

Endangered Language Alliance

in conjunction with the *Pamiri Heritage Foundation* and
with the support of *Bowery Arts + Science* present...

Unheard Of! Part 2

The Pamirs:

Shughni, Roshani, Bartangi & Wakhi

Introduction

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ELA

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ELA, Encyclopedia Iranica

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Pamiri Heritage Foundation



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.



- Alfrits Monintja reads a Tontemboan text from 1907 at Unheard Of! pt. 1

**Mai cuman-ange, e wa'ilan! wean-ai owak sama' ě
mawaya-wayaya' wo wean-ai camang am pawaya-wayaya'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.

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The Pamirs



UNITED NATIONS
UNIVERSITY

The Pamirs



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

The Pamirs

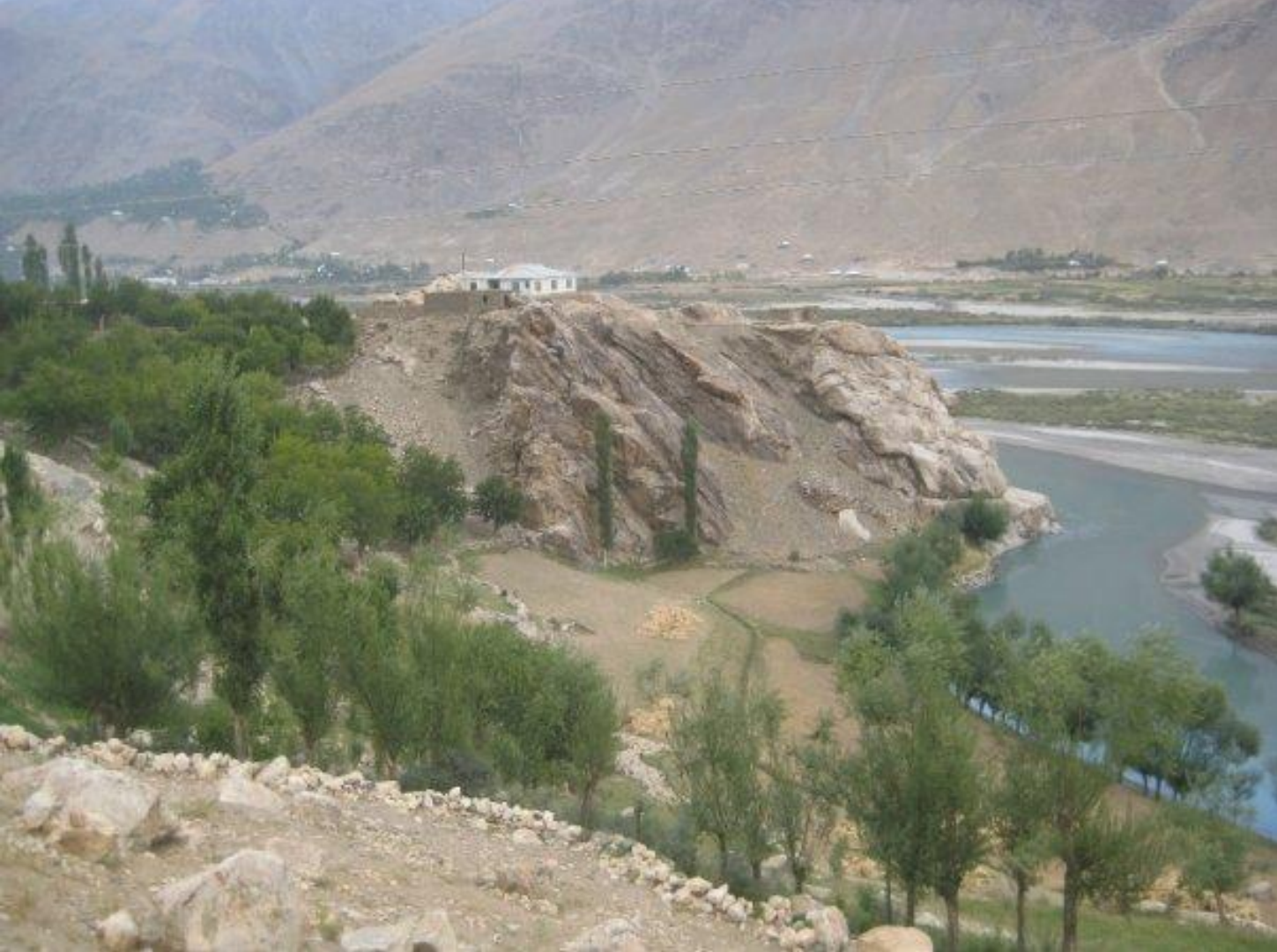


UNITED NATIONS
UNIVERSITY

- 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.







Shughnan



Khorog,
Capital of the
Pamir region



Wakhan



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



Iranic within Indo-European

Indo-European



Iranic within Indo-European

Indo-European



Iranic within Indo-European

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The Iranian languages (traditional grouping)



The Iranian languages (possible genetic grouping)



