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The Story of Barzu

Rahmoni, Ravshan

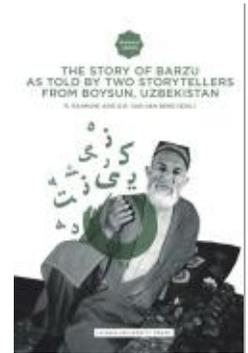
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«Dostoni Barzu» dar guftori Jūra Kamol

‘The Story of Barzu’ According to Jūra Kamol

«Dostoni Barzu» dar guftori Jūra Kamol

Gūyanda: Jūra Kamol (1921-1997).

Makon: Dehai Pasurxī, nohiyai Boysun, Jumhurii Ūzbekiston.

Ta'rix: Dekabri 1995.

Vositai zabt: Diktafon.

Farohamovaranda: Ravšan Rahmonī.

JŪRA KAMOL: Sūhrob Turkonxotunro ba zanī megirad. Hamrohi vay hamčun zanušūy zindagī karda, baromada meravad. Lekin ba vay yak nigin doda meravad.

RAVŠAN RAHMONĪ: Turkonxotun niginro megirad?

JŪRA KAMOL: Ha, niginro dar dastaš megiradu memonad. Aknun digar hič čize nest-diya! Bača dar iškam... Ba'ad čil šabu čil rŭz inho hamčun zanu šūy zindagī mekunand... Vay [Sūhrob] zanašro dar in jo monda, ba Eron meravad, ana ba samti Eron rafta az daryoi Amu guzašta, hamrohi Rustam dastu bozu [jang] mekunad, Sūhrob. Rustam se marotiba megūyad:

«Tu avlodi ki hastī? Tu az kujo mešavī?!»

«Tu naslu nasabi manro porsida čī mekunī?» – megūyad, Sūhrob va badnafsi karda, Rustamro ba boloi saraš mebardorad.

Hamin dam Rustam megūyad:

«Pahlavonho sar doda, sar doda mašq mekunand».

Dar hamin lahza:

«Mana, sar dodam» – gufta, sar medihad, Sūhrob.

In, hamin Rustam, yakbora, vaqtro istifda burda, hamin inro [Rustamro] bardošta mezanadu tavre ki dar bozor narxi čizero napursida, xarid mekunand, misli hamon, napursida, Sūhrobro xanjar mezanad. Vay [Rustam] ba jonaš ser šudagī-diya. Čunki Rustam pahlavoni rūyi jahon-diya.

‘The Story of Barzu’ According to Jūra Kamol

Storyteller: Jūra Kamol (1921-1997).

Location: The village of Pasurxī, the region of Boysun, Republic of Ūzbekiston.

Date: December 1995.

Recording Equipment: dictaphone.

Director: Ravšan Rahmonī.

JŪRA KAMOL: Sūhrob takes Turkonxotun. He marries her and leaves. But as he leaves, he gives her a ring.

RAVŠAN RAHMONĪ: Turkonxotun accepts the ring, does she?

JŪRA KAMOL: Yes, she takes the ring in her hand and puts it on. That is all, mind! She had a child under her heart, she was pregnant... Then they live as man and wife for forty days and forty nights... Sūhrob leaves her and goes there, you know, to Iran. He crosses the river Amu and starts to fight Rustam. Rustam says three times:

“Whose son are you? Where are you from?!”

“Why do you ask for my ancestry?” – Sūhrob says in anger, and he grabs Rustam by the head.

Immediately Rustam says:

“Heroes fight this way: they seize each other and let go again”.

Quickly Sūhrob says:

“See, I let go again” – he says this and lets go.

Then, all of a sudden, Rustam sees his chance and hits Sūhrob to the ground and, without thinking of the consequences, he stabs him with his dagger. He had had enough of it you know. After all, Rustam was a world champion.

In [Sührob] hamin ki Rustamro ba boloi saraš mebardorad va poi Rustam az zamin kanda mešavad, xud ba xud megūyad: «Ūh! az in muram behtar ast!». Dar hamin vaqt bo xanjar Sührob mezanad. Sührob dar hamon holat megūyad:

«Hoy nomard! – megūyad, Sührob – padaram, Rustam, našud-diya!» – megūyad.

«Ah!» – megūyad. Holo Rustam dar boloi Sührob ast. Xanjarro az badani ū nagiriftaast. Rustam takror mekudad:

«Padaram, Rustam. Padar, Rustam...»

«Man bačai Rustam... ha, ana man Zarinabonuya [rovī ba ivazi Tahmina Zarina-bonu megūyad] bačeš».

«Ūh!» – megūyad Rustam, vaqte ki Sührob nomi Zarinabonuro girift. Rustam megūyad:

«Ūh!» – megūyad – tu az Samangon?»

Darrav Rustam harkat mekunad:

«Nūšdorī biyor!» – megūyad.

Yak tan ba borgohi podšoh asp metozonad «nūšdorī ber» gufta.

Rustam megiryad, menoladu megūyad, ki: «bači xudamro xudam xanjar zadam, ki to davri qiyomatro, in raftor az nomi man nameravad. In yak nang šud baroi man».

Odame, ki baroi nūšdorū meraft aspašro ba yak šoxi daraxt basta megūyad:

«E, dar kusi modaraš» – ba xudo tavba kardamu – «az baroi in [murda], man asp medavonam? Dar in rūzi garmo?».

In mard lingi xudro bolo bardošta, xurrok kašida xob meravad. To in lahza Sührob memurad. Rustam baroi Sührob mesūzad, misli kabob biryon mešavad. Xele norohat šuda, ba laškari xud amr medihad. Čunon mejangad, ki laškari Afrosiyobro az čor his yake ham namemonad. Tamomi laškarro ba daryoi Amu ġarq mekunad. Rustam čor xoharzoda došt, ki har yaki vay ba misli aždahor, hatto az Rustam ziyod bud. In čor tan az čor taraf, laškarro ihota karda, na pas raftan memonand, na peš raftan memonand, na pahlū naštan memonand; mezanand, yaksonašro mekašand. Ana az injo Afrosiyob, maġlub šuda, bo saru rūi čūbxūrda dar podšohii hamin Samarqand memonad.

Az bayn 10-12 sol meguzarad. Yak ruz, ana aknun hodisae mešavad...

When Sūhrob grabbed Rustam by the head and his feet were lifted from the ground, Rustam had said unintentionally: "Oh! I'd rather die!". At that moment he stabbed Sūhrob with his dagger. Sūhrob, stabbed, says:

"Hey, you coward! If only Rustam, my father, was here!"

"Ah!" – Rustam says. Now he is bending over Sūhrob. He had not yet taken the dagger out of Sūhrob's body. Rustam repeats:

"My father, Rustam... what do you mean... father, Rustam..."

"I am the son of Rustam... yes, and the son of Zarinabonu [the story-teller says Zarinabonu instead of Tahmina]"

"Oh!" – Rustam says, when Sūhrob speaks of Zarinabonu. Rustam says:

"Oh!" – he says – "Are you from Samangan?"

All at once Rustam moves:

"Bring something to drink!" – he says.

A man hastens his horse to the court of the king, all the while shouting "Bring something to drink"!

Rustam cries and wails, saying: "I stabbed my own son with a dagger, and until the day of resurrection, this act will be identified with my name. This is a disgrace for me".

The man who went to fetch something to drink ties his horse to a tree and says:

"God damn it" – he swears – "Do I have to hurry up my horse for him there? In this heat?"

This man takes off his clothes, has something to eat and goes to sleep. And then Sūhrob dies. Rustam is in deep grief over Sūhrob, he is burning from grief like roasted meat. He becomes very angry and commands his army. He fights in such a way that none of the four battalions of Afrosiyob's army remain. The whole army drowns in the river Amu. Rustam had four nephews, each of whom fought like dragons; they were even stronger than Rustam. These four surrounded the army from four sides, so that no one could go forwards or backwards. They beat them to a pulp. Afrosiyob, vanquished, remains thereafter in his kingdom in Samarkand, his head and face beaten.

Ten or twelve years pass. And one day, this is what happens ...

Inro monedu gapro az in jo šunaved...

Pisari Turkonxotun tavallud mešavad. Nomašro xudi modar intixob mekunad. Modar megūyad, ki nomi pisaram Barzu. [*Rovī ma'nii nomro šarh medihad: Barzu ba ma'noi barzagov ast! Ya'ne buqqai [govi nari] dağal, ki hangomi šudgori zamin istifoda mešavad va haqqi xudro judo karda megirad. Az baroi hamin nomi bačaro Barzui dehqon megūyand. Barzu dar dehqonī dar maqomi avval bud, ki dar haštsolagias̄ zamin merond. Bo bel zamin poybel karda, az zamin hosil megirift.*]

Hamin tavr hokimi mintaqai Xūjabulğon, ki dar on tarafi hamvorī [rovi bo dastaš ba samti ġarbii dehai Pasurxī išorat mekunad], joe hast ba nomi Yakkatut va yak tut dorad, in tut ham az zamoni xele qadim mondagī, megūyad:

«Rav – megūyad hokim – hamin zaminro kišt kunu xūr! Tu misli naberaī man bošī».

Hamin tavr Barzu bo modaraš dar haminjo omada, zaminro kišt karda, zindagii xudro peš mebarad. Dar fasli tiramoh, dar yak taraf xarbuza, dar yak taraf tarbuz, dar yak taraf handalak, dar yak taraf bodiring, dar yak taraf sabča [xarbusai nopuxta] hosil farovon ast. Barzu dar yak sū xob ast. Az garmii havo arağ kardagī.

Podšoh – Afrosiyob dar hamin tiramoh bar ziddi Eronšoh, ba muqobili Rustam boz ham laškar mekašad.

Afrosiyob ba hamin mintaqā meoyad:

«Heeey – megūyad ba vaziraš – dar haminjo hamrohi Sührob omada budem – megūyad – boz haminjo omadem» – megūyad.

Ū az Turkonxotun va pisaraš [Barzu] tamoman bexabar ast! Ba'd megūyad, ki:

«Ey – megūyad – dar kujo čize bošad, ki dahani xudro širin kunem».

Aknun mexohand, ki pas az gūšt va xūrokhoi digar yak čizi širin, xarbuza xūrand.

«Ha, baloi šumo dar jonam, paydo mekunem... Eh – megūyad vazir ba xizmatgoraš – dar hamon mahali Yakkatut xele farovon ast. Az hamin balandī guzared mebined».

Az mintaqai Sarğiyozī odamoni Afrosiyob poyon nišeb mešavand. Hamin, dūstam [murojiati rovi ba šunavanda], sesad kas yakbora mebiyod ba zamini Barzu. Sesad aspakī az laškari Afrosiyob. Sesad tan yakbora hamin tavr meoyadu...

Listen to my words...

The son of Turkonxotun is born. His name is chosen by his mother. His mother says, my son's name will be Barzu. [*The storyteller explains the meaning of the name: Barzu means young bull! That is a wild bull, who works the land and earns his keep that way. That is why they say that he is Barzu the farmer. Barzu was first in farming – when he was eight years old he was tilling the land. He works the soil with his spade, and reaps the earth.*]

And so it happens that the governor of the region of Xūjabulḡon yonder, in the direction of the plain [*the storyteller points to the west of the village of Pasurxi*], where you can find a place called Yakkatut with a mulberry tree, a very old mulberry tree, says:

“Go on” – this governor says – “Work the land and eat from it. You will be like a grandson to me”.

So Barzu and his mother came here, and they worked the land, and lived their lives. In autumn, there was a patch of melons, a patch of watermelons, a patch of honeydew melons, a patch of cucumber, a patch of bitter melons – the harvest was plenty. Barzu slept in a corner. He was all sweaty from the heat.

That autumn, the king Afrosiyob had marched against Rustam and against Iran again.

Afrosiyob comes to this region:

“Heeey” – he says to his minister – “We have been here with Sūhrob” – he says – “And now we have come here again” – he says.

He was entirely unaware of Turkonxotun and her son! Then he says:

“Ey” – he says – “Where can we find something sweet to eat?”

They wanted to have something sweet, melons, after a meal of meat and other food.

“We will surely find you something ... Hey” – the minister says to his servant – “In this region of Yakkatut there is plenty. Go up there and have a look”.

The people of Afrosiyob step down from the land of Sarḡiyozī. Now, my friend [*the storyteller turns to the listener*], three hundred people suddenly come to the land of Barzu. Three hundred horsemen from the army of Afrosiyob. Three hundred men come all at once like this and ...

[*rovī ba šunavanda mefahmonad: hamin boği Nurillo, megüem, dar zamoni amiri Buxoro in mintaqā boği Nurilloboy bud*], dar poyoni hamin boğ in sesad tan pahn mešavad, sip-siyoh! Šaqar-šaqar-šaqar-šaqar, vağur-vağur, aspho hingir-hingir mekunand. Yak zamon Barzu, ki xob bud bedor mešavad, mana in tavr karda [*rovī bo išorati dastaš nišon medihad*] ba modaraš megüyad:

«Oča, vay či gap?» – megüyad.

«A, bačam – megüyad – baromda bin. Yak balo zer karda omadast» – megüyad modar.

«Kujoro?» – megüyad Barzu.

«Palakro, hamaro poymol kard» – megüyad modar.

«Eh, či vay?» – megüyad Barzu – xayr, yakta-duta girifta, meraftagist-diya – megüyad – rahguzar budagist» – megüyad.

«Ne! – megüyad – hama joro poymol kard, xez! odam boš!» – megüyad oča, dodu voy gufta fiğon bardošt.

«E, modaram baroi či in tavr guft» – gufta, az joyaš mexezad, ki daruni palak hamin asp medavad; ba'zero asp kafond, ba'zero nobud kard. Ana ba'd Barzu megüyad:

«Ûy-üy! Pahlavonho, šumo rahguzar-mī, xarbusaxūr-mī, tarbuzxūr-mī, o, az sohibaš yak dahan pursida, ūro rozī karda gireton namešavad-mī? O in qadar poymol nakuned, baroi mo ham boqī monad» – megüyad.

In hamin yak kaloni pešvoi onho, ki dar boloi asp xudro kašola karda meistod ba Barzu megüyad:

«E širmak! [kūdak!] Inro mo ba šohi olam mebarem! Ba tu kī yod dodast in gaphoro» – gufta, hamin omada Barzuro yak qamčīn mezanad.

In hamin qamčīnro ba hamin tarafaš, mana ba hamin tarafi rūyaš mezanad [*rovī bo dast nišon medihad*]. Kame ta'sir mekunad, bo qamčīn ba kift mezanad, vale ba rūy merasad.

«Ûūh!» – megüyad Barzu, obi čašmaš meburod az zarbi qamčīn. Ba'd megüyad, ki:

«Ee, ham ba palakam daroed! Ham poymol kuned! Ham duzdī kuned! Ham boz manro qamčīn zaned, ee?! Xayr, mani širmak, ba tu ham yak šir makonam» – megüyad.

[*The storyteller explains to the listener: we say that the garden of Nurillo, in the time of the emir of Bukhara, this land was the garden Nurilloboy*], at the far end of this garden these three hundred men disperse, all is black! The pounding of hooves everywhere, the whinnying of horses. Suddenly Barzu is startled from his slumber, this way [*the storyteller shows how with his hand*] and says to his mother:

“Mother, what is this?” – he says.

“Hey child” – she says – “Go out and have a look. Some disaster has befallen us” – his mother says.

“Whereabouts?” – Barzu says.

“The fields, they have been trampled” – his mother says.

“So what?” – Barzu says – “Well, if someone takes a few things, and leaves, all right” – he says – “It is a passing place” – he says.

“No!” – she says – “Everything has been trampled upon, come on, rise, be a man!!” – his mother says amidst shouting and wailing.

