

ALI BABA ADDE
SHALISHWA SUR



ALI BABA & THE FOURTY THIEVES

ROHINGYA STORY-THREADING COLLECTION

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Kissa gaan hoil fultuli yore Morijan
Narrated and embroidered by Morijan



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 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.

Ek zobanat maze duwa bai ashil, tarar nam ashilde Ali Baba
adde Kashem hitara bou okkl loi fuwarati takitou.

Once upon a time, two brothers named Ali Baba
and Kashem lived with their wives.



Fottidin biyane Kashem bazarot zai yore totorhari okkol besitou bade Ali Baba ye mura okkol lot zai yore zalede darguwa aanitou.

Every morning Kashem went to sell vegetables at the market and Ali Baba went to collect firewood from the hills.



Hazuinna hoile Ali Baba ye zalede darguwa loi wafes aitou.

Ali Baba returned with firewood in the evening.



Ekdin, Ali Baba murat zadde awktot suror dai ugguwa re dekkil zetara niki shuna shani hiramutti sur goribolla felan gozzil. Ali Baba ye sur gori funnil dahait okkolle kihodde yanore kahndi yore “*Khul ja sim sim*” gufoniyotor duwar khuli balla.

One day, while Ali Baba was on his way to the hills he saw a group of thieves who were planning to steal gold and jewelry. Ali Baba secretly listened to them and overheard the robbers saying “*Open sesame*” to open a secret door.



Sur okkolle sur goredde awktot, Ali Baba yaw kamarat golil goi bade kessu shuna sur gozzil.

While the thieves were stealing, Ali Baba also entered the room and stole some gold.



Hite gorot wafes ashil bade hitar berire sur gozzilde shuna shani hiramutti ghin dil.

He came back to his house and gave the stolen treasures to his wife.



Zettot sur okkolle kessu shuna shani hiramutti komigiye goide yan masus gori faizze, hitara faisala gozzil kone sur goizzede yan tui ai balla. Hitarare sinnaw gori nawfarefan hitara nize baze deshi besoiya boni yore farat made neligil goi.

When the thieves realized that some treasures are missing, they decided to find out who stole it. They disguised themselves as pottery sellers and went out in the village.



Zettot Ali Baba ye dekkil hitaratun ekzaw nawre, hite dahail deshi kini balla. Sure hoilde, “*Ai ek galosh fani fai yumne? Attun bishi fanittirash laige*” Ettlolaboli Ali Baba ye goror butore ai balla hoil.

When Ali Baba saw one of them, he called out to buy pottery. The thief asked, “*Can I get a glass of water? I am very thirsty.*” So Ali Baba invited him inside the house.



Fani haiyore Ali Baba re deshi beshil, surre tuail gorot maze
aotnofafan gawri bade hazigiye goide shuna ginore tuai fahail.

After drinking the water and selling the pottery to Ali
Baba, the thief secretly searched the house and found
the missing gold.



Tuai faibade, sur okkolle felan gozzilde Ali Babar gor gaan
baifelai balla.

After the discovery, the thieves planned to break
into Ali Baba's house.



Zettot hite dekkil sur okkollore hitar gorot made,
Ali Baba ye oozordil.

When he saw the thieves at his house,
Ali Baba began shouting.



Sur okkol dai ghil goi.

The thieves fled.



Tarfoddin, Ali Baba ye hoil hitar berire adde hitar bai yore raaitor aage ki awilde yaan. Bade hitara bekulun beshi khushi awil kiyolaboli hoile shuna ghin hefazotot ashilde hetolla.

The next day, Ali Baba told his wife and brother about what happened the night before. And they were all very happy that the gold remained safe.



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This is a publication by the Rohingya Cultural Memory Centre (RCMC). The RCMC is a unique IOM project preserving Rohingya cultural heritage through engaging Rohingya refugee artisans and cultural practitioners to research, document and re/produce their own heritage. RCMC centers the voices of refugees by providing them the necessary tools, platform and skill-building opportunities to express their individual and collective memories and aspirations that constitute the Rohingya experience.

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