Translation

Ghaws Bahar

Ormarah, 2030. The death of a language and a culture*

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Introduction: Ghaws Bahar (in English also spelled Ghaus Bahar, in Balochi Latin script spelled Gaws Bahár)¹ was born on 8 March 1954, in Ormarah, on the Makran coast of Balochistan, Pakistan.² After finishing his BA, he began working as a civil servant. Soon, however, Balochi language and literature became his main interest in life, and he later also became active in Baloch civil rights and politics.

Ghaws Bahar was an active member of the Baloch National Movement,³ a political organization founded in 1987 to be a voice for the independence of Balochistan.⁴ A number of the leaders and members of this organization have been killed or abducted over the years,⁵ and, Ghaws Bahar, too, faced death threats due to his political activism. As a result he had to leave Pakistan and take refuge in the western (Iranian) part of Balochistan.

In Iran, Ghaws Bahar was mainly based in Sarawan, where he continued his literary work and joined together with Baloch literary activists. He also started classes in Balochi for his literary friends,⁶ and even wrote a book about the Baloch literary activists in Sarawan, *Mortagén Halkay Zendagén Mardom* (The Living Souls of the Dead Land). It is unclear whether this book has been published.⁷

After some years in Iran, he was diagnosed with cancer and he returned to his home town, Ormarah, for treatment. The treatment was not successful, and he passed away on 8 August 2018.⁸

Ghaws Bahar was a poet and short story writer. His literary pieces were published in magazines and in a number of books, such as *Zergwát* (Sea Breeze), a short story collection;⁹ *Balóchi Daryáb* (Balochi

1 In fn. 9, 11–16, the author's name is transcribed as Ghaws Bahár (a mixture of English and Balochi spelling) to reflect how it is written in Arabic script in these books (غوس بهار).

2 https://twitter.com/ghaus_bahar?lang=en (Retrieved 15 September 2021). However, on the back cover of his book *Karkénk* (for bibliographic details, see fn. 12), from which the story presented here is taken, his year of birth is given as 1952.

3 https://twitter.com/ghaus_bahar?lang=en (Retrieved 15 September 2021).

4 The original name of this organization was the Baloch National Youth Movement.

5 https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Baloch_National_Movement (Retrieved 15 September 2021).

6 It should be added that the western (Iranian) part of Balochistan does not have the same tradition of reading and writing Balochi as is found in the eastern (Pakistani) part.

7 Personal communication, Abdolsalam Balochzadah, 16 September 2021.

8 <https://balochistantimes.com/the-doomsday-ghaus-bahar/> (Retrieved 17 September 2021). Personal communication, Abdolsalam Balochzadah, 16 September 2021.

9 Bahár, Ghaws (1988). *Zergwát*. [*sine loco*]

* We are pleased to present the English translation of a short story written in Balochi, together with an introduction to the life and work of the author. We also include the text of the story in Latin and Arabic script. It is our hope that this story will never come true, and instead will cause those who read it to cherish their mother tongue and pass it on to future generations.

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Prosody¹⁰), on Balochi poetry and its prosodic system;¹¹ *Karkénk* (Oyster) a short story collection;¹² and *Abétkén Bolór* (Gloomy Crystal), a collection of poetry.¹³

Ghaws Bahar also did translations from Urdu into Balochi. Among his translated books, *Ájóíay Cherág* (The Lamp of Freedom), written by a certain Ikramullah, can be mentioned.¹⁴

Ghaws Bahar also took part in the discussion on Balochi orthography. He published a book titled *Balóchi Likwarh* (Balochi Script),¹⁵ and in an article published in 1984 he suggested, probably jokingly, that the Bengali script should be used for Balochi.¹⁶ Toward the end of his life he also wrote a piece about the modification of the Balochi script made by the Balochi Language Project.¹⁷

Ghaws Bahar was a member of the Balochi Academy in Quetta. Founded in 1961, this institution works for the promotion of the Balochi language and its literature and has published a considerable number of books in Balochi as well as other languages on topics concerning the Baloch.¹⁸ Most of Ghaws Bahar's books were published by the Balochi Academy.

Ghaws Bahar engaged with societal issues not only as a political activist but also as a storyteller, narrating in a social realist style the true tale of the hardships of his people and his homeland. Similarly, he depicted criticism of his people's disunity in his literary works. He always wished to convey the message of unity to his people. Moreover, being a poet, he had a poetic way of storytelling. In his literary pieces he often painted patriotic pictures to convey the beauty of his homeland and express his genuine fear that the state would forcibly turn the Baloch into a minority on their own soil.

This story, *Órmárhah 2030á* (Ormara, 2030), which was published in the short story collection *Karkénk*, is set on the Makran coast, in the port town of Ormara in Eastern (Pakistani) Balochistan. It is one of his many poetic and patriotic stories, and in it he depicts what his hometown of Ormara might look like in 2030. Here we meet the veteran political activist Balach, who already in his youth had expressed his fear that there would be no future for the Balochi language and culture in Ormara if the Pakistani government's plans to develop the port into a naval base were realized. In the story we share the last lonely hours of Balach's life on Ormara beach, as he observes how his fears have come true.