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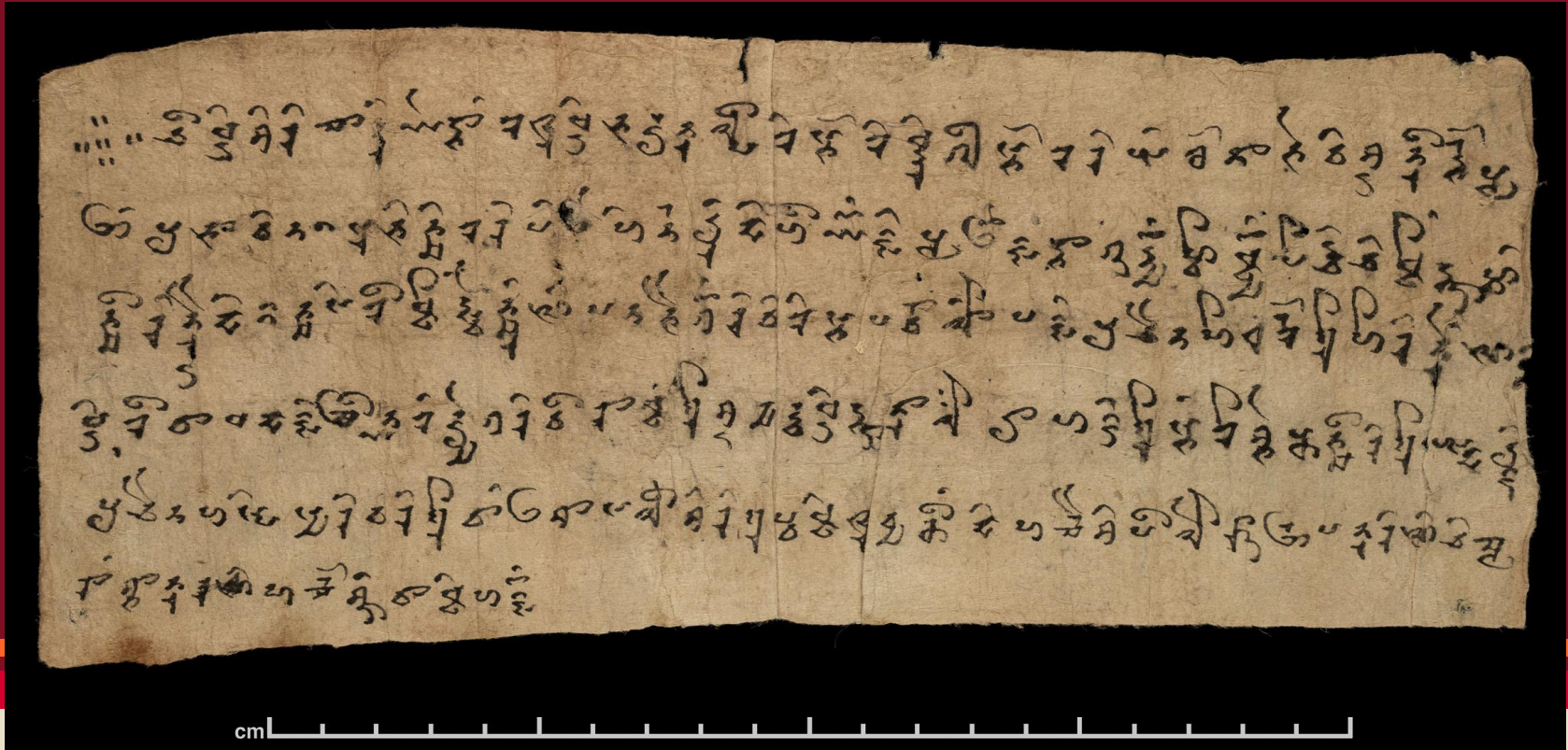
The Iranian languages (possible genetic grouping)



Historical East Iranian languages: Khotanese, Sogdian, Chorasmian, Bactrian

Ancient "East Iranian" languages of the region

Khotanese



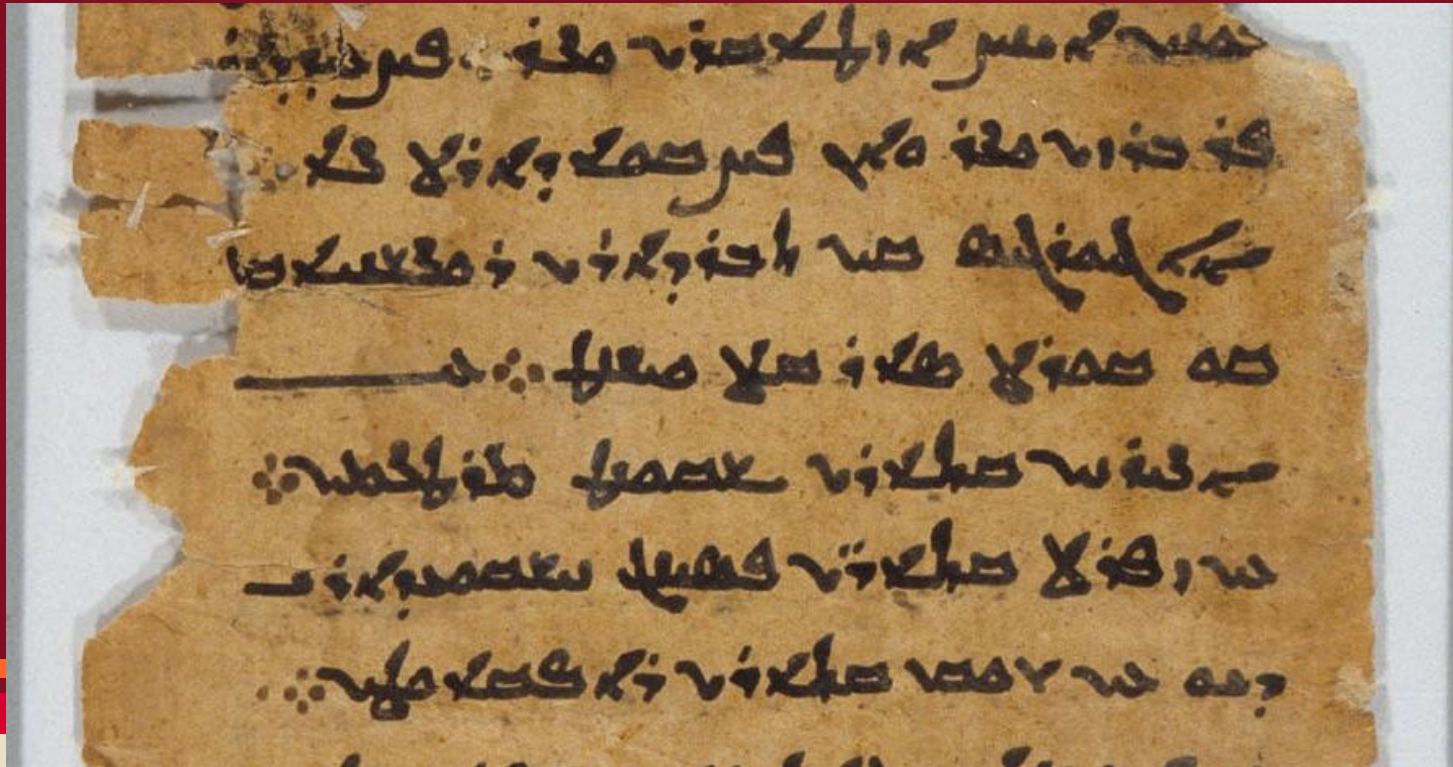
Ancient “East Iranian” languages of the region

