly belongs.

Yes, Dear Mother, Your Son is Back in the Mountains

Written by Noroz Hayat

Translation by Carina Jahani

This distress of his was increasing day by day. It felt like a century since he had left his homeland, the Mountains. That homeland, that old country, and the people who live there, even though they were struggling with various hardships these days, they were the ones who had given him an identity. He wondered how they were doing now, after so much misery and destitution.

He had actually left his homeland long ago, in his youth. But not for reasons of exile or migration abroad. He went to live in a big city to study. But his inner being constantly missed the moonlight of the late nights in the Mountains. He would find himself longing to sit atop Chief Hasan's berm absorbing the scenery of his village, or to play cards at the Sangin roundabout at dusk. So, packing his worn-out little bag he would head back to the Mountains the next day.

After completing his studies he got a job in the city, and although he was not a physically active person, whenever his yearning for the Mountains became too strong, he would travel home. Some of the time he was in the big city, some of the time in the Mountains. Whenever he was travelling, he thought to himself that if his journey was just a bit longer, he would immediately break with his beloved Mountains, because he really didn't like all these long, drawn out and tiring journeys back and forth.

He did not really leave his homeland for good until the year when there was a huge flood in the Mountains. This merciless flood devastated the Mountains completely. It swept away everything in its path, the domestic animals, houses and farming lands of the people living there. The torrents of the big river also took an uncle, a cousin and some of his friends.

In fact there was always hunger and poverty in the Mountains. People were poor and needy there. Their greatest struggle was to find something to eat for the day, and they subsisted on the hope that God would help them find something tomorrow. Having eaten some little something, they carried on as best they could. If these little somethings were to run out, then a neighbour, a friend or a relative would lend them some edibles. And if no one could lend them anything to eat, then surely a brother, a grown son or an elder of the family would find the courage to go to a foreign land, take a menial job, and feed a mother, a father, a child and a wife.

He, too, left his homeland and became a wanderer in search of a livelihood, hoping to save himself from the poverty and destitution of the Mountains. With the ups and downs of living abroad he also became detached from his motherland, his language and his culture. The land was actually nothing you could call a land. For a long time after leaving, he had no desire to return. The language had been neglected for centuries, and the sons of the Mountains had not done such a great job of saving it either. Even worse, the Government had done what it could to eradicate it. Therefore he never had any great desire to read and write his own language. Also, when you resort to going abroad to find a job, you have to wear their kind of clothing to be able to work in their companies and offices. As a result he had become so used to the dress of others that he had never since worn the dress of his own culture.

For 37 years he had lived in foreign lands, never settling down. His sojourn in Arab countries, Africa and the West had worn him out so much that he looked like a piece of wood eaten by termites. At this stage he had nothing left but feeble emotions.

But the emotions were still there. He did have a motherland, he did have a language, he did have a people and his people did have a soil. They had been living on this soil for thousands of years, but now it was afflicted by war. The sons of the land were being killed. Some were exiled from their land by force. Some were bribed, and others still were threatened to keep them quiet about the violence of the regime. These emotions were constantly consuming him like a fire, and the flames of this inner fire compelled him all the more strongly to return to his land: "It is time to return home. Enough with all this exile!"

Without telling anyone, neither his friends in exile nor his family in the Mountains, one day he returned to his motherland with nothing but a pair of empty hands. Before returning, he had struggled in his heart:

“Should I tell my family and friends that I’ve had enough of this exile? That I want to return to my motherland, I want to speak my own language, I want to wear my own clothes? Enough depending on foreigners. *There is no place like home!* It is better for me to seek refuge in my motherland, however poor and destitute it may be.”

But all he did was smile to himself and say: “No, it is better not to trouble anyone. Just as I went into exile unannounced, I will keep quiet about my return and not bother anyone. I will go and lie down right there in the Mountains and take some rest on my land, on my soil.”

The thoughts that had distressed him in exile proved true: the Mountains had indeed changed a lot by now. These alleys, that township, this bazaar, those villages – their appearance had completely changed. Molla Patomah had left the village before the war and her huge compound had fallen into ruins. Chief Hasan and the people of Nodan village had abandoned their habitation in the Mountains after the war, and left it to desolation. But not everything had changed – the breeze at dawn, the sunset, the duststorms, the moonlight, the scorching heat, the season of the date harvest from the earliest dates to ripen to the very end of the season, and the moist smell after the first rain of the year were all exactly like they used to be.

Yes, dear mother, your son is back in the Mountains!

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Habib Kadkhodaei

Introduction

Habib Kadkhodaei, also known as Habibollah or Farzin Kadkhodaei, was born on 23 September 1992 in Bog, Kaserkand, Sistan and Baluchestan Province, Iran. He holds a degree in Electrical Engineering from the Islamic Azad University of Zahedan, which he was awarded in the spring of 2016.

From 2016 to 2018 Habib taught middle- and high-school level mathematics in Kaserkand, but in late 2018 he had to flee his country. He now lives in Germany.

Already during his time in Iran, Habib wrote about social and political issues on weblogs and different websites, but due to the repressive nature of the Iranian regime, he always had to publish under fictitious names. All these writings were in Persian, and although Habib had already become interested in reading and writing in Balochi, he felt that he lacked the tools to do so because his entire education had been in Persian.

In Germany, Habib has continued writing on social and political subjects. His tweets and blogs are quoted in Persian oppositional media, e.g. Zamanehmedia²⁴⁸ and Iranwire.²⁴⁹ He is also one of the reporters for the Rasanknews webpage.²⁵⁰

The story presented here, *Gawlok o Mollá Charsiy Táit* (The Spoilt Brat and Mullah Weedhead's Amulet), tells of a person who, for no good reason, flees his homeland and ends up in an unspecified European country. The story contains many subtle critical observations about both human nature and the European refugee reception system, combined with a good portion of humour.

²⁴⁸ See, e.g., <https://www.radiozamaneh.com/556508> (retrieved 24 March 2021).

²⁴⁹ <https://iranwire.com/fa/features/41065> (retrieved 24 March 2021).

²⁵⁰ <https://rasanknews.com/> (retrieved 24 March 2021).

The Spoilt Brat and Mullah Weedhead's Amulet

Written by Habib Kadkhodaei

Translation by Carina Jahani

From the moment I was born and first opened my eyes, I saw that all the people in my family were filled with joy. From all directions, everyone sung my praises with different melodies. As for Auntie, she was so happy she declared her willingness to die for me a hundred times an hour. The apple of her eye had come to this world. Mother said her hero had been born. Grandmother and Grandfather said that a tribal chief had been born, whereas my sisters said that a doctor or a pilot had been born.

The members of my family were constantly on tiptoe, and if, God forbid, I caught some slight fever or other illness, they all asked God for mercy in their own way. One would sacrifice a sheep, another a cow, and another still would make a pilgrimage to the Sheikhs' village and pray for me. I was a spoilt and overprotected child that received nothing but love and affection. Already in the cradle I was filled with joy and felt elevated above everyone and everything. I said to myself there is nobody else like me in the whole world. I am the only perfect one in the universe.

I was the only boy in the family. Growing up, all I heard every day were words of praise and admiration. Everyone knows that an excess of admiration will lift a person above his fellow earthlings, and I was becoming more puffed up with every day that passed. I esteemed myself so highly in my own mind that again and again I told myself that apart from me there is not a single good-looking, smart, handsome young man in the whole world. I'm the only flower that smells sweet.

From the first day I started school, I never opened a single book, but still I only got top grades. I thought wooooow! I'm really on top of things! But the truth is, the reason I got good grades was that my sister's

husband was headmaster of the school, and he had told the other teachers not to give his brother-in-law anything less than top grades. "He's the only son in his family, and his sister loves him more than she loves me. If you give him a low grade his sister will curse me day and night. Well, I can take being cursed, but she'll also make me stand on one leg in the corner for a whole night, as if I were a schoolchild."

As I grew up and became more and more arrogant, I came to believe that there was no one better and more knowledgeable than myself in the whole world. If God grants me a few more years, I will soon take charge of the country's affairs and become a great leader. It was with these big plans that I began my university studies while still thinking I was the only flower that smelled sweet.

One day, as we were studying in the classroom, our teacher began to praise and commend himself. He told us all about his achievements. I was very troubled by what he said and I got all upset. This was the first time someone else had praised himself in front of me in this way. All of a sudden I burst out: "What on earth are you saying, sir? Are you out of your mind? How dare you boast about yourself like this? If you and the other university lecturers were pounded in a mortar, all of you would not add up to a fourth of my weight. Get lost and play your tricks somewhere else."

What I said actually upset the teacher quite a bit, and he told the other lecturers: "Deceive this crazy boy as best you can, and don't give him any passing grades." My four years at university had come to an end, but I had not yet finished my studies. I thought to myself that if I stay any longer people will start ridiculing me. I secretly gave up my studies, and told others that I had got my degree but did not feel like working at the moment, and was going to take it easy for a while before looking for a job.

Every day I put on a suit to boost my self-image, went out, and walked aimlessly up and down the streets of the village. Sometimes in the afternoon I went down to the village *madrassa* where the youngsters of the village gathered, or sometimes I walked all the way from there to Miran's garden.

But for some time I had been struggling mentally, telling myself that sooner or later people would realize that I had not completed my studies. After all, how long can this lie be concealed? So I needed some sort of pretext to leave the country, to be on the safe side and make sure no one found out about my huge lie.

One afternoon when, as was my habit, I was walking the streets counting the potholes, a relative of ours called Janal Petrol-Smuggler bumped into me. I greeted him, and there and then he declared: "I hope you don't mind, but I'm going to leave the country." I was taken completely by surprise by this. Out of nowhere I asked: "Where are you going?" He answered: "To Europe." Even more astonished, I said: "My dear Janal, it's not that easy to go to Europe."

But I realized there was no way to hold Janal back. He had really taken a firm decision and said that he was going to Europe by any means. "I only have two loads of petrol left. I'll deliver these two loads and then sell the car and finance my journey with the money I get."

I asked: "How are you going to get there?"

"This is how. Europe has opened its borders. Everyone is setting out for Europe. Don't you know that Yakub and Mawlok also sold their sheep and cows two months ago and set out for Europe. They're already there. I swear by the shaikh of Bog village, they're so well off now that after two months they each bought an iPhone.

So, right then and there I concluded that if I stay here, and people find out I never finished university, I'll lose face in front of everyone. It would be a very good idea to leave!

I asked Janal: "When? Exactly what day are you leaving?"

He said: "Hodal 'Benz' has gone to Chahbahar to sell his Mercedes. As soon as he gets back and I'm done delivering these two loads, in twenty days or so, that's when we're going."

Then I told him to be sure to let me know before they leave. "Who knows? Maybe I'll come along." Janal the Petrol-Smuggler said: "Sure, we'll let you know before we take off so you can get ready too. It would be great if you came, but honestly I don't think you're going to. You're the spoilt child of your family."

I went home and tried to bring up the subject gently. I noticed no one liked the idea. Mother said: "If you go, may the milk I've fed you be *haram*."

And Grandmother said: "My dear child, stay right here. Why on earth would you want to go to the land of the infidels? You'll lose your faith, and all your habits and customs will change."

My sisters protested vociferously: "You're our only brother. If you leave here, we'll die of longing!"

Janal's twenty days were coming to an end, but there was no sign that my family would be ready to send me off. One evening, when my cousin Balanch and I were sitting in my front parlour, I told him that I intended to leave the country, but that my family were not at all happy about it. He said: "Don't worry at all. I have a mullah, a superb one. He will give you an amulet which will change all their minds to such a degree that they'll tell you to go themselves."

But this mullah doesn't help everyone out like this. He only does it for his close friends and confidants, or if someone has a lot of money or is very good looking. But don't worry, my dear cousin, the mullah is my friend. We always smoke hash together. So we'll go there on the pretext of smoking some hash, and when he's high and out of his senses he'll surely do the job for you."

We bought some really high-quality stuff from Abdol the Lame and went to Mullah's house and greeted him. After a few minutes, Balanch lit the joint. Mullah wouldn't smoke in front of me at first, but Balanch said: "Dear Mullah, you don't need to worry about a thing. This is my cousin. His mouth's locked tight and stamped 'Made in Japan'. Come on and smoke some. If you don't smoke this, it's like you'll be missing out on half your life." So then the mullah started smoking, even if there was still some fear in his heart.

After his fourth hit, Mullah was so high that he completely forgot his Balochi and started speaking Urdu: "Wow, my friend! What superb hash! It takes you to seventh heaven!"

I said: "Drop dead, Mullah! The only Urdu I know is 'Hi, how are you? I love you.' I picked it up from a movie by Amitabh Bachchan. Now give me an amulet that will make my family accept my going to Europe, and get lost."

Again in Urdu, Mullah said: "Well, this is no big deal. I'll give you an amulet that will do the job in ten minutes."

Mullah Weedhead gave me the amulet and I took it to the village. Not a day had passed before I found out that all the people in my family had accepted my journey. My father sold a plot of land, my mother sold her gold, and they gave me a decent amount of money. On the seventeenth day, Janal called and said: "We're ready. Make your preparations, you too, because we're leaving in three days."

So on exactly the twentieth day we set out for Europe. Our journey lasted two months and then we reached Europe.

Once we'd arrived, we thought everything was fine, but actually that's when the real problems began. We phoned Mawlok and Yakub: "We don't know anything at all. What should we do now?"

They said: "You don't need to do all that much. As soon as you see a policeman, just say in English: 'I am a refugee.' He'll take you to the office for asylum seekers himself."

So that's what we did, and they took our fingerprints, and then the refugee officer sent us to this temporary camp and told us we would stay there for two weeks. After that they would send us to a permanent camp.

We phoned our friends and said we were settled now, and that they should come and see us. So the two of them came. The moment they saw us they broke out laughing. We were surprised. What on earth was making them laugh so hard? They said: "So you're still wearing Balochi clothes. This is not the place for such clothing. The cold will destroy you in those things. You'll freeze to death. Take them off immediately."

I came to think of how right poor Grandma was when she said: "In a foreign land you will lose your traditions, little by little."

So with heavy hearts we changed into foreign clothes and went downtown. As we were walking, I asked: "They told us that we must go to a certain place in two weeks. They have some questions to ask us. What do they want to ask us about?" Yakub and Mawlok answered: "They will ask you what you have done in your country that puts your life in danger if you stay there. You must provide a case that they will believe."

I said I had no idea what to say, so what should I do?

They said: "We've found some Baloch who have lived here a long time and know how things work. Let's go and see them so that they can give you some good advice. But truth be told, it's either a political or a religious case that stands a chance. If you want your issue settled quickly, you have to go for one of these options." I said: "Neither of these is a way forward. Don't even mention converting to Christianity. It's bad enough that our clothes are gone; we mustn't lose what feeble faith we have as well. And more important, if Grandma finds out, she'll have a heart attack and be on her way to the graveyard in a coffin in no time. And if I go for a political case, my family will end up in trouble with the regime and face all sorts of harassment."

So they said: "Well, your highness, in that case you should end the process right now, return to your country and go back to loitering outside the *madrassa* and walking around the village counting potholes."

There was nothing else for me to do than to say with a sad heart: “Damn it. I’ll throw myself into the trouble of making up a political case. It’s better than losing what feeble faith I have and killing Grandma.”

So I asked how I should prepare my political case and who could help me with it? They said there was a man here who used to live in Dorap village in Balochistan. He had also been a political adviser to the Gulf Sheikhs for a few years. He came here some ten, fifteen years ago and is a great political activist! He’s on top of whatever political goings on there are in the world, and it’s rumoured that his grandfather was an intimate friend of Churchill’s. Actually he’s as wise as Churchill!

Then I went to see this man, and as soon as my eyes fell on him, when I saw his tall figure and broad shoulders, his suit, tie and Rolex watch, I said to myself that there can surely be no greater political leader in the world than he. He seems to be the kind of politician who’s spent so much time hunched over political cases and files that his neck has disappeared!

So this man explained to me what to say and what not to say. Then he promised to write a statement about me, which I should submit to the court at the time of my hearing. I had nothing to worry about, and would be able to put my new passport in my pocket within four or five days.

The time for my hearing came, and I went there and said everything this man had told me to say. I also gave them the statement. When the judge saw the piece of paper, he shook his head and asked who had written the statement. I answered that it was our great political leader, the fellow who is a really great political activist.

The judge looked at me with suspicion and said: “I neither accept this statement about you, nor do I accept what you have told me.”

“How come?” I asked. “This statement was written and given to me by this great politician, you know, the one who is in charge of running the whole world.”

He said: “What you are telling me does not agree at all with what is in the statement.”

In fact, that man was so careless that he had given me the wrong paper. The “statement” was nothing but the old Balochi legend of Hani and Shay Morid as sung by the legendary Kamalan!

Ladies and Gentlemen!

The story about our great political leader with his Rolex watch has a parallel. When the horses are not allowed to race, surely a donkey will finish first. That statement-writing fellow came at a time when there were no other activists, and had created an image of being a political leader in charge of the whole world.

But now, having made up a political case, I too have become a political activist and can no longer return home. And here, nobody believes what I say. But one day I came to think of Mullah Weedhead, and gave Balanch a call. I thought perhaps Mullah could give me an amulet to solve my problem! But Balanch called back and said Mullah had told him that this was beyond his capacity, that his magic and his amulets do not work in the lands of infidels. If there's anyone whose amulets and incantations have power over there, it is the Zigri Master from Palliri.

So I asked someone to go and see the Master from Palliri, and he prayed and said a blessing over me. All I can do now is to sit here and lament my situation, and wait to see what the Master from Palliri's incantation can do for me at the next asylum hearing!

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<http://uu.diva-portal.org/smash/get/diva2:1526287/FULLTEXT01.pdf> (retrieved 28 January 2022).

Mehlab Naseer

Introduction

Zar Jan Naseer, better known by her pen name Mehlab Naseer (also spelled Mehlab Nasir), was born on 18 December 1982 in Khairabad village, Kech District, Balochistan, Pakistan. She went to school in Gurhi village, after which her family moved to Turbat to enable her to continue her education. She received a BA in Sociology, History and Balochi from the the University of Balochistan, Quetta, in 2002, and an MA in English literature from the same university, in 2006. She then pursued a second MA at the University of Balochistan, this time in Balochi literature, which she completed in 2008.

Mehlab worked in special education for three years, from 2007 to 2010 in Quetta, the provincial capital of Balochistan, Pakistan. In 2010 she moved to Turbat and started teaching English literature at the Girls' Degree College and the University of Turbat. She continued teaching until 2016 when she left the country.

Mehlab began writing in Urdu in 2007, and a year later she wrote her first pieces in Balochi. She writes poetry, short stories and literary essays. She is particularly interested in literary criticism. In an interview published online,²⁵¹ she talks about the challenges that a woman writer faces in a male-dominated society. She emphasizes that it is only when women overcome their fear of expressing themselves through writing that Balochi literature will be able to fly with two wings.

An anthology of Mehlab's poems was published in 2019 under the title of *Mehlab Taw Ché Gwashay?* (Mehlab, What Do You Say?).²⁵² Some of her short stories have been published in literary journals. She is also a regular contributor to the web-based magazine Balochistan Times.²⁵³ In addition to writing, she does translation work from Urdu and English into Balochi.

²⁵¹ <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wxOrG-Y1abc> (retrieved 13 January 2021).

²⁵² Nasir, Mehlab (2020). *Mehlab Taw Ché Gwashay?* Uppsala and Stockholm: Uppsala University and Sahitya.

²⁵³ <https://balochistantimes.com/> (retrieved 24 November 2020). This version is slightly different from the one published in this volume.

In 2014 Mehlab began collaborating with the Balochi Language Project by taking part in an orthography workshop.²⁵⁴ She visited Uppsala several times to work on the project before moving to Sweden in 2018. Before that she had lived in Oman for two years. Mehlab now lives in Uppsala, Sweden.

The story presented here, *Dega kass nést* (There is nobody else) is semi-autobiographical, and concerns the time when Mehlab lived in Muscat, the capital of Oman. Among the feelings depicted in the story are love, affection, selfishness, alienation, loneliness, and the pain of exile.

²⁵⁴ <http://www.lingfil.uu.se/forskning/the-balochi-language-project/> (retrieved 12 January 2021).

There Is No One Else

Written by Mehlab Naseer

Translation by Imrana Baloch

“I have taken out the books you asked for.”

“Ok mom, then send them to me if someone travels here.”

“My daughter, nowadays people don’t tell anyone when they go abroad, but I’ll ask your father to take them to the airport. He’ll send them if he comes across someone who by God’s grace is willing to take them along. But it won’t work this Monday. Maybe your father can take them there on Thursday?”

“Fine, mom.”

Then my mother went on to tell me how the world is changing. “There is no affection between people anymore. They don’t visit each other, nor do they care about how others are doing. In those days, there were no cell phone or other such gadgets for communication, but there was so much kindness. Today there are cell phones, Internet, WhatsApp and all that, but people’s hearts are far apart.

On the surface I was answering her, saying “yes, mom... yes,” but deep down I was thinking that mom was talking as if she was conversing with me face to face. International calls are very expensive, but I couldn’t ask her to end the call. She told me as many things as she could until there was no balance left on the phonecard. When the call was disconnected, I closed my eyes and tears rolled down my cheeks...

How long it had been since I had talked to my mother. She became so lonely after I left. I felt like screaming, like crying, but I wiped away my tears. I thought that I should not think about these things and tried to divert my attention to other issues...

“Did he deliver the things? Your father went to so much trouble to send them. Everyone he asked refused because they already had too much luggage. Also, the employees at the airport are so greedy and stingy nowadays. You can’t send anything anymore. You just have to forget about it.”

“I sneaked in some pieces of dried meat and split dates. Your father was standing over me, bless him. He kept nagging at me, saying it’s too heavy, nobody will take it. I knew he was right, but I just couldn’t help it ... It’s the dried meat from the Eid festival. I saved a little for you...”

Whatever mother had said to herself in her loneliness, or to my sister or my aunt, or to anyone else who was willing to listen from Friday to Thursday, she now told me. I kept replying “yes mom” and “right mom,” and I was thinking how much trouble my father had taken in this hot weather, how many people he had had to beg in order to send me these things.

“I don’t want my books anymore.” My heart was breaking at this thought. I felt a sensation of pain run through my blood and out to my entire body. My eyes filled with tears.

The books were plastered like broken legs. I got some pieces of dried meat and pitted dates. I took out the dried meat to cook it, but memories of Eid and gatherings at home made me so uneasy and restless that I wrapped them back up in the pieces of cloth my mother had wrapped them in and put them aside. My heart sank further.

I took up the books and smiled. “Look at Mom. What care she has taken. How efficient she is!” I opened the pitted dates and began eating like a person who’s been starving for a long time. I finished half of them.

I was missing the seasons of the date harvest back home in Gurhi village. The memories of ripe and half-ripe dates saddened me deeply. I felt like dying... but how does one die like this? I went to my bedroom, lay on the bed and closed my eyes.

I thought I should unwrap the books, but I was feeling so lazy and lonesome that I couldn’t even get up.

“I thought about your new shawls... But of course you don’t wear shawls there. Our maid-servant’s daughter came to us wearing a torn shawl. I pitied her and gave them to her out of charity. They were just lying about. There was a pair of sandals as well. God will give you new ones, so I gave them away to her as an act of charity too.”

“You did the right thing, mom. Did you send my diary too?”

“I don’t know whether it was your diary or not, but I sent something that looked like a notebook with a folded paper book cover. I put it in. Well, I don’t recognize these things, but there was a booklet, I sent it.”

I knew I hadn’t put a book cover on my diary. Surely, mom had sent something else thinking that it was my diary.

A week had passed since the books arrived, but I had not yet opened them. I thought I should open them.

When I removed the plastic tape around the books, I burst into laughter.

“Look at Mom. She sent Mano’s notebook instead of my diary. Now Mano must be searching for it everywhere, and it has arrived in Muscat.”

The notebook was in my hand, and I didn’t know whether it was a pain or a pleasure. I could feel the flow of blood in my veins.

I caressed the notebook softly. It felt as if it was Mano’s soft face. I began to turn its pages. A smile was spreading on my face.

“Unit one: My family.”

The picture she had drawn of my father was that of an old man. Below it said “Granddad.”

I laughed.

The picture she had drawn of my mother was that of a bent, old woman wearing glasses. Below it said “Grandmother.”

This time I laughed even more.

The “Father” she had drawn was holding “Mano’s” hand.

In the arms of “Mother” she had drawn a baby.

The “Sisters” were drawn as standing side by side.

Beside the drawing of “Uncle,” under the erased drawing of a woman, I could see an erased word, “Auntie.”

Góshán Nakaptagén Tawár

Balóchiay bist o yakk ázmánk
gón Engrézi rajánkán

Nazz árók:

Káriná Jaháni, Nágomán Balóch o
Táj Balóch



*May dóstén brát o chokk
Sájed Hosaynay (1981-2020) námá*

Ensáni Syádi

Bot

Eltáp Balóch

Á wati shahrá éwak at. Téwagén shahrá dega kass ham néstat. Áiá éwaki wassh butagat. É shahrá dega kass ábád naat, áiá abéd. Shahray jalwah o nedárag anchó delkassh at ke mortagén del bóda kant. Har némagá shirkenén ápay kawr o jó tachagá atant, bág o bágichah sabz o ábád atant. Har tahray morg, dalwat o jánwar é shahrá hastat. Abramay delkasshén nedáragay hamráhiá mósomay hesábá é shahray badal néstat. Har róch shahray yakk na yakk kondhéá jambar sáhél atant o hawr gwáragá at. Har kojám sharri o zébái ke yakk shahréay wástá allami ent, á chizz é shahrá hastat. Á, é shahray yakkén wáhond at. Áiárá éwakiá hechbar bétáhir nakortagat o á wati éwakiá sakk shát o gal at.

Yakk róché áiá hayál kort ke cha hoshkén nendagá náay gaddhag kanag gehter ent. Chizzé na chizzé kanagi ent. Gorhá ché kanagi ent? Áiá chort jat ke anchén karé kanagi ent o anchén chizzé maná sázagi ent ke mani shahrá angat néstent. Bale mani shahrá wa har chizz hast. Kojám chizz ent ke pasht kaptag?

Yakbaré padá hamé sawarhagá but. Bázén pegr o jerhahán o shahray gard o saylá pad, áiá máret ke mani shahrá wa har chizz hastent bale agan yakk chizzéay kammi ent, á “bot” ent. Bezán áiay shahrá bot néstat o dega harché hastat. Áiá paysalah kort ke man jwánén, borz o boland o mazanshánén boté thahénán. Áiá, shahray zebáterén o sabzazárén o borzterén tholléa mazanén drachkéay kashá ke dega hecch néstat, shot o mazanén sengé ér kort o botay tráshagi bená kort.

Máh o sál gwantant o á gón hamé sengén botay addh kanagá moshkul at. Yakk róché áiá máret ke bot tayár ent. É borz o bolandén báraband o shépagpónzén washrang o dhawldárén jenekki boté at ke tayár at.

É botára baniádami anchén rangé jati ke chó ensána but o kassá ham pajjáha nayáwort ke é asli ensané yá boté. Eshiy gwar chó pollá sraptagatant o pádáni shamá gwashaygá bénag petthagá at. Eshiy lontháni sará anchén bechkandé sahrá bayagá at ke cha téwagén shahrá zébáter at. Eshiy chammáni tahá gwashay ométéay donyáéá wati bándátay rozhnáén saparé bendát kortagat.

Áiá bot cháret, ta wat hayrán o habakkah but ke é chéé ke man sharr kort. Áiá bésah néstat ke é rangén dhawldárén chizzé jórha bit. Áiá jérhet ke é dhawldárén bot ke edá éwak bebit, jalwaha nadant. Eshiy kashá dega yakk boté thahénán ke belli do bant. Áiá dega hamé kadday sengé áwort o dega botéay tráshag bená kort. Máh o sál gwastant o é bot ham tayár but. Doén bot yakké domiá sakk nazzikk atant. Domi bot ke tayár but ta é mardéni boté at.

É botáni jórh kanagá pad, á sakk gal o wassh but ke nun mani shahr dhawldárter ent. Hamá chizzay kammi ke butag, nun sarjam ent. Yakbaré padá á wati shahray sayl o nedáragá dar átk. Shahr sakk mazan at o dér gwastagat ke á gón é botáni tráshagá dazgath butagat. Áiá shahray sarjamén saylá yakk haptagé lagget. Haptagéá pad wátarr hamá jáhá átk ke ódá áiá bot sharr kortagatant, ta hayrán o habakkaha bit... seng o syáha bit... doén bot edá naant...

Yakbaré padá téwagén shahri gólet ta é botáni hecch jágah sój néstat. Á jérhagá at ke é shahray chárén kondh band ant, shahrá áiy hokmá abéd na kasé poterta kant o na ke kasé dar átka kant. Gón hamé jérhag o waswásán, áiára maróchi awali bará kóchandhagá gept o á, bágay sártén sáhegéá wáb kapt. Cha wábá ke bosti kort, áiy nezzá mazanéen sáhaté gwastagat. Chammi pach kortant ta syáh o taháren zendánéá bandig ent. Á jérhagá at ke ché bayagá ent? Mani hasti o donyá é rangá badal bayán ent. É chónén esrará maná geptag.

Damánéá pad zendánay yakk darwázagéay pach bayagay tawár but. Zamziláni zhelikk zhelikk at. Kasánén rozhnáié thembán at. Do kas áiy némagá pédák at ke cha durá áyáni dém gendag nabutant. Nazzikká ke sar butant, ta téwagén zendán rozhná but. Áiá é ke distant, hoshk o hayrán but. Chéá ke é hamáiy jórh kortagén doén bot atant ke áiá gón wati jenday dastán jórh kortagatant.

Nun áia yát átk ke man é bot hamá drachkay kashá jórh kortagatant ke é drachkay sárti o washbó harchéá belaggit, áiaý tahá zend, agl o dánesh wadia bit. Bale nun... Báz wahd gwastag o layb cha áiaý dastá shotagat o é shahray wáhond hamé bot butagatant ke wati jórh kanókay námá hákemi kanagá atant. Har charend o parend, sahdáresh wati tábeh jórh kortagat o aslén wáhond yakk tahárén zendanéá band at o cha pashómáníá bashbash waragá at.

Cháp o sheng: Tákband *Estin*, ázmánk nambar, Nawambar 2018. Bechár chérnebis 42.

Syahkár

Hakim Balóch

Jergahá mokaddamhay dráhén tak o pahnátáni yakk sarjamén rapórhé dém dátogat o sepáreshi kortagat ke Dawlat Háná wati neshár gón darámadén mardéá geptag o doén hamé jágahá koshtagant.

Sahtiyay sur gón Dawlat Hánay kasterén brát Mohabbat Háná do sál sári butagat. Surá shash máh rand, áiá Dabaiá rózgáre rasetagat. Yakk o ném sálá rand áiáy chotthi bayagi at. Áiá hál dátogat ke démay máhay pánzdahá, á do máhay chotthiá áyagá ent.

Áiay áyagá chár róch pésar, áiay masterén brát Dawlat Háná Sahti gón á mardá pa nárawái dist o doéni koshtant. Cha patth o pólay rapórhá sahrá but ke koshókay gayratá báhand kort, áiá wati neshár o áiay “áshná” har doén hamá damán o hamá jágahá katl kortant, o jergahá gón yakk tawará é gayrat o lajjay kósh jáhi karár dát o mard o zál syahkár léketant o DhiSiá (DC) wati ewárdh é paymá dém dát ke syahkáriay kósh chó é dega kóshán lékag mabit o Dawlat Háná kayd o banday sezá dayag mabit.

Man mesl boná tán sará padá hurtiá cháretagat o sharriá wántagat. Yakk gwáhé wati bayáná gwashit ke é “áshná” pa wati óláká kadimmay geragá hamá bégahá áyáni halká átkagat. Gwashti: “Mani drájén ráhé, man pa wati oshterá kadimma zurán, bårén démá rasit yá narasit?” Dawlat Háná áiára kadimm pa bahá dát.

Mosáperá kadimm oshterá laddhetant o roksati gept pa rawagá ke Dawlat Háná gón áiá gwasht: “Nun tahármáhi ent o jambar ham sará ant. Taw shapá gón má bejall, sohbá bám ke dant, beraw.” Warnáyá marháh kort. Áiay mennati gept o pád átk pa rawagá. Dawlatá á padá saláh jat, gwashti: “Marháh makan, chó mabit ráhá rad bekanay yá náháréay warháli bebay.” Gorhá warnáén mosáper jallet. Má drostán yakjáh nán wárt. Harkas wati gesá shot. Sohbá mára samá kapt ke mehmáná wati dast o dém syáh kortagant gón Dawlatay brátay warnáén janá.

Maná báwar nabut ke pa katrahé o damanéá mard o janay áshnáí o do darámaday yakjáhi o démsyáhi chetawr amal buta kant. Man gwáh o molzem o dráh padá lótháéntant. Cha molzemá ke joston kort áíá gwasht: “Sáheb! Mani neshará baddasti cha mani brátay darmolkiá rand bená kortagat, chosh ke halkay zálbulán wati halwatán yakdomiá josta kort ke Sahtiy láp parchá chó gwát gerán ent. Kaséá gwasht ke marday bázén zarr o sohráni pig ant. Degaréá gwasht ke dapi chó heláriá drahén róchá rómostá ent, piga najant o lápa naródénit, dega ché bekant? Bale mára é gomán néstat ke á wati démá syáh kanagá ent o dráhén kothomay démá tápagé lagáshagá ent. Man á shapi agan á gón é mosáperén warnáyá mageptén, mani brátá wati lógi ke lápporriá bedistén, áíá wati delá ché gwashtagat.”

Meslay tahá, na gwáhán, na molzemá o na memberán Sahtiy lápporriay zekr kortagat. É pa man o pa mokaddamahá nókén o ehmén habaré at, gwáhi o shónkárié at ke áíá jorm o jormay amalára nókén rangé dát. Molzem dape wat gwashagá ent ke mani brátá wati jan lápporriá bedistén, áíá wati delá ché gomána kort.”

Man gwasht: “Taw rásta gwashay, sharrén jan o shiri ólák anámati shay naant.” Dawlatay petá, ke mokaddamahay masterén gwáh o wati gayratmandén bacchay wakil at, bé jostá gwasht: “Sáheb! Mani neshár wat baddasté at. Hodá bezánt cha kadi o gón kay kayá wati démi syáh kortagat. Agan á shapi gón bagjatá gerag mabutén, áíá mani pardisién warnáyará, gón áíay sar bayagá lápay kóthek pa mestági dátagat. Dinbóán gwasht ke tai nesháray zahgá damán o katrahéá dáshtagat. Agan máti koshag mabutén, do chár róchá rand allamá wadi butagat. Sharr but ke má cha náhakkén hónéá bacchetén.”

Lápporrén zálé ke áíay zahgay wadi bayagá damán o katrahé bedárit chón gón damán o katrahéay mosáperéá “áshná” bit? Á máh o nókiay sandá wati jenday jódá jwába dant, gón bagjatá chón joptia bit? Maná báwar nabut ke Sahtiy mawtay sawab yakshapi mehmán ent ke tahármáhén shapay syáhián gár o gomsár but. Man mokaddamah Kráem Bránchára dát ke eshiay patth o póla cha nóksará bekant.

Mani démá do rapóρθ ant, yakké Kráem Bránchay nóksaránay patth o pól ent o domi har róchi kráem rapóρθ ent. Har do yakkén habará gwashagá ant. Awaliá sarjamén patth o póla rand pakkáíá wati rapóρθ dátag ke Dawlat Hána gón wati brátay sharrang o warnáén janá, brátay rawagá rand pa zór o nárawai nájáhi kortag o néth áíay láp porr kortag.

Áyán hál raset ke Mohabbat Hán do chár róchá randa kayt o sara bit. Dawlat Hána tors mán delá kapt ke áíay brát lógiá lápporriá begendit,

áiá allamá josta kant o jan áia hakkén hálá zalura dant. Gorhá pa áia hayr naent. Áia pa wati syahkáriáni chér dayagá bécháragén mosáperén bagjat náhakká syahkár kort, mosáper, bánór o kódaq démhóni dátant ke balkén áyáni hón áia syahkária gár bekant.

Domi rapóorth hálá dant ke Mohabbat Hána wati brát Dawlat Hán koshtag ke áia pakkáia málum butag ke áia darándhéhiay wahdán, áia brátá áia warnáén janay gwará wati dém syáh kortag.

Cháp o sheng: Balóch, Hakim (2000). *Ásay Chahr*. Bechár chérnebis 53.

Nákó

Nasim Dashti

“Wati truá begend.” Mani náková yakk zébáén jenekkéay némagá wati dast shahár dát.

“Eshiá?” Man hayrániá jost kort.

“Haw, haw. É tai tru Dorgol ent.”

Cha Dorgolay námay eshkonagá mani déma dah sáláy yátáni wasshén nedárag gardagá laggetant. Áiay zébái, rang o dánag, áski idag, kátharén pónz, kamánén borwán, márpéchén malgór har warnáén delá cha bandókána sendit. Bale maná áiay pollén démay sohrén lontháni wasshén bechkandag sakk dóst ant. Paméshká man náková é gappá ke tai tru Dorgol ent, báz hayrán mantán parchá ke á cha kasániá mani wáb o hayáláni máhdarwarén dottok at. Bale nun ke mani kamáshén náková wati lógbánok kortagat, pa man cha pegr o hayálán abéd hecch pasht nakaptagat. Hamé sawabá cha mani chammán arsáni ragám shaletant o cha delay bonbandá opparán báhand kort, bale pa náková kóhén háterá man wati bétáhiri yakdam sahrá nakort. Bale chónáhá é gamáni bár cha mani nezórén báladay saggá gésh at. Paméshká man pa dhannay rawagá wati gám pa gég o andám chest kortant, gwashay ke dráhen zeminay bár mani chakká at.

“Assalám alaykom.” Man náková salám dát o goshád goshádá pa wati báná dar shotán.

“Wálaykom salám. Beraw, taw Hodáay mayár ay.”

Man wati báná tahtay sará shakundém bután o pegr o andóháni tuppáná maná mán ropt. Man hayál kort ke may rawájá gón bédhaw! o badrangén káran wati dámon chinkas póleng kortag. Mani dhaw!én chinkas warná wati hakkén armán o wáhagáni wástá talwasagá ent, bale á zálemén rawájay déma béwas ant. Maná hashtád sálién náková gón kasánsálén Dorgolá sur kanag sakk tawret bale chón kanán? Kamásháná pant o sój kanag mazanén béadabié. Hamé sawabá pa man

naométiay áh o opparán abéd dega hecch pad namant o man cha pahkén lácháriá gón Hodáyá jost o jwáb kort.

“Oo wájah Hodá! Mani gonáh o mayár ché ent? Chosh parchá but? Tai ham wáhag hamesh at ke Dorgol yakkéay amánat at, á dega kaséay lógay zéb o bráh bebit? É yakk wábé wa naent? Bale na. É wáb yakk allamén ehwaléay but. Mani didagáni ars náhudagá retkant. Mani donyá wayrán... o mani nákoáy donyá ábád but.”

Donyáay chárén kondhán tabáhiá mán shántagat. Hamé tahármáhén shapá ásmánay estár drapshagá atant, bale mani tahárén shapay hamá drapshókén estár ke báz dérán rand dhalag butagat nun mermeránkó but... o mani ométáni donyá har némagá syáh o tahár at, na ráhé pad, na dém. Cha wati delay haláhóshá zyárat o piráná tawáron per kort... Wati gránén gamáni sobakter kanagá dém pa masitá shotán o gón Hodáyá wá o zárion kort.

“Wájah Hodá! Bárén chéa chosh but? Cha maróchiá dah sálá pésh man o Dorgolá tai pákén lógá zenday sakki o sóriáni tahá hamráh o hamkópag bayagay sawgend wárt bale maróchi, dah sálá pad man ché gendagá án? Mani zendagániay rozhnáén máh degaréay lógá shahm kanagá ent. Rasté ke donyá sakk béráhm ent bale taw chó béráhm naatay, tawbah. Taw ham kassará hecch gwasht nakort ke Dorgol yakkéay amánat ent?”

Yakk róché man wati yakk sangatéay dochár kapagá rawagá atán ke man Dorgol domi némagá áyagá dist. Man óshtátán bale á gón wati dazgoharán gapp janán cha man shegwast o man hoshk o hayrán bután ke á parchá chosh mowáz ent.

Róch shap o shap róch bayáná gwantant o man molur molur bután o har wahdá pegr jat ke Dorgol mani gwará parchá chó bé bramsh o tawará gwazit, gwashay maná pajjáha nayárit. Man wati delá niyyat kort ke man Dorgolá á róchay mowáziay sawabá zalur josta kanán. Paméshká man pa áiy lógá rahádag bután. Bale wahdé ke darwázagá sar kasshet ta diston ke á drájén adénkay déma neshtag wati mud o malgórán randag o wati jenday sambahénagá at ke yakk ródarátki janénéa chosha nabráhit, o cha áiy é hálata man sakk padard bután. Man áiy bánay tahá potertán o darwázag band kort. Man sakk bétáhir atán. Bale áíá gón mazanén pahréá darráént: “Begwash, che gappé?”

“Man... man...”

“Haw ji... ji... begwash taw chéa torsay?”

“Man... man... taw nawassha nabay?”

“Enna... taw begwash na.”

“Dorgol...”

“Ji...”

“Dorgol! Má zendagániá yakké domiay hamráh o hamkópag bayagay sawgend wártagat bale cha mani rawagá rand parchá chosh but? Man wati delá chinchok wáhesh o armán dáshtag o lógá átkagatán bale mani drostén wáhesh o armán hák o porán hawár butant. Maróchi man tará hamé jostá kanán ke é drost cha tai wáhagá butagant, agan na?”

“Haw... cha mani wáhagá.” Áiá wati chamm jahl kortant o yakk nezóren tawaréa passawi dát.

“Taw gorhá hamá sawgend zutt shamoshtant ke má páken masitá wártant?”

“Enna... bale...”

“Bale... ché?”

“Bale nun zamánag báz démá shotag ...”

“...o é démá rawókén zamánagay wástá mála lóthit sohr o zarra lóthit.” Man áiy gapp tawám kort.

“Taw nazánay, Karim! Maná gón tai nákoá hecch wáhag nést. Bale man gón áiy mál o dawlatá hobba dárán o tai náko maróchi na bándát ent cha donyáyá rawt. Dega parchá cha áiy dawlatá páedag bekasshant.”

“Bass kan wati puttáriá. Man tai dhawlén makrbázén janén zendagá pashta nageján. Annun tai hamá hála bit, anchó ke yakk mazanén gonahkáréay, tánke taw cha wati locchén wáhagá dega kassá barbád makanay.”

Man yakdam Dorgol gothgir kort anchó ke yakk sháhiné jenjeshkéay sará hínzh bekant bale mani dast larzetant o yakk tawaré mani góshán kapt.

“Parchá wati nákoay armán o wáhagáni donyáyá wayrána kanay? Hamá náko ke tará harch o darchi dát... wánénti... tai har thahl o názi pojjet. Bale maróchi taw áiy wáhagáni donyáyá tabáh kanagá ay.”

Man shot o masitá tagerday sará dém pa chér kaptán. Bégáh, shap o shap, némshap but. Sáhat dráj but o wahd wati jáhá jekk óshtát. Man arsay gawhar zeminay máti dámoná kaptant. Man pád átk o dhanná dar átkán. Man del porr at.

Gam, wapá, dósti, béwapái, zend, Dorgol, náko, dard, del, ranj, zahrbár, dóst, nádósti, béwapá, donyá, mál, zarr, dósti, Dorgol, béwapá, mark, zend, é koll átk o mani démá óshtátant.

Kojá...? Kojá...? Man cha wati delá porset. Mani sar jahl at o gón wati gamán jérhagá atán. Zend chéé? Wapá ché ent? Dósti kojámiay nám ent? Mani ráh kojám ent?

Delá padá dardé pád átk.

É kárch ent. Náko wáb ent, wati warnáén janay bagalá ent. Mani chammán dist ke Dorgol nákoáy bagalá ent. Áiay bádámén chamm band ant o lonthi pach ant.

Mani del cha zahrá porr but, hón mán ragán téz but, lonth gath chetant, dast pa lánkay kárchá shot, gám téz kortant o pa nákoáy lógá rahádag bután.

Anágahá kochekkéá wakket o man cha wati wábá ágah bután. Man wati chamm chest kortant, borzá cháret. Zemestáni shapay bisti máh ér rawagi at. Chó sáli nádráhá mani némagá chárágá at. Zemin o ásmán máhay nuray cháderá wáb atant. Ásmán sáp at o estár jarhashkagá atant. Drachkáni kaptagén ták mani pádáni chérá chó proshtagén delá tawará atant. Man wati chamm máhá sakk dátant o óshtátán. Máhay nurá mani del cha nurá porr kort. Off, off, zend. Delay taháriay tahá gerókéá jat o dóstiyay yakk lahrhé pád átk. É rozhnáén zardrangén máh, é kaptagén ták, é mortagén pollán mani dard, mani zahr, mani gam bahr kortant. Mani chammán ars átkant, mani del chó ásmáná práh but, estár delá rók butant.

É thuhén práhén golzeminá béwapáén Dorgolá jágah hast.

É zend pa nákoá ham wassh ent.

É máh o estári donyá, é sabzén zardpolláni donyá náko o Dorgolá nasib bát.

Man cha wati nákoáy lógay ráhá padá gasht o dega ráhé gept. Mani gám téz butant. Mani zobáná wassh wasshá é labz dar átkant: “Náko! Dorgol! Maná pahell kanét.”

Cháp o sheng: Abdolhakim (1970). *Gechén ázmánk*. Bechár chérnebis 25.

Peti Mirás

Naymatolláh Gechki

“Off, mani wájahén Hodá! Man chón kanán? Man parchá chó béwas bután. Wason hast, bale béwas án. Kason hast, bale békas án. Off, mani nokk chón hoshk ent. Maná kass trampé áp dapá nadant. Jánon pahk zhand zhand ent. Off, kasé nést ke pádánon bepreñchit, bale degaré parchá pa man bekant? Ádami mehr bégwáh ent. Bábi! Degar degar ant, wati ján o jagar ant, bale wati? Dapon sengá belaggát agan begwashán wation nést. Bacch maná Hodáyá dáttag, ganj ent, gorhá chón maná was nést, chón maná kas nést? Abbaw, mabátán bábi pa shomá. Bale oo mani Hodá! Mani gonáh ché ent? Kason hast, bale dapon makeská porr ent.

Mana zánán, mani badbahti hamá róchá átk ke Mazár cha man pësh shot, agan na man pa é hálá nabutagátán. Bale mana nagwashán ke á mortag. Áiára man pa kojám róchán wati shakkalén shir méchéntagant. Némshapi pásán delsahrhén lóli pa kojám sáhatá áiára dáttagant. Á zendag ent. Áiay mótkay badalá man háló kort. Mahluká maná malandh kort. Man wati dast cha áiay zagren hónán chó henniá lójetant. Mani dela joshit, bale dozhmenáni del sárt but. Á namirán ent. Tánke gwárhagay sohrén polla srápant o sohrén golábay poll gamara kanant, mani mazárbimmén Mazár zendag ent.

Off, Gamdár! Pa taw mabátán. Dozhmenán áse kapát. Áshópéa sar o chér bátant ke maná béwas o békasesh kort. Badwáháni dantán dar byáyátant ke gwashant lagór butay, bábi! Zántet, zánant ke mard pa gég. Tai daránmolki maná dard ent, bale delá jazm án ke bérgiri áse, delá sárt nabutag, nabit. Mani zerday zarábén wáhag ent ke gamay garmén gwát tai démá makasshát o sohbi nódet sará beshanzátant.

Bale Jangián! Taw parcha chó sardmehr ay? Off, delon dara kayt. Mana nagwashán, badwáha gwashant ke taw sardmehr butagay. Man saddak án ke taw hamá taw ay. Hónchakén chamm tai bémehr naant. Garm o jalán, gathh o garán tai hoshkén lonth mani delá eshkaré pera dárant. Áherrén gwahrán tai bépóshakén jánay yát mani delá kárché janant. Bale delgrán

mabay. Mani sar borz ent. Béwas án, chamjahl naán. Agan kóthói wájahé naay, kóthói wájahéay bandig wa naay.

Nasib! Taw mani chamm kór kortant. Bahton kamm ent ke mani Nasib band ent. Mana zánán ke taw shéri bashbasha waray. Tai zerday bétawáren nehardag, zánán kóth o kalátana jombénant, bale shálá kayt hamá róch. Bale yá nasib. Off, kasé hast maná kammé áp dapa bedant? Kasé hast ke mani sará kammé chest bekant? Damon pasht kapt.

Oo Sardu! Sardu! Gáróth! Mani dam band but. Abborhay bábi, mani dam. Oo Sardu! Taw wáb ay? Garib! Kammé hósh kan. Mani jandhén jámag léthetag. Tonnon belli koshit, bale bépardag mabán, námahramon chárágá ant. Ódá bechár, drostáni chamm sakk ant. U bábi, mabátán. Off, mani sharrén Hodá! Nazánán chón kanán. Oo Sardu! Óhe taw, taw mabátay yá man mabátán. Bale taw, taw, háay, mani sáh, man mabátán pa taw bábi, Mazár ján! Taw kojá ay? Jangián! Polangán hayál kan. Gamwár! Gón brátán hamred bátay.”

É Gránáz at ke déme wat parhagá at. Baré hósh o baré béhósh. Hapt shap o hapt róch at ke Gránáz pa é hálá at, békasá kaptagat.

Á wahdá ke áiy róch atant, bahti barjáh at, nasibi hamráh at. Á baznázén zálé at. Wati janózámii namáret. Tangah o teláhén bacchi démá atant. Wassh o washdel atant. Bale áiy delá har wahdá jat. Áiá zánt ke é róch pa áiá káyant. Mazanmarr o zórakén dozhmenán áyáni goddh poshtá jatagat. Áiá zánt har wahdé ke bacch láheka bant, wati mirásá jóhant. Áyáni kasánsáliá áyáni peti mirás zórakán chér jatagat. Kay pa zend o wasshén delé wati málá degarána dant?

Wahdé á hóshi butant, áyán wati mirásay jóhagay johd kort. Godhwáran tawret. Zóraki hilah cha nezóri o dábahiá gésh but. Wahdé ke áyán nám gept, hamá but ke Gránázay delá jat. Yakké górhí but, yakké darándhéh but, sayomiá sar pa kóh o gáran kasshet. Dega yakké pa bandihánahá sar but. Nun hast o nést yakk béhayrén móchoén bacché at, chath pocchi démé. Na budé, na kamálé. Hodáyá sáhé dátág o bass.

Gránáz garib o bépasátén zálé at. Wati dastay purýátá wati róchi shapa kortant. Nun porrén shash máh at ke cha kára kaptagat. Sáriá áiá cha wati sháhitabiá wati ján nabort gón. Bale nun jáná chath dawr dátágat. Na dasti dásht na pád. Chére wat at. Cha garibi o wáriá badalshódé ham néstati. Chell o ázag at, bóá kass abélá naesht.

Sáriá hamsáhegán baré baré hálá gept. Bale nun kassá dapi josté nakort. Nun harkasay gósh ráhá atant. Kadi markay hália bit ke má béarsén

mótké byáren. É wahdá áiy é tangiay démpán áiy nábudén zahg at. Áiy láheki hamesh at ke kerrái kaptagat.

Áiá pa wati nábudén wasá pa chetth o táitá wati maskah jat, bale hecch pa hecch. Mardoma gwashant shogránahi nabutag, paméshká damán nageptag. Áiá pir o pakir ham naeshtagat. Bale á ham pa Hodá nakanant. Hasti wa Hodái dádé. Káre pa tahlag o dárúa bebit, áiá pachén dhakk yala nadátag pa lóthag o áragá, bale jáná démay padá kanag hecch nazánt.

É shap pa Gránázá tang at. Á cha bázén nálag o peryátán bésodd o samá at. É wahdá á cha trekk o tawará kaptagat. Sardúa áiy sar chest kort. Ápi dapa petthént. Cháreti tánke chammi borzá shotagant, gesay tirá sakk atant. Sarduay jáná drahagé zort. Máti thóhént. Bale áiá tawár nadát. Sarduay nokk gón nádóká kapt. Chammi golgol butant.

Gránáz sáhay jan o gerá at. Ballok Telyán tachán tachána átk.

“Bibi! Mobáarak bát tará. Sóbáay janén zahgá dráh but. Zahgi bachakké.”

Gránázá kammé chamm pach kortant. Ásmáni cháret, yakk hekkagé jati. Chammi pasi butant. Domi hekkagá áiy bolbolá bál kort.

Cháp o sheng: Gechki, Naymatolláh (2011). *Shakkal o Zahráp*. Bechár chérnebis 66.

Gárén Kaldár

Sayad Háshmi

Garmági róché at, róchá gwar bastagat. Á, sabáhá cha lógá dar átkag o tayábay kerrá shapay sárt kortagén rekáni sará neshtagat o daryáay kókarén gwarmán chárágá at ke dóshigén shamálén gwátay sawgát atant.

É daryáay áp báz talag ent o zemini báz jágah sakk chekkel ent. Eshiy hamé lahmén chekkelay tahá daryái lullok báz ent. Lahtén lulloká hamé narmagén chekkel anchén rangéá gwatkgag o wati lóg jórh kortag ke agan pa nazántkári kaséay pád hamé lógay sará bekapit, tán kóndhá ména rawt. Cha tayábá panjáshast gwáz borzá macch o drachk ant, yakk mazanén sherissché ke eshiay sáhegá sabáhay róch gón tayábá goláésa kant o har chont ke róch borz bayána bit sáheg o tayábay dósti dur bayána bit.

Á, hamé sáhegá neshtagat. Bale nun é sáhegá áiy hamráhi ham yalah dát. Áiá chakk jat o poshtá cháret. Sherisschay hamá démá rekay borzagé. Bale hamé borzag chó ke ápay band yá ásshánén kóhay chodagá ent ke chapp o chágerdá chó ke bandá ent o tóki johl ent.

Eshiá lahtén bon macch ham mán ent. Yakk zamánagé é yakk jwánén pallé butag bale annun wayrandán ent o wárhay bándatá yakk dasté máhór yá thálé karz o yakk chótheké ham lekk naent. Eshiy nazzikká hamá kasa rawt ke watá cha masterén janjálá rakkénaga lóthit.

Hamé borzagay chappá ráhé gwazit. Ráhé naent, keshké yá chó begwash ke randé ke mardománi bázén raw o áyá hamé ráh jórh butag ke eday rék chizzé badetag o dega chizzéá cha lagatmáliá bál kortag o kerr o gwará jam butagant. O gwát ham komakk butag o gwashay záná arzonrangén mudáni tahá giwwaré kasshetag. Hamé keshkay chappi dastá chát ent ke harkas gón hórken jahlagá kayt o gón porréná bera gardit.

Áiy delgósh yakk anágahá yakk bramshéá wati némagá tarrént. Chárit ta hamé borzagá o rást yakk kóré pedák ent ke áiy latth yakk jenekkéa geptag. Áiá drostén némagán wati delgósh dur kort o hamé kórá na, hamé jenekká chárágá lagget. Kóren mard é jenekká tayábá bort o yakk

sharrén adaréá rand padá jenekká kóray latth gept o hamráhiá dém pa métagá tarret.

É ham cha wati jágahá pád átk o hamesháni randá dém pa métagá rahádag but. Ráhá gón do pajjárókén mardomá drahbáti but. Tánke rék kotthet, eshiá ham dam bort parchá ke pa é gappá ke chó giwwára báragén keshké jórh butagat bale é keshk ham rékay tahá ent, paméshká é keshk ham rék ent.

Hamá wahdi ke á chátay kerrá gwast, áiy delá yakk baré drikkagé jat. É domi kwahnén chát at ke sengband at o rékay kotthetagen sará at yá ke chósh begwash bongéjá at. Tránagéá kapt, bale wati sari dranzet ke watá bétránag bekant bale padá ham tránag áiy hamráh at. Sassái kort, bale béásarén sassá, parchá ke gón béásarén sassáyá áiy samá zendag bayána but. Watsará wat cha áiy sará garmié dar átk, áiy chamm ham garm geptant, áiy wati jend dast per kort gwashay záná tapá geptagat bale tapay rangá naat. Wati pádi trond kasshetant ke zutter wati jágahá berasit. Padá yakk anágahá gón wat ástá gwashti: “Lógá raway jwán ent, bale tai lógá ham kass nést, ódá ham tahná nenday.”

Rásti gwashtagat. Áiy gesá béde áiy jendá dega kass néstat. Yakk jwánén sangaté áiy hast bale á, róchay drájiá géshe wati garibiá naent. Shapá damanéá kayt o har do nendant, gapp o trané kanant, bale á ham tán dérán gón áiy neshta nakant ke áiy watá lógé hast ke pa lógbánok o chokk o chaláng ent.

Padá watsará gapp janagá at: “Tahnái wassh ent bale hamá wahdi ke tahnái pakár bebit o hamé rangá hamráhi wassh ent, hamá wahdi ke cha tahnáiyá mardom shezár bebit. Maróchi gwashay záná man ham cha tahnáiyá bészár án. Báyard ent ke é rangén bészár o shezár choshén béwahd o beajámén báhandán cha róchay ér rawagá rand gir byárant, bale maróchi chappokáén rangéá gón sabáhá róchay gwar bandagá eshán birh áwortag.”

Á watsará wat mizzán mizzána jérháná rawagá at. Ráhá dega yakk dóstén mardomé gón áiy drahbáti but. Drahbáti but bale áiy é samá naat ke kay at. Wati pádi kasshetant, gwashay záná kasé áiy ráh chárágá ent yá yakké dér ent ke áiy rahchár ent ke kammé dér kanag pa áiy biragén táwána kárit.

