

New Year Special

Praagaash

Net-journal of 'Project Zaan'



प्रागाश

'प्रोजेक्ट ज्ञान' की नेट-पत्रिका

For Private Circulation Only



shishu kangur

Image : Rajesh Raina

*Wishing all our readers a
Very Happy & Prosperous New Year 2020*

ॐ नमामि त्वां शारदा देवीं, महाभार्गीं भगवतीं काश्मीर पुरवासिनीं
विद्या दायिनीं रक्ष माम् रक्ष माम्। नमामि त्वाम्।

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Cover this month :

This is the special kind of Kashmiri firepot called ‘shishū kàngūr’. It is generally given to brides for warming at their in-laws place on wedding. It is also used for ceremonial burning of ‘isband’ (niger) on auspicious days. This Kangdi is a speciality from village Charar-e-Sharief.

Editorial

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M.K.Raina

At the outset we wish all our readers a **Very Happy and Prosperous New Year 2020**. We pray and hope that the new year brings peace and prosperity to our motherland.



Restrictions on internet in Jammu & Kashmir have seriously effected not only the business and education but also other professions dependent on the transfer of data for dissemination of information. Most of the new start-ups, it is reported, have faced closure due to restrictions on e-mails and other aspects of information technology. We have also suffered in our own way as the Praagaash did not reach its readers in the state where it has majority of readers, since September 2019 issue. We hope the government takes a pragmatic view of the situation and lifts the curbs on the new year day itself.

We are giving a break to the story of Katha Sarit Sagar from the February issue, having finished the Volume 1 of Somdev Pandit’s classic with this issue. We will be starting a new series titled ‘Preserving Culture - Our Customs, Rites & Rituals’ from next month. We request Kashmiris residing in any part of the world to write on the subject covering the customs, rites & rituals of both Kashmiri Muslims and Kashmiri Pandits, in English. Let us all do our bit to preserve our Culture and Language.



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वाख - लल द्यद

दमी ऑसुस ल्वकट कूरा
दमी सपनुस जवान पूर।
दमी ऑसुस फेरान थोरान
दमी सपनुस देंजिथ सूर।।

★ ★ ★

दमी डींठुम नद वहवुनी
दमी ड्युंठुम सुम न तु तार।
दमी डींठुम थॅर फवलुवुनी
दमी ड्युंठुम गुल न तु खार।।

★ ★ ★

दमी آءس لوكٹ كوزاه
دमी سنس جوان پور
دमी آءس پھيران تھوران
دमी سنس ڈرتھ سور

دमी ڈینٹھم ندوہونی
دमी ڈیوڈنٹھم سُم نہ تہ تار
دमी ڈینٹھم تھڑ پھولونی
دमी ڈیوڈنٹھم گل نہ تہ خار

श्रुख - शेख नूर-उद-दीन वली

क्रय युस करि सु हन मो थकी
शरह पकी पॉलिथ तु कथ।
शूब तस आसि युस सहजय पकी
लूब तु तमाह गॉलिथ तु कथ।।
युस कीजम ऑसिथ लीजम पकी
पनुन पान थवि वॉलिथ तु कथ।।।

★ ★ ★

कानन तहँघन दॉर्यजि नु सिपर
करतँज छवकन फिर्यज्यस नु र्वय।
बलायि तहँजे वेंद्यज्यख शकर
अदु छुय येति क्या तति ओबर्वय।।

❖ ❖ ❖

کزے یس کرئہ ہن مو تھکی
شرح پکی پالیتھ تہ کتھ
ثوب تس آہ یس سہزے پکی
لؤب تہ طاه گالیتھ تہ کتھ
یس کیزم آیتھ لیزم پکی
پئن پان تھو والیتھ تہ کتھ

کانن تہنندن داری نہ سپر
کرنج چھوکن پھریس نہ روے
بلاے تہنندے وینڈیکہ شکر
ادیتھے بیتہ کیاہ تہ اورے



Episode

3

Luminaries of the Kashmiri Language

The Life & Legend of Habba Khatoon

Vargis Khan



When you think of visiting Gurez Valley and search for a list of tourist attractions there, the name that will come up the most is that of the peak of Habba Khatoon. But when you visit Gurez, you realize that it is not actually a tourist attraction at all. It is just another among the thousands of other Himalayan peaks all around. There is nothing different about it; and there will be times when you may even get confused about which one is the Habba Khatoon peak. It is just a gigantic mountain; a huge assembly

of rock standing tall and overlooking Dawar, the central township of Gurez.

So what is it that makes it so special then? Nothing at all to be honest. There is not even anything beautiful about it. But then it is not the mountain that is famous. It is the person that it has been named after that is an important part of Kashmiri history. It is Habba Khatoon the woman that people know and talk about, not Habba Khatoon the mountain. She is the one that people of Gurez so fondly remember. The mountain is just their way of making sure that she remains planted firm in their memories; that she remains spoken of. And that the name is not forgotten over a period of time.

Habba Khatoon

So who was Habba Khatoon? She was a 16th century Kashmiri poetess who is also known as 'Nightingale of Kashmir'. She was born in 1551 (or 1554) in the small village of Chandhara near Pampore; and in her childhood was named as Zoon (the Moon) because of her immense beauty.

There are several stories related to her and she is a popular

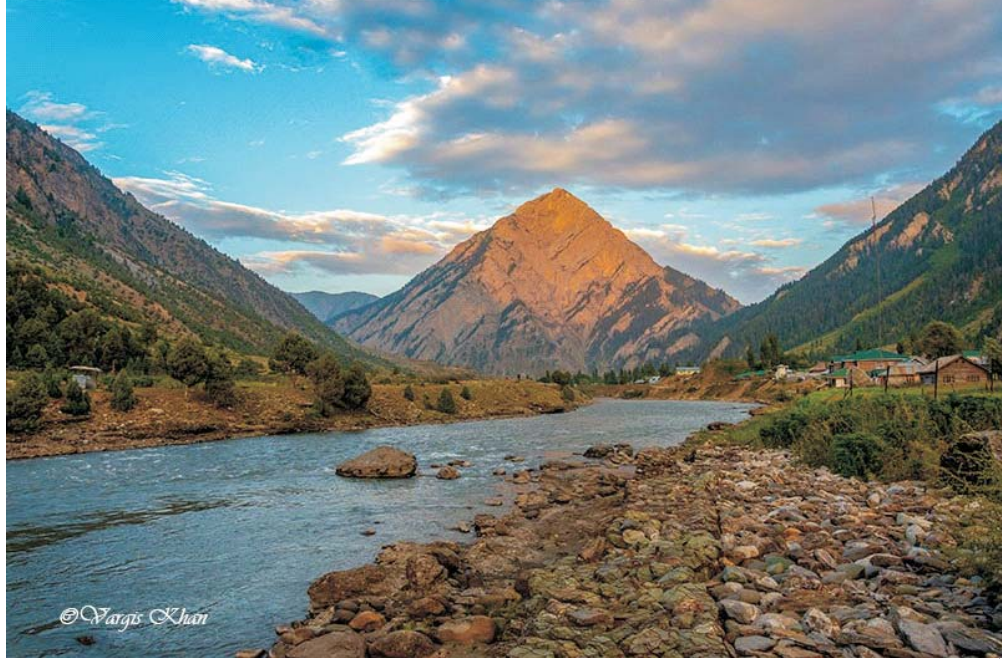


Image : mypoeticside.com

Episode

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Luminaries of the Kashmiri Language



The place in the picture above is the amazingly beautiful Gurez valley. The peak in the center is Habba Khatoon; the houses on the right is the town of Dawar; and the stream of water is Kishen Ganga River. It flows through the Gurez valley before finally merging into Jhelum River near Muzaffarabad in Pakistan. In Pakistan it is known as the Neelum River and forms the beautiful Neelum Valley.

figure in Kashmiri literary history. Her life was a difficult one and it is said that the influence she has exerted over the popular imagination had much to do with the difficulties she herself faced in her life. She was born a peasant girl and lived in poverty with very little education. Her first marriage was to a local peasant boy in an early age which ended in a divorce soon after. Her husband, an illiterate peasant, could not really understand her and after a few years of a troubled married life, left her. It was after this divorce that Zoon started to write and sing songs in Kashmiri.

It is said that Yusuf Shah Chak, who later on went to become the ruler of Kashmir, was out hunting one day when he heard Zoon singing under a Chinar tree. Upon hearing her melancholic melodies, he stopped and went looking for the woman singing in such beautiful voice. He found Zoon sitting under a tree and was stunned by her beauty. It was love at first sight for both of them and they decided to get married soon after. After marriage, she changed her name to Habba Khatoon.

Akbar's Conquest of Kashmir

For a while everything was all

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Luminaries of the Kashmiri Language

romantic and dreamy. Yousuf Shah Chak became the king of Kashmir and Habba Khatoon was the queen. But then came Akbar and his conquest of Kashmir. Chaks were a tribe of fighters from Gurez Valley who continued to rule Kashmir until 1589 AD, when it was annexed to Mughal Empire. They were formidable fighters of huge structure and had successfully resisted the attempts of Babur and Himayun to conquer Kashmir. When Akbar became the king, Chaks still remained to be a problem for Mughals when they defeated Akbar's Army twice. This made the Mughal emperor realize that taking Kashmir by force may not be the best way out; hence he invited Yousuf to Delhi for a peaceful resolution.

Habba Khatoon did not like this idea even a bit. She is said to have a considerable control over her husband, the king. Sensing Akbar's offer as a bait, she tried to stop Yousuf the best she could. The king on the other hand knew that their Army will not be able to stand a third attack from Akbar. They have been fighting Mughals for a while but this is as far as it could have gone. Another attack by Akbar's Army would have resulted in a massacre of his own people in the battlefield. He himself knew that he was walking into a trap; but had little choice other than to comply with Akbar's offer and hence went to Delhi for talks.



Image :
newagekashmir.com

As Habba Khatoon feared, Yousuf was captured on his arrival in Delhi and imprisoned in Bengal. He was later shifted to Bihar where he died and where his grave remains. Three years later, Akbar conquered Kashmir and annexed it to Mughal empire with little to no resistance.

The Poetess & The Ascetic

The day Yousuf left for Delhi was the last that Habba Khatoon saw of her husband. A few days later, the news of Yousuf's capture came and she never got to be with the love of her life again. This broke her completely and she took up an ascetic life. All her poems and songs were in memory of her estranged husband; and are so full of sorrow that it will break your heart. She moved back to Gurez valley and spent most of her remaining life here. She died in 1609 near Athwajan (on Jammu-Srinagar national highway) where her tomb is located till date.

And that was the story of Habba Khatoon. She was a remarkable

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poetess and is accredited for introducing ‘lol’ to Kashmiri poetry. The word ‘lol’ is equivalent to the English ‘lyric’, conveying a brief thought. Her lyrics on love and romance still captivate the Kashmiri people. The mighty development in Kashmiri literature during 1500 – 1800 AD is accredited to the works of Habba Khatoon along with several other great poets and poetesses.

Alternate Version

There also exists a different version of the story of how she came to be known as Habba Khatoon. It is said that Habba was actually the name of the boy she got married to first; and upon suggestion of a ‘peer’, got her name changed to Habba Khatoon, after her husband. But since she spent most of her time in poetry and singing, Habba started to mistreat her. Yousuf who was then the emperor of Kashmir noticed this village girl once. Taken by her beauty, he got her divorced and then married her.

There was also a movie planned on her life starring Dimple Kapadia in leading role but it was never filmed.

Conclusion

So when you are standing in Dawar in Gurez valley and you look up to this huge and enormous mountain, do not just see a pile of rocks. Remember the woman that it has been named after. Habba Khatoon, a poetess, a queen and most of all, a woman who lived her entire life wandering the valleys of Kashmir in memory of her lover. It is in fact said that she still

wanders around this mountain here in Gurez valley, still searching for the one she so deeply loved.

<http://vargiskhan.com/log/habba-khatoon/>

So said Habba Khatoon :

لَجَّ بَحْلے آندون
 ژے کنن گوے نا میون
 لَجَّ بَحْلے کو لہ سرن
 ووتھو نیرین کھبہ وو
 بچچ یوسم گلشن
 ژے کنن گوے نا میون
 لَجَّ بَحْلے دؤر گامن
 ووتھو مالین گره هوو
 بچچ کوسم تیتہ نین
 ژے کنن گوے نا میون

लॅज फुलय अंद वनन
 च़े कनन गोय ना म्योन
 लॅज फुलय क्वलु सरन
 व्वथू नीर्यन खसुवो
 फॅज योसम गुलशनन
 च़े कनन गोय ना म्योन
 लॅज फुलय दूर गामन
 व्वथू माल्युन गछुवो
 फॅज कोसम तति नयन
 च़े कनन गोय ना म्योन



My Medical Journey - Dr. K.L.Chowdhury

What Difference Does Dress Make?

Does it matter what dress I wear
So long it is clean
and my conscience clear?

*What a doctor needs is a soft touch
A sweet tongue, a patient ear
A strong intuition, a quick insight
And an eye that sees far and near.*

*Hippocratic Oath is my moral code
Medical texts my scripture
The patient my laboratory
The hospital my house of prayer.*

From 'More poems in exile' by the author



Barbarshah Bridge and Barbarshah Road are the life line between the ancient and the modern city of Srinagar. They link Sathu and the rest of downtown with Regal Chowk, Residency Road, and Amira Kadal - the bustling 'civil lines' and heartthrobs of the city. It was into a cul-de-sac from Barbarshah Road that we moved house from Rajveri Kadal in 1962. The site was just ideal for a

home, being the junction between the old and new city and, yet, a retreat flanked as we were on two sides by the sprawling lawns of SP College from where with the foliage of huge Chinars



overflowed to our backyard. Across the road is the famous Ramji temple and, further away, near the bridge, the mosque from where the morning bells and the call of the muezzin, respectively, would float gently into my bedroom in perfect accord and harmony.

Barbarshah Road was also called the 'love lane' not because lovers would pass by hand in hand like they do now-a-days, but because it brought streams of students from the old city to the two premier institutions of Kashmir, the S.P.College and the Govt. College for women. They buzzed on the street in the morning when the institutions opened and in the evening when they closed. Girls walked in their own groups and so did the boys, desiring and eyeing each other discretely but hardly ever speaking or walking together. There was love in their hearts - unexpressed

and unrequited - not that an occasional eve-teasing incident did not occur.

I graduated the same year as we moved to Barbarshah Road and began my professional career from there. Being centrally placed, I was quite accessible to patients. I started with my own relatives and friends who put implicit faith in me and it was they who,

S.P.College Srinagar





**Ramji Temple at
Sathu Barbarashah**

by word of mouth, were instrumental in building my practice. Charity begins at home and so did my practice of medicine on my own people.

It was the winter of 1979. By then I was an Assistant Professor of Medicine in Medical College Srinagar and fully established in practice. It was snowing lightly on a morning. I was home, enjoying my winter break of six weeks from the Medical College and sipping a cup of tea when an uncle of my mother stepped in, panting and puffing. He was a patient of chronic bronchitis and asthma. He dusted the snow off his umbrella, left it in a corner on the verandah and sat on a chair by my side, visibly breathless. It took him time to collect his breath, inhaling it with all the effort of his chest, neck and shoulder muscles and exhaling it in white streams from his pouted mouth, blowing out his cheeks and flaring his nostrils with every respiratory excursion. Though he lived across the bridge in Sathu

Payeen, less than a half mile away, he should not have come out in snow. I told him so.

“I have not come for myself; I am doing fine with the medicines you have prescribed.” He managed to speak through pauses and breaks. “But, I would like you to come with me right away.”

I did not like to be disturbed on this halcyon morning, the dulcet grey sky sending down swarms of snow flakes which danced and landed softly, noiselessly on every conceivable object from rooftops to trees, to bushes, to lawns, to fences, to walls, to eaves, to verandahs, to porches, to window panes – slowly changing the landscape into a fairyland. I wondered what had brought my phlegmatic, asthmatic granduncle early in the morning if it was not concerning himself.

“Please, pick your bag and come along,” he said in a plaintive, yet confident tone.

He knew that I did not like to go for home visits. But this must be a desperate situation and it was difficult to say no to him for, Gopi Nath Khan, as was his name, was a fond cousin of my mother. She would often recall wonderful memories of her childhood spent in his house. When she lost her mother young, Gopi Nath and his wife stepped in to fill the



Govt. Medical College, Srinagar



void. Being older, he was more like a father than a brother to her and she revered him. If he asked a little favor I had no heart to deny him, neither the nerve, even as he asked it on that snowy morning when I was looking across the window re-living the snowy memories of my own childhood. I was planning a snowman with the help of my little daughters who were also home for the winter break.

“Where are we going in this snow?” I ventured to ask.

“I will tell you on the way. Come along as you are; you do not need to change your dress.”

I was wearing my Pheron, a Kangri keeping me warm under its broad span. I did not mind his suggestion to visit the patient in the casual dress I was wearing; I was in a hurry to go out in the snow and leave footprints on the virgin white path before the morning strollers spoilt it. I picked my bag in one hand and umbrella in the other and we both set out.

“You are going to examine Nila Kanth. You know him; he has been ill for quite some time. A couple of doctors have visited him and prescribed medicines but he is making no headway. He asked me yesterday to bring the

best doctor of the town to examine him and I could not think of anyone better than you.”

Nilkanth was an old bachelor living a reclusive life in the outhouse of Gopi Nath. He had nobody to call his own. His sister, Rajreni, who was Gopi Nath's aunty, had invited him to live with her in the outhouse after her husband's demise. Rajreni lived only a few years after that and Nila Kanth was left on his own. A court case was hanging fire for many years between Gopi Nath and Nila Kanth regarding the outhouse to which Nila Kanth now claimed ownership. But that did not stand between the two when he took ill and was not able to fend for himself. Gopi Nath and his family took upon themselves the moral responsibility to feed him and look after him. They brought doctors and medicines.

We walked along the snowy path up the Barbarshah Road. I made a bow near the portals of the temple, invoking lord Ram to grant me the healing touch. The canal under the Barbarshah Bridge was a pretty ribbon adorned on either side with Dongas with white sloping roofs. Snow flakes came down in swarms dissolving in placid water of the canal like lovesick creatures on a fatal tryst. The street shops were still closed. It was a difficult walk because of my companion with whom I labored to keep my pace slow. Speaking with me, while we walked, made it more laborious for him.

“Some years back you advised me to move to the plains during the winter months because of my asthma. Since then I have been going to Jammu every winter from December to March. It is already 16th of December this year but Nila Kanth is holding me back. We cannot leave him behind to die. Please do something to revive him enough to be able to travel with us to Jammu. If I do not move to the plains I may not last the winter.”

Nila Kanth was crouched in a bed on the floor, almost invisible under a huge quilt and



three blankets, a skullcap worn down on the face to just allow a glimpse of his slit eyes that were glued with exudate, fish mouth that was bluish from cyanosis and nostrils that flared in and out with respiration. I took my place by his right side. On the left, Gopi Nath, removing a Kangri from under the layers of his coverings, spoke in his ear: “Nila Kanth, I got you the best doctor. Now tell him all your problems.”

Nilakanth lifted his bent head with difficulty and we supported him with cushions behind his back. He was barely audible; his words came out slowly, haltingly with a nasal twang from an un-repaired cleft palate. That might have been one of the reasons for his lifelong bachelorhood, even when his menial job would qualify him for a spouse. He was short in stature, bent in his back, hard of hearing and breathing hard from the mere effort of speaking. He strained to open his eyes into a narrow chink, peering at me and trying to speak from behind a grizzled beard and emitting foul odor, the yellow of turmeric from a previous dinner staining the angles of his mouth. He complained of fullness and loss of appetite, breathlessness and loss of sleep, restlessness and loss of strength. Examination revealed that he suffered from an advanced heart failure from hypertension complicated by chronic bronchitis, asthma and anemia. His legs were swollen, pressure sores forming under his heels and buttocks.

I wrote out a prescription and asked my leave. The return walk home at my usual brisk pace was a treat; it took me just seven minutes. I forgot about the patient as I got down rolling snowballs to fashion a snowman out of them with the help of my children.

Next morning was clear. A bright sunrise, piercing through the mesh of Chinars, started flirting with the snow, thawing it with the warmth of love, dripping it from the roofs, raising little spouts as drops fell down in small puddles on the ground below the eaves. I was lighting a fire in the saw-dust heating stove in

our family room when Gopi Nath Khan announced himself again with his guttural cough and a gruffly good morning.

“I am so sorry to bother you again, but you will have to do an encore.”

“But why?” I was puzzled and irritated.

“You know, I made a mistake asking you to visit Nila Kanth in your pheron yesterday. After you left, we got the medicines from the pharmacy but he refused to take them. “I have not heard of a physician in a pheron”, he was sarcastic as he fished out the pass book of his post-office savings account from his shirt pocket and tossed it at me. “What use my savings if they can’t fetch me a good doctor?” Please save me from a difficult situation; I will feel guilty if he dies unattended and uncared.”

“Oh, I thought he seemed too ill to notice my dress and bearing. In any case, does it matter what dress I wear? And, if I visit him again, don’t you think he will recognize me? Please try some one else?” I suggested some names.

“Yes, it now seems to me that it does matter what dress you wear. I beg you to visit him again; for my sake. You will have to put on your jacket and trousers, sport a necktie, and don a hat. Please do it for me; I will never ask you again.” He was very earnest.

I had no choice. I changed into a professional outfit and went visiting again. Nila





Kanth was told that I was a foreign-trained doctor who had worked wonders with patients. He got animated. Collecting his last shreds of energy, he waxed satirical in his dry, quivering, halting, nasal voice, about how a novice had visited him the pervious day and how he had flatly refused to accept the drugs for he valued his life more than money and would not be mismanaged by a quack in a pheron masquerading as a physician. He did not elaborate on his problem but spoke about Dr. New and Dr. Wasper, two missionary doctors who revolutionized the practice of medicine in Kashmir, Dr. Gwashalal Koul who introduced quixotic forms of therapy, even one time giving a good thrashing to a patient as an antidote to poisoning, and Dr. Alijan, the living legend and a household name.

