

SINDHI FOLK TALES



SHASHI-PUNHUN



LILA - CHANESAR



SOHINI - MAHIVAL



UMAR - MARVI



MUMAL - RANO

Writer
PRITAM VARYANI
Translation By
SHRI MOHAN GEHANI

SINDHI FOLK TALES

By : PRITAM VARYANI

Translation By
MOHAN GEHANI

Published By
INDIAN INSTITUTE OF SINDHOLOGY

SINDHI FOLK TALES

(Retold and Renarrated Stories - Collected, modified and reproduced in literary style)

Author : © Pritam Varyani

Translation in

English by : Mohan Gehani

Edition : First - October 2009

Copies : 750

Price : Rs. 50/=

Art work : 1. Shri Menghraj Talreja (Illustrations of first seven Stories)
2. Shri Kamal Kishmi (Illustrations of 8 to 10 Stories)

Type setting : Sindhology Computer Center, Adipur

Publisher : Indian Institute of Sindhology, Adipur ((Kutch)
Post Box No. 10, Adipur (Kutch) 370205

Printer : Scan Computers, Ahmedabad

Book

Available at : Indian Institute of Sindhology, Adipur

INDEX

	Page
1. UMAR-MARUEE	1
2. SASUEE-PUNHOON (SHASHI-PUNHUN)	5
3. SUHINI-MEHAR (SOHINI-MAHIVAL)	9
4. MUMAL-RANO	13
5. LEELA-CHANESAR	18
6. SORATH-RAI DIYACH	23
7. NOORI-JAMTAMACHI	28
8. MORIRO MIRBAHAR (THE BOATMAN)	32
9. KOEL-DEEPCHAND	34
10. BRAVE DODO-ABRO	39

From Translator's pen.....

Sindhi folk tales form vital patterns on the fabric of Sindhi culture. They are far deep rooted than is normally recognized. They are embedded in the Sindhi psyche and forms a part of the value structure of the masses. These stories in fact have become a part of Sindhi ethos. The classical Sindhi poetry cannot be understood without the knowledge of these folk tales as it is replete with frequent allusions to them. When I found the book of Mr. Pritam Varyani which told the stories in a short and lucid form without losing the charm of the original, I was tempted to translate the same. I am hopeful that this book of translation into English will be of use to those who due to Sindhi Diaspora across the globe have not been able to learn their language and are trying to find their roots. After all we owe them the responsibility of building the bridge whereby we would be able to reclaim them. This is my humble endeavor in that direction. I am grateful to Indian Institute of Sindhology which has undertaken the task of publishing this translation. The original Sindhi version was published by the author himself.

I shall be failing in my duty if I did not acknowledge the assistance of my daughter, Shilpi who in spite of her busy schedule, took out time to improve on my manuscript.

Bhopal - 13th June 2009

– Mohan Gehani

FOLKLORE AND SINDHI FOLK TALES

Human Society is based on communication of thoughts and views and the main medium of that communication is Language. The use of Language is mostly through speech and less in writing. The language not only finds expression in day to day activities but also in the inner feelings of an individual. Folk literature springs out of such oral expression of the people.

Folk literature can be divided into folk music, folk drama, folk tales, riddles etc. but among them folk music and folk tales are important. Folk life is reflected very clearly and spontaneously in folk tales. Shah Abdul Latif, the immortal classical poet of Sindhi language therefore, based his verse on the Sindhi folk tales like Umar-Maruee, Sasuee-Punhoon, Leela-Chanesar, Bijal-Rai Diyach etc. which the speakers were familiar with.

These ten folk tales were known to Sindhi speaking people with different versions in narration and writing.

Shri Pritam Varyani has done a commendable job by comparing the different versions and compiling and putting them in a book form and thus has paved the way to making the Sindhi readers aware of this rich treasure of folk literature. His style is simple and has rhythm of language. Shri Menghraj Talreja's pictures and also those of Shri Kamal Kishmi have added to the artistic beauty have enhanced their flavour. The tales are coupled with appropriate verse pieces here and there.

I am sure, these Ten Folk Tales will prove to be of great help to the lovers of Sindhi literature and teachers, alike.

— Satish Rohra

A Valuable Gift

Prof. Pritam Varyani has dedicated twilight years of his life in collecting Sindhi Folk-lore which is slipping away fast due to our apathy.

Folk Literature is a treasure trove of many immaculate gems of truth and beauty, the legacy handed over from generation to generation by word of mouth, from the time immemorial

Prof. Varyani deserves kudos for collecting ten Sindhi folk tales, got them translated into English, in the present volume. Earlier, they were published in Sindhi (both the scripts) as well as in Hindi. This English version will help the young generation of Sindhis scattered all over India and abroad to get acquainted with seven heroines of great poet Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai- Maruee, Moomal, Sasui, Suhini, Sorath, Leela and Nurie. They are the embodiment of best of the human virtues.

The present generation is at loss to understand the nuance of Shah Latif's poetry because of the lack of knowledge of these legends.

Prof. Varyani has made a valuable gift to the present and coming Sindhi generation, to enable them to enjoy the music of Bhagat Kanwar Ram, Master Chander, Dada Dukhayal, Ram Panjwani, Abida Parvin, Ustad Manzoor Ali Khan, Bhagwanti Nawani and others, who have lent their golden voice to the poetry of Shah Latif, eulogizing the character, courage and beauty of seven heroines.

Indian Institute of Sindhology feels privileged to bring out this publication which is the result of painstaking efforts by Prof. Varyani.

Lakhmi Khilani
(Director)

About the Book

This book was originally written by Shri Pritam Varyani in the Sindhi language (Sindhi Arabic script) in the year 2006. It was republished in 2008 by him in Sindhi (Devnagri script) on demand from new generation. Looking to the demand, it's Hindi version was published in 2009 with a nice translation by late Prof. Jiwit Setpal. This version was published by the Indian Institute of Sindhology, Adipur. And again there was a demand for it's English version. Shri Mohan Gehani who has command on English translated this book and is being published by the Indian Institute of Sindhology in 2009. This book is being presented to the readers. It is hoped it will be appreciated. Suggestions and comments if any will be welcome.

This book has become attractive and beautiful due to coloured illustrations, contributed by artist Shri Menghraj Talreja, Bombay and Shri Kamal Kishmi, Adipur. I am thankful to them.

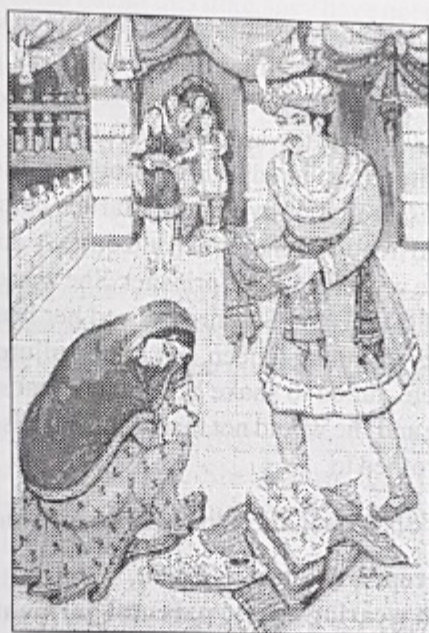
I am thankful to Shri Mohan Gehani for his nice and faithful translation, Shri Nirmal Vaswani to have gone through the draft and his suggestions and also for his encouragement for publishing the book. I am thankful to Ms. Chetna Lalwani to prepare the final draft. I am also thankful to Dr Moti Prakash to suggest some cuplets, befitting to the stories.

Last but not the least, I am thankful to Shri Lakhmi Khilani the Director of Indian Institute of Sindhology for taking up this book for publication.

I am thankful to Shri Deepak Lalwani, M/s Scan Computer Ahmedabad for printing the book.

— Pritam Varyani

UMAR-MARUEE



It is a story of the times when Umar Soomro used to rule over Umarkot in district Thar Parker. In the village of Maleer a shepherd named Palino used to live with his wife Maduee. They had a small farm also. They used to look after their herd, cultivate their small piece of land and led a contented life. They had hired a farm boy named Phoghsen.

They had a daughter named Maruee. Even at the time of birth she was as beautiful as a fairy and as she grew in years, she grew in beauty too. Her fame as a very beautiful girl spread far and wide. As she entered her youth, Phoghsen was infatuated by her. In spite of being a mere farm hand he had the audacity to ask for the hand of Maruee. This infuriated Palino and he was immediately sacked and Maruee was betrothed to Khetsen. Thus spurned and guided by fire of jealousy and to seek revenge for affront suffered, Phoghsen approached Umar Soomro the ruler of Umarkot which was known after the name of its ruler Umar though in fact this fort was founded by Amarsingh Rathore. Phoghsen incited the ruler's lust by giving vivid descriptions of the beauty of Maruee. He said that the place of such a beautiful lady

was only in the palace of the ruler where due to all the comforts and luxuries her beauty would bloom.

The ruler was naturally quite impressed by Phoghsen's narration of Maruee's beauty. He wanted to possess her. Umar Soomro the ruler guided by Phoghsen went to Maleer in disguise. When they reached outskirts of Maleer incidentally at that exact time Maruee was going towards the well to fetch water. at the sight of her beauty Umar was quite intoxicated; while Phoghsen hid behind the trees, Umar approached Maruee as a thirsty traveler. As Maruee came near to give him water, he immediately picked her up on his camel and quickly rode to Umarkot.

At Umarkot she was kept virtual prisoner. She was enticed cajoled and threatened, but to no avail. Ruler Umar Soomro praised her beauty, professed deep love, promised to make her Reigning Queen, but all the allurements of good-luxurious clothes, food, status etc. failed to shake her resolve that she belonged to her clan - her own native people and she would not marry any one else except Khetsen a person to whom she was betrothed to.