Yakk baré óshtát o wati gámi sost kortant, bale padá chárit ke pa bésamá padá gámán kasshán ent. Cha wati lógá sadé gámá dur, chárit ke yakké áiy lógay kampánay srugá óshtátag o gón áiy gendagá eshiay gám sost butant. Sari jahl kort o démterá shot bale nun gámi angat ham sostter atant. Nazzikterá wati sari chest kort o padá cháreti ta

hamé mardom diwálay boná chizzéay shóházá ent. Wahdé ke áiy kerrá raset pajjáhi áwort ke har róch cha hamedá gwazit o ápa rawt. Eshíá wati delá gwasht ke balkén áiy pollok yá mondrikké kaptag ke inchok shóházá ent. Josti kort: “Ché gáret kortag?”

“Kaldaré.”

“Kágadé?”

“Enna. Trondén kaldaré.”

“Gorhá?”

“Gár ent.”

Eshíá ham shóház kanagay háterá ingor ángor chárág bongéj kort. Bale wahdé ke sari chest kort, gendit ta eshiay jend kaldáray shóházá ent bale áiy jend óshtátag o eshiay jendá chárágá ent. Wati kissagi patthet bale pachén kaldaré mán néstat. Gwashti: “Mani kissagá kaldár nést bale cha lógá kaldaré kárán o tará dayán.”

Darwázagi pach kort. É ham potert gón. Á, lógay tahá kóthay némagá shot ke kaldaré bekasshit o bedanti. Eshíá gwasht: “Tai lógá áp nest?”

“Chetawrén áp?”

“Waragi.”

“Bale, hast.”

Eshíá gelás zort ke áíá áp bedant. Gelási cha dastá pach gept o gwashti: “Man wat ápa warán.”

Gelási cha ápa porr kort o áwort o áiy démá óshtát. “Bezur. Áp bwar.”

“Man sabáhá charpi nawártag ke áp bwarán.”

“Garmág ent, áp wassh ent. Sharr ent, acha taw sabáhá ché wártag?”

“Yakk kópé cháh.”

“Dega?”

“Dega hecch.”

“Sharr ent man pa taw hayka kárán.”

“Kadi?”

“Bándá.”

Ápi zortant o lótheti ke bwártesh, dasti dásht o gwashti: “Óshtokái enna. Benend.”

É tahtay sará nesht. “Acha, taw óshtátagay?”

“Man ham nendán.”

“.....”

“Tai nám kay ent?”

“Máhal.”

“Máhal?”

“Máhátun ent bale mani mátá dóstia Máhal kortag. Taw sur kortag?”

“Taw sur kortag?”

“Haw.”

“Chokk?”

“Say chokk ant... Bale chokkáni petá panch sál ent ke edá naent... Mosáperiá shotag.”

“Zahr ent?”

“Enna... Bale dér ent ke shotag o padá déma nakant, chónáhá zarr baré baré déma dant, bale...”

“Bale ché?”

“Hecch.”

“Taw mani nám jost nakort.”

“Tai námá mana zánán. Hamá róchi ke taw may hamsáheg butagay, man tará pajjááh áwortag. Har róch man distag ke tai gesá tai pelán dósta kayt o shomá tán dérá nendét o gappa janét tánke shapay némá pad gapp janáná rawét. Man hayrán án ke taw é shapay némá kojá raway? Nazánán kadi padá káay?”

“Tará gón mani raw o áyá che kár?”

“Yakk shapé man tánke bámgwáhá neshtag o cháretag, tánke taw padá átkagay.”

“Acha, bezán taw mani chárig butagay?”

“Tará tahnái wassha bit?”

“Parchá záná?”

“Wat josta kanán.”

“Tai del ché gwashit?”

Bétawária pad yakk anágahá gwashti: “Nun taw tahná naay.”

“Annun wa enna.”

Yakk o ném adará rand pa rawagá pád átk.

“Taw áp wárt?”

“Taw wárt mani tonn prosht.”

Á ráh gept. Eshiá gwasht. “Wati kaldará nabaray?”

“Kai kaldár?”

“Hamá gárén kaldáray badalá ke man tará gwasht ke dayáni.”

“Hán. Á gárén kaldár.”

“Haw...”

“Á man dar gétk.”

Choshi gwasht o zutt zutt rawagá lagget. Darwázagay dapá chakki jat o gwashti: “Rózardá haykána kárán.”

Cha áiy dar áyag o rawagá rand hayrán at o neshtagat o watsará wat gappá at: “Kaldár dar gétkag. Kadi? Kojá? É lógay tahá?”

Yakk damánéa rand áiy sassáyá kár kort. Bechkandet o pa ják gwashti: “Hmm... Gárén kaldár.”

Cháp o sheng: Saymáhi *Drad*, 2001.

Santh

Gawhar Malek

“Dar á cha mani gesá, taw mani zend azáb kortag. Nazánán hamá chónén shummén róché at ke man gón taw árós kort. É dah sálay tahá taw maná kojám wasshi dátag, begwash?” Jati chapánthé, padá lagaté jati, á kapt. Náshotén záh chó hár o hirrópá cha áiy dapá dar áyagá atant. Á chó botá latth o lagatáni chérá kaptagat, bale cha áiy dapá off o abbawé dar nayátk. É cha máhéá zyát at ke áiy ward o warák záh o mosht o lagat at, bale maróchi latthi sarbár at.

Áiá zánt ke mani hamjwábi áiy zahray ásá chó gásathélá téztera kant. Badter ganóka bit. Jati, jati tánke wat dami bort. Latthi chagal dát, tán darwázagá shot, pad tarret o átk. “Man wápasiá tará edá magendán, agan na cha man o gandag kass nést” o cha darwázagá dar átk.

Á dhagáray sará chó mordagá tachk at. Áiy haddh o jánay band band cha dardá proshagá at. Áiá wati chamm nazz kortant. “Hamzaha gwashit taw maná wasshi nadátag. Áiy haddá wasshi chéá gwashant? Gón áiy kahólá yakki o tepáki, nánay dayag, ropt o róp, shosht o shód, mehmándári, mehr o dósti, man wati ján wár kortag bale áiará ásudag kanagay johdon kortag. Bé áiy razáyá man wati mát o petay chárágá ham nashotagán. Hamzahay nezzá wasshiay kyás o kayló ché ent, á wasshi chéá gwashit? Áiá maná jat. Albat gón Hodáyá kayá dast o dáwá hast?”

Padá áiá wati kasáni delá átk. Waliá ke jat o áiá grét, mátá áiy sar bagalá kort o gwasht: “Wali! Tará gohár dela bit? Gohár gón taw pádára nabít, taw nazánay gohár tai gesá mehmáné?” Áiá mát goláesh kort o gón áiy goshánay lambá wati chamm pahk kortant. Gwashti: “Ammá! Man tará, abbáyá o Waliá naylán o dega jágaha narawán.” Mátá á bagalá kort o sar chokket.

Wahday gwazagá dér nalagget, gwashant jenekk chó keshará ent, zutta rodit. Wahd o pás máh o sáláni parragán swár, bál kanána shotant.

Drostén jenekkáni warhá áiy majgay tahá é habar cha kasániá ródénag butagat ke jenekkay ges áiy marday ges ent. Áiá wati delay tahá wati

gesay singárag o palgárag shoru kortagat o wati hayáláni wájahay wadára at ke kadia kayt o áia bárt o gesay bánoka kant.

Padá hamá róch átk ke áia pa wasshén rócháni ométá gón yakk dhanni mardéa wati palgártagen gesay rawagay tayári kort ke á ges áia wati ges at. Dazgoharán á sambahént, gwashant bánóra tán say róchá pari wati rangá dayant, bale cha áyókén wahd o ákebatay wasshiáni nurá áia dem wat chárdahi máhá róshná at.

Dazgoharán gwasht ke chammán pach makan ke sál dhokkála bit, bale áia pa wati wasshén wábáni sáthagá wati chamm nazz kortagatant ke chosh mabit ke wáb cha áia chammán berechant. Dazgoharáni gwashagay padá, áia wati chamm gón zóra pretkant. Padá dazgoharán Korán Sharip, sabzén ták o espétén táséay tahá sápén áp áwort o gwashtesh: “Nun chammán pach kan.” Áia awalá besmelláh kort o chamm pach kortant o Korán wánt o cha Hodáyá wati wasshén rócháni dwá lóthet. Ápi cháretant o dwái kort: “Yá Alláh! Mani o Hamzahay delá watmánwatá gón ápá sáp kan,” sabzén táki cháret o wati zenday kesharáni sabz bayagay dwái kort o padá áia wati mát o pet, brát o goharáni mehr mán delay yakk konjéa band kortant o gón Hamzahá yakk nókén o wasshén zendéay gwázénagá é gesá átk.

Mát o pet o donyáay gwashagay padá, áia wati poshtá tiranké dát. Áia delá gwasht beraw mátay gotthá beger o begwash o jost kan: “Mát! Shomá gón béwasén jenekkán chéa dróga bandét o áyán cha wati gesá kasshét? Peta gwashit ke jenekkay ges áia marday ges ent, marda gwashit: ‘Cha mani gesá dar á, é ges ke manig ent, tará hákemi kayá dátág. Jan málé, pa bahá rasit o anchó ke gesay é dega mál o asbáb cha mani marziá gesá ér ant, anchó jan ham cha mani marziá ent, dóst nabut, gallénáni, áia badalá degaré kárán.’”

Áia delá Sháhgol o Zinat átkant, gwashay áiará naptéa gón jat, trási kort o nesht. Sháhgolá sálé chokké awort bale láp porr o koth halig at, chokki sara nayátkant. Dáktarán gwasht ke mard o janay hón barábar naant. Mardá eláj nakort, gwashti: “Hamé zarrán ke pa elájá dáktarán bedayán parchá dega jané makanánesh?” Sháhgoli gallént, Sháhgol cha gamán ganók but. Zinatay gonáh esh at ke áia jenekka áwort bale mardá sawn dátant, bale man... Mani gonáh ché ent?

Darwázagay drahpáragay tawár but. Áia hayáláni bandikkay arhetagen tár trahkárágá sest. Hamzahá padá habar kort: “Taw angat hamedá neshtagay, santh?” Áia delá ham páhár kort: “Taw gón Hodáyá Hodáia dáwá bekan ke tará aybi mán kortag, maná chéa janay? Taw chokké mani lápá beday, man chon pédáia nakanán? Shomá mardén har dubahá

janénay sará janét. Shomá ham bandah ét. Shomá bimmára nabét? Hodá shomará santh korta nakant? Shomá cha Hodái kárán chéá mayáriga nabét? Dáktará tará ché gwasht? Tai delá man sahig naán? Wati aybá mani sará tappay?” Pád átk, Hamzahay dém pa démá óshtát. “Maná yalaha dayay degaré geray padá áiy sará santhiay dhubahá janay?”

Hamzah ganók but, dáti dodasti télánké, á dur shot o kapt. Gwashti: “Dáktar goha warant, jakka janant, dróga bandant dáktar, taw dáktaráni habar dróg kort nakortant, hayádár o pársá taw butagay. Man tará gón wati dóstán pajjárók chéá kort? Taw cha áyán pa man inchokén wasshié gept nakort? Man tará pa zánt gón áyán tahná nakort? Bale taw...”

É habar naatant ke cha Hamzahay dapá dar átkant, gwashay srop atant ke Hamzah áiy gósháni tahá mán réchagá atesh, áiy sará gwashay geróké kapt. Arsi chammáni tahá hoshk butant, nokki cha nádóká chó jawrá tahl but, thélagi dar gorhetant. Hamzahay tawár dur chó ke cha johlén chátéay tahá byayt áiy góshán kapt: “Beraw, man tai sawn dátant, sawn dátant.”

Áiy chár jenekk ant, bacché buti bale mort.

Hamzah mazanén dindárén mardomé. Hajji kortag, drostén mardom “háji sáheb” gwashanti, péshemámi ham kant, dega jané gepti bale é ham áiy kesmatá “santhé” but.

Cháp o sheng: Dád, A. R. (2014). *Patantákén Enjir*. Bechár chérnebis 199.

Jehád

Gani Parwáz

Nabi Dád cha sabáhay noh bajay kesásá yaddhawlá wati dokkáná neshtagat. Bale áiy géshter delgósh wati dokkánay badalá Golshéray dokkánay némagá at, parchá ke áiy dokkáná hásén gerák áyagá naat o Golshéray dokkáná cha gerákay báziá nendag o óshtagá gég néstat. Á pa é habará sakk apsózig at ke áiy dokkándáriá bist sál at o Golshéray dokkándáriá shash sálá gesh naat, bale cha áiy dokkáná Golshéray dokkáná báz géshter démrawi kortagat.

“Nazánán Golshérá kojám karámát yát ent ke áiy dokkán chó démrawi kanagá ent?” Nabi Dádá cha zahrá táb o rés wárt o wati delá hayál kort: “Áiy dokkán o mani dokkán har do yakkén damká ant, dém pa dém ant, yakk warhén dokkán ant, har do jarnal esthór ant, har doénán yakk warhén chizz mán. Á cha man chizz arzánterá ham nadant. Bale angat mahluk áiy dokkáná chó mórá sorit o mani dokkánay jostá nakant. Agan áiy dokkánay démrawiay raptár hamé dhawlá bebit, gorhá yakk róché kayt ke maná wati dokkán band kanaga kapit. Paméshká maná chizzé kanaga lóthit. Allamá chizzé na chizzé kanaga lóthit.”

Yakk róché wahdé AySi (AC) gón laywizay jamádár o lahtén sepáhigá Golshéray dokkáná potert, gorhá á sakk gal but ke nun allamá chizzé bit. AySiá Golshér yakk kágadi shekáyatéay bonyádá sharáb o hirwinay shapokiay bohtámay sará gept o bort, bale hecch sobutay narasagay sawabá chizzé kaláká rand yalahi dát. O cha áiy yalah bayagá Nabi Dád padá gamig but.

Dega róché Rami Gondháya é thilpuni hálay sará ke Golshérá nagdi zarr sakk báz hast o áiy agwá kanag sakk ásán ent, Golshér cha dokkánay démá agwá kort, gorhá Nabi Dád cha galá padán chest but ke á randi hecch nabutagat, bale é randi allamá chizzé na chizzé bit. Bale damánéa rand, báz mardom Rami Gondháay randá kapt o Golshéresh pach gept. Cha eshiá Nabi Dád géshter gamig but.

Chizzé moddatá rand, Ramazán but. Yakk sabáhé, á wati dokkáná neshagat o delá jérhagá at ke anágahá lódhespikaray sará járéay tawár but.

“Mosolmánán! *Majlese Tahaffoze Khatme nabowwatá* paysalah kortag ke á, é sálá Zegrián hecch suratá drógén hajjá naylit o agan áyán Kóhe “Námoráday” rawag o drógén hajjay kóshest kort, gorhá áyáni helápá jehád kanaga bit. Paméshká bist o yakk Ramazán Sharipá, jámah masitá ejtemá bit o cha bist o panch Ramazán Sharipá Zegriáni drógén hajjay dráhén ráh band kanaga bant o áyáni helápá jehád kanaga bit. Handay dráhén Mosolmán ejtemá o jehád har doénán allamá bahr bezurant o wati eslámi parzá purah bekanant.”

É járay eshkonagá rand, Nabi Dád mazanén pegréa kapt. Cha áíay déma gal o gam har doénáni jabzah gendag butant. Tán zandhén sáhatéa áíay déma rangé shot o rangé átk. Áíay dém baré rozhná but o baré tahár. Bale áherá kamm kammá áíay démay tahári rozhnáíay chérá chér tarret o andém but.

Cha bist Ramazáná áíá dokkán band kort o ejtemá o jeháday tayári shoru kort. Nókén espétén dazmálé hás hamé rócháni wástá gepti. Do say jórhah godi shódáént o tayár kanáént. Wati jáni sharr shosht o sapá kort o másh o kanagén baróti tháp kortant. Bale pa é habará á sakk kohtig at ke áíá rissh per nést, parchá ke áíay hayálá choshén wasshén rócháni wástá rissh sakk zaluri ent. Domi róchá wahdé áíá espétdapén pocch per kortant, espétén dazmál sará bast o hákirang o narm narmén buth pádá kortant o watará mán ádénká cháret, ta áíá ejtemá o jeháday wástá wati tóká abéd cha risshay per nabayagá dega hecch ayb nadist.

Bist o panch Ramazánay bégahá sajjahén handá ádhahór but ke Golshér gón wati dega lahtén syád o wáresén Zegriá gárhiéa swár butag o dém pa Kóhe Morádá rawagá butag o molláyáni yakk rombéa distag. Cha hamé molláyán yakkéa gárhiay sará tirgwári kortag o Golshér hamá sáhatá mortag o áíay panch syád o wáres thappig butag. Molláyáni rombay mazaniay sawabá payr kanók zánag nabutag. Padá ham lahtén mollá gerag o nezarband kanag butag.

Ramazánay goddhi bégah gón nókén rangéa átkagat. Geptagén mollá yalah dayag butagatant. Golshéray dokkán band at. Nabi Dáday dokkán pach at o cha geráká dapá dar átkagat. O Nabi Dád chárh chárhá sawdáia delgosh at. Anchó málum but, gwashay záná á drájén moddatéa rand dokkándáriay rástén lezzatá máragá at.

Cháp o sheng: Parwáz, Gani (1995). *Bémenzelén Mosáper*. Bechár chérnebis 124.

Garmén Sáheg

Morád Sáher

Kénagiá wati oshteray báray kolónth pa hashtád kaldará bahá kort, kaldár dazmálay lambá bastant o lánká mán jatant, oshteray kóndh bastant o bázaray tanká borzád but. Áiá chizzé sámán geragi at. Áiay métagay sawdágeray dokkána choshén alkápén sámán nést. Asorkazáay wahdá áiá cha bázará wátarr kort. Har sámán o tóshagé ke áiá geptagat, drost mán lachán kortant, oshterá raht per kort, kóndh bótkant, tangi sharr mohr bast o dém pa wati métagá rahádag but. Cha bázará dar átk, oshteri jóként o jammáz but. É wahdi magrebay taháriá mán shántagat. Oshter wati delay maylá bárag o chapp o chóthén ráhán goláth borrán at o rawagá at.

Mardom ke éwaka bit, áiá bázén hayálé kayt. Kénagi ham hayáláni rongráhán borzád but o shot o hamá gwastagén rócháni wasshén sáhatán raset. Hamé hayálán áiára gwandhén sáhaté yakk jannatéa bort o rasént, bale é hayáláni jannat chand sáhat at. Damánéa rand á padá hamá oshterá jammáz at o yakk syáhén waddhéa éwaká rawán at. Nun áiá wati delgósh shapay estáráni némagá tarrént, lagget estáráni chárágá. Delá hayáli kort ke é taháren shapá é estár chón trepagá ant. Erán, kaséa esháni pédá bayag ham yáta bit? É estarán bázén habaré yát ent. É pir ham nabant. É chó trepnák ant chéa? Haminchoká shayréay tawaré áiay góshán kapt. Kammé durá galagé dém pa hamé ráhá pédák at. Galagay sárbán yakk pordard o sóznákén shayré janagá at. Áiay shayray sarhál esh at:

*Byá ke zahir maná naylant ent
Romb romba jenekk káyant ápa
Chó sabáhay sártén gwátá
Maná kassa nadant tai shóndátá
Byá ke zahir maná naylant ent.*

Shayr tán hamedá rasetagat ke cha hamáyán yakk zendadeléa kukkár kort o gwasht: “Begwash, arhay begwash sotkadel ke é dursarén ráh o syáhén shap pa bétawária nagwazant.”

Kénagiay hayálá cha estáráni tappásagá béráw kort o hamé shór o kukkáray némagá shot. Kaséá gwashay záná áiy imánay tár dast jatant. Áiára chengá naesht. Gotthi sakk boland o wassh at. Hamé washgotthiá áiára mazanén dardé delá dátat. Áiá sárbánay shayray passaw gón é gálán bená kort:

Bágáni kapót washáwázén
Bétawára wati róchán gwázén
Emrózá wapá néstent bázén
Byá ke zahir maná naylant ent.

Cha Kénagiay dardmandén delá dar átkgén é chárén gál shapay syáhi o taháriá derrán but o shot o hamá galagay sárbánáni góshán ér kaptant. Har doén némagán yakk bétawáriéá mán shánt, tánke galag ham átk o raset.

Yakkéá darráént: “Arhay wájah! Taw cha kai mardomán ay?”

“Kahodá Shahswáray,” Kénagiá jwáb tarrént.

“Taw cha bandená pédák ay?”

Kénagiá gwasht: “Haw.”

“Kolónthay che nehád ent?”

“Báre hashtád kaldár,” Kénagiá gwasht.

“Tará máhig gón? Mára chár dánag beday.”

Kénagiá chizzé máhig áyáná dát o áyán chizzé kolónth. Harkasá wati ráh gept o shot, bale Kénagiay wati gwashtagén shayrá áiy del kodént.

Á wati gwashtagén rócháni yakk wasshén sáhatéay delsóchén tránagéá kapt. É tránag Máhán at, áiy kasániay hambal. Bale áiy sur do sál pésar gón yakk máldaréá butagat. Máhán áiy kasániay dóst at. Á yakkén métagá rostag o mazan butagatant, bale surá rand Máhánay mardá áiára wati métagá bortagat. Máhánay métag Kénagiay ráhay sará at. Yakk baré áiy delá báz merr kortagat ke Máhánay jágahá mán tarr, bale áiá wati delay habar hecch kemár nakortagat.

Nun áiy del nazánay cha áiy jendá gésh at o á yaddhawlá Máhánay bárawá hayál kanagá at ke báren Máhán chón ent? Báren che hálá ent? Máhánay delá angat mani wáhag hast? É yakk swálé at ke áiá gón watá kort bale cha bázén dard o gamán thapp wártagén delá hecch passaw nadát. Padá wat jwábi tarrént ke Máhán hecchbar maná béhayál korta nakant. Man Máhánay chárágá allamá rawán. Hamá shapay bámgwáhay wahdá áiy oshter Máhánay métagay némagá rawagá at.

Máháná ham pa Kénagiá sakk dósti hastat bale donyáay dód ent ke yakk paymá naóshtit. Maróchi do sálá rand Kénagi pa áiy métagá rawagá at. Náháriay wahdá Kénagi, Máhánay métagá shot o raset. Yakk mardomé josti kort.

Áiá sój dát: “Á dhalay démay gedáná genday? Hamá Máhánay lóg ent.”

Kénagi hamá marday sójay padá Máhánay lógá shot o raset. Oshteri mashkay dárá bast. É wahdi Máhán shiray mantagá at. Áiá ke Kénagi díst, hínzaki yalah dát, tagerdi gerrán kort o gedánay pëshgáhá pach kort. Kénagi nesht. Máháná cha durá wasshátk kort, pád átk, sódagé náyá porri kort, kaddahé shiri cha hínzaká ér rétk, áwort o Kénagiay démá éri kortant o wat yakkerrá shot o nesht. Kénagiá cha sódagá yakk daparé ná zort o dapá kort, cha kaddahay shirán goláthé gept, chamm chest kortant o Máháná chárágá lagget. Doén chammi Máhánay démá sakk dátatant, gwashay záná Máhánay démá chizzéay shóházá at. Máháná sar chest kort. Doénáni chamm dochár kaptant. Kénagiá wati hósh barjáh kort o gwasht: “Taw maná pajjáha káray?”

Máhán gwashay cha wábá pach drahet. Har do yakdegará anchó chárágá atant gwashay záná yakdegará pajjáha áragay johdá ant. Sharren sáhaté pa bétawári gwast. Máháná jwáb dát: “Enna.”

É “enna” pa Kénagiá jwábé naat. Gwashay záná kaséa shelsarén kárché áiy delá jat. Áiá ná dapá jawr butant, dast sódagay tahá hoshk tarret. Mazanén moshekléa dasti cha sódagay tahá dar kort o gón cháderay lambá pahki kort, pád átk, swási pádá kortant, oshteri cha mashkay dárá bótk.

Máháná darráént: “Taw bárén náhári nakort? Sáhaté bejall, náhári bekan. Mani lógwájah cha ramagá kayt, garmá sárt kan, gorhá beraw.”

Kénagiá gón borretagén gotthéa jwáb tarrént: “Taw ke maná pajjáha nayáray, pa man é sártén sáheg garm ent. Cha darámaday sártén sáhegá watigay róchay sar sharter ent. Tai sáheg pa man nun sárt naent.”

Kénagiá wati oshter mahár kort o rahádag but, bale nun pádán jwáb dátat. Áiy jend ráhá rawán at, bale áiy ruh chó berrén áhuá hamé dhalay démá wati jetá butagén hambalay shóházá peryát kanán o serr bandáná rawagá at.

Cháp o sheng: Abdolhakim (1970). *Gechén ázmánk*. Bechár chérnebis 25.

Rawt Ráh o Rawt Shap

Sharap Shád

Bas jump o jólán loddhán at. Shapay sayomi pásay bétawáriá mosáper wáb o wábénag atant. Ágahén mardom yakké dhréwar at ke áiá ridhuá kwahnén Hendi sawté per kortagat o ráhay kandh o béthán sar o chér at, domi á at ke hayál o jérhagáni tahá gâr at.

Sapar sháhegánén getanéá bayagá at. Jáhé jáhé dur rozhnáié jalashket, zánaga nabut lógáni darigán sar kasshókén cherágé at yá ásmánay estál atant ke duriá zeminay sará dará butant.

Gazalé ráhá pad, anágahá, na grand, na gerók, mórshanzén hawréay trampán ér dát.

“Ostád! Chekki ke Tankay kawr démá ent,” poshti sitthá waptagén kelindhará áwáz dát. Wábsarén mardom kolkochetant. Basay darigá dhann taháriá hawray chárágá chammesh romborhéntant, padá waptant.

Cha basay kalóng kaláng o ridhuay tawará, hawray trampáni tawár sharriá góshán kapagá naat, bale áiá zánt basay poshtá trampáni pad, basay padán karójagá bant, hamé gappá áiára yakk warhé táhir dát.

Shahr dur pasht kaptagat, áiy tors o bimm ham.

Basá dásht. Áiy del thopp o thápá lagget, bale sepáhigáni badalá do mardom basá swár but. Yakkéá espétén god gwará, chashmaké chammá, kasánén suthkaysé dastá at, domiá ábréshomi dazmálé sará át. Dhill o dábá chó dehkán yá sárbánéá at.

Basay kelindhar áiy gwará átk. “Basá jágah nést, é mardom majbur ant. Tai kashá yakké kammoka nendit.”

“Man do sitthay bárhaw dátag ke kass mani kashá manendit, maná wassha nabit.”

“Má, wájah, nazzikká éra káén, tai mehrabánia bit agan damáné wájahá jágah bedayay,” kelindharay gapp janagá pésar dehkáná mennat kort.

Áiá wati bayg cha sitthay sará chest kort o pádáni démá ér kort. Dehkán, sitthán gwázénán, posht poshti sitthá shot ke hamódá damáné pésar kelindhar neshtagat.

Áiay kashá neshtagén, sharrázáén mardomé at. Basay rang rangén laytháni tahá áiay dróshom zardrang dará but. Hawrá áiay god kammé missetagatant. Kammé chárágá pad áiá basay darigá dhann taháriá anchó hawray chárágay kóshesh kort gwashay hecch gapp janagi naent. Áiá cha áiay kasánén suthkaysá andázah jat ke dáktaré. Kuchagáni dáktarán géshter hamé warhén suthkays gón at.

Dáktará cha kissagá segréthay dhabbi kasshet, yakkéay bondh dhanná kort o áiay némagá shahár dát. Áiá zort. Domii wat rók kort.

“Damáné pésar ke má dhanná hawr o gwátay sará átén, maná gomán but, baniádam abramay démá modám béwas ent.” Dáktar narmgoptarén mardomé át. Áiá dáktaray némagá cháret bale hecchi nagwasht. “Baniádamay yakké domiá sedag o hamgranch baygay tamáshá ham ajab ent. Má ke basá swár naatén, gorhá may wati wati zendagi, wati nasib atant, nun ke basá swár butagén, may mark o zend yakk butagant. Agan é bas chilléá bekapit, máshomá drosta merén, bas haráb bebit, máshomá drost ázára bén. Pa wasshi o salámati sar bebit, máshomá drost wati menzelá sara bén. Nun may drostáni zendagi, nasib o tors watmánwat hamgranch butagant.”

“Maná torsagá naent,” áiá goshád goshádá gwasht.

“Man tahná tai gappá naán,” dáktará lonth gól kortant, segréthay duttáni challahé yalah dát. “Yakk hesábéa becháray chó naent ham. Má é basá swár bebén sharr, swár mabén sharr, may mark o zend may wati mark o zend ant. Agan bas bekpít, lázom naent má drost bemeren. Buta kant kasé thappig bebit, bass áiay dast yá pádé beproshit. Chó ham buta kant kaséay pónzé mabojit. Bale má drosta lóthén ke bas pa salámati menzelá sar bebit o mára hecch mabit, parchá ke may tahá markay bimm modám chó hawrá gwáragá ent.”

“Man gwasht na, maná torsagá naent,” áiá goshád goshádá gwasht.

“Markay gwará harkasá torsit, tará ham torsagá ent, mardom ke torsay ámachá bit, gorhá goshád goshádá gappa kant, tai warhá,” dáktará segréthay duttáni dega challahé yalah dát ke basay tahá láthór warán but. “May drostáni gwará zendag bayagay wáhag yakk warhá ent,” kammé bétawár bayagá pad dáktará darráént. “É hamé tors ent ke maná shapá basay sapara torsit. Maná anchó samá bit ke ingor mani chamm

nazz butant, ángor bas chappia bit, paméshká basá maná beh wába nayayt, mana nazánán taw chón ay?”

Áiay delá hollé chest but. “Man wati gwastá tatkgán? Zánaga nabit. Bándatéá sara bán? Zánaga nabit. Chó, chón buta kant?” Bale hecchi nagwasht.

“Yakké maná taháriá sakka torsit,” dáktará gwasht. “Annun tahári wa basá dhann ent,” áiá gwasht. “Basay tahá anchén deláramén rozhnáié tálán ent ke pa wábén mardomán nátáhiria nayárit o ágahén mardomán táhira dant.”

Dáktará dega segréthé dar kort, rók nakort, bass lankokáni shamá dásht. “Baniádamay tors bass yakké: áiay mark. Bale é gapp hecch bestára nadárit ke mardom chóna merit. Wayléay ámáchiá, delay drikkagay band bayagá, kaynsaray nádráhiá, baré baré maná gomána bit, hamá mardoma merant ke zenday bud o barkatá zebahra bant. Hodá, á mardomána nakoshit ke áyáni zendá maksadé hast. Man mark cha báz nazzikká distag, haminchok nazzikká ke watigi o zenday jósh, chó mawjá chawl janán bebant.”

“Taw mark cha man ham nazzikter distag?” áiá halwat kort.

“Matlab?” Dáktará lankokáni shamay segréth chandhet, padá cháret ke rók naent, áiay némagá shahárti.

“Man wati lógi koshtag,” áiá segréth zort o rók kort, drájén sutthé jati. “Wati lápporrén jan, wati dóstigén jan koshtag man. Taw mark cha man ham nazzikter distag, dáktar?”

“Lápporrén janén, parchá... parchá koshtag taw?” Dáktaray áwázá larzagé mán at.

“Áiay lápay chokk mani nabutag.”

Dáktará pa habakkahi áiay némagá cháret.

Hamé wahdá cha posht poshti sitthá dehkáná tawár jat: “Ostád! Bedár, may jágah átkag.”

Áiay dastá segréth larzet. Por godáni sará retkant. “Dáktar! Maraw,” áiá halwat kort. “Maná torsit.”

Poshtay neshtagén dehkán nazzikká átk. “Wájah dáktar! Berawén. May bázár rasetag.”

Dáktará suthkays dastán zort o gón áiá gwasht: “É marday lógi chokki dardán ent, eshání bázará dáktar nést, bist kilumitar dur átkag mani randá, johda kanán ke mark o zenday é jangá zend bekatthit.”

Cháp o sheng: Shád, Sharap (2020). *Safará dam bortagén ráhán*. Bechár chérnebis 149.

Bibi Maryam o Préshtag

Hanip Sharip

Áiá báz dérán pad wábé distagat, kesás yázdah sálá rand. Wati goddhi wábi hamá wahdán distagat ke omri 35 sál at o nun á 46 sáli pirmardé butagat o maróchi neprálóji dhepárthmenthay nepáday sará waptagat ke chammi nazz butant o wábé disti.

Áiá dist Bibi Maryam o préshtag áiy gwastay zahiráni paymá sahrá ant. Moj, danz o gobár poshtá pasht kaptagatant, tabd o lewár o tonn áiá déri ér bortagatant o maróchi basshi jambaráni sácháná péshi sáheg gwashay moddatéay wadará pad átkagatant. Áiá doén pajjááh áwortant. Áiá belóthetén ham doéni shamosht nakortagatant. Áiay 35 sáláy wábay mozz do áshnáén o mahramén chehrag; Bibi Maryam o préshtag ke kasániá beger tán 35 sáláy hamok wábay pand áiá hamesháni nimmóná gwázéntagat, maróchi yázdah sáláy wadará pad wátarr lógá átkagatant.

Bibi Maryam modámién dhawlá cha préshtagá gámé démá óshtátagat, bé trekk o tawár, áiy mudáni sará máhekán ér retkagat o chammán drájén menzelay sapar angat ér at. Áiá Bibi Maryamay chamm delá naksh kortagatant. Cha Bibi Maryamay espétén godán rozhn balagá at. Áiá anchó gomán but ke Bibi Maryam karpásay pollán o mómay bálóán hasár kortag, o wárdhay tahá kápuray bó ham átár at. Áiá dist Bibi Maryamay chamm mani dáyálesesay meshiná sakk ant. Meshin garr garr kanagá at. Áiay dastá jatagén payp sáh kasshagá atant o hón hamé paypáni komakká cha meshiná gwazag o sáp bayagá pad é dega paypáni komakká wátarr kanagá at. É meshin áiy gotthag atant o á hamesháni barkatá wati ketábay rérhiá télánk dayagá at.

Á delmánag at ke róché na róché hajjá rawán o hamódá wábé gendán. Ásmáná shénka bant, gwát pa tabé bit, borzén kóhání boná, rékestánay bendátá, man, arabi god, oshteray mahár kanag o wábay halásiá sári... shap kapagá pésar, man rékestáná gwázénán o Bibi Maryamá hamá kappá sara kanán o padá chammagáni bonzeh, rahmatáni sáheg, shiray

jó, enjir, tud, bale... bale áiá zánt ke hajjay rawag pa áiá mazanén gappé parchá ke áiy doén gotthagán jwáb dátagat o á dáyálesesay meshinay sará wati zendagiay róchán hillabaláh dekkah dayagá at. Áiá zánt ke maná haptagé yakk randé é meshinay déma allam házer bayagi ent o é grán o tahnáén sáhat saggagi ant, bale wahdé ke á maróchi pa dáyálesesá átk, gorhá áiy wahm o gománá naat ke man wábé gendán.

Bale á é gappay sará sakk hayrán at ke préshtagay omr hamódá 35 sáláy sará óshtát, na kammok sarhakká é kapp, na pohlá á dém. Á hamá dhawl at ke 11 sálá sári at. Áiá hósh at ke man o préshtag yakkén wahdá rostagén. Hamok wábá doénán ke dhikk wátag áyáni shawr, padyánk o gwázi yakk butagant.

Áyán gwandhóia beger tán 35 sálá ném omray sapar jatagat. Doén yakkén omrá atant, paméshká áiá modám máret ke préshtag mani domi brát ent o Bibi Maryamay kerrá ent, bale némróchi garmén sáhatán mani shóháza dara kayt. Bell toré á préshtagay hamrang naat, bale padá ham é gappay sará saddak at ke maná ásmáni omré dayag butag o donyáyá ráh dayag butagán. Á préshtagzádagé, cha ása jórh butag o é donyáyá hákién mardom hecch naant. Á sharter ent. Sajjahén jambarzádag ant. Á, cha sajjahén negáh o dazjanián borzter ent o áiá modám hamé máret... o á cha sajjahén ensánán sharter at, bale...

Bale aslá chó naat. Áiy sajjahén omr rérhiay sará ketáb bahá kanagá gwastagat o Kamálá modám áiára hamé sarpada kort ke taw dróga banday. Rérhiay sará ketáb bahá kanag tai baht ent. Pa mardomán chamm romborhénag tai talab ent. Taw aslá ketáb bahá kanagá, wat ham bahá butagay, bale tará báwara nabit. Taw é gappay mannagá tayár naay, paméshká taw wati donyáé jórh kortag, watgarhén donyáé.

Á modám gón Kamálá arhet. Áiá gón Kamálá dochár kapag hechbar wassha nabut. Kamálay lógay rawag wati jágahá, á Kamálay klénekay nazzikká ham nagwast. Áiy lógá harkas bimmár butén, har dhawléen nádráhiéa begeptén, á do do ganthah Séwel Hespetálay mocchiá róchay sará óshtát bale Kamáli tawár pera najat. Aslá á o Kamál jenn o gandákó jórh butagatant o padá áiá Kamál pakár ham naat, áiy wábán á hechbar ham tahná nakort o áiá é gomán ham nabut ke maná mardoméay hájat ent. O cha wati truzátká bésahay próshagá pad áiá wati wábáni máná cha kassá nalóthet o wati wábáni donyáyá báhóth but.

Bale mósom modám sáchána nabit, jambar modám rahmata nabant. 35 sáláy yakk bégáhéá, á wati ketábáni rérhiá dekkah dayán, lógá áyagá at ke áiy kamká dardé chest but. Eshkar atant ke tachagá atant o padá hespetáláy halás nabayókén sapar bendát but o á béwas but ke pa Kamálá dast shahár bedant, donyái mardománi mohtáj bebit. Dega, tán yazdah sálá kojám Séwel Hespétáláy mardomá á moptá dáyáleses kortagat agan neprálójiay dáktar, Kamáláy sangat mabutén. Taw gwashta kanay ke agan á Kamáláy truzátk mabutén, eskulay hedhmástará áiy nám anchó kasshetagat ke tapriay ganthiá tawár kort o á pasht kapt.

Bale áiá mark modám wati kashá wápént, áiy delá man do mardom án. Doén sohbá máhallah páda káyant, cháha warant o kára sara gerant. Áiá kamm kammá watára grán grán máret. Modám gón Kamálá gwashti ke man jóné baddhá ent o mani kópag jahl rawán ant o zór jwáb dayagá ent. Áiá dam pa sáhat gelaga kort ke kashay hecch mardom maná kópag dayagá tayár naent.

Kamálá modám áiára lógá áyagay saláha jat o cháhé wárent o cha kléneká roksata kort, bale mardom gwáh atant ke wahdé á ráhá shot gorhá gerrán gerrán at chó ke mardéá janázahay tahtay saré kópaga bebit o é dega bahr zeminá gerrán bebit.

Áiy lógay mardomán dega tamásháé dist. Á tahtay sará anchó wapt, gwashay áiy kashá nonnoké waptag o á delwárag ent ke wábay tahá lagati madayán o makosháni. Áiy shap sajjahá pa azábi gwantant o pada áiá shapáni bówábiay théki raset. Wábá áiy chammáni dhass béhayál kortagat o hamé sáhat o sáláni tahá áiy mardomán á shamoshtagat. Bibi Maryam o préshtag cha áiá béhayál butagatant, na Bibi Maryamay kolaw átk, na préshtagay darak hastat. Némróch atant ke ás atant, shap atant ke barp atant.

Áiá bázén máhéá wadár kort, zór wáb gendagay johd kort, kágad o karráchay niyyat bast, bale hecch pa hecch. Nun wa á ganter delwárag but o padá áiy delá hajjá rawagay niyyat bast. Áiá kolloké gept o zarray chenag o ér kanag bendát kort, bale áiá wati lógay hecch mardom hál ham nadát o padá á at, dáyálesesay meshin at o porrén yázdah sáláy kórén keshk at.

Kamál o neprálójiay dáktar ke dochára kaptant é gappay sará allam jérhetesh ke á kojám chizz ent ke éshiá zendag dárágá ent. Dega, mardom do sálá rand cha dáyálesesá bézara bant o marká arzánter sarpada bant, bale eshiará gwashay sál kasshagay hammáli rastetagat o domi némagá, hajjá rawagay omét róch pa róch twángerter bayán at.

Áiá zánt man é shahray bandig án, cha é shahrá dhann shot ham nakanán. Dhann wati jágahá, á Kamálay hasará ham yalah korta nakant o áiá é ham zánt ke hamok mordashámiá áiay lógay mardom pátiáyá drájkashter kanán ant o nun do sál at ke áiay lógá chellé dárágá atant bale chellé at ke do sálá rawagá at. Bale á é gappá sarpad naat ke kay meragi ent. Áiá wa hajjá rawagi at. Chó mabit ke á hajjá berawt o edá kasé sáh kasshagá band bekant, áiay wábáni rangá.

Á hamé gelagá Bibi Maryamay kerrá kanagá at, porrén yázdah sáláy abétki o delranjián záher kanagá at o á nóki préshtagá jost kanagi at ke kojá butagay ke mardoméa áiay sardén peshániay sará dast ér kort. Áiay chamm pach butant, disti ke dáktar wárdhay tarr o tábá átkagat. Áiay kash o kerray mardom, wárdhay doén háus jábar, nars, rejesthrár sajjahá gón atant. Dáktar áiá jost kanagá at bale áiay góshán tawár narasagá at o padá áiay delá dáktará haptád sarag per at, áiá dáktaray sará sakk bad áyagá at. Yázdah sálá rand átkagén wáb dáktar o áiay mardomán wati harján jatagat. Áiá wati chamm padá band kortant, á wati wábay shóháza dar átkagat bale wáb moján gár bayókén sarhakkay paymá bégwáh at. Áiá wábi padé ham nadist o pa nádelkasshi wati némwábén chammi kalahé pach kortant.

Dáktar angat áiay saruná óshtátogat. Wárdhay bachakk áiay hónay peshará tappásagá at o narsá hesthri shith gón at o nebeshtahá arhetagat. Áiá wati pajjáróké dist, Kamál áiay nepáday sará neshtagat.

Áiá gón Kamálá gwashag lóthet ke tawe Kamálá dróg bastag o maná gwashtag ke taw láwáresé ay, taw watgarhén donyáé jórhéntag, tará Bibi Maryamá yalah dátat, préshtag tai brát naent, tará béhayáli kortag. Taw mani lógá kukkár kort, maná ganóké gwasht, wábáni donyáay górpattay nám dát o man, man hecch nagwasht, piskag nakort. Mani wábán maná yalah dátogat, mani kerrá sháhed o gwáhé néstat ke man byáwortén. Mani shóházay dar band butagatant. Bale maróchi... maróchi maná padá bashárat bayagá ent ke maná préshtagáni omr gón ent. Man maláekatáni shahray goddhi sahdár án ke pa radi zeminá átkagán, ás mani chammay rozhn ent, man belóthán é sajjahén donyáyá sótká kanán o tawe Kamál ke mani sará hechbar báwaret nakortag, tai delá mani gapp ganóki butagant. Maróchi tai démá kukkára kanán o gwashán ke man cha é hákién ensánán borzter án, man ásmánzádagé án. Shomá sajjahá mani mohtáj ét. Mani sawabá zendmánay kár o bár hasant. Man mabán na taw bay, na dáktar o na ke é azábén garr garr kanókén meshina bit. Man án ke jambar ent, man án ke dróshom ent.

Kamálá dist á dáyáleses meshinay némagá eshárahá ent o padá chizzé gwashagay johdá ent, gorhá hamé sarpad but ke Hosayn mani derá áyagay gelagá ent. Kamálá Hosaynay nám tawár kort o padá é gappi bená kort ke maná kár butag, dazgatth butagán, dáktaray thilpunay hál maná dérá rasetag o padá Kamálá dega bázén ozré pësh kort.

Áiay delá Kamálay tawár durá, cha diwálay hamá kappá pédák ent o padá áiá anchó gomán but ke é tawár mardomani kukkáray tahá ér rawagá ent, méná kapagá ent. Áiá baren chónaká Kamálará gwasht: “Man tai tawará eshkonagá naán.” Kamálá wati tawár borzter kort bale Hosayná samá nabayagá at o padá á dwárag wáb kapt.

Nun áiá yakk baré padá wábé dist. Áiá Bibi Maryam o préshtag distant. Bibi Maryam hamá rangá at, bale préshtag nun pir butagat, omri kesás 46 sál at bale Hosaynay paymá piriay harján butagat. Hosayná bechkandet. Kamáli wati zehnay damk o kóthián shóház kanagay johd kort bale besób but. Damk tahár atant o lógáni darwázag band atant. Eshíá pésar ke áiá wati chortay mahri tátkén, préshtag démá kenzet, áiay dastá lahtén nók sraptagén ásomí poll atant, préshtagá poll kashay thébalay sará ér kortant. Polláni bó kóthiay mojay tahá pa Hosayná mestágé at, bóá áiay del dam dát o padá préshtag kammok démterá átk, áiay nepáday sará nesht, áiay mudí samártant. Dapi pahk kort. Létári sáp kortant o dasti zort, wati dastáni delá kort o senagá dáshti. Hosayná chamm chest kortant ta disti áiay páduná óshtátagén Bibi Maryamay chammán áp dar áyagá at o préshtagá wati sar jahl jatagat. Áiay drájén mud kópagán ér atant o bánzol jahl kaptagatant. Mómay báló áp bayagá atant o karpásay poll ás geragá atant, bale kápuray bó mast bayán at, gobár o danz waddán at o sarjamén 46 sálay tahá é awali wáb at ke pa del o setk Hosayná mardoméay talab but. Áiá bétawáriá mahramé áwáz dát, bale áwáz ásomí polláni ramán tán kammé dérá ráh gept o padá ásomí polláni hawr bendát but o áiá máret ke sáh kasshag pa áiá gránter bayán ent o á sáh kasshagay gránén sáhatáni shekár but. Bale poll at ke rechagá atant, sáh at ke mán gisshetagat.

Dáyálesesay meshin garr garr kanagá at, wárdhay garhiay thekk thekk waddetagat, pankahá wati parrag tézter kortagatant, hamé kukkáráni tahá nars o wárdhay bachakkáni tach o tág hór kaptagat. Dáktaray pëshániay héd o krechkén dém áiay chammáni démá moján gept, moj at ke baláhé at, gobár at ke déhé at o padá anágat dáktará áksijan másk áiay dapá dát. Aksijan selendhar esthárth but, bale áiay delay drikkag

band butagatant, áiy chammáni kós hamá jághá óshtátogatant, chammay omr kotthetagt. Áiá cha donyáyá sapar kortagt.

Dáktará gón nákamén déméá wati mardom cháretant, sajjahénáni lonth hoshk atant. Dáktará Kamálay kópagay sará dast ér kort, Kamálay chamm namb atant, Kamálay watsarén dozhmen mort bale Kamálay chammi arsig kortant. Áiá Hosaynay pachén chamm band kortant. 46én sáláni wábay kandili kosht, cháderi zort o Hosaynay déma peri dát.

É nedárag ke kashay nepáday sará waptagén gwandhóay pirzálén hamráhá dist, gorhá zár zárá gréwagá lagget. Áiy gendagá gwandhóá ham dap pach lagósht. Kamál, dáktar o áiy estháf hayrán butant, áyán nazánt ke é pirzál chéá grewagá ent? Hosayná chón pajjáha kárit? O edá pirzálá hamé gapp sakk gir áyagá at ke maróchi dáyálesesá sári é mardomá pa mehr áiy némagá cháret o pa wasshén tabéá salámi dát o gwandhóay háli jost kort, dáktar o Kamálá was kort ke pirzál bass bekant, bale...

Drájén sáhaté gwastagt. Kamálá tán é wahdi wátarr nakortagt o na ke dega mardomé o kas o wáresé átkagt. Paméshká mordag angat ér at. Pirzálay hiskáragáni tawár barjam at, wárdhay tahá meshinay garr garr band butagt, payp yakk kerr butagatant, wárdhay garhiay tawár yaddhawl at o Kamálay áwortagén ásomi poll pankáay gwátá dur sheng o sháng kortagatant.

Cháp o sheng: Sharip, Hanip (2014). *Tirándask*. Bechár chérnebis 155.

Ensán o áiaŷ Chágerd

Pisshi o Pirokó

Monir Ahmad Bádini

Lahtén wahd nagwastagat ke may nókén keréhi makánay tahá yakk pisshié gón bidallet. O é chosh but ke har shap wahdé má pa shámay nánay waragá neshtén, barándhahay borzá cha kóthiay róshendáná pisshiay myáón myáónay tawára átk. Gozhnagén pisshié at ke gón nánay bóá cha nádrostén geséá átk, barándhahay sará sráp kanán may kóthiay jálidárén róshendáná myáón kanán wati sari ér kort ke áiy chamm chó cherágá laggetant o áiá, wati barótán sorénán sakkén myáón myáóna kort o padá wahdé á cha may némagá náomét but ke má áiá haddh o nánay lonkahé nadayén, á myáón myáón kanán pa wati nádrostén gesá rahádag but. Balkén á bazzag cha edá ham náomét at.

Anchá man lóthet ke pa áiá nánay kapp o chondhé beshánán, bale mani janéná gwasht ke náni maday, dwárag héláka bit, harwahda kayt. Man wati janénay rázi kanagay kóshet kort ke badbaht gozhnagén pisshié, má ke nána warén áiá bóa zurit o á may róshendáná kayt o chamma dárít o myáón kanán omét o náomét padá rawt... Che parké kapit agan man pa áiá kappé nán nároshtay tahá charp bekanán, beshánán?

Bale mani janéná mani gapp namannet. Mana nazánán áiá cha pisshiay rangá ham chéá bada átk ke áiá maná ham naesht ke pa áiá lonkahé nán beshánán?

Balé wahdé ke pisshi padmánpad may nánay waragay wahdá róshendáná myáón myáón kanána but, man wati janén gwasht ke man é sahdaray é náométiá saggeta nakanán, man pa eshiá nánay kappé shánán ke bell sahdár sérlápa bit.

Agan hélák but o har rócha átk, é chizz shartera bit, parchá ke mana zánt ke may gesay tahá moshk ham báz ent, agan pisshi láhó but moshkání hayra namánit. Bale wahdé man nánay kappé bórént ke pa pisshiá shánáni, mani janéná mani dast dásht o gwasht: “Gomi kan, maná cha áiy myáón myáónán bada kayt o taw zuray áiá nana dayay. Man tará naylán. Hodá bejant eshiá ke har shap may náná zahra kant o

kayt róshendáná wati buzá éra kant... O dwárag tai rahmdeli bená bit o taw har shap wati nánay waragá nazánay o pisshiy myáón myáónán gósha dáráy. Man tará naylán, bell gomi kan.” Áiá wati dast gwátay tahá pa pisshiá shánt ke “Dur bay, mordár!”

Bale pisshi tán é wahdi bazzag o láchár láchár róshendánay sará myáón myáón kanán may mard o janénay jérhahá sayl kanán o gósh dárán at o yakdamé wahdé áiá maná dist ke man pád átkán, áiá chopp kort. Balkén áiá omét but ke man áiá náné dayagá án... Bale dwárag wahdé mani janéná mani dast dásht, á padá náomét but ke pa áiá nán dayag o nadayagay sará tán é wahdi jérhah at. Nun áiá wati sakkén sakkén myáón myáón dwárag bená kort. Man áiay sayl kanagá pad gón wati janéná gwasht: “Taw nazánay gozhn chónén chizzé. Gozhná cha pisshiy delá jost kan.”

“Bahtáwaria kanay gorhá beraw bedayi, man tará nadarán.” Mani janéná cha mani habarán bazzag but, áiá maná ejázat dát ke man pa pisshiá chondhé nán beshánán. O wahdé man nánay thokkor brándhahay sará shántant, pisshiá setthán o kapán thokkor zort o wántant.

Cha rahádag bayagá pésh á yakk wár dwárag róshendánay sará átk o yakk myáóné jati o rahádag but. Pisshay hamé sharáratay sará man gón wati janéná gwasht: “Sayl kan, taw gón é sahdará enkas mazanén nékié kort, nun á tai mennatá geragá ent.”

Dwárag har shap pisshia átk, cha may gesá sérlápa but o shot. Nun may jendá áiay áyagay entezár at ke baré baré á dérá átk, bale áiay nánay bahr má esht o wahdé áiay myáónay tawára but, má nánay tokkor brándhahá shántant.

Yakk shapé má nán wárt o halás kort, pisshi nayátk. Má zánt baré baré á déra kant. Gorhá má áiay entezára neshtén o dam pa sáhat may chamm róshendánay némagá borza butant ke nun má áiay zerhókén chammána gendén ke daméá goddh á kayt, bale tán é wahdi á dará naat. Dwár may makánay habéliay darwázag kaséá jat o man pád átkán darwázag bótk. Sarhakkay bejliay rozhnáiy tahá man yakk pendhóké wati habéliay darwázagay dapá óshtók dist ke gón mani gendagá gwashti: “Wájah! Man do róch ent ke gozhnag án, agan nánay bákóé hast, mehrábáni bekan...”

O man dist ke é pirén pendhóké at gón latthá, latth o band kanán tán may darwázagá watá raséntagati, nun cha áiay damay tawár o hiskagá málum but ke á cha durá áyagá at. Áiay espétén rissh o kamzóriay gendagá maná rahm átk o man átkán o har chenkas nán ér at, man

pirokóay bagalá dátant. Pirén mard sakk wassh but o latth o band kanán rahádag but.

Man átkán o tán é wahdi kóthiay tahá naneshtagatán ke pisshiay tawár but bale maróchi dráhén nán man pirokóará dátant o yakk gozhnagén baniádaméá nán dayagay wahdá maná yát nayátk ke gozhnagén sahdaré ham kayt.

Man hayrán bután ke chón kanán? Bale nánay yakk bákóé ham namantagat. Paméshká man o mani janén wat náomét butén. Pisshiay myáón myáónay démá, má sharmendag atén ke enshapi áia nan naraset, paméshká má cha wati nán waragay kóthiá domi kóthiay tahá shotén o pisshi pa myáón myáón kanagá esht ke tán dérá pisshiá myáón myáón kort o mani gósháni tahá áia tawár áyán but. Maná sakk rahm átk ke é sahdár maróchi gozhnag mant.

Armán ke pisshi mani zobáná póh bebutén, man áia gwashtagat ke maróchi nán pa taw namantag, bándá shapá pa taw zalur nána kellen. Maróchi tai bahr yakk nádráh o pirén ensanéá bortag ke á ham tai warhá gozhnag at.

Bale pisshi myáón myáón kanán tán dérá róshendáná óshtók but o wahdé náomét but, man dist áia sráp kanagay tawár brándhahá but. “Bezán á náomét rawagá at,” man hayál kort.

Domi shapá má pisshiay entezár kort, bale pisshi nayátk. Sayomi o cháromi shapay entezára ham pisshi nayátk. Pisshiay darak nabut ke taw mortay yá zendag butay.

Cháp o sheng: *Ásáp*, Kéch, Dasambar 1992. Bechár chérnebis 203.

Karkénk

Gaws Bahár

Tán é wahdi man dahé karkénk nachetagat ke maná lashkari darésá póshetagén chár sepáhigá mán ropt. Yakkéá mani baddhay lach chandhet o hamé dahén karkénk zeminá rétkant. Man pahk bah mantán ke eshán ché begwashán ke tupaki kondákéá mani baddhá tawár kort o zeminá nazz átkán. Padá har chárén sepáhigán maná gón mosht o lagat, kondák o nalán tán hamá wahdá mán bandán kort ke man tostán.

Wahdé man sodd kort ta man tánahá kuliéay tahá kaptagán. Pa man na sharrén pashké sar átkag o na ke gehén shalwáré. Mani dastay pásgó o páday chawatth Hodái mál butagant. Man biccháréá kaptán ke gón man chosh parchá but. Mani gonáh ché at? Bale mani sar hecch chizzá per nabayagá at.

Karkénk wa choshén chizzé naat ke eshiay chenag yakk anchén baláhéen jormé bebit ke mani dhawlén mardomé janag o tánahá band kanag bebit o na ke é kandi choshén kandié at ke edá áyag pa lashkari sepáhigán dega tahrózi gappé bebit. May mahlukay kasánsáli o mazanomri doén mán é kandiá gwastagant.

Haw, yakk parké hastent ke man kasániá mán é kandiá pa tarr o gardá, pa sayl o sawádá átkagatán o maróchi pa rózigay shóházá. Buta kant ke choshén béhayrén rózig mehrabánén sarkáray béshtarapi bebit? É gapp ke yakk chárdah jomáet wántagén mardomé kandi pa kandia gardit o karkénka chent o chár gabarra kamaénit, pa may molkay nékén sarkará sharrén gappé naat. Paméshká sarkáray lashkari sepáhigán maná é mazanén hatáay sezá datag?

Delá biccháron kort ke kasé mani kuliay nazzikká kayt, josté geráni ke mani hatá ché at ke maná edá árag o band kanag butag o man tán kad é kuliay báhótha bán? Bale kass mani nazzikká nayáyagá at. Man chó hónigá éwaká hamé kuliá band atán. Hodá bezánt parchá mani delá yakk torsé chest but ke mani chamm wati maylá dast o pádáni némagá

shánk geptant ta maná choshén sellén hawpéa ham gwar najatagat ke cha áiy torsá kass mani nazzikká mayayt, abéd garibiay hawpá.

Man é kahrén shap mán tánahá chón gwázént, mani delay bona zánt. Yakk némagé mani jenday gand o gasarh mán kuliay kondhéa ér atant o domi némagá makesk o porían maná anchosh mán bastagat ke ché begwashán. Lashkari sepáhigán maná inkas takánsari nadátogat ke é makesk o porían dátogat. Áyan maná jatag o tóséntogat bale eshán maná pa sodd o samá karyáb kortagat. Hamé kuliay tahá yakk gandalé cha man sári ér at. Hodá bezánt kojám bazzakárayg at. Eshiy nedetagén bóa sar gwát dátogat bale cha makesk o poríani takánsariá man baré baré hamé gandal pera dát o baré baré kuliay tahá chó jallaká chakarretán.

Nun domi róchay dah baj at. Man zikkén atán ke gozhnag o tozhnag o béwáb atán o gwashay záná kassá é gappay samá néstat ke mán é kuliá hónigé band ent.