“Why does my mother act so strangely” – Barzu says, rising from his seat. In the field a horse is running, damaging and destroying the melon beds. When he sees that, he says:

“Hey hey! Heroes, you are passing through the fields, taking some melons and watermelons, so be it, but wouldn't it be an idea to ask the owner for permission? And do not trample the field in this manner, leave something for us to eat as well!” – he says.

One of the horsemen, their leader, who is busy hoisting himself onto his horse, says to Barzu:

“Hey you baby boy! We bring this to the king of the world! Who has taught you to speak like this?” – this man says, as he walks towards Barzu and slaps him on the face.

He had his whip on his side, and he hits him on the face here [*the storyteller shows how*]. It would not have hurt much if he had hit him on the shoulder as he meant to, but instead he hit him on the face.

“Ouch!” – says Barzu, and tears well up in his eyes from the blow of the whip. Then he says:

“Well well! Come into my fields! Trample the fields! Steal the crops! And then hit me as well eh?! Fine, if I am a baby, I will let you taste some milk too!” – he says.

Yak belaš budast, hamin sari belro zada mešikanad, bo dastai bel onhoro «qadama tayoq» [nomi bozi] mekunad. Ya'ne bo dastai bel, ki misli tayoqi [čübi] bozi ast onhoro mezanad.

Az hamai onho, az sesad kas, faqat 13 kas ba zür gurexta xalos mešavad. Hama peši podšoh meravand – sar kafidagi, dast šikastagi, girya kardagi.

«O, ha? Či šud?» – mepursad podšoh.

«E, hamin tavr šud» – javob medihand.

Ba'd podšoh, Afrosiyob, yakbora haštsad kasro mefarmoyad:

«Raved – megūyad – hamrohi xonu monaš torumor karda, ba xonaaš otaš monda girifta biyoed» – megūyad.

Ba'd Pironi Gesa megūyad:

«Isto-isto – megūyad, qur'a mepartoyad – dar qur'ai man on tavr nest» – megūyad.

Vay folbin budagi-diya, zür folbin budagi.

«Ha» – megūyad.

«In az nasli Sührob ast – megūyad, in az Turkonxotun šudagi – megūyad – on haštsad, yo hazor, jam' dah hazor laškar ham bifiristi ba yak puli nočiz arziš nadorad – megūyad – magar xudi tu nadidi, ki az sesad kas senzdah kas mond?» – megūyad.

«Ha» – megūyad podšoh.

«Ba yak tanga namegirad – megūyad Piron – bo yak dastai bel in qadar odamro zad – megūyad – mana in šohidho megūyand – megūyad – agar bo xudi bel mezad, boqimonda ham zinda namemond, – megūyad – biduni bel zadatast – megūyad – rioyat kardast» – megūyad.

«Či mekunem? Gir! Mana haštsad kasro, xudat birav» – megūyad podšoh.

«Ore, – megūyad – ba man hašsad kas darkor ne» – megūyad Piron.

Piron az sipohi, az odamoni nağz-nağz 80 kasro megiradu hamin ba aspho savor šuda, hamin bo aroba-mi, kajoba-mi tavassuti inu on xudaš omada, ovoz barovarda Barzuro da'vat mekunad:

«Üüü dehqon! Ü polizkor! Ana, bačam, ha in taraf baroyed».

«Ha, salomaleykum, valeykumassalom» – javob medihad Barzu.

He takes a spade, breaks off the upper part of it and starts beating them with the spade's handle as if he was playing a game of croquet.

Of all the horsemen present, three hundred in all, only thirteen could flee, and not without trouble. These thirteen went to the king, their heads injured and their hands broken, and crying out loud.

"Hey now, what has happened?" – the king asks.

"So-and-so happened" – they answered.

Then the king, Afrosiyob, immediately summons eight hundred soldiers:

"Go" – he says – "Wreck his house and his belongings, set fire to it and come back again" – he says.

Then Piron son of Gesa says:

"Stop, wait a minute" – he says. "It has been predicted otherwise" – he said. He was a soothsayer, he could read the signs really well.

"All right" – the king says.

"He is born from Sūhrob and from Turkonxotun" – he says – "It does not matter whether you send eight hundred, a thousand or all your army of ten thousand" – he says – "Haven't you seen how only thirteen horsemen were left out of three hundred?" – he says.

"Well, yes" – the king says.

"He is not to be caught easily" – Piron says – "Just with a spade's handle he blew away so many people" – he says – "Look at what these witnesses say" – he says – "If he would have hit them with the spade proper, no one would have survived" – he says – "He did not hit them with the spade" – he says – "He has been considerate" – he says.

"What can we do? Come on! Take these eight hundred, and go by yourself" – the king says.

"Yes, fine" – he says – "But I do not need eight hundred men" – Piron says.

Piron takes eighty men from the army, good men, and they go on horseback, and they take carts and baskets. They arrive at Barzu and invite him outside:

"Hey farmer! Worker of the land! Hey boy, come here".

"Greetings to you" – Barzu answers.

Ba oğūš kašida voxūrī mekunad, Barzu hayron memonad. Mebinad, ki yak odami mūsafedi nuronī.

«E, o, hamin, mo hamin tavr yak rohguzar budem az Samarqand omada budem, hamrohi šohi olam. Hamin či tavr mešavad, ki du-se xarbuza-mī, tarbuz-mī, hadaha ba mo marhamat kuned. – (*aka [rovī ba šunavanda murojiat mekunad], hamin Piron dar xalta tillo burda bud, ana dided-mī, dar čandin xalta*) – mana xudaton šumorida gired» – guft Piron.

Barzu hayron memonadu mepursad:

«O, hamin holo yak gurūh odam omad hamonho ham az šumo bud-mī?»

Piron javob medihad:

«E, mohon onhoro namedonem! Moro šohi olam firistod. Onho kī namedonem, mana man xudam omadam. O, magar baroi šoh az in xarbuzzavu tarbuz bo rizoyati xud nadihad mešavad-mī? Pursida giri halol mešavad, odamon ba hamdigar payvand mešavand...»

Barzu [xaltai tilloro dida] hayron memonad.

«Gired, bačem, gired. Mana, harči mexohed gired. Moyon az palaki šumo ba in asp, ba in xar ham megirem, šumo pulašro gired» – megūyad Piron.

Ana, mardonagii Barzu dar hamin jo in ast, ki yak tanga namegirad. Barzu megūyad:

«E padari buzurgvor – megūyad – manro, ki polizdor hisob karda, šumo, ki az hisobi podšohi olam – megūyad – ba hamin jo omaded, man dar tahti dasti hamin podšoh bošam, pul giriftan ba man joiz nest» – megūyad.

«A, jon? Joiz nest? O barakallo» – megūyad Piron – marhamat, ba aroba suvor šaved, qasr ravem. Ba sūhbatī podšoh. YAK muloqot kuned».

Ana, intro šunida modaraš megūyad:

«Xayr, bačem, birav – megūyad. Az modar ijozat megirad. Modar ijozat medihad. Be ijozati modar nameraft. Turkonxotun megūyad – xayr bačem ixtiyor dorī birav».

Ba'd Barzu ba aroba savor šuda meravad. Ana, ba on jo merasad. Afrosiyob hamin tavr mebinadu badanaš važži [larza] mekunad.

He meets him and embraces him, and Barzu is surprised. He sees a radiant old man.

“We were just passing from Samarqand, with the king of the world. How would it be, if you would offer us a few melons and watermelons? – (*brother [the storyteller turns to the listener], Piron had brought a sack full of gold, you see, a few sacks full*) – And take this in return, count it yourself” – Piron says.

Barzu is astonished and asks:

“The group who just passed by, did they belong to you?”

Piron answers:

“We do not know them! We have been sent by the king of the world. We do not know them, I came by myself. Would it not be possible to give a few of these melons and watermelons? If we ask politely, please take it, it would be an honour, we bring people together ...”

Barzu, who has seen the sacks of gold, is astonished.

“Take it, my boy, take it. Come on, take whatever you want. We take from this field, on horseback, on donkeys – you get paid for it” – Piron says.

But Barzu was a chivalrous man, and he would not take a penny. He says:

“Honourable father” – he says – “You have come here from the ranks of the king of the world, to me, a farmer – I am a servant of the same king, and I cannot accept money” – he says.

“Dear boy? You cannot? God bless you” – Piron says – “Come on, get in the cart, we will go to the palace. To meet the king”.

When she hears this his mother says:

“Right my child, go” – she says. He asks permission from his mother. His mother grants permission. He would not have gone without it. Turkonxotun says – “All right child, you are free to go”.

Then Barzu gets in the cart and leaves. They arrive at the palace. Afrosiyob sees him coming and trembles all over.

«Ūh! – megūyad, haybati [vajohat, tana] in 70 marotiba az Rustam ham ziyod ast-ku – megūyad – va holon ki sinnu soli in bača xurd ast» – megūyad.

Ba hamin tariq Barzui dehqon ba monandi Sūhrob xušrūy, xušqomat, zebo, nest. Barzu dabang [kaltavu farbeh], misli ġūl, zarang [tarang], siyohguna, ba monandi gov [kalon]. Hamin tavr ġūb-ġūla [kaltavu farbeh] ast. Barzu ba misli Sūhrob ba tojik monand nest, Barzu ba ūzbek monand ast. Ba'd ana Pironi Gesa megūyad:

«In [Barzu] – megūyad – misli modaraš ast, ba padar monand nest – megūyad – ba modar monand.

«Ore» – megūyand.

Ba'd Barzu mešinad.

«Akun intro či xel az sanjiš guzaronem?» – megūyad podšoh.

Mašvarat mekunand. Baroi dilxuši šoirhoro ba darbor da'vat mekunand, to ki Barzuro imtihon kunand. Ba'd megūyand, ki har yaki šumo dar yak vazni še'ri yak čizro ta'rif kuned. Ba'd ba Barzu ham megūyand, ki kanī marhamat tu ham čize ġūy.

Akun Barzu podšogī-mošogiro kore nadorad-diya, čunki dar dašt gaštaġī. [Ziyofati kalon, mehmonho ziyod, har kas har čiz mexūrad]. Barzu ham ba ġūšae meravadu yak soni yak ġūsfandi kuštaġiro kašola karda ba nazdi deg meoyad, ki yak ošpaz, mana in tavr [rovī bo dastaš sixkabob puxtanro nišon medihad] kabob, sixkabob karda istodaast. In ham hamon soni ġūsfandro ba peši ū meguzoradu vay baroyaš kabob puxta medihadu Barzu kabobxūri mekunad. Hamin tavr, na dar nazdi podšoh mešinad, na hamrohi darboriyoni digar mešinad, na ba sari dastarxon meoyad.

Šab bazmi šoiron šurū' šud, yake megūyad:

«Dar jahon! Ovozi či beh bošad?! Odam šnavadu orom girad?»

Yake megūyad:

«Ovozi bulbul bošad».

«Ha, bale! Ba in kas yak sarhang [sanduqčai javohirot] dihed».

«[Ovozi] duyum či bošad?»

«Ovozi nay bošad».

«Ha, bale! Ba in kas ham yak sarhang dihed».

“Wow!” – he says – “He is seventy times as big as Rustam” – he says – “While he is still a small boy” – he says.

Barzu the farmer was not as beautiful and tall as Sūhrob. He was coarse, rough, a squat figure, but huge, like a ghoul, blackish, big as a cow. Coarse and stocky he was. Barzu did not look like a Tajik like Sūhrob, he resembled an Uzbek. Then Piron son of Gesa says:

“This boy” – he says – “Looks like his mother, he has no resemblance to his father” – he says – “He is like his mother”.

“Indeed” – they say.

Then Barzu sits down.

“Now how can we test him?” – the king says.

They discuss this matter. As an entertainment, they invite poets to the court, so that they can test Barzu. They tell the poets to each compose a poem in praise of something. Then they tell Barzu to do the same.

Now, Barzu had nothing to do with kings and courts, since he had been brought up in the wild. [*There was a great banquet, with many guests, and everything is eaten by everyone of them*]. Barzu moves away to the corner and comes to the cooking pot with a piece of fresh mutton. There, a cook is busy preparing roasted meat. They exchange meat and Barzu starts to eat the meat. Thus, he does not sit with the king, or with the other courtiers or near the banquet itself.

At night the poets' feast begins, and one man says:

“In the world! What would be the best sound? To listen to and relax?”

A man says:

“That would be the nightingale's song”.

“Oh yes! Give him a box”.

“And secondly, what would be the best sound?”

“The sound of the reed-flute”.

“Oh yes! Give this man a box too”.

Barzu gap namezanad, kabobašro in tavr [rovī tarzi xūrdani kabobro nišon medihad] xūrda istodaast. Baʿd dar nazdi Barzu kase bud, ki ba tagi deg otaš meguzoš, az vay mepursad:

«Sarhangaš čī vay?» – megūyad Barzu.

«Eee! – megūyad – tu holo namedonī-mī?» – megūyad on kas.

«Namedonam».

«Dar daruni vay tillo tanga hast» – megūyad.

«Baroi čī medihad, inro?» – megūyad.

«Baroi gapi hamon».

«Eh, in podšoh axmoq budast» – megūyad Barzu.

«E dam, dam, dam, dam ovoz nabaror».

«E axmoq buday-e! – megūyad, ki – baroi ovozi bulbul guftan, ovozi nay guftan – megūyad – yak-yak sarhang medodaast» – megūyad Barzu.

Baʿd, boz digare megūyad:

«Dar jahon būi čī foram bošad, xušrūy bošad, muattar bošad?!»

Baʿd boz yaki digaraš megūyad:

«Ovozi atirgul bošad, būi atirgul».

Baʿd Barzu in tavr nigoh mekunad. YAke megūyad:

«Atirgulob xuš ast!»

«Ore, ba inho ham sarhang».

Hamin seyumašro nagufta. Barzu yakbora čī megūyad?

«E laʿnat, ba donohoe misli šumo. Šohi jahonro – megūyad – ba xoki tira [xira, barobar] kardī hamai tu – megūyad – firebgarī kardī. Na, in tavr ne, – megūyad – dar maydoni jang ovozi asp xuš bošad, nazar ba nayu bulbuli tu! Na, in tavr ne, balki xuni dušmana dar maydon rexta, mamlakatro az dušman toza kardan xub bošad az atirguli tu!».

Pironi Gesa megūyad:

«Fahm – megūyad [ba podšoh] – fahm – megūyad – az mor morbača merūyad – megūyad – fahm, ki – megūyad – hozira xudaš aždaho šud, zaminu zamonro [čappa mekunad]...»

«Čī gufta istodaast? – megūyad podšoh [fikrkunon]. – Ore-ore-ore-ore-ore» – megūyad podšoh.

Barzu does not speak, he is eating his roasted meat in this way [*the storyteller shows how he handles his meat*]. Near Barzu there was a man who was maintaining the fire under the cooking pot. Barzu asks him:

"Why a box?" – Barzu says.

"Hey!" – he says – "Don't you know now?" – That person says.

"I do not".

"There are golden coins in the box" – he says.

"Why does he give them away?" – Barzu says.

"For the words these men spoke".

"Hey, this king must be stupid" – Barzu says.

"Keep quiet! Do not speak".

"He must be stupid, or not! – he says – "he gives away a box to someone just because they said 'the song of the nightingale' or the 'sound of reed-flute'" – Barzu says.

Then another one says:

"Which scent in the world is the best, the most pleasant and beautiful?!"

Then another one answers:

"That will be the scent of a fragrant flower, the scent of a sweet-smelling flower".

Then Barzu pulls a face. Someone else says:

"Scented rosewater is pleasant!"

"Yes, a box to them as well".

The third one had not said anything. And what does Barzu say suddenly?

