CHAPTER III

PURNIMA DEVI AND HER REPERTOIRE

Mrs. Purnima Devi is a person who cannot read or write (only she can write her own name) and, thus, she is totally dependent on the oral transmission process.

She is a tradition-oriented personality. She is known as Gohāi-Kathār-Bhakheri (a store house of folktale) in her family. I heard about that and therefore I selected her as a collaborator of research for studying her folktale repertoire. How she receives, selects, preserves and transmits the tales are the intentions of this research. For studying about her creativity and meaning of her tales her opinion and repertoire were considered two important sources.

I went to her house for the first time for this purpose on 14th June, 1999. The name of her village is 'Dâhi'. It is located in Darrang District, Assam. It is eight K.m. far from Mangaldai town. That day she said, "Though the children like to listen the tales, now-a-days they have no time to listen. Especially, the school going children cannot waste their morning and evening
by listening stories because of their school homework. Besides that, the popularity of television is increasing day by day. So most of the people spend their leisure time by watching T.V."

On 27 Th October 1999, I went to Purnima Devi's house for the second time for this purpose. I spent that night in her house. That night she told me six tales. She can recall the folktales simply by relying on her own memory; Only sometimes she receives help from her family members.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF PURNIMA DEVI

Mrs. Purnima Devi was born at the village Barigaon of Darrang district, Assam. According to her, her age is around 66 years. She does not know her actual date of birth.

She was married to a very poor family of village Dâhi of Darrang district. They had the want of even food and raiment. But when her sons have grown up three of them got job. First son got job in a private company, second one in a private pharmacy and the third one joined the Army. So now-a-days her family's economic condition is better than before.

There are fourteen members in her family: Husband, five sons, three daughters-in-law, four grandchildren and herself. With his wife and
daughter, the eldest son is staying at Jorhat District for his job. The third son is also staying in Kashmir for his job. They are ten at home.

I have collected eighteen tales from Purnima Devi. Though my original task was to collect her folktale repertoire but during my fieldwork I observed her other behaviours also. Sometimes she sang marriage songs in a group in the marriage ceremony. I have collected five marriage songs from her.

Her father's name was Bhadra Sarma and mother's name was Dhirmala Devi. She was the second child of her parents. Their first child died at the age of three or four. So Purnima Devi was the eldest among their children. She has five sisters and three brothers.

She was born at the Purnima Tithi (the day of the full moon) of the month of Bhāda (the fifth month in the Assamese calendar). Therefore her name is 'Purnima'. But she is known as 'Puni' also. (A diminutive form of Purnima such use shows affection).

In her childhood, she went to a girls' school nearby their house and studied up to Class I. But somehow the school had closed and, therefore, she could not continue her study. At that time, it was a prohibition for a girl student (at her place) to go to a boys' school. Unfortunately, there was no girls' school near by her place.
PLATE I

Storyteller Mrs. Purnima Devi
As being the eldest among her brothers and sisters she was beloved to all of her family members. Especially, her grandmother loved her very much. So wherever the grandmother went, she was sure to follow. Sometimes, people teased her for that. She told me about one incident which she can still remember- Once she went to a nearby house with her grandmother. The householder of the family teased her and said that they would chop her grandmother and cook. Then she was much frightened and shouted a lot. After that day she never went to their house.

Most of the stories she listened from her grandmother in her childhood. She listened the stories sometimes on the fireside when they were sitting for warming in the winter season, sometimes in the courtyard in the evening of summer and sometimes in the bed.

She was married when her age was only thirteen. So she started her youth-hood life at her in-laws house. Now, indistinctly she can remember about her marriage. Her husband's village is only three miles far from her parents village. At her wedding she was taken on foot to the bridegroom's home. That day she returned home on her uncle's lap.

At that time in the marriage ceremony, it was a custom to give three clothes from the bridegroom's side to the bride. The bride did not wear
blouse at that time. Instead of blouse she wore riḥā. A pair of gold phuli (a kind of ear ornaments), a nākphuli (a kind of ornament worn on the ring of the nose), a pair of silver pāṭikharu (a kind of bracelet) and a chandrahār (a kind of necklace) was given to her at her marriage ceremony.

There was not any dowry system in that society. Instead of that it was a custom to give thirty rupees from the groom's side to the bride's party. She did not get her father and mother in laws. She heard that her father and mother-in-laws died at the same night. When her husband was only three months old, altogether seven members of their family (along with her husband's parents) died of an epidemic at the same night. Her husband's cousins' family and her brother-in-law's family lived together with them. As a daughter-in-law she did not get any trouble from them.

At that time after marriage she could not go out anywhere without a veil. When she went to the pond to fetch water she took veil by a sari. It was compulsory to wear the sari on top of the mekha-la-chādar when she went to fetch water.

She had seven children. But two of them died in their very early age. Now she is the mother of five sons. Her husband's family were living in poverty. They had no land for cultivation. Therefore, to bring up her children she got much trouble. Except that she was not unhappy. When her sons
have grown-up, three of them got some jobs. So her family's economic scarcity is no more now.

She has three daughters-in-law. She told that as a mother-in-law she is very happy. When she told herself as a happy person, she said, "Actually we should not say ourselvs like that way. God will accuse me. Life of all the people of this world is an aggregate of happiness and sorrow. Whatever is in our destiny, only that much we will get and all the people will get consequences of their own action."

She considers her daughters-in-law as her own daughter. She likes them very much. She said, "They wash my clothes, they clean my room and they are doing all the works of home. Why I will not like them?"

According to her "In the past, God made some rules for the people. That is called Religion. If we obey the rules it will be a 'punya' (virtue) and violating that will be a sin.

She has great faith on purbajanma (the previous birth) and parajanma (the future birth) and she has the faith on karmafal (consequences of one's action specially in the previous birth).

She is a suporter of the jāti-bhed pratha (The custom of caste differences). She said, "God makes different types of people. All cannot
be the same. But now-a-days, at the end of the 'Kali yug' (the fourth age according to Hindu scriptures) only two castes are there, women and men."

She had a body pain. Except that till now she had no any disease. But she told. "I cannot walk straightly because of waist. I think (may be) in my previous birth I did some wrong. otherwise why it would be?"

Purnima Devi's tales are short. She avoids habitual starting and ending formula. She passes some comments in the midst of storytelling. Once she came to my house at Jorhat with her son. She spent that night with me. Within our conversation she told me a story of 'Raja chitraketu'. In the midst of storytelling, with reference to the story she told that God is looking all our deeds. So, man should do their work properly than only God will help us. Like this way she passes some comments in the midst of storytelling.

