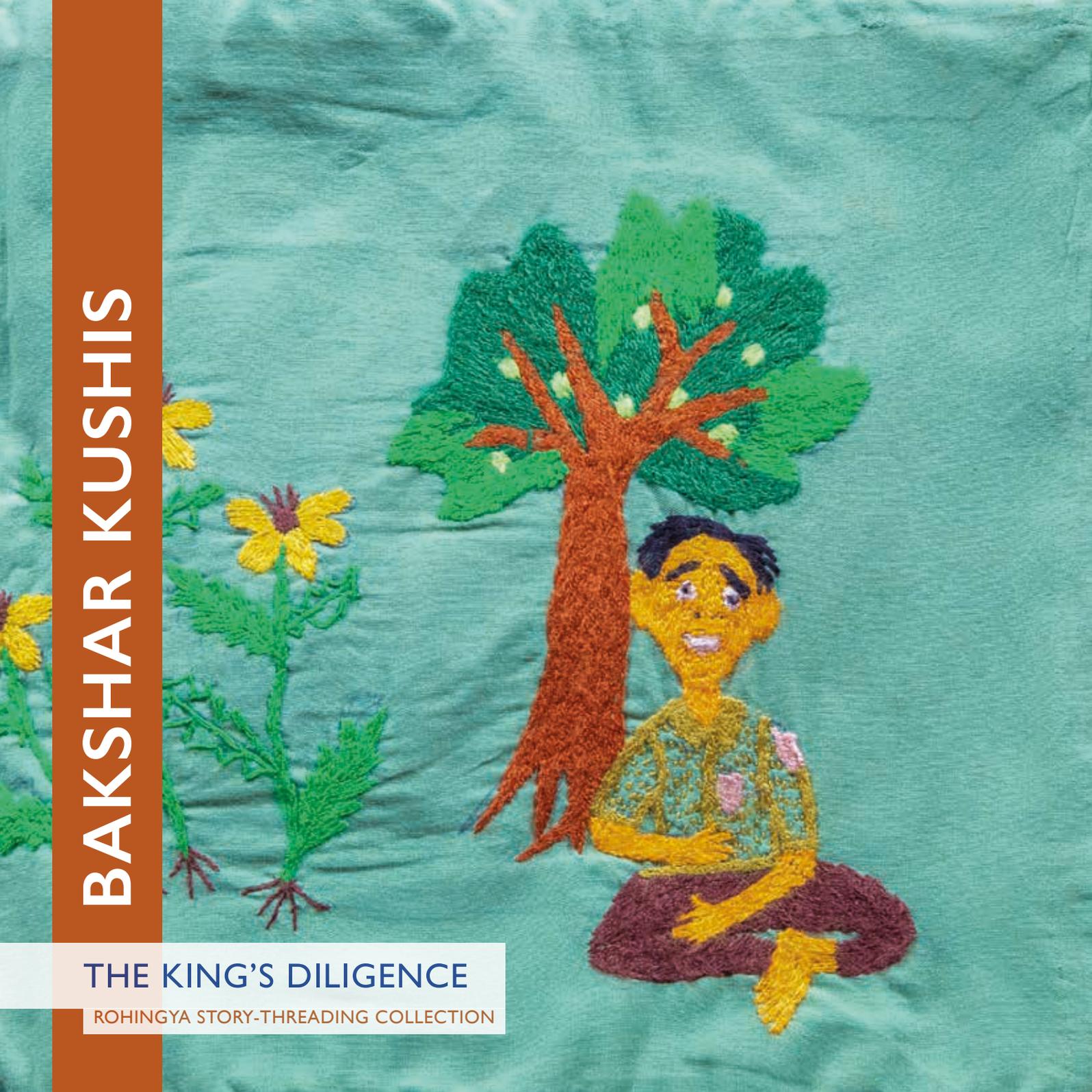


BAKSHAR KUSHIS

THE KING'S DILIGENCE

ROHINGYA STORY-THREADING COLLECTION



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THE KING'S DILIGENCE

Kissa gaan hoil fultuli yore Salema
Narrated and embroidered by Salema



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 zagar fultolar habil okkole. Fotti ekkan kissa ye zibonor ekkan sobok de, shomazhor otoba nizor nizor, arkanor tarar chondo halor zibon zaban 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 zobanat tuwangor uggwa baksha ashil.Kintuk hite gorib oaigilgoi bade ekan gura gorot hitar foribar loi takah shuru gojjil.

Once upon a time there was a rich king. But he became poor and began to live with his family in a small shelter.



