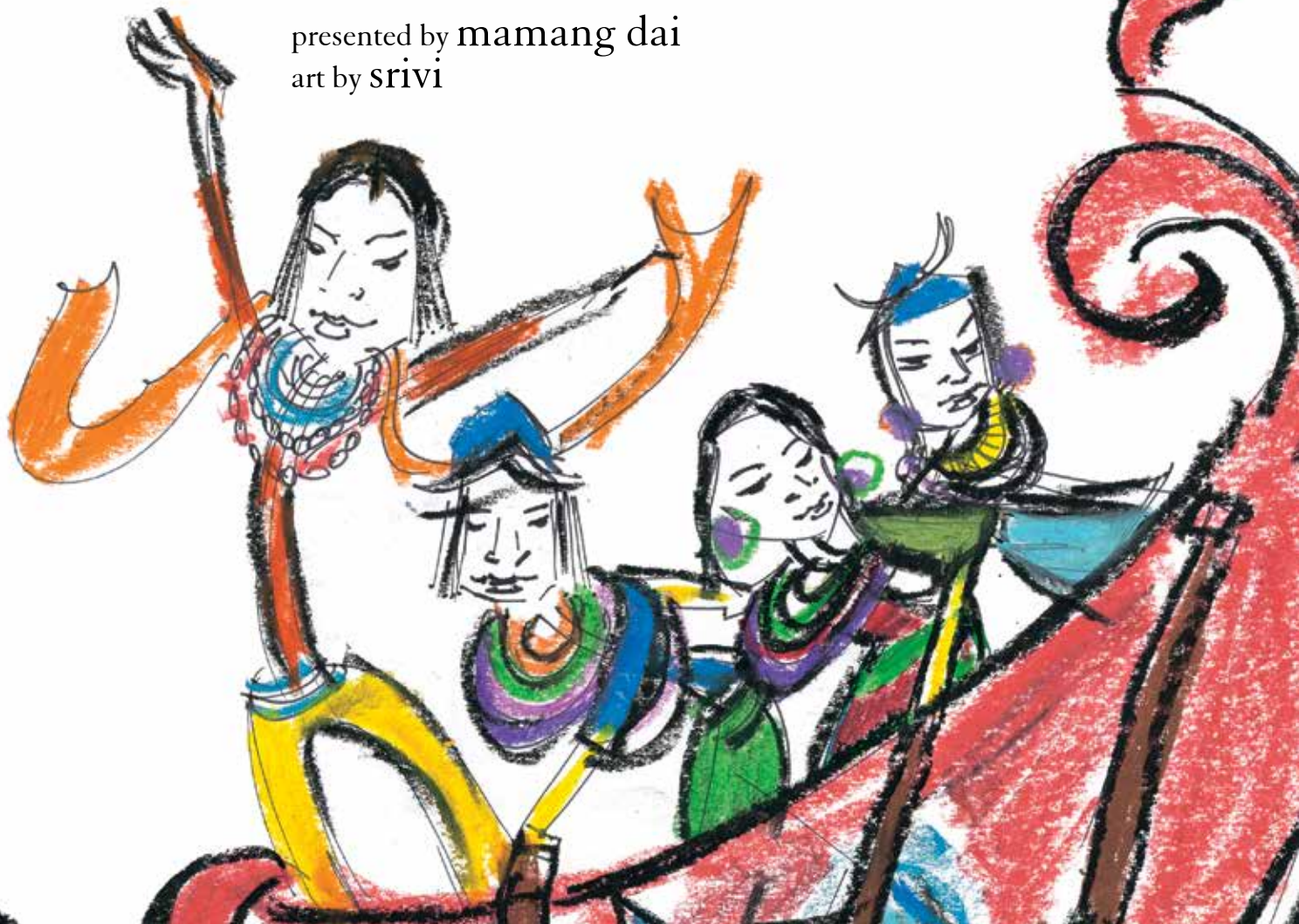


THE SKY QUEEN



presented by mamang dai
art by srivi



a 300m thinkbook from Katha 



Chapter 1

At the dawn of life when there was nothing but endless blue, there sprang a civilization known as the Kojum-Koja.





The Kojum-Koja
were very happy
because everyone had
enough to eat.