"Damn you, you so-called wise men. You mistreat and deceive the king of the world, all of you" – he says – "You know what" – he says – "The sound of a horse in the battlefield is best, compared to your flute and nightingale! You know what, the blood of the enemy spilled on the battlefield, the kingdom empty of enemies, that is better than your sweet-smelling flowers!"

Piron son of Gesa says:

"Understand" – he says [*to the king*] – "Understand" – he says – "From a snake a snake will grow" – he says – "Understand that" – he says – "Now he himself has become a dragon, all will be reversed...".

"What is he saying?" – the king says [*pondering*] – "Yes, certainly" – the king says.

Ba'd az xūrokhūrī čor kas Barzuro majburī ba holaš namonda nazdi podšoh mebarand.

«Ne, manro hamin jo xub ast...»

«Ne-ne garded».

Hamin dar nazdi podšoh kabobu inu vayu šarobu har či. Ba'd Barzu megūyad:

«Man in šarobxūriya namedonam – megūyad – man nadidaam – megūyad – ba man xarbuza biyor, tarbuz biyor» – megūyad.

«Ha, ne [az inho marhamat]».

«Ne – megūyad – kabobatro biyor injo – megūyad – mexūrem» – megūyad.

Hama xūrdan megirand. Ana ba'd Pironi Gesa mepursad:

«Bačem, joni bobo, hamin hamrohi mo, hamin dar safar, hamin hamroh šuda, hamin ba laškar sardori karda, pešravī mekuned, yo ne?» — megūyad.

Ba'd Barzu megūyad:

«Man az modari buzurg pурсam, kanī ruxsat medihand?».

Ba'd Peroni Gesa megūyad:

«Ore, ore pursed».

Ana ba'd inho dar hamin jo mešinand. Pironi Gesa dar yak aroba bo hamrohii čand nafar meravad nazdi modari Barzu. Ana bined, ki hamin Pironi Gesa yak hamyon tanga-tiloro girifta bo čand kas pinhonī nazdi modari Barzu meravad. On jo ki meravad Turkonxotun, ki modar ast, megiryad. Ba'd ba dasti Turkonxotun hamtu hamyonro medihadu megūyad:

«Ey, duxtaram, inro gired to oxiri umraton merasad. Lekin šohi olam hamin tavr guftand, agar rad kuned, ajab ne, ki šohi olam dušmani šumo šavad».

Ana pas az hamin gapro zadani Pironi Gesa, Turkonxotun dar hayrat memonad. Voqean ham rost, vay podšoh ast. Agar qasd [dušmanī] kunad, tamom. Piron megūyad:

«Hamon podšoh barqasd našavad. Az baroi hamin, tūhfaro gired. Duoi nek dihed, mo sihat salomat ba safar baroem. – Dar onjo ba domi Rustam mebaram, namegūyad. – Ba yak sayohate meravemu meoyem, megūyad».

«O inro, in liboshoyaš namešavad, ba vay či libose mešavad?» – megūyad podšoh.

«E ba in kori šumo nabošad» – megūyad Piron.

After the meal four men bring Barzu to the king, against his will.

“No, I am fine here ...”

“No, no, move”.

Those sitting with the king were eating meat and drinking, all kinds of things. Barzu says:

“I do not know the customs of drinking wine” – he says – “I have never seen it” – he says – “Bring me melons and watermelons” – he says.

“Whatever you like”.

“No” – he says – “Bring your roasted meat here” – he says – “We will eat” – he says.

They all start to eat. Piron son of Gesa asks:

“My child, my dear, would you go with us, on an expedition, as the leader of our army?” – he says.

Barzu answers:

“I will ask my great mother, see if she grants permission”.

Then Piron son of Gesa says:

“All right, ask her”.

Then they sit there. Piron son of Gesa gets in a cart with a few men to go to the mother of Barzu. See, how this Piron son of Gesa goes to the mother of Barzu, in secret, with a purse of gold coins. When he gets there, Turkonxotun, the mother, is crying. He hands over the purse to Turkonxotun and says:

“Hey, my girl, take this, it will be enough for you until the end of your life. But the king of the world has ordered this, and if you refuse, it is likely that he will become your enemy”.

After these words from Piron son of Gesa, Turkonxotun is surprised. It is the truth, he is the king. If he turns against them, it would be the end. Piron says:

“To be sure that the king will not be an enemy, take this gift. Say a good prayer, so that we will start our journey safely”. He did not say that they would go after Rustam. “We are going on an expedition and will come back again” – he said”.

“But he cannot go in these clothes, in what kind of clothes can he go?” – the king says.

“You should not worry about that” – Piron says.

«Xub-xub» – megūyad podšoh.

Pas az in Barzuro ba xonaaš barmegardonand. Aknun, «xudo ba šumo umr dihad» [murojiat ba šunavandaho], kadome az namoyandai laškar libosi Sūhrob va aspašro [pas az kušta šudanaš] ovarda ba padari Turkonxotun doda budand. Ba'd in libosi xunoludro ovarda ba modari [Barzu] doda budand. In libos, aspaš dar hamin jo, dar gūšae budast. Hamai dūzandai ūzbakhoro jam' mekunand, yak pūstin medūzand baroi Barzu, Barzui dehqon. Yak pūstin medūzand, muvofiқи andozai Barzu, ki in pūstro, oš dodagī [*oš dodan, ya'ne ba rūi pūst sabūsu namak molidan va onro dabboḡī kardan*], pūsti naḡz, pūsti naḡz, baquvvat. [Barzu] mepūšad pūstinro. Pūstinro in tavr pūšida, ba'd mana in in tavr mekunad [*rovī du kitfašro ba peš mekašad, tarzi pūšidanro nišon medihad*] pūstin parra-parra medarad.

«E, xudo» – megūyad Barzu.

Ana ba'd ba modaraš, Turkonxotun, megūyand, ki:

«Hamon libosi avvali pahlavon [Sūhrob] bo aspaš či šud?»

«Holo istodast. Niḡah došta mondem» – javob medihad.

Zud girifta meoyand. Hamin libosi padarašro mepūšad, dar tanaš xeles munosib, gūyo qolab girifta bošand. [Barzu] ba asp mešinad, bemalol. Ba ḡayr az in asp [aspi Sūhrob], aspi digar ūro bardošta nametavonist. Bo hamin bo in asp ūro az in jo girifta, az daryoi Amu meguzarand. Az daryoi Amu meguzarandu ana ba domi Rustam meravad. Ana ba'd rafta, dar maydoni jang medaroyad. Dar maydoni jang medaroyad, saf mekašand. Ana az on taraf yak zamone Rustam meoyad. Yak hašamat, yak haybat, Raxši Rustam harraz [ovozi asp] zada, az čašmonaš otaš meparad.

Barzu hayroooooon memonadu fikr mekunad: «Dar in daruni laškari Afrosiyob in xel odamro nadidaam, in či xel odam budast?». Ana ba'd rū ba rū mebeyadu ba'd [Rustam] megūyad, ki:

«Naslu nasabatro ba man fahmon» – megūyad Rustam.

Ana aknun Barzu naslu nasabro namedonad, hič čize namedond. Turkonxotun medonad, inro Sūhrob medonad. Barzu hayron memonad. Narxašro napursida [daf'atan]:

«Mana, naslu nasabi man» – gufta, [Barzu] hamin ba Rustam yak gurzi havola mekunad-de.

"All right" – the king says.

Then they bring Barzu back home. Now, saying "May God grant you a long life" [*the storyteller turns to the listeners*], a soldier returned the clothes and the horse belonging to Sührob to the the father of Turkonxotun [after he was killed]. They gave these bloodstained clothes to the mother of Barzu. These clothes and his horse were put away somewhere in the house. Then, they gathered all the Uzbek seamstresses to sew a leather suit for Barzu, Barzu the farmer. They sew a leather suit in his size having prepared the leather. It was fine strong leather. Barzu tries on the suit. He puts it on like this, and then he does this [*the storyteller throws his shoulders forward to show how Barzu did this*] and the leather suit is torn apart.

"Oh God" – says Barzu.

Then they say to his mother, Turkonxotun:

"What happened to the clothes of that first champion [Sührob] and his horse?"

"They are still here. We have kept them safe" – she answers.

They collect them quickly. He puts on his father's clothes, and they fit him perfectly, like a glove. [Barzu] mounts the horse, without trouble. Apart from this horse [the horse of Sührob], no other horse could bear him. They take him away from there on this horse and they cross the river Amu. They cross the Amu to catch Rustam. They enter the battlefield. They form lines. Suddenly, Rustam comes from there. Enormous and frightening, Raxš , Rustam's horse, whinnies. His eyes ablaze with anger.

Barzu stands there, really surprised and he thinks: "I have never seen anyone like that in the army of Afrosiyob before, what kind of person could it be?". A little later they face each other and Rustam says:

"Tell me where you come from and tell me your ancestry" – Rustam says.

Now, Barzu knows nothing about his ancestry, nothing at all. Turkonxotun knows, Sührob knows this. Barzu is astonished. Without thinking of the consequences, he lifts up his axe to Rustam, saying:

"Here you go, this is my ancestry".

In, hamin gurzī meradu... in hamin naslu nasabat čī gufta... hamin qalqonro [siparro], dar havo dar dast girifta istoda ast, Rustam. Mahkam nabudagī-de. In hamin, az partoftani in [Barzu] bexabar. Hamin qalqon [sipari Rustam] yakbora ba kiftaš mezanad, zud megirad.

«Xay – megūyad – pagoh mebinem – megūyad Rustam donogī karda.

«Pagoh mebinem» – megūyad yak maydonro gird gašta, bozi karda.

In [Barzu] yak gurzī mepartod. Rustam hič čize namepartoyad.

Ana ba'd Pironi Gesa megūyad:

«Haaa! Bačem – megūyad – bačagī karded-a?» – megūyad.

«Ha?» – megūyad Barzu.

«Bo hamun gurzī dasti vay [Rustam] šal šud – megūyad – ūro megirted, basta megirted» – megūyad [Piron].

«Xayr, pagoh čī? – megūyad Barzu – Pagoh dar hamon maydon meoyad-mī, in [Rustam]? – megūyad – imrūz yak dastu bozu karda didem» – megūyad.

Yakdigara [dur mekunand]... [Barzu] mebeyad, kayf, safo, vadabang [xušholī]...

Rustam meravad mešinad, ġamgin mešavad. Ba'd Zavora guftagī yak jiyanaš mešavad. Ba'd intro megūyad, ki Rustam:

«Tu dar joi man – megūyad – saru libosi manro pūš – ba xudi Rustam monand budaast – lekin rišatro ma'lum nakunu ba manahat yak čizro hamin tavr giru – megūyad – Raxši manro gir. Muqobili tu meburomadagī – megūyad – dušman – megūyad – bisyor zūr – megūyad – lekin nayrangaš nest – megūyad – az nayrang gir, az xudi tu vay zūr ast, ki ehtiyot šav» – megūyad.

Ana pagoh, in [Zavora] bošad bo hamin niqob meoyad.

«He, – megūyad – dirūz yak dastatro šikastam, imrūz bo yak dasti digar omadī-mī?» – megūyad Barzu.

Ana ba'd Zavora meoyadu az in [Barzu] narxašro napursida [daf'atan, yakbora]:

«Tu ba man naslu nasabatro bunyod kun» – megūyad.

«Eee, xaaa, tu rūbasta-mī – megūyad – heee Rustam yakdasta šuda raftu libosu Raxšašro ba tu doda – megūyad – imrūz rūbasta karda firistod-mī – megūyad – eh-he-he!!!

There, the axe comes down and ... what did he say about ancestry ... Rustam stands there, his shield in the air, in his hand, but not firmly at all. He was not expecting Barzu to strike like this. All of a sudden, this shield lands on his shoulder and hits it, and he quickly withdraws it.

"All right" – he says – "We will see tomorrow" – Rustam says, wisely.

"We will see tomorrow" – he says and he goes around the battlefield, as if it is a game.

Barzu throws his axe. Rustam does not throw anything.

Then Piron son of Gesa says:

"Hey! My boy!" – he says – "what are you playing at?" – he says.

"What do you mean?" – Barzu answers.

"With that stroke of your axe his hand was injured" – he says – "You should have captured him, and tied him up" – he says [Piron].

"All right, what about tomorrow?" – says Barzu – "He will come tomorrow to that same battlefield, won't he?" – he says – "Today we have just seen a taste of what's in store for us" – he says.

They withdraw... Barzu is glad and joyful...

Rustam sits down, sad. He has a nephew called Zavora. Rustam tells him:

"You will go in my place" – he says – "Put on my clothes and headgear" – he resembled Rustam – "But do not show your beard and hide your chin" – he says – "And take my horse, Raxš. A very strong enemy" – he says – "Will come out" – he says – "And face you" – he says – "But he has no tricks to play" – he says – "Apart from that, he is stronger than you, so be careful" – he says.

The following day, it is Zavora who comes forward in a veil.

"Hey" – Barzu says – "Yesterday I broke your hand, have you come today with a new one?" – Barzu says.

Then Zavora comes forward and asks Barzu out of the blue:

"Tell me your ancestry: where do you come from" – he says.

"Hey, come on, you are the one with your face hidden beneath a veil" – he says – "So Rustam has become one-handed, and he has gone, and has given his clothes and his Raxš to you" – he says – "So today he has sent a veiled one" – he says – "Ha ha ha ha!!!"

Haaaaa!!! [rovī sadoyašro xele baland mekunad] – megūyad – ana pahlavone čun Rustamro koraš.

[Barzu] haštod man [1 man 3 kilo, dar ba'ze joyho farq mekunad] gurziro dar saraš čarx zanonda, ba osmon hav doda, fireb doda, boz az osmon dast girifta, inro [Zavoraro] zadani mešavad. In hamin gurzi omada ba gardani xudaš [Barzu] lüppī mezanad, ba ragi gardan! «Šilqī», az asp meğaltad. Rustam ba injo meistad, boz bo se jiyanaš, bo čorteš:

«Lağat [zer] kun!» – megūyad.

«Hay, onho» – [ovoz mebarorad Barzu].

«Lağat kun! – megūyad [Rustam] – az in amon nameyobi!».

Čor pahlavoni eronī hamin tavr tūr mepartoyad. Tūr partofta Barzuro lağat karda mebaranu [Rustam megūyad]:

«Bar, inro burda ba qamoq [zindon] andoz» – megūyad Rustam. Mebarand dar zindon, meandozand narxašro napursida [biduni savol javob]. Xudi Rustam ba kūhi Ğūron baroi čil rüz, baroi dastašro davo kardan meravad.

«Čilrūza, man ba kūh meravam, ba tamošo – megūyad [Rustam]. – Manro dar on jo tamošoyam hast».

Namefahmonad. Barzuro kulluk [*dastu poro, bo ham bastanro «kulluk» megūyand*] karda dar in jo mepartoyand. Ba in jo yak šaxse ba nomi Bahromi karbosfurūš bud. In karbos mefurūxt, ba kanori kūča barovarda. Inro yak xoharaš bud. Hamin har kase, ki ba dasti ū [Bahrom] giriftor šavad, har odame, ki man-manī dorad, du čatani ūro medarond. Ba'd [ba Bahrom] megūyad:

«Ba tu bovarī dorem – megūyad [Rustam] – hamin pahlavonro – megūyad – yagon in taraf on taraf karda metavoni, zūri tu merasad, az dastat meoyad. Lekin ozuq-avqoti haminro – megūyad – tu medihī».

«Xūb, ba jonu dil» – megūyad Bahrom.

Harrūza avqoti inro [Barzuro], [xohari Bahrom] ovarda, doda, megardad. Inu vay karda, xayr mešinad. Ba'd yak rüz, har rüz, hamtuuuu mešinad, dar on mahal... [hamin tavr vaqt meguzarad]...

