

Mukti's Marvel



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Story influence: Tahnani Dapha Khalah

Text: Pushpa Palanchoke

Editors: Pranab Man Singh & Suvani Singh

Illustrations: Shubha Joshi

Layouts: Raül Tidor

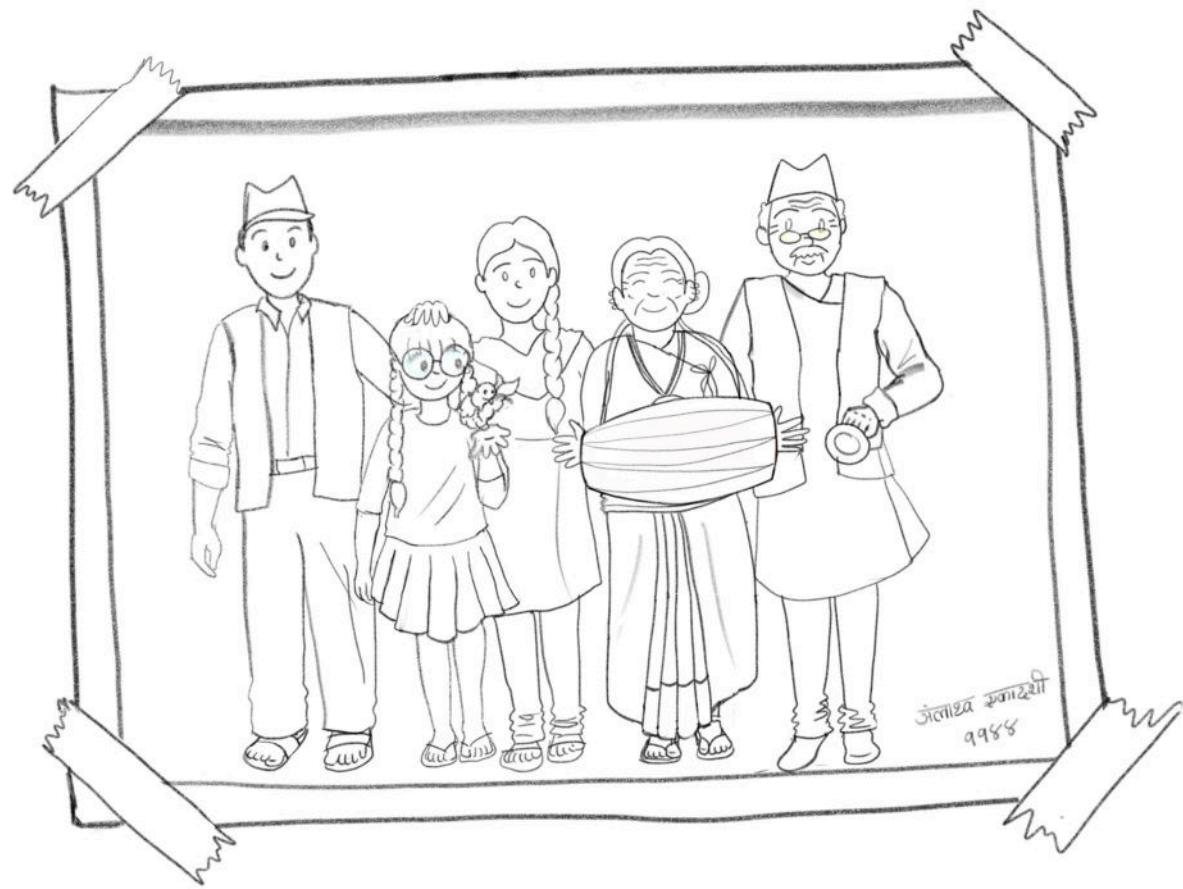
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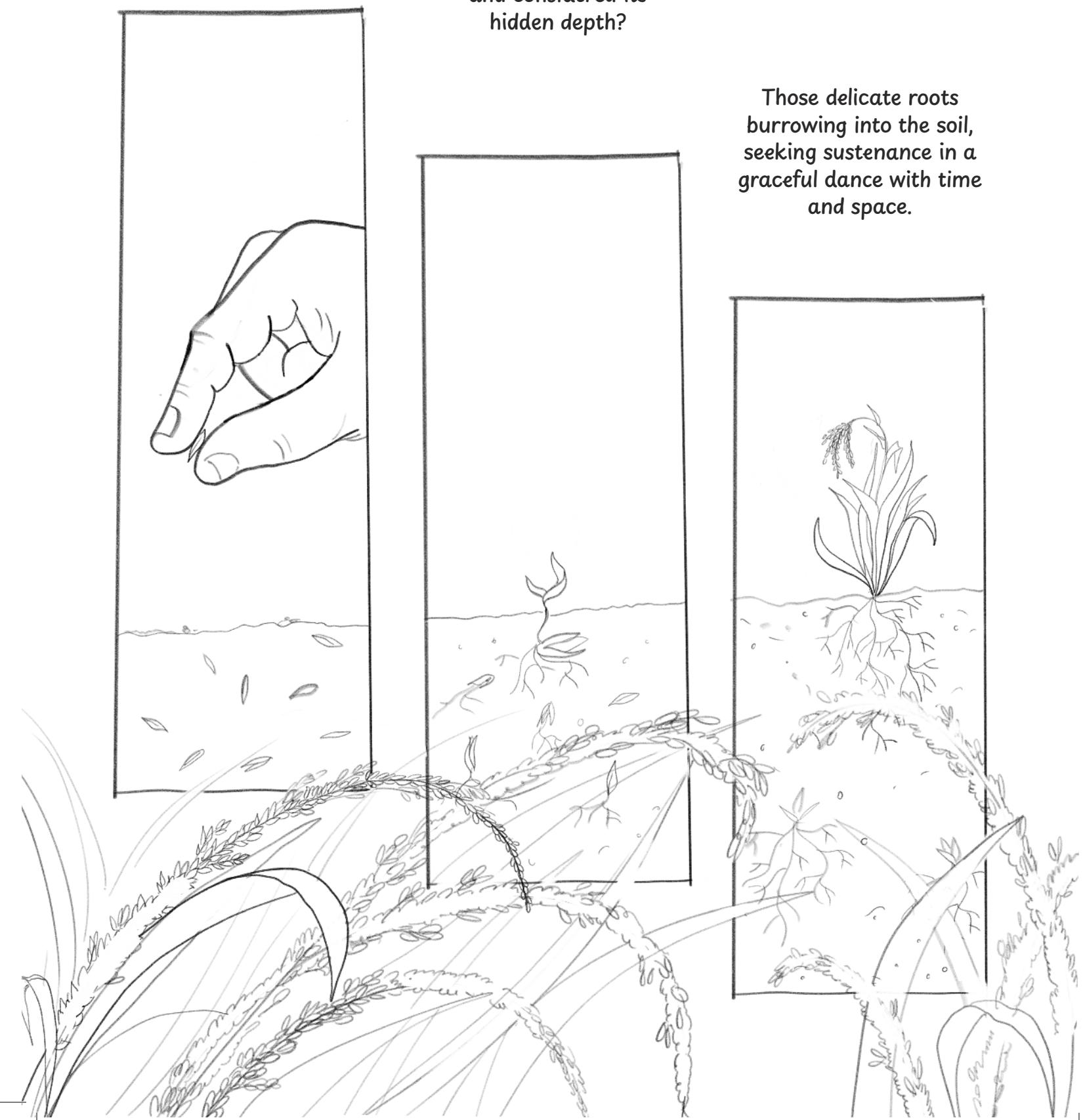
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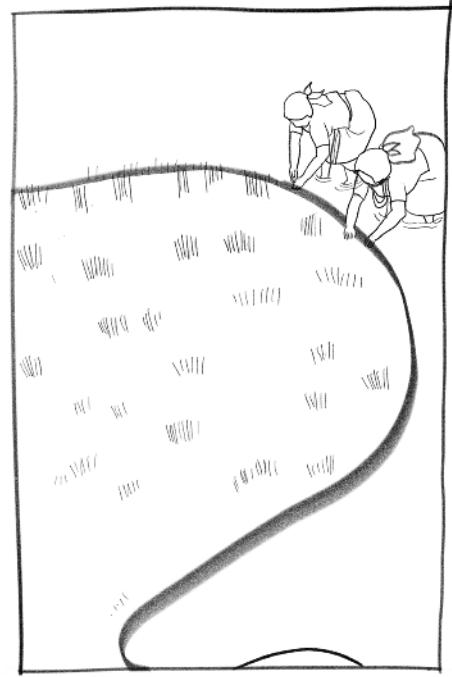
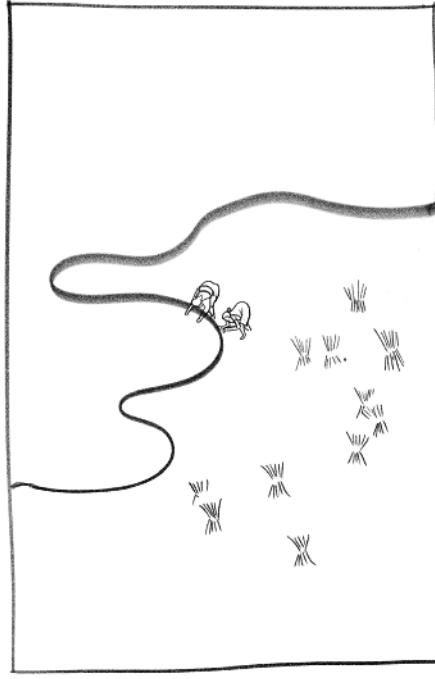


Have you ever witnessed
a seed being planted
in the fertile embrace of
the earth?

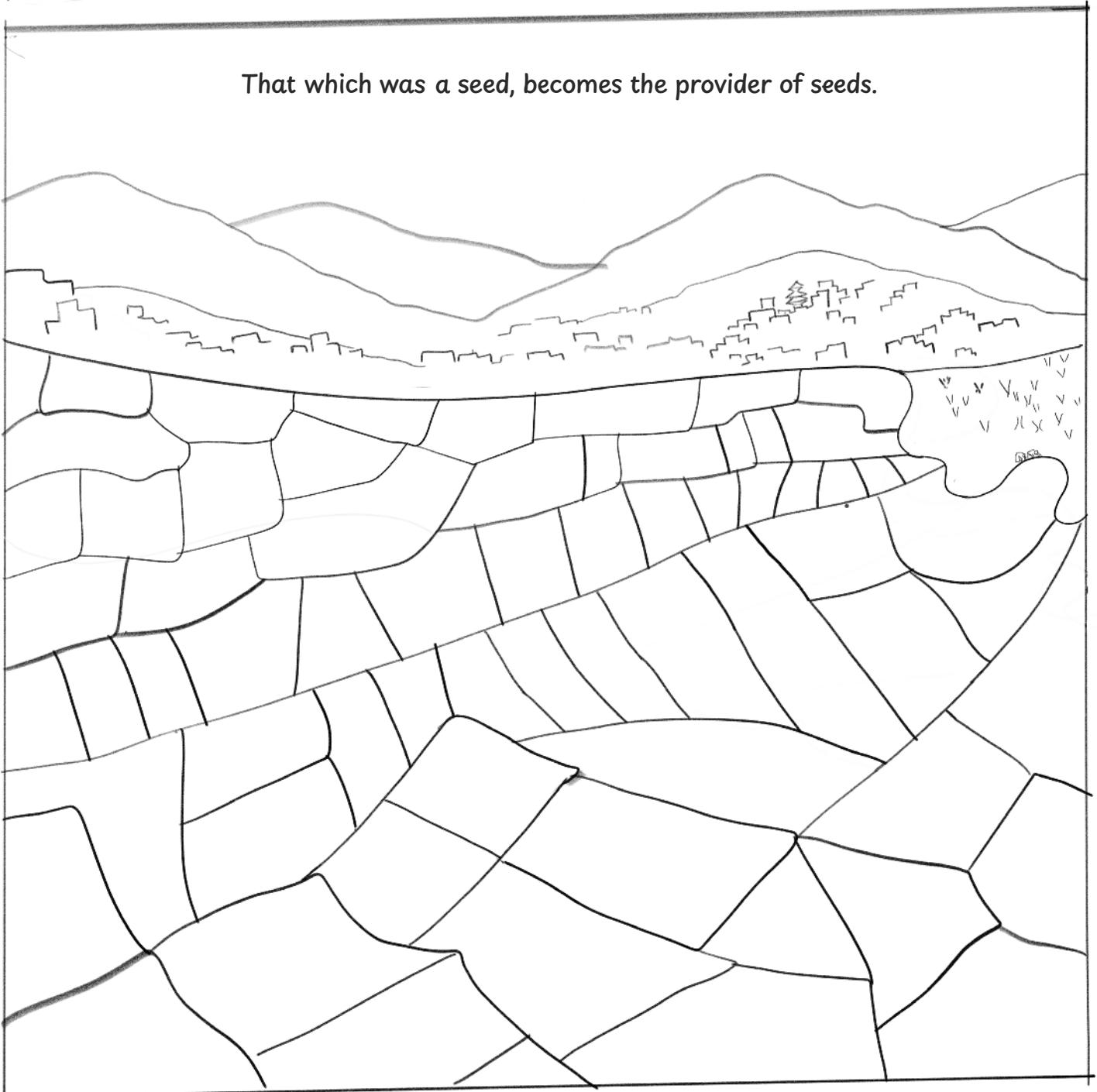
Marveled the tender
sprouts that emerge,
reaching for the sun
and considered its
hidden depth?

Those delicate roots
burrowing into the soil,
seeking sustenance in a
graceful dance with time
and space.

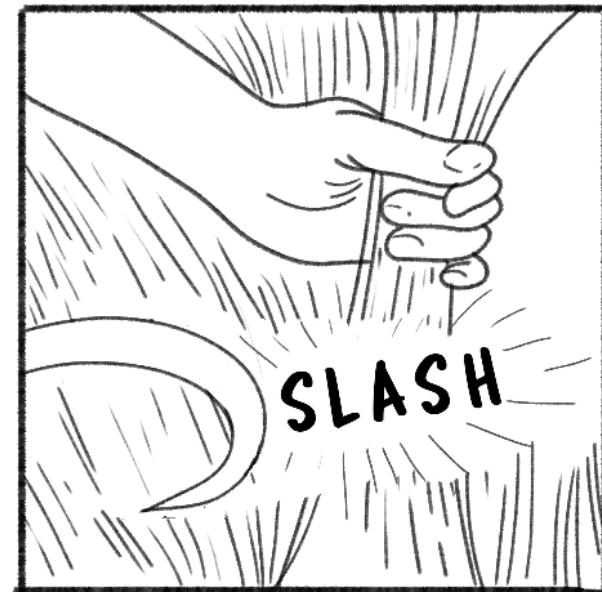
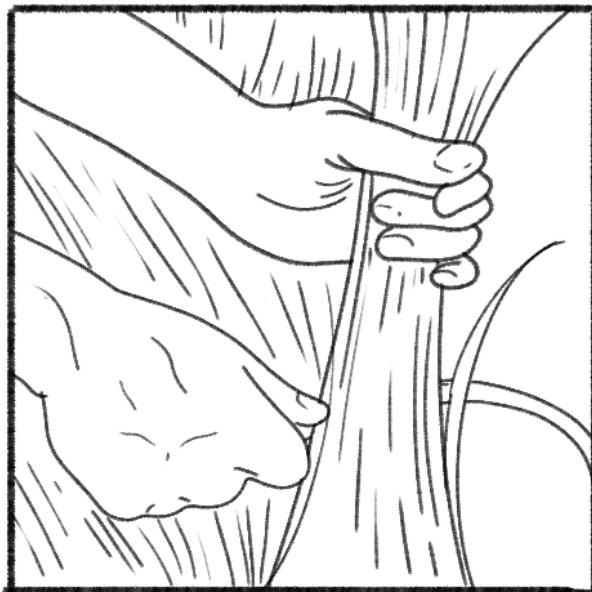


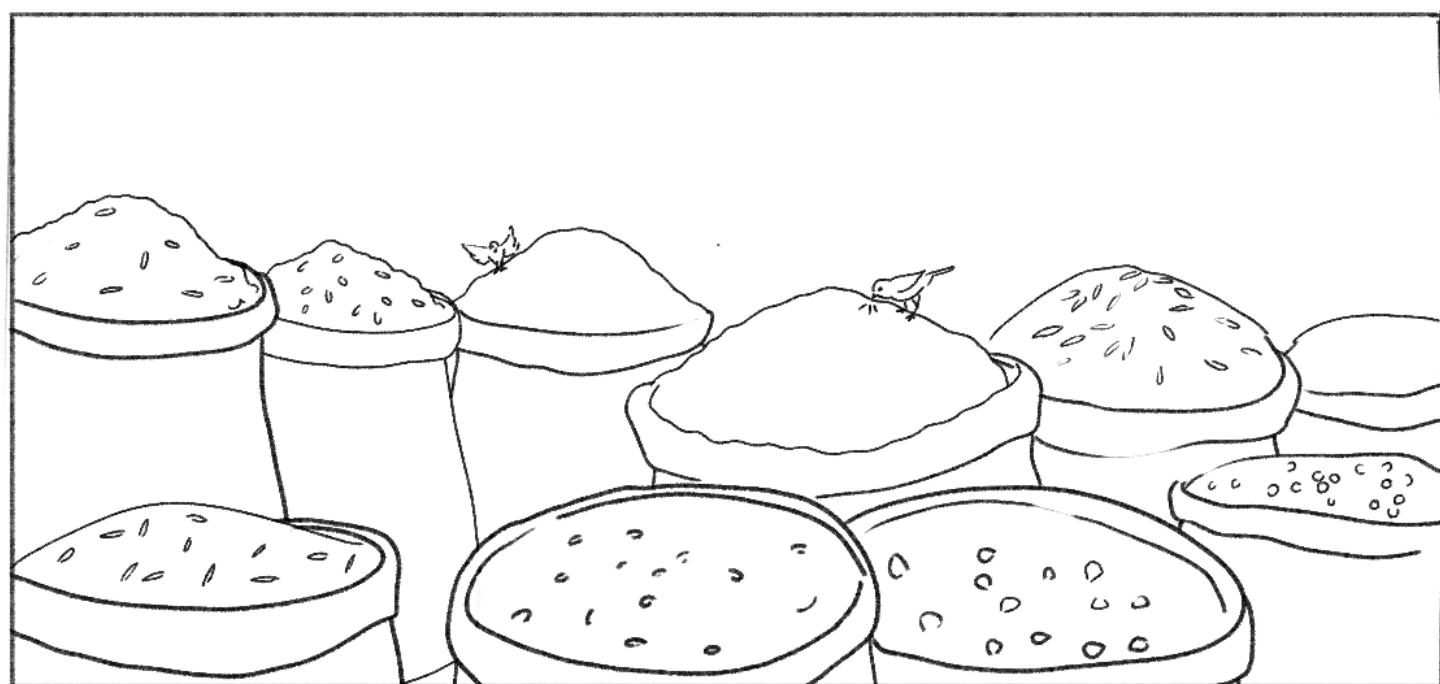


That which was a seed, becomes the provider of seeds.



