

**HIMACHALI FOLKTALES: TRANSLATION AND
INTERPRETATION**

**Dissertation submitted to Jawaharlal Nehru University
in partial fulfillment of the requirement for the award of the
Degree**

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY

SAPNA DOGRA

**Center for English Studies
School of Language, Literature & Culture Studies
Jawaharlal Nehru University
New Delhi – 110067
2008**

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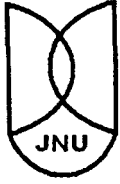
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CERTIFICATE

Certified that the dissertation titled "**Himachali Folktales: Translation and Interpretation**" submitted by **Sapna Dogra** to the Centre for English Studies, School of Language, Literature and Culture Studies, Jawaharlal Nehru University, New Delhi, for the award of the degree of **Master of Philosophy**, is an original work and has not been submitted so far in part or in full, for any other degree or diploma of any University or Institution.

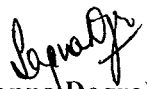
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DECLARATION BY THE CANDIDATE

This dissertation titled "*Himachali Folktales: Translation and Interpretation*" submitted by me for the award of the degree of Master of Philosophy, is an original work and has not been submitted so far in part or in full, for any other degree or diploma of any University or Institution.


(Sapna Dogra)
M.Phil student
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Dedicated to

My beloved parents

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INTRODUCTION

[I] **INTRODUCTION**

Folktales are the most developed form of folk literature. They are the very basis of our belief system. On one hand folktales give us pure entertainment and on the other, provide us life's basic mantras like wisdom, perseverance, morality, righteousness, charity, sharing, eventual triumph of truth and justice, happiness after trials, to name a few.

Folktales come under the genre of folklore. Folklore is a vital element in a living culture. Folklore consists of folk songs, folktales, ballads, proverbs, riddles, folk theatre, folk customs, traditions, beliefs, etc. M.R. Thakur defines folklore as:

Folklore is a legendary tradition contained in popular beliefs, institution, practices, oral literature and arts and pastime of the mental and the spiritual life of the folk. The folklore is in fact believed to contain the seeds of all sciences — astronomy is claimed to have evolved out of astrology and chemistry from alchemy; folk customs turned into law and codes, nursery tales into romantic stories and folk ballads into epics. (Preface, 5)

Thakur further divides folklore into two disciplines, i.e., folk beliefs and folk arts. He says that folk beliefs constitute tradition, rituals, myths, etc.

and that they cannot be disobeyed because they contain social sanction behind them. But the folk arts are:

. . . voluntary, spontaneous and discretionary. They have no sanction except the choice. We choose to play a drama. We like to sing a song; we desire to tell and hear a story, to recite a ballad and enjoy its music without any compulsion. (5)

Himachal Pradesh has a rich reserve of folk literature viz. folktales, ballads, riddles and proverbs. Much of what is known of Pahari culture is embodied in its folk culture. The inaccessibility of the snow covered terrain and the fact that Pahari language had no official script of its own explains the absence of any written literature until recently.

The folk literature, with special reference to the folktales that have evolved over ages has become the carrier of the essence of the community at large. Dan Ben-Amos says about folktales in general thus:

..... these folktales are not characterized as fiction in the context in which they appear. On the contrary, their inclusion in documentation of other subjects depends on their cultural acceptance as historical reality rather than fiction. They offer sanction to social values, institution, or dynasties. (256)

Every community has a desire to express its heritage, arts, language, customs and its sense of identity. The artistic expressions of ordinary people cannot be ignored. The essence and identity of the Himachali

community is engrained and crystallised in its folktales. Folktales may assert, subvert or negate an ideology. They manifest happiness, miseries, beliefs, norms, joys, sorrows, trials and tribulations of common man. They substantiate ideas and expression of a community. They perpetrate the discourse that shapes a society. The repeated telling and retelling of a folktale can easily metamorphose into propaganda and dogma, which eventually will shape the culture.

Folktales are compositions that are transmitted orally from generation to generation undergoing various alterations owing to additions, deletions, loss of memory, etc. They are the repository of traditional and cultural wisdom passed on to posterity. The entertainment provided by them may at times be considered crude but they are important because they manifest and express the aspirations of the folk. The tale telling tradition of Himachal is very old. The people of Himachal love the listening and telling of folktales. There is a popular saying in the region:

Kankna bahiyan tan katha ahiyan

Kankna nisriyan tan katha bisriyan

(With the planting of the wheat seed the tales emerge

And with the sprouting of the seeds the tales disperse.)

Almost ninety percent of the people of Himachal Pradesh live in villages and small towns. Most of the Himachalis depend on agriculture for livelihood. After the sowing season, since not much work is left to be done, the long cold nights are spent narrating folktales. In the long winter nights when work in the fields takes a back seat, it becomes an

appropriate time to sit indoors by the fireside and entertain the family with the tales. Usually the eldest in the family narrates tales to the immediate listening community which comprises family members and sometimes even the neighbours. The narrative style is usually conversational. My mother tells me how she as a child would huddle close to my maternal grandfather and insist on hearing a *katha* (story). He would delightfully narrate some. He knew a large number of tales, some of which were long enough to serve as lullabies. Secondly, the difficult mountainous region invites long journeys that are mostly covered by walking. In such a situation telling of tales becomes the best medium for diluting the monotony and fatigue of the arduous journey.

Folktale is a performative text. Its narration and delivery requires gestures, a good memory, emphasis, pauses and various other performative aspects that sustain the charm of the story. The written form misses on this important aspect but nevertheless the written word gives space for pausing and reflecting on the intellectual activity gone behind the creation of the text. In the written form the 'word' takes the centre stage. The word with its various meanings and signifiers helps in sustaining multiple discourses by allowing the reader to pause at intervals and develop a thought process.

Folktales weave a world that transcends the parameters of reality, where Gods and mortals live and breathe together, where there is a swift movement in time and space, where flights of fantasies are given a free reign, where wit wins over intellect and underdog always triumphs. The

folk imagination makes no distinction between the tangible and the intangible. L.N. Birla says:

The story-teller imagines impossibilities and the listeners expect the impossible to happen. Both sides have a tacit understanding that the action of the stories takes place in a world where you might make things happen as you want them to. Those who tell as well as those who listens, all are eager to have just the story, no report, no reason. (Preface)

Folktales are part of oral literary traditions and are devoid of written language. They have no record of rendering as such and survive on ephemeral existence of memories of men that are transmitted from one generation to another through word of mouth. Almost all the basic facts, themes and ideas that are under the sun can form a theme for folktales; for example: the origin of man, gods, goddesses, chivalry, love, sacrifice, animals, death, past, future, dance, food, rituals, festivals. Man, nature, gods and the entire universe exists through human relations in the folk imagination. The folktales show the way in which a community tries to understand and reason out the activities surrounding it by throwing over them a colouring of imagination, magic, beauty and mystery. They have the power to involve the audience as participant. This is one way in which the folk society provides for itself entertainment and satisfies its aesthetic sense, which is sometimes considered to belong to a lower intellectual level than the institutionalised forms of the dominant culture of the majority.

There is a basic pattern or core in all the folktales of the world. The core remains constant while the outer layer changes with culture and language. Simple and basic curiosities of the primitive men are satisfied in the folktales. They contain in themselves an interesting answer to all queries related to science, geography, seasons, colours, human nature, elements of nature, God, etc. According to a folktale earthquake is caused because earth is carried by an ox on one of its horns and when the ox is tired it shifts the earth to its other horn and this causes movements on the surface of the earth; rather an interesting answer when compared to the sliding of Tectonic plates, as any science text book would say. Folktales are a reliable index of traditional ways of knowing and understanding that have been displaced by the prevalence of science and reason.

Folktales and folk songs are the only forms of folklore that have survived in the modern world. Folk theatre and ballads are associated with professionals and with the changing times these professional folk artists are dwindling and taking to other means. The primary reason behind the survival of folktales in the world of technology is its association with non professionals. The creator, narrator, transmitter of folktales is the whole community at large.

Folk texts enjoy the existence of being prior to any classical text. The literary aspects that are so interesting in a folk text find a simultaneous existence even in canonised literature. Also folk text is as much informative about the context, society, ideology of a society as is for that matter any fictive work. They are vivid expressions of economic condition of common man, political affairs, religious beliefs and

practices, and historical and geographical condition of people. A.K. Ramanujan says:

Past and present, what's pan-Indian and what's local, the written and the oral, the verbal and the nonverbal — all these are engaged in reworking and redefining relevant others. What are distinguished as 'the classical', 'the folk', and 'the popular', as different modes in Indian culture, will be seen as part of an interesting continuum. Texts, then are also contexts and pretexts for other texts. In our studies now, we are beginning to recognize and place folk texts in this ever present network of intertextuality. For folk texts are pervasive, behind, under and around all the texts of the society and in all its strata, not merely among the rural and the nonliterate. (xviii)

Just like any other literary text the oral narratives are overtly and insidiously linked with ideology. They may serve as a norm for a particular social setup, or go tangential to the expectations merely to entertain by surprise. The moralistic folktales can serve as a role model for people to follow but a tale depicting a greedy housewife is mere entertainment for a society where women show resilience and where they might themselves go hungry but would make sure that her children and husband are properly fed. As Gloria Goodwin Raheja says:

Oral narratives, whether song, poetry, story, proverb, or autobiographical narratives, are always situated communicative practices that may serve to reproduce a social order, to critique and undermine it, or something in between. (5)

She further adds that, "...to understand that these performances do not simply reflect a previously existing and congealed social reality, but instead constantly create or recreate, authorize or undermine the social practices and cultural forms of the everyday world of singers and speakers." (6).

The community plays a major role in the building of the ethical character of the folktales. The listening community is simultaneously the creators as well as the audience of any folktale. The community comprises family members or a large gathering to indulge in the recital of the folktales. Such gatherings and recitals are important for the mental and moral growth of the individual and of community at large. They create a relationship between the teller and the audience. Such folk narratives channel social norms, dictate the virtues and vices of life, instruct and delight. Since the primary role of any basic folktale is to moralise it becomes doubly important in developing community bonding and sharing. Community's familiar and common worldview, experiences and morals is indispensable for the survival and functioning of any folk narrative. Dan Ben-Amos says:

The tales evoke a responsive chord among the listeners only if they correspond to their worldview, their aesthetic standards, and the ethical values that were partially shaped by these tales to begin with. Hence folktales are a valuable testimony about a society's view of itself. The validity of the interpretation of folktales depends on its agreement with observations of social conduct, analysis of language and religious symbols, and information about socio-political structure and history. (264)

A community speaks out its heart in the folktales. Folk's aesthetic sense is satisfied by the folktales because they are narrated in language, style, tone, format and manner which is familiar and dear only to a specific community. The tale telling process strengthens the social and communal identity of a group. Ramanujan says, "A folktale is a poetic text which carries some of its cultural context within it; it is also a travelling metaphor that finds a new meaning with each new telling." (Preface). There is something in the tales that the desire to tell it over and over continues to fascinate the listeners and readers alike. Folktales are texts in search of a context.

It is generally thought that primary function of the folktales is to moralise. But a large number of them merely entertain and some deal with so dark and tragic themes that they can become discomfiting to the listeners. Both bright and dark aspects of a society find a reflection in the oral narratives. All sort of themes like murder, incest, suicide are depicted in the folk narratives but the mode of narration dilutes the enormity of the themes. Himachali folktales deal primarily with deities, demons, animals, gods and goddesses.

Eight Himachali folktales have been translated for this dissertation. They have been selected and put into five subparts. There are two tales concerning '**siblings**', one tale concerning '**fools**', three tales concerning '**domestic strife**', one rare '**allegory**' and one '**court tale**'. What connects the tales is a strange rustic, crude black humour that pervades and camouflages the seriousness and enormity of the underlined themes.

P.C. Roy Chaudhury says that, "Folk literature is often crude and even grotesque." (8). It is this very crudeness and grotesqueness that has captured the imagination of the illiterate folk since time immemorial and it is this very crudeness that is most challenging for the present translator to retain.

Because folktales are not associated with a particular author they tend to represent a populous view. Such anonymous arts run counter to those with an author function attached. The folktales translated for this dissertation are taken from some well-known anthologies and were published with a name of an author (collector and transcriber). The mode of the collection is not known; perhaps the tales came from memory. The tales are treated as mere variants. Many variants of the tales were available and the ones chosen for translation were selected at random.

Pahari is a general term for various dialects spoken in the central Himalayan range. The word Pahari is derived from the word 'pahar' meaning 'mountain'. The term Pahari means language of the mountain people. The term 'Western Pahari' given by Dr. Grierson is used collectively for the dialects spoken in Himachal.* K.S. Singh says:

Though a small state, there are as many as 32 languages spoken in Himachal Pradesh. Out of these there are 6 belonging to the Tibeto-Burman family, 3 unclassified, 2 are foreign and the remaining 21 to the Indo-Aryan and or its Pahari sub-family. (Foreword, xiii)

* *For a detailed study of Pahari language see Y.S. Parmar ; K.S. Singh; Mian Goverdhan Singh.*

Nearly ninety percent of the people of Himachal Pradesh speak Western Pahari. The main dialects of Pahari language are: Sirmauri, Mahasu, Kinnauri, Kangri, Kehluri, Sasodhi, Gaddi, Bharmauri, Lahauli, Bhoti, Kului, Mandiali, Chambiali, Baghati, Keonthali, Jaunsari, Bhaderwahi.

There is a unique similarity in the grammar, pronunciation and vocabulary of all the dialects, except for Lahauli and Kinnauri. Pahari in the past was written in Tankari script. But nowadays it is written in Devnagari script. The folktales translated for this dissertation were also published in Devnagari script. Owing to the similarity of various dialects, familiarity with just a few dialects was enough in helping with the translation.

Since English is the most widely understood language and the language I am most at ease with I decided to translate eight Pahari folktales. This translation aims at making these folktales reach out to a large audience in India in particular and the world in general. Such a work would become a means to make different speech communities know one another in a multi-lingual country like India. While translating, an attempt has been made to stay close to the spirit of the original. The folktales translated here may not exactly resemble the original oral rendition owing to loss of crude rustic humour in the course of translation; nevertheless they expose the indigenous literature and mark a phase in history where it becomes imperative to introduce to others literatures peculiar to a region.

I have tried to stay as close as possible to the original tales without omitting any details. The story line has been kept intact. There are no major alterations carried out. Only slight changes have been made to reproduce the 'sense' of the original in translation.

The present study is organised into two parts. The first presents a brief discussion on translation and problems faced during translation from Pahari language into English language. It is followed by the translated folktales and a critical study. The work of simultaneously translating, interpreting, sorting out the practical problems and overcoming the obstacles that the act of translation poses was a great challenge in itself.

The next chapter will deal with the problematics of translation. Also an attempt has been made to unravel, substantiate and articulate the underlying ideology that of the folktales and the way it is finally incorporated and negotiated.

PROBLEMATICS of TRANSLATION

[II] **PROBLEMATICS of TRANSLATION**

The need for translation will continue to exist till there is a desire and curiosity to know other cultures. Translation then becomes a means by which different cultures can be made familiar and accessible to one another.

Translation is a form of communication. Translator takes the delightful pain to communicate and reproduce artistic expressions and stylistic specialities and features of a particular language. Every language has its own set of rhythms, rhymes, stock words, idioms, tone, proverbs and grammatical structures. Ideally a good translation should produce the same effect on the receptor of the translated text as was produced on the original reader or listener and as Eugene A. Nida says, “The best translation does not sound like a translation.” (12)

The need for translation arises because of infinite speech communities spread over the world speaking many independent and mutually incomprehensible languages. Each and every independent speech community is conditioned by its corresponding cultural heritage and linguistic systems. Faced with such a situation translation comes as a ready means and a boon for different speech communities to interact with one another and exchange ideas, views, thoughts and expressions that make their way into the world through a specific language. Had there been no translation we would have been bereft of great works like the

Bible, The Iliad, The Ramayana; great writers, philosophers and thinkers like Karl Marx, Leo Tolstoy Aristotle, Plato, Vladimir Nabakov, Rabindranath Tagore, to mention a few. It's a pity that translation suffers from having an unequal status when compared to the creative work.

Translation however is always an incomplete and unsatisfactory enterprise. It is never finished. The scope for modification, fidelity and beauty is never exhausted. Pranati Pattanaik says:

Translation is an approximate exercise and not totality. The text of the target language does not match neatly with the text of the source language. There is no possibility of one to one correspondence between items in the two languages. The translator, as a reader is not an inactive user of the text. He produces the text. The text of the target language represents only those values, which the translator sees in a given light. There is neither 'full' nor only 'total' translation. But all the translations may be regarded as 'partial'. The idea of 'perfect' translation is value judgement. (28)

When we use any language we also assume with it its culture. In translating Pahari into English the search for the right equivalence is all the more challenging due to the different spheres of lexical and cultural experiences between source language (SL) and target language (TL). Translation is about equivalence. At its simplest translation may be defined as a replacement of text in one language with an equivalent text in another language. Finding an equivalent is the key requirement in the process. When one has to translate from Pahari into English the formal

changes were gargantuan, because the cultural context and different world views are so varied and diverse at both grammatical and lexical fronts that alterations, omissions, replacements, additions were required to preserve the content and create the desired effect.

Translation aims at a new readership. Any reader cannot be expected to master all or even a few languages of the world, and the experiences, culture and nuances associated with all the languages. It would have been amazing had there been a common language for all of us. But it is indeed a pity that not everyone in the world can communicate with one another for the lack of a common means of verbal expressions. In such a situation translation comes as a boon for reasons that could be political, intellectual, social, economic or any other. Translation establishes a link between several different cultures.

No folk text is either produced or received in vacuum, but is an integral part of a culture. Definite socio-cultural context governs the production and reception of any literary product. Various ideological positions govern and influence the way a text works in a society. This chapter and the next serves to attempt to understand the problems of translation and cultural framework that serves as a basis for the popularity of the folktales. Before coming to the problematics of translation I would like to briefly discuss literary translation and why I chose to translate Himachali folktales for my dissertation.

Translation is the transfer of meaning from one language to another. In case of an oral narrative the original text is performance based where the

telling of the tales stands in the positions of the original. Then recoding of the oral narrative into written text is a form of re-creation for another set of audience. The translator in such a situation is but another co-author. As Pattanaik says, “. . . ‘translation’ of a literary text is not mere rendering of it in another language but an act of creation and the translator is not a mere ‘renderer’ of the text into another language but a ‘co-creator’ as well.” (9)

The meaning that is transferred in translation is other than the denotative meaning or the literal ‘sense’. It is the connotative meaning and the layers of meanings attached to the textual unit that are of major significance in the translation. Secondly, since translation is about finding the equivalent text, it becomes all the more difficult when translating literary text. Not much difficulty arises in non-literary translation. In translating the literary text the retention of ‘sense’ or ‘significance’, ‘nuance’, ‘connotation’ is the primary objective. So the translation becomes an operation performed on two different linguistic systems (SL and TL), where the search for the right equivalence in the right place is all that is there to the art, craft and science of translation.