In the words of Shah Latif, the immortal poet of Sindh, She said;

**I will not accept any other husband,
For me that, wearing coarse parental garments is handsome,
Even if uncouth, he occupies the deep place in my heart.**

This infuriated Umar Soomro and she was consigned to prison. She was abducted during winter season; nearly six months elapsed and rainy season came. She would sadly count the season and would picture the life of her kinsfolk at her village of Maleer and pine for them. She bore her adversity with stoic fortitude for she knew that her poor kins were not able to rise against the King. She did not waver in her resolve. She did not change into royal garments, did not clean herself and her beauty appeared soiled, to this she became utterly oblivious. Instead she said, (in the words of Shah Latif):

**I would not use your scented oil; my heart is attached to my kin,
Why should I listen to any one, ultimately I Belong to them.**

**This is not the way of my kin folks,
To exchange daughter for the sake of Gold and wealth
While at Umarkot I shall not sour this tradition,
The love of hutment cannot be exchanged for a palace.**

Having failed in all his endeavors Umar resorted to shaming her by saying, "You crave so much for your kin folks but all this time, they have not even cared to send any message to you. It is futile for you to continue to remember them, pine for them and entertain any hope of rescue from them." Maruee was unshaken in her resolve. She did not even look at all the allurements and luxuries presented before her. She would prefer her simple food to the royal feast and the wild flowers and costly scents offered by the ruler.

In the words of Shah Latif:

**My bare threads are more than gold chain,
Don't offer silks to poor cowherds O, Umar!
Even a fold of my own upper garment is dear to me.**

She entreated Umar to free her so that she may return to her native place and pour water of her soil on herself. She further told Umar that when she would die in his captivity her body should be sent to her people so that she may be buried in her native soil.

In the words of Shah Latif:

**While pining for my land, were I to breathe my last,
My body be handed over to my people,
May the creepers of my native soil cover my body,
I would live even if dead, if buried at Maleer.**

All this exasperated Umar. He was all the more sullen. At that time his family nurse who came to know of the situation rushed to Umar and told him that Maruee and he had partaken the milk from the same wet nurse and further explained that after your birth, your mother and father had taken you to visit villages and had visited Maleer too, where Maduee the mother of Maruee had fed you, as your mother did not have sufficient milk of her own and thus you and Maruee are in a way brother and sister. On hearing this Umar was horrified at the enormity of the crime he was to commit. Immediately he sent a camel rider to Maleer to Maruee's parents and asked their forgiveness and gave money and gold to Maruee as behooves a brother.

Maruee returned to Maleer to meet her parents. As Maruee had remained with Umar at his palace, her betrothed Khetsen and others were suspicious about her chastity.

Even in the community Maruee could not get the respect due to lingering doubts..

When Umar heard this he came with army to Maleer. This led to her people abandoning their huts. Maruee went to Umar and told him that he had first committed the crime of abducting her and on the top of it he has attacked them which is totally unfair. Even if they suspected me they were not wrong. How would they know that I am still pure? Now you must go back to your palace, and leave me to face the fate.

Hearing this, Umar felt ashamed of and offered to undergo any trial to prove the truth. Maruee said I am the one who is under suspicion therefore I will face the test. An iron rod was put into fire, when that rod was red hot Maruee stretched her palm and held the same in her hand and emerged unscathed. Then Umar the ruler also insisted on the same test and emerged pure. This convinced everyone and Maruee and Khetsen lived happily ever after till ripe age.

SASUEE-PUNHOON (SHASHI-PUNHUN)



Once a king named Dilorao ruled the south east district of Karachi in Sindh. In that kingdom one Brahmin named Naoon used to stay on the banks of Bambrah canal. The name of his wife was Mandhur. After a long wait in their middle age, they were blessed with a daughter. She was as beautiful as the moon itself. As was customary the astrologers were called to read her future. After all the planetary calculations, it was predicted that she was destined to marry a muslim. As Naoon was Brahmin this was not acceptable to him. A big wooden box was made, the child was put in it and set afloat in the canal. The box kept with the flow of current and reached near the city of Bambhor. There the chief of washer man's clan named Mohammed used to stay. He had about five hundred people to work under him. When they got the box the same was brought to their chief. In the box they found a beautiful girl child. Since he did not have any child of his own he thought her as a gift from God and adopted her as his own daughter. Due to her exceptional beauty she was named Sasuee (like a moon). As she grew day by day her beauty also increased with every passing day. She was an apple of eye of all the people. Mohammed the washer man was also a very happy person. As he was chief of

his tribe and had no dearth for money he got one beautiful palace with a vast garden surrounding it made for Sasuee, where she would play carefree with her mates and would some times spin cotton thread on the spinning wheel, as per the custom of the day.

As Bambhor lay on the trade route to Thatta and other commercial centres many a mercantile caravan would pass through it. The carnavas from Kech Makran a kingdom situated in south west of Sindh also used to pass from there. This way the fame of Sasuee's beauty reached the ears of Punhoon, the prince of Kech Makran, who was son of Aari Jaam the ruler. He was anxious to see such a beauty. In the guise of a mushk trader and other scented perfumes he came to Bambhor. When Sasuee learnt of this caravan carrying rare scents, she came with her friends to purchase the same. When eyes of Sasuee and Punhoon met, some thing inexpiable happened. As if two souls who were in search of other half to complement itself had found each other and became one. All said and done it was a love at first sight. Both would pine for the company or even glimpse of each other.

Sasuee confided that secret of her heart to her friend who went and informed about the situation to her father so that both may be got married. Mohammed the washerman sternly refused, saying "he the young man does not belong to our cast". Her friend was privy to the deep attachment of Sasuee and to counter that objection said, "He is from our cast". On hearing this Mohammed wanted to test Punhoon and gave him a sackful of clothes to wash. Punhoon was not a washer man. In his desperation he tore all the clothes that were given to him for washing. Seeing this Sasuee suggested to him to put one gold coin in every piece of cloth and give it to the owners. On getting a gold coin no one would complain. Punhoon followed her advice and this strategy succeeded. This convinced Mohammed that Punhoon was washer man indeed! Sasuee and Punhoon both were married with befitting pomp. Before marriage, Naoon got an undertaking from Punhoon that he would stay in Bambhor only and would not go back to Kech Makran.

Chunro a younger brother of Punhoon who had come with him, tried his best to dissuade him but miserably failed. He returned to Kech Makran and narrated the entire episode to his father, Jaam Aari who sent his special messenger to Punhoon telling him if he did not return immediately he would die in his separation. When messenger reached Bambhor he found Punhoon washing clothes along with other washer men. He pleaded with Punhoon to return but to no avail. Ultimately Punhoon's brothers Chunro, Hotu and Notu consoled their distraught father and promised to bring Punhoon back.

When all the three brothers reached Bambhor they were received by all the

warmth by Sasuee and Punhoon. They were lavishly entertained with choicest food and wines. One day when Sasuee was asleep and brothers were reveling Punhoon's brothers' conspired to intoxicate him to the extent of unconsciousness. Thus in this state they took Punhoon away on the back of fast running camels.

Next day early morning when Sasuee woke up she did not find Punhoon. On enquiring she came to know that Punhoon's brothers had carried him away during the night. She became inconsolable. Her parents as well as her friends tried to calm her down. Separation from Punhoon was unbearable for her. She abandoned everything and set out in pursuit of her beloved Punhoon.

In her pursuits through difficult terrain she would sometimes blame herself for sleeping and sometimes her brother in laws who had treacherously abducted Punhoon and sometime she bemoaned her luck! In the words of Shah Latif:

**All are enemies, camel, camel men and brother in laws,
Fourth enemy is Wind that removed the footprints of Punhoon,
Fifth enemy is Sun which did not delay its setting,
Sixth enemy is Hill take which did not make travel easy,
Seventh enemy is Moon which did not shine longer,
All lastly she blames her ill luck that she is wandering with
Uneven terrane, during the dradfull dark evening!
In search of beloved Punhoon.**

Sasuee was dead tired. All his limbs badly ached; she was hardly able to move. But she resolved, 'to Punhoon she must go and she has to continue to move' and she fortified herself with the thought, addressing herself:

'You have to keep moving all the time, be it a bitter cold or scorching heat'

Again she wants to entreat Punhoon;

**'I would bow and touch his feet,
Entreat him to stay for a night at Bambhor' (Shah Latif)**

After the tortuous journey when she reached near Pubba mountain she fell down totally exhausted. Miraculously a water spring appeared there. Sasuee drank water and rested for a while. (Still that water spring is there for any one to see). She moved again

in pursuit of his beloved Punhoon. When she reached near 'Mabar' canal, she saw a hut of a shepherd at top of the hillock. She asked the shepherd if he had seen any caravan passing that way. Seeing her beauty and her being alone the shepherd made advances towards her:

She asked him for some water. As shepherd went to his hut to fetch water, Sasuee prayed to God to save her chastity. God granted her prayer - the hillock broke into two and Sasuee found eternal refuge in its womb. In this entire incident a portion of her upper garment remained visible outside. Shepherd when returned not only with the water but milk too. He was also astounded to see this miracle of nature. As repentance for his ill deed, he became a caretaker of the grave of Sasuee.

On the other hand when Punhoon regained consciousness he pleaded with his brothers to free him and allow him to return to Bambhor. His brothers obstinately refused his pleas and brought him back to Kech Makran and handed him over to their father, the Aari Jaam. Punhoon was all the time melancholy and restless, and he lost his health and reached a perilous condition. Seeing this Aari Jaam told him 'go with your brothers and bring Sasuee here with you'.

All set out in the search of Sasuee and when they reached 'Mabar' canal seeing the fresh grave, Punhoon thought it is possible this grave may be of some saint. Thinking so he went there. Shepherd related the entire episode of Sasuee to him. Thinking it to be a grave of an ardent lover, he prayed that he should also meet his beloved. Lo and behold! The hillock again parted and he eternally joined his beloved.

