Tuwteyatan De Sāqaṭrey
Folk Tales
from Socotra

Edited by
Mohammed Almahfali
Ahmed Eissa Amer Al-Daarhi
Ahmed Eissa Alrumaili
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Ahmed Eissa Amer Al-Daarhi
Ahmed Eissa Alrumaili

Arweqa for Studies, Translation, and Publishing
Team work

Collecting tales in their original language

- Ahmed Eissa Amer Al-Daarhi
- Ahmed Eissa Alrumaili
- Maisoun Mohammed Al-Daarhi
- Maha Ali Al-Daarhi

Arabic editing

- Shada Abdulaziz
- Hayel Almathabi

Translating into English

- Bassam Jwohur

Photography and graphic

- Riyadh Ghaleb Al-Mahfali
- Magdi Thabet Alqablany

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Introduction

Socotra Island is one of the most vital habitats, possessing a unique environment with rare characteristics that have earned it a place on UNESCO's list of world heritage sites to be protected. Its well-deserved status results from its exceptional geological and environmental diversity, which is reflected in the vast array of plants, trees, animals, and rare birds it harbors. Remarkably, some of these marine and wild plants can be found nowhere else, making Socotra Island extraordinary.

Socotra Island is part of the Yemeni Socotra Archipelago, situated northwest of the Indian Ocean, near the Gulf of Aden, covering an area of 250 km. The archipelago includes three additional islands and two small rocky islets. UNESCO recognizes this region as an exceptional site due to its rich biodiversity, with an astounding proportion of endemic species. Notably, 73% of plant species (out of 528), 09% of reptile species, and 59% of wild snail species found here are exclusive to this area, found nowhere else in the world. The archipelago is also a significant habitat for various bird species, hosting 291 globally essential species, 44 of which breed on the islands, while 58 migrate regularly, including some endangered species.

Socotra's marine life boasts remarkable diversity, encompassing 352 species of reef-building coral, 730
species of coastal fish, and 300 species of crabs, lobsters, and shrimps. One of the island's iconic trees is known as the "Tree of the Blood of the Two Brothers" in Arabic and is also called the "Dragon's Blood tree" in English.

The dragon's blood tree symbolizes this mythical island, deriving its name from the tales of the two brothers, Cain and Abel. Arabic and English designations emphasize the tree's fantastical nature, firmly rooted in the human imagination. Beyond its unique appearance, the tree possesses a fictional allure that transcends reality, adding a mythical dimension. This captivating essence of the tree profoundly influences the island's linguistic and literary expressions, shaping how its stories are told and passed down through generations.

Paradoxically, while Socotra Island boasts a vast array of wild animal species, not a single dog can be found on the island or its surrounding areas. Additionally, despite the abundance of mountains, forests, and caves that typically support predatory animals, the presence of wild animals is scarce. This intriguing paradox invites us to view the Socotra man's interaction with the environment uniquely, suggesting a distinct approach to coexisting harmoniously with the island's delicate ecosystem.

Rooted in this deep connection with nature, the richness of Socotra's culture and popular heritage becomes evident. This unique blend of cultural treasures and folklore mirrors the abundant wealth found in the island's diverse plants, trees, stones, soil,
and sea. The people themselves embody this cultural wealth, presenting a fascinating tapestry that warrants thorough research and study. However, preserving and perpetuating this invaluable heritage necessitates research and documentation and, above all, diligent protection and preservation efforts.

The Socotra language holds significant historical importance as an ancient Arabic language that continues to thrive today, with over 100,000 speakers in the Socotra archipelago. Similarly, the Mahri language is spoken in the Yemeni mainland, and the mountainous or Shehri, also known as Jibbali language in the Sultanate of Oman. Unfortunately, these languages are among the most endangered due to various factors, such as their limited use in official spaces and the absence of inclusion in educational curricula. Their preservation now relies solely on the continued use and transmission by the people who speak them.