In the month of Yanla, the townspeople collect their harvest and feast upon the rewards of their labour. I still remember the smell of the freshly cut grass and the contentment that follows after a delicious meal.

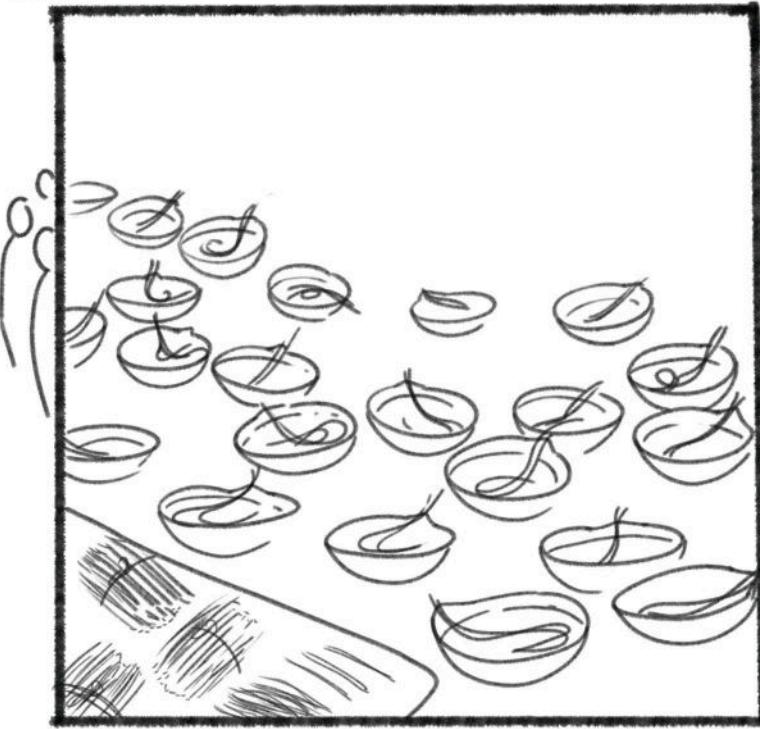
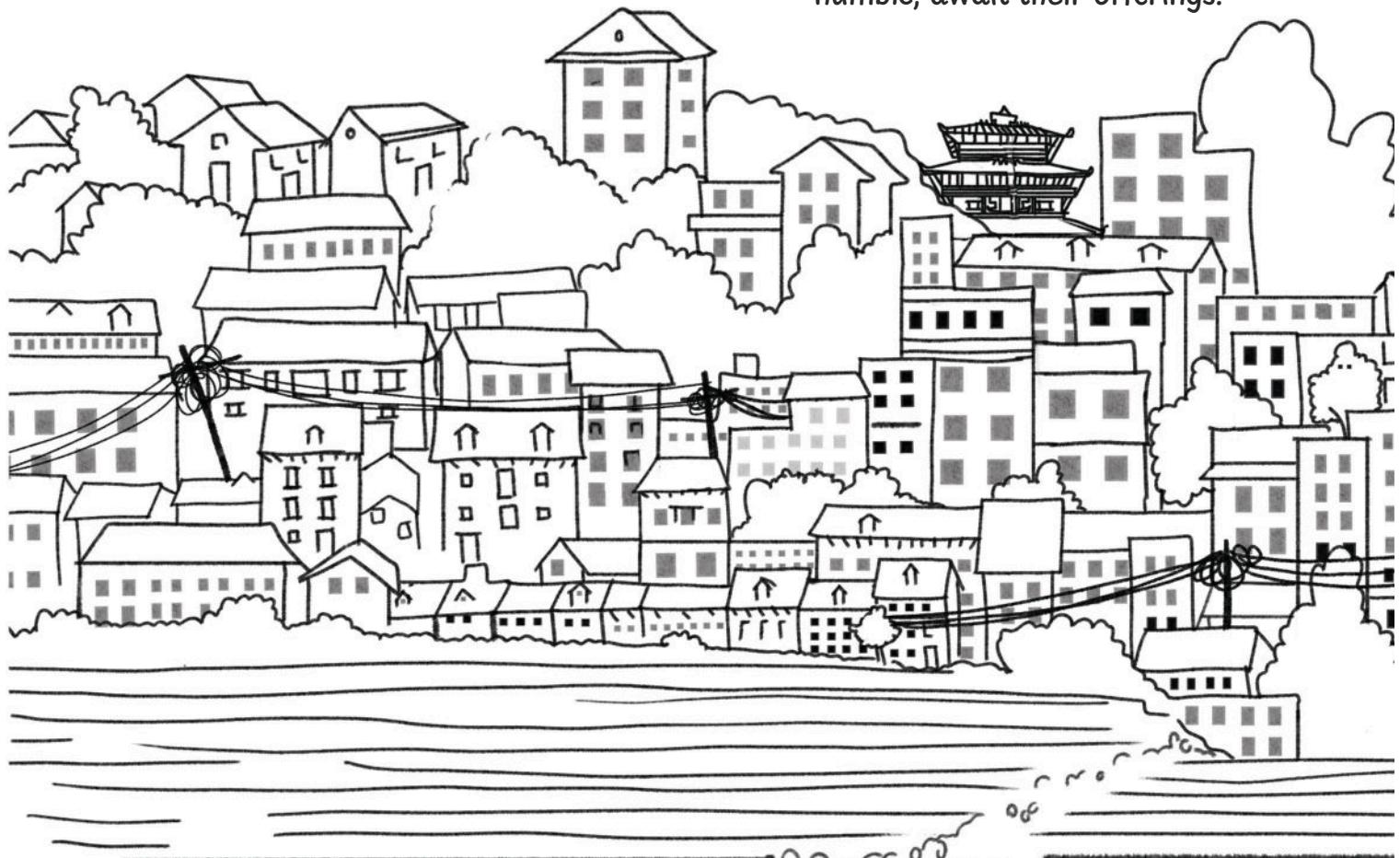




Once a week, during Yanla, townspeople embark on the pi sieka waniu, a sacred musical procession.

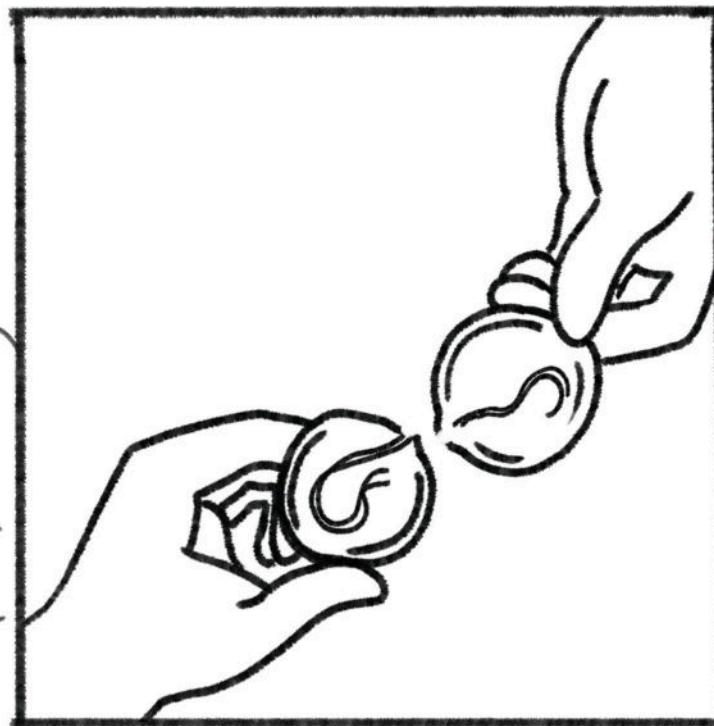
Singing and praying, bright oil lamps lighting the way, they circumambulate the town.

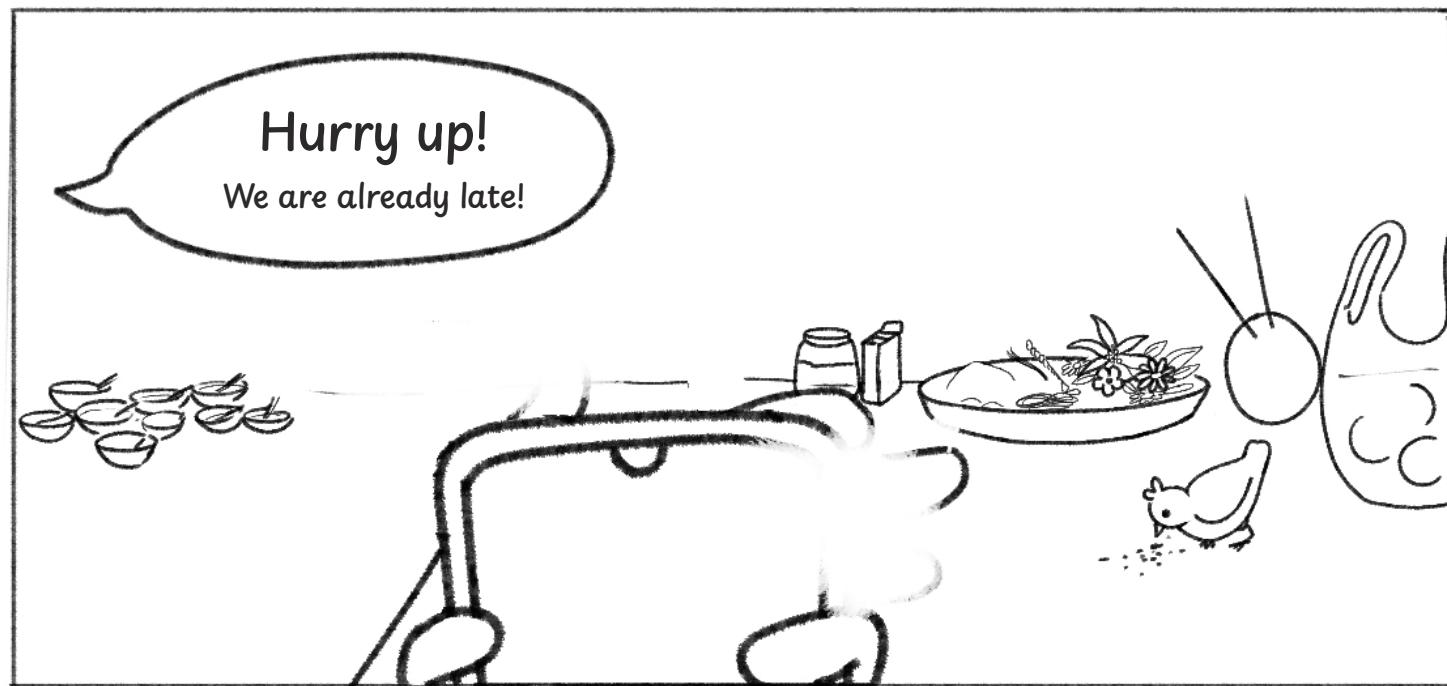
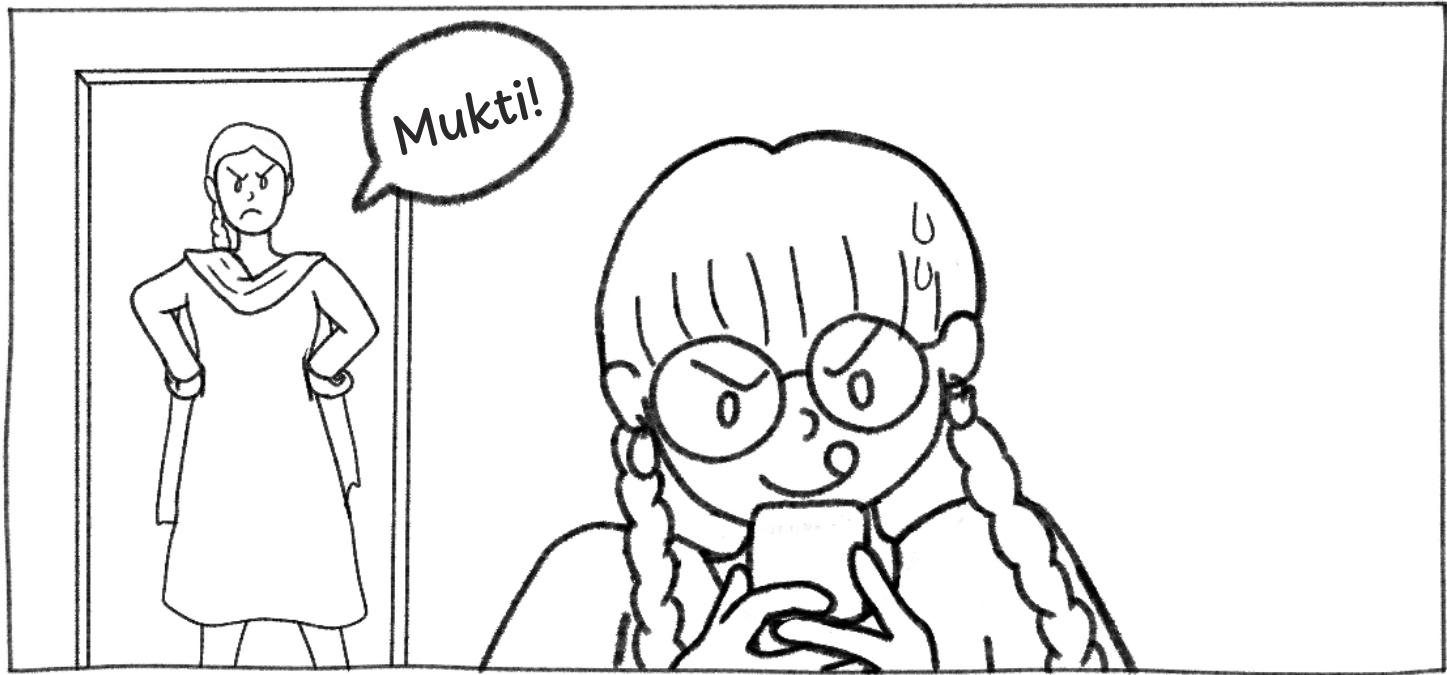
Shrines, both grand and humble, await their offerings.



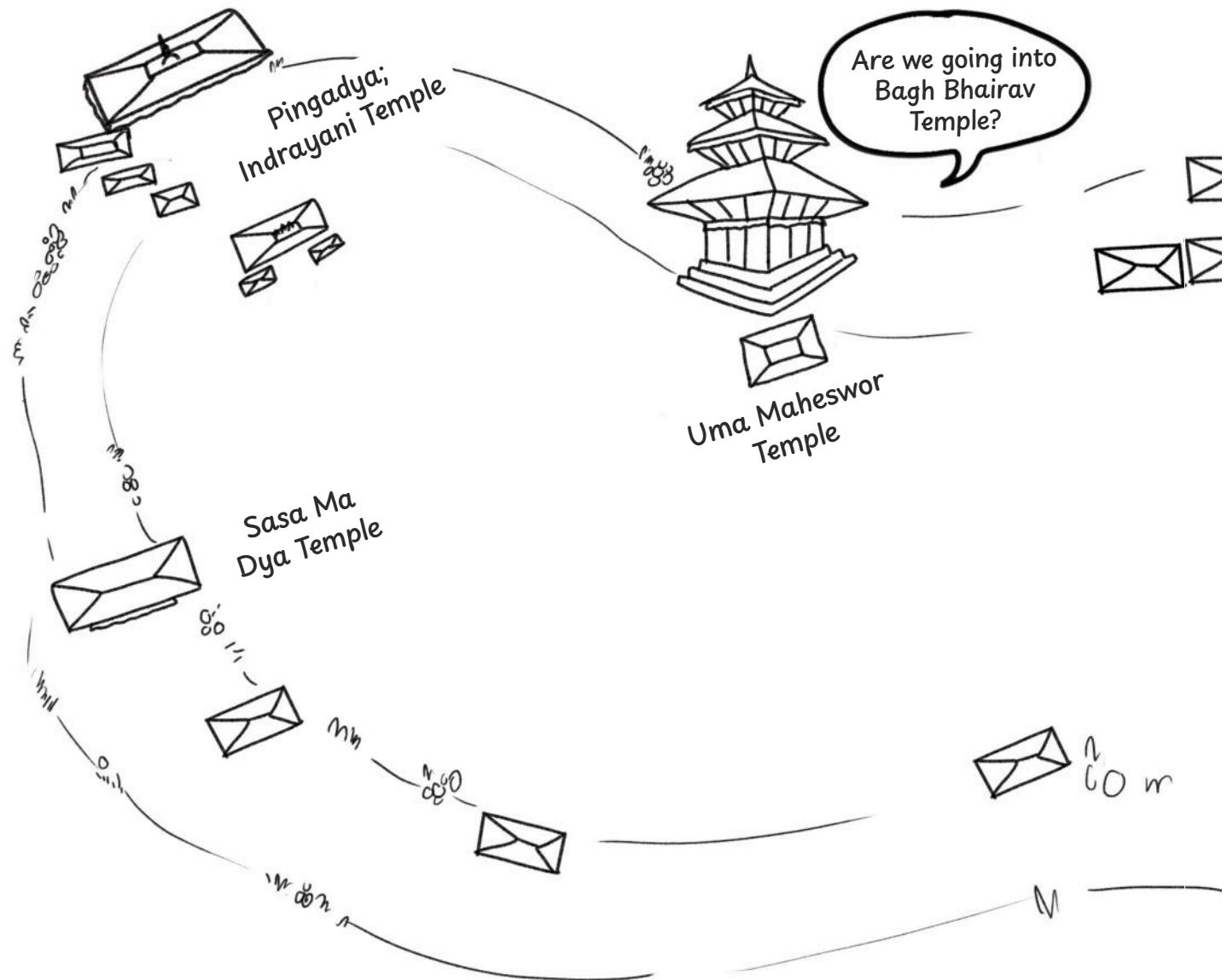
Music and songs bringing together the gods enshrined within their homes to the cosmic deities that safeguard the entire community.