Anágat, tánahá yakk sepáhigé mani déma gwast. Mani chammán do rók áwort. Man nóki delmánag atán ke cha eshiá chizzé pól bekanán ke eshiá wati rástén dastay do mórdánag wati lontháni sará dásht o maná bétawár bayagá kati kort. Man é sepáhig pajjáah áwort o áia maná ham sharriá zántogat. Hamé sepáhig domi randá padá wati baddhay Kaláshankópá chandhénáná mani kuliay dapá nazzikterá gwast o pa halwat darraénti: “Bábol! Shográ beger Hodáyá tai sará rahm kortag. Annun kaláké bit náko Tangahi...”

Áiy gapp pilah nabut o á déma shot. Nun gwashay záná maná takánsariá zort. Chosh naent ke náko Tangahiá mani arzi dátog? Man nákoáy rózigay sará orosh áwortagat? Hatman náko Tangahiá badmáshi kortag.

Man nun pa nákoá cha zahrá gwát geptagatán o áiy pirén zál o nyárhien jenekkáná lahtén keshtagén zá o bad dát. Kandíá karkénk haminkadar báz at ke man o náko Tangahiá sáláni sál bechetén, nakotthetagat. Nákoá moptá maná chó karyáb kanáéntag, nákoá Hodá anchó karyáb bekanát.

Man nun nákoáy sará norondhagá atán ke hamé sepáhig padá mani nazzikká gwast. “Ché gwashtag náko Tangahiá?” man zutt zuttá pól kort. Mani anisshag krechk tarretagat.

“Hecchi nagwashtag. Á bécharag sohbi...” Sepáhigay gapp padá kappi but. Maná nun gwashay záná ganókiá gept. “Nákoá hecch nagwashtag. Á bécharag sohbi...” É drahén labz pa man chách atant.

Hamé sepáhig padá mani nazzikká gwast bale dhanná kasé óshtátogat záná ke mani pól kanagay dijá áia hecch nagwasht o bétawáriá gwast. Nun mani jánay poth pád átkagatant. Man kuliay simbandén darwázagá

lecchetag o óshtátogatán o hamé simm mohriá dáshtagatant. Wadárig atán ke sepáhig byayt o maná sarjamén hálá bedant. Sepáhigay sayén dánkán maná é wa samá dát ke nákoá mani arzi nadáttag. Albat, náko béchárag sohbi... É dánkán maná biccháréa dawr dát.

Sepáhig nayáyagá at. Náko béchárag sohbi mortag? Náko béchárag sohbi chó manigá bandig kanag butag? Náko béchárag sohbi... Man bicchára atán ke hamé sepáhig padá gwast bale gwashay é padi pa móh at. “Náko béchárag sohbi... ché butag?” man zutt zuttá pól kort.

“Lashkari sepáhigán tirbáran kortag o koshtag,” sepáhigá darráent.

“Ché...é.” Mani del ér mort.

“Haw, náko karkénkay chenagáy jormá tirbáran kanag butag,” sepáhigá maná hál dát o déma shot, bale mani delá gwasht ke annun zeminay dap pach bebit o man ér berawán.

Man moptá nákoáy sará shakk kort o áiy lógi o jenekk zá o bad dátant. Man pashómánía goh bwártén. Mani hayál pa nákoáy pirén langén zál o doén nyárhien jenekkán shot ke áyani róziay katthók zálemán wati harján jatagat.

Nun man é wa zánt ke man parchá band kanag butagán bale é gappá mani sar per nabayagá at ke anágahá karkénkay tahá kojám sharri átk ke áiy chenag cha hóna zyát hatáwári ent.

Zi mani karkénk chenagay awali róch at bale náko Tangahíá dér at ke hamé dandáyá at. Maná yát ent ke sálé sári man gón lahtén sangatá kandiay nedáragá átkán, ta awali randá náko, karkénkay chenag o mocch kanagá dist, hayrán bután chéa ke edá hechbar kassá karkénké nachetag o mocch nakortag.

Sadán sálá é karkénk anchó kandiá sohrchakén rékay sará kapók atant. Kassá buchéay jost nakortagatant. Haw, baré baré gwandhóán chetag o watmánwatá mérhéntag o próshtagatant.

Man pa wati hayrániay dur kanagá chá nákoá jost kort.

“Bábaló! Lápay sók ent, lápay.”

Nákoá yakk katrahé wati chamm chest kortant o maná cháret o wati dasti lápa jat. “Man pirén mardé án, kár o dandá man korta nakanán. Taw wa zánay mani gesá mardénzahg, Hodáay ganj ent, kass nést. Doén nyárhien ant ke é pa kára degaray gesá dém dayagá maná dela nabant. Donyá haráb ent. Tai tru ham nun cha pádán shotag ke yakkéay gesá razáni moshtagat o maná komakki dátagat. Man wat hayrán atán ke nun ché bekanán.

Hodáyá wat rahm kort. Beshakk, Hodá rózigrasán ent, Bábaló. Áiá baren cha kojá yakk mardé áwortag ke kwahnén ásen, kwahnén champal o labbarh, kalandhi o karkénk pa bahá zurit. Paméshká man pa watá laché gwaptag o hamok sohba káyán tán bégáhá dahé bisté man karkénka chenán ke maná bisté kaldára rasit ke yakk beléá nán o pim máza bant.

“Dahé bisté man karkénk bist kaldár?” Man hayrán mantán. Bápári ham sharren náthapé.

“Man chéé, bábaló! Yakk man do sér o ném ent. Hodáyá ham chónén wahdé áwortag ke pa beléay nán o pim máza bist kaldár ham kamm ent.” Nákoáy dap gappá at o dast téziá kára atant. Á yakkói dapbandén karkénkán chenán o lachá kanán at. Má tán dérá hamé hashtád sáligen marday goshádkári dist o padá nákoára “Alláhay amán” gwasht o démá shotén.

O porren sáléa pad wahdé man wati wánag dar bort o pa sarkári nawkariá Kéch, Shál, Karáchi o Eslámábádá mokhtalefén kárgesán sag janag o gorbag eshkél kanagá pad gón nákamén deléa lógá wátarr kort, hayrán atán ke che kár bekanán. Nawkari pa má garibán chó enjiray pollá at o may shahrá kárjáhay nám o neshán néstat o mani dhawlen wánendahén mardom pa wándhahiá paym nabutagat. Paméshká parandóshigen bázén bicchár o pegran mani hayál náko Tangahiay némagá bort.

Zi sohba man yakk laché dah kaldára zort o dém pa kandiá rawán bután. Man sharriá samá kort ke mahluk maná hurt hurtá chárágá ent. Gwashay záná maná gwashagá ant ke angat bwán géshter.

Wahdé man kandiá sar bután yakk randé mani chamm pa náko Tangahiá shánk geptant bale dur durá ham áiay gwáh néstat. Albat, lashkari sepáhig kandiay nazzikká zeminá máp kanán o tambu mekk kanán atant bale cha eshán besamá, man dém pa wati róziga shotán.

Maróchi man mardománi bázén mennat o layláya pad, gón hamé mánzamániá cha tánahá yalah kanag bután ke áendagá hechbar kandiá karkénkay chenagá narawán. Cha tánahá áyagá pad, man joptá bázará átkán ke chizzé begerán o bwarán. Do róch at gozhnag atán.

Wahdé man bázará sar bután, mani chamm watsará karkénki séthay dokkánay némagá shánk geptant, ta áiay dokkánay démá do lashkari móthal cha karkénká chakár, óshtátogat.

Cháp o sheng: Bahár, Gaws (2003). *Karkénk*. Bechár chérnebis 181.

Hasan Sól

A. R. Dád

Mazanén dárú o darmánéa pad ham, áiy nasibay cherág nashahmet, na ke áiy janéná choshén ráh o daré eshkot o ráh nakapt o nashot.

Áherá yakk róché áiy kárgesay kár kanókén sangatéa áiará sój dát ke “É shahray kohdémá, gwashant konaray drachké hast. Hamáiy sáhegá agan taw shapé o róché bejallay, tará allamá chokka bit.” Á wa chónáhá pádáni sará óshtátagat, padá poshpadéay gamá, panch sál porrén, áia watá cha tahá wártag o russéntagat. Áia hamá sohbá róchéay roksati kágadé nebesht o wájahay thébalay sará ér kort o rahádag but.

Janán o próshán, jost o pors kanán, áher á hamá konaray sáhegá pojjet. Gwashay pa áia baheshtay darwázag pach but. Yakk baré wa shamoshti ke edá chéa átkag, parchá ke sarjamén róchéay janag o próshagá pad, á anchó zhand at gwashay áia wati hecch gón nést. Gón drachkay tekah dayagá, áiy chamm band butant. Yakk wahdé ke áiy chamm pach butant, ensertagén shap o jangalay tahária syahmáré áiy arwáhay bandán ráh dát. Yakbaré padá áia gón wat jérhet ke “Man edá chéa átkagán?” Á gwashay cha har chizzá perámósh at. É ham zánagá naat ke “Man kay án? Kojám zobána gappa janán? Mani halkay hadd o simsar kojá ant?”

Á chopp but o pád átk, konaray chérá óshtát o cháreti. “É pirmard man gwashay pésará ham distag, bale maná gira nayayt kadi o kojá distag. Begenday wábá distag,” áia delá hayál kort o tákáni marzagá lagget. Á nun shodá ham geptagat. Áia gón wat zortagén tóshag máhallah halléntagatant. Gón konaray lobbén baráni gendagá áiy dapá áp dát, dasti bort ke yakk o do besendán ke tawaréa serrént.

“É tahária taw edá óshtátagay, ché lóthay?”

“Man, wájah, bémorád án. Maná poshpad nést. Mani kahól maná tazhna jant ke man námardé án. Man kojá kojá nashotagán, kai kai dar nathokketag. Man é hoshkén dast zortag o tai dará átkagán ke taw eshán besabzénay.”

Konará darráént: “Gón mane Hasan Sólá é kawlá bekan, agan jenekké bit, gorhá mani deshtár ent, áiay námá ham Nókmadinah bekan. Agan bachakké bit, taw bezán o tai jan.”

“Na wájah! Taw harché baksháay mana zurán o hechbar ham cha wati zobáná nabajján. Man zobánmókén thakkéay mardomé án.”

Nun róch dar átkag. Gón jangalay zémerén sohbá Hasan Sól ham chopp but. Nun á trahetagat o árám at. Ê kapp o á kappá chárágá at.

Gón borzén tawaréá gappi jat, o wahdé cha thébalay démá éren kágadán chotthet gorhá pa bésamá dasti thébalay sará ér butant, bená but dhokkor janagá. Áiay nazzikká neshtagén kár kanók dráh áiay némagá chárágá atant. Á bechkandagá at ke áíará drachkay sóji dátagat.

Nun á péshi mardom naat ke sohbá kárgesá potert o tán roksatiá gón kassá gappia nakort. Áiáy hamkárána lóthet ke gapp bejant, gón má cháhé bwárt, wati pagár o shahray nókén jáwaráni bábatá gapp bejant, bale á cha eshán bésamá na gón kasséá gappia kort na kárgesay poteragá gón kaséá drahbát o salámé korti.

Sálé bit ke áiay kárgesay dráhén hamkár cha áiay borzén tawará sawt janag o thébalá dhokkor janagá paréshán atant, bale á cha é dráhénán bésamá gón Nókmadinahay pédáeshá haminchok gal at gwashay áiay nezzá dard o gam, náométi o béosti ke mardom esháni zangá janant, dráh bémánaén gapp ant. Á éwaká gón wasshiá áshná at o bass. Hamé róchán áiá shahray bázén nókén hóthaléá raw o á bená kort o nók addh kortagén jáh o daggáni saylá séria nakort. Gwashay nókén mardomé at ke shahrá átkag. Pa áiá har chizz nók at. Hamé róchán áiá gón yakk o do kwahnén sharábi sangatá nend o nyád bená kort.

Nun hamok Yakshambeh sangatáni pajjigá shot o peknekia kort o sharábi ham wárt. Áiay hamráh zutt, say chár gelásá pad bená butant zamánagay gelag o zangá, bale á gwashay sahig naat ke anchén chizzé wártagi ke mardomá pa sáhatéá badala kant. Choshén sáhatán á pád átkagat o kóh, dár o drachki cháretagatant. Áiá wati sangatáni hamé gón zamánagá másiat o gelag hecch dósta nabutant.

Doshambehay sohbá padá hamá rangá páda átk, jánia shosht o dém pa wati kárgesá rahádaga but. Nun gwashay gárhiáni girr o gár o chokkáni, jóli kópagá, pa wánagjáhá rahádag bayag áiá sakk dóst atant. Nun pa áiá har chizzá mánáé hastat. Kárgesá káráni chotthagá pad, borzén tawará sawt janag o dhokkor janagi anchó ádat kortagat gwashay é ham zemmaráie o áiay káráni tahá hawár ent.

Shánzdah sálá pad yakk baré padá á abétk o mónjá but. Yakk sohbé ke á sar geptagat ke kárgesá berawt, gorhá Nókmadinahá ke pa wánagjáhá sar geptagat, cha wati petá jost kort: “Abbá! Man dóshi wábá konaré distag, gwashay maná chizzé gwashaga lóthit.”

Áiá bechkandet o darráént: “Mani chokk! É wábé, wábá harkas harché gendit, eshán máná nést. Taw wati delgóshá wánagá beday. É wábán yalah kan...”

Á dar kapt o pa eshtápi dém pa kárgesá rahádag but, bale é sarjamén ráhá maróchi har chizz pa áiá anchosh at ke shánzdah sál pésará at. Hamok eskuli chokkéay gapp o habar, gárhiani tawár o pémp áiá Hasan Sólay kawlay tránagá perrénagá at. Áiá dast démá samárt, samái but ke é mani shánzdah sál pésarigén dém ent ke hoshkén haddh o pósté o góshti hecch per nést. Anchó ke kárgesá potert, hamkáréá áiy dast gept o jórhi kanag lóthet, bale cha áiy dapá hecch dar nakapt. Gwashay á é jórhirangén hecch chizzá nazánt. Démá kenzet o wati korsiy sará anchó nesht gwashay kaséa pa zór chátay tahá dawr dátag.

“Konaray drachk, Hasan Sól, Nokmadinah, wáb...,” áiá jérhet, dast sará kortant. Áiy nazzikká neshtagén hamkár dráh habakkah atant ke mardá ché butag. Maróchi na áiy kalamay á tézi, na zutt káráni gishshénag, padá borzén tawará sawt janag o dhokkor janag, gwashay hecchbar áiá choshén kerd o kár nakortag. Gwashay degaré butag ke tán shánzdah sálá eshiay korsiy sará átkag o neshtag. Maróchi asl mardomay jend átkag ke na káráni gishshénaga zánt, na borzén tawará sawt janag o dhokkor janaga zánt.

Yakk baré padá áiá jérhet: “Konaray drachk, Hasan Sól, Nókmadinah, wáb ché ent?”

Á pád átk o cha kárgesá dar kapt. Rawag rawagá áiy delá átk ke Nókmadinahay wánagjáhá berawán o áiy ostádá begwashán wati nódarbará begwash “dega baré konaray drachkay wábá magend, man zendag buta nakanán” ke gárhie cha durá áiy poshtá pémp pémp kanagá lagget. Á yakk kerr but o á dega dasti gept o rawán but. Edá ódá gardáná, Nókmadinahay wábay bárawá pegri kort. Hamé dhawlá, sar jahlá, pegr kanáná, á shapay yakká lógá sar but. Áiy janén taningah ágah at bale mardá hecch nagwasht o átk o nepádáni sará dráj but. Padá hamé pegr, hamé wáb, hamé konar, hamé Hasan Sól o Nókmadinah... tán wahdé áiy del pa wábá shot.

Gón chammáni pach kanagá áiá lóthet ke Nókmadinahá tawár bekanán o josti bekanán ke “Taw maróchi padá hamá wáb nadistag” ke Nókmadinah

átk o áíay déma óstát. “Abbá! Dóshi man padá hamá wáb distag bale maná samá butag ke drachk mardomé, maná tawára ent.”

“Enna, enna, mardomé naent, mani chokk! É anchén wábé, wábán máná nést.” Áiá nazánt man ché gwasht, pád átk o pasilá shot.

Hamé sohba Nókmadinah wati dazgohárani pajjigá pekneká shot. Nán waragá pad, á akskasshi o konaray chenagá borzagá sar kaptant. Gal o kandán, thahk dayán á dhekkén konaray déma óstátant. Nókmadinah yakbaré óstát o drachki cháret. Áiá samá but ke hamé drachk ent shapán mani wába kayt. “Enna, é nabit, konaray drachk dráh hamrang ant, degaré bit.”

Áyán wati pandól o chank porr kortant o yakk yakká ér kapán atant ke Nókmadinahay sarig gón lónjánén sháharhéa arhet. Áiá dast bort ke sarigá begisshénán ke samái but yakkéa mani dast dáshtag. Áíay dapá dar átk “Way! Chónén konaré” ke áíay góshán tawaré rost: “Eshkon.”

Nókmadinahá é kapp o á kappá cháret ta kass nést. Inchoká áíay drahen dazgohár yakk yakká ér kaptagatant. “Mane konar gappá án. Lógá ke raway wati petá begwash wati zobána bemók, agan taw shamoshtay, saruná dáray pétié ér ent, áiá pach kan. Cha áíay tahá gwamzé dara kayt, tai lankoké wárt, hamé tará mani gappáni tránagá géjit.”

Áiá wati sarig gisshént o drekk drekká jahlá ér kapt, gwashay hónwáren rastaré áíay randá kaptag. Áíay jig cha hédá micchal at, zobán larzagá at. Á zutt lógá sar bayag lóthagá at. Jahlá áyáni gárhí pa rawagá sájó at. Dráh éwaká Nókmadinahay rahchár atant ke cha áyán gesar butagat. Magrebtahára á lógá sar but, hecchigi naat, gwashay karnáni béwábé at.

Sohba ke áíay chamm pach butant, pet áíay déma óstátatagat. Péti áíay dastá at. “É zána taw áwortag gón?” Nókmadinah habakkah at, lótheti yát bekant ke é péti man áwortag gón yá cha pésará hamedá ér ent, bale hecch giri nayátk.

“Mana nazánán báren man áwortag yá cha pésará hamedá ent.” Á o pet doén pétiay déma neshtant.

Sakkén zébaén pétié at. Har cháren némagán naksh o negár at. Áyán péti ke pach kort, áíay tahá éwaká ketábé ér at ke táki zard o kwahn atant. Áiá awali ták léthént, nebeshtah at “maná mani nékiáni barward hamé rasetag ke konaray drachké jórh butagán, bale taw wati zobán taningah namóketag.”

Gón konaray labzay wánagá, Nókmadinahá zikkén peknek o konaray dráhen gapp gir átkant. Lótheti konaray dráhen gappán gón petá

bejant, bale á darwázagay dapá rasetagat. Áiá nalóthet tawári bejant. Nókmadinahá lóthet wati mátá jost bekant ke konaray drachká gón petá che syádi hast, ke mátá anchén kollagé jat gwashay chizzé gotthá gatthetagi. “Mani chokk! Man zánta nakanán.” Mátá áiy jostá pësh wati drógén passaw dát o ásrókay némagá rahádag but.

Nun pa áiá masterén azáb Nókmadinahay hamé jost at ke “Mani pet! Konar záná ché lóthit?” Áiá rástén gapp jat nakot ke chó mabit ke cha áiy mehrán zebahr bebán.

Hamé nagwashag ham nun pa áiá azábé at. Nun áiy chawakki gésh bayán butant. Shapay yakk o doá áyag o Nókmadinahay chammáni pach bayagá pésar dar kapag, kárgesá sáhaté nendag o padá shahray bénomén ráh o darán sar kasshag o hamá yakk o doá bérav kanag áiy ádat at. Nun áiá wati shahray hecch drachk ham dóst naat. Rahsarán ke drachké disti, tokké allam jati. Mosáperé ke áiy chérá bóshtátén, gón zahr o kénagi chammán cháreti.

“Hasan Sól agan anchó maná hamé rahsarán dochár bekapit, man áiy sará goddhán,” yakk róché áiá jérhet o wati pádáni démá kaptagén káarthunéará lagaté jat. Gwazókén mardom áiá ajabén rangéá chárágá atant, gwashay á ganóké, wati hóshá naent.

É shapi áiá wati kissagay drahen zarr sharáb kort o wártant, tattaráná lógá potert o Nókmadinahí cha wábá pád kort. “Taw harwahd josta kanay: ‘Konar parchá mani wábá kayt?’ yá: ‘Tará gón konará che syadié hast?’ Gorhá eshkon. Taw hamé drachkay deshtár ay. Taw Hasan Sólay deshtár ay, hamé pirmarday ke pétie may lógá démi dátatag.”

Áiy hamé ják o kukkárán áiy janén pach drahet o pád átk.

“Byá, berawén tará tai deshtáray halká barán, nun géshter azáb man saggeta nakanán.” Áiá Nókmadinah dastá gept o lótheti dar byayt ke áiy janén démá mán tarret. “Yakk baré maná bekosh, nun eshiá bebar.”

“Maróchi man hecch gósha nadarán. Mark dega chéé? Máshomá záná pésará zendag butagén ke bárig maróchiayg ent?” Áiá janén dekkahé dát o Nókmadinah dastá gept o dar kapt.

Nókmadinah chopp o habakkah o hayrán at, nazánagá at che gappé. Shap chó zhimb o gará syáh o tahár at. Áiy delá nun mehray chammag hoshk butagat, pa wati chokká hecch armán pasht nakaptagat. Á éwaká hamé pegrá at ke bándá padá man zendaga bán. Gón washhálíá kárgesá rawán, gón wati hamkárána nendán molkay jáwaráni sará gapp o trána kanán, thébalá dhokkora janán, borzén tawará sawta janán.

Jérhán jérháná átáragay wahdá á konaray drachkay chérá sar but, gón borzén tawáréá gwashti: “Hasan Sól! Esh ent, man wati zobán móketag, tai deshtár zortag o áwortag.”

Nókmadinahay dasti yalah kort o jahlagá ér kapán but. Gwashay mazanén béré cha áiy kópagán dur átkag. Á anchó sobakk at ke pa áia pandéay borrag gwashay chokki laybé at. Áia gwashay bólé gón at, layb kanáná dém pa métagá rawagá at. Róch nun dar átkagat, chokkán wati ketábáni jóli gón at o wánagjáhan rawagá atant. Shahr sarjamá pád átkagat. Harkas wati menzelay némagá rahádag at. Áia kassi némagá ham nacháret, tachká hammáméa potert, jáni shosht o risshi sát o shézarána wati kárgesay némagá rahádag but.

Cháp o sheng: Dád, A. R. (2009). *Darigé Pacha Bit*. Bechár chérnebis 189.

Taw Mahnáza Nabay

Yunos Hosayn

Man bésamá tayábay dapá neshtagátan.

Bárén shapay che wahd ent? Gapp ham anchéné ke man say róch ent béwat án. Na sharriay sará waraga warán, na maná é sodd hast ke mani séth maná shóházagá ent. Éwak hamé pegrá án ke Karáchiá dém dátagen máhig parchá haráb butant. Záná máhigáni harábiay zemmaréwak man án? Aná gat bramshé but. Man chakk jat o cháret. Mani poshtá yakk mendhén kochekké óshtátogat ke lápi ham porr at, dombá sorénagá lagget.

Man jost kort: “Taw shapnémá edá ché kanay?”

Gwashti: “Jost makan. Man nun sakk dam bortag.”

“Bárén, gapp bejan.”

“Taw sur kortag?”

“Haw, maná chár dánag chokk ham hast. Chéá záná?”

“Gorhá gón taw gapp janaga bit.”

Áiá gé g kort o mani kashá nesht, padá gappá lagget. “Mani kessah báz dráj ent bale taw maná begwash mardom róché chont bará jána shódant?”

Man bechkandet o gwasht: “Baré yakk randé, baré do randá. Taw chéá jost kanagá ay?”

“Lathén dráhen róchá jána shódit?”

“Shódagá shódant, bale á zutt nádráha bant.”

“Man sáriá ján shódag nazántag. Man wahdé kasán butagán, mani mát náhodá Chárokay lógay dapá butag. Padá maná yakk gwandhóéá wati lógá bort. Eshán gón man layba kort o maná sharr sharrén warag ham dát, bale wahdé man mazan bután yakk róché pa tarr o tábá dhanná shotán, Lálóay kochekká maná baddhet o gwashti: ‘Berawén tayábá

jána shódén.’ Padá man wati lógá shotán, mani poth tarr atant, gorhá lógay mardom mani sará shakk butant, padá áyán maná cha wati lógá dar kort.”

Padá gréwagá lagget o gwashti: “Man mazanén radé wárt ke á róchi ján shosht.”

Man áiy sar marzet o áiará tasallá dát o gwasht: “Gwastagén gappáni sará nezórdela gréwant, nun wati bándátay pegrá bekan.”

Padá gwashti: “Nun maná cha ápá torsit. Awali róchán maná ján shodag wassh butag, bale nun mani hayálá trampé áp purah ártay gónié. Hamé trampay chest kanagay zór ham maná nést. Annun hasht kochekk mani randá kaptagat, gwashagá atant: ‘Berawén jána shódén,’ bale man tatká. Angat doá tachag tachagá maná áp per rétk. Man sakk zhand án. Mani srén dardá ent. É jáh gesh darda kant, bechár...”

Áiá mani dast gept o wati srénay némagá bort. Man áiy srén gón mati lankoká zór per dát o jost kort: “Edá?”

Gwashti: “Enna, kammé jahlerá... hm... hm... hamedá darda kant.”

Maná áiy jáwaray sará bazzag bayagá at o joston kort: “Annun agan kasé tará wati lógá bebárt...?”

Áiá mani gapp kappi kort o gwasht: “Taw maná wati lógá baray?”

“Mani lógá yakk kochekké wa sáriá hast bale mani ballok éwak ent. Man tará hamáiy lógá barán o zánay ódá ché kanagi ent?”

“Mana zánán maná shapán ágah bayag o ráshagi ent.”

Man á hamráh kort o ballokay lógá áwort. Ballok norondhagá lagget: “É che baláhé taw áwortag? É tai che dardá wárt?”

Man ballok sarpad kort o gwasht: “É hamedá ent. É tai háterá béwábia saggit o agan eshiá tai hayál nadásht, gorhá latth tai kashá ér ent.”

Padá man har shapa shotán o ballok o áiy hálporsia kort. Ballok cha áiá sakk wassh at. Ballokay yakk mazanén pegré hamesh at ke mani kokkorh gár bayagá ant bale nun geshter bayán atant.

Padá lógay tahá hapt dánag gollorh tarragá lagget. Mani hobb ham geshter but parchá ke mani ballok modám áiy tawsipá kanagá at. Man áiy geshter hayáldária kort o modám sharrén waráka dát ke wati chokkán geshter shir bedant.

Nun áiy chokk mazan bayán atant. Áyán shir ham yalah kortagat. Yakk shapé man ke ódá sar bután, á ódá naat. Man cha balloká jost gept: “Maróchi záher naent, kojá shotag?”

Habar mani dapá at ke á potert. Man chopp bután ke balkén á delá kárit.

Domi shapá mani kerrá átk, nesht, padá gappá lagget: “Basshám sakk bazzag ent. Bécharagay lóg sakk mazan ent. Áiy lógá kochekké wa hast bale lógá dalwat ham báz ant. Nun garmági shap ant. Molká dozzáni ham shór ent. Kollén mardom dhanná waptagant. Áyáni lóg ham yalah ant. Agan taw delá mayáray, man shapá hamódá berawán? Edá chokk wa hastant. Nun mazan ant o ráshag ham zánant.”

Man lóthet josti bekanán bale áíá maná gapp janagay móh nadát o gwasht: “Mana zánán taw ché jost geraga lóthay... Haw Basshámay kochekk narázé.”

Man áiy chammáni tahá cháret. Áiy chammán do tramp ars pa shép geragá járhi at.

Cháp o sheng: *Máhták Balóchi*, Márch 2000.

Bahesht

Monir Mómen

Róchay awali bránzá Mézar o Didáray gardenáni nyámá wati keshk shóházet o doén pach larzetant. Wati kerr o gwará sharriá chárágá laggetant. Doén jérhagá atant ke má dóshigén tawámén shap hamé warh gwázéntag.

Mézar o Didár zi béhgáhá cha wati hankéná lekketant o esháná hamedá shapá gept. Gorhá doénán jérhet ke shapá hamé jompay sará gwázénén. É yakk waddhé at. Bass lahtén anchén háki jomp atant o dur durá dega hecch néstat. Mézará jérhet: “Bahesht begenday hamé warhá bebit” o padá wati sari bánzoláni chérá chér dát.

É yakk kwahnén geli kampáné. Eshiyah táhá hamá kalát ke butag, á nun dhoretag o kaptag, bale áiy neshán angat gelay jompáni dróshomá báz jágahá hastent. Anchó samá bit ke é yakk zamánagé é handay hákemáni jágah butag, bale wahday badalián é kampán o kalátay wáhond badal kanán kortagant. Annun é jágah Basshám zargerayg ent.

Basshám sér o azgáren mardé. Kampánay táhá shawk o nókén lógi jórkh kortag o kalátay bass godhsari nesháni pasht kaptagant. Bale kampáni angat nasoréntag o é hamá warhá mohr o mohkam ent. Kampánay táhá, ródarátki pahnátá jamay mazanén drachk ant ke esháni omray kesás janaga nabit. Sakkén kwahnén drachk ant. Mardom zánta nakant ke é kampán kwahnter ent yá jamay drachk pirter ant? Basshám zargeray kampánay zerbári ródarátká mesteri Sabzalay lóg ent. Mesteri Sabzalay lóg ham kasán naent, bale Basshám zargeray kampánay chárek ham nabit.

Mesteri Sabzalay kampánay táhá chár bán mán o yakk semetth o bolákay mazanén dhabbé ham hast ke áiy táhá korós, nekénk, kapódar, shántol, metthu, kapinjar o é dega kasán kasánén bázén morgé hast. Sabzalay masterén chokk Ramazán morgay sakkén shawkié o tawámén róchá gón wati morgán moshkul ent.

Rástén némagay jamay sará Chippánay hankén ent. Áiay do chokk ant, Shépalok o Mézar. Chippán kapódaré ke dér ent é jami wati hankén kortag. Á cha kasániá hamedá átkag o randá Shépalok o Mézaray peti dochár kaptag. Gorhá hamedá butagant.

Bale chizzé máh pésar Shépalok o Mézaray pet yakk róché ke cha edá dar átk, gorhá padá wátarr nabut. Hodá bezánt chónén waylé sarái kaptag. Bale inchok wahd gwazagá rand nun é mát o chokk ékimm butant ke á hayát naent.

Mesteri Sabzalay lógay morgáni tahá bázén kapódaré ham hast. Sabzalay chokk eshán pa wahd o pás dhanná kasshit o padá gipt o dhabbesha kant. Bale yakk kapódaré ke námi Didár ent modám ke cha dhabbá dara kayt, tachká rawt diwálay sará nendit o chamm o do chamm ent ke bál bekant o jamay sará berawt. Didár modám wati delá jérhit ke é jamay drachk donyáay sabz o sártsáhegterén drachk ent. Eshiy bazén sháharháni sará nendagá áia anchén táhiré rasit ke áia cha ed o pésar namáretag.

Ramazán har róch tach o tágá ent, shóházá ent. Drostén morgána gipt o dhabbá kant bale Didár gár ent. Didáray hayálá é dhabb pa áia jahandamén zendané. Áiay delá lóthet é dhabb o dhabbay wáhondá áiay chamm makapténant. É némagá Ramazán jawarhag o dwá o pospár kanagá at ke é Didárnámá maná delsyáh kortag. Har róch hamé shumm o shánzdah gár ent. Tawámén morg hamedá ant bale é gendaga nabit. Mani wa kár o rózgári bortag. Tán dérá shóház kanagá rand, Ramazáná dist ke jamay sará Didár gón Mézará sonth pa sonth ent o neshtag. Ramazáná tawár kort: “Didár!” Bale Didár bésamá at. Áia nazánt ke gwát kai macchán ent. Ramazán labajagá at. “Haw. Tai kerdár bezán hamesh ent. Taw maróchi mani dastá bekap. Padá nagwashay ke mana rawán jamay jamká nendán o tará tinn delá dayán.”

Anágat Mézará Ramazán samá kort o Didár hál dát ke ódá bechár Ramazán tará shóházagá ent. Didará ke Ramazán dist jérheti: “Man genday Mézaray chammáni tahá jágah bekortén, chón sharr at” o Mézará hamé damáná wati chamm band kortant o gón Didará gwasht: “Didár! É mard wa tará edá nendaga naylit. Taw nagwashay maná challahé bekanay o wati pádá bekanay.”

Haminchoká Ramazán jamay sará bálá butagat o Didári gept o bort pa dhabbá.

Mézar sohbá máhallah cha jamá ér kapt o diwálay sará nesht. Wahd gwazán but. Némróch átk. Bale Mézar angat abétk abétk at o jérhagá at ke maróchi gwashay róch garnter ent. Kammé delgóshi kort. Gwát wa

kasshagá ent bale parchá maná nalaggit? O pa gwáti kóléay shóházá áíay chamm pa semetthay dhabbá kaptant. Áiá hayál kort genday agan annun é dhabb pach kanag bebit, gwátay dar pacha bit o mósom wati nókén godán gwará kant. Bale dhabb pach nabut tánke magrebá Mézaray mátá Mézar tawár kort o jamay sará bort. Mézaray mósom tánke chár róchá yakk hesáb chó tinná taptag at. Panchomi róchá Ramazáná dhabb gón é jazmá pach kort o morg dhanná kasshetant ke nun Didará jamay sará rawagay sezá rasetag. Nun allam ebrata gipt o á némagá nachárit.

Chárén rócháni arwáhgrádén wadará rand maróchi Mézar o Didáray mósom badal butagat. Kawsh zeray nambán chó meská shanzán at. O é doén sawarhag kanagá atant ke agan é baheshtén mósom abadmán kanagi ent, gorhá mára cha magrebá o cha Ramazánay áyagá pésar halk réchagi o cha edá lekkagi ent.

Róch zeminay saray báná dratkagat. Zemin o ásmánay nyámá abéd rozhná dega hecch néstat. Bass dur némásmáná Mézar o Didár do kasánén thekkay warhá bál atant o chammesh zeminá atant pa anchén hankénéay shóházá ke ódá wati baheshtá ér kort bekanant.

Cháp o sheng: Mómen, Monir (2016). *Lilán*. Bechár chérnebis 222.

Talk

Nágomán

Man talké án. Maná kesás sálé bit ke edá borzén kahuréay thollá drang án. Rócháni garmi o shapáni sártiá, namb o droshkán, gwát o hawrán, tabd o lewárán maná sakk nezór tarréntag. Mani labbarh sarhetag o sestagant. Nyámdár warókán wártag o nál zangán geptag.

Man parchá edá bégwami drang án? Maná pa é hálá kayá kort? É drájén kessahé.

Á párigén garmágay yakk wassh o sáhélén sohbé at. Badalá maná o mani é dega doén hamráh cha lachokká dar kortant o dém pa wati petay dhagará rahádag but. Á mára pa chér kanagá baragá at.

Mani o mani doén hamráháni shapá wapsagay jágah hamé lachokk at. Badalá shapá mára chéra nakort, chéa ke shapá mára pogol o moshk o karhokkána srapént yá mór o solórán dána bortant. Paméshká róchá má molká morga gept o shapá hamé lachokkay tahá áráma kort o wati sargwast o kessaha áwortant.

Say róch at ke Badalá maná addh kortagat o chér kanagá baragá at, bale man taningah hecch morg gept nakortagat, paméshká wati hamráháni kerrá kammé pashal atán ke áyán béhesáb shekár geptagat.

Shekáray geragá mani bésóbiay nimmón esh at ke awali róchá man anchó dhakk atán ke mani dán morgán bort bale nasraptán, o domi róchá man anchó sonn atán ke watsará wat sraptán o neshtagén morgán bál kort o padá jóháná neshtant bale mani nazzikká nayátkant. Hayr, nun mana zánán ke talk chó dhakk mabit ke morg áiy koblokay dáná bwarant o angat masrapit o chó sonn ham mabit ke kawshay kasshagá besrapit.

Á sohbi, Badalá mára zort o tachká sohróay jóháná átk ke dhagáray gwará práhén sirkagéay sará kót at. É jóháná bázén morgé átk. Kapót, shántol, drichk, pintól o jengolán abéd baré baré gólóáni sar ham kapt.

Annun jóháná lahtén shántol o pintól neshtag o dánay chenag o waragá at. Wahdé Badal nazzikká raset, áyán bál kort o kammé passend, sóléay

sará neshtant. Badalá doén talk boná ér kortant o maná chér kort. Kandhoké jati o maná hameshiay tahá éri kort o wár wára bári dát. Padá koblokay sará gón sosorrá per lecchéntagén sohróén dáni hopp jat o dará kort. Mani poshti némagá lahtén karhabbi kándhéli ér kort tánke morg maná poshtokái majanant, chéa ke má cha poshti némagá áyókén morgán sakk sakká gepta nakanén.

Badalá á dega doén talk ham chér kortant. Chér kanagá rand, may kash o gwará wati padi gón cháderay lambá gár kortant ke morg mamárant. Cha eshiá rand Badal jóháná gestá yakk kaléréay poshtá nesht o chammi gón jóháná kortant.

Mósom sakk wassh at. Jambar sáhél atant o sártén kawshé ham kasshagá at. Jóhánay kash o gwaray kalér o kahuráni sará neshtagén morg cha mósomay wasshiá mast atant o gón wati wasshén tawará mósomá názénagá atant.

Hamé wahdá do kapót bál kanáná átk o hamé borzén kahuray thollá ke annun man drang án, nesht. Mani del wassh but ke morg báz bayán ant. Esháni tahá man yakké allamá gerán, bale man pésará wa hecch morg nageptagat. Bárén chóna bán?

Man delá jérhagá atán o morgáni jóháná nendagay wadará atán. Badal kaléray poshtá neshtagat o cha má yakkéay srapagay wadará at. May drostáni wadaráy damán waddán atant, bale hecch morg boná naneshtagat. Dráh kash o gwaray kalér o kahuráni sará neshtag o zébáén mósomay tawsipá atant.

Áher, may wadaráni drájkasshén damán kotthetant. Yakk shántoléa cha kahuray sará bál kort o átk o jóháná nesht. Áiay poshtá dega do say shántol domb pa dombá átk o nesht. Lahtén shántol á dega talkáni nazzikká at o yakké wár wára mani nazzikká áyán at. Mani delay drikkag trond butant o mani hayálá kaléray poshtá neshtagén Badalay ham.

Shántol dán chenán o waráná, mani déma átk o óshtát o pa dánay chomb janagá gég at ke hamé sáhatá doén kapótán goshádiá cha kahuray thollá bál kort o jóhánay kerrá átk o neshtant. Shántol gorhetant o bálesh kort o hamá kaléray sará shot o neshtant ke áiay poshtá Badal neshtagat. Gón Badalay gendagá áyán padá bál kort o dega sóléay sará shot o neshtant.

Maná kapótáni sará sakk zahr átk chéa ke eshán mani dastay shekár baráéntagat. Agan é mayátkénant, allamá man wati zenday awali shekár geptagat. Yakk baré mani delá holl kort ke watará srapénán, belli kapóta gorhant o cha edá bála kanant o rawant. Agan áyán mani dastay shekár baráéntag, man ham edá áyán chénkay chenagá naylán. Bale padá man

cháret ke eshán choshén ásanén sezáé nadayán. Agan edá manesh bál bedayán, á dega jóháné yá molkéay sará rawant o lápá porra kanant. Sharterén sezá hamesh ent ke man cha eshán yakké shekár bekanán.

Doén kapót kashmámkash loddháná jóhánay kerrá gardagá atant. Hamé wahdá kapótáni bál dátágén shántol ham padá átk o neshtant. Mani del wassh but o kapótáni sará zahr ér átkant. Awali randá man á sharriá cháretant. Á warná o binkasén kapót atant. Yakk naréné at o yakk mádagéné. Kashmámkash loddháná doén sakk brahdár atant. É chón gal o shádán ant. Bécharaga nazánant ke malkamut har damán áyáni srápá ent.

Yakk baré maná kammé bazzag but, bale padá cha eshán yakkéay geragay wáhagá, zenday awali shekáray gerag o hamráhání o Badalay démá washnám bayagay wáhagá mani del dhaddh kort.

Narén kapót mani némagá áyán at o mádagén áiy poshtá gón at. Mani delay drikkag padá trond butant. Esháni tahá yakké mani shekár bayagi at. Nun mani o Badalay wadáráni sáhat o damán kotthagi atant. Naréná mani sohróén dán ke dist, gámi pa man trond kortant o átk o mani dáni chomb jat. Mani dárok cha kobloká dar átk o man hamá damáná kapót gotthá gept.

Gón mani srapagá jóháná neshtagén morgán bál kort, bale geptágén kapótay matth mani sará chapp o chágerdá chakarroki waragá lagget. Gón mani srapagá Badalá ham drekk zortant. Wahdé kapótá Badal áyagá dist, nazzikká kaléréay sará shot o nesht.

Badalá kapót cha mani dapá dar kort ke mártósag butagat. Kapóti cháret o bechkandeti. “Mozhdawár ay taw, bwar sohróán,” Badalá bébazzagén gálwáréa gwasht o cha galá krishtagé jat.

Maná bazzag but. Chónén wasshén zendé at, esháni. Yakkén sáhatá chó kokkoliáni kalátá karotk. Nun chón béwas o deltrakk ant, bécharag. Dréгатén man é mageptén. Man pa pashómáni kapótay némagá cháret ke Badalá mohr dáshtagat. Nun Badal eshiá koshit o eshiay matth gamána merit. É doénáni náwahdén markay zemmawár man án. Man esháni washhálén zend barbád kort.

Man watá malámat kanagá atán, bale nun áp cha sará per gwastagat. Badalá cha lánká dás kasshet o dém keblahá kort o pa morgay helár kanagá gég but. Kaléray sará neshtagén kapót nálaga at.

Sakk pashómán atán ke man é hóne náhakk parchá wati sará kort. Nun man chón eshiá cha malkamutay sahgerén panjagán rakkénta kanán. Bale randay hettheray che dardá wárt. Kár wa haráb butagatant.

Badalá kapótay pād wati rástén páday chérá o bánzol chappén páday chérá kortant. Chappén dastá gotth o sari dáshtant o dásá kapótay gotthá per mosháná “Bessmelláh, Alláho akbar” wánán but. Cha markay torsá kapótá wati chamm nazz kortant o mádagén kapót Badalay sará chakarroki waragá lagget. Dás kapótay gotthá ér kapt o hónán pizzhár bast. Kapótá parparroki jat tánke sárt but.

Badalá cha kapótay zagren hónán say chár petth mani nyámdáray sará per mosht ke man sharter o géshter morg gept bekanán bale man... man pashómániay jamburén ásá sochán atán.

Cha hamá róchá rand man hecch morg nagept. Har wahdá ke morg mani nazzikká átkant, man watá srapént o cha eshiá mani nazzikká o jóháná chérén é dega talkáni kerrá neshtagén morgán bála kort. Wati kortagén gonáhay gránén báray sobakter kanagay bass hamé yakkén ráh pasht kaptagat.

Badalá tán haptagé kappéá ópár kort bale tán kadéná? Cha mani náwahdén srapagán yakk róché sakk zahr gept o maná zórán kurráti. Man cha áiy dastá lakoshtán o é borzén kahuray thollá jamkéá mán átkán o cha hamá róchá beger tán róche maróchi hamedá drang án.

Harchont ke hawr o róchán mani nyámdáray sará laggetagén hónáni pólong shoshtagant, bale pashómániay zumsarén kátharáni thapp angat tázag o ázag ant o har wahdé ke kapótéay zahirnálén kukuána eshkonán, delá dardé chesta bit o dráhén jahán abétka bit.

Cháp o sheng: Nágomán (2003¹, 2012²). *Dáray Aps*. Bechár chérnebis 225.

Dorbáni

Sháh ebne Shin

Mani dastáni lakirán mani washbahtiy hecch gwáhia nadát, bale man hamok sáláy awali ádenagá wati dastay pësh dárágá áiy gwará shotán. Man zánt ke áia mani delbaddhi dayagá dam bortag bale gwashtia nakort.

Áiy nám Shay Swáli at o Shay dascháré at. Chosha nazánán é honar, áia cha kayá dar bortagat. Bale áiy gwashag at ke tán maná yát ent man dascháré án. Maná yát ent ke man awali randá ke áiy kerrá shotagátán, man o Mollá Máhátun atén o má pa áia hoshkén konar o dógén shir bortagat gón. Awali bará ke man wati dast pa pësh dárágá thál kort, gorhá Mollá Máhátuná mani dast wat dásht. Shay Swáliay gwashag at ke é awali bar ent ke man kaséay dastá chárágá án o dast degaréa dáshtag.

Lakirán cháráná áia baren chónén lakiré dist ke baláhén áhé kassheti bale dega hecchi nagwasht. Man pa á maksadá modám wati dast péshe dásht ke mani sur kadia bit, eshiay bábatá ham hechbar nagwashti gón.

Mani nám Dorbáni ent. Man Balóchoké án. Má poshti máldár én. May pirénán baren chont halk o métag matth kortag o godhsará mani hodámorzién petay sar hamé ápbandán kaptag. Áia wati dábaw tán panch sálá hamé gwáshán cháréntagant.

Man do sáláy chokk butagán, mani petá mára pa modámi yalah dátág. Mát kessaha kant: “Basshay mósom butag, tán shash róchá hárgéjén gwátá yakshalá kasshetag.” Mátá gwashit: “Tai pet mósomzánté butag, gwashtagi: ‘É gwátá hardén kasshetag, gorhá cha do róchá gésh eshiá nadáshtag o padá mazanén hawr o harrag átkagant. Embari wájah Hodá wat hayré byárit, jambar sará ant o hárgéjá shash róch ent ke yattábá kassagá ent.’”

O padá hamé róchay pëshimá gwát kaptag o koblén hasht róchá hawrá ganóki gwartag. É kóhestagay dráhén kawr o shépán tuppánén ápe áwortag. Mát kessaha kant: “May do bélahi boz gár butag. Man másag bastag. Á har do salámat butagant bale chizzéa áyáni ráh dáshtag. Gorhá petá gwashtag: ‘Gatthéa dáshtagant. Mana rawán padesha janán o káránesh.’”

“Sáhat asor butag o róch Yakshambeh. Keblahá do estár borz butag. Á sajjahén shapá man tai petay ráh cháretag, ás jambur kortag ke balkén ráhá gár ent, begenday rozhni shahmé áia keshká begéjit, bale tán bámsará á nayátkag. Hamé sohbá hárgéjá padá kasshag bená kortag o sakk trondia kasshetagi. Tán némróchá tai pet gón bozán nayátkag, gorhá may hamráhén Balóchokán áia lách áwortag. Tai pet, shapá kóhi garéá lakoshtag o bérán butag.”

Petay markay domi sála mát kóhi zumméa wárt o kosht. Maná Mollá Máhátuná ródéntag. Mollá Máhátun ham Balóchoké.

Mollá kessaha kant: “Shomá do jár h butagét o shomay ballok man butagán. Tai hamshir cha taw rozhnáter butag bale róchi halás butagant. Hapt róchi chokké butag ke dap o chammoki pach butagant. Tai mátá sakk grétag. Cha shomá pad tai mátá dega say chokk butag o har sayén eshkand butagant.”

Mollá, baré baré shapay nehengámá tahajjodá butag, gorhá mosollái péttag o battii zortag, ráh geptag. Man gwashtag balkén ápdastéa rawt, hamráhi butagán. Maná makani kortag o gwashtagi ke agan kasé gesdapiay dapá kayt o maná tawára kant, gorhá begwashi piray gwáshá shotag bale cha áia rawagá pad gesdapiá kass nayátkag. Man báz barán jost kortag: “Mollá! É piray gwásh kojá ent?” Áia maná hechbar nagwashtag gón.

Yakk shapé á nomázá at, yakkéa áwáz dát: “Bibi! Taw nomázá ay? Má madarén náh jatag, byá, pátyáesh day gón.”

Gránén tawaré at. Molláyá salám tarrént o jwáb dát: “Alláh washnám kanát.” O padá battii zort o rahádag but. Man tán ném ráhá hamráhi bután. Padá man wat béráw kort. Man nun zánt ke á kojá rawt. Padá man á hechbar jost nakort.

Yakk shapé áia batti zort, cha dar áyagá pésar gwashti: “Mani mát! Nun taw zánay man kojá rawán?”

Man gwasht: “Haw.”

“Taw nun mazan ay o sarpad ay ke é lullokáni dazbóji sawáb ent.”

Man gwasht: “Alláh madat bát.”

Hamé chandé máhay tahá á nezór butagat. Man paréshán atán. Man dábawáni dém dásht nakort ke Mollá nádráh at o mardénadamé néstat.

Sálay awali ádenag at. Mollá kammé jórhter at balé é ádenagá má Shay Swáliay gwará shot nakort. Domi róchá Molláyá gwasht: “Taw é bari

ke Shay Swáliay gwará raway, mani salámáni beday o begwash mátiá gwashtag ke man nun ájez án, mani kolawá posht majan.”

Man domi róchá yakké hamráh kort o shotán. Shayá anchó ke maná dist, gwashti: “Man zi tai ráh cháretag.”

“Mollá ájez ent. Tará salámi kortag o gwashtagi ke mani kolawá posht majan.”

Áiá salám alayk kort o eshtáp eshtápá mani dastay lakiráni chárág bená kort. É awali bar at ke mani dast mardénádaméay dastá at. Shayá mani dast tán dérâ cháret o padâ sabzé espétén pocchéá patát o maná dátí ke eshiá Molláyá beday.

É awali bar at ke áiá maná hecch delbaddhi nadát o na ke mani dastay lakiráni ehwalí maná dát.

Do róchá pad áiá espétén god gwará at o Molláay chárágá átk. Áiá hamráhé ham gón at. Molláyá maná sohrén cháderé sará dát o hamá sabz mani dastay delá ér kort o mani sar samárt o gwashti: “Morádán bátay.”

Hamá róchá Shay Swáliá maná nekáh kort. Chandé máhá pad Molláyá wapát kort.

Róch o máh gwazán atant. Sál hawr at. Kahchar sabz atant. Dalwat sérláp atant o man népagán atán.

Shay, har Shambehay róchá wati darâ pa dascháriá shot. Yakk róché hárgéjay gwat kasshagá at, róch Shambéh at, asoray wahd at, keblahá do estár borz at o Shay wati darâ shotagat. Magrebay wahdá hawrá ér dát. Sajjahén shapá jambarán grandet o hawrá gwart. Mani chamm ráhá atant bale Shay nayátk.

Domi sohbá may hamsáhegén Balóchokéá maná syáhén cháderé sará dát o gwasht: “Shayay hál átkag ke áiay dar kaptag o á chér tarretag.”

Mani saray hósh shot. Man gréwag lóthet bale grét nakort. Maná hamá róch yát átk ke Shayá awali bará mani dast gept o mani dastay lakiri cháretant. Man lóthet ke wati dastay lakirán bechárán bale man dast cháret nakort.

Mani sará yakkéá dasté samárt. Man chamm chest kortant, hamá mard ent ke mára nekáhi dátág.

“Shay tai daschár butag o taw deli nabutagay bale baheshtién Molláyá...” Áiá cha eshiá gésh hecch nagwasht o mani delbandá purah chizzé gott but. Mani chamm baheshtién Molláay tabzián kaptant o man sakk grét.

Cháp o sheng: Tákband *Sách*, 2019.

Darándhéhi

Darándhéhi pa Saré o Shegán pa Saré

Sájed Hosayn

Mani darándhéhiay kessah hamá shummén róchá shoru but ke maná labzánkay béhayrén hobbá gwar jat. Har nebeshtakaré ke maná dósta but, gwashit byá zamánagéá darándhéh butag. Márkwéz anchosh, Kondhayrá hamé paym. Yakkéá sarkár zahr baráéntag, yakkéá pawj. Hamesháni randgiriá man wati bédardén sará dardé dát. Agan man bezántén ke Márkwézy randá kapag saray zyáni ent, choshén goh hechbar nawártagat. Man wa gwashtag wahdé mardom baláhén nebeshtakaré bit, shargedár nebeshtaha kanant ke é mard Balóchiay Márkwéz ent.

Nókwarnáia é paymén bésuttén kár harkasa kant. Mani sangatéa modám sengé kissagá butag o sohb o bégáh wati péshánigi kakarretag chéa ke pelméay tahá Matan Chakráwartiay péshánigá sohrén nesháné per butag. Matan gár but bale é sangatay péshánig angat kandh ent.

Hamé wástá cha nebeshtakára sharter ent mardomá pelemi ektharé dóst bebit. Mani náközátkéa Sanjay Dat dóst at. Á shot o bádhii addh kort. Mani bandikk gón Fráncz Káfkáyá arhetagat. Man róché bist pyálah cháha wárt o do do párkitth segrétha kasshet chéa ke géshter mazanén nebeshtakarán alsara bit.

Nun á mardom ke nebeshtakár bayagay wástá watá alsar dáta kant, cha darándhéh bayagay korbánigá ham sara nagwazit. Gorhá cha nókwarnáia shomay kasteray wáhagé hamé butag ke anchén baláhén karé bekant ke dozhmen áia cha molká kasshagá majbur bebant. Gwashant agan chizzé pa del o setk bwáhay, pa taw ráh o dar pacha bant. Sakidádén Hodáyá pa hamé yakkén wáhagay purah kanagá mani dar mán BiEsÓa (BSO) pach kort o maná cha dhéhá darándhéh kanáént.

Bale byá ke darándhéhiá rand maná mardománi shegán o hakkalán kosht. Agan Kalátoká Balóchéay láp gays bebit, habar bezán má wártant. “Edá Balóch bazzag o wár ant o shomá Yuropá ayyáshi kanagá ét.”

É warhén shegán o pogán modám é biháray sará kotthant ke “É habará béhayál makanét ke shomá hamé bazzagén Balócháni námá panáh zortag.”

Nagwashay má wati naksén sáhay rakkénagá panáhoké zortag, purah Balócháni molk má rahn kortag o Yuropá jáedád katthettag. Má wassh én edá mára yakké dapi josté bekant, gorhá má kojá bazzagén Balóchay gaysá elája kanén?

May dela tokshit bale góndhalén shegánáni torsá póthóé Faysbökká dáta nakanén. Baré baré, taw ján shoshtag o ádéncay démá óshtáttagay, tará anácat hayála kayt ke pótó kasshagay róch maróchi ent. Purah tai póst espétter o mud bazter ant. Áyán bell, borwán gwashay watsará bandikk butagant. É warh sálay sará kazá yakk randé bit. Taw zánagá ay ke é sharrang ke ádéncay tahá watá lónsok dayagá ent agan maróchi wati póthóé bekasshit o Faysbökká bedant bázéné sókiga bit. Kamm cha kamm hamá sangat wa sochant o pora bant ke bélain o béemenén molká pasht kaptag o cha donyágardiay Hodái dádá bébahr ant.

Hawray sará, sabzagay tahá, borzén beldhengéay démá, selfiay wahd hamesh ent.

Bale na. Shegánay tors zorákter ent.

Edá sangaté hast ke shapá réla shódit, sohbá wáb ent o bégáhá charsa kasshit. Charsay neshahá, yá wa pawnay sará syásata kant yá may démá darándhéhiay aybán hesába kant. Áiay Yuropi nám ABC ent o molki nám Alláh Baksh Chorási chéá ke 1984á pédá butag; bale má áiá Alláh Baksh Gelásia gwashén chéá ke segréthay badalá do gelás sar pa sara kant o hamáyáni tahá charsa kasshit. Yakk róché gwashit: “Cha Yuropay kapagá sharter ent mardomá shékháni oshter bechárenténant, kamm cha kamm, mátá náhé ráh dáta kort. Á molká Balóch besóchit ke tará charsá rand náhé pa dapay shirken kanagá marasit.”

Chars o Balóchay ruháni syádiay bárawá nazánán bale é sháhediá mana dayán ke Khalijay Balóch cha má dah sari sharter ant. Har máh, pa áyán thékié ráhá ent: baré janá jórhahe chawatth dém dáttag o baré mátá metagén bégamjangi náhé. Sharteren habar esh ent ke sálay sará molká chakkaré janant, jan o chokké gendant.

O cha molkay chakkará, molká rawagay tayári washter ent. Man lahtén sálá Khalijá butagán o distag ke molká rawagá pésar Khaliji Balócháni bagalok chón gwáta gerant. Sajjahén sálá arbábay bágá dehkánia kanant, arbábay dátagen shir o dhabboki máhigáni sará gozarána kanant ke chotthiáni wástá zarrok marroké bechenant o ér bekanant. Chotthiay wahdá pa wat hesábi say jórhahe drapshókén goda dócháénant o jórhahe

borzén Mashkati champala zurant. Á dega sajjahén zarrán, Hodái espétpas, pa wati syad o sangatán saynth o sábuna kanant. Jan wati garrién chawattháni badalá Aypawn Eksé lóthit. Matay sónsén náh waragi nabutag bale áiá théng sharbat, paynádhól góli, taparoki bám, réshi palastar, sóchoki o konderk drost pakár ant. Agan áiá pa wat pakár buténant angat dardé pa do, bale Khaliji sangatay sók paméshká naserit ke tán sálé hamé azbáb mátá bokchahéá bastag o ér kortagant ke hájatmandé kayt áiay káré sharra bit.

É mátay zendagiay maksad hamesh ent ke bázará agan yakkéá sardardé begipt, deli bad bebit yá mehmáné gwari bebit, á chizzay pach geragá mani kerrá byayt.

May bázaray mardomán beh paynádhól bahá nazortag. Harkasá zántag Bábuay médhikal esthóray darmán nakli ant; na tapé wassh korta kanant, na sardardé barant. Mollá Pátomahay ordán waláeti paynádhól modám butag. Áiay shart bass hamé butag ke taw sábet bekan o beday ke tará yá tai mardoméá gránén tapé per. Pa sardard yá passhánká molláyá wati waláeti góli zawál nakortagant.

