

# Praagaash

Net-journal of 'Project Zaan'



# प्रागाश

‘प्रोजेक्ट ज्ञान’ की नेट-पत्रिका

For Private Circulation Only



*Learn Kashmiri by whatever means. It is our mothertongue. Popularise it.*

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

वर्ष ४ : अंक ११ ~ नवम्बर २०१९

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## In this issue

- Editorial - M.K.Raina 01
- वाख तु शुख 02
- Luminaries of the Kashmiri language : T.N.Dhar  
- Lal Ded 03
- From The Pages of Ancient History : M.K.Parimoo  
- Festivals - Vinayak Tsorum & Zarma Satam 07
- काव्य : त्रिलोकी नाथ दर कुन्दन  
- शब्द ब्रह्म 10
- Grandma's Stories : M.K.Raina  
- पोज़ यार 11
- काव्य - रसूल मीर  
- लालस वनतय छु सवाल 15
- My Medical Journey : Dr. K.L.Chowdhury  
- The Cutting Edge of Clinical Diagnosis 16
- Society : Prof R.N.Bhat  
- Kashmiri Women - Past & Present 21
- काव्य : अहमद डार - ड्यक डून्य मो फुटराव 25
- Short Story : Parineeta Khar  
- The Divine Visitor 26
- काव्य : खँज़र मगरिबी - दिलासु 29
- सिलसिलुवार कथ : म.क.रेना  
- तबदीली (नस्तालीक लिपि) 30
- सिलसिलुवार कथ : म.क.रेना  
- तबदीली (देवनागरी लिपि) 34
- Poetry : Pratush Kaul  
- We Will Be There 36
- काव्य - सुनीता रैना पँडित - मन सरु च्युनुम 37
- काव्य - प्रेम नाथ शाद - शारु सोम्बरन 38
- Humour - असव नय तु लसव किथु 39
- कथा सरित सागर - १० : म.क.रेना 40
- काव्य - निगहत साहिबा - गज़ल 44
- Your Own Page - Anju Watal 45
- Photo Feature 46
- Letters to the Editor 48

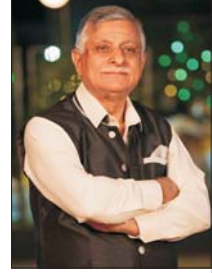


## Editorial

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M.K.Raina

With the internet restrictions in Jammu & Kashmir in force, the September and October issues of Praagaash which we used to post through WhatsApp, Twitter and E-mails, have not reached the readers there. We hope the restrictions are eased and the readers are able to read their popular e-journal soon.



With this issue, we are starting a new serial based on the life and works of the litterateurs whose contribution to Kashmiri language has been immense. We are starting with Lalla Ded and every future issue will carry one such personality. The write ups are in English, precisely with a purpose. We wish the content to reach all Kashmiris, as also to non-Kashmiri readers who can not read Kashmiri but would want to know all about our priceless literature and its creators. We request our writers to provide us content on this account, even if it has been published earlier anywhere else.

Starting this issue, we are also serialising fictions in Kashmiri, both in Nastaliq and Devanagari scripts. This is done purely to reach the Kashmiri literature to masses and also to popularise the Kashmiri language. In the first lot, stories are being reproduced from Golden Jubilee Edition of National Book Trust's publication 'āzyúk kāshúr afsānū'. This section will showcase a number of Kashmiri writers of repute.

Som Dev Pandit's Katha Sarit Sagar continues without break and so does Grandma's Stories reproducing Kashmiri folk tales taken from the publications of J&K Academy of Art, Culture & Languages. We hope, readers like this issue as usual. Their feedback is solicited. 🙏🙏

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### वाख - लल छद

दमु दमु ओमकार मन पुरनोवुम  
पानय परान तु पानय बोजान ।  
सूहम पदस अहम गोलुम  
तैलि लल बु वॉचुस प्रकाशस्थान ।।



दमु दमु कौरमस दमन आये  
प्रजल्योम दीप तु ननेयम ज्ञाथ ।  
अँद्रिम प्रकाश न्यबर छोटुम  
गटि रोटुम तु कर्मस थफ ।।



दुधु दुधु ओमकार मन पुरनोवुम  
पानय परान तु पानय बोजान  
सूहम पदस अहम गोलुम  
तैलि लल बु वॉचुस प्रकाशस्थान



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प्रजल्योम दीप तु ननेयम ज्ञाथ  
अँद्रिम प्रकाश न्यबर छोटुम  
गटि रोटुम तु कर्मस थफ



### शुख - शेख नूर-उद-दीन वली

क्या करु पांचन शन मंज काहन  
सु पानु काहन दिथुय द्राव ।  
योदवय अके वते पकुहन  
अदु कति राविहे काहन गाव ।।



करतो क्रय तु बेहतो पैजे  
मुखो बोजतो रंजिविथ ।  
आशकव पुल तु पॉतव गंजे  
यावुन मुडस ज़ोल रिंजिविथ ।।



क्या करु पांचन शन मंज काहन  
सु पानु काहन दिथुय द्राव  
योदवय अके वते पकुहन  
अदु कति राविहे काहन गाव



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मुखो बोजतो रंजिविथ  
आशकव पुल तु पॉतव गंजे  
यावुन मुडस ज़ोल रिंजिविथ





## Episode

1

Luminaries of the Kashmiri Language

## Lal Ded - valmiki of the Kashmiri Language

T.N.Dhar ‘Kundan’



**L**al Ded is said to have been born in mid-fourteenth century in the reign of Raja Udayan Dev. Soon thereafter the Hindu rule was replaced by Muslim rule. Naturally, her poetry is a product of the crossroad of the amalgamation of Hindu and Muslim ways of life.

The Hindus had forgotten the truth and the essence of their religion. They had taken to artificial rituals and customs in the name of religion. Additionally, they were feeling sadly though, the loss of power to alien rulers. The society was ridden with discrimination and exploitation. So, she advised tolerance: *Sahnaki salilay yodwai mal kasakh. Aasakh aana khota prazalvun, sheena khota pro'n.*

She has pointed to the ill treatment she got from her mother-in-law in a verse thus, *'Hond maertan ya kath, Lali neelavath tsali na zanh.* She has described graphically the ordeal of forbearance. She says, *'Tsaalun chhuy vuzamala ta tratai,*

*tsoalun chhuy mandinya ghatakaar. Tsaalun chhuy pan panun kadun gratai. Hyata maali Santosh vati panai.'* She has given expression to



the treatment she initially got from the society, which misunderstood her. However, she did not hate anyone for that treatment. *'Leka ta thoka sheri hetsam. Ninda sapnaem pata bronh taam.'* Again, *'Zal hav mali loosuy na pakan pakan. Siriya loosuy na veglaan sumeru. Tsandrama loosuy na maraan zevaam. Manush loosuy na karan ninda'*. Her response was trust in Lord: *'Yus hav maali gelyem ta maskhara karyem, su hav maali manas kharyem na zanh. Shiv panun yeli me anugrah karyem. Lukahund hedun karyam kyah.'*

This strong power of endurance and this deep feeling of love for everyone stemmed from the spiritual stage at which she was and the height she had achieved. She was seeing all pervading God and omnipresent Him in everything and was all the time attached with that celestial feeling. Her deep love for the Divine is clear from her sayings: *'Loluk naar loli lalanovum. Lolan kyah na rang hovum.'* *'ravan gindan sehzae provum. Ada panay korum panas sarai'* *'lolaeki vokhlai vanlinj pishim. Kokal tsajim ta ruzas rasa.'*

Lal Ded revolted against the crust of falsehood that surrounded the truth, essence and the kernel of our





## Episode

1

## Luminaries of the Kashmiri Language

true religion. The effect of Vama-marga, Tantra and other such bad influences that had removed the Hindu miles away from the truth of Vedas and Upanishads, was not acceptable to her. So, she addresses the Hindu thus: 'Yi kamuy vopdeesh dituy hayo bata, atseetan vatas sotseetan kath dyun ahar?' Then she observes, 'Goras mael pyav aamyann naatan, beyan pashan saad kyah asey. Yi haal goras rah kya tsatan. Brama kulis myava kyah peyey.'

Lal Ded attacked everything that she felt was wrong and against the tenets of the religion. The animal sacrifices, idol worship, according to her, were not the ways to attain Him. She also advocated actions no different from words and attacked those who said one thing and did quite the opposite of that. This is clear from these vakhs written by her: 'buthi kyah jaan chhukh, vondi chhukh kani, aslaech kath zaanh sani no. paraan lekhaan vuth onguj gaji, andrim duy zanh tsaji no.' and 'parith ta buzith brahman tsetaan, aagur gataan tihinzi vedi zeti. Patanaech sun nith thaavan Matan. Muhith maan gatsekh ahankaari'.

She was also in disagreement with those who thought that the way to salvation was through self-torture or self-denial. She would not like the soul to be tortured as it was the abode of the Param Brahma. She advises, 'Treshi bochhi mo kreshi naavun. Yana cheyi tana sandaarun

deeh. Frith chaenis daarun ta paarun'. She was a crusader who spread the message of truth from door to door unmindful of the comments from the society. 'Lali me dopham luka nand karni. Tavay tsaalaem mani shenkh'. 'Maag novum ta aag tsolum. Krehni kosum beyi mani shenkh'. 'Latan hund maaz laaryom vatan. Akee haevnam akich vath. Yim yim bozan tim kona matan. Lali booz shatan kuni kath'.

There must have been times when things did not go as she wanted, either in the society or in her spiritual pursuit because she has lamented, 'Hachivi haerinji petsyuv kaan gome.

Abakh chhaan pyom yath raaz dane. Manzbaag bazaras kulpha ros vaan gome. Tirtha ro's paan gome kus maali zaane'. To the ignorant she addresses in these words to bring home to them the facts of life: 'tala chhui zyus ta pyatha chukh natsaan. Vanta maali man kyatha patsaan chhui. Sorui sombrith kenh chhui na motsan. Vanta maali ann kyatha rotsaan

chhui'. 'Sansaar hav maali yaryuv jangul. Laari kelum ta bihi badbo. Gara karun hav maali pyatha pyon sangur nerakh mangur ta darog go'.

Lal Ded was against blind faith. She wanted everyone to use his sense of discrimination because everyone gets as per his or her deeds and acts. She explains this truth in this verse, 'tyoth modur tai myuth zahar. Yas yuth tshunukh jatan baav. Yem yath karaey kal tai kahar sui that





## Episode

1

## Luminaries of the Kashmiri Language

*shahar vaatith pyav*’. She has described a sage as one whose subtle existence is detached from his gross body and is unaffected by the mundane phenomenon. *‘tim chhina manush, tim chhi reshi. Yiman deh mana nish gav*’. She appears to have been against isolation and seclusion, which she felt was harmful and damaging, since she has said, *‘kuneray bozakh kunui no rozakh. Kuniran kornam hanyaakaar*’.

Lal Ded’s faith was in the people and she did not believe in illusion or maya. For her the universe was a reality, a manifestation of the Divine. *‘Asi aes tai asi aasav asi dore kaer patavath. Shivas sori na zyon ta marun ravas sori na ata gath*’. She was against idleness, laziness and shirking from action. She mocked at such people by saying, *‘Yas hav maali dandas beha tsav’ ‘Nata shala tunge neri kyah?’*

On the whole Lal Ded is clear and candid in her sayings but occasionally a tinge of mysticism can also be seen when she speaks of the unknown. *‘Goras prutshum saasi lati, yas na kenh vanan tas kyah naav. Pritshan pritshan thachis ta loosaes. Kenhnas nishe kyahtam draav*’.

Lal Ded was born of a brahmin in Sempore. She was married to a brahmin boy in Pampore and was given the name Padmaavati. But she was Lal Ded, embodiment of love and mother of all. She saw Shiva in everyone irrespective of the faith he professed. She did not differentiate

between a Hindu and a Muslim. She recognised only the Supreme seated in every being. *‘Shiv chhui thali thali rozaan. Mo zaan hyond ta musalman. Trukai chhukh ta paan panun parzaan. Soi chhai Sahibas saet zanizaan*’. She did differentiate and discriminate, not between a person and a person but between a Brahmin and an ignorant one. Brahmin for her was one who knew Brahma. She has lamented the downfall of the former in these words: *‘Maamas taek tai mas ki pyali, brahman ta tsraeli ikavata khyan*’. The path to Shiva, she says, is to give up ire, enmity and hatred and cultivate forbearance. *‘Rangas manz chhui byon labun. Soruy tsalakh ta barakh sokh. Tsakh, ruesh ta vairay gaalakh, ada deshakh Shiva sund mokh*’.



Lal Ded was basically a mystic, but she too could not remain unaffected by the social environment of her time. The contemporary conditions could not have been described in any other way than how she referred to these thus: *‘Atha ma baa traavun kharba, luka haenza kongka vari kheyey. Tati kus baa dari tharba yati nanis kartal peyey*’. And *‘doh lo’g dara tai bambari pyovum. Kartal phutraem gormas drote. Son rauph futrith sartal zuvum. Agan tsuhum banan na vai*’. Again, she has lamented over the prevailing state of affairs in these Vaks: *‘kentsan mas cheth aechh laji taalav. Kentsan papith gayi haalav kheth*’ *‘Gaatulah*







*From the Pages of Ancient History - M.K.Parimoo*

## Festivals : Vinayak Tsorum & Zarma Satam



According to Kalhan Pandit's Rajatarangini, Nilamata Purana is an ancient history of Kashmir. According to these two historical books two festivals are being celebrated from the ancient times in Kashmir. One is Ganesh Chaturthi also known as Vinayak Tchorum in Kashmiri and the other is Zaram Satam, the incarnation of Lord Krishna on this planet Earth. According to Nilamat Purana, in ancient days a pilgrimage used to take place on the 4<sup>th</sup> day of the bright fortnight of Bhadrapad to the abode of Vinayak (Ganesha), on the 6<sup>th</sup> to the abode of Kumara (Si.....) on the 7<sup>th</sup> to that of the Sun and on 14<sup>th</sup> to the temple of Mahadeva and so on.

Also the frequent mention of Vinayaka indicates the popularity of Vinayaka-worship (i.e. Ganesh Pooja) in early Kashmir. The verses 990-94 of Nilamat Puran mention eighteen places in ancient Kashmir, sacred to Lord Ganesha or Vinayaka. According to Rajatarangini of Kalhana Pandit, King Pravarsena I of Gonandya Dynasty, ruled over Kashmir about 3088 years B.C. and he was a devotee of Vinayaka (Lord Ganesha), also called Bhimasvamin. The king used to worship Vinayaka daily in his palace.

Kalhana Pandit also mentions the construction of boat-bridge, called “Great Bridge”, for the first time over the river Vitasta (the river Jhelum).

The original inhabitants of Kashmir

have been venerating Vinayaka (Lord Ganesha) from ancient times as is quite evident when Prof. (Dr.) M.A.Stein visited ancient Sharda temple in north Kashmir on the banks of the river Kishen



Ganga. According to Stein, the landmark on way to Sharda temple is the 'hill of Ganesha'. One of the villagers accompanying Dr. Stein showed him the cliffs of Ganesh Ghatiridge, which rises to a height of 300 feet. “A path leads first a little way up the cool gorge of the rivulet, then along the practicable face of the cliffs to the head of 'Ganesha'. On the face of grey lime rock, about fifty feet high, nature has formed a long projecting nose which curiously resembles the head of an elephant-faced God, which has given its name – Ganesh Bal to the hill.”