Sometimes she sings in the midst of storytelling. Her grandsons and children nearby their house told me that they like her stories and often they listend it. Especially they like the tale of 'Adoumala'- because of its song.
REPERTOIRE OF PURNIMA DEVI

There are eighteen tales in Purnima Devi's repertoire. A table of her type of the tales is given below:

Table 1

Type of Tale in Purnima Devi's Repertoire

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Type</th>
<th>No. of Tales</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Magic Tale</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Novella</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Numskull Stories</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Animal Tale</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jokes Anecdotes</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Legend</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Myth</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

According to Purnima Devi sādhukathā (folktale) is the words of good people or saints. In Darrang District sādhukathā is called gohaikathā also. gohāi is God. So she thinks it may be the words of God also. 'God' is always good. So the meaning of the term sādhukathā and gohāikathā is aproximately same according to her.

Her first story to me was Sonār Māihāng. According to her the meaning of the story is - No one knows about the destiny of the people. With the power of destiny a beggar also may become a king.
There was an old couple. They had seven sons. The mother of the sons had died. The father married again. Once the old man asked his sons, “When you will grow-up how will you feed us?” Then the eldest one replied, “I will cultivate to feed you.” The second son said, “I will be a businessman to feed my parent.” Like that way other four sons also expressed their own opinion. But the youngest son replied to his father, “By fair means or foul I must feed my father in a golden dish”.

Then the elder brothers discussed, “How he will be such a rich person to feed our father in a golden dish? We think he would be a thief or a robber. So it is better to kill him.” The youngest sister-in-law liked him very much. Somehow she came to know about the planning of the elder brothers to kill the youngest one. So she informed him secretly. At first he did not believe. But his sister-in-law explained him to understand that. She told that there was a way to escape from the danger. She told, “When you will go to watch the tongi (a plate form for watching crops) at night, You donot sleep there. You will take a banana tree to there in a size of you and will keep in your bed under your cloth. You will hide yourself in nearby kuhiārani (sugarcane plantation) and will see from there what would happen.
At night the elder brothers came to the tongi. They thought that their brother were sleeping inside that. With a Hulabari they pierced the banana tree and thought that their brother had died and they went way from that place.

After that incident the youngest brother had gone out from his village. After going a long distance he reached in the King’s palace. There he met the king and told, Mahārāj, I am a very lonely person. So I want to stay in your house." The king was not having a son. So he became very pleased by getting such a boy and gave shelter in his house as his own son.

After a few years he became the king of that state. Once the king called the people to dig a big pond in his place. Many people came from all the direction of state to dig the pond. His six brothers and father also came to there. In a register book King’s man wrote the name of the workers. There the king got the name of his father and his brothers. Immediately he called them and feed his father in a golden dish.

Then the old man (king’s father) asked the king, “why do you treat me like this way?”

He replied, “This was my former inclination to feed you in a golden dish.”

Then the old man remembered everything and recognised his own son. The king also told everything about him and kept his father with him and the brothers were sent away from the palace.

The impossible also may become possible by the power of one’s own destiny. Storyteller Purnima Devi believes it: so she likes to tell this story.
TALE NO. 2

A Tale of an Elephant

[Oirābatar Sādhu (Jokes and Anecdotes)]

There was a couple. They had a daughter. She was given in marriage. The oldman had transplanted melon and cucumber in a plot of land.

One day the oldman told his wife, "Burhi, our melon and cucumber has blossomed." After a few days when the melons and cucumber had matured the oirābata (An elephant of the heaven's king Indra) had come from heaven at night and eaten all the fruits. In the morning the oldman went to see his fruits. But he saw that all the melons and Cucumbers were eaten by someone. He saw the foolprints of an elephant there and he was sure that the elephant had eaten all the fruits.

He had gone his home and told his wife all about that. That night he came there to guard the fruits. When the Oirabata had come he caught the Oirābata on his tail and revolved him. The Oirabata got frightened and screamed a lot. Frightened he said to the oldman, "Ātā, donot kill me. I am the elephant of Indra. If you keep alive me I will take you to the heaven." Then only the old man freed the elephant.

He went home and told his wife, "I shall go to the heaven with the Oirābata". Then his wife told, "Why I will stay alone at home. I also will go with you." the wife of the oldman went to her daughter's house and told the daughter about going to the heaven. Then her daughter told, "I will go with my parents, otherwise where will I get the chance?" Then she told her husband and her husband also got ready to go with them.
Next night after food they went to the place of that melon and
cucumber plantation and waited for the oirābat. When the Oirābata
came at first the oldman caught on the Oirābata's tail, then his wife
cught on his Dhuti, behind her the daughter caught on the mother's
mekhela and behind her husband; all together they went to the
heaven with the Oirābata.

The wife of the oldman felt very proud. She thought that because
of her husband only all of them could go to the heaven. As soon
as she thought like that she told to her daughter and son-in-law.

She told that with action,

"Bape ruisi hoh Bângi"

(Your father planted such a big melon)

When she showed the measure of the melon by hand all of them
fell down except the old man. So they could not go to the heaven.

Purnima Devi says, "Without work people can not get anything.
In this story the old man worked hard so he could go to the heaven. But
others did not do anything so they fell down from the road of heaven".

Storyteller Purnima Devi believes in Karmafal (consequences
of one's action). When I went to listen her stories sometimes she told the
meaning of her stories.

With the reference to her second tale Oirabator Sādhu. She
told, "Without good deeds people cannot gain anything". Because of their
poverty she struggled most to earn a living. But she never deviated from
truth and honesty and she never deviated from her own duty. After marriage she got much trouble in her husband's family because of their economic condition. People said her to go back to her mother's house. But she did not do that. She thought it was her duty to share all the weal and woes with her husband. She hoped that if she could do her duty properly one day auspicious time would come in her life.

She likes to tell the tale Oirabatār Sādhu. Purnima Devi said, "In this story the old man worked hard. So he could go to the heaven. Others did not do anything and therefore they had fallen down".

TALE NO. 3

An Arum Planter Old Man

[Kachu Rowā Burhar Sādhu (Animal Tale)]

There was a couple. They had no children. When the oldman had become old he cultivated only potato and arum. One day he went to transplant the arum with a bamboo basket, which was full of arum.