* * *

It was a hot summer day, the twentieth of the month of Tir, a Tuesday evening. The sea fog, thick as clouds, had engulfed the coastal town of Ormara in the shadow of its hair-locks. Drops of moisture were showering down softly and tenderly; a mild breeze was blowing gently. If anywhere could be called paradise on earth, this was it! Could there possibly be anywhere better around here than this fresh and cool place with its breeze and moist fog? No one could imagine so. One would have to be a

10 The Balochi word *daryáb* actually means 'perennial river', but Ghaws Bahar has used it here to denote the prosodic system (including rhyme and metre) prevalent in Arabic, Persian, and Urdu poetry, which is also adopted by many Baloch poets. Personal communication, Nagoman Baloch, 23 September 2021. See also Jahani, Carina (1995). "The Formal Structure of Gul Khān Naṣīr's Poetry." *Orientalia Suecana*, 43–44, pp. 141–147.

11 Bahár, Ghaws (1997). *Balóchi Daryáb*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

12 Bahár, Ghaws (2003). *Karkénk*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

13 Bahár, Ghaws (2004). *Abétkén Bolór*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

14 Bahár, Ghaws (2003). *Ájóíay Cherág*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

15 Bahár, Ghaws (1997). *Balóchi Likwarh*. Quetta: Balochi Academy.

16 Jahani, Carina (1989). *Standardization and Orthography in the Balochi Language* [Studia Iranica Upsaliensia, 1]. Uppsala: Acta Universitatis Upsaliensis, 149, 242.

17 https://baask.com/archive/category/fiction_writers/ghaus_bahar/ (Retrieved 17 September 2021). For The Balochi Language Project, see <https://www.lingfil.uu.se/forskning/the-balochi-language-project/> (Retrieved 17 September 2021).

18 <http://academy.balochiacademy.org/> (Retrieved 17 September 2021).

fool to go out on a summer evening and not walk down to the paradisaal seashore. In this season, the weather at Ormarah beach could heal any distressed heart.

Uncle Balach was very old. He must have been around eighty by now. In spite of his age and weakness, he still kept up his habit of taking a walk on Ormarah beach every evening. He was a lover of his motherland and a true nationalist. He was active in a nationalist political party, and he had also taught his people to love the motherland and the nation with his poetry.

On this occasion he was sitting alone at the seashore, on a mud brick bench facing east, by the road. His complexion was dark and he was wearing glasses. By now his age-mates had all left this world or had settled outside Ormarah. Old habits die hard. In the good old days there was no road by the seashore, only the soft, reddish sand. Uncle Balach would come down to the beach every evening in those days. Sometimes he would come alone and sit on the sand writing something or other, and sometimes he would come with his friends, and they would fill the beach with happiness and laughter.

He was a political activist; that is why he had political ambitions. In those days he told his friends that after independence, when the Baloch themselves take possession of Balochistan's natural resources, they would adorn Ormarah beach like a bride. Now his life was about to end, he had lost all hope, and his ambitions had all been aborted. But what he had said about the Ormarah beach being adorned like a bride had certainly come true. Now this beach truly was like a bride. Thousands of hearts full of desire came to the beach, but there was not a single young Baloch among them, apart perhaps from the odd one now and then.

At this moment hundreds of boys and girls, men and women, young and old, engaged and pledged for marriage, companions and confidants, acquaintances and relatives, friends and intimates, all were walking along the beach. Some were wearing shirts and trousers, some skirts, some saris, some gowns, and others were only wearing t-shirts and shorts. Many had their children with them. As a sign of their intimacy many were walking hand in hand as couples, at a distance from the crowd. Many were cuddling each other, many were walking side by side, many were whispering in each other's ears, and many were laughing loudly.

There was a restaurant some distance away where hundreds of people had gathered in a crowd, just like gulls, albatrosses, terns, and other local seabirds used to gather around their catch on the shore in former times. Now there was neither the squawking and fighting of the seabirds over their catch any more, nor was there any brave, falcon-like hunting for prey. Still the beach showed scenes enough to fill a lifetime: joy and happiness, sorrow and trouble, smiles and laughter, crying and grumbling, begging and beseeching, reproaching and scolding.

Uncle Balach, through the eyeglasses on which he now depended, had to watch these heart-rending scenes every day. Every so often a sigh arose from his heart. He was so lonely; he had no one here. Not a single soul was there to say hello to him, to ask how he was doing, to speak a few words to him in his mother tongue. Hundreds of people spent time here for recreation, but they were all speaking Urdu, Punjabi, Pashto, and many other languages.

"Daddy! Was Clifton beach in Karachi as beautiful as this?" Uncle suddenly heard a girl saying in Urdu. He was writing something at that moment and when he raised his head to look, he saw a slim girl some eighteen years old, approaching and talking with her middle-aged, squat father, still dressed in his navy uniform.

"No, my daughter! That was artificial beauty, constructed by the Government, but this is natural", her father answered, still in Urdu.

"Daddy! What was the old name of this town?" the girl continued in Urdu. Uncle strained to hear what answer the girl would receive. Uncle's eyes may have needed glasses, and he needed a cane to walk, but bravo to his ears that never failed him.