Bactrian



Ancient “East Iranian” languages of the region

Sogdian



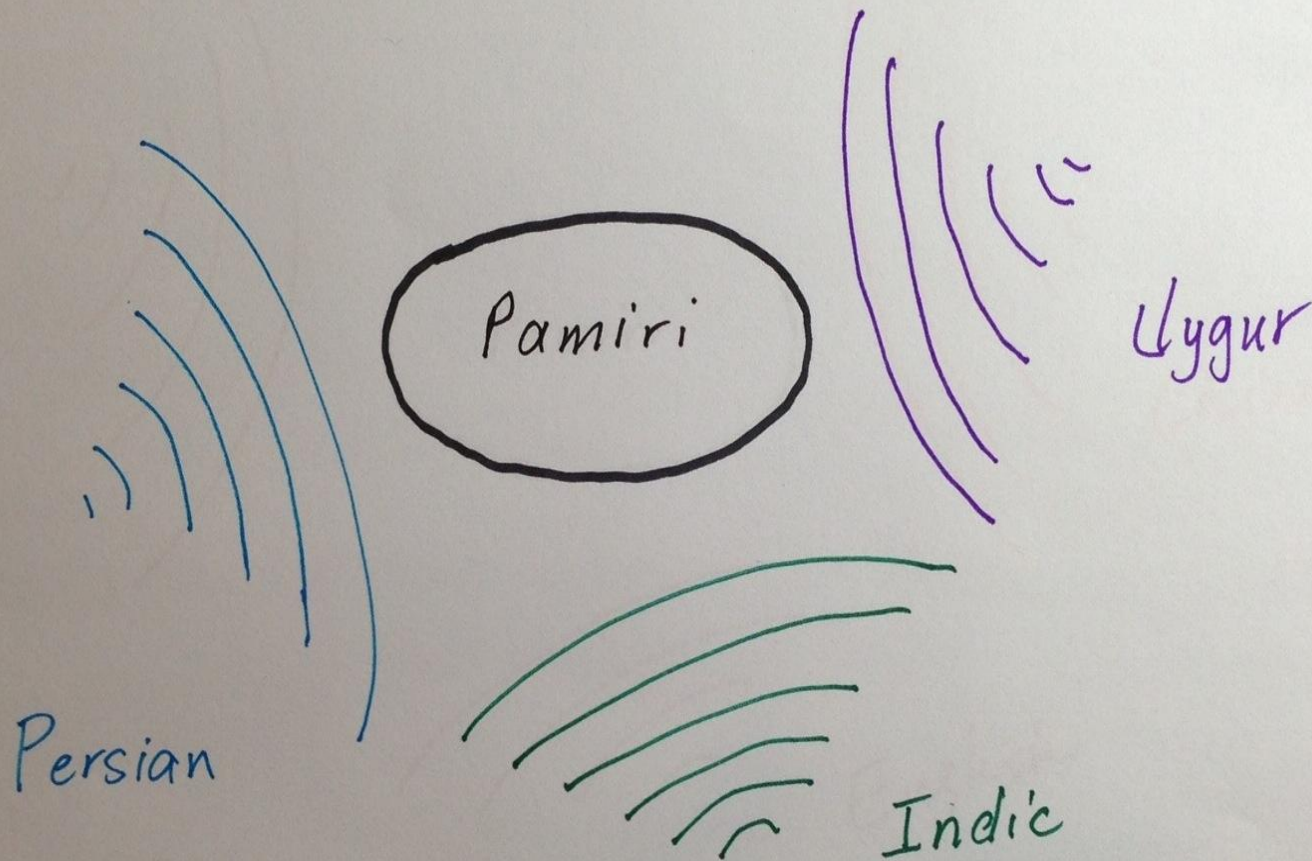
Ancient “East Iranian” languages of the region

