

AN ANNOTATED COLLECTION OF FOLKTALES FROM  
SOUTHERN SAUDI ARABIA (JIZAN REGION)

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Submitted to the faculty of the University Graduate School in partial  
fulfillment of the requirements for the degree

Master of Arts

in the Department of Folklore and Ethnomusicology,

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An Annotated Collection of Folktales from Southern Saudi Arabia (Jizan region)

This thesis contains a collection of folktales that was the result of intensive fieldwork in 2008 in the region of Jizan in southern Saudi Arabia. I have traveled to Jizan several times in order to meet people from there to sit and document their folktales. I visited people in different places, including their homes and outside their homes, with the intention of writing down their oral traditional tales. Even if I had encountered many obstacles and challenges, such as the geographical difficulties and different customs of my informants, I successfully completed my research.

After I did the fieldwork, I started to revise the tales and realized that they were not clear in their dialect, so I translated the tales into Modern Standard Arabic (MSA). Later I further translated them from MSA into English to prepare them for academic study. I classified the folktales into three genres, which are: fantasy, humorous narratives/jokes, and belief legends/memorates. In each of these general chapters, I have done a study of each of the folktale types and motifs. In addition, I have added a coda to some of the tales, in square brackets at their conclusion. Along with the comments on each tale, there has been done an intensive study to see if it appears either in other parts of Saudi Arabia, or other parts of the Arab world.

The thesis contains three chapters according to the genre of the folktales, and a chapter on the notes; in these notes I describe how I studied the folktale types, the motifs and the existence of the folktales in other parts of the Arab World. Moreover, it includes a list of each of the

informants that contains information about who they are, and the context of their performance of narrating the tale. Finally, the chapter called “The Methodology” contains information on how I gathered my research, the difficulties I encountered during and after I finished the fieldwork.

Folktales are mirrors of people’s lives, and so they are a rich source of customs, traditions, and beliefs that one can draw from to understand the culture. The tales presented here in this thesis reflect in an interesting way the Jizani culture and heritage, and how these shape their daily lives according to their beliefs, and have for many years. The folktales in the chapter on fantasy tales give examples and reflect some of the local beliefs in the Jinn, and evil creatures, in addition to the kinship dramas. The folktales in the chapter on Humorous Narratives/Jokes illustrate a satirical comic style where deception is the dominant theme. The religious beliefs and tribal fanaticism and the unity of relatives, in addition to some customs and traditions, such as generosity, are the secondary themes of the folktales. The tales in the chapter on Belief Legends/Memorates reflect some of the folk beliefs of legendary creatures in the region of Jizan.

This thesis focuses on the collection and translation of folktales, and not on the epistemological theorizing of these tales. I collected the tales in order to study them in an academic manner to be presented for scholarly purposes. Moreover, I present these tales as a representation of folklore in the Jizan region, and to serve as a motivation for my future research and inspiration for other scholars of folklore in the region.

*To my Father, My Mother, My Wife*

*And My Daughter*

## **Acknowledgements**

I would like to thank the numerous individuals who have contributed directly or indirectly to the successful completion of this work. Various colleagues, friends and students have helped in the process of collecting and translating the collection of folktales presented in this thesis. If I began to mention specific names, the list would be extremely long; in addition, I fear there would be an inadvertent omission.

This thesis would not have been possible without the support of many people. I would like to give many thanks to Prof Hasan El-Shamy and Prof John McDowell, who read my numerous revisions and helped to make some sense of the confusion. Moreover, thanks to my committee member, Prof Pravina Shukla, who offered me guidance and support in reaching my goal. Finally, thanks to my wife, parents, and numerous friends who endured this long process with me, and who always offered support and love.

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## **Introduction**

I am submitting this thesis in order to obtain a Master's degree in folklore from the Department of Folklore and Ethnomusicology at Indiana University in Bloomington. This thesis is a result of intensive fieldwork to collect folktales directly from the mouths of locals in southern Saudi Arabia (Jizan region), which I then transcribed from colloquial Arabic into Modern Standard Arabic, and then into English. The thesis proposed here is entitled, "An Annotated Collection of Folktales from southern Saudi Arabia (Jizan region)." My area of interest is folklore in general and folk narratives specifically. Folk narrative as an academic topic is the most interesting topic in the field to me in that it has attracted my curiosity since I started my graduate studies in folklore.

I chose for my Master's Thesis in Folklore to do an intensive study of folktale type and motif on twenty folktales that I had collected from the region of Jizan in 2008. I had many goals when I approached my thesis, and one goal was to present folktales, which are a large part of my own culture, to people in different cultures in an academic form. It was not my intention to analyze the tales using folklore theories yet, but rather to focus on the collection, documentation, and translation and transliteration process of the research. If I continue my education to the Ph.D. level then I would like to employ more of these theories in my work. In addition, I aim to draw a path for folklorists or people interested in folktales in the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia (KSA) to encourage them to get involved and contribute effectively in the movement of collecting and studying prose narratives. Generally, people in the Arab World and the KSA

specifically, are fascinated by Western culture, and so having an accepted thesis in the West should inspire the movement of studying Arabian folktales.

I have been fascinated with folktales since my youth, but since I started my studies in Arabic literature and language, I became interested in the idea of collecting and studying folktales in Jizani society that has not been a subject of academic studies. I chose the folktales in the region to be my subject of study since the society in the Jizan has various social and cultural identity markers that I believe are uniquely different from the rest of the country.

Jizan is a culturally rich area of oral heritage and popular narratives, which has been the result of the blending of different races and cultures that have inhabited the region and accumulated over time. In addition, the region is located on the trade route linking Yemen to Iraq, which the merchant caravans travel through frequently. Therefore locals in Jizan have had contact with different people who come from different cultures, some of which have inhabited the area and have passed their culture, tradition and popular narrative to the people in the region. In addition, the long border with the Republic of Yemen has greatly affected the diversity of local culture and popular narratives amongst locals in Jizan.

The methodology that has been employed to conduct this study is an ethnographic approach to research, and a comparative analysis of folktale types and motifs. During this comparative analysis, a brief note associated with each folktale will be added to show some of the traditions, customs, folk life, and folk beliefs of locals in the region. In addition, an effort to conduct a practical classification of the folktales according to their genres is attempted.

Historically, there were many attempts to classify the Arab folktale, and since the formation of folklore as a discipline, the genre of Arabian literature has formed its own subculture. For example, Professor Saleh, R. Ahmed in his book, *Funoon Al-Adab Al Shaabi* (The Arts of Folk Literature), has classified the folktales into two categories which are: rural tales and urban tales. Professor Morsi A. Ahmed in his book, *Min Mathoratena El-Shaabiyah* (From Our Folklore), classified the folktales into: legend, heroic tales, and the entertainment tale types. In addition, Ibrahim, Nabilah in her book, *Al-Butulah fi Al-Qasas Al-Shaabi* (The Hero in the Folktales), classified the folktales into: Legend, Al-hawadite (Fairy tales), and the living life folktales. The most sufficient classification of folk narratives has been provided by Professor Hasan El-Shamy. He has classified prose folk narratives as he named them into five main genres, which are: Fantasy narratives (*haddûtah, khurraifah, hujwah, hikâyah*), Humorous narratives (*nuktah, nâdirah, haddûtah*), Knowledge narratives (*qissah, 'usturah, sîrah, târîkh*), Didactic narratives (*mathal, hikmah, qissah*), and Belief narratives (*qissah, maw`izah, 'ustûrah*).

I have adopted the classification of the folktales provided by Hasan EL-Shamy in order to classify the folktales in this thesis. The folktales have been divided based upon their genres into three chapters that include Fantasy Folktales, Humorous Narratives and Jokes, and Belief Legends/Memorate Narratives.

The first chapter is the fantasy tales, and seven folktales are discussed with comments for each of them. The folktales in this chapter were narrated by three men and two women who are: Rawiah Qulaila (woman), Hasan ElOagee (man), Mossa Al-Qahtani (man), Nema Amshanaq (woman), and Jaber Al-Wadani (man).

Rawiah narrated the tale of “The Boy and the Three Maxims,” while Nema narrated the story of El-Bolbol El-Saiyyah, and the tale of Ehssenieah Bent Ehssan. Hasan El-Oagee narrated two stories which are: Hussieniah and Her Ugly One-Eyed Sister, and Saffajalaah and Life's Injustice; while Mossa narrated just one tale under this genre which is, Abdulkaleq and His Sister Shams Al Mashareq. Woraight Al-Hennah was the tale that was narrated by Jaber Al-Wadani.

Some of the titles or the names of the tales in this chapter were provided by the narrators, such as the title of The Boy and The Three Maxims, which was entitled by Rawiah, while some titles were chosen by me. I had to title some of them, such as the story of Hessienia and Her Ugly One-Eyed Sister, because some tales were not given a title by their narrators, and so I named them depending on the main characters of the tales.

For each story I introduce the narrators of the tales, and then after that I describe the context of the performance of it. After this I added some comments about the tale, and then finally present the tale itself. In a separate chapter, I studied the tales to find their tale types and motifs, and also studied the existence of the tale in other parts of the Arab World.

The first story is, “The Tale of The Boy and The Three Maxims,” narrated by Rawiah Quilala. This tale deals with the theme that shows the importance of the advice or wisdom that saves a boy from certain death. The narrator told this tale with passion and she insisted on the importance of the maxims that became undesirable topics for locals in the region of Jizan. My comments on this tale take note of the importance of certain maxims that have become degraded over time in this region. A study of the types and motifs has been done on this tale and other ones in this chapter, in addition to a discussion of the existence of the tales in Saudi Arabia, and regions around the Arab world. The interesting point relating to this part is that the storytellers

from different regions may deliberately remove something known to them, and this changes the narrative and it may be told in a brief form.

The second folktale is the story of “Hussienia and Her Ugly One-Eyed Sister”; the tale was narrated by Hasan El-Oagee. As a male narrator Hasan narrated this tale in a loud voice, and he liked this particular tale, because it reflected his personal experiences in life. The tale illustrates an interesting theme, which is the hostility of a stepmother toward her stepdaughter, and it is common amongst locals in the areas of Jizan region. One interesting topic that was discussed relating to the tale is the polygamous marriage that left many stepmothers to treat with hostility their stepdaughters; this is very common amongst locals in Jizan. The tale is widely spread in Saudi Arabia, where some narrators may invoke some of the main characters of the tale to make an example of beauty tied with intelligence, and ugliness tied with stupidity.

The third tale is the narrative of “Saffarjalaah and Life’s Injustice,” which was named by Hasan El-Oagee who is the narrator of the tale. The belief in a magician’s ability to treat an infertility problem, and the helpful (to humans) bird (lark) were the two comments on the tale; in addition, there is the theme of the hostility of a mother-in-law toward her son’s wife. The tale is narrated widely by locals who may replace by substitute some of the characters in the tale with others that are more common in the region of Jizan. For example, the bird in the tale (lark) may be substituted with a dove that is a common bird in the region.

The fourth story is the tale of “Abdulkaleq and Shams Al-Mashareq.” The tale was narrated by an educated person who considers the tale like a mirror to some of his own experiences. The affection between a sister and brother was the dominant theme of our tale, the belief of crows as a messenger of a jinx or bad luck, and the dominance of a father upon his

sons' decisions, are the interesting comments on the tale. The tale is usually narrated in its original form, but some substitutions of words and characters may be done during the narration of the tale according to some religious considerations.

The fifth narrative is the story of "El-Bolbol El-Saiyyah," who is a female peddler; Nema Amshanaq was the narrator of the tale. Two major sentiments underlie the plot of this tale; hostility of a mother toward her daughter-in-law and affection between sister and brother. Locals mostly heard it from some illegal Yemeni immigrants who repeatedly narrated the tale to them.

The sixth tale in this chapter is "Ehssnieah Bent Ehssan"; it is narrated by Nema Amshanaq who heard it from her religious father. A religious belief was observed during the narration of the tale, which is that women are prohibited to sit alone with a man who is not from her family. Our narrator was concerned to sit alone inside her house with me, so we sat outside the house where she invited kids to join us to narrate the tale. The tale contains many interesting themes, such as the common one of affection between sisters and their father. A comment that was discussed relating to the tale is the cursing act of a supernatural entity (devil). The tale is widely spread amongst locals who may change the character's gender in the tale.

The last tale in this chapter is the narrative of "Woraight Al Hennah." The narrative revolves around the hostility of a stepmother towards her stepdaughter. The last part of the tale worth mentioning is the marrying of a girl whose feet could fit in a shoe, and is invoked during the story of Cinderella, which is one curious comment on the tale. The folktales in this chapter uniquely reflect the social status of locals, the relationships between the members of families in



the Jizan region, and the folk beliefs of locals and the belief in supernatural entities amongst locals of the region of Jizan.

The second chapter consists of nine jokes and humorous narratives collected from people in the region, in addition to comments on each of them. The folktales in this chapter were narrated by three men and two women, who are Rawiah Qulaila (woman), Hasan ElOagee (man), Abdullah Khalofah (man), Amenah Himli (woman), and Jaber Al-Wadani (man).

Rawiah narrated the tale of “The Woman and the Donkey are Mine,” while Amenah narrated the story, “God Bless Jodree,” “Zambak,” “The Treasure Under My Feet,” and the story entitled “If I Did Not Come Down...You Would Not Come Up.” Hasan El-Oagee narrated two stories, which are “The Son of Abu Jaradah,” “The Judge,” and “Stingy Reputation”; while Abdullah narrated just one tale in this genre, which is “Al Dajaal and The Wife.” “The Bones” was the tale that was narrated by Jaber Al-Wadani.

The first tale in this chapter is the humorous one of “God Bless Jodree.” This humorous anecdote is unique in that it discusses the two taboo topics in the Jizan region, which are Islam and tribal customs, and mixes them within a comical framework that is not mocking to the religion; this humorous narratives is widely spread in Saudi Arabia.

“Zambak” is the second tale that was narrated by Amenah Himli. The tale discusses its humorist theme by showing a trickster (a boy) who successfully evaded being buried alive and tricked a man who had been ordered to bury him by convincing him to bury himself alive to meet his parents in heaven.

“The Bones” is the third tale in this chapter, and shows how a smart man tricked and foiled the plan of two cousins to cheat him in clever way. While the fourth tale which is, “If I Did Not Come Down...You Would Not Come Up,” narrated by Amenah, shows how the insistence of someone can lead to losing that thing.

“The Treasure Under My Feet” is the fifth joke narrated by Amenah, and shows how a smart wife successfully tricks a thief and returns her husband’s stolen money by creating a chant for her husband. The sixth tale, “Al Dajaal and The Wife,” shows how a clever thief tricked a wife and her husband. A comment I make about this is how men try to not appear foolish in front of their wives; this is a curious custom with the local men of the Jizan region.

The seventh tale is the story of “The Women and the Donkey are Mine,” narrated by Rawiah. The main theme of the tale is that of the blind old man tricking and stealing a donkey and a wife belonging to a man who had helped him. The comment on the tale is about the notion of the proverb, “Good work, evil received,” that is widely spread amongst locals in the region of Jizan.

“The Son of Abu Jaradah and the Qadi” is the eighth tale narrated by Hasan who heard it from a religious *sheikh* several years ago. A smart Qadi (judge) tricked one of the opponents who had tried to trick him and denied the charge. The characteristics of a judge in Saudi Arabia are similar to those of the judge in the tale discussed in our tale.

The last humorous story in this chapter is the narrative of “Stingy Reputation” told by Hasan. The comical tale shows a miserly reputation stuck in a tribe where they could not get rid

of it. In the tale a unique feature is that the subject and hero is a tribe (group) and not an individual; this is the only tale like this in the whole thesis.

The folktales in this chapter represent in a satirical comical style many traditions and themes that are common amongst locals in the region of Jizan; deception is the dominant theme of the folktales in this chapter. The religious and tribal fanaticism, the unity of relatives, in addition to some customs and traditions, such as generosity, are secondary themes of these folktales.

The third chapter is on local belief legends and personal memorate tales, and consists of three local legends and one memorate. The fourth folktale is discussed in addition to comments offered on each of them. The folktales in this chapter were narrated by two men and one woman who are Jaber Al-Wadani (man), Abdul Mohsen El Aredhei, and Amenah Himli (woman). Amenah narrated the tale of “O Jinne of the Jar, Please Kidnap My Wife!” Jaber Al-Wadani narrated two stories, which are “Amal and El-Nabash,” and “El-Jarjoof.” “El-Nabash and The Cemetery Guard” was the memorate that was narrated by Abdul Mohsen El Aredhei.

The first legend presented in this chapter is the tale of “El-Nabash and The Cemetery Guard” that was narrated by Abdul Mohsen El Aredhei. The educated narrator devoted his life to figuring out the reality of the existence of a creature called El-Nabash, which is one of the belief legends that are widely spread amongst the locals of the Jizan region. After traveling to many places to find out the truth about the existence of this creature, our narrator finally found an old man who was able to reveal the ambiguity of the legend. Our memorate here shows the personal experience of the narrator who traveled to meet the old man that gave him what he had looked for.

The tale “Amal and El Nabash” narrated by Hasan is the second legend in this chapter. The belief that the legend creature may admire some people whom he would kill or kidnap later in their lives is discussed in the comments that are related to our tale. The tale shows affection between a mother and her daughter who was admired and kidnapped by El-Nabash.

“O Jinne of the Jar, Please Kidnap My Wife!” is the third legend in the chapter; the tale was narrated by Amenah Himli. This belief legend illustrates a source of conflict between a husband and his wife, and the belief in the Jinne of the Jar is widely spread amongst the locals in the Jizan region. Our tale shows how a legendary creature (the Jinn of the Jar) kidnaps the man’s wife after the husband had unwillingly asked him to do so.

The fourth and last legend in this chapter is the tale of “Al-Jarjoof”; locals believe Al Jarjoof would be helpful to humans sometimes, but the consequences could be severe. Our tale shows how Al-Jarjoof helps a girl, forces her to marry him, and jails her in his house. The tale belongs to the Jizan area and is not well-known in other parts of the Arab world. The folktales in this chapter present three legends that are common amongst locals in the region of Jizan. They include “El Nabash,” “Al Jarjoof,” and “The Jinne of the Jar.” The folktales here are not known in the Arab world, or even in other parts of Saudi Arabia.

In addition, this thesis contains a chapter that illustrates the methodology that I employed during my fieldwork study. Furthermore, the methods that were used to prepare the folktales for academic study included traveling in the Jizan region in order to collect folktales directly from locals, and then organizing and analyzing them.

In this thesis, I also added a chapter titled, “The Methodology,” where I describe how I approached my research. I explain how I organized the meta-data after I returned from my research to clarify the difficulties and challenges that I encountered in my fieldwork. I also added two chapters that include two indexes, the first for tale types found in the tales presented here, and the second for motifs found in the tales; in another chapter I discuss the informants that I interviewed. A glossary is added where I discuss the terms used in the thesis, in addition to a chapter of the Arabic texts of the folktales that is added at the end of the thesis.

## **CHAPTER ONE**

### **THE METHODOLOGY**

The discipline of folklore considers the KSA unique in that the culture differs from province to province; such folklore enriches the Kingdom's heritage. The cultural heritage of Saudi Arabia varies from handicrafts to costumes to folk narratives. The diversity of the Kingdom is shown in its traditions, which describe the historical social life of its locals.

The customs and traditions in Saudi Arabia are inspired by the Islamic and Arab culture, namely the culture of the Bedouin Arabs in the Arab Peninsula. They differ from one province to another, especially the dialect, housing patterns, clothing, cuisines, dances, folk songs and folktales, however. The folklore in Saudi Arabia is based on the theme of unity and groups, which is comprised of enthusiastic songs and games that express Arab customs and traditions. Citizens consider folklore as a source of pride that they pass from one generation to the next.

The Kingdom is divided into five main regions that include the East, West, North, South and Central regions; each of these has its own culture and characteristics. The most unique is the southern region of Saudi Arabia, particularly Jizan, combining three different environments, which are the plains, mountains, and coastal areas. Jizan is replete with many types of folklore genres, such as folktales, folksongs, and folkdance, which vary according to the geographic diversity of the environment. There has been a lot of trading and commerce from the seas to the mountains to the deserts, as well as in the plains areas, and each area has a tremendous amount of historical folktales created by locals or travelers who come through the region. In addition, some of the cities and villages in Jizan are located near a long border with Yemen, and have many

Yemeni immigrants that visit the region for many reasons, especially trading. They have brought with them their own folktales, heritage, and culture that they have shared, and this has transformed the local customs and stories in the Jizan region.

In addition, the region of Jizan is located on the main road of the Bedouin camel convoys that used to be a part of the Silk Road that comes from across the Middle East and Asia, connecting such places as Yemen, India, Oman, and Qatar. People in these caravans have been coming across the region for many years for their journeys, whether to Mecca to do pilgrimage, or to sell their products to pilgrims in Mecca. Therefore, the locals in Jizan have been in contact with many of these travelers who have exhibited and shared their cultural heritages, and sometimes narrated some folktales in order to attract the locals to come and buy their products.

The blending of these civilizations has created a unique culture, heritage, and folklore in the region that has become well-known for its own unique folktales. Therefore, the folktales in the Jizan region are varied and diverse, and people are encouraged to both view and appreciate them as well as to participate in narrating them. Perhaps one of the most important characteristics of the region is that, due to the region's important strategic location, its ancient history contains many varieties of folktales that have been passed on through the generations. The region was the scene of many cultures, battles and historical events, which added to the variety of folktales. Although the region has rich and interesting folktales, there are no serious academic studies of them, or any other genre of folklore in the region.

As one of the locals in the region, I have been interested in the variety and richness of folktales that come from there. Therefore, since I am from there, I visited some of the cities and villages in the region in order to collect the folktales "from the locals' mouths." I had decided to

collect folktales from three different cities and villages, which are: Samtah (city), Al Khogarah (village), and Salla (village), according to the following reasons.

Firstly, I chose one city and two villages that are very close to the border between the Kingdom and Yemen. This border location has enabled the locals in this city and these villages to have contact with the locals on the Yemeni side. Most of the locals in this city and these villages have some relatives or relationships with people in the cities and villages on the Yemeni side who they visit, and mingle with; therefore, they share with them the folktales that they brought from their own culture.

Secondly, modern life has had very little impact on the locals in this chosen city and these villages. In comparison, most of the other cities and villages in the region have given into modern life and have abandoned the traditional ways of life. The locals in the modern cities and villages became obsessed with the modern life style and are not interested anymore in telling, hearing, memorizing, or even collecting folktales. They are not actually even reading paper books, and they prefer to use their electronic devices whenever they would like to read tales. Therefore, finding informants that could memorize and narrate folktales in the region was a challenge in these cities and villages, and I felt defeated after finding only one city and two villages that had their own traditional style of living. Modern life has a minor effect on these locals who prefer to hear oral folktales from other locals who memorize and narrate many interesting folktales, and the majority of these narrators are elders.

To select the informants in the city and the two villages, I had to make several preliminary visits to them in order to meet locals and figure out who has the richest amount of folktales that I would later interview, and then document the folktales that they memorized and told to me. After great efforts, I had access to some informants who are viewed by their peers as



good narrators that have memorized, and narrated many folktales. Hasan El Oagee (male), Mossa Morie Al-Qahtani (male), Abdullah N. Khalifah (male), and Amenah A. Himli (woman) were the informants and narrators that I met and collected folktales from the city of Samtah.

Rawiah M. Qulaila (female), and Nema Amshanaq (female) were folktale narrators that I had met in the village of Al-kogarah. Abdul-Mohsen H. El-Aredhei, and Jaber S. Al-Wadani were the informants that I had met in the village of Salla located on the top of the Al-Aredah Mountains. Each of the informants have their own special personality and habits, and their own way of narrating the folktales, and where they preferred to narrate them, whether outside or inside the home. Some of them insisted to me that they narrate the tales inside their own houses, while others preferred to narrate their tales outside and in front of other locals who gathered around the narrators whenever they started to tell the folktales.

I had several visits to Samtah, Al-Kogarah, and Salla in order to collect the folktales straight from the mouths' of locals, and these all occurred in 2008. Depending on my budget, I wanted to visit Samtah as my first destination, which is divided into five districts. The El-Rahha district is the biggest district in the city, which has the largest and main Mosque of the city, and attracts locals from the entire city, in addition to locals from villages, and cities around it. The most interesting activity in the district was the gathering around of two famous narrators after the Al-Asir Prayer. Locals used to gather around Hasan El Oagee (see informant no. 2) and Amenah A. Himli (see informant no. 6), who narrated many interesting folktales. Women from different ages gathered around Amenah A. Himli who was the narrator of the women's group, while the men in different ages used to gather around Hasan El Oagee, who was the narrator of the men's group. Traditionally, the young women who cover their faces must not be seen by men outside

their family, so the two groups were located separately and kept a distance between each other. After the Al-Asir prayer I sat with Hasan (the men's group narrator), and told him about my intentions to document some of his folktales, however. He was surprised that no one before had asked him to document the folktales that he memorized, and so he allowed me to sit with his group where he narrated many interesting tales that I documented using my notebook. Hasan used to narrate his tales rapidly, so I had to attend the sessions several times to write down all of the tales completely.

I was interested in collecting folktales from the women's group, but Hasan advised me to not sit with them; he said, "Amenah [the women group narrator] used to narrate my tales, she stole them from me. In addition, they would not allow a stranger [a man] to sit amongst them." Being very interested to collect some of the folktales from Amenah, I asked her son Muhammad to tell her mother about my intentions to document some of her folktales. Days later Muhammad called me and told me that I could join the women's group whenever I would like, but under one condition, which was that I had to tell the women's group which day I would like to come, so that they [the young girls] could wear loose and modest cloths, and cover their faces. I then got permission and attended several sessions with the women's group and documented several folktales that Amenah had narrated to the group. After documenting some of the folktales from the two groups' narrators, I had been advised by Hasan to visit Mossa M. Al-Qahtani (see informant no. 3) who used to narrate many folktales in his big house in the district. Mossa Morie Al-Qahtani used to tell folktales to his visitors in his house after the Al-Asir prayer. I visited Mossa in his house where he narrated to me many folktales that he had heard mostly from his sister. After documenting several folktales from Mossa, I went to one of the fields located around the city of Samtah to meet my last informant who was Abdullah N. Khalifah (see

informant no. 7). Abdullah used to narrate his folktales to visitors in the fields where he worked as a farmer. I collected many folktales narrated by Abdullah who had heard most of them from old women that he had met during his work as a school guard in one of girls' school in Samtah.

My second destination was the village of Al-Khogerah, which is located near the Yemeni border, where most of the locals have both Yemeni and Saudi nationalities. After walking and going through unpaved and bumpy roads, I finally reached the village, and from the first impression, it looked far away from a contemporary lifestyle, which clearly appeared in the village's houses (cottages and huts) and the villagers' clothes. I directly went to the village's mosque that is usually located in the center of the village as in other villages in the region. I met the two elder female informants who are illiterate, who were Rawiah M. Qulaila (see informant no. 1) and Nema Amshana (see informant no 4). Rawiah used to tell folktales in front of her hut on a red carpet, and in the houses that she had visited to vend her products of food, clothing and accessories to the families. After several visits, I documented many interesting folktales from Rawiah and Nema.

My last destination was the village of Salla, which is located on the top of one of the mountains called Al-Aredah Mountains. Locals in Salla have a difficult accent that is hard to understand by other locals in the region; so, I met Jaber Salamon Al-Wadani (see informant no. 5) and Abdul-Mohsen H. El-Aredhei (see informants no 8) with help from my friend Salamon, who is an educated man from the town who could translate the dialect into MSA. Jaber told most of his folktales in front of the village's mosque, while Abdul-Mohsen narrated his own experience through memorates in his house, which some of them I documented using my notebook.

In my fieldwork, one method was employed for this research, which is the ethnographic method of extensive interviewing of my informants, and the writing down of the folktales in a notebook, as well as other notes concerning meta-data; I did not use a recording device, because the informants were confused and weakly narrated the folktales when I used the recorder. Therefore, I had to eliminate the recorder from the documentation process and depend totally on writing down the tales in my notebook. Writing down each folktale completely at the time of narrating was a challenge, because some of the informants spoke rapidly, and I missed writing down some parts of the tales. To deal with this challenge, I had to visit some of the narrators several times to get access to the whole tale that I was writing down. To keep it simple I tried to avoid writing some of the new additions that the informants may have added during their second or third times narrating the same stories.

I encountered many challenges and obstacles during and after the documentation process of my fieldwork. The difficulties of the local dialects and accents, and the hard geographical terrain of the region, as well as some of the customs and traditions, were issues that I came across during the fieldwork process. Locals in the region of Jizan have their own dialect that totally differs from area to area within the region, so this proved to be a challenge, also.

Although I am one of the locals from there, I had encountered difficulties in understanding most of the words, terms and phrases mentioned in the folktales that I collected. Therefore, I decided to just keep writing the tales exactly how I had heard them, and I would try to clarify them later by translating them into Modern Standard Arabic after I got done with my fieldwork. The second challenge that I faced is the hard geographical terrain of the region; most of roads in Jizan are not paved, especially the roads that led to villages located on the top of Al-

Aredah Mountains. Several times, I had to leave my car and complete my journey to the villages by walking on foot. Sometimes I spent days to reach the villages, such as what happened to me when I decided to visit Salla on the top of the Al-Aredah Mountains, where I spent three days walking on foot just to reach there. In addition, the walking through these unpaved roads around which thieves frequented was severely risky and a dangerous adventure. I was exposed to several attempts of robbery by bandits during my journey to Al-Kogarah and Salla. I left my money and valuable things, such as my phone and watch in the car, and just carried my notebook and several pens in addition to a small amount of money that I would give to the bandits that would otherwise kill me if they did not find any money with me at all; luckily, I survived and did my fieldwork successfully.

Some of the other difficulties were gender specific; as a man, I needed permission from the female orator's family, and they had to be modestly dressed when they told their tales, but most of the time I was rejected from these interviews. Also, some of the customs and traditions included a long and involved hospitality ritual that was time-consuming, and this prevented me from completing all of the interviews during one session. Being generous with the guest is the most prominent tradition of locals in the Jizan region, since they organize big feasts for their guests and invite everyone in the village. Some of the informants (male informants) who made a huge feast for me had invited me several times. Most of the time they would stop narrating their tale to invite me to the feast, and I must not refuse their invitation, or I would be considered rude. Although this tradition was an obstacle that interrupted the documentation process several times, it gave me the chance to come closer to some informants who would narrate their folktales without any hesitation. Some of the customs and traditions in the region are inspired by the Islamic and Arab culture; these include women being prohibited to meet and sit with strangers,

and they must cover their faces whenever they come across men who are not from their families. Therefore, I was forbidden from meeting some of the young women who had a rich amount of folktales, and instead I had to collect the folktales from the old women, but under the condition that we could not sit alone and we had to sit in public areas according to traditions.

After completing my fieldwork in the Jizan region, I did a quick revision of the folktales that were hard to read because of the accents of my informants. I also found that most of them contained many bad words and phrases, while some of them were not proper to be presented for conservative religious reasons, through I tried to avoid the discussion of these topics as it would not help my research to invoke controversy. My intention was not to study them at that time, and I preserved the documents for my future study that I intended to do on the folktales during my graduate studies.

As soon as I started my graduate studies in the Folklore and Ethnomusicology Department at Indiana University, I began an extensive revision on the folktales that I had collected. I made some amendments to the folktales in order to make them more clear and proper to be studied easily later on. These included clarifying words, phrases, and sentences mentioned in the tales; rewriting the folktales into Modern Standard Arabic (MSA); excluding some of the tales for some reasons; and finally, translating the folktales into the English language.

I had written them down exactly in the local dialects by which my informants narrated in order to present the folktales accurately. Therefore, all of the folktales included many ambiguous words, phrases, and sometimes vague sentences that are strange and unfamiliar to me, in addition to the majority of Saudis. The narrators of the folktales told the tales in their own

dialects and accents that exclusively belong to the region of Jizan. Using Modern Standard Arabic (MSA), I clarified these words and phrases with the aid of some of my friends, who were from different villages and cities in Jizan. I went over all of the tales and underlined the words and phrases that I thought were unfamiliar and exclusively belong to the local dialects of Jizan. Between brackets and directly after each of these words I put the exact synonyms and interpretations, phrases, and sentences for each word in question. Although I was successful with this method that enabled me to understand and feel the whole text of the folktales in its original form, I found that it was confusing. It was irritating that I had to stop several times to see the synonym or the interpretations of some of the words or phrases in brackets before I could continue reading the whole text smoothly.

To overcome this obstacle, I had been advised by Professor Faleh Al-Ajmi in the Department of Linguistics at the King Saud University to try to rewrite each text in MSA, which would make the reading of the tales more succinct, and make it easier during the process of translating them into the English language. The narrative tactics, the texts' meaning, and their cultural dimensions were difficult to capture, and that could not be done without the aid of some of my professors who were mostly my instructors during my graduate studies at King Saud University. I had to translate all of the folktales into MSA and read them several times to some of the educated locals in the region to be sure that they still had the original affectation of their main texts. The variation of the words and phrases in the local dialects and differences in the styles of pronunciation in each of the folktales made them vague and not easy to be read smoothly. So the process of clarifying and rewriting the folktales into MSA was my attempt to lay a foundation for the readers to understand the texts of the tales that any Arabic speaking person could understand; this is why the folktales appear in this form in my thesis.

I transcribed the tales after many revisions from my notebook to my computer to reach the original meanings of the folktales that I had rewritten into MSA. Printing the folktales and the notes into my computer helped me to study and translate the tales later on. After I had clear and digital forms of the folktales, I was able to go through them more easily and effectively. Therefore, it was less difficult for me to eliminate five tales out of twenty five tales according to their improper contents. Some of the tales included many directly improper words, and phrases that insult Islam; in addition, they contained many dirty words, and phrases that are unsuitable to the people of the region, and to present in my thesis. Although I eliminated some of the tales, I kept some of them, because they had just a few inappropriate words that I could omit, and rewriting of the tales again properly did not affect the meaning; in addition, they were remarkable tales.

After this intensive work, I came away with twenty folktales that I started translating from MSA into the English Language; this was the most difficult task. I attempted to maintain the same style and level of writing as in the source language (Arabic) when translating. In addition, I took particular care with the colloquial expressions, puns and metaphors that I translated word for word that made little sense. I made sure that all of the documents were proof-read by a second translator who I made sure has a great sense of the folktales. I revised the tales several times and went through them with a professional translator to be sure the texts were translated from Arabic into English effectively, and that they maintained the same style, meaning and level of aesthetics as in their original language (Arabic) by reading them to Americans to see that their reactions are the same as with Arabians.



After having the translated forms of the folktales, I began the process of academic inquiry with a lot of help provided by Professor Hasan El-Shamy. Rigorous work has been done on the folktales that included categorizing the narratives according to their genres, and intensive studying of the folktale types and motifs. They were listed under three main genres that include: Fantasy, Humorous Narratives/ Jokes, and Legend/Memorate Tales; these narratives are the most common genres among locals in the Jizan area. Locals were seemingly not interested in narrating, memorizing and listing other narrative genres, such as knowledge narratives, expressing and didactic narratives; they were only interested in the genres that I have documented. Out of the twenty, seven folktales were sorted under the Fantasy genre; nine were put under the Humorous Narratives/ Joke genre; while four were listed under the Legend/Memorate genres. In addition to the notes on each of the tales, concentrated research has been done to each of the tale types and motifs in each chapter. In addition, a study has been done on the narrators of the tales and the narrating circumstances for each folktale. The book entitled *Types of the Folktale in The Arab World* by Hasan M. El-Shamy was the essential source that has been read several times in order to study, and determine which types and motifs the folktales may fall under. A brief study of each folktale to find out its existence in the Arab world has been done, as these tale types may exist in areas other than the current area of study. In addition,

## CHAPTER TWO

### FANTASY TALES

The word for “fantasy tales” used in the society of KSA is *khurafa* (plural *khurafat*), which means, “fictitious tale”; this term is indigenous to the area, and used traditionally in the dialect of the KSA. Other terms are used in other Arab countries, such as the neighboring Arab Gulf countries, that use the term, such as *hizzaya*. Modern mass media and contemporary means of entertainment, for example television, video clubs, and electronic games tend to displace certain genres of folklore and rob them of their narratives. The *khurafa* is one of those genres threatened in the KSA; it is rare to find genuine storytelling sessions where the *khurafa* is told within its natural setting, especially among younger generations. This does not mean that the *khurafa* has already been displaced, or is on its way towards extinction and oblivion, however. After difficult and intensive fieldwork, I finally got this genre included into the collection and documentation in the region of Jizan. In fact, some of the popular fantasy tales which are prevalent in the society of KSA have tale type numbers and motifs, and are closely related to the international narrative tradition. Moreover, some of the studies dealing with KSA folktales include variants of fantasy tales, *khurafat*.

This chapter contains seven fantasy tales that are discussed with comments for each of them. The folktales were narrated by three men and two women who are: Rawiah Qulaila (woman), Hasan ElOagee (man), Mossa Al-Qahtani (man), Nema Amshanaq (woman), and Jaber Al-Wadani (man).

Rawiah narrated the tale of “The Boy and the Three Maxims,” while Nema narrated the story of “El-Bolbol El-Saiyyah,” and the tale of “Ehssenieah Bent Ehssan.” Hasan El-Oagee narrated two stories which are: “Hussieniah and Her Ugly One-Eyed Sister,” and “Saffajalaah and Life's Injustice”; while Mossa narrated just one tale under this genre which is, “Abdulkaleq and His Sister Shams Al Mashareq.” “Woraight Al-Hennah” was the tale that was narrated by Jaber Al-Wadani. Presented below are the tales.

### **1. The Boy and The Three Maxims**

Collected in January 2008 from 110-year-old Rawiah M. Qulaila (see informant list no.1); she used to narrate fantasy and humorous narratives. I met Rawiah for the first time while visiting Al-Khogerah; I sat on the ground next to her while she ate her dinner.<sup>1</sup> Finishing her dinner, Rawiah, who could barely see, looked at me and asked, “Are you the stranger who likes women’s tales?” I replied with a smile, “Yes, Mom [Arabic *ummi*]” (locals used to call the old woman by Mom to show more respect). She put her warm hand on my knee and said, “You look young my son and I think you have not had enough experience in this life, so you should follow old people who have great knowledge of this life, they instilled their experiences in a few words called hikma (maxims) that are valuable for people, but some people do not care anymore.” Suddenly, and while Rawiah was talking, Adhān El-Isha<sup>2</sup> commenced, so Rawiah insisted that I should leave and come back after the Isha prayer.<sup>3</sup> She promised that she would narrate to me an interesting tale regarding the value of the maxims in local’s lives. She stated, “You must come after the prayer, and I will narrate a good tale about a boy. It is funny and a good one. Come back, my son, thaeeb (ok). Do not forget.”

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<sup>1</sup> It is traditional in some villages in Jizan that people eat their food on the ground in front of their house.

<sup>2</sup> Athan is the Islamic call to worship. It is called out by a *muezzin* from the mosque five times a day, traditionally from the minaret, summoning Muslims for mandatory (*farḍ*) worship (*salat*).

<sup>3</sup> Isha Prayer is the night-time daily prayer recited by practicing Muslims.

After the Isha prayer, I went to Rawiah's house in order to listen to the tale she had promised to tell. Rawiah was sitting in front of her house waiting for me, so I sat next to her, and she gave me a cup of Arabic coffee that she had made for me. Preparing to narrate her tale, Rawiah sat cross-legged and took her sandalwood fan and held it by her right hand. Rawiah was sad that people were not interested any more in the maxims that were included in the tale she was about to tell. In a soft and low voice, Rawiah started narrating the tale that she titled: "The Boy and the Three Maxims."