"Hurmorah! My daughter, the old name of this town was Hurmorah, it must have been a word from the Makrani language. Some 37–38 years ago, when the base and the port were being constructed to enable our headquarters to move here from Karachi, the Sindhi Prime Minister at the time changed the name of this base, which used to be called Hurmorah Naval Base after the town, to Jinnah Base. And gradually the name of the town also changed, to Jinnahpur."

The father told his daughter some historical facts, still in Urdu. Uncle Balach was thinking about the conversation between the father and child when he heard another girl's voice close by.

"Daddy! Baluchis used to live in this town, right?" the girl was asking her father. She too spoke in Urdu.

"Yes, yes, my child! This town used to belong to the Baluchis and Makranis. There are still some Baluchis and Makranis living here, but..."

It was as if someone had stabbed Uncle Balach in the back. He turned his head around and looked at the person whose voice was reaching him from behind. It was another middle-aged man, tall and slim, dressed in a navy uniform, approaching with his two little sons and a slightly older girl. The man was carrying his boots in his hand, the girl was holding her sandals to her chest, and the two little boys were following them, trampling down the mounds of sand which the crabs had made.

Alas... I knew it would turn out like this... Uncle Balach sighed deeply and started grumbling. All of a sudden the girl's eyes fell on Uncle Balach, who until now had been observing the father and daughter.

"Look over there, father! How this Baluchi is staring at us."

The girl curled up in her father's embrace as if she was frightened by how Uncle was looking at them.

"Don't worry, daughter! He's just remembering old times."

The father comforted his daughter and they kept walking, still speaking in Urdu.

Uncle recalled his youth. The situation today was exactly that which Uncle had predicted in those days, in his speeches at political gatherings and rallies. He had realized that constructing the military base would not bring progress and welfare; it would be the beginning of the eradication of the local population. But what Uncle said in those days went in one ear and out the other. Everyone regarded him as an enemy of development and prosperity, and they conspired against him in all sorts of ways. There was only one Uncle and the conspirators were many.

I knew it would be like this... I knew there wouldn't be any Baloch left here, and the Balochi language wouldn't survive.

This is it. These days hundreds of people play in the sun-kissed waves of the bluish ocean at Ormarah. People walk around on the soft, cool sand of the beach. Not a single soul among them knows even a couple of words of Balochi... In the good old days, if ten people came here for the fish auction, all ten would be Baloch. And the fish was auctioned in the sweet Balochi tongue... Four hundred fifty-five, going once, four hundred fifty-five, going twice... four hundr... all in Balochi.

Uncle Balach was grumbling for nothing. Small children had caught fish here. Naked, half-naked, barefoot, unveiled, dark-skinned and black children, but they were all native. But who belongs to my people today? Who belongs to the beloved soil of Ormarah? Who is a Baloch? All these people call the Baloch by wrong names, like Baluchis and Makranis, and distort beautiful Baloch names like Ormarah, which they call Hurmorah. By now Uncle Balach had completely stopped writing and was just grumbling.

"What's the matter? I love you!"

A young girl threw her arms around the neck of her partner, speaking English in a strange way. Uncle's thoughts were scattered. He turned his bespectacled eyes towards the girl and boy.

Who would have foreseen that hens too would crow in this place? Doomsday will arrive here before anywhere else in the world! Uncle looked down at his sandals... His traditional sandals were worn out. By now it was after sunset and time for Uncle to go back home.

The electric lights had shattered the darkness of the night just as much as the newcomers had dispersed the local population.

Uncle put on his sandals and turned his eyes towards the ocean. He gazed at a point far away as if it was the very last time he would look at the sea. Then he sighed deeply. He had just got up from his spot when he heard a voice behind him.

"Uncle, please, a rupee, for God's sake. I haven't eaten since yesterday." Hearing these words in Balochi, Uncle spun his head around in such a way that you would think someone twisted it by force. He saw a girl, seven years old or so, with a torn dress and patched trousers, barefoot and without a veil to cover her head. She stretched out a cupped hand toward Uncle.

The next morning the following announcement in Urdu was heard from a couple of mosques: "Balach son of Karar, who was a Baluchi political activist, passed away during the night. His funeral will take place at ten o'clock."¹⁹

* * *

Örmárhah 2030á

Gaws Bahár (Ghaws Bahár)

Tirmáhi róch, déh o baláháni máhá bist at o Sayshambehay digaray wahd at. Örmárhah jambar-chakkén bazén nódán wati bazén bikkáni sáhegá mán póshettagat. Nód narm narm o lahm lahmá shanzagá at, kawsh wassh wasshá kasshagá at. Bahesht agan mán é emrózá jáhéay nám ent, gorhá hamesh ent. Cha é warhén sárt o hónakén jágahá gón hamé kawsh o gón hamé nódán sharterén já-gah é nazzikk o gwarán buta kant? Kaséay delá gwáhi nadáttagat. Tirmáhi bégáhá kojám kápertab ent ke cha wati lógá dar byayt o yak charré pa sayl o sawádá baheshtdróshomén tayábay dapá mayayt. É mósomá Örmárhahay kandiay mólomá nádráhén del dráh kortagat.