According to the Vitastamahatmya, a temple of Vardhamahesha (i.e. Lord Shiva) was existing in the close proximity of 'Ganapati's Tirtha i.e. Ganpatyar. According to M.A.Stein “About 1888 A.D. the purohiths had erected near the ghat of Malyar (in the vicinity



of Ganpatyar) a new temple of modest dimensions in honour of Vardhamahesha. The ancient Linga placed in this shrine belonged to the old temple.” It won't be out of place to mention that the Kashmiri Pandit





community have been celebrating not only the Vinayak Chaturthi (Vinayak Tchorum) but also Ganesh Chaturdashi (Gana Tsodah) at Ganapatyar Srinagar. On the day of Vinayak Chaturthi in the bright fortnight of Bhaderpadh, the pandit community prepares 'ROATH' also called PANN-NAVEED. The preparation of Roath is considered very auspicious. According to some scholars and researchers, this festival is celebrated in veneration to “cosmic womb” called also 'Beeb Garb Maej'. According to this school of thought, male family members are not allowed to participate in the preparation of Pann Naveed i.e. Roath. In the Bhagvad Gita, Lord Krishna tells Arjuna the importance and presence of “the cosmic womb.”

It is an established fact that Hindu philosophy stresses on the symbolic importance of its various deities. For example, 'Ga' symbolizes Buddhi (Intellect) and 'Na' stands for Vijnana (wisdom). That is why in every Ganesh temple, there are two idols, one bigger one and the other a smaller one of Ganesh or Ganapati. So Ganapati is considered as the master of Buddhi (Intellect) symbolized by smaller idol of Ganapati and

Vijnana (wisdom) by larger idol of Ganapati. According to Mahatamyas, the universe is sustained by Ganas (gods) and Ganapati is their master. According to these books, everybody has a master in this world, but Ganapati has none. He is therefore a master in himself and the Vinayak Chaturthi is the birthday of the Master of Masters. This is why in some books he is referred as MahaGanesha or MahaGanapati. Mooshika (the mouse) is the chariot of Vinayaka (i.e. Ganesha). Actually mooshika does not mean a mere mouse, it symbolizes the darkness of ignorance because it is in darkness that the mouse moves about. Hence Mooshika Vahana is one who subdues ignorance and dispels darkness. It is only that from ancient times, most of the Kashmiri Pandit families understand the inner significance of the Vinayaka (Ganesha) principle that they celebrate Vinayak Chaturthi with veneration. Outside Kashmir, Vinayak Chaturthi and Ganesh Utsav is a big celebration among Hindus in various parts of India and other countries and especially in Maharashtra.

People worship Ganapati or Vinayaka by offering Durva, a special kind of Grass. What is the origin of this sort of worship? Once Parvati (according to Puranas) and Parameshwara were engaged in a game of dice. Nandi was asked to be the arbiter (judge). Nandi declared Eashwara to be winner each time. Mother Parvati thought that Nandi was biased in Eashwara's favour. She became furious and pronounced a curse on Nandi that he should suffer from indigestion. At once Nandi fell at her feet and prayed, “Mother, I have not cheated you, nor did I show any favouritism towards Eashwara. It is because of the power of His will that Eashwara emerged victorious each time. Hence I seek your pardon and pray that I may be freed from the curse.” Parvati at once took pity on him and said, “Nandi on the fourth day of the



month of Bhadrapadha, you worship Vinayaka (Ganapati) with Durva and you will be freed from indigestion. This is why 'Durva' the grass is first of all offered to Ganesha during the Pooja ceremony by every devotee.

In Kashmir during “Pann – Pooza” Durva, the grass is one of the five components of the offerings made and put in the pot containing the water which symbolizes the cosmic womb. The eldest lady tells the story in Kashmiri called “Garb Bib Maeje Henz kath”.

The other festival celebrated from ancient times in Kashmir is the 'Zarama Satam' the Birthday of Lord Krishna.

According to the verses of Nilamata Purana, Lord Vishnu was born in the human form at the end of Dvapara in the 28th (Kalpa) for removing the burden of the Earth. Reference to Devaki and Yashoda anticipates the story found in the Mahabharata and various other Puranas regarding Lord Krishna's transference from the couch of his real mother Devaki to that of his foster mother Yashoda. “The God Madhusudhana (Lord Krishna) is born on the dark eighth following the full Moonday of Shraavana and from that

period onwards, the worship of the God of Gods and Goddess should be performed on that day, in the proper manner.

Devaki and Yashoda should be worshipped on that day with scents, garlands, eatables made of barley and eatables mixed with cow's milk and fruits of various types. Having performed worship thus, a great festival should be celebrated at night. In the morning, before the rising of the Sun, women dressed in clothes dyed with sunflowers, should carry all the images, amidst charming sounds of vocal and instrumental music, to the beautiful and auspicious bank of a river or a lonely lake for immersion. Eatables made of barley along with preparations of sugarcane, pepper and purified butter be eaten on that day.”





Kalhana Pandit's Rajatarangini is silent about the celebrations of Janama Ashtami in Kashmir.

Two Kashmiri saints of the higher order namely Parmananda and Swami Krishen Joo Razdan have written beautiful devotional songs in the praise of Lord Krishna including Lord's Birth. There are also historical records which clearly describe the participation of the Kashmiri Hindus in the processions on the occasion of Janama Ashtami and also staging of plays in Kashmiri at two prominent places in Srinagar, one at Shivalaya near Karan Nagar and the other in the premises of Sheetal Nath Temple at Lower Sathu Barbarshah. During mid-fifties of the twentieth century, I had also an occasion to participate in one such stage play, based on the “Cheer Haran” of Draupadi, which was much liked by the then residents of Batapora, Sopore Kashmir during the Janama Ashtami Celebrations.

**To be continued**

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## शब्द ब्रह्म

त्रिलोकीनाथ धर कुन्दन



वह अक्षर है, वह अनश्वर है।  
जग अक्षर है, जग अनश्वर है।  
वह स्वर है, जग है व्यंजन।  
सुखदायक है वह दुःख-भंजन।  
स्वर व्यंजन में रहे समाहित,  
व्यंजन भी स्वर पर आधारित।  
बिना उसके अस्तित्व नहीं है,  
स्थायत्व नहीं है, महत्व नहीं है।

शब्द ब्रह्म ही है वह स्वर,  
वाणी का ईश वागेश्वर।  
भाषा का आधार वही है,  
वाणी का संसार वही है।  
परा अवस्था में है सुषुप्त,  
पश्यंती में है लुप्त गुप्त।  
मध्यमा में होता स्फुरण,  
वैखरी में फिर प्रस्फुटन।  
ब्रह्मांड में है वह व्याप्त,  
कभी पर्याप्त कभी अपर्याप्त।  
आकाश में है गूँज उसीकी,  
जल थल में अनुगूँज उसीकी।  
गीत वही संगीत वही है,  
सातों सुरों का मीत वही है।  
बाहर भीतर वही समाया,  
जिसने ध्याया उसने पाया।।







## 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

अज़ गव शुर्यन यिनस  
रछाह चेरय। गरस मंज़  
ओस क्याहताम बोड दूह तु  
शामुक बतु ख्यनस लोग  
हना वख्त। पिंकी ऑस  
मास्तुर बेनि यस स्वीटी नाव  
ओस, ति सालस आमुच।  
अज़ ओस तस रातस पिंकी  
निशी रोजुन। स्वीटी ति  
आयि शुर्यन सुत्य काकन्य  
जिगरि हुंज़ कथ बोज़नि।  
राथ ऑस काकन्य जिगरि  
बोज़नॉवमुच लक़दीर ल  
रोज़े अब्बलुच कथ।  
अज़्यचि कथि ओस नाव  
पोज़ यार। यि कथ ऑस



ब्रॉठ काकन्य जिगरि हिंदीयस मंज़ ति शुर्यन  
बोज़नॉवमुच। अज़ बोज़नॉवुनख काँशिरिस मंज़।

## पोज़ यार

**काकन्य** जिगरि कोर शुरु। बूज़िव सॉ टाठ्चव।  
यि ओस अख शाहज़ादु। तस ओस स्वनर  
कोटाह अख यार। शाहज़ादु ओस प्रथ दूह तसुंदिस  
वानस प्यठ दरबार दौरी करनि गछान। यिहुंदि  
यारानुच शेछ येलि बादशाहस निश वॉन्न, सु सपुद  
नारोनार। होकुम द्युतुन जि स्वनर कोट गछि फोरन

फहि युन दिनु।

‘यि नारोनार क्याह गव?’ प्रुछुस स्वीटी।

‘नारोनार गछुन गव स्यठाह शरारथ खसुन।’

वोनुस काकन्य जिगरि। ‘बूज़िव ब्रॉह कुन। \*

पादशाह सुंद अख गाटुल वेंज़ीर ओस  
दरबारस मंज़ मूजूद। तँम्य कोर बादशाह सलामतस



अर्ज ज़ि जहां पनाह! यि गव नु जान। अथ नेरन नु जान नैतीजु तु तुहुंद खानदान सपदि यि करनु सुत्य बदनाम ज़ि अख स्वनर कोट आव बादशाह ज़ादस सुत्य यारज़ करुनस प्यठ फहि दिनु। यि गव मखमलुकिस कुनि पलवस टाटुक पयवंद करुनस बराबर। हज़ूर, गलती छि गॉमुन्न। अमि सुत्य वाति तुहँदिस अँछ गाशस ति दु-लतु। अथ पेयि गाटुजारु सान कदम तुलुन युथ स्वरुफ ति मरि तु लूर ति रोज़ि सरि सोबूत।

‘पादशाहन बूजा वज़ीरु संज़ कथ?’ प्रुछ राजूहन।

‘आ, ती वनोवु।’ वोनस काकन्य जिगरि।

वँज़ीरु संज़ कथ बूज़िथ वोथुस बादशाह ज़ि मशवरु छु रुत। अमा यि वँन्यतव तेलि क्या गछि करुन। वँज़ीरन कोरुस अर्ज ‘हज़ूर, यि कॉम त्रॉवि मे प्यठ, बु ज़ानु तु कार ज़ानु।’

कँह दूह गँछिथ आव बादशाह सुंदि तरफु स्वनर वँटिस साल करनु। साल करनुच शैछ ह्यथ सूज़नस पनुनुय यार याने शाहज़ादु। यि वुछिथ सपुद्य दूनुवय स्यठाह ख्वश, अख ऑकिस नालुमँत्य करान तु माय मोहबत बरान।

ऑखुर वोट मुकर्र दूहस प्यठ स्वनर लँडकु महलु खानस अंदर। बादशाहन कोर पनुनिस शाहज़ादु सुंदिस यारस मायि होत इस्तेक्बाल। शामस सालाह वालाह ख्यथ लँग्य ओरु योरुच कथाह बाथाह करनि। येलि व्वन्य राथ योर वॉन्न, बादशाहन वोन शाहज़ादस ज़ि व्वन्य गव स्यठाह च़ेर। यारस पज़ि र्वखसथ द्युन। स्वनर लँडकु वोथ थोद तु इजाज़थ ह्यथ लोग गरु कुन नेरनि। रस्मु र्यवाजु मुताँबिक द्रास बादशाह सुंद वँज़ीर महल खानु निशि दूर ताम सुत्य तु

खोरुन अँकिस गुरिस, युस ज़ीन साज़ कँरिथ ओस थवनु आमुत। स्वनर लँडकन लँज़ गुरिस लथ तु सपुद रवानु। गुर येलि मँहल खानु निशि दूर्योव, सु लोग मुंह ज़ोर सपदुनि, त्यूताह ज़ि तस प्यठ छुनु स्वनर वँटिस कोबू हॉसिल सपदानुय। सु छु पनुन्य किन्य तस जिलव सुत्य कोबूहस मंज़ अननुच कूशिश करान। अमा कँह ति छुस नु चलान। तस तोर फिकरि ज़ि क्याहताम चाल छि आमुन्न करनु तु यि छे दर अस्ल बादशाह तु वँज़ीरु सुंदि तरफु सु मारनुच अख च्वय।

‘यि हय गव स्यठाह नाकारु।’ बबलूहस चँज यि दँप्यजि ति क्रख नीरिथ।

‘आ नाकारय गव। बूज़िव ब्रोंठ कुन क्या सपुद।’ वोन काकन्य जिगरि।

मगर स्वनर लँडकन हॉर नु ह्यमथ। गुर ओस असमॉनी वुडान तु स्वनर कोट छु ज़ीनस सुत्य चीरु रूज़िथ दयस गॉबी मदद मंगान। ऑखुर च़ाव गुर अँकिस जंगलस मंज़। अति ऑस्य हुपॉर्य ति कुल्य तु यपॉर्य ति कुल्य। अँम्य वँड्य वारु वारु रिकाबव मंज़ ख्वर तु अँकिस जायि लॉयिन याशाह वँरिथ अँकिस कुल्य लंजि थफ तु गुर च़ोल बोन्य किन्य ब्रोंह कुन।

‘मतलब, सि बचेवु?’ किशमिशि प्रुछ ख्वश गँछिथ काकन्य जिगरि।

‘आ बचेव। बूज़िव पतु क्याह गव।’

कुल्य लंजि अवेज़ान सपदिथ लोग स्वनर कोट सोंचुनि ज़ि व्वन्य क्याह बनि, तिक्याजि यपॉर्य ऑस राथ सपुदन वाजेन्य। ज़ोनन अगर ब्वन वसु, खबर जंगली जानवर मा ख्यन शोठस। अवु किन्य ब्यूठ कुल्य लंजि प्यठुय। रॉन्न हुंद पँहँर खंड युथुय अदा सपुद, कुलि तलुकि नागु मंज़ खोत नफराह अख तु



लोग कुलिस तल डुवनि। येलि सु डुविथ म्वकल्यव, तामथ गव फर्श त्रावन वोल पॉदु तु त्रोव तॅम्य म्वलुल फर्शाह अति। यिम द्दशवय वापस गॅछिथ खोत नागु मंजु अख द्यव। सु युथुय पथर ब्यूठ, जॅमीनस गव ज़न तु बुन्युल। स्वनर कोट मोच्च्योव यि वुछिथ क्वकर पूत ह्यू कुलिस प्यठ। येलि रछ खंड गॅयि, द्यवन कॅड चंदु मंजु अख डबु हना। अथ तुलुन ठानु तु अमि मंजु कोडुन अख कनि फोल। अथ द्युतुन पचख तु वुछान वुछान सपुज अथ मॉर्यमंजु तु ख्वश शॅकील पॅरियाह नमूदार। तमि दिच अॅछन मूरन। ओरु योर त्रावुन नज़र तु लोगुन वारु वारु ग्यवुन। युथुय स्व ग्यवुनि लॅज, द्यवस खॅच नॅदर तु दितुन पॅरी हुंद कोठ शांद तु त्रावुन ज्वल।

‘द्यवन मा खेयि स्व पॅरी?’ प्रुछ स्वीटी।

‘नु,नु, खेयिहेस कथ। स्व ऑस तस पनुन्य पॅरी।’ वोन काकन्य जिगरि। स्वीटी तु बाक्य शुय गॅयि ख्वश। काकन्य जिगरि वोन ब्रॉह कुन।

सुबु वक्तु ब्रॉह येलि क्वकरन बांग दिच, द्यव गव बेदार। पॅरी द्युतुन पचख तु तस बन्योव दुबारु कनि फोल तु कॅरुन डबस मंजु बेयि बंद। अमि पतु वोथ सु नागस अंदर।

यि हाल वुछिथ गव स्वनर कोट हॉरुतस। अफताब खॅसिथ द्राव यि पनुनिस शहरस कुन। मंजु गॅयि अख ज़ु द्दह तु वोत गरु। मोल मॉज सपदुस ख्वश ज़ि खानु मोल आव बादशाह गरि वापस। तिम लॅगिस म्वनि तु मीठ्य करनि। मगर स्वनर कोट छुनु पनुन गुदरुन काँसि बावान।

