

Research overview of Imagery in Brahui short stories

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Abstract

Imagery brings beauty in all genres of literature. It Polishes the other aspects and makes the creation more beautiful. The aim of this paper is to show that the imagery is essential for a literary piece of writing and at the same time the technical aspects makes it meaningful. The main findings of this paper were that imagery affects the mind and brings up the merits and demerits of society and takes the reader into deep imagination. It is tied with our society because our people have spent a nomadic life. They have got their bread and butter by keeping animals and by agriculture. Owing to flocks they have tried to live near oasis and then they have spent their life according to their customs. Their sorrows and happiness, tribal battles and their solution, eating and wearing, migration with change of seasons has remained part of their customs. If any writer wants to promote and capture the true picture of society then he should consider imagery as essential part because without imagery it is impossible to capture the true picture of society.

Key words: Imagery, Agriculture, Migration, Imagination, Short stories.

Imagery in Brahui short stories

Short stories are that part of literature which not only brings up the sorrows of the society but it also brings up the beauty of society. Musafir (the passenger) is the Brahui's first short story written by Mir Haibat Khan. It was first published in "Nava-e-Bolan".

An old man was standing on the head side of the grave in Bibi Nani. Sardar, reached near and called, O, old man, who are you? Replied, come forward Sardar. I am a passenger, today I am your guest Sardar went forward welcomed the old man, and moved towards guest room along with the old man. Sardar Adal Khan had his usual get together at night, children assembled there to see

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the guest. Sardar first asked his own people and then moved towards guest. My dear old man! Tell us something about yourself. Old man looked around and said O my dear Sardar! Some thirty years ago I used to live in Mari's area, I do not remember their first battle but I do remember the second one which they fought against Britain's I do remember at that time I was young and I become the guest in Mari's house...Sardar! It's the thirtieth year since I had been to my home.

I conveyed the message of that brave lady to every Giddan (camp) and every home of this country and on the other hand to the Baloch's of Persia. I heard the firing of Jiand. I saw him fighting with the British, I have remained the friend of martyred Noora M the Jhalawan. I have washed his wounds in my own hands. **(Brahui, 2015)**

Haibat Khan in his short story "The Passenger" has brought up the social customs. Our people have spent gipsy life. In summer they have gone to Khurasan and in winter they have gone to Kachhi. Haibat Khan has done the imagery of gipsy life, he has given the message of friendship, brotherhood, unity and along with it, he has awarded his nation about British attacks. Haibat Khan has awakened his nation against the upcoming enemy and that is why he has used the word "Passenger" in his short story to bring unity. He has brought up the emotions of women and shown that how ladies can be productive for the society. How do they struggle to save their country and how caravans stay during their journey and spend their night?

Children play with their age fellows and sit with their elders. They lit the fire and get together. Women get busy with cooking. Camels and other animals are tied near the house in the row, and it looks so beautiful.

Ghulam Nabi Rahi is one of the initiators of Brahui short stories. He has described prison in his short story (Qaidi) "Prisoner." Bhalla Jeela has been exchanged on my behalf. After the check-up of other prisoners, I went back and sat in my room. I took few pages and kept before myself. At the same time a man came and told that one prisoner wants to meet you. The Prisoner entered and paid salaam, I answered and kept on reading the pages. Without raising my head I asked "How did you come." The prisoner replied, "My dear raise your head."

When I saw the prisoner I got surprised because he was my childhood friend "Nawab." I stood up and hugged him for a while

I stood speechless and was astonished as what to say? At last I asked Nawab! How you reached here? Nawab kept quiet, his complexion turned red and his eyes were full of tears and he was in deep predicament. One day in morning

Jannat and I fought with each other and then I left for office. When I reached office I was not in mood to work. All the friends inquired me the reason but I was answerless. Then I got short leave and went home. When I reached at the gate of my house I was locked unusually more strongly. At least I pushed the gate and entered in the house. When I entered I was shocked, I saw Mian Sahib that Jannat.... World became dark before my eyes I knew nothing. I heard a scream twice. Now everything got clear before my eyes. I saw gun in my hands and two dead bodies were lying before me. Nawab finished his painful situation and story but I knew nothing I was in deep thought, Nawab stood and left slowly. **(Rahi, 2015)**

When you are in prison, it reminds you the day which you have practically seen. Now when Nawab's friend is transferred to that jail, where Nawab is already in prison. When Nawab's childhood friend passes by, he really wants to meet him. Prison is like a big place which has got a strong gate, there are small room in the same prison having the iron door which are too much strong and they have slight distance. Here the outsiders are allowed to come and talk. But it's difficult for a man to go outside. Even a man himself doesn't want to go outside. In the corner of the same rooms there are other rooms as well where police officer sits. When Nawab's friend comes to his office, there he finds so many chairs arranged in his office. There is table before the officer to keep the official documents. Here prisoners and outsiders are not allowed without permission.

