

LITTLE RAZMIG

Armenia! The country with its brave people and its stubbornness to maintain its identity. In this beautiful country located between the Black Sea and Caspian Sea, in a poor neighborhood of Dilijan, a great feast is going on. With tears of joy and emotion, they welcome the new member of their community. Little Razmig came into the world!

Neighbors go and come to welcome him. But one by one, they are sullen and skeptical. Little Razmig is not like all other babies. He is different... The small community does not accept him. In order to protect him, his parents decide to move away. They go to their little house just outside the town, near the small forest.

As time went by, Razmig parents, with heart cracked, watched their only child grow up away from everyone. Alone! Without friends! But Razmig did not care at all. On the contrary: he was very happy. He lived free. She was playing and enjoying the beauties of nature. Little by little he learned to listen to every detail of nature's sounds. He listened to the leaf whirring as they were caressed by the gentle breeze. He listened to the birds chirping, the clearing of the water flowing in the river, the voices of the animals...

A sunny morning, he sat down under an apricot tree. And then... something strange happened! The tree lowered its branches, spread out the strongest of them, and offered it to its little friend. Razmig gladly accepted the gift of nature. He took it tenderly in his hands and with his little pocket knife began to carve it. It took him many days to finish his job. But when the big time came, he longed to experiment. He started blowing in the small opening it had created. The blowing air, as it was coming out of the holes he had opened, it was making sounds. Razmig was happy! All these years of living near nature, he had a desire to copy and play all the melodies he was hearing. He was happy that his friend, the apricot tree, guessed his wish and offered to him its wood to create this musical instrument.

From that day on, Razmig was playing endlessly with his little wooden creation. As the time went by, the sound was getting sweeter and more melodic. So melodic that it stretched and heard to the ends of Armenia. His old neighbors, full of curiosity, ran into the nearby woods to find out who scattered these wonderful tunes. Full of surprised they saw Razmig, grown up, playing with his musical instrument. Excited and sorry for their cruel behavior, tears in their eyes apologized to the family. Then, they asked them to return to their old neighborhood, where they were greeted with honor and glory. Razmig became a great music teacher and taught Duduk till he became very old.

So, he named the musical instrument he had created. This wonderful instrument, which from then until today, is considered one of the most popular traditional Armenian instruments.