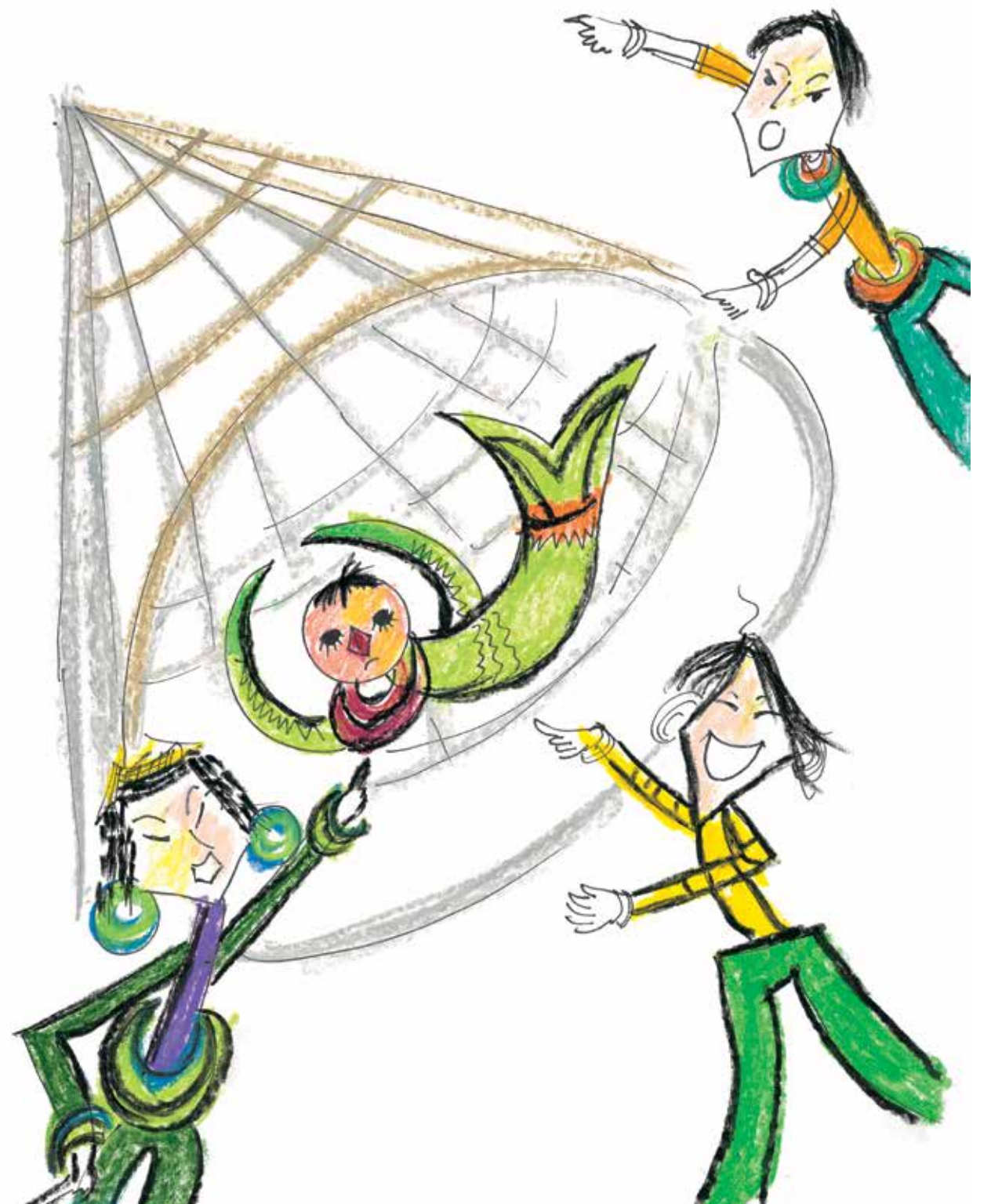
They had many
festivals. And they
went hunting and
fishing before the
start of each festival.