The narrative shows the relationship between a mother and her own son; it illustrates how a wife implements her husband's dying wish by delivering his inheritance to her son after reaching adulthood. In addition, against the wishes of his mother to spend the legacy on buying advice from a sage, the boy did so anyway, and this wisdom helped him to survive an execution.

It is worth mentioning that many years ago locals in the Jizan region valued wise words. They would pay money to some old people who have great experience to get advice that will help them in their lives and make it easier for them to succeed on their path. Nowadays, locals in Jizan do not care about maxims anymore, so the saying goes, "News that is for money today will be for free tomorrow." They prefer to not pay money to get proverbs or maxims; instead, they prefer to wait to get them for free after a while even if the maxims were very important.

Our tale gives a concrete example of the value of maxims to a boy that was treated unfavorably by his mother, but then by applying maxims, he saved his life. In the tale, the mother blames her son for wasting the money that he had inherited from his father on advice from the sages. As the tale shows, these maxims saved the boy's life. Here is the text of the tale:

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE LIVED A MAN whose wife bore him no children. When she became pregnant by him, illness struck him and he felt that his death was drawing near.

So he said to her, “I feel that my death is *Qareeb* [drawing near], and my time will not last to see you give birth to whom you carry in your womb. All I possess is three hundred (300) *riyals*,<sup>4</sup> and if you give birth to a boy, I enjoin you to keep them for him until he is of age.”

His wife replied to him, “*Taaked* [be assured]. I shall act according to your will.”

The man died, and his wife was left waiting for the time of her labor to give birth to a boy whom she would care for and raise until he was of age, and would become able to manage his affairs by himself.

At that point, the boy asked his mother, “What did my father leave for me before he died?”

His mother did not want to inform him of the full amount of his father’s will (300 *riyals*) for fear that he might misuse and lose it all at once, so she told him: “He bequeathed these 100 *riyals* to you.” She said this to him and handed him 100 *riyals*, which he gladly took and headed for the market to invest in selling and buying.

As he made his way to the market, an elderly man sitting by the roadside stopped him and asked him, “Where are you going, son?”

The boy replied to him joyfully, “To the market in order to invest these 100 *riyals* that my father bequeathed to me before his death.”

The man said to him, “Give them to me, and I will sell you a maxim that will benefit you all your life.”

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<sup>4</sup> The Saudi *riyal* is the currency of Saudi Arabia. It is abbreviated as RS (Saudi Riyal). It is subdivided into 100 *Halalas*.

The boy handed him the 100 *riyals* and asked, “What is your maxim?”

The man took the money from him and replied to him, “My maxim to you is ‘Be content with little, and God shall bestow much upon you’.”

The boy was pleased by this, and he made his way back home to find his mother waiting in worry to find out what he did with the 100 *riyals*.

As soon as she saw him she hastened to ask him, “What did you do with the 100 *riyals* that your father left you?”

And he answered her cheerfully: “I bought a maxim with them that says, ‘Be content with little, and God shall bestow much upon you’.”

His mother heard this but remained reluctantly silent and let him be. On the morning of the following day, her son asked her again, “What did my father leave for me before he died?”

And she answered him coolly, “He left you this sum of 100 *riyals*.” He took the money from her and took off happily for the market.

The sage again stopped him and asked, “Where are you going, son?”

The boy replied, “To the market to invest these 100 *riyals* which my father left for me before he died.”

The man said to him, “Give them to me, and I will sell you a maxim that will benefit you all your life.”

The boy handed him the 100 *riyals* and asked, “What is your maxim?”

The man took the second 100 *riyals* from him and said to him, “Here is my maxim to you, ‘Do not betray those who have trusted you, even if you are a traitor’.”

The boy heard the maxim and headed back home to find his mother awaiting him to find out what he did. When she saw him, she asked him, “What did you do with the hundred riyals?”

The boy answered, “I bought a maxim with them that says, ‘Do not betray those who have trusted you, even if you are a traitor’.” His mother heard this, with anger and frustration mounting in her. Yet she remained silent, left him and went about her business. But on the morning of the third day, when he approached her asking, “What did my father leave for me before he died?” she replied to him harshly, “He left you this sum of 100 *riyals*.”

He took the money from her and took off for the market to see what he was going to do with it, only to have the sage blocking his way and asking, “Where are you going, son?”

The boy replied, “To the market to invest these 100 *riyals* that my father left for me.”

The aging man said to him, “Give them to me and I will sell you a maxim that will benefit you all your life.”

The boy handed him the 100 *riyals* asking, “What is your maxim?”

The man took the third one hundred *riyals* from him and said to him, “Here is my maxim: ‘If you come across a *sharah*,<sup>5</sup> do not miss it’.”

The boy heard the maxim from the man and went back to his village to find his mother waiting for him, extremely anxious about the fate of the third and last 100 *riyals*. As soon as she

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<sup>5</sup> The *sharah* is a dance that is performed at weddings and holidays’ celebrations.

saw him standing before her, she asked him, “What did you do with the 100 *riyals* your father bequeathed to you?”

The boy replied, “I bought a maxim that says, ‘If you come across a *sharah*, do not miss it’.” His mother heard this and walked away angrily. But he followed her, asking, “What is left of my father’s inheritance with you?” to which his mother replied with ire, “You have spent all that your father left you, and I have nothing to give you.”

The boy bowed his head and answered his mother saying, “I will go look for work.” The boy left his home after bidding his mother farewell, and wandered across God’s Earth searching for work.

While he was on his way, he came across an old woman trying to repair the broken door of her house. When she saw him, she called on him saying, “*Yabni taal* [come my son], repair this door for me and I shall give you one *riyal*.”

He sighed and replied, “It is better that I remain without work than to work for this wage,” and he departed her place. He quickly recalled the first maxim he had bought, ‘Be content with little, and God shall bestow much upon you’, however. So he said to himself, “How can I refuse this wage, having bought the maxim for 100 *riyals*?”

He hurried back to the old woman and repaired the door of her house. When he finished, she handed him his wage of one *riyal*, which he took gladly.

He continued his journey until he arrived at the Sultan’s door, and he stood there looking for work.

The Sultan saw him and said to him, “Do you wish to work for us?”



The boy answered, “*Yawaah* (Yes)”. So, the Sultan appointed him to be a servant in his palace where he gained the Sultan’s trust, but the Sultana’s heart [the Sultan’s wife] became fond of him, and she fell in love with him. She wooed and courted him until one fateful day she sought his company and offered herself to him when the Sultan was away from the city.

The lad nearly responded to her desires, but he quickly remembered the second maxim, “Do not betray those who have trusted you, even if you are a traitor,” and he said to himself, “How can I betray the Sultan who has trusted me?”

So he shunned the Sultana and refused to acquiesce to her advances. She became enraged and decided to take revenge on him and slander him. When the Sultan returned she told him, “I can no longer put up with the presence of the new servant and I cannot bear his staying among us. He took advantage of your absence from the city to court me, and all of this is the result of your trust in him.”

The Sultan was displeased with what he heard, but found it difficult to summon the boy and investigate with him or confront him with his wife’s complaint, so he told her, “We shall send him away from the palace now.”

But she objected saying, “It is not enough; he must be killed.”

The Sultan replied, “I shall not kill him myself, but shall entrust this to your family.”

The wife replied, “Be it as you wish and I shall accompany him myself to my father.”

The Sultan took a paper and a pen, and wrote a letter to his wife’s father that said, “Upon arrival, cut off the messenger’s head.” He sealed the letter and did not inform his wife of its

content. He summoned the boy and told him, “Take this letter to my wife’s father; she will accompany you there.”

The boy took the letter and walked away with it, while the Sultan’s wife walked behind him in the middle of the road. He heard the sound of drums in a neighboring village, and remembered the third maxim he bought for 100 *riyals*, “If you come across a *sharah*, do not miss it.”

He took the letter and handed it to the Sultan’s wife, and said to her, “I shall go to the wedding party to dance with the dancers. You take this letter to your father and I shall follow you in a little while.”

The Sultana did not object to this, and in fact was pleased because she will meet her father ahead of the boy to stir him up against him and have him killed. She hurried on her way, and when she met her father, she delivered the letter to him. He opened it and read in it, ‘Upon arrival, cut off the messenger’s head,’ so he wondered to himself, “God knows which treason my daughter committed against her husband, and not wanting to kill her himself he sent her to me to do this myself.”

He called his servants and ordered them to cut his daughter’s head off at once. When the boy arrived, the Sultana’s head had already been severed, and he felt sad. Her father gave him a response letter to the Sultan in which he said, “Upon arrival, we cut the messenger’s head off.” The boy returned to the Sultan, handed him the letter, and narrated the whole story to him. The Sultan said to him, “Sit down, son. *Absir be-umrak* [you survived], and it is the head of the unjust that falls.”

## 2. Hussienia and Her Ugly One-Eyed Sister

This story was told in May 2008 by Hasan El-Oagee, a 48-year-old man (see informant no.2). Currently, he works as a *mughasel almota* (the washer of dead bodies) for a contracting company in Samtah; his family still lives in the village called Al-khogerah. He first heard this Märchen from his grandmother and other women in his family, when he was a little boy. Hasan told this tale repeatedly to his own younger brother until he grew up. The narrator is married to more than one wife and has more than ten children; currently he rarely narrates to his grandchildren. This story is one of Hasan's favorites; he stated, "I like this tale because it is like a mirror of my life; I have gotten married to two women, and I have thirteen daughters. I always noticed the hostility, especially between my wives and their children, towards each other." He meant, by *women*, his wives and his daughters, not between the boys.

The narrator recited this tale in a loud voice, while he was holding a thick cudgel in his right hand, which he moved around as he interacted with the events of the story. I asked him about the reason behind holding a thick cudgel, and he stated, "I held the cudgel whenever I narrated tales to my grandchildren or to the people in the El-Rrahha district in order to intimidate them from interrupting me during my narration of the tales, and also to make them concentrate more with me and not be busy doing something else."

The narrative shows the hostility of a stepmother toward her stepdaughter and shows the enmity between stepsisters. Polygamy is wide-spread in Saudi Arabia, especially amongst locals in the Jizan region. The local men prefer to get married to more than one wife for many reasons, including wishing to have boys and desiring to have a second wife instead being a widower. If a man does not have a son, he is more likely to marry again and again until he has a male heir; therefore, girls from different mothers have to live together in a big house with their

mothers in accordance to the customs and traditions in the region. Moreover, traditionally, if a wife dies then her husband is more likely to marry another woman who will take care of his children from his previous marriage to her. Taking care of step-children is detested work for wives, who would prefer to raise their own children rather than their step-children, who are more likely to be treated badly by their step-mothers.

Our tale gives an example of how a wife mistreated her stepdaughter, who became a queen after many failed attempts by her step-mother to hurt her or block her marriage to the prince. Now the transcript of the story:

THERE ONCE WAS A MAN whose wife died. He had a little daughter from her named Hussienia. Our friend decided to marry a second woman to care for his daughter and to nurture her and to serve him and tend to his household. He married a malicious and cruel woman who proceeded from day one to treat his little daughter with hatred, tyranny, and impatience.

As the days went by, the new wife became pregnant and gave birth to an ugly one-eyed daughter. The new wife increased her hatred toward her husband's daughter because she was prettier than her own. She would ill-treat her, starve her, and have her serve her and her daughter.

As time passed, the girls grew up. There was a big difference between the beauty of the pretty daughter and the ugliness of the one-eyed daughter. One day, the pretty daughter walked out to fetch water from the brook. As she was returning home, Prince Hassan Al-Zaman, who was on a hunting trip, saw her and was dazzled by her loveliness and beauty.

He inquired about her and was told that she was the daughter of so and so, upon which he sent someone to ask her hand from her father. The father consented, and on the wedding day, Prince Hassan Al-Zaman sent his party to the pretty daughter's family. They carried gifts, gold

and garments to accompany her to the palace and prepare the ceremonies for a grand wedding celebration.

Out of her hatred and cunning deceit, the father's wife locked Hussienia (the pretty daughter) in the oven (kiln). She dressed her one-eyed daughter in the nicest of clothes, and adorned and embellished her so that she would marry her to the prince instead of her pretty sister. But God wanted to turn her malice and deceit against her.

While the father's wife was busy with the gifts bestowed by the prince on the family, the one-eyed girl walked into the kitchen.

When the pretty girl heard her, she called on her and told her, "O' my sister, please open the lid of the oven." On opening the oven, she saw her sister inside.

Being stupid (simple-minded), she asked her, "What are you doing in there?"

Hussienia replied, "I am eating raisins,"

The one-eyed girl said, "And I too want to eat raisins,"

Hussienia replied, "Well then, why do not you take my place here, and I will go in your stead?"

The one-eyed daughter agreed and entered the oven to gobble on soot from the coal. The pretty daughter then proceeded to wear her sister's clothes, which were really hers, and covered herself and did not utter a word to anyone.

Meanwhile, the guests, having not yet feasted, asked their prince, saying, "Well, where is the bride?" The father's wife, rejoicing in her belief that her plan had succeeded, bid farewell to the bride, thinking she was her one-eyed daughter, and had her mounted on the *hawdaj*.<sup>6</sup> After

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<sup>6</sup> Al *hawdaj*, or *houdah* means "bed carried by a camel," also known as hathi *howdah*, is a carriage which is positioned on the back of an elephant, or occasionally some other animal such as camels, used most often in the past to carry wealthy people or for use in hunting or warfare. It was also a symbol of wealth for the owner, and as a result was decorated with expensive gems.

the guests and the bride had departed, and she could no longer see them, she went to open the oven to let her husband's pretty daughter out.

When she opened it, she found her own daughter whose face by now had turned black and her mouth full of soot. Her heart sank. She dashed out yelling and chasing after the prince's party, screaming like a mad woman, saying, "Oh no, come back. Oh no, you have taken the ugly one and left the bride." But they did not hear her. They went on their way until they reached the palace where a wonderful wedding celebration was held, after which the prince and his wife lived in supreme *barakah* [bliss].

The prince had a brother. When he saw his brother living in this bliss with this incomparable wife, he inquired with her if she had a sister like her.

Hussienia replied, "I have a sister who is prettier (better) than me."

So the prince went out, got engaged with the one-eyed daughter and married her. One day, the two brother-princes decided to go out on a hunting trip during which they were gone for months.

Before they returned, their wives had given birth: the pretty daughter to twins, and the other one to only one child. When they heard the news that their men were returning home, the one-eyed girl, spiteful of her sister for giving birth to twins, went to visit her with instructions from her mother to place a serpent in the swaddle of the twins to poison them and have them die.

When she arrived to her pretty sister's house, she saw that she had hanged two *mizbaa* [object made of leather with wooden backing and a hanger to carry and suspend a child.]

The one-eyed girl asked Hussienia "Why do you have two and I only one?"

Hussienia said, “It was in fact one, but I cut it in two halves, and it became two.” And when the one-eyed girl saw that Hussienia’s house was clean and decorated, she asked, “How did you clean the house?”

The pretty girl said, “I mixed droppings from donkeys, dogs, cows, and a little from humans, and I cleaned with it.” And when the one-eyed girl saw the delicious food that her sister had prepared, she asked, “How did you prepare it?”

The pretty girl said, “I kneaded the flour and let it ripen under the moonlight.” And so, the foolish (simple-minded) girl returned home, cut her child in two and placed each half in a *mizbaa*. She then went gathering the kinds of droppings (dung) her sister told her about, mixed them and cleaned (smeared) the house with the mixture. She then kneaded dough and laid it on the roof under the moonlight.

When the two husbands returned from the hunt, they each went home to their wife. The pretty girl’s husband found his family well, his house in order and clean, the food cooked and everything perfect, while the sad other one found his child in two halves, his house reeking of foul rotten smell and the food was a dry dough.

A few days later, the husbands (the two princes) sent the daughters on a visit to their father’s home. They had each one of them carry a message and gifts, and dispatched them. When they arrived, they each gave a message to their father from her husband. Their father read the messages and remained silent. A few days later, the pretty one began preparing herself to return to her husband. When she saw her, the one-eyed one began doing the same thing, preparing herself to return to her husband’s house, which prompted the father to yell at her, “Where do you think you are going, you good-for-nothing daughter of a worthless woman? Your husband just divorced you; to whom do you want to return?”

She looked at her mother and saw that she was dead silent, not uttering a word, tears streaming down her cheek, which made the girl even more livid from the shock. *Hussienia*, for her part, returned and lived with her husband happily ever after.

### **3. Saffrjalaah and Life's Injustice**

This tale was narrated in May 2008 by Hasan El Oagee, (see informant no.2) from the village of Alkhogerh in southern Saudi Arabia. He heard this tale ten years before from Adam, an old peasant in his village. After the Asr prayer, the narrator sat in front of the city mosque, and started narrating several tales before he looked at me and said, "I have a good tale for you, better than what you had heard from the old woman," [he was referring to Amenah Himli a narrator of many narratives in the same town, and the narrator of the women's group (see informant no. 6)]. The narrator faced me and started narrating his tales titled, "Saffrjallh and Life's Injustice".

The tale revolves around the hostility of a mother toward her son's wife. Also of interest in the tale is the belief in a *meshawed's* (witch doctor's) ability to treat an infertility problem. A man was given magic pills by an Indian healer in order to treat an infertility problem. Instead of giving the pills to his wife, the husband took the pills and later delivered an egg, which hatched a beautiful girl. Also of interest in the tale is how a talking bird (female-lark) helps a human by raising the girl and helping her to find her children after they had grown up, because their grandmother had ordered them to be thrown into a river shortly after they were born by an old woman. I present the script of the account:



ONCE UPON A TIME, IN ONE OF Harad's old houses [Harad is a city located near the village of Al-Khojarah on the opposite Yemeni side], there lived a man and his wife to whom God gave no children.

The man, who desired to have children by any means, heard one day that there was a Meshaweed (warlock) from India in Sanaa (Yemen's capital city). He had heard from the neighbors that this man is capable of everything, that he is blessed and had karma, and that whoever went to him for treatment would heal and be granted his wishes.

Our friend believed what he heard and went to the Indian sage and told him, "My wife and I want children in any way we can."

The Meshaweed replied, "No problem, just make sure to bring the things I will ask you for, or give me money and we will buy them for you."

The man replied, "I will give you money and you buy them."

The Meshaweed said, "Alright, give me the money." The man gave the money to the Meshaweed who told him to come back in the afternoon to pick up the treatment.

The man said, "Fine, we have a deal."

The man returned to the Meshaweed in the afternoon.

The Meshaweed said, "Listen, friend, these are pills for your wife to take, and God willing, in a month from now she will be craving (because of pregnancy)."

The man thanked the Meshaweed and left feeling happy. He arrived home and got it into his head to take the pills himself! So he took them and went to sleep.

Days and months went by, and nothing happened to his wife. Instead, he began feeling dizzy and sometimes sick or hard of hearing, and he felt that there was something in his tummy. A whole month went by with him in this situation. One day, he went to the bathroom of the great

mosque, and sat there. Two hours later, he left after having laid an egg. He returned home feeling better.

A lark (bird of prey) was perched atop the mosque peering into the sewer pipes coming out of the bathroom. It saw an egg coming out, so it descended on it, picked it up and flew it to its nest. It sat on the egg for three months, after which the egg shook and broke, and out of it emerged a girl of incomparable beauty, just like the full moon.

The lark was impressed by her, so it raised her and called her Saffrjalaah. It taught her the language of birds and the language of humans. It told her the story that she was from a noble family. The girl called the lark its mother. Under the lark's nest was a water fountain that belonged to the King of the realm. The mules would come and go, and drink from the fountain. However, when Saffrjalaah grew up and would comb her hair at the fountain, the mules would run away and refuse to drink from it. The King's slaves would beat the mules, but to no avail. The slaves would return to the King and tell him that they are unable to get the mules to drink from his fountain.

The King would yell at them. So one day the King said, "I will go myself to find out what is going on." The King of the realm went to the fountain, accompanied by the slaves and the mules. The mules approached the fountain, but still refused to drink from it. The slaves beat them, but they refused to drink from the fountain. The King walked into the fountain and saw a human hair in the water. He then looked up and saw a human shadow. He called saying, "You who are up on the tree, are you human or *Jinn*?"

Saffrjalaah turned to the King and said, "I am human, and among the best, stranger. I am Saffrjalaah Supreme, and my mother, the lark, raised me."

The King said, “Saffrjalaah, the mules refuse to drink from the fountain! That is the reason why I came here today.”

Saffrjalaah laughed in his face and said, “Really? The mules are scared of me?” and she added, “This has been our house for a long time, what can we do, Mr. Muleteer?”

The King said, “Do not do anything.” He walked away, though his heart stayed with her. He arrived at the palace and told his mother about what had happened and said that he wanted to marry Saffrjalaah. His mother said to him, “My son, King of the realm, God only knows if she is human or *Jinn*. Do you want her to cast a spell on you?”

He replied, “But I am smitten with her and I want no other wife but her.” Hard as the mother tried to convince him otherwise, he was adamant. He went back to Saffrjalaah and told her, “I am King of the realm and the ruler of the whole country. Will you marry me?”

Saffrjalaah, who was enamored with him and had fallen in love with him, consented. The wedding took place over seven nights, and people around the country heard about it. Days and months passed. The King’s mother tried to ruin things between them, but she could not. After several months, Saffrjalaah began craving, which gave the King great joy. One day though, the King had to travel away and be absent for nine months, after which the time of labor and delivery arrived for Saffrjalaah. The King’s mother called on an old witch and asked her to bring with her a poodle dog. Saffrjalaah gave birth to a boy as beautiful as the moon. The King’s mother quickly took the boy away and gave him to the old witch, and replaced him with the poodle. The witch took the child and threw it into the river.

The King returned from his travels, happy to have become a father and eager to meet his son. His mother welcomed him crying, and said, “I told you she is a *Jinn*, not a human, and you did not believe me. Now she has borne you a poodle.”

The King replied, “What are you talking about mother? What do you mean?”

The mother said, “Go look at the son your beloved Saffrjalaah, the lark’s daughter, has delivered for you.” The King walked into Saffrjalaah’s room and saw her crying, and said, “What is this that I heard from my mother? Is it true?” Saffrjalaah was silent and crying.

The King looked at the little poodle tied in the room and said, “Who is this poodle?” Her crying intensified.

He said, “So my mother’s words are true.”

Saffrjalaah wiped her tears and said, “God knows. My eyes were closed and did not see anything, until I heard from your mother that I delivered this poodle.”

The King looked at it, had pity on her and embraced her saying, “Do not cry, and do not be sad. This is God’s will. What we do is predestined and written.”

Saffrjalaah said to him, “Only God knows the truth,”

Days and months went by and Saffrjalaah became pregnant a second time. The King’s mother would have Saffrjalaah do the washing and the sweeping, and make her life miserable around the house. But, Saffrjalaah was patient with her and never said a word to the King.

Now the King, again, had to travel to a faraway place, and the time of labor and delivery came while the King was away. The King’s mother called again on the old witch and told her to bring with her a kitty. Saffrjalaah gave birth to a beautiful girl, and as she saw her coming out of her mother, the King’s mother imitated the voice of the kitty, “Meow, meow.” Saffrjalaah heard it, cried, and fainted, while the old witch snatched the girl and threw her into the river. When Saffrjalaah came to, the King’s mother greeted her, saying, “Well, well, the first time a poodle, and this time a kitty. What is with you, lark’s daughter, what is with you, *Jinn*??”

Saffrjalaah cried and cried, her tears streaming down her cheeks from dawn to dusk, praying to God and trusting that only He knew the truth, “O Lord, you know that I am a human and you know what is happening to me.”

When the King returned from his trip, his mother was the first to greet him and tell him about to what Saffrjalaah gave birth. He immediately went to his wife asking her about the truth of his mother’s news. Saffrjalaah cried and cried and could say no word other than repeating, “God knows I am a human,” while his mother was inciting him to divorce her. But he loved Saffrjalaah and could not believe his mother. So, he told his mother, “If Saffrjalaah gives birth a third time to something other than a human, I will do as you please and divorce her.”

Time passed and Saffrjalaah again craved from being pregnant. The King had traveled before he knew she was pregnant and he stayed away for nine months. This time, the King’s mother called on the old witch and asked her to bring with her a foal (a donkey’s offspring). Like the previous times, the King’s mother imitated the voice of the foal and told Saffrjalaah to what she had given birth. Saffrjalaah cried and left her fate in the hands of God.

The King returned and his mother greeted him at the door of the palace crying and lamenting, saying, “Your *Jinn* has brought you a foal, what a disgrace.”

The King dismounted his horse and said, “What is the matter, mother, what happened?” to which she replied, “Saffrjalaah, the *Jinn*, has delivered a black foal.” The King at this point lost it and swore a thousand times that it was over. He was going to divorce her and evict her from the palace. He walked to Saffrjalaah and, crying, told her to gather her belongings and get out.

She implored him, “I have no one but you in this world, you took me from my mother the lark. You are my father and my mother too, O King.”

“Get out,” replied the King, “you are a *Jinn* and the proof is that those you give birth to are not humans.” Saffrjalaah would not stop crying, praying to God against this injustice. She left crying and everyone in the palace was crying for her, except the King’s mother who was happy and rejoicing.

Saffrjalaah left the palace praying to God, saying, “Who but you do I have in this world, Lord?” She walked and walked until her mother the lark saw her. She took pity on her and told her to follow her. Saffrjalaah followed her until they reached the river, at the same spot where the old witch would discard her children.

An old hut stood there by the shore. The lark told Saffrjalaah, “Your happiness, daughter, is in this house.” She was so tired that she laid her scarf under her head and slept. Night fell, and Saffrjalaah woke up inside a big palace where everything functioned by itself (in the sense that everything functioned without human intervention, i.e. doors open by themselves, ovens bake food by themselves, and so on). Saffrjalaah was amazed at the place where she was. Suddenly a handsome boy resembling the King came to her.

Saffrjalaah asked him, “Who are you? My heart tells me I know you.”

The young man said, “I am your son, mother. God has saved us and rescued us from drowning. A good man lived here. As soon as the old witch threw me into the river, a lark came and alerted him about us, so he saved me. Afterwards, he rescued my sister (the cat) the same way. He has died now, God have mercy on him, leaving us a lot of money and abundant knowledge. My little brother the foal was brought a few days earlier after she saved him, and my grandmother the lark told me your entire story. Thank God, we are all now blessed and in good health.”

Saffrjalaah said to herself, “This must surely be a dream; this is not real.”

The son said, “No, mother, we are your children, and this is real. God had mercy on us.” Then, a girl of incomparable beauty walked in, looking like Saffrjalaah.

The boy said, “This is my sister, mother.” They were knowledgeable in things only they knew of, and which they had learned from the good man. After Saffrjalaah had rested among her children and some time had passed, her son built a large palace near the King’s palace and bigger than it.

Everything in it functioned on its own; the house cleaned itself, food prepared itself, and the door opened by itself [as if they were electronic; a note I add to clarify the intended meaning]. The palace had a gutter (from which rain water was evacuated from the top of the house down to the ground). The water coming out of this gutter would go straight into the King’s palace and with it all the dirt and litter.

After some time, the King became annoyed with those new neighbors and their litter, so he ordered one of his servants to go to that house and tell them to move the gutter away from his house, a mission to which a first servant volunteered. When the servant arrived at the gate of the palace the door opened by itself and he entered inside the palace of Saffrjalaah’s children. As he related the King’s order to them, Saffrjalaah said, “Tell your King: ‘I am Saffrjalaah supreme, white and white-footed. My father was pregnant with me for a year, and my mother desired me, and the lark which is in the sky soared and raised me. O scissor, clip his tongue...’”. At which point, the scissor clipped the servant’s tongue who returned to the King dumb and unable to utter but, “Bah, bah, bah!!!”

The King inquired with him, “What is wrong with you? What happened?”

The servant repeated, “Bah, bah, bah!!!” The King decided to send another servant to complete the task. When he arrived there, Saffrjalaah said to him, “Tell your King: ‘I am Quince supreme, white and white-footed. My father was pregnant with me for a year, and my mother desired me, and the lark which is in the sky soared and raised me. O scissor, clip his tongue...’”.

The servant returned dumb to the King who became irate and decided to go by himself. Knocking at the door of the palace of Saffrjalaah and her children, the door opened by itself. When the King entered the palace, he saw that everything functioned by itself: The oven baked the bread by itself, the broom swept floors by itself, and everything he saw was bizarre and strange. So he shouted in a loud voice, “People of the palace, where are you?” The King then saw a magic carpet, and he stood on it.

The carpet lifted him to a vast chamber, and upon arriving he said, “People of the palace, remove your gutter from my palace, you have sullied us.” At this point, Saffrjalaah turned to him and said, “I am Saffrjalaah supreme, white and white-footed. My father was pregnant with me for a year, and my mother desired me, and the lark which is in the sky soared and raised me. “O scissor ...”, but the older son said, “Pity, O mother. This is my father and he knows not what my grandmother was doing to you. Have mercy on him.”

And all the children came out and said, “This is my father and he did not know.” So the mother showed mercy on him and stopped her utterance.

The King wondered aloud, “Who are you?”

They replied, “We are your children.”

They told him the story and what their grandmother did to them. When he learned the truth, he decided to punish his mother, but the children did not want him to face hell by



punishing his mother. So, the children and their two parents lived happily ruling over the entire country.

#### **4. Abdulkaleq and His Sister Shams Al-Mashareq**

This story was told in July 2008 by Moosa M. Al-Qahtani, a 76 year old man (see informant no.3); the narrator had the same experience as the heroes in this tale. Moosa stated, “My parents died when I was at the age of two, so my only sister Aisha, who was older than me, took care of me. She had suffered a lot in order to take care of me, especially after I was hit by an evil eye at the age of twelve. As a result, I became ill and bedridden. During this period, my sister put a lot of effort into providing enough money in order to buy medicine and food for me. I finally recovered after my sister had worked many hard jobs to provide the money demanded by the healer in order to treat me. Now I have a good job with a high salary, and all of this is because of my sister’s support. She is married now and lives with her husband and her four children.”

I was invited by the narrator to his big house in order to listen to him narrate this tale to me. He said, “This tale is valuable to me because my own sister used to narrate it to me frequently at bed time.” The narrator had invited me several times to a big feast, and with a big smile on his face, started to narrate the tale in a soft voice.

The tale shows the affection between a sister and her brother, and how a sister must be kind to her brother and look after him, no matter what; the brother, even more so. The major sentiment underlying the plot of this tale is: the intense affection between a sister and a brother, and how this sentiment is highly pervasive and stable in Arabic culture.

It should be noted that the belief in crows as messengers of a jinx or bad luck is spread widely in Arabic culture. The majority of locals in Jizan believe that seeing or even hearing the

voice of the crow is a symbol of bad luck and miserable life for the person who sees that bird or hears its crowing. Therefore, if someone sees a crow at the beginning of the day, he will encounter many troubles for the rest of that day. He has to return to his house and must stop all of his business for the day in order to mitigate the damage from seeing the crow. The crows that are the unloved birds among the locals are more likely to bring sadness to the people. In our tale, the crow was the reason behind a sister's sorrow and sadness.

Also relevant in the tale is the authority and dominance of the fathers upon their sons' decisions, especially with the intervention of fathers in their sons' married lives. In the Jizan culture, fathers dominate the fate of their sons' married lives; if he does not like the wife, he can make his son divorce. Traditionally, a man has to live with his bride in his father's house after the marriage, and there is a cost for the father to pay for building extra rooms in the family's home. Furthermore, the father must be obeyed by the entire family, including his sons' wives. Consequently, fathers have the right of expressing their discontent towards their son's wives directly or indirectly to their sons; they also have the right to order them to divorce, abandon, or keep their wives. This powerful authority of the father upon his sons' decisions appears in our tale, where a father sends a coded message to his sons through their wives ordering them to divorce or keep their wives. Following is the text of the tale.

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE LIVED a brother and his sister who had become orphaned. The brother's name was Abdulkaleq, and the sister went by the name of Shams Al-Mashareq. The sister was older than her brother by a few years, and when their parents died, they decided to leave the city.

As they walked in the desert and the wilderness, they saw two shepherds and said to them, “O Shepherds, we are thirsty, where can we drink?”

The shepherds replied, “Climb this mountain, and there you will find two fountains. If you hear a fountain calling on you, “drink from me,” absolutely do not listen to its call; do not even get close to it, for it is haunted by the *Jinn*. As for the silent fountain, do drink from it in peace, for it is not haunted by the *Jinn*.”

The two siblings arrived at the two fountains, and did not heed the fountain calling them. They headed toward the silent fountain and drank from it until their thirst was quenched. Afterwards, the sister bathed her brother in the water of the fountain and combed his hair. When they finished, they resumed their walk. After some distance, the sister realized she had forgotten the comb by the fountain, so she told her brother to return to the fountain and bring the comb while she waited for him to return.

The brother took the comb, but felt thirsty. So he leaned into the fountain calling him and drank. He immediately turned into a crow, holding the comb in his beak and *tar*(fly). He returned to his sister, dropped the comb, and sat quietly by her side. When his sister saw what her brother had turned into crow, she cried in grief and blamed herself for forgetting to warn him against drinking from the speaking fountain.

They resumed their walking until they reached the house of an old man. She knocked on the door and said, “Can I serve in your house, my good old man?”

He replied, “Everything in this house has a servant, except the dog. It has no one to take care of it, and you can do that if you want.”

She replied, “Yes, I can do that.”

She and her dog were allocated a pie and some sap for food. Every morning, Shams Al-Mashareq would take the dog down to the valley to forage for food. Her brother the crow would come to inquire about her situation, saying, “How are you, *Shams Al-Mashareq?*”

She would say, “I am fine, my brother Abdulkaleq.”

He would ask her about her food, and she would tell him that she and the dog have a pie and some sap. He would say to her, “Open your sleeve,” and he would pour in it all kinds of vegetables, fruits and the best that orchards could produce. This he did every day, so she rested and grew plump, she and the dog she cared after. The old man’s son was surprised, wondering to himself, “How in the world could *Shams Al-Mashareq* and her dog be so satisfied when their food is only a pie and some sap?” So he set out after them the next morning to see what was going on and to discover their secret. He watched what went on between Shams Shams Al-Mashareq and her brother Abdulkaleq, after which he saw her rolling tears.

The old man’s son said to Shams Al-Mashareq, “I ask you, in God’s name, to tell me your story with this crow, and who is he?” So she told him the entire story. He was so moved that he decided to help her. He went to a magician and told him the story of Shams Al-Mashareq and her brother the crow.

The magician proposed that the remedy would be to slaughter a few cows and leave their meat out up in the mountain, then watch what happens. The crows will come to eat the cows’ meat, and the crow will be among the crows, but he will not eat like the other crows. Instead, he will sit watching and thinking.

The magician further told the old man’s son, “You will bring a sniper with a rifle to shoot down that crow, on condition not to strike it in the head, the wings, or the legs. The sniper is to shoot a bullet into the side of the crow.”

The old man's son brought the sniper and did what the magician had asked. When the sniper shot the bullet into the crow's side, the crow turned into a human. The old man's son then asked his father to wed him to Shams Al-Mashareq, but the father refused. The son insisted on marrying her, and upon his persistence, the father acquiesced to his son's request. For punishment, though, he gave him a lame horse and a ruined house. And so it was.

After some time, the father wanted to test the wives of his seven sons who had scattered everywhere, raising families. He changed his appearance, looking older and greyer, wore raggedy clothes, and headed to his eldest son's house. He knocked on the door, shouting, "O people of the house, do you have food and drink? I am hungry." His son's wife replied harshly and sent him away.

He said to her, "Tell your husband that the doorstep to the house needs mending, and so and so says hello." He then went to his second son's wife and was met with the same treatment as the first, and so on with the other wives of his sons. He would repeat to all of them what he told his eldest son's wife. When he came to the house of his seventh son who had married the dog's caretaker (Shams Al-Mashareq), he asked her, "Any victuals?" and she gave him food and drink and clothed him with clean clothes. After he finished eating, he told her, "Tell your husband, the doorstep to the house is good."

Each wife told her husband what had happened with this strange old man whom they did not know was their husbands' father. When they found that out, they divorced them, except the seventh son and his wife Shams Al-Mashareq whom he took, she and her children, to live in the father's palace. His father bestowed all his fortune on him, in addition to the palace in which he lived with his wife happily ever after.

## 5. El- Bolbol El- Saiyyah ( The Singing Nightingale )

This story was narrated in April 2008 by Nema Amshanaq, an 88 year old woman (see informant no. 4) from a village in the Jizan region. She is illiterate and works as a peddler; she used to visit houses in the villages to sell products. Occasionally, she narrates legends and humorous narratives to friends and customers; she did not remember when and from whom she learned the tales. She used to narrate tales in order to attract all of the household members, so that they would come and listen to her, and buy her goods.

The documenting took place in the house of another villager, where Nema went to sell her products; a number of other adult males and children were present. The only females attending the narrator's session were an old woman and my host's wife. According to custom the wife of the house was not supposed to be seen by a stranger (me), and so the head of the household stood by the doorway to the sitting room where we were. Two major sentiments underlie the plot of this tale: hostility of the mother-in-law towards her son's wife (daughter-in-law); and affection between sister and brother. These sentiments are highly pervasive and stable in Arabic culture.

In the tale the father and his wife reunited with their children after being separated. A mother-in-law failed at the end of her plan to separate her son and his wife by casting away their children and accusing his wife of eating them. The husband discovered what his mother had done with his wife and children, and ordered to have his mother killed, and went on to live with his wife and their children in peace. Here is the text of the tale:

A LONG TIME AGO THERE WAS A KING who decided to go on the *Hajj* pilgrimage. So he set out, leaving his pregnant wife in the trusted hands of his mother, telling her, “Mother, I am going on the *Hajj* pilgrimage, God willing. Please watch over my wife until I return. She is pregnant as you see. Be kind to her, and be very careful.”

The mother said, “Of course, I will care for her, do not worry. Go on your trip, and do not fear, everything will be alright.” The son departed, and after some time, his wife went into labor and gave birth to twins, a girl and a boy. She was so exhausted and tired from labor that the wife fell into a long coma. The King’s mother took advantage of the illness of her son’s wife and took the twins, placed them in a box, and threw the box into river. When the wife came out of her coma and was convalescing, she asked her mother-in-law: “Tell me, auntie, what did I give birth to?”

Her mother-in-law replied angrily but also sarcastically, “What did you give birth to? Ha...ha..., you villain woman, you gave birth to twins, beautiful girl and boy, but you are a savage, you ate them.”

The heartbroken wife said, “What are you saying, mother-in-law? I ate them? How can that be? That’s impossible. You must be kidding. Where are my children?”

The mother-in-law replied, “I told you, you ate them.”

The wife cried and cried, repeating within earshot of her mother-in-law, “Have pity mother-in-law, I want my children. How could I have eaten them when I have not even seen them?”

Her mother-in-law replied harshly, “O you villain woman, you are a she-dog, you ate your children... that is what happened.”

After some time, the King returned looking forward to hearing the good news. He asked his mother, “What has my wife given birth to, mother?” and she replied angrily, “She had twins, my son, a boy and a girl of great beauty. But the she-dog ate them.”

The King said in distress, “What are you saying, mother?”

The mother replied, “Just as I said son, she ate your children.” Seething with anger, the King ordered that his wife be thrown in jail.

Meanwhile, the box containing the children was retrieved by a poor fisherman to whom God did not give children. Rejoicing at the find, the fisherman told his wife, “God has made up with us, my good wife, with twins who shall be our children. We shall raise them and take care of them.” With time, the twins grew up and became two dependable young people, during which time the fisherman passed away. Before he died, he instructed his wife: “O wife, this sword and this ring do give to the boy, and tell him to swipe the ring with the back of his hand if his sister desired something, and her wish will be granted without fail.” He then entrusted his sister to her brother.

