

Folktales of the Gond and Baiga in Eastern Mandla

By

STEPHEN FUCHS

INTRODUCTION

Mandla District, which forms the south-east portion of the Japalpur Division in Madhya Pradesh (former Central Provinces) of India, is a part of the high, rugged tableland of the Satpura Hills which separates the cotton-growing country of the South from the wheat-growing extension of the Malwa plateau in the North. It is also the watershed of three distinct river-systems. The eastern part of the Mandla District is mountainous, but its soil is rather barren for cultivation, though there are some small scattered tracts of fertile soil. Eastern Mandla is dominated by the range of the Maikal Hills which gradually increase in height from west to east and culminate in the plateau of Chauradadar on the eastern border of the District. In point of grandeur and colourful beauty the scenery of eastern Mandla is second to none in the whole of Madhya Pradesh.

From the earliest times until the close of the sixth century A.D. the history of Mandla District was wrapped in impenetrable obscurity. We know only that around the sixth and seventh centuries this part of Central India was ruled by Rajput kings. Their power reached its zenith in the eleventh century, after which it declined quickly until it ended in 1181 in a disastrous defeat at the hands of the Bhagel Raja of Rewa.

During the rule of these Rajput princes the jungles of eastern Mandla must have been inhabited mainly by the Baiga (of whom the Bhumia are an important sub-group) and similar hill-

tribes. It occurred before the immigration of the Gond. It was at that time probably that the Baiga lost their original language and adopted the Aryan language of their masters which they have retained until the present day.

Being by tradition and personal inclination hunters and shifting cultivators, they left the more fertile but treeless plains to the Hindu peasants who at that time entered the District from the west and gradually occupied all the open river valleys of Central India. But at that time their number was still small, else the Gond, who a little later advanced into the Mandla District from the south, would not have been able to spread in such large numbers in the same area which afterwards received from them the name of 'Gondvana'. Gradually the Gond also built up their political power. After the defeat of the Rajput kings, a Gond servant of the last king of Tripura (near Mandla town), Jadhe Rao, usurped power and made himself king of Garha-Mandla. He was the founder of a Gond dynasty which ruled in Mandla till 1742 when the Marathas invaded the kingdom, killed the king and laid such a heavy tribute on the country that it was reduced to utter ruin. In 1781 the last Gond ruler of Mandla, Narhar Shah, was tortured to death by the Maratha general Moraji, and Mandla became a dependency of the Saugor Marathas. In 1799 Mandla fell to the Bhonsla king of Nagpur, till in 1818 the British took over and assumed the rule also over Mandla.

The main tribes in eastern Mandla are, as already mentioned, the Bhumia-Baiga and the Gond. The Bhumia, i.e., "Men of the Soil", are the older and more primitive tribe of the District. They are a sub-group of the Baiga tribe whose main strength is settled in the former Rewa State which is to the east of the Mandla District. Their number in 1941 was almost ninety-thousand. But very likely the Baiga themselves are merely an off-shoot of the more numerous Binjhar tribe in the Chhattisgarh Division. The latter are now largely Hinduized and have lost their tribal character.

Most of the Gond of eastern Mandla, on the other hand, are comparatively recent immigrants from the western regions of the District. This is evident from their clan names which are to a great extent identical with those found in the western tracts of Mandla District. All these Gond belong to that numerous and important race which founded in the past several kingdoms in Central India and managed to maintain a precari-

ous independence until the eighteenth century when they succumbed to the superior warcraft of the Marathas.

In physical appearance the Gond and Bhumia show only a slight difference. Probably both these tribes belong to the Proto-Australoid race which inhabited India since early pre-historic times. Their physical similarity was enhanced by the fact that until about fifty years ago intermarriage between the two tribes was frequent. Both tribes are rather dark of skin, often curly hair, and narrow heads. They are wide-mouthed and thick-lipped, and have broad noses. Their stature is medium to low. In general the Gond are a little taller than the Bhumia.

In character the Bhumia are naturally simple and most companiable. Though generally honest, they can be cunning and untruthful when they like; and when they are drunk, they often become quarrelsome and are easily provoked to violence. The Gond are a pleasant people, and leave kind memories with those who deal with them. Comparatively truthful, they are always ready to enjoy a laugh; they are less shy than the Bhumia in dealings with strangers and have more self-confidence.

The Baiga are extremely poor in earthly possessions; they can do without much clothing, furniture and implements. They generally live in very simple huts. The Gond are better dressed, live in larger houses and have a higher standard of living.

In days gone by, when they only practised the burn-and-slash form of cultivation, the Baiga did not keep any cattle, but only a few pigs, fowls and dogs. Now that they have been forced by government to abandon the wasteful method of burning the jungle and then sowing in the ashes, they have begun to plough their fields, though their ploughing with cattle is of a rather primitive quality. Being very indifferent to farming, the Baiga, on the feeblest pretext, yield to the allurements of the jungle. In the beginning of the monsoon, for instance, when the rivers and stream-lets of their tracts abound in fish, they forget their fields and go afishing. Similarly, when the jungle fruits ripen, not even the most urgent field work can induce them to sacrifice their inborn love of forest life. They are great hunters though hunting is now much restricted by the Forest Department and poaching severely punished. In consequence many Baiga eke out a miserable existence and live habitually on the verge of starvation.

In comparison with the Baiga the Gond are good cultivators, though even they cannot compete with the Hindu peasant castes.

But the other jungle tribes of Mandla District call the Gond *Kisan*, i.e., farmers. Though in the past they too were shifting cultivators like the Baiga and the other aboriginal tribes of the area, the Gond must have taken earlier and more readily to plough cultivation. They use bullocks and cows for ploughing and take a greater interest in cultivation than the Baiga. In consequence they are more prosperous than the Baiga.

The social organization of the Baiga and Gond is of a rather complicated nature. Both tribes have a double system of grouping, genealogical as well as territorial. The Bhumia lay more stress on the territorial grouping. Persons who hail from the same ancestral village consider themselves related while relationship by birth, i.e., clan relationship, is often ignored. This becomes particularly evident in marriage arrangements. The Baiga observe village exogamy. A Baiga may not marry a girl from the same ancestral village as his own, while little opposition is raised if he marries a girl belonging to his own clan.

With the Gond it is different. For them territorial relationship has mainly a religious significance. When a Gond dies, his spirit must be finally laid at rest in his ancestral village. But the Gond are rather indifferent if two persons belonging to the same ancestral village get married. They are, however, strict in observing clan totemism. They still worship their respective totems at certain times and observe strict food and touch taboos with regard to them. They practise clan exogamy and regard any sex relations between clan members as incest which they punish with temporary or permanent expulsion from the community. Over and above this, they believe that incest involves severe punishment by God. A severe illness if not death itself, would be the consequence of it.

Socially, the Gond occupy a higher position than the other aboriginal tribes of the district, including the Baiga. This is undoubtedly due to their former political importance in Mandla, but also to a higher degree of Hinduization. But it is only about fifty years since they ceased to interdine and intermarry with the Baiga, for the latter refused to go along with the Gond in the strict observance of the Hindu regulations of social behaviour and of the food taboos. They find it too hard to abstain from pork and chicken meat and from liquor.

In the religious sphere, however, the Baiga maintain a distinct superiority over the Gond. Not only are the Baiga the official priests in all the villages of eastern Mandla, they also

have a higher reputation as efficient soothsayers and magicians. It is in this capacity that they need a good knowledge of their ancient tribal myths and legends, for these myths and legends have to be recited and sung at certain sacrificial ceremonies.

Today the religion of the Baiga as well as that of the Gond is a curious mixture of primitive and Hinduistic elements. Its core is tribal, but it is overgrown and enriched by many Hinduistic beliefs and rites which partly belong to an early stage of Hinduism and partly are of recent adoption from the surrounding Hindu castes.

Both Baiga and Gond believe in a Supreme Being which after the Hindu fashion they call Bhagwan. Like the Hindu castes, they believe that this Bhagwan is eternal, all-knowing, all-present, the lord and maker of the world and of man. He formulated the moral code; he imposed certain sanctions for the observance or breach of the moral code. He is the ultimate master over life and death. In spite of this supreme position which Bhagwan occupies, there is no formal worship of him nor a ritual of sacrifice in his honour, nor can any image or symbol be found to represent him.

Below Bhagwan, and sometimes identified with him, is a deity whom the Baiga call Thakur Deo and the Gond Bara Deo. Both names mean the same, namely, 'the supreme god.' Most probably this god was the former high god of the tribes, before they adopted the Hindu god Bhagwan as a kind of overlord in their pantheon. Thakur Deo, or Bara Deo, is represented in a stone slab which is put up against a tree on the outskirts of the village. On important occasions, at the beginning of the sowing season, for instance, or when a person is to be cured of the bite of a poisonous snake, a sacrifice is performed in the god's honour. The Gond also believe that the souls of the dead are ultimately united with this god.

Both tribes believe in a great number of other gods, spirits, goblins and superhuman forces. Even the ancestors, who must be worshipped, must also be propitiated and asked for favours. By far the greatest part of the religious ceremonial is employed in the service of these minor deities. It is but natural that these primitive cultivators have a special veneration for the earth-mother to whom they occasionally offer bloody sacrifices. Female deities are more numerous and are mostly of a malicious character. Consistent with this curious belief is the conviction of the tribals that black magic is mainly performed by women,

while the male magicians and soothsayers use their powers mainly for the cure of the sick and the propitiation of the offended deities.

It is congenial to the highly artistic trend of mind of these tribals that they express their theological and philosophical convictions chiefly through the medium of myths and legends. These myths and legends speak of God, the maker and master of the universe and of many, the giver and jealous guardian of the moral law; they speak of the minor deities, spirits and ancestors, of the origin of the world, of life and of man, of fire and fertility, of disease and death, of rebirth and resuscitation of all life.

Besides these myths and legends, the Gond and Baiga have knowledge of many stories and fairy-tales which explain more trivial incidents in nature: for instance, why dogs carry their tails in an upward curl, why cats do not kill certain kinds of rats, and why worms attack the crops. These stories differ from the sacred myths which are recited on the occasion of a sacrifice. They can be told on any occasion and at whatever place.

All the tribals of Mandla love a story that is well told. Story-telling is a much respected art among them, but it would be wrong to assume that every Gond and Baiga is a treasure-mine of myths and folk-tales. As a matter of fact, there are only a few good story-tellers among them, and these with a seemingly inexhaustible store of tales. The majority of the aboriginals are more inclined to listen to a good story than to tell one. Still, it may be said that in almost every village there is a man or two who can reel out stories and tell them well. Among the various tribes of eastern Mandla, the Baiga are credited with knowing the largest number of stories and to excel in telling them. However, there is still another tribe, the Pardhan, who can boast of story-tellers even better than the Baiga. But as bards of the Gond, it is their profession, partly, to tell the origin and history of the various Gond and Baiga clans and families. Certain folk-tales seem to be more or less the property of certain families and are handed down from one generation to the other.

Stories are rarely told before a big audience. More often they are related in a more intimate circle. In the long nights, when the men sit out in their fields guarding the crops, somebody might start a story to while away the time and to keep himself and his companions awake. They are usually close re-

latives who share a watching hut, father and sons, or brothers and cousins, rarely if ever is there a servant.

Even then, stories are rarely ever told without the stimulation of a drink. Imagination among them, does not seem to function without this stimulant and the tongue is loosened under the influence of alcohol only. My informant, Musra Baiga, said that his father was a famous story-teller, but he required a full bottle of liquor before he would start telling them. Once started, he was inexhaustible and could scarcely be persuaded to stop talking. Musra himself found it difficult to tell a story without the stimulant of alcohol. When he came to dictate the stories given in the following pages he brought a bottle along with him and whenever he felt his imagination flag or flounder, he helped himself with a few sips of liquor to rejuvenate it.

We cannot help asking whether the stories related in the following pages are genuine inventions of the Baiga or Gond, or whether they are borrowed from other sources. Though detailed proof is still lacking, it seems more likely that these stories belong to a common reservoir of folk-tales which are told in certain variations, but with the same substance, from the west coast of India to the Himalayas. Naturally, as these popular tales are retold again and again by illiterate people, various versions develop, and no story-teller relates them in the same form. Only the substance remains the same.

A word needs be said about the language of the stories. Both Gond and Baiga of eastern Mandla speak a dialect of Hindi known as Gondvani or Mandlaha. It is closely related to Bagheli or Rewai, the language spoken in Baghelkhand and Chota Nagpur, which is also a dialect of Eastern Hindi. The most striking difference between this tongue and ordinary Hindi is the termination of the infinitive which is *-an*, and of the third person singular of the past tense which is *-is*. The first person suffix of the past tense is *-a*, the second person *-e*. The past participle ends *-e*. The sign of the genitive is *ker*, that of the dative *ke*, or *la*.¹

If the Baiga-Bhumia ever spoke a language of their own, they have completely forgotten it. It is possible that certain words of the vocabulary of their original language entered into the Gondvani or Mandlaha dialect, for in these dialects certain

1) Cf. F. R. Rudman: Mandla District Gazetteer. Bombay 1912, p. 48 f.

words are used which are unknown in other regions of India where pure Hindi is spoken. However, so far no exact study of these dialects has been made. The extensive texts, with translations, in this paper may therefore provide useful material for such linguistic studies.

It is curious that the Gond of eastern Mandla do not remember that at one time they spoke Gondi, which in Mandla District is called "Parsi," i.e., 'Persian,' with the connotation of 'foreign.' From their clan traditions and territorial names, it is clear that many Gond families have migrated into eastern Mandla coming from the west, or from a region where, to the present day, Gondi, a Dravidian dialect, is spoken. These Gond probably came in small scattered groups and consequently abandoned Gondi soon for the Gondvani or Mandlaha Hindi spoken there.

In conclusion I wish to mention that I collected these folktales myself from the Baiga and Gond when I lived among them for over half a year to study their customs and beliefs.² As mentioned before, the narrator of these stories was Musra, a Baiga of the village Bijora not far from Dindori in eastern Mandla. In the exact and correct presentation of the original text Mr. Boniface Deodas, who speaks this dialect as his mother tongue and is a college graduate, was very helpful. My sincere thanks are due to both.

1. The Parrot

There was an old Bhumia with his wife, a Bhumini. They had no children, neither son nor daughter; they were very poor. They had no field. One day the old Bhumia took his axe and went to the jungle to cut trees and to make a clearing for a field. But when he had cut down two trees he felt tired and sat down under the shade of a tree. At that moment many monkeys, a whole *lakh*³ of them, came to the old man and asked him: "Old man, are you tired?" The Bhumia replied: "Yes. I am tired." The monkeys asked: "Have you been cutting trees?" The Bhumia replied: "Yes. I have been cutting trees." The monkeys asked: "For what purpose did you cut the trees?"

2) Cf. S. Fuchs: *The Gond and Bhumia of Eastern Mandla*. Bombay, 1960.

3) One *lakh* is the equivalent of one hundred thousand.

The Bhumia replied: "I wanted to prepare a field." When the monkeys heard that, they took the axe and cut a great number of trees. Then they went off, and the old man returned home.

After eight days, when the wood had dried up, the old Bhumia came again and cut off all the branches and spread them over the ground. But he soon got tired and sat down under the shade of a tree. Again the monkeys came and took his axe. They chopped the wood and threw the branches all over the ground. The old Bhumia prepared an *akhwa*.⁴ With that implement he pushed the chopped-off branches about and spread them all over the clearing. The monkeys followed his example faithfully. And so many monkeys had come to work that the field was made ready in a single day. Then the old Bhumia set fire to the dry wood spread over the clearing.⁵ After that the monkey went away into the jungle, and the old Bhumia returned home.

When the rains started, the Bhumia returned with a basket of paddy. He sowed the paddy into the ashes. When the new crop appeared, the Bhumia made a strong fence around his field, with branches and thorns, and he covered his whole field with a roof of branches and leaves. He left not a single hole through which a bird or rat could enter it. Then he went home.

When the paddy was ripe, the old Bhumia again went to his field for the harvest. But what did he see? There was not a single grain left on his field. One day the parrots had come, *lakhs* and *lakhs* of them, had made a hole in the roof of branches and leaves and carried off all the grain from the field. Then they flew away. When he saw what had happened, the old Bhumia began to weep. After a while he resolved to look where the parrots had gone. This was easy, for on their way the parrots had dropped the husks of the rice-grains. The old Bhumia followed the marks which the parrots had left and at last came to a huge tree. It was a *Barra* tree.⁶

When the Bhumia saw the parrots perching on the tree, he quickly turned round and went home. He related to his wife what had happened, and she too began to cry. But the old

4) A log of wood, about a cubit long, round, and with a long handle.

5) This is the way how the Bhumia in the past prepared a field for slash-and-burn or shifting-cultivation.

6) It is also called *Akbar* (*Ficus Bengalensis?*). Its fruits are edible; juice is extracted from its leaves.

Bhumia told his wife to bake a big loaf of bread, five cubits long and five cubits broad, and to fill a large earthen jar with *ramtila*⁷ oil, at least ten to twenty *seers*.⁸ The old Bhumia was a strong man; he had an axe which required twenty-six ordinary men to lift it and a sickle so heavy that it required twenty-four men to cut grass with it. He wrapped the bread and the jar of oil into his blanket which he tied around his shoulders.

Then he went into the jungle. With his axe he hacked at the trunk of a *Thuha* tree⁹ till sap began to flow. He collected the sap of many trees and mixed it with the oil in his pot. The sap of the *Thuha* trees is sticky and good for catching birds when mixed with oil. As soon as the old man had his bird-lime ready, he went to the tree where he had seen the parrots perching. They had flown away at dawn to feed in the fields, but the Bhumia knew that they would return in the evening. He climbed the tree and smeared the sticky mass (*chhep*) on all its branches and twigs. His work done, he climbed down and hid himself behind some bushes. He wanted to catch all the parrots that had eaten his grain and wished to eat them himself.

In the evening the parrots returned from the fields and began to perch on the tree. But they all got stuck in the sticky bird-lime and one after the other fell down from the tree. Soon a *lakh* of parrots were lying on the ground. At last Butsen, the king of the parrots, came flying along. He too got stuck in the bird-lime. He began to shout so loud a voice that another *lakh* of parrots flying in to alight on the tree were warned and escaped to other trees. But Butsen could not save himself and fell helplessly to the ground.

The old Bhumia rushed forward to kill the struggling bird with his axe. He asked: "Why did you plunder my paddy-field? I shall kill you now as a punishment." Butsen replied: "Do not kill me. Take me to your house. I shall guard your house." The old Bhumia listened to the pleadings of the king of parrots and took him home.

When he reached his home, the Bhumia asked him: "Did you catch only one parrot? Where are the others?" The Bhumia replied: "Yes. I only caught one parrot, all the others flew away." The Bhumia said: "Give me the parrot. I shall

7) *Guzotia abyssinica*.

8) A *seer* is the equivalent of a litre.

9) *Euphorbia nerifolia*.

kill him because he has eaten our rice." The king of the parrots begged: "Do not kill me. I shall watch your house." The old Bhumia thought: "We have no children. I shall keep the parrot as my son." And she put Butsen into a cage and gave him water and fed him with gram. For ten years the parrot lived in the cage.