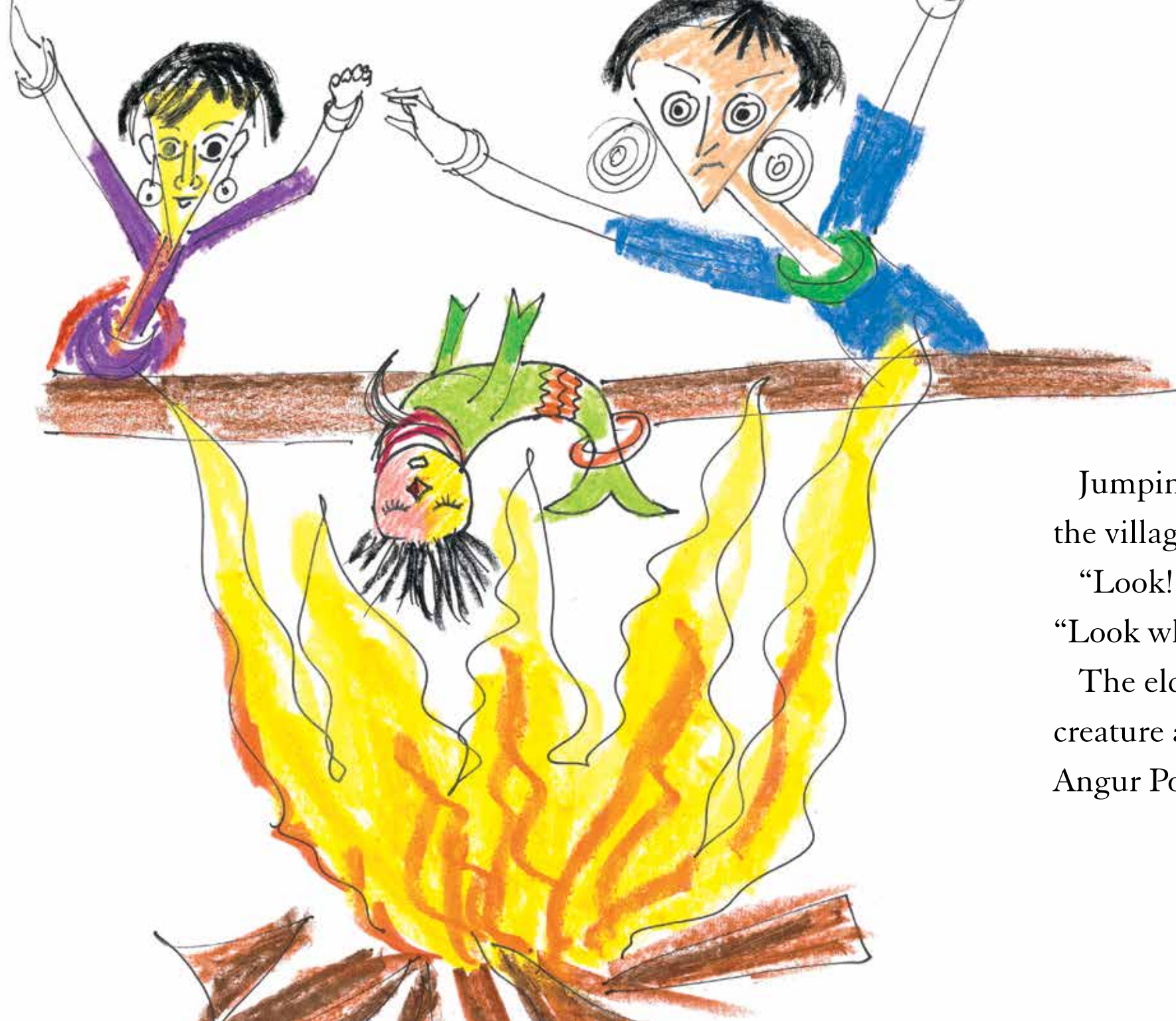


But oh, what a tragedy befell the Kojum-Koja one day.

It was the festival of Pi-me. As usual, all the Kojum-Koja went out to catch fish.

Suddenly they saw a huge fish-like creature caught in one of the nets.





Jumping and dancing, they took it into the village.

“Look! look!” they told the elders.
“Look what we have caught!”

The elders took one look at the huge creature and they said, “This is Biri Angur Potung, the son of Biri Bote.”

