

Bird Folktales of Meghalaya for Children

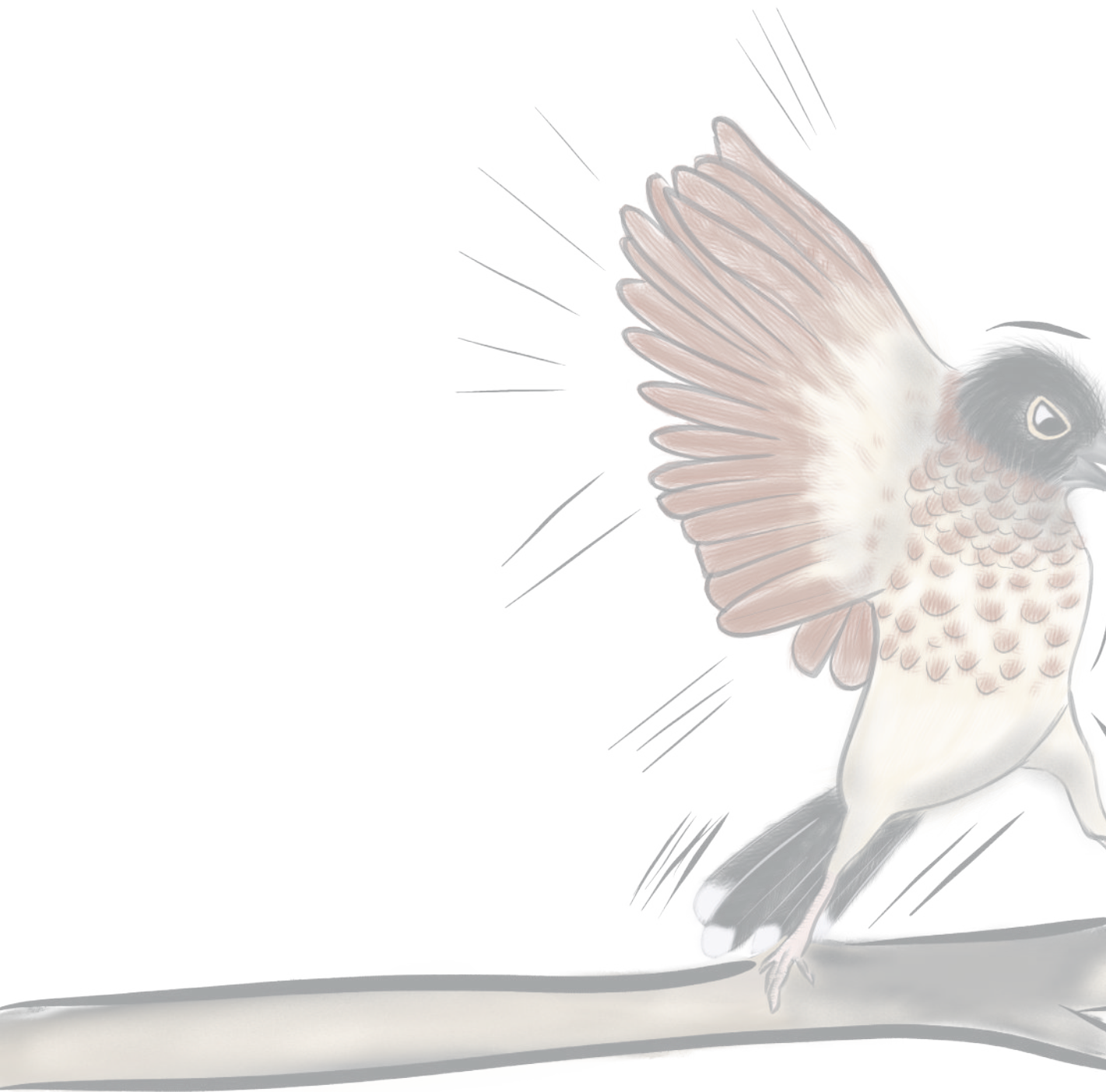
Ki Khanaparom shaphang ki Sim ha Meghalaya na ka bynta ki Khyannah



Compiled and adapted by | Ba la lum bad pynwandur
Glenn C Kharkongor

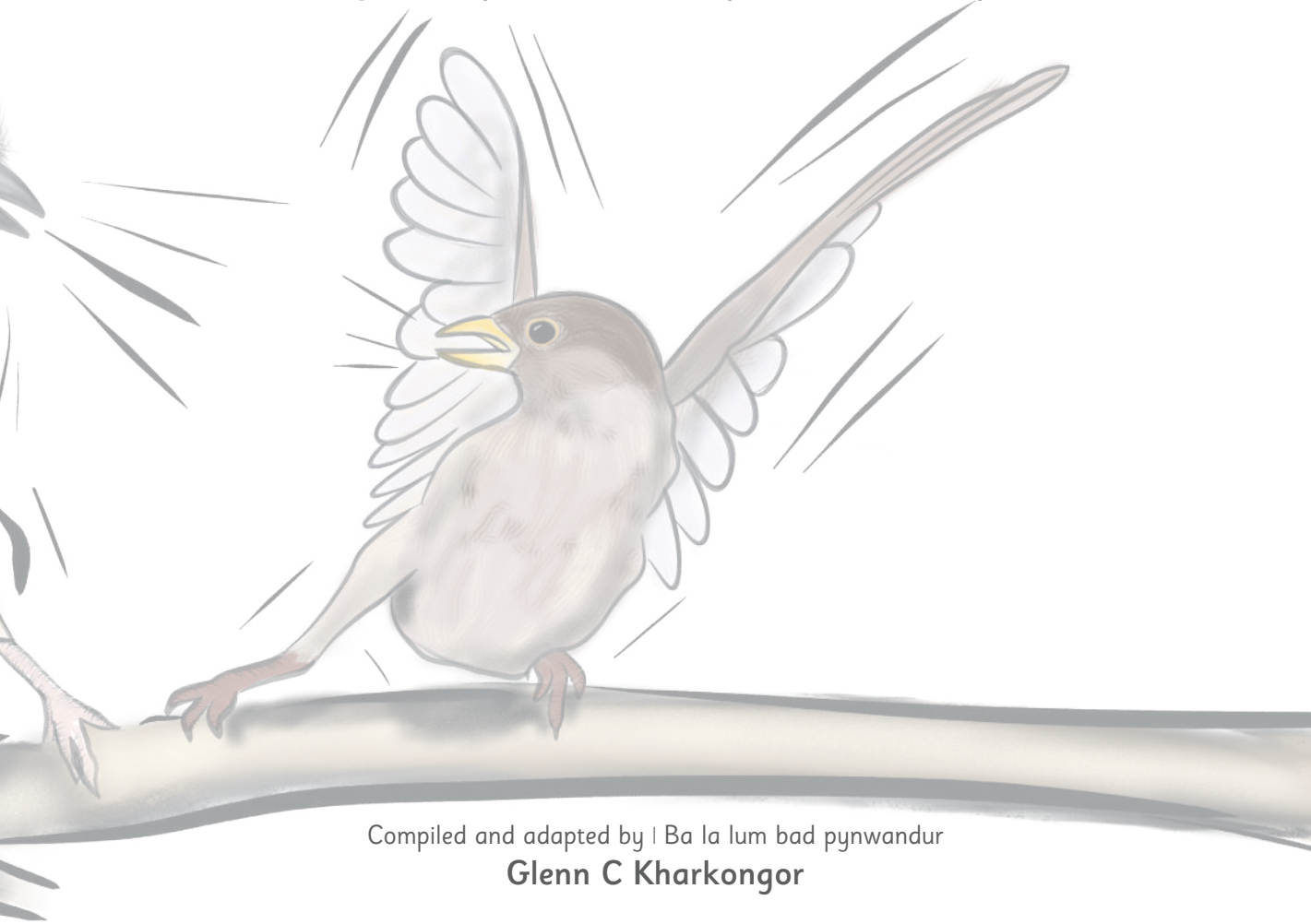
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398.209354164 KHA DDC 22

ISBN: 978-81-981649-2-6

Published by
Martin Luther Christian University Press
Lummarboh, Dongktieh Block 1, Nongrah,
Shillong, Meghalaya, India 793006
<https://www.mlcuniv.in/>

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How the Peacock got his Beautiful Feathers



Kumno u Klew u ioh ia la ki Sner Bunrong





When the world was young and all the animals spoke the language of man, the peacock, U Klew, was but an ordinary grey-feathered bird. But he strutted about like a king, just because his crest was more erect and his tail was longer than the other birds.

They used to flatter him, pretending that they admired him, just for the amusement of seeing him swelling his chest. One day, they pretended that a great dorbar meeting of the birds had been held to select an ambassador to carry the greetings of the birds to the beautiful maiden Ka Sngi, who ruled in the Blue Realm, and that U Klew had been chosen for this great honour.






Mynhyndai kulong, ha ka por ba baroh ki jait mrad bad ki sim ki ju ia kren ia khana kum ki khun bynriew, u Klew u la long u kynja sim uba don ki sner kiba thohrew, ym kiba phalang itynnad.

Katno kita ki sim ki ju iaroh ia u Klew tang ban iohi ia ka jingsarong jong u. Ha kawei ka sngi, ki la rai ban ialeh biria bad u Klew. Kumta ki la khot ia u bad ki la ong, ba kum ka dorbar, ki la ia rai ba la jied ia u Klew kum u nongmihkhmat jong ki, ban her sha suiñbneng bad ban leit ai khublei ia ka Sngi.





The peacock was very happy and became even more proud. He boasted about going as the ambassador of the birds. He also claimed he would marry the royal maiden and live with her in the Blue Realm.

The birds enjoyed much secret fun at his expense, none of them dreaming that he would be foolish enough to make the attempt to fly so far, for he was such a heavy-bodied bird and had never flown higher than a treetop.

But much to the surprise of everyone, U Klew flew into the sky until they lost sight of him, and they became afraid, not knowing what danger their trick might bring him. U Klew soared higher and higher, never halting, until he reached the sky palace of Ka Sngi, the most beautiful and noble of all maidens.

U Klew u la iöhsngew ia kane bad u la nang
sngewsarong shuh shuh. U la kop ruh ba
ym tang ban leit ai khublei hynrei ba un da
shongkurim ruh bad ka Sngi bad un shong un
sah ha suiñ bad ka.

Ym don ba lah ban mutdur ba u Klew un lah ban
her sha kata ka jaka sah jong ka Sngi namar u
long uba khia bad u bym da lah ban her.

Te kumta, hapdeng ka jinglyngngoh bad jingsyier
jong kiba bun ba lang hangta, u Klew u la her
kynthuit haduh ba un da poi sha kata ka iing
paki dulan jong ka Sngi.





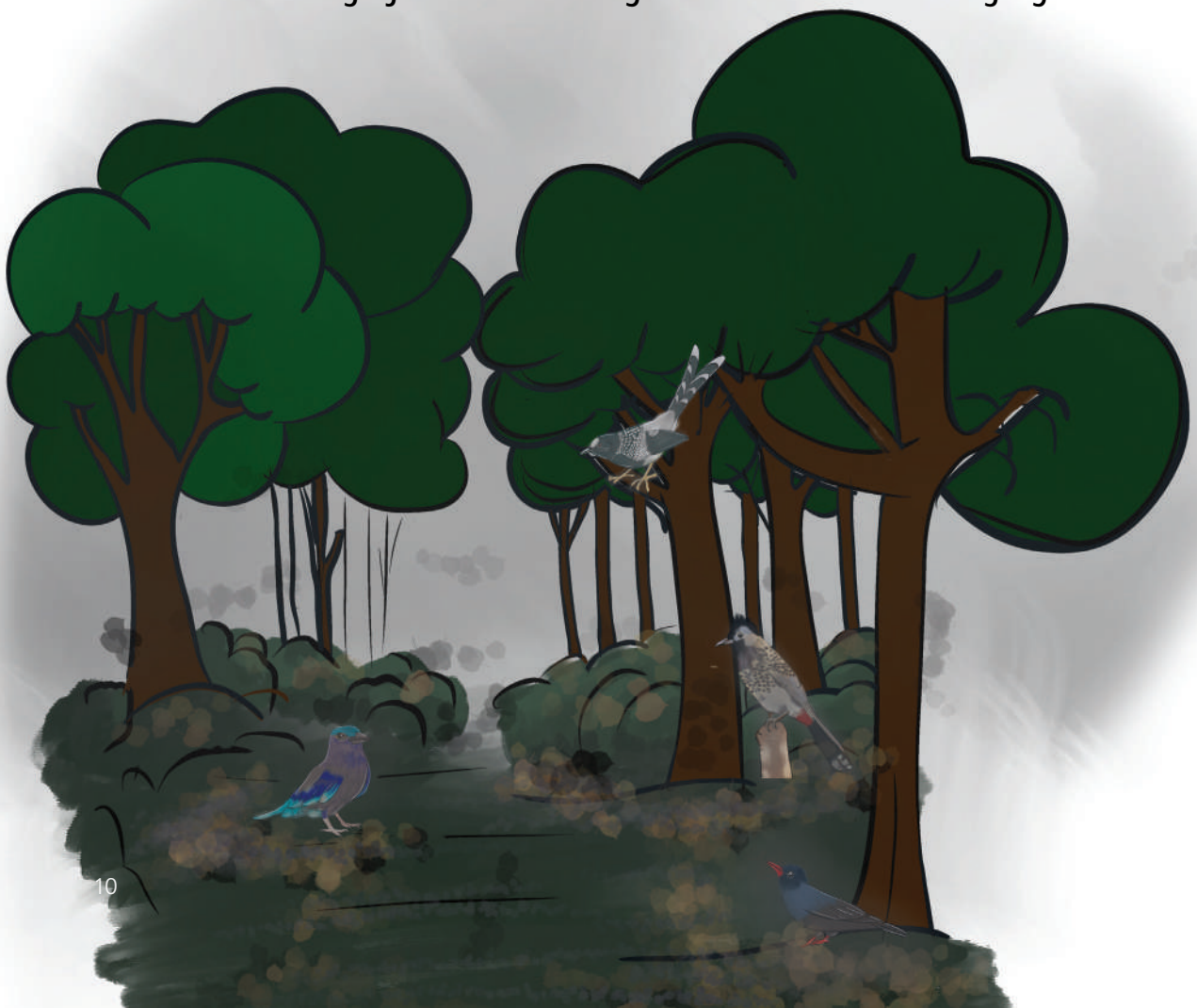
Now, Ka Sngi was destined to live alone in her grand palace, and her heart often yearned for a companion. When she saw that a stranger had alighted at her gates, she ran out and welcomed him. In the days that followed, all the comforts and hospitality of the heavenly kingdom were given to him. But the proud bird became a demanding guest. In his blind pride, he imagined her kindness as an acknowledgement of his greatness. As queen of the Blue Realm, Ka Sngi had shed her warm rays upon the earth. But after the coming of U Klew, she became so busy meeting his selfish demands that the warmth of her rays faded.

Ka Sngi, kaba la ju sah marwei ha kata ka iing paki dulan, ka la kmen shi katdei eh ban iohi ia u Klew bad ka la pdiang sngewbha ia u. Katba dang iaaid ki sngi, u Klew u la iasah lang bad ka Sngi bad maka ruh ka la lapmiet ban pynbiang ia u kumba pynbiang ia u Syiem. U Klew u la nang sngewkhrav ba ka Sngi ka la thung Syiem ia u haduh katne. Ha kane ka jingbunkam jong ka, ka Sngi ka la klet ban ai jingshai bad jingsyaid ia ka pyrthei.



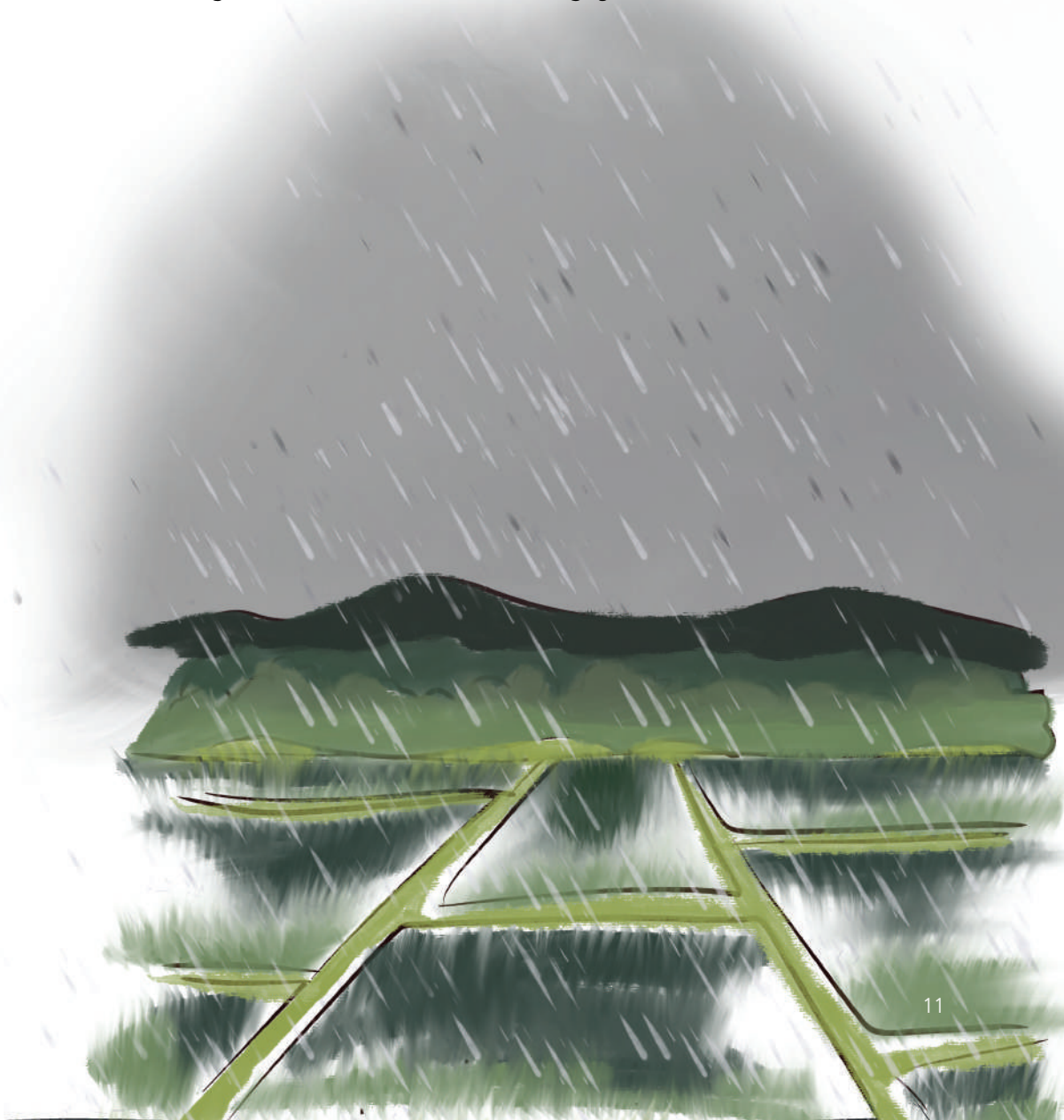
The earth became cold and dreary. The birds in the forest stopped singing, and their feathers drooped. U Slap, the rain spirit, came and pelted their cosy nests, causing the young chicks to die. U Lyoh, the mist, brought his dark clouds and hung them over the rice fields so that the grain did not ripen and there was no harvest. Ka Eriong, the storm god, shook the trees, destroying all the fruit, and the birds were without food. In their great misery, they sought the advice of mankind, whom they knew to be wiser than any of the animals.

The dorbar of men concluded that all these misfortunes were caused by the presence of U Klew in the Blue Realm. His selfish manner prevented Ka Sngi from bestowing her light and warmth upon the world. There would be no hope of prosperity until U Klew was lured back to earth. The birds went to a clever woman named Ka Sabuit to seek her help. She agreed to make a plan to get U Klew back to earth, but she had one condition. All the birds should agree not to eat any seeds or fruit from her garden. The birds readily agreed.



Kumta ka pyrthei baroh kawei ka la kem dum ngain-Ingain bad ki khun bynriew baroh ki la kem jingkhriat tasam. U slap bad ka eriong ki la hap bad beh kylleng sawdong ka pyrthei haduh ba la wan sa ka khlam kaba la pynshitom ia baroh ha ka pyrthei. Hapdeng kane ka jingdum bad jingjynjar, ki sim ki la pan jingiarap na ka Sabuit, kaba long ka briew kaba

stad bha. Ka la batai ha ki ba u Klew u dei ban wanphai noh sha pyrthei bad ba maka ka lah ban iarap ia ki ban leh ia kane. Ki sim baroh ki la sngap bad mynjour ia ka jingai jingmut jong ka Sabuit. Ka la bthah ha ki ba lada long kumno kumno ruh, kim dei ban bam ia ki symbai kiba kan bet ha ka lyngkha jong ka. Ki sim baroh ki la mynjour ia kata.





Ka Sabuit planted a fresh plot of mustard plants. She arranged the plants in the shape of a woman and when the yellow flowers bloomed, they formed the shape of a beautiful woman. Up in the Blue Realm, U Klew gazed down on the earth and saw this beautiful girl dressed in yellow. He fell in love with this golden maiden, lying asleep in a green meadow. His selfish heart forgot his loyalty to his devoted wife, Ka Sngi, who was heartbroken at his decision to leave. As he flew down to earth, Ka Sngi shed bitter tears. Her teardrops fell on his long tail and turned into brilliant-hued spots, which are called Ummat Ka Sngi, the Sun's tears, by the Khasis to this day. Thus, U Klew, the peacock, returned to the forest. The birds saw his beautiful feathers and greeted him with wonder and admiration. When he told them that he had come to search for a lovely maiden dressed in gold, they began to laugh. They took U Klew to the garden of Ka Sabuit, where he saw, not a beautiful woman as he had imagined, but a bed of common mustard flowers, cunningly shaped. In his shame and humiliation, he had to resign himself to life on earth.

Ka Sabuit ka la bet ia ki symbai tyrso hangta ha lyngkha ha ka dur jong ka briew. Ynda la mih kita ki symbai, ki phuh ruh ki syntiew kiba stem kmur kmur. Haba u Klew u la iöhi ia kane ka dur bhabriew na sha suiñ bneng, ka mynsiem jong u ka la thrang ban wan her noh wut wut sha ka pyrthei khnang ba un iöh iäkynduh ia kata ka thei bhabriew. Kumta, u la rai ban mih noh na ka iing jong ka Sngi ban leit phai noh sha pyrthei. Ka Sngi ka la sngewsih bad iam pait dohnud ban iöhi ba u Klew u la iehnoh ia ka. Katba u dang her ban leit phai, ki ummat jong ka Sngi ki la jaw ha ki sner jong u Klew kum ki mawlynnai bad ki la long kiba thaba haduh mynta mynne. Te ynda u Klew u la wan poi sha pyrthei, u la iäkynduh bad kiwei kiwei bad haba u la kylli shaphang kata ka 'thei bhabriew kaba phong da ki jaiñ rong ksiar, ki la ia rkhe beiñ ia u. Ki la ialam ia u Klew sha kata ka lyngkha kaba dap kyrhai da ki syntiew tyrso kiba mih bad phuh itynnad hangta. U Klew u la sngewthuh ba u la shah thok bad shah pynbiej.

Every morning, it is said, the peacock can be seen stretching forth his neck towards the sky and flapping his wings to greet the coming of Ka Sngi; and the only happiness left to him is to spread his lovely feathers to catch the rays of the sun.





Haduh mynta, ngi iohi ba u
Klew u ju khmied sha ka Sngi
man la ka step bad ap khmih
lynti ban iohi ia ka. Haba
tyngshaiñ ka Sngi, ngi iohi ia
ki sner bunrong jong u ba ki
thaba itynnad khliak khliak.



How the Phreit Saved the World from Darkness




**Kumno ka Phreit ka Pyllait
ia ka Pyrthei na ka Jingdum**



A long time ago, in a place not far away from Shillong, a giant tree grew. The tree was known as U Diengiei, and it grew on a mountain called Lum Diengiei. The tree grew taller and taller, and the branches spread wider and thicker. The giant tree blocked the sun, and the land beneath the tree became dark and cold. The corn and rice in the fields withered and died.




Mynhyndai kulong kumah la don uwei u diengbah hajan Shillong ia uba ki khot u Diengiei bad u ieng ha u Lum Diengiei. U long u dieng uba heh haduh katta katta ba ki tnad jong u ki iar bad ki tap lut ia ka pyrthei baroh kawei ha ka jingdum. Ki lyngkha kba bad ki riewhadem ki la iap stai lut.




Fearful of the darkness covering the earth, the people gathered in a dorbar meeting and decided to cut the tree down. The strongest men brought their axes and hacked away at the trunk of the tree day after day. But each morning, when they came to resume their work, they saw that the cut in the tree had healed. Every day, they had to start again, and it made them very discouraged.







Ki bried baroh ki la ia khuslai kumno ban leh khnang ban ioh biang ia ka jingshai jong ka sngi. Kumta ha ka dorbar, ki la ia rai ba dei ban pom pynduh ia uta u Diengiei. Man la ka step, ki rangbah ki la ialeh ban pom ia ki tnat jong une u diengbah hynrei haba ki wan peit mynstep, pynban kita ki dak pom ki la jah lut baroh.




One day, the phreit, a little bird called a scaly-breasted munia, told the woodcutters, “I will help you. I know how to solve the problem.” At first, the men laughed, “How can a little bird help so many strong men?” But the bird continued, “Every night, a tiger comes to the tree and licks the cut, and the wound in the tree gets healed.” “Oh! So what shall we do?” asked the axemen. The phreit said, “Leave the axes in the cut of the tree tonight, with the sharp edge facing outwards”.



Ha kawei ka sngi, napdeng ki kynja sim kiba bun, la mih kawei ka sim phreit kaba la batai pynshai ia ki briew hangta bad ka ong, “Sngap, ngan iarap ia phi.” Kita baroh ki la ia rkhe bein da kaba ong, “Kumno phin lah ban iarap da maphi ka sim kaba rit iangi?” Ka pat ka ong, “Phi ia tip ne em ba man ka sngi hadien ba phi ia pom ia utei u diengbah, u ju wan pat uwei u khla uba jliah noh ia ki dak pom baroh. Dei na kata ka daw kein ba phim ia lah ban pom ia une u dieng.” “Te ngin ia leh kumno kein mynta?” ki la kylli ia ka phreit. Ka te ka la jubab, “Mynta ka miet, phi dei ban sieh ia ki sdie jong phi ha une u diengiei bad pynphai ia ki bynta kiba nep sha khmat.”