Translation plays a major role in evolution of literature in general and in expansion of a particular language (TL) in particular. TL imbibes the creative aspects of the SL. Translation serves as a bridge between two cultures, by bringing people together and paving the way for an exchange of knowledge and creativity. Translation is that bridge by which people/reader pass from one language/culture/linguistic system to

another. 'Works in translation' is an umbrella term that brings almost every literature and almost all readers together.

Translation has been defined variously by different scholars thus:

Nida and Taber says, "Translation consists in reproducing in the receptor language the closest natural equivalent of the source language message, first in terms of meaning and secondly in terms of style." (12)

J.C. Catford defines translation as, "The replacement of textual material in one language (SL) by equivalent textual material in another language (TL)." (20)

Susan Bassnett says, "Translation involves the rendering of a source language (SL) text into a target language (TL) so as to ensure the surface meaning of the two will be preserved as closely as possible but not so clearly that the TL structures will be seriously distorted."

Pattanaik's take on Nida and Catford is:

Translation consists in producing in the receptor language the closest natural equivalent to the message of the source language (SL), first in meaning and then in style. It is accepted that equivalence in both meaning and style cannot be retained. Therefore when one is to be abandoned for the sake of other, the meaning must have priority over the stylistic form. (7)

Clearly, meaning and style cannot go together in a translation. In the present translation the rustic flavour and humour associated with Pahari language was difficult to reproduce, nonetheless meaning has been the primary concern. In the process of translation part of the original meaning might have been lost but the irreplaceable core has definitely been retained.

In *Translation as Discovery* (1981) Sujit Mukherjee deals with various aspects of translation with reference to India and Indian English Literature. He regards 'Translation as Perjury', 'Translation as Patriotism', 'Translation as Testimony', 'Translation as New Writing' and most interestingly 'Translation as Discovery'. The last aspect, 'Translation as Discovery' is the most applicable and interesting for the translator's task in this dissertation since while bringing out this translation there has always been a desire to let others 'discover' another literature through translation. Mukherjee says:

...element of discovery inherent in the making as well as in the reading of translation. . . English has made it possible for an Indian text to be read or 'discovered' in translation more widely than it could be in any other language earlier. . . Hence, though English may not be the most suitable language for translating Indian literary text, it offers the widest area of discovery through and in translation.
(Preface)

Translator locates himself/herself in a space that lies between the two cultures and two different social-linguistic factors. In literature, it becomes all the more tricky because literature has not single but multiple layers of meanings (literal as well as metaphorical).

When translating from one Indian language into another, the problems faced by the translator are not as enormous as when translating from Indian language to English because of non-intimacy of cultures, language, syntax, idioms, etc. A false or defective translation can do more harm than good. The original work would be easily misunderstood if the translation is unintelligent.

The folktales are devoid of any artificiality in language, tone and narrative technique. The tales are simple, rustic and funny. Certain words, experiences, cultural institutions and phenomena that are absent in the English culture may still be recognised and understood in various parts of India. The rural set up of India and its corresponding cultural environment abounds with practices that are shared all over India. As H. Lakshmi says:

It is relatively easy to translate from one Indian language into another because here the culture is more or less the same. But translating from an Indian language into English is very difficult and problematic. For instance, in Indian languages we have honorifics indicative of the social distance between the speakers and the addressee but they do not have equivalents in English and hence create problems in translation. (14)



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In translating from Pahari into English language the search for ideal and perfect equivalence becomes challenging due to the cultural exclusivity between the SL and TL. Translator has to be doubly aware of the cultural context of both the SL and TL. Word to word translation failed to maintain the spirit of the original. The effect, emotion and the feeling of the original requires a lyrical and a poetical translation.

The present translator found it extremely difficult and challenging to do justice to the shades of humour which can remain intact only in the original language. Translation of syntactic, cultural, lexical problems faced while translating from Pahari to English was a challenge in itself.

The basic requirement for any kind of translation is an in-depth knowledge of the source culture as well as target culture. It requires a simultaneous understanding of the sense as well as the context. According to Mary Snell-Hornby “. . . the extent to which a text is translatable varies with the *degree* to which it is embedded in its own specific culture, also with the distance that separates the cultural background of source text and target audience in terms of time and place.” (41)

I have chosen eight folktales to translate, from the anthologies *Ghatiyari Gunjan*, *Katha Sarvari Bhag-1*, *Himachal Diyan Lok-Kathan*, and journals *Himbharti* and *Bagar*. The eight folktales are: **Golden Pole** (*Sone ra Khunda*), **Hanging the Grinding Mill** (*Ghrate jo Phansi*), **Five Bhallas** (*Panch Bhalle*), **You Shall Reap as You Sow** (*Karnia de Phal*), **Four Fools** (*Char Moorkh*), **Sharing the Divide** (*Bandchund*), **A**

Strange Heaven (*Anokha Swarg*), When I Desire to Have my Head Hit Again, Then! (*Jadu Sire Khurakh Hongi Tadoon!*).

In this chapter I would give a picture of the difficulties faced during translation from Pahari into English language.

The narrative style of the tales is very simple. There is a consistent use of short sentences and lack of long, complex and compound sentences. The content and the style are natural and inartificial.

Gautam Sharma 'Vyathit' says about the narrative style of the folktales:

The method of narration in Himachal Pradesh is very interesting tool. For hours the listeners sit enthralled by the art of the narrator and the intricacy of the tales. They must constantly intersperse the narrative with 'Huni' (Yes, go on) so that the narrator is sure of holding their attention, and is spurred to generate fights of fancy by the active admiration of his audience. (133)

In the written form the mode of narration appears rather conversational where the narrator takes recourse to frequent use of direct speech and assumes the role of the character. This adds authenticity to the character's words.

Translator has to be doubly aware of the culture in which the SL text was produced and the specificities of the culture in which it will be rendered. According to Nida there are two types of translation: Formal

correspondence (mechanical reproduction of the SL); Dynamic Equivalence (in which the response of the receptor in translated text is like that of the original receptor.). To achieve a dynamic equivalence, meaning has been given the foremost importance. Sometimes dictionary equivalents don't work at all. In that case the translator has to rely on intuition.

Now I would dwell on the cultural, lexical and syntactic aspects that posed difficulty in translation and how they have been negotiated by the present translator.

Foremost difficulty was in retaining the music and rhythm in translation. Since all the eight folktales chosen for translation are set in rural setting, it became imperative to retain some dialectical terms to avoid the tales from being read as mere abstracts of the original tales. When the original terms are used for the first time they are given in italics with short parenthetical explanations in the text itself and thereafter they are treated like any other word. Exception should be made for dialectical terms that appear in the titles of the tales. In that case the term is explained through a short footnote. In the tale *Five Bhallas*, the word *bhallas* is amplified by footnote. The paragraphs and sentence divisions have been retained as in the original.

Word like *Tikka*, *Kanwar*, *bhathuroo*, *Maharaj*, *raja sahib*, *Ghratiye*, *bhalla*, *karandu*, *yuga*, *tamasha*, *roti*, *khind* and *kismet* have been retained in order to preserve the regional grain and cultural specificity.

No attempt has been made to force equivalence on the TL. Adding long explanatory notes and footnotes have been avoided to a large extent. Instead short parenthetical explanations have been given in the text itself to retain the interest in the flow of the narrative.

HONORIFICS

A wide network of honorific terms is an essential and non translatable aspect of Indian society. I have kept the honorific terms *Maharaj* and *raja sahib* in the target language to give ethnic touch to the translation and also because of the absence of its equivalents in the cultural setting of the TL.

AGRARIAN ITEMS

The tale *Sharing the Divide* is set in a village. The entire story is in the form of conversation. The original *khind* has been retained to indicate the rural backdrop with its peculiar socio-economic set up. The word *khind* could have been translated as:

- (a) quilt (literal meaning in English)
- (b) to explain it as crude quilt made of old worn out clothes
- (c) cheap blanket

The first option and third option has been ruled out in order to give a true representation of rural setting. Quilt and blankets are used by everyone irrespective of class. The second option is too long an explanation to be inserted in the text itself. Hence the original *khind* has been retained with some information in the text itself and a longer and appropriate footnote is given for a detailed explanation.

Just like *khind* the word *karandu* (bamboo basket) in the tale *Five Bhallas* has also been retained because it reminds the readers of the agrarian set up of the tale and the socio-economic motifs of the tales gets repeatedly asserted.

TITLES OF THE FOLKTALES

In the tale *When I Wish To Have My Head Hit Again, Then!*, the translation of idiomatic title itself was a problem. The original title in Pahari was: *Jadu Sire Khurakh Hongi Tadoon*.

Jadu Sire Khurakh Hongi Tadoon
when head itch happen then

Now the option of literal translation has been completely ruled out because it would not make any sense to the readers and the tale would not have been worth enjoying; such sentence structure seemed awkward in English. So the option retained evokes the same response in English that Pahari language had produced on the original readers. Such idiomatic expressions posed a challenge to the translator because the intention and interpretation are complicated and subtle.

Similarly the title of the tale *Sharing the Divide* in original was *Bandchund*, in Hindi '*bantwara*' which literally means 'division' but in Indian context it is more of a division of property.

The word *bandchund* could have been translated as:

- (a) division
- (b) partition

Both the options have been ruled out as they were unable to do justice to the original term. Familial property requires sharing as well as dividing. Hence 'Sharing the Divide' was thought to be appropriate.

ALLEGORICAL NAMES

In *Golden Pole* the words like *yuga*, *Kaliyuga*, *Satyuga*, *Dwaparyuga* and *Tretayuga* are retained as it is because no English words can do justice to the systems of *yugas* (eras) that are the very basis of Hindu belief system. In fact the word *hawa* in original which means 'wind' has been given the Sanskrit rendering *Vayu* to keep consistency in the names of allegorical characters. Mere 'wind' would mean an element of nature but here the wind is an allegorical character. Such words are loaded with cultural significance. It was felt that nothing in English can bring out the cultural undertones of these words and expressions.

FOOD ITEMS

Words like *bhallas* and *bhathuroos* are not just dishes but are the carriers of Pahari culture. Words like cakes and pies could also have done the work but since the tales itself revolve around the food items it becomes imperative to retain the original as an index of Pahari culture and sensibilities.

NAMES AS IDENTITY MARKERS

In *Hanging the Grinding Mill* the word *Tikka* and *Kanwar* have been retained because they the identity markers and carriers of a social position in Pahari society. Similarly the name *Ghratiye* is very popular in Himachal Pradesh for the owner of grinding mill.

In the tale *Sharing the Divide*, the names of the two brothers were 'Salkhanu' and 'Kalkhanu' which would roughly mean the good boy and the bad boy, respectively. Since the very names serve as a mirror for their characters the names 'Goody' and 'Baddy' served the purpose for the present translation.

DEROGATORY TERMS

Every language is insidiously tied up with emotions and cultural nuances. Emotions are difficult to translate. Every language has its set of stock words, derogatory words, curses, oaths and slang. Especially in a colloquial rural set up one can expect and observe a frequent use of such terms.

The word *rand* would translate as 'whore'. But the feeling behind the word has to be given consideration. In *Five Bhallas* the word is used in an affectionate way and there is no expression of cruelty or callousness, nor is it used in its abusive connotation; whereas in *You Reap as You Sow* it has the connotation of curse, hatred and utter dislike for the lady to whom it is directed. Words like this cannot be judged merely as words of abuse. Their meaning has to be extracted from the context. Words charged with connotations cannot be substituted for a neat parallel version of TL.

OTHERS

The words like *tamasha* and *kismet* have also been retained. *Tamasha* means not just a spectacle but a drama with a performative aspect in

focus. *Kismet* is one of the most frequently used terms in day to day conversations in India. The term asserts the belief in destiny and *karma*.

RUSTIC HUMOUR

Greatest problem for the present translator was that of sustaining the crude, colloquial humour that is inherent in Pahari language in general. Humour is blended with the texture of Pahari language. It is hoped that the present translation does not violate the spirit of the original.

Re-creation of the spirit of the original is the final and foremost test of any translator. Translation is a creative endeavour for those who succeed in reproducing the sense, rhythm, tone and emotions of the SL into the TL.

TRANSLATED FOLKTALES

[II] **TRANSLATED FOLKTALES**

WHEN I WISH TO HAVE MY HEAD HIT AGAIN, THEN !

The story is quite old. In a village a man and his wife made a small hut on top of a tiny hill. Their house was absolutely isolated. Sometimes even in daytime the loneliness was frightening. Everyone in the village used to observe, “Where have these two settled — in such a thick jungle. Don’t they feel scared?”

Somebody else would say, “If suppose some thieves break into their house, whom will they call for help?”

But the man and his wife were never afraid of any kind of robbery or attack. Who knew how poor they were? They could hardly manage two meals a day. They were so poor that having eaten something in the morning, dinner was not normally available. Sometimes just a handful of grams were all that they could manage and sometimes they had to content themselves with no food at all for the night. Once the wife got fed up and said, “Look, we live in a deserted and lonely place; what if someone comes at night?”

The man was a lively, carefree and a happy go lucky person. He laughed and said, “Dear wife! What thoughts have crept in your mind? Has

someone led you astray? Our life is better than that of kings and queen, we are just poor fakirs.”

The wife got irritated and said, “Hmm, you have just one work and that is to praise yourself. Even a porter’s wife never gets tired of praising her pots.”

The man said, “Listen! I will tell something very important. What do we have for which any thief would ever break into our house? After eating something in the morning all we think of is supper. If in case any one comes, what will he take away? There is nothing in our house. You know this very well but still you keep muttering something or the other. No matter how much I explain things to you, you never seem to understand. Someone has rightly said that women’s brains are in their heels.”

These comments added fuel to fire and she blurted out, “That’s fine! Why should I bother when everything is fine with you? Let anything happen. I am not bothered.”

The man saw his wife getting feverish with anger and said softly, “Don’t be mad at me, my dear. I am more concerned and worried than you. But it is a fact that if ever a thief breaks into our house he will surely return after breaking his skull in disgust. He will not find here even a peck of dust. Can one ever find meat in an eagle’s nest?”

“I have warned you already. Rest is up to you. You just make fun of me all the time. You would not bother even if I fell into fire.”

“No, no, my beautiful, may all your enemies fall into the fire. I would keep you on my head as a crown. You think I make fun of you? You will yourself get the proof someday.”

Days passed by. Incidents of theft began to rise in the village. Many houses were looted. Even police could not prevent the crimes. The man and his wife had many discussions over this. The women grumbled a lot but the man said to her, “Listen to me my wife! First of all, who can ever find our house? And even if someone did what will he take from our house? He would only return in disgust with a broken skull.”

One day, suddenly, some thieves spotted a lonely hut on the top of a hill. They decided to rob it. They went there at night. It was extremely dark. Poor inmates of the hut had not eaten in the day. They had nothing to eat. Poverty is a cruel thing.

Slowly the thieves went inside the hut. The man and his wife were awake. The wife whispered, “See! Didn’t I tell you that some day thieves would break into our house? What will happen now?” Her husband pressed her hands lightly and said, “Now, you will see for yourself how they’ll return empty handed with a broken skull.”

The thieves searched everywhere but failed to find anything. Their hut was very small; on top of it the doors were still smaller. One had to bend one’s head to cross the threshold.

When the thieves could not lay their hands on anything, they quickly sought retreat. When they were crossing the threshold, one of them hit his head on the door. He cried aloud, 'Ouch!' and began to run away.

Both man and his wife were awake and they couldn't control their laughter. He said, "You saw how he broke his skull! Didn't I tell you already that if ever any thief broke into our house he'll return with a broken skull?"

Then he taunted the thieves by saying, "Hey friends, when will you come again?" The one whose head had been hit against the door said, "When I wish to have my head hit again, then."

HANGING THE GRINDING MILL

This is not a very old incident. This is a story set in those days when our country was ruled by kings. Among these kings some were big in status and some smaller. Some kings would rule over only five or six villages. These kings had immense powers. Their powers were unleashed through army, justice and rule. These kings could get anyone hanged and killed under their rule. These kings were the sole owners of their entire kingdom. A king would attack other kings in order to extend his kingdom. Whatever law they wanted to administer over their kingdom was easily done. Their rule was based on inheritance. After the death of the father, the son became the king. The elder son of the king was called *Tikka* and the younger son *Kanwar*. *Tikka* became the successor to his father. Most of these kings were illiterate. They lived only to fight various battles. In those days these kings used to go for hunting. Their decisions and orders were very rigid. These kings were strong and brave. Their food was very elaborate. They had two to three ministers in their court. One head priest was also there. Usually one king had many queens.

This story is about those days. A king sat down to eat his food. Everyday he ate exactly twenty-five *bhathuroos* (fried cakes) and then he used to belch. But that day he belched when he had just twenty *bhathuroos*. The king was very suspicious and hot tempered. He stopped eating the very moment he belched and after washing his hands he called the court. In the court he talked about the belch after the twentieth *bhathuroo*.

After listening to the king, the minister said, “*Maharaj!** this must be the fault of the cook. He did not make the *bhathuroos* properly, that’s why you belched on the twentieth *bhathuroo*.”

The minister had just finished speaking when the king ordered his page to present the cook in the court. When the page reached the cook’s house, the cook got worried on seeing him. The frightened cook somehow reached the court. The minister looked towards the cook and said, “Hey cook, today our *raja sahib** belched after eating the twentieth *bhathuroo*.” Hearing the minister talk like this, the cook became pale with fear and the earth below his feet began to shake. He knew that the king was short tempered and would surely kill him. The cook remained silent for a while. Then he said somewhat casually to the minister, “Minister *sahib* what you said is correct; today the *bhathuroos* were thick and that’s why the *raja sahib* belched on the twentieth *bhathuroo*, which was supposed to happen after eating twenty-five *bhathuroos*. But this is not my fault. Today the flour was a little thicker. I tried my best to make thin *bhathuroos* but I failed against the thick flour. Hence your honour, not me but the *Ghratiye* (owner of the grinding mill) is to be blamed.” The cook became silent after saying this. The minister took the thumb print of the cook on a paper and dismissed the court. The next day a page was sent to present the *Ghratiye* in the court. The next day before the court was called forth, the *Ghratiye* came to the minister, terrified and frightened. He requested the minister and said, “*Maharaj*, I have many young children. If I am hanged to death, who will look after them?”

**Honorific.*

The minister took pity on the *Ghratiye* and explained to him, “In the court you blame the grinding mill for everything, otherwise you are gone, and today someone would definitely be hanged to death.” The *Ghratiye* returned after listening to the minister.