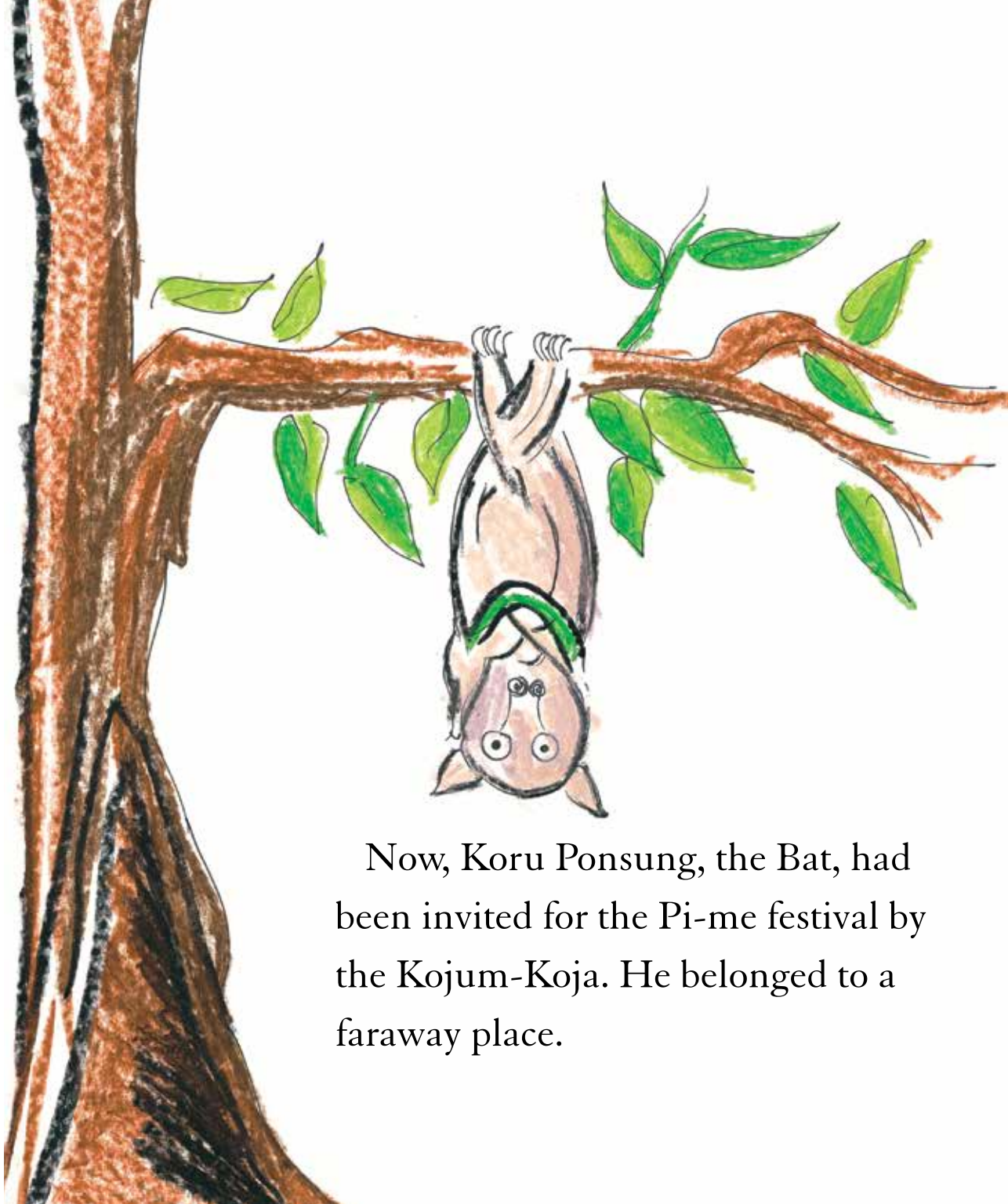


Everyone knew who Biri Bote was. He was the strong and mighty monarch of Sili-Sidong, the Water Kingdom.

But the young Kojum-Koja still ate Biri Angur Potung all up.

No sooner had they finished eating, than they all fell sick.





Now, Koru Ponsung, the Bat, had been invited for the Pi-me festival by the Kojum-Koja. He belonged to a faraway place.



And Koru Ponsung Babu saw all that had happened. At last, when the festival was finally over, Koru Ponsung Babu said goodbye to the Kojum-Koja and flew back home.

He flew and he flew till he saw Sili-Sidong down below. He was tired and decided to take a rest there.



But when he reached the Water Kingdom, Koru Ponsung Babu, saw that the Queen was very, very sad.

“My dear, dear son, Biri Angur Potung!” she was saying over and over again, weeping bitterly.

Biri Angur was lost and no one knew where he was. What could Koru Ponsung do but tell the Queen that the Kojum-Koja had killed and eaten her son at their Pi-me Festival.



The news spread like huge waves across the watery depths of Sili-Sidong. It reached every nook and corner of the Water Kingdom.

Everyone was sad. And then, everyone was angry.

It sparked off the fire of war in them.

Biri Bote, ruler of Sili-Sidong, called his generals. Biri Bik. Ladang Layo. Pumu-seye. Donggum Dolom.

“Get your armies ready!”
he said.
“We are going to make war on
the people of Kojum-Koja.”
And so, with pointed blades
of spears and rattling swords,
wave after wave of Biri Bote’s
armies unleashed their fury
on the land of Kojum-Koja.



The Kojum-Koja defended themselves bravely for many many days. But Biri Bote's armies attacked the Kojum-Koja with storm and driving rain.

With squall and gale and flood.
With water. And water. And more water!

After many days, the Water army had totally destroyed the land of the Kojum-Koja.



And the Kojum-Koja
disappeared from the face
of the earth. With them,
everything that belonged to
them, also sank into the sea
created by the floods.