True lovers do not hesitate to sacrifice their lives to meet their beloved. Such another story of immortal love is that of Sohini - Mehar

SUHINI-MEHAR (SOHINI-MAHIVAL)



During the Moghul rule in India in Gujarat city of Punjab a famous potter used to stay. His name was Tula Kumbhar. The vassels made in his kiln were used by kings and aristocrats. As a result he was quite a prosperous man. He had only a daughter as a child. She was wise as well as very beautiful. Therefore she was called Suhini i.e. Beautiful.

During that period in the city of Bukhara situated in Turkistan, lived a businessman named Mirza Ali. Though he was very rich and renowned person but he had one unfulfilled desire to have an offspring. Once a holy man visited his city. He confided his desire to him and requested him to grant a boon of a child. The holy man granted him his wish but told him that he will beget a son but at 16 years of age he will be separated from him. Businessman was naturally saddened to hear this but accepted it as God's will. After ten months he was blessed with a son. He was named Izzat Beg. He was brought up with all the love and affection in the midst of luxuries. When he grew to be a big boy he learnt about the riches and wisdom of India and many exquisite things related to India. He naturally wanted to satisfy his curiosity and visit India. Mirza Ali tried his best to restrain him but to no avail. The boy remained adamant. He took merchandise and set out to India.

His mother and father bid him tearful farewell and showered him with all the blessings for his welfare and safety.

When he reached Delhi, then capital of India he indulged himself with all sorts of luxuries. He thought of going to Lahore from where he wanted to purchase delicate merchandise to sell in his city of Bukhara. On the way, on seeing the beautiful city of Gujarat on the confluence of Ravi and Chenab, he decided to spend some time in that beautiful city. There he befriended many people of nobility and aristocrats and he was told about the beautiful pottery work of Tula Kumbhar (potter). He sent his servant to go to this place to purchase some souvenir for his family. There his servant saw Suhini and he related to his master about the beautiful girl in Tula Kumbhar's house. Hearing of her beauty Izzat Beg fell in love with her without having even set his sight on her. Next day he himself went to Tula Kumbhar's house on the pretext of making some purchases. When he saw Suhini he was entranced and the same was the case with Suhini.

This seed of love in the heart of Izzat Beg continued to grow and bloomed as strong as a tree. He forsook the idea of returning to Bukhara instead, he opened a shop in the Gujarat city itself where he would purchase earthen ware from Tula Kumbhar and sell it to others. Often he would sell the vessels at loss. He was quite oblivious to everything except the fact that he was deeply in love with Suhini. Seeing this in this state his servants also took away all his money and went to their country. He started taking earthen ware on credit from Tula Kumbhar. At last a stage came when he could not repay the debts, he requested Tula to employ him as a servant and he assigned to him the work of bringing clay from the river bank and do sundry domestic chores. Izzat Beg was not used to such a rigorous life and fell sick. Tula Kumbhar out of pity relived him of heavy work and instead gave him the work of looking after his herd of Buffaloes. Thus he came to be known as 'Mehar' (A care taker of Buffaloes)

One day Suhini came into buffalo shed where Mehar was busy milching a buffalo. On the pretext of having milk she came to Mehar. Taking this opportunity Mehar confided his feeling to her and she was also equally attracted to him. Thus they used to meet in the buffalo shed to share some precious moments of intimacy. It is said that the love and scent of musk cannot be confined. Suhini's mother came to know of this affair. She tried to prevail upon her about the dangers and futility of such a move but Suhini turned a deaf ear to her mother's advice as well as her threats and the mother had to share these going with her husband. Tula Kumbhar immediately sacked Mehar and got his daughter married to Damma. (a young man of his village)

On her being forced to marry Damma she prayed to God that she should remain virtuous. Miraculously every night Damma would immediately fall into a deep slumber and she remained untouched. All the time she would pine for her Mehar and would think of meeting him.

Similarly, Mehar also all the time was absorbed in her thoughts. He could not bear the separation from his beloved and renounced the world to become a fakir (mendicant). In search of Suhini one day he reached outside the home of Suhini. He loudly asked for alms to be fed. On the pretext of giving food to a fakir, Suhini came out to meet him. She immediately assured him that she was pure and very much wanted to meet him. She told him that she was pining for him all this while. It is said about lovers that they can be identified by six signs, i.e deep cold breath, yellow color of face and tearful eyes, anxiety, restlessness and unceasing quest.

Mehar was happy to see his beloved but looking to reality he was overcome with sadness and went into jungle. There he came upon the abode of guru Gorakhnath. He announced his presence there. One of the followers of guru came out and told him, "If you are Jogi you may enter". His appearance and good manners immediately impressed the guru and he was admitted into their fold. He sincerely served his guru who was very pleased with him and granted him a boon. He said that he should be able to meet his beloved. The guru blessed him and said, "your wish will soon be granted and fulfilled".

**Whatever wish you have nursed in your heart,
Your desire will be met, you will meet beloved.**

Thereafter Mehar came and settled as a Jogi, on the banks of Chenab River on the opposite side of the river from Suhini's house. Soon his fame as a holy person spread and fisher folk would give him food consisting of fish, bread butter and curd. His fame reached Suhini also and from the description of Jogi she was sure that he must be Mehar. Once she came to meet him. They both were very happy at the turn of events. It was decided that Mehar would every night cross the river and the lovers would meet. This way both continued to meet oblivious to anything happening around them. Every night Mehar would bring a fish, they would eat it and pass their time in each others company. When Suhini's friends

came to know of this they tried to dissuade her from such a dangerous behaviour. Sohini replied to them:

**If only you were to see the face of Mehar,
You would not prevent yourselves,
But would enter the river with your pots, (Shah)**

One day a severe storm raged. The fisher men could not venture out and Mehar did not get any fish. He did not want to go empty handed to meet Suhini and belittle himself. He cut a flesh from his upper part of leg, cooked it and took it as a gift to Suhini. Due to swimming in the river and loss of blood Mehar reached nearly unconscious to meet Suhini. Suhini was surprised at all this. She did not understand the reason of this happening. When Mehar slightly recovered he told her everything. Suhini was horrified and she pacified him by saying, "you have done your duty hence - forth I will do my duty". Mehar did not budge and insisted continued on visiting to her every night. Due to extreme weakness, he could not go to meet Sohini, inspite of his strong wish he simply could not move. At midnight Suhini came to meet him floating on the baked pitcher. Soon it became a routine. Every night Suhini would come to meet her beloved. She would return before dawn and hide her pitcher.

One night as Suhini went out, her sister in law woke up. She followed Suhini. She understood the situation and informed her brother about it. He became very angry and furious and they tried to restrain Suhini from following this ignoble path. Suhini did not pay any heed to his words. They decided to eliminate her. One day her sister in law replaced the baked pitcher which she had hidden under the grass by an unbaked pitcher which would soon dissolve in the water.

That happened to be a night of raging storm, strong winds and torrential rains. As if nature was trying to warn Suhini against embarking on her perilous journey that night. Even fisherman along the bank warned her, but Suhini ignored all the warnings and plunged into swollen river. Soon her unbaked pitcher disintegrated and she started futile efforts to save herself. She cried, "Mehar - Mehar" hearing her distress cries and jumped into the river to save her, though the river was very furious at that time. He could not swim due to his wound in his leg, some how he struggled to reach Suhini and they both went down embracing each other under the water.

**While on the banks many call out for beloved,
Only those who dare to pay with their life would take plunge,
Beloved will meet only those who enter the river without support (Shah)**

MOOMAL - RANO



During sixteenth century in the Sukkar district of Sindh near Mirpur Mathelo area Gujjar chieftains used to rule. During that time a king named Nand ruled there. He had nine daughters but amongst all Moomal was most beautiful and Soomal was most intelligent and wise.

Once, while hunting he came on the bank of a canal. He was following a swine. To his utter amazement when the swine entered the waters of canal, water in front of him parted and made a way for him. Thus following his prey he also reached on the opposite bank of the canal. There he killed his prey, cut it into parts and started throwing them into the river one by one. When he threw the front tooth of swine into water it started receding. He collected that tooth and safely secured it and brought it back with him. Through this stratagem he buried all his treasure in the bed of the canal and nobody knew anything about it.

Perchance one magician came to know that King Nand has such a tooth and he came to Mirpur Mathelo to get hold of that tooth. Once king Nand embarked on a long journey. Taking this opportunity the magician came in the guise of a mendicant (Jogi) and raised his cry for alms. Hearing his piteous wails

Moomal came out and asked him what he wanted. He replied that he suffered from a terrible disease and he has been advised by healers that a special type of tooth of a swine would heal him. "You are rulers you must be having many such things with you" he said. Moomal recollected that her father indeed had such a tooth. She did not know anything about the secret quality of that tooth. She searched for the tooth, found it and gave it to the Jogi. Taking it he ran from that place post haste.

Soon thereafter King returned from his sojourn. One day he wanted to see his treasure and searched for that special tooth but he did not find it. On enquiring he came to know of the true incident that had taken place in his absence. He was very angry and in this wrathful mood he was about to kill his daughter Moomal but Soomal retrained his sword and promised him that by any means she will restore his lost treasure to him.

Soomal herself was expert at magic and creating illusions. She thought of a plan whereby they would be able to continuously amass wealth. She left Mirpur Mathelo and settled in Ludano city of district Jaisalmer. There through illusion she got a castle named on Kaak built, got it surrounded with thick gardens and the path that led to the palace was designed as a maze where anyone would loose himself. In the front of the palace she got illusionary water lake made which was actually made of a glass but created an illusion of a lake with rippling water. In front of main door of palace were kept artificial lions whose roars would shake the sky and the earth. In the drawing room there were seven identical looking beds covered in the same way but six cots were made of flimsy strings and any one sitting on them would fall into deep well specially made for the purpose, only one of them was proper bed.