After ten years the parrot said to the old Bhumia: "There is no sense in keeping me any longer in this cage. Better take me to the town and sell me there." The old Bhumia said: "This is a good idea." He asked his wife to bake a loaf of bread five cubits long and five cubits broad. He wrapped the bread into his blanket and slung it over his back. Then he took the parrot in the cage and went to the town.¹⁰

On the way he met an Ahir (cattle grazer). When the Ahir heard the Bhumia shouting: "Buy my parrot! Buy my parrot!" he hailed the old man and said: "Come here. I want to buy your parrot." The old Bhumia went to the Ahir who asked him: "What is the price of the parrot? For how much will you sell him?" The Bhumia replied: "How do I know the price? Ask the parrot. He knows how much he is worth." The Ahir asked the parrot: "What is your price?" Butsen replied: "A hundred thousand rupees." The Ahir replied: "I have got buffaloes. I have got cows and bullocks. I have got goats, but all my cattle is not worth a *lakh* of rupees. Go away!"

The old Bhumia went on his way to the town, shouting all the time: "Buy my parrot! Buy my parrot!" Finally he arrived at the palace of the king. The king heard him shouting and called him: "Come here. What have you got for sale? Is it a parrot that is for sale?" The Bhumia replied: "Yes. I have a parrot for sale." The king asked: "What do you want for the bird?" The Bhumia said: "I do not know the price. Let the parrot himself tell you how much he is worth." The king asked the parrot: "What is your price, parrot?" Butsen replied: "One *lakh* of rupees." And the king gave the Bhumia a *lakh* of rupees for the parrot that could talk.

10) This and some of the following incidents of the story are related in a folk-tale of western India: "The Wanderings of Vicram Maharaja." Cf. M. Frere: *Old Deccan Days*. London 1898, pp. 79-81. —The same motive appears also in a folk-tale of the Lohar in Barway, in the northern part of the Ranchi District in Bihar, under the title: "The Teacher and His Disciple." Cf. H. Floor: *A Collection of Folk-tales*. (In Ms.)

The old Bhumia unfolded his blanket; but there was now no bread in it, for the Bhumia had eaten it on his way. He wrapped the money into his blanket, tied it to his back and went home. He bought cows, bullocks and buffaloes, goats and a horse, and became a rich man. In the past people had called him 'Bhumia,' but now they called him 'Patel.'¹¹

Meanwhile the parrot lived in an iron cage in the palace of the king. The king had seven wives. He commanded his wives, each in turn, to feed the parrot. But the six elder queens were wicked; only the youngest queen was good. Therefore the parrot did not accept food from the hands of the six elder queens, but only from the youngest. When the six wicked queens saw that the parrot would not eat from their hands, they grew angry and jealous. They refused to eat and lay down on their beds, saying that they had fever. They asked the king to call a soothsayer (*gunia*) to find out what medicine they required. But the king knew that they had gone to bed because the parrot refused to eat from their hands. He did not call a soothsayer. In the night the six queens decided to have the parrot killed. When morning came, they asked the king for medicine. The king inquired: "What medicine do you want?" The queens replied: "The liver and the two eyes of the parrot." The king said: "I shall get you your medicine."

Then the king called one of his policemen and said: "Take the parrot, kill him and bring me his liver and his two eyes." The policeman thought: "If the king commands me to kill the parrot, I have to do it." And he took the cage, with the parrot, outside into the garden. When the policeman caught the parrot by the neck to kill him, Butsen shouted: "Policeman, do not kill me. Perhaps the king will need a parrot one day. If you kill me, all the other parrots will die with me, because I am their king." The policeman asked: "What shall I do now? How can I disobey the order of my king?" The parrot replied: "Nothing easier than that. Go to the town and tell the people to give you five cocks for the king. Eat the meat of the cocks, but keep the liver and the eyes of one cock and bring them to the king as medicine for his queens."

The policeman climbed a tree in the garden, hung the cage on a branch and opened the door of the cage. The parrot left the cage and flew to a Bokhaind tree near a tank. The police-

11) Headman of a village.

man asked: "Parrot, will you surely return when the king wants you?" The parrot promised: "Yes. I shall certainly return if the king calls for me." With that he flew away far into the jungle.

The policeman called two of his companions and all three went into the town. They told the people: "The king wants five cocks. Cocks, not fowls. Give them to us." The people of the town gave the policemen five cocks for the king. They went home, killed the cocks and prepared a grand dinner. Only of one cock they kept the liver and the eyes. The policeman then took the liver and the eyes and carried them to the king. The king asked him: "Have you killed the parrot?" The policeman replied: "Yes. I have killed the parrot. Here are his liver and eyes." The king took the liver and the eyes and carried them to the queens. When the youngest queen heard that the parrot had been killed, she was sorry and cried. But the six wicked queens were glad and said: "Good! The parrot is dead!" And they got up from their beds.

However, after the parrot had flown away from the palace, the king became very poor: the water in his tank dried up, and the trees in his garden withered. He was forced to sell all his gold and silver and the jewels of his wives for food. One day when he was destitute and had nothing anymore to eat, a Brahmin came to him and asked for alms. The king said: "Maharaj, I myself have nothing to eat." The Brahmin replied: "What, you are such a great king and you have nothing to eat? How is that?" The king replied: "I do not know how I have become so poor." The Brahmin took out his book, in which all the secrets of the world were recorded, and began to read. Finally he said: "You lost your wealth, because the parrot went away. Call the parrot back and keep him in your house, and you will get twice as rich as you were before. But six of your queens are wicked."

When the king heard that, he called the policeman and commanded: "Bring the parrot back." The policeman said: "But the parrot is dead. How can I bring the parrot back to you?" The king insisted: "Bring back the parrot. I must have that parrot. If you don't restore the parrot to me, I shall kill you and throw your body into the well." When the policeman heard that, he went into the garden to the tree in which he had hung up the cage. But the cage was empty, for the parrot had not yet returned from the jungle. The policeman sat down under

the tree and waited long and waited for the parrot to return. His wife brought him his food to the tree, for he did not want to leave his post. He waited for a whole month until at last the parrot returned to his cage.

The policeman saw the parrot and called him: "Parrot, the king wants you. Return now to the cage, as you promised before." The parrot king replied: "No. I won't come. The king might kill me one day." The policeman said: "No, no. Nobody will kill you. Come." And with great difficulty did he at last persuade the parrot to return to his cage. The policeman climbed to the cage, closed its door and descended with the cage from the tree. He carried the cage with the parrot to the king. On his way, while he was passing the tank, the water began to rise in it. The well too was filling with water and the Mango trees in the garden began to bloom. When he reached the palace, all the gold and silver and the jewels of the queens, which the king had sold for food, were brought back to the king and twice over! And the king was very glad and kept the parrot in his palace. But the six wicked queens he killed; only the youngest queen was spared because she was good.

Notes regarding Transcription

The transcription used here follows the usual procedure in transcribing Hindi texts. (Cf. H.C. Scholberg: *Concise Grammar of the Hindi Language*, Oxford U. Pr. 1955, pp. 1-5).

The Palatals *j* (as in *jump*) and *ch* (as in *charm*) are pronounced with the body of the tongue raised to the palate. *Jh* and *chh* are aspirated palatals, i.e., they have an *h* inherent in them.

The Cerebrals *ḍ* and *ṭ* are pronounced with the tip of the tongue placed against the roof of the mouth and jerked down sharply to a horizontal position as the sound is uttered. There is no English equivalent to any of these sounds. *Dh* and *ṭh* are aspirated cerebrals. *R* and *ṛh* are likewise cerebrals and must be pronounced as such. In pronouncing *ṛ* or *ṛh* the tip of the tongue is in the roof of the mouth at the beginning and is brought forward and down with a jerk like a crack of a whip to a horizontal position.

Nasalization is expressed by lifting the *n* to ⁿ or by writing ñ.

Important is the difference of long or short vowels. If there is any accent, it is on the long vowel.

Anyone who knows Dewanagari will find it easy to transcribe these texts back into Dewanagari; they had to be given in the Roman script because no Dewanagari letters were available for this paper.

Sua

Ek Bhumiya đokra apan đokri Bhumin ke sath rahain. Unkar bal bachcha na rahain, na beta na beti. Ar un bahut garib rahain. Unkhar khet-bari na rahain. Ek din Bhumiya đokra apan tangwa la dharis ar rukhwa katke kuthar jharela đongra kane gais. Akhar, jab waha duttho rukhwan la katis, tab waha la gais ar ek rukhwa ke chhae ma baiṭh gais. Wohich samay radhne bandra—sagle ek lakh—đokra tinga ain ar ola puchhin: “Kaise, đokra, tai la gaye has joka?” Đokra kais: “Hao, laṭich gaye hauñ arka.”—“Tai rukhwa katat rahas ka?”—“Hao, mein rukhwa katat rahoñ.”—“Kahin ke mare tai rukhwan la katehas?”—“Mor bichar khet banae ke hai.”

Jab bandra aisna sunin, tab un tangwa la dharin ar radhne rukhwan la kaṭ đarin. Tab pher un bhagain ar đokra apan ghar gais.

Aṭh din ke pachhu, jab rukhwa sukhay gain, tab Bhumiya đokra phere ais ar sagli đarayan la katan lagis ar khet bhar ma phailawan lagis. Akhar, waha jaldi la gais ar ek rukhwa ke chhae ma baiṭh gais. Bandra pherai ain ar okhar tangwa la đharin. Un rukhwan la bong đarin ar đaraiyan la khet ma phailawan lugin. Bhumiya đokra ek akhwa banais. O ma apan agaru ke bulge hara đarayan la jhik jhik ke kuthar bhar ma phailawan lagis. Bandra ar waisnai karin. Atna bandra kam karain ki khet ekai din ma tayar hoy gay. Tab pher Bhumiya đokra sagli kuthar ma philai hara jhurra nakrin ma agi lagai dais. Okhar pachharu bandra đongra kanay bhagain ar Bhumiya đokra ghar ma ay gay.

Jab pani ais, tab Bhumiya ek dukna ma dhan dharke pherai ais. Waha rakh ma dhan boy dais. Jab ankura nikal ain, tab Bhumiya apan khet ke champere kaṭa ware đarayan ke barkush rundhna lagay dais ar waha sabli khet la thanghaya ar patuan ke chhani banay ke tang dais. Waha ek rawa chhedā nahī rahan dais, je ma ki ek muswa ya chiraya khet ma ghus saktin. Tab pher waha ghar bhagis.

Jab dhan hoy gay, tab Bhumiya đokra apan khet ma nuelā gais. Akhar, waha kahin dekhis? Okhar khet ma ek tho anaj na rahai. Ek din uha duyak lakh suā ain, chhani ma ek chhedā banain ar pher le sagli anna la kaṭar đarin. Ar pher un lai urain. Jab Bhumiya đokra aisna hoy hara dekhis, tab rowain lagis. Waha chuduk der ma yaha dekhe la than lais ki suā kahāñ gain. Aisna karai saral rahai; kaise ki

sūa dhān ke bhūsā lā apan gāli mā girāuat gay rahaiñ. Bhumiyā ðokrā wohich nisān lā dharis jelā sūa banāuat gaye rahaiñ ar ant mā ek baṛa darkas rūkhwā ke ðhiga pahunchis. Waha baṛa ke rūkhwā āy. Okhar pharūhā khāthain ar okhar patāuan le dūdh nikal thai.

Jab Bhumiyā sūān lā rūkhwā mā baserā karat dekhis, tab waha jhaṭne lauṭis ar ghar kā bhāgis. Jo kachhū hoj rahai telā jab waha apan ðokrī lā batāis, tab waha roan lāgis. Akhar, Bhumiyā ðokrā apan ðokrī lā ek baṛā jānik roṭi pāñch hāth lām ar pāñch hāth chākar banāy lā kās ar ek māṭi ke haṛiyā mā das ya pandrā ser ramtilā ke tel bharelā kās. Wā Bhumiyā ðokrā jādai balwān rahāi. Okhar jo ṭangwā rahai olā uṭāy lā chhai upar bis ādmī hamār tumhār ḍaul lagain ar okhar hansiyā atnā garu rahai ki omā ghās nuēlā chār upar bis ādmī lagain.

Waha roṭi ar tel wāre hāṛiyā lā apan kamrā mā lapetis ar olā ghantiāis. Ar pher waha ḍongra kanāy saṭkis. Waha apan ṭangwā mā ek thūthā ke rūkhwā lā dūdh niklat le kāṭis. Waha radhne rūkhwān ke dūdh nikālis ar haṛiyā mā ramtilā tel ke sang milāis. Jo ðokrā ke chhep tayār bhāis so waha wohich rūkhwā kanāy gāis jahāñ ṭho waha sūān lā baserā karat dekhe rahai. Baṛe ṭarkā un khet kanāy uṛ gāy rahaiñ. Akhar, Bhumiyā jāne ki sanjha ke un lauṭ āhin. Ton waha rūkhwā mā chāṛis ar sagli ḍarayā ar patāuan mā chhep lā chupar dais. Okhar kām rahai hoy gay. Waha rūkhwā le utris ar ek jhāban mā luk gay. Okhar bichār rahai un sagli sūān lā pakṛi lā ar unkar shikar khāylā jo okhar khet ke anna lā kūtār dāre rahaiñ.

Sanjhā ke sūa khet le lauṭ āin ar rūkhwā ke upar baserā karelā baiṭhan lāgin. Tab sab konon chhep mā phāns gāin ar ek ek kar ke rūkhwā le ṭapak gāin. Chhin bhar mā ek lākh sūa dharti mā loṭ gāin. Sable pachhārū Butsen jo sūān ke rajā rahai akele uṛat āis. Ohū rahai chhep mā phans gay. Waha atnā kurrāy kurrāy nāriyāuan lāgis ki waha ek lākh aur sūān lā jānwāy dais ar ūn dūsar rūkhwān mā uṛ bhāgin. Akhar, Butsen nahin bach sakis ar dharti mā gir pais. Bhumiyā ðokrā olā phar pharāuāt dekh ke apan ṭangwā lā dhar ke pasiyāwain kā dauris. Waha kāis: “Tum mor dhān ke khet lā kahelā khāy hā? Okhar saṛā mā meinṭolā mār dār huñ.” Butsen kāis: “Molā jhai mār. Meinṭor ghar rakhā huñ.” Bhumiyā ðokrā sūān ke rajā ke bāt mān gāis ar olā ghar mā layānis.

Jab waha ghar mā āis, tab Bhūmin ðokrī olā pūchhis: “Ekai ṭho sūa lā māre has jokā? Ar dūsar kahan gāin?” Bhumiyā kāis: “Hao,

ekai ṭhon lā pakaṛ pāyaoñ, dūsar saglo bhāg gāin.” Bhumīn kāis: “Lānhe sūā lā. Meiñ olā mārīch dār huñ. Waha hamār khet lā khāise baṛhāise.” Sūān ke Rajā bintī bhāro karis ar kāis: “Molā jhai mār dai. Meiñ tor ghar rakhā huñ.” Bhumīn ḍokri sochis: “Hamār bāl bachchā nāhi āy. Na hoy tā elā meiñ apan laṛkā ḍaul rākh leuñ.” Ar waha Butsen lā ek pinjṛā mā dhar ke pānī ar achchhi chanā ke dār khāy lā den lagis. Sūā das baras tak ōhich pinjṛā mā rahis.

Das baras ke pachhārū sūā Bhumiyā ḍokṛā lā kāis: “Molā pinjṛā mā rakhe se kachchū sār nāhi yāy. Achchhā hotis ki molā kono shahar mā laiḷ ke bech detah.” Bhumiyā ḍokṛā kāis: “Yaha to aslai bichār hawai.” Waha apan ḍokri lā ek bara jānik roṭī pañch hāth lām ar pañch hāth chākar banāy lā kāis. Waha apan roṭī lā kamrā mā lapetis. Ar pher waha pinjṛā lā dharis ar shahar kanāy chālis.

Rastā mā olā ek Ahirā milis. Jab waha Ahirā Bhumiyā lā “Sūā lai hā, sūā” kahat sunis tab ḍokṛā lā balāis ar kāis: “It the āy le. Tor sūā lā laiḷe bichar hawai.” Bhumiyā ḍokṛā ke ḍhinga gāis, tā waha pūchhis: “Sūā ke katnā dām hothai? Tai ol katnā mā bechbe?” Sūā ke katnā dām hothai? Tai ola katnā mā bechbe?” Bhumiyā ḍokṛā kāis: “Meiñ molbhāu nāhi janouñ. Sue lā pūchh le. Waha apan mol bhāu jān thai.” Ahirā sūā lā pūchhis: “Tor kimat katnā ho thai?” Butsen kāis: “Sau hajjar rūpyā.” Ahirā kāis: “Mor kahan dāriyāyī bhaisīn hawai? Mor kahan gayā ar bailā hawai. Mor kahan chhariyā hawai; akhar mor saglī maweshi ek lākh rūpiyan ke lāyak nāhi āy. Ton chale jā.”

Bhumiyā ḍokṛā waisnai: “Sūā lai hā, sūā,” kahat apan rastā dharis. Sagle pachhū waha Rajā ke makan kane gāis. Rajā olā kirāwat sunis ar balāis: “Yahā āy le. Kāhin dhare has? Sūā āy jokā bechēlā?” “Hao, suwai āy ar kā bechēlā.” Rajā pūchhis: “Chirayā ke katnā dam hothai?” Bhumiyā kāis: “Meiñ okhar dām nāhi jāno. Tai suai la pūchh le.” Rajā suai lā pūchhis: “Tor katnā dām hothai, sūā?” Butsen kāis: “Ek lākh rūpyā.” Ar Rajā ton Bhumiyā lā ek lākh rūpyā sūā ke de deis—jon bolat rahai.

Bhumiyā ḍokṛā apan kamrā lā phailāis; akhar ab omā roṭī na rahai; kaise ki waha rastā mā olā khāy ḍār rahai. Waha rūpayan lā kamrā mā lapetis olā apan piṭh mā bandhis ar ghar kā lamme hois. Waha gayā ar bailā ar bhaisī ar chhariyā ar ghoṛā sab kachhū lais ar baṛe ādmī ban gaye. Agārū ādmī olā Bhumiyā kahain. Akhar ab olā paṭel

gaoñ ke mukhyā kahān lagin.

Suā ohich samay ek lohā ke pinjrā mā Rajā ke makān mā rahai. Rajā ke sāt rānī rahaiñ. Rajā kās: “Roj din ek rānī sūā lā khānā dena chahi.” Akhar chheh baṛe rānī bahut kharāb rahaiñ, kewal sabse chhoṭ rānī bhar achchhā rahai. Tekhar māre sūā chheh baṛe rānīn ke hāth le kachū na khāy piyāy. Waha sabse chhot rānī ke hāthai le bhar khāy. Jab un chhayo kharāb rānī elā dekhin ki sūā akele chhoṭai rānī ke hāth le khāthai, tab un gūssa hoy gain ar chhoṭ rānī ke upar jaran lagin. Un khāye pī lā chhoṭ dain. Ar dukkhan dharise kahke apnahi vichhinan mā sōy gāin. Un Rajā lā dawā dārū ke lāne guniyā balāy lā kahin. Akhar, Rajā jānai ki unkhar hāth le sūā nāhi khāy piyay tekhar māre āy un sōy gaine ar waha guniyā nāhi balāis. Rāt ke saglī rānī sūā lā mār ḍāre lā bichār karin. Jab sakhare bhais, tab un Rajā lā dawāi mā gāin. Rajā un lā pūchhis: “Tum lā kāhin dawāi laghi?” Rānī kahin: “Sūā ke karejā ar okhar dui ānkhī.” Rajā kās: “Tumhār dawāi mil jāhi.”