The court was again called forth. The king said to the minister, “The file of yesterday’s case should be taken out.” The minister took out the papers from the file, read them and called the *Ghratiye* in the court. The frightened *Ghratiye* came in the court. The minister turned towards him and asked, “Hey *Ghratiye*, yesterday the flour you had sent for the king was thick, why?” After listening to the minister, the minister folded his hands in respect and said, “*Maharaj*, yesterday the flour could not be ground properly because the upper mill stone of the grinding mill did not revolve properly. I tried my best to grind the flour evenly but I failed against the upper mill stone. That’s why the flour was thick. So the upper mill stone of the grinding mill is to be blamed.” After hearing the *Ghratiye*’s defence, the minister took his thumb print. Then the king said, “Minister, you heard the proceedings of the case. Now give your judgment. Who should be hanged?” The minister said, “*Maharaj*, after hearing the case one can infer that even the *Ghratiye* cannot be blamed. The upper mill stone of the grinding mill is to be blamed for the crime. Now your majesty it is for you to decide what punishment would be appropriate for the mill stone.” The king made his decision after listening to the minister. The decision was that the upper mill stone of the grinding mill should be hanged. The court was dismissed and the king’s decision was put into action; the slaughterer hanged the upper mill stone of the grinding mill.

FIVE *BHALLAS**

Many years ago an old man and his wife lived in a village. One day, in the evening, they made five big *bhallas* but just when they were about to eat them they began to quarrel over the *bhallas*. The reason why they quarreled was just this that the old man said, "I will eat three *bhallas*." Whereas the old woman said, "I have made the *bhallas* so I shall have three." After quarreling for a long time, the old man arrived at a solution. He said to the old woman, "We both will stop talking now and who ever will speak first will have to content with only two *bhallas*." Both became quiet. Night was over and the dawn broke, still both of them slept quietly. In the morning people got suspicious on seeing the couple's door closed even after sunrise. People knocked and pushed at the door till at last it broke. Inside the couple was fast asleep on the bed with their eyes closed. The villagers tried to move them but the couple did not respond. Neither did they respond to the villagers' words, nor did they open their eyes. Villagers took them to be dead and decided to cremate them as they had no kith and kin. The villagers carried both of them to the cremation ground. The funeral pyre was lit. All the villagers returned home and only five men stayed behind on the cremation ground. In some time the fire reached the old man's head.

**Bhalla* – Small fried cakes, usually eaten with curd and tamarind sauce.

The heat of the fire was enough to make him get up. He got up and said to the woman, “O whore!* Get up. You eat three and I will eat just two.” Hearing this, the five men, who had stayed behind, got frightened and ran away. They thought that the old couple was talking about eating five of them.

The men ran away and the old couple followed them. When the five men reached the village the villagers asked them, “Why are you running? Were you not left behind?” Just then the villagers met the old couple, but the couple ran straight to their house. The old man took out two *bhallas* from the *karandu* (small basket made of bamboo) and began to eat them. The old woman also got hold of three *bhallas*. The frightened villagers came and began to peep inside the house. When they learnt about the whole matter, they said irritatingly to the old couple, “Idiots, you could have kept quiet by taking two and a half *bhallas* each.” The old couple said that such a thought never occurred to them. Hearing the old couple the villagers burst out laughing and went back to their homes.

**Though a word of abuse, it is used here affectionately.*

GOLDEN POLE

This is a story about that time when the *yuga** had just changed. *Dwaparyug* had just come to an end paving the way for *Kaliyug* and the four *yugas*, viz., *Satyuga*, *Tretayuga*, *Dwaparyuga*, *Kaliyuga* and the fifth *Vayu*** was also present amongst them. All five of them sat together and began their deliberations. *Vayu* initiated the conversation. She said to *Satyuga*, *Tretayuga* and *Dwaparyuga*, “I enjoyed in your times and it was sheer fun that peace and harmony spread over the world; but I am anxious about what *Kaliyuga* would do.”

After listening to *Vayu*, *Satyuga* asked *Kaliyuga*, “Brother *Kaliyuga*! What will you do? *Vayu* is anxious to know.” *Kaliyuga* answered promptly, “I will do whatever I desire.” *Satyuga* said, “Brother, still tell us what you want to do.” *Kaliyuga* said, “Will you see a *tamasha* (spectacle)?” All five of them sat down to watch *Kalyuga*’s *tamasha*.

**Yuga* — an age, epoch, era; four ages of the world according to the Indian world view are ‘*Satyuga*’, ‘*Tretayuga*’, ‘*Dwaparyuga*’ and ‘*Kaliyuga*’. The end of an age (usually by cosmic destruction) is also called ‘*Yugant*’.

***Vayu* — Sanskrit for wind.

Kaliyuga inserted a golden pole in the middle of a road. It so happened that four thieves were passing through the road and they saw the golden pole. They said to one another that why should they proceed further when they could pull out the golden pole and divide it equally amongst themselves. All four of them began to pull the pole out. Let alone pulling out, they were unable even to move it a little. They kept pulling the pole till the evening; they continued till the break of dawn but the pole could not be made to move. All five of them — four *yugas* and *Vayu* kept looking at the *tamasha*.

Kaliyuga showed his miracle and it happened that on the second day, another group of four thieves came that way. The first group that was busy pulling the pole was now tired and asked the second group about where they were headed. The second group said that they were in search of some booty.

The ones who were pulling the pole said, “You all are our comrades so help us. This is such a big pole; we shall divide it in eight parts. You pull this pole while we go and eat something. We have been working since yesterday. We are tired as well as hungry.” The ones who had come later asked the first group about where and how far their houses were. The first group gave their addresses. The second group said to the first group, “Your houses are quite far. Our houses are nearby. We can get you something to eat, you all must be hungry. Your houses are very far, it would take you too long to reach there.” Actually greed had crept in the hearts of the second group. They went away to get the food. At home they cooked some vegetables, made some *roti* (Indian bread) and mixed

some poison in it. The second group returned with food. That time the pole had started to move a little and around it a big hole had been created.

The first group was extremely tired. The ones who had brought the food said to the first group, "Please eat something and rest for a while and let us work now." The first group came out of the hole to rest and the second group went inside it to work. The first group came out and thought that they had worked so hard and now even the pole had begun to move, so why should the second group get a share? They decided to do something about it and eat the food later.

They threw a large quantity of sand and stones from above and buried the second group in the hole. After that they heaved a sigh of relief and began to eat the food. Now they thought that they would divide the pole in four parts only but just when they ate a little food the poison began to show its effect. They began to shiver and eventually died.

The second group was buried in the hole by the first group and the first group died after eating the poisoned food brought by the second group. Then *Kaliyuga* said, "So you saw the *tamasha*. This is what I shall do."

FOUR FOOLS

There were four brothers. They were all very foolish but they loved each other. They managed their livelihood with great difficulty. Together they decided to go somewhere to earn a living. All four of them went to seek work. On the way there was a mountain-river. They crossed the mountain-river and after crossing it they started counting themselves to ensure that all four had crossed safely and no one had been left behind. They began the counting. Each one counted everyone except himself. They thought that one of them might have fallen in the mountain-river and now only three of them are left. They sat and began to weep.

At that time a *Jat** came that way. He asked them why they were weeping. They told him that they were four brothers but one of them fell in the gorge so now only three of them are left. *Jat* laughed and sensed the matter. *Jat* asked them that what he would get if he counted them as four. They said that all of them will work for him as his servants.

Jat took off one of his shoes and one by one hit them on their head and counted one, two, three and four. He took them along to make them work for him.

**Jat* — A person belonging to the village community of some states of northern India.

After taking them home, the *Jat* handed them a hoe and asked them to turn the soil. It was summertime; they fell asleep under a cool shade and left the hoe in the sun. When they woke up, one of them saw and touched the hoe and said, “This is a bad news! The hoe is running with high fever. How will one work now?” All of them touched the hoe one by one and agreed that indeed it has been taken by high fever. They sat down and began to think.

Just then a trader came along. He said, “Idiots, what are you all thinking about?” They said, “Our hoe is running with high fever. What shall we do now?” He sensed the situation. He asked them that what he will get in return if he cured their hoe. They answered that they did not have anything to give but they can work for him as his servants. The trader immersed the hoe in the water and after cooling it gave it to them. He said that the fever had come down. They saw that the hoe had become cold. They went with the trader to work for him.

After bringing them home the trader gave them a camel and asked them to take it to the jungle for grazing. In the jungle they fell asleep and the camel returned home on its own after grazing. On waking up and on not finding the camel anywhere they panicked. They had no idea as to how to proceed further. The camel had excreted somewhere nearby. They picked up the dung and went around the village asking whether anyone had seen the animal that had excreted that dung. People laughed on their foolishness. As they went around the village, at last they reached the trader’s house. They saw that the camel was already there. The trader, at that very moment, turned them out of the house cursing them for their foolishness.

A STRANGE HEAVEN

Once upon a time there was a farmer who lived with his four sons. They were good for nothing but the youngest was very sensible. His name was Pankaj. The farmer loved Pankaj the most; whenever he went to the far corners of the country he would bring for Pankaj toys and new clothes. These things made Pankaj very happy. Then one day the farmer's wife died. But the farmer did not remarry for the sake of his sons. The farmer would do everything by himself. He did the household chores like washing dishes and fetching firewood himself. Sometimes Pankaj would also help. But Pankaj was very young. What could he do? Still he did whatever he was capable of. The farmer's other three sons were useless, they were of no use. He, therefore, remained very unhappy. Once he went to fetch some fodder for his calf. The moment he began to cut the grass he slipped from a rock and rolled down and got deeply injured. He died at the spot. When the news of his death reached his sons, Pankaj cried aloud. But what could be done now? What had happened cannot be reversed. But the unhappy times were there to stay with Pankaj. His brothers separated him from them. But Pankaj did not lose courage. The creator of the world, God, was there to help poor Pankaj face the difficulties. Pankaj collected the toys that his father had given him. He bought some more things and with them set up a shop. Within a few days he began to earn enough money. He thought to himself that a drop at a time makes an ocean. Then in another few days he earned a lot of money. Then he set a new and a bigger shop. This shop also earned him a lot of money. His other three brothers became jealous of him. They schemed of

killing him. They said to Pankaj that they wanted to work as his servants in his shop. Pankaj took pity on them. He hired them as his servants. But the three brothers never did any work throughout the day. Pankaj told them that without hard work nothing can be achieved in the world. Even animals do some work whereas they were men with hands to work. This made no impression on his brothers. Then they decided to kill him. They put him in a gunny sack and threw him in the well during the night. The well was not very deep. Pankaj survived by God's grace. When Pankaj returned home his brothers were amazed to see him alive and asked him how he was saved since they had thrown him in the well. Then Pankaj realised that base people should be treated deservedly, so he, in order to avenge himself, told them that the well in which they had thrown him actually led to heaven. He said that he even met his dead parents there. Pankaj's brothers were fools. They asked him to put them also in a bag and throw them in the well. They also wanted to meet their dead parents. Pankaj thought to himself that fools should be treated cleverly. Then Pankaj put his three brothers in a bag and threw them in another deep well from which it was difficult to be saved. Pankaj had told them about a strange heaven. Then he returned home and began to live in peace. He repented the fact that he had killed his own brothers but had he been honest enough they would have killed him instead. Someone has rightly said that fools should be treated like fools.

SHARING THE DIVIDE

Once there was an old farmer. He was very poor. He had two sons. The elder one was called Baddy and the younger one Goody. The elder one was very clever but was also a shirker, idle, good for nothing fellow. He always shunned the work and lazed the whole day long. The old man persuaded and cajoled him a lot, but to no effect. The younger one was a very simple, naïve and an innocent man. He had no knowledge of the worldly ways. For him the numbers twenty and hundred signified no difference. But with his hard work he somehow managed to make both ends meet.

The old man began to remain ill. One day he died. There was not even stale bread to eat in the house. There were in total three things at home viz. a buffalo, a *khind** (coarse quilt) and a mango tree. The elder brother was clever. He thought that why not take some advantage of the situation. He said to his younger brother, "Brother Goody! You know that father is now no more. There are some things in the house, and it would be better if we divide it between us. Future quarrels should not be encouraged. Otherwise everyone would say that the brothers have started quarrelling soon after their father's death." The younger one said, "Brother as you wish. Whatever you do is acceptable to me." The elder brother said, "See we have three things.

* *Khind* — Crude quilt made of old worn out clothes.

The posterior of the buffalo is yours and the hinder part is mine. The *khind* is yours for the day and mine for the night. The trunk of the mango tree is yours and the upper part is mine. So what do you say? Isn't this a fair division?" Goody was a simple and a naïve man. He was unable to make out the cleverness of his elder brother. He agreed instantly.

The next day both of them went for their respective works. The posterior of the buffalo was Goody's, so he was supposed to feed it. In the morning Baddy would milk the cow and take away the milk. The younger brother would not even get a drop of milk. During the night the elder one would cover himself with the *khind* and the younger one would spend the cold night under a rug. The rainy season arrived and the mango tree bore fruit. The upper portion of the tree was Baddy's; he took away all the mangoes. The younger brother did not even get a single mango. He kept pining for the fruit helplessly. It was a difficult situation. He was unable to understand anything. He did all the work and Baddy took away all the fruits. There were some craftsmen in the village. They saw that Goody was caught in a difficult situation while Baddy was simply enjoying. One of them took pity on Goody. He called Goody one day and tutored him.

In the morning when Baddy began to milk the buffalo, Goody picked up a stick and hit the buffalo on its head a couple of times. This was enough to provoke the buffalo. Baddy was now caught in a weird situation. He again began to milk when Goody hit the buffalo on its head. Baddy said irritably, "Fool! What are you doing? How will I milk the buffalo?" Goody said, "Posterior of the buffalo is mine, I'll do what I want. You do your own work." Having no alternative, Baddy had to make a

compromise. He said that from now on they would divide the milk equally between themselves. This is exactly what Goody wanted, he agreed instantly. From then onwards they both began to divide the milk equally between themselves.

Now *khind* had come to Goody's share in the day time. One day he picked it up and threw it in a step-well. The *khind* got wet. During the night when Baddy went to sleep he saw that the *khind* was wet. He asked, "Hey! Young brother, what have you done?" Goody said, "Brother, the *khind* is mine during the day. I'll do as I wish." Baddy was driven to senses. He said, "All right, from tomorrow onwards we would sleep together." Goody agreed. Then both of them began to sleep together comfortably.

The rainy season arrived and the mango tree bore fruit. Baddy climbed the tree to take away the mangoes. Goody picked up an axe and began to cut the tree from its trunk. Baddy said from above, "O fool! What are you doing? The tree would fall like this." Goody said, "Brother, the lower portion of the tree is mine. I will cut it if I want. You do your own work." Baddy understood that Goody is no more a simple and naïve man. When he saw that his words were having little effect on his brother he said, "All right! Stop cutting the tree. In the future we shall divide the mangoes equally between ourselves." Goody was delighted. The division was now perfect and all future quarrels also came to an end.

YOU SHALL REAP AS YOU SOW

Once there was a Brahmin and his wife. They were very poor. Everyday the Brahmin used to go to the village and beg for alms and whatever he collected till the evening, he gave to his wife. This is how their days were spent. His wife was a very clever and a cunning woman. She herself was healthy, but she never fed her husband properly. She had an earthen pot in which she cooked her food. She pretended to be a very devoted wife. She always used to feed her husband first. The Brahmin was a very decent and innocent man. He used to think, "Mine is a devoted wife. She feeds me first and then she eats herself. Only lucky people are blessed with such a wife." Whenever he sat among some men, he always praised his wife.

Many days passed by. The poor Brahmin was somehow managing his livelihood by begging. The Brahmin's wife would herself eat stomach full of rice but she would give just a little to her husband. On top of that she taunted him for bringing just a handful of rice after wandering whole day long. The Brahmin would feel ashamed of himself. He would get up after having a little rice thinking that together they would somehow survive by sharing. He never ate a meal to his heart's content. Many days passed by. The Brahmin was getting weaker because of starvation and would often fall ill, whereas his wife was becoming healthier day by day. The elders of the village became anxious about the disease that was troubling the Brahmin. Some of the villagers began to suspect something. They called the Brahmin and asked him, "What is the matter? You are

becoming weak and your wife is getting healthier day by day.” The Brahmin said, “Brother! We somehow survive by begging, and the little that people give us is not enough for me and my wife.” Brahmin’s friends suggested to him that, “Today when you take your dinner, just put your hand in the pot to check the amount of rice cooked for dinner. Maybe she keeps lying to you while she herself eats to her hearts content and keeps you starving.” Even Brahmin had some doubts on his wife; after all she was really very healthy. He thought to himself that perhaps his wife is keeping him in the dark. Now he was constantly looking for an occasion when he could get a peep into the contents of the rice pot. One day after eating his share of rice he kept sitting near the hearth. His wife thought to herself, “Once he gets up I may also eat the rice.” The Brahmin was looking for a right moment. After a while he said to his wife, “Just tell me.... is any rice left for you too or you just give me everything.” The Brahmin put his hand in the pot and was shocked because the pot was full of rice. He quietly got up and left. The Brahmin’s wife thought to herself, “Today I have been caught. Why did he put his hand in the pot? He thinks he is very smart. I will surely take my revenge on him.” Now she looked for the right moment to come her way.

Many days passed. One day the poor Brahmin had gone to beg for alms when the king’s men came to the village. They were looking for a sensible and an expert physician. The king’s queen was unwell. The king’s men made a public announcement that the physician who would cure the queen will be handsomely awarded. The Brahmin’s wife also heard everything and later called upon the king’s men and said to them, “My husband is a very experienced physician. He has cured many men.

You can take him along.” She also gave them his address and also told them in advance that he would say that he is not a physician. She advised them to give a deaf ear to her husband. She asked them to just get hold of her husband and take him to the king.

The king’s men met the Brahmin on the way and said to him, “Sir Physician, the king has called you.” The Brahmin was surprised to hear this. He told them, “I am a Brahmin and not a physician. I survive by begging alms. I don’t know the work of a physician. Who told you that I am a physician?” The king’s men said to him that who knows him better than his own wife and she had told them that he was quite an expert in curing tumours. Then, without listening to him further, they dragged him to the court. The Brahmin grasped the situation. He understood that all this was the doing of his wife and that she had taken revenge on him.