Nákó Bálách sakk pir at. Áiay omr é wahdi hashtád sáláy nazzikk o gwará at. Mán é piri o nezóriá ham áiay ádat at ke hamok bégáhá Örmárhahay kandiá pa saylá átkagat. Á yak sharrén watandóst o rájdósté at. Watandóst o rájdóstén syási galéay kárkoné at, cha eshiá abéd áiá wati sháheriá ham wati mahlukará watandósti o rájdóstiay sabak dáttagat.

É wahdi ham á gón wati sabzárangén báládá, nezaray chashmakk chammá, tayábay dapá daggay róthekki némagay dhékiay sará éwaká neshtagat. Áiay hamomr tán é wahdi cha é donyáyá shota-gatant yá cha Örmárhahá dhann jahmenend butagatant. Héla rawt ádata narawt, hamá róchán ke tayábay dapá dagg néstat, sohrchakén narmén rék atant o Nákó Bálách ham hamok bégáhá edá kadi éwak átkag o hamé rékáni sará neshtag, chizzé na chizzé nebeshtah kortagat o kadi kadi gón wati é dega bél o hambalán átkagat. Hamá wahdán gorhá tayáb kandag o thahkán wati báhóth kortagat.

Á wat syási mardomé at, paméshká áiay wáhag ham syási atant. Áiá hamá wahdán edá wati bél o hambalán gwashtagat ke ájóíá pad, wahdé Balóchestánay máden o melkat Balóch mahlukayga bant, á Örmárhahay kandiá ché dhawlá chó bánórá sambahénit. Nun áiay omrá jwáb dáttagat, áiay ométáni bámá jawrokán dáttagat, áiay wáhag eshkand butagatant, bale áiay gwashten allamá pélah butagat ke Örmárhahay kandiá chó bánórá sambahénit. Nun é kandi chó bánórá at. Hazarán deláni wáhag at, bale mán é wáhagdárán Balóch warná néstat, agan hastat ham wád o ártay barábará.

É wahdi sadán bachakk o jenekk, pir o warná, mard o jan, deshtár o námgept, bél o hambal, áshná o aziz, dóst o sangat é tayábdapá sayl o gardeshá at. Kasé sharth o patlun at, kasé eskarth, kasé sárhi, kasé gawn, kasé éwaká ganjiperák o chaddhiay tahá at. Bázénéá wati zahg gón atant. Bázénéá wati

¹⁹ The translation of Ghaws Bahar's short story *Ormarah, 2030* was first published in *Balochistan Times* on 12 November 2021, see <https://balochistantimes.com/ormarah-2030/> (Retrieved 12 November 2021).

wati béli o do pa doiá cha mocchiá jetá dast mán dast atant, bázéné gwarambáziá saylá atant o bázéné hamkópagiá, bázéné watmánwatá halwat kanán at bázéné thahk dayán at.

Dur yak restoráné at ke sadán mardom hamódá anchó churr at chosh ke peshay wahdán mán tayábá charhél, piráni, mallir, korró o dega daryái morg wati gémay sará mocch butagat. Nun na hamá piráni o malliráni wati gémay sará churr bayag hast, na korró hamá dáb ke sháhiná tamardén gémkoshié kant. Padá ham é tayábdap yak pélahén zendéay nedáragá pesh dárágá at. Gal o wasshi, gam o garhatti, bechkand o thahk, hedhisk o norondhag, mennat o laylah, hakkal o bihár.

Nákó Bálách gón wati chashmakká ke nun áiy shishshag didókáni badal atant é delborrén nedárag hamok róch distagat. Kadi kadi cha áiy delá páháréá sar kasshetagat. Á éwak ent, áíá edá kasé nést. Yak anchén mardomé ham dar nayátkagat ke Nákóará dapi salámé bedáténi, dapi josté bekorténi, gón Nákóay máti zobáná chár gapp bejaténi. Edá sadán mardom saylá atant bale harkas Ordu, Panjápi, Pashtó o dega dega zobánán gappá at.

”ڈیڈی....!! کراچی کی کلفٹن بھی اتنی خوبصورت رہی ہوگی؟“

Anágahá Nákóay góshán jenekki tawáré kapt. É wahdi Nákó chizzé nebeshtah kanagá at, sari chest kort, cháreti, gendit ta yak hazhdah sáli báragbandén jenekké gón wati némomr o jáná porrén pathakkén petá ke annun ham daryái lashkari pósháká at gapp janáná pédák at.

”نہیں بیٹا....!! وہ تو مصنوعی خوبصورتی حکومت نے بنائی تھی اور یہ نیچرل ہے۔“

”ڈیڈی....!! اس شہر کا پرانا نام کیا تھا....“

Jenekká padá cha wati petá pól kort. Nákó Báláchá wati gósh tháporéntant ke baren jenekká ché passawa rasit. Nákó, chammán chashmakkay wástig kortagat, tágatá asáay wázmand, bale Nákóay góshán shábásh at ke gón Nákóá barábariá hamráhdári kanagá atant.

