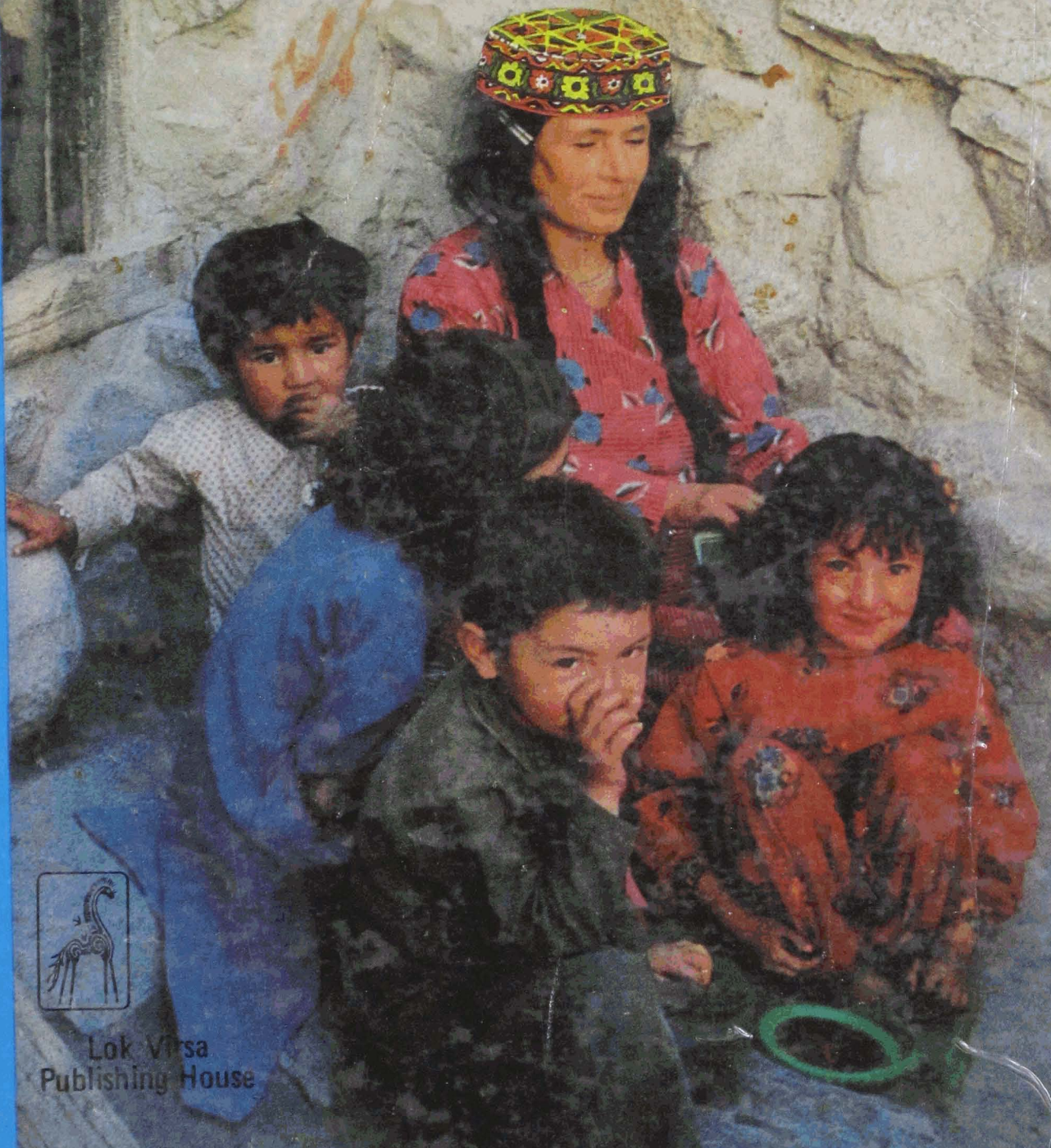


Folk Tales from HUNZA



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Folk Tales of Hunza

By

Lt. Col. D.L.R. LORIMER



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PREFATORY NOTE.

The following texts were collected by me in 1923—24 in the manner described in the Introduction. Nos 1—3, 5—45 and 46. B. were supplied by Jemadār Imām Yār Bèg, son of the late Wazir Humāyūn Bèg, a man of distinction to whom some reference will be found in Durand's "Making of a Frontier" and who later rendered valuable services in the Chitral Campaign of 1895. The eldest son, Shukr Ullah Beg, has been Wazir of Hunza since his father's death. Of some of these texts IYB wrote out versions in the Arabic script, which I possess. They do not always agree verbatim with the dictated versions.

On my return to Hunza, after ten years, in July 1934, I met Jemadar Imam Yar Beg briefly on two or three occasions and it was a great pleasure to renew our old cordial relations, and a happy prospect to look forward to their continuance. But this was not to be. On the evening of the 27th October Imam Yar Beg was shot in the Gilgit Bazar and died three hours later in hospital. This morning his body was carried past here on a bier, attended by the brothers and a throng of mourners. And in company with the local population, I could only pay a last tribute to an old friend as the cortège passed on its way to Baltit to the sound of a melancholy dirge and subdued lamentation.

So has disappeared in his prime a vivid personality from Hunza life. As I knew him in earlier days he was the embodiment of energy and zest for life. What his hand found to do — riding

hunting, polo — he did it with his might; manly, competent and fearless; a dynamic figure, not necessarily every man's friend. Since then he had visibly aged, but there was still about him something of the alert, dashing air of the born adventurer.

To return to the Texts: No. 4 was related by a then old man, 'Ali Madat of Baltit, who, I believe still survives, though perhaps no longer capable of repeating his effort of eleven years ago.' IYB's help was essential in recording this text.

Nazar of Aliabad supplied the version of the "Prodigal Son" given in No. 46 A. No 47 was written out and sent to me by Gushpur Muhammad Ghani Khān, the son of the Mīr by a local, non-royal wife. He also was a man of vigour and ability who died quite young of some illness, four or five years ago.

The Proverbs were furnished to me in writing by 'Ināyat Ullāh Bēg, the second of the three sons of Wazir Humayun.

The Werchikwār Texts Nos 1 and 2 were obtained by me in Yasin from Hidāyat Shāh of Thui, and the translation of the "Prodigal Son" from Bahādur Amān Shāh of Yasin. In recording these I had the valuable help of Mēhtarzhau Shāhzāda Yūsuf of Yasin.

One point of interest may be noted with regard to the Burushaski Texts, especially those containing local narrative. I have found, on reading out bits of them at random to several people here of the upper class, firstly that they appear readily to follow my rendering of the Burushaski, and secondly that they can habitually continue the statement at any point in almost the same words as the recorded text. This shows that, though there are no professional narrators in Hunza, with the possible, partial exception of Ali Madat, the ordinary people are in the habit of passing on tales and explanations of customs in a more or less stereotyped form of expression. This is probably the relic of a former custom of the upper classes of spending the evening after

the lighting of lamps, between supper and bedtime, in recounting past events, and doubtless in confirming and explaining traditional behaviour and practices:

šapi·k ši·mtsum gučāšpal xa (I am told) gəri·tæ gəri·bilumišo
ya dapiņ etāšo huru·ša·n. Thāmini tē·ndili gərəņtæ aka·birtin
huru·šam da šajara (= šajara = tər·i·x) ečam.

"From eating food till lying-down time those who had lamps or those who were preparing wool for spinning used to sit "by the lamp." In former years the people of the upper class used to sit by their lamps and recount past events."

That these séances had an educative and moral intention is evident from the saying, ascribed by tradition to Big Ali of the Ghulwāting clan:

Ghulwāting Big Ali.e bər bila: "uyōn ja gəri·tsər durn
jartsum siskuš (= insāni.at) haki·ba·n. Ja khu γunikients
ayu· γuniki.entse gərəņtsər niča·n."

"There is the saying of Big Ali of the Ghulwāting: 'All people have come to my lamp-side and have learnt from me human virtue. Only these evil sons of mine go to the lamp-sides of evil persons.'"

The few remarks I have to make about the provenance of the subject matter of the texts are embodied in the notes subjoined to each. Otherwise the notes are chiefly confined to grammatical queries and explanations. Paragraph numbers quoted in the notes refer to the Grammar. Obviously the texts, especially those relating to local traditions or customs, require much fuller annotation to reveal and explain their full content; but lack of knowledge, no less than lack of space, made it impossible for me to attempt such annotation.

I hope that my present investigations in Hunza may serve to throw light on many of such obscurities.

Aliabad, Hunza,
29th October 1934.

D. L. R. L.

TRANSLATION.

•No. I.

Shāhzāda Bahrām, Shahri Bānu and the White Dēu.

In former times there was a King called Shāhzāda Bahrām. He was a very good man and he was very just. His subjects enjoyed great peace and comfort. As he never came out of his palace his Wazir looked after his land. A long time passed and the people (or his subjects) did not see him.

One day a certain Deu thought: "I'll have a look at King Shāhzāda Bahrām," and he came to his door (and asked permission to enter his service). The Dēu's name was the "White Dēu." For some years he continued in the King's service, but the King did not come out and so he did not see his face. He was greatly exercised in mind. At last he reflected and said to himself: "There is no other remedy than this — I will enter into the skin of the Wazir and go to him."

One day, entering into the skin of the Wazir, he went to salām to the King. The confidential servants at the door informed the King: "The Wazir has come." The King commanded: "Let him come in." The (seeming) Wazir entered and salamed to the King. Having done so he respectfully sat down in his own place. The King and the Wazir conversed with each other. Talking on and on, the Wazir said: "Sir King, your subjects are very desirous of seeing you. How many years have passed and how many of them have died without their grief at not seeing you having left them!"

On hearing this speech the King said to the Wazir: "Very good I am much pleased. Tomorrow we shall go a-hawking with all my people. Let them all assemble in the morning."

After speaking thus to the King the Wazir went out. Going out he gave orders to the great men of the Court and to the servants and to the huntsmen: "Tomorrow," he said, "the King is going out to such and such a place to hunt. Do you also be ready." He then came out of the Wazir's skin into which he had entered.

At night the Dēu went off to the hunting place. Having arrived there he turned into a very handsome grey horse, and, equipping himself with a golden saddle and a golden bridle, there he remained.

There was no other person with him. After turning into a horse he stayed there alone.

Next morning the King went forth from his palace to hunt. The huntsmen had gone on before the King, and when they came (to the place) there was a horse in the plain and there was the track of a man (leading) on in front of them. They saw that the track had gone up to the spot and disappeared and that there was the horse (there). On seeing it they called out: "Owner of this horse, who are you? Where are you?" No answer came and they saw no one. They were confounded. They reflected, and one of them said: "Let us quickly take the news to the King." Then one of them went back thence in the direction of the King, bearing the news. The King was coming along behind. The huntsman approaching him salamed. The King enquired: "Where have you come from?" "Hail King," replied the huntsman, "There is a very fine grey horse wearing a golden saddle and bridle in the plain; and its owner is not there. We made great search, but saw no one."

The King came on and saw that in fact there was a fine horse. He fell greatly in love with it and said to the Wazir: "Mount this horse and let us see what it is like." "O King," said the Wazir, "this horse is not suitable for me to ride, rather is it suit-

able for you to ride on. For it is by your good fortune that God has created it." The King dismounted from his (own) horse and saying "Bismillah" mounted the other and found that it was a marvellous animal. He was highly pleased, and said to his Wazirs and Elders: "Let us return hence to the palace," and they turned about. On the way back he made the horse gallop. It was a very fast horse and galloping swiftly on and on it carried him far away in front of his Wazirs and followers. They were left behind.

The Dēu, shaking himself, became a Dēu again and bore the King up to the sky. He set him down in a very beautiful place and made him sit down. Then he salamed to him and said: "O Shāhzāda Bahrām, today I have become at rest in my mind. I have seen you. I brought you here because for a number of years I have continued serving you in order to see you. As you did not come out, I entered into the skin of the Wazir and came to you and making a pretext of hunting I brought you out. Having got you out I turned myself into a horse in the plain. Then I brought you here. Now dwell with me in peace. I have become your father and you have become my son. I have given you all my property."

Then he established Shāhzāda Bahrām there and every morning he came to salam to him, and he used to converse pleasantly with him. In this wise a number of days passed.

(Now) when Shāhzāda Bahrām, mounting the horse, had turned back from the plain in the direction of his palace, (the horse) had

carried him far away from his chief men and had borne him off through the air. All the Wazirs and servants came along following him from behind. They nowhere saw the King and thought: "Doubtless the horse has taken the King and brought him to his palace." They went to the King's palace and saw that neither the horse nor the King was there. They made enquiries and then they went out to search for him. Nowhere did they find him. For some days they remained in grief. At last they took the (original) Wazir as king, and thereafter he carried on the government.

Up above, Shāhzāda Bahrām and the Dēu were in a chamber in the Dēu's palace. Some days passed and a letter came to the Dēu from his brother. The Dēu read the letter. His brother had written: "It is my son's marriage. Come to the wedding." The White Dēu said to Shāhzāda Bahrām (lit. 'asked'): "O my son, a letter has come from my brother. He is celebrating his son's marriage and has invited me. When I go off tomorrow, do you walk about all these gardens with these peris till I come back. They will show you every attention." "Very good, Father" said Shāhzāda Bahrām. The Dēu took his leave, and at his departure he displayed great friendliness to Shāhzāda Bahrām. The Dēu proceeded to his brother's home.

Shāhzāda Bahrām went out for a stroll with the peris. Now

the Dēu had said to the peris and warned them: "Don't open the door (lit. 'key') of that one garden for him, but take him round everything (else); and (see you) don't vex him. If you do vex him I will kill you." Thus had he admonished them.

The next day Shāhzāda Bahrām again went out for a walk and came to the door of that garden. The lock was shut. "Open it," said he. The peris did not open it because of the Dēu's prohibition. (The Dēu had had the garden made for a certain peri. Her name was Shahri Bānu. The Dēu was in love with her but he could not get possession of her.) Shāhzāda Bahrām was very much annoyed: "Open it for me," he said, "if you don't, I shall kill myself." The peris were frightened. "If he kills himself," they said, "the Dēu will kill us for no fault of ours. For that reason let us open the door of the garden for Shāhzāda Bahrām." They opened it.

Shāhzāda Bahrām went in and saw that there was a very wonderful garden. In the middle of it there was a pond, and there was a weeping willow tree, and there were many raised sitting-places. After looking all round he returned again the same day to the Dēu's house and remained there. On the following day he again went to the garden. Going in he made a pit for himself in a certain place and sat hiding in it. When he had sat there for a little seven pigeons came (and lighted) on the weeping willow tree.

After sitting there for a short time they said: "Let us now bathe in this pond, for later, when Shahri Bānu has come, there will be no room for us." Just at this point with a sound of wings they brought Shahri Bānu from the sky on a litter. They set her down and Shahri Bānu said: "Look about. There is a smell of human being." They looked but saw no one anywhere.

Thereupon Shahri Bānu, with a view to bathing in the pond of milk, left her clothes on the litter. Then coming out naked she entered the pond with her peris. Outside, Shāhzāda Bahrām, having seen Shahri Bānu, had fallen in love with her face. He thought to himself: "I will catch her." Then he made cow-dung smoke and snatching up Shahri Bānu's clothes he held them over the smoke. All the (other) peris flew away (but) Shahri Bānu remained in the tank. She begged and implored from where she was in the pond: "Whoever you are, for God's sake, give me my clothes." Shāhzāda Bahrām did not give them to her. Again she implored: "As my father, give them to me." "I am not your father" said he. "As my brother, give them to me." "I am not your father's son," said he. "As my uncle, give them to me." "I am not your mother's brother," said he. "As my husband, give them to me," said Shahri Bānu, and (then), after holding the clothes over the smoke, he gave them to her. She put them on, but she was unable to fly. Taking her by the hand he led her into the house. They sat down in the house and then they fell in love with one another.

Meantime the White Dēu, having disposed of the marriage of his brother's son, returned to his home. Arriving there he said to himself: "I will go and pay my respects to Shāhzāda Bahrām and come back again." He went to him. Shāhzāda Bahrām, fearing the White Dēu, hid Shahri Bānu in a chamber. The Dēu came up and salamed to Shāhzāda Bahrām and embraced him. Then he enquired how he was. Shāhzāda Bahrām was afraid and feigned gladness. That day the affair did not become known to the Dēu. He went off to his own house. The next day again he came to pay his respects. Shāhzāda Bahrām was sitting in deep grief. The Dēu enquired: "Why are you distressed?"

Shāhzāda Bahrām in fear answered him: "One day I had gone to visit the garden(s). The lock on one garden was closed. I said to the slave-girls: "Open it," but they did not open it for me. I said: "If you don't open it I shall kill myself." They were frightened and opened it for me. When I had sat there for a short time seven pigeons came (and lighted) on the weeping-willow tree. When they had sat there for a little some peris brought a peri on a litter. The peri said: "I feel a smell of human being. See what it is." I had made a pit and was below the ground and they weren't able to find me out. On this the peris all took off their clothes and plunged into the pond. I fell in love with the peri and determined to catch her. I snatched up her clothes and held them in the smoke of (a) cow-dung (-fire). All the other peris flew

away, (but) Shahri Bānu was unable to fly. She demanded her clothes of me, but I did not give them to her. She said: "As my father, give them to me." "You were not begotten of me," I answered her. "As my brother, give them to me," said she. I did not give them to her. "As my uncle, give them to me." I did not give them to her. "As my husband, give them to me." When she said this, after holding the clothes in the smoke, I gave them to her. She put them on, but when she tried to fly she was unable to, because I had made her clothes impure by putting them in the cow-dung smoke. Seizing her I brought Shahri Bānu here to the house. Now I am afraid of you, (lest you may say) 'Why did you bring her here?' and eat me up."

The Dēu became very angry because he was himself in love with Shahri Bānu. In order to get her for himself he had planted there the garden and the milk pond and the musk weeping-willow. But there was nothing he could do, because Shāhzāda Bahrām was also very dear to him. So he said: "It doesn't matter. Wherever she is fetch her." Shāhzāda Bahrām, taking Shahri Bānu by the hand brought her before the White Dēu and the White Dēu read the marriage service of Shāhzāda Bahrām and Shahri Bānu for them. Then graciously he said to Shāhzāda Bahrām and Shahri Bānu: "You have become my son, and you have become my daughter. Abide here in peace." So saying he went off to his own house. He further said to them: "Formerly I used to come to salam to Shāhzāda Bahrām. Now do you both come every day to salam to me. For I was desirous to marry Shahri Bānu myself, but you have married her." So they remained there and every day Shāhzāda Bahrām and Shahri Bānu used to go to salam to the White Dēu.

For some time they remained here in the Dēu's house, (then) one day Shāhzāda Bahrām had a dream. (He dreamt) that he found himself in his own country and that going into his palace he saw that his Queen and sons were in a very evil case. The Pipe-Bearer had possessed himself of the sovereignty and was making his Queen fetch water as a servant. On seeing this Shāhzāda Bahrām was greatly distressed. He awoke from sleep and made great lament. Shahri Bānu asked him: "What has happened to you?" Shāhzāda Bahrām wept and said to her: "Today in a dream I found myself in my own country. I went to my palace and saw that my Queen and my sons were in an evil state. The Pipe-Bearer has possessed himself of the sovereignty." "O, Shāhzāda Bahrām," said Shahri Bānu, "if you wish to go now to your own country why don't you go to the White Dēu and ask for leave? He will grant you leave, for he has now become disgusted with you."

Shāhzāda Bahrām and Shahri Bānu went and salamed to the White Dēu and addressed him. The White Dēu asked: "For what purpose have you come?" "O Father," said Shāhzāda Bahrām, "today I saw my own country in a dream. My Queen and my sons are in great difficulties, and the Wazir has taken possession of the sovereignty." The White Dēu gave Shāhzāda Bahrām and Shahri Bānu leave to depart.

Shahri Bānu said to Shāhzāda Bahrām: "Say to him, 'I do not know the road because a long time has passed (since I came by it)'." Then Shāhzāda Bahrām addressed the White Dēu: "O Father, you have kindly given me leave to go, but I do not know the way."

"Shahri Bānu," replied the Dēu, "is much better acquainted with the road to the world than I am; she will conduct you." "Very good," said Shāhzāda Bahrām and (he and) Shahri Bānu returned to their own house.

"We have forgotten one thing," said Shahri Bānu, "in asking the White Dēu for leave, you did not say this: 'In case trouble come upon me give me a token from yourself so that when any (such) trouble presents itself I may seek help from you'." Shāhzāda Bahrām said this to the White Dēu and the latter gave him a little hair from under his arm-pit and said: "Whenever any trouble comes upon you, throw this in the fire and then I shall appear."

Shāhzāda Bahrām and Shahri Bānu set out in the direction of their own country, taking with them a considerable quantity of the Dēu's wealth. In one hour Shāhzāda Bahrām and Shahri Bānu arrived at the frontier of their country. (Now) there was the house of an old man on the extreme border of the land. They came up to his door. The old man coming out saw that there was a very handsome youth and a very lovely lady. On seeing the youth's face the old man wept, for he had reared Shāhzāda Bahrām as a foster child. (So) having recognised him he conducted (the couple) into the house, and showed them great honour. They remained in his house for some days, and Shāhzāda Bahrām used to go out (every) day to hunt.

One day the Tham of the country, who had succeeded Shāhzāda Bahrām, came for an outing in the direction of the old man's house. Shahri Bānu was sitting at the window. A bright light shone in the Tham's face. He glanced up and when he looked he saw a lady of wondrous beauty. He fell in love with her. He dismounted there and said to his men: "Go. Whoever the woman in this man's house is I will marry her." Two men went into the house and on entering and seeing Shahri Bānu's face they lost consciousness. (The party outside) waited a long time, but no news came from inside. Again the Tham despatched two men. They brought answer: "There is a marvellously beautiful woman."

The Tham said: "Say to the woman that I will marry her." Going to her on behalf of the King they said to Shahri Bānu: "The king says he will marry you." "I have a husband," said Shahri Bānu, "what am I to say to him?" The King sent them again: "Fetch her here by force," he commanded, "and I will take her and carry her off to my palace."

They went and pressed her, saying: "The King is going to marry you. Come along." "The key of my trunk of clothes is with my husband," said Shahri Bānu. "If you get my clothes out of the box for me I shall put them on and marry the King." "If there is no key," said the King, "bash the box with a stone and break it up and take out the clothes and she can put them on." They were proceeding to break up the box, (but) Shahri Bānu said: "Don't break it. I have the key," and she opened the box. Taking magic clothes out of the box, she put them on and went out on to the roof. Then she called out with a loud voice: "O old man, if Shāhzāda Bahrām comes say to him: 'The Pipe-Bearer

having said: "I am going to marry you," Shahri Bānu said 'no' and went off to Shahr-i-Shaskin.'" So saying she took earth in her hand and flinging it in the King's face she flew away.

Meanwhile the old man, on hearing from Shahri Bānu the name of Shāhzāda Bahrām, put earth on his head and ran off towards the place where Shāhzāda Bahrām had gone to hunt. When he got there Shāhzāda Bahrām was busy with his hunting. The old man called out: "O Shāhzāda Bahrām, come quickly, Shahri Bānu has gone off to Shahr-i-Shaskin, and the Pipe-Bearer has come with an army to slay you." On hearing these words Shāhzāda Bahrām lost consciousness for a little. Coming to his senses he said: "Say once again what you said." The old man told him again: "Shahri Bānu has gone off to Shahr-i-Shaskin, because the Pipe-Bearer put force on her saying: 'I will marry you,' and now he has come to kill you."

On hearing this Shāhzāda Bahrām lighted a fire and threw into it the hair that the White Dēu had given him. When he had done this the Dēus appeared. Meanwhile the Pipe-Bearer's army also arrived on the scene. The White Dēu enquired of Shāhzāda Bahrām: "What trouble has come upon you?" "The Pipe-Bearer has come with an army to kill me. And on his saying: 'I'll marry you' Shahri Bānu has gone off to Shahr-i-Shaskin." "Call out quickly to the Pipe-Bearer's army," said the White Dēu, "and say: 'Those of you who are for me move to one side, and those who are for the Pipe-Bearer move to the other side'."

Shāhzāda Bahrām called out accordingly and on his summons all came over to his side. (Only) a few men joined the Pipe-Bearer and these the Dēus ate up. Then the Dēu said to Shāhzāda Bahrām: "Now what do you propose to do?" Shāhzāda Bahrām appointed the old man, his foster father, Tham in the place of the Pipe-Bearer and established him in the palace. And he decided himself to follow after Shahri Bānu. Having so decided he enjoined on his subjects:

"Till I come again, abide by the orders of (this) my foster father, and I shall return soon." So saying he departed.

He came to the White Dēu and said to him: "Show me the way to Shahr-i-Shaskin." The White Dēu assembled all the Dēus and asked them: "Does anyone know the way to Shahr-i-Shaskin?" All replied: "We do not know it." One Dēu, however, got up and said: "In such and such a place there is a very aged Dēu. He will know." They quickly fetched him and asked him: "Do you know the way to Shahr-i-Shaskin?" The Dēu was very old and hard of hearing, so they shouted loudly at him. On this he replied: "Yes, I know it. I was a goatherd with my father and I had gone with him to the mountain," and he pointed it out with his finger."

A number of Dēus then taking the old Dēu with them and also Shāhzāda Bahrām carried them off to the mountain. The White Dēu had given Shāhzāda Bahrām a stick, and one of his brothers had given him a cap and another a pair of sandals. If he put the cap on no one would see him; if he put the sandals on it would become easy to traverse every vile road and jungle; the stick would aid him in killing enemies. Taking those three things he proceeded in the direction of Shahr-i-Shaskin. When he came to a certain place a boy and a girl had come there to (their) goats. They had with them two cakes of bread as provision for the road. Shāhzāda Bahrām put on his cap of invisibility and came up beside them and

sat down. The boy and the girl said: "Produce the food and let us eat it now." They took out the bread. The girl said: "I have no appetite today, because today a king has come with an army to marry my sister Shahri Bānu. My sister is refusing him because she had married a Tham called Shāhzāda Bahrām. For that reason she is disobeying her father and mother's command."

At these words Shāhzāda Bahrām was greatly pleased, saying to himself: "I have now found Shahri Bānu." He was able to see the boy and girl, but they did not see him. Shāhzāda Bahrām ate up all the food and they were quite at a loss saying: "Where has this (food) gone to?" and they beat each other saying: "You have eaten (too) much." Quarrelling (thus) they drove off their goats homewards. Shāhzāda Bahrām also went with them following along behind. Going along he approached the King's palace. The girl entered the palace and he too went in. Entering he saw that Shahri Bānu and her mother were both sitting there. The mother was saying: "For God's sake marry this king who has come to you saying: 'Your father has sent me'." "O mother," said Shahri Bānu, "I will not give up Shāhzāda Bahrām and marry another. There is no one like him in the world." The Queen said: "Wherever he is, why doesn't he come?" On this Shāhzāda Bahrām removed his cap a little and they saw his face shining. At the sight Shahri Bānu was perturbed and cried out: "O Shāhzāda Bahrām!" Then she fainted. When she came to herself Shāhzāda Bahrām made the whole of himself visible. Shahri Bānu and her mother were both greatly delighted.

His mother-in-law said to Shāhzāda Bahrām: "Quickly take Shahri Bānu and save your lives." Shāhzāda Bahrām replied: "I will not

go away today secretly without having fought with the king's army. Bring me food and I shall eat and presently engage in battle with the king who has entrenched himself." They brought food and after eating it he took the stick in his hand and donned the cap and put on the sandals. When he had done so, raising a battle-ory he charged in the direction of the king. He fought the army with the stick. He saw them, but they did not see him. (Fighting) among themselves they slew each other and entirely annihilated themselves. He too slew a number of them. He won the victory and returned to his father-in-law's house.

His father-in-law was greatly delighted. He made him have a bath and put on new clothes and he fetched Shahri Bānu, and he was greatly pleased with his son-in-law. He made them stay with him some days. (Then) Shāhzāda Bahrām and Shahri Bānu asked leave (to go) to their own country. The King presented them with much wealth and dismissed them.

They arrived in their own country and all the people were greatly pleased and they took up their residence in the palace. The old man, his foster father, Shāhzāda Bahrām made his Wazir and he abode with great peace and security in his palace.

Eating, drinking and hungry I have come

No. II.

The Poor Man of Rūm and the King of Irān.

In former times, they say, there was a man in the land of Rūm. He had a wife also and two sons. The man was very poor and he was very weak. He was in straits for food to eat and for clothes to put on.

One day he thought to himself: "In this country it is difficult to support my wife and sons, so I shall go to the land of Iran, for they say that the King of Iran gives food and clothing to wayfarers and poor people and provides for them." So saying he consulted his wife. By the power of God his wife was so obedient to her husband that she never used to depart from what he said. "O wife," said her husband, "today for some years (now) we have continued hungry and cold and there is no hope that we shall here obtain food and clothing. I have heard them say that the King of Iran is very kind-hearted and a great cherisher of the poor. So today I put it to you — let us take our sons and go to Iran, so that if God shows favour and we get food and clothing from that King we may abide there returning thanks (to God)." The

wife was greatly pleased on hearing this suggestion and falling in with it she said: "You say well, O my husband, let us go."

From Rum, from their home, they set out in the direction of Iran. Proceeding for some days on their way they arrived at the frontier of Iran. From his palace the King of Iran used every day to train his telescope far away on the road: "So that," as he said, "if any poor travellers should come from anywhere to this country of mine trouble may not befall them." When he looked he saw that three persons were coming on foot from the frontier of the country towards the royal palace. The King commanded, saying: "Take out horses for those wayfarers and make them mount and bring them in." When he had so commanded, (his servants) took out horses for them, and they mounted the man and the woman and their two little ones on them and brought them in.

The King had had a house made ready for them and in the house he had had cooked food and ready-sewn garments and under and upper-bedding prepared for them. When they had brought them in, by the King's command they conducted them to this house and there the poor man and the poor woman and their two sons took up their abode in peace. There they remained for some days in great comfort.

One day the wife said to her husband: "O husband, thanks to this King's kindness we are living here in great ease, for he has given us a home. Today it is befitting that you should go to the King and do him some service." The man was pleased with this suggestion of his wife's and went off to the King's palace. There were guards at the King of Iran's gate and he went to them and salamed and sitting down said to the chief of the guards: "Be so good as to ask permission from the King for me to keep watch with you at night." The officer went to seek authority from the King for him to do so. The King said "Very good" and granted permission.