The queen had developed a big tumour inside her mouth. She got it treated from many physicians but to no effect. The queen was very ill. The Brahmin was brought before the queen. He thought that in any case death is inevitable so something has to be done. He saw the tumour and said:

Burst-burst O tumour
Go and eat that whore
Had I not put my hand in the pot
I would have been here today not

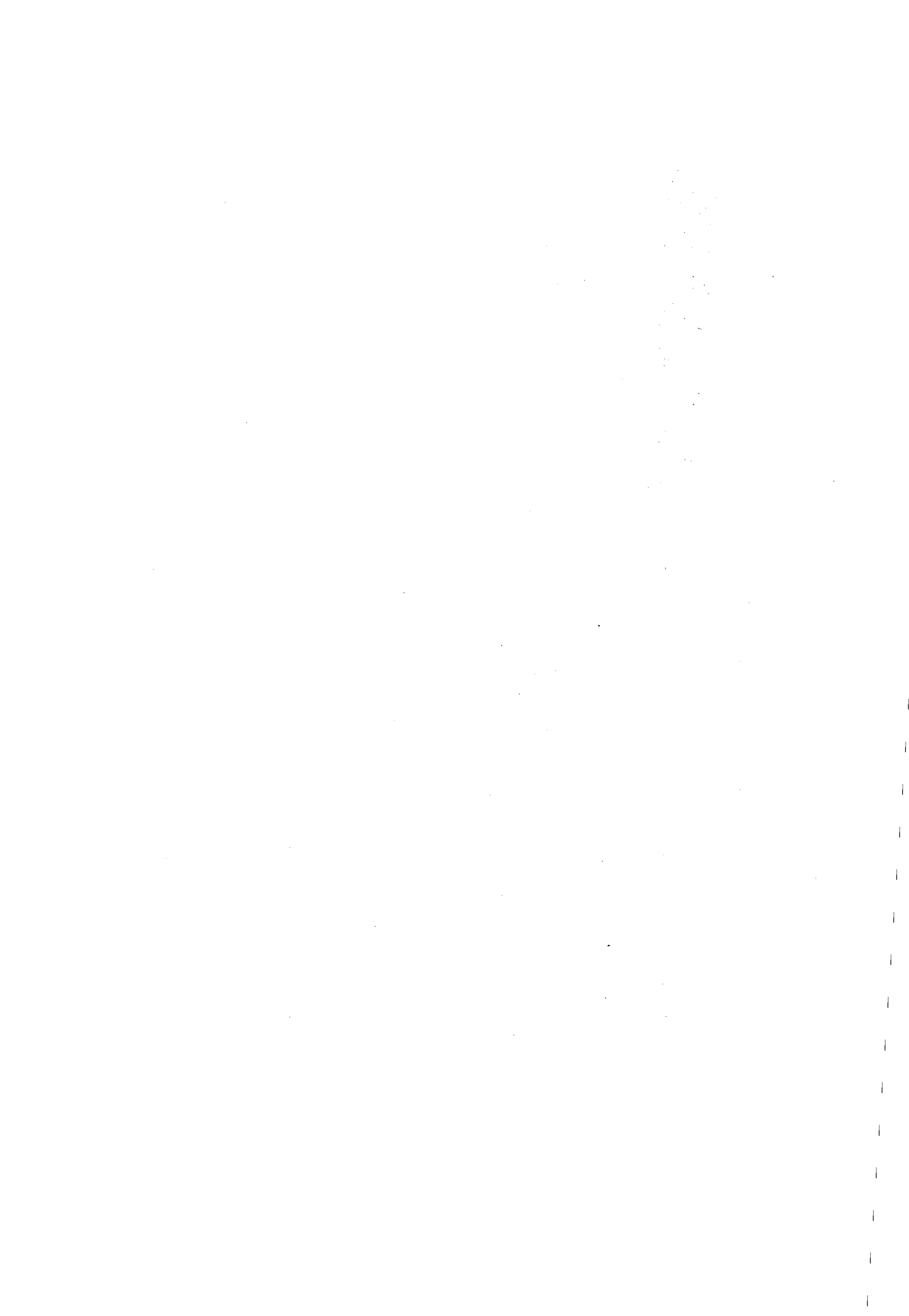
He repeated this many times. The queen heard this and laughed. Due to the laughter the tumour burst and came out of her mouth. The queen was

very much relieved by this. Both king and his queen were very happy. They told the Brahmin to ask for his own reward.

The king's minister took the Brahmin around the palace. Finally, they came to a horse's stable. Brahmin did not like anything. He went ahead and saw a heap of pumpkins. He asked excitedly, "What is this?" the minister thought that Brahmin was a fool. He said to the Brahmin, "This is an egg of a mare. Colt will come out of it." The Brahmin picked up a pumpkin. When the king heard about this he said to his minister, "Put jewels in the pumpkin. They would be of some help to him."

The Brahmin began to walk to his house. After walking for a long time he felt tired and rested underneath a tree and soon fell asleep. Suddenly a rabbit jumped and pushed the pumpkin. The pumpkin began to roll down the slope of the hill. When the Brahmin woke up he saw that the pumpkin was not there. The Brahmin thought, "The egg might have burst and the colt must have gone away. This is *kismet* (destiny) and nothing can be done about it."

When the Brahmin reached home his wife was shocked to see him alive. She sweetly began to enquire about his well being. She said, "Please tell me what all did the king gave you as a reward?" The Brahmin said that the king gave him a mare's egg but it burst on the way and the colt ran away. The Brahmin's wife did not know anything about a horse. She asked him, "What does a horse look like?" the Brahmin got hold of her neck and sat upon her head and said, "This is what a horse looks like." The Brahmin was mad at her because she had sent him to the king to die. He also avenged himself by killing her by breaking her neck.



CRITICAL STUDY



[IV] **CRITICAL STUDY**

Though there has been an insurmountable increase in development and advancement in Himachali society, the folklore continues to grow, develop and transform in its own course.

The common people are the source of all our intellectual wealth. They have acquired a rich reserve of the collective wisdom and strength through their experiences. Ordinary man's practical experiences through life find a smooth way into folk's artistic creations.

Folktales are literary expressions handed down by ordinary people from one generation to another. They have no social compulsion behind them, neither are they some form of authentic historical, social, economic documents. Nevertheless, they are a true index of lives, experiences, collective strength, culture, societal norms and activities of people through different periods of history.

In the present dissertation the translated folktales depict a wide range of characters belonging to different strata of society. These range from kings, farmers, peasants, cooks, thieves, ministers, mill-owners, traders, Brahmins, courtiers, etc. Through their speech and thought we can gain an access to the society in which they lived and interacted.

The way in which the characters behave in a particular situation is never jarring or too unpredictable. King and thieves are always cruel and the tiny hero always manages somehow or the other to outwit them by resorting to practical and clever means. The present study is an attempt to look at such situations where the mode of narration and humour dilutes the seriousness implicit in the event.

Folktales are rarely extremely tragic or pessimistic. No matter how difficult the situation the little guy always emerges victorious.

Ramanujan says:

Indian literatures are customarily presented as solemn, spiritual, and humorless. Folktales are an excellent corrective to such a stereotype. (xxvii)

Humour is related to happiness. Humour and thrill in folktales adds to their entertainment value, because the curiosity and anxiety of the listener are consistently maintained. Dr. Shami Sharma in his book *Bhashita* (2005) says:

Hasya ki yeh visheshta hai ki bhasha mein veh rochakta aa jati hai ki samanya baat bhi katha ya kahani ka roop dharan kar shrota ya pathak ko vibhor kar deti hai. (80)

[A special feature of humour is that it brings interest in ordinary events in such a way that it takes the shape of a story and the reader or the listener finds himself mesmerized.]

The eight stories under study have been categorized into five sub-headings:

Allegorical tale: *Golden Pole*

Court tale: *Hanging the Grinding Mill*

Tales of Siblings: *Sharing the Divide, A Strange Heaven*

Tale of Fools: *Four Fools*

Tales of Domestic Strife: *Five Bhallas, You Shall Reap as You Sow, When I Desire to Have my Head Hit Again, Then!*

Allegorical tale

The tale *Golden Pole* is an allegory that focuses on an unlikely event. The tale incorporates and substantiates some key cultural belief of a typical Indian society. The tale borders on the realm of supernatural. The tale portrays a situation where all the four *Yugas* and *Vayu* sit down in an unknown place. The time depicted is when *Kaliyuga* has just dawned or is about to dawn on the earth. They begin their deliberations. All the *Yugas* are anxious about the *Kaliyuga's* reign. What follows is a situation, the strings of which are held exclusively by *Kaliyuga*. *Kaliyuga* talks about showing everyone a *tamasha* (spectacle). The next scene shifts to the middle of a road where a set of four thieves get busy pulling out a golden pole that has been inserted by *Kaliyuga*. In the meantime a second set of four thieves also arrive. The first set asks the second group for help on the pretence of eventually dividing the pole into eight parts. Since the first group is hungry the second group leaves to bring them something to eat. They cook food and poison it. What happens in the end is that the first group buries the second group in a hole that had been

created around the pole and the first group dies after eating the poisoned food brought by the second group.

The plot is predictable to a large extent. The role affixed to *Kaliyuga* is unravelled as expected. The tale is inspired and conditioned by popular belief. The Hindu faith system is upheld as a norm for the society. The tale reflects the deep seated beliefs of the people. The situation is true-to-life experience which eventually turns out to be entertaining and educational for the folk at the same time. There are two frames in the story. The readers eavesdrop on the initial conversation between the *Yugas*, but later watch the spectacle together with them. Towards the end of the story the readers are active participants of the event. The thieves are none other than the ordinary men for whom the tale is meant to be an example. Humour is implicit in the situation. The tale is a satire on the audience. Destiny plays a major role in the Hindu society and the tale teaches that evil people are destined to be doomed. In folktales the good moral, behavioural and virtuous qualities of ordinary people are prominently portrayed and upheld.

Court tale

Whereas the earlier tale was no less than a sermon, the next is nothing other than a tale of “situational logic” (xxx) (to borrow a term from Brenda E.F. Beck, et al.) where the tiny helpless hero resorts to clever means to save his head. The folktale *Hanging the Grinding Mill* is a tale about a king who calls his court simply because on a particular day he belched after eating twenty *bhaturroos* which usually happened on eating twenty-five *bhaturroos*. Somehow the mill-owner is blamed because he

didn't ground the flour evenly and the *bhaturroos* made out of thick flour made the king to belch. The situation is funny but the overarching cruel personality of the king calls for desperate measures. The helpless victim approaches a potential helper, in this case king's minister. Minister tutors the mill-owner and tells him to blame the grinding mill. When the court is again called the mill-owner tells the king that he is not to be blamed because the upper stone of the grinding mill did not rotate properly and this was the reason for the unevenly ground flour. The underdog wins in the end by resorting to clever means. The mechanics of survival are clearly foregrounded in the story. The conduct and personality of the characters are greatly influenced and conditioned by their social background. It is difficult to transmit the local flavour in the retelling of this funny tale. Black humour pervades the story throughout. The first paragraph serves as a base for the event. The tale actually starts in the second paragraph. The picture that it conjures in one's mind after reading the first few lines is about a time when kings with large palaces, liveried-servants, ministers and courtiers in the court served as power symbols.

O.C. Handa says:

In fact, the influence of certain characters is so deeply ingrained in the Pahari social setup that they appear as sharply and profoundly in the folktales as in the real life. Thus, despite the fact that the exploitative feudal system is now a thing of past, the characters of raja and rani are still regarded as the symbols of rule and repression.

The hero of the tale uses strategy to outwit his protagonist. Things somehow work to the underdog's advantage. Brenda E.F. Beck, et al. says:

...most Indian folktales are intellectually sophisticated, philosophically rich accounts. This can be seen, in part, through the sheer number of tales where heroes and heroines use strategy to outwit their protagonists. Many tales also focus on situational logic, using such givens to the underdog's advantage. . . cunning rather than outright intellect, is thus a key concept. It provides the subversive undercurrent, a hidden power which often enables lower ranking persons to triumph. (xxx)

Beck also says:

There is something distinctive about the portrayal of knowledge in folktales. Cleverness and cunning, rather than abstract knowledge gained from "book-learning" or meditation, are the character traits most frequently admired in Indian folk traditions. The setting of such tales, whether among animals in the jungle, or people in the village, generally involves the real world of power struggles. Thus the world of the folktales describes the big and powerful, as well as the small and vulnerable. The little guy must live by his wits. Folktales show us the "man in the world", rather than the ascetic who has removed himself to become a "forest dweller" (vanaprastha). The knowledge the folk hero displays is that gained from life experience not through penance (tapas), or through sheer devotion (bhakti). (222)

Cunning and guile are the only tools at the disposal of the little hero that bring an amusing downfall of the wicked power-holders. To ridicule and destabilise the ruling class the king is shown as a fool.

Tales of siblings

The power struggle that unfolded in public sphere in the earlier tale now finds a new focus in the private sphere in tales concerning sibling rivalry. The tales *Sharing the Divide* and *A Strange Heaven* are about mutual obligation towards one another that exist from birth between siblings. These bonds of morality and obligation can be either maintained and upheld or fractured by greedy, mean and undesirable behaviour. Thakur says:

The strained relations of the brothers are due to the social set up of the people where all brothers are equal shareholders of their father's property, both movable and immovable. The property, thus, becomes the bone of contention when brothers get separated and property divided. There are many tales as a result of this feud. (64)

Respect and support between siblings is demanded naturally. Primary social values are upheld by many tales. Sibling conflict plays an important role in the society where joint inheritance, division, sharing and the accompanying joint management of family property is the root of all the familial strife.

The tale *Sharing the Divide* is about joint ownership of a buffalo, a *khind* (quilt) and a mango tree where an older brother claims the posterior of the shared animal, upper part of the mango tree and gives the *khind* to the younger brother to use during the day time. Thus the elder gets to milk the buffalo while the younger has to feed it; the elder sleeps under the *khind* while the younger shivers in the cold; the elder takes away all the mangoes while younger pines helplessly. Here is an obvious advantage that the elder brother takes of an age difference and breaks the contract of obligation, trust, faith and equal sharing. Apart from the tense situation in focus the tale is also a reliable and authentic reflection of the day to day life of ordinary men in a rural setting.

The folktale *A Strange Heaven* is about four brothers who live with their father. The youngest is virtuous and sensible and hence an object of jealousy for the other brothers. In both the tales the problem starts after the father's death and there is no reference to any rivalry between the father and the sons. The tales are a biting commentary on social situation.

Thakur says:

In the hills, there is hardly any story the son might have been a direct rival of the father in domestic, political or sexual fields unlike the western oedipal pattern or muslim dynasties where the son has been direct rival of the father to the extent of assassination of the father. The son's aggression towards the father is against the cultural significance of the hill society. Similarly, no tale has come into notice where a daughter has been in rivalry with her father. In the hills, the

children are squarely obliged to their parents and daughter is more devoted to her father than a son. (57-58)

In *Sharing the Divide* there is reconciliation in the end and the tale ends on a happy note. *A Strange Heaven* ends on note that is tragic, dark and shocking on one hand but is also relieving and just on the other. The good brother kills his own brothers only to save his life.

He repented the fact that he had killed his own brothers but had he been honest enough they would have killed him instead. (*A Strange Heaven*)

Such being the situation none actually is to blame. The virtuous brother simply fuelled the ridiculous fantasies of his brothers in order to turn the situation to his side. Brenda E.F. Beck says:

But the focus of these tales is not violence itself. Instead, it is merely that relationships between kins are here expressed in extreme and vivid terms. This is most often the case when a tale contains a strong message. There is no question about who in these stories is the wicked aggressor and who is the innocent victim. In the end the wicked person is justly punished and the innocent vindicated or rewarded. That is the point. (135)

Tale of fools

The folktale *Four Fools* is mere entertainment. The character of a fool creates an image in the minds of the reader which is very much sustained throughout the tale. In a short note attached to the tale the editor Devraj Sharma says:

This is a tale about four foolish brothers who cannot count till four, takes an inanimate object to be running with fever; are obliged to others for ordinary favours and agrees to become their servants. Our folk literature is full of tales where an ordinary and naïve section of society is portrayed. Other sections of the society exploit them and take an undue advantage of their ignorance. In the present tale no one tells the fools their mistake but only laughs at them. (131, *Ghatiyari Gunjan*)

Fools reveal themselves through a series of three consecutive events. The *Jat* and the trader serve the function of rogues who rip off gullible brothers into slavery. Trader is a man who is watchful of his profit and does not hesitate in exploiting the naïve brothers.

Beck says, "Often wisdom is also addressed through its absence, by using the character of the fool. The fool is one who has no understanding of the more practical aspects of life." (223)

Character of a fool can create a story out of any situation just by giving a foolish response to a problem and sometimes by creating a fuss for no problem at all. The presence of a 'fool' is indispensable in folk literature.

The very mention of a fool to the listeners or readers of folktales evokes a smile even before the tale is narrated.

Tales of Domestic Strife

The tale *Five Bhallas* is about an old couple who quarrels over five *bhallas*. Both of them want to eat three *bhallas*. What follows is a series of events where the community plays a major role. In fact the community of the villagers is itself an independent character. The couple is taken to the cremation grounds because the villagers take them to be dead. Actually the old couple had decided that both of them shall keep quiet and whosoever will open his or her mouth first in order to speak would have to content with just two *bhallas*. The villagers knock on their door but the couple does not respond. Then at last the door is broken and everyone thinks that the couple is dead. The community assumes the role of the family for the couple because they have no kith or kin. Just when the funeral pyre is lit the old man gets up. The villagers think that they are ghosts and start running towards the village. When the villagers learn about the matter they simply laugh it away.

Whereas in mainstream literature religious duty is respectfully associated with the stages of old life, in the folktales man is shown to be grotesque, greedy and gluttonous. The age factor of the couple in the tale is of no significance.

The folktale *When I Desire to Have my Head Hit Again, Then!* is also about a couple but unlike the earlier tale the community is conspicuous because of its absence. The couple in the tale is absolutely alone and

extremely poor. One day some thieves break into their house, only to return empty handed. When the thieves were running away from the hut one of them hit his head against the door.

Then he (*the man*) taunted the thieves by saying, “Hey friends, when will you come again?” The one whose head had been hit against the door said, “When I wish to have my head hit again, then.”

The tale ends abruptly. There is not much action in the tale. Major part of the tale consists of conversation that takes place between the man and his wife. There is a repetition of phrases that serve the function of rhythmic emphasis in the course of the tale.

The jungle forms the backdrop of the tale. The thick jungle with its trees and thick foliage is known to be frequented by demons, evil spirits, thieves and dacoits. Any solitary house in the forest gets associated with something mysterious or frightening and eerie. Fear for the unknown and uninvited visitors in the night creates an uncanny atmosphere.

Thieves are known for being unscrupulous. But as with other power symbols and cruel forces that bother an ordinary man, the hero emerges victorious in the end. The readers witness a sudden deflation of the enormity of the situation.

Figures of terror and power like thieves, kings, tigers, demons, Brahmins, husbands, money-lenders and thieves are usually shown to be stupid and

foolish in the folktales. S.K. Sareen says about the structure of folktales that it:

. . . goes against given social structure, and that, precisely, is the importance of folktales. That is also the evidence that given social structures are not always followed in practice without question and that there is indeed a possibility to question them. (221)

Sareen further adds that an important function of folktales is, “that of loosening the given social order. Thereby they can become important mechanisms of interrogation of the given order.” (222)

Folktales are also flexible in terms of plot. This comes out through their intertextuality. There is a constant interchange and shift of themes and motifs between tales. Some tales may form a larger frame story which contains another story within it. Episodes from different variants may be mixed. In *You Shall Reap as You Sow* the story of a greedy housewife and the incident of mare’s egg are observed to be present in many tales with different stories as a frame (see Appendix 2).