”خوڑہ....!! بیٹا اس شہر کا پرانا نام خوڑہ شاید مکرانی زبان کا کوئی لفظ تھا اور جب پہلی بار آج ۳۷، ۳۸ سال پہلے ہمارا پیڈکوارٹر کراچی سے یہاں منتقل ہونے کے لئے بیس اور جینی بنائی جارہی تھی تو اس وقت کے سندھی وزیراعظم نے اس بیس کا نام جو پہلے اسی شہر کی مناسبت سے خوڑہ نیول بیس تھا تبدیل کر کے جناح نیول بیس رکھ دیا۔ اور پھر آہستہ آہستہ اس شہر کا نام تبدیل ہوکر جناح پور ہوگیا....“

Pet wati jenekká rájdaptari kessahán gwashagá lagget. Tán é wahdi Nákó Bálách gón hamé pet o chokkay gappán goláesh at ke nazzikká dega jenekki tawáré chest but.

”ابا جان....!! پہلے اس شہر میں بلوچی رہتے تھے نا....؟“

Jenekk cha wati petá pól kanagá at.

”ہاں ہاں....!! پہلے یہ شہر بلوچیوں اور مکرانیوں کا تھا.... اب بھی کچھ بلوچی اور مکرانی رہتے ہیں مگر....“

Gwashay záná Nákó Báláchá poshti némagá kaséá hanjaré jekk dát.... Áíá chakk jat o wati poshtá áyókén tawár charet, ta daryái lashkari pósháká dega yak némomray drájén o báragbandén mardé gón wati do kasánén bacch o yak masterokén jenekkéá pédák at... Mardá wati buth dastá atant o jenekká wati sayndhal delay sará dáshtagatant o doén gwandhó kokkoli lógán lagat janáná pet o go-háray poshtá poshtá pédák atant.

Offoh... man zánt anchosha bit... Nákó Báláchá yak mazanén ginsárté kasshet o norondhagá lagget. Yak anágahá jenekkay chamm Nákó Báláchá kaptant ke tán é wahdi hamé pet o chokká chárágá at.

وہ دیکھو ابا جان....!! یہ بلوچی ہمیں کیسے دیکھ رہا ہے....

Gwashay záná cha Nákóay chárágá jenekk laparzagó but o wati petay ambázá nazz korret.

”کوئی بات نہیں بیٹا....!! وہ اپنے بیتے دنوں کو یاد کر رہا ہوگا....“

Petá wati jenekk tasallá dát o gapp kanáná démá shotant.

Nákóá wati warnái yát átk. Maróchi hamá jáwar atant ke Nákóá wati warnáíá mán syási majles o jalsahán, wati gwashtánkáni tahá gwashtagatant. Áíá zántagat ke é bays ke jórth bayagá ent démsht o gehbud naent, balkéná handi mahlukay ábádiay gár o bégwáh kanagay bendát ent. Bale Nákóay á wahdién gapp harkasá é góshá eshkotant o á góshá dar kortant. Nákóesh démsht o gehbuday dozh-men zánt o Nákóay barhelápá har warhén pléndhiesh kort. Nákó yakké at o pléndh báz.

Man zánt anchosha bit... man zánt ke edá na Balóch sara kayt o na Balóchi zobán pashta kapit.

Esh ent, maróchi sadán mardom gón Órmárhahay nilbómén zeray góragén gwarmán gwázi ent. Kandiy narm o hónakén perhá é dém o á démá raw o áyá ant. Bale cha eshán yakké nést ke Balóchiay do labz bezánt... Á róchi agan dahé mardom máhigay lillámá edá átkagat bale dahén Balóch atant. Máhig lillám butagat, mán Balóchi shahdén zobána butag... Chársad o panjá o panch yakké, chársad o panjá o panch do... chár...

Nákó Bálách watsará norondhagá at, gwandh gwandhén zahgán edá kárhig geptagat... Jándar, némjándar, shepád, sardará, sabzárangén, syáhchakén zahg bale koll watig atant, maróchi mani kay ent? Órmárhahay golzeminay kay ent? Balóch kay ent? É dráh wa Balóchán Baluchi o Makránia gwashant o Órmárhahay warhén zagrén Balóchi labzay námá sella kanant, Hurmorhaha gwashant. Nákó Báláchá nun pahk nebeshtah yalah kort, norondhagá at.

What is in it? I love you.

Yak kasánsáli jenekkéá wati doén dast wati hamráhay gwará dawr dátant o ajabén dábéá gwasht. Nákóay hayál sheng o sháng butant. Áiá wati chashmakkién chamm hamé jenekk o bachakkay né-magá shánk dátant...

Kayá é gat ham geptagat ke edá nekénk ham bángá dayant? Mahshar kollán pésh mán emrózá pa edá kayt. Nákóá chamm pa wati chawatthán shánk dátant... Maridóché chawatth nun kwahn tar-retagatant. É wahdi magrebkazá at o Nákóay lógay rawagay wahd at.

Bark o gerókey battián shapay tahári anchosh dur télánk dátatagat chosh ke nók áyókén mahluká eday jahmenend télánk dátatagatant.