After a brief examination of the patient I rewrote the previous day's prescription. Gopi Nath Khan walked with me back to my home, much against my admonition. He was a bespectacled sick old man, baldish and slightly built, wasted in the cheeks and temples, stopped from advanced respiratory illness, barely managing to walk and talk simultaneously. But he had questions to ask.

“I know he is quite ill and will take time to rally and recover. Yet, there is no way I can postpone my departure to Jammu. I am already late by two weeks and feel the pressure in my chest after yesterday's snow fall. Can I stand the frost and the cold winds that will follow? I want to take him along with us? That is our only option. Do you think he will make the journey?”

“No, he won't. I do not think he will cross the Banihal tunnel,” I said in a reflex even before he had completed his question. It was not a considered opinion; it just came out in a flash. This was not the first time I surprised someone with a fatal prognosis, without a second thought, when asked how long a patient would survive a terminal illness. One



time, a patient of heart block was admitted with me. He would go into repeated cardiac standstill and we revived him every time. He stabilized and his attendants thought it was time to take him home since he had had no attacks for a full week. The patient lived nearby at Nawab Bazar and they would bring him back if the attacks recurred, they said. I could not persuade them to stay on and when it was time to take leave they thanked me for all I had done. I made a passing remark: I hope he crosses the Nawab Bazar Bridge alive. The bridge was only a half furlong from the hospital. We were still with our ward round when they brought him back hardly after twenty minutes. He had sustained another cardiac arrest while crossing the bridge and they had returned midway from the bridge. But it was too late!

A second time, my brother-in-law brought with him his landlord from Shopian where he was posted as an agricultural assistant. I diagnosed terminal cancer of stomach and asked my brother-in-law to take him back for it was no use wasting time and effort when he should be spending his last days with family.

“I live in the room directly below him and he groans with pain for the whole night. I can't sleep a wink. Can you do something to relieve his pain, please?”

“I will write an analgesics but he won't



have to suffer long.”

“How long?” he asked

“Three weeks.” It was not a calculated answer, nor a prophecy, just a flash. The words come out even before they were formed in my mind.

It was exactly twenty one days later that the patient departed for the other world where there is no pain, no loss of sleep.

There have been many incidents of this unintended, reflex prophesying. And yet, there are numerous occasions I retort back that I am no soothsayer, or astrologer, when asked how long a patient is going to take to complete his mortal journey.

This time, however, Gopi Nath Khan did not heed my pun. Armed with my prescription and spurred on by a marginal improvement in his patient, he boarded a bus to Jammu along with his wife, his son and his patient. The overdressed patient was laid down on two seats booked for him, and draped from foot to face with a heavy blanket, warmed with a Kangri. The driver, who raised a minor objection to carrying a sick patient, was told that he was not as sick as he was weak. The fellow passengers asked questions which were duly replied about the nature of his illness, the treating doctor, the drugs, the food

he could take and the reason they were traveling. A good bonhomie was established and the bus trundled and labored along the road disfigured by ditches and potholes. The temperature had dropped to 10 degrees Celsius and it got colder as they reached Anantnag and on to Qazigund. Gopi Nath and his family spoon-fed their patient every hour with warm tea from the thermos, speaking loud in his ear every time. The passengers showed lot of concern and sympathy. Soon the bus negotiated the curves to gain the heights of Lower and Upper Munda and reached the tunnel. This was the end of the valley. Gopi Nath was happy that they would cross the tunnel in another ten minutes to be on the other side on their way to Jammu.

The tunnel was dark, the temperature dropped another degree and the bus took a somber look. My parting words suddenly rang an eerie note in Gopi Nath's ears. No, I had just spoken at the cusp of the moment and could not be serious, he reassured himself. Besides, the journey had been quite uneventful till now. He collected his thoughts and asked his son to keep a watch on Nila Kanth as they trundled along.

As the bus reached near the middle of the tunnel there was a sudden gasp from the patient. Gopi Nath's son, who was occupying the seat near him, bent down to see. Nila Kanth had stopped breathing. He put his fingers on his pulse but could not feel any flow of blood. He became nervous and whispered in the ear of his father, sitting across the aisle. Gopi Nath's heart gave a thud. He had blundered. He had not accepted medical advice. He was responsible for this catastrophe. The passengers would get very upset and





angry. The driver would get mad; he had made inquiries at the time of their boarding and now might force them to disembark. All these thoughts rushed and he thought out a plan. He counseled caution and silence and admonished his son against breaking this news to any passenger and to play the farce of speaking in the ear of the dead person from time to time.

Soon light appeared at the other end of the tunnel and they were on the road again. It was bright outside like Nila Kanth going to a world of new light! The passengers asked the welfare of the patient. Gopi Nath's son spoke in the ear of the dead body.

“Why does he not make any sound?” one of the passengers asked.

“He is fast asleep; I think we should not disturb him,” the son replied.

But Gopi Nath's wife sensed trouble looking at the pale and frightened faces of her son and husband. Gopi Nath told her to shut up and not create a ruckus. She could wail and weep after they reached their destination. Till then no tears, no sobbing, no crying, no browbeating. The lady choked herself with grief but did not utter a sound. The bus kept moving.

It was all a charade from there onwards. They kept on mumbling nothings in the patient's ear, 'would you care for some milk, would you like to eat a biscuit, what about some orange juice?' and so on, and then to the passengers, 'he says he has no appetite and would like to be left alone.'

When it was lunchtime, the passengers wondered why none of the family ate anything. In Hindu custom, you do not eat till the last rites of the dead are performed.

“We are full from a heavy breakfast. Bus travel makes us sick, so we keep to tea and water. The patient is not hungry. He felt very cold and wants to sleep undisturbed.”

But the proximity of a dead body and

choked emotions got the better of the family and they decided to get down at Udhampur where they had a relative who could be depended upon to help in the cremation. By the time they reached Jammu, another 90 kilometers away, it would be dusk and they would not be able to perform the last rites till the next day.

When the bus halted for a break in Udhampur, they announced the sudden demise of their patient. Lady Gopi Nath started beating her chest, crying aloud, weeping for the departed. Gopi Nath and son maintained their composure and asked the driver to deliver their baggage. The passengers were awe struck; they sensed that death had taken place much earlier but empathized. The driver and his conductor remarked that next time they would not be duped into allowing a dying passenger on board.

Cremation took place the same day with the help of their relative in Udhampur. After a couple of days the ashes were immersed in the stream that flows in the town and the family moved on to Jammu to spend the winter there.

My change of dress to a formal wear did not matter in the final outcome of the patient!

Doctor can be contacted at:
kundanleela@yahoo.com





یتھو بہ کرے لولہ منز جاے ❁ میر حسین

کتیہ چٹکلہ آسان مینہ میانہ دلبرے یتھو بہ کرے لولہ منز جاے
 کزائے چھم مے دلس کڑتھس بہ برے
 یتھو بہ کرے لولہ منز جاے
 یم حرف عشقنی کیتیاہ بہ پرے بوزیم آسان تم حرف ڈاے
 مائے چھم پائی ون کیاہ بہ درے
 یتھو بہ کرے لولہ منز جاے
 کینہہ وائی منزلس کینون گو درے کینون برونیچہ کینہہ تھو تھم رھائے
 کینہہ دزائے عشق ملنگ کینون گو سرے
 یتھو بہ کرے لولہ منز جاے
 وقت آخر لگہ یام مے درے اتھو روٹ کڑی زیم کیاہ چھ میون پائے
 تھم چھم کڑ کیاہ تہہ مھترے
 یتھو بہ کرے لولہ منز جاے
 اتھو روے نازس پونیرنی گتھہ کرے ہا و تم آسان کتہ پائی جاے
 لولہ باغ پھولے آشہ وائہ بہ برے
 یتھو بہ کرے لولہ منز جاے
 مزن چھم برحق کزن کینہہ گوڈ سرے تاون یہ دنیا کتھہ کینت آے
 دوہہ اکہ تراوئی میر تل چھہ لے
 یتھو بہ کرے لولہ منز جاے
 ہا میر حیلو تراو موڑ پرے ٹھہر چھہ پائس پیننی رھائے
 یک سو تور کن لگ توڑ درے
 یتھو بہ کرے لولہ منز جاے



Profile

Our Shining Stars - M.K.Raina

Global Architect – Tony Ashai

It was just another handle for me on Twitter. It wanted to know, not particularly from me but from the Twitterati what books to refer in order to know the happenings in Kashmir in 1990. I did not know @tonyashai then but being myself an avid reader, I provided him names of some books written by respectable authors. After that, we continued to share more info on the subject and other general topics related to Kashmir and Kashmiris. That was all. I did not care to know more about the person by visiting his TL either. During my conversation with Dr. G.N.Qasba, a friend of mine in Srinagar, mention of this handle incited him to retort "Don't you know him?"

"No, I don't." I said, "Can you tell me?"

"Please visit Google, you will know" he said.

I visited Google. It was a great surprise

for me. Soon I was redirected to a web page at Kashmir Life. And it took me some time to read it all and

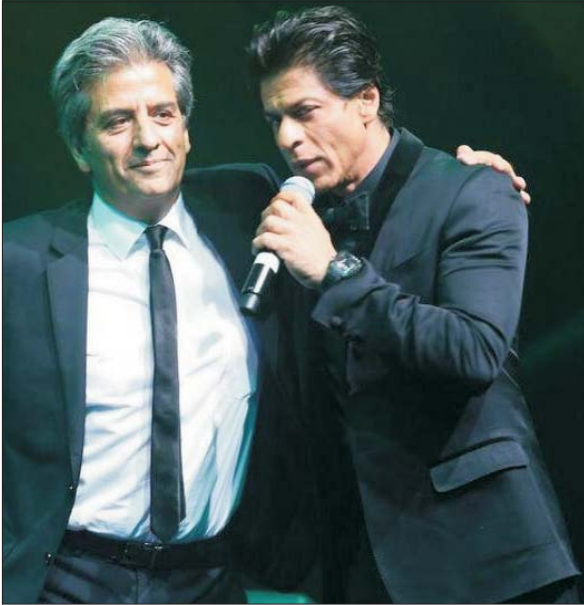
know the person named Tony Ashai.

"From an introvert Kashmiri boy to a global architect, Tony Ashai is behind the breathtaking mansions housing who's who of the world" is how Saima Bhat had described this Kashmiri-American architect at kashmirlife.net.

Quoting from the above webpage, this award winning architect from Kashmir is a brand in himself. He has set a new benchmark in designing residential and luxury apartments, resorts, malls, five-star hotels and tower developments worldwide.

In 1985, Tony Ashai (original name Aziz Ashai) graduated as an Architect from Chandigarh. He soon travelled to Italy, France, UK and then to USA. While sketching at a local monument, Robert Shibley, the dean of the School of Architecture spotted him. Prof Shibley was impressed with his talent and realistic rendering. Later, he gave him opportunity to earn a Masters Degree in Architecture from the State University of New York at Buffalo. A year later, Ashai was in Europe, scrupulously studying human behavior in urban spaces for six months. Among the few other skills he learned during his European sojourn were the nature





of urban space, and its relationship to human psychology. He was given the name of Tony because of his resemblance to gangster Tony Montana, a reel character played by the famous actor Al Pacino. Later he adopted this name officially, though he was no gangster substance.

Between 1989 and 1992, Tony worked on the renovation of the Chrysler Building for the architectural firm of James Barclay and Associates in Manhattan. By 1993, he formed his own architectural design firm, Ashai & Associates’ in Torrance, California. In an effort to ensure that his designs would be completed as he envision them, Tony in 1995 established a construction management firm ‘Ashai Construction & Development’ and a new design firm ‘Ashai Design Corporation’.

To begin with, Ashai Design designed high-end luxury environments enhancing the lifestyle of the rich and famous. Celebrities like AC Green, David Beckham, Chuck Noski, former vice-chairman of AT&T Corporation, reside in Ashai designed

homes. His houses have also featured in the popular American television series The OC.

In 2006, Ashai Design Corporation expanded globally, securing large scale design projects in Pakistan, India and Dubai where he owns his offices too. Tony has already designed Dubai Lifestyle City and five eponymous Ashai towers. He believes his artistic streaks could be genetic, feels his roots in Kashmir, a region famous for its art and culture, are behind his creative work. He intends to expand his operations in Kashmir by designing a model colony in Srinagar’s Rawalpura very soon.

Having gone through this info on net, I decided to interview the Architect for the pages of e-journal Praagaash and try to know more about the celebrity. He was very kind and readily accepted. I reproduce the interview hereunder :



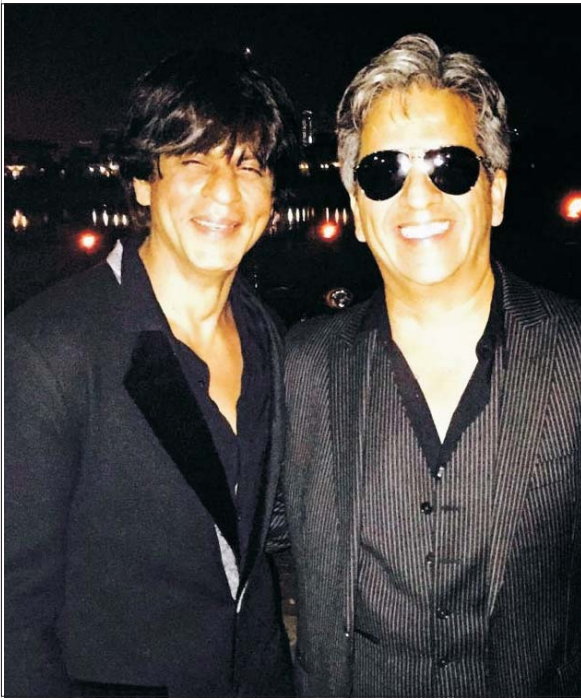


Praagaash: It was so nice to read about you at Kashmir Life. Can you tell us more about your childhood days and your family?

Tony: I was born in Fateh Kadal, Srinagar in 1964 in a house on the banks of Jehlum river. My father Mr. Nazir Ashai was an engineer and my grandfather didn't work as our family was land lord. We lived in a Joint Family with my uncle, Dr. Farooq Ashai and his family. We lived there till I was 6 years old and then moved to Raj Bagh area where I spent most of my childhood. I went to Burn Hall school till 10 grade and then SP college for 11 Grade. Even in Rajbagh we lived in a joint family. I was very close to my uncle who was killed in 1993 at a check point in Rambagh bridge.

Praagaash: Dr. Farooq Ashai, you mean the famous orthopaedic surgeon of Srinagar of yesteryears who was instrumental in establishing Bone & Joint Hospital?

Tony: Yes. He was a renowned surgeon and



a kind man. God bless his soul.

Praagaash: How did you reach US and how did your parents encourage you?

Tony: I was hardly 20 years old when I came to the US. I remember landing in NY City and taking the bus to Grand Central Station. It was a whole new world for me. I did not know anyone in NY. Somehow survived by doing odd jobs but I always used to sketch. One day while sketching, a gentleman approached me and turned out he was the Dean of State Univ of NY. He was so impressed with my sketches that he offered me admission in Architecture program with scholarship. Then I fully immersed myself in education and did my Masters in Architecture and Urban Design. Those days I used to watch discovery channel and when I watched a series on US constitution, I fell in love with US and for what it stands for. Freedom, Liberty and Justice.

My Parents were in Kashmir and those days we didn't have connectivity so I kind of was out of touch with my old world.

Praagaash: What difficulties did you experience in the initial stages when in US?



community deal with you when you were in the struggling process?

Tony: Honestly, for first twelve years of my life in the US, I never mixed with Kashmiris. However Indian and Pakistani community did help me in the beginning of my career. After working for a firm for three years, I took my Board Exams and got a license to practice and my first client was an Indian doctor for whom I designed a house in LA. Then after that there was a line of clients from Indian and Pakistani communities. I will forever be grateful to my

Tony: I was too young and it was all a learning experience for me rather than a struggle. Initially the cultural change was a shock. I really had to reprogram my brain. In Kashmir, we don't mind saying a lie occasionally if necessary, but here I had to re-train myself not to lie. Since I was alone away from the family, I had to learn to survive by working hard. I remember walking for miles in cold freezing weather because I didn't have money to pay for subway. And NY weather can be really cold.

Praagaash: Who were the people you think had some role in your progress and how did they help you?

Tony: Robert Shibley, the Dean of School of Architecture SUNY University was the man who literally discovered me on the streets of NY, mentored me, paid for my education thru scholarship and helped me in so many ways. He is definitely the man who played a major role in my life. Of course when I started working, people always helped me, showed me the way and I never felt discriminated in the US. One of the greatness of America is if you work hard and are truthful you will succeed in anything.

Praagaash: How did the Kashmiri





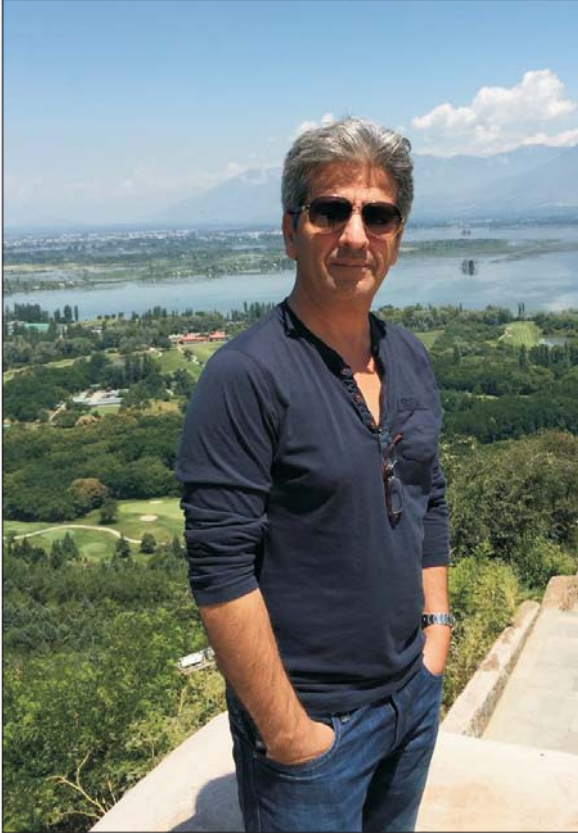
Indian and Pakistani friends.

Praagaash: Kindly tell us something about your achievements and future plans.

Tony: I feel that I have not achieved anything yet and there is so much to do. I am one of those lucky guys who make friends with everyone. I worked on homes for some famous people in Los Angeles, I have designed cities like Dubai Lifestyle City in Dubai and Lake City in Lahore. I have worked with famous people like Shah Rukh Khan and current PM of Pakistan Imran Khan and both of them have become friends.

My future plans are to continue my creative work in design and some day educate young architects.

Praagaash: Can you tell us about your



family?

Tony: I am blessed with two children. My daughter Simone is an attorney in Los Angeles who recently got married and my son Billy who started as an artist but ended up in USC architecture program. He will graduate in 2020 with Masters in Architecture.

Praagaash: Any incident you think proved a turning point in your life?

Tony: Yes in 2008, I was living large. Had a self designed mansion overlooking Pacific Ocean, all the cars and the things that come with good life. I had a huge design firm, a construction company, a real estate company with offices in Los Angeles and Dubai when the whole world economy crashed. It got so bad, I became bankrupt and that was the turning point in my life. At that point I decided that I want to make the money again but this time I want to spend it on things that don't benefit me personally. I have been happier since.

Praagaash: Do you and your family understand and speak Kashmiri? Do you agree that Kashmiris anywhere in the world need to preserve their language and culture?

Tony: Yes, we all speak Kashmiri and it should be preserved because it is a beautiful language. We also need to preserve our culture and our age-old bonds.

Praagaash: Thank you so much Sir. Kindly do read Praagaash and also share it with your friends and relatives. This is the journal dedicated to Kashmiri language and culture. You are also welcome to write for it.

Tony: Sure Sir, thanks.

Tony Ashai can be reached at:
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Adventure - Namrata Wakhloo

When I Found Kashmir in Uzbekistan

I have loved travelling for the longest time now. In fact, that's the only activity I look forward to, in my leisure time. My motivation to see new places and experience different cultures runs pretty high and I have decided to tick-off the items on my bucket list slowly but steadily in the years to come. I wasn't much of a history fan in school, however, for the last couple of decades, I have developed this keenness to explore our collective past, our roots and how various civilizations evolved. Places with abundant natural beauty also interest me a lot. A few years back, aboard a Jet Airways flight, I was flipping through their in-flight magazine, Jet Wings. It had an article on the Silk Road, talking especially, about the cities of Samarkand and Bukhara. While in

school, I had read a lot about this historic trading route between China and the Mediterranean but had never paid much attention to its richness in terms of art and architecture.



Today, I take this opportunity, to talk to you about my recent travel to Uzbekistan. You may ask, why that subject in a magazine related to Kashmir. After my 8-day trip to that country, all I can tell you is that, I have not seen such a strong presence of Kashmir (or vice versa) in any other country. Not the landscape as much, as the culture, language, food and music. It's hard not to notice that most of what we see in Kashmir in terms of the practices of art and culture has come from Central Asia.

So, in the next few pages, I would tell you about my 'Kashmir' experience in Uzbekistan.

The first thing, that caught my attention, especially in the cities of Tashkent and Samarkand, was the ubiquitous maple, Chinar. There are parks and avenues lined with the trees that symbolize Kashmir. In Uzbekistan too, it's called **Chinor**. In fact, you just need to replace their "o" with our "a" in most words for them to make sense to us.

Uzbek, the language that Uzbeks speak has Turkic origin but contains many Persian words and I was amazed at the similarity it had with Kashmiri as our language also has a lot of Persian. Some examples that I found.....

Kocha-Si in Uzbek means a Road and in Kashmiri also it's Kocha. For Everyday they use **Har Kuni** just like in Kashmiri. Time is



Chinor tree, Tashkent



called **Vaqt**. Destination is **Manzil**. Then **Xayr**(Khair) is Bye Bye, **Ha** means Yes, **Bas** means To Stop and **Rehmat** is Thank You.