“Today prisoners were very happy because they have welcomed a new guest. All the prisoners encircled him; everyone wanted him to join their group. Jailor came took the new prisoner Sherdil and showed him his room number, and then he started moving towards his room. Constable just unlocked the room and then pushed him inside. There was a handsome boy sitting in the corner of the same room and was upset. When he saw Sherdil he just got happy. He welcomed him as he had spent six months alone in the same room. He took Sherdil from his hand and made him sit on his own place. He started asking about his life and Sherdil told him everything about. **(Dost, 1957)**

In this short story the writers has described the scenes of prison along with outside scenes. In this short story Gullu is the son of a rich man. His future is a rich man. Gullu gets young with a lot of love and care. But when his father passes away then he loses the love as well. His mother is alone at home now. She is an old lady and is quite weak owing to so many diseases. In villages people would consult old ladies for their treatment. But the treatment requires knowledge which Gullu is unaware of. His loses all his wealth in household expenditure. In the cities there would only be two rooms, a guest room and a kitchen, the door of the guest room would usually be opened from the outside.

Because of poverty Gullu gets ready to steal something from the house of the chief. There would be so many servants, his family members, who slept in different rooms. In every room there would be a shelf for the dishes and the curtains as well.

The day when women sit and do embroidery and handicrafts, then they make flowers of different colors. Which make the house beautiful. In the same way they make one place where they keep their blankets is known as “Baroonk” they keep their boxes as well. On that pieces they put beautiful clothes they make embroidery on them as well. People used to keep their money under the “Baroonk”, Gullu opens the Box. Then he tries to skip, as he stands up his head gets stuck with wooden table where dishes are kept. The dishes fell down meanwhile the people of the house wake up. At the same time the servant reaches to Sardar’s house and captures Gullu red handed. In the same way there is only one judge in the court and before the judge there is one big table, which has got too long buckets from its both sides. Thus Gullu is sent to prison for three years.

Raheem Bux was sitting upset and was looking in the face of Shakar Jan, he just twisted his tongue to say something but Shakar Jan was in deep thoughts and was taking out threads from the carpet. They both wanted to know each other voice of heart and thus Raheem Bux once again fails to understand anything. **(Raisani, 1984)**

Today Raheem Bux was sitting in front of his house and was lost in deep thoughts. In village the rooms are built in rows and that is the reason why the kitchens are built in the corner. They put carpet in summer in front of their room where they get together after the sunset or in the evening they sit in the shadows of the rooms. But when a man gets alone or upset then he knows not what to do.

“Seven years ago one night Raheem Bux was celebrating the birthday of his first son Nawaz. Everyone was busy in dancing and gossip, at once people heard the voice of firing Dancers and their team got happy. They were moving in circle as the Peasants move when they fight. Everybody was expecting that Raheem Bux will do nothing special but at least will fire seven bullets. **(Ibid, 1986)**

In the village the big houses confine the happiness, in the same in bunny house if any baby would get birth for that the happiness would open his wings. The big room would remain better for them during summer season. They would have lit candles before the house, and males and females get together. Women had their own gatherings rather the males would have danced for their relative. Drummers would beat the drums and dancers would dance with the beat of the

drums. The same house would shine like a day. It was light everywhere. The eyes of every dancer were shining. Everybody was enjoying the dance along with music. Somewhere firing is also considered the sign of happiness along with music Rehmatullah writes in his short story "What happened" that; He started from the dream, screamed, it was such a shout which made everyone shocked.

Nazo was sleeping in her room; her shout was not only heard by her family but by the people of her neighborhood. Everyone was shocked that what happened in their house. They thought that they may have a patient in their house or someone has died. They at once run and reached to Nazo's house. They saw Nazo, she was shocked. She was drenched with sweat her long hair were hiding her face. Her beautiful face has turned yellow. Her beautiful eyes were moving around four corners of the house. Nazo was not speaking with anyone. Her neighbors tried to talk to her, her parent and all her relatives were perplexed and were sitting around her.

