Unheard Of! Part 2
The Pamirs: Shughni, Roshani, Bartangi & Wakhi
Introduction

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The series

- New York: Estimated to be home to over 800 languages.
- Claude Levi-Strauss: “All of the essentials of humanity’s artistic treasures can be found in New York.”
- But can the average New Yorker name more than a dozen of our local languages/cultures?
- This series seeks to put a spotlight on those languages and cultures which are yet unknown to the general public.
Mai cuman-ange, e wa'ilan! wean-ai owak sama' ē mawayya-waya' wo wean-ai camang am pawaya-waya'am-bo.

Come eat, o mighty ones! Give a healthy body to those who are traveling, and give blessings on the way.
Alfrits Monintja reads a Tontemboan text from 1907 at Unheard Of! pt. 1

A theme of the series is reintroduction and repatriation of historical texts.

Mai cuman-ange, e wa'ilan! wean-ai owak sama' ě mawayawaya-waya' wo wean-ai camang am pawaya-waya'am-bo.

Come eat, o mighty ones! Give a healthy body to those who are traveling, and give blessings on the way.
The Pamirs
The Pamirs

- Mountain range spanning across Tajikistan, the Wakhan corridor in Afghanistan, Northeast Pakistan and China.
The Pamirs

- Mountain range spanning across Tajikistan, the Wakhan corridor in Afghanistan, Northeast Pakistan and China.
- Each valley has its own language, and each village, its own dialect.
Khorog, Capital of the Pamir region
The Pamiri people are almost exclusively Ismaili Muslims.
There are also interesting remnants of indigenous beliefs in local shrines.
Genealogical relations of the Pamiri languages
Iranic within Indo-European

Indo-European

- Germanic
- Celtic
- Slavic
- Greek
- Indo-Iranian
  - Indic
  - Iranian
- ...


Iranic within Indo-European

Indo-European

- Germanic
  - English tree
- Celtic
  - Old Irish daur
- Slavic
  - Old Church Slavonic drěvo
- Greek
  - Greek dóru
- Indo-Iranian
  - Indic
    - Sanskrit dāru
  - Iranian
    - Avestan dāuru

...
Iranic within Indo-European

Indo-European

Germanic
  - English
    - tree
  - Old Irish
    - daur
  - Old Church Slavonic
    - drěvo
  - Slavonic
    - matere

Celtic
  - Old Irish
    - māthir

Slavic
  - Old Church Slavonic
    - drěvo
  - Slavonic
    - matere

Greek
  - Greek
    - dóru
  - Old Church Slavonic
    - drěvo

Indo-Iranian
  - Indic
    - Sanskrit
      - dāru
    - Avestan
      - dāuru

Iranic
  - Sanskrit
    - mātār
  - Avestan
    - matār

...
Iranic within Indo-European

Indo-European

- Germanic
  - English
    - tree
  - Old Irish
    - daur
    - māthir
  - duxtir

- Celtic
  - Old Irish
    - drēvo
  - matere
  - dūšter

- Slavic
  - Old Church Slavonic
    - matere
  - dūšter

- Greek
  - Greek
    - dóru
    - métēr
    - thugātēr

- Indo-Iranian
  - Indic
    - Sanskrit
      - dáru
      - mātār
      - duhitār
  - Iranian
    - Avestan
      - dāuru
      - matār
      - duγđar
The Iranian languages (traditional grouping)

Iranic

West Iranian
- Kurdish
- Persian
- …

East Iranian
- Pashto
- Shughni
- Wakhi
- Ossetic
- Ormuri
- …
The Iranian languages (possible genetic grouping)

- Iranic
  - West Iranian
    - Kurdish
    - Persian
    - ...
  - Pashto
  - Shughni
  - Wakhi
  - Ossetic
  - Ormuri
  - ...