Ana aknun gapro pursed az Turkonxotun. Hama [sarbozon] gašta mebeyand, saru rūi čūbxūrda. [Turkonxotun az sarbozon mepursad]: «Ha, bačem či šud, bačem či šud, bačem či šud?»

Oča-diya. Ba'd, ana inho [sarbozho] megūyand:

«Bačet namurdast, hičči našudast, ba zindon aftod».

“Haaaaa!!!” [*the storyteller raises his voice*] – he says – “Well that is typical of a champion like Rustam”.

Barzu swings his 240 kilo axe above his head, in the air; he plays with it, takes it down again planning to hit Zavora. But by mistake his axe comes down on his own neck, hitting his artery! “Wham!”, he falls from his horse. Rustam stands there, with three of his nephews, and they with four:

“Crush him!” – he says.

“Hey, you there” – [says Barzu].

“Hold him down!” – says Rustam – “You will not be able to escape him!”

Four Iranian champions throw a net around Barzu. With this net they hold him down and take him away.

“Take him away, throw him in prison” – Rustam says. They carry him to prison and throw him in without further ado. Rustam leaves for Ğūron, to stay there for forty days, to have his hand cured.

“I am off to the mountains for forty days to do some sight-seeing” – Rustam says – “I have something to see there”.

He did not explain. They throw Barzu in prison there, hands and feet shackled. In that place there lived a man named Bahrom the cottonseller. He sold cotton in the street. He had a sister. Every person who fell into the hands of this Bahrom, everyone who had offended him, was severely punished. Rustam says to Bahrom:

“We trust you” – he says – “You can manage this champion. But you are the one” – he says – “Who has to give him food”.

“With pleasure” – says Bahrom.

Every day the sister of Bahrom brings him food and returns. She does this and that, well, she sits with him. One day, every day, she sits there, just like that, in that place... [and so time passes]...

Now we go back to Turkonxotun.

All the soldiers had come back, heads and faces smashed up. [Turkonxotun asks the soldiers]:

“Well, what has become of my child, what happened to him?”

She was a mother you know. And the soldiers tell her:

“Your child is not dead, nothing happened to him, he is in prison”.

«Aaa? – megūyad – či tavr [majrūh] šud-mī?»

«Neee – megūyad – gurzi xudaš ba gardanaš zadu ġaltid, eroniho basta giriftand, zindon kardand. Ana ba'd oča megūyad:

«Ba xudo šukr, ki zindon ast [namurdast]. Yak roh yoftanam mumkin» – megūyad.

Ana modari Barzuro bined-diya donogiašro. «Yak roh yoftan mumkin» gufta, jim mešavad. Hamin xudaš ba bozor mebaroyad. Ba bozori asp. Dar hamin jo, hamin dar tarafi Boysun bozori asp ast. Meravad hamin ba yak ġūšae, daruni bozor namedaroyad, yakrū mešinad. Ba'd [ba] atrofihō, ba odamon, ba onho megūyad:

«Man – megūyad –yak aspro intixob kunam, šumohon – megūyad – haminro ba man girifta diheton».

Dar yak jo yak aspi kabud. Nomaš Gulibodom, lekin xoriš, loġar:

«Hamin aspro – megūyad – ba man girifta dihed».

Ba'd odame megūyad:

«O, beka [xonum] – megūyad – in aspro či mekuned?»

«Hey – megūyad – yak... nee – megūyad – haminro girifta dihed – megūyad – digar asp ba man darkor ne».

Aspohi naġz bud. Ba'd odame: «e hamin ham asp budast?» – megūyad. Ba yak puli hemirī [arzon] intro megiradu medihad. Ba'd [Turkonxotun] guft, ki:

«Mana gired, čand pul, gired, gired».

[Aspro] ovarda ba yak oxur jav, ba yak oxur tarbuz, xarbuza, bodiring, handalak hamin rexta memonad. Ana intro monda, bonī mekunad. Asp mana hamin tavr [rovī ba ma'nii «xub» naranguštašro nišon medihad] mešavad, tip-tik [farbeh] mešavad. Čor pahlavoni asptozi nayzazani qiličbadasti hamin gurziparronro meyobad. Ba'd megūyad:

«Aspro xunuk kuneton. Vaqti xunuk kardan, mašq kardan, ma'mus [masūh=sila] kuneton. Beštar – megūyad – az ob guzaštanro yod diheton ba asp».

«Xūb» – megūyand pahlavonho.

Ana inho bo asp az daryo guzaštan, jahidan, tozondan; hamin xunuk mekunand aspro, har čiz yod medihand. Ana ba'd saru libos, inu vay, julujabir mekunand, aspro.

“How come?” – she says – “How did he become injured?”

“No, no” – one of the soldiers says – “His own axe hit his neck and he fell, the Iranians took him and tied him up and threw him into prison”. Then the mother says:

“Thank God, that he is in prison and not dead. It is possible to find some way out” – she says.

Look at her – see how wise she is. “It is possible to find some way out” she says and disappears. She goes all by herself to the market. To the horse-market. Here, here, this side of Boysun there is a horsemarket. She goes to a corner, she does not enter the market itself, and sits down, her face partly hidden. She says to the people who are there:

“I” – she says – “I choose a horse, you” – she says – “Take it and give it to me”.

There was a horse which differed from the other horses. His name was Gulibodom, but he was mangy and meagre:

“This horse” – she says – “Take this one for me”.

One man says:

“My lady” – he says – “What are you going to do with this horse?”

“Hey” – she says – “I eeh ... no” – she says – “Bring me this horse” – she says – “I do not need another horse”.

There were nice horses. Then the man said: “Did you mean this horse?” – he asks. He obtained it for a good price and gives it to her. Then Turkonxotun says:

“Take this, take this money”.

She brings the horse to a stable with barley, melons, cucumbers, all this she arranges for him. She puts him in the stable and guards him. And so this horse becomes a fine horse, fat like this [*the storyteller signs that he became a top horse*]. She finds four champions who are good with horses and spears, shields and axes. She says:

“Tame this horse. When you tame him, when you train him, caress him. And above all” – she says – “Teach him how to cross water”.

“All right” – the champions say. And they start to tame this horse, teach him how to cross the river, how to jump and chase; they teach him everything. Then they adorn him with headgear and the appropriate equipment.

Yak rüz, ana in bošad, Turkonxotun, yak šabakī saru libosašro digar karda, ba simoi yak mardi qalandar daromada, ba dastaš yak nayza girifta, dar miyonaš az tah qilič basta, «yo hu, yo manhu!» gufta, ba sūi Tirmiz nigoh karda ravon mešavad. Ana hamin ba daryoi Amu rafta, rost rafta, aspro ba daryo meandozad. Asp mana hamin tavr [rovī az joyaš nimxez šuda misli asp harakat mekunad], junbida, junbida, junbida meravad; ū izangiro dar qoši zin meovezad, asp intro [Turkonxotunro] ba on taraf mebarorad. Xayr, aspro savor šuda bemalol ba Eron daromada meravad. Yak zan-diya, intro yak gadoy megūyand. Ba on jo meravadu in tarafro mebinad, on tarafro mebinad, bo irodai yazdoni pok rost ba peši hamin dūkoni Bahromi karbosfurūš merasad. Ba'd [Bahrom] megūyad ki:

«Hey kanī, qalandar – megūyad – či mexohī? Az kadomaš, alačaaš [alača=nomi mato'] diham-mī, karbos diham-mī».

Ba'd vay [Turkonxotun] in tavr mekunad: [bo išorati dast in jo «biyo» megūyad]:

«In jo biyo – megūyad – man musofir» – megūyad Turkonxotun.

«Musofir, baroi či dar in jo?» – [mepursad Bahrom].

«Ba man – megūyad – hamin šab joy bošad – megūyad – har či xohand, čand puli girand mediham – megūyad – aspam hast, xudam hastam» – megūyad.

«Xub-xub-xub, ba joni dil – megūyad – ba joni dil» – [megūyad Bahrom].

In hamin vaqt, Turkonxotun yak tilloro ba Bahromi karbosfurūš medihad. Dar umraš in šūr [bečora] xudaš yak tilloro giriftagī ne. Hamin tavr mebinadu:

«Ū man intro qalandar, gado gūyam in ba man tillo dodo istodaast – megūyad – oh – megūyad – in in tavr ne».

Zud intro pešvoz girifta:

«In jo, biyoed aknun» – [megūyad Bahrom].

«Ne, gired intro [tilloro] – megūyad – hadiya ba šumo – megūyad – az man hadiya» – [megūyad Turkonxotun].

Xonaaš mebarad. [Šunavanda: vayro xonaaš mebarad-a? Rovī: ha, xoneš mebarad]. Inu [Turkonxotunu] xohari [Bahrom], pas az yak-du begoh, dar seyum begoh har duyaš dugona mešavand.

With all this arranged Turkonxotun changes her appearance one night; she dresses as a beggar monk, a spear in her hand, a shield tied to her middle. She shouts: "My Lord God!" And she wanders off in the direction of Tirmiz. She heads for the river Amu, straight ahead, and leads her horse into the river. The horse goes like this [*the storyteller rises a little and imitates the movement of the horse*], jumping and jumping. Turkonxotun hangs the stirrup on the pommel of the saddle and the horse brings her to the other side of the river. She enters Iran on horseback without any trouble. She was a woman, you know, but they took her for a beggar. She goes there and looks in all directions, and through God's will she arrives directly in the shop of this Bahrom the cottonseller. Bahrom says:

"Hey tell me, beggar monk" – he says – "What do you want? What can I get you, this fabric, or do you need cotton?"

Then Turkonxotun acts like this: [with a sign of her hand she says "come here"]:

"Come here" – she says – "I am a traveller" – Turkonxotun says.

"A traveller, why do you come here?" – Bahrom asks.

"I need" – she says – "A place to stay for the night" – she says – "Whatever it costs, whatever it takes, I will give it" – she says – "It is just me and my horse" – she says.

"All right, all right, with pleasure" – Bahrom says.

At this moment, Turkonxotun gives a gold coin to Bahrom the cottonseller. The poor bugger had never received a gold coin in his life. He looks at it like this and says:

"Now I think this is a beggar monk, a beggar I would say and this beggar is giving me a gold coin" – he says – "How can that be?"

He welcomes her quickly:

"Here, come over here now" – Bahrom says.

"No, take the gold" – she says – "This is a gift to you" – she says – "A gift from me" – Turkonxotun says.

He brings her to his home. [*Listener: he takes her home? Storyteller: Yes, he takes her home*].

She, Turkonxotun, and the sister of Bahrom become friends on the third night, after one or two evenings together.

Ana ba'd Bahrom mefahmad, ki in zaifa budast. «Eeee – megūyad – eee». Ana ba'd Bahrom megūyad, ki: “In šahzoda, in – megūyad – bejo ne, ba man yak tillo dod. In zaifa dar niqobi qalandar šuda omadagi”.

Ba'd duteš dugona mešavad, bo xohari [Bahrom]. Dugona mešavandu ba'd: «Ana, dugona in bud, vay bud, in tavr bud, on tavr bud» – gufta [gap mezanand]. Sūhbat mekunand har du. Hamin šabho sūhbat: «Hamin man ziq mondam, yak musofir budam, in tavr budam, on tavr budam» – megūyad Turkonxotun.

Ana ba'd yak rūz, hamin yak šab sūhbat karda šišta budand, in [Turkonxotun mebinad], ki dar dasti xohari Bahromi karbosfurūš yak nigin ast. [Vale] in nigin čašm nadorad, bečašm. Pūk [xoli], kamtar pučak [xoli].

«Dugona – megūyad [Turkonxotun] – hamin ham [dar čiliki xud] girifta gaštī-mī?» – megūyad.

«Haaa, či kor kunam – megūyad [xohari Bahrom] – hamin tavr dar dastam, yak [čizi] halola» – megūyad.

«Marhamat gired – megūyad [Turkonxotun] – mana inro andozed – megūyad – [on niginro] partoyed on taraf!»

«E, ne-ye» [megūyad xohari Bahrom].

«Gired! Gired! Gired! Inro andozed» – megūyad [Turkonxotun].

Nigini xudašro dar dasti in [xohari Bahrom] andoxta [ba vay] medihad. [Xohari Bahrom] hayrooon memonad. Xayr, ba dastaš meandozad. E haaaa! [Niginro] čašmaš [misli] alav girifta istodaast, hamin guna, nigin. Ana pagoh boz meravadu yak vaqt dam nazada [xomūš] mešinad. Ana dar in jo Turkonxotun ba yazdoni pok tavajjuh karda girya mekunad:

«E xudo, koramro az rost deh, aknun – megūyad – mani ġaribro» – megūyad.

In hamin niginro dodanaš bejiz [behuda] nabud, niginro bačeš [Barzu] mešinox. Turkonxotunro az hamun nigini dar dastaš buda [ki dar dasti xohari Bahrom ast] bačeš [Barzu] mešinox. Hamin [xohari Bahrom] burda avqot [xūrok] dod. [Bo dastaš xohari Bahrom] qoti [vasati] panjararo hamin tavr [dast] megirad. [Barzu did]:

«Baroi či dasti manro nigoh mekunī?» – megūyad [xohari Bahrom].

Then Bahrom understands that she is a woman. “Well” – he says – “Well”. And then Bahrom says: “This must be a princess” – he says – “It is not out of place, that she gave me gold. This lady has come in the guise of a beggar monk”.

Turkonxotun and the sister of Bahrom become friends. They become friends and talk together a lot. Both of them talk during the evenings: “I was bored, I was a traveller, I was this and that” – Turkonxotun says.

So, one day, they were talking together in the evening, and Turkonxotun sees a ring on the hand of the sister of Bahrom the cottonseller. [But] this ring has no stone, it is empty.

“My friend” – Turkonxotun says – “Are you walking around with this ring on your finger?” – she says.

“Yes, what is the problem?” – the sister of Bahrom says – “It is just on my hand, something simple” – she says.

“Please, take this” – Turkonxotun says – “Put on this ring” – she says – “And throw away the other one!”

“Oh no” – the sister of Bahrom says.

“Come on! Take it! Put it on” – Turkonxotun says.

She puts her own ring on the finger of the sister of Bahrom and gives it to her. The sister of Bahrom is very surprised. Well, she puts the ring on her finger. Well now! This ring has a stone bright as a fire. And the next morning she leaves and sits silently. Turkonxotun prays to God, crying:

“Oh God, make it all right now” – she says – “Help me, a poor stranger” – she says.

She had not given away her ring in vain, for her child Barzu recognised the ring. Her boy recognised Turkonxotun by this ring, which used to be on her hand and which was now on the hand of the sister of Bahrom. For the sister of Bahrom brought him food. He took the food from her hand, through the barred windows. [Barzu was looking]:

“Why are you looking at my hand?” – the sister of Bahrom says.

«Az šumo yak iltimos – megūyad [Barzu] – in niginro kī dod ba šumo? – megūyad.

«E korat čī» – megūyad [xohari Bahrom].

«Avqot [xūrok] namegiram – megūyad [Barzu] – bared, avqotatonro. Kī dod? Gūyed» – megūyad.

Ba'd ana megūyad [xohari Bahrom]:

«Ha, ana dar xonai mo hamrohi akem yak zan omad, har dui mo dugona šudem, ana vay šišta ast [dar xona], ana hamon, dugona šudem, ba'd dod [niginro]».

«Čī mešavad, ki – megūyad [Barzu] – ba hamon zaifa – megūyad – az man salom gūyed».

Ana ba Barzu, ba in aftu andomaš, ba in sirištaš hamin zanakro xudaš ošuq šuda gašta budaast.

«Inro či tavr kunam, či mešavad» – guft [xohari Bahrom].

Ba'd megūyad ki:

«Vay kī baroi tu?» – megūyad [xohari Bahrom].