Chapter 2

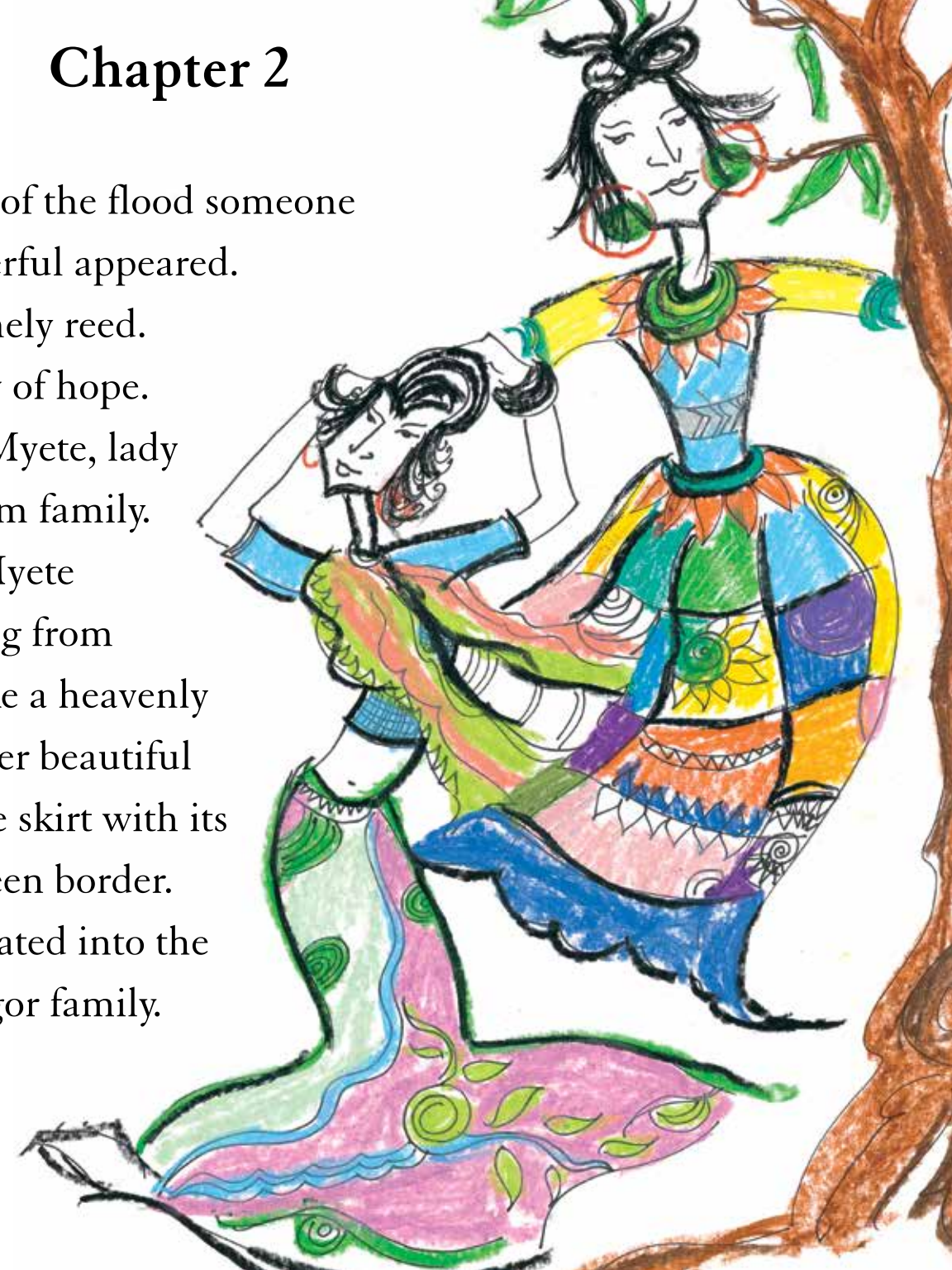
But out of the flood someone wonderful appeared.

Like a lonely reed.

Like a ray of hope.

She was Myete, lady of the Kojum family.

Nyanyi Myete came gliding from the skies like a heavenly queen, in her beautiful silken white skirt with its emerald green border. And she floated into the Doni-Dongor family.





She told them the story of the great war. And how the Kojum-Koja people lost everything, even their lives. And she said that this happened so that other people on earth could be happy.


Nyanyi Myete was a beautiful and loving aunt to everyone she met and she filled the lives of the Doni-Dongor people with joy and happiness.

Nyanyi Myete! Her maying ga-le became the green trees of the Doni-Dongors.