“Mollá, Mollá! Ammá gwashit dánagé paynádhól nadayay gón?” Man har haptag pa góliay pach geragá molláyá pánaq butagán.

“Kay wassh naent?” Molláyá wati jost o pors shoru kortagatant.

“Ammá tappig ent.” Mátá gwashtagat ke anchosh begwash. Chónáhá áiay sar dardá at.

“Tappig ent? Zikkén bégáhá wa tai randá tachagá at, tapá kadi gept?”

“Dóshi makeskán wártag. Ammá sahig nabutag bezán bashánagá baláhén thongé per! Nun hecchigi naent. Abbá byayt, bárti Karáchiá.” Hamé habará Molláyá wati chamm kell kortant o man zánt ke dróg kár kanagá ant. “Ammá gwashit náko Obayd cha Mashkatá byayt, tai badalá dayén.” Nun man emprówáez kanagá atán.

“Badalé nalóthit. Mollá Pátomahá badal bezortén, maróchi korholáni tóká laybia kort,” Molláyá jabazzah kort, bale hamá damáná narm tarret: “Bale é bázaray mardom pa man góli o darmán ériá naylant. Chárán balkén dánagé dar átk.”

Molláyá wati péti yakk kondhéá bort o dapi bass haminchoká pach kort ke tahá sarok dát bekant. Sarok dayagá rand, dasti cha pachén shamá pétiay tahá ráh dát o kammé dazmósh kanagá rand dánagé paynádhóli dar kort.

“Hamé yakkén dánagay jend pasht kaptag. Beraw, belli shomay kár sharra bit.”

Agan Molláay ordán sad dánag butén, hamé gwashtagati ke “Yakkén dánag ent.” Taw agan sáhatéa rand padá beshoténay paynádhólay pach geragá, tará padá dánagé dátatag o gwashtagati: “Hamé yakkén dánag ent.”

O tárikhi rekárdhay tachk kanagay wastá man é habará gissshénaga lóthán ke Molláyá cha man badal geptag. Man áiy kágadáni nebeshtah kanók butagán. É cha thilpun o mobáelá pésaray zamánag ent. Man cha cháromi jomáetá kágaday wánag o nebeshtah kanag zántag. Cha Khalijá kágadé átkag, yá kamásh o janénéa kágadé ráh dayagi butag gorhá mardom man butagán. Chosh naent ke bázará dega wánendah nabutag. Bale chokkání tahá é káray goshád mani yakkén sar butag o mani kasánomriay sawabá, mardomán wati rázi habar cha man chér nadátatag.

Mani moshkel é butag ke man báz Ordu nazántag. Eskulá mára bass salám o dwáesh dars dátatag.

”هم سب خيریت سے ہیں اور خداوند تعالیٰ سے آپ کی خیر و عافیت کے لیے دعاگو ہیں۔“

Cha ed o dém mani Ordu halás butagant, bale padá ham gaddh o waddhon kortag o kágadon purah kortag.

Garhbarh hamá wahdá butag ke Mollá wati Balóchi ragá shotag. “Begwash, mani Rahim Ján, man eshkotag ke tai dozhmen tapig butagant. Alláh tará wassh bekanát. Tará mani omr gón bát, mani Rahim Poll, makarzátán tará!”

Wahdé Molláyá bass kortag, man kalamay nebb cha dapá kasshetag o nebeshtah kanagá laggetagán.

”میرے رحیم جان، میں نے سنا ہے کہ آجکل تمہارے دشمنوں کی حالت خراب ہے۔ اللہ تم کو اچھا کرے۔ تم کو میری عمر ساتھ ہو، میرے رحیم پھول، کاش میں تمہارے لائق نہ ہوں۔“

Chinchok sálá man jérhetag ke agan Rahim Jánay dozhmen tapig ant gorhá Rahim Ján chéa wassh bebát. Balóchi klásikal sháeriay dar baragá rand nun man zántag ke é dozhmen dega darámad nabutagant, Rahim Jánay jend butag. Molláay nakarzén dap o delá nageptag ke begwashit Rahim Ján tapig ent.

Chokkay hálporsiá rand, molláyá wati zang o zári bená kortagant. “Tai máť maróchán kamásh ent. Páda káyán chamm syáhia kárant. Daparé waraga warán del gaysa bit.”

Gón Molláay mahtal bayagá mani kalam chotthetag.

”تمھاری ماں آجکل بوڑھی ہے۔ کھڑی ہو جاتی ہوں آنکھیں اندھیرا لاتی ہیں۔ نوالہ کھاتی ہوں دل گیس ہو جاتا ہے۔“

É mani rajánkkáriay awali dawr butag. Hamá omrá man zántag ke habarán cha yakk zobánéá domi zobáná tarrénag chón grán ent, paméshká man róche maróchi ham wati rajánkkárén sangatán cha áyáni kaddá géshter ezzata dayán.

Man wati Balóchén brátán sarpad kanaga lóthán ke agan Yuropay darándhéhi choshén wasshén chizzé butén, maná Mollá Pátomahay kágad o paynádhólán zahirig nakortagat. Darándhéhi nádráhié o é nádráhi mardomá molkay anchén chizzáni tránagá géjit ke habara nabit: garmági némróchán káparay chérá wapsag o káparay rézetagén pissáni chárág ke kadia sorant; darigay dapá éren tahtay sará sar pa sar kortagén nepádáni sará tachk bayag o jenni kessah wánag; garmági shapán cháderay áp janag o per dayag; gón har Balóchi máhay shoru bayagá lógay démá janén o chokkáni mocch bayag o chárág ke kay pésará nóká gendit; mátay habar dayag ke nárosht kammok per bejanét; tán némbélá addá Náزالay hínzaké mantagá rand áiy dátágén pudeni; magrebá pasáni randá kapag o bandag; shapá róbáhay pásá nendag ke mayayt o kokkorhán mawárt; syahgwátay rasagá pésar peshgháhá tápén god o hiránáni chenag o tachán tachána bánay tahá poterag; o sáláy awali hawrá rand missay bó.

Mará, Yuropay darándhéhán, cha hamé bésuttén zahirán móh berasit, nun má rawén wájah Thrampay kerrá Pákeistánay shekáyatá kanén.

Wahdé hál átk ke Thrampá gechénkári katthetag, may darándhéhén sangat anchosh galá bál butant gwashay wájah Thrampay mátay petay nákozátK Balóché butag. “Nun Pákeistáná máť ent. É ganókarháé, Panjolá warhé kant.” Alláh Baksh Gelásiá do gelás zort o hammámá potert.

“Haw, Thramp wa hamé káray wástá Amrikahay sadr butag. Balócháni bérá zalura gipt.” Man wati dantán nejéntant.

Cha Thrampay gechén bayagá say sálá rand, hamé zuttán, Gelásiá yakk róché cha man jost gept: “Tai hayálá, Thramp Balócháni masalahá sahig ent?”

“Báyad ent sahig bebit ke bé Balóchay masalahay gissshénagá donyáay kár sharra nabant.”

Mani jwáb sangatá wassh nabut. Bale má ke molká atén may lidharán hamé habaray sará mára rad dát o BiEsÓá (BSO) bort ke Amrikahá sajjahén tayári kortagant, Ázád Balóchestánay nakshah ham járhi ent, bass Balóchán hemmat kanaga lóthit. Má cháret ke Amrikah may bérá ent gorhá Pákestáná boné nést.

Tán do sálá má harché kort, kassá may náma nagept. Baré má hodádádén molkay jandhi sótk, baré pawjiáni kaympay dapá óshtátén o áyáni mát o gohár cha Hirámandhiá náwalletant, bale manah ent ke yakké may lempán begipt?

Hamé habará má ganter shékel butén. Nun má deljam atén ke Amrikah Jánay dast may sará sáhél ent. Kasánokén torsé ke may delá hastat, á ham dar átk. Pa má, lidharáni é habar sábet butagat ke Balóch delér o “Panjol” lagór ant. Cha ed o rand má hamá kár kort ke na aspá gón hará kortag o na hará gón aspá.

Tán má Ekbálay sháhin zahr baráéntant.

Wahdé sháhin zeddá kaptant, eshán mára hamá kathá jat ke shéri gollorhán nazánt kojám némagá démá bedayén o betachén. Delérén gollorh kóhani némagá tatkant o may paymén lagór darmolká.

Nun may delérén lidharán har róch napar o kásed ent ke “Berawét Amrikahá hál bedayét ke sháhinán bedárit.” Agan Amrikahay sar o góshé sahig nabutag gorhá lidharán báyad ent gón má choshén dróg mabastén ke nakshah makshah tayár ant. Agan áyán wati jenday zór o delériay sará barósah at gorhá may mayár o gonáh ché ent ke sare piránsari mára shegánia kanant.

May jenday surá may gapp kassá nazortag, Thramp kojá mára mána kárit?

Chár sál purah ent, taninga Alláh Baksh Gelási wati jan o chokkán Yuropá áworta nakant. Maná do sál ent bé chokkán dantánoka dayán. Manah naent man o Gelási gwandhén chokké bázará tarragá begendén; mani lonth jarothea bant o á tachána rawt o gobbánia chokkit. Man sad randá gwashtag ke edá degaráni chokk wati jágahá, degaray kochekkay dast janag ham jormé, bale Gelásiá kay sarpada kant? Maná ganter hamé tors wábá naylit ke yakk róché Balóchán bannáma kant o kellit, kahrwár!

Chónáhá drostén darándhéh may warhá shumm naant. Ábádén darándhéh ham dara kayt, dánag dánagé, chó Molláay paynádhóla. Agan Gelásiay habará bezuray, darándhéhén Balócháni say zát ant:

Yakké hamá ke Amrikah, Kánadá o Bartániahá neshtagant. É donyáay washhál, ábádter o syási hesábá asardárterén molk ant. Paméshká har Balóché ke edá átkag, áiy rotbah cha Yuropi Yunianay molkáni neshtagén Balóchán borzter ent. Agan molkay zát o pátay hesábá chárág bebit gorhá má eshán darándhéhay Rend o Láshár gwashta kanén. É darándhéhén Balócháni sharzát ant. É sayén molkán géshter syási párthiáni sarók o sardárzádag ábád ant, paméshká esháni petáni mirás hechbar bahra nabant. É modám yakké domiay rán kanagay sará ant. Eshán dánag dánagé espétpostén senetharé pajjáha kárit o baré baré Yuropay Párlimenth o Akwáme Mottahedahay diwánéá posht poshti sitthan gendaga bant.

Bale é elith kelásay darándéháni ham Thrampay lógá raw o á nést.

Domi hamá darándhéh ant ke gón wati jan o chokkán átkagant. É geshter Yuropi Yunianay sérén molkán ábád ant chó ke Jarmani, Paráns, Swidan, Nárway o Nederlaynd. Eshán molká batth o chathani bahr nabutag bale edá sharren lógán neshtagant o cha sarkaray némagá jórhookén wazipahé gerant. Haminchok chokk, haminchok geshter wazipah. Esháni chokk sharren eskulán wánagá ant o agan gón taw bázará dochár bekapant gorhá é tárípá zalura kanant ke mani chokká Yuropi zobán chetawr jaldi dar bortag. “Mirán kosay cha Balóchiá Jarmaná zabrter ent. Anchosh Jarmana kant gwashay máti Jarmané.” É kesmay darándhéháni kamál esh ent ke yakkén ginná janay tárípá ham kanant o chokkay ham. Nun á mardom ke pa é habará gal ent ke mani chokk Balóchiá yalah dayán ent, á kojá Thrampay kálará kasshit o bégwáhén Balócháni hálá dant? Esháni Balóchi bass haminchoká pasht kaptag ke esháni partagán jórhahe jórhahe Balóchi god dara kayt pa Balóch Kalchar Dhayá.

É darándhéhay Balóchok ant.

Sayomi kesmay darándhéh hamá ant ke Yuropay garibén molkán neshtagant chó ke Itáliá o Yunán. É géshter lánchán átkagant o darándhéhén Balócháni nyámá jahlterén darjahay mardom ant. Esháni máná o molkay thih o gólámáni máná yakk. É béchárág sáhá zortagant. Géshe wat naant. Na Yuropá ant, na molká. Wassh ant cha molká yakké chár kaldár dém bedant. Agan esháni jáwar zutt matth nabutant é say chár sáláy tahá ejtemái watkoshia kanant. Agan Thramp wat byayt o eshán jost bekant ke “Shomá har chizzé belóthét, shomará dayáni” gorhá é jórhahe Bátháay champala lóthant.

É garib kojá o syásat kojá?

Chónáhá Gelásiay é kelásipekéshan yakk o thekk o sáensi osuláni sará ent. Bale sharrá bé aybá nabit. Cha é kelásipekéshaná wánók rad makapant o chosh majérhant ke darándhéhay Balóchán wati molkay zát o pát yalah dátagant. Á ke molká ostáé butag edá ham ostáé. Belli Amrikah o Bartániahá neshtag bale rotbah o bestáray hesábá cha Itáliá o Yunánay badnasibén darándhéhán sharter naent. É réli o jalsahán bass hamé wástá bahra zurant ke molká yakké begwashit: “Bachakk maróchán sardaráni hamráh ent.”

Maná o Gelásiá dega Balóchén hamsáhagé hast. Éráni Balóchestá... tawbah nauzobelláh, shummén Shaytán... magrebi Balóchestánay Balóché. Swidaná magrebi Balóch báz ent o bázéné cha Sháhay zamánagá tatlag o Yuropá átkag. May hamsáhegay nám ent Mahmad Ali Éránnezhád. Wájah Éránnezhád dega har hesábá Yuropié: áiy kóth o patlun, áiy haythkoláh, áiy warag o wapsag, áiy kochekk, áiy o áiy kochekkay bégáhn gám janag, drost Yuropi ant; bale wájahay hákemi tab angat Balóchi ent.

Wájah Éránnezhád nózdah sad o hashtáday sálá Swidaná átkag, cha mani pédaeshá sálé rand. Molká wájahay gonáh o mayár é butag ke áia Sháhe Érán wájah Mahmad Razá Sháh Pahlawi galléntag o Khomayni molkay hákem kortag. Naksén Khomayniá, hákem bayagay shartá wati jenday dózwáh o mohsenáni janag o gár kanag shoru kort. Wájah Éránnezhádá haminchoká wati sáh áwort o Swidaná rasént. Cha á róchá pad áia názákén molkay dém nadist.

Molká, á Báhoáy sardáray brázátk butag o angat ham tabá sardárzádagé. Chosh naent ke wájah wati sardárzádiagiá dapá réchit. Á wánendah o sháeren mardomé, o áiy parmánay hesábá Balócháni asl kalchar ostá o lórhigán dáshtag, chosh ke sáz o zémel, pahlawáni, zahm o espar, sepatt o názénk, dóchgeri o zargeri. Bale wati sardárzádagiay záher kanagay wástá á habar habaray tahá anchén habaré zalur dawra dant ke mardom cha áiy hákemi naslá sarpad bebant. Mesálay habará, á beha nagwashit ke “É sharrén karé.” Á hamé habará modám é warhá kant: “É hákemi karé.” Agan áia gwashagi bebit ke “Man kasániá sakkén shaytáne butagán,” á hamé habará é warhá kant: “Tawe dordánag ay, mani kasániay kessaha nabit, orhay. Man ke kasán butagán, maná watá jetáén thihé butag.”

Démay habar áia sharter zór dát o gwasht: “May kalátá, har sardárzádagá watá náméntagén golámé butag. Pirénay pirén golám, gwandóay gwandén golám.”

Ji haw, magrebi Balóchestáná gwandhoá gwandó gwashant o jotkián gondh.

Hayr, wájah Éránnesháday kessah rawán at. “Mani golám cha man begenday do say sál mastera bit. Nun mani shaytánián bechár man har róch hamé gongodám zeminay sará wápént o áíay sará jotkona jat.”

Delá kapp kanókén é kessah wájah Éránneshádá tahná paméshká áwort ke begwashit á kasániá shaytánén chokké butag.

Alláh Baksh Chorási o Mohammad Ali Éránneshád modám chawk ant. Chó elith darándhéhán, esháni petáni mirás ham beh bahra nabant.

Baré baré wájah Éránneshád wati wejethérian warákána zurit o manig o Gelásiay lógá kayt pa sobáregá. Wájah chó Yuropi espépostán káshok o konthagay sará waraga wárt. Gelási panchén lankokán waragay tahá ména shordénit o dapará mastera kant o wárt.

Wájah Éránneshád edá ópára kant.

Waragá rand, wájah Éránneshád hammámá rawt o dastána shódit o Gelási hamedá kechenay nalá shákárit o ókárit o watá sapá kant. Wájah Éránneshádá hamé ádat toshé dósta nabit. Hamé káray sará modám Gelásiá habara dant. “Taw orhay pira bay bale mira nabay. Tará chár sál ent é mol kay lápá bale tai ádat drost hamá jatth o Balóchi ant. Taw natwánay beraway hammámá dastán beshóday? É áshpazay nalá shomá warák o sabzagán sapá kanét, padá taw hamedá jahlád ay káay wati chirkién dastána shóday.”

Wájah Éránneshádá wati delay zahráni kasshagá rand máret ke Gelásiá gapp delá áwortag, paméshká narm tarret. “Taw mani chokk ay, paméshká tará é sójá dayán. Shomá é wánendahén molká ke káét, wati mol kay Jatth o Balóchi ádatán wayl kanét. Orupáyá, Orupáay dábá bebét.”

Chonáhá, Gelásiá modám wájah Éránnesháday kamáshi cháretag o áíay é warhén hakkal delá nayáwortagant, bale á róchá kahrwár hasaddá jat o wájah Éránnesháday habari tóká borret. “Tará che kár ent mani kára? Gón wati suhetagen kóthá! Mazanén sháhokaré ay taw!”

Wájah Éránneshád anchosh sohr o syáh tarret, purah áíay démá yakkéa Khomayniay nám geptagat. Zahrá zahr, pád átk o wati haythkoláhi sará kort o drahán o larzáná cha lógá dar átk. Man o Gelási hayrán atén ke é choshén habaré wa naat ke wájah chó zahr bekant.

Bezán nakanay ke Éráná sháhokár bagáyá gwashant.

Man o Gelásiá wájah Éránnezhád pa kohekrozwaíé wasshán kort. Wahdé á sahig but ke Balóchi gálwárání parkay sawabá é “galatpahmi” pád átkag, bechkandagé jat o gwashti: “Orhay, é ajabbatén gappé.”

Ji na. Áiá ke Balóchia gwashant, á zobánay tahá “ajabbatay” labz nést. Na mashreki Balóchestáná na magrebi Balóchestáná. É labz wájah Éránnezhádá wat thahéntag.

Bale chell sáláy darándhéhiá pad wájahá báwar butag ke é warhén labzé cha bon o béhá Balóchi zobánay tahá hast.

Man shomára nagwashtagat: Darándhéhi nádráhié!

Cháp o sheng: *Balóchestán Táemz* (Arabi syáhag).

<https://balochistantimes.com/drandehi-pa-sare-shegan-pa-sare/>

Haw Máti, Tai Bacch Kóhestáná ent

Nóróz Hayát

Áiay hamé waswás róch pa róch géshter bayán atant ke man wati molk, Kóhestán, purah yakk karné bit yalah dátag. Hamá molk, hamá dhéh o hamá zeminay saray neshtagén mardomán, bell toré á maróchi warh warhén janjáláni ámách ant, hamáyán maná yakk pajjáré dátag. Nun bárén á mardom chón ant, cha bázén bazzagi o láchárián o rand?

Áiá wati molk chónáhá kasániá yalah kortagat. Bale darándhéhi o darmolki naat. Wánag o zánagay háterá dega yakk mazanén shahréa wándhah at. Har wahdá áiay delá holla kort pa Kóhestánay máhekáni o shápáni nespán, mehter Hasanay bándhomay saray nendag o wati métagay nedárag kanag, yá rózardá Sangin Chawkay sará pattái layb kanagá, gorhá bezán é dega róchá áiá wati kalandhén baygok bastagat o dém pa Kóhestáná rahádag at.

Á tachókén mardé naat, bale wánag o zánagá rand pá lápay shóház o Kóhestánay zagren zahirán, raw o ái kortagat. Baré mazanén shahrá at o baré Kóhestáná. Har wahdá ke á sapará at, modám jérheti: “Agan mani sapar toshoké drájter bebit, man damáná cha wati Kóhestáná sedán, parchá ke maná bázén rawag o áyag o dráj o durén ráh o bandán sapar kanag wassha nabit.”

Bale pa sarjamiá áiá wati molk hamá sálá yalah kort ke Kóhestáná yakk mazanén háré átkagat. É nájabbáren hárá purahén Kóhestán mallet. Óday mardománi mál o dalwat, lóg o dhagár, drost hárá tabáh kortant. O hamé hárá áiay yakk nákové o yakk nákozatké o lahtén sangat ham bort.

Kóhestáná chónáhá modám shodigi butag, tangdasti butag, mardom garib o bazzag butagant. Óday mardománi masterén jérhah hamé butag maróchigén náná warén, bándá Hodá máleké, bass káhoké warén o ráhoké rawén. Agan hamé káhoka kotthant, gorhá yakk hamsáhegé, hamráhé yá syád o wáresé pa wám o badalá káhoké dant. O agan hamé káhok o náhok cha wám o badalay dazrásá dhann butagant gorhá zalur

yakk braté, masterén chokké yá lógay kamáshéa wati del dhaddh kortag o dari molkán shotag o dega rájáni kerrá mozzurié kortag, mát, pet, jan o chokké láp dátag.

Á ham lápay shóháza o cha Kóhestánay bazzagi o láchárián watá rakkénagá cha wati dhéhá dur shot o darpadar but. Gón darmolkiay gissh o walán, á cha wati molk, wati zobán o wati dód o rabédagán sest, parchá ke molk wa chonáhá molké naat. Wahdé áia wati molk yakk baré yalah kort, padá tán baláhén moddatéa áia delá nagwasht ke wati molká wátarr bebán. Zobán cha karnán dhálchár kanag butagat o padá Kóhestánay chokkán ham choshén shehmén káre nakortagat ke wati zobána bedárant. Sarkára wa chónáhá ganterén kár kortagat pa áyáni zobánay géshter gár o bégwáh kanagá. Paméshká áia hechbar choshén hobb o wáhag nabut ke wati zobána bwánit o benebisit. Wahdé pa kár o mozzuriá degaráni molká wándhaha bay, pa áyáni kampani o daptarán kár kanagá, tará allam áyáni pocch o póshák gwará kanaga kapant. O hamé warhá áia ham gón degaráni pocch o póshákán anchó ádat kortagat ke padá wati pósháki hechbar gwará nakortant.

Arabestán o Aprikáyá beger tán Magrebi molkán, é si o hapt sálav darmolkiay darpadarián, á chó sarhetagén dára kortagat, anchosh warókán wártagat, goddhía bass áia kerrá abéd cha yakk némbondagén máreshtéa dega hecch pasht nakaptagat.

Bass áia máret, maná yakk watané hastent, maná yakk zobané hastent, maná yakk rájé hastent o mani rájá yakk zeminé hastent ke hazarán sál hamódá neshtag. Bale Kóhestán maróchán jangéay amách ent, chokk janag o koshag bayagá ant, cha wati zeminay sará pa zór kasshag o darándhéh kanag bayagá ant, yá lahtén lálech o lahtén bihár dáyag bayagá ent ke sarkáray zolmay sará dapesch band bebit. Á hamé máreshtán modám ásay warhá kothént o áia tahay ás géshter jambur kort ke wati dhéhá wátarr bekan, nun bass ent inchok darándhéhi o darmolki.

Yakk róché áia kass hál nadát, na darmolkay o na wati Kóhestánay sangat o mardom, bass wati hórken cháderi chandhet o dém pa wati dhéhá rahádag but. Jonzagá pésar yakk baré áia wati delá sakk jérhet: “Begwashán wati mardomán o wati sangatán, nun bass ent maná darmolki, man wati molká rawaga lóthán, wati zobána habar kanaga lóthán, wati pocch o póshákán gwará kanaga lóthán. Bass ent dega rájáni pádunán kapag, wáay watan o hoshkén dár, angata rawán hoshkén dára pánaga bán, sharter ent.”

Bale gón wat bechkandet o gwashti: “Enna, kassá delwárag kanaga nalóthán. Man hamé dhawlá ke watá darándhéh kortag, hamé warhá kassá hála nadayán o rawán wati sará Kóhestánay delbandá éra kanán, wati zeminá, wati háká sáhaté árâma kanán.”

Áiay darmolkiay waswás rást butant, wáki Kóhestán nun badal butagat. Á damk, á shahr, á bázár, á métagán wati rang badal kortagat. Mollá Pátomahá jangá pésar métag yalah kortagat o áiay mazanén kampán dhoretat o kaptagat. Mehter Hasan o Nódánay bázaray mardomán jangá rand wati bázár yalah dátag o Kóhestán wayrán kortagat. Bale Kóhestánay bámsáray kawsh, rózar, syahgwát, máhekáni, ásen tabd, hámén o háménay awalsaray getrángén náh tán bégamjangi pógas o cha sálay awali hawrá rand missay bó, drost hamá péshigén warhá atant.

Haw, máti! Tai bacch Kóhestáná ent.

Cháp o sheng: *Balóchestán Táemz* (Arabi syáhag).

<https://balochistantimes.com/hao-mathi-tae-bach-kohestana-en/>

Gawlok o Mollá Charsiay Táit

Habib Kadhodái

Man cha mátá wahdé ke pédá bután o chammon pach kortant, chárán mani sajjahén kahólay mardom anchó gal ant, har yakké pa démé gón warh warhén tárip o sepatán maná tawára jant. Tru ján pa saré gal ent o sáhaté sad bará watá mani sará nadr o kawliga kant ke chamrók jáné pédá butag. Mátá gwashit mazár jáné pédá butag. É némagá ballok o piroka gwashant sardaré pédá butag, á némagá gohár gwashagá ant dáktar ján o páeeth jáné pédá butag.

Anchó lógay mardom pádáni sará óshtátagent ke Hodá makant maná hordén tap o nádráhié begipt, harkas pa sare wat hayráté kant. Yakké pasé koshit, yakké góké, dega yakké Shay Kallagay zyáratay swáliga bit. Man anchó gawlok o náz o náyápt án ke cha mehr o moribatá abéd dega hecch chizza nagendán. Man gwánzagay tahá galá bál án, cha zeminá chest án, gón watá hamé gwashagá án ke donyáay bémattth o békeccchah man wat án o bass.

Lógay mardénchokk éwaká man atán. Nun ke anchosh man daré daré master bayán atán, man har róch wasshokén sárháyag o satáyán eshkonagá atán. Shomá wata zánét bázén sárháyag ensána cha zeminá chesta kant o mani bagal gwát gerán ant. Nun man watá wati tahá anchó borz lékagá án, gón wat gwashagá án ke mani paymén chóthkoláh o chóthgiwárén sharborr, é donyáay tahá néstent o éwaká bóigay poll man án.

Wahdé ke man eskul bendát kort, hecch ketábéay dapon pach nakort, bale chárán har róch mani nambar nózdah o bist ant. Man pegr kort haw... nun man án o man, bale bezán é mani nózdah o bistén nambaráni kessah o kaháni esh ent ke may zámát eskulay hedhmástar ent o é dega mástari gwashtagant ke mani waserkzátka cha nózdahá kamter madayét ke é, lógay yakkén mardénchokk ent o eshiay gohára wati brát cha man ham dóstter ent. Agan shomá kammok nambari bedayét, gohári maná sér cha zá o habara kant. Zá o habará jahndam, tán sabáhá maná nendag o pád áyagay sezáyá dant.

Anchosh ke man rodán o mazan bayán án o bagaláni gwát géshter bayán ant, nun pa é báwará rasetagán ke cha man dega hechkas sharter o zántkárter é donyáyá néstent. Hodá ján zendé mani nasibá bekant dega chandé sálá molkay sarmasteri o lidhariá dastá gerán o anchosh gón hamé dhalagén hayálán atán ke dáneshgáhá sar bután o man angat hamé hayálay tóká atán ke donyáay bóigay poll éwaká man án.

Yakk róché má kelásá wánagá atén, mástarji lagget wati sárháyag o tárípá. Gwashti: “Man é kortag o á kortag.” Maná é habará sakk tawrént o gaynz geptán. Zenday tahá awali bar at ke degaréá watá mani déma chó sárhát. Man cha adaré dapá zort ke: “Taw ché gwashagá ay mástarji? Taw sará barábar ay? Watsará wat, taw wati bagal gwát dátagant. Agan tará o dáneshgáhay é dega mástarán dánchezpay tahá bechópant, shomá sajjahén mani cháreké nabét. Berawét dega jágahé wati golán bekeláénét.”

Bezán mástarjiará é habará sakk tawrént o é dega ostádi gwashtant ke é sorotthén bachakká sharr berépénét o hecch nambari madayét. Dáneshgáhay chár sál purah but bale man angat wati wánag pa ásar o saburat narasént. Bale man cháret ke géshter dáneshgáhá bedarán, mardom kalága gerant. Paméshká man chérokái wánag angár kort bale mardománi déma gwashton ke wánagon pa saburat raséntag, bale ádaroké pa kára wákona nakant o kammoké damé sásarán gorhá démterá káré dast o páda kanán.

Man har róch wájakári kóthé gwará kort o bagal gwáta dátant, cha lógá dara bután o molkay sarhakk gwáza kortant, yá ke baré baré bégáhána shotán dini madrasahay kashá ke hamódá métagay bachakka átk o moccha butant yá ke baré baré cha dini madrasahay kashá tánke Miránay pallay gwará kadamona jat.

Bale nun moddaté bayagá ent ke gón watá jérhagá án o watará hamé gwashagá án róché na róché ásar mardom sarpada bant ke mani wánag kappi butag o é dróg tán kadéná chér o andém buta kant? Gorhá yakk paymé nimmóné bekanán o cha molká dar bekapán ke cha é mazanén drógá dar gazá o dar amán bebán.

Yakk bégáhé, pésarigén rócháni dábá sarhakk gwáz kanagá atán, may syádé ke námi Jánal Gázáilkassh at, sarhakkay sará gón man dochár kapt. Man gón áia tayár jórhi kort, hamé óshtátagén jágahá wájahá darráént: “Maná sharr pahell kan, man cha molká rawán.” Gón hamé habaray eshkonagá ajekkah bután. Man ham cha adaré jost kort: “Kojá raway?” Passawi dát: “Yuropá.” Man padá ajekkah bután o gwashton: “Jánal ján! Yuropay rawag ásan naent.”

Na, man cháret, Jánal Ján nun hecch paymá dáragey dábá naent o pádi yakk kalléa kortag o gwasht: “Har dáb mantag man Yuropá berawán. Bass mani do sangáray gázáil pasht kaptag, é doén sangárana janán o máshiná bahá kanán o zarrán wati saparay nawl o bárhaha kanán.”

Padá má jost kort: “Chónoká raway?”

“Bale, chó rawán: Yuropá wati molkáni simsar pach kortagant. Sajjahén mahluk chandhag o rawagá ent. Záná taw sarpad naay ke Yákub o Mawloká do máhá pésar wati pas o gók bahá kortant o dém pa Yuropá shotant o annun sar butagant? Maná Bogay Gaws begipt, annun anchó barábar ant, do máhay tóká harkasá pa wat ÁiPawné zortag.”

Gorhá man hamódá thóthal jat ke man agan edá bedarán, mardom sahig bebant man dáneshgáh halás nakortag, mahlukay démá páshka bán. Man ham beshoténán sakk sharr at.

Man cha Jánal jáná jost kort: “Kadi? Kojám róchá pakká rahádaga bét?”

Gwashti: “Hodal Benzwálá, benzay bahá kanagá Chahbárá shotag, á byayt o man é doén sangarán bebarán, bisté róch dega rahádaga bén.”

Gorhá gwashton ke shomá pësh cha eshiá ke rahádag bebét, allamá maná sahig bekanét. Chárán balkén man ham átkán. Jánal Gázáilkasshá gwasht: “Allamá pësh cha sar o sargerá tará sahiga kanén ke taw ham tayári bekanay. Sakk wassh ent agan taw byáay bale mani dela najant ke taw gón má byáay. Taw wati kahólay gawlok ay.”

Gorhá man shotán lógá o habaray saron kammoké záher kort, chárán hechkas dast nazzikká naylit. Mátá gwasht: “Taw agan beraway tará mani shir nápahell ant.”

Balloká ham gwasht: “Bábá ján! Hamedá benend, ché kanay raway káperáni molká? Tai imán sosta bit o tai dód o rabédag pahk gára bant.”

Goharán ham sarig gotthá kort ke taw may yakkén brát ay. Taw beraway edá mára zahira koshant.

É Jánalay bist róch tawám bayagá ant, chárán lógay mardom hecch dábá razá nabayagá ant. Shapé baytheká man o mani nákózátk Bálánch neshtagatén, Bálánchon gwasht ke byá maná choshén erádah o maksadé hastent bale lógay mardom rázig nabayagá ant. Gwashti: “Hecch paréshán mabay. Maná yakk molláé zabardastén hast ke tará táité dant ke sajjahénán anchó deltarréna kant ke á wati dapá tará begwashant ke beraw.

Bale é mollá pa harkasá choshén kára nakant. Yá pa wati nazzikkén bél o bráhondagán é kárana kant yá ke kaséa bázén zarré bebit, yá ke

washrangén ensáné bebit. Bale náközátk ján! Taw hecch paréshán mabay, mollá mani sangat ent, má modám hórígá charsa kasshén o pa chars kasshagay nimmoná rawén, sari ke dhambart, neshahay tóká pakká tai kára kant.”

Má chandé espéshalén sigári chars cha Abdol Mondhay gwará zort o shotén molláay baytheká o salám alayk butén. Chandé meneth ke gwast, Bálánchá sigári chars sar kort. Molláyá awalá mani démá nakasshet, bale Bálánchá gwasht: “Mollá ján! Hecch mators, é mani náközátk ent. Dapi kobl o karhi o ‘Mayd en Jápán’ ent. Byá bekassh. Agan é charsá makasshay, tai ném omr bezán zawál but.” Gorhá molláyá gón kammoké tors o larzá chars kasshet.

Bezán molláyá cháromi dam ke jat, charsá mollá anchó gept ke Balóchi zobáni pahk shamosht o lagget Ordu kanagá ke:

”ابٹے یار! یہ کیسا چرس ہے جو لوگوں کو آسمان کی ساتویں منزل پر لے جاتا ہے۔“

Man gwasht: “Mollá! Tará tapar belaggát, mani pahkén Orduay zánt

’سلام، کیسے ہو؟ مجھے تم سے محبت ہے‘

ent ke cha Amitáb Bacchanay pelmá yád geptag. Sharr ent annun, taw gark bátay, maná táité beday ke mani lógay mardom rázig bebant ke man berawán Yuropá.”

Molláyá gwasht:

”یہ کوئی بڑی بات نہیں ہے۔ ابھی تم لوگوں کو ایسا تعویذ دونگا، تھمارا کام دس منٹ میں پورا ہو جائے گا۔“

Mollá Charsiá mára táit dát o má bort métagá. Cháren, lógay mardom yakk róché nagwast rázig butant. Petá thokkoré zemin bahá kort, máta wati sohr bahá kortant o mára sharrén zarrok o marroké dátesh. Habdahomi róchá Jánalá zang jat ke má tayár én o taw ham wati chen o bandá bekan ke say róchá rand rahádga Bén.

Gorhá má barábar bistomi róchá dém pa Yuropá rahádag butén o may sapará do máh lagget o má Yuropá rasetén.

Má ke wahdé Yuropá rasetén, pegren kort ke nun dega pahkén chizz sharr butant, bale bezán kessah o kaháni nókí bongéj bayagá ant. Pa

Mawlok o Yákubá zangen jat: “Má wa heccha nazánén, ché bekanén baren?”

Gwashtesh: “Bázén chest o éré nalóthit, har kojá polisé distó, begwashét: *‘I am a refugee.’* Gorhá shomará wata bárt mayárjalliay kárgesá sarmenzela kant.”

Má hamé kár kort o may lankok o mankokáni neshánesh geptant o mára hamé mayárjalliay edárahá adároki jáhé dátesh ke edá do haptagá bedárét o do haptagá pad shomará mokimi kaympá déma dayén.

Má padá wati sangatáni sará zang jat ke má sarmenzel butagén, byáét gendoké kanén. É doén wájah átkant. Anchosh ke chammesh pa má kaptant, kandagá laggetant. Ajekkah butén ke eshán che mark ent ke keki keki kandagá ant? Gwashtesh: “Angat shomará Balóchi chólak gwará ant, edá é godáni molk naent. Gwahr shomará chólakáni tahá próshit, sárti koshitó, zutt daresh kanét.

Bécháragén ballokay habaray hayálá kaptán ke wáki rásti gwasht ke darmolká mardomay dód o rabédag kamm kammá gára bant.

Má ham gón nákamén delé gajari darésé jat o shotén dém pa bázará. Anchó ke rawagá atén, ráhay tahá joston kort: “Mára gwashtagesh ke do haptagá rand byáét pelán jágahá, mára lahtén jost hastent. É ché lóthant jost bekanant?” Jwábesh dát: “Josta kanant ke taw molká ché kortag ke pa óday mánagá tai ján dar hatar butag? Taw báyard késé bedayay ke á báwar bekanant.”

Man gwasht: “Man wa heccha nazánán ché begwashán, gorhá ché bekanán?”

Yákub o Mawloká gwasht ke má lahtén kadimi Balóch ke dér ent edá átkagant dar geptag. Rawén drostána gendén ke tará sharr sar o sój bekanant. Bale asli gapp esh ent ke edá géshter syási o Masihi késa chalit. Taw agan lóthay tai kár zutter jórh bebant, báyard cha é doén ráhán yakké gechén bekanay. Man gwasht: “É doén ráh wa nabant. Masihi késay námá hecch mager, bass ent ke may poch shotagant, dega némkappién imán marawt. O mohemter esh ent ke agan é hál balloká berasit, sektahé kant o chárdáray sará dém pa kabrestáná baranti. O agan syási némagá berawán, mani lógay mardomán hokumat gapchaléa chagala dant o á delsyáha bant.

Gorhá maná gwashtesh ke wájakár cha hamedá band bekan o gehter ent ke pach tarr o beraw molká o hamódá padá dini madrasahay kashá bedár o jádah gwáz bekan.

Cha nácháři o gón nákámen delé gwashton: “Jahndamsari, wati sará syási késay sallahána dayán, cha wati némkappiën imánay yalah dayag o ballokay koshagá sharter ent.”

Padá man jost kort ke gorhá chónaká wati syási késá sarjam o tayár bekanán o kay maná komakka kant? Gwashtesh ke yakk wájahé hastent ke pésará Dórápay kallagá Balóchestáná neshtagat o chinchok sál ham Khalijá shékháni syási mosháwer butag o annun dah pánzdah sáli bit ke edá átkag o yakk baláhén syási johdkaré. É donyáay tóká har ché syásat hastent, hamé marday kerrá ent. O eshkonagá é wájahay pirok Charchalay syád o hamkásag butag o wájakár Charchalay dábén mazanaglé.

Gorhá hamesh ent má shotén wájahay gendoká o anchó ke may chamm pa wájahá kaptant, wájakáray boland o báláén kadd o chárshánagén andám gón kóth o patlun o kráwát o Róleksén sáhatá ke dist, man wati delá gwasht: “Wáki cha eshiá donyáay tahá dega syásatter buta nakant. Anchén syásatkaré ke modám wájahay sar inchok syási parwandaháni tóká butag ke áiy gardená becháray pahk chukketag o gár ent.”

Gorhá wájakára mára anchén sarpadi dát ke ché begwashán o ché magwashán. Randá gwashti ke man yakk kágadé ham pa taw nebisán o dayán, har wahd ke dádgáhá shotay, mani é kágadá beday o tará dega kár mabit o allamá chár o panch róchay darmyána pás tai jébá bit.

Dádgáhay wahd raset o má shotén ódá o har habaré ke wájakára mára sój dátatag má gwasht o á kágad ham dát. Dádgáhá mardakóá kágad ke dist, sari sorént o gwashti ke é kágaday nebisók kay ent? Man gwasht ke hamé may mazanén syási lidhar na, ke sakkén mazanén syási johdkaré.

Dádgáhay mardakóá chó chapp chappá maná cháret o gwashti: “Maná na tai kágad kabul ent o na tai habar.”

Man gwasht: “É chón? Wájah! É hamá mardomá nebeshtag o maná dátatag ke donyáay pahkén syásat hamáiy gwará ambár ent.”

Gwashti: “Taw dega chizzé gwashagá ay o é kágadá dega chizzé nebeshtah ent.”

Bezán wájahay sodd o sár kojá butag ke kágaday tóká cha namiránén Kamálánay áwázán Háni o Shay Moriday kessahé nebeshtagi.

Wájahán o bánokán!

É may mazanén Rólekswáláén syási lidharay gapp o kaháni hamá kessah ent ke wahdé aspán chakkásay maydáná rawagay ejázat mabit, gorhá cha harán yakké zalur chakkásay áheri keshká rasit o nambar yakka bit. É kágadnebisen wájakár edá hamá wahdi átkag ke hecch dega johdkárén mardom nabutag o annun záherá syási lidharé ke donyáay sajjahén syásat áiy gwará ant.

Bale annun gón wati dátagen késá má ham syási butén o na molká shota kanén o na edá may habarán kassé báwara kant. Bale yakk róché Mollá Charsiy wahmá kaptán o pa Bálánchá zangé jaton ke Mollá Charsi balkén mani moshkelá gón táité saránjámé bedant. Bale Molláyá gwashtgat ke é kár cha mani wáká dar ent o mani dam o dutt o táit gón Parangán kára nakanant. Agan táité gón Parangán kár bekant, gorhá bass Palliriay wájahay táit o dwá ant.

Annun má yakk mardomé dém dátag Palliriay wájahay gwará o wájahá ham wati nékén dwá kortagant o má ham hamesh ent neshtag o darday gánáyá janag o chárágá én ke Palliriay wájahay dwá baren may démi dádghá ché kanant?

Cháp o sheng: *Balóchestán Táemz*.

<https://balochistantimes.com/gawlok-o-molla-charsiy-tait-2/>

Dega Kass Nést

Mehlab Nasir

“Tai hamé ketáb ke taw lóthetagan, man gissshéntagan.”

“Sharr en, amamá. Agan kasé átk, démesh day gón.”

“Chó wa mádaró kass kassá hálo nadan, bale tai petá goshin, ayrpóρθá bártesh, aga yakkéá Hodáyá parmát wa tai petesh démo dan, bale é Doshambéhá nabi, Passhambéhá bárén tai petesho bá.”

“Sharr en, amamá.”

Ammá nun maná donyáay badal bayagay hálán dayagá at ke “Kass, kassigi naen, kass, kassi lógay dapá nayay, kass, kassi hálá nagi. Wahdán mobáel o bendhásk nabuta, bale mardomgeri buta. Nun mobáel, neth, Wassapé che baláhé hast, bale del dur an.”

Man záherá “ji haw... haw” kanagá atán bale delá gwashagá atán ke amamá purah dém pa déma majles kanagá ent, darmolki thilpun chón grán ent, bale maná del nabut ke begwasháni ke bandi kan. Tán mani kárdh halás but, ammayá haminchok hál maná dát kort, dátí. Pawn ke band but, man chamm nazz kortant, mani ars retkant...

Chinchok chinchok wahdá pad man gón mátá gappa kanán. Chón tahná but, man dar átkán. Delá gwasht peryát kan o begré, bale man ars pahk kortant. Sóchon kort ke sócha nakanán, é gappá. Hayál é dega chizzáni némagá tarrénagay johdon kort.

“Bárén chizzi raséntan? Kojam nasakki tai petá dém dátagan. Harkasará ke goshta, goshi may wati jenday sámán báz an. Padá marchán wa eshán hadhakkah kota. Chizz bezán dém dayago nabi, nebah bekan mardom...”

“Toshé tabáheg o yakk kappóén náhé man chérokái mán kota. Tai pet negba mani saray tahá óshtáta. Mani hóshi kassheta ke wazan báz en, nabarant gón. Chó wa rásto goshi bale mani delá chó ér nakenzet... Hamá aiday tabáheg en, man toshé gotthá basta...”

Ammáyá Jomahá beger tán Panchshambehá hamé gapp ke gón wati éwakiá, gón addáya, gón truá, o harkasá ke gósh dáshtagat, jatagatant, gón man jatanti. O man padá “ji haw” o “rást en” kanán o jérhán atán ke é garmá mani pet chón janjál butag, chinchó mardomay mennati geptag o é chizzi dém dátagant.

“Nun man wati ketábána nalóthán.” Gón é hayálán delá trekkagé jat. Dard, gwashay hóná hawár but o sarjamén jesmá sapari kort, chamm arsig butant.

Ketáb proshtagén páday warhá palastarán atant. Kammok tabáheg o kappóén náhé maná sar but. Tabáhegon kasshet ke grádáni bale molkay aid o dém pa démiay tránagán maná anchó béwár o béchárh kort ke man padá hamá godi thokkorá ke mátá patátagat, patát o ér kort. Del ér retk o ér retk.

Man ketáb dastá kortant, kandet. “Ammáyá genday! Choshén pakkákári?” Kappó, man pach kort o zamánagi shodigáni paymá tán némá halás kort.

Górhíá kapátay áyagay wahd, pógas o getrángáni tránagán maná pretk. Delá gwasht bemer... bale chó chón mardoma merit? Kóthiá shotán, tahtay sará tachk butan o chamm nazz kortant.

Delá gwasht ketábán pach kan bale béwáki o abétkiá pád áyag naesht.

“Man go tai nókén cháder an... Bale shomá wa ódá cháder sará nakané. Másiay chokk átkaga, cháderi dertaga, maná bazzag bu, man dátan náme Hodá. Hoshká kaptagan, jórhahe sayndhal atan bale tará Hodá dega dan, man pisabilelláh dátan gón.”

“Taw sharr kota, amma. Mani dháeri dém dá gón?”

“Nazánin, yakké chó kápiay dhawlá at, pósh kotaga, man mán ko. Man wa pajjáhi nayárin, bale yakké hasta, mán ko gón.”

Man zánt ke mani dháeri pósh nakortag. Ammáyá allam dega chizze mani dháeri kortag o dém dátag.

Ketábán haptagé gwastagat ke átkagatant, bale man angat pach nakortagatant. Delá gwasht pachesh kan.

Palastar ke lerhént, man prisht kort o kandet.

“Ammáyá genday! Mánóay kápii dém dátag. É bazzag bepatthit bepatthit kápiá nagendit o kápi Mashkatá sar ent.”

Kápi mani dastá at o man nazánt ke dardé at agan wasshié, bale mani hón mán mani ragán chawl janagá at.

Man lahm lahmá kápi samárt, purah Máhuay názorkén démok at. Ták léthénán kortant. Bechkandagé mani lontháni sará práh rawán at.

Unit one: My Family.

Abbáay dhraéng, pirén mardé at. Chérá *Granddad* nebeshtah at.

Man kandet.

Ammáay dhraéng, pirén kómpén janéné at gón chashmaká. Chérá *Grandmother* nebeshtah at.

Man géshter kandet.

Fatheray dhraéngá Mánóay dhraéngay dast geptagat.

Motheray dhraéngá nonnokay warhén dhraéngé baddhá at.

Sisteráni dhraéng, kashmámkash óshtátatagatant.

Uncleay dhraéngay kashá yakk botokkéay káth kortagén dhraéngay jahlá káth kortagén *Auntie* man dist.

Cháp o sheng: *Balóchestán Táemz* (Arabi syáhag).

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Sister نی ڈرائنگ، کشمان کش اوشتانگ آنت.

Uncle مے ڈرائنگے کشا یِک بُنکئے کاٹ کرتکین ڈرائنگے جَہلا کاٹ

کرتکین *Auntie* من دیست.

چاپ و شگ: بلوچستان ٹائمز.

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Unit one: My Family

آبائے ڈرائنگ، پیرین مردے آت. چیرا *Granddad* نبشتہ آت.
من کندت.

آمائے ڈرائنگ پیرین کومپین جنینے آت گون چشمکا. چیرا *Grandmother*
نبشتہ آت.

من گیشتر کندت.

Father آے ڈرائنگا مانوئے ڈرائنگے دست گپتگ آت.

کتاب پُرشَتگین پادئے وڑا پلستران اَننت. کُمک تباہگ و کپّوین ناہے منا سر بوت. تباہگن کَشِت کہ گرادانی بلہ مُلکئے ائییڈ و دیم پہ دیمئے ترانگان منا آنچو بیوار و بیچارُ کرت کہ من پدا ہما گُدی ٹکرا کہ ماتا پنتاگ آت، پنتات و ایر کرت. دل ایر رتک و ایر رتک.

من کتاب دستا کرتنت، کندت. ”امایا گندئے! چُشین پکاکاری؟“ کپّو، من پیچ کرت و زمانگی شُدیگانی پیما تان نیما هلاس کرت.

گوڑیا کپاتئے آیکئے وهد، پوگس و گُترانگانی ترانگان منا پُرتک. دلا گوشت بمر... بلہ چو چوَن مردَم مریت؟ کوڑیا شُتان، تہتئے سرا تچک بوتان و چم نر کرتنت.

دلا گوشت کتابان پیچ کن بلہ بیواکی و اَبیتکیا پاد آیک نہ اِشت.

”من گو تئی نوکین چادر اَن... بلہ شُما وە اوڈا چادر سرا نکے. ماسیئے چُک آتکگہ، چادری دِرتگہ، منا بڑگ بو، من داتن نام ہُدا. هُشکا کپتگ اَن، جوڑھے سَینڈل اَن بلہ ترا ہُدا دِگہ دن، من پی سیبیلّاہ داتن گون.“

”تئو شر کتہ، اَمّا. منی ڈائری دیم دا گون؟“

”نزانین، یگے چو کاپیئے ڈُولا آت، پُوش کتگہ، من مان کو. من وە پجّاهی نییارین، بلہ یگے هستہ، مان کو گون.“

من زانت کہ منی ڈائری پُوش نکرتگ. اَمایا اَلَم دگہ چیڑے منی ڈائری کرتگ و دیم داتگ.

که بگوشانی که بندی کن. تان منی کارڈ هلاس بوت، اَمایا همینچک هال
منا دات کرت، داتی. پئون که بند بوت، من چم نَر کرتنت، منی اَرس رتکنت.

چینچک چینچک وهدا پد من گون ماتا گپ کنان. چون تهنا بوت، من در
اتکان. دلا گوشت پریات کن و بگرے، بله من اَرس پهک کرتنت. سوچن
کرت که سوچ نکان اے گیا. هئیل اے دگه چیزانی نیمگا ترینگئے جهدن
کرت.

”بارین چیزى رسینتن؟ کجام نَسکى تئیی پنا دیم دانگان. هرکسارا که
گشته، گشی مئے وتی سامان باز آن. پدا مرجان وه اِشان هدگه کته. چیز
بزان دیم دئیگ نبی، نبه بکن مردم...”

”ئشه تباهگ و یک کپون ناھے من چیرکایی مان کته. تئیی پت نِگبه منی
سرئے تها اوشتانه. منی هوشی کشته که وزن باز ان، نبرنت گون. چو وه
راست گشی بله منی دلا چو ایر نکنزت... هما ائییڈے تباهگ ان من ئشه
گنا بسته...”

امایا جُمها بگر تان پنچشمبها همے گپ که گون وتی ایوکیا، گون اَدایا، گون
تروا، و هرکسا که گوش داشتگات، جنگانتنت، گون من جتننتی. و من پدا
”جی هئو“ و ”راست ان“ کنان و چیزان اتان که اے گرما منی پت چون
جنجال بوتگ، چینچک مردمئے متی گپتگ و اے چیزى دیم دانگان.

”نون من وتی کتابان نلوٹان.“ گون اے هئیلان دلا ترگگے جت. درد،
گوئشه هونا هئوار بوت و سرجمین جِسمَا سپری کرت، چم ارسینگ بوتنت.

دِگه کسّ نیست

مهلب نسیر

“تئیی همے کتاب که تئو لوئتگ آن، من گیشیتنگ آن.”

“شَرّ ان، اَمّا! اگن کسے آتک، دیمش دئے گون.”

“چو وه مادرُو، کسّ کسّا هالُ ندن، بله تئیی پتا گشین ائیرپورٹا بارتش، اگن یکّیا هُدايا پرمات وه تئیی پتیش دیم دَن، بله اے دوشمبها نبی، پشّمبها بارین تئیی پتیش با.”

“شَرّ ان، اَمّا.”

اَمّا نون منا دنیائے بدل بئیگئے هالان دئیگا ات که “کسّ، کسّیگی نه ان، کسّ، کسّی لوگئے دپا نیئے، کسّ، کسّی هالا نگی. وهدان مُبائل و پنداسک نبوته، بله مردُمگری بوته. نون مُبائل، نِٹ و وَسپے چه بلاهے هست، بله دل دور آن.”

من زاهرا “جی هئو... هئو” کنگا اتان بله دلا گوشگا اتان که اَمّا پوره دیم په دیمّا مجلس کنگا انت، درملکی ٹیلپون چوَن گران انت، بله منا دل نبوت

ادا هما وھدی آتکگ کہ ھِچ دگہ جُھدکارِین مردم نبوتگ و ائون زاهرا
سیاسی لیڈرے کہ دنیائے سَجھِین سیاست آئیے گُورا اُنت۔

بلہ ائون گون وتی داتگین کیسا ما ھم سیاسی بوتین و نہ ملکا شُت کین و
نہ ادا مئے ھبران کسے باور کنت۔ بلہ یَک رُچے مَلا چرسیئے وھما کپتان
و پہ بالانچا زنگے جُٹن کہ مَلا چرسی بلکین منی مشکلا گون تایتے
سرانجامے بدنت۔ بلہ مَلا یا گوشتگ اُت کہ اے کار چہ منی واکا در اُنت و
منی دم و دوت و تایت گون پرنگان کار نکنت۔ اگن تایتے گون پرنگان
کار بکنت، گُرا بس پلیرئے واجھے تایت و دوا اُنت۔

ائون ما یَک مردمے دیم داتگ پلیرئے واجھے گورا و واجھا ھم وتی نیکیں
دُوا کرتگ اُنت و ما ھم ھمش اُنت نشتگ و دردئے گانایا جنگ و چارگا این
کہ پلیرئے واجھے دُوا بارین مئے دیمی دادگاھا چے کنت؟

چاپ و شنگ: بلوچستان ٹائمز۔

<https://balochistantimes.com/gawlok-o-molla-charsiay-tait/>

شُتے، منی اے کاگدا بدئے و ترا دگہ کار مبیّت و الّما چار و پنج روچے
درمیان پاس تئی جیّا بیت۔

دادگاہئے وهد رست و ما شتین اوّدا و هر هبرے که واجکارا مارا سوچ
داتگ آت، ما گوشت و آکاگد هم دات. دادگاہئے مردکوا کاگد که دیست،
سری سُریت و گوشتی که اے کاگدئے نییسووک کئے انت؟ من گوشت که
همے مئے مزین سیاسی لیڈر نه، که سکین مزین سیاسی جُهدکارے۔

دادگاہئے مردکوا چو چپ چپا منا چارت و گوشتی: ”منا نه تئی کاگد کبول
انت و نه تئی هبر۔“

من گوشت: ”اے چوّن، واجه! اے هما مردما نبشتگ و منا داتگ که دنیائے
پهکین سیاست هماییئے گورا اَمبار انت۔“

گوشتی: ”تتو دگه چیزے گوشگا ائے و اے کاگدا دگه چیزے نبشته انت۔“

بزان واجهئے سُدّ و سار کجا بوتگ که کاگدئے توکا چه نمیرانیّن کمالانئے
آوازن هانی و شئے مریدئے کِسّهے نبشتگی۔

واجهان و بانکان!

اے مئے مزین رولکس والاین سیاسی لیڈرئے گپّ و کهانی هما کِسّه انت
که وهدے اسپان چکاسئے مئیدانا رتوگئے اجازت مبیّت، گزا چه هران یگے
زلور چکاسئے آهری کشکا رسیت و نمبر یگ بیت. اے کاگدنیسیّن واجکار

گُڑا منا گوشتِش کہ واجکار چہ ہمداء بند بکن و گہتر انت کہ پیچ تر و برئو
ملکا و همؤدا پدا دینی مدرسہئے کشا بدار و جادہ گواز بکن.

چہ ناچاری و گون ناکامین دلے گوشتن: ”جہندم سری، وتی سرا سیاسی
کیسے سلہان دثیان، چہ وتی نیم کیپین ایمانے یلہ دئیگ و بلکئے کشگا
شرتر انت.“

پدا من جست کرت کہ گُڑا چوٹکا وتی سیاسی کیسا سرجم و تئیار بکنان و
کئے منا کُمک کنت؟ گوشتش کہ یک واجہے هست انت کہ پیسرا دور آپئے
کلگا بلوچستانا نشتگ ات و چینچک سال ہم خلیجا شیخانی سیاسی مشاور
بوتگ و اتون دہ پانزدہ سالی بیت کہ ادا اتکگ و یک بلاہین سیاسی
جُہدکارے. اے دنیائے توکا ہرچے سیاست هست انت، ہمے مردئے کُرا انت.
و اشکنگا اے واجہئے پیڑک چرچلئے سیاد و ہمکاسگ بوتگ و واجکار
چرچلئے دابین مزنا گلے.

گُڑا ہمیش انت ما شتین واجہئے گندکا و انچو کہ مئے چم پہ واجہا کپنت،
واجکارئے بلند بالاین کد و چارشانگین اندام گون کوٹ و پتلون و کراوات و
رولکسین ساہتا کہ دیست، من وتی دلا گوشت واکی چہ اشیا دنیائے تھا دگہ
سیاست تر بوت نکنت. انچین سیاستکارے کہ مدام واجہئے سر اینچک سیاسی
پروندہانی توکا بوتگ کہ آئیے گردنا بچارئے پھک چوکنگ و گار انت.

