

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

# Folk Tales of Kashmir

M.K.Raina



Image Courtesy :  
[studentshow.com](http://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

### Golden Fish & the Fisherman *sônû gâd tû gâdû-hänz*

It was Kishmish's birthday today, English birthday to be precise. Her birthday as per Kashmiri Pandits' Panchang fell five days back. Kashmiri Pandits consider the Panchang birthday as the real one. It coincides with the lunar calendar. They prepare tãhãr (yellow rice) on this day and after pooja, give a part of it to birds and dogs. But the one as per English calendar is celebrated at a bigger scale as per modern trend and the wishes of the children. They receive lots of good wishes and gifts from their friends on the day. Usually, evenings are reserved for ceremonies like cake-cutting and dinner party and dance and music.



So children were late. Grandma was also there, busy at the party, embracing and hugging all children including those who were invited for the celebrations and the dinner. Return gifts were distributed by her only.

It was about 9.00 O'Clock in the night when they got free and assembled for Grandma's story.



Grandma started.

Dapaan, Once upon a time there was a fisherman. He was very poor and hardly managed two square meals for him and his wife. He had no children. His wife was rude and ill-mannered. She would abuse him off and on, for not earning much and for not providing her luxuries other women in the neighbourhood were enjoying. Fisherman would listen to all this but not utter a single word. He was scared of his wife.



"Oh, was she so bad?" Babloo asked Grandma.

"Yes, she was. That is why there was no peace between the two", said Grandma.

Fisherman would go for fishing every day, with the net on his head and the basin under arm, toil for the day and earn a little.

His wife used to go to her neighbours' place to pound grains or get them water from the stream and earn a little. They had a small hut to live in, without any furnishing or furniture. The total property they had in the hut was a small stone mortar, a winnowing basket, a sieve and a wooden mortar. Time passed and both of them started getting older.



"I have not seen a mortar made of wood. Where can I see that?"  
Said Mahima to Grandma.

"I have a photograph in my album. I will show you tomorrow.  
Remind me", said Grandma.

One day, the fisherman went to a big river to catch fish. He cast his net over and over again but without success. He could not catch a single fish. He started weeping. He was scared of going home empty handed, for the fear of his wife. In the meantime, dark clouds overcast the sky and there was thunder with lightening.



Fisherman cast his net a last time to try his luck. As he collected the net, he found a big golden fish in it. As soon as he took the fish in his hands, it started talking like a human.



Fish said to fisherman, "O' you noble man, don't catch me. Let me go back into the river." Fisherman was surprised. He had never seen a fish talking like a human being. He said, "I have been here since morning. I have not caught a single fish. How can I let you go? What will I carry back home? Moreover, you are golden. I will present you to the king and I am sure, he will reward me well.

Fish said, "If you leave me, I promise to give you whatever you demand. I am the queen of all rivers. Fish of all rivers are my subjects." Fisherman thought for a while. He pitied the poor fish and dropped her back into the river. He reached home empty handed. His wife was waiting for him. He narrated his story to her. She was furious. She said, "You are a fool. You are good for nothing. Who lets a fish go like that, that too a golden fish? She has lied. She has made a fool of you by telling you a false story. Have you ever heard of any queen fish in the river? If she was really a queen and if you believe her, why didn't you ask her for some food for the dinner?"

Next day, the fisherman left for the river again. He wanted to test the queen fish. He called the queen fish loudly. Queen fish appeared before him and said, "I am here. What can I do for you?"

Fisherman was excited. He said, "Send me food for seven days." Fish dived back into the river.

On reaching home, fisherman saw a number of cauldrons containing varieties of food ready to be served. Food was sufficient for seven days. Both fisherman and his wife stopped going to work any more and enjoyed the feasts.



After seven days, fisherman's wife said to him, "Go and ask the river queen for a bungalow, one like the king has. We have never had a good place to live in."

Fisherman went to the river bank and called the golden fish. She appeared and said, "Tell me nobleman, what do you want?" Fisherman said, "My wife wants for a bungalow." Fish vanished into the waters.



On reaching home, fisherman saw a decent bungalow in place of his hut. His wife was standing at the window. As soon as she saw the fisherman, she shouted at him, "You fool, you asked for



a bungalow like that of king's but forgot to ask for royal costumes and jewellery? Go and get it now."

Fisherman returned to river bank. Called the fish and said to her, "My wife wants royal costumes and jewellery." Fish vanished again.



Fisherman reached his home and found his wife royally dressed. Next morning she said to him, "Ask your queen fish to send us servants and enough money." Fisherman obeyed, went to the river bank, called the fish and told her about his wife's fresh demand.

On reaching home, he saw scores of servants busy in different chores. His wife was sitting on a pedestal, issuing orders. As soon as she saw her husband, she called a servant and ordered him to take the fisherman to cowshed and keep him tied there. Servant obeyed.

Next morning, fisherman's wife called a servant and asked him to produce the fisherman before her. When he came, she ordered him to ask the fish queen to make her the boss of all fish. Fisherman did not agree. She called her servants and got him beaten up. He left for the river bank, half dead.

On reaching the bank, he called the golden fish. She appeared. He said, "My wife has become terribly greedy. She now wants you and all your fish to be under her command." Fish vanished.





There were clouds again. There was lightening and there were thunders. It started raining. Fisherman walked fast to reach his home. When he reached there, he was taken aback. There was no bungalow and no royal decor. His old hut was there and his wife was sweeping the floor.



"Oh my God! It means this poor fisherman also suffered because of that wicked lady. I pity him", said Kalhan.

"It always happens. If there is a bad person in your company, everybody will suffer. In friendship too, you must be careful to choose your friends", said Grandma.

It was late and younger ones were sleepy. Their parents took them to their rooms.



Copyright: M.K.Raina