One day, while buying Uzbek sweets



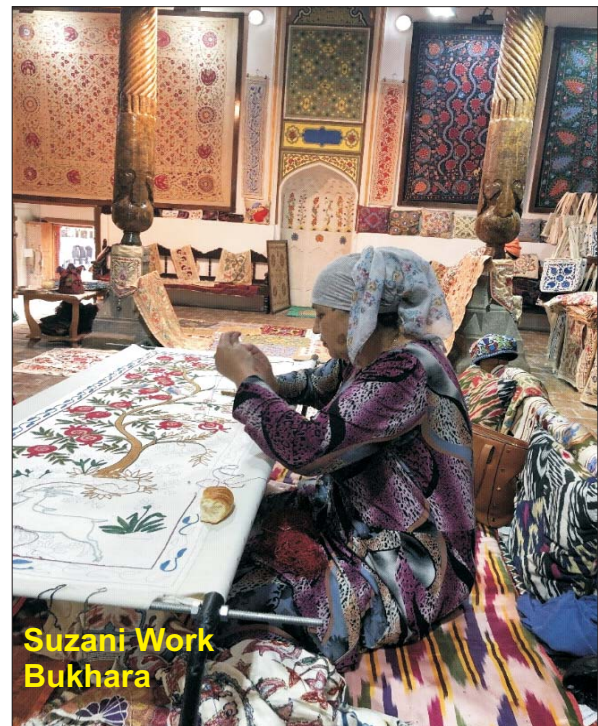
Sign boards in Samarkand



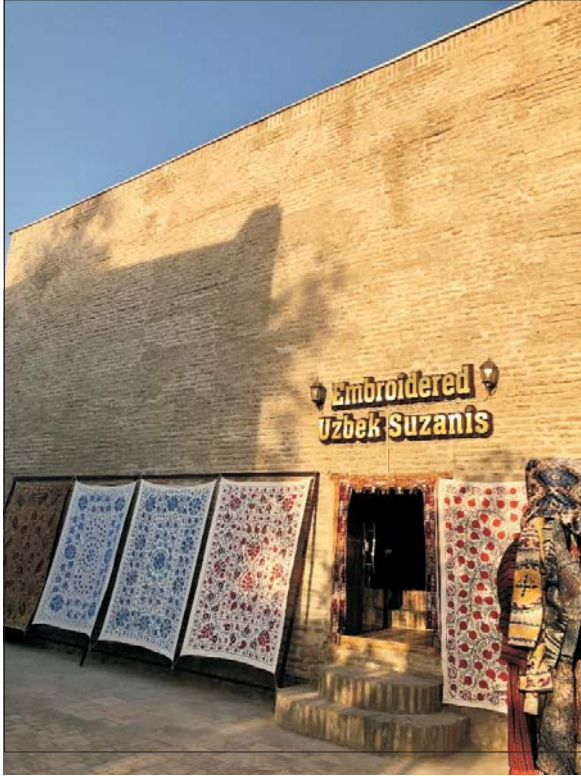
Navat

from a lady outside Chor Minor in Bukhara, she recommended a very popular sweet called **Navat**. The moment she pulled out some for me, I realized it was nothing but we know as Nabad, crystalline sugar!

The **Suzani** embroidery is very popular across Uzbekistan. They make embroidered bed linen, curtains, table linen etc with either a needle (Suzan) or hook (Aari) with motifs like

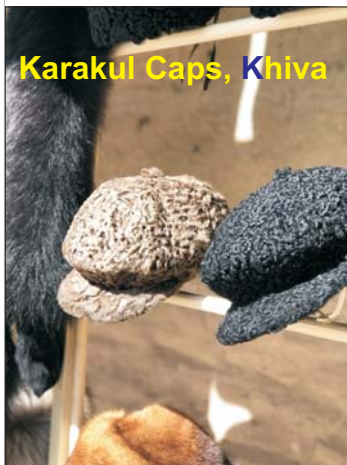


Suzani Work
Bukhara



flowers, leaves and fruits. Suzan is Persian for needle and Sozani or needle work is one of the most famous handicrafts of Kashmir that traces its origin to Central Asia.

Do you remember the popular Karakuli cap that many people in Kashmir wear? I first



Karakul Caps, Khiva

found whole **Karakul** fleece being sold in the Chorsu Bazaar in Tashkent. Thereafter, saw a lot of caps made from it available in Khiva market.

Talking about art and craft, another striking similarity that reminded me of

home was the Papier Mache'. While roaming in the bazaars there, I saw artisans sitting at shops and painting beautiful miniatures or Papier Mache' boxes. A lot of artisans sitting at the shops would be busy carving exquisite wooden articles.

Papier Mache articles

Uzbeks bake a lot of bread in a clay oven just like ours. They call it **Tondur** and the bread is called **Non**. They make round breads of different sizes and thickness which are so much like the Kashmiri Lavasa or Gyev Tsot. They even have a layered bread they call **Katlam** which, however, is slightly different from ours.

Uzbeks have a lot of green tea that they too call Chai. They have it with meals and at any time of the day. I was once in a departmental store buying something and I saw the local tea being sold. It was absolutely



An artisan working in a bazaar



Papier Mache
articles

like our Kehwa leaves. I did get some home!

Look at the blue & white crockery everyone uses there. Doesn't it resemble the Pyal'e Kashmiris use to drink chai?

Tilokari in Uzbek and **Tilakari** in Kashmiri are similar - the art of gold leaf work on surfaces of wood, stone or metal. There's a Madrassa in Samrakand called Tilokari and its all in golden hues inside!

Silk and wool carpets, that resemble Kashmiri carpets in the weaving style and design motifs are made in Samarkand but available in Bukhara too.

A very interesting observation was that, in many monuments, in Uzbekistan, I found use of whole tree trunks as columns to support the Ayvan (Uzbek for Verandah) or the ceiling. Most mosques and shrines use them. The columns are beautifully carved and painted in some cases. The first time I had seen columns like that being used in buildings was in downtown Srinagar, in the Jama Masjid. I believe, it has 378 such wooden pillars in the main prayer hall.

Almost all palaces and shrines have intricately designed wooden ceilings, resembling the Kashmiri Khutamband Talav.

In retrospect, I remember, during discussions with my Kashmiri friends and family, I would often get to hear how our ancestors would travel between Samarkand and Kashmir on horseback. It was quite common then.



Non in Khiva



Non in Samarkand



Non in Tashkent



Green Tea

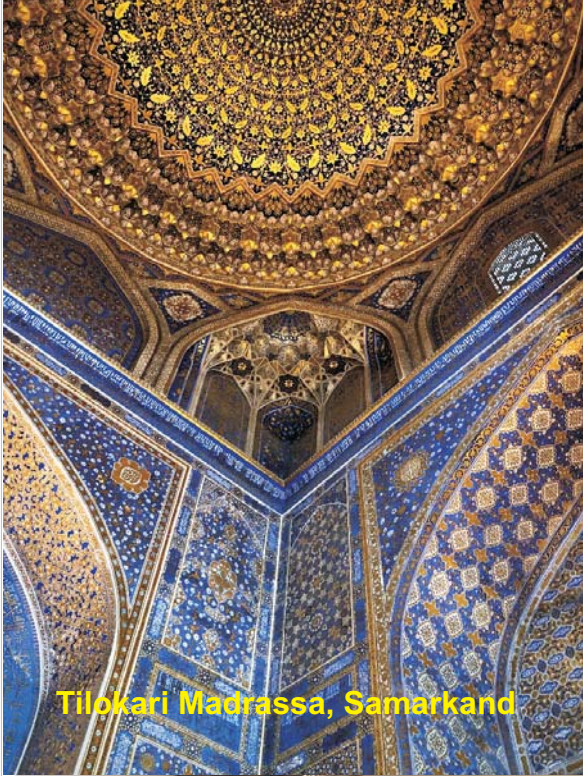


(A Kashmiri friend, had once mentioned to me, how his grandfather got married there and while on his way back to Kashmir, the new bride, backed out and lamented to go back home! So, he returned alone :)

Then there is this another Kashmiri



Chai in local crockery



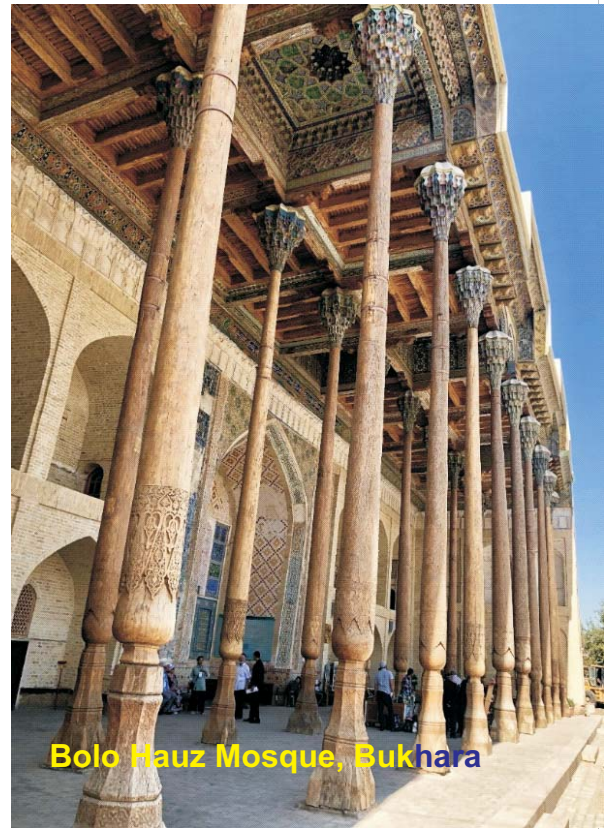
Tilokari Madrassa, Samarkand



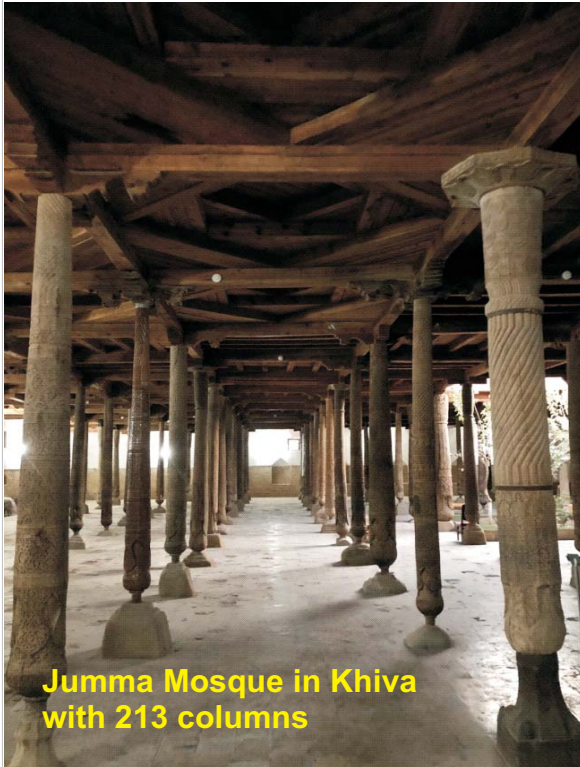
school friend, who I remember having spoken about how her family from her mother's side was originally from Bukhara. And I found the bloodline. While in Bukhara, I got an opportunity to visit the shrine of the Sufi saint **Baha-ud-Din Naqshband**, who is supposed to have brought the Naqshband order of Sufism to Kashmir. His progeny, a part of which is that friend, still lives in Kashmir. In fact, last year I visited the shrine dedicated to the Sufi saint in downtown Srinagar.

I would love to return to other countries like Tajikistan on the Silk Road to discover more about the connection that Central Asia shares with our homeland Kashmir!

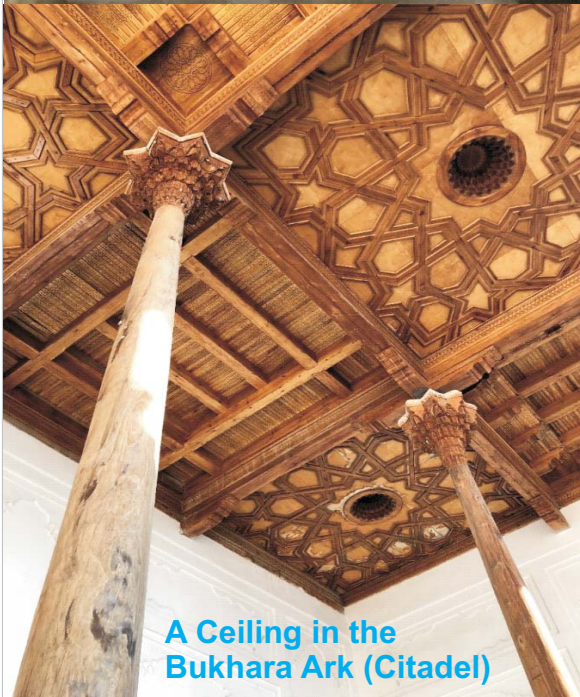
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Bolo Hauz Mosque, Bukhara



Jumma Mosque in Khiva with 213 columns



A Ceiling in the Bukhara Ark (Citadel)



Baha-ud-Din Naqshband Shrine



An Uzbek family, Bukhara



Quince/Bamtssoonth that I found in my hotel garden in Bukhara

Xair /
Khair





From the Pages of Ancient History - M.K.Parimoo Srinagar in its Historical Perspective

As far as the historical evidences of various historians such as Kalhana Pandit, G.M.D.Hassan, R.K.Parimoo, R.C.Kak, Tyndale Biscoe etc. are concerned, King Ashoka of Mauryan Dynasty got established a resplendent city called Srinagari towards the South hills of Zabarwan running along the right bank of the river Vitasta called Vyeth in Kashmiri and Jehlum in urdu in the 3rd Century B.C. (264-268) Years. Prof. (Dr.) M.A.Stein says that Srinagar city was got established in the 3rd century B.C. by the great grand son of Shakuni named Ashoka who was the son of Sachinaara's grand uncle. According to Stein the ancient city of Srinagar was established near Pandrethan as the area was resplendent with wealth.

According to the historians mentioned above, some other kings who followed Ashoka got established capital of Kashmir at various places such as Pandrethan, Pravarpur, Lakshmi Nagar, Nowshera, Allauddin Pura & Naga Naagar with the result that Srinagar the capital city of Kashmir got extended upto an area of 214 sq. kilometres .

As far as the topographical and geographical position of Srinagar is concerned, it has got Zabarwan hills in the



Northeast starting from Haarwan . The ancient name of Haarwan is Shadaar Hadwan meaning the forest abode of six saints. Towards the South of Srinagar is Paanta Chhoakh. Its other side towards the West is Chadoora and in the Northwest, there is Bemina. Srinagar has its boundaries touching Aanchaar lake and Gulab Bagh also. The river Vitasta (Vyeth) runs through the city of Srinagar and in addition to that there had been Doodh Ganga & some branches of Naalai Maer also running in the city of Srinagar. During the ancient past, the only reliable means of transport in the city of Srinagar has been the water transport. Moreover, the city of Srinagar is located centrally with respect to different towns of the Valley from ancient times.

In the historical records, Srinagar has been given various names such as Hemaavat, Srinagari, Pravarpur and Pravarsenpur. However, most of the historical records do confirm that Srinagar has been established in the sixties of the 3rd century B.C. during the reign of the King Ashoka of Mauryan Dynasty. The original name coined by Maharaja Ashoka for Srinagar was Srinagari meaning beautiful, fortunate and prosperous. After the reign of the King Ashoka, Srinagri remained the capital of the then Kashmir for about eight centuries and during that epoch certain Vihaars were constructed at Gopadari (present Gupkar area), Paantachhowkh, Wular area and also areas along the banks of Dal lake up to Shadaar Hadwan (present day Haarvan).





During the reign of Gopaditya, the then king of Kashmir, some Brahmins had arrived in the valley from Aaryavrat (the then Northern India). For those Brahmins, the king had got constructed certain Viharas to accommodate them and those Viharas were called Brahmin Aagar-e-Haar. The Chinese traveller Hieun Tsang (631-33 years B.C) witnesses the existence of those Vihaars from Pandrethan along the foot hills of Zabarwan up to Shadaar Hadwan (present day Haarwan).

As written by various historians, the population of Srinagar city had increased beyond its natural resources during early sixth Century A.D. resulting in the shifting of the capital of Kashmir to Shaarteeka in the vicinity of Haari Parbat by the then king of Kashmir Pravarsen of Gonanda Dynasty because he had sensed the difficulties being faced by the populace in the then Srinagar city. However the exact topography of Shaarteeka in some historical records is not known, but some archaeologists guess that Shaarteeka must have been in the south of Haari Parbat. King Pravarsen named new shifted capital ‘Pravarsenpur’ or ‘Pravarapur’, but common men couldn’t remember the newly coined name, they called it Srinagar or the capital. The Sirinagri city established by the king Ashoka became famous as ‘Puraan Adhishtaan’ meaning the old capital. Puraan Adhishtaan is the Sanskritised Kashmiri name of present Pandrethan. According to some researchers and historians, people those days used to speak either Sanskritised Kashmiri or Sanskrit in their day today life as is evident from the Vaakhs of a famous Kashmiri scholar Shitikantha of tenth century who gave us ‘Mahaanay Prakaash’.

In Nilmata Purana, Katha Sarit Saagar and Kalhana's Rajatarangini, there is a mention about the existence of Mukshika Swamin temple in present Maisuma area, Jushakpur, Amrit Bhavan and Soura with a number of temples and Vihaars etc. Moreover flood has been recorded in various historical

books, caused by the river Vitasta in the city of Pravarapur. The king got constructed a huge bund along the right bank of the Vitasta river from the Northeast of Haari Parvat up to the Aanchar Lake. Thus the huge area surrounding Haari Parvat became the central portion of Pravarapur. A temple of Mahakali was got constructed on the right bank of Vitasta river by the king Pravarsen between Fateh Kadal and Zaina kadal at a site in the vicinity of which later a shine of Shahi Hamdaan was got constructed during 14th century A.D. Pandrethan was also populated even up to twelfth century A.D. but later on, politically it started losing its importance.

During the end of the sixth century A.D., King Lalitaditya Muktapida ruled over Kashmir for 36 years from 695 to 731 A.D. During his regime, King Lalitaditya shifted the capital of Kashmir from Pravarapur to Paraspur. According to some historians, the king had made this shift for some of his personal reasons and that is what must have caused the diminution in the popularity of Pandrethan. Moreover there had been a sect of population called Damars, who believed more in political disturbances, were got shifted from Khrew by the king Lalitaditya and were thrown out of Kashmir with their illicit landed property confiscated by the then government.

During the regime of the king Jayapida from the year 751 to 785 A.D., the capital city of Kashmir was shifted to Inderkoot. During the regime of the king Awantivarman, the capital of Kashmir was shifted to Awantipura.

In order to subside the devastating influence of the flood caused by the river Vitasta during the heavy rainy season in Kashmir, an engineer Sooya changed the course of Vitasta during the sixth decade of the ninth century A.D and thus populace started migrating from Paraspur leaving it unpopulated. (To be continued)

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ज्ञान विज्ञान - त्रिलोकीनाथ धर कुन्दन गलती

अज करव अँस्य गलती प्यठ कथ बाथ। गोडन वुछव ज़ि गलती कथ छि वनान। यि नु करुन पज़ि ति अगर कोर तु गँयि गलती। यिनु वनुन शूबि ति योदवय वोन तु गँयि गलती। यि सौँचुन सही छुनु ति अगर सूँच तथ ति वोनुक गलती। यि ओस ति अगर असि आव नु बोज़नु तु असि बास्यव बदलय केंह स्व ति गँयि गलती। काँसि वोन केंह या कोर केंह मगर असि आव नु ति समजस मंज़ तु तथ कोड बदल माने, सुति गव गलत। मोखसर बूज़्यतव यि केंह असलियतु निश ब्योन आसि तथ छि गलती वनान।

सानि दँस्य छि गलती गछान ति तु बाज़े छि अँस्य गलती करान ति, ज़ॉनिथ या अनज़ॉन्य मंज़। दोशवन्य सूरतन मंज़ छु असि गलती वँरिथ पछतावु गछान तिक्याज़ि प्रथकुनि गलती हुन्द नतीजि छु आसान बुर, अंजाम छु आसान खराब। लोकुचारस मंज़ छि अँस्य चाटुहाल गछान, कालेज गछान या ट्रेनिंग करान। अति छि अँस्य परनस मंज़ लेखनस मंज़ तु इमतिहानस मंज़ गलती करान। नतीजि छु नेरान असि छि यिवान कम नम्बर तु गछान छि फेल। बँडिथ छि अँस्य या करान नोकरी या कांह कारुबार। नोकरी मंज़य गलती वँर या गँयि नोकरी निशि या मीज्यनु तरकी। कारुबारुच्य गलती मॉनिव गाटय गाटु, सूदुक ओस स्वखुय असँल ति गछि अथु। पथ अगर बुडिथ वँर गलती सौँरी वनन, बुडु छु गोमुत ब्रेठ। न छस अवँल न छस शूब। लेहज़ा छु प्यवान सारी वुम्बरि ह्यसु रोजुन युथनु सानि दँस्य कांह

गलती गछि। गरस मंज़ गछि गलती न छु खर रॉज्य न खरवोल। मँहलस मंज़ गँयि गलती तु कडन कनि वँन्य तु छुनन थोक। समाजस मंज़ गँयि गलती तु छि बदनामी। अमी छु वोस्तादन वोनमुत, बबो ह्यसु रोज़, यि केंह करख सूँचिथ वँरज़ि, यि केंह स्वरख सूँचिथ स्वर्यज़ि, योसु कथ करख सूँचिथ वँरज़ि युथनु पतु पछतावुन प्येयी।



कुनि वक्तु छु मनुश अनज़ॉनिस मंज़ गलती करान। मतलब तस छुनु यि पय आसान ज़ि यि बु करान छुस या वनान छुस यि हा छु गलत तु अपुज। अमिच्य बुनियाद छि आसान गलत फँहमी। ति ज़न गव अँमिस इन्सानस छुनु पज़ि किन्य पता आसान असलियत क्याह छि। अँमय छु आसान बरोसु कोरमुत काँसि प्यठ या केंह वुछमुत यि अँमिस बज़ॉहिर सही छु बास्योमुत आसान। यि बूज़्यतव ज़ि या छि यि अँम्यसँज़ कम अकली या हदु खोतु ज़्यादु स्यज़र युस अँमिस गलतस ति ठीक समजनस प्यठ छु मजबूर करान। अमी छु गलती करान या गलथ कथ वनान बेशूक्य पाँठ्य। यिथिस इन्सानस छु अमापोज़ अख शरफ। यि छुनु आसान शिटु। युथुय अँमिस छु पनुनि गलती हुन्द एहसास गछान यि छु ब यकदम पनुन्य गलती मानान तु तथ सुदारनँक्य सबील, सौँचान।