Baksha ye honaw ham tuai nofarow nor zoriya, hitara din bodin bishi modot sara bonigil goi. Ekdin biyane, raniye hoil: *“Oo baksha sab, ai buzidde tuwattun honaw hamhoros tuwansa baharmika neli yore, ar nohile honaw kiyattun modot tuwansaa, toi arar foribar basi fari bou.”*

With each passing day they became more helpless as the king could not find any work. One morning, the queen said: *“Oh my king, I think you should go out and search for some work or seek help from others so that our family can survive.”*



Baksha wa baare neli gilgoi modot toui balla. Rasta maze hithe
uggwa manuss loi dawla owil zattun gas gusalar sarar bagan
ashil. Baksha waye buzail hitar halottore bade: *“Mermani gori
more kessu tiya udar desena boli hoil.”* Ai wafes defelaiyum:
“Manush waye zuwab dil, bakshare hitar fuwati zaibolla.”

The king went out to find help. On the way
he met a man who owned a nursery. The king
explained his situation and said: *“Please lend
me some money. I will pay you back.”* The man
replied: *“Come with me king.”*



Gasor Q sarar malek waye baksha re hitar gasor sarar baganot nil bade hoilde: *“Oo mor baksha sab tui baksha ashilade auktot, ekmotta tui arare modot gozzila iyan ara honawdin fawrai nofariyum. Attun awhon bishi tiya nai, kintuk ai kessu gasor sara okkol difaizzum. Ai buzidde tui inloi hamai fariba tiya fuisa, tui zodike inore lagai yore hefazot goile,”* endila hoi yore hite dil.

The nursery owner took the king to his nursery and said: *“Oh my king, you helped us once when you were a king and we can never forget that. I don’t have much money now, but I can give you a few plants. I think you can earn money with this plant, if you nurture and grow it,”* he offered.



Baksha w aaye hitar mawshoragan loil bade lagail sara bekkulunore hitar biraat made ekan bade ar ekan.

The king took his advice and sowed all the plants in his courtyard one by one.



Baksha loi bakshar bibi duniyone gasgusalar sara ginore sasita shuru gozzil. Hitarar kushish or duwara, e gasor sara gin bodda gas boni gilgoi.

Both the king and queen started to take care of the plants. Because of their hard work, the plants started to grow into trees.



Gassun ekkatun ekka dor awyore bade deri nawyite besi farefan auil. Baksha waye faisela gozzil de innottun kessu besibolla bade bakigin hariyore gas banaibolla.

The trees kept getting bigger and were soon ready for sale. The king decided to sell some of them and cut the rest for wood.



Baksha ye manshaw re gas besi felail bade kessu tiya hamail.

The king sold the wood to people and earned some money.



Tarfoddin bakshawa bagan or malek hase gil bade dil kessu tiya hitar hamanittun. Kintuk maleke tiya nawgose yore bakshare tiyar bodola hoil de: *“Tiyagin loi bishi gas okkol kini faribi bade haris tor goror biraat.”*

Next day the king went to the nursery owner and gave him some money from his earning. But the owner refused to accept and instead told the king: *“With this money you can buy more plants and chop them in your courtyard.”*



Baksha waye bishi gas or sara okkol kinil hitar biraat
lagaibolla bade shuru gozzil kushish gawraa. Deri nawyite
gas okkol bodda auigil goi.

The king bought more plants to grow in his courtyard
and began working hard. The plants soon grew into
large trees.



Kessu timor fore, baksha ye tottar gor ekkan bannil borabor
hitar agor bakshar toktod dayikya.

Sfter some time, the king built a wooden house similar
to his previous palace.



Bakshawa ar ekmotta tuwangor aui ashil bade agordoilla
tahka shuru gozzil. Bagizawala wa uggwa bala manush ashilde
iyan bakshaye tari fazzil zeniki hitare bishi modot gozzil.
Ekdinna, hite bagizar girosor hase gil bade fusalloil hitattun
hitar zerfuwa biyagoibolla.

The king became rich again and started living like before.
The king felt the nursery owner was an honest man who
had helped him a lot. One day, he went to the nursery
owner and asked him to marry the princess.



Bade bakshar zerfuwa loi bagizar giroswa loi biya auigil goi.

So the king's daughter, the princess and the nursery owner got married.



Baksha ar hitar foribar okkol bekulun , bakshar zerfuwa
loi bagizar giros loi uddwa fuwarati kushir saate hamisha
jibonjabon gori takkil.

The king and all his family, including the princess
and the nursery owner, lived happily ever after.



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