Apart from the narrative structure of the tale there is continuous and sustained resistance to the ideologies of gender and profession in this tale. There is a Brahmin, a man of great knowledge, experience and wisdom but not of ready wit. The wife is no *sita* or *savitri*. The image of *pativrata* woman is turned upside down and smashed. Here is an aggressive and an unscrupulous woman. The women in the tales of this section are not stereotypically passive or submissive in their relation with

their husbands nor are they openly aggressive. It is not all the time that we find the depiction of a simple and perfect picture of domesticity with a cordial relation between husband and wife.

The greed of brahmin's wife reminds of the old couple in the tale *Five Bhallas*. Women in the folktales are unlike their counterpart in elite literature where women show resilience, sacrifice, patience and generosity for others. This also goes tangential to the expectation of the readers especially in a society where woman is always the giver.

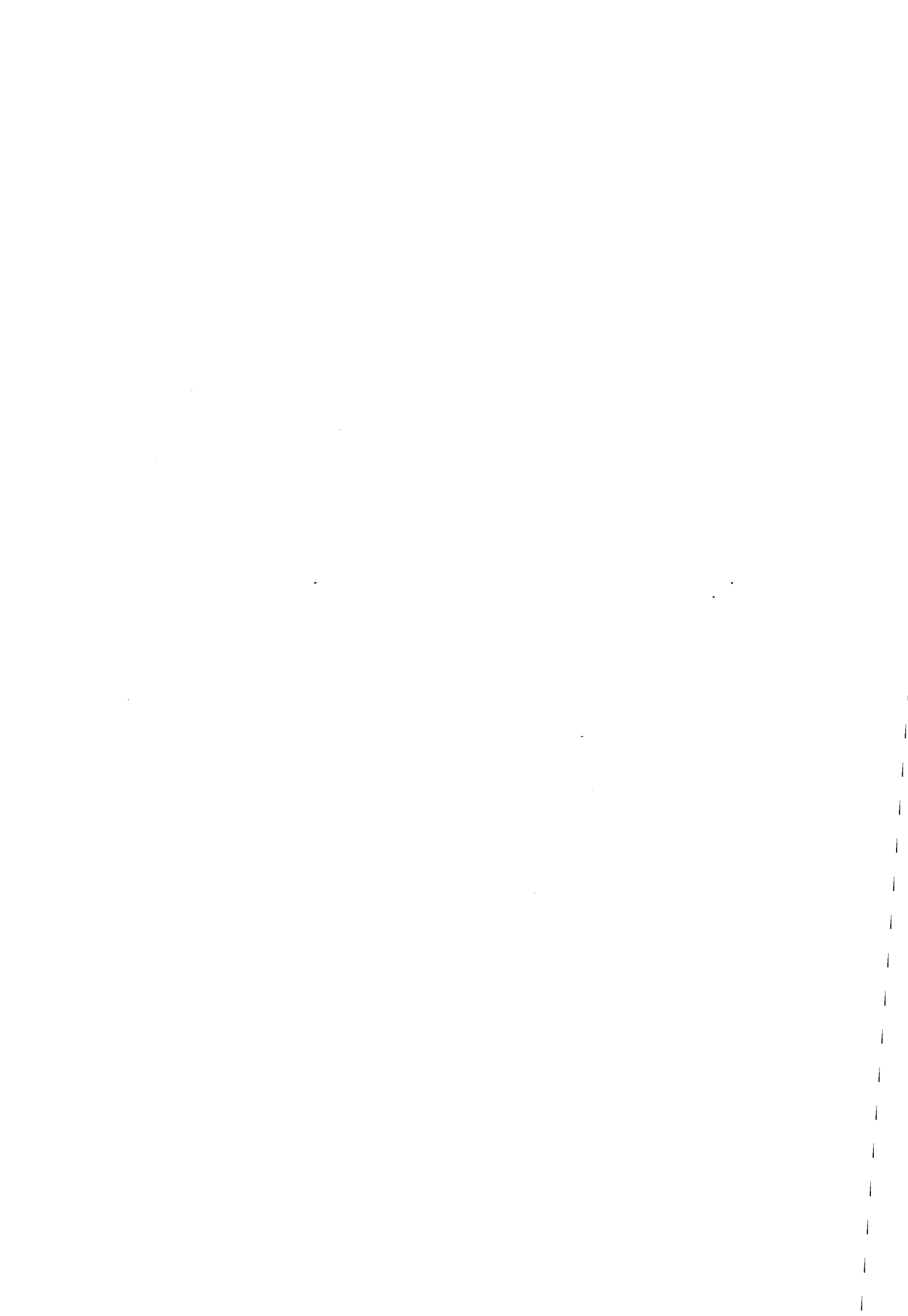
Brenda E.F. Beck et al. says, "In stories about rivalries between husband and wives, women are successful competitors for food and sex. Yet various features of these tales remove them from serious real-life implications." (137)

The position of any virtuous woman is measured by her ability to manage her house, husband and children. In the present tale the woman rebukes her husband for not providing her enough food and finally pushes him in a situation where death hangs over his head all the time. In the folktale the king desired to get his queen cured from a tumour at the cost of his life. Having no alternative the Brahmin utters a funny rhyme. Hearing it the queen laughs and the tumour bursts.

The king as a power symbol and repository of the cruel forces of nature for the poor folk is reminiscent of the tale *Hanging the Grinding Mill*. As always the unusual and amusing downfall of the powerful happens because of the protagonist's wit.

Thus, the world depicted in the folktales is as much fraught with power struggle as any other fictive work. It is just that the informal, casual, conversational and light hearted mode of narration works as a thick shield that camouflages the web of ideology beneath it.

Folktales are not merely a figment of pure fantasy and imagination. Their material is assembled and extracted from life's good and bad experiences. They contain the wisdom of the people and educate the young and the old alike. Besides, folklore is a reliable medium for studying social psychology.



CONCLUSION

[IV] **CONCLUSION**

Himachal Pradesh has a rich reserve of folklore. Though commercialization of folklore is an upcoming trend, nevertheless there is an attempt to conserve and preserve the scattered folklore. Scholars have realized that this rich reserve needs to be preserved lest it get dissolved in the urban context. Post-independence era saw various scholars and government departments paving the way for publication of items of folklore viz. folktales, folksongs, ballads, riddles, proverbs, etc. in journals like *Himprast*, *Himbharti* and *Somasi* that became a major platform for scholars to publish their creative as well as folk research. There were and are special sections and parts reserved for the publication of folklore. In fact such journals encourage the scholars to collect and publish their finds. Now, just a flip through the old journals shows the vast amount of literature that is preserved for posterity. *Himprast* and *Somasi* are journals published in Hindi language, whereas *Himbharti* is published in Pahari language. Pahari is an umbrella term that covers more than seventeen dialects of Western Himalyas, viz., Sirmauri, Mahasui, Kinnauri, Kangri, Kehluri, Sasodhi, Gaddi, Bharmauri, Lahauli, Bhoti, Kului, Mandiali, Chambiali, Baghati, Keonthali, Jaunsari, Bhaderwahi. All these dialects are written in the Devanagri script. Apart from Lahauli and Kinnauri all dialects are same with mild to moderate variations. Literature in all these dialects has been published in various journals and anthologies. The establishment of 'Himachal Academy of Arts and Languages' in 1972 was a milestone in formally and officially starting an institution that encouraged scholars to take up various language projects,

translation works, folklore projects and other creative works. It also provides fellowship, financial assistance and other help in publications. It has published in the last years, since its inception many anthologies of Himachali folktales in Hindi and Pahari. *Katha Sarvari* –I and II (1977), *Himachal Pradesh Ki Lok-Kathayen* (1990), *Chandrabhaga: Himachal Ki Janjatiya Lok-Kathayen* (1993), *Kath Ki Ghodi: Himachal Ki Lok-Kathayen* (1991) are some of the most reliable primary sources to be worked on. Journals like *Somasi*, *Chandrabhaga*, *Himbharti* and *Bagar* are also published by the Himachal Academy. Some editions of these journals are especially dedicated to the folktales of Himachal. Apart from these some famous scholars like Gautam Sharma Vyathit, O.C. Handa, Banshi Ram Sharma, P.C. Kashyap have made personal efforts in collecting, categorising and publishing of the folktales. Banshi Ram Sharma was the first to do an indexing of the ‘motifs’ in Kinnauri folktales. He did a scientific study of some 500 folktales by taking Stith Thomon and Antti Arne as a model. Apart from some translations by Manohar Singh Gill, Gurmukh Singh Bedi, Som. P. Ranchan, H.R. Justa, etc. there are other dissertations and thesis by Swarnakanta Sharma, Prem Bhardwaj, etc. that are commendable. There are scholars that have variously categorized the Himachali folktales and written extensively on them. Most of the works are available in Hindi. Bhardwaj’s and Justa’s psychological study of the tales is commendable and encouraging. While there are many studies being carried out on cultural and psychological grounds, it is intriguing that there is still a lot of room for analysis and detailed study in this area.

The present dissertation views translation and interpretation as not mutually exclusive. An effort has been made to simultaneously translate and interpret Himachali folktales. Also an attempt has been made to study the folktales in the context where they communicate to their audience and reach out to the general public at large.

Some of the fundamental problems of translation that occurred while translating folk texts from Pahari into English have been discussed and in the light of the discussion it can be said that translation is a creative and intelligent art that involves 'approximation' which is appropriate for the target culture. The approximation depends upon the interaction that lies between the story-tellers and the listeners. Translation of folktales is impossible if the story-teller (translator) does not understand the listeners (readers of the translated text) at the verbal, cultural, psychological and linguistic level.

The experience of translating the folktales was both challenging and fascinating for the present translator. Translation is variously referred to as art, science and craft. But it is judged to be more than all these. Translation cannot be governed by any rules. It is a way of establishing contacts between cultures. Translation is a work of intelligent interpretation, creative writing and co-creation. In a country like India the word 'translation' carries with it the label of English. Recently there has been an emerging trend in translating works from Indian languages into other Indian languages. This is an encouraging development.

In the present translation mechanical/literal translation of the folktales has been avoided. However, an attempt has been made to keep the spirit of the original so as to convey the nuances within the structures and parameters of the target/translated language, in the present case English. This can very well lead to an enrichment of the aesthetic experience that is hoped will be fulfilled by the present translation.

The work has been restricted to the study of some tale types only. Further in-depth study of the narrative techniques, humour and loose social order in the folktales; function of folktales as an alternate text for social control; examination of the medium of folktales in the light of changing sociological contexts could be some interesting topic for future study. It is desirable that further studies in the areas focus on making holistic studies that do not just extract motifs or particular features of folktales but rather look at their roles in the social environment to which they belong. Also there can be an analysis of folktales' influence and transformation over the ages.

In a multi-lingual country like India there is an emergence of new literary culture in the domain of folklore. Considering the interests that the scholars are taking in the field of translation and folklore it can be concluded that the future years will surely see the development of the genre of both translation studies and folklore. The present work is a humble contribution towards that.

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APPENDIX 1
(Original Folktales)

✓ e. जगू तिरै खुसक दुर्गी ता

गल बड़ी पराणी ऐं। इक्सी ग्रांए दे टिल्ले पर इक टपरी पाई-नै इक मर्द कनै जणास रैहदे थे। तिन्हां-दा घर बिल्कुल किल्ला था। कदी कदी-तां दिने की तिस डंडकारे -च भी लगदा था। ग्रांए दे सारे लोके ग्लांदे-“खबरें एह दोनः आणे इसा बियावान जगह किहयां जाई बरसेयो हन। इन्हां --जो डर नी लगदा हुंगा?”

कोई दूआ जणा बोलदा, “जे कदी एतू कोई चोर आई-याए तां-तां इन्हां हक-बी कुसा-जा पाणी?”

अपर सैह-थे कि नां जिन्हां जो चोरिया दा डर था नां चकारिया दा। कुसी जो क्या पता भेइ सैह कितणे गरीब थे। तिन्हां जो दू डंगां दा टुकड़ा जुडने दे-बी ससे थे। गरीब सैह इतणे थे भेइ भ्यागा खाई संजडा दे संदेसं होई यांदे थे। कदी-कदी छोलेयां दी मुठ खाई-नै इ गुजारा करना पौंदा था कनै कदी-कदाई अजेया-बी हुन्दा कि गुरड़ा-इ करना भेई याए। इक बरी जनानी तंग आई-नै लग्गी ग्लाणा, “दिक्खा जी असां इसा सुनसाम जगह रैहदे आं, जे कदी कोई रात्ती बरात्ती आई-याए तां?”

आदमी बड़ा मस्त-मलंग था। जोरें-नै ठाठी मारी-नै हस्सेया कनै बोल्ल्या, “भलिये लोकके! तिज्जो क्या ख्याल आया? कुनीं तिज्जो बुहकाया-तां नी? मडिये! असां दी जिंदगी-तां राज्जेयां-महाराजेयां दिया जिंदगिया तैं-बी उच्छी ऐ। असां --तां फकीर आं।”

जनानी तंग आई-नै बोल्ली, “ह-अ-हा-हः! तुसां --रा-तां बस कम इ एहयो-ऐ। अपणी बडयाई करनी। कुम्हारी-बी अपणेयां भांडेयां --जो सरांहदी नी थकदी।”

आदमियें बोल्ल्या, “सुण! हौंउ तिज्जो बड़ी कीमी गल ऐं दस्सा नां। असा व्हाल हँ-ई क्या रखेया जिस यो लैणे ताई कोई चोर-चकोर औए ? भ्यागा खाई संजडा दे तरले करना पौंदे। सैह आई-नै लेई क्या जंगमा भला? घरें-तां किछ बी नी ऐं। अपर फिरी-बी तू बस टी-टी-इ

साई छडनी ऐं। तिज्जो काई लक्ख समझाए अप्पू-बताल हटी फिरी तिसा इ कीलिया टंगोई जांदा ऐ। सच बोल्लेया ऐ कुनकी-जनानिया दी मत खुरिया हुन्ही ऐ।”

इन्हां गल्लां तिसा पर अग्गी-च तेले दा कम कित्ता कनै सैह बोल्ली, “मिजो क्या जे तुहांजो-इ फिकर नीं तां मिंजो क्या होआ दा? मेरे भांए किछ होऐ।”

आदमियें तिसा-जो तुपोदिया दिक्खी--नै नाडी चिन्हीं कने बोल्ल्या, “नराज मत होऐं भागवान। तिज्जो-तैं ज्यादा मिंजो फिकर ऐ। अपर एह गल-तां बिल्कुल सच ऐ भेइ म्हारे व्हाल जेकर कोई चोर औंगा, तां मुंड फुटाई नै जंगगा।” तिस जो एतू धूड़-बी नी थियोहणी। इल्ला-रे अल्लणे-च मास कुतांह?”

“मैं तुसां जो खबरदार करी छडडेया ऐ। अगैं तुहाडी मरजी। तुसां मेरिये गल्ला-जो-तां बस मखौले च-इ डुआंदे आ। तुहाडे भांए तां मैं पाँआं चुल्लैं।”

“नां-नां-नां मेरिये छैलडिये! चुल्लैं पौहन तेरे दुसमण। तिज्जो-तां मैं हक्की दिया सेज्जा सुआन्ना-आं अच्छा जे मेरिया गल्ला दा मखौल समझा दी, तां तिज्जो अप्पू अपने आप कोई सबूत मिली-यांग।”

दिन बीतते गए। ग्रांए-च चोरियां-चकारियां पेइयां। केई घर लटोई-येए। पुलसा दे होंदेयां होंयां-बी चोरियां बन्द नीं होइयां। इस पर केई बारी मर्द-जणासा दी वार्ता बी होई। जणासा-दा भाखण बी होया कनै सैह आदमी एहयोई ग्लांदा, “गल सुण भागवान! अब्बल-तां म्हरा घर तां कुनीं भनणां-इ नीं कनै कुनीं चोरी कित्ती तां लीहंगा क्या? अपणा मुंड फोडी-नै इ जांगा।”

इक ध्याइं चाणक्यक चोरां दी नजर दूर टिल्ले पर वणेयो तिस किल्ले कारे टपरूप पर पेई। तिन्हां तिस जो लुटणे दी सोच्छी। रात्ती जो सैह तिल्लू जाई पुज्जे। न्हेरा घुप्प था। बच्चे घरेवालेयां जो ध्याडी रोटी-बी नी थियोहियो थी। गट्टी हौंदा तां खांदे। गरीबी-बी बुरी चीज ऐ।

चोर छैहदे 2 अन्दर बड़ी येए। खसम कनै त्रीमत दोनां जागदे थे।

त्रीमते ल्होली-नै खुसुर 2 करी नै गलाया, "ओ दिक्खा! मैं ग्लादी थी नां कि कुथी चोर आई-येए तां क्या बणना? हुण " मर्दे तिसा-रा हथ दब्बी नै समझाया, "हुण तिज्जा-धी पता लगी याणा कि इन्हां किंह्यां मुंड फोड़ी- नै खाली हत्थां चली याणा?"

