

Translation

Azgar Lal

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Introduction: We are pleased to present the English translation of a short story written in Balochi, together with an introduction to the life and work of the author. We also include the Balochi text of the story in Latin and Arabic script. It is our hope that this story will be a wake-up call to many who want to see change in Balochistan, but are reluctant to sacrifice their own comfort to help bring about that change.

Azgar Lal was born in 1987 in Boleda, Kech, Balochistan. He completed his primary education up to grade 10 in his home village and graduated in 2007 after finishing a two-year course in Political Science, equivalent to an A-level. He now lives in Karachi, Pakistan.

Azgar Lal began his career as a writer in 2006. His publications include *Zémeráni Bálád* [The Statue of Melodies]¹, a study of the life and art of the renowned Balochi singer and musician Abdul Sattar Baloch, and *Nyád gón Zeray Chawlán* [Meeting Ocean Waves]², a collection of interviews he conducted with Baloch literary figures. He worked as an editor of the literary journal *Sáhél* [Shadow]³ between 2013 and 2014, and of *Emróz* [World]⁴ in 2013.

All of Azgar Lal's writings are in Balochi, and his short stories often deal with social issues. In the story presented and translated here, he criticizes activists who claim to be working for social change and the betterment of people's living conditions, but who are unwilling to sacrifice even an ounce of their personal comfort to meet the needs of a fellow human being.

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Summer had lost its temper, packed up and left for a few months. Winter had spread its wings over the land. Some people had taken out their coats from among their stored clothes, others their shawls and sweaters.

Chakar, Noroz, Pakir and Dad Jan were sitting at the back of Baloch Han's cafe as usual, discussing political and social problems.

'Waiter! Bring four teas', said Dad Jan. He reached into his pocket, pulled out a packet of cigarettes, and placed it on the table for the others to help themselves.

'Yesterday I happened to see a report from an international agency that said our country is ranked number one in the world for unemployment', Pakir said as he pulled a cigarette from the packet and lit it.

'It may well be true. Ever since the new government came into power, prices have gone up and unemployment is increasing', Dad Jan said, puffing out the cigarette smoke.

1 *Zémeráni Bálád*, Karachi: Mestág Foundation, 2017.

2 *Nyád gón Zeray Chawlán*, Karachi: Mestág Foundation, 2021.

3 *Sáhél*, Hub, 2013–2014.

4 *Emróz*, Karachi: Rozhn Labzánki Chágerd, 2013.

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'Hey there, hand me the packet, let me have a cigarette and pollute the air and my lungs a bit', Noroz said, looking at Dad Jan.

'It's because of this inflation and unemployment that there are more and more beggars in this country. It looks like the country is going straight to hell', Pakir said.

'Begging has a bad reputation but it's good business. Actually, the prime minister even said that begging is a good thing', Dad Jan said and laughed loudly.

The other people in the cafe started looking in their direction.

'Don't laugh so loud. All the people are watching us', Noroz said, putting the cigarette ash on the table.

'Let him laugh. It prolongs his life. Anyway, there are too few opportunities to laugh here', Pakir said. He smiled and looked at Noroz. The waiter brought the tea and left.

Chakar broke his silence. 'Buddy! There was a time when we Baloch took pride in not having any beggars among our people. Now not only are men begging, but even women are beggars', he said.

'No, those who wear Balochi dress and beg are not actually Baloch, they're foreigners', said Dad Jan, throwing his cigarette on the floor.

'Sure, right, they aren't Baloch, but these days Baloch women see them and start begging as well. And we're getting tired of telling our womenfolk not to give their beautifully embroidered dresses to beggars. We still see beggars wearing Balochi outfits', Chakar replied to Dad Jan.

'Buddy! Something must be done', Noroz said and looked around the cafe.

'Yes, something needs to be done', the other three said with one voice.

'Sure buddy! We must do something for our people and our society', said Noroz.

'Of course we want to do something, but there's nothing we can do' Dad Jan pulled out another cigarette and lit it.

'Dad Jan! It's not right for those of us who regard ourselves as knowledgeable and educated to be discouraged. If we want to, we can do many things.' While Noroz was saying this, Auntie Shamsi staggered into the cafe, coughing. She looked around. When she saw the four, her face lit up and she came over to them.

Auntie Shamsi lived in their village. She was a widow with no children to care for her. She had been dependent on others all her life. Now her days were numbered.