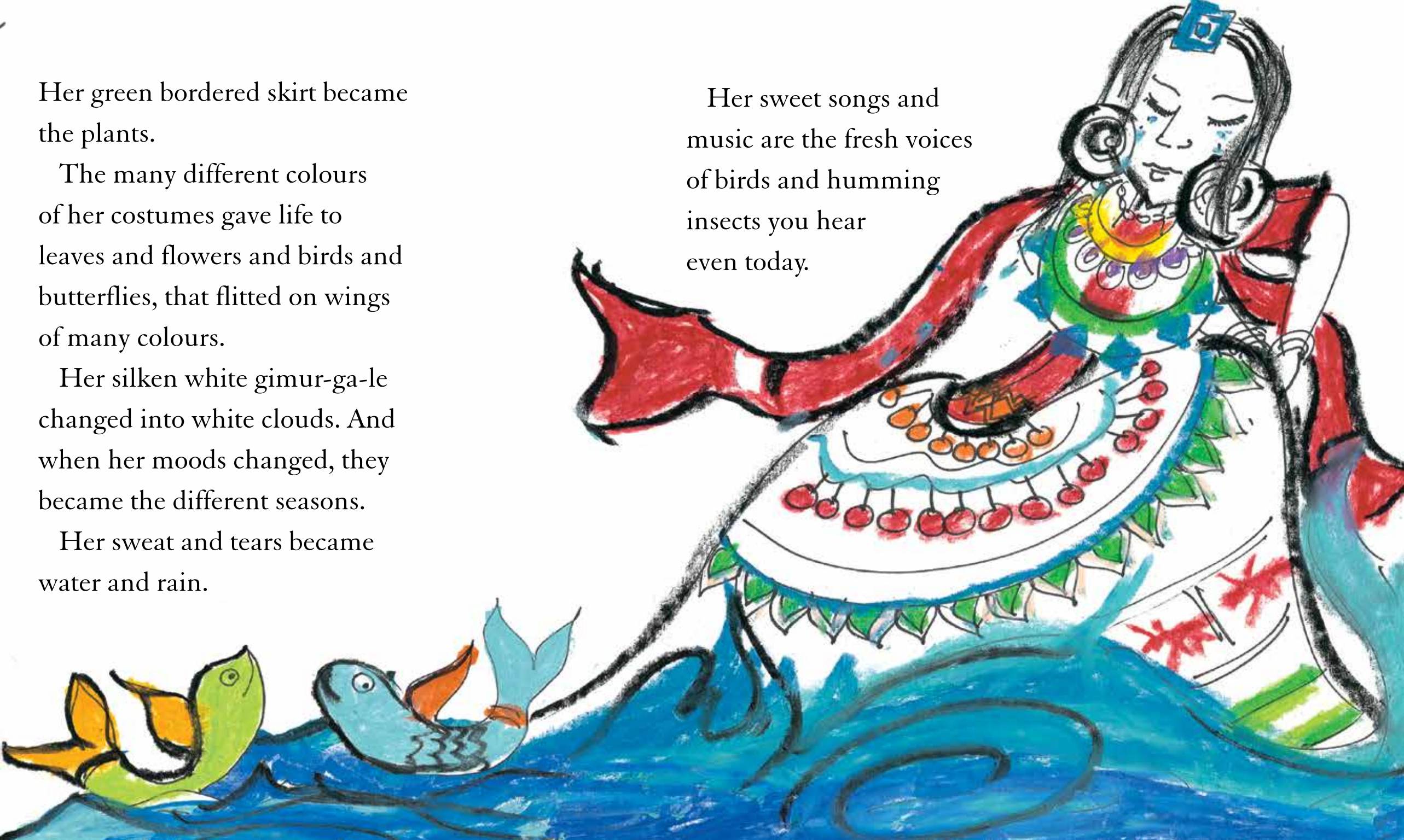
Her green bordered skirt became
the plants.



The many different colours
of her costumes gave life to
leaves and flowers and birds and
butterflies, that flitted on wings
of many colours.

Her silken white gimur-ga-le
changed into white clouds. And
when her moods changed, they
became the different seasons.

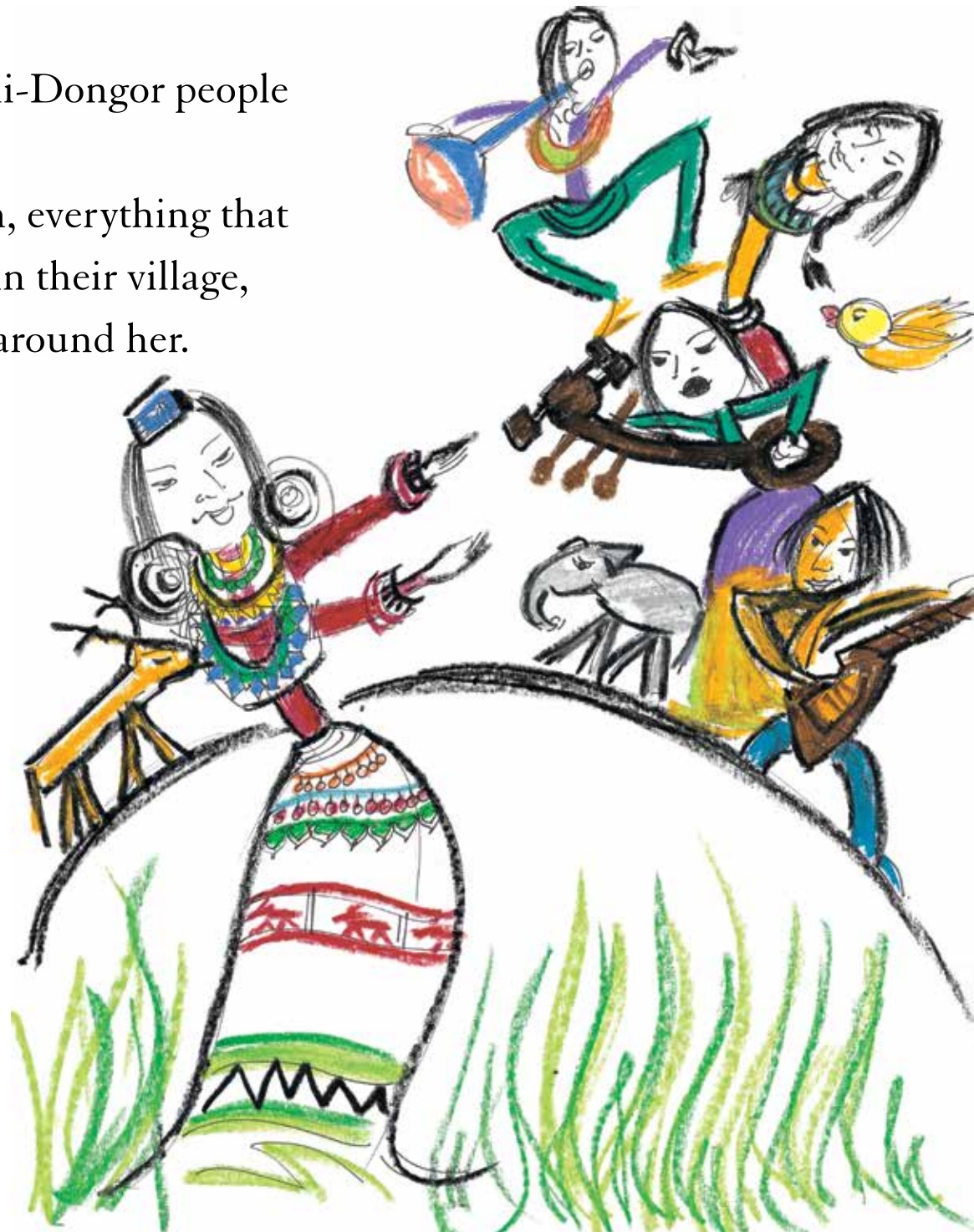
Her sweat and tears became
water and rain.