In the meantime night came on and when it might be near to 10 o'clock the poor man of Rum's turn came to walk up and down (on sentry go). He had patrolled for an hour, when a sound of people weeping came from a distance. The King heard it and called out to the watch: "One of you go and find out and report who are weeping." It was a very dark night and all the watch were afraid. The poor man of Rum, putting down his gun, went out from the palace to get the information. He proceeded in the direction of the place (from which the sound was coming). The King also, slipping down from the window by a cord, followed after the Rumi.

When the man of Rum came to the place of weeping (he found that) three women were weeping in a garden. The Rumi listened and then went up to them and questioned them. "May I be your sacrifice, my mothers and my sisters!" said he, "tell me why you are weeping." The King of Iran was also listening. The women gave the man of Rum no answer. Again he entreated: "For your own God's sake tell me why you are weeping." There was among them an old woman and on this she turned towards him and said: "What would be the good of our telling you? Hold your peace and go (back) where you came from. You have no business with us." "No, mother," said the man of Rum, "for God's sake tell me why you are weeping." "It is for this we are weeping," said the woman, "early tomorrow the King of Iran is going to die. We are his Guardians. Therefore we weep in grief at his death."

The Rumi was deeply distressed at her words and again asked: "O mother, tell me this also; is there no means by which the King may escape? He has great wealth. If he expended something in the name of God might he perhaps escape?" "No," said the woman,

"he will not escape by expending his wealth. Only if some man bring his two sons here and slay them this night, then only will the King escape. Otherwise he will die tomorrow morning."

When the man of Rum had heard this news he returned with it towards his home. The King of Iran having also heard the news was grieved and getting ahead of him came and ensconced himself in hiding near the Rumi's house. Presently the Rumi also turned up and coming to the door he found that his wife had bolted it and gone to bed. When he called out she didn't wake up. He went up to the smoke-hole on the roof and called down: "O wife, open the door for me." The wife answered up to him: "Why have you come back again without having done service to the King?" "It is not so. Open the door for me," said he. On this she opened it for him and he went in.

When he had entered he said to his wife: "Today the King who has nurtured us is going to die in the morning. His Guardians are weeping for him at such and such a place. I enquired of them and they say: 'If anyone will get his wife to consent and get his sons to consent and will (then) slay his two sons at this spot, the King of Iran will escape. Otherwise he will die in the morning.' So I have come to ask you (about it), because this King has made life very pleasant for us." Now the King of Iran was listening at the smoke hole. The wife said: "Today I and you, and both our sons, must be a sacrifice for the King. Let us four go there and kill ourselves." When she had said this, the two of them being agreed, they woke up both the elder son and the younger son, and applying antimony (to their eyes) and dressing them (up) they took them along with them to the place where the (King's) Guardians were. The King of Iran also went following after them.

The man, leaving his wife outside the garden, and taking his two sons with him, approached the Guardians. He salamed to them

and said: "My wife and I, both of us being of one mind, have brought these our sons to slay them in place of the King." The (elder) Guardian said: "Bismillah, God is satisfied and we are satisfied. Slay your elder son." The father threw him down to kill him and applied the knife to his throat, but the knife cut not at all. Once again he applied the knife and again it did not cut; again he applied the knife and again it did not cut.

At the third time the Guardian laid hold of the Man of Rum's hand and said: "This one has been accepted by God, let him go. Slay this other son of yours." The man threw him down to slay him, but him too the knife did not cut. At the third time again the woman laid hold of his hand and said: "Congratulations! Your wish has been accomplished. The King has escaped. Now he will not die." And the Guardians said to him: "Take the news and take your sons, and with your wife go joyfully to your home." So taking their sons they proceeded home. The King arriving first climbed into his palace by the cord, and the Guardians ceased their weeping.

The Rumi leaving his wife and sons at home went off to the King's palace. There he demanded back his gun from the sentry and began to march up and down (again). Presently the King came to the window and called out: "O Rumi, have you brought news from there of who was crying?" "O King," replied the Rumi, "yes, I went there and have come back." "Who was weeping?" asked the King. "O King, a few people were quarrelling there among themselves over a water supply. It was their noise that we heard, and I went and settled the matter for them and silenced them."

The King, having heard this story, with a view to investigating it on the morrow, went into his palace and lay down and slept peacefully. When he had slept a little day broke and the King went out to the place of assembly. When he had done so his

Wazirs and Elders and servants came and salamed to him and took their seats in the court. Thereupon the King addressed the Wazirs: "O my Wazirs, today I have had a dream. In my dream a party of women were weeping. I asked them: 'Why are you weeping?' They said: 'Tomorrow morning the King of Iran is going to die. We are his Guardians and we are weeping in grief for him.' I asked them: 'Will the King in no wise escape if he gives some alms?' 'No,' said they, 'whatever he may do he will not escape. Only if some man of his own free will bring two or three sons of his to this place and slay them, will the King not die. Otherwise tomorrow morning he will die.' Thus they spoke. (Now) today if you Wazirs and Elders who live on my wealth slay two of your sons, then I shall escape. Otherwise I must die. Look to it."

Immediately all the Wazirs and Elders rose up and said to the King: "O King, our houses, our lands, everything, we will surrender for your sake, but we cannot slay our own sons." On this the King was vexed with them and said to the man of Rum: "O man of Rum, bravo to you! For four days I had given you food, and in order to save me you took your two or three beloved sons to my Guardians and threw them down to slay them. And you applied the knife, but by God's command it did not cut their throats, and I was saved. Today I asked these Wazirs and Elders who batten on my wealth and none of them said from their hearts: 'We will kill these our sons,' but you and your wife with one accord ungrudgingly sacrificed the lives of your sons in my service. Today I have given you the Chief Wazirship over all the Wazirs of this country."

Then he commanded his attendants, saying: "I had got ready beforehand in the house a robe for this man of Rum, fetch it." And he caused them to bring it and made the man of Rum put

it on. Then he presented him with a large quantity of land free of obligations.

(Thereafter) the King of Iran and the poor Rumi, who had become Wazir of Iran, continued to live in great happiness.

I came eating and drinking.

The burden (be) on the neck of him who has told lies!

No. III.

Buzur Jambūr and Alqash Wazīr.

Kubād was King of Madāin and Alqash was wazīr. Alqash had a friend, Bakht-i-Jamāl. Bakht-i-Jamāl had married the daughter of Jamas Hakīm. There was a book called the Jamasnāma. Jamas gave it to his daughter as her dowry. She brought it to her home for Bakht-i-Jamāl to see. He could understand nothing of it. He was unable to read the book. There was a great scholar and Bakht-i-Jamāl took the book to him (and said:) "O sage, I am unable (to read) this book. Will you instruct me in it?" "Bring it here," said the learned man, and Jamas gave it to him. The man of learning looked at it. He too was unable (to read it), to him too it was unintelligible. "O Bakht-i-Jamāl," said he: "I also can make nothing of it." "Well," said Bakht-i-Jamāl, as it is unintelligible, leave it there. What are we to do with it? I too cannot understand it?"

Alqash Wazīr and Bakht-i-Jamāl were bosom friends (lit. 'soul's friends'). Alqash Wazīr, before going to salām to the King, used to go and salām to his friend. Then, having looked on his friend's

face, he used to go and salām to the King." So dear were they to each other. They were devoted to each other.

One day Alqash Wazir came to salām to Bakht-i-Jamāl. Salaming him he looked at him, he looked at him with an unfavourable eye. "O friend," said Bakht-i-Jamāl, "why do you look at me today with an unfavourable eye?" "O friend," (replied Alqash) "the day of your death has come. You are going to die. It is for this reason that I look at you with repugnance." Alqash Wazir was versed in astrological calculations and Bakht-i-Jamāl was alarmed for his life. "I am going to die then," he thought, and he said: "O friend, this that you say is true, but may I perchance escape by some device?" "Friend," said Alqash, "there is one thing, and if you and I can do it, you will escape. If we cannot do it you will die." "O beloved friend, what is it that we cannot do?" "Beloved friend," said Alqash, "for 40 days do not come out of your house, do not speak to anyone, do not look at the face of anyone, let no one look at you, let no one speak to you, let no one hear you speak, and do not you listen to anyone speaking. If you remain (thus) one day more than the 40 then you will die, and if you go out one day too soon, before 40 days are completed, you will die. When exactly 40 days are up, if you go out of your house, you will not die."

Bakht-i-Jamāl was overjoyed. "O beloved friend," said he, "this is a very easy matter. On which day shall I (begin to) stay in the house?" "Stay in today," said Alqash. "Friend, give my wife instructions and advise her how she is to give me food and how she is to give me water." "Bring her here, friend." Bakht-i-Jamāl brought his wife and Alqash Wazir said: "My sister, give ear to what I say. It is a very serious matter. Make my friend stay in the house. Sit yourself in the upper verandah. Take care not to speak. Take care not to look down. (To Bakht-i-Jamāl) Friend, do not speak. Do not look up. Let her send down food and water to you at the proper time, letting it down on something through the smoke-hole, and do you eat the food and drink the

water. (Then) tie (the things) to the cord which was let down and leave it there and she will pull them up. Turning her head away, she will pull it up without looking down. Come now, take my advice. O my beloved friend, count the days in your house and I shall count them in my house. Now from this present day you keep the reckoning, and I too will keep the reckoning."

(Alqash then) went out from his friend's house and he closed the door after him and locked it. The key of the lock he took with him and he went to his own house and put down one pebble. Bakht-i-Jamāl wrote 'one day is passed' and thereafter every day in his own house Alqash Wazīr put down a pebble and Bakht-i-Jamāl struck off a day. (Eventually) with Alqash Wazīr 40 pebbles were (collected) and the full forty days were completed and with Bakht-i-Jamāl also the 40 days were completed. Both (accounts) came out even. By the power of God in both of them there was an error of one day.

Alqash Wazīr took the pebbles and came to Bakht-i-Jamāl's door. With his own hand he opened the lock. He entered the house and salamed (to Bakht-i-Jamāl). He asked for his foot and hand (to kiss) and he conversed with him. "O beloved friend, forty days have passed. Is your reckoning completed or not?" "O beloved friend," said Bakht-i-Jamāl, my reckoning has come out even. I was watching, thinking you would come." "I have kept my account with these pebbles," said Alqash Wazīr, "every day I kept adding one. Today the forty days were completed. Take the pebbles and count them." "I have written the days down," said Bakht-i-Jamāl, "have a look at this written record." The one examined the writing and the other counted the pebbles. Both their reckonings came out even. "Both our reckonings have come out even," said Alqash. "Now let us go out." And they went out from the house.

"O beloved friend," said Bakht-i-Jamāl, "let us go for a long walk. I very much wish to." "By all means, friend," said Alqash Wazīr.

They went on, they went on a long way and Bakht-i-Jamāl said: "Wait here, I want to relieve nature. I shall do so and come back." The Wazīr sat down and Bakht-i-Jamāl went off. He proceeded a long way and came upon a big garden and squatted down to relieve nature. He pulled up a clod and a hole appeared. He pulled up another clod and a large aperture appeared. Inside, a door became visible. He went up to the door. The key was hanging on the lock. He undid the lock and threw open the door and looked and saw gold. He saw inexhaustible quantities of gold. He said to himself: "I have lighted on the treasury of Sulēman the Prophet." He turned back from the door of the treasury saying: "I won't hide this gold from my beloved friend. I will show it to him."

He came back from the place and called out to his friend: "Friend, come here." Alqash came to him: "Why are you calling?" he asked. "O beloved friend, I have seen a treasury of gold." "Where did you see it?" said Alqash Wazīr. "Friend, it is inside here" said (Bakht-i-Jamāl) and showed him. Alqash Wazīr looked and saw it. He reflected and having reflected he lifted up (Bakht-i-Jamāl) and dashed him on the ground. "O friend," said Bakht-i-Jamāl, "what have I done? Why do you act thus?" "I am going to kill you" replied Alqash. "O friend, what have I done that you should kill me?" "I am going to appropriate this gold and carry it off for myself. And I shall let no one know (of it). If the two of us shared this gold the story would get out. So I am going to kill you. This gold is a calamity. If the King were to hear about it he would kill us both, me and you. So I am going to kill you." "O friend," said Bakht-i-Jamāl, "don't kill me. The gold may be for you alone. If I (ever) say to you 'Give me a little of it,' may I be your donkey in the next life. If I say 'I saw this gold,' again, may I be your donkey in the next life."

"Ignorant fellow," said Alqash Wazir. "I know much more than you. If one catches a hen gently, it makes an outcry. If one lays hold of it violently, it makes an outcry. Till you have cut off the hen's head it won't keep quiet. When its head is cut off its clamour is silenced. So long as your head is not cut off this matter will not remain quiet. So I am going to cut off your head."

Bakht-i-Jamāl abandoned hope of escape. "O friend," he said "there are two things I would tell you." "Well, tell me," said Alqash, "what they are." "My wife has been longing (to see me), for these 40 days she has been longing (to see me) and she has kept looking out saying: 'My husband is coming.' Go to my wife, go to her with twelve *khars* of this gold (Rs. 72), give it to her and say thus to her: '(Your husband) has gone to Khāruz with a merchant of Khāruz.' Say to her, 'He said: "I shall come back in six months."' (Say to her from me). 'Until my return buy food and clothes for yourself with this gold.' My wife is with child. (Say to her from me): 'If you give birth before my return, if a girl is born to you, give her a name yourself. If a son is born to you, call him Buzur Jamhūr.' If you say this to her, it is as you please; if you don't say this to her, it is as you please. Now I have nothing more to say." "Oh, is that all?" said Alqash Wazir, "Yes," said Bakht-i-Jamāl.

Alqash (then) led Bakht-i-Jamāl forward into a corner on the far side of the Treasury and (started) digging. He made a pit and leading (Bakht-i-Jamāl) up to it he killed him and flung him into it. He threw in earth on the top and filled (the hole) up and trampled it down with his feet, and destroyed all signs of the burial.

"This gold has become mine," said Alqash Wazir, rejoicing. He did not touch the gold, but putting on the lock he closed (the door) and concealed it. He told no one about it and returned to his home. Taking 12 *khars* of gold from his house, he went to Bakht-i-Jamāl's wife: "My sister," said he, "your husband has sent you this gold. He has gone to Khāruz with a Khāruzi merchant

and he said: 'I shall come back in six months. You are with child. If a daughter is born to you, give her a name yourself. If a son is born to you, call him Buzur Jamhūr'." Alqash then gave her the twelve *khars* of gold and said: "(Your husband) said to (say to) you: 'Spend this on yourself till I come back. Spend it on food and clothes'." Having said this to her he went off to his own house.

Bakht-i-Jamāl's wife was delighted. She said: "My husband has sent me all this gold," and she rejoiced. "When he comes back from Khāruz in six months, then he will bring me more," she said, and settled down in peace. Some days passed and she was brought to bed before he had yet returned. A son was born to her and she named him Buzur Jamhūr. She kept reckoning (the time) from the departure of her husband. Six months passed and he did not come, and seven months passed and he did not come, and the twelve months of a full year passed and he did not come. But she kept hoping: "My husband will come."

Three years passed after the birth of her son and she abandoned hope of her husband. "Nothing has become known of my husband's being alive," she said, "nor has anything become known of his being dead. I have heard nothing at all." Thus thinking she still did not become unduly depressed. She said to her son: "O son, go to the bazar and fetch a little flour. I shall give you a *khars* of gold to take with you. You are a sensible fellow." She sent him off with a man with him and he went to the bazar to the Farāch (the King's Treasurer). "As salām alē.ikum, Farāch". "Wa alē.ikum salām, boy. Why have you come, boy?" "O Farāch there is some gold I have brought to sell. I have heard this name of 'gold.' They say this is gold. Is it really gold or is it not? Have a look at it." "Bring it here," said the Farāch. The Farāch looked at it. "Boy," he said, "it is real gold." "O Farāch, if this is real gold do not give me short value for it. I don't know

what its value is. If you give me less than the price of the gold, I'll lay a claim against you at the Last Day. If you give me the (full) price of the gold, at the Last Day I will make no claim against you."

The Farāch gave him ten twelve-seer measures of wheat. "O boy, I have given you this as the price of your gold. There must be no dispute with me about it." "O Farāch, is that all?" "Yes. Now take it away. It has worked out at so much." "O Farāch, come now tell me the truth." "O boy, what am I to tell you the truth about?" "Have you acquired this wheat by labouring along with your children? (Or) have you got it from others? Does it belong to someone else? Now tell me truly." "O boy," said the Farāch, "what business is it of yours whom it belongs to? I have given you the grain; you have given me the gold. If you wish to, take away the grain; if you don't wish to, take away your gold." "I'll put chains on your neck," said Buzur Jamhūr. "Do you expend all this wheat of the King's for yourself and do you take my gold (too) for yourself? I'll tell this in the King's court." "O boy," said the Farāch. "Don't say this. You are saying exactly what I feel in my heart. I am taking the gold for myself; you are right in saying so. Don't tell this in the court. Take this wheat for yourself and take back the gold you have given me and tell no one about it. (The King) will put chains on my neck." "Is it lawful for you," said Buzur Jamhūr, "to devour all this (grain) of the King's? I will devour it too." (So saying) he carried off home for himself the gold, and he also carried off the wheat."

"O son," said his mother, "have you looted a bazar somewhere, that you have fetched (home) all this grain and have also brought (back) the gold I gave you?" "No mother, we have not raided and plundered a bazar." "Then how else did you get this, my son." "Listen to me, mother. I frightened the Farāch and got it (from him)." His mother was pleased.

"Mother," said Buzur Jamhūr, "give me a lot (to eat) and fill my belly, and do you too eat a lot, and what is over give to others. I shall bring you these ten measures of wheat every month."

Next day she said: "O son, your plan is a good one. I'll give you the gold and you take it to the bazar and get a little meat. "Very good, mother, give it to me here." She gave it to him and he went off with it to the bazar. (He went) to the King's steward and said: "As salām alē.ikum, Cook." "Wa alēik us salām, boy. Why have you come here, boy?" "I have brought some gold," said Buzur Jamhūr, "whether it is gold, or is not gold, I don't know. You have a look at it." "Give it to me here," said the Cook. He gave it to him and the Cook examined it and said: "It is real gold, my boy," he said. "Is it real gold?" "Yes," said the Cook, "it is real gold." "I don't know the value of this gold," said Buzur Jamhūr, "you look and see how much it is. If you give me less than its value I'll lay a claim against you at the Last Day. If you give me its proper value there need be no dispute between you and me at the Last Day."

The Cook gave him a wether (saying:) "I have given you the price of your gold. At the Last Day there must be no dispute between you and me. Now take it away." "O Cook," said Buzur Jamhūr, "come now, speak the truth. Have you reared this sheep and made it so big as this yourself? (Or) did you get it from someone else? Does it belong to someone else?" "O boy," said the Cook, "what business is that of yours? You gave me the gold, and I gave you the sheep. Won't you shut up and take it away?" "O Cook, why am I to shut up and take this (beast) away? You steal it from the King and give it to me. Why am I to shut up and take it away? I'll say in the King's court 'The Cook has stolen a sheep and given it to me'." "O boy," said the Cook, "May I be your sacrifice! Don't give me away over this theft. (The King) will put chains on the necks of myself and my children. Take away this gold of yours, and take away too this sheep which I have given you. Come again in a month and I'll give you another sheep like this. Indeed(?) at the end of every month I'll give you a similar sheep." "O Cook," said Buzur Jamhūr, "is it lawful for you to devour all the King's substance like this? Give me (a share) too and I also will devour it." "May I be your

sacrifice: I'll give you (a share)," said the Cook. "For this month I'll give you this sheep, and take away this gold of yours too."

Buzur Jamhūr took (the sheep and the gold) home to his mother. "Mother, I have brought this sheep too for the month. Come now and let us feed in peace." So they lived in comfort, and one day his mother said: "O son, will you get green vegetables somewhere?" "Mother, give me that gold." "Well, take it, my son," she said and gave it to him. He took it and went off. There were no (green vegetables) anywhere. (Only) in Alqash Wazīr's garden were there some. He went to the gate of Alqash's garden. The superintendent of the garden was at the gate. "O Gardener," said Buzur Jamhūr, "I'll give you some gold, will you give me (some) greens in this basket?" "Very good," said the Gardener, "I'll give you some," and he unlocked the door and opened it. Alqash Wazīr saw the opening of the door. He was at the window of his house. He saw the gardener enter the garden and a boy follow after him. The gardener went to a vegetable plot. Buzur Jamhūr had tied up a sheep to a peg in the garden. He went up to it and he cut the cord (by which it) was (tied) and the sheep went and ate the flowers. The gardener noticed the sheep and saw it eating the flowers. He went and caught it and tied it up. The gardener went (back) to the vegetable plot and Buzur Jamhūr let the sheep loose. Once again it went and ate the flowers and again the gardener saw it. He took a spade and came along and struck the sheep on the loins. The sheep died. "Three lawful things you have made unlawful," said Buzur Jamhūr. "This is only one sheep. How have the other two become unlawful?" "O gardener," said Buzur Jamhūr, "there are two young ones in its belly; one is black and one is white. The white one is a female lamb, and the black one is a male lamb." "Curse its mother!" said the gardener.

Alqash heard what the boy had said. He called out: "O gardener, bring the boy and bring the sheep." The gardener took the sheep, Buzur Jamhūr followed after him, and they both went (to the Wazīr). The boy salamed to Alqash Wazīr. Alqash asked him: "You said (lit. 'say') to him: 'You have made three lawful things unlawful'.

One is this sheep. Where do you get the other two from?" "O Wazir, this sheep was pregnant and there are two young ones in its belly. One is black and one is white. The white one is a female lamb and the black one is a male lamb." Alqash commanded the gardener: "Cut the sheep open." The gardener cut it open, and there were two young ones just such as Buzur Jamhūr had described. The white one was a female, and the black one a male lamb. Alqash said to the boy: "O boy, what is your father's name?" "Bakht-i-Jamāl is my father's name." "What is your own name?" "My name is Buzur Jamhūr."

The son of the King of Habash, being in love with Alqash's daughter, was serving Alqash. He was with Alqash Wazir. Alqash said to him "Saladār, my son, take this boy to such and such a place and put him to death. (Then) roast his liver and kidneys and bring them to me. Now take him away." Saladār led him away. At the place of slaughter, Buzur Jamhūr said: "O Saladār," "are you going to kill me now?" "Yes, I am going to kill you." "On your killing me he (Alqash) will kill you too." "Somehow or other you found out about the lambs in the sheep's belly, did you not? Do you not also know about my being killed?" "By killing me," replied Buzur Jamhūr, "how will you attain your heart's desire?" "What is my heart's desire?" said Saladār. "Are you not in love with Alqash Wazir's daughter?" said Buzur Jamhūr. "You speak truly, I am in love with her." "I shall bring about your heart's desire for you. Don't kill me and in forty days I shall throw Alqash's daughter on your neck." "(But) from what shall I take your liver and kidneys?"

(Buzur Jamhūr) gave him the gold that was with him and said: "They have brought out a male lamb to the bazar to sell. Give them this gold and buy the lamb." "O Buzur Jamhūr," said Saladār, "Wherever I may get that animal, it won't have the taste of human flesh, will it?" "O Saladār, you don't understand such matters. A woman was with child and a sheep was pregnant. A daughter was born to the woman. The sheep gave birth and a male lamb was born. The woman's daughter died and the lamb's mother died.

The woman, out of love for her daughter, gave the lamb her milk. When it grew big she fed it also with bread. (So) it had drunk human milk and eaten bread. They have (now) brought out that lamb to the bazar. Now the taste of its meat is like the taste of human flesh. Go now quickly and buy it."

(So saying) Buzur Jambūr gave Saladār the gold and Saladār went off with it to the bazar. They had brought the lamb to the bazar and he gave them the gold and brought the lamb to Buzur Jambūr. "Hallo, Saladār, have you brought it?" "Yes, I have." "Well now slay it and skin it and roast its kidneys and liver and take them to (Alqash). Then he will send you once again to my house. You hold your tongue and say nothing and come to my house." Having said this to him Buzur Jambūr went off to his home.

Saladār slaughtered the lamb and flayed it. Then he took out its liver and kidneys and having roasted and cooked them took them to Alqash. He set them before Alqash and Alqash ate them. "This was my enemy," said Alqash. "I have killed him too (as well as his father). He was a partner in the gold I saw. Now again the gold is known to no one. Now it has become my very own." Alqash's uneasiness was dispelled and he lived in great comfort.

Buzur Jambūr went off to his home. "Have you not brought any greens?" said his mother. "Somehow or other I have escaped from death at the hands of Alqash Wazīr. He told Saladār to kill me. I implored Saladār 'Don't kill me,' and on my saying 'Let me go,' he let me go. But how was I to bring back any greens?"

(His mother) put Buzur Jambūr to study. He studied with a man of learning. In three days or four he exhausted all that the learned man had (to teach). The man of learning was amazed on seeing his intelligence and understanding. "O Buzur Jambūr," said the learned man, "I have a difficult book which is unintelligible to me. Will you just have a look at it? Shall I show it to you?" "Good!" said Buzur Jambūr. "Bring it and show it to me." The Akhund brought it and gave it to him Buzur Jambūr

examined it. "O Akhund," said he, "will you give it to me? I shall read it for a couple of days in my own house." "This is your book," said the Akhund. "It belonged to your mother's father. He had given it to your mother in her dowry. Your father also was a fine scholar. He did not understand it. He brought it to me. I too did not understand it. He left it behind saying: 'As we do not understand it, let it remain here.' (This) is now that book, and it is your property."

Buzur Jamhūr touching it with his fingers and kissing them took it. He carried it away to his own home and there he read it. When he had read it he shut it and wept. His mother also wept. Both mother and son wept. Again he opened and read it. He read it for a long time and (then) shut it up. He laughed. His mother also laughed. Again he opened it and read it. (Then) closing it he put it away, and getting up he danced.

"O son," said his mother, "have you gone mad?" "No, Mother, I have not gone mad." "First you wept, next you laughed and then you danced. You *have* gone mad." "Mother, listen to me. Alqash Wazīr murdered my father. I learn that in this book. Moved by grief for my father, I wept." "You say truly, O my son. He brought your father out of the house and had taken him for a walk. Wherever your father went after he was taken for the walk he disappeared. You speak truly." "Mother, then again my laughing was due to this: I am going to put horse gear on Alqash Wazīr and mount him, and at the spot where my father was murdered I am going to kill Alqash Wazīr. I shall exhume my father's bones and make a grave and make it visible (to all)." "O son, don't say this. Alqash Wazīr is a very hard man to deal with. How will you, an orphan boy, be able to kill him? He will kill you. Don't speak thus to anyone." "Mother, in this book it is stated that he will not be able to kill me, but that I am going to kill him."

(Now) the King had a dream, but he forgot his dream. He asked Alqash Wazir: "O Alqash Wazir, I had a dream and I have forgotten it. You tell me what it was that I have forgotten." "O King, *you* had the dream. I cannot tell you what it was." "O bastard. I'll cut off your head and hang it up on the gateway. You have consumed much of my wealth." Alqash Wazir was frightened and said: "O King, let the matter stand for two or three days, then if I get the story of your dream from anywhere I'll bring it to you." "O Wazir," said the King, "I'll let you go for a month, and if you bring me the story of my dream I'll give you a big reward and you will be promoted to very high rank. Now go."

Alqash Wazir went off and going to his own house summoned Saladār to him. "O Saladār," he said, "I gave you a boy and told you to kill him. Where have you taken him?" "Wazir, did you not order me to kill him and say to me 'Kill him and cook his liver and kidneys and bring them to me?' Did I not bring them to you and did you not eat them? Where then did I take him?" "O Saladār," said the Wazir, "if you have killed him, I will now kill you." "I haven't killed him," said Saladār. "Aha, bravo to you! Now tell me how you haven't killed him when I had told you to kill him. Of what did you bring me the liver and kidneys? Come tell me that."

"I'll tell you now, Wazir," said Saladār, "People had brought out a lamb to the bazar and the boy said to me: 'Don't kill me; go and get that lamb'. He gave me a *khar* of gold and said: 'Pay this and buy the lamb'. I said to him: 'What shall we do with the lamb? The lamb will not have the flavour of human flesh'. 'You don't understand the affair,' said he, 'hold your peace, and go quickly and fetch the lamb. A woman² was brought to bed and gave birth to a girl. A sheep yeaned and gave birth to a male lamb. The lamb's dam died and the woman's daughter died. The

woman suckled the lamb. When it grew up she fed it with bread. It has now become big and they have brought it to the bazar. In its flesh there is the taste of human flesh. Go quickly and fetch it here at once.' I fetched the lamb and killed and skinned it. I extracted its liver and kidneys and roasting and cooking them brought them to you. The boy I let go."

"Bravo to you!" (said the Wazir). "Now go and tell him to come." Saladār went off to Buzur Jamhūr's house. "O Buzur Jamhūr," said he, "the Wazir says to you 'Come!'" (Buzur Jamhūr replied): "I said to you: 'you will come back to me.' Now come let us go." And the two of them proceeded to Alqash Wazir. Buzur Jamhūr salamed to Alqash and Alqash got up to receive him and made him sit on a chair. Then he said: "O Buzur Jamhūr, I have done you a discourtesy. Forgive me." "O Wazir, the Great do such things. It is nothing." "O Buzur Jamhūr," said Alqash Wazir, "if anyone dreams a dream and forgets it, can you interpret it?". "I do do such things." "O Buzur Jamhūr, may I be your sacrifice! The King had a dream and has forgotten it and he says to me: 'Tell me my dream.' Now you tell me what was the dream he had." "O Wazir," said Buzur Jamhūr, "until I have seen the face of the person who had the dream it is not revealed to me." "O Buzur Jamhūr, if I mention your name to the King will you come (to him) or not?" "O Wazir, why would I not come to a King? (Of course) I'll come."