दोयिमि द्दह द्राव स्वनर कोट आदतु मुताँबिक वानस प्यठ तु तान्य प्योस बादशाह ज़ादु ति वॉतिथ तु

रोटुन नालुमति। दॅलीलाह दरबाराह छुस पृछान, अमा स्वनर्य कोट छुस नु कथुय करान। शाहज़ादस आव वदुन तु सवाल द्युतुनस ज़ि यारु कथ प्यठ छुहम नाराज़। ऑखुर लोग नु स्वनर कॅटिस चारय कांह बावथ करनस तु वॅनिनस सॉरुय दासतान ज़ि किथु पॉठ्य ओसु शोठ मारनु खॉतरु गुरिस शराबु दिनु आमुत। येलि तॅम्य पॅरी तु द्यवु संजु दॅलील पनुन यार बोज़नोव, शाहज़ादु गव पॅरी वुछनु खॉतरु बेकरार। यारस दोपुन अॅस्य गछव बेयि तथ जंगुलस अंदर तु बु ति वुछुहन स्व नाज़ल अकि लटि। वापस यिथ करन बु पनुन्यव अथव वॅज़ीर कत्तल, येम्य च्चे यूताह अज़ाब छुनय वातुनोवमुत। अमा स्वनर्य कोट छुस नु तोर दुबारु गछुन हरगिज़ ति मानान। मगर शाहज़ादन त्रोवुस डांब तु ऑखुर सपुद सु मजबूर।

यिथु पॉठ्य सपुद्य तिम अथ सफुरस प्यठ रवानु। युथुय तिम जंगुलस अंदर तथ नागस प्यठ वॉत्य, अति बीठ्य अॅकिस ज़ंडस छायि पान खॅटिथ। न्यस्व राथ येलि सपुज, फराशन त्रोव वथरुन तु खोत नागु मंजु द्यव। तॅम्य कोड चंदु मंजु डबु तु कनि पॅलिस युथुय पचख द्युतुन, सब्ज पॅरियाह गॅयि पॉदु। शाहज़ादस युथुय तथ प्यठ नज़र पेयि, सु गव फलवॉय। तसुंद हुस्नो जमाल वुछिथ गोस ज़ीरो ज़बर। यारस वोननुन ज़ि अगर म्योन पोज़ यार छुख, मे करुनाव अॅमिस पॅरी सुत्य मुलाकात। ‘चु मा छुख पागल गोमुत’, वोनुस स्वनर कॅट्य। अगर जुव छुय खरान तेलि गव ती करुन। अमा सु कथ मानिहेस। शाहज़ादु लोग रिवुनि तु स्वनर कोट गव यि वुछिथ बेकरार तु दोपुनस अदु सॉ कर करार। मे दि कांह छ्वम्ब सॉचनु।





‘पतु क्याह गव?’ कल्हनन प्रुछ काकन्य जिगरि।

‘ती वनोव। तोह्य बूज़िव द्यानु सान।’  
वोनुनख काकन्य जिगरि।

द्ववस येलि नैदर पेयि, स्वनुर्य कोट वोथ थोद तु गव पॅरी निश। तमि होवुनस इशारु जि च़ल, नतु छुय मोत प्रारान। मगर सु कति च़लिहे? इशारु होवुनस जि मे ओस च़े कॅह वनुन। तमि होवुस कल सुत्य इशारु जि वलु यूर्य। युथुय सु पॅरी निश वोत, दोपुनस मे थाव यि मिनथाह तु म्यॉनिस यारस सुत्य कर कथाह बाथाह। यि छु चानि बापथ फलवाह गोमुत। स्व वॅछुस तोरु ‘ऐ, आदम ज़ादु! ति किथु पॉठ्य बनि? येमिस द्यव सुंद कलु छु शोठि हंज़ि रानि प्यठ। अगर बु थोद व्वथु, यि सपदि बेदार। पतु नु रोज़ि चोन जुव तु नु म्योन।’ स्वनुर्य कॅट्य वोनुनस योरु जि च़ु कड वारु वारु पनुन्य रान तु बु थाव अॅम्यसुंदिस कलस तल पनुन्य रान तु च़ु यि म्यॉनिस यारस सुत्य मुलाकात कॅरिथ।

आँखुर सपुद ती। स्वनुर्य कोट रूद द्यव सुंद कलु ह्यथ तु पॅरी वॉच़ शाहज़ादस निश। येलि नु वारियाह काल गॅछिथ ति पॅरी वापस आयि, स्वनुर्य कोट गव बे करार। योतान्य ज़न क्वकरन बांग ति दिच़, तामथ गव द्यव हुशार। तॅम्य येलि अति पॅरी हुंदि बदलु आदम ज़ाद वुछ, सु गव सख गज़बनाक। स्वनुर्य कॅटिस प्रुछुन जि पॅरी कोत गॅयि? तॅम्य वोनुनस ‘ऐ पातालुकि सरदारु! बु ओसुस यपॉर्य पकान, अति वुछिम यि पॅरी सख काठ गॉमुच़। मे कौरुन सवाल जि बु कडुहा वाश तु च़ु रोज़ तु तामथ म्यानि जायि।’

‘ऐ आदम ज़ादु! च़ु छुख अपुज़ वनान।’  
वोथुस तोरु द्यव। यि वनान वनान कोड द्यवन मस वाल अख तु तथ कॅरिन च़ोर हिसु तु लॉयिन च़्वन तरफन। तान्य पेयि शाहज़ादु तु पॅरी द्यवस ब्रॉह कुन वॉतिथ। ठाह ठाह करान त्रोवुन असुन तु कॅरिन त्रेशवय बंद तु पानु लॉयिन नागस अंदर व्वठ। अँछ टिंडि मंज़ खोत ओरु जानावाराह अख अथस क्यथ ह्यथ। तस आसु दंदव बदलु श्राकु। तॅम्य युथुय आदम ज़ाद अति वुछ, सु लोग आदम माज़ ख्यनु बापथ चांचु रारय करनि। द्यवन वोन यिमन जि मरनु खॉतरु रूज़िव तैयार। यि जानावार तुलि वुन्य तुहंघव बदनव प्यठु तिकि तिकि माज़। स्वनुर्य कोट वोथुस योरु ‘पातालु कि सरदारु! च़े छुय हज़रते सुलैमानु संज़ि वाजि हुंद कसम, यि म्योन यार मतु मारतन। यि छु बे ग्वनाह। अॅमिस कॅड दर अस्ल मेय योर यिनुच कल। यि छु सॉनिस बादशाह सुंद कुन शाहज़ादु। अॅमिस बदलु अगर मे मारख, परवाय छुनु।’

स्वनुर्य कॅट्य सुंद ज़ारु पारु बूज़िथ आव द्यवस आर तु वोनुनस ‘मे ओस अॅमिसुय सज़ा द्युन तु च़ु छुख बे ग्वनाह। चोन यारानु वुछिथ गोस बु ख्वश, नतु क्या परु थाव्योनय अॅम्यसुंद्य मॉल्य तु वॅज़ीरन। लेहाज़ा छवु त्रेशवुन्य मॉफी। येमि पॅरी वुछ व्वन्य आदम ज़ाद तु यि लगि नु व्वन्य येति। यि ति गॅयि अॅमिसुय।’ यि वनान वनान गव द्यव गॉब तु शाहज़ादु तु तसुंद यार आव पातालुच पॅरी ह्यथ। गरु वॉतिथ बोवुन बादशाहस सोरुय हाल तु तसुंदिवुय अथव द्यावुनोवुन वॅज़ीर फहि।

कथ बूज़िथ द्रायि शुर्य वापस।





## लालस वनतय छुस सवाल रसूल मीर

लालस वनतय छुस सवाल ।  
 सालस अनतनी बॉलिये ॥  
 मद्दु छस अज़ छुम कमाल  
 अद्दु नय रोज़्यम कॉलिये ।  
 वद्दु ना रौवुम जमाल  
 सालस अनतनी बॉलिये ॥  
 चारदान तय काँठु माल  
 तस कित्य् छिम कनु वॉलिये ।  
 कनु फॅल्य् बंगॉल्य् छाल  
 सालस अनतनी बॉलिये ॥  
 ख़ूब रोय माह मिसाल  
 अबरो छिस ज़ु हिलॉलिये ।  
 रूबरू डेशुन महाल  
 सालस अनतनी बॉलिये ॥  
 अँलिफस कोरनम दाल  
 जुल्फन क्याह छिस ज़ॉलिये ।  
 उल्फतु वोलुनम नाल  
 सालस अनतनी बॉलिये ॥  
 डीशिथ तँम्य् सुंद खाल  
 दाग ह्यथ ज़ून गँयि खॉलिये ।



सूरुस हुस्तुक खयाल  
 सालस अनतनी बॉलिये ॥  
 मस खॉस्य् मालामाल  
 बॅर्यनस वॅम्य् कलुवॉलिये ।  
 चेशु छस रशके गज़ाल  
 सालस अनतनी बॉलिये ॥  
 मोहु तीर अँछर वाल  
 जिगरस वॅर्यनम ऑलिये ।  
 वनुहस बोज़ि ना हाल  
 सालस अनतनी बॉलिये ॥  
 रोशन छुस म्योन हाल  
 रोशन कवु छुम बॉलिये ।  
 पोशन करुसय माल  
 सालस अनतनी बॉलिये ॥  
 नेरान छुस नु मलाल  
 फेरान छुम बॉल्य् बॉलिये ।  
**रसूल** छुस दिवान नाल  
 सालस अनतनी बॉलिये ॥





*My Medical Journey - Dr. K.L.Chowdhury*

## The Cutting Edge of Clinical Diagnosis

**(Concealed hemorrhage of heart attack)**



It was the summer of 1971 in Kashmir. I was an Assistant Professor of Medicine at the Medical College, Srinagar. Tuesdays were my admitting days.

Mohammad Shaban, a 48-year male was brought to the hospital in a state of shock around 10 AM on a Tuesday. By the time I arrived in the ward, an hour later, the medical residents had gone through his history and examination. They were still fumbling for an answer to the cause of his shock.

Mohammad Shaban was a short stocky man. He woke up fine in the morning as on any other day, went to the rest room, passed urine and felt nauseous. He returned to bed for more rest. After nearly an hour and a half he walked to the rest room again but felt giddy and weak, slumped on the floor, and returned to his bed with difficulty. He was brought to the hospital with an acute onset of weakness and sweating.

On examination he had telltale signs of shock - fully conscious but quite restless and apprehensive, pale and sweating profusely, breathing fast (22 per minute) with a rapid pulse (116 per minute), low blood pressure (80/60 mm Hg) and subnormal temperature (96.8 F). A full review of all his systems did not reveal anything. There was no evidence of any rash on the skin, the lungs were clear and the heart sounds normal. The abdomen was soft; there was no tenderness anywhere.

Mohammad Shaban was a milkman, a moderate smoker of hookah, non-alcoholic, with no history of substance abuse. He lived an active life, tending his livestock and delivering milk to homes every morning.

There was no previous history of trauma, allergy or anaphylaxis, diabetes, hypertension, cardiac disease, abdominal pain. He had not taken any drugs in the recent past and had never suffered any major illness nor undergone any surgery. He had moved bowels the previous morning.



We put in an intravenous line and ran basic investigations. The urine analysis was normal, Hemoglobin (Hb) 10.5 G, Packed Cell Volume (PCV) 32, white cell and platelet counts within range, a normal blood sugar, a normal chest x-ray and an unremarkable electrocardiogram (ECG). By that time the Professor and Head of the unit also joined us in the rounds and we reviewed the case for him. We ran through the possible causes of unexplained shock in this case – a heart attack, severe sepsis (infection), loss of fluids including external or internal bleed, anaphylaxis, endocrine emergencies etc.

“This is a heart attack, a myocardial infarction (that results from a clot in one of the coronary vessels supplying the heart muscle),” the Professor declared. I argued against that possibility because there was no pain, the electrocardiogram (ECG) was normal, and there were hardly any risk factors. “But heart attacks can be painless and it may take some time to show changes in the ECG,” he argued, and reminded us that smoking history was a possible risk factor. I vouched for an internal bleed in this case and advanced





the reduced Hb and PCV levels as two significant features of blood loss, but he dismissed them. “That level of Hb and PCV was almost normal for our population,” he said, “and the patient has no history, whatever, of ulcer in the past.”

He advocated vasopressors to raise the blood pressure and heparin to dissolve the clot in the coronaries. This was the age of heparin. There were several reports in medical literature of better outcomes with heparin in middle aged males with heart attacks. But if this were a case of internal bleeding, as I strongly suspected, it would be disastrous to administer heparin; in fact, it could be fatal. “In any case heparin is not a must, it makes only marginal difference statistically, and we can wait till the picture clears in this patient,” I said, making a case against its administration to the patient.

“Where do you suspect the bleeding from, Dr. Chowdhury?” he asked rather quizzically

“Most likely a duodenal ulcer,” I said.

“But there is no previous history of duodenal ulcer in this case. He is 48, rather late in life for an ulcer to manifest first time. Besides, it has to be a massive bleed from the ulcer to cause such shock; the blood should have shown by now. He has neither vomited blood nor moved his bowels.”

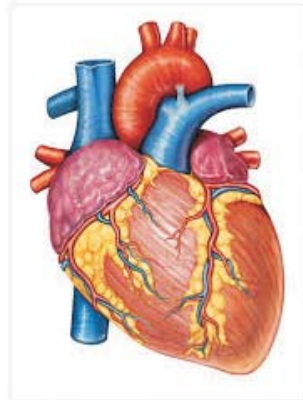
“I feel he will soon show up with melena (black stools); I can almost smell it,” I said with conviction; “it is not uncommon to get a duodenal ulcer in middle age with bleeding as the presenting symptom. Ulcer bleed is notorious as a common cause of medical shock in Kashmir. We may be losing time by withholding blood from this man,” I augmented my reasoning.

The Professor had joined the institution only a few months earlier. Having come fresh from a long training programme in USA and been appointed directly to that high rank, he was, understandably, not yet fully conversant with the common emergencies in our part of the world. Heart attacks were on the rise in the west, no doubt, but so uncommon in our setting and painless heart attacks such a rarity.

He did not agree with me, stating it was several hours since the onset of shock, and the bleeding should have become manifest by now. But he agreed to withhold heparin for some time, and directed the staff to send a blood sample for cardiac enzymes (as a marker of heart muscle damage) and run ECGs every hour. It was lucky aspirin, and other platelet inhibitors were not in vogue then (as blood thinners), or he might have hedged his bet on their administration in lieu of heparin.

Working in a hierarchical system in medical profession may have its strong points but the decision of the Head always prevails even if he is frightfully wrong. I asked the residents to monitor Mohammad Shaban for his vital signs, watch for any evidence of manifest bleeding, and, to repeat blood counts, Hb and PCV. Our labs were still primitive and not very reliable and the estimation of cardiac enzymes would take a day or more in the central laboratory. But blood counts, including Hb and PCV could be reliably and promptly performed in the side-room lab right in the ward.

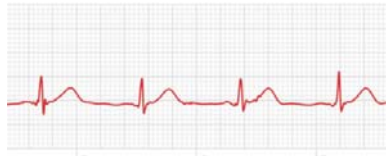
Over the next hour the patient stabilized somewhat. His sweating stopped, his pulse improved to 100 and the blood pressure rose to 100/75. He passed urine but no stools. A repeat ECG did not register any change but





the Hb had dropped further to 9 and the PCV fallen to 28, which was quite significant. I sent one of the residents to the Professor's chamber with the new information but he was not impressed by the drop of one and half gram in Hb stating that estimation by the calorimetric method in vogue with us was not always accurate!

