

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

# Folk Tales of Kashmir

M.K.Raina



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## 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.

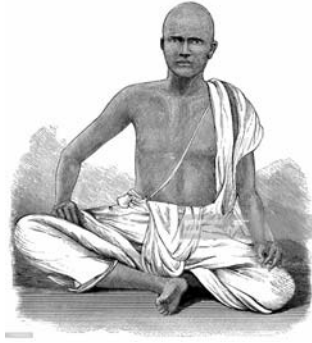
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## Folk Tales of Kashmir

### patsh (Trust)

Children came at due time. Kàkañ Jigûr was ready with a new story. She started straightway. Today's story was 'patsh'.



\**Dapaan*, long long ago, there lived a Brahmin. He was pious and a devout worshipper. He had a big family, so it was very difficult for him to make both ends meet. He would pray in the night and do hard labour in the day. In total contrast, his wife was rude and cunning. She would always mock him on one or the other pretext.

One day, *dapaan*, he set off for the day's work but his ill luck, he could not find any work for him. When he reached home, empty handed, his wife caned him black and blue.

"Oh, was she not ashamed to do so?" Asked Pinki

"I said earlier, she was rude. She had no shame either." Said Grandma. Now listen what happened."

Next day, the Brahmin again set for the work early morning. In

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\**Dapaan*: Onaiza Drabu, a Kashmiri anthropologist, in her book 'The Legend of Himal and Nagrai' explains the word thus:

An expression of the orality of Kashmiri, *dapaan* is a collection of voices that translate to 'it is said'. It is how one begins any story, whether true or mythological. Facts take the backseat when *dapaan* is invoked.

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spite of making rounds and rounds of the village, he did not get any work this time either. He reached his home only to get abuses from his wife. His children were hungry and weeping bitterly. He could not see them in pain but he was helpless. He patted them and consoled them till they fell asleep.

"Oh, how painful? What did Brahmin do then?" asked Biloo.

"That is what I am going to tell you now." Said Grandma.

Brahmin closed his eyes but could not sleep. He said to himself: "*Dapaan*, God sends food to every creature, even to those under the rocks, before dawn and does not keep any one hungry. I have heard, this is also written in divine books. So, how is it that my children slept hungry." He stood up, took his divine book and opened it. Yes, it was written there too. He said to himself, "It is a big lie. Let me erase it from the book." He got a pen and put a cross on the lines. Then he stretched himself on the floor.

Next morning, he again set out for the work. He did get some odd jobs and earn a few coins. He purchased some flour and reached home. As soon as he entered the compound, he saw something amazing. Everything around was decorated and beautified. For a moment, he thought he had trespassed into someone else's house but on seeing his wife at the door, he was satisfied. His wife was smiling. When he reached near her, she put a sugar candy in his mouth. She said, "We have shed our life long poverty today. We are well off now. A friend of yours did this favour to us. May God shower His grace on him and give him *Ruma Reshyun* span of life."

"What is *Ruma Reshyun* span of life?" Tabasheer asked.

"You have asked a good question", said Grandma, "Ruma Reshi was a great saint and he is said to have been blessed with a very long life."

Hearing his wife, the Brahmin went into deep thoughts. He was not sure, which one of his friends had come there, because no friend of his was so prosperous. May be somebody entered a wrong house, or my wife trapped someone with deceit. He started questioning his wife vehemently. She said, "As if you know nothing. Why do you want to dodge me? He was the same person whose tongue you have cut yesterday. He was still bleeding. He has asked you to come to his place and stitch his tongue." Brahmin was taken aback. He said, "No, I did not cut anybody's tongue. Tell me frankly who was that?"

Children were grossly involved in the story. On hearing about bleeding tongue, they got scared. They caught one-another's hands tightly, with fear. Grandma told them, "Brahmin had not cut anybody's tongue. Listen to the full story first."



Brahmin's wife said to him, "When you left for the work in the morning, a person riding a horse came here. He had a bag with him. He asked for you. I told him that you were out for the work. He said, take this bag and empty its contents. I have to go back.



We took the bag inside and opened it. It contained diamonds and jewels. We returned the empty bag to him and asked him who he was. He said, 'Your husband and I had an old account to settle. Yesterday, you people had nothing to eat. Your husband complained to me. When I did not answer, he cut my tongue.' After that he showed his bleeding tongue to me."



*Dapaan*, the wise Brahmin got the hint. He left immediately. His wife asked him, "Where are you going?" Brahmin said, "I will go and stitch his tongue first."

Brahmin left for Tapovan.

"What did he do in Tapovan?" Children asked Grandma.

"He did meditation and prayers and never returned", said Grandma.



Children did not get the last words correctly and Grandma could not explain beyond that because the folk tale did not elaborate it.

Children returned to their rooms to sleep.



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