The Wazir went to salam the King. He salamed to him and the King asked: "O Alqash Wazir, have you brought the story of my dream or not?" "Yes, King, I have brought it." "Tell me it." "O King, I cannot tell it. Bakht-i-Jamāl's son, Buzur Jamhūr, will tell you it, but he is on bad terms with me. You yourself send a man and he will come." "Very good," said the King, "I'll send someone." And he gave orders to a man: "Go, and tell Buzur

Jambūr to come." The man went off to Buzur Jamhūr and said: "O Buzur Jamhūr, the King says to you 'Come'." "Who are you?" asked Buzur Jamhūr. "I am a servant" "Perform your service then. Say thus to the King 'I want nothing from you. I have no intention of coming to you. Why should I come walking on my own legs?' Say that to him."

The servant went off to the King and the King enquired of him: "O servant, haven't you brought him?" "O King, he didn't come." "Why didn't he come?" said the King. "He said: 'I want nothing of the King and have no intention of coming. Why should I come?'" "What he says is true" said the King. And he had a golden bridle and saddle and complete trappings put on his own horse and despatched it with a groom. "Say to him: 'Mount this horse and come'," he said. The groom saddled the horse and took it away to Buzur Jamhūr's door and called out and said: "O Buzur Jamhūr, the King has sent you his own riding horse. Now come." "O Groom," said Buzur Jamhūr. "I have never ridden that horse. If it throws me and breaks some part of me what shall I do? Tell him I won't come. Go."

The groom went off with the horse to the King. "O Groom, has he not come?" "O King, he said, 'I have never ridden that horse. If it throws me and breaks some part of me what shall I do?'" "What he says is true," said the King. And he had a litter placed on an elephant and despatched it. He said: "Say to him. 'Mount this and come'," and he sent off the elephant. They led the elephant away to Buzur Jamhūr's door and said to him: "O Buzur Jamhūr, the King has sent you the riding elephant that takes him out. Now come and mount it." "O Elephant-grooms, this that I say, repeat to the King: 'The horse (you sent) before was small (in comparison), (now) you have sent something even bigger than it. If this (elephant) seizes me with its trunk and flings me down it will kill me. In that case what am I to do?' Take it back." They brought the elephant back to the King's court and the King said: "Hallo, hasn't he come?" "O King, he said to us: 'You have sent an even bigger (animal) than the first one. If this great brute seizes me with its trunk and throws me down it will kill me

In that case what am I to do? Take it back'." "What he says is true," said the King. "He is quite right. Take the travelling litter and seat him in it and bring him along."

They carried away the litter (to him) and said: "O Buzur Jamhūr, now come. We have brought the litter. We'll seat you in it and take you along." "Look here. Am I a woman? Or has some part of me been broken that you would take me away on a litter? Say this to the King: 'You are a very stupid fool. I won't come in such a way'." (On this) they carried the litter back to the King's court. "Hasn't he come?" (said the King). "No, he hasn't come." "Why doesn't he come?" He said to us 'Am I a woman that you should take me up on a travelling-litter? Or has some part of me been broken that you want to carry me?'" "What he says is true," said the King. "I did a stupid thing. This time say to him: 'Come in whatever way you yourself prefer to come'." And he despatched a man of consequence to him.

The man went to Buzur Jamhūr and said: "O Buzur Jamhūr, the King says 'Come in whatever way you like best'." "This is my pleasure," said Buzur Jamhūr, "Put horse furniture on Alqash Wazīr and hang the whip on the pommel of the saddle, and saddle him and bring him along and then I shall mount on him and come."

The man of consequence returned with this answer to the King. "O King," he said, "he says a strange thing." "Well, what does he say?" said the King. "He says: 'Put horse furniture on Alqash Wazīr and saddle him and hang a whip on the pommel of the saddle and bring him to me. Then I shall mount on him and come.'"

The King gave command, saying: "Saddle Alqash." And they put a saddle on him and in his mouth they put a bridle and hung a whip on the pommel of the saddle. And (so) having saddled Alqash they led him away to Buzur Jamhūr's door. "O Buzur Jamhūr," they said. "Now come. In accordance with your instructions we have saddled Alqash Wazīr and brought him to you. Now come." Buzur Jamhūr came out of his house. He mounted

on Alqash Wazir, took the whip off the pommel of the saddle and slung it (by the loop) on his wrist and he gave Alqash Wazir a cut with the whip. Alqash Wazir proceeded on all fours with Buzur Jamhūr and carried him to the King's court. Without dismounting Buzur Jamhūr went (in), and he took his seat on Alqash's chair. Alqash Wazir they left just as he was, without removing the saddle from him.

The King asked him: "O Buzur Jamhūr, when people have had dreams can you tell what it was when they have forgotten them?" "O King I can do that," replied Buzur Jamhūr. "I had a dream," said the King, "and I have forgotten it; now tell me what it was." "O King," said Buzur Jamhūr. "I'll tell you about your dream afterwards. I have a suit, settle that for me first." "What is your suit?" said the King. "This bastard, Alqash," said Buzur Jamhūr, "is the murderer of my father."

The King brought up and assembled the Qazis (and said): "O Qazis, whatever this suit may be you decide it for Buzur Jamhūr. He says: 'He has killed my father'." The (chief) Qazi stood up to deal with the case: "O Buzur Jamhūr," he said. "Now speak the truth. You have come for justice? Nothing is known, none of us have any information as to whether your father died, or got lost, before you were born. Whoever have told you about this, produce them as witnesses. We shall settle the case with them." "Did you, or did you not, know my father?" said Buzur Jamhūr. "He is known to all of us," replied the Qazi. "Had not my father gold rings bearing his name? Had he not got them on all his ten fingers? Was not his name on all of them?" "What you say is true. You speak as one who has seen." "Is not this statement of mine correct?" "Yes, this statement of yours is correct." "(Well) I shall take this Alqash to the spot where he murdered my father, and I shall dig and I shall exhume my father's bones, and on the bones of the fingers will be the rings. If I take them and show them to you, will you believe me or

not?" "If you do this thing that you have said," replied the Qazi, "then there is no one like to you. How then shall we not believe you?"

"Come then," said Buzur Jambūr. "All of you come. Such of you too as are men of standing come with me and you will all see (for yourselves). The King gave command: "You who are men of standing, all of you go too and see."

They set out from the King's court and Buzur Jambūr conducted them to the place where his father had been murdered. At the site of the murder he made them dig. They removed the earth that was (in the grave) and the bones emerged. They took all the bones out and when they looked there were the ten gold rings, and when they looked again the name of Bakht-i-Jamāl was engraved on all the rings. "O Qazis," said Buzur Jambūr, "are these my father's rings or not?" "O Buzur Jambūr," said the Qazi, "there has never been any one like you. These are your father's rings. What you say is true. Alqash has killed your father." "Make a grave," said Buzur Jambūr; "and bury these bones of my father in it and make it (a) visible (monument) for me." They made a grave for the bones and threw them into it, and made a burial mound over it that could be seen.

They returned to the King and the King enquired of them: "Is what Buzur Jambūr said true, or is it lies? Come tell me about it." "O King," said the Qazi. "There is no one like this man. What he said is true." "O Qazi," said the King, "settle this case." "I shall settle it," said the Qazi. "O Buzur Jambūr, now speak the truth." "What am I to speak the truth about?" "When he murdered your father did Alqash take anyone with him to help him? Did Alqash strike your father one blow or two blows? Tell (us) this." "O Qazi," said Buzur Jambūr, "I know about that. Alqash took my father away alone and murdered him. He killed him with a single blow, and he himself threw earth on the top of him and stamped the earth down with his feet, -and

made (it) look as if there was nothing (there). Now I shall take him and slay him at the pit where my father was buried and fling him into it." The King gave command: "Take him away and slay him in this wise."

Buzur Jamhūr led Alqash off to the pit where his father had been slain and cutting off his head with one stroke flung him into the pit. With his hands he threw in earth and with his feet he stamped it down. He filled up (the hole) and removed all evidence of the burial.

He then returned to the King's court. "O Buzur Jamhūr, has the desire of your heart been fulfilled?" "Yes, O King, my heart's desire is accomplished." "Well, now, get on and tell me about my dream." "In your dream," said Buzur Jamhūr, "did some savoury food appear before you?" "O Brothers," said the King, "he is telling my dream. Wa! He is telling me just what I saw." "Did a great desire come on you to eat the food?" said Buzur Jamhūr. "Yes, I felt a great desire to eat it." "Did a black dog plant its paw in the food? Feeling this (to be) revolting, were you perchance seized with vomiting?" "O Buzur Jamhūr," said the King, "there is no one like you! You tell me things just as I saw them. (But) I do not know the meaning of this vision that I saw. Explain it to me." "O King don't you know the meaning of it?" "No, I don't." "Well, I won't tell you in this public assembly. I'll tell you when we are alone."

The King went to his palace, he and Buzur Jamhūr, the two of them. "O King," said Buzur Jamhūr. "Don't you know the meaning of your dream that I told you?" "No, I don't know it." "Well, now I will tell you, listen. Some savoury food appeared before you. You wished to eat it. A black dog put down its paw in the food. Feeling this (to be) revolting, you vomited?" "Yes, I vomited." "Well, you saw all this?" "Yes, I saw all this. Now interpret it for me." "Good. I'll interpret it for you. Have you, or have you not married the daughter of the King of Habash?" "Yes, I have married her." "She was the savoury food. She has

brought a friend for herself from her father's city and she amuses herself with him in your absence." "Where is he now at the present time?" asked the King. "At the present time he is in the King's daughter's treasury." "Is he there now?" said the King. "Yes, he is there now."

The King opened the door of the treasury of the Habashi King's daughter and saw that he was inside. Seizing him he dragged him out and led him off to the court. They assembled the Qazis and the King said: "O Qazis, I am King and this wife of mine has brought a lover here for herself. Now give judgement." "I'll give judgement," said the Qazi. "O King, let no one kill these two. Let them take them away to a waste place and split a log and put one of them on one side of it and one of them on the other side of it, and securing their hands in it leave them there. This is the judgement I have given," said the Qazi. They took (the guilty parties) away to the desert and secured their hands in the (split) log and pulling out the wedges left them there in the desert.

On Buzur Jamhūr (the King) bestowed the Wazīrship.

A number of years passed and (one day) they were drinking 'araq in the King's court. They had poured out (some) for the King and they presented it to him and he took it in his hand. Then they offered their congratulations to the King and said: "A son has been born to you." "O Buzur Jamhūr," said the King. "what name shall I give my son?" "Drink (Persian: 'Binūsh')" said he, and the King drank the 'araq that was in his hand. "O Buzur Jamhūr, what name shall I give him?" "What name did I just now give him, O King?" "You said to me just now 'Drink the 'araq' (that was in my hand)." He called him: 'Nushirwān' ("drink and go").

"O Buzur Jamhūr", said the King. "You know all these things: has this son of mine been born good or has he been born bad? Now tell me this." "Listen King, I shall tell you. He was born in a happy moment. He was born lucky. Seven kings will serve him. He will have 4000 private attendants. There will be 5000

men to guard him. He will have a tent with 1000 poles. His crown will be all of satin. His carpets will be all of gold brocade. The pegs of his tent will all be of gold. There will be as many golden chairs as can find place in the whole tent. Over his doorway he will hang chains of true justice. In those days he will be "The Just." They will call him "Nushīrwān the Just."

Even as he had finished saying this a son was born to Bakhtiār. "O Buzur Jamhūr," said the King, "they say a son has been born to this wretch too. Of what nature has he been born?" "He has been born very knowing. He has been born a trickster. He has been born (to be) Wazīr to your son," said Buzur Jamhūr. "What will (Bakhtiār) call him?" "He will call him Bakhtēk." They said to Buzur Jamhūr: "A son has been born to you too," and they congratulated him. "What name will you give your son?" they asked. "My son's name is Siā.okhash." These three sons were all born at one time.

Twenty years passed after their birth and Nushīrwān Pādshā came of age. Kubād said to Buzur Jamhūr: "The signs which you spoke of at the time of his birth are (evident) on this son of mine," and he asked him: "Is there anywhere any enemy of my son or not?" "There will be an enemy of your son." "Where is he at the present time?" "He was in his father's loins and he has now passed into his mother's womb." "What is his father's name?" "It is Abdul Mutalib." "What will he call his son?" "He will call his son Hamza. The name of his country is Arab." "I now give you leave to go," said Kubād, "and whatever women are with child in the country of Arab rip open their bellies." He made them get ready gold on 1200 camels and said: "O Buzur Jamhūr, I have prepared this gold on 1200 camels for travelling expenses for you. Proceed to the country of Arab."

Buzur Jamhūr proceeded in the direction of Arab taking with him a number of servants. News (of his coming) reached Arab. They reported: "A great King has sent a very great man, a very wise man, to Arab and he has arrived. He has come to rip open the women's bellies." The people heard and were alarmed. Abdul Mutalib said: "O community of Islam, you who do service to God, a very great man has come. Come, let us go to meet him." "Good, we will go," said they.

They went out and proceeded some way to meet him. They saw Buzur Jamhūr coming to meet them. Abdul Mutalib dismounted from his horse. Buzur Jamhūr saw him and he too dismounted. Then they salamed to each other and kissed each other's hands and sat down. Buzur Jamhūr said: "O Abdul Mutalib, of what are you afraid that there is no colour in your face? Your colour has changed. Do not fear. Good will come from me, evil will not come from me. Whatever you are afraid of, do not fear. You will receive favours from me. I shall do no evil." They became very happy and led him off joyfully to the country of Arab, and established him there with great honour and settled down themselves in great peace and comfort.

Buzur Jamhūr stayed there for a month and a son was born to Abdul Mutalib the Prophet. They told Buzur Jamhūr. "A son has been born to Abdul Mutalib." "Call Abdul Mutalib," said Buzur Jamhūr. They called him. Abdul Mutalib came. "O Abdul Mutalib," said Buzur Jamhūr, "bring me the son who has just been born to you." Abdul Mutalib went off to the place where his son was and fetched him. "Give him to me here," said Buzur Jamhūr. He gave (the child) into Buzur Jamhūr's hands and Buzur Jamhūr kissed it on the eyes and he kissed it on the forehead and he kissed it all its joints. The people in the assembly said. "O Buzur Jamhūr, what honour have you done to this small child? You, so wise and so great a man, why have you done it such honour?"

"Listen," said he. "I shall tell you the child's virtues. Down its right cheek is the line of the Bani Hāshim, and between its eyebrows is a sign. Such as these are born of the family of Ibrāhīm the Prophet. The child belongs to that family. For that reason I do it such honour. From the rising of the sun to the setting of the sun (or from the East to the West) mighty kings will be cast down from their thrones and fling them on the bier. He will establish Islām. He has been born a pillar of Islām." Then he bestowed on Abdul Mutalib a present of 1100 camel's loads of gold. "This son of yours," said he, "is your son, and he is also my son. One day he will benefit me too. Expend all this gold and rear him handsomely."

From a distance, a man carrying something in his bosom was looking at Buzur Jamhūr. "Who is that looking at me from a long way off?" (said Buzur Jamhūr). "O Buzur Jamhūr," said Abdul Mutalib, "he belongs to Islām, he is of my faith." "Tell him to come here," said Buzur Jamhūr. Thereupon they brought him up. "O man," said Buzur Jamhūr. "Why do you look at me from afar off?" "May I be your sacrifice! On the day that this son of the Prophet was born, a son was also born to me. I have brought him." "Give him here to me," said Buzur Jamhūr. The man gave him (the child) and of him too Buzur Jamhūr kissed the joints. All said: "O Buzur Jamhūr, your doing honour to the Prophet's child was right and proper. This is the son of common folk. Why do you treat him thus?" "Listen and I shall tell you his virtues." All listened. "This child," he said to them, "will take a tax of the beards of all mighty men of valour. He will set fire to idol temples. He was born (to be) Wazīr to the Prophet's son. Whatever the prophet's son says he will carry out. He will obey his behests."

Buzur Jamhūr took up his abode in the country of Arab. (He said) "Kubād sent me saying: 'Tear out the roots of the enemy of my son'. (Instead) I gave them presents. Now I have become unable to go (back) to my own country. I shall now stay here." He abode there for three years. When three years had passed his son sent him a letter: "O my father, there is no one like you, my

father. Kubād departed from this world. Nushirwān took his seat on the throne and Bakhtek secured the Wazirship. He gave evil judgements and committed evil acts of oppression. The country has been ruined. If this letter of mine arrives at night, come (the same) night. If it arrives by day, come (the same) day."

Buzur Jamhūr addressed Abdul Mutalib: "O Abdul Mutalib, I am going to go back to my own country." "O Buzur Jamhūr," said Abdul Mutalib. "There is no one over you to give orders and say to you 'Go.' There is no one over you to give orders and say to you 'Stay.' If you go, it is your own pleasure. If you stay, it is your own pleasure." "I am going to go," said Buzur Jamhūr. "God be with you, then go."

Buzur Jamhūr rose up from the country of Arab and proceeded in the direction of his own country. Nushirwān, the King, heard that Buzur Jamhūr had come from Arab. "I'll go to meet him," he said, and got his things ready. He sent for Bakhtek Wazir. Bakhtek Wazir came. "O Bakhtek Wazir," he said. "They say that Buzur Jamhūr has come. Shall I go to meet him or not?" "O King, do not you, so great a king, go to meet him. He is an insignificant person." "O you wretch," said Nushirwān. "My father counselled me saying 'I have sent Buzur Jamhūr to pull up the roots of your enemy. He will achieve this task. At the time of his returning do you go out to meet him.' He said to me: 'He is a very great man, he is very wise.' I am going to meet him. Are you coming with me or not?" "King, if you go I will come too." "Yes, I am going. Inform my followers." Bakhtek Wazir informed them.

The King went out to meet (Buzur Jamhūr), and proceeded with those of his men who were there. When they had gone some

distance (the two parties) met, and (Nushīrwān and Buzur Jamhūr) saw each other in the distance. They both dismounted from their horses and each kissed the other's hand. They sat down. Nushīrwān the King sat in the middle. Bakhtek Wazīr sat on his right hand, and Buzur Jamhūr sat on his left. Some birds started fighting in the sky and there was a disturbance. Bakhtek Wazīr said to the King: "Ask Buzur Jamhūr, who understands the language of birds, why the birds are behaving thus." Nushīrwān the King asked him: "O Buzur Jamhūr, why are these birds attacking each other?" "O King," replied Buzur Jamhūr, "don't ask me why they are acting thus." "If you don't tell me," said the King, "why they are acting thus, then all is over between you and me." "O King," said Buzur Jamhūr, "if you will listen seriously, I will tell you all about it. If you listen heedlessly, I won't tell you." "I swear by Lāt and Manāt that I will listen with all my heart." "Well, listen, and I will tell you," said Buzur Jamhūr.

The King gave ear and Buzur Jamhūr continued: "O King, they are behaving thus over a matter that entails disgrace to you and me." The King thought: "What evil thing have we done?" "The one bird," said Buzur Jamhūr, "is saying to the other: 'Give me your daughter for my son'. The other bird says: 'Why should I give her to you?' The first says: 'Why won't you give her to me?' Again the other says: 'Four cities of Nushīrwān's have been destroyed. If you will give those (cities) among the wedding gifts of my daughter's mother, I will let you have my daughter.' Then the first bird says: 'Owing to Nushīrwān's being on the throne and to the Wazīrship's being in the hands of Bakhtek, fourteen (more cities) will be destroyed. I will give you those too. Twenty-four (more) are going to be destroyed and those too I will give you.' O King, such things are the birds saying."

"O Buzur Jambūr," said the King. "If I have done any evil deeds the (other) kings will laugh at me. Will you be able to remove this disgrace from my face? (If you can) this very moment I will seat you on this chair of Bakhtek Wazīr's." "If you were to do this," said Buzur Jamhūr, "I shall win you the applause of mighty kings, and I shall exalt your fame on high."

The King made Bakhtek Wazīr get up from the chair and seated Buzur Jamhūr on it, and he charged him with the duties of Wazīr and bestowed the Wazīrship on him. All wished him joy, and they rose up and went their way and arrived in Madāin. (Then) Buzur Jamhūr despatched letters to all the lands (of Nushīrwān) saying "Whatever injustices have been done to you, whatever taxes have been imposed on you, I Buzur Jamhūr have come and have entered into possession of the Wazīrship. Lo, I, the man who does even-handed justice, have come. I shall do even-handed justice for you."

(Thereafter) occupying the Wazīrship, he abode in peace and comfort with Nushīrwān in Madāin.

No. IV.

The Adventures of Kiser.

In Lama there was a rich man. In the Spring season he was giving wheat to the people. A small child made its appearance in the wheat and he took it out. The rich man's daughter-in-law was with milk and he brought the child (home) and reared it (with her help). It grew up and they gave it the name of **Dungpa Miru**

When he had reached manhood they procured a wife for him. In due course she became with child, and after nine months her labour came on. Her labour continued, but no child was born. She was not delivered. For 100 days her pains continued and she was not delivered.

Her husband went to a diviner and said: "O Diviner, my wife has been in travail for 100 days and she does not give birth." "She has been delivered," said the diviner, "now go." He went off and when he came (to his home) his wife had been delivered and a son had been born to her. He saw that the child had a donkey's head and a human body. (Again) labour pains seized his wife and he went once more to the diviner. "O Diviner," said he, "you were right. My wife has been delivered, but the child has a donkey's head and a human body. What name shall I give it?" "Call it Abadum Bu (*or*, Aba Dumbu)," said the diviner. "Your wife has again given birth, go, a boy has been born." Dungpa Miru went off and when he reached home his wife had been delivered and a boy had been born. He saw that it had a dog's head and a human body. (He went again to the diviner and said:) "What name shall I give it?" "Call it Aba Kitung. Another son has been born to you, go," said the diviner. When he came again (to his home) a son had been born to him. He had a hawk's head and a human body. Again he went off to the diviner and said: "What name shall I give it?" "Call it Aba Chukhtung," said the diviner, and the man went off again. In like manner one hundred sons were born to his wife.

After the hundred sons had been born Dungpa Miru went off a-hunting. In a jungle was an ibex goat all by itself. He took aim at it. When he did so there appeared to be two goats. He got up from his aiming and there was only one goat. Again he aimed and again there appeared to be two. Putting his faith in God he fired. The bullet hit the goat and he went up to it and finished it off and skinned it. In the skin he noticed that there were two (bullet-)holes, while he had fired only one shot. He said to himself: "I fired only once, there should be only one hole, but here are two holes."

Two men came up to him and said: "O man, speak the truth. We had shot this ibex first, (but) it fell in front of you. Is it yours or is it ours? Speak the truth." "You are right," said he, "you had hit it first, (but) according to justice it is mine." "You are right," they replied, "according to justice it is yours." (Then) one of them said: "Give me the meat and do you take the skin." "I will give you neither the skin nor the meat. My wife (being pregnant) had a craving for it and said: 'Bring me ibex meat,' so give me that meat." The other said: "I will give you the meat, but only on a certain condition will I give it to you. I won't give it to you for nothing." "Well, make whatever condition you please and give me the meat." "My condition is this: If ever a boy is born to your wife, or if ever a girl is born to her, give the child to me." The man obtained Dungpa Mīru's consent and gave him the meat. "I do not know your name," said Dungpa Mīru. "Nor do I know the name of your country, nor do I know the way to your country." "My name," said the man, "is Fasan Karaski, and the name of my country is Yal Butot." He also showed him the way to it saying: "Come by this road. Count the days up to twelve months and watch the appointed time and then come."

Dungpa Mīru (then) took the meat and went off to his home. (Arrived there) he gave the meat to his wife and she ate it and became with child. Thereafter Dungpa Mīru kept the tally of the days and having made up the exact time and day he set out for the other's abode. Proceeding on his way for a number of days he arrived at the man's house. Before this his wife was brought to bed and a boy had been born to her and with the boy a bull calf had also been born to her. The horns of the bull calf were of gold, its hoofs were of gold and its forelock was of gold, and its mane was of gold and golden also was the hair of its coat. The boy there was small, (but) he had been born strong. That is, the boy who had been born under

the contract was strong. His father grudged to hand him over to the man. The latter said: "Is (the child) I had made the condition about a boy, or is it a girl?" "It is a boy," said Dungpa Miru. "Are you going to give him to me, or not?" "I will give him to you. I will have the matter adjudicated on in my country and then give him to you."

Taking his sons with him he presented himself for a decision of the case. He said to the people of the country: "I won't give him this fine boy. I'll give him the feeble one. I'll make them show off their accomplishments. You watch." Then he gave orders to his sons saying: "You take it in turns and wrestle with this boy." One got up and grappled with him. The small lad overpowered and threw the big one. Then the father said to another: "Tackle him," and the small lad threw him too. "Now you decide," said he to the people, "which among them is the inferior, and which is the superior?" They all with one voice said of the strong one: "He is the weakest." On this Dungpa Miru said: "I shall give him this boy, as the one who was born under the agreement."

So he brought him along to the man's house and said: "Friend, this lad was born under the agreement, I give him to you." "My son," said the man to the boy. "You are mine according to the agreement. Will you come with me or not?" "Yes, father, I will come," said the boy. But (to his own father he said:) "You go back to your own country and in this coming year reckon up to twelve months from today. Then go up on to your roof, make your reckoning, put a bowl down beside you and sit in silence. I shall become a raincloud in the sky and I shall become a drop of rain and fall from the cloud into the bowl. Then whoever is your favourite daughter-in-law give her the water from the bowl and make her drink it. Thus shall I come (back). Now go off by your own road to your own country."

The father went off to his home and there began counting the days. When a twelvemonth of days from that day were accomplished he took the bowl and went up on to his roof. Thereupon a cloud came up in the sky straight over his roof and a drop of rain descended from the cloud into the bowl. That (drop of) water he carried off and gave to the wife of his son named Aba Dumbu, and she drank it.

After drinking it the woman became with child and she kept a reckoning of the days of her pregnancy from the date of her conception. Twelve months passed and she was not delivered, but when those twelve months were passed her labour came on and a voice came out from her inside: "Where the ibex bear their young, there I am to be born." His mother went up to the crest of the mountain. "Now here," said she, "the ibex must certainly have their young." Then being tired she sat down there and went to sleep. As she slept her labour came on and again a voice came from inside her: "Mother, where the fish are born, there I am to be born. Take me thither." When the voice had thus spoken, the woman came down with great difficulty from the crest of the mountain to the river beach. Then, being tired she lay down and fell asleep.

As she slept her pains came on and the voice again came saying: "In the place where the horses have their foals there I am to be born. Take me there." So she rose up and groaning and grasping her knees she came to the horses' stables. When she got there she was utterly exhausted and became unconscious. Again the voice came saying: "Where the cows calve there I shall be born, take me thither." So she bore him off to the enclosure where the cows were kept. On her arriving there again the voice issued from inside her saying: "Take me to the place where the sheep have their lambs." So she took him to the sheep's lambing-fold. When she had done so, again he called out: "Mother, mother, I am to be born in our own house. Take me there." She then took him to her own home. Thus having made her wander round all these

places and leave nothing out he had brought her home again. When she arrived there she was worn out and fell asleep.

As she slept the child who had spoken inside her made his way out and sat crouching (on the ground) outside. Once more her pains came on and she woke up. She looked and saw the child that had spoken inside her (now sitting) outside. Again she was delivered and another son was born to her. As soon as it was born, the child which had first come out from inside her put the child that had now been born in his mouth. His mother seeing him swallowing the other one was frightened and screamed out. On this the one child put the other out of his mouth and cried: "Mother, mother, may the responsibility for this brother of mine fall on you! If you had let matters alone for a little my brother's whole body would have become iron. (As it is) my breath did not reach his armpits and under his armpits has remained (ordinary) human flesh. All the rest of his body has become iron. Nothing will have any effect on him and no one will be able to injure him. Only, if anyone knows about his armpits and hits him there, then he will be injured."

After the children had been born their father came and saw them and was pleased (that) his wife had given birth to twin sons. The mother suckled and reared them. The boy who was born first day by day became weaker and weaker and more and more ill-favoured. But the later-born one day by day grew bigger and became stouter and stronger. The wife said to her husband: "Give names to these two sons of yours." So he gave them names. The first-born, ill-favoured weak one he named Pāngchu, and the later-born, strong one he named Būmliftan.

In the course of some years they grew up. Now all the hundred Kiserè (brothers) prepared to separate. The senior of them was Aba Kitung. He was a man of might and lion-hearted and he feared no one. He assembled all the Kiserè and said to them: "Come along, I shall apportion your land among you." Then he divided up the land among all the hundred of them and allotted it to them. To Pangchu he gave nothing. Pangchu rose up and said: "O Aba Kitung,

there is me too, isn't there?" "Yes, there is you too. I shall give you something," said Aba Kitung, and he gave him the site of the graveyard. "I thank you," said Pangchu. "This burying place that you have given me is better than (what you have given to) all the others."

Again after this Aba Kitung divided up the (family) chattels. To Pangchu he gave nothing, but he gave things to all the other hundred. Pangchu rose up: "O Aba Kitung," said he. "There is me also. Give me something too." "Yes, there is you too. I shall give you something. Instead of chattels I give you the ford in the river." "O Aba Kitung," said Pangchu. "You have given me a better share than all these others."

Then Aba Kitung divided up the houses among them. To all he gave houses, only to Pangchu he gave none. Pangchu got up and said: "O Aba Kitung, there is me too. Give me the house that is my due." "Very good. I shall give you one." Now there was a very foul uninhabitable (isolation) hut and (pointing to it) Aba Kitung said: "Let that be yours," and gave it to him. Up rose Pangchu and said: "O Aba Kitung, you have given me for my share better places than you have given to any of these others."

(It happened that) one of the Kiser clan died and they took (his body) to the graveyard and buried it there. Pangchu came and took the dead body out of the grave and carrying it along threw it down through the smoke-hole (in the roof of the dead man's house). Thus he refused them (the use of) the burying-ground. "Aba Kitung," he said, "has given it to me as my share. The place is mine. Why do you bring your corpses and bury them in my land? The place is mine and I won't give it to you." So they deposited the corpse in their own house, for there was nowhere any place to bury it, as Aba Kitung had given the burying-ground to Pangchu.

Aba Kitung set out to go to his own land, but Pangchu was keeping guard at the ford. Intending to cross the ford and proceed to his land, Aba Kitung set his horse to cross (the river) but Pangchu sprang up and cried: "Ah Bastard, Aba Kitung has given me this (ford) as my portion. Who are you who appear in the skin of my

Aba Kitung and proceed to cross over my allotment?" So saying he snatched him up and flung him on the ground. Aba Kitung had a lion's heart, Pangchu took it out and put it in his mouth. Then he took a fox's heart and shoved it down (Aba Kitung's throat). As the result of this Aba Kitung became feeble-hearted. And overcome by fear, he turned and went back.