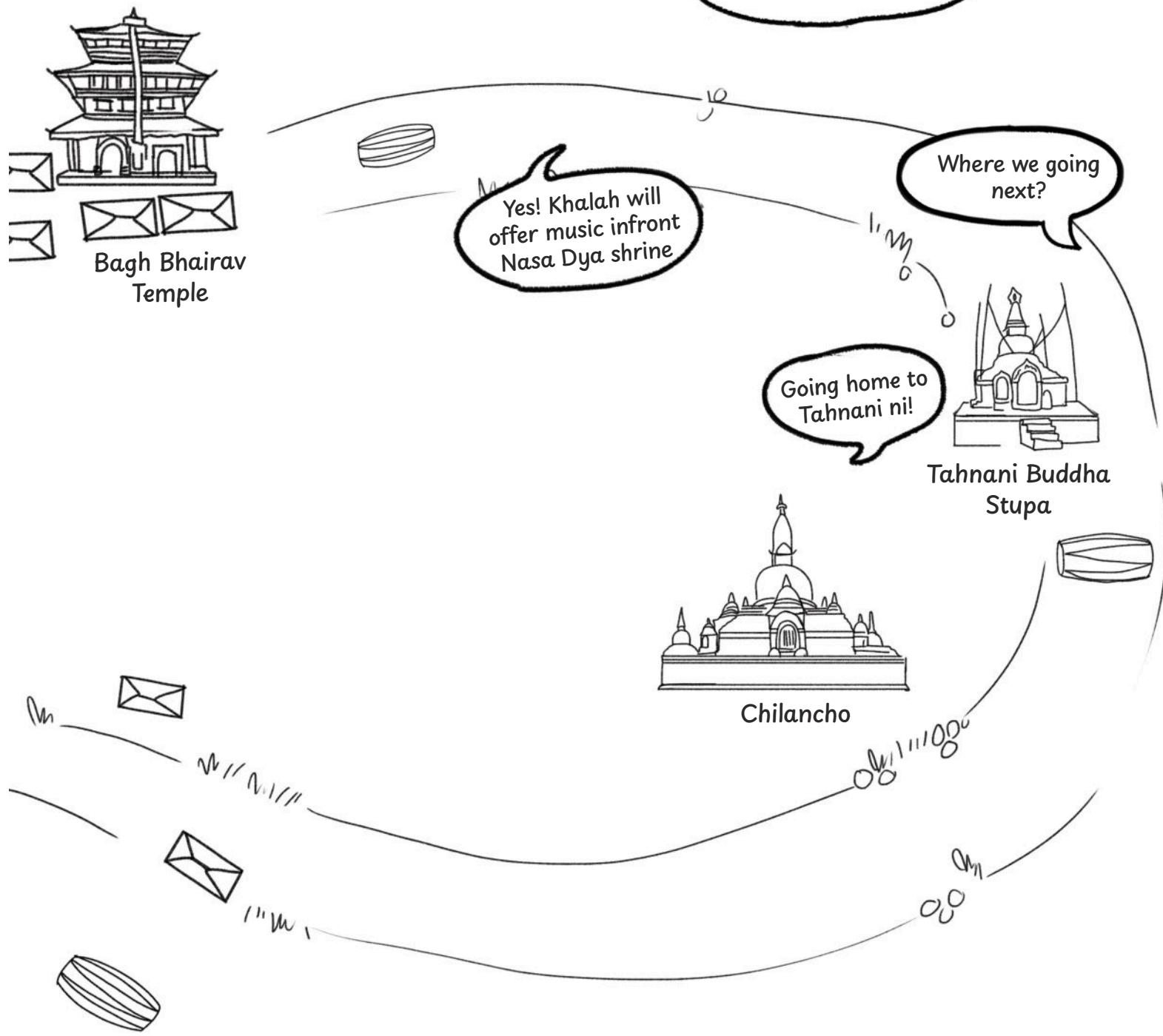
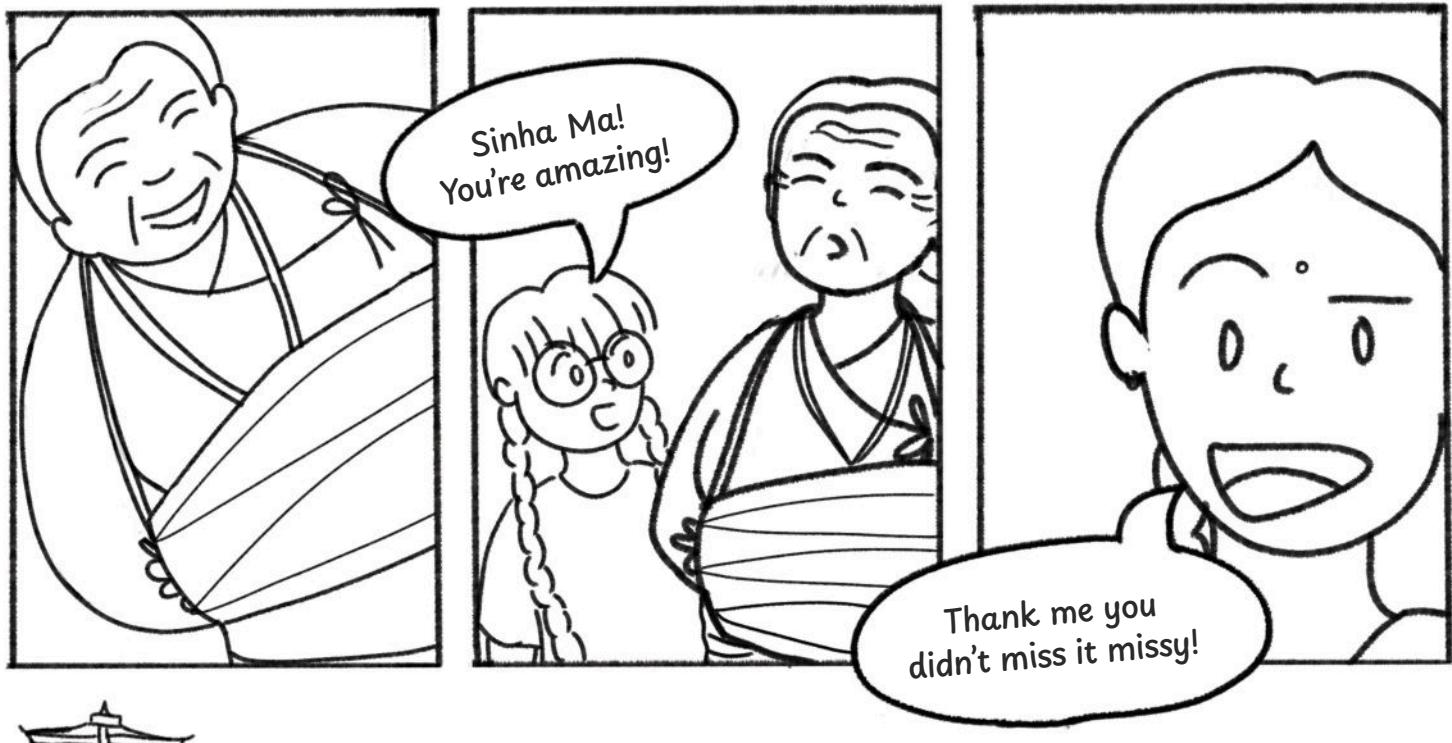
And it is in this town that our story starts with a precocious young girl named...

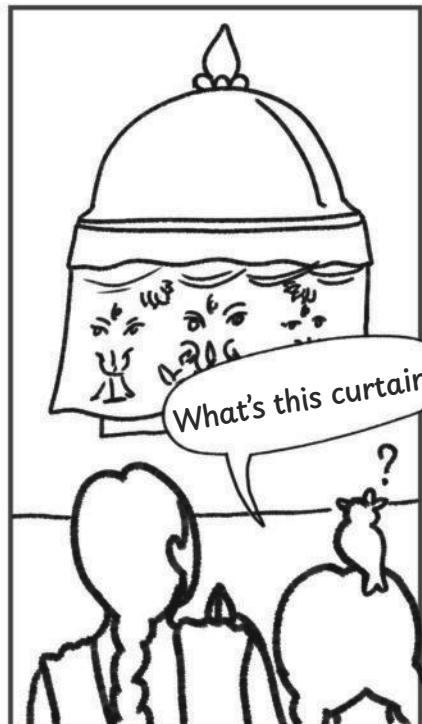
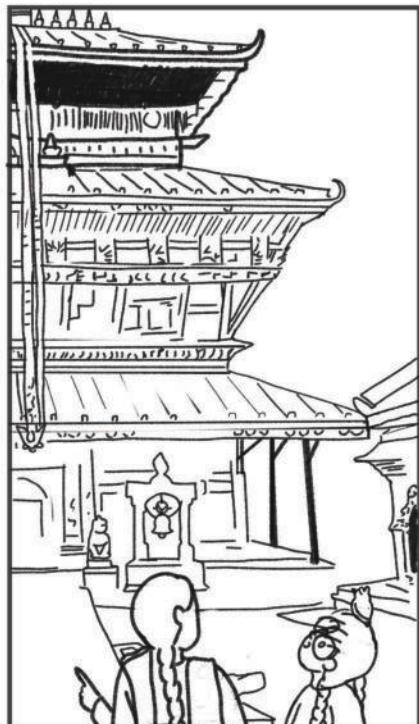




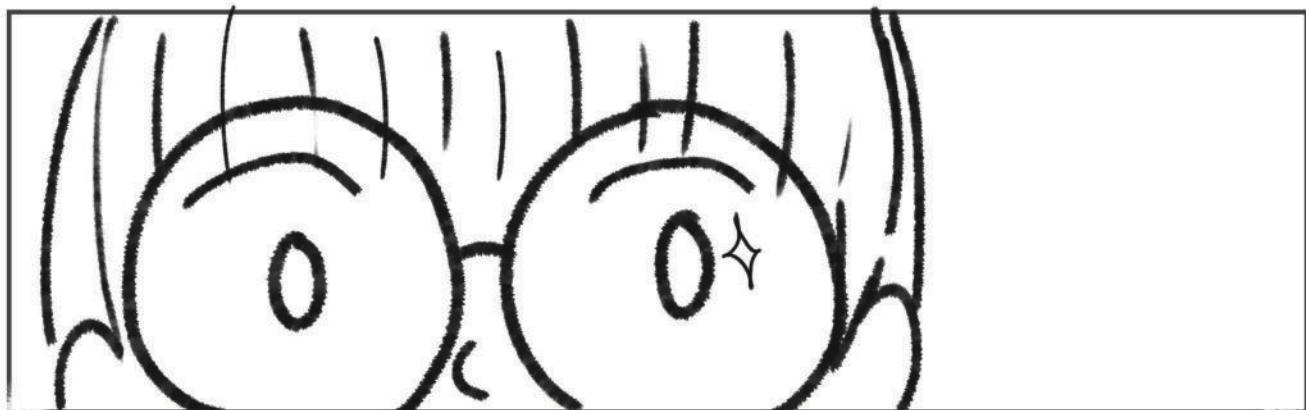


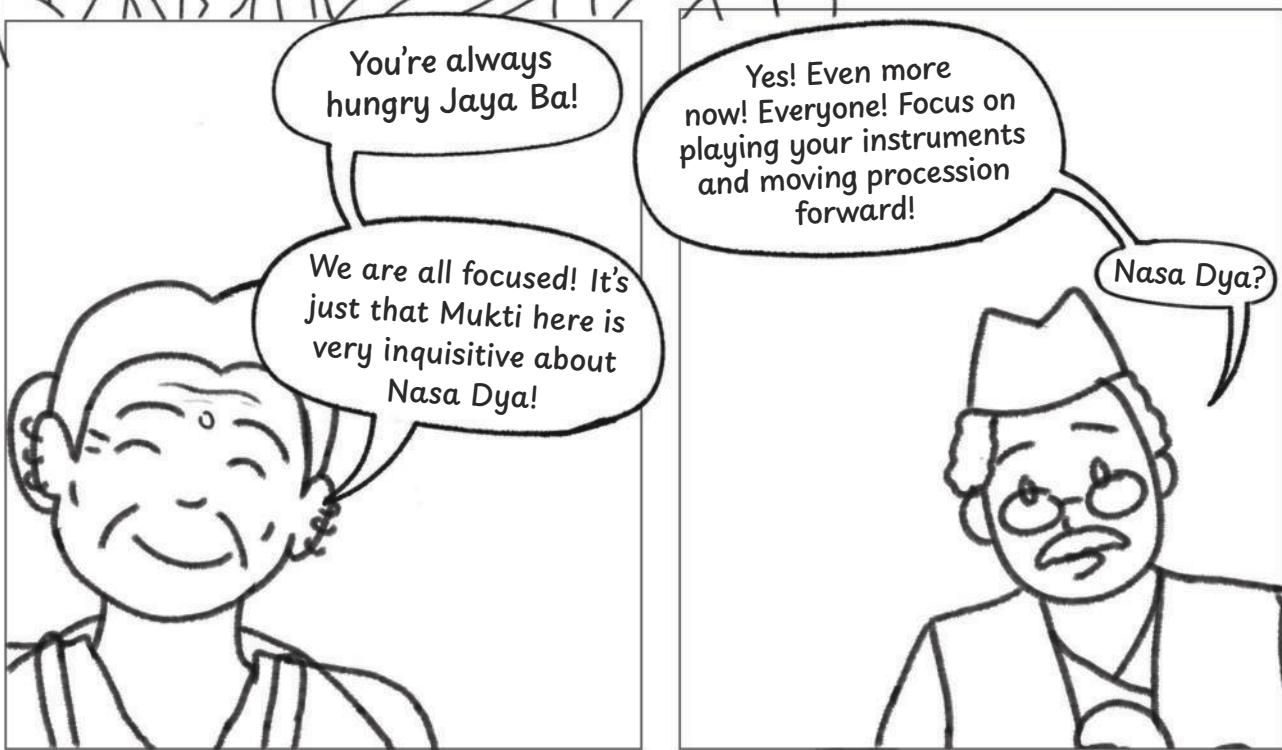






Nasa Dhaki!
How Pretty!





Nasa Dya isn't shy Mukti;
nor hiding from anyone!

Nasa Dya is enigmatic...

and invisible!

INVISIBLE?



Behind that curtain is a triangular door that leads to divine imperishable world of Nasa Dya.

Whenever we play our music, we beckon Nasa Dya into our world through an invocation.

