



My Dudhu

This is a song, a poem, and a love letter to a mother from her daughter. What does the daughter remember about her mother?



My Dudhu
Shanti Chaudhary

Let's Read



The Asia Foundation



My Dudhu was born in Dauraha She arrived at her husband's Karaihiya village, In a palanquin, with a veil covering her face My Dudhu was a child when she got married My Dudhu never went to school She wove her mounivarious and beautiful



My Dudhu's yellow mud house, Thatched with straw was always clean
Everyday my Dudhu wrapped Herself in a white cotton sari
My Dudhu was ordinary
She wove mouni intricate and pretty



Along the river, in the forest, She used to gather muja and barani



In a large iron wok, over a fire
She used to dye them red, pink and
green
My Dudhu was hardworking
She wove her mounicolorful and
striking



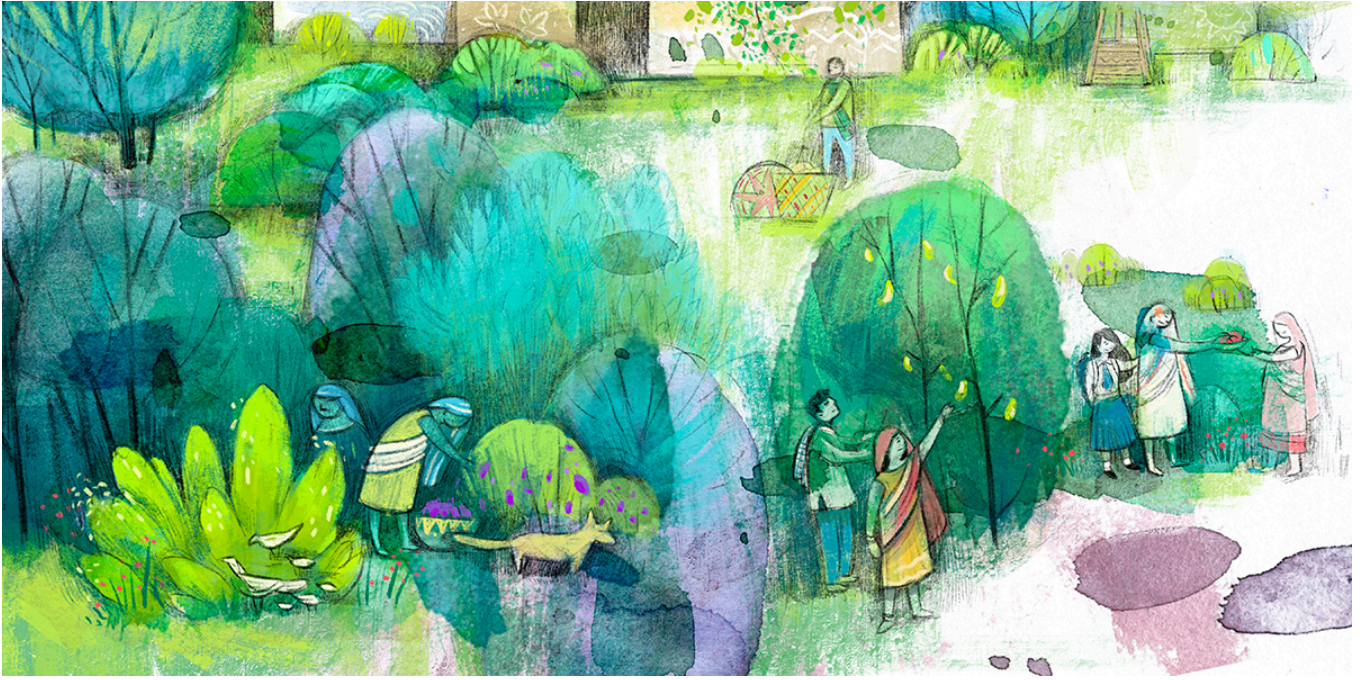
On a sukul, she sat, her legs splayed out
In her hand, she held a
sedana
To her right, a bamboo container
Beside her, a bowl of water