The Iranian languages (possible genetic grouping)

Iranic

Čaθwārō ‘four’

West Iranian

Kurdish čar
Persian čahâr
Pashto tsałór
Shughni tsavór
Wakhi tsībir
Ossetic tsippar
Ormuri tsār

...
The Iranic languages (possible genetic grouping)

Iranic

West Iranian

Kurdish čar
dah

Persian čahâr
dah

Pashto
tsalór
las

Shughni
tsavór
ōis

Wakhi
tsībir
ōas

Ossetic
tsippar
dæs

Ormuri
tsār
das

čaθwārō ‘four’
dasa ‘ten’
The Iranian languages (possible genetic grouping)

West Iranian

Kurdish čar
dah

Persian čahâr
dah

gāv

... Pashto

tsalór

las

γwā

Shughni
tsavór

ōis

žow

Wakhi
tsībir

ōas

ju

Ossetic
tsippar

dāes

x’ug

Ormuri
tsār

das

gioe

iranic čaθwārō ‘four’
dasa ‘ten’
gav ‘cow’
The Iranian languages (possible genetic grouping)

### Iranian

- **West Iranian**
  - Kurdish
  - Persian
  - Pashto
  - Shughni
  - Wakhi
  - Ossetic
  - Ormuri
  - ...

### Historical East Iranian languages:

- Khotanese
- Sogdian
- Chorasmian
- Bactrian

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**Historical East Iranian languages:** Khotanese, Sogdian, Chorasmian, Bactrian
Ancient “East Iranian” languages of the region

Khotanese
Ancient “East Iranian” languages of the region

Bactrian
Ancient “East Iranian” languages of the region

Sogdian
Ancient “East Iranian” languages of the region

Sogdian
Language contact in the Pamirs

Neighboring languages
Language contact in the Pamirs

Colonial languages
## Sounds of Pamiri languages (Wakhi)

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## Sounds of Pamiri languages (Wakhi)

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## Sounds of Pamiri languages (Wakhi)

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Sounds of Pamiri languages (Wakhi)

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Grammar

- A mix of conservative and innovative features
Grammar

- A mix of conservative and innovative features
  - Conservative/innovative:
    Case marking pattern
Grammar

- A mix of conservative and innovative features
  - **Conservative/innovative:**
    - Case marking pattern
      - `wuz  taw-i       win-em`
      - `maʐɬ taw-i       win-d`
      - `l.NOM you.ACC-ACC see-1sg`
      - `l.ACC  you.ACC-ACC see-PAST`
      - ‘I see you.’
      - ‘I saw you.’
A mix of conservative and innovative features
- **Conservative/innovative:**
  Case marking pattern

`wuz taw-i win-em`

*I NOM you. ACC-ACC see-1sg*

‘I see you.’

`maz taw-i win-d`

*I ACC you. ACC-ACC see-PAST*

‘I saw you.’
Grammar

- A mix of conservative and innovative features
  - **Conservative/innovative:**
    Case marking pattern
    
    wuz taw-i win-em maẓ taw-i win-d
    l.NOM you.ACC-ACC see-1sg l.ACC you.ACC-ACC see-PAST
    ‘I see you.’ ‘I saw you.’
  
  - **Innovative:**
    Loss of grammatical gender (Wakhi)
Grammar

- John's house
- the house of John
The New York Pamiri community and the Pamiri Heritage Foundation
Shughni

Shahlo’s folktale

read by:
Nanish Nazrisho
Shahlo’s folktale


Once upon a time there was a goat with seven kids. Her kids’ names were Alūlakat, Bilūlakat, Xištaki sartanūrakat, Bološinakat, Tāšinakat, Toqčaparakat Mexčaparak.
Shahlo’s folktale

One day the goat sees that her kids are very hungry. She tells them, “I will go to the forest and will bring you grass on my horns, water in my mouth, milk in my udder, but you lock the door and do not open it to anyone”. If someone knocks, make sure to ask: “Who are you?”
Shahlo’s folktale

Uzum di vad uz ta lûvum “Uzum tama nanik. Xu ḫo ḫe nikandum as jingāl tamard vūd woḵ, xu ḫevikandum tamard vūd xa c, xu pistûnikandum tamard vūd ūx vd. At yičayga di vud, divi yēt māket.” Ya bād divi ḏūd tar wēf qulf xu xubaḏ tīzd tar jingālata, waḏ niθen.