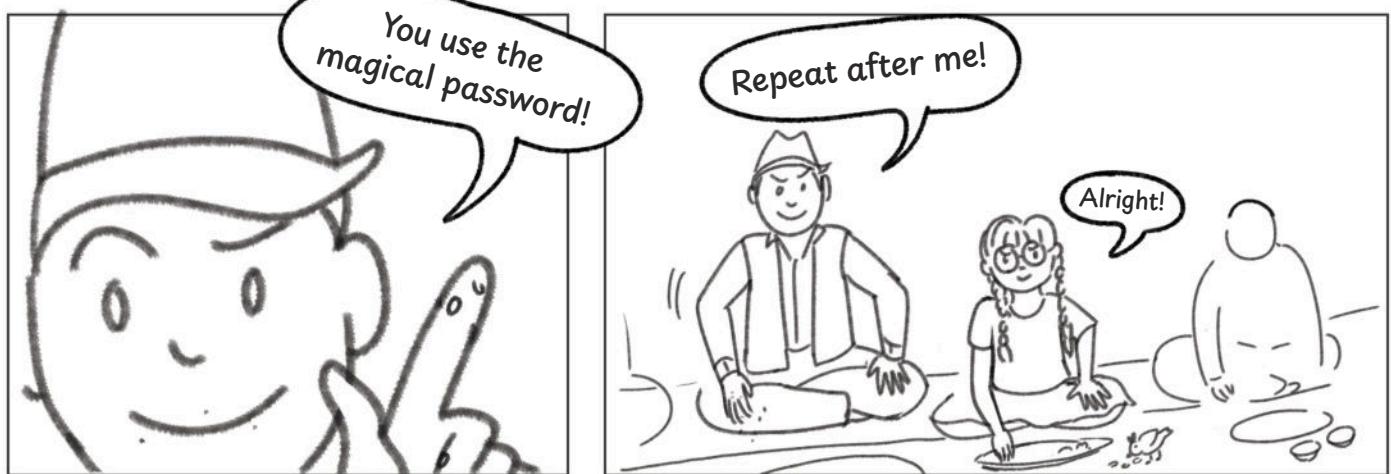
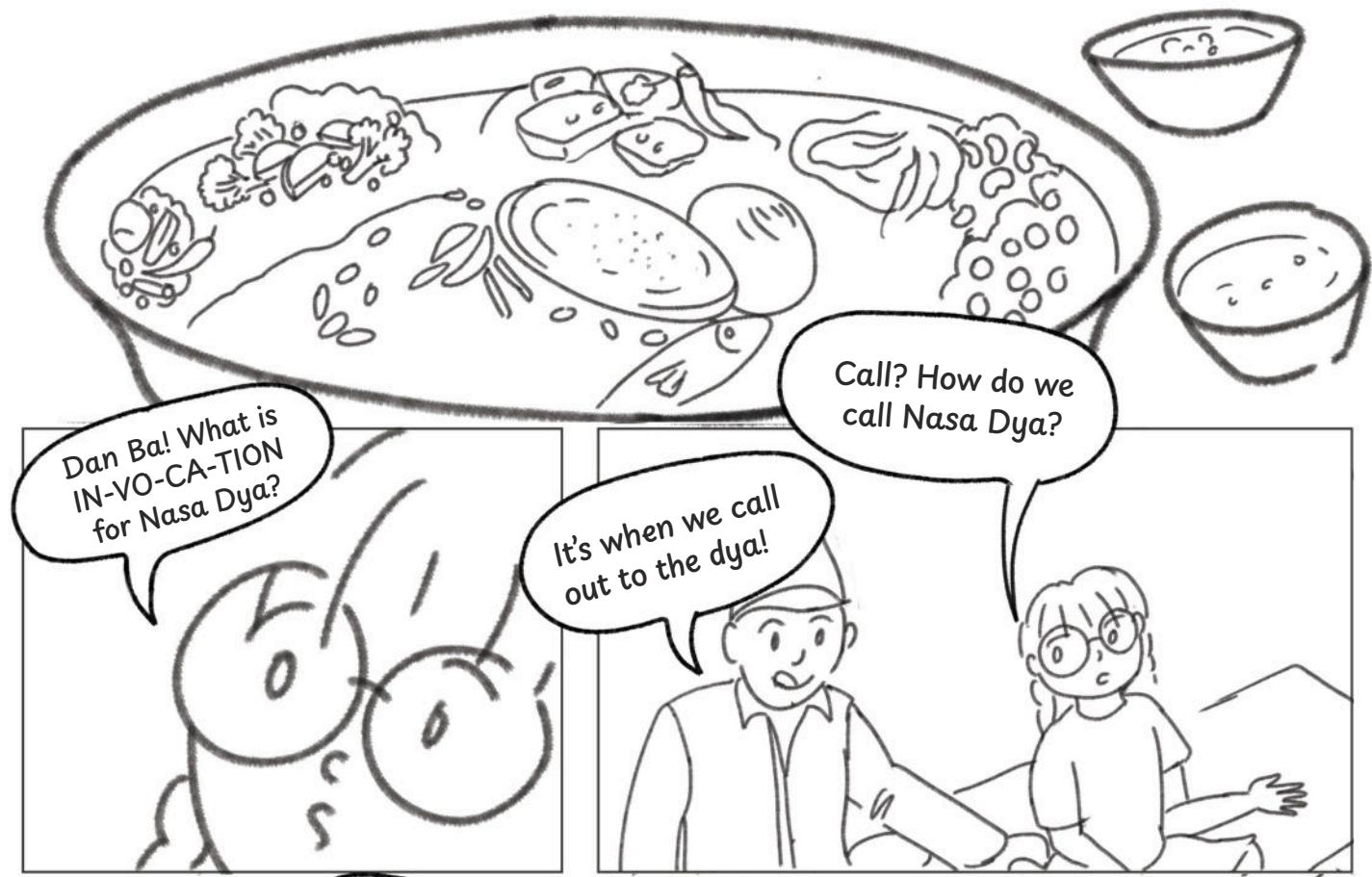
Without Nasa Dya our instruments produce nothing but noise.

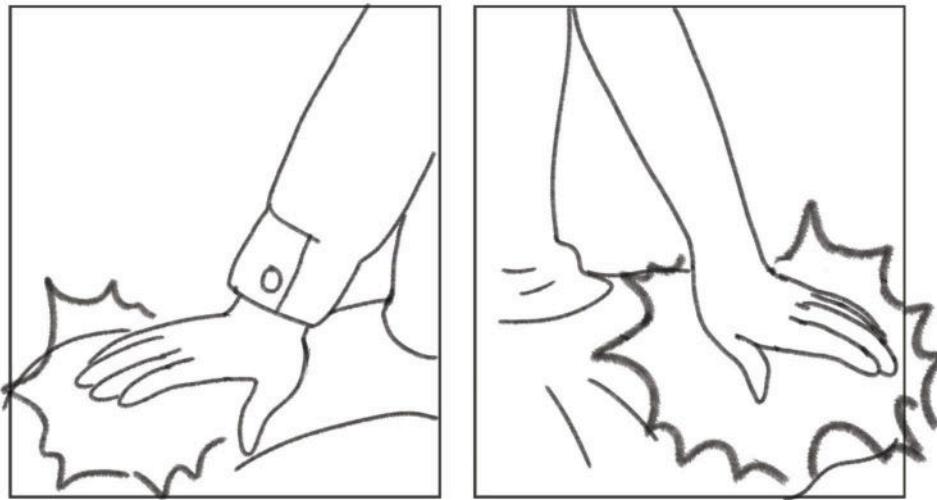
When we learn to play music with the right intention and for the good of our people, Nasa Dya enters our instruments, making them all sound beautiful.

Come now, all the talking and walking has got me hungry.

Let's EAT!!!







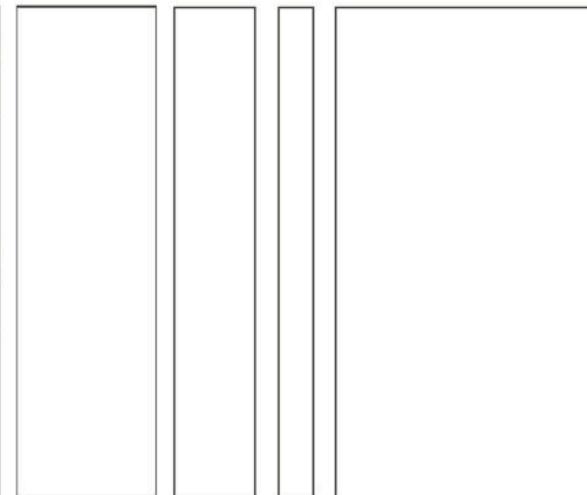
तः ननी दाफा खलः
 खाँ दि ता धाँ धे तिङ्ग रितिङ्ग ताक धाँ,
 ना ना

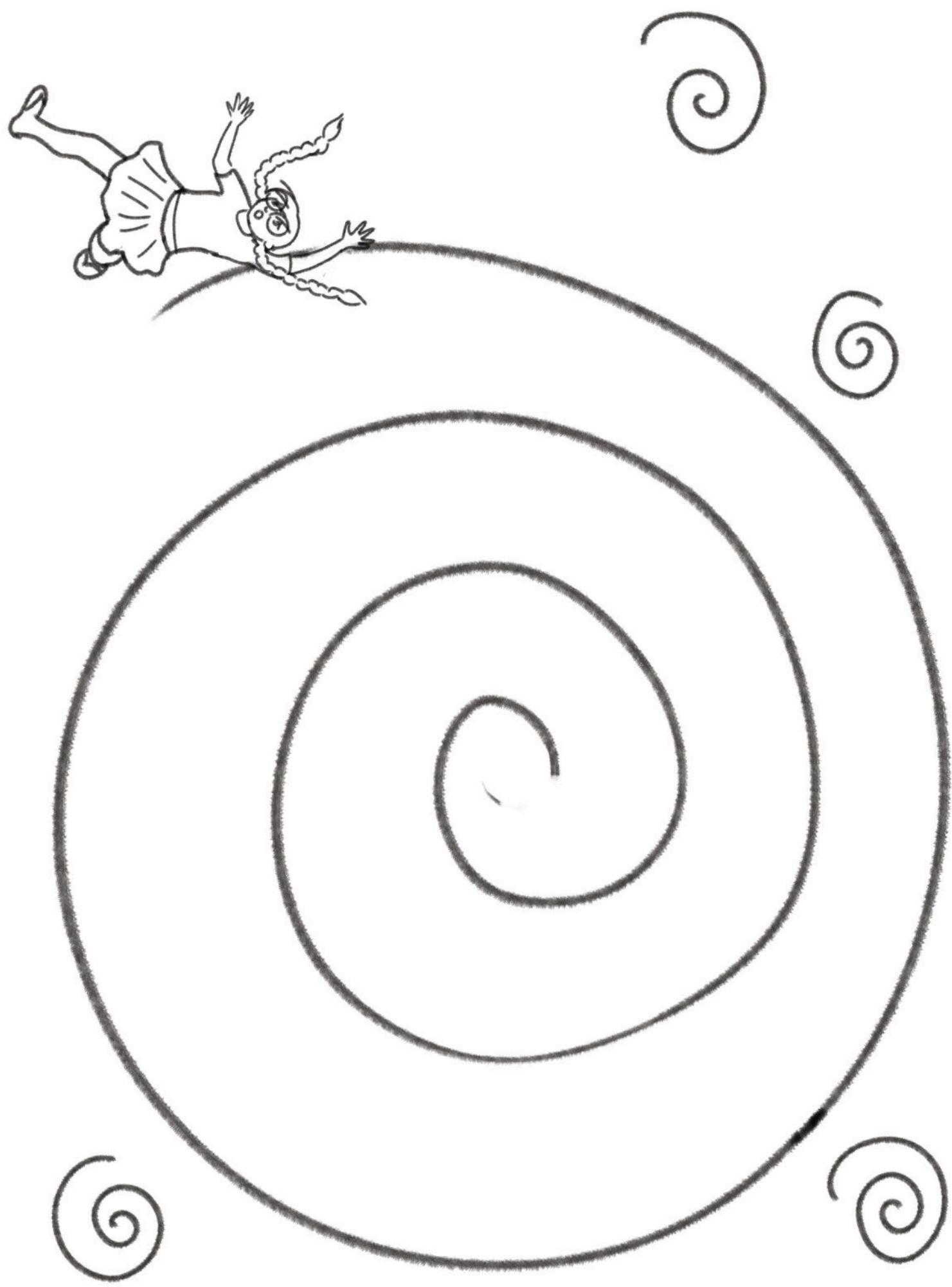
खौ दिता खति ताक नार मनाङ्ग मनाङ्ग
 दिं दिता खति ताक नार मनाङ्ग मनाङ्ग
 धे दिता खति ताक नार मनाङ्ग मनाङ्ग
 ना दिता खति ताक नार मनाङ्ग मनाङ्ग

खौ दिता खति ताक
 दिं दिता खति ताक
 धे दिता खति ताक
 ना दिता खति ताक

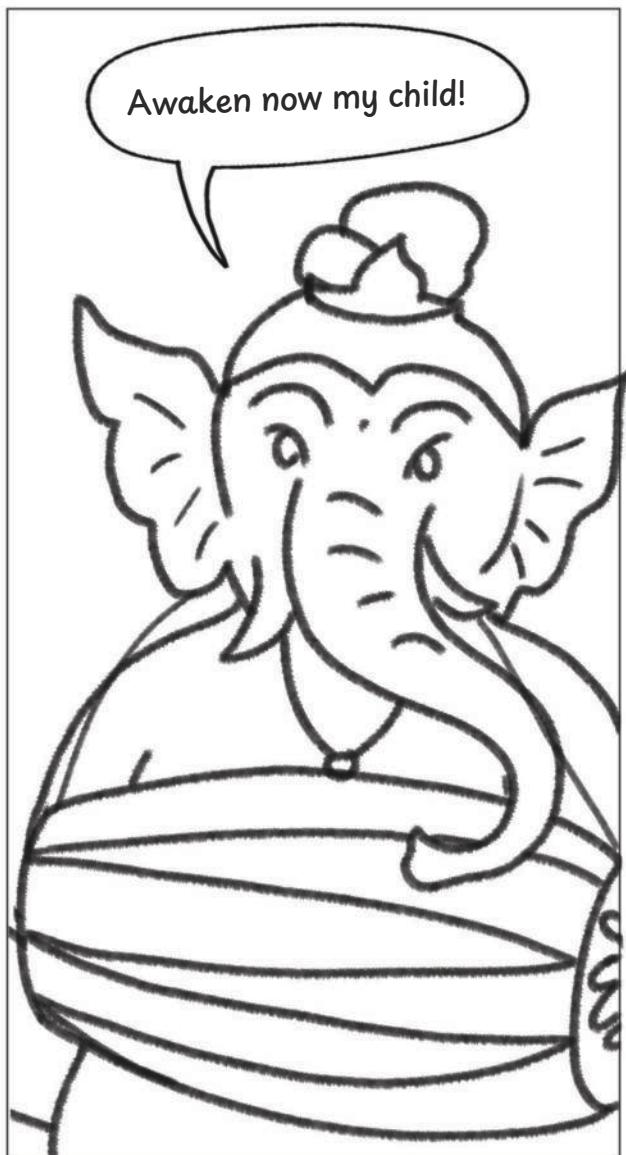
तिङ्ग्र तिङ्ग्र ना खतिङ्ग्र ना

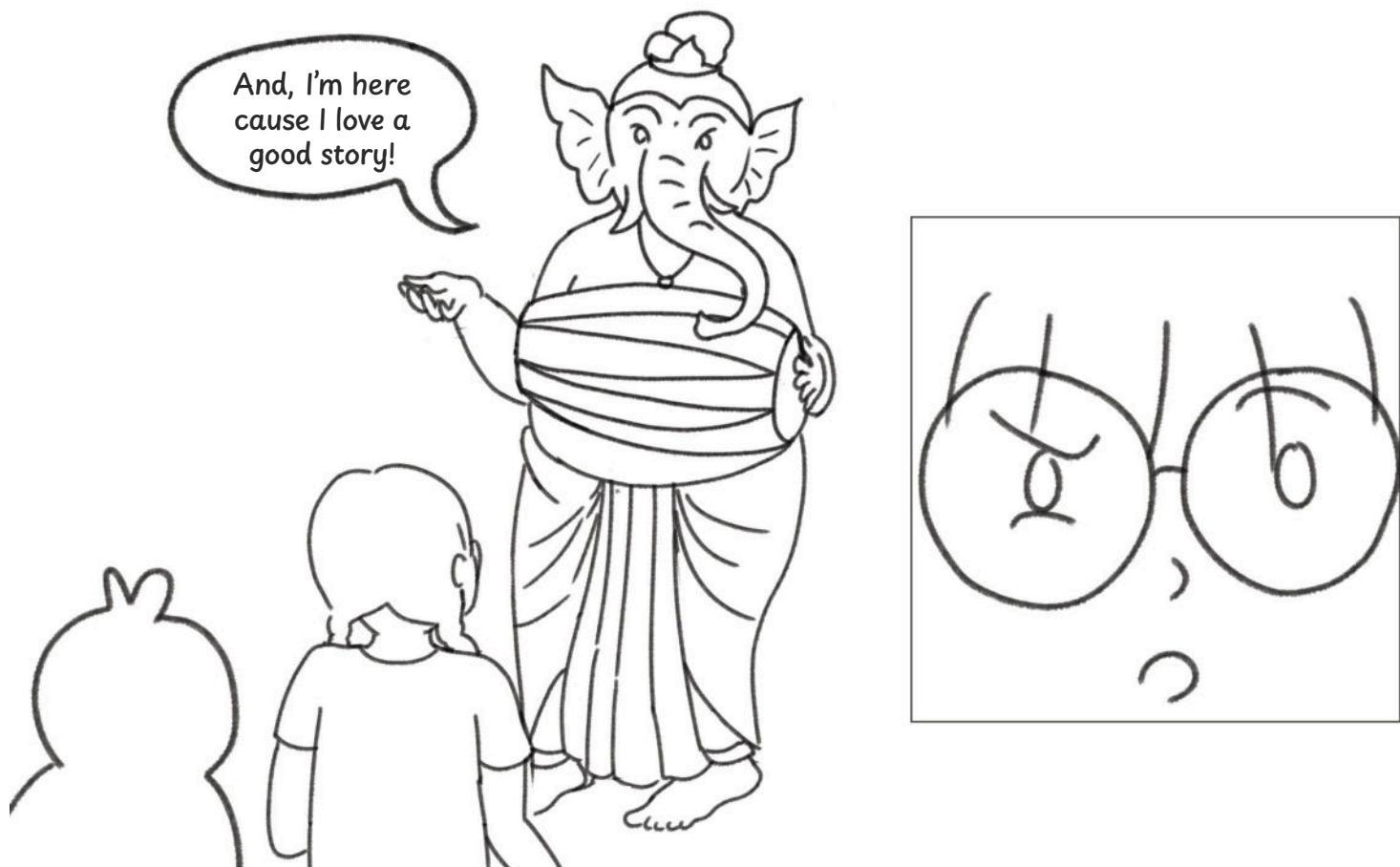
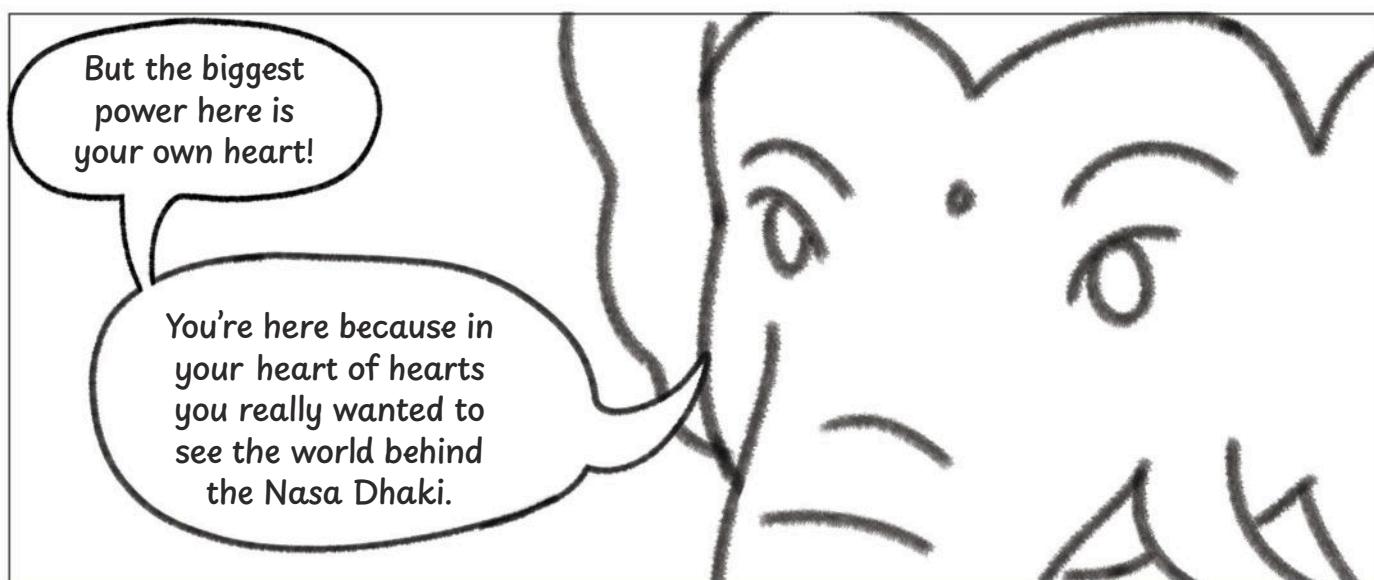
धेरिना तिनिना धेरनाखति धेरनाखति
 धाँ खाँ दि ता धाँ धेरिङ्ग रितिङ्ग ताक धाँ,
 खाँ दि ता धाँ ति धाँ धेरिङ्ग रितिङ्ग ताक धाँ,

