

JADUR KELA GAS



THE MAGICAL BANANA TREE

ROHINGYA STORY-THREADING COLLECTION

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Kissa gaan hoil fultuli yore Lala Begum
Narrated and embroidered by Lala Begum



ROHINGYA
CULTURAL
MEMORY
CENTRE

ROHINGYA
KIMOTI
ROSOMOR
GHOR



FORISO

Doshan yaat garir rosomor kissa ar gura halor yaat gari okkol, kissa innawre hoye de Rohingya rosomor yaat garir zagat fultolar habil okkole. Fotti ekkan kissa ye zibonor ekkan sobok de, shomazhor otoba nizor nizor, arkanor tarar chondo halor zibon zabon nore turamura dehaa.

Arkanor gaang zagat, Rohingya kissa hoiya okkol fukor mazor (Middle East) molluk loi mil ashil, Rakhine razawin, ar Bengali fuths. Itarar zubanor rosom, rosomor kissa okkole dawila bodoilla asor goribo kiyalla boli hoile tara ek fissan ottu ar ek fissan tai goijje de ettolla. Fhunoya okkolle kessu kissa mil faibo, ar anka ar fultola hator ham diye hamore zinda rakibolla Rohingya fultoloya maya fuain dore.

Saba tuloya kabil zetarare tuaiyore fai ye etharare CMC maze raikke, Saleha Akter Urmi ek bosoror owore doshwa ibar fultolar dair maya fuain loi ham goijje, notun kabiliyoti unnoti gori bolla modot gori tarar bafaa raki bolla kula hala shojuk diye, sabar zoriye tara nizere nize zahir gori bolla. CMC maze hibar yaat garir kissa okkol bishi moshur shundor. Ay shun doizza hator fultola ar hator horloi silaye de kithab okkol ash foijjontor tarar moksot ola projet.

“Anr ratto beshi kissa okkol hoi bolla ase. Ennan ekkan bala shozuk anrar gura halore mehsus gori bolla, ar anrar fuain dolla kessu sawli rakiballa,” fultolar habil okkole hoiye de, zetara neki ek maa shor owore hator ham gojil ar hefazot gori rakil yaat gari la kissa dollagori yore.

INTRODUCTION

Threading Stories is a collection of ten folktales and childhood memories, narrated and stitched by the embroidery artists of the Rohingya Cultural Memory Centre. Each story imparts a life lesson, whether social or personal, and represents a piece of their childhoods in Arakan.

In rural Arakan, Rohingya storytellers were familiar with many Middle Eastern *kissa*, Rakhine *razawin*, and Bengali *futhi*. Stories were passed down from generation to generation through oral storytelling, changing and taking on different influences with each generation’s retellings. Audiences may find some of the tales familiar, while the drawings and *fultola* (embroidery) artwork offer a refreshingly original rendition by Rohingya women artisans.

As the founding artist-in-residence of the CMC, Saleha Akhter Urmi spent over a year working closely with the ten women of her embroidery group, helping them develop new skills, give free rein to their imaginations, and express themselves through art. *Threading Stories* is a capstone to her work at the CMC. These beautiful handstitched and hand-bound cloth books are their most ambitious project to date.

“We have many stories to tell. This was a good opportunity to relive our childhoods, and to preserve something for our children,” says the embroidery artists, who spent over a month creating the artwork and covers for the *Threading Memories* narrative collection.

Agor zobatan made ere uggwa lera fuwa ashil ze niki bishi
haito kintuk ho note no boule.

Once upon a time there was a skinny boy,
who ate a lot but never gained weight.



Hitare hitar faijja fuainde bol dehaito kiyoola bouli hoile ete lera ashil ar etatun shokte no ashil.

Other boys from the village bullied him because he was thin and had no energy.



Ishkullot maze, hitatun hono foiija no ashil bade ar ere you hitare bol dehaito.

At school, he did not have any friends and was also bullied.



line hitare fere shan goitou bade hamisha lshkullotun fere shan hoi aitou.

This made him very upset and he always returned sadly from school.



Hitattu mute uggwa foijja ashil zeniki hitar hotagin fuintou bade
zare niki hitar fere shani gin buzai faitou.

He only had one friend who would listen to him and with
whom he could share his sorrow.



Zette hite foijjar fuwati ball kelaitou, oinow zone kela ware
bangi ditou bade bol dehaitou.

Whenever the boy played football with his friend,
others would ruin the game and bully him.



Ekdin duiza hite ar hitar foijja boshil foi ror ekdake. Fuwawa bishi fere shanit ashil bade hitar fuijjatun mawshuwara maggil de ken golle hite shawkti awla hoi faribode iyan.

One afternoon he and his friend sat down beside a pond. The boy was very upset and asked his friend for suggestions on what he could do to become healthy.



Hitar fuijjaye boldil hitare bade hoilde fereshan noibolla kiyolla
boli hoile hite ekdin shokti wala ooi aaibou.

His friend consoled him and told him not to worry
because he will become healthy one day.



Zaga iyanottun ai zargoide ottot, hite hitar fuijja re hoilde hitattun kesu ham dora foribou bade gorot made fissa gori zaibou. Fuwa rasatun zadde ottot, hite dekil ugga shomke de gas. Zaintaw mone hoiye de etolla, hite gasor wuzu gil talash goriballa iyana iba uggua hawta hoi faitou de fawran ase de kela gas.

When they were leaving the place, he told his friend that he has to catch up on some work and will return home later. While the boy was travelling along the road, he saw a glittering tree. Curiously he went to the tree to discover that it was a talking banana tree with a soul.



Kimoutawla /damoula kela gase hoilde, “*ai zani tui tor mamelaganor juwab tuwade iyan. Tui jodi are modot goile, bade ai tore modot gojjum. Attu uggua kela haa bade tui shawkti wala hoi aibi. Gase fuware hoilde, ekmotta endila goile,*” Fani jawmagori yore ar shoirot dalide.

The majestic banana tree said, “I know you are searching for a solution to your problem. If you help me, then I can help you. Eat one banana from me and you will become healthy. Once you do that, collect some water and pour it on my roots,” the tree told the boy.



Fuwawa ye kela uggua loiyore bade kail. Aehon aehon hite masus gori fazilde shawktiwala bonilde lyan.

The boy took a banana and ate it. Immediately, he felt healthy.



Hite baltloi foiror oozu gil fanila.

He went to the pond with a pail to collect water.



Hite kela gasor oozu wafes aiyore fanidil. Shoirginot fani baize motor, derinoite aste gori gaswa hazi za shuru gozzil.

He returned to the banana tree and watered it. As soon as the water touched its roots, the tree slowly began to disappear.



Zadur tojur bagun loi kushi gori hite wafes gorot aigilgoi hitar baf ore mare toibola zetara hitalla soitakil.

He returned home after this magical experience to find his parents happily waiting for him.



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