अंग्रीज्य पाँठ्य छि अख कहावथ । दपान गलती करुन्य छि इन्सांनी फितरथ तु तथ माँफी दिन्य गँयि दिवताँयी । गव ज़न अगर अँस्य पनुन बजर हावव तु गलती करन वॉलिस करव माफ असि छु दिवताह सुन्द दरजि मेलान । आम ज़िन्दगी मंज़ छु यिति लबनु यिवान ज़ि इन्सान छु गलतियव सुती हेछान । गलती वँरिथ गलती हुन्द एहसास सपनुन तमि पतु तथ सुदार करुन गव गाटुजार । मुसलमान छि गलती हुन्द एहसास सपदिथ दुबारु स्व गलती न करनुक तोबु करान । ईसाँय छि गिरजस मंज़ गँछिथ पादरिस ब्रॉह कनि गलती कबूल करान तु दुबारु तथ न दोहरावनुक कसद करान । हिन्दू धर्मस मंज़ छु प्रायश्चितुक विधान । मगर अमि पतु गछि नु अँमिस गलती हुन्द प्रायश्चित करन वॉलिस स्व गलती दुबारु करनुक खयाल ति युन । नतु गछि सोरुय कँह क्वलि ।

इन्सानस अगर पँज्य पाँठ्य गलतियौ निशि बचनुक इरादु आसि त्यलि पकि सु बराबर ह्यसु सान । गोडन्यथ गछि तँमिस आसुन बोज़ु शोज़ ज़ि वँमिस सुत्य किथु वँन्य पज़ि बरताव करुन, वँमिस सुत्य किथु पाँठ्य पज़ि पेश युन – ज़िठ्यन सुत्य अदबु सान, बराबर क्यन सुत्य तमीज़ु तु प्रयमु सान, काँस्यन सुत्य लोलु सान, गरीबस सुत्य हमदरदी तु चुकि सान । पनुन्यन पनुन पाँठ्य, वोपरन निशि हना दूर्यर थँविथ । त्यलि छुनु गलती गछनुक कांह इमकान रोज़ान । पानु ति छु रोज़ान ख्वश तु ब्याख ति । दिलुक सकून तु मनुक करार छु मेलान तु मनुश छु बे फिकिर तु बे गम रोज़ान । पथकुन गुज़रेमतिस् समयस छु मनुश साम ह्यवान । तमि पतु छु वुछान तला मे कत्यथ कोसु गलती वँर या अलुगॉबु सपनेयि । तम्युक छु

तदोरुक करान तु ब्रॉह कुन छु रोज़ान ज़्यादु पहान हुशियार युथनु स्वय गलती ब्येयि सरज़द सपदि । गलती वँरिथ गलती मानुन्य ति छु बजर । अमि सुत्य छुनु कद छोटान बँल्कि छु कद हुरानुय । वार्याह छि आसान शिटु, ज़िदी तु डीठ । तिमन छि पनुन्य गलती मानुन्य बारिगरां गछान या छुख हत्कि यज़त बासान । गलती वँरिथ छि तिम वनान असि वँरनु कहँन्य गलती, मटी छिनु ह्यवान । नतीजि छु नेरान ज़ि अख गलती वँरिथ छि तिम वोन्य ब्याख गलती करान । अथ छि वनान हठ-दर्मी । ब्याख छु यिथ्यन लुकन निश लोबुय ह्यवान तु यिमन यि बूजिथ ति दँपिव नफरथ करान । अगरय गलती मानुहन ब्याख वनिहे, हे वुछ सँ कोताह शरीफ छु यि, काँचाह नरमी छस, पानय मोनुन ज़ि आहनसँ गँयम गलती । आँखुर यिति छु इन्सानुय । गछान बाज़े गलती । तथ क्याह करि कांह ? यिथु वँन्य गछि हे मामलु रफा दफा । कथ ज़ेठेहनु ।

अँस्य छि अँकिस सभ्य समाजस मंज़ रोज़ान । लेहज़ा छु असि लॉज़िम ज़ि अँस्य करव कोनूनुक पालन । अगरय असि कोनूनुच्य खलाफवरज़ी वँर यि छि स्व गलती यथ सज़ा छु मेलान । पुलीस छु रँटिथ निवान तु अदालथ छि सज़ा दिवान । मिसाले लाइसंसि रोस गाँड्य चलावुन्य, चूर करँन्य, रशवत रटुन, मार पीट करँन्य बेतरी । यिमन गलतियन छि वनान जुरुम तमी छु यिमव बापथ या सज़ा मेलान या जुरमानु यिवान करनु । अमि गँछिथ छि आसान तिमु गलतीयि यिमु बज़ॉहिर कोनूनुकिस दाँयिरस मंज़ छनु यिवान मगर धर्मु लिहाज़ु, इनसाँनियतुक्यव असूलव किन्य या समाँजी तकाज़व किन्य छि यिवान गलती मानुनु ।



यिम्न गलतियन मतु ऑस्यतन कोनूनी सज़ा या सरकॉर्य पुरसान मगर तोति छि यिम् गलतियि मानुनु यिवान, बुर नज़रि वुछनु यिवान तु समाजस मंज़ प्रतिहत करान। यिम्न गलतियन निशि परहेज़ युस करि तसुन्द दरजि छु थोद, तस छु यज़त तु मान तु ओबिरय यिवान दिनु।

अमी छि ज़िठ्य असि तलकीन करान ज़ि हमेशि गछि असूलन प्यठ पकुन, पज़र वरतावुन तु रुतुय करुन प्रथ काँसि। योसु कॉम असूल न्यबर आसि, योसु कथ असूलस खलाफ आसि तु युस सोंच असूलव ब्योन आसि तिम छि असि अथि गलती करनावान। पनुन्यव गलतियव छि अँस्य हेछानुय अमा पोज़ ब्येयन हँज़व गलतियव तु ब्येयन हँदि तोर तरीकु सुत्य ति छि अँस्य स्यठा कँह हेछान, जान क्याह छु तु नाकारु क्याह गव, गलथ क्याह छु तु ठीक कथ छि वनान। इन्सानस छु पयवान हुशियार रोज़ुन तिक्याज़ि वुम्ब्रि छुस हेछुनुय हेछुन। ज़िन्दगी मंज़ छुनु कांह समय त्युथ यिवान येलि कांह ह्यकि वँनिथ ज़ि मे क्याह ह्योछ सोरुय, वोन्य छुमनु कँहति हेछनुक हाजथ। हेछान छु रोज़ुन, गलतियन हँज़ पॉरज़ान छि प्रावन्य तु पनुन किरदार छु श्रूच तु पविथर थवुनुच्य कूशिश करुन्य। त्येली छि नेकनॉमी तु यज़थ।।



Editor's Note

Views expressed in the signed articles are not necessarily those of **Project Zaan** or **Praagaash**.

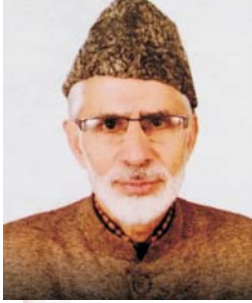
We invite writers to write for Praagaash.

Write ups can be in Kashmiri, Hindi, Urdu or English, concerning Kashmir, its Land and People, History, Historical and Religious places, Festivals, Rites and Rituals, Kashmiri Language and Culture, Science, Medical Science, Health, Adventure, Exploration, Fiction, Poetry, Humour etc.

Achievements by our Children are also welcome.

Content disrespecting any individual or groups or inciting hatred between the sections of the society will not be accepted.

Articles can be e-mailed to rainamk1@yahoo.co.in



کتھ چھے عتی * ظریف احمد ظریف

ونہ چن یارہن خدایہ سڈ سگ

میانس آبائی محلہ ڈب تل عاگر کڈلہ اوس سکندر ناؤک اکھ وائسٹھ
 موج محلہ کسے اُکس کرایہ ڈکانس اندر کھور بانن مرمتھ کران تہ لسان
 بسان - کیشہ پونسہ ٹونک کماوتھ پٹن رُونہ رُونہ کران - مری دیا دم آسنہ
 کز اوس نہ امہ محلہ نمبر پھیرتھ تھور تھہ ہبکان - یہ کتیک تہ کہند چھ اوسمت
 تمیک تہ اوس نہ شاید کانسہ پے پتاہا کیشہ - مے چھ یہ پنہہ بالہ پانہ پٹھ
 جو انی ہندس عالمس واتنس تام گن تہ کیول اُتھی وانس اندر رنان پاکوان
 ، ووتھان بیہان تہ شونگان بیتز وچھمت - دوہا دوہا چھ گڑھان - سکندر
 موج تہ چھ ہیکتہ سکتہ کز سوتان تہ زھوکان - اُسی شری اُسی اُسی
 پنہ شری لاری کز اولہ دولہ حرکتھ سیتھ کران تہ ناوریٹھ کڈتھ گاہ بے گاہ
 مزاز تہ ٹبٹھراون - یمہ سببہ یہ سخ وائے تباہی تہ اوس ونان - یہ وچھتھ
 اسہ محلکی زٹھی زٹھی سخ بے واری تہ کران اُسی - پوزیلہ ییلہ تہ اسہ
 شربن یہ سکندر موج آلوگرتھ دود، تڑوٹ، آپہ جھیر یا پیہ تہ کائہہ کام کرنی
 اوس ونان اُسی اُسی اہنز کام تہ وکی وکی کران - اُتھی دوہہ دیشہ چہ لمہ لمہ

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اندر بوز ز سکندر موج گو و سخ .بہمار۔ اُمس گئی تڑھ شاننش ظا ہریمہ سببہ
نہ یہ وانہ پٹھ بون تہ و ستھ اوس ہبکان۔ اہنز امہ لاچاری تہ بے کسی کنز
نیو یہ محلہ کپو کیشو و جوانو مہراج گنج سرکاری ہسپتال۔ پیٹہ اُمس ڈاکٹرس اتھ
ملاحظہ تہ علاج کرناونہ آو امہ پتہ ہیٹہ اہنز ساری مٹہ داری محلہ والسو
اوہند علاج، دوا، کھن چن بیتر اسی محلہ و آلی اُمس و انس اندری واتہ
ناوان۔

اسی شری شری تہ اُسس وانہ بونہ کنز خبر اتر پڑتھان۔ اہنز بہمار
ہنز خبر و اُتہ بین محلن تام تہ بیمہ کنز عاگر کدل روزن وول قادر صاب
ناؤک حکیم صابا اکھ تہ آو اُمس نظر ادنہ تہ محلہ والبن دوپن اہند باپتھ
چھ فوری طور ڈاکٹری علاج مناسب۔ تکیاز اوہند شوش چھنہ وونہ اہند
باپتھ کار آمد رو دمت۔ آسبس ہے ونہ زندگی ہند کاتھہ دوہا، سہ نیریس
ڈاکٹری دوا کھنہ ستی ز برپاٹھک۔ وول گو و حکمتہ کنز ونہ بہ اگر اُمس برگیہ
سند ماز بڑتھ کھنہ باپتھ بنہ ہے اُمس واتہ ہے سبٹھاہ آرام۔ پوزسہ گو و
وونہ سکندر ظلمات گڑھتھ آب حیات انس برابر کتھاہ۔ برگیہ مازکتہ
ہٹس تہ گس انس۔ حکیم صابن تہ کورس و انس تل گڑھتھ تسلیاتہ دزاو
پانس۔

امہ واقعہ پتہ دوہہ تار گڑھتھ چھس بہ شر بن ستی حسب معمول پننس
ڈب تل بازرس مٹز گندان دروکان تہ اُتھک اندر وچھ اسہ زانہ کد لکو

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شری جماتھا جانورس اُس پتہ دوران، یس سہٹھاہ یون اوس وڈوران۔
یوہے آوتہ ژاوسیو دے اُمہے سکندر موج سُنْدِس وانس اندر۔ اُمی ییلہ
جانور وُچھتہ تھتہ دتھ کورن یکدم ژور ژستی ذبح۔ شر یوکور کینوس کالس
اتن کر بکہ نادتہ گے اِد پانس پانس۔ یہ جانور سُنْد واقہ یوز ساروہے محلہ
والہوتہ خوشی گے زیاغی کو ترے ما آسہ ہے تہ وٹس توتہ بروئہ گن۔
دویمہ دوہہ صجس وُچھ محلہ والہ سکندر وانہ پیئجہ پٹھ ٹھیک ٹھا کھوتہ گتن
ستہ حسب عادتھ خاریا ٹھاتہ ٹھٹھ مسخری تہ کران۔ یہ وُچھتہ ڈب تل محلک
زیٹھ محمد رجب آس بروئہ گن تہ پرتھنس سکندر اڑہے راتھ تام علیل
بہمار اوسکھ تہ یہ کیاہ کراماتھا، زٹہ چھکھ از جوآنی کھوتہ تہ اور دور
باسان۔ تور دوپنس سکندر ن پیئجہ خدا صابن سوزنم یوری پئن دوا۔ یس
جانور یو میانس وانس اندر ژاوسہ اوس برگ، یس مے ذبح کرتھ اوک
ژا ارس پٹھ کنزتھ کھوتہ شوئگس۔ نندیر اندری باسیوم ز شوٹھس ژلہ
ساری اندریم تہ نہرم دادی۔ راتس کورم کھلہ ڈلہ آراما۔ صجس باسیوم ز
سزانا دیاناتہ کر ہاد وبتھ پٹھ وُستھ کورم تہ مسجد اندر کورم خدا صابس حمد
وٹنا۔ زٹے واتہ نوو کھتم سے دوا بے منت مخلوق بروئہ گن یس نہ آسن
بسن والبن لوکن تہ سیو وسیو وبتھ ہبکہ۔ یہ وُچھتہ تہ یوزتھ گے ساری
ہے ولا۔ کیاہ خداے تہ کیاہ تہنز کریمی تہ حکمت۔





Grandma's Stories

Content Source: Kashir Talmih & Kashir Luka Katha ~ Publications of J&K Academy of Art, Culture & Languages. Transliteration & Re-written for Children by M.K.Raina

राथ ऑस काकन्य जिगरि
बोजुनॉवमुच ठठु गॅर्य सुंज
कथ । अँज्यचि कथि ओस
नाव मनुट तु पांजुव । यि
कथ ऑस ब्रॉठ काकन्य
जिगरि अंग्रीज्यस मंज
बोजुनॉवमुच मगर शुर्यन
ओस काँशिरिस मंज
बोजुनुक शोक । काकन्य
जिगुर ति ऑस तैयारुय ।
दोपुनख ‘बिहिव साँ साँरी
छवपु कॅरिथ तु बूजिव
अँजिच कथ । कथि छु नाक
मनुट तु पांजुव ।*



मनुट तु पांजुव

यि ऑस बुडु माँजाह अख । नेचिव्य ऑसिस जु ।
बँडिस ओस पांजुव नाव तु त्वकटिस मनुट । पांजुव
ओस ज़मीन ज़िरातुच काँम करान तु मनुट ओस
स्कूलस मंज परान । गरुक लोह लंगर चलावनु किन्य
ऑस पांजुविस सख मेहनत प्यवान करुन्य । अवु
म्वखु ऑसुस बुडु माँज दूहय बतु मैड्य हन जान
पाँठ्य दिवान । मनटिस ऑस ज़डुय नखु वालान ।

माजि हुंद यि वँतीरु वुछिथ ओस मनुट अँदरी दज़ान तु
माजि हुंद जु अँछ करनस प्यठ पांजुविस नफरत
करान । साँचान ओस अँस्य छि दूशुवय अके डम्बि
ज़ामुत्य, अमा यीज़ फर्क क्याज़ि । मगर वँनिथ ओस नु
कँह ह्यकान ।

‘अके डम्बि ज़ामुत्य क्याह गव?’ प्रुछुस
पिंकी ।



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‘ति गव अँक्यसुय माजि ज़ामुत्य।’ वोनुस काकन्य जिगरि, ‘बूज़िव ब्रॉह कुन’।

दपान दूह अकि ऑस बुडु माजि पनुनि आदत मुताँबिक पांज़ुविस किच्च बतु मेचि ज़ु चोर बुशकाबस मंज़ शीरिथ थविमच्चु तु पानु ऑस यँदुर कतान। मनुट आव मदरसु प्यठु कोज ख्यनु बापथ।

‘कोज क्याह गव?’ राजूहन प्रुछुस।

‘कोज गव सुबहुक बतु। काल गव रातुक।’

वोनुस काकन्य जिगरि।

पनुन बतु ख्यनु पतु तुल मनुट्य पांज़ुव्य सुँदि हिसु प्यठुक्य बतु लुकुम अख ज़ु ति। यि वुछिथ कोरुस माजि सख खशम तु लँजिस व्हवुनि। मनटिस खँच च़ख तु तुजिन पांज़ुव्य सुँदि हिसु मंज़ु बेयि अख बतु म्यँट तु ज़ोर ज़बरदस्ती कँरिथ बँरुन माजि गुपनस नून दिनुक्य पॉठय ऑसस। तस गव हँटिस गंड तु च़ोलुस वुछान वुछान ज़ुव नीरिथ। मनुट्य येलि यि वश्फु गछान वुछ, सु गव दवान तु दोरान बाँयिस निश खहस प्यठ। दूरे लॉयिनस क्रख, हयो काका माँज हा छि मूमन्न। सु वोथुस किथा पॉठ्य? दोपुनस बु हा गँयोस गरु कोज ख्यनु बापथ, अदु स्व वुछुम यँद्रसुय प्यठ मूमन्न।

पांज़ुव आव यि बूज़िथ अथु मूरान मूरान गरु तु अति वुछिन माँज पँज्य पॉठ्य हकु बल वॉन्नमुच। वदुनाह रिवुनाह कँरिथ लोग तसुँदि कफन दफन करनुक संज़ करनि। मनटिस दितिन कँह पॉंसु बाज़रु माजि क्युत कफन तु च़ूर्युम करनु खॉतरु तीलु म्वया अननु बापथ। मनुट द्राव बाज़र तु औनुन कफन तु तील। वति वुछुन अँकिस जायि फ़रस्तु कुल वावु दकव

सुत्य ओरु योर गछान। दोपुन बबु सुँदिस फ़रस्तस छि सख तुर लँजमुच्च, तु अथ वोलुन माजि हुँद कफन। ब्रॉह कुन पँकिथ वुछुन फ़ाटु दार ज़ँमीनु खेताह अख। दोपुन बबु सुँजि यथ खेति छे पोनु गॉमुच्च। तु यि तीलु डबुहन त्रॉवन अँथ्य मंज़ फिरीथ तु वोत गरु खॉली अथव।

‘हय हे, यि कोर तँम्य सख गलथ।’ वोन कल्हनन।

‘आ, गलथुय कोरुन। बूज़िव पतु क्याह गव।’ वोनस काकन्य जिगरि।

पांज़ुव वोथुस, ‘कफनु तु तील ओनुथा?’

‘अवु ओनुम’, मनुट वोथुस तोरु। पांज़ुव्य वोनस, ‘कति थोवुथ?’

सु वोथुस दर जवाब, ‘काका! छुख ना बोज़ान, बबु सुँदिस फ़रस्तस ऑस तुर लँजमुच्च तु सु कफनु कपुर वोलुम तँथ्य तु तीलु हन त्रॉवुम बबु सुँजि खेति मंज़।’

पांज़ुव वोथुस, ‘च़ु छुख च़कि वॉरान म्वगुल।’

लाचार सपदिथ द्राव पांज़ुव बाज़र तु औनुन दवान तु दोरान माँज दफन करनु खॉतरु कफन बेत्रि। माजि हुँदि च़ूर्युमि पतु लोग पांज़ुव बेयि गरु किस लोह लंगरस तु ज़ँमीन ज़िरातस सुत्य तु मनुट रुद मदरसु गछान। अमा माजि हुँदि सायि व्वथनु पतु ऑस्य बाँय बारुन्य सुबहस शामस पानुवॉन्य ठॉसलु मिलुवान तु स्व बरादँरी ति रूज़ुख नु कँह ख्यसु माजि थी ऑसुख। ऑखुर वोत सु ति दूह येलि बाँय बारुन्य अख अँकिस निशि ब्योन द्रायि। गरुक यि दाशत नदाशत ओसुख,



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तथ कोरुख हिस्सु तु दांद जोराह ति ऑसिख । यिमव मंज आव अख अँकिस हिस्सु तु ब्याख दोयिमिस ।

मनटिस ओस दूह अकि पनुनिस दांदस नून द्युन । पांजुविस वोनून, ‘काका! गुपनस कोताह नून गछि द्युन।’ सु वोथुस तोरु ‘गछ दितस नून मनुटाह।’ सु वोथ तु पँज्य पॉठ्य दितुन पनुनिस दांदस नून अजि पावि बदलु नून मनुट । नँतीजु द्राव यि जि दांद गव मँरिथ । अमि न्वकसानु सुत्य वोत मनटिस सख सदम । अमा करिहे क्याह ? कार ओस पानय वँरिथ गोमुत । मगर बाँय सुंद बड्योस हसद । दोपुन अँमी मारनोवुस दांद ।

‘मगर यि कोर पांजुव्य पँज्य पॉठ्य गलथ ।’ वोन राजूहन ।

‘गलथुय कोरुन, अदु क्याह कोरुन।’ वोनस काकन्य जिगरि ‘बूजिव पतु।’ मनुट्य वालनोवुन मूचिस अथि दांदस मुसलु तु थोवुन काँनी प्यठ सम्बॉलिथ । येति यि मुसलु वारु पॉठ्य चँमिथ ख्वश्क सपुद, अकि दूह न्यून शहर कुनुनि । अमा तति आस नु अथ कांह खँरीदार । शहरु प्यठु वापस यिवान यिवान लँजिस अँकिस तिछि जायि राथ, येति आबाँदी ऑसुय नु । राथ गुजारनु खॉतरु खोत अवु किन्य अँकिस कुलिस प्यठ तु दांदु सुंद चमरु ति खोरुन ऊर्य । ख्वदायि सुंद कार, अमे वति आयि अड राथ गँछिथ चूरु ज़ु चोर । तिमव ऑस कस ताम आसन वॉलिस सन दिचमन्न तु यिमु र्वपयि अनिमचु आसख, तिमु बाँगरावनि बीठ्य अँथ्य कुलिस तल । र्वपयि बाँगरावनु ब्रॉटुय व्वथुख अख चूरु जि ग्वडु तुलिव साँ बायव स्रोदि खातु प्यठु काहनाँव्य संजु काह र्वपयि तु

अदु वँरिव तकसीम, नतु हबा पेयिवु असमाँनी त्रठ । ब्याख वोथुस, ‘रोटनखु च्नु काहनाँव्य । ग्वडु दितु र्वपयि बाँगरावनु, अदु वुछव ।’

मनुट ओस सोरुय तमाशु कुलिस प्यठ बिहिथ वुछान । तस दिच बखन ज़ीर तु याशाह वँरिथ द्युतुन चूरन प्यठ दांदु सुंद होख शोरु ह्यू खलुर दॉरिथ । अमिकि खुर खुर सुत्य गँयि चूरन वावुन्य वातल तु म्वछि वँटिथ त्रॉवुख दव । अथ च़लु लारि मंज हेक्य नु तिम अख विरिन्य ति तुलिथ ।

‘अलुय, पतु क्याह कोर मनुट्य?’ प्रुछुस बबलूहन ।

मनुट वोथ कुलि प्यठ फुरसँन्न सान ब्वन तु सारेय र्वपयि वँटिथ द्राव गरु कुन । बेयि दूह सुबहस वोत तोशान तोशान गरु तु पांजुव वोथुस, ‘कँहो, कुनथा दांदु सुंद खलुर?’ मनुट वोथुस, ‘काका! छुख ना वुछान र्वपुयय र्वपयि । दालु त्रकस हा र्वपयि त्रख यिवान ।’

यि बूजिथ लोग पांजुविस ऑसस आब यिनि । आशानि सुत्य मशवरु वँरिथ वोथ सु तु छुनुन गानस मंज दांद मॉरिथ । दूह पांछ ऑठ गँछिथ तुल तँम्य ति दांदु सुंद खलुर तु द्राव शहर कुन कुननु बापथ । शहर वॉतिथ फ्यूर सुब प्यठु शाम ताम हटरि हटरि, अमा सु कति दालु त्रकस र्वपयि त्रख ? वँह्य ताम आस कँह पॉसु तु वोत दवान दवान गरु । आशेन्य वँछुस, ‘अनिथा र्वपयि?’ ’अवु मनुट्य सुंद कलु । अँम्य तावन ज़दन हय बु ख्वरु कूटि अपोर तोरुस । यि छा सेद्यव पद्यव ?’