My Dudhu was most creative She wove her mouniunique and festive



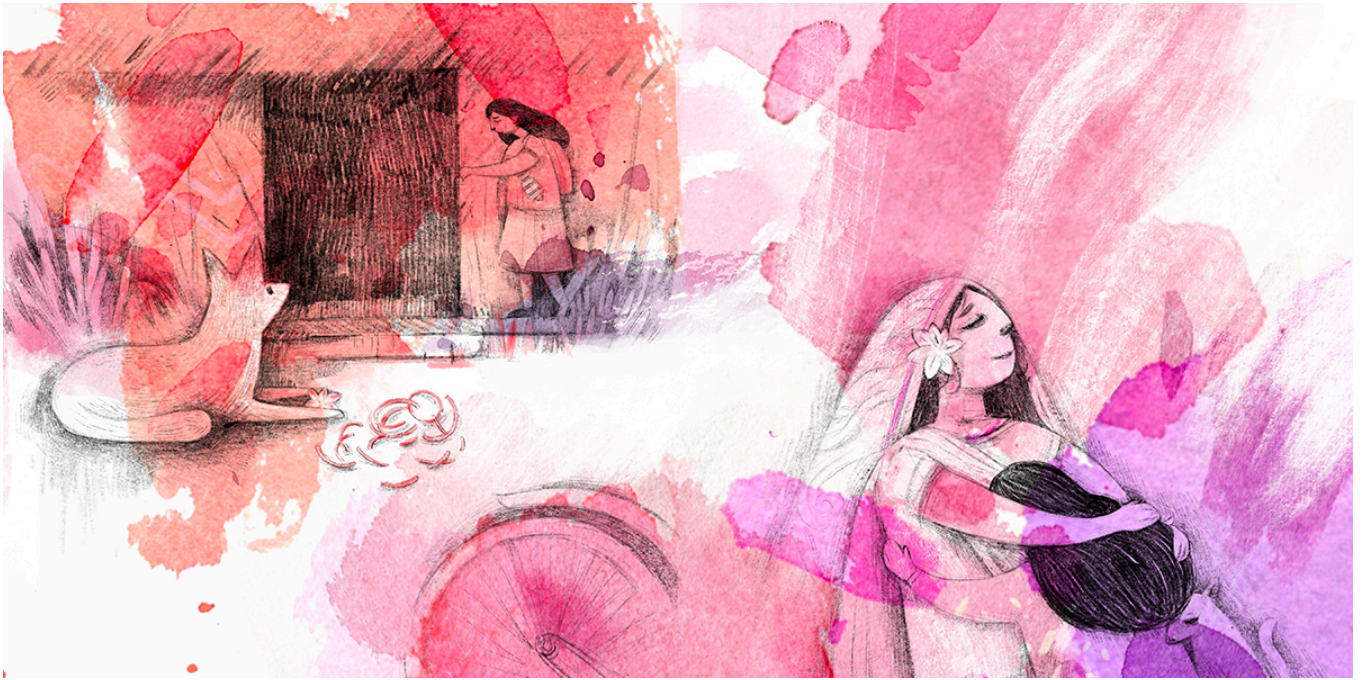
Sitting and weaving, I used to hear her sing the kobahar song "Where is the copper branch? Where is the wedding procession? Where is the gentle groom? Let's join our hands to make a good impression. The copper branch comes from the east. The wedding procession from the west. From the west comes the groom. Let's join our hands and wish them all the best. Where will the copper branch sit? How about the wedding procession? Where shall we place the groom? Let's join our hands in celebration. The copper branch will go over the entrance. The wedding procession will sit nearby. The groom will wait in the kobahar house. Let's join our hands and try not to cry." My Dudhu had a beautiful voice. She wove her mouni with designs of her own choice.



In her vegetable garden
There was spinach, eggplant, and squash
In a small patch beside her house
Flowers bloomed and swayed in the wind
Everything she grew, she shared like love
My Dudhu was everyone's Dudhu
My Dudhu was loved by all
She wove her mouni both big and small



My Dudhu would lose herself in workTime, she knew not to wasteMy
Dudhu had some chickens and ducksSelling their eggs, some money
she raisedMy Dudhu always held her head highShe wove her mounito
help her get by



Once when Buwa hit Dudhu, The glass bangles on her wrist broke—She never wore them again. So when Buwa passed away, My Dudhu had no glass bangles to break. My Dudhu was fierce and strong. She said, “Never tolerate what’s wrong,” She wove her mouni for days short and long



Word of Dudhu's mouni spread
From villages to towns
People from all
direction said, "For weddings and gifts, we need the mouni that Dudhu
weaves" I will be just like my Dudhu-I will live in a small house I will
work hard I will respect time I will live a simple life, and just like my
Dudhu, I will do what is right



My Dudhu is always with me
She wove the most beautiful mouni
and left
an entire legacy.



Wonderful Wordsmouni - small colorful baskets, that Tharu women makemuja and barani - tall grass found in the the Tarai of Nepal that is cut, dried and dyed to make basketssukul - grass matsedana - a sharp needle-like object that is used to weave baskets

Brought to you by

Let's Read is an initiative of The Asia Foundation's Books for Asia program that fosters young readers in Asia and the Pacific.

booksforasia.org

To read more books like this and get further information, visit

www.letsreadasia.org

Original Story My Dudhu. Author: Shanti Chaudhary. Illustrator:

Ubahang Nembang. Editor: Krishna Sarbahari, Muna Gurung.

Published by The Asia Foundation - Let's Read,

<https://www.letsreadasia.org> © The Asia Foundation - Let's Read.

Released under CC-BY-NC-4.0.

This work is a modified version of the original story. @The Asia

Foundation - Let's Read, 2020. Some rights reserved. Released under CC-BY-NC-4.0.

For full terms of use and attribution,

<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc/4.0/>

Contributing translators: Muna Gurung