Sogdian



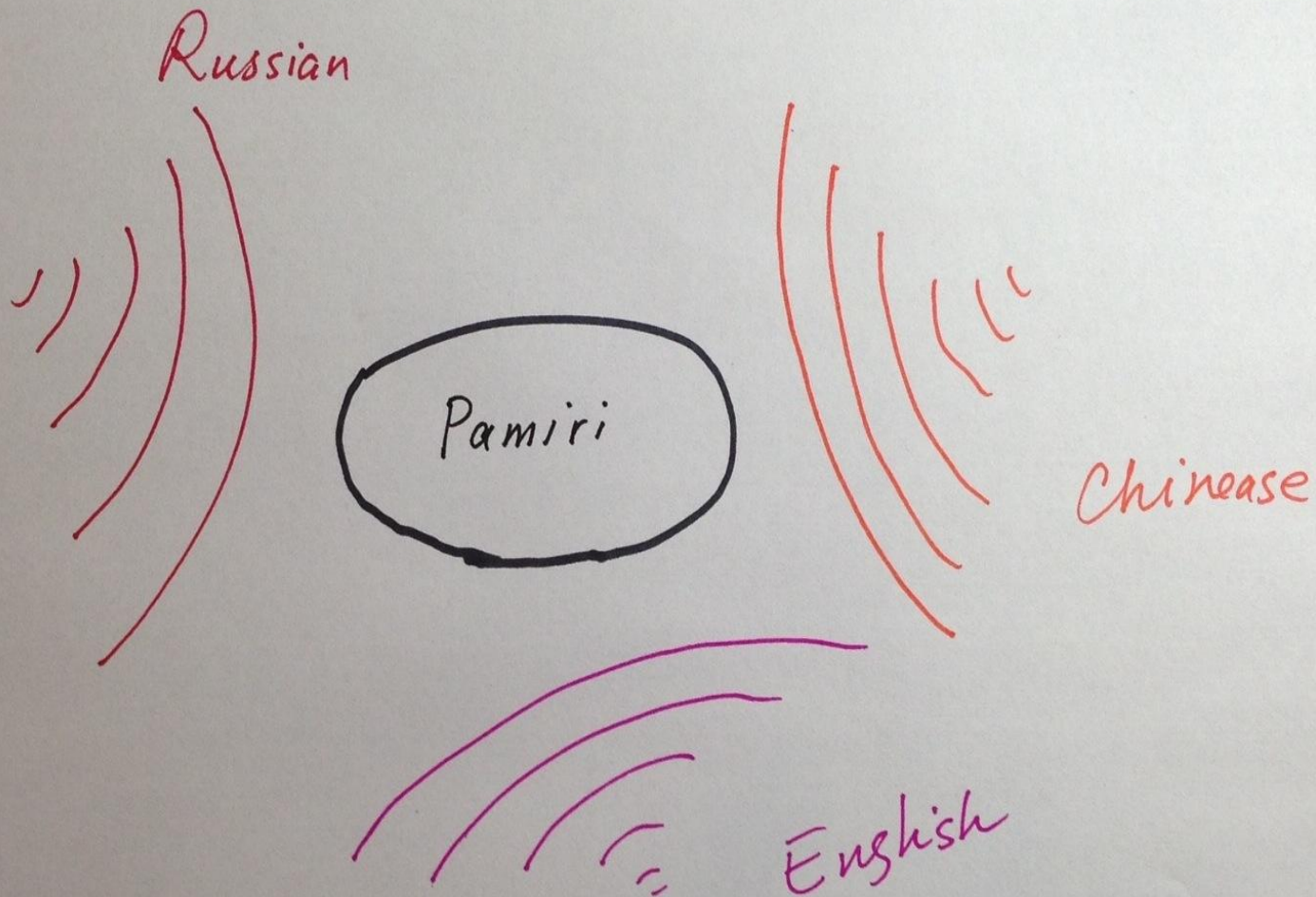
Language contact in the Pamirs

Neighboring languages



Language contact in the Pamirs

Colonial languages



Sounds of Pamiri languages (Wakhi)

p		t		t̥		k		q
b		d		d̥				
m		n				ŋ		
f	θ	s	ʃ	ʂ	ʑ		x	
v	ð	z	ʒ	ʐ	ʝ	ɣ		
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		l	r					

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Grammar

- A mix of conservative and innovative features

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wuz taw-i win-em
I.NOM you.ACC-ACC see-1sg
'I see you.'