पांजुव ओस अमि पतु कवस जि कर यियम



मोकु, अँमिस तावन टॉकिस ह्यमु पूर कसास तु ह्यवान दिवान द्युतुन अकि दूह मनुट्य संजि पँहरि राथ क्युत नार। मनटिस यि केंछा दाशत नदाशत ओस गरस मंज, तथ गोस वुछान वुछान सूर। मनुट ति ओस योरु स्यठुह्य पोरुश। पनुनि पँहरि हुंद मलबु साफ करान करान सौँबुर्य तँम्य च्चुनि ठेलु अख ज़ु तु अकि दूह द्राव शहर कुन अख च्चुनि ठेला कुननि पाबथ। अमा अमिक्यन च्चन कूनन थव्यन च्चोर र्वपयि।

‘यिमु र्वपयि क्याजि थव्यन अथ मंज?’ प्रुछुस किशमिशि।

‘बोज्ञान गँछिव, पानय लगिवु पताह। वोनुस काकन्य जिगरि।

शहरस अंदर वॉतिथ गव मनुट अँकिस वॉनिस निश। दोपुनस ‘हे बायाह! तामथ थावहा बु यि च्चुनि ठेलु यथ चॉनिस वानस प्यठ।’ सु वोथुस, ‘अदु हर्जु क्याह छु? थाव हुथ थरस प्यठ।’

च्चुनि ठेलु थरस प्यठ थँविथ द्राव मनुट ओकुन योकुन वख्त कटावनि तु केंह वख्त गँछिथ आव वापस तु तुलुन वानु प्यठ पनुन ठेलु। अम्युक गोल मुच्रॉविथ वाहरोवुन ऑस जि ‘हा ख्वदायो! येम्य वानु वॉल्य हा छुनस लूटिथ त्रोवमुत। अँम्य हा छुनम र्वपयि ठेलस च्चुनि ठेलु थोवमुत।’

मनुट्य सुंदि ऑस वाहरावनु सुत्य गँय वुछान वुछान लुख जमाह। मनुट छु बुथि बुथि दिवान, पान मारान तु पलव च्चटान जि वानु वॉल्य हा लूटनस। अँम्य हा बेहनोवुस सूरस प्यठ। लूख छिनु वं तस छ्वपु करनावनस पोशान। वानु वोल बिचोर गव दम फुट्य। सु छु न अपुज ह्यकान वँनिथ तु न पोज। तस

छुनु किहिन्य तगान वनुन। ‘क्या सौँ हे वानु वाल्या! यी वातिहे?’ लूकव दोप तस ब-यक ज़बान। अमा सु छुख तोरु अबुन्य कसम बबुन्य कसम हॉविथ वनान जि यि हखुर हसौँ छु स्त्रुटुय टर वनान। अथ छि वनान आर युन गव नार वसुन। अख द्युतुमस वानु थरस प्यठ ठेलु थावनु, बेयि छुम च्चूर हांछ लागान।

दुकानदारस ओस नु कांह अखाह ति पछ करान। सौँरी ऑसिस वनान, अपुज हय यि तावन ज़द वनि ति तु कोताह? ऑखुर कोर जिठ्यव जिठ्यव फॉसलु जि अगर ठेलु मंजु च्चुनि फिरिथ कांह र्वपय नेरि, तेलि छु येमिस च्चुनि वॉल्य सुंद पोज। अगर र्वपय श्वपय नेरि नु, तेलि छु यि अपुज तु पॉथुर। दपान युथुय मनुट्य सुंद च्चुनि ठेलु दुननु आव, तमि अँदरु द्रायि च्चोर र्वपयि। यि वुछिथ दिन्न मनुट्य क्रख, ‘वुछिव सौँ बायव, बु मा ओसुस कांह पॉथुर चारान।’

वानु वोल छु यी डीशिथ ज़हर च्चापान जि येम्य हखरन वुछतव कुस स्वरुफ पिलनोवुम लोरि पेट्य? अमि पतु द्युत जिठ्यव फॉसलु जि वानु वॉल्य छु पँज्य पॉठ्य र्वपयि ठेलस च्चुनि ठेलु बँरिथ थोवमुत। यि छ्वम्ब वरतॉविथ ओन मनुट्य शहरु प्यठ र्वपयि ठेलु। गरु वॉतिथ पृछुनस पांजुव्य, ‘वनू ह्यो मनट्या! क्योहो कोरुथ च्चुन्यन?’ सु वोथुस दर जवाब, ‘किहिन्य मु पृछ काका। बस च्चुनि ठेलस र्वपयि ठेलु यिवान। यस निशि च्चुनि आसन, वुछान वुछान सपदि हॉथी।’

‘हय हे? यि मनुट ति छुनु स्योद केंह। अँमिस कथ ओस यि फ्यार करुन।’ वोन बिल्लूहन।

‘बूजिव पतु क्याह गव।’ वोन काकन्य जिगरि। यि वुछनु पतु ह्योतुन पांजुविस ऑसस आब युन। तु केंह दूह गँछिथ द्युत तँम्य पनुनि आशनि सुत्य सलाह



मशवर् कॅरिथ पनुनि लरि नार । सथ ऑठ दूह गुजरनु पतु द्राव सु ति च्चुनि ठेलु हना ह्यथ । अमा सु कति च्चुनि ठेलस र्वपयि ठेलु युन ? पांजुव वोत स्यठुहुय मोयूस गॅछिथ गरु वापस तु बाँय सुंजि चालॉकी तु पनुनि बेवकूपी प्यठ ओस दुयान । साँचाह कोरुन, ‘येमिस मनटिस तावन टॉकिस किथु पॉठ्य ह्यमु कसास ।’ कांह अनमानाह छुस नु यिवान जि किथु पॉठ्य दिमस वटखूर ।

केंह कालाह गॅछिथ वोथ पांजुव मनटिस कुन ‘चु कृत्तिस कालस बेहख नेथरु वरॉय । खदायन हय छुनय वुन्यक्यन दूह द्युतमुत । बेहतर रोजि व्वं चानि खॉतरु नेथरु करुन । मे हा छमय अँकिस गामस मंज कोरि हना यिहय जनतुच हूर हिश वुछिथ थॅवमुन्न ।’

मनुट च्चदवय खांदर करनु बापथ वुनि रजामंद ओस नु, अमा पांजुव्य वोल नावि तु मनुट वोथुस, ‘अदु साँ, येलि च्चु यी यछान छुख, तेलि करव ती ।’ ऑखुर कोरुख नेथरु करनु बापथ अख दूहा मुकर्र । मनटिस आव महाराजु पोशाखाह लागनु तु तमि जमानुकि र्यवाजु मुताँबिक आव अँम्यसुंदि खॉतरु ज़ाँपानाह ति शेरनु पॉरनु ।

सुबह सपदनु ब्रॉठुय बोरुख मनुट ज़ाँपानस तु द्रायि महारेन्य अननु बापथ अँम्य सुंद होवुर कुन । वातान वातान वॉत्य यिम अँकिस माँदानस अंदर । कहार तु पांजुव ऑस्य पॅक्य पॅक्य थॅक्यमुत्य । लेहाजु थोवुख ज़ाँपानु पथर तु अँकिथ कुन लॅग्य च्चोट खेनि । अथ माँदानस मंज ओस पोहलाह अख पनुन तीर्य रंबु ह्यथ गासु ख्यावान । मनुट्य कॅरनस क्रख तु सु आव डोलि नँजदीख । तु वोननस मनुट्य जि ‘हे बाया, मे छु बोय पांजुव जबरन खांदर करुन

यछान । बु छुस नु वुनि खांदरस लायक । बोजख ना कथाह, च्चु बेहख यथ डोलि मंज म्यॉन्य महाराजु पलव लॉगिथ । हंगु मंगु बनी स्वर्गु हूर हिश जनानु ।’ पॅहलिस आव दारि किन्य अँज । ‘अमा म्यान्यन यिमन तीरन क्याह बनि ?’ पॅहॅल्य वोननस । मनुट वोथुस, ‘हा यि गॅयि म्यॉन्य कॉम । बु वातुनावय तीर्य रंबु गरु पानय । च्चु मु बर गम ।’

‘हय हे! पॅहॅल्य मोनुनसु महाराजु बननु ? प्रुछुस पिंकी ।

‘आ मोनुनस ।’ वोनस काकन्य जिगारि । बूजिव पतु क्याह गव ?

यि बूजिथ कॅड्य पॅहॅल्य पनुन्य जंदु पलव तु त्रॉविन महाराजु पलव नॉत्य । मनुट द्राव डोलि मंजु पॅहॅल्य सुंद पलव लॉगिथ तु लोग तीरन बेयिस अंदस कुन ज़ीर दिनि ।

तामथ म्वकल्यायि कहार तु पांजुव बतु ख्यथ तु महाराजु डूल्य ह्यथ द्रायि पनुनिस मँजिलस कुन । पकान पकान वॉत्य अँकिस दॅरियावस प्यठ तु दितुख महाराजु डूल्य ह्यथ याशाह कॅरिथ आबस अंदर दॉरिथ । पांजुव छु पनुनि जायि तोशान जि बॅड बलायाह च्चॅज । अमा तस क्याह पय जि बलाय छे तँस्य किन्न नचान ।

शाम वख्तस बाँग्य वोत मनुट तीर्य रंबाह ह्यथ गरु । यि वुछिथ प्यव पांजुव असमानु जि बार-इलॉही, यि क्याह छुस वुछान । साँचान छु यि तावन ज़द हय असि दॅरियावस अंदर फाटुव्योव, मगर यि छु तोरु ति वापस आमुत । सु ति तीर्य रंबु ह्यथ । बोय वोथुस, ‘मनट्या ! यिम तीर्य कत्यू अँनिथ ?’ सु वोथुस, ‘हयो काका ! तति हा छि दँछिन्य ति तीर्य तु खोवुर्य ति तीर्य ।’



हेरि ति तीर्य तु ब्वनु ति तीर्य। अदु तोरय हा खोरुम यि तीर्य रंबु। काँसि अगर नॅर आसि, सु हा अनि येमि खोतु ति द्दगनु माल।' यि बूजिथ द्राव पांजुव ति केह द्दह गॅछिथ पनुन्य हॅहरु लालु जोराह द्दथ दॅरियावस कुन। तोत वॉतिथ वोनूनख पांजुव्य, येमि विजि बु अथव सुत्य आबु मंजु इशारु हावोवु, यकदम त्रॉव्य ज्यवु तोह्य ति व्वठ।

दपान युथुय पांजुव्य आबस अंदर व्वठ त्रॉव, सु लोग फटनि तु बचावु खॉतरु लोग अथव सुत्य हावनि कोठस बचॉव्यतव। अमा हॅहरन तोरुस फिकरि जि यि छु वनान वॅलिव वॅसिव तोह्य ति। वुछान वुछान लायि तिमव ति अख अँकिस पतु व्वटु तु फॅट्य सॉरी अकि अकि। अदु क्याह, तिम गॅयि तोर तु अँस्य आयि योर।

यि वॅनिथ म्वकुलॉव काकन्य जिगरि कथ तु शुर्य द्रायि शॉगनुच सखर करनि।



हना सूचिव !!

शुर्यन कथ छु राह खारुन ?
तोह्य छिवु तिमन सुत्य काँशिर्य
पाँठ्य कथ करान ?
शुर्यन सुती योत क्या ? तोह्य छिवु
पनुनि वॉसि हुंघन सुत्य ति
काँशिर्य पाँठ्य कथ करान।

हना सूचिव !

काँशुर ज़बान किथु पाँठ्य
रोज़ि ज़िंदु?

हना सुपेको!!

शुरिन क्ते च्हे राह क्हाऱन ?

तोही च्हेो-तमन सेती काँशुरी पाँठ्य क्ते करान ?

शुरिन सेती योत क्याह ? तोही च्हेो पनेंनं वान्से

पनेंनं सेती काँशुरी पाँठ्य क्ते करान ?

हना सुपेको!!

काँशुर ज़बान क्ते पाँठ्य रोज़िं देह ?



जानानो व्वलो ❁ हरदु पोश

गरु क्याज़ि रॉवुय वथ
कावु कुल्यन करान छुख गथ
मे पोशि शबनम ज़ोलुम च़ेय पथ
जानानो व्वलो

चु नच़ान छुख बॉबुरो गाशु च़ँद्रन
मे ज़ैयीफ़ जिगुरस ग़ैयम अनिगट
जानानो व्वलो

अथि नो यिवान छुम ल्वकुचार
कोतर गॉटि करान छिम लार
मे इनसानस कासू शैतान जथ
जानानो व्वलो

छुम रगन दवान बहारुक शाह
छुम आंगुनस ज़ैरिथ ग्यानुक चाह
मगर - ख्वसु छांडान छुख येती छय कथ
जानानो व्वलो

नु न्यमाज़ि कांह असर
नु करि जोद कांह मंत्र
ज़िन आदुमन अख अँक्यसुंज़ सथ
जानानो व्वलो



हरदु पोश ❁ जानानो व्वलो

गरु कियार रॉवुये वतह
कावु क्लिन करान च़ेख्ले गते
मे पोशे शबनम रोलुम ठैले पते
जानानो व्वलो

ठै नच़ान च़ेख्ले बुनबरो गाशे ठैदरन
मे ضعيف جگرس گيم انگٹ
جानانو وولو

اتھ نو یوان چھم لوکچار
کو تر گائنه کران چھم لار
मे انسانس कासू شیطان جته
جानانو وولو

چھم رگن دوان بهازک شاه
چھم آنگنس برتھ گیانک پاه
مگر - یهه ژهانڈان چھکلے ییتی چھے کته
جानانو وولو

نه نیاز کا نهہ اثر
نه کر جود کا نهہ منتر
روین آدمن اکھ اگی پسنز سته
جानانو وولو



Harda Posh is a budding Kashmiri poet from the Valley



Visiting Motherland - Deepanker Kaul

Home – The Pain in Survival

[Dedicated to all the victims and survivors of the 2014 Kashmir Floods]

As I wander through the ruins that I once called home I can't help but feel the obvious despair and hopelessness. Everything that I once called home is lost and home has lost its warmth.

For me the mere mention of home brought to my mind the images of me entering the home. It's an old house, really old something like 150 years old. Many heritage enthusiastic organisations have declared it as a heritage site and offered to renovate the parts of it.

Of course, my parents declined the offer, their argument: *"It's our home and if we feel need to renovate something, we will renovate it on our own."* I always liked this pride of theirs, it made me think of them as the strong people who will never bow whatever be the circumstances.

I mean these are the people who survived the terror infested decade of the 1990s. They survived the hostile environment that followed and yet brought up me without

making me realize what they had went through.

As I made my way past the giant gates, I look around the elegant but deserted buildings that were all around my home. These were all inhabited by people of multiple ethnicity and backgrounds before they left following the events of 1990s.

These deserted homes acted like the perfect playing spots in my childhood. In my adolescent years they were used as hiding spots for scaring my friends who would visit me for the first time. Over the last few years I visited these houses once in a while, remembering the old times spent in these very places.

I reach the doors of the structure I call my home and walk through the dimly lit corridors which lead to a veranda facing the garden. The garden is a beautiful collection of flowering plants, a square patch of grass with flower beds all around it and another patch of land beyond that what might be called a kitchen garden.

There is coriander, mint, strawberry plants, a tomato shrub, roses of four different colours and a lot of other flowers and vegetables. It's icy cold winter and freezing winds are blowing against my face. I take off my shoes and enter the room. There I see my mother putting wood in the fireplace (*Bhukhari*). The room feels warm and welcoming.

As I take off my jacket I look around and see the pictures of Hindu Gods and



This was my home once



Goddesses that adore the walls. My mother always insisted on a very strong presence of God and therefore every deity that she prayed to found a place on the walls. Lying here and there in the room are the jackets and various other pieces of clothing that my younger brother has thrown around and does not seem to care to pick up.

My thoughts are disrupted with a soft 'thud' of the door banging against the woolen carpets that cover every inch of the house. There is my mom, standing with a cup of warm tea and complaining about how Vinny never cares about the mess he creates and how bad it looks in case some guests arrive. I listen to her intently, mildly smiling because this is what is home, or what used to be my home. Now it's just a memory that remains in my head waiting to be forgotten.

It all changed this time. This year when I returned home for my winter vacations the home was not what it used to be. It was a building in ruins in which some people were living or rather managing to live.

As I walked past the home towards the gate, I realized the boundary walls have fallen and now have been substituted by makeshift walls made up of tin sheets stuck together. I entered the premises and looked to my left and I saw that the deserted houses have fallen down and have been reduced to mere rubble and debris.

I quickly walk past these structures as I feel a chill go down my spine. I'm feeling cold and after a very long time, I am feeling scared. I enter the home and today the dimly lit corridor is totally dark. The walls of the corridor have been

scrapped off leaving huge patches of exposed brickwork as islands of devastation among the rest of the walls which have retained their original blue colour but still having being tarnished by the muddy waters of the flood that has as a part of its cruel joke, left marks of rising flood waters on every wall in every room reminding of its omnipotent destruction.

I turned left, taking a small detour, to visit my parents' room, which also used to double up as my father's study, housing a significant portion of his book collection. I had an inkling of what I was to see but some part of me refused to believe that such a timeless collection could just be destroyed in the matter of a few minutes. (It had books ranging across the millennia, with authors from both sides of the cold war and topics as diverse as Chinese and Soviet folk literature placed next to mammoth texts of Biology and Botany placed besides Upanishads and Holy Bible).

Fighting all these thoughts I made my way into the room through a door which under normal circumstances would have been bolted at all costs on account of privacy but today it no longer mattered. The giant book rack embedded into the walls was devoid of its ornaments. With its white paint stained from the inside, it presented the dismayed look of a



Image : Greater Kashmir



widow left behind and forgotten as a utility that had lost its significance and would now lay in a dark room somewhere hidden from the daily gaze lest it spreads its sadness to others.

Destruction is obvious in the fight of survival, but some wounds are just unbearable to live with. Shocked in some unique way which I still cannot describe (I was happy that my parents were safe and had their house to live in, as opposed to thousands who lost even that but now it felt like a pain that I had not confronted earlier.) They saved their lives, but the flood swept with it a part of their lives.

The elaborate pictures of deities that used to adore the walls were still there but the rotting waters just like a witch's cauldron, a mixture of deadly acids and whatnot, had destroyed them. It had failed to unseat the images of the deities but had managed to wreck the walls, making them inflate and smell like the evil potion that the flood water was.

The living room was devoid of life with just hints and outlines of what it had been. Windowpanes had been smashed, the windows themselves had been inflated by the nature's waterboarding so badly that they no longer fit their frame. It was not just people whose soul had been torn apart, the houses had their fair share of scars as well.

I stepped into the garden to get a more holistic view of the house. Damaged at the base, it still retained its glory in places untouched by the monster. It stood alone among the ruins of other deserted structures that used to stand by it like a group of careless boys unhindered by the slaps of time.

But today it looked like an old man with



scars all over its body, who lost his friends to the same tragedies of life that they would laugh at dismissively. It had won the battle of survival, but perhaps the war of life would carry on.

Soon mother noticed me walking in the garden with my bags on my shoulders and came out to greet me. She accompanied me to the makeshift bedroom that they had been using this winter. I made my way through the long corridor and a veranda to a room we seldom used. It was more of a storeroom owing to how relegated it was.

