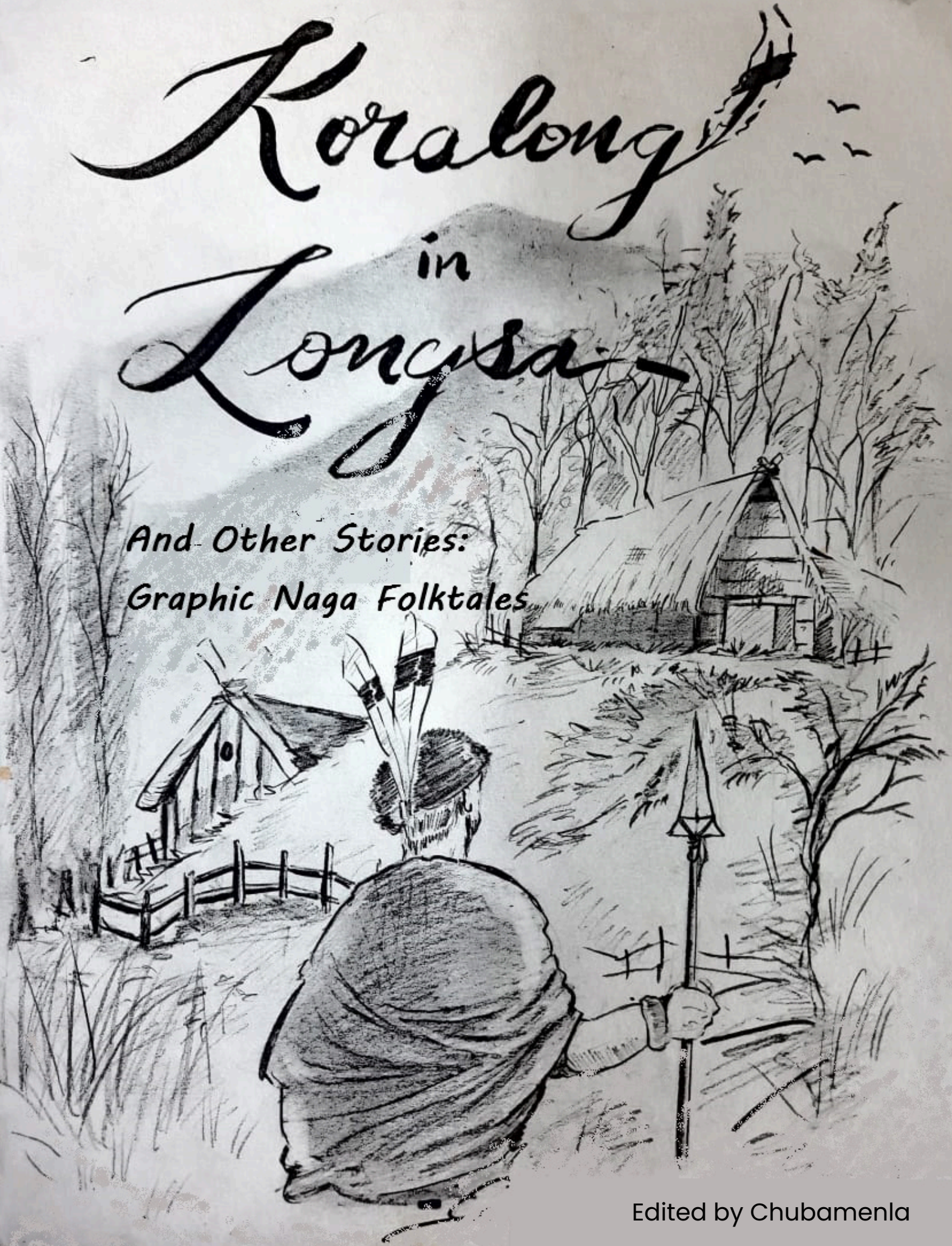


Koralong in Longsa

And Other Stories:
Graphic Naga Folktales



Edited by Chubamenla

KORALONG IN LONGSA AND OTHER STORIES: GRAPHIC NAGA FOLKTALES

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A Department of English, Tetso College Publication



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Contents

Page No

1. Koralong in Longsa - Arten Ao	1-4
2. <i>Kungumi Nipu</i> "The Angels Wife" - Chisholi Chisho	5-10
3. Saniiru and Ngaonii - Alpha Rajhone Poukmai	11-15
4. The Tale of Shangyu Museum - Hamjai Konyak	16-24
5. Kasho Kapfu - Sharon Kesen	25-31
6. Aok Aie - I Moayanger	32-36
7. The Eagle and the Stones - Pulovili Yeptho	37-40
8. The Legend of Hornbill - Asha Tep	41-44
9. Elephant and Porcupine - Vikerhenuo Veyie	45-48
10. The Mouse and Man - Aotemsu Longkumer	49-58
11. The Tale of Sentishila - Yashijungla	59-61
12. The Three Brothers - Inakato Zhimo	62-64
13. The Magical Drum of the Sumi Tribe - Nikito Assumi	65-66
14. <i>Anishe Xamunu</i> "The Girl Who became a Flower" - Michelle v Zhimomi	67-72

Editors' Note

It is with great pleasure that we present this collection of Naga folktales, a gossamer woven from the rich oral traditions of the Naga tribes of North East India. These stories, passed down through generations, offer a glimpse into the cultural heritage, values, and worldview of the Naga people, shaped by the unique landscapes and histories of the region.

This eBook serves not only as a preservation of these timeless narratives but also as a celebration of their enduring relevance in today's world. The tales reflect universal themes of courage, community, the human connection to nature, and the mysteries of life, while also offering insights into the particular customs and traditions that distinguish the Naga tribes.

Through these folktales, readers are invited to experience the magic of oral storytelling, a vital component of indigenous knowledge and identity. It is our hope that this collection will serve as both an educational resource and a source of inspiration for those who seek to explore the wisdom embedded in these timeless stories.

We thank the contributors, and storytellers whose efforts have made this collection possible, and we are excited to share this treasure of Naga heritage with readers everywhere.

The stories presented and compiled above are not original creations by the students; instead, they have been inspired from the original folktales and illustrated by them. If there are any inaccuracies, please inform us, as we do not intend to offend any tribe or misrepresent information.

Warm Regards,
Editorial Board

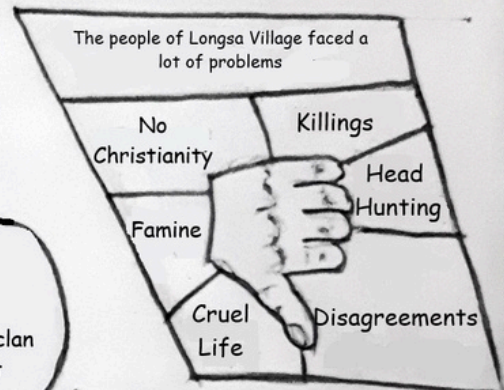
Koralong in Longsa

-Arten Ao

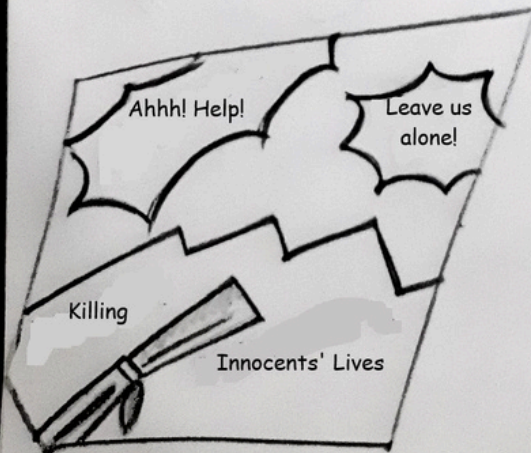
— BASED ON A TRUE STORY —

KORALONG

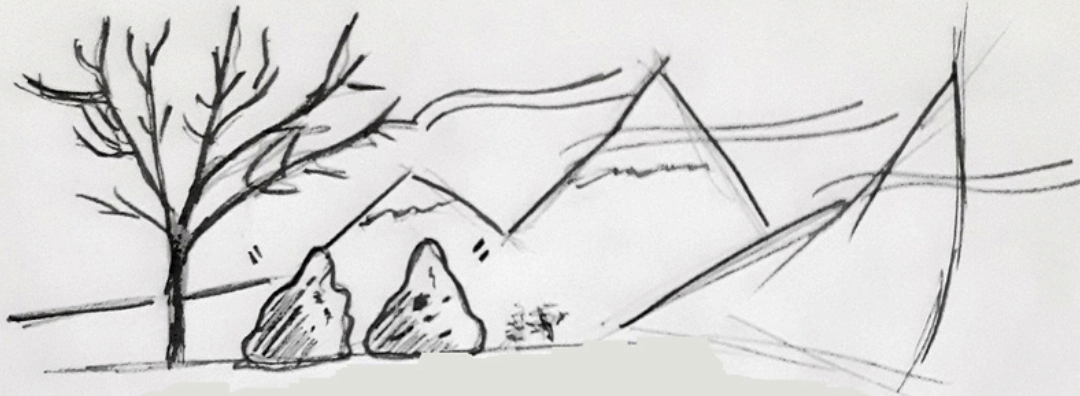
IN LONGSA



We shall invade the other clan tonight, when they least expect it!



Life at the village was hard. people migrated from one place to another in search of food, shelter and for a better living. One day, in one of the areas in Longsa Village, some people discovered a pair of living stones.



Many of the villagers thought that such a thing did not exist. One day, some of the villagers heard sounds coming from the stones as they were passing by. This news spread far and wide, that there are talking stones in the village of Longsa. This even made enemy clans visit the place in peace to see the stones for themselves. This improved the condition of the village.



I think these stones are magical and are blessing our entire village. We need to keep it protected.

Yes! I believe that these stones will bring good luck to the people and the entire village.

The villagers with the leader decided to protect the stones.

Koralong! Koralong!

Ko! Koralong! Koralong!

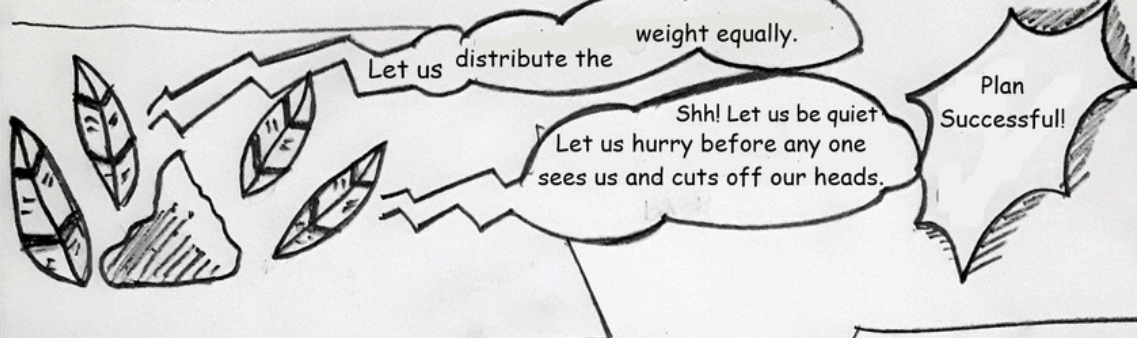
How is it possible that these stones can make such sounds?

Some villagers actually witnessed the sounds coming from the stones.



One day a neighbouring clan came to know of the stones. Assuming that their village also need the stones to prosper, they decided to steal one of the stones.

We shall steal one of the stones tonight from Longsa. I need brave and strong men to carry the stone over to our village. Let us be the superior clan! Who is with me!

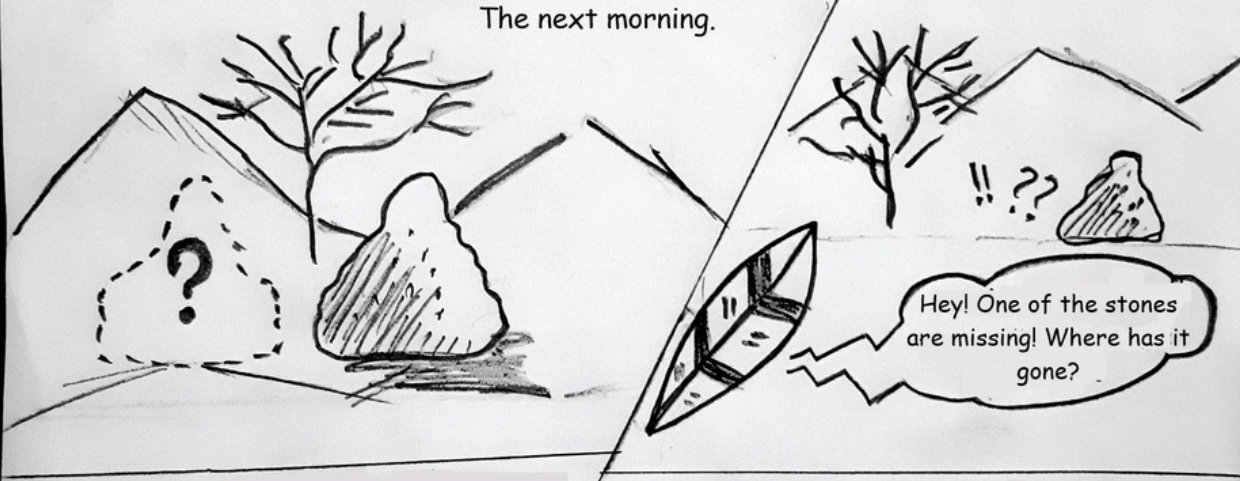


Let us distribute the weight equally.

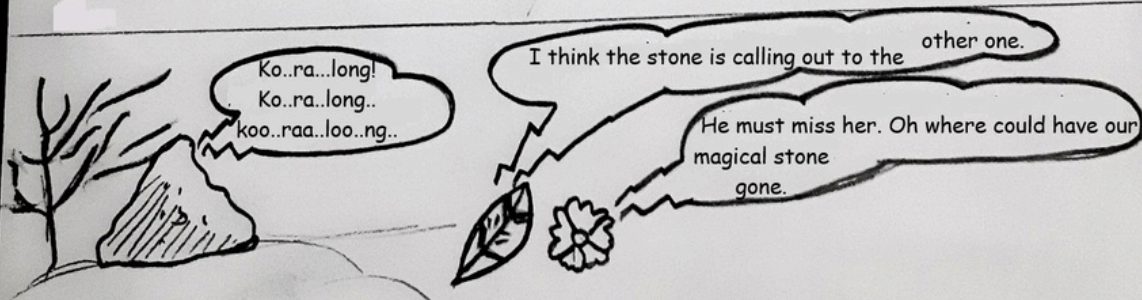
Shh! Let us be quiet
Let us hurry before any one
sees us and cuts off our heads.

Plan
Successful!

The next morning.



The villagers gathered and discussed what could have happened. The clans blamed one another sowing enmity. Efforts were made to look for the missing stone but were futile as the villagers did not know who had stolen it. No one has heard or seen that missing stone till today.



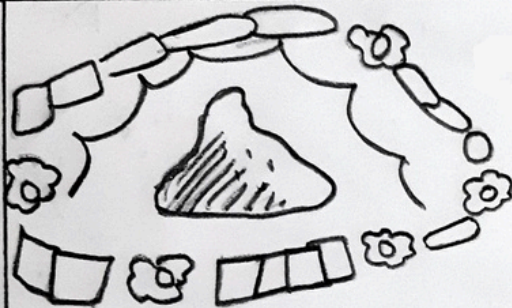
Ko..ra...long!
Ko..ra...long..
koo..raa..loo..ng..

I think the stone is calling out to the other one.

He must miss her. Oh where could have our
magical stone
gone.

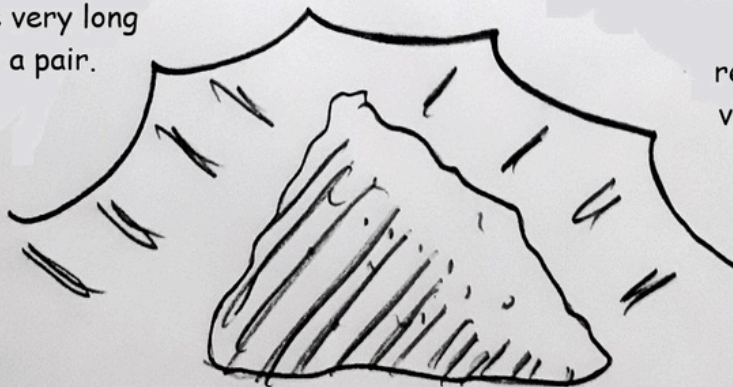
For many years after that, the male stone kept making the same sounds which led the villagers to name the stone "Koralong". The village continued to prosper and they still tied the blessings to the 'Koralong'. So even though there was only one stone left, they decided to take utmost care of it.

We lost one of the stones but that doesn't mean we should abandon the other one. Let us all take care of it and also let our future generations also receive blessings and good luck from it.



The villagers did so. They decorated the surrounding area and protected the stone for many long years.

After many years, the rock lost its voice eventually, as one cannot live very long without a pair.



Today, koralong is a normal rock, but it still holds significant respect and recognition in the village of Longsa.

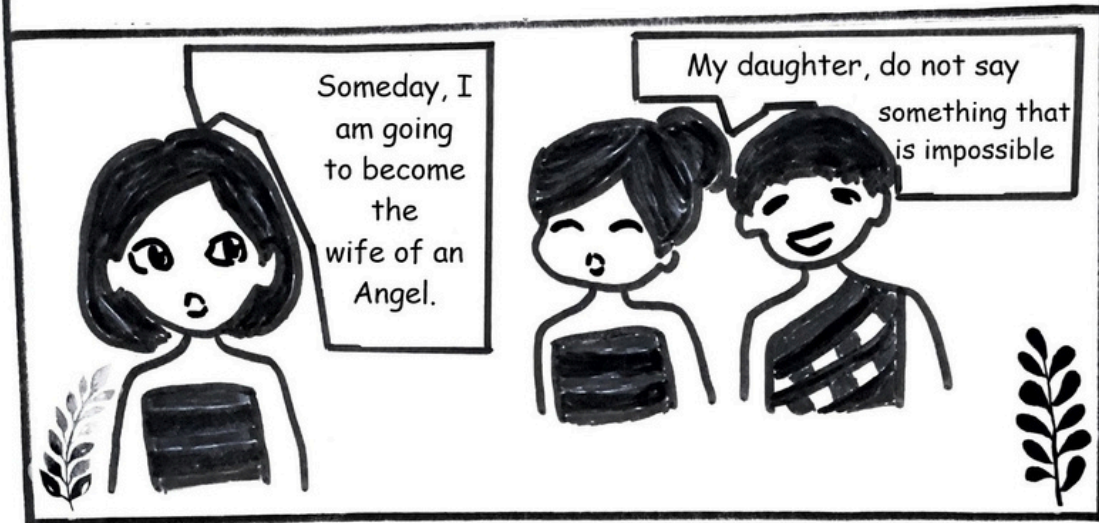
THE END.