After the fisherman’s death, his wife began searching for the children’s family, fearing for them should she be stricken by some adversity. After much searching and investigating, she found their family and learned that their father was the King and their mother the imprisoned Queen. The fisherman’s wife told the children the truth, that they were not her children, and that their father was the King of the country and their mother the imprisoned wife of the King. She then related to them her husband’s will.

A mere few days later, the fisherman’s wife died. The sister asked her brother to build them a palace near the King’s palace on the other side of the river. The brother did as his sister



requested. He swiped the back of the ring, and a voice from the depth of the ring answered saying, “*Absir ba-s-saada* [What do you want, young man]?”

The boy said, “I want a palace near the King’s palace.”

When morning dawned, the brother and sister found themselves in an awesome palace near the King’s palace. When the King opened the door of his palace, he discovered a huge palace that must have been built at an astonishing speed.

He wondered, “By God, what magical speed is this with which this big palace was built?” He became curious to know who owns this palace and who lives in it.

He told his mother, “I shall go mother, to inquire.”

His mother answered, “No son, do not go. Per chance a *Jinn* lives there. Do not go.” But he was obstinate in his opinion.

His mother said, “Since you are so determined, I shall go in your stead, and I shall bring you the news at once.” He agreed, and off she went to the palace where she saw the girl who told her story and that of her brother.

The mother quickly recognized them and wanted to get rid of them immediately, in order that her secret not be uncovered. So the grandmother told the girl, “Would not your palace be even more beautiful if a flowing river ran beside it, my pretty one?”

The girl liked the idea and said, “Yes, indeed, it would be.” In the evening, she ordered her brother to swipe the ring, which he did, giving her a flowing river by the palace. When morning came, the King heard the murmur of the river nearby, and wondered whence it came about, and with the same astonishing speed as the palace.

He said, “I want to know who the people of the palace are. Are they human or *Jinn*?”

His mother replied, "They are *Jinn* and demons, let me go there and see what is going on." So she set out again, found the girl, and told her, "It is nice what you did by placing this flowing river by the side of the palace. What do you think if, by the river, you place some fragrant roses?"

The girl said, "At once, Granny." So she ordered her brother to plant fragrant roses, and when morning came, the King smelled the roses and said to his mother, "I need to know who the people of this palace are."

She replied, "By God, I shall go at once and see who the residents of this palace are."

She then went there, saw the girl, and told her, "You know girl, the palace will be even more beautiful if by the flowing river and the fragrant roses you bring El-Bolbol El- Saiyyah (a singing nightingale).

The girl liked the idea and ordered her brother to rub the ring and bring a singing nightingale. Morning came and the King heard the murmur of the flowing river, smelled the fragrant roses, and heard the warbling of the singing nightingale.

The King then resolved to go by himself and find out who the residents of the palace were, but his mother shouted in his face, saying, "Do not go. I fear for you from the evil those *Jinn* could do to you. I shall go myself once more, and find out what is going on in this mysterious palace. So the mother went to the palace and told the girl, "Girl, why can not your brother have a wife, the China China girl?" The sister agreed with her, and when her brother came, she told him, "I want you to marry the China China girl."

"This is not good," said the brother.

"Why not?" she replied.

He said, "This is risky."

His sister insisted, so he agreed. He swiped the back of the ring and the ring replied, "This is risky, you may not survive her, young man." As they both insisted, the voice from the depth of the ring could only grant their wish.

It said to them, "When you reach the indicated place, you will see an old woman with large udders. As soon as you see her, each one of you should walk up and grab an udder and suckle on it."

They managed to do this, and the old woman then asked them, "What do you want?"

They replied, "We want to get to the China China girl,"

"Look," she said, "no one ever overcame the danger of reaching her, but I will help you. Go on, now that you have suckled from my breast. When you go there, you will find seven doors, each door bigger than the next one. Then you will find a well. You are to cast seven stones in it. From the first stone, black smoke will rise and you will shout loudly, "O China China Girl." Then you will cast the second stone and shout, "O China China Girl," and do so with the remaining stones until you get to the seventh stone. Wait a while, and white smoke will rise inside of which is a wide-sleeved gown. Enter the sleeve and run as fast as you can, and no matter what hurdles you encounter, do not tarry, and just keep going really fast. I will not lie to you; you will be struck, bitten and stoned, but you are to keep running fast until you reach the seventh door. There, open the gown's sleeve and you shall find the China China Girl before you."

The young man and woman did what the old woman told them, and when the brother opened the sleeve and the white smoke rose, a beautiful girl walked out of it, and her name was

China China Girl. The young man liked her, and he fell in love with her. He married her and traveled with her to his city and gave her his palace to dwell in.

The next day following their return, the King walked out to his garden, and saw in the neighboring garden a beautiful girl. He marveled at her enthralling beauty and said to himself, “Amazing! Fragrant roses, flowing river, and a girl like the China China Girl. By God, I must go by myself and see what is going on.” This time, his mother did not succeed in dissuading him from going to the neighboring palace. She acquiesced to his wish, telling him, “Since you are determined to go, take with you some soldiers to protect you from the evil *Jinn*.” So, he took his soldiers with him and knocked on the door. The young man opened, greeted him and walked him into the palace. The King asked him about the strange things he saw happening in their palace. The young man feted the King, inviting him to a banquet on the occasion of his visit.

The King said to the young man, “You will not satisfy me, me and my army.”

But the young man replied, “I will satisfy you, you and your army, and you will find all kinds of food that you like.”

The young man went to the ring to rub it. He swiped it and requested a lavish banquet with the finest varieties of food and plentiful for the King and his army. The King was astounded at the speed with which the enormous feast was prepared, and he and his army ate until full.

The King said, “Tomorrow, lunch is at my palace.”

But the boy replied, “You will not be able to satisfy me and my army.”

“With the help of God, how can it not be so,” said the King, “when you satisfied me, me and my army?” But the young man persisted, “I am telling you, you will not be able to, O’ King.”

The King said, “You will come and you will see.”

When the time for the King’s banquet came, the young man rubbed the ring and requested one thousand soldiers of every size and shape and color. The King’s mother had prepared special food laced with poison for the young man, his wife and his sister. As for the army of the young man, special food was prepared for them. When the young man, his sister and his wife, China China Girl, prepared to eat, the El-Bolbol El- Saiyyah appeared and said to them, “The food is poisoned, and it is the King’s mother who poisoned it.” The King wanted to know if the bird was truthful or lying, so he gave some of the food to the cats and dogs of the palace, and they died instantly.

The King summoned his mother and upon learning the truth from her, ordered that she be killed and his imprisoned wife set free. He was so jubilant at the uncovering of the truth and the reunification of his dispersed family that he had a sheep slaughtered for every step he climbed. So, the young man, his sister, his mother and his wife lived a happy life. As for himself, the King lived alone, reflecting on his error for believing his mother and not searching for the truth.

## **6. Ehsseniah Bent (daughter of) Ehssan**

This tale was told in March 2008 by Nema Amshanaq (see informant no.4), from the village of Al-Khogerah in southern Saudi Arabia. She had lived her childhood in Yemen before she moved to Jizan in Saudi Arabia after the death of her father. She has not been married, so she used to narrate this tale to people whom she had been visting in their house to sell merchandise. Nema can not read nor write, but she has a strong memory in that she remembers many narratives, and she has heard most of them from people that she had visited at their homes. She heard this tale from her father; she stated, “My father was a religous man; he used to narrate this tale to me. He performed pilgrimage more than five times, and he always advised me and

my sisters to not open the door for any stanger or to invite strangers into the house.” I was invited by Nema to her house, and when I arrived to her house she was sitting at the front of her house waiting for me, as no woman can be alone inside the house with a man who is not from her family.

She invited me to sit on a big carpet placed in front of her house. Before starting to narrate the tale, Nema called out to some kids playing around and invited them to join us. While she was calling the kids, she smiled at me and said, “*Mutawa* (religious people) may come and put us in the jail...*Koloa Khair Shariah* (illegal visit) my son.” She meant that if we sat alone, religious people who are responsible to prevent any unacceptable behaviors in the community would put us in jail, so she invited the kids to join us, so this way no one could catch or blame us.

After the kids joined us on the big carpet Nema asked me if I had done the pilgrimage before to Mecca. I replied, “No, I have not.” She then said, “Great, you will like my story then.” She shouted at the kids to stay silent, and putting her hand on my knee, she started to narrate the tale that she entitled, “Ehssenieah Bent (daughter of) Ehssan.”

It is important to say that according to religious beliefs, a woman must not sit down with a strange man alone in her house even if she happened to be an old woman. In Saudi Arabia, a woman caught alone with a strange man will be punished by jailed. The most severe matter that would affect the woman's life is her bad reputation that she could earn from being caught alone with a man; the result will be that she is abandoned by the community and therefore, no one would desire to marry her for the rest of her life.

The narrative shows the affection in the relationship between daughters and their father. In our story a father rescues his favorite beautiful daughter from an angry monster (*Jinn*) who

transformed the girl into dog. One supernatural entity appears in this tale, Amr Al-Shaytan, who is a devil that has a great power that enables him to curse and transform a human into any kind of animal. In our tale, Amr Al-Shaytan transforms a girl into a dog form, and this becomes a symbol of a scary creature used by locals in Jizan to intimidate their kids whenever they would misbehave. Also noteworthy in the tale is cursing, which is a great crime that any Muslim should never dare to commit. In Islam, cursing means the deprivation and exclusion of goodness or of the Mercy of Allah (The God); this can never be the habit of the believers. According to religious beliefs, locals in Jizan believe that if a person curses all the time, he will become an ogre at the end of his life. Consequently, they avoid cursing, and attribute the act of cursing to fantasy creatures. Therefore, most of the narratives in Jizan attribute this act of cursing to fantasy creatures such as ogres, devils, monsters, and witches who are non-human and non-believers. In this tale, Amr Al-Shaytan, who is a devil, cursed the daughter of the man, who was not able to curse the devil.

Now the transcript of the story:

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE once upon a time, there lived a man called Ehssan who had seven daughters and whose wife died a long time ago. Among these seven daughters was a pretty one called Ehssenieah.

The father said to his seven daughters, “My daughters, I am going on the Hajj pilgrimage and I will be away from you for a period of time. Do not open the door to anyone, for I fear that your sister Ehssenieah might be abducted. So Imanih watch over her and protect her from any harm.”

The daughters replied, “We heard you and we shall abide by your instruction not to open the door to anyone whatsoever. We shall protect our sister Ehssenieah.”

The father went on his pilgrimage. But a monster devil called Amr Al-Shaytan “Satan’s Command,” was stalking the daughters, wanting to kidnap Ehssenieah. He came one day knocking at their door. One of the sisters answered the door.

He said to her, “I sell shallots and herbs, will not you buy some from me?”

The sister replied, “We have no need for them. Our father warned us against opening the door to any stranger.”

He said, “Do not fear. I will give you shallots and herbs for free. So, go ahead and open the door.”

As the first sister opened the door, he asked her to bring the second sister. When the second sister came out, he asked her to bring the third sister. So the third sister came out. He asked the third sister to bring the fourth sister, so the fourth sister came out and he said to her to let the fifth sister come out, and the fifth sister came out. He then said let the sixth sister come out, and the sixth came out. Since he wanted to complete the number to get the seventh sister, he asked, “Where is your seventh sister Ehssenieah?”

They replied, “There is no one else but us, and we have no sister by this name.”

He said, “The seventh daughter must come out, for I know that you have a seventh sister of great beauty.” So Ehssenieah came out once he convinced her sisters to let her out and assured them that he will not harm her.

Amr Al-Shaytan thus took Ehssenieah and departed with her to the mountains. The sisters cried for their sister and were afraid of their father, not knowing how to face him and what to tell him about their sister Ehssenieah. They grew worried about their sister’s absence and their fear of their father, and so one of them suggested that they convince their father that she had died.



They all agreed to the idea and went to the cemetery, dug up a grave and placed some wood in it and covered it with dirt. They then planted a palm tree over the fake grave.

When their father returned and asked about Ehssenieah, they replied saying, “She died, father.” He inquired about where her grave was, and they showed it to him. However, he was suspicious, so he dug up the grave and found the wood, and knew that they had lied.

He then asked them, “Where have you hidden your sister?” but they remained mute, fearing his wrath. He threatened to kill them if they did not tell him about their sister’s whereabouts. Finally, they told him the truth, and he went searching for his daughter Ehssenieah, asking every person he met, “Do you know Ehssenieah?” and he would tell her story. As he walked on, he met shepherds and he asked them, “Have you seen Ehssenieah whose eyes are wisps and whose teeth are pomegranate arils?”

And they said, “We did not see her.”

He then met women water carriers, and he asked them, “Have you seen *Ehssenieah* whose eyes are wisps and whose teeth are pomegranate arils?”

And they said, “Yes. We saw her passing this way with Amr Al-Shaytan, and they headed to his house on top of the mountain.” The father gathered his strength and went to the house of Amr Al-Shaytan. He stood under the window to survey the situation. His daughter saw him but did not say a word. She waited until her husband Amr Al-Shaytan was deep asleep and his snoring was heard outside the house, then she went straight to the kitchen and prepared morsels of food in all the vessels of the house that are suitable for food, and those unsuitable as well so they do not awaken Amr Al-Shaytan and tell him of her escape, except for the sewing needle and the mortar. She then rushed to her father and fled with him.

The needle was saying:

“Din, din, Amr Al-Shaytan, the master of your house is gone.”

And the mortar was saying:

“Pound, pound, Amr Al-Shaytan, the master of your house is gone.”

Amr Al-Shaytan heard the vessels speaking of his wife’s escape. He rose up from his sleep and rushed to look for his wife Ehssenieah in the house, but did not find her. He looked everywhere, searching feverishly inside the house, but failing still in his search. So he followed her outside the house and found her with her father and said, “My good man, why did you take her? She is my wife.”

But the father replied, “She is my daughter.” The father struggled to snatch his daughter from the hands of Amr Al-Shaytan who struck him forcefully with his hand on his flank and said angrily to him, “If you do not give her back to me, I will curse her and turn her into a barking she-dog, and this way she will not be mine and she will not be yours.” And so, Amr Al-Shaytan turned Ehssenieah into a she-dog that went barking in the streets and on the roads.

[It is worth mentioning that the story was on every tongue, and the name Ehssenieah was disliked by all the people of the region. Many myths and legends were woven around the name and spread among the people of the region. Ehssenieah became a scary satanic creature who would snatch away those who mention her name. This is why the people of the region frequently say among themselves, “May Ehssenieah take you,” which is an invocation to the she-dog Ehssenieah to come and take you away.]

## 7. Woraight Al-Hennah:

This tale was collected in May 2008 from Jaber Al-Wadani, a 90 year old mountain man. Originally, his family lived in Abu-Arish, but they had to move because of The Saudi–Yemeni War in 1934. Jaber now resides in a village on the top of a mountain called the Al-Aredah Mountains. Jaber has married twice and has 13 children; since he has many children, I asked him if he told folktales to them at home. He replied, “If I did [if he had narrated folktales to his children], I would lose their respect for me. Telling stories to my children is not my job. It is my wife’s job [who is much younger than he is]...not me!!”

Jaber learned the tale in his home town of Abu-Arish from his grandmother named Saedah. I visited Jaber in his big farm, and in a weird and ambiguous accent, he narrated his tale rapidly.

The narrative revolves around the hostility of a step-mother towards her step-daughter, who was kind to an old woman, and who rewarded her by giving her gold shoes that lead her to get married to a prince at the end. The tale also shows stepsisters as rivals in marriage to the same man.

One interesting motif to me in this tale is that of the marrying of a girl whose feet would fit into a golden heel. The last part of the tale invokes the story of Cinderella who left one of her shoes that the prince used later to find and marry her.

Here is the text of the tale:

A LONG TIME AGO, THERE lived a man with his daughter Woraight Al-Hennah, whose mother had died. Her father remarried, taking a woman whose husband had died leaving her with a daughter named Kiraam. Woraight was a girl with a graceful figure, a pretty face, a noble soul, and with much good manners, kindness and refinement in conversation. Kiraam, on

the other hand, was a short-figure girl with an ugly face, a greedy soul, rough manners, a distracted mind, and reckless conduct.

The father treated the girls equally, as though they were his own daughters, dividing his affection and kindness between them. He was also consistent in dividing the chores equally between them; one tended to the cows while the other handled the household tasks. If, for example, it happened that Kiraam tended to the cows today while Woraight managed the house chores of cooking, milling and sweeping, they would have to switch the next day, with Woraight going out with the cows while Kiraam tended to the house.

Yet Kiraam's mother was eaten by jealousy at Woraight's beauty and nice manners, and she repeatedly tried to over tax Woraight with work in order to lighten the workload on *Kiraam*. She consistently displayed favoritism for her daughter in everything. Both Woraight and Kiraam, on their cow-tending shift, had the habit of tying up their breakfast to the end of their veil and placing it on their head while herding the cows as they walked them to the pasture. There, they would see an older woman sitting by the wall of her hut, seeking shade from the sun, and the girls would treat the older woman differently.

Woraight would see the older woman and come close to her, open the knot of her shawl, cut a piece of her breakfast, and offer it to the older woman, saying, "Eat. This is from my breakfast, granny."

The older woman would eat it, wishing her, "May God grant you more mind than you have," adding, "The lice have eaten up my head, why don't you sit down and groom me?"

Woraight would answer apologetically, "Wait for me until I lead the cows to the green pasture and I will come back." But the older woman would say, "Do not bother, do not worry, just sit here and say 'Graze nearby,' and they will graze by themselves, and when you return, you

will find them near you.” Woraight Al-Hennah would obey and do what the older woman asked her.

One day, the Sultan’s son came to the village to choose a bride. The older woman gave Woraight Al-Hennah a golden shoe to wear at the dance party at which the Sultan’s son had invited all the girls of the village. Because Woraight had no mother, her stepmother dressed her own daughter with the best of clothes to attend the dance, and made up all manner of house chores for Woraight to prevent her from attending the dance.

When Woraight had completed the house chores, she dressed herself with whatever clothes she had, and looked stunning and beautiful. This enraged her stepmother who ordered Woraight to eat meat from a large pot. As she got near the pot and thrust her head inside, her stepmother and stepsister pushed the pot onto Woraight, soiling her clothes. The stepmother thus managed to keep Woraight at home. But the old woman to whom Woraight showed kindness came over and dressed her up in the best of clothes and the most dazzling of jewelry, so that when she walked into the crowd at the dance, all the heads turned to her beauty.

The old woman said to her, “You must leave the party before the midnight.”

Woraight replied, “I will.”

The older woman remained hidden from sight. At midnight, Woraight Al-Hennah’s shoe fell as she was leaving and she could not search for it in the thick crowd.

After all the women had departed, the Sultan’s son found the shoe and pledged to marry its owner. He went house to house through the village to test the shoe on the feet of the girls. The shoe failed to fit any of the girls’ feet until he came to Woraight Al-Hennah’s house where the shoe was a perfect fit for Woraight’s foot. So the Sultan’s son married her in spite of her stepmother and stepsister.

## CHAPTER THREE

### HUMOROUS NARRATIVES AND JOKES

The words used for “Humorous narratives” in KSA society are, *nuktah*, *nâdirah*, *haddûtah*. The *nuktah* that stems from the heart of the folk shows the time and the place where it belongs to. We can distinguish the English jokes from Arabic jokes, and the Egyptian sense of humor from the Saudi’s sense of humor. The humorous Narratives and jokes in this chapter clearly show that most of them belong to the region of Jizan; they discuss some themes that just exist in this region, such as the name of the tribe in the *nuktah* of “God Bless Jodoree” that inhabited the area for long time. This humorous narrative is a short report in the form of a story, and therefore the tales in this chapter are short and present the life of everyday living in Jizan in an ironic comedic form.

The chapter consists of nine jokes and humorous narratives collected from people in the region, in addition to comments on each of them. The folktales in this chapter were narrated by three men and two women, who are: Hasan ElOagee (man), Abdullah Khalofah (man), Jaber Al-Wadani (man), Rawiah Qulaila (woman), and Amenah Himli (woman).

Rawiah narrated the tale of “The Woman and the Donkey are Mine,” while Amenah narrated the story, “God Bless Jodoree,” “Zambak,” “The Treasure Under My Feet,” and the story titled, “If I Did Not Come Down...You Would Not Come Up.” Hasan El-Oagee narrated two stories, which are the “Son of Abu Jaradah” and “The Judge,” and “Stingy Reputation”; while Abdullah narrated just one tale under this genre, which is “Al Dajaal and The Wife.” “The Bones” was the tale that was narrated by Jaber Al-Wadani.

## 1. God Bless Jodoree

This joke I collected in April 2008 from Amenah Himli (see informant no. 6). She heard it from her friend Alia, who comes from Yemen, about twenty years before.

This humorous anecdote is unique in that it discusses the two taboo topics, which are Islam and tribal customs, and mixes them within a comical framework that is not mocking to either side. Both religious and tribal systems are taboo to mock in Saudi Arabia; assaulting or attempting to make fun of the religion in any way is a big crime, which could lead its perpetrator to prison or even being accused of not being a believer. Also, the mockery of tribes may ultimately lead to civil wars between tribes; now there is some tolerance of ridiculing the religion and tribes, but this mockery should not diminish the respect of the basis of Islam or the tribes. Our tale's success is in the combining of the two prohibited subjects in a satirical style accepted by most Saudis, who became fascinated by the tale and its title: "God Bless Jodoree." Most Saudis invoke the title whenever they want to warn or intimidate their opponents, who would be beaten if they do not retreat. Also, some Saudis may invoke the title referring to the mockery of any stupid behaviors.

Now the transcript of the story:

DURING THE TIME OF SHAREEF,<sup>7</sup> THERE WAS A MAN who belonged to a large tribe in the region [Jizan region] named Jodor. The man traveled to Mecca to perform the pilgrimage, and when our friend arrived in Mecca, he met a *makie* [any person who lives in Mecca is called a *makie*].

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<sup>7</sup> A man who ruled the Jizan region long time ago.

In an unfamiliar accent to our friend, the *makie* asked our friend, “what is your *Madhhab* (religious doctrine)?”

Our friend replied, “What?”

The *makie* said, “What is your *Madhhab*”.

Our friend misunderstood what he meant by his question, and thought that he was asking him about his tribe’s name, so he answered, “I am Jodoree [belonging to tribe called Jodor].”

The *makie* replied, “I knew that there were four doctrines in our religion [Islam], which are Hanbali, Hanafi, Maliki and Shafie, but I have not heard of a doctrine called Jodoree in our Islam!!”

Our friend carrying a thick cudgel thought that the *makie* was making fun of him and his tribe’s name, so he took the cudgel and hit the man on his head several times.

While our friend was chasing and hitting the man on his head, the man was screaming loudly saying, “God bless the Jodoree doctrine!!!...God bless the Jodoree doctrine”, wishing that our friend would leave him alone.

[So, the moral of the story is: do not make fun of the *Jodoree*, or you will get beaten!]

## **2. Zambak**

This tale was narrated in October 2008 from Amenah Himli (see informant no. 6). She heard this anecdote in Riyadh while she was visiting her son, Khalid.

The trickster in the following narrative is Zambak. The story shows the cleverness of a boy who cheated on the *sheikh*.



I present next the script of the account:

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN that had a boy called, Zambak. He was a trouble-maker, and would create chaos wherever he went. So, the locals went to the village sheikh, and told him about the problems he was causing. The sheikh went to the mother, and told her, “*Ya okhtiee* [my sis], I think you should control your son, and stop him from hurting people.”

The mother said, “I will try.”

The boy did not stop, and the people went back to the sheikh, and complained again. He decided that the punishment for the boy was to go to jail. The mother went to the *sheikh* and said, “I beg you to let my son go.”

The sheikh said to the boy, “I will let you out of the jail under one condition: you will never hurt anyone ever again.” He then gave the boy a donkey to use for work instead of causing mischief.

With a smile on his face, the boy replied, “Thank you, *inshallah* [God willing], I will not hurt anyone again.” The boy took the donkey and left.

In the same day, the boy was riding the donkey when he saw a group of children playing. The kids hit the donkey, which made him race away with the boy riding on his back, and he ran into them. Ahad Aleyal [one of the children] got hurt, and his father went to the *sheikh* and told him what had happened. He decided to bury Zambak alive to keep him from hurting anyone else. After the boy heard about this he decided to take revenge on the *sheikh*, so he went to him and said, “I beg you please give me a few more days before burying me alive.”

The *sheikh* said, “You just have two days. Go now.”

During this time Zambak went to the grave that he was supposed to be buried in, and buried a secret tunnel from the grave to his mother's house. Before he was supposed to be killed, he went to the *sheikh* and said, "Your Majesty, can you order your servants to bury me in a particular grave beside my mother house, so that my soul could visit my mother." The *sheikh* granted his wish; and so on the day that he was to be buried alive the mother kissed her son goodbye for the last time, while the servant of the *sheikh* took the boy away to meet his fate.

As soon as they buried the boy, he snuck into the tunnel, and got back into his house. His mother saw him, and was ecstatic that her baby was still alive. Zambak said to his mother, "Mom, do not tell anyone about what you have seen."

The next day the boy went to the market and bought a huge basket that he filled with different fruits, and took it to the *sheikh*. When he reached the house, he knocked on the door, and the *sheikh* was shocked that he was still alive. The boy said to the *sheikh*, "I just came from heaven where I met your parents, and they gave me this basket to give it to you. They told me to tell you they want you to come to heaven with them immediately."

The *sheikh* was so surprised, and so he asked the boy how this happened.

The boy said, "If you want to visit your parents in heaven you should bury yourself alive." The *sheikh* believed him, and told his servants to bury him alive so he can go to his parents. The servants took the *sheikh* and put him in the grave, and did as they were told. After weeks of waiting the *sheikh* still did not come back as the boy had promised. So the servants went to boy and asked, "Why our master had not shown up until now."

Zambak replied, "You are crazy! Do you think the *sheikh* is still alive until now? You are stupid; no one can be buried alive and survive."

The servants punished the boy and his mother, and banished them from the village. The boy and his mother lived happily ever after in another village. The boy outsmarted the *sheikh* and lived, and the *sheikh* was done in by the boy

### 3. The Bones

This tale was told in May 2008 by Jaber S. Al-Wadani (see informant no.5). He heard it a long time ago in his native village (Abu-Arish).

The narrative shows two cousins trying to defraud their friend, who tricked them at the end and foiled their plan.

Here is the text of the tale:

ONCE, THERE WERE TWO cousins traveling with their friend, and while on the road they bought a sheep from a farm. They decided to slay the sheep and cook it, so they could eat it for dinner.

The cousins tried to trick the friend so they could have all of the meat for themselves.

So, one of the cousins said, “we should not eat the sheep until we sleep at that *barah* [open space] and have some dreams, and then we will wake up and share our dreams, and eat the sheep for breakfast.”

The friend did not reply.

The other cousin said, “God will bless the sheep while we are sleeping,” to convince the friend to go along with their plan.

Their friend did not reply.

Their friend was clever, and *diri* [figured out] their plan, however. So, the two cousins tried to pretend to sleep, but they fell into a deep sleep instead. Their friend also pretended to

sleep, but he actually was successful and did not fall asleep. So, he got up and ate the whole sheep to himself, left the bones, and went back to bed.

After the cousins woke up, they awakened their friend, and told him, “Let us discuss our dreams from last night now”.

Their friend smiled and did not reply.

One of the cousins said, “I was dreaming that I was in heaven.”

The other one said, “I was dreaming that I was in Sidrat al-Muntahā.”<sup>8</sup>

Their friend smiled and did not reply.

The cousins then asked their friend about his dreams.

The friend said, “I was dreaming that a huge servant came and ate the whole sheep and left the bones!”

They looked to each other and ran over to the sheep, and found the bones.

The cousins were surprised and said to the friend, “*Alec allah* why did not you wake us up when you saw that dream?”

The friend smiled and said, “How could I, when one of you was in heaven, and the other in Sidrat al-Muntahā?”

[Obviously, the cousins were lying from the beginning, and the friend knew it. So, the moral of the story is: do not trick the trickster.]

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<sup>8</sup> Sidrat al-Muntahā is a tree that marks the end of the seventh heaven, the boundary where no creation can pass, according to Islamic beliefs.

#### **4. If I Did not Come Down... You Would not Come Up**

I collected this story in August 2008 from Amenah A. Himli, a more than 100 year old blind woman from the town of Samtah (see the informant no. 6).

The narrative shows a beggar, who insisted on a generous man to come down from his room to give him money. The generous man later tricked him by inviting him upstairs and gave him nothing.

Now the transcript of the narrative:

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS a man that was a famous philanthropist named *Muhssin*. While the man was sitting in his room on the 5<sup>th</sup> floor he heard a strong knock on the door of his house, and he looked out through the window to see who was knocking.

It was an old man with a message for Muhssin.

Muhssin said to the man, “Why are you knocking? What do you want? What is your need?”

The old man replied, “I heard that you are a generous person, and people all over this village are talking about your generosity.”

Muhssin said, “Tell me exactly what you want.”

The old man told him, “I will not tell you anything until you come outside with me.”

Muhssin told him, “You can tell me what you need from here; I do not need to come down to see you.”

The old man insisted for him to come down to meet him, and so Muhssin said to the old man reluctantly, “I am coming.”

The old man said, “Thanks and *Allah yejzak khair* [May God reward you good].”

Muhssin opened the door and said to the old man, “Tell me now what do want?”

The old man told him, “I am a poor man, my wife just died two days ago, and I have a lot of kids who need to be fed. So, please, show me your generosity and help me.”

Muhssin was silent for a moment, and said, “Come with me to my room on the 5<sup>th</sup> floor”.

When they got to the room, Muhssin said to the old man, “Go and sit on that chair.” Then Mohssin took the *Quran*, and gave it to the old man, and told him to read the *Quran* each day. Then Mohssin said to the man, “I will pray for you several times that God give you money.”

The old man was shocked and said, “You brought me here for this? I thought you had money?”

Muhssin said, “If you had not made me come down to you, you would have your money, but instead, you made me meet you where you would like, and I made you meet me where I would like, so therefore you get nothing.”

##### **5. The Treasure under My Feet**

This humorous narrative was told in August 2008 by Amenah A. Himli (see informant no.6). She heard it frequently in her village in southern Saudi Arabia. In El-Rahha district locals used to gather after the Asir prayer around two famous narrators in the city, who are Hassan El-Oagee and Amenah Himli. Women and men were divided into two groups, and Amenah was the narrator of the women’s group, while Hasan El-Oagee was the narrator of the men’s group.

*Amenah* used to sit on a chair whenever she narrated her tales, while a group of women from different ages surrounded her.

Before *Amenah* narrated this tale to me, I had to ask permission from her son so I could sit in the group, however. The young women covered their faces and allowed me to sit and hear *Amenah* narrating the tales after I was endorsed. *Amenah*, who was blind, was told about my attendance, so she tried to make fun of me saying, “Some men are not smart enough, so they always depend on their smart wives to solve most of their problems.” She said to me, "*Heaa* [calling me], are you *Benema*” [Blessing - she meant to ask me I am married]. She wanted to show me that the wife is like a blessing; and without her the men are worth nothing. I replied, “No, I am not.” She then said, “You must do it [get married] after hearing my tale." Paying a lot of attention to me, she started narrating the tale that she titled, “The Treasure under My Feet.”

Our narrative illustrates in an unusual way how chanting helps a thief to know where the money is; and how chants can help to return the stolen money. The story shows the clever wife, who tricked a thief that returned back her husband’s stolen money.

Here is the manuscript of the tale:

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A MAN. He used to hide the money that he earned from his work in a jar that he buried under the floor where he used to sit in his store. He would chant, saying:

“The west is mine...

The east is mine...

And the treasure is mine under (my feet).”

His neighbor who was listening to him discovered that there was a valuable thing under the man's feet, so he waited until the man went to his house, broke into the store, and searched the area where the man was sitting.

The thief found a jar half full of money, and so he took it and ran away. In the next day, the man discovered that the jar and the money were stolen. The man was sad and in despair, so he returned home, and told his wife, "My dear, my money was stolen from the store".

The wife said, "Tell me the whole story."

As soon as the husband finished his story, the wife smiled and said to him, "Listen carefully and do what I will tell you if you want your money to come back to you."

The husband said, "I am listening."

The wife said, "Whenever you are sitting in your store, you should chant these words:

'If he did not take the jar...

I would fill it with money to the top...'"

The wife continued, "When the thief will hear this chant he will return the jar. Believe me."

The husband said, "*Inshallah*."

So, the man did what his wife had told him to do, and so while he was chanting the words the thief heard him.

The thief said to himself, "I will return the jar to the man tonight, and I will steal it later after he fills it with money to the top." So, he returned the stolen jar [*adda al jarra*], and left.



The next day the man found his stolen jar with the money in his store, and so he took it and hid it in his house and thanked his smart wife.

[The moral of the story is: listen to your wife!]

## 6. *Al-Dajaal* (The Trickster) and The Wife

This tale was narrated in March 2008 by Bedouin, Abdullah N. Khalofah, 81, of the Madkooor clan. He lives in the province of Samtah and is a farmer (see informant n. 7); he is illiterate and works as a guard for one of the girls' schools in Samtah, as well. Occasionally, he narrates humorous anecdotes, and his sense of humor was evident as he was smiling every time we met. The text of this tale is a great example of creativity in the performance and presentation of tales, as Abdullah narrated with pleasure. He dwelt on details and used allegories, puns, and proverbial sayings to enhance his presentation. He heard this tale from his grandmother, who is a native Bedouin living in the Empty Quarter<sup>9</sup> (desert) of Saudi Arabia.

This narrative shows how a smart thief tricked a wife and her husband twice, and got away with it. The clever thief cheated the man's wife first, took all of her clothes and jewels, and later tricked her husband, stole his horse, and successfully ran away.

It is notable that traditionally, in the Bedouin community, a man must not appear foolish in front of his wife. He has to be conscious about his image as the smartest and the strongest one in the house. Therefore, men will pretend that they are smart and clever to their wives even if they are not. This behavior appears in our tale when the husband hides the fact that the thief had

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<sup>9</sup> The Empty Quarter is the largest sand desert in the world.

tricked him and stole his horse; instead he faked a new story to hide his foolishness in front of his wife.

I present the following scriptscript of the account:

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS a stupid wife whose parents died a long time ago. One day while her husband was at work the wife was alone in the house, and she heard a knock on the door. She opened it, and there was a man who was *al-dajaal* (a trickster).

She asked him, “What do you want?”

He replied, “*Ahad fe albeith kharik?* [Is there anyone in the house but you?].”

She said, “No, I am alone.”

He replied, “*Tammam* [ok!!].” And then he asked, “Is your father’s name, Ahmad?”

She said, “Yes it is.”

He asked again, “Is your mother’s name, Amenah?”

She said, “Yes, and they died a long time ago.”

The man told her, “Your parents will get married in heaven in a few days, and they sent me to you to give them all of your valuables to bring to them.”

The wife said, “*Taeeth.. taeeeth* [ ok..ok] wait... do not go...I will bring them to you.”

The *al-dajaal* smiled and said, “I will not go anywhere.”

The stupid wife collected all of the accessories, all of the clothes, all of the jewelry and all of the riches, and *hazam* [put it together] in a *surrah* (knapsack), and gave it to him.

She said, “Please *salm lee alla aboya wa ami* [tell my parent that I am greeting them].”

The *al-dajaal* smiled and said, “I will.” Then he *akad* (took) the *surrah* and disappeared.

When the husband *ata* (came) home after work, the wife told him what she had done.

And the husband said to his wife, “You are so stupid! You are so stupid!! That man tricked you, he was a thief, and he stole everything!”

Then the husband said to his wife, “Go and prepare my horse, so I can chase the thief and find his *atar* [footprint] before he gets away!”

The wife asked him, “*Bitiruh warrah?* [Do you want to chase him]”.

The husband did not reply.

He then rode the horse and left to chase after the thief, who saw him coming from far away.

The *al-dajaal* said to himself, “I think this man is the wife’s husband, so I have to trick him.” Then he heard (*arr*) a sound, and he looked and saw a bald farmer on the side of the road driving sheep in his field, and said to himself, “I get it”

The *al-dajaal* went towards the farmer, and when he reached him, he said, “*Asalaam Aleikum*” [peace be to you],

The bald man replied, “*Wa Aleikum Salaam*” [and peace be to you]

The *al-dajaal* told the bald man, “The king of the town has ordered his servants to kill anyone who is bald.”

The farmer said, “What?! Is that true?!”

The *al-dajjal* said, “Oh yes, and if you can see that man coming towards us on that horse, he is one of the king’s servants and he is coming to kill you, Bald Man. It will be better if you run away to that mountain over there (pointing in the distance).”

The bald man threw down his tools, and ran towards the mountain as soon as he said that. The *al-dajjal* then took the *surrah* and hid it in a haystack. When the husband reached the *al-dajjal* he said to him, “*Salaam-yal-aku.*”

The *al-dajjal* replied, “*Wa Aleikum Salaam.*”

The husband asked him, “Have you seen a man carrying the knapsack?”

The *al-dajjal* said, “Yes I saw him, and the man you are looking for ran away to that mountain over there.” So the husband thanked the man, and proceeded to leave, but the trickster said to him, “Wait...wait; you should leave your horse with me to watch over, because it will be too difficult in the mountains for it.”

So, the husband did as he said, and replied, “Thank you so much for your help, you are too generous!”

After the husband left his horse with the man and went to the mountain, the *al-dajjal* took the knapsack from the haystack and said to himself, “Stupid wife, and stupid husband.”

Now when the husband chased the bald man to the mountain, he discovered the truth. He was very disappointed, and when the husband got home his wife asked him, “What happened? Did you catch the thief? Where is the horse?”

He replied, “Do not say anything that about that honest man! I tracked him down in heaven, and it was true, your parents do need the *surrah*, and I gave him the horse, as they are preparing their wedding!”

[So, the moral of the story is: the husband is always right, and he will fake a story to not be foolish in front of his wife.]

#### **7. The Women and The Donkey Are My Own**

This story was told in January, 2008 from 110 year old Rawiah Mohammad (see informant no.1). She heard this tale from her grandmother, who had learned it from her mother. At the time of recording, she had not told this tale to anyone among her friends, listeners, or her family groups; she stated, “People here [locals in the Jizan region] do not like to make fun of Al-Moaqeen (disabled people), so I never narrated this tale before. But I think this tale is far away from making fun of disabled people, but people do not understand this.” She labeled this tale by the title, “*Al-hurmah wal hemmar lee*” (The Woman and the Donkey Are My Own). Rawiah can not read or write and she is viewed by her friends as a good narrator. She narrated the tale slowly, and in a soft tone.

The narrative shows how a clever blind old man tricked a man and took his wife and his donkey. The story illustrates that a man helped a blind old man, who later claimed that the man's donkey and wife belonged to him.

It is pertinent to mention here that the notion of the proverb, “Good work, evil received,” is central to this region’s culture. Locals in Jizan always invoke the proverb whenever they do a good work or favor to anybody who does an evil thing to them instead of thanking them. In our humorous account a man did a favor to a blind old man, and let him ride on his donkey instead of

his wife. Instead of gratitude for the help, the blind man claims that the man's donkey and wife was his own and that the man had stolen them from him. The people believed the blind man, and helped him to take the wife and the donkey from the man who helped him. The man did good work, but he received evil work, and lost his wife and his donkey.

Here is the text of the tale:

ONCE THERE WAS A BLIND OLD MAN who was on his way to a city called Alttewal. While he was traveling he heard someone call to him, “Oh, *ya ajoze* [old man] *estna arjook* [please stop].”

The old man said, “What do you want?”