She came to reside there with her sister Moomal and her maid servants. She sent out the proclamation, "Anyone who would succeed facing all the obstacles and undergoing all the ordeals and sit on the special cot would win the hand of Moomal." It goes without saying that the fame of the beauty of Moomal had already spread far and wide and many were prepared to take the risk. During those times many businessmen and men of fortune used to visit frequently Ludano. On hearing this proclamation many princes from far and wide would come rushing to Ludano. In the words of the great poet Shah Abdul Latif.

**Those who offered a stake to win a beauty,
Attracted fragrance end up in a raging fire. (Shah)**

A big drum was kept outside the palace. Any one wanting to meet Moomal would strike at the drum and a maid servant named Natur would come and escort him inside and loose him in the garden from where the person was supposed to find his way on his own. Servants of Moomal and Soomal would take away all the precious belongings of that person and disappear. Some such seekers would grope in the way would be taken in a forest and abandoned there who would often become Jogis or beggars and some would be killed and buried near Kaak. In this manner Soomal collected lot of wealth and paid to her father as per her promise.

**Moomal would kill Aristocrats, bind arrogant
She made many envious, holy men, Scholars
Would pierce them with eye arrows
Who wore a precious Jewel on their head, to win her. (Shah)**

During that period Thar district of Sindh used to be ruled by Soomras. Last ruler of that clan was Hameer Soomro. He had three ministers named, Donro Bhatti, Sanhro Dhamachi, and Rano Mendro. The ruler as well as ministers were friendly therefore spent most of the time together. One day while on hunt they came across a Jogi in the forest. Jogi had a royal appearance; he wore gold chain in the neck and was wearing a sort of crown. During the course of conversation they came to know that he was also prince and was reduced to this state in the love for acquiring hand of Moomal about whose beauty, every one had heard. All the four started for Ludano to try their luck. But it was not a joke to get hand of Moomal. Reaching the door of Moomal's palace the foursome wanted to try their luck and one by one struck the drum. Three persons preceding Rano Mendro were lost in the maze and were treated in the same manner as others were on such previous occasions. Rano Mendro due to his ability, wisdom, intelligence and daring could break all the illusions and thus succeeded in meeting Moomal. Moomal was also enchanted by the handsome and intelligent Rano and they got together. Thus two fond hearts met each other and enjoyed the fruits of their love. In the meanwhile his three friends wanted to return to their place Umarkot. When Rano came to bid them farewell they treacherously forced Rano on the camel and rode to Umarkot. The ruler Hamir Soomro felt jealous of Rano and he was imprisoned by the ruler while Moomal anxiously waited for Rano. When he did not return Moomal was distraught and could not bear the

separation. This state nearly broke her heart. Every evening she would expectantly wait for him to return. At Umarkot the ruler freed Rano only on the condition that he would not set his eyes on Moomal ever again. But Rano would stealthily go at evening on a fast camel to Ludano and would return before daybreak. Thus lovers continued to meet suspiciously. After some time when the ruler came to know this breach of solemn word by Rano he was again consigned to prison.

In the evening when Rano did not reach Moomal's palace again she was devastated. In order to console her by make belief she persuaded her sister Soomal to dress like Rano and sleep in her bed chamber.

Actually in relation Rano was brother in law of the ruler Hamir Somoro. Rano's sister who was reigning queen again persuaded him to free Rano. On thus being freed he again quickly rode to Ludano and reached Kaak palace. Reaching there he saw that Moomal was asleep deep in slumber and near her was another person identically dressed like him. He grew suspicious and wanted to kill them both in fit of rage, but then wiser counsels prevailed, after all he had loved Moomal with all his heart how could he end her life. He left her to her own fate but as a proof of his visit he left his beautiful walking stick.

When Moomal got up in the morning she saw Rano's stick. She understood the entire thing. She repented on her foolishness but a deed once done can't be undone.

Rano Mendro felt betrayed and was very sore about the insulting behaviour meted out by Moomal and was horrified to think of her infidelity. On the other hand Moomal every moment continued with her wails of separation.

**O Rana! I am spurned wait for you daily,
The memories of time spent with you
Is etched in my memory as lines on my palm,
My heart is pierced by your love O my beloved! (Shah)**

She would shed tears whole day and would send message to Rano through bird like crow and sparrows and would say to herself:

**Mendra if you return to Ludano,
I would sacrifice my home and everything all,
I don't want anything but Rano,
I am requesting Sodo, due to my inner love,**

She would burn the lamps with scents available in expectation of Rano but all in vain. At last she entreated:

Only your name is on my lips O! Mendra!

I believe that God will fulfill my desire, (Shah)

After a long futile wait Moomal put on a disguise of a rich merchant and came and settled at Umarkot. She got a palace built opposite the palace of Rano. As Rano was commerce minister of Umarkot both became quite friendly. One evening, they were playing a game of chess. While throwing a dice a part of Moomal's covered arm was exposed and seeing the birth mark there Rano could see through this disguise and found himself face to face with Moomal. He immediately wanted to leave that palace, seeing herself thus exposed Moomal tried to explain the reality of the situation and begged his forgiveness and for the same love. All this failed to move Rano. He haughtily left her. Thus without any hope and in the depths of gloom, Moomal built a pyre and sacrificed herself on the burning pyre. When Rano heard of this he was convinced about her love and chastity he also jumped into the burning pyre and thus both lovers attained immortality. It is said:

Death does not kill love, nor prisons prevent love!

LEELA - CHANESAR



Lakhpāt is situated in the state of Kutch, now a part of Gujarat after division. Once there used to be a ruler Khangar. He was very impressive and powerful. He had a daughter named Kounru. She was very beautiful and the fame of her beauty was spread far and wide. No one could match her in beauty. She was all the while engrossed in the dream world.

In those times Devalkot King Chanesar used to rule. He had no parallel in looks, strength, riches, and grandeur. He possessed quite a formidable and attractive personality. His strong and long body, with impressive moustache on his face and chiseled features were envy of many. Every girl dreamt of him as an ideal husband. One day Kounru dressed up in all her finery, was looking a ravishing beauty. Her friend remarked, "You have dressed up yourself beautifully, as if you have won Chanesar." This remark sparked love for Chanesar in Kounru's heart. She had already heard his fame, now she started pining for him. When Kounru's mother Murki came to know of the condition of her daughter she spoke about it to her husband King Khangar. He was very proud but was afraid that if

he approached Chanesar and he refused an alliance with him through marriage of his daughter he may lose his respect. This would tantamount to lowering the head which would be worse than death. They decided to employ another stratagem. The mother Murki and her daughter Kounru dressed up as wealthy merchants and after a long journey reached Devalkot. In Devalkot they got friendly with a flower vendor who was incharge of decorating King's bedroom. They confided in him and all the three decided that Chanesar's minister Jakhro, who was very clever, should be approached for the guidance and help in the matter. At first Jakhro was indifferent but at last he relented assuaged their feelings by saying, "Leave everything in the hands of God, and be assured he would do all the best." Next day, when Chanesar and Jakhro were busy discussing things in a lighter vein, seizing this opportunity Jakhro spoke about the beauty of Kounru in such glowing terms that the curiosity of Chanesar was aroused, but he was already married to Leela who was very dear to him and he told Jakhro not to mention about Kounru ever again.

Thus being dejected they decided to find another way. They decided to sell all their belongings and assumed the garb of poor servants and approached Leela. They pleaded with her that they were poor destitutes and wanted to serve her, and for this kindness they would always remain grateful to her. The most loved queen of the king could atleast offer them an opportunity to serve her. On asking what work they were experienced in, they replied that, the elder one was an expert weaver and the younger one was expert at house keeping. Leela out of pity gave the work of making the head gear to elder lady and doing the private room of the king to younger one. One day Kounru was weeping at the irony of the fate, being in a situation of being so near to Chanesar and yet not getting her heart's object. Leela seeing her crying thus, asked her the reason of her distress. Kounru told her that once she was also a princess like her and she had costly ornaments, one of which was a diamond necklace which would shine brightly even in the darkness of night and it would banish the darkness itself.

Leela did not believe her and wanted to see the proof of her boast. On being thus challenged Kounru immediately brought out her costly necklace worth nine lakhs. Lo and behold! The whole palace started dazzling with its brilliance. Leela was so attracted to that necklace that she wanted to possess it herself at any cost. She told Leela that she was not interested to sell this for any material gain, this priceless necklace could be her only if she allowed her to spend one

night with the king. Leela could not resist the temptation of the ornament and agreed to that condition and got hold of that beautiful necklace.

That night Chanesar returned to his chamber in a condition of being dead drunk. Leela told him, "This poor servant will serve you and meet all your needs she will care for you with all her heart." Chanesar frowned at it but as he was drunk Leela managed to bring them together and vanished. In the meanwhile Kohnru's mother had made all the arrangements; a priest was kept ready, he immediately got Chanesar and Kohnru married. Chanesar did not know anything about the going on, as he was already drunk and after the ceremony he went and fell on his bed. Kounru also slept with him on the same bed. Chanesar was completely unconcerned about whom he slept with.

In the morning when he got up seeing Kounru on his side, Chanesar was quite puzzled. He silently wanted to leave the room. At this moment, mother of Kohnru entered and told him, "Where are you leaving your wedded wife? Leela has bartered one night of yours for a mere necklace!" Hearing the whole incident he was angry at the avarice of Leela and sensing the true love of Kounru for him he accepted her and he was besotted by her beauty. Leela was exiled from the favourite chamber of the palace and that place was occupied by Kounru.

All this turn of events made Leela feel guilty and she started to curse herself for being attracted to the glittering ornament and having exchanged the same for the love of Chanesar. It is said that after all one has to pay for his own action. There is no cure of the same with any healer and one has to bear the pain. Thus Leela deeply repented for her action.

**I cannot say anything, but withering within,
Being attracted on an ornament, burn within,
I lost king myself, wish I meet him again,
I must meet beloved, else shall die of separation,
I keep on suffering, may my body go to beloved. (Shah Latif)**

Having lost her beloved husband, Leela went back to her parent's house. She cherished only one hope and desired that one day her beloved king would forgive her folly and call her back. Leela repented for her foolish action and her pride was shattered, she gave up all her ornaments and all her efforts to beautify herself. Those of her friends who used to envy her and praised her beauty now started to taunt her instead.

**Attracted by ornament, foolish! Your deed,
You put a wedge between self and Chanesar Jaam,
The page has turned, and you are now abandoned. (Shah Latif)**

According to advice of Shah Latif the only way for Leela is to plead. The beloved does not believe in pride and false beauty of ornaments. He can be conquered only by humility. That woman who totally surrenders and pleads with her beloved is able to win his love. If she acts smart, she has to face the ignominy of being discarded. Therefore he says:

**What you thought to be an ornament proved the thread of pain,
Chanesar discarded you and was won by a servant,
Result of scheming is naught before beloved! (Shah Latif)**

Leela repents and says:

**I am prepared to forsake ornament; I would throw it away,
If I get back my beloved I would feel honored indeed! (Shah Latif)**

Those who clean their inner self with tears of repentance, at last are able to win over their beloved.

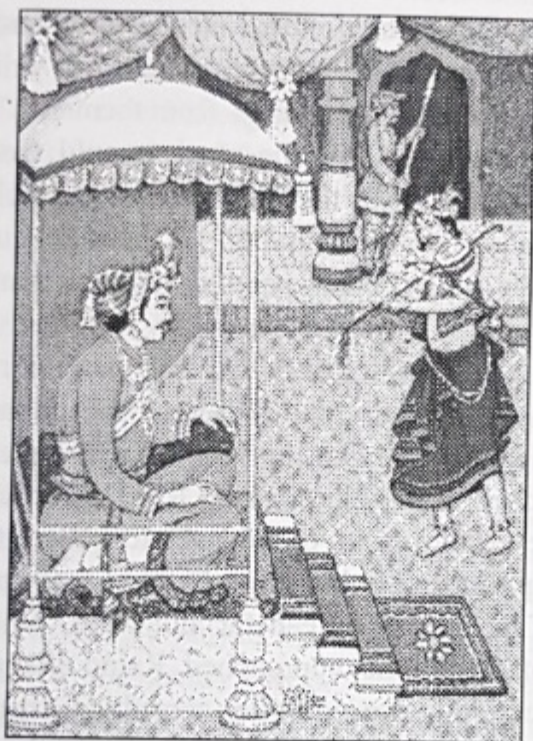
Thus many years passed and Chanesar did not even remember Leela. Accidentally the minister of Chanesar named Jakhro got engaged to a girl belonging to same village as Leela. When villagers came to know of this they refused to marry their daughter to Jakhro. Actually Jakhro was in love with that girl so he was anxious to get that girl. He went to Leela and requested her to help him. She promised to help on the condition that at least once he would bring his King Chanesar to her. Jakhro went back to his city Devalkot and some how persuaded him to attend his marriage.

**"King your presence in my wedding will
Lend me an honor and prestige,
Your grandeur will help, else my humiliation,
Come and save my prestige,
As we have in laws from the same village."**

When the marriage procession reached the outskirts of the village, many ladies with their faces covered came dancing to welcome the marriage party. This welcome pleased Chanesar. He told the main singer, "Your voice is so sweet, your face should also be equally beautiful. I commend you to remove your veil". When veil was removed he was stunned to see her beauty and swooned. After all the old flame of love which lay dormant was rekindled. Seeing this Leela also copiously wept and swooned.

Thus they both went into a sort of coma from which they never recovered again. This way both were immortalized in their love for ever.

SORATH - RAI DIYACH



Once upon a time King Rai Diyach used to rule in Junagadh. He had one sister who had no child. She prayed to all the saints and holy men for a child. At last one saint blessed her and said, "A son will be born to you, but he is destined to kill your illustrious brother." She was very disappointed. She thought that what use would a son be if he was to cause death of her brother? However, she gave birth to a son. She was reminded of the prophecy by the saint. She steeled her heart, got the child put in basket and set it afloat in the river. The basket swimming on the river, reached in the Kingdom of King Annirai. One shepherd named Damo used to live on the bank of the river. He and his wife went to river early in the morning to fetch water. There they found this basket which contained a very sweet newly born child. As they had no child of their own. Their joy knew no bounds and they raised and brought up him as their own son. He was named Beejal (water's gift). When he grew up, as per tradition he would go to forest to graze animals of the family. As it goes with such children, he was adapt at playing the musical instrument also.

Once someone hunted a deer and flung its intestines on the branch of a tree. After sometime when wind would strike against them melodious notes would emanate from it. This would attract all the birds and animals. Soon Beejal realized that this was due to those intestines which had dried with the passage of time. He removed them and made strings from them for his instrument. On his touching those strings with his bow the music would ensue by which bird and animals all would be attracted. In this way he would catch some deer and bring the same to his home to feed his parents. He became quite famous due to his musical abilities. As he grew up his parents got him married, as per custom.

Near Junagadh, in a principality Annirai used to rule. When Beejal was born at that same time a baby girl was also born to Annirai. He had already sixty daughters and as unwanted child she too was put in a basket and set afloat on the river. The basket reached at the place where Rai Diyach used to rule. One potter by name Ratno came on the banks of the river to collect the clay. He found that basket and brought up that girl as his own. The girl was named Sorath. When girl grew up the fame of her beauty spread far and wide. When Annirai heard about unmatched beauty of Sorath he approached Ratno the potter for her hand in marriage to which he readily agreed. After consulting astrologer on an auspicious moment he carried Sorath in a marriage procession and took a road to kingdom of Annirai. As the procession was moving in Junagadh the ruler came to know about it. On enquiring about it, he was told that Ratno the potter was taking this procession to get his daughter married to Annirai. Hearing this he felt insulted and belittled, he asked for the hand of Sorath from Ratno potter who was his subject and forcibly married Sorath.

All this humiliation was more than enough reason for Annirai to attack Junagadh. His attack was repulsed by armies of Rai Diyach. Smarting under humiliation heaped one upon another, he issued a proclamation with the huge plate filled with jewels and precious stones "whosoever would bring the head of Rai Diyach would be entitled to that plate full of Jewels and Gems". Hearing this proclamation, Beejal's wife accepted the plate being confident that her husband, being an unsurpassed and accomplished artist, who was renowned as great lover of music would be able to get the head of Rai Diyach. When Beejal came to know of this he refused to carry out such an ignoble deed and demean his art. He soon

realized that he was in an unenviable situation. On the one hand if he were to refuse to do the bidding of Annirai, who was a ruler and all powerful, his entire family would be wiped off. On the other hand he will have to perform the most despicable deed and have blood of such a generous, musiclover and true to his word King Rai Diyach. He found no option but to follow the inevitable. Reluctantly he went to Junagadh. At the gate of the Fort he started playing his instrument his instrument for full night.

**To the palace has come seeker, with his instrument,
Would ask for the boon of the head by his enchanting music. (Shah Latif)**

When Rai Diyach heard the musical notes from the strings of the instrument he was quite impressed. From the window of his palace he told Beejal to ask anything. Beejal replied "I have to reveal a secret to you, allow me to come to you and meet you personally." King sent the palanquin to bring him up to the palace. When Beejal reached in the palace and was face to face with the King he did not utter a word. He simply played his instrument. The king was so pleased with his music and offered him gems, jewels, wealth but Beejal refused everything and continued to play his instrument. The music was so uplifting that king felt transcended into a state where he could have spiritual and soulful experience, he was in a trance and enthralled to be one with the Divine. In this state Beejal told him that:

**I have left all the doors and sought yours,
O! gracious husband of Sorath, help me,
Fill the empty bag of this seeker. (Shah Latif)**

King was so enamored of his divine music and instrument that he told him "your wish will be granted" that is my promise. On this Beejal told him that I would be satisfied only by having your head in my bag. On hearing this strange demand king tried to reason with him. His courtiers and even his wife Sorath pleaded tearfully with him to desist from this demand but Beejal remained unmoved and insisted that king should fulfill his promise. King also kept his word and gave his head to Beejal. Before giving his head he told him:

If I had millions of heads on my shoulder,
I would behead my self millions of times over,
That also be not measure to the ecstasy of your string! (Shah Latif)

Would sacrifice thousands of heads
At your feet,
O seeker! The sacrifice of entire country is
Also not sufficient. (Shah Latif)

When king cut his head there every one at Junagadh was horrified and cried out in anguish.

The flower of Girnar is plucked; curse is heaped upon curse,
Hundreds of women like Sorath are ready to die in raging pyre,
Behead their heads with hair and face well made up,
Offer willingly to shepherd,
Women wail loudly that yesterday night king died! (Shah Latif)

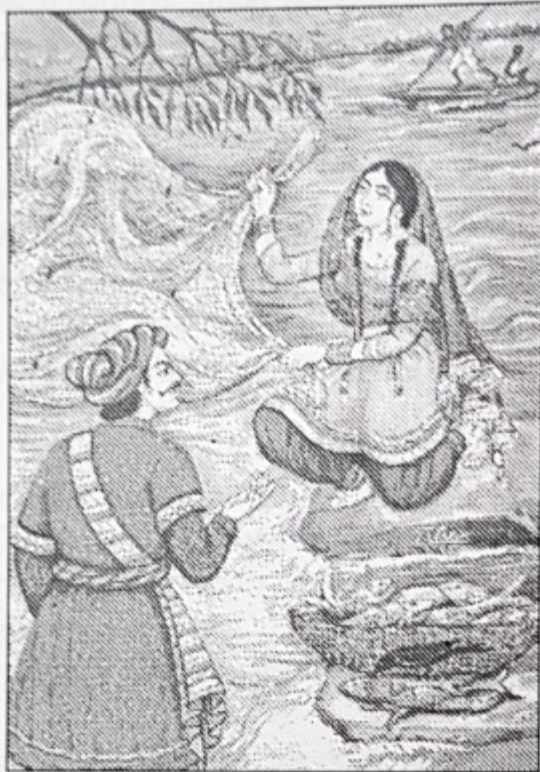
This news spread like fire. As per order of Annirai, Beejal went with the head of Rai Diyach to him. On seeing this spectacle Annirai instead of being happy was horrified and scolded him with the word; "You mean fellow! You did not desist from killing the generosity personified. For your avarice if you could do to Rai Diyach I am afraid what fate awaits me at your Hands? I order you to immediately leave my kingdom." Hearing this Beejal was overcome by remorse at his dastardly deed. He rushed back to Junagadh like a man possessed. As Sorath was committing sati at the burning pyre of Diyach and entire Junagadh was in mourning, he also has a repentance flung himself in pyre with the served head of Rai Diyach and thus he also paid with his life.

After the death of Sorath stillness regined,
Khanger's pitched their tents,
Music started and strings wailed,
This way they would sing mourning songs,
To make their king happy. (Shah Latif)

This way Rai Diyach, Sorath and Beejal all perished. Beejal's wife who was attracted at the riches of jewels on being widowed left everything and led a life of a beggar. Annirai who had assigned this work to Beejal out of jealousy was distraught at the passing away of such a magnanimous king who remained true to his word.

This story tells of generosity of Rai Diyach, the power of Beejal's art, sacrifice of Sorath and avarice of a woman who wanted to possess jewels without consideration of the price to be paid. This also speaks of popularity of Rai Diyach and love of the people of Junagadh that they showered him with.

NOORI - JAAM TAMACHI



In fourteenth century Feroze Tughlaq used to rule at Delhi and Jaam Tamachi used to rule in Sindh at Thatta. He was from Samma dynasty. In the vicinity of Thatta there is a very big lake called Kinjhar which was inhabited by fisher folk. They were a sort of unsettled community who would move from one place to other as the times demanded. They did not have proper houses to live in. They used to live frugally in their straw huts to seek out their living through hard labour by catching fish from the lake. Most of the time they would actually live on their boats. They would spread nets to catch fish which would be sold by their women folk on the roads. Normally fisher women were not beautiful, they were lean, dark and uncouth, but there was an exception of Noori. She was not only very beautiful but full of good manners. She was called Noori because her beauty reminded every one of the beautiful full moon into its bloom i.e. light.

Jaam Tamachi was fond of hunting and traveling. Once while on a luxury trip to Kinjhar from his boat he happened to see Noori. He fell in love with her at first sight. He keeping aside his royal prestige and pomp asked the hand of

Noori in marriage through his minister. The fisher folk were only happy to agree. On the occasion of his marriage he gifted the Kinjhar lake to them as a Jaagir (grant free land given to somebody as a trust) and exempted them from paying all the taxes. He brought Noori from fisher folk's shanty to his royal palace. He used to spend most of his time with Noori and would often come to Kinjhar and would move around in a royal boat with Noori. Thus Noori was bestowed with all the imaginable luxuries. In spite of all this Noori remained the same humble self. She was humility personified. She would always tell Jaam Tamachi that she remembers her humble origins and she is grateful to him for bringing her from fisher folks humble dwellings to royal palace. God shall bless me with your love for ever.

I am full of faults/defects

Beloved! I am always your slave,

Dear! I am to serve you. (Sachal)

Jaam Tamachi already had six queens from his Samma clan. They could not bear the King's closeness to Noori. They were jealous of her. They hatched a plan to discredit Noori. They told the king that Noori's brother used to visit palace every night and she was giving him royal jewels. One evening while Noori's brother was returning from palace king saw a box in his hands and inspected the same. He found in that fish bones and scraps of bread. He silently went away. Next day he asked Noori as to what was it all about. She told him that she is not used to royal food and she was afraid that once she developed the taste of the royal food, she may not be able to enjoy her traditional food. Therefore everyday her mother would send her a piece of fish with bread made from coarse grain. My brother brings it with all the love.

Jaam Tamachi was very much impressed by this. The other queens continued to harass Noori and would frequently complain about her misbehaviour to the King.

Once Jaam Tamachi decided to test all his queens. He told them that by evening all should be get ready and he would take one of them with him for sightseeing. All queens spent the entire day in applying makeup and decorating themselves with costly clothes and ornaments. In the evening when King came into the palace there was virtual competition among the queens to entice him.

King could see through their artificial makeup and their behaviour and went ahead. When he came in the apartments of Noori's he found her waiting for him anxiously. She had worn her original dress given by her parents and without any ornaments. Her natural beauty in itself was sufficient and did not require any artificial makeup, ornaments or costly clothes. She approached him with all her humble charm. King took her hand and led her to Royal carriage. All other queens continued to fume and rage with jealousy.

When he returned in the evening he declared her reigning queen. This way her humbility and simplicity won her this great honour. This elevation did not go to her head; instead she became more humble and courteous. Jaam Tamachi also would return her love and affection.

One who has inner beauty, even master seeks him out. Master will accept them who are true to themselves and are humble. Who are free from false pretensions. In the words of Shah Abdul Latif:

**You royal Samma, I am lowly with many faults,
Looking to pomp and show of other queens may you not
Change your love and affection towards myself, O! King (Shah Latif)**

She is always humble and continues to plead with Jaam Tamachi thus:

**I am of low caste, you have raised my status,
How otherwise it behoves me to be in Palace? (Shah Latif)**

**Those who carry the stinking baskets of fish,
To mingle with whom one would feel ashamed,
O Jaam Samma! only You have raised my stature. (Shah Latif)**

**Those who proudly present themselves with raised head and ego,
You have spurned them all of Soomra's or Samma's clan. (Shah Latif)
It is you who has appreciated the humble one of fisherman of Kinjher.**

Here it is amply shown that the one wants to win his master, it is by humility and complete surrender to his will. Without unquestioned obedience it is not possible to meet his/her true beloved. If one loves with all devotion, the sought

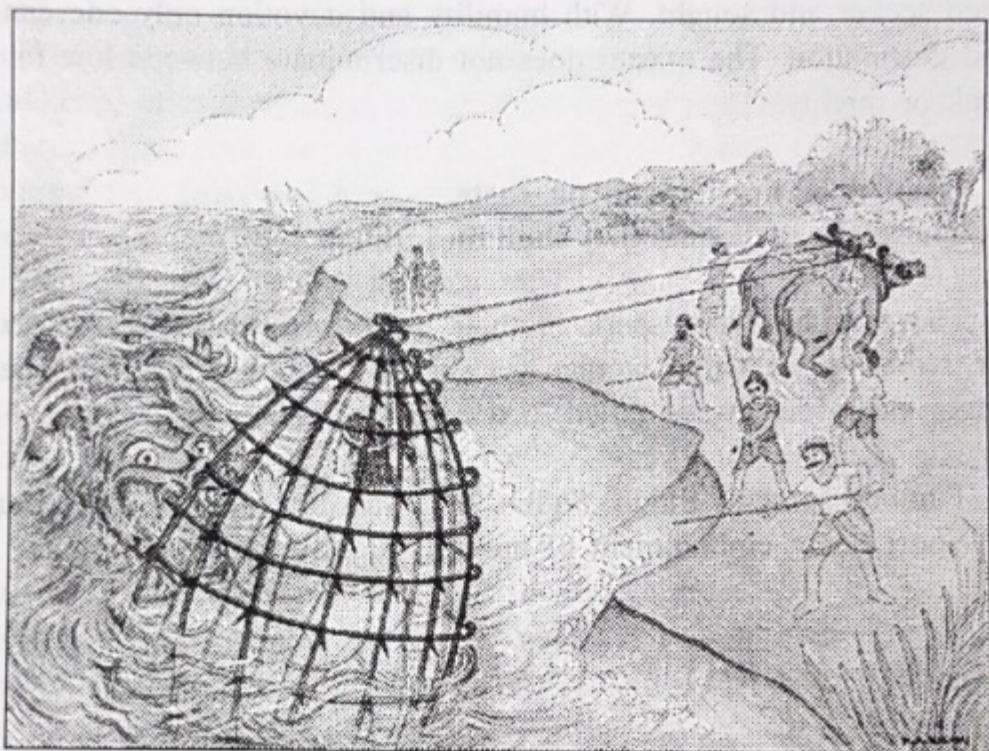
himself, will find out the seeker, as Jaam Tamachi himself found out Noori. Those with ego, cannot come near the master. Ego becomes a great dividing wall between seeker and sought. With humility and devotion only one can reach the desired destination. The master does not discriminate between low or high caste or weak or mighty.

**Boon does not depend on caste,
Those who seek, only they shall find. (Shah Latif)**

Those with divine spark in their hearts will only be able to meet the master. Noori was a fisher woman yet she could get her beloved whereas those with ego and pride always failed to realize the truth.

Note:- Famous saint of Sindh, Sadhu T. L Vaswani adopted 'Noori' as his pen name. Noori being embodiment of humility signify the divine light.

MORIRO - THE BOAT MAN



During the reign of Dalurai, near Thatta, in Sone Miani, lived a person named Obhayò. He had seven sons. Youngest one was named Moriro. Though he was slightly lame but he was very clever. His six brothers were very strong and whenever they ventured out, they would leave behind their youngest brother Moriro to guard the house. One day all the six brothers roved their boats for fishing in the sea near a whirlpool known as Kalachi. (Now a city near that shore is named Karachi). That whirlpool was very dangerous. It would suck unto itself big boats and the same would be instantly drowned to the bottom of the sea. Apart from that dangerous whirlpool there used to be a big crocodile who would attack any boat and bring about its destruction. Many people cautioned six brothers about the lurking danger and warned them not to proceed to that site. But they were sure of their strength and their youth had induced a sense of bravado in them, they did not pay any heed to words of caution or warnings of experienced well-wishers. As they spread their fishing nets they were pulled into vortex of the whirlpool and their boats immediately turned upside down and all fell prey to the crocodile.

In the evening when Moriro realized that his all the brothers had not returned past their usual time, being worried he set out to make enquiries. He was told about the tragedy that had overtaken his brothers. He came back to his home and narrated the news to his parents and relatives. Then he planned to avenge the death of his six brothers by killing that crocodile.

He managed a cage which had hooks and big nails fixed on the outside. He made a big silken rope which would not snap and tied one end to the cage and the other end was to be firmly held by the bullocks who were ready to pull out the cage including the crocodile this was managed by his friends. He put himself in that cage and told his friends to push him down and pull him up when he tagged at the rope. Thus the cage went in the lower depths of whirlpool where crocodile was also waiting to have his kill. He tried to swallow the cage which had sharp nails and hooks attached to it. Thus he was seriously injured and the cage was stuck in his mouth. The hooks pierced his mouth and he could not escape. At that time Moriro pulled the tag to give signal for taking out the cage to which crocodile was also attached.

This way the crocodile was brought on the coast and was killed by Moriro and his friends. They cut through the stomach of crocodile and recovered the bodies of all six brothers of Moriro. Those bodies were buried at the foot of a hill situated in the north west of Karachi city. Moriro himself became caretaker of those tombs.

Moriro the boat man is even today remembered and admired by people for his cleverness, wisdom and courage. He played with his life to avenge the death of his brothers and bravery from a notorious killer crocodile and brought relief for many a fishermen and boatmen. Work well done indeed!

In the whirlpool of Kalachi,

Lay a crocodile with his mouth wide open

Six of the brothers fishermen did not return home

They were a mouthful of the dreaded monster,

The seventh brother Moriro, in remorse

became revengeful and planned to fight with the killer.

KOEL AND DEEPCHAND



Some time during the middle of eleventh century in south west of Sindh near Thatta Ibin Soomro used to rule. His chief minister was a person named Wahid-al-Rehman who had a daughter named Koel. From the very young age she was clever and wise therefore her father decided to educate her. In those days there were no separate schools for girls. As per practice prevalent then, she was admitted in a religious school (Madarsa), where education was imparted by a local Moulvi (a religious preacher). Son of Seth Chandiram, named Deepchand (Deepo) also used to study in the same class. He had a class fellow named Nawrang. They were fast friends.

Koel was lovable, humble and intelligent. This attracted attention of all including Moulvi. He also used to admire her talent. Deepchand was a brave, active and a handsome young person. He would often take notes from Koel and approach her to solve his difficulties related to studies. In this way they came closer. This was restricted only to classroom activities, as in those days boys and girls could not even dare to look at each other in the open let alone talk to each

other. In the case of Muslim girls this practice was followed rather strictly. Inspite of all the restrictions they fell in love with each other.

Koel in the course of time grew up and as per the social norms of the times she had to leave her education. A palatial building was constructed for her where she could live with her maid servants. At last the time came when Koel and Deepchand parted from each other with heavy heart. This seperation was unbearable. While Deepchand took to wanderings like a Jogi (a mendicant) Koel was restless and lost her sleep and joy.

**While on the bed, Sleep eludes the eyes,
Staying awake at night remembering beloved
Is the work of mendicants. (Shah Latif)**

Deepchand lost his interest in studies and formally sometimes would attend school in the company of his friend Nawrang. From a clever student Deepchand became a weak student who would not remember lessons and be subject to beating of Moulvi. His heart would cry out:

**Wheather I should read the book or look at beloved,
Sir ! Do not punish me Please. (Sachal)**

On the one hand Deepchand was miserable on the other hand Koel was languishing and pining for even a glimpse of her beloved. The famous six signs of lovers were well apparent in both. His Broad and brow and glowing face had attracted Koel. She would beseech birds to carry her message of love to her beloved. One night she heard rustling sound beneath her room. She was sure that Deepchand was waiting for her below. She came to her balcony and found her hearts desire was indeed there in person. She slung a rope and tied it to a pole of her balcony. Catching that rope Deepchand easily climbed in her balcony and hence went to meet her in her chamber. This became a routine. Even at night Deepchand with her help would catch up with his class studies. Thus both were happy and led a contented life.

Deepchand's sudden improvement in his studies aroused the suspicion of Moulvi and his friend Nawrang. Once Nawrang asked him in confidence the reason of this sudden change. Deepchand innocently replied to him:

**Every night Deepo is guest of Koel,
For my lessons I am grateful to Koel.**

He emphasized that no physical relationship was involved it was only a platonic love between them.

In those days kings used to roam about in disguise to know about the actual conditions in their kingdom. One night Ibin Soomro in the guise of a fort watchman was in that vicinity. He was astounded to see a person climbing a rope to the balcony of the house of his courtier's daughter. Thinking him to be a thief, he thrashed that person with his stick. His clothes were torn and he was profusely bleeding. He pleaded with him saying, he was not a thief and in nervousness reveled his true identity of being a son of a reputed businessman Chandiram. To support his statement he showed him costly necklaces studded with precious stones and gems. He was accosted to his father's house for verification of his statements. His father seeing the ruler, was panic stricken and was very nervous hence he refused to acknowledge his son and the same scene was repeated at his brother Rupa's house also. Thus disowned, all alone and bereft of any support Deepchand's heart cried out:

**Disowned by father as well as brother,
O! God I am bereft of support of either!!!!**

Again Deepchand requested him to verify his statements from his friend Nawrang. Nawrang on seeing the ruler with all the humility pleaded for mercy for his friend, thus he succeeded in bailing him out. This way he passed the test of a true friend. A friend in need is a friend indeed! Deepchand Knew that his reprieve was a brief one as he would be tried in the morning and the only penalty that awaited him was death. He confided to his friend that his last desire before being put to death was to have one glimpse of his beloved Koel.

The ruler was listening to all the conversation as he had hid himself behind a corner of a shop. He directly came to palace of a Koel and hid himself in the bathroom. He could clearly see distraught Koel wailing away and pining for the presence of Deepchand and wishing him well and crying;

**Oh! Deepa where are you? May not any trouble visit you,
Oh! My beloved I am dying in your separation!**

Now Deepchand and Nawrang came to palace of Koel. While Deepchand climbed the rope and Nawrang stood guard with naked sword in hand on the ground. Koel after crying bitterly for a long time had fallen asleep. Deepchand did not want to disturb her. He took out a pen (Qalam) and started writing on her head scarf (Dupata) with his blood:

**I would willingly give my head for your sake,
I am leaving as separation is our destiny,
I am seeing you for last time,
It is not possible to meet you again,
I bid you goodbye.**

As he was about to leave, Koel woke up from her sleep. Seeing her beloved in this state full of injuries and blood she was shocked and grieved. She tore her head scarf and put bandages around the wounds of Deepchand. Deepchand apprised her of all that had happened and that her name would be uttered by him even at the end.

Koel was worried but confidently told him:

**Such an unlucky day would not drawn my gracious beloved,
Before such an eventuality, I would sacrifice myself at your feet.**

She told him that at a crucial time she would ride, clothed all in black as a Haji (A Holy person who has performed a pilgrimage of Haj) and he should await the events that would latter unfold. The ruler heard all the conversation and promptly rose to leave Koel entreated thus:

**O Sun, please do not arise, let there be long night,
Let the rendezvous with beloved continue all along (Master Chander)**

Next day King ordered, the gate of the fort be closed. Its entrance be guarded by an elephant with mounted expert guide. No one with black clothes be allowed to enter the fort. In case anyone ventured he should be immediately arrested and brought before him.

As per order the soldiers went to Nawrang's house to arrest Deepchand. They asked for Deepchand's hand. Nawrang came out. He knew that the soldiers had not seen Deepchand. He was overcome by his sense of loyalty and love for his friend who was injured and asleep due to tiredness, further he was smitten by love unparalleled. Indeed he deserved to live. He offered himself as Deepchand and was taken away by soldiers. All this while Nawrang's wife watched the going on with utter sense of love and became speechless. When Deepchand got up he realized as to what happened and immediately rushed to court. He saw his friend enchained as a prisoner facing the trial. He shouted that it was a case of mistaken/false identity which would result in gross injustice. He remonstrated that he was in fact Deepchand the accused and not the one who was being tried. Nawrang stood his ground. All were puzzled. At last Deepchand was put on a stand in the court.

Before the judgement could be pronounced there appeared a Haji clad in black robes. All were wonder struck and in awe. As per Islamic tradition during hearing of any case, if a Haji clad in black appears it is a proof enough that gross injustice is being done which would invite a disaster of a great magnitude. As per the practice the judgement was to be delivered by the same Haji alone. Haji decreed that Koel and Deepchand be handcuffed together and consigned to one room for a life time. Ministers and courtiers were amazed at this strange verdict. Again Haji enquired who the complainant was? Under which offence the accused is being tried? At this the ruler who was seized of the actual situation called his minister Wahid-al-Rehman and Chandiram, father of Deepchand and acquainted them with the truth of the case and suggested that both may be married to each other to avoid a scandal. After getting consent from both, ruler descended from his throne. He brought Deepchand with him, holding his hand that Deepchand was acquitted of all the charges and he ordered that Deepchand and Koel be bound by holy matrimony. To this both said yes three times. After all was over, the ruler was curious to know how did Koel reach there in black robes inspite of all the precautions he had taken. Koel told him that she rode her best steed at great speed for two miles to get momentum and her horse could easily scale the walls of fort. Deepchand and Koel were married and lived happily ever after.

BRAVE DODO - ABRO



In the year 1212 AD, Bhungar Soomro used to rule in Sindh at the city called Roopah. Once while hunting he chanced to have a glimpse of a fabulous beauty a damsel of Laher clan. He was besotted by her charm and he wanted to marry her. As he was King and the elders of Laher community had no problem in being related to the royal household therefore they were soon married. After some time that girl gave birth to a baby boy who was named Chanesar. The King also had a daughter named Bhagi from his previous marriage with a woman of his own Soomro clan. After birth of Chanesar he also had another son from his previous queen who was named Dodo. That way Dodo and Chanesar were stepbrothers.