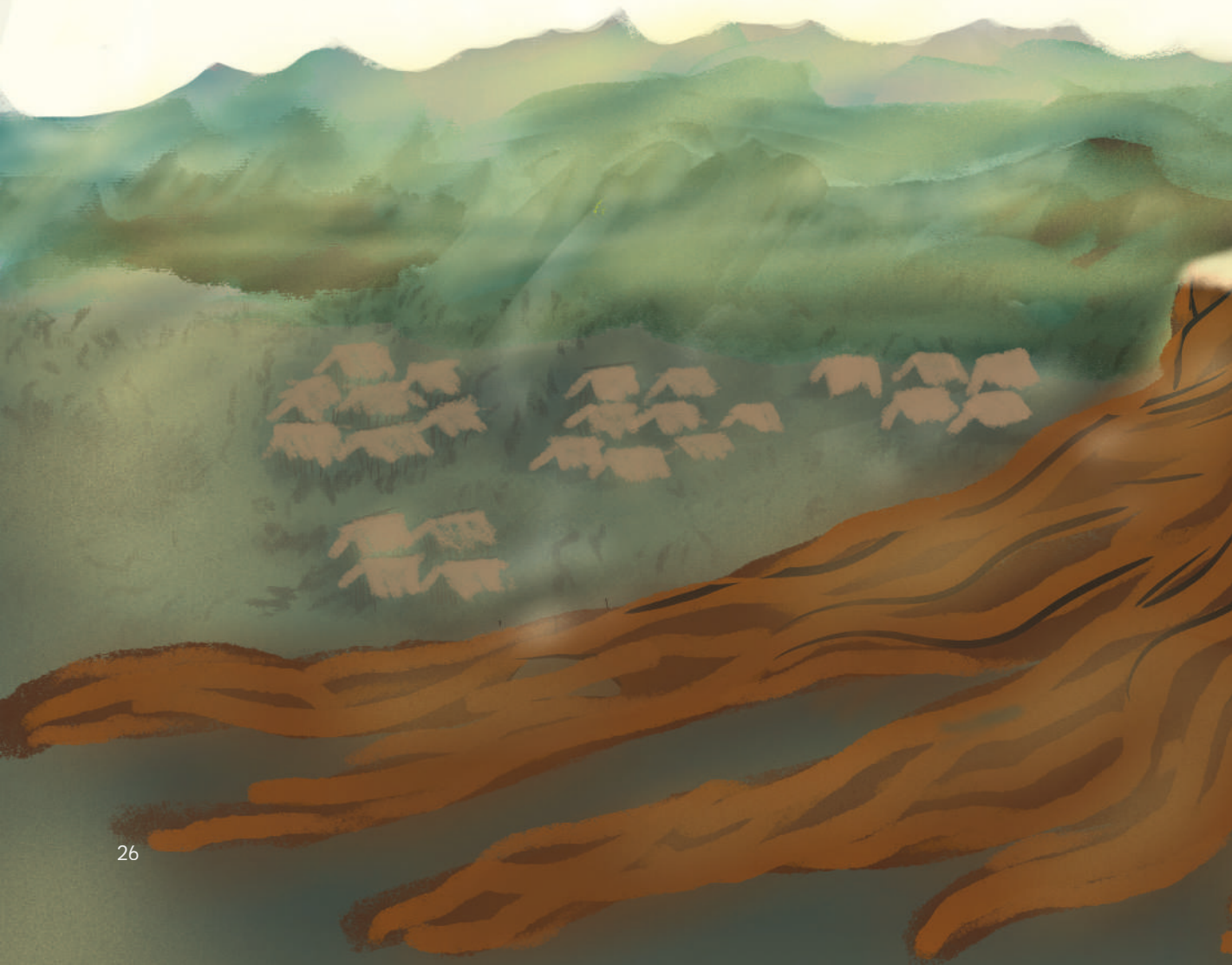



And so they did. That night, when the tiger licked the tree, his tongue was cut, and he bled to death. Over the next few days and weeks, the tree was cut down. It fell southwards. The lower branches of the tree made the ravines and gorges, and the weight of the giant tree flattened the hills and created the plains of the country that is today called Bangladesh. If you go to Lum Diengiei, you can see the crater in the ground, where once the tree grew.



Kita ki brierw ki la leh thik kumba batai kata ka phreit. Ynda la miet, u khla u la wan bad u la jliah ia uta u dieng. Pynban ki sdie kiba la pynap ha une u dieng ki la ot lut khait ia u thylliej bad ka shyntur jong u khla bad u la kyllon iap hangta hi. Haba kumta, ki rangbah ki la ialum biang ban ot bad ban pynkhylllem ia u diengiei bad hadien katto katne sngi, ki la lah ban pynngat ia u bad u la khylllem khram sha sepngi. Ki tnat jong u kiba heh bad kiba iar ki la pynmadan lut ia ki lum baroh. Dei ha kita ki jaka kiba la pynmadan ba sa mih ka rithor Bangla. La ong ba haduh mynta mynne ruh ha lum Diengiei, dang lah ban iohi ia ka thliw ha kaba ju ieng uta u diengbah na ki por mynhyndai.

Because of a little bird, the Diengiei was destroyed. The sun shone on the earth again, and all living things prospered.





Ngim dei ban klet ba dei na ka jingstad jong
ka phreit ba ka pyrthei ka la iohmad biang ia
ka jingshai bad baroh ki jingthaw ha pyrthei
ki la ioh biang ia ka jingim kaba pahuh pahai.

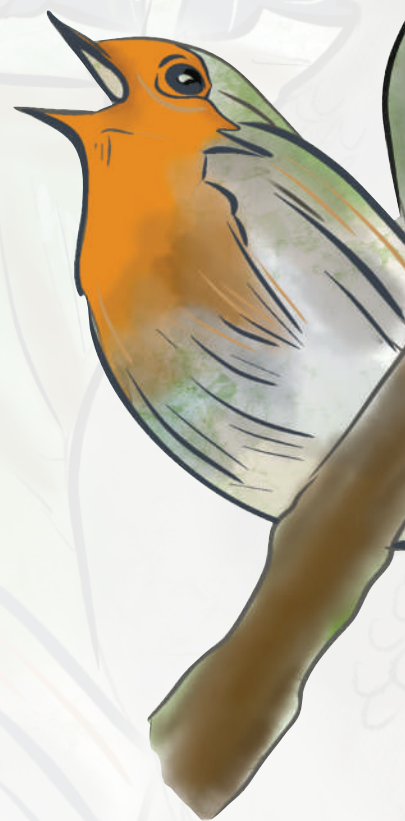




The Cooing of the Doves and Pigeons

Ka Jingkynud
jong ki Sim Paro

Doves are the most mild and timid of all birds. They keep to themselves, not mixing with other birds. Many birds squawk, screech, and chirp loudly, but doves just make a gentle cooing sound. They do not peck at other birds like the crows and the hawks do, but quickly fly away when other birds come too close. The elders say that, at one time, the doves and pigeons sang loudly like other birds.





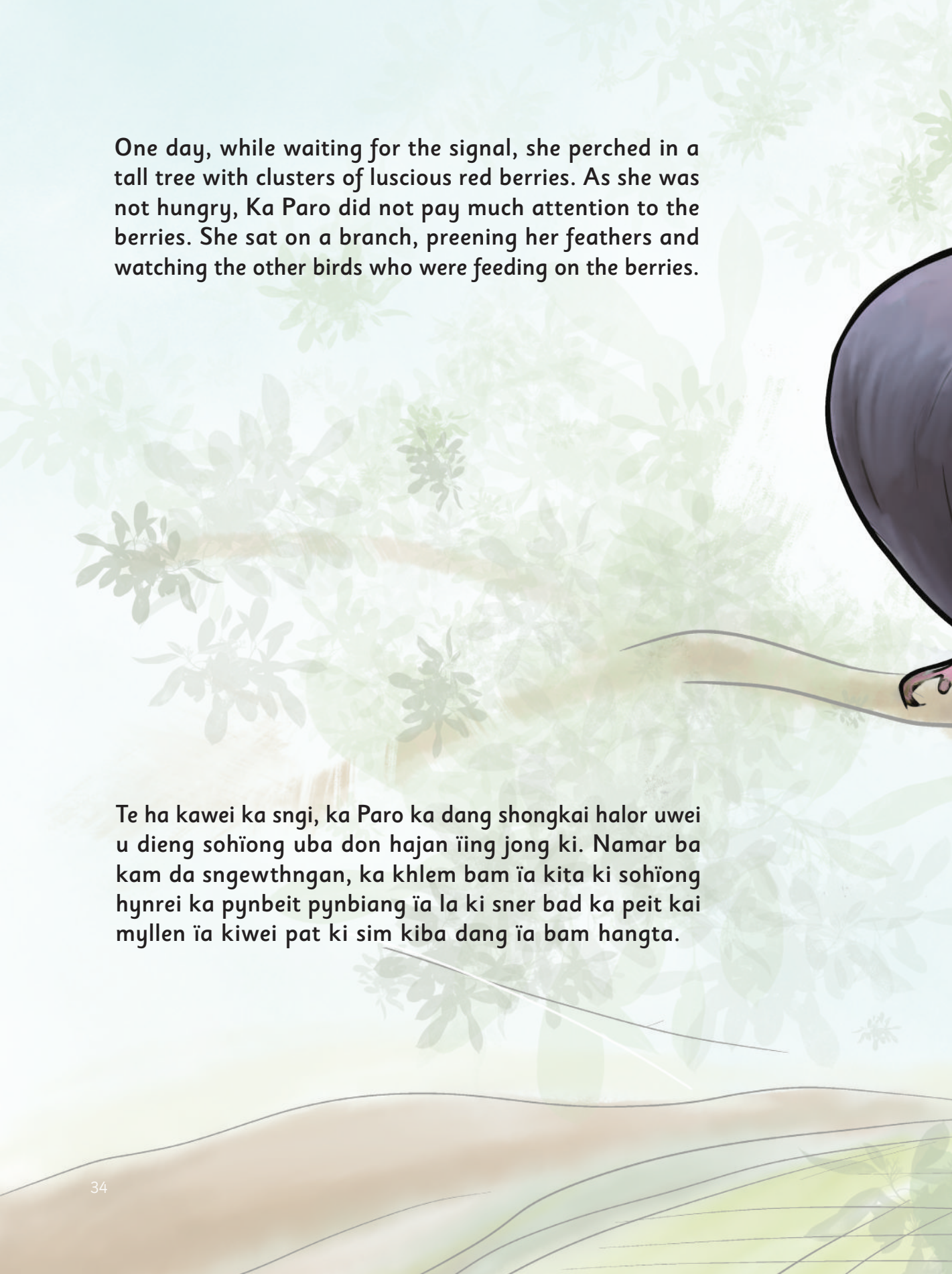
Ki sim paro kiba ngi iöhi haduh mynta ki long kiba jemnud tam napdeng ki kynja sim baroh. Kim ju ia kaw-kaw kumba long kiwei pat ki jait sim. Hynrei la iathuh ba ha ki por hyndai ki paro ruh ki ju ia pah ia rwai kum kiwei pat ki jait sim.

Once, a family of pigeons lived happily in the forest, and its youngest daughter was a girl called Ka Paro. She had a bluish-grey complexion with shiny purple along her neck, and dainty pink feet. Her parents and all the flock protected her from danger, never allowing her to peck grains in the fields or figs in the trees until they were sure there were no hunters or wild animals likely to attack her. So, Ka Paro stayed in the shelter of the thick forest until they gave her a signal that the land was safe and clear.





Shisien, la don ki shi lok bad ki khun paro. Ka khun khatduh jong ki ka kyrteng ka Paro. Ka Paro ka la long ka sim kaba itynnad, ka don ruh ki sner kiba long rong thwei bad ki kjat kiba rit kyntiak. Ki kmie ki kpa ki la ri kyndong ia la ka khun haduh ba kim ju pyllait ia ka ba kan her kylleng sawdong ioh ka shah kem ne shah pyniap ha ki briew lane ki mrad khlaw. Ki ju pyllait ia ka Paro ban leit her tang lada ym don mano mano hajan jong ki dieng ki siej kiba ka ju sngewtynnad ban leit shong kai lane ban bam soh.

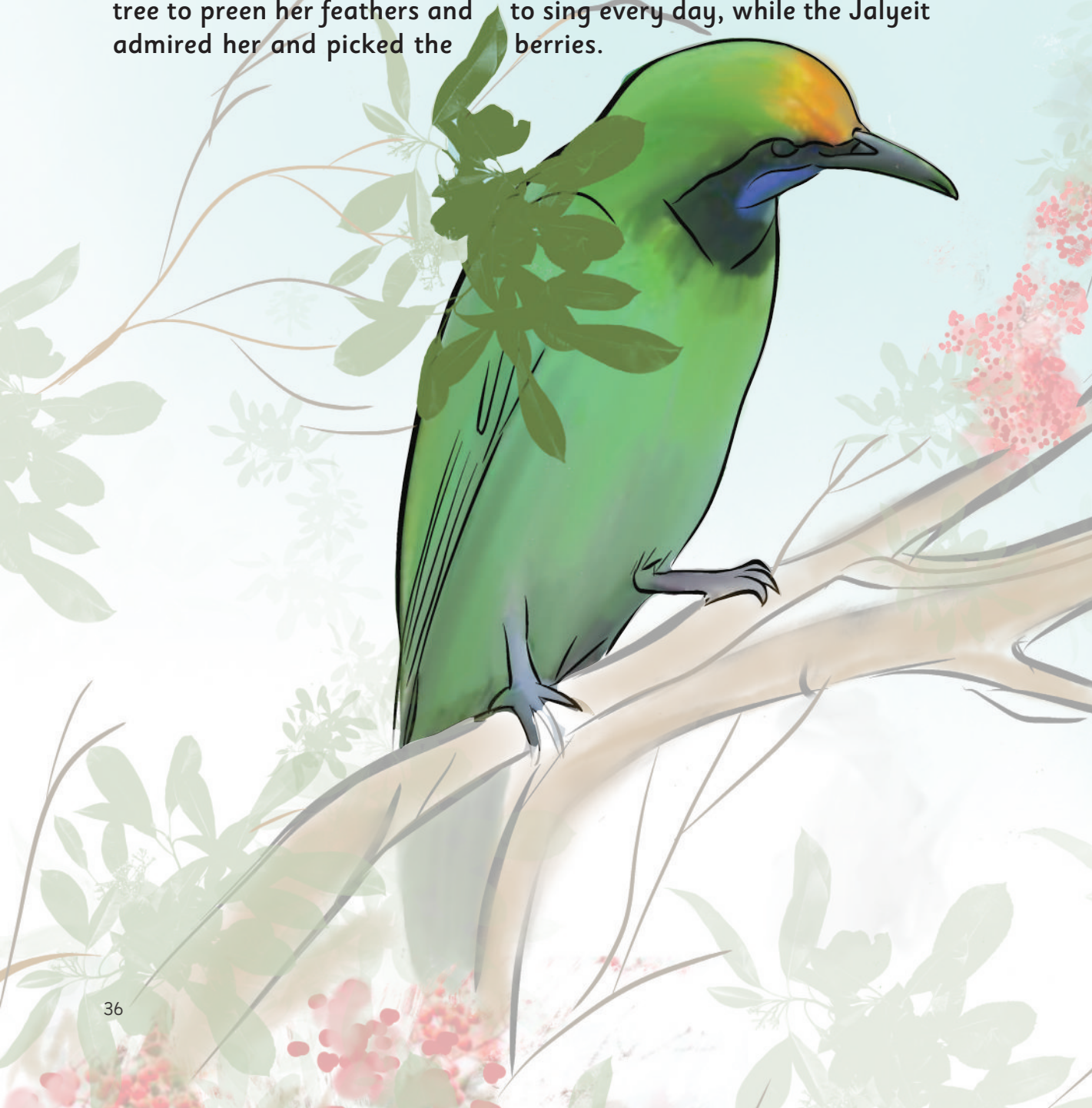


One day, while waiting for the signal, she perched in a tall tree with clusters of luscious red berries. As she was not hungry, Ka Paro did not pay much attention to the berries. She sat on a branch, preening her feathers and watching the other birds who were feeding on the berries.

Te ha kawei ka sngi, ka Paro ka dang shongkai halor uwei u dieng sohiong uba don hajan iing jong ki. Namar ba kam da sngewthngan, ka khlem bam ia kita ki sohiong hynrei ka pynbeit pynbiang ia la ki sner bad ka peit kai myllen ia kiwei pat ki sim kiba dang ia bam hangta.



By and by, there came a handsome young Jalyeit, a golden-fronted bird with green and yellow feathers. He perched close to her, picking berries on the same branch on which Ka Paro sat. She had never seen such a beautiful bird, and to please him, she sang to him one of her sweetest songs. U Jalyeit was quickly attracted by the sweet voice and the gentle manners of the dove. He came every day to the same tree, and they became close friends. Ka Paro came to that tree to preen her feathers and to sing every day, while the Jalyeit admired her and picked the berries.





Hangta keiñ, la wan itynnad bad la ki sner stem bad rong jyrngam jong ka Paro. U Jalyeit sngewtynnad haba u kynud.

Haba u la sdang ban kynud, ka Paro ka shu peit iapmat ia u bad ka ruh ka la sdang ban rwai lang hangta. Ka sur rwai jong ka Paro ka la pynshoh biej ia u Jalyeit.

uweï u sim Jalyeit uba kiba khleh rong ksiar, rong bad u la shong ha syndah u don ruh ka sur kaba

After sometime, u Jalyeit decided to ask the dove's parents for permission to marry her. Their young daughter pleaded with them to give their consent. The parents were wise, and did not want to trust the happiness of their precious child to a stranger until they had time to know him better. They also knew that marriages between different kinds of birds were rarely a success. So, to test the loyalty of the young Jalyeit, they postponed the marriage untill the winter, and with that, the lovers had to be content.




Hadien katto katne por, u Jalyeit u la leit pan na ka kmie bad u kpa jong ka Paro ba un iathoh noh ia ka. Ha ka jingstad jong ki, ki la ong ia la ka khun ba ka lah ban shongkurim ia u Jalyeit kumba ka kwah hynrei kan hap ban ap haduh ban da poi ka por tlang. Kum ki kmie ki kpa, kim kwah ban shu mynjur mar mar ia kata ka jingshongkurim jong ka khun jong ki bad une u kynja sim uba long pher na ki.



The parents knew that the berries would be over by the winter. They wanted to see whether the Jalyeit would be willing to forgo his sweet diet and to share the simple food of the doves. Perhaps he would fly away to some other forest where berries could be found. Ka Paro was so much in love that she was very sure that Jalyeit would stay with her through the winter. To her sorrow, as soon as the berries were finished, U Jalyeit flitted away without even a word of farewell, and she never saw him again.

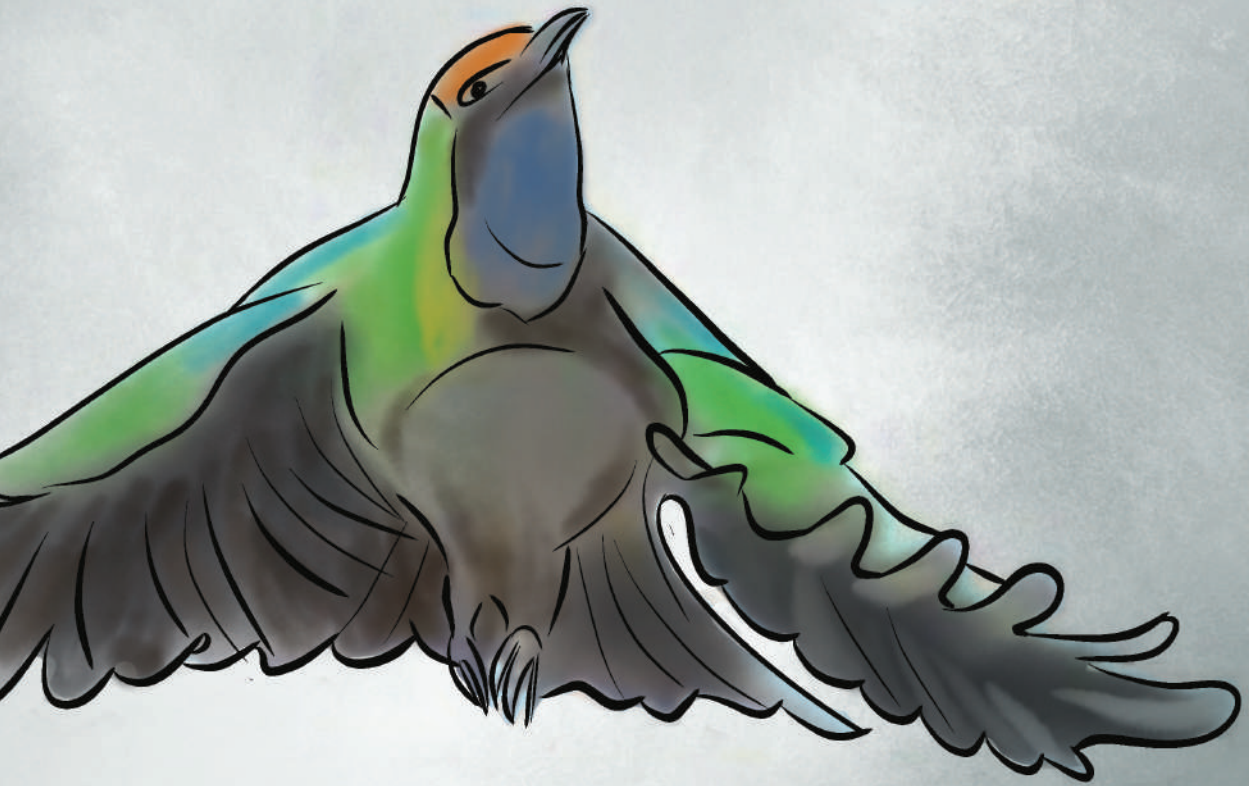




Ka kmie bad u kpa jong
ka Paro ki kwah ban peit
lada u Jalyeit un wan ne
em ha ka por tlang –
ka por ba ki dieng ki
siej ki tyrkhong bad
ki soh ruh kim don
shuh. Tip un treh
ne em ban im bad
ban bam kum ma
ki! Ka tlang ka
la wan bad ki
dieng ki siej, ki
soh ki pai, ki la iap stai
baroh. Ka Paro bapli
ka iai ap khmih lynti
man la ka sngi ia u
Jalyeit hynrei um shym
la wanphai shuh ban
iakynduh ia ka!

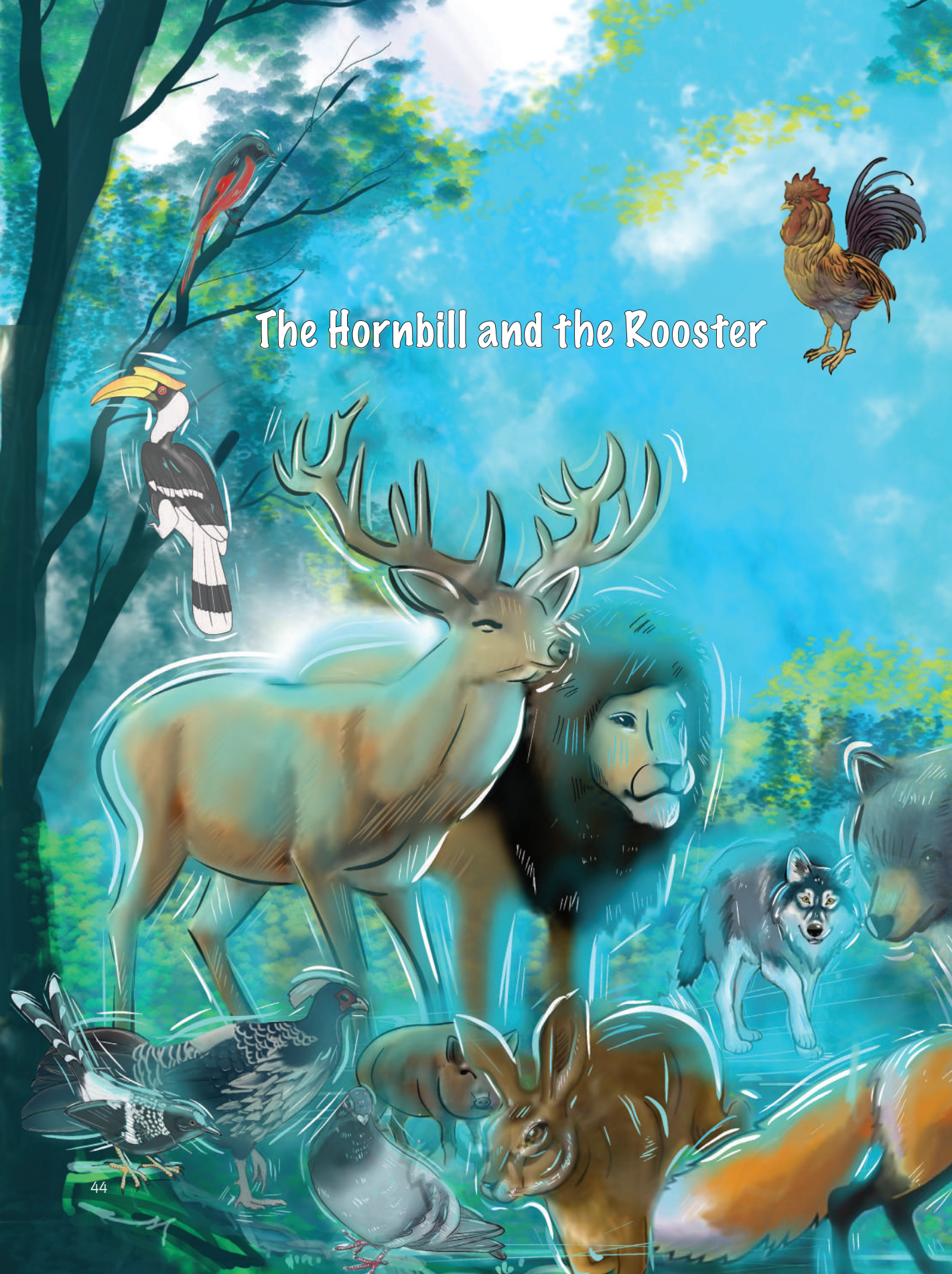
From that time, Ka Paro ceased to sing. She could only utter the longing and sorrow that were in her heart in sad and plaintive notes, so all the doves coo sadly even in their happiest moments.





Naduh kata ka por haduh mynta, ki sim
paro kim ju rwai shuh hynrei ngi lah
ban iöhsngew tang ia ka sur kynud kaba
sngewsih jong ki wat haba ki kmen ruh.

The Hornbill and the Rooster





U Kohkarang bad
U 'iar Ryngkuh

After the Diengiei had fallen and the rays of the sun shone on the Earth once again, it was decided to hold a grand celebration. All the living things, led by man, held a dorbar meeting to plan for the festival. A large field was cleared for the feasting, music, and dancing. All were invited, and the special guests were the Sun and Moon.

The Earth was a dark and cold place when it was created. Mother Earth had two children. The Sun was the first child, a daughter, and the second child was a boy, named the Moon. They were given the responsibility to brighten the earth by day and night.

Sun and Moon, brother and sister, came together for the festival. The people and the animals were strangers to them, so they stayed close to each other. They ate by themselves and even danced with each other. The animals made fun of the couple for behaving like husband and wife.

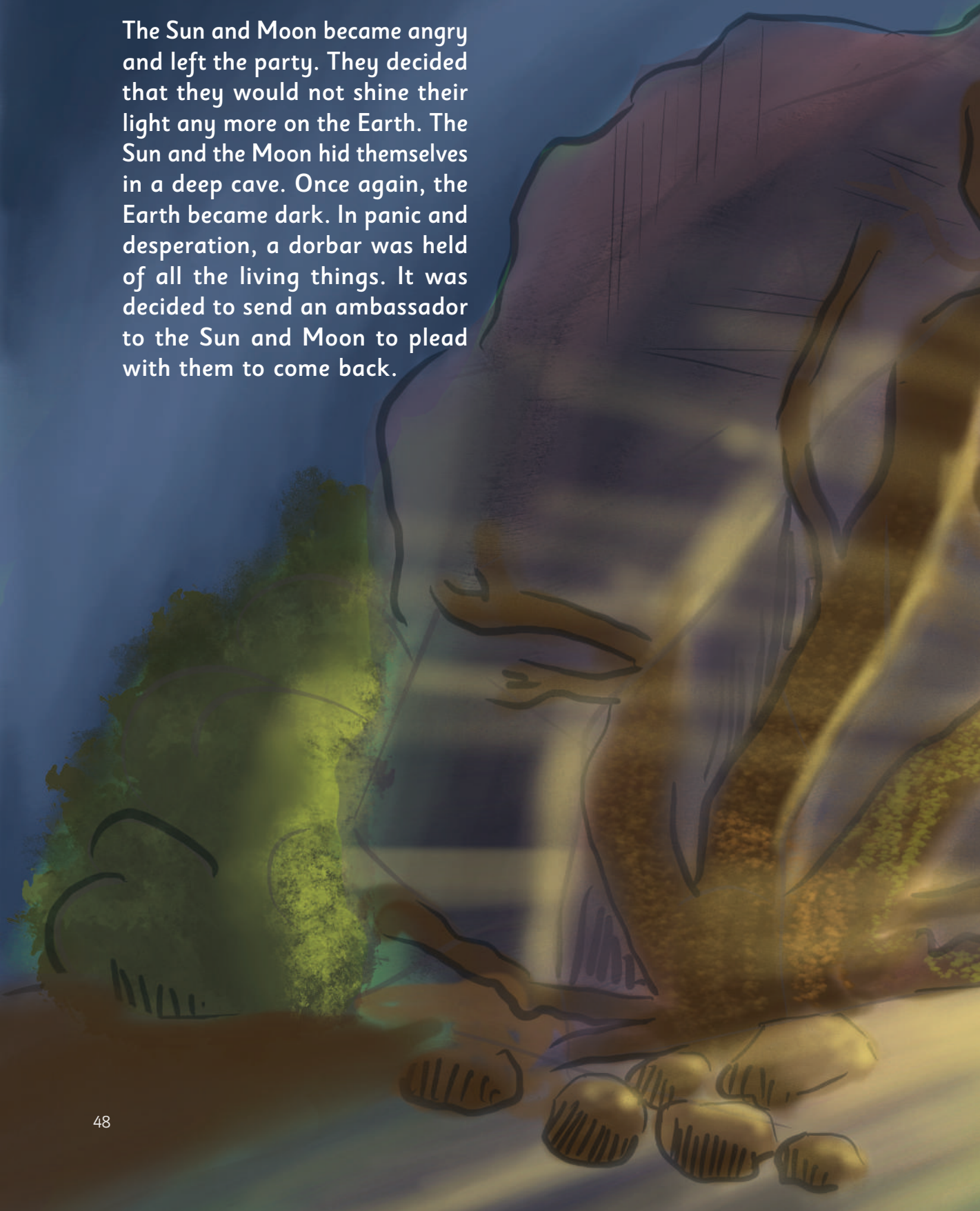


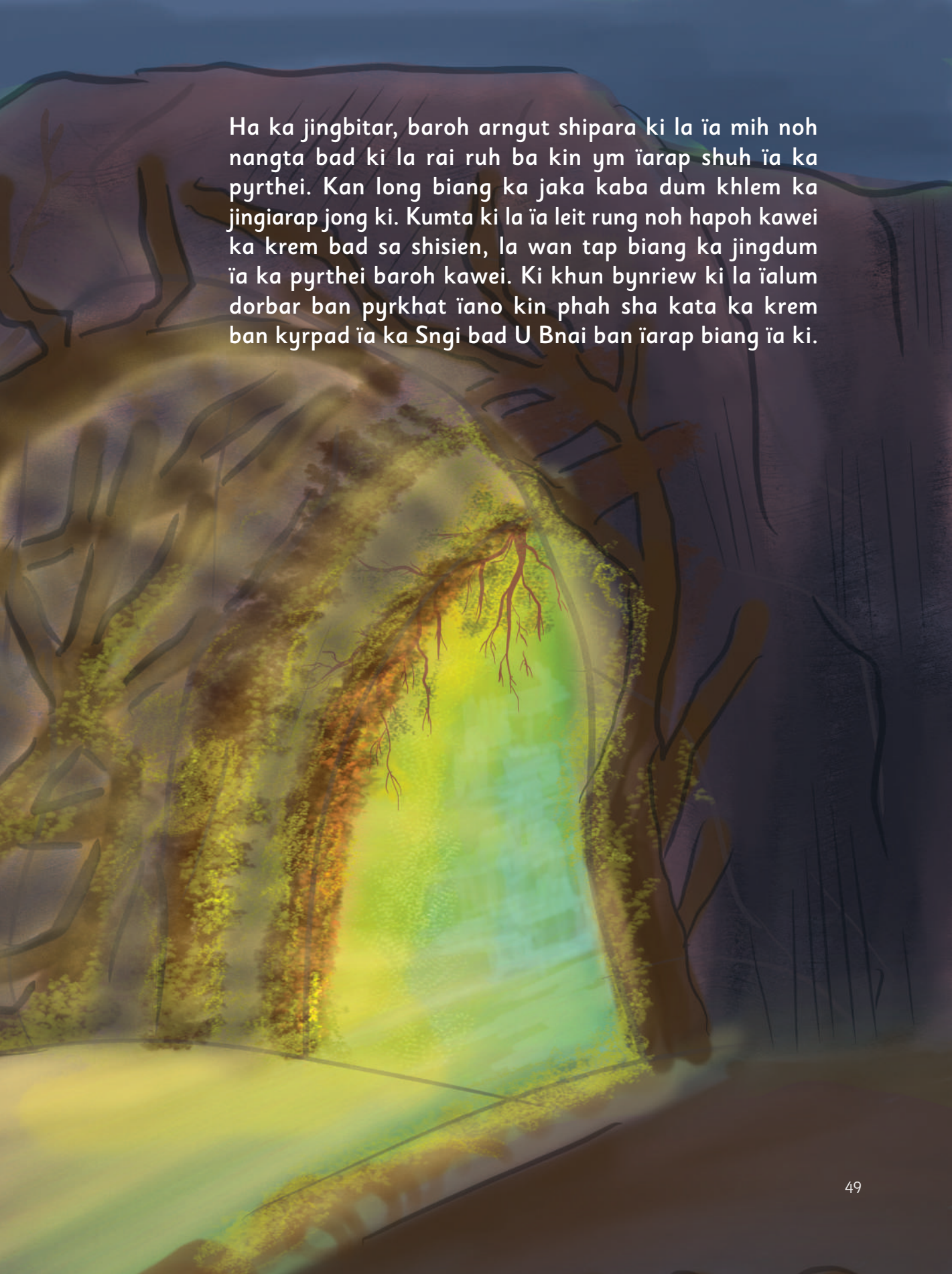
La ong ba hadien ba la lah ban pom duh ia u Diengiei uba la kah dum ia ka pyrthei, baroh ki jingthaw kiba im ha ka pyrthei, ki la ialum lang ban ia pynkhreh na ka bynta ka jingkhawai kaba heh bad kaba shongkun. Ki la rai ruh ban khot sngewbha ia ka Sngi bad ia u Bnai kum ki kongsan ha katei ka jingkhawai.

Ka pyrthei ka la long kaba dum bad kaba pjah ha ka por ba la thaw ia ka. Ka Sngi bad u Bnai ki long ki khun jong ka Mei-Ramew bad ki iarap keiñ ban pynlong ia ka sngi bad ka miet ha ka pyrthei baroh kawei. Te haba ki la iawan sha katei ka jingkhawai, kine baroh arngut shipara, ka Sngi bad u Bnai, namar ba ki long kiba pher na kiwei pat, kim ia mir lem bad kiwei kiwei kiba wan lang hangta. Ki la shah kren bein pynban ba ki long kum shi tnga. Da ka jingbitar, ki la iamih noh nangta namar ba kim sngew lah sngap shuh ia ka jingshah kren bein ha ki briew hangta.



The Sun and Moon became angry and left the party. They decided that they would not shine their light any more on the Earth. The Sun and the Moon hid themselves in a deep cave. Once again, the Earth became dark. In panic and desperation, a dorbar was held of all the living things. It was decided to send an ambassador to the Sun and Moon to plead with them to come back.

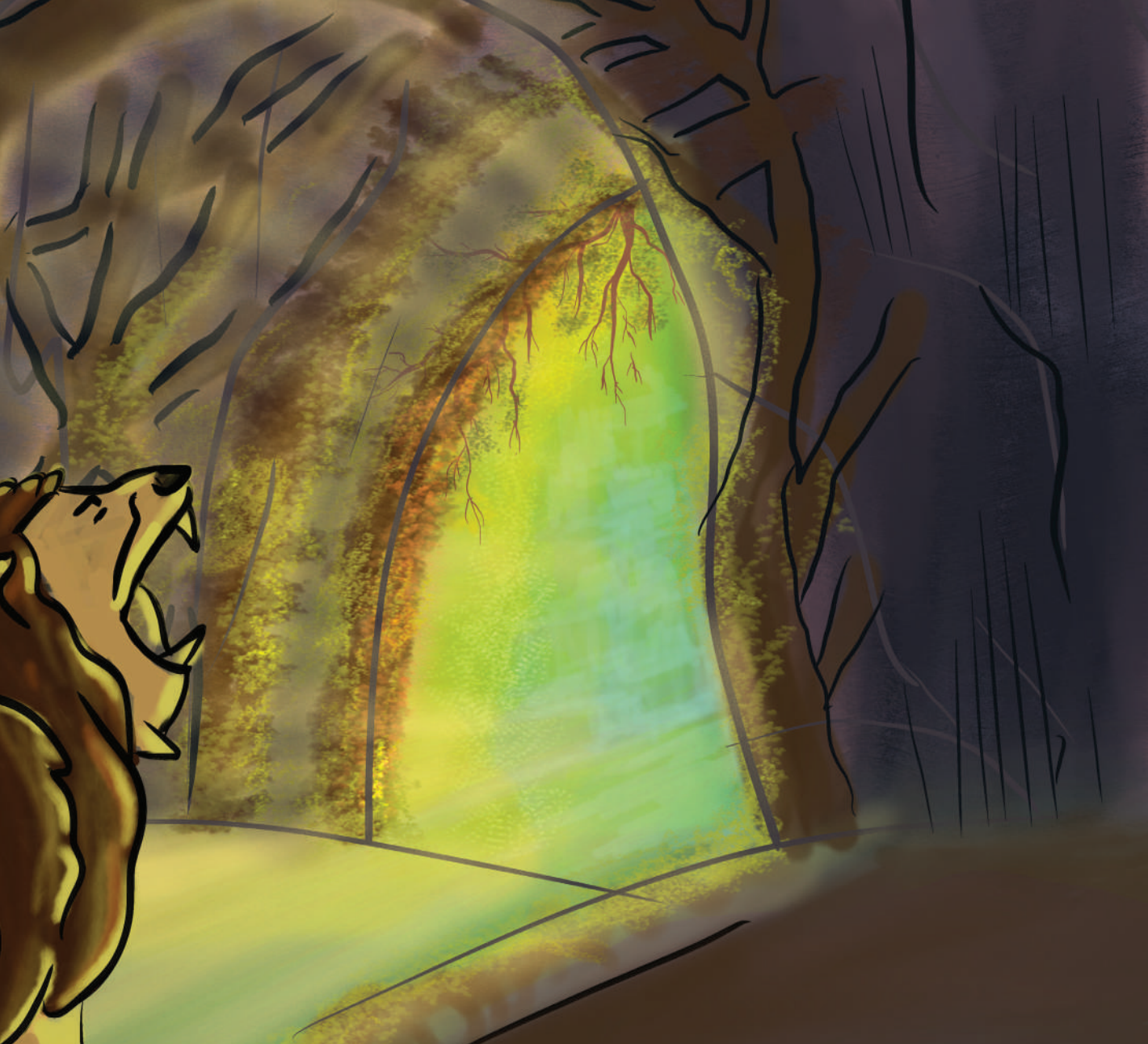




Ha ka jingbitar, baroh arngut shipara ki la ia mih noh nangta bad ki la rai ruh ba kin ym iarap shuh ia ka pyrthei. Kan long biang ka jaka kaba dum khlem ka jingiarap jong ki. Kumta ki la ia leit rung noh hapoh kawei ka krem bad sa shisien, la wan tap biang ka jingdum ia ka pyrthei baroh kawei. Ki khun bynriew ki la ialum dorbar ban pyrkhath iano kin phah sha kata ka krem ban kyrpad ia ka Sngi bad U Bnai ban iarap biang ia ki.

The lion, king of the jungle, was elected for this important task. He was a strong and handsome ambassador. When he reached the cave, he roared loudly, "The king of the jungle has come." On Earth, the roar would frighten all the animals. The Sun said, "Do you think you can scare us?" and she refused to talk to the lion.

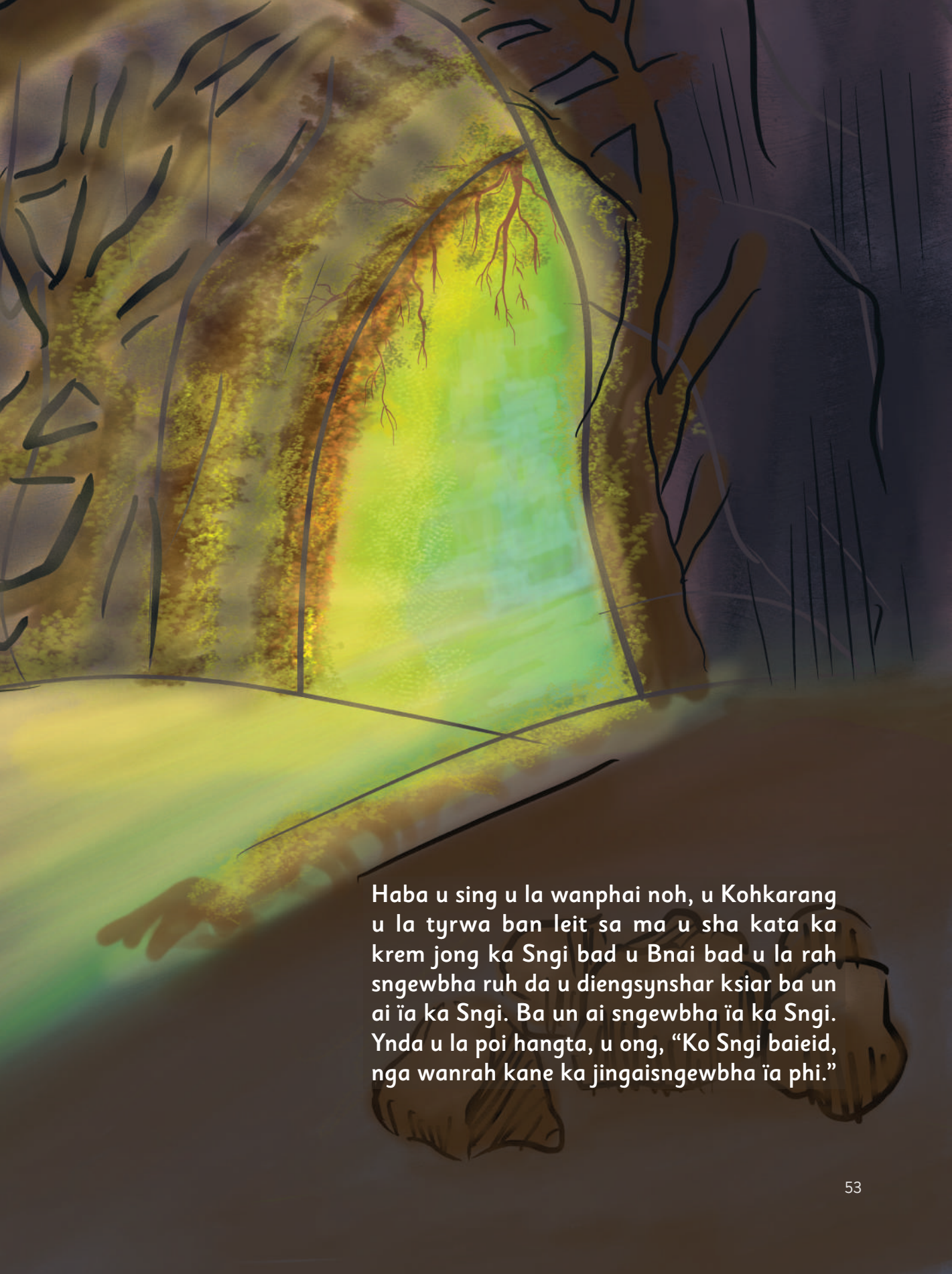




U Sing, uba long u Syiem hapdeng ki mrad baroh, u la lum lang ia ki para mrad bad u la tyrwa ban leit ma u sha ka Sngi bad u Bnai bad pan map na ki. Ynda u Sing u la poi ha kata ka krem, u la kyrhuh bad u ong, “Ha khmih, nga wan manga u Syiem jong ki mrad baroh, ban wan iakren bad phi.” Hynrei ka Sngi bad u Bnai ki jubab, “Ha pyrthei me lah ban kyrhuh pynsheptieng ia baroh ki mrad. Hato me dang mut ba me lah ban pyntieng ia ngi?” Namar ba kita arngut ki khlem iamih wat tang ban ia kren bad u Sing, u la leit phai noh da ka jingsngewrem.

Having failed in his mission, the lion slunk back to the forest. The largest bird, U Kohkarang, a pied hornbill, volunteered to go. His striking black and white plumes looked beautiful when he soared in the sky. He suggested, "Let me take a present for the Sun and Moon." Man and the animals all agreed, and the best jeweler in the land was asked to make a golden sceptre for the Sun. Full of confidence, the hornbill flew through the skies with the sceptre in his beak. When he reached the cave, he bowed and said, "Dear Sun, I have brought a gift for you."

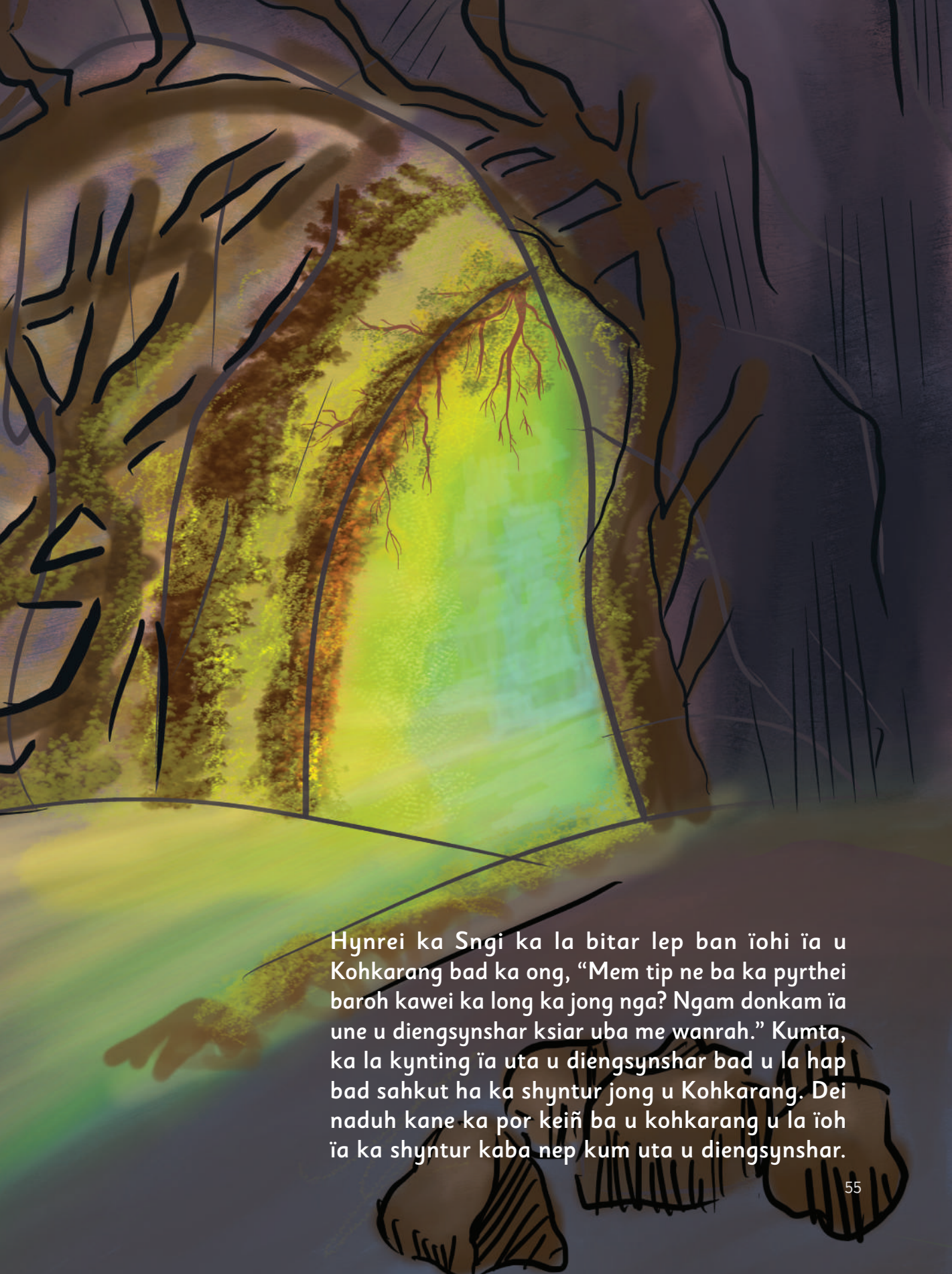




Haba u sing u la wanphai noh, u Kohkarang u la tyrwa ban leit sa ma u sha kata ka krem jong ka Sngi bad u Bnai bad u la rah sngewbha ruh da u diengsynshar ksiar ba un ai ia ka Sngi. Ba un ai sngewbha ia ka Sngi. Ynda u la poi hangta, u ong, “Ko Sngi baieid, nga wanrah kane ka jingaisngewbha ia phi.”

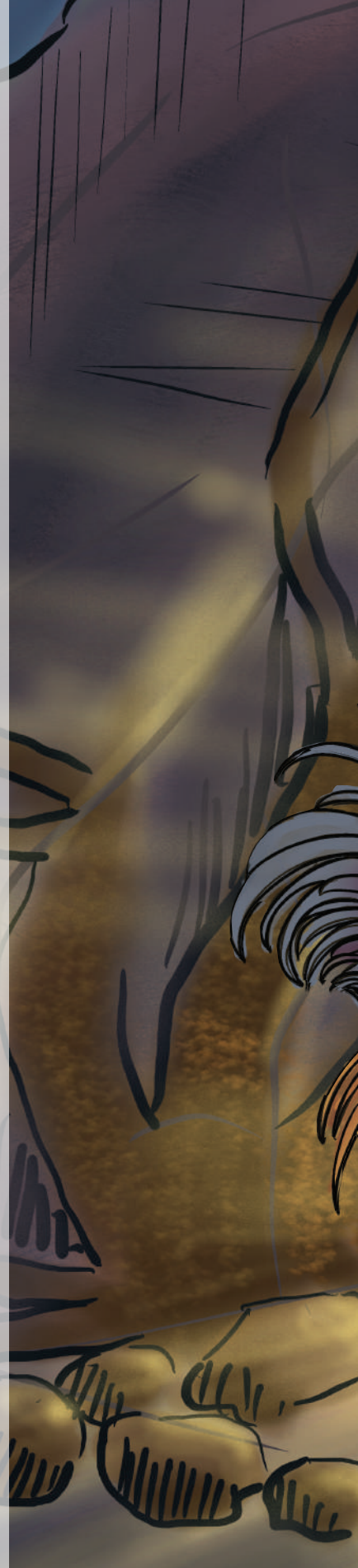
This angered the Sun, who scolded the hornbill, "I own the whole universe. I do not need your cheap present." She threw the sceptre back at the hornbill and it got stuck on top of his beak. And that is how the hornbill got its horn.





Hynrei ka Sngi ka la bitar lep ban iöhi ia u Kohkarang bad ka ong, “Mem tip ne ba ka pyrthei baroh kawei ka long ka jong nga? Ngam donkam ia une u diengsynshar ksiar uba me wanrah.” Kumta, ka la kynting ia uta u diengsynshar bad u la hap bad sahkut ha ka shyntur jong u Kohkarang. Dei naduh kane ka por keiñ ba u kohkarang u la iöh ia ka shyntur kaba nep kum uta u diengsynshar.

Having failed again, the animals were perplexed. Another meeting was called for. The announcement went all over the land, and everyone was ordered to attend. At the meeting, volunteers were called for, but no one was willing to go to the dark cave and meet the Sun. One of the animals called out, "Is everyone here?" They looked around and discovered that the rooster was missing. Someone shouted, "The rooster was absent even for the festival to celebrate the cutting down of the tree. Where is he?" At that time, the rooster was an ugly, naked bird, without any feathers. He spent the day hiding among the shrubs and bushes, scratching in the mud and among the fallen leaves, searching for seeds and insects. At night, he slept on a low branch, hidden among the leaves. His only friend was the deer. The deer was sent to find the rooster and bring him to the meeting. When they reached the meeting ground, someone suggested, "Let's send the rooster," and the cry went around. Everyone agreed. But the rooster said softly and shyly, "I don't have nice clothes. How can I go and see such an important person." The woodpecker stretched out a wing, "Take one of my yellow feathers." And the parakeet said, "Here's a green feather." All the birds surrounded the rooster and gave him some feathers. He now looked like a colorful prince. The rooster could not fly for long distances or high up in the sky. He was very tired by the time he arrived at the entrance of the dark cave. In a soft voice, he called out to the Sun. Hearing his gentle call, the Sun came out and invited him in saying, "Please join me for a meal." But the rooster replied, "Just give me a few grains of rice and I will eat outside your door." After he had eaten, the rooster, in a humble voice, told the Sun about the request from all the living things on Earth. Impressed by his humility, she promised, "I will grant your wish."



Ha ka jingialang biang jong ki mrad, ym don shuh uba tyrwa ban leit sha kata ka krem. Ki iohi ba dei tang u 'Iar Ryngkuh u ba khlem wan hangta. Wat ha ka jingkhawai ruh u khlem da poi. Kane ka long namar ba u sngewlehraiñ ia lade ba u long uba sniewdur tam napdeng ki mrad baroh. Ha kito ki por, u 'Iar Ryngkuh um don tang ki sner ruh! U 'Iar Ryngkuh u ju ialang paralok tang bad u Sier. Te u Sier hi u la leit wad ia u ban khot lang ia u sha kata ka jingialang. Namar ba ym don shuh ba treh ban leit iakynduh ia ka Sngi bad u Bnai, ki mrad baroh ki la ia rai ban phah da u 'Iar Ryngkuh. U te bapli u la ud ha ki bad u ong, "Kumno keiñ phin phah kum ia nga? Tang ki jaiñ ba ngan phong ruh ngam don. Peit, wat ki sner ruh ngam don." Haba iohsngew

ia kane, u kohkarang u ong, "Shim une uwei na ki sner ba stem jong nga."

U sim moina ruh u la tyrwa, "Shim une ruh u ba jyrngam jong nga."

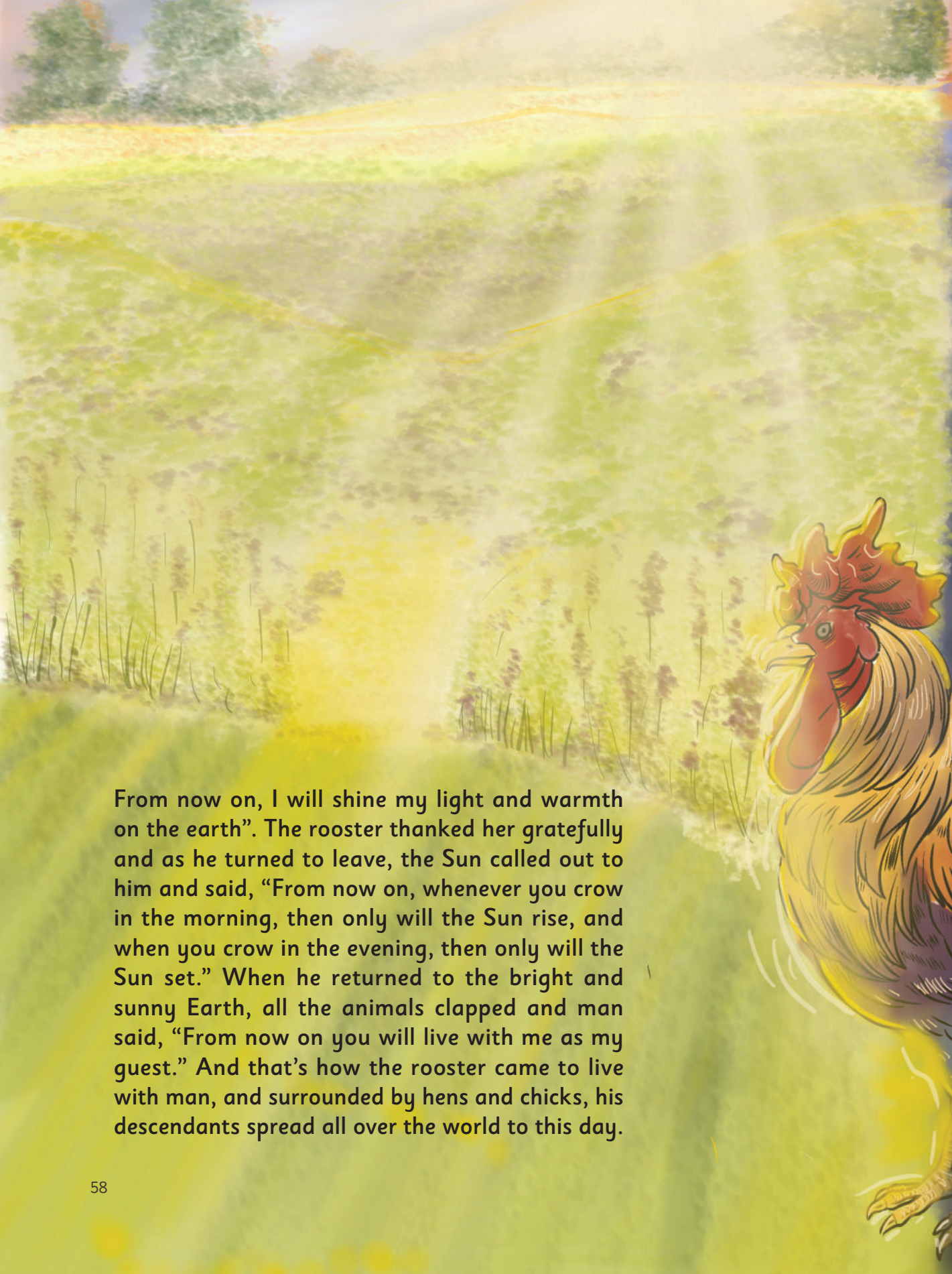
Kumta ki sim baroh ki la tyrwa ban ai lem mar khyndiat ki sner ia u 'iar ryngkuh. Ynda u la tah ia ki sner baroh ha ka met jong u, u 'iar ryngkuh u la i khaiñ la kum u khun syiem. Hynrei um dei u kynja sim uba lah ban her jngai. Te haba u la poi ha khmat kata ka krem, u la sngewtlot bad da ka sur kaba jem, u

la khot ia ka Sngi. Ka jinglehrit jong u ka la ktah shibun ia ka dohnud jong ka Sngi bad ka la khot bam ia u shapoh ka krem. Ynda

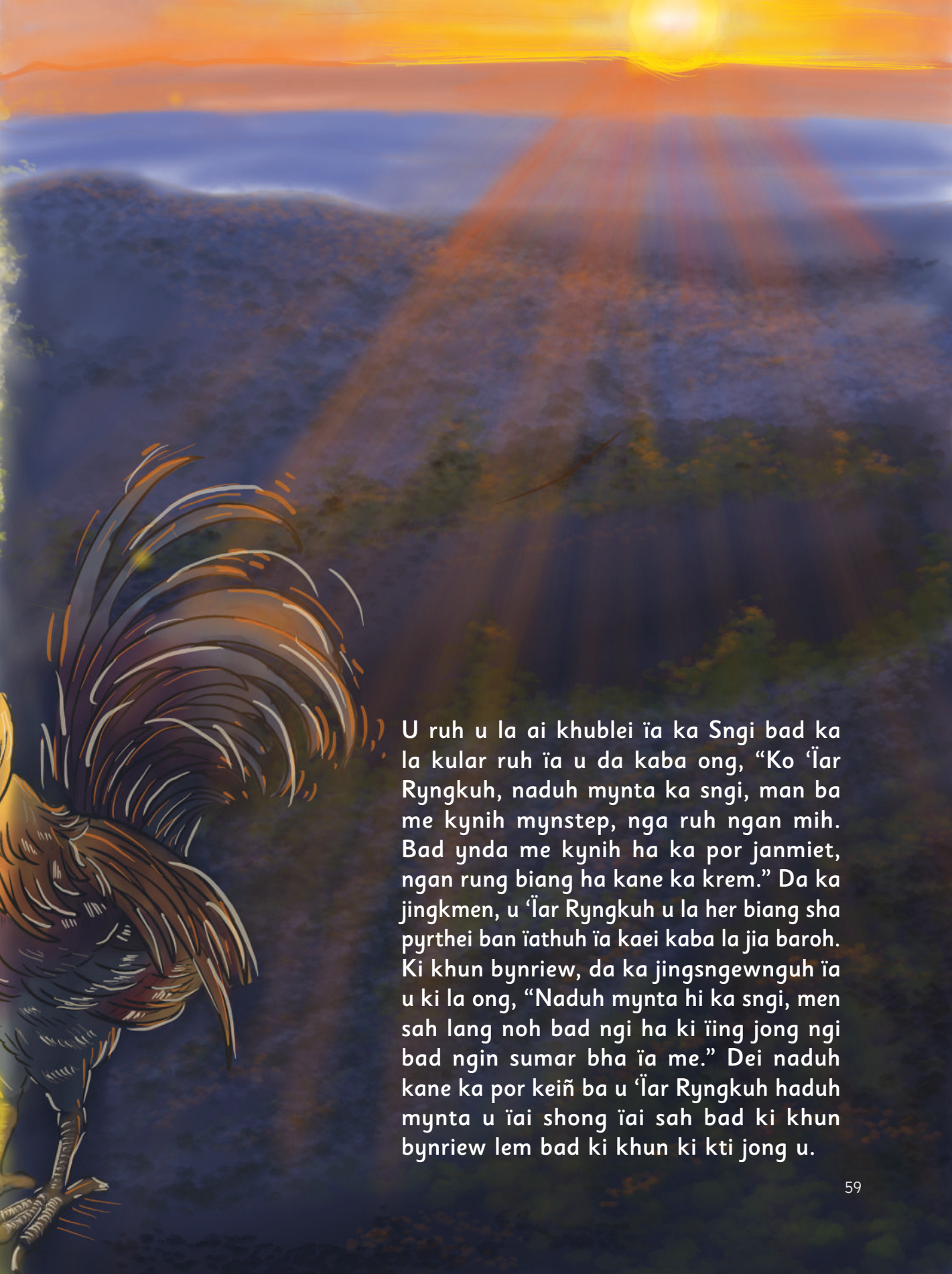
u la dep bam, u la kyrpad ia ka Sngi ban tyngshaiñ biang halor ka pyrthei. Ka ruh

ka la rai ban sngap ia ka jingkyrpad jong u ban ai jingshai biang ia ka pyrthei baroh kawei.



A rooster with a red comb and wattle, and brown and yellow feathers, is shown in profile on the right side of the page. The background is a soft, misty landscape with rolling green hills and a hazy sky, suggesting a dawn or dusk setting. The overall color palette is dominated by greens, yellows, and soft whites, creating a serene and atmospheric scene.

From now on, I will shine my light and warmth on the earth". The rooster thanked her gratefully and as he turned to leave, the Sun called out to him and said, "From now on, whenever you crow in the morning, then only will the Sun rise, and when you crow in the evening, then only will the Sun set." When he returned to the bright and sunny Earth, all the animals clapped and man said, "From now on you will live with me as my guest." And that's how the rooster came to live with man, and surrounded by hens and chicks, his descendants spread all over the world to this day.



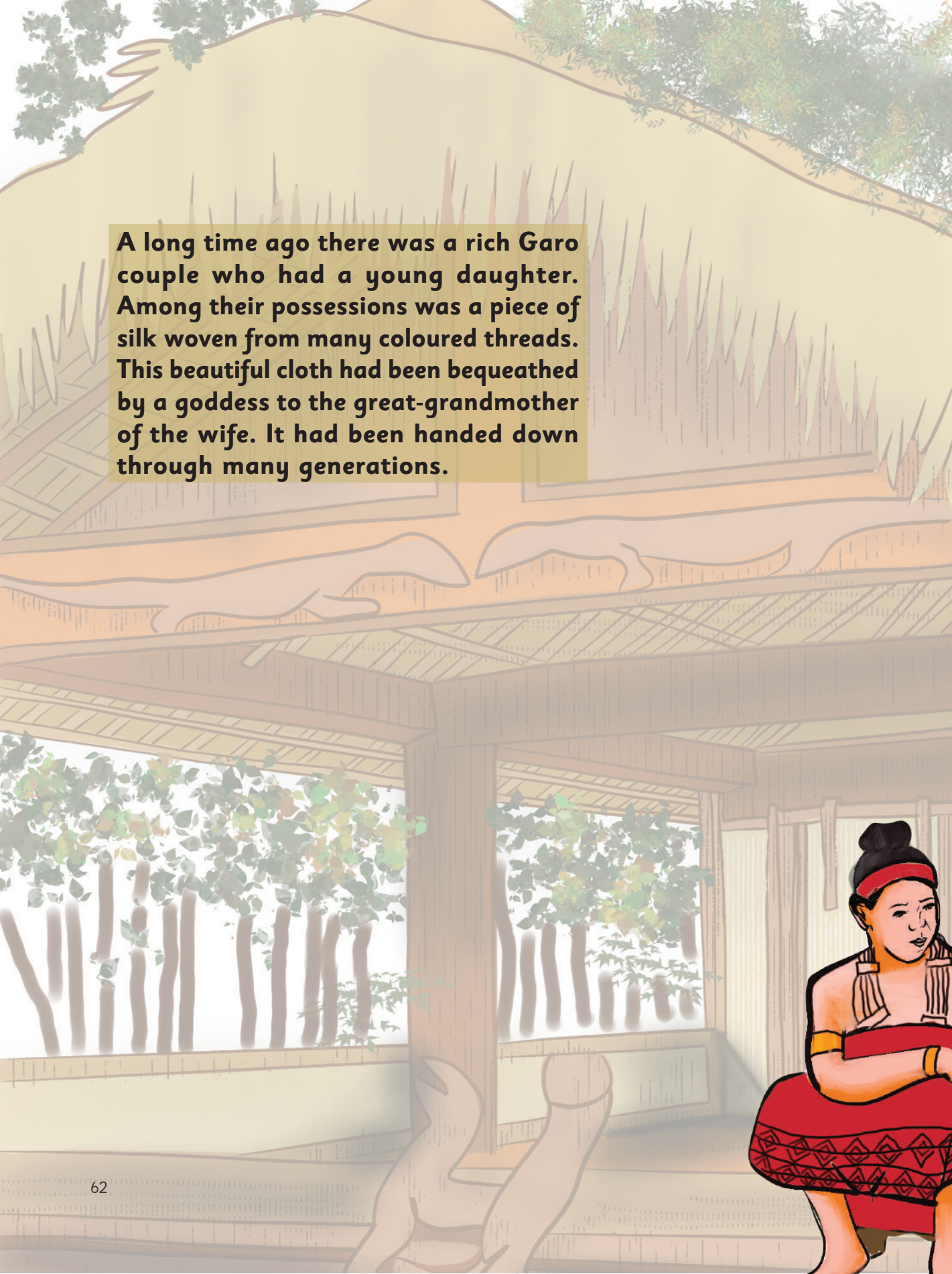
U ruh u la ai khublei ia ka Sngi bad ka la kular ruh ia u da kaba ong, “Ko ‘Iar Ryngkuh, naduh mynta ka sngi, man ba me kynih mynstep, nga ruh ngan mih. Bad ynda me kynih ha ka por janmiet, ngan rung biang ha kane ka krem.” Da ka jingkmén, u ‘Iar Ryngkuh u la her biang sha pyrthei ban iathuh ia kaei kaba la jia baroh. Ki khun bynriew, da ka jingsngewnguh ia u ki la ong, “Naduh mynta hi ka sngi, men sah lang noh bad ngi ha ki iing jong ngi bad ngin sumar bha ia me.” Dei naduh kane ka por keiñ ba u ‘Iar Ryngkuh haduh mynta u iai shong iai sah bad ki khun bynriew lem bad ki khun ki kti jong u.

The image is a stylized illustration of a traditional wooden house. The top part shows the exterior with a thatched roof and green foliage. The middle section is a white banner with the title. The bottom part shows the interior of the house, which is made of dark wood. There are two large windows with a view of green trees. A woman in traditional red and black clothing is sitting on the floor on the right side. The style is simple and colorful.

How Peacocks Came on This Earth

Kumno ki Klew ki la wan long ha kane ka Pyrthei



The background of the page is a stylized illustration of a traditional Garo house. The house has a prominent thatched roof made of palm fronds or similar natural materials. The walls are made of wood or bamboo, with a visible grain. There are large windows or openings in the walls, looking out onto a landscape with trees. In the foreground, a woman is depicted from the waist up, wearing a traditional red and black patterned Garo dress (shing) and a black headband with a red stripe. She is looking towards the left of the frame.

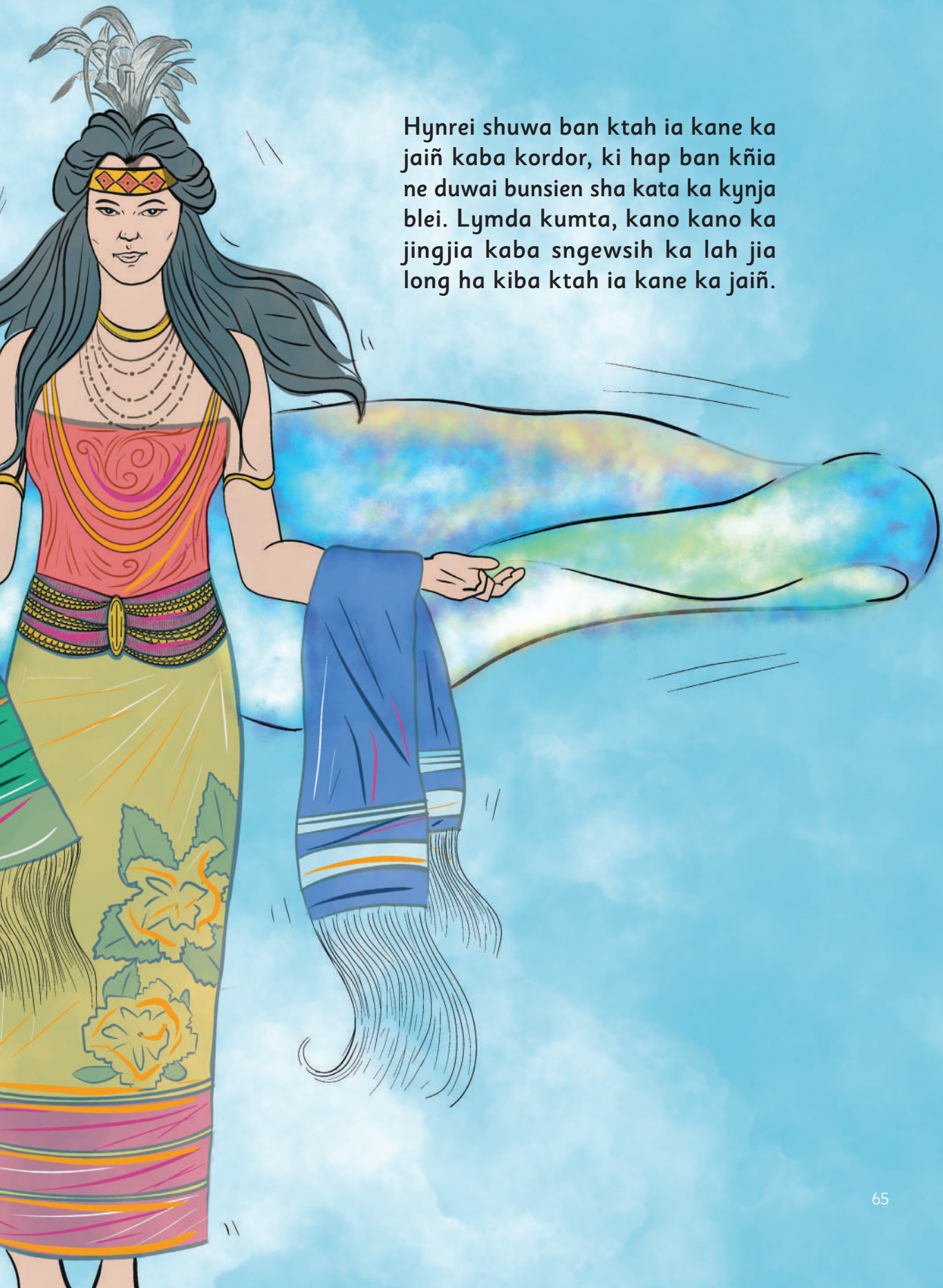
A long time ago there was a rich Garo couple who had a young daughter. Among their possessions was a piece of silk woven from many coloured threads. This beautiful cloth had been bequeathed by a goddess to the great-grandmother of the wife. It had been handed down through many generations.

Mynhyndai bah, la don shijur ki Garo kiba riewspah bha bad ki don ruh iwei i khun kynthei i ba dang khynnah. Napdeng ki tiar kiba kordor kiba don ha ka iing jong ki, la don ruh kawei ka jaiñ rusom kaba nylla bad kaba kordor, namar ka long kaba la hiar pateng naduh ka por jong i kmie-rad jong kane ka iing. La ong ba ia kane ka jaiñ la ai sngewbha da kawei ka kynja blei.



But before touching the precious silk, one had to recite a chant or prayer to the goddess; otherwise, an unlucky event would happen to the person.





Hynrei shuwa ban ktah ia kane ka jaiñ kaba kordor, ki hap ban kñia ne duwai bunsien sha kata ka kynja blei. Lymda kumta, kano kano ka jingjia kaba sngewsih ka lah jia long ha kiba ktah ia kane ka jaiñ.

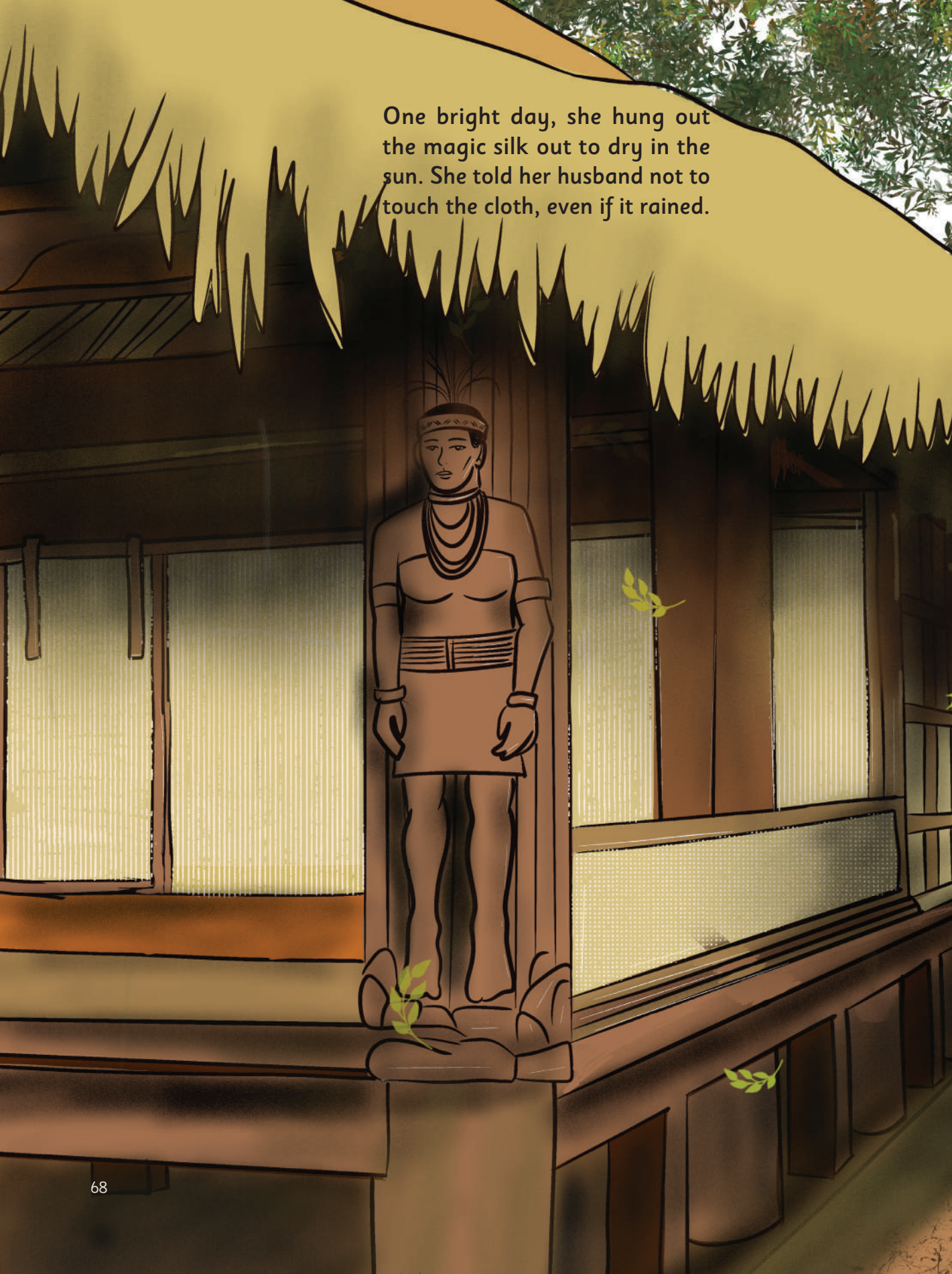
According to Garo custom, the daughter would inherit the family property. When she grew up, she married one of her cousins on her mother's side, as was common tradition. Upon her parents' death, she inherited the magical cloth. She lived happily with her husband but forgot to tell him about the story of the cloth, nor did she teach him the prayer that would prevent bad luck.

Katkum ka rukom jong ki Garo, ka khun kynthei kan ioh pateng ia ka spah ka phew jong ka iing. Haba ka lah san bha, ka la shongkurim ia uwei na ki bakha na ka liang jong ka kmie kumba ka dei ka rukom. Haba ki kmie ki kpa jong ka ki la khlad, ka la ioh pateng ia kata ka jaiñ kaba phylla. Ka la im suk bad la u lok hynrei ka la klet ban iathuh ia u shaphang ka khana shaphang ka jaiñ bad kumjuh ruh ia ki jingduwai ki ban iada na ki jingjia kiba sniew.





One bright day, she hung out the magic silk out to dry in the sun. She told her husband not to touch the cloth, even if it rained.




Ha kawei ka sngi kaba shit bha, ka la
thad sngi ia kata ka jaiñ shabar. Ka la
ong ia u lok jong ka ba um dei ban ktah
ia kata ka jaiñ wat lada wan u slap.



Then she went to the river to catch prawns. She took her chakka, fishing basket, and a koksi, to carry the fish.



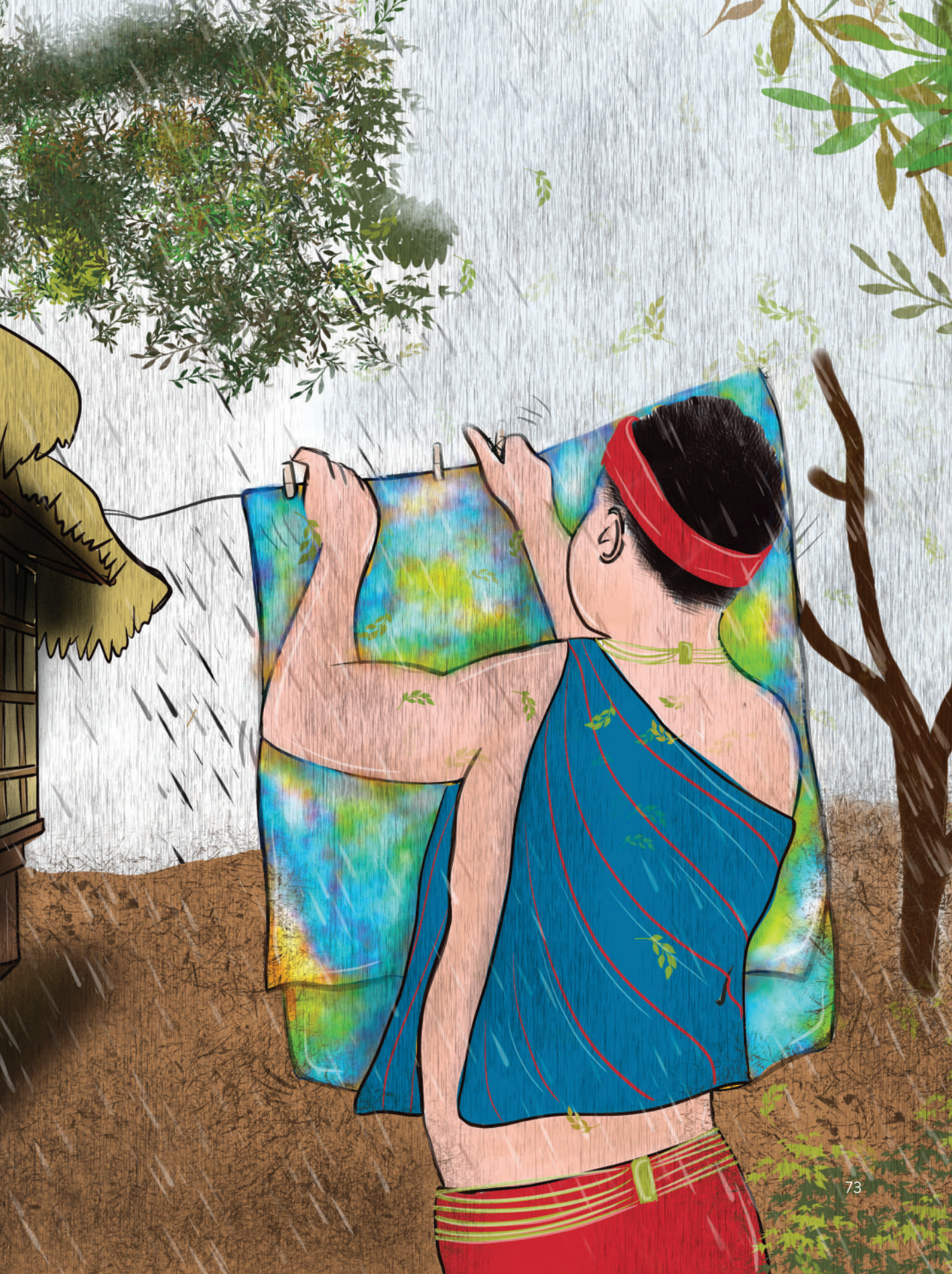


Kumta ka la leit sha ka wah ban leit khwai shyprong. Ka la shim ia ka shang jong ka, ka chakka, ka shang ban khwai, bad ka koksi ban rah ia ki dohkha.

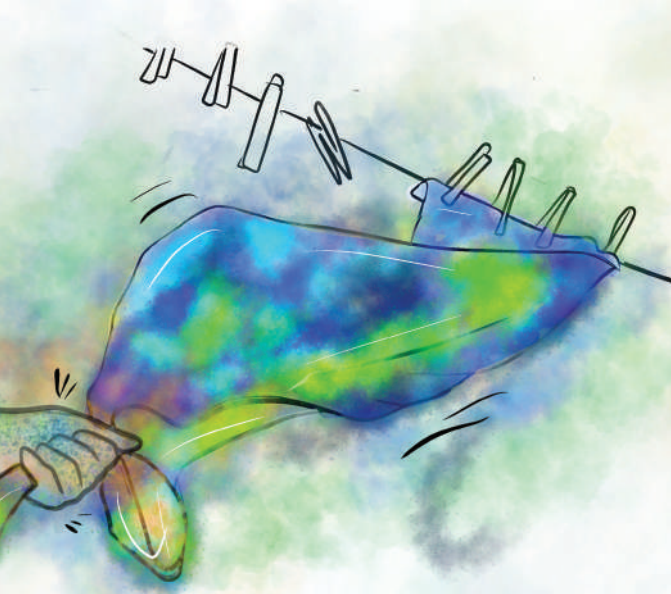
While she was away, the clear sky darkened with a mass of dark clouds. The wind blew hard and heavy rain began to fall. The cloth got soaked, and the husband anxiously shouted for his wife. She heard his voice and started running home, but she did not reach in time. Worried that the wind would blow away the cloth, the husband grasped the cloth to take it inside the house.

Katba ka dang don shata, ka sngi kaba shit ka la dum lyoh kynsan. Ka lyer ka la beh jur bad u slap uba jur u la sdang ban hap. Kata ka jaiñ ka la sdang ban jhieh, bad u lok u la pyrta jam ia la ka lok. Ka la iöhsngew ia ka sur jong u bad sdang ban mareh sha iing. Hynrei ka khlem lah ban poi ha ka por bad uta u lok, da kaba pyrkhath ba ka lyer kan rong noh ia kata ka jaiñ, u la shim ban lum noh ia ka sha iing.









As soon as he touched the cloth, the coloured threads stuck to him. He started changing into a bird with colours splashing onto his wings and tail. The girl in her shock and sorrow, hugged her husband. Without saying the prayer, she touched a bit of cloth that was left. She also turned into a bird, but she was less colourful as only a few threads remained.



Tang mar sien ktah ia kata ka jaiñ, kita ki ksai kiba bunrong ki la dam bit sbak ha u. U la sdang kylla sha u sim u ba bunrong bad u la kyrthlap ia la ki thapniang bad u tdong. Kata ka briew ha ka jingkyndit bad jingsngewsih, ka la kdup ia la u jong u lok. Ka ruh, khlem da duwai, ka la ktah ia kata ka jaiñ kaba dangsah. Tang kumta hi, ka la kylla lang kum ka sim kaba kham blad ki rong namar ba sah sa tang khyndiat ki ksai ha ka por ba ka ktah ia ka jaiñ.

Thereafter, they lived as peacock and peahen. Whenever clouds gather in the sky, lightning flashes, and thunder roars, they cry with fear, lest the rains carry away their garments of beautiful plumes.



Naduh kata ka por, kine ki shijur ki la
ia im kum u klew bad ka klew. Man ba
lang ki lyoh ha suiñbneng, bad ka lelieh
ka thaba bad u pyrthat u kyrhuh, ki ju
iam da ka jingtieng, ioh ba u slap un
rong noh ia ki sner kiba bunrong jong ki.



How the Woodpecker Got His Red Crest

Kumno u Simpuhdieng U ioh
ia La U Shyrtong ba Saw





**Many years ago, there lived a family
in a village by the banks of a river
near Ranggira Hill.**

**Bun bun snem mynshuwa la don kawei
ka longiing ha kawei ka shnong kaba
don harud wah hajan u lum Ranggira.**





They had four daughters. The older ones were Awil and Singwil, who helped their parents with the household chores.





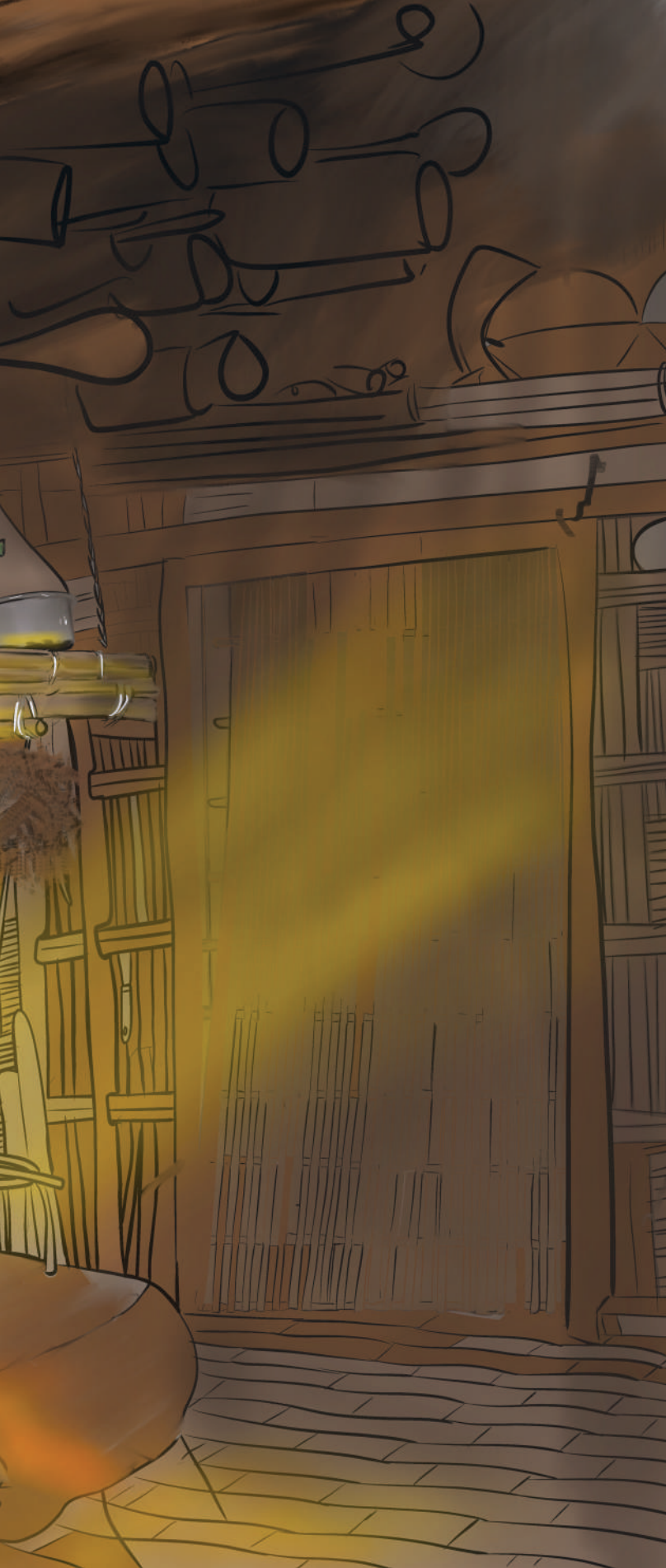
Ki ia don saw ngut
ki khun kynthei.
Ki khun kynthei
kiba heh kiba
kyrteng ka Awil
bad ka Singwil,
ki ju iarap kam ia
ki kmie ki kpa ha
ki kam iing kam
sem baroh.

The family lived happily until their elderly grandmother came to live with them.

Ka longiing ka longsem jong ki ka
la long kaba suk kaba saiñ tad
haduh ka por ba la wan sah lang
ka kmie-ieid jong ki.





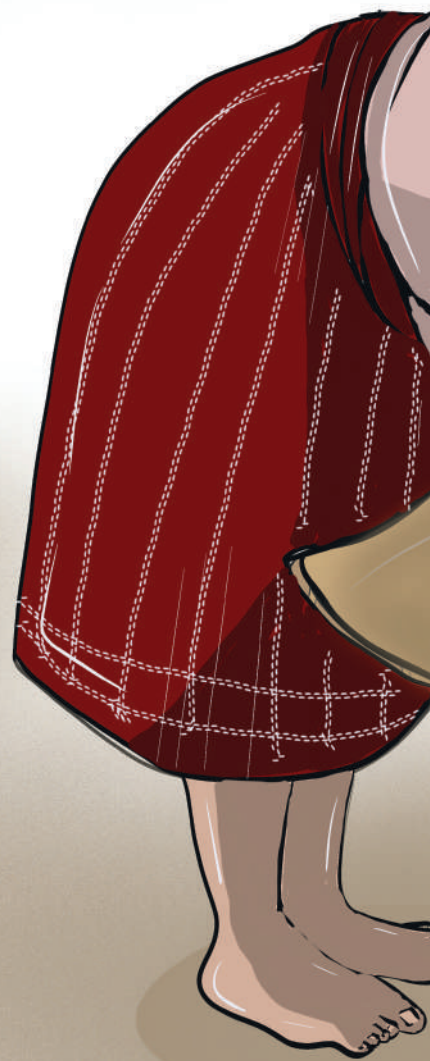


She was jealous of their youthful looks and helpful nature. Whenever the girls put the rice on the fire to cook, and went outside to sweep, the grandmother would put some mud or hair in the rice.

Ka ju bishni ia ka jingphuh samla bad ka jingsmat jong kita ki arngut shipara. Man ba kine ki khynnah ki shet ja bad hadien kata ki leit trei la ki kam shabar, kata ka kmie-ieid ka ju leh kput da kaba ber da u khyndew lane u shñiuh hapoh u khiew ja.

One day, after the harvest, the girls
dried the paddy, pounded it, and
winnowed the husks.

Ha kawei ka sngi, ynda ladep ka
jingot kba, kita ki thei samla ki la
ia thad ia u kba, dung ia u bad peh
ia u stait.






Then they went to the river to fetch water. While they were away, the grandmother dug a hole in the ground and buried the rice.

Hadien kata ki la ia leit sha rud wah ban tong um. Ha ka por ba kim don ha iing, ka kmie-ieid jong ki ka la tih ia ka thliew ha ka madan bad ka la buhrieh ia uta u khaw hangta.









When the mother came home from the fields, she asked, “Where is the rice?”

The grandmother told a lie, “Your careless daughters left the rice outside, and a wild boar came and ate it all. Now we have nothing to eat.”

The mother beat Awil and Singwil and shut them in the pigsty.

Feeling sad about their plight, Awil said, “Let’s become doves and fly away”.

They collected some feathers from the ground and stuck it on their bodies.

Ynda ka kmie ka la wanphai na lyngkha, ka la kylli ia ki, “Shaei lut u khaw?”

Ka kmie-ieid ka la thok bad ong, “Ki khun bym phikir jong phi ki la ieh ia u khaw shabar bad u ‘niang khlaw u la wan ban bam lut.. Mynta ngim don ei ei shuh ban bam”

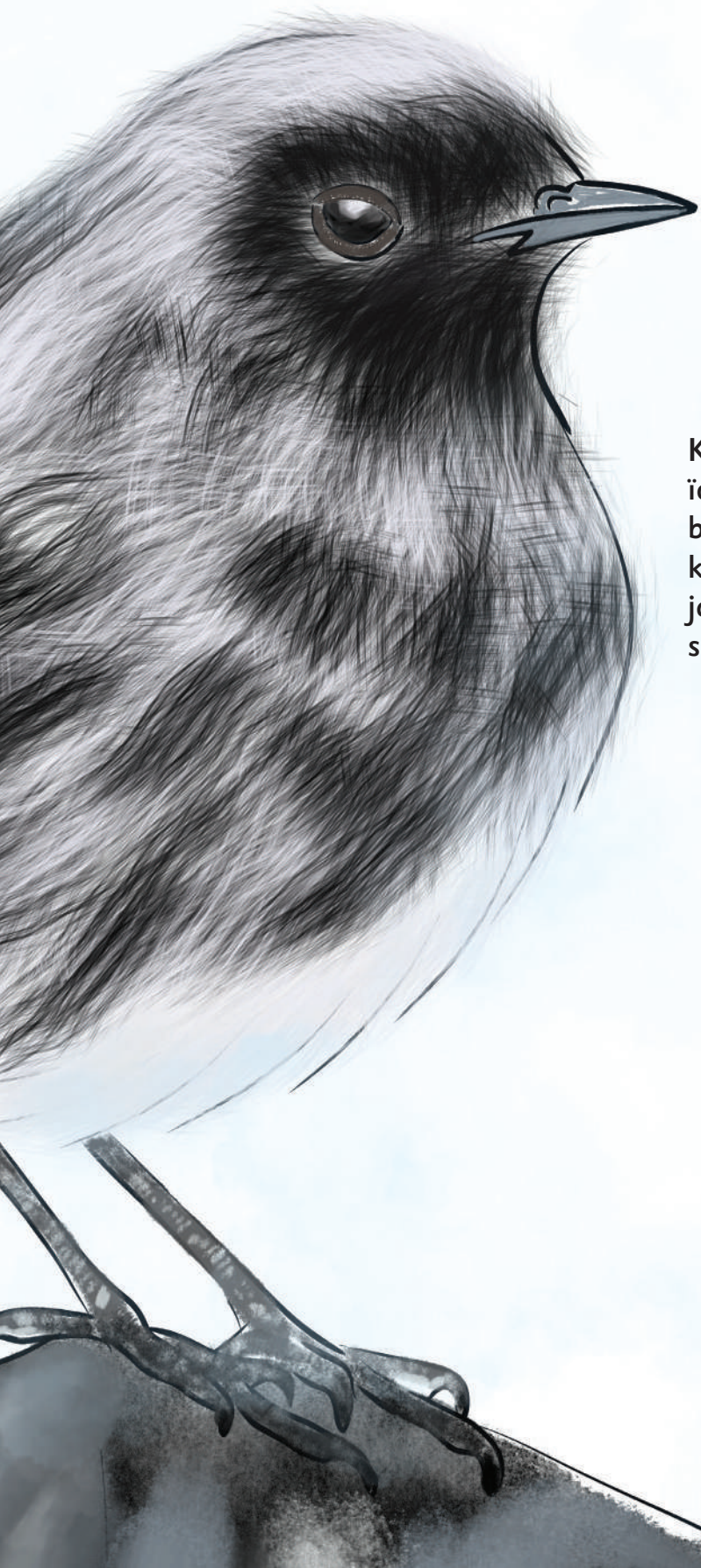
Ka kmie ka sympat ia ka Awil bad ka Singwil bad ka la set ruh ia ki ha ka sem sniang.

Ka Awli bad ka Singwil ki la ia sngewsih shi katdei eh bad ki la ia rai ban kylla sim paro bad ban her noh.

Ki la ia tam ia ki sner sim na madan bad sieh ia ki ha ki met la jong.

A dohkongsi, a black redstart bird, helped them put on the feathers, said some magic words, and the girls turned into doves.





Ka **dohkongsi**, ka sim kaba
ïong, ka la iarap ia ki arngut
ban sieh ia ki sner bad ka la
kren katto katne ki kyntien
jadu. Kumta hi kita ki arngut
shipara ki la ia kylla sim paro.

The girl-doves were happy, flying and singing the whole day. Sometimes they would fly around their home and watch their parents and younger sisters.

Kita ki paro kynthei ki la kmen bad ki la ia her bad rwai baroh shi sngi. Teng teng ki ju her sawdong ka iing bad peit kai ia ki kmie, ki kpa bad ki para kynthei jong ki.






One day, they were cooing near a paddy field where two brothers, Annal and Gunal, were working.

Ha kawei ka sngi, ki la ia leit pah hajan kawei ka pynthor ha kaba ki shipara, u Annal bad u Gunal ki dang ia trei.

The elder brother Anna, laid a trap and caught both the doves. Awli was eaten but Ganal kept Singwil in a cage.

U Annal uba long u hynmen, u la buh ia ka jingriam sim bad u la iohkem ia ki paro baroh arngut. Ka Awli ka la shah bam doh noh hynrei ia ka Singwil, u Ganal u la buh hapoh ka ruh.





Every evening when the brothers came back from the field, the house would be cleaned and the meal cooked. To solve the mystery, Gunal rolled himself into a mat and peeped through a hole. He saw Singwil step out of the cage became a girl. He jumped out of the mat and caught her.

She tried to escape, screaming, “Please let me go.”

Gunal said, “First, tell me who you are”.

Singwil explained how she became a bird, and Gunal asked her to marry him.

Man ba kita ki shipara shynrang ki wanphai na ka lyngkha, ka iing jong ki ka la khuid bad suba bha bad ka bam ka dih ruh lah dep lut ban shet. Ban tip ia ka daw shaphang kane ka jingmaian, u Gunal u la sop ia lade ha u shylliah bad u la peit siar na iwei i thliw. Hangta, u la iohi ba ka Singwil ka la mih na kata ka ruh bad ka la kylla briew. U pat u la rysied nangta na u shylliah bad u la kynrup ia ka.

Ka Silwil ka la ksaid ban lait na ki kti jong u bad ka la lynniar, “Sngewbha pyllait ia nga”

U Gunal u kylli, “Iathuh shuwa ia nga pha dei kaei?”

Ka Singwil ka la iathuh lut kumno ka la kylla sim paro, hangta u Gunal u la tyrwa ban shongkurim ia ka.

The elder brother, Annal was jealous and made a secret plan to kill his brother, Gunal. He tricked him into climbing a tall tree with evil spirits. Gunal got stuck at the top of the tree. However, his faithful dog, Irija Ganggaja was watching everything. He ran home to call Singwil.

U Annal u la bishni ia la u para bad u la sdang thmu ban pyniap noh ia u. Ha kawei ka sngi, u la phah ia u Gunal ban kiew sha kliar jong uwei u dieng. U Gunal u la kohnguh ia la u hynmen hynrei ynda u la poi sha kliar, u la shem pynban ba ka dei ka jaka shong jong ki ksuid. U Irija, u ksew jong u Gunal u la peit pyrman lut ia ki jingjia baroh. U la mareh wut wut sha iing ban khot ia ka Singwil.





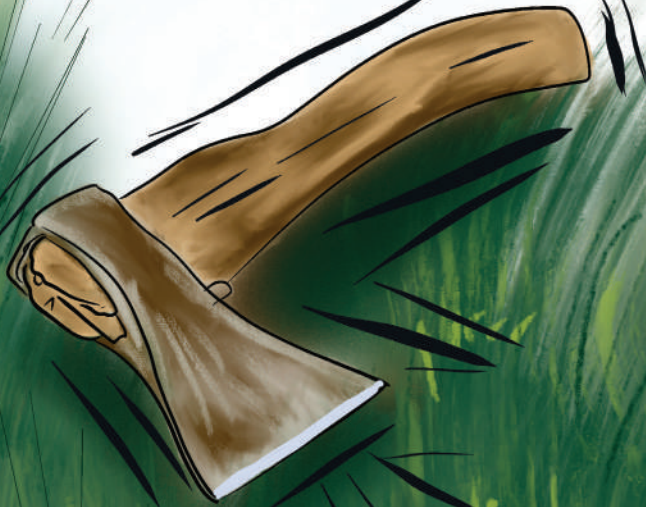
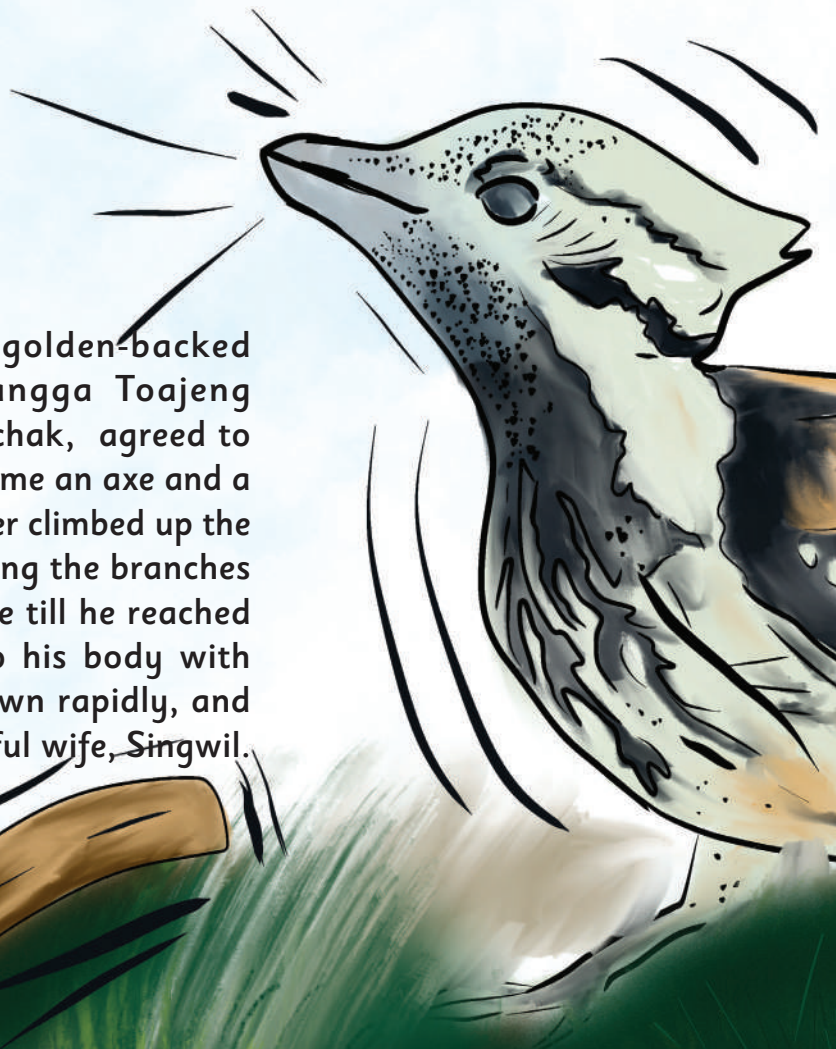



She spent seven days and
seven nights under the tree
begging the birds to help.

Hynniew sngi bad hynniew miet ka
Singwil ka iai kyrpad jingiarap na ki
sim kiba don ha uta u dieng



The head/leader of the golden-backed woodpeckers, Rema Gangga Toajeng Abiljeng Do.tileng Sko-gitchak, agreed to help. He said to her, "Bring me an axe and a red turban". The woodpecker climbed up the side of the tree trunk, cutting the branches along the way with the axe till he reached the top. He tied Gunal to his body with the red turban and slid down rapidly, and reunited him with his faithful wife, Singwil.



The illustration shows a bird with a long, dark beak and brown and white feathers on its wings, perched on the left side. Below it, a red, rounded object is partially visible. The background is a lush green field of tall grass with several small white daisies scattered throughout. The sky is a light, hazy blue.

U rangbah jong ki Kohkarang, u Rema
Gangga Toajeng Abiljeng Do.tileng Sko-
gitcak u la mynjur ban iarap ia ka. U la
ong ha ka,” Wanrah ha nga ia u sdie bad
ka Jaiñspong ba saw.” Uta u Kohkarang u
la kiew na shiliang uta u dieng, bad sdang
ban pom ia ki tnad dieng, haduh ba un da
poi ha kliar. U la teh ia u Gunal ha ka met
jong u da kata ka Jaiñspong ba saw bad u
hiar shapoh wut wut. Hangta u Gunal u la
ia kynduh biang bad ka lok kaba ia ineh jong
u, ka Singwil.





In gratitude, Singwil gave the woodpecker the turban and the axe. The red turban became the crest of the bird, and the axe became his sharp beak.

Da ka jingsngewnguh, ka Singwil ka la ai sngewbha noh ia u Kohkarang da kato hi ka jaiñspong bad u sdie.

Ka jaiñspong ba saw ka kylla long u shyrtong ba saw ha ka khlieh jong u Kohkarang bad u sdie pat u la kylla long noh ka shyntur ka ba nep jong u.



The Banyan Tree and
the Dohsurae Bird



U Diengjri bad
ka sim Dohsurae



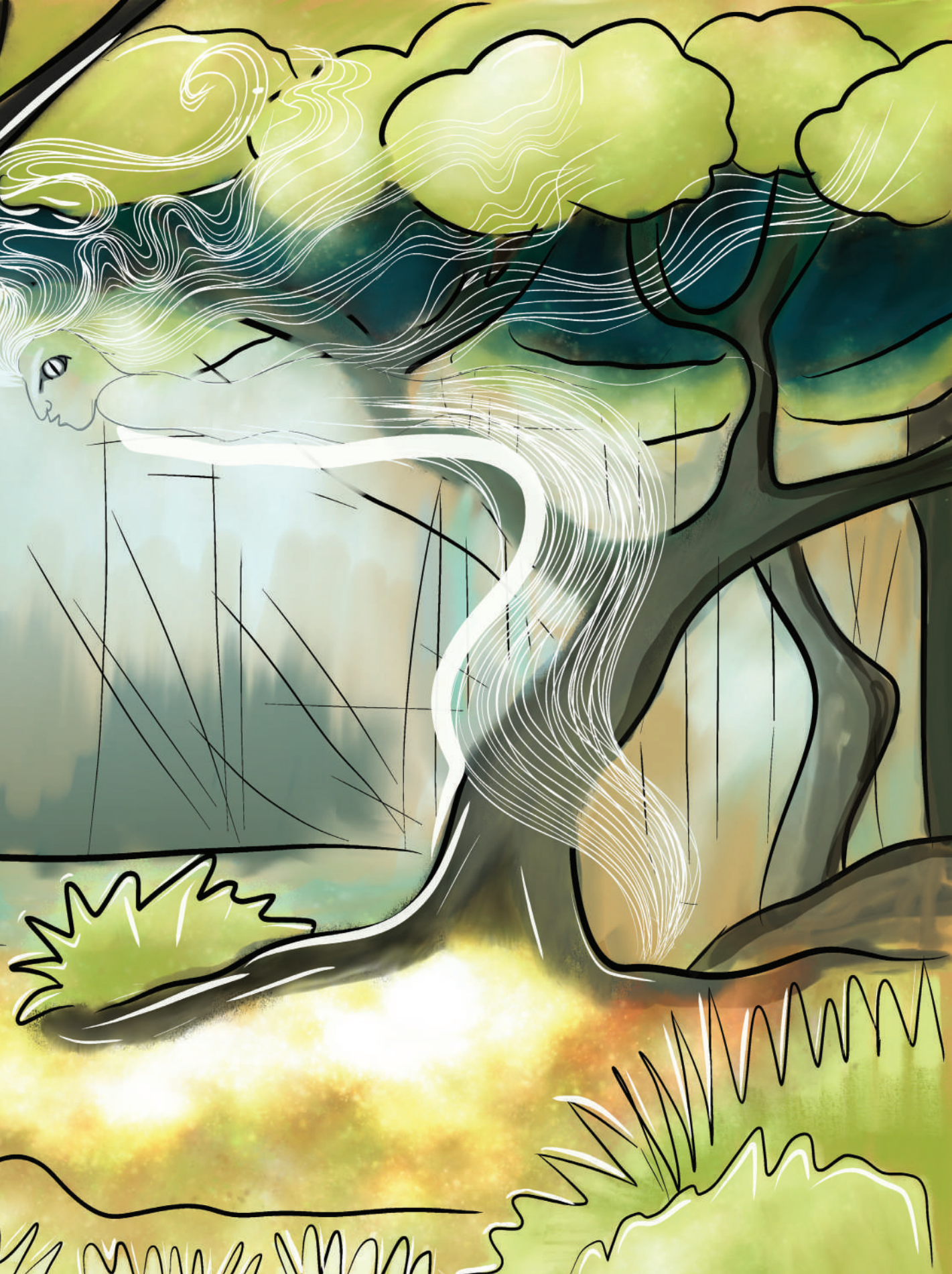
**Once upon a time, in the Garo Hills,
lived a woman named Timbori.**

**Shisien ha kawei ka por mynhyndai,
ha ki thaiñ rilum Garo, la don kawei
ka kynthei kaba kyrteng ka Timbori.**

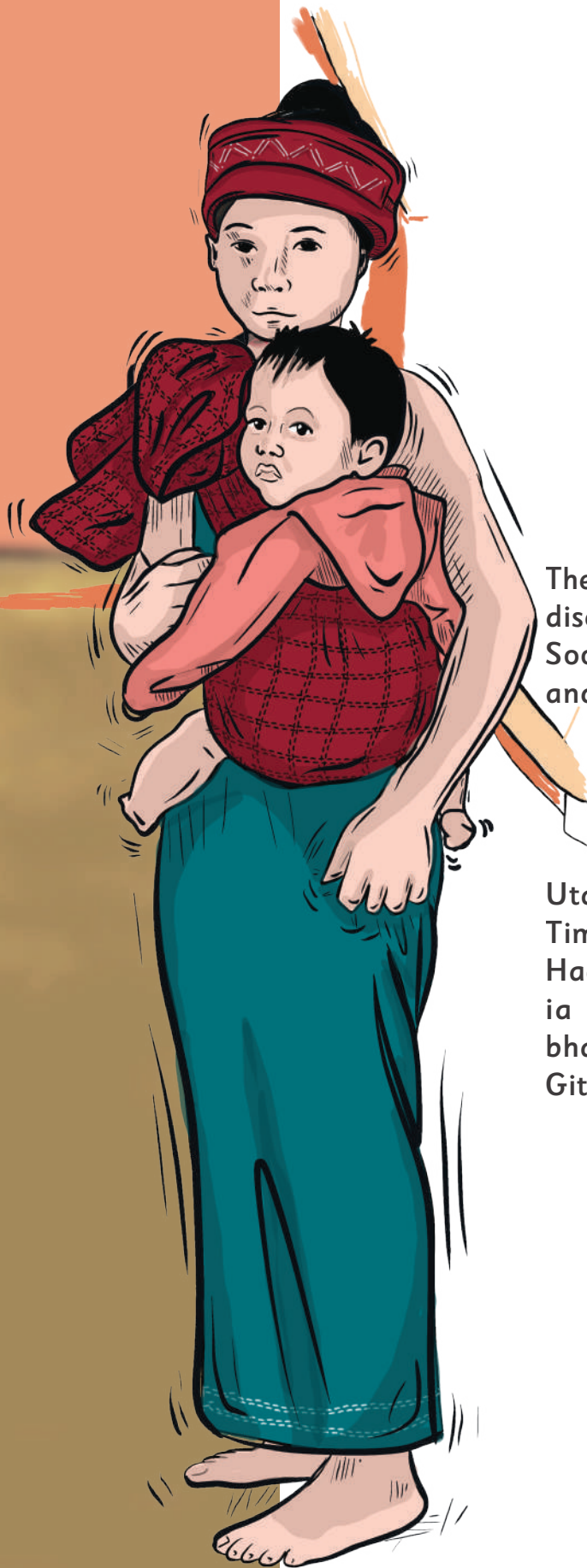
One day, she went into the deep forest to collect firewood but unknowingly wandered into the domain of the evil spirit, Khatchi Rangshi.

Ha kawei ka sngi ka la leit sha kawei ka khlaw kaba jngai bha ban leit tam ia ki diengthang, hynrei ka khlem poi pyrkhath ba ka la poi iaid pynban sha ka jaka ba don u Khatchi Rangshi, u kynja ksuid.









The evil spirit cursed her, and Timbori discovered that she was with child. Soon she gave birth to a lovely girl and named her Giting Dingo.

Uta u ksuid u la tim ia ka, bad ka Timbori ka la lap ba ka la armet. Haden katto katne por, ka la kha ia i khun kynthei i ba bhabriew bha bad ka la ai kyrteng ia i da ka Giting Dingo.

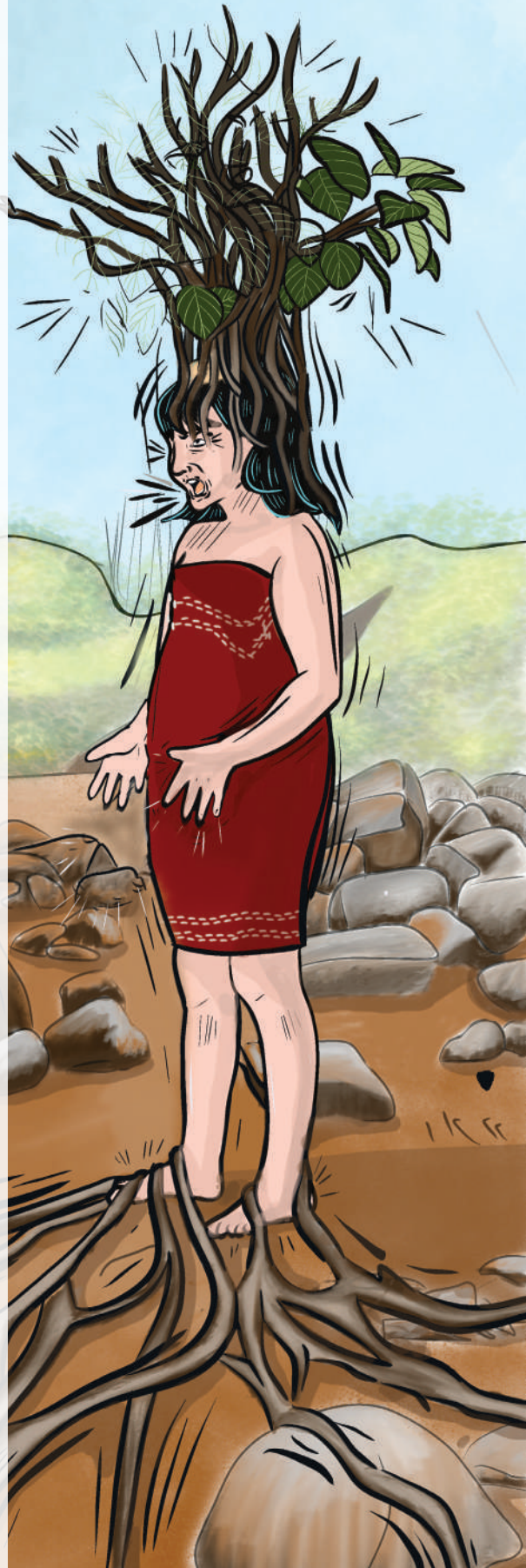
One day while playing with a friend on the magical beach that belonged to another spirit, Meena Rongdingpa, something strange happened. Giting Dingo suddenly sprouted a leaf on her head and a root grew from her foot into the soft sand. She screamed in fear, but no one could help her as she was surrounded by dark magic. The young and beautiful Giting sadly accepted her fate and over time grew into a full banyan tree.



Ha kawei ka sngi katba i dang
ïalehkai bad ki paralok harud um
kaba long ruh ka jaka shong jong
kawei pat ka kynja ksuid kaba ki ju
khot ka Meena Rongdingpa, la don
ka jingjia kaba phylla hangta.

Syndet syndet, ka Giting ka la lynniar
kliang bapli haba ka la ïohi ba ka la
sdang kylla long dur pynban kum u
dieng – ki sla ki la sdang ban mih
ha ka khlieh jong ka bad ki sla kjat
ki la kylla long kum ki thied dieng!


Ka la pyrta jam da ka jingtieng
hynrei ym don ba lah ban iarap ia
ka namar ba ka la shah teh ha kata
ka nonglehksuid. Kata ka khynnah
kynthei kaba bhabriew ka hap ban
pdiang ïa kata ka nusip bad katba
dang ïaid ka por, ka la kylla long
noh kum uwei u diengjri uba heh
bad uba la san bha.




Many years passed, Timbori watched Giting grow into a majestic banyan tree and felt that Giting was old enough to get married. One day, Timbori gently spoke to Giting about marriage.



Ki snem ki la nangiaid,
ka Timbori ka ju peit
beit ia ka Giting kaba la
kylia sha uta u diengjri
uba heh bha bad ka la
pyrkhat ba ka rta jong
ka ruh ka la biang ba kan
shongkurim. Ha kawei
ka sngi ka Timbori ka
ka la kren jai jai ia ka
Giting shaphang kane.



“Dear child, you are already so beautiful, but do you know what would add to your beauty? An array of birds—elegant cormorants, magnificent hornbills, and graceful cranes would flock to you to seek shelter in your graceful branches”.

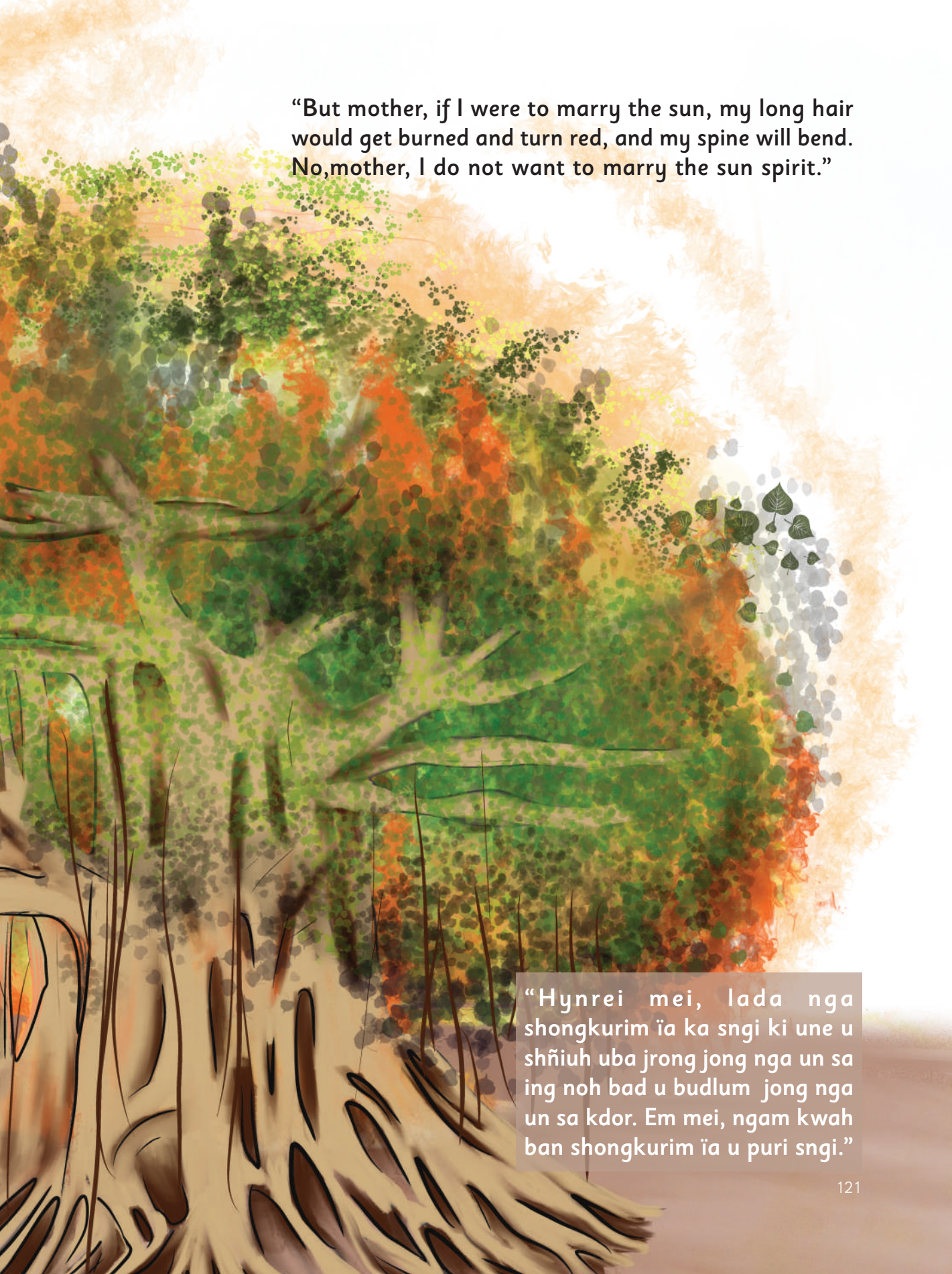


“Ko Khun baieid jong nga, phi la long lypa ka biew kaba bhabriew hynrei phi tip kaei kaban pynitynnad shuh shuh iaphi? Ki dei ki kynhun jong ki sim keiñ – ki kynja sim kiba ju don harum um, ki kohkarang kiba itynnad bha bad ki thring kiba i shongkhia ki ban wan ban wad jingiada ha ki tnat kiba kiba iar jong phi”.

But all of this will happen only if you have a husband. Would you like to marry Salae Salake, the sun spirit?"

Hynrei kine baroh kin urlong tang lada phi don la u lok jong phi. Hato phi treh ban shongkurim ia u Salae Salake, u puri sngi?"

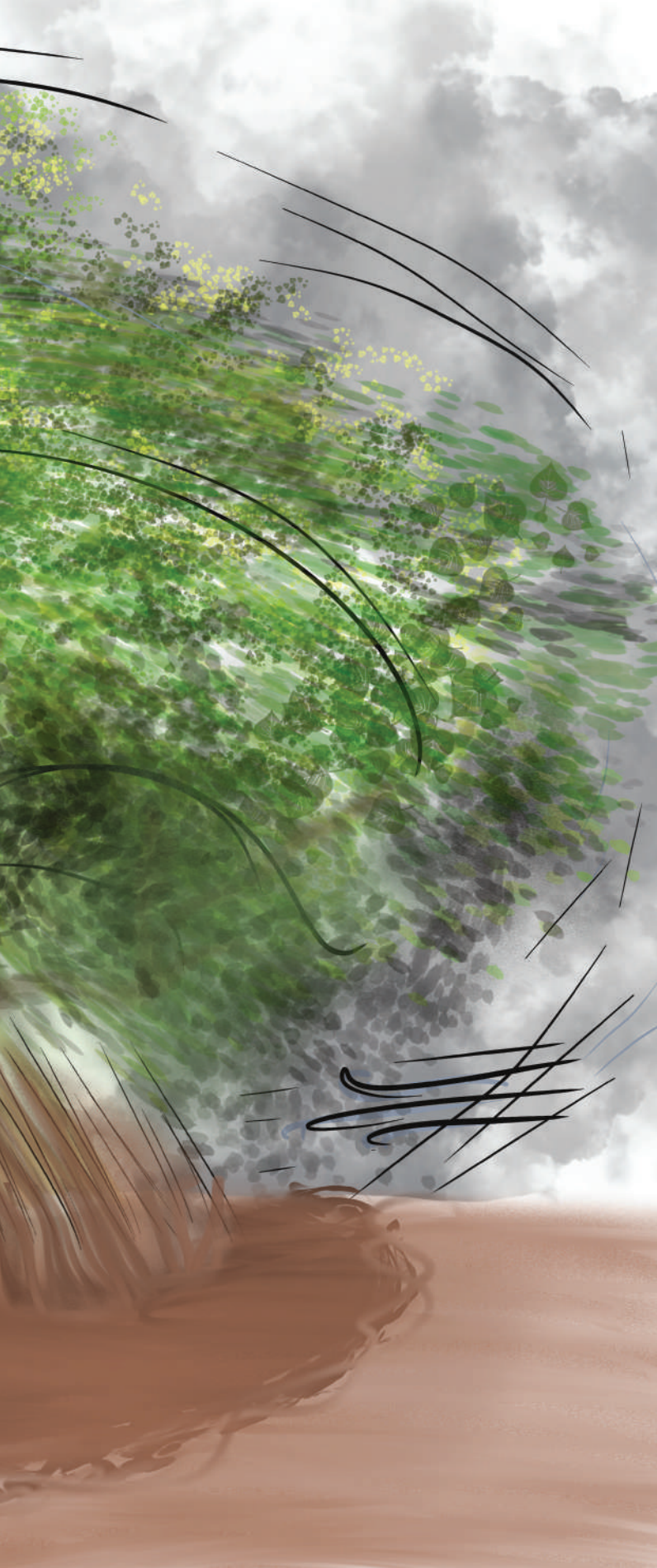




“But mother, if I were to marry the sun, my long hair would get burned and turn red, and my spine will bend. No, mother, I do not want to marry the sun spirit.”

“Hynrei mei, lada nga shongkurim ia ka sngi ki une u shñiuh uba jrong jrong nga un sa ing noh bad u budlum jrong nga un sa kdor. Em mei, ngam kwah ban shongkurim ia u puri sngi.”






“What about Jaru-Meh-a Jabalphanthe Okkhuagsi Jahpatchongsi, the wind god?”

“If I were to marry him, I would end up becoming all twisted and bent. No, dear mother, I will not be happy with him.”

“Phi sngew kumno shaphang u Jaru-Meh-a Jabalphanthe Okkhuagsi Jahpatchongsi, u blei jong ka Iyer?”

“Lada nga hap ban shongkurim ia u, ngan sa kut noh tang ha kaba shu khih shane shatai bad ngan kdor noh. Em, Mei baieid, ngan ym suk bad u.”



“What about Sretonggitchak
Gitokwahrikkat, the powerful fire
god?”

“If I were to marry him, I would be
burnt to ashes. No, dear mother, I
cannot marry him.”

“U Sretonggitchak Gitokwahrikkat
pat, u blei ding ba khraw ?”

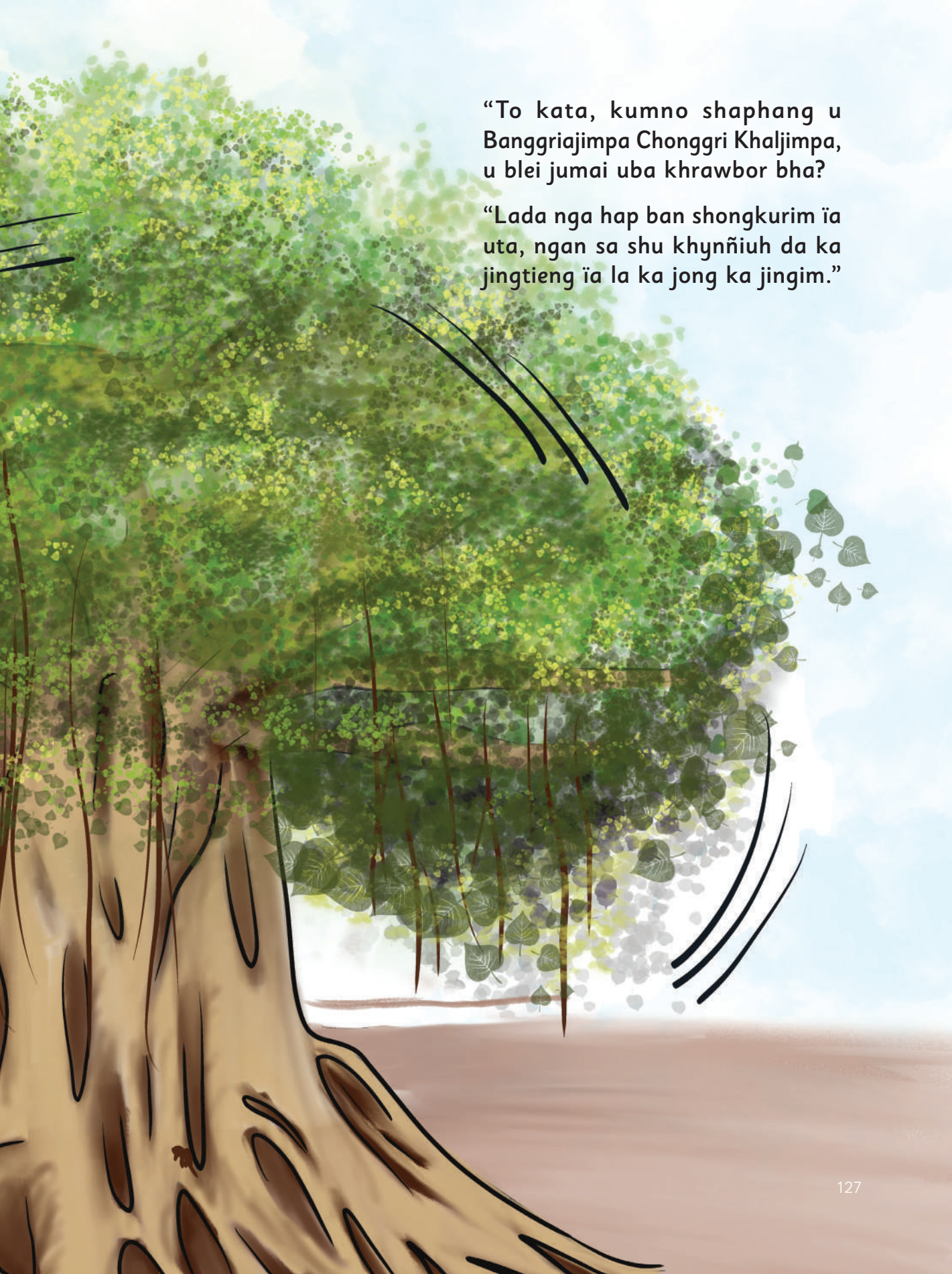
“Lada nga hap ban shongkurim ia
u, ngan sa shah thang haduh ban
da kylla dpei. Em, Mei baieid, ngam
lah ban shongkurim ia u.”



“All right, what about Banggriajimpa Chonggri Khaljimpa, the mighty earthquake god?”

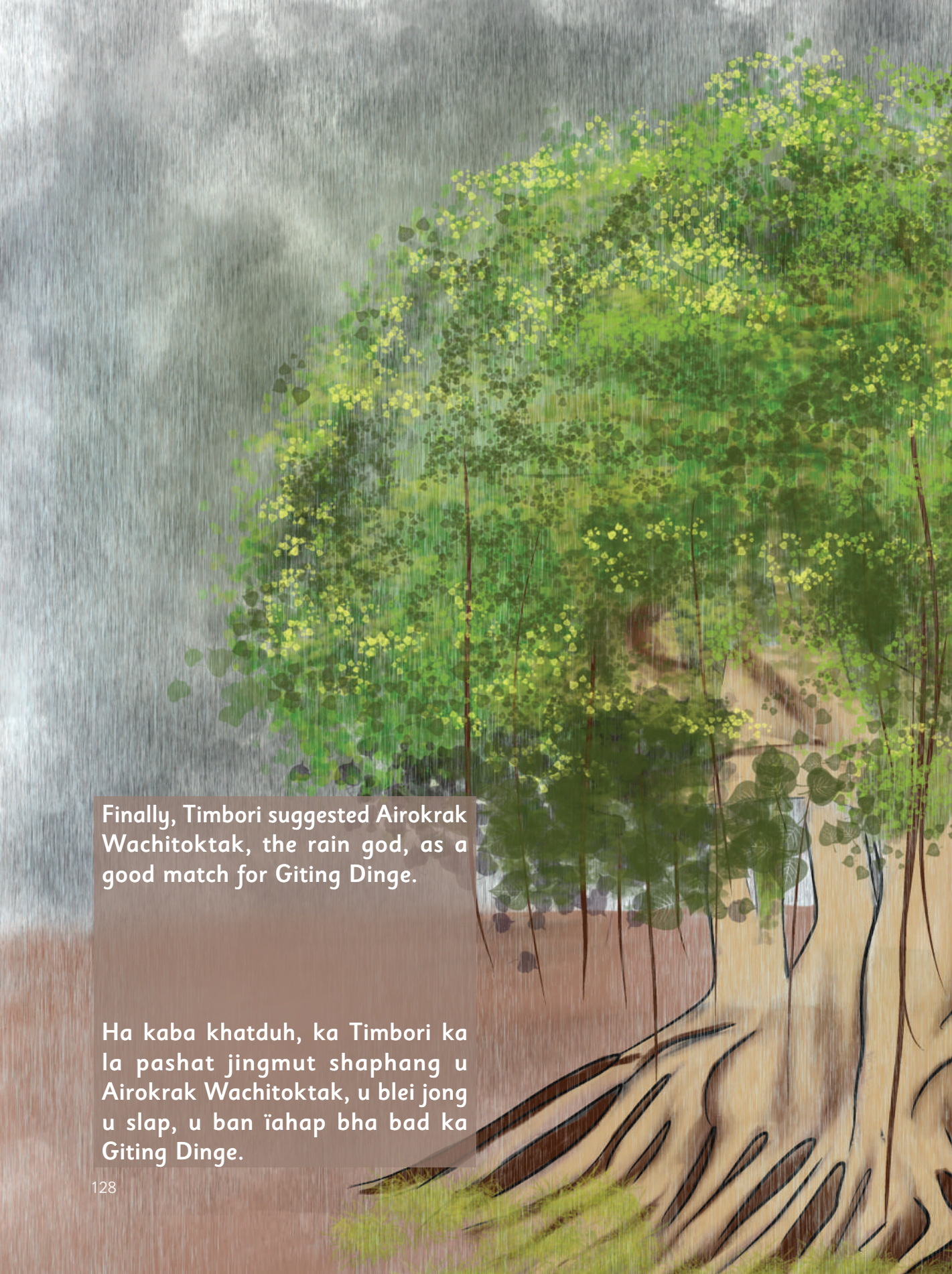
“If I were to marry him, I would always be trembling in fear of my life.”





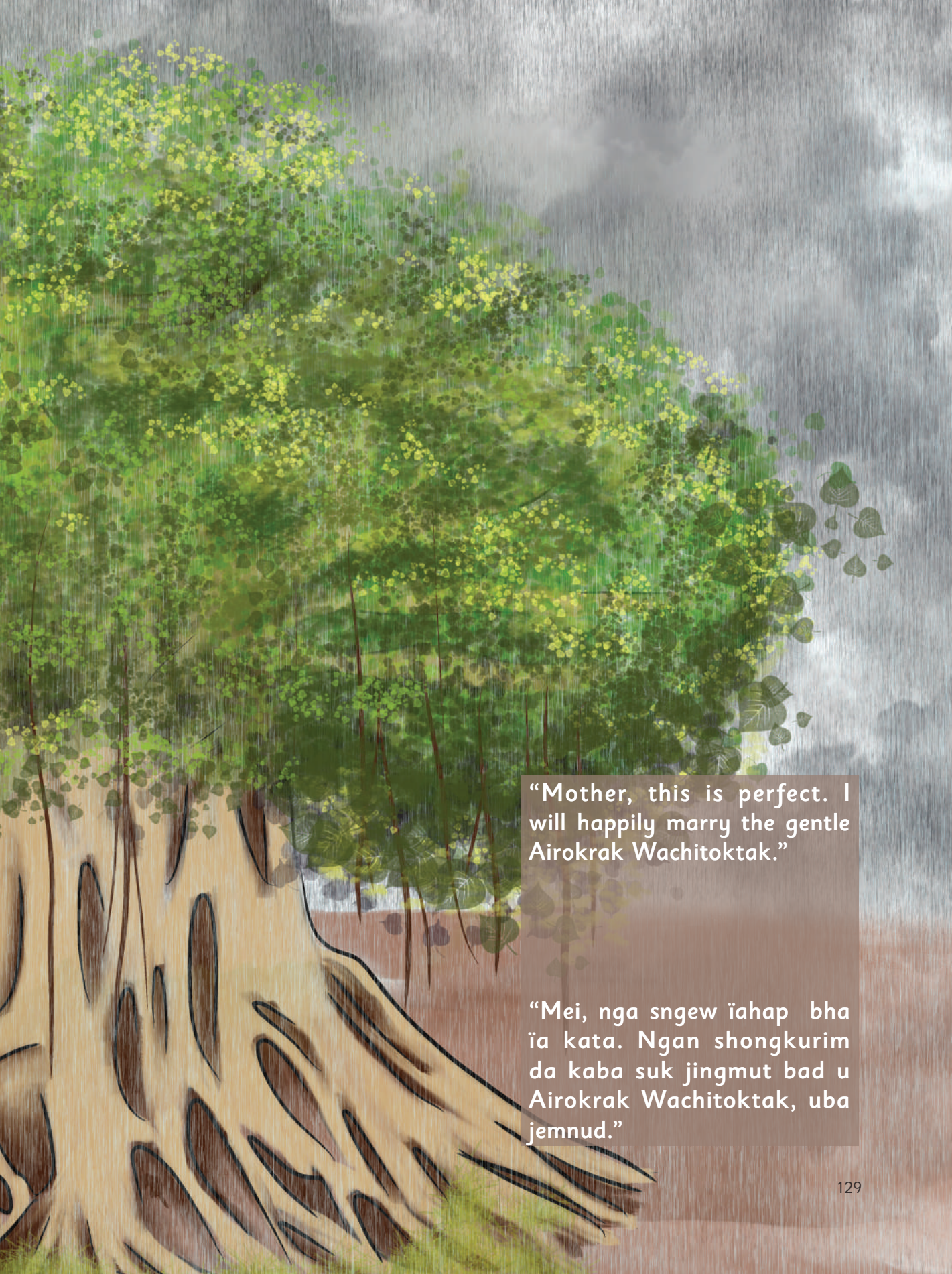
“To kata, kumno shaphang u
Banggriajimpa Chonggri Khaljimpa,
u blei jumai uba khrawbor bha?”

“Lada nga hap ban shongkurim ia
uta, ngan sa shu khynñiuh da ka
jingtieng ia la ka jong ka jingim.”



Finally, Timbori suggested Airokrak Wachitoktak, the rain god, as a good match for Giting Dingo.

Ha kaba khatduh, ka Timbori ka la pashat jingmut shaphang u Airokrak Wachitoktak, u blei jong u slap, u ban iahap bha bad ka Giting Dingo.




“Mother, this is perfect. I will happily marry the gentle Airokrak Wachitoktak.”

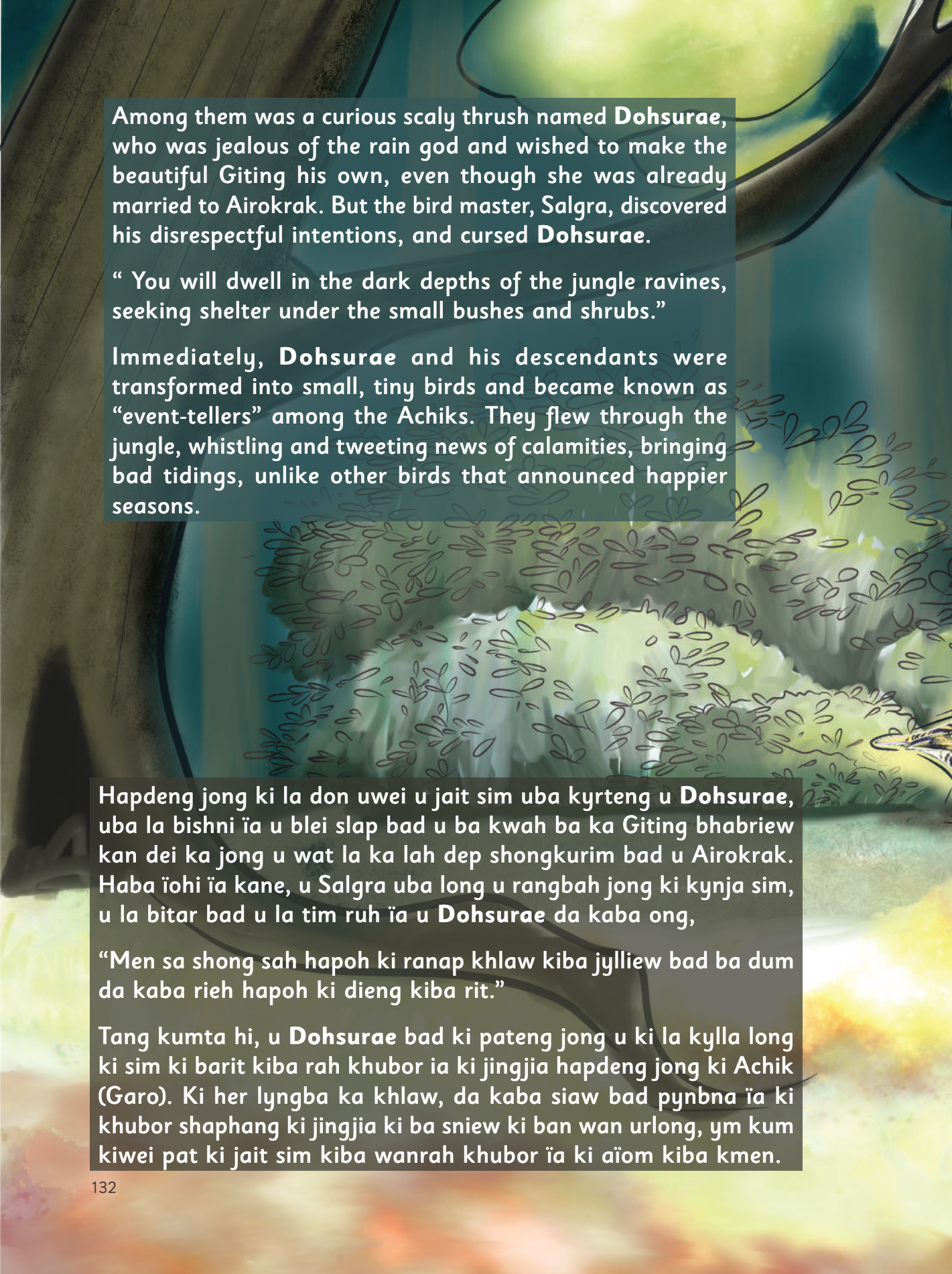
“Mei, nga sngew ïahap bha ïa kata. Ngan shongkurim da kaba suk jingmut bad u Airokrak Wachitoktak, uba jemnud.”

Their wedding was a grand celebration, filled with joy and blessings. Whenever Airokrak visited Giting Ding, the land was blessed with abundant rain, bringing fertility and growth. News of their beautiful union spread far and wide, attracting birds from all corners of the earth. They gathered around the banyan tree, enjoying the harmony between the rain god and the banyan tree girl.





Ka jingïathoh shongkurim jong ki ka la long kaba shongkhia bad kaba shongrit ruh haduh katta. Man ka por ba u Airokrak u wan ïakynduh ia ka Giting Dinge, la kyrkhu ïa ka khyndew da u slap uba pahuh pahai, uba wanrah ruh ïa ka jingroi bad jingsan kyrhai. Ka khubor shaphang kane ka jingshongkurim jong ki ka la pur sted bha bad ka la khring ïa ki sim na baroh ki kyndong jong ka pyrthei. Ki la ïa lumlang lut baroh ha sawdong jong u diengjri ban ïalehkmen sngewbha halor ka jingkyntiew kurim jong u blei slap bad ka khynnah diengjri.



Among them was a curious scaly thrush named **Dohsurae**, who was jealous of the rain god and wished to make the beautiful Giting his own, even though she was already married to Airokrak. But the bird master, Salgra, discovered his disrespectful intentions, and cursed **Dohsurae**.

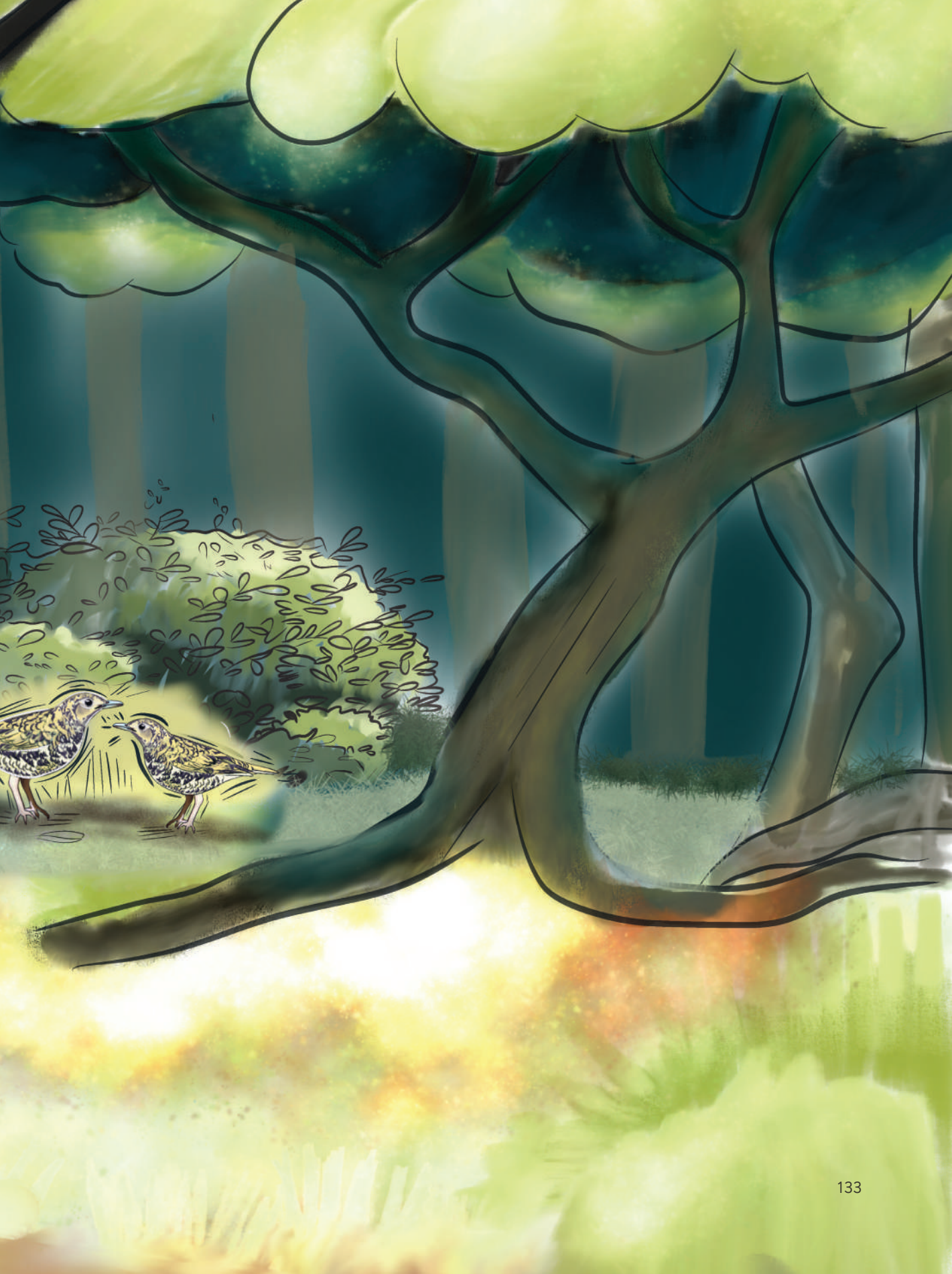
“ You will dwell in the dark depths of the jungle ravines, seeking shelter under the small bushes and shrubs.”

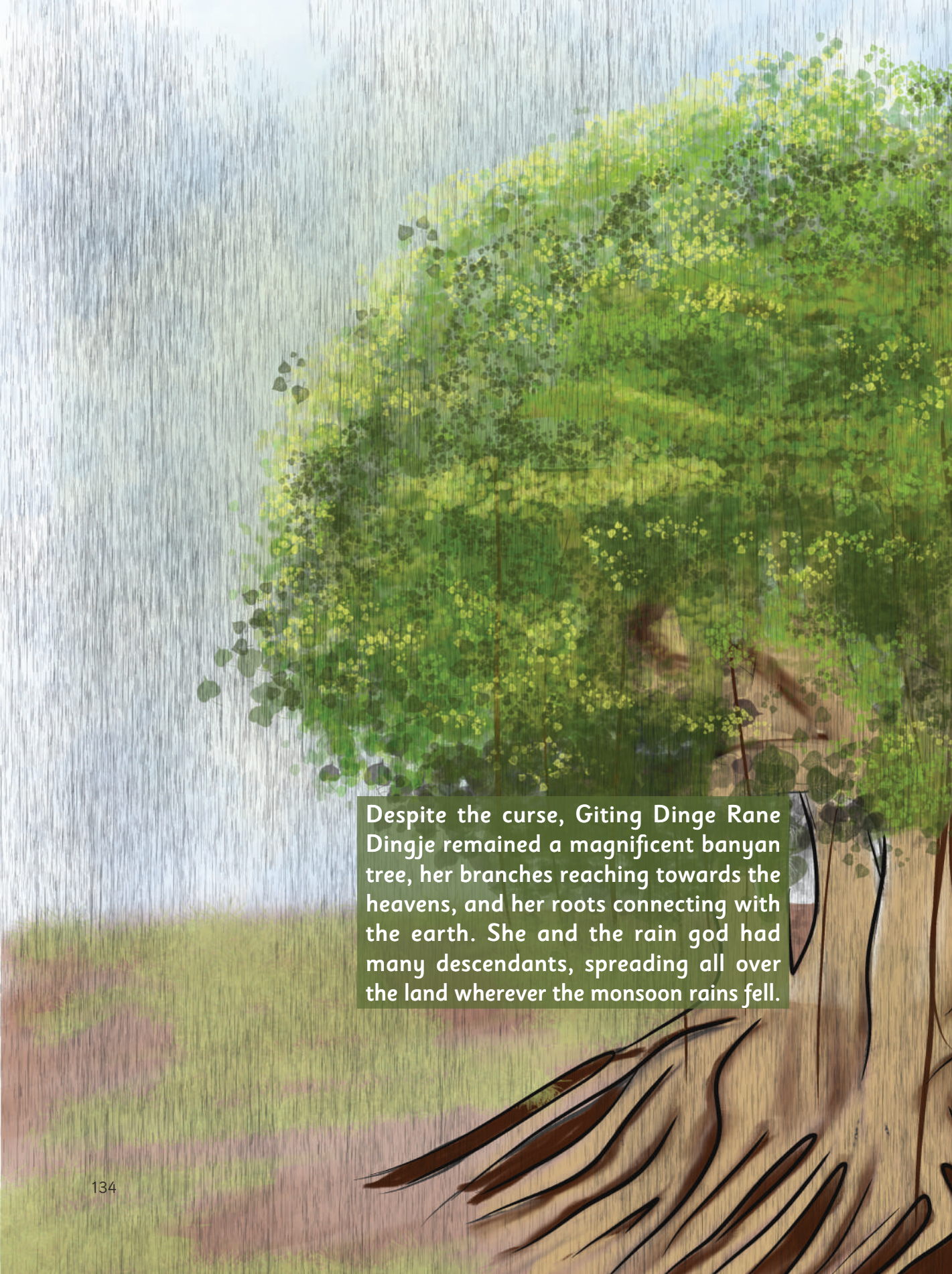
Immediately, **Dohsurae** and his descendants were transformed into small, tiny birds and became known as “event-tellers” among the Achiks. They flew through the jungle, whistling and tweeting news of calamities, bringing bad tidings, unlike other birds that announced happier seasons.

Hapdeng jong ki la don uwei u jait sim uba kyrteng u **Dohsurae**, uba la bishni ia u blei slap bad u ba kwah ba ka Giting bhabriew kan dei ka jong u wat la ka lah dep shongkurim bad u Airokrak. Haba iöhi ia kane, u Salgra uba long u rangbah jong ki kynja sim, u la bitar bad u la tim ruh ia u **Dohsurae** da kaba ong,

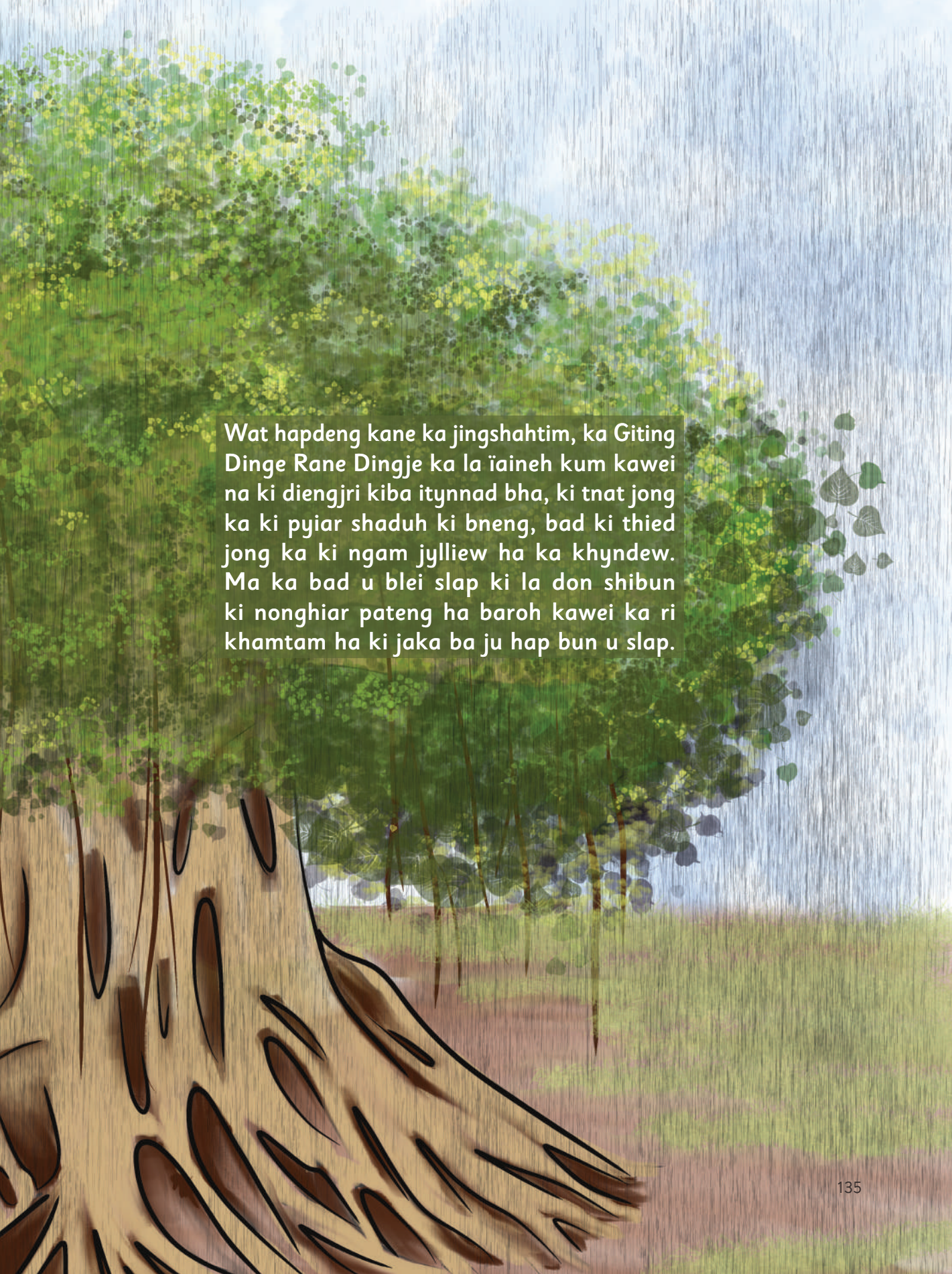
“Men sa shong sah hapoh ki ranap khlaw kiba jylliew bad ba dum da kaba rieh hapoh ki dieng kiba rit.”

Tang kumta hi, u **Dohsurae** bad ki pateng jong u ki la kylla long ki sim ki barit kiba rah khubor ia ki jingjia hapdeng jong ki Achik (Garo). Ki her lyngba ka khlaw, da kaba siaw bad pynbna ia ki khubor shaphang ki jingjia ki ba sniew ki ban wan urlong, ym kum kiwei pat ki jait sim kiba wanrah khubor ia ki aiöm kiba kmen.



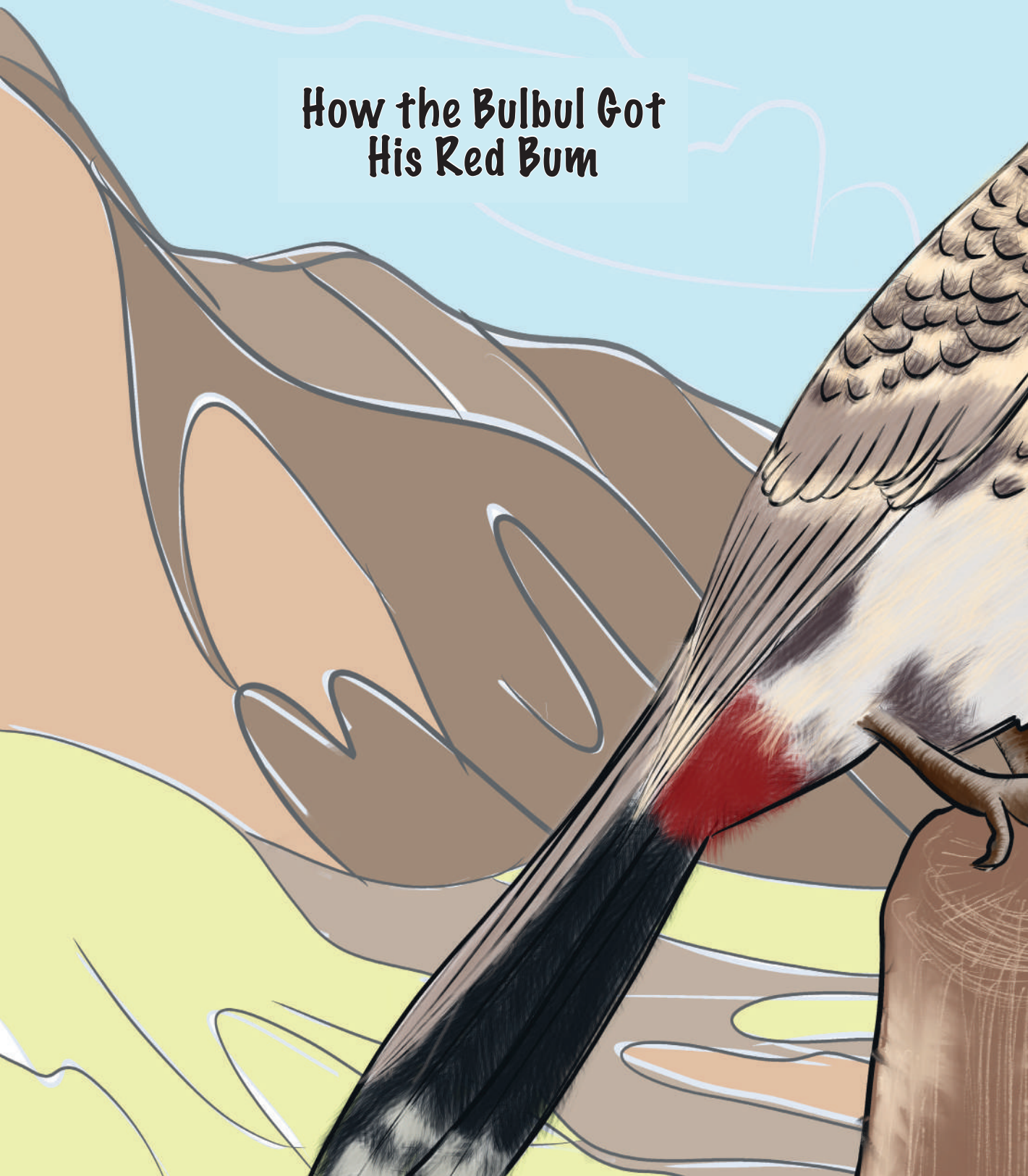


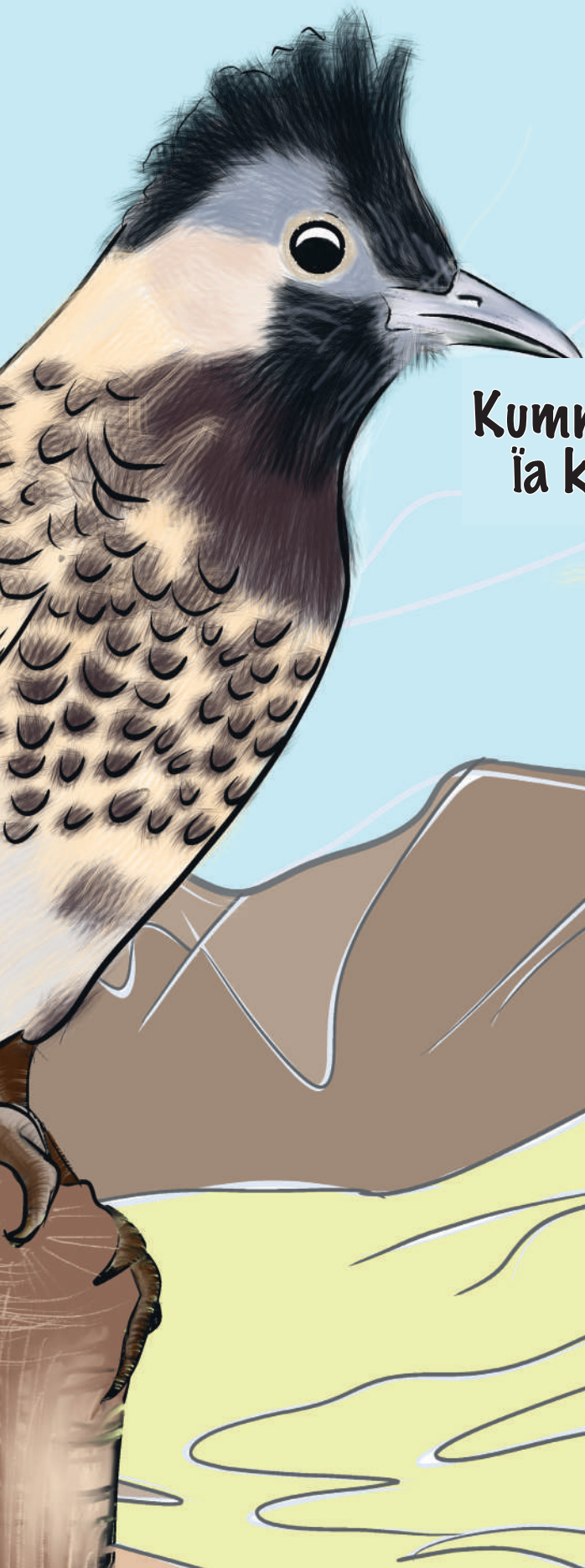
Despite the curse, Giting Dingje Rane Dingje remained a magnificent banyan tree, her branches reaching towards the heavens, and her roots connecting with the earth. She and the rain god had many descendants, spreading all over the land wherever the monsoon rains fell.



Wat hapdeng kane ka jingshahtim, ka Giting
Dinge Rane Dingje ka la äaineh kum kawei
na ki diengjri kiba itynnad bha, ki tnat jong
ka ki pyiar shaduh ki bneng, bad ki thied
jong ka ki ngam jylliew ha ka khyndew.
Ma ka bad u blei slap ki la don shibun
ki nonghiar pateng ha baroh kawei ka ri
khamtam ha ki jaka ba ju hap bun u slap.

How the Bulbul Got His Red Bum






**Kumno u Paitpuraw U ioh
ia ka Tdong kaba Saw**



Once upon a time, there was a brave and curious bulbul named Gitchak. He loved to explore new places and discover exciting things.

Shisien, la don uwei u sim paitpuraw uba kirteng u Gitchak. U long uba shlur bad uba shu kwah beit ban tip ia kiei kiei baroh. U ju sngewtynnad ruh ban shang sha kino kino ki jaka kiba thymmai bad kiba i phylla ia u.



From the valley, he
would fly up into the
hills and look at a cone
in a pine tree.

Na ki them u ju her
shajrong sha ki lum bad
u ju peit ia u sohmarih u
ba soh ha u dieng kseh.



He would eat the berries from
a lantana bush in the farmer's
garden and fly back into the forest.

U ju bam ia ki soh lantana kiba
don ha kper u nongrep bad u ju
her noh biang sha khlaw.







He flew far and wide, spreading seeds
in his droppings all over the land.