So, when the man approached him, he had his wife on a donkey, and said to the blind man, “I want to help you reach your destination riding my donkey.”

The blind man then said, “You are so kind *ya abni* [my son],” and then the man ordered his wife to get off of the donkey to accommodate the blind man. So, they completed their journey to Alttewal, but when the blind man knew they reached their destination, he shouted loudly, “Oh, people! Please come and help me!”

*Umm ketheer* [many people] gather around the blind man and asked him, “What happened?”

He said, “Please, help me! This man tried to steal my donkey and my wife! They are *lee* (mine).”

The man was shocked and did not say anything.

Then the people said to him, “Shame on you, trying to steal from this blind poor man.”

He was shocked and said to himself, “(Atari) the old man wanted to steal my horse and my wife all along. Even if I try to defend myself now they will not believe me, because this man is blind.” The people grabbed the man and beat him, and during that time the blind man took the donkey and the wife and ran away.

[The moral of the story is: bad things happen to good people.]

#### **8. The Son of *Abu-Jaradah* and The *Qadi* (Judge)**

This humorous was told in May, 2008 by Hasan El-Oagee (see informant no. 2). He heard it from a religious *sheikh* several years ago. The tale shows how a clever judge tricked a defendant and revealed his cheating. In Islam, *qadis* (judges) traditionally have jurisdiction over all legal matters involving Muslims.

The judgment of a *qadi* must be based on *ijmah*, the prevailing consensus of the Islamic scholars (*ulema*). *Qadis* must have a great knowledge of Islamic religious law (*sharia*), and in addition, they must be shrewd and have a great knowledge of physiognomy, which would help them to discover the deception that may be done by one of the opponents in a courtroom. Our narrative gives a concrete example of a *qadi*, who has these skills and discovers one of the opponents cheating, who then gave his judgment. Trying to manipulate and deny an escape for his opponent from returning the money in a courtroom are also the most important themes in the story.

Now the text of the narrative:

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WERE TWO MEN WHO HAD A PROBLEM BETWEEN THEM. So they went to Al- *Qadi* (judge) named *Sheikh* Am-Himli to resolve their case. One of the men claimed that he had lent Mansour (his opponent) money.

The man gave Al-Qadi a letter which said, “I am Mansour *ibn* [son of] Abu-Jaradah, and I promise to give this sum to the person who is carrying this letter.”

*Al-Qadi* asked Mansour, “Is the name in the letter yours?”

Mansour tried to trick the judge saying, “Yes, the first name is mine, but my father's name is not Abu-Jaradah, and I do not have to pay money for this man...right?”

*Al-Qadi* felt that Mansour tried to manipulate him, so he planned to catch him off guard by pretending to be busy by talking to other men around him for a while. Suddenly, and while Mansour was busy, Al-Qadi called loudly, “O *ya bina* [Son of], Abu-Jaradah”.

*Mansour* quickly replied, “*Naam seedie* [Yes your Honor], I am here (raising his hand) [he admitted that his father's name is Abu-Jaradah when answering Al-Qadi]. Therefore, the smart judge ordered Mansour to give the money back to his opponent and the case was closed. Mansour was embarrassed while he was giving the money back to his opponent in front of Al-Qadi. [So the moral of the story is: don't try to trick the judge!]

## **9. Stingy Reputation**

This tale was told in May 2008 by Hasan El-Oagee (see informant no. 2), who heard this story in Tewaal from an elder. This humorous story shows how a miserly reputation got stuck with a tribe no matter what they would do to get rid of it. It is pertinent to mention here that *Al-Hajj* (pilgrimage) is an annual Islamic pilgrimage to Mecca, and a mandatory religious duty for Muslims. This must be carried out at least once in a lifetime by all adult Muslims, who are physically and financially capable of undertaking the journey, and can support their family during their absence.



Long ago, al-Hajjejj (Pilgrims) traveled long distances to reach Mecca. During their journey, they had to come across many villages and tribes who do their best to help the pilgrims with food and water. The tribes along the pilgrims' road contest with each other to provide the best service to the pilgrims, and this would reflect on the tribes' reputation among the whole country. Our narrative gives a concrete example of how a tribe fights to get rid of its stingy reputation by providing goat milk (a valuable item in the Arab world) to al-Hajjejj (pilgrims) during their journey to Mecca. Also of interest in the tale is that the main character is a group (tribe), and is not individuals, as in most of the tales presented here in this thesis. It is rare to find a tale such as this that deals with a group as the main character in *Jizan*.

I present next the script of the tale:

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS a tribe that had a stingy reputation. The members of this tribe tried to get rid of this shame, however. So, they *jarred* [consulted] each other saying, "There is a convoy of camels that will come across our village on their journey to *Mecca* to do pilgrimage. If we are generous to them our reputation will become clean again."

They agreed to give the people some goat milk (very valuable in the region of Jizan) to each of the al-Hajjejj as an offering of peace. Each one of these members in the tribe has to prepare his own bladder (carrying vessel) full of the goat milk, and give it to each person as they travel through the village.

When the convoy arrived each of the tribe members was holding a bladder that was supposed to be full of milk, but no one wanted to step forward to actually give it to the travelers. So, the travelers themselves went up to the members and took the bladders, opened them, and discovered that they were filled with water.

The whole tribe was embarrassed, and so the leader of the tribe asked one member of the tribe, “Why did you do that?”

Then he said, “I said to myself, if I fill out my bladder with water, no one will notice, because I thought everyone else would fill it with goat milk, and I wouldn’t get caught.”

Then each person stepped forward and said the same thing. Finally, the leader discovered that the whole tribe repeated what the one said, and so this shame of a stingy reputation stuck with them forever, and they became even more infamous

[The moral of the story is: do not be stingy, or you will get a bad reputation.]

## CHAPTER FOUR

### LOCAL BELIEF LEGENDS AND MEMORATE

The third category of traditional narratives prevalent in KSA society is the *salfa*, which is equivalent to the legend. It is neither mythical nor fictitious, and it may include a certain number of episodes which tend to be very imaginative, however. The word *salfa* is derived from the word *salif* which means, “posterity, earlier days or pertaining to the past.” In the Arabic dialect of the KSA it means a story, usually about local legends. The same dialect also uses the verb *solaf* (past tense) that is told in stories about the past, or *yisolif* (present tense), which means to tell stories in general, or even to exchange amusing and interesting conversation at social gatherings. Associations with the past and with tradition are important features for understanding the original and appropriate meaning of the word *salfa*, which is a tribal elder who is knowledgeable about Bedouin customs and traditions. In folklore terms the word *salfa* (plural *sawalif*) refers to a story about an incident that took place in the past in a certain locality or amongst members of a specific tribe. Thereafter, it became intermingled with imaginative episodes and acquired the status of a folktale within that locality. The *sawalif* in this chapter revolve around the belief legends and personal experience (memorates) that are common amongst locals in the region of Jizan.

This chapter consists of three local legends and one memorate, and in addition comments on each of them. The folktales in this chapter were narrated by two men and one woman who are: Jaber Al-Wadani (man), Abdul Mohsen El Aredhei, and Amenah Himli (woman). Amenah narrated the tale of “O Jinne of the Jar, Please Kidnap My Wife!” Jaber Al-Wadani narrated two

stories, which are “Amal and El-Nabash,” and “El-Jarjoof.” “El-Nabash and The Cemetery Guard” was the memorate that was narrated by Abdul Mohsen El Aredhei.

I present the following the narratives.

### **1. El- Nabash and the Cemetery Guard**

This tale was narrated in December 2010 by Abdul-Mohsen H. El-Aredhei (see informant no. 7); he is Ph.D student at Jizan University. He has been interested in the existence of El-Nabash since he was a kid. He stated, “When I was kid my grandmother and many of people in my family used to tell me many tales about El-Nabash. After I grew up, El-Nabash became my favorite topic.” Mohsen invited me to his house, where he narrated his experience about El-Nabash, which he had thought did not exist. He stated, “I grew up amongst people with whom most of them believed in the existence of El-Nabash; many of them claimed that they had seen him. I never believed in the existence of El-Nabash until I saw him with my own eyes.”

This legend memorate illustrates how a man traveled to meet a cemetery guard who had been fighting El-Nabash several times in order to clarify the existence of the creature. The belief in [El-Nabash] as a Jinni (fairy) that digs graves and steals people’s bodies is widespread amongst the locals in the Jizan region. Jizani people believe that El-Nabash steals people’s bodies from their graves immediately after they are buried. They think that El-Nabash would not steal the corpses if they were rotten. Therefore, locals would hire a guard to protect graves for the first three days until the bodies started to decompose; this action should prevent El-Nabash from taking the corpses. Our memorate is given as an example of how a guard had been hired to fight El-Nabash and prevent him from taking the dead bodies from the graves. The guard had fought

with El-Nabash several times in order to prevent him from digging the graves and taking the corpses. This dramatic event was witnessed by our narrator, who was surprised that El-Nabash existed, and it was not a fantasy creature as he had thought.

Here is the transcript of the story:

IN THE YEAR 1420 AH,<sup>10</sup> I TRAVLED TO A VILLAGE CALLED Razzan with the intentions of visiting a cemetery located between the houses of the village and a valley. I went there because I wanted to visit an old man living in that cemetery in a hut [called *osha* in Arabic]. As far as I know, he is not a local from that region; I was told that he had lived there a long time and he was a Mabrook [blessing man]. I did not let my mother know that I was going to visit that man, because she will try to stop me. My desire was to investigate the local legends of the region, but I did not know what to say to him or how to approach the subject. I felt compelled to research these stories, because I wanted to know the truth about the existence of these legends.

As soon as I entered the cemetery I felt afraid, and as if something slapped me on my face. The hut is located in the darkest corner of the cemetery, and there was a small amount of light coming out of it. I went up to the hut and stood in front of it, and I called to the man, “Oh, old man! Oh, old man!” [“*Ya al-agooz*” in Arabic]. Suddenly, the man came out and he was wobbling with a stick to support himself.

The old man said, “Who is this?”

I said, “It is me.”

He said, “Who are you?”

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<sup>10</sup> *Hijri* calendar (AH) is a lunar calendar consisting of 12 months in a year of 354 days.

I said, "I am Abdul-Mohsen".

He said, "Abdul-Mohsen who?"

I said, "I want to ask you about someone named, Saeed Razhi!"

I asked him, "Do you remember this name?"

Then the old man sat on the seat near the hut, and did not say anything. He was looking at the ground, and I repeated my question several times, and he finally said, "Yes, I remember." After that he was silent.

I sat near him on the ground, while he was still staring at the ground, and I said to him, "What do you know about that man?"

For a moment he was still silent, and I asked him again, then he said, "*Allah yerhammah* [May he rest in peace]".

I replied, "Amen."

The old man asked me, "What do you want from that man?"

I said, "You know what I want from that man."

Then he looked at me, and said, "*Allah yerhammah wain ma-kan* [May God have mercy upon him wherever he is now]."

I said, "You are the only person who has the answers to my questions. You know a lot of secrets in this cemetery, and you have what I am looking for."

The old man stood with his stick, and he said pointing, “Over there”; he was pointing towards a grave, and said, “That is the man you are looking for.” Then he started to speak and say, “Before...”, and then stopped himself.

I asked him, “What did you want to say?”

He then said, “Many bad things happened to this man before he...RIP.”

I asked him to go on and to explain more about the man.

The old man said, “This man in the grave has a story that no one else in the village knows about, except me and another *sheikh*. I witnessed this story with my own eyes “until the worms will eat my eyes when I die [meaning, I swear to God I am telling the truth].”

I said, “Continue,” but he suddenly got up and entered his hut, and I followed him. He sat on the only chair, and I stood in front of him.

He said, “After the mourners came to the cemetery we prayed the *Esha* prayer on the man, buried him, and then they left. After one night of him being in the grave, I went to it and watered the grass around it, and then during the sunset, I went back to the hut. That night...”, and then he stopped, and began to cry.

I asked him, “What happened that night?”

He said, “That night I saw something unbelievable,” and he started to cry again.

I said, “What? What did you see?”

He said, “The man was not in his grave. That night I heard footsteps in the cemetery, and it was too dark, but I saw him. I swear to God, I saw him.”

Then he was silent again, and started to sob profusely, which made my eyes tear up, but I held it in, and I asked him, "Please continue."

The old man said, "I do not know exactly what I have seen, but I saw a creature with two long arms that have almost seven joints, each arm was over 3 meters long. The creature was walking on all fours. His body was like an animal, but wait, no, he was like a human. Well, I do not know if he was a human or an animal, but I think he was a combination. His legs were small, and the top of his back had a hump like a camel. I saw that creature walk around the grave, and suddenly use his long hands to *hafar* [dig] the grave, *shalla* [take] the corpse and put it on his back and disappear into the dark. I did not know what to do, so I just ran towards the creature, and tried to track him down, but I failed to reach him. I searched for him all over the cemetery, but I could not find him anywhere."

He started to cry again, and I could not hold it in anymore, so I started to cry, too.

Now the old man said, "I went to the village *sheik*, and told him what I had just witnessed. The *sheik* asked me to show him the grave. We went back together, and after the he saw the grave, he asked me what had happened. I told him about everything that I saw, how the creature took the corpse and disappeared into the dark.

He said to me, "Are you sure what you are talking about?"

I said, "I saw him with my own eyes, I swear."

The *sheik* ordered me to dig the grave, so I started to while he was holding the flame torch. He was looking into the grave, and saw nothing to confirm that there was anything there. Then the *sheik* said, "It is El Nabash. I swear to God, it is."



I asked, "Who is this?"

He said, "The creature who took the body from the grave."

He continued, "I remember when the person was sick El Nabash visited him, and told him, "*Tehaltobak* [I admire you]". I was advised by an old woman to hire a guard to protect the grave for the first three days after he was buried, and that would prevent the creature from taking him from the grave. I did not do it, because I did not believe her."

I then said to the *sheikh*, "Where did the creature take him?"

The *sheikh* said to me, "Only God knows."

He then continued, "What happened tonight will stay between us." He ordered me to rebury the grave, and then he left. I did as he said, and I went back to my hut."

I (the narrator) was standing in front of the old man, and I said nothing; I was surprised, and I felt as if I were in a dream. The images were coming into my mind, and I was still silent. The old man told me that I was the third person who knew about this story, and that he did not intend to tell me about it, but he felt compelled. He then told me that he was protecting all of the graves from El Nabash since that time, and it had been fifty years since then. He has physically fought several times with this creature, and offered to show it to me. My goal from the beginning was to see this creature to see if it was real or not, so I accepted his offer. Since then I have visited the cemetery several times in order to see the creature for myself.

One time I entered and saw a dust cloud as if a shadow of two things were fighting, and I approached and saw that the old man was fighting with El Nabash. This creature looked at me with big *hamra* [red] eyes, and tried to come towards me, but the old man prevented him by

hitting him in the face with a club. The creature fled, and the old man asked if I was alright. I did not know what to say, and I was shaking. I did not answer the old man, and I just turned around and ran away, and I have never been back to that cemetery ever again.

## **2. Amal (name of Girl) and El- Nabash**

This tale was told in May 2008 by Jaber S. Al- Wadani, a 90-year-old man from a rich family living in Al-Aredah Mountains in the Jizan region (see informant no.5). The old narrator was telling the story to his children in front of his house when I approached him carrying my notebook, so he stopped his narrative. Jaber was hesitant to tell the story before he would tell about a local legend called El Nabash. After clarifying to me what El Nabash is, he finally agreed to tell the story, which he titled, “Amal wa (and) El-Nabash.”

It is relevant to mention here that the belief that el-nabash may admire some people and kidnap them alive or take their dead bodies from their graves and put them in an unknowing place is widespread in southern Saudi Arabia. This belief may account for the fact that a huge amount of attention is given to people who have been victims of El Nabash. Our tale gives an example of how a mother provided extreme attention to her daughter who had been admired by El Nabash, and who eventually kidnaped her.

I present the following transcript of the narrative:

A LONG TIME AGO, THERE WAS A VILLAGE CALLED, Nabash Al Amal. This place was inhabited by a people who were self-sustaining farmers. They got their water from a spring that was far away from the village; only young unmarried girls could fetch the water from

the spring. They used to do this in the early morning in groups, and come back at sunset. There was a girl called Amal, and she was nine years old; her father died two days after she was born. So, she lived with her mother in a hut [made of palm leaves], and Amal used to take a *jarra* [a clay pot] to the spring daily with other girls. One day she did not come back at sunset, so her mother became worried about her.

The mother asked the other girls about her daughter.

They said, “We did not know what happened to her and we left her there; maybe she is still there.”

The mother went to the spring in the dark at night holding a flame torch, and when she was close to the spring, she saw Amal from a far distance lying near the spring. So the mother started running towards her, and when she got to her she discovered that she was passed out. The mother thought her daughter was dead, but suddenly Amal opened her eyes and said, “*Nobeshat aynee*” [which means “my eyes have been touched.”] The mother did not understand what she meant by this, so she carried Amal back to their house. She *sadahaat* [put her] in bed to sleep when they got home, and the next day went to wake her up, and saw that she was okay. So, they went to eat their breakfast when the mother noticed a small black spot in the left eye of her daughter.

The mother was afraid for her daughter, so she took her to the *sheikh* of the village for a healing by reading some *Quran* verses over her body. After some time the black spot got larger, and Amal became gradually sicker as it grew. So, the mother brought her to a *walliah* [an old healer woman]. The mother took Amal, who was weak with sickness, and could barely walk, to the healer.

After the old healer examined *Amal*, she said to the mother, “Your daughter has been admired by El Nabash and she is *makudih*. The healer was surprised that the creature had admired the young girl, as it usually attacks older people.

The healer continued, “There is no cure and no hope for her to heal, and when the moon becomes full this month your daughter will be killed and taken by El Nabash.”

The mother said, “What?”

The old healer continued, “It will take her to his place on the top of the mountain called *jabbal al nar*, and bring her back to life from the dead.”

The mother said, “I will not let this happen”

In the days before the full moon, *Amal* became sicker and sicker, and all of the hair on her body fell out. The black spot got so large that both of her eyes became totally black and she became blind. Her mother decided to not leave her alone at all, so the creature would not attack her. Once the moon became full the mother was sitting near *Amal*, who was in a coma, and she heard a hoarse voice come from outside the hut saying, “*Amal*, you are mine!” Suddenly, she woke up, and she was okay, and the black spots disappeared in her eyes, and she could see again. She completely recovered.

The mother was so happy, and after some time she allowed her to play with her friends again. So, one day *Amal* went out in the morning to play, and she never came back. The *ahal* in the village [locals] helped the mother to search for her daughter, but no one found her. The creature kidnapped *Amal* and took her to his lair.

[This story of Amal has been famous in this region of Jizan, Saudi Arabia for a long time. So, the locals named the village after the story, “Nabash Al Amal”.]

### 3. “O the *Jinne* of The Jar, Please Kidnap My Wife!”

This legend was collected in April 2008 from a centenarian woman, Amenah Himli (see informant no. 6); she is a widow and the mother of four grown girls and a boy. After the death of her husband about fifty years earlier, she had to work in order to support herself and her children. She worked in making pottery that she sells in the souq (market) of the town weekly.

The belief legend illustrates some sources of conflict between a husband and wife. It also shows how an emotionally disturbed husband unwillingly calls a *Jinn* to kidnap his wife, and the ensuing consequences. It is relevant to mention here that the belief in *Jinn* as scary creatures that can hurt or kidnap people is very common among locals in the Jizan region. Locals used to say to each other jokingly *Jinn Shallak* (I hope that you will be kidnaped by *Jinn*), and *Jinn Qattalak* (I hope you will be killed by *Jinn*). Some of the locals reject saying the above phrases to others, and they do not allow anyone to say the phrases to them. They believe that the *Jinn* will come and kidnap or kill the person who says or receives the above phrases, while others believe that *Jinn* will not hurt anybody because they do not exist. Our story shows a concrete example of how a husband jokingly called *Jinn* to kidnap his wife saying, “O the *Jinne* of the Jar, please kidnap my wife!” The husband who had not believed in *Jinn* became a believer in them after he saw them kidnaping his wife.

Now the text of the tale:

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WERE two people who recently got married. After a few days they were sitting and eating their lunch, and the food got stuck in the husband's *halg* (throat).

So, he said to his wife, "My dear bring me the *jarra* [jug of water] to drink water." The wife wants to tease him (because they are newlyweds), and she refused to bring it.

The man said in anger, "*Hayyah* [come on], bring it here, I am dying here and you are teasing me!" So the wife went to bring the jar to him, and when she reached for the door to get it, the husband said jokingly, "*Oh ya-gonies amjarah sholla zojgatie* (O the Jinne of the Jar, please kidnap my wife!)"

She did not return soon after leaving, so the husband went to search for her, but she was gone. He said to himself, "Maybe the Jinne of the Jar took her? I will go *agadi* [tomorrow] and search for her." He did not take it seriously, and went to bed and slept. The next morning the man went to her family's home, and asked if she had come back, and they said, "No, she has not returned to us since she married you." So, the man went to the village *sheikh* and told him about the story of his missing wife.

The *sheikh* thought for a while, and said to the man, "Tomorrow, you should come and do the '*fajir*' prayer, and after we are done praying, you should go directly to the main gate of the village and wait there until the gate opens. Just follow *awwal shaee* [the first thing] that comes out from the gate."

The husband said, "*Inshallah* [God willing]"

After the prayer, the husband went to the gate of the village and waited until it opened, and then a huge black dog ran quickly and *jawaza* (ran past) the man like lightning. The

husband followed the dog until they reached a mountain called Al Neqaam (The Misfortunes). Suddenly, the dog *baram* (turned around) and chased after the man, but he ran away. He became tired, and the dog stopped chasing him.

The dog said to the man, “Why are you chasing me?”

The husband was surprised that the dog could talk, but after a while the husband replied to the dog, “My wife has been kidnapped by the *Jinne* of the Jar, and I need your help.”

The dog said, “Out of all of the *Jinn* to conjure, you asked the worst one to kidnap her.”

The husband replied, “Why?”

The dog answered, “Because that jar is inhabited by the most dangerous and crazy one of all.”

The dog offered and said to the man, “*Tala maaia* [follow me] and I will help you to find a solution to your problem.”

The husband followed the dog until they reached the mountain, and then the dog took him to the Master of the *Jinn*, “Johfan”. The dog told the Master the story of the man and his kidnapped wife.

Johfan told the husband, “You are a local man, and you are always asking us to kidnap your loved ones to put a curse on them. So, give us a gift, and then later ask to bring them back.”

The husband said, “*Ana enda abook saednie* [Help me for your great father].”

After the husband begged the Master of the *Jinn* to return his wife, he summoned the *Jinne* of the Jar, and demanded that he return her. The husband took his wife, and immediately took her home, where he promised to never wish a curse on her again.

[The moral of the story is: do not take curses lightly!]

#### **4. El-Jarjoof**

This story was narrated in November, 2008 by Jaber S. Al Wadani, nicknamed “Saree El-Jinn” (the Fairy’s Killer) (see informant no.5). He heard it from his grandmother several years ago. The tale illustrates how an abandoned girl had been helped by an ogre who forced her to marry him or he would kill her; the girl later was rescued by her brother, who was reborn again and killed the ogre.

It is important to state that the belief that ogres can only help women under the condition that they marry them and/or kill them is widespread in numerous parts of the Jizan region. Locals in Jizan believe that their region had been inhabited by the most powerful *Jinni* named Zan who had many siblings and servants who are ogres inhabited in the area for many years. Therefore, there are many *Jinni* ogre clans and tribes living in the area, and they have different shapes and names.

El-Jarjoof is one of the most powerful ogres that had served under Zan. El-Jarjoof often hunted in packs and sometimes alone, and inhabited the area a long time ago as locals believe; El-Jarjoofs are just males, as locals believe. In addition, locals believe that El-Jarjoof can be helpful for humans, but under two conditions: either marry the person who needs help; or kill them. Our tale is given a concrete example of how El-Jarjoof helped a girl and gave the captive a choice of marriage to him, or death. Also of interest is the notion that the Jinn or ogre assumes the form of different humans, central to this folk belief system. In our tale, El-Jarjoof changes his ugly and scary appearance several times to satisfy his wife or to lure her to speak the truth. El-Jarjoof changed his appearance to a handsome person to encourage his new wife to love him,



live with him, and not abandon him. In addition, he changed his appearance to his wife's mother and brother to try to reveal her secrets.

I present follow the text of the narrative:

ONCE, THERE WAS A GROUP OF GIRLS from the village of Al-Razeh (located near the village of Al-Sahi, which is a village on the border with Yemen) who bedecked with their best clothing and jewelry, went out carrying *jars* (a vessel made from baked clay in which food is kept) over their heads.

They were seven of them, and the younger one was the poorest among them and wore neither fine clothing nor jewelry. The swarm of girls was looking for a tree known as the *daum*, or gingerbread tree, and so they headed to a spacious ravine in the midst of which stood a large gingerbread tree.

The girls stood there, parleying amongst themselves to choose the one with the most courage to climb the tree and toss the gingerbread fruits down to the rest of them beneath. The girls refused to climb the tree, one fearing that her new blouse might be torn, another pretending that she borrowed her dress and feared it might be soiled, and so on until the matter came to the seventh poor girl, who had no such pretexts. She thus reluctantly agreed to climb the tree after the girls promised to fill her jar along with the other jars. The girl climbed the tree and began shaking it.

As the fruits fell, the girls rushed to pick the best fruits, leaving the lesser quality ones to the poor girl. No sooner were their jars full than they departed, leaving the girl up in the tree crying and calling for help.

Yet, not one of the girls showed pity on her to help her down from the tree. Time passed, and no one came to her aid. Suddenly, she saw a shadow heading toward her whose

features she quickly identified as El Jarjoof (ogre). He had picked up her scent and was heading toward her.

She called to him, "Please help me, *Seedi* [my master] to get down from the tree"

The ghoul told her, "There are six ghouls behind me that will soon pass you by, one after the other, and you will have to call one of them for help."

He continued, "They may help you but me...I can not help any human!"

The girl said, "*Taeab*, I will wait for them."

Six ogres did go by but did not help her, until a seventh ogre showed up, who said, "I will help you on one condition, and this is that you jump on one of my fingers, and if you happen to fall on my middle finger, I will help you and marry you; but if you fall on any of the other fingers, I will eat you."

The girl agreed and she tossed herself from the tree and fell on the ogre's middle finger. The ogre married her and took her to his home where he said to her, "*Amman* [we are in safe here]", and then he turned himself into a handsome young man. He won her heart over with the love he displayed for her, and he gave her six keys to six of the seven rooms that made up the house. He did not give her the key to the seventh room, however.

He said, "You have the freedom to walk into any of the six rooms, but I warn you, do not enter the seventh room."

She said, "*Inshallah* [if God wills it]"

This naturally stirred her curiosity, and she looked and looked until she found the seventh key. When she opened the door to the seventh room, she found herself staring at a truly horrifying scene, as the room was full of the remains of the victims that the ogre had devoured over the passage of time. The room also had a secret door which the beast used to enter without

her knowing. The girl loathed the idea of living with this blood-soaked monster, so she had the idea to escape her imprisonment.

The ogre suspected that the girl had entered into the seventh room, and so to put his doubts to the test, he transformed himself into her mother's image in order to lure her and make her disclose the truth. The girl refrained from revealing the secret, and the ogre had to change his image into his wife's brother and into the image of one of her friends, until he succeeded and confirmed his doubts. Yet, even though he found out that she was guilty he did not kill her, because he desired to live with her. One day, the wife saw a shepherd and beckoned to him with her dress. She soon realized that he was her brother, so they embraced and he stayed with her until sunset. When the ogre arrived, he immediately smelled the human scent and discovered her brother.

The ogre suggested to his wife, "Your brother and I will go out to the market to buy meat."

The girl said, "Take care of my brother please."

The ogre said, "I will keep his 'meat on my hand' all the time (he means that he will put his hands on her brother and protect him, but he actually wants to kill him)."

The girl said, "Thanks".

On their way there, the beast treacherously *jizar* [slayed] her brother, cut him into pieces, some of which he put into a bag which he then gave to his wife saying, "this is mutton meat." He asked her to cook it, which she did. Then both of them sat down to eat the meat, but the wife pretended to eat and instead gathered what she could of the meat and placed it in a hole in the ground. She began watering the hole and its contents every day.

After a few days, a squash tree sprouted out from the ground and grew and grew until a little child emerged from it, to which she rejoiced. She later found out that the child was her brother, who was reborn. In order to let her brother live with her, she told her husband that she had borne him a child, and he let him live there safely; the child grew up and became a man. She flung at him a sword hanging over the ogre's head and said to him, "Strike the monster with one blow only, not to be followed by another blow so that he may not live."

The boy said, "*Inshallah* [if God wills it] my sister".

The boy did this, striking the ogre in his sleep, and did not strike him another blow despite the ogre's supplications. The ogre soon died, and the brother and sister returned to their village, carrying with them what they could of the ogre's treasures.

# ***THE NOTES TO THE TALES***

## ***PART I***

### ***FANTASY TALES***

#### **1. The Boy and The Three Maxims**

DOTTI<sup>11</sup> identifies this narrative plot as new Tale-type 0910k1§, *A Lost Hour of Fun (Merriment) Cannot be Made-up for*. Counsel saves youth from delivering message of own execution. It also includes the following basic motifs: J163.1.1§, “Profligate (bankrupt person) uses his last coin to buy wise counsel: proves profitable”; K978, “Uriah letter.” “Man carries written order for his own execution”; K2111, “Potiphar’s wife [and Joseph]”; K2120§, “Innocent (chaste) man slandered as seducer (Bata, Joseph)”; N338, “Death as result of mistaken identity: wrong person killed”; P360.0.1§, “Employer (boss) and employee”; J0080, “wisdom (knowledge) taught by parable”; J0151 “wisdom from old person.”

Our narrative includes a number of themes that may be treated as new motifs. The following are suggested: Wisdom rescues a boy from execution; Mother gave her husband’s wealth to her own son; Old man gives three separate wisdoms to a boy; Spending all the money to buy wisdoms; Angry mother drives out her boy because of wasting money on wisdoms.

Although available sources (El-Shamy, 2004: 575<sup>12</sup>) cited only one occurrence of the tale that is given by Abd-Al-Karim Al-Juhayman,<sup>13</sup> a tale collector in K.S.A, my fieldwork experience indicates that it is widely spread. It usually appears as an independent tale, and the story

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<sup>11</sup> The Demographically Oriented Tale-Type Index (DOTTI-A), El-Shamy, *Types of the Folktale in the Arab World*.

<sup>12</sup> El-Shamy M. Hasan, *Types of the Folktale in the Arab World* (Indiana: Indiana University Press, 2004).

<sup>13</sup> Juhayman, Abd-al-Karim, *min asatirina al-shabiyyah (From Our Folk Legends)*, and *Asatir shabiyyah min qalb jazirat al-arab (Folk Legends From The Heart of the Arabian Peninsula)*, 5 vols (Beirut and Riyadh, 1967-1984). II, 64-145, No. 14.

undergoes some changes in its content in a way that does not affect the main meaning of the text of the tale. For example, some locals may replace the three maxims mentioned in the original model of the tale presented above by other maxims that are synonymous to the originals, but in different words according to the local's dialects.

In addition, some locals in Jizan may narrate the brief form of the tale by omitting some parts while they are narrating the tale; they deliberately removed somethings known only to them. I heard this tale from different locals in Jizan, and I noticed that some of them omitted the first segment of the tale, the segment that the mother gave her son his father's wealth on three separate times; and they start narrating the tale from the second part when the boy met the old man for the first time. The majority of locals in Jizan and others in Saudi Arabia narrate the tale as it is presented above, without omitting or changing anything, however.

Available source (*El-Shamy*, 2004: 575-576<sup>14</sup>) cited that the type 910K1§ also appears in Egypt, Kuwait, Yemen, Jordan, Lebanon, Sudan, Tunisia, and Morocco: see, e.), *El-Shamy, Tales Arab Women Tell*, 215-22, No. 26; *Shahab, yamani*, 32-38, [No.3]; *Abd-al-Hakim, hikayah*, 190-91, [No. 10]; *Mitchnik, Egyptian and Sudaness*, 46-53, [No. 9]; *Bouhdiba, maghrebin*, 16-18, Fr,tr, 73, No.5; *Laoust, Maroc*, 112-13, No.84 . This tale is closer to Egypt rendition of type 910K1 that is given in *El-Shamy*<sup>15</sup>, *Tales Arab women Tell*, 215-22, No. 26, in which shows the value of words that a boy bought with his father's wealth, which let the boy get rewarded at the end.

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<sup>14</sup> El-Shamy M. Hasan, *Types of the Folktale in the Arab World* (Indiana: Indiana University Press, 2004).

<sup>15</sup> Shamy (el-), Hasan, *Tales Arab Women Tell, and the Behavioral Patterns they portray*. Collected, translated, Edited, and interpreted (Indiana University Press, *Bloomington*, Indiana, 1999).

## 2. Hussienia and Her Ugly and One-Eyed Sister

DOTTI identifies this narrative plot as new Tale-type 0403C, *The Witch Secretly Substitutes her own Daughter for the bride*. [Substitute bride thrown under bridge; reed grows out of her navel]; and includes the following motifs: K1911.8.1.1§, “Women (mother) substitutes own daughter as bride”; K1911.8.2.1§, “Sister usurps her sister’s place as wife (bride).”

I found that our narrative includes a number of themes that may be treated as new motifs. The following are suggested: Cutting a baby in half to turn into a twin later; Putting a snake in a twin bed; Two Brother Who Are Princes [husbands of two sisters] go on a hunting trip; Step-mother hides her step-daughter in a mud stove.

My research experience indicates that the tale is extremely popular in Saudi Arabia; also, there is no printed text of type 403C that I know of from Saudi Arabia. It is usually referred to as, “The story of the ugly girl, who is stupid, and her beautiful sister, who is smart”. Husseinia is invoked by locals as a symbol of beauty, and intelligence; while her ugly one-eyed sister is invoked as a symbol of ugliness and stupidity. Locals invoke the names of the sister whenever they want to show the contrast between two sisters or girls. In other words, if a person wants to praise a girl, he would say that she is *metheel* (like Husseinia); he means that the girl is smart and beautiful. In contrast, if a person wants to despise a girl, he would say that she is *metheel alukot el-oraa* (like the one-eyed sister). The tale is famous in this region, and is invoked in everyday speech to show comparison between the two sisters as an example of what behavior the culture approves, and what it does not approve.

This redition of type 403C seems to be limited to the Middle East. Available source (El-Shamy, 2004: 190-191<sup>16</sup>) cited that the type has one variant from Qatar that is given in Al-

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<sup>16</sup> El-Shamy M. Hasan, *Types of the Folktale in the Arab World* (Indiana: Indiana University Press, 2004).

Duwaik, Qatar II, 182, No.84, while another from Morocco is given in Koudia, *Moroccan*, 100-103, No 16.

### 3. Saffrjalaah and Life's Injustice

This tale combines serially a number of tale types; it revolves around a variation on type 707, *The Three Golden Sons* [Cast away infant sister and brother(s) returned with their parents]. Other tale type that play secondary roles are types 0707C§, *Infants Cast away, (by Jealous Co-wives, Mother-in-law, Slave, etc.)*, and *Subsequently Reunited with their Parents*; 0750A, *The Wishes*. [Granted to hospitable and inhospitable persons]; and 0705A§, *Born from Pregnant Man, Raised by Bird (Animal): the Falcon's (Kite's) Daughter*. (A man's mother mutilates his wife and takes her place in bed).

The narrative also incorporates numerous motifs; these include K1947§, "Deception by substituting baby animals for newborn human infants"; B451.1, "Helpful lark"; D1761, "Magic results produced by wishing"; K2218.1, "Treacherous mother-in-law accuses wife"; S322.6.1§, "Jealous mother-in-law casts woman's children forth"; T98§, "Mother opposed to son's marriage"; K1947.2§, "Substitution of dog and cat for newborn boy and girl (respectively)"; P253.0.2, "One sister and two brothers"; and R131.18, "Pious man rescues abandoned child."

Our narrative includes a number of themes that may be treated as new motifs. The following are suggested: Magic pills; A man becomes pregnant; A man lays an egg; An egg reveals a beautiful girl; A bird [lark] raises up a girl; Newborn babies are thrown into a river by an old woman; Children prevent their father from punishing their grandmother.

My field work experience indicates that this tale is narrated widely in Saudi Arabia, but it is more frequently narrated in southern Saudi Arabia, especially in the Jizan region; there is non-printed text of types 707, 707C, and 750A that I know of from Saudi Arabia.



In the tale which is presented here the substitutions of some words and names may occur during narrating the tale; religious narrators are more likely to do this form of substitution to appease Islamic beliefs. Some religious people believe that going to see an indigenous magic healer who summons the *Jinn* to seek treatment is prohibited; and it is considered as an unforgiven sin that every person must avoid. Therefore, the sorcerer character is more likely to be substituted by another character such as a *Sheikh* or a Western medical doctor, who are not prohibited to be visited. For example, in this tale, a man went to a Meshawed (indigenous magic healer) to seek treatment for an infertility problem. Therefore, some narrators, especially the religious narrators of the tale, may replace the “warlock” character with a *sheikh* or a doctor character whenever they narrate this tale.

In addition, some of the animal characters in this tale may be omitted and replaced by others, which are familiar to locals in Jizan. For example, one of the locals named Ahmed Hassan narrated this tale to me, but he omitted the lark and substituted it with a dove, which is a bird more famous in Jizan than the lark. My field work experience indicates that the tales are mostly narrated by old peasants and illiterates, who have little knowledge of Islamic beliefs; they are also more likely to be fascinated by their local environment and narrate this tale as presented above without any substitution or omitting.

Available source (El-Shamy: 387-388<sup>17</sup>, 2004) cited that Type 707 is also well known in the eastern part of the Arab culture area. It appears in Palestine, Syria, and Iraq; Abd-al-Hadi, *Khararif*, 168-180, No. 41; McCarthy and Raffouli, 532; Al-Aswad, *Shamiyyah*, 325-32, No.73; Stevens, Iraq, 157-61, No. 33.

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<sup>17</sup> El-Shamy M. Hasan, *Types of the Folktale in the Arab World* (Indiana: Indiana University Press, 2004).

Type 707 is also found in Egypt, Bahrain, Kuwait, Qatar, Yemen; see, e.g., El-Shamy, *Folktales of Egypt*, 63-72, 56-254, No. 9; Kamal, *Kuwaytiyyah*, 218-21, 262-63; Al-Duwaik, Qatar I, 101; and Shahab, *Yamani*, 146-52, [No.25].

This tale is closer to an Egyptian rendition of type 707; it shows remarkable similarities to our present text. Both show a king (in the Egyptian rendition) and a prince (in the Saudi rendition) that got married to a girl; the wife's stepmother (in the Saudi rendition), or her sister (in Egyptian rendition), had fires of jealousy ignited inside them. They substitute the wife's baby for animals, and put the infant in a box and threw it into the river.

#### **4. Abdulkaleq and His Sister Shams Al-Mashareq**

Our story is composed of two major tale types: 0450, *Little Brother and Little Sister*. [They left home; Brother transformed into a deer; Sister nearly murdered by jealous rivals]; and 0451, *The Maiden who seeks her Brother*. [Brother transformed into ravens; the sister marries the king and becomes speechless]. Moreover, it also incorporates the following motifs: D926, "Magic well"; D555, "Transformation by drinking"; D555.3§, "Transformation by drinking from well (spring)"; P254.0.2§, "Sister helps brother"; T548, "Birth obtained through magic or prayer"; D0150, "Transformation: man to bird"; D0151.4, "Transformation: man to crow"; D0151.5, "Transformation: man to raven"; D0353.2. "Transformation: crow (raven) to person."

