

RANIR MONSHA



THE QUEEN'S WISH

ROHINGYA STORY-THREADING COLLECTION



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THE QUEEN'S WISH

Kissa gaan hoil fultuliyore Umme Habiba  
Narrated and embroidered by Umme Habiba



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 goijil 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.

Ek zobanat maze uggwa baksha loi uggwa rani loi ashil  
zeteraattun fuwain tuwain nawashil.

Once upon a time there was a king and a queen who did  
not have any children.





Ekdin, ranittun uggwa mozar mas haitomone hoil, ettolla boli  
baksha bazarrot gheel mas uggwa aani bolla.

One day, the queen wanted to eat a delicious fish  
so the king went to the market to buy one.





Hite bodda mas uggwa hitar raniilla kini aanil.

He bought a big fish for his queen.







Zettot rani ye ay bodda maswaa dekkil, hibaye hoil baksha re:  
*“Attun haitomoney hodde uggwa shorow mas. Mehermani gori  
dor maswa loi uggwa shorow mas loi bodoli bolla.”*

When the queen saw the big fish, she told the king:  
*“I would like to eat a small fish. Please exchange the big  
fish for a smaller one.”*



Hitar rani re kuvshi gori bolla, baksha waye haari yore bazarot wafez gheel goi. Zadde awktot maze, maswa re duwanyatun kengori yore hoi bodoli fari bode yanore baaf fil.

To please his queen, the king walked back to the market.  
On his way there, the king thought of a reason he could give the shopkeeper for exchanging the fish.





Baksha waye duwannyar hase zai buzailde maswa uggwa modda yo no uggwa miyalo no. *“Anr raniye modda ar miyala nodde masore nohaa. Tui mehermani gori uggwa gura mozar mas loi bodolidi faribane”* hite fusar loil. Kintuk duwanya wattun noashil ayawktot uggwa gura mas, bade baksha wattun bodda maswa loi wafes gorot aizagoi fozzil.

The king went to the shopkeeper and explained that the fish is neither a male nor a female. *“My queen does not eat fish that has no gender. Can you please exchange this fish for a smaller and tastier male fish?”* he asked. But the shopkeeper did not have a small fish at the time so the king was forced to return with the big fish.







Baksha waye gorot fawsi yore rani re bekkulun buzail. Kintuk rani waye fereshan awil kiyolla boli hoile baksha waye hibattun haitomone hoilde maswa aani nawfarede yanolla.

The king went home and explained everything to the queen. But she became upset since the king did not bring the fish she desired.



Duizza, Bakshar goror dahouttun aiyede awktot duwanya waye fuisa ekkan hazai felail. Hite tuail zol okkollot, rasta okkollot bade bekkulla hite fuisa hazailde zaga yanor maze.

In the afternoon, the shopkeeper lost a coin when he passed by the king's house. He searched the bushes, the road and everywhere in between for his lost coin.





Zehond baksha ye dekkil, hite kushish gozzil modot goribolla duwanya ware fuisa gaan tuai fai bolla. *“Tui enngori kellaa kushish goror ekkam fuisa tuaibolla?”* Hite fusar loil. Duwanya waye juwab dilde: *“Fuisa yanor ekdahottun bakshar soobi ar ekdahottun ranir soobi ashil. Aara bekkulune baksha re adde rani re izzot gori.”* Iyan funiyore baksha beshi kushi awil.

When the king saw that, he tried to help the shopkeeper find his coin. *“Why you are trying so hard to search for a coin?”* he asked. *The shopkeeper replied: “There is an image of the king on one side and of the queen on the other. We all respect our king and queen.”* The king was very happy to hear this.







Duwanya waye wada motafek maswa bodolidil.

The shopkeeper also exchanged the fish as promised.





Baksha beshi khushi awil bade duwanya ware bokshish dibolla  
faisala gozzil hitar awfadari adde shadaa shidi urey.

The king was so happy that he decided to award  
the shopkeeper for his loyalty and honesty.











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