maz_z taw-i win-d
I.ACC you.ACC-ACC see-PAST
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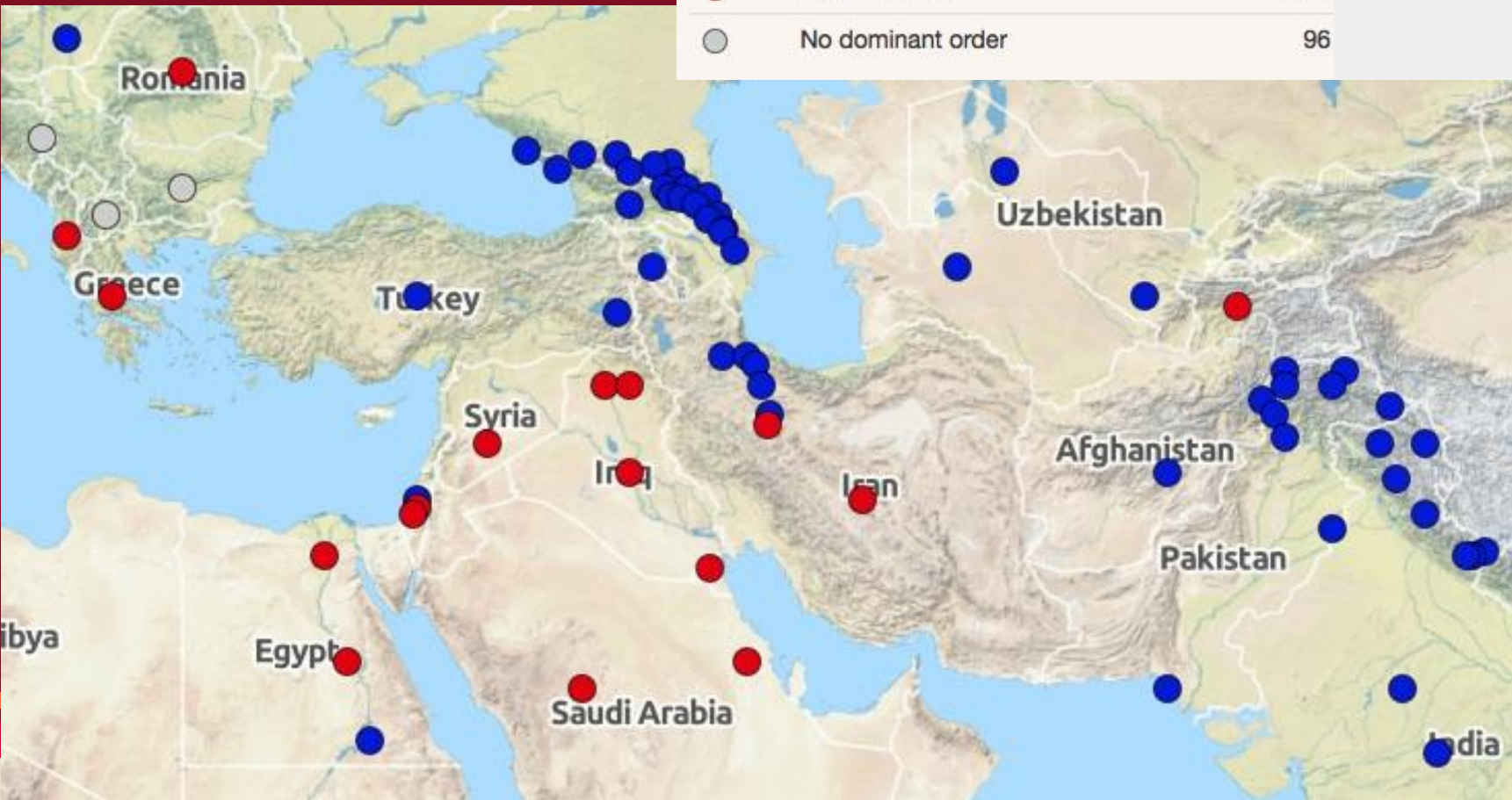
- **Innovative:**

Loss of grammatical gender (Wakhi)

Grammar

●	Genitive-Noun	685
●	Noun-Genitive	468
○	No dominant order	96

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

Vuđjik navuđj yi vazak vikatata wūvd ga gujeniken wamand vic.
Wef wam gujen nūm bād vuđj Alūlakat, Bilūlakat, Xištaki
sartanūrakat. Bološinakat, Tāšinakat, Toqčaparakat
Mexčaparak.

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

Yi rŭz bād, aro ya vazik čost wam gujbuceniken dis mažzŭnjidī. Ya bād wefard lŭvd idi uz taš sām tar jingāl xu xoxě nikand ta tamard vām wox, xu yēvikand ta tamard vam xǎ c, xu pistŭnikand ta tamard vām xŭ vd at tama divi tar xu đēt qulf xu yičirdađ yēt māket. At yičayi pi divi tuq-tuq diđod ukmandaθ pēxč et: “Tut čay?”.

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 lŭvum “Uzum tama nanik. Xu ŋo ŋe nikandum as jingāl tamard vūd woŋ, xu ɣevikandum tamard vūd ŋa c, xu pistŭnikandum tamard vūd ŋū vd. At yičayga di vud, divi yēt māket.”
Ya bād divi ōīd tar wēf qulf xu xubaŋ tīzd tar jingālata, waŋ 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 yičird divi yēt māket, divindi as wi taraf wūrjak nūsčīn vud xu fukaθi wēf gāp niyuxť yuyi fukaθ ǰu d ya vazaki xu gujbucenikard čīz lūd. Ya bād tīzdat, wīrj dusga waxt naǰist xu yu yoǰd xu bād pi divi őīd 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 yoḏd xu bād lūvd idi: “Tut čāy?”

Yu lūv idi: “uzum tama nanik. As jingālum xu xoxě nand tamard vūd wox, xu yēvikandum tamard vūd xăc, xu pistūnikandum tamard vūd xūvd. Tēzdi divi yēt kinet idi uzum as daroz pūnd yatat ik dis xaḥ 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 kixř bowar xu bād divi kixř yēt. At kazed wūrjak di dēđd. Alūlakat Bilūlak zibanen joy xu kinen pi nêxak, Xištaki sartanurak dēđd ar čalak, Bološinakat Tāšinak dēđen ar kicor, Toqčaparakat Mêxčaparak dēđen joy xu kinen tar zidūnak.

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.

Shahlo's folktale

At wūrjak fukaθ yik di wīnt. As nêxak ti Alūlakat Bilūlak, as kicorand Bološinakat Tāšinak, as čalakand Xištaki sartanurak, as zidūnakand Toqčaparakat Mêxčapararak fukaθ wēf virēd xu xīrt wēf xu, xu qīčik kixť sēr xu, bād naxť īzd xu tīzd. Dūsqa waxt nagjīstata, vazik mis yođd.

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.