Nazo said, o my sister a rich man has access to everything. What did my parents do with me for just five thousand rupees saying this Nazo got unconscious? Her parents, relatives and neighbors just came to her. But Nazo was not getting up. Everybody was crying and saying O my God! What happened? (**Anjum, 2015**)

In this short story the dad fell in the well of sorrow. Nazo was the poor daughter of rich parents. Their one and only daughter were too much dear to them. One day she was sleeping, she wakes up at once and shouts, her shout was heard by all her neighbors. In cities the houses are built nearer to each other. Their walls are attached with each other. Sometimes they only have the distance of one and only the wall. Nazo's voice was heard by everyone owing to the calmness. When the neighbors heard her voice they came out of their homes. Few of them directly came to Nazo's home. God forbid if anybody dies in the neighborhood then the weeping and crying starts in that house. So everybody just rushed to their home. Everybody tries to fulfill the responsibility of their neighborhood that was the reason why everybody was running Nazo's home. Everybody was standing near Nazo; and Nazo was just lying unconscious and was unaware of her condition.

Shaheena Anjum writes in her short story (*Baram*) "The marriage" that In Nawab sahib house the storm of fury and confusion has appeared which has taken everyone in its orbit. This house has always enjoyed the happiness day and night. They would celebrate their days like Eid and nights like weddings. But today everyone was in the state of confusion and sorrows as if they have already been told that they are going to suffer with an earth quake. Because the

news was too much astonishing. Nawab sahib younger son Anwar has clearly refused to marry his cousin.

Mother's pat is the first institute of a child. Father says that education makes the girls shameless but I do remember when I went to meet Bibi on the occasion of Eid, they called Zaibo. They said Zaib, take your brother aside when Zaib came, she was in sky blue color clothes which were have Balochi embroidery, wearing beautiful jewelry and was too much respectful.

Anwar got married; Zaib was looking too much beautiful with this white dress. Rubi's mother took Rubi; Anwar gave the garland to Safia and went to fulfill his responsibility. Anwar was looking at her for a long time. Zeba you are too much respectful and high and can't be equal to the soil of your feet. You were pious for me before and still you are goddess for me. Anwar and Safia left to perform Haj as they received a registry. Anwar gave all his property to Rubi. **(Rehmatullah, 2015)**

Marriage is such a ceremony where a man selects his life partner who has to be along with him on his long journey of sorrows and happiness. She becomes such a friend who consoles him in sad moments and increases the happiness in happy moments. In this short story a step brother goes against his step brother. Anwar is an educated man, his father Nawab wants him to marry his paternal cousin, which he refuses. Nawab calls his mother to show his anger.

Women always respect their husbands. They know when the Gents get angry and when they get cook. Nawab is too much angry at his son Anwar. Anwar's step brother is also standing before Nawab. Anwar's mother is also there. There are few chairs in the house. Nawab is a rich man who has constructed a gallery where he sits after sunset. His family members also sit there sometime. If any incident takes place anywhere he sits there to solve their issues.

Gul Bangulzai writes in his short story (*Garebi Na Zindagi*) "Life in poverty" that...Khaliqdad reached to bazar after walking for 15 miles. He could not see his way in the bazar owing to the grief. He was abused by so many people but he has just refused to answer anyone as if he had sewed his lips. He walked all the day but could not find his friend's shop. He was much confused he could not think anything; At least a man from the city saw him, took him from his hand and showed him his shop.

Khaliqdad entered in the shop, his friend was sitting and was giving clothes to one of the customers. When he got free, he asked about his health. Khaliqdad told him about his son who is suffering with disease and asked for money. His friend at once refused him by saying that my business is not going well I can't

help you. When he heard this, he was shocked for him the shop and the sky both were circulating. He left the shop hopelessly. (**Bangulzai, 2015**)

Nadir Qambrani writes in his short story “Sea karr daireh ” that....Those tall trees of snober, these big mountains can take you away, you just say this long way of stones can take this place; this beautiful moon will not shine from today on words this breeze will not blow, if these things will remain constant then how can I forget you.

Gul Naaz! For a long time we are together, we got young together, we became grownups together, but we never thought something wrong for each other, today we are going away from each other, now who can stop the public discussion about us.