चोरां खूब धलोफां मारियां अपर किछ-बी नीं थियोहया। तिन्हां दी टप्परी तां अगै ई बडी छांटी थी कनै दरुआजू-तां होर बी न्हीठे थे। तिन्हां दरुआजूआ-जो भूहदयां होई-नै लंगघणा पौंदा था।

जाल्हू-जी चोरां जो किछ-बी नीं लब्या तां सैह तौले 2 बापस परतणा लग्गे। जा-जी सैह दरुआजूए-चां लंगघणा लग्गे तां इक्सी दा सिर पटाक चारै दुआरसाक्खा-नै बचकड़ेया "हाय!" सैह जोरे-नै रडयाया कनै इक दम न्हटणा लग्गा।

खरसम-त्रीमत दोन्नों-इ जागदे थे तिन्हां दा हास्सा-तां थमोहा दा इ नीं था। सैह बोल्या, "दिखेया, फुटटेया नां मुंड! मैं तिज्जो पैहलै-इ बोलदा था कि चोर आंगे तां अपणां मुंड फुटाई-नै जागे।"

कनै फिरी सैह चोरां जो सुणाई-नै लग्गा बोलणा, "ओ भाऊ भितरां। हुण कदू आंगे?" जिदा सिर फुटटेया था झट -चारै उत्तर देई-नै बोल्या, "जदू सिरै खुरक होंगी, तदू।"



हिममार्ती - Jan-June 1999

घराटे जो फांसी

◆ संसारचन्द प्रभाकर

गल्ल कोई वड़ी पुराणी नई। एह गल्ल उन्हां दिनां दी ऐ जिन्हां दिनां च सहाड़े देसे च राजेआं दे राज थे। इन्हां राजेआं च कोई निक्का तां कोई वड्डा राजा होन्दा था। कोई राजा तां पञ्जां सत्तां गां पर ई राज करदा था। इन्हां राजेआं आल बडे इख्तियार होन्दे थे। इन्हां राजेआं आल वड्डे तिन इख्तियार फौजी, न्याय कने हकूमत दे थे। एह राजे अपने राजे अन्दर कुसी जो वी फांसी चढाई सकदे जा मारी सकदे थे। एह राजे अपने राजे अन्दर जान कने माल दे मालक थे। एह राजे अपना राज बघाणे ताई दूए राजे पर हमला करी सकदे थे। अपने राजे अन्दर जेहड़ा कनून बणाणा चाहन बणाई सकदे थे। इन्हां दे राज पिता पुरखी पीढी दर पीढी हुन्दे थे। पिता दे वाहद पुत्र राजा बणदा था। राजे दे वड्डे पुत्रे जो टिकका कने निक्के जो कवर गलान्दे थे। टिकका ही राजे ते बाद राजे वा वारस हुन्दा था। इन्हां राजेआं मंझा मते राजे अनपढ़ होन्दे थे। इन्हां दा कम्म युद्ध करना होन्दा था। वेहले वक्ते च एह राजे शिकार खेलंदे थे। इन्हां राजेआं दा फौसला कने हुकम अंठल हुन्दा था एह राजे वडे योद्ध-जुआन कने बहादर वी होन्दे थे। इन्हां दा खाणा वडा हुन्दा था। इन्हां आल दो-तिन बजीर हुन्दे थे। इक राज पुरोहित हुन्दा था। इक राजे दियां कई राणियां होन्दिवां थियां।

उन्हां दिनां दी गल्ल ऐ भई इक राजा खाणा खाण बैटा। सैह गिणी ने पंजीह भदूर खान्दा था तां तिसजो इकहार आऊंदा था पर उस रोज तिसजो विहयां भदूरुआं खाणे परन्त ई इकहार आई गेआ। राजा बड़ा वेहमी कने क्रोधी था। तिन्नीं इकहार परन्त रोटी खाणा वन्द करी दिता कने, हथ्य धोई ने ताहलीं दरवार लाई दिता। इस दरवारे च तिन्नीं विअयां भदूरुआं परन्त इकहारे दी गल्ल कीती। राजे दिया गल्ला सुणी ने बजीर बोलिया—“महाराज, एह सारा कसूर रसोइया दा ऐ तिन्नीं रोटी ठीक नी बणाई ताहई विहयां भदूरुआं परन्त तुसां जो इकहार आया।” बजीरे जो इतणी गल्ल करन दिया कने राजे ने रसोइये जो दरवारे मंझा हाजर होणे ताई प्यादा भेजी दिता। रसोइये दे घरे जां राजे वा प्यादा पुज्जा तां रसोइया प्यादे जो टिकखी ने बघराई गिया। सैह इरदा कवदा दरवारे च हाजर होई गेआ। बजीरे हुण रसोइये पास टिकखी ने गलाय, “कौ भई रसोइया, अज सारा साहब जो बघराये भदूरुआं परन्त आऊंदा था पर इस विच मेरा रस्ती भर कसूर नई। अज्ज आटा ई मोटा धा। मैं मती कोस्ट कीती भई भदूरु निक्के होन पर मोटे आटे ने मेरी कोई पेस नी चल्ली। इस करी जनाब एह कसूर मेरा नई घराटिये दा ऐ इतणी गल्ल गलाई रसोइया चुप होई गेआ। बजीरे मिसला दे कागदे पर रसोइये दा गूटा लुआई लेआ कने दरवार वरखास्त करी दिता। घराटिये जो दूए रोज दरवारे च हाजर होणे ताई प्यादा भेजी दिता। दूए रोज भिरी दरवार लगणे ते पहलें घराटी इरदा-कवदा बजीरे आल गेआ। तिन्नीं बजीरे ने फरिवाद कीती, गलाया, ‘महाराज, मेरे निक्के-याणें निक्के-किने हन, जे मिज्जो फाहए लाई दिता तां तिन्हां रूली जाणा’ घराटिये दी एह गल्ल सुणी ने बजीरे जो तरस आई गेआ तिन्नीं घराटिये जो समझाई ने गलाय, “तू दरवारे च राजे जो सारा कसूर घराटे दा दसंवां नई ता आज कहर होणां कुनी न कुनी फाहए जरूर चढ़ी जाणा” घराटी बजीरे दी एह गल्ल सुणी ने चला आया। हुण भिरी दरवार लग्गा। कने राजे बजीरे जो गलाया, ‘बजीरा, कल्ले दे कसे आलियां मिसला जगाड, बजीरें दरवारे च मिसला दे कागद पुटटे, मिसल पढी कने घराटिये जो हक पुआई। घराटी इरदा-कवदा दरवारे च गाह आया। बजीरे घराटिया पास टिकखी ने तिस जा पुच्छेया, ‘की भई घराटिया, कल जेहड़ा आटा तू राजे दिया रोटिया ताई भाजिया सैह माटा कँह था?’ बजीरे दी एह गल्ल सुणी ने घराटी हथ्य जोड़ी ने कवदा-कवदा बानेआ, ‘महाराज, कल आटा मोटा रई गेआ कँह भई घराटे दा उपला पड़ ठीक नी फिरिया, मैं आटा म्हीन पीहणे री बड़ी कोस्ट कीती पर घराटे ऐ उपले पुड़े मेरी इक नी चलण दिता, आटा म्हीन नी होणा दिता इस करी आटा मोटा रिहा। एह सारा कसूर मेरे घराटे र उपले पुड़े रा ऐ’ घराटिये दी एह गल्ल सुणी ने बजीरे मिसला दे कागदे पर घराटिये दा गूटा लुआई लेआ। हुण राजे गलाया, ‘बजीरा तू हुण सारा मुकदमा सुणी लेआ, हुण दस भई मिसल क्या गलान्दी, फाहए कुसजो चढाइये? कसूर कुसदा ऐ, राजे दी एह गल्ल सुणी ने बजीर बोलणा लगा, ‘महाराज, इसा मिसला जो ध्याने ने बाची कने पढी ने पता लगदा भई एह कसूर घराटिये दा वी नी ऐ। एह सारा ई गुनाह कने कसूर घराटे दे उपले पुड़े दा ई लगदा। हुण तुसां हुकम सुणाव ध्या सजा देणी घराटे दे उपले पुड़े जो?’ राजे बजीरे दी एह गल्ल सुणी ने अपना हुकम जारी करी दिता, गलाया, ‘घराटे दे उपले पुड़े जो फाहए लाई दिना जाण। दरवार वरखास्त करी दिता कने राजे वा हुकम मन्नी ने जल्लादा घराटे दा उपला पड़ पुट्टे ने फाहए लाई दिता।



कोरेया ता तेते छोटकी से जे एभे बड़ी हुई गई री थी निकली। राजा देखी कन्ने रिहान रही गया। तेस्सा रा बांक ठांक देखी राजे से आपणे मैहला जो ली आंदी। किछ दिना बाद तेस्सा कन्ने ब्याह करी लया। से बौहत खुश थी पर, जेभे तेस्सा जो आपणे मॉओ बाबा री ता बैहणी री याद आजुई थी ता से बौहत दुखी हुई थी होर रोई थी। समय निकलदे देर नीं लगदी। साल्ला भरा बाद तेस्सा रे एक्क मंडा हुई गया। राजे री पैहली राणिया रा किछ बी नी था हुई रा। येस्स वजहा ते राजा बौहत खुश हुआ। सारे शैहरा खुशियां मनाई गईया। तेस्से कुपू पंछी जो बोलेया, “जा मेरे भाई! मेरे प्योके जो जाई आओ। तेथी मेरी मासिया जो बी ये खुशखबरी सुनाई आओ। तू एढ़ा बोलेयां जे कुपू बाटा कुपू। सात बैहणी थी। छे:रागसे खादी, सातवीं जाई पुज्जी राजे रे मैहला। तेस्सा रे भाऊ हुईरा झगटोपू मुंगाइरा। कुपू बाटा कूपू।” कुपू चली गया। जाई कन्ने तिन्ने तेस्स बाम्हणा रे घरा बाहर डाला परा बैठी कन्ने ये ब्योरा देई दिता। बाम्हण बड़ा खुश हुआ। तिन्ने बाम्हणिया जो बोलेया, “हाऊं जाई आऊं होर अपणी मठिया कन्ने मिली आऊं। हुण आस्सा रे सारे दलिद्र दूर हुई जाणे। आस्सारी मठी राणी बणी गईरी।” से बाम्हण जांदा-जांदा राजे रे मैहला पुज्जी गया। तिन्ने राजे जो सारी गल्ल बात दस्सी होर आपणी मठिया कन्ने मिलदा तेस्सा रे मैहला चली गया।

छोटकी आपणे बापू ने मिली कन्ने खुश हुई। तेस्से आपणी सारी कहाणी सुणाई दिती। से बाम्हण किछ ध्याड़े तेथी रहेया। फेरी अपणे घरा जो जाणे रे कठे त्यार हुई गया। जांदी बारी तेस्से बड़े खास पटारु अपणे बापू जो दित्ते होर एक्क पटारु मासिया जो बी दित्तेया होर बोलेया बापू इस्स पटारु जो मासिया जो ही देयां होर बोलयां जे द्वार-पाट बन्द करी, न्होई-धोई कन्ने इस्स जो खोलेयां। इधी ब्रिच तेस्सा कठे खास खाणे-पीणे री चीजा रखरी।

बाम्हणे घरा पुज्जी ने से पटारु आपणी बाम्हणी रे हवाले कित्ता होर तेस्सा जो सारी गल्ल बात समझाई। बाम्हणी बड़ी खुश हुई। तेस्से पटारी खोली ता तिधी बिच्चा ते किड़े-बिच्छू बाहर निकले हो से खाई दिती। से भीतरा ते हाका पाओ, “बाम्हणा! बाम्हणा! हाऊं खाई दिती, हाऊं खाई दिती।” बाम्हणे बाहरा ते जबाब दिता, “हाऊं खाई बैठी रा, तू खा।” पर थोड़ी देरा बाद जेभे भीतरा ते कोई वाज नीं आई ता तिन्ने दरवाजा खोलेया। अंदर किड़े हे किड़े बिच्छू हे बिच्छू ता बाम्हणिया जो मरीरा देखी के से न्बाखी गया।

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पांज भल्ले

● दिनेश कुमार शर्मा

बौहत बरसा पैहले री गल्ल ही। एक्की प्रांवा औतर दुई दुहर रैहां थे। एक ध्याड़ सांझके डंगा जो तिन्हे पांज बड़े-बड़े भल्ले पकाये पर खाणे री बेला स्यों दुहे आपू मंझा लड़ी पये। लड़ने दी वजह सिर्फ येह थी जे खपरा बोल्हां था जे “मां तिन्नि भल्ले खाणें।” खपरी बोल्हां थी जे “मां जादा नीड़ लगाई रा, तिन्नि ता मां खाणे।” जेभे जी लड़दे-लड़दे तिन्हाजो खूब देर होई गई तां खपरे लड़ाईया दा प्वाय सोची लयेआ। खपरे खपरिया जो गलाया, “देख आस्सा येभे ही गलाणा बंद करी देणा, जेस्स जे पहले गल्ल गलापी तेस्स जो दो हे भल्ले मिलणे।” दोहे चुप होई गये। रात बीती भ्याग होई गई। स्यों दोनों जणे चुपचाप बिस्तरे सुती रे रहे। भ्यागा गांवां रे लोके तिन्हा रे दरवाजे सूरज ओचणे तक बन्द देखे तां तिन्हा जो कुछ शक होई गया। लोके दरवाजा जोरा-जोरा कने ठलकाई ने तांड़ी दिता। अन्दर खपरे खपरिया जो बिस्तरे पर हाखिया नट करिणलेटी रे देखी के तिन्हे स्यों ल्हकाए। पर कोई बी गल्ल नी करो। न हाका सुणो न ही हाखिया खोलो। प्रांवां आओलेया तिन्हा जो मरीरा समझी कन्ने फुफणें री तैयारी कित्ती। आगे-पीछे ता तिन्हारे कोई था हे नीं। दूह जो येक्क हे सहली मंझा पाया होर मड़थाना पुजाई दिता। साईडा ते आग बी लगाई दिती। पांज आदमी पीछे जो दाहू रखे। बाकी घरे जो आई गये। तितणिया आग खपरे रे सिरा लगी पुज्जदी। तेस्स जो सेक बी लगी पेया लगदा। तिन्ने जहलणियां दे मारे खपरिया जो उठी के बोलेया, “ओ राण्डे! उठ, तू हे खाया तिन्नि। मां दो हे खाई लैणे।” येढ़ा सुणी कन्ने स्यों पांज दाहू डरा रे मारे तिथी ते न्हठी गै। तिन्हे सोचया जे यों अस्सां पज्जां ते तिन होर दो खाणे री गल्ल करया कराईं। आगे-आगे स्यों दौड़ी रे थे पीछे से खपरा-खपरी दौड़ी रे। जेवे जे स्यों अपणे प्रांवां पुजे तां लोके पुछया, “आये, तुस्से किथी जो दौड़ी रे। तुस्से ता पिछेओ छड़ी रे थे। इतनी देरा जो स्यों दुहे दुहर बी गांवां बालेयां जो सुझी गये। खपरा कन्ने खपरी सीधे अपणे घरा जो गये। खपरे फटा फट करंडू ते दो भल्ले चके कन्ने साईडा, खाओ हुई गया। खपरिये तिन्नि भल्ले सम्हाली लये। तिन्हा जो डरदे-2 प्रांवां रे लोके

बी लगे झांकदे । जेभं जे तिन्हा जो पूरी गला रा पता लगेया ता तेभे स्यों तिन्हा औतरा जो टुटी कन्ने पये, “मुओ तुस्सा ढाई-ढाई भल्ले बांडी कन्ने चुप-चणाके खाई लैणे थे ।” खपरा कन्ने खपरिये गलाया येहड़ी गल्ल ता आस्सा रे टमागा च आई हे नी थी ।” खपरे खपरिया री गल्ल खुणी कन्ने सारे लोको खिड़-खिड़ करदे हास्से हो सभजणे आपणे-आपणे घरा जो चली गये ।



सोने रा खुंडा

◆ सुभाषणा देवी 'भारती'

एह गल ताहलू री है जाहलू जुग बदलोया था। द्वापर जुग वीती गया कने कलजुग लगी पिआ तां चारो जुग, सतजुग, त्रेता, द्वापर, कलजुग कने पंचवी हवा वी तिनां च शामिल होई गई। सारे ई पंजों जणे किट्टे बेहई के बचार बटांतरा करना लगे। गल सारेआं ते पहलें हवा ई शुरू किती। तिनां सतजुगे, त्रेता जुगे कने द्वापर जुगे जो गलाया, तुहाड़े बक्ते च तां में बड़ा ई सुख किता, मजेई मजे थे सारे पासें अमन चैन था; पर हुण कलजुग पता नी क्या गुल खलांदा है?

हवा रिया इसा गल्ला सुणी के सतजुग कलजुगे जो पुच्छणा लगा; भाई कलजुगा तूं क्या करगा? हवा तां तिजो ते इतणी डरा री है। कलजुगें झट जवाब दिता हुण मेरी मरजी जेहड़ा मेरा दिल करगा में सेहई करणा। सतजुगें बोलया भाऊ फिरी वी तेरी कदेई मर्जी साज्जो वी दस तां सेहई जरा। कलजुग बोलया दिक्खणा तमाशा पंजो बेहई के दिखदे रेह कलजुगे रा तमाशा।

कलजुगे रस्ते दे गव्हे इक सोने रा खुंडा गइडी दिता। कुदरत इज्यां होई कि चार चोर जाहलू तिस रस्ते च जा रे थे तां तिनां री नजर सोने रे खुंडे पर पेई। सेह चारों अपुं-पिच्छें गलोणा लगे असां गाह कजो जाणा; इस सोने रे खुंडे जो ई पुट्टी लेंदे कने वाठ च बराबर-बराबर बंडी लेंहगे। चारों ई तिस खुंडे जो लगे पुटणा। पटोणा तां दूर सेह खुंडा हिलकिया वी नी। पुट्टेआं-पुट्टेआं संझ पेई गई, दुए दिनें री भ्याग वी होई गई पर खुंडा था कि हिलेआ वी नी। सेह पंजों चार जुग कने हवा तिनां रे तमाशे दिखदे रहे।

कलजुगे अपनी करामात दस्ती कि दुए दिनें चार होर चोर तिस ई रस्तें औआ रे थे। पहलके जेहड़े पुट्टा रे थे, सेह थकी वी गियो थे तिनां रस्ते जादेआं चौहनीं माहणुआं जो पुच्छेआ भाऊ तुसां कुताह चलेओ? सेह बोले दिक्खने हां कुथीं माल-ठाल मिलदा है तां इसा तोपा च चलेओ न असां।

जेहड़े पुटणा लगेओ थे तिनां गलाया तुसां तां साहडे ई गुरु भाई होए सांहजो ने मदत कराई दिया। एडा वइडा सोने रा खुंडा है असां अठों बंडी लेंहगे।

तुसां इस जो पुट्टा कनें असां रोटी खाई औंदि; कल्ले रे लगेओ। थकी वी गिओ कने

भुख वी बड़ी लगीओ। जेहड़े बाद च आयो थे तिन्हां पैहलकियां ओ गलाया भाऊ तुहाड़े घर कुत्थू हन। पैहलकियां अपने आं घरां रा पता दस्सेआ। सुणी के बाद च औणे आलेआं गलाया तुहाड़े घर बड़ी दूर हन। म्हारे घर इत्थू नेड़े ई हन। असां तुहांजो रोटी लिओंदि किज्यां जे तुहांजो भुख वी बड़ी लगीओ कने तुहाड़े घर वी बड़ी दूर हन; जादेआं-जादेआं संझ पेई जाणी। असली गल एह थी कि बाद च औणे आलेयां रे मने च वी लालच भरोई गया था। सेह चली गे रोटियां लिओणा। घरे जाई के तिनां दो-तीन सक्जियां वुण आईया, रोटियां पुक आईयां कने बिच जहर पाई दिता। रोटियां लेई सेह चारों पुजी गे तिस खुंडे आल खुंडा हिलकणा लगी पिआ था कनें चीं पासेआं बड़ा दुग्गा खातर होई गया था खुहए साई। पहलके चार पुट्टे-पुट्टे पसीनों पसीन होई गियो थे। रोटियां लियोणे आलेआं गलाया हुण असां लमदे कने तुसां रोटी खाई लिया कनें थोड़ा बसोई वी लिया। पहलके ऊपर चढ़ी आये कने रोटियां लिओणे आले हेठ चली गे। पहलकियां ऊपर आई के सोचेआ असां रात-दिन मिहणूत करी के मरी गे हुण एह खुंडा हिलकणा वी लगी पिआ है। इन्हां मुफ्तो-मुफ्त हिस्सा लेई लैणा। पहलें इन्हां रा ई कम्ममुकार्ई, लेंदे भिरी रोटी खांहगे।