Rājā ek sūpāhi lā balāis ar kās: “Sūā lā pakaṛ, olā mār ḍār ar okhār karejā ar dui ānkhī lai ān.” Sūpāhi sochis: “Agar Rajā sūā lā māre lā kahthai, ta esnā to mein kardār huñ.” Ar waha bāhar bagaichā mā sūā ke pinjrā lā laigay. Jab sūpāhi sūā ke nareṭī lā pakaṛis, tab waha rahai nariyāwan lāgis: “Sūpāhi, molā jhai mār kabhū Rājā lā esnā sūā ke kām parhi. Agar tai molā mār darbe, ta saglī sūā mār jahi; kaise mā ki mein sab sūān ke Rājā āoñ.” Sūpāhi kāhis: “Tab mein kāhin karoñ? Mein Rājā ke hukum lā kaise pura karoñ?” Sūā kāhis: “Yato sable saral bāt hawai. Shahar mā jā ar ādmin lā kāh ki Rājā ke lāne molā pañch ṭho murgā deh. Saglī murgan ke shikār khāy lebe ar ek ṭho murgā ke karejā ar ānkhin lā ghar lebe ar unlā Rājā ḍhigā lai jābe rānīn lā khulāy lā.”

Sūpāhi bagīchā ke rūkhwā mā chadhīs, ek ḍarayā mā pinjrā lā jhulāis ar pinjrā ke dūra lā ughār dais. Sūā pinjrā le nikal ke ek talwā ḍhigā ke Bokaind rūkhwā mā uṛ gāis. Sūpāhi pūchhis: “Mein sūā tai sañchai lauṭ abe jab Rājā tolā balāhi?” Sūā kriyā khāy ke kāhis: “Hao, mein jarūr āy jahūñ agar Rājā molā balāhi.” Atna kahke waha rahai ḍogra kanāy uṛ gay.

Sūpāhi apan dui jhan sāthin lā balāis ar un tino jhān shahar mā gāin. Un ādmin lā kahin: “Rājā pañch ṭhon murgā māg thai. Murgai murgā kukrī ukri nāhi! Ton hamkā unlā deh.” Ādmī sūpahin lā pañch

tho murgā dāin ar un ghar mā bhāgain. Uhāñ murgan lā mārīn ar achchhā bhojan banāin. Kewal ek murgā ke karejā ar ānkhin lā rākh lain. Rājā olā pūchhis: “Tai sūā lā mār dāre?” Sūpāhi kāhis: “Hao. Meiñ sūā lā mār dārauñ. Okhar karejā ar ānkhī yade hawai.” Rājā karejā ar ānkhin lā dharis ar unlā rānīn ke d̥hingā lānis. Jab chhoṭ rānī sunis ki suā lā mār dārin tā waha jādai pashtais ar rois. Akhar chhaoñ dusaṭ rānī andher kūshī hoin ar kahan lāgin: “Achchhai bhais sūā mār gāis.” Ar un apan bichhonan le uṭh gāin.

Akhar jab sūā Rājā ke mahal le uṛke bhag gais, tab Rājā garīb hoy gay. Okhar talwā ke pānī sukhāy gay ar okhar bagaichā ke rūkhwā murjhāy gain. Waha lachār hoy ke apan rānīn ke solā ar chāndī ar hirā jawāhar lā ann ke lāne bech dāris. Ek din jab waha bilkul garīb hoy gay rahai, ar okhar tho kachhū khāy lā na rahai, tab ek Bahmnā okhar d̥higā āis ar bhikh māngan lāgis. Rājā kāhis: “Mahrāj, morai ka to khāylā nāhi yāy.” Bahmnā kāhis: “Kāhin, tai atnā baṛ Rājā ās ar tor tho khāyla nāhi āy? Ya kaise mā āy?” Rājā kāhis: “Meiñ janoñ che nāhi ki meiñ kahelā atnā garīb hoy gay hoñ.” Bahmnā apan kitāb nikālis je mā duniyā bharke matlasi bāt likhe harā rahai. Ar paṛhan lāgis. Ant mā waha kāhis: “Tor sūā bhag gaise, tekhar māre āy tor dan d̥hārā osar gaise. Tai sūā lā balāy le, ar olā apan ghar mā rākh ar tai agārū d̥aul baṛe ādmī ban jābe. Akhar, to chheh baṛe rānī bahut kharāb hawai.”

Jab Rājā aīsnā lā sunis tab sūpāhi lā balāis ar kāis: “Sūā lā vāpis layān.” Sūpāhi kāhis: “Akhar, sūā to mār gāis. Olā kaise karke meiñ vāpis lanoñ?” Rājā kāhis: “Tai waha sūā lā vāpis lān. Waha sūā ke molā bahut jarūrī hai. Agar tai sūā lā na lān be, ta meiñ to lā mār ke ar kuā mā phakwāy dehūñ.” Jab sūpāhi aīsnā sunis, tab waha bagaichā ke wa rūkhwā ke d̥hingā gais jahāñ pinjrā taṅge harā rahai. Akhar waha juchchha rahai, kai se mā ki sūā d̥ogra le lauṭe na rahai. Sūpāhi rūkhwā tarī baiṭh gais ar sūā ke galī dekhan lāgis. Okhar d̥auki rūkhwā d̥higā khāylā lān dais, kaise mā ki waha ṭahar lā chhoṛhe lā na chāhai. Waha ek mahīnā rāstā dekhis. Atnā mā sūā pinjrā mā lauṭ āyis.

Sūpāhi sūā lā dekhis ar olā balāis: “Sūā tolā Rājā balā thai. Pinjrā mā āy jā jainā tai agārū kahe rahas.” Suā kāhis: “Meiñ nāhi āhūñ. Rājā molā mār dār hi.” Sūpāhi kāhis: “Nāhi. Tolā kono nāhi mārhi.” Ar mūshkil se waha sūā lā pinjrā mā lauṭe lā saṭiyāy pāis.

Sūpāhi rūkhwā mā chaṛhis ar pinjrā ke dūrā mūñ dais ar rūkhwā le utar āis. Waha sūā wāre pinjrā lā Rājā ḍhingā laigay. Rāstā mā jab waha jāt rahai, tab talwā mā pāni bhar gay. Kuā ar pāni le bhar gay ar bagichā mā āmā ke rūkhwā hariyar hoy gain. Jab waha Rājā ke mahal mā pahūñchhis tab rānīn ke sabli solā ar chāñdi ar hirā jawāhar jinlā Rājā khāna pīna ke lāne bech ḍāre rahai pherai Rājā ḍhingā āy gāin. Ar Rājā bahutai kushī bhais ar sūā lā apan mahal mā rākh lais ar sabli dusaṭ rānīn lā mārway ḍāris, kewal sabse choṭ rānī bachis; kaise mā ki waha achchhā rahai.

2. The Flying Horse

I do not know the name of the carpenter, nor the name of the smith, but this story has to do with a carpenter and a smith and, of course, with a king and the king's son. There is always a king in such stories.

Well, there once was a carpenter and a smith. Both were close friends and always together. The smith was a clever man and his products sold well. But the carpenter was not so lucky; he rarely found any customers for the products of his craft. At last he became jealous of the smith and asked himself: "Why is it that nobody ever wants to buy my products?" And he began to quarrel with the smith. They quarrelled and fought till finally they decided to bring the matter before the king and to ask him to judge their case.

When the king had heard their story, he told them to go home, each man to his own shop, and to try their best to produce a master-piece, each in his own craft. Only then would he be able to judge who was the better craftsman of the two. The carpenter went home and carved a horse with an engine inside its body, and with wings at its sides. The smith only made a big iron pan. When the carpenter had finished his horse, he wrapped it into a sheet and carried it to the palace. Also the smith wrapped his iron pan in a sheet and carried it to the palace.

The king sat with his wife in the hall of the palace and began to examine the horse and the iron pan. When the queen saw the iron pan, she said at once: "I want this pan. We don't want any horses; we have plenty of them in the stables." While they were still discussing, the son of the Raja entered the hall. When he saw the horse of the carpenter, he took a fancy to it and said: "I want this horse. Give it to me." And at once he jumped on its back. But the horse of the carpenter had wings and as soon as the thighs of the prince touched the flanks of the horse, the wings spread out and the horse leaped into the air and carried the prince away. The young prince did not know how to stop the horse, and it flew on and on. The prince rode for days and days till finally he felt very hungry. But he still did not know how to stop the horse.

When the king saw his son carried off by the flying horse, he got very angry with the carpenter and the smith as well. He locked both of them up in his prison. He swore that he

would not release them from prison until his son returned. The wife of the carpenter and the wife of the smith waited at home for the return of their husbands. But when they did not return, they ran away and married other men.

Meanwhile the prince rode on the horse into a distant country. At last, by mere chance, he touched a button at the side of the horse and it descended from the sky and landed in a big, big river. But the horse swam across the river and finally waded to land. The prince alighted and led his horse to a huge hollow tree. He hid the horse in the tree and went off to a town which he saw was not far from the river.

He felt hungry and with the intention of getting something to eat he looked for employment in the town. At the first house that he passed he saw an old woman. He asked her: "Mother, can you give me something to eat?" The woman replied: "Yes. But you must graze my buffaloes." And the prince asked: "Where can I sleep during the night?" The old woman said: "You can sleep here on the verandah."

Then the prince went for a walk into the town. He came to the palace of the king. There he sat down and smoked a pipe. Then he saw the king's daughter and instantly fell in love with her.

Now the story begins to take a bad turn. At first not a very bad one; but later on it becomes increasingly bad. I feel ashamed to relate it. For at midnight the prince went to the hollow tree, took out his horse and rode through the air to the palace. He landed on the terrace where the princess had her room. Every night he went to the king's daughter on the upper storey of the palace.

At last the king and the queen saw that their daughter was with child. They guessed that some young man must be coming to her room at night. So the queen ground a great quantity of turmeric and in the evening scattered the powder all over the floor of her daughter's room.

On the following night, when the prince came riding his horse through the air, the parrot of the princess warned him to stay away for just this night and not to visit the princess. But the prince paid no heed to his advice and went into the room of the princess. He played with her the whole night. When he left at dawn, his clothes were stained all over with turmeric.

After the prince had hidden his horse in the hollow tree at the river bank, he went to the house of the old woman. The

old woman asked him: "Where have you been that your clothes are all stained with yellow?" The prince only then noticed that his clothes were stained with turmeric. He changed them and gave the spoiled clothes to the old woman for washing. Then he went out to graze her buffaloes.

Meanwhile the Raja went to the room of his daughter and found that somebody had visited her at night. He called his servants and told them to summon all the men of the town to the palace. The son of the washerman to whom the old woman had given the soiled clothes of the prince also obeyed the summons of the Raja. He found the beautiful clothes of the prince among the laundry and thought they would come handy now. So he dressed in them and went to the palace. When the son of the washerman arrived at the palace in the attire of the prince stained all over with turmeric, the soldiers of the king caught him and began to belabour him. When the washerman saw the soldiers beating his son, he went to the Raja and begged him to spare his son. He admitted that the garments which his son was wearing were not his own, but belonged to the cowherd of the old woman. When the Raja heard that, he commanded his soldiers to summon the cowherd.

The soldiers went quickly to the old woman. She told them that her servant had gone to graze her cattle. It was for this reason that he had not obeyed the summons of the king. The soldiers therefore went to round up the cowherd from the grazing ground. But when the prince saw them coming for him, he escaped into the jungle. Making a detour he at last reached the hollow tree at the river-side, called out his horse and rode through the air straight to the palace. He called the princess, set her on his steed and off they went, flying high above the town. When the Raja saw them riding away, he took his bow and shot an arrow at the horse, but where was the arrow and where the horse! The prince greeted the Raja from afar and rode away with the princess.

The horse went flying on and on. At last the princess told the prince that she felt pains in her belly and that the time for her delivery had come. At that time the horse was flying over a big river. It was so broad that one could not see from one side of the river to the other. But there was a small island in the middle of the river; so the prince alighted on the island. Then and there the princess gave birth to a son.

The prince said: "I am going away to call a midwife and

a washerman, and I shall bring fire to warm the bath-water." He rode off on his horse, crossed the river, reached the town, called a midwife and washerman. He also got dry cow-dung and burning coal. He kept them in his hand, jumped on his horse and rode swiftly back to his wife. But when he was flying over the river, the breeze grew so strong that his clothes caught fire from the burning coal. The wings of the horse also began to burn. The horse with its rider fell into the river and the prince was drowned.

The princess on the island watched everything that happened from afar. She said to herself: "What shall I do now? To my right is water, to my left is water, all around me is water and I am all alone here with my child. He is a boy; but how can I get him away from this place?" In her despair she took her baby and threw him into the water, then she jumped after him and was also drowned.

Lower down at the river bank a washerman was washing clothes. He saw a baby floating on the water and decided to save it. He fished the baby out of the water and found that the boy was not quite dead yet. He took the child in his arms and carried it to his wife who said: "Well, it is a boy. Let us keep him. He may become useful when he grows up."

At another spot at the river bank an old woman who belonged to the caste of masseurs was collecting cow-dung. She saw the body of a young woman floating on the water. She rescued the body and began massaging her. When the princess opened her eyes, the old woman told her that she was her niece and that her mother had died some time ago. And she kept the princess in her house, because she saw that the dress which the princess wore was beautiful and that her jewels were of great value. She wanted to get possession of these things.

The prince, however, was really dead and the river carried his body towards the burning place of the town. There the queen of the town had just cremated her dead husband and now sat near the river washing her clothes. She saw the body of the prince which was badly burned floating towards her. She fished the dead prince out of the water and carried him to the temple of Bhagwan. There she bedded him on a sheet which she had folded up seven times. Then she prayed to Bhagwan to revive the prince. But Bhagwan refused her prayer and said: "This man is too badly burned." The queen did not cease praying for the life of the prince and finally Bhagwan gave in. He

sent life back into the body of the prince. He opened his eyes and sat up. At that moment he remembered his wife and son. He got up quickly and ran towards the river. The queen called him back, but to no avail. Then the Rani prayed to Bhagwan to recall the prince. Bhagwan heard her prayer and commanded the prince to return to the queen. The Rani took the prince to her palace and married him. And she made him Raja of the town.

Many years passed by. The son of the prince grew up into a man. At last he thought of getting married. One day he saw the niece of the masseur woman—who was in fact his mother—and fell in love with her. He went to the washerman's wife and said to her: "Mother, I want to marry the niece of that old masseur woman." The washerwoman said: "You cannot marry her. She is a Mallaniya and not of our caste." But the son of the prince insisted on marrying the niece of the masseur woman. He himself went to the old woman and offered her areca nuts and liquor. The old masseur woman refused the cup and said: "I do not drink liquor." But the son of the prince said: "I want to marry your niece." The Mallaniya woman replied: "How can you marry my niece? She is a Mallaniya and you are a Dhobi. It cannot be done." But the son of the prince stubbornly insisted on marrying the niece of the Mallaniya woman and appealed to the caste council. The elders discussed the problem and finally decided that the marriage should be permitted. So the wedding was fixed for the following Monday.

When the wedding-day arrived, a Brahmin priest was called to cast the horoscope. The Brahmin consulted his book and cast the horoscope of bride and groom. He found that the horoscope of the bride agreed well with that of the groom and stated that everything was in order and that the marriage would turn out a happy one.

For the wedding they had also invited the prince who was Raja of the town. When the bride left the house after the groom to walk with him round the wedding pole, the prince saw her feet. By a mark on her foot he at once recognized her as his former wife. The prince stopped the couple from walking round the wedding pole and said: "The horoscope of the Brahmin is wrong. But there is a Panka boy grazing his goats at the outskirts of the town. He will cast the right horoscope."

The Panka boy was summoned. He was very afraid when he was told to sit down near the prince. He began reading his

book and related the whole story of the prince from the very beginning. He read of the carpenter and of the smith. He related the adventures of the prince who had been carried off by the flying horse. The prince interrupted him there and then and confirmed the truth of the story. Then the Panka boy continued and read about the love of the prince for the daughter of the Raja. He related the story of the lovers' elopement, the accident in mid-air when the wings of the horse were burned, and what happened to him afterwards, what to the princess, and their son. When the Panka boy had finished his story, the prince—who was now Raja of the town—confirmed the truth of the whole story. When the washerwoman heard the story, she got very frightened, because she had said that the boy was her son. The Mallaniya woman too was afraid because she had said that the princess was her niece.

Then the prince removed the veil from the face of the bride, looked into her face and recognized her as his wife. He said to the boy who had wanted to marry her: "Son, this is your mother." The son took the breast of his mother and thus became her son. The prince took both, his first wife and his son, to the palace. He now had two wives.

After a while he took his two wives and his son and returned to his father's kingdom. The old Raja did not recognize his son, because he had been a little boy when he was carried off by the flying horse. Now he came as a man with two wives and a son. The old Raja asked him: "Who are you?" The prince replied: "I am your son." The old Raja asked: "How can you prove it?" The prince asked: "Are the carpenter and the smith still in prison?" The old Raja said: "Yes. They are still in prison." Then the prince related the story of the carpenter and the smith and also told the king what had happened afterwards.

Now the old Raja believed that the prince was indeed his son. He gave an order to the policemen to release the carpenter and the smith from jail. Their case was dismissed. The carpenter received a thousand rupees for his flying horse, but the smith got nothing for his iron pan. The carpenter and the smith went home, but their wives could not be found. They had long since run away and married other men.

The old Raja said to his son: "I am old. Now you must rule over my kingdom." And the prince was installed as Raja

and began to rule. He lived with his two wives and his son happily ever after.¹²

12) A somewhat different version of the same story was published about fifteen years ago at Calcutta by Mahadeo Prasad Sinha in Hindi. The title of the story was: *Rui ka ghora* (The Horse of Cotton). This proves that the story is not of Baiga origin.

The story of a prince being separated from his wife and children by a series of mishaps, but being finally re-united with them, is found in the Buddhistic Jataka collection (*Nigrodha-Jataka*, 55) and has found entrance even into the Christian legend of Saints Eustachius and Placius. (Cf. H. Lüders: in Einleitung zu "Buddhistische Märchen" by E. Lüders. Jena 1921, p. XIV).

Urhan Ghōrā

Meiñ nā to Bāṛhāi ka nām jānoñ ar nā Lōharā ke, akhar kissā mā ek Baṛhai ar ek Loharā, ar sāñchai, ek Rājā ke larkā hawai. Ek Rājā kiṣṣā mā kabbhu nahi chhūṭāi.

Achchhā, ek Baṛhai ar ek Loharā rāhāiñ. Dōnoñ bāre dost-dost rahaiñ ar sab dīn ek sang rahaiñ. Loharā būddhmān rahai ar okhar banāy hārā chij-bāsat achchhā bikat rahaiñ, akhar Baṛhai ke esnā karam na rahai ar apan rajgār ke chij-basat ke lāne waha kabbhuch-kabbhu gāhak pāwai. Akhir mā waha rahai Loharā ūpar jaraiñ lāgis ar apnai apan kahaiñ lāgis: “Kā batāoñ mor chijān lā konno kahilā nahi lebaiñ nai?” Ar waha Loharā ke sang larai lāgis. Un bātādohari ar mārpiṭ hōy gain, akhir mā wa bāt lā Rājā kahāñ lānke olā apan mukadhmā ke nīyāu karaikā pūchhin.