Nákóá wati chawatth pádá kortant, chammi daryáay némagá dur durá anchosh shánk dátant, gwashay záná é Nákóay goddhi chamshánk ent o padá yak mazané ginsárté kassheti. Cha wati jáhá noki pád átkagat ke poshti némagá tawaré chest but.

“Abbá! Kaldaré Hodáay námá... Man zikkén án gozhnag án.” Nákóay garden anchosh poshti né-magá chakarret, gwashay záná kaséá chwánkéntag. Gendit ta yak hapsáli jenekké gón aggarhén pashk o pochenén shalwára sardará o pádshepád, dasti pa Nákóá thál ent.

Domi sohba cha do say masitá é jár góshán kapt:

”مسلمانو بالاچ ولد قرار جو ایک بلوچی سیاسی کارکن تھا کل رات انتقال کرچکا ہے۔ دس بجے اس کا جنازہ اٹھے گا۔۔۔“²⁰

* * *

اُرمارہ 2030

گھوس بہار (غوس بہار)

تیرماہی رُوح، دیہ و بلاہانی ماہا بیست ات و سیشمبہی دیگرے وھد ات۔ اُرمارہ جَمَرِچَکَن بَرِن نودان وتی بَرِن بیکانی ساہگا مان پُوشتگات۔ نود نرم نرم و لہم لہما شنگز ات، کٹوش و ش و ش کَشگا ات۔ بَہشت اگن مان اے اُرمارہ جاہیئے نام انت، گڑا ہمیش انت۔ چہ اے وژن سارت و ہونکین جاگہا گون ہمے کٹوش و گون ہمے نودان شترتین جاگہ اے نَزیک و گوران بوت کنت؟ کسبیئے دلا گواہی نداتگات۔ تیرماہی بیگاھا کجام کاپرتب انت کہ چہ وتی لوگا در بیشت و یک چرے پہ سٹیل و سوادا بَہشت دروَشَمِن تیبایئے دِیا مٹیئت۔ اے مَوسُما اُرمارہیئے کندیئے مَولُما نادراہین دل دراه کرتگات۔

ناکو بالاچ سک پیر ات۔ آبیئے اُمر اے وھدی ہشتاد سالے نَزیک و گورا ات۔ مان اے پیری و نوزریا ہم آبیئے آدت ات کہ هُک بیگاھا اُرمارہیئے کندیہ پہ سیلا آتکگات۔ آیک شَرِن و تندوست و راجدوستے ات۔ و تندوست و راجدوستین سیاسی گُلیئے کارکنے ات، چہ ایشیا آبد آتیا وتی شاہریا ہم وتی مہلوکارا و تندوستی و راجدوستیئے سَبک داتگات۔

اے وھدی ہم آگون وتی سبزانگین بالادا، بَرِنے چَشَمک چما، تیبایئے دِیا دَگئے رَوَنگی نیمگئے ڈیکہیئے سرا ایوکا نشتگات۔ آبیئے ہم اُمر تان اے وھدی چہ اے دنیا شتگانت یا چہ اُرمارہا دَن جَہمند بوتگانت۔ ہیَل رُوت آدت نرُوت، ہما رُوجان کہ تیبایئے دِیا دَگ نیست ات، سَہرِچَکِن نرمین ریک آنت و ناکو

²⁰ Ghaws Bahar's short story *Ormárhah 2030á*, Balochi-Latin script, was first published in *Balochistan Times* on 1 December 2021, see <https://balochistantimes.com/ormarah-2030a/> (Retrieved 1 December 2021).

بالاچ ہم ہُک بیگاہا ادا کدی اِنوک آتکگ و ہمے ریکانی سرا نشتگ، چیرے نہ چیرے نشتہ کرتگات و کدی کدی گون وتی اے دگہ بیل و ہبلان آتکگات۔
ہما وھدان گڑا تھیاب کنگد و تھکان وتی باھوٹ کرتگات۔

آوت سیاسی مردمے ات، پمیشکا آییے واھگ ہم سیاسی آنت۔ آییہا ہما وھدان ادا وتی بیل و ہبلان گزشتگات کہ آجیا پد، وھدے بلوچستانے ماڊن و
ملکت بلوچ مہلوکیتگ بنت، آازماڑھے کنڈیا چہ ڈتولا چو بانورا سَمبھینیت۔ نون آییے اُمرآ جواب دانگات، آییے اُمیتانی باما جئورکان دانگات، آییے واھگ
اشکند بوتگانت، بلہ آییے گوشتن اُلما پیلہ بوتگات کہ اوزماڑھے کنڈیا چو بانورا سَمبھینیت۔ نون اے کندی چو بانورا ات۔ هزاران دلانی واھگ ات، بلہ مان اے
واھگداران بلوچ ورنہ نیستات، اگن هستات ہم واد و آرتے برابر۔