'My boys! Look at this piece of paper. I got it from the doctor. I have to buy some medicine, but actually I have no money for it. Can you please buy this medicine for me? God will reward you.'

Noroz took the prescription from her and read it. 'Auntie! This is not only a prescription for medicine, there are also tests you need to take.'

'Son! I need the medicine right now. My fever is not going down and the cough...'

Chakar took the prescription from Noroz's hand and read it. Then he said: 'Auntie! This is a lot of medicine, we don't have that much money on us.'

'If you can't buy it all, just buy the fever and cough medicine. I can't even breathe because of the cough.'

All four looked at each other and lowered their eyes. Chakar gave the prescription back to Auntie and said: 'Sorry, we don't have the kind of money to buy your medicine.'

She took the prescription and left the cafe in despair.

After she went, everyone was silent. Then they too left the cafe and each one went home.

The night with its pains and sorrows turned into day. At dawn the birds began to sing their soothing songs.

Noroz, Chakar, Dad Jan and Pakir were sleeping comfortably in their beds. Suddenly they were startled by a loud voice. It was an announcement from the loudspeakers of the mosque.

'Listen to this announcement. Auntie Shamsi has passed away. Her funeral will take place at ten in the morning at the mosque in the cemetery.'

Drégatén

Azgar Lal

Garmágá wati murk mojéntagat o pa lahtén máhá laddhetag o dur shotagat. Zemestáná wati bánzol zeminay sará tálán kortagatant. Kaséá wati kóth cha poténkán kasshetagat, kaséá cháder o suthar.

Chákar, Nóróz, Pakir o Dád Ján modámién warhá Balóch Hánay hóthalay tahi némagá korsiay sará neshtagatant o syási o chágerdi jérhaháni sará gapp o trán kanagá atant.

“Hóthal! Chár cháh byár,” Dád Jáná dast kisságá bort o segréthay párkith démá ér kort o gwasht.

“Zi mani démá myánostománi edárahéay rapórté gwest ke may moltk donyáay tahá bérózgáriá awali nambará ent,” Pakirá cha párkithá segréthé kasshet, rók kort o gwasht.

“Buta kant. Chéá ke hamá ent ke é nökén sarkár átkag, moltkay tahá gráni o bérózgári gésh bayán ent,” Dád Jáná segréthay dutt bál dátant o gwasht.

“Párkithá kammé é némagá kan, dutté gwátá dayán o poppé pólenga kanán,” Nórózá Dád Jánay némagá cháret o gwasht.

“Hamé gráni o bérózgáriay sawabá moltkay tahá pendhók ham gésh bayán ant. Moltk gwashay dém pa kórchátéá rawán ent,” Pakirá gwasht.

“Pendhagay nám bad ent bale náni baz ent. Padá, moltkay mazanwazirá ham gwashtag pendhag sharrén chizzé, háháháhá,” Dád Jáná thahk dayáná gwasht.

Hóthalá neshtagén á dega mardom esháni némagá cháragá laggetant.

“Ástá kand. Dráhén mardom márá cháragá ant,” Nórózá segréthay por thébalay sará chandetant o gwasht.

“Belli kandit, hóné gésha kant. Chónáhá edá kandagay móh báz kamma rasit,” Pakirá bechkandet o Nórózay némagá cháret o gwasht. Bárwáláyá cháh ér kortant o shot.

“Yár! Yakk wahdé butag má Balóchán pahr bastag ke may kawmay tahá pendhók nést. Annun may mardénán bell, janén ham pendhágá ant,” Chákará wati hámóshi prósht o gwasht.

“Na, eshán ke pandóli pashk gwará o pendhant, é Balóch naant, darkawm ant,” Dád Jáná segréth boná dawr dát o gwasht.

“É wa haw, Balóch naant bale maróchán Balóch janén ham eshán gendagá ant o pendhágá ant. Padá má wati janénáni gwashagá dam bortag ke wati dóchién godán pendhókán madayét. Angat má gendén, eshán Balóchi god gwará,” Chákará Dád Jánay passaw dát.

“Yár! Chizzé kanaga lóthit,” Nórózá hóthalay chárén némagán cháret o gwasht.

“Chizzé kanaga lóthit,” sayénán pajiá gwasht.

“Haw yár! Wati ráj o chágerday wástá chizzé kanaga lóthit,” Nórózá gwasht.

“Del wa lóthit bale dasta narasit,” Dád Jáná dega segréthé kasshet, rók kort.