तिन्हां ऊपरे ते मती सारी चिक, पत्थर कने बड्डियां-बड्डियां टोलां सुट्टी के सेह चारों खातरे च ई दबी ते कने सुखे रा साह लेई के रोटियां खाणा लगे। तिन्हां सोचेआ हुण असां चौहनीं इ बंडणा एह सोना मता-मता तां हिस्से च आंगा जिज्यां तिनां रोटिया रिआं दो-दो बुरकियां मुंहए च पाईयां जहर अपणा असर दसणा लगी पिआ सेह डोल बडोल होणा लगे कने बाद च चारों ई पुटे होई गे।

चार खुंडे सौगी खातरे च दवांई के मरी गे कने चार ऊपर रोटियां खाई के मरी गे। तां कलजुगें गलारा दिक्खया तमाशा। दे दिया करना है में।

शेखचली से सम्बन्धित एक कहानी इस प्रकार है कि एक मनुष्य वहीं मिट्टी के बर्तन में घी डाल कर ले जा रहा था। रास्ते में उसे एक शेखचली मिला। उस मनुष्य ने उसके साथ चार आने मजदूरी तय करके घी भरा हुआ मिट्टी का बर्तन उसके सिर पर रख दिया और उसे साथ ले चला। बर्तन को तिर पर उठा कर वह शेखचली सोचने लगा कि उसे चार आने मिलेंगे, उनसे वह बाजार से घण्डे लेगा, घण्डों से मुर्गे निकलवाएगा, मुर्गे बेच कर पैसे बचाएगा, पैसे से शादी करेगा। शादी के बाद उसके बच्चे होंगे। बच्चे उसे, सब वह काम कर रहा होगा, बापू कह कर खाना खाने के लिए बुलाएंगे और वह सिर हिला कर उन्हें इन्कार करेगा। इस इन्कार के अभिनय में उसने तिर हिला दिया तथा घी का बर्तन गिर कर चकनाचूर हो गया। उस मनुष्य ने उसे धिक्कारा कि उसने उसका घी बरबाद कर दिया किन्तु शेखचली ने उत्तर दिया, आपका तो केवल घी ही बरबाद हुआ किन्तु मेरा तो बना बनाया सारा घर ही बरबाद हो गया।”

एक अन्य कथा इस प्रकार है कि एक शेखचली वृक्ष की उसी शाखा को काटने लगता है जिस पर वह स्वयं बैठा होता है। एक मनुष्य आकर उसे कहता है कि वह अपने आप को मरा हुआ ही समझे। वह छलांग लगा देता है और छिड़ोरा पीटता है कि वह मर गया। वह कफन बगैरहा लाता है तथा लोगों को बुलाता है कि वह मर गया है किन्तु बाद में किसी के न आने पर यह कह कर कि 'मैं सबके मरने पर जाता था किन्तु मेरे मरने पर कोई नहीं आया और आने में किसी के मरने पर नहीं जाऊंगा' वापिस आ जाता है।

चार मूर्ख

[यह चार मूर्ख भाइयों की कहानी है जो चार तक संख्या नहीं गिन सकते, निर्जीव वस्तु को ताप से पीड़ित हुआ समझते हैं तथा मामूली जैसे ग्रहसान के लिए दूसरों के नोकर बनने के लिए तैयार हो जाते हैं। हमारे लोक-साहित्य में इस प्रकार की गाथाओं की कमी नहीं जहाँ कि समाज के एक भोले-भाले वर्ग विशेष का चित्रण है। दूसरे लोग उस वर्ग के लोगों का शोषण करते हैं तथा उनकी प्रज्ञानता का अनुचित लाभ उठाते हैं। प्रस्तुत कहानी में किसी प्रादमी ने मूर्खों की गलती उन्हें नहीं बताई मरिपितु उन पर हँसते रहे।]

चार भाई थे। स्यो चारों ईं मूर्ख थे पर चहुँ विच काफी प्रेम था। तिहूना रा गुजारा मुसकला ते हुंभ्रा था। तिहूनें मिली के स्कीम बणाई जे कित्थी कमाणे जाहूए। चारो जणे कमाणे चली पए। रस्ते विच इक खड्डु प्राभोभां थी। तिहूनें खड्डु पार कित्ती होर खड्डु पार जाई के गिणने लगे जे सभ पुजजीगे क कोई भ्रधा रही तां नी गया। तिहूनें गिणने शुरू कित्ते। हर इकी गिणने, तिन ई हूणे कांह जे से भप्पु जो नी गिणवा था। तिहूनें सोच्या जे इक खड्डु चलीगा कने तिन ही रहीगे। से तित्थी ई रोणे बैठीगे।

इतनिया देरा जो इक जट्टु भाया। तिन स्यो पुच्छे जे कांह रोया करांए। तिहूनें बोल्या जे स्यो चार भाई थे, इक खड्डु चलीगा कने तिन ई रहीगे। जट्टु हस्सया कने तिहूनां री गल्ला समझीगा। जट्टु बोल्या जे हउं चार गिणी के पूरे करी देऊं तां म्या देहूगे। तिहूनें बोल्या जे से चारो तिसले नोकरी करहूगे। जट्टु पँरा ते जुत्ता खोहल्या कने इकी २ रे सिरा पर जुत्ता मारी के इक दो तिन चार गिणीते होर तिहूनां जो नोकरी करने लई चल्या।

घरें लजाई के तिन जट्टु तिहूनां रे हत्था खुरपा^१ दित्था जे जाई के घा खुरड़ी^२ के लई आभोमा। तांदिथा^३ रे दिन थे, कित्थी ठण्डी छाभों देखी के तिहूनां जो तित्थी निद भाईगी कने खुरपा घुप्पे^४ रहीगा। तांजे स्यो सुत्ती रे उठे तां इकी खुरपे जो देखी के यनी टीही^५ के बोल्या, “बुरी गल्ल हुई। एहू खुरपा तां बमार हुईगा। इतो तां बुलार चड़ीगा। हण घा किहां खुरइनां ?”

1. घास कुदेदने का प्रोजार, 2. कुदेदना, 3. प्रीष्म ऋतु, 4. घूप में, 5. छूकर।

सकती बारिए २ खुरपा डोह्या। शारियां बील्या जे एह बजार हुईनरा। सभ जणें बड़े सोचा निच उत्थी हें नैह्ठीमे।

इतनिया देरा जो एक सुपारी थाया। तिनो बोल्या, "तुए सुते कौह जेठी रे सोचा प?" तिहूनें बोल्या, "जवां रा खुरपा बजार हुईगा। हुण क्या करहुने।" से समझीया। तिनो पुच्छया जे तिहूनां रे खुरपा जो से ठोक करे देखे तां क्या दिहूनें। तिहूनें बोल्या जे होर तां तिहूनां जे देखे तां कुछ सोचा पर शिसरी नोकरी करहुने। तिनो खुरपा जरा कर पाणो व बोवकया" कने ठप्पा करी कि तिहूनां ते देखैता जे हुण देखी जयोभा जे इसरा मुखार उअरीया क नी। तिहूनें देखा जे हुण ठप्पा हुईगा कने ठोक या। से जित बजारिए जोगी हें पाली पए शिसरी नोकरी करने लगे।

तिनो धरें जाई के तिहूनां जो ऊटां जो कारने संगया निच भेषीता। तिहूनां जो निम्नर बाईनी कने उट चरी के बापस करे पुज्जीया। तां जे खरो सुती रे उठे तां ऊटा जो नी देखी के बजारिए जे से अह्ठीया, हुण क्या करहुने। उठे उरथी कित्थी किहू किहूरी रे थी, तिहूनें से ई कनकी होर माओभां २ कनकी गये जे तिला बाता तां नी बेश्या दिखी। सोक हुनां जे जे किहूले सुई २। पुज्जये २ जाई के सपारी देवां धरें ई पुज्जीये। तां जे देखा तां उठ उरथी पुज्जीया या। बजारिए से बाव्ही हें कनी ते जे सुए कने तां बोवरे भी बावरी २।

अनोखा स्वर्ग

एक किसान त तेऊये चार छोटूअ तै। से वडै नालायक तै पर सभी होछह जूण छोटू त स बड़ह समझदार त। तेऊओ नाम त पंकज। किसान तेऊये पंकज के बड़ह ही प्यार करा त जेवी केभी दूर देशा लै डेउआ त ते भी स किसान तेऊ पंकजा लै वीते खेलटू और नअऊ-नअऊ कापड़ै भी आणा त। इना चिजा संगह स पंकज वड़ही खुश हआ त। तेऊ किसाने लाडी गई मरी। पर तेऊ किसाने तीना छोटुओ खातरी दुजह विवाह नहीं किआ। स किसान आपी सवे करा त। भाणने-वाणने ओरू वणा-वुटा हीं सवे काम आपी ही करा त। थोड़ी बहुत साहयता पंकज करा त। पर स पंकज त बेचारह छोटह ज तेऊओ के काम लैओ त करी जूण कुछ तेऊका हुई सकहा त स तेऊ काम करि लैआ त। पर तेऊ किसाने स चन छोटू जातीये निखटू तै कोड़ीओ काम भी नई त तीना। अणै कर स बेचारो बड़अ दुःखी रह त। एकी वेरके गला स किसान दगअ वाछु लै घाह आणदह त डेऊअनह। पर जो भी सह घाह काटदह त लागह नह तेभी सह एक जानी का फिशलह और ऊंदी रुड़ह रुड़दी-रुड़दी स काफी हुंदी रुड़ह तेऊदी काफी चोट आई। तेऊअ ती दे आपणै प्राण जोटै। जेवी तेऊ छोटुओ के तेऊओ मरने खबरा पूजी ता स पंकज जोरै-जोरै रौंदह लागह। पर अवे के लागह त हुई। जुण गल हुई गई सता हुई ही गई ती। पर तेऊ गाये एक होर आपतियो पहाड़ चूटह। तेऊये चीये भाई तेऊका अलग हुअै। पर तेऊ पंकज हिम्मत न हारी। एऊ संसारा रचने आड़ै भगवाने आसरे स पंकज बेचारह अपनी कठिनाई संगह भूभदह रह लागी।

तेऊये पिता जीयं जूण खेलटू तेऊ लै बारह का तै आणं नै तेऊ पंकजें सें सबे इक्टं किये। ता तेऊए कुछ होर समान भी खरीदह तबै तेऊअ एक दुकान पाई। थोड़ै धेड़है भीतरी ते अपं काफी पैसे हेरे कमाऊई। अणै करा तेऊ सोचह की एकी एकी बूँदा करं घड़ह भरिया। थोड़ै ही धेड़ै भीतरी तेऊअ काफी पैसे कमाऊअ। तबै तेऊ पंकजें काफी आच्छी दुकान पाई। तँआ दुकाने के अवे स काफी आच्छह धना आड़ह हुअह। तेइए चिये भाई तेऊ का बड़ै जलद लागह। तीनै तेऊ मारणे री स्कीम वणाई। तीनै भी भाइ लै वोलह कि भाई पंकज तू अणै कर। हामां तू आपू आगे नौकर डा। तेऊ पंकजा तीना गाये काफी दैया आई। तेऊ भी टालै सें आपू आगे नौकर डाई। पर सें चीओ भाई सारी सारी धेड़ी कुछ भी काम नै करा तै। तेऊ पंकजे तीना

लै बोलह किबिना परिश्रमा करिया एऊसंसारा किछ भी नही मिलदा । पशु भी कुछ काम करा । तुम्है ता आदमी चारं हाथ पेरा आले । पर तेइये इना गलै तीना गाये कोई असर न हुअह । तीनै अवं तेऊ मारणे स्कीम बणाई तीनै ची भाई य स पंकज एकी बोरी दी बन्द कीओ और एकी कुएं दी राचो राच चलह फंकी । पर स कुअह काफी डूगह नैती त । स पंकज तेता के भगवाने कृपा कं कणा करी बची गेओ । जेवे स पंकज घरा ले वापिस आओ ता चीअे भाई बड़े हैरान हुअह तीनै तेऊ का पूछह भाई तू कंणे करे बचह । हामे ता तू कुअे दी हेरह त फंकी । तेऊ पंकजे अवं जाणो कि नीचा सी ऊचा नीचो ज व्यवहार करनु तेऊ तीना का बदलह लेणे ती तीना लै बोलह भाईओ जेऊ कुअे दी तुम्हें मूं फंकह त स ता स्वर्गो रास्तहआ । तेसी बीती मूं माता जी कं पिता जी कं मंडी माड़ीआ आओ । स पंकजे चीअे भाई मूर्ख ता आसा ही ते । तीनै ची भाई ये बोलह हामा भी टाल तू बोरी भीतरी भरी भारीआ तेऊ कुएं दी । हमें भी मां बापा का मंडी माड़ीईया आहमें । पंकजे सोचह मूर्ख सी मूर्खो व्यवहार ही करनु आछो । तेऊ पंकजे भी स चीये भाई वारी दी बन्द कीअे और एकी दूजे डूगं कुएं दी टाल फंकी । जिऊ कुअे का स बची ही नै सक दै ते । तेऊ पंकजे तीना ची भाई कं अनोखह स्वर्ग दसह । तेवे स आपणै घरे आइया आरामा कं रहद लागह । तेऊअे पश्चाताप ता किओ कि मैं आपणै भाई यलं मारी पर जै स तेऊअे जानी लैदें ते तुलह नै ता स कणै कं चुपी रही सकद त । ठीक ही आ अगल कि मूर्खा संगह मूर्खो ज व्यवहार ही करणु जा ।

शब्दार्थ

शब्द	अर्थ	शब्द	अर्थ
1. छोटू	छड़के	8. कीओ	किया
2. खेलटू	खिलौने	9. राचो राच	रातो रात
3. बाछू	बछड़े	10. आहमें	हमें
4. फिशलह	फिसला	11. डेउआ	गया
5. प्राण शौटे	प्राण त्यागे	12. रुड़दी रुड़दी	फिसलते फिसलते
6. अणै करा	ऐसा करने से	13. डूगं	गहरे
7. घंड़े	दिन		

बांडचुंड

● मोती लाल घई

एक स्याणा करसाण था। बच्चारा बड़ा गरीब था। तेसरे दो मठे थे। बड़े रा नांव कुलखणु कने छोटे रा सुलखणु था। बड़ा किछ चलाक था पर था किछ नकारा। काम किछ करना नीं। सारी ध्याइ नंद लैणी। स्याणे से समझाया बी। पर तेसरे दमाग गल्ल किछ बैठदी हेनीं थी। छुटका था बड़ा सीधा सादा। दुनियादारी रा तेस कोई पता नीं था। तेस बखा ते बीह बी तेहड़े ता सौ बी तेहड़े। पर मेहणत-मजदूरी करी नें घरा दी आई चलाई किहां ना किहां चलाई रखां था।

स्याणा किछ बमार लगेया रैहणे। एक ध्याइ से मरी हे गया, घरा ता भून्नी री भांग बी नीं थी। कुल त्राए चीजा थी। एक म्हैस, दुज्जी खिंध होर त्रीजा अम्बा रा डाल। बडका चलाक ता था ही। एक ध्याइ तिन्ने सोचेया जे बगता रा किछ फायदा उठाइए। तिन्ने छुटके ने गलाया, “भाऊ सुलखणु! बापू ता हुण रही रा नीं। घरा किछ थोड़ी जे चीजा ही। इन्हां री बांड चुंड करी लईए ता ठीक हा। काल ध्याइ जो कोई झगड़ा वखेड़ा हुई जाओ ता खरा नी लगदा। गरांवां आवलेया बी बोलणा जे बाब मरने ते बाद मुए लगी गए झगड़ने।” छुटका बोल्या, “बडके तेरी मर्जी। तुध जेहड़ा करणा मुंजो मन्जूर हा।” बडका बोल्या, “देख आसा बाले त्राए चीजा ही। म्हैसी रा अगला हिस्सा तेरा कन्ने पिछला मेरा। खिंध राती जो मेरी कन्ने ध्याइ जो तेरी। अम्बारे डाला रा हेठला हिस्सा तेरा कन्ने ऊपरला मेरा। बोल हुई न ठीक बांड चुंड?” सुलखणु सीधा हे जलकोका था। तेस जो बडके री चलाकी रा पता हे नीं लगेया जे इने मार कंधी दिती। से झट मन्नी गया।

दुज्जे ध्याइ ते दुहें आपणे-आपणे कामा लगी गए। म्हैसी रा अगला हिस्सा सुलखणु रा था। घाह पाणी तेस पाणा। भ्यागा सांझा जो दुहणे रा टैम आवणा ता कुलखणु सारा दूध दुही कन्ने लई जाणा। छुटके जो दूधा रा टेपू नीं मिलणा। रात आवणी ता खिंध बडके ढखणी कन्ने छुटके सारी रात सेले टाठलदे रैहणा। बरसाती रे ध्याइ आए। डाला पर अम्ब पक्के। ऊपरला हिस्सा बडके रा था। से सारे अम्ब लुआही कन्ने लई गया। छुटके जो एक दाणा बीनीं मिलेया। बच्चारा तरसदा हे रही

गया। बड़ी मुश्कल फसी गई। तेसरी समझा किछ बीनीं आया। काम तेस करना। नंद बडके लैणी। गरांवा मंझ किछ कारीगर बी हुहां हे। तिन्हें देखेया जे सुलखणु री ता खलोसड़ी निकली गई। नंद कुलखणु लैया करां। एकी जो तेस पर बड़ी दया आई। एकी ध्याइ तिन्ने सुलखणु आपू बाले सादेया कन्ने किछ पट्टी पढ़ाई ती।

भ्याग हुआ। कुलखणु म्हैस दुहणे लगेया। सुलखणुएं एक डण्डा चकेया होर दो चार पटराले म्हैसी रे सिरा पर सटी ते। म्हैस भुड़की गई। कुलखणु जो मुश्कल फसी गई। आ तेस दुहणे लगणा कि सुलखणु दो चार घस्ते डण्डे रे सट्टी देणे। दूध केते दुहणा? परेशान हुई कन्ने कुलखणु बोल्या, “मूर्खा क्या करेया करां? म्हैस किहां दुहणी?” सुलखणु बोल्या, “भाई अगला हिस्सा ता मेरा हा। जेहड़ा मर्जी तेहड़ा करना। तूं आपणा काम कर।” मजबूर हुई कन्ने तेस जो समझौता पया करने। अच्छा ता आज्ञा ते बाद आधा दूध तेरा आधा मेरा। सुलखणु ता येहड़ा हे चाहं था। झट मन्नी गया। हुण दुहं जणेया आधा-आधा दूध लाया बांडणे।

खिंध ध्याइ जो सुलखणु रे हिस्से थी आई री। एक ध्याइ तिन्ने चक्की कन्ने वाई मंझ पाई ती। सारी खिंध सघी गई। सांझा जो कुलखणु सीणे लगेया ता खिंध सघी री थी। तिन्ने पुछेया, “ओए! छुटके ये क्या कित्ता?” “भाई! ध्याइ जो ता खिंध मेरी ही। हाऊं जेहड़ा मर्जी तेहड़ा करूं।” कुलखणु री होश ठकाणे आई गई। तिन्ने बोल्या, “अच्छा ता काला ते बाद दुहें कठे सौंधे।” सुलखणु मन्नी गया। हुण दुज्जे ध्याइ ते दुहें नंदा कन्ने सीणे लगे।