اے وھدی سدان بچک و جنک، پیر و ورنہ، مرد و جن، دشتر و نامگپت، بیل و ہمبل، آشنا و آریز، دؤست و سنگت اے تھیابدپا سٹیل و گردشا ات۔ کسے شرٹ
و پتلون ات، کسے اِسکرٹ، کسے ساڑی، کسے گئون، کسے اِنوکا گنجپراک و چڈیے تھات۔ بازینیا وتی زھگ گون آنت۔ بازینیا وتی بیل و دوپہ دوییا
چہ مچیا جتا دست مان دست آنت، بازینے گورامبازیا سٹیل آنت و بازینے ہمکوپگیا، بازینے وتمانوتا ہلوت کنان ات بازینے تھک دثیان ات۔

دور یک رسترنے ات کہ سدان مردم ہموڈا آنچو چور ات چش کہ پیشھے وھدان مان تھیابا چرل، پیرانی، ملیر، کڑو و دگہ دریایی مرگ وتی گیمے سرا مچ
بوتگات۔ نون نہ ہما پیرانی و ملیرانی وتی گیمے سرا چور بٹیک هست، نہ کڑو ہما داب کہ شاہینا تَمردین گیمکشے کنت۔ پدا ہم اے تھیابدپ یک پیلہین زندینے
ندارگا پیش دارگا ات۔ گل و وش، گم و گڑی، پچکند و تھک، ہڈیسک و توندگ، مٹت و لٹیلہ، کھل و بیہار۔

ناکو بالاچ گون وتی چشمکا کہ نون آییے شیشگ دیدوکانی بدل آنت اے دلترین ندارگ ہمک روچ دیستگات۔ کدی کدی چہ آییے دلا پاھاریا سر
کشگات۔ آ اِنوک انت، آییہا ادا کسے نیست۔ یک آنچین مردمے ہم در نیاتنگات کہ ناکوڑا دیی سلامے بداتینے، دیی جسے بکرتینے، گون ناکوڑے مانی زبانا
چار گپ بختینے۔ ادا سدان مردم سٹیل آنت بلہ هرکس اُردو، پنجابی، پشتو و دگہ دگہ زبانان گپا ات۔

”ڈیڈی....!! کراچی کی کلفن بھی اتنی خوبصورت رہی ہوگی؟“

اناکھا ناکوڑے گوشان جنکی تئوارے کہت۔ اے وھدی ناکو چیرے نشتہ کنگا ات، سری چست کرت، چارتی، گندیت تہ یک ہژدہ سالی بارگبندین جنکے گون
وتی نیم اُمر و جانا پرتین پتکین پتا کہ اُنون ہم دریایی لشکری پوشاکا ات گپ جنانا پیداک ات۔

”نہیں بیٹا....!! وہ تو مصنوعی خوبصورتی حکومت نے بنائی تھی اور یہ نیچرل ہے۔“

”ڈیڈی....!! اس شہر کا پرانا نام کیا تھا....“ جنکا پدا چہ وتی پتا پؤل کرت۔ ناکو بالاچا وتی گوش ٹاپرینتنت کہ بارین جنکا چہ پَسو رسیت۔ ناکو،
چمان چشمکے واستیک کرتگات، تاگنا آسائے وازمند، بلہ ناکوڑے گوشان شاباش ات کہ گون ناکوڑا برابریا ہماھداری کنگا آنت۔

”خوڑمہ....!! بیٹا اس شہر کا پرانا نام خوڑمہ شاید مکرانی زبان کا کوئی لفظ تھا اور جب پہلی بار آج ۳۷، ۳۸ سال پہلے ہمارا ہیڈکوارٹر کراچی سے یہاں
منتقل ہونے کے لئے بیس اور جینی بنائی جارہی تھی تو اس وقت کے سندھی وزیراعظم نے اس بیس کا نام جو پہلے اسی شہر کی مناسبت سے خور مہ نیول بیس
تھا تبدیل کر کے جناح نیول بیس رکھ دیا۔ اور پھر آہستہ آہستہ اس شہر کا نام تبدیل ہوکر جناح پور ہوگیا....“

پت وتی جنکا راجدپتری کسہان گوشکا لگت۔ تان اے وھدی ناکو بالاچ گون ہمے پت و چکے گپان گلایش ات کہ نزیکا دگہ جنکی تئوارے چست بوت۔

”ابا جان....!! پہلے اس شہر میں بلوچی رہتے تھے نا....؟“ جنک چہ وتی پتا پؤل کنگا ات۔

”ہاں ہاں....!! بیٹا....!! پہلے یہ شہر بلوچیوں اور مکرانیوں کا تھا.... اب بھی کچھ کچھ بلوچی اور مکرانی رہتے ہیں مگر....“

گوشے زانا ناکو بالاچا پُشتی نیمگا کسینا ہنجرے جک دات.... آییہا چک جت و وتی پُشتا آیوکن تئوار چارت، تہ دریایی لشکری پوشاکا دگہ یک نیم اُمرے
دراجین و بارگبندین مردے گون وتی دو کسانین بچ و یک مسٹرکین جنکی پیداک ات.... مردا وتی بوٹ دستا آنت و جنکا وتی سیٹڈل دلے سرا داشتگ آنت و دوین
گونڈو کُکلی لوگان لگت جنانا پت و گھارے پُشتا پُشتا پیداک آنت۔