One day suddenly Baanz Khan saw Sher Jan’s scarf in Gul Naz’s box where it was found in Gul Naz’s clothes. He was in such of a pretender against Gul Naaz and he was against Sher Jan as well...

Every day in the morning Sher Jan and one of his friends left to inquire about one shepherd’s health, who lived in the middle of mountains. They took oil and floor too with themselves. They reached there asked about his health; they brought herbals from the mountain and gave him to eat. Sher Jan provided the sugar, oil and other things to his family. Before evening they left from there, crossed the mountains. There was a forest of juniper trees. Baanz Khan along with his few friends have already hidden themselves in this forest, when Sher Jan reached in the range, he opened fire on him, the bullets entered in his body, wounding his lever and heart came out of his body. Baanz Khan just walked around him confirmed his death and then sat on his horse and left for home, where Gul Naaz was sitting as per her daily routine, Baanz Khan reached and opened fire on her and killed her. He just took Sher Jan’s handkerchief from Gul Naz’s box and announced that he has killed both of them owing to their bad relations. (**Mirza, 2015**)

In this short story Nadir Qambrani has tried imagery along with the characters and plots. Somewhere he has brought the character of Sher Jan as a symbol of love, as Sher Jan comes to meet Gul Naaz after the sun sets. The house is big where they meet and Gul Naaz tells her story of sorrows to Sher Jan. on other hand Sher Jan captures the attention of people by having his camp in the middle of mountains. Where he shares knowledge and teaches the children of the town. Mountain encircles the camp. There is one ground in front of that camp. There is one big drain in the middle of mountain which takes the rainy water away. There the herbals are found which are used us a medicine.

Gul Bangulzai writes in his short story “Unaware trouble” that...

It was the second day when the cool breeze was continuously blowing. It has been that the snow has turn hard like cement, nobody could go anywhere. In such a cool breeze Ameer Baig came out of train with a dozen of bulls. These animals have never experienced such a cold weather before that's why they were trembling.

At night when Ameer Baig went to his bed sleep but he could not do so. He was alone in this house. He has a brother, but a few relatives, who were always against him. They themselves have never tried to earn their bread and butter, they were also burden on Ameer Baig's shoulders. **(Bangulzai, 1984)**

When the cold breeze opens its wings it takes other breeze as well that is why people get together and go. Thus the white carpet of snow on the mountains refreshes the soul of the people. Every tree has downed its head in honor of snow. Snow provides life to every branch of tree. It comes to know about its beauty. Every plant on the mountain has hidden itself in the white scarf. It knows that today's snow is the message of tomorrow's happiness. Snow lying in the ground gets hard like cement. A man slips on it every roof was looking white owing to snow. Everybody was there on its roof and taking the snow off. There was smoke coming out of every chimni. Their feet were paralyzed they were unaware whether feet are working or not.

Arif Zia writes in his short story (Ashraf-ul-Makhlukat) "Supreme creature" that... am the supreme creature... he thought... My supremacy has been acknowledged by all the creatures... I have been sent as a council to God on this earth... My thoughts and wisdom can change the world... It strengthens its power and changed its shape. Bones of his body were making noise as if two roads have clashed but he failed to change its shape. **(Zia, 1984)**

Flowers and other plants have lessen their age in Dasht. Every tree has thrown its leaps. Every branch of tree is dried owing to less water. Animals search everywhere. They can't find anything except mountains. Dried air has made the people too much lazy. People are helpless along with the animals living in these deserts and mountains people find nothing to eat that is why they are weak and can't even turn themselves while sleeping. Owing to lack of water their lips and legs are dried. They can't open their jaws. They don't have power to walk they move their eyes helplessly. Their breath has stopped in their throat. An airplane is taking food for those who they are suffering with drought on the other complaining to God that what is less in your treasures.

Ghamkhuar Hayat writes in his short story (*Tube na Khoon*) "The murder of moon" that... In Mastung near to Sungur I heard the girls voice and the beating of drums. In the house the towers made of paper were also moving in

way as if they are dancing along with children. Everybody was happy because today it was Saeed's weddings...

In the morning when Shah Bibi was washing Saeed's dead body side "Saeed's all body is green like the grain poison. (**Hayat, 2011**)

In life if anybody gets chance to get happy then he has a lot of ways to celebrate this happiness. Sometime people visit the shrines of saints to bag happy. And sometime people celebrate happiness with beating drums and dancing. If anywhere wedding is being celebrated then they start dancing and enjoying a week before.