Another hour passed and the new ECG remained unchanged. The Head came down to have another look at around lunch time. He was on his way to the Medical College to deliver a lecture. He seemed satisfied with the line of treatment since the patient seemed out of woods. In his view it was no longer prudent to withhold heparin in the patient. The registrar was directed to administer 20 thousand units of the drug intravenously every 6 hours. I again intervened and vehemently argued against this fallacy which could prove disastrous, but the Head's word was final.



“The blood would have shown by now,” he said in his genial manner, it is a heart attack and we must approach the case as one,” he declared with a finality that discouraged any other argument.

I did not mind a painless heart attack being kept in mind as a possibility here even when the diagnosis of an internal bleed was staring at us; what incensed me was the obstinacy about the administration of heparin. The residents looked at me with sympathy and at the Professor with awe. They eyed each other as they found the two of us almost eyeball to eyeball. The Professor left for the lecture and I returned to my room, to collect my thoughts and find answers to my questions: “What is going wrong? Are we losing precious time? Are we missing some vital step in the diagnosis and management of

this case?”

The answer came in a flash. I had missed a simple diagnostic procedure to prove my point, that of passing a Ryles tube (a thin rubber tube) down the esophagus into the stomach of the patient to find the evidence of blood there. I realized how the mindset of the Professor had offset the sequence of logical thought in the rest of the team, and even the urge to seek answers in a challenging situation. The tendency to close your mind to possibilities and become fixated on one idea is the bane of medical practice that needs to be resisted at all costs.

I rushed to the patient. Heparin was fortunately in short supply in the hospital and the attendants had been asked to buy it from the market. The patient had not received any shot yet. I asked the nurse for a Ryle's tube and meanwhile went over the patient again. He smelled of melena! I felt his tummy; it was soft but there was brisk gurgling. I put my stethoscope and heard loud barborygmi (whooshing sounds) that spoke of rapid passage of intestinal contents.

“Would you like to move your bowels?” I asked Mohammad Shaban.

He replied that he was passing a lot of flatus.

“Let us get you a bed pan,” I suggested.

“No sir, I would like to go to the lavatory.”

“OK.” I called the ward boy to help him with a wheel chair. But as soon as he was made to sit up in the bed he swooned, and as we lay him back he passed a massive black motion, the characteristic tarry stools of duodenal ulcer bleed, soiling his clothes and the bed sheet, enveloping the whole ward in a miasma of offensive smell so unmistakable of



melena stools.

The cat was out of the bag. For full 5 hours the bleeding had remained concealed; quite unusual but not unknown. There was no need for the Ryles tube now. I called the residents and directed them not to administer heparin, now that there was no doubt about duodenal ulcer bleed being the cause of shock. I asked them to transfuse two units of blood.

The medical registrar came to my room a while later. He had phoned the Professor and informed him about melena and asked if heparin was to be given. The answer was an emphatic 'yes' for heparin but for the transfusion an equally emphatic 'no'!

This was insane. I was furious and warned him not to administer the drug that was sure to kill the patient. He seemed caught between the devil and deep sea.

“The Professor will be mad at me, sir,” he said in all humility.

“Me too,” I retorted. I wrote on the case sheet of the patient in bold letters - NO HEPARIN - and warned the residents, “I want no heparin to be administered to this patient, and that is an order.”

Nobody in medical profession can claim to be exempt from a diagnostic error. In the present case there were two probable diagnoses on presentation, but only for a while, till hemorrhage became manifest. After that there was no point persisting with a wrong line of thought that was inevitably leading to a disastrous line of action. This was not the occasion to stand on prestige especially when the life of an individual was involved, a life that was a sacred trust with us.

Next morning I went to the ward with great

trepidation, not knowing whose instructions were finally carried out by the residents and what turn this case had taken during the night. The residents had struck a truce; they had neither transfused blood nor administered heparin!

Time is a great healer and Nature the best doctor. It is in the nature of a living organism to mobilize all the reserves in the face of danger. That is what happened with our patient. The bleeding had stopped, he had stabilized again and his vital signs had improved even though the Hb had now dropped further to 7 and PCV to 28, as I expected. The Professor came for the usual rounds and when he saw the patient he was very happy and waxed eloquent about the usefulness of heparin in acute myocardial infarction (heart attack). He cited references from literature and started theorizing about the role of anticoagulants (blood thinners that help dissolve the clot).

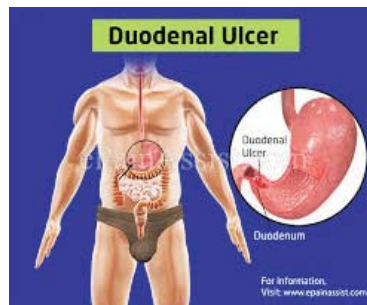
The residents looked from one to the other and I felt the onus was on me to intervene.

“But he received no heparin. He bled from the ulcer and I dissuaded the residents from administering heparin; there would have been grave consequences,” I said.

“I do not believe he had an ulcer bleed.” Surprisingly his tone was conciliatory; there was no sign of exasperation.

“We can't deny he has bled. Nor that the source of blood must have been somewhere high in the gastrointestinal tract. Nor that bleeding was the cause of shock and not a heart attack,” I reasoned out the sequence of events in this patient. .

“On the contrary, I believe he had a heart





attack as the primary event that led to shock which, in turn, must have led to ischemic colitis manifesting as blood in the stools,” he said smiling and shaking his head in self-affirmation.

This was a long, long shot, indeed! This was stretching the realm of possibilities to incredible limits and committing the mistake in medicine that should be avoided at all costs - of making the diagnosis of an uncommon disease with an uncommon presentation and an uncommon complication when an alternative diagnosis is crying for recognition.

The professor's explanation was the proverbial last straw of a drowning man. He could have even now gracefully retracted from his erroneous position and earned our admiration. But he was plunging deeper and deeper into the quagmire of blunder, and there seemed no end in sight.

Because, even if one accepted that shock was from a heart attack and the bleeding a result of ischemia of the gut from shock there was still no point persisting with heparin. It would kill any one with any bleeding from whatever cause.

I felt helpless in the face of his obduracy and ignorance and could not hide my exasperation. “I see no evidence of heart attack at all; his ECG has stayed normal now for more than 24 hours. It must be a first ever case where a heart attack is massive enough to result in shock and the shock as severe as to cause gut ischemia and hemorrhage, and yet not produce any changes in the electrocardiogram!”

“Let us take another ECG. It may yet show the changes,” he persisted, making a mockery of himself in the presence of residents and nurses.

An ECG was run while we all stood by the side of the patient. He held the graph in his hands and peered at it keenly like an astrologer looking at a horoscope and gave yet another smile of triumph. Taking out an

ECG scale from the top left pocket of his apron he started showing us the 'changes' - a subtle depression of ST- segment in the chest leads of the ECG which he said were 'distinct early' signs of a heart attack.

But these are only non-specific changes that are the result of acute anemia from the loss of blood in this patient;” I countered.

“In any case, let us wait for the result of cardiac enzymes from the lab. I am sure you will find them elevated, but even if they are not, that does not go against heart attack,” he shook his head even more vigorously.

That was my limit. But, strangely, my annoyance left me and he amused me now, even as I felt sympathy for him.

Luckily for the patient, the Professor did not mention the word heparin again and I did not pick any more discussion on the case during the subsequent ward rounds.

Mohammad Shaban stabilized fully by the next day. He wanted to go home by the 5<sup>th</sup> day, but was advised by the Head to stay back for three weeks, the recommended duration of hospital stay for a patient of heart attack. His ECG was taken every day, the Professor going through the ritual of taking out his pen and ECG scale to show the 'changes' that were not there. The cardiac enzymes sent thrice returned normal levels. The patient grew impatient with this routine that seemed as pointless to him as to me, and possibly the rest of the staff. At his insistence he was discharged 'against medical advice' on the 12<sup>th</sup> day and asked to come for follow up. The discharge summary by the registrar was stark fiction. The professor saw to it that the diagnosis entered there was Acute Myocardial Infarction!

Mohammad Shaban must have had the last laugh. He never turned up.

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Society - Prof R.N.Bhat (BHU)

## Kashmiri Women : Past & Present

**W**omen in South-Asia are governed by locally specific concerns. India is predominantly caste-ridden where women have to bear male determined chains at every stage. Women in the family reinforce feminine roles to girl-children to ensure male dominance and male superiority in almost all domains of social association. Women are, by and large, uneducated and unemployed and their contribution at home, family and agriculture goes unacknowledged. It is believed that the veil (*purdah*), and child-marriage became a part of the Indian society after the 10<sup>th</sup> century West/Central Asian invasions, abductions, plunders, bloodshed/massacres.

One does not find any Hindu female deity (*devi*) in veil. Beauty, on the other hand, is found to be a subject of celebration. Veena Das (1976) observes that in *shakti* form the goddess stands alone to exhibit power. The goddess comes to the aid of 'man' and the gods in periods of cosmic darkness.' It is believed that Valmiki ended his version of Ramayana with Ram's return to Ayodhya (Diwali). The later episodes of the Washer-man's conversation and the consequent exile of Sita to the wild/bush are interpolations to subdue women. Such details added to the simple original story have made a crucial influence on the feminine psyche and female identity. During the Vedic period, the caste division was non-existent, women had equal rights and opportunities but this situation changed during the post-Vedic period when even the birth of a daughter was considered a disaster for the family. The *upanayana* as well as the Vedic-education was denied to women. The women came to be equated with the 'untouchables' which is indicative of their low status in society. Caste system provided justification for the subordination of women.

Some girls from ruling-classes received training in military, administration and fine-arts. The women scholars Gargi, Maitreyi, Atreyi are usually mentioned in literature; otherwise the doors of knowledge were completely shut for women. The position of an elite-family widow was pathetic; remarriage of such widows was unimaginable. Men could marry at any stage with little consideration for the 'girl's' age. The Widower remarriage was normal. Rich men married several women but a woman had to marry a single man and live miserably after his death! '*stree-dhan*' received from parents, brothers, husband before the nuptial-fire was what a woman inherited. Some communities allowed widow to commit '*satī*'- 'to burn herself alive on her dead husband's funeral pyre'. Such cruel practices came to an end in the 19<sup>th</sup> century during the English rule.

Mahatma Gandhi's post 1920 non-cooperation movement and civil disobedience (boycott of foreign goods) slogan proved to be a significant force that brought women outdoors which awakened them to their duties, rights and privileges. The voices for women's emancipation in India rose for the first time in the 19<sup>th</sup> century and Gandhi's movements of the early 20<sup>th</sup> century enabled women to come out of home and seek nation's independence as well as their own freedom. A hundred years down the line one finds the rural India gradually limping forward in allowing girl-education in the family where as the Urban India has progresses ahead at a practical speed. Sociologists like Basu, (1992) identify three interdependent components that determine progress of women. These are: i. the extent of exposure to the outside world; ii. The extent of economic interaction with the





outside world; iii. The level of autonomy in decision-making within and outside the family circle. She states that the family in the north as well as the south of India is predominantly patrilineal, patrilocal and patriarchal but because of major differences in marriage practices between the two regions, the family structure throws forward different statuses for women in the two regions (See also Karve, 1965). The marriage system in the northern India welcomes expansion of family kinship by marrying girls from other 'gotra-s' where as such passion is not the rule in the Southern India. Such issues have a socio-religious variation. Certain religious communities may not follow the principle of 'gotra' at all. Therefore, direct and cross-cousin marriages may be accepted. In such cases kinship expansion might be a victim.

Multi-religious Kashmir permits respect for 'gotra' with reference to marital alliance as well as total disregard for it. There is a sharp urban-rural divide in terms of education, employment, profession. It (Kashmir) has geographically been an isolated kingdom but it has very frequently attracted and honoured scholars, seers and philosophers for millennia. Scholarship in grammar, aesthetics, history and philosophy flourished in the valley for more than two millennia. Some of the noteworthy stalwarts of that period are: Abhinavagupta, Kalhana, Shankuka, Bhatta Lolata, Bhatta Tota to name a few. One does not find any Kashmiri woman in that category! The Kashmir society has been multi-religious and multi-ethnic from very ancient times and people have lived in harmony and peace. During the time of Mahabharata war the deceased king's wife Yashowati was an able queen-regent. Her infant son was not mature

enough to take any decisions, hence, no body from the then Kashmir participated in the Mbh. war. Yashowati is not the only example of able-minded queen-regents; there are several other such instances where queen-regents have proved their metal and maturity in administration. Anangalekha, the queen-consort (519-554 CE) gave bighearted support to her husband, the King. She promoted scholars, and savants of all existing denominations in Kashmir. Sugandha (10<sup>th</sup> century) acted as an efficient queen-regent till her son attained maturity. The poet-historian Kalhana in Rajatarangini notes that 'upon the prayer of the people/subjects Queen



Sugandha ruled the kingdom with full Royal authority for two years. King Kshemendra's widow, queen Didda became the queen-regent. Upon her infant son's death, she became a ferocious military commander, an outstanding diplomat and a benefactor of the masses. [Dyed in Kashmiri means grandmother]. Queen

Suryamati (1028-1063 CE) raised an army to defend the kingdom from treacherous designs of the Gandhara fugitives whom the king Anantadeva had sheltered - the two kingdoms had close friendly ties then. Suryamati reformed administrative machinery and invited the powerful rebels like Damaras to support her efforts. Queen Radhadevi (1127-1154 CE) proved to be an efficient administrator, a remarkable statesman and diplomat. Historical records reveal that several queens built vihara-s, shrines, math-s, gokul-s, water-wheels, dug ponds for the benefit of the commoners as well as the savants. Hindu-s and Buddhist-s were treated equally, without discrimination.

Ancient and early medieval Kashmiri



society maintained no discrimination between the two genders. There were accomplished women in administration, governance, diplomacy and war-fare. Inter-caste marital alliances were not a taboo. Kings married temple dancers, professional dancers, singing girls etc. R. S. Pandit (1935) in '*River of Kings*' (the English translation of *Rajatarangini*) notes that 'the women in ancient Kashmir were not tied to homes, they had emerged on the political stage; they owned landed and immovable property'.

It seems that socio-religious degeneration set in during the twelfth-thirteenth century. One does not find legends like Kalhana (11<sup>th</sup> century CE) after him. Kota Rani, the formidable queen-ruler tried her best to save the kingdom from foreign rule but could not succeed. She committed suicide in 1339 CE when Shah Mir was the king. Foreign rule had started in the kingdom in 1319 CE. For twenty years Kota Rani attempted, in the best possible manner, to maintain peace and happiness among the masses. The poet-philosopher Lala Dyeed (Lali the grand-mother) was a contemporary to Kota Rani. Her vakh-s [sentences] in verse spell out Kashmir Shaivism in the people's language. Her verse is unsurpassed in Kashmiri. Her biographical details reveal that women in the then society were badly oppressed. Her spiritual leanings were disliked by her mother-in-law and husband. She abandoned them, Guru Siddha guided her and she rose to be an icon, a historical figure. There are several 'legends' woven around her personality and spiritual



command. Fourteenth century witnessed the rise of religious frenzy: Lal Dyeed lamented the death and destruction that engulfed the kingdom. Shrines were destroyed, their gold plundered. Women were abducted and sent to central Asian markets for sale as slaves. The birth of a girl-child began to be lamented. Habba Khatoon sang verses of mundane love. Habba Khatoon, Zoon (moon in Kashmiri) was a peasant girl whose voice and lyrics bewitched the then king, Yusuf Chak (1578-1586 CE), who married her. Chaks originally from Gilgit-Baltistan had settled in Kashmir. Akbar, the Mughal Emperor invaded Kashmir, took Chak as a prisoner, thus Zoon's life was ruined. She wailed in separation. Her wailings in verse are a part of the local folk-lore. Roopa (b. 1624) was a devotee of Shiva, she wrote spiritually weighty verses. She was deeply read in Sanskrit, philosophy, Yoga and Persian. Arnimaal is another name that engages literary minds. She was married to a careless drunkard who excelled in Persian poetry in the King's court. Arnimaal died forlorn and uncared for.