Later on a woman among the Kiserè was afflicted by her menses and they sent her off to that foul isolation hut. Pangchu came and beat her, and seizing her by the hand threw her out. Thus he neither let them have the ford to cross by, nor the burying ground, nor did he surrender the foul hovel for them to put their women in.

On this Aba Kitung summoned all the Kiserè and said: "O brothers, let us make a new distribution and give Pangchu land and chattels and a house." "Yes, Aba Kitung," said they. "Make a redivision and give him a share too." Aba Kitung addressed Pangchu saying: "O Pangchu, I am going to divide up everything and give you land and a house the same as to all the others." "O Aba Kitung," replied Pangchu, "This that I have got is excellent. Did I not say so to you before? What I have got must remain mine." And he refused to be persuaded. "Look here, Pangchu," said Aba Kitung. "I shall give one share to all these together and one equal share to you alone. Be content." "Very good," said Pangchu, "if you will give all of them jointly one share, and then to me an equal share of land and houses, in that case I agree." "Very good," replied Aba Kitung, and he proceeded to give one share to all the others and then one share to Pangchu.

Pangchu then resigned to them the graveyard and the ford and the foul hovel, and settled down on his own land. Then they buried the corpse which Pangchu had taken out of the grave and thrown down through the smoke-hole, and the women when they fell ill went and took up their abode in the foul hovel, and they passed to and fro over the ford in peace. Pangchu now settled down at his ease on the land which had come to him, saying: "Now it has become mine."

The people of the country seeing Pangchu laughed at him because he was ill-favoured and stupid. Now the King of the country had seven daughters. They heard it said by those who had seen him that Pangchu's appearance was a sight worth seeing. Amongst the Tham's daughters there was one who was very beautiful. She was the eldest of all the daughters and was very lovely. She gave orders saying: "Bring Pangchu here; he will make a show for us." They went off to where Pangchu was and summoned him, saying: "The princess calls you," and brought him along. Now Pangchu was covered with lice; they streamed off him behind and they streamed off him in front, so foul was he. (Just as he was) he came into the presence of the very beautiful Langa Brūmo, and her sisters saw him and she herself saw him. "What sort of a man is this?" said they on seeing him, and they mocked at him and laughed.

(Meanwhile) Pangchu, working magic, cast a spell on the princesses to make them laugh, and he caused them never to let him go from them. Thus Pangchu remained with the daughters of the King. They were much delighted with watching the spectacle of Pangchu and he was constantly with them day and night. Presently he determined in his mind to marry Langa Brūmo. (Accordingly) he wrought magic and the King made up his mind to give his daughters in marriage (to people) in his own country. As far as the bounds of his kingdom extended he notified to all: "I propose to give my daughters to men in marriage. Assemble together on such and such a day," in these words he made notification. To his daughters he said: "I am going to give you in marriage. Marry whomever you take a fancy to in this my country."

Next morning all assembled and the King said: "My daughters, look about you." Then the daughters kept thinking in their hearts: "Shall I marry that one? Shall I marry this one?" Then Pangchu wrought magic saying: "May the King's daughters go early to

sleep," and thereupon they went to sleep. When they were asleep Pangchu got up and went out. Now in a stable there was a donkey big with young. He went up and kicked it and caused it to drop its foal. Then taking the donkey foal (all) slimy (as it was) under his arm he brought it with him, and raising Langa Brūmo's handsome silken upper and under bedclothes he put it to sleep along by her side.

Before it was dawn he woke her sisters and they got up and went to wash their feet and hands. After they were gone he roused Langa Brūmo from sleep and wakened her up. When she woke up there was a donkey foal lying at her side. On seeing it she kept beating her breast and saying: "What is this that has happened?" "O Langa Brūmo," said Pangchu, "why are you so surprised? Haven't you brought it here and made it lie with you of your own desire?" "O Pangchu, don't say so. I protest. Don't say this. I did not bring the donkey foal here." "Well," replied Pangchu, "assuredly someone has brought (it) and put it down beside you." "O Pangchu, this is a calamity that has befallen me," said Langa Brūmo. "Don't tell anyone about it. I have a high reputation, so don't tell anyone this story. I shall deeply resent it (if you do.)" "As a matter of fact," said Pangchu, "you sat there and did this thing. I actually saw you. So why should I not tell other people about it? I will tell." "O Pangchu, don't tell anyone and I will give you whatever you ask." "Will you give me whatever I say?" "Yes, I'll give you whatever you say." "Well then," said Pangchu, "if you are going to give me something, give me no more than this: marry me." "O Pangchu, I'll marry you, only don't tell anyone about this affair." "I will never tell anyone of it, if you will marry me," said Pangchu. "Give me the donkey foal and I will hide it." Langa Brūmo gave him the foal and he took it up under his arm.

Now the King commanded his daughters saying: "Go now and take for husbands whomever you fall in love with." Thereupon they went out, and the King's six other daughters, choosing young men from among those who were assembled, took them as husbands. Pangchu was also in that assembly with the donkey foal (hidden) under his arm. Langa Brūmo got up, saying to herself: "I will take (some other) man, I won't take Pangchu." And she did not look in the direction of Pangchu, but fixed her eyes on someone else and advanced towards him. On this, Pangchu, without letting anyone else see it, showed her the donkey foal. She saw it and turned towards Pangchu. "For," said she to herself, "he will otherwise tell someone the story of the donkey foal." So she approached Pangchu. On her doing so the fine fellows who were near Pangchu started beating him saying: "You get out of the way. She has come to take us." So Pangchu retired into a corner.

The King saw Pangchu being beaten: "Don't beat him," he said, "let him be." Then Langa Brūmo came and sat down beside him. The King was vexed at this. The affair greatly disgusted him. "She has taken this hideous Pangchu," said he, and rising up (in anger) he left the assembly. Langa Brūmo married Pangchu and Pangchu carried her off to his own house. There he sat down in his own proper hideousness. Then Langa Brūmo was vexed saying to herself: "I have gone and married this hideous fellow."

Now the King gave orders to his sons-in-law who had married his daughters, saying: "Go off and hunt Brūngkapurdōno. The six sons-in-law made their preparations to go hunting. They took food to eat and bread for the journey and their under and upper bed-clothes and their guns and things and set out. Pangchu also started out and followed them. "O Pangchu," said Langa Brūmo, "how can you go in this powerless and miserable condition? What will you be able to do? Don't go!" "My power and condition are as you see," replied Pangchu, "(but) I shall just go and watch the show in case any of them kill (the calf)," and off he went.

Langa Brūmo said to her foster mother: "Mother, come along and let us hide ourselves by the road and sit and watch how he gets along." "Come on then, my daughter," said her mother, and proceeding by another road, by a circuitous route they came out ahead (of Pangchu). Then they posted themselves in hiding and sat watching the road by which he would come. Presently Pangchu came into view and they watched him. He was (in the guise of) a very distinguished king. His horse's name was Changi Hirpal. He was a very fierce-looking king and he came galloping (his horse) over the stones. The two women saw him, and Langa Brūmo on seeing him was greatly pleased. "What a fine man my husband is!" she said and was delighted beyond measure. Langa Brūmo and her foster mother showed themselves and when Pangchu saw them he dismounted from his horse and brought forth a whirlwind of rain and dust and hid his horse in his sleeve. Then in the midst of the dust he threw himself into that hideous skin of his. When the dust had passed by, Langa Brūmo and her mother saw that it was just Pangchu himself and were vexed: "We had seen him looking handsome," said they, "but this is his same old self," and they were vexed.

Looking straight before him, he passed on in silence, without casting a glance at them. "Mother," said Langa Brūmo. "Let us go on ahead and see him again." "Very good, my daughter, come on," said her mother, and they went on. Proceeding by another road, they came out ahead (of Pangchu) and sat hiding at a bend in the road. Presently he came along, riding on his horse in fine style and making it caracol. He had entered again into his real skin. They remained where they were on the *qui vive* without stirring. He approached them and then Langa Brūmo came out from the bend in the road and seized his horse's reins. Pangchu dismounted and said: "O Langa Brūmo, I am your husband. Go back home now and enjoy yourself and live in comfort. I have lots of wealth. Spend it and give to

others too. Eat and drink and give yourself a good time. I shall slay Brūṅkapurdōno. Who are they that they should slay him?" The women went back, and Pangchu mounting Changi Hirpal rode him away.

Proceeding by another road he came out ahead of the six sons-in-law of the King who had gone on before. Pushing on ahead of them he dismounted and putting his horse in his sleeve he entered into his evil-looking skin. From behind, the sons-in-law saw that he was on in front of them. "Look," said they (to their servants), "that bogle has come by some way or other and got in front of us. You go and see what he is eating, what (bedclothes) he spreads over him, and what he has brought with him. Go and see." The servants went off to look at him and sitting down at a distance in hiding they watched him: What good food he is cooking for himself! He has nice cold water. He has comfortable upper and under bedding and everything else. He is saying to himself: "I have come by this road before. I know it. It is a road of great hardship. Tomorrow morning I shall go on. Ahead there is a spring. I shall take water for myself from that spring, because at the next stage there is no water. So I shall take that water with me and at the halting place I shall prepare food for myself and then I shall drink and take my ease."

The servants heard these remarks of his and they went off to the King's sons-in-law and reported to them: "He has lots of food to eat and lots of water to drink. He has under and upper bedclothes of the best. He says: 'I have once before come by this road. It is a road of great hardship. I shall go on tomorrow. There is a spring on ahead and I shall take water from it for myself. At the next halting place there is no water, so I shall take it with me. I shall cook some food there for myself and then drink and take my ease.'" (The King's sons-in-law) said: "We too will take water for ourselves from the spring, for there is no water at the next stage."

Next morning they got up and went on their way. They arrived at the spring and said: "We shall take water; shan't we?" "Yes, we

shall." So saying they took water from the spring and loaded it up on all of them and proceeded. In the evening they arrived at the halting place, and there they saw that there was no end of water, it was abundant, but there was not a stick of firewood. The King's sons-in-law said to their servants: "O you blackguards, there is unlimited water here but there isn't a stick of firewood. How are we to cook our food? You bastards, have you misunderstood what he said yesterday? Or what have you done? There is no firewood here; how are we to bake our bread? Go, have a look at Pangchu again (and see) what he is doing."

The two men on being sent off went and looked. They saw that Pangchu had excellent firewood and had lighted a fire and begun to cook his food. He was again talking to himself saying: "There is no firewood in this place. I brought wood for myself with me from the last place. I shall now bake bread for myself." The servants heard what he was saying and went off to the King's sons-in-law. When they came to them the latter enquired: "How is Pangchu? Has he firewood? How is he?" They replied: "O blackguards, yes, he has firewood and he is burning it and cooking bread in comfort." "What is to become of us?" said the sons-in-law. "How are we to cook our bread? What are we to eat? Go again and listen to what he says."

They went off to listen. Pangchu was talking to himself and saying: "I shall go on tomorrow. On ahead there is a good spring. It is a very sweet spring and I shall have a good drink. But then at the evening halting place there is no firewood so I shall take a good supply of wood from the jungle near the spring. I shall take the wood with me to the halting place and I shall light a fire and bake bread for myself and I shall halt there in comfort." The men who had been sent by the King's sons-in-law, having heard this, returned to them. The King's sons-in-law asked them: "What

does Pangchu say?" They replied: "He says 'I shall go on tomorrow morning. I shall have a good drink at the spring which is on ahead and then go on. At the next stage (however) there is no firewood, (so) I shall take wood for myself from the jungle (near the spring) and I shall light a fire at the halting place and bake bread and then go on in comfort.'"

Next morning, getting up, they proceeded on their way. As they went along they came to the spring of which Pangchu had spoken. They drank water from the spring and then they went to the jungle and made up loads of wood for the next stage and took them with them. Proceeding on their way, they arrived at the evening halting place. Arriving there (they found) there was unlimited firewood (while) they had nearly killed themselves making up loads of wood and bringing them along from behind. There was a jungle at the place, but not a trace of water. "Ah, bastards," said the sons-in-law, "for a place where there is no water he made us make up and bring loads of wood; for a place where there is water he made us make up and bring along loads of water. You certainly mishear what he says or else you misunderstand it. Now be very intelligent and go and watch Pangchu and listen to what he says and see too what he is doing." So saying they sent them off.

When they got there Pangchu had arrived at the stage. He had brought water with him and he was sitting at his ease and preparing food and when he felt inclined he drank water. He was speaking to himself saying: "Tomorrow morning I shall get up and go on. I shall come to Brūngkapurdōno, for he is now near. I shall come to a spring. There is no other spring like it anywhere. If one soaks raw hide in it, it will become soft like one's ear. I shall take water from that spring with me and (in due course) I shall arrive at the halting place. My leather foot-wrappers have become hard. I shall soak my boots and foot-wrappers the whole night in the spring water. Then in the morning they will be nice and soft. When they have become so I shall put on my foot-wrappers and boots and go on."

Having heard what he said the servants came with the report to the King's sons-in-law. They said: "Pangchu brought water for himself to the camping place and he has settled down there in great comfort, cooking and eating food and drinking water as he feels inclined. Then he spoke to himself and said: 'Tomorrow morning I shall go on from here. A little further on, as I go along, there is a spring. I shall go to it. It is very sweet and I shall drink my fill. If one soaks raw hide in that spring it becomes as soft as one's ear. (As) my boots and foot-wrappers have become hard, I shall take water from the spring and coming to the camping place I shall put my boots and foot-wrappers in it. Then I shall plant my stick there in the ground and take the boots and foot-wrappers out of the water and hang them up (on it) all night. In the morning when they have become soft I shall put them on, and (go on till I) come to Brūṅkapurdōno.'"

(The King's sons-in-law said:) "We too will take water from the spring and soak our boots and foot-wrappers in it and they too will become soft. Then in the morning we too will get up and go on." Getting up next morning they proceeded to the spring and drew water from it and went on taking it with them, and arrived at the evening halting place. On arriving there the King's sons-in-law said: "Go to Pangchu and see whether or not he soaks his wrappers and boots in the spring water." The servants went off to look at Pangchu and they saw him put his boots and foot-wrappers in the spring water and then they saw him fix his stick upright in the ground and put his boots etc. on it. They saw the water dripping from them. It seemed to them that he had put them in the spring water, (but) he had (really) put them in oil of ghee and had then left them (hanging) on the stick.

Returning with this report they came to the King's sons-in-law and said: "We have seen with our (own) eyes that he put the things (in the water and then hung them) on his stick." The King's sons-in-law said: "We too will soak our boots and wrappers in the water like Pangchu." So saying they put them in the water and after that they hung them on a stick and having done so slept all night.

(While) they slept, before it was yet dawn, Pangchu rose up and putting on his boots and foot wrappers, which he had steeped in the oil and which had become soft, he went on his way. Afterwards at dawn when the others got up their (boots and) foot-wrappers had frozen hard and they had become like stone. They found difficulty in putting them on. "Now," said they, "what are we to do? What are we to put on? These are frozen." As there was nothing else they could do they lighted a fire and heated the things at it. Then they dried them and wrung them till they had made them soft. But now the sun was well up, midday was upon them.

Meanwhile Pangchu came up with Brūngkapurdōno. He called out "Uncle, uncle." "Au," said the calf. "My mother has sent me," said Pangchu. "She said: 'Go to your uncle. An army has come, he will hide you. Now hide me.'" "Good, come along, sister's son," said the Calf, "get into my ear and I'll hide you." Pangchu went and got into the Calf's ear. Then he ate something, making a crunching noise with his teeth. "Nephew," said Brūngkapurdōno. "what are you eating?" "O uncle, my mother had made flapjacks of bitter buckwheat for me. It is they I am eating." "Nephew, I have got the savour of it too. Give me a little, so that I may eat it too." "Uncle, it is very bitter." "All right, just put it in my mouth as it is, nephew."

On this Pangchu put three pieces of poisonous bread in the Calf's mouth. As he did so he said: "Uncle, shove me up with this golden horn of yours on to this mountain. The army has come up against you. Give a buck and somehow or other you will defeat them." On this the Calf pushed Pangchu with his horn up on to the top of the mountain. Then he bucked up and down on

the meadow and dug his horns into the pasture and tossed up the divots. Then the power of the poison made him gasp for breath and becoming giddy he fell down with a smack. When he had fallen Brūngkapurdōno said (to Pangchu): "Ho, there, come down. In my ear is a knife. I am 'halāl,' slay me." Pangchu came down (from the mountain) and went up to Brūngkapurdōno. When he came up to him Brūngkapurdōno said: "My mother said to me: 'You will die by the hand of Kiser.'"

Forthwith Pangchu slew him and flayed him and taking up his golden tail, mane, forelock and hoofs, carried them off. He also smashed up his bones, and extracting the marrow took it (with him). Then he mounted on Changi Hirpal and went his way. The hair on the skin, which shone like gilt and gold, he left with the skin. That hair on the skin glittered on (the mountain of) Diāmer in the early sunshine.

Just after this the King's sons-in-law arrived on the spot and saw (the skin lying) shining there. They fired off their guns at it and it did not stir. Then, shouting "ha ha" they rushed up to it. One said: "I shot it," another (said) "I shot it." When they got up to the skin they each tore out its hair and shoved it into their leather travelling-bags. They also took its flesh. After which they went off in the direction of their home.

There they came to the King. "Hallo, sons-in-law," said he, "see whether any of you has killed (the Calf). Each of them said: "I have killed it," "I have killed it," but they did not convince the King's mind. He said: "If anyone has killed it I shall recognise

its trophies. Take them out of your bags." Each pulled out the hair belonging to the skin and the hair glittered and shone. "Sons-in-law," said the King, "none of you has killed the Calf. You are lying. Someone else has killed it. Where are the tokens that were on it? Where are its golden tail, and golden horns, and golden hoofs, and golden mane, and golden forelock?" "They weren't on it," said the sons-in-law. "You are lying. You haven't killed Brūngkapurdōno. Someone else has killed him. Go, be off with you!" said the King.

(Meanwhile) Pangchu had returned to his home, after having first gone back into his hideous form. Langa Brūmo said to him: "O Pangchu, you said: 'I will kill (the Calf)'. What has happened to you? Have you not killed it?" "My strength and condition are as you see. What should I have been able to do?" Langa Brūmo was much annoyed. "He said: 'I will kill it' and here he is back again in this (hideous) form of his. At the time when he went away I saw him looking very handsome," said she, and she sat in aggrieved silence.

"Langa Brūmo," said Pangchu, "take this present which I give you to your father." "Very good, I will take it." Into half a walnut-shell he stuffed all Brūngkapurdōno's marrow and gave it to her, saying: "Take this to your father." "I am ashamed to," said Langa Brūmo. "How can I take him (so small a thing as) this?" "My power and condition are as you see, where am I to get more from?" said Pangchu. "Now take away what I have given you." "It is a great deal. Good, give it to me. I will take it," said Langa Brūmo. And she took it and went off to the King.

Going to the gate of the King's palace she sat down there. The King's Wazīr came to her. She said to him: "O my father's Wazīr, go and take me to my father to pay my respects to him." "Wait here a little," said the Wazīr, "and I shall go and get permission." The Wazīr went to the King and said to him: "O King, your eldest daughter has come to pay her respects to you. May she come and

make her salām to you?" "Yes, Wazīr, she may come, bring her," replied the King. The Wazīr brought her in and coming up she salāmed to her father and kissed his foot and hand.

Then she set the half walnut-shell of marrow before the King. The King scraped it with his finger and licked it, and he also bit his finger at the same time. It gave him a very pleasant sensation and it filled his mouth and passed with difficulty down his throat (though he had put only a very little of it in his mouth). He became intoxicated. He presented the marrow to the Wazīr. He also scraped it with his finger and licked it and he also bit his finger, but he concealed the fact. Then he too became intoxicated. To all in turn they presented the marrow in the walnut cup and all in turn licked it and bit their fingers. The last man of all (similarly) scraped it with his finger and licked it and bit his finger. He said: "Hallo, I've bitten my finger." Thereupon all those in the assembly began saying, one: "I've bitten my finger too," and another: "And I've bitten mine," and the King said: "And I too have bitten mine." Everyone in the whole assembly was satisfied (and yet) the marrow in the walnut-shell was not exhausted. They were astounded.

The King said to the Wazīr: "Ask her what this food was made of." The Wazīr inquired of Langa Brūmo: "What was this food made of?" "Wazīr," said she, "I didn't make it of anything. Pangchu made me take it and bring it." "Call Pangchu," said the King. They called Pangchu and brought him along. He came up and salāmed to the King. "Pangchu," said the King: "Of what did you make this food?" "O King, my power and condition are as you see them, whence would I get anything good and sweet?" Then he pulled out from his bag Brūngkapurdōno's things, his tail and mane and forelock, and his horns and hoofs and laid them before the King. "Pangchu, you have slain Brūngkapurdōno," said the King. "My power and condition are as you see them. What could I have done?" "No, Pangchu, no one but you has slain him. It is you who have slain him."

The King was greatly pleased and said: "Tell me what you would like and I will bestow it on you." "My power and condition are

as you see them. Give me a little grain (and) give me some ghee." The King commanded: "Turn him loose in the wheat pits, turn him loose on the ghee. He may take away as much as he can." The King's steward took Pangchu away (to the stores) and said: "See now I leave you free (to take what you please)." "Give me grain in this little lambskin bag," said Pangchu. When he said this the people there clapped their hands and laughed at him and they put a little grain in the bag for him. There was a sound in the little bag as if grain were being poured through the smoke hole of a house. There was a noise as of something being poured it into a big dish. One man poured (the grain) in. He became tired and the bag wasn't filled. Then another poured it in and still the bag wasn't filled. Then another poured it in and still it wasn't filled. All the King's grain in the pit was cleared out and yet Pangchu's bag was not filled. All were astonished. They said: "We'll give you the ghee (now); the wheat is all finished." "Very good, give it to me," said Pangchu. Then they poured all the ghee there was into the bag and it was not filled.

On this the steward and the people present said to Pangchu: "O Pangchu, all the King's wheat and ghee are exhausted. There is nothing left. Get out of here and go." Weeping and crying out he held the bag up suspended from between two fingers: "You haven't filled even this for me," he cried. "The King gave me a free hand and you haven't given me (what I could take)." Then he went off to his home. The King heard Pangchu's outcry. "Why is he crying out?" he asked. "He has cleared out all the wheat and all the ghee you had and carried them away and his bag has

not been filled. On this account he is carrying it off crying out: "You haven't given me (what I was to get)." The King was amazed: "Has he really carried off all that wheat and ghee of mine?" he asked. "Yes, he has cleared out the whole lot and gone off with it. There is nothing (left)." The King was astounded.

(Meanwhile) Pangchu went off to his own house, taking all the stuff with him. Then the wheat and ghee in his house were beyond reckoning. "Ah, Langa Brūmo," said he. "I have reduced your father to beggary. I have brought here all the wheat and ghee he possessed. Consume it in comfort yourself and give it to others."

In this manner Pangchu and Langa Brūmo abode for some time in that country. He projected himself into his real skin and said to her: "I truly am your husband." Thus they lived together in great happiness and contentment. "Langa Brūmo," said Pangchu, "I am going to give you an order." "Very good, my husband, tell me what you have to say." "I am going off now," said Pangchu, "on a journey. You stay behind here and make your self comfortable and do yourself well." Then Lingpikiser set out on his journey.

When some days had passed he arrived in the country of Haihaiyūl. The Kings in Haihaiyūl (were) Sha Tham, Bokhā Tham, Nōmī Tham and Lali Tham. These were the *thams* of Haihaiyūl. Theirs was the sovereignty. Kiser arriving there drove these rulers out and possessed himself of the sovereignty of Haihaiyūl.

For twelve years Kiser abode in Haihaiyūl enjoying the sovereignty. Now there was a princess (there) whose name was Būbuli Gas, and her Kiser took to wife. His place of residence was Alti. (After this) news came to him from his own country. They said: "The King of Horyūl has carried off Langa Brūmo. Your land has been laid waste. What are you doing here married to Būbuli Gas?" He sprang up to go off, but Būbuli Gas laid hold of him saying: "What are you going to do with me?" "I shall go away tomorrow and come back yesterday," said Pangchu. "When the grinding stone and the rolling pin have got beards I shall come back. When horns have grown on a donkey I shall come back. When the river flows uphill I shall come back." So saying he gave her a measure

(2 or 3 lbs) of small millet seed. He also gave her a fowl. Then shoving her up on the top of Būbuli's Peak (he said to her): "Every twelve months throw down one grain of the seed for the fowl. When the grain is exhausted I shall come back." Having said this he left her there and proceeded in the direction of his own country.

The King of Horyūl's name was Pahārdang Galpo. With his army he came to Lama and took possession of it. Having done so he carried off Langa Brūmo. Aba Dumbu said: "O Aba Kitung, can't you do anything about this? He has carried off Langa Brūmo." Aba Kitung went off in pursuit of them. When he had nearly come up with them he shouted out: "O King of Horyūl, stop. I have come." The King of Horyūl said to Langa Brūmo: "O Langa Brūmo, what sort of a fellow is this?" "He is a poor-spirited creature. Shout out "Ha ha" and he will take fright and run away." All the army raised a "Ha ha" and Aba Kitung was frightened and turning back went off to his home. On his arrival there Aba Dumbu asked him: "O Aba Kitung, were you not able to do anything?" "No. They raised a 'Ha ha' and I was frightened and turned and came back."

"O Bumliftan," said Aba Dumbu. "You will perhaps be able to do something. Will you go?" "Yes, father, I'll go," said Bumliftan and he went off and shouted out: "Stop there. I've come." They stopped and the King of Horyūl asked: "O Langa Brūmo, what sort of a fellow is this?" "Leave me behind," said she. "He is very powerful. There is nothing that has any effect on him. He is made of iron. You won't be able to get the better of him. Make a Pahlawān sit in hiding near me and then this man will come to me." The King left a Pahlawān with her saying to him: "Sit here in concealment beside Langa Brūmo." The Pahlawān did so.

Bumliftan came up to Langa Brūmo "My sister," said he, "Why are you behaving thus? My brother will come back to you." "O brother," replied Langa Brūmo, "If you will marry me I will

come back with you. If you won't marry me I won't come." "That is a thing I cannot do. I will not marry you." "Very well, if you won't marry me I won't come with you." Bumliftan then said to her: "If you have any bowl or vessel with you, give it to me. I want to drink some water." "Brother," said Langa Brūmo, "There is water coming out of that cliff there. Drink from it. I have no vessel with me." He went and stretching out his arms on either side he grasped the cliff and began to drink the water. On this Langa Brūmo said to the Pahlawān who was hidden with her: "Now shoot him with your bow under the armpits, where he is flesh." The Pahlawān drawing his bow shot him with an arrow under the armpits. The arrow did not come out on the other side, but remained sticking in his vitals.

Thereupon Bumliftan mounted his horse and seizing Langa Brūmo by the hand threw her on to the horse behind him. Then pulling her sleeves out (beyond her hands) he tied (the ends of) them round his neck in front and whipped up his horse. But Langa Brūmo had a knife and she cut her sleeves off and threw herself down backwards off the horse. Meanwhile Bumliftan whipped up his horse and made for his home. He came to Aba Dumbu who said: "My son, what's happened to you?" "Father," said Bumliftan, "they have wounded me. Examine my pulse and see whether I shall die or recover." Aba Dumbu examined his pulse and then said: "You won't die. You'll get better. As you are going to recover I shall go and avenge you." So saying, Aba Dumbu departed.

Now there was a river and the King of Horyūl and his army had crossed to the other side of it. Aba Dumbu called out: "O King of Horyūl, stop. I, Aba Dumbu, have come. I have arrived." The King of Horyūl asked Langa Brūmo: "What sort of a man is this?" "He has become an old man," said she. "He won't be

able to do anything." "O King," said Shamtū Mīru the Wazir, "I will wait and confront him. You go on." The King went on. Aba Dumbu called out: "Ho, Shamtū Mīru, have you stayed to match yourself with me?" "Yes, Aba Dumbu, I have stayed behind (for you)." "O Shamtū Mīru, up above you three ibex are coming along. Watch the middle one." Then with his bow Aba Dumbu shot the middle ibex. "Aba Dumbu," said Shamtū Mīru, "Over your head some pigeons are coming along. Look at them." Watch the middle one. Look." Then Shamtū Mīru shot with his bow up in the sky at the middle pigeon and brought it down. Aba Dumbu shouted out: "Ho Shamtū Mīru, I am not inferior to you and you are not inferior to me. We are both equal."

Again he called out: "Shamtū Mīru, I have given you another chance. Tell me what weapon you are using, where you are going to hit me and what you are looking at." "O Aba Dumbu, I am looking at your eyes. I am going to hit you so as to divide your heart in two. I am using a bow." In front of himself Aba Dumbu set up twelve stones (one in front of the other), and putting (only) his head out, watched. Shamtū Mīru Wazir fitting an arrow to his bow and drawing it, let fly. The arrow passed through the twelve stones and its head penetrated a little into Aba Dumbu's heart. It hurt him. "O Shamtū Mīru," he cried. "You have hit me." "I have done what I could, Aba Dumbu," replied Shamtū Mīru. "Now it's my turn," said Aba Dumbu.

"What weapon are you using? Tell me that," said Shamtū Mīru. "Where are you going to hit me? Tell me that too. What are you aiming at? Tell me that too." "I shall look at your eyes," replied Aba Dumbu, "I shall strike you on the centre line of your head and split you down. I am going to use a sword." Shamtū Mīru threw a handkerchief over his head. "His sword will never reach me here," said he, "he is lying." Aba Dumbu mounted Pōniki Furfōr. His sword was an Egyptian one. "O Pōniki Furfōr,"

said he, "leap from here and gallop up to him. Then gallop back again to your own place." If you fail, may you be accursed! May no one speak of you as Pōniki Furför! O Egyptian sword, if you do not cleave Shamtu Miru and his horse together into two halves, may you be accursed! May no one speak of you as the Egyptian Sword! And if I do not strike my blow may I be accursed and may no one speak of me as Aba Dumbu!"