«Raved – megūyad [Barzu] – az man salom gūed, ba'd mefahmed».

In begoh meoyad [xohari Bahrom], tamoman digar, in taraf, on tarafro orosta karda, ba'd [ba Turkonxotun] megūyad, ki:

«In niginro šumo ba man doded – megūyad – ba zindon xoraftagī [Barzu], ba Eronzamin omada bud, az hamon taraf – megūyad – ana inu on karda – megūyad – [az kišvari] Afrosiyob podšoh – megūyad – ba mamlakati Eronzamin – megūyad – omada, ba'd [ūro dar in jo] ba band giriftand – megūyad – [ū=Barzu] hamin niginro dida – megūyad – ba sohibi hamin nigīn, az man salom gūyed, in [nigīn] az oni šumo ne, gufta – megūyad – manro bisyor iztirob kard».

Ana in [Turkonxotun] modar-diya yummi girya mekunad. Ba'd [xohari Bahrom megūyad]:

«O šumoro gardam [jonam šaved], o či šud, o dugona, o in tavr šud, o girya nakuned».

«Eheee!» – megūyad [Turkonxotun].

Ba'd [xohari Bahrom] dar bağalaš megirad sari vayro [Turkonxotunro].

«Pisari man hamon – megūyad [Turkonxotun] – yaktayu yakta, hamon pisari man. Xonasūxta Afrosiyob ovarda dar domi Rustam dodagī – megūyad – ana hamin xel – megūyad. Čī mešavad, ki – megūyad – mana inro gired – dah tillo medihad, tillo.

“One request, I beg you” – Barzu says – “Who gave you this ring?” – he says.

“What is it to you?” – she says.

“I will not accept the food” – Barzu says – “Take it away again, your food. Who gave it to you? Tell me” – he says.

Then the sister of Bahrom says:

“Well, a woman came to our house, with my elder brother, we became friends, and she stays in our house, and we became friends, and she gave me this ring”.

“How would it be if” – Barzu says – “If you would give” – he says – “My regards to that lady”.

Now, that woman, the sister of Bahrom, had fallen in love with Barzu, with his tall figure and his character.

“How can I do that, why would I do so?” – she said.

Then she says:

“What does she mean to you?”

“Go” – Barzu says – “Send her my regards, then you will understand”.

So, in the evening the sister of Bahrom, in an entirely different manner and all dressed up, says to Turkonxotun:

“You gave me this ring” – she says – “There is a prisoner who had come to Iran, from the other side of the river” – she says – “He has done something” – she says – “He came from the land of king Afrosiyob” – she says – “To Iran” – she says – “And they have captured him here” – she says – “And this man has seen this ring you gave me” – she says – “And he asked me to send his regards to the owner of this ring, he said that this ring was not mine” – she says – “He has made me very nervous”.

Upon hearing this, Turkonxotun, his mother after all, breaks out in sobs. The sister of Bahrom says:

“My goodness, please, tell me, what is the matter, dear friend, what is it, do not cry”.

“Oh oh oh!” – Turkonxotun says.

Then the sister of Bahrom takes Turkonxotunro in her arms. “That is my son” – she says – “My one and only son. That terrible Afrosiyob has led him into the trap of Rustam” – she says – “And this is what happened” – she says. “Could it be” – she says – “Please take this” – she gives ten gold coins, real gold.

Dah dona tillo medihad – intro gired – megūyad – ba hamin du dona egav [sūhon] burda dihed – megūyad – digar hič čiz – megūyad – man nameravam on jo – megūyad – yagon kas pay mebarad, mefahmad. Hamin ġūlu kišanhoji dastu pošro vo kunad. – Sarhangro [sanduqro] hamin tavr vo mekunad ana hamin qadar tillo [rovī bo kafi dastaš ba hajmi tillo ziyod išorat mekunad], mana – megūyad – či qadar darkor bošad [gired]. Hadiyai pisaram – megūyad – man az didori hamin benasib našavam» – megūyad [Turkonxotun].

Ana in mešavad, vay mešavad, nağz didageš mešavad, ana in pul mešavad, in meradu du dona egavro [sūhonro] ovarda ba in medihad. Du dona egav či [qimat] meistad, yak tanga, yo du tanga nameistad. Dah tilloro dar kissa mezanad, ana pagoh burda ba Barzu medihad: e nonu ġūštu inu vayu egavu. Ana ba'd kore karda Barzu hamin dastašro vo mekunad. Dastašro vo karda, pošro kišanašro vo karda, soz karda [ehtiyot šuda], unči [kore] karda, dari tamoman ohanro, hamin šab arra mekunad, hamrohi egav. Arra karda, yak zamon hamin yak arra karda in tarafašro vo karda, on tarafašro yak mekašad, qaqla [kaj] kunonda mepartyoad. Hamon zanro [xohari Bahromro] hamroh megiradu mebaroyad.

«Tu aknun dar in jo naist – megūyad [xohari Bahrom] – dar borgohi in [Rustam], – megūyad – turo inho – megūyad – har kor mekunand – megūyad – tu hamrohi xudam gard» – megūyad.

Peši očeš girifta meoyad. Hamin tavr, oča baromada, hamin oča-bača giriyavu nolayu inu vayu oča darrav taputez [harakat] mekunad, hamon aspro megirad.

«Aspro savor šav bačem – megūyad [Turkonxotun] – tez az in jo baromada ravem» – megūyad.

Barzu kūča mebaroyad, mebinad, ki Zavora guftaġi yak jiyani Rustam omada istodaast. Az kūhi Ġūron furomada.

«E in-jo biyo» – megūyad [Barzu].

«Ha» – megūyad [Zavora].

«Tu in jo ist» – megūyad [Barzu].

Hamon [Zavora] mebinad, ki [Barzu ast] dilaš mekafad [metarsad].

«Rustamro az kujo yobam mešad?» – megūyad [Barzu].

«Rustam hamin dar kūhi Ġūron» – megūyad [Zavora].

She gives ten gold coins – “Take this” – she says – “Please give him a pair of files” – she says – “That is all” – she says – “I will not go there” – she says – “If someone would notice, he would know. Let him be able to free himself from his fetters” – she opened her jewellery box and took out that amount of gold [*the storyteller indicates how much gold with his hand*], “Take this” – she says – “Take whatever is necessary. A gift from my son” – she says – “Please allow me to see him again” – Turkonxotun says.

And so it happens, after some deliberation, the sister of Bahrom brings Barzu the two files. How much do files cost, not more than a few pennies. She puts ten gold coins in her bag, and the following day she brings Barzu the files with some bread and meat. And Barzu is able to break free from his shackles. He is careful and he makes sure that no one notices how he saws his way through the iron door, with just a file. He bends the door to one side and throws it aside. He takes the sister of Bahrom with him and leaves the prison.

“Now, do not stay here” – she says [the sister of Bahrom] – “At the court of Rustam” – she says – “They may do anything to you” – she says – “You come with me” – she says.

She takes him to his mother. As soon as his mother comes out of the house, both mother and son cry and wail, and the mother quickly acts and takes her horse.

“Mount the horse, my son” – she says [Turkonxotun] – “Let us go quickly from this place” – she says.

Barzu enters the street, and sees that a nephew of Rustam by the name of Zavora is heading his way. He has come from the mountains of Ğūron.

“Hey, come here” – Barzu says.

“Yes” – Zavora says.

“You, stay here” – Barzu says.

As soon as Zavora sees it is Barzu, he becomes afraid.

“Where can I find Rustam?” – Barzu says.

“Rustam is now in the mountains of Ğūron” – Zavora says.

«Az rohat pas gard – megūyad [Barzu] – agar jon darkor bošad – megūyad – zud rafta Rustamro ba hamin jo girifta mebiyoī» – megūyad.

Ba'd očeš [Turkonxotun] megūyad ki:

«Ha bačem, xokam bext [man tamom šudam], rūyam siyoh šud, vay ganda [zūr], vay on tavr, turo dast megirad».

«Ey modari aziz – megūyad [Barzu] – tavakkal ba yazdoni pok – megūyad – hamin tavr [behuda] raftan nomardī mešavad – megūyad – manro dar maydon, vay jang karda nagirifta ast, gurzii xudi man dar gardanam zad, ba'd manro dast girift – megūyad. Hamin tavr – megūyad – vayro, tark karda raftagī nomardī mešavad – megūyad – man hamrohi vay – megūyad – hamdigarro dida, dastu bozu karda – megūyad – bo vay, ba'd raftanam darkor, [in ast] mardigari».

Darrav inho xayma mezanand. Yak čodar mezanand, hamon zanak [xohari Bahrom], očeš, in [Barzu]. Yak čilta pahlavon hamrohi Rustam mebiyoyad-e. Mebiyod, mebinad. Hičči namegūyad. «Turo, kī sar dod ham» namegūyad; «kī javob dod ham» namegūyad. Hamaašro mefahmad:

«Zan kardast in korro – megūyad [Rustam] – in hamin kori zan – megūyad – man čilrūza mūhlat doram – megūyad – čilrūza mūhlat, mašqamro tamom kunam, man hamrohi tu omada dastu bozu mekunam» – megūyad.

«To čilrūzro man či mexūram?» – guft [Barzu].

«Ba tu az borgoh merasonem» – guft [Rustam].

Ba'd hamin-katī Zavoraro megirad [megūyad Rustam]:

«To čil rūzro – megūyad – ba tu harrūza avqotro hamin ovarda medihad» – megūyad.

«Xūb» – megūyad [Barzu].

«Šumor» – megūyad [Rustam].

Rustam meburodu meravad. Rustamro in harakatu raftorašro, očeš dida megūyad, ki:

«Ūūū bačem, o in...».

«Heee oča, parvo nakun – megūyad [Barzu] – man nomardī namekunam – megūyad – rahi haq-ba murdan darkor, haromzodagī, nomardī kardan in kori mard nest» – megūyad. Očeš ba'd taqqī [sokit] memonad.

“Go back to where you came from” – Barzu says – “If you hold on to life” – he says – “Go back quickly and bring Rustam here” – he says.

Then his mother[Turkonxotun] says:

“Hey my son, that is the end of me, I am in deep grief, he is really strong, and he will grab you”.

“Dear mother” – Barzu says – “Trust the pure God” – he says – “I cannot go just like this, that would be cowardice” – he says – “He has not got hold of me while we were fighting, it was my own axe which hit my neck, and then he took me” – he says. “Leaving without a word” – he says – “Well, that would be cowardice” – he says – “I need to meet him” – he says – “And fight him” – he says – “And then I must go, that is chivalry”.

Immediately, they put up a tent. The three of them put up a tent, the sister of Bahrom, his mother and Barzu himself. After all forty champions come with Rustam. He comes, and he sees him. He does not say a thing. “Who has released you” he does not say; “Who has permitted you to go” he does not say either. He understands everything:

“This is the work of a woman” – he says [Rustam] – “The work of a woman” – he says – “I need forty days” – he says – “Forty days to finish my training, and then I will come and fight you” – he says.

“What will I eat for forty days?” – Barzu said.

“We will bring you food from the court” – Rustam said.

Rustam gets hold of Zavora and says:

“For forty days” – he says – “You will bring him meals, every single day” – he says.

“All right” – Barzu says.

“Count them” – Rustam says.

Rustam goes out and leaves. When she sees Rustam acting like this, Barzu’s mother says:

“Oh my son, he is ...”

“Hey mother, do not worry” – Barzu says – “I will not act like a coward” – he says – “It is necessary to die truthfully, to act like a bastard or a coward is not the way of chivalry” – he says.

Then his mother remains silent.

Ana aknun Bahromi karbosfurüşro, hamun xoharašro, dar hamin jo Barzu giriftaġi ba zanigari qabul karda. Hū vayro [Barzuro] avval ozod kard, girift. Jufti poki xudaš hisob mekunad.

Harrūza [Zavora] avqot meberad, meberad. Yak rūz in hamin Zavora [xud ba xud megūyad]:

«Ee, ukeš murad [dašnom ast: ya'ne dodarmurda] – megūyad – yak padarla'natro dar in jo boni karda megardem-mi – megūyad – baloi jon – megūyad – har rūz hamin» – megūyad.

Yak tabaq avqot mebiyorad... kūlobitūppa mebiyorad... [*kūlobitūppa* - *nomi xūrok: porahoi xamirro tunuk karda dar ob mejūšonand va bo ravġan, čakka yo qurutob va sabzajot mexūrand*]. Nisfirūzi, rūz garm. Rūġan, jurġotnok hamin kūlobitūpparo bardošta omada istoda bud, ba tabaqi kalon, ba daruni hamin zahar mepošađ [Zavora]. Hamin tavr meberad, ki jurġotro rangaš digar šudaast. Hamin [Barzu] girifta mexūram gufta istoda bud, hamin Turkonxotun megūyad, ki:

«E, isti-isti-isti bačem, isti-ku nakob-nakob [dast narason], muram dar tu, in zahar dorad – megūyad – zahar dorad, ho ana jurġotro rangaš digar šudagi» – megūyad.

Hamin tavr dono budagi [Turkonxotun]. Ana donogii zan. Jurġotro rangaš sahl digar šudagi-diya. In tavr, in tavr karda [rovī bo dastaš ba zahr pošidan išorat mekunad] ba rūi xūrok pošidagi-diya. Yak parčaro [az xūrok] megiradu peši kučuk hav medihad. Kučuk mexūradu hamon zamon memurad. Ana ba'd [Barzu] menavisad-diya [ba Rustam]. Menavisad, yakbora [dar avali noma] saraš-ba megūyad:

«La'nat ba tu pahlavon – megūyad Barzu – or nadori, nomus nadori, tu baroi xiradmandi kardan či jur'at dori? – megūyad. – Dar maydoni jang manro nagirifti, gurzi xudam ba gardanam zad, ġaltidam, čor kas šuda manro basta girifti. Imrūz – megūyad – ba man zahar doda, tu kuštani hasti? Na, in murdani man, – megūyad – to davri qiyomat, in nasaq [nang] az tu nameravad, az naslu nasabi tu! Ki tu? Jahon bo tu! Dar dahani [mardum] tu, xudi tu [mašhur], ba hama jahonro xalqaš, ba dahonaš tu. Tu ba man doru doda kuštani šuda istodaī».

Ana az in ba'd Rustam in xatro mexonad, Zavoraro jang mekunad, mezanad:

«La'natī – megūyad – dar mohon la'nat ovardī» – megūyad.

And at that very moment Barzu proposed to the sister of Bahrom the cotton seller, there and then. She had freed him. He considered her his righteous spouse.

Every day Zavora brings food. One day, Zavora says to himself:

“This son of a bitch” – he says – “This damned man we are guarding here” – he says – “Nail in my coffin” – he says – “Every day this same thing” – he says.

He brings a plate of food ... he brings him Kūlobitūppa ... [*kūlobitūppa* is the name of a dish: pieces of thin dough boiled in water with oil, cream or sour cream and vegetables]. It is noon, a hot day. When Zavora puts the oily and creamy Kūlobitūppa on a large dish, he also pours some poison over it. And then he brings it to Barzu. But the colour of the cream has changed. Just as Barzu is on the point of eating it, Turkonxotun says:

“Stop my child, stop, don't touch it, I swear, there is poison in it” – she says – “It has poison, you see, the cream has a different colour” – she says.

So wise she was. You see, the wisdom of a woman. The cream changes colour easily you see. He had done it in this manner, you know, he poured it over the food [*the storyteller demonstrates how the poison was poured*]. She takes a small piece of the food and throws it in front of a dog. The dog eats it and immediately dies. Then Barzu writes to Rustam. He writes and opens his letter with these words:

“Damn you champion” – Barzu says – “Do you have no honour, no shame, how do you dare to do this?” – he says. – “You have not captured me in battle, my own axe hit my neck, I feel, four men took me and tied me. Today” – he says – “You gave me poison, do you want to kill me? If I would have died like this, it would remain a stain upon your reputation, it would not have left you or your descendants, until the Day of Resurrection! Who are you? To hell with you! The people say that you are famous, you are famous everywhere. You gave me poison, to kill me”.