After the fall of Mughal Empire, the Afghan-Pathans took over Kashmir bringing in severe suppression for women. A European traveler records in his diary that he had heard of witches in Europe but he saw them with naked eyes in Kashmir. This was because; the parents would cut nose or ear of the girl-child to give her an ugly look so that her abduction could be avoided. The Sikhs followed Pathans and the Dogra-s purchased the kingdom from the British after the death of Punjab Emperor







Kashmir's first IPS Officer  
Dr. Ruveda Salaam

Ranjit Singh. A fresh beginning to girl-education was made during the Dogra, read British, Rule in the 19<sup>th</sup> century. Government schools were slowly established in the cities, then in the villages to draw boys out of *pathshala-s* and *maktab-s* where only religious education was imparted. Twentieth century saw a series of social reform movements as well as political movements in the kingdom. Kashyap Bandhu led the social-reform movement where as political movement was led by Sheikh Mohammad Abdullah. Kashmiri Pandit women gave up the traditional dress (head-gear etc.) and replaced it with Saree. The elite Muslim women gradually gave up their head-gear (kasaab). Educated men-folk adopted pant, shirt, tie and coat.

In 1912 CE, the then Maharaja established two government schools for girls, one each in Srinagar and Jammu. The Theosophical Society of India founded a Woman's Welfare Trust in 1926. Annie Besant played a leading role in establishing the Trust. Some Private Schools were set up to impart basic education to girl-children; liberal grants were given to such initiatives. After independence, several schools and colleges were established exclusively for girl education so that the reluctant parents could enroll their daughters in such institutions. Girl-education picked up quickly in the cities than in the villages. Larger number of the rural girls continues to be uneducated even today. This

number is low in the urban areas.

The people (men and women) of all denominations need to adopt a scientific temper and be proficient in the Constitutional provisions to seek their rights and privileges, especially with regard to inheritance, prevention of immoral trafficking, prevention of Dowry and so on.

Spinsters are usually inexperienced and shy; they become easy victims of rape. An informed (read educated) society can do away with such ills with a change in mental make-up. Three decades of socio-political turmoil in the valley must have impacted the mind-set of young as well as old, men and women. Those who could afford to seek higher education in the plains of India have gained status and stature. Those who were forced to run away on the grounds of faith have also grown and excelled in several areas.

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احمد ڈار

ڈیکہ ڈوؤز مو پچٹراو

یورکس روزنہ آو	ڈیکہ ڈوؤز مو پچٹراو
یورکس روزنہ آو	بڈی تے خودی مشتراو
عسارن سستی تڑ مو راو	شتری یا سو کرے گتراو
یورکس روزنہ آو	پینہ اوس تنخہ کینا تاو
تخت اوسس بر ہواو	سیمان نون میلہ دزاو
یورکس روزنہ آو	ہائیز گریٹس پپو واو
تاؤن مو مشتراو	یاونس مو بر چاو
یورکس روزنہ آو	دور کڑے تنخہ سورکس دزاو
بیجانہ کس کینہ آو	یکسان آب تے ناو
یورکس روزنہ آو	در تقدیر چھا گتراو
اصلک بنری تاو	فلس پزان چھاو
یورکس روزنہ آو	وصلس اد بر چاو
کاؤن کوڑس طاو طاو	بلبل کمرہ لولہ آو

احمد ڈار لول باگراو  
یورکس روزنہ آو



*Shrot Story - Parineeta Khar*  
**The Divine Visitor**

**I**t had been a bone chilling cold day of December. The icy winds whistled through the crevices of windows. Sleet floated like saw dust and when the night fell, the snow flakes came down in great geometrical shapes, quietly blanketing the brown earth. The weather god was at his best displaying his might, but the pandit households throughout Kashmir were bustling with activity. Women more than men; the later having finished their job by visiting the downtown fish market.

Around this season every year this narrow alleayed mart would be teeming with fisherwomen with red faces and redder fingers – hawking for their ware of fresh, fat and glistening front still alive and jumping in clean water in big cauldrons. The men haggard with these motley females over the prices before loading their sacs with loadfuls of precious commodity.

Then would the ordeal start for women. They had to scale, slash and clean the fish in freezing water. The fresh innards were to be fried separately in delightfully pungent mustard oil. This fortnight dedicated to the Ghar Devta; the deity looking after the prosperity of Home. Once a year, a day was ordained to cook a votive meal of tangy and spicy fish curry accompanied by rosy pink rice for the deity. This was ceremonial Gaad Batt'. Thick and long sticks of matured stem of lotus, Nadru in local parlance, completed the feast, at times supplemented by creamy turnips. Poshkar Nath's women folk (he had quite a bevy under his care) also had toiled to keep up the family tradition of acting the host to all revered and benevolent deity. He was a registrar in the High Court of Srinagar, the fact that he was the sole earner of this women majority household made his mere existence even more important. Apart from his old mother, his wife, two school going daughters, there was his elder brother's widow and a

teenaged daughter in law, whose twenty one year old husband was the only masculine numerically adding to two males in the family; he was studying law away from Kashmir. Poshkar's eldest married daughter also kept on visiting and each visit would last for not less than a month.



Kashmir was recuperating from the malady of tribal raid people had gone through hard times. Edible salt, tea leaves and sundry household items were scarce. The feasting on Gaad Batt had been looked forward to by young and old as social occasions and celebrations were a far off dream in the days of austerity.

Poshkar Nath's household was run on modest means; his wife Kamla and his widowed sister in law slogged day and night to strengthen the sole pair of earning arms and kept the hearth fires burning. The two women complemented each other. Kamla was an accomplished cook, out of quite plain fares she was endowed with knack to bring out haps of steaming rice with hot curries of red and green hues every morning. The other one, widowed for more than 40 years would not be more than 55, but Poshkar held her in great esteem. She winnowed and sifted the rice; ground the pulses and wheat in a hand mill. Children called her Gunai- short of Gunawati- the women with wisdom. Kamla was by and large a fond mother but not overtly indulgent. She was bringing up her daughters the way a General grooms his soldiers to face impounding bullets in the battle field. In the bottle neck society of Kashmiri Pandits, it was the solemn duty of mothers to teach self denial and restrained demeanour to girls. “Feed them pulao, but provide cow's urine to wash their



hands” was the anxious Kamla followed. This was her clinched belief that girls did need only that much of food as was sufficient to keep their life breath going. Never should a Bhata female stuff herself with goodies – All nice things were meant for men, the bread winners. Her hand automatically flinched while serving to female gender. Countering this rigidity and hard talk of the mother was Gunai’s relaxed liberality. She encouraged their girlish appetites, was their playmate and continually giggled with them. A busy bee, whose day saw her, in addition to household chores, darning the socks, mending the torn tunics or sieving seers and seers of wheat flour. She had an additional verve for theatricality. She amused on weddings. No mendhiraat was complete without her enacting the episode of an anguished woman who has lost her thool kokaer (egg laying hen) and Radha Krishna raasleela.

Kamla’s fish curry with tingy aroma was her specialty. All her relations and extended family waited year round, eagerly to be invited on *Gaad Batt*- the votive ceremony for Ghar Devta. They would gorge on succulent portions of trout.

The frying of fish on the stipulated date would start in the afternoon after cleaning the brass vessels till they reflected light. The whole household would come alive to a fishy smoke which attacked the senses of denizens including cats. Every individual would go berserk to procure a piece while being fried in golden mustard oil. On previous occasions when the fish was being fried, Gunai would by sly hide some pieces in the bellow of her phiren sleeve and later distribute the coveted stuff among drooling mouths. Kamla never favoured this kind of concession. “Eating while cooking is an insult to *Daanraz*- the hearth deity. It reduces the final quantum of the dish”. She would retort to demanding brood.

But today the prohibition to partake the steaming pieces right out of the pan, was a transgression. “Hey mother, give me a piece, I want to eat it with salt and chilly powder”



pleaded the married daughter imploringly. She was speaking on behalf of her sister in law as well, who being a daughter in law had to exhibit discretion. “Have you gone out of your wits?... don't you realize the sanctity of this meal.... It has to be offered to the deity- the Dayatraz the deity of our home”. Kamli fumed at the girl's absurd longing. “Let the girls have it Kamla... you know their condition”. Gunai requested as she was aware of the precious fact that both the young women were in a state of happiness- both were expectant mothers. “What has come upon you Gunawati...you are not a true batani (a pandit housewife). Where has your sense of right and wrong gone? .. Do you want to contaminate the sacred food and incur the wrath of the deity? It has to be offered to the god first. Kamla was totally scandalized but Gunai was sanguine to discern the helplessness of Kamla. Of course the goodies will be served to all only after god's partaking. But ... she had a misgiving and a genuine one.

“Will really everyone enjoy the bounty of this feast”, she thought in heart of her hearts “all that falls into the lot of women will be slimy head pieces and boney tails. The enormous middle portions were the priviledge of the men of the family -. What about the cravings of these young expectant mothers”. These disturbing thoughts raked Gunai's brain even when apparently she was occupied with assisting Kamla. “Oh! Dayatraz help me , the only support I fall back upon is you. How can





you grudge these girls a good piece of fish. How can the gods be wrathful on petty matters? This time you will have to share the feast. Then alone your content will show on this family. As if invoked by the deity himself, she thought to act.

When the night fell and Gourmet fare was ready with scarlet gravy and huge piece of fish- the sour nadru and sweet turnip. There was a mild mutton curry to go with the spicy fish. A degchee (bronze vessel) of zag batta (rosy rice) all ready to start the puja. Suddenly, out of blue Gunai was seized with a bout of headache. She was prone to these occasional episodes when she would quietly retire to her room, close the shutters and apply ginger powder paste to her temples. One would see her up and about the next day ready for chores. Today her presence in the kitchen was indispensable but she could not help; the headache this time was severe, blinding and incapacitating. With closed eyes, she gave instructions to the younger women. One of the girls escorted her to her room with the prescribed ginger powder paste in a khos (bronze cup), to be left alone with her agony.

Before serving the guests the deity's thali was decorated with dried petals of pansy, vermilion, and an uncooked raw fry. The dining space readied for the deity is usually the uppermost garret generally dark during the winter months. The assigned niche had previously been washed by Gunai.

As per the norms, the daughter in law held the earthen lamp and the tumbler of



water. Kamla was with the thali, with offerings in both her hands. And Lo and Behold ! a bizarre site caught their eyes. A human shape squatting on the floor in white woolen phiran and a white turban- with back facing the door made an appalling site. The face was not visible. The apparition was enough to bring out a shriek from both the women. Their legs buckled, the lamp fell from the hand of the



younger woman, the elder one conforming to her age and status exhibited courage. She held on to the sacred food in her hand meant for the deity. A ruckus followed. The whole crowd of guests and members of the family clamoured to the site. Amidst this utter commotion a deep voice emanated from the figure ordering the crowd to calm down.

“Sit down, all of you...I have come on your invitation”. The sound of the voice was an echoed rumble; the words were broken, as if some one was talking through the pipe of a tumbakhnari. Poshkar's old mother fathomed the depth of prater natural essence of the event. “O half wits prostrate your cells and bow your heads. Our Ghar Devta has manifested and actualized himself”. She called out excitedly.

The whole household ran wild. They were watching a revelation. The trembling voice spoke again “Fetch meals for these young women- let me experience the contentment through these girls”. It was done. Two *thalis* full of a sumptuous feast were





procured. “Descend down to your rooms and have it”. Ordered the voice. The girls devoured the meal, two big portions of fish, mutton and rice in voluptuous morsels was finished in a matter of minutes. Everyone stood with folded hands in awe. The inmates were in a state of bewilderment. Everyone talked and there was a general buzz. “Go now, let me have my share” deity said. One by one they left but almost in a stupor.

Next morning the neighborhood was agog with rumors. Kamla reported to Gunai “How could you sleep through this exciting event”? Gunai stood there almost chuckling with her tongue in cheek. “How does he look like”? Asked Gunai.

“Our *Dayat Raz* is rather effeminate” Kamla replied. “Why-*Dayat Raz* is verily a robust and sinewy personality”. Gunai expressed. “No-this one is cool as the shade of a Boney (chinar). Not a fierce fiend”. With these words Kamla looked towards the heavens and bowed.

That year proved quite ominous for Poshkar's clan. Both the young women got healthy off-springs. Poshkar's son returned home with a degree and got a good job. As for Gunai she was sure that she had the sanction of Ghar Devta to do whatever she had done. She compiled a panegyric in the deity's praise which was sung in a course on all weddings that followed. Hence forth it was customary among Poshkar's descendents that *Dayat Raz* had to share his thali with the pregnant women of the family.

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## दिलासु

..... खँज़ुर मगरिबी

पूशिमुत कस ज़िंदगी हुंद नव बहार ?

ओश मु हार

दूख दिलुक चूरी थवुन गव गाटुजार,

ओश मु हार

अँलिफ कद हय मीम सपदान, गम मु बर, शुक्र कर

पनुनि क्वठि पॉन्य पानुक तुल च़ु बार,

ओश मु हार

कस नु यिवन यथ जहानस मंज़ बँनिथ, प्यवन छँनिथ

कस नु च़ँलिमुत्य दाग दिथ येति बालु यार,

ओश मु हार

बे शुमारस अज़लु तकदीरस छु वर, कर नज़र

गमुचि गटि मंज़ दय छु आसान गम गुसार,

ओश मु हार

आम पॉठ्यन छे कहावत, यथ कमाल, तथ ज़वाल

राहे फना हुय ऑखुरस छुय उस्तवार,

ओश मु हार

गम तु फिकरुय ज़िंदगी हुंज़ बाँगरन, तय ऑडरन

ज़िंदगी ऑखुर मताये नागवार,

ओश मु हार

मरगि मुहिब छा जुदोयी दून तनन ? क्याह वनन ?