So saying, he gave him a cut with his whip and Pōniki Furför sprang forward and galloped up to Shamtu Miru. Then Aba Dumbu smote with his sword and cleft him and his horse in two. Aba Dumbu flayed the horse and flayed Shamtu Miru. Then he stuffed the horse's hide full of ashes and charcoal and he did likewise with Shamtu Miru's skin, and he mounted Shamtu Miru as if he were alive on the horse's skin and gave it a cut with his whip. Then working magic he said: "May the horse carry him away to the King and then may horse and man together fall in two halves and may the ashes and charcoal be scattered!" (So saying) he made the (stuffed) horse gallop and it carried the Wazir to his King, and as soon as they reached the latter Shamtu Miru and the horse, both together, split in two. The King was amazed and said: "O Langa Brūmo, what miracle is this?" "King, this is the extent of their skill and knowledge. He will not be able to do more than this (that he has done). You go on" said Langa Brūmo. The King went on to his palace, taking Langa Brūmo with him. And Aba Dumbu returned to his home.

When Aba Dumbu came back Aba Kitung had pulled out the arrow (which was sticking in Bumliftan's armpit), but on his doing so Bumliftan died. If he had extracted the arrow (by pushing it through) forwards, Bumliftan would not have died, but he pulled it out backwards and on his doing so Bumliftan died, for the tip of it had barbs pointing backwards and when it was pulled back-

wards it broke his heart and he died. To the people who were present when he died, his brothers, he said: "Brothers, will my brother not come back? Yes, he will come. He will come and he will fetch Langa Brūmo. Then do you say this to him from me: 'Bring Langa Brūmo to my grave and cut off her nose there,' for (in that case) I shall come to life. If he grudges to do this, then let him make a nose for her out of oil-pressings and put it on her nose and let him pluck it off and throw it on the grave."

Some days later Kiser turned up. His own yāk was out grazing (lit. loose) on the *pamir*. Entering into the skin of a bear he devoured his own yāk. News reached Aba Dumbu that a bear had eaten Kiser's yāk. "Foul fall its daughter! Give me my bow! Aba Dumbu has become an old man," he said. "My Kiser is lost." Taking his bow Aba Dumbu went off. He came close up to the bear, and fitting an arrow to his bow, he drew it. As he did so the bear said: "Aba umā," (that is to say), "It is I." "Well, eat yourself up," said Aba Dumbu. "The King of Horyūl has carried off Langa Brūmo, and has slain Bumliftan, and you (merely) eat your own yāk."

Kiser, returning to his own skin, came up to Aba Dumbu. "O Father," said he, "assemble the astrologers and say to them: 'Where is my Kiser?' Come on, let us go home." Kiser now assumed the form of a human being and following Aba Dumbu came to his home, and Aba Dumbu collected the astrologers and

brought them up. "O astrologers," said he, "Where is my Kiser? Is he dead? You look and see." The astrologers replied: "Either you yourself are Kiser, or else this boy with you is he." On this Kiser appeared in his own form and said: "O astrologers, if you hadn't discovered this, I would have stuffed your skins with ashes. One day, however, I shall have need of you, otherwise I would stuff you with ashes."

Kiser then enquired of his brothers: "Brothers, tell me how the King of Horyül carried off my wife, and when he took her from you before he carried her off, was none of you able to do anything?" "O Kiser," replied his brothers, "they struck down your brother by treachery. Aba Kitung was frightened and came back. Then Aba Dumbu went out and Shamtu Miru Wazir wounded him. When Aba Dumbu came back (they) had drawn out the arrow the wrong way and had broken his heart and he had died. When he was dying he said to us: 'He, Kiser, won't bring back Langa Brūmo, will he? Yes, he will. Then if he cuts off her nose and throws it on my grave here I shall come to life again. Tell him this'."

Kiser set out to (seek) the King of Horyül. As he was going along (he came to where) two cliffs kept clashing against each other. Afterwards the King of Horyül asked Langa Brūmo: "What sort of a man is Kiser? Describe his appearance. Describe him to my Pahlawāns." "Very good. Bring them here and I'll tell them", said Langa Brūmo. The King called up his Pahlawāns and presented them. "Now, Langa Brūmo, tell them what he is like." "Very good. I'll tell them. Firstly, mark this, his feet are small. Secondly look at his waist, it is very slender. Then look up at his back, it is very broad. Look at his teeth. One of his teeth is blue. Look at his eyes, he is cat-eyed. Look at his forehead, it is small. Look at his head it is big. Now if any person of such appearance comes along this road, do not let him go. Kill him." The Pahlawāns said: "Very good" and went off. They made for the bridge. There was no other road (of approach), so he was bound to come by the bridge. The Pahlawāns arrived at the bridge.

Meanwhile Kiser came to the cliffs which clashed against each other. "They are doing this for my benefit," said he. "Now the arrow from this bow of mine and my horse are equal (in swiftness). If I shoot this arrow and if the cliffs catch it they will catch my horse. If they cannot catch the arrow then they won't be able to catch my horse." So saying he shot the arrow and the clashing cliffs closed on its feathers. Said Kiser: "They will catch my horse's tail." He gave his horse a cut with the whip. It (shot forward) raising its tail up behind and the cliffs closed on its tail. Kiser dismounted and drew his sword to cut off his horse's tail. "O Lingpikiser!" cried the cliffs. "If you cut off your horse's tail how will you go to the city?" "Let it go then and I won't cut it off." "Well," said the cliffs, "the King of Horyūl married a woman and two sons have been born to her. If you bring us the head of one boy for one of us and the head of the other boy for the other of us we will let go (of your horse's tail)." "By all means," said Kiser, "I'll bring them for you." Then they let him go and Kiser went off.

He concealed Changi Hirpal in his sleeve and came to the Pahlawāns at the bridge. They saw him and one of them said: "This is he. Look, his feet are small below." Kiser said: "What you say is true. My mother told me: 'When you were small I found nothing to put on your feet and I (had) shod you with raw hide. The raw hide squeezed you and (your feet) became small like this.'" Another said: "Hold your tongue. He is an unfortunate creature, let him go." The first one said: "This is he. His waist is slender." Said Kiser: "To be sure you are all intelligent men aren't you? My mother told me: 'When you were put in swaddling clothes I had tied you up with a leather strap.'" The other Pahlawān said: "O shut up, this is a poor fellow, let him go." The first said: "His back is broad, this is he." Said Kiser: "Through carrying people's loads my back became big."

The other Pahlawān said: "Come shut up and let the wretch go." The first said: "One of his teeth is blue." Said Kiser: "Alas, you speak truly. They were playing polo and I was (sitting) on the wall. A dreadful man hit a stroke and the ball struck my tooth and thus it became blue." The other Pahlawān said: "Shut up you and let the poor fellow go." Said the first Pahlawān: "Look he is cat-eyed. This is he." "You speak true," said Kiser. "My mother used to say: 'When I was pregnant with you I had fallen in love with (or, looked at) a cat. And so you became cat-eyed,' so she told me." The other Pahlawān said: "Shut up, let the poor fellow go." The first said: "She said his forehead was small." "Well may I be your sacrifice!" said Kiser, "you wise men. Indeed you are all very wise. My mother told me: 'I could not find a head-bandage, so I had bound you with a strap.'" "Shut up," said the second Pahlawān, "don't treat him like this." The first said: "'He is big-headed' she said." But all (the rest) said: "He is a poor fellow, shut up and let him go." So they let him go.

When he was some distance from them he mounted Changi Hirpal and galloped off. He came to a *pamir*. Some herdsmen, bringing their flocks, came to the *pamir* and he went up to them. The herdsmen were from his own country and were servants of Langa Brūmo. There were also others. Going up to them he brought down a shower of rain from the skies. It rained heavily, and fetching a large boulder he propped it up on his stick. All the herdsmen rushed in under the boulder. Those who were of his own country he plucked by the clothes and pushed about and flung out. The other lot (remained) crowded under the stone. Kiser

himself was left out in the rain. "Look here," said he, "It is I who have propped the boulder on the stick. I am out in the rain and you won't let me in, will you?" "Have you propped up this boulder on this stick?" asked the men. "Yes, I have propped it up." "Very good, now then take it off, just as you have propped it up." He gave the boulder a jerk and pulled it off. It fell on them like rats caught in trap and ground them to powder.

Then he made the sky clear, and those who were outside, and he along with them, became dry. They were the men from his own country and they recognised him. They salāmed to him and Kiser said to them: "I would stuff your skins with ashes, only one day you will be of use to me!"

Then he proceeded on his way and came to the city of Horyūl. There was a (Goldsmith's) shop there and he went up to the door of it. Inside, the Goldsmith was tapping away. Kiser (said to himself): "The man in there is starting work on a needle, may it turn out a sword in his hand!" So saying and willing, he entered the door and the needle became a sword in the Goldsmith's hand. The Goldsmith was astounded. His daughter was blowing (the bellows) for him and he said to her: "O Katish Malchūcho, whoever this is he has come to us as a bringer of great good luck! I will give you to him (to wife)," he vowed.

Kiser came in from outside, having (first) entered into that former hideous skin of his and become like a dumb Dēu. On seeing him the Goldsmith was vexed: "He is very ugly," he said, "and my daughter is very pretty. It would be a shame. I won't give her to him." "Father," said Katish Malchūcho, "you have made a promise don't go back on it. I'll marry this man." "May I be your sacrifice, my daughter!" said Germahalmas, the Goldsmith, "I grieve for you. (But) if you will marry him well and good." (Then to Pangchu) he

said: "Hallo! I will give you my daughter; will you marry her?" "Very good, I will," replied Pangchu.

Germahalmas gave him his daughter and said to him: "Can you blow (the bellows)?" "Yes," said Pangchu. "Now get up (from the bellows) my daughter," said the Goldsmith to his daughter, and she got up and Pangchu went to blow. The Goldsmith put an article on the forge and Pangchu blew with the bellows, and whatever the article the Goldsmith proposed to make, it came into existence of itself in the forge. The Goldsmith was amazed: "The thing came into being of itself without my once taking it out of the forge and hammering it," he said. Then he put on another article and with the blowing it too came into existence of itself.

The Goldsmith was greatly pleased and delighted. All the work he had in hand was completed. No work remained with him (to be done). "O son-in-law," said Germahalmas, "will you bring a little charcoal. Can you get it?" "Yes, I'll get it." Germahalmas gave him a big sack, saying: "Bring it in this." Taking the sack he went off to bring the charcoal. In a moment he made a hundred similar sacks of charcoal (out of the one sack). Then fetching those men of his own country he made them carry the charcoal. Mounting Changi Hirpal he went ahead of them while they followed him.

Germahalmas said to his daughter: "Go up on to the roof." She went out on to the roof and looking at the road she saw that Pangchu (in his kingly form) was riding ahead on Changi Hirpal and that behind him a hundred men were following him carrying charcoal. She came down to her father and said: "Father, what a king he is! What a handsome man he is! What a fine horse it is that he is riding on ahead of them!" "May I be your sacrifice, my daughter, are you speaking the truth?" "Yes, father, I am speaking the absolute truth." "I'll have a look too," said Germahalmas. "I'll just go up on the roof." And his daughter also went with her father. Germahalmas saw that Pangchu was carrying the loads by stages. He kept putting down one load on ahead and running back (for another). "May I be your sacrifice, my daughter. Isn't he a strong man? He is carrying the loads by stages." "What's

the matter with you, father? A hundred men are following him carrying the charcoal." "You bastard!" replied Germahalmas. "I don't see them. Why do you lie?" "No father, what I say is true. I see them just as (I say)." The father and daughter could not agree and came down into the house.

Pangchu brought the charcoal to the door and called out: "I have brought the charcoal." From inside the Goldsmith said: "There is a house for putting the charcoal in. Put it in it." Pangchu put the charcoal in it and the house was filled. He called out again into the (dwelling-) house: "There is a little over." "There is another house, put it in that," replied the Goldsmith. Pangchu put it in that house too and it too was filled, and again there was some over. Again he called out: "That one is full too." "There is still another room. Put it in it," said the Goldsmith. That also was filled and Pangchu came to the Goldsmith's shop and the latter said "Hallo, son-in-law, are those three houses full?" "Yes, they are," replied Pangchu. The Goldsmith was greatly delighted. "There is no one like this man," said he. "He went (only) once and he filled three houses full of charcoal."

The Goldsmith had no work to do and Pangchu went outside and sat down in the sun. Now Langa Brūmo came out on to the roof of the King's palace. On her breast was a delicately-wrought brooch which had been made in Kiser's shop. It was very handsome and beautiful. Pangchu, taking a grain of millet on his finger, (flicked it and) hit the brooch in the middle. The brooch broke into little pieces and fell on the ground. Langa Brūmo was astonished; while it was on her breast it had broken of itself. Picking up the little fragments of the broken brooch she took them to the King. "O King," said she, "while it was on my breast, (the brooch) broke of itself." "Germahalmas will repair it," said the King. "He won't be able to," said Langa Brūmo. "Yes, he will," replied the King. So saying he sent it to Germahalmas.

They took it to Germahalmas and said: "O Germahalmas, the Queen's brooch broke of itself while it was on her breast. The King commands you: 'Make it as it was before.'" "Very good,"

said Germahalmas. "I shall do so." "Ho, son-in-law," said he, "blow up." "All right, father. I'll blow." Germahalmas put the brooch in the forge and Pangchu blew the bellows. He blew with the right-hand (bellows) and the brooch of itself took shape in rough form. Then a tune came out of the left-hand bellows and the brooch broke. "Blow just once again, son-in-law," said Germahalmas and Pangchu blew. A tune came out of the righthand bellows and the brooch took shape. Then a tune came out of the left-hand bellows and again the brooch broke.

"Son-in-law," said Germahalmas, "one would think you are Kiser." "Who is Kiser you bastard?" replied Pangchu and intimidated him. "All right then, son-in-law, blow just once again. Pangchu blew once more and the brooch took shape in a rough form. Germahalmas took it away, but he left it as it was and did not begin working on it. Some days passed, and Pangchu, without showing it to anyone sent it off to his own country (with a message) saying: "Make it as it originally was and send it back to me." They took it away to Kiser's shop. (There) they made it (as it had been) and sent it back and gave it to Kiser.

Langa Brūmo came along saying to herself: "Has he repaired that brooch of mine?" They told Germahalmas, saying: "Langa Brūmo has come to your shop." Germahalmas carefully swept and cleaned his shop and then sat and waited. (Presently) Langa Brūmo came into the Goldsmith's shop: "O Germahalmas," she cried, "have you not mended my brooch yet?" "May I be your sacrifice! I have worked it up in a rough state." "Bring it here and let me look at," said Langa Brūmo. Germahalmas looked for it in the place where he had put it. It wasn't there. He turned everything upside down (searching for it), but the brooch was not to be found. He was amazed: "O Langa Brūmo," he said, "I had left it here after working it up in the rough. Now wherever it has gone to, it isn't here." "Where have you taken that thing of mine to, you bastard?" "You base-born creature," struck in Pangchu, "who has taken it? This thief of a woman has stolen it herself. People of this sort are thieves. Let her stand up!" Langa Brūmo

stood up. Now, without letting her know, he had thrust the brooch into her bosom (under her clothes) and immediately when she stood up it fell down along her side to the ground. She saw that her brooch had fallen down from her side and she clutched at it and picked it up. "Ah Germahalmas," she cried, "You have brought Lingpikiser here and he is with you. I shall tell the King and he will chop up your flesh into little bits, like this." So saying, she went off taking the brooch with her.

"O son-in-law," said Germahalmas, "you have set fire to me. You are Kiser." "You base-born creature, what do you know? She won't be able to mention this (to the King). She won't be able to say: 'It is Kiser.' She will (in fact) sing your praises. She will commend you and the King will send you presents. Sit still and hold your tongue."

Langa Brūmo went with the brooch to the King and said: "There is no craftsman like Germahalmas. He has repaired my brooch excellently." And she praised him highly. The King was very much pleased with Germahalmas and sent him a present. They took the present sent by the King to Germahalmas and he was very happy. "O Germahalmas," said Pangchu, "didn't I tell you so?" (After that) they remained where they were in great happiness.

Some days passed and then the King summoned Germahalmas and said to him: "Come to my court tomorrow morning; Kiser's bow is to be drawn." "Very good, I shall come," said Germahalmas. "Father-in-law," said Pangchu, "take me with you too." "No, my son. There are none so ill-favoured as you. If I were to say: 'This is my son-in-law,' they would all laugh at me. You sit here and keep guard on my door and the smoke-hole," replied Germahalmas. "Very good," said Pangchu. Next morning Germahalmas went off to the King's court. He took his seat in the court and then he saw that Pangchu had come carrying the door-frame and the frame of the smoke-hole slung on his neck. Germahalmas went to meet him. "Son-in-law," said he. "Why have you knocked down my house and brought this door-frame of mine and the smoke-hole frame here? Take them back." Pangchu went back with them and Germahalmas returned to the Court.

Then in turns they drew Kiser's bow. Germahalmas drew it a little further than the others. After drawing it he got up from the King's court and returned home. When he came (to the house) the door-frame was there undisturbed in its proper place, and the smoke-hole frame was there undisturbed on the roof. "Son-in-law," said he, "You had taken out this door-frame, but even this mud (at the side of it) has not fallen down." "Why should it fall down?" said Pangchu.

The King again sent for Germahalmas saying: "Come tomorrow again. There is again to be a drawing of Kiser's bow." "Very good, I shall come." "Father-in-law," said Pangchu, "do take me tomorrow. If you don't take me I shall come bringing the whole of this house with me." "No, don't," replied Germahalmas, "I'll certainly take you with me tomorrow."

Next morning he took him with him, and they arrived at the King's court. The people drew Kiser's bow in turn. The turn came to Germahalmas and they gave him the bow and he drew it. "Father-in-law," said Pangchu, "give it to me too for a turn." "Son-in-law, these strong men cannot (draw it). You won't be able to. Hold your tongue. You should be ashamed of yourself." The King overheard. "What does he say?" he asked. "He says: 'Give me a turn too,'" replied Germahalmas. "People like him are good men," said the King. "Give it to him." Germahalmas gave him the bow. So Kiser's bow came into his own hand. He gave it a couple of sharp tugs. "Father-in-law," he said, "if this bow breaks, will anyone beat me?" "What does he say?" asked the King. "He says: 'If this bow were perchance to break, will anyone beat me?'" "No," said the King. ("No one will beat him.") "If it breaks and in breaking a splinter strikes someone and someone is killed, will they beat me?" asked Pangchu. "What does he say?" (asked) the King. ("He says," replied Germahalmas), "'If the bow breaks and a splinter strikes someone and he dies, will anyone kill me?'" "Blessings on you!" replied the King. "Let them all die! Tell him to draw the bow."

Then Pangchu drew the bow and he worked magic saying: "When I draw it may this bow break in pieces and may it strike all these present, but may it not hit the King, and may it not hit me and may it not hit this my father-in-law. Otherwise may all these present here be wiped out!" So saying, he drew the bow and it snapped and flying in pieces it struck all those present in the court and caused the blood of all of them to flow in a flood and they all perished. The King was pleased and said: "Bravo to you!" Then he said: "There is one called Kiser who is my enemy, will you be able to tackle him or not?" "Bring him here," said Pangchu, "Bring him here now and I'll slay him this very instant." "He is not here now." "If he will come, summon him and bring him here." "No," said the King, "if I sent for him he would not come. Should he ever come, he will come of his own free will." "Well, if he ever does come," said Pangchu, "I'll slay him."

The King was pleased with Pangchu and said to him: "I'll give you whatever you wish. I'll make you a present of it." "If I find favour in your eyes, give me a little iron," said Pangchu. "Take him to the treasury of iron," said the King. They took him to the treasury of iron and again he wrought magic, for, without letting them see anything, he cleared out and carried off all the iron (that was there). He carried it off to Germahalmas's shop. Then he made use of the charcoal that he had previously brought there and fashioned an iron palace. There was a room in it for Katish Malchūcho to sleep in, and a room for food-supplies, and a room for drinking-water, and a room for firewood, and a kitchen, and a privy, and a bathroom. After this manner he fashioned the iron palace and he settled Katish Malchūcho in it, bidding her: "Sleep in this place, cook your food in this place, fetch water for yourself from this place, wash your feet and hands here, and make water

here." Thereon, working magic he set down the palace and Katish Malchūcho in his own country, (that is) he put them down in Lama. Next morning his father saw the palace. "This is the work of my Kiser," said he.

After this (Pangchu said to) Germahalmas: "Make me a chain of 100 cubits (in length) and make me a ring at the upper end of the chain." Germahalmas made the 100-cubit chain and Kiser went off with it and proceeded to the foot of the King's palace. In the King's palace there was a beam which projected out (from the wall). He threw the chain up to the beam and the ring caught on it. Then he climbed up the chain and went up on to the King's roof and all the palace shook. "Kiser has come," said Langa Brūmo. Kiser entering into the skin of a cat (came and) miaowed round the smoke-hole. "It's a cat," said the King. "A cat isn't as powerful as that," said Langa Brūmo, "Lingpikiser has come."

Kiser (now) went back into his own skin. "Ah bastard," said he (to the King), "If you are sleeping, get up. If you are up, get ready." Then Kiser jumped down (into the room) and the two of them commenced wrestling. In a moment Kiser flung the King to the ground and tore him in pieces. Then he had all the property in the palace collected and to carry away the loads he brought a Dēu there was, whose name was Galdang Galpo. Then clearing out all the treasure he made the Dēu take it up and proceed in the direction of his own country.

There were two sons (of the King and Langa Brūmo). Langa Brūmo took them with her and they set out and proceeded along the road. On the way Kiser said: "Bastard wife, give those children to me here." He took them from her and, cutting off both their heads, had them carried along. After which he proceeded on his way.

Going on he came to where there was a big river and the Dēu with all the goods proceeded to ford it, but he halted in the middle of the stream and didn't come out. Kiser said: "My wife is with

On this Kiser brought Langa Brūmo out (and set her) on the throne. Katish Malchūcho he made to dwell in her Iron Palace.

Kiser (thereafter) ruled as King. They say he was a very great King.

I have heard this story from someone. If what he said is true, then what I have said is also true.

If he has told the story wrongly, the responsibility rests on his shoulders.

I have told you this story, may you go to your own country in comfort and gladness.

No. V.

Mūnulum Dādo.

I shall tell the story of a man called Faqīr Ali. He had a son whose name was Derbēsho. Derbēsho was staying at the Shīshper grazing ground. One day he took the goats to graze in the direction of Hanuman Mūn. Leaving the goats in the pasture, he lay down to sleep. When he had lain down and gone to sleep, a shout came: "Derbēsho, Derbēsho." He woke up. Waking up he saw that a very beautiful maiden had come up to his head. She said to him: "My father is calling you." When she had said this he followed after the girl and came up to the foot of the Hanuman Mūn. On his approaching it a door opened in the mountain.

When he went in a man with a golden moustache was sitting (there, and) seven very beautiful women were sitting there with sitārs (in their hands). Derbēsho, entering, salāmed. The man responded to his salām. Then he said to his daughters: "Play a tune for Derbēsho on the sitār." The seven (women), taking their sitārs,

(sang) with very sweet voices (and) played a tune. Mūnulum Dādo said to Derbēsho: "O my son, dance without fearing. I am your grandfather. My name is Mūnulum Dādo. These are my daughters. This one is my wife. I married Kiser's grandmother. This is my house. Dance!" he said to him.

Upon this Derbēsho danced. When, having danced, he sat down, Mūnulum Dādo said to his wife: "Make some *diram* bread with ibex fat for my Derbēsho." His wife made *diram* bread for him. When he (Derbēsho) had eaten it, Mūnulum Dādo commanded one of his daughters, saying: "Take Derbēsho away to his own place and leave him there and come back." One of his daughters took him from the Hanuman Mūn and brought him to the pasture ground to the goats. Having brought him (there) she left him and departed. The (man) Derbēsho, taking the goats, came to the camping place. Having arrived there he became for a short time unconscious.

When he came to his senses the herdsmen asked him: "What became of you?" He told them the story of their taking him to the house of Mūnulum Dādo, and of (M. D.'s) making his daughters play on the sitār and of his being made to dance and then being fed with *diram* bread made with ibex fat. They were all astonished.

There was also an old-time story that Mūnulum Dādo was in the Shīshper nullah.

They say that this Mūnulum Dādo had married Kiser's grandmother. Kiser's grandmother said to Kiser: "When you marry

Būbuli Gas, bring a husband for me too. In the Shīshper nullah, they say, there is a man with a golden moustache. You fetch him for me and we shall celebrate my marriage and your marriage at the same time."

On her saying this to him Kiser (went off and) when he came (to the place) a man with a golden moustache was sitting at a loom weaving a piece of *pattu*. Kiser threw the man over his shoulder and brought him to his home. Kiser's grandmother was sitting up on the roof. When she saw Kiser bringing the man with the golden moustache, saying to herself: 'I'll go down the ladder,' she fell down and her ribs were broken, they say. After some days, when he had applied remedies to his grandmother and made her well again, Kiser married her to Mūnulum Dādo. He also effected his own marriage, they say.

Up to the present day a halloo comes from Hanuman Mūn in the Shīshper nullah. People still hear it.

No. VI.

Shon Gukūr and Hūkè Mamo, the Rival Bitans.

In the spring time they had brought Shon Gukūr and Hūkè Mamo to Altit to make them act as *bitans*. Both were famous in Hunza as *bitans*.

The two of them were sitting (together) when a piebald cow came down from Baltit by the Karagadimuts. The *bitans* saw it and Shon Gukūr said to Hūkè Mamo: "This cow is in calf." "Yes," said Hūkè Mamo to Shon Gukūr, "and there is a white patch on the forehead of the young one in its belly." "You are wrong, it is not a white patch," said Shon Gukūr. "the tassel on the end of its tail is white and is hanging down over its face, and so you see it like that." The two disagreed.

Then presently a man brought the cow in to Altit. Some days later the cow gave birth and a calf was born to it. The tassel of its tail was white and it was hanging down over its face.

What Shon Gukūr had said turned out true. The people were filled with amazement.

*No. VII.

Shon Gukūr's Prophecy.

They say that in early times Shon Gukūr, the Bitan, had made a prophecy. They say he had said as follows:

“After some years there will appear a handful of fair-complexioned men wearing short coats. They will do great justice and Hunza will become very prosperous. These fair folk will go where there are no roads. They will construct iron bridges. Moreover in the place of privies there will be stables. In the place of stables there will be privies.” They say he said: “In those latter days the man who should hold his peace will speak, and the man who should speak will hold his peace.”

That is all: the story is this much.

No. IX.

Dadi of Hindi.

In Hindi there is a story current of former times. There was a tower at Hindi. Its name was Jandu Shikāri. They say that men used to sit on guard in the tower at night. If two men went (on duty), in the morning there was (only) one remaining. If three went, (a *bilas*) ate one and let two go.

The people of Hindi, who were a small community in those days, were perturbed. For some years out of shame they kept the matter secret from the Thams. In the end the Thams heard of it.

At that time there was in Hunza a bitan called Shon Gukūr. They sent him to Hindi. When he had gone there and looked (he saw that) there was a *bilas* in the tower; and there were also her seven daughters. Her name was Dadi and it was she who kept eating the guards.

Shon Gukūr thereupon made the people of Hindi take guns and swords, and making them keep shouting the battle cry and himself reciting spells, he advanced towards the tower. On his approach Dadi with her seven daughters quitted the tower. One of the latter got separated and fled from the fort in the direction of the river. There was a large boulder there and she flung herself into it. Shon Gukūr, coming up, and making an enchantment, fixed her in the boulder with a peg.

Another daughter fled towards the Upper Fort. There was a boulder there and she flung herself into it. Shon Gukūr proceeded thither, and making an enchantment secured her with a peg. Dealing with them in this wise he pegged down the seven daughters in separate boulders.

Then they pursued (and caught) the mother, and bringing her to the col facing the Hindi Fort, they made her climb from the col up on to the spur. There Shon Gukūr pegged her down. When he had done so she said to him: "What am I going to eat?" "I shall give you twelve goats," said he, "drink their blood. Then every year we shall bring you (the like). If we cannot manage twelve goats, we shall give you at any rate seven, but I lay this duty on you: whenever we go anywhere to battle, you must go in front of us, then (on that condition) we shall give you from twelve to seven goats."

Having so addressed her he wrought an enchantment and pegged her down in the mound with an iron peg. Then from the time that she was pegged down, every year they took 12 or 7 goats and with guns and swords and shouting as they went, they led

the goats round the peg and slaughtered them. And they say that when the blood flowed on to the peg the peg used to revolve.

From that time until the present Tham, Mīr Muhammad Nazīm Khān, had been Tham for some years, the people of Hindi used to take goats to the spur at Hindi and sacrifice them to Dadi. They used to call the ceremony the *Sherēs*, and they call it so now.

About ten or twelve years ago Mīr Muhammad Nazīm Khān and Wazīr Humāyūn Bīg made the people of Hindi give up taking goats to the spur and celebrating the *Sherēs* in honour of Dadi. Otherwise for some years after the taking of Hunza by the British Government they used to celebrate the *Sherēs* in Hindi according to the instructions of Shon Gukūr. They used to say: "If we don't celebrate the *Sherēs* Dadi will come out."

For a long time all used to see the iron peg that Shon Gukūr had driven in; it was (still) there. Now it is not there. They say someone has stolen it. Only the flat stone that was put by Shon Gukūr over the peg is still there.

No. X.

Kulio Laskir and the Dangalatas of Harèng Gashèng.

Kulio Laskir was one day running water on to his field. It was night and the turn for the water had come to him. He was alone and the night was dark and moonless.

At this point a fire appeared on the Harèng Gashèng. The fire came moving along in Kulio Laskir's direction. It came up to Kulio Laskir, and when he looked he saw that there was a dangalatas. The two began to wrestle and he threw her. There was a dagger at his waist and when he had thrown her he smote her on the breast with it. He knew nothing more; she (simply) vanished somewhere.

He returned to his home and told his family about it. He said to them: "A bilas from the Harèng Gashèng and I had a wrestling bout in the "Round Field." I threw her and stabbed her with my dagger. The dagger has remained behind in the field. You people go and fetch it. Take note: if the dagger is sticking (upright) in the ground I have had the best of it, (but) if it has fallen over, then she has had the best of it."

On the morrow when they went (to the field) the dagger was sticking in the ground. They brought it back from the field.