I take off my shoes and remove the curtains that have been set up to restrict cold winter air outside. That's strange. It never used to be the case earlier, home used to be warm enough to negate the effects of the winters just in a few seconds. Nevertheless, I pull the woolen curtains aside and enter.

A sense of dismay runs all over me. Everything is disorganized, or to put it simply, everything is piled up. The room is quite cold and presents an unwelcoming look. Carpets have been rolled up besides the cupboard that seems to burst with belongings that would ideally have been distributed in several rooms. The furniture is non-existent, and everything seems to be put on one-another just to make



Image : Outlook India

space for everything.

Souvenirs that survived are now gathering dust in a corner, probably thanking their stars that they did not meet the fate of the books. These family heirlooms that would otherwise be spread all across the home with each and every piece marking its territory and distinguishing the history of its owner from among the three generations that would once live there as one big family of uncles and aunts and parents and siblings, were now huddled together. Three generations of a family had been restricted to one tiny shelf now. I guess the history can wait, for it rejoices in being told from the depths of misery.

I tried settling down on the mattresses that were lying in the corner of a room in absence of the beds that were washed in the floods, but somehow it did not feel real. The comfort and the warmth that the mere thought of home would bring is lacking in the very confines of the home. There is no *Bhukhari* this year. Winters in Kashmir are incomplete without *Bhukhari* & *Kangri*. This winter may well be the coldest one ever.

(medium.com/deepanker)



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Environment & Life - Prof B.L.Kaul

Man On The Earth

Literally evolution (derived from the Greek word *evolve*) means to unfold. Biologists define it as a process of continuous and gradual change. It may also be defined as a process by which all existing complex living forms have come into existence from earlier simple ones that arrived on the earth long back. The life when it first came upon this earth was doubtless simple as is evidenced by their fossil remains. As the years rolled by life

descended from monkeys, is not true. Actually monkeys, apes and man have descended from a common ancestor. They belong to a single group of mammals called Primates. It is presumed that the



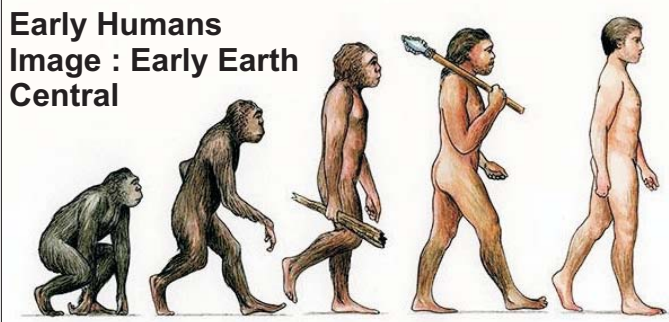
readers know that mammals are all those animals that possess hair or fur have external ears and give birth to and suckle their young ones. The primates also possess these characters and are therefore mammals.

The primates originated in the beginning of the geological time called tertiary period about 65 million years ago from a group of insect eating animals called tree shrews. These animals lived on trees and gave rise to the primitive primates such as lemurs, lorises and tarsiers. The life on the trees required and led to three important changes namely:-

1. Grasping hands and feet for holding the

Early Humans

Image : Early Earth Central



became more and more complex till it ultimately culminated in the modern man.

That evolution has actually taken place is supported by certain evidences or proofs, the chief among them being the evidence from fossils. The fossils are remains of hard parts like bones, shells etc. of the animals and plants that lived on this earth once upon a time. Evolution of man is also supported by the discovery of fossils.

The fossil record that reveals evolution of man is incomplete, but it proves beyond doubt that monkeys, apes and human beings have originated from a common ancestor. The modern man, like animals and plants of today is the result of gradual change or evolution. The belief held by many people that man has

Image : Getty Images

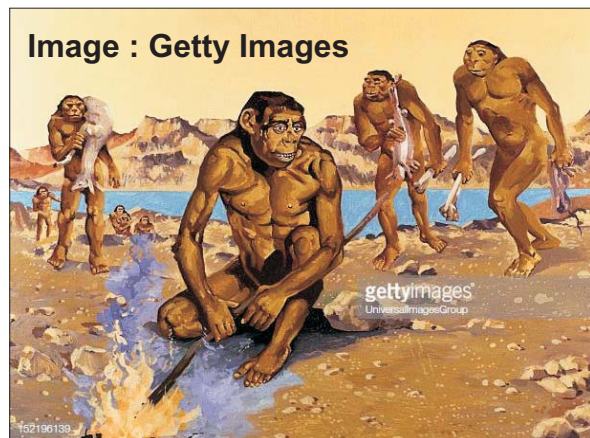
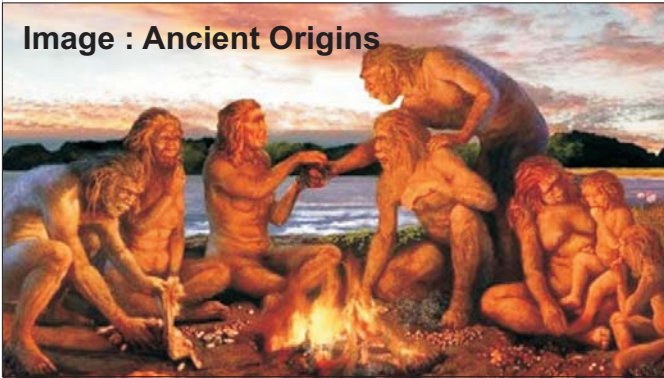




Image : Ancient Origins



branches of trees firmly,
2. Binocular or stereoscopic vision for judgement of distance and
3. Large brain for proper co-ordination of movements. Enlargement of brain also made primates intelligent and alert.

Among the primitive primates, the tarsiers are nearer and may have been ancestral to the higher primates called anthropoids i.e. monkeys and apes (such as chimpanzee, gorilla). The new world and old world monkeys and hominoids i.e. apes and man arose independently from tarsioid stock. The monkeys branched off very early and stayed on the trees and their descendents became specialized for arboreal life (i.e. life on trees). The ancestors of apes and man left the trees to become ground dwellers because of the increased competition on the trees and the reduction of forests due to glaciation. These hominoid ancestors evolved during the miocene epoch 25 million years ago along two lines. The descendants of one line evolved into apes. They continued to live for most of the time on the trees, only occasionally visiting the ground. The descendants of the other line evolved into man. They developed the requirements of ground life, for instance, erect posture, longer hind limbs, bipedal locomotion i.e. movement on hind limbs only, freedom

of fore limbs for other purposes with the help of opposable thumb, perfection of binocular vision and lack of a tail. The cerebral cortex of the brain became large and this provided the power of reasoning and remembering incidents. All these changes occurred in the prehistoric man in one million years.

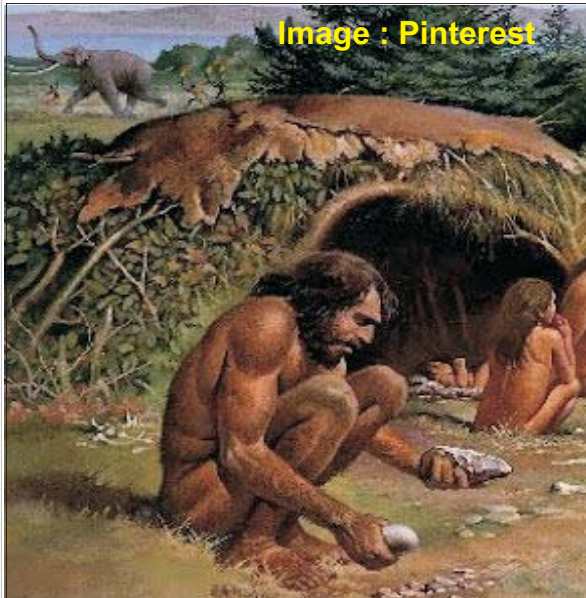
The earliest fossil believed to represent the common ancestor of today's monkeys, apes and man is called Parapithecus. The oldest fossil indicating the common ancestor of apes and man is known as Proconsul africanus. It was discovered from the early miocene in South Africa. Structurally it was intermediate between apes and man.

The earliest fossils of the prehistoric ape-man are Ramapithecus and Sivapithecus discovered from Shiwalik hills in India. They lived about 14 million years ago and were about the size of modern chimpanzee but were quite agile. They were, however, not specialized for arboreal life.

Australopithecus commonly called African ape-man is known from Africa. He had human as well as ape features. The skull was smaller than that of modern man with a brain volume of 450-700 C. C. The forehead was more man-like than that of the living apes. Teeth were more man-like. He walked in erect

Image : YouTube





or semi erect posture, lived mostly on land and made simple stone tools. He existed for about a million years.

Before the arrival of the modern man Homo sapiens (wise humans) on the scene the earth was inhabited by Homo erectus (erect humans) who lived about 150,000 years ago. The fossils of this man were recovered from Java (Pithecanthropus erectus), China (Sinanthropus pekinensis) and Heidelberg in Germany (Homo heidelbergensis) respectively. Homo erectus was spread over the whole of Africa, Europe and Asia,

About 20,000 years to 25,000 years ago there lived many human species including Homo neanderthalensis. He was short statured (about 5 ft. in height), had strong shoulders and arms, powerful hands, large skull and brain capacity about the same as of modern man i.e. 1500 C.C. He differed from the modern man in having semi erect posture, relatively flat cranium, receding forehead and thin large orbit. He lived in caves and had definite burial customs. This man dominated

the scene in Europe between glacial periods and spread to Asia and Africa.

These human forms were driven to extinction by the modern man (Homo sapiens) towards the end of the last ice age about 25,000 years ago. When and how the modern man originated is not known. The early modern man is called the Cro-magnon man. He is the extinct representative of the present day living man. He was about 6ft. tall with sturdy body and brain capacity (about 1650 C. C) as large as in the modern man. He had high fore-head, prominent chin and inconspicuous brow-ridges, He developed superior culture, made sophisticated tools and knew the use of fire. He has left artistic paintings and carvings in the caves. However, it is not known whether the cro-magnon man was the direct ancestor of the present day man or just an off shoot of the main branch,

The modern man has superior brain power but inferior body power than his ancestors. He lacks effective biting mechanism and efficient protective covering. His intelligence compensates for these disadvantages though and has enabled him to adapt to and control his environment. This has made him the most dominant creature on the earth today. He has developed language, communication, culture and civilization which make him unique in the animal kingdom.

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Tribute

Shri M.K.Kaw – An Apostle of Humanity

Rajinder Premi

Some are born with God given extraordinary abilities, creative acumen & talent, who by virtue of such sublime qualities give the world new directions. These people look & behave as ordinary citizens, but their intellect & sensibilities make them towering to carve out a niche for themselves and make an everlasting impact, thus leave behind a great legacy. MK Kaw was one such.

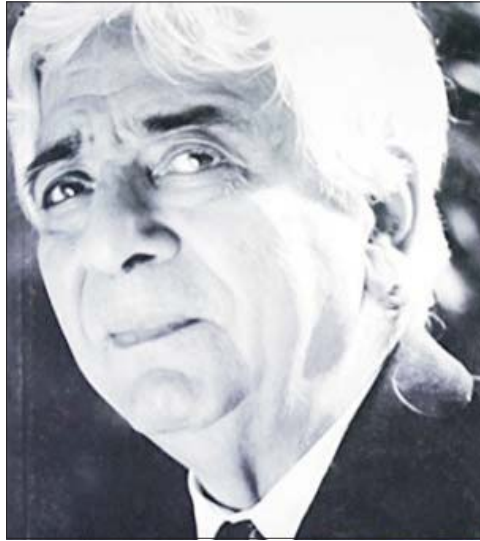
Past few months have not been quite good for the community, as we have lost many of our shining stars and stalwarts, like S/sh. Dr. M K Teng, A N Kaul 'Sahib', Dr. T N Ganjoo, AK Kaul, C L Chrengoo, M K Kaw and A K Diwani. Here I pay my humble and respectful homage and Tribute to all of them. But this time I will be only talking & writing about M K Kaw a great luminary and legendary personality, with whom I was associated for the past two decades and was also privileged to work very closely with him as secretary in All India Kashmiri Samaj, when he was the President there for two consecutive terms w.e.f. March 2003 to March 2009.

Shri Kaw was born on 10.11.1941 in Srinagar Kashmir. At the age of ten he passed his matriculation in 1952 & joined IAS in 1964 and was allotted to the Himachal Pradesh Cadre where he held important posts including that of the Principal Secretary to CM,

Education Secretary and also Finance Secretary. He also spent fifteen years in the center and held the important positions that of the Member Secretary of the 5th Pay Commission, Secretary Ministry of Civil Aviation and also

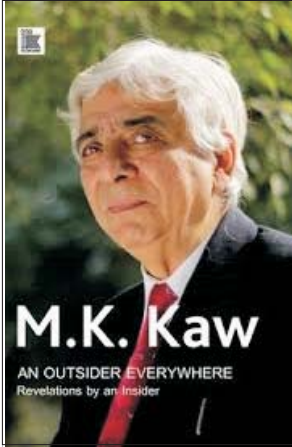


Secretary MHRD, Deptt of Hr. Education. Finally Kaw Sahib retired from IAS Govt Service in 2001. Kaw Sahib had been very active in social causes. After his retirement Kaw Sahab worked as Dean of Shri Sathya Sai International Centre for Human Values, New Delhi, Chairman, Board of Governors of NIIT, Srinagar, Kashmir and also worked as chairman of the committee on re-organisation of the DGCA. He was also a member of core group of the Centre for



Governance.

Shri Kaw had immense love and affection for his community of Kashmiri Pandits, their language, Literature and Art also he got elected President of Kashmir Education Culture Science Society (KECSS) twice and also the President of Apex Organization of Kashmiri Pandits, All India Kashmiri Samaj (AIK.Kaw sahib has written poetry in English



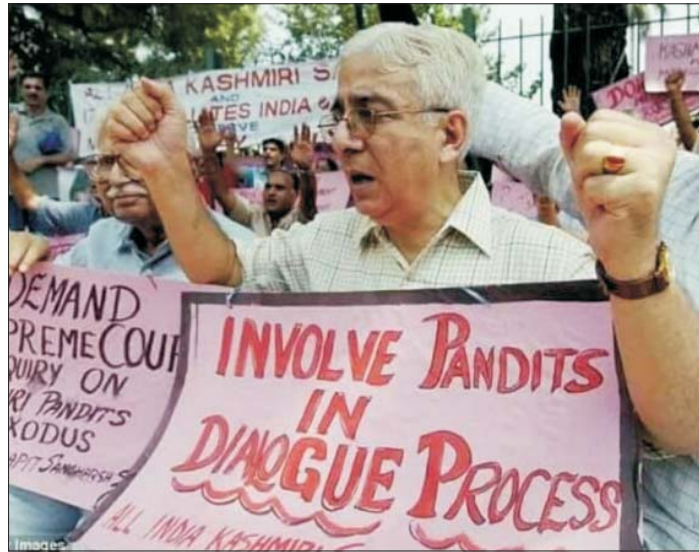
and Hindi. He dabbled in other forms of Literature also. He was not only a poet, but also an author, administrator, social activist, leader, columnist and playwrite also. He was very active in literary, social and community affairs and was also a prolific writer. He has authored many works, some hot selling also besides many works of Poetry. He has also penned down short stories, plays, a novel and a book on spirituality.

Shri Kaw gained literary recognition with 'Bureaucracy Gets Crazier- IAS unmasked', which attained the status of a classic. This book was published in 1993 and became an instant best seller as it was sold out in 30 days. This book has also been translated into Hindi and Punjabi. A revised and updated version was brought out in 2012, which also was a best seller. This book is



intimate inside look at the state of Indian Administrative Service, with nothing held back.

Kaw Sahib published his autobiography under the title 'An Outsider Everywhere' in 2012. 'Kaw Caw, Silly Point' is yet another famous book which he has authored in 2014. He wrote two monthly columns 'Kaw Caw' for



the journal 'Naad' of AIKS and Silly Point for the magazine G-files, the prestigious journal of governance.

Shri Kaw has given me those books as his favourite gifts with his autographs recording the dates given. My last meeting with him was at his rented residence on 15.09.2019 some days before his death.

Achievements :

M K Kaw was the President of AIKS from 3/2003 to 3/2009. It was the golden period of AIKS. Main achievements under his stewardship are elaborated hereunder :

One of the first step during this period was the adoption of new and detailed Constitution for AIKS, which was printed and



widely circulated.

- AIKS formulated a National Policy on Kashmir, which was published in a booklet form, which clearly states that the policy should base itself on the resolution of the Parliament of India that entire J&K belongs to India and the only issue remaining was to take back PoK.

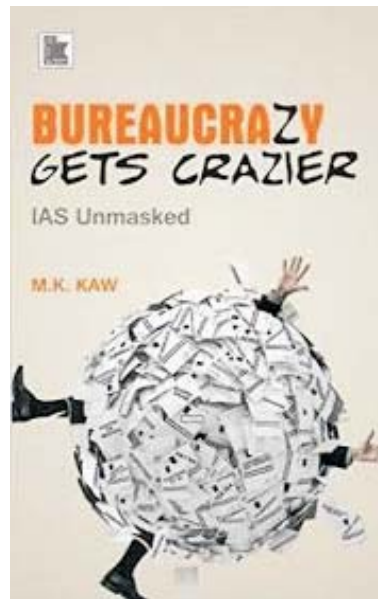
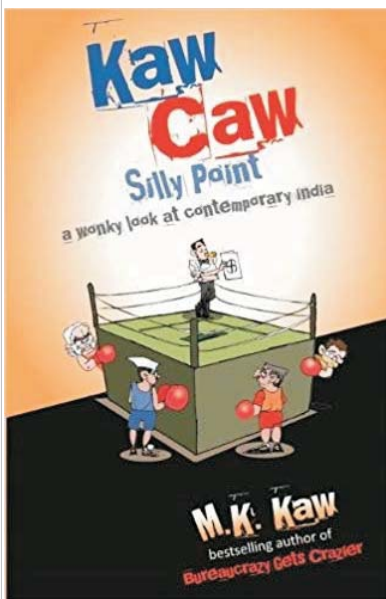
- Another document which is of the critical importance is the strategy paper on

the eventual return of KPs to the Valley. This has been drafted after detailed marathon discussion with various affiliates of AIKS and other prominent leaders of the community. The document lists preconditions for the return and also indicates the milestones of our journey back. Both these documents were submitted to Hon'ble Prime Minister, Home minister and other functionaries of the Government of India.

- Our meeting with the PM in September 2004 lead to the setting up of inter-ministerial committee headed by Smt. Sushma Chaudhary. This committee submitted its report with 24 recommendations, out of which 18 were approved by the PM in May 2005. This initiative was mainly responsible for the construction of 5242 TRT flats at Jammu, Nagrota and Jagti township.

- In view of AIKS final decision to file a writ petition, on my continued persuasion, was the most appreciated step. This petition filed by President AIKS, Rajinder Premi & President AIKPC in October 2006 was admitted by the Hon'ble Supreme Court and notices were issued to both the Central and State Government. It was only by the impact of this writ petition, that the then PM announced a package for Kashmiri Migrants in May 2008. This package was filed in the supreme court as Central Govt's defense reply as rejoinder. As a result of this package, 15000 jobs were advertised and few thousands joined in the valley.

- AIKS was recognized as the apex of the Pandits organisations by inviting it to the PMs round table conference in 2005.





On Cultural Front :

AIKS issued a booklet on the social reforms needed by the community which was widely circulated. Many attempts were made to preserve and protect the Kashmiri language and culture. Those include taking up strongly, with the CM Delhi to set-up a Kashmiri Academy in Delhi. The matter relating to use of Devanagari as an additional alternative script for Kashmiri was also vigorously taken up by AIKS with the Central Govt.

In order to ensure that Kashmiri boys and girls marry within the community, a free matrimonial service was started in Naad.

Another milestone during the Presidentship of Mr. Kaw has been that AIKS in October 2005 decided to float a quarterly Literary Nagri Kashmiri Magazine 'Vaakh' which has been the first literary magazine in Devnagri script.

AIKS made an attempt to assume the management of the KP Shrines and Temples in the valley through the passing of a Temples and Shrines Bill. The original and 1st draft prepared by AIKS was adopted by the National Conference and presented as a private member Bill (Mr. Abdul Raheem

Rather) in the J&K Legislative Assembly in Feb 2007. Although this legislation has not been passed so far, there is a considerable support for it.

AIKS attempted to involve corporate leaders in the overall problems of the community. An important initiative in this regard included holding of a corporate conclave in March 2005. We also started the AIKS helpline in the monthly magazine Naad, where advertisement for jobs and the particulars of those seeking jobs were published free of cost.

In October 2018 the AIKS entered into an agreement with Koshur Sumchar for the management of two Shakti Nagar plots allotted to Koshur-Sumchar. A Bhoomi poojan, alongwith a Hawan was performed on the plot and the building plan for the 1st phase of the project for the girls hostel got approved from MCD. AIKS paid for the entire cost of the approval.

Shri M.K.Kaw will always be remembered by the entire community for his selfless services to the community particularly by the younger generation, students, whom he gave the best of the gifts, Education. As secretary to the Government of India, Dept. of Higher Education, Ministry of HRD, Mr. Kaw did the first thing of reserving the couple of seats in each stream of Engineering, Management, Pharmacy and other allied supernumerary seats over and above the normal intake for Kashmiri Migrants all over the country in 2001.

Kaw Sahib was a real Karma Yogi - God give him Moksha.

Contact author at:
premirajinder@gmail.com



سیا سر

بیچتے تھے تروو کالہ اورن
 میانہ تنک انتخاب
 پتیو پنچو تپہ ییلہ
 سونچان چھس --- !!!
 زونہ بچا کیا بنہ؟
 سوچھنا سیا سر
 گوڈے دکہ زدہ داگہ لد
 سونچان چھس
 کھنہ زہ زونہ بچا کیا بنہ؟

ٹيوٹھ پزر

اگر انتخاب لوسان آہے نہ
 ژورما آہن سن دینہ نیران؟
 زون لے آہے گہان راتس
 دارین پیٹھ ما آہن چیشمہ لگان درس
 عاشقن تہ معشوقس
 بندن تہ رہبرن

زِ نِظْمِہ ڈاکٹر رفیق معسودی



सिया सर

यिथु तिथु त्रव कालु ओबुरन
 म्यानि नबुक अख्रताब
 पनुन्धव पंजव तलु येलि
 सोंचान छुस ...!!!
]पूनि बिचारि क्या बनि ?
 स्व छेना सिया-सर
 ग्वडय दकु ज़द तु दागु लद
 सोंचान छुस
 कुनि ज़नि ज़ूनि बिचारि क्या बनि ?