If it will be me I will say “I’m your mother. I brought grass from the forest on my horns, water in my mouth, and milk in my udder for you.” But if it is someone else do not open the door. She locked the door, went to forest and left them.
Shahlo’s folktale

At yik di waxtandi ya wēfard ca lūd yiĉird divi yēt māket, divindi as wi taraf wūrjak nūsčin vud xu fukaθi wēf gāp niyuxt yuyi fukaθ xu d ya vazaki xu gujbecenikard čīz lūd. Ya bād tīzdat, wīrj dusga waxt naỹist xu yu yoďd xu bād pi divi ȕīd tuq-tuq.

At the moment when the goat was telling them do not open the door to anyone, outside of the house was a wolf, who heard everything she told to her kids. The goat went to forest and after passing some time the wolf comes and knocks the door.
Shahlo’s folktale

Alūlak yoǒd xu bād lůvd idı: “Tut čāy?”
Yu lův idı: “uzum tama nanik. As jingālum xu xoxě nand tamard vūd wox, xu yēvikandum tamard vūd xǝc, xu pistůnikandum tamard vūd xūvd. Tēzdi divi yēt kinet idı uzum as daroz půnd yatat ik dis xaň motumidī.”

Alulak comes to the door and says: “Who are you?”
He says: “I’m your mother. I brought grass from the forest on my horns, water in my mouth, and milk in my udder for you. Open the door quickly, my way was very long and I got tired”. 
Shahlo’s folktale

Alūlak bād kixť bowar xu bād divi kixť yēt. At kazed wūrjak di dēōd. Alūlakat Bilūlak zibanen joy xu kinen pi nêxak, Xištaki sartanurak dēōd ar čalak, Bološinakat Tāšinak dēēn ar kicor, Toqčaparakat Mēxčaparak dēēn joy xu kinen tar zidûnak.

Alulak believes it and opens the door and the wolf enters the house. Alulak and Bilulak hide themselves on the nex (elevated place of Pamirian house), Xištaki sartanurak hides himself in chalak (near fireplace), Boloshinak and Tashinak hide themselves in the fireplace, Toqchaparak and Mekhchaparak hide themselves in the storehouse.
At wūrjak fukaθ yik di wīnt. As nēxak ti Alūlakat Bilūlak, as kicorand Bološinakat Tāšinak, as čalakand Xištaki sartanurak, as zidūnakand Toqčaparakat Mêxčaparak fukaθ wēf virēd xu xīrt wēf xu, xu qīčik kixṭ sēr xu, bād naxṭ īzd xu tīzd. Dūsga waxt nagǰistata, vazik mis yoďd.

But the wolf saw everything. From the elevated place he found Alulak and Bilulak, from the fireplace, Boloshinak and Tashinak, from chalak Khishtaki sartanurak, and from the storehouse, Toqchaparak and Mekhchaparak and he ate all of them. He satiated his stomach with all of them and went away. After some time comes goat.
Far from her house she sees that the door is open. She wonders what happened. She enters her house and sees that her Alulak, her Bilulak, her Khishtaki sartanurak, her Toqchaparak, her Mekhchaparak, her Boloshinak, her Tashinak are all gone.
She wonders where they went. Then she understands that the wolf had eaten them. She thinks, “What must I do?” After that she remembers that in her neighborhood was living a master, who could sharpen things.
She goes to his house and says, “Sharpen my horns. The wolf has eaten my kids and I’m going to fight with him. By any means I will take my kids back from him”. At this time wolf hears that the goat had sharpened her horns to fight with him.
Shahlo’s folktale

Yu bād mis sūd yik tar wi ustoŏ xēz xu bād as wi ustoŏ lūvd idi mu ēindūnen tēzizor ki, uz xoyiŏ kinum wam vaz xidow. Yi pûndandata vazata wūrj mis ēiyen pi yakdigarand xu sar kinen ēēd ēidow.