On the road some foxes met him. They asked him, "Atā (grandfather), Where are you going?"

The old man replied, "I am going to plant the arum". Then the foxes told, "How will you plant the arum? Actually you should boil it before planting. Then it will grow more quickly."
The old man was a very simple mined man. He believed that and went back to his home and told his wife to boil those arums.

She boiled it and according to the foxes he painted the arum. After six or seven days he went to see the plantation. But he found that there was not a single arum there. Then he understood the craftiness of the foxes, all the arums were eaten by the foxes. When he told at home, his wife told, “You didnot listen to my words. For that only it could happen.”

Sometime after that incident the oldman made some *thora*. He had pretended to die inside and kept the *thora* nearby him. He asked the old woman to start crying and when the foxes would come to inquire what is up then to tell them that he had died and ask them to take him out and eat him.

The old woman followed his advice. The foxes came and asked, “Grandmother, what is happened?” She replied, “My sons, my old man is dead and that is why I am crying. Now no one to cremate him! So you can take him out and eat him.” On hearing that they entered the room in great glee one by one.

When they entered one by one the old woman shouted from outside.

“Old man, one has entered.”
Old man, two have entered.”
Old man, three have entered.”

The oldman then got up at once and beat them all to death except four who some how freed from there.

Sometime after the old woman went to her mother’s house. She thought that some how she may met the foxes who freed from them. So she went in a gourd-shell. The foxes met her on the road and broke that, Then the old woman came out. The foxes told to the
old woman, "Grandmother, we shall eat you now." She replied, "My sons, sure you will eat me. But I did not go my mother’s house for a long time. So when I shall come back you will eat me."

When she came back the foxes caught her. She told them, "My sons, you are quite welcome to eat me. But I have a great desire to show you a nice dance I have just learnt at my mother’s house." The foxes were agreed to see. By dancing and dancing the old woman reached not very far from her house. They foxes were coming with the old woman. When she reached near their house she shouted- "Kali ou, Bagi ou".

Then their dogs kali and Bagi came. As soon as the foxes saw the dogs, they fled away and the old woman reached home safely.

Before beginning this tale Purnima Devi said, "Now-a-days the people have no time to listen the tales. So the days of telling the tales have become past." By telling that she had become silent for a moment and recalled from her memory, the folktale *Kachu rowà Burhà*.

At last end Purnima Devi said, "The oldman and old woman were very simple. But when the foxes cheated them, they also cheated them."

**TALE NO. 4**

The Cunning Husband and His Wife

*[Tentan Tiri-Munhi (Jokes and Anecdotes) AT 1525D]*

There was a couple. They were very poor and cunning.

One day a guest came to their house. They had no salt that day.
In their neighbours house they saw a big bag of salt.

Just to show the neighbour they quarreled unnecessarily. The woman went away to escape from her husband to their neighbour’s house. The husband chased her and both of them entered into the neighbour’s kitchen.

But the bag of the salt was tightly closed by a rope. So she scolded him, *Nikateriâ* (Who is without knife)

He replied, *Datkâmeri* (Bites by teeth)

That means he told to torn the rope with her teeth.

Like that way she took the salt in her *mekhela’s los* (edge of the dress) and cooked the rice for their guest for that day.

Another day her husband went to bail a pond for catching fish. He got a big *Kawai* fish.

But the wife didnot give him to eat. She hid for herself. When her husband was taking rice she thought that he would know then.

So she told,

"*Tâther gharar kurmâ âisi
bar kawito dhâre nisî*"

(A guest has come to their house so the big ‘kawai’ fish has been borrowed by them)

He understood and replied,

"*Thou hâthâ lou jorâ
sâi ahongoi kurmâ jorâ.*"

(Keep the ladle take a torch come to see their guest)
She could not hide the fish any more.

So again she said,

"kino munhi dhar phar

tel nimakh sânbâ nedei par".

(What type of flounder are you? Do not give the time to knead the oil and salt)

Purnima Devi said, "She has been caught. In our society some people are there who are very greedy. They know only about their own stomach."

Again she said, "The works, which we can not do with own physical or economical capacity, also can be done by intelligence". It is observed that Purnima Devi always gives emphasis on work and intelligence.

TALE NO. 5

A Tale of Phuleswari

[Phuleswari Sâdhu (Novella)]

Once there was a king. He had seven queens. But they had no children. So he was very upset and again he married a girl from a very poor family. Her name was Phuleswari.

After a few days the king had gone to conquer the state. All the eight queens stayed at home.

Storyteller Purnima Devi told that in the past the queen and the wife of gosai (a priestly caste) could not go to their mother’s house.
But the youngest queen wanted to go her mother's house.

One day she pretended like a doorkeeper and secretly went to her mother's house. But she did not meet anyone at home. All of them went to the field. So she herself entered in the kitchen. She saw that in the cooking pot some cooked rice and some cooked small fish were there. She ate that rice and fish with much satisfaction and came back to the royal compound again by pretending as a doorkeeper.

(Purnima Devi said, "Women can not keep their secrecy.")

She could not keep inside that any more and one day she told to her co-wives. After somedays the king reached his place. When he came the co-wives told him about the youngest queen and that she went to her mother's house secretly.

Then the king told them to ask the youngest queen about that incident as to be heard by the king.

The co-wives asked her about that and she also told happily about the incident- how she went there and ate the rice, how delicious the fish-curry etc.

Then the king came in front of her and asked- "Afterwards, what has happend?"

Her presence of mind was very sharp. As soon as the king asked she replied, "Afterwards I have woken up."

Then the king thought that it was a dream only. So he didn't give any punishment to her for going home.

According to purnima Devi this tale tells that woman cannot
keep their secrets. She said, "The food of mother's house is always good". Again she said, "She (Phuleswari) has escaped for her intelligence." The tale presents co-wives rivilary one of the common themes of Assamese tales and it is also seen that some of the stereotypes of feminity like disclosure of secrets are not contested by women. Moreover, child bearing is regarded one of the central symbol in Assamese society (Bhattacharjee, 1999)

TALE NO. 6

A Tale of an Intelligent Woman

[Buddhimatir Sādhu (Novella) AT 923B]

There was an old man and old woman. They had four children, three sons and one daughter. The youngest one was the daughter, they were very poor. The father (the old man) feed them by doing works at others house.

They were grown up. One day he asked his children, " By which virtue you have been feeding of?" Then the sons replied, "We are feeding by virtue of you only."