گُڑا واجکارا مارا انچین سریدی دات کہ چے بگوشان و چے مگوشان. رندا
گوشتی کہ من یک کاگدے ہم پہ تئو نبیسان و دثیان، ہر وھد کہ دادگاھا

”انگت شمارا بلوچی چولک گورا آنت، ادا اے گدانی مُلک نہ انت. گوهر شمارا چولکانی تھا پرؤشیت، سارتی کُشیتو، زوٹ درش کنیت.“

بیچارگین بلکئے ہبرئے ہئیالا کپتان کہ واکي راستی گوشت کہ درملکا مردمئے دود و ریپدگ کم کما گار بنت.

ما ہم گون ناکامین دله گجری دریسه جت و شُیین دیم پہ بازارا. انچو کہ رٹوگا اتین، راہئے تھا جُسٹن کُرت: ”مارا گوشتگش کہ دوہپتگا رند بیایت پلان جاگھا، مارا لہتپن جُست هست انت. اے چے لوٹنت جست بکننت؟“ جوابش دات: ”جُست کنت کہ تئو ملکا چے کُرتگ کہ پہ اوڈئے مانگا تئی جان در ہتر بوتگ؟ تئو باید کیسے بدئیے کہ آباور بکننت.“

من گوشت: ”من وہ ہیچ نرانان چے بگوشان، گڑا چے بکنان؟“

یاکوب و مٹولکا گوشت کہ ما لہتپن کدیمی بلوچ کہ دیر انت ادا آتکگ انت، در گپتگ. رٹوپن درستان گندیں کہ ترا شر سر و سوچ بکننت. بلہ اُسلی گپ ایش انت کہ ادا گیشتر سیاسی و مسیہی کیس چلیت. تئو اگن لوٹئے تئی کار زوت تر جوڑ بنت، باید چہ اے دوین راہان یکے گچین بکنئے. من گوشت: ”اے دوین راہ وہ بنت. مسیہی کیسے ناما ہیچ مگر، بس انت کہ مئے پُچ شتگ انت، دگہ نیم کپپین ایمان مرئوت. و مہتر ایش انت کہ اگن اے ہال بلکا برسیت، سکتھے کنت و چاردارئے سرا دیم پہ کبرستانا برنتی. و اگن سیاسی نیمگا برئوان، منی لوگئے مردمان حکومت گپچلیا چگل دنت و آدلسیاء بنت.“

ملا چرسيا مارا تاييت دات و ما بُرت ميٽگا. چارين، لوگئو مردم يڪ روچي
نگوست رازيگ بوتنت. پتا ٿو ڪري زمين بها ڪرت، ماما وتي سهر بها ڪرتنت
و مارا شربن زړڪ و مرڪي داتش. هيدهمي روچا جانلا زنگ جت ڪه ما
تٿيار اين و تئو هم وتي چن و بندا بڪن ڪه سئي روچا رند رهاڊگ بين.

گزا ما برابر بيستمي روچا ديم په يورپا رهاڊگ بوتين و مئي سپرا دو ماه
لگت و ما يورپا رستين.

ما ڪه وهدي يورپا رستين، پگرن ڪرت ڪه نون دگه پهڪين چيز شر بوتنت،
بله بزان ڪسه و ڪهاني نوڪي بنگيج بيگا آنت. په مٿولڪ و ياكوبا زنگن
جت: ”ما وه هيچ ترانين، چي بڪنين بارين؟“

گوشش: ”بازين چست و ايرے نلوٿيت. هر ڪجا پليسي ديستو، بگوشيت:
'I am a refugee'

گزا شمارا وت بارت مٿيارجليئي ڪارگسا سرمنزول ڪنت.“

ما همي ڪار ڪرت و مئي لنڪڪ و منڪڪاني نشانيش ڪپنتت و مارا همي
مٿيارجليئي ادارها ادارڪي جاھي داتش ڪه ادا دو هپتگا بداريت و دو هپتگا
پد شمارا مڪيمي ڪئيمپا ديم دئين.

ما پدا وتي سنگتاني سرا زنگ جت ڪه ما سرمنزول بونگين، بيايت گندڪي
ڪنين. اے دوين واجه آتڪنت. انچش ڪه چميش په ما ڪپنتت، ڪندگا لگنتت.
اچڪه بوتين ڪه اشان چه مرڪ انت ڪه ڪي ڪي ڪندگا آنت؟ گوشش:

بلہ اے مُلا پہ ہرکسا چُشین کار نکنت۔ یا پہ وتی نَرَبکین بیتل و براہندگان
اے کاران کنت یا کہ کسیا بازین زَرے بیت، یا کہ وشرنگین انسانے بیت۔
بلہ ناکوزاتک جان تنو ہیچ پَریشان مہے، مُلا منی سنگت انت۔ ما مدام
ہوریکا چرس کشین و پہ چرس کشگئے نیمونا رٹوین، سری کہ ڈمبرت،
نشہے توکا پکا تئی کارا کنت۔

ما چندے اسپیشلین سیگاری چرس چہ ابدل مُندئے گورا زُرت و شُتین ملّائے
بیٹکا و سلام الٹیک بوتین۔ چندے منٹ کہ گوست، بالانچا سیگاری چرس
سر کُرت۔ ملّایا اٹولا منی دیمّا نکشت، بلہ بالانچا گوشت: ”ملا جان! ہیچ
مُرس۔ اے منی ناکوزاتک انت۔ دپی کُبل و کزی و «مئید ان جاپان» انت۔
بیا بکش۔ اگن اے چرسا مکشے، تئی نیم امر بزان زٹوال بوت۔“ کُرا ملّایا
گون کُمکے ترس و لرزا چرس کشیت۔

بزان ملّایا چارمی دم کہ جت، چرسا ملّا انچو گپت کہ بلوچی زُبانی پھک
شُمشت و لگت اردو کنگا کہ ”آبے یار! یہ کیسا چرس ہے جو لوگوں کو
آسمان کی ساتویں منزل پر لے جاتا ہے۔“

من گوشت: ”ملا! ترا تپر بلغات منی پھکین اردوئے زانت «سلام، کیسے
ہو؟ مجھے تم سے محبت ہے» انت کہ چہ امیتاب بچنے پلما یاد گپتگ۔
شر انت انون، تنو گرک باتے، منا تایتے بدے کہ منی لوگئے مردم رازیگ
بنت کہ من برٹوان یورپا۔“

مُلا گوشت: ”یہ کوئی بڑی بات نہیں ہے۔ ابھی تم لوگوں کو ایسا تعویذ
دونگا، تھمارا کام دس منٹ میں پورا ہو جائے گا۔“

من چه جانل جانا جُست کرت: ”کدی؟ کجام رُچا پکا رها دگ بیت؟“

گوشتی: ”هَدَلِ بِنزوالا، بِنزُی بھا کنگا چھبارا شُتگ، آ بیئیت و من اے
دوین سنگاران ببران، بیستے رُچ دگہ رها دگ بین.“

گُرا گوشتُن کہ شما پیش چہ اشیا کہ رها دگ بیت، اَلما منا سھیک بکنیت.
چاران بلکین من ہم آتکان. جانل گازایل کُشا گوشت: ”اَلما پیش چہ سر و
سرگرا ترا سھیک کنین کہ تئو ہم تیاری بکنئے. سک و ش اِن اگن تئو بیائے
بلہ منی دَلِ نجت کہ تئو گون ما بیائے. تئو وتی کھولئے کٹولک ائے.“

گُرا من شتان لوگا و ہرئے سُرُن کُمکے زاهر کرت، چاران ہچکس دست
نزیگا نیلیت. ماتا گوشت: ”تئو اگن برئوئے، ترا منی شیر ناپہل اُت.“

بُلکا ہم گوشت: ”بابا جان! ہیدا بنند. چے کنئے روئے کاپرانی ملکا؟ تئی
ایمان سُسْت بیت و تئی دُود و ربیدگ پھک گار بنت.“

گُھاران ہم سربگ گُتا کرت کہ تئو مئے یکین برات ائے. تئو برئوئے، ادا
مارا زھیر کُشت.

اے جانلئے بیست رُچ تئوام بیگا اِنْت، چاران لوگئے مردم ہچ دایا رزا
نبیگا اُت. شپے بیٹکا من و منی ناکوزاتک بالانچ نشتگانین، بالانچُن
گوشت کہ بیا منا چُشین ارادہ و مکسدے هست اِنْت بلہ لوگئے مردم رازیگ
نبیگا اُت. گوشتی: ”ہچ پریشان مبئے. منا یک ملاے زبردستین هست
کہ ترا تایتے دنت کہ سجھینان انچو دلتزین کنت کہ آ وتی دپا ترا بگوشت
کہ برئو.“

يڪَ بِيگَاهِي، پيسريگين رُوچاني دابا سُرڪَ گواز ڪنگا اَنان، مٿي سيادِي
 ڪه نامِي جانلِ گازاييل ڪَش اَت، سُرڪَئي سَرا گونِ مَن دُچار ڪِيت. مَن گونِ
 آييا تَئيار جوڙِي ڪرت، هَمي اَوشتاتگين جاگها واجها دَرانَت: ”منا سَر پهلِ
 ڪن، مَن چِه مَلڪا رِئوان.“ گونِ هَمي هيرئِي اِشڪنگا اِجڪِه بوتان. مَن هَم
 چِه اَدارِي جِست ڪرت: ”ڪجا رِئوئي؟“ پَسئوي دات: ”يورپا.“ مَن پدا
 اِجڪِه بوتان و گُوشَن: ”جانلِ جان! يورپِيئي رِئوگَ اَسان نِه اِنَت.“

نِه، مَن چارت، جانلِ جان نونِ هِچ پيما دارگئي دابا نِه اِنَت و پادي يڪَ ڪَلِيا
 ڪرتگ و گُوشيت: ”هر دابِ منتگ مَن يورپا برِئوان. بسَ مَنِي دو سَنگارئي
 گازاييل پَشَت ڪِيتگ، اِي دويَن سَنگارَن جان و ماشينا بها ڪنان و زَران
 وتي سِپريئي نئول و بارِه ڪنان.“

پدا ما جُست ڪرت: ”چُونڪا رِئوئي؟“

”بله، چَو رِئوان؛ يورپا وتي مُلڪاني سيمسَر پِچ ڪرتگ اَنَت، سَجِهين مهلوڪ
 چَنڊگ و رِئوگا اِنَت. زانا تئو سَريد نِه ائي ڪه ياكوب و مئولُڪا دو ماها پيسر
 وتي پَس و گوڪ بها ڪرتنت و ديمِ په يورپا شُتنت و ائون سَر بوتگ اَنَت؟ منا
 بگئي گئوس يگِپيت ائون انچَو برابر اَنَت، دو ماهئي تَوڪا هرڪسا په وت
 آبي پئونِي زُرنگ.“

گُرا مَن همودا تُوئل جت ڪه مَن اگن ادا بداران، مردم سَهِيگ بِنَت مَن
 دانِشگاه هلاس نڪرتگ، مهلوڪئي ديمِا پاشڪ بان. مَن هَم بِشَنينان سَڪَ
 سَر اَت.

گپتان. زندئے تہا اٹولی بر آت کہ دگر بآ وتا منی دیمآ چۆ ساڑات. من چہ
 آدارے دپا زُرت کہ: ”تئو چے گوشگا آئے، ماستر جی؟ تئو سرا برابر آئے؟
 وتسرا وت، تئو وتی بگل گوات دانگ آنت. اگن ترا و دانشگاھئے اے دگہ
 ماستران دانچؤبئے تہا بچؤبنت، شما سَجھین منی چارکے نییت. برئویت
 دگہ جاگھے وتی گلان بکلاینییت.“

بزان ماستر جیارا اے ہبرا سکُ تعورینت و اے دگہ اُستادی گوشنت کہ اے
 سرُتین بچگا شرُ برپینیت و ہیچ نمبری مدئییت. دانشگاھئے چار سال پورہ
 بوت بلہ من انگت وتی وانگ پہ آسر و سبورت نرسینت. بلہ من چارت کہ
 گیشتر دانشگاھا بداران، مردم کلاگ گرت. پمیشکا من چپرکایی وانگ
 انگار کرت بلہ مردمانی دیمآ گوشتن کہ وانگن پہ سبورت رسینتگ، بلہ
 ادارکے پہ کارا واکن نکنت و کمکے دَمے ساساران گڑا دیمترا کارے دست
 و پاد کنان.

من هر رۆچ واجکاری کوئے گورا کرت و بگل گوات دانت چہ لوگا در
 بوتان و مُلکئے سڑک گواز کرتنت، یا کہ برے برے بیگاھان شتان دینی
 مدرسهئے کشا کہ همودا میتگئے بچک آتک و مچ بوتنت یا کہ برے برے
 چہ دینی مدرسهئے کشا تانکہ میرائے پلئے گورا کدمن جت.

بلہ نون مُدتے بیگا انت کہ گون وتا جیڑگا آن و وتارا ہمے گوشگا آن رۆچے
 نہ رۆچے آسر مردم سرپد بنت کہ منی وانگ کپی بوتگ و اے دروگ تان
 کدینا چپر و اندیم بوت کنت؟ گڑا یک پٹیمے نیمونے بکنان و چہ مُلکا در
 بکپان کہ چہ اے مزین دروگا در گڑا و در آمان بیان.

بازين ساڙايگ انسانا چه زمينا چستَ كنت و مني بگل گوات گران آنت. نون من وتا وتي تها انچو بُرز ليکگا آن، گون وت گوشگا آن که مني پييمين چوٽ کلاه و چوٽ گيواريں شَرَبَر، اے دُنيائے تها نيستِ انت و ايوکا بوييگئے پُل من آن.

وهدي که من اسڪول بندات کُرت، هيچ کتابيء دِين پچ نکرت، بله چاران هر رُوچ مني نمبر نوزده و بيست آنت. من پگر کرت هئو... نون من آن و من، بله بز ان اے مني نوزده و بيستين نمبراني کِسَه و کُهاني اِش انت که مئے زامات اسڪولئے هدماستر انت و اے دگه ماستري گوشگ انت که مني وسرک زاتکا چه نوزدها کمتر مَدثييت که اے، لوگئے يکين مردين چُک انت و اِشيئے گُهारा وتي برات چه من هم دوست تر انت. اگن شما کُمک نمبري بدئييت، گُهاري منا سير چه زا و هبرَ كنت. زا و هبرا جهندم، تان سباها منا نندگ و پاد آيگئے سزايا دنت.

انچش که من رُدان و مزون بئيان آن و بگلاني گوات گيشتر بئيان آنت، نون په اے باورا رستگان که چه من دگه هچکس شَرتر و زانتکارتر اے دنيايا نيست انت. هُدا جان زنده مني نسيبا بکنت دگه چنده سالا مُلکيء سرمستري و ليڏريا دستا گران و انچش گون همے ڏلگين هيالان اتان که دانشگاهها سر بوتان و من انگت همے هيالئے توکا اتان که دُنيائے بوييگئے پُل ايوکا من آن.

يک رُوچے ما کلاسا وانگا آتين، ماسترجي لگت وتي ساڙايگ و تاريپا. گوشتي: ”من اے کرتگ و آکرتگ؛“ منا اے هبرا سک تئورينت و گئينز

گئولک و ملا چرسیئے تایت

ہیب کدھادی

من چہ ماتا وھدے کہ پیدا بوتان و چمن پچ کرتنت، چاران منی سجھین
کھولے مردم انچو گل آنت، هر یگے پہ دیئے گون وڑ وڑین تارپ و سبتان
منا تئوار جنت. ترو جان پہ سرے گل آنت و ساھتے سد برا ونا منی سرا ندر
و کئولیک کنت کہ چمرؤک جانے پیدا بوتگ. مات گوشیت مزار جانے پیدا
بوتگ. اے نیمگا بلک و پیرک گوشنت سردارے پیدا بوتگ، آنیمگا گھار
گوشگا آنت داکتر جان و پائلٹ جانے پیدا بوتگ.

انچو لوگے مردم پادانی سرا اوشتاتگ آنت کہ ہدا مکت منا ہردین تپ و
نادراہیے بگپیت، هرکس پہ سر و ت هئیراتے کنت. یگے پسیے کشیت، یگے
گوکے، دگہ یگے شے کلگے زیارتے سوالیک بیت. من انچو گئولک و
ناز و نایاپت آن کہ چہ مھر و مربتا ابید دگہ ہیچ چیر نگندان. من گوانزگے
تھا گلا بال آن، چہ زمینا چست آن، گون ونا ہمے گوشگا آن کہ دنیائے
بیٹ و بیکیچہ من و ت آن و بس.

لوگے مردین چک ایوکا من آتان. نون کہ انچش من درے درے مستر بئیان
آتان، من هر روج و شکین ساڑایگ و ستایان اشکنگا آتان. شما و ت زانیت

پادونان کپڳ، وائے وتن و هُشکین دار، انگت رثوان هُشکین دارا پانگ بان،
شرتر انت۔“

بله گون وت بچکندت و گوشتی: ”ته، کسا دلوارگ کنگ نلوٹان۔ من همه
ڈولا که ونا دراندیه کرتگ، همه وڑا کسا هال ندیان و رثوان وتی سرا
کوہستانے دلندا ایر کنان، وتی زمینیا، وتی هاکا ساهتے آرام کنان۔“

آیئے درملکیئے وسواس راست بوتنت، واکي کوہستان نون بدل بوتگات۔
آدمک، آشهر، آ بازار، آمیتگان وتی رنگ بدل کرتگات۔ مِلا پاتمها جنگا
پیسر میتگ یله کرتگات و آیئے مزین کپان دُرتگ و کپتگات۔ مهتر
هسن و نوڈانئے بازارئے مردمان جنگا رند وتی بازار یله داتگ و کوہستان
وئیران کرتگات۔ بله کوہستانے بامسارئے کئوش، رۆزرد، سیه گوات،
ماهکانی، آسین تبد، هامین و هامینئے ائولسرئے گترانگین ناه تان
بیگمجنگی پوگس و چه سائے ائولی هئورا رند میسئے بو، دُرست هما
پیشیگین وڑا اتنت۔

هئو، ماتی! تئی بیچ کوہستانا انت۔

چاپ و شنگ: بلوچستان ٹائمز۔

<https://balochistantimes.com/hao-mathi-tae-bach-kohestana-en/>

کنگا. پمیشکا آيا هچر چُشين هُب و واھگ نبوت كه وتي زبانا بوانيت و بنيسيت. وهده په كار و مْزوريا دگراني مُلكا وانډه بئ، په آياني كَمپني و دپتران كار كنكا، ترا اَلَم آياني پُچ و پوْشاك گورا كنك كپنت. و همې وْرا آيا هم گون دگراني پُچ و پوْشاكان انچو آدت كرتگ آت كه پدا وتي پوْشاكي هچر گورا نكرنت.

ارستان و اُپريكيا بگر تان مگرېي مُلكان، اے سي و هپت سائے درمُلكيے درپدريان، آچو سُرْتگين دارا كرتگ آت، انچش وروكان وارْتگ آت، گُډيا بس آيئے كْرا ايبد چه يَك نيْمبندگين مارشنييا دگه هچ پَشت نكپتگ آت.

بس آيا مارت، منا يَك وتے هست انت، منا يَك زبانه هست انت، منا يَك راجے هست انت و مني راجا يَك زمينے هست انت كه هزاران سال همودا نشتگ. بله كوھستان مروچان جنگيے آماچ انت، چُك جنگ و كُشگ بئيگا انت، چه وتي زمينے سرا په زور كُشگ و درانډيہ كنك بئيگا انت، يا لهتين لالچ و لهتين بيهار دئيگ بئيگا انت كه سركارثے زلمے سرا دپش بند بيت. آهمے مارشتان مدام آسے وْرا كُييت و آيئے تهئے آس گيشتر جمبور كرت كه وتي ډيها واتر بكن، نون بس انت اينچك درانډيهي و درمُلكي.

يَك روچے آيا كَس هال ندات، نه درمُلكي و نه وتي كوھستانے سنگت و مردم، بس وتي هوْر كين چادري چنډت و ديم په وتي ډيها رهاډگ بوت. جُنزگا پيسر يَك برے آيا وتي دلا سَك جيوت: ”بگوشان وتي مردمان و وتي سنگتان، نون بس انت منا درمُلكي، من وتي مُلكا رتوگ لوْتان، وتي زبانا هبر كنك لوْتان، وتي پُچ و پوْشاكان گورا كنك لوْتان. بس انت دگه راجاني

دمانا چہ وتی کۆهستانا سیدان، پرچا کہ منا بازین رئوگ و آیک و دراج و دورین
 راہ و بندان سپر کنگ و شِ نیت۔“

بلہ پہ سرجمیا آیا وتی مُلک ہما سالا یلہ کرت کہ کۆهستانا یِک مزین ہارے
 آتکگ آت۔ اے ناجبارین ہارا پورہین کۆهستان مَلت۔ اؤدئے مردمانی مال و
 دلوت، لوگ و ڈگار، دُرست ہارا تباہ کرتنت۔ و ہمے ہارا آییئے یِک ناکوے
 و یِک ناکوزاتکے و لہتین سنگت ہم بُرت۔

کۆهستانا چؤناہا مدام شدیگی بوتگ، تنگدستی بوتگ، مردم گریب و بڑگ
 بوتگ آت۔ اؤدئے مردمانی مستربن جیڑہ ہمے بوتگ مروچگیگین نانا ورین،
 باند اُدا مالکے، بس کاہکے ورین و راہکے رئوین۔ اگن ہمے کاہک کُنت،
 گڑا یِک ہمساهگے، ہمراہے یا سیاد و وارسے پہ وام و بدلا کاہکے دنت۔ و
 اگن ہمے کاہک و ناہک چہ وام و بدلئے دزرسا دُن بوتگ آت، گڑا زلور یِک
 براتے، مستربن چُکے یا لوگئے کماشیا وتی دل دُڈ کرتگ و دری مُلکان شُتگ
 و دگہ راجانی کڑا مزوریے کرتگ، مات، پت، جن و چُکے لاپ داتگ۔

آ ہم لاپئے شوہازا و چہ کۆهستانئے بڑگی و لاچاربان ونا رکینگا چہ وتی
 ڈیہا دور شت و دریدر بوت۔ گون درملکیئے گیش و ولان، آچہ وتی مُلک،
 وتی زبان و وتی دؤد و رییدگان سست، پرچا کہ مُلک وہ چؤناہا مُلکے
 نہ آت۔ وھدے آیا وتی مُلک یِک برے یلہ کرت، پدا تان بلاہین مُدتیا آییئے
 دلا نگوشت کہ وتی مُلکا واتر بیان۔ زبان چہ کران ڈالچار کنگ بوتگ آت و
 پدا کۆهستانئے چُگان ہم چُشین شہمین کارے نکرتگ آت کہ وتی زبانا بدارنت۔
 سرکارا وہ چؤناہا گنتربن کار کرتگ آت پہ آیانی زبائے گیشتر گار و بیگواہ

هئو ماتی، تئی بیچ کوهستانا انت

نوروز هئیات

آیئے همه وسواس روچ په روچ گیشتر بیان آنت که من وتی مُلک،
کوهستان، پوره یگ کرنے بیت یله داتگ. هما مُلک، هما دئیّه و هما زمینئ
سرئ نشتگین مردمان، بل تُرے آ مروچی وژ وژین جنجالانی آماچ آنت،
همایان منا یگ پجارے داتگ. نون بارین آ مردم چوں آنت، چه بازین بزگی
ولاچاریان و رند؟

آییا وتی مُلک چوناها کسانیا یله کرتگ آت. بله دراندئیهی و درملکی نه آت.
وانگ و زانگئ هانرا دگه یگ مزین شهریا وانده آت. هر وهدا آیئے دلا هُل
کرت، په کوهستانئ ماهاکانی و شپانی نسیان، مهتر هسنئ باندئمئ سرئ
ندگ و وتی میتگئ ندارگ کنگ، یا روردا سنگین چئوئئ سرا پتایی لئیب
کنگا، گرا بزان اے دگه روچا آییا وتی کلندین بیگک بستگ آت و دیم په
کوهستانا رهاگ آت.

آتچوکین مردے نه آت، بله وانگ و زانگا رند په لایئ شوهاز و کوهستانئ
زگرین زهیران، رئو و آیی کرتگ آت. برے مزین شهریا آت و برے کوهستانا.
هر وهدا که آسپرا آت، مُدام جیڑتی: ”اگن منی سپر تُشکے دراجتر بییت، من

بلہ چل سائے دراندیہیا پد واجھا باور بوتگ کہ اے وڑین لبزے چہ بُن و
بیہا بلوچی زبانے تھا ہست۔

من شمارا نگوشنگ آت: دراندیہی نادراہیے۔

چاپ و شنگ: بلوچستان ٹائمز۔

<https://balochistantimes.com/drandehi-pa-sare-shegan-pa-sare/>

واجه ایران نژادا وتی دلئے زهرانی کشگا رند مارت که گِلَسیا گپّ دلا
 آورتگ، پمیشکا نرم تَرْت. ”تتو منی چُکّ ائے، پمیشکا ترا اے سؤجا دئیان.
 شما اے واندهین مُلکا که کایت، وتی مُلکئے جتّ و بلوچی آدتان وئیل
 کنیت. اُروپایا، اُروپائے دابا بیئت.“

چؤناها، گِلَسیا مُدام واجه ایران نژادئے کماشی چارتگ و آییئے اے وِزین
 هکَل دلا نعیاورتگ انت، بله آ روچا کهروار هَسَدّا جت و واجه ایران نژادئے
 هبری توکا بُرت. ”ترا چه کار انت منی کارا؟ گون وتی سوھنگین کوٹا،
 مزنین شاھکارئے تتو.“

واجه ایران نژاد انچو سُھر و سیاه تَرْت، پورہ آییئے دیما یکیا حُمینئیے نام
 گپتگ ات. زهرا زهر پاد آتک و وتی هپٹ کُلاھی سرا کرت و دُرْهان و لرزانا
 چه لوگا در آتک. من و گِلَسی هئیران آتین که اے چُشین هبرے وه نه ات که
 واجه چو زهر بکنت.

بزان نکنئے که ایرانا شاھکار بگایا گوشت.

من و گِلَسیا واجه ایران نژاد په کچک رُزوايیے وُشان کرت. وه دے آ سهیگ
 بوت که بلوچی گالوارانی پَرکئے سئوبا اے ”گلّت پهمی“ پاد آتکگ،
 بچکندگے جت و گوشتی: ”اُرئے، اے اَجبتین گپّے.“

جی نه. آییَا که بلوچی گوشت، آ زبائے تھا ”اَجبتے“ لبز نیست. نه مَشْرِکی
 بلوچستانا نه مگرِبی بلوچستانا. اے لبز واجه ایران نژادا وت تھپتنگ.

هٿير، واجه ايران نژادئے كسَّه رٿوان اَت. ”منى گلام چه من بگندئے دو سئے سال مسٿر بيت. نون منى شئيتانيان بچار من هر رُچ همے گنگدام زمينئے سرا واپينت و آيئے سرا جُتكن جت.“

دلا كَپ كنوكين اے كسَّه واجه ايران نژادا تھنا پميشكا آورت كه بگوشيت آكسانيا شئيتانيين چُكے بوتگ.

آلاه بَکش چُراسى و مھمد آلى ايران نژاد مدام چُوك اَت. چو اِلِيت درانديھان، اِشاني پتاني ميراس هم به بھر نينت.

برے برے واجه ايران نژاد وتى وِجٿيرين وراكان زوريت و منى و گِلاسيئے لوگا كئيت په سُبَارگا. واجه چو يورپى اسپيت پوستان كاشك و كُتگئے سرا ورك وارت. گِلاسى پَنچين لَنكُگان وركئے تها مين شُرديئيت و دپارا مسٿر كنت و وارت.

واجه ايران نژاد اِدا اوپار كنت.

ورگا رند، واجه ايران نژاد هماما رٿوت و دستان شُوديت و گِلاسى همدا كِچمنئے نلا شاكاريت و اوكاريت و وتا سپا كنت. واجه ايران نژادا همے آدت تُشے دُوست نيت. همے كارئے سرا مدام گِلاسيا هبر دنت. ”تئو اُژئے پير بئے بله مير نئے. ترا چار سال انت اے مُلكئے لاپا بله تئبي آدت دُست هما جُت و بلوچى اَت. تئو نتوانئے برٿوئے هماما دستان بشودئے؟ اے آشپزئے نلا شما وراك و سَبَرگان سپا كنيت، پدا تئو همدا جَهلا د ائے كائے وتى چيركيين دستان شُودئے.“

واجه ايران نژاد نوزده سد و هشتادئس سالو سويدنا آتگ، چو مني پيدائشا سالو رند. ملڪا، واجهئس گناه و مٿيار اے بوتگ كه آيا شاه ايران واجه مھمد رزا شاه پهلوي گلينتگ و خمئيني ملڪئس هاکم کرتگ. نڪسين خمئينيا، هاکم بيگئس شرتا وتي چنڊئس دوزواه و مھسيناني جنگ و گار کنگ شرو کرت. واجه ايران نژادا همينچکا وتي ساه آورت و سويدنا رسينت. چو آ روچا پد آيا نازاڪين ملڪئس ديم نديست.

ملڪا، آباهوئس سردارئس برازاتڪ بوتگ و انگت هم تبا سردارزادگي. چش نه انت كه واجه وتي سردارزادگيا ديا ريچيت. آواننده و شائرين مردمس، و آيئس پرمانئس هسابا بلوچاني اسل كلچر استا و لوڙيگان داشتگ، چش كه ساز و زميل، پهلواني، زهم و اسپر، سپت و نازينڪ، دوچگري و زرگري. بله وتي سردارزادگيئس زاهر كنگئس واستا آهر هبرئس تها انجين هبري زلور دئور دنت كه مردم چو آيئس هاکمي نسلا سرپد ببت. مسائئس هبرا، آبه نگوشتيت كه ”اے شرين كارے.“ آهمس هبرا مدام اے وڙا كنت: ”اے هاکمي كارے.“ اگن آيا گوشگي بيت كه ”من كسانيا سكين شعينانے بوتگان،“ آهمس هبرا اے وڙا كنت: ”تئو دردانگ ائس، مني كسانئس كسئس نيت، اڙئس. من كه كسان بوتگان، منا وتا جتائين ٿيھے بوتگ.“

ديئمئس هبر آيا شرتير زور دات و گوشت: ”مئس كلاتا، هر سردارزادگا وتا نامينتگين گلامے بوتگ. پيرئئس پيرين گلام، گوندوئس گوندين گلام.“

جي هئو، مگري بلوچستانا گونڊوا گوندو گوشنت و جنكيان گنڊ.

اُنت چہ مُلکا یکے چار کلدار دیم بدنت. اگن اِشانی جاوَر زوٹ مٹ نبوتنت، اے سئے چار سالئے تھا اِجتمایی وَتکُشی کنت. اگن ٹرمپ وت بیئت و اِشان جُست بکنت کہ ”شما ہر چیڑے بلوئیت، شمارا دئیانی“ گُرا اے جوڑھے باٹائے چمپل لوئنت.

اے گریب کجا و سیاست کجا؟

چوناہا گِلاسیئے اے کلاسیپکیشن یک و ٹک و سائنسی اُسولانی سرا انت. بلہ شرا بے ائیا نبیت. چہ اے کلاسیپکیشنا وانوک رد مکپنت و چُش مجیڑنت کہ دراندیہئے بلوچان وتی مُلکئے زات و پات یلہ داتگ اُنت. آ کہ مُلکا اُستائے بوتگ، ادا ہم اُستائے. بلی اُمریکہ و برتانیہا نشتگ بلہ رُتبہ و بستاندائے ہسابا چہ ایتالیا و یونائے بدنسیپین دراندیہان شرتہ نہ انت. اے ریلی و جلسہان بس ہمے واستا بھر زورنت کہ مُلکا یکے بگوشیت: ”بچک مروچان سردارانی ہمراہ انت.“

منا و گِلاسیا دگہ بلوچین ہمساهگے ہست. اِیرانی بلوچستا... تئوہ نئووزیلاہ شومین شئیتان... مگرہی بلوچستانئے بلوچے. سویدنا مگرہی بلوچ باز انت و بازیئے چہ شاہئے زمانگا تتکگ و یورپا آتکگ. مئے ہمساهگئے نام انت مہمد آلی اِیران نژاد. واجہ اِیران نژاد دگہ ہر ہسابا یورپے: آئیئے کوٹ و پتلون، آئیئے ہٹیٹ گُلاہ، آئیئے ورگ و وِپسگ، آئیئے کُچک، آئیئے و آئیئے کُچکئے بیگاہان گام جُنگ، درُست یورپی اُنت؛ بلہ واجہئے ہاکمی تَب انگت بلوچی انت.

اِسپيٽپوسٽين سينٽرے پڄاۂ ڪاريت و برے برے يورپي پارليمنٽ و اڪوام
مُٽھڊھے ديوانيا پشت پشتي سيٽان گندگ بنت.

بله اے ايليٽ ڪلاسے درانڊيھاني هم ٿرمپے لوگا رٿو و آ نيست.

دومي هما درانڊيھ آنت ڪه گون وتي جن و چُڪان آتڪگ آنت. اے گيشتر
يورپي يونينے سيرين ملڪان آباد آنت چو ڪه جرمني، پراس، سويڊن، ناروے
و نڊرلئينڊ. اِشان مُلڪا بٽ و چٽني بهر نبوتگ بله ادا شرين لوگان نشتگ آنت
و چه سرڪارے نيمگا جوڙڪين وزيهے گرت. همينچڪ چُڪ، همينچڪ
گيشتر وزيه. اِشاني چُڪ شرين اسڪولان وانگا آنت و اگن گون تئو بازارا
دُچار بڪپنت گُرا اے تارپيا زلور كننت ڪه مني چُڪا يورپي زبان چتئور جلدی
در بُرتگ. ”ميران کُسے چه بلوچيا جرمن زبرتر انت. انچو جرمن كننت
گوشے ماتي جرمنے.“ اے کسمے درانڊيھاني ڪمال اِش انت ڪه يڪين گيتا
جنے تارپيا هم كننت و چُڪے هم. نون آ مردم ڪه په اے هبرا گل انت ڪه
مني چُڪ بلوچيا يله دئيان انت، آ ڪجا ٿرمپے ڪالرا ڪشيت و بيگواهين
بلوچاني هالا دنت؟ اِشاني بلوچي بس همينچڪا پشت ڪيتگ ڪه اِشاني
پرتگان جوڙه جوڙهے بلوچي گد در ڪثيت په بلوچ ڪلچر ڏيا.

اے درانڊيھے بلوچڪ آنت.

سئيمي کسمے درانڊيھ هما آنت ڪه يورپے گريبين ملڪان نشتگ آنت چو ڪه
ايتاليا و يونان. اے گيشتر لانچان آتڪگ آنت و درانڊيھين بلوچاني نيما
جهلترين درجهے مردم آنت. اِشاني مانا و مُدڪے ٿيه و گلاماني مانا يڪ.
اے بيچارگ ساها زرتگ آنت. گيش و ت نه آنت. نه يورپا آنت، نه مُلڪا. وش

گڑا لیڈران باید انت گون ما چشین دروگ مستین که نکشه مکشه تغیار
انت. اگن آیان وتی جندئے زور و دلیریئے سرا بروسه ات گڑا مئے میار و
گناه چے انت که سر پیرانسری مارا شگانی کنت؟

مئے جندئے سورا مئے گپ کسا نرتگ، ٹرمپ کجا مارا مان کاریت؟

چار سال پوره انت تیننگه آلاه بکش گلاسی وتی جن و چکان یوریا آورت
نکنت. منا دو سال انت بے چکان دنناک دیان. منہ نہ انت من و گلاسی
گونڈین چکے بازارا ترگا بگندین، منی لنت جروٹو بنت و آتچانا رتوت و
گبنائی چکیت. من سد رندا گوشتگ که ادا دگرانی چک وتی جاگھا دگرئے
کچکئے دست جنگ هم جرے، بله گلاسیا کئے سرید کنت. منا گنتر همے
ٹرس وایا ثیلیت که یک روچے بلوچان بتام کنت و کلیت، کھروار.

چوناها درستین درانڈیہ مئے وڑا شوم نہ انت. آبادین درانڈیہ هم در کثیت،
دانگ دانگے، چو ملاتے پیناڈولا. اگن گلاسیئے هبرا بزورئے، درانڈیہین
بلوچانی سئے زات انت:

یکے هما که امریکه، کانادا و برتانیها نشتگ انت. اے دنیائے وشهال، آبادتر
و سیاسی هسابا اسردارترین ملک انت. پمیشکا هر بلوچے که ادا آتکگ،
آییئے رتبه چه یورپی یونینئے ملکانی نشتگین بلوچان برزتر انت. اگن ملکئے
زات و پاتئے هسابا چارگ بیت گڑا ما اشان درانڈیہئے رند و لاشار گوشت
کنین. اے درانڈیہین بلوچانی شرزات انت. اے سئین ملکان گیشتر سیاسی
پارٹیانی سروک و سردارزادگ آباد انت، پمیشکا ایشانی پتانی میراس هچبر
بهر نبت. اے مدام یکے دومیئے ران کنگئے سرا انت. اشان دانگ دانگے

”بايد انت سَهيگ ببيت كه بے بلوچئے مسلہئے گيشينگا دنيائے كار شرّ نبت.“

منى جواب سنگنا وش نبوت. بله ما كه مُلكا اتين مئے ليڈران همے هبرئے سرا مارا رد دات و بى اس او آ بُرت كه آمريكها سَجْهين تئيارى كرتگانْت، آزاد بلوچستانئے نقشه هم جازى انت، بس بلوچان همت كنگ لوئيت. ما چارْت كه آمريكه مئے بيرا انت گزا پاكستانا بُئے نيست.

تان دو سالو ما هرچے كرت، كَسا مئے نام نكيت. برے ما هُداددين مُلكئے جَنْدَى سَوْتَك، برے پئوجيانى كئيمپئے دپا اوشتاتين و آيانى مات و گهار چه هيرامنديا ناولنت، بله مَنه انت كه يگے مئے لِمپان بگيت؟

همے هبرا ما گنتر شِيكل بوتين. نون ما دلجم اتين كه آمريكه جانئے دست مئے سرا ساهيل انت. كسانكين تُرسے كه مئے دلا هستات، آ هم در آتَك. په ما، ليڈرانى اے هبر سايت بوتگانْت كه بلوچ دلير و ”پنجَل“ لگور انت. چه اِد و رند ما هما كار كرت كه نه اسپا گون هرا كرتگ و نه هرا گون اسپا. تان ما اِكبالئے شاهين زهر براينتنت.

وهده شاهين زِدا كپنتت، اِشان مارا هما كَتا جَت كه شيرى گلزان نرانت كجام نيمگا ديما بدئيين و بنچين. دليرين گلز كوهانى نيمگا تنكنت و مئے پئيمين لگور درمُلكا.

نُون مئے دليرين ليڈران هر رُوج نپر و كاسِد انت كه ”برئويت آمريكها هال بدئيت كه شاهينان بداريت.“ اگن آمريكهئے سر و گوشے سهيگ نبوتگ

پیشانی چارگ کہ کدی سُرنت؛ دریگئے دپا ایربن تھتے سرا سر پہ سر
 کرتگین نیادانی سرا تچک بئیگ و جئی کسہ وانگ؛ گرماگی شپان چادرے
 آپ جنگ و پر دئیگ؛ گون هر بلوچی ماہے شرو بئیگا لوگئے دیما جنین و
 چکّانی مچّ بئیگ و چارگ کہ کئے پیسرا نوکا گندیت؛ ماتے ہبر دئیگ کہ
 نارُشت کُمک پر بحنیت؛ تان نیم پیلّا ادا نازلے ہینزکے متنگا رند آبیے
 داتگین پودنی؛ مگر با پسانی رندا کپک و بندگ؛ شپا روہاے پاسا ندگ
 کہ مئییت و کُکُران مٹوارت؛ سیہ گواتے رسگا پیسر پیشگاھا تاپین گد و
 ہیرانانی چنگ و تچان تچانا بانے تھا پُترگ؛ و سائے اٹولی ہٹورا رند
 میسے بو۔

مارا، یورپے دراندیہان، چہ ہمے بیسوتین زہیران موہ برسیت، نون ما رٹوین
 واجہ ٹرمپے کرا پاکستانے شکایتا کین۔

وہدے ہال آتک کہ ٹرمپا گچینکاری کتنگ، مئے دراندیہین سگت انچو
 گلا بال بوتنت گوشے واجہ ٹرمپے ماتے پتے ناکوزاتک بلوچے بوتگ۔
 ”نون پاکستان مات انت۔ اے گنوگڑاے، پنجلّا وڑے کنت،“ آلاہ بکش
 گلاسیا دو گلاس زُرت و ہمّاما پُترت۔

”ہٹو، ٹرمپ وہ ہمے کارے واستا امریکھے سدر بوتگ۔ بلوچانی بیرا زلور
 گیپت،“ من وتی دنتان نیجینتنت۔

چہ ٹرمپے گچین بئیگا سے سالا رند، ہمے زوتان، گلاسیا یک روچے چہ
 من جُست گیت: ”تئی ہئیالا، ٹرمپ بلوچانی مسلہا سہیگ انت؟“

حالت خراب ہے۔ اللہ تم کو اچھا کرے۔ تم کو میری عمر ساتھ ہو، میرے
رحیم پھول، کاش میں تمہارے لائق نہ ہوں۔“

چینچک سالا من جیڑتگ کہ اگن رہیم جائے دژمن تپیگ آنت گڑا رہیم جان
چینا وش بابا؟ بلوچی گلاسیکل شائریئے دربرگا رند نون من زانتگ کہ اے
دژمن دگہ درامد نبوتگ آنت، رہیم جائے جند بوتگ۔ مُلّائے نکرزین دپ و
دلا نکپتگ کہ بگوشیت رہیم جان تپیگ آنت۔

چُکّے ہالپُرسیا رند، مُلّایا وتی زَنگ و زاری ہنا کرتگ آنت۔ ”تئی مات
مروچان کماش آنت۔ یاد کایان چم سیاہی کارنت۔ دیارے ورگ وران، دل
گئیس بیت۔“

گون مُلّائے مہتل بیگا منی کلم چُتگ۔ ”تمہاری مان آجکل بوڑھی ہے۔
کھڑی ہو جاتی ہوں آنکھیں اندھیرا لاتی ہیں۔ نوالہ کھاتی ہوں دل گیس ہو
جاتا ہے۔“

اے منی رجانک کاریئے اٹولی دتور بوتگ۔ ہما اُمرآ من زانتگ کہ ہبران چہ
یک زبانیہ دومی زبانا ترینگ چون گران آنت، پمیشکا من روچ مروچی ہم
وتی رجانک کارین سنگنان چہ آیانی کدا گیشتر اِزت دئیان۔

من وتی بلوچین براتان سرپد کنگ لڑٹان کہ اگن یورپئے دراندیہی چشین
وشین چیڑے بوتین، منا مُلا پاتمہئے کاگد و پیناڈولان زہیریگ نکرتگ آت۔
دراندیہی نادراہیے و اے نادراہی مردما مُلکئے انچین چیزانی ترانگا گنجیت
کہ ہبر نبیت: گرماگی نیمروچان کاپرئے چیرا و پسگ و کاپرئے ریزتگین

اگن ملّائے اُردان سَد دانگ بوتین، ہمے گوشتگ اُتی کہ ”یکین دانگ اُنت.“
تتو اگن ساھتیا رند پدا بشتینے پیناڈولے پچ گرگا، ترا پدا دانگے
داتگ اُت و گوشتگ اُتی: ”ہمے یکین دانگ اُنت.“

و تاریخی رکارڈے تچک کنگے واستا من اے ہبرا گیشینگ لوٹان کہ ملّایا
چہ من بدل گیتگ. من آییے کاگدانی نبشتہ کنوک بوتگان. اے چہ ٹیلپون
و مبالا پیسرے زمانگ اُنت. من چہ چارمی جُمائتا کاگدے وانگ و نبشتہ
کنگ زانتگ. چہ خلیجا کاگدے آتکگ، یا کماش و جنینیا کاگدے راہ دئیگی
بوتگ گرا مردم من بوتگان. چُش نہ اُنت کہ بازارا دگہ وانندہ نبوتگ. بلہ
چُکّانی تھا اے کارے گُشاد منی یکین سر بوتگ و منی کسان اُمریے سئوبا
مردمان ونی رازی ہبر چہ من چیر نداتگ اُنت.

منی مُشکل اے بوتگ کہ من باز اردو نرانتگ. اسکولا مارا بسّ سلام و
دوالش درس داتگ اُنت. ”ہم سب خیریت سے ہیں اور خداوند تعالیٰ سے آپ
کی خیر و عافیت کے لیے دعاگو ہیں.“ چہ اِد و دیم منی اردو ہلاس
بوتگ اُت، بلہ پدا ہم گڈ و وڈن کرتگ و کاگڈن پورہ کرتگ.

گَرَبَرّ ہما وھدا بوتگ کہ ملّا ونی بلوچی رگا شُتگ. ”بگوش، منی رہیم
جان! من اِشکُتگ کہ تعیی دژمن تپیگ بوتگ اُنت. اَلّہ ترا وش بکنات. ترا
منی اُمر گون بات، منی رہیم پُل! مکرزاتان ترا.“

وھدے ملّایا بسّ کرتگ، من کلمے نبّ چہ دپا کشتگ و نبشتہ کنگا
لگتگان. ”میرے رحیم جان، میں نے سنا ہے کہ آجکل تمہارے دشمنوں کی

”مُلا، مُلا! اما گوشت دانگے پئیناڈول ندئیے گون؟“ من هر هپتگ په گولیے پچ گرگا مُلایا پانگ بوتگان.

”کئے وش نه انت؟“ مُلایا وتی جُست و پُرس شرو کرتگ انت.

”اما تپیگ انت.“ ماتا گوشتگ ات که انجش بگوش. چوناها آبیئے سر دردا ات.

”تپیگ انت؟ زیکنین بیگاها وه تئی، رندا تچگا ات، تپا کدی گپت؟“

”دوشی مکسکان وارنگ. اما سهیگ نبوتگ بزان بَشانگا بلاهین تُنگے پر. نون هپیگی نه انت. ابا بیئیت، بارتی کراچیا.“ همه هبرا مُلایا وتی چم کِل کرتنت و من زانت که دروگ کار کنگا انت. ”اما گوشت ناکو اُبئید چه مَشکتا بیئیت، تئی بدلا دئین.“ نون من امپروواتر کنگا اتان.

”بدلے نلوئیت. مُلا پاتمها بدل بزرترین، مروچی کُزلانی توکا لئیی کرت،“ مُلایا جَبَزَه کرت، بله هما دمانا نرم تَرَت: ”بله اے بازارے مردم په من گولی و درمان ایریا نشیلنت. چاران بلکین دانگے در آتک.“

مُلایا وتی پیتی یک کُنڈیا بُرت و دپی بس همینچکا پچ کرت که تنها سُرک دات بکنت. سُرک دئیگا رند، دستنی چه پچین شما پیتیئے تنها راه دات و کمے دزموش کنگا رند دانگے پئیناڈولی در کرت.

”همه یکین دانگے جند پَشت کپتگ. برئو، بلی شمئے کار شر بیت.“

و ڇه مُلڪئے چڱرا، مُلڪا رڻوگئے تئيارى وَشترِ انت. من لهتین سالا خلیجا
 بوتگان و دیستگ که مُلکا رڻوگا پیسر خلیجی بلوچانی بگلک چوَن گوات
 گرنٽ. سڄھین سالا اربائے باگا دھکانی کننت، اربائے داتگین شیر و
 دُبکی ماهیگانی سرا گُزران کننت که چُئیانی واستا زَرک مَرکے بچنت و اِیر
 بکننت. چُئیے وهدا، په وت هسابی سئے جوڑا دریشوکیَن گد دَوچاننت و
 جوڑھے بُرژین مَشکنی چمپَل زورنت. آدگه سڄھین زَران، هُداپی اِسپیتِ پَس،
 په ونی سیاد و سنگتان سئینٹ و سابون کننت. جن ونی گرین چئوئانی بدلا
 آپی پئون اِکسے لوئیت. ماتئے سُونسین ناه ورگی نبوتگ بله آپی اُپینگ
 شربت، پئیناڏول گولی، تپرکی بام، ریشی پلستر، سوچکی و کُندرک دُرست
 پکار آنت. اگن آپی په وت پکار بوتیننت انگت دردے په دو، بله خلیجی
 سنگتئے سوک پمیشکا نَسربت که تان سالے همے ازباب ماتا بُکچھیا بستگ
 و اِیر کرتگ آنت که حاجتمندے کئیت آییے کارے شر بیت.

اے ماتئے زندگيءَ مکسد هیش انت که بازارا اگن یڳیا سردردے بگپت،
 دلی بد بیت یا مهمانے گوری بیت، آچیزئے پچ گرگا منی کرا بیئت.

مئے بازارے مردمان به پئیناڏول بها نُررتگ. هرکسا زانتگ بابوئے میڊیکل
 اسٽورے درمان نکلی آنت؛ نه تپے وش کرت کننت، نه سردردے برنت. مُلا
 پاتمھئے اُردان ولاتئی پئیناڏول مدام بوتگ. آییے شرت بس همے بوتگ که
 تئو سابت بکن و بدئے که ترا یا تئیی مردمیا گرانین تپے پر. په سردرد یا
 پشانکا مُلایا ونی ولاتئی گولی زئوال نکرتگ آنت.

بَزتر اَنت. آیان بِل، بُروان گوشے و تسرا بندیک بوتگ اَنت. اے وڑ سائے
 سرا کزا یَک رندے بیت. تتو زانگا ائے کہ اے شَررنگ کہ آدینکے تھا و تا
 لُونسُک دئیگا اَنت، اگن مروچی وتی پوٹوے بِکَشیت و فئیسبُکا بدنت،
 بازینے سوکیگ بیت. کم چہ کم ہما سنگت و ہ سُچنت و پُر بنت کہ بیتلین
 و بے اِمنین مُلکا پَشت کپتگ و چہ دنیا گردیئے ہدایی دادا بیہر اَنت.

هئورے سرا، سَبزگے تھا، بُرزین بلدنگیئے دیمَا، سیلفیئے و ہد ہمیش اَنت.
 بلہ نہ. شگانے تُرس زُوراکتر اَنت.

اِدا سنگتے هست کہ شپا رِبَل شُودیت، سُهبا واپ اَنت و بیگاھا چرس کَشیت.
 چرسے نِشہا، یا و ہ پئونے سرا سیاست کنت یا مئے دیمَا دراندِیہیئے ائیبان
 حساب کنت. آییئے یورپی نام ائے بی سی اَنت و مُلکی نام اَلَاہ بکش چُراسی
 چپا کہ 1984 آ پیدا بوتگ؛ بلہ ما آییَا اَلَاہ بکش گِلَاسی گوشین چپا کہ
 سگریتے بدلا دو گلاس سر پہ سر کنت و ہمایانی تھا چرس کَشیت. یَک
 رُوجے گوشت: ”چہ یورپیئے کپگا شَرتر اَنت مردما شیخانی اُشتر
 بچارینتینت. کم چہ کم، ماتا ناہے راہ دات کرت. آ مُلکا بلوچ بسوچیت کہ
 ترا چرسا رند ناہے پہ دپئے شیرکن کنگا مرسیت.“

چرس و بلوچے روہانی سیادیئے بارئوا نرانان بلہ اے شاہدیا مَن دئیان کہ
 خلیجے بلوچ چہ ما دہ سَری شَرتر اَنت. ہر ماہ، پہ آیان ٹیکے راہا اَنت:
 برے جَنا جوڑھے چٹوٹ دیم داتگ و برے ماتا متگین بیگمجنگی ناہے.
 شَرترین ہبر اِش اَنت کہ سائے سرا مُلکا چکرے جنت، جَن و چکے گندنت.

گون فرانز کافکایا اُرتگ آت. من رُوجے بیست پیالہ چاہ وارت و دو دو پارکیٹ سگریٹ کشت چیا کہ گیشتر مزین نشتکاران اَلسر بیت.

نون آمردم کہ نشتکار بیگئے واسنا وتا السر دات کنت، چہ دراندیہ بیگئے گُربانیکا ہم سر نگوذیت. گُرا چہ نوک ورنایا شمئے کسٹرئے واہگے ہمے بوتگ کہ انچین بلاهین کارے بکنت کہ دُژمن آیا چہ مُلکا کَشگا مجبور ببت. گوشت اگن چیرے پہ دل و سِتک بواہئے، پہ تئو راہ و دریچ ببت. سکیدادین ہدایا پہ ہمے یکین واہگئے پورہ کنگا منی در مان بی اس او آ یچ کرت و منا چہ ڈیہا دراندیہ کنایت.

بلہ بیا کہ دراندیہیا رند منا مردمانی شِگان و هگلان کُشت. اگن کلانکا بلوچئے لاپ گئیس بیت، ہیر بزان ما وارتنٹ. ”ادا بلوچ بڑگ و وار انت و شما یورپا آئیاشی کنگا ایت.“

اے وِژین شِگان و پُگان مدام اے بیہارئے سرا کُنت کہ ”اے ہیرا بیہیال مکیت کہ شما ہمے بڑگین بلوچانی ناما پناہ زرتگ.“

نگوشئے ما وتی نکسین ساہئے رگینگا پناہکے زرتگ، پورہ بلوچانی مُلک ما رهن کرتگ و یورپا جائداد کُنتگ. ما وِش این ادا مارا یکے دی جُستے بکنت، گُرا ما کجا بڑگین بلوچئے گئیس اِلاج کنین؟

مئے دل تُکشیت بلہ گوندلین شِگانانی تُرسا پوٹوے فیسبکا دات نکین. برے برے، تئو جان شُشتگ و آدینکئے دیما اوشتاتگئے، ترا اناگت ہیال کثیت کہ پوٹو کَشگئے رُوج مروچی انت. پورہ تئیی پُوست اِسپیت تر و مود

دراندیہی پہ سرے و شِگان پہ سرے

ساجد ہسین

منی دراندیہیے کسّہ ہما شومین رّوچا شرو بوت کہ منا لبزانکے بیہیرین
ہبّا گور جت۔ ہر نبشتکارے کہ منا دؤست بوت، گوشیت بیا زمانگیا دراندیہ
بوتگ۔ مارکویر انچش، کُندیرا ہمے پیئم۔ یگیا سرکار زھر برائنتگ، یگیا
پئوج۔ ہمیشانی رندگیریا من وتی بیدردین سرا دردے دات۔ اگن من بزانتین
کہ مارکویرائے رندا کپگ سرئے زیانی انت، چُشین گہ ہچبر نئوارتگات۔
من وہ گوشتگ وھدے مردم بلاھین نبشتکارے بیت، شرگدار نبشتہ کننت
کہ اے مرد بلوچیے مارکویر انت۔

نوک ورناییا اے پیئمین بیسوئین کار ہرکس کنت۔ منی سنگتیا مدام سنگے
کیسگا بوتگ و سُھب و بیگاہ وتی پیشانیگی ککرتگ چیا کہ پلمیے تھا
مَن چکراورتیے پیشانیگا سُھرین نشانے پر بوتگ۔ مَن گار بوت بلہ اے
سنگتے پیشانیگ انگت کُند انت۔

ہمے واستا چہ نبشتکارا شرتر انت مردما پلمی اکرے دؤست ببیت۔ منی
ناکوزاتکیا سنجے دت دؤست ات۔ آشت و یادای اڈ کرت۔ منی بندیک

دَراَنڈِیَہی

”شے تہی دسچار بوتگ و تئو دلی نبوتگئے بلہ بہشتیہن مَلایا...“ آیا
چہ اِشیا گیش ہِچ نگوشت و منی دلیندا پورہ چیزے گُت بوت. منی چم
بہشتیہن مَلائے تَبزبان کپنت و من سَک گریت.

چاپ و شنگ: تاکبند ساچ 2019.

دو رَؤچا پد آيا اِسِيَتِيَن گُڊ گورا اَت و مُلائے چارگا اَتک. آيا همراهے هم گون اَت. مُلايا منا سُهريَن چادرے سرا دات و هما سبز مني دستے دلا اير کرت و مني سر سمارت و گوشتي: ”مُرادان باتے.“

هما رَؤچا شے سواليا منا نِکاه کرت. چندے ماها پد مُلايا وپات کرت.

رَؤچ و ماه گوزان اَتنت. سال هئور اَت. کِهچَر سبز اَتنت. دلوت سیرلاپ اَتنت و من نيپيگان اَتان.

شے، هر شمبهے رَؤچا وتي دَرا په دسچاريا شت. يک رَؤچے هارگيجے گوات کَشگا اَت، رَؤچ شمبه اَت، اسرے وهڊ اَت، کيلها دو اِستار بُرز اَت و شے وتي دَرا شنگ اَت. مگرے وهڊا هئورا اير دات. سَجَهين شيا جمبران گَرندِت و هئورا گورت. مني چَم راها اَتنت بله شے نثياتک.

دومي سُهيا مے همساهگين بلوچکيا منا سِباهين چادرے سرا دات و گوشت: ”شئيے هال اَتکگ که آبيے در کپتگ و آ، چپر ترَتگ.“

مني سرے هوش شت. من گربوگ لوُت بله گربت نکرت. منا هما رَؤچ يات اَتک که شيا ائولي برا مني دست گپت و مني دستے لکيري چارتنت. من لوُت که وتي دستے لکيران بچاران بله من دست چارت نکرت.

مني سرا يکيا دستے سمارت. من چَم چست کرتنت، هما مرد اِنِت که مارا نِکاهي داتگ.

من گوشت: ”هئو.“

”تئو نون مزن آئے و سرید آئے کہ اے لوئکانی دزبوجی سئواب انت.“

من گوشت: ”آلاه مدت بات.“

ہمے چندے ماہئے تھا آنزور بوتگ آت. من پریشان آتان. من دابٹوانی دیم
داشت نکرت کہ ملاً نادراہ آت و مردین آدمے نیست آت.