Our narrative includes a number of themes that may be treated as new motifs. The following are suggested: A bird feeds a girl and a dog; The talking and the silent springs; Forgetting a comb near the magic springs. My fieldwork experience indicates that the tale is very popular in Saudi Arabia, and there is a non-printed text of types 450, 451, and 750A that I know of from there.

The substitutions and variations that exist between words and names in the tale usually occur during narrating of the tale, however. Religious people are more likely to do these kinds of replacements according to some Islamic beliefs. In this tale, some narrators may omit the Meshawed (indigenous magic healer), who treated the brother who had been cursed, and transformed into a crow; and replaced it with a *Sheikh* character who treats the patient with reciting the *Quran*.

The available source (El-Shamy, 2004: 222-226<sup>18</sup>) cited that Types 450 and 451 also appears in Egypt, Kuwait, Oman, Qatar, Yemen, Iraq, Palestine, Syria, Jordan, Sudan, Tunisia, Libya, Algeria, and Morocco: see, e.g., Abd-al-Hamid al Lawand, *Turath* III: 10, 94-96; Sulayman, “*Shaqiyyah*”, 63-64, No. 1-6; Shahi/Moore, Nile, 71-75, No. 7; El-Shamy, *Arab Women*, 293-99, No. 38; Belamri, *douleur*, 15-28, [No.1].

##### **5. El- Bolbol El- Saiyyah ( The Warbler Nightingale )**

This narrative belongs to type 0707, *The Three Golden Sons* [Cast away infant sister and brother(s) returned with their parents; treacherous]. It also contains the following basic motifs: K2116.1.1, “Innocent women accused of killing her new-born children”; D1132.1, “Palace produced by magic”; D1470.1.15, “Magic wishing-ring. [Solomon’s Ring]”; P253, “Sister and brother”; P271.2, “Fisherman as foster father”; R131.4, “Fisher rescues abandoned child”; T587.0.1§, “Twin brother and sister.”

Our narrative includes a number of themes that may be treated as new motifs. The following are suggested: The warbler nightingale saves the brother and the sister lives; A man gives an order to kill his mother.

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<sup>18</sup> El-Shamy M. Hasan, *Types of the Folktale in the Arab World* (Indiana: Indiana University Press, 2004).

My field work practice shows that this tale is well known in various parts of Saudi Arabia. It is widely reported but infrequently recorded; and there is a non-printed text of type 707 that I know of from Saudi Arabia. Some locals mentioned that they had heard the story from illegal *Yemani* immigrants, but were not able to narrate it, however. This tale is normally told by females and learned from females. This tale is closer to the Egyptian rendition of type 707; it shows remarkable similarities to our present text. Both show a king (in the Egyptian rendition) and a prince (in the Saudi rendition) that got married to a girl. The wife's stepmother (in the Saudi rendition) or her sister (in the Egyptian rendition) had fires of jealousy ignited inside them. They substitute the wife's baby for an animal, and put the infant in a box and threw it into the river. In both tales, a fisherman finds the box and raised the children who were in it. In the Egyptian tale the children were given magic objects, the boy was given two hairs, while his sister was given a purse. While in The Saudi tale the boy was given a magic ring and his sister was given nothing. Building a place near the king's palace in one night is the final stage in both stories when the brother and his sister meet with their real family at the end.

According to Hasan El-Shamy (El-Shamy, 2004: 387-389<sup>19</sup>), Type 707 is also well known in the eastern part of the Arab culture area. It appears in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Lebanon, and Iraq; see, e.g., El-Shamy, *Folktales of Egypt*, pp 63-72; Abd-al-Hadi, *Khararif*, No 41, pp.168-180; McCarthy and Raffouli, p. 532.

## 6. Ehssenieah Bent (daughter of) Ehssan

This is a belief legend, probably based on an episode from type 0310A§, *The maiden in the tower: Louliyyah*. Youth cursed to fall in love with an ogre's (ogress', witch's) daughter: elopement, transformation (separation) and disenchantment (reunion). Its motifs include

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<sup>19</sup> El-Shamy M. Hasan, *Types of the Folktale in the Arab World* (Indiana: Indiana University Press, 2004).

G135.1§, “Ogre (ogress) lives in uninhabited regions”; G634.3§, “Indication of ogre’s deep sleep”; G654§, “Signs (indicators) of ogress’s contentment or anger (usually opposite of the ordinary)”; D525§, “Transformation through curse”; D1182, “Magic pin”; G565§, “Escape from orge (orgess, witch, etc.)”; P234, “Father and daughter.”

Our storyline includes a number of themes that may be treated as new motifs. The following are suggested: The devil kidnaps the most beautiful girl amongst her sisters; Magic needle warns the devil; The father rescues his daughter from the devil; The devil curses a girl; A girl is cursed and transformed into dog.

My fieldwork practice shows that the present story is not well known in Saudi Arabia; shifting between genders may occur in the tale. When locals in Jizan narrate the tale they may change some of the characters’ gender. For example, the father in the present tale becomes a mother, and the sisters become brothers. This shifting in gender from male to female and from females to males is according to the folk tradition in Jizan. It is rare to find a widower having many daughters that will not take another wife; a husband would marry immediately after his wife’s death, and would charge his new wife with the responsibilities of his daughters. In contrast, widows do not get married again and devote themselves to protect and raise children. This is the dominant theme in Jizani culture, and so the narrator of the tale will change the gender according to the context of the performance.

According to Hasan el-Shamy (El-Shamy, 2004: 117-118<sup>20</sup>) the Type 310A§ is also known in the eastern part of the Arab world, such as a Lebanese rendition recorded in Iraq is given in Jamali, p. 107. Another rendition is given in Gh. Al-Hasan’ “*Urduni*”, 4-8, No. 2; El-Shamy, *Folktales of Egypt*, 54-63, No. 8; Al-Aswad, *Shamiyyah*, 41-355, No. 8.

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<sup>20</sup> El-Shamy M. Hasan, *Types of the Folktale in the Arab World* (Indiana: Indiana University Press, 2004).

Although type 310 and its companion events do not appear in major collections from the southern part of the Arabian peninsula, a text from Qatar shows some similarity to our tale; it is given in the Arab Gulf States Folklore Center (AGSFC): QTR 3-87, 685-x-No. 8.

### **7. *Woraiht Al-Hennah***

Our story is composed of episodes from types 0480, *The Spinning Women by the Spring. The Kind and Unkind Girls*. [Ogress rewards the kind stepsister and punishes the unkind], and 0510C§, *Boy is to Marry the Girl whom a Certain Shoe (Garment) will Fit. It Fits Sister's*. She persuades him to marry someone else. It contains the following motifs: K2056, "Hypocritical stepmother"; N825.3, "Old women helper"; Q40, "Kindness rewarded"; G365.1§, "Bride test, size of feet to match sister's"; M139.1§, "Vow to marry only a girl whom a certain object (shoe, bracelet, etc.) would fit"; T92.8.1.1§, "Stepsisters as rivals in marriage to the same man."

Our narrative contains a number of themes that may be treated as new motifs; the following are suggested: Clothes and accessories would vanish by midnight; Cows grazing and returned back by magic words; An old woman gives golden heels to a girl; Removing lice from an old woman's hair.

My fieldwork notes show that the tale is well known in Saudi Arabia, especially in the Jizan region; there is a non-printed text of types 480 and 510C that I know of from Saudi Arabia. The tale is narrated widely in Jizan by both men and women, and there is no changing in genders, characters, and names that occurs in the narrative.

According to the Index (El-Shamy, 2004: 250-253<sup>21</sup>) the type 480 also appears in Egypt, Kuwait, Yemen, Jordan, Lebanon, Sudan, Tunisia, and Morocco: see, e.), El-Shamy, *Folkloric Behavior*, 89-187; El-Shamy, *Tales Arab women Tell*, 62-255, No. 32; Shahab, *Yamani*, 93-97, [No.14]; Al-Duwaik, *Qatar II*, 143-233, No.118; Koudia, *Moroccan*, 22-120, No 23; Abd-al-Hadi, *khararif*, 95-191, No. 45; Al-Aswad, *shamiyyah*, 29-34, No.3; Stevens, *Iraq*, 87-187, No. 36.

## ***PART 2***

### ***HUMOURUS NARRATIVES AND JOKES***

#### **8. God Bless Jodoree**

The basic themes of the joke are motifs: J1805.2, “Unusual word misunderstood. Strange result”; and J2496.3§, “Misunderstanding because of use of strange dialect.”

My fieldwork experience designates that the story is popular in Saudi Arabia, and there is no printed text of the tale that I know of from there. The tale appears not to be known in the Arab world, and only belongs to one of the tribes in Saudi Arabia.

#### **9. Zambak**

This humorous anecdote is composed of two major tale types. The first belongs to type 1540, *The Student from Paradise (Paris)*. [“The man `from Hell”]. [Gullible woman gives him valuables to deliver there to relatives]. The second type is 1535, *The Rich and Poor Peasant (Unibos)*, [Series of tricks by a tricker, disastrous imitation by gullible rival(s)]. It includes the following motif: J2326, “The student from paradise.”

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<sup>21</sup> El-Shamy M. Hasan, *Types of the Folktale in the Arab World* (Indiana: Indiana University Press, 2004).

Our narrative includes a number of themes that may be treated as new motifs: A Man gives his order to bury him alive to enable his meeting his parents in heaven; A Boy tricks an adult man; Digging a tunnel from a grave to a house; A Fruit basket from the heaven; A boy buried alive; Successfully escaping from a grave alive.

My fieldwork notes specify that this humorous narrative is well known in Saudi Arabia. The anecdote's hero (Zanbak) may be replaced by Abu Nawas, who is a famous trickster character in Jizani narratives, and who appears in oral tradition frequently; the tale is told by females. The only printed text of type 1535 that I know of from Saudi Arabia is that of the one collected by Abd-al-Karim al-Juhayman<sup>22</sup> (El-Shamy, 2004: 842<sup>23</sup>); while there is no printed text of type 1540 to my knowledge from Saudi Arabia.

## **10. The Bones**

This humorous anecdote belongs to type 1626, *Dream Bread*, The most wonderful dream. [One competitor already ate the intended prize]. The theme of motif K444, "Dream-bread: the most wonderful dream, [Last loaf of bread is to go to pilgrim (traveler) who has the best dream—one has already eaten it because he dreamed that his companions will not need it]," is implicitly expressed.

Our narrative is comprised of a number of themes that may be treated as new motifs: Eating a sheep and leaving the bones; Two cousins try to trick their friend; A friend tricks two cousins; Dreaming being in the heaven; A cooked sheep has been eaten by a stranger; Pretending sleep to eat the cooked sheep alone.

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<sup>22</sup> *al-Juhayman, Jazirah I*, 291-301, No. 20.

<sup>23</sup> El-Shamy M. Hasan, *Types of the Folktale in the Arab World* (Indiana: Indiana University Press, 2004).



I found that the narrative is recurrent in oral tradition and appears in various parts of Saudi Arabia, including the Jizan region, but there is no printed text of type 1626 that I know of from Saudi Arabia.

This rendition of type 1626 seems to be limited to the Middle East. According to Hasan El-Shamy (El-Shamy, 2004: 881)<sup>24</sup> one variant from Yemen that is given in Rossie, *Sana*, 69-70, and Noy, *Jefet*, 356, No. 126-n.-III, while another from Egypt is given in Elder, *Reader*, pt. 3, 18, NO.3.

### **11. If I did not come down... You would not come up**

This humorous narrative belongs to type 1871A§, *Beggar is Asking to come Upstairs then turned down*. It also includes the following motifs: J1331, “Persistent beggar invited upstairs. [Only to be denied alms]”; Z55§, “Process ascends to its natural or logical climax (conclusion).” Our narrative includes a number of themes that may be treated as new motifs: Pray to God to be given money.

The tale is very popular in Saudi Arabia, especially in El-Aredah Mountains in the Jizan region. Locals living in villages on the top of El-Aredah Mountains narrate the tale frequently.

It is worth mentioning that for many years the houses in these villages are the only houses in the region that have more than one floor, and are also seen throughout Yemen. It is a particular kind of architecture that is only common to this area, and is well-known for it; the buildings are made of clay and stone and have a unique look to them that is indistinguishable. In our tale, a man comes down from the fifth floor of his house; the house in the tale matched with the ones common in the village of El-Aredah. Amenah [the narrator of this tale] claimed, “This

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<sup>24</sup> El-Shamy M. Hasan, *Types of the Folktale in the Arab World* (Indiana: Indiana University Press, 2004).

humorous narrative reflects the sense of humor of locals in my native village [Sala village]; this tales belonged to this area. The buildings in my native village are the only ones of its kind in the whole kingdom for many years when this tale appeared for the first time.” There is no printed text of type 1871A that I know of from Saudi Arabia, however.

The type 1871A seems to be limited to the Arab world. One variant from Egypt that is given in Littmann, *Agypten*, pt. II, 99, No. 14; and Elder, *Reader*, pt. 3, 17, No. 2. While another from Iraq is given in al-Bazargan, *amthal*, 273, NO. 203. (El-Shamy, 2004: 939-940).<sup>25</sup>

## 12. The Treasure under My Feet

This humorous narrative belongs to type 1617A§, *Other Tricks (Subterfuges) to Recover Usurped Money*. The climactic events in this humorous anecdote belongs under the general motifs H1229.7§, “Quest for lost or stolen property (e.g., cattle, jewelry, rations, etc.)”; K2297.4§, “Tracherous neighbor”; K1667.4§, “Poor man cheated: his wife recovers his loss (get revenge).”

Our narrative includes a number of themes that may be treated as new motifs: A Thief discover a hidden treasure by hearing chanting words; Using trick chants to return stolen money.

The story is well known in Saudi Arabia, but it is not frequently told as an anecdote, however. Whenever the locals in the Jizan region narrate the tale, they invoke the phrase, “Behind every great man, there is a great woman”. Although the authority of patriarchy is common in Saudi society, women play a main role in their husbands’ lives, and help to make

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<sup>25</sup> El-Shamy M. Hasan, *Types of the Folktale in the Arab World* (Indiana: Indiana University Press, 2004).

major decisions; this happens within the home, and therefore is not taken into consideration as often as it should be when discussing gender authority, as most of the men's problems are more likely to be solved by their wives. The dialogue is secret between the wife and her husband, and he is keen to not let anyone know that his wife helped him or advised him in any way, or it will bring shame on his name.

In our tale a wife provides a smart solution to her husband, who resorted to her to help him get his stolen money returned. The only printed text of type 1617A that I know of from Saudi Arabia is that of: Desert, 3-301, No. 1, collected by Dickson.<sup>26</sup>

Type 1617A is also reported in Egypt, Syria, Yemen, Oman, Morocco, and Algeria: see, eg. , Rossi, *Sana*, 77-80, No. 7; Shakir, *Maghribi II*, 63-68, No. 13. (El-Shamy, 2004: 878<sup>27</sup>).

### 13. *Al-Dajaal* (The Trickster ) and The Wife

This comical tale belongs to type 1540, *The Student from Paradise (Paris)* [“The man ‘from hell’”]. [Gullible woman gives him valuables to deliver to relatives]. It also incorporates variations of motifs: K0300 “Thefts and cheats-general”; K0311.12.4§, “Theft by disguise as delivery-boy (apprentice)”; K346.1, “Thief guards his pursuer’s horse while the latter follows as a false trail”.

Our narrative includes a number of themes that may be treated as new motifs: A thief tricked a wife and her husband twice; A wedding in Heaven; A king makes an order to kill all bald men; A husband is embarrassed to tell his wife the truth.

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<sup>26</sup> Dickson, Harold, R.P. , *The Arabs of the Desert: a Glimpse into Badawin Life in Kuwait and Saudi Arabia* (London, 1951).

<sup>27</sup> El-Shamy M. Hasan, *Types of the Folktale in the Arab World* (Indiana: Indiana University Press, 2004).

This narrative is recurrent in various parts of Saudi Arabia, especially in the Desert Ares. It is frequently narrated by Bedouin<sup>28</sup> inhabiting the Empty Quarter (desert) of Saudi Arabia. There is no printed text of type 1540 that I know of from Saudi Arabia.

This rendition of type 1540 seems to be well known in the Arab world. It is reported in Bahrain, Egypt, Syria, Yemen, Oman, Morocco, and Algeria: see, eg. Shakir, *maghribi* I, 92-96, No. 8; Littmann, *Agypten*, pt. I, 85-89, No 19; Noy, *Jefet*, 98-297, No. 129; Abd-al-Hadi, *Khararif*, 26-223, No. 53; Sulayman, “*Shaqiyyah*”, 82-181, No. VIII-7. (El-Shamy, 2004: 851-852<sup>29</sup>)

#### 14. The Women and The Donkey Are Mine

This joke tale is composed of two major tale types. The first belongs to type 0926J§, *Test of Adaptation Level: How much (what) is Each Litigant Willing to Accept*. The second type is 1642B§, *False Proof of ownership: thief marks another’s property and then claims it as his own*. It is also composed of a series of events revolving around following motifs: K405.4§, “Blind old man successfully claims that a young man’s ass, women and money are his own”; K405.5§, “False Proof of ownership: thief marks another’s property and then claims it as his own”.

Our narrative includes a number of themes that may be treated as new motifs: Good work, evil received; A Married Woman is kidnaped by a blind man in public; People gather around a yelling blind man; A Blind man is always credible.

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<sup>28</sup>Bedouin are a part of a predominantly desert-dwelling Arabian ethnic group traditionally divided into tribes, or clans.

<sup>29</sup> El-Shamy M. Hasan, *Types of the Folktale in the Arab World* (Indiana: Indiana University Press, 2004).

I found in my research that the narrative is recurrent in oral tradition and appears in various parts of Saudi Arabia, including the Jizan region, but there is no printed text of types 926J and 1642B that I know of from Saudi Arabia.

The types 926J and 1642B seems to be limited to the Arab world. Two variants of type 926J from Egypt that is given in Attar, et al., *layali* IV, 3-29, No. 1. While another from Yemen is given in Noy, *Jefet*, 229, No. 92. Moreover, just one variant of type 1642B that is from Tunisia that is given in Nahum, Chha, 73. (El-Shamy, 2004: 618-890.)<sup>30</sup>

### **15. The Son of Abu-Jaradah and The Qadi (Judge)**

Our narrative includes two themes, which may be treated as new motifs: Unintentional confession in the courtroom; and the Counterintuitive of a judge resolves the case between two opponents.

I discovered that this tale is not well known in Saudi Arabia, and there is no printed text of the tale that I know of from there; locals in Jizan used to transmit the tale orally. The tale is mostly narrated by illiterate men, and seems to not be known in Arab world.

### **16. Stingy Reputation**

The main themes in our story may be classified under the following motifs: U0130, The power of habit. Also the tale includes a number of themes that may be treated as new motifs: Serving water instead of goat milk to pilgrims; Filled bladder by water instead of milk; a tribe is stuck with a miserly reputation; Trying to get rid of a bad reputation. The tale is well known in the *Jizan* region, but does not seem to be well-known in *Arab* World.

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<sup>30</sup> El-Shamy M. Hasan, *Types of the Folktale in the Arab World* (Indiana: Indiana University Press, 2004).

### ***PART 3***

#### ***BELIEF LEGENDS AND MEMORATE***

##### **17. El- Nabash and the Cemetery Guard**

Our narrative includes a number of themes that may be treated as new motifs: An old man guards a cemetery; Traveling to meet strange old man; Scary look given by ogre; An old man defeats an ogre; Ogre runs away; An old man living in a cemetery; An Ogre steals corpses; Ogre digs caves; Never returning back to a scary cemetery; Guarding graves for three days.

##### **18. Amal (name of Girl) and El- Nabash**

Our account contains a number of themes that may be treated as new motifs: Black spot in an one eye increasing rabidly; Ogre [*El-Nabash*] admires a young girl; Ogre takes dead bodies from graves; Dying when the moon is full; Talking ogre [*El-Nabash*]; Blind girl becomes able to see; Black spot convers eyes; Healing after hearing the voice of an ogre [*El-Nabash*].

I learned that the legend is widespread in Saudi Arabia, but that it is not well-known in the Arab world.

## 19. “O’*Jinni* of The Jar, Please Kidnap My Wife!”

The belief legend belongs to type 0311D§, *A women is Rescued from a Magician (ogre, Witch) by a Relative Other than her Father or Brother* (e.g., rescued by her husband, paternal – cousin, fiancé, etc.). The Basic motifs in this story are related to motifs R151, “Husband rescues wife; M0404, Unintentional curse or blessing takes effect”; and M0411.20.1§, “Curse by husband”.

There are present in this tale a number of themes that may be treated as new motifs: The king of *Jinn* lives in a mountain; *Jinn* inhabited a tankard; *Jinn* kidnap a wife; Husband calls a *Jinn* to kidnap his wife; The King of the *Jinn* gives his orders to a *Jinn*; Husband meets the king of the *Jinn*.

The tale is widespread in southern Saudi Arabia, and there is no printed text of type 311D that I know of from there. Locals in the Jizan region used to narrate this kind of tales that deal with *Jinn* (fairytales). Our tale has been told by the illiterate locals who frequently narrate it with fewer changes, while most educated people tend to make huge changes to the tale during their narration. The upper classes do not believe in *Jinn*, and therefore they may change them in the story and replace them with immoral humans (female or male).

The type 311D also appears in Egypt, Jordan, Palestine, Lebanon, Sudan, Tunisia, Libya, Algeria, and Morocco: see, e.), Gh. Al-Hasan, “*Urduni*”, 4-8, No. 2; Muhawi/ Kanaana, *Speak*, 77-175, No.19; Assaf, *Lebanon*, 116-27, No. 13; Sulayman, “*Sharqiyyah*”, 69-70, No. 1-9; A.Khidr, *Hawadit* I, 96-102; Bushnaq, *Arab*, 66-158, No.31; Hejaiej, *Tunis*, 32-230, No. II-5; Reesink, *Maghrebin*, 74-84, No. 4 (El-Shamy, 2004: 121-122<sup>31</sup>).

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<sup>31</sup> El-Shamy M. Hasan, *Types of the Folktale in the Arab World* (Indiana: Indiana University Press, 2004).

## 20. El-Jarjoof

This local legend is composed of two major tale types. The first belongs to type 0327J§, *Girl Abandoned by Jealous Playmates (or by her Sisters)*. She falls into the power of an ogre. The second type is 0312A, *The Brother rescues his sister from the tiger [(Hyena, Ogre, etc.)]*.

The main theme in our story may be classified under motif J229.16.1, Ogre gives captive girl choice, marriage to him, or death (to be eaten, etc.). The tale also includes the following motifs: G368.1, “Ogre with tree(s) grown on his back”; K2297.3.1, Treacherous (jealous) playmates abandon girl in wilderness”; S1.1, “Girl’s pleading for help cruelly ignored by all relatives”; N538.2, “Treasure from defeated giant”; G415, “Ogre (predator) poses as relative of intended victim (prey)”; Z312.2, “Giant ogre can be killed only with iron club he carries (with own sword)”.

Our narrative includes a number of themes that may be treated as new motifs: Ogre gives wife her brother as meat to cook; A Sister cooks her brother’s flesh; Wife plants her brother’s meat; Reborn brother; Brother kills ogre to rescue his sister; Ogre asks his wife to go out with her brother; Ogre kills his wife’s brother; Ogre shapeshifts his appearance to seduce his wife [to handsome person or relatives].

The local legend of Al-Jarjoof is well known in various parts of *Saudi Arabia*. Three other variants were collected recently from the Jizan region, the Aaseer region, and Eastern region. Two of them were told by old females and learned from females; while the third one (collected in Jizan region) was told by old male and learned from a female. There are two



printed texts of the tale type 312A in Saudi Arabia that are given in Al-Juhayman, *Jazirah I*, 195-209, No.12; and Al-Juhayman, *Jazirah II*, 21-309, No.31. (El-Shamy, 2004: 123-124<sup>32</sup>)

Two stories (type 312A and 327J) related to our text were reported from Yemen: Abduh, *yamaniyyah*, 11-21, no. 1; and the second appears in Daum, Yemen, 55-69, no.5. Another related story (type 312A) is reported from Oman in Muller, *Soqotri*: SAE VI, 26-124, no. 38.

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<sup>32</sup> El-Shamy M. Hasan, *Types of the Folktale in the Arab World* (Indiana: Indiana University Press, 2004).

## *The List of the Informants*

### **1. Rawiah M. Qulaila**

Rawiah Muhammad Qulaila lives in a village called Al-Khogerah in the Jizan region. Rawiah was born in Harrad, a famous Yemeni village, and at the age of three she moved with her parents to Saudi Arabia. Her father was a trader, and he used to import/export products from the Yemeni side to the Saudi side across the border between the two countries; her mother was a housewife. After her parents died, the nine year old girl was forced to marry her cousin, Ahmed. They both had lived in several villages before they settled in Al-Khogerah. After three years of marriage, Rawiah gave birth to two girls [Aish and Hajjah], and one boy named, Qaeed. A few years later her husband, who was infected by the plague, died, so she had to work to feed their children. Having to travel to many villages with her family and her husband, Rawiah decided to carry products and sell them to people [females] in their houses, and in the homes around the neighboring villages.

Years later when she became an old woman she became bedridden and said, “I suffered in my youth after my husband died. He left to me three children with no one to take care of them except me, and therefore no one will accept or even think to get married to a widow, especially one who has three children who need care. Now my son is providing all of the rights due to me in my old age.” In traditional culture, especially in the Jizani culture, widows are undesirable for marriage. People think that they bring a jinx to their husbands who will die as result of this jinx.

Rawiah lived alone in a hut surrounded by a fence made of straws. In front of her hut, there is a wide yard covered by a wonderful red carpet that she said she inherited from her father who

brought it from India. I asked her about the carpet and she replied, “I used to sit there [pointing to the carpet] and receive my guests who are just women, who came with their children to hear my tales and buy my products.” She is more than one hundred years old now, and can barely see or hear, so she stays home where she receives her guests who come to hear her narrate tales and sell products.

Although Rawiah is illiterate, she has memorized many narratives. She has visited many houses across many villages where she narrated and heard a lot of narratives, and she stated, “I have visited many Buldan [many places], I have met people, old and young some of which liked my narratives, and some of them not.” Most of the stories that Rawiah used to narrate are fantasy tales that attract more people than other types of tales; as she said, “Most of my narratives are fantasy tales. They are long and I always spend time narrating them, while I try to sell as much as I can of my products to the listeners. If I feel that my listeners are not good buyers, I will narrate my tales more briefly and leave the house.”

One of the most interesting facts about Rawiah is that she can talk in many different accents that she has acquired during her visits to houses in different villages, and she has learned some English words that her father had taught her. I am from the Jizan region from a city called Samtah where locals have their own accent, and therefore Rawiah narrated all of the narratives that I documented in our own accent after she had asked me about it. Rawiah is a good narrator and she does not like to be interrupted while she is narrating her tales.

Rawiah died on her warm bed in January, 2014, after a long struggle with an illness at the age of one hundred and sixteen. Her body was buried in Mecca, as she had wished.

## **2. Hasan El Oagee (male)**

Hasan El-Oagee is 48- years-old, and was born in Al-Kogarah; his father was a cemetery guardian, and his mother, who belonged to a large tribe, is a housewife. Hassan lived his childhood until the age of fifteen in the southern part of Al-Kogarah, which was under the sovereignty of the Republic of Yemen before it became under the sovereignty of the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. At the age of seventeen Hasan got married to Zaynab who gave birth to ten girls. Wishing to have boys he also got married to Ghubra who gave a birth to four boys and three girls, and all of them were carrying Saudi citizenship because the village was included under the rule of the government of Saudi Arabia at that time when they were born. Having many mouths that needed to be fed, Hasan traveled to Samtah (a big city) in order to find a well paid job to feed his big family. He bought a small farm in Samtah and worked on it with his children. Needing more money, Hasan tried to find a job so that he can earn more money. He found a job and worked as Muagassel Almuwta (dead body's washer) in a district called El-Rrahha; so he moved with his family to live in the district. He also opened a small grocery store beside the district's mosque, where he used to sit after the Asir prayer to narrate tales to the people who used to gather around a terrace at his grocery where Hasan used to sit whenever he narrated his tales.

Hasan is a well-known as a narrator who has memorized and narrated many Yemeni and Saudi folktales, because he has lived on both sides of the border. He heard most of the tales from his grandmother who is a Yemeni citizen, and from his grandfather who is a Saudi citizen. Hasan's style of narrating his tales is loud and rapid, and he loves what he does, as he stated, "I like the reaction on people's faces whenever I finish narrating a tale; it just makes me happy." Until this day Hasan narrates folktales in front of his grocery store with love and passion.

### **3. Moosa Morie Al-Qahtani (male)**

Moosa Morie Al Qahtani, 76-years-old, lives in Samtah in the district called, El-Rahah. Moosa was born in Samtah, and his father was a judge and his mother was a teacher; Moosa had only one sister named Aisha. At the age of two, his parents died in a terrible accident; after the death of his parents, Aisha, who was older than Moosa, took care of him. She had worked many jobs to save the money that she spent to educate Moosa, who became an Umdat El-Madinah (the mayor of the city). At the age of twenty one, Moosa married Fatim, who gave birth to four children.

As a mayor, Moosa has to host people who visit him to help them solve their problems. In a big Majles (guests' room) in his house, Moosa hosts many people from different ages and genders, who mostly narrate folktales after large feasts that Moosa has to provide to them after hearing and solving their problems.

Moosa loves to collect and narrate narratives for fun, and he does not prefer to publish them. Instead, he prefers to only narrate tales orally to people. He said, "I love to memorize and narrate tales just for the fun of it, and I have not thought before to publish what I had collected. People here [locals in Samtah] like listening to the tales more than reading them, especially illiterate people who are most of my guests." Moosa collects his tales from his own sister, Aisha, who had used to narrate some stories to him at bedtime; and later on from his guests.

Moosa preferred to follow some habits to narrate his tales, and narrated them inside his house daily after the Asr Prayer, he used to introduce each of his tales before he would narrate them. I asked him about Hasan El Oagee (see informant 2) who narrated his tales daily at the same time after the Asir prayer. Moosa stated, "Hasan is better than me, he narrates many interesting tales, and he has his listeners, and I have mine!" Moosa is a very quiet person, which is reflected in his

way of narrating the tales. Moosa narrates his tales in a soft and faint voice that may become loud sometimes when interacting with some of the events in some narratives.

#### **4. Nema Amshanaq (female)**

Nema Amshanaq, an 88-year-old woman, lives in Al-Khogerah; she is a Yemeni citizen; she was born in a city called Aden in Yemen. Her father was a religious man and he had a big farm where he planted Qat,<sup>33</sup> and her mother was a Mordeah (wet-nurse). When she was ten, Nema's father arrested and put in jail charged with planting, distributing, and selling a prohibited plant, which is called, Qat; years later the father died in prison.

Nema lived with her mother who became old, sick, and unable to do the breastfeeding job that had enabled her to earn money. Therefore, Nema, who was 9-years-old, started searching for a job to take care and provide the food for her mother. Nema worked at the port of Aden carrying luggage for travelers; a few years later, her mother died. By then Nema decided to travel to Saudi Arabia to look for a new life and to meet her sister who was living in a Saudi village. After saving enough money, Nema paid for a smuggler to traffic her to Al-Khogerah in Saudi Arabia, where she met her sister, Amani, who was a Saudi Citizen. Nema reached the village where she lived with her sister; two months later, Nema moved to live alone and work as a peddler. She has been carrying goods and visited many houses across villages to sell the products.

During her work in the port of Aden, Nema had been meeting many travelers who narrated to her many Yemeni narratives. In addition, her work as a peddler enabled her to get

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<sup>33</sup> Qat or Khat is a flowering plant native to the Horn of Africa and the Arabian Peninsula. Among communities from these areas, khat chewing has a history as a social custom dating back thousands of years.

access to many Saudi narratives. She used to narrate tales to people in their houses while she sold her products, and also in front of her house; she used to chew Qat during the narration, also.

## **5. Jaber S. al-Wadani**

Jaber Salmon al- Wadani is ninety years old, and was born in the village of Abu-Arish before he moved with his mother to a village called Salla on the top of Al-Aredah Mountains. His father was a rich man, and owned many territories in a lot of cities and villages in the region of Jizan. His father married Fatima, who is Jaber's mother, and she gave birth to ten girls and one boy. His father also married another three women who gave birth to nineteen children. Jaber's father divorced Jaber's mother who had to move and live with her family in Salla, because of the Saudi-Yemeni War in 1934. At the age of six, Jaber moved with his mother to live in Salla with his mother's family.

Jaber worked in his mother's field, and he planted Qat, which is illegal in the Jizan region. At the age of thirteen he married Laila who gave birth to seven girls. Years later he married Zainab who gave a birth to two girls. Not having boys, he married Abeer who gave birth to three girls and one boy. Jaber attended Al-Kuttab (a small rural school) for several months, so he could barely read and write.

His grandmother was a great narrator of folktales in her village, and she raised Jaber. He used to sit with her most of the time, so he learned and memorized many tales that his grandmother had narrated to him. Jaber often narrated humorous narratives to his children and to the villagers who used to gather around him in front of the village's mosque daily after Al-Asir prayer.

The villagers in Al-Aredah Mountains have their own dialect that is hard to understand by any other locals in the Jizan region. Jaber used to narrate his tales in this dialect and it was hard for me to understand, so I asked my friend, Salmon Wadani, who was my friend during my undergraduate study to help me in this matter. One week after the interview with Jaber he was hit by Raad (lightning) while he was working in the field, and a few days later he died as one of his sons told me.

#### **6. Amenah A. Himli**

Amenah Ali Himli, a blind woman aged more than 100, lived in the village of Salla on the top of Al-Aredah Mountains before she moved and lived in Samtah in the district of Al Rahh. Her father, Ali, worked as a trash collector, and he married Roqia (Amenah's mother), who was a housewife. When Amenah reached to the age of fifteen, she got married to her cousin Ali, who was a farmer, and gave birth to Aesh, Rawiah and Muhammad. After the death of her husband, Amenah was forced to work in their field to feed her children. Years later, and while Amenah was working in the field, a black snake bit her on her left leg. After a long time of suffering Amenah became blind and disabled, so her children took care of her.

Although she is illiterate and blind she nonetheless has a strong memory, so she can remember many of the popular narratives. Therefore the locals gave her the nickname, “The Golden Box of Narratives,” for her ability to memorize and narrate many folk narratives. Amenah used to narrate folktales to women from different ages that used to gather around her after Asir prayer. During the same time another group of men took place beside the women’s group headed by Hasan El-Oagee (see informant no.2), who also memorized many folk narratives.



## **7. Abdullah N. Khalofah**

Abdullah Nasser Khalofah was born in a village called Yadmah in the desert named the Empty Quarter in Eastern Saudi Arabia. He belongs to a large tribe called Al-Rawabi, and his father was the leader of their clan, Madkoo; the father inherited the leadership of his clan from his father. Abdullah was the only son of his father, so his father gave him special attention, because he would inherit the leadership from him after he died. Once, the father accidentally shot his cousin while they were on a hunting trip in the desert. The cousin's tribe decided to take revenge on the father by killing his own son, who was Abdullah. Therefore, the father ordered his son to escape to Yemen, so no one would find him there.

At the age of twelve during a long and hard journey to Yemen, Abdullah reached the region of Jizan in southern Saudi Arabia. He liked Jizan, so he decided to stay there and not continue his journey to Yemen.

After working many temporary jobs, he finally found a job as a guard in one of the girls' school in Samtah. At the age of nineteen, Abdullah married Salha who gave birth to six girls and two boys. The salary that Abdullah took from his job as a guard was not enough to feed his big family, so he worked as a farmer in one of the fields in the valley called Wadi Khulab.

Abdullah was a good narrator, as his friends viewed him. He had met many old women who used to accompany their daughters to the school where he was its guard. They often sat with him and narrated to him many narratives that were mostly humorous narratives. He said, "I memorized many narratives that old women had told me while I was working as a guard in one of the girls' schools." He started narrating tales to people when he reached the age of fifty. He said, "I can not read or write, but I have strong memory that I can learn many narratives that I

started to narrate after I left my work as a guard, and after my wife advised me to do so.” Abdullah used to narrate most of his narratives to visitors in the field where he still works presently.

## **8. Abdul-Mohsen H. El-Aredhei**

Abdul-Mohsen Hasan El-Aredhei is a 43-year-old educated man from Salla in Al-Aredah Mountains. His father (Hasan) was a Muezzin<sup>34</sup> in the village mosque, and was from the few educated people in the village. At the age of ten, Hassan got married to the first of three wives; Rawiah (Abdul-Mohsen’s mother) was the last one that Hasan married. She was a housewife and the only educated wife amongst Hasan’s wives; she had two daughters and one boy who is Abdul-Mohsen.

At the age of seven, Abdul-Mohsen went to a school that was very far from his village. He stated, “I am the only educated person amongst my sisters and brothers. My mother encouraged me to go daily to the school that was in a city called Abu-Aresh. I had to go through rugged roads to reach the school.” After he finished high school, Abdul-Mohsen traveled to Riyadh to complete his undergraduate and graduate studies at King Saud University in Arabic Language, and then worked as a professor at the university. Abdul-Mohsen has four wives and nine children.

Most of the locals in El-Aredah Mountains are uneducated, and they believe in many folk legends that they did not allow anyone to doubt their existence. Even though he grew up in a

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<sup>34</sup> Muezzin is the person appointed at a mosque to lead, and recite, the call to prayer for every event of prayer and worship in the mosque.

society that has many traditional and folk beliefs, Abdul-Mohsen as a well-educated person was interested in many folk legends, and so he decided to do a critical research of them. Abdul-Mohsen did not believe in most of the folk legends, and as he stated, “Most of the legends had been born in the time of the old uneducated men long ago. They created these legends and then added them to their folktales to attract people to listen to them narrate their tales and therefore gain a reputation across villages with their narratives.” The folk legend that received Abdul-Mohsen’s attention the most was the legend of El-Nabash; he did not believe in its existence, however. Abdul-Mohsen had met many elders across villages, and asked them about El-Nabash to see if they had seen him before. Abdul-Mohsen finally had been told about an old man living in a cemetery who had met the creature. The strange old man gave Abdul-Mohsen the opportunity to see El-Nabash that proved his existence to him. Hasan now is teaching in Jizan University and has four wives and nine children.

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T0548,	Birth obtained through magic or prayer.	112
T0587.0.1§,	Twin brother and sister.	113
U0130,	The power of habit.	123
Z0055§,	‡Process ascends to its natural or logical climax (conclusion).	119
Z0312.2,	Giant ogre can be killed only with iron club he carries (with own sword).	126

# GLOSSARY

The glossary is arranged according to the English alphabet.

- absir be-umrak* rejoice for your life will be saved<32>.
- Absir ba-s-saada* I will bring you joy, I will grant your wish, I will help you <55>.
- abu* *abu* means father; *abu Jaradah* (85) is the father of *Jarradaha*.
- adda* to give back, hand over; to return stolen property <79>
- adhān* is the Islamic call to worship, recited by the *muezzin* at prescribed times of the day. The root of the word is *'adhina*, meaning "to listen, to hear, be informed about. Another derivative of this word is *'udhun*, meaning "ear"<25>.
- agadi* This particle expresses hopeful expectation or anticipation<100>. In meaning it approximates such English particles as perhaps, maybe, hopefully, etc.
- ahad* *ahad fe albeit kharik*<80> one, someone, somebody, anyone, anybody in the house instead of you. *Ahad aleyal* <71>, one of the boys.
- ahal* inhabitants of, people of; possessors of<98>.
- akad* *akad* <81> to take, sized; to spoil, plunder, loot. *Makudih* <97> plundered; it is usually used as a deprecation meaning useless, worthless, wretched, miserable.
- al-hajj* is an honorific title given to a Muslim person who has successfully completed the Hajj to Mecca. In its traditional context, it is often used to refer to an elder, since it can take time to accumulate the wealth to fund the travel. The title is placed before a person's name (for instance, *Saif Gani* becomes *Hajji Saif Gani*). It is derived from the Arabic *ḥājj*, which is the active participle of the verb *ḥajja*, 'to make the pilgrimage [to Mecca].' <87>
- Allah* God (The One God) <61>.
- Allah yejzak khair* may God reward you well<76>.
- Allah yerhammah* may God have mercy upon him<92>.
- al-moaqeen* disabled people <83>.