Shahlo's folktale

As ðaraθ čost idi wam čīd divi alaydawo yēt. Ya bād fikr kixť idi yid ku čīz gāp vēd. Yođd tar xu čīd čost idi na wam Alūlak, na wam Bilūlak, na wam Xištaki sartanūrak, na wam Toqčaparak, na wam Mexčaparak, na wam Bološinak na wam Tāšinak.

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.

Shahlo's folktale

Ya bād fikri kixť lúvd wāđen ku tar ka sic. Bād famt idi ān, wēfi arjo ca wūrjak xuxĵ . Bād lúvd idi uz ku čīr kinum. Bād wam bayođ đed idi wamand amsoyagindi yi ustođ vuđĵ, zindagiyi wam čīd xēzand čūĵĵ.

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.

Shahlo's folktale

Ya bād sūd tar ustoŏ xēz xu bād az ustoŏ lūvd idi mu xože nik xub tēz ki, uz taš sam, wurji mu gujenik fuk xuŷjat uz taš sam xu ŏed ta wi qati kinum arang vēd xu gujenik as wi parjivum, at yik di waxtand wurj mis xīnt idi vazi xu xoxě n tēz čuŷjat xoyiŷ kixŷ wiqati ŏēd čīdow.

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 ustoǒ xēz xu bād as wi ustoǒ lūvd idi mu
ǒindūnen tēzizor ki, uz xoyiǒ kinum wam vaz xidow. Yi pūndandata
vazata wūrj mis ǒiyen pi yakdigarand xu sar kinen ǒēd čīdow.

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.

Shahlo's folktale

Bād wūrj cūnd xoyix kixř idi az vaz qap đīd xu xirt wam wi đindūnen ačaθ nabafen, dūnjat ustođi wef tēz načudat yuyi gund wef ču. yu cūnd kixř wam vaz qap đēdow navarđed.

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 yikazēd pali garōd xu wēf xu tēz xoxě n qati diđōid wi wūrjand wi pi qīč. Wi qīč sūd ōu bulak xu yikazamand bād Alūlakat, Bilūlakat, Xištaki sartanūrakat, Bološinakat, Tāšinakat, Toqčaparakat Mexčaparak fukaθ naxť 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.

Shahlo's folktale

bād wam kinen bā xu, bād sēn tar xu čīd, čisēn dastorxūnti am xǎ cik, am lapaθ woǎ, am xū vd, xu qīčik kinen sēr xu, ya wēf nānik bād wēf aǎēzd xu, bād yida kazēdand ba taxtat baxtaθ zindagiye. Yida yid sūgak vad yik dūnga.

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

The Bird and the Rose

Vic na vic yi wiđičak vic. Wam wiđičakand yi fel vuđjidi, ya doimiyæ
yođd yi (daraxti xoli niøtxu) yi řarti yođd niøtxu bad xoli sozak lůvd.
Wam wiđičakandenga bad vic aro dis xuřrui sifcakenidi. Ya bad wev
kixt xu maktixu yi ruz yođd tar wam (daraxt), wam řarti niøtxu bad sar
kixt soz lůvdov.

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 lûvdata čost vam sifcaken az wam makti woşen, bad őiyen ar wam ŗar bun. Ya bad dis xafa sũdidi, bad xohiř kixt wev azawamand zeřtow, cũnd kiřt wev zeřtow navarőed. Bad qal fikri kiřt carang wev zemata, di waxtand yi piřak 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

Ya bad tar wam pişak čostxu bad lûvd: “E pişak (lûvd) ku yordam murd ki, mu sifcenik az dam daraxtbunand zi, uz dev zeřtov navarđim.”

Ya pişak ba joi vamard yordam čidow, xohiř kiřt vam xidow. Ya naw wam či xid sũdata, ya řar xu xeřčakenqati kiřt miti wam čust.

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

Ya pišak bad wam xidow navarðed. Ya bad tizdat, yid wiðičik vo yamand niət dis xař xafayaėidi. Bad vo ilav čurt ðid, čurt ðid lıvd ku sarang dev zemata, di waxtand di yođd iga rūpcak. Ya rūpcak yođd tar wam řarxezat, yid wiðičak vo čost tar wam xu bad vo az wam yordam tilapt.

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

Lúvd e rúpçakik ku yordam murd ki, uz dev xu cifçaken az dam x̄ar birand zeẓtov navarđimat, tu ca varđiyi ku zi dev murd. Ya bad (çiz), (ya bad) ya rúpçak vo mis wam pişak dastur ba joi vamard yordam çidow, wev sifçaken azamand zeẓtow, ya vo mis wam çi xid sũd. Ya naw wam çi xid sũdata, yid x̄ar vo xu xeẓçakakenqati kiẓt vam çust.

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

Ya vo navarðed wam xidow xu, ya bad mis andizdxu tizd. Yid wiðičak bad dis xař noilojae kamand nietat, di waxtand yi kampirik yoðd tar wam řar xez, bad (ya wiðičak az wam řar vo lıvd) ya wiðičak az wam kampir lıvd: “Lıvd e kampirik aro tu murd yordam čidow varðiyo?”

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 peřst lûvd čiz?) Ya lûvd munden dis xuřrui
sifcaken vad, wađen đec ar dam řar bunxu, uz wev zeřtow navarđim.
Tu ca varđiyi yordam murd ki. Dûnjat wam řartiyen dis lap (čiz)
řuđakenen vicidi wađen bad wam cuq đođj.

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 řarxu bad lúvd: “Tu chizjat dam wiđičikard yordam čidow xohiř nakini?”