बरसाती रे ध्याइ आए। अम्बा रे डाला खूब अम्ब पक्के। कुलखणु अम्ब लुआहणे डाला चढ़ी गया। सुलखणुए कुल्हाड़ा चकेया होर लगी गया धाले ते बढणे। कुलखणुए ऊपरा ते बोल्या, “ओ मूर्खा! क्या लगेया करने? इहां ता डाल हे मुकी जाणा।” सुलखणुए बोल्या, “बडके हेठला हिस्सा ता मेरा हा। हऊं बाढूं चाहे छाई। तूं आपणा काम करदा रैह।” कुलखणु जाची गया जे हुण सुलखणु सीधा हे जलकोका नीं रही रा। तिन्ने आपणी दालं गलदी नीं देखी ता से बोल्या, “अच्छा... अच्छा! डाल बढणा छाडी दे। अगे रे वास्ते आधे अम्ब तेरे रैहणे आधे मेरे।” सुलखणु रे मन्ना री पूरी हुई गई। बांड चुंड बी ठीक हुई गई कन्ने अगे जो झगड़ा बी मुकी गया।

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करणियां दे फल

● एच. कपिला

इक ब्राह्मण कनै इक ब्राह्मणी थी। सैह बड़े गरीब थे। ब्राह्मण रोज ग्रां च भिकशा मंगणा जांदा होर जे किछ बी तिसजो संज्ञा तक मिली जांदा सैह अणी करी अपणिया ब्राह्मणिया जो देई दिंदा। इहां करी तिन्हा दे दिन बीतेया करदे थे। तिसदी ब्राह्मणी बडी चलाक जणास थी। अप्पू ता सैह खरी मोटी ताजी थी पर, ब्राह्मणां जो रज्जी की खाणे जो बी नी दिंदी थी। ब्राह्मणिया बला इक हण्डू था। सैह तिस हण्डू च चौल-दाल मिलाई की रोज पकांदी थी। बणदी बड़ी पतिव्रता ब्राह्मणी। पैहलें रोज ब्राह्मणा जो खुआंदी। ब्राह्मण बड़ा सरीफ देआ माहणू था। सोचदा मेरी जणास ता बड़ी पतिव्रता है। पैहलें पतिए जो खाणा खुआई करी ही अप्पू खांदी है। देई जणास ता किस्मता वाले जो ही मिलदी है। ब्राह्मण जाहलू मतेयां माहणुआं च बैठदा ताहलू बी अपणिया ब्राह्मणिया दी ही प्रशंसा करदा रेंहदा।

कई दिन बीती गये। ब्राह्मण बचारा रोज मंगी-मंगी की गुजारा चलांदा। ब्राह्मणी अप्पू ता खूब सारा रज्जी की भत्त खांदी पर, अपने ब्राह्मण जो थोड़ा दिया भत्त दिंदी होर ऊपरा ते तान्ना बी सुणांदी बई सारा-सारा दिन तुसे फिरदे रेंहदे कनै संज्ञा जो धक्ख झे चौल-दाल लैई की घरा जो हटी औंदे। ब्राह्मण शरमिंदा होई जांदा। बचारा थोड़ा देआ भत्त खाई करी उठी जांदा कि मिली-जुली की धक्ख-धक्ख ही खाई लेंगे। बस इयां बचारें कदीं बी रज्जी की खाणा नीं, खाया। कई दिन टप्पी गये। ब्राह्मण भूखा रही करी बिल्कुल कमजोर होई गिआ कनै बमार रेंहणा लगा। ब्राह्मणी हडी कडी हुंदी गई। ग्रां दे बुजुरग हरान होई गये कि ब्राह्मण जो क्या बमारी लगी गई हुंगी। ग्रां देयां जो किछ शक बी होई गिआ था। तिन्हा ब्राह्मण सदी करी पुच्छेया, “क्या गल है? तू बड़ा कमजोर होई गया होर तेरी ब्राह्मणी तगड़ी होआ करदी।” ब्राह्मण गलाणा लगा, “भई! असें मंगी की गुजारा करदे। भिक्खा बी लोक असें थोड़ी-थोड़ी दिंदे। सैह असां दुई जणयां जो पूरी नीं हुंदी। ब्राह्मण दे संगियां-साधियां गलाया कि तू अज जाहलू भत्त खाणा लगगा तां हंडू च हत्थ पाई की जरूरी दिखियां कि हंडू च कितणा की भत्त है। कुतकी तेरी ब्राह्मणी झूठ ही न गलांदी रेंह

नैं अप्पू खांदी रेंह होर तिजो भूखा ही रखदी होए।” ब्राह्मणा जो बी शक होई गया के ब्राह्मणी ता सचमुची जो बड़ी तगड़ी है। कुतकी मिंजो न्हरे च ही न रखदी होए। रेंह बी हुण देहे मौके दीआ तलाशाच थाजाहलू की हंडिया दिक्खी सके। इक दिन रेंह भत्त खाई बैठा कनै चुल्हे बला ही बैटया रियां। ब्राह्मणी सोचे, “भई! ब्राह्मण सई गए तां मैं भी भत्त खाऊं।” ब्राह्मण ता अज ताड़ा च बैटया था। बड़िया देरा बाद तेन्नी ब्राह्मणिया जो गलाया, “तू मिंजो हडू ता दस्त? तिजो भत्त बचेया बी है कि तू? तू सारा भत्त रोज मिंजो ही खुआई दिंदी। ब्राह्मणे हंडुए च हत्थ पाया ता हरान होई गिआ। हंडुए च ता मत्ता सारा भत्त था। चुपचाप उठी की तित्यु ते चला गया। ब्राह्मणी सोचणा लगी, “अज मेरी चालाकी पकड़ोई गई। इन्हीं हंडुए च हत्थ कजो पाया। ये बड़ा चलाक बणदा। मैं भी इसा गला दा बदला जरूर लैणा।” सैह बी तुसी मौके दी तलाशा च रेंहणा लगी।

कई दिन बीती गए। इक दिन ब्राह्मण बचारा ग्रां च भिकशा मंगणा गिआ था नैं पीछे ते राजे दे माहणू ग्रां च आये। तिन्हा सारेयां जो पूछया कि असां जो मजदार कनै खरा दिया बैद दसा। राजे दी राणी बमार है। तिन्हा जगा-जगा डिंदोरा गेता जे देहे बैदा जो खूब सारा इनाम बी मिलणा। ब्राह्मणिएं बी सारी गल सुणी नैं तिसें राजे दे माहणुआं जो सदेया होर गलाया जे मेरा ब्राह्मण बड़ा तजबेकार बैद है। तिन्हीं मत्ते जणें ठीक कितेयो। तुसे तिसजो लैई जा कनै तिसदा सारा पता बी स्ती दित्ता होर गलाया भई तिस ता तुसां जो नां ही करनी है जे मैं बैद नीं है। पर ते तिसदी गल मत सुणदे। बस पकड़ी की राजे बला लई जानेयों।

राजे दे माहणू ब्राह्मण जो रस्ते च मिली गये होर गलाणा लगे, “बैद जी! तुसां जो राजें सदेया। ब्राह्मणा ये सुणी करी हरान होई गिआ कनै दसणा लगा जे मैं बैद नीं है। इक बामण है। भिकशा मंगी की गुजारा करदा। मिंजो बैदा दा कम्म नीं लांदा। तुसां जो कुन्हीं गलाई दित्ता भई मैं बैद है।” राजे दे माहणुआं दसया जे तेरी राआली ते जादा तिजो होर कुण जाणदा। तिसें दसया तू गंडां दा खरा लाज करी लांदा। फिरी ब्राह्मणा दी गल सुणें बगैर सैह तिसजो घसीटदे-घसीटदे राज दरबारा लैई गए। ब्राह्मण समझी गया। यैह तां सारी ब्राह्मणिया दी चाल है। तिसें मिजों नैं बदला कड्डया।

राणिया दे मुहां च बड़ा सारा गंड होई गिआ था। कई बैदां लाज कित्ता पर, शराम नी होया। राणी बड़ी बमार थी। ब्राह्मणा जो राणिया बला लैई गये। ब्राह्मणें बचया जे भई हुण मरणा ता है ही पर किछ ना किछ ता करना ही पौणां। ब्राह्मण गंडां पासें दिक्खी करी बोलणा लगा “फुट-फुट गंडां, खा तिसा रंडा। जे मैं हण्डुए च नी पांदा ता अज इत्थु कजो औंदा?” दो-तिन्न बरी ये ही गल गलांदा रिआ। ब्राह्मणिया जो तिसदी गल सुणी की हंस्ती आई गई कनै तिसा दे मुहां पर जो गंड था

सैह फटी गिआ होर सारा मवाद बाहर आई गिआ। तिसते राणिया जो काफ़ी आराम होया। राजा-राणी बडे खुश होए। तिन्हा ब्राह्मणा जो मन चाहा इनाम लैणें दा हुक्म दित्ता।

राजे दा बजीर ब्राह्मणां जो सारे महलां च घुमांदा-घुमांदा घोड़ेयां दे अस्तबला च लैई गया। ब्राह्मणां जो किछ भी पसंद नी आया। सैह अग्गे गया तां तिन्नीं इक जगह कद्दुआं दा ढेर दिक्खिया। खुश होई करी बोलया, “ये क्या है?” बजीरें सोचया ब्राह्मण बेवकूफ है। तिन्नीं ब्राह्मणा जो गलाया, “ये घोड़े दा अण्डा है। इस्ते घोड़ा निकलदा है।” ब्राह्मणे इक कद्दू लैई लिया। राजें ये सुणी करी बजीरा जो गलाया, “भई! कद्दू च मत्ते सारे हीरे जवाहरात पाई देया। ताकि ये गरीब बचारा अपणा गुज़ारा करी सके।”

ब्राह्मण घरा जो चली पिआ। चलदा-चलदा थकी गिआ कर्नें पेड़ा हेठ आराम करणा बई गिआ। तिसजो निंद्र पई गई। अचानक ही इक खरगोशें छलांग मारी कर्नें तिसते कद्दू जो धक्का लगी गया। कद्दू रूड़ी गया। ब्राह्मण उठया ता तिथु कद्दू नी था। सोचणा लगया, “भई अंडा फटी गया हुंगा कर्नें घोड़ा न्ही गया होणा। चलते कोई गल नीं। किस्मत दा क्या करना?”

ब्राह्मण जाहलू अपने घरा पहुंचेया तां ब्राह्मणी तिसजो दिक्खी करी हरान होई गई जे ये ता जिंदा ही हटी आया। सैह बड़े प्यारा कर्नें ब्राह्मण दे हालचाल पूछणा लगी। गलाणा लगी, “राजें तुसां जो क्या-क्या इनाम दिता? मिंजो भी दसा।”

ब्राह्मणें दसया राजें मिंजो इक घोड़े दा अण्डा दित्ता था पर, सैह अण्डा बाट्टा च ही फटी गया कर्नें घोड़ा बी दौड़ी गिआ। ब्राह्मणिया जो बी घोड़े दे बारे च कुछ अता-पता नीं था। ब्राह्मणां ते पुछणा लगी, “घोड़ा कदेआ हुंदा?” ब्राह्मण छाल मारी करी तिसा दे मुंडे पर चढ़ी गिआ होर गलाणा लगा, “ये हुंदा घोड़ा।” ब्राह्मण जो तिसा पर गुस्सा ता था ही जे इसै मिंजो मरवाणे दे वास्ते ही राजे बला भेजया था। तिन्नीं बी बदला लैणे ताई तिसा दी मुंडकी मरोड़ी दित्ती कर्नें ब्राह्मणी मारी दित्ती।

APPENDIX 2

(Additional Folktales)

THE IMPATIENT MONEY-LENDER*

There was a money-lender at village Bhramar who had more money than brain and his one aim of life was to give loans and realise the money with a good amount of interest.

One day this money-lender visited the house of Mangat Singh, a debtor of his. Mangat Singh had taken a loan of rupees two hundred only and there was an interest of rupees one hundred. Mangat Singh had failed to keep his promise to pay back the principal and the interest.

Mangat Singh was not in the house when the money-lender called. But the money-lender would not come back and asked Mangat's wife for the money. She was a clever woman. She quickly went into the store-room and came out with four round white pumpkins. She showed the pumpkins to the money-lender and said, "Sir, these are the four eggs our mare has laid. After they are hatched we will sell the colts and get a lot of money. Please do wait for some time and your loan will be repaid." The money-lender quickly calculated that four colts will fetch him more than two rupees three hundred. He retorted, "Well I have waited for a long time. You could give me the mare's egg in repayment of the loan and I will be satisfied." Mangat's wife pretended that she was not happy. "How can you be given four eggs when four eggs when the four colts will fetch rupees five hundred."

* *Seethalakshmi, K.A. Folktales of Himachal Pradesh. New Delhi: Sterling Publishers (P) Ltd, 1972. pp. 77-78.*

Ultimately she agreed and the money-lender was given the four round pumpkins. Mangat's wife cautioned and said to the money-lender, "Sir, please be very careful when you climb the hills as the eggs will hatch soon."

While climbing the mountain which the money-lender had to do to go to his village, he slipped and the load of the four pumpkins rolled down the slope of the mountain. From the top he saw a few deer running away. The money-lender was convinced that they were colts that had come out of the mare's eggs,

He was fooled by the clever wife of the debtor.

हिमाचली - Jan, June 1999

रो भरी प्यारों बाड़ी थो। जेबी भी किया का लड़ाई झगड़ो हुआ तिआ सवी पहला लोलदू बाडी हआ थो। सो कसी का न डरा थो। जा कस का डरा भी थो सो थो पजेली रो खोशिओ शमशेर सिंह। ते का खाए खाएआ डरा थो सी ऐकी वेग पयरेलु ठाकरा रो शमशेर खशा आरी केंजी भूजा माधी राजें वस तिणी लोलदू बाड़ी का बोलो तू शमशेरा खोशा रो काम तमाम करे। से भूश ठाकरा रा भडेलेआ शुणे तिणी शमशेरा खोशा का पंडाज भेजे वस सो भी डंगरा कर लोलदू री बाटा देखदे लगो। जिन्डी किदरे लोलदूआ शमशेर देखो। सो वाकरो जेओ धुणीदे लगो आं दोडेआ पधरेला ठाकरा विआ भागो। तिणी ते का बोला मेरा मरनो नाई। ग्रामा दे वसणो। शमशेर खोश मोरा धोणी। तू भी तेसा आरी सुलो कर। नाई ता बाली मेसी ठाकरा तेरो भी सेजो हाल हणो। वस तिणी शमशेरा खोश आरा तेई ओख धीडेवारेड़ लाए। लोलदू बाडिया दुंगी धणी रे जै जै कार किए।

जाको राखे साईया, मार सके न कोये

♦ रत्न चन्द कोतवाल

एकक जमाने री गल्ल ही कि इक वडी सारी चलाक जुलाहिया रा ब्याह मूर्ख जुलाहे कन्ने होई गया। तिसा रोज इक चीला रा भरी गलास जुलाहे ते लेणा ता इक्क ही गलासा भत्ता रा तिस जो दई देणा। जुलाहा सांचणे लगेया कि जुलाई क्या खांदी होंगी। तां ही तिस जो किस माहणूये सलाह दिती की तू हंडूये च हथ डाली कन्ने देखणा आंधी भत्त जरूर होणा हे। से गल्ल सही निकली ता तिन जुलाहिया जो मारना शुरू करी दिता। तिसे भी तिस कन्ने बदला लेणे री सोची लई। गल्ल ऐही होई कि तिस राजा रे राजे री लड़की बीमार होई गई। तिसा रे गल्ला च फोड़ा (गंड) होई गया। से फोड़ा टीक होंगे च नी आया हे। जुलाहिये बांलेया, "राजा जी मेरा जुलाह बड़ा भारी वेद हे तिन्हे इसा देइया जो टीक करी देणा हे, राजे जुलाहे जो बुलाया। तिस जो कुछ भी नी ओंदा था से एहड़ा मत्त पड़ने लागेया।

"फुट-फूट गंडा, जे मैं हंडुये जो हथ नी पांदा तां इध्दी कजो ओंदा" तीसा उईया जो हंसी आई और गंड फट्टी गया। राजा बड़ा खुश होई गया और तिस जो ईमान भी दई दिता। जुलाही सांचणे लगी, जुलाह तो वची निकलेया। तिसा जो ता जुलाहे ते बदला लेणे री लगगे थी। फिर तिस राजे रे राजधानिया च दूजे राजे हमला करी दिता। जुलाहिये सांचेया कि हुण जुलाहे जो भरवाणे रा बडा भारी खरा मौका हे। तिसे बांलेया राजा जी मेरा जुलाह बड़ा वहादुर हे से ता अकेला ही बडा हे। राजे बुलावा भेजेया तां तिस जो लड़ाईया जाणे रे हुकम दई दिता। जुलाहे रे ना करणे कन्ने भी राजे तिस जो लड़ाईया जाणे रा हुकम देई दे दिता।

से जुलाह बांड़ा लेणे रे खातर चली गया। तिन इक ऐहड़ा बांड़ा पसंद किता से तीना खुरां च खड़ा होंदा हे। तिन सांचेया कि सारिया फौजा चली जाणा और इस बांड़े बांड़े पिंटे रही जाणा। मगर से बांड़ा बड़ा भारी लडाकू था तांही ये तीना पैग च खड़ी रह्यो था। जुलाहे जो रसेया कने जकड़ी दिता तां तिस रे हाथ तलवार भी दई दिती। बांड़ा हवा कन्ने गल्ला करने लगेया और कन्ने भाल-कण्डे भी कन्ने चली पं। दुश्मणा री फौजा तिस जो देखी कन्ने डरी गई ता सांचणे लगी कि अभी तां इक्क ही बांड़ा आया तां ही इतनी धूल उडरी हे। जालो सारी फौजा आंगी तां क्या होंगा। तिस जो देखी कन्ने सारी दुश्मन वारी फौजां बांडी गई। राजा बड़ा भारी खुश होई गया। जुलाही सांचणे लगे कि जुलाह फिर वची गया। फिर कुछ

दिनां बाद तेस राजा च इक राक्षस आया और से लोकां जो खाणे लगेया । फिर जुलाहिये राजे जो याद दलाई दिती । जुलाहे हूण सोचेया कि हुण बचणा ता मुशिकल हे । से इक बड़ रूखा च चढ़ी गया तां रूखा नीचे इक केले रे वूटे जो चिट्टा कपड़ा डकाई दिता । राक्षस आई गया और केले रे वूटे जो खाणे लगी पैया । जलाहे ते हाथ रे डरा रे मारे तलवार छुट्टी गई और राक्षस भरी गया । राजा बडो भारी खुश होई गया । इसा गल्ला ते असा जो पता लगया है कि जाको राखे साईयां मार सके न कोये ।