*amman* to give safety, grant immunity, reassure<103>. *Iman* responsibility, trust <60>. *Alec Allah* <73> an idiomatic expression said by someone to show that his piety and fear of God prompts him to carry out and deliver a trust faithfully.

*arr* the sound made by a shepherd to lead his flock<81>.

Asir prayer is the afternoon daily prayer recited by practising Muslims<25>. It is the third of the five daily prayers.

*ata* In Jizani dialects and accents, the verb *ata* <81>“to come” is used only in the imperative, and never in perfect. Occasionally, the imperfect form of the verb is used as an archaism in folktales. For the perfect and imperfect, but never for imperative, the verb *ja* is used. *Taal* is also used for the imperative. The difference between *taal* and *aja* is that only the latter is used for the descriptive of the narrative style and the former used frequently to mean “come here, hither.”

*atar* footsteps, footprints, track: trace, remnant: sign<81>.

*atiri* In its various phonetic express sudden realization, counter expectation, surprise or regret. It introduces the subject of a sentence<85>.

*awwal shae* first thing. <99>.

*barah* open space, vast expanse<73>.

*baram* to turn around <101>.

*bitiruh* following him, chasing him<81>.

*benema* to be blessed < 77>.

*bitiruh warrah* will you go after him? <81>.

*bent* daughter of, girl<59>.

*dabbar* to plan, bring about<73>.

*diri* to be aware; to know <74>.

*estna* to wait, to wait for<84>.

<i>hafar</i>	to dig<94>.
<i>halg</i>	throat<100>.
<i>hazam</i>	to tie together <81>.
<i>hamra</i>	red<95>.
<i>hayyah</i>	to ask someone to bring something quickly<100>.
<i>ibn</i>	son of < 85>.

Isha prayer is the night-time daily prayer recited by practising Muslims. It is the fifth of the five daily prayers (*salat*).

*Inshallah* is Arabic for "God willing" or "if Allah wills". The term is used in the Islamic world, but it is also common in Christian groups in the Middle East, in parts of Africa, and with some Portuguese and Spanish-speaking people<100>.

*jarra* is a rigid, approximately cylindrical container with a wide mouth or opening. Jars are typically made of glass, ceramic, or clay. They are used for foods, cosmetics, medications, and chemicals that are relatively thick or viscous: pourable liquids are more often packaged in a bottle. They are also used for items too large to be removed from a narrow neck bottle<95>.

*jarred* to convoke, consult <87>.

*jawaza* to overrun <100>.

*Jinn* are supernatural creatures in Islamic mythology as well as pre-Islamic Arabian mythology. They are mentioned frequently in the *Quran* (the 72nd sura is titled *Sūrat al-Jinn*) and other Islamic texts and inhabit an unseen world called *Djinnestan*, another universe beyond the known universe. The *Quran* says that the *jinn* are made of a smokeless and "scorching fire," but are also physical in nature, being able to interfere physically with people and objects and likewise be acted upon. The *jinn*, humans and angels make up the three sapient creations of God. Like human beings, the *jinn* can be good, evil, or neutrally benevolent and hence have free will like humans and unlike angels. The *shaytan jinn* are the analogue of demons in Christian tradition, but the *jinn* are not angels and the *Quran* draws a clear distinction between the two creations. The *Quran* states in *Surat Al-Kahf* (The Cave), *Ayah* 50, that *Iblis* (*Azazel*) is one of the *Jinn*.

*jizar* to slaughter<105>.

*koloa khair shariah* to sit (women) with a man who is not from her family.

*lee* belonging to me, my own< 84>.

*mabrook* blessing<91>.

*madhaab* is a school of thought within *fiqh* (Islamic jurisprudence). In the first 150 years of Islam, there were numerous *madhāhib*; several of the Sahabah ("companions" of Muhammad) are credited with founding their own schools. Over centuries they have variously grown, spread, split, and been absorbed; some have become obsolete. As of the Amman Message, eight are officially acknowledged by the leaders of the international Muslim community—five Sunni schools (Hanafi, Maliki, Shafi'i, Hanbali, Zahiri), two Shia schools (Ja'fari, Zaidi), and one Khawarij (Ibadi) <70>.

Mecca also transliterated as Makkah, is a city in the *Hejaz* and the capital of Makkah Province in Saudi Arabia. The city is located 70 km (43 mi) inland from Jeddah in a narrow valley at a height of 277 m (909 ft) above sea level. Its resident population in 2012 was roughly 2 million, although visitors more than triple this number every year during the *Hajj* period held in the twelfth Muslim lunar month of Dhu al-Hijjah.

*naam seedie* it is like the phrase "yes your honour" in English<86>.

*qadi* is a judge ruling in accordance with Islamic religious law (*sharia*), appointed by the ruler of a Muslim country. *Qadis* traditionally have jurisdiction over all legal matters involving Muslims. The judgment of a *qadi* must be based on *ijmah*, the prevailing consensus of the Islamic scholars (*ulema*) <85>.

*riyals* are the currency of Saudi Arabia. It is abbreviated as SR (Saudi Riyal). It is subdivided into 100 Halalas). The Saudi Qirsh is 5 Halalas <27>.

*sadahaat* to lie quietly <97>.

*salaam* the word for "peace" in Arabic, often used as a greeting<82>.

*seedie* my master, my boss, to show respect <104>.

*sharia* means the moral code and religious law of a prophetic religion. The term *sharia* has been largely identified with Islam in English usage<85>.

*sheikh* an Arab leader, in particular the chief or head of an Arab tribe, family, or village.

*sharah* is a dance that is performed at weddings and holidays' celebrations<30>. It uniquely done by locals in Jizan.



*shalla* to take, carry <94>.

Sidrat al Muntaha is a Lote tree that marks the end of the seventh heaven, the boundary where no creation can pass, according to Islamic beliefs. During the Isra and Mi'raj, Muhammad, being the only one allowed, travelled with the archangel Gabriel to the Sidrat al-Muntaha where it is said that Allah assigned the five daily prayers to all Muslims.

Sultan Originally, it was an Arabic language abstract noun meaning “strength,” “authority,” “rulership” derived from the verbal noun *sultah*, meaning “authority” or “power.” Later, it came to be used as the title of certain rulers who claimed almost full sovereignty in practical terms (i.e., the lack of dependence on any higher ruler), without claiming the overall caliphate, or to refer to a powerful governor of a province within the caliphate <30>.

*surah* is, in its simplest form, a cloth sack carried on one's back and secured with two straps that go over the shoulders<81>.

*taaked* be assured <27>.

*tala maaia* follow me <101>.

*tar* to rise, to get up to fly<49>.

*tehaltobak* I admire you so much that I am going to kidnap you<90>.

*the Quran* literally meaning “the recitation,” also romanised Qur'an or Koran is the central religious text of Islam, which Muslims believe to be a revelation from God (Arabic: Allah). Its scriptural status among a world-spanning religious community, and its major place within world literature generally, has led to a great deal of secondary literature on the *Quran*. *Quranic* chapters are called *suras*, and verses are called *ayahs*.

*tibarra* to withdraw to a prominent spot <39>.

*umm ketheer* overwhelming multitudes <84> .

*yabni taal* to come here “my son come here” <30>.

*yal-aku brother,* to show respect to someone <82 >.

*ya al agooz* to call old men<84>.

*yawaah* to confirm something<31>. The word is uniquely belong to the locals in Jizan. “*Eeh, yepa, and eeh naam,*” are other words having the same meaning, but used in other regions across the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia.

### Glossary of Names

**Abdul-kaleq** Servant of the Creator; the first part of this Arabic name, beginning with Abdul- meaning servant of the (one of the 99 names of God in Islam such as Creator [Kaleq], Forgiver, and Mighty) <47>.

**Abu-Jaradah** “Abu” means the father of someone, and Jaradah is a female given name meaning “locust.” Abu-Jaradah means, “The father of locust.” It is worth mentioning here that the locals in the region of Jizan name their children by the insects’, plants’ or animals’ names that exist in the region. The Jaradah (locust) is widespread in the region of Jizan, so some locals tend to name their girls by Jaradah (locust) <85>.

**Al Dajal** Al-Dajāl is an adjective of Syriac origin. It is also a common Arabic word, Dajal, whose root is *dajl*, meaning lie or deception. The name Dajal also is rooted in an Arabic word *dajel*, which means to gold-plate or coat in gold<79>.

**Amal** Amal is a female given name. It means the expectation for something to happen, or wait and see, or wait for tomorrow's most promising and beautiful things. <96>.

**Ehssan** Ehssan is a male and female given name and it is an Arabic name. It means to do well, to help the needy people, and the indigents <59>.

**Ehssenieah** Ehssenieah is a female given name. It means the most beautiful thing in the universe <59>.

**El-Bolbol El- Saiyyah** This means the “nightingale warbler” that warns the brother and his sister, who are the main characters in the tale of “El-Bolbol El- Saiyyah,” and thereby prevents them from eating the poisoned food, saving their lives. <52>.

**El-Jarjoof** is a name of a legend in the region of Jizan. El-Jarjoof is a group of ogres that had served the master of the Jinne (fairies) called Zan a long time ago, as most of the locals in the region of Jizan believe. <102>.

**El-Nabash** El-Nabash literally means gravedigger and it is the name of a legend in the region of Jizan. The word is singular and there is no plural form of the name. The word's root in Arabic language is *nabsh* (verb) which means to dig the ground to extract valuable things, such gold, silver, and corpses. Since El-Nabash digs graves (ground) from which it extracts corpses which are valuable for him, he has been called El-Nabash <90-96>.

**Hussienia** See Ehssenieah (same meaning) <33>.

**Jizan** Jizan means the land of *al-joze* (walnut).

**Jodoree** Jodoree is a name of a large tribe in the region of Jizan <69>.

**Saffrjalaah** Saffrjalaah is a female given name and it means the quince that is planted widely in the region of Jizan <38>. Another meaning of this word is the color of the plant's leaves, which are green.

**Shams Al-Mashareq** Shams Al-Mashareq is a female given name. The first part (Shams) means the sun, while Al-Mashareq means the eastern world. Therefore, Shams Al-Mashareq means the daughter of the eastern world, and specifically means the most beautiful girl in the eastern world, whose beauty is obvious like the sun <47>.

**Woraight Al-Hennah** Woraight Al-Hennah or Henna is a female given name and it is an Arabic name; it means the Henna leaf. Henna is a flowering plant and the sole species of the Lawsonia genus. The name henna also refers to the dye prepared from the plant and the art of temporary tattooing based on those dyes. Henna has been used since antiquity to dye skin, hair, and fingernails, as well as fabrics including silk, wool, and leather. The name is common amongst the locals in the region of Jizan. They believe that Henna is a blessing plant, so most of them prefer to name their daughters by that name, and some of them may add another word to Henna, such as Woraight, which means a leaf <65>.

**Zambak** Zambak is a male given name, and it means the mischievous, clever, intelligent and quick-witted boy <70>.

# THE TEXT OF FOLKTALES IN ARABIC

## PART 1: THE FANTASY FOLKTALES

### 1. The Boy and The Three Maxims

عاش في قديم الزمان رجل مع زوجته التي لم يرزق منها بذرية وعندما حملت منه كان المرض قد داهمه وأحسن بدنو أجله فقال لها أشعر بدنو أجلي وأنا عمري لن يمتد حتى تضعي مافي بطنك وكل الذي أملكه هذه الثلاثمائة (300) ريال فاذا وضعت ولداً أوصيك ان تحتفظي له بها الى ان يبلغ رشده فقالت له زوجته إطمئن ساعمل بوصيتك... مات الرجل وبقيت زوجته تنتظر أوان المخاض ووضعت ولداً اخذت ترعاه وتهتم بتربيته والاعتناء به حتى بلغ رشده وصار قادراً على إدارة أموره بنفسه وعندها سألتها ما الذي أوصى به أبي قبل موته؟؟؟

لم تشأ أمة أن تطلع على كل وصية أبيه ( 300 ريال ) مخافة أن يسئ التصرف فيفقدوها كلها في وقت واحد فقالت له اوصى لك بهذه (100 ريال) فقالت له ذلك وناولته (100) ريال فتناولها منها مسروراً واتجه بها نحو السوق ليستثمرها في البيع والشراء وبينما هو يحث خطاه نحو السوق استوقفه رجل كهل قاعد على جانب الطريق وسأله الى أين أنت ذاهب يا بني ؟ أجابه الولد بفرح الى السوق لاستثمر هذه (100) ريال التي خلفها لي والدي قبل موته فقال له الرجل : أعطنيها وسأبيع لك بها حكمة تنفعك طوال عمرك مد له الولد ب(100) الريال وهو يتساءل ماهي حكمتك ؟ تناول الرجل منه النقود وقال يجيبه اليك حكمتي ( إقنع بالقليل يأتيك الله بالكثير).

فرح الولد بذلك وانصرف عائداً الى بيته ليجد امه تنتظره على قلق لتري ماذا صنع ب(100) الريال وما ان وقع نظرها عليه حتى بادرت متسائلة ماذا صنعت بال(100) الريال التي أوصى لك بها أبوك ؟ أجابها مبتهجا : اشتريت بها حكمة تقول : (( اقنع بالقليل يأتيك الله بالكثير )) سمعت أمه ذلك منه وصمتت على مضض وتركته لحالة .. وفي صبيحة اليوم التالي قال لها ابنها متسائلاً ماذا أوصى لي به أبي؟؟؟ أجابته بفتور أو صى لك بهذه (100) الريال تناولها منها وانصرف مسروراً ليتجه نحو السوق واذا بالرجل الشائب يستوقفه متسائلاً الى أين انت ذاهب يا بني؟؟ الى السوق لاستثمر هذه (100) الريال التي خلفها لي

والذي قيل موته . فقال له الرجل أعطيتها وسابيع لك بها حكمة تنفعك طوال عمرك مد له الولد ب(100) الريال وهو يتسائل ماهي حكمتك تناول منه الرجل (100)الريال الثانية وقال له اليك حكمتي ( لاتخون من انتمك ولو كنت خائن ).

سمع الولد ذلك منه وانصرف عائداً الى بيته ليجد أمه في انتظاره لتعرف ماذا صنع وعندما قابلته قالت له متسائله ماذا صنعت بالمائة الريال ؟؟ اشتريت بها حكمة تقول : (( لاتخون من انتمك ولو كنت خائن )) سمعت أمه ذلك والحنق والغضب يملأ نفسها ولاذت بالصمت وتركته وانصرفت لحالها إلا أنه بادرها في صبيحة اليوم الثالث متسائلاً ماذا أوصى لي به أبي أجابته بفضاضه أوصى لك بهذه (100) الريال تناولها الولد منها وانصرف متجهاً الى السوق ليرى ماذا عساه سيصنع بها واذا بالرجل الشائب يعترض طريقه متسائلاً الى أين أنت ذاهب يا بني الى السوق لاستثمر هذه ال(100) الريال التي خلفها لي والدي اعطينيها وسابيع لك حكمه تنفعك طوال عمرك ...مد له الولد ب(100) الريال وهو يستائل ماهي حكمتك تناول منه المئة الثالثة وقال له اليك حكمتي ( إذا لقيت شرح لايفوتك )( الشرح هو الرقص الذي يحدث في حفلات الزواج والأعياد ).

سمع ذلك منه وانصرف عائداً الى قريته ليجد أمة في انتظاره والقلق يملأ نفسها لتعرف مصير (100) الثالثة والأخيرة وما أن شاهده يقف أمامها حتى بادرت متسائله ماذا علمت ب(100) الريال التي أوصى لك بها أبوك ..اشتريت بها حكمة تقول (اذاا لقيت شرح لايفوتك) سمعت أمه ذلك منه وانصرفت حانقة إلا أنه بادرها متسائلاً ماذا بقي لي من وصية أب عندك أجابته امة بحنق : لقد أنفقت كل ماخلفه لك والدك ولم يعد لدي ما أقدمه لك ..طاطأ الولد رأسه وقال يجيب أمه سوف أذهب لأبحث عن عمل خرج الولد من بيته بعد أن ودع امة وراح ينتقل في بلاد الله بحثاً عن عمل ...وبينما هو في طريقة صادف امرأة عجوز تحاول إصلاح باب بيتها المكسور فلما شاهدهت قالت له تعال أصلح لي هذا الباب وسأمنحك (أنه أي مبلغ قليل) أجرتك ..سمع منها ذلك وأجابها أفضل أن أبقى بدون عمل على أن أعمل بهذا الأجر قال لها ذلك وانصرف من عندها إلا أنه سرعان ما تذكر الحكمة الأولى التي اشتراها (اقنع بالقليل يعطيك الله الكثير) فقال في نفسه : كيف أرفض هذا الأجر وقد اشتريت الحكمة ب(100) ريال وعاد مسرعاً نحو العجوز يصلح لها باب بيتها ، وعندما انتهى ناولته أجرته ( أنه) فأخذها مسروراً وبقي يواصل سيره الى أن وصل الى باب السلطان فوقف هناك يبحث عن عمل فشاهده السلطان واقفاً فقال له : هل ترغب في أن تعمل عندنا، رد الولد نعم فعينه السلطان خادماً في قصره وغدى محل ثقته أما السلطان فقد وقع هواه في قلبها وتعلقت به وراحت تتودد له وتلاطفه الى أن كان ذات يوم غاب فيها السلطان عن المدينة أخذت تراود الفتى وتعرض له نفسها وكاد الفتى يستجيب لرغبتها إلا أنه سرعان ماتذكر الحكمة الثانية : (من أمك كيف تخونه ولو كنت خائن) وقال لنفسه كيف أخون السلطان

وقد إئتني فأعرض عن السلطنة ورفض الإذعان لها فحنقت وقررت الانتقام منه والوشاية به وعندما عاد السلطان قالت له لم أعد أحتمل وجود الخادم الجديد ولا اطيق بقاءه بينما ..استغل غيابك عن المدينة وقام بمغازلتي وكل هذا نتيجة ثقتك به. انزعج السلطان من كلامها ووجد صعوبة في استدعاء الولد والتحقيق معه أو مواجهته بشكوى زوجته فقال لها سنطرده الآن من القصر فقالت معترضه طرده لا يكفي ولا بد من قتله. رد السلطان لن أقتله بنفسي لكن سأوكل ذلك الى أهلك. ردت الزوجة لك ماشئت وسأرافقة بنفسي الى عند أبي. أحضر السلطان ورقة وقلماً وكتب رسالة الى أب زوجته قال له فيها : ( ساعة الوصول اقطعوا رأس الرسول) وختم الرسالة ولم يطلع زوجته عليها واستدعى الولد وقال له احمل هذه الرسالة الى والد زوجتي وهي سترافك إلى هناك. استلم الولد الرسالة وسار بها وزوجة السلطان تسير وراءه في وسط الطريق سمع أصوات الطبول في قرية مجاورة فتذكر الحكمة الثالثة التي اشتراها ب(100) ريال اذا لقيت شرح لايفوتك فتناول الرسالة وسلمها لزوجة السلطان وهو يقول لها : سأذهب الى حفلة العرس لأرقص مع الراقصين واحملي أنت هذه الرسالة الى والدك وأنا سالحق بك بعد قليل. لم تمنع السلطان في ذلك بل فرحت لانها ستقابل أبها قبله لتوغر صدره عليه ويعجل بقتله فذهبت مسرعة وعندما قابلت أبيها سلمته الرسالة ففتحها وقرأ فيها : ( ساعة الوصول اقطعوا رأس الرسول) فقال لنفسه : يعلم الله أي خيانة ارتكبتها ابنتي في حق زوجها ولم يشأ أن يقتلها بنفسه وإنما ارسلها الي لأقوم بذلك فاستعدى خدمه وأمرهم بقطع رأس ابنته في الحال وعندما وصل الولد كانت السلطانة قد قطع رأسها فاعتم لذلك وسلمه أبوها رسالة جوابية الى السلطان قال له فيها : (ساعة الوصول قطعنا رأس الرسول) وانصرف عائداً الى السلطان فسلمه الرسالة وقص عليه القصة كلها فقال له السلطان : اجلس يا بني فعلى رأس الظالم تقع .

## 2. Hussienia and Her Ugly and One-Eyed Sister

كان فيه مرة واحد ماتت مرته (زوجته) وعنده منها بنية (بنت) صغيرة وقرر صاحبنا يتزوج امرأة ثانية من شان (لأجل) تهتم في بنته وتربيها وتخدمه وترعى بيته. وتزوج على مرة (امرأة) خبيثة وظالمة من اول يوم قامت تعامل بنته الصغيرة بكراهية وظلم وجزع. مرت الأيام وحبلت المرة الجديدة وولدت بنية نغفة (بشعة) عوارء وهذا الشي زاد حقدها على بنت زوجها لأنها احسن من بنتها فكانت تعذبها وتجوعها وتخليها تخدمها هي وبنتها. جزع الوقت (بعد فترة من الوقت) وكبيرين (كبرن) البنات وكان الفرق كبير بين جمال الحسينة (الجميلة) وقبح العوراء. وفي يوم من الأيام سارت البنية الحسينة تدي (تجلب) ماء من الغدير وهي راجعة رآها الأمير حسن الزمان والذي كان في رحلة صيد. انبهر الأمير بحسنها وجمالها وسأل عنها قالوا له

بنت فلان فأرسل احد يخطبها له من ابوها. وافق الأب وفي يوم الزفة أو الزواج أرسل الأمير لعائلة الحسينة جماعته (عائلته) مع الهدايا والذهب والكسوة (ثياب وملابس) لكي يصطحبوا الحسينة للقصر للقيام بمراسيم الزفاف في احتفال كبير.

مرة (زوجة) الاب الجديدة من حدها وكيدها سارت حبست البنت الحسينة في الميفا (التنور) وسارت لبست بنتها العوراء أحسن الكسا وزينتها وعدلتها من شان (لأجل) تزفها للأمير بدلا من اختها الحسينة لكن أراد الله أن ينقلب خبثها وكيدها عليها ولما كانت زجة الأب مشغولة بالهدايا ذي اداها (التي أهداها) الأمير للعائلة سارت بنتها العوراء الديمة (المطبخ) والحسينة لما حست بها دعته وقالت لها تفتح الكساوة (غطاء التنور) ففتحتها ولقت اختها في التنور ولأنها هبله(غبية) قالت لها ويش تسوي عندش؟ قالت الحسينة: (أكل زبيب) قالت العوراء. ردت العوراء ( وأنا اشتهي أكل زبيب) قالت لها الحسينة خلاص ايش رايش(رأيك) تجي مكاني وانا أسير (أذهب) مكانش. وافقت العوراء ودخلت الطبون (التنور) تحسكلها (تأكل) سود (فحم). قامت الحسينة لبست ملابس أختها او ملابسها في الأصل وغطت نفسها وماحاكت (كلمت) أحد. الضيوف بعد ماتضيفوا ونوا يرجعوا للأميرهم قالوا بالله وين العروسة ومرة (زوجة) الأب فرحه (فرحانة) وعلى بالها أن خطتها نجحت ودعت العروسة والتي كانت تظن أنها ابنتها العوراء وركبتها الهودج. ولما نشروا (ذهبوا) الضيوف والعروسة وماعادت تراهم سارت تفتح الميفا عشان تطلع بنت زوجها الحسينة ولما فتحته لقيت بنتها وقد (أصبح) وجها كله اسود ولقفا (فمها) ملانه (ممتلى) سود كان قلبها بايوقف وغارت (ركضت) تداعي (تنادي) وتلاحق جماعة الأمير وتصيح مثل المجنونة قائلة (ألا ارجعوا ألا عن قد جريتوا (اخذتوا) العيفة (البشعة) وخليتوا العروسة) فما سمعوا ويش تقول وكملوا طريقهم لما وصلوا إلى أميرهم. أقيم حفل زواج رائع وعاش الأمير بعدها ومرته في عز وهناء ما مثله<sup>35</sup>.

كان عند الامير اخ ثاني لما أرا (رأى) اخوه في هذيك النعمة ومرته ما احد مثلها تخبرها (سألها) اذا عاد عندها اخت مثلها قالت عاد عندي اخت أحسن (أفضل) مني. فسار الامير وخطب العوراء وتزوجها. وفي مرة من المرات قرر الأميرين الأخويين انهم با يخرجوا (يذهبوا) للصيد وخرجوا للصيد وغابوا شهور وقيل ما يرجعوا ولدين (وضعن) نسوانهم الحسينة ادت ( وضعت) اثنتين اتوام (توأم) والثانية واحد بس المهم ولما وصلت اخبارهم ان قدم راجعين من السفر سارت (ذهبت) البنية العوراء الحاقدة على اختها التي ولدت توأمين بتسير (زيارة) أختها وهي تحمل توجيهات من أمها بوضع حنش (ثعبان) في هندول (قطع من القماش يوضع فيها الأطفال ليناموا) التوأمين لكي تسمهم ويموتوا. ولما وصلت لبنت اختها الحسينة لقيتها معلقة اثنين مزابي (جمع مزباء:شي مصنوع من الجلد مدعم بألواح خشبية وعلاقة) لحمل وتعليق الطفل فقالت لها ليش انتي



عندش اثنين وانا واحد قالت البنت الحسينة هو كان واحد بس قسمته نصين<sup>36</sup> ووقع (اصبح) اثنين ولما رات بيتها ممحوض (مطلي) ومزين قالت كيف محضتي البيت قالت البنية الحسينة خلطت من سلح (فضلات) الحمير والكلاب والبقر وشوية من حق بني ادم ومحضت بهم ولما لقيت الماكل (الأكل) ذي سوته اختها وهو يفتح النفس قالت كيف سويتيه قالت الاخت الحسينة عجنت الطحين وطرحته (وضعته) ينجح (ينضج) على ضوء القمر المهم الهبلا (الغبية) رجعت بيتها وقسمت ولدها نصين، خلّت كل نص في مزبا وسارت جمعت اصناف السلح (البراز) الذي قالت لها اختها وخططهم ومحضت (كست) بهم البيت وعجنت وطرحت العجين في الجبا (السطح) على ضوء القمر ولما وصلوا الجماعة كل واحد سار بيته وعند مرته فزوج الحسينة لقي عياله بخير وبيته مرتب وممحوض واكله ناجح وكل شي تمام والثاني المدبر لقي ولده نصين وبيته شمه ينعج (يفوح) مجوي (عفن) والماكل عجين قاضرة (جافة) وبعد كم يوم أرسل امزواج (الاميرين) البنيات لزيارة بيت ابوهن فحملوا كل واحد منهن قررتها (رسالة) وهدايا ورسلوهم ولما وصلين كل واحد ادت (أعطت) لابوها رسالة من زوجها وابوهن جر الرسائل منهن قراهن وسكت وبعد كم يوم قامت الحسينة تقرطب (تجهز) نفسها من شان ترجع عند زوجها والعوراء لما رأتها قامت تسوي نفس الشئ تقرطب نفسها تشتي ترجع بيت زوجها فقام الاب وصاح عليها وين راجعة يا مدبرة يا بنت المدبرة قد زوجش طلقش (طلاك) وين عاد اشتيش (تريدين) ترجعي تشاحرت (نظرت) لا امها وارتها مبلغمة (صامتة) ماتقول شي دموعها على خدها والبنت من الصدمة زادت تجننت والبنت الحسينة رجعت وعاشت مع زوجها في هناء وسرور.

### 3. Saffrjalah and Life's Injustice

كان يا مكان في قديم الزمان في أحد بيوت حرض القديمة ( حرض وهي أحد المدن والتي تقع بجوار قرية الخوجرة في الجانب اليمني المقابل) يوجد رجل ومرته ( زوجته ) وهم ناس ما رزقهم الله بالعيال (بالأطفال) وكان الرجل يشتي (يشتهي) جهال ( أطفال ) بأي طريقة وذات يوم سمع أن في واحد من الحكماء حق الهند في صنعاء (عاصمة اليمن) وقد كان يسمع من الجيران أنه بيده كل شيء . وأنه مبروك لديه كرامات و أي واحد يروح يتعالج عنده يشفى وينال المراد. صاحبنا صدق وذهب الى الحكيم الهندي هذا وقال له أنا ومرتي ( زوجتي ) نريد عيال بأي طريقة قال الحكيم ناھي ( حاضر ) أهم شيء تدي ( تجيب ) الأشياء التي أطلبها منك أو تديني (تعطيني) زلط ( فلوس) واحنا نشترىها لك. الرجل: أنا شديدك ( سأعطيك ) زلط وانت اشترىها، قال

الحكيم: ناهي اديني الزلط. أعطى الرجل النقود للحكيم وقال الحكيم ارجع بعد العصر وخذ العلاج. قال الرجل ناهي... سدينا ( اتفقنا ).

رجع الرجل الى الحكيم بعد العصر ودخل عليه وقال الحكيم اسمع يا رجل هذه حبوب تاكلها مرتك وإن شاء الله بعد شهر وقدي واحمه ( أي في مرحلة وَحَمَّ بسبب الحمل )<sup>37</sup>. قال الرجل شكرا يا حكيم الزمان ودعا له وخرج وهو فارح ( سعيد) ووصل البيت وطلعت في راسة انه ياكل الحبوب هو !! واكلها ونام. ومرت الأيام والشهور ولا حدث شيء لمرته بس هو كان يحدث له دوخه واحيانا يسوم ( يدوخ ) ويطرش وكان يحس أن هناك شيء في بطنه. مر شهر كامل وهو على هذا الحال ويوم من الأيام راح المطهار ( دورة المياه ) حق الجامع الكبير وجلس فيه وخرج بعد ساعتين وقد خرجت منه بيضة. وعاد إلى البيت وهو مفتن ( مرتاح ) وكان في حندية ( طير من الجوراح ) جالسة فوق الجامع وبتبسر(تنظر) في مجاري الماء حق المطهار وأبسرت (رأت ) بيضة خارجة فنزلت وأخذتها وطارت الى عشاها وجلست مجفيه ( جالسة فوق البيضة ) فوق البيضة ثلاثة اشهر وبعدها البيضة اهتزت وتكسرت وخرجت منها بنت مالها مثيل زي القمر في ليل التمام، الحدية تحيلت لها ( اعجبت بها ) وربتها وسمتها سفرجلة وعلمتها لغة الطيور ولغة البشر وقالت لها عن قصتها وانها من عائلة كريمة والبنت كانت تسمى الحدية أمها. كان تحت عش الحدية بركة ماء حق ملك الزمان وكانت البغال تحي وتروح تشرب من البركة بس (لكن) عندما كبرت سفرجلة وكانت تمشط شعرها في البركة كانت البغال تهرب ولا ترضى تشرب منها وكان العبيد حق ملك الزمان تضرب البغال بس مافي فائدة وهكذا. كان العبيد يعودوا الى عند ملك الزمان ويخبروه بانهم ما يقدرو يسقوا البغال في البركة حقه وقد كان الملك يصيح فوقهم (يصرخ عليهم) وفي مرة من المرات قال ملك الزمان أنا سأروح ( سأذهب) بنفسي أبسر ايش الخبر ( الحقيقية ) وراح ملك الزمان إلى البركة ومعه العبيد والبغال وقدم البغال الى قرب البركة عشان يشربين ولكن ما رضين كان العبيد يضربوهن وهن ولا ( ما رضيت يشربين من البركة ) ودخل ملك الزمان الى البركة وابسر شعرة من بني آدم داخل البركة وابسر الى طالع (نظر للأعلى) شاف غوم (ظل) بني ادم قال الملك يا من فوق الشجرة هل انتي من الانس او من الجن وسفرجلة احترفت الى صلا ( اتجه بوجهها صوب ) ملك الزمان وابسرت ملك الزمان وقالت أنا من الانسان ومن خيرة الناس يا غريب أنا سفرجلة جلة وامي الحدية<sup>38</sup> ربنتي.

الحدية نوع من الطيور الجارحة شبيه بالشاهين<sup>38</sup>

قال ملك الزمان يا سفرجلة إن البغال ما ترضى تشرب من البركة !! وانا جيت أبسر(أعرف) السبب، وهذا سبب جيتي ( قدومي)، فضحكت سفرجله في وجهه وقالت أمانة؟ البغال بتخاف مني؟؟؟ فردت سفرجله هذا بيتنا من زمان إيش نسوي يا صاحب البغال. قال ملك الزمان ولا تسوي شيء سار وقلبه عندها وصل إلى القصر حقه وقال لأمه كل الذي حدث وقال أنه يشتي (يشتهي) أن يتزوج بها. قالت له أمه يا ابني ياملك الزمان الله اعلم ماهي أنس أم جني؟ تريد تسحرك؟! قال ملك الزمان يا امه أنا مفتون بها وما أريد زوجة إلا هي والأم حاولت معه وهو ما رضي. وراح (ذهب) الملك وقال لسفرجلة أنا ملك الزمان وحاكم البلد كله، هل ممكن تتزوجي بي؟ وسفرجلة قد كانت حبته وعشقه فوافقت ووقع عراس سمعوا به الناس كلهم في البلاد وقع سبع ليالي. مرت الأيام والشهور وأم الملك تحاول أن تفسد بينهم وما قدرت ( ما استطاعت) وبعد عدة شهور سفرجلة توحمت ففرح ملك الزمان فرحا شديداً. ذات يوم اضطر الملك أن يسافر ويغيب لتسعة أشهر، خلالها جاء وقت المخاض و الولادة لسفرجلة وكانت أم الملك قد دعت ( احضرت ) العجوز الكاهنة وقالت لها تدي معها كسكسي ( كلب صغير) وولدت سفرجلة ولد زي القمر. أخذت أم الملك الولد بسرعة ومكنت ( أعطت ) العجوزة الكاهنة و بدلته بالكسكسي (الكلب الصغير) أخذت العجوز الكاهنة الطفل وبحرت بالجاهل ( رمته بالبحر)

رجع الملك من السفر وهو فارح أنه أصبح أبا ومتشوق للقاء ابنه، استقبلته أمه وهي تبكي قائلة أنا قلت لك أنها جنية مش من بني آدم وانت ما تصدق والآن قد ولدت لك كسكسي. قال ملك الزمان ما هذا الكلام يا امه؟؟؟ إيش قصدك!! قالت الأم: سير (إذهب) أبسر ابنك اللي ادته (وضعته) لك حبيبة قلبك سفرجلة بنت الحديدية. سار ملك الزمان إلى غرفة سفرجلة وأبسرها وهي تبكي، قال ملك الزمان ما هذا اللي سمعته من امي؟؟؟ هل هو صدق؟؟ سفرجلة ساكنة وتبكي وملك الزمان يبسر الكسكسي صغير مربوط في الغرفة وقال من هذا الكسكسي؟؟؟ وهي زادت في البكاء وهو قال يعني صدق كلام أمي، سفرجلة مسحت دموعها وقالت الله أعلم أنا كنت مغمضة عيوني ولا أبسرت شيء إلا وأمك تقول لي أنني ادبت (وضعت) هذا الكسكسي. أبسره ملك الزمان ورحمها وضمها الى صدره وقال لا تبكي ولا تحزني .. هذا قدر الله، ما نفعل مقدر ومكتوب. قالت سفرجلة الله وحده يعلم الصدق. مرت الأيام والشهور وحبلى ( حملت ) سفرجله مرة ثانية وكانت أم الملك تخلي سفرجلة تغسل وتكنس وتنشقى بها في البيت شقاء كبير وسفرجلة صابرة عليها ولا تقول لملك الزمان. اضطر ملك الزمان إلى السفر إلى مكان بعيد وجاء وقت المخاض والولادة والملك في سفره فذهبت أم الملك ودعت العجوزة الكاهنة وقالت لها ادي (احضري) معك دمه ( قطة صغيرة) وتولد سفرجلة بنت زي القمر وأم الملك أول ماشافت البنت تخرج من أمها قلدت صوت الدمه وقالت ميو ميو وسفرجلة سمعت وبكت وفقدت الوعيوالعجوزة الكاهن بزت ( أخذت ) البنت حق سفرجلة بحرت بها ( رمتها في البحر).

وأول ما صحيت سفرجل من الغيبوبة استلقفتها ( استقبلتها ) أم الملك قائلة ايوه ايوه (كلمة استهزاء) المرة امولة (الأولى) كسكسي وهذه المرة دمه ايش يا بنت الحديدية ايش يا جنيه؟؟ وسفرجلة تبكي ودمعتها ما تجف تبكي من الصباح الى العشي وتدعي الله وتقول هو أعلم ايش الصدق وتقول يارب أنت أعلم أنني من بني آدم وتعرف ما بيحصل معي. ويرجع ملك الزمان من سفره وأمه تكون اول من يستقبله وتخبره ايش ولدت سفرجلة. فذهب لعند زوجته بسرعة ويسألها عن صدق كلام أمه ولكنها كانت تبكي وما تقدر تتكلم اولكن تردد تقول الله يعلم أنني من بني ادم وأمه تجلس تدحسه ( تلح عليه ) بأن يطلقها ولكن هو يحب سفرجلة وما يقدر يصدق أمه ولكنه قال لأمه اذا المرة الثالثة ولدت شيء مش من بني ادم انتي سوي الذي في راسش ( رأسك) وأنا سوف أطلقها.

مرت السنين والأيام ووحمت سفرجلة والملك كان مسافر قبل ما يعرف أنها وحمت وجلس تسعة أشهر وأم الملك هذه المرة تدعي العجوز الكاهنة وتطلب منها أنها تدي معها بصعبي (الجحش وهو صغير الحمار) ونفس كل مرة أم الملك تقلد صوت الصعبي وتخبر سفرجله ايش ولدت وسفرجلة تبكي وتوكل أمرها الى رب العالمين. وصل ملك الزمان وقابلته أمه على باب القصر وهي تبكي وتغور ( تندب ) وتقول الجنيه حقك أدت صعبي يا غارتاه ( يا عيباه ). نزل ملك الزمان من فوق حصانه وقال مالك (مابك) يا امه ايش الذي حصل، قالت سفرجلة الجنيه ادت صعبي أسود وهو طار عقلة وحلف ألف يمين أن هذه المرة خلص سيطلقها و يخرجها من القصر ويطردها فسار الى عند سفرجلة وقال له يا الله اجمع لي لداتك ( الثياب وكل شيء يخصك ) واخرجي وقال له هذا الكلام وهو بيكي وهي قالت له مالي في الدنيا غيرك أنت أخذتني من عند أمي الحديدية انت أبي او أمي يا ملك الزمان. رد ملك الزمان قائلاً لها اخرجي انتي جنيه والدليل أن الذي بتولديهم مش من بني آدم وسفرجلة تبكي وتقول الله على من ظلمني. وخرجت وهي تبكي وكل من في القصر بيكي عليها إلا أم الملك سعيدة وفارحة.