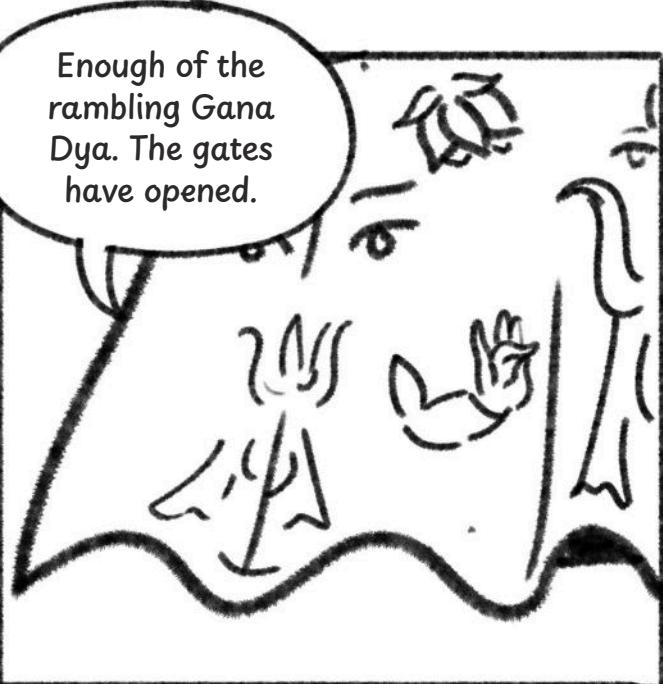




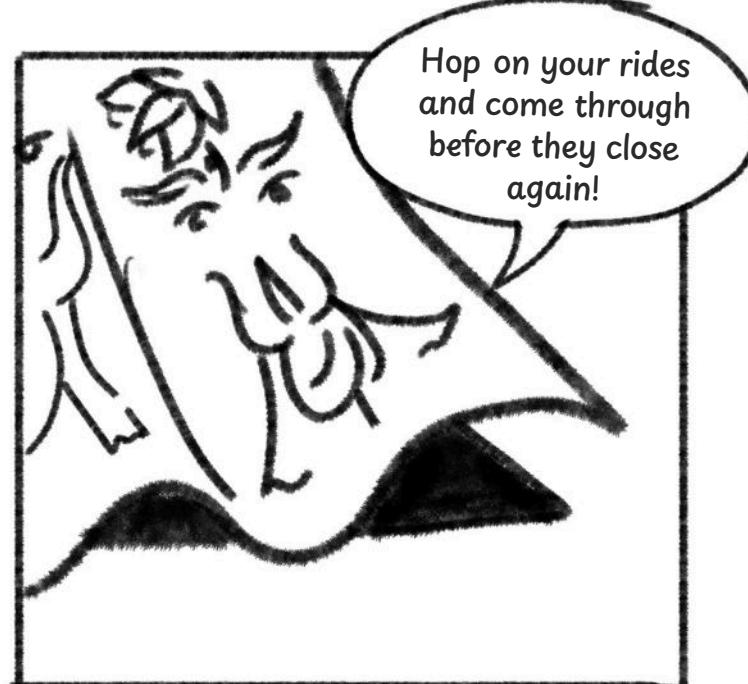
Mukti . . .







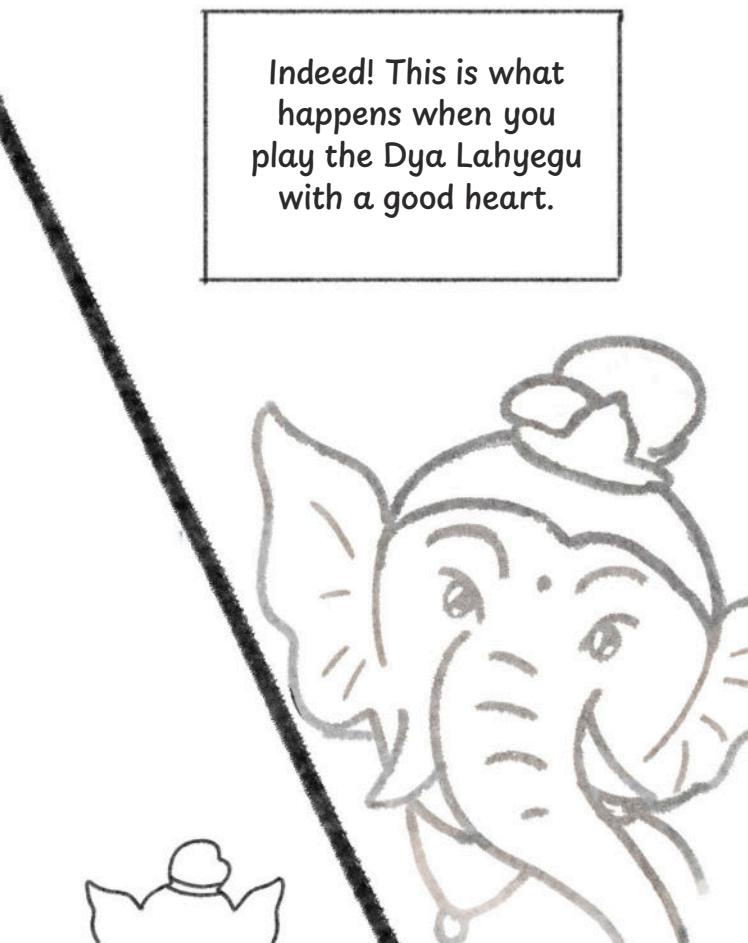
Enough of the rambling Gana Dya. The gates have opened.



Hop on your rides and come through before they close again!

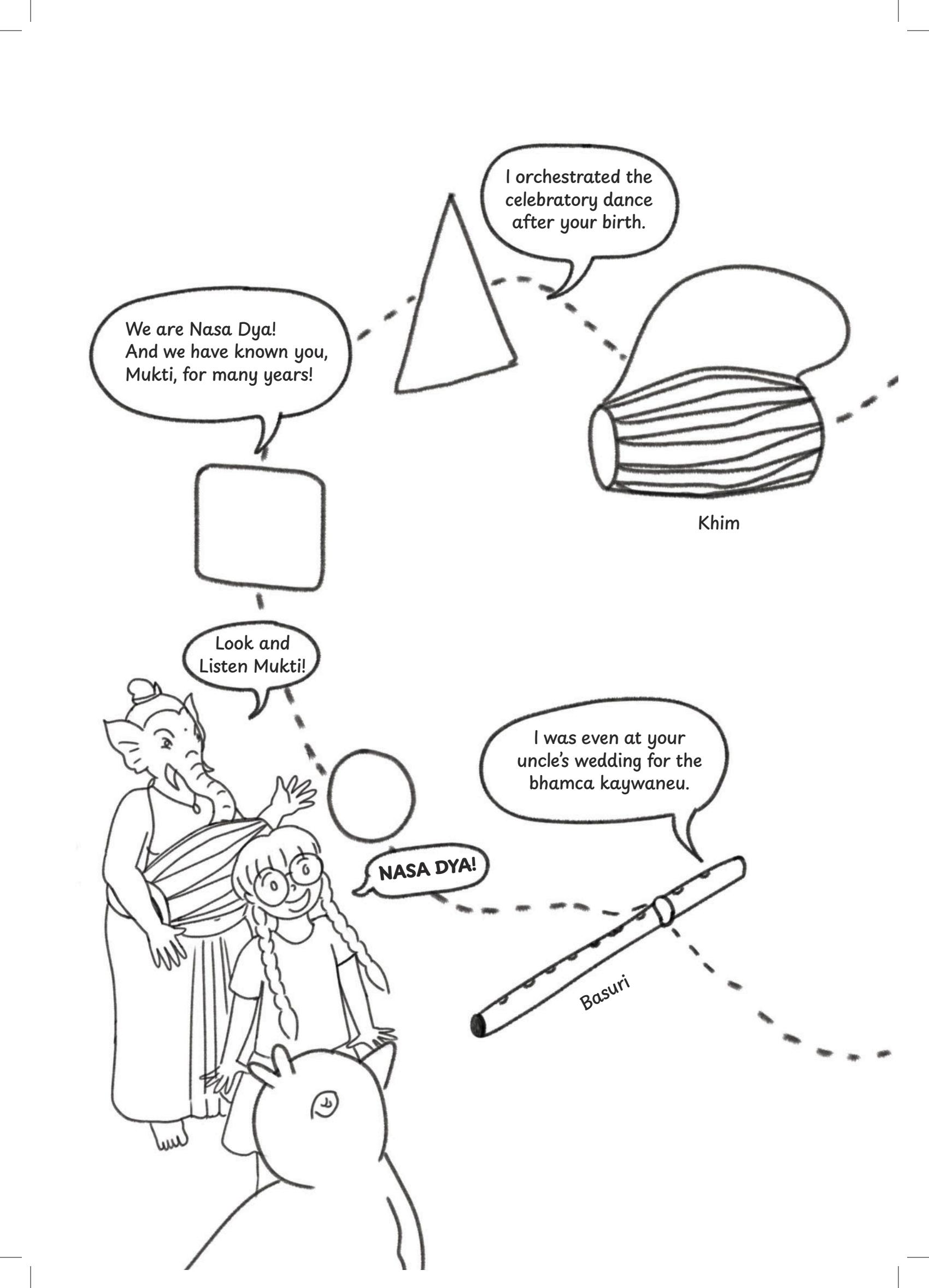


Gana Dya! Is that Nasa Dya?



Indeed! This is what happens when you play the Dya Lahyegu with a good heart.





We are Nasa Dya!
And we have known you,
Mukti, for many years!

I orchestrated the
celebratory dance
after your birth.

Khim

Look and
Listen Mukti!

I was even at your
uncle's wedding for the
bhamca kaywaneu.

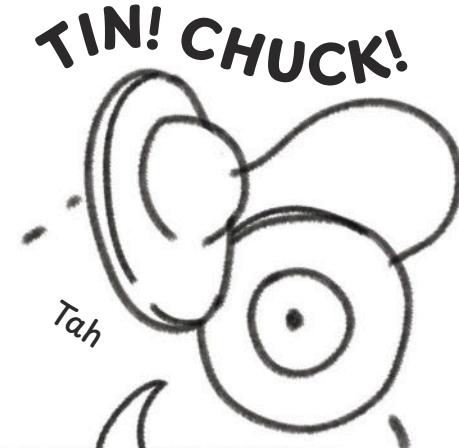
NASA DYA!

Basuri



As your grandparents and other Khalah members sang Sumangal Gwara, I infused the air with multiple rhythms, evoking tears of joy from the attendees, while your tiny hands danced in the air.

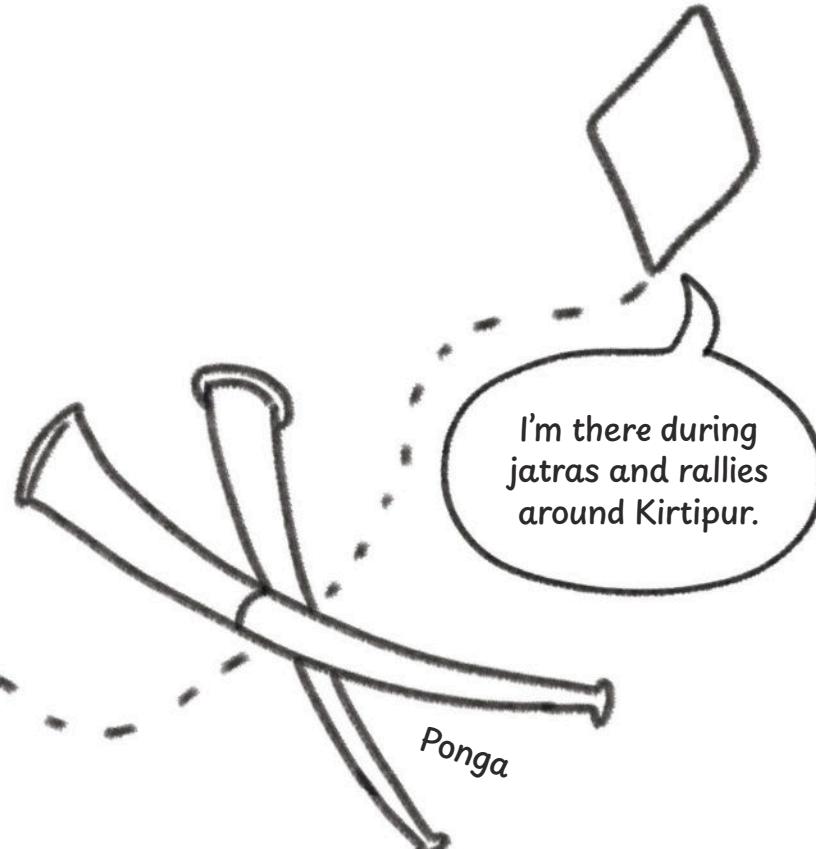
**KWALIMALI!
KHWALIMALI!**



TIN! CHUCK!

Tah

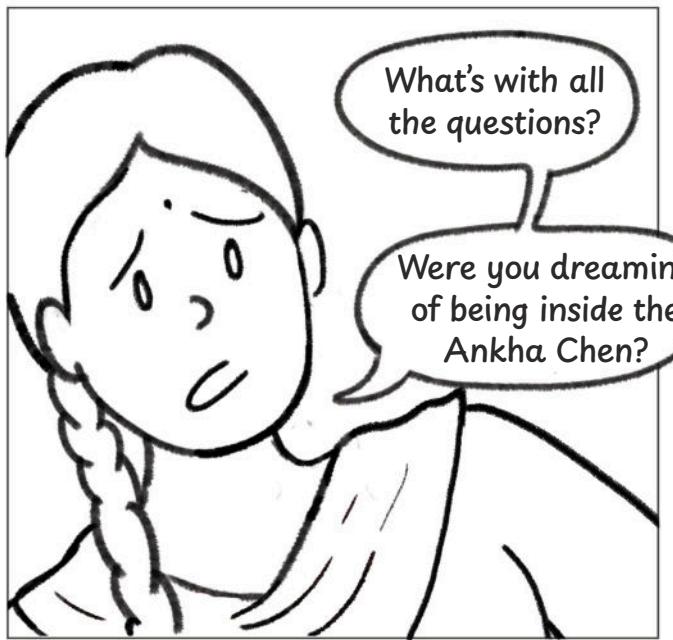
I've always been present in your community—accompanying your Dapha Khalah during festivals and celebrations.