اُفہ... من زانت آنچش بیت... ناکو بالاچا یک مزینین گینسارے کُشت و توندگا لگت۔ یک اناکھا جنکے چم ناکو بالاچا کپتنت کہ تان اے وھدی ہمے پت و
چکا چارگا ات۔

”وہ دیکھو ابا جان....!! یہ بلوچی ہمیں کیسے دیکھ رہا ہے....“

گوشے زانا چہ ناکوڑے چارگا جنک لہرزگو بوت و وتی پتے امبارا نر گرت۔

”کوئی بات نہیں بیٹا....!! وہ اپنے بیٹے دنوں کو یاد کر رہا ہوگا....“ پتا وتی جنک تسلّٰ دات و گپ کنانا دیم شنت۔

ناکو وتی ورنایی یات آتک۔ مرزچی ہما جاور آنت کہ ناکو وتی ورناییا مان سیاسی مجلس و جلسہاں، وتی گوشتانکانی تھا گوشگانانت۔ آییہا زانتگ ات کہ
اے بیس کہ جوڑ بیگا انت دیمشٹ و گھبود نہ انت، بلکینا ہندی مہلوکے آبادیے گار و بیگواہ کنگے بندات انت۔ بلہ ناکوڑے آ وھدین گپ هرکسا اے گوشا
اشکنت و آ گوشا در کرتنت۔ ناکوڑا دیمشٹ و گھبودے دژمن زانت و ناکوڑے برہلاپا هر وژین پلینڈی اش کرت۔ ناکوڑے ات و پلینڈ باز۔

من زانت آنچش بیت... من زانت کہ ادا نہ بلوچ سر کثیت و نہ بلوچی زبان پُشت کپیت۔

اِش اِنت، مروچی سدان مردم گون اُورماڑھے نیلومین زریے گورگین گورمان گوازی اِنت. کندیے نرم و هونکین پڑا اے دیم و آ دیم رتو و آيا اِنت. بله چه اِشان یکنے نیست که بلوچیے دو لبر بزانٹ.... آ روچی اکن دھے مردم ماهیگئے لیلاما اِدا آتکگات بله دھین بلوچ اِنت. ماهیگ لیلام بوتگات، مان بلوچی شهیدین زبانا بوتگ.... چارسد و پنجاه و پنج یکنے، چارسد و پنجاه و پنج دو.... چار....

ناکو بالاج و تسرا نونڈگا اِت، گونڈ گونڈین زهگان اِدا کاڑیگ گیتگات.... جاندَر، نیمجاندر، شپاد، سَرذرا، سَرازنگین، سیاہچکین زهگ بله کُل و تیگ اِنت، مروچی منی کئے اِنت؟ اُورماڑھے گلومینے کئے اِنت؟ بلوچ کئے اِنت؟ اے دراه وه بلوچان بلوچی و مکرانی گوشنت و اُورماڑھے وِزین زگرین بلوچی لبرئے ناما سِل کُنت، هورمؤه گوشنت. ناکو بالاجا نون پھک نبشته بله کرت، نونڈگا اِت.

What is in it? I love you.

یک کسانسالی جنکیا وتی دوین دست وتی همراهیے گورا دثور دانت و آجبین داینا گوشنت. ناکوئے هیال شنگ و شانگ بوتنت. آيا وتی چشمکین چم همے جنک و بچکئے نیمگا شانک دانت....

کیا اے گت هم گیتگات که اِدا نکینک هم بانگ دینت؟ مَهشَر کُلان پیش مان اِمرؤزا په اِدا کثیت. ناکو چم په وتی چوٹان شانک دانت.... مری دوجین چوٹ نون کوھن تَرنگ اِنت. اے وهدی مگر بکرا اِت و ناکوئے لؤگئے روگئے وه اِت.

برک و گِرؤکئے بَنیان شپے تھاری اُنچش دور تیلانک داتگات چش که نوک آیو کین مهلوکا اِدئے جهمند تیلانک داتگات.

ناکو وتی چوٹ پادا کرتنت، چمی دریائے نیمگا دور دورا اُنچش شانک دانت، گوشے زانا اے ناکوئے گدی چمشانک اِنت و پدا یک مرزین گینسارے کشتی. چه وتی جاها نوکی پاد آتکگات که پُشتی نیمگا تھوارے چست بوت.

”آيا! کلدارے هُداے ناما.... من زیکین آن گونگ آن.“ ناکوئے گردن اُنچش پُشتی نیمگا چکرت، گوشے زانا کسِیا چوانکینتگ. گندیت ته یک هپتسالی جنکے گون اُگرین پشک و پُچنین شلوارا سَرذرا و پادشپاد، دستی په ناکو اِت.

دومی سُهبا چه دو سئے مسیتا اے جار گوشان کپت: ”مسلمانو.... بالاج ولد قرار جو ایک بلوچی سیاسی کارکن تها کل رات انتقال کرچکا هے. دس بجے اس کا جنازه اُتھے گا....“²¹

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²¹ Ghaws Bahar's short story *Ormárah 2030á*, Balochi-Arabic script, was first published in *Balochistan Times* on 1 December 2021, see <https://balochistantimes.com/ormarah-2030-a/> (Retrieved 1 December 2021).