Kungumi Nipu "The Angels Wife"

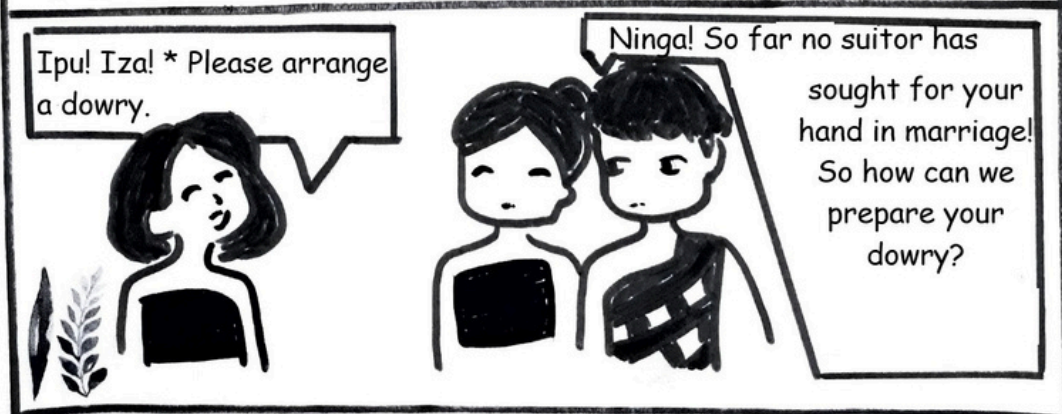
-Chisholi Chisho

KUNGUMI NIPU (THE ANGEL'S WIFE)

Once upon a time, there lived a closely knit family, comprising a father, mother, 9 sons, and a single daughter. The daughter one day approached the parents with a very weird news.



Her parents remained incredulous to her words on this matter. One day, she approached them again repeating the same news.



* Dad, Mom in Sumi dialect.



The next morning,



After a period of time, the daughter visited her parents with her newborn son.



Her family greeted her warmly, and her parents and each of her nine brothers took turns to hold the baby.

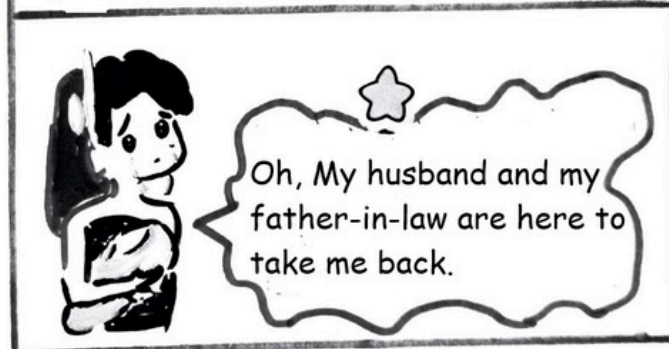


But as soon as the youngest brother held the baby in his arms, the baby died.

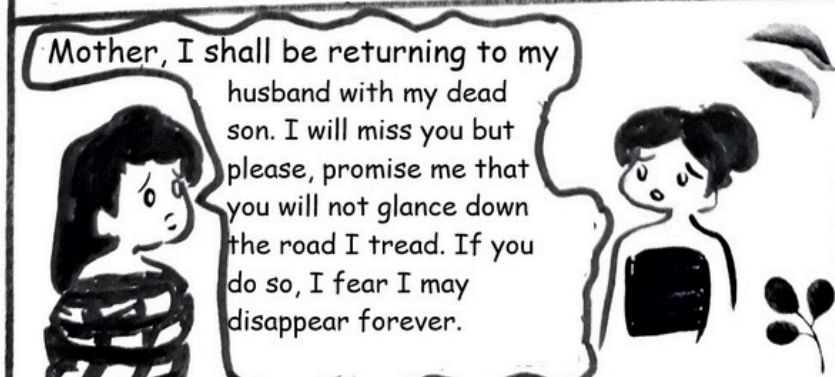
On seeing her deceased baby, she began weeping and mourning deeply.

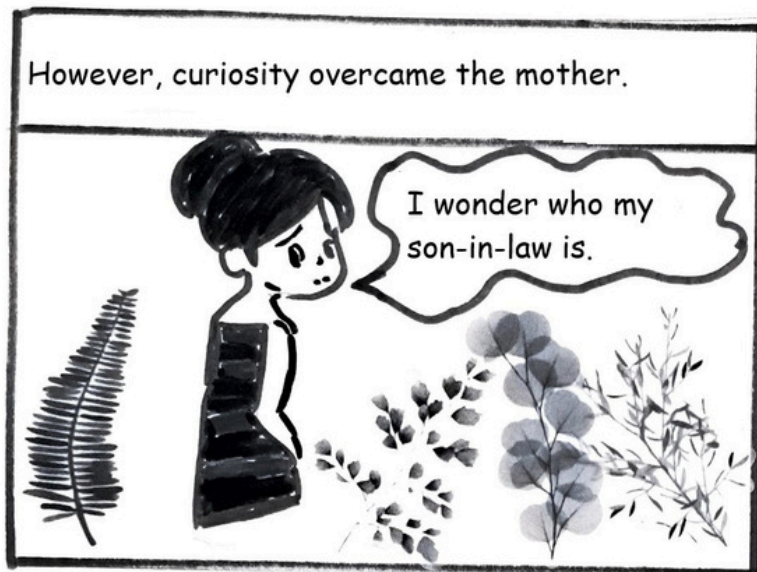


While tears streamed down her face, she caught sight of a huge star in the sky.



With a burdened heart and spirit, the daughter informed her mother.





Ignoring her daughter's request, proved to be the mother's final interaction with her beloved child. The daughter disappeared forever, never to grace her mother's presence again. If only the mother had heeded her daughter's words, perhaps the chance of seeing her again would have been possible.

MORAL OF THE STORY:

"Every beating heart has a story to tell, listen to the voice of truth and honour it."

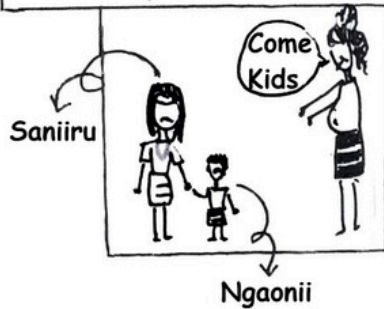


Saniiru and Ngaonii

-Alpha Rajhone Poukmai

Saniiru and Ngaonii

In a Poumai village, orphaned siblings, Saniiru (girl) and Ngaonii (boy) were taken in by their selfish Uncle



They were always mistreated by their Aunt and Uncle



Saniiru, come here! Finish this chore, after that don't forget to feed the animals.

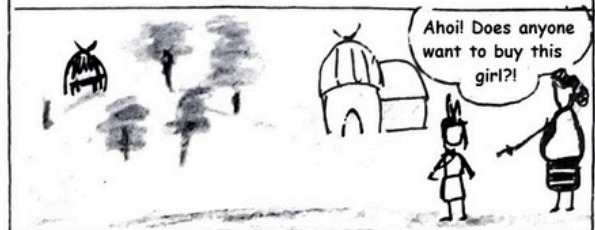
Saniiru's life went by cleaning the house and doing chores



But one day, her Uncle's plans interrupted her daily routine...



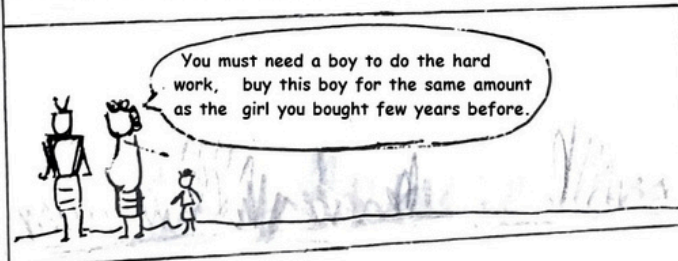
Excitement filled her but that didn't last long when she found out why they were at that village.



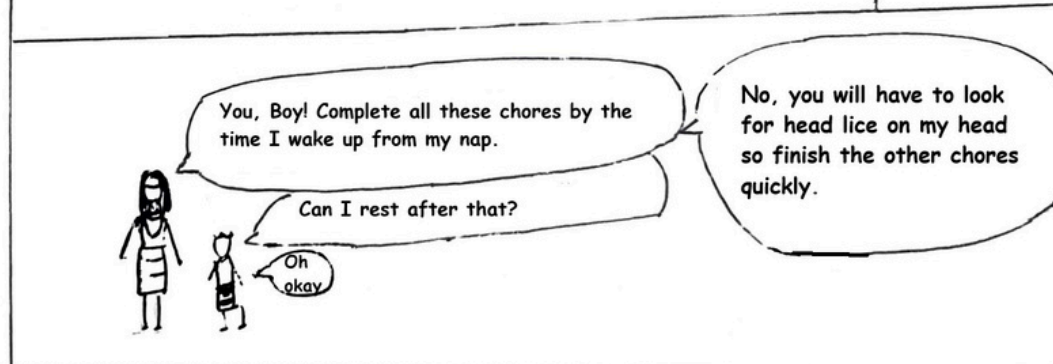
After walking all around, at last, Saniiru's Uncle found a rich man who was willing to buy her for 5 cows and 1 pig.



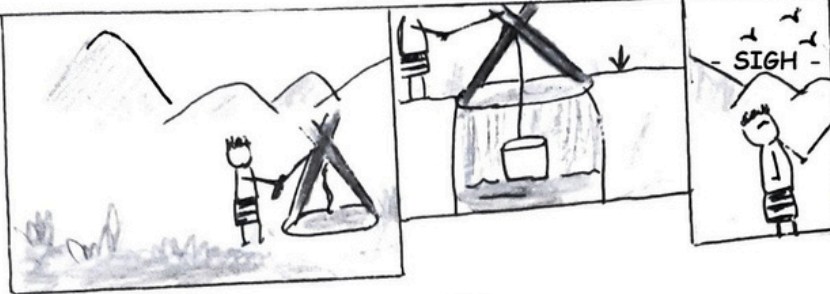
A few years passed by and the Uncle visited the same village again to sell Saniiru's brother. The Uncle sold the boy to the same rich man that bought Saniiru.



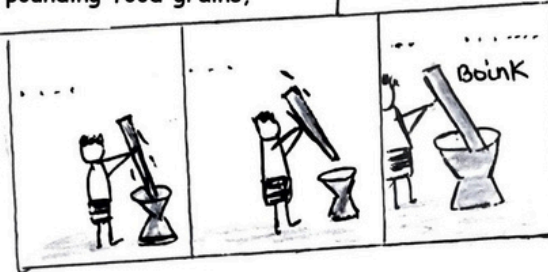
So Saniiru and Ngaonii had reunited, but since they were separated when they were very young, they could not recognize each other.



Ngaonii obeyed her orders and spent most of his days doing many chores like fetching water from the well,



pounding food grains,



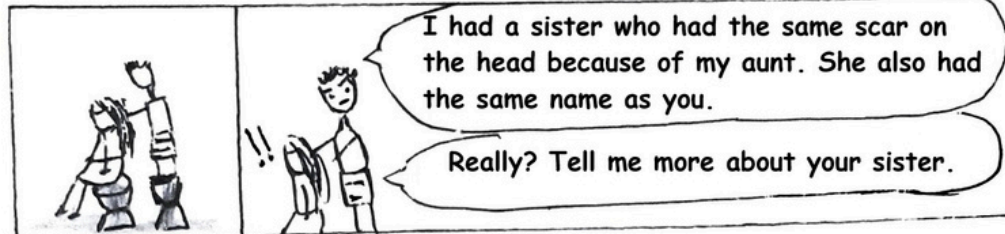
cleaning and collecting cattle excretion/
dung,



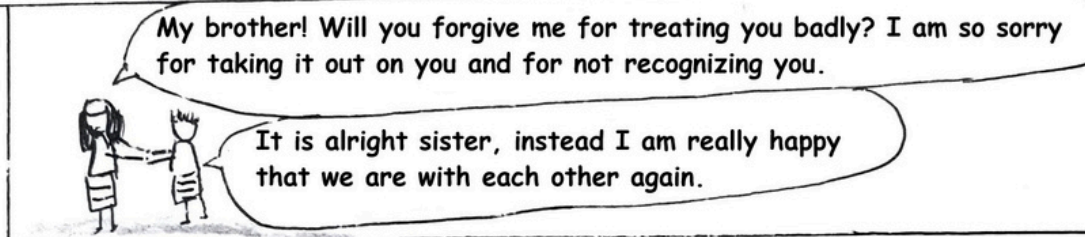
and looking for Saniiru's headlice



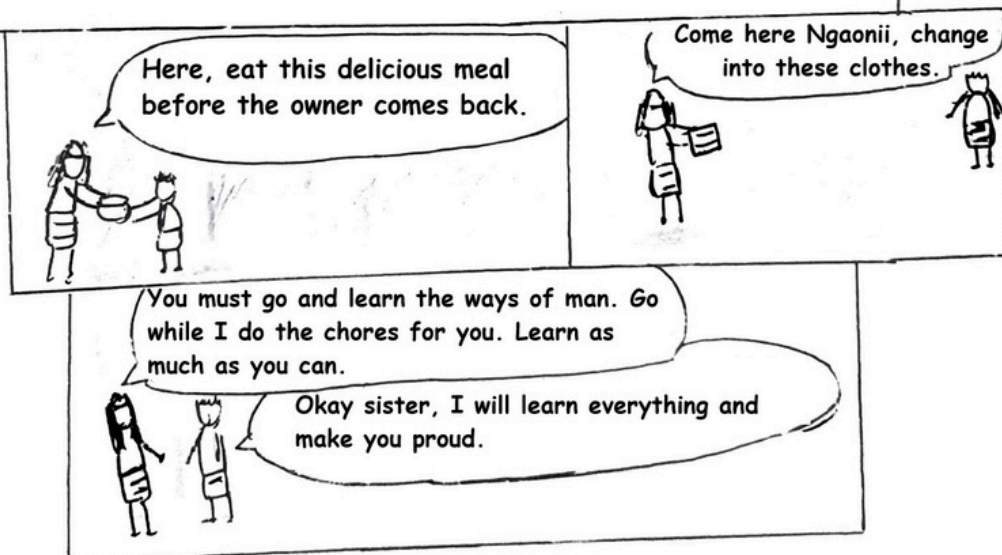
One day as he Ngaonii was looking for headlice, he saw a scar on Saniiru's head. It resembled his sisters' which he had seen her get when their aunt had hit her



After telling her about his sister, Saniiru realised that Ngaonii was her brother.



From that day on, she treated him better



They would sit down frequently after their chores and talked about what their life had been like.

I miss our parents and our place at our village. If only our parents hadn't left us while we were young.



Yes, I miss their love and our lives back then.

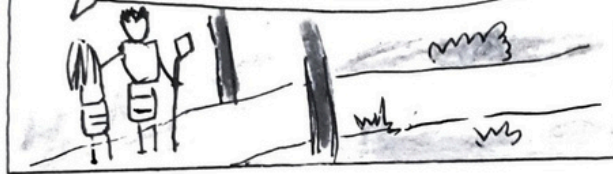
My dear brother the time is coming for you to go back to Uncle's village to claim your rights back. You need to be prepared.



Yes sister, I will try to win my rights back. We shall be separated for a while again, but after I win I will surely visit you frequently, dearest sister.

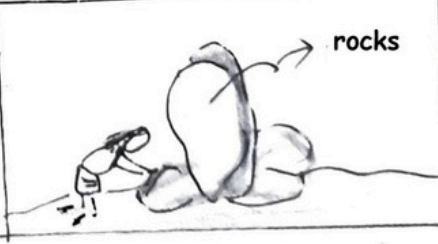
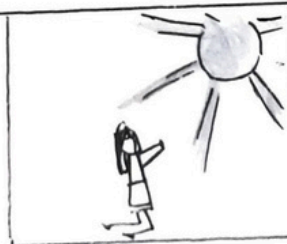
The day finally came for Ngaorii to go back to their Uncle's village and they bid farewell.

May the gods be with you and may you succeed brother. Farewell.

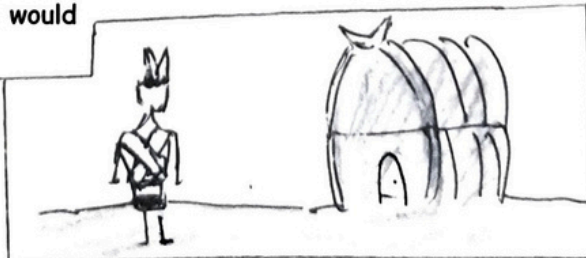


relentlessly for Ngaorii's success.