Recognizing these languages as vital components of our cultural heritage is imperative and worthy of preservation. Topmost among these priorities should be the collection and documentation of their literary and cultural heritage, ensuring their continuity in the speakers' lives. This effort is crucial in safeguarding these languages for future generations and valuing the diverse linguistic tapestry that enriches our world.

For two years, a dedicated team of researchers and folklore specialists on the island of Socotra recognized the significance of preserving and promoting folklore. Their mission entailed gathering
a selection of folk tales, focusing on those not documented or published. Subsequently, the team diligently worked on revising and translating these tales, ensuring their clarity and accessibility to readers not only within Yemen and the Arab world but also on an international scale. By sharing these captivating narratives, they aimed to showcase the cultural richness of Socotra and celebrate its unique folklore with a global audience.

In April 2021, we initiated the training of a dedicated collection team comprising female and male specialists with prior experience in collecting folklore on Socotra. The group underwent comprehensive training on efficient techniques to gather and document stories. Remarkably, within two months, the team gathered nearly twenty captivating texts. The stories were recorded in audio format, transcribed onto paper, and ultimately translated into Arabic. This meticulous process ensured the preservation of these valuable narratives for generations, making them accessible to a broader audience.

In an impressive timeline of just four months, the collected stories were meticulously organized, skillfully translated into Arabic, and seamlessly integrated onto the website of the Socotra Folk Literature Protection Project.

To advance the project further, the subsequent year marked the transition to its second phase, with two main objectives in mind. The primary goal was to present these captivating tales in their authentic
Socotri language, while the second aim was to translate these texts into English, broadening their reach to an international audience. To achieve this, we meticulously curated a selection of the most impactful texts from Socotra's rich folk culture. Subsequently, we skillfully compiled the texts in their original Socotri language and thoughtfully transcribed them using Arabic letters, enabling Soqotri readers to engage with these treasured narratives in their mother tongue.

The challenge we encountered was to find suitable symbols for the letters in the Soqotri language, which differ significantly from Arabic letters. We diligently examined previous literature on the subject to address this, seeking insights and solutions. Eventually, we opted for symbols that closely resembled Arabic letters while also holding unique significance, accurately reflecting the sounds of the original Soqotri language.

The Socotri language is distinct in its composition, featuring four main letters that lack direct equivalents in the Arabic language, namely (ج، چ، س، لـ). While these letters may resemble Arabic letters like (ج، ش، ظ) in appearance, their pronunciation is quite different. The unique aspect lies in the way they are articulated, with the sounds emerging from the side of the tongue, an unusual characteristic not found in typical Arabic letters. Conversely, there are Arabic letters that do not have counterparts in the Socotri script, such as (ث، ذ، ظ).
When transcribing the Socotri language into Latin letters, we struck a balance by referring to the literature of Russian researchers and the phonetic writing model adopted by IJMES for Arabic letters. Our aim was to select a consistent and suitable model for the project. Notably, we made certain adaptations to achieve this balance. For instance, we represented specific Socotri letters with Latin equivalents (ء =ʾ, ج =ch, خ = kh, ش =sh, ض =ḍ, ط =ṭ, ض =ywać, غ =gh, لپ =l), while we used the letters a, e, and u after each consonant to represent the vowel sounds (َ, ُ, ِ). Each letter was given intensity, and if there was a thousand mudd after a fatha, we placed the following letter: ā. For further reference, Table (1) provides graphic details of the Socotri language, displayed in both Arabic and Latin letters.

Within these tales, the reader is transported to the heart of Socotra's society, discovering its distinctive tranquility, simplicity, and reverence for life. The tales reveal a society deeply rooted in its connection to the land and the surrounding wildlife. In this intimate relationship, man and nature intertwine, akin to kinship, as man cherishes and nurtures nature as if it were his own child. As a result, these stories hold immense anthropological value, providing invaluable insights into the nature of Socotra's society, particularly in bygone eras. Through these narratives, readers understand the cultural ethos and attachment to nature that have shaped Socotra's unique identity over time.
While we acknowledge that these stories represent just a fraction of Socotra's vast folklore, the team has invested significant effort to narrow the gap between the readers in Yