

Translation

Danish Dagħ

Beyond the Wall*

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Introduction: We are pleased to present the English translation of a short story written in Balochi, *Beyond the Wall*, together with an introduction to the life and work of the author, Danish Dagħ. We also include the Balochi text of the story in Latin and Arabic script. It is our hope that this story will challenge its readers to refrain from judging other people and to begin questioning things they may have believed without ever considering whether they are right or wrong, to start thinking in new terms, to “go beyond the wall”. We also wish to extend our thanks to Carina Jahani, Uppsala University, for putting us in touch with the author and giving us valuable suggestions on our draft translation, as well as for writing the author introduction.

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Noroz Hayat and Susan Weldon

Danish Dagħ is the pen name used by the Baloch poet and short story writer Sabir Ali. He was born on 2 March 1981 in the village of Pidark, Tehsil Turbat, Kech District, Balochistan, Pakistan. He completed his primary and secondary education at the Government Boys’ High School in his home village of Pidark. He graduated from Atta Shad Degree College, Turbat, in 2004 and received his higher education at Balochistan University, Quetta, where he obtained two M.A. degrees, one in Balochi and one in English literature, in 2006 and 2008 respectively. He also holds an M.Ed. degree from the Federal Urdu University, Karachi.

Danish Dagħ started his career as a lecturer at the Balochi Department of the Government Atta Shad Degree College, in Turbat. He later chose to work in school administration, and since 2012 he has served in various administrative positions at the Department of Education in Balochistan Province, Pakistan. He also runs an institute called Bramsh Academy Pidark, which works with promoting English as well as developing Balochi literature, art and music.

Danish Dagħ began writing short stories at an early age, while still in secondary school. Several of his stories have been published in different Balochi magazines and have been well received by readers. He also writes poetry in Balochi and Urdu. In addition, he translates literary works from Urdu and English into Balochi, including *The Forty Rules of Love* by the Turkish writer Elif Shafak. In 2019 Danish Dagħ received the prestigious Mast Tawkali¹ literary award.

The story translated here, *Diwālay poshtā*, was inspired by the life and philosophy of Socrates. It depicts a revolution against ignorance and can be applied to any situation where the personal freedom to believe whatever one wants and to follow the path one desires is violated. The message that we should not judge others by their deeds is also clearly communicated.

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¹ The Mast Tawkali award is given by the Pakistan Academy of Letters in recognition of outstanding poetry in Balochi. Mast Tawkali was a renowned Baloch poet who lived in the 19th century. See, e.g., <https://medium.com/@mblh/tawkali-mast-and-sammo-83c9338c0857> (Retrieved 31 May 2024)

* Translated by Noroz Hayat and Susan Weldon, with introduction by Carina Jahani, Uppsala University, Sweden, E-mail: carina.jahani@lingfil.uu.se

There was a wall around the city, in all four directions. It was a wall that no one had found a way to get to the other side of. The people all believed there was no way out of the city – human beings couldn't get past the city wall. People kept seeing different kinds of shadows moving outside the wall. They also heard loud noises that seemed to come from the other side. Most people thought that beyond the wall lay the land of ghosts and spirits, and that the wall protected their well-being. If even one person crossed to the other side, the whole city would be destroyed. To go outside the wall would bring destruction, and the only way to keep the city safe was for no one to go outside the wall. And if anyone tried to do so, he should be put to death.

Sholokhof was the first person to look beyond the wall. He saw that on the other side there was an ocean of light. Bright moonbeams shone everywhere, and there was a softly drizzling cloud of light. Sholokhof climbed over. On the other side he saw that the fruit on the trees was full and ripe, and the water in the canals was crystal clear. He heard the birds singing. In their song, Sholokhof heard them say that no one does evil on purpose; they only commit wrongdoing by mistake. They believe that their wrongdoing is good for them. This wrongdoing embraces the doer, lulling him into comfortable ignorance.

Sholokhof saw that the pigeons were playing. He saw that they were giving spiritual instruction. They were saying that many people do good by mistake too. They don't do it on purpose; good just comes out of them without thought. And we cannot call these people good, because sometimes they also do evil by mistake.

Sholokhof immersed himself in the ocean of light. Upon doing so, he saw that his whole body had absorbed the light. The inner light filled him with intense love and bliss. Then Sholokhof hurried back to the other side of the wall. He called the people together and cried out: "Come and see how my inner being is illuminated!"

The crowd was perplexed. They couldn't see his inner light, so they didn't understand. Sholokhof stood on the highest hill in the town and began to shout: "Hey there, you people! Come and listen! There are no ghosts or spirits on the other side of the wall. In fact, the true meaning of life can be found there, beyond the wall. Anyone who has not crossed over has not experienced real life."

The crowd at the foot of the hill started yelling: "He's crazy, crazy! Sholokhof's out of his mind. He's a liar. There's no way to get outside the city wall. Only ghosts and spirits can go there." Not believing a word of what Sholokhof was telling them, they ignored him and went home.

Gorbachof, a friend of Sholokhof since childhood, knew that Sholokhof never lied. So he went to him and asked: "Hey there Sholu, tell me, did you really find a way to get to the other side of the wall?" Sholokhof told him the whole story of going over the wall and finding the light. Gorbachof realized that his whole body, too, was illuminated. His inner light filled him too with intense love and bliss.

As the days and nights passed, Sholokhof's story spread. People found out that Gorbachof, Yakub, Narsema and Shambay, one after another, all came to believe in the ocean of light. The city officials had to do something, so the herald made an announcement to all the citizens: "Come, gather. Tomorrow it will be decided whether Sholokhof is sane or insane." All the people of the city were happy that a decision would be made about this crazy person, believing that if he was declared insane, it would save their city from destruction.

The ruler of the city was sitting on his throne. All the citizens were sitting on the ground. Sholokhof was standing in a corner with his friends. The ruler's cunning minister began his speech:

"Dear Sirs! This man called Sholokhof has lost his mind. The wretched creature has proven himself to be completely insane. He has gone beyond the wall! Beyond the wall that none of our forefathers ever trespassed, to keep the ghosts and spirits from entering our city, and to protect our future generations and the city from destruction. The man claims to have bathed in waters of light and to have comforted his soul in clouds of light. He even tells us he received spiritual instruction from pi-

geons! Now tell me, is this not insanity? As if that wasn't enough, he has even corrupted others, making them apostates. If he is not punished for crossing to the other side of the wall, it will only be a matter of time before all the inhabitants of our city try to cross over, and the day will not be far off when our city will be inhabited by ghosts and spirits."

After hearing this speech, the citizens demanded with one voice that Sholokhof be put to death: "Death! Death! Death to Sholokhof! Sholokhof should be sentenced to death!"

The ruler lifted his hand, and the citizens all fell silent. Turning to face Sholokhof, he said: "So, Mr. Sholokhof, you have gone beyond the wall? Deny it, and you will be forgiven. But if you say you have bathed in the ocean of light, then today is the last day of your life."

The crowd was so silent you could hear a pin drop. It looked as if Sholokhof wasn't really paying attention to the ruler's words, as if the words he was hearing were about someone else's punishment. The people kept their eyes fixed on Sholokhof, waiting to hear what he had to say. Sholokhof began to speak: "Oh, ignorant people of my city..."

By not beginning his speech with the obeisance, "Dear Ruler", but instead with the words, "Oh, ignorant people of my city" Sholokhof had broken with tradition. The sovereign's eyes turned red with anger.

"...why are you so immersed in darkness? Haven't you seen what light is? Don't you know the meaning of 'inner splendour'? Are you still blind? There are no ghosts or spirits beyond the wall. There is just light, an ocean of light. The clouds of light are drizzling softly, and the pigeons give spiritual instruction."

The ruler interrupted Sholokhof's speech to pronounce sentence: "Tomorrow at daybreak Sholokhof must be hanged on the highest hill of the city."

Sholokhof smiled. He said: "Why are people afraid of death? Life is actually a prison of darkness and death is the freedom that takes a person to the eternal destination of light."

As night fell on the city, Narsema, Yakub, Shambay and Gorbachof sat outside Sholokhof's prison door. They could see that he was asleep and heard how he was snoring. As dawn spread its light across the land, Sholokhof was taken to the highest hill in the city. Looking at the smile on Sholokhof's lips, the ruler got very upset and said: "You still have a chance to say that the light beyond the wall was a lie. In that case you will be forgiven." But Sholokhof put the rope around his own neck and said: "The light beyond the wall is actually much dimmer than the light I will see after being hanged."

Days and weeks passed. People felt as if Sholokhof had not died. Shambay, Yakub, Narsema and Gorbachof continued to talk about the light with others in the city. Now, even the ruler himself hurried out beyond the wall. He saw an ocean of light, a bright cloud was softly drizzling, and the pigeons were giving spiritual instruction. By this time the whole city was immersed in light, and on the highest hill people gathered to be instructed.

Diwálay poshtá Dánesh Dág

Sarjamén shahr, chárén némagán diwáléá angerr kortagat. É anchén diwálé at ke kassá eshiay á dastá rawagay ráh nadistagat. Dráhén mahluká setk o báwar at ke cha é shahrá dar áyagay hecch ráh o dar nést. Baniádam diwálay poshtá shota nakant. Mardomán modám dist ke diwálay poshtá rang rangén sáhegáni sor o por ent. Áyán diwálay poshtá girr o gáray áwáz ham eshkot. Áyáni hayál géshter hamesh at ke diwálay poshtá jenn o játugáni dayár ent o é diwál pa may salámatiá hazhdari ent. Agan yakk mardomé ham á démá shot, sarjamén shahr tabáha bit. Diwálay poshtá rawagay máná shahray tabáhi at o shahray rakkénagay ráh esh at ke kass diwálay poshtá marawt. O agan yakkéá é kár kort, áia markay sezá dayag bebit.

Sholókhóf awali mardom at ke diwálay poshtá sari kasshet. Sholókhófá dist ke diwálay poshtá rozhnay yakk daryáé, máhekániay shirén mahpar chárén démán sheng ant, rozhnay nódé shanzagá ent. Sholókhóf diwálá gwast. Disti ke eday drachkáni bara trepant o jóáni áp chó ádénká ent. Morgáni tawári eshkot. Eshkoti ke morg gwashagá ant: “Kass badén kár pa badia nakant, pa radia kant. Á, badén kára pa wat sharrié zánt paméshká badén kerd áia wati ambázána gipt o wasshén wábéá perrénit.”

Sholókhófá kapódar laybá distant. Disti ke kapódar dars dayagá ant. Gwashagá ant: “Báz mardom sharren kár pa radia kant. Á pa zánt sharria nakant, sharri watsará wat, cha áia dastá bit. O choshén mardomá má sharr gwashta nakanén parchá ke é paymén mardomay dastá pa radi, badi ham bit.”

Sholókhófá rozhnay daryáyá bökk wárt. Bokki wárt o disti ta mani sarjamén bálád rozhná ent. Áiára wati bátenay rozhná shaydá kort. Sholókhóf tachán tacháná padá diwálay tahi némagá átk. Áia mardom gwánk jatant o kukkár kort: “Byáét o bechárét, mani báten chón rozhná ent.”

Mahluk hayrán at ke é marday báten kojá rozhná ent. Sholókhóf shahray masterén borzagay sará ósttát o kukkára lagget: “Mardomán! Byáét, gósh dárét. Diwálay poshtá hecch jenn o játug nést. Aslá, zendmánay rástén dróshom diwálay poshtay zenday tahá ent. Harkas ke diwálá á dém nashot, áia bezán aslén zend nadist.”

Cha borzagá jahl mocchiay mardom kukkára laggetant: “Ganók ent, ganók. Sholókhóf pahká ganók ent. Dróga bandit. Diwálay á démá rawagay ráh nést. Ódá éwaká jenn o játug shota kanant.” Mahluká Sholókhófay gapp gósh nadásht o wati gesán shotant.

Gorbáchófá Sholókhóf cha kasániá zánt. Zánti ke Sholókhóf hechbar dróga nabandit paméshká Sholókhófay gwará shot o josti kort: “Hán arhay, Sholu! Begwash taw pa rásti diwálá á dém rawagay ráh distag?” Sholókhófá rozhnay tawámén kessah kortant o Gorbáchófá dist ke mani sarjamén bálád rozhná but. Áiára wati bátenay rozhná shaydá kort.

Róch o shap gwazán butant. Sholókhófay tablig démá rawán at. Mardomán dist ke Gorbáchóf, Yákub, Narsemá o Shambay... drost yakk o yakká rozhnay daryáyay mannóger butant. Shahray gazirá dhohl o dhandhahór kort: “Byáét ke bándá Sholókhófay ganóki o sáriay paysalah kanaga bit.” Shahray sarjamén mahluk gal at ke ganókay paysalah bayagá ent. Nun may shahr cha tabáhiá rakkít.

Shahray sardár tahtay sará neshtagat, tawámén rayyat boná neshtagat o Sholókhóf gón wati sangatán yakk konjéá ósttátagat. Sardáray chálákén kárdará wati gwashtánk bendát kort:

“Wájah! É mard ke námi Sholókhóf ent, cha wati sára dar ent. É mardakár nun ganók ent. Hamá diwál ke áia poshtá may pet o pirokán pád ér nakortag ke may padréch o may shahr tabáh mabit, jenn o játug may dayará mayáyant, é wájah cha á diwálá á dém shotag. Á gwashit ke man rozhnay ápá ján shoshtag o cha rozhnay nódán wati bálád washnód kortag... É wájaha gwashit ke kapódarán maná dars dátág. Nun begwash ke bésári kojámiá gwashant. Á wati jágahá, eshiá wati hamráhiá dega bázéné ham bargashtah kortag gón. Agan eshiá diwálay poshtá rawagay sezá dayag nabut, bándá shahray har mardom diwálay poshtá rawagay kóshestá kant o á róch dura nabit ke may shahr jenn o játugáni bondara bit.”

Shahray dráhén mahluk pa hamtawári, pa Sholókhófá markay sezáyá lóthagá at: “Mark. Mark. Sholókhófá markay sezá dayag bebit.”

Sardará dast chest kort o dráhén rayyat bétawár but. Padá sardará dém gón Sholókhófá kort o gwashti: “Hán wájah Sholókhóf! Gorhá, taw diwálay poshtá shotagay? Agan taw begwashay: ‘Na. Man nashotagán,’ tai sezá máp. Bale genday taw begwashay ‘man rozhnay daryáyá ján shoshtag,’ gorhá maróchigén róch tai zenday goddhi rócha bit.”

Dráhén mocchi anchó bétawár but ke mardom yakdomiay deláni drikkagán eshkonagá atant. Sholókhófá sardaray gapp anchó gósh dáshtant, gwashay degaréay sezáyay gapp ent. Mahlukay chamm Sholókhófá sakk atant ke baren ché gwashit. Sholókhófá wati habar bendát kort: “Oo mani shahray násarpadén mardomán!”

Sardaray thélag sohr tarretant ke Sholókhófá dód próshtagat. Áiá “wájahén sardár” gwashagay badalá “mani shahray násarpadén mardomán” gwashtagat.

“Shomá parchá chó taháriáni ámách ét? Shomá nadistag ke rozhn chéé? Bátenay jalwah chéa gwashant? Shomá angat kór ét? Diwálay poshtá hecch jenn o játug nést, bass rozhn ent o rozhnay daryá ent. Rozhnay nóda shalant o kapódar darsa dayant.”

Sardará Sholókhófay habar goddhet o markay sezáyay hokm dát. “Bándá gón róchay thekk kanagá Sholókhóf shahray borzterén borzagay sará páhó dayag bebit.”

Sholókhófá bechkandet. Gwashti: “Mardom cha marká chéa torsant? Zend wat taháriay yakk zendané o mark ájóie ke mardomá pa rozhnay abadmánén menzelá bárt o sara kant.”

Shapá wati cháder kollén shahray sará pach kort. Narsemá, Yákub, Shambay o Gorbáchóf, Sholókhófay zendánay darwázagay dapá neshtagatant. Áyán dist ke Sholókhóf wáb ent o gorragá ent. Sohbá wati mahpar pa shódagá pach rétkant. Sholókhóf shahray masterén borzagay sará barag but. Sardará Sholókhófay dém cháret. Sholókhófay démay tálánén bechkandi sakk nawassh but, gwashti: “Agan taw angat diwálay poshtay rozhná drógé begwashay, tai sezá máp ent.” Bale Sholókhófá páhó gotthá kort o gwashti: “Diwálay poshtay rozhn, cha á rozhná báz kaster ent ke cha páhóá rand gendaga bit.”

Róch o haptag gwazán butant. Mahluká máret ke gwashay Sholókhóf namortag. Shambay, Yákub, Narsemá o Gorbáchóf ham rozhnay gappá janant. Sardár tachána diwálay poshtá shot. Disti ta rozhnay daryáé. Rozhnay nóde shalagá ent o kapódar dars dayagá ant. Padá shahr at o shahray masterén borzag.

ديواله پُشتا دانش داگ

سرجمين شهر، چارپن نيمگان ديواليا انگزرتگات. اے انچين ديواله ات که کسا ايشيے آ دستا رتوگئے راه نديستگات. دراهين مهلوکا ستک باور ات که چه اے شهر ادر آيگئے هيچ راه و در نيست. بني آدم ديواله پُشتا شت نکنت. مردمان مدام ديست که ديواله پُشتا رنگ رنگين ساهاگاني سر و پر انت. ايان ديواله پُشتا گير و گارے آواز هم ايشکت. ايانی هيال گيشتر همش ات که ديواله پُشتا جن و جاتوگاني دتيار انت و اے ديوال په مئے سلامتيا هژدري انت. اگن يک مردم هم آ ديما شت، سرجمين شهر تباہ بيت. ديواله پُشتا رتوگئے مانا شهرے تباہي ات و شهرے رکينگئے راه ايش ات که کس ديواله پُشتا مروت. و اگن يکيا اے کار کرت، آيا مَرکئے سزا دتيگ بيت.

شُلُوخُوف اولي مردم ات که ديواله پُشتا سري کشت. شُلُوخُوف ديست که ديواله پُشتا رُژنئے يک دريا، ماهکانيے شيرين مهپر چارپن ديمان شنگ انت، رُژنئے نودے شنگا انت. شُلُوخُوف ديوالا گوست. ديستي که اِدئے درچکاني بر ترينت و جواني آپ چو آديکا انت. مرگاني تئواري ايشکت. ايشکتی که مرگ گوشگا انت: "کس بدین کار په بدی نکنت، په ردی کنت. آ، بدین کارا په وت شرے زانت پميشکا بدین کرد آيا وتی امبازان گيپت و وشين وايي پريتيت". شُلُوخُوف کيودر لثيا ديستنت. ديستي که کيودر درس ديجا انت. گوشگا انت: "باز مردم شرین کار په ردی کنت. آ په زانت شری نکنت، شری، و تسرا وت، چه آيیے دستا بيت. و چشين مردما ما شر گوشت نکنين پرچا که اے پيمين مردمئے دستا په ردی، بدی هم بيت."

شُلُوخُوف رُژنئے دريا بک وارت. بکي وارت و ديستي ته مني سرجمين بالاد رُژنا انت. آيارا وتی باتنئے رُژنا شيدا کرت. شُلُوخُوف تچان تچانا پدا ديواله تهي نيمگا آتک. آيا مردم گوانک جتنت و کوکار کرت: "بيائ و بچارئ، مني باتن چون رُژنا انت."

مهلوک هيران ات که اے مردئے باتن کجا رُژنا انت. شُلُوخُوف شهرے مسترين برزگئے سرا اوشات و کوکارا لگت: "مردمان! بيائ، گوش داريت. ديواله پُشتا هيچ جن و جاتوگ نيست. اسلا، زندمانئے راستين دروشم ديواله پُشتے زندئے تھا انت. هرکس که ديوالا آ ديم نشت، آيا بزبان اسلين زند نديست."

چه برزگا جهل مچيے مردم کوکارا لگنت: "گنوک انت، گنوک. شُلُوخُوف پهکا گنوک انت. دروگ بنديت. ديواله آ ديما رتوگئے راه نيست. اودا ايوکا جن و جاتوگ شت کنت." مهلوکا شُلُوخُوفے گپ گوش نداشت و وتی گسان شتنت. گرباچوفا شُلُوخُوف چه کسانيا زانت. زانتی که شُلُوخُوف هچبر دروگ بنديت پميشکا شُلُوخُوفے گورا شت و جستي کرت: "هان اژئے، شلوا! بگوش تئو په راستی ديوالا آ ديم رتوگئے راه ديستگ؟" شُلُوخُوف رُژنئے تئوامين کسه کرتنت و گرباچوفا ديست که مني سرجمين بالاد رُژنا بوت. آيارا وتی باتنئے رُژنا شيدا کرت.

روچ و شپ گوزان بوتنت. شُلُوخُوفے تبليگ ديما رثوان ات. مردمان ديست که گرباچوفا، ياکوب، تريسما و شمبے... درست يک و يکا رُژنئے درياے متوگر بوتنت. شهرے گزيرا دهل و دندهور کرت: "بيائ که باندا شُلُوخُوفے گنوکي و ساريے پيسله کنگ بيت." شهرے سرجمين مهلوک گل ات که گنوکے پيسله بيگا انت. نون مئے شهر چه تباہيا رکيت.

شهرے سردار تهنئے سرا نشتگات، تئوامين رثيت بنا نشتگات و شُلُوخُوف گون وتی سنگتان يک گنجيا اوشاتگات. سردارئے چالاکين کاردارا وتی گشتانک بندات کرت:

واجه! اے مرد که نامی شُلُوخُوف انت، چه وتی سارا در انت. اے مردکار نون گنوک انت. هما ديوال که آيیے پُشتا مئے پت و پيرکان پاد اير نکرنگ که مئے پدريچ و مئے شهر تباہ مبيت، جن و جاتوگ مئے دتيار ميثائ، اے واجه چه آ ديوالا آ ديم شتگ. آ گوشيت که من رُژنئے آيا جان شتگ و چه رُژنئے نودان وتی بالاد وشنود کرتگ... اے واجه گوشيت که کيودران منا درس داتگ. نون بگوش که بيساری کجاميا گوشنت. آ وتی جاگها، ايشيا وتی همراہيا دکه بازينے هم برگشته کرتگ گون. اگن ايشيا ديواله پُشتا رتوگئے سزا دتيگ نبوت، باندا شهرے هر مردم ديواله پُشتا رتوگئے کوشستا کنت و آ روچ دور نيبت که مئے شهر جن و جاتوگاني بندر بيت.

شهرے دراهين مهلوک په همتئواري، په شُلُوخُوف مَرکئے سزايلا لوتگا ات: "مَرک. مَرک. شُلُوخُوف مَرکئے سزا دتيگ بيت."

سردارا دست چست کرت و دراهين رثيت بيتئوار بوت. پدا سردارا ديم گون شُلُوخُوف کرت و گوشتي: "هان واجه شُلُوخُوف! گُژا، تئو ديواله پُشتا شتگے؟ اگن تئو بگوشے نه. من نشتگان، تئبی سزا ماپ. بله گندے تئو بگوشے من رُژنئے دريايا جان شتگ، گُژا مروچيگين روچ تئبی زندئے گدی روچ بيت."

دراھين مُڇي اُنڇو بيٺوار بوت ڪه مردم يڪدوميئي دلاني ڏريڪڱان اِشڪنگا اُتنت. شُلُوخوفا سردارئي گپ اُنڇو ڪوش داشتنت ڪوشئي ڊگرئي سزائي گپ اِنت. مهلوڪئي چم شُلُوخوفا سڪ اُتنت ڪه باريڻ چي ڪوشيت. شُلُوخوفا وتي هير بندات ڪرت: ”او مني شهرئي ناسرپدين مردمان.“

سردارئي ٿيلگ سهر تَرَتنت ڪه شُلُوخوفا ڏوڏ پُروشتنگا اُت. آيا ”واجهين سردار“ ڪوشگئي بدلا ”مني شهرئي ناسرپدين مردمان“ ڪوشنگا اُت.

”شما پرچا چو تهارياني آماچ ايت؟ شما نديستگ ڪه رُزن چي؟ باتئي چلا چيا ڪوشنت؟ شما انگت ڪور ايت؟ ديوالئي پُشتا هچ جن و جاتوگ نيست، بس رُزن اِنت و رُزنئي دريا اِنت. رُزنئي نوڌ شلنت و ڪپور درس ديونت.“ سردارا شُلُوخوفا هير گڏت و مرڪئي سزائي هڪم دات. ”باندا ڪون روچئي ڪنگا شُلُوخوفا شهرئي برزترين برزگئي سرا پاھو ڏيگ ببيت.“

شُلُوخوفا بچڪنڊت. ڪوشتي: ”مردم چه مرڪا چيا ترسنت؟ زند وت تهاريئي يڪ زندانه و مرڪ آجويي ڪه مردما په رُزنئي ابدمانين منزلا بارت و سر ڪنت.“

شپا وتي چادر ڪلين شهرئي سرا پچ ڪرت. نرسيما، ياكوب، شمبي و گرباچوف، شُلُوخوفا زندانه دروازگئي دپا نشتگ اُتنت. آيان ديس ڪه شُلُوخوفا واب اِنت و گرگا اِنت. سهبا وتي مهپر په شوڊگا پچ ريتڪنت. شُلُوخوفا شهرئي مسترين برزگئي سرا برگ بوت. سردارا شُلُوخوفا ديم چارت. شُلُوخوفا ديمئي تالانين بچڪندي سڪ نوش بوت، ڪوشتي: ”اگن تئو انگت ديوالئي پُشتئي رُزنا دروگي بگوشئي، تئبي سرا ماپ اِنت.“ بله شُلُوخوفا پاھو گئا ڪرت و ڪوشتي: ”ديوالئي پُشتئي رُزن، چه آ رُزنا باز ڪستر اِنت ڪه چه پاھو زند ڪندگ ببيت.“

روچ و هپتگ ڪوزان بوتنت. مهلوڪا مارت ڪه ڪوشئي شُلُوخوفا نمرنگ. شمبي، ياكوب، نرسيما و گرباچوف هم رُزنئي گپا جننت. سردار تچانا ديوالئي پُشتا شت. ديسي ته رُزنئي دريا. رُزنئي نوڌي شلگا اِنت و ڪپور درس ڏيگا اُنت. پدا شهر اُت و شهرئي مسترين برزگ.