When, later on, Rustam reads this letter, he quarrels with Zavora and hits him:

“Damn you” – he says – “You have damned us” – he says.

Ana mardigariro bined, ki to hamin jo bist rūzi digar xudi Rustam avqot ovarda medihad. Hatto dar hamin jo ovarda, avqotro yak arališ [omeziš] karda, yak par xudaš xūrda, quluq [ta'zim] karda, peši in [Barzu] monda ba'd meravad, xudi Rustam. «Yagon kas [xūrok] biyorad bovar nakun – megūyad [Rustam] – man xudam ba tu avqot meberam – megūyad, ki – dar mo isnod [nang] ovarden».

Ana ba'd az in bud mešavad kor. Yak rūz maydonoroī mekunand inho, medaroyand ba maydon, soz mešavad. Ana ba'd hamrohi Rustam gūšting megirad. Na qiličzanī, na nayzazanī, na digar. Pahlavonī, gūšting megirand. Hamin gūšting girifta-girifta yak čuqot [zamon] hamin Barzu yakbora Rustamro yak mebardorad. Hamin tavr megiradu mana hamin tavr qučoq [oğüş] karda yak mebardorad [rovī bo harakt az joyaš xesta, ba šunavandagon, ki 4-5 nafar budand nišon medihad].

«Ū pahlavon! Pahlavon ma'no, sar doda-sar doda megirad, maydonro gird gašta megirad» – megūyad [Rustam].

«Xayr, mana sar dodam – megūyad [Barzu] – mana sar dodam» – megūyadu du dastašro hamin tavr mekunad-diya [rovī bo harakti dastonaš on holati sar dodanro nišon medihad].

Hamin Rustam yakbora qučoq [oğüş] karda mebardoradu [Barzuro] dar zamin girifta mezanad. Girifta zada ba in ham xanjar zadanī mešavad. Hamin yak čuqot [zamon], hamon Turkonxotun [dod mezanad]:

«Ay pisarkuš! – megūyad – pisaratro kušta budī, naberaī xudro ham mekuši-mī?» – megūyad.

Hamin xanjarro holo nagirifta ast, hamin tavr [rovī bo harakti dastonaš on holatro nišon medihad] giriftanī bud... Az boloi Barzu namefurod.

«A?!» – megūyad [Rustam].

Gardonda [Turkonxotun megūyad]:

«Tu pisaratro Sūhrobro kušta budī, in naberaī tu, in Barzu – megūyad – inro ham mekuši-mī?» – megūyad.

«Naberaī man?! Barzu?!» – [hayron mešavad Rustam].

«Hamin – megūyad – hamon! Hamon Sūhrobro pisaraš hamin» – megūyad [Turkonxotun].

«Tu kī?!» – megūyad [Rustam].

«Man, Turkonxotun. Man az turkho mešavam – megūyad – ocai hamin mešavam».

Now, watch this chivalry; from then on, for another twenty days, Rustam brings food to Barzu. He even serves it out on the spot, mixing it first. One part he eats himself, another part he gives to Barzu.

"Whoever brings food, do not trust him" – Rustam says – "I bring you food personally" – he says – "They have brought shame upon us".

And then it is done. One day they prepare the battleground, enter the battleground, and all is arranged. Then Barzu and Rustam start wrestling. No swords, no spears, no nothing. Champions wrestling. While they are wrestling, Barzu gains the upper hand, then Rustam again. Barzu takes him and embraces him like this and lifts him in the air [*the storyteller raises and shows how this is done to the listeners, four or five people*].

"Hey you champion! Champions have to let go again, go around the battlefield and grab again" – Rustam says.

"Very well, I let go" – Barzu says – "I let go" – he says, and he does his hands like this you know [*the storyteller shows how this letting go is done*].

At this very moment, Rustam gets hold of Barzu, lifts him up and throws him to the ground. When he has taken him like that he is on the verge of stabbing him with his dagger. At that moment Turkonxotun shouts:

"Son-killer!" – she says – "You killed your son, will you also kill your grandson?" – she says.

He had not yet drawn his dagger, like this [*the storyteller shows this with a movement of his hands*] he was on the point of drawing it ... He does not let go of Barzu.

"What?!" – Rustam says.

Turning around, Turkonxotun says:

"You have killed your son Sührob, would you also kill this grandson of yours, this Barzu" – she says – "Would you kill him too?" – she says.

"My grandson?! Barzu?!" – [Rustam is surprised].

"This very man" – she says – "This is the one! The son of Sührob he is" – Turkonxotun says.

"Who are you?!" – Rustam says.

"I am Turkonxotun. I am from the Turks" – she says – "I am his mother".

«Bo či isbot mekunī?!» – megūyad, sang-ba siloh zada.

«Mana!» – megūyad hamin niginro nišon medihad.

Mebinad, ki haqiqatan zarbi pahlavī, ba nigin hast.

«E voh!» – [megūyad Rustam]

Az jo mexezad. Bobo va nabera har du to giryakunon, nolida, qūyma-qučoq [oğūš ba oğūš mešavand. Rustam megūyad]:

«Qanatam [bolam] budī, quvvatam budī, jonam budī, kūtparam [yake az parhoi asosii parranda] budī. Ana, in dušmanho hamin tavr kard, Afrosiyob» – gufta, girya karda, nolida, unči mekunad [ğam mexūrad].

Pironi Gesa [megūyad]:

«Ū, Afrosiyob!» – megūyad.

«Ha» – megūyad [Afrosiyob].

«Xonai mo sūxt» – megūyad.

«Šin!» – megūyad [Afrosiyob].

«Bobo nabera, vayro bin, qūyma-qučoq [oğūš ba oğūš]».

«O, gūšting nagirifta istodaast-ku» – megūyad [Afrosiyob].

«Qūyma-qučoq šuda, girya karda istodaast har duyaš – megūyad – šinox – megūyad [Piron]».

«Tez ba askarho gūy – megūyad [Afrosiyob] – az daryoi Amu guzaštani šavad, ki – megūyad – hozir par-par mekunand mohonro» – megūyad.

Hamin lahza yakbora az joyaš xesta, podšohi Afrosiyobro laškaraš mana-hamin tavr [rovī bo dastaš išorat mekunad] ba talotūp [besarusomoni] ġaltida jūna [harakat] mekunad. Jang-pangro, maydonašro partofta, pas nigoh nakarda megurezand... Vay eronihoro medonad-diya, az čor taraf giriftan ba'd, ba Amu ovarda metiqonad [tela medihad]. Rustam inohoro gurextanašro did.

«Bobo inho či karda istodaast?» – megūyad [Barzu].

«O, onho... – megūyad [Rustam] – mohon har du bozyoft šudem, onho gurexta istodaand».

«O, mohon nigoh karda mešinem-mī?» – megūyad [Barzu].

«Či mekunem?» – megūyad [Rustam].

«Gired – megūyad – aspro savor šaved» – [megūyad Barzu]. Ana Rustam az yak burj [gūša] Raxšro savor mešavad, in [Barzu] aspi xudašro savor mešavad. Az hamin zanho zanu, zanho zanu, zanho zan! [zanho zan, ya'ne zadani dušman].

“How can you prove it?!” – he says, throwing his dagger on the rocks.

“Look!” – she says as she shows him the ring.

He sees that there is in truth the champion's stamp on the ring.

“Well I'll be blown!” – Rustam says.

He rises. Grandfather and grandson embrace each other, crying and wailing. Rustam says:

“You are my wing and my soul, my strongest feather. Look, what the enemies have done to us, look what Afrosiyob has done” – he says, all the while crying and lamenting. He is grieving.

Piron son of Gesa says:

“Well, Afrosiyob!” – he says.

“Yes” – Afrosiyob says.

“We have lost” – he says.

“Sit down!” – Afrosiyob says.

“Look at them, grandfather and grandson, embracing each other”.

“Well, they are wrestling, aren't they” – Afrosiyob says.

“They are embracing, and crying, the pair of them” – he says – “He recognised him” – Piron says.

“Inform the soldiers, quickly!” – Afrosiyob says – “If they cross the river Amu” – he says – “They will tear us to pieces” – he says.

At that moment, they all stand up and in total disorder the army of Afrosiyob leaves the scene [*the storyteller shows how they do this*]. They leave the fight and the battlefield, and without looking back they flee. They know the Iranians you see, they come from four sides and push them into the Amu. Rustam has seen all this.

“Grandfather, what are they doing?” – Barzu asks.

“Oh, them...” – Rustam says – “We have found each other, and they are fleeing”.

“And are we going to sit and watch them?” – Barzu says.

“What shall we do?” – Rustam says.

“Take them” – he says – “Mount your horse” – Barzu says.

Rustam then mounts his horse Raxš and Barzu mounts his own horse. And then they give them a sound thrashing.

Az daryoi Amu [laškari Afrosiyobro] ovarda meguzaronand. Dar hamin lahza, dah hazor laškar az tarafi Hindustonü Xitoy baroi Afrosiyob omada budast. Rustam haminro niz zada merübad, ba yak samt ba on taraf. Ana askari xudi Afrosiyobro Barzu zada on taraf merübad. Haftodu du joi badanaš zaxmdor mešavad, Barzuro. Dar axir ilojaš namerasad, askar kujo meravad, namedonad, qoši zini aspro oğūš karda, yakbora in kujo raftani aspro namedonad. Ana asp čarida-čarida-čarida, gušna, tašna gurexta omada, lablabi yak daryo omada-omada-omada, dar yak tayi boğe, dar yak joe kallai xudro xam karda mečaram megüyad... Barzu behuš šuda, az gušnagi, dar hamon jo, dar sari roh, az asp meğaltad.

Ana aknun, «xudo ba šumo yoš teyad gufta» [xudo ba šumo umr dihad], ana in boğ bošad, hamon boği duxtari podšohi Farang budast. In [podšoh] ro yak duxtaraš budast, nomi inro Farangibonu meguftaand. Bo čil kanizaš dar hamin labi daryo omada, mast, mustağni dar haminjo karnayu surnay karda, kayfu safo karda šišta budaast. Ba'd, az on taraf [yak kaniz] meoyad [megüyad]:

«Ibiii! Bibijon! – megüyad [rovi bo kafi dastonaš čapak mezanad].

«Ha».

«E – megüyad [kaniz] – ana dar on jo dar domani boği mo yak javon xob ast – megüyad –ba xunu xok jülidagi – megüyad – ba pešaš yak asp, ki in taraf meravad meoyad, in taraf meravad meoyad, dar labi daryo».

«Dar kujo?!» – megüyad.

«Ho, dar on jo».

«Rafta girifta biyoed» – megüyad – aspašro ham xudašro ham» – megüyad.

Az in jo odam mefarmoyand, meravand hamon duxtari nišon medihad. Du-se kas [bo xud] aspro ham mebarand, Barzuro ham. Barzuro hamin tavr mebinad, duxtari podšoh Farangibonu, ba hamin išqi Barzu meğaltad in.

«Obbozi kunoned – megüyad – inro [Barzuro] jarohathoyašro bined» – megüyad.

Darrav dori-yu darmon, in-u vay mekunand. Hamin kayfu safo, čil šabona rüz meguzarad, dar in jo bo duxtari podšoh.

They force the army of Afrosiyob to cross the river. At the same time, ten thousand soldiers have come from India and China to help Afrosiyob. Rustam sweeps them away as well, and Barzu sweeps away the army of Afrosiyob himself. Barzu receives 72 wounds on his body. In the end, he cannot cope anymore, he has no clue where the army is going, he does not know. He clings to the saddle of his horse, not knowing where the horse is leading him. The horse roams off to the riverside, fleeing, and grazing from time to time, hungry and thirsty as it is. The horse reaches the riverside, and comes close to a garden, and says to itself, I will graze here a bit... Barzu has passed out from hunger and on that very spot he falls from his horse, onto the road.

And now, thank God for that, there is a garden, and this was the garden of the daughter of the king of Farang. This king had one daughter, and she was called Farangibonu. She had come with forty maids to the riverside, drunk and happy with the sound of horns and flutes, enjoying herself. Then one of the maids comes closer and says:

“Come over here! Bibijon!” – she says [*the storyteller claps in his hands*].

“Yes”.

“Hey” – the maid says – “Look, there is a young man lying there near our garden” – she says – “Covered in mud and blood” – she says – “A horse is with him, roaming around near the river”.

“Where?!” – she says.

“Well, there”.

“Go over there and bring him” – she says – “Him and his horse” – she says.

Some people are ordered to go and fetch him, the girl shows them the way. Two or three people take the horse and Barzu. As soon as she sees Barzu, the daughter of the king Farangibonu falls in love with him.

“Bathe him” – she says – “Look after his wounds” – she says. Immediately they take care of him and bring medicines. And so pass forty days in peace and quiet, with the daughter of the king.

Ana ba'd yak ruz in jo mešinand. Ba daruni kanizho hamin yak Oqilaqiz [rovī gohe «Oqqiz» megūyad] guftagī yak duxtar budast. Oči intro zūr sehrgar, jodugar, mastonkampir meguftand. In ba hamin borgohi podšoh daromada, buromada megaštast. In hamin kore mekunadu yak zamon či tavr šuda, in hamin ba duxtari podšoh nazdik mešavad. Ana intro [Barzuro] yakta-nimta, in taraf on taraf budagiho dida nametavonadu ba hamin avqoti kasalī yak čangol namakro ovarda meandozand. [Šunavandae mepursad: Yak čangol čiro?] Namak. Namakro, yak čangola, daf'atan. Ana avqotro girifta meravad, ki šūri qimob. Ba'd duxtari podšoh mebaradu [mefahmadu] megūyad:

«Oqqiz, hamin javonro – megūyad – man parvariš kardam, dida natavonisti» [baxilī kardī] – megūyad.

In hamin, boloi bom ast.

«Ha, ne. In tavr-on tavr» – megūyad [Oqqiz].

«La'nat ba tu – megūyad – hamin qadar mağzi iliki [mağzi ustuxon, ya'ne ziyofati behtarin] manro xūrda – megūyad – boz ham ba hamin – megūyad – avqoti šūru qimob karda omadī» – megūyad [duxtari podšoh].

Hamin pasi dastaš-katī yak-to mezanad, duxtari podšoh Oqqizro. In hamin budra-miš [garang] karda, az bomi bolo parida dar zamin mezanad-e. Vang-vung girya karda, nolida, peši očeš meravad.

«Ha» – megūyad [oča].

«Ana hamin yak javonro yofta omad – megūyad [Oqqiz] – vay ba xun oluda šuda omada bud, bo hamin kayfu safo, ayšu išrat karda šištast – megūyad – ana hamin [Farangibonu] – megūyad – ovarda – megūyad – manro – megūyad – ba avqot tu namak andoxti gufta, tūhmat mekunad, vale man naandoxtem. Napursida, namonda, šūr kardī gufta – megūyad – manro zad – megūyad – az bom tela doda firistod».

Očeš megūyad, ki:

«Rost hamin gapi tu?»

«Man durūğ gufta tentak [devona] šudam-mī? – megūyad – mana man ġaltidam, miyonam šikast, poyam šikast, dastam šikast, ana hamin tavr šudam».

Ba'd očaš omada mepursad az duxtarho.

And then, one day, they sit here. Amongst the maids there was one girl named Oqilaqiz [*the storyteller sometimes says 'Oqqiz'*]. Her mother was a sorceress, she could do magic, and they called her old witchwoman. She went in and out of the king's court, coming and going as pleased her.