ज़िंदगी अंदर मे वुछ बस लारु लार,

ओश मु हार

महफिलन मंज़ मगरिबीयन, वुमरि ओस, अक्लि रोस

दिल वदान रूदुस दूहय पोज़ ज़ार ज़ार,

ओश मु हार





# تبدیلی

سلسلہ وار کتھ

م۔ک۔رینہ

Episode

1

Page 1

مہیہ کاکس دوت برابر اوڈ گنہ اتھ کاکہس وچھان۔ بچھ رونق  
 اُسس ختم گاؤتہ اتھن اوسس نہ چہ۔ امہ کاکہک اکھ اکھ لفظ پورتر کم  
 از کم پائو لہ، مگر باسان اوس ز پُر پُر تہ اوسس نہ کینہہ سج یوان۔ تس  
 باسو کلہ نژان۔ کاکد پوس اتھ منز پتھر تہ اچھن گوس وچھان وچھان لہ  
 گوٹ۔ علی مہرن تھو چاہیہ تڑے پتھر تہ لوگ مہیہ کاکس جلد پتہ ستر ہوا  
 کرنہ۔ مگر مہیہ کاک اوس نہ یورکس عالمس ستر کینہہ۔ عانکہ منز تہ اوس  
 تہنژان اچھن ہند اوش صاف یوان لہ۔

کاکد کیناہ اوس؟ یہ اوس چہف صابنہ دفتر پٹھ آمت تبدیلی ہند آڈر۔  
 آڈرس منز اوس شربان نفرن ہند ناو، یم اکہ جلیہ پٹھ بپیس جلیہ تبدیلی اوس  
 کرنہ آمت۔ مہیہ کاکن یودوے پنہ زندگی منز تہ تہی ہتہ بڈر آڈر اوس  
 وچھہ مت، مگر ازیگ آڈر اوس بلکل یوان۔ ازی کس آڈر منز اوس تہند  
 ناو تہ شامل تہ سہ اوسک ورمل تبدیلی کورمت۔ آڈر مطابق اوس تس

Continued on Page 31

Stories from National Book Trust's 'azgiile kashur  
 afsanu' Edition 2008, Edited by Dr. R.L. Shant



سارے بڑوٹھ رپوے گروٹھن، امہ کز اوس صاحبن تس پُنن چارج سپنر  
کلارک روشن لالس دِنہ خاطر لِنو کھمٹ۔ مہہ کاکس اُسر اتھ دفترس منز وار کار  
وونر سہ تڑ وری گائتر نوکری کران مگر مجال اوسا ز کانہہ کرہے تس تبدیلی کرینچ  
ہمتھ۔ یہ تڑوٹھ پیہ از گوڈنچہ لہ۔

مہہ کاکن دیت کلس اتھ۔ دفتر کر باقے ملّا زم تہ اُسر ہے بنگہ۔  
کانہہ اوس نہ کینہہ رچ یوان ز یہ قصہ ہے سپو تہ کتھ کز؟ روشن لالن بیلہ  
صاحبس ستر اتھ متعلق کتھ کر، تکر کورنس کور جواب۔ صاحب اوس پانہ تہ اتھ  
کتھ پٹھ سبٹھاہ دل مولول۔ مگر کیاہ کرہے؟ نارس دہہ ہے نر؟ تکر وون روشن  
لالس وبتا تھ ز یہ فاصلہ چھ ہیر سپدنت۔ چپ صابن اوس واضح حکم  
دنت ز پرتھ کانہہ سہ ملّا زم گروٹھ تبدیلی کرہے سن، تیس نہ چتر من پندہن  
ورین تبدیلی اُس گاہو۔ تہ مہہ کاکن اُس نہ پور زنگی زانہہ تبدیلی  
وچھمہوے۔ مگر توتہ اوس تس پور بہتھ ز صاحبن کور نہ تہند تبدیلی رکانس منز  
کانہہ کوشش۔

برابر سہ تڑ وری بڑوٹھہ اوس مہہ کاک اُتھ دفترس منز مستر سہز  
جایہ لوگنت۔ افسرن ستر تھو و تکر گوڈ پٹھے ز زھر تھ تہ کانہہ ہندس ڈوکس  
دپن نہ پھیش۔ کانہہ افسر آہ تہ کانہہ گہ، مگر مہہ کاک رُود اُتھ دفترس منز  
ڈٹھ۔ اتھ مالس منز کور تس پرتھ کانہہ افسرن مدد، تکلنا ز پرتھ اُکس اوس یہ  
کتھ پور پاتھ بہتھ ز مہہ کاکس ور اے ہیکہ نہ سہ دفتر چلا و تھ۔ واتان واتان

Continued on Page 32

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



دوت مہیہ کاک ہینڈ کلارک ہینڈس اوہس پٹھ تہ، مگر جلیہ پھیڑ سپد نہ تس زانہہ۔ ووڈی رُوڈس ریٹائر گھنس مساہ تزے وری زہیہ حادِثہ سپد۔

از سپز نہ دفترس منز کانہہ کام۔ سپد ہئے تہ کتھ پٹھو؟ ساری اُس پریشان۔ مہیہ کاک اوس سارنپے ماہلس برابر تہ ماہر سُنڈ دُو رگھن کس اکھاہ کرہے برداش؟ مہیہ کاک کز حالت وچھتھ دوت سارنپے ہینڈس دِس ددراہ۔ آہر منڈاں کرتھ پٹھو تم ساری تس اُنڈر اُنڈر۔ اڈر گرسبن پٹھو تہ اڈر میزس پٹھ۔ یس نہ کتھی اتھ توگ، سہ رُوڈ ووڈی۔ ساری اُس دم پٹھو۔ کائہ اوس نہ کیتھہ پھیران۔ مہیہ کاک اوس مدے گنڈتھ پنہ میزک سہ کون وچھان تھہ بلیر رتھوئنت اوس، تہ تھہ تگر پنہہ گر ہسون پن اُتھ تروپ اوس دہمت۔

نوکری لکنہ پٹھ وِس تاچ اکھ اکھ کتھ پنہ مہیہ کاکس یاد۔ سہ اوس مساہ پنڈاہ وُہر ییلہ سہ پنڈر ماہر اُتھس تھہہ کرتھ خان صابن گر اوس نیومت۔ مہیہ کاکن، یس اصلی ناو مہیشر ناتھ اوس، اوس اینٹرس پاس کورمت، تہ یہ کتھ اُس تس نوکری لاگہ ناوہ خاطر کافی۔ تس آو سہ سورے سپن اچھن تل، زان تہ کالگ بتہ۔



پنڈاہ وُہر مہیشرن ییلہ تاز گند کرتھ کوٹ پتلون لوگ، سہ گو پور مہاراز ہیو۔ یہ کوٹ پتلون اوس در اصل تہندی ماہر لالہ صابن پن پزون کوٹ پتلون اُنڈریم نہر کرتھ رمضانہ ہوس اتھ نو سپر سونوومت۔ مگر مہیشر نہ

Continued on Page 33

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خاطرِ اوس یہ کورِ نوو، تہ سہ اوس نہ کنہ و بڑان۔ صُچھ اُٹھ آسہ بچے ہڑ۔ لالہ  
صائبُں آلو بوزتھے لاج مہیشترن نو گاندھی ٹوپی کلس تہ ووت آنکھ نس منز۔ مالک  
گر نچوس اتھس تھف تہ ہیو تھھ خان صائبُں گر گن قدم دیں۔

خان صاب اوس رانی مندر روزان۔ مہیشتر گوگوتن ز مسلمان اُستھ  
کتھ پاٹھر چھ خان صاب مندرس منز روزان، مگر مالس پڑھنک جرتھ  
سپڈس نہ۔ اکھ منز لاه کڈتھ و آتی تم تقرپین نو بچہ خان صائبُں گر۔ گر اوس محلہ  
خانہ مگر مندر اوس نہ گنی۔ مہیشترن زون نہ و نہ تہ مالس سوال کرن مناسب۔  
ٹھسہ دروازس نیپر کنہ دہت لالہ صائبُں تھکھ۔ اندر اُڑنہ بڑوٹھ پچھنو تکر مہیشتر  
وار پاٹھر ز بوٹ کتھ چھ کڈن تہ بہن کتھ پاٹھر چھ۔

اندر اُڑتھے بیہنو لالہ صابن نچو دیوان خانس منز تہ پانہ ژاو کٹھس  
منز خان صائبس سلام کرنہ۔ خان صاب اوس تھپلدار تہ لالہ صاب اوس تہسز  
نابیی پٹھے تس ستر۔ نوکری ہندس سلسلس منز یوت یوت خان صاب گو، توت  
توت نیون لالہ صاب تہ ستر۔ لالہ صائبُں اوس پنہ میخستہ ستر توند دل  
زیونمت۔ پزر اوس یہ ز خان صاب تہ اوس لالہ صائبس سبٹھاہ یزتھ کران تہ  
خاص پن بوعے ہیو زانان۔

To be continued

*Do you speak with your children in Kashmiri?  
Be honest!  
And then you are so worried for Kashmiri  
language?*

Stories from National Book Trust's 'azgiile kashmir  
afsanu' Edition 2008, Edited by Dr. R.L. Shant



Episode

1

Page 1

*Stories from National Book Trust's 'āzyūk kāshūr  
afsanū` Edition 2008, Edited by Dr. R.L.Shant*

सिलसिलुवार कथ

तबदीली



म.क.रैना

**महि काकस** वोत बराबर ओड गंड अथ काकुदस वुछान। बुथिच रोनक ऑसुस खत्म गॉमुन्न तु अथन ओसुस नु ह्यसुय। अमि काकुदुक अख अख लफुज़ पोर तँम्य कम अज़ कम पांन्नि लटि, मगर बासान ओस जि पॅर्य पॅर्य ति ओसुस नु कॅह समुज यिवान। तस बास्यव कलु नन्नान। काकुद प्योस अथु मंज़ु पथर तु अँछन गोस वुछान वुछान अनि गोट। अँली मीरन थँव चायि ट्रे पथर तु लोग महि काकस जिलदु पटि सुत्य हवा करनि। मगर महि काक ओस नु योरुकिस आलुमस सुत्य कॅह। ऑनक मँज्य ति ओस तसुंजन अँछन हुंद ओश साफ यिवान लबनु।

काकुद क्याह ओस? यि ओस चीफ साँबुनि दफतरु प्यठु आमुत तबदीली हुंद आर्डर। आर्डरस मंज़ ओस शुराहन नफरन हुंद नाव, यिम अकि जायि प्यठु बेयिस जायि तबदील ऑस्य करनु आमुत्य। महि काकन योदवय पनुनि जिंदुगी मंज़ यिथ्य यिथ्य हतु बँद्य आर्डर ऑस्य वुछिमुत्य, मगर अँज्युक आर्डर ओस बिलकुल ब्योन। अँज्युकिस आर्डरस मंज़ ओस तसुंद पनुन नाव ति

शॉमिल तु सु ओसुख वरमुल तबदील कोरमुत। आर्डरु मुताँबिक ओस तस सारिवुय ब्रॉठ रिलीव गछुन, अमि किन्त्य ओस साहबन तस पनुन चार्ज सीनियर कुल्लेक रोशन लालस दिनु खाँतरु ल्यूखमुत। महि काकस ऑस्य अथ दफतरस मंज़ वारु कारु व्वन्य सतुत्रह वॅरी गॉमुत्य नोकरी करान मगर मजाल ओसा जि कांह करिहे तस तबदीली करनुच ह्यमथ। यि त्रठ पेयि अज़ ग्वडुनिचि लटि।

महि काकन द्युत कलस अथु। दफतरुदुक्य बाकय मुलाँजिम ति ऑस्य हयबुंगु। काँसि ओस नु कॅह समुज यिवान जि यि कुसु हय सपुद्यव तु किथुवँन्य? रोशन लालन येलि साहबस सुत्य अथ मुतलिक कथ वँर, तँम्य कोरनस कोरु जवाब। साहब ओस पानु ति अथ कथि प्यठु स्यठाह दिल मोलूल। मगर क्याह करिहे? नारस दियिहे नरि? तँम्य वोन रोशन लालस व्यसताँरिथ जि यि फाँसलु छु हेरिय सपद्योमुत। चीफ साँबन ओस वाज़ेह होकुम द्युतमुत जि प्रथ कांह सु मुलाँजिम गछि तबदील करनु युन, येमिस नु पँतिम्यन दँहन



## Episode

1

Page 2

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वॅरियन तबदीली ऑस गॉमुच्च। तु महि काकन ऑस नु पूर जिंदुगी ज़ांह तबदीली वुछिमुच्चुय। मगर तोति ओस तस पूर बिहिथ जि साहबन कॅर नु तसुंज तबदीली रुकावुनस मंज कांह कूशिश।

बराबर सतुत्रह वॅरी ब्रॉठ ओस महि काक अँथ्य दफतरस मंज मिस्तॅर्य सुंजि जायि लोगमुत। अफसरन सुत्य थोव तँम्य गवडु प्यठय रँछरिथ तु काँसि हुंदिस होकुमस द्युतुन नु फेश। काँत्याह अफसर आयि तु काँत्याह गँयि, मगर महि काक रुद अँथ्य दफतरस मंज डँटिथ। अथ मामुलस मंज कोर तस प्रथ काँसि अफसरन मदद, तिव्याजि प्रथ अँकिस ऑस यि कथ पूर पॉठ्य बिहिथ जि महि काकस वरॉय हैकि नु सु दफतर चँलिथुय। वातान वातान वोत महि काक ह्यड कुलॅर्कु सुंदिस ओहदस प्यठ ति, मगर जायि फ्युर सपुद नु तस ज़ांह। व्वन्य रूदिस रिटायर गछनस मसाह त्रेवॅरी, जि यि हॉदिसु सपुद।

अज सपुज नु दफतरस मंज कांह काँम। सपदिहे ति किथु पॉठ्य? साँरी ऑस्य परेशान। महि काक ओस सारिन्युय मॉलिस बराबर तु मॉल्य सुंद दूर गछुन कुस अखाह करिहे बरदाश? महि काकुन्य हालत वुछिथ वोत सारिन्युय हुंदिस दिलस ददारु। आरु मंडुल वॅरिथ बीठ्य तिम साँरी तस अँद्य अँद्य। अँड्य कुरसियन प्यठ तु अँड्य मेज़न प्यठ। यस नु किहिन्य अथि

लोग, सु रुद व्वदुन्य। साँरी ऑस्य दम फुट्य। काँसी ओस नु कैह फोरान। महि काक ओस मुदय गँडिथ पनुनि मेजुक सु कून वुछान यथ ब्लेजर छ्योनुमुत ओस, तु यथ तँम्य पनुनि गरि सुन्न पन अँनिथ त्रोप ओस द्युतुमुत।

नोकरी लगनु प्यठ वुनिस तामुच अख अख कथ पेयि महि काकस याद। सु ओस मसाह पंदाह वुहुर येलि सु पनुन्य मॉल्य अथस थफ वॅरिथ खान साँबुन गरु ओस न्युमुत। महि काकन, यस असली नाव महेश्वर नाथ ओस, ओस एंटरन्स पास कोरुमुत, तु यि कथ ऑस तस नोकरी लागुनावनु खॉतरु काँफी। तस आव सु सोरुय सीन अँछन तल, ज़न तु कालुक बतु।



पंदाह वुहुर्य महेश्वरन येलि ताज़ु कुंद्य वॅरिथ कोठ पतलून लोग, सु गव पूर महाराज़ु ह्यु। यि कोठ पतलून ओस दर अस्ल तसुंद्य मॉल्य लालु साँबन पनुन प्रोन कोठ पतलून अँदरिम न्यबर वॅरिथ रमज़ानु सुन्नस अथि नवि सरु सुवनोवमुत। मगर महेश्वरुनि खॉतरु ओस यि कोरु नोव, तु सु ओस नु कुनि व्यन्नान। सुबहुचि ऑठ आसु बजेमच्चु। लालु साँबुन आलव बूजिथुय लॉज महेश्वरन नँव गांधी टूप्य कलस तु वोत आंगुनस मंज। मॉल्य कॅर नैचिविस अथस थफ तु ह्योतुख खान साँबुन गरु कुन कदम द्युन।



## Episode

1

Page 3

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खान साँब ओस रानी मंदर  
रोज़ान। महेश्वर गव ग्वतन ज़ि  
मुसलमान ऑसिथ किथु पॉठ्य छु  
खान साँब मंदरस मंज़ रोज़ान, मगर  
मॉलिस पृछनुक जुरथ सपदुस नु।  
अख मँज़िलाह कँडिथ वॉत्य तिम  
तकरीबन नवि बजि खान साँबुन गरु।  
गरु ओस मँहलु खानु मगर मंदर ओस  
नु कुनी। महेश्वरन ज़ोन नु वुनि ति  
मॉलिस सवाल करुन मुनॉसिब। ठसु  
दरवाज़स नेबरु कनि द्युत लालु साँबन  
थख। अंदर अचन ब्रॉठ हेछिनोव तँम्य  
महेश्वर वारु पॉठ्य ज़ि बूठ कत्यथ छु  
कडुन तु ब्युहन किथु पॉठ्य छु।

अंदर अँचिथुय बेहनोव लालु  
साँबन नैचुव देवान खानस मंज़ तु पानु  
त्राव हमामु कुठिस मंज़ खान साँबस  
सलाम करनि। खान साँब ओस  
तँहसीलदार तु लालु साँब ओस  
तसंज़ि नॉयिबी प्यठय तस सुत्य।  
नोकरी हुँदिस सिलसिलस मंज़ योत  
योत खान साँब गव, तोत तोत न्यून  
लालु साँब ति सुत्य। लालु साँबन  
ओस पनुनि मेहनतु सुत्य तसुंद दिल  
ज्यूनमुत। पज़र ओस यि ज़ि खान  
साँब ति ओस लालु साँबस स्यठाह  
यज़थ करान तु खास पनुन बोय ह्यु  
ज़ानान।

(क्रमशः)

## Poem

Prutush Kaul

We Will Be There ...