ट्योठ पज़र

अगर अख्रताब लोसान आसिहे नु
 चूर मा आसुहन सन दिनि नेरान
]पून नय आसिहे गहान रातस
 दार्यन प्यठ मा आसुहन चेश्मु
 लगान दरस
 आशुकन तु माशोक़स
 बंदन तु रहबरन



سلسلہ وار کتھ

تبدیلی

م-ک-رینہ

Episode

3

Page 1

Stories from National Book Trust's 'azayib kashmir' edition 2008, Edited by Dr. R.L. Shant

دویمہ دوہہ تور مہپشتر ناتھس فکری ز منظور احمد کتھ پٹھ اوس دزان۔
 تکر اُس در اصل اتھ جلیہ پٹھ پُن بولے لگاؤچ وومید تھوہو، مگر تئد کاٹھہ
 قدم تئہ بڑوٹھے پو مہپشتر ناتھ و اُتھ۔ منظور احمد ز وومید گئی چھلہ تہ پھلہ۔
 منظور احمد ز یہ کتھ نئے یہ مہپشتر ناتھس غلہ مہرس نشہ۔ غلہ مہر اوس
 امہ دفترک چپراس تہ سہ اوس پرتھ کاٹھہ ہنز کتھ ہند رازدار۔ پزرا اوس یہ ز
 سہ اوس دفترچو کتھو علاؤ تہ واریانس و اقف۔ صاحبہ ہنز لوکچہ ساج کتہ کورکھ
 خاند تہ بشپر صاحبس کیناہ کیناہ ووت نچو ہنز نشانہ پٹھ، سلام پیر کینا ز کور ماکر
 جاپد اؤ نشہ بے دخل تہ ہیر بان کتھ پٹھ دزاوگر بیون، امہ سارچے خبر اُس
 غلہ مہرس پور پور۔ دفترک بوڈ افسر اسٹن یا لوکٹ ملأ زم، غلہ مہر اوس گنہ
 تہ گنہ بڈ دوہہ اکہ ہپتہ پرتھ کاٹھہ ہند گر و اتان تہ پُن پان تہند ٹوٹھ
 بناوان۔ امہ کئی اوس تہ پرتھ گرک سون وون تہ پنے لگان۔ مگر غلہ مہرس
 اوس اکھ وصف تہ۔ سہ اوس پرتھ اکر ہندس داؤس دگر مَنز شریک سپدان تہ
 حاجتہ وقتہ پرتھ اُکس اکار بکار یوان۔

مہپشتر ناتھس پیو نہ زیناد کالس پزازن کیتھہ۔ دوی بیو ہرک بیو و سہ
 جونیر کلارک۔ پزانی جاعے بدلے یہ۔ ٹو جلیہ آونو و میز تہ ٹو گری لاگنہ۔
 مہپشتر ناتھس بڈو مرتبہ۔ حالانکہ امہ وز پوتس صاحبس سان دفترکین سارنہ
 ملأ زمین ہند خاطر بتہ ڈنگل انتظام تہ کرن۔ امہ پتہ رُودنہ کاٹھہ ہمارے ز
 تکر کو میز تہ کو گریہ بدلاو۔

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अर्जस वोट वापर कारुं وق ینیلہ مہیشتر ناتھہ پانہ ہبڈ کلارک ہنڈر گری
 پٹھہ بیٹھہ۔ امہ دوہہ اوس نہ مہیشتر ناتھہ یوت خوش کینٹہہ، بگر کہہ اوس دفترک
 دفتر خوش۔ پڑون ہبڈ کلارک زفد لال اوس ریٹار گومت تہ تہنڈر جلیہ یس نوو
 نفرینہ وول اوس، تکر اُس پنڈر تبدیلی رد کرناومو۔ دیان مہیشتر ناتھہ پٹھہ اوس
 نہ تس پنڈر افسر تراونہ خاطر تیار۔ ژون رتن جاعے خالی روزنہ پتہ او مہیشتر
 ناتھہ، یس کلارکن منز ساروے کھوتہ سپیر اوس، عارضی طور اتھہ جلیہ لاگنہ۔
 اکی و ہری گوئہ اتھہ جلیہ مستقل۔ امہ پتہ بڈو مہیشتر ناتھس دارے یزتھہ تہ
 وونی بیوئہ مہیشتر ناتھہ بدلہ مہہ کاک۔

ملا زمین ینیلہ ینیلہ تبدیلی اُس گرھان، آڈر اوس تمن مہہ کاکنہ
 اتھہ میلان۔ پرتھہ وری یہ اُس کینٹہہ پڑانی نیران تہ نوک یوان۔ مگر مہہ کاکس
 اوس از تہ سہ دوہہ واہر پٹھہ یاد ینیلہ سالگزامس تبدیلی گئیہ۔ اتھہ قصص گئیہ
 وونی اٹھہ وری مگر تمہہ وٹک سپن اوس از تہ مہہ کاکس برابر اچھن تل۔

سالگزامس اوس چہر اُس تہ سہ اوس منٹک روزن وول۔ خاص
 پورمت نہ آسنہ کنی اوس نہ تس انگن اشناون منز زیناد یزتھہ۔ سالگزامس اوس
 نہ بویاہ بیویاہ کانہہ تہ مول اوسس لوکچارس گذر یومت۔ تہنڈر کینٹہہ اشناو اُس
 پونہہ رنگو جان، مگر سالگزامس مدد کرنس منز ہیوت ساروے لوب۔ تہنڈر مانج
 کاکنہ جگر روز بچار لوکن ہنڈر پلو دلو سوتھہ گزار کران۔ نتیجہ دزاو ز سالگزام
 رُود مدل فیل۔ نوکری لگو تھہ کرناو تکر اُس سپنس زاہر پار گرتھہ سرینگر
 تبدیلی، تیکنیز سہ اوس نہ یڑھان پنہ نس علاقس منز روزن۔ مہہ کاکنس دفترس
 منز واٹھہ میول تس سبٹھاہ پانہ یار۔ روزنہ خاطر اُس سرکاری جاعے۔ اکھتے

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Stories from National Book Trust's 'azgiile kashir'
 afsanũ` Edition 2008, Edited by Dr. R.L.Shant



हेयत लुङ्के वुन- किन्डहा प्रुअु जाे त्रावने क्त्ते किन्डहा मांज मरे क्त्ते-
मेहे कास ते आवने पान्स अुश-

मेहे काकन मीले ने वारियास कास कले त्हेवुदुतल, युसुफ सांन वुड
तस डेर- मेहे कास अुस ने वुने ते वसस बराबर- मुलांमो डुभेस वुलासे, थुपक
तेहे पांथु, तेहे पांथु से तबेदी गुरुहन वालन वुान अुस- मेहे काकन त्रुवु
नेवुथ वुश- एांके कुंरुन डजे एेत्तु वुस- पने नस पान्स जेहेने लुपु रडुन, ये
सुंजेहे त्हेवुवुतु तबेदी हेनु अुरु कुंथुकेस अुनरुस जेनुस ते हेनेन अुके फाल
पेनु- मरुन अुस ने युरेकस एालस एेत्तु केनेहे- बाते मुलांम गेे वुपस पेने
पेने जले पेथे-

अुस वुस म्नुंज मेहे काके नन अुनकन अुशानु पताे डे तुस जेहे
तबेदी गांमो- मरु अुरु वुजेहे वुएे आवने तुमन ते येने- अुतुवुवु डे वुहे वुड
तेनुस गुरस म्नुंज कांन अुगो- थुरे शस अुमेहे काकन युड हेरु कुंल नाते- तेनुड
पेने एेत्तु डेने मेहे कास हेभेते- तेनुड गेुंल नातेस अुस अुके पान्स ते कांन रुसुंख,
ते येने अुस से पाने नुकुरे हेनुस सेनेस म्नुंज वारियास कास वुमले रुडुत-

मेहे काकन नेपु शेन जी ते नुश अुशा जी अुस ये अुरु वुजेहे किन्डहा
नुश ते किन्डहा वुवुअुस- नुश अुमे क्त्ते डे पेने ने वुसतु म्पुअुन कुरेन वुवु पेनु
गुरे वु, तेनुड अुशा जी अुस ने हेभे हेनु वुतेहे तुंनु ते येने तुंनु पेनुड- वुवु अुस
अुमे क्त्ते डे गुरे अुदनी गुरुहे सेवुहाे क, तेनुड वुमल वुसते अुस ने वुरुवुरी डे
मेहे काक डे हे गुरे वुजे केत कांने पेनुडे- शेन जेस अुस पेनु नेवुस तेनाे
पेनुस अुशुनुस ते शुंन हेनु डेने गुरुहान-

To be continued



सिलसिलुवार कथ

तबदीली

म.क.रैना

दोयिमि दूहय तौर महेश्वर नाथस फिकिरि जि मंज़ूर अहमद कथ प्यठ ओस दज़ान। तँम्य ऑस दर अस्ल अथ जायि प्यठ पनुन बोय लागनुच व्वमेद थँवमुन्न, मगर तसुंदि कांह कदम तुलनु ब्रौठुय प्यव महेश्वर नाथ वॉतिथ। मंज़ूर अहमदुनि व्वमेज़ गँयि छलु तु फलु।

मंज़ूर अहमदुन्य यि कथ ननेयि महेश्वर नाथस गुलु मीरस निशि। गुलु मीर ओस अमि दफतरुक चपरॉस्य तु सु ओस प्रथ काँसि हुंज़ि कथि हुंद राज़दार। पज़र ओस यि जि सु ओस दफतरुचव कथव अलाव ति वारियाहस वॉकुफ। साहबु सुंज़ि ल्वकचि साँज कति कौरुख खांदर तु बँशीर साँबस क्या क्या वोट नेचिव्य सुंज़ि निशानि प्यठ, सलाम पीर क्याज़ि कोर मॉल्य जादादु निशि बे दख्ल तु हीरु बान कथ प्यठ द्राव गरि ब्योन, अमि सारिचिय खबर ऑस गुलु मीरस पूरि पूर। दफतरुक बोड अफसर ऑस्यतन या ल्वकुट मुलॉज़िम, गुलु मीर ओस कुनि नतु कुनि बडि दूह कि हीतु प्रथ काँसि हुंद गरु वातान तु पनुन पान त्युहुंद टोट बनावान। अमि किन्य ओस तस प्रथ गरुक सोन व्वगुन ति पय लगान। मगर गुलु मीरस ओस अख वस्फ ति। सु ओस प्रथ

अँक्य सुंदिस दॉदिस दगि मंज़ शँरीक सपदान तु हाजतु वख्तु प्रथ अँकिस अकार बकार यिवान।



महेश्वर नाथस प्यव नु ज़्यादु कालस प्रारुन कँह। दूयी वुहुर्य बन्यव सु जूनियर कुल्लेक। प्रॉन्य जाय बदलेयि। नवि जायि आव नोव मेज़ तु नँव कुरसी लागनु। महेश्वर नाथस बड्यव र्वतबु, हालांकि अमि विज़ि प्यव तस साहबस सान दफतरुक्यन सारिनय मुलॉज़िमन हुंदि खॉतरु बतु डंगुक इन्तिज़ाम ति करुन। अमि पतु रूद नु कांह शुमारुय जि तँम्य वँन्न मेज़ तु वँन्न कुरसीयि बदलावि।

ऑखुरस वोट वारु कारु सु वख येलि महेश्वर नाथ पानु ह्यड कलर्कु सुंज़ि कुरसी प्यठ ब्यूठ। अमि दूह ओस नु महेश्वर नाथुय योत ख्वश कँह, बँल्यकि ओस दफतरुक दफतर ख्वश। प्रोन ह्यड कुल्लेक जिंदु लाल ओस रिटायर गोमुत तु तसुंज़ि जायि युस नोव नफर यिनु वोल ओस, तँम्य ऑस पनुन्य तबदीली कैन्सल करनॉवमुन्न। दपान महेश्वर नाथुन्य पॉठ्य ओस नु तस ति पनुन अफसर त्रावनु खॉतरु तैयार। व्वन र्यतन



जाय खॉली रोज़नु पतु आव महेश्वर नाथ, युस कलर्कन मंज़ सारिवुय खोतु सीनियर ओस, आरज़ी तोर अथ जायि लागनु। अकी वुहुर्य गव सु अँथ्य जायि कनपँर्म। अमि पतु बड्यव महेश्वर नाथस वारय यज़थ तु व्वन्य बन्यव सु महेश्वर नाथुनि बदलु महि काक।

मुलॉज़िमन येलि येलि तबदीली ऑस गछान, आर्डर ओस तिमन महि काकुनि अथय मेलान। प्रथ वँरियि ऑस्य कँह प्रॉन्य नेरान तु नँव्य यिवान। मगर महि काकस ओस अज़ ति सु द्वह वारु पॉठ्य याद येलि सालिग्रामस तबदीली गँयि। अथ कुसस गँयि व्वन्य ऑठ वँरी मगर तमि वख्तुक सीन ओस अज़ ति महि काकस बराबर अँछन तल।

सालिग्राम ओस चपरॉस्य तु सु ओस मटनुक रोज़न वोल। खास पोरमुत न आसनु किन्य ओस नु तस अंगन ऑशनावन मंज़ ज़्यादु यज़थ। सालिग्रामस ओस नु बोयाह बेन्याह कांह तु मोल ओसुस ल्वकृचारय गुज़र्योमुत। तसुंघ कँह ऑशुनाव ऑस्य पाँसु रँग्य जान, मगर सालिग्रामस मदद करनस मंज़ ह्योत सारिवुय लोब। तसुंज़ मॉज काकन्य जिगुर रुज़ बिचॉर लूकन हुंघ पलव दलव सुविथ गुज़ार करान। नतीजु द्राव जि सालिग्राम रुद मिडल फेलुय। नोकरी लँगिथुय करुनॉव तँम्य अँकिस बेयिस ज़ारु पारु कँरिथ सिरीनगर तबदीली, तिव्याज़ि सु

ओस नु यछान पनुनिस अलाकस मंज़ रोज़नु। महि काकुनिस दफतरस मंज़ वॉतिथ म्यूल तस स्यठाह पानुन्यार। रोज़नु खॉतरु ऑसुस सरकॉर्य जाय। अखतुय करुनोवुस अतिक्य अँक्य मुलॉज़िमन पनुनिसुय गामस मंज़ अँकिस कोरि सुत्त्य नेथुर ति। सालिग्राम ओस बडु ख्वश। मॉज ति ऑसुस ख्वश तु ज़नानु ति। सालिग्रामस येलि निकु ज़ाव, पूर दफतर वोत तस मुबारकस। महि काक ओस ब्रॉट ब्रॉट। यनु सु ह्यड कुल्लेक बन्यव, तनु ऑस्य तस सॉरी मुलॉज़िम पनुन्य संतान हिवी बासान।

वख्तु तु सातु मुतॉबिक ऑस्य सालिग्रामुनिस निकस थँद्य ग्रहुद्य। गुरु जियन वोन ज़्यनु वख्त वुछिथुय सालिग्रामस जि तसुंघ द्वह छि जलदुय फेरन वॉल्य। सालिग्राम तु तसुंघ गरिक्य ऑस्य नु व्यचन कुनि। मगर यि खुशी रुज़ नु ज़्यादु कालस कँह। सालिग्रामस वँरुख वापस मटन तबदीली। यि कथ बूज़िथुय ज़रद्यव तस बुथ। तस ओस नु पानस वापस गछनस मंज़ त्यूत ओज़ुर कँह, यूत काकन्य जिगरि ओस। स्व ऑस नु कुनि सूरतस मंज़ वापस गछनस तैयार। तस ओस सु वख फीर्य फीर्य प्यवान याद येलि तसुंघ पनुन्य अंग ऑशुनाव ति सालिग्रामस निचि नज़रि वुछान ऑस्य।

सालिग्रामस तु तसुंघन गरिक्यन ख्वसु खुशी निकु ज़्यथ सपुज़, स्व म्वकुलेयि। हद ओस यि जि तसुंद तबदीली हुंद आर्डर ति



Episode



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*Stories from National Book Trust's 'āzyūk kāshūr
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ओस बडि दफतरु तमी दूह द्रामुत, येमि दूह निकु ज़ामुत ओस। सालिग्रामस आसु वदन बाकु यिवान। तस गव पूर यकीन ज़ि निकु आसिहे मूलि प्यठ ज़ामुत, मगर गुरु जीयन वोन तस ज़ॉनिथ मॉनिथ अपुज़। काकन्य जिगुर ऑस दबु लॉर हिश पेमुच। महि काकनि कूशिश करनु बावजूद ति ह्योक नु सालिग्रामुन आर्डर कैन्सल गॅछिथ। ऑखुर प्यव तस अख र्यथ गॅछिथुय मटन नेरुन। मगर नेरनु वख्तु ऑस नु तस काकन्य जिगुर सूत्य कैह। तमि बिचारि वचि नेरनु ब्रौतुय अँछ। दपान तस गव हेह। महि काकस ओस पूर पॉठ्य याद ज़ि नेरान नेरान येलि तँम्य सालिग्रामस नालुमोत कोर, तँम्य ह्योत टुंगि वदुन। कॅछा प्रॉन्य जाय त्रावनु किन्य तु कॅछा मॉज मरनु किन्य। महि काकस ति आव पानस ओश।



महि काकन येलि नु वारियाहस कालस कलय थोद तुल, यूसुफ सॉबन दिच तस जीर। महि काकस ओस नु वुनि ति ह्यस बराबर। मुलॉज़िमव द्युतुहँस दिलासु, ठीक तिथय पॉठ्य, यिथु पॉठ्य सु तबदीली गछन वाल्यन दिवान ओस। महि काकन त्रोव ज़्यूठ व्वश। ऑनख कोरुन दजि सूत्य साफ। पनुनिस पानस छुनु ल्वन्नर द्युन, यि सूचिथ थोव तँम्य तबदीली हुंद आर्डर कोठुकि स अँदुरिमिस चंदस तु ह्यौचुन अख फाइल परनुय। मगर मन ओसुस नु योरुकि स आलुमस सूत्य कैह। बाकय

मुलॉज़िम गॅयि वापस पनुनि पनुनि जायि प्यठ।

अँकिसुय दूहस मंज़ लॅज महि काकन्यन अंगन ऑशुनावन पताह ज़ि तस छि तबदीली गॉमुच। मगर आर्डर वुछनु वरॉय आव नु तिमन ति यकीन। आथवारि दॅय दूहस रूद तसुंदिस गरस मंज़ कॉफी आव गव। ज़ीर्य शामस आव महि काकुन बोड हँहँर गूकल नाथ। तसुंदि यिनु सूत्य बडेयि महि काकस ह्यमथ। तिक्याज़ि गूकल नाथस ओस अख पानस ति कॉफी रँसूख, तु बेयि ओस सु पानु नोकरी हुंदिस सिलसिलस मंज़ वारियाहस कालस वरुमुलि रूदुमुत।

महि काकुन नेचुव शिबन जी तु न्वश आशा जी ऑस्य यि आर्डर वुछिथ कॅछा ख्वश तु कॅछा व्वदॉस्य। ख्वश अमि किन्य ज़ि पनुनि व्यस्तारु मुतॉबिक करुहँन व्वन्य पनुन गरुबार, तिक्याज़ि आशा जी ऑस नु हशि हुंज़ व्वथु चँड तु बेहु चँड पसंद। व्वदॉस्य अमि किन्य ज़ि गरुच आमदँनी गछिहे स्यठाह कम, तिक्याज़ि वरमुल वँसिथ ओस नु ज़रूरी ज़ि महि काक दियिहे गर खरचस क्युत कांह पाँसु। शिबन जीयस ओस पनुन न्यसुब तनखाह पनुनिस इनशोरन्सस तु शुर्यन हुंज़ि पडायि प्यठुय खर्च गछान।

(क्रमशः)



असव नय तु लसव किथु

बरदाश्त

एक सहेली ने दूसरी से कहा, ‘वह हर समय मेरे पीछे लगा रहता है। घर के भी चक्कर लगाता है और आफिस के भी। छुट्टी वाले दिन तो ज़्यादा ही परेशान करता है। बहुत तंग आ गई हूँ। उस दिन मैं शापिंग के लिये जा रही थी तो रास्ते में ही मुझे घेर लिया और गिडगिडाने लगा। बरदाश्त की भी एक हद होती है।’

‘आखिर वह तुम से चाहता क्या है? कह देती कि तुम्हारी मंगनी हो चुकी है।’ सहेली ने सहानुभूति प्रकट की।

‘कहता है इन्शोरेन्स करवा लो। *’



इनकम टैक्स

‘आपका यह सूट फट चुका है, फैंक क्यों नहीं देते’, रमेश से उसके दोस्त ने पूछा। ‘फैंक कैसे दूँ। इनकम टैक्स में कटौती कराने के लिये तो इसे ही पहन कर जाता हूँ’, रमेश बोला।



اَسَوْنِي تِي لَسَو كِيْتَه

برداشت

ایک سہیلی نے دوسری سے کہا "وہ ہر وقت میرے پیچھے لگا رہتا ہے۔ گھر کے بھی پکر لگاتا ہے اور آفیس کے بھی۔ چھٹی والے دن تو زیادہ ہی پریشان کرتا ہے۔ بہت تنگ آئیگی ہوں۔ اس دن میں شاپنگ کے لیے بارہی تھی تو راستے میں ہی مجھے گھیر لیا اور گڑگڑانے لگا۔ برداشت کی بھی ایک مد ہوتی ہے۔"

"آخر وہ تم سے پابتا کیا ہے؟" کہہ دیتی کہ تمہاری منگنی ہو چکی ہے۔ "سہیلی نے کہا۔

"کہتا ہے انشورنس کروالو۔"