As time passed all three children grew up. Both sons were got married at the right age by their father Bhungar Soomro. Chanesar was married to a girl from his real mother's clan. Thus the mother and son Chanesar both were not of Soomro clan. This fact worried his mother that after the death of Bhungar Soomro, her son may not be accepted by elders as a ruler. She shared her apprehension about Chanesar with her husband, the ruler. To alley her fears as per custom in those times Bhungar Soomro got daughter of Dodo named Koel,

married to son of Chanesar, named Nangar. In this way he thought that since both the brothers would be related by marriage of their own children the matter would be amicably settled and no problem would arise.

After sometime Bhungar died. The elders of the clan were not unanimous in choice of the successor to Bhungar. Some wanted Dodo the younger brother to be next ruler while others favoured Chanesar. After great debate it was decided that since Bhagi was eldest child the matter should be entrusted to her and she should choose the Successor. When Bhagi was conveyed the message she said, "As chanesar is elder one, he should be declared as the next chief." Chanesar was asked by chieftains to occupy the place of his father and wear the traditional paag (Head gear-crown). To this Chanesar told them to carry out with the preparations, in the meanwhile he would seek the counsel of his mother and wife. His answers infuriated the elders. They thought that the person who cannot decide anything of importance on his own, how could he be entrusted with leadership of the entire clan? He certainly is not fit to lead. When he reached ladies' chambers, on hearing all this his mother said:

**I brought you up as a son, you proved to be a daughter like,
You should sit in the courtyard and work on spinning wheel with other ladies,
If you are born as a man, you should behave like ruler's son.**

His wife said:

**Now you should be content to wear bangles,
All manly works be entrusted to me,
Now spend whole life listening to taunts (from all around)**

Listening to all such insulting words he rushed for the ceremony. In the meanwhile the elders had already decided to give this privilege to Dodo the younger brother who was given a Paag (Crown). This angered Chanesar beyond measure. He sent message to Dodo telling him that he is rightful successor to his father and should abdicate and give him the crown and threatening that on his failure to do as bided he would proceed to Delhi and bring the Sultan Allaudin Khilji to get his right. NO one among the elders of the clan was ready to oblige him. Chanesar warned thus:

**I have a right to throne,
If you deny my right Roopah would be ruined,
On my suggestion Allaudin would wage a deadly war.**

Chanesar went to Allaudin as an aggrieved prince and persuaded him to attack Sindh. Allaudin Khilji came to attack Sindh, with a huge army of one million. Thus being overwhelmed by sheer number of enemy troops Dodo sent his son-in-law (Son of Chanesar). Nangar to negotiate peace with Sultan Allaudin. Allaudin was agreeable to negotiate peace but Chanesar was adamant. He counseled Allaudin to ask for the hand of Bhagi our sister in marriage as a precondition for talks. On this humiliating condition being imposed Nangar replied that Soomra's don't give their daughters in marriage to strangers. This demand amounts to outrage and we would rather fight and die than facing such ignominy. He said:

**Nangar told Sultan Allaudin to turn back,
Your name means God's religion,
Do not unleash terror,
Let brothers decide themselves,
Do not interfere,
If you care for your respect and glory
Please heed what I say.**

Afterwards fierce battle ensued. Nangar was martyred in the battle. When his body was brought to the royal palace his wife Koel also killed herself. Dodo continued to fight. His friend and army chief Haso Sodo died in one to one combat with the Chief of Allaudin's army Nadar. Dodo sent all the royal women for safety to Abro the ruler of Kutch, and entered battle field. War was so intense that for miles together for many days except dust nothing could be seen. On one side was self respect and love for one's land, on the other side was greed and a blind sense of revenge. Dodo and his people fought valiantly but before vast numbers, inspite of exemplary courage they had to face the inevitable- the defeat. Bards have described this incident in this manner:

**Brave Dodo with his army rode into battle,
Jaichand like traitor was Chanesar his brother,
Deceit and treachery tilted the balance,
Brave Dodo attained martyrdom in the battlefield,**

Now Allaudin wanted to have hand of Bhagi. When he approached the war ravaged and desolate city, he came to know that all women folk of the royal palace had already been sent for safety to Kutch and the King Abro was bound by word of his honour to protect them. He immediately proceeded to Kutch to demand the custody of Soomra clan's royal women folk. The king of kutch instead of being awed by the mighty army of Allaudin preferred to fight for his word of honour. Again a fierce battle ensued. In the battle the Kutchi chieftain Mamat fought so bravely that all the generals of Allaudin were demoralized. The battle was so fierce that all the generals of Allaudin refuse to fight. In desperation Allaudin took out his own sword and kept it out with the challenge that any one taking that sword would be bestowed unprecedented honours. No one dared to accept the challenge. It is said that the sword lay in the open for full nine days and no army person ventured to accept the challenge. At last the chief of General Salan Jung accepted the challenge and proceeded to fight with brave Mamat. Bards have this to say about the battle that raged:

**In the battle field Mamat showed exemplary courage,
Saeed Salar Jung upset his plans,
There was blood shed all around,
It was sheer bad luck that Mamat was defeated.**

After Mamat's death, nephew of Abro, named Sabar took to battle field. In that battle Sabar as well as Saeed Salar Jung both were killed. Ultimately Allaudin and Abro themselves entered the battle field. Both armies zealously fought with all the courage and all that they could muster because it was to be a decisive battle. Bards of that time have described this battle in the following words:

**The heads rolled in the earth and the dust rose to high sky,
Nothing could be heard except the sounds of clashing swords,
Abro was martyred, he bravely fell prey to swords,
In the whines of horses Kutch was destroyed.**

After his victory when Allaudin entered the royal palace of Kutch he found a child who in one hand was holding the severed head of his father Abro and in another hand sword to challenge him. Seeing such courage of a child Allaudin was overwhelmed, saluted his courage and turned back. During all this raging war the royal women of Sindh and Kutch committed Johar

(self immolation) in order to save their honour so that they do not fall into enemy hands. There Allaudin found only ashes!

It is said that seeing all this devastation and needless blood shed in a flush of anger, he punished Chanesar to death and slowly anger gave place to remorse. When he came to know of bravery of Dodo's son-in-law Nangar who was also son to chanesar, and saw the courage of young son of Abro he realized it would be impossible to enslave such courageous and brave people of Sindh and Kutch. He was ashamed due to attack on brave area of Sindh and Kutch. On his way back he died a broken hearted man.

(* This story is based on the historical characters and incidents in the History of Sindh. It is a story of courage and bravery of Sindhi and Kutchi rulers)



BRAVE DODO-ABRO



1. Name : Pritam L Varyani
2. Date of Birth : 15th January 1930
3. Education : (a) M.A in Linguistics, M.A in Political Science, R.B Hindi Ratna.
(b) S.T.C & Training in applied Linguistics, sociolinguistics and in Mathematical Linguistics.
(c) Training in Script writing for Audio Visual Programmes C.I.I.L Mysore
(d) Training in structural method of English Teaching.
4. Service : (a) 15 years Teaching in Adarsh Maha Vidyalaya Gandhidham.
(b) 5 year Sindhi Research at Deccan college PUNE
(c) 18 years Lecturer in Sindhi, at Western Regional Language Centre (W.R.L.C) Govt. of India, Pune (branch of C.I.I.L.) Mysore
(d) Hon.Teaching Sindhi Subject in Arts & Science college Adipur 3Years
5. At Present : Trustee-Indian Institute of Sindhology Adipur from 1990 Dedicated to Bharti Sindhu Vidya Peeth Adipur. Presently Project Director 'Sindhi FOLK-LORE' studies at Sindhology Adipur
6. Contribution Books : (a) Bewas Hiku Abyas Pune Edited (with others) Published by S.K.Kendra 1972
(b) Sindhi Script Book published by Sindhology Adipur & C.I.I.L Mysore 2003

- (c) Written & published a book DAHA DEHI KAHANYOON 2006 (folk Tales with Illustrations) in Sindhi (year 2006) Sindhi Devnagari in 2007 and got this book FOLK-LORE translated in Hindi and published by I.I.S 2009. English Version of this book is in press 2009
- (d) Sindhi Language book part I Hindi Medium correspondence Course 2006, Part II English medium course (With Others) Published by I.I.S. Adipur 2008
- (e) Prepared Sindhi Bal Bodh, Sindhi Pathmala II & III published by I.I.S

7. Research activities :
- (a) Various Research Articles in and about Sindhi language, Teaching & Linguistic and Sindhi culture in magazines and Research journals.
 - (b) Teaching Sindhi to Non Sindhis With modern methods at pune
 - (c) Attended many Workshops, Seminars and Conferences and conducted Training workshops & camps on Sindhi teaching & FOLK-LORE.

8. Project & Program :
- (a) Conducted Sindhi Teaching classes & Examinations at Sindhu khojina kendre at Pune and Indian Institute of Sindhology Adipur.
 - (b) At present working as Hon. Project Director of Folk-Lore-Art at Indian Institute of Sindhology Adipur as shown above.
 - (c) Talks on ALL INDIA RADIO BHUJ (Kutch) on Sindhi Languages & culture.
 - (d) Remained member of Text book bureau of Maharashtra, Pune and member of Gujarat Sindhi Academy Ahmedabad.

9. Award :
- An Education Award was received from the Akhil Bharat Sindhi Boli Sahitya Sabha - Jaipur, at Delhi from the Ex-Prime Minister Shri Inder Kumar Gujral in 2005.



SORATH - RAIDYACH



NURI - JAMTAMACHI



SURVIR DODO - CHANESAR



KOYAL - DIPCHAND



MORIRO - MIRBAHAR