Her sweet songs and
music are the fresh voices
of birds and humming
insects you hear
even today.

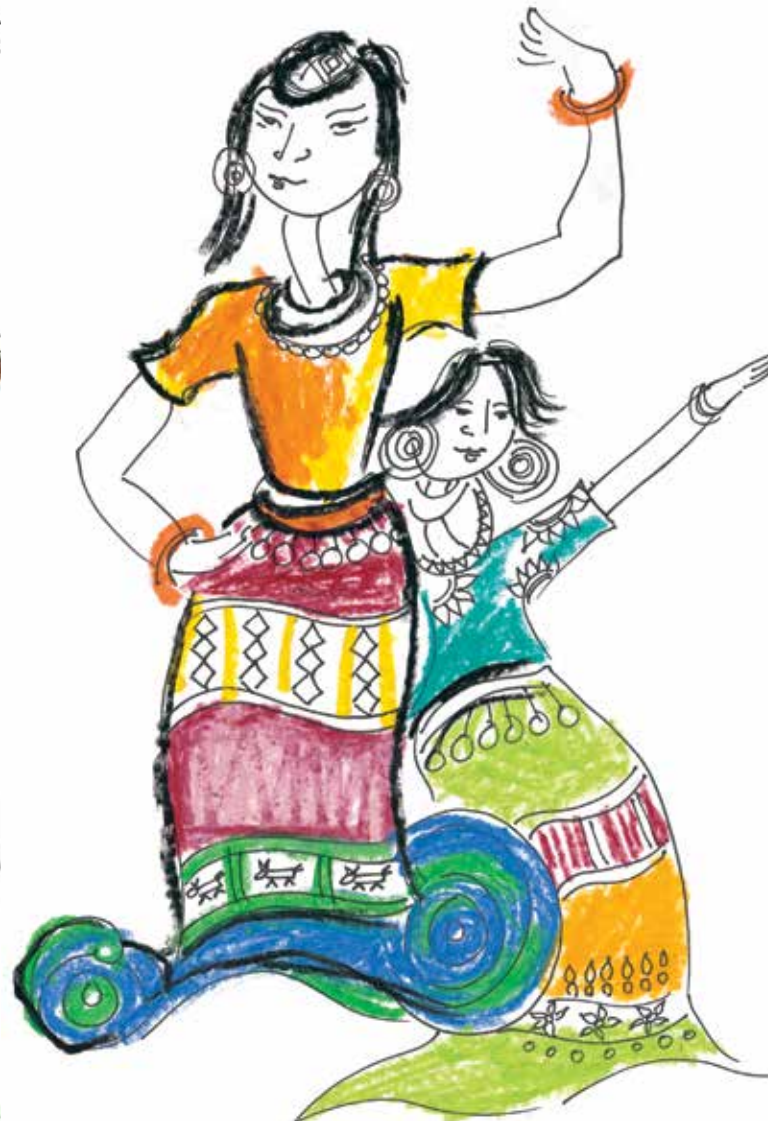
The Doni-Dongor people loved her.

And soon, everything that happened in their village, happened around her.



Nyanyi Myete looked after all the people who visited her.

She was so warm and so happy and so full of laughter that everyone with her also felt warm and nice. They found themselves bubbling with laughter.



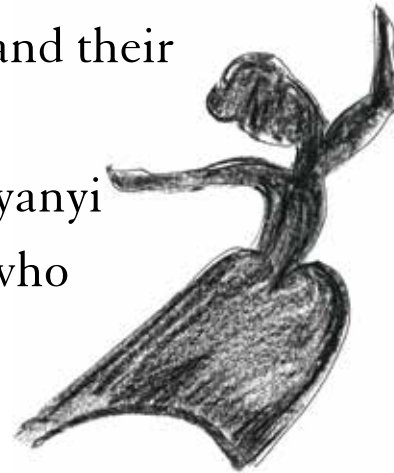


Nyanyi Myete was kind to everyone, bird, animal, insect or human. She made people sing and dance and have a good time.