Saniiru prayed to many gods and performed rituals



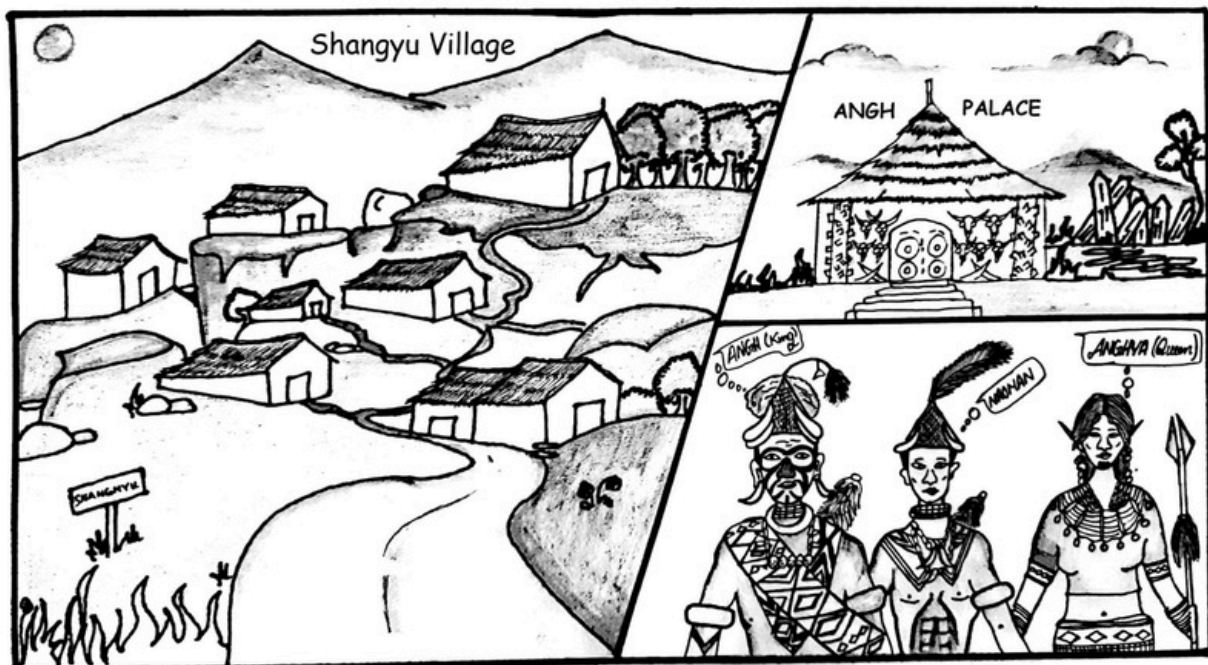
Ngaorii's hard work and determination with Saniiru's prayers helped him gain his rights back and became a rich man just like their parents. His promise to visit Saniiru was not forgotten. He would visit her often.

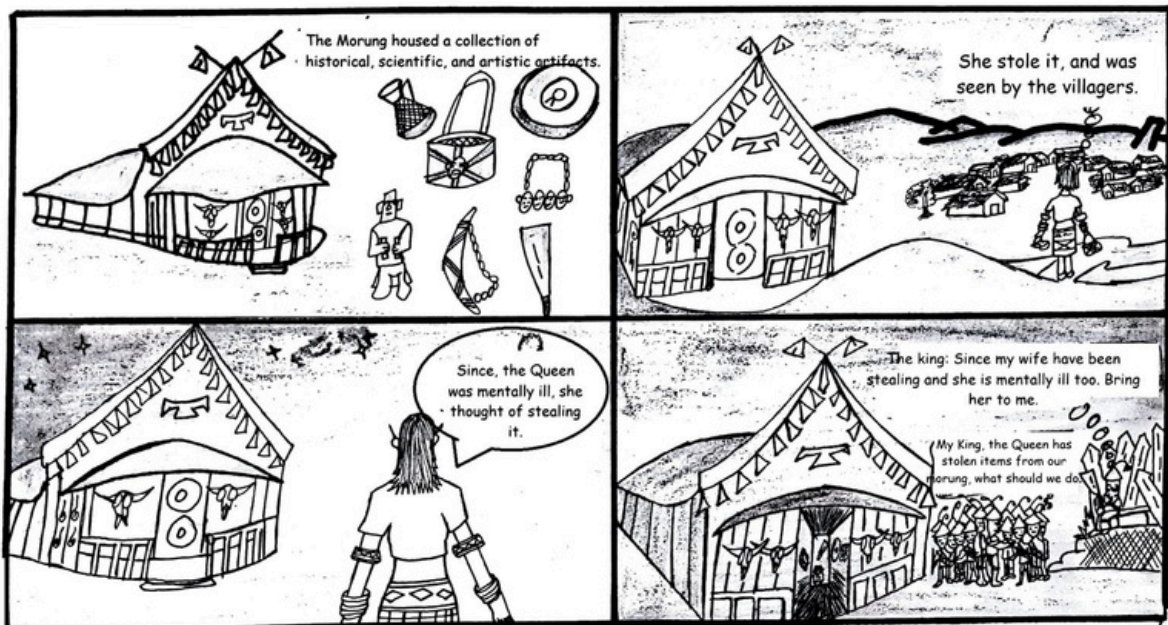


THE END

The Tale of Shangyu Museum

-Hamjai Konyak

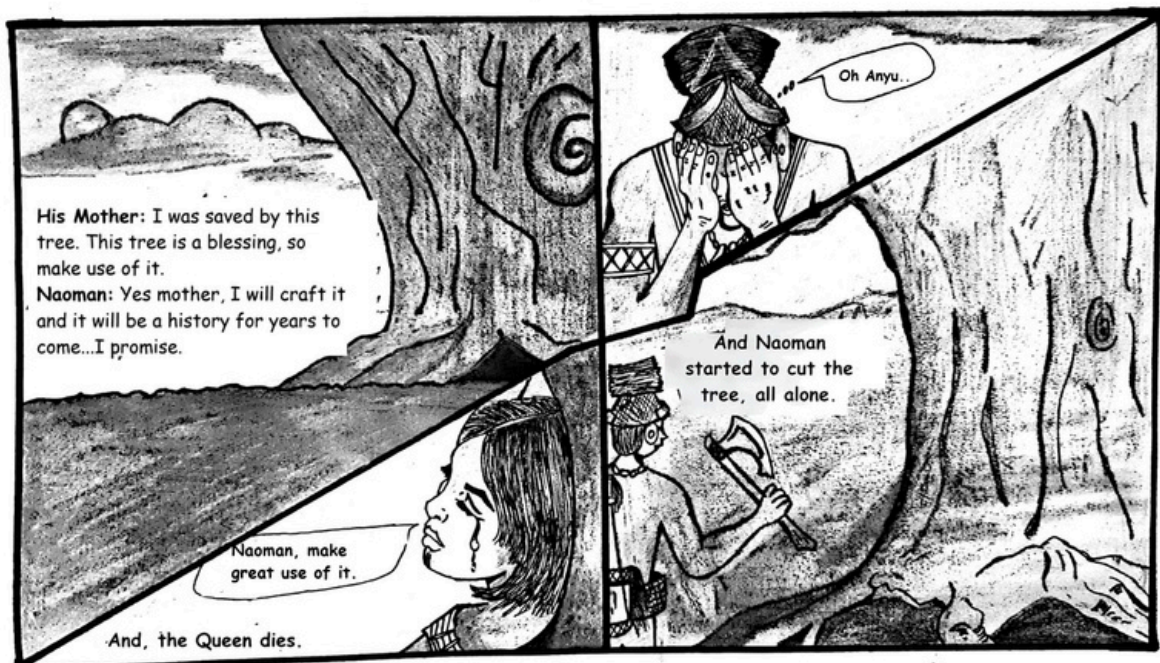


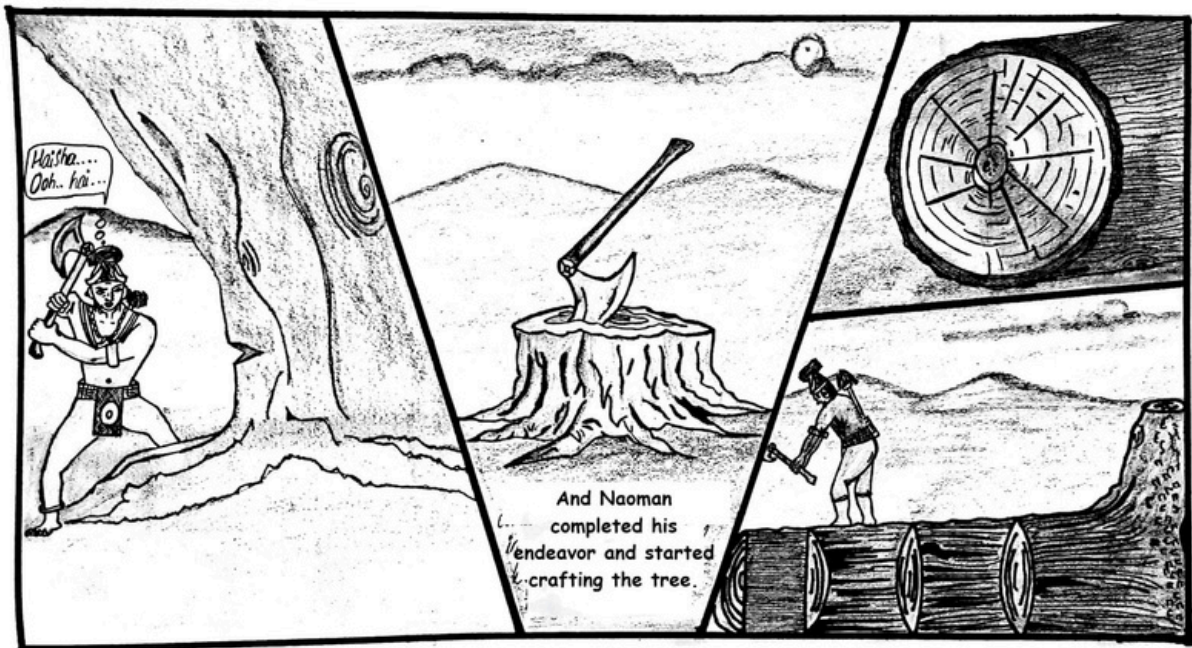


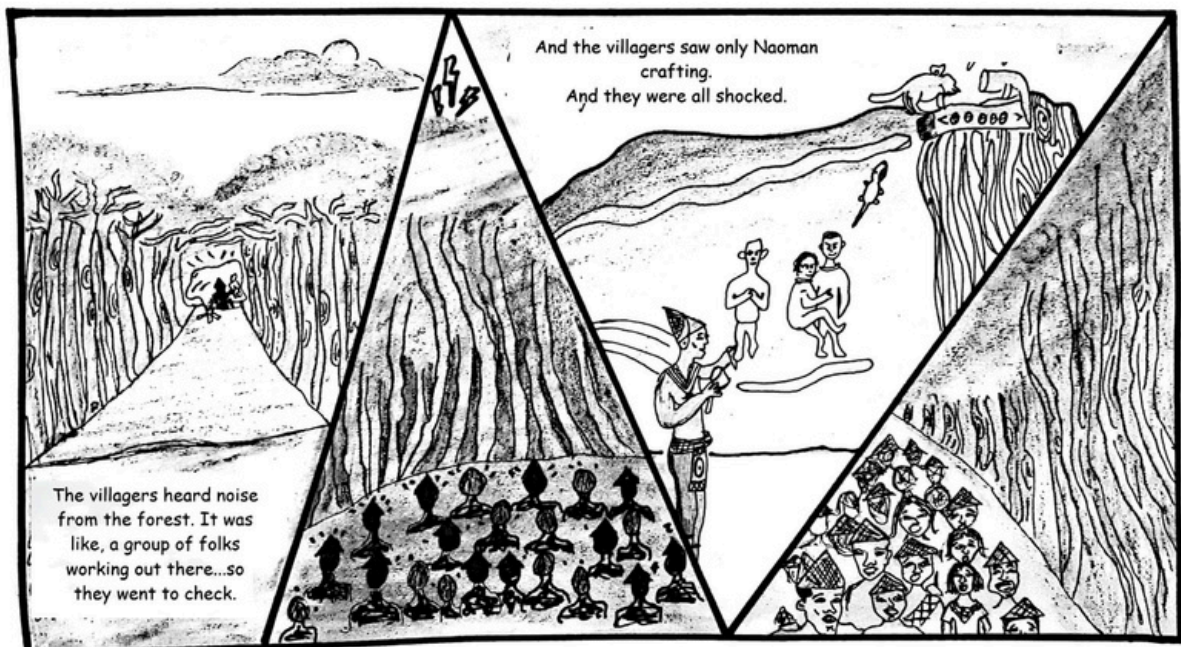




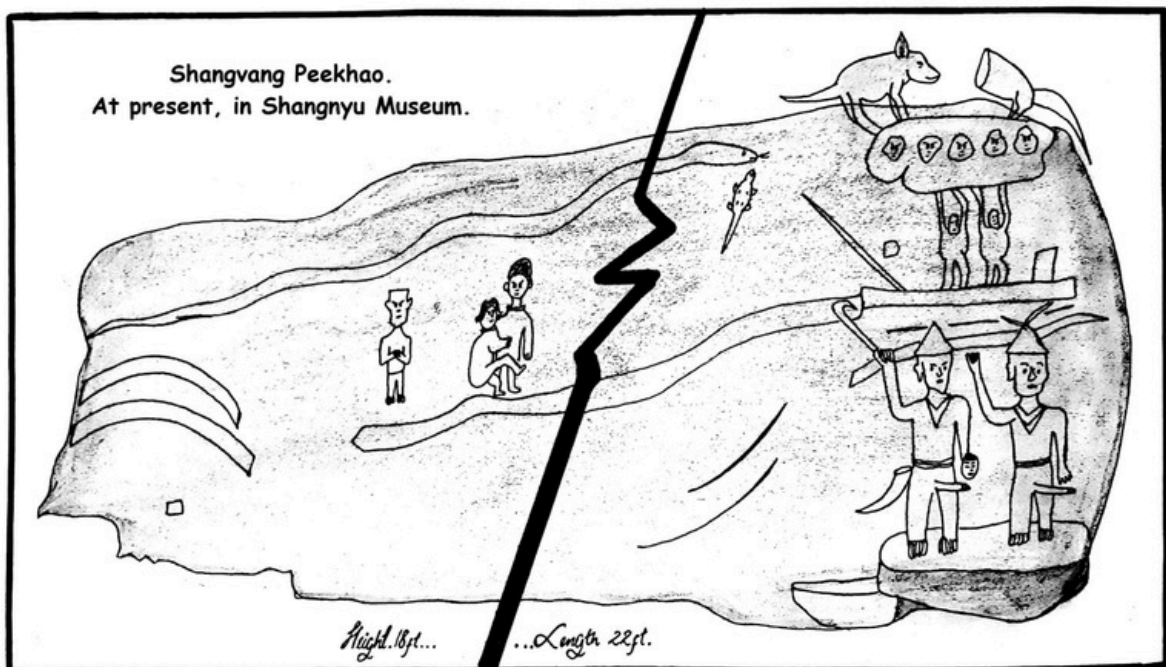






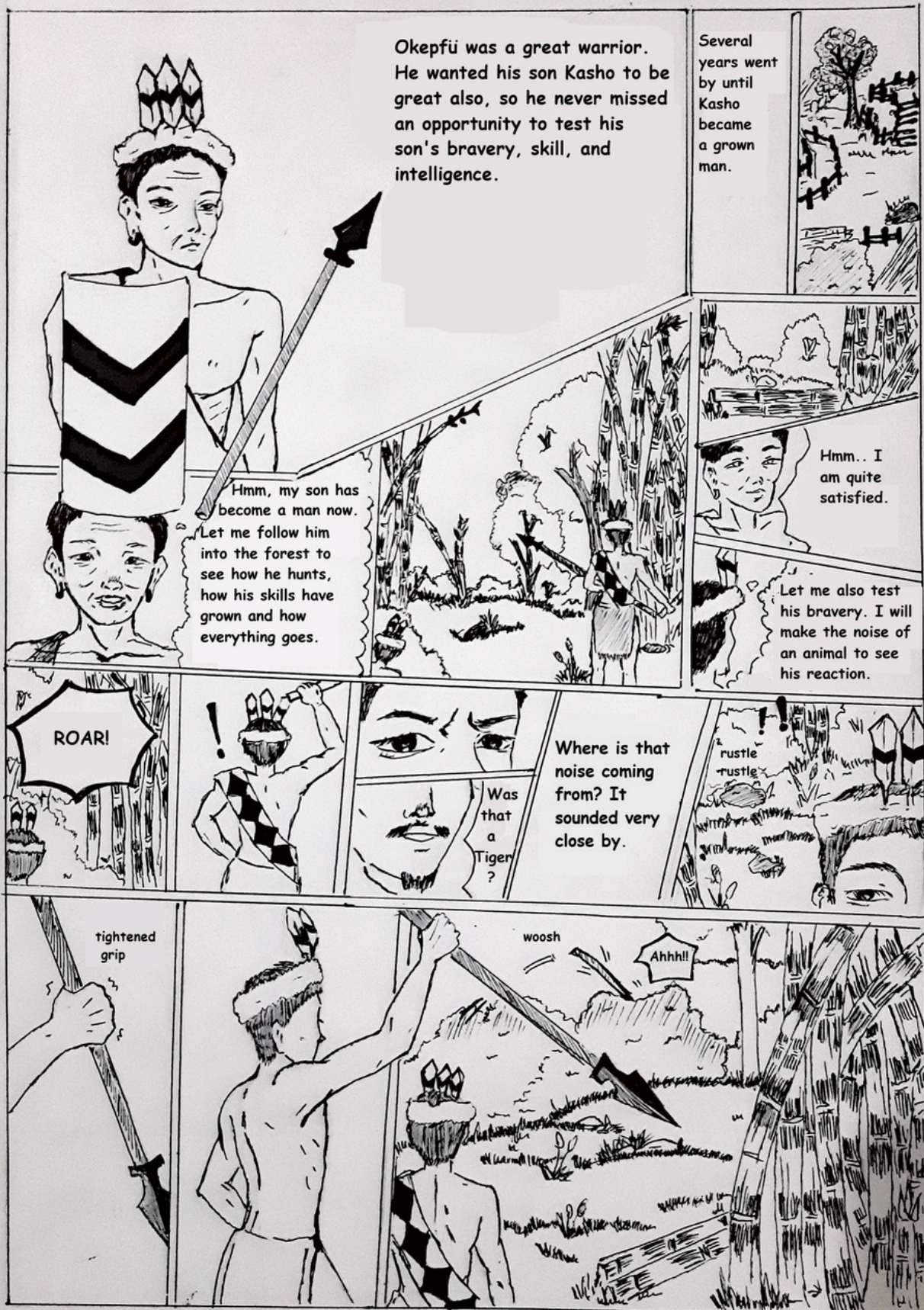


Shangvang Peekhao.
At present, in Shangnyu Museum.