He also goes to master and in order to eat the goat he asks the master to sharpen his teeth. On one path, the wolf and the goat meet each other and begin to fight.
Wolf tries to catch the goat and eat her but he couldn’t catch her with his teeth, because they were not sharpened by the master but blunted instead. Because of that he tries and tries but can’t catch the goat.
Shahlo’s folktale

At vaz yikazëd pali garðd xu wēf xu tēz xoxë n qati diōīd wi wūrjand wi pi qīč. Wi qīč sūd ÷u bulak xu yikazamand bād Alūlakat, Bilūlakat, Xištaki sartanūrakat, Bološinakat, Tāšinakat, Toqčaparakat Mexčaparak fukaθ naxē iyen xu, xu nānik anjen kinor xu,

But the goat turns to wolf and with her horns rams his stomach. His stomach tears open and Alūlak, Bilūlak, Xištaki sartanūrak, Bološinak, Tāšinak, Toqčaparak and Mexčaparak come out, hug their mother, kiss her, and go back to their home.
They see that there is water and a lot of grass and also milk on the table. They satiate their stomachs and their mother takes them to bed and from this time begins a happy life of them. That was the end of folktale.
Pamiri Music

Khurshed Alidodov
Shughni

The Bird and the Rose

read by:
Nanish Nazrisho
Once upon a time there was a bird. That bird had one habit; she always sat on the branch of one rose and sang songs. The bird also had very beautiful beads. She used to wear them, sit on the rose and begin singing.
The Bird and the Rose

Ya soz lūvdata ĉost vam sifcaken az wam makti woňen, bad ĉiyen ar wam ĝar bun. Ya bad dis xafa sūdidi, bad xohiĥ kixt wev azawamand zeňtow, ĉund kixt wev zeňtow navarôed. Bad qal fikri kixt carang wev zemata, di waxtand yi pišak yoďd.

She sang songs one day and realized her beads had fallen in the bush. She became very upset and tried to take them out; she tried and tried but couldn’t retrieve them. As she was thinking how to take them out, there came a cat.
The Bird and the Rose

She looked at that cat and said: “Dear cat, could you please take my beads out of the bush because I can’t get them”.

The cat instead of helping her wanted to eat her. When the cat tried to eat her, the rose covered her with her branches.
The Bird and the Rose


So the cat couldn’t eat her. The cat left and the bird sat there again very unhappy, thinking how to get her beads back and along comes one fox. The fox comes to the rose and the bird looks at her and asks her for help.
The Bird and the Rose

She says: “Dear fox, could you please help me, I can’t take my beads out of the bush. If you can, please take them out”. The fox, like the cat before him, just wanted to eat her. But when she tried to eat her, the bush again covered the bird with her branches.
The Bird and the Rose

She, too, failed to eat her and left. The bird sat there again very hopeless when along comes one old woman.
The bird asks her: “Dear old woman, could you help me, please?”
The Bird and the Rose

Ya az wam lûvd čiz (ya peşek lûvd čiz?) Ya lûvd munden dis xušrui sifcaken vad, waðen ðec ar dam ķar bunxu, uz wev zeštow navarõim. Tu ca varðiyi yordam murd ki. Dûnjat wam ķartiyen dis lap (čiz) šuðakenen vicidi waðen bad wam cuq ḏoḏj.

She asks the bird what happened and the bird tells her that she had very beautiful beads but they fell in the bush and now she can’t take them out.

“If you can help me, please take them out. Because the rose has lots of thorns and they prick me.”
The Bird and the Rose

Ya bad ya kampir čost tar wam ğarxu bad lůvd: “Tu chizjat dam wiđičikard yordam čidow xohiŋ nakini?”

Ya ğar čost tar wam kampirxu bad lůvd: “Tu fahmi uz čizjat dam sifcaken damard nadakum. Yid lůvd ar ruz yoō mu xeščakti niētata soz lůvdat mardum fuk yoōd ba joi tar mu čisen, fuk tar dam čisenata tar mu ičayae na čost.”

The old woman then looks at the rose and says: “Why don’t you want to help her?” The rose looks at the old woman and says: “Do you know why I don’t want to help her? Everyday she sits on my branch and sing songs and people come and instead of looking at me, they all look at her and no one looks at me.”
The old woman tells the rose that she didn’t understand the rose very well. “On the contrary, when she sings, people come to you, look at your flowers and see your beauty because the bird attracts them all with her singing.”
The rose liked the old woman’s explanation and gave back the bird its beads.
The Bird and the Rose

Ya wiđičak bad zezd wev xu sifcaken, kiňt wev xu maktixu, bad vo
nięt wam xeščaktixu darav soz lův dov sůd. Dis xuš sůdidi. Bad lůvd
k-az wi dərəndi, ya wiđičak soz ca lůvdat, wam xeščakti ca nic, dis
lap mərdumenen tar wam ḡarxez yaečxu, wam xušruien winčxu, wam
gulenen winčxu, baden bůi wev darawčid sic.