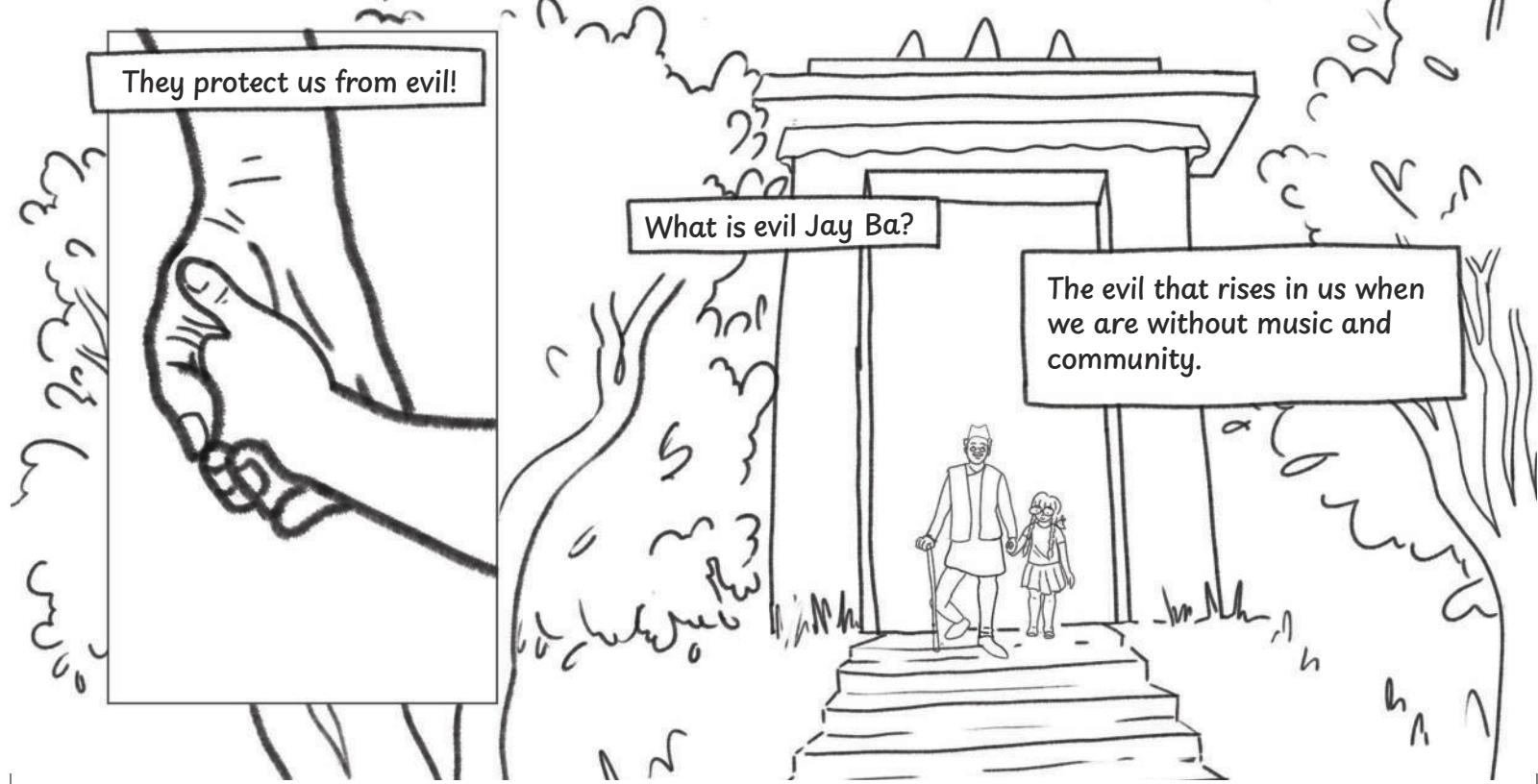
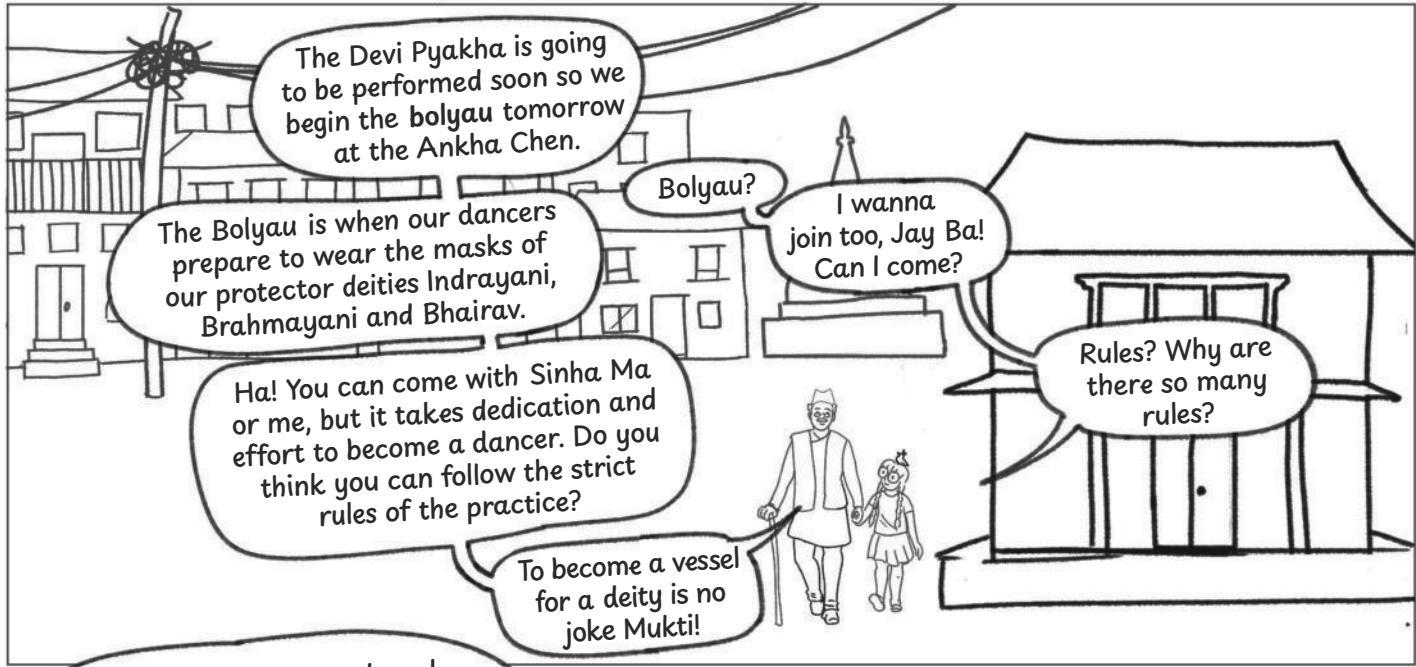


I'm there during jatras and rallies around Kirtipur.

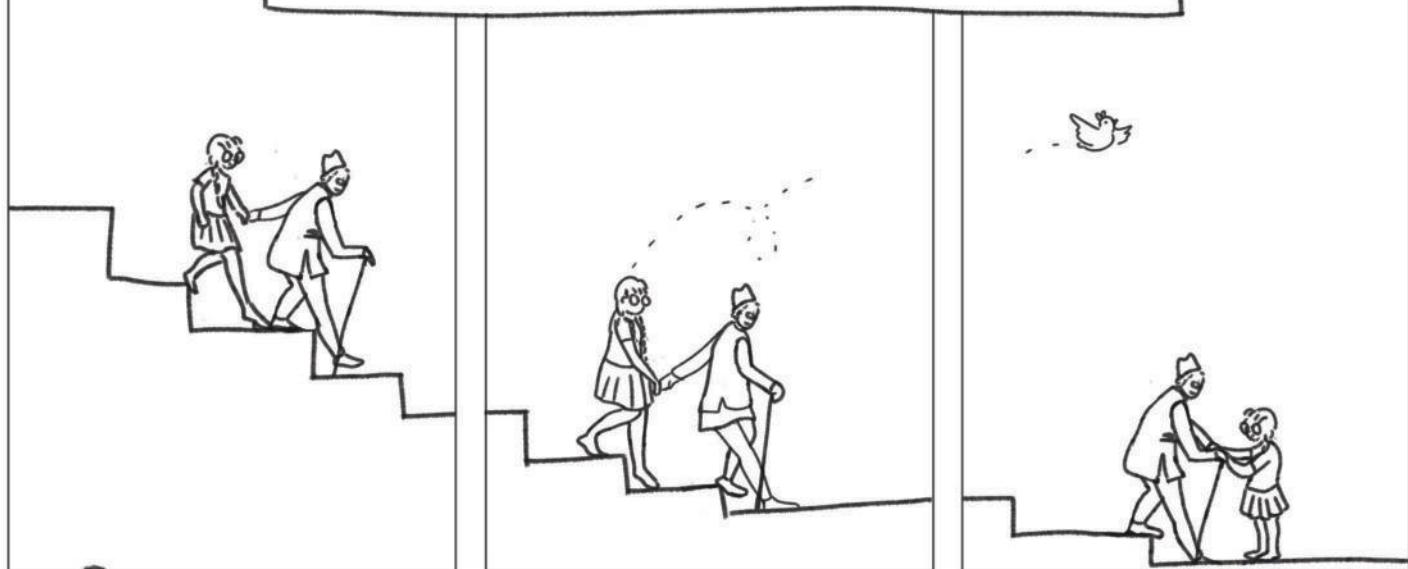
Ponga

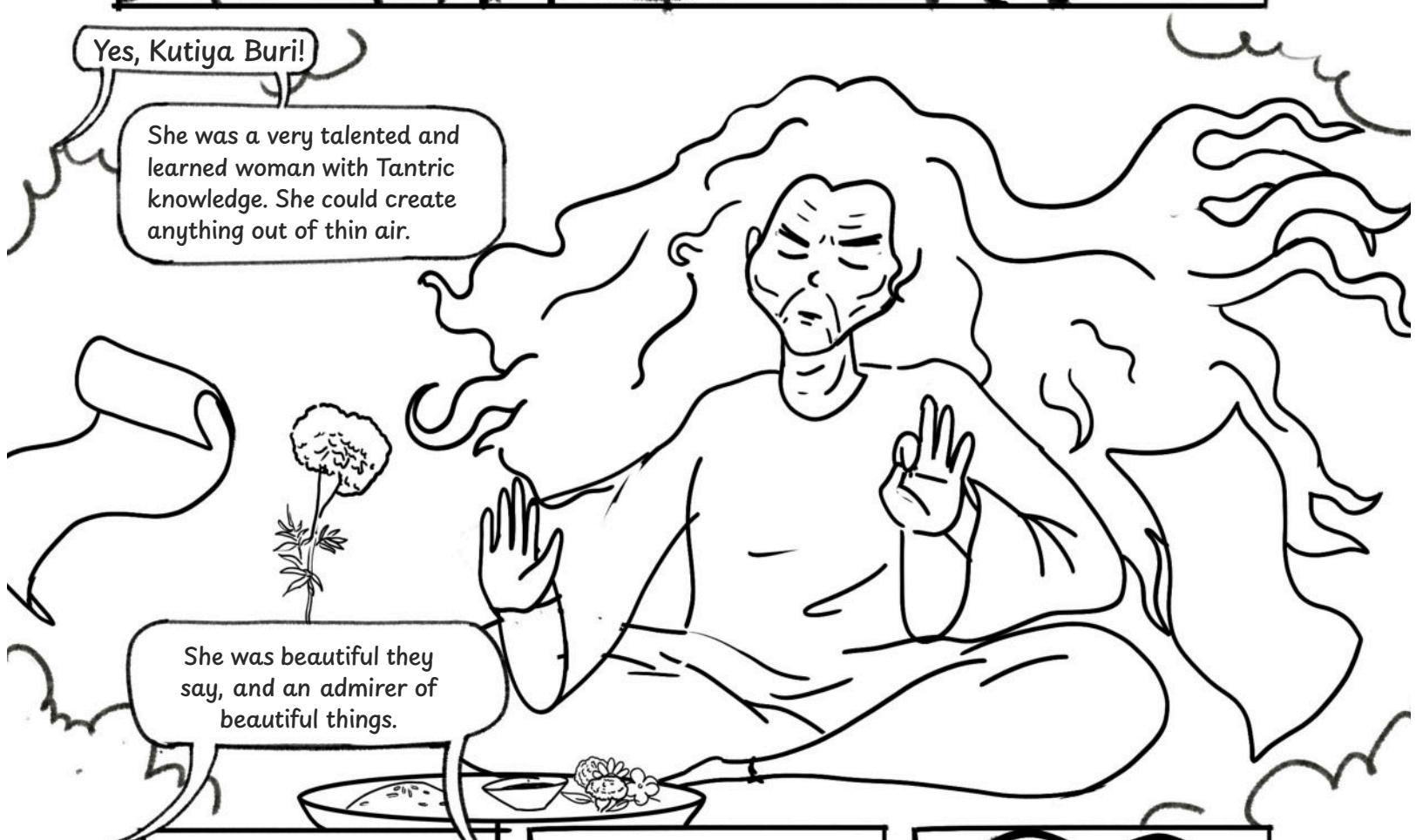
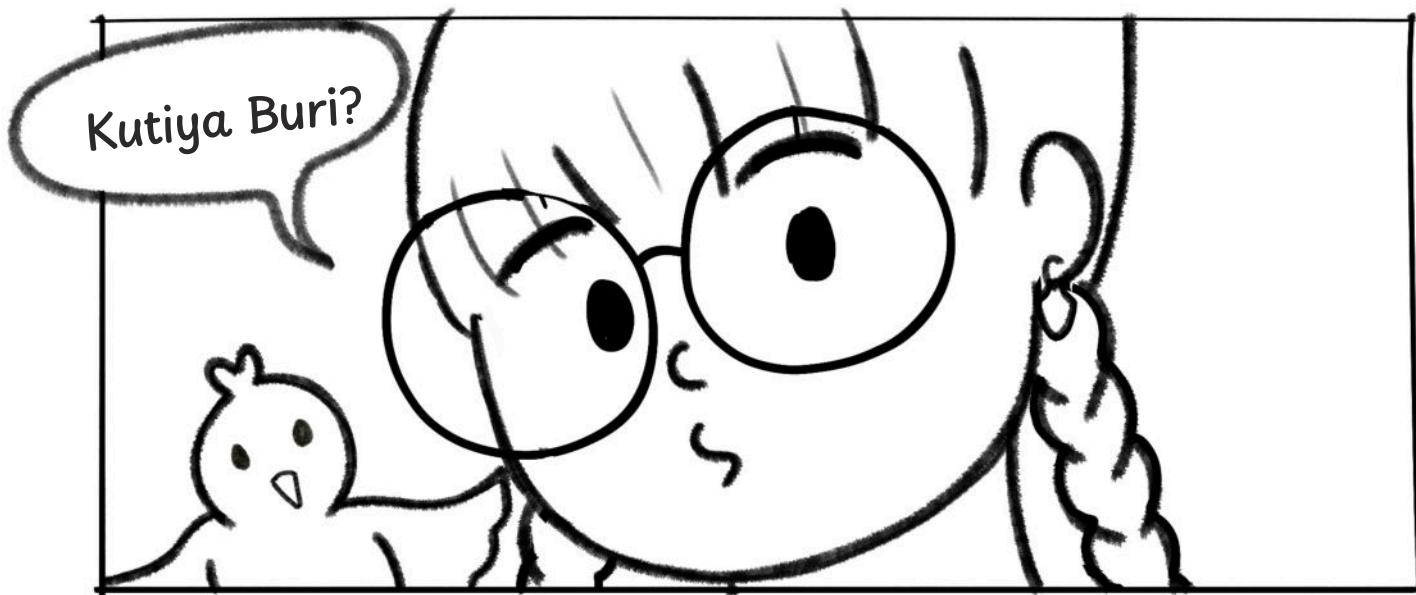






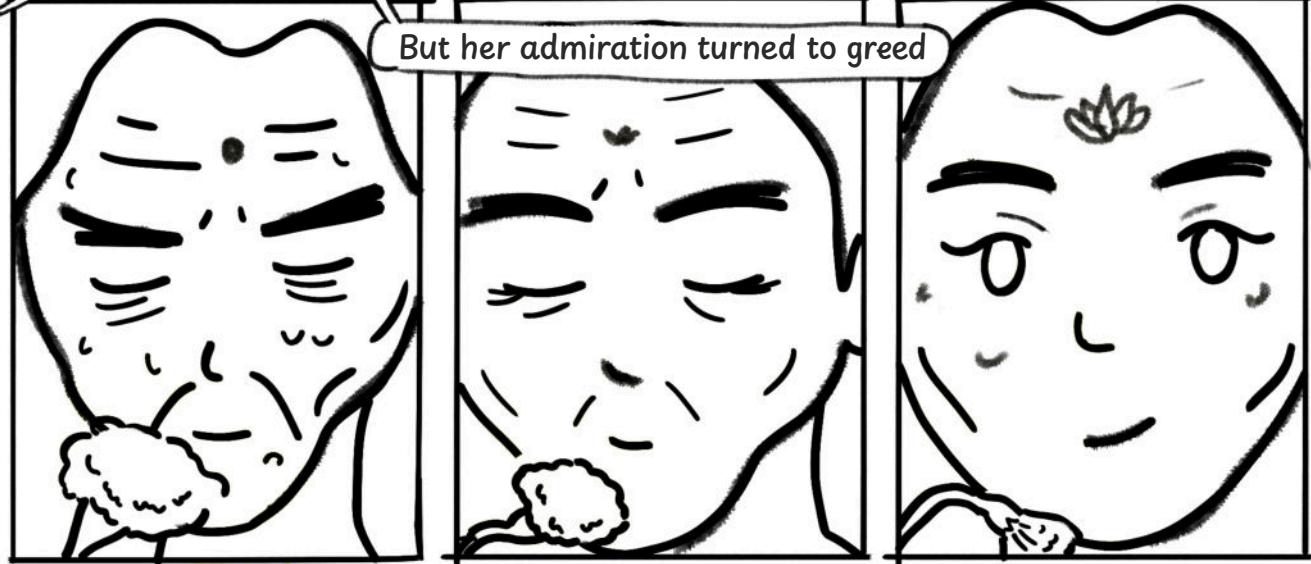
Our rules and practice help us to bring out the best in us and those around us.





She was beautiful they say, and an admirer of beautiful things.

But her admiration turned to greed

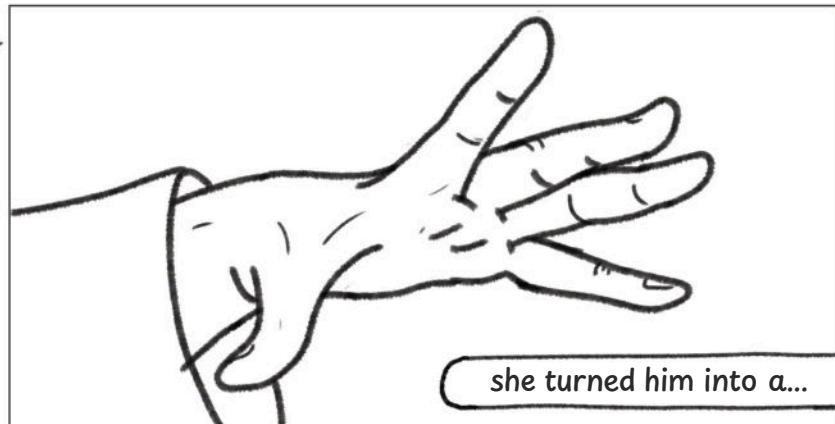


She wanted to possess everything beautiful. Her obsession to possess all that was beautiful turned her away from family and community.

Then one day, she did the unthinkable.