In every storm

that washes away the dust of time  
I stand erect in midst of rubble.

With every new friendship  
blooming in those half-lit classrooms  
I sit in the corner  
in form of engravings on the desk.

With every prayer  
coming from the hearts of old men  
I stand still with my locked door  
and old flags.

People in large numbers  
take a dip in me  
to wash their sins  
but I'm all alone when animals quench  
their thirst by me.

There are talks of me  
and obeisance is paid to the dead,  
but I'm not dead at all.

I still live in these deserted houses  
I still ring  
the broken bell of my friend's house  
I still walk around  
the dilapidated temple  
every morning,  
pouring water on the lonely deity.

We were always there,  
our spirits never left.







## मन सरु च्यनुम



सुनीता रैना पंडित

من سر ژانوم

حرفن مَنز ویرھناؤتھ دزاو  
مُشرأوتھ مہساؤتھ دزاو

## सुनीता रैना पंडित

हरुफन मंज व्यछुनॉविथ द्राव  
मॅशरॉविथ मनसॉविथ द्राव

मे कॅरुमस पनुन्यारुच कथ  
वॅल्य दामन म्वकुलॉविथ द्राव

म्यॉनिस शहरस राज कौरुन  
बेयि ज़नु मेय व्यसरॉविथ द्राव

बरु प्यठु प्रुछुनम क्वसु छख चुय  
क्याह ज़नु अज़ ह्यस पॉविथ द्राव

कैह ज़नु छुनु एहसास लोर  
यी ज़नु हॉविथ बॉविथ द्राव

میے کرمس پنہ نیاریج کتھ  
ڈر دامن موکلاؤتھ دزاو

میانس شہرس راج کورن  
بیہ زہ میے ولہرأوتھ دزاو

بر پٹھ پزڑہنم کوس چھکھ ڈے  
کیاہ زہ از حبس پأوتھ دزاو

کیٹھہ زہ چھنہ اسکس لور  
بی زہ ہأوتھ ہأوتھ دزاو





## शारु सोम्बरन



प्रेम नाथ शाद

छिटस पोंपुर फिदा बरजस्तु बागस  
कज़ल्य बोम्बुर हलम दौरिथ ग्वलाबस

नबुक्य तारख ज़री नालस अवेज़ान  
पैरी पैकर निगारस माह पारस

दप्योमस हाल वुछ तालस दिचुन ज्यव  
सु मोत लोत लोत च़ोलुम पौत खोरि वापस

स्कूनस थफ दिचुन खाबन पॅरिथ गव  
थुरान आकार रुदुस रॉत्य रातस

वुछिन्य पेय सॅन्य व्वगुन्य येमि ज़िन्दुगी हुंद्य  
अँती गव रोट अँती वँथ्य रिक्थनि बालस

असुन हुंदर्यव लसुन मुश्किल सपुद शाद  
कथन वर दिथ खता खोरुख ज़मानस



## शारु सोम्बरन

पुण्डरु पोण्डरु फ़दा बरजस्तु बागस  
कज़ल्य बोम्बुर हलम दौरिथ ग्वलाबस

निको तारक ज़री नालस अवेज़ान  
पैरी पैकर निगारस माह पारस

दप्योमस हाल वुछ तालस दिचुन ज्यव  
सु मोत लोत लोत च़ोलुम पौत खोरि वापस

स्कूनस थफ दिचुन खाबन पॅरिथ गव  
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## असव नय तु लसव किथु तौहीन

एक व्यक्ति ने अपनी पत्नी का हाथ तोड दिया। मैजिस्ट्रेट के सामने जब उसे पेश किया गया, तो उसने सुबकते सुबकते सारी घटना सुना दी। मैजिस्ट्रेट ने पति से भविष्य में अच्छे व्यवहार का आश्वासन लेकर छोड दिया।

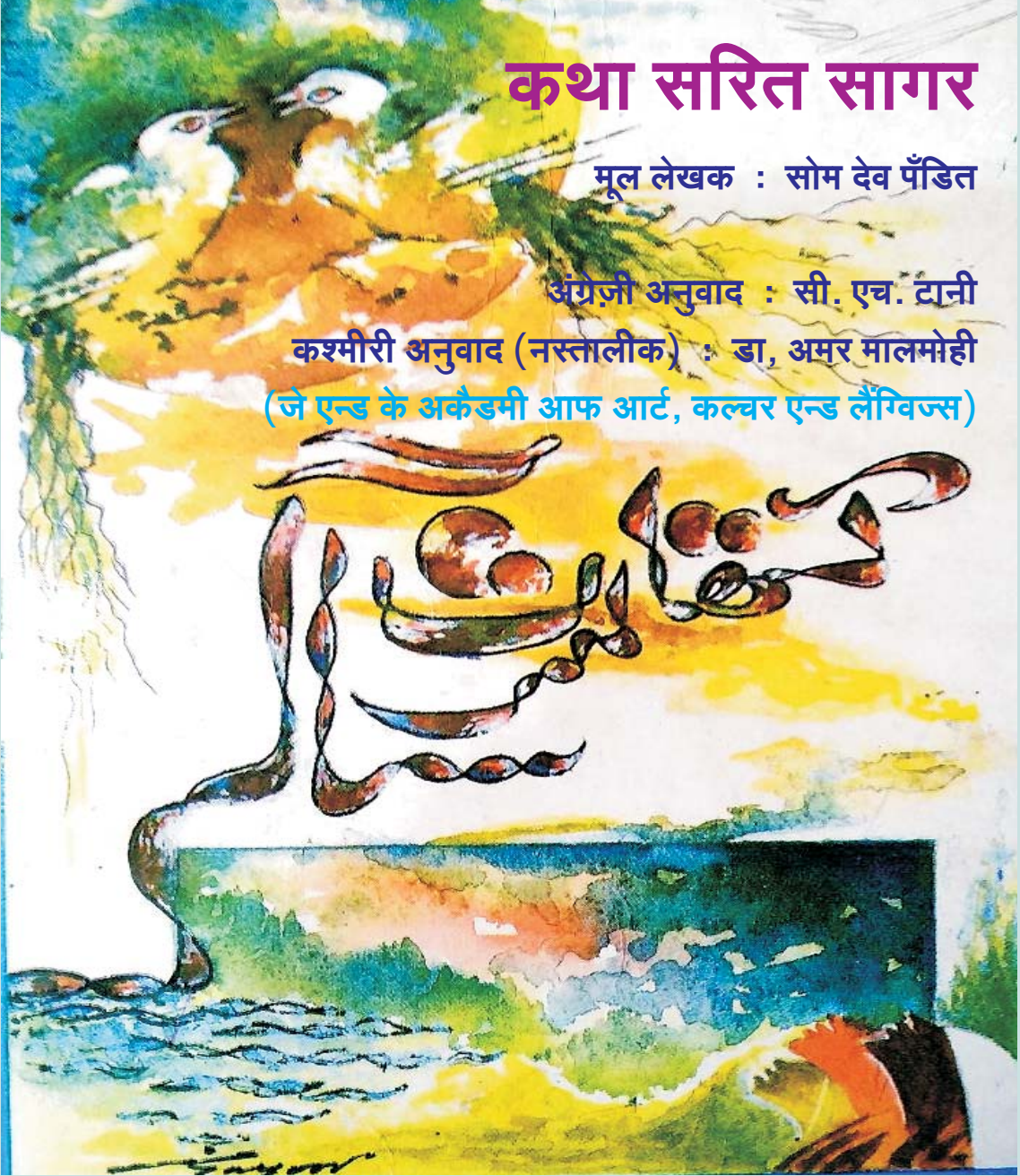
दूसरे रोज़ उसे पत्नी का दूसरा हाथ तोडने पर मैजिस्ट्रेट के सामने फिर लाया गया। इस बार उस ने सफाई दी, 'हज़ूर, छूटने पर अपने को सम्भालने के लिए मैंने थोडी शराब पी। हज़ूर, जब इससे भी कोई फर्क न आया तो थोडी थोडी करके मैं दो बोतलें पी गया। जब घर पहुंचा तो पतनी ने मुझसे कहा - शराबी आ गया नाली में लोटकर। हज़ूर, मैं ने अपनी हालत पर गौर किया और सोचा शायद यह ठीक कहती है। मैं खामोश रहा। इसके बाद वह बोली - हरामखोर, कुछ काम धंधा भी करा कर। हज़ूर, इस पर भी मैं कुछ न बोला। पर हज़ूर, इस के बाद तो उसने हद कर दी। बोली - अगर उस मैजिस्ट्रेट में थोडी भी अक्ल होती तो तू अब तक जेल में होता। बस हज़ूर, अदालत की तीहीन मुझसे बरदाश्त न हुई।



## اَسَوْنِي تِي لَسَوِكِيْتِه توہین

ایک آدمی نے اپنی عورت کا ہاتھ توڈ دیا۔ میجسٹریٹ کے سامنے جب اُسے پیش کیا گیا تو اُس نے سُبکتے سُبکتے سارا واقعہ سنا دیا۔ میجسٹریٹ نے ناوند سے آگے کے لیے اچھے دلوہار کا بھروسہ لیکر چھوڈ دیا۔ دوسرے روز اُسے عورت کا دوسرا ہاتھ توڈنے پر میجسٹریٹ کے سامنے پھر لایا گیا۔ اس بار اُس نے سفائی دی "حضور، چھوٹنے پر اپنے کو سمجھانے کے لیے میں نے تھوڈی شراب پی۔ حضور، جب اُس سے بھی کوئی فرق نہ آیا تو تھوڈی تھوڈی کر کے میں دو بوتلیں پی گیا۔ جب گھر پہنچا تو عورت نے مجھ سے کہا "شرابی آ گیا نالی میں لوٹ کر۔" حضور، میں نے اپنی حالت پر غور کیا اور سوچا شاید یہ ٹھیک کہتی ہے۔ میں خاموش رہا۔ اسکے بعد وہ بولی "حرام خور، کچھ کام دھندا بھی کرا کر۔ حضور، اس پر بھی میں کچھ نہ بولا۔ پر حضور، اس کے بعد تو اُس نے مد کر دی۔ بولی "اگر اُر میجسٹریٹ میں تھوڈی بھی عقل ہوتی تو تُو اب تک جیل میں ہوتا۔ بس حضور، عدالت کی توہین مجھ سے برداشت نہ ہوئی۔"





## 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 - 10

## कथा सरित सागर - १०

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

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

**म्याँन्य** कथ बूज़िथ गव शर्वावर्मनस हसद तु वोनुन 'ऑश अशरतुक ऑदी इनसान कति करि यूत बरदाश। राज़, बु हेछिनावोवु तोह्य फकत शरन र्यतन मंज़ सोरुय ग्रेमर।' शर्वावरमनुन यि लाफ बास्यव मे ना-मुमकिन तु मे वोनुस शरारतु सान 'अगर चु राज़ शेन र्यतन मंज़ सोरुय ग्रेमर हेछिनावुहन, तैलि त्रावु बु संसकृत, प्राकृत तु पनुनि माजि ज़ेवि मंज़ कथ करुन्य। यिम छे तिमु त्रे ज़बॉन्य यिमन हुंद शूबिदारन मंज़ आम चलन छु।' तु शर्वावरमनुन वोन 'अगर बु पनुन वादु पूर कॅरिथ ह्यकु नु, बु पकुनावु चोन ख्वरबानु बराबर बहन वॅरियन कलस प्यठ।' यि वॅनिथ द्राव सु तु बु ति द्रास गरु। राज़स आव करार तिक्याज़ि तस बास्यव ज़ि असि मंज़ अँक्यसुंदि दँस्य लबि सु पनुन मक्सद। शर्वावर्मन आव क्वपॉठ्य हेनु तिक्याज़ि तस ओस बासान ज़ि तस खॉतरु ओस वादु पूर करुन कौफी कूठ। सु लोग अफसूस करनि ज़ि तँम्य क्याज़ि कोर यि वादु। तँम्य वँन्य सॉरुय दँलील पनुनि आशेनि। स्व ति गँयि फिकरि तु वोनुनस 'सॉमी, मे छु बासान ज़ि अगर कार्तिक्या दया करि, तैलि छुनु यि कांह मसलु। शर्वावर्मन वोनुस 'बु करु तँम्यसुंज पूजा।' यि वॅनिथ द्राव शर्वावर्मन रॉच हुंदि पँत्यमि पँहरु क्वमारु सुंज तपस्या करनु खॉतरु। मे वँन्य पनुन्यव जोसूसव यि सॉरुय दँलील तु सुबुहन

वोन मे सोरुय राज़स। राज़स ओस अक बरुसु वोल राजपूत सीवक यस सिन्हागुप्त नाव ओस। तँम्य वोन राज़स 'राज़, येलि मे बूज़ ज़ि त्वहि छु कुसताम दूख, बु गोस परेशान तु द्रास येमि शहरु मंज़ दुर्गायि पनुन पान बली दिनु खॉतरु। तति गँयि आवाज़ 'पनुन पान मु दि रतु छेपि। राज़ सुंज यछा गछि पूर। अवु मूजुब छु मे बासान ज़ि यी सपदि।' अमि पतु सूज्य ज़ु सवार सिन्हागुप्तन शर्वावर्मनस निश युस कारत्की सुंज तपस्या ओस करान। सु ओस वावहॉरी तु मून। कारतिक्यन वॅर तस यॉरी तु सवारव वँन्य वापस यिथ राज़स रुच शेछ। राज़ गव ख्वश तु बु ना-व्वमेद। यिथु पॉट्य सदफ ओबुर वुछिथ ख्वश तु राज़ होंज दुखी छु सपदान। शर्वावर्मन वोट वापस तु राज़ हेछिनोव तँम्य क्वमारु सुंदि अनुग्रह सोरुय ग्रेमर। दयि यछायि क्या छिनु कॅरिथ ह्यकान। सॉरुय प्रजा गँयि राज़ सुंदिस ऑलिम बननस प्यठ ख्वश। प्रथ जायि आयि शॉद्यानु मनावनु। प्रथ जायि आसु शादमॉनी हुंजु अलमु लँगिथ तु वाव येलि यिमन ज़ीर दिवान ओस, बासान ओस ज़ि प्रथ तर्फु छे गतुरेनि गथ करान। शर्वावर्मनस मील्य लाल तु जवॉहिर। सु मोन राज़न पनुन गुरु। तस आव बोड ओहदु दिनु। राज़ गव सिन्हागुप्तस ति ख्वश येम्य तस ग्वडुन्यथ वोनमुत ओस ज़ि शशम्बख क्वमारन ओस शर्वावर्मनस वरदान द्युतमुत। तु तस ति द्युत



## Somdev Pandit's Katha Sarit Sagar - 10

राज्ञन त्यूत ज़ि सु बन्यव हश्मत वोल । स्व रॉनी येमि तस हतख कोरमुत ओस, तु ख्वसु तँम्यसुंदि ऑलिम बननुच मूल कारन ऑस, आयि पटरानी बनावनु तु राज़ लोग तस पनुन्यव अथव पोन्व छँक्य छँक्य लोल बरनि ।