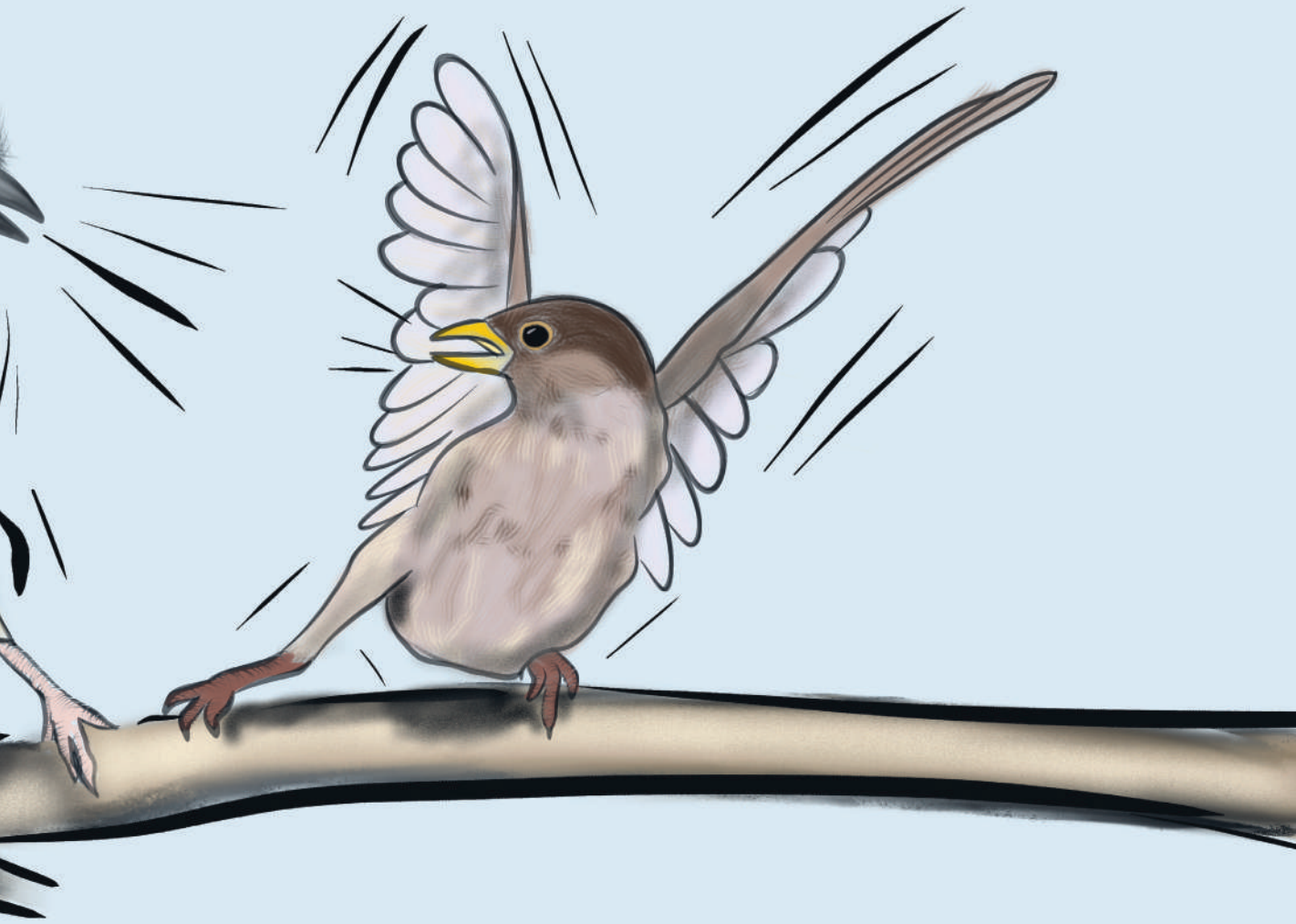
U ju her jngai bad kham pajih bad
bet ia ki symbai da ka jakhlia (eit)
jong u ha kylleng ka jaka.




Gitchak loved to sit on the top of a tree so that he could look around the countryside and see far away. If another bird was on a high branch, he would peck and push the bird off his perch so that he could sit there. When he flew into the village, he would sit on the farmer's rooftop.



U Gitchak u ju sngewtynnad ban shong ha kliar jong ki dieng khnang ba un ioh peit sawdong ka mariang. Lada don uno uno u sim uba shong ha tnat dieng ba kham hajrong, u Gitchak u ju puh bad beh noh ia u bad shong noh ialade hangta. Haba u her sha ki shnong u ju sngewtynnad ban shongkai ha jrong jong ka tnum ling u nongrep.

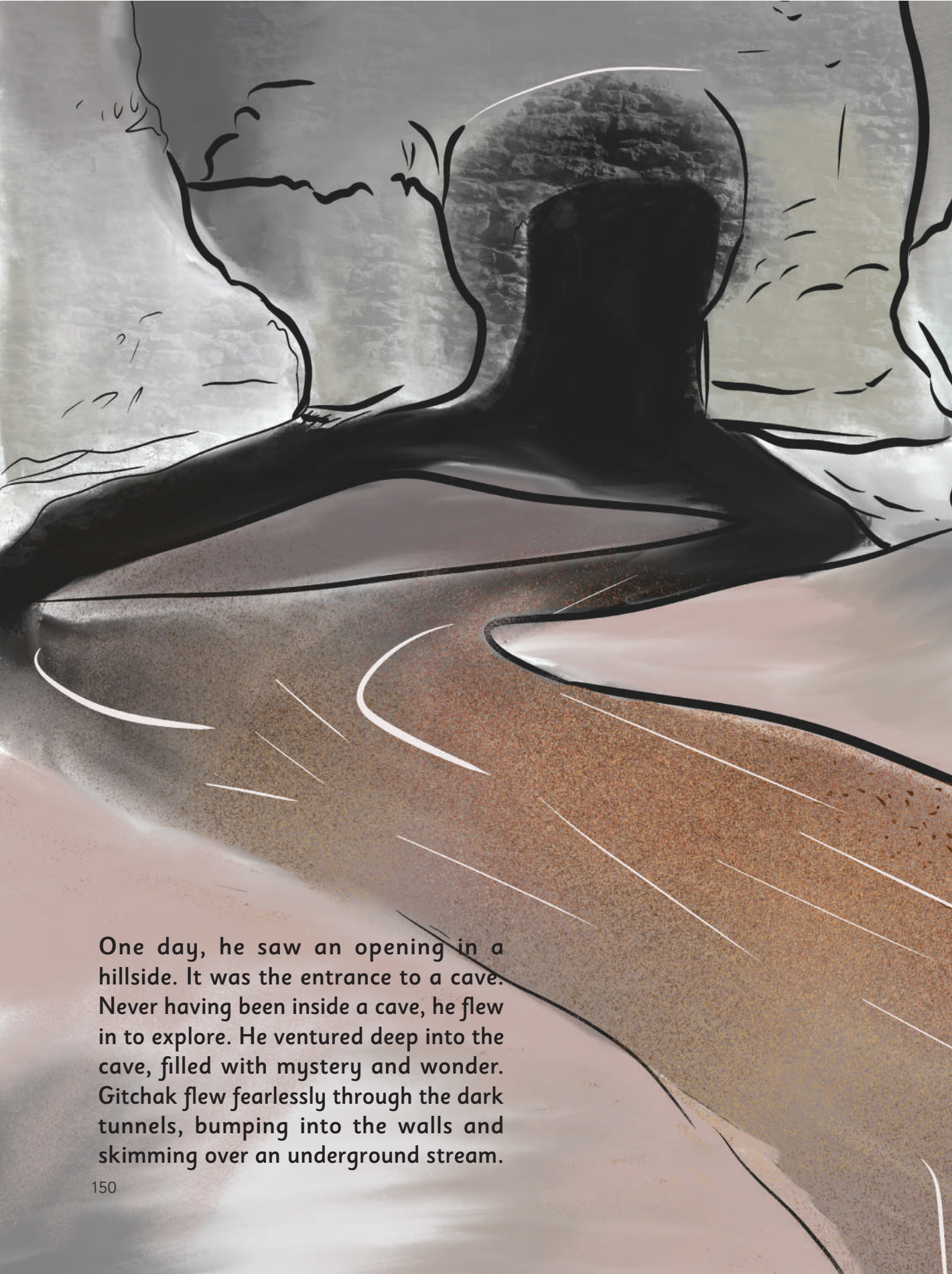


An illustration of several birds perched on mulberry branches. The birds have brown and black feathers with a distinctive black cap. The branches are green and bear clusters of red and purple mulberries. The background is light blue with some green leaves.


Gitchak often took his friends along with him. They would raid the mulberry trees, chase the other birds away, and ate all the fruit. Though Gitchak was courageous, he was also a bully.

U Gitchak bunsien u ju ialam ia ki paralok jong u bad leit bam lut ia ki sohlyngdkhur da kaba beh noh ia kiwei kiwei ki sim kiba don hangta. U Gitchak u long uba shlur tangba u long ruh uba leh ba heh ia kiwei pat ki jait sim.

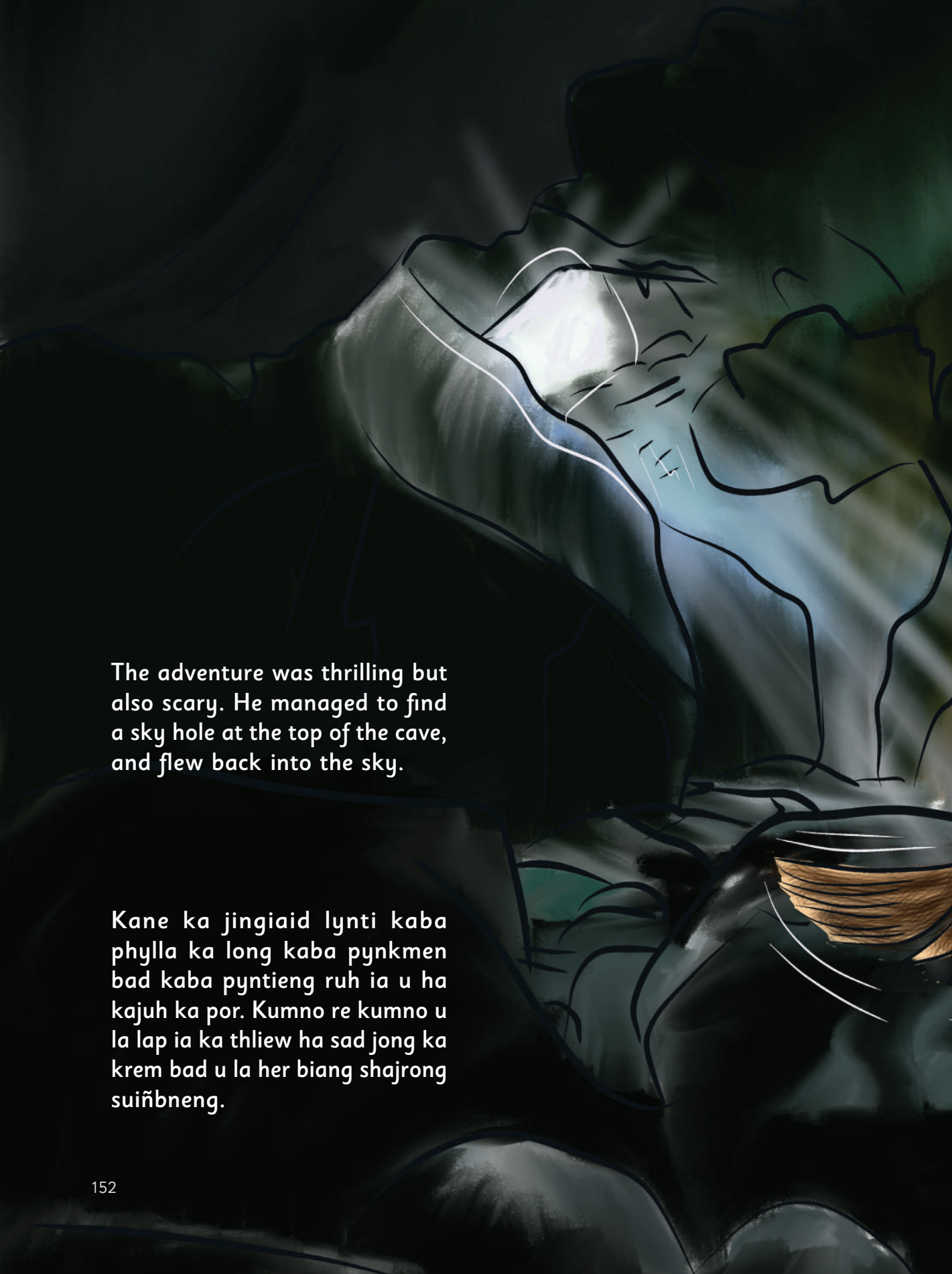




One day, he saw an opening in a hillside. It was the entrance to a cave. Never having been inside a cave, he flew in to explore. He ventured deep into the cave, filled with mystery and wonder. Gitchak flew fearlessly through the dark tunnels, bumping into the walls and skimming over an underground stream.




Ha kawei ka sngi, u Gitchak u la iöhi ia kawei ka krem hapoh jong u lum bad u la rung hapoh. Namar ba um pat ju rung mynno mynno ruh ha ka krem, u la her ban peit bniah ia kata ka krem kaba dap da ka jingmaian bad ba jinglyngngoh. U Gitchak da ka jingshlur u la her hapdeng ka jingdum jong ka krem, bad u la tyngkhuh ha ki kynroh bad her nalor ka um kaba tuid hapoh kata ka krem.



The adventure was thrilling but also scary. He managed to find a sky hole at the top of the cave, and flew back into the sky.

Kane ka jingiaid lynti kaba phylla ka long kaba pynkmen bad kaba pyntieng ruh ia u ha kajuh ka por. Kumno re kumno u la lap ia ka thliew ha sad jong ka krem bad u la her biang shajrong suiñbneng.






But he was lost and also hungry. Luckily, he found a grove of wild banana trees. The bananas were ripe and tempting.

Hapdeng ka jingjah lynti u la thngan bha ruh. Donbok ba u lap noh ia ki dieng kait khlaw bad kita ki kait baroh ki long ki ba la ih bad ibang bha.





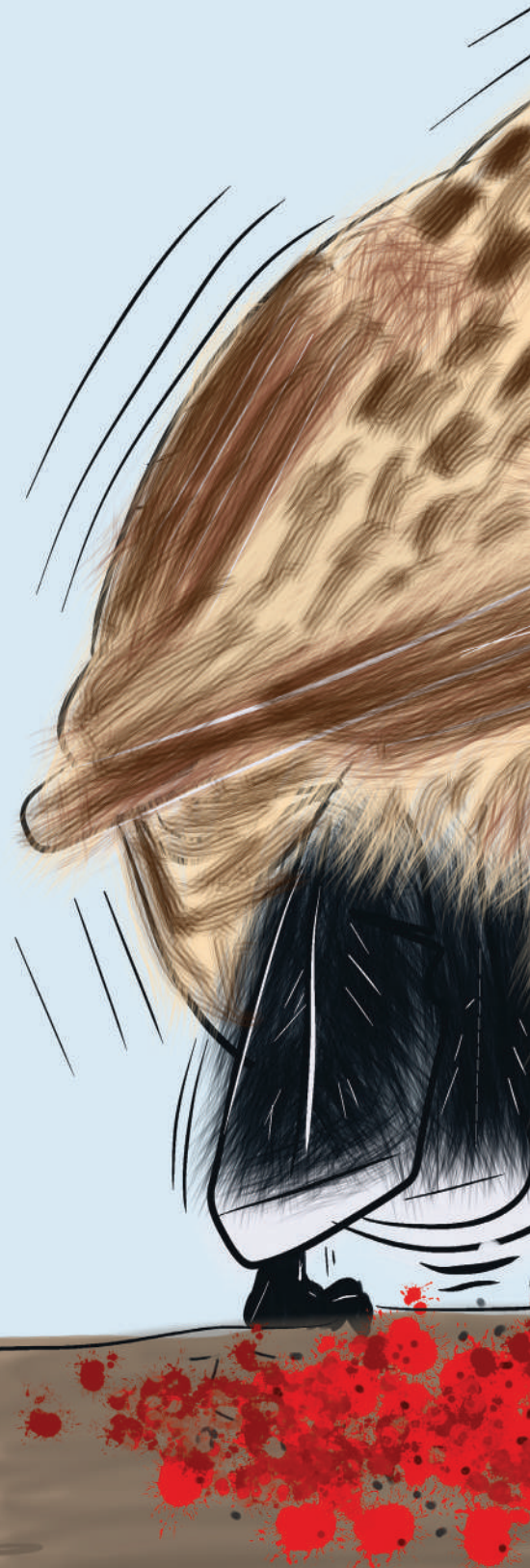
He pecked at the bananas, gobbling up the soft fruit and swallowed countless banana seeds. His stomach was full and he soared through the sky.

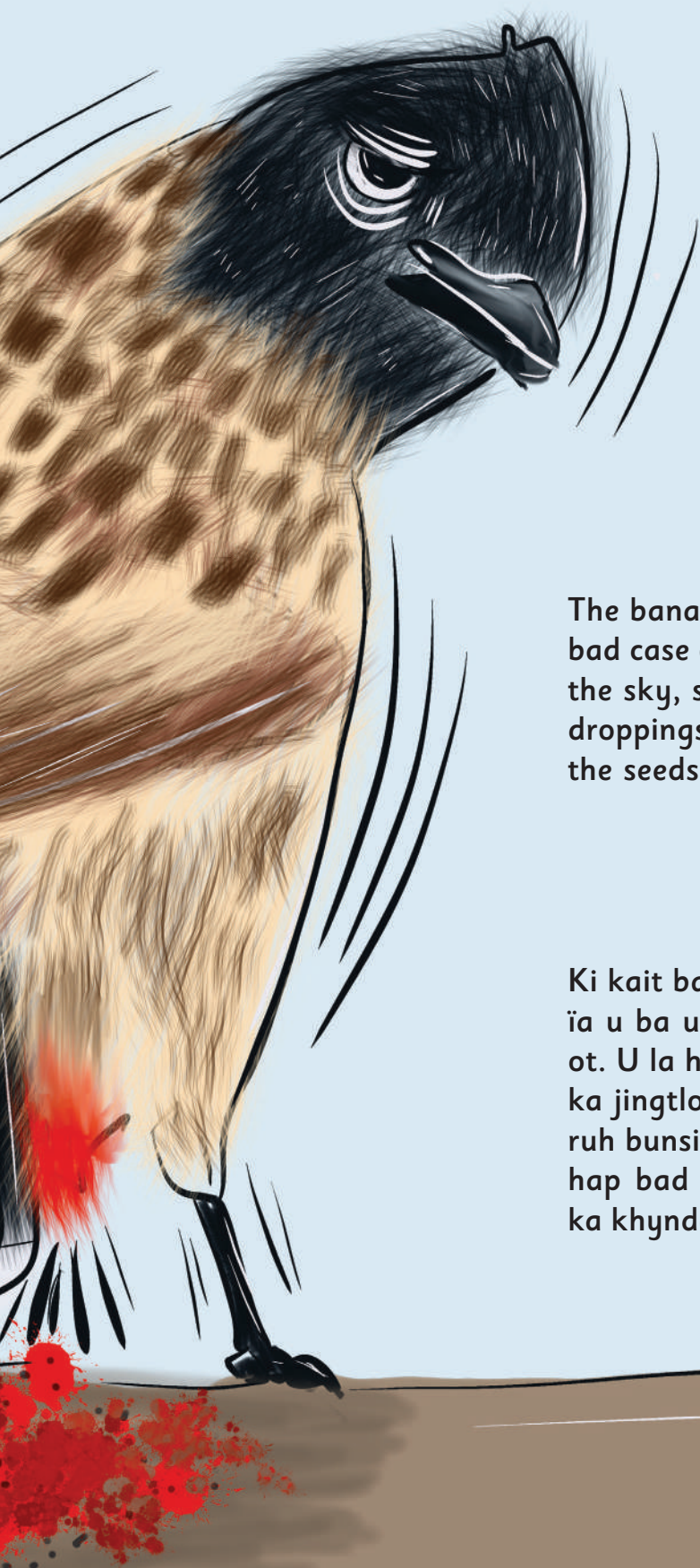
U la puh ia kita ki kait, u la bam bad
nguid ruh bun tylli ki shyieng kait. Ka
kpoh jong u ka la dap hi pdik bad u la
her biang noh nangta sha ka suiñbneng.



Suddenly, a severe pain gripped his stomach- He had eaten too many bananas. He stopped to rest on the branch of a tree. His stomach rumbled, and soon had loose stools with blood.

Kynsan kynsan ka kpoh jong u ka la suh hangta na ka daw ka jingbam lalot eh ia ki kait. U la shongthait shuwa ha kliar jong uwei u dieng. Hangta ruh ka kpoh jong u ka la kynruh. U la dem noh ha uta u tnat dieng bad la ther ka suh-ot snam ia u hangta.





The bananas and seeds had given him a bad case of dysentery. He flew weakly in the sky, stopping frequently to rest. His droppings scattered over the ground and the seeds spread over the hillside.


Ki kait bad ki shyieng kait ki la pynlong
ia u ba un ioh ia kata ka jingpang suh-
ot. U la her suki sha suiñbneng hapdeng
ka jingtlot bad u la hap ban shongthait
ruh bunsien. Ka jakhlia (eit) jong u ka la
hap bad saphriang lut ha baroh kawei
ka khyndew ryngkat bad ki shyieng kait.

Because of the blood, his bum became red. The descendants of that adventurous bulbul still have a bright crimson colour around their bottom.






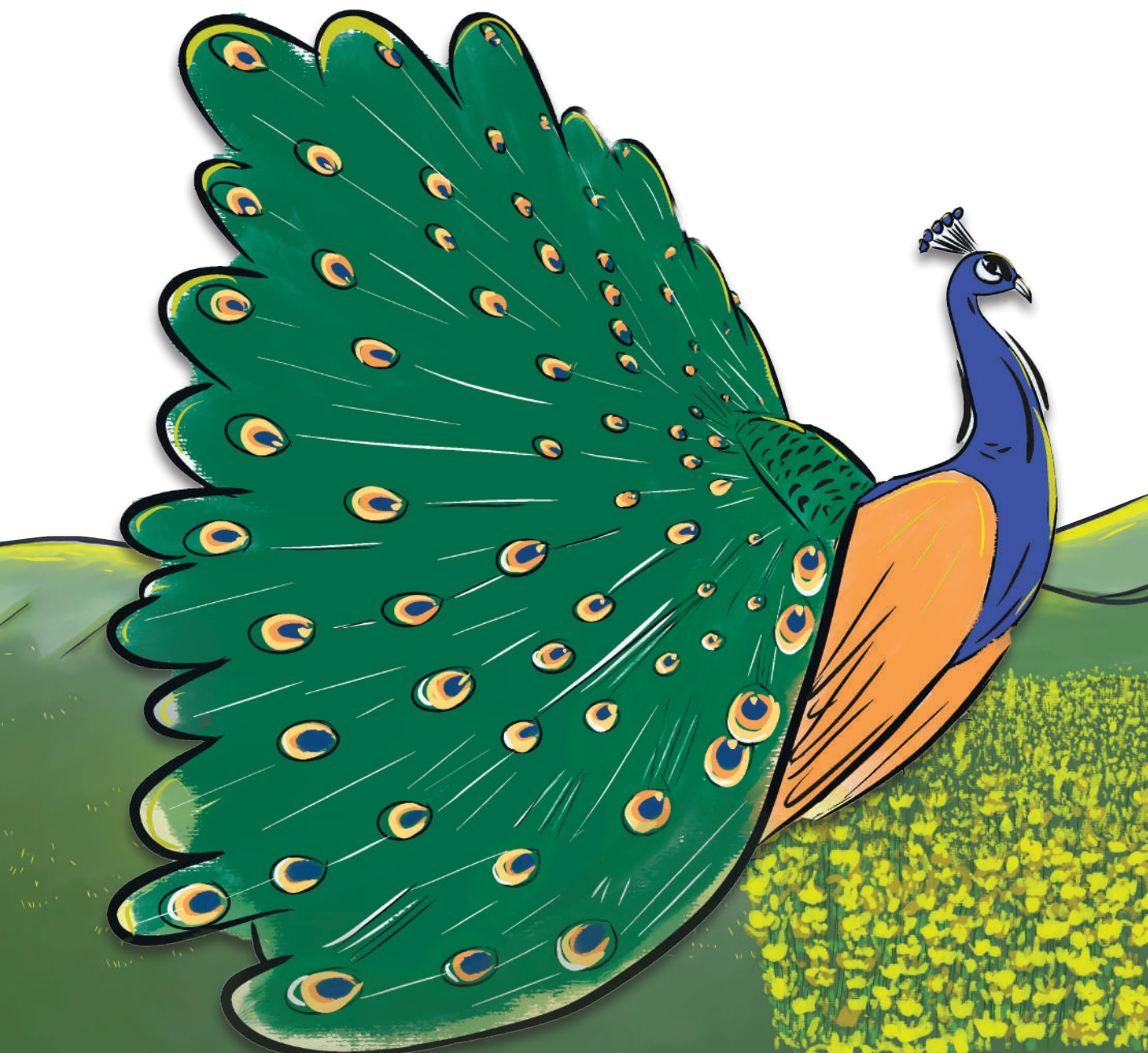
Namar ba u la ïoh ia kata ka suh-ot snam,
ka tdong jong u ka la kylla saw. Kiba hiar
pateng na utei u paitpuraw uba sngewtynnad
ban her bad shang pyrthei, haduh mynta ki
dang don sah ia ka tdong kaba saw.

The background of the page is a detailed illustration of a grove of wild banana trees. The leaves are large, broad, and have a prominent central vein. They are rendered in various shades of green, from light to dark, with dark outlines. In the center, a large, pointed flower bud is visible, surrounded by smaller leaves. The overall style is that of a traditional woodblock print or a detailed line drawing with color washes.

The seeds he spread sprouted and
grew into groves of wild banana trees,
covering the hills till today.



Kita ki shyieng kait kiba mih na
u ki la long ki dieng kait kiba
heh kiba san bad ki la roi la par
ha ki lum haduh mynta mynne.



Eva is happiest when she spends time with her students and with her music; she believes there is a lot to learn from both.

I **Eva** i sngewtynnad eh ban pynlut por lem bad ki khyannah kiba i hikai bad ruh ban sngap jingrwai. I ngeit ba don shibun kiei kiei kiba ngi lah ban peit nuksa na kine ar.

Glenn loves babies, birds and children. He is a pediatrician.

U Bah **Glenn** u ieid bad sngewtynnad ia ki khyllung khyannah bad ki sim. U dei ruh u doctor jong ki khyllung.

Balaiamon is a printmaker from Shillong, she completed her MFA Printmaking from Kala Bhavan, Visva Bharati. Her works are inspired by her surroundings, women and the metaphorical images of hair and doors. She is a mother of two and is an active member of the artist community in Meghalaya.

I **Balaiamon** i dei i nongpruid bad nongshon kot na Shillong bad i la pyndep ia ka MFA Printmaking na Kala Bhavan, Visva Bharati. Ha kaba iadei bad kane ka kam, i Balaiamon i ju ioh mynsiem na kiei kiei baroh kiba i iashem sawdong jong i, bad ruh na ki riewkynthei bad na ki dur pyni rukom kiba pher jong u 'niuhkhlieh bad ki jingkhlang. I long iwei na ki dkhoh kiba pawkhamat jong ka kynhun nongdro ha Meghalaya. I Balaiamon i long ruh i longkmie iba don arngut ki khun.







Bird Folktales of Meghalaya for Children

Ki Khanaparom shaphang ki Sim ha Meghalaya na ka bynta ki Khyannah

How the Peacock Got his Beautiful Feathers
Kumno u Klew u ioh ia la ki Sner Bunrong

How the Phreit Bird Saved the World from Darkness
Kumno ka Phreit ka Pyllait ia ka Pyrthei na ka Jingdum

The Cooing of the Doves and Pigeons
Ka Jingkynud jong ki Sim Paro

The Hornbill and the Rooster
U Kohkarang bad U 'Iar Ryingkuh

How Peacocks Came on This Earth
Kumno ki Klew ki la wan long ha kane ka Pyrthei

How the Woodpecker Got His Red Crest
Kumno u Simpudhieng U Ioh ia La U Shyrtong ba Saw

The Banyan Tree and the Dohsurae Bird
U Diengjri bad ka sim Dohsurae

How the Bulbul Got His Red Bum
Kumno u Paitpuraw u ioh ia u tdong uba saw



9 788198 164926

Martin Luther Christian University Press
Lummarboh, Block 1, Dongktieh, Nongrah,
Shillong, Meghalaya 793006 India
<https://www.mlcuniv.in>