The bird takes them, wears them and begins singing. She becomes
very happy. From that time when the bird sings songs and sits on the
branch of the rose, many people come to that rose and see her
beauty, flowers and smell them.
And to this day, the rose is considered one of the most beautiful flowers in the world.
Wakhi

The king with two wives

read by:
Husniya Davlatiyor
The King

Once upon a time there was a king. He had two wives, one unbeloved one and one beloved one. One day, the wife who the king didn’t love gave birth. The one he loved had two sons and one day the father called his two sons. The one who can find treasure on his own will get my inheritance.
One day, they were preparing for a long trip. The king gave the son he loved provisions for the way, bread and meat. The one he didn’t like, he gave leftover bread. The beloved son had a horse and the other one went by foot.
The King


They were going in the same direction and they were looking at a sign written in stone: “Go and come back”. On the other sign, it said, “You go and never come back”. So the unloved son went on the “never come back” road.
The King

rešt et xor ki, i musefid, yawen čil oǰra-yi dirin. a-yet čil wišikiš de čil tembun dest, et kaš et wišikev-i a-yet muysefiden ðiviyyd, mol-et anǰom-i dîrzd, čit.

While he was walking he saw an old man. The old man had 40 little sheds and 40 keys, which he kept on his pants. The son stole the keys from the old man and he took his treasure and left.
The King

de i ğay wizit, ķi mol-et anjangoev-i bar-joy cart, ķi viriıt-ev-i škurđ. wizit ki, yaw viritiš kela sar-i-še ñiwen. ya viri šafşiš to re gerdan. yaw ķe viritev-i sarev-i deyt, yan yawı wizimd a-det ķi mol andjom šixn.

He came to one place and stored the stolen treasure there and went looking for his brothers. He came to one place and saw a brother of his watching some sheep. He took his brother to the place he stored the treasure and gave him new clothes to wear.
You should stay here to keep an eye on the treasure to keep it safe.

At night time they were guarding the door.
When the unbeloved brother fell asleep, someone yelled, “Someone took your treasure!” He woke up and one of his brothers hit him on the leg. That brother couldn’t move. The two beloved brothers took the treasures.
The unbeloved brother was barely walking and just made it to a tree and suddenly saw a blind old man. This man asked him: “Can you be my eyes and I’ll be your legs?”. The old man put him on his shoulders.
While they were walking, they saw a bird and asked it: “What should we do with this blind man?”
The bird said, “The lame brother needs to put his legs into a natural spring and the blind man needs to put the water on his face.”
The King

yet muysefid-et et xor kaš yet-i kšiyen, et lang kaš truloy ŷi pid-i ar-et deyt, yaw pid baf wost. a-yet kur muysefid cet yupken tru loy pe čežm widird, yaw čežm baf wost. et xor kaš et muysefid čawen. yet muysefid rešt ter ŷi xun, yet kaš rešt de ŷi xun.
The brother put his legs in the spring and was healed. The old man washed his face and could see again. They continued walking and the old man went his way and the brother went his way.
The King


When the young man arrived at the palace, his brother said, “We were the ones who got the treasure. The young brother says, “No, it was me.” The beloved sons didn’t agree and the unloved son said, “Alright then, show me the 40 keys from the storage.” The beloved sons said, “No, we don’t want to show you.”
The unbeloved son shows his father the forty keys from the storage and the father believes him and said: “So the inheritance will go to the one I don’t like after all”. After that, the unbeloved son became beloved as well and the other two were kicked out of the palace.
Wakhi poem

satkek-be iw-et buy.
ar bor ki taw-i yod carem
aft boron arem že ruy

žarž mingas-be firz ter firz.
ar bor ki taw-i yod carem,
že nola rewor sek pîrz
Wakhi poem

ţerzek-be Beniča.
ar bor ki taw-i yod carem,
dil-dırmoniš deriča.

