

Grandma's Stories ~ दादी माँ की कहानियाँ ~ नानि हंजु कथु ~ M.K.Raina

Folk Tales of Kashmir

M.K.Raina



Image Courtesy :
studentshow.com

Grandma's Stories दादी माँ की कहानियाँ - नानि हंजु कथु

[Content Source: kâshîr talmîh & kâshîr lûkû kathû ~ Publications of J&K Academy of Art, Culture & Languages. Transliteration & Re-written for Children by M.K.Raina]



Note : Main aim of this work is to bring old Classic Kashmiri literature closer to our younger generations. Stories reproduced in Kashmiri language in this series are written in Devanagari-Kashmiri Script to reach those Kashmiris who are not well versed with the Nastaliq Script. And those written in English and Hindi are meant to reach those people who can't read Kashmiri. This will be a way to reach our rich Kashmiri literature to people outside Kashmir. It may be noted here that J&K Academy's works are already published in Nastaliq Script and need not be reproduced in that script again.

- M.K.Raina



Folk Tales of Kashmir

Evil-minded *bad-khvah*

Today children came in time. Grandma was already seated at her place. She started right away.

Today's story is 'Evil-minded'. Listen carefully.

Dapaan, long time ago, a crow and a sparrow were friends. They would sit together for hours, chat, eat and rest together. They also loved each other and would share their secrets.

Sparrow was kind hearted. She was also truthful. She did not carry any animosity for anybody in her heart. She would speak her heart out without caring if the listener was a friend or a foe. But the crow was not like her. It is said about a crow that if you bathe him with soap and herbs, he will not lose his black colour.



This crow wanted to eat the sparrow anyhow. He would always think of the soft and sweet meat of the tiny bird and devise plans to trap her.

One day, the crow took the sparrow on a flight to show her this beautiful world. They flew over mountains and parks and meadows and streams for a long.



Now the sparrow felt tired and wanted to rest. They landed in an open field. Here, a farmer lady had kept her chillies in the sun for drying. Chillies were sparkling red in colour. Crow started a conversation.

Crow: Look at this stuff. Its red colour is appealing. I want to eat this whole lot. Do you?

Sparrow: Yes, I too want to eat it.



Crow: O you little bird, why do you lie? You can't eat even one.

Sparrow: Ya, that is right. But for you I can do anything. If you want me to eat, I will.

Crow: I bet, you can't eat it. It is so hot.

Pinki was a bit worried. She said to Grandma, "Oh, did the sparrow eat it?" Grandma said, "I will tell you that. Listen carefully." Grandma went ahead with the story.

Crow dared the sparrow again. He said, "If you are not scared, what is stopping you from eating one? If you eat two or three, our friendship will remain in tact. But remember, if you can't eat even one, I will eat you up."

Sparrow was not a fool. She got it that the crow was not a friend. He was only pretending to be one. He wanted to eat her, this way or that way. But she was herself to blame too. She had promised him to do what he wanted. How could she escape now?



To keep her word, the sparrow put a small chilli in her mouth and took a bite. It was too hot but she gulped it down her throat to convince the crow. Soon she started groaning with pain. She said to crow, "I can't take it any more." Crow wanted this only. He said, "You have lost the bet. Now you have to fulfill your promise."

Sparrow was clever. "It is proved beyond doubt that the crow is evil-minded. I have to teach him a lesson", sparrow said to herself. She said to crow, "Please don't worry. I will not back out. But before you push your beak into my flesh, I request you to get it washed at a river. You know, you have eaten all sorts of filth with this beak only."



Crow was not ready to give her a chance. He said, "Oh, this is no problem. I will go and do it in a flash. You just wait here and don't go." Crow flew.



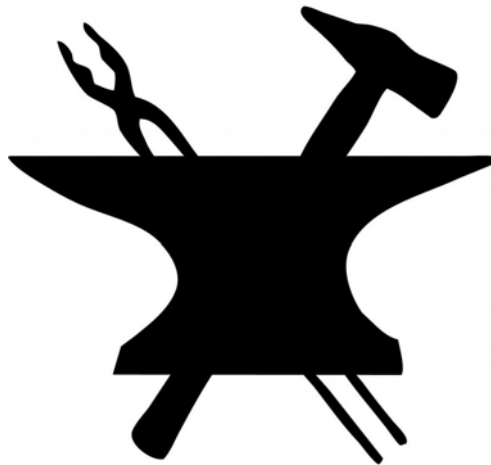
At the river, crow asked it for some water. River said, "My son, no problem. Have you got a pot to carry it? If not, you get one and take as much water as you wish." Crow had none. He said to the river, "Pray tell me, where do I get the pot from?" River replied, "Go to a potter." Crow flew.



Crow reached the potter. Potter was surprised to see him in his shop. Potter said, "My friend, what can I do for you?" Crow said, "I went to fetch some water from the river. River said, get a pot. So I need a small pot from you."

Potter had no pot ready. He said, "I would have given that gladly, but you see, I don't have any ready. If you are so eager, go and get the broken pin of my wheel, which I have given to blacksmith, repaired from him." "I will do it", crow said and flew away.

In some time, the crow reached blacksmith's shop. Blacksmith welcomed him. Crow said, "Potter has sent me here. Broken pin of his wheel is with you for repairs. Can you please give it to me, if repaired, so that I can give it to potter."



Blacksmith said, "But how are you concerned?" Crow replied, "I have to carry some water from the river. River wants me to get a pot. There is no pot with the potter. His wheel is not working and he wants his pin repaired by you. That is why I have come here."

Blacksmith said, "Listen, I could not repair it because I did not have burning charcoal to activate my hearth. If you can get me a burning charcoal, I will activate my hearth and repair the potter's pin." "Where do I get the burning charcoal?" Asked the crow. "From the village", said blacksmith.

Crow flew into the village. He saw smoke coming out of the chimney of a small house. He flew into the house. An old lady was cooking on her stove. Crow said to the lady, "Pray, can you give me some burning charcoal?" Lady was surprised. She said, "Burning charcoal? What for do you need it?"



Crow said, "Blacksmith needs it to activate his hearth. He will repair the pin of potter's wheel. Potter will make a pot and give it to me. I will give it to the river and she will give me some water."

Old lady was baffled. "It is OK but How will you carry the burning charcoal", said she.

Crow was not listening. He was half-dreaming, lost into eating sweet flesh of the sparrow. His mind was not working too. He opened his wings and offered them to the old lady. She poured a shovelful of live charcoal on his wings. Without applying his mind, crow flew at high speed towards the blacksmith's shop.



His wings caught fire and in a while the crow fell on the ground, dead.



This way, the innocent and sweet sparrow got rid of the evil-minded crow.

Dapaan, the sparrow never got into friendship with a crow thereafter. She lived a peaceful life.

Children liked the story and left.



Copyright: M.K.Raina