“Dád Ján! Má watá é chágerday sarpad o wánendahén mardoma gwashén, márá zéba nadant ke má delprósh bebén. Má belóthén, báz chizz korta kanén.” Nóróz gappá at ke Mási Shamsi kollán o tattarán hóthalay tahá potert, é némag o á némagá cháragá lagget. Esháni gendagá áiay chamm rozhná butant. Hamingor átk.

Mási Shamsi hamesháni métágá neshtagat. Janázámé at o chokki ham néstat. Másiá wati sarjamén zend pa chamdári gwázéntagat. Nun omray goddhi bahrá at.

“Mani chokkán! É kágad maná dákta dátág. Dawá geragi ant. Maná choshén zarré nést ke dawáyán gept bekanán. Hamé dawáyán gerét o bedayét. Alláh shomará esháni mozzá dant.”

Nórózá cha áiay dastá kágad zort o wánt. “Mási! É kágaday tóká tahná dawá naant, thesti ham mán.”

“Mani chokk! Maná annun hamé dawáyáni zalurat ent ke mani tap sedagá naent o kollag...”

Cha Nórózay dastá kágad Chákará zort o wánt, gwashti: “Mási! É dawá báz ant, márá inchok zarr gón nést.”

“Á dega dawáyán agan zorta nakanét, hamé tap o kollagaygán bezurét ke bázén kollagá mani sáh porr bayagá naent.”

Chárénán yakdomiay némagá cháret o chamm jahl kortant. Chákará kágad Másiay némagá shahárt o gwasht: "Máp kan. Márá choshén zarré nést ke tai dawáyán begerén."

Áiá pa náométi kágad zort o cha hóthalá dar at.

Másiay rawagá pad, á ham hámósh butant o cha hóthalá dar átk o wati lógán shotant.

Shapá wati ranj o gamay bazén cháder mán póshet o shot. Bámá, gón morgáni táhírbakshén tawárá, darái kort.

Nóróz, Chákar, Dád Ján o Pakir wati gandaláni sará washwáb atant. Masitay lawdhán járéay tawár chest but. Járay tawárá á cha wábá pach larzetant.

"Yakk ayláné gósh dárét. Mási Shamsi bérán butag. Sohbay dah bajá kabrestánay masitá áiay janázaha bit."

دریگنگین ازگر لال

گرمáگا وتی مورک مُجیتتگات و په لهتین ماها لَدَتگ و دور شُتگات. زمستانا وتی بازْل زمینئ سَرَا تالان کرتگ اتنت. کسیا وتی کوت چه پُتینکان کَشْتگات، کسیا چادر و سویر. چاکر، نوروز، پکیر و داد جان مُدامیین وڑا بلوج هانئ هوتلائے تهی نیمگا کُرسیئ سرا نِشتگاتنت و سیاسی و چاگردى جیوهانی سَرَا گَپ و تران گَنگا اتنت.

"هُوَل! چار چاه بیار،" داد جانا دَست کیسگا بُرْت و سِکریئ پارکیت دیما ایر کرت و گوشت. "زی منی دیما سیان اُستمانی ادارهیتے رپُرْتے گوست که مئے مُلک دیائے تها بیروزگاریا ائولی نمبرا انت،" پکیرا چه پارکیت سِکریئ کشت، روک کرت و گوشت.

بوث کنت. چیا که هما انت که اے نوکین سرکار آتکگ، مُلکئ تها گُرانی و بیروزگاری گیش بیان انت،" داد جانا سِکریئ دوٹ بال داتنت و گوشت.

"پارکیت کمے اے نیمگا کن، دوَتے گواتا دیان و پیپے پولنگ کنان،" نوروزا داد جانئ نیمگا چارت و گوشت. "همه گُرانی و بیروزگاری سَوَبا مُلکئ تها پِنْدُوك هم گیش بیان انت. ملک گوشه دیم په کورچاتیا رُوان انت،" پکیرا گوشت.

پِنْدگئے نام بد انت بله نانی بَر انت. پدا، مُلکئ مَزَنَوزِیرا هم گوشتگ پِنْدگ شَرِین چیز، هاهاهاها،" داد جانا ٹهک دیانما گوشت.