Kasho Kapfu

-Sharon Kesen





Hah! I hit the animal! Let's see what I have caught. Father would be so proud of me.



rustle... rustle...



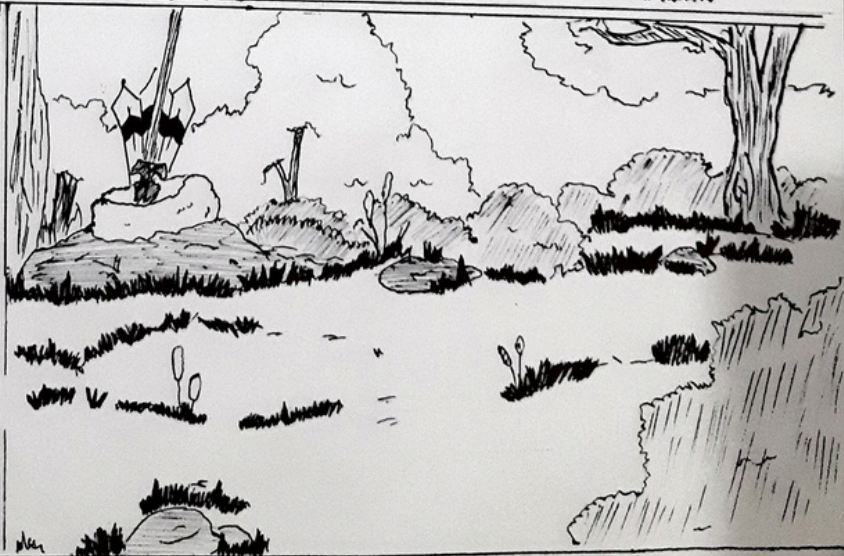
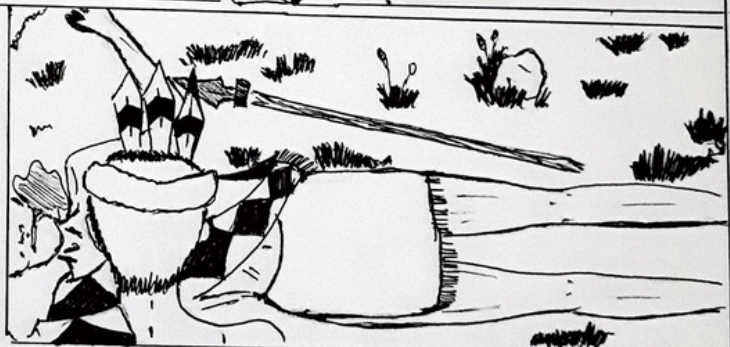
! HUH! Father! Oh no! What have I done??!! I am so sorry!



Don't be sorry my son, I am dying peacefully knowing that you have become a brave and skillful hunter. I was destined to die this way in order to turn into a bird that would herald the sowing season.



Father, I am really thankful for all the lessons that you have given me and for everything that you have done for me. May you travel peacefully into the afterlife.



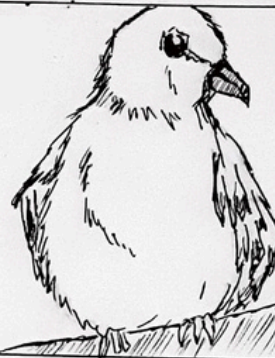
Many
Months
Later



One pleasant early morning, Kasho and his fellow warriors had set out to wage war against an enemy village.



My fellow warriors, we have barely crossed the village boundary, let us make haste before the crack of dawn. We must attack when they least expect it.



Kasho
Kapfu..
Kasho
Kapfu..



huh..



Kasho Kapfu..
Kasho Kapfu..

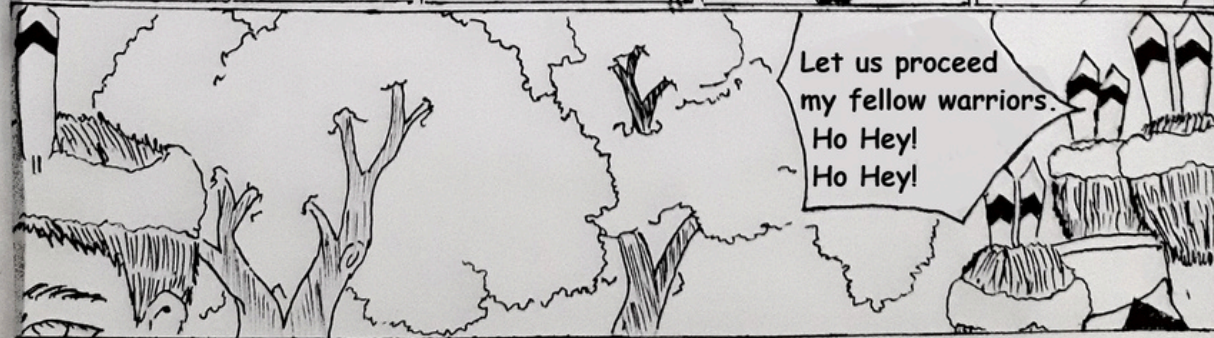
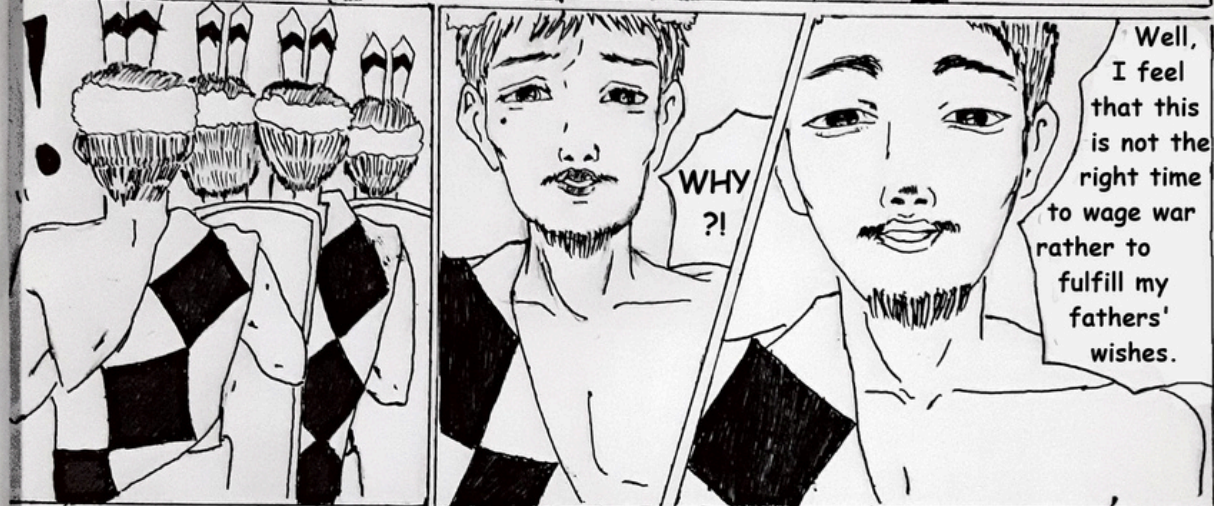
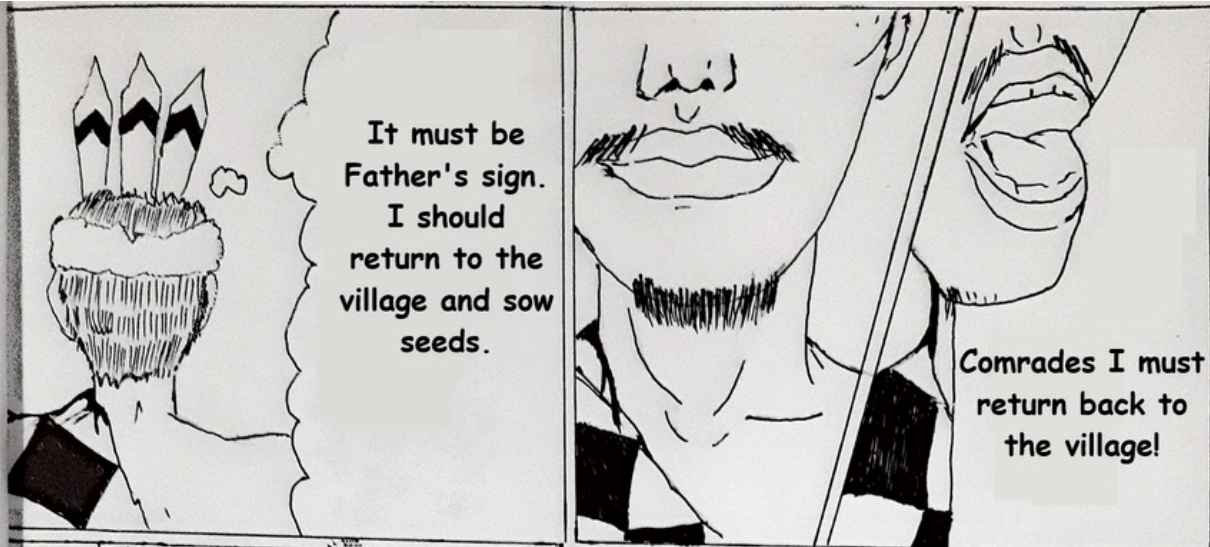
Ahh.. I remember my father's dying words. It must be Father as a bird.

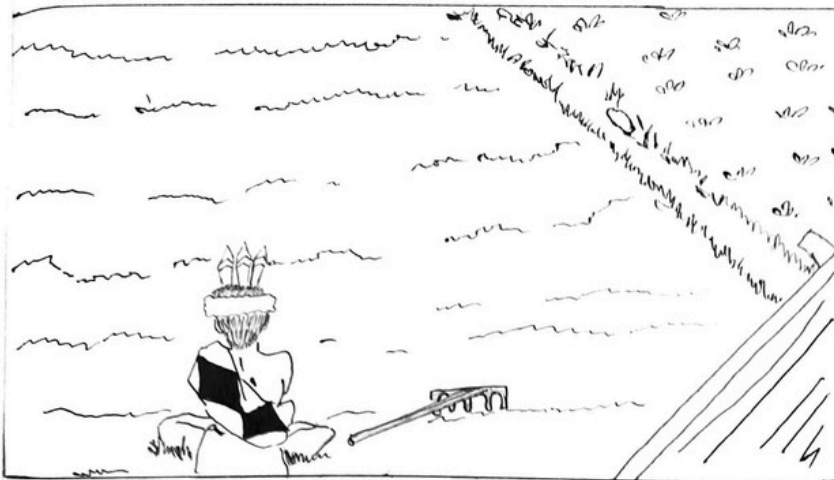


halt..

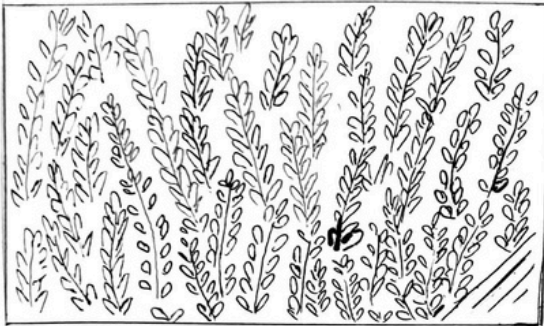


Ah.. what a beautiful day..

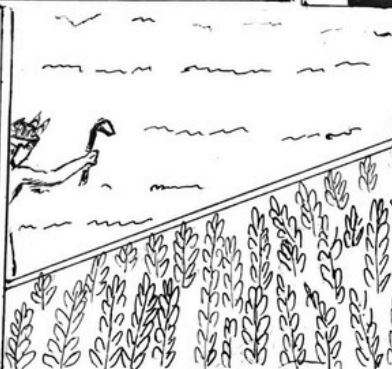
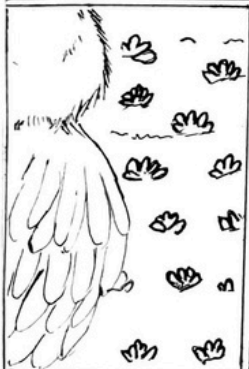




Three
Months
Later



Ah! I know my
Father's words were
true. I have grown
enough grain for the
year and all are
healthy.



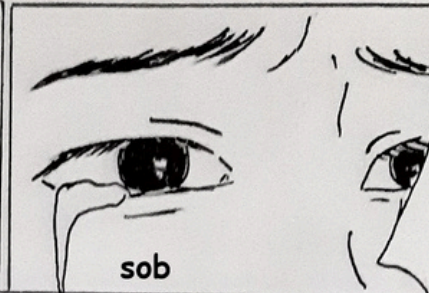
Every year
Kasho started
to depend on
the bird for a
bountiful
harvest.

But one day the bird
did not appear as usual
and its sound could not
be heard anywhere.

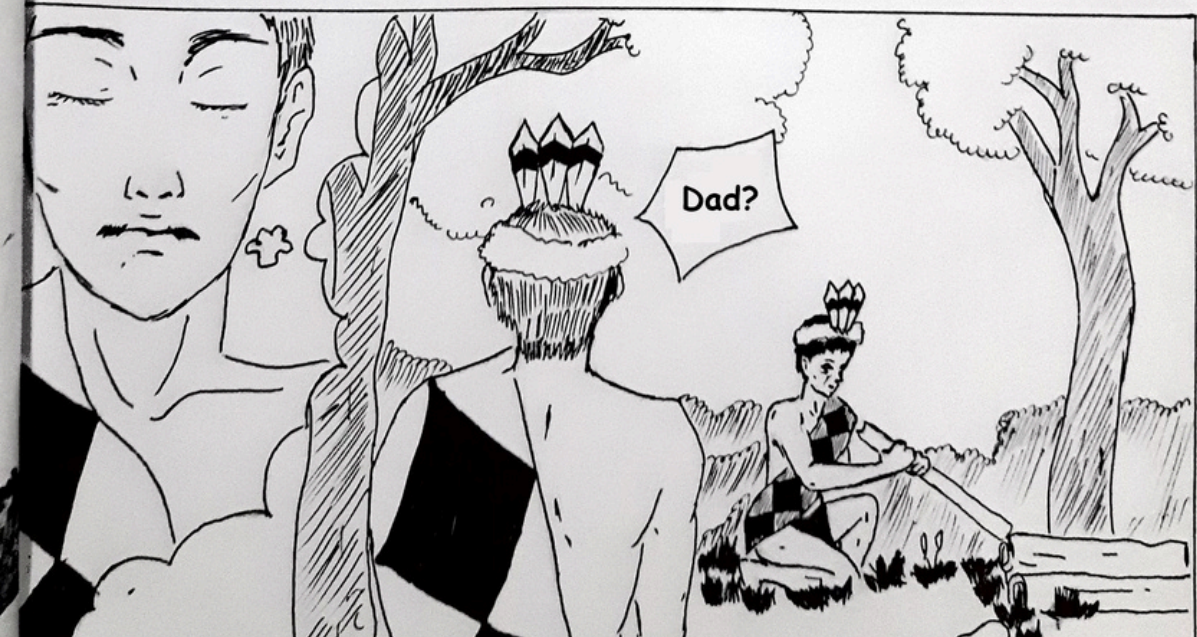
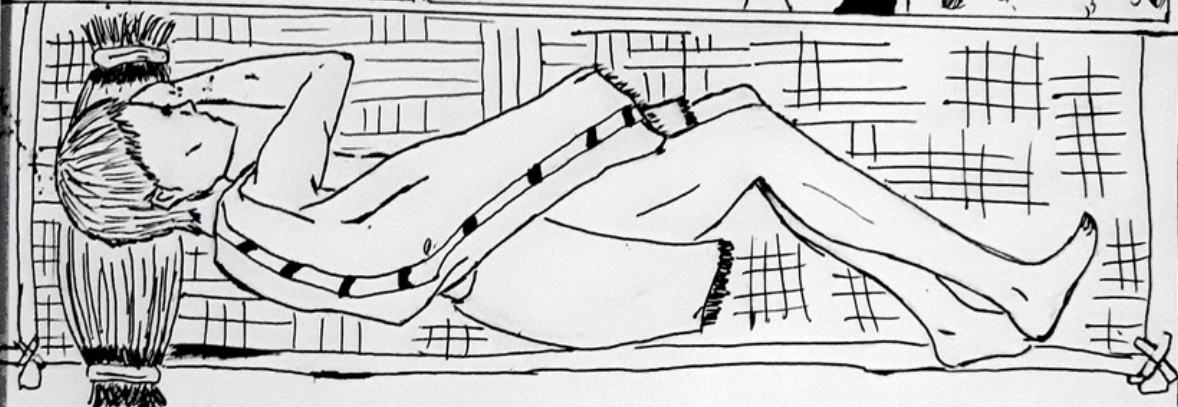


I should
look for the
bird in the
woods.





Oh.. no.. my
bird..
Oh poor little
bird..





Ahh.. My son.
Come sit with
me my beloved
son. How I
missed to see
you..
But now it is
time for us to
say goodbye.



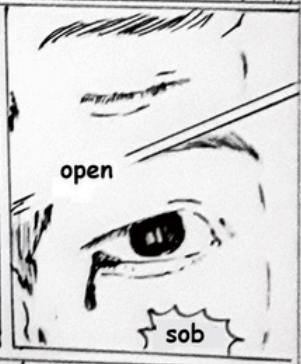
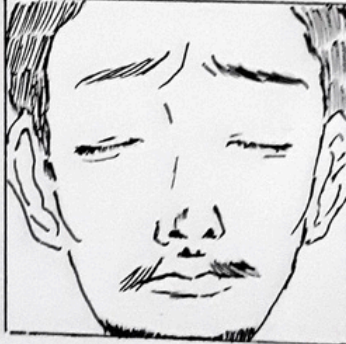
Son my time with
you has come to
an end so you
have to continue
the rest of your
life an journey on
your own. I hope
that you will live
a happy and
healthy life.