Ya řar čost tar wam kampirxu bad lúvd: “Tu fahmi uz čizjat dam sifcaken damard nadakum. Yid lúvd ar ruz yođ mu xeřčakti nietata soz lúvdat mardum fuk yođd ba joi tar mu čisen, fuk tar dam čisenata tar mu ičayæ 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 Bird and the Rose

Ya kampir bad čost tar wam xu bad lůvd nai, lůvd tut (dam) di Ƴalat fahmt. Yid soz ca lůvd , tu xeřčakti ca niøtxu soz ca lůvd, (mardum) lůvd naoborot, (mardum yođd tar tu) yid soz ca lůvd mardum yođ pi tundi sen jamxu, tar tu gulen čisenxu, ditu xuřrui winenxu, dijatidi id wiđič wev tar xu xez (wev) jam kiřt, xu soz qati.

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 Bird and the Rose

Ya bad čostxu, bad az wam jawob, ya kampir wamard ca fahmunt (ya sũd az wam jawob vamard) xuš yođdxu, bad wam wiđičakand wam sifcaken zezdxu dakiřt wamard.

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, kiřt wev xu maktixu, bad vo niət wam xeřčaktixu darav soz lůvdov sůd. Dis xuř sůdidi. Bad lůvd k-az wi davrandi, ya wiđičak soz ca lůvdat, wam xeřčakti ca nic, dis lap mardumenen tar wam řarxez yaəčxu, wam xuřruien 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.

The Bird and the Rose

Ik to nur ruzec šiĉ mis kid ħar gul ca, yiv az xušruitarin gulen (ba hisob) hisob yid sũd. Id mu sũgak vad ik dũnga.

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

Tuwetk ne tuwetk, i potšo tuwetk. yawen bu kend tuwetk. Iw Xor, iw Noziyun. Ruzi ayet xoren wost i petr, ayet noziyunen wost buy petr. Ruzi yetevi tat yetevi qiw cart, xand ki: “kuy ki mol-u-anjon wızımd, ayaw yan noziyun wost”.

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.

The King

Ruzi yetever tiša pacen, a yet noziyunever arzuq, gušt, ruyn pacen, et xorer xoli wašk. et noziyuniš se yaš sewor, et xor pioda, et tiša te dam.

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

Rečen de i vedek, de i bori nevišetkev ki: “reč-et wezey”, da i bori nevišetk-ev: “reč-et me wezey”. a yet moiyunis ada bori ko, nevišetk-ev: reč-et wezey, a-ska vedek rečen. ada bori ki nevišetk-ev “reč-et me wezey”, et xor a-ska vedek rešt.

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 oĵra-yi dirin. a-yet čil wiškiš
de čil tembun dest, et kaš et wiškev-i a-yet muysefiden ōiviyd,
mol-et anĵom-i dirzd, 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 ĵay wizit, ŗi mol-et anĵomev-i bar-ĵoy cart, ŗi virit-ev-i ŗkurd.
wizit ki, yaw viritiŗ kela sar-i-ŗe ŗiwen. ya virit ŗafŗiŗ to re
gerdan. yaw ŗe viritev-i sarev-i deyt, yan yavı wıziımd a-det ŗi
mol andĵom ŗixn.

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.

The King

bet yaver dirzd, yan xand: “sayiš naŷd payra alev ki sepo mol-anjomev i kuy me yund!” yet viritiš alen. naŷd yet viritif teram xirgo bar xingar-i sigard caren. yet virit de yinek, xanen:

You should stay here to keep an eye on the treasure to keep it safe.

At night time they were guarding the door.

The King

“ay, ti mol-anjomev-ev yut-ev!” yet tiz-tiz wost, gize. yet xingar deyt teret pið, yet-i pid wost lang, werešt a-deret. yet bu viritiš mol-anjomev-iyunden.

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 King

yet lang, et rang kişun ŧat-i cart, de i deraxt ŧixn ŧatıvd. i
muysefid-i kur-i a-dera got. yem muysefid ŧand ki:
“tu marek - eŧm, wuz tarek - pıd!” cart yaw-i pekal. wezeyn de i
kık ŧixn, ki ada kık ŧixn temom-i perinda zindagoni cart.

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.

The King

qeryaer sawol randen ki: “kur-et lang-er ciz dıwo?” qerya x̄and ki: “a-yet kık yupken lang imit, x̄i pid truy loy aret deyt. kur imit, a-et kık yupken pe xi çežm deyt”.

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 tru loy ŋi pid-i ar-et deyt, yaw pid baf wost. a-yet kur muysefid cet yupken tru loy pe čežm wıdird, yaw čežm baf wost. et xor kaš et muysefid čawen. yet muysefid rešt ter ŋi xun, yet kaš rešt de ŋi 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

wizit ki, yet viritiš x̄enetk-ev ki: “mol-anjomen sak wozomdi. yet virit x̄and: “ney, wuz”. abu noziyuniš ne qebilen ki: “saken wozomdi!” aya xor kaš x̄and ki: “ko, čil ojrayi dirin wišik-i marek disivev!” yawiš x̄anen: “tarek ne disiven!”

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 King

rečen de x̄i tat šixn. a-yet xor čil oĵra-yi d̄ir̄in wišik-i x̄i tat-er
disivd. yaw tat bowar cart ki: “mol-u anĵom ž̄i xor petr w̄izimetk”
yan yet wost x̄i tater noziyun, yet buyiš xor. yan yetev-i cart ay.

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 pirz

Wakhi poem

žerzek-be Beniča.

ar bor ki taw-i yod carem,
dil-dirmoniš deriča.

qelam-be ti veriw.

ašorat ki carem,
ce vedeken ti pišew!

