

Narrator: Wat' Mas't'er, male (57+), Bumburet

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Title: Tasa nom Shuragal'i (Her name is Shuragal'i (A Bashali tale))

The story of Shuragal'i is as follows: Mheheman whosoever that was, let's say, he was Rajaway's advisor, king Rajaway's advisor. Ha! This Mheheman, one man of the whole clan of Nanjoge, the Mheman man was the one who reached up to that limit – according to the story –that **his wife** was from the same place as he was. But, to him Mheman, let's say, children did not start to **be born**. Ha!

This old Mheman lived this kind of life: for old Mheman there was so much misfortune that in the Ac'uaga area – we say that it is our place. Ha! There, at that area, he went to the **aqueduct** (the beginning of the channel) in order to change the flow of the water (to irrigate his fields). Going to the aqueduct, he used to bring **water** (to his fields). There, indeed, one day, an infant's **swaddling clothes** happened to be there **for him**. An infant's wrapping clothes were there! Moving the swaddling clothes here and there, he saw that in between those clothes an evil spirit baby **was sleeping**. An evil spirit baby it was. There, taking out the baby, old Mheman did like this,: He broke the baby's **little finger**; the baby's little finger he broke. When he did so, an evil spirit woman, now **going** there, saw her invalid baby daughter's injury, her baby's injury, ha! The baby was **her own daughter**. Then **that evil spirit woman** called down this curse upon old Mheman, "Regarding male offspring, you will be without male children", she said. Ha! "Without a male child; whereas **regarding females**, you will have an abundance of them. **As for females**, you will be with a lot of them!" said she. "As for males, you will be with no hope of having male children". Saying this, that evil spirit woman, on that very day she indeed called that curse upon him.

On that very day, when the evil spirit woman cursed him, an only child, a daughter, was born to him. A son was not born. **An only child, a daughter was born** to Mheman. Now, an only child, a daughter was born. **Sometime**, when she **became a teenager**, her name was Siagal'i. Her name was not Shuragal'i. Siagal'i, Siagal'i, Siagal'i her name was. Now, that daughter of his, he did not give (to a man) as a wife. The teenage girl stayed in his own house.

Those old days – in Mheman's time, up to that time also, there was such a custom at work: Angels and human beings lived together [lit. mixed]. **Angels and**

people, in some way, were mixed, let's say, ha! Not with devils, but **with angels we used to live together**. (The narrator addressing the audience) **With angels there was a friendship** like this grandpa, wasn't there? Up to that time (there), that period was as such that he, that old Mhemman, like this he used to live [lit. he became]: That was his habit: he used to aim at a vulture with a rifle. Upon this vulture Mhemman **set a rifle**. The vulture laughed and laughed and laughed at the rifle's scope. As it was laughing it gave that response to Mhemman, "hey old Mhemman," it said, "**killing me** what will you gain?" it said. "What need am I for you? **I will go**. Neither my feathers are beautiful, nor will you eat my meat" it said. "For what purpose **are you killing me**? You'd better ask for a wish from me. From me ask for a wish!" it said. "My wish...what wish am I asking in this world?" asked Mhemman. "None of my wishes **has become** fulfilled here in this world. For me, an only child, a daughter, has been left in my house. This wish I have been searching, the one **you will indeed know**," he said. "Indeed, you have already heard about it," he said.

The bird itself, that **very vulture** (what it actually was) was an angel. In its own mind it made some thoughts. After thinking, the bird said to itself, "oh, for him (Mhemman) **there are no sons. An only child, a daughter...**". Such a thought crossed its own mind. Having made such a thought on its mind, this bird gave him (Mhemman), indeed, one wheat.... seed. It also gave him some feathers, plucking them out from its wings. **Giving him** these things **it said**, "This only wheat seed, indeed, you (must) **give to** your daughter," it said. "These two feathers, on the other hand, use them in this way: taking them to the border of the valley, **plant** them at the border of your own field", the bird said. Mhemman lost no time. Taking those two feathers, he planted them at his own border. That wheat seed, though, **he gave to his daughter**.