خرجت سفرجلة من القصر وهي تدعي الله وبتقول من لي في هذه الدنيا إلا أنت يارب وكانت تمشي وتمشي إلى أن لقتها أمها الحديدية. أمها رحمت لحالها وقالت لها تعالي بعدي (خلفي) يابنتي وجلست تلحقها إلى أن وصلت إلى البحر وفي نفس البقعة الذي كانت عجوز الكاهن ترحم (ترمي) أطفالها وكان بجانب البحر يوجد كوخ قديم .. قالت لها أمها الحديدية .. سعادتش (سعادتك) يابنتي في هذا البيت ومن كثر ماهي تعب طرحت صرتها (قطعة من القماش تلف على الشعر) تحت رأسها ونامت. جاء الليل وأفافت سفرجلة وإذا بها داخل قصر كبير وفيه كل شيء يشتغل من نفسه (يقصد هنا أن كل شيء يعمل بذاته بدون تدخل الانسان أي أن الباب يفتح لوحده والأفران تطبخ الأكل لوحدها وهكذا). سفرجلة استغربت من المكان الي هي جالسة فيه وفجأة جاء ولد زي القمر ويشبه ملك الزمان في الشكل وسفرجلة قالت من انت ؟؟؟؟ أنا قلبي يقول لي أنني أعرفك قال لها الشاب أنا ولدك يا

أمه وقد نجانا الله وحمانا من الغرق، كان هناك رجل صالح يعيش هنا وأول ما رمتني العجوز الكاهنة في البحر جاءت حدية للرجل ونبهته ولفت انتباهه نحونا فأنقذني، وبعدها أنقذ أختي (الهرة) بنفس الطريقة. ومات الله يرحمه بعدما ترك لنا مال كثيرا وعلم غزيرا...وأخي الصغير(الجحش) جاءت به الحدية قبل أيام بعدما أتقذته وحكت لي جدتي الحدية كل حكايتك. الحمد لله كلنا ذحين في صحة ونعمة. قالت سفرجلة أنا اكيد في حلم مش في علم (حقيقة) قال الابن: ( لا يا امه احنا جهالك (أطفالك) وأنت في علم وربنا قد رحمنا) بعدها خرجت بنت مالها مثيل في الجمال تشبه سفرجله وقال الولد هذه اختي يامه (يا أمي) وكان معهم علم ما يعلمه إلاهم تعلموه من الرجال صالح. وبعدها ارتاحت سفرجلة بين أولادها مرت الأيام وقام الولد ببناء قصر كبير حيث كان أكبر من قصر الملك وكان بجوار قصر ملك الزمان وقد كان معهم كل شيء يشتغل من نفسه البيت يتكنس (ينظف) من نفسه والأكل يصبح جاهزا من نفسه والباب يفتح من نفسه [ كأنه الالكتروني جملة من إضافتي لتوضيح المقصود] وكان معهم ميزاب (الذي يخرج من الماء اذا جاء مطر من أعلى البيت إلى الأرض) وهذا الميزاب كان يخرج منه الماء إلى القصر حق الملك وكل الاذاء والفضلات تذهب منه إلى داخل قصر الملك. مرت الأيام فضبح ( طفش او تعب) ملك الزمان من هؤلاء الجيران الجدد ومن أذاهم له فأمر أحد الخدم حقه( أي التابعين له) يروح إلى هذا البيت ويقول لهم أن يبعدوا الميزابي عن بيته وتطوع أول خادم لهذه المهمة. عندما وصل الخادم وصل الى الباب حق القصر، انفتح الباب من نفسه ودخل الخادم إلى داخل القصر حق أولاد سفرجلة وقال لهم ما أمره الملك به وقالت سفرجلة له قل لملكك: (انا سفرجله جله...بيضاء محجلة...أبي حمل بي سنة...وأمي تمننتي...والحدية اللي في السماء بزت وربنتي...يا مقص قص لسانه...فقص المقص لسان الخادم حق ملك الزمان ، ورجع الخادم الى عند ملك الزمان وقده اعجم (لايستطيع الكلام) ...ابه ابه ابه!!! تساءل ملك الزمان مالك ؟؟؟ ايش وقع (ماذا حصل) و الخادم يردد ابه ابه ابه .!!!!!! قرر الملك أمر خادم اخر ليكمل المهمة.وصل الخادم الثاني إلى عند سفرجلة وقالت له قل للملك حقا: أنا سفرجله جله...بيضاء محجلة...أبي حمل بي سنة...وأمي تمننتي. والحدية اللي في السماء بزت وربنتي....يا مقص قص لسانه.

رجع الخادم للملك وهو أعجم فغضب الملك وقرر الذهاب بنفسه. ودق ملك الزمان على باب قصر سفرجلة وأولادها ففتح الباب من نفسه، وعندما دخل ملك الزمان القصر بسر(رأى) كل شيء يشتغل من نفسه، التنور بخبز الخبز من نفسها والمكنسه بتكنس ورأى كل شيء عجيب وغريب وصاح بصوت عالي يا أهل القصر وينكم؟؟؟ ارأى ملك الزمان بساط سحري فوقف عليه فشله (حملة) البساط إلى مجلس كبير لما وصل قال يا أهل القصر ارفعو حقكم الميزابي من قصري اذيتونا وسفرجلة احترفت صليبه ( التفتت باتجاهه) وقالت أنا سفرجله جله...بيضاء محجلة...أبي حمل بي سنة...وأمي تمننتي...والحدية اللي في

السماء بزت وربيتي...يا مقص...خرج ابنه الكبير وقال حرام يا امه هذا أبي مش داري (لايعلم) إيش كانت تفعل بك جدتي ارحميه والجهال (الأولاد) خرجوا كلهم وقالوا يا امه هذا ابي وهو مش داري والأم رحمته وتوقفت. تساءل ملك الزمان في استغراب من انتم؟ قالوا احنا جهالك وقالوا له القصة وكيف كانت تفعل بهم جدتهم. فبعدها عرف الحقيقة قرر أن يعاقب أمه بس (لكن) الجهال ما رضوا يدخل النار بعقاب أمه. بعدها عاش الأبناء وأبويهم سعيدين يملكون ويحكمون كل البلاد.

#### 4. Abdulkaleq and His Sister Shams Al-Mashareq

عاش في قديم الزمان أخ وأخت ، كانا يتيمي الأب والأم ، وكان اسم الأخ عبد الخالق ، والأخت شمس المشارق.. كانت الأخت تكبر أخيها بسنوات ، وبعد موت والديهما قررا الرحيل من المدينة. وبينما كانا يمشيان في فيافي وقفار شاهدا رعياناً ، فقالا لهم : أيها الرعاة نحن عطشى ، فمن أين نشرب ؟ فرد الرعيان قائلون : أصعدا ذاك الجبل ، وهناك توجد بركتان ، فإن سمعنا البركة تتناديكما : أشربا مني ، فلا تلبيا نداءها أبداً ، بل ولا تقتريا منها ، فهي بركة مسكونة بالجن . أما البركة الصامتة ، فاشربا منها مطمئنين فهي بركة غير مسكونة بالجن. وصل الأخوان الى البركتين ، ولم يعيرا انتباهها للبركة التي تتاديهما ، فأتجها صوب البركة الصامتة ، وشربا حتى أرتويا ، بعد ذلك قامت الأخت بغسل أخيها من ماء البركة، ثم مشطته ، وعند الإنتهاء ، واصلا المسير ، وبعد مسافة من المشي أدركت الأخت أنها قد نسيت المشط عند البركة ، فأمرت أختها بالرجوع إلى البركة ليحضر المشط ، على أن تنتظره حتى يرجع<sup>39</sup>. أخذ الأخ المشط ، فأحس بالعطش ، فدنى من البركة التي تتاديه وشرب ، فتحول إلى غراب فقبض على المشط بفمه ، ورجع الى أخته رامياً بمشطها ، ثم جلس بجانبها هادئاً. عندما رأت الأخت أختها على هذه الشاكلة بكت بكاء محرراً ، ولامت نفسها لنسيانها تحذيره من شرب ماء البركة الناطقة. واصلا سيرهما ، حتى وصلا الى بيت شيخ ، فطرفت الباب، وقالت له :هل أستطيع أن أخدم عندك أيها الشيخ الطيب. فرد عليها : أن كل شيء له خدم ، عدا الكلب ، لا يوجد من يرعاه ، وبإمكانك القيام بذلك. كان نصيب الأخت وكلبها من الطعام فطيرة ، وزوم. كانت شمس المشارق في كل صباح تأخذ الكلب إلى الوادي ليرعى ، فيأتي أخوها الغراب ، ليتحسس حالها وأحوالها فيقول لها : كيف حالك يا شمس المشارق؟ فترد عليه : أني بخير يا أخي عبد الخالق. فيسألها عن أكلها ، فتقول له ، أكلي وأكل أم كلبو فطيرة ، وزوم. فيقول لها : فُشي كُماك فُشي ( افتحي) فيسكب فيه أنواع الخضروات والفواكه ، وأحسن ماتجود به البساتين. هكذا كان يفعل يومياً ، فارتاحت وسمنت

<sup>39</sup> See TWAT.

هي وكلبها الذي ترعاه . استغرب ابن الشيخ، وقال في نفسه من أين لشمس المشارق ، والكلب الذي ترعاه هذه الراحة وأكلهما فطيرة وزوم فقط ، ثم خرج اليوم الثاني وراءهما ليرى ما يحدث، ويكشف السر. فرأى ما يجري بين شمس المشارق وأخيها عبد الخالق ، ورأى عقب ذلك دموعها تنهمر ، فقال لها أبن الشيخ: سألتك بالله أن تقولي لي ما حكايتك مع ذلك الغراب ، ومن يكون ؟ فحكيت له الحكاية بأكملها. فتأثر أبن الشيخ لحكايتها ، فقرر أن يساعدها ، وذهب إلى السيد ( مشعوذ ) وحكى له حكاية شمس المشارق ، وأخيها الغراب. أشار السيد بأن العلاج سيكون بذبح بعض الأبقار وترك لحومها في الجبل ، ثم مراقبة ماسيحدث ، فالغراب سنأتي لأكل لحوم البقر المنذوح ، وسيكون هذا الغراب بين الغربان ، ولكنه لن يأكل مثل بقية الغربان ، بل سيجلس ينظر ويتفكر ، وخاطب ابن الشيخ قائلاً : ستكون أنت قد أحضرت قنصاً ببندقية ليرمي هذا الغراب بشرط الا تصيب الرمية رأسه ، أو جناحيه ، أو أرجله ، لكن يرمي برصاصة بجانبه فقط. أحضر أبن الشيخ القنص ، ونفذ ما قاله المشعوذ ، وعندما رمى بالرصاص بجانب الغراب ، تحول الغراب إلى انسان. بعد ذلك طلب ابن الشيخ من أبيه أن يزوجه بشمس المشارق ، لكنه رفض ، مما جعله يصر على الزواج بها ، وبعد الحاح رضح الأب لطلب ابنه ، وعقاباً له أعطاه الحصان الأعرج ، والدار المخرب. و تم ذلك.

ومرت الأيام وأراد الوالد أن يختبر زوجات أولاده السبعة الذين تفرقوا كل في مكان مكونين أسر .. فغير من شكله بحيث بدأ أشيئاً أكثر، ولبس ملابس ممزقة ، وأتجه إلى بيت ابنه الأكبر فدق عليه الباب وهو يصيح : يا أهل البيت هل من أكل وماء عندهم ؟ فأنا جائع.. ردت عليه زوجة ابنه برد قاس ، ثم طردته ، وقال لها: قولي لزوجك عتبة البيت ماهي صالحة ، وفلان ابن فلان يسلم عليك. ثم ذهب إلى زوجة ابنه الثانية ، ولاقى نفس معاملة الأولى، وهكذا كان حاله مع بقية زوجات أولاده ، وكان يكرر عليهن ماقال لزوجته ابنه الأكبر.. عندما وصل إلى بيت زوجة ابنه السابع ، الذي تزوج براعية الكلب ، سأله هل من زاد ؟ فأعطته الطعام والشراب ، وسترته بملابس نظيفة ، فقال لها بعد أنتهائه من الأكل . قولي لزوجك ، عتبة البيت صالحة. أخبرت كل زوجة زوجها بما حدث لها مع ذلك الشيخ الغريب ، الذي لم يعرفن أنه والد أزواجهن ، وعندما عرفوا قاموا بتطليقهن ، عدا الولد السابع وزوجته شمس المشارق التي أخذها ، هي وأولادها وعاشوا في قصر الأب، فوهبه أبوه كل ما عنده من ثروة ، إلى جانب القصر الذي عاش فيه مع زوجته ، وعاش الزوج وزوجته في القصر بأمان وسلام.

## 5. El- Bolbol El- Saiyyah ( The warbler Nightingale

في قديم الزمان ، كان هناك ملك أراد الذهاب إلى الحج ، فشد العزم ، وترك زوجته الحامل أمانة عند أمه ، قائلاً لها: يا أماه سأذهب آلي الحج إن شاء الله ، فانتبهي لزوجتي حتى أرجع ، فهي حامل ، كما ترين ، فاعطفي عليها ، واحرصي أشد الحرص. ردت الأم قائلة بالطبع يا بني سأعتني بها ، فلا تقلق ، فشد رحالك وكن مطمئناً ، فكل شيء سيكون على مايرام. سافر الأب ، وبعد فترة أتزوجته المخاض ، فولدت توأماً بنتاً ، وولداً ، ومن شدة ارهاقها وتعبها ، دخلت الزوجة في غيبوبة طويلة. استغلت أم الملك فرصة مرض زوجة ابنها ، فقامت بأخذ أولاد أبنها التوأم ، ووضعتهم في صندوق ثم رمتهما في البحر. عندما فاقت الزوجة من غيبوبتها وتمثلت للشفاء قالت لعمتها : اعلميني يا عماه ، ماذا أنجبت ؟ ردت عمتها بغضب لا يخلو من السخرية : ماذا أنجبت .. هي.. هي ، لقد أنجبت "ياقليلة الدين (أي قليلة التربية) " توأم ولد وبنت جميلين ، لكنك أيتها المتوحشة قد قمت بأكلهما. قالت الزوجة مفجوعة : ماذا تقولين يا عمتي ؟ أكلتهما ، كيف ذلك ؟ غير معقول يا عمتي أنت تمزحين ، أين أولادي ؟ أجابت : كما قلت لك ، لقد أكلتهما. بكى الزوج بكاء محرقة ، وهي تردد على مسامع عمتها قائلة : حرام عليك يا عمه ، أريد أولادي ، فكيف أكلهما ، وأنا لم أرهما بعد ؟ ردت العمه بقسوة : ياقليلة الدين أنت كلبية (تصغير كلبية) ، أكلتي أولادك .. هذا ما حدث.

ومرت الأيام ، وعاد الملك مستبشراً : قال لأمه : ماذا أنجبت زوجتي يا أماه ؟ قالت الأم بغضب : لقد أنجبت توأم ياولدي ، وولداً ، وبنثاً في منتهى الجمال ، لكن الكلبية قامت وأكلتهما. ماذا تقولين يا أمي ؟ رد الملك مفجوعاً قالت : كما قلت لك يا بني ، أكلت أولادك. قام الملك ، وهو يتطاير غضباً ، فأمر بحبس زوجته آكلة أولاده. أما الصندوق فقد أخذه صياد فقير ، لم يرزقه الله بأولاد. قال الصياد لزوجته فرحاً : لقد عوضنا الله أيتها الزوجة الصالحة بتوأم سيصبحان أولادنا ، سنربيهما ونعتني بهما. مرت الأيام ، والسنين ، وكبر التوأم ، وأصبحا شابين يافعين يمكن الإعتماد عليهما ، أثناء ذلك مات الصياد الطيب ، وقبل أن يموت أوصى زوجته بوصية قال فيها: يا زوجتي هاك السيف والخاتم أعطيها للولد ، وقولي له أن يمسخ الخاتم بظهر يده إذا أرادت أخته طلب ، فسيلبى طلبها حتماً .. ثم وصيه بأخته خيراً. وبعد وفاة الصياد ، قامت زوجته بالبحث عن أسرة الولدين لخوفها عليهما ان أصابها أي مكروه ، وبعد البحث والتقصي عرفت أسرتهما ، فأبيهما هو الملك ، وامهما الملكة المسجونة. أخبرت زوجة الصياد الولدين بالحقيقة من أنهما ليسا أولادها ، وأن أبيهما هو ملك البلاد ، وأمهما زوجة الملك المسجونة ، ثم قامت وسلمتهما وصية زوجها. ولم تمر إلا أيام قصيرة ، حتى ماتت زوجة الصياد . قامت الأخت وطلبت من أخيها أن يعمر لهما



قصرأ بجانب قصر الملك في الناحية الأخرى من البحر. لبي الأخ طلب أخته ، حيث قام بمسح ظهر الخاتم ، فأجابه صوت من

بطن الخاتم قائلاً : ماذا تريد أيها الصبي ؟

قال الولد : أريد قصرأ بجانب قصر الملك.

ولما جاء الصباح وجد الأخ والأخت نفسيهما في قصر مهيب يجاور قصر الملك. عندما فتح الملك باب قصره ، وجد قصرأ ضخماً قد بني بسرعة عجيبة. قال الملك متعجباً : يا الله ماهذه السرعة السحرية التي بني فيها هذا القصر الكبير ؟ تملكه الفضول في معرفة من صاحب القصر ومن يسكنه . فقال لأمه : سأذهب يا أمي لأستقصي الخبر. أجابته أمه : لا يا بني لا تذهب فربما يسكن ذاك القصر جني ، فلا تذهب.أصر الملك على رأيه ، فردت عليه أمه : مادمت مصرأ ، فسأذهب أنا بدلا عنك ، وسأتيك بالأخبارحالا. وافقها الرأي ، وذهبت إلى ذلك القصر ، فرأت الفتاة وحكت لها قصتها وقصة أخيها. فعرفتهما الأم بسرعة ، وأردت التخلص منهما بسرعة ، حتى لا ينكشف سرها. قالت الجدة للفتاة : لو كان بجانب قصركم الجميل نهر سراح ، سيكون أجمل..ليس كذلك يابنيتي ؟ أستحسنت الفتاة ما قالته الجدة ، وردت : نعم أنه كذلك. وفي المساء أمرت أخيها بأن يمسخ الخاتم ، ويلبي طلبها ، فيعطيها نهرأ سراحأبجانب قصرهما. ولما أصبح الصباح ، سمع الملك صوت النهر السراح بجانب القصر ، فأستغرب من وجود النهر السراح بجانب القصر ، وبنفس السرعة العجيبة. قال الملك : أريد أن أرى من هم أهل القصر ، هل هم أنس ، أم جن ؟ أجابت الأم : هم جن و عفاريت ، أتركني أذهب لأرى ما يحدث. وذهبت أم الملك ، فوجدت الفتاة ، فقالت لها الجدة : جميل ما فعلتيه بإيجاد النهر السراح بجانب القصر ، فما رأيك بجانب النهر السراح ، أن توجدي ورد نفاح. قالت الفتاة : حاضر أيتها الجدة ، فأمرت أباها بأن يزرع ورد أ نفاحأ.ولما أصبح الصباح ، شم الملك الورد النفاح ، وقال لأمه : أريد أن أرى من هم أهل هذا القصر ؟ أجابت الأم قائلة : والله لأذهبن للتو ، وأرى من هم أولئك القاطنون في القصر. ثم ذهبت ، ووجدت الفتاة ، وقالت لها : أتعرفين يابنيتي سيزداد القصر جمالاً لو أحضرت بجانب النهر السراح ، والورد النفاح بلبل صياح ، فأستحسنت الفتاة الفكرة ، وأمرت أباها بفرك الخاتم ليحضر لها البلبل الصياح. أصبح الصباح وسمع الملك خرير النهر السراح ، وشم الورد النفاح ، وتغريد البلبل الصياح.

صمم الملك على الذهاب بنفسه لمعرفة من هم سكان القصر صاحبت الأم في وجه أبنها الملك قائلة له : لا تذهب ، أني أخاف عليك من سوء قد يدبرونه لك أولئك الجن ، سأذهب أنا مرة أخرى ، وأعرف ماالذي يدور في ذلك القصر العجيب. ذهبت الأم وقالت

للفتاة: ياأبنتي لو كان مع أخيك زوجة بنت الصين الصين. وافقتها على الرأي . وعندما جاء اخوها ، قالت له : أريدك أن تتزوج بأبنة الصين الصين.

قال الأخ : هذا لا يصلح ؟

أجابت : لماذا ؟

قال لها :هذه مخاطرة.

أصرت الأخت أكثر فوافقها ، ومسح على ظهر الخاتم ، فرد الخاتم قائلاً : هذه مخاطرة ، قد لا تنجو منها بسلام أيها الفتى.

كنهما أصرا ، فما كان من الصوت الآتي من بطن الخاتم الا أن يلبى طلبهما. فقال لهما : عندما تصلان الى المكان المحدد ، ستران عجوزاً لها ضرعان كبيران ، ما أن تريها حتى يجري كل منكما ، ويمسك بضرعها ، ثم ارضعوا. وتمكنا من فعل ذلك ، فقالت لهما العجوز : ماذا تريدان؟ قالوا لها : الوصول إلى بنت الصين الصين. قالت لهما : أنظرا لم ينح أحد من مخاطرة الوصول إليها ، لكن سأساعدكما. اذهبا مادمتما قد رضعتما من ثدي . عندما تذهبان ستجدان سبعة أبواب كل باب أكبر من الآخر ، ثم ستجدان بئراً ، أرميا فيها سبع أحجار ، من الحجرة الأولى سيطلع دخان أسود ، عندئذ أصرخو بصوت عال : يا بنت الصين الصين ، ثم أرميا الحجرة الثانية ، وأصرخا : يا بنت الصين الصين ، وكذلك أفعلنا مع بقية الأحجار ، حتى توصلنا الى الحجرة السابعة ، أنتظرا قليلاً ، سيطلع دخان لونه أبيض ، بداخله كُم واسع الزنة (الفتان) ، فأدخلا فيه ، وأهربا بسرعة ، ومهما لقيتما من مصاعب ، لا تباليا ، أسرعنا ، لا أخفيكما سراً ستلاقيان من يضربكما ، ويعضكما ، ويرجمكما ، لكن واصلا الهرب ، حتى تصلنا إلى الباب السابع ، عندئذ أفتحا كُم الزنة وستجدان بنت الصين الصين أمامكما. ونفذ الولد والبنت ماقالته لهما المرأة العجوز ، وعندما فك الأخ كم الزنة وخرج الدخان الأبيض ، خرجت منه بنت جميلة ، أسمها بنت الصين الصين ، أعجب بها الولد ، وأحبها ، ثم تزوجها ، وسافر بها الى مدينته ، وأسكنها في قصره. وفي اليوم التالي لرجوعهما خرج الملك إلى حديقته ، فرأى في الحديقة المجاورة لقصره بنتاً جميلة ، أندهب لجمالها الأسر ، وقال في نفسه : ياللعجب : ورد نفاح ، ونهر سراح ، وبنت مثل بنت الصين الصين ، والله ، لا بد أن أذهب أنا بنفسي وأرى ما يجري. في هذه المرة لم تفلح والدته في ثنيه عن الذهاب لمعرفة مايدور في القصر المجاور ، أذعنت الأم لمطلب أبنها ، قائلة له: مادمت مصراً فخذ معك عسكر ليحموك من الجن الأشرار.أخذ معه عساكره ، وطرق باب القصر ، ففتح له الولد ، ورحب به ، وأدخله ألى قصره ، فسأله الملك عن الأشياء الغريبة التي رآها تحدث

في قصرهم. أحتفى الولد بالملك ، فدعاه إلى وليمة غداء بمناسبة زيارته ، قال الملك للولد : لن تستطيع أن تكفيني ، أنا وجيشي.  
قال الولد : بل سأكفيكم أنت وجيشك ، وستجدون كل أصناف الأكل ، وما تحبون. قام الولد وأتجه نحو الخاتم ليفركه ، فمسح على الخاتم ، وطلب وليمة عامرة ، فيها أفخر أصناف الأكل ، وتكفي الملك وجيشه. أنذهل الملك من سرعة تجهيز الوليمة الضخمة ، فأكل الملك ، وجيشه حتى شبعوا.

قال الملك : غداً الغداء عندي في القصر.

قال الولد : لن تستطيع أن تكفيني أنا وجيشي.

قال الملك : الله المستعان كيف لا ، وأنت قد كفيتني أنا وجيشي.

قال الولد : قلت لك لن تستطيع أيها الملك.

رد عليه الملك : ستأتي وسترى.

وعندما حان موعد حضور وليمة الغداء ، قام الولد ، وفرك الخاتم ، وطلب الف عسكري من كل حجم وشكل ولون. كانت أم الملك قد أعدت طعاماً خاصاً بالولد وزوجته ، وأخته ، فوضعت فيه سمّاً ، أما الجيش الذي أتى به الولد فقد أعدوا لهم أكلاً خاصاً بهم. وقبل أن يهم الولد وأخته ، وزوجته بنت الصين الصين بالأكل ، قفز طائر ، وقال لهم : إن الأكل مسموم ، وأن من وضع السم في الأكل هي أم الملك ، وكي يتأكد الملك مما إذا كان خير الطائر صادقاً ، أو كاذباً ، رمى بالأكل لقطط وكلاب القصر ، فماتت عن بكرة أبيها.

أستدعى الملك أمه ، وعرف منها الحقيقة ، فأمر بقتلها ، وأخرج زوجته السجينة ، ومن شدة فرحته ، وظهر الحق ، ولم تقات الأسرة كان يصعد في كل درجة ، فيأمر بذبح خروف. وهكذا عاش الولد وأخته ، وأمهم وزوجته ، عيشة سعيدة. أما الملك فعاش وحيداً ليكفر عن خطئه ، لأنه صدق أمه ، ولم يبحث عن الحقيقة.

## 6. Ehssenieah Bent (daughter of) Ehssan

كان ياما كان في قديم الزمان ، رجل اسمه إحسان ، معه سبع بنات. وكانت زوجته قد ماتت منذ وقت طويل. وكان بين هؤلاء البنات السبع ، بنت جميلة تدعى " إحصينة بنت إحسان " ، فقال الأب لبناته السبع: يابناتي : سأذهب إلى الحج ، وسأغيب عنكن

لفترة من الوقت ، فلا تفتحن باب الدار لأحد ، فأنا أخاف على أختكن إحسنة بنت إحسان من خطفها ، فأنتبهن لها ، وأحمينها من كل مكروه. فقالين : سمعاً وطاعة ياأبتي ، فلن نفتح الباب لأي إنسان كان ، وسنحافظ على إختنا إحسنة بنت إحسان. سافر الأب إلى الحج ، وكان يتربص بهن أحد القشامين (الوحوش) ، ويدعى " أمر الشيطان " وكان يريد أن يخطف إحسنة بنت إحسان. فأتى لهن في أحد الأيام طارقاً باب منزلهن ، فأجابته إحدى الأخوات..فقال لها : أني بائع الكراث والبقل ، فهل تشتريين مني ؟

فقالت له : نحن لا نحتاج ، فقد حذرنا أبي من فتح الباب لأي غريب. فقال لها : لا تخافي ، فأنا سأعطيك الكراث والبقل ببلاش (بدون مال) فهيا أفتحي الباب.

فتحت الأخت الأولى الباب ، قال فلتخرج الأخت الثانية ، خرجت الثانية ،فقال فلتخرج الأخت الثالثة ، فخرجت الثالثة ، قال فلتخرج الأخت الرابعة ،فخرجت الرابعة ، فقال فلتخرج الأخت الخامسة ، فخرجت الأخت الخامسة ، قالف فلتخرج الأخت السادسة ، فخرجت السادسة ، وأراد أن يكمل بقية العدد لتأتي الأخت السابعة ، فسألهن : أين أختكن السابعة إحسنة بنت احسان ؟. ردين قائلات : لا يوجد أحد غيرنا ، وليس لدينا أخت بهذا الأسم. وقال : يجب أن تخرج البنات السابعة ، فأنا أعرف أن لكن أختاً سابعة في غاية الجمال ، فخرجت إحسنة بنت إحسان بعد أن أقتنعن ، وطمانهن بأنه لن يضرها.

قام " أمر الشيطان : وأخذها ، ورحل بها إلى الجبال. بكت الأخوات على أختهن ، وخفن من أبيهن ، فكيف سيواجهنه ، وماذا سيقولين له عن أختهن إحسنة بنت احسان؟. ! كبر همهن على غياب أختهن ، وخوفهن من أبيهن ، ففكرت إحداهن وقالت ، سنقتع أبانا بأن أختنا قد ماتت . وافقن على الفكرة ، فقمن وذهبن إلى الصلبة (المقبرة) المقبرة وحفرن بها قبراً ، ووضعن فيها خشباً ، وغطينها بالتراب ، ثم قمن بزراعة نخلة على القبر المزعوم. أستحسن الفكرة ، وعندما وصل أبوهن ، وسأل عن إحسنة بنت إحسان ، أجبن قائلات : لقد ماتت ياأبي. فقال : أين قبرها ؟ فدلينه على القبر. شك في الأمر .. فقام بحفر القبر ، فوجد خشباً ، فعرف أنهن يكذبن ، فسألهن : أين أخفيتن أختكن ؟ لم ينيسن بينت شفه ، خوفاً من غضبه ، لكنه هددهن إذا لم يكلمنه عن اختفاء أختهن فسيقتلهن ، خفن ، فحكين له الحقيقة. ذهب الأب يبحث عن إبنته إحسنة بنت إحسان ، فكان يسأل كل شخص يجده أمامه : هل تعرف / تعرفين / تعرفون أحسنة بنت احسان ، ثم يحكي قصتها. أثناء مشيه وجد رعاة أغنام فسألهم : هل رأيتم إحسنة بنت إحسان التي عيونها أحفان أحفان ، وأسنانها حب الرمان " فيردون : لم نرها ، ويحث خطاه ، فيلاقي " واردات الماء (جالبات الماء) " فيسألهن : هل رأيتمن إحسنة بنت إحسان التي عيونها أحفا أحفان ، وأسنانها حب الرمان "

ردين عليه : نعم ، لقد رأيناها مرت من هذه الطريق مع أمر الشيطان وتوجهوا للبيت امر الشيطان في اعلى الجبل. أستجمع الأب قواه ، وذهب إلى بيت أمر الشيطان ، فوقف تحت النافذة ليستطلع الأمر ، فأبصرته أبنته ، ولم تنبس ببنت شفه . وعندما تأكدت إحسنة بنت إحسان بأن زوجها أمر الشيطان نائماً نوماً عميقاً وشخيره كان يسمع من خارج البيت، توجهت مباشرة إلى المطبخ وعملت " لقم " (قطع صغيرة من الخبز) في كل أواني البيت التي تصلح للطعام ، والتي لا تصلح حتى لا توظف أمر الشيطان وتخبره بهروبها، عدأ الإبرة والهاون ، ثم توجهت إلى أبيها مباشرة ، وهربت معه .. فكانت الإبرة تقول:

"دن..دن يأمر الشيطان شيخ بيتك سارت. "

والهاون كان يقول:

" دق .. دق يأمر الشيطان شيخ بيتك سارت"

فسمع أمر الشيطان الأواني ، وهي تتحدث من هروب زوجته ، فانقض من نومه ، وتوجه مسرعاً ليبحث عن زوجته إحسنة بنت إحسان في الدار ، فلم يجدها ، حاول جاهداً البحث عنها وفتش في أماكن أخرى من الدار ، لكنه فشل أيضاً في مسعاه ، فلحق بها خارج الدار ، فوجدها مع أبيها ، فقال أمر الشيطان : لماذا أخذتها عليّ أيها الرجل ، أنها زوجتي؟ فيرد عليه الأب : إنها ابنتي . فقاتل الأب من أجل أن يأخذ ابنته من أيدي " أمر الشيطان " . قام أمر الشيطان وضرب بيده بقوة على ماصة بجنبه وقال غاضباً لأبي إحسنة بنت إحسان : إذا لم تردها إليّ سأقلبها إلى كلبة تنبح ، وبذا لن تكون لي ، ولن تكون لك. فقام " أمر الشيطان " وحول إحسنة بنت إحسان إلى كلبة تنبح في الشوارع ، والطرق. وصارت قصتها على كل لسان. وأصبح اسم إحسنة منبوذاً من قبل سكان المنطقة. كما حيكت حول الاسم العديد من الخرافات والأساطير وانتشرت بين سكان المنطقة. فأصبحت إحسنة مخلوق شيطاني مخيف إذا ذكر اسمها جاءت وخطفت ذاكرها. فمثلا سكان المنطقة دائما يتداولون فيما بينهم المقولة (إحسنة تشلك) أي دعاء للكلبة احسنة لكي تأتي وتخطفك.

## 7. Woraight Al-Hennah

عاش في قديم الزمان رجل مع ابنته ( وريقة الحناء ) التي ماتت أمها، تزوج بعدها امرأة مات زوجها بعد أن خلف منها فتاة اسمها كرام. كانت وريقة الحنا فتاة رشيقة القوام ، مليحة الوجه كريمة النفس ، وعلى جانب من الأدب واللطافة والرفقة في

الحديث ، وكانت كرام فتاة قصيرة القامة دميمة الوجه ، شرهة النفس ، خشنة الطباع طائشة العقل رعناء التصرف. وكان الأب ينظر للفتاتين نظرة متساوية كما لو كانتا ابنتيه ، يقسم عطفه وحنانه بينهما وبالتالي دأب على تقسيم العمل بينهما بالتساوي واحدة منهما تتولى رعي الأبقار والثانية تقوم بأعمال البيت ، فإذا صادف ورعت كرام الأبقار اليوم وتولت وريقة الحنا عمل البيت من طبخ وطحن وكنس فعليها أن تخرج للرعي في اليوم التالي وكرام تتولى أعمال البيت. إلا أن أم كرام التي عاشت تأكلها الغيرة من جمال وريقة الحنا وحسن طباعها ، دأبت على إرهاقها بالعمل لتخفف عن كرام وبالتالي دأبت على تفضيل ابنتها في كل شيء وقد اعتادت كل من وريقة الحناء وكرام يوم نوبتهما في رعي الأبقار أن تربط فطورها طرف خمارها وتضعه على رأسها وتسوق الأبقار أمامها حتى تصل إلى المرعى فتشاهد امرأة عجوزاً جالسة بجانب جدار كوخها تستظل به من الشمس فتعاملها كل منهما معاملة مختلفة عن الأخرى. كانت وريقة الحناء تشاهد العجوزاً فتتقدم نحوها وهي تفتح رباط فوطتها وتقطع جزءاً منه وتقدمه للعجوز وهي تقول لها:

اطعمي.. هذا من فطوري يا جدة. فتناولته العجوز وهي تدعو لها " زادك الله فوق عقلك عقل." وتضيف العجوز قائلة: القمل أكل رأسي اجلسي فليلي (أي أخرجي القمل من شعري). فتجيبها ورقة الحناء معتذرة: انتظريني ريثما أسوق البقر إلى المكان الخصب في المرعى وسأعود. فتقول لها العجوز: لا تتعبي نفسك يا بنيتي ولا شيء ، اجلسي هنا وقولي (( ارعى وقرب )) وسيرتعين لحالهن وعند عودتك ستجديهن قريبات منك. خضعت وريقة الحناء لذلك ونفذت ماطلبت العجوز منها. ذات يوم وفد ابن السلطان إلى القرية ليختار منها عروساً ، فسلمت العجوز إلى ورقة الحناء حذاء مذهباً لكي تحضر به حفلة الرقص التي دعى لها ابن السلطان مع بنات القرية، وكانت ورقة الحناء يتيمة من الأم فجهزت خالتها إبنتها بأحسن ما عندها لحضور الرقص وإفتعلت لورقة الحناء مشاغل بيتية لكي لا تحضر الحفل. ولما فرغت وريقة الحنا من اعمال البيت جهزت نفسها ولبست ما عندها من ثياب فبدت في قمة الروعة والجمال. غاض ذلك خالتها فأمرت وريقة الحنا بأكل لحم من (قدر) كبير ولما إقتربت أدخلت وريقة الحنا رأسها في القدر كما طلب منها فدفعت خالتها وابنتها القدر عليها فأتسخت ثيابها وبالتالي تركتها خالتها بالبيت، جاءت العجوز التي كانت تعطف عليها ورقة الحناء فزينتها بأحلى الثياب وأجل الحلي وعندما دخلت الحشد لفت جمالها كل الأعناق والعجوز مندسة (مختبئة) لا يراها أحد وعند الإنصراف ازدحم الناس للخروج فطاح(سقط) حذاء ورقة الحناء وهي تحاول الخروج بسرعة ولم تستطع وريقة الحناء من البحث عنه في الزحام الشديد. بعد خروج كل النساء وجد ابن السلطان حذاء مذهباً فنذر أن يتزوج صاحبه فدار على كل بيت في القرية لاختبار الحذاء على ارجل البنات ولم يصلح ذلك

الحذاء لقدم أي بنت حتى وصل بيت ورقة الحناء وكان ذلك النعل على قياس قدميها فتزوجها ابن السلطان رغما عن خالتها وإبنة خالتها.

## ***PART 2: HUMOROUS NARRATIVES AND JOKES***

### **8. God Bless Jodoree**

سافر رجل قبيلي (ينتمي لقبيلة كبيرة بالمنطقة) من قرية تسمى جُدر للحج أيام الشريف (رجل كان يحكم المنطقة قديما وهو من الأشراف والذين يربطهم نسب يرجع لأهل البيت). وعندما وصل لمكة التقى برجل من أهل مكة، فسأله المكي ما مذهبك يا حاج ؟ فلم يفهم وظنّ أنه يسئله عن بلده وقريته، فرد امرجل(الرجل) : أنا جدري فقال المكي : ما سمعنا في ديننا بمذهب يقال له الجدري، سمعنا بالشافعي بالمالكي بالحنفي والحنبلي , ولكن لم نسمع بالجدري!! فظنّ الرجل الجدري أن المكي يتتريق به ( يهزأ به) ويسخر منه، فسحب عصا غليظه كانت بجانبه، وأخذ يضرب المكيّ بها ويطارده , فأخذ المكي يقول ( رضي الله عن سيدنا جدر... رضي الله عن سيدنا جدر)، حتى يفلت من ضرب الجدري متوهماً أن جدر اسم لإمام مذهب.

### **9. Zambak**

كان في مرة عجوز معاها ولد اسمه خنبيق وكان كثير المشاكل ولا يخلي (يترك) أحد بحاله وكل الناس يشتكوا منه ومره حبسه الشيخ من كثرة الشكاوى وذهبت أمه تبكي لما عند شيخ القرية لكي يخرجها من الحبس فأخرجه شريطة أن يعمل بأي عمل ولا يؤذي الناس. وأشترى الشيخ لخنبيق حمار لكي يشتغل به وكان خنبيق يطلق حمارة لإخافة أطفال القرية وكان يخرب الزرع ويعصد الدنيا عصيد. في يوم من الايام طلبه الشيخ وقرر أن يدفنه حيا حتى يتخلصوا من مشاكله وذهبوا ليخبروا أمه بأنهم سيدفنون ابنها خنبيق حيا فقالت لهم: خلوه عندي يومين أودعه. ولما جاءوا ليدفنوه قال لهم خنبيق: الحفرة اللي بتدفنوني فيها خلوها قرب منزل أمي علشان تزورني يوميا وأكون قريب منها. وحفروا الحفرة بالليل وقالوا له خلاص الفجر بندقك جهز نفسك. راح خنبيق في تلك الليلة وسوا ممر (خندق) من الحفرة إلى بيته ولما دفنوه بالصباح خرج من الممر إلى بيته

وأخبر أمه بأن تشتري له من السوق فواكه وثوب أبيض ورداء أخضر و ذهب يدق باب الشيخ و معه الحاجات اللي اشترتها أمه له، فتحوا له الخدم و قال لهم قولوا للشيخ خنبق منتظر عند الباب.