But she also never let people forget that she came from the land of Kojum-Koja that had been buried in the great big flood. Because of her everyone will remember the land that once was – Kojum-Koja! Their songs and dances. Their festivals and their happiness.

That is why the Adis even today celebrate Nyanyi Myete. They all remember the beautiful lady who floated in one day from the deep endless skies. And they'll tell you stories she told about ...

The Kojum-Koja!



Unying Aran is an Adi festival that is celebrated every year to honour Gumin Soyin, the protector of mankind who bestows blessings for a happy prosperous life. On this day every year, the Adis celebrate Nyanyi Myete. So if you are going to Arunachal Pradesh, don't miss it!

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Mamang Dai is a journalist who has travelled extensively in India and abroad. She is a member of the North East Writers' Forum and has published a number of poems and short stories in various journals and magazines. Her popular work includes Arunachal Pradesh: The Hidden Land and the River Poems.

Srisrividhiya K or Srivi is a writer and a visualizer. She holds a masters degree with distinction in Fine Arts from Madras University and is currently working in a residential school. She has held quite a few exhibitions of her paintings and is a trained Bharatnatyam dancer.

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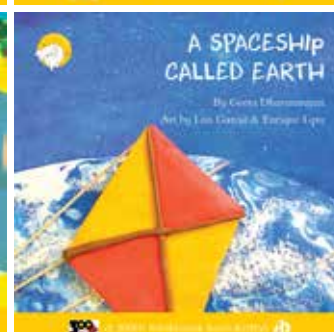
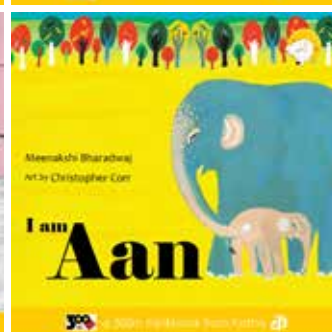
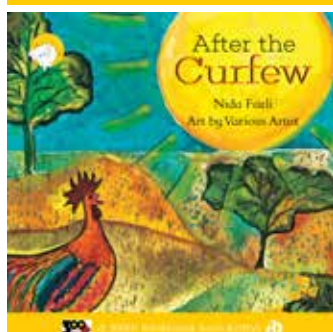
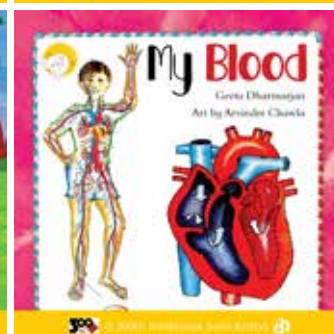
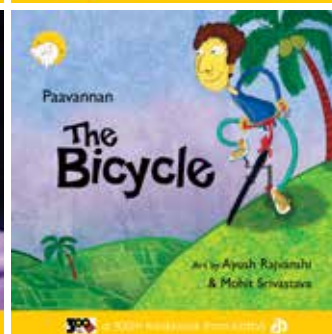
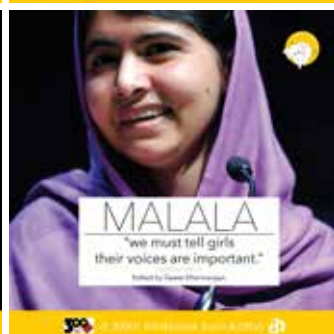
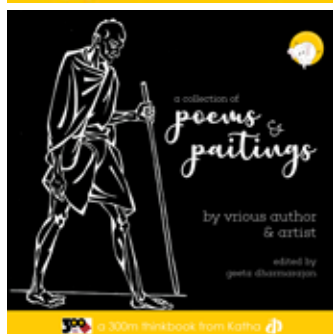
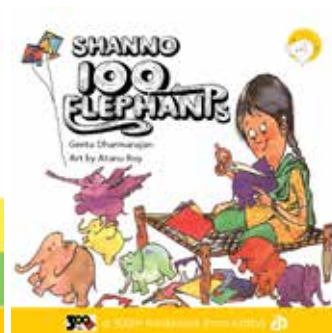
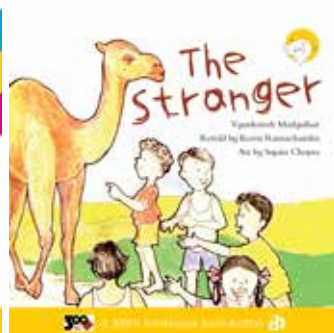
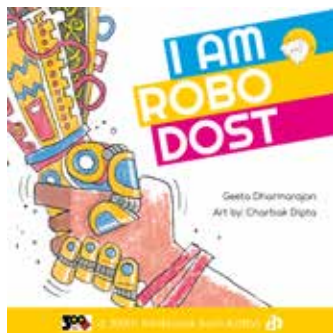
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