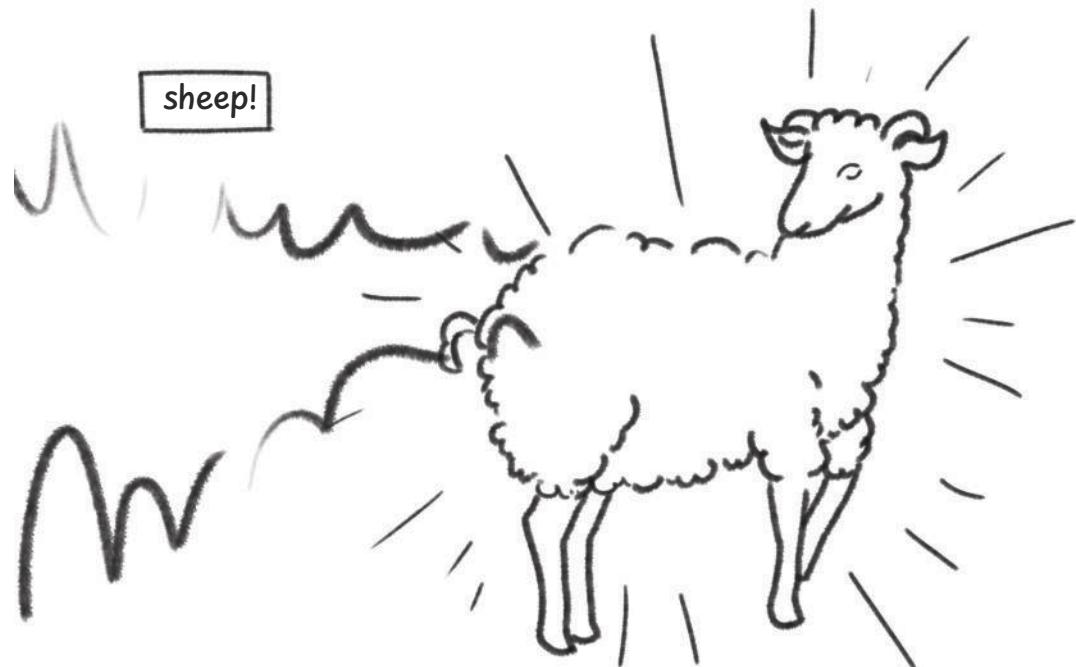


because she wanted to possess a beautiful prince named Laal...



she turned him into a...

sheep!



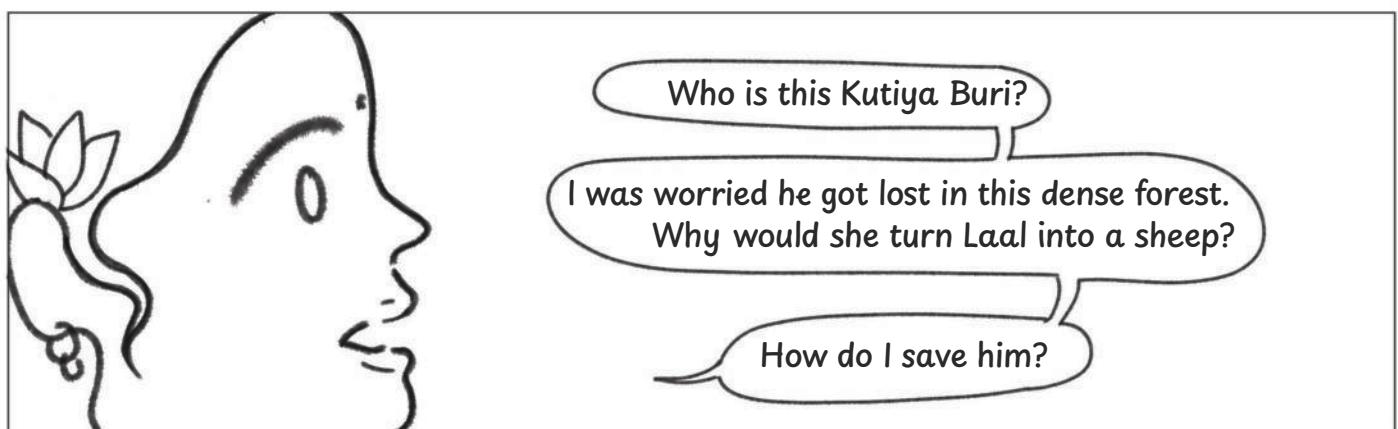
Humpf!

For ages, I've been trapped in this forgotten folktale,
portrayed as a wise woman turned witch.

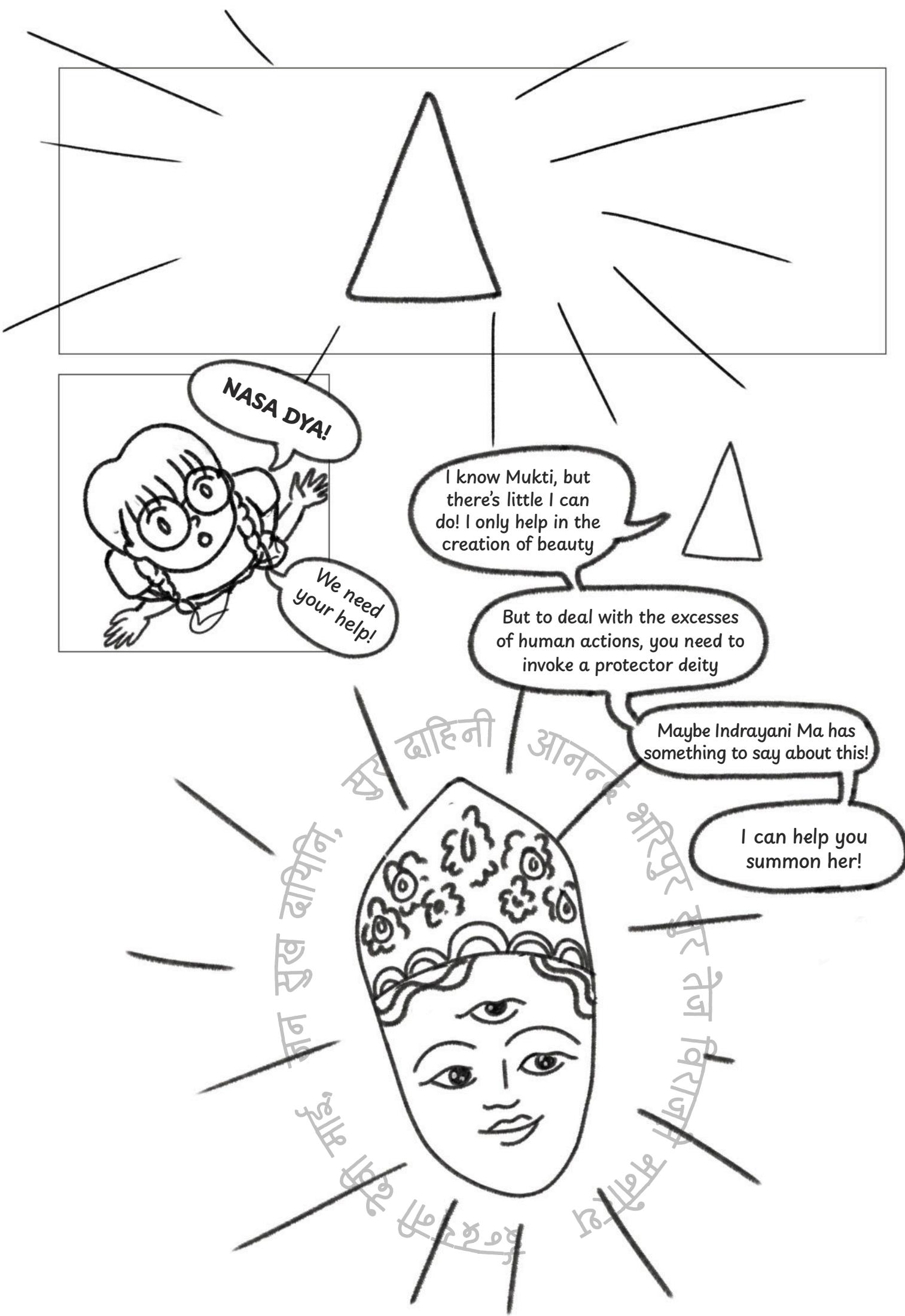


But on this day, in Mukti's dream, I will seize an opportunity
to break free out of this tale.









Heera, Kutiya Buri believes possessing things will make her happy. She seeks to possess all her desires.

She envied the beauty of your friendship with Laal and turned him into a sheep to experience the love you two share.

But she doesn't truly understand what beauty is. If beauty is what she seeks... let's shower her with it.

Shower that woman with beauty?

She should be punished for what she did!

Good food!

Yes, serve her warm meals!

Mukti, very few things in this world can be fixed by violence!

It is the recourse of cruel and ignorant.

In a situation like this, there is but one recourse - LOVE or maybe...

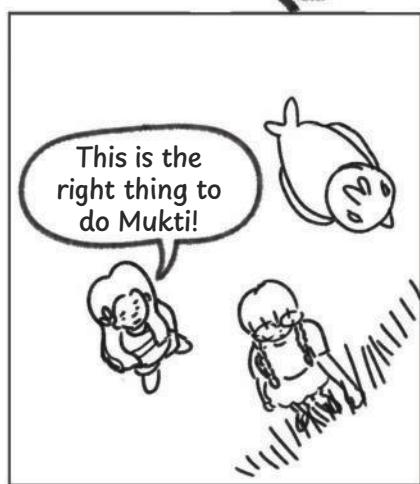
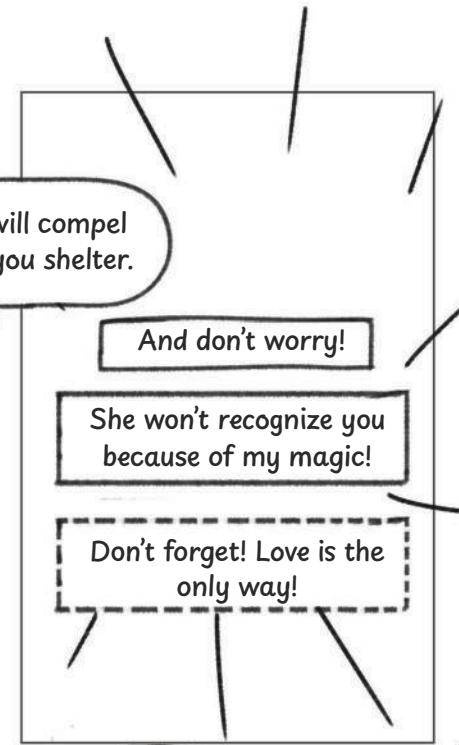
Heera, approach her and tend to her needs as you would to your own mother.

Brush her hair

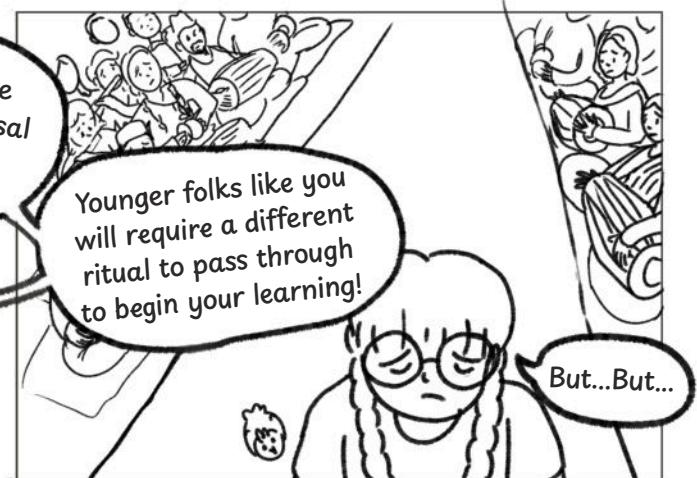
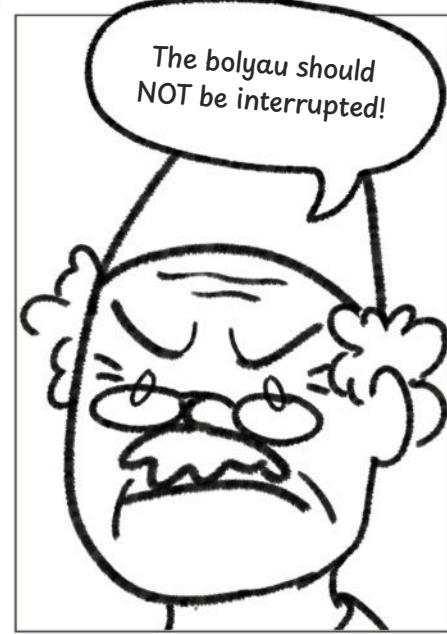
Give her head massages!

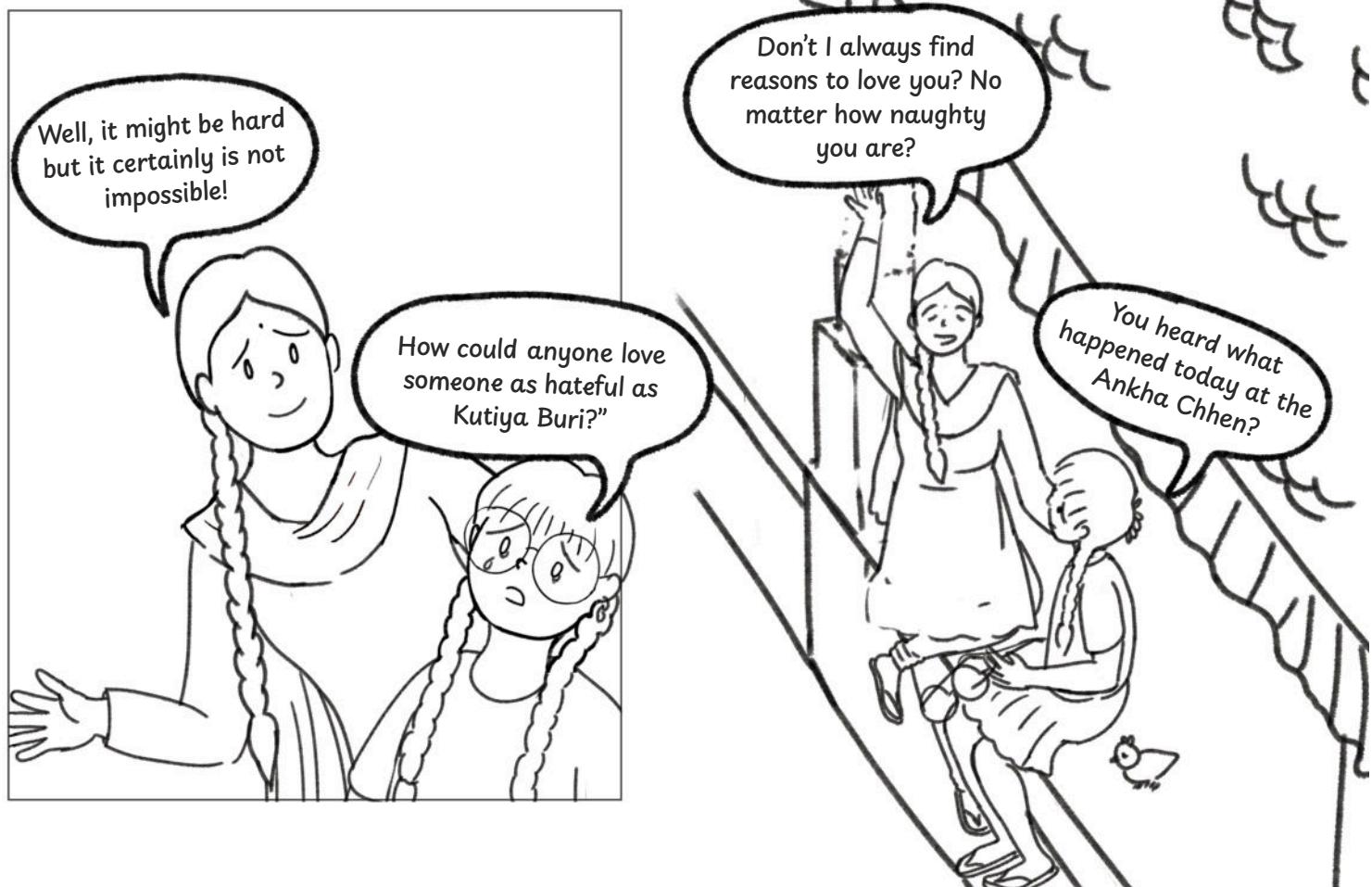
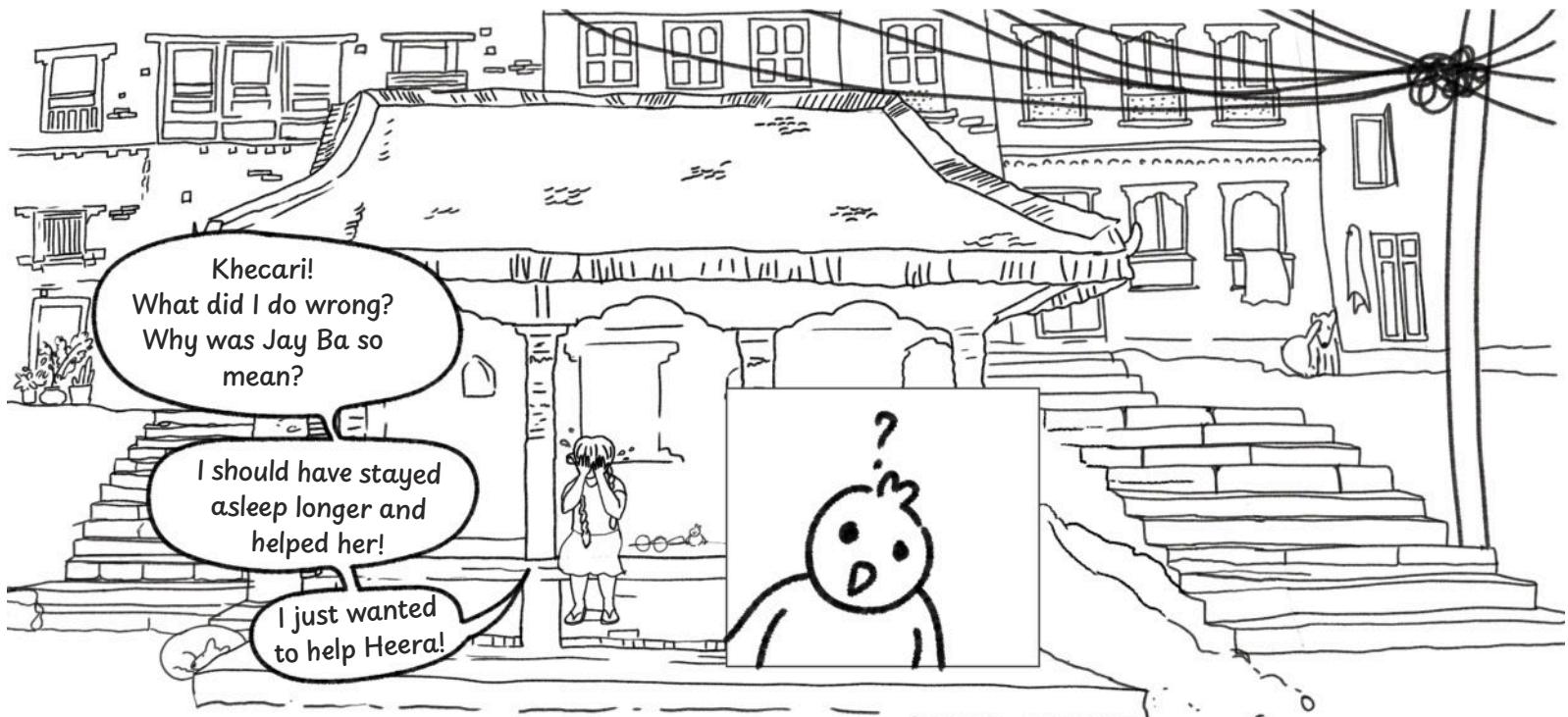
Her true beauty will resurface in no time!

