



# Paru and the Chulthi: A Teej Tale

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The lounge room was a sea of crimson. The scent of incense filled the air as Paru's mother and aunts laughed, adjusting heavy gold jewelry and smoothing vibrant saris. They were preparing for the Teej festival, a day of fasting and sisterhood. Amidst the joyful chaos, Paru felt like an outsider. The excitement felt loud and confusing, so she quietly slipped away.



Paru found her grandmother, Aama, in her quiet room, carefully weaving a Chulthi. The Chulthi was an intricate basket of woven reeds, adorned with colorful threads and tiny mirrors. Aama's wrinkled hands moved with practiced grace as she explained it was a special gift for the Teej festival.





Aama smiled gently and invited Paru to sit beside her. She began to teach Paru the ancient art of weaving the Chulthi. Paru's fingers fumbled at first, but Aama patiently guided her, showing her how to intertwine the reeds and secure the threads.





As they worked together, Aama told Paru stories of Teej festivals past. She spoke of strong women, lasting friendships, and the importance of celebrating their shared heritage. Paru listened, captivated by the tales and the love that filled Aama's voice.





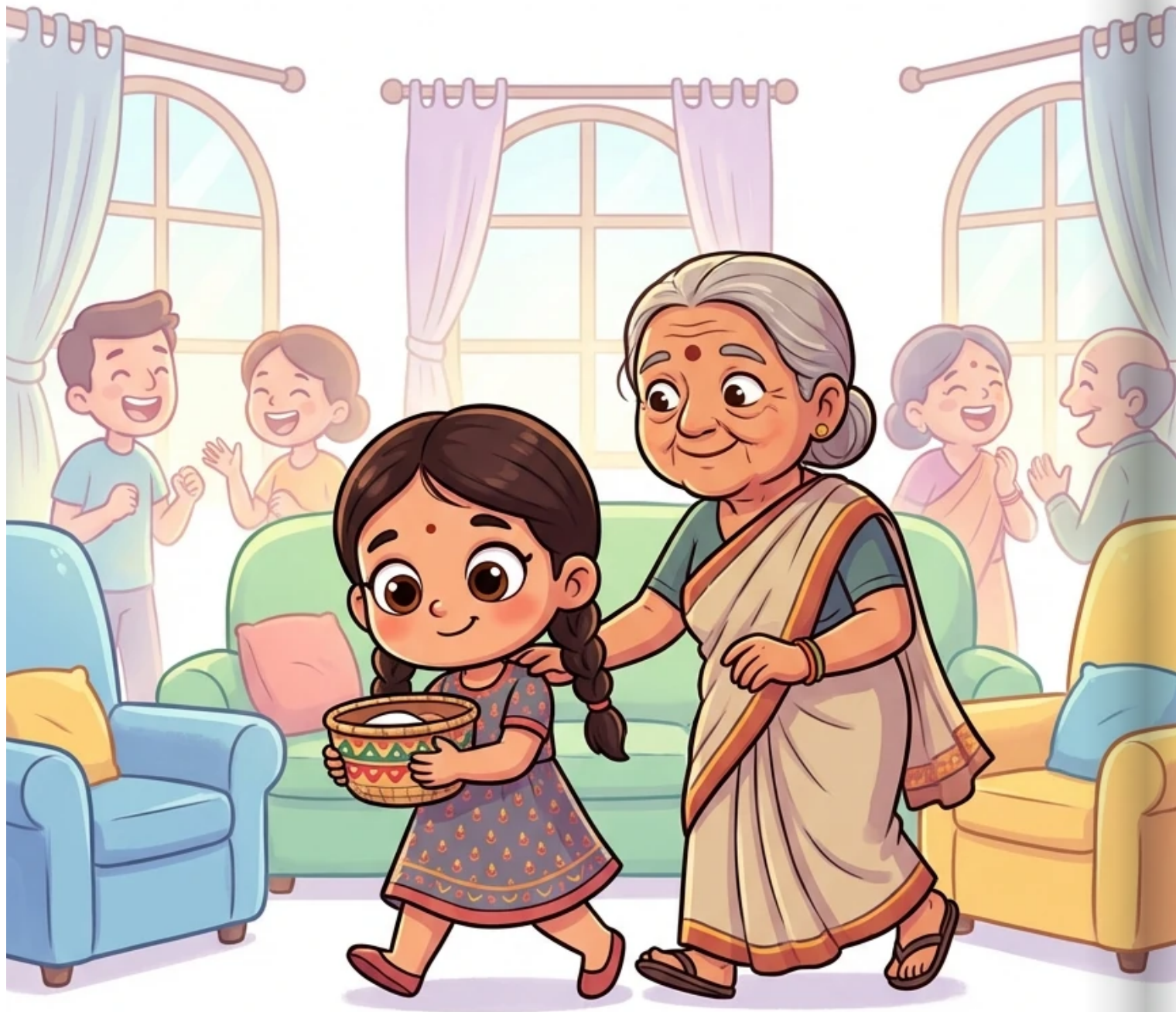
With each woven strand, Paru felt a connection to her family and her culture growing stronger. She realized that the Teej festival was not just about colorful saris and loud laughter, but about the unbreakable bond between women.





Finally, the Chulthi was complete. Paru and Aama admired their handiwork, a beautiful symbol of their love and connection. Paru felt a sense of pride and belonging she hadn't felt before.





Together, Paru and Aama walked back into the lounge room, the Chulthi held carefully in Paru's hands. The room was still filled with laughter and excitement, but this time, Paru felt a part of it.





Paru presented the Chulthi to her mother and aunts. They gasped with delight, admiring its intricate details and the love that had gone into its creation. Paru's mother embraced her tightly, her eyes filled with tears of joy.





The next day, Paru joined her family in the Teej celebrations with a newfound understanding and appreciation. She wore a small sari, a gift from Aama, and felt a sense of belonging she had never experienced before.





As the sun set, casting a golden glow over the festivities, Paru realized that she was not an outsider, but an integral part of her family's story. The Chulthi, a symbol of love and sisterhood, had woven her heart into the tapestry of Teej.