سائے ائولی آدینگ آت. ملاً کمے جوڑتر آت بلہ اے آدینگا ما شے سوالیئے
گورا شت نکرت. دومی روچا ملاًیا گوشت: ”تئو اے بری کہ شے سوالیئے
گورا رٹوئے، منی سلامانی بدئے و بگوش ماتیا گوشتگ کہ من نون آجز
آن، منی کلثوا پشت مجن.“

من دومی روچا یگے ہمراہ کرت و شتان. شےیا آنچو کہ منا دیست، گوشتی:
”من زی تئیی راہ چارتگ.“

”ملاً آجز انت. ترا سلامی کرتگ و گوشتگی کہ منی کلثوا پشت مجن.“

آیا سلام الشیک کرت و اشتاپ اشتاپا منی دستئے لکیرانی چارگ بنا کرت.
اے ائولی بر آت کہ منی دست مردین آدمیئے دستا آت. شےیا منی دست تان
دیرا چارت و پدا سبزے اسپینین پچیا پتات و منا داتی کہ اشیا ملاًیا بدئے.

اے ائولی بر آت کہ آیا منا ہیچ دلبدی ندات و نہ کہ منی دستئے لکیرانی
اھوالی منا دات.

پتے مَرکے دومی سالا مات کۆھی زومیا وارت و کُشت. منا مُلا ماہاتونا
روڈینتگ. مُلا ماہاتون ہم بلوچکے.

مُلا کِسہ کنت: ”شما دو جاڑ بوتگیت و شمئے بُلک من بوتگان. تئی ہمشیہ
چہ تئو رُزنا تر بوتگ بلہ روچی هلاس بوتگ آنت. هیت روچی چُکے بوتگ
کہ دپ و چُمکی پچ بوتگ آنت. تئی ماتا سک گریتگ. چہ شما پد تئی
ماتا دگہ سئے چُک بوتگ و هر سئین اِشکند بوتگ آنت.“

مُلا، برے برے شپے نہنگاما تہجدا بوتگ، گڑا مُسلائی پیتکگ و بتی ای
زُرتگ، راہ گپتگ. من گوشتگ بلکین آپ دسٹیا رثوت، ہمراہی بوتگان.
منا مکنی کرتگ و گوشتگی کہ اگن کسے گسدپیئے دپا کیت و منا تتوار
کنت، گڑا بگوشی پیرے گواشا شُتنگ بلہ چہ آئیے رثوگا پد گسدپیا کس
نئیاتکگ. من باز بران جست کرتگ: ”مُلا! اے پیرے گواش کجا انت؟“
آییا منا ہچبر نگوشتگ گون.

یک شپے آنمازا ات، یکیا آواز دات: ”بیبی! تئو نمازا ائے؟ ما مدرین ناہ
جتگ، بیبا، پائیا اِش دئے گون.“

گرانین تتوارے ات. مُلایا سلام ترینت و جواب دات: ”آلاہ وشنام کنات.“
و پدا بتی ای زُرت و رهاگ بوت. من تان نیم راہا ہمراہی بوتان. پدا من
وت پیرئو کرت. من نون زانت کہ آکجا رثوت. پدا من آہچبر جست نکرت.

یک شپے آییا بتی زُرت، چہ در آیکا پیسر گوشتی: ”منی مات! نون تئو
زانے من کجا رثوان؟“

منی نام دُرَبانی اِنْت. من بلوچکے آن. ما پُشتی مالدار این. مئے پیرِنان
بارِن چُنْت هَلک و مِیتِگ مَتَّ کرتِگ و گُڈسرا منی هُدامُرِیِن پتئے سر همے
آپَبَدان کِپتِگ. آِیا وتی دابئو تان پنچ سالا همے گُواشان چارِپتِنگ اِنْت.

من دو سائے چُک بوتگان، منی پتا مارا پہ مدامی یلہ داتِگ. مات کِسَّہ
کنت: ”بَشَّئے مۆسم بوتِگ، تان شش رۆچا هارِگیچِن گُواتا یَکَشْلا کَشْتِگ.“
مات گُوشیت: ”تئی پت مۆسم زانتے بوتِگ، گُوشْتِگی: ’اے گُواتا هَرْدِین
کَشْتِگ، گُرا چہ دو رۆچا گیش اِشیا نداشتِگ و پدا مزِنین هئور و هرِگ
آتِکِگ اِنْت. اِمبری واجہ هُدا وت هئیرے بیاریت، جمبر سرا اِنْت و هارِگیچا
شش رۆچ اِنْت کہ یَتابا کَشْگا اِنْت.“

و پدا همے رۆچئے پِشِیما گُوات کِپتِگ و کُبلین هَشْت رۆچا هئورا گَنوکی
گُورْتِگ. اے کُوهستِگئے ذِراهِین کئور و شِپیان توپانِین آِیے آورتِگ. مات
کِسَّہ کنت: ”مئے دو بیلھی بُر گار بوتِگ. من ماسِگ بستِگ. آ هر دو
سلامت بوتِگ اِنْت بلہ چِیزِبا آِیانی راه داشتِگ. گُرا پتا گُوشْتِگ: ’گُیا
داشتِگ اِنْت. من رُوان پَدِش چنان و کارانش.“

”ساهت اَسُر بوتِگ و رۆچ یَکشمِہ. کِبلھا دو اِستار بُرز بوتِگ. آ سَجْهَین
شِپا من تئی پتئے راه چارْتِگ، اَس جمبور کرتِگ کہ بلکین راها گار اِنْت،
بِگندئے رُزنی شَهمے آِیا کِشکا بَگیجیت، بلہ تان بامسارا آ نِیاتِکِگ. همے
سُہبا هارِگیچا پدا کَشْگ پنا کرتِگ و سَک تَرُنْدِیا کَشْتِگی. تان نِیمِروچا تئی
پت گُون بُزان نِیاتِکِگ، گُرا مئے همراهِین بلوچْکان آِیئے لاش آورتِگ. تئی
پت، شِپا کُوهی گُریا لُکُشتِگ و بَیران بوتِگ.“

دُربانی

شاه ابنِ شین

منی دستانی لکیران منی وَشَبَهتِیئے هِچ گواهی ندات بله من همک سائے
اٲولی آدینگا وتی دستے پیش دارگا آییئے گُورا شُتان. من زانت که آییَا منی
دلبَدی دئیگا دم برتگ بله گوشتی نکرت.

آییئے نام شے سِوالی اَت و شے دسچارے اَت. چُش نزانان اے هُنر، آییَا
چه کئیا در بُرتگ اَت. بله آییئے گوَشگ اَت که تان منا یات اِنْت من دسچارے
آن. منا یات اِنْت که من اٲولی رندا که آییئے کُرا شُتگ اَتان، من و مُلا
ماهاتون اتین و ما په آییَا هُشکین کُنر و دُؤکین شیر بُرتگ اَت گُون. اٲولی
برا که من وتی دست په پیش دارگا ٲال کرت، گُرا مُلا ماهاتونا منی دست
وت داشت. شے سِوالیئے گوَشگ اَت که اے اٲولی بر اِنْت که من کسِییئے
دستا چارگا آن و دست دگرِبا داشتگ.

لکیران چارانا آییَا بارین چُونین لکیرے دیست که بلاهین آهے کَشْتی بله دگه
هچّی نگوشت. من په آ مکسدا مدام وتی دست پیش داشت که منی سور
کدی بیت، اِشیئے بابتا هم هِچبر نگوشتی گُون.

بدلا تان هپتگے کپیا اوپار کرت بله تان کدینا؟ چه منی ناوهدین سربگان
یک روچه سک زهر گپت و منا زوران کوراتی. من چه آیئے دستا لکشتان
و اے برزین کهورئے تُلّا جَمکِیا مان آتکان و چه هما روچا بگر تان روچ
مروچی همدا دُرنگ آن.

هرچنت که هتور و روچان منی نیامدارئے سرا لگتگین هونانی پولنگ
شُشتگانت، بله پشومانیئے زومسربن کاتارانی تپّ انگت تازگ و آزگ انت
و هر وهدے که کپوتیئے زهیرنالین کوکوان اشکنان، دلا دردے چست بیت و
دُراهِین جهان ابیتک بیت.

چاپ و شنگ: ناگمان (¹2003، ²2012). دارئے آپس. بچار چیرنیس 225.

من وتا ملامت کنگا آتان، بله نون آپ چه سرا پر گوستگ آت. بدلا چه لانکا داس کشت و ديم کبلها کرت و په مرگئے هلاز کنگا گيگ بوت. کليړئ سرا نشتگين کپوت نالگا آت.

سک پشومان آتان که من اے هون ناهک پرچا وتی سرا کرت. نون من چون اشيا چه ملکومتئ سهرگين پنجگان رکينت کنان. بله رندئ هيرئ چه دردا وارت. کار وه هراب بوتگ آنت.

بدلا کپوتئ پاد وتی راستين پادئ چيرا و بانزل چين پادئ چيرا کرتنت. چين دستا گت و سری داشتنت و داسا کپوتئ گتا پر مشانا ”سَمِلَاه، اَلَاه اکبر“ وانان بوت. چه مرگئے ترسا کپوتا وتی چم نر کرتنت و مادگين کپوت بدلئ سرا چکرکی ورگا لگت. داس کپوتئ گتا اير کپت و هونان پيزار بست. کپوتا پيرپړکی جت تانکه سارت بوت.

بدلا چه کپوتئ زگرين هونان سئ چار پت منی نيامدارئ سرا پر مُشت که من شرت و گيشت مرگ گپت بکنان بله من... من پشومانيئ جمبورين آسا سُچان آتان.

چه هما روچا رند من هچ مرگ نکپت. هر وهدا که مرگ منی نزيکا آتکت، من وتا سربينت و چه اشيا منی نزيکا و جوھانا چيرين اے دکه تلکانی کړا نشتگين مرگان بال کرت. وتی کرتگين گناهئ گرانين بارئ سُبکتر کنگئ بس همه يکين راه پشت کپتگات.

يَکَ برے منا کَمے بَزگِ بوت، بلہ پدا چہ اِشان يَکَيَّے گِرگَيَّے واہگا، زندئے
 ائولی شکارئے گِرگ و همراہانی و بدلئے دَيما و شتام بئِيگَيَّے واہگا منی دل
 دُدَّ کرت.

نرَبِن کپوت منی نيمگا اَيان اَت و مادگين اَييے پُشتا گون اَت. منی دلئے
 دريگک پدا تُرند بوتنت. اِشانی تها يکے منی شکار بئِيگی اَت. نون منی و
 بدلئے ودارانی ساہت و دمان کُنگی اَتنت. نرَبِنَا منی سُهروَين دان کہ دیست،
 گامی پہ من تُرند کرتنت و اَتک و منی دانی چُمب جت. منی دارُک چہ کُبلکا
 در اَتک و من هما دمانا کپوت گُئا گيت.

گون منی سُرپگا جُوہانا نِشتگين مُرگان بال کرت، بلہ گپتگين کپوتئے مَتَّ
 منی سرا چپ و چاگردا چکُرکی ورگا لگت. گون منی سُرپگا بدلا ہم دُرک
 زرتنت. وهدے کپوتا بدل اَيگا دیست، نَزِيگا کليرَيَّے سرا شت و نِشت.

بدلا کپوت چہ منی دپا در کرت کہ مارتوسگ بوتگ اَت. کپوتی چارت و
 بچکندتی. ”مُژدہ وار ائے تئو، بَوَر سُهروان،“ بدلا بِيَبزگين گالوارِبا گوشت
 و چہ گُلا کُريشتگے جت.

منا بَزگِ بوت. چُونين و شَيين زندے اَت، اِشانی. يکَيين ساہتا چو کُکُليانی
 کلانا کُرَتک. نون چون بَيوس و دلشُرک اَتنت، بِيچارگ. دريگتَين من اے
 مگپَتَين. من پہ پشومانی کپوتئے نيمگا چارت کہ بدلا مُهر داشتگ اَت. نون
 بدل اِشيا کُشيت و اِشيے مَتَّ گمان مريت. اے دوينانی ناوهدين مرکئے
 زَمُہوار من آن. من اِشانی و شہالين زند برباد کرت.

شانتل دان چنان و ورانا، منی دِیما آتک و اؤشتات و پِه دانئے چُمب جَنگا
 گِیگ آت کہ ہمے ساھتا دوین کپوتان گُشادیا چہ کھورئے تُلا بال کرت و
 جَوھائے کِرا آتک و نِشتنت. شانتل گُرتنت و بالِش کرت و ہما کلیرئے سرا
 شُت و نِشتنت کہ آییے پُشتا بدل نِشتگ آت. گون بدلئے گِندگا آیان پدا بال
 کرت و دگہ سُولیئے سرا شُت و نِشتنت.

منا کپوتانی سرا سگ زھر آتک چپا کہ اِشان منی دستئے شکار برائنتگ آت.
 اگن اے مئیاتکیننت، آلما من وتی زندئے ائولی شکار گپتگ آت. یگ برے
 منی دلا هُل کرت کہ وتارا سُرپینان، بلی کپوت گُرت و چہ ادا بال کنت و
 رئونت. اگن آیان منی دستئے شکار برائنتگ، من ہم ادا آیان چپنکئے چنگا
 نییلان. بلہ پدا من چارت کہ اِشان چُشین آسانین سزاے ندئیان. اگن ادا منِش
 بال بدئیان، آ دگہ جَوھانے یا مُلکیئے سرا رئونت و لاپا پُر کنت. شرترین
 سزا ہمیش انت کہ من چہ اِشان یکے شکار بکنان.

دوین کپوت کَشمان کَش لُدانا جَوھائے کِرا گردگا آنتت. ہمے وھدا کپوتانی
 بال داتگین شانتل ہم پدا آتک و نِشتنت. منی دل و ش بوت و کپوتانی سرا
 زھر ایر آتکنت. ائولی رندا من آ شریا چارتنت. آ ورنا و بینکسین کپوت
 آنتت. یگ نرینے آت و یگ مادگینے. کَشمان کَش لُدانا دوین سگ برھدار
 آنتت. اے چون گل و شادان آنت. بیچارگ نزاننت کہ ملکوت ہر دمان
 آیانی سُرپا انت.

بدلا آ دگہ دوین تلک ہم چیر کرتنت. چیر کنگا رند، مئے کش و گورا وتی
پدی گون چادرئے لمبا گار کرتنت کہ مرگ ممانت. چہ اشیا رند بدل جوہانا
گستا یک کلیرئے پُشتا نشت و چمی گون جوہانا کرتنت.

مؤسم سک وش ات. جمبر ساہیل اتنت و سارتین کئوشے ہم کشگا ات.
جوہانئے کش و گورئے کلیر و کھورانی سرا نشتگین مرگ چہ مؤسمئے
وشیا مست اتنت و گون وتی وشین توارا مؤسما نازینگا اتنت.

ہمے وھدا دو کپوت بال کنانا آتک و ہمے برزین کھورئے تُلّا کہ انون من
دُرنگ آن، نشت. منی دل وش بوت کہ مرگ باز بیان ات. اِشانی تھا من
یکے الما گران، بلہ من پیسرا وہ ہچ مرگ نگپتگات. بارین چون بان؟

من دلا جیرگا اتان و مرگانی جوہانا نندگئے ودارا اتان. بدل کلیرئے پُشتا
نشتگات و چہ ما یکہئے سُرپگئے ودارا ات. مئے دُرستانی ودارئے دمان
ودان اتنت، بلہ ہچ مرگ بُنا نشتگات. دُراہ کش و گورئے کلیر و کھورانی
سرا نشتگ و زیباین مؤسمئے تتوسپا اتنت.

آھر، مئے ودارانی دُراجکشین دمان کُنتنت. یک شانتلیا چہ کھورئے سرا بال
کرت و آتک و جوہانا نشت. آبیئے پُشتا دگہ دو سئے شانتل دُمب پہ دُمبا
آتک و نشت. لہتین شانتل آ دگہ تلکانی نژیکا ات و یکے وار وارا منی
نژیکا آیان ات. منی دلئے دریکگ تَرند بوتنت و منی ہیالا کلیرئے پُشتا
نشتگین بدلئے ہم.

سے رُوح اُت کہ بدلا منا اڈ کرتگ اُت و چیر کنگا برگا اُت، بلہ من تنینگہ
 ھچ مُرگ گپت نکرتگ اُت، پمیشکا وتی ھمراھانی کرا کَمے پشل اُتان کہ
 آیان بیھساب شکار گپتگ اُت.

شکارے گرگا منی بیسویئے نیمون اِش اُت کہ اٹولی رُچا من انچو ڈک
 اُتان کہ منی دان مُرگان برت بلہ نسرتان، و دومی رُچا من انچو سُن اُتان
 کہ وتسرا وت سرتان و نشتگین مرگان بال کرت و پدا جُھانا نشتنت بلہ
 منی نژیکا نثیاتکنت. ھیر، نون من زانان کہ تلک چو ڈک مبیٹ کہ مُرگ
 آییئے کُبلکئے دانا بورنت و انگت مسرپیت و چو سُن ھم مبیٹ کہ کئوشے
 کُشگا بسرپیت.

آ سہبی، بدلا مارا زرت و تچکا سُھروئے جُھانا اُتک کہ ڈگارے گُورا
 پُراھین سیرکگیئے سرا کوُت اُت. اے جُھانا بازین مُرگے اُتک. کپوت،
 شانٹل، دُریچک، پینتول و جِنگلان ابید برے برے گولوانی سر ھم کپت.

اُنون جُھانا لہتین شانٹل و پینتول نشتگ و دانئے چنگ و ورگا اُت. وھدے
 بدل نژیکا رست، آیان بال کرت و کَمے پَسند سولئیئے سرا نشتنت. بدلا دوین
 تلک بُنا ایر کرتنت و منا چیر کرت. کُندکے جتی و منا ھمشیئے تھا ایری
 کرت و وار وارا باری دات. پدا کُبلکئے سرا گون سُسرا پر لچینتگین سُھروین
 دانی ھپ جت و درا کرت. منی پُشتی نیمگا لہتین کُڑی کاندیلی ایر کرت
 تانکہ مُرگ منا پُشتکایی مجنت، چیا کہ ما چہ پُشتی نیمگا آیوکتین مُرگان
 سَک سکا گپت نکین.

تلک

ناگمان

من تلکے آن. منا کِساس سالے بیت کہ ادا برزین کھوریئے ٲلا ڌرنگ آن.
روچانی گرمی و شپانی سارتیا، نمب و ڌرُشکان، گوات و هٲوران، تبڊ و
لواران منا سک نرور ترَبنتگ. منی لبر سرتگ و سستگ أنت. نیامدار ورؤکان
وارنگ و نال زنگان گپتگ.

من پرچا ادا بیگومی ڌرنگ آن؟ منا په اے هالا کٲیا کرت؟ اے دراجین
کِسهے.

آپاریگین گرماگئے یک وش و ساهیلین سُهے ات. بدلا منا و منی اے دگه
دوین همراه چه لچکا در کرتنت و دیم په وتی پتسے ڌگارا رهاڊگ بوت.
آمارا په چیر کنگا برگا ات.

منی و منی دوین همراهانی شپا و بسگئے جاگه همه لچک ات. بدلا شپا
مارا چیر نکرت، چٲا که شپا مارا پُگل و مُشک و کُرکان سَرِپنت یا مَور و
سلوران دان بُرتنت. پمیشکا روچا ما مُلکا مرگ گپت و شپا همه لچکئے
تها آرام کرت و وتی سرگوست و کسّه آورنتنت.

مِيزَر سُهبا ماھلَّه چہ جَمّا اِبر کِيت و دِبالئے سرا نِشت. وهد گوزان بوت.
نيمروچ اَتک. بله مِيزَر انگت ابييتک ابييتک اَت و جيژگا اَت که مروچي
گوشئے روچ گرمتر اِنَت. کَمے دلگوشي کُرت. گوات وَه کَشگا اِنَت بله پرچا
منا نلگيت؟ و په گواتي کولئے شوهازا آيئے چَم په سِمئے دَبّا کِيتنت. آيا
هئيال کُرت گندئے اگن اَنون اے دَبّ پچ کنگ بيت، گواتئے در پچ بيت و
مؤسَم وتي نوکين گُدان گورا کنت. بله دَبّ پچ نبوت تانکه مگرِبا مِيزَرئے
ماتا مِيزَر تئوار کُرت و جَمئے سرا بُرت. مِيزَرئے مؤسَم تانکه چار روچا يک
هساب چو تينا تپنگات. پَنچمي روچا رَمزانا دَبّ گون اے جزما پچ کُرت و
مُرگ دُنا کَشِتنت که نون ديدارا جَمئے سرا رثوگئے سِزا رَسِتگ. نون اَلَم
اِبرَت گييت و آ نيمگا نچاريت.

چارين روچاني ارواه گرادين ودارا رند مروچي مِيزَر و ديدارئے مؤسَم بدل
بوتگات. کئوش زرئے نمبان چو مِسکا شَنزان اَت. و اے دوين سئوژگ
کنگا اَتنت که اگن اے بهشتين مؤسَم ابدمان کنگي اِنَت، گُرا مارا چه مگرِبا
و چه رَمزانئے آيگا پيسر هَلک ريچگي و چه ادا لکگي اِنَت.

روچ زمينئے سرئے بانا دَرَتکگات. زمين و آسمانئے نياما اييد رُژنا دِگه هِچ
نيست اَت. بس دور نيم آسمانا مِيزَر و ديدار دو کسانين کُئے وژا بال اَتنت و
چَمَش زمينا اَتنت په اَنچين هَنکينيئے شوهازا که اوډا وتي بهشتا اِبر کُرت
بکنت.

چاپ و شنگ: مؤمن، منير (2016). ليلان. بچار چيرنبيس 222.

و چَمَ و دو چَمَ اِنْتِ که بال بکنت و جَمَے سَرا برثوت. دیدار مُدام وتی دِلا
جیڑیت که اے جَمَے درچک دُنیاے سَبز و سارت ساہگتیرین درچک اِنْت.
اِشیے بَرین شاہزانی سَرا نِندگا آیا اَنچین تاهیرے رسیت که آیا چہ اِد و
پیسر نمارتگ.

رَمزان ہر رُوح تَچ و تاگا اِنْت، شوہازا اِنْت. دُرستین مُرگان گیت و دُبّا کنت
بلہ دیدار گار اِنْت. دیدارے ہئیالا اے دُبّ پہ آیا جَہندَمین زندانے. آییے
دلا لَوّت اے دُبّ و دُبّے واہندا آییے چَمَ مَکپتیننت. اے نیمگا رَمزان جُوڑگ
و دُوا و پُسیار کنگا اَت کہ اے دیدارناما منا دِلسیاہ کُرتگ. ہر رُوح ہمے
شوَم و شاندردہ گار اِنْت. تتوامین مُرگ ہمدّا اِنْت بلہ اے گِندگ نبیت. منی
وہ کار و رُوژگاری بُرتگ. تان دیرا شوہاز کنگا رند، رَمزانا دیست کہ جَمَے
سرا دیدار گون میزرا سُنٹ پہ سُنٹ اِنْت و نِشتگ. رَمزانا توار کُرت:
”دیدارا!“ بلہ دیدار بیسما اَت. آیا نرائت کہ گوات کُئی مَچان اِنْت. رَمزان
لَبجگا اَت. ”هئو. تئی کِردار بزّان ہمیش اِنْت. تتو مروچی منی دِستا بکپ،
پدا نگوشے کہ مَن رِوان جَمَے جَمکا نِندان و ترا تین دِلا دثیان.“

اناگت میزرا رَمزان سَما کُرت و دیدار ہال دات کہ اوّدا بچار، رَمزان ترا
شوہازگا اِنْت. دیدارا کہ رَمزان دیست، جیڑتی: ”مَن گِندے میزراے چَمّانی
تھا جاگہ بکرتین، چوں شَرّ اَت“ و میزرا ہمے دمانا وتی چَمَ بند کُرتنت و
گون دیدارا گوشت: ”دیدارا! اے مرد وہ ترا ادا نِندگ نیلیت. تتو نگوشے
منا چَلّے بکنے و وتی پادا بکنے.“

ہمینچکا رَمزان جَمَے سرا بالا بوتگا اَت و دیداری گیت و بُرت پہ دُبّا.

بشام سیر و آزرگاریں مردے . کمپانے تھا شوک و نوکین لوگی جوڑ کرتگ
و کلاتے بس گڈسری نشانی پشت کپتگ، آنت . بلہ کمپانی انگت نسرینتگ
و اے ہما وڑا مھر و مھکم انت . کمپانے تھا، روڈراتکی پھناتا جمے مزین
درچک آنت کہ ایشانی اُمرے کساس جنگ نبیت . سکین کوہنین درچک
آنت . مردم زانت نکنت کہ اے کمپان کوہنتر انت یا جمے درچک پیرتر آنت؟
بشام زرگرے کمپانے زرباری روڈراتکا مستری سبزے لوگ انت . مستری
سبزے لوگ ہم کسان نہ انت بلہ بشام زرگرے کمپانے چارک ہم نبیت .

مستری سبزے کمپانے تھا چار بان مان و یک سمٹ و بلاکے مزین دے
ہم ہست کہ آیتے تھا کروس، نیکینک، کپوڈر، شانٹل، متو، کینجر و اے
دگہ کسان کسانین بازین مرگے ہست . سبزے مسترین چک رمان مرگے
سکین شوکیے و تئوامین روچا گون وتی مرگان مشکول انت .

راستین نیمگے جمے سرا چپانے ہنکین انت . آیتے دو چک آنت، شپیلک
و میزور . چپان کپوڈرے کہ دیر انت اے جمی وتی ہنکین کرتگ . آچہ کسانیا
ہمدا آتکگ و رندا شپیلک و میزورے پتی دچار کپتگ . گڑا ہمدا بوتگ آنت .

بلہ چیزے ماہ پیسر شپیلک و میزورے پت یک روچے کہ چہ ادا در آتک،
گڑا پدا وائر نبوت . ہدا بزانت چوتین وئیلے سراپی کپتگ . بلہ اینچک وھد
گوزگا رند نون اے مات و چک ایکیم بوتنت کہ آہیات نہ انت .

مستری سبزے لوگے مرگانی تھا بازین کپوڈرے ہم ہست . سبزے چک
ایشان پہ وھد و پاس دنا کشیت و پدا گپت و دبش کنت بلہ یک کپوڈرے کہ
نامی دیدار انت، مدام کہ چہ دبا در کثیت، تچکا رتوت دیوالے سرا نندیت

بہشت

منیر مومن

روچئے ائولی برانزا میز و دیدارئے گردنانی نیاما وتی کشک شوہارت و
دوین پیج لرزتنت. وتی کر و گورا شریا چارگا لگنتت. دوین جیڑگا اتنت کہ
ما دوشیگین تئوامین شپ ہمے وڑ گوازیئتگ.

میز و دیدار زی بیہگاہا چہ وتی ہنکینا لگنتت و اشنا ہمد ا شپا گیت. گُرا
دوینان جیڑت کہ شپا ہمے جُمپئے سرا گوازیئین. اے یک وڈے ات. بس
لہتین انچین ہاکی جُمپ اتنت و دور دورا دگہ ہیچ نیستات. میزرا جیڑت:
”بہشت بگندئے ہمے وڑا بیت،“ و پدا وتی سری بانزلانی چیرا چیر دات.

اے یک کوہنین گلی کمپانے. اشیئے تھا ہما کلات کہ بوتگ، آنون ڈرتگ
و کپتگ، بلہ آبیئے نشان انگت گلئے جُمپانی دروشما باز جاگہا ہستانت.
انچو سما بیت کہ اے یک زمانگے اے ہندئے ہاکمانی جاگہ بوتگ، بلہ
وہدئے بدلیان اے کمپان و کلاتئے واہند بدل کنان کُرتگ انت. ائون اے جاگہ
بشام زرگریگ انت.

پدا لوگئے تها هٲت دانگ گُڙ ترگا لگت. منى هُب هم گيشتر بوت پرچا كه
منى بَلَك مدام آيئىء تئوسپيا كنگا ات. من آيئىء گيشتر هٲيالدارى كرت و
مُدام شَرَبَن وراك دات كه وتى چُكان گيشتر شير بدنت.

نون آيئىء چُك مزن بٲيان اَننت. آيان شير هم يله كرتگا ات. يَك شِپى من
كه اودا سر بوتان، آ اودا نه ات. من چه بَلكا جست گيت: ”مروچى زاهر
نه انت، كجا شُتك؟“

هبر منى دپا ات كه آٲٲرت. من چُپ بوتان كه بلكين آ دلا كاريت.

دومى شپا منى كرا اتك، نشت، پدا گپا لگت: ”بَشام سَك بَزگ انت.
بيچارگىء لوگ سَك مزن انت. آيئىء لوگا كُچكئ وه هست بله لوگا دلوت
هم باز انت. نون گرماگى شپ انت. مُلكا دزانى هم شور انت. كُلين مردم
دُنا وپنگ انت. آيانى لوگ هم يله انت. اكن تئو دلا مٲيارئى، من شپا همودا
برئوان؟ ادا چُك وه هست انت. نون مزن انت و راشك هم زاننت.“

من لوٲت جُستى بكنان بله آيا منا كپ جنگئى موه ندات و گوشت: ”من
زانان تئو چه جُست گرگ لوٲئى... هئو، بَشامئى كُچك نرازى.“

من آيئىء چمانى تها چارت. آيئىء چمان دو ترمپ ارس په شپ گرگا
جارى ات.

چاپ و شنگ: ماهتاك بلنچى، مارچ 2000.

’برئوین جان شو دین،‘ بلہ من تتکان. انگت دوا تچگ تچگا منا آپ پر ریتک.
من سک ژند آن. منی سربین دردا انت. اے جاہ گیش درد کنت، بچار...“

آیبا منی دست گپت و وتی سربئے نیمگا برت. من آییئے سربین گون ماتی
لنککا زور پر دات و جست کرت: ”ادا؟“

گوشتی: ”انہ، کمئے جھلترا... ہم... ہم... ہمدا درد کنت.“

منا آییئے جاوڑے سرا بڑگ بییگا ات و جست کرت: ”اٹون اگن کسے ترا
وتی لوگا بہارت...؟“

آیبا منی گپ کپی کرت و گوشت: ”تتو منا وتی لوگا برئے؟“

”منی لوگا یک کچکے وہ ساربا هست بلہ منی بُلک اٹوک انت. من ترا
ہمایئے لوگا بران و زائے اودا جے کنگی انت؟“

”من زانان منا شپان آگہ بییگ و راشگی انت.“

من آ ہمراہ کرت و بُلکئے لوگا آورت. بُلک نُرندگا لگت: ”اے چہ بلاھے
تتو آورتگ؟ اے تتیی چہ دردا وارت؟“

من بُلک سربد کرت و گوشت: ”اے ہمدا انت. اے تتیی ہاترا بیوایی سگیت
و اگن ایشیا تتیی ہیال نداشت، گزا لٹ تتیی کشا ایر انت.“

پدا من ہر شپ شتان و بُلک و آییئے ہالپرسی کرت. بُلک چہ آیبا سک وش
ات. بُلکئے یک مزنین پگرے ہمیش ات کہ منی ککڑ گار بشیگا ات بلہ نون
گیشتر بیان اتنت.

”گرا گون تئو گپ جنگ بیت.“

آیا گینگ کرت و منی کشا نِشت، پدا گپا لگت. ”منی کِسہ باز دراج انت بلہ تئو منا بگوش مردم رُوچے چنت برا جان شُودنت؟“

من بچکندت و گوشت: ”برے یگ رندے، برے دو رندا. تئو چپا جُست کنگا ائے؟“

”لہتین دراہین رُوچا جان شُودیت؟“

”شُودگا شُودنت، بلہ آ زوت نادرآہ بنت.“

”من ساربا جان شُودگ نرانتگ. من وهدے کسان بوتگان، منی مات ناھدا چارُکئے لوگئے دپا بوتگ. پدا منا یگ گوندوڤا وتی لوگا برت. اِشان گون من لئیب کرت و منا شر شرین ورگ هم دات، بلہ وهدے من مزن بوتان یگ رُوچے پہ تر و تابا دُنا شتان، لالوئے کُچکا منا بَدَت و گوشتی: ’برئوبن تئابا جان شُودین.‘ پدا من وتی لوگا شتان، منی پُٹ تر اُنت، گرا لوگئے مردم منی سَرا شک بوتنت، پدا آیان منا چہ وتی لوگا در کرت.“

پدا گریوگا لگت و گوشتی: ”من مزین ردے وارت کہ آ رُوچی جان شُشت.“

من آییئے سر مرزت و آیارا تَسلا دات و گوشت: ”گوستگین گپانی سرا نزوردل گربونت، نون وتی باندائئے پگرا بکن.“

پدا گوشتی: ”نون منا چہ آپا تُرسیت. اتولی رُوچان منا جان شُودگ وش بوتگ، بلہ نون منی هئیالا ترمپے آپ پوره آرتے گونیه. همه ترمپئے چست کنگئے زور هم منا نیست. انون هشت کُچک منی رندا کپتگات، گوشگا اُنت:

تئو مھناز نبئے

یونس ہسئین

من بیسما تئیبائے دپا نشتگ آتان.

بارین شیئے چہ وھد انت؟ گپ ہم انچینے کہ من سئے رۆچ انت بیوت آن.
نہ شریئے سرا ورگ وران، نہ منا اے سُد ھست کہ منی سیٹ منا شوھازگا
انت. ایوک ھمے پگرا آن کہ کراچیا دیم داتگین ماھیک پرچا ھراب بوتنت.
زانا ماھیکانی ھرایئے زمھوار ایوک من آن؟ اناگت برمشے بوت. من چک
جت و چارت. منی پُشتا یک مندین کُچکے اوشتاتگات کہ لاپی ھم پُر ات،
دُما سُرینگا لگت.

من جُست کرت: ”تئو شینیم ادا چے کنئے؟“

کوشتی: ”جُست مکن. من نون سک دم برتگ.“

”بارین، گپ بجن.“

”تئو سور کرتگ؟“

”ھئو، منا چار دانگ چُک ھم ھست. چیا زانا؟“

نیمگا رهاڊگ اُت. آڀا کسّی نیمگا هم نچارت، تچکا همّامیا پُترت، جانی
شُشت و ریشی سات و شیزارانا وتی کارگِسّے نیمگا رهاڊگ بوت.

چاپ و شنگ: داد، ائے. آر. (2009). دریگے پیچ بیت. بچار چیرنیس 189.

”بیا، برئوین ترا تئیی دشتارئی هَلکا بران، نون گیشترِ آزاب من سَگَت نکنان.“ آییآ نوکمدینه دستا گپت و لوئتی در بیئیت که آییئے جنین دیمآ مان ترَت. ”یک برے منا بگش، نون اِشیا ببر.“

”مروچی من هِچ گوش نداران. مرک دگه چپے؟ ماشما زانا پیسرا زندگ بوتگین که باریگ مروچیئیگ انت؟“ آییآ جنین دگهے دات و نوکمدینه دستا گپت و در کپت.

نوکمدینه چپ و هبکّه و هیران آت، نرائگا آت چه گپے. شپ چو ژیمب و گرا سیاه و تهار آت. آییئے دلا نون مهرئے چمگ هُشک بوتگاآت، په وتی چُگا هِچ ارمان پَشت نکپتگاآت. آ ایوکا همه پگرا آت که باندا پدا من زندگ بان. گون وشهالیا کارگسا رئون، گون وتی همکاران نندان مُلکئے جاورانی سرا گپ و تران کنان، بُیلا دُکر جنان، برزین تتوارا سئوت جنان.

جیژان جیژانا آتارگئے وهدا آ کُئرئے درچکئے چیرا سر بوت، گون برزین تتواریا گوشتی: ”هسن سؤل! اِش انت، من وتی زبان مؤکتگ، تئیی دشتار زُرتگ و آورتگ.“

نوکمدینهئے دستی یله کرت و جهلگا ایر کپان بوت. گوشئے مزین بارے چه آییئے کوپگان دور آتکگ. آ انچو سبک آت که په آییآ پندیئے بُرگ گوشئے چُکی لئییے آت. آییآ گوشئے بولے گون آت، لئیب کنانا دیم په میتگا رئوگا آت. رُچ نون در آتکگاآت، چُگان وتی کنابانی جولی گون آت و وانگجاهان رئوگا آنت. شهر سرچما پاد آتکگاآت. هرکس وتی منزئے

نون پہ آيا مسترڻن آزاب نوڪمدينههه ههه جُست اُت كه ”منى پت! ڪُنر زانا چه لوڻيت؟“ آيا راستين گپ جت نڪرت كه چو مييت كه چه آيئه مهران زبهر بيان.

ههه نگوڻشگ هم نون په آيا آزاب اُت. نون آيئه چئوڪي گيش بئيان بوتنت. شپئه يڪ و دوا آيگ و نوڪمدينههه چماني پچ بئيجا پيسر در ڪپگ، ڪارگسا ساهته نندگ و پدا شهرئه بينامين راه و دران سر ڪشگ و هما يڪ و دوا بيرئو ڪنگ آيئه اُدت اُت. نون آيا وتي شهرئه هيچ درچڪ هم دوُست نه اُت. رهسran كه درچڪه ديستي، ٽڪه الم جتي. مساپره كه آيئه چيرا بوشنائين، گون زهر و ڪينگي چمان چارتي.

”هسن سول اگن انچو منا ههه رهسran دُچار بڪييت، من آيئه سرا گُڏان،“ يڪ روجه آيا جيڙت و وتي پاداني ديما ڪپنگين ڪارئونيارا لگته جت. گوزوڪين مردم آيا آجيين رنگيا چارگا انتت، گوشئه آگنوكه، وتي هوڻا نه انت.

اه شبي آيا وتي ڪيسگهه دراهين زر شراب ڪرت و وارتننت، تترانا لوگا پُترت و نوڪمدينههه چه و ابا پاد ڪرت. ”تتو هروهد جُست ڪنهه: ڪنر پرچا مني و ابا ڪييت؟ يا: ترا گون ڪنرا چه سياديه هست؟“ گرا اشڪن. تتو ههه درچڪهه دشتار اهه. تتو هسن سولئه دشتار اهه، ههه پيرمردئه كه پيتيه مئه لوگا ديئي داتگ.“

آيئه ههه جاك و ڪوگاران آيئه جئين پچ دُرِهت و پاد اُتڪ.

آيا وتی سريگ گيشيت و دُرک دُرکا جَہلا اير کيت، گوشے ھونوارين
 رسترے آيے رندا کپتگ. آيے جیگ چہ ھیدا ميچل آت، زبان لرزگا آت.
 آ زوت لوگا سر بئيگ لوٹگا آت. جَہلا آيانی گاڑی پھ رٹوگا ساجو آت. دراه
 ايوکا نوک مدينهے رهچار آنت کہ چہ آيان گسر بوتگا آت. مگر بتھارا
 آ لوگا سر بوت، ھچيگی نہ آت، گوشے کر نانی بيواے آت.

سُہبا کہ آيے چم پچ بوتنت، پت آيے ديما اوشانتگا آت. پيتی آيے دستا
 آت. ”اے زانا تھو آورتگ گون؟“ نوک مدينه ھبکہ آت، لوٹتی يات بکنت
 کہ اے پيتی من آورتگ گون يا چہ پيسرا ھمدا اير آنت، بلہ ھچ گيري نثياتک.
 ”من ترانان بارين من آورتگ يا چہ پيسرا ھمدا آنت.“ آ وپت ھر دوين پيتيے
 ديما نشتنت.

سکين زيباين پيتيے آت. ھر چارين نيماگان نکش و نگار آت. آيان پيتی کہ
 پچ کرت، آيے تھايوکا کتاے اير آت کہ تاکی زرد و کوھن آنت. آيا
 ائولی تاک ليپنت، نبشته آت: ”منا منی نيکيانی برورد ھمے رستگ کہ
 کُئرے درچکے جوڑ بوتگان، بلہ تھو وتی زبان تينگہ نمؤکتگ.“

گون کُئرے لہزے وانگا، نوک مدينه زیکين پکک و کُئرے دراهين گپ
 گیر آتکت. لوٹتی کُئرے دراهين گپان گون پتا بخت، بلہ آدروازگے دپا
 رستگا آت. آيا نلوٹ تھواری بخت. نوک مدينه لوٹ وتی ماتا جُست
 بکنت کہ کُئرے درچکا گون پتا چہ سيادی هست، کہ ماتا انچين کُگے
 جت گوشے چيزے گُئا گُتگی. ”منی چُک! من زانت نکنان.“ ماتا آيے
 جُستا پيش وتی دروگين پسو دات و آسروکے نيماگا رھادگ بوت.

گوڻ چماني پڇ ڪنگا آيا لڙت ڪه نؤڪ مدينها تئوار بڪنان و جُستي بڪنان
 ڪه ”تئو مڙوڇي پدا هما واب نديستگ؟“ ڪه نؤڪ مدينه آتڪ و آيئس ديمَا
 اوشتات. ”آبا! دؤشي من پدا هما واب ديستگ بله منا سَمَا بوتگ ڪه درچڪ
 مردمے، منا تئوارا انت.“

”انه، انه، مردمے نه انت، مني چُڪ! اے انچين وابے، وابان مانا نيست.“
 آيا نرانت من چے گوشت. پاد آتڪ و پسيلا شت.

همے سُهبا نؤڪ مدينه وتي دزگهاراني پڇيگا پڪيڪا شت. نان ورگا پد، آ
 اڪسڪشي و ڪُئرے چنگا بُرزگا سر ڪپنت. گل و ڪندان، ٽهڪ دئيان آڏُڪين
 ڪُئرے ديمَا اوشتانت. نؤڪ مدينه يڪ برے اوشتات و درچڪي چارت. آيا
 سَمَا بوت ڪه همے درچڪ انت شپان مني وَا ڪميت. ”انه، اے نبيت، ڪُئرے
 درچڪ دراه هم رنگ انت، دگرے بيت.“

آيان وتي پندول و چنڪ پُر ڪرنت و يڪ يڪا اير ڪپان اتنت ڪه نؤڪ مدينهئے
 سربگ گوڻ لونجانين شاهڙيا اُرت. آيا دست بُرت ڪه سربگا بگيشينان ڪه
 سمایی بوت يڪيا مني دست داشتگ. آيئس دپا در آتڪ ”وئے! چوئين
 ڪُئرے“ ڪه آيئس گوشان تئوارے رُست: ”اشڪن.“

نؤڪ مدينها اے ڪپ و آ ڪپا چارت تہ ڪس نيست. اينچڪا آيئس دراهين
 دزگهار يڪ يڪا اير ڪپتگ اتنت. ”من ڪُئر گپا آن. لوگا ڪه رٿوئے وتي پتا
 بگوش وتي زبانا بمؤڪ. اگن تئو شمشتے، سرونا دارے پيتيے اير انت،
 آيا پڇ ڪن. چه آيئس تها گو مزے در ڪثيت، تئي لَنڪڪے وارت، همے ترا
 مني گپاني ترانگا گيجيت.“

دپا هېچ در نکېت. گوشه آ، اے جوړی رنگین هېچ چیرا نرانت. دیم کزوت و
وتی کرسیه سرا انچو نشت گوشه کسیا په زور چاته تها دثور داتگ.

”کُرنه درچک، هسن سول، نوک مدینه، واب...“ آيا جیوت، دست سرا
کرنت. آيئه نزيکا نشتگین همکار دراه هبکه اتنت که مردا چه بوتگ.
مروچی نه آيئه کلمه آتیزی، نه زوت کارانی گیشینگ، پدا برزین توارا
سوت جنگ و دُکر جنگ، گوشه هچر آيا چشین کرد و کار نکرتگ.
گوشه دگره بوتگ که تان شانزده ساله اشيئه کُرسیه سرا آتکگ و
نشتگ. مروچی اسل مردمه جند آتکگ که نه کارانی گیشینگ زانت، نه
برزین توارا سوت جنگ و دُکر جنگ زانت.

یک بره پدا آيا جیوت: ”کُرنه درچک، هسن سول، نوک مدینه، واب چه
انت؟“

آپاد آتک و چه کارگسا در کپت. رتوگ رتوگا آيئه دلا آتک که نوک مدینهه
وانگجاها برتوان و آيئه اُستادا بگوشان ”وتی نو دربرا بگوش دکه بره کُرنه
درچکته و ابا مگند، من زندگ بوت نکنان“ که گازی چه دورا آيئه پُشتا
پیمپ پیمپ کنگا لگت. آیک کر بوت و آدگه دستی گپت و رتوان بوت. ادا
اودا گردانا نوک مدینهه و ایه بارتوا پگری کرت. همه دتولا، سر جهلا، پگر
کنانا، آشيئه یکا لوگا سر بوت. آيئه جنین تینگه آگه ات، بله مردا هېچ
نگوشت و آتک و نپادانی سرا دراج بوت. پدا همه پگر، همه واب، همه
کُرن، همه هسن سول و نوک مدینه... تان وهده آيئه دل په و ابا شت.

کنت. چشبن ساهتان آ پاد آتگکأت و کوه، دار و درچکی چارتگ آنت. آيا
وتی سنگتانی همه گون زمانگا ماسیت و گلگ هیچ دوست نبوتنت.

دوشمبهئی سُهبا پدا هما رنگا پاد آتک، جانی شُشت و دیم په وتی کارگسا
رهادگ بوت. نون گوشئی گاڙبانی گیر و گار و چُگانی، جولی کوبگا، په
وانگجاها رهادگ بیگ آيا سَک دوست آنت. نون په آيا هر چیزا مانا
هستآت. کارگسا کارانی چُنگا پد، برزبن تئوارا سئوت جنگ و دُکر جنگی
انچو آت کرتگأت گوشئی اے هم زمهواربی و آییئ کارانی تها هئوار انت.

شانزده سالا پد یک برے پدا آ ایتک و مونجا بوت. یک سُهی که آ سر
گپتگأت که کارگسا برئوت، گزا نوک مدینها که په وانگجاها سر گپتگأت،
چه وتی پتا جُست کرت: ”آبا! من دوشی و ابا کُرنے دیستگ، گوشئی منا
چیرے گوشگ لوئیت.“

آيا بچکندت و دَرائنت: ”منی چُک! اے وای، و ابا هرکس هرچے گندیت،
إشان مانا نیست. تئو وتی دلگوشا وانگا بدئی. اے و ابا ن یله کن...“

آ در کپت و په اشتابی دیم په کارگسا رهادگ بوت، بله اے سرجین راها
مروچی هر چیز په آيا انچش آت که شانزده سال پیسر آت. همک اسکولی
چُکیئے کپ و هبر، گاڙبانی تئوار و پیمپ آيا هسن سولئی کئولئی ترانگا
پرینگا آت. آيا دست دیم سمارت، سمایی بوت که اے منی شانزده سال
پیسریگین دیم انت که هُشکین هُڏ و پوئستے و گوشتی هیچ پر نیست. انچو که
کارگسا پُترت، همکاریا آییئے دست گپت و جوژی کنگ لوئت، بله چه آییئے

گون بُرزین تئواربا گپی جت، و وهدے چہ ٹیبلے دیما ایرین کاگدان چُت گڑا
 پہ بیسمایی دستی ٹیبلے سرا ایر بوتنت، بنا بوت دُگر جنکا. آیئے نرِیکا
 نشتگین کار کنوک دراه آیئے نیمگا چارگا آنت. آ بچکندگا ات کہ آییارا
 درچکے سوجی دانگات.

نون آپیشی مردم نہ ات کہ سہبا کارگسا پُترت و تان رُکستیا گون کسا گپی
 نکرت. آیئے همکاران لوت کہ گپ بجن، گون ما چاہے بوارت، وتی
 پگار و شہرے نوکین جاورانی بابتا گپ بجن، بلہ آچہ اِشان بیسما نہ گون
 کسِیا گپی کرت نہ کارگسے پُترگا گون کسِیا درہبات و سلامے کرتی.

سالے بیت کہ آیئے کارگسے دراہین همکار چہ آیئے برزین تئوارا سئوت
 جنگ و ٹیلا دُگر جنکا پریشان آنت، بلہ آچہ اے دراہینان بیسما گون
 نوک مدینھے پیدائشا همینچک گل ات گوشے آیئے نرا درد و گم، ناامیتی
 و بے اوستی کہ مردم اِشانی زنگا جنت، دراه بیمانین گپ ات. آیوکا گون
 وشیا آشنا ات و بس. همے روچان آییا شہرے بازین نوکین هوٹلیا رتو و آ
 بنا کرت و نوک اڈ کرتگین جاہ و دگانی سیلا سیری نکرت. گوشے نوکین
 مردمے ات کہ شہرا آتکگ. پہ آییا هر چیز نوک ات. همے روچان آییا گون
 یگ و دو کوہنین شرابی سنگتا نند و نیاد بنا کرت.

نون همک یکشمبہ سنگتانی پیجیگا شت و پکنکی کرت و شرابی هم وارت.
 آیئے همراه زوت، سئے چار گلاسا پد بنا بوتنت زمانگے گلگ و زنگا، بلہ
 آ گوشے سہیگ نہ ات کہ انچین چیزے وارتگی کہ مردما پہ ساہتیا بدل

چنا آتکگان؟“ آ گوشے چه هر چیزا پراموش آت. اے ہم زانگا نہ آت کہ
 ”من کئے آن؟ کجام زبانا گپ جنان؟ منی ہلکتے ہڈ و سیمسر کجا آنت؟“

آ چپ بوت و پاد آتک، کُترے چیرا اؤشتات و چارنی. ”اے پیرمرد من
 گوشے پیسرا ہم دیستگ، بلہ منا گیر نئییت کدی و کجا دیستگ. بگندے
 و ابا دیستگ،“ آیا دلا ہیال کرت و تاکانی مَرزگا لگت. آ نون سُدا ہم
 گپنگ آت. آیا گون وت زُرَتگین توشگ ماہلہ ہلپنتگ آنت. گون کُترے
 لُبین برانی گندگا آییے دپا آپ دات، دستی بُرت کہ یک و دو پسندان کہ
 تنواریا سربنت.

”اے تھاریا تنو ادا اؤشتاتگئے، چے لوئے؟“

”من، واجہ! بیمراد آن. منا پُشید نیست. منی کھول منا تَرَن جنت کہ من
 نامردے آن. من کجا کجا نشتگان، کئی کئی در نکتگ. من اے ہشکین
 دست زُرَتگ و تیی درا آتکگان کہ تنو اِشان بسبزیئے.“

کُترا درآینت: ”گون من حسن سولا اے کثولا بکن، اگن جنگے بیت، گُرا
 منی دشتار انت، آییے ناما ہم نوک مدینہ بکن. اگن بچکے بیت، تنو بزان
 و تیی جن.“

”نہ، واجہ! تنو ہرچے بکشائے من زوران و ہچبر ہم چه وتی زبانا نبجان.
 من زبان موکین ٹکیئے مردمے آن.“

نون روچ در آتکگ. گون جنگلے زیمین سہبا حسن سول ہم چپ بوت.
 نون آتُرہنگ آت و آرام آت. اے کپ و آکپا چارگا آت.

هسن سؤل

ائے . آر . داد

مزنین دارو و درمانیا پد هم، آییئے نسیئے چراگ نَشَهْمَت، نه که آییئے جنینا
چشین راه و درے اشکت و راه نکیت و نشت.

آهرا یَک رۆچے آییئے کارگسئے کار کنوکین سنگتیا آیارا سۆج دات که
”اے شهرئے کُهدیما، گوشت کُنرئے درچکے هست. هماییئے ساهگا اگن
تئو شپے و رۆچے بجلئے، ترا الما چُک بیت.“ آ وه چوناها پادانی سرا
اؤشتاتگات، پدا پُشپدیئے گما، پنچ سال پُربن، آیا وتا چه تھا وارتگ و
روسینتگات. آیا هما سہبا رۆچیئے رُکستی کاگدے نبشت و واجهئے تیبلیئے
سرا ایر کرت و رهاگ بوت.

جنان و پرؤشان، جُست و پُرس کنان، آهرا آهما کُنرئے ساهگا پُجت. گوشئے
په آیا بهشتئے دروازگ پچ بوت. یَک برے وه شُمشتی که ادا چیا آتکگ،
پرچا که سرجمین رۆچیئے جَنگ و پرؤشگا پد، آ آنچو ژند ات گوشئے آیا
وتی هِچ گون نیست. گون درچکئے تکه دئیگا، آییئے چم بند بوتنت. یَک
وهده که آییئے چم پچ بوتنت، انسرتگین شپ و جنگلئے تھاریا سیهمارے
آییئے ارواهئے بندان راه دات. یکبرے پدا آیا گون وت جیڑت که ”من ادا

زی سُهبا من یِک لَچے دَہ کلدارا زُرت و دیم په کنديا رثوان بوتان. من شَرِبا
سما کرت که مهلوک منا هورت هورتا چارگا انت. گوشے زانا منا گوشگا
انت که انگت بوان گیشتر.

وهدے من کنديا سر بوتان یِک رندے منی چم په ناکو تنگهيا شانک گپنت
بله دور دورا هم آيے گواه نيست ات. البت، لشکری سپاهيگ کنديے نزبگا
زمينا ماپ کنان و تمبو مک کنان اتنت بله چه اِشان بيسما، من ديم په وتی
روزیگا شُتان.

مروچی من مردمانی بازی منّت و لئیلایا پد گون همه مانزمانیا چه تانها یله
کنگ بوتان که آندگا هچبر کنديا کرکینکے چنگا نرثوان. چه تانها آيگا پد،
من جپتا بازارا آتکان که چیزے بگران و بوران. دو روچ ات گزنگ اتان.

وهدے من بازارا سر بوتان، منی چم و تسرا کرکینکی سیئے دُگانے نیمگا
شانک گپنت، ته آيے دُگانے دیم دو لشکری موئل چه کرکینکا چکار،
اوشتاتگ ات.

چاپ و شنگ: بهار، گوس (2003). کرکینک. بچار چیرنیس 181.

پادان شُتگ که یِکٔئے گِسا رَزانی مُشتگ آت و منا کُمکِی داتگ آت. من
 وت هئیران آتان که نون چے بکنان. هدایا وت رهم کرت. بيشک، هدا
 رُوزِیگ رسان اِنْت، بابلُو. آيِبا بارِین چه کجا یِکْ مردے آورتگ که کوهنِین
 آسِن، کوهنِین چَمپِل و لَبَر، کَلَنَدِی و کرکینک په بها زوریت. پمیشکا من په
 وتا لچے گوپتگ و هَمک سَهَب کایان تان بیگاها دَهے بیستے مَن کرکینک
 چنان که منا بیستے کَلدار رَسیت که یِکْ بیلِیا نان و پیمَاز بِنْت. ”

”دَهے بیستے مَن کرکینک بیست کَلدار؟“ من هئیران مَنْتان. باپاری هم
 شَرین نأایے.

”مَن چَیے، بابلُو! یِکْ مَن دو سِیر و نیم اِنْت. هدایا هم چُونِین و هدے آورتگ
 که په بَیْآیِئے نان و پیمَازا بیست کَلدار هم کَم اِنْت.“ ناکؤے دپ گِپا آت و
 دست تیزیا کارا آتنت. آ یِکُوِی دَبِنْدِین کرکینکان چنان و لَچا کنان آت. ما
 تان دِیرا هَمے هشتاد سالیگین مردے گُشادکاری دیست و پدا ناکؤارا
 ”آلاهئے امان“ گوشت و دِیما شُئِین.

و پَرِین سالیبا پَد و هدے مَن وتی وانگ در بُرت و په سرکاری نئوکریا کِیچ،
 شال، کراچی و اسلام آبادا مختلفِین کارگِسان سگ جَنگ و گُریگ اِشکِیل
 کنگا پد گُون ناکامِین دِلِیا لُوگا واتر کرت. هئیران اتان که چه کار بکنان.
 نئوکری په ما گریبان چَو اِنجیرئے پُلَا آت و مئے شِهرِا کارجاهئے نام و نِشان
 نِیست آت و منی دُئولِین و اندهین مردم په واندَها پِئیم نبوتگ آت. پمیشکا
 پرندو شِیگین بازِین بیچار و پگران منی هئِیال ناکو تنگهئِے نیمگا بُرت.

من مُپتا ناکوئے سرا شک کرت و آبیئے لوگی و جنگ زا و بد دانتت. من
پشومانیہ گہ بوارتین. منی ہئیال پہ ناکوئے پیرین لنگین زال و دوین نیازیین
جنگان شت کہ آیانی رۆزیئے کتوک زالمان وتی ہرجان جنگات.

نون من اے وہ زانت کہ من پرچا بند کنگ بوتگان بلہ اے گپا منی سر پر
نبیگا ات کہ اناگھا کرکینکئے تھا کجام شری آتک کہ آبیئے جنگ چہ ہونا
زیات ہتاواری انت.

زی منی کرکینک چنگئے اٹولی رۆچ ات بلہ ناکو تنگہیا دیر ات کہ ہمے
دندایا ات. منایات انت کہ سالے ساری من گون لہتین سنگتا کندیئے ندارگا
آتکان، تہ اٹولی رندا ناکو، کرکینکئے چنگ و مچ کنگا دیست، ہئیران بوتان
چنا کہ ادا ہچر کسا کرکینکے نچنگ و مچ نکرتگ.

سدان سالا اے کرکینک انچو کنڈیا سہرچکین ریئکئے سرا کپوک آنتت. کسا
بوچیئے جست نکرتگ آنتت. ہئو، برے برے گوندوان چنگ و وتمانوتا
میڑنتگ و پرؤشتگ آنتت.

من پہ وتی ہئیرانیئے دور کنگا چہ ناکوا جست کرت.

”یابلو! لاپئے سوک انت، لاپئے.“

ناکوا یک کترہے وتی چم چست کرتنت و منا چارت و وتی دستی لاپا جت.
”من پیرین مردے آن، کار و دندا من کرت نکنان. تتو وہ زائے منی گسا
مردین زہگ، ہدائے گنج انت، کس نیست. دوین نیازی ات کہ اے، پہ کارا
دگرئے گسا دیم دئیگا منا دل نبت. دنیا ہراب انت. تئی ترو ہم نون چہ

”هچي نگوشتگ. آ بيچارگ سُهبي...“ سپاهيگئے گپ پدا کپي بوت. منا
 نون گوشے زانا گنوکيا گيت. ”ناکوا هچ نگوشتگ. آ بيچارگ سُهبي...“
 اے دراهين لبرپه من چاچ آنت.