Then, it so happened that his daughter became pregnant. Siagal'i **became pregnant, without being married**. She became pregnant at her father's house. She became pregnant, ha! **Being pregnant**, now, during that period, that is when eight months and **fifteen days had passed** with her pregnancy, she had some ideas. Some thoughts crossed her mind: "Now, **if I go to the bashali** (a Kalasha house for childbirth), **the devil is going to eat me**. Tiriweri (one of the devil's names) is going to eat me. Moreover, being in this condition (i.e., pregnant) **how can I go to the bashali?**" Ha! Thinking like this, she created more ideas. While thinking, this plan crossed her own mind: "Going there to the bashali, because of my imminent

suffering **to be caused by Tiriweri**, I must surely have **to set up weapons**", she said to herself. In her own mind she devised that plan.

While thinking like that and making this plan....To her own father.... And no sooner had that day (for her to go to the bashali) come than she said to her own father: "Father," she said, "**seven loads of wood, oak tree wood**, bring to the bashali for me. Small pieces of wood, also, bring for me", said she. "On the other hand, get for me a wooden shovel," said she. Also, get for me two loads of reed," said she. "For the rest (of tasks)..." she said to her father, "Father, you go to sleep without worries. Just take me to the bashali," she said.

At that time, in the past, there was that big misfortune in the bashali: that devil, Tiriweri, – in the Chitral language, indeed, it is called devil, whereas in the Kalash language it is called Tiriweri - there, at that place, i.e, the bashali, let's say, that devil, being hot, used to grab **any woman going to the bashali** to give birth. Anyway, he would not leave any **female alive**! Ha!

Afterwards, Siagal'i gave that idea to her father: "take me to [lit. cause me to arrive at] the bashali," she said. My time has come. I should have my child. But you," she said, "those seven loads of wood, actually oak tree wood, bring for me," she said. "Small pieces of wood and two loads of reed also bring! Moreover, get for me a wooden shovel. But no other things" she said.

After the father went to the bashali with his daughter also, taking seven loads of wood there for her, he had completed all her requests. Fulfilling his daughter's wishes, now, let's say, and taking the two loads of reed there for her, he brought them all under her care.

His daughter was now in this condition: she gave birth to her baby. She gave birth there (in the bashali). **A son was born to her**. At this time exactly, **a son was born to Shuragal'i**. Let's say **at ten o'clock in the morning**. He was born at ten o'clock in the morning. **A son then was born. She made her own son latch on** [lit. grab] **her breast**. After the baby son had latched on to her breast, she did as follows: there, at the door threshold of the bashali she started the hard work.

She started digging at that threshold. She dug at the threshold of the doorway (of the bashali) so much that she dug it 12 feet deep. She dug 12 feet deep **downwards**. On the other hand, she made this hole as wide as 10 feet. Having done it so wide, she did as follows: there, those **seven loads of pieces of wood**, she used them in this way that now **five loads** indeed she arranged them in such a way that she turned them into burning **charcoal**. Then she piled them under the

doorway, right there into the deep hole of the threshold. **Seven** loads, and **four loads** indeed. **Three loads of small pieces of wood turned into charcoal**, let's say, were piled up there in front of her [lit: there present]. Right there at that place where she had dug the deep hole, she also **spread** the reeds on top. On that place, indeed, she spread the reeds.

After she had spread the reeds, sometime, let's say, at six o'clock, the devil showed up. He came at six o'clock in the evening. Going there, "Hey young lady!" he said, "Are you coming outside? I am eating you. Ha! Or, am I getting in? I will still eat you!" the devil said to her. Siagal'i, turning there (towards the devil) said to the devil, "Anyway, finally you have come outside (the bashali) in order to eat me. **You have come for me**. Nevertheless, outside in the public [lit. without curtains] don't eat me!" she said. "Getting in here, **if you are to eat me, that would be good**. It will be good, I think." When she said that, the devil did as follows: he had a **spear** [lit. a spear was with him]. There acting in such a way that he thrust the spear (into the ground). Thrusting it he stuck it [lit. planted] there in the garden. Doing so, whatever clothes he had, i.e. his long clothes of honour, he hung them on the spear.