Jab Rājā unkar kissā lā sūn chūkis, ta unhi gharan mā jāyke apanāhi dukānan mā har jhan lā khūb mehanat karke apan kāriḡiri ke achchhā se achchhā chij banāy lā kahis. Tabai yaha phaislā hōy sakhī ki un dunno jhan mā kon achchhā kāriḡir hai. Baṛhai apan ghar gais ar ek ghoṛā gaṛhis jekhe bhittar ek añjan rahai ar ājū bājū mā pakhnā rahaiñ. Loharā siriph lohā ke ek baṛā jānik karāhi banāis. Jab Baṛhai ghoṛā banāy ḡāris, tab waha olā ek chithrā mā lapetis ar Rājā ḡhingā lānis. Loharā ar lohā ke karāhi lā ek chāddar mā lapetis ar olā mahal mā lānis.

Rājā apan Rāni ke sāth mahal ke baṛā jānik koṭhā mā baiṭhe rahai. Un ghoṛā ar lohā ke karāhi lā parkhaiñ. Jab Rāni lohā ke karāhi lā dekhis, tab ekdam kahis: “Meiñ ya karāhi lā lehūñ. Ham kā karbo ghōṛi-ghōṛā. Hamār ghoṛ sār mā un kullag hawaiñ.” Jon sāit un bāchit karat rahaiñ, tonai sāit Rājā ke larkā ohich baṛe koṭhari mā ghusis. Jab waha Baṛhai ke ghoṛā lā dekhis, tab waha rahai okhar kā lalchāy paṛhis ar kahis: “Meiñ ya ghoṛā lā lehūñ. Elā molā dai deh.” Ar waha rahai jaldi okhar uppar chaṛh baiṭhis. Akhar Baṛhai ke ghoṛa ke pakhnā rahai. Ar jo lallū ke jāñgh ghoṛāke ājū bājū abharin so pakhnā rahaiñ phail gain ar ghoṛā rahai pawan mā urhan lāgis ar lallū lā lai urhāis. Nānas as lallū yaha na jānai ki ghoṛā lā kaisnā karke rokthai ar waha rahai ekdam urhai. Rājkuñwar kai dīn tak urhat rahis ar atnā mā waha bahutai bhukhāy gais. Akhar waha nahich janai ki ghoṛā lā kaisnā karke rok thaiñ.

Jab Rājā dekhis ki ghoṛā okhar larkā lā lai uṛhāis, tab waha rahai Baṛhai ar Loharā ke sāth gussā hōy gay. Waha rahai dunnon lā kaidkhānā mā bandh kar dais. Waha kriyā kāhis ki jabtak le okhar larkā na lauṭahī, tabtak le waha unlā kaidkhānā le na chhoṛh hi. Baṛhai ar Loharā ke mahariyā harin kulai din le apnāhi dulhan ke galī dekhin akhar jab un nahi lauṭin, tab un rahaiñ chal bhagin ar dūsar dulhā kar lain.

Ohich s̄ait Rājkuñwar ghoṛā mā chaṛhka bahut dūr ke ek desh mā chale gay. Akhir mā, kaise nahi kaise, waha rahai ghoṛā ke bājū mā lage harā baṭan lā chhuis ar ghoṛā rahai uppar le utraiñ lāgis ar ek baṛā jānik nadiyā mā āy pahuñchis. Akhar ghoṛā rahai phairat-phairat nadiyā lā nak gay ar mushkil se kinār lagis. Rājkuñwar ghoṛā le utaris ar olā ek rukhwā ke baṛā jānik khoklā mā dhar dais. Waha ghoṛā lā rukhwā mā lukāis ar waha ek shahar kanāy gais jon nadiyā ke pār mā dikhai.

Waha jādai bhūkhāy rahai ar khānā-pinā ke lāne waha shahar mā naukri ḍhunṛhai chāhai. Moharai ke ghar mā jo waha nakis so olā ek ḍokri dekhis. Olā (ḍokri la) waha pūchhis: “Nai dāi, tai molā kachhū ek khāylā daisak thas?” Ḍokri kahis: “Hao. Akhar tolā mor bhaiñsin lā charāylā paṛhi.” Ar lallū pūchhis: “Meiñ rāt ke kahāñ sohūñ?” Ḍokri kahis: “Tai iñhāñ parchhi mā sōy sakthas.”

Tab pher Rājkuñwar shahar mā ghūmela chal dais. Waha shahar mā Rājā ke mahal ḍhigā āis ar hukkhā piyan lāgis. Tab pher waha Rājā ke beṭi lā dekhis ar okhar mōh-māya mā phañis gais.

Kissa ab kharāb hotai jāthai. Agārū atnā kharāb to nahi āy; akhar pachhū bahutai kharāb hotai jāthai. Molā batāy lā lāj lagthai; kaise mā ki rāt ke Rājkuñwar khokhlā rukhwā ḍhigā gais, apan ghoṛā lā dharis ar hawai-hawā mahal mā masak dais. Waha chabūtrā ke uppar utaris jahāñ ṭho Rājkuñwārī ke koṭhrī rahai. Waha rahai roj rāt ke Rājā ke beṭi ḍhigā mahal ke uppar ke aṭriyā mā jān lāgis.

Akhir mā Rājā ar Rāni dekhis ki unkhar beṭi nahāy chhoṛis. Un sochin ki kano kanoñ okhar koṭhrī mā jarūr āthaiñ. Ton Rāni rahai radhne hardī lā pisis ar sanjhā ke apan biṭiyā ke koṭhrī ke bhundiyañ bhar mā sagli hardī guñḍā lā phailāy dais. Jab Rājkuñwar pachhārū ke rāt apan ghoṛā mā chaṛh ke pawanai-pawan āis, tab Rājkuñwārī ke suā olā bāt ke bāharai rahelā ar Rājkuñwārī ke koṭhrī mā jhai jāilā chatāy dais. Akhar Rājkuñwar suā ke bāt lā nahi mānis ar Rājkuñwārī ke koṭhrī mā ghusich gay. Waha (Rājkuñwar) rahai okhar (Rājkuñwārī)

sāth rāt bhar khelis. Jab waha bhunas raha bhagis, tab okhar sagli chitharan bhar mā hardi-guñḍa ke dāg lag gae rahai.

Apan ghoṛā lā rukhwā ke dhorrā mā nadiyā ke pār mā lukāy ke waha rahai ḍokri ke ghar bhagis. Dokri olā pūchhis: “Tai kahāñ āy rahas tōn tor latta-kapṛā aīsnā pīyar hōy gaine?” Jab Rājkuñwar dekhis ki okhar chithrā hardi guñḍā mā loṭar gaine, tab waha rahai dūsar chithrā pahar lais ar loṭare harā chithran lā ḍokri lā dhawāy lā dai dais. Tab pher waha bhaiñsi charāyla nikal gay.

Wohich sāt Rājā apan beṭi ke koṭhri mā gais ar pahachān gay ki kano kano okhar ḍhiñgā rāt ke jarūr āy rahaiñ. Waha apan nokran lā balāis ar unlā kahis mahal mā sab ādmin lā balāy lānā. Dhobi ke ar larkā—jela ḍokri Rājkuñwar ke loṭare harā chitharan lā dai rahai—Rājā ke bulāuwa mā āyla okhar hukum mānis. Waha sagli loṭare harā chitharan mā Rājkuñwar ke chitharan lā andhe khule harā pāis ar sochis abhi in achchhā hōy jahiñ so waha unlā pahavis ar mahal mā chālis. Jab dhobiyā ke larkā mahal mā pahuñchhis Rajkuñwar ke un lattan lā pahar ke jon hardi guñḍa mā loṭar gaye rahain, tab Raja ke sūpāhi olā pakar lain ar māran lāgin. Jab dhobiyā dekhis ki sūpāhi okhar larkā lā mārthai, tab waha Rājā ke nere gais ar apan larkā lā chhoṛe lā pūchhis. Waha manjūr karis ki jon lattā kapṛā okhar larkā pahari se un wokhar na hoñj, akhar un ek ḍokri ke charwāha ke āyñ. Jab Rājā olā sunis tā waha apan sūpāhin lā hukum dais ki charwāha lā jāyke pakar lānā.

Jab sūpāhi ḍokri ḍhiñgā gain, tab waha un lā batāis ki mor charwāha dhoran lā charāy lā gaise. Tekhar māre āy waha Rājā ke bulāua mā nahi āye āy. Sūpāhi charwāha lā charāwat harā le jāyke lāne lā gain. Akhar jab Rājkuñwar unlā āwat harā dekhis, tā waha rahai dongrā kanāy saṭak dais. Āñwā bāñwā daike akhir mā waha nadiyā ke pār mā rukhwā ke dhorrā lā pahūñchhis, apan ghoṛā lā nikāris ar chaṛhke pawanai-pawan sājñhū mahal mā gais. Waha Rājkuñwāri lā balāis, olā apan ghoṛā mā baiṭhāris ar shahar ke uprai uppar uṛhāwat lai bhāgis. Jab Rājā unlā ghoṛā mā chaṛhke bhagat dekhis, ta waha rahai apan dhanahi lā nikāris ar ghoṛā lā tir mārai lāgis; akhar kahāñ rahai tir ar kahāñ rahai ghoṛā? Rājkuñwar Rājā lā dūrai le prañam karis ar Rājkuñwāri ke sang mā lamme bhais.

Ghoṛā uṛte uṛte bahut dūr nikal gay. Akhir mā Rājkuñwāri Rājkuñwar lā kahis ki okhar pīrā umṛi se ar batāis ki waha din purtū

hōy gayse. Waha chheko ghoṛā ek baṛā nadi ke uppar hōyke uṛhai. Waha apnā chākar rahai ki kanno ek pār lā dūsar pār na dekh sakai. Akhar okhar bich mā ek ṭapū rahai ar Rājkuñwar ohich ṭapū mā utar paris. Ohich sāt ar ũñhāñ Rājkuñwar harū āis.

Rājkuñwar kahis: “Meiñ sūin-māin ar dhobiyā lā balāy lā jāthūñ ar meiñ āgī lānhūñ nahāyke lāne tāt pāni karela.” Waha ghoṛā mā chaṛhke chal pais, nadiyā lā nakis, shahar pahuñchhis, sūin-māin ar dhobiyā lā balāis. Waha sukhāy harā chhena ar barnahā koylā dhāris. Unlā waha apan hāth mā dharis, apan ghoṛā mā chaṛhis ar jaldi apan mahariyā dhiñgā lautelā ghoṛā bhagāis. Akhar jab waha nadiya uppar uṛhai, tab pawan apnā jor se chalan lāgis ki barnahā koylā le okhar chithrā mā āgī lag gay. Ghoṛā ke pakhnā ar jāran lāgis. Ghoṛā apan sawār ke sāth nadiyā mā gir paṛis ar Rājkuñwar rahai burḡay.

Rājkuñwārī ṭapū le wa karwar ke kām lā dekhai. Waha apne apan kahis: “Ab meiñ kahin karhūñ? Mor khaunā hāth kanāy pāni hai, mor ḍarihā hāth kanāy pāni hai, mor champherā pānich pāni hai ar meiñ nānas gilli bachchā ke sāth akele ṭapū mā hawōñ.” Nirāshā mā waha apan larkā lā uṭhāis ar olā pāni mā pheñk dais ar okhar pachhārū apnau kūṭ gay ar ḍub gay.

Tarī kanāy nadiyā ke pār mā ek dhobiyā chitharan lā dhowai. Waha nānas as larkā lā nadiyā mā uphlayke bahat harā dekhis ar olā bachāye ke lāne dhokhis bichāris. Waha larkā lā pāni le bāhar nikālis ar wa larkā lā adh marā pāis. Waha nānas bachchā lā hāth mā uṭhāis ar olā apan mahariyā dhiñgā layānis. Ta waha ton kahis: “Achchhā hai, yah beṭā ke hañs āy. Lage elā ham rākh lai. Jab baṛe hōy jāhi tab kām āhi.”

Dūsar jāghā ohich nadiyā ke pār ek ḍokri jo malaniya jat ke ay chhena binai. Waha ek jawānin ḍaukī dūri ke sharīr lā pāni mā bahat dekhis. Waha sharīr lā pakaṛ lais ar olā minjan ghoñṭan lagis. Jab Rājkuñwārī apan āñkhin lā ughāris, tab ḍokri olā kahis: “Tai mor bhatijin as ar tor dāiñ chirānai kabhū mar gais. Ar waha Rājkuñwārī lā apan ghar mā lai gay; kaise mā ki Rājkuñwārī khuleharā kapṛā pahare rahai ar mulwān hirā jawāhar se ḍhake rahai. Ar waha ton un chijan lā apan kabjā karaiñ chāhai.

Rājkuñwar to har tarah se marich gay rahai ar nadiyā okhar lahas lā tarī kanāy jarnahā ghaṭ mā lay gay rahai. Uñhāñ ton shahar ke Rāni ohich sāt apan dulhā ke lahas lā dagad daike ar abhi nadiyā mā

apan chitharan lā dhowai. Waha Rājkuñwar ke lahas lā dekhis jon bahutai jar gay rahai ar okhar kanāy bahat āwai. Waha nadiyā le märe harā Rājkuñwar lā jhikis ar olā Bhagwān ke mandar mā lai gay. Uñhāñ waha lahas lā ek chādar ke bichhōna mā sawāis jela waha sāt bakhat dunōy rahai. Tab pher waha Rājkuñwar jī jāy kahhe Bhagwān lā bintī-bharo karis. Akhar okhar bintī lā Bhagwān nahi sunis ar kahis: “Yaha ādmī bahut jar gai se.” Akhar Rānī bintī karela nahich chhoris ar ant mā Bhagwān Rājkuñwar ke sharir mā prān lā lauṭāy dais. Waha apan āñkhi ugharis ar baiṭh gay. Wohich sāt olā apan larkā ar mahariya ke surta āis, ton waha jhaṭne uṭh baiṭhis ar nadiyā kanāy dauris. Rānī olā wapis balāis, akhar Rājkuñwar olā sunis tak nahi. Bhagwān okhar bintī sunis ar Rājkuñwar lā Rānī ke pās lauṭe lā hukum dais. Rānī Rājkuñwar lā apan mahal mā lai gay ar okhar sāth wiyāh kar lais ar olā shahar ke Rājā banāy dais.

Bahut sāl bit gain. Rājkuñwar ke larkā ādmī hōy gay. Waha wiyāh karwā elā bichāris. Ek din waha Malaniyā ke bhatījin lā dekhis (jon asal mā okhar mahatāri āy) ar okhar mohamāyā mā phañs gay. Waha dhobiyā ke mahariyā dhiñgā gais ar olā kahis: “Meiñ Malaniyā ke bhatījin ke sāth wiyāh karailā chāhthūñ.” Dhobiyā ke mahariyā kahis: “Tai okhar sang wiyāh nahi kar sakas. Waha Malaniyā jāt ke āy.” Akhar Rājkuñwar ke larkā Malaniyā ke bhatījin ke sāth wiyāh karelā hāth pakaṛ lais. Waha khud ḍokri dhiñga gais ar olā dārū ar pān supāri dais. Ḍokri okhar chhākā lā nahi jhoñkis ar kahis: “Meiñ dārū nahi piōñ.” Akhar Rājkuñwar ke larkā kahis: “Meiñ tor bhatījin ke sāth wiyāh karelā chāhthūñ.” Malaniyā ḍokri kahis: “Kaise tai mor bhatījin ke sāth wiyāh karbe? Waha Malaniyā āy ar tai ton Dhobiyā ās. Esnā nahi hōy sakai.” Akhar Rājkuñwar ke larkā wiyāh karelā hāth pakaṛ dais ar ek panchāin baiṭharis. Baṛe baṛe siyān wa bāt ke bihas karin are ant mā phaislā karin ki unkar wiyāh hoy jay karik. So āgū ke Sammār din wiyāh ke diwā hoy gay.

Jab wiyāh ke din pahuñchis, tab lagun bichārailā Bahmna pañdit balāis. Pañdit apan kitāb paṛhis ar dulhī ar dulhā lagun batāis. Waha dekhis ki dulhin ke lagun dulhai ke ḍaul hawai ar kahis ki sab kuchh achchhā hai. Wiyāh bahut hansī sukhī se hōhī.

Akhar Rājkuñwar lā ar niwta dai rahaiñ. Kaise mā waha ton shahar ke rājai rahai. Jab dulhin dulhā ke pachhārū bhāñwar kindarela ghar le nikāris, tā Rājkuñwar okhar goṛhan lā dekhis. Okhar goṛh ke

chinhā ke māre Rājkuñwar apan agārū ke mahariyā lā chīnhā lais. Rājkuñwar dunnon lā bhāñwar phirela rok dais ar kahis: “Bahmnā ke lagun galat hai. Akhar ek Pankā dūrā hawai jon shahar ke bāhar chhariyā charā thai. Waha asli lagun banāhī.”

Pankā dūrā lā lānin. Jab olā Rājkuñwar d̥hingā baiṭharin tā waha jādai ḍarāwan lāgis. Waha apan kitāb nikāl ke paṛhis ar shurū le Rājkuñwar ke sagli kissā lā batāis. Waha Baṛhai ar Loharā ke bāre mā paṛhis. Waha Rājkuñwar ke un sagli kāman lā sunais jon waha uṛhan ghoṛā mā uṛh gay rahai. Rājkuñwar olā inhā rokis ar kissā lā sachchā sābit karis. Jab Dhobim kissā lā sunis ta waha andher ḍarāwan lāgis kaise mā ki waha larkā lā mor āy kahai. Malaniyā ḍokri ar bahutai ḍarais kaise mā ki waha wā ḍauki duni lā mor bhatījin āy kahai. Rājkuñwar dulhin ke muñh le alwār lā nikār dais, okhar muñh lā dekhis ar apan ke mahariyā lā chīnh lais. Waha dulhā hoy rahai telā kahis: “Beṭā, ya tor dāi āy.” Larkā apan dāi ke dūdh piis ar okhar beṭā ban gay. Rājkuñwar apan agārū ke mahariyā ar larkā lā mahal mā lai gay. Ab okhar dui mahariyā hoy gain. Okhar pachhārū waha apan dunno mahariyan ar apan larkā lā ḍharis ar apan bāp ke rāj mā laut gay. Rājā ḍokrā olā nahi chīnh sakis kaise mā ki uṛhan ghoṛā olā uṛhay ke lai gay rahai, tab waha nānas as rahai ar ab ton baṛā jānik hoy gay rahai ar okhar dui mahariyā ar ek larkā rahai.

Rājā ḍokrā olā pūchhis: “Tai kon ās?” Rājkuñwar kahis: “Meiñ tor beṭā āñw.” Rājā ḍokrā kahis: “Tai elā kaise sābit karbe?” Rājkuñwar pūchhis: “Baṛhai ar Loharā abhī tak jahal-khānā mā haiñjokā?” Rājā ḍokrā kahis: “Hao. Un abhī tak jahalai mā hawaiñ.” Tab pher Rājkuñwar Baṛhai ar Loharā ke kissā batāis ar jo kachhū pachhārū hoy rahai ohū lā batāis.

Ab Rājā ḍokrā wishwās kāris ki sāñchai waha okharai beṭā Rājkuñwar āy. Waha apan supāhin lā hukum dais ki Baṛhai ar Loharā lā jahal khānā le nikāl deh. Unkhar mukad mā kharis hoy gay. Baṛhai apan uṛhan-ghoṛā ke ek hajār rupyā pāis; akhar Loharā lā okhar karāhī ke kachhū nahi milis. Baṛhai ar Loharā apnāhi ghar gain, akhar apan mahariyan lā nahi pāin. Un chirānai kabhū bhagāy rahaiñ ar dūsar dulhā kar lai rahaiñ.

Rājā ḍokrā apan beṭā lā kahis: “Meiñ siyān hoy gay hāñw. Ab tai rāj kar.” Ar Rājkuñwar Rājā ban gay ar rāj karan lāgis. Ar dunno Rāni ar ek larkā ke sāth sab dīn kā kushī se rahan lagis.

3. The Prince and the Oil-Presser's Daughter

There was a king whose name was Sirsing. He had a son who, in his childhood, used to play with the daughter of an oil-presser. Slowly love began to grow in the hearts of the prince and the oil-presser's daughter.

One day the prince decided to go to an ascetic who lived in the forest near the town. He wanted to have one of his wishes granted. At the same time the oil-presser's daughter also decided to go to the ascetic and to ask for a boon. She did not know that the prince was going to the ascetic nor had she told the prince of her intention.

Both, prince and oil-presser's daughter, met at the hut of the ascetic. They worshipped the god of the saint and burned clarified butter and resin in front of the idol; then they went to the ascetic and asked for a boon. The ascetic said: "I shall not grant you any boon today. But come tomorrow at night when the cock crows for the first time. But you must be here exactly at the moment when the cock crows."

The following night, shortly after midnight, the prince rose from his bed because he wanted to be in time at the ascetic's house. The oil-presser's daughter also rose soon after midnight and left her house to visit the ascetic. Just outside the town the prince and the girl met and walked on together. But they had not gone very far, when a rain-storm broke and forced them to take shelter. In a garden they found a hut. They entered it. At the same time a bullock also sought shelter there. The prince and the oil-presser's daughter waited a long time for the rain to subside; finally they got tired and went to sleep. But they did not sleep together; the prince went to one corner of the hut, the girl to the opposite; and as a barrier between themselves the prince placed the bullock, his dagger and his sword.

The rain only stopped when the cock began to crow for the first time. The prince and the oil-presser's daughter woke up, rose quickly and ran to the hut of the ascetic. They poured water over his idol and garlanded it. Then they asked the saint for his blessing. He however said: "Now it is too late. Why did you not come when the cock was crowing?"

The prince and the oil-presser's daughter replied in a song:

"There was a big storm, and loud thunder,
Therefore we remained in a hut in the garden, lord."

When the ascetic heard that, he got angry and said: "If

you stayed the whole night in a hut in the garden, you must have sinned together. Get away from here." But the prince and the oil-presser's daughter denied that they had sinned and replied: "A sword, a dagger and a bullock were between us a barrier." The saint asked the bullock: "Is what the prince and the girl said true?" The bullock answered: "It is true. They are innocent." Then the ascetic said: "If you did not sin in the hut, I shall perform your marriage." And he poured turmeric over them and led them seven times around a Tulsi tree.

After the wedding the prince and the girl went home. When they reached the town, they were observed walking together by some persons who reported the matter to the king. The king called his son and accused him: "You have sinned with the daughter of the oil-presser!" The prince denied it and swore that he had not sinned with the girl. But he did not tell his father that the ascetic had united him with the oil-presser's daughter in marriage. And the king did not discover it because the prince did no more wear his turmeric stained clothes. He and the oil-presser's daughter had changed their clothes before they entered the town.

But the king was afraid that a scandal would ensue if the prince and the oil-presser's daughter were not separated. Since they were of different caste, the king did not want his son to marry the daughter of an oil-presser. So he called the girl's father and requested him to have his daughter married at once. When he heard that the oil-presser had already found a bridegroom for his daughter, the king called his son and said to him: "I am getting old and want to hand over my kingdom to you. But first you must go and see the world." And he gave him a horse, a groom for his horse and a soldier as companion. The prince mounted his horse and rode off with the groom and the soldier to see the world.

After a while he felt tired, alighted from his horse and sat down under a huge Banyan tree to rest.

But the very day when the prince started on his journey the oil-presser's daughter was getting married. She wrote a letter to the prince and tied it to the wing of a parrot which she and the prince had reared together. She told the parrot to fly quickly and to deliver her message to the prince. The parrot flew off and searched and searched until finally he found the prince resting under the Banyan tree. He perched on a branch high

up near the top of the tree and began to sing:

“Friend of twelve years’ standing, o prince,
Your girl-friend is calling you!”

When the soldier heard the parrot singing thus he attempted to shoot him with his bow. But the parrot hid himself in the foliage of the tree. The soldier missed him. At last the prince woke up, the parrot flew down and hid in the lap of the prince. He found the letter under the wing and read it. When he discovered that he had been deceived by his father and the soldier, he flew into a rage and started to beat the soldier who had made him undertake the journey while the oil-presser’s daughter was getting married to another man. The soldier ran away.

The prince wrote a letter to the oil-presser’s daughter: “Stay at home till I arrive!” He tied the letter under the wing of the parrot who swiftly flew away. The prince jumped on his horse, and so great was his desire to return to his sweetheart that the horse got wings and leapt high into the sky to carry him home the quicker.

When the prince arrived at the palace, he descended and gave his horse to the groom. He went to his room and waited a full hour till the wedding party passed the palace. When he saw the party he got so angry that he rushed out and with his sword killed all the men of the party, except the bridegroom, the bride and the master of ceremonies. He could not kill the couple as their clothes had already been knotted and they had walked around the wedding pole together. Nor did he want to kill the master of ceremonies, for the latter had cast the horoscope at his own wedding at the ascetic’s place. He also spared the musicians because he wanted them to play at his own wedding.

However, after a while his rage subsided and he felt very sorry for having killed so many. He therefore fetched a vessel with life-giving water and a *belkhant* stick. He poured the water over the corpses and touched them with his stick. All revived. Then he went home. But the wedding went on and the bridegroom took his bride home to the town in which he lived.

The prince now decided to become an ascetic. He took off his princely dress, smeared ashes all over his body, put a tiger’s skin over his shoulders and took a crooked stick, with peacock feathers on top of it in his hand. In such an attire he went away to search for the oil-presser’s daughter. When he reached

the town where she lived with her new husband, the prince went to the first house in the town. The house belonged to an old woman. The prince asked her for a lodging. The old woman said that she had no room for him. But when the prince gave her twenty rupees, she allowed him to sleep on the verandah.

On the following day the prince went through the whole town, begging and singing. But his real intention was to discover the whereabouts of the oil-presser's daughter. Therefore he was singing:

"I am Raja Sirsing's devotee;
I demand from Rupaini's husband her bride-price."¹³

It so happened that the servant of the oil-presser, whom Rupaini had married, heard the ascetic singing and told the oil-presser of the beautiful song. The oil-presser called the ascetic who at once began to sing in the courtyard. The oil-presser did not understand what the ascetic sang, but his first wife understood it at once. (She had disapproved of her husband taking Rupaini as his second wife). She therefore told the ascetic: "Rupaini is not here; she is in the upper storey."

When the ascetic heard where Rupaini lived, he asked the oil-presser for lodging for the night. The oil-presser allowed him to stay in the courtyard. Then the ascetic requested the oil-presser to plant an aloe-bush. The oil-presser planted the aloe bush which in one night grew up to the window of Rupaini's room. The ascetic climbed up to the window at the dead of night and asked Rupaini to elope with him. Rupaini was quite willing. The ascetic asked her to stick her finger out of the window when he came to fetch her as a sign that she was ready. Then he went off.

13) Among the Baiga, a woman could not legally marry a second man before the bride-price was not restituted to her former husband. The text in the local language has a double meaning: its true meaning would be understood only by Rupaini, the oil-presser's daughter. In the first part of the stanza the prince identifies himself to the oil-presser's daughter as Raja Sirsing's son, but the ordinary man in the street would understand him to reveal that a certain Raja Sirsing was his 'religious teacher'. In the second part of the stanza he states in so many words that the second marriage is invalid because he as the first husband of Rupaini had not received restitution. But the unsuspecting listener would understand that the mendicant is merely asking for alms. The word *bhaya* used in the text can mean 'brother' and 'bridegroom'; and the word *dān* can mean 'alms' and 'brideprice'.

When he returned to Rupaini and climbed up to the window, she stuck out her finger. The ascetic took his stick and changed it into a snake which bit into the oil-presser's daughter's finger. Rupaini fell back and died on the spot. The ascetic descended by way of the aloe bush and hurried off to the old woman who had given him shelter on the verandah of her house.

The following morning the oil-presser found his wife dead. Soon Rupaini's body was removed to the river to be cremated. The ascetic arrived just before the pyre was lighted and chased all the mourners away. Then he sprinkled his life-giving water on the body and Rupaini revived. He lifted her from the pyre and went off with her.

However, from a distance the oil-presser had watched everything that had happened and now followed the pair in hot pursuit. When the oil-presser passed the old woman with whom the prince had been staying she called the oil-presser into her garden. The oil-presser took no heed of her and went his way. But the old woman called him back by magic and the oil-presser had to stop and enter the garden. The old woman took a sugar-cane stem, cut of a piece and gave it the oil-presser to taste. The oil-presser ate it. The old woman asked: "How does it taste?" The oil-presser replied: "It is very sweet." Now the old woman cut a piece from the middle portion of the sugar-cane and gave it to the oil-presser to taste. The oil-presser ate that, too. The old woman asked him: "How does it taste?" The oil-presser replied: "It tastes less sweet than the first piece." The old woman then cut a piece from the top portion of the sugar-cane and gave it to the oil-presser to eat. The oil-presser ate that, too. The old woman asked: "How does it taste?" The oil-presser replied: "It is quite tasteless," and spat it out. The old woman said: "Just as this late piece of sugar-cane is without sweetness, so for you is the dead woman whom the ascetic is taking away. Do not pursue them any longer." The oil-presser listened to the advice of the old woman and turned back.

The prince returned with Rupaini to his kingdom. When he came to his father's palace, the old king resigned and the prince began to rule. And he lived with the oil-presser's daughter happily ever after.¹⁴

14) This story cannot be a genuine Baiga story. The *personae dramatis*, the environment as well as the whole tenor of the story are foreign to the culture of the aboriginals. Moreover, the story as related by Musra is imperfect and full of gaps.

Rajkunwar aur Teli ke Bitiya

Ek Rājā rahai, okhar nāw Sirsing rahaiñ. Okhar ek beṭā rahaiñ ton bachpan mā ek Teli ke beṭi ke sāth khele karai. Dhire dhire Rājkuñwar ar wa dusya ke hirday mā prem barhan lāgis.

Ek din Rājkuñwar ek sādhu ke pās jāy lā wichār karis jon ḍongrā ḍhingā rahai. Waha apan mān ke bāt lā pūrā kare ki bardān māgaiñ chāhai. Ohich samāy Teli ke biṭiyā ar sādhu kahāñ jāy lā wichār karis. Waha na jānai ki Rājkuñwar ar sādhu ka pūchhelā jā thai. Ar na to waha (Teli ke biṭiyā) olā (Rājkuñwar) batāy rahaiñ ki waha jathai.

Dunno Rājkuñwar ar Telin sādhu ke jhopṛi mā milin. Un sādhu ke deo ke pūja karin, okhar agārū hom lagāin tab pher un sādhu ḍhingā gāin ar apan mān ke bāt pūrā hoy lā bardān māgin. Sādhu kahis: “Aj meiñ tumlā kachchhū bardān nā dehūñ. Okhar bihāne jab pahal murgā bolhi, tab āy jāho. Okhar jab pahalā murgā ṭhik ton sānyat tumlā ihāñ rahna chāhi.

Dūsar rāt, adhrāt ke tannak pachhārū, Rājkuñwar uṭhis kaise mā ki waha sādhu jhopṛi mā pahache lā deri na karai chāhai. Telin ar adha rāt ke tannak pachhārū uṭhis ar sādhu ke ghar kanāy chālis shahar ke tannak bāhar Rājkuñwar ar Telin mil gain ar dunno ekai sang jān lāgin. Akhar un bahut dūr na gay pāy rahaiñ ar āndhi pāni āwan lāgis ar un rahai luke lā jaghā khojan lāgis. Un bagaichā mā ek maraiya pāin ar omā ghus gain. Ohich chheko ek bailā ar jhopṛi mā luke lā ais. Rājkuñwar ar Telin bahut samāy pāni chhoṛhi kahke okhar gali dekhin, akhar ant mā un laṭ gain ar soy gain. Akhar un ek sang nahi soin; Rājkuñwar ek konhā mā sois ar Telin okhar ulṭa ar apan bich mā rūdhna ke lekhā as Rājkuñwar ton bailā ar apan kaṭār ar tarwār lā dhar dais.

Jab pahal murgā bolan lāgis tā pāni chhoṛhis. Rājkuñwar ar Telin jag gain, jaldī uṭhin ar sādhu dhigā dauṛhin. Un okhar deo mā pāni ḍarin ar olā phul chaṛhain, tab pher un sadhu lā ashis māgin. Akhar sadhu kahis: “Ab to radhne gahar hoy gay. Murgā bolat tum kahelā nahi āyā?” Rājkuñwar ar Telin git gāy ke kahin:

“Kahāñ ki āndhi, kahāñ ki dhūndhi,
Bābā, bagiyā mā raha gāya chhāpai.”

Jab sādhu olā sunis ta waha rahai gussa hoy gais ar kahis: “Agar tum bagaichā ke maṛayā rah gay raha, tā tum jarūr pāp kare ha. Iñhā le bhagā.” Akhar Rājkuñwar ar Telin pāp nahi kare ān kahke batāin

ar kahin ki unklar bich mā ek tarwar, kaṭār ar ek bailā rudhna ḍaul rahai. Sādhu bailā lā pūchhis: “Ya sānchai āy ka jon Rājkuṅwar ar Telin batāthai?” Bailā kahis; “Ya sānchai āy. Unklar kasūr nahi āy.” Sādhu kahis: “Agar un jhopri mā pāp nahi kare āñy, tā mein unklar biyāh kar dehuñ.” Ar waha unklar uppar hardi rukois ar unlā sāt bakhat tulsī ke rūkhwā mā bhāñwar phirāis.

Wiyāh ke pachhārū Rājkuṅwar ar Telin ghar gain. Jab un shahar lā pahachin, tā ādmī unlā ek sang regat dekh ke Rājā tho unklar rapot kar dain. Rājā apan beṭa lā balāis ar olā kasur dār mānak kahis: “Tai Teli ke biṭiyā ke sāth pāp kare has.” Rājkuṅwar nahi kar dais ar kiriyā khāis ki mein waha dūrī ke sang pāp nāhi kare añw. Akhar waha apan bāp lā nāhi batāis ki sādhu okhar wiyāh Telin ke sāth kar dais. Raja ar okhar ṭhunṭh khoj nahi karis kaise mā ki Rājkuṅwar hardi mā loṭare harā chithrā na pahare rahai. Okhrai ḍaul Telin ar shahar mā ghusre ke agārūch dūsar chithrā pahar lai rahai.

Akhar Rājā ḍarāwai ki agar Rājkuṅwar ar Telin na bihar hī tā āgū chalke badnām hoy jahi. Dūsar dūsar jāt hoin tekhar māre Rājā na chāhai ki okhar larkā Telin ke sang wiyāh karai. Tekhar māre waha dūriyā ke dādā harā lā balāis ar olā hukum dais ki apan beṭi ke wiyāh jaldi kar ḍārai. Jab waha sunis ki Teli apan beṭi ke lāne dūrā pāy daise; ta waha apan beṭā lā balāis ar kahis: “Ab syān hotaiñ jāthū ar mor bichār rāj-kāj lā tolā soṃpe ke hai. Akhar ek bakat tai jāyke ar sagli rāj lā dekh āw.” Ar olā waha ton ek ghoṛā ek sahis ar ek sūpāhi dais. Rājkuṅwar ghōṛā ma chaṛhis ar sahis ar sūpāhi lā dhar ke apan rāj dekhai lā chal dais.

Tannak der mā jab waha laṭ gay, tab waha rahai ruk gay ar banayān rūkhwā ke tarī sustāye lā baiṭh gais.

Akhar wohich din jab Rājkuṅwar ghūmelā nikāle rahai, tab Teli ke biṭiyā ke wiyāh howai. Waha ek chiṭṭhi likhis ar olā apan sūā ke paknā mā bāndh dais jelā waha Rājkuṅwar ke sang paṛhāwai. Waha sūā lā jaldi uṛhke ar okhar khabar Rājkuṅwar lā kahis. Sūā uṛhis ḍhunṛhte ḍhunṛhte Rājkuṅwar lā banayān rūkhwā tarī sustāwat harā pāis. Waha uppar ke darayā mā pullāñgi ḍhigā baiṭhis ar gāwan lāgis:

“Bārā baras kā mintar ho, bābū,

Mintri tolā balāwai.”

Jab sūpāhi sūā lā osnā gāwat sunis, ta waha rahai apan dhanahī mā olā mār ḍārelā wichār karis. Akhar sūā rūkhwā ke patāuan mā luk

gay ar sūpāhī olā bhulāy dais. Ant mā Rājkuñwar jagis, sūā rahai tari uttar gay ar Rājkuñwar ke d̥hingā baiṭh gay. Rājkuñwar okhar pakhnan ke tari ek chīṭṭhī pāis ar olā paṛhis. Waha jān lais ki okhar bāp ar sūpāhī olā dhokhā dain. Waha bahutai gussā bhais ar sūpāhī lā māran lāgis; kaise mā ki ohich ghūmelā ubhrāy rahai, jab utthe Teli ke bihāw manse ke sang howai. Sūpāhī rahai bhāg gay.

Rājkuñwar Teli ke biṭiyā ke lāne chīṭṭhī likhis: “Mor āwat le gharai mā rahbe.” Ar chīṭṭhī lā sūā ke pakhnā mā bāndh dais ar waha ūhāñ le jaldī uṛhke bhag gay.

Rājkuñwar ghōṛā mā chaṛhis ar prem ke māre okhar man ghar laute ke atnā rahai ki ghōṛā ke pakhnā jam gain ar waha bādar mā uṛhan lāgis olā jaldī ne ghar pahachay lā. Jab Rājkuñwar apan mahal mā pahuñchis, tab waha utaris ar sahis lā ghōṛā lā dais. Waha apan koṭhri mā gais ar sagli samāy barāt nikle ke gali dekhan lāgis. Jab waha barāt waren lā dekhis ta atnā gūssā bhais ki waha tarwār dharke dauris ar dulhā, dulhin ar dosi lā chhoṛke sagli barāt waren lā pūj daris. Waha dulhā lā oise mā chhoṛ dais ki okhar chithrā mā gaṭhjarāw rahai ar un maṛwā tari bhāñwar phirai. Waha dosi lā ar nāhī pūjis kaise mā ki waha sadhu ke jagha ma okhar wiyāh ke lagun batāy rahai. Waha gawaiyā-bajwayan lā ar nāhī mārīs kaise mā ki okhar bichār unlā apan wiyāh mā gawāe bājwāc ke rahai.

Akhar tebhule tannak der mā jab okhar ris juṛāy gay tab waha añdher ādmīn lā pūj ḍare hauñ phahke bahutai dukh manāis. So waha ek wartan mā amrit pānī ar belkhāñd ke ḍanḍā (waha ḍanḍā je mā māre murdā lā chhuwāe se jī jāthāi) lānis. Waha murdan ke uppar pānī ḍaris ar unlā ḍanḍa chhuwais ar sagli jhān jī uṭhin. Tab pher waha ghar bhāgis. Wiyāh ton howat rahai ar dulhā apan dulhin lā apan shahar mā laigay jahāñ waha rahai.

An Rājkuñwar ton sādhu hoyelā wichār karis. Waha apan poshāg lā utar ke phok dais sharīr mā bhabhūt lāis, khañdha mā mrigchhāla dharis ar hāth mā kubri ḍanḍā dhasi jekhar chundrā mā mañjūr ke jhāli lage rahaiñ. Aisnā bhesḥ mā waha Teli ke khoj mā nikālis. Jab waha wa shahar lā pahachis jahāñ Teli apan nawā ḍauki ke sang rahai, tab Rājkuñwar moharai ke ghar mā gais. Wa ghar mā ek ḍokri rahaiñ. Rājkuñwar olā rahaiñ lā pūchhis. Ḍokri kahis: “Okhrai kā to koṭhā nahī āy.” Akhar, jab Rājkuñwar olā bis rupyā dais, ta waha rahai olā parchhī mā soylā kahis.

Dūsar din Rājkuñwar bhikh māñgāwat ar gāwat sagli shahar bhar mā phiris. Akhar okhar asli wichār jahāñ kahūñ Teliñ rahai Teli ðhunṛhe ke rahai. Waha gāwai:

“Rājā Sirsing ki jōgī ka hai hāñw.

Bhāyā māñgañw Rupainī ka dān.”

Ton aise bhais wā Teli ke naukar jon Rupainī ke sang wiyāh kare rahai ton Teli lā wa sādhu ke wichittar gāna lā batāis. Teli sādhu lā balāis ar waha angan mā āy ke ekdam gāwan lāgis. Teli sādhu ka gāna lā nāhi samjhan pāis. Akhar Teli ke agārū ke mahariyā jaldī samajh gay. Olā achchhā na lagai ki Rupainī Teli ke lohari mahariyā banai ar waha sādhu lā kahis: “Rupainī iñhāñ nāhi āy. Waha uppar ke aṛiyā mā hawai.”

Jab sādhu sunis ki Rupainī kahāñ rahai thai, tā waha Teli lā ūhāñ ek rāt rahaiñ lā pūchhis. Teli olā āngana mā rahelā kah dais. Tab sādhu Teli lā rāmbāns lagāy lā kahis. Teli rāmbāns lagāis jon rāt ke Rupainī ke koṭhri ke khiṛki tak baṛh gay. Sādhu rāt ke khiṛki tak chaṛh gay ar Rupainī lā apan sang bhagailā kahis. Rupainī bilkul taiyār rahaiñ. Sādhu olā kahis ki “Tai apan angaṭhi lā khiṛki ke bāhar nikāl rakhbe ta jab waha lai lā āhi tā waha ṭiwā ðaul rahi ki tai taiyār has.” Tab pher waha rahai bhag.

Jab waha Rupainī ðhigā lauṭis ar khiṛki tak chaṛhis tā waha ton apan angaṭhi nikāl dais. Sādhu apan ðanḍa lā nikālis jon jaldī ne sañp ban gay ar Teliñ ke angaṭhi lā chap dais. Rupainī pachhārū gir gay ar ohich thāñhar mā mār gay. Sādhu rāmbāns le utris ar ðokri tho lamme hois jon olā apan parchhi mā soylā kahe rahai.

Dūsar sakāre Teliñ dekhis ki okhar mahariyā mār gaise. Rupainī ke lahas lā jaldī ne nadiyā kanāy lese lā laigin. Akhar sādhu āgī lagāye ke tanke agārū chitā ðhigā ais ar rawayā-gawayan lā bhagwāy dais. Tab pher waha okhar lahas mā amrit pāni chhich dais ar Rupainī rahai ji uṭhis. Waha duriyā lā chintā le uṭhais ar okhar sang saṭak dais. Okhar jo kachchhū hoy rahaiñ Telā dūr le Teliñ rahai dekhai. Ar waha dunno jhān ke pachhārū gūssā mā dauṛis. Akhar jab waha Teliñ ðokri ke ghar ðhigā le nikaris jon Rājkuñwar lā apan ghar mā rakhai rahai, tā waha ton Teliñ lā apan bagaichā mā balāis. Teliñ ūhāñ kare hoy lā na chāhai ar bhage jāy. Akhar ðokri Teliñ lā wāpas balāy lais ant mā Teliñ bagaichā mā gais che. ðokri ek tho gur lāthi kāṭis, okhar peṛi-kanāy ek khāṛā karis ar olā Teliñ lā khāy lā dais. Teliñ khāis. ðokri

olā pūchhis: “Kaisnā miṭhā thai?” Teli kahis: “Bahutai achchhā miṭhā thai.” Ḍokri ab bich as ke dūsar ṭukrā kāṭis ar olā Teli lā khāy lā dais. Teli khāis. Ḍokri pūchhis: “Kaisnā miṭha thai?” Teli kahis: “Yaha agārū ware le kamti miṭhā thai.” Tab Ḍokri ton phulaiñ kanāy ke ṭukrā kāṭis ar olā Teli lā khāylā dais. Teli khāis. Ḍokri olā pūchhis: “Kaisnā miṭhā thas?” Teli kahis: “Yaha to bilkul nāhi miṭhāwai.” Ar thūk dais. Ḍokri kahis: “Jaisnā ya phulaiñ kanāy. ke gur ḍanṇa ke khandā nāhi miṭhāwai waisanai tor mahariyā hawai jelā sādhu dharke bhagthai. Ton tai olā lauṭaye lā jhai jā.” Teli Ḍokri ke salāh mān gay ar ghar bhāgis.

Rājkuñwar apan rāj mā lauṭe ais. Jab waha apan bāp ke mahala mā pahachis, tab Rājā gaddhi chhoṛ dais ar Rāj Kumar rāj karan lāgis. Ar okhar pachhārū waha Telin ke sang sab din ānand se rahan lāgis.

4. The Magic Ring

Once upon a time there lived a Raja in a certain town. I do not know the name of the Raja, nor the name of the town in which he lived and ruled. But I know the name of his priest (Dewar), who was Dhurwa. Dhurwa was a good singer and dancer. So the Raja once invited Dhurwa to accompany him to another town to dance the Saila.¹⁵ But the Dewar said to his Raja: "I have nothing to dress for the occasion, neither loincloth nor turban, nor a coat or shirt." The Raja promised to lend him some clothes and gave him a loincloth and a turban, and a dancing costume more beautiful than the dress of his own son. He also gave him gold and silver ornaments, a pearl necklace and a silver neckring. In this attire the Dewar went with his Raja to dance the Saila in that town.

Soon after their arrival at the town, where the Saila dance was already in full swing, the Raja and his Dewar joined in the dancing. The Dewar, in his beautiful attire, sang and danced so well that he aroused the attention and admiration of the local king's daughters. They asked the Raja in whose company the Dewar had arrived: "Who is that Raja who sings and dances so beautifully? We never saw him before." The Raja did not want to disclose to them that he was only his Dewar who had borrowed his clothes from him. He therefore replied: "He is my brother." The princesses asked: "Is he your brother by birth?" The Raja replied: "Yes. He is my brother by birth." The Raja's daughters asked further: "Is he your younger or your elder brother?" The Raja replied: "He is my younger brother." There and then the two sisters made up their mind to marry the two Rajas; the elder sister would marry the elder of the two, the younger sister the younger brother.

After dancing for a long time, the Dewar felt very hot and tired. He therefore proposed to take a bath. All went with him to the bathing place of the town. When the Dewar saw that all the people were bathing at one place, he said that he would go higher up the river to bathe. He went with his Raja to a more secluded spot and there took his bath.

After a while the two princesses came and brought them

15) The *Saila* is really an Ahir dance. The Ahirs (shepherds) dance it first during the Diwali festival; afterwards the other aboriginal tribes of eastern Mandla dance the Saila for some time. It is a rather wild dance, with difficult patterns.

something to eat. The Raja and his Dewar sat down and ate, and there and then they decided to elope with the two sisters. The Raja chose the elder sister as his wife, while the Dewar took the younger. They ran away to their own town. When they reached the town, a small, half-broken hut came into view outside the town. The Dewar said to his wife: "This is my house." The king's daughter said: "Is this hut your house? No, that cannot be. It is only a watching hut in a garden." But the Dewar replied: "No, it is indeed my house. I am nothing but a poor Dewar." The princess said to herself: "Oh, what shall I do? Shall I run away and return home? But my father will be very angry with me because I eloped with a Dewar." Out of fear of her father she decided to stay with the Dewar.

When the Raja took leave of his Dewar to lead his new wife to the palace, he asked him to return his borrowed dress. The Dewar undressed and returned the beautiful clothes. He only kept a short loincloth. When the princess saw her husband thus naked, she asked him: "Where are your beautiful clothes? Are you not ashamed to walk about naked?" The Dewar replied: "I have no clothes. Those which I wore at the Saila dance belonged to the Raja. I had to return them." The princess said to herself: "What shall I do? Run away? But my father will beat me if I go home." So she stayed with the Dewar.

When she entered the hut of the Dewar, she saw that there was nothing in the house, no *kodo* or *kutki*,¹⁶ no rice, nor any other foodstuff to prepare a meal. She asked the Dewar: "How shall I cook? There is no *kodo* or *kutki*, no rice, nor anything else in the house." But the Dewar said: "Do not worry. I shall go to the Raja and ask for some flour." And he went to the palace and soon brought flour to prepare a meal.

When dinner was ready, the princess said to the Dewar: "The meal is ready. Sit down and eat." But the Dewar felt ashamed to eat before the daughter of a king, and said: "You eat first and I shall eat after you." But his wife replied: "How can I eat first? Am I not your wife?" With great reluctance the Dewar finally sat down and took of his repast. But he ate only five handfuls of gruel. He felt shy eating before a princess who sat facing him and serving him. After he had eaten a little, the Dewar got up and went out. Then his wife sat down

16) *Kodo* and *kutki* are small millets out of which the Baiga prepare a gruel—their daily food.

and had her meal.

After dinner the princess said to the Dewar: "You cannot walk about without any clothes. Here are two rupees. Go and buy some clothes." And she gave him two rupees which she had taken along when she had run away from home.

Dhurwa went to the market to buy himself a new dress. But for two rupees he could not get a full dress. Thus he went home without buying anything. When he got home, his wife asked him: "Where are the clothes?" The Dewar replied: "I could not get anything for two rupees. Thus I returned without buying anything." The princess said: "Now, go at once back to the market and buy whatever you can get for two rupees.

Half-way to the market the Dewar had to cross a river. There he found a Yogi with a cage in which was a Koili snake. The Dewar asked the Yogi: "What have you got in the cage?" The Yogi replied: "I have a snake in the cage. Do you want to buy it?" Now the princess had told the Dewar to buy whatever he could get for two rupees. Dhurwa therefore thought that he should buy the snake in the cage if it was offered to him for two rupees. He asked the Yogi: "How much do you want for the snake?" The Yogi said: "Give me four rupees and the snake is yours." The Dewar said: "I will give you one rupee for it." The Yogi said: "One rupee is not enough. Give me three rupees." The Dewar replied: "Take these two rupees and give me the cage with the snake." The Yogi gave him the snake and went off, happy to have made such a good bargain.

The Dewar said to himself: "Now I have spent the two rupees for the snake in the cage. What's the use of going to the market?" And he turned round and headed for home.

After a little while he felt it necessary to relieve himself. He placed the cage with the snake on an ant-hill and went into the jungle. When he returned he saw that the snake had unlatched the door of the cage and was about to disappear into a hole in the ant-hill. He hurried back and just managed to catch the tail-end of the snake which was trying to escape into the hole. He squeezed the tail and pulled and pulled at it till the snake hissed in pain and asked for release. It promised that it would leave the hole and remain if only the Dewar ceased to pull and squeeze its tail.

Dhurwa asked: "Will you honestly leave the hole if I re-

lease you?" The snake replied: "Honestly, I shall leave the hole if you let me free." "Truly?" "Yes," said the snake, "truly!" Dhurwa released the snake. When the snake had left the hole in the ant-hill, Dhurwa asked: "Where did you intend to go?" The snake replied: "To the nether-world." Dhurwa said: "I too would like to visit the nether-world. Show me the way." The snake said: "You cannot go to the nether-world." But Dhurwa did not cease asking the snake to take him along to the nether-world. Finally the snake said: "Tie yourself onto my back." And Dhurwa tied himself securely on the back of the snake; he even took his long hair and tied it around the neck of the snake. Then the snake began to crawl into the hole in the ant-hill and crawled on and on till it reached the nether-world. When the two reached the house of Bur̄ha Nang, the king of the snakes, he asked the Koili snake: "What do you want? Whom did you bring with you? Don't you know that no human being is allowed to enter the nether-world?" The snake replied: "This is Dhurwa, the Dewar. He only released me on the condition that I promised to take him along to the nether-world."

Finally Bur̄ha Nang relented and said to Dhurwa; "Take this stool and sit down." But Dhurwa saw that the stool was a snake coiled together and refused to sit down. Then Bur̄ha Nang invited him to recline on a bed. Again Dhurwa saw that it was a snake that formed the bed and refused to take his rest on it.

At last the king of the snakes himself went to take a little nap. The Koili snake said to Dhurwa: "Now, make yourself useful and massage the limbs of Bur̄ha Nang." Dhurwa asked: "How should I do that?" The Koili snake replied: "Take this grain-pestle and beat Bur̄ha Nang's body as hard as you can. This is the way in which Bur̄ha Nang wants to be massaged." Dhurwa took the heavy grain-pestle and beat the king of the snakes all over his big body for seven days.

After seven days Bur̄ha Nang woke up. He felt much refreshed and asked: "Who has given me such a wonderful massage? Let him be brought before me and I shall give him a present." The Koili snake said that Dhurwa had massaged him so well. Bur̄ha Nang promised that he would grant Dhurwa whatever he would demand. The Koili snake advised Dhurwa to ask Bur̄ha Nang for his ring. Dhurwa therefore said to Bur̄ha Nang: "Give me the ring on the finger of your right hand."

Burha Nang did not want to part with the ring and replied: "Why do you ask for so little? Take gold and silver. You can have as much as you want." But Dhurwa insisted that he wanted the ring and nothing else. Finally Burha Nang gave in and said: "Well, you may have the ring. But you must return it to me after five years. Throw it into the hole in the ant-hill through which you came into the nether-world."

Burha Nang took off the ring and gave it to Dhurwa. And he showed the Dewar how to make money by means of the ring. He took cow-dung, burned it, rubbed the ring with the ashes and rupees fell to the ground. Dhurwa took the ring and went his way with a happy heart.

When he reached his home, the princess came out of the hut and asked him: "Where have you been for such a long time? And where are the clothes which I sent you to buy?" Dhurwa replied: "I met some caste fellows on the road and spent the two rupees with them." The princess scolded her husband. But Dhurwa asked his wife to collect cow-dung for eight days and to carry it into the hut. When the princess had collected a huge heap of manure, Dhurwa set fire to it and burned it to ashes. The princess said: "You told me to collect the cow-dung for eight days. Now that I have done so, you burn it to ashes. What is the meaning of this?"

But Dhurwa did not reply and went to sleep. His wife also went to bed. When Dhurwa saw that his wife was fast asleep, he rose and began to rub the ring with the ashes. The rupees began to fall on the floor. When Dhurwa had thus collected a huge pile of rupees, he hid them in a corner and went to sleep.

In the morning the king's daughter found the pile of rupees and asked Dhurwa where he had stolen the money. But Dhurwa replied: "I did not steal the money. I made it." His wife asked him: "How did you make the money?" But Dhurwa refused to tell her. The princess was much surprised and decided to find out by all means how Dhurwa came by so much money. When on the evening of the following day Dhurwa and his wife went to bed, the woman pretended to be fast asleep. Then she watched her husband get up and rub the ring with ashes till rupees began to drop on the floor. In this manner she discovered how her husband made so much money.

Now Dhurwa became so wealthy that he could build himself a palace three times as large as that of the Raja. Since he was such a rich man now, people called him Dhurwa Raja.

He also got himself a cat and a dog to watch his palace.

After some time Dhurwa Raja decided to buy cattle in a distant country. He also wanted to fight an Ahir who had grazed his cattle on his grazing ground. He planned to leave with a group of twenty men for his journey. But before he left, he told his wife to hide the ring in an iron box and to put a strong lock on it. The princess, however, did not listen to his advice and found that the ring was good to look at and she told her husband that she wanted to wear it on her finger. Dhurwa implored her to be careful and not to lose the ring. Then he went off on his journey.

On his way he met a group of workers in brass with their merchandise. He advised them to go to his palace and to open a bazaar there. His wife would surely buy their wares. Then he proceeded on his journey.

The merchants came to the palace of Dhurwa Raja. They opened their bags. Dhurwa's wife came from the palace to have a look at the treasures of the traders. When she went from stall to stall, an old merchant saw the ring of Burha Nang on the finger of the Rani's right hand and recognized it instantly. He told the Rani that he wanted to buy her ring and that he would give all the goods of the bazaar for it, with their elephants and horses,—all for that one small ring.

When the Rani saw all the beautiful goods which the merchants displayed, she gave the old merchant the ring in exchange for so much merchandise. In the following night the traders secretly left the palace and went away, leaving everything behind except the ring. They sat down at the bank of a big river where they found plenty of cow-dung and started minting rupees.

Meanwhile Raja Dhurwa returned from his journey. He was warmly welcomed by his wife who at once started to massage his legs. While his wife was massaging his legs, Dhurwa Raja missed the ring on her finger. He at once asked his wife: "Where is the ring?" The Rani replied: "It is in the box." The Raja said: "Bring it and show it to me." The Rani said: "Yes. But first let me massage your legs." However, Dhurwa Raja insisted that the ring should be brought at once. Now the Rani had to confess that she had exchanged the ring for all the goods of the merchants, for their elephants, camels and horses. The Raja got very angry when he heard what had happened and gave his wife a sound beating.

While he was cursing and slapping his wife, the cat and the dog came and begged the furious Raja to desist from beating her. They said that would both go and recover the ring. Meanwhile the Raja and the Rani should not quarrel, but be at peace. They had been like father and mother to the cat and the dog who now wanted to repay their affection and try to recover the ring for them.

After a hearty meal in which rice was served, the cat and the dog went on their journey. In the evening they reached the outskirts of a village. The dog was in great danger of being eaten by wild animals. To protect the dog against their attacks, the cat buried him up to the neck in the ground, only his head stuck out of the ground. Then the cat went into the village and at one house stole rice which he ate. Then he stole bread at another house and brought some to the dog who also ate. After a good rest, the pair went again on their way.

At last the weary travellers came to a very broad river. The cat jumped on the back of the dog who swam the whole day till he reached the other side of the river. Soon the cat and the dog reached the town where the brass-workers resided. The cat and the dog wandering here and there through the streets of the town searched the whole day for them. At midnight finally the cat saw the old merchant sitting in his room and minting rupees. After a while the old merchant stopped, hid the ring in a bottle shaped like an earthen lamp, tied a string around its neck and hung it up on the roof-beam.