## गुनाड्य संज दॅलील :

मे कोर मौन दारनुक वादु तु आस राज़स निश । तति वोन अँक्य ब्रह्मनन अख शलूख तु राज़न वॅर पानु तस सुत्य संस्कृतस मंज कथ बाथ । दरबारस मंज गॅयि सॉरी ख्वश । पतु वोन राज़न शर्वावर्मनस 'मे वन ज़ि क्वमारन किथु पौठ्य द्युतुय च़े वरदान ?' यि बूज़िथ लोग शर्वावर्मन कार्तिक्या संजि दयायि हुंज सॉरुय दॅलील वनुनि ।

## नवि ग्रेमरुच बावथ:

राज़, पतु द्रास बु फाकु फरि मौन दॉरिथ तु गोस पकान । वुनि ओस मे बेयि कैह पकुन ज़ि बु प्योस पथर, तिक्याज़ि वारियाह कालुकि फाकु तु तपस्यायि सुत्य ओसुस कॉफी कमज़ोर गोमुत । अँथ्य मंज आव अख इनसान नेज़ अथस मंज ह्यथ तु तँम्य वोन मे बदलय आवाज़ि मंज 'गोबुर वोथ थोद । सौरुय सपदि चानि खॉतरु रुत ।' यि बूज़िथ ज़न तु मे सॉरिसुय अमृतु वरशुन सपुद । बु गोस हुशार । नु ऑसुम ब्वछि तु नु त्रेश । सौरुय वजूद ओसुम हशाश बशाश । पतु गोस बु नखय मंदुरस कुन । पनुनि भक्ती हुंद बास ओसुम रुमन रुमन ति सिरुसॉव्य हालत । बगवान स्कंदन द्युत मे दर्शुन तु सरस्वती बीठुम म्वखस । क्वमार जीयन

वोन मे ग्वडन्युक सूत्र युस हर्फन हुंज बुमियाद छु, तु दौयुम सूत्र वोनम पानय । पतु वोन बगवानन 'अगर च़ु दौयुम सूत्र पानु वनुहख नु, तेलि रटिहे यि नोव ग्रेमर पानुनी संजि ग्रेमरुच जाय । यि ग्रेमर छु छोट मोट तु अमि मूजुब रूज़ अथ कातंतरा तु काल्पक याने मोरु सुंदि लटि मंजु नाव युस म्योन वाहन छु ।' पतु वोन बगवानन मे पानय यि नोव तु छोट मोट ग्रेमर । तँम्य वोन मज़ीद 'चोन राज़ ओस ब्रॉह ज़न्मु अख र्योश तु ऋशि भारद्वाजुन अख शेश यस कृष्ण नाव ओस । सु ओस सख सादना करान मगर अकि दूह लगोवुस कामदीवन सु तीर ज़ि अख रेश्य कूर वुछिथ रूदुस नु पानस ताम कैह । रेशव द्युतुस शाफ तु ह्योतुन नोव ज़न्म । स्व कूर बनेयि तस रॉन्य । राज़ सत्वाहन छु च़कि अख सादू तु येलि च़े सु वुछी, तस मेलि प्रथ अँलिमुक ज्ञान पनुनि मरज़ी मुताँबिक । महात्मा छि थँद्य तु बँड्य पज़र जल्द ज्ञानान तिक्याज़ि तिहुंद्य संस्कार छि बलवान आसान ।' यि वॅनिथ गव सु अंतरद्यान तु तँम्यसुंद्यव सीवकव दित्य मे त्रे तोमलु पॅल्य । बु आस तोरु तिम तोमलु पॅल्य ख्यवान मगर तिम गॅयि हुरान तु च़रान ।

## गुनाड्य संज दॅलील :

ोलि शर्वावर्मनन पनुन्य दॅलील वॅनिथ म्वकुल्योव, राज़ सत्वाहन गव स्यटाह ख्वश तु गव श्रान करनि । चूकि मौन दारन करनु किन्य ऑस नु मे व्वन्य कांह कॉमाह काराह, बु द्रास राज़स निशि कलु नोमुरॉविथ इजाज़थ ह्यथ, युस मे निशि ओस नु दूर रोजुन यछान । बु द्रास तमि शहरु मंजु सिर्फ ज़ु शेश ह्यथ, तु बु ओसुस सिर्फ तपस्या करुन्य यछान । अव मूजुब



## Somdev Pandit's Katha Sarit Sagar - 10

वोतुस बु विंध्यावनस मंज तिक्याजि बगवती ओस मे सौपुनस मंज थी करनु खॉतर वोनमुत । विंध्यावनस मंज वुछिम वारियाह पिशाच । बु रूदुस तिमन सुत्य तु तिहुंजि कथि बाथि सुत्य गोम शोक यि ज़बान हेछनुक तिक्याजि य्वहय हेकिहे म्योन मौन फुटरॉविथ । बेयि बूज मे जि चु ओसुख उज्जैन गोमुत तु अवु किन्य ओसुम चे ति प्रारुन । येलि चु तोरु आख, मे कौरुय चे चूर्यमि ज़बॉन्य मंज इस्तेकबाल तु पतु पेयि मे पनुन्य असलियत याद । यि बोज़नोवुख मे चु येमि ज़न्मुच दलील ।

येलि गुनाढ्यन यि वोन, कानुभूतीयन वोन तस वापस 'बोज़ बु वनय, मे किथु वॉन्य लोग राथ पय चु छुख योर आमुत । मे छु अख राक्षस मैत्र यस भूतीवर्मन नाव छु । तस छु आगाह म्वकल । बु समखुस तस उज्जैनी मंज येति सु अँकिस बागस मंज रोज़ान छु । म्यॉनिस यि प्रुछुनस प्यठ जि म्योन शाफ कर म्वकलि, वोन तँम्य 'असि छनु द्वहस कांह शक्ती आसान । चु ठँहर, बु वनय राथ सपदिथ ।' मे मोन । येलि राथ गँयि, मे प्रुछुस शोक सान जी भूत क्याजि छि रातस व्वलुसनस यिवान ? भूतीवर्मनन वोन मे 'बोज़, बु वनय जि मे क्या बूज शिव ब्रह्माहस वनान । राक्षस, पिशाच तु यक्ष छिनु द्वहस कांह सामरथ थवान तिक्याजि सिर्यि गाशु सुत्य छु तिमन अँछन गचर गछान, तु अवय छि यिम रातस ख्वश रोज़ान । येति दिवताहन हुंज पूजा तु ब्रह्मनन हुंद आदर छुनु सपदान, येति लुख छ्योट ख्यन् । तति ति छे यिमन शक्ती आसान । येति मामस ख्यवान आसन नु या ज़नानु श्रूच आसि, तोर ति छिनु यिम वातान । यिम छिनु बहोदुरन तु हुशारन हमलु करान ।' यि

वँनिथ वोन मे तँम्य राक्षसन जि चु गछ, गिनाड्य छुय प्रारान येमि सुंदि बरकतु चु शापु निशि म्वकुलख ।' यि बूजिथ आस बु योर । व्वन्य वनय बु चे स्व दँलील य्वसु पुष्पदंतन मे वँन्य । मगर मे छु यि बोज़नुक सख शोक जि तस क्याजि ओस पुष्पदंत नाव तु चे मालीवान ?' कानुभूतीयस तस निशि यि सवाल बूजिथ वोन तस गुनाढ्यन ।

## पुष्पदंतन्य दँलील :

गंगायि बँठिस प्यठ छु अख परगनु युस राजन ब्रह्मनन जॉगीर द्युतमुत ओस । यथ बहूसूरंका नाव ओस । अति ओस अख व्यदवान ब्रह्मन गोविंद दत रोज़ान । तस ऑस अख लोल बरन वाजेन्य आशेन्य यस अग्नीदता नाव ओस । तस ज़ायि पांछु नैचिव्य । तिम ऑस्य शँकील मगर चॉर्य, तु बेकुल आयि गँयि बडान । अकि द्वह आव अथ गरस पोछ । यि ओस अख ब्रह्मन यस वैश्वनर नाव ओस । यि ओस ज़न तु अग्नी दिवता । येलि सु युहुंद गरु चाव, गोविंद दत ओस नु गरि । तँम्य कोर तँम्यसुंदन नैचिव्यन नमस्कार तु तिमव त्रोवहस तोरु असुन । तस गव हतक तु सु लोग वापस नेरनि । ओरु आव गोविंद दत तु कौरुनस ज़ारु पारु मगर अँम्य वोनस 'चॉन्य नैचिव्य छि फ्यॉर्य तु अमि किन्य ज़ॉच न्यबर । यिमन सुत्य रोज़नु मूजुब छय चे ति पनुन्य ज़ात रॉवमुच । बु ख्यमु नु चानि गरि किहिन्य ति । अगर ख्यमु, तैलि ह्यकु नु कुनि मंत्रु सुत्य पनुन पान श्वद वँगरिथ ।'

(क्रमशः)





# غزل

## نگہت صاحبہ



میانی پاتال چھی وچھنی نوسره  
 میون جہنم ژوپاری باؤن چھے  
 म्यॉन्य पाताल छी वुछिन्य नवि सरु  
 म्योन जहनम च्वपॉर्य हावुन छुय  
 یتھنه زم زم ونکه یمن ناکن  
 پریتہ پکن وول تریش چاؤن چھے  
 युथ नु जम जम वनख यिमन नागन  
 प्रेथ पकन वोल त्रेश चावुन छुय

کمی ووٹے کالی باغ چھاؤن چھے ؟  
 بوش کر موجه پوشه آنگن چھے  
 कॅम्य वौनुय कॉल्य बाग छावुन छुय  
 होश कर मोजि पोशि आंगुन छुय  
 زرد رنگوڑے شینہ تلهء نیرن  
 تاپہ سونٹک بنن تہ پریزن چھے  
 ज़र्द रंगो च़े शीनु तलु नेरुन  
 ताफ सॉतुक बनुन तु प्रेज़लुन छुय

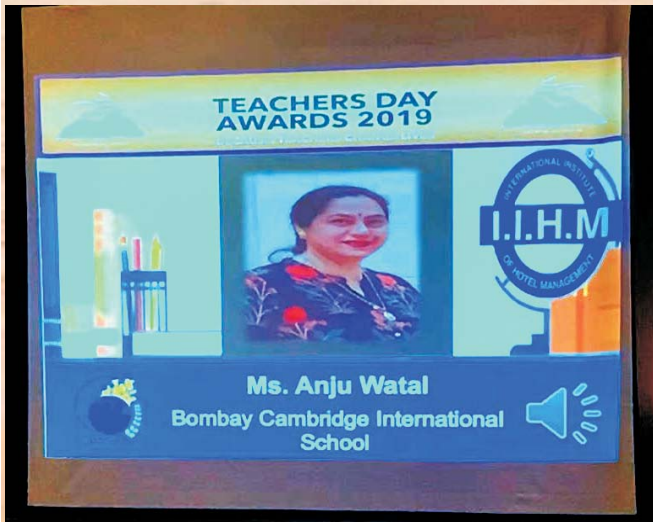
काँशिरि सुत्यन काँशिर्य साँरी  
 नतु वाँरानुक्य हाँरान काव

- अमीन काँमिल





## Your Own Page - Anju Watal



*Celebrating  
International Teachers' Day*



I.I.H.M honoured the teachers nominated by their institutes.

Here Ms. Anju Watal from Bombay Cambridge International School is honoured with the **‘Teacher Par Excellence’** Award at JW Marriot, Andheri, Mumbai.

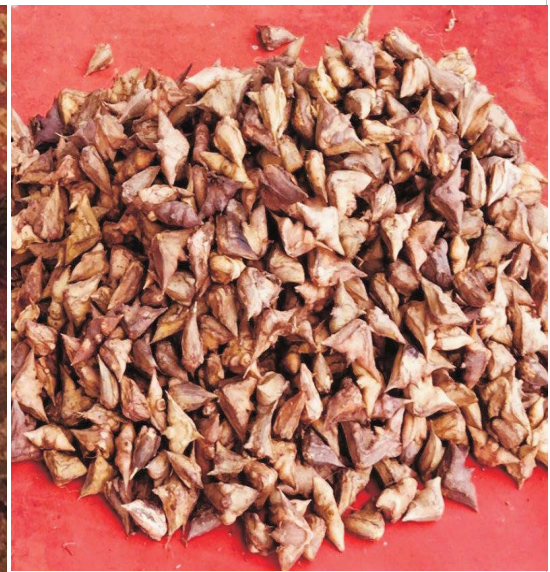
**Congratulations  
Anju.**



## Photo Feature



Clockwise from above left: Gangabal Lake, Autumn Colours, Water Chestnuts, and traditional Kashmiri breakfast.  
Photos: Asif Iqbal Burza







## Photo Feature



Clockwise from above left: Aru Valley, ‘Home is where heart is’, Srinagar  
Photos: Namrata Wakhloo





## Letters to Editor

**Raina Sahib, Namaskar.**

I went through the latest issue of Praagaash and enjoyed reading it. My impressions are as follows:

✿ Article on Dr. K.Sivan is really inspiring. ✿ Zareef Ahmed Zareef's writing on Moj is superb. ✿ Trip to Tarsar Marsar by Namrata Wakhloo describes in detail the beauty of our valley. ✿ Story by Parineeta Khar 'Kohl in my eyes' brought back the memories of times we spent in Kashmir. So well written - Kudos to her for writing so lucidly. Would love to see more from her pen. ✿ Regular features like Lalla Vaakh & Shrukh, Katha Sarit Sagar, Grandma's Stories etc are brilliant as always.

I must say hats off to your splendid efforts of putting this all together and bringing *praagaash* to us every month. This is no less a feat. Pranam to you Raina Sahib for this selfless effort. We all know what it takes.

भगवान दीनवु ह्यमथ व्यथि हुंघ पौंठ्य। स्व छे पकान तु तोह्य  
ति रुजिव पकान द्यवु अँस्य सॉरी सपुदव फैज़याब।  
ओरजुव तु दोर कोठ।

**Bharat Pandit  
Mumbai**



नमस्कार रैना साँब। प्रागाशस दिचुम  
पौंठ्य पौंठ्य नज़र फिलहाल। प्रागाश छु  
बोद्ध गाशरावान तु च्यथ वुजुनावान।  
कुन्दन जीयिन्य नज़म 'शॉयिर' पँरुम।  
शॉयिरी तु शॉयिरस छि कैह लवॉजिमात  
यथ दॉयिरस मंज रुजिथ छु अमृत  
न्यबर छँटान।

Poetry is the highest type of writing which includes vitality of vision and control of



prosody. Thanks  
**Sunita Raina Pandit  
NOIDA**



**Dear Editor,**

Namaskar. My name is Vinod Raina. I was forwarded the October issue of Praagaash by someone and I really enjoyed reading it. I thank you for all the hard work you put in bringing us this publication. It brings us closer to our motherland and gives some comfort and closure.

Where can I get the previous editions? I do want to read them all. Thanks once again for this gift. Regards,

**Vinod Raina  
vinod\_raina@yahoo.com**



**Dear Editor,**

I liked Dr. K.L.Chowdhury's article Bear Hug. I also had a patient similar one who had cardiac arrest - cardiac arrest while making love. Almost all die acutely but this one survived with urgent immediate surgery. He was found to have heart wall rupture in true sense.

**Dr. Sanjay Dhar  
United Kingdom**



**Mahara Namaskar**

"Praagaash' Oct. 2019 makes interesting reading. Dr Chowdhury's medical diary always gives one lessons in health-care. Bear-hug can be very harmful, the realization dawned upon me for the first time in 63 years! The trip to Tarsar-Marsar is quite persuasive for the people in their 40s. Thank you for making Praagaash rich and persuasive.

**Rajnath Bhat  
Varanasi (BHU)**