They apply henna openly on the hands of groom. Applying henna has its own process. It's brought in a plate, they put green leaves on it. They start it from the right hand and then on feet. Then they put a piece of cloth on the shoulders of groom. On wedding day everybody along with the relatives take lunch at grooms home. Few people wear their clothes and then they collect money for groom known as "Sargasht".

After that they take groom to the bride's home while singing and dancing. Meanwhile the process of wedlock starts. Then bride and groom are left in a room. If the girl was pious and urgent then the groom will come out of his room happily. Otherwise she will be killed and her complete family will face troubles. Those Saeed's first night become last night of his life.

Professor Tahira Ehsas Jattak writes in her short story (Uff dah kismet) "Oh the luck" that...

Lush green trees, and the unpaved road, our vehicle moved ahead and I felt thirsty. I opened the cooler but it was empty. Farooq laughed and said "O princess! You love visiting! Now from where should I bring water for you? I said "Get relax there is nothing to worry about. You can see houses here mountainous people are hospitable. Let's move to this house. We left while looking to the green trees. It was the beauty of nature...

O my father ... the aged man took few candies from his pocket and put on his hand, this old man respected a lot. When we returned I was only thinking about the twenty years old girl and her husband was fifty years old man, this is all about luck! (**Jattak, 2001**)

People living in the villages water the greenery with the blood of their heart. Their love has expanded as the flowers and plants have been expanded in the mountains. They have always lived near mountains. The beauty of mountains has beauty feed their life. They give beautiful shops to their camps with the

some animals. Their handmade shoes turn the hot weather cool. They just raise the camp from one side with makes the camp cool.

Today technology has facilitated the life in cities, but in villages the people use their hand made things to facilitate their lives. It is the reason why people sleep well in the hot days of summer in their camp. They serve their guests with all their cultural dishes and people really enjoy their hospitality.

Waheed Zaheer writes in his short story(G Bawah) “Yes my father” that...Poverty was not in moot to go away from the house; diseases were sitting like an owl and were not ready to blank. Inhumanity was laughing like a dine on their condition. Sleeplessness has occupied their house like a drought. Nobody was realizing the pain of Nabo, his wife and his one and only son. Today once again we fought with them. If you require any weapon just order.

The old man said nothing expect this word “Yes my father. (Zaheer, 2002)

In most of region ladies make their own customs, which has become the bone of conception. They do it whether its bridal’s house or groom’s. Their relatives write poetries on them and then sing. Somewhere they praise bridal and somewhere the groom. And the some when they come for wedlock then groom’s sister brings a lot of things for bridal like oil, soap, comb and other things which are required for makeup. They enter in bridal’s room to keep all the things. Groom’s sister with her relatives reaches to bridal’s room. On the other hand groom’s sister is standing for opening the door bridal’s sister as keep then to pay money and then enter. Somewhere groom’s sisters give 500 rupees and enter and somewhere 1000 rupees to enter in bridal’s room she doesn’t open the door until money is not paid.

Conclusion

Brahui literature like other literatures of the world has a lot in its every genre. Short story writing got much late “Beginning” though it was late started in Brahui even then its standing shoulder to shoulder to with other literatures. Today Brahui story is fulfilling all the technical requirements of short stories. Short story shortens the long story. Where realities are written with the imagery. Imagery beautifies the short story and makes it more interesting for the reader. If short story is written without imagery then it remains only a piece of writing. In short story along with its technicality the condition of the society and a message is provided.

If anybody wants to beautify its written work then it's essential to discuss realities along with imagery. Imagery beautifies that written piece. If anybody wants to write a short story on any social issue then he has to discuss the realities along with imagery. If someone wants to write a short story on women then it's necessary to write imagery. If you want to discuss village life then you have to discuss realities, the big houses and other relevant things in short story. If you have to write about evening get together then you should mention the hospitality, the place and the things which are much essential for the imagery.

If somewhere the hope for rain is discussed then the cool air, the blooming flowers, trees and the drops of the rain which quenched the thirst of the soil. Imagery is much essential for every genre of literature without imagery nobody can enjoy the real taste of the written piece. Thus it is clear that imagery is indispensable for every literary piece of writing.

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