Having hung his clothes on the spear, he headed for the door of the bashali and crossing it, he stumbled there indeed and fell right into the deep hole. In the hole was the burning charcoal, ha, the reeds...under his feet. Indeed, there were the reeds underneath...Quickly the burning charcoal and the reeds altogether started the fire. On the other hand, to the devil, the girl (Siagal'i) did like this: she threw the burning charcoal **down** upon the devil. There upon him she threw them. **Upon his head, she threw them**. After she had thrown them on his head, let's say, the devil **died**. **Her own courage killed him**. The end (the devil's end) was actually caused by the burning charcoal from underneath (under the doorway), too. Moreover, she poured more burning charcoal upon him. But it was the girl who **exterminated him completely**. She was the one who caused his death. Now, **having killed** him, she **went to sleep** in relief. She slept peacefully.

In the morning, let's say, her father and mother being disheartened and without hope or belief, ha, in that sorrowful condition they were, that **in tears they were going** (to the bashali). "He has eaten my daughter", father said. Going there, wailing, that point of grief they had reached that they arrived (at the bashali) weeping their daughter's loss. **Having arrived there**, crying over their misfortune, **they said**, "**My daughter, what has happened to her**, it has happened. Finally, taking her to the wilderness, **I had abandoned her**", the father said to himself.

Getting closer to that place, they saw that the (devil's) spear was thrust there, ha, and the clothes were hung there (on the spear) – those clothes which **used to shine** in the whole world. These kinds of clothes were his (the devil's). At that moment when her parents were arriving there outside, at that very moment of their arriving at the large field outside the bashali, at that moment also **their daughter went outside** (the bashali). Going out, she said to her father and mother, “hey my father”, said she “my mother”, said she, “he didn’t eat me, **he was not able to eat me. I ate him**”, she said. “I ate him. How could he eat me?” saying this, she gave (them) that answer. That answer she gave. When she reacted so bravely, let’s say, her parents [lit. gave congratulations to her] congratulated her. After her parents congratulated her there at the bashali, they left. She had to stay there this much time, i.e., as many days as she had to stay. She stayed **ten days**. Having stayed there, let’s say, now taking her own son (with her), **she left** that place.

There on that day her parents **put** her son’s name. On the other hand, initially her own name was Siagal'i. On that very day (of her son’s birth), instead, **they put her name of Shuragal'i**, [lit. hero; man-killer; leopard killer; devil killer]. On that day, her name became Shuragal'i due to her bravery. **Her son was born to her**. She **gave him the name of Jabrail**. His name **was put Jabrail** for the following reason: for example, **his face** was...here on his **palm** also were hairs. **On his hand there was hair too**. **His face**, indeed, was strange, similar to a bear's: a hairy human being was born. His name was put Jabrail. His name being put, that one, Jabrail, **Shuragal'i's son**, that one Jabrail...But Jabrail's **descendants** whosoever are now, we are Najoge clan, people say.... Ha, that we are of Najoge clan. But we are descendants of that Jabrail, Shuragal'i's son. Jabrail's son was Ramasen. It was Ramasen. For Ramasen there was a huge good fortune from outside, a huge luck was for him. From outside, this kind of luck was for him, that **whenever he was going to the forest** to watch his goats, **honeybees were making shadow around his head**. Honeybees were flying on his head. Moreover, he had **one hundred and eighty long grey-haired male goats** [lit. nine times twenty, only long grey hair male goats were for him]. **Nine-times twenty** in one year. His fortune was this much big. This was because he had appeared to this world from heaven. Because of his appearing from heaven, he was this much honorable: he was honorable with what he had done, with whatever his record was, with whatever his deeds were. But even now, in difficult situations, also, this story is told [lit. exists]. **The world is telling this story**. Even we, indeed, are also talking about this, ha! The rest...I, whatever I am. I

am Shuragal'i's **descendant**. I have told you about this experience (story). As for what is left, many thanks, brother, so long.

TK: Your, your name?

WM: My name is Wat'mas't'er. I am twenty six years, **thirty six years old**. Thirty six years old (TK thinks: this is impossible. The narrator was in physical appearance in his late fifties).

TK: Thank you very much for telling me this story. Because I am collecting these stories. They will be shown to the world.