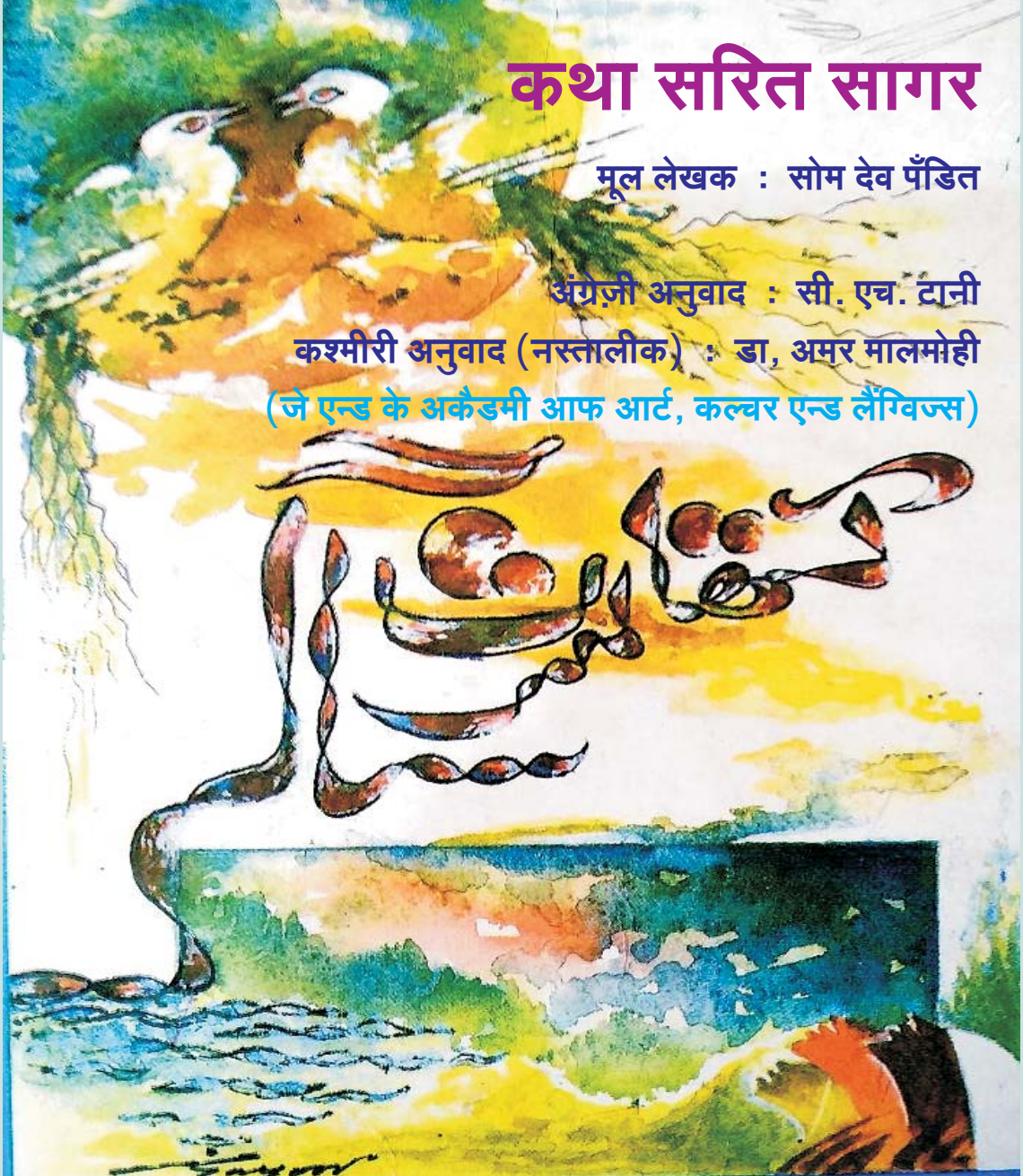


انکم ٹیکس

آپ کا یہ سوٹ فٹ چکا ہے، پھینک کیوں نہیں دیتے؟" ریش سے اسکے دوست نے پوچھا۔

"پھینک کیسے دوں؟ انکم ٹیکس میں کوئی کٹاؤ کرانے کے لیے تو اسے ہی پہن کر جاتا ہوں،" ریش بولا۔





कथा सरित सागर

मूल लेखक : सोम देव पण्डित

अंग्रेज़ी अनुवाद : सी. एच. टानी

कश्मीरी अनुवाद (नस्तालीक) : डा. अमर मालमोही
(जे एन्ड के अकैडमी आफ आर्ट, कल्चर एन्ड लैंग्विज्ज)

देवनागरी-कश्मीरी रूप : म. क. रैना, मुम्बई



Somdev Pandit's Katha Sarit Sagar - 12

कथा सरित सागर - १२

मूल लेखक : सोम देव पंडित ●●● अंग्रेज़िय अनुवाद : सी.एच.टावनी

कॉशुर अनुवाद (नस्तालीक) : डा. अमर मालमोही ●●● देवनागरी रूफ : म.क.रैना

ब्रह्मस्त कथायि आसु सथ लंजि तु गुनाड्यन वॅर यि दास्तान तँथ्य पशाँच ज़बॉन्य मंज़ सतन वॅरियन सथ लछ शुलूकन मंज़ नज़म। गुनाड्य ओस अज़ीम शाँयिर तु तँम्य लीछ यि दास्तान मील नु आसनु किन्य पनुनि खून सुत्य जंगुलन मंज़ युथ विद्यादर अथ चूरि निन नु। विद्यादर, सिद्ध तु नीम दिवता आयि यि दास्तान बोज़ुनि तु तथ जायि ओस आकाशस मंज़ छँथुर बासान यथ जायि कानुभूती यि दास्तान बोज़ुनावान ओस। येलि कानुभूतीयन गुनाड्य यि दास्तान नज़ुमावान वुछ, सु म्वकल्याव शापु तलु तु गव पनुनि अस्ल जायि। यिम ति पिशाच तस पनुनि फेरु थोरि मंज़ सुत्य ऑस्य, तिम ति गँयि स्वर्गस तिक्याज़ि तिमव ति ऑस यि इल्हॉमी दास्तान बूज़मुच। अमि पतु लोग सु महान कवि गुनाड्य सॉंचुनि 'मे पज़ि बृहतकथा बुतरॉच प्यठ नेशुनावुन्य तिक्याज़ि पार्वती छु योहय शर्त म्यॉनिस म्वकलुनस थोवमुत। मगर यि किथु पॉठ्य नेशुनावु ब? कुस बोज़ुनावन?' तँमिस ऑस्य ज़ु शेश्य सुत्य। अँकिस ओस गुनादीव नाव तु बेयिस नंदीदीव। तिमव वोन तस 'राज़ु सत्वाहनय योत छु सु महा पुरुश यस यि दास्तान बोज़ुनावुन्य पज़ि। तस छु ज़ोक तु सु वातुनावि यि दास्तान दूर दूर ताम यिथु पॉठ्य वाव मुश्क छँकरावान छु।' गुनाड्यन वोनुख 'ती वॅरिव।' यि वॅनिथ दिच तँम्य किताब तिमन तु दोपुनख राज़

सत्वाहनस निश गछुन। पानु ति वोत प्रतिशैठान मगर अंदर अचनु बजायि ब्यूठ तथ बागस मंज़ युस भगवती हुंजि दयायि बन्योमुत ओस तु अति रूद पनुन्यन शाँगिर्दन प्रारान। शेश्य गँयि तु हॉवुख राज़ु सत्वाहनस तु दोपुहस ज़ि यि ऑस गुनाड्य सुंज तखलीक। येलि राज़न यि पिशाँच ज़बान बूज़ तु तिम ति पिशाँच शक्लि वुछिन, तस गव पनुनिस अँलिमस प्यठ किबुर, तु वति डॅलिथ वोनुनख ज़म वॅरिथ 'सथ लछ शुलूकन छु स्यठाह वज़न। मगर पिशाच ज़बान छे वहशीयन हुंज बूल्य। प्यठ छे यि खून सुत्य लीखिथ। नीरिव, मे छे नु अथ सुत्य कांह दिलचस्पी।' तिम द्रायि तमी वति किताब ह्यथ वापस येमि वति आमुत्य ऑस्य तु वॅनिख गुनाड्यस सॉरुय दॅलील। यि बूज़िथ गव तस सख महसूस। कस गछि नु महसूस येलि तस कांह ज्ञानन वोल बॅल्य ब्यवॉरी तु बे यज़ती करि? सु गव पनुन्य च़ाठ ह्यथ अँकिस नज़दीकी वुडुर प्यठ। अँकिस खलवख मगर शूबिदार जायि ज़ॉजिन दून्य तु अख अख वरुख लोग प्रथ दूनि मंज़ त्रावनि। तँम्यसुंज आवाज़ बूज़िथ आयि सॉरी चॅरिंदु तु पॅरिंदु चॅसिथ तु तँम्यसुंघ च़ाठ लॅग्य वदनि। अख दॅलील ख्वसु अख लछ शुलूकन प्यठ मुश्तमिल ऑस, थॉव तँम्य पथ कुन। यि ऑस नरवाहन दत्तुन्य दास्तान ख्वसु तँम्य पनुन्यन च़ाटन हुंदि खॉतरु पनुन निशानु ज़ॉनिथ पथ कुन थॉव, तिक्याज़ि तिमन ऑस यि ज़्यादु ख्वश



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करान। येलि सु यि इल्हॉमी दास्तान वरकु वरकु पॅरिथ ज़ालान ओस, सॉरी हांगल, रूस्य तु हापत, माँशि कॅट्य तु बाक्य जंगली जानवर आयि तोर पनुनि ग्वफु त्रॉविथ तु अँकिस दॉयिरु किस सूरतस मंज़ बीठ्य तस अँद्य अँद्य यि दास्तान बोज़ुनि। अँछव ओसुख ओश वसान तु थोद व्वथुनस ओसुख नु व्वंदु यिवान।

अँथ्य दोरान गव राज़ु सत्वाहन ब्यमार तु हँकीमव वोन ज़ि सु ओस सु मामस ख्यनु किन्य ब्यमार सपुदमुत यथ मंज़ गुज़ॉयियत बिलकुल ऑस नु। येलि वाज़न ब्यवॉरी सपुज़, तिमव वोन 'युस माज़ शिकॉर्य अनान छि, तिम छि सुय रनान।' येलि शिकार्यन सज़ा दिनु आव, तिमव वोन 'नखय छु अख ब्रह्मन अँकिस वुडुर प्यठ क्वसुताम किताब वर्कु वर्कु पॅरिथ ज़ालान तु सॉरी पॅश छि तस अँद्य पँख्य बिहिथ बोज़ान। तिमव छु ख्योन तु च्योन त्रोवमुत तु नु छि ओरु योर फेरान। अवय छुनु व्वन्य तँहुँदिस माज़स मज़ तु गुज़ॉयियत तिक्याज़ि फाकु फर छु तिमन अँड्यजि क्रंज़ुय योत म्वच्योमुत।

येलि राज़न यि बूज़, तँम्य वोन शिकार्यन अथ जायि वथ हावनु खॉतरु तु हॉरॉनी सान द्राव पानय अँमिस शख्सस वुछनि। गुनाड्यस ओस जंगुलस मंज़ रोज़नु मूज़ब मस ज़ेठ्यामुत तु अथ आसस रँचु गॉमचु। यि ओस तमि शापुक दुह बासान युस तस व्वन्य म्वकुलनस तैयार ओस। वदुवन्यन पशन दर्मियान परज़नोव राज़न गुनाड्य तु कोरुनस नमसकार। पतु प्रुछुनस सॉरुय दँलील। तँम्य बुदिमान ब्रह्मनन वँनिस पिशॉच ज़बॉन्य मंज़ पनुन्य सॉरुय

दँलील तु तिमन हालातन हुंज़ कॅरुन वखनय यिमव मूज़ब यि इल्हॉमी दँलील बुतरॉच प्यठ वँछमुच ऑस। राज़स तोग बोज़ुन ज़ि गुनाड्य छु गनु सुंद औतार तु प्योस परन तु वँनिस स्व असमॉनी दँलील बोज़ुनावनु खॉतरु य्वसु शवु सुंदि म्वखु द्रामुच ऑस। यि बूज़िथ वोन गुनाड्यन राज़ु सत्वाहनस, 'राज़ु, मे ज़ाजि शे दँलीलु यिम शन लछन शुलूकन प्यठ मुशतमिल आसु। व्वन्य छे अँकिस लछन शुलूकन हुंज़ यि दास्तान। यि नि चु तु म्यॉन्य यिम ज़ु च़ाठ करन च़े निश अमिच वखनय।'

यि वँनिथ द्राव गुनाड्य राज़स इजाज़थ ह्यथ तु पनुनि यूग बलु त्रोवुन अँकिस जायि पनुन शरीर तु शापु तलु म्वकुलिथ वोत पनुनि अस्ल जायि। राज़न तुज स्व दँलील यथ ब्रहत कथा नाव छु, तु यथ मंज़ नर्वाहन दतुन्यन कारनामन हुंज़ वखुनय छे तु गव पनुनिस दरबारस मंज़। अति द्युत तँम्य गुनाड्य सुंदान च़ाटन खज़ानु, जॉगीर, स्वन वस्मथ, हँस्य, गुर्य तु लाल। तिहुँदि मदतु अमि किताबि हुंद हर्तर च़ितरिथ कॅर सत्वाहनन कथा पीठुच तखलीक युथ सॉरी ज़ॉनिथ ह्यकन ज़ि यि दास्तान किथु कँन्य आयि पिशॉच ज़बॉन्य मंज़ लेखनु। अथ दँलीलि मंज़ ऑस स्व रंगारंगी ज़ि लुकन गँयि अथ सुत्य स्व दिलचस्पी ज़ि तिमन गँयि दिवताहन हुंज़ दँलील मँशिथ तु यि दँलील गँयि त्रेन भवनन मंज़ मशहूर।



[Thus ends the Book 1 of Katha Sarit Sagar, corresponding to C.H.Tawney Volume 1, Chapter 8]



Your Own Page



The Sulonia Honour Society of Smt Sulochanadevi Singhania School conferred its Membership on **Rishit Kar**, grandson of Shri M.K.Kar of Mulund, for excellence in 8th Standard.

Congratulations Rishit. Proud of you.



Sachita Kaul, daughter of Mrs Sheetal & Mr Sandeep Kaul of Ropar, Punjab got Yellow Belt in Shotokan Karate.



Congratulations Sachita. Proud of you.



Your Own Page



Trisha Hali, daughter of Smt Sheetal & Shri Raju Hali of Jammu got 3rd Position in Girls' Athletics at the Summer School Olympiad 2019. **Trisha** also won 2nd Prize in Painting Competition at Bhagwan Gopinath Ji Trust, Jammu.



Congratulations Trisha. Proud of you.



Simran Karkera, daughter of Smt. Soni Pandit Karkera of Vasai was awarded the Certificate of Merit from Narsee Monjee College Alumni Association for her performance at the HSC Board examination 2019.

Congratulations Simran. Proud of you.



Photo Feature - Rare Photos

1962 :: Amira Kadal :: When Tongas and Bicycles were main modes of transport in Kashmir..

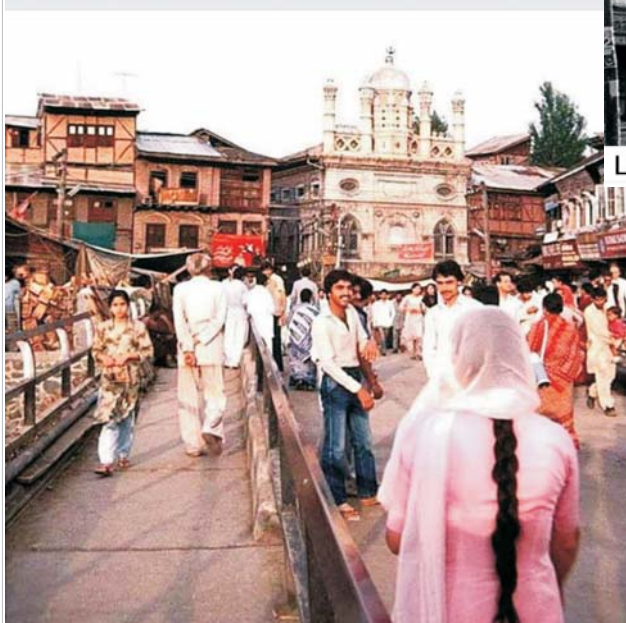


Wedding procession



Lal Chowk 1940

Kashmir Regetta Circa Mid 1950s

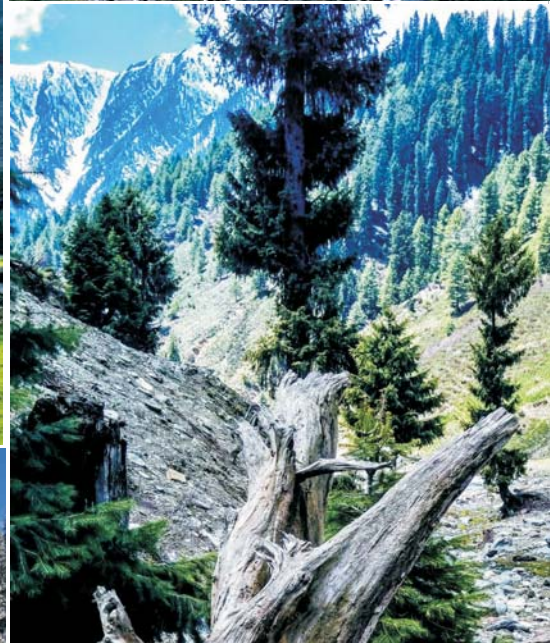
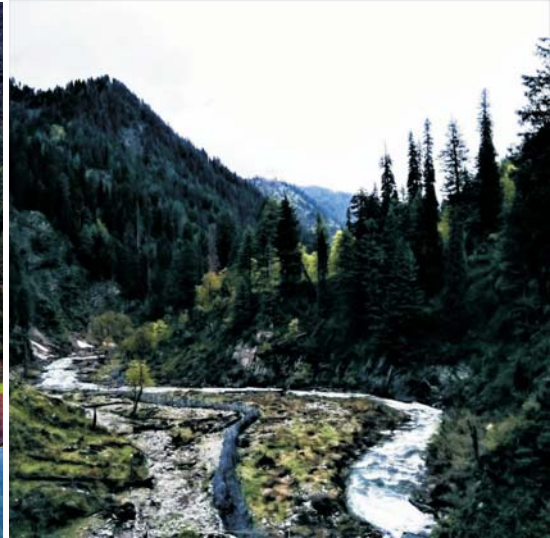


Habba Kadal 1970





Photo Feature



Beautiful Dale

Machhil area in Kupwara

Photo Courtesy:
Lt. Col. Kapil Bhat



Letters to the Editor

Namaskar with folded hands,

Many many thanks to you for the Praagaash, December 2019. I take this privilege to say 'full marks to your distinguished goodself for your all round brilliance, for the enormous efforts in building and collating the material across the spectrum.' It is, for me amazing to find this stuff in three languages.

Having browsed through once which reveals a lot of ourselves, I have to continue to put efforts to read through, the Urdu and Kashmiri part for proper understanding due to my own limitation. We came to the then Bombay in May 1984 from Kochi and had very little Interphase with our community (It was then perhaps a few hundred families). However we used to mingle during annual Havan at Kashyap Bhavan and partook in developing the Community Center ie Sharda Sadan at Kharghar like many other community members.

We have now grown to perhaps 5/6 thousand families and have to put sustained efforts to enhance interphase through frequent MILNIS say once a quarter in different areas having regard to Logistics and interaction in smaller groups. Interaction in larger group could be the Annual mega event at Andheri or Kharghar.

Obviously I am not competent to offer a Critique at this stage. Request you to continue the Admirable good work.

Best Regards,

V. K. Raina
Mumbai



Dear Editor,

A nice feeling to see my achievements being featured in Praagaash. And Mr. Raina, thanks a lot for doing this. It is so good when my own people - fabulous Kashmiris applaud me. I am

so proud to be a Kashmiri, a wonderful community. Thanks again.

Pushpa Koshal,
Mumbai



Respected Raina Sahib,

I always look forward to the next issue of 'Praagaash', which at least brings together the Kashmiri writers of this region by way of sharing their personal experiences or by writing scholarly articles which take us to our sweet nostalgic past. I

would recommend that young boys and girls must be encouraged to write for 'Praagaash' so that they pour out, to understand the composite culture, language, food, seasons, fun and flowers of Kashmir.

I wish 'Pragaash' all the very best and health and happiness to you, for the efforts to bring in Kashmiri community together once again, in the cause of their culture, literature and language.

With due regards

Dr Ghulam Nabi Qasba
Srinagar / Jammu

Formerly Vice Chairman, Srinagar Development Authority
Formerly Managing Director, J&K Tourism Development Corporation



Dear Sir,

I am very much interested in learning Kashmiri



Letters to the Editor

language, from basics. I had tried to reach you earlier also about how to learn Kashmiri for a non-native. I also eagerly wait for your monthly magazine 'Praagaash', though I can hardly understand anything except English articles.

If you are starting a Kashmiri language class for non-Kashmiris, kindly add me too.

Thank you Sir for all your efforts,

Sandeep Kumar
sndpsrvstv261092@gmail.com



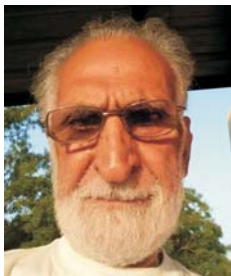
Namaskar Raina Sahib,
Praagaash chhu mahra nafees, as usual. I went through the magazine, it is looking good and a fair mix of all related topics. Relentlessly you have been doing this great service to literature. More power to you. God bless.

Bharat Pandit
Mumbai



Dear Raina Sahib,
Namaskar, I am sending my article 'In Praise of Sanskrit, a Living Repository of Indo-European Vocabulary and Grammar' for publication in Praagaash, if u find it suitable.

I am trying to send you articles in Devanagari on Naran Nag as promised sometime ago, in due course.
Regards.



Dr P.L.Ganju
Vadodara, Gujarat

کاشیر ستین کاشیر ساری
نتہ وارانگر حاران کاو
امین کامل

कॉशिरि सुत्यन कॉशिर
साँरी
नतु वॉरानुक्य हॉरान काव
अमीन कामिल