Alright
Father. I will
miss you.
Goodbye



The Sun arose.



open

sob



Father

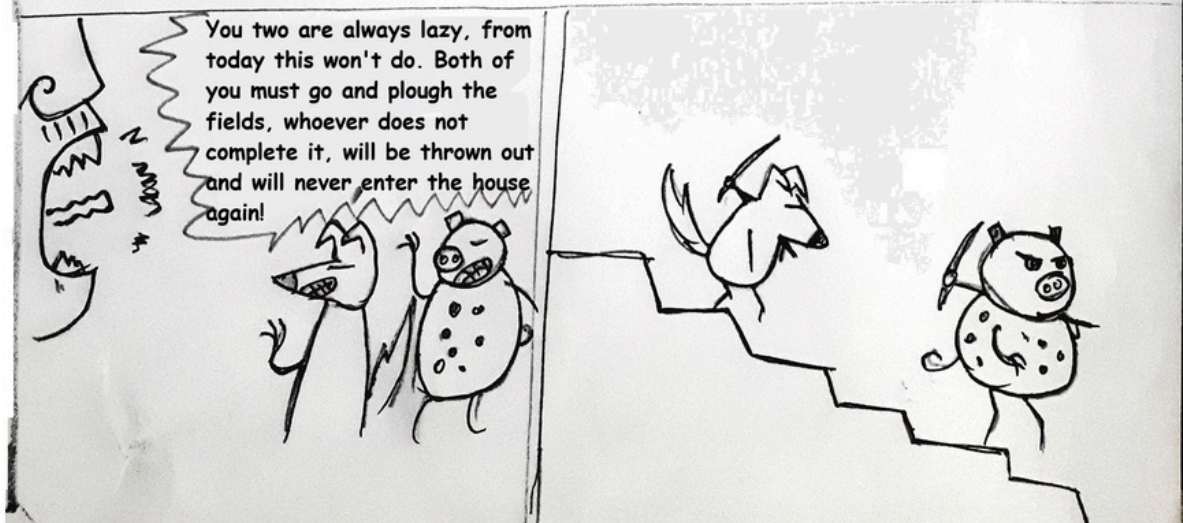
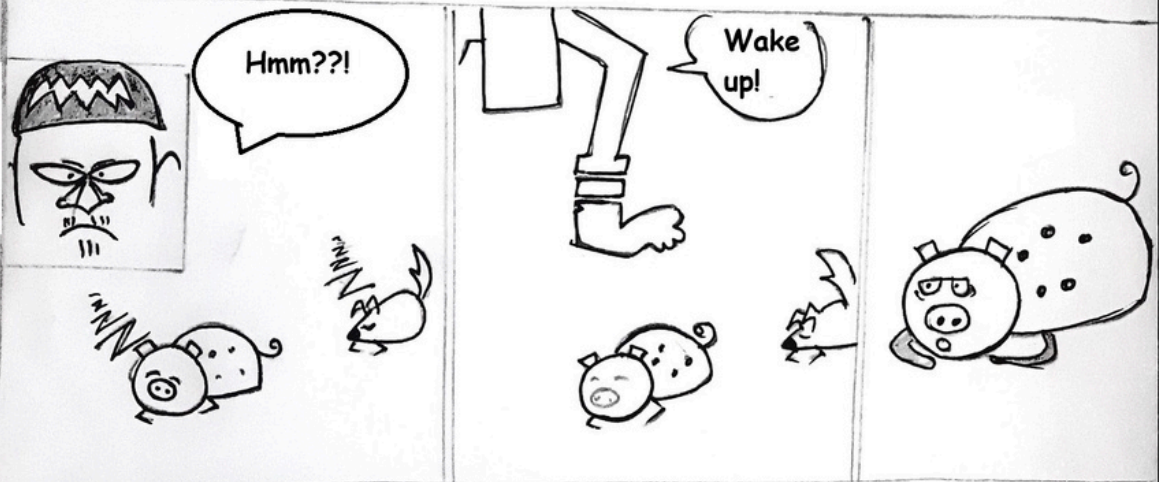
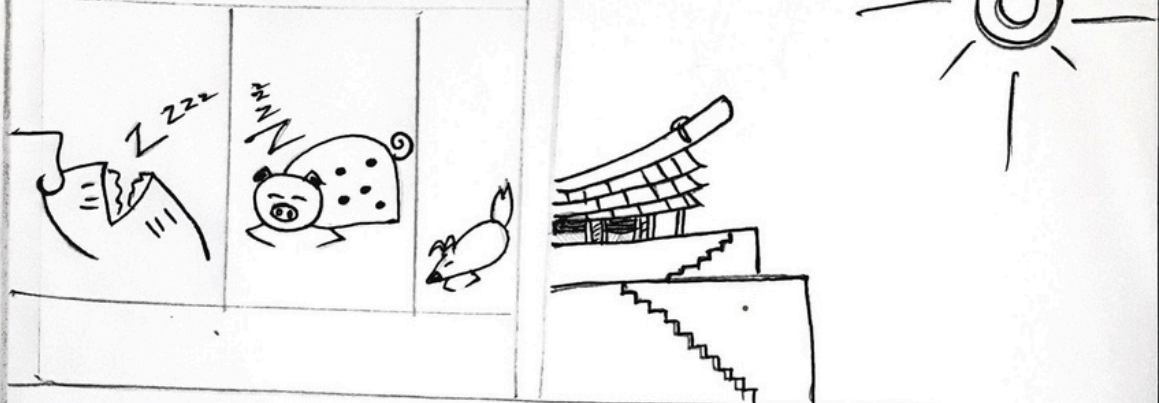
Farewell Father.
Journey well into the
afterlife. Thank you
for your guidance
and love.

THE END.

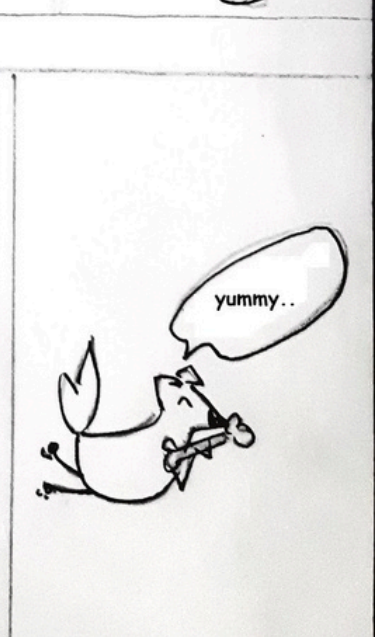
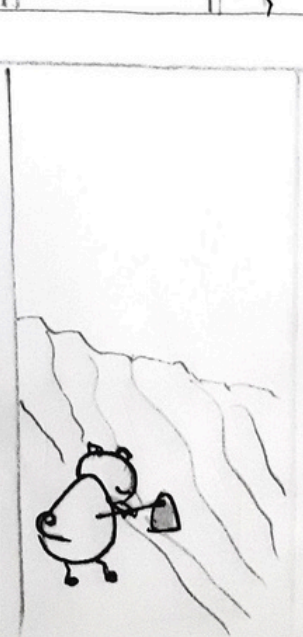
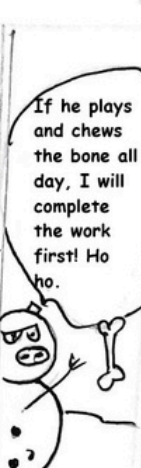
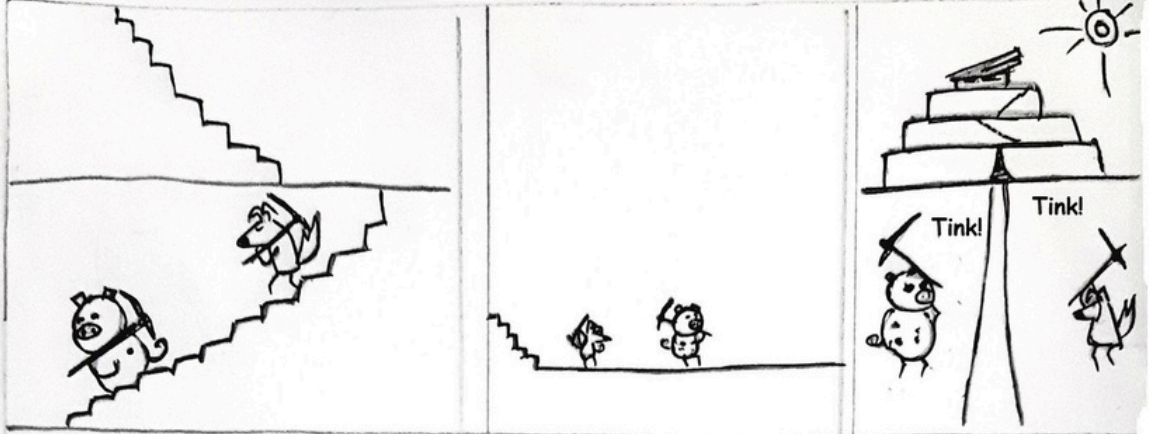
Aok Aie

-I Moayanger

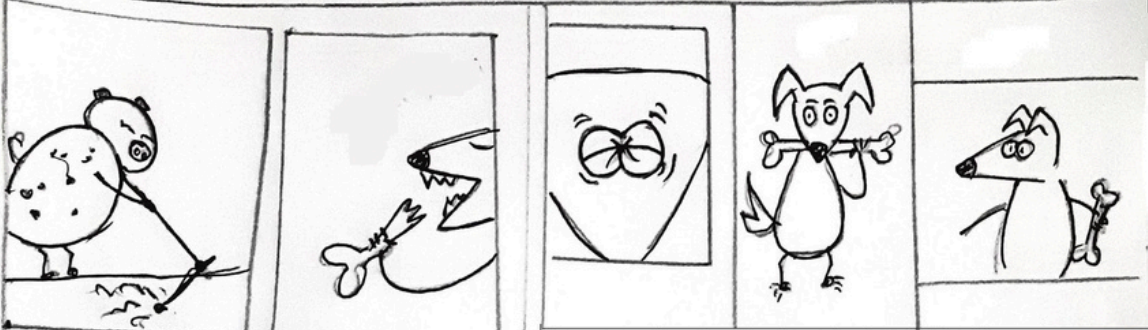
One day in a village, there was a man who had a pig and a dog as pets.
But both the animals seem to be very lazy.



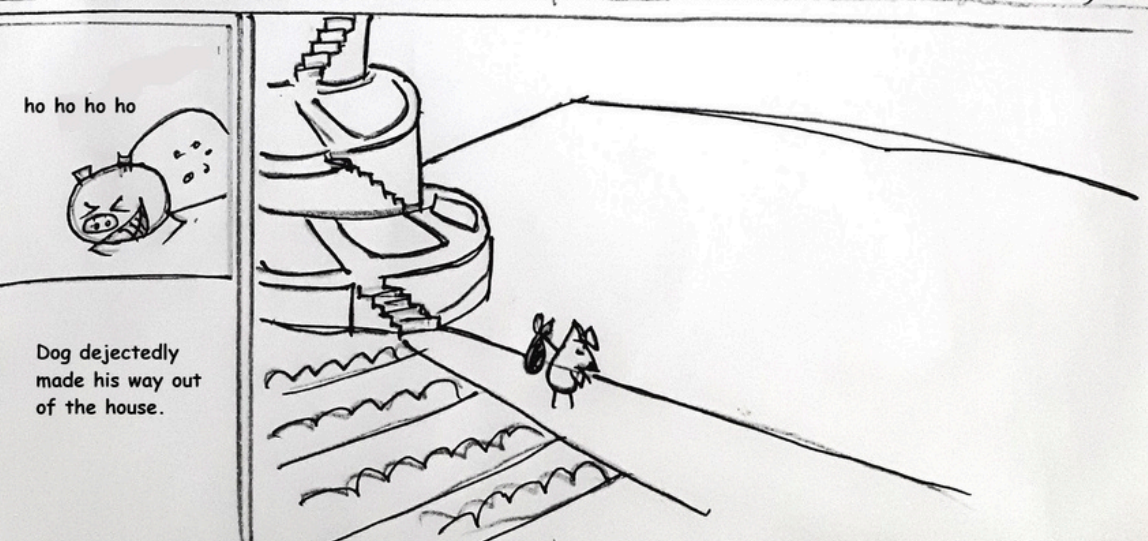
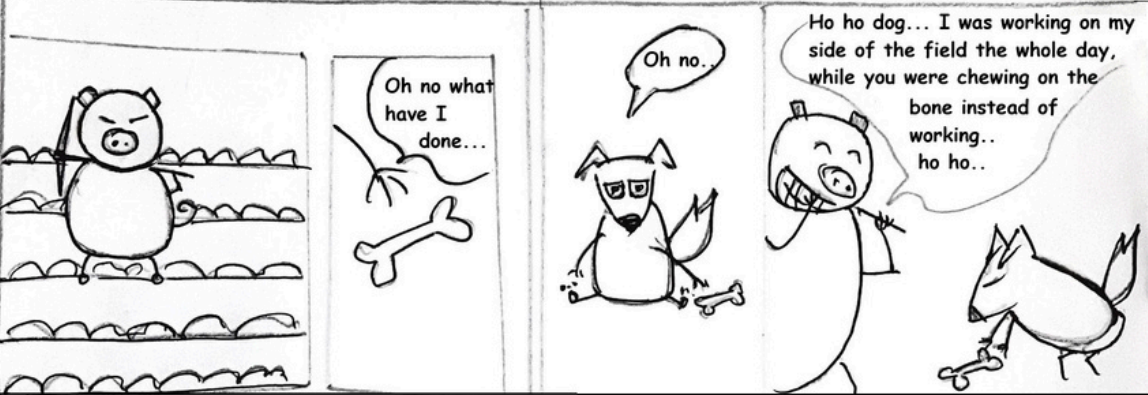
So the two lazy animals picked up their tools and started working on the fields.



The pig's plan worked, and the dog was so distracted that the pig completed his part of the fields in no time.

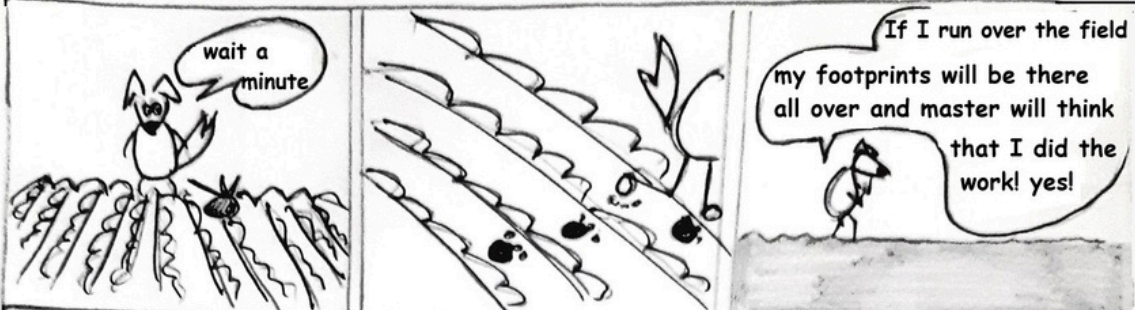


It was too late by the time the dog realized it.

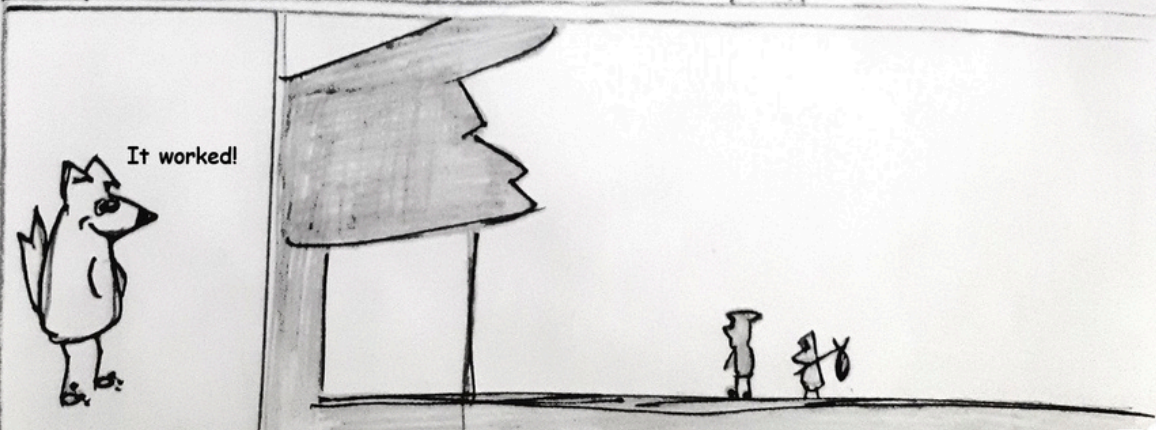
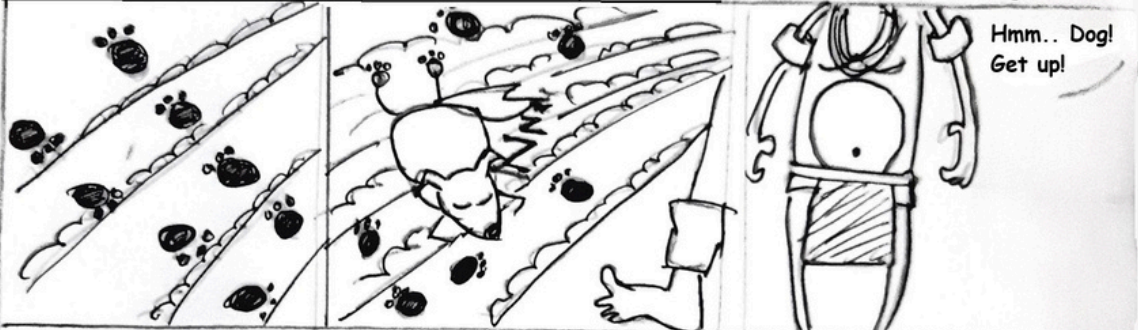


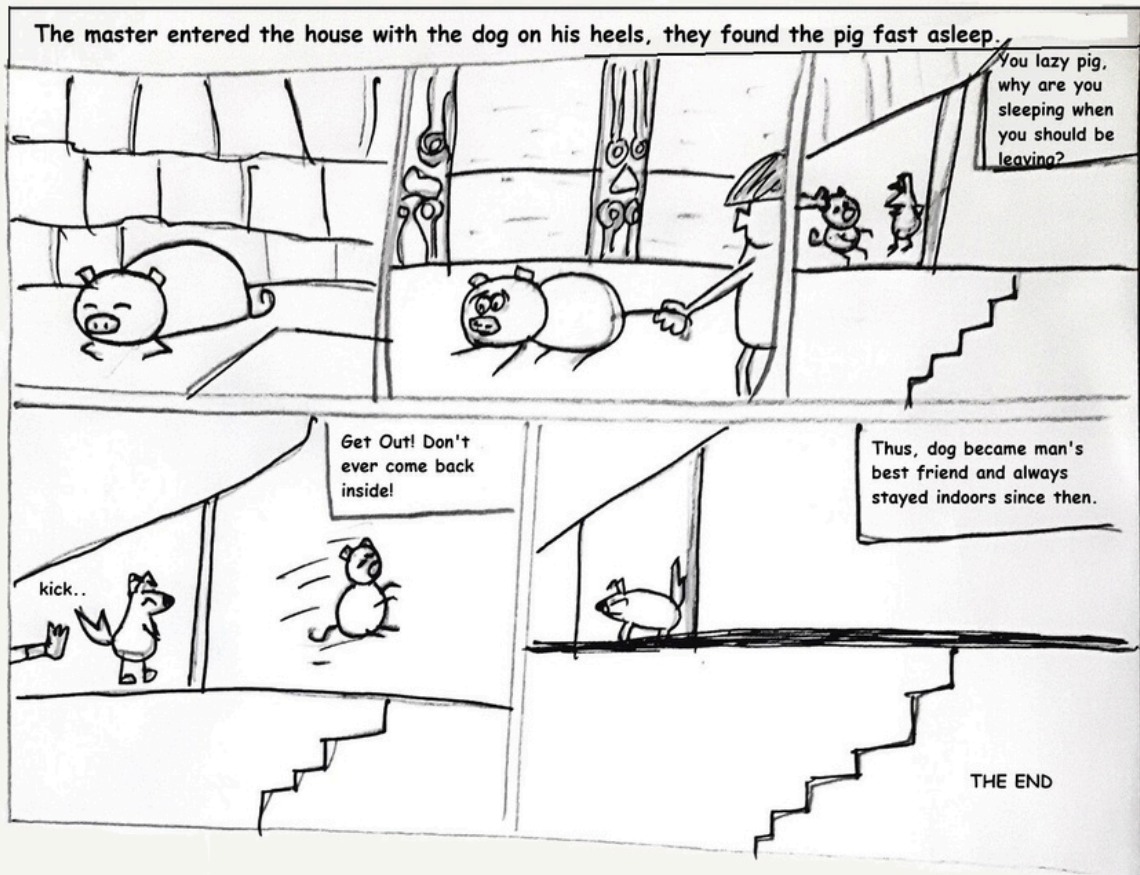
ho ho ho ho
Dog dejectedly made his way out of the house.