But the daughter replied, " Owing to myself I have been feeding."

The father became angry by listening her words and turned away her from home.
After roaming hither and tither, she entered into a forest. She saw a cottage there. In that cottage a sluggard had been living. Everyday he cut some fire wood and gave its in the king’s residence. In exchange of that the king gave him a sidhâ (uncook eatables). He cooked all at a time and took all.

The girl took shelter on his cottage and with the sluggard they started to live as husband and wife. In his sidhâ he got one pura rice. Before he cooked all the rice at a time. But his wife started to cook only half of that. By that way she used to save their things and they became rich. He became cleaner than before and their residence also became good.

Some how one day her father reached that place. He couldnot recognise his daughter. But she recognised her father and took to her home and keep him in her house forever.

Purnima Devi told that no one knows about the fate of the people. In this tale though they were very poor before, the daughter’s works and destiny made them rich. Other two versions of this same tale are found in Lahari Hazarika and Taruni Devi’s repertoires also. While they stress on luck, destiny and intelligence, Purnima Devi gives emphasis on fate and work.
TALE NO. 7

The King Chitraketu

[Rajā Chitraketu (Magic Tale)]

Once there was a pair of kuruwa Charāi. One day they kept a 'barāli māsh' in front of their child as the meal and went outside for searching their food. A Brahmin was going somewhere on that way. The fish, which was in front of the birds, came to sight of the Brahmin. The Brahmin was very greedy. So he took the fish by force from the child of the birds.

The child of the birds felt very hungry and by excessive hunger he had died.

In the evening the birds came back to their nest. But they saw that their child had died and the fish, which was given to him, was not there, they understood the cause of their death. They felt very grief and cursed, "who has eaten the food from our child, he will also get such a grief from his child in his future birth."

The Brahmin became a king in his next birth. The name of the king was Chitraketu. He had one hundred queens. But no one of them got any child. So he was very upset. One day an ascetic came to his house and by the favour of that ascetic, after a few months eldest queen gave birth a son.

After birth of the son all of his weariness of life had gone away. The child became the apple of his parent's eyes.
But when he had grown up the other queens became very envious and by giving poison they killed him.

By afflicted with grief the king went to the ascetic. Then the ascetic told, “In your previous birth you killed a child of the birds by keeping in hunger. In this birth you have got this punishment.

Storyteller said, “The king got the punishment for his own misdeeds in previous birth. Every misdeed has a punishment.”

One day she came to my rented house at Jorhat. She spent that night with me. Within our conversation she told me the story of ‘Rajā Chitraketu’. With reference to this story, she said, “God is looking at all our deeds. So, man should do his work properly, then only God will help us.”

She has a great faith on *Karmafal*. Storyteller Purnima Devi said, “He got that punishment for his own misdeed in previous birth.” Thus we observe that belief in rebirth and *karma* is strong in her tales. The other dimension of the story is an exu aty concerning childbirth donot find any place in her explanation.
PLATE II

Purnima Devi, in a moment of storytelling.
TALE NO. 8

Purnima Devi's grandson 'Jyoti' told me "I like my grandmother's tales very much. She tells her almost all the tales at the evening. Though I like her all tales, the tale Adomâlâ I like most". I asked "why"? He said, "In this tale there is a nice song. My grand mother sings it very nicely." Then I requested Purnima Devi to tell the tale Adoumâlâ. Then she smiled and began to tell —

Adoumâlâ

[Novella]

There was an old couple. They had seven sons but no daughter. They prayed everyday for a girl child. Afterwards, by the grace of god the woman brought forth a girlchild. They were beside themselves with joy. When longing had fulfilled. They kept the name of the child Adoumâlâ.

When she had grown up everyday she asked her parents to bring a star from the sky. Then the parent discussed "Actually before her birth we promised that whatever she would need we would give. So now we should try to give her.

By discussing that one-day her mother went to bring the star. After a few days her father also followed his wife. She waited for them year after year but they didnot come back.

Already her seven brothers got married and Adoumâlâ got seven sisters-in-law.

Except the youngest sister-in-law, they didnot like her. Once all of her brother's had gone for trade for a few years. The money, which were with her sister-in-lows were finished after somedays.
One day a fish seller came to their house. He had brought a big rou fish. Adoumâlâ's sister-in-laws wanted to buy that. But they had no money. So they discussed that they would sale Adoumâlâ to the fish seller to buy the fish. But the youngest sister-in-law could not agree with them. She told, "We should not take fish by selling her, I will not take that fish." But they did not listen to her words. They changed Adoumâlâ with that fish and the fish seller took Adoumâlâ to his own home.

At fish sellers house her duty was to graze the goats. The goats were grazed by her in a river bank. She felt very lonely there. Sometimes she was beaten up when the goats had eaten others crops.

So she always cryed and sang like that —

_Mâi geisi tarâ pârbâ_

_bâpâi geisi lagat._

_sât bhâi geisi baniz karbâ_

_sât bou âsei gharat_

_mai Ådou châgâl châro_

_domar nagarat._

(Mother has gone to bring down the star
Father, has gone with her,
Seven brothers has gone to trade
Seven sister-in-laws at home now.
I ‘Ådoumâlâ is being grazed the goat
at the place of dom)

Always she sang and cried by singing that song.

Her brothers were coming from the trade by that river. When they reached the place where their sister were grazed the goats they heard the song. In the midst of the song they heard the name of their
sister Ådoumâlå. They came to her and asked, “Why are you crying and singing?” Then she told everything to them. How did she come to that place; how she was sold by her sister-in-laws and all about their family and her.

Then they recognised her. They also expressed their acquaintance and they asked her to go with them. But she told, “I cannot go from here, the fish-seller will beat me if he comes to know about this.” They told, “No one can beat you now because we are with you.”

She went with them. When they reached home, the brothers feigned that they did not know about Ådoumâlå. They called, Ådoumâlå! The sister-in-laws came out. They told that Ådoumâlå was not at home; She had gone to her maternal uncle’s house. Then they asked them to bring her. One of the sister-in-law’s pretended to go there and after some time she came back. After coming from there she told that she was not there also. From her uncle’s house she went to her friend’s house with her aunt. Then told them to bring Ådoumâlå from her friend’s house. Then they became perplexed.

Afterwards to test them they (the brothers) dug a big pond and made a bridge by unboiled thread. The sister-in-laws were asked to cross by that bridge one by one. All of them had fallen down in the pond except the youngest one. She easily crossed the bridge. It proved that she was not an offence.