There was this much of a story.

No. XI.

The Braying Donkey of Berashalè.

They say that in the Berashalè (lands) in Hunza there was a walnut tree, and that on it there used to sit a bilas. At night if any two people went there she used to eat one and let the other go. In this manner for some years she devoured people. (The authorities) gave orders, saying: "Cut the walnut tree down from the roots."

All the people of Hunza having assembled they hacked at the tree with an axe, whereupon blood issued from the gash made by it. They felled the tree and then there appeared a braying donkey. It would not budge a step for anyone.

In those early days there was a man called Kulio Laskir. He was the Wazir and he was also a strong man. Besides him there was a strong man of the Ghulwāting and in addition to him there was still (another) man. These three came on the scene, each carrying a thick stick. They say that when Kulio Laskir brought his stick down on the donkey it took twelve steps (forward); and when the Ghulwā man brought his stick down it advanced five steps. Going on beating it thus they brought it to a boulder there is, called Khūrias Būn. When they had got it there it entered into the boulder.

There were in Hunza two bitans, and when it had gone into the boulder, they wrought magic, and made a spell and did not allow it to come out again. They said to the people: "When we

have died and these (jaw) bones of ours have entirely rotted and become earth, then this donkey will come out."

Then all the people returned to their homes.

The name of the one Bitan was Hukè Mamu, and of the other, Shōn Gukūr. The name of the donkey, they say, was Qāng Jakun (the "Braying Donkey.")

XII.

Bulchutōko and the Dangalatas.

They say that a man called Bulchutōko had come from Gilgit here to Hunza. They say he possessed magical powers. Coming to Gerèlt he settled there.

After some years he once went, they say, to the Gantsūper jungle. When he entered the Burōndo Nullah, a Dangalatas was grinding gold (there) in a mill. Seeing this he went to cut off the water, and opening the sluice (so that the water flowed away to waste) he hid himself on the near side of the mill. The mill immediately came to a standstill. On its ceasing to work the Dangalatas came out to stop the water (from escaping). When she got out (she found that) someone had opened the sluice. While she was closing it Bulchutōko flung the gold into a skin bag and ran off with it. When the Dangalatas came back again (she saw that) someone was running away with the gold. She pursued him. He (however) had magical powers and continued to run off with it.

The Dangalatas, chasing after him, was near to overtaking him. Now there was a big stone at the lower end of the Uyūm Das, and Bulchutōko turning round smote at the stone with his sword and cleft it in two. The Dangalatas saw this and said to herself:

"He has cleft the boulder in two, he will not spare me." So saying she turned back from there.

Her name, they say, was Mēri Duwēni.

Bulchutōko came with the gold to Gerèlt. All the people saw it and they said: "While Bulchutōko has been procuring gold, what has been happening to us? Let us too go and get some." And they gathered together and set out for Gantsūper.

When they got there the Dangalatas was grinding gold. Imitating Bulchutōko, they too went to throw open the sluice, and they opened it. When the Dangalatas came out (she found that) some men had opened the sluice. Seizing them by their necks she took them one by one and twisting their necks flung them down the mill-race. The water carried them out by the escape channel; whereupon they became a flock of birds.

Their name is Gerèltum Hera. Up to the present day, when it is the time of ploughing at Gerèlt, they come out and they come and light on the cliffs or the strand at the edge of the river. They call them Gerèltum Hera.

It is said that Bulchutōko's grave is at Shiskin in Ganish. There they have put up flags and there is still an enclosure.

No. XIII.

The Story of Pūno and Shiri Berai Baghertham.

There is a custom in Hunza from ancient times. In the month of Dalv on the fifteenth (day of the month) they carry out the Bopfau. There is a large wooden bowl (which has come down) from olden days. There is also one like it in Yasīn. They say that these bowls have been in existence from the time of Alexander the Great.

Now when the Bopfau has to be performed, the man who has precedence among the Dirāmiting takes the bowl and carries it from Bāltit to Altit. Again, when the Bopfau has been completed, he takes it and brings it to Bāltit.

In former times there was one, Pūno by name, the son of Gerīb, and he took the bowl and carried it to Altit for the Bopfau. The meat and the bread which were left over after the Bopfau he used to bring back in the bowl to Bāltit to his own home. Then when he had drunk wine and become intoxicated he used to present himself to the Tham. Returning to his home he used to say to his family: "There are bread and meat in the bowl. Handsel them." When (however) his wife and sons uncovered the bowl and looked there was nothing in it. They said to Pūno: "You are out of your

senses. You have gone mad. You have got drunk and dropped the food somewhere." Pūno was quite confounded. He hadn't dropped it. In the same way throughout the course of seven years no food (ever) remained in the bowl.

Then one year he returned with the bowl from the Bopfau without having drunk wine. On the road there was a stone of which the name was the Kharun Bat (the "Split Stone.") When he came to it a hand approached the bowl. Pūno promptly seized the hand. (The owner of it) tried to release it, but Pūno would not let it go. Then (the owner) said to him: "O Father, I cannot stay with you. Let me go." When Pūno looked (he saw that) there was a very handsome youth and that his stick was of copper, and that his leg-wrappers also were of copper.

Pūno asked: "What is your name?" "My name," he replied, "is Shīri Berai Baghertham." Pūno took his stick and leg-wrappers from him, and Shīri Berai Baghertham followed along after him.

In due course Pūno came to his house and he said to his wife: "Put these leg-wrappers and this stick of his in a box, and if he asks you for them in my absence, don't give them to him."

After this Shīri Berai Baghertham stayed there with them. (Once) he said to them: "Father and Mother, don't send me to a house where anyone has died, because there, if the wife has died, the husband casts his eye on the women who (have come) bringing food to offer condolences to him. And I will know it and will laugh and they will say: "He is laughing at us." If the husband has died the woman casts her eye on the men saying to herself: "Shall I marry that one? Shall I marry this one?" Therefore do not send me to the house of those people (who have had a death.)"

From the time that Shīri Berai Baghertham came to Pūno's house they say that Pūno's flocks and grain became abundant. For about

twenty years Shīri Berai Baghertham remained in Pūno's house, but he did not become attached to it.

One day Pūno had gone for firewood and Shīri Berai Baghertham coming into the house said: "Mother, Mother." "Yes," said Pūno's wife. "Give me my leg-wrappers and stick. Father has not come back; he is late. I shall go to meet him and take his load from him." (Now) Pūno had charged his wife, saying, "Perhaps Shīri Berai Baghertham will ask for his leg-wrappers and stick. Don't give them to him." (But) losing her head she took them out of the box and gave them to him.

Putting on the leg-wrappers and taking his stick Shīri Berai Baghertham climbed up the mountain. Meanwhile Pūno came in at the door of the house bringing the wood. Shīri Berai Baghertham was not there, he had got up on to the mountain. He made off, saying: "Good-bye, Mother and Father." Pūno, shouting: "Heigh, son!" gave chase to him. Shīri Berai Baghertham said to him: "What is left over be your portion, what I have eaten be mine. You just stay where you are, Father." While he said this he ran on, and Pūno pursuing after him would not let him go. Getting further and further away Shīri Berai Baghertham, they say, crossed over the Khu. Pūno, turning back, came again to his home.

Then after Shīri Berai Baghertham had left Pūno's house, Pūno, they say, became indigent.

Pūno was of the Diramiting tribe. At the present day too one of his descendants goes with the Bopfau bowl from Bāltit to Āltit. His name is Heri Sing. They make him carry the seed that is to be scattered at the Bopfau from the Tham's palace and bring him along in front of the Tham to the Mamutsa field.

That is all; The story is on this wise.

No XIV.

The Story of the Bōyo Juniper.

From ancient times there was a juniper tree in the garden of a man called Keramo Derbesh. They called it the Bōyo Juniper.

They say that from of old people used to relate that animals like puppies came out under the tree. The people of Hunza used to do worship to them. They called them Bōyo.

They say that a man, by name Mano Baghertham, cut the juniper down. Having cut it down they say he died on the spot. The juniper grew up again from its stump. There were two stems (growing) in a fork. A man cut down one of the stems, and he, they say, became paralysed and an idiot. A man, called Mamad Shah, cut down the remaining stem, after which he fell down from a cliff.

When these men had perished in this fashion the people took fright and left one stem (growing). Last year and the year before, that stem was (still) there. Then a man called Yaqin got permission from the owner and cut it down and brought it home to his house. After doing so, at night he saw some women in a dream

They said to him: "Why have you cut down our juniper tree?" and frightened him. Upon this he gave the bough back to the (original) owner who is a man called Keramo Derbèsh.

The wood of the Bōyo Juniper is still in his house. Fearing (what might happen) they do not burn it

This Juniper was in Dirāmiting territory.

That is all the story there is.

No. XV

The Story of Aiyèsho Malik.

In former times, they say, there was a very powerful Thani called Aiyèsho Malik.

He fell ill, they say, and on this occurring he said to his elders: "I am now going to die. When I am dead put my dagger also with me in the grave, for I am going to wrestle in the grave with Nakir and Munkir. When you have buried me and put the covering stones (over the grave, then go and) sit down at a distance and listen. When I and they (lit. 'he') come to grips there will be a noise in the grave. On its ceasing remove the grave-stones and look, and if my dagger is sticking up in the ground, then I have had the best of it; but if the dagger has fallen down and they have turned me over and I am lying on my back, then they have had the best of it. So you will know (how it is)."

They say that he died some days later and that they then buried him. They put the stones over (the grave) but did not fill in the earth and then they sat down (keeping watch) over it. Right enough, a noise arose in the grave. When it ceased and they removed the stones, the dagger was (there) plunged in the ground, and Aiyèsho

Malik was lying on his face. Astounded, they replaced the stones over the grave, filled in the earth on top, and poured water over it, and then returned (to their homes).

Some people say that Aiyèsho Malik was possessed of magical powers. After his death they say that if anyone mounted on his grave, there and then his leg or arm broke, and if a goat or a cow got on to it, its leg broke.

Up to the present day Aiyesho Malik's grave is in the field of a man called Dōlo, but no one now pays much attention to it. The grave is enclosed round about.

That is all the story there is.

No XVI

The Story of Chil Gazi

They say that in former times Chil Gazi lived at Khaiber. At the present day his dwelling place is (there) in the cliff at Bārè Dan in Khaiber. They call it Chil Gazi's palace.

There is an old-time story that there were many articles of property in Chil Gazi's palace. People were afraid to go to it.

Then they say that Chil Gazi set out from Bārè Dan to go to the Gilgit Yachèni. He misconducted himself, they say, with the Gilgit Yachèni. Some say she was his wife.

Chil Gazi, coming down through Hunza, and coming to Tsil Bish, had stayed the night there. While he was asleep some wolves came and ate seven cubits (off) his stick and he had not been aware of it. Arriving at Gilgit Chil Gazi proceeded to Kerga to the Yachèni and slept with her.

She asked him, "What has happened to you today? Your stick has become short. What have you done to this stick of yours?"

When he looked (he saw that) seven cubits of it were missing. Something had cut (a piece off) it. The Yachèni asked him: "Where did you sleep?" Chil Gazi replied: "I spent the night at Tsil Bish. There I felt a sort of tickling of my feet."

After this they say he returned from there to Khaiber. Some years later, by God's will, Chil Gazi died at Bārè Dan in Khaiber. His grave was in the Bārè Dan nullah. Formerly people used to see the grave, now it has fallen into ruins, they say, and disappeared. His living quarters however, are still there in the cliff.

That is all there is to tell.

No XVII

Concerning the Diratsil Bat

There is a place in Ulter called Diratsil. There is a flat stone there. From olden times they relate that when any man or woman dies secretly-practising Bilases carry off the body and cut it up into bits on the Diratsil Bat and, apportioning it among them, devour it.

A certain man, Mahmud Shāh by name, used to say (as follows). "I (used to) divide up the meat for the Bilases and I was their chopping block (*or*, servitor?). I used to live in the Berber cave and when anyone died I became aware of it. Then the Bilases used to come, bringing the dead person's body, and carry me off with them."

It will be 10 or 15 years since this Mahmud Shah died. Everyone knows of him, and the Diratsil Bat too is known to all. It is in the grazing ground. It is greasy. They call it the "Bilases' Chopping Stone."

That is all: Such is the Story.

No. XVIII

The Story of the Chaprot Bear.

In former times, they say, a bear used to come to the houses in Chaprôt and violate the women. The men of the place were afraid and would not go to any house into which the bear had gone.

One day when a certain man came home the bear was lying in his house with his wife. The man's pride was roused, but there was nothing he could do. He thought to himself: "I'll go up on to the roof and give the bear a fright." So saying he got up on to the roof and bending down over the smoke hole he shouted out: "O wife, has that bear come here? Is it there? (If it were) I would smite it on the head with this penis of mine and split it in two."

The bear, listening, heard the man say an amazing thing, and it went out of the house thinking to itself: "I have heard of slaying people with gun and sword, but this is a strange thing that this man is saying," and it ran off in a fright.

Running on and on it was coming to a certain place when an old woman met it. She asked the bear: "O bear, what's happened to you? Why are you running away?" "O Sweet Grannie," replied the bear, "get out of the way. I have heard an amazing thing to-day. I was lying in a man's house with his wife and he came on to the roof and shouted out: 'Is the bear in my house?'"

(If it were) I would smite it with my penis on the centre line of the head and cleave it in two. I had never heard such a thing said before, and so I am running away.'

The old woman, adapting (her words) to what the man had said to the bear, said to it: "Welladay! My life be your sacrifice! Run for your life! A man had struck me too with his penis and cleft me in two. I practically became an old woman. The healing process, (proceeding) from the crown of my head, has reached here," and raising her skirt she showed the bear her vulva. When the bear looked and saw that it was cleft, it was frightened and after that, they say, it did not come again to the people's houses.

That is all. This is how they tell the story.

No. XIX.

The Laconic Man and Wife.

In early times a man and his wife had learnt to converse without a lot of questions and answers.

At home one day they had put on a (goat's) head to cook. It was nearly cooked when a party of guests came to the house. On their arrival the husband said to his wife:

“Speed the guests;
I have told you;
You listen;
Look at your children.”

When he had said this she [had] set out the four feet along with the head. To the guests she gave the feet; to her husband she gave the tongue; to her children she gave the eyes; and she kept the ears for herself.

The guests departed marvelling.

The man's name was Shamshēr Bèg, son of Puyēs, and the woman's name was Ghuno.

That is all. The story is told thus.

No. XX.

The Man Who Supped with the Pfüts

A Story of Former Times.

One day a goat belonging to a man got lost. (As he went on) looking and looking for it night came down on him. He was returning to his home without having seen it and as he came along there was a light in the Būri Būn and there were Pfüts dancing. He also went in, they say, and mixed with them, and danced, and then sat down among them.

After dancing, the Pfüts brought food for a wedding party and at the end when they had eaten they brought a skin. Then they demanded from all the bones of their shares of the meat, and collected them. There was one rib short. That rib the man, to whom they had given it as his share, had hidden from them. Then they made a rib of wood and threw the bones into the skin, and on shaking it up the goat came to life. When the man looked he saw that it was his own goat. The Pfüts drove it out and then they went off as a wedding party to the house of the Sughūralo Pfüt.

When the man, having departed thence, came to his home that goat of his was there at the door. On the morrow, when he slaughtered it, one rib was missing and in its place was a wooden rib.

Besides this, the man had brought a dance tune from the Pfüts' house. They still call that tune the "Pfüt's Tune" and they play it even at the present day.

No. XXI.

The Three Original Tribes of Hunza

There were three tribes settled in Hunza — the Tapkients at Bältit; the Hamachātīng at Ganesh and the Usèngumuts at Áltit.

In those days there were no Thams. These (tribes?) collected the taxes, and dividing them amongst themselves, appropriated them.

The Thams arose in Hunza from among the descendants of Gīrkis and took to themselves the sovereignty and the taxes.

(Later) Aèsh Maiyūrè Tham massacred the Tapkients. Khisrau massacred the Hamachātīng, and Shabōs massacred the Usènguts.

No XXII.

The Fate of the Tapkients and the Origin of the Diramiting.

Originally, they say, the Tapkients were settled at Bältit in Hunza, the Usènguts at Altit and the Hamachâting at Ganish. At that time there were few Diramiting living at Bältit. The nullah in behind Hasanâbâd was at that time very populous and warm. There was no glacier. Thence inwards as far as Shishper there was habitation, and the Tapkients lived there. Living there they became very arrogant. They used to call their fathers and mothers "Bâba" and "Zizi."

The Tapkients had fostered a gushōūr called Aiyesho Maiyūri Tham. Now on their displaying arrogance this Aiyesho Maiyūri, who had become Tham of Hunza, took counsel with the Hamachâting and the Usènguts and the best men of Hunza, and decided to slaughter them. (The Tham) having arrived at this decision, selected men armed themselves and took up their lodging (secretly) in Aliâbâd.

On the pretence of (holding) a fête Maiyūri sent a man to the Tapkients to call and fetch them in. He instructed him: "Say the Tham summons all the male persons there are, and bring them here." Then secretly he despatched a party of men to Shishper with instructions to kill all the old people and pregnant women.

When the man sent by Maiyūri Tham came to the Tapkients and said: "The Tham summons you," all the able-bodied men mounted their horses and came along. When they arrived at the Būrum Mōs at Aliābād (Maiyūri Tham's men fell on them) without warning and slew them. They exterminated all the males (of the Tapkients). Nor did they bury their corpses, but strewed them over the Būrum Mōs at Aliābād and left them there.

(At that time Aliābād was not inhabited, but was waste land. Some years later, in the time of Shah Silum Khan, he brought a water channel from Bāltit and made them occupy the place).

Then without warning it rained and a mud flood came down and overlaid the dead bodies of the Tapkients. And so up to the present day they call it "On the White Mud-Flood." (Būrum Mōsatè). (That is) the place beside the Government Fort up to the Dispensary they call "Būrum Mōsatè"

After that, they say, Maiyūri Tham lived in peace.

After the slaying of the Tapkients (when) they cultivated corn in Hunza, the corn came up with black ears. For some years they remained at a loss (what to do) and a great famine arose. Then

they made the Bitans dance and then the Bitans sang "Ho! If you get from somewhere a descendant of the Tapkients and make him sow the seed, Hunza will be fruitful again. If not, year by year this smut will continue to appear." Thus, it is said, they sang.

On this the people said: "Perhaps somewhere there may be some descendant(s) of them," and making enquiry they sought for them. There was a childless wife, they say, of the Tapkients, she said to them: "There was a woman with child, a girl of Pfèker. Some days it would be before the slaying of the Tapkients, she had gone to her father's house. She was approaching child birth; her time had come. See whether perhaps a son may have been born to her."

When the woman had said this they sent men to Pfèker. When they got there the woman has been brought to bed and a boy had been born. She had given him the name of Dīram Chūram. They demanded him from his mother's people. The latter refused to give him to them. They said: "You will take away this grandson of ours too and will slay him. You have destroyed his father and uncles and you will murder him too." So saying they did not surrender him to them.

Eventually, having taken many oaths and given many undertakings to them, the Hunza men brought back Chūram, who was in swaddling bands, and along with him his mother. Having done so they put wheat seed into the child's hand, and gave it a knock (so that it was scattered). Then that year the disease of the grain

became less. The following year Chūram had grown up a little, to this extent that he began to go about creeping on all fours, and when they put the seed in his hand he (waved his hand about and) scattered it. Then making him touch the seed and lead the way, they sowed (their fields). After two or three years he was a sturdy child and sowed the seed himself. After that no more disease appeared.

(In course of time) Dīram Chūram grew to be a youth on the verge of puberty. Upon this Aiyesho Maiyūri Tham issued orders saying: "Let Dīram Chūram go free about every village like a he-goat. If he enters any one's house do not kill him." And he assembled the people and laid injunctions on them with the object of obtaining progeny of Chūram from all of them.

One day Dīram Chūram set out in the direction of Ganish. As he went along on his way (he came to) a place there is called Soghūralè and there a very pretty girl was keeping watch over the mulberries. She was a daughter of the Hamachāting and was unmarried. Dīram Chūram promptly fell in love with the girl, and without letting her father and mother know he took her up on his shoulders and carried her off to Bāltit. In Bāltit too he let no one know. "For," thought he, "the Hamachāting will hear of it;" and the Hamachāting were very malignant people. So being afraid, he carried her off to a cave there was in the cliff above and settled her there. Her name was Bulūki.

Down below the Hamachāting kept looking for Bulūki. For some days they searched for her. They did not see her anywhere. Nowhere did they find her. Then they said: "She must have got drowned somewhere" and they lighted the three-day lamps for her.

Up above in the cave Chūram and Bulūki dwelt in peace. After some years Bulūki became with child, and she was delivered and a son was born to her. They gave him the name of Dīram Daltas. Again after two years another son was born and they called him

Diram Maltash. Again two years later another was born and they called him Diram Haider Ali. Another was born and they called him Diram Pfūno, and yet another whom they called Dashaman Khurdik. So five sons were born to them. Until the five sons had been born Bulūki and her children remained up in the Bulūki Ghash cave.

The sons grew up into young men. Then (one year) the time for sowing the buckwheat came round and Chūram and Bulūki said to their two eldest sons: "Sons, our relations' oxen are loose, grazing in Ulter. Go and bring them here." The sons went off to fetch the oxen. There were seven yoke of oxen in Ulter and they drove them along and brought them in. In their land there was a field called Būl Mal ("Spring Field.") They were ploughing it for the buckwheat sowing. Chūram had not come (with them).

Now Bulūki had counselled her sons saying: "Our relations are a bad lot. Perhaps they will come and do you hurt. As you drive the oxen keep saying: 'May I be a sacrifice for the ox of my mother's father and his brothers, may I be a sacrifice for the hawks of my mother's brethren! I go round you, oxen!' Keep repeating these words as you plough. If they come and question you, say to them: 'We are your sister's sons. We are the sons of Bulūki. Our father is Diram Chūram.'" Thus did Bulūki counsel her sons.

Then they took away the oxen and were ploughing with them in the field. That day the Hamachāting too had sent their sons from Ganish to Ulter to fetch the oxen. When they got there the seven yoke of oxen were not to be seen. When they examined their tracks (they saw that) they went downwards. They came along, following the trail downhill. There were the tracks of the oxen outside (the nullah) on the Būa Gan ("Cow Road"). The

men too coming out by the Būa Gan, looked from the Sherai and saw that some people were ploughing with the oxen down below in the Bul Mal.

As soon as they saw them they rushed down full of anger. Coming to the Herāshūng they listened and heard them saying: "May I be a sacrifice for the oxen of my mother's father and his brothers! May I be a sacrifice for the hawks of my mother's brethren!", as they ploughed. When they heard them saying this and doing honour to their oxen as they ploughed, they said: "Let some of us go and beat these people and smash them up." But one of them said: "No, brothers, wait a little. Let us first ask who they are who oppress us, the Hamachāting, by bringing our oxen from Ulter and then do us honour while ploughing with them."

When he had said this they came out over the edge into the field. On their appearing Chūram's sons left the oxen and said to them: "Salām, Uncles." The sons of the Hamachāting said: "Who are you? Why have you brought these oxen here?" "We are the sons of Bulūki," said Diram Chūram's sons, "and our father's name is Diram Chūram."

"Where are they?"

"They are in the cave up in the cliff."

"What are they doing there? Why don't they live (down) here?"

"From fear of you they have taken up their quarters there."

After this the Hamachāting went up (to the cave) and when they came to it both Bulūki and Chūram were there. The Hamachāting were delighted and they took Chūram and Bulūki and returning (home) they gave them the seven yoke of oxen.

Then taking Chūram and Bulūki and their sisters's sons (with them) they proceeded to Ganish. And they celebrated a fresh marriage and arranged a dowry and gave Bulūki to Chūram.

There are Diramating in Bāltit now, descended from that Chūram.

That is all. Thus do they tell the story of Chūram.

No. XXIII.

Khūru and Khamer.

They say that in former times there were in Bāltit two brothers called Khūru and Khamer. Khūru had one son and Khamer had seven sons.

Khūru and Khamer quarrelled and could not come to terms, (so) they divided up their land. Khamer had a large family of males, and he intimidated Khūru, who had no family (to back him), and took the bigger share of the land for himself.

Khūru said to Khamer: "Brother, you have taken all the land for yourself and given me too little. Let us divide up the land equally." "Not at all," said Khamer, "the fact is you have got too much. If you don't believe me let us take oath on it." Khūru agreed to taking oath and said to Khamer: "Brother, the Sahāla Bō.in and the Hālasa Bō.in are very powerful. They are quick to wrath." "If we swear by them," (said Khamer,) "they will (afterwards) work us evil. Let us go to the Bērishalè Ghūku and swear on the water there." Khūru agreed and they went off. Proceeding to the ravine they took oath on the water and returned again.

Some time later they again quarrelled and Khūru said to Khamer: "No, let us divide the land afresh." "No," said Khamer, "we won't divide it. Come along and let us demand the opinion of the land. It will tell us which of us has too much."

Khūru agreed to this. At night Khamer taking one of his sons with him went and dug (a hole) in the field, and after giving him instructions he buried his son there and went home.

Then he took Khūru with him and they went to the field in which his son was buried. On arriving there they put their question (and Khamer said:) "O land, look and see whether I have got the larger share or Khūru." Khamer's son whom he had buried answered from below the ground: "No, Khūru has got too much." On this Khūru, being convinced, returned home. "For," said he, "the land said so too."

When Khūru had gone home, Khamer went off to the field to extract his son. He went to the place where he had been buried and opened it up. His son was not there. Then he called him by name, but he was not there. On ahead there came a call "Hallo!" He went forward and dug, but his son wasn't there. Again he called, and on ahead (the voice) called "Hallo!" Going on in this way it made him dig all through the field, but nowhere did he find his son.

After that he returned to his home. At home there were his six sons. Both they and Khamer, it is said, died and Khamer's land was left heirless. Khūru did not make use of it. It is said they brought in a man named Datu Sīng and settled him on that land. In Hunza when it is necessary to go anywhere to fight, the descendants of Datu Sīng carry the standard.

In Bāltit there are at the present day the Khūrukuts descended from Khūru, and on Khamer's land there are the Datu Sīngkuts.

There is also the following story about Khamer's descendants. There is an animal called the marmot. There are none in Hunza, but they are found in Misgār, above the Khān Wāli Fort, at Murkush,

and also at the Mintaka, the Kilik and the Qarachukur in the Tagdumbash. Again they occur on the Kashmir passes as far as Trägbal. Now they say that Khamer's son after being buried turned into the marmot.

From ancient times they tell the story thus.

No. XXIV.

The Khūrukuts and the Hamachāting.

In former times, they say, the Ulter grazing ground belonged to the Hamachāting. There was a road to Ulter up the Herāshūng above Bāltīt. This road used to do much damage to the land, (but the owners) were afraid to say anything to the Hamachāting about it. The Hamachāting were very powerful.

There was a woman called Shadun Kapūri, a wife of the Khūrukuts, and one day they made her sit down on the Herāshūng and said to her: "When the Hamachāting come from Ulter, jostle against them and then start shrieking out 'They have laid hands on me,' and we shall come (to your help)."

Presently the Hamachāting came down the Herāshūng carrying long juniper poles. Shadun Kapūri was on the road and they said to her: "Get out of the way!" She didn't budge. The Hamachāting are quick-tempered and one of them gave her a shove. On this she raised an outcry, shrieking: "May the crows eat them! They have laid hands on me." From one side and the other men ran up and caught hold of the Hamachāting and banged them about.

After this the four communities of Bāltit assembled and instituted a case with the Hamachāting, and by way of settlement they took the Ulter grazing from the Hamachāting as a fine on account of Shadun Kapūri. She was a daughter of the Berāting and a wife of the Khūrukuts. The Diramāting, as disinterested parties, had decided the case for them and the Hamachāting.

After that the Khūrukuts, the Diramāting and the Berāting in partnership settled their flocks in Ulter. Some years later the Thams took the Ulter grazing ground for themselves and up to the present it is in the Thams possession.

No. XXV.

Sing of Hīndi and his son Daltas Manūko.

They say that there was in Hīndi a man called Sing. He had three sons. At that time there were no Thams ruling over Hīndi. Sing exercised authority over the people of the place. There were few people settled there.

His sons were very fine fellows. One day they went off to the mountain to hunt. There they sat down at a place where there was a view. Down below in Hīndi Sing was lying on a bed at his door; up above his sons said: "Look here, let us each perform (or, display) an act of skill. Down there our father is lying on the bed. Don't let us hit him." "I'll hit the leg of his bedstead," said the eldest. "I'll hit a leg of the bedstead" said the middle son. "I'll hit the spout of his water jug," said the youngest.

So saying, the eldest, putting an arrow to his bow, shot at the leg of the bed. The arrow hit it. The other son also shot and he also hit a leg of the bed. The youngest, whose name was Daltas Manūko, putting an arrow to his bow, hit the spout of the jug.

On this Sing woke up. When he looked he saw two arrows sticking in the legs of the bed, and one sticking in the spout of the jug. "My sons," thought he, "have plotted to kill me." And he notified all his people there and pursued after his sons intending to kill them. Pursuing and coming up with them he seized two of

his sons and slew them. Daltas Manūko, fleeing before him, escaped over to Pisan. Sing, returning with his handful of men, remained in Hindi.

The Hindi spring of water was scanty, and Sing had made a system (of apportioning it). Putting three *chuk* (72 lbs.) of millet in the hopper of the mill, when it was finished he used to change the turn of the water(?) Making the reckoning in this way and turning the water on (to the fields) he used to cultivate Hindi.

On this side in Pisan the people greatly liked Sing's son, Daltas Manūko, because he was very handsome of face and a fine upstanding youth. They all made an agreement saying: "None of us will kill him, we shall all, make him free of our houses as a male goat. A good breed will come from him," and so they left him at liberty. They gave him the daughter of a certain man (to wife) and settled him there.

After some time all the women folk came together and said to their husbands: "Daltas Manūko, son of Sing, has no thought of lying with us and producing offspring. Holding aloof and slipping off, he runs away." On their saying this all the men of Pisan assembled and determined to kill him.

Daltas Manūko's wife was with child. She said to him: "They are going to kill you." Upon this he fled. Now in Pisan there was a weeping willow and under the willow there was a tank. He climbed up into the willow tree and sat there hiding from his pursuers. Following after him, when they arrived there, his face appeared in the tank. They all said: "He is in the water here," and they emptied all the water out of the tank. (But) he was not below; he was up on the willow tree. The image of him had been reflected (lit. had fallen) in the water.