qelam-be ti veriw.
ašorat ki carem,
ce vedeken ti pišew!
Wakhi poem

derafkebeki saryuc
	tukneket taydey,
waxti tukan xe sar mar wuq

tem ti sar sekrek kelbisch
	ar borki taw-i yod carem,
yem je nung se car nevis!
Wakhi poem

berenǰ-be ti rikob
yem ti dur ki ne ɨmit,
marek rand saxtek ǰewob!

belandiǰ-em wuz senetk
kelapoyi ce didiǰem,
ku-et bar xizon diyetk
Wakhi poem

belandiʁ-be tamano
tarek čiŋ rexnig čanem,
čiŋ rexnig-i biwafo

irek-be čan midir
der yerabat-be me ali
če jonek mešxul-be őir
Wakhi poem

beland-be ḵan derwoza
kuy ʿerbat-be me ali
Ḵe ḫonek mešxul-be ŏir

beland-be ḵan derwoza
kuy ki ayloq rešt,
naner ḵan ti ŏeʏd xefa.
Wakhi poem

ǰeftek-be ķan aqiq
toqa-be me čaw
wuz-et tu qedim refig

šemol-be ku boda
o-yi sar-be me xaš
o-yi sar-i ţam boda
Wakhi poem

żarž mingas-be ſhan šiyuk
wuz taw de mišti gořem
tawi vanem ter ſi yuk

sek ti sar-be šaydoyi
wuz ce tawen čiz winem
yem že baxt-et že toli
Wakhi poem

šolek-be amoyil
šart-em de tawen vastey
skem ḷe šartem wuz qoyil.
Bartangi

The origin of Sarez lake

read by:
Gulchehra Sheralshoeva
The origin of Sarez Lake

In 1911, there were two villages in between two mountains in the Bartang valley. Those two villages were the richest in the whole area. The water that flowed through one was blue and the other was green.
The two villages were so rich that each family had 150 animals, cows, sheep, goats. Those villages also had many handmade dolls. They had so much money that they threw lavish wedding parties for those dolls.
The origin of Sarez Lake

But those two villages were so stingy that they never gave alms to the poor. One day there was a man who was very poor and hungry. He stopped by every house and asked for something to eat.
The origin of Sarez Lake

Not only did they not let him into their houses, they told their dogs to chase him out. He walked to another house and a lady opened the door for him. She wasn’t rich like the other villagers but she had a little food for him.
The origin of Sarez Lake

She said, “I don’t have much food, but I can give you goat milk.” So she went and milked the goat and brought him some of the milk. The man drank it and thanked her. Before he left, he told her to take all her belongings and go to the peak of the mountain.
The origin of Sarez Lake

“Don’t look back when you go there” he said. She did as she was told but when she reached the peak she looked back. She saw that the two mountains surrounding the villages collapsed. There was a terrible earthquake and the villages were buried in the valley.
The woman descended from the mountain peak and went back to where her village used to be. There was only a large lake and floating in it, a sieve for sifting flour.

**The origin of Sarez Lake**
The origin of Sarez Lake

She took the sieve and went to Basid, the next village down the mountain, where she told her story. The story has been passed on ever since.
The origin of Sarez Lake

She took the sieve and went to Basid, the next village down the mountain, where she told her story. The story has been passed on ever since.
Our village

In our area there are many villages, and many hamlet. In our village there are seven hamlets. From those seven hamlets, Rushan is the best.
Our village


In Rushan, there is a village called past-xuf, which is one of the nicest. When a person sees it from far away, it looks beautiful without question. The first thing we notice is that it has very good weather. The second is the fruits, the water, the layout of the village.
Our village

Bigona odamaθ ca yiğd taram, bad az nowðos miθ wayri tiydow na fort. agar ca tizd mis tiydowti to way yułk na xafst, gas mumkin nist. yida gas bašand xosiyat wayow.

When an outsider comes there, after nine or ten days, he doesn’t want to leave. And if he leaves, it’s impossible that he leaves without crying. It really has the best character.
Our village

agar maš dar waxti tobiston ca injavam yaw a-rang kazor ca, gas-gi diwist. tobiston yi tarafandi bulbulen ğiriwan, yi tarafandi surunay niwozan, yi tarafandi-gi yi raqam-gi xuşşi ameşə yast.