She could do this and it so happened that she became close to the daughter of the king. She did not like to see Barzu hanging around like that and she poured a handful of salt into his meal, while he was still unwell. [*A listener asks: A handful of what?*] Salt. A handful of it, just like that. She takes the food, which has gone sour and salty. Then the daughter of the king takes it from her, understands what happened and says:

"Oqqiz, this young man" – she says – "I nursed him, and you are jealous" – she says.

Oqqiz is up on the roof.

"Oh no" – Oqqiz says.

"Damn you" – she says – "You have eaten the best I could offer" – she says – "And now you give him" – she says – "food you have made salty and sour" – the daughter of the king says.

She slaps Oqqiz with the back of her hand. Oqqiz, dizzy from the slap, falls from the roof onto the ground. She cries bitterly and leaves for her mother.

"What is it" – her mother says.

"There is this young man, you know, they found him" – Oqqiz says – "He was all covered in blood, and he sat with us in our merry gathering, enjoying himself" – she says – "And she now" – Farangibonu says – "She says I brought him" – she says – "To me" – she says – "She is saying: you have put salt in his meal, she accuses me but I have not done it. She says I put it in just like that" – she says – "She hit me" – she says – "And she pushed me from the roof".

Her mother says:

"Are you telling the truth?"

"Why would I be mad and tell lies?" – she says – "Look, I fell, I hurt my body, my hands and feet, look at me".

Then the mother leaves to ask the girls.

Ba'd oča [ba boloi gapi] duxtar ham, gaphoi ziyodro ilova karda, ilova karda, ohista-ohista peši podšoh meoyad. Peši podšoh-ba andak-mundak [har xel] odam omada nametonad-diya. Ammo in kampir-ak, jodugar, in ba podšoh ham kasi lozim budast, medaroyad. Ba'd megūyad, ki:

«Šumo az hama [qabuli digaron] xoli šaved» – megūyad.

«Ha?» – megūyad [podšoh].

«Yak kor hast– megūyad, megiryad, menolad – baloi šumoro giram, dardi šumoro giram, šohi olam pušti panoham, toji saram šumo – megūyad. – Man – megūyad – az vahmi nahru nahangi šumo ba peši šumo omadam».

Podšoh hayron memonad [megūyad]:

«Dar man – megūyad – ey modari buzurg, čī nahr?»

«Duxtaraton – megūyad – yak eronbačaro ovarda, tarbiya karda gaštast – megūyad – čil šabonarūz in taraf – megūyad – bega [dirūz] ana yak avqotaš šūr šudast duxtari manro az boloi bom girifta hav dodast» – megūyad [oča].

«A-a? – megūyad – a?» – megūyad [podšoh].

Ana az in yak zamon bošad haštsad kasro tayyor mekunad [va megūyad podšoh]:

«Rafta megūyad, girdi hamin, qūrğoni haminro – megūyad – hamin tavr du qabat, se qabat gireton, ki – megūyad – berun baromada natavonad. Mumkin in bača megurezad. Vay az Eron omadagī bošad, on tavre annoyī [sahl] odam nest – megūyad – andak-mundakat-ro nest karda megurezad».

Ana yak zamon šaqar-šaqar-šaqar-šaqar-šaqar šurū' mešavad. Farangibonu [ba Barzu] megūyad:

«Yo rohati jon, in čī gap? He – megūyad – hamin šištu kayfu safoi har dui moro dida natavonista – megūyad – Oqqiz rafta ba očaš guftast, očaš ba dodom guftast. Haštsad kas girdi moro pečonidast» – guft.

«Ha» – megūyad [Barzu].

«Bale, haštsad kas. Čī mekunem – megūyad. – Dast megirad moro ba dor meovezad» – megūyad [Farangibonu].

«He, aspu qiliču nayzai man dar kujo?» – megūyad [Barzu].

«In-jo nest» – megūyad.

«E! In-jo nest-mī?! – megūyad.

«Ne, man doda firistoda budam» – [megūyad Farangibonu].

Then she adds a lot of stories to the story of her daughter, and then she comes to the king. Not everyone can come close to the king you know. But this old woman, this witch, she was necessary to the king, so in she goes. Then she says:

“Can I speak to you alone?” – she says.

“What do you mean?” – the king says.

“There is something” – she says, and she cries and wails – “I want to guard you against misfortune, I want to bear you pain, you, king of the world, you are my shelter and my guide, you are the crown upon my head” – she says. – “I” – she says – “Have come to you out of fear for your river and your whale”.

The king is surprised and says:

“My river” – he says – “Oh wise mother, what river?”

“Your daughter – he says – “Has brought in a boy from Iran, she is keeping him” – she says – “It has been forty days and nights” – she says – “Yesterday his food had turned sour and she has pushed my daughter from the roof” – she says.

“What?” – the king says – “What?” – he says.

And after some time the king has arranged for eight hundred men. He says:

“Surround him, surround his hiding place” – he says – “Take position in two or three rows, so that” – he says – “He cannot escape. It is well possible that this boy will flee. If he comes from Iran, he is not easy to deal with. He will slay and flee if he can”.

And then it starts, crack, crack, crack. Farangibonu says to Barzu:

“Well my love, what is this?” – she says – “We are sitting here in peace and quiet and they do not want us to, they are jealous” – she says – “Oqqiz has gone and told her mother, and her mother has informed my father. Eight hundred men have surrounded us” – she said.

“What?” – Barzu says.

“Yes, eight hundred. What can we do” – she says. – “He will capture me and hang me” – Farangibonu says.

“No. Where are my horse, and my sword and spear?” – Barzu says.

“Not here” – she says.

“What do you mean, not here?!” – he says.

“No, I have sent it away” – Farangibonu says.

Ba'd Barzu:

«Üüü, xüb! Dilaton jam' bošad».

Mexezad, in taraf, on taraf nigoh mekunad. Hamin tavr [rovī bo harakt holati pinhon šudanro nišon medihad] ba tagi darvoza, hamin tavr rafta meistad, Barzu. Darvoza mahkam. Ana omada, yak sarlaškari Farangpodšoh omada, hamin darvozaro zada, mayda karda, darun medarod-diya. Hamin tavr ki daromad, hamin tavr megirad, dar zamin mezanad, nayzaaşro ham megirad, qalqonaaşro ham megirad, libosaaşro ham megirad, aspaaşro ham megirad, hamin zanho-zan. [Rovī bo harakti dastonaş on holatro nišon medihad]. Dar yak soat ne, favran digarho megurezand! Haft šabonarüz ba hamin daruni qūrğon jang mešavad. Yak xudi Barzu-katī. Omadagī-ro az darvoza daromadani namemonad. Dar oxir Barzu az ġayb tir mexūrad. Az kujo, ki yak mergan [şikorči] tir-katī haminro [Barzuro] mezanad. Yarador [zaxmdor] mešavad, hamin tarafaş [bo dastaş ba joi zaxmişuda, ba kitfaş, işorat mekunad, gūyo, ki bevosita dida bošad]. Az yak tarafaş tir omada mezanad, yarador [zaxmdor] mešavad. Čarča karda [monda šuda] «širqī» meğaltad, ba daruni hamin qūrğon. Baromada nametavonad. Ana ba'd podšoh inro [Barzuro] dast megirad. Podšoh inro [Barzuro] dast megiradu kore karda, basta, kullug [dastu poro bastan] karda, burda ba'd bo odamoni xud sūhbat karda, [ba Barzu] megūyad ki:

«Kanī, tu az kujo?»

«Ha, man az Eron» – rostaşro megūyad.

«E? Az Eron? Tu či tavr šudī [in jo]?» – [mepursad podšoh].

«Ha, man hamin tavr».

«Čī xel in tavr omadī?»

«Ha, man jang karda, jang karda laškari Afrosiyob-katī az daryo in taraf guzaştamu zaxmdor šudam, az haftod joi badanam, ana aspam manro hamin jo ovardest. Bonu manro darun darovarda parvariş kardand» [– megūyad Barzu].

«Tu Farangibonuro ba zani qabul mekuni?» [– mepursad podšoh].

Ba'd vay [Barzu] guft, ki:

«Agar šumo rozī bošed, ore!»

Ba'd megūyad [podšoh], ki:

«Man rozī mešavam. Dini mazhabi moro qabul mekuni?»

Then Barzu says:

“Well, all right then! Let us keep our heads cool”.

He rises, and looks in every direction. In this way, secretly, [*the storyteller motions how he is hiding himself*] Barzu heads for the gate and stands there, Barzu. The gate is closed. And then a general from the army of the king of Farang approaches, knocks down the gate, and comes in. As soon as he gets in, Barzu grabs him, hits him to the floor, takes his spear, and his shield, and his clothes, and his horse, while fighting him fiercely. [*The storyteller shows with his hands how this is done*]. All the others flee immediately, they last for less than an hour! Seven days and nights there is a fight within the citadel. With Barzu alone. He does not allow anyone to enter the gate. In the end, Barzu is hit by a hidden arrow. Some hunter hits Barzu with an arrow. He gets injured, here [*the storyteller points out where he was hurt, in his shoulder, as if he had been a witness to this*]. From one direction an arrow came upon him and he is injured. He had grown tired, and he fell just like that in the citadel. He could not get out. And then the king takes Barzu prisoner. The king takes him prisoner and binds him, chains him, takes him away and goes to talk with his own people. And then he says to Barzu:

“Pray, where are you from?”

“I am from Eron” – Barzu truthfully replies.

“What do you mean? From Eron? How did end up here” – the king asks.

“Well, just like that”.

“How did you get here?”

“Well, I was in battle, I fought with the army of Afrosiyob, I passed the river and I was injured, I sustained seventy wounds, and my horse brought me here. The princess took me in and took care of me” – Barzu says.

“Do you accept to marry Farangibonu?” – the king asks.

Barzu replies:

“If you agree, yes I do!”

Then the king says:

“I agree. Will you accept our religion?”

Barzu megūyad, ki:

«Ne, man dini mazhabi šumoro qabul namekunam. Man ba yazdoni pok itoat mekunam. Boboyam ba man hamin tavr ta'lim dod».

«E bobot kī?»

«Rustami doston».

«Rustami pūloddast? Eronī?»

«Ore!»

«O tu čiyaš mešavī?»

«Naberaaš mešavam».

«Ū bača, dini mazhabi moro qabul kun, Farangibonu azoni tu, kūšku ayyom [qasr] azoni tu, laškari mo azoni tu».

Ba'd Barzu megūyad ki:

«Ne».

«Bared, inro burda – megūyad – ba zindon andozed».

Ba'd dar in jo maslihat mekunand, magar megūyand ba zindon andozem inu vay kunem [azob dihem] ajab ne, ki rozī šavad. Ba'd inro ba zindon meandozand. Farangibonu ba in [Barzu] harrūz burda, šabakī, dar zindon non medihad. Xayr, non medihad, in taraf mekunad, on taraf mekunad, megardad. Yak rūz bošad... šaš moh bud, čil rūz memonad. Ba'd ohista-ohista [Farangibonu] ba kūča mebaroyad. Dar saraš yak niqobro kašida, ba rūyaš, in tavr [rovī bo harakti dastonaš nišon medihad] čimmat-čodir girifta mebaroyadu ba yak jo mešinad, ki čor qalandar maddohī karda šišast. Ba'd in tavr meravad, megūyad:

«Šumohon az kujo?»

«Ha, či šud, či megūyī ba mo?»

«E, ore – megūyad – šumohon az kujo?»

«Mohon az Eronzamin».

«Eronzamin-ba či gap hast?»

«Hee, Eronzaminro napurs – megūyad – ha – megūyad – či korat hast?».

«Ne mepursam-diya – megūyad – hamin tavr mepursam. Čī gap hast?» – megūyad [Farangibonu].

«Eee – megūyad yake az [onho], mon... manro in tavr naras, hamun...»

«Šineton-šineton – megūyad [Farangibonu] hamon zamon čor tilloro barovarda hamin tavr medihad, ba čoraš.

Barzu says:

"No, I will not accept your religion. I obey the pure God. My grandfather taught me to do so".

"And who is your grandfather?"

"Rustam son of Doston".

"Rustam with the iron fist? The Iranian?"

"Yes!"

"And what are you to him?"

"I am his grandson".

"Now lad, you must accept our religion, then Farangibonu will be yours, and with her my palace, grounds and army".

Barzu replies:

"No".

"Take him away" – he says – "And throw him into prison".

Then they start to deliberate for a while, the people of the king, saying things like, let us throw him in prison and handle him [torture him], small wonder he will agree. They throw him into prison. Farangibonu visits him every day, in the evening, and brings him bread. She gives bread, and walks around and goes here and there. One day...he had six months, and of those six months, only forty days remained. Then very quietly, Farangibonu goes out into the street, her head and face covered in a veil. She sits down with four beggar-monks who are singing God's praise. Then she goes to them, and says:

"Where are you from?"

"Hey, are you talking to us?"

"Yes" – she says – "Where are you from?"

"We are from Eronzamin".

"What news from Eronzamin?"

"Don't ask about Eronzamin" – one of them says – "What is it to you?"

"I just wonder, that is all" – she says. "What news is there?" – Farangibonu asks again.

"Hey – one of them says, stop... do not come close to me...".

"Sit down, sit down" – Farangibonu says, and at the same time she takes out four golden coins and gives them to the beggars, to the four of them.

– Hamin rüz, ki har čize gadoi karded ba hamin barobar namešavad, ba gapi man javob dihed» – megūyad.

Čor tilloro dida, inhoru huš az sarašon mekanad.

«E, in – megūyad [yake] – bejiz [behuda] ne».

«Xūb gap zaned» – megūyad [Farangibonu].

[Yake megūyad:] «Dar Eronzamin hamin Rustami doston bud, nabera haminro Barzui dehqon meguftand, hamin ba band ġaltida kujo raftaġi, murdagī-mī, zinda-mī noma'lum. Rustam čil zina tah-ba, boloi būryo-ba ob zada sinaašro dar nam partofta «vo bačam!» gufta xob raftaast. Bačaš Sūhrobro kušta bud. Ana in naberaašro az domi Afrosiyob judo karda girifta bud, ana hamin kujo budanašro namedonad».

Ba'd ba dastaš yak hamyon [megūyad Farangibonu]:

«Mana in – megūyad – hamyon; mana in – megūyad – xat – čil rüz mondagī mūhlati ba hamin naberaaš – megūyad – zud rasoned, boz mondagī mukofotro man mediham».

Az hamin hamon dutoi onho dar hamin jo memonad, dutoi digar barobar čunon ba roh metozand, ki tabonaš az kunaš kanda namešavad. Metozand! On jo rafta Rustamro kobo-kob mekunand. Ha, ana xob raftast. Peši Rustam medaroyand:

«Ha, in-tavr bud...» [ijozat namedihand]

«Ne-ne medaroem – megūyand – ba moyon xudi Rustam darkor».

Ba'd peši Rustam medaroyand. Rustam xob raftast dar boloi yak būryo, čil zina dar tagi zamin.

Ba'd [qalandare] megūyad:

«Yo pahlavon! Yo jahonmard! Xezed!»

«Ha».

«Ba šumo muborakbod».

«E, bačemro xudam kuštam, naberaamro gum kardam, ba doġi vay vosūxt šuda xob ravam, čiro muborak mekuned ba man, axmoq! – megūyad – tu daldu-mī, tentak-mī, čī?» – megūyad [Rustam].

«Hee, – megūyad [Qalandare] – xezed-xezed. Mana in xat – megūyad – [xabar] az neberaaton. Az hamon zane, ki nebarai šumoro yoft, az hamon kelinšavandai šumo.

"Whatever you have gathered begging today, it will not amount to this; now answer me" – she says.

When they see the four golden coins, they almost faint.

"Well" – one of them says – "It is not in vain".