The dog had a sudden idea as he looked at the field that was ploughed by pig.



So the dog ran all around the field until he fell asleep. The master came out the next morning and saw..





The Eagle and the Stones

-Pulovili Yeptho

Once upon a time in the village of
Sutemi



There was a big pond and at the edge of
the ground, there was a big cotton tree.



Where a couple of eagles made their
nest and hatched eaglet.



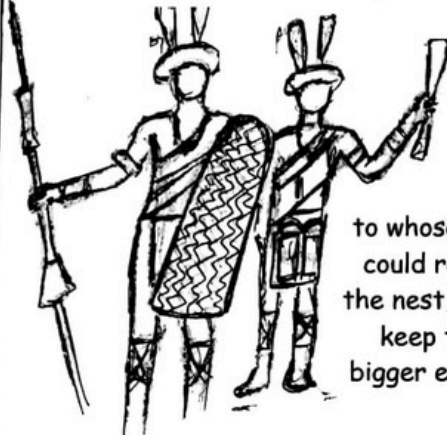
All the people tried to take the eaglet
but none could succeed.



Later, there was a man who had
two sons.



The two brothers made an agreement



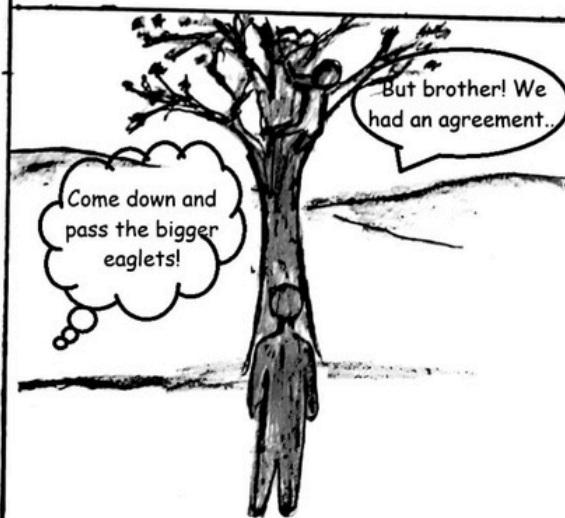
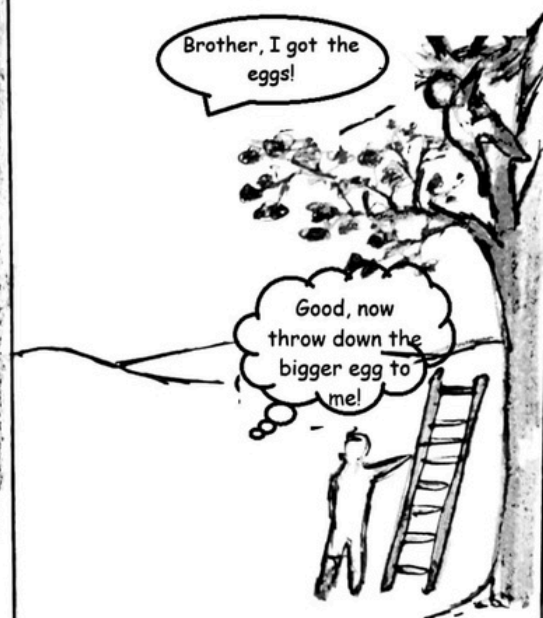
to whosoever
could reach
the nest, could
keep the
bigger eaglet.

Likewise, they climbed the tree with the help of nails, made of bamboo.



Fortunately, the younger brother could reach first and take the bigger eaglet. But the elder brother insisted on taking the bigger one., which was actually against the agreement that they had made.

Eventually, the disagreement between the brothers leads to a fight.



Disheartened, the elder brother got mad and left his younger brother alone on the top of the tree.



The younger brother had no other way to come down, so for survival, he started eating whatever food the eagles bought.



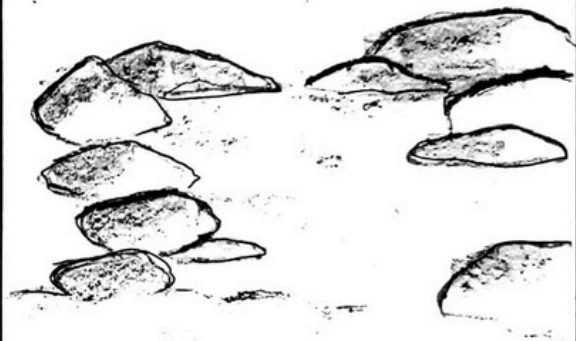
As time went by, the boy began plucking the eagles' feathers to keep them from flying away.



Later, the pair of eagles asked the boy to take them down to the ground, but the boy refused, doubting their ability to do so.



So, to test their ability, the boy, pointed towards 'TULO' river and asked them to bring two stones and prove their ability to carry him down.



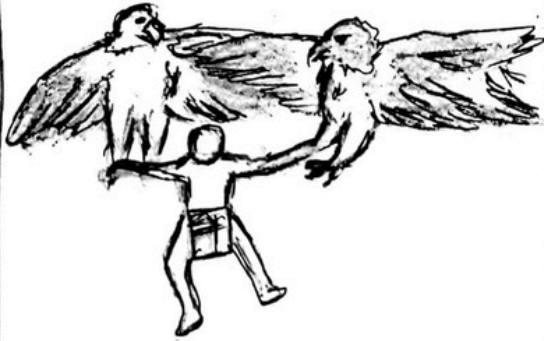
As the boy commanded, the eagles went and bought one stone and assured him that, they could carry him down.



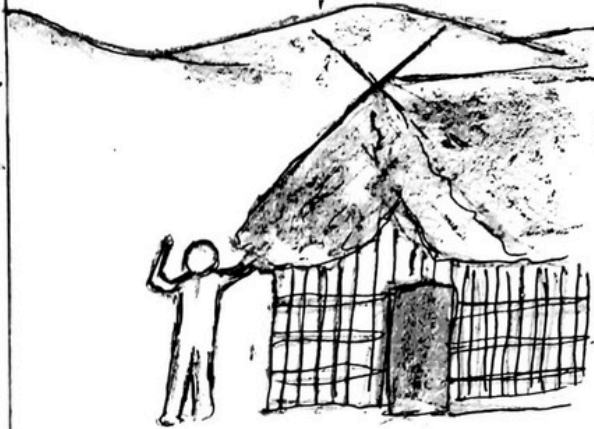
But the boy insisted that the eagles bring the other stone as well. So, the eagles brought the other stone too.



Finally, the boy trusted in the potential of the eagles and allowed them to carry him down.



The boy went home happily and spent the rest of his life with his parents.



In the past, it was believed that both humans and animals could communicate, as shown by the boy's ability to converse with the eagles, which ultimately led to the stones being brought to Sutemi Village.

This event has become a significant part of history, passed down through generations. Since then, the villagers have gathered and stored the stones, identifying the flat one as female and the round one as male.

To preserve this knowledge, the story continues to be passed down from one generation to the next.

The Legend of Hornbill

-Asha Tep

Once upon a time, there was a
boy named
Kivigho...



and a girl named
Kahuli.

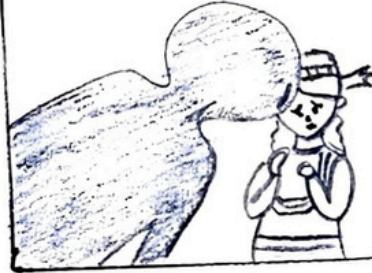


They were in love.



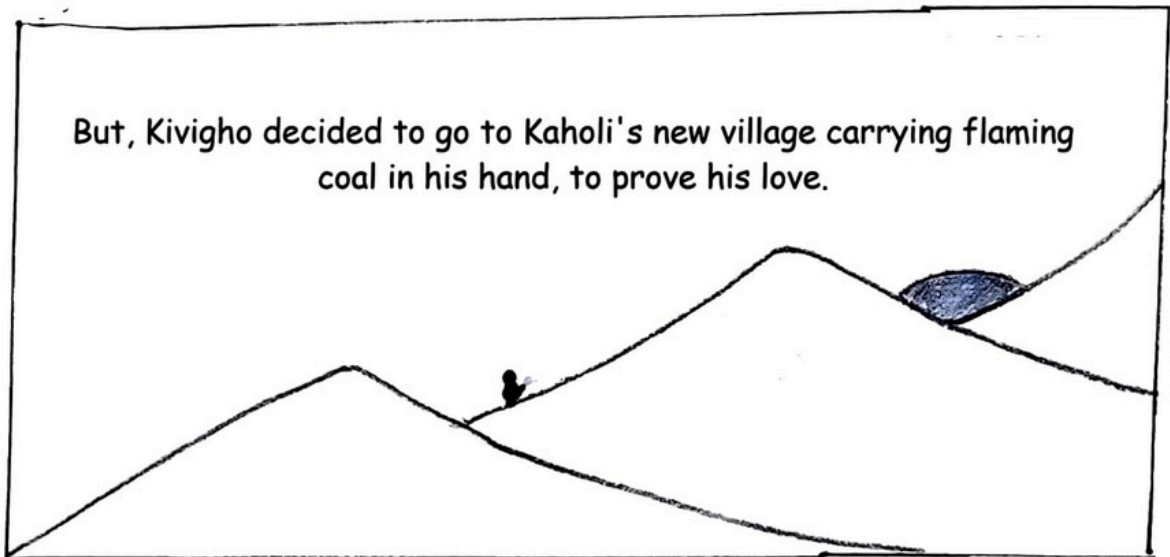
But, Kahuli belonged to a wealthy
family, whereas, Kivigho was poor.

Eventually, Kahuli got married to a man from another village.



Kivigho was devastated.

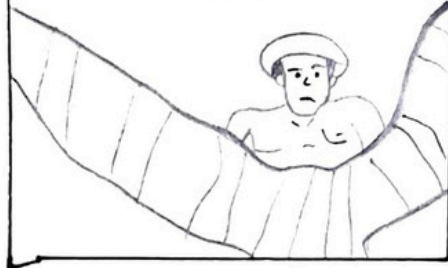
But, Kivigho decided to go to Kaholi's new village carrying flaming coal in his hand, to prove his love.



On reaching the village, he saw Kahuli coming out of her house. Kivigho calls her out. Kahuli instantly recognized his voice and planned to elope to their native village.

On their way, Kahuli felt hungry and Kivigho swiftly climbed a tree to pluck some fruits.

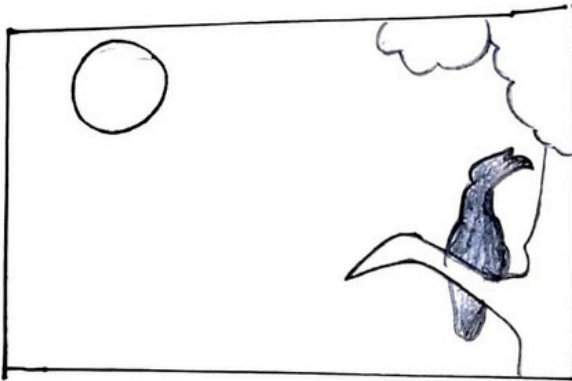
but, couldn't make his way down.



Confused about what to do next...



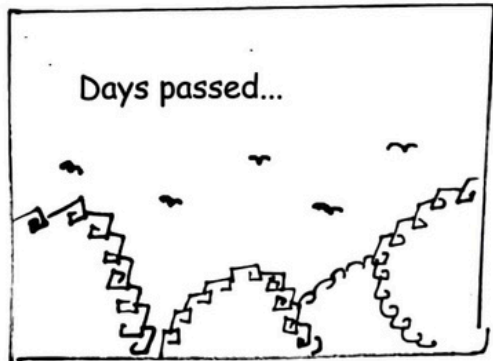
Kivigho slowly transformed into a hornbill bird.



He told Kahuli to come out and look for him whenever people talks about an exquisite bird.

Heart broken, Kahuli went back to her husband's village.

Days passed...

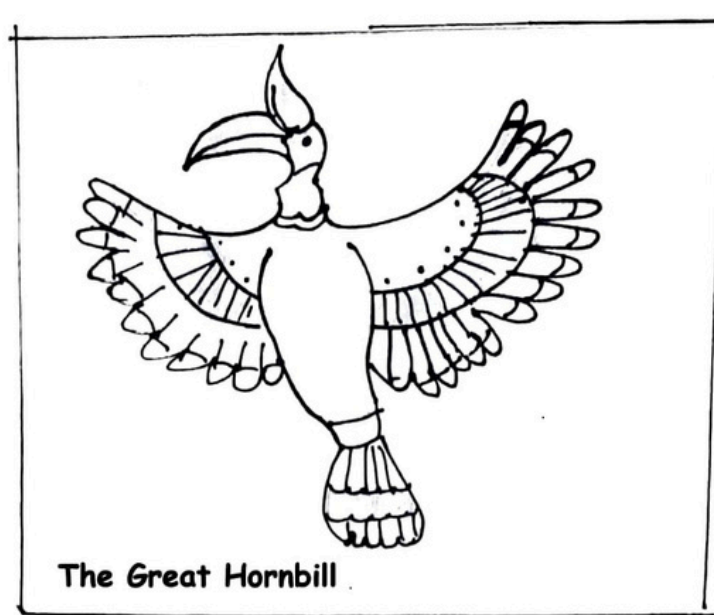


One day, people started talking about a rare bird flying in the sky.

Kahuli came out in a hurry and saw it too.



The most colorful, beautiful and unique bird the village had ever seen.

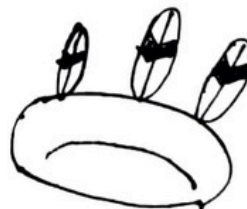


Suddenly, a feather fell on Kahuli and she kept it with her throughout her life.



Made of bear's fur as a generational symbol of never-ending love and affection.

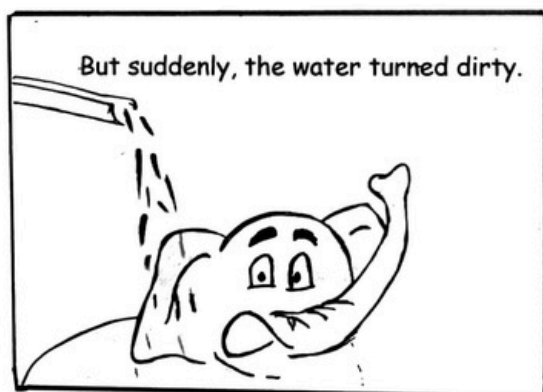
To this day, every tribe in Nagaland uses a hornbill feather as their traditional head gear.