Wakhi poem

derafkek-be ti saryuč
tuknek-et taŷdey,
waxt-i tukn ŷe sar mar wuč

tem ti sar sekrek kelbiš
ar bor ki taw-i yod carem,
yem ŷe nung se car neviš!

Wakhi poem

berenĵ-be ti rikob
yem ti dur ki ne imit,
marek rand saxtek ĵewob!

belandiĵ-em wuz senetk
kelapoyi ce didiĵem,
ku-et bar xizon diyetk

Wakhi poem

belandiŷ-be tamano
tarek čiy rexnig ŷanem,
čiy rexnig-i biwafo

irek-be ŷan miđir
der Ʒerabat-be me ali
ŷe ŷonek meŷxul-be őir

Wakhi poem

beland-be x̣an derwoza
kuy ƣerbat-be me ali
x̣e jonek mešxul-be oir

beland-be x̣an derwoza
kuy ki ayloq rešt,
naner x̣an ti oeyd xefa.

Wakhi poem

jeftak-be xan aqiq

toqa-be me čaw

wuz-et tu qedim refiq

šemol-be ku boda

o-yi sar-be me xaš

o-yi sar-i yam boda

Wakhi poem

žarž mingas-be ŋan ŧiyuk
wuz taw de miŧti goŋem
tawi vanem ter ŧi yuk

sek ti sar-be ŧaydoyi
wuz ce tawen čiz winem
yem že baxt-et že toli

Wakhi poem

šolek-be amoyil

šart-em de tawen vastey

skem xe 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 origin of Sarez Lake

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 origin of Sarez Lake

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

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

maš viloyatandan lapaθ qišloqen, gas-gi yi-lav-gi rayhonen.
maš viloyatandan uvd rayon. kas duf uvd rayonandi Riħun as
fukaθ bedi.

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

Rixun rayonand Past-Xuf nom qişloq lap xaǵ başand yast. odam az ðarandaθ way ca wint, yaw dond başand divist didi, ičaθ na baft. yakum maş way başanday way awo-yandi wizonamata, duyum wayow way mewa, way ǵac, way soxt lap xaǵ başand yast.

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 yiðd taram, bad az nowðos miθ wayri tiydow na fort. agar ca tizd mis tiydowti to way yuħk 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 jiriwan, yi tarafandi surunay niwozan, yi tarafandi-gi yi raqam-gi xušši ameħa 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 sebarga yast didi,
yičaθ na baft. as mewa maš luvam: yuz, oliboli, šaftoli, angurð,
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

yo in ki maš way puxta ca injavam, fukaθ mistsor, ravaruzzor,
zaræ3en qa-qara kinan, gas-gi yi-lav-gi ajoyib parandayen
odam pi puxta wint. ata ik-day tobistonand odam way awo ca
čast, way hawo na lap garm-ata, na lap šito, qoyilay.

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

yo tirmo maš injavam, dond bašand salqin awo didi, odam
doyimaθ xo bašand yis kixt. tirmo mis wayow lap bašand
mewa: xarbuza, tarbuz, kiyon, saftoli, gulmadi mown, sebraxt,
čoymown lap bašand aram yast.

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

at zimiston-ta ca sawd, yanvar mestand-ta dusik žiniĵ ōayd. ata boron taram kam ōayd, nazdiki buor-ta dus-dus boron dar ōed sawd. ik-day zimiston mis ca, way tabiyat maš rayonand yakkum ĵoy inĵivd.

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

odam tam diga lakt way-ata, buor way caa injivd, tam way-ri
buo ðedow na baft. odam buor way ca čast, fukaθ way
manzara savz, baxmal-rang-ti divist. vurut gulyunča kiřt. saftoli
mis gul kiřt xutam bayiřt-gi ma talab - Past xuf!

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 *vrut* 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 Khufu valley (video)

Roshani

The thief and the interpreter

read by:

Gulchehra Sheralshoeva

The thief

Vijan duruyuyat pardozan, dađan viđ ođnogon. doymiman yakdigar qatay neđđ, řaban mis yakđoaθ řovđ.

Miθo viđ idi, uf mobayn notifoqqi sawt. duruyuy luvd: “muna muguzar bi ta bedi sawt”. pardozan luvd: “muna bedi sawt”. Azandi sawan az yak-digar řido xo, yiw tar yi pec tizd, yiw tar yi pec.

Once upon a time, there was a liar and an interpreter. There were friends and were always together, where ever 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 viř idi, duruyguy sawt tar darbori podřo, indiđd tar podřo xiz, bad luvd: “a-podřo, mu xu-ri řiwgar zi”. podřo luvd “tut ik-dond řiwgar yast-i, ta tar darbori podřo ba wazifayi řiwgari qabul kinam?”

One day the liar went to the king’s palace. He entered the king’s 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”.

Podžo luvd: “xay, xu nakli ki”.

duruyguy dawom kišt: “miθo jingal-andi naxčir őud pa mu mu qalawur čo, di őudum az way sumbandi pa way yow!”

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

podžo luvd: “ta pec rošt, tut lap duruyguy, zezaf day xo, band day kinaf, sabo day zanam”.

way luvd “podžo, 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.”

The thief

duruɣguy-ya way noy qoq, ik-day-andet pardozan indiðd, bad qap ðiðd: “ey podxoyi olam, yid rost luvdata biyaqli di ca, xu fikri tar luvdow na varðayd, az mand luvum.

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 yow-i čewt. day di puθ wuđd, ingixt az um sumb tar um yow”.

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.

pardozan 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