While the cat was thinking how he should get hold of the ring in the bottle, he saw a huge rat, of the kind which is called *ghuis*.¹⁷ At once the cat jumped on the rat and squeezed it so tightly that the rat cried out for dear life. The cat asked the rat: "Can you climb up there to the roof-beam?" "Of course," replied the rat, "nothing easier than that. I go up there every day." The cat said: "If you go up there now and bite through the string on which the pot hangs, I shall save your life." The rat asked: "Really? Will you never hunt me if I do it?" The cat replied: "Honestly. I give you my word that I shall never kill you if you do my bidding now." The rat said: "Let me

17) Most probably *Mus giganteus*, a rat as large as a small rabbit and found mostly in houses. Cats do not catch it.

free and I shall do what you demand." The cat let the rat free who ran up the wall to the roof-beam. In a short time it had bitten through the string. The pot fell to the ground and broke. The cat snatched the ring and went off to the dog. Since that day cats do not kill the kind of rats which is called *ghuis*.

When the cat found the dog, he asked: "Did you get the ring?" The cat said: "Yes. Now let's get away quickly." The dog wanted to carry the ring in his mouth, but the cat objected: "This is no good. You will lose it when you open your mouth to breathe. I will put it on your tail." And the cat pushed the ring on the tail of the dog who kept it safe by curling his tail upwards. Since that time all dogs keep their tails in an upward curl.

Now the cat and the dog returned the whole way, back to the town and the house of Dhurwa Raja. When they reached the big river, the cat again jumped on the back of the dog who swam across. They had almost reached the other side of the river when a big fish came and swallowed the dog. The cat escaped by making a big jump on to the dry land.

In great sorrow the cat walked alone along the river; he had lost not only his faithful companion of so many adventures, but also the magic ring which they had recovered with so much difficulty. Walking on and on for the whole day, the cat met at last a big herd of elephants. They must have been at least a hundred thousand in number! When the cat saw the leading elephant, it jumped at his throat and bit him. The elephant tried to shake off the cat, but without success. Finally the elephant promised to render any assistance to the cat if he would release him. The cat told him his plight. The elephant at once called all the members of his herd and explained to them what had happened. After a long discussion the elephants decided to dam the whole river. This was carried out at once. The river was dammed and all the fishes caught, after the water had been poured away. The elephants caught all the fishes, tore them apart and searched for the dog with the ring in the stomach of a fish. At last an elephant caught the fish which had swallowed the dog, tore it asunder and found the dog with the ring on his tail. The dog was still alive; though he was nearly dead. After much trouble the cat revived the dog to the extent that both could continue their journey. The cat wanted to carry

the ring in his mouth, but the dog insisted that it should be put back on his tali. Finally the cat gave in and returned the ring to the dog, and both went on their way in peace.

About eight miles from the house of Dhurwa, a vulture swept down from the sky on the dog and bit off his tail and swallowed it with the ring. The cat and the dog were much upset by this new accident. For some time they were at a loss how to recover the ring. Finally the dog found a way for the ring's recovery. Lying down on the wayside, he pretended to be dead while the cat hid in a hole near the dog. When the vulture circling in the air saw the dog apparently lifeless lying on the road, it dived low and sat down near the dog. The dog was afraid that the vulture would take a peck at him and with his sharp beak pierce his belly to find out whether he was dead or still alive. Mortally afraid the dog suddenly jumped. The vulture hopped aside with a shock. At that moment the cat jumped on the vulture, bit off its head, tore open its stomach and found the ring. The dog again demanded the ring back, but the cat said: "How will you now carry the ring? Your tail is cut off." And the cat took the ring and ran home with it as fast as his legs could carry him. The dog ran closely behind, but before he could reach the cat, the latter reached the house and jumped on the roof-beam.

When Raja Dhurwa saw the cat and the dog, he asked them: "Did you bring the ring?" The dog replied: "Yes. But the cat has it." Dhurwa Raja called the cat and said: "Bring me the ring." But the cat replied: "I cannot come down. The dog will bite me." But Raja Dhurwa tied the dog to a pillar. Now the cat came down and gave the ring to Raja Dhurwa who was very pleased and put the ring back on the finger of his Rani.

The dog and the cat were served a sumptuous meal of rice gruel in reward for their troubles. The dog however remained until this day without his tail.

After five years Raja Dhurwa went to the ant-hill where he found the hole leading into the nether-world. He placed the ring in the hole and poured five seers of milk into it. In the stream of milk the ring was swept down into the nether-world till it reached Burha Nang. Since that time the Baiga offer milk at the hole of an ant-hill. This offering is made, after

a fast, every fifth or sixth year.

The story is now finished, the story-teller a liar, the credulous listener a fool. But as this Baiga became a Raja, you too may prosper and grow rich.¹⁸

18) This tale contains many typical features of Baiga life and culture. Still, this may be due rather to a clever adaptation than to real Baiga invention. The motive of the magic ring is found in many folk-tales of India. Cf. O. Bodding: *Santal Folk Tales*, Oslo 1924, p. 88; F. A. Steel: *Tales of the Punjab*, London 1894, p. 185; J. H. Knowles: *Folk-Tales of Kashmir*, London 1893, p. 20.

5. Jadu ke mundri

Ek sāit kahūñ ek ek rājā rahai. Na to meññ rājā ka nāw jānō ar na wa shahar ke nāw jāhāñ rājā rahai ar rāj karai. Akhar meññ okhar dawār ke nāw jānthōñ jo Dhurwā āy. Dhurwā achchhai nachaiyā ar gawaiyā rahai tekhar māre rājā olā dūsar shahar mā jayke sailā nache lā kahis. Akhar, Dhurwā kahis: “Yā mokā mā mor d̄higā pāhāre lā kachchhū nahi āyā; na dhotī āy, na p̄hetā, na koṭ, na kamij.” Akhar, rājā kahis ki meññ tolā udhār dehūñ jon to jarūrat ke hōhī. Ar apan larkā ke lattā chithran le jadā khule harā dhoti p̄hetā ar nachanahā jāmā olā dais. Waha son ar chāñdi ke gahnā guriyā dais. Aisnā singarke dawār ton rājā ke sañg sailā nache lā gais.

Wa shahar meññ pahuñche ke tannak pichhārū jāhāñ sailā ghūmṛe rahai rājā ar dawār nache lā bhiṛ gain. Khūle harā sabāgā pahar ke dawār esnā nāchai ar gāwai ki lokal rājā ke dui beṭi labhāy gain ar okhar baṛai karan lāgin. Un rahaiñ wā rājā lā pūchhin jekhar sañg dawār nache lā gaye rahai: “Yā kon rājā āy jon jādai achchhā nāchthai ar gāthai? Ham ton agārū kabbhū nahiñ dekhe ān.” Rājā unlā batāwaiñ na chāhai ki waha okhar dawār āy jon okhar chithran lā udhār laike pahari se tekhar māre wā kahis: “Waha mor bhāi āy.” Rājā ke biṭiyā pūchhin: “Taka janam le tor bhāi āy?” Rājā kahis: “Hāo, wa janam le mor bhāi āy.” Rājā ke biṭiyā aur pūchhin: “Wa tor baṛe bhāi āy ki nān?” Rājā kahis: “Waha mor nān bhāi āy.” Tab rahai rājā ke dunno biṭiyā dunno rājā ke sāth lamme hoy lā bichār kar lain. Baṛe bahanī rājā lā ar nān bahanī dawār lā apnāhī dulhā banāy lā nimerin.

Kullai sel nache ke pachhārū dawār rahai pasinyāy gai. Ta wā kahis: “Meññ nadiyā kanāy nahāylā jāthūñ.” Dūsar nachaiyā to unhūñ rahaiñ ghāṭ kanāy nahāwaiñ gain. Jab dawār dekhis ki sagli ādmī yohich ghāṭ kanāy āthai, ta wā kahis: “Meññ tannak uppar as nahāy lā jāthūñ.” Rājā ar okhrai sañg mā sunnā as kanāy chale gay ar dunno jhan uñhāñ nahāin.

Tannak der mā rājā ke dunno biṭiyā ain ar unkhar kā d̄holā lānin. Rājā ar dawār baiṭh gain ar khāin ar uñhaiñ ar ohich sāit lokal rājā ke dunno biṭiyān ke sāth lamme hoye lā wichār karin. Rājā jon baṛe bhāi bane rahai baṛe bohanī lā ar dawār nān bohanī lā mahariyā banāy lā nimerin. Duriyan ke sāth un rahaiñ ghar kā bhagin. Jab un rājā ke shahar lā pahūñchin, tā dunno bohanī shahar ke tannak bāhar

ek maṛaiyā dekhin. Dawār apan mahariyā lā kahis: “Yohich āy mor ghar.” Rājā ke biṭiyā akchakiyāy ke kahis: “Kāhin. Ya maṛayā tor ghar āy? Nahi, aisnā nahiñ hoy sakai. Ya to bagīchā takwāran kas jhopṛi lag thai.” Akhar, dawār kahis: “Nahiñ, sañchai yā morai ghar āy. Meiñ to ek garibai dawār āñw ar meiñ rājā ke bhāi naboñ.” Rājā ke biṭiyā apan man mā kahis: “Yehe, meiñ kaisnā karoñ? Meiñ abhi ghar bhag jāñw jokā. Akhar mor dādā to jādai gussā hōhī. Kaise mā ki meiñ dawār ke sañg bhag āy hañw.” Ar apan dādā harā ke dar ke māre dawār ke sañgai rahelā wichār karis.

Jab rājā apan nawā mahariyā ke sañg mahal mā gais tā wa dawār lā apan udhār lai harā sabāgā lā lauṭāy lā kahis. Dawār jāldi sabāgā lā utāris ar apnai langoṭi lā pahar ke chithran lā lauṭāy dais. Jab rājā ke beṭi apan dulhā lā binā lattā chithran ke dekhis tā wā kahis: “Tor khuleharā paharat ke sabāgā kahāñ gain? Esnā langṛe as hoyke itthe utthe phirat lāj nahiñ lagāy jokā?” Akhar Dewār kahis: “Mor ḍhigā dūsar chithrā nahiñ āy, un chithrā, jinlā meiñ sailā mā pahare rabōñ, rājā ke āy ar unlā meiñ lauṭāy dayañw.” Rājā ke biṭiyā apan man mā kahis: “Yehe, yā kā dulhā payañw? Meiñ kāhin karoñ? Agar abhi meiñ dādāhan ṭho jāhūñ tā dādā molā mārhi.” Ar wā apan nawai dulhā ke sañg rahelā wichār karis.

Tā wā rahai dawār ke maṛaiyā mā ghuis. Akhar wā dekhis ki ghar mā kachchhū na rahai; na kodo, na kuṭki, na chāñur ar na kachchhū chij pej pāñi rāñdhelā rahai. Waha apan dulhā lā kahis: “Meiñ kaisnā karke rāñdhoñ? Ghar mā na kodo āy, na kuṭki, na kachchhū chijay āy.” Akhar dawār kahis: “Phikar jhai kar, abhi meiñ rājā ḍhigā jāhūñ ar olā tanko pisān māñgāhūñ.” Ar wā mahal mā gais ar kullag dāñā-pāñi gharke lauṭ ais.

Jab khāñā taiyār hois tā rājā ke biṭiyā dawār lā kahis: “Pej chur gay piyas nahi.” Akhar dawār rājā ke kanyā ke agārū khāy lā lajāy gay ar kahis: “Nahiñ, tai agārū khāy le tā meiñ pachhārū le khāy lehūñ.” Akhar rājā ke kanyā kahis: “Meiñ tor le agārū kaske khāhūñ? Meiñ tor mahariyā āñw.” Akhar mā jabrī jabrā dawār khāylā baiṭhis ar khā lagis. Akhar waha pāñchak dhūnk pej piis. Wā rahai rājā ke kanyā ke agārū khā piyaī lā lajāwai jon okhar agārū baiṭhe rahai ar olā parsai. Waha kawra duiyak khāis ar parkne uchke bāhar bhag gay. Tab pher rājā ke kanyā baiṭhis ar khāis piis.

Khāy pike rājā ke biṭiyā apan gharwāre lā kahis: “Tai esnā tannak

as chithrā pahar ke itthe utthe kaske phirbe. Yahade dui rupiyā hañwaiñ. Jā ar akāṭho chithrā laiān.” Ar waha ton olā dui rupiyan lā dais jon okhar ḍhigā rahaiñ.

Apan lāne nawā chithrā layelā Dhurwā rahai bajār gais. Akhar wā dui rupiyan mā kahūñche pūro sabāgā nahiñ pāy sakis. Tā wā rahai waisnai juchchhā hāñth ghar bhag ais. Jab wā apan ghar mā ghusis tā rājā ke kanyā ola pūchhis: “Kahāñ hañwaiñ tor dhoti jharkoṭ?” Dawār kahis: “Molā dui rupiyan mā pūro sabāgā nahiñ milis. Ta meiñ kachchhūch nahiñ lai añw.” Rājā ke kanyā kahis: “Kaisnā manse āy nai. Jaldi bajār jā ar dui rupiyan mā tolā jatnā milaiñ watnai layān.” Dawār rahai turtai lauṭis ar dui rupiyan mā jon kachchhū milhī wohich lā layelā bajār bhagis.

Bajār ke adhā gali mā olā nadiyā nakelā parai. Uñhāñ rahai wā ek jogī lā pais jon ek pinjrā mā koyli sām̄p dhare rahai. Dawār jogī lā pūchhis: “Tai pinjrā mā kāhin dhare hañw?” Jogī kahis: “Meiñ pinjrā mā sām̄p dhare hañw. Tai olā lebe kā?” Kaisemā ki rājā ke kanyā dawār lā kahe rahai ki dui rupiyan mā jāhin milhī tāhinai layānbe, tā dawār soñchis ki okhar man sā hohī kachchhū chij jekhar dām dui rupiyā hoy layāne lā āy chāho waha sām̄p hoy. Wā jogī lā puchhis: “Tai sām̄p ke katnā lebe?” Jogī kahis: “Molā char rupiyā daide ar sām̄p lā lai jā.” Dawār kahis: “Meiñ tolā akhar kā ek rupiyā dehūñ.” Jogī kahis: “Ek rupiyā mā nahiñ parhī. Thin rupiyā daide ar layle.” Dawār kahis: “Yahade dui rupiyā le ar molā sām̄p wāre pinjrā lā de.” Jogī olā sām̄p lā sauñp dais ar radhne munāphā ke māre kushī hoy ke lamme hois.

Dawār apan man mā kahis: “Ab meiñ dui rupiyan lā pinjrā mā dhare harā sām̄p ke lane kharach kar ḍāre hañw. Tā kā kām ke lāne bajār jāhūñ.” Ar wā rahai lauṭ paris ar ghar kā bhagis. Tannak sel mā wā sustāwan lāgis. Warhai pinjrā lā ek puttī uppar dhar dais ar ek gali dharke ḍogrā bhittar gais. Jab wā lauṭis tā wā kā dekhis ki sām̄p pinjrā ke duwār lā ughār ke puttī bhittar ghusat rahai. Wā ṭhikai mokā mā apan lā bachāye ke māre chhedā mā ghusat harā sām̄p ke pūchhī ke chhor lā pakar lais. Wā pūchhī lā rahai balbhar pakar lais ar jhikte jhikte atnā jhikis ki pirāsī ke māre sām̄p sinhakāran lāgis ar olā chhāñrailā kahan lāgis. Wā Dhurwā lā kiriyā khāyke kahis ki meiñ chhedā le nikar āhūñ ar nahiñ bhaghūñ agar tai pūchhī pakar ke tāne lā chhāñṛ de.

Dhurwā kahis: “Tai imāndāri se nikal ābe ki nahiñ agar meñ tolā chhoṛ dehūñ tā?” Sāṃp kiriyā khāyke kahis: “Meiñ imāndāri se nikār āhūñ agar tai mor pūchhi lā chhāñḍ dewe tā.” “Sāñchay?” “Sāñchay.” Ar Dhurwā rahemā pūchhi lā ḍhillā kar dais ar sāmp ton puttī ke chhedā le nikar ais. Tab pher Dhurwā pūchhis: “Tai kahāñ jāy lā chāha thas?” Sāṃp kahis: “Uttrākhaṇḍ mā.” Dhurwā kahis: “Mahūñ ar Uttrā-khaṇḍ mā jāylā chāhathūñ. Mohūñ lā gali dikhāw.” Akhar sāṃp kahis: “Tai Uttrā-khaṇḍ mā nahiñ jay sakas.” Tā Dhurwā olā atnā bintī bhāro karis ki sāṃp ant mā kahis: “Tor chhati mā molā kaske bāndh le.” Ar Dhurwā rahai sāmp lā kaske apan chhati mā bāndh lais. Tab pher waha apan lām lām chūndin lā phailāis ar olā sāṃp ke nareṭī ke champherā lapetis. Esnā mā un ton ek jhan ḍaul dikhaiñ. Tab pher sāṃp rahai chhedā mā rengan lagis. Ar rengte rengte un rahaiñ Uttrākhaṇḍ lā pañhach gain. Jab un Bhūrānāng jo sabli sāṃpan ke rājā āy tekhar ḍhiga pahuñchin tā wā rahai koyli sāṃp lā pūchhis: “Tai kāhin māñg thas? Tai kelā āy ihāñ lāne has? Takā tai nahiñ jānas ki Uttrā-khaṇḍ mā kanno manasutiya lā āyeñ ke hukum nahi āy?” Koyli sāṃp kahis: “Yā Dhurwā dawār āy. Jab meñ yelā Uttrā-khaṇḍ mā laijāylā karār karauñ tā yā molā chhāñḍis.”

Ant mā Bhūrānāng ke man bharis ar wā rahai Dhurwā lā kahis: “Le yā piṛhwā mā baiṭh jā.” Akhar Dhurwā dekhis ki waha sāmpan ke giri āy tekhar māre wā ton baiṭhe lā nāhiñ kar dais. Tekar Bhūrānāng olā apan khaṭiyā mā baiṭhelā balāis. Akhar pherai Dhurwā dekhis ki bichhnā jiyat sāṃpan ke āy tā rahemā okhro uppar loṭelā nāhiñ kar dais. Ant mā Bhūrānāng apnai wīsrām karis ar soy gay. Tā koyli nāng Dhurwā lā kahis: “Ab tai apan kām kar. Ar Bhūrānāng ke hāth goṛh mis de.” Dhurwā kahis: “Meiñ kaisnā karoñ? Meiñ Bhūrānāng lā kaise karke misoñ nai?” Koyli nāng kahis: “Tai mūsar dhar le ar Bhūrānāng ke dāhlā jātā tor bal hoy tatnā joṛ se piṭe jā. Aisnāi karke hamār rājā lā miñje jathai.” Dhurwā mūsar dharis ar sāt din le kūcharis.

Sāt din mā Bhūrānāng jagis. Olā jādai harū lagis. Ar wā kahis: “Kon āy molā esnā misāi misi se? Olā balāw. Olā meiñ aimān dehūñ.” Koyli nāng kahis: “Dhurwā dawār āy tolā esnā miñji se.” Bhūrānāng Dhurwā lā balāis ar olā pūchhis: “Tai kā māñg thas? Tolā meiñ dehūñ.” Koyli nāng rahai Bhūrānāng ke mundri lā mañgāy ke lāne salāh dais. Dhurwā sāmpan ke rājā lā kahis: “Tai molā apan hāñth ke mundri

lā daide.” Bhūrānāng apan mundrī dur karain na chahai tā kahis: “Tai tannak aslā kahelā māng thas? Son ar dhandī charle. Tai jatnā chah thas tatnā dhar le.” Akhar Dhurwā kahis: “Meiñ kachchhū nahi māngo, siriph tor hānth ke mundrī lā.” Ant mā Bhūrānāng kahis: “Agar tai haṭai pakre has, tā wā mundrī lā daichalā parhī. Akhar har pāñch sal mā tolā lauṭāylā parhī. Ta pher yelā tai wā putti ke chhedā mā phenk debe jemā hoyle tai Uttrā-khaṇḍ āy hawas.”