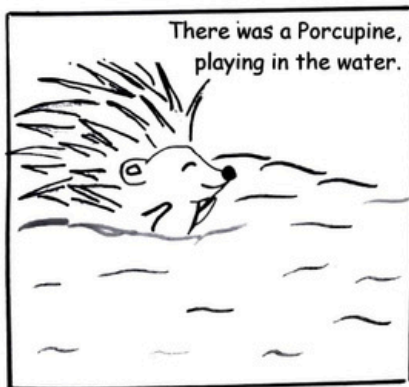


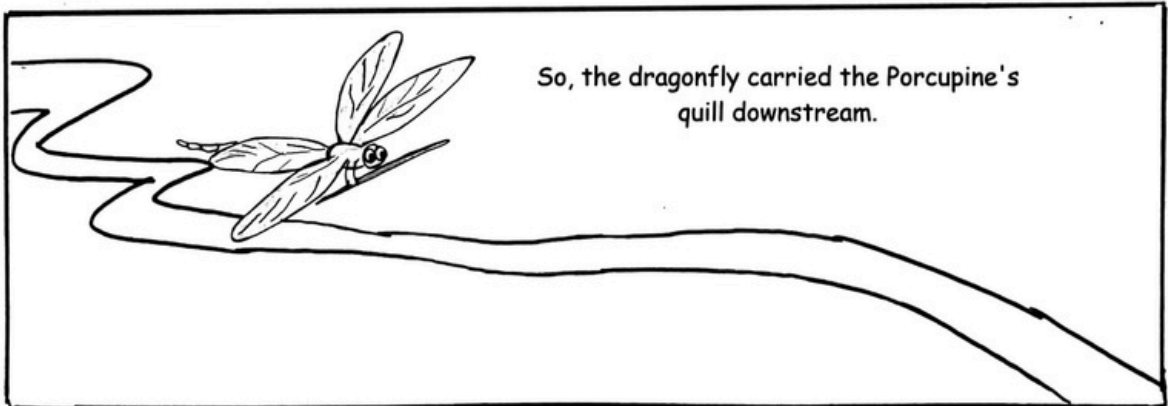
And, as they say, where there is love there is hope.

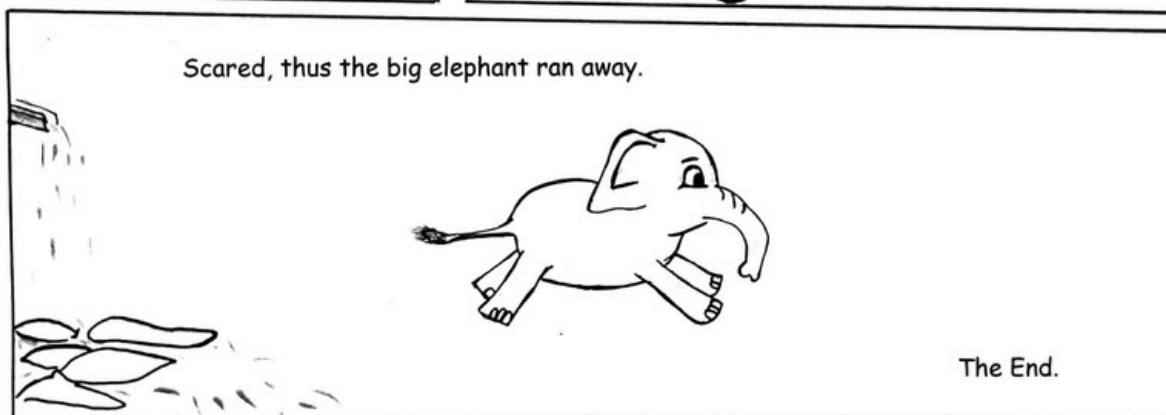
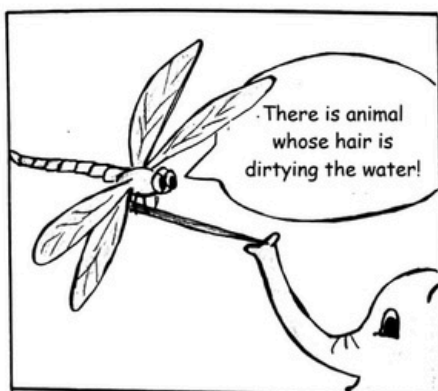
Elephant and Porcupine

-Vikerhenuo Veyie







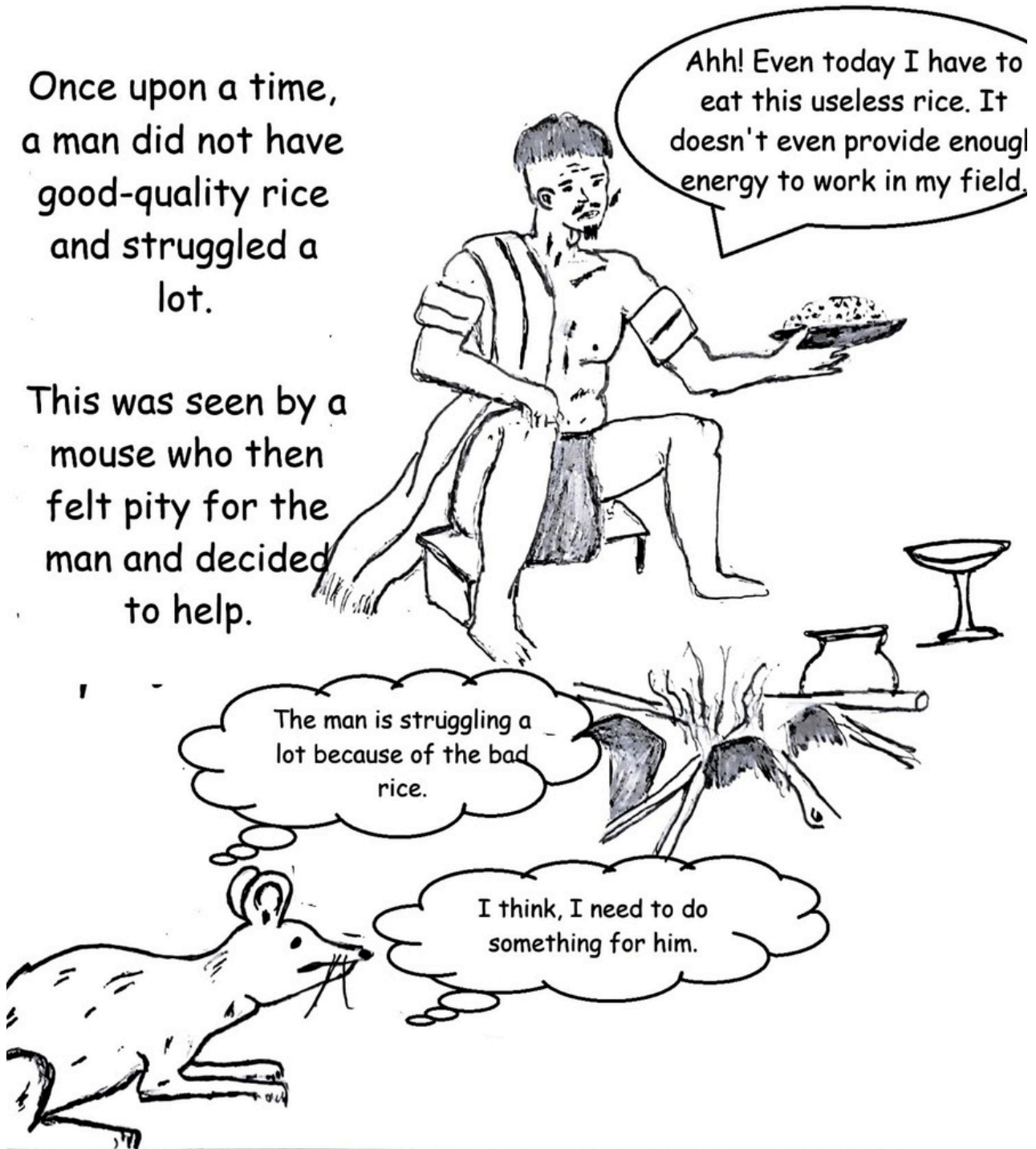


The Mouse and Man

-Aotemsu Longkumer

Once upon a time,
a man did not have
good-quality rice
and struggled a
lot.

This was seen by a
mouse who then
felt pity for the
man and decided
to help.



The mouse approached
the man.



If I bring you some
good quality grain how
would you treat me
when I die?

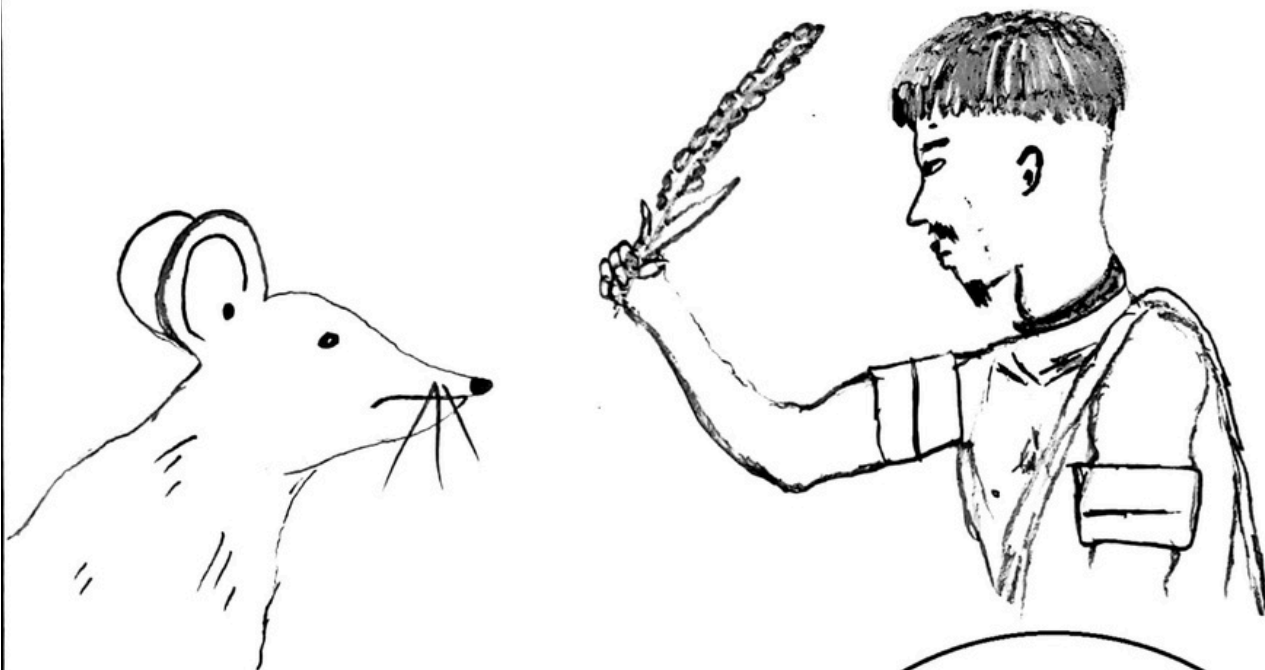
When you die, we will
wrap your body in a fine
warrior Shawl in a
dignified way and keep
your graveyard clean.

The mouse was
delighted by the man's
words and swam across
the mighty river.



And brought the finest paddy seed from the other
shore.

The mouse handed the seed to the man.



Do not forget the promise you made, my friend. And as promised, this is a good quality seed from across the mighty river.

Thank you so much, my little friend. And worry not, I will always keep my word.

The man was very happy and sowed the paddy seeds in the field, which later yielded a bountiful harvest.

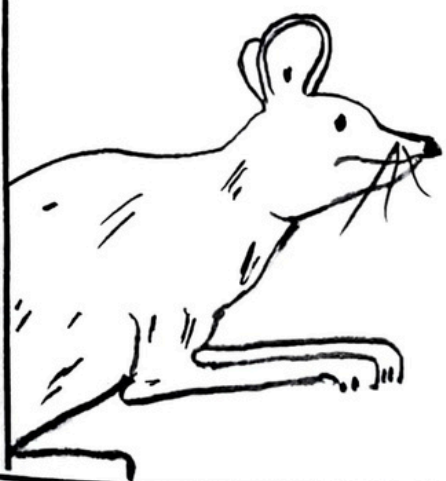
The rice was white and had an aromatic fragrance.

From then on, the man enjoyed satisfying meals.



Seeing the man's
contentment, the
mouse thought of
testing the man.

Ahh! This aroma
is so good!



The man is looking
happy now, I should
test his words.

One fine day,
the mouse
pretended to be
dead at the
entrance of the
man's door.

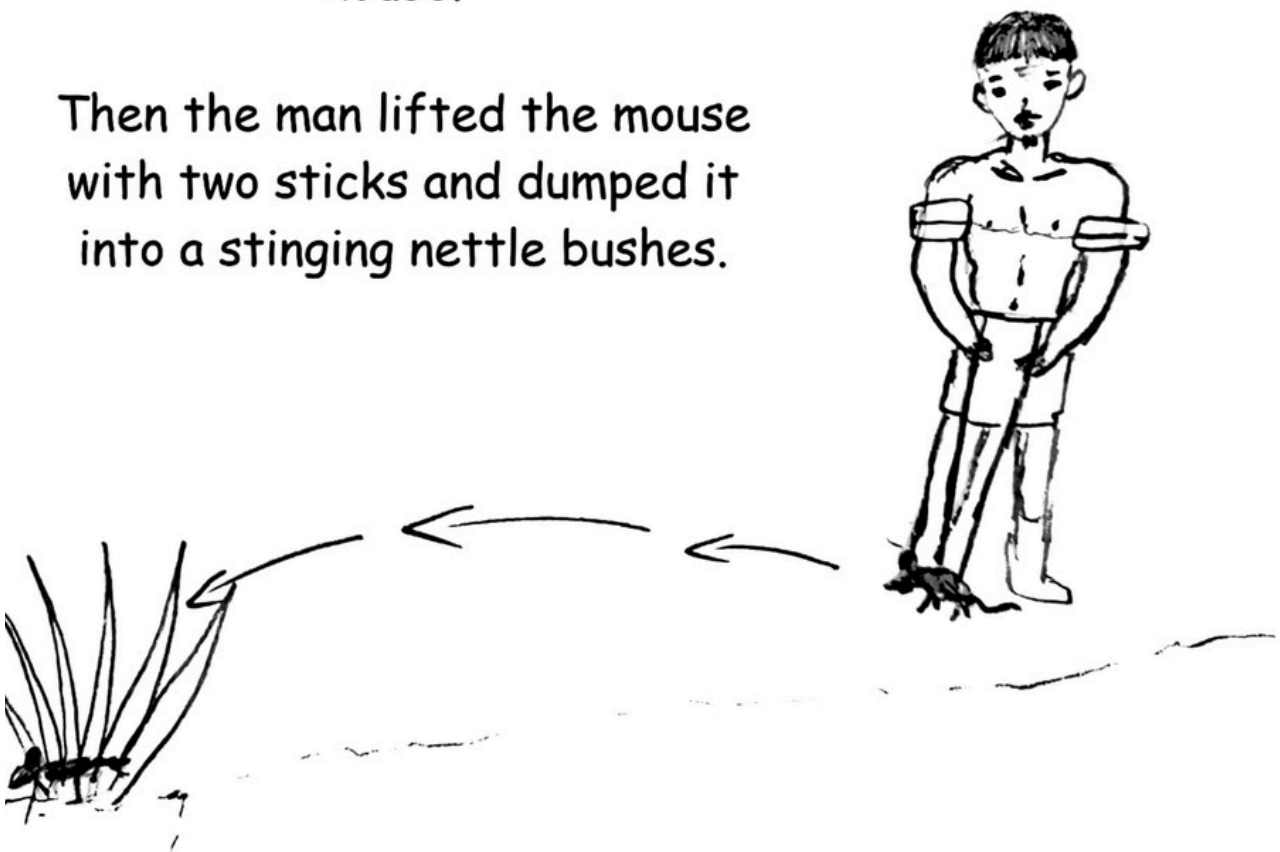
But the result
was not a
pleasant one for
the mouse.



When the man saw it, he quickly picked up two sticks and said,

"Chi!! a disgusting mouse is lying dead, dirtying the entire house."

Then the man lifted the mouse with two sticks and dumped it into a stinging nettle bushes.

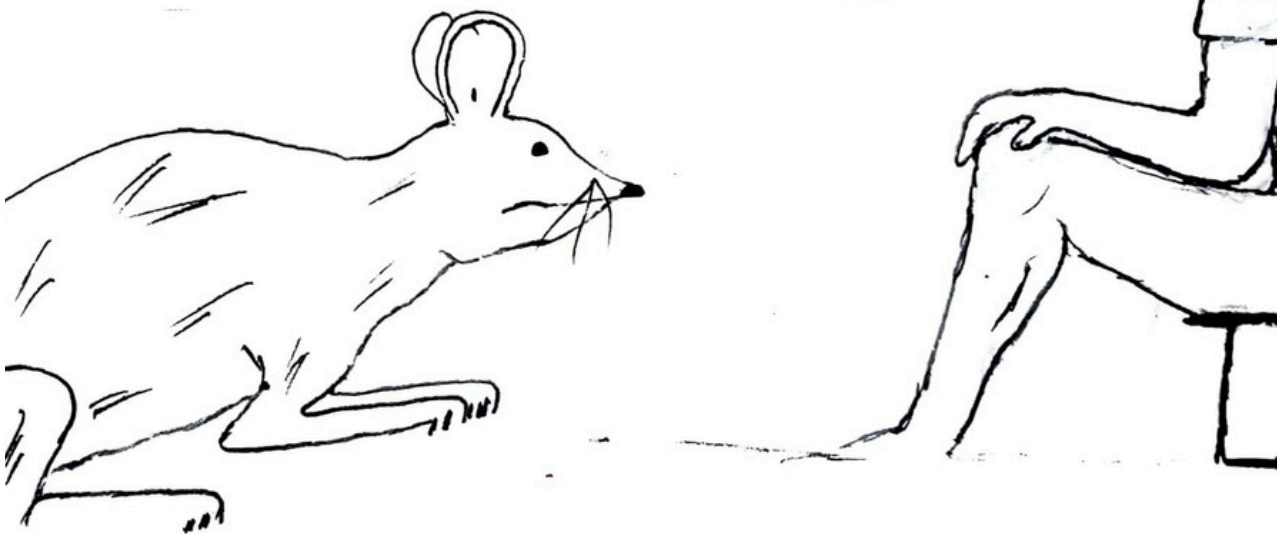


After a while, the mouse with bitter resentment came to the man
and said

What happened to your promise!?

Didn't you say that, when I die, you will honour me by
wrapping my body in a fine warrior's shawl!?

But today, you crushed and dumped me into the bushes
of stinging nettle.



And told the man that, you have deceived me. From today
onwards, over the rice, in the grain storing basket, in the pots
and on all other food itmes. I will eat first and leave the
leftovers.

WHICH WE CAN ALSO SEE TODAY.

MORALS:

1. We should always do what we have promised to others.
- (2. We should never forget those who helped us in times of our need.