همے سپاهيگ پدا مني نزيگا گوست بله دُنا کسے اؤشتاتگ آت زانا که مني
 پؤل کنگے ديحا آيا هچ نگوشت و بيتئواريا گوست. نون مني جائے پُت پاد
 آتکگ آنت. من کوليئے سيمبندين دروازگا لچتگ و اؤشتاتگ آتان و همے
 سيم مھريا داشتگ آنت. وداريگ آتان که سپاهيگ بيئييت و منا سرجمين هالا
 بدنت. سپاهيگئے سئين دانکان منا اے وه سما دات که ناکوا مني آري
 ندانگ. البت، ناکو بيچارگ سُهبي... اے دانکان منا بيچاريا دئور دات.

سپاهيگ نپايگا آت. ناکو بيچارگ سُهبي مُرتگ؟ ناکو بيچارگ سُهبي چؤ
 منيگا بنديگ کنگ بوتگ؟ ناکو بيچارگ سُهبي... من بيچارا آتان که همے
 سپاهيگ پدا گوست بله گوشے اے پدي په موه آت. ”ناکوا بيچارگ
 سُهبي... چے بوتگ؟“ من زوت زوتا پؤل کُرت.

”لشکري سپاهيگان تيرباران کرتگ و کشتگ،“ سپاهيگا درآينت.

”چے...؟“ مني دل اير مُرت.

”هئو، ناکو کرکينکئے چنگئے جرما تيرباران کنگ بوتگ،“ سپاهيگا منا
 هال دات و ديما شت، بله مني دلا گوشت که انون زمينئے دپ پچ بيت و
 من اير برئوان.

نون دومی روچئے دَہ بج آت. من زیکین آتان که گُزنگ و تُزنگ و بیواب
آتان و گوشتے زانا کُسا اے گپئے سما نیستآت که مان اے کولیا هُونیگه
بند انت.

آناگت، تانها یگ سپاهیگه منی دیمَا گوست. منی چمان دو روک آورت.
من نوکی دلمانگ آتان که چه اِشیا چیژے پُول بکنان که اِشیا وتی راستین
دستمے دو مۆردانگ وتی لُثنانی سرا داشت و منا بیستوار بیگا کُنی کُرت.
من اے سپاهیگ پچاه آورت و آیا منا هم شریا زانتگآت. همه سپاهیگ
دومی رندا پدا وتی بدئے کلاشنکوپا چندینانا منی کولیئے دپا نَزیکترا گوست
و په هلوت درآینتی: ”بابل! شگرا بگر هُدا یا تئی سرا رهم کرتگ. انون
کلاکے بیت ناکو تنگهی...”

آییئے گپ پیلَه نبوت و آ دیمَا شُت. نون گوشتے زانا منا تکانسریا زُرت.
چُش نه انت که ناکو تنگهی منی آری داتگ؟ من ناکوئے رُوزیگئے سرا اُرش
آورتگآت؟ هَتمن ناکو تنگهی بدماشی کرتگ.

من نون په ناکو چه زهرا گوات گپتگ آتان و آییئے پیرین زال و نیازیین چنگانا
لهتین کِشتَگین زا و بد دات. کنديا کرکینک همینکدر باز آت که من و ناکو
تنگهی سالانی سال بچتین، نکُتنگآت. ناکو مپتا منا چو کریاب کنایتنگ،
ناکو هُدا انچو کریاب بکنات.

من نون ناکوئے سرا نُرندگا آتان که همه سپاهیگ پدا منی نَزیگا گوست.
”چه گوشتگ ناکو تنگهی؟“ من زوت زوتا پُول کرت. منی آیشگ کُرچک
تَرَتگآت.

هئو، يڪ پرڪي هستانت كه من كسانيا مان اے كنديا په تر و گردا، په سئيل و سئوادا آتگاتان و مروچي په رۆزبگئى شوهازا. بوت كنت كه چشين بيھئيرين رۆزبگ مهربانين سرڪارئے بيشري بيت؟ اے گپ كه يڪ چارده جُمائت وانتگين مردمى كندى په كندى گرديت و كرڪينگ چنت و چار گبر كمانيت، په مئے ملڪئى نيڪين سرڪارا شرين گپى نهأت. پميشكا سرڪارئے لشكري سپاهيگان منا اے مزنين هتائى سزا داتگ؟

دلا بيچارن كُرت كه كَسى منى كولئى نزيكا كثيت، جُستى گراني كه منى هتا چى ات كه منا ادا آرگ و بند كنگ بوتگ و من تان كد اے كولئى باھوٽ بان؟ بله كس منى نزيكا نئيياگا ات. من چو هونيجا ايوكا همى كوليا بند اتان. هُدا بزانت پرچا منى دلا يڪ تُرسى چست بوت كه منى چم وتى مئىلا دست و پادانى نيمگا شانك گپنت ته منا چشين سلين هئوپا هم گور نجتگات كه چه آيئى تُرسا كس منى نزيكا مئيت، ايبد گريبيئى هئوپا.

من اے كهريڻ شپ مان تانها چون گوازينت، منى دلئى بِن زانت. يڪ نيمگى منى جندئى گند و گسُر مان كولئى كُنڊيا اير اتنت و دومى نيمگا مَكسك و پريان منا انچش مان بستگات كه چه بگوشان. لشكري سپاهيگان منا اينكس تكانسرى ندادتگات كه اے مَكسك و پريان داتگات. آيان منا جنگ و توسينتگات بله اِشان منا په سُد و سما كرياب كرتگات. همى كولئى تها يڪ گندلے چه من سارى اير ات. هُدا بزانت كجام بَرَكارئيگ ات. اِشيئى نِدتگين بوا سر گوات داتگات بله چه مَكسك و پريانى تكانسريا من برے برے همى گندل پر دات و برے برے كولئى تها چو جَلكا چكرتان.

کرکینک

گئوس بہار

تان اے وھدی من دھے کرکینک نچتگآت کہ منا لشکری دريسا پوشتگین
چار سپاہیگا مان رُیت. یکیا منی بدئے لچ چنڈت و ھمے دھین کرکینک
زمینا ریتکنت. من پھک بہ منتان کہ اِشان چے بگوشان کہ توپکی کُنداکیا
منی بدّا تئوار کرت و زمینا نرّ آتکان. پدا ھر چارین سپاہیگان منا گون مُشت
و لگت، کُنداک و نلان تان ھما وھدا مان بندان کُرت کہ من تُستان.

وھدے من سُد کرت تہ من تانھا کولیئے تھا کپتگان. پہ من نہ شرین پشکے
سر آتکگ و نہ کہ گھین شلوارے. منی دستئے پاسگو و پادئے چئوٹ ھدایی
مال بوتگانت. من بیچاریا کپتان کہ گون من چُش پرچا بوت. منی گناہ چے
آت؟ بلہ منی سر ھچ چیزا پر نبئیگا آت.

کرکینک وہ چُشین چیزے نہآت کہ اِشیئے چنگ یک انچین بلاھین جرمے
بیت کہ منی ڈُولین مردمے جَنگ و تانھا بند کنگ بیت و نہ کہ اے کندي
چُشین کنديے آت کہ ادا آیک پہ لشکری سپاہیگان دگہ تھروزی گپے بیت.
مئے مھلوکئے کسان سالی و مزن اُمری دوین مان اے کنديا گوستگانت.

دومی شپا ما پیشیئے اِنْتِزار کُرت، بلہ پیشی نعیاتک. سئیمی و چارومی شپئے
اِنْتِزارا ہم پیشی نعیاتک. پیشیئے دَرک نبوت کہ تئو مُرتئے یا زندگ بوتئے.

چاپ و شنگ: آسای، کیچ، دسبر 1992. بچار چیرنبیس 203.

و من دیست که اے پیرین پنڈوکے ات گون لٹا، لٹ و بند کنان تان مئے دروازگا وتا رسیئتگ آتی، نون چه آیئے دمئے تتوار و هیسکگا مالوم بوت که آچه دورا آیگا ات. آیئے اسپیتین ریش و کمزوریئے گندگا منا رهم آتک و من آتکان و هر چنکس نان ایر ات، من پیرکوئے بگلا دانتت. پیرین مرد سک وش بوت و لٹ و بند کنان رها دگ بوت.

من آتکان و تان اے وهدی کوئیئے تھا نیشنگ اتان که پیشیئے تتوار بوت بله مروچی دراهین نان من پیرکوآرا دانتت و یک گزنکین بنی آدمیا نان دئیگئے وهدا منا یات نیاتک که گزنکین سهدارے هم کئیت.

من هئیران بوتان که چون کنان؟ بله نانئے یک باکوے هم نمئتگ ات. پمیشکا من و منی جنین وت ناأمیت بوتین. پیشیئے میاؤن میاؤنئے دیما، ما شرمندگ آتین که انشپی آیا نان نرسیت، پمیشکا ما چه وتی نان ورگئے کوٹیا دومی کوئیئے تھا شتین و پیشی په میاؤن میاؤن کنگا اشت که تان دیرا پیشیا میاؤن میاؤن کرت و منی گوشانی تھا آیئے تتوار آیان بوت. منا سک رهم آتک که اے سهدار مروچی گزنک منت.

ارمان که پیشی منی زبانا پوه ببوتین، من آیا گوشنگ ات که مروچی نان په تتو نمئتگ، باندا شپا په تتو زلور نان کلین. مروچی تئی بهر یک نادراه و پیرین انسانیا برتگ که آهم تئی ورا گزنک ات.

بله پیشی میاؤن میاؤن کنان تان دیرا روشندانان اوشتوک بوت و وهدے ناأمیت بوت، من دیست آیئے شراب کنگئے تتوار براندھا بوت. ”بزان آ ناأمیت رٹوگا ات،“ من هیال کرت.

آئیے سبیل کنگا پد گون وتی جنینا گوشت: ”تو نرائے گزن چونین چیرے .
گونا چہ پیشیے دلا جست کن .“

”بہتاوری کنے گزا برئو بدے ای، من ترا نداران .“ منی جنینا چہ منی ہبران
بزگ بوت، آییہ منا اجازت دات کہ من پہ پیشیا چنڈے نان بشانان . و وھدے
من نائے ٹکر براندھے سرا شاننت، پیشیا سٹان و کپان ٹکر زرت و وارنت .
چہ رھادگ بئیگا پیش آیک وار دوارگ روشندانے سرا آنک و یک میاؤنے
جتی و رھادگ بوت . پیشے ہمے شرارتے سرا من گون وتی جنینا گوشت:
”سبیل کن، تو گون اے سھدارا اینکس مزین نیکیے کرت، نون آتبی متا
گرگا انت .“

دوارگ ہر شپ پیشی آنک، چہ مے گسا سیرلاپ بوت و شت . نون مے
چندا آییے آگئے انتزار ات کہ برے برے آدیرا آنک، بلہ آییے نائے بہر
ما اشت و وھدے آییے میاؤنے تعوار بوت، ما نائے ٹکر براندھا شاننت .

یک شپے ما نان وارت و ہلاس کرت، پیشی نیاتک . ما زانت برے برے
آدیر کنت . گزا ما آییے انتزارا نشتین و دم پہ ساھت مے چم روشندانے
نیمگا برز بوتنت کہ نون ما آییے زڑوکیں چمان گندین کہ دمیا گڈ آ کھیت،
بلہ نان اے وھدی آدرا نہ ات . دوار مے مکائے ہیپلیے دروازگ کسینا جت
و من پاد آتکان دروازگ بوتک . سڑکے بجلیے رزناپیے تھا من یک
پنڈوکے وتی ہیپلیے دروازگے دپا اوشتوک دیست کہ گون منی گندگا
گوشتی: ”واہ! من دو روچ انت کہ گزنگ آن . اگن نائے باکؤے هست،
مہربانی بکن ...“

بله منی جنینا منی گپ نمئت. من نرانان آیا چه پیشیئے رنگا هم چنا بد
آتک که آیا منا هم نه اشت که په آیا لُکھے نان شانان؟

بله وهده که پیشی پدمان پد مئے نانئے ورگئے وهدا رُشندانا میاؤن میاؤن
کنان بوت، من وتی جنین گوشت که من اے سهدارئے اے ناأمیتیا سگت
تکنان، من په اِشیا نانئے کپے شانان که بل سهدار سیرلاپ بیت.

اگن هیلاک بوت و هر رُچ آتک، اے چیر شرتَر بیت. پرچا که من زانت که
مئے گسئے تھا مُشک هم باز انت، اگن پیشی لاهو بوت، مُشکانی هئیر
نمائیت. بله وهده من نانئے، کپے بۆرینت که په پیشیا شانانی، منی جنینا
منی دَست داشت و گوشت: ”گمی کن، منا چه آییئے میاؤن میاؤنان بد کئیت
و تئو زورئے آیا نان دئیئے. من ترا نیلان. هُدا بجنت اِشیا که هر شپ مئے
نانا زهر کنت و کئیت رُشندانا وتی بوزا اِیر کنت... و دُوارگ تئبی رهمدلی
بنا بیت و تئو هر شپ وتی نانئے ورگا نزانئے و پیشیئے میاؤن میاؤنان گوش
دارئے. من ترا نیلان، بل گمی کن.“ آیا وتی دست گواتئے تھا په پیشیا
شانت که ”دور بئے، مُردارا!“

بله پیشی تان اے وهدی بژگ و لاچار لاچار رُشندانئے سرا میاؤن میاؤن
کنان مئے مرد و جنینئے جیرها سئیل کنان و گوش داران ات و یکدمے،
وهده آیا منا دیست که من پاد آتکان، آیا چپ کرت. بلکهین آیا اُمیت
بوت که من آیا نانئے دئیگا آن... بله دُوارگ وهده منی جنینا منی دست
داشت، آپدا ناأمیت بوت که په آیا نان دئیگ و ندئیگئے سراتان اے وهدی
جیرها ات. نون آیا وتی سکین سکین میاؤن میاؤن دُوارگ بنا کرت. من

پیشی و پیرکو

مُنیر اُحمد بادینی

لہتین وھد نگوستگ اُت کہ مئے نوکین کربھی مکائے تھا یک پیشیے گون
بیدلت۔ او اے چش بوت کہ هر شپ وھدے ما پہ شامے نائے ورگا نشین،
برانڈھئے بُرزا چہ کوئیئے روشندانا پیشیئے میاؤن میاؤنئے تتوار اُتک۔
گزنکین پیشیئے اُت کہ گون نائے بوا چہ نادرستین گسیا اُتک، برانڈھئے
سرا سراپ کنان مئے کوئیئے جالیدارین روشندانا میاؤن کنان وتی سری ایر
کرت کہ آییئے چم چو چراگا لگنت و آییآ، وتی بروتان سربنان سکین میاؤن
میاؤن کُرت و پدا وھدے آ چہ مئے نیمگا ناُمیت بوت کہ ما آییآ هَد و نائے
لُنکھے ندیین، آ میاؤن میاؤن کنان پہ وتی نادرستین گسا رهاگ بوت۔
بلکین آ بَرگ چہ ادا هم ناُمیت اُت۔

اُنچا من لوُت کہ پہ آییآ نائے کپ و چنڈے بشانان، بلہ منی جینا گوشت کہ
نانی مدے، دوارگ هیلاک بیت، هر وھد کئیت۔ من وتی جینئے رازی کنگئے
کوشست کُرت کہ بدبھت گزنکین پیشیئے، ما کہ نان ورن آییآ بو زوریت و آ
مئے روشندانان کئیت و چم داریت و میاؤن کنان اُمیت و ناُمیت پدا رتوت۔۔۔
چہ پرکے کپیت اگن من پہ آییآ کبے نان نارشتئے تھا چرپ بکنان، بشانان؟

انسان و آئیئے چاگرد

مرّوچی دایا لیسسا ساری اے مردما پہ مہر آئیئے نیمگا چارِت و پہ وشین تبیا
سلامی دات و گونڈوئے ہالی جست کرت. داکتر و کمالا وس کرت کہ
پیرزال بس بکنت، بلہ ...

دراجین ساہتے گوستگ آت. کمالا تان اے وھدی واتر نکر تگ آت و نہ کہ
دگہ مردمے و کس و وار سے آتکگ آت. پمیشکا مردگ انگت ایر آت.
پیرزالے ہیسکارگانی تنوار برجم آت. وارڈئے تھا مشینئے گر گر بند
بوتگ آت. پیپ یک کر بوتگ اتنت. وارڈئے گریئے تنوار یدئول آت و کمالے
اورتگین آسمی پل پنکائے گواتا دور شنگ و شانگ کرتگ اتنت.

چاپ و شنگ: شریپ، ہنیپ (2014). تیراندسک. بچار چیرنیس 155.

پُلانی رمان تان کَمے دیرا راه گپت و پدا اُسمی پُلانی هئور بندات بوت و آبیَا
مارت که ساه کشگ په آبیَا گرانتر بیان انت و آساه کشگئے گرانین ساهتانی
شکار بوت. بله پُل ات که رچگا انتت، ساه ات که مان گیشنگات.

دایا لیسئے مِشین گَر گَر کنگا ات. وارڈئے گریئے ٹک ٹک وڈنگ ات. پَنکایا
وتی پَرگ تیزتر کرتگ انتت. همه کوکارانی تها نرس و وارڈئے بچکانی تیج
و تاگ هور کپنگ ات. داکترئے پیشانیئے هیّد و کرچکین دیم آبیئے چمانی
دیمّا مُجان گپت. مُج ات که بلاهے ات، گُبار ات که دیهے ات و پدا اناگت
داکترا آکسیجن ماسک آبیئے دپا دات، آکسیجن سلنڈر اِسٹارٹ بوت، بله
آبیئے دلئے دریکگ بند بوتگ انتت. آبیئے چمانی کوس هما جاگها
اوشنگ انتت. چمئے اُمر کُتنگ ات. آبیَا چه دنیا یا سپر کرتگ ات.

داکترا گون ناکامین دیمیا وتی مردم چارنتت، سجھینانی لُٹ هُشک انتت.
داکترا کمالئے کوپگئے سرا دست ایر کرت. کمالئے چم نمب انتت، کمالئے
وتسرین دژمن مرت بله کمالئے چمی اُرسیگ کرتت. آبیَا هسئینئے پیچین
چم بند کرتت. چل و ششین سالانی وابئے کنذیلی کُشت، چادری زرت و
هسئینئے دیمّا پری دات.

اے ندارگ که کشئے نپادئے سرا وبتگین گونڈوئے پیرزالین همراها دیست،
گُزا زار زارا گریوگا لگت. آبیئے گندگا گونڈووا هم دپ پیچ لگوشت. کمال،
داکتر و آبیئے اِسٹاف هئیران بوتنت. آیان نرانت که اے پیرزال چیا گریوگا
انت، هسئینا چون پجّاه کاریت؟ و ادا پیرزالا همے کپ سک گیر آیگا ات که

آیئے دلا کمالئے تئوار دورا، چہ دیوالئے ہما کپا پیداک انت و پدا آیا انچو
گمان بوت کہ اے تئوار مردمانی کوکارئے تھا ایر رئوگا انت، مینا کپگا انت.
آیا بارین چوئکا کمالارا گوشت: ”من تئیی تئوارا إشکنگا نہ آن.“ کمالا وتی
تئوار بُرزتر کرت بلہ ہسئینا سَما نبئیگا ات و پدا آ دوارگ واب کپت.

نون آیا یَک برے پدا وابے دیست. آیا بیبی مَریم و پریشنگ دیستنت. بیبی
مَریم ہما رنگا ات، بلہ پریشنگ نون پیر بوتگا ات. اُمری کساس
46 سال ات، بلہ ہسئینے پیما پیرئے ہرجان بوتگا ات. ہسئینا بچکندت.
کمالی وتی زھنئے دَمک و کوئیان شوہاز کنگئے جُھد کرت بلہ بیسُوب
بوت. دَمک تھار اُنت و لوگانی دروازگ بند اُنت. اِشیا پیسر کہ آیا وتی
چُرتے مہری تاتکین، پریشنگ دِیما کِنزت. آیئے دِستا لہتین نوک سرپتگین
آسُمی پُل اُنت. پریشنگا پُل کُشے تِیلے سرا ایر کرتنت. پُلانی بو کوئئے
مُجے تھا پہ ہسئینا مستاکے ات. بو آیئے دل دَم دات و پدا پریشنگ
کُمک دیمترا آتک. آیئے نپادے سرا نِشت. آیئے مودی سمارتنت. دی
پھک کرت. لیتاری ساپ کرتنت و دستی زرت، وتی دستانی دلا کرت و
سپنگا داشتی. ہسئینا چم چست کرتنت تہ دیستی آیئے پادونا اوشتاتگین
بیبی مَریمے چمان آپ در آیکا ات و پریشنگا وتی سر جھل جنگ ات. آیئے
دراجین مود کوپگان ایر اُنت و بانزل جھل کپتگا اُنت. مؤمے بالو آپ بئیگا
اُنت و کرپاسے پُل آس گرگا اُنت. بلہ کاپورے بو مست بئیان ات، گبار و
دنز و دان ات و سرجمین 46 سالے تھا اے ائولی واب ات کہ پہ دل و ستک
ہسئینا مردمیئے تلب بوت. آیا بیتئواربا مہرے آواز دات، بلہ آواز آسُمی

آیا گون کمالا گوشگ لوٹت کہ تتو کمالا دروگ بستگ و منا گوشگ کہ تتو لوارسے ائے، تتو وتگرین دنیاے جوڑبتگ، ترا بیبی مریما یلہ داتگ، پریشنگ تئی برات نہ انت، ترا بیہیالی کرتگ. تتو منی لوگا کوگار کرت، منا گنو کے گوشت، وابانی دنیاے گوریٹے نام دات و من، من ہیچ نگوشت، پیسگ نکرت. منی وابان منا یلہ داتگات. منی کرا شاہد و گواہے نیست ات کہ من بیاورتین. منی شوہازے در بند بوتگ انت. بلہ مروچی... مروچی منا پدا بشارت بیگا انت کہ منا پریشنگانی امر گون انت. من ملائکنانی شہرے گدی سہدار آن کہ پہ ردی زمینا آتکگان. آس منی چمے رزن انت. من بلوٹان اے سجھین دنیا یا سو تک کنان و تتو کمال کہ منی سرا ہچر باورت نکرتگ، تئی دلا منی گپ گنو کی بوتگ انت. مروچی تئی دیما کوگار کنان و گوشان کہ من چہ اے ہاکیین انسانان برزتر آن، من آسمانزادگے آن. شما سجھا منی مہتاج ایت. منی سئو با زندمانے کار و بار ہست انت. من مبان نہ تتو بے، نہ داکتر و نہ کہ اے آزابین گر گر کنو کین مشین بیت. من آن کہ جمبر انت. من آن کہ دروشم انت...

کمالا دیست آ دیا لیس مشینے نیمگا اشارہا انت و پدا چیزے گوشگے جھدا انت، گرا ہمے سرید بوت کہ ہسٹین منی دیرا آگے گلگا انت. کمالا ہسٹینے نام تتوار کرت و پدا اے گپی بنا کرت کہ منا کار بوتگ، دزگت بوتگان، داکترے ٹیلپونے ہال منا دیرا رستگ، و پدا کمالا دگہ بازین اُزے پیش کرت.

آیبا زانت من اے شہرئے بندیک آن، چہ اے شہرا دَن شت ہم نکنان. دَن
 وتی جاگھا، آکمالئے ہسارا ہم یلہ کرت نکنت و آیبا اے ہم زانت کہ ہمک
 مردہ شامیا آیئے لوگئے مردم پاتیا دراجکشر کنان انت، و نون دو سال ات
 کہ آیئے لوگا چلے دارگا انت بلہ چلے ات کہ دو سالا رٹوگا ات. بلہ آ اے
 گپا سرید نہ ات کہ کئے مرگی انت. آیبا وہ ہجا رٹوگی ات. چو مہیت کہ آ
 ہجا برٹوت و ادا کسے ساہ کشگا بند بکنت، آیئے وابانی رنغا.

آہمے گِلگا بیبی مریمئے کڑا کنگا ات. پُرین یازدہ سائے آیتکی و دلرنجیان
 زاهر کنگا ات و آنوکی پریشنگا جُست کنگی ات کہ کجا بوتگئے کہ مردمیا
 آیئے سردین پیشانیئے سرا دست ایر کرت. آیئے چم پچ بوتنت، دیستی کہ
 داکتر وارڈئے تر و تابا آتکگ. آیئے کش و کڑئے مردم، وارڈئے دوین ہاوس
 جابر، نرس، رجسٹرار سجھا گون اتنت. داکتر آیبا جُست کنگا ات بلہ آیئے
 گوشان تئوار نرسکا ات و پدا آیئے دلا داکترا ہپتاد سرگ پر ات. آیبا
 داکترئے سرا سک بد آیگا ات. یازدہ سالا رند آتکگین واب داکتر و آیئے
 مردمان وتی ہرجان جنگات. آیبا وتی چم پدا بند کرتنت. آ وتی وابئے
 شوہازا در آتکگات، بلہ واب مُجان گار بیوکیں سڑکئے پیما بیگواہ ات.
 آیبا وابی پدے ہم ندیست و پہ نادلکشی وتی نیموایین چمی کلھے پچ کرتنت.
 داکتر انگت آیئے سَرونا اوشتاتگات. وارڈئے بچک آیئے ہونئے پشارا
 تپاسگا ات و نرسا ہسٹری شیٹ گون ات و نبشتھا اُرتگات. آیبا وتی
 پچارو کے دیست. کمال آیئے نیادئے سرا نشتگات.

کمالا مُدام آبیارا لوگا آيگئے سَلّاه جت و چاهے وارِنت و چہ کلینکا رُکست
کرت. بلہ مردم گواه اُنتت کہ وهدے آ راها شت گڑا گِران گِران اُت، چو کہ
مردیا جنازہئے تہنتے سرے کوپگا ببیت و اے دگہ بھر زمینا گِران ببیت.

آیئے لوگئے مردمان دگہ تماشائے دیست. آ تہتے سرا آنچو ویت، گوشے
آیئے کشا نُتکے ویتگ و آ دلوارج انت کہ وائے تہا لگتی مدئیان و
مکُشانی. آیئے شپ سجھا پہ ازابی گوستنت و پدا آیا شپانی بیواییے ٹیکی
رست. وایا آیئے چمّانی دس بیہئیال کرتگ اُت و ہمے ساہت و سالانی تہا
آیئے مردمان آ شمشتگ اُت. بیبی مریم و پریشتگ چہ آیا بیہئیال
بوتگ اُنتت، نہ بیبی مریمے کُلو اُتک، نہ پریشتگے دَرک ہست اُت. نیمروچ
اُنتت کہ آس اُنتت، شپ اُنتت کہ برپ اُنتت.

آیا بازین ماہیا ودار کرت، زور واپ گندگئے جہد کرت، کاگد و کراچئے
نیت بست، بلہ ہیچ پہ ہیچ. نون وہ آ گنتر دلوارج بوت و پدا آیئے دلا ہجا
رئوگئے نیت بست. آیا کُلکے گپت و زرئے چنگ و ایر کنگ بندات کرت.
بلہ آیا وتی لوگئے ہیچ مردم ہال ہم ندات و پدا آ اُت، دایالسیسے مشین
اُت و پُربن یازدہ سائے کورین کشک اُت.

کمال و نیرالوجیئے داکتر کہ دُچار کپنتت، اے گپے سرا اَلَم جیڑتش کہ آ کجام
چیڑ انت کہ اِشیا زندگ دارگا انت. دگہ، مردم دو سالا رند چہ دایالسیسا بیزار
بنت و مرکا آرزانت سرید بنت، بلہ اِشیارا گوشے سال کشگئے ہمّالی
رستگ اُت و دومی نیمگا، ہجا رئوگئے اُمیت رُچ پہ رُچ توانگرتر بیان اُت.

هسپتال۽ مڇيا روڇڻي سرا اوڻتات بله ڪمالي تنوار پڙ نجت. اسلا آ و ڪمال جن و گنداڪو جوڙ بوتگاننت و پدا آيا ڪمال پڪار هم نه ات. آيئي و ابان آ هچر هم تنها نكرت و آيا ا ڪمان هم نبوت ڪه منا مردمي هاجت انت. و چه وتي تروزاتڪا بي سهي پڙشگا پدا، آيا وتي و اباني مانا چه ڪسا نلوٽ وتي و اباني دنيا ڪه باهوٽ بوت.

بله موسم مدام ساچان نيبت. جمبر مدام رهمٽ نيبت. 35 ساله يڪ بيگاهيا، آ وتي ڪتاباني رڙيا دڪه دٿيان، لوگا آيا ات ڪه آيئي ڪمڪا درد ڪست بوت. ا شڪر انت ڪه تچگا انت و پدا هسپتال ڪه هلاس نبيوڪين سپر بندات بوت و آ بيوس بوت ڪه په ڪملا دست شهر بدنت، دنياي مردمان مهتاج بيبت. دگه، تان يازده سالا ڪجام سيول هسپتال ڪه مردما آ مپتا دايا لسي ڪرتگ ات، اگن نيرالو جيئي ڊاڪٽر، ڪماله سنگت مپوتين. تنو گوشت ڪنه ڪه اگن آ ڪماله تروزاتڪ مپوتين، اسڪول ڪه هڊماسنرا آيئي نام انچو ڪشتگ ات ڪه تپري ڪنڻيا تنوار ڪرت و آ پشت ڪپت.

بله آيا مرڪ مدام وتي ڪشا واپنت. آيئي دلا من دو مردم ان. دوين سها ماهله پاد ڪاينت، چاه ورنٽ و ڪارا سر ڪرنت. آيا ڪم ڪما و تارا ڪران ڪران مارت. مدام ڪون ڪملا گوشتي ڪه منا جوئي ڊڏا انت و مني ڪوپگ جهل رٿوان انت و زور جواب دٿيگا انت. آيا دم په ساهت ڪلگ ڪرت ڪه ڪشه هچ مردم منا ڪوپگ دٿيگا تيار نه انت.

بله آ اے گپئے سرا سَکِ هئیران اَت که پریشنگئے اُمر همودا 35 سالئے سرا
اوشتانگ، نه کُمک سُرگا اے کپ، نه پُهلا آ دیم. آهما دُتول اَت که 11
سالا ساری اَت. آييا هوش اَت که من و پریشنگ يکین وهدا رُستگین. هُمک
وابا دوينان که دُيگ وارتگ، آيانی شئور، پديانک و گوازی يگ بوتگ اَت.

آيان گوندُويا بگر تان 35 سالا نيم اُمرئے سپر جنگ اَت. دوين يکین اُمر
اَنت، پميشکا آييا مدام مارت که پریشنگ منی دومی برات اِنت که بيبي
مريمئے کُرا اِنت، بله نيمروچی گرمين ساهنان منی شوهازا در کثيت. بل
تُرے آپریشنگئے همرنگ نه اَت، بله پدا هم اے گپئے سرا سَدک اَت که منا
آسمانی اُمرے دئيگ بوتگ و دنيايا راه دئيگ بوتگان. آپریشنگ زادگے، چه
آسا جوڑ بوتگ و اے دنيايے هاکیين مردم هچ نه اَت. آ شَرتر اِنت. سَجْهين
جمبرزادگ اَت. آ، چه سَجْهين نگاه و دزجنيان بُرتر اِنت و آييا مدام همے
مارت... و آچه سَجْهين انسانان شَرتر اَت، بله...

بله آسلا چو نه اَت. آييءے سَجْهين اُمر ريژيے سرا کتاب بها کنگا گوستگ اَت
و کمالا مدام آييارا همے سرید کرت که تتو دروگ بندئے. ريژيے سرا کتاب
بها کنگ تئیی بهت اِنت. په مردمان چم رُمُزينگ تئیی تَلب اِنت. تتو آسلا
کتاب بها کنگا، وت هم بها بوتگئے، بله ترا باور نييت. تتو اے گپئے منگا
تئيار نه ائے، پميشکا تتو وتی دُنيايے جوڑ کرتگ، وتگرزين دُنيايے.

آ مدام گون کمالا اُرَت. آييا گون کمالا دُچار کپگ هچر وش نبوت. کمالئے
لوگئے رئوگ وتی جاگها، آ کمالئے کلينکئے نزيکا هم نگوست. آييءے لوگا
هرکس بيمار بوتين، هر دُتولين نادراهييا بگپتين، آ دو دو گننه سيول

بیبی مَریم مدامین ڈٹولا چہ پریشنگا گامے دیما اؤشتاتگات، بے تُرک و
تئوار. آیئے مودانی سرا ماہکان ایر رتکگات و چمان دراجین منزئے سپر
انگت ایر ات. آیا بیبی مَریمے چم دلا نکش کرتگانت. چہ بیبی مَریمے
اسپیتین گدان رُژن بلگا ات. آیا انچو گمان بوت کہ بیبی مَریم کریاسئے پُلان
و مومے بالوان ہسار کُرتگ، و وارڈئے تھا کاپورئے بو ہم اتار ات. آیا
دیسٹ بیبی مَریمے چم منی دایالسیسئے مشینا سک انت. مشین گر گر کنگا
ات. آیئے دستا جتکین پیپ ساہ کشگا انت و ہون ہمے پیپانی کُمکا چہ
مشینا گوزگ و ساپ بیگا پد اے دگہ پیپانی کُمکا واتر کنگا ات. اے مشین
آیئے گنگ انت و آہمیشانی برکتا وتی کنابے رُژیا تیلانک دئیگا ات.

آ دلمانگ ات کہ رُچے نہ رُچے ہجا رٹوان و ہمودا وابے گندان. آسمانا
شینک بنت، گوات پہ تے بیت، بُرزین کُھانی بُنا، ریکستانے بنداتا، من،
آربی گد، اُشرئے مہار کنگ و وابے ہلاسیا ساری... شپ کپگا پیسر من
ریکستانا گوازینان و بیبی مَریم ہما کپا سر کنان و پدا چمگانی بُنزہ،
رہمتانی ساہگ، شیرئے جو، انجیر، تود، بلہ... بلہ آیا زانت کہ ہجئے
رٹوگ پہ آیا مزین گپے پرچا کہ آیئے دوین گنگان جواب داتگات و
آ دایالسیسئے مشینے سرا وتی زندگیئے رُچان ہیلبلاہ دگہ دئیگا ات. آیا
زانت کہ منا ہپتگے یک رندے اے مشینے دیما اَلَم ہازر بیگی انت و اے
گران و تہناین ساہت سگگی انت، بلہ وھدے کہ آ مروچی پہ دایالسیسا
آتک، گُرا آیئے وہم و گمانا نہ ات کہ من وابے گندان.

بیبی مریم و پریشتگ

هنیپ شریپ

آییا باز دیران پد وایے دیستگآت، کساس یازده سالآ رند. وتی گڈی وایی هما وهدان دیستگآت که اُمری 35 سالآت و نون آ 46 سالی پیرمردے بوتگآت و مروچی نیرالوجی ڈیپارٹمنٹے نیادئے سرا وپنگآت که چمی نر بوتنت و وایے دیستی.

آییا دیست بیبی مریم و پریشتگ آییئے گوستئے زهیرانی پئیما سَهرآ آنت. مُج، دَنز و گُبار پُشنا پُشت کپتگآتنت، تَبد و لِوار و تُن آییا دیری ایر بُرتگآتنت و مروچی بَشی جمبرانی ساچانا پیشی ساہگ گوشئے مُدتیئے ودارا پد آتکگآتنت. آییا دو بَن پجَاه آورنت. آییا بلوٹین ہم دوینی شَمُشت نکرَتگآتنت. آییئے 35 سائے وایے مَز دو آشناین و مہرمین چہرگ؛ بیبی مریم و پریشتگ که کسانیا بگر تان 35 سائے هُمک وایے پند آییا همیشانی نیمونا گوازیتنگآت، مروچی یازده سائے ودارا پد وانر لوگا آتکگآتنت.

پُشتے نشتگین دھکان نژیگا آتک. ”واجه داکترا! برئوین. مئے بازار
رستگ.“

داکترا سوٹکئیس دستان زُرت و گون آبیَا گوشت: ”اے مردئے لوگی چُکّی
دردان انت، اِشانی بازارا داکتر نیست، بیست کیلومیتر دور آتکگ منی رندا،
جهد کنان که مرک و زندئے اے جنگا زند بکَمّیت.“

چاپ و شنگ: شاد، شرپ (2020). *سفرِ دم بُرتگین راہان*. بچار
چیرنییس 149.

زهر بنت. هُدا، آ مردمان نكشيت كه آياني زندا مكسدے هست. من مَرَك چه باز نَزِيكا ديستگ، همينچك نَزِيكا كه وتيگي و زندے جوش، چو مئوجا چئول جنان ببت. “

”تئو مَرَك چه من هم نَزِيكتر ديستگ، “ آيا هلوت كرت.

”متلب؟“ داکترَا لنککاني شے سگریٹ چنَدِت، پدا چارِت كه روك نه انت، آيے نيمگا شهارتی.

”من وتی لوگی کُشتگ، “ آيا سگریٹ زُرَت و روك كرت، دراجين سوئے جتی. ”وتی لاپ پُرین جن، وتی دوستيگين جن کُشتگ من. تئو مَرَك چه من هم نَزِيكتر ديستگ، داکترَا؟“

”لاپ پُرین جین، پرچا... پرچا کُشتگ تئو؟“ داکترَا آوازا لرزگے مان آت.

”آيے لاپے چک منی نبوتگ.“

داکترَا په هبکھی آيے نيمگا چارِت.

همیے وهدا چه پُشت پُشتی سیئا دهکانا تئوار جت: ”اُستادا بدار، مئے جاگه آتکگ.“

آيے دستا سگریٹ لرزت. پُر گدانی سرا رتکنت. ”داکترَا! مرئو، “ آيا هلوت كرت. ”منا ترسیت.“

لوئین کہ بس پہ سلامتی منزلا سر بیت و مارا ہیچ مبیٹ، پرچا کہ مئے تھا
مرکئے بیہ مدام چو ہٹورا گوارگا انت۔“

”من گوشت نہ، منا ترسگا نہ انت،“ آہا گشاد گشادا گوشت۔

”مرکئے گورا ہرکسا ترسیت، ترا ہم ترسگا انت، مردم کہ ترسئے آماج بیت،
گرا گشاد گشادا گپ کنت، تعیی وڑا،“ داکترا سگرہئے دوتانی دگہ چلھے
یلہ دات کہ بسئے تھا لاٹور وراں بوت۔ ”مئے درستانی گورا زندگ بیگئے
واہگ یک وڑا انت،“ کئے بیتوار بیگا پد داکترا درانت۔ ”اے ہمے ترس
انت کہ منا شیا بسئے سپر ترسیت۔ منا انچو سما بیت کہ اینگر منی چم نز
بوتنت، آنگر بس چپی بیت، پمیشکا بسا منا بہ واب نیثیت، من نزانان تنو
چون ائے۔“

آہئے دلا ہلے چست بوت۔ ”من وتی گوستا تنگان؟ زانگ نبیت۔ باندانیا
سر بان؟ زانگ نبیت۔ چو، چون بوت کنت؟“ بلہ ہیچی نگوشت۔

”یکے منا تھاریا سک ترسیت،“ داکترا گوشت۔ ”انوں تھاری وہ بسا دن
انت،“ آہا گوشت۔ ”بسئے تھا انچین دل آرامین رُزباے تالان انت کہ پہ
وابین مردمان ناتاہیری نیاریت و آگھین مردمان تاہیر دنت۔“

داکترا دگہ سگرہئے در کرت، روک نکرت، بس لنگکانی شما داشت۔
”بنی آدمئے ترس بس یکے: آہئے مرک۔ بلہ اے گپ ہیچ بستار ندریت کہ
مردم چون مریت۔ ویلیئے آماجیا، دلئے دریگئے بند بیگا، کئینسرئے
نادراہیا، برے برے منا گمان بیت، ہما مردم مرنت کہ زندئے بود و برکتا

گوشتے ھِچ گپ جنگی نہ انت. آيا چہ آيئے کسانين سوٹکئيسا اندازه جت
کہ داکترے. کوچگانی داکتران گيشتر ھمے وڙين سوٹکئيس گون ات.

داکترآ چہ کيسگا سگرئئے ڏبي کشت، يکئے بُڏ ڏٽا کرت و آيئے نيمگا
شهار دات. آيا زرت. دومي اي وت روک کرت.

”دمانے پيسر کہ ما ڏٽا ھٿور و گواتے سرا آئين، منا گمان بوت، بني آدم
آبرمے ديما مدام بيوس انت.“ داکتر نرملگپتارين مردمے ات. آيا داکترے
نيمگا چارت بلہ ھجي نگوشت. ”بني آدمے يکے دوميآ سدگ و ھمگرنيچ
بيگئے تماشا ھم اجب انت. ما کہ بسا سوار نہ آئين، گڙا مئے وتي وتي
زندگی، وتي نسيب انت، نون کہ بسا سوار بوتگين، مئے مرک و زند يک
بوتگ انت. اگن اے بس چيليا بکپيت، ماشما درست مڙين، بس ھراب بيت،
ماشما درست آزار بين. پھ وشي و سلامتي سر بيت، ماشما درست وتي
منزلا سر بين. نون مئے درستاني زندگی، نسيب و ترس وت مانوت ھمگرنيچ
بوتگ انت.“

”منا ترسگا نہ انت،“ آيا گشاد گشادا گوشت.

”من تھنا تئي گپا نہ آن،“ داکترآ لٺ گول کرتنت، سگرئئے دوتاني چلھے
يلہ دات. ”يک ھسايتا بچارے چو نہ انت ھم. ما اے بسا سوار بين شر،
سوار ميين شر، مئے مرک و زند مئے وتي مرک و زند انت. اگن بس بکپيت،
لازم نہ انت ما درست بمرين. بوت کنت کسے ٿيگ بيت، بس آيئے دست
يا پادے بپرثيت. چو ھم بوت کنت کسيئے پونزے مبجيت. بلہ ما درست

چہ بسے کلونگ کلانگ و ریڈوئے تئوارا، ھئورئے ترمپانی تئوار شربا
گوشان کپگا نہ آت، بلہ آیا زانت بسے پُشتا ترمپانی پد، بسے پدان کروچگا
بنت، ھمے گپا آیارا یک وڑے تاهیر دات.

شہر دور پُشت کپنگات، آییئے تُرس و بیم ھم.

بسا داشت. آییئے دل تُپ و ٲاپا لگت، بلہ سپاہیگانی بدلا دو مردم بسا سوار
بوت. یکیا اسپیتین گد گورا، چشمکے چما، کسانین سوٹکئیسے دستا آت،
دومیا آبریشمین دزمالے سرا ات. ڈیل و دابا چو دھکان یا ساربانیا آت.

بسے کلینڈر آییئے گورا آتک. ”بسا جاگہ نیست، اے مردم مجبور آت.
تئی کشا یگے کُک نندیت.“

”من دو سیئے باڑو داتگ کہ کس منی کشا منندیت، منا وش نیبت.“

”ما، واجہ، نژیکا ایر کاین، تئی مہربانی بیت اگن دمانے واجہا جاگہ
بدئیے،“ کلینڈرے گپ جنگا پیسر دھکانا منت کرت.

آیا وتی بئیگ چہ سیئے سرا چست کرت و پادانی دیما ایر کرت. دھکان،
سیٹان گوازیبان، پُشت پُشتی سیٹا شت کہ ھمودا دمانے پیسر کلینڈر
نشتگات.

آییئے کشا نشتگین، شرآزاین مردمے آت. بسے رنگ رنگین لیٹانی تھا
آییئے دروشم زرد رنگ درا بوت. ھئورا آییئے گد کَمے میستگ انتت. کَمے
چارگا پد آیا بسے دریگا دُن تھاربا انچو ھئورئے چارگے کوشست کرت

رئوت راہ و رئوت شپ

شرپ شاد

بس جَمپ و جُولان لُڈان اَت. شپے سئیمی پاسے بیٹھواریا مساپر واب و وایینگ اتنت. آگھین مردم یکے ڈریور اَت کہ آیا ریڈوا کوہنین ہندی سئوتے پر کرتگ و راہئے کَنڈ و بیٹان سر و چیر اَت، دومی آ اَت کہ ہئیال و جیرگانی تہا گار اَت.

سپر شاہگانین گتانیآ بیگا اَت. جاہے جاہے دور رُژنایے جلشکت، زانگ نبوت لوگانی دریگان سر کشوکیں چراگے اَت یا آسمانے اِستال اتنت کہ دوریا زمینے سرا درا بوتنت.

گزلے راہا پدا، اناگھا، نہ گرد، نہ گروک، مورشنزین ہئوریئے ترمپان ایر دات.

”اُستاد! چکی کہ تنکے کئور دیما اِنت،“ پُشتی سیٹا وبتگین کلینڈرا آواز دات. وابسرین مردم کلکچتنت، بسے دریگا دَن تہاریا ہئورے چارگا چمیش رُمبُرتنت، پدا وپنت.

کينگيا وتي اُستِر مهَار کُرت و رهاڊگ بوت، بله نون پادان جواب داتگ آت.
آبيئے جند راها رثوان آت، بله آبيئے روه چو برين آهوا همے ڏلئے ديما وتي
جنا بوتگين همبلئے شوهازا پربات کنان و سر بندانا رثوگا آت.

چاپ و شنگ: ابدلھڪيم (1970). گچين آزمناڪ. بچار چيرنبيس 25.

کڏھي شيري ڇه هيٺڙڪا اڀر ريتڪ، آورت و کينگيءَ ڏيما اڀري ڪُرتنت و وت
يڪڙا سُت و نشت. کينگيا ڇه سوڌگا يڪ دپارے نا زُرت و دپا ڪُرت، ڇه
کڏھي شيران ڳلائي ڳيت، ڇم چست ڪُرتنت و ماهانا چارگا لڳت. دوڀن
ڇمي ماهانے ڏيما سڪ داتگ آنتنت، ڳوشے زانا ماهانے ڏيما چيزئي
شوھازا آت. ماهانا سر چست ڪُرت. دوڀناني ڇم دُچار ڪپنتت. کينگيا وتي
هوڻ برجاه ڪُرت و ڳوشت: ”تتو منا پڄاه ڪارے؟“

ماهان ڳوشے ڇه واپا پڇ ڏرھت. هر دو يڪدگرا انڇو چارگا آنتنت ڳوشے
زانا يڪدگرا پڄاه آرگے جهدا آت. شرين ساهتے په بيتنوارى ڳوست. ماهانا
جواب دات: ”انه.“

اے ”انه“ په کينگيا جوابے نه آت. ڳوشے زانا ڪسيئا شلسرين ڪارچے آيئے
دلا جت. آيا نا دپا جئور بوتنت، دست سوڌگے تها هُشڪ تَرت. مزين
مشڪليا دستي ڇه سوڌگے تها در ڪُرت و ڳون چادرے لمبا پھڪي ڪُرت،
پاد آتڪ، سواسي پادا ڪُرتنت، اُشتری ڇه مَشڪے دارا بۆتڪ.

ماهان ڏرائنت: ”تتو بارين ناهاري نڪرت؟ ساهتے بجل، ناهاري بکن. مني
لوڳواجه ڇه رمگا ڪثيت، گرما سارت کن، ڳڙا برئو.“

کينگيا ڳون بُرتگين ڳڻيا جواب ترينت: ”تتو ڪه منا پڄاه نڀارے، په من اے
سارتين ساھگ گرم انت. ڇه درامدے سارتين ساھگا وتيگے رُڇيے سر
شرتر انت. تئي ساھگ په من نون سارت نه انت.“

آ وتی گوستگین روچانی یگ وشین ساهنیئے دلسوچین ترانگیا کپت. اے ترانگ ماہان ات، آیئے کسانئے ہمبل. بلہ آیئے سور دو سال پیسر گون یگ مالداربا بوتگ ات. ماہان آیئے کسانئے دوست ات. آیکین میتگا رستگ و مزن بوتگ انتت، بلہ سورا رند ماہانئے مردا آیارا وتی میتگا بُرتگ ات. ماہانئے میتگ کینگیئے راہئے سرا ات. یگ برے آیئے دلا باز مر کرتگ ات کہ ماہانئے جاگھا مان تر، بلہ آییا وتی دلئے ہر ہیچ کمار نکرتگ ات.

نون آیئے دل نرائے چہ آیئے چندا گیش ات و آیدتولا ماہانئے بارثوا ہئیال کنگا ات کہ بارین ماہان چوں انت؟ بارین چہ ہالا انت؟ ماہانئے دلا انگت منی واہگ هست؟ اے یگ سوالے ات کہ آییا گون وتا کُرت بلہ چہ بازین درد و گمان پ وارتگین دلا ہیچ پستوندات. پدا وت جوابی تربنت کہ ماہان ہچبر منا بیہئیال کرت نکنت. من ماہانئے چارگا الما رثوان. ہما شپئے بامگواہئے وھدا آیئے اُشتر ماہانئے میتگئے نیمگا رتوگا ات.

ماہانا ہم پہ کینگیا سک دوستی هست ات، بلہ دنیائے دود انت کہ یگ پیما نہ اوشنتیت. مروچی دو سال رند کینگی پہ آیئے میتگا رتوگا ات. ناہاریئے وھدا کینگی، ماہانئے میتگا شت و رست. یگ مردمے جُستی کُرت.

آییا سوچ دات: ”آ دلئے دیئمے گدانا گندئے؟ ہما ماہانئے لوگ انت.“

کینگی ہما مردئے سوچئے پدا ماہانئے لوگا شت و رست. اُشتری مشکئے دارا بست. اے وھدی ماہان شیرئے متنگا ات. آییا کہ کینگی دیست، ہینزکی یلہ دات، تگردی گران کُرت و گدانئے پیشگاہا پچ کُرت. کینگی نشت. ماہانا چہ دورا وشاتک کُرت، پاد آتک، سودگے نایا پُری کُرت،

باگانی کپوت و ش آوازین

بیتوارا وتی رُوجان گوازین

امروڑا ویا نیست انت بازین

بیا کہ زهیر منا نعلنت انت.

چہ کینگئے دردمندین دلا در آتکگین اے چارین گال شپئے سیاہی و تھاریا
دِران بوت و شت و ہما گلگئے ساریانانی گوشان ایر کپنتت. ہر دوین نیمگان
یک بیتواریا مان شانت، تانکہ گلگ ہم آتک و رست.

یکیا درانت: ”اڑئے واجہ! تئو چہ کئی مردمان ائے؟“

”کھدا شہسوارئے،“ کینگیا جواب ترنت.

”تئو چہ بندنا پیداک ائے؟“

کینگیا گوشت: ”هئو.“

”کلونٹئے چہ نہاد انت؟“

”بارے ہشتاد کدار،“ کینگیا گوشت.

”ترا ماہیگ گون؟ مارا چار دانگ بدئے.“

کینگیا چیزے ماہیگ آیانا دات و آیان چیزے کلونٹ. هرکسا وتی راہ گیت
و شت، بلہ کینگئے وتی گوشتگین شیرا آییئے دل کڈنت.

کَسِیا اِشانی پِیداک بَیگِ هم یاتِ بیت؟ اے استاران بازینِ ہبرے یاتِ اِنْت.
 اے پیرِ ہم نَبنت. اے چو تَرِ پناک اُنْت چیا؟ ہمینچکا شَیرِئے تَوارے آییئے
 گوشانِ کِپت. کَمے دورا گَلگے دِیمِ پھہ راہا پِیداک اُنْت. گَلگئے ساربان
 یَک پُردرد و سوزناکین شَیرے جنکا اُنْت. آییئے شَیرِئے سَراہالِ اِش اُنْت:

بُیا کہ زہیرِ منا نَئیلنت اِنْت

رُمب رُمب جنکِ کائنت آپا

چو سَباہئے سارَتین گُواتا

منا کَس نَدنت تَبی شَوندا تا

بُیا کہ زہیرِ منا نَئیلنت اِنْت.

شَیرِ تانِ ہمدِا رِستگِ اُنْت کہ چہ ہمایانِ یَکِ زندہ دِلِیا کوکارِ کرت و گوشت:
 ”بگوش، اڑئے بگوش سُنکھ دِل کہ اے دورسَرینِ راہ و سَباہینِ شپِ پھہ
 بیستواریِ نگو زنت.“

کینگیئے ہمایالا چہ استارانی تپاسگا بیرو کرت و ہمے شور و کوکارئے
 نِیمگا شُت. کَسِیا گُوشے زانا آییئے ایمانئے تارِ دستِ جنتت. آبیارا چنگا
 نہ اِشت. گُئی سَک بُلند و وشّ اُنْت. ہمے وَشگُتِیا آبیارا مزینِ دردے دلا
 داتگِ اُنْت. آبیَا ساربانئے شَیرِئے پَسُو گون اے گالانِ بِنّا کرت:

گرمین ساہگ

مراد ساہر

کینگیا وتی اُشرے بارے کلونٹ پہ ہشتاد کلدارا بھا کُرت، کلدار دزمالے لمبا بستنت و لانکا مان جنت، اُشرے کونڈ بستنت و بازارے تنکا بُرزاد بوت۔ آہیا چیزے سامان گرگی ات۔ آہیے میتنگے سئوداگرے دُکانا چشین الکاپین سامان نیست۔ اُسُرکرائے وھدا آہیا چہ بازارا واتر کرت۔ ہر سامان و توشگے کہ آہیا گیتنگ ات، دُرست مان لچان کرتنت، اُشتر رھت پر کُرت، کونڈ بۆتکنت، تنگی شَر مھر بست و دیم پہ وتی میتنگا رھادگ بوت۔ چہ بازارا در آتک، اُشتری جۆکینت و جَمّاز بوت۔ اے وھدی مگرے تھاریا مان شانتگ ات۔ اُشتر وتی دلے مئلا بارگ و چپ و چوئین راھان گُلاٹ بُران ات و رٹوگا ات۔

مردم کہ ایوک بیت، آہیا بازین ہئیالے کثیت۔ کینگی ہم ہئیالانی رُنْگراھان بُرزاد بوت و شت و ہما گوستگین رۆچانی و شین ساھتان رست۔ ہمے ہئیالان آہیارا گونڈین ساھتے یک جتّیا بُرت و رَسینت، بلہ اے ہئیالانی جنت چند ساھت ات۔ دمانیا رند آپدا ہما اُشتر جَمّاز ات و یک سیاھین وڈیا ایوکا رٹوان ات۔ نون آہیا وتی دلگوش شپے استارانی نیمگا ترّنت، لگت استارانی چارگا۔ دلا ہئیالی کرت کہ اے تھارین شپا اے استار چوں تِرپگا ات۔ ایران،

رمزانئے گدّی بیگاہ گون نوکین رنگیا آتکگ آت. گپتگین ملا یله دئیگ
بوتگ انتت. گلشیرئے دکان بند آت. نبی دادئے دکان پیچ آت و چه گراکا دپا
در آتکگ آت. و نبی داد چاڑ چاڑا سئوداییا دلگوش آت. انچو مالوم بوت،
گوشئے زانا آ دراجین مدّتبا رند دکاندارئے راستین لڑتا مارگا آت.

چاپ و شنگ: پرواز، گنی (1995). بیمَنزَلین مُسایر. بچار چیرنِیسیس 124.

اے جارئے اشکنگا رند، نبی داد مزنین پگرِبا کپت۔ چہ آییئے دیما گل و گم
 هر دوینانی جزه گندگ بوتنت۔ تان زندین ساھتیا آییئے دیما رنگے شت و
 رنگے آتک۔ آییئے دیم برے رُژنا بوت و برے تھار۔ بلہ آھرا کم کما آییئے
 دیمئے تھاری رُژناییئے چیرا چیر تَرّت و اندیم بوت۔

چہ بیست رمزانا آییآ دگان بند کرت و اجتما و جھادئے تیاری شرو کرت۔
 نوکین اسپیتین دزمانے ھاس ھمے روچانی واستا گیتی۔ دو سئے جوڑہ گدی
 شوْداینت و تیبار کنایت۔ وتی جانی شرّ ششت و سپا کرت و ماش و کنگین
 بروتی ثاپ کرتنت۔ بلہ پہ اے ھبرا آ سک کُھتیگ ات کہ آییآ ریش پر
 نیست، پرچا کہ آییئے ھئالا چشین وشین روچانی واستا ریش سک زلوری
 انت۔ دومی روچا وھدے آییآ اسپیت دین پیچ پر کرتنت، اسپیتین دزمانال سرا
 بست و ھاکی رنگ و نرم نرمین بوٹ پادا کرتنت و وتارا مان آدینکا چارت،
 تہ آییآ اجتما و جھادئے واستا وتی توکا ابید چہ ریشئے پر نبئیگا دگہ ھچ
 اثیب ندیست۔

بیست و پنج رمزانئے بیگھا سَجھین ھندا آڈھور بوت کہ گُلشیر گون وتی
 دگہ لھتین سیاد و وارسین زگربا گاڑیا سوار بوتگ و دیم پہ کوہ مرادا رٹوگا
 بوتگ و ملّایانی یک رمبنا دیستگ۔ چہ ھمے ملّایان یکنا گاڑیئے سرا
 تیرگواری کرتگ و گُلشیر ھما ساھتا مرتگ و آییئے پنج سیاد و وارس ٹپیگ
 بوتگ۔ ملّایانی رمبئے مزئیئے سٹوبا پیئر کنوک زانگ نبوتگ۔ پدا ھم لھتین
 ملّا گرگ و نزریند کنگ بوتگ۔

يڪَ روڇي وهدي ائي سي گون لئبوزئي جمادار و لهتيڻ سپاهيگا گلشيري
 دڪانا پتري، گزا آ سڪ گل بوت كه نون الما چيزي بيت. ائي سپا گلشيري
 يڪَ كاگدي شڪايتيئي بنيادا شراب و هيريونيئي شپڪيئي بهتامئي سرا گيت
 و برت، بله هيچ سبوتئي نرسگئي سئوبا چيزي كلاكا رند يله اي دات. و چه
 آيئي يله بئيگا نبي داد پدا گميگ بوت.