At this point an old man appeared on the scene. He asked "What's the matter with you?" They said: "Sing's son, Daltas Manūko, fleeing from us, came here and has plunged into this tank.

We are endeavouring to get him out from below." "O you silly fools," said the old man, "he isn't down in the water, he is up in the willow tree. Look. (It is only) his reflection that appears below." On his saying this, they looked, and there he was up above. They pulled him down. When they had done so Daltas Manūko said: "(If) you are now going to kill me, take me opposite to Hīndi and kill me there." So they took him to opposite Hīndi and killed him in Pisan.

The wife of Daltas Manūko, son of Sing, was with child. When she was brought to bed a son was born to her. Some years later he went out to play with the (other) children. They said to him: "O you fugitive interloper, why do you beat us?" On this he came back to his mother and asked her, saying: "O Mother, the children call me "interloper" and "fugitive." Tell me how I was born, where I came from, and where my land is."

His mother said: "My son, it is true this Pisan is not our land. Your father had come from Hīndi. He married me here. Your father's land is Hīndi. You were born here. The people of Pisan killed your father."

The boy said to his mother: "I will go to my father's land." "O son," said his mother, "Sing is an evil man. He killed your father's two brothers. Your father, fleeing from death (at his hands) came here. If you now go, Sing, who showed no mercy to his own sons, will kill you too. Don't go." "No, I will go," said her son, and he persisted.

Eventually she said: "Well then, go. But if Sing is lying down you will hear the sound of his snoring from a long way off, then know that he is lying down. Then go near and look, and if his eyes are open, he is asleep. Otherwise, if they are shut, he is awake and he will kill you. Keep that in mind when you go."

On this the boy went from Pisan to the river. In those days, they say, the river was small. There were vines on either side

which interlaced (over the middle of the stream). He crossed the vine to the other side. When he had crossed and gone towards his grandfather's house on his father's land, Sing was lying down and there came the sound of his snoring. He knew that he was lying down. When he approached near, Sing's eyes were open, and he went up to him and killed him as he slept. Having slaughtered him he left his head there and concealed himself.

Presently Sing's sisters and the people of his house heard (of his death), and when they looked they found that someone had murdered him. They cursed the people of Hindi. All marvelled saying: "Who has murdered him?" Thereupon the son of Daltas Manūko, son of Sing, came out (from his hiding place): "O aunts," said he, "it is I who have slain grandfather. He had killed my father's two brothers, and my father, fleeing from death (at his hands) had escaped (or, crossed over) to Pisan. There he married my mother and I was born. The people of Pisan slew my father. I have now come and killed Sing because he had without justification killed his sons. In revenge for that I have killed him."

Having said this, he settled down in the place of Sing in Hindi and abode there exercising lordship.

Formerly his grandfather had put three "chuk" of millet in the hopper of the mill and had fixed the distribution of the water (supply) for the people on that basis. Now the son of Daltas Manūko, son of Sing, abandoned that system and allotted the water on a basis of days. Up to the present time they divide up the days and allot the water according to that system of his.

They say that this Sing was of the Hamachāting tribe. In the time of the son of Daltas Manūko, son of Sing, the Thams of Hunza came with an army to Hindi and took possession of it. It is said that they then slew the son of Daltas Manūko, son of Sing.

No. XXVI.

The Burōng Girl's Lapse.

In former times there was a man of the Burōng and he had a daughter. She had become marriageable, but she had not been married.

He used to make his daughter take the flocks to Irkishi to pasture them. She misconducted herself with a certain herdsman and became with child. Nine months passed and she was delivered at Irkishi and a son was born to her. She took him and returned home. Her father and mother said to their daughter: "Where have you brought this child from?" The girl said: "O Father, I found him in the thorn bushes."

When she said this they were much annoyed and said to her: "Somehow or other you have given birth to a bastard, and now you have made it impossible for us to go out (of the house for shame). Tell us the truth about it."

"I have seen no one with my eyes," said the girl. "Only one day I had taken the flocks to Irkishi and I became thirsty. There was (rain)water in a hollow in a stone and I drank it. (Now) a

rutting ibex had come from Bululo and urinated into the hollow in the stone. Apart from that I have seen nothing."

They gave her son the name of Būmbēdi. They believed her and said: "Our daughter has become pregnant by the urine of the rutting ibex. She hasn't consorted with anyone."

Up to the present day there are some households of Burong in Bāltit who are descendants of Būmbēdi.

That is all.

No. XXVII.

The Story of Raskam.

They say that in early times there were people of Hunza settled in Raskam. They called them the Bakhti Kutōr. Raskam was very prosperous. After kneading dough in the kneading-tray oil used to flow out at its lower end. Eventually in Raskam the people became extremely presumptuous. They say that a woman after making her boy stool finally wiped his buttocks with a piece of bread. And they say that, fearing not God, they made no distinction of daughter and sister, and sister and brother; they committed incest with them.

Then by God's command Raskam all at once boiled up and people and land were all submerged. Only a man called Bakhti, escaping, had come to Shimshāl, they say. There have now come to be some ten or fifteen houses of the descendants of that Bakhti in Shimshāl.

In addition, two tribes, the Ghāzi Kutōr and the Bāqi Kutōr who came to Shimshāl from the Chaprōt direction, have become established there.

There are these three tribes in Shimshāl: the Bakhti Kutōr, the Ghāzi Kutōr, and the Bāqi Kutōr.

That is all there is to say.

The tribes of Galmit are Wakhi and are the following: the Buri Kutōr, the Rūzdōr Kutōr, the Chārshambi Kutōr and the Būdule Kutōr.

No. XXVIII.

The Raskam Salt Tribute.

In early times there was a road from Baltistān to Shimshāl by way of the Biraldo Nullah. They say that there still is.

A man of Hunza called Khush Bèg had come in the time of Shah Ghazanfer from Shigir over the Biraldo with a pair of small drums.

In very early times there were people settled in Raskam, and they say that they used to take a tribute of salt from them to Shigir in Baltistan over the Biraldo. The Baltis imposed the Raskam salt tax.

Then after the destruction of Raskam Bakhti had come from Raskam to Shimshāl. The Raskam salt tribute they (then) paid to the Thams of Hunza. Up to the present day they bring in as tribute from Shimshāl a hundred moulded blocks of salt in autumn and a hundred blocks in spring.

No. XXIX.

The Story of Basèng Gairi.

In early times, they say, there was in the Nagir district a tyrannical Tham called Basèng Gairi. He practised great oppression on his people. He seized them to make them construct a water-channel to Masôt at the lower end of Ghulmit. Assembling all his subjects he commanded them, saying: "Bring wrought mud from Chalt and bring flat stones from Guwach."

For some years he thus put them to great trouble. They were unable to carry the channel through. Their backs became galled. Then they took counsel together how they might assassinate Basèng Gairi. He was making them do forced labour on the water-channel and all at once the men attacked him and rushed upon him with intent to stone him.

Basèng Gairi had his horse with him, and he mounted it and they say he made it leap from there to Mōri Dās. Then he escaped up that side of the river to Hunza. He proceeded to Bāltit in Hunza and up the Mamu Her, and climbing up the Dōdōng Murkū he galloped his horse thence to the Khūro Pferi. Dismounting there he thrust his whip into a tiny spring there was, whereupon both he and his horse sank (into the ground).

From the hillside into which the horse had sunk, out of the horse's tail, issued a spring of water. They used to call the spring "Basèng Gairi's Spring." It is still there. Furthermore, from the whip which Basèng Gairi had thrust (into the ground) there at the spring, canes had sprung up. They are there now. Also the water-channel which Basèng Gairi had constructed and the revetments on the cliff at the lower end of Ghulmit are there to the present day.

Some say that Basèng Gairi was a Tham, some say he was a supernatural being.

That is all. They tell the story thus.

No. XXX.

The Story of Bābā Ghwundi.

They say that in former times Chupūrsan was very populous. The Gilgit Thams used to take tribute from it. The Thamship was in the hands of the Trakhanāting.

In Ishkūk, they say, there were seven villages. There was a pond there, and in it there was a dragon. The people of the place — each household in turn — used every day, to give the dragon as tribute in kind a bull yak, a lump of ghee and a human being. For a number of years they gave to it after this manner.

Then the turn for (furnishing) the supplies for the dragon, came to a certain man. In his house he had a wife and he had a daughter; with himself there were three of them. He said to his wife: "Look here, wife, today the turn for furnishing supplies has come to me. I am going. They have warned me for the dragon's supplies." When he said this his wife burst into tears. Then she said to her husband. "O husband, don't you go. I will go. Don't you go." On this the daughter said to her mother and father: "O Father, O Mother, don't you go. I will go, because if the dragon devours me a son and a daughter will again be born to you. I will go. Get ready a set of clothes for me."

On their daughter's saying this they prepared a set of clothes for her and making her take with her a bull yak and a lump of ghee they sent her off as the (required) tribute to the dragon. She went on her way weeping.

When she got there a white-bearded man met her. She saluted him. The man replied to her salute and enquired of her: "Girl, why have you come here? And what are you doing here?" The girl replied in tears: "O Father, may I be your sacrifice! Today the turn had come to my father to furnish supplies for the dragon and I have come. The dragon will now eat me. I have come in place of my father and mother." When she had spoken thus the old man said to her: "I am going to sleep for a little. Rummage through my beard for lice." (He went to sleep and) she searched for lice in his beard.

Presently the dragon was on the point of coming out and the man had just gone to sleep. The girl was afraid and wept and one of her tears fell on his face. He woke up and when he looked he saw that the girl was crying. He asked: "What's the matter with you?" "O my Father," she replied, "the dragon is now going to eat me. It has put its head out of the pond." As he looked the dragon came fiercely forth. Then the old man drew his sword from the scabbard and hewed the dragon in pieces. Then he commanded the girl saying: "You go off now to your father's house. I have slain the dragon."

She went off and when she came to the house her father and mother saw her and said: "She's taken fright and come back!" They said to her: "Why's this? daughter. Now the dragon will come and eat us. If you were so much afraid, you shouldn't ever have gone." "I haven't come back because I was afraid," replied the girl. "A holy man appeared and he has cut the dragon in pieces.

The pond is filled with (its) blood and bones. If you don't believe it, come along and I'll show you."

They went off and when they came (to the place they found that the holy man) had strewn about the fragments of the dragon in the pond. They gave thanks to God. Then they came back to the village and summoning all the people assembled them together and informed them of the slaying of the dragon. The people of the village, (however), did not believe them. So they took them to the place and made them look and they saw (everything) with their own eyes. Then all the people returned to their homes rejoicing.

The holy man after cutting the dragon in pieces had vanished. Now that night all the people in Chupursan saw in their dreams the man who had slain the dragon. He said to them: "I have slain the dragon. Now if at any time weal or woe come on you, call me. My name is Bābā Ghwundi. I am the fifth Imām."

After this they dwelt in peace, and they became puffed up. One day those people of Chupursan gathered together and said: "Come now and let us call the man we saw in our dreams and see whether he will really come or not." So saying they went off, and raising lamentations they called to him. No sooner had they done so than the old man appeared, dressed in green garments, riding on a horse and carrying a lance. He searched all through Chupursan from the Irshād down to Raminj at the lower end, but he saw nothing and again he vanished.

Again the next day too the people of Chupursan, making a sport of it, called him. Again he came out, but there was nothing. There was no enemy and they were not in any difficulties. Three times in this manner they called and fetched him out. (Then) he entered into the skin of a poor man and (so) presented himself. They all made game of him and, howling and shouting, pelted him with earth and ashes. He became very wroth with them and invoking curses (on them) he determined to overwhelm Chupursan.

Then he went to the door of an old woman's house. There was nothing in her house except a sheep that had lambed. She milked it for him and took the milk out in a bowl to the door to welcome him. He blessed her and said: "O Grandmother, blessings be on you! Tomorrow morning do not go out of your house. Look on at what happens from the top of your roof. If you have any belongings in your neighbours' houses fetch them into your own house. Leave nothing outside. Tomorrow you will see what you will see." With these words he vanished from the sight of the old woman.

Then on the next day all Chupursan of a sudden turned topsy turvy, and spontaneously boiled up, and all the people were overwhelmed. The Holy Man, riding on the mud-flood with his lance in his hand, drew near to the old woman's house. The old woman's house and land remained; all the rest was submerged. When the old woman looked she saw that her sieve was missing and that it was in the flood. She called out to the Holy Man and he threw it out for her with his lance.

The name of the old woman's house and land is Kampirè Di.ōr. In the Wakhi language they call an elderly (or) old woman "Kampir," and they call a settlement "Di.ōr." The ruins of the old woman's house and her land are there now; they call them Kampire Di.ōr.

The Holy Man's name was Bābā Ghwundi Merd Wali. Hence the name of the shrine also is Bābā Ghwundi. This holy man had originally made his appearance, they say, at a place called Ghund in Wakhān, and for this reason they have called him Bābā Ghwundi. Some say he was the fifth Imam. His (personal) name is Muḥammad Bāqir.

At a certain place in Chupursan he has left the pattern of his embroidered horse-cloth. It is there still at the present day. It is

on a stone. Then at one place there is his horse's hoof mark, and at one place there is his horse's saddle in stone. Again, at another place on a flat stone there is his praying carpet, and at another place there is (the imprint of) his open hand. They call it the Panja i Shāh.

That is all there is to tell.

No. XXXI.

The Misgār Shrine, Aqtash.

At Misgār there is a shrine of which the name is Aqtash. In Turki they call a white stone "aq tash." The Kirgiz had given it the name.

Then they say that oil used to come out of the stone. Its proper name in Turki was "yāghtash." They call oil "yāgh." They used to call it the "Oil-Exuding-Stone."

In early times the Kirgiz were settled in Misgār. They had made this stone into a shrine for themselves. Even now the Misgāris go to it, and the men salām and the women wave their hands. And the Misgār people take goats and go there and sacrifice them. From old times they have fixed up horns on (the wall round) it, after they have been hunting.

Oil exudes from the stone.

That is all there is to tell.

No. XXXII.

The Story of Saiyid Shāh Wali.

They say that in early times a man called Saiyid Shāh had come with his wife out of the Ulter Ber in Hunza. The people were amazed saying: "Wherever this man has come from, and however he has come, there was no road (for him) anywhere." Saiyid Shāh and his wife settled down happily in Hunza.

Saiyid Shāh possessed supernatural powers, they say. One day he said to the people: "O men of Hunza, the water of Bāltit is scanty; a Dēu is drinking up all the water. I shall get the Dēu out for you, and do you slay him." At that time the people were afraid, so Saiyid Shāh shot (at the Dēu) with a gun; whereupon a considerable spring of water gushed out. Saiyid Shāh said to them: "If you had slain the Dēu much (more) water would have come out. I shot him just now in one tooth. The spring will remain to you for ever." The spring is there now. We call it the Pfurū.è Bul (the "Reed Spring.")

Then after some days Saiyid Shāh was annoyed at something and determined to quit Hunza. On his so deciding the people assembled and petitioned him saying: "Don't go." Saiyid Shāh did not agree and taking his wife he went out from Hunza. But Saiyid Shāh had taken a liking to a place in Hunza called Shikakianta. They say he gave the people there some of his hair, saying: "Bury this there." And he had said to them: "When there have come

to be seven Saiyids' graves in this place Hunza will become very prosperous."

After this, Saiyid Shāh, crossing over to Sumaiyer went down (the valley). The stone-shoot between Shayār and Hakūcher was raining down stones, and on Saiyid Shāh's coming level with it, it sent down stones. A big boulder came down from above. Saiyid Shāh, saying a prayer, spat upwards and made the stone, which had come rolling down, halt on the face of the slope. The boulder stopped by Saiyid Shāh's prayer is there on the slope to the present day.

Saiyid Shāh and his wife then came to Tōl. The place pleased them and they settled down there. After some months Saiyid Shāh fell ill and he said to the people "I am going to die. Go and ask for a shroud for me from Hunza and bring it here." It was a short time to sunset when he despatched them to ask for a shroud from the Tham of Hunza. It was still that hour, the sun had not set, when they arrived (back) at Tōl after going to Hunza and getting the shroud and returning. Saiyid Shāh was a holy man of God, and they say he had kept the sun from setting. On their bringing him the shroud Saiyid Shāh Wali died.

He had said to the people of Tōl: "Bury me here," and he had showed them the place, saying: "I have chosen this spot." Up to the present day the place which he chose and showed them is kept as a walled enclosure in Tōl.

Presently the people of Ghulmit learned what had happened and came to carry off Saiyid Shāh's body from the people of Tōl. And they did carry it off, for the people of Ghulmit were many and the people of Tōl were few. Overpowering and beating the people of

Tōl they carried off the body to Ghulmit, where they buried it and made a tomb.

To the Hunza people too, it is said, they did not surrender the body, (though) some years after Saiyid Shāh had died the people of Hunza had come up in armed force against Ghulmit.

One Chōro Nūr Shāh, by name, stole from the grave Saiyid Shāh's own lance which was on it and brought it (to Hunza). The lance is still in the Masjid at Aliābād.

That is all there is to tell.

No. XXXIII.

Marriage Custom in Hunza.

When a man proposes to get a wife for his son, and decides to enter into marriage-relationship with someone who has a daughter, he sends one of his own relations or a personal friend to the man's house as an intermediary to ask for his daughter. The delegate they call a "berangush."

The intermediary goes to the man's house and says to them politely: "Today such and such a man has sent me, in accordance with the command of God and the Prophet, to ask for your daughter for his son. He says: 'Give me your daughter for my son.'" That day the man gives the intermediary no promise to give him his daughter. He dismisses him saying: "Well we shall see what will happen."

The next day too the intermediary goes to the house and then the man promises to give him (the girl). The intermediary standing up says: "Bring me a dish (of flour)." When he has got them to bring it he himself sprinkles the girl with the flour. Then they consult together saying: "We shall celebrate the marriage on such and such a day, and on such and such a day we shall 'put on the griddle,' and on such and such a Friday we shall fetch the dishes (of food, from the Bridegroom's house)," and they betroth the girl to the youth.

Then they grind the *manotèki* (flour) for the wedding — for the *khamali* separately, for the *sherbat* separately, for the *qista* separately. He grinds two *talèchuqs* (= 336 lbs.) for the *khamali* and five *chuqs* (= 120 lbs.) for the *sherbat*, for the Bride's party and the tribal brethren of the Bridegroom. Then having made the (mullahs) look out an auspicious hour they put on the griddle. And they bring in the (female) relations and get them to bake the *khamali* for two days, and one day they make them bake the *qista*, and then they cook the meat. They slaughter four or five goats and they cook the *sherbat*.

Then they make the Bridegroom dress up and put on a cotton over-shirt and don a turban and carry a dagger. A man who has been once married helps him to dress up, and they make him take in his hand the ceremonial axe. Then he assembles his tribal brethren at the house and makes them drink wine and gives them bread, and they fetch the musicians and sing and amuse themselves (hold festival). Then they put white and blue spots round the Bridegroom's eyes.

When some time remains to sunset on the day ordained by the Tham they bring out all the bridegrooms to the public assembly. It is the custom from ancient times that they bring out the Dirāmiting bridegrooms first to the assembly before all the rest.

Then afterwards the (grooms of the) other three tribes come out. Then the Tham also comes out to the place of assembly, and all the bridegrooms of all the four tribes come out on to the dancing place and, forming a circle, sing songs about all the former Thams in order. They sing the songs in Shina.

One party start a song and the second party take it up from them. So doing they sing songs for a longer or shorter time. When they have finished singing in succession the songs of the Thams they then play the (slow time tune) *Bapo.è Dani* and a man of the Terakuts tribe dances before them, and the Diramiting bridegrooms dance with him. When they have danced for a little they salâm to the Tham and sit down. Then the Hurukuts (bridegrooms) dance, and then the Burōng, and then the Berätaling.

In this way they amuse themselves till evening. Then when evening comes the bridal parties — on the Bridegroom's part twelve or six men — go off each to the house of their respective brides. When the party enters the house they count them and slaughter a kid and the party go inside the house and sit down and sing songs for a little. Then they set food before them and, when they have eaten, the Akhond recites the Khutba in order to effect the marriage of the youth and the girl.

Then they make a relation stand up on the part of the Bridegroom, and they make a relation stand up on the part of the Bride as their representatives. They call them *wakils*. The Akhond when he has recited the Khutba and fixed the bride-price first asks the Bride in a low voice: "Are you content with this man?" and she

in a low voice replies: "I am content." Three times he asks the Bride and three times he asks the Bridegroom whether they are content. Then, reciting the *Khutba*, he gives a little water in a cup first to the Bride who drinks a little, and what remains over he gives to the Bridegroom, who drinks it all down at a gulp.

They perform the marriage in the house of the Bride's father. For poor people in Hunza the bride-price is not large. It is twenty-four cubits of sized cotton cloth of which the price is five rupees. They fix the bride-price at five rupees. When the Thams marry among themselves the bride-price for them is very big. They fix (it at) a thousand rupees or five hundred rupees.

Then they go out to the Bridegroom's house. They make three or four sets of cotton cloths for the girl. They call them "Tosh Gatu" (the New Clothing). They put a veil (over her head) and they put earrings in her ears and fix a tassel on her cap and then they bring her out of her father's house. As they bring her out they sing bridal songs in her honour and the girl weeps, and her father and mother weep.

Then the girls, children and women collect and come (along with her) to the Bridegroom's house. When they have arrived at his door (his people) bring out *Tomal* (smoke of Syrian rue) and *Khamali* to them and the Bridegroom and Bride touch the hearth-stones (with their fingers) and kiss them, and taking each other by the hand they each simultaneously put a foot down inside the threshold in the house. The Bride, entering the house, first touches the hearth-stone with her fingers and kisses her fingers. Then they take the Bride and make her sit down at the upper end of the room at the foot of the main pillar of the house. They bring trays to the Bride's party and they eat food. When they have eaten they go off to their own houses.

One of the brothers of the Bride's mother or one of the Bride's own brothers stays with the Bride, and one girl stays with her. They call this girl the *Mokätum Dasin* (bridesmaid). Then after sleeping (the night), in the morning the (bride's) mother-in-law takes the Bride away to fetch flour from the flourbin and to make her bake *khamali*. On the bin the Bride leaves a shirt, or an article of silver, for her mother-in-law. It is the custom for the mother-in-law to put on the garment.

They bring flour in a bowl and give it to the Bride. She kneads (dough of) it and begins to cook *khamali*. (As) wife of the Bridegroom she rolls out the dough and throws it on the griddle; and then the Bridegroom turns it. If the Bride spoils the *khamali* the Bridegroom gives her a rap with the bread-turner. If he fails to turn it and spoils it his wife gives him a rap with the rolling pin. This is the custom existing from former times.

When they have baked three or four pieces of *khamali* they throw a little flour on the griddle and take it off. After this the Bride's aunt, or sister, who has made her make the *khamali*, and the bridesmaid depart to their own homes.

Then three days after the marriage, on the Tuesday, they make the wife and husband lie together. On the Tuesday morning it is the custom in Hunza for them to set (lay? light?) the Tumishèling fire. And the Bridegroom, after lying with his wife, washes himself and comes out to dance at the Tumishèling fire. When he has danced and gone home his father and mother make *mül* (gruel) for him and he eats it. They call it *Ötiki Mül*. It is a custom obtaining from ancient times.

For the Bride they prepare two or three large bags of parched grain and dried apricots (and bring them) for the wedding from

her father's and mother's house. And they prepare for her one *chuq* (= 24 lbs.) or two *chuqs* of apricot kernels, and they provide *dīram* on a tray, and apricot-kernel oil in an oil vessel, and an adze and an axe and an iron brazier (trivet?) and a griddle and a Kashgari or Indian metal cooking pot and a bread-turner, and a quilt or blanket, and a numda.

The iron-ware (and?) domestic articles they call *mutēngi*.

That is all there is to say.

No. XXXIV.

The Custom in regard to Funeral-Rites for the Dead.

When a man or a woman dies, on their giving up the ghost. (their relations) put them on the ground stretching them out with their forehead facing the Qiblah. Then with their hands they close their eyes and for a little they bend and straighten their legs and arms. Then the relations fetch water and heat it, and the mullah comes and measures the shroud and tears it off. He makes the shroud of twenty-four cubits of cotton.

According to the Sheriat custom some relation of the man's, repeating the prayer for the washing (of the dead), lays the dead man out naked on a plank and washes him. Then having washed him and dried him they put him in the shroud.

Then the men and women collect together and weep. After weeping for a short time they fetch the bier and placing the body on it and tying it there the women and men take the body out of the house, weeping as they do so. The women, after going with it about 200 yards, turn back.

The mullahs together carry the corpse to the grave, repeating prayers as they go. There they take it down from the bier and recite prayers. Then when the grave is ready a relative or mullah lowers the body into it, and they lay the body down, turning it to

face the Qiblah, and undo the shroud from over the face and put the right arm under the head and lay the left arm along the side of the body, and so they leave it. They also bring a clod of earth and put it as a pillow.

Then the mullah, obliterating the marks of his feet in the grave, comes up out of it. After that they place flat stones over the grave and throw earth on the top. And they make a mound over the grave and pour water on it. Then the mullah recites verses from the Qur'an and offers up supplications. After this (the relations) ask pardon of those who have (dug) the grave and brought the stones. Then they withdraw from the grave and when they have gone seven paces the mullahs cry out the call to prayer over the grave.

It is said that when they have gone seven paces from the grave two persons come to the dead body in the grave. The name of the one is Nakir and the name of the other is Munkir. When they come and say to the corpse: "Arise with God's permission," it gets up. It starts up with a shout in the dark grave and its head strikes against the stones over the grave and then it sits down again. And it calls out: "Father, Mother, Uncle, Brother!", but answer comes from no one. Then Nakir and Munkir interrogate it. For this reason the mullahs cry out the call to prayer, saying: "Perhaps it will count for merit to the corpse."

The people who have left the grave come to the (deceased's) house. On their arrival there the relatives bring them *daudo* and put it in their mouths. In the evening they bring food from the houses of the relatives to the house of the deceased. Then when three days are up they slaughter the *chirāq* goats ("Goats of the Lamp")

No. XXXV.

About Naurōz.

They hold Naurōz on the third of Hamal. The Tham slaughters an ox and prepares food and brings it out to the polo-ground. He gets them to make three marks of silver (for an archery contest).

The Tham and the notables and all the men and women of Hunza who go to see shows put on their best clothes and smarten themselves up. The Tham provides Nauroz clothes for the Wazir and some of the elders.

Then they come to the polo ground and make a heap of earth for the mark and set it up. First of all the Wazir gallops down (and shoots his arrow at the mark). Then the Gushpurs do so, then the elders. If anyone hits the mark (the Tham) gives it to him; on which they kiss the Tham's hand. If the horsemen in three shots are unable to hit the marks then it is the custom to give them to the bandsmen.

They also do tent-pegging and play polo. And they put on a female Bitan (to perform). And the women and girls take ropes and go to the gardens and tie them to the boughs of tall apricot trees and swing. And the people dance on the polo ground.

They pound one *chuq* of wheat and cook it with the goats flesh and they make *sherbat*. And they light a lamp and the *akhond* then reads the *chirāq-nāma*. They practise this custom in accordance with the commands of Pir Shāh Nāsir i Khisrau. The *akhond* reads until the wick is burnt out. When it is finished they put the ashes of the wick in water and pour it out in the *ulachi*. Then they eat the food, and for the *akhond* they make a dish of the breast of a goat and they give him its skin and head.

For seven days the relations remain keeping watch in the house of the deceased, and they do whatever work turns up for the people of the house. When the seven days are up they prepare the "Qur'an Food." Having eaten of this they divide and take (what remains) and depart from the house of the deceased to their own homes. At the end of the seven days they also fetch the master out of the house. Then, after respectfully kissing his hand, they depart.

At the "Lighting of the Lamp" they used to eat one goat, and after the seven days reading of the Qur'an they used to slay three or four goats and cut up ten pieces of ghee. They used to be at great expense. (But) From last year (i. e. 1923) by order of the Agha Khān the Tham has made them give this up. He has permitted the eating of one goat for the Chirāq, and for the Qur'an Food he has permitted one piece of ghee and one *chuq* of grain.

That is all.

First the Tham gives the word and makes one of the Terakuts stand up to dance. When he has danced and sat down again the Trangfa of Báltit dances. Then the Yerpa dances; then the Trangfa of Ganesh; then the Trangfa of Áltit; then the Trangfa of Haidarábád, and then the Trangfa of Aliábád. In this manner they make the Trangfas of all the twelve villages dance, one after another. And then the Tham makes whomever he pleases dance.

Then when the show is over they bring the Bano. They give it first to the people of Báltit; then to the people of Ganesh; next to those of Áltit, and to those of Haidarábád and to those of Aliábád. They give the Bano to them in succession (one lot after another) from Misgár down to Maiyün, and they give it even to the people of Matum Dás.

When they have distributed the Bano the Mir and notables go off to their houses.

On the day of Nauroz they cook beans in all the houses.

That is all. From ancient times such is the custom.

No. XXXVI.

The Shikamatīng.

In Hunza when the apricot trees are coming into blossom and the blossom has come (up the valley) to the village of Zungātin there was from of old a custom which they call the Shikamatīng.

For the Shikamatīng the people of (each) house make a *pfiti* (a thick cake of bread) for each person. In the middle of the *pfiti* they make a slight depression and into it they pour a few drops of oil. They call the *pfiti* "Kechi Kichāli."

For some years now they have not kept the Shikamatīng in Hunza.

No. XXXVII.

The Odi Custom.

On the fifteenth of May they take away the Hunza flocks to the grazing grounds. When four days remain to the (time for) taking them away the Cherbu calls out: "Ho, tomorrow the Odi is to be kept. Do not milk your goats for yourselves!"

Then the Dirāmiting milk their goats and collect the milk and every day they bring two or three pumpkin-vessels (full) to the Wazir's house. They boil the milk and making a Dirāmiting herdsman carry it and some bread, in company with a brother or son of the Wazir they take it to get the Tham to handsel it. They take it to the Tham's house and get him to say "Bismillah" and taste it.

After that they bring the Odi milk of Ganish, of Altit, and of the New Settlements to the Tham.