At last she told about the incident of Ådoumâlå’s sale. She told, “I did not want to sale her. So I did not take the fish which was changed with Ådoumâlå.”

After telling the story, storyteller, Purnima Devi said, “Always there is a punishment for every misdeed. That is why the sisters-in-law of
'Adowmāla' could not cross the bridge." Again she said, "If we do not give anything to others, then why we should expect something from others."

This tale shows three aspects of cultural construction of womanhood: child bearing, co-wive's or sisters-in-laws rivelary and honesty.

TALE NO. 9

A Tale of an Old man and an Old Woman

[Burhā Burhir Sādhu (Numskull Stories) AT 1250B]

This tale is same with the tale No. 2. Before she told this tale as an Oirabatar Sādhu (A Tale of an Elephant). Next time gave the name of this tale as Burhā Burhir Sādhu (A tale of an old man and an old woman). Otherwise both the tale is same. The style of story telling is different from before. Otherwise both the tale is same.

TALE NO. 10

A Tale of Maria and Mareni

[Mariyā Marenīr Sādhu (Novella)]

There was a pair of Mariyā and Marenī. They had only one son. They had no land for cultivation. So the Mariyā caught the birds and by selling them he bought the rice. They were subsisted by that way
so his duty was always to catch the birds.

One day the son asked his mother, "Mother, my father always goes to catch the bird- but he never gives us to have it." the mother told, "if will you eat them how will your father bring the rice?" Then he kept quiet. But he always wanted to eat the birds that his father had brought.

One day the father caught a very big Kukuha bird. He kept that at home and again he went to catch the bird by a trap. When he went for that the mother and the son killed the kukuha. They chopped it and cooked. Both mother and the son finished all the meats. They didn't keep for the father.

After a while the father came home. He searched the bird, but did not get. So he asked his wife." Where is the bird, I have brought before?"

She replied- "Chaku je tal tal

"mani je kaliā
burhā mariyā!
chānāko darālā
makākko darālā
neochi keochi chuenit pelālā."

[The eyes are bright
the pupils are black
oh! old mariya
Frightened the son and his mother
So they threw it in the chueni (A place where unclean was thrown.)]

The father thought that, that was true. So
he did not search any more.

At last Purnima Devi said - "The wicked people always thinks ill."

**TALE NO. 11**

**The Old Man, The Old Woman and The Fox**

*[Burhā Burhi aru Siyāl (Animal Tale) AT 122F, AT 176]*

Once there was an old man and old woman. They did sugarcane plantation in a plot of land. Everyday the oldman guarded the plantation. But at night always some foxes came and ate the sugarcane.

One day the oldman told his old woman. "Burhi, the sugarcanes are finished by the foxes. So we should make a device to catch them."

The oldman asked his wife to made some *pithāguri* and gave that to him. The old woman made that and gave that to the oldman with some molasses. The old man had gone to the sugarcane plantation with that powdered rice and molasses and took a gunny bag with him.

The oldman had smeared the mixture of powdered rice and molasses in his buttocks. Like that way he was sleeping on that gunny bag.

At the midnight the foxes came to eat the sugarcane. They saw that the oldman was sleeping in the midst of the plantation. They got the smell of that mixture of molasses and powdered rice. They went nearby them and one of them began to lick the buttocks of the old man. As soon as the fox began to lick the buttocks of the old man;
he began to beat up on the waist of the fox. The fox came with his wife and children. So he shouted-

*Lar már lar már bhubeni moheni*

*joy mādhabak lai,*
*modhu sodhan dekār kakalto bhāngīl*
*burār tapīlā chelkār hai.*

(Run run my *bhubeni moheni* with *joy* and *mādhab*
The waist of Madhusodan Deka has broken for licking the buttocks of the old man.)

They run away from that place. But the fox could not run quickly because of his broken waist. He sat under an *Ou* tree. As soon as he sat there an *Ou* had fallen down on his head. He thought that some one scared away him from the sky. Again he ran away from that place and sat on an embankment across a paddy field. There was a hole of a crab there. The tail of the fox entered in to the hole and the crab squeezed the tail.

Then he thought that again he was scared away by someone from the plutonic world. So he ran away from that place also.

Purnima Devi commented, "The fox lost the old man’s sugarcane cultivation, so he suffered last." However, she did not notice the humour
elements in the tale.

TALE NO. 12

A Wedding of a Docked Tail Fox

[ Kharā Siyālar Biyā (Animal Tale)]

I went to Purnima Devi's house on 6th December 2005 to listen her tales. That day she told a story which is same with the tale (No. 11) Burha Burhi aru Siyal. This story is longer than before. She connected some portion of the tale in verse form. The connected portion is given below:

The wife and the children of the fox had lost in that incident. So he became alone from that day. He wanted to marry again.

Storyteller Purnima Devi sang a song concerning the arrangement of the marriage of that fox.

The song in her language-

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Rod āru barashun kharā siyalār biyā,} \\
\text{ghan chirikāi kāatishe tāmol,} \\
\text{amāko ekhan diyā.} \\
\text{kerketuwāi pariche tāmol,} \\
\text{wi chiringāi pān,} \\
\text{sāmuke ānishe nize porā chun} \\
\text{Indure kornal dhān,}
\end{align*}
\]
(The sun is shining and it is raining
A wedding of a docked tail fox.
The house sparrow has cut the betel nut
Give one us too.
The squirrel has plucked the betel nut
Cricket has plucked the betel leaf
The snail has brought lime
Which he has made himself
Rat has brought soft rice
The curd is brought by horned
Buffalo himself
Cat aunt has brought molasses, milk
And sugar by stealing.
The thunder has said,
It is the time to marry and come all to bring water.
The crows have done ka ka ka
The asses has shouted a lot
The cat has began to sing
Miu miu miu
Tiger has shouted in a loud voice
The rain has poured water
In the foxes body
The cat aunt has come
By shouting miu miu miu
Smeared turmeric on his body
From top a shaft of lightning
Suddenly has come down.
To give a news
He himself a telegram
This is the news from brides house
Where has written the name of fox
At last night the bride
Suddenly has disappeared.
The docked tail fox has read the news
And he felt nervous.
With being ashamed and disgraced
He swooned suddenly.)