Bhūrānāng apan angaṭhī le mundrī nikaris ar olā Dhurwā lā dais. Ar wā Dhurwā lā batāis ki mundrī le kaise karke paisā banāthaiñ. Wā gāy ke gobar uṭhāis, olā bāris ar rākh mā mundrī lā ghasan lāgis. Jatnā sel le wā mundrī lā ghansis tatnā sel le rupiyā bhūiyāñ mā ṭapkan lāgin. Dhurwā mundrī lā dharis ar baṛe manjā mā uppar ke duniyā mā pherai lauṭ ais.

Jab wā apan ghar lā pañhachis tā rājā ke kanyā bāhar nikaris ar olā pūchhan lāgis: “Tai atnā sel kahāñ rahe rahas? Ar un chithrā kahāñ hañwāiñ jinlā meiñ tolā laye lā paṭhoy rahoñ?” Dhurwā kahis: “Bajarhā gali mā molā apan khaṇḍ kabilā bhāiband as mile rahaiñ ar meiñ unkar saṅg dui rupiyan lā kharach kar ḍārauñ.” Rājā ke kanyā apan gharwāre lā andhere gadhāris akhar wā okhar muñh nahiñ lais. Ar āṭh din le gobar sakele lā ar olā apan ghar mā kuhrā karelā kahis. Jab rājā ke kanyā gobar sakel lais, tā Dhurwā omā āgī lagāy dais ar les ke olā rākh kar dais. Dhurwāin kahis: “Tai molā āṭh din le gobar sakalwāye; meiñ ton olā kullag layānaw tā tai ton gaye ar omā āgī lagāy daye. Tai esnā kahelā kare has?”

Akhar Dhurwā kachchhū nahiñ kahis ar soylā bhag gay. Ant mā rājā ke kanyā ar soylā gais. Jab Dhurwā dekhis ki okhar gharwārin khub soy gayse, tā wā uṭhis ar rākh mā mundrī lā ragaṛan lāgis ar rupiyā rahaiñ bhūiyāñ mā ṭapkan lāgin. Jab wā rupiyan ke radhne kuhrā kar ḍāris tā Dhurwā unlā ek konhā mā lukāy dais ar soylā bhag gais.

Sakrañhāñ rājā ke kanyā rupiyan ke kuhrā lā dekhis ar Dhurwā lā pūchhis: “Tai rupiyan lā chore has jokā? Tā kaise karke rupiyan lā pāy has?” Akhar Dhurwā atnai kahis: “Meiñ rupiyan lā nahiñ chore añw.” Ar wā rājā ke kanyā lā aur kachchhū nahiñ batāis. Tā wā rahai andhere atirij mānis. Ar yā jāne lā pakkā wichār bāndh lais ki Dhurwā kaisnā karke rupiyan lā pāise. Dūsar sāñjhā ke Dhurwā ar okhar mahariyā pherai soylā gain. Rājā ke kanyā rahai khub niñd mā soye

ke mīsā karis akhar wā soyan rahai. Wā apan dulhā la uṭhat ar gobar ke rākh mā mundrī lā ghisat dekhai ar sagli samay chāndin ke dukṛan lā bhūiyāñ mā girat sunai. Esnā karke wā rahai mundrī ke matlasī bātlā jān gay.

Chuṭṭkai din ke pachhārū Dhurwā ḍhigā atnā rupiyā hoy gain ki wā rahai rājā le tin gunā baṛhke khulat harā mahal banwāy ḍāris; kaise mā ki wā ab atnā baṛe dhānwan hoy gay rahai tā ādmi olā Dhurwā rājā ke padmī dai dain. Okhar ḍhigā mahal ke rakhwāri karelā bilaiyā ar kukrā rahaiñ.

Tannak pachhārū Dhurwā rājā ek durihā desh mā gayā lenkū jāy lā wichār karis. Wa ek Ahirā saṅg ar laṛaiñ chāhai jon apan gukwan lā okhar charāgan mā charāy rhai. Waha ek korī ādmin lā apan saṅg laijāy lā sutiāis. Akhar reṅgaiñ ke agārū wā apan gharwārin lā mundrī lā lohā ke sandūk mā lukāy lā ar sandūk mā ek baṛā jānik tārā lagāy lā kahis. Akhar okhar gharwārin esnā kachchhū bāt nā sune rahai ton wā kahis: “Yā mundrī aslāy dikh thai ton elā meiñ sabai din apan angaṭhi mā paharaiñ chaha thoñ.” Dhurwā kahis: “Jainā tor man parai taisnai kartā.” Akhar chauñkas rahbe ar mundrī lā jhai bhulwābe. Tā pher wā rahai apan ek korī sāthin ke saṅg mā chal dais.

Galī mā olā apan bartan bhāṅṛā dhareharā kaser ar bharewan ke ek dallak milis. Jab un okhar saṅg wyāpār karelā wichar karin tā wā unlā okhar mahal mā jāyke dukān lagāy lā kahis. Tā kahūñ okhar gharwārin kachchhū ek lehe ar wā rahai āgū kanāy chalis.

Un wyāpāri dawār rājā ke mahal mā ain a ar apan dukān kholin. Dhurwā ke mahariyā mahal le nikaris ar un chijan lā dekhis jinlā wyāpāri beche lā dhare rahaiñ. Jab wā ek dukān le dūsar dukān phirai tā ek wyāpāri dakṛā rājā ke kanyā ke hāth mā Bhūrānāng ke mundlā dekhis, ar turtai chinha lais. Wā rahai kanyā lā kahis: “Meiñ tor mundrī lā layelā chahathoñ ar okhar badlā mā bajār ke saglo samān lā ar uppar le apan hāñthī, ūñt ar ghoṛan lā tolā daide tauñ.”

Jale Dhurwā rājā ke gharwārin un khuleharā chijan lā dekhis jelā wyāpāri beñche lā dikhāwaiñ tā wā rahail wyāpāri dakṛā lā saglo chijan ke badlā mā apan mundrī lā dai dais. Dūsar rāt ke un wyāpāri rahaiñ mahal lā chuppe ke chhoṛ dain ar sab chijan lā chhoṛke ar mundrī lā dharke lamme hoin. Un rahaiñ ek baṛe nadiyā ke pār mā jāy baiṭhin jahāñ unlā gobar milis ar un rupiyā banāy lā mur karin.

Kuchh din mā rājā desh ghum ke lauṭ ais tā okhar gharwārin

okhar jādai mánadhiyan karis ar okhar ladeharā hāth goṛhan lā mijaiñ ghonṭaiñ lāgis. Jon sāit wā kaniyā Dhurwā rājā ke goṛhan lā miñjai tonai sāit wā dekhis ki okhar angaṭhi mā mundrī nahiñ ay. Ar wā turtai pūchhis: “Muñdri kahāñ hawai?” Rājā ke kanyā kahis: “Wā lohā ke sandūk bhittār hawai.” Dhurwā rājā kahis: “Olā jhatne lān ar molā dikhāw.” Rājā ke kanyā kahis: “Hao. Akhar agārū tor goṛhan lā to molā misan de.” Akhar Dhurwā rājā mundrī lā jhatne lān kahke hāth pakar dais. Tā okhar gharwārin rahai batāy dais: “Meiñ mundrī lā wyāpārīn ke saglo chij basat; unkhar hāthī, ūñt, ar ghoṛan ke badlā ma badal ḍāre hañwoñ.” Jab rājā esnā lā sunis tā wā bahutai gussā bhais ar olā mārān lāgis.

Jon sāit wā sarāp sarāpke wakkhānai ar mārāitonai sāit bilāiyā ar kukrā jon mahal ke rakhwāri karaiñ ain ar rājā ke gussā lā ṭhandā karan ke lāne samjhāwan lāgin. Un kiriyā khāyke kahin ki ham jābo ar mundrī lā ḍhuñṛbo. Rājā ar raja ke kanyā dhiraj dharaiñ karaiñ ar jhai laṛaiñ. Un kahin: “Tum ham lā dāi dādan ḍaul jāntha. Ham tumhār mundrī lā lānke tumhār phikar lā dur karbe.”

Bilāiyā ar kukrā lā jāye ke angārū rājā unlā dhān ke wāsī khawais tab un rahaiñ chal dain. Sañjhā ke un ek gañw mā pahuñchin akhar un gañw ke moharai mā rukin ar bilāiyā dharti mā ek chhedā banāis jomā wā kukrā lā nareṭi tak gāṛ dais. Wā wan ke jar jiwāadhan le bachāye ke māre āy esnā kare rahaiñ. Okhar mūṛai muṛ bhar uppar dikhai. Tā bilāiyā rahai gañw bhittar gais ar ek ghar le bāsi choris jelā ohich khāy lais. Ta pher wā dūsar gharmā roṭi choris jinlā wā kukrā lā ar lānis unlā wā khāy lais. Tannak as suhatāy ke un rahaiñ āgū chalin.

Ākhir mā un lateharā galī chalhā ek baṛā chākar nadiyā ḍhiga ain. Bilāiyā rahaiñ kukrā ke piṭhār uppar chaṛh gais jon saglo din bhar nadiyā ke dūsar mer lā pahuñchat le pairat rahis. Bilāiyā ar kukrā jhatne wā shahar lā pahuñch gain jahān kaser apan dukān dhare rahaiñ. Un saglī din bhar shahar ke saṛakan saṛakan itthe utthe phir bāg ke saglo dukānan lā ḍhunṛ ḍārin. Ākhir mā adhrāt hoy gay tā bilāiyā wā wyāpārī dakṛā lā apan kaṭhri mā baiṭh ke mundrī lā gobar ke rākh mā ghansat ar rupiyā upjāwat dekhis. Bilāiyā wā wyāpārī lā table dekhat rahis jable waha rukke mundrī lā ek botal ḍaul chukriyā mā nahiñ lukāis. Okhar mohrā mā ḍorā bāndhis ar baṛerī mā ṭāngay dais.

Jon sāit bilāiyā sochai ki botal le mundrī la kaise karke nikārōñ tonai

sāit ek baṛā jānik ghūñs nikaris. Bilaiyā rahai jhaṭne okhar piṭhār mā chaṛḥ baiṭhis ar nareṭi lā pakar lais. Muswā rahai māre piraikē kirāwan lāgis. Bilaiyā kahis muswā lā: “Tai baṛeri tak jāy sakthas?” Muswā kahis: “Kaske nahiñ, meiñ dinroj ūñhāñ jātho.” Bilaiyā kahis: “Agar tai uppar jāyke wā ḍorā lā kaṭ debe jemā wā bhandwā jhulri se, to meiñ tola chhāñṛ dehūñ.” Ghūñs pūchhis: “Sāñchai, agar meiñ torai man ke kām kar dehūñ tā tai molā kabbhū na mārḍār be?” Bilaiyā kahis: “Aimān se, meiñ tolā karār karthūñ; agar tai mor bat lā bhar rākh de.” Ghūñs kahis: “Molā ḍhil de ta ar jainā tai kaha thas taisnai meiñ kar dehūñ.” Bilaiyā rahai ghūñs lā chhāñṛ dais ar wā ton khopā hoyke baṛeri ma chaṛḥ gay ar chhin bhar mā ḍorā lā katar ḍāris. Bhandwā rahai bhūiyāñ mā gir paris ar phuṭ gais. Bilaiyā ton jhaṭne mundri lā uṭhay lais ar kukrā nere lamme hois. (Unhaiñ le āy bilaiyā wā muswā lā nahi khay jelā ghūñs khathaiñ.)

Bilaiyā rahaiñ jhaṭne kukrā lā pāy dais tā wā ten pūchhis: “Mundri lā pāy?” Bilaiyā kahis: “Hao. Chal ghar katī saṭki ab.” Tā kukrā kahis: “Tai mundri lā mokhā dai de. Meiñ olā muñh mā dhar lehūñ. Tā gire pare ke ḍar nahi.” Tā bilaiyā rahai samjhāis: “Nahiñ, esnā nā lahi. Tai sāñs layelā muñh pasār be tā wā gir gurāy jāhi. Na hoy tā elā meiñ tor pūchhi mā phansāy dewāñ.” Bilaiyā rahai mundri lā kukrā ke pūchhi mā phoha dais ar olā kaṭhne phansāy dais. Kukrā ton mundri jhai gir jāy kahke saglo galī bhar apan pūchhi lā upprai uṭhāy rakhis. (Ohich din le āy kukrā ke pūchhi upprai uṭhe rahthai, ḍog rahai kukrā ke pūchhi āy tari kanāy jhular thai.)

Ab rahaiñ kukrā ar bilaiyā Dhurwā rājā ke shahar ar okhar mahal kanāy lamme bhain. Jab unlā ohich baṛe jānik nadiyā milis, tā bilaiyā rahai kukrā ke piṭhār uppar chaṛḥ gaye ar waha ton olā nakāwan lāgis. Un dūsar pārlā pahūñchhtai rahaiñ ki ek baṛā jānik machhri āis ar kukrā lā lil gay. Bilaiyā rahai wā par chhamne kūd gay ar bach gay.

Bilaiyā phitūri māre nadiyā ke pārai pārai pār jān lāgis. Okhar ek pakkā sañghich āy na chhuṭe rahaiñ balke wā mundri ar bhulāy gay rahai jelā un atnā galī reng ke pāy rahaiñ. Bilaiyā rahai chalte ehalte kharkhā khandhū hāñthin lā pāis. Un ek lakhek rahine. Bilaiyā rahai biyā hāñthi lā dekhke okhar soṛḥ mā lapaṭ pāris ar apan dāñtan lā gaṛāy dais. Hāñthi rahai māre pirāke khirāwan lāgis ar bilaiyā lā jhaṭ kāran lāgis akhar kahāñ jhaṭ kar pātis. I add gaye tā kā karai, kiriyā khāyke kahan lāgis: “Agar tai mor soṛḥ lā chhāñṛ de te jainā kahbe

tašnai karhūñ.” Tā bilaiyā rahai olā sab hāl lā batāis ar sañhāw karelā kahis. Hāthī rahai turtai apan sapphā sāthin lā balāis ar bilaiyā ke sañhāw karelā samjhāis. Un rahaiñ sab bāt lā māñj ke nadiyā ke sapphā pāni lā atwāwain ke lāne wichār bāndh lain. Yā kām chhin bhar mā hoy gay. Nadiyā kē mūrā kanāy baṛā jānik gaṭṭā mār dain tā nadiyā rahai sukhāy gay. Tā likrī mā saglo machhrī pakrāy gain. Hāthī rahemā kukrā ar mundrī ke māro māñg dharke sapphā machhrin ke peṭan lā phor phor ke dekhan lāgin. Sagle pachhārū ek hāthī wā machhri lā pāis jon kukrā lā lile rahai. Hāthī rahaiñ jo wā machhri ke peṭ lā phoris tā adhmarā kukrā rahemā bhusne nikal paris. Akhar wā tankai der mā bilaiyā ke sāth jāy lā khul pay.

Ab bilaiyā kahis: “Ab mundrī lā meñ apan muñh mā dharhūñ. Iñhāñ okhar gire pare ke ḍar na rah jāhī.” Akhar kukrā kahis: “Nahiñ, olā morai pūchhī mā phoh.” Kakrai bilaiyā lā wasnai karelā paris jasnāi kukrā kahai ar subai bātā doharī hoyke okhrai pūchhī mā mundrī lā phoh dais. Tā dunno jhan achchhī dhirajān se ghar kanāy saṭak dain.

Abhī Dhurwā rajā ke mahal lā chārai kos bachai rahaiñ ki ek gidhwā uppar le sarāhuñṭ āis ar jarmūr se kukrā ke pūchhī lā choth ke lai uṛāis. Gidhwā rahai mundrī lagāy pūchhī kā līl lais ar uṛ bhagis. Yā dūsar bañwṛā ke māre dunno jhan kukrā ar bilaiyā sañso mā paṛ gain ar kachhū kare uhārai nahiñ pawai.

Bahut sel mā kukrā rahai mundrī lā ḍhunṛe ke uhār pais. Wā rahemā māre ḍaul hoyke galī soy gaye. Bilaiyā ton kukrai ke lighā ek billā mā ghus ke luk gay. Gidhwā ton bādar mā maṛrawat maṛrawat kukrā lā bhūiyāñ mā mare harā jān ke sarāhuñṭ utaris ar okhrai lighā baiṭh gay. “Mari se kā nahiñ kahke kahūn mor peṭ lā khobhai jhai nāi, are chaleharā choñch āy, kahūñ peṭai jhai phuṭ jāy” kahke kukrā rahemā ḍarāy gay. Darke māre kukrā rahai langgus ne uṭh baiṭhis. Ton gidhwā rahai jāñjāñk paris ar phudd ne uchaṭ ke bhagat rahai ki bilaiyā kūdke okhar mūrāi lā chābis ar peṭ lā phor ḍāris ar mundrī lā nikar lais.

Kukrā pherai mundrī lā dhare lā hoy. Akhar bilaiyā kahis: “Bāñṛā pūchhī mā mundrī lā kaske dharbe tai?” Ar wā rahai mundrī lā chāñṛais ar ghar kanāy champat bhais. Kukrā olā khedaris akhar kahāñ jo, bilaiyā rahai ghar mā pañhach ke baṛeri uppar chaṛh gay.

Dhurwā rājā kukrā ar bilaiyā lā dekh ke pūchhis: “Mundrī lā lāne hawā?” Kukrā kahis: “Hao. Akhar olā bilaiyā dharise.” Dhurwā

rājā bilaiyā balāis ar kahis: “Mundri lā lān to.” Akhar bilaiyā kahis: “Tari uttre ki nane mor himmat nahi paṛai. Kukrā molā chāb dārhi.” Dhurwā rājā ton kukrā lā ek thuniḥāñ mā bāndh dais. Tappher bilaiyā himmat bāndhke uttris ar rājā lā mundri lā dais. Kushi ke māre rājā kahūn nahiñ samāis. Ar mundri lā apan rāni jon rājā ke kanyā āy tekhar hānth mā dharāy dais.

Kukrā ar bilaiyā lā unkhar mehanatāi as ankut bhāt dain. Akhar kukrā ke pūchhi kabbhū nahiñ jamis.

Pāñch sālā mā rājā Dhurwā ek puttī dhigā gais uhāñ Utrā-khand jawanhā ek billā pāis tahāñ wā mundri la dhar dais ar panchak ser dūdh kuharoy dais. Dūdh ke dhār mā bahat mundri ton Bhūrānang dhigā pahañch gay. Ohich din le āy Bhumiyā puttin ke chhedan mā dūdh rukothaiñ. Har panch sālā yā das sālā mā din bhar upās rahke esnai karthaiñ.

Kissā ab pūj gay. Kissā batiyā labrā āy; ar okhar uppar wishwās karaiyā gañwār. Akhar jaisnā Bhumiyā rājā ke banis taisnā toro banai.