For four days the Dirāmiting milk their goats and collect the milk at the house of the Wazir and make four or five vessels of

butter milk and carry the butter and buttermilk away from the Wazir's house to the Tham. Then the Tham gives them some present and they return to their homes. After that the Dirāmiting take away their flocks to the grazing grounds.

If any people take their flocks to the grazing grounds before the Odi they fine them a ram.

No. XXXVIII

The Gināni Custom.

It is the custom from ancient times that the Gināni be held on the fifteenth of Seratān if the year turns out hot, but if the year is cold they celebrate the Gināni on the twentieth.

When the barley has formed grain and the ears have turned yellow, the Tham, after consulting the Wazir and Elders, makes the Akhond look for a favourable time, saying: "Which day should we hold the Gināni?" The Akhond looks in his book and fixes a day.

Then when eight days remain to the Gināni they bring the musicians and make them play the Gināni tune at the Tham's door. The musicians play till ten o'clock and then go away.

When two days remain the Cherbu calls out: "Ho, on such and such a day the Gināni is to be eaten. Go to the distant grazing-grounds and fetch in the *buras*. All night till daybreak the musicians play music so that all the poor people may hear and rejoice.

Then, until the eating of the Gināni, rubbing the barley between

the hands is not permitted; and they warn the small children, saying: "If you rub the barley the Tham will cut out your tongues for you," and frighten them.

Then when it is time to bring in the Gināni, they play the Gināni tune in the morning on the balcony of the Tham's palace. First they go from the Tham's palace to bring in the Gināni. Then when they have brought in the Tham's Gināni from the fields it is the custom next for all to go away and bring in their own.

They go the fields and say "Bismillah" and pray to the Dēhkān Pīr and then they tear up a little barley by the roots and bring it home. Bringing it to the house they tie a little of the barley to the main pillar and a little they roast at the fire and rub it between their hands. Then they bring buttermilk in a bowl and three times in a spoon(ful of it) one of them puts 3 or 7 grains of the barley for the principal person of the house, and he laps it up. And in like manner all the people of the house in turn handsel the Gināni grain.

Then the next day they hold the Gināni sports. In the morning they play polo at Bāltit. After playing polo the Tham and the Elders come to the Tham's upper outside garden to make the people give a display. After they have arrived there they bring bread and *burūs* for the Tham from the houses of the Hunza Elders. The Tham sits down on a seat in the place of assembly and the Wazir and Elders sit down in their respective places and then they eat the bread. When they have eaten, the people assemble for an entertainment at the outside dancing-place, and the Tham and Elders come out and make them dance. First the Tham makes

one of the Terakuts dance and then they make the *Trangfas* and Elders dance in turn.

The women and children deck themselves out to come to the display. And the men used to come, after they had produced mulberry spirits and drunk and become intoxicated. This year and last year by the order of the Agha Khan, (the Tham) has made them abstain from drinking wine and spirits. Then they dance till midday.

When midday has come the Tham leaves the place of assembly and (goes and) lies down. After lying down for a little he gets up and they go off to Altit in the evening to play polo. The people of Altit also bring bread and *burris*, and when they have eaten they play polo and then go off to their homes.

Two days after holding the Gināni they celebrate the Piakmer. Then they cut the wheat and barley and prepare threshing floors and stack the harvest.

No. XXXIX.

Harvesting

In Hunza first they thresh the harvested barley. Having done so they collect (the grain) and make some thin bread and a cake of thick bread. Then they take big bags to the threshing floor and fill them (with the grain).

As they fill them they say thus: "I crave a blessing from the Diqōni Pīr. In the name of God! O God! Fill my belly, O God! Fill me full, O God! Grant the blessing of Ishkāshum, O God!" Saying (these words) they fill the bag.

Two men do the filling. One man holds (up) the mouth of the bag and the other fills it. They make all the others hide themselves. Then the two men, when they have filled (the bags), call to the (concealed men) and bring them up, and the latter, coming up say: "You have brought prosperity!" And the filler replies: "(It is due to your) luck and fortune!"

Then they have some food and bring the bags to the house and empty them into the grain-bin. Subsequently they bring in the wheat harvest too, and then the buckwheat. And, setting aside wheat and barley for seed-grain and for funeral rites, they take

the year's food supply out (of the bin) and they sift it in the sun. Then they put it into bags and take it away to the mill to be ground.

It is the custom to ladle out a *hichuti* (2 or 3 lbs. of grain) per bag for the miller, and they also make for him one piece of bread.

Then when they have ground it they bring it back and pour it into the bin and stamp it down with their feet, after which they seal the bin with mud and leave it.

They grind separately their daily rations for consumption during autumn, and then at the Tūmishèling they begin on the barley bin and in spring they begin on the wheat bin.

No. XL.

The Custom in regard to The Tham's Annual Visit to Hèrber.

Every Autumn, in September or October, or on the 15th. or 20th. of Sambula, the Tham sets out for Hèrber taking with him eighty followers and Elders. With ten or fifteen Elders, fifteen men of superior rank, twenty minor servants, seven or eight huntsmen, eight bandsmen and four grooms, thus he sets out.

It is the custom for the Elders of Galmit and, in addition, a number of young men, to come as far as Chaman Gul to receive the Tham. Slaying a goat and loading it along with a supply of bread in a panier they bring it to Bulchi Das for his reception. It is called *Otaq*. Then the Tham stops there and eats it. When he has eaten and has gone on to Chacha Hera the women come out on to the edge of the terrace and wave their hands round in the Tham's honour.

(Proceeding) thence they keep playing music in front of the Tham (until) he dismounts at the Galmit dancing place. When the Tham has dismounted they present an ox before him. In former times it was the custom for the Tham to give orders to a distinguished Elder, upon which the latter, they say, seizing the ox and pulling

it backwards smote it with his sword straight down the front line of the (shoulder and) forelegs. Now the present Tham has made them give up this practice. (As) for laying hold of the ox, they still lay hold of it.

Then when the Tham, having dismounted, has taken his seat on the platform at the dancing ground, they bring a small bowl of milk to him. The Tham, saying "Bismillah," drinks a little and enquires of the Headmen: "Are you well?" and they, standing up, reply to the Tham: "You are welcome."

Then the Tham goes into the fort and the servants and elders go off to their respective lodgings. When they have done so the Wakhis bring them *Kurûtê Daudau* (a form of food).

Then on the evening of the same day the Headman kills two goats at his house, and then cutting up a lump of ghee, which may be 30 lbs. in weight, he makes *sherbat*. Then, having prepared 15 *chugs* of wheat bread he conducts the Tham, accompanied by his followers, to his house.

There are two Hunza *Trangfas* and they go and cut up the bread and meat and prepare the dishes of food. They roast the breast of the one he-goat for the Tham and bring it to the place of assembly, and they convey the breast of the other to the Tham's consort. The kidneys they take to the senior *Gushpūr* if there is any. One liver they give to the *Wazir*, if he is there, or, if he has not come, to one of his brothers or his son.

When the Tham goes to the house and when he has arrived at

the door, they bring out a bowl of flour, and *ispandur* smoke, and a dish of ghee. The Tham touching these and kissing (his fingers) enters the house and sits down on the large dais. The master of the house and his brothers, standing in the centre part of the room, say: "You are welcome!" "God bless you!" replies the Tham.

Then he makes the Elders and followers sit down for a little at the door and he calls up the Wazir and then he calls up the Yerpa. Then they bring the Elders one by one into the house, and then they bring in the inferior followers, and they make them sit down in their appointed places. After this a personal servant brings water for the Tham to wash his hands, and when they have made the Tham wash his hands they make the Elders wash theirs.

Then they set food before the Tham. The Head Cook and the assistant cooks prepare vegetable soup for the Tham and put the hindquarters of a sheep and *sherbat* with bread before him. Also four cakes of thick bread, and curds in a bowl, and cream in a cup. The Head Cook cuts up the meat for the Tham.

Then they place dishes of food before the leading men, and the meat that is in front of the Tham they dispense to the Elders and followers. There are also the two heads of the goats: one of these with some bread they give to the musicians; the other they give to the grooms. To the huntsmen they give the fat tail (of the sheep) which is in front of the Mir. They give two dishes (of food) to each party separately. To the Bodyguard they give five dishes.

Then to the Tham's womenfolk also they send bread and dishes of food and to the Gushpurs they send one dish each. The Gushpurs are not allowed to come to the host's house with the Tham and Elders. They send the food for them to their various lodgings.

When he has eaten the Tham comes out. He says: "Blessings on you!" and they reply: "On your life blessings!" The master of the house comes out in front of the door with the Tham.

Then from the house of entertainment there is (sent) a dish on which they put as the Wazir's portion, a leg (of mutton), and *sherbat* along with bread; and also there is a dish apiece for the Headman and the two Hunza Trangfas on which they put a leg. Then for the cooks there are the fat of the two goats and their necks and skins. And for the musicians there is from ancient times a wooden jar which it is the custom to give to them filled with the oil from the *sherbat*. From that evening's food they set something aside and in the morning, and they bring it with *qurūt tsamik* from the host's house to the place of assembly.

When the Tham stays thus for a month or two months in Herber every day the people who are exempt from carrying loads bring to the Tham's house two goats and a lump of ghee and bread, which they have made with 15 *chuqs* of grain, and *sherbat*. And every day the Tham gives green grass to the Elders for their horses. To the Wazir grass is given from five houses and they give the Wazir one *chuti* of grain (for his horse). For the horses each village gives (him?) a rope.

When the hospitalities have come to an end they give a goat and bread (made) of five *chuqs* of grain. This is called *Otaq*. The custom of *Otaq* is as follows: One field has been given to each of them by the Thams and on that they have imposed the *Otaq* tax. Further the exempted man every year gives the Tham as *ilban* four animals viz. one he-goat, one ram, one she-goat and one yearling kid. Followers of the second rank and load-carriers give every year three animals viz. one she-goat, one sheep and one yearling kid. These are the tax (imposed) on load-carriers. Further, each household gives the Tham four (measures of) grain, which they call *sabūr jēti* and each household gives a *hichuti* of barley, which is called *yashē yürk*. It is the custom also for every village to give one rope each for as many dogs and horses as there may be.

The Khudā.abād *ilban* is (assigned) to Gushpur Nafis, and the Nazimābād *ilban* to Shābāz Khan and the Misgār *ilban* is vested

in the Gushpurs. During the Thamship of Ghazan Khān it was given to Wazīr Asadullah Bèg, because (the Tham) had sent his two sons in command of an army to Seriqōl. The name of the one was Khairullah and the name of the other Faizu. The Kirgiz had shot both at Wachē in Seriqōl, and they had brought them back and buried them in Misgār. It was the hot weather, and in autumn Wazīr Asadullah Bèg exhumed them and, bringing them to Bāltīt, he made a grave and buried them there in coffins. For that service Ghazan Khān had granted Wazīr Asadullah Bèg the Misgār tax as a permanent inheritance. After Asadullah Bèg's death Ghazan Khān had bestowed the Wazīrship on Humāyūn Bèg.

A year had not passed after Asadullah Bèg's death when Ghazan Khān, who had a son called Bapo, despatched Wazīr Humāyūn Bèg and a Bridal Party, with his son, by way of the Irshad to fetch a daughter of Amān-i-Mulk of Chitrāl (as wife) for the latter. After they had arrived at Kirmin, Tera Bèg conspired with Safdar Khān against Ghazan Khān and they murdered him. Then they banished Wazīr Humāyūn to Chitral, and bringing back the Gushpur, Ghazan Khān's son, they murdered him in Shīmshāl. Then Safdar Khān possessed himself of the Thamship of Hunza and Tera Bèg became Wazīr.

When five years had passed with Safdar Khān in possession of the sovereignty the army of the English Government advanced against Hunza. They say that an officer of the English Government, called Lockhart, had come to Tera Bèg and Safdar Khān. They had shown him great disrespect, and when he had said: "Give me right of way through Hunza to China" they had subjected him to great insults.

Hunza and Nagir, joined together and made war. But Safdar Khan and Tera Beg found themselves unable to fight and fled away to Chinese territory.

Then Wazir Humāyūn Beg returned from Chitral with the English authorities to Hunza, and the Government gave him the Wazirship. Indeed they gave him the powers of Governor. All members of the Ruling Family had gone off with Safdar Khān; there was none (left in Hunza). Tera Bèg too had gone off and his sons with him. The English Government also gave Humāyūn Bèg, Tera Bèg's land.

Then Wazir Humāyūn Bèg represented to Government that Mir Muhammad Nazim Khān, who was at that time in Seriqol, should be made Tham. He sent a letter to him and brought him to the Government and the Government gave him the Thamship.

Then Mir Muhammad Nazim Khān gave once more to the Wazir the Misgār tax, which was *Gushpuri*, and the *Gushpuri* lands of Haiderābād he also gave to him.

No. XLI.

Gold-Washing in Hunza.

From ancient times the Diramiting have not (been required) to wash for gold for the Thams, because they are the seed of the original inhabitants of Hunza, and the Thams give them precedence in everything.

When the Thams have to go anywhere it is the custom for the Diramiting to carry the Tham's bag of gold. The remaining three tribes they make carry the gold-washing tray. The three tribes, each taking, along with the Chief Gold-Washer, two assistants of their own tribe, proceed to the edge of the river and carry out the Autumn and Spring gold-washing for the Tham.

There is a tax of a *bai.i* of gold on each Chief Gold-Washer, Twelve rupees are (a *bai.i*). Every autumn and spring they either wash for gold or work for hire and bring in the tax.

Those (only) are gold-washers whose fathers and grandfathers have from of old been carriers of loads. They do not make people who have done superior service, wash for gold.

This gold-washing tax is in force from Maiyūn up to Ata.abād. In Hèrber from Galmit to Misgār and the Chapūrsan there is no custom of gold-washing in force. They do not make the people (there) do it.

No. XLII.

The Distribution of the Spring Water Supply in the Bāltit Region.

The custom in regard to distributing the water in spring-time: The people of Ganish, of Altit and of Ali.ābād, these three communities, have equal shares in the water of the Ulter Nullah from the (time of) ploughing till the second watering.

From the time that the Ulter water begins to flow the people of Bāltit stop a little of the Berber water. It is the custom, from the beginning of Spring, to turn the water on to Kerimābād for the Tham. through the regulator.

The snow-water and the spring-water of Būlulo is shared by the people of Bāltit and of Haiderābād. First, at the commencement of the month of Hūt they release the water to the Haiderabadkuts for the barley sowing. Having released the water for the sowing, they (then) direct it to Bāltit. After supplying water for the Bāltit

sowing, they give it to the Haiderābād-kuts for the second watering; when the second watering is done they despatch the water for the Bāltit second watering.

When the Haiderābād-kuts have used the water for seven days, the Bāltikuts use it for fifteen days, then when the Haiderābād-kuts have used it for fifteen days the Bāltit people use it for a month. This custom has been in force from olden times.

The Berber water (supply) is famous in Hunza. Wazir Asadullah Bèg constructed the Berber water channel in the time of Shah Ghazanfer. So long as the Berber was not in existence there was great scarcity of water in Hunza. To get drinking water the women used to go to Herchē and fetch it. Hunza was made habitable by the Bāltit water.

The Hamachāting constructed the Hamachi water channel to Ganish and the Altitkuts took a channel off from the Ulter Nullah. Shāh Salim Khān had constructed a channel for Ali.ābād from Herchē and bringing it along had stopped it at the Kherum Bat. He had been unable to carry it beyond that.

For some reason he had dismissed Wazir Pūno from the Wazirship. Pūno was living at his own home. One day, taking the Khurukuts with him he went by night and made them dig behind the Kherum Bat. Making them play on drums he got them to carry the channel through. Shāh Salim Khān, being pleased at this, gave him the Wazirship again.

Asadullah Bèg constructed the Murkū channel. He also made the Murtazā.abād channel and the Khudā.abād channel.

Wazir Asadullah Bèg had also laid out the trace of the Mōrē Dās channel. Mir Muhammad Nazim Khān carried it out on that trace.

No. XLIII.

The Birth of Twin Calves.

It was formerly the custom in Hunza that when anyone's cow calved and gave birth to twin calves he used to go to Ganish and shout out to Somaiyer: "Ho, uncle! Ho, uncle!" When he did so, a man on the other side would answer: "A.u."

On this the first would say: "Ho, my cow has calved and given birth to twins!" Then if the Somaiyer man said: "Ho, may it be blessed to you!", they say that it used to turn out well for the Hunza man. On the other hand, if the Somaiyeri said something evil, then evil befell him.

Again, if any Nagir person's cow calved and gave birth to twins, he used to come and shout out from the edge of the cliff at Somaiyer: "Ho, my cow has calved and given birth to twins!"

Thus it was the custom for them formerly to shout when there was a closed boundary between (Hunza and Nagir)

That is all!

XLIV.

A Hunza Song.

- Vir loq. A distant journey has fallen to my lot,
 O thou my healer,
I have come forgetting my amulets,
 May they be funeral alms for me!
- Puella loq. Why dost thou outrage thyself,
 Saying "funeral alms?"
May this foolish husband of mine die!
He has burnt thee up in the forge, alas!
When a hawk has appeared in the country
What peace is there for the partridges?
If there be friendship between me and thee

There will be no unrest in the land.

Why art thou thus? O my beloved with the beautiful locks.

O this sweet mother of mine,
Has she not born me for thee?

Vir loq. O, I have received a bullet wound in the middle
of the back.

Nowhere have I found a cure for the bullet wound
and I am doomed to die, alas!

O, the fair sun that looks on lovers, it too has departed,
O, the black night that burns up the souls of lovers.
it has come, O my father(?)

Puella loq. O, my father and mother have given me to a man,
they say.

It needs must be(?), my beloved.

He will break in pieces my limbs of pearl.

Vir loq. I said: "I shall go by the Fairies' Lane,"
And going astray a blast of (Fairy) wind struck me.
What remedy is there for the (Fairy) wind? O friend.

Amicus loq. Perchance the hair of Sho.i Peri may prove a remedy?

Puella loq. If I should hear news that my beloved has come.
I would cut off my hair for him to sweep
the road for him.

If for my beloved my hair is too little,
 this straight body of mine
I would place as a chair for him.
The heritage of the world, O my beloved friend,
 (be thine?).

Vir loq. If my beloved asks for me, say to her
 " He is very weak."

Puella loq. I have become blind from constant weeping.
O what a long journey thou hast had to make.
May I be a sacrifice for thy name, O beloved!

No. XLV.

Song.

- r loq. The morning star of youth ever rises
 And sets in the "mansion" of my beloved.
 I have seen from the book of Sa'di, O Léli.
 What is said to lovers. Yes, I have heard it.
 I say "I shall go on a journey," and at the time
 of my departure
 The soul goes out from my body and clings to the
 door of my Beloved.
- uella loq. Why art thou thus? May thine enemies be before
 thee!
- ir loq. Do not exalt my enemies. May the wrong thou
 hast done me(?) carry thee off.
- l'uella loq. Bring me news, neighbour mine, and I shall be
 thy sacrifice.
 If thou bringst me true news I shall take thee as
 my foster-mother.
- Vir loq. All the youths make songs in honour of my
 Beloved.
 What! Is she God's rain that she should fall
 on all of you?

All my enemies turn (hostile) eyes on me.
May my Beloved's father die! What! Does she
favour others?

Puella loq. "She does not look at me," O, do not say that
to me, Beloved.

Let the night alone, I am with thee (even) in my dreams.
What! have I no desire to talk?

May the seed of the cramped (little) village perish!
(But) The spoken word is a (wandering) derwesh.
They say that that lover of mine had come on to
my father's staircase.

Did you not see him, Madam sister-in-law?
May your father die!

Vir loq, Throwing my Beloved's musk-scented tresses round
my neck

Then shall I betake me to her lap and breathe
out my life.

Bibi Anjir is my soul (*or*, beloved).

Puella loq. Harken to me, O ye mothers,
That sweet-spoken Goher of mine has come,
they say.

No. XLVI. A.

The Parable of the Lost Son.

And he said:

A man had two sons. The younger of them said to his father: "Father, give me the share of our property that comes to me."

The father divided up his property and gave it to them.

Then when not many days had passed, the younger son collected all his belongings and proceeded to a very distant country. In that country he exhausted all he possessed in evil conduct. When he had done so there came a very severe famine in the land and great adversity came upon him. He went and settled with a man of that country, and the man sent him into his fields to feed the swine.

He longed in his heart, saying: "Would that my belly might be (filled) with the things that the swine eat!" And no one gave him anything.

Then, coming to his senses, he said: "To how many labourers does that father of mine give bread without stint, and I am dying here of hunger. I will arise hence and go to my father, and I will say to my father: 'Father, I have become wicked in the eyes of heaven and in your eyes. I now cannot say: "I am your son." If you will pardon me, then make me as (one of) your labourers.'" Thus he spoke (to himself) in his heart.

As the story goes: Arising thence he went to his father. While his son was still a long way off, his father seeing him was moved to pity, and he went running (to him) and threw (himself) on his younger son's neck and kissed him.

The son said to his father: "Father, I have become wicked in the sight of heaven and in your eyes. I have now become unworthy to say again 'I am your son.'"

(But) the father said to his servants: "Bring out quickly the best of clothes and put them on him, and put a ring on his finger and shoes on his feet, and bring the fatted calf and slay it. For this son of mine had died (but) now he has come to life again; he had become lost (or, I had lost him), (but) now I have found him (again)." After that they began to make merry.

In the meantime the elder son was in his field. On coming home when he looked he heard a sound of singing and music and

dancing. He called to one of his servants and asked him: "What is this?" The servant answered him: "That missing younger brother of yours has come back, and your father has made them kill the fatted calf, because he has got back your young brother safe and sound."

The elder on hearing this became angry and refused to go into the house. But his father went out and (tried to) persuade him. To what his father said he replied: "Father, for many years I have done you service, but you have never given me a kid that I might eat it and make merry with my friends. Now this younger son of yours, who has dissipated your property in evil doings, has come back, and for him you have made them slay the fatted calf."

The father replied to his elder son: "Son, you are always with me, and all that I have is yours. It was right that we should make merry and rejoice, for this your younger brother was dead and now he has come to life again, he was lost and now we have found him again."

The story is ended .

šeči'en ke i'k'erte i'mo yu'l ne nuš'e huru'tiš, magər ki'ner i'ke
xu'kišu'e šeryas wat'e'ntsum ti ši.asər mene besan 'evuč'am.

Ho beruman guntsi'ntsum ki'ne hil'es hu'sər di'n ik'ərəŋe se.ibai.i.

5 "Ja 'au.u.e beruman dur'o'ski.u'ər šapik bos u'čai.i (or, uy'Δča'n)
da je akole č'amine eirča (or, ai.irča) ba. Āki'l'ate e'ramtsum (or,
e'rastsum) je da'l numa je.imo au.u e'pačər ni'čam. Da i'nər seyam:
"Le 'aya, je aiyāš ke da u'ŋe nazərulo gunagər am'ana ba. Mu
æki'l yaški 'ataw'asa ba ke da 'je u'ŋe guvi ba' seyam. Je gu'imo
dur'o'skuyo ju.an 'ati. U.'e'ka go'r duro ne huru'sam."

10 Ho ik'ərəŋe dæki'l n'usen i'n di'mi i'mo yu' e'pačər guts'ərimi.
I'n mu mata'n bam i'ne yu'u.e i'ne i' n'itsin raham di'mi. Da
nuk'a'rts i'ne i'v bukər w'Δšimi da ba'n etimi.

I'ye yu'wər senimi: "Le ja au.u, je Xuda' ke da u'ŋe nazərulo
gunagər am'anam, be'seke u'ŋe bərči o'manum ma'l traŋ nama'tin
15 (or, nuk'ətin) n'utsun ŋunikiš duro'wər e'ram. Muto gute senastse
yaški ataw'asa ba ke je da 'u'ŋe guvi ba' seyam."

I'ie daki'l s'enasər y'u'we i'mo n'okartiŋər 'o'simi: "Šu.a'tsum
ke šu.'a gatun humalkum dyu'isin ki'ne 'e'bilin, da i'ne iri'ŋulo
buro'ndo da yu'tiŋulo (or, yu'tisulo) kafša 'eltai.in. Da yu'sam i'se
20 bušo'ušo d'itsun kaš etin ke ho ni'š'in šure.a'r (or, xuši) 'e'čan," o'simi.
"Be'seke ja ki'ne e'v i'rum (or, i'ram) bam mü dy'u'ərimi, wa'lam
mu da'Δyurka ba." Ho u' xuši etastse du'y'u'iskinuman.

Lekin i'ne uyum i' malulo bam. Bešal i'n maltsum di'n ha'lər
asi'r de'sqaltimi ke ŋəriŋ ke həri'pe da gir'atase i'čər de'yelimi.
Da hin nokəranər qau ne do'y'ərusumi: "Kət besan mai.i bila?"

No. XLVII.

The Story of Širi Badat, or Širi Bəra'i Bəyər Tham.

(From the Burushaski of Gushpūr Muhammad Ghani Khān).

In ancient times there was in Gilgit a Tham called Shāh Rāis. They say that he had a gold horn on his head. This secret was known only to one private servant who used to trim the Tham's hair.

The Tham was very anxious to keep the affair secret. Owing to (the strain of) keeping the matter secret the servant fell ill (of

dysentery?). After reflecting about it he went to Herèli and digging a hole in the ground he shouted into it "Shāh Raīs has a gold horn on his head." Then he filled in the earth and returned (home)

A girl was grazing flocks in Herèli and a man came to her there and gave her a *choga* and some thread(?). In a little the *choga* became more torn(?) and the thread remained as it was. She was amazed and asked: "You are surely Shiri Badat, are you not?" He answered her: "Yes, I am Shiri Badat. I am now going to become Tham in Gilgit, and I shall give you a great reward." So saying he vanished.

Then coming to Gilgit he took up his quarters in hiding in Shāh Raīs's stable; and when Shāh Raīs's horses were given their ration of walnut kernels Shiri Badat used to eat it. Eventually the Tham enquired: "Why have all my horses got into poor condition?" After great efforts the groom caught Shiri Badat who said: "Because Shāh Raīs has become Tham am I not to eat horse-food?" The groom came to the Tham and reported: "A man said thus and thus and has disappeared (*lit.* hidden himself)"

In those days *Bitans* used to dance and practise divination and Shāh Raīs (now) gave orders for them to dance. For the *Bitans* they used to play on pipes made of *chotal*. By a strange chance they had been in the habit of getting the *chotal* reeds from Herèli, and (now) at the place where the servant had dug the ground and shouted into it, three (clumps of) *chotal* had come up. On their being played for the *Bitans* the pipes said only: "Shāh Raīs has a gold horn on his head."

The Tham was astonished and spoke to the servant about it. The servant made a clear statement of his doings and the Tham it appears was pleased at what he had done in Hereli.

Shiri Badat was also present at the show and the groom recognised him and seized him.

The Tham reviled Shiri Badat and said to him: "When you were in need why did you not come to my house and get something, instead of stealing the horses' food?" Shiri Badat replied: "Because you have become Tham am I not to eat horses' grain?" The Tham losing his temper threw his dagger towards him and said: "Then take this if you need it." Shiri Badat took the dagger and killed Shāh Raīs with it.

Then he proclaimed: "I am Shiri Badat. The authority of the Thamship of Gilgit has now become mine." And he took his seat on the throne of Gilgit (Hunza-Nagir was also included in it). He performed the marriage ceremony with the girl who had repaired his *choqa* in Hereli and espoused her. After some time a girl (*lit.* woman) called Nūr Bakhsh was born to them.

Shiri Badat's food was one lamb every day. One day an old woman of Hoper gave him a lamb which had been reared by a woman. On getting the (human) taste of the meat Shiri Badat asked the reason of it. The old woman said: "When the lamb was young its mother had died and I gave it my own milk and reared it as my own (child)." After that a year-old boy was his fixed (daily) ration. The people were much annoyed by this cruelty.

At that time three brothers, Abūl Ghais, Abūl Fāni and Hāzir Jamshed came to the Daiyōr fort. There there was an ox belonging to Shiri Badat's gardener. The others said to Hazir Jamshed: "Let us shoot at it," and the three of them shot (at it) with their

bows. The two others missed, but Hazir hit it. They said to him: "You go and kill it and roast its meat and let us know (when it is ready)."

He went and slew it and roasted its liver and called out to them. They answered: "You say 'Bismillah' (and begin) first." He said 'Bismillah' and when he began (his repast) the other two clapped their hands and disappeared. They left behind for him a cook called Rilè Ramal with iron hands and a groom called Ashtanè, whose descendants are in Ganish to the present day. They said to Hazir Jamshed: "You go now and be Tham in Gilgit."

Hazir Jamshed took (with him) his cook and groom and the flesh of the ox and they came to Gilgit and alighted at the house of the gardener. On looking about he saw the gardener's wife bring in flowers from the garden and begin to make up nosegays. "What are you doing?" said Hazir Jamshed. "I am making nosegays," she replied, "for Shiri Badat's daughter, Nur Bakhsh." "May I make one too?" said Hazir Jamshed. "By all means make one," replied the old woman. Tying(?) some of his own hair on to a very fine nosegay he threw it into the basket.

The old woman presented the basket to Nur Bakhsh, and the latter enquired about Hazir Jamshed's nosegay. The old woman chattered away(?) and told her all the facts of the case. Nur Bakhsh falling in love with him lodged him secretly in the house. After some time Nur Bakhsh having conceived a son was born to her. As both of them were afraid of Shiri Badat she placed the infant in a box and shutting it up put it carefully in the Hanisāri river. The river carried down the box and cast it up at Bul Dās.



FOLK TALES FROM HUNZA

The beautiful former state of Hunza in the Northern Areas of Pakistan lies in the snow-crowned mountains, long drawn glaciers and deep-cut river beds in the western Karakoram range. Folk tales from this area were collected by the British Political Agent of Gilgit Lt. Col. D.L.R. Lorimer in the early twenties. His work consisted of a book in three volumes dealing with the Burushaski language of the area. This was published in 1935 in Oslo by the Institute for comparative Research in Human Culture. The English version of Lorimer's second volume comprising simple plain stories of the folks is being published by the Institute of Folk Heritage. These stories tell us a great deal about the land, people, arts and crafts, professions, sports, religion, socio-economic set up, and above all the folk wisdom of the people of Hunza.