After that he died.
Here, Storyteller Purnima Devi has sketched scene of a marriage ceremony of Assamese society. Sometimes Purnima Devi sings in the midst of Storytelling. It is very impressive. Therefore not only her grandchildren but other relatives and neighbours children also like to listen her stories.

Once I met some neighbour's children in Purnima Devi's house. I asked do you ever hear your Purni barma's tale? Then they said 'yes'. "When do you come to listen her tales?"

"Generally we listened her stories at the evening." They replied. Again they said,

"Especially at the summer evening we sit at the courtyard of her house with her on the bamboo mat and listen her tales."

I asked them, "Do you like her tales." They replied, "Yes, we like. Because those tales are very interesting."

I got the proof when I went to her house on 6th December 2005. That day I tap recorded her stories for the last time for this purpose. That night she told me her stories till 1 A.M. The children, whom I met before they also were with me to listen her stories.

Purnima Devi always pays attention to the needs and desires of the listeners. She creates her characters of the tales on her own way.
Franz Boas said, "The character of a tale at a particular point of time depends no less upon the quality of the narrator and the social changes brought about by extraneous factors than upon its tradition forth." (Boas 1948, 147 cited by Goswami, 1970. 5-6).

Storyteller Purnima Devi said, "Like that way by going to marry again the fox has died."

The crab gnew the fox’s tail. So he was refused by the fox with which he wanted to marry.

**TALE NO. 13**

**A Tale of a Brahmin**

*[Bāmunar Sādhu (Magic Tale)]*

Once upon a time there was a village of Brahmins. All the Brahmins of that village regular performed their sacrifice. After sacrifice only they took their meal. They had their own servants to prepare the things for the sacrifice.

One day in a Brahmin’s house his maidservant went to clean and plaster the place of sacrifice. The Brahmin kept the ghee in a bamboo tube there. Suddenly she turned over the tube and all the ghee had fallen down on the floor. She had become unnerved. She thought that if the Brahmins would come to know about that he would beat
and curse her. So she filled the tube with her urine and came out from that sacrificial place. By that way she escaped from the Punishment of the Brahmin.

After that the Brahmin went for sacrifice. He began to pour out the ghee in to the sacrificial fire. But he saw that when he pours out the ghee in to the sacrificial fire it had scattered here and there. He could not understand what was happened. So he sat down at meditation. By meditation he came to know that his maidservant kept her urine in the tube of the ghee. So it had become a mixture of ghee and urine. But whenever that mixture had scattered that became gold. When the Brahmin found the pieces of gold he felt very happy and told nothing to his servant.

From that day the maidservant almost everyday did that work.

Soon the news spread in all the directions of that village. So in every house of that village tried to get gold by that way.

There was another Brahmin and his wife in that village. They had no children. The wife of the Brahmin also told his husband to do his sacrifice with the mixture of urine and ghee to found the gold. But the Brahmin told that he could not do that. According to him that was a great sin. The Brahmin told his wife, "We can not earn property such a way."

The villagers did their sacrifice regularly by that way. They did not know that that was a deadly sin for them. After a few days the earthquake came, the foxes shouted and like that way some evil omen was shown in that village. Then the Brahmin told his wife, "I will not stay here anymore. This place will be devasted soon. The wife of the Brahmin said, "With whom I will stay? I will also go with you."

By discussing that the Brahmin and his wife had gone out from that
village. After going sometime the wife of the Brahmin remembered that she kept some rice and a curry of matimah in the kitchen to eat. So she returned to take that. But the Brahmin did not return.

At that moment a big earthquake had come to their village and that place was wholly ruined. The place became watery. All of the people of that village died. Only the Brahmin survived.

The people who had died in that incident, all of them became frog, the bullfrog.

Storyteller Purnima Devi commented, "So in every jumps the full-frog passes their urine and they had a long mark drawn on their forehead. God kept that sign of their previous birth." Thus according to her it is an etiological tale.

Again, she said, "The love of property is the root of all evil." She also commented that Brahmins should not commit sin because they know the rules of behaviour.

TALE NO. 14

A Tale of Mother-in-law and Daughter-in-law

[Sāhu- Bowārir Sādhu (Novella)]

There was an old woman. She had only one son. She had brought up him by begging door to door. In his youth age he got a job. His mother wanted to marry him. So she arranged his marriage.
After marriage he had gone to his job's place. Only the daughter-in-law and the old woman stayed at home. But the daughter-in-law did not like her. The daughter-in-law never gave food regularly to her mother-in-law. The things, which she wanted, did not give, but which she did not want that only she gave her. Therefore the health of the old woman became worse day by day.

After a few days her son came home. He saw that his mother was crying at that time. He went nearby her and asked, "Mother, why are you crying?" But she could not reply anything. She cried more and more. Then he asked his wife about the reason of her crying. She told, "Do not ask your mother. She is doing such annoyance everyday and night." The husband told, "I think you do not give anything to eat her." She said, "Why would I not give? I am always giving her what she likes."

He believed his wife's words.

Next day the son asked his mother, "Mother, Do you want to eat anything you like?" She told, "My son, no need anything for me. My daughter-in-law always gives me. Still if you want to feed me something then you can bring a head of fish for me. I have not taken it for many days."

Then next day his son bought a big Roufish from the market. He told his wife to cook the fish and the head of the fish to give his mother. By telling that he had gone out somewhere. His wife cooked the fish. After cooking she ate herself and a half of that kept for her husband. Only a very small piece gave to her mother-in-law, but she did not give the head of the fish to her mother-in-law.

The next day again he saw that his mother was crying. His wife told him, "yesterday I cooked the fish for her and gave her nicely, still I cannot gratified her. She is always giving me such an annoyance."
Then her husband thought, "It is better to give her banishment." He took his mother on his shoulder and went to a forest for her banishment. After going a long distance they found a dense forest. He told his mother to stay there and he returned alone. At that moment the rain had come with thunder and wind.

After returning sometime he imperfectly heard that someone was singing. When he heard the song attentively. He had come to know that it was his mother's voice. Mother was praying god by singing this song-

\[\text{Hur-hur gum-gum nakarbi deu}t\text{\textasciitilde{}to} \\
\text{rou-mashar nidane bonab\textasciitilde{}sh kh\textasciitilde{}tilo} \\
\text{ghar p\textasciitilde{}k j\textasciitilde{}y mor po.}\]

(Oh God! Donot do hur-hur, donot do gum gum I am banished for a head of Roumash Let my son reach home safely!)