The Tale of Sentishila

-Yashijungla

THE TALE OF SENTISHILA

Once upon a time, there lived a beautiful girl named Sentishila in the village of Nokpu. She was a kind woman with good qualities and everyone in the village admired her.



The Ahom's were close neighbours of the Nokpu's so they would often trade and exchange products especially daos/machetes.

One day, when the servants of the Ahom king were passing by Nokpu village and saw Sentishila drying grains outside her home. They were instantly struck by her beauty and told the Ahom king of the existence of such a beautiful woman. The king then ordered his servants to go and fetch her for marriage.



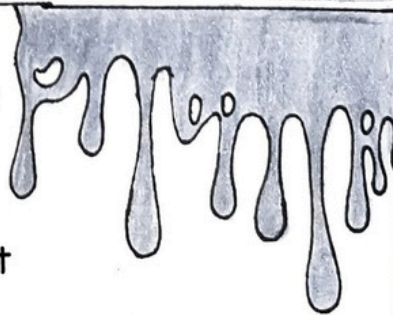
It so happened that when Sentishila was home alone, the Ahom people sent a trained bird to lure her out of her home. The bird had bells on its feet which made her chase after the bird and was caught by the Kings servants who were waiting nearby the village gate.



It is said that Sentishila was carried on the arms of the Ahom servants, her feet never once touching the ground on the way to the Ahom village.

Soon after Sentishila was abducted, the father returned from the fields only to find his daughter missing. Upon hearing about the incident, he was enraged and took out his dao/machete and headed straight for the Ahom village.

While on his way to retrieve his daughter, he slaughtered countless men that even his palm stuck to the machete. He could only open his palm when he washed his hands with pigeon blood during his short stay at Sibsagar.



The father finally arrived at the Ahom village. He asked for her daughter back but the Ahom king tried to persuade him for her hand in marriage and promised to give him a certain area of land (which is currently inhabited by the Ao nagas). After hearing the proposal and the Ahom kings' plea, the father agreed to his terms .

Today, a school has been set up and still exists in the village of Nokpu in the name of Sentishila.

Through this story we learn that the assets of others which we want or find attractive shouldn't be acquired by force or without permission, they should be asked for or acquired through good terms which would give out better results.



Illustrated and
Submitted by:
Yashijungla

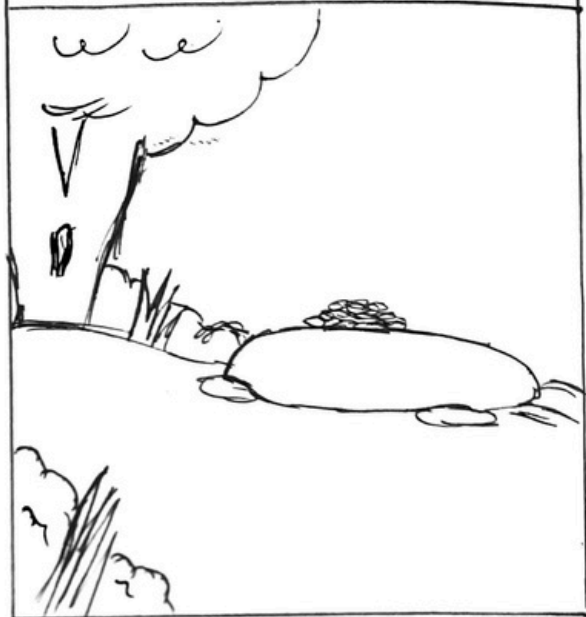
The Three Brothers

-Inakato Zhimo

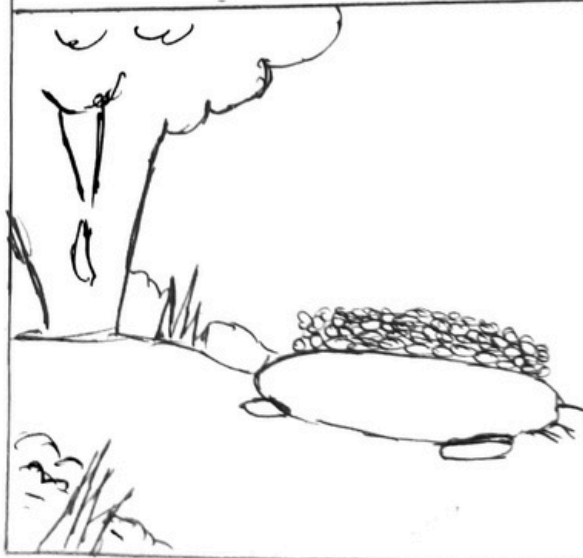
THE THREE BROTHERS

**Chakhesang,
Angami, and
Sumi**

Once upon a time, there was a flat magical stone.



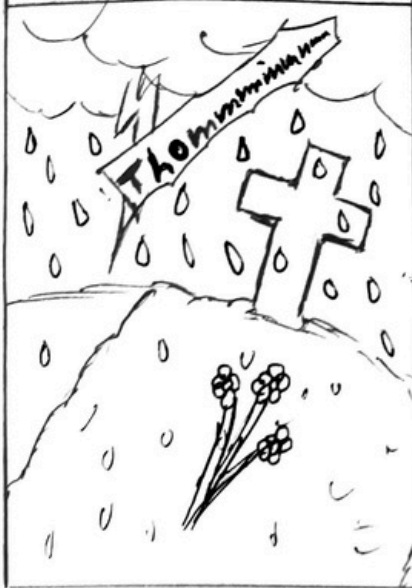
It was believed to be a magical stone because when people placed rice on it, by nightfall, the quantity would become double the amount of what they had placed on the stone.



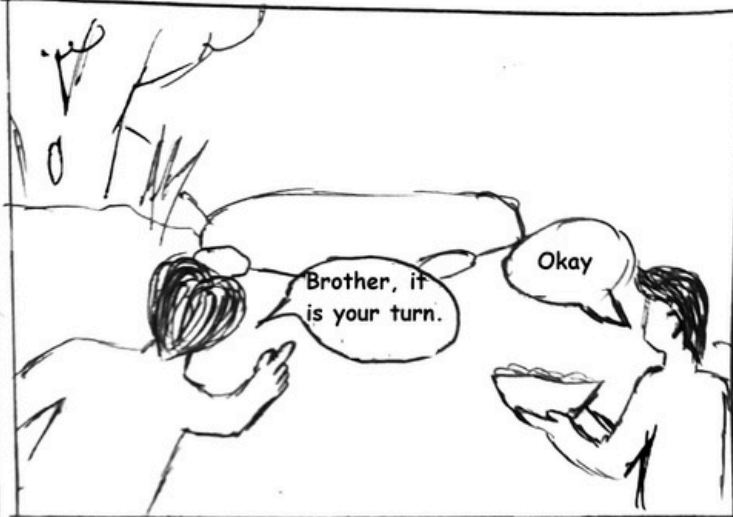
It was known that the first man to settle down in Khezhakenoma village was a man named Koza and his wife named Kola. They had three sons- Chakhesang, the oldest; Angami, the second; and Sumi, the youngest.



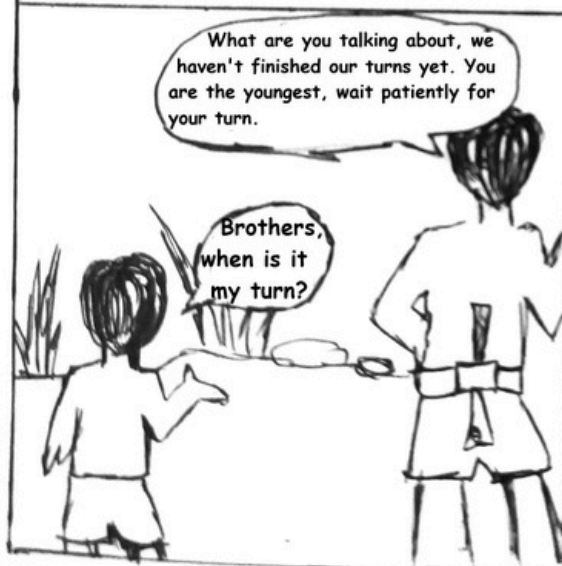
One day their Father sadly passed away.



After that the two older brothers took turns to use the magical stone but left the younger brother out.



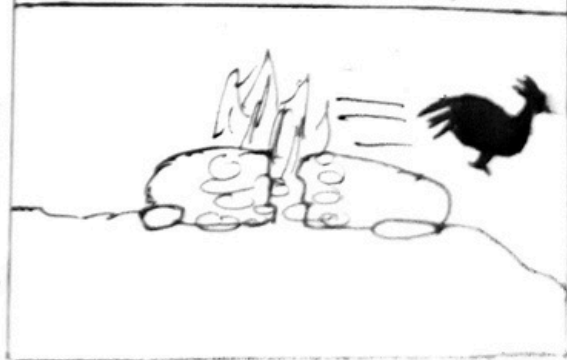
The Mother came to know of this unfair means and knew that one day they would fight over the stone.

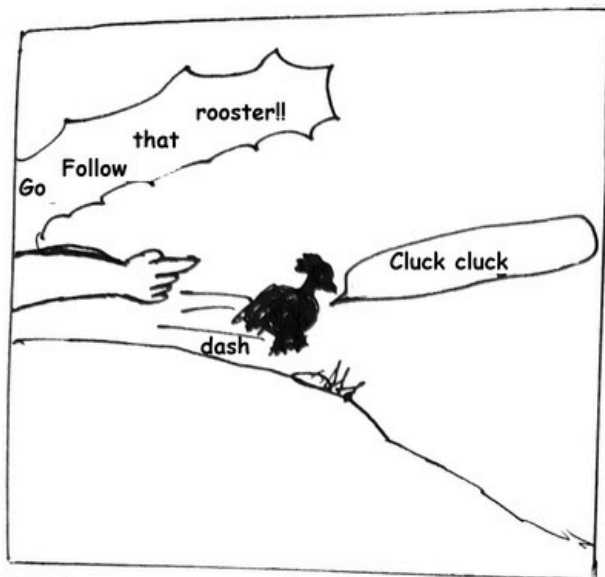


She decided to destroy the stone and started a fire on top of the stone.



The stone cracked into two parts and out came a rooster from the cracked stones and it was making its way towards the Doyang river.





According to Khezha Kakeho (village elders), Sumi first migrated from Khezhakenoma to other places and settled in present day Sumi areas.

The mother knowing that the youngest son had been wronged, advised the youngest to follow the rooster, as it was a sign of good luck.



THE END.

The Magical Drum of the Sumi Tribe

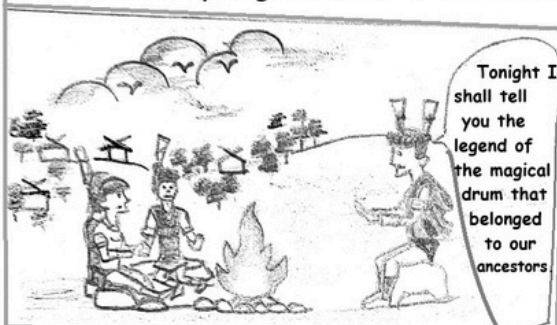
-Nikito Assumi

THE MAGICAL DRUM OF THE SUMI TRIBE

Characters:

1. Ato - wise elder
2. Mola - young and adventurous
3. Tolha - Mola's mischievous friend
4. Itolu - a mysterious spirit of the forest

One evening, Ato sat by the fire and addressed the young members of the tribe.



Okay, Ato, please tell us, we are eager to know the story.



It is believed that the drums were a gift from Itolu, the spirit of the forest. Our ancestors used it to communicate with spirits and seek their guidance.



The drum sadly, has been lost, and only those pure of heart and intentions can hope to wield its power.

Can we find that drum and summon Itolu?



Then we must embark on an adventure to find the drum and bring it back to the village.

Yes, let us go on an adventure and prove ourselves worthy of the drum's magic.

But heed my words, the journey will not be easy, but with courage and respect for the spirit of the forest you may succeed.





As the fire crackled and the night deepened, the young members headed back to their homes for a restful night. Inspired by the legend of the magical drum and the wisdom of their elders, the young members slept with a new found determination to go on a quest and find the magical drum starting the next day.

The moral that this folktale emphasizes on is the importance of courage, wisdom and respect for nature and spiritual forces. It teaches us that true power comes from purity of the heart and noble intentions. The moral further encourages us to value our cultural heritage and honour our elders' wisdom.

Anishe Xamunu "The Girl Who became a Flower"

-Michelle v Zhimomi

ANISHE XAMUNU (THE GIRL WHO BECAME A FLOWER)

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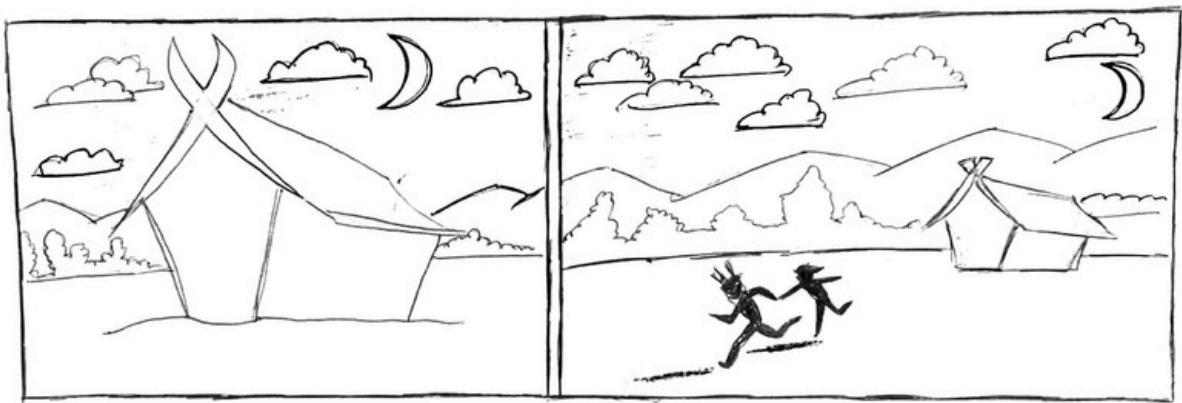
Once upon a time, there lived a very beautiful girl called Nisheli. She belonged to an affluent family in the village that they were staying in. There was a boy in the same village named Phio who was good looking but was poor. He deeply loved Nisheli. They grew up together and they both fell for one another. But they couldn't get married because of their different social standings. One day, Phio asked Nisheli to talk to their parents so that they could get married and live happily.



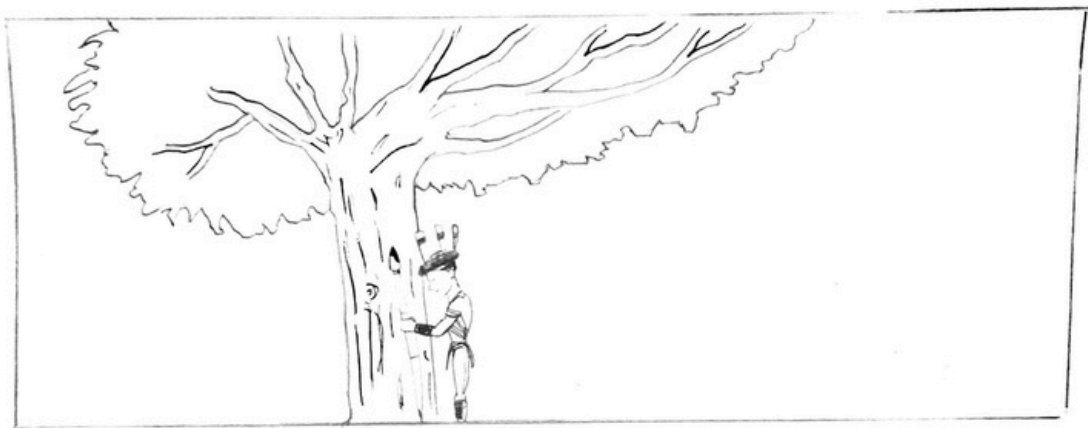
Nisheli already knew the answer but she mustered up her courage and went to talk to her parents, because she too loved Phio very much. Just as they had expected, they said no. They thought that Nisheli and Phio were too different in social standings and personalities and so they could not be together.



After the talk with Nisheli's parents the two lovers met at nighttime. They were determined to give their love a chance and so they devised a plan. Phio told Nisheli that when everybody is asleep, he will come and gently pat on her window signalling her to gather her things and come out of the house. They decided to run away and elope together. But unbeknownst to them someone was secretly listening to their plan. It was a sneaky person named Kutpa. Kutpa liked to do bad things to people and now he wanted the same for these two lovers.



The night to run away arrived and Kutpa reached Nisheli's house first and woke her up like she and Phio had discussed. Nisheli could not see in the dark but gathered her stuff and ran out the window into the forest, Kutpa right behind her. After walking for many miles in the dark, Nisheli got tired and wanted to rest but Kutpa, whom Nisheli thought was Phio, did not listen. As they made their way deeper into the forest, the sun came up. Nisheli realized that the man with her was not Phio at all! As soon as she realized this, Kutpa grabbed her and told Nisheli to forget the other man as he would be able to make her a happier woman. But Nisheli refuses which angers Kutpa and tied her to a tree in the middle of the forest. He took out a sharp knife and hurt her. As a result, Nisheli died and her blood seeped into the ground. But something surprising happened, a beautiful flower appeared and grew from where Nisheli's blood fell; and it became a symbol of her sad story.



Nisheli's disappearance was made known to the entire village. Phio and the parents all looked for her but they gave up all hope. Some days later Phio and his friends went hunting. They couldn't catch a single game that day and a big storm had rolled over the entire area. They found shelter under the same tree that Nisheli was killed on. To the men's amazement, the plant that grew from Nisheli's blood only protected Phio from the rain with its leaves. Curious, Phio plucked one of its petals and heard words coming out of the flower petal. He listened closely and suddenly had a vision that seemed like a dream. In this dream, Nisheli appeared to him and asked him to look at the petal he was holding. There was blood! He realized that the plant was Nisheli. Phio was heartbroken to know this, he could not bear the pain of losing Nisheli. He started getting ill and became very sad and reclusive that after a few days Phio also died.

The plant that sheltered Phio from the rain was called Anishe Xamunu or Anishe's flowers to remember the tragic love story of Nisheli and Phio.

THE END.

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