دگه روڇي رمي گندايا ائي ٿيلپوني هالئي سرا كه گلشيرا نگدي زر سڪ باز
 هست و آيئي اگوا ڪنگ سڪ آسان انت، گلشيري چه دڪانئي ديما اگوا ڪرت،
 گزا نبي داد چه گلا پادان چست بوت كه آ رندي هيچ نبوتگ ات، بله ائي رندي
 الما چيزي نه چيزي بيت. بله دمانيا رند باز مردم رمي گندائي رندا ڪيت و
 گلشيري پچ گيت. چه اشيا نبي داد گيشتر گميگ بوت.

چيزي مدتا رند رمضان بوت. يڪَ سباهي، آ وتي دڪانا نشنگ ات و دلا جيڙگا
 ات كه اناگها لوڏسپيڪري سرا جاريئي تنوار بوت.

”مسلمانان! مجلس تحفظ ختم نبوت پيئسله ڪرتگ كه آ ائي سالا زگريان هيچ
 سورتا دروگين هجا نئيليت و اگن آيان ڪوه نامرادي رتوگ و دروگين هجيئي
 ڪوشست ڪرت، گزا آياني هلاپا جهاد ڪنگ بيت. پميشڪا بيست و يڪَ رمضان
 شريپا، جامه مسيتا اجتما بيت و چه بيست و پنج رمضان شريپا زگرياني دروگين
 هجيئي دراهين راه بند ڪنگ بنت و آياني هلاپا جهاد ڪنگ بيت. هندئي
 دراهين مسلمان اجتما و جهاد هر دوڻان الما بهر بزورنت و وتي اسلامي پرزا
 پوره يڪنت.“

جہاد

گنی پرواز

نبی داد چہ سباہئے نہ بجئے کساسا یڈٹولا وتی دُکّانا نشتنگ آت. بلہ آبیئے
گیشتر دلگوش وتی دُکّانئے بدلا گُلشیئرئے دُکّانئے نیمگا آت، پرچا کہ آبیئے
دُکّانا ہاسین گراک آیکا نہ آت و گُلشیئرئے دُکّانا چہ گراکئے بازیا نندگ و
اؤشتگا گیگ نیست آت. آپہ اے ہبرا سک اِپسوزیگ آت کہ آبیئے دُکّانداریا
بیست سال آت و گُلشیئرئے دُکّانداریا شش سالا گیش نہ آت، بلہ چہ آبیئے
دُکّانا گُلشیئرئے دُکّانا باز گیشتر دیمرئوی کرتگات.

”نرانان گُلشیرا کجام کرامات یات انت کہ آبیئے دُکّان چو دیمرئوی کنگا
انت؟“ نبی دادا چہ زہرا تاب و ریس وارت و وتی دلا ہئیال کرت: ”آبیئے
دُکّان و منی دُکّان ہر دو یکین دمکا آت، دیم پہ دیم آت، یک وڑین دُکّان
آت، ہر دو جرنل اسٹور آت، ہر دوینان یک وڑین چیڑ مان. آ چہ من چیڑ
ارزانترا ہم نندت. بلہ انگت مہلوک آبیئے دُکّانا چو مورا سُریت و منی
دُکّانئے جُستا نکنت. اگن آبیئے دُکّانئے دیمرئویئے رپتار ہمے ڈٹولا بییت،
گُرا یک روچے کئیت کہ منا وتی دُکّان بند کنگ کپیت. پمیشکا منا چیڑے
کنگ لوئیت. آما چیڑے نہ چیڑے کنگ لوئیت.“

گُرتنت. همزھئے تئوار دور چو کہ چہ جُھلین چاتیئے تہا بیئیت، آیئے گُوشان
کپت: ”برئو، من تئیی سئون دانتت، سئون دانتت.“

آیئے چار جنک ائت، بچے بوتی بلہ مُرت.

همزہ مزَنین دیندارین مردُمے. هَجی کُرتگ، دُرستین مردم ”هاجی ساہب“
گُوشنتی، پیش امامی هم کنت، دگہ جنے گیتی بلہ اے هم آیئے کِسمتا
”سَنے“ بوت.

چاپ و شنگ: داد، ائے. آر. (2014). پَن تاکین /نجیر. بچار چیئرنبیس 199.

شاھگلی گلڀنت، شاھگل ڇھ گمان گنوک بوت. زينٽي گناه اِش ات ڪھ آيا
جنگ آورت بلھ مردا سئون دانت، بلھ من... مني گناه ڇھ انت؟

دروازگي درھپارگي توار بوت. آيئي هيالاني بنديگي اُرتگين تار
ترھکارگا سست. همزھا پدا هبر کُرت: ”تئو انگت همدا نشتگي، سنٺ؟“
آيئي دلا هم پاهار کُرت: ”تئو گون هُداي هُدايا داوا بکن ڪھ ترا ائبي مان
ڪرتگ، منا چيا جنئي؟ تئو چُڪي مني لاپا بدئي، من چوڻ پيدا ي نڪان؟
شما مردين هر دوئھا جنئي سراجني. شما هم بنده ايت. شما بيمار نيٽ؟
هَدا شمارا سنٺ ڪرت نڪت؟ شما ڇھ هُداي ڪاران چيا مئيارگ نيٽ؟
داڪٽرا ترا ڇھ گوشت؟ تئي دلا من سهيگ نه آن؟ وتي ائبي مني سراجني؟“
پاد آتڪ، همزهئي ديم په ديم اؤشتات. ”منا يله دئيي دگر ڪري پدا
آيئي سراجني دوئھا جنئي؟“

همزه گنوک بوت، داتي دودستي تيلانڪي، آ دور شت و ڪپت. گوشتي:
”داڪٽر گه ورنٽ، جگ جنٽ، دروگ بندت داڪٽر، تئو داڪٽراني هبر دروگ
ڪرت نڪرتت، هيادار و پارسا تئو بوتگي. من ترا گون وتي دوستان
پجاروڪ چيا ڪرت؟ تئو ڇھ آيان په من اينچڪين وشي ڪپت نڪرت؟ من ترا
په زانت گون آيان تهنا نڪرت؟ بلھ تئو...“

اے هبر نه انتت ڪھ ڇھ همزهئي دپا در آتڪت، گوشتي سُرپ انتت ڪھ همزه
آيئي گوشاني تهنا مان ريجگا اٽش، آيئي سراجني گوشتي گروڪي ڪپت. اُرسی
چماني تهنا هُشڪ بوتنت، نُڪي ڇھ نادوڪا چو جئورا تهل بوت، تيلگي در

دزگھاران گوشت کہ چمان پچ مکن کہ سال دُکال بیت، بلہ آیا پہ وتی وشین و ابانی ساگتا وتی چم نر کرتگ انتت کہ چش مبیٹ کہ واب چہ آییئے چمان برچنت. دزگھارانی گوشگئے پدا، آیا وتی چم گون زورا پرتکت. پدا دزگھاران کُران شرب، سبزین تاک و اسپتین تاسیئے تھا سایین آپ آورت و گوشتیش: ”نون چمان پچ کن.“ آیا اتولا بسملاہ کُرت و چم پچ کرتنت و کُران وانت و چہ ہدایا وتی وشین روچانی دوا لوئت. آپی چارنت و دوابی کرت: ”یا اَلاہ! منی و همزہتے دلا و تمانوتا گون آپا ساپ کن،“ سبزین تاکی چارت و وتی زندئے کشارانی سبز بئیگئے دوابی کرت و پدا آیا وتی مات و پت، بُرات و گھارانی مہر مان دلئے یک کنجیا بند کرتنت و گون همزہا یک نوکین و وشین زندیئے گوازینگا اے گسا آتک.

مات و پت و دنیائے گوشگئے پدا، آیا وتی پُشتا تیرنکے دات. آییئے دلا گوشت برئو ماتئے گُنا بگر و بگوش و جُست کن: ”مات! شُما گون بیوسین جنکان چیا دروگ بندیت و آیان چہ وتی گسا کشیت؟ پت گوشیت کہ جنکئے گس آییئے مردئے گس انت، مرد گوشیت: ’چہ منی گسا در آ، اے گس کہ منیگ انت، ترا ہاکمی کثیا داتگ. جن مالے، پہ بہا رسیت و انچو کہ گیسے اے دگہ مال و اسباب چہ منی مرزیا گسا ایر انت، انچو جن ہم چہ منی مرزیا انت، دوست نبوت، گلبنانی، آییئے بدلا دگرے کاران.“

آییئے دلا شاہگل و زینت آتکت، گوشئے آیارا نپتیا گون جت، تراسی کُرت و نشت. شاہگلا سالے چکئے آورت بلہ لاپ پُر و کُٹ ہالیک ات، چکی سر نئیاتکت. داکتران گوشت کہ مرد و جنئے ہون برابر نہ انت. مردا الاج نکرت، گوشتی: ”ہمے زرآن کہ پہ الاجا داکتران بدئیان پرچا دگہ جنے مکنانش؟“

بله آبیارا آسودگ کنگئے جُھڈن کرتگ. بے آئیے رزایا من وتی مات و پتے
چارگا ہم نشتگان. همزهئے نِزا وشئے کیاس و کئیلو جے اِنْت، آوشی چیا
گوشیت؟ آبیَا منا جت. البت گون هُدايا کئیا دست و داوا هست؟“

پدا آبیَا وتی کسانى دلا آتک. ولیا کہ جت و آبیَا گرېت، ماتا آئیے سر بگلا
کُرت و گوشت: ”ولی! ترا گُھار دَل بیت؟ گُھار گون تتو پادار نیت، تتو
نزانے گُھار تتی گسا مهمانے؟“ آبیَا مات گُلايش کرت و گون آئیے
گُشانے لمبا وتی چم پھک کُرتنت. گوشتی: ”امّا! من ترا، ابایا و ولیا نئیلان
و دگہ جاگہ نرئوان.“ ماتا آ بگلا کرت و سر چُکّت.

وهدئے گوزگا دیر نلگت، گوشت جنک چو کشارا اِنْت، زوت رُدیت. وهد و
پاس ماہ و سالانی پَرگان سوار، بال کنانا شُتنت.

دُرستین جنکانی وِزا آئیے مجکئے تھا اے ہر چہ کسانیا روڈینگ بوتگات
کہ جنکئے گس آئیے مردئے گس اِنْت. آبیَا وتی دلئے تھا وتی گسئے
سینگارگ و پلگارگ شُرو کُرتگات و وتی همیالانی واجھے ودارا ات کہ
کدی کئیت و آبیَا بارت و گسئے بانک کنت.

پدا ہما روچ آتک کہ آبیَا پہ وشین روچانی اُمیتا گون یِک دُئی مردیا وتی
پلگارتگین گسئے رٹوگئے تئیری کُرت کہ آ گس آئیے وتی گس ات.
دزگُھاران آسمبھینت، گوشت بانورا تان سئے روچا پری وتی رنگا دئینت، بلہ
چہ آیوکیں وهد و اکبتے وشیانى نورا آئیے دیم وت چاردھی ماہا روشنا ات.

گٹوہر مَلِک

”دَر آ چہ منی گِسا، تئو منی زند آزاب کُرتگ. نزانان ہما چُونین شومین روچے اَت کہ من گُون تئو آروُس کرت. اے دہ سالے تہا تئو منا کُجام وشی داتگ، بگوش؟“ جتی چپانٹے، پدا لگتے جتی، آ کپت. ناشتین زاہ چو ہار و ہیرِوِپا چہ آییے دپا در آیکا اتنت. آ چو بُنا لٹ و لگنانی چیرا کپتگ اَت، بلہ چہ آییے دپا اُف و اَبتوے دَر نئیاتک. اے چہ ماہیا زیات اَت کہ آییے ورد و وراک زاہ و مُشت و لگت اَت، بلہ مروچی لئی سربار اَت.

آیا زانت کہ منی همجوابی آییے زھرے آسا چو گاسٹیل تیزتر کنت. بدتر گنوک بیت. جتی، جتی تانکہ وت دمی بُرت. لئی چگل دات، تان دروازگا شُت، پد ترَت و اَتک. ”من واپسیا ترا ادا مگندان، اگن نہ چہ من و گندگ کس نیست“ و چہ دروازگا دَر اَتک.

آڈگارے سرا چو مُردگا تچک اَت. آییے ہڈ و جانے بند بند چہ دردا پُرشگا اَت. آیا وتی چم نر کرتنت. ”ہمزہ گوشیت تئو منا وشی نداتگ. آییے ہڈا وشی چیا گوشنت؟ گُون آییے کھولا یکئی و تپاکی، نانٹے دئیگ، رُپت و روپ، شُشت و شُود، مہمانداری، مہر و دُوستی، من وتی جان وار کرتگ

چُشی گوشت زوٽ زوٽ رٿوگا لڳت. دروازگئے دِپا چڪي جت و گوشتي:
”رؤزردا هٿيڪانَ کاران.“

چه آبيئے در آيگ و رٿوگا رند هٿيران آت و نِشتگ آت و وتسرا وت گپا آت:
”کلدار در گيتنگ؟ کدي؟ کجا؟ اے لوگئے تها؟“

يک دمانيا رند آبيئے سسايَا کار کرت. بچکنديت و په جاک گوشتي:
”همم... گارين کَلدار.“

چاپ و شنگ: سئماهي درد، 2001.

”ترا تهنایی وش بیت؟“

”پرچا زانا؟“

”وت جُستَ کنان.“

”تئی دل چے گوشت؟“

بیئتواریا پد یَک اناگھا گوشتی: ”نون تنو تھنا نہائے.“

”اَنون وَہ اِنَّہ.“

یَک و نیم اَدارا رند پہ رٹوگا پاد آتک.

”تنو آپ وارت؟“

”تنو وارت منی تْن پُشت.“

آ راہ گیت. اِشیا گوشت: ”وتی کَلدارا نبرئے؟“

”کئی کَلدار؟“

”ہما گارین کَلدارئے بَدلا کہ من ترا گوشت کہ دئیانی.“

”ہان. آ گارین کَلدار.“

”ہئو...“

”آ من در گیتک.“

”چُک؟“

”سے چُک اُنت... بلہ چُکائی پتا پَنچ سال اُنت کہ ادا نہ اُنت... مُساپریا شتگ.“

”زہر اُنت؟“

”اُتہ... بلہ دیر اُنت کہ شتگ و پدا دیم نکنت، چوناہا زَر برے برے دیم دنت، بلہ...“

”بلہ چے؟“

”ہج.“

”تتو منی نام جُست نکرت.“

”تئی ناما من زانان. ہما رُچی کہ تتو مے ہمساہگ بوتگئے، من ترا پجّاہ آورتگ. ہر رُچ من دیستگ کہ تئی گسا تئی پلان دُوست کثیت و شما تان دیرا نندیّت و گپّ جنیت تانکہ شپے نیما پد گپّ جانا رثویت. من ہئیران آن کہ تتو اے شپے نیما کجا رثوئے؟ نزانان کدی پدا کائے؟“

”ترا گون منی رثو و آیا چہ کار؟“

”یک شپے من تانکہ بامگواہا نشتگ و چارتگ، تانکہ تتو پدا آتکگئے.“

”اچہ، بزبان تتو منی چاریگ بوتگئے؟“

”دگہ ہیچ.“

”شَرِ انت من پہ تئو ھئیک کاران.“

”کدی؟“

”باندا.“

آپی زرتنت و لوٹتی کہ بوارتیش، دستی داشت و گوشتی: ”اؤشتکایی ائہ.
بئند.“

اے تھتئے سرا نِشت. ”آچہ تئو اؤشتانگئے؟“

”من ھم نِندان.“

”.....“

”تئی نام کئے انت؟“

”ماھل.“

”ماھل؟“

”ماھاتون انت بلہ منی ماتا دؤستیا ماھل کرتگ. تئو سور کرتگ؟“

”تئو سور کرتگ؟“

”ھئو.“

اِشیا ہم شوہاز کنگے ہاترا اینگر آنگر چارگ بنگیج کرت. بلہ وھدے کہ
 سَری چست کرت، گندیت تہ اِشیئے جند کَلدارئے شوہازا اِنت بلہ آییئے جند
 اوشتاتگ و اِشیئے جندا چارگا اِنت. وتی کیسگی پُنت بلہ پچین کَلدارے
 مان نیست اَت. گوشتی: ”منی کیسگا کَلدار نیست بلہ چہ لوگا کَلدارے
 کاران و ترا دثیان.“

دَروازگی پیچ کرت. اے ہم پُرت گون. آ، لوگے تھا کوٹے نیمگا شت کہ
 کَلدارے بکْشیت و بدنتی. اِشیا گوشت: ”تبی لوگا آپ نیست؟“
 ”چتھورین آپ؟“
 ”ورگی.“

”بلہ، هست.“
 اِشیا گلاس زرت کہ آییآ آپ بدنت. گِلَسی چہ دستا پیچ گیت و گوشتی:
 ”من و ت آپ وِران.“

گِلَسی چہ آپا پُر کرت و آورت و آییئے دیما اوشتات. ”بزور. آپ بَور.“
 ”من سَباھا چَربی نئوارتگ کہ آپ بَوران.“

”گَрмаگ اِنت، آپ وش اِنت. شَر اِنت، اچہ تئو سَباھا چے وارتگ؟“
 ”یک کوپے چاہ.“

”دگہ؟“

آ وٽسرا وٽ ميڙان ميڙانا جيڙانا رٿوگا آت. راها دڳه يڪ دوستين مردمي
 ڳون آيا درهباتي بوت. درهباتي بوت بله آيا ا سمانه ات که کٽي ات.
 وٽي پادي کڻنت، گوشتي زانا کسي آيئي راها چارگا انت يا يڪي دير انت
 که آيئي رهچار انت که کمي دير کنگ په آيا بيرگين تاوان کاريٽ.

يڪ بري اوشتات وٽي گامي سست کرتنت، بله پدا چاريت که په بيسمايي
 پدا گامان کڻان انت. چه وٽي لوگا سدي گاما دور، چاريت که يڪي آيئي
 لوگي ڪمپائي سروگا اوشتاتگ و ڳون آيئي گندگا اشيئي گام سست
 بوتنت. سري جهل کرت و ديمترا شت بله نون گامي انگت هم سستتر انت.
 نريڪترا وٽي سري چست کرت و پدا چارتي ته همي مردم ديوائئي بنا چيڙئي
 شوهازا انت. وهدي که آيئي کڙا رست پڄاهي آورت که هر روچ چه همدا
 گوزيت و آيا رٿوت. اشيا وٽي دلا گوشت که بلکين آيئي پلڪ يا مندريڪي
 ڪپتگ که اينچڪ شوهازا انت. جستي کرت: ”چه گارت کرتگ؟“

”کلداري.“

”کاگدي؟“

”انه. ترندين کلداري.“

”گرا؟“

”گار انت.“

هما وهدي كه آچائے كِرا گوست، آيئے دلا يَك بَرے دريگگے جَت. اے
 دومي كوهنپن چات اَت كه سِنگبند اَت و ريڪئے كُتنگين سرا اَت يا كه
 چوش بگوش بُنگيجا اَت. ترانگيا كپت، بله وتي سَرِي درنَرِت كه وتا بيترانگ
 بكنت بله پدا هم ترانگ آيئے همراه اَت. سَسايي كرت، بله بے آسَرين سَسا،
 پرچا كه گون بے آسَرين سَسايا آيئے سَمَا زندگ بَيانَ بوت. وتسرا وت چه
 آيئے سرا گرميے در اَتك، آيئے چَم هم گرم گپنتت، آييا وتي جند دَسْت پر
 كرت گوشے زانا تَپا گپتگ اَت بله تَپے رَنگا نه اَت. وتي پادي تَرُند كَشِتنت
 كه زوت تر وتي جاگها بَرَسيت. پدا يَك اناگها گون وت آستا گوشتي: ”لوگا
 رثوئے جوان اِنْت، بله تئيي لوگا هم كَس نيست، اوڊا هم تهنّا نندئے.“

راستي گوشتگ اَت. آيئے گسا بيدِ آيئے جندا دگه كَس نيست اَت. يَك
 جوانپن سَنگنِ آييا هست بله آ رُوچئے دراجيا گيش وتي گريبيا نه اِنْت. شپا
 دَمانيّا كيت و هر دو نِندنت، گَپ و ترانے كُنت، بله آ هم تان ديران گون آييا
 نِشْت نكنت كه آييا وتا لوگے هست كه په لوگبانك و چُك و چلانگ اِنْت.

پدا وتسرا گَپ جَنگا اَت: ”تهنّايي وش اِنْت بله هما وهدي كه تهنّايي پَكَار
 بيت و همے رَنگا همراهي وش اِنْت، هما وهدي كه چه تهنّاييا مردم شِزار
 بيت. مروچي گوشے زانا من هم چه تهنّاييا بيزار آن. بايد اِنْت كه اے
 رَنگين بيزار و شِزار چُشين بيوه و بے اجامين باهندان چه رُوچئے اير رثوگا
 رند گير بيارنت بله مروچي چُكايِن رَنگيا گون سَباها رُوچئے گور بَدگا
 اِشان بيژ اُورتگ.“

اِشیا لَہتین بُن مچ ہم مان انت. یِک زَمانگے اے یِک جوانین پلے بوتگ بلہ
 ائون وئیرندان انت و واژئے بانداتا یِک دَستے ماہور یا ٹالے کرز و یِک
 چوئکے ہم لِک نہ انت. اِشیئے نزیکا ہما کس رثوت کہ وتا چہ مسترین
 جَنجالا رَکینگ لَوٹیت.

ہمے بُرزگئے چپا راہے گوزیت. راہے نہ انت، کِشکے یا چو بگوش کہ رندے
 کہ مردمانی بازین رثو و آیا ہمے راہ جوڑ بوتگ کہ ادئے ریک چیزے بدتگ
 و دگہ چیزبا چہ لگنمالیا بال کرتگ و کِر و گورا جَم بوتگ انت. و گوات ہم
 کُمک بوتگ و گوشے زانا آرزن رنگین مودانی تھا گیوارے کشتگ. ہمے
 کِشکئے چپی دَستا چات انت کہ ہرکس گون ہورکین جہلگا کثیت و گون
 پُرینا بر گردیت.

آیئے دلگوش یِک اناگھا یِک برمشیا وتی نیمگا تریت. چاربت تہ ہمے
 بُرزگا و راست یِک کورے پیداک انت کہ آیئے لٹ یِک جِنکبا گپتگ. آیا
 دُستین نیمگان وتی دلگوش دور کرت و ہمے کورا نہ، ہمے جِنکبا چارگا
 لگت. کورین مرد اے جِنکبا تئیا ببا بُرت و یِک شَرین اَداریا رند پدا جِنکبا
 کورئے لٹ گپت و ہمراہیا دیم پہ میتگا تَرَت.

اے ہم چہ وتی جاگھا پاد آتک و ہمیشانی رندا دیم پہ میتگا رَہادگ بوت.
 راہا گون دو پَجارو کین مردما درہباتی بوت. تانکہ ریک کِیت، اِشیا ہم دَم
 بُرت پرچا کہ پہ اے گپا کہ چو گیوارا بارگین کِشکے جوڑ بوتگ ات، بلہ اے
 کِشک ہم ریکئے تھا انت، پمیشکا اے کِشک ہم ریک انت.

گارین گلدار

سئید هاشمی

گرماگی روچے ات، روچا گور بستگات. آ، سباها چه لوگا در آتکگ و
تئیابے کرا شپے سارت کرتگین ریکانی سرا نشتگات و دریائے کوکریں
گورمان چارگا ات که دوشیگین شمالین گوانے سئوگات انت.

اے دریائے آپ باز تلگ انت و زمینی باز جاگھا سک چکل انت. اشیئے
همے لھمین چکلے تھا دریایی لوک باز انت. لھتین لوکا همے نرمگین
چکل انچین رنگیا گوتکگ و وتی لوگ جوڑ کرتگ که اگن په نرانتکاری
کسیئے پاد همے لوگئے سرا بکپیت، تان کوندا مین رثوت. چه تئیابا پنجاه
شست گواز بُرزا مچ و درچک انت، یک مزین شریشے که اشیئے ساهگا
سباهئے روچ گون تئیابا گلایش کنت و هر چنت که روچ بُر بئیان بیت،
ساهگ و تئیابے دوستی دور بئیان بیت.

آ، همے ساهگا نشتگات. بله نون اے ساهگا آییئے همراهی هم یله دات.
آییا چک جت و پُشتا چارت. شریشے هما دیما ریکے بُرزرگے. بله همے
بُرزرگ چو که آپے بند یا آسشانین کوھئے چدگا انت که چپ و چاگردا چو
که بندا انت و توکی جُهل انت.

سردوئے جانا درہگے زُرت. ماتی ٹوہینت. بلہ آییا تئوار ندات. سردوئے
نُک گون نادوکا کیت. چمی گُلگُل بوتنت.

گراناز ساہئے جن و گرا ات. بلک تلیان تچان تچانا اتک.

”بیبی! مبارک بات ترا. سوہائے جنین زہگا دراہ بوت. زہگی بچکے.“

گرانازا کمے چم پیچ کرتنت. آسمانی چارت، یک ھکگے جتی. چمی پسی
بوتنت. دومی ھکگا آئیے بلبلال بال کرت.

چاپ و شنگ: گچکی، نیٹمٹلاہ (2011). شگل و زہراپ. بیچار چیرنیس 66.

و نِیست یَک بیټیرین مَوچوین بچے اَت، چٲ پُچی دیمے. نه بودے، نه کمالے. هُدايا ساھے داتگ و بس.

گراناز گریب و بیساتین زالے اَت. وتی دستے پوریانا وتی روچی شپ کرتنت. نون پُربن شش ماه اَت که چه کارا کپتنگ اَت. ساریا آيا چه وتی شاهي تيا وتی جان نُرت گون. بله نون جانا چٲ دئور داتگ اَت. نه دستی داشت نه پاد. چپر وت اَت. چه گریبی و واریا بدل شوْدے هم نیست اَتی. چل و آزگ اَت، بوا کس ایلا نه اِشت.

ساریا همساھگان برے برے هال گپت. بله نون کسا دیی جُستے نُرت. نون هرکسے گوش راها اُنت. کدی مرکے هالی بیت که ما بے ارسین مَوْتکه بیارین. اے وهدا آيے اے تنگیے دیمپان آيے نابودین زهگ اَت. آيے لاهکی همش اَت که کرایي کپتنگ اَت.

آيا په وتی نابودین وسا په چٲ و تایننا وتی مسکه جت، بله هچ په هچ. مردم گوشت شکرانه ای نیوتگ، پمیشکا دمان نگپتگ. آيا پیر و پکیر هم نه اِشتگ اَت. بله آهم په هدا نکنت. هستی وه هدایی دادے. کارے په تهلگ و داروا بیت، آيا پچین ڈک یله نداتگ په لوْگ و آرگا، بله جانا دیمے پدا کنگ هچ نرانت.

اے شپ په گرانازا تنگ اَت. آچه بازین نالگ و پریاتان بیسْد و سما اَت. اے وهدا آچه ترک و تئوارا کپتنگ اَت. سردوا آيے سر چست کُرت. آپی دپا پُئنت. چارتی تانکه چمی بُرزا شتگ اُنت، گسے تیرا سک اُنت.

او سردو! سردو! گاروٽ! مني دم بند بوت. اُٻڙئي بابي، مني دم. او سردو!
 تنو واب ائي؟ گريب! ڪمي هوش ڪن. مني جَنڊين جامگ ليٽنگ. تُنن بلي
 ڪُشيت، بله بيپردگ مبان، نامهرمن چارگا آنت. اوڍا بچار، درستاني چم سگ
 آنت. او بابي، مباتان. اُف، مني شرين هدا! نزانان چون ڪنان. او سردو! او
 تنو، تنو مباتئي يا من مباتان. بله تنو، تنو، هائي، مني ساه، من مباتان په
 تنو بابي، مزار جان! تنو ڪجا ائي؟ جنگيان! پلنگان هيال ڪن. گموار! گون
 براتان همرد باتئي.

اے گراناز آت که ديّم وت پڙگا آت. برے هوش و برے بيّهوش. هپت شپ و
 هپت روچ آت که گراناز په اے هالا آت، بيڪسا ڪپنگات.

آ وهدا که آيئي روچ انتن، بهتي برجاه آت، نسيبي همراه آت. آ بزنزين
 زالي آت. وتي جنوزامي اي نمارت. تنگه و تلاهين بچي ديما انتن. وش و
 وشدل انتن. بله آيئي دلا هر وهدا جت. آيا زانت که اے روچ په آيا ڪاينت.
 مزنمر و زوراڪين دژمنان آياني گڏ پُشنا جنگات. آيا زانت هر وهدے که
 بيچ لاهڪ بنت، وتي ميراسا جوھنت. آياني ڪسانساليا آياني پتي ميراس
 زوراڪان چير جنگات. ڪئي په زند و وشين دلي وتي مالا دگران دنت؟

وهدے آ هوشي بوتنت، آيان وتي ميراسي جوھگي جھد ڪرت. گڏواران
 تئورت. زوراڪي هيله چه نزوري و دابهيا گيش بوت. وهدے که آيان نام
 گپت، هما بوت که گرانازي دلا جت. يڪي گوڙي بوت، يڪي درانديّه بوت،
 سئيميا سر په ڪوه و گاران ڪُشيت. دگه يڪي په بنديهانها سر بوت. نون هست

گواڙگئے سَھَرین پُل سَربنت و سَھَرین گلابئے پُل گمر کننت، منی مزارِ بیمین
مزارِ زندگِ انت.

اُف، گمدار! پہ تئو مباتان. دُژمنان آسے کپات. آشویا سَر و چیر باتنت کہ
منا بیوس و بیگسش کرت. بدواہانی دنتان در بیایاتنت کہ گوشت لگور
بوئے، بابی! زانتت، زانتت کہ مرد پہ گیگ. تئی درانملکی منا دردِ انت،
بلہ دلا جزم آن کہ بیرگیری آسے، دلا سارت نبوتگ، نبیت. منی زردئے
زاربین واہگ انت کہ گمے گرمین گوات تئی دیمَا مَکَشَات و سَھبی نودت
سرا بشنراتنت.

بلہ جنگیان! تئو پرچا چو سردمہر ائے؟ اُف، دُلن در کثیت. من نگوشان،
بدواہ گوشتنت کہ تئو سردمہر بوتگئے. من سدک آن کہ تئو ہما تئو ائے.
ھون چکین چم تئی بیمہر نہ انت. گرم و جلان، گٹ و گران تئی ہشکین لُنت
منی دلا اشکرے پر دارنت. آھَرین گوہران تئی بیوشاکین جانئے یات منی
دلا کارچے جننت. بلہ دلگران مئے. منی سر بُرز انت. بیوس آن، چم جھل
نہ آن. اگن کوٹوبی واجھے نہ ائے، کوٹوبی واجھیئے بندیگ وہ نہ ائے.

نسیب! تئو منی چم کور گرتنت. بھٹن کم انت کہ منی نسیب بند انت. من
زانان کہ تئو شیریں بشبش ورئے. تئی زردئے بیتوارین نہردگ، زانان کوٹ
و کلاتان جمیننت، بلہ شالا کثیت ہما رُوج. بلہ یا نسیب. اُف، کسے ہست
منا کمے آپ دپا بدنت؟ کسے ہست کہ منی سرا کمے چست بکنت؟ دمن
پشت کپت.

پتی میراس

نئیمتلاہ گچکی

”اُف، منی واجھین ہُدا! من چوں کمان؟ من پرچا چو بیوس بوتان. وسن ہست، بلہ بیوس آن. کسن ہست، بلہ بیکس آن. اُف، منی نِک چوں ہُشک انت. منا کس ترمیے آپ دیا ندنت. جائن پھک ژند ژند انت. اُف، کسے نیست کہ پادائن پیرنچیت، بلہ دگرے پرچا پہ من بکنت؟ آدمی مہر ییگواہ انت. بابی! دگر دگر انت، وتی جان و جگر انت، بلہ وتی؟ دین سینگا بلگات اگن بگوشان وتی اُن نیست. بیچ منا ہُدایا داتگ، گنج انت، گڑا چوں منا وس نیست، چوں منا کس نیست؟ اُبئو، مباتان بابی پہ شُما. بلہ او منی ہُدا! منی گناہ چے انت؟ کسن ہست، بلہ دین مکسکا پُر انت.

من زانان، منی بدبھتی ہما روچا آتک کہ مزارچہ من پیش شت، اگن نہ من پہ اے ہالا نبوتگ اتان. بلہ من نگوشان کہ آمرتگ. آییارا من پہ کُجام روچان وتی شکلین شیر میچینتگ انت؟ نیمشپی پاسان دلسھڑین لولی پہ کُجام ساھتا آییارا داتگ انت. آ زندگ انت. آییئے مۆتکئے بدلا من ہالو کرت. مہلوکا منا ملند کرت. من وتی دست چہ آییئے زگرین ہونان چو ہنییا لوچنت. منی دل جُشیت، بلہ دژمنائی دل سارت بوت. آنمیران انت. تانکہ

چو پُرشَتگین دلا تئوارا آنت. من وتی چم ماہا سک دانت و اؤشتاتان،
 ماہئے نورا منی دل چہ نورا پُر کُرت. اُف، اُف زند. دلئے تہاریئے تہا گِرؤکیا
 جت و دوستیئے یِک لہڑے پاد آتک. اے رُژناین زرد رنگین ماہ، اے کپتگین
 تاک، اے مرتگین پُلان منی درد، منی زہر، منی گم بھر کُرتنت. منی چمان
 ارس آتکنت. منی دل چو آسمانا پُراہ بوت. استار دلا رؤک بوتنت.

اے ٹوہین پُراہین گلزمینا بیوباین درگلا جاگہ هست.

اے زند پہ ناکو! ہم وش انت.

اے ماہ و استاری دنیا، اے سبزین زردپُلانی دنیا ناکو و درگلا نسیب بات.

من چہ وتی ناکوئے لوگئے راہا پدا گشت و دگہ راہے گپت. منی گام تیز
 بوتنت. منی زبانا وش وشا اے لبز در آتکنت: ”ناکو! درگل! منا پهل کپت.“

چاپ و شنگ: ابدلہکیم (1970). گچین آزمانک. بچار چیرنیس 25.

من شُت و مسیتا تگردئے سرا دیم پہ چیر کپتان. بیگاہ، شپ و شپ، نیمشپ
 بوت. ساہت دُراج بوت و وهد وتی جاہا جگ اؤشتات. منی ارسئے گئوہر
 زمیتے ماتے دامنا کپنتت. من پاد آتک و دُتا در آتکان. منی دل پُر آت.

گم، ویا، دؤستی، بیوپایی، زند، درگل، ناکو، درد، دل، رنج، زہربار،
 دؤست، نادؤستی، بیوپا، دنیا، مال، زر، دؤستی، درگل، بیوپا، مرک، زند،
 اے کُل آتک و منی دیم اؤشتانتت.

”کجا...؟ کجا...؟ من چہ وتی دلا پُرسِت.“ منی سر جہل آت و گون وتی
 گمان جیڑگا اتان. زند چہے؟ ویا چہے؟ دؤستی کجامیئے نام انت؟ منی
 راہ کجام انت؟

دلا پدا دردے پاد آتک.

اے کارچ انت، ناکو واب انت، وتی ورناین جنئے بگلا انت. منی چمان
 دیست کہ درگل ناکوئے بگلا انت. آییئے بادامین چم بند انت و لئئی پیچ
 انت.

منی دل چہ زہرا پُر بوت، ہون مان رگان تیز بوت، لُٹ گٹ چنتت، دست پہ
 لانکئے کارچا شت، گام تیز کُرتنت و پہ ناکوئے لوگا رھاگ بوتان.

اناگھا کچکیا وکّت و من چہ وتی وایا آگاہ بوتان. من وتی چم چست کُرتنت،
 بُرزا چارت. زمستانی شپے بیستی ماہ ایر رٹوگی آت. چو سالی ناڈراہا
 منی نیمگا چارگا آت. زمین و آسمان ماہئے نورئے چادرا واب انتت. آسمان
 ساپ آت و استار جڑشکگا اتنت. دُرچکانی کپنگین تاک منی پادانی چیرا

”اٺه... بله...“

”بله... ڇي؟“

”بله نون زمانگ باز ديم شتگ...“

”... و اے ديم رٿو وڪين زمانگيے واستا مال لوٿيت سهر و زر لوٿيت.“ من آييءَ ڪپ تنوام ڪرت.

”تنو نرائي، ڪريم! منا گون تئي ناکو اهيچ واهگ نيست. بله من گون آييءَ مال و دٿولتا هب داران و تئي ناکو مروچي نه باندات انت ڇه اے دنيا رٿوت. دگه پرچا ڇه آييءَ دٿولتا پائڊگ بڪشنت.“

”بس ڪن وتي پوتاريا. من تئي دٿولين مڪربازين جنين زندگا پشت نڪيجان. انون تئي هما هال بيت، انچو ڪه يڪ مزين گنهگارئيے، تانڪه تنو ڇه وتي لڇين واهگا دگه ڪسا برباد مڪئيے.“

من يڪدم درگل گئگير ڪرت انچو ڪه يڪ شاهيني جنجشڪيے سرا هينز بڪنت بله مني دست لرزننت و يڪ تنوارے مني گوشان ڪپت.

”پرچا وتي ناکوئي ارمان و واهگاني دنيا وئيران ڪئي؟ هما ناکو ڪه ترا هرچ و درچي دات... وانيتي... تئي هر ٿهل و نازي پڄت. بله مروچي تنو آييءَ واهگاني دنيا تباہ ڪنگا ائيے.“

نُبراهیت، و چه آیئے اے هالتا من سک پدرد بوتان. من آیئے بانئے تها
پُترتان و دروازگ بند کرت. من سک بیتاهیر اتان. بله آییا گون مزین پهریا
درائنت: ”بگوش، چه گپے؟“

”من... من...“

”هئو جی... جی... بگوش تنو چیا تُرسئے؟“

”من... من... تنو نئوش نبئے؟“

”انه... تنو بگوش نه.“

”درگل...“

”جی...“

”درگل! ما زندگانیا یگے دومیئے همراه و همکوپگ بیگئے سئوگند
وارتگ آت بله چه منی رئوگا رند پرچا چُش بوت؟ من وتی دلا چینچک
واهش و ارمان داشتگ و لوگا آتگ اتان بله منی دُرُسَنین واهش و ارمان
هاک و پُران هئوار بوتنت. مروچی من ترا همه جُستا کنان که اے دُرُست
چه تنبی واهگا بوتگ آنت، اگن نه؟“

”هئو... چه منی واهگا.“ آییا وتی چم جهل کُرنت و یگ نرورین تنواریا
پسئوی دات.

”تنو گُرا هما سئوگند زوت شُشتنت که ما پاکین مسیتا وارنت؟“

دنيائے چارڀن ڪُنڊان تباھيا مان شاننگ آت. ھمے تھارماھين شپا آسمانئے
 استار ڏرپشگا انت، بلھ مني تھارڀن شپئے ھما ڏرپشوکين استار ڪھ باز
 ديڙان رند ڏلگ بوتگ آت نون مرميرانڪو بوت... و مني اُميتاني دنيا ھر
 نيمگا سياه و تھار آت، نہ راھے پد، نہ ديم. ڇھ وتي دلئے ھلاھوشا زيارت
 و پيرانا تتوارن پر ڪرت... وتي گرانين گماني سُبڪتر ڪنگا ديم پھ مسيتا
 سُنان و گون ھدايا وا و زاري اُن ڪرت.

”واجه ھدا! بارڀن چپا چُش بوت؟ ڇھ مروچيا دھ سالا پيش من و درگلا تئيي
 پاڪين لوگا زندئے سڪي و سورباني تھما ھمراھ و ھمڪوپگ بئيگئے سئوگند
 وارت بلھ مروچي، دھ سالا پد من ڇے گندگا آن؟ مني زندگانيئے رُزناين ماھ
 دگرئے لوگا شھم ڪنگا انت. راستے ڪھ دنيا سڪ بيڙھم انت بلھ تئو چو بيڙھم
 نہ ائئے، تنويه. تئو ھم ڪسارا ھيچ گوشت نڪرت ڪھ درگل يڪئے امانت انت؟“

يڪ روچے من وتي يڪ سنگتئيے ڏچار ڪپگا رٿوگا اتان ڪھ من درگل دومي
 نيمگا آيگا ديست. من اوشتاتان بلھ آ گون وتي دزگھاران گپ جنان ڇھ من
 شگوست و من ھشڪ و ھييران بوتان ڪھ آپرچا چُش مَواز انت.

روچ شپ و شپ روچ بئيانا گوستنت و من ملور ملور بوتان و ھر وھدا پگر
 جت ڪھ درگل مني گورا پرچا چو بے برمش و تتوارا گوزيت، گوشئے منا
 پجاء نئياريٽ. من وتي دلا نيٽ ڪرت ڪھ من درگلا آ روچئے موازيے سئوبا
 زلور جُست ڪنان. پميشڪا من پھ آيئے لوگا رھاڊگ بوتان. بلھ وھدے ڪھ
 دروازگا سر ڪشت تھ ديستن ڪھ آ دراجين آديڪئے ديم نشتگ وتي مود و
 ملگوران زندگ و وتي جندئے سمبھينگا ات ڪھ يڪ روڊراتڪي جينبيا چُش

کُرت، بله په ناکوځي کوهين هاترا من وتی بیتاھیری یکدم سھرا نکُرت. بله چوناھا اے گمانی بار چه منی نرورین بالادئے سگا گیش ات. پمیشکا من په دئے رتوگا وتی گام په گینگ و اندام چست کرتنت، گوشے که دراھین زمینے بار منی چکا ات.

”اسلام الییکم.“ من ناکوارا سلام دات و گشاد گشادا په وتی بانا درشتان.
 ”والییکم سلام. برئو، تنو هدائے مئیار ائے.“

من وتی بانا تهتے سرا شکوندیم بوتان و پگر و اندوهانی توپانا منا مان رُبت. من هئیا کُرت که مے رتوآجا گون بیڈتول و بدرنگین کاران وتی دامن چینکس پولنگ کرتگ. منی دتولین چینکس ورنا وتی هکین ارمان و واهگانی واستا تلوسگا انت، بله آ زالمین رتوآجیے دیما بیوس ات. منا هشتاد سالیین ناکوځي گون کسانسالیین درگلا سور کنگ سک تئورت بله چون کنان؟ کماشانا پنت و سوج کنگ مزین بے ادبیے. همة سئوبا په من ناامیتیے آه و اپاران ابید دگه هچ پد نمت و من چه پهکین لاچاریا گون هدایا جست و جواب کُرت.

”او واجه هدا! منی گناه و مئیار چه انت؟ چش پرچا بوت؟ تئی هم واهگ همیش ات که درگل که یکئیے امانت ات، آ دگه کسیے اوکئیے زب و براه بیت؟ اے یک وایے وه نه انت؟ بله نه. اے واب یک المیین اھوالیے بوت. منی دیدگانی ارس ناهودگا رتکنت. منی دنیا وئیران... و منی ناکوځي دنیا آباد بوت.“

ناکو

نسیم دشتی

”وتی تروا بگند.“ منی ناکو اِکَ زباین جنکیئے نیمگا وتی دست شہار دات.

”اِشیا؟“ من ہئیرانیا جُست کرت.

”هئو، هئو. اے تئی ترو دُرگل اِنت.“

چہ درگلئے نامئے اشکنگا منی دیما دہ سالئے یاتانی وشین ندارگ گردگا لگنت. آییئے زبایی، رنگ و دانگ، آسکی دیدگ، کاتارین پونز، کمانین بروان، ماریچین ملگور هر ورناین دلا چہ بندوکان سندیت. بلہ منا آییئے پُلین دیمئے سہرین لثنانی وشین بچکندگ سک دوست اِنت. پمیشکا من ناکوئے اے گپا کہ تئی ترو درگل اِنت، باز ہئیران منتان پرچا کہ آچہ کسانیا منی واب و ہئیلانی ماہدرورین دُتک اِت. بلہ نون کہ منی کماشین ناکو وتی لوگبانک کُرنگ اِت، پہ من چہ پگر و ہئیلان ابید ہیچ پُشت نکپتگ اِت. ہمے سئوبا چہ منی چمان ارسانی رگام شلنتت و چہ دلئے بُبندا اُپاران باہند

سرجسین پٽ و پولا رند پگاییا وتی رپورٹ داتگ که دثولت هانا گون وتی
 برائے شررنگ و ورناین جنا، برائے رثوگا رند په زور و نارثوایی ناجاهی
 کرتگ و نیٹ آییے لاپ پُر کرتگ.

آیان هال رست که مهبت هان دو چار روچا رند کثیت و سر بیت. دثولت هانا
 ترس مان دلا کیت که آییے برات لوگیا لاپ پُریا بگندیت، آیا الما جُست
 کنت و جن آیا هکین هالا زلور دنت. گزا په آیا هئیر نه انت. آیا په وتی
 سیه کاریانی چیر دئیگا بیچارگین مساپرین بگجت ناهگا سیه کار کرت،
 مساپر، بانور و کؤدک دیمهونی دانتت که بلکین آیانی هون آییے سیه کاریا
 گار بکنت.

دومی رپورٹ هال دنت که مهبت هانا وتی برات دثولت هان کُشتگ که آیا
 پگاییا مالوم بوتگ که آییے دراندیھیے وهدان، آییے براتا آییے ورناین
 جنے گورا وتی دیم سیاه کرتگ.

چاپ و شنگ: بلوچ، هکیم (2000). آسے چهر. بچار چیرنییس 53.

مِسلے تہا، نہ گواہان، نہ مُلُزما و نہ ممبران سہتیئے لاپ پُریئے زکر کرتگات. اے پہ من و پہ مُکدمہا نوکین و اِہمین ہبرے ات، گواہی و شوَنکارے ات کہ آیا جرم و جرمئے اَمَلارا نوکین رنگے دات. مُلزم دپ وت گوشگا انت کہ منی براتا وتی جَن لاپ پُریا بدیستین، آیا وتی دلا چے گمان کرت.

من گوشت: ”تتو راست گوشتے، شرین جَن و شیرى اولاک اَنامتی شے نہ انت.“ دثولتے پتا، کہ مُکدمہتے مسترین گواہ و وتی گئیرتمندین بچئے وکیل ات، بے جُستا گوشت: ”ساہب! منی نشار وت بددستے ات. ہُدا بزانت چہ کدی و گون کئے کئیا وتی دیمی سیاہ کرتگات. اگن آ شپی گون بگجنا گرگ مہوتین، آیا منی پردیسیین ورنایارا، گون آییئے سر بیگا لاپئے کوک پہ مستاگی داتگات. دینوان گوشت کہ تئی نشارے زہگا دمان و کترہیا داشتگات. اگن مائی کُشگ مہوتین، دو چار رُچا رند الما ودی بوتگات. شر بوت کہ ما چہ ناہکین ہونیا بچتین.“

لاپ پُرین زالے کہ آییئے زہگئے ودی بیگا دمان و کترہے بداریت چُون گون دمان و کترہیئے مساپریا ”آشنا“ بیت؟ آ ماہ و نوکیئے سندا وتی جندئے جودا جواب دنت، گون بگجنا چُون جُپتی بیت؟ منا باور نبوت کہ سہتیئے مٹوتئے سئوب یکشپی مہمان انت کہ تہارماہین شپئے سیاہیان گار و گمسار بوت. من مُکدمہ کُرائم برانچارا دات کہ اِشیئے پٹ و پولا چہ نوکسرا بکنت.

منی دیمہ دو رپورٹ انت، یکے کُرائم برانچئے نوکسرانئے پٹ و پول انت و دومی ہر رُچی کُرائم رپورٹ انت. ہر دو یکین ہبرا گوشگا انت. ائولیا

من مِسل بُنا تان سرا پدا هورتيا چارتگأت و شَرِّيا وانتگأت. يَڪَ گواهے
وتی بڻيانا گوشتيت که اے ”آشنا“ په وتی اُولاکا کديمے گرگا هما بيگاہا
آيانی هلکا آتکگأت. گوشتي: ”مني دراجين راهے، من په وتی اُسترا کديم
زوران، بارين دِیما رسيت يا نرسيت؟“ دئولت هانا آيارا کديم په بها دات.

مساپرا کديم اُسترا لڏنت و رکستي گيت په رڻوگا که دئولت هانا گون آيا
گوشت: ”نون تهارماهی انت و جمبر هم سرا انت. تنو شپا گون ما بجل،
سهبا بام که دنت، برئو.“ ورنایا مڙاه کرت. آيیے مِنتی گيت و پاد آتک په
رڻوگا. دئولتا آپدا سلاه جت، گوشتي: ”مڙاه مکن، چو مبيت راها رد بکنے
يا ناهاريے وڙالی بيے.“ گڙا ورناین مساپر جلت. ما درستان یکجاه نان
وارت. هرکس وتی گسا شت. سهبا مارا سما کيت که مهمانا وتی دست و
دیم سیاه کرتگانت گون دئولتے براتے ورناین جانا.

منا باور نبوت که په کنهے و دمانیا مرد و جئے آشنایی و دو درامدے
یکجاهی و دیمسیاهی چتئور اَمَل بوت کنت. من گواه و ملزم و دراه پدا
لوٽاينتت. چه ملزما که جُشن کرت آيا گوشت: ”ساهب! منی نشارا بددستی
چه منی براتے درملکیا رند بنا کرتگأت، چش که هلکے زالبولان وتی
هلوتان یکدومیا جُست کرت که سهتیے لاپ پرچا چو گوات گران انت. کسینا
گوشت که مردے بازين زر و سُهرانی پیگ انت. دگریا گوشت که دپی چو
هَلاريا دراهین رُچا رومُستا انت، پیگ نجت و لاپ نرودينيت دگه چه بکنت؟
بله مارا اے گمان نیستأت که آ وتی دِیما سیاه کنگا انت و دراهین کُئمهے
دِیما تاپگے لکاشگا انت. من آ شپی اگن آ گون اے مساپرين ورنایا مکیتین،
منی براتا وتی لوگی که لاپپُریا بدیستین، آيا وتی دلا چه گوشتگأت.“

سیہ کار

ہکیم بلوچ

جرگہا مُکدمہئے دراہین تک و پھناتانی یَک سرجمین رپورٹے دیم داتگات و سپارشی کرتگات کہ دثولت هانا وتی نشار گون درامدین مردیا گیتگ و دوین همے جاگہا کُشتگانت.

سہتیئے سور گون دثولت هانئے کستربن برات مہبت هانا دو سال ساری بوتگات. سورا شش ماه رند، آييا دَبِيَا رَوَزگارے رستگات. یَک و نیم سال رند آييے چُتی بیگی ات. آييا هال داتگات کہ دیمئے ماهئے پانزدها، آ دو ماهئے چُتیا آيگا انت.

آييے آيگا چار رَوچ پیسر، آييے مستربن برات دثولت هانا سہتی گون آمردا پہ نارثوایی دیست و دوینی کُشتنت. چہ پٹ و پوئے رپورٹا سہرا بوت کہ کُشوئے گئیرنا باهند کرت، آييا وتی نشار و آييے ”آشنا“ هر دوین هما دمان و هما جاگہا کتل کرتنت، و جرگہا گون یَک تئوارا اے گئیرت و لجئے کوش جاهی کرار دات و مرد و زال سیہ کار لیکتنت و ڈی سیا وتی اوارڈ اے پیما دیم دات کہ سیہ کاریئے کوش چو اے دگہ کوشان لیکگ مہیت و دثولت هانا کئید و بندئے سزا دئیگ مہیت.

بیت. بله نون... باز وهد گوستگ و لئیب چه آییئے دستا شتگآت و اے
شهرئے واهند همه بُت بوتگانت که وتی جوژ کنوکئے ناما هاگمی کنگا
انت. هر چرند و پرند، سهدارش وتی تابه جوژ کرتگآت و اسلین واهند یک
تهارین زندانبا بند آت و چه پشومانیا بشبش ورگا آت.

چاپ و شنگ: تاکبند/ستین، آزمانک نمبر، نومبر 2018. بچار چیرنیس 42.

اے بُتانی جوڑ کنگا پد، آسک گل و وش بوت کہ نون منی شہر ڈٹولدارتر
 انت۔ ہما چیڑئے کمی کہ بوتگ، نون سرجم انت۔ یکبرے پدا آوتی شہرئے
 سیل و ندارگا در آتک۔ شہر سکّ مزن آت و دیر گوستگ آت کہ آگون اے
 بُتانی تراشگا دزگٹ بوتگ آت۔ آیا شہرئے سرجمین سیلا یک ہپتگے لگت۔
 ہپتگیا پد واتر ہما جاھا آتک کہ اودا آیا بُت شر کرتگ انتت، تہ ہیران و
 ہبکہ بیت... سنگ و سیاہ بیت... دوین بُت ادا نہ انت...

یکبرے پدا تیوگین شہری گولت تہ اے بُتانی ہیچ جاگہ سوج نیست آت۔
 آجیرگا آت کہ اے شہرئے چارین کُند بند آت، شہرا آییئے ہکما ابید نہ
 کسے پُترت کنت و نہ کہ کسے در آتک کنت۔ گون ہمے جیڑگ و وسواسان
 آیارا مروچی اٹولی برا کوچندگا گپت و آ، باگے سارتین ساہگیا واب کپت۔
 چہ و ابا کہ بُستی کرت، آییئے نزا مزین ساہتے گوستگ آت۔ چمی پچ کرتنت
 تہ سیاہ و تھارین زندانیا بندیگ انت۔ آجیرگا آت کہ چے بیگا انت؟ منی
 ہستی و دُنیا اے رنگا بدل بٹیان انت۔ اے چونین اسراریا منا گپتگ۔

دمانیا پد زندانے یک دروازگیئے پچ بیگئے تتوار بوت۔ زمزیلانی ژلیک
 ژلیک آت۔ کسانین رُزناہیئے بُمان آت۔ دو کس آییئے نیمگا پیداک آت کہ
 چہ دورا آیانی دیم گندگ نبوتنت۔ نرّیگا کہ سر بوتنت، تہ تیوگین زندان رُزنا
 بوت۔ آیا اے کہ دیستنت، ہُشک و ہیران بوت۔ چیا کہ اے ہمایئے جوڑ
 کرتگین دوین بُت انتت کہ آیا گون وتی جندے دستان جوڑ کرتگ انتت۔

نون آیا یات آتک کہ من اے بُت ہما درچکے کشا جوڑ کرتگ انتت کہ اے
 درچکے سارتی و وشبو ہرچیا بلگیت، آییئے تہا زند، اگل و دانش ودی

يڪبرے پدا همے سئوڙگا بوت. بازين پگر و جيڙهان و شهرے گرد و سٿيلا
 پد، آيا مارت که مني شهر و ه هر چيز هست انت بله اگن يک چيزيئے کمی
 انت، آ ”بُت“ انت. بزان آيئے شهر بُت نيست ات و دگه هرچے هست ات.
 آيا پئسله کرت که من جوانين، بُرز و بلند و مزَن شائين بُتے ٿهينان. آيا،
 شهرے زيباترين و سبزه زارين و بُرزترين ٿلڻا مزين درچکيئے کشا که دگه
 هچ نيست ات، شَت و مزين سنگے اير کرت و بُتے تراشگی بنا کرت.

ماه و سال گوستنت و آ گون همے سنگين بُتے اڏ کنگا مشڪول ات. يک
 روجے آيا مارت که بُت تيار انت. اے بُرز و بلندين باره بند و شيپگ پوزين
 و شرنگ و ڏولدارين جنکي بُتے ات که تيار ات.

اے بُتارا بني آدمي انچين رنگے جتي که چو انسانا بوت و کسا هم پڄا
 نعيورت که اے اسلي انسانے يا بُتے. اشيئے گور چو ٻُلا سرتنگ انتت و
 پاداني، شما گوشيگا بينگ پنگا ات. اشيئے لُٺناني سرا انچين بچکنڊے
 سَهر ابيگا ات که چه تيوگين شهر زيباتر ات. اشيئے چماني تها گوشے
 اُميتيئے دُنيايا وتي باندائے زُٺاين سپرے بندات کرتگا ات.

آيا بُت چارت، تَه وت هٿيران و هبگه بوت که اے چيے که من شر کرت.
 آيا بيسه نيست ات که اے رنگين ڏولدارين چيزے جوڙ بيت. آيا جيڙت که
 اے ڏولدارين بُت که ادا ايوک بيت، جلوه ندنت. اشيئے کشا دگه يک بُتے
 ٿهينان که بلي دو بنت. آيا دگه همے کڏے سنگے آورت و دگه بُتيئے تراشگ
 بنا کرت. ماه و سال گوستنت و اے بُت هم تيار بوت. دوين بُت يکے دوميا
 سک نڙيک انتت. دومي بُت که تيار بوت تَه اے مرديني بُتے ات.

التاب بلوچ

آ وتی شہرا ایوک ات. تیوگین شہرا دگہ کس ہم نیستات. آیا ایوکی وش بوتگات. اے شہرا دگہ کس آباد نہ ات، آیا ابید. شہرے جلوہ و ندارگ انچو دلکش ات کہ مرتگین دل بود کنت. هر نیمگا شیرکین آئے کئور و جو تچگا انت، باگ و باگیچہ سبز و آباد انت. هر تهرے مرگ، دلوت و جانور اے شہرا هستات. ابرمے دلکشین ندارگئے همراهیا مؤسمے حسابا اے شہرے بدل نیستات. هر روچ شہرے یک نہ یک کندیامبر ساهیل انت و هئور گوارگا ات. هر کجام شری و زیبایی کہ یک شہرے واستا المی انت، آچیز اے شہرا هستات. آ، اے شہرے یکین واهند ات. آیارا ایوکیا هچبر بیتناهير نکرنگات و آ وتی ایوکیا سک شات و گل ات.

یک روچے آیا هیال کرت کہ چہ هُشکین نندگا نائے گدگ کنگ گهتر انت. چیزے نہ چیزے کنگی انت. گرا چے کنگی انت؟ آیا چرت جت کہ انچین کارے کنگی انت و انچین چیزے منا سازگی انت کہ منی شہرا انگت نیست انت. بلہ منی شہرا وہ هر چیز هست. کجام چیز انت کہ پشت کپنگ؟

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