As soon as he heard her prayer he went to his mother and again he returned home with his mother. When he took his mother. She told, "My son, I donot go home anymore. If I shall go your wife will abuse you. So I will stay here."

But he did not listend that and turned back home with her.

At home he asked his wife, "Yesterday, did you give fish to my mother to eat? She told, "Yes, I gave."

Already he listened everything from his mother. So he turned out her (his wife) from home by cutting nose and hair.

Purnima Devi said, " A mother always likes their children."
Once in the midst of our conversation Purnima Devi said, "Death is better than infamy." Again she said that without any true element the folktale cannot exist.

TALE NO. 15

Purnima Devi told a tale (Legend) concerning about her village name Dâhi.

'The story is —

There was a place of aquatic grass at her village. A snake lived there. The snake was a very big one. The People could not see that. Everyday the snake ate goat, cow etc. of that village.

Everyday the villagers lost their domestic animals.

Oneday the snake again ate a calf. Then the villagers went to an ascetic to ask about that. The ascetic were already there by coming from somewhere.

The ascetic told, "It is not any other thing but a snake. If you want to catch him you keep a banana tree there. When he will bite it by thinking a man or animal then the fibre of the banana tree will attach his teeth which will be impossible to separate from his teeth. Then he will not be able to go from there. Like that way you will be able to catch the snake."

The villagers did so to catch the snake. The name of the snake was Dâhi. They caught the snake Dâhi there. Therefore the name of the village became Dâhi.
It is observed that she has given the legend character of a tale.

TALE NO. 16

The Sisters Châti and Mâti

[Châti-Mâti Bâi (Jokes and Anecdotes) AT 1525D, 176]

There was an old man and his old woman. They had two daughters. But they could not give in marriage them. After a few years the old man and the old woman had died. So they stayed alone at home. They were very poor. They were living by working other's house.

The name of the younger sister was Châti and elder one's name was Mâti. Châti had a mind to eat pithâ. So she told to elder sister Mâti, "Mâti Bai, I want to eat Pithâ. For many days we did not eat that can you not bring from somewhere? "Mâti told, Control your mind. From where will I bring?" Then Châti told, "They are treading out of Barâ rice, you can go and bring from them the rice.

Mâti thought herself, "If I shall not bring for her who will bring?" So she went to the house where the householder were treading out of grain by cattle.

She entered the house and asked,

Uncle, what are you doing?

Aunty, are you cooking rice?

The house-wife told, "Oh, Mâti! come in I am cooking rice. She sat
on the corridor. She had been sitting till the maranā had finished.
In the midst of his work the householder went to take his food to
the kitchen. He told her to sit for sometime.

Mātī was wearing a cloth of eri silk when all members of the house
began to take their food she shouted a lot and roled on the maranā.
She told that she was having a stomach pain. So she could not stay
anywhere. When the householder came out by hearing her shouting
she asked him to bring water. When he went to bring water at the
moment she took some rice in her cloth and went away from there.

By that way they got the rice. But they had no bamboo, banana
leaf and firewood to make pithā. They discussed that they could go
to the bear’s garden for banana leaf; for banana and fine wood they
could go to the tiger’s garden. Both of the sister’s went to the bear’s
garden first. When the cut the banana leaf the bear heard the sound
and asked, “Who are you? Why are you cutting the banana leaves”?

Then they told, "To make pithā we need some banana leaves.
Therefore we are cutting the leaves.” The bear told, “If you will give
the pitha to me then only I will give my things, otherwise I will kill
you."

The sisters replied, “Why not, sure we shall give you please you
come to our house when you see the smoke at our broken house.”

Next, they went to the tiger’s garden for bamboo and firewood. They
entered the garden and began to cut those things.

The tiger heard the sound of cutting the things so he asked, " Who
are you? Why are you cutting my things? I will eat you now? With frightned the sisters replied,

“Tiger brother, we are the sisters Chāti and mātī. To make pitha we
need some bamboo and firewood. But we have not these things at
home. For that only we have come to your garden.”
Then the tiger told, "If you will give me too than only I shall give those things, otherwise I shall eat you."

Then they told, "Yes, we will give you. When you will see the smoke on our broken house, you must come to our house to eat pitha."

The sisters returned home and next day made some pitha. But they forget about the bear and tiger. They had eater all the pithas.

After eating those when they remembered about the bear and the tiger they had frightened a lot. So they were hiding in a duli.

After sometime the bear and the tiger came to their house. They called them, "chāṭī, māṭī, bai, where are you"? They didnot respond.

Before entering into the duli they ate all the pithas. So their stomach was not good. Inside the duli one of them had broken wind very loudly. The bear and the tiger thought, "These are the sound of firing and today they will kill us. "By thinking that they ranaway from that place.

Chāṭī and Māṭī had escaped from them.

TALE NO. 17

Tale of Sindhumuni

[Sindhumunir Sādhu (Myth)]

Once king Dasarath went for hunting. The place was on the bank of the river Saraju. King Dasarath went to hunting there. Dasarath knew how to hit the target by merely following the sound made by someone.

On the other side Sindhumuni is the son of Andhakmuni. The son fed his parents by begging because they were totally blind. The boy had a tube of bamboo of two joints to fetch water.
(In the midst of storytelling Purnima Devi said, At that time nothing was like today. In this kaliyug (the forth age according to Hindu scriptures). Man is God. They can do everything. What do the man not do today?).

So people fetch the water in a bamboo tube at that time. When Sindhumuni filled the tube with water that made a sound because of its joint. King Dasarath heared the sound and hit the arrow there. The arrow struck into the Sindhumuni’s chest and he fell down in the water. The king went nearby him. Then Sindhumuni said,

\[Kon tai mahāpāpi kon tai adham durjan\]
\[binā doshe mokl badhīi ki kāran.\]

(who are you such a sinful man and such a nicked person without any fault why are you killing me?).

He abused him (King) by that way. Then the king went near him and brought out the arrow from his chest. Then the boy said, “In the Srīphal forest, my parents are there so take me to them.”

King took him to his parents.

When the parents heard the sound of someone coming towards them they said.

(Storyteller Purnima Devi began to sing)

\[O bāsā sindhumuni e!\]
\[o bāsā andhakare lāthi!\]
\[tora bāta chāi bāsā āso guni gāthi.\]

(Oh dear son Sindhumuni! Oh dear, only means of helpless person, we are eagerly waiting and thinking)
Andhakmuni said, "O basā, don't do late from today. You should go at the daylight and should come back before dark. In the jungle there are so many cruel animals, at night they may attack you, so you should come early.