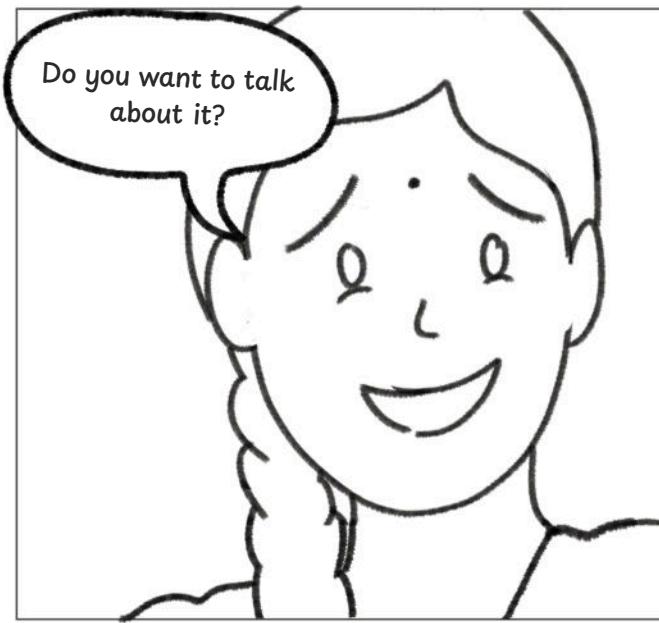
And you will get your Laal back!

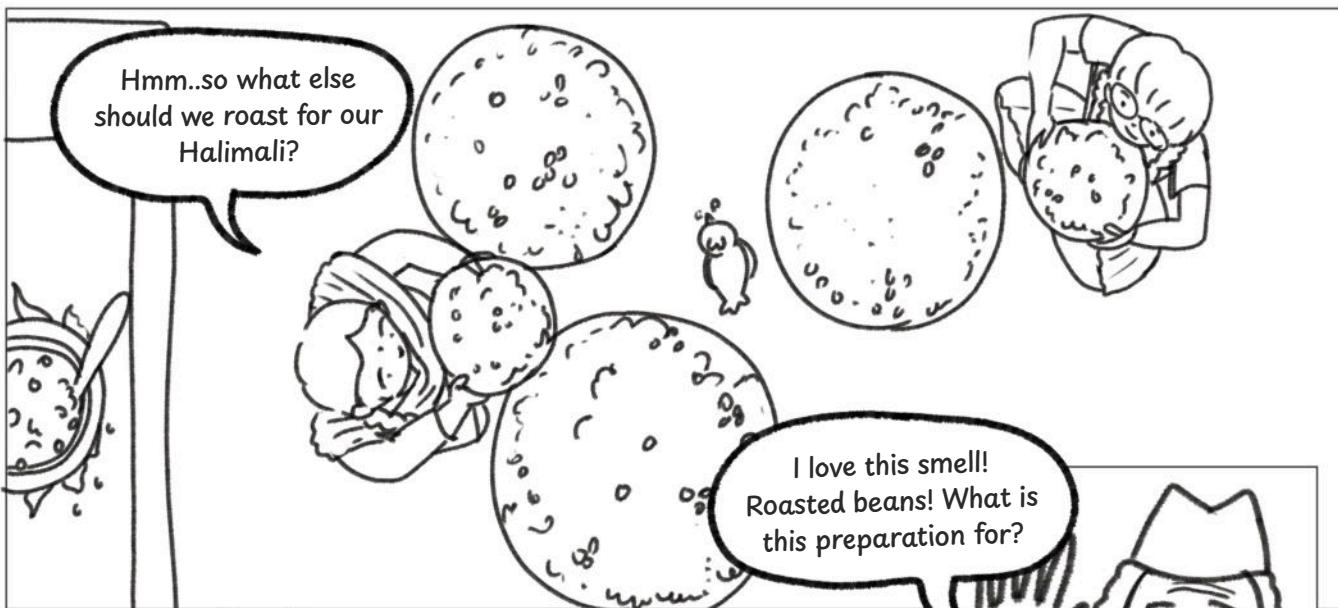


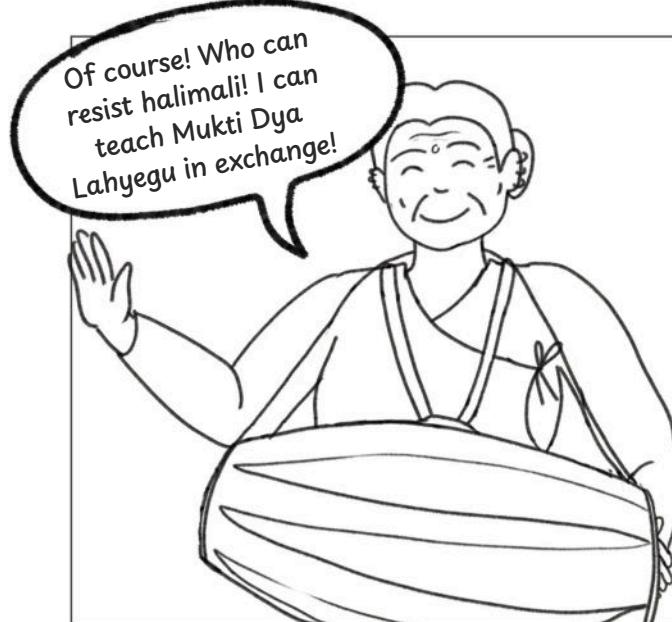






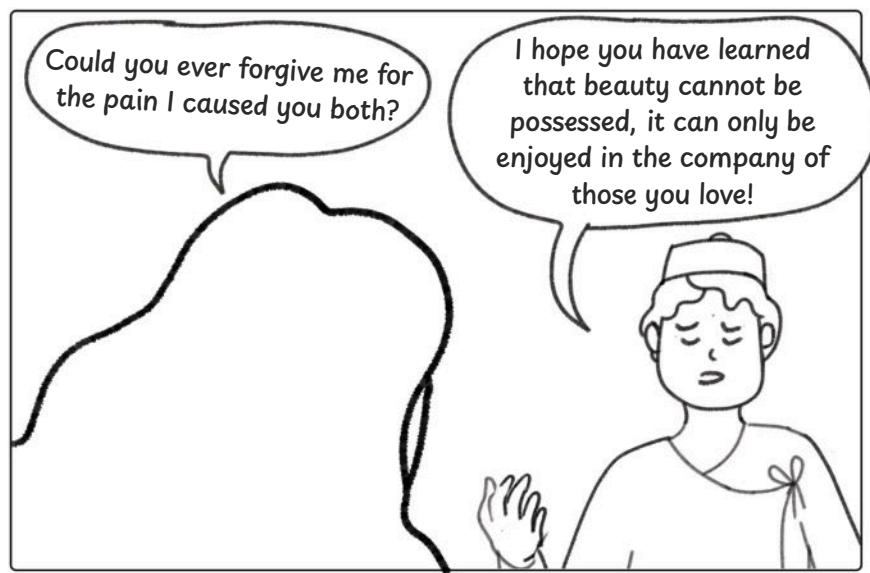


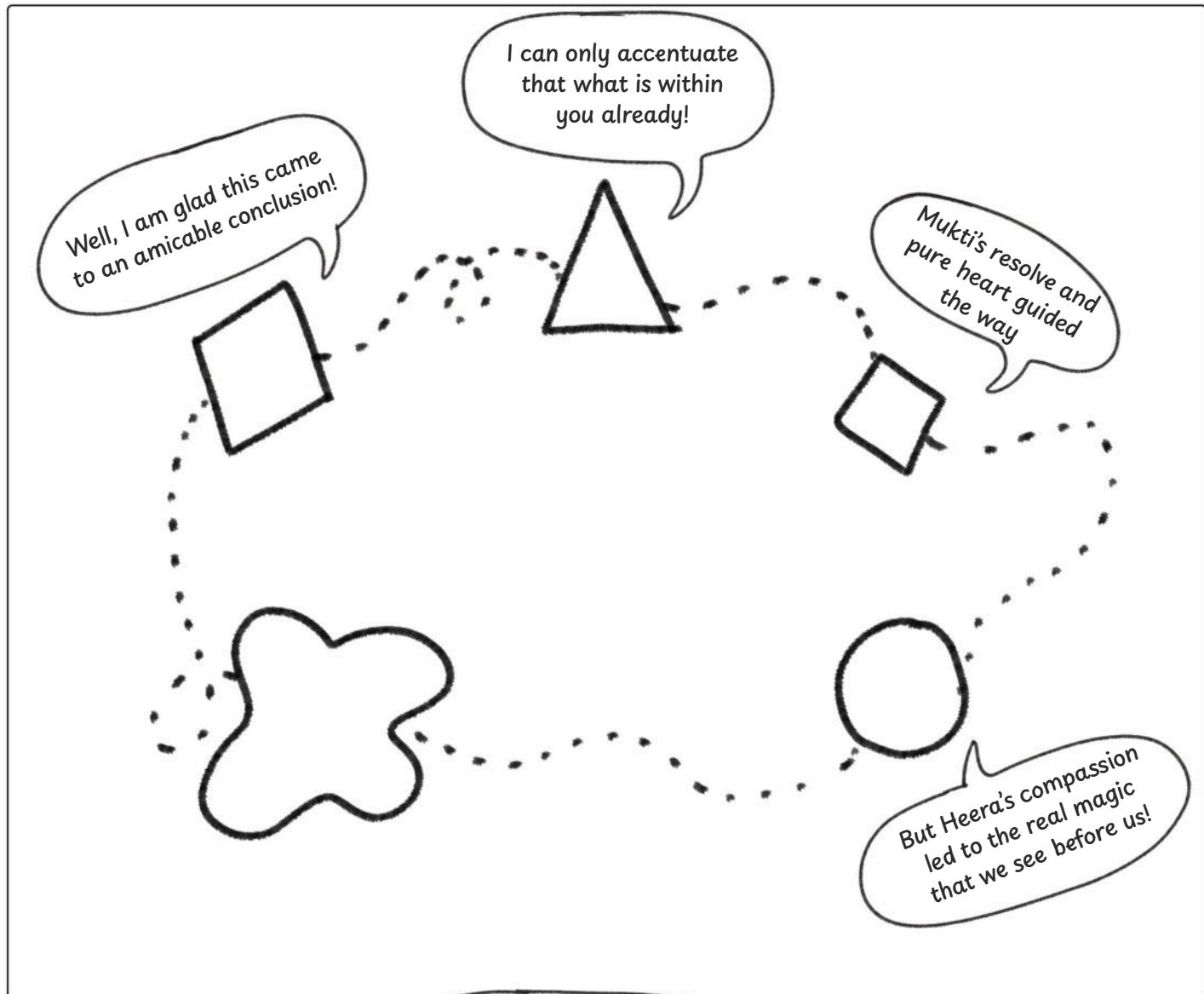




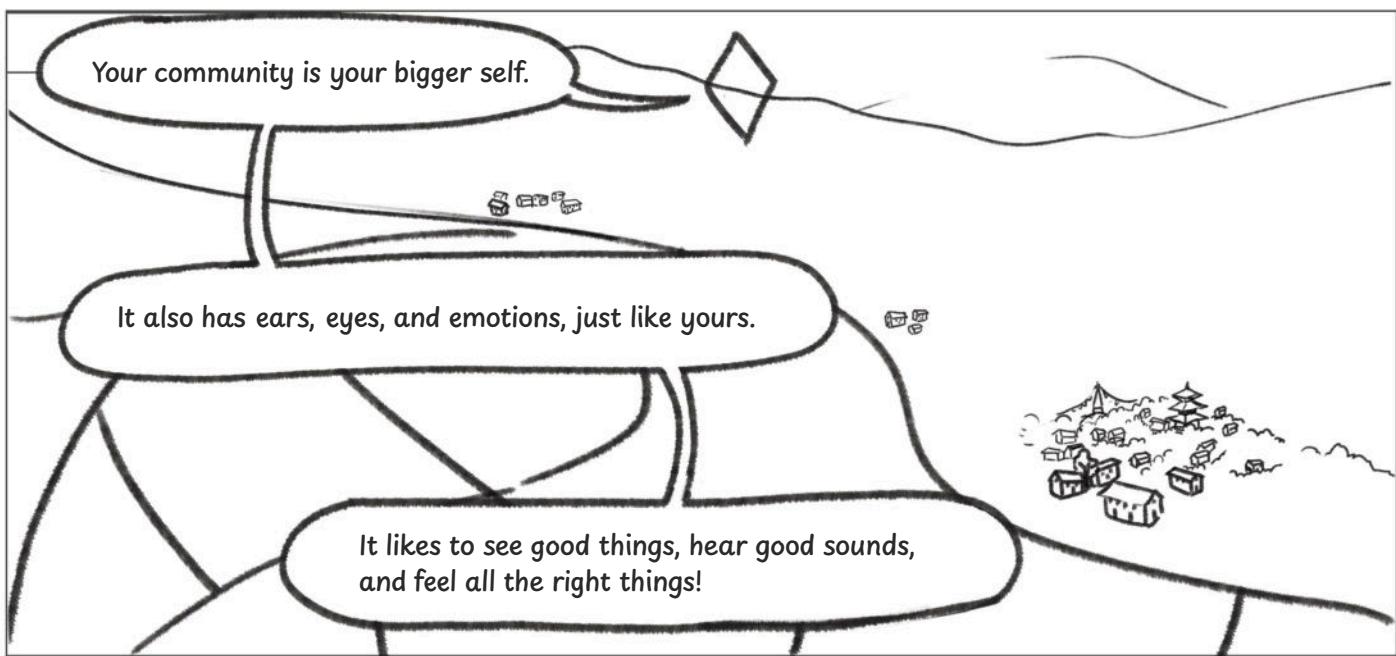














Mukti! you arrived just right on time! Here! What do you think about these clothes?

We have prepared them with great love for the dyas that your Dapha Khalah will bring out for the Devi Pyakha.

We are very excited to see them out in procession!





HC



Once upon a time, there was a wicked woman whom everybody called Kutiya Buri...because of the compassion and care that Indrayani Ma advocates, she now is wise and is living happily in our tales.

हाँडे सकल



GLOSSARY:

Yanla: 11th month in Newa calendar

Pi sieka waniu: ritual during Yanla when every Saturday the townspeople of Kirtipur come out on a procession of light and music.

Khalah: music group

Chuka: courtyard in a Newa neighbourhood

Sumangal gwara: specific Newa Dapha song sung during the celebration of a new born

Dapha Khalah: a group that plays Newa Dapha music.

Bhintuna rallies: celebratory rally for Newa new year

Bhamca kaywaneu: bringing bride to her new home after wedding.

Ankha chen: Newa music school

Kumkum: red-orange color

Devi Pyakha: dance of goddesses

Halimali: a mixture of roasted grains and beans

Mohni-nakha: feast shared with family and friends during the festival of mohni (Dashain)

SONG TEXT:

Indrayani Mai:

Indrayani Mai
Beloved Indrayani Devi mother.
One who blesses all with bliss.
One who ends the evil.

* * *

Sakala Gwara:

O all of us, mortal, destined to fade,
Weary and worn, in sorrow arrayed—
Come, let us gather, our voices as one,
Turn to the one who ends what we suffer from.

* * *

Lists of people and institutions involved:

Folk Lok
Satori Center for the Arts
Quixote's Cove
Social Science Baha
Let's Play
Tahnani Dapha Khalah
Dapha Dhuku
Local Youth Nepal

Shree Bishwo Rastriya Secondary School

Participating Students:

Supriya Maharjan
Tekraj Oli
Sandip
Jenisha Karki
Bhabin Timilsina
Prince Sharma
Ankush Bhandari
Sandhya Sunar
Anita Thokkar
Bhabesh Timilsina
Saurab Limbu
Khusbu Limbu

Hilltown International School

Participating Students:

Yuna Maharjan
Sudeshna Maharjan
Sonam Lama
Agrata Shrestha
Pratik Shah
Misan Karki
Achala Brajacharya
Krishu Maharjan
Anab Maharjan
Suvana Maharjan
Sachita Maharjan
Ritvika Maharjan