"All right, now speak" – Farangibonu says.

One of them says: "In Eronzamin there was Rustam, son of Doston, they said the Barzu the farmer was his grandson, and he has been taken and brought somewhere, whether he is dead or alive is unclear. Rustam is lying in a pit of forty steps down, on a mat made of reed onto which water is thrown, and he has thrown his chest into the water saying "Oh my child!". He had killed his son Sührob. And now he had freed his grandchild from the mischievous trap of Afrosiyob, but now he does not know where he is".

Now, in her hand Farangibonu held a purse. She says:

"Take this" – she says – "Take this purse and this letter" – she says – "This grandson has only forty days left" – she says – "Bring it as quick as you can, and I will give you what is left over as a reward".

Two of them stay, and the other two speed away like hares. They run! When they arrive they start looking for Rustam. And there he is, lying. They come close to Rustam, but then:

"You cannot go in ..." [they are not given permission].

"No, no, we will go in" – they say – "We need to see Rustam himself".

Then, they go to Rustam. Rustam is lying on the ground on a mat of reed, forty steps down into a cellar. Then, one of the beggar-monks says:

"Oh champion! Oh ruler of the world! Rise!"

"All right".

"Congratulations to you".

"What are you saying, I killed my son, I lost my grandson, I am consumed in grief for him, why do you congratulate me, stupid!" – he says – "What are you, some vagabond, an idiot??" – Rustam says.

"Hey now" – the beggar-monk says – "Come on, rise. Look at this letter, it contains some news about your grandson. From the woman who found your grandson, from the lady who is to be your daughter-in-law".

Ana dar šahri Farangpodšoh – megūyad – Farangibonu guftagī, duxtari ūro dar dastaš – megūyad – dar dast ġaltidast, čil rŭz mond, guft [Farangi-bonu] – megūyad – dar murdanaš, mana mo arang [ba zŭr] ba injo piyoda rasida omadem».

Mŭhlatro mebinand, mŭhlat duvazdah rŭz-mī, sezdah rŭz mondast, az čil rŭz. Rustam hamtŭŭŭŭ nigoh kard. Zavorayu-pavorayu baloyu badtaru [xubu bad har kiro] jiyanašro megūyad:

«Tez dah hazor laškarro girifta az pasi man mekašī – megūyad – man raftam» – megūyad.

Hamin Raxšro mezanad, dar jonaš nigoh nakarda; ba sŭi šahri Farangibonu nigoh karda. Ana aknun Rustam omadan megirad. Hamin rŭz Sŭhrobro [=Barzuro] anakun ba maydon mebarorand, az baroyi ovextan.

[Šunavanda: Barzuro].

Barzuro! Barzuro mebarorand, ya'ne qabul namekunad dinu mazhabi inhoru. Hamon yazdonparastī šuda meistad. Ana ba'd podšoh megūyad, ki:

«To omadani man [ba kuštorogh] yagon kas – megūyad – tir naparonad in – megūyad – yakka-vu yagona yak duxtari manro yoftaast – megūyad – ba dini mazhabi mo nadaromada – megūyad – ba man yak nasaqa [nangi] ziyod kard – megūyad – yakum in badbaxtro – megūyad – man xudam parronda kuštanam darkor».

«Xŭb». [Megūyad vazir].

Podšoh hamin tavr guftan ba'd «kī?» [savol dorad] megūyad. Hama mešinand. Ana podšoh dar hamin jo hayal [der] mekunad, jŭra [jŭra=mu-rojiat ba šunavanda]. Hamin sahar-katī podšoh ba borgoh daromada, to namozdigarro buromada nametavonad. To namozi asra. Ana ba'd namozdigarī mebaroyad, ki oftob ba hamin taraf [rovī bo dastaš ba tarafe išorat mekunad] rafta, šŭ'lalaaa doda, az namozdigar balandtar, hangomi begohī, bevaqt [der] šuda istodan, ana meoyad, taqar-tuqur, šaqur-šuqur bo inu vay megūyad. Qasam, qabul namekunad. Boloyi dor mebaroyandu čašmi intro [Barzuro] mekušoyand. Čašmaš bastagī budast. Jahonro yak binad, in taraf, on tarafro šoyad ham dini moro qabul kunad. Ana in yak zamon hamin in taraf, on tarafro mebinand, čor gŭšaro mebinand, čašmaš yak zamon ba čŭl [sahro] meġaltad. Hamin poyonro nigoh mekunad, ki hamin čŭl, hamin yak čiz omada istodast. Dar har yak mižža zadan sad metr, dusad metr peš omada istodaast, kalon šuda. Yarq-yarq-yarq karda istodaast.

“Look here, in the land of the king of Farang” – he says – “There is Farangibonu, and she has said that he was captured by the king; only forty days left, she said, this daughter, before he will die, that is why we have been through great trouble to get here on foot”.

They see how much time has elapsed, only twelve days, maybe there were thirteen left, of the forty days. Rustam was in shock. He gathered Zavara and all who belonged to him, all his nephews, good or bad, strong or weak, and told them:

“Quickly, gather ten thousand soldiers and follow me!” – he says – “I go now!”

He spurs on Raxš, without looking at the state of him; he is only looking forwards in the direction of the land of Farangibonu. And now Rustam is getting nearer. On the same day that Sūhrob [=Barzu] is brought to the square to be hanged.

[*A listener corrects him: Barzu*].

Barzu! They bring out Barzu, for he did not accept their faith and religion. He clings to worshipping God. Then the king says:

“Let no one shoot an arrow to him, until I have come to the place of execution!” – he says. “He and him alone has found my daughter” – he says – “And he has not entered into our religion” – he says – “He has brought great shame upon me” – he says. “I must be the one who is going to shoot and kill him”.

“All right” – the minister says.

The king asks whether someone has a question. They all sit down. But the king delays and is late, my friend. In the morning the king had come to the court, and he is not able to come out until the next prayer-time. Till the noon-prayer. And when he comes out, the sun has gone down in that direction [*the storyteller points out where*], its rays are strong, and then until the next prayer. When it is late, he comes, talking to this and that person. He [Barzu] has sworn, he will not accept. They lift Barzu onto the gallows and remove his blindfold. They had blindfolded him. When he sees the world, this side and that side, he might accept our religion after all. And then he looks in this and that direction, he sees the four corners, and his eyes fell upon the fields. And then, far away in the fields, he sees that something is coming. With every blink of his eye it comes a hundred metres, or two hundred metres closer, it becomes big. It is galloping towards him.

Inro dida hamin Raxši Rustam ba yodi Barzu meoyad. Tavakkalī [Barzu], «xoh bošad, xoh nabošad či» gufta, «hamin bobom nabošad, digar heč kas nest» [megūyad dar dilaš]. Az hamin boloi hamin dor, az pušti dor, boloi balandi dor, az hamin-jo: «bobojon!» gufta, čirras [dod] mezanad. Hamin čirrasī [sadoi] Barzu ba gūši Rustam merasad. «Vah!» megūyad. Hamin nigoh mekunad, Raxšro čunon mezanad ba murdanaš nigoh namekunad. Raxš xudaš hamin tavr ba ob gūtidagī, badanaš sip-siyoh, loy šudagī, čang-katī. Dar mobayni dah daqiqa naguzišta rasida mebeyad.

Narxašro napursida ba maydon omada, avval dorro meburrad, qilič mezanad. Ehaaa! Rustamro Raxšaš-katī didan zamon odamho, sarosema megurezand. Yagon kas nigoh namekunad. Inaš dar tagi po monda istodast, inaš saraš kafida istodast, inaš... In toifaro mezanadu, nebara dar on jo dastu po basta, dar boloi dor. Hamin nebararo az hamin jo [az bolo] oğūš karda megirad. Hama gurezma-gurez-katī! In bošad nebara-katī voxūriyu girya-yu nolayu būsayu oğūš kardanu hamtaring karda, ana ba'd xudašro rost girifta, az hamin jo, ana ba'd yak zamon, bobo nabera har duyaš yak šuda, podšohi Farangro ba dini xudašon, ba dinu mazhab guzaronda megirand.

Anakun podšoh gurexta rafta, dar borgoh medaroyad. Rustam megūyad:

«Ba borgoh daromada kujo meravī – megūyad – buro in taraf, turo kuštani nestam, ġazo kardanī nestam, faqat ba rahi rost daro, ba gap daro, tamom».

Ba'd meravad. Yak darvozai digar mešavad. Hamon Farangibonu dar hamon qal'a daromadagī budast, dar hamon darvoza. Aknun [odamoni pešin] megūyand ki zulfakī [halqai] darvoza haftod man budast. Hamin dastai zulfaki darro dast megirad... dar rūi on tillo davondagī. Hamin jilo medihad. Hamin Rustam meravadu haminro yakbora mekašad-diyal! Hamin kašida, kaj karda in taraf girifta meparotoyad, xudaš medaroyad. In joro ham fath mekunadu megirad.

Ana dar hamin jo podšohro, ki gūš namekunad, mekušad. Podšohi Farang musulmon namešad. Ba'd duxtaraš Farangibonu ba dinu mazhabi inho daromada čil šabu čil ruz tūy karda, tamošo karda, ba Barzu inro [Farangibonuro] girifta medihad.

When he sees this, Rustam and Raxš come to the mind of Barzu. Desperately, he says to himself, it might be him, it might not be. But then he says to himself: It is my grandfather, and no one else! And from high up on the gallows, from that height, he screams:

“Grandfather!”

This scream by Barzu reaches the ear of Rustam. “Wow!” – he says. He looks into the distance and spurs on Raxš, not thinking that he could die from this. Raxš is sweating, his body is black as coal, he is covered in mud and dust. Within ten minutes he is there.

Without asking he enters the square, he cuts down the gallows first, drawing his sword. Ehaa! When people see Rustam with Raxš, they flee in panic. No one looks. Someone has fallen down, another has a broken head, yet another one...He beats up the group, and there is his grandson, with hands and feet tied, up on the gallows. He embraces his grandson on the spot, right there, still on the dais where the gallows are. All have fled, all of them! This was the meeting with his grandson, with a lot wailing and crying and embracing and so on, and then he put him upright and then grandfather and grandson were one for a while, and the king of Farang, with his religion, they left him alone.

And now the king fled to his court. Rustam says:

“Where are you going, to your court?” – he says. “Go on, leave, I am not going to kill you, we are not planning a war, just take the right path, say the word, that is all”.

Then he leaves. There is another gate. Through that gate Farangibonu entered the palace. Now, the people had told that the bar of the gate weighed seventy maunds – at least 800 kilograms. He grabs the handle of the bar... it was covered with gold. It was glittering. Rustam goes and tears it down in one push! Having torn it down, it bends it and he throws it in one direction, and he himself goes into that part of the castle, which he has now conquered.

And there he kills the king, who did not listen. The king of Farang did not become a Muslim. Then, his daughter Farangibonu enters their religion and for forty days and nights they feast, they watch the festivities, and Rustam gives Farangibanu to Barzu.

Ana ba'd dar hamin jo Rustam... hamon, holo dar miyoni mardum holo yak marosimi rūbinon hast-ku... ba hamon rūbinon Rustam, ba peši hamin kelin [Farangibonu] medaroyad. Kelin ta'zim mekunad. Kelin az joyaš mexezad, rūyašro oškoro az parda kušoda ta'zim mekunad. Dar hamin joi pešonaš yak doḡ ast [rovī bo dastaš ba hajmi doḡ išorat mekunad] Ba'd Rustam megūyad, ki:

«Yo bonu, dar ixtiyori Barzu-jon istoda šumo! Kī ba šumo sitam karda, ba in joi [pešonai] šumo doḡ paydo kard. Ba man gūyed, ki to tuxm ba tuxmaš dar qabriston budagī murdešro berun baroram».

Ba'd hamon Farangibonu ta'zim karda megūyad, ki:

«Yo padari buzurḡ! Heč kas ba man tanbeh nakardaast. Vaqte ki šumo az zanjiri darvoza dast girifta kašided, man dar boloi asp budam, az asp parida raftam, dar hamun jo, ba zarbi xudi šumo in jarohat šud».

Ba'd dar hamon jo Rustam megūyad:

«Ore, mamlakat az oni šumo! Mana baxšed, ki man pešoni šumoro zaxmdor kardam».

Ana hamin katī, hamin Farangibonuro ba Barzu girifta doda, bobo nebara, har duyašon hamin-jo memonand [va Rustam pas az zamone megūyad]:

«Ana bo ham jufti piru munosib šaveton» – gufta, gašta ba'd ba Eronzamin monda rafta budaast.

Ana ba joi Farangibonu ba'd yak podšohi digar, hamun podšohi avvalaro, on ki dar joi padari Farangibonu bud, yak bačešro-mī, yake digarro-mī, digar podšoh memonandu mardumro ba rohi yazdon da'vat mekunand, ana bo hamin ba misli yak ob monda meravand.

Duo: Omin! Va rabbil olamin! Ba har darde davoyī, ba har ranje šifoyī, az tu kunem gadoyī! Yo, Sayfulzulfiqoro!

Har baloye, har qazoye, har vaboye, peš oyad daf kun parvardigoro!

Yo Vohiddul qahhor! Az qahrat emin dor, az qahrat emin dor, az qahrat emin dor! Jam'i-i navrasonro, jam'i-i xešu taborro, jam'i-i mulk-u vatan-ba budagī ahli islomro dar pano-yi ismatat nigo dor, dar pano-yi ismatat nigo dor, dar pano-yi ismatat nigo dor!

And there was Rustam...the same, and you know, there is a custom amongst the people, of visiting the bride. And Rustam moves closer to this bride, Farangibanu, to see her. He praises the bride. The bride rises from her seat, she opens her veil and shows her face and he praises her. On her forehead there is a brand mark [*the storyteller points out with his hand the size of this mark*]. Then Rustam says:

“Oh lady, you have supported dear Barzu! Who has tortured you in such a way that he has brought a mark upon your forehead? Tell me, so that I may root out his entire family including those already buried”.

Then, Farangibanu praises him, and says:

“Oh great father! No one has punished me. When you pushed away the chains of the gate, I was on a horse, and I fell from the horse, right there, and this wound was caused by your blow”.

Then Rustam says:

“Well, the kingdom is yours! Forgive me for injuring your forehead”.

And with this, with Farangibanu given to Barzu, the grandfather and the grandson stay there together for a while. After some time Rustam says:

“May you become an old and happy couple” – and, having said that, he leaves for Iran again.

And then, afterwards, instead of Farangibanu, another king came, the first king, the one who was in the place of the father of Farangibanu, his son, and another king was put on the throne and they invited people on the path towards God, and so it went on like a river flowing.

Prayer:

Amen! Amen to God! To every pain a cure, to every grief repair, because of you we will beg! Oh Sword of Zu'l-Fiqar! Oh Creator, defend us against every mischief, every fate, every pest that comes our way! Oh powerful God! Save us from your wrath, save us from your wrath, save us from your wrath! Protect the young ones, the family, the kingdom and the motherland with the Muslim people, protect them in your shelter, protect and shelter them!

Ba rūzi nek, ba farahmandī, da'vat kun, ey xudovando! Yo ġafforam vadud, yo ġafforam vadud, yo ġafforam vadud! Ba faryodi jumla ahli mūmin ras! Ba qatori onho moho-yi ġaribam ba faryodamon ras! Dūst-ba zor, dušman-ba xor, nomard-ba mūhtoj nakun xudoyo! Oblohu akbar!

[Dastho ba rūy kašida šud].

On a good day, invite them to joyfulness, oh lord! Oh merciful God, oh merciful God, oh merciful God! Help those who believe! And help us estranged ones when you help them! Plenty to the friend, thorns to the enemy, let us not suffer from the evil one!

God is great! [*The hands are drawn across the face*]