Again Purnima Devi started to sing -

Marāsha thailā rājā
kāndharpe namāi
andhakmuni māṭilanta bharir sabda pāi.

(The king brought down the dead body from his soldier. Andhakmuni called him (Sindhumuni) when he heared the sound of foot. Then the king bowed to the saint (Andhakmuni) and said.

(Again Purnima Devi began to sing -

Tomār putra nahay mai Dasarath rajā mahāpāpi
munir charane dhari nripati bināwei āi
 o guru nahai mai putra tomār
taju putra badhi mai mahāpāpi ai
 o guru Dasaratha durāchār

By bowing his head on the saints leg king began to lament.

I am not your son I am a sinful person, killed your son. I am the Dasarath who involved in such a evil dead. Like that way the king began to cry. Then the saint cursed him that he also would get such
a grief from his son.

(Purnima Devi's son Manik reminded that)

But till that time the king had no children though he had three wives. Then he said, "Though you cursed me I have no son". Then the saint gives him a fruit to the king to gave his wives to eat and told that then they would get the son.

The king helped to cremate the saint's son. Both the parents of Sindhumuni died in their own will.

After that the king came to his house and had gave the fruit to his wives. At that time the younger wife of the king. Sumitra was not at home. The other wives, Kaushalya and Kaikeyee were at home and they took the fruits. They wanted to have the fruit, at that moment. Sumitra also reached there. She asked, "What are you eating. Please give me also." Then Kausailya and Kaikeyee both of them gave two pieces to her. So she got two sons - Lakshman and Satrugna. Kausailya got the son 'Rama' and Kaikeyee the 'Bharata'. When the king got the sons he forgot about the saints curse.

Like that way the time was going on.

Once king Darasatha promised that he would give two boons to his wife Kaikeyee by satisfied her treatment to the king. But she told that that would take when that would be needed.

The sons had grown up. The king wanted to make king to Ramachandra, the eldest son of Dasarath after his retirement. All of the people of his country supported the decision of the king.

So the king made an arrangement to make Ramachandra the king of that country in the next day.
Purnima Devi told "How we do some rituals like fasting, cleaning the cooking pots and all before the day of a sadha on other occasion; like that they also prepared from next day).

That day was *adhibas* (a ceremony before a solemn rite performed on the previous night).

Kaikeyee heard the news from Manthara who was the servant of Kaikeyee. Manthara said, "Tomorrow Rama will be the king and you will be the mother of a servant" When Manthara told that Kaikeyee entered into the house of Sukiness Dasaratha searched for her When he found her there he asked her what she need Then she asked those two boons which the king promised to give before

As the first boon Kaikeyee asked that Rama should go for banishment for fourteen years and as the second boon she asked that Bharata should be the king of that country.

By hearing that the king fainted. When Rama sees that condition of his father he told that he was ready to obey his father's promise. Rama went for banishment with his wife Sita and bother Lakshmana.

King Dasaratha had died after Rama's banishment.

Purnima Devi told that it was his *karmafal*, as being a king of a country and being a father of four son Dasarath's dead body decomposed for four days.
Purnima Devi, in a moment of storytelling in her house.
There was an old couple. They had no children. The old man used to do bamboo works for a living. The month of Jetha (May-June) had begun. The old woman asked her husband to make two chepās (a fishing trap made of bamboo). The old man two chepās - one for him and the other for his old woman. Both of them went to lay the chepās. The old woman laid her chepā on the passage of an embankment across a rice field. The old man, thinking that his chepā would float away in the flood, laid his chepā on the top of a tree. Next day, both of them went to see their chepās. Some cheng fishes a kind of fish were caught in the old woman's chepā and some frogs were caught in the old man's chepā. Both of them brought home the fishes and the frogs in a fish-basket. After reaching home, the old man said to his wife, "Yesterday itself I said that you would eat whatever is caught in your chepā and I would eat whatever is caught in my chepā. So, cook and give me the frogs". The old woman coked both the fishes and the frogs. But when they sat for the meal, they saw that there was a frog under the stool. When the old man wanted to kill it, the frog said- "Grandfather, please donot kill me. I shall feed you by doing cultivation". Saying thus, the frog began pleading the old man not to kill him. Not finding any other way, the old man kept the frog in the fish basket.

Next day morning the frog said to the old man, "Oh grandfather, come, let's go to the field." The old man went to the field taking his plough on his shoulder alongwith the frog. The old man began to plough. After sometime, the frog said, "Grandfather, now you go home, I shall
plough”. Telling this, he sat on the plough and began ploughing. The old man made the embankments and after sometime, went home to take tea. The frog kept on ploughing.

In the otherwise, the son of the king of that country was coming back from somewhere through that field. He tramped and broke the embankment in the field, where the frog was ploughing. The frog abused the son of the king. Hearing the abuses, the son of the king saw here and there, but could not see anybody. Then he went away taking the pair of the bullocks. Seeing the pair of bullocks being taken away, the frog came back home. He told everything to the old man. The old man became very angry on the frog and said, "you have made me the king!

How can I now bring back the bullocks from the King?"

Then the frog said, “Grandfather do not worry. I shall bring back the bullocks anyhow”. Then the frog said to the old woman, “Grandmother, do you have black pulse at home? If you have fry a little and give me. I am going to bring the bullocks back”.

Hearing the frog, the old woman fried a little black pulses, the frog set forth to bring back the bullocks. On the way he sang".

"mah korai khao, bate bate jao,
    mor logot jeye ahe,
    tako ekmutha deo"

("I am eating the fried pulses, whoever comes with me, I am giving him a gulp).

He went on singing thus. Hearing the frog, bees, bears, tigers, and monkeys, all went with him. The frog rode on the tiger's back. Thus all of them reached the king's house. When all the wild animals like the bear, tiger monkeys, etc. reached the king's courtyard, everybody
became afraid and fled away from there. Availing this opportunity, the frog took the pair of bullocks and brought it home.

He gave the pair of bullocks to the old man. The old man became very happy. On the other hand, the frog was feeling very thirsty. So he wanted to drink tea. The old woman brought a full pot of hot tea. The frog jumped into the pot to take tea, but he died in the hot tea.

There is a printed version of the tale where we notice disenchantment. But Purnima Devi's tale is relatively realistic. There might be symbolic connotation of frog in the context of childlessness of the couple.