ولما أخبروا الشيخ بذلك أستغرب وقال خنبق دفن حيا ومات فأكدوا له بأنه حي وهو منتظر الإذن للدخول فدخل عليه وقال له الشيخ: كيف خرجت من القبر؟؟ قال خنبق: أنا جيت من الجنة وأبوك وأمك يسلموا عليك وقد أعطوك هذه الفواكة وهذا الثوب الأبيض وهذا الرداء الأخضر ويطلبون منك أن تذهب تسلم عليهم وترجع فصدق الشيخ هذه الكذبة وطلب من رجاله أن يحفروا له حفرة ويدفنوه وهو حي فيها، ودفن الشيخ وانتظر رجاله عودته أسبوع، أسبوعين ولم يرجع فسألوا خنبق لماذا لم يعد الشيخ لان؟؟ فقال لهم : أنتم مجانيين تظنون إن الشيخ لا زال حي مافي أحد يدخل حفرة ويخرج منها حي وحكا لهم قصة الحفرة فقرروا طرده من القرية وإباحة دمه إن عاد لها.

## 10. The Bones

كان في مرة إثنين عيال عم (أولاد عم ) بالإضافة لصديق لهم كانوا في سفر فاشتروا من الطريق كبش وقرروا أن يذبحوه، فذبحوه وشووه فأراد عيال العم أن يحتالوا على صاحبهم ويأكلوا الكبش وحدهم دون علمه، فقالوا لا نأكل الكبش حتى ننام وننظر ماذا سنحلم وبعدها نأكل الكبش. أدرك صاحبهم مغزاهم فقال مو افق فعندما أرادوا أن يتظاهروا بالنوم ناموا هم وصاحبهم صاحي فقام وأكل الكبش كاملا ولم يبقي منه إلا العظام ورجع فنام وعندما صحوا سأل كل منهم صاحبه ماذا حلمت فأجابته : حلمت أنني في سدرة المنتهى وأنت ماذا حلمت فأجابه الثاني حلمت أنني في جنة المأوى فسألوا صاحبهم وأنت أيش حلمت فرد عليهم حلمت أن عبد أسود جا أكل الكبش ما خلا إلا العظام فذهبوا ليروا الكبش فلم يجدوا إلا العظام فسألوه ولماذا لم توقظنا فرد عليهم فيان (أين) أدوركم وواحد في سدرة المنتهى والثاني في جنة المأوى.

## 11. If I did not come down... You would not come up

في مرة جاء رجل إلى رجل يدعى محسن مشهور بكرمه من أهل قرية الضرور. وبينما كان محسن يجلس فيغرفته غرفه بالدور الخامس دق الباب بقوة شديده حتى فزع صاحب المنزل واخرج محسن رأسه من احدى نوافذ الغرفة لينظر من يدق الباب فاذا برجل في منتصف العمر.قال له محسن مالك (مابك) لماذا تدق الباب بهذا العنف قال له الرجل انزل احاكيك أنا اريد ان اكلمك قال محسن ماذا تريد قال انزل اكلمك فنزل صاحب المنزل إليه وفتح له الباب وقال له خير ماهو تشى ( ماذا تريد)



ياخي. قال له أنا اتيتك قاصد كرمك ولم ادق باب أحد إلا بابك عندما أبسرت (رأيت) البيت الكبير حقك تأكدت أنك لن تردني. قال له محسن ماذا تريد بالضبط ، رد الرجل أنا فقير وأريدك أن تتصدق علي، قال له محسن حسنا تفضل أدخل واطلع معي فصعد معه إلى البيت حتى وصل إلى آخر دور ودخل الغرفة التي كان فيها وجلس صاحب المنزل في مكانه الذي كان جالسا فيه قبل أن ينزل وقال للسائل تيا (هذه) البطانية التي كانت فوق ركبي قبل ماانزل وتلك القصبه حق المداعه التي كنت استخدمها قبل ماأنزل لك، طلب منه محسن أن يناوله البطانية و القصبه حق المداعه (الشيشة) فناوله السائل البطانية و المداعه. قال محسن بعدها للسائل افتح باب الخزنه التي فوق رأسي ففرح السائل وأحس بقرب الفرج وفتح باب الخزنه!! قال ماذا ترى فيها رد السائل لاشيء إلا مصحفا كبير قال ودني (أعطني) المصحف فأعطاه المصحف. وضع صاحب المنزل يده على المصحف وأقسم للسائل بالله أنه لا يوجد معه شيء ليعطيه. فغضب السائل وقال له لماذا لم تخبرني بذلك وأنا تحت قبل ماتطلعني لغرفتك بالدور الخامس!! فالجابه محسن بسرعه وأنت مالك ماتقلي ( لماذا لم تخبرني ) ماتريد قبل ماتنزلني من الدور الخامس ولو فعلت لكنت قلت لك الله يدي لك (الله يعطيك).

## 12. The Treasure under My Feet

أحد الأشخاص كان دائما يدخر فلوسه (ماله) في جره (إناء اسطواني الشكل يصنع من الخزف أو الفخار ويحفظ فيه الماء ليبرد كما يوضع به الطعام والأشياء الثمينة كالذهب) ويضعها عند أقدامه وعندما يقوم بعمله يردد(الشرق لي والغرب لي والكنز ذي تحت رجلي) ومره من المرات (في إحد الأيام) سمعه أحد جيرانه اللصوص فقرّر أن يراقبه ليعرف ما سر هذه الأبيات التي يرددّها وعندما سمعه يكررها دائما أيقن أنه يقصد أنه يخبئ كنز تحت أرجله. عندما عاد الرجل إلى بيته في مره من المرات دخل السارق إلى المحل الخاص به ووجد الجره وبها النقود فأخذها وعندما جاء الرجل في اليوم الثاني لم يجد الجرة كاد أن يجن فذهب يشكي لزوجته ما حصل، فكرت الزوجة قليلا وقالت له أكيد أن السارق سيراقبك ليعرف ردة فعلك ولكن عندما تذهب غدا للعمل ردد هذا الأبيات وبالتأكيد أن السارق سيسمعك (لو خلاها كان أملاها) يعني لو خلى الجرة (تركها ولم يسرقها) حتى تمتلي بالفلوس وبعدين يشلها(يسرقها أو يخطفها) ، ونفذ الرجل ما قالت زوجته وكان اللص يراقبه وبالفعل وعندما سمع

الرجل يردد تلك الأبيات قرر أن يعيد الجرة حتى تمتليء بالنقود وبهذا رجعت النقود لصاحبها وقرر أن يخبئها في البيت بدلا من المحل.

### 13. *Al-Dajaal* (The Trickster ) and The Wife

كان هناك امرأة اللحية مغفلة ( اللحية هي المرأة السوداء)، وقد توفي أبوها وأمها منذ فترة، وفي يوم من الأيام كان زوجها في عمله، وهي جالسة في البيت فدق عليها باب البيت رجل دجال (محتال). فتحت المرأة الباب فقال لها الطارق أنت فلانة ، وأبوك فلان ، وأمك فلانة قالت : نعم ، فقال: أبوك وأمك اليوم يتعرسوا في الجنة (أي يعمل لهما عرس في الجنة) وهما يحتاجان إلى ملابس لزوم العرس ، والزفة ، فقالت : صدق؟ لايد أن احضر لهما أحسن الملابس .. لكن من أنت ؟ قال الدجال : (مزين البلى) والمزين هو الحلاق .. والقاعدة في جازان قديما أن المزين أو الحلاق كالخادم يوم العرس فيسعى في تحصيل ما يحتاجه العروسان .. وأهل البلى أي الموتى ، فقالت حسنا أعطني خمس دقائق لأجمع لك خير الملابس ( راعي لي شوية ثم جمعت له صرتين (قطعة من القماش يجمع فيها الملابس فتطوى وتربط) كبيرتين واحدة فيها ملابس رجال لأبيها ، و الأخرى ملابس نساء لأمها ، فأخذها الدجال مسرعاً وبعد قليل جاء زوجها من عمله متعباً ، فلما فتحت له الباب قالت: قول لي جنه (جنه وهي عبارة جيزانية قديمة معناها هنأني) فقال : لماذا ؟ قالت : قول لي جنه ، قال : جنه ليش(لماذا) ، قالت : أبي وأمي عيتعرسوا ( سوف يتعرسون ) في الجنة ، فقال كيف ؟ فحكيت له الحكاية كلها . ، فصاح بها وقال : أنت غبية بلهاء ، هيا جهزي لي الحصان حتى ألق هذا الدجال اللص بسرعة ، فجهزت له الحصان فركب عليه وأغذ السير ( أي أسرع ) حتى رأى من بعد الدجال وفي يديه الصرتان والتفت الدجال فرآه، فأدرك انه زوج المرأة التي خدعها، وفكر بسرعة في كيفية الخروج من هذا المأزق ، وفي أثناء تفكيره رأى رجلاً أصلع يحرق في قطعه أرض بجوار جبل وبجواره كومه قصب (قش) كبيرة ، فأقبل الدجال ناحية الرجل الأصلع ، وخبأ الصرتين في كومة القصب ، ثم قال الدجال للرجل الأصلع : أترى الرجل القادم على الحصان هناك ، أنه مرسل من قبل السلطان ليصنع من رؤوس الصلغ بطاطا ( لا يقصد به هنا البطاط المعروف وإنما إناء من الجلد ، يوضع فيه الصليط أي الزيت) ، وكان الرجل الأصلع غيبياً مغفلاً فصدق وقال له : وما العمل قال الرجال الدجال : أرى أن تحاول الهرب منه فتصعد على الجبل فلا يصل إليك فننذ الرجال الأصلع ما أشار عليه الدجال، وعندما وصل زوج المرأة إلى الدجال سأله : ألم تر رجلاً يحمل في يده صرتين ؟ فقال الدجال نعم ، هذا الذي صعد فوق الجبل فقال زوج المرأة : ولكني لا أستطيع أن أطارده وإنما فوق الجبل وأنا على الحصان ، فقال الدجال : دع عندي الحصان أحفظه لك حتى تصعد على الجبل وتمسك بالرجل ، فقال زوج المرأة : شكراً لك ، ولكن حافظ على الحصان ، فقال الدجال : نعم ، نعم ، طبعاً ثم صعد زوج

المرأة على الجبل ليطارد الأصلع ، فلما أبصره الأصلع يطارده ، تأكد أنه يريد أن يصنع من صلغته بطاطاً ، فلما اقترب زوج المرأة من الأصلع ، كان يقول له وهو يطارده : خذ واحدة ودع واحدة ( وهو يريد بقصده الصرتين ) والرجل الأصلع يضرب على رأسه ويقول : والله ما معي إلا هذه ( وهو يريد صلغته وفي النهاية أخذ الرجل الأصلع حجراً مدبباً ، وتوقف عن الجري وأخذ يضرب رأسه بالحجر ليشجها ، ويقول : لا لي ولا لك ولا لبطاط ) وهذا مثل جيزاني ، يقال في الشيء الذي لا تستفيد منه لا أنت ولا غيرك ) ، فلما رآه زوج المرأة يفعل هذا استفسر عن السبب ، فحكى له ، وعرف انه ليس هو اللص الذي خدع زوجته ، وتبين له أن اللص هو الذي ترك عند الحصان ، فنزل مسرعاً فرأى اللص على بعد لا يمكن الوصول إليه ، وقد ركب الفرس ووضع إحدى الصرتين في ناحية على الفرس والصرة الأخرى في الناحية الأخرى ، فعلم أنه قد ضاع منه الحصان كما ضاعت الصرتان ، وانه خُدع كما خدعت زوجته ، فعاد إلى بيته متعباً محسوراً مخزياً لا يدري ما يقول لامرأته ، وقد وبخها وشتمها على صرتين ، فماذا ستقول له وقد أضاع الحصان؟! فلما وصل وفتحت له قالت : ما فعلتم؟ فقال بسرعة : وجدناه صدقاً وزفتهم يوم الخميس ، ولم يكن لديهم حصان ، ( فاديت لهم الحصان ) أي أعطيتهم الحصان.

#### 14. The Women and The Donkey Are My Own

كان في مرة عجوز ضرير ( أعمى ) ، كان في طريقه من القرية إلى المدينة ، فلحق به رجل معه زوجته وحماره ، رأى الرجل هذا الضرير فرثى لحاله ، فقرر أن ينزل زوجته من على الحمار ويقدمه للضرير ليركب عليها حتى يصل للمدينة ، استجاب الضرير وركب الحمار .

ولما وصلوا إلى المدينة ، هم الرجل بإنزال الضرير من على الحمار ، ولكن الضرير صرخ بأعلى صوته طالباً النجدة (الحقوني ..الحقوني)

فاجتمع الناس حوله ، فقال ( الضرير ) : إن هذا الرجل وجد في ضعفا ويريد أن يأخذ حماري ، وليس بمستبعد أن يقول عما قليل أن هذه المرأة زوجته

صعق الرجل لما سمع ، وقال في نفسه : سيصدق الناس ، بحكم ضعفه ، كيف يستطيع هذا الضرير أن ينال مني؟؟

وكان الضرب يقول في نفسه : إن نجحت الخطة كسبت امرأة وحمار ، وإن لم تنجح كان الامر كله هدار في هدار ( أي كلام لافائدة منه). أمسك الناس بالرجل وغادر الأعمى راكبا على الحمار وزوجة الرجل مجبورة راكبة خلفه.

### 15. The Son of Abu-Jaradah and The Qadi (Judge)

يحكى أن الشيخ القاضي امحملي في مقربة حقنا (في قريتنا) ، كان شخصا عاقلاً زاهداً عادلاً خبيراً بالأحكام. و حدث أن ادعى عنده مدّع على آخر بمبلغ. فلما أنكر المدعى عليه، أخرج المدعي وثيقة فيها إقرار (أنا منصور أبو جرادة أتعهد بتسليم المبلغ). فأنكر المدعى عليه أن الاسم المذكور في الوثيقة (أبو جرادة) اسم أبيه. فقال له الشيخ امحملي: فما اسمك أنت؟ قال: منصور. قال: واسم أبيك؟ قال: حسين. فسكت عنه الشيخ بعد أن شعر بكذبه، وتشاغل بالحديث قاصداً مع من كان عنده حتى طال ذلك، ثم إذا بالشيخ يصيح فجأة: يا بن أبو جرادة! فأجابه المدعى عليه مبادراً: لبيك يا شيخ! فقال له القاضي: ادفع لغريمك حقّه. دفع المدعى عليه المبلغ وغادر مجلس الشيخ خجلاً ناكساً رأسه

### 16. Stingy Reputation

هذه قافلة الحجاج مجتمعة في أطراف البلد مستعدة لتوجه لمكة فهلموا بنا نصنع إلى الحجاج إحساناً يشيع خبره في جميع البلدان. فاتفق رأيهم على أن يحمل كل واحد منهم قربة مليئة باللبن ليسقوا الجاج بذلك اللبن، ولما نزل الحجاج إلى نبع الماء ليملأوا قربهم بالماء فتوجه أفراد القبيلة يحملون القرب المملوءة إليهم ، وما أن وصل الحجاج حتى صاح أفراد القبيلة : هلموا يا حجاج بيت الله إلى شرب اللبن. فأخذ كل واحد منهم يقول لصاحبه: اسقهم أنت أولاً. فامتنع الكل من التقدم لحل قربه. مما جعل الحجاج يتوجهون مجيئين النداء لفتح القرب بأنفسهم فحلوها فكانت جميعها مملوءة بالماء. فقال واحد من أفراد القبيلة مبرراً: إني قلت في نفسي إذا كانت القبيلة كل قربهم لبناً فقربتي تضيع بين القرب فلا تضرنني أن تكون ماء، فملأتها ماء . فقال الآخر مثل قوله. حتى اتفق الكل على ذلك الخيال الفاسد فزاد عليهم العار وانتشر خبرهم في جميع البلاد.

## **PART 3: BELIRF LEGEND AND MEMORATE**

### **17. El- Nabash and the cemetery guard**

في مرة من المرات ذهبت إلى قرية الرزان قاصدا مقبرة القرية الواقعة ما بين بيوتها وواديها من ناحية الجنوب ، كنت متوجها لها قاصدا ( كوخ ) يسكنه رجل مسن ، كل ما أعرفه عن هذا الرجل بأنه ليس من أهل القرية ، قيل لي أنه يسكن المقبرة منذ زمن بعيد ، لم يستطع أحد من القرية أن يبعده عنها لأنه يقوم بالاهتمام بها ، لذا تركوه هناك . لم أعلم أمني عن ذهابي إلى المقبرة ، كنت عازما على نبش قصة لطالما أجدت نارا لا تتطفئ منذ علمي بها ، لم أكن أعلم ما سأفعله ، لكن هناك ما يجب أن يقال ، لا أدرك من أين أبدأ ، لكن شيئا يحدثني على البداية. بمجرد دخولي للمقبرة شعرت بشيء يخترقني ، بشيء يصفعني بمقت ، ألم حقيق لا أستطيع احتمالها. كوخ الرجل قابع في ركن من أركان المقبرة ، نور بسيط ينبعث من ذلك الركن ، مضيت إليه وجلا ، توقفت أمامه ، ناديت يا عم .. يا عم ، قليلا إذ به يخرج من عشته متوكئا على عصاته.

قال : من ؟ قلت : أنا .. !! قال : أنت من ؟

ذكرت له فلانا وقلت : هل تذكر هذا الاسم ؟ . جلس على كرسيه الواقع بجانب باب العشة صامتا. رأسه للأسفل ، كررت سؤالي : هل تذكر هذا الاسم ؟ . قال : نعم أذكره .. ( وصمت ) .

جلست على الأرض بمواجهته ، منكسا رأسه لا يزال ، قلت له : ماذا تعرف عنه ؟ للحظات بقي صامتا ، أعدت عليه سؤالي ..

قال : الله يرحمه . قلت : آمين .. وماذا ؟ قال : ماذا تريد ؟ قلت : أنت تعلم ما أريد . رفع رأسه باتجاهي قائلا : الله يرحمه أينما كان .. !!

قلت : أنت الوحيد من يملك إجابات لأسئلتني ، أدرك أنك الوحيد الذي يملك راحتي ، تعرف الكثير عن خفايا هذه المقبرة ، وأعرف أن لديك بغيتي . قام من مكانه متوكئا على عصاته ، من جلستي قمت ، خلفه بقيت . قال : هناك .. ( وأشار بعصاته على ناحية من القبر ) هناك كان قبره قبل أن .. ( وصمت ) . قلت : قبل أن .. ماذا ؟ . قال : قبل أن أفجع بما رأيت . قلت : أكمل .

قال : قصته لا يعرفها أحد من أهل القرية ، أنا من شاهد القصة بعيني ، تلك الليلة كانت أعرب ليلة عشتها ؛ مفترق طرق لحياتي كلها ، لم أحك لأحد ما رأيت تلك الليلة ، شيخ القرية هو الوحيد الذي أعلمته فقط .

قلت له : أكمل .

تحرك من مكانه متجها لداخل كوخه ، تبعته ، جلس على كرسيه الوحيد بداخله ، أمامه وقفت .. قال : بعد أن دفناه ، تفرق المشيعون كل إلى بغيته ، كنت لا أزال محتفظا ببقية من فتوة ، دفناه بعد أن صلينا عليه العشاء ، عدت بعدها إلى مكاني هذا ، مرت ليلة على موته ، في عصر تلك الليلة ذهبت لقبره ، بالماء رششته ، عند غروب الشمس عدت لكوخي ، تلك الليلة .. ( وصمت ) شعرت به يبكي ، قلت له : ماذا حصل تلك الليلة !!!؟ قال : تلك الليلة رأيت ما لا أصدقه لولا رؤيتي له .. ( وصمت ) سمعته يبكي فعلا هذه المرة ، كنت لا أزال ممسكا بنفسي ، قلت له : ماذا رأيت ؟

قال : لم يعد له وجود في قبره ، نعم اختفى من لحده ، تلك الليلة سمعت أقداما تتحرك في المقبرة ، كانت الظلمة بهيمة ، لكني رأيت .. والله رأيت .. ( وصمت ) .

استغرق هذه المرة في بكائه بلا انقطاع ، ذرفت عيني ، لكني تغلبت على حالة البكاء ، قلت له : أكمل أرجوك .

تخلص من بكائه قائلا : لا أدري ماذا رأيت ؟ لكنه بيدين طويلتين كلها مفاصل ، يتحرك بواسطة يديه ، جسده كجسد حيوان . لا بل إنسان .. آآآآه لا أدري هل هو حيوان أم إنسان .. كلاهما ، قدماه صغيرتان ، في أعلى ظهره ( منساب ) ، رأيتة يدور حول القبر ، ما هي إلا لحظة حتى أخرج الميت من قبره ، علقه بمنسابه وجره مختفيا ، لم أعرف ماذا أفعل ؟ ، باتجاهه ركضت ، لكني .. لكني فشلت في اللحاق به ، بحثت عنه في كل أركان المقبرة لكني لم أجده .. والله لم أجده . ( وصمت ) .

استغرق في نشيجه ، لحظتها لم أحتمل ، رحت أعط في بكاء متواصل لولا أنه أكمل . قال : لم أعلم بنفسني إلا وأنا أطرق باب شيخ القرية ، حكيت له كل ما رأيت ، ما هي إلا لحظة وإذ بشيخ القرية يجرنني باتجاه المقبرة ، رأى القبر ، قال الشيخ لي ماذا حصل ؟ قلت له كل ما شاهدته ، قال لي أمتأكد مما تقوله ؟ قلت له بعيني رأيت ، قال الشيخ حينها أمرا أن احفر القبر ، ترددت قليلا لكنني وافقته ، أحضرت عدتي ونورا لنر ، كان القبر على هيئته لولا أن فتحة في ركن من أركانه بجهة اللحد عند رأس الميت ، حفرنا القبر ، لكننا لم نجد الميت بداخله ، تأكد الشيخ مما قلته وقال ( سعيد نباش ) والله هو .. !! قلت من هذا ؟ قال هو من أخذه ، ثم قال لي الشيخ أنه عندما زار الميت أيام مرضه قبيل موته قال له أن سعيد نباش ( تَحَلَّأْبُه ) ، قال لي الشيخ أن الميت طلب منه طلبا بأن يجعل على قبره من يحرسه ثلاث ليال ، لكنه لم فعل ربما لأنه لم يصدق مقالته ، قلت للشيخ أين هو الآن ؟ قال لي في علم الله ، أتبع الشيخ قائلا لي على أن ما حصل الليلة سيبقى بيننا ، قلت له نعم ، طلب مني أن أعيد القبر على هيئته وذهب ، أعدت القبر كما قال الشيخ وعدت لكوخي خائفا .. ( وصمت ) . كنت واقفا مكاني لا أدرك شيئا ، كل ما قاله لي

كان كالحلم ، تمر الصورة على مخيلتي وأنا صامت .. نعم صامت . قال لي : أنت ثالث من يعلم ، لا أدري لم قلت لك ، لكن شيئاً خفياً كان يجبرني على البوح بأمر هذا الرجل لك.

## 18. *Amal (name of Girl) and El- Nabash*

في قديم الزمان كانت هناك قرية تدعى نبش الأمل كانت قرية صغيرة يسكنها أناس يتكلمون في معيشتهم على نتاج أبقارهم ومزارعهم. وكانوا يجلبون الماء من عين كانت تبعد قليلاً عن القرية. كان جلب الماء من تخصص الفتيات واللواتي يذهبن لجلبه على شكل مجموعات في الصباح الباكر ويعدن وقت الغروب يومياً. كان هناك بنت تدعى أمل عمرها تسع سنوات والتي مات أبوها بعد ولادتها بيومين. تعيش أمل مع أمها في عشة (منزل يبني من سعف النخل) صغيرة. كانت أمل تأخذ الجرة وتذهب لجلب الماء من العين مع فتيات القرية يومياً. في إحدى الليالي تأخرت أمل على غير العادة عن العودة إلى المنزل مما أثار قلق الأم والتي توجهت مباشرة تدق المنازل المجاورة لتسأل الفتيات اللواتي ذهبن مع أمل لجلب الماء ولكنهم جميعاً أخبروها أن أمل عادت معهم. ذهبت الأم إلى البيت لتتأكد من عودة أمل ولكنها لم تجدها بالبيت. كان الوقت ليلاً والظلام حالكا ولكن الأم أخذت الفانوس(المصباح) وتوجهت إلى النبع مباشرة والذي يقع على مشارف جبل يسمى أبو النار ( جبل بالمنطقة اشتهر بثورانه في سنين مضت). قبل وصول الأم إلى النبع رأت من بعيد طفلتها أمل وقد إمتد جسمها على جانب النبع. تسارعت خطا الأم لتصل إلى أمل والتي كانت مغما عليها أمسكتها وطنت أنها ميتة ولكن فجأة فتحت أمل عينيها قائلة:(نبشت عيني). لم تفهم الام ذلك فحملت أمل وتتوجه مباشرة للمنزل. وضعت الأم أمل على الفراش لتنام. في اليوم التالي أيقضت الأم أمل لتتطمأن عليها. فاقت أمل وهي في صحة جيدة لتتناول إفطارها لكن الأم لاحظت وجود نقطة سوداء غريبة في عين أمل اليسرى. خافت الأم على صحة ابنتها وأخذتها لزيارة شيخ القرية (وهو رجل زاهد في الدين يرجع له في جميع المشورات والتساؤلات وهي عادة سائدة في المنطقة) ليقراً عليها. ومع مرور الأيام زاد حجم البقعة السوداء في عين أمل تدريجياً أخذنا معها صحة أمل تدريجياً. أخذت الأم أمل وتوجهت بها إلى امرأة تدعى السيدة ( أي العجوز التي يعتقد أن لديها كرامات أو قوة خارقة للشفاء ولمعرفة بعض الأمور الغيبية). وعند وصول أمل والتي كانت بالكاد تستطيع المشي مع أمها إلى السيدة أطلعت الأم السيدة بقصة النقطة السوداء بعين أمل وعند رؤية السيدة لعين أمل مباشرة ظهر على وجهها الخوف والتعجب قائلة للأم ابنتك مملوكة ومستحلاه من قبل النباش؟؟؟(أي قد أثارت إعجاب النباش وهو مخلوق خرافي ومرادفه في اللغة الحفار وقد اختلفت الروايات في كل شكله فمنهم من يقول أنه على شكل انسان ويكسو جسمه شعر كثيف ولديه يدين طويلتين جدا ولها سبعة مفاصل ومنهم

من يقول أنه بشكل طائر ولديه أجنحه ويعتقد أنه يأخذ الميتين الذين استحلامهم وتملكهم قبل موتهم من قبورهم بعد دفنهم مباشرة قبل أن يتعفنوا ويأخذهم إلى الجبال أو أماكن يصعب الوصول إليها) استغربت الأم كثيرا لأن السائد في تلك القرية أن كبار السن والذين قاربوا على الموت فقط هم من يكونون هدفا لتملك النباش. عرفت الأم من السيدة أنه لا يوجد أبدا أي أمل من شفائها وأنه مع اكتمال قمر هذا الشهر سيوف تموت أمل وسيخطفها النباش ويعيد أحيائها لتعيش معه في مسكنه أعلى جبل أبو النار. مع قرب اكتمال القمر زادت حالة أمل تدهورا وتساقط الشعر من جميع أنحاء جسمها وانقلب بياض عينيها لسواد قائم ولكن الأم عاهدت نفسها أنها لن تترك أمل لحظة لكي لا يخطفها النباش. وفي إحدى الليالي وعند اكتمال القمر وحيثما كانت الأم تجلس بجانب ابنتها والتي كانت تستلقي مغميا عليها من شدة المرض على الفراش سمعت الأم صوت أجش يأتي من خارج العشة يقول: ( أمل أنتي ملكي) فجأة وبعد انتهاء ذلك الصوت فاقت أمل فجأة وقد ذهبت تلك الغشاوة السوداء من عينيها وعادت وكأنه لم يكن بها شيء. فرحت الأم كثيرا بعودة أمل للحياة!!! وبعد أيام تطمنت الأم على صحة أمل وتركتها تذهب للعب بجوار العشة. ولكن ذلك الخروج كان الأخير فلم تعد أمل بعدها للمنزل أبدا ولم يعرف لها أثر. بعد المحاولات العديدة من قبل سكان القرية لاجادها لم يعثر على أمل. أصبحت قصة أمل حديث القرية والقرى المجاورة لفترة طويلة وتيمنا وجزنا على أمل أطلق السكان على القرية اسم (نبش الأمل) واستمر يطلق على تلك القرية ذلك الاسم حتى يومنا هذا.

## 19. The Jinne of The Jar, Please Kidnap My Wife

هذي القصة قالوا أنها وقعت زمان أيام الإمام (هو شخص يدعى الإمام حسين كانت له بطولات عدة ولعب دورا بارزا في تحرير المنطقة وتوحيدها قديما جدا ) قالوا أنه في مرة واحد تزوج ببنت عمه. بعد العرس بفترة جلس الزوج بيتعشى مع مرته واكتئب (غست اللقمة بحلقه) باللقمة .. وقال لمرته تدي له الكوز (إناء مصنوع من الفخار يستخدم لشرب الماء ويسمى أيضا الجرة) لكي يشرب وقد كانت مرته طرحت الكوز في الجبي علاسب لكي بيرد ... فأخذت تمازح زوجها فتماطله عن جلب الكوز فقال لها: بعصيبة نااهي قومي اتركي الغنج (اللع) يا قمر واجلي الكوز فلما طلعت الزوجه من الباب صاح لها مازحا قائلا : (شلها " اخطفها" يا كوز شلها) . تاخرت الزوجة عن الاتيان بالكوز فقام الزوج للبحث عنها ولكنه لم يجدها فقال في نفسه ضاحكا ربما شلها الكوز فذهب للنوم وقال في نفسه غدا في الصباح سأبحث عنها!! في صباح اليوم التالي وبعد أن بحث ولم يجدها ذهب للفقير (الشيخ) وذكر له قصته، قال له الفقير: صلي معنا الفجر بكرة ومباشرة بعد الفجر روح لباب



القرية الرئيس وانتظر حتى يفتح وأي شي يطلع منه الحقه (اتبعه). بعد صلاة الفجر في اليوم التالي توجه الزوج لباب القرية وانتظر حتى فتح وإذا بكلب أسود ضخم يركض مسرعا من الباب فمر بجوار الزوج كمبرق. تبع الزوج الكلب مسرعا حتى وصلو لجبل يسمى نغم (مصائب) التقت الكلب بعدها للرجل وبدأ يطرده، هرب الرجل من الكلب وما أن أصاب الرجل التعب توقف وتوقف الكلب أمامه. قال الكلب: "ماذا تطاردني". تفاجأ الزوج ولكن بعد قليل رد لمكلب قائلا: "زوجتي شلها الكوز قلي يا جني (أي جني) شلها ووينها نحبن (الان)" رد الكلب قائلا: ( ولم تجد الا الكوز تدعيه لأجل يشلها)، رد الزوج لما (لماذا؟؟). قال الكلب لأن الكوز يملكه جني مجنون ولكن اتبعني الان وسنجد حل لمشكلتك. تبع الزوج الكلب حتى دخلو جبل نغم فأخذ الكلب لرئيس الجن يسمى جحفا فحكى الكلب لجحفا القصة فخاطب الزوج قائلا: " أنتم ياسكان جازان دائما تقولون كلمة الله يشلك وشلووك ودائما على لسانكم (شلوك... خطفوك... تنفوك... حني شلك... جني تنفك... جني برك) وهذه الكلمة لاتسمع من معراده (يقال للجن السائح الكثير التجول) إلا ويصدقها ويخطف ويشل المدعو عليه. فانتم بذلك تهدون الهدية ثم تتراجعون عنها. وبعد ترجي الزوج والقسم على عدم الدعوة على زوجته مرة أخرى نادى جحفا على جني الكوز وأمره بإعادة الزوجة. والتم لم الأسرة مرة أخرى وعاهد الزوج زوجته على عدم الدعوة عليها أبدا.

## 20. El-Jarjoof ( The Ghoul)

في مرة من المرات كان هناك مجموعة من الفتيات من قرية الرازح ( تقع بالقرب من قرية السهي وهي قرية حدودية مع اليمن) واللاتي تزين بأفضل ما يكون من لباس وحلي وخرجن يحملن الجرار على رؤوسهن وكان عددهن سبعا وكانت اصغرهن افقرهن ولم تلبس لباسا فاخرا ولا حليا كان سرب الفتيات يبحث عن شجر الدوم حيث انتهين الى واد فسيح انتصبت وسطه شجرة دوم كبيرة وقفن الفتيات يتداولن فيمن منهن تتسلق الشجرة وتلقي الى الباقيات بالدوم وواحدة بعد واحدة رفضت الفتيات تسلق الشجرة هذه تخشى اين يتمزق قميصها الجديد وتلك تتعذربانها استعارت ثوبها وهكذا حتى وصل الامر الى الفتاة السابعه الفقيرة والتي لم تكن تملك حجه ولهذا وافقت مكرهه على التسلق بعد ان وعدتها الفتيات بان يملأن جرتها مع باقي الجرر فتسلقت الفتاة الشجرة وجعلت تهزها فتسقط الثمار وتهرع الفتيات الى انتقاء الافضل منها ويتركن الاقل جودة لتلك الفتاة المسكينة وما ان امتلأت جرارهن حتى غادرن المكان تاركات البنات فوق الشجرة تبكي وتستغيث وما من واحدة منهن تأخذها بها شفقه ومر الوقت ولا من انسان يمر وفجأة رأته شبحا يتجه نحوها وسرعان ما تبينت فيه الجرجوف (الغول) كان قد شم رائحتها فاتجه نحوها واستغاثت به كي يساعدوا في النزول فاخبرها ان هناك ستة جراجيف وراءه سوف يلي الواحد الاخر وعليها الاستغاثه باحدهم ومرو بدون ان يساعدوا حتى مر الجرجوف السابع فشرط عليها بانه سينزلها كي يتزوجها فلذا يجب عليها أن تقفز وإذا وقعت على أصبعه الوسطى فسوف يساعدوا ويتزوجها وإذا وقعت على إحدى الأصابع الباقية فسيأكلها.

وافقت الفتاة وألقت بنفسها فوقعت على اصبعه الوسطى. تزوجها الجرجوف وأخذها الى بيته حيث حول نفسه الى شاب جميل واستمال قلبها بما اظهر لها من حب وسلمها ستة مفاتيح من غرف البيت السبع والتي احتفظ بمفتاحها واعطاها حرية التجول بالغرف الست وحذرها من الدخول الى الغرفة السابعة وبالطبع يثور فضول الزوجه الشابه وتبحث طويلا حتى تجد المفتاح ولما فتحت باب الغرفة السابعة وجدت نفسها امام منظر مريع حقا لقد امتلأت الغرفة باشلاء الضحايا الذين افترسهم الجرجوف على مر الايام وكان للغرفة باب سري يدخل منه الوحش فكرهت الفتاة ان تعيش مع هذا الوحش المخضب بالدماء وادرك الجرجوف السر ولكن اراد ان يستوثق فاقترح عليها ان يدعو اليها امها فوافقت فحول الجرجوف نفسه الى صورة امها والتي حاولت ان تحصل من ابنتها على سر شقائها ولكن البنات امتنعت ان تبوح بالسر واضطر الجرجوف ان يحول صورته الى اخ الزوجه والى صورة صديقه لها حتى ظفر من زوجته بما يؤيد شكوكه الا انه لم يبطش بها محاولا ان تقبل الفتاة وتعيش معه. ولكنها تعجز عن العيش معه وتشاهد ذات يوم راعي وتؤشر له بثوبها وتبين بانه أخواها وتعانقا وبقي معها حتى وقت المغرب فجاء الجرجوف وشم على الفور رائحة ادمي واقترح عليها ان يخرج مع اخيها الى السوق لشراء لحم وفي الطريق غدر به الوحش وذبحه وقطعه اجزاء اخذ بعضها وعاد وقدمه لزوجته على انه لحم وطلب ان تطهوه ففعلت هذا مكرهه وجلس الاثنان ليأكلا اللحم فجعلت الزوجه تتظاهر بالاكل وتجمع ما استطاعت من اللحم وضعت في حفرة صغيرة واخذت تسقي الحفرة وما فيها كل يوم وبعد ايام نبتت شجرة قرع اخذت تكبر وخرج منه طفل صغير وفرحت به فقد علمت انه اخوها وقد عاد الى الحياة من جديد وقالت لزوجها بانها رزقت منه بولد فتركه يعيش بامان على مضض وكبر الطفل واصبح رجل فدفعت له بسيف معلق فوق رأس الجرجوف وطلبت منه ان يضربه ضربه واحدة فقط ولا يلحقه باخرى كي لا يعيش ففعل الفتى وضرب الجرجوف وهو نائم ولم يضرب ضربه اخرى رغم توسل الجرجوف ولم يلبث الجرجوف ان مات ويعود الاخ واخته الى قريةهما محمليين بما استطاعا نقله من كنوز الجرجوف.

# **Curriculum Vitae**

## **WALEED AHMED HIMLI**

### **Contact Information**

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### **OBJECTIVE**

Expand my knowledge in the field of folklore by pursuing a Master's and a Ph.D. Degree in Folklore.

### **EDUCATION**

July-2008                      Bachelor's Degree of Arts in the field of Arabic language.  
King Saud University, College of Arts, with a GPA of  
(4.61/5) Department of Arabic language.

### **EXPERIENCES**

- (2010 - 2011) Assistant Manager, the Museum of Folklore at College of Arts, King Saud University (KSU).
- (2009 - Present) Teaching Assistant, teaching Folklore, Cultural Heritage and Oral tradition courses, Department of Heritage Management, King Saud University (KSU).
- (2009 - 2010) General Coordinator, the Organizing Committee for the Festival of Folklore and Culture “Aljinadria”.
- (2009 - 2010) Supervisor, scientific field trips designed to collect and study folklore in the Middle East, King Saud University (KSU).
- (2009 - 2010) General Coordinator, the Conservation Society of Folklore at General Authority for Tourism and Antiquities.

## **MEMBERSHIPS**

- Member, the Saudi Association of Dialects and Folklore.
- Member, the Saudi Society for Archeological Studies.
- Member, the Association of History and Archaeology in Gulf Cooperation Council (GCC).
- Member, the Saudi Association of Cultural Heritage.
- Member, Saudi Society for Oral Studies.
- Member, Arab Archaeologists' Society.

## **AWARDS & HONORS**

- A Trophy of Appreciation from the Department of Heritage Management, King Saud University, for my teaching efforts in Folklore, Field Methodology and Cultural Resources Management courses.
- A Trophy of Appreciation from General Authority for Tourism and Antiquities for my efforts to organize and prepare for the festival of the Festival of Folklore and Culture “Aljinadria”.
- A Certificate of Appreciation from Faculty of Tourism and Antiquities for my contribution to the inauguration of the Museum of Folklore.
- A Certificate of Appreciation from the Dean of College of Arts, King Saud University, for my contribution to the college of arts.
- A Certificate and a Trophy of Appreciation from the Dean of College of Arts, King Saud University for the academic excellence during my undergraduate studies.

## **TRAINING COURSES**

- The basis of the oral tradition collection.
- Project Management Professional.
- Data entry and word processing.

**RESEARCH INTERESTS:**

- Languages and Cultures.
- Folktales.
- History of Folklore.
- Oral and Cultural Tradition.
- Heritage Resources Management.

**PROFESSIONAL SKILLS:**

- Professional in computer Office applications.
- Creative, and prefer a team-working environment.
- Like to read about other fields of knowledge.
- Bilingual, and have competence knowledge of Arabic and English.

**SOFT SKILLS**

- Independent thinker.
- Fast learner.
- Effective communicator.

**HOBBIES AND INTERESTS:**

- Reading books especially scientific publications and literary works.
- Browsing the internet.
- Practicing team sports.
- Trips and visits.

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