If we look at it in the summer, it’s so beautiful, that’s all I’ll say. In the summer, on one side, there are nightingales and on the other side there are wedding parties. On the third side, there is always happiness.
Our village

way soxtaθ maš ca injavam dond bašand seharga yast didi, yičaθ na baft. as mewa maš luvam: ỹuz, oliboli, šaftoli, angurŊ, tud, mown, nuš, wišin, gas-gi lapaθ ajoyib mewayen idam aram wint.

When we look at the layout of the village, it’s green everywhere, no question. The fruits and nuts we find: walnut, cherries, peach, grapes, mulberry, apple, apricot, wišin. There are such interesting fruits that you can find there.
Our village

When we look at the pastures, it’s very lush, and the animals all make their sounds. There are a lot of amazing birds that one can see there. As for the weather, it’s not too cold and not too hot.
Our village

When we look at it in the fall, the weather is very calm. People can feel comfortable there. In fall there are still a lot of good fruits: watermelon, melon, peach, fall apples, sebraxt, tea apples are all good.
Our village

In the winter, in January, there is a little bit of snow but there are never heavy rains. In the days before winter, there is a bit of rain. Even in winter, our weather is in first place!
Our village

Just forget about the summer, the fall and the winter. Spring is by far the best! You can give it an A+. Everything is green and flowering and “baxmal-rang”. The vurut tree is flowering. The apricot and all the flowers come to life, so don’t ask for heaven, just go to Past Xuf!
Weather and water in the Khuf valley (video)
Roshani

The thief and the interpreter

read by:
Gulchehra Sheralshoева
Once upon a time, there was a liar and an interpreter. There were friends and were always together, wherever they went. One day those two got into a fight and the liar said: “I can live without yet”. The interpreter said, “My life would be better without you, too.” Each one went their own way.
The thief

Miθo viȷ idi, duruyguy sawt tar darbori podx̌o, indid tar podx̌o xiz, bad luvd: “a-podx̌o, mu xu-ri ɣiwgar zi”. podx̌o luvd “tut ik-dond ɣiwgar yast-i, ta tar darbori podx̌o ba wazifayi ɣiwgari qabul kinam?”

One day the liar went to the king’s palace. He entered the kings palace and he said: “Oh King, can you take me as a minister”. The king said, “Are you really worth being a minister? Should I accept you for the minister’s job?”
The thief

Way luvd: “az xu ikoyat tar ca kinum, tu wazir mu zezi”.  
Podxo luvd: “xay, xu nakli ki”.  
duruɣuy guy dawom kiːxt: “miθo ǧingal-andi naxčir ǭud pa mu mu qalawur čo, di ǭudum az way sumbandi pa way ǭow!”
He said, “I will tell you my story, and you take me as a minister”.  
The king said, “Go on.”  
The liar continues, “One day in the forest, I was guarding a horned sheep and it bumped into me. I kicked him in the ear!”
The thief

podďo luvd: “ta pec rošt, tut lap duruyguy, zezaf day xo, band day kinaf, sabo day zanam”.
way luvd “podďo, agar mu gap bowar nakini, muna šoid mis yast.”
The king said: “Your face is red! You are a liar. Take him and put him in jail and tomorrow we will kill him.”
He said, “King, if you don’t believe me I have a witness.”
As he was speaking his throat got dry. At that moment, the interpreter came in and said: “Hey king of the world, he is saying the truth. It’s just that he’s not very bright and can’t explain himself. I will tell you the story.”
The thief

id ik-das vid: “yid qalawur-andi vid, at um xu sumb-i sent xo, xu ɣow-i čewt. day di puθ wuðd, ingixt az um sumb tar um ɣow”. This is how it was: “He was guarding the sheep and the sheep was trying to scratch its ear against his foot. He moved and by accident, hit the sheep in her ear.”
The thief

duruyguyan čo az band xalos.  
pardożan luvd didi: “mu-t-ta zindagi bi yak-digar na sawt.”

The thief was released from jail.
The interpreter said, “Clearly we cannot live without each other.”
Khurshed Alidodov