



## Grandmother: A Storyteller

Dristi Chaya Saikia

Jorhat, Assam, India

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*Nahoru phulil, togoru fulily o...  
Jetukai bulae hat.  
Tokar matot nasonia nasil  
Rongalir kulir maat.*

This Rongali bihu I write a song or may be few lines on my grandmas. In Assamese house grandmas play a very important role and almost every natinis loves them. (In Assamese natinis means childrens of grandmother's daughter and son). Their story, way of talking inspire us still. Sometimes it's funny. But in future we realise that may be it is a story may be we are far apart from them but the way of talking, the way how they narrate, represents them is touching our heart.

*Ai aita kuli keteki ye  
Barit romoke jomoke  
Aitama bohagore batora  
Bohagore batora o...*

*Ai aita natinik pahori  
Aita juwa koloi buli  
Aita keteki fulily  
Keteke phulily podulit.*

In my childhood (primary school) I grew up mama's house. Aitama care about so much. And my another aita gave me a 'Thuriya' (An Assamese traditional earring). When we child they were definitely talked about various stories and stories everytime connected with forest. And a very few stories connected with societies. A person change a society. And here the story starts. When I was in my primary school a few story book was my favourite. And between every story or end of the story we always asked them some question like...

- What's wrong with her?
- I can not believe the power of a small monkey.
- What they saw when they are entering into the forest?
- After the fight between lion and tiger who was the king of the forest?
- What happened after lion eat the deer?

- What happened after her little sister left her big sister?  
At the end someone say I do not like the story at all. And some of them loudly say Oh! dear I totally enjoy.

Above all question that rise in my mind second question is mostly important. The question itself say it was a story of something (I can say) who does not belong from this physical world. In short it is a negative energy. If we look into our eyes in history pages there are so many places which are also available in internet and also see in films. As a child we listen this story happily. But with the clock it changes. Listening this story bring refreshment to our mind. Because it seems to be fairy tale, but a tree never grows without roots.

This some of our moments that we spend our time with our grandparents. At the end we are smiling like ha...ha...ha...shocking and see each other eyes. I do not know how this generation spends their time with them. Grandparents are experts in that.

*Podulir murete keteki phulile o...  
Phagunor posuar pisot  
Nasonia gujile Gogona aru Thuriya o...  
Aitake hojai thua morom.  
Hoina...*

*Ai aita moromor natini  
Aita sokure moni  
Aitama horure logori  
Aita thuriya homan dhunia.  
Thuriya homan dhunia jura.*

At least for me I have spending a quality time with my aitama specially. I am still spending time with her, whenever I visit her home she always asked some question about my school, health. Question like who visited your home during bihu? Always asking about our neighbours? What they are doing now? She is I think 85 but still asking some questions. And my another aita she is different. A cheerful, travel freak woman I can say. She did not interest what's going on about her surroundings. Unfortunately, she had only in memories. I love both of them. Thuriya that



she gave me, my mother carefully kept with her. And after so many years when I kept it with me not proudly but I can say this is a gift that given my roots. *Ai thuriya jur mur aita ye dia.* And a grandchild find this two types of grandmother.

**A Storyteller...**

*Ai aita kuli keteki ye*  
*Barit romoke jomoke...*  
*Aitama nasoni haju hol*  
*Natini hju hol...*  
*Rongalir hazot.*