هُوَللا نِشتگین آ دگه مردم إشانی نیمگا چارگا لَكَشت. "آستا کند. دُراهین مردم مارا چارگا انت،" نوروزا سِکریئ پُرْتیلئ سَرَا چَنْدَتنت و گوشت. "بلی کَنَدیت، هُونَے کیش کنت. چوناها ادا کَنَدگئ مَزَه باز کم رسیت،" پکیرا بچکنید و نوروزئ نیمگا چارت و گوشت. بارالایا چاه ایر کرنت و شُت.

"پار! یک و هدے بوتگ ما بلوجان پهربَستگ که مئے کوئمئ تها پِنْدُوك نیست. انون مئے مردینان بِل، جنین هم پِنْدگا انت، چاکرا وتی هاموشی پِرْزشت و گوشت.

"نه، إشان که پِنْدُوك پِشک گُورا و پِنْدنت، اے بلوج نه انت، دَرکُوم انت،" داد جانا سِکریئ بُنَا دُثُر دات و گوشت. "اے وَه هشو، بلوج نه انت بله مردِچان بلوج جنین هم إشان گِنَدگا انت و پِنْدگا انت. پدا ما وتی جنینانی گوشگا دَم بُرْتگ که وتی دُوچینین گَدان پِنْدُوكان مَدَئیت. انگت ما گَنَدین، إشان بلوجچی گُد گُورا،" چاکرا داد جانئ پِسْئو دات.

یار! چیزے کنگ لَوَتیت،" نوروزا هُولَلے چارتین نیمگان چارت و گوشت. "چیزے کنگ لَوَتیت، سَئینان پَجِیا گوشت.

"هُوَ یار! وتی راج و چاگردىے واستا چیزے کنگ لَوَتیت،" نوروزا گوشت. "دل وَه لَوَتیت بله دَست نَرسِیت،" داد جانا دگه سِکریئ کشت و روک کرت.

"داد جان! ما وتا اے چاگردىے سَرِپد و وَنِندَهین مردم گُوشین، مارا زَیَّب ندنت که ما دِلپُوش بیین. ما بلُوْنِین، باز چیز کرت کیین." نوروز گپیا ات که ماسی شَمَسی کُلَان و شَرَان هوتلائے تها پُتُرت، اے نیمگ و آ نیمگا چارگا لَگت. گِنَدگا آییئے چَم رُزْنا بوتنت. همینگر آتک.

ماسی شَمَسی هِمِشانی میتگا نِشتگات. جنوزامے ات و چُکَّی هم نیست ات. ماسیا وتی سِرجمین زِند په چمداری

گوازیتتگات. نون امرئے گَدَی بَهرا ات.

”منی چُکان! اے کاگد منا داکترا داتگ. دئوا گرگی انت. منا چُشین زَرَے نیست که دئوايان گپت بکنان. همه دئوايان گریت و بدئیت. آلاه شمارا اشانی مُزا دنت“.

”نورؤرا چه آئیئے دستا کاگد زُرت و وانت. ماسی! اے کاگدئی توکا تهنا دئوا نه انت، یُسٹی هم مان“.

...

”منی چُک! منا ائون همه دئوايانی زلورت انت که منی تپ سِدگا نه انت و کُلگ“.

”چه نورؤزئے دستا کاگد چاکرا زُرت و وانت، گوشتی:“ ماسی! اے دئوا باز انت، مارا اینچُک زَرَ گون نیست“.

”آ دگه دئوايان اگن زُرت نکیت، همه تپ و کلگتیگان بزوریت که بازین گُلگا منی ساه پُر بیگان نه انت“.

چارینان یکدومیئے نیمگا چارت و چِم جهله کرتنت. چاکرا کاگد ماسیئے نیمگا شهارت و گوشت: ”ماپ کن. مارا چُشین

زَرَے نیست که تیبی دئوايان بگریئن“.

آسیا په نامیتی کاگد زُرت و چه هُوٹلا در آتك.

ماسیئے رئوگا پد آ هم هاموش بوتنت و چه هُوٹلا در آتك و وقی لوگان شُنت.

شپا وقی رَج و گمئے بُرین چادر مان پُوشیت و شُت. باما، گون مُرگانی تاهیر بکشین تغوارا، درایی کرت.

نورؤز، چاکر، داد جان و پَکیر وقی گندلانی سرا و شواب انت. مسیتیش لشُدان جاریئے تغوار چست بوت. جاریئے تغوار آ

چه واپا پچ لرزننت.

”یک ائیلانے گوش داریت. ماسی شَمسی بیران بوتگ. سُهیئے ده بَجا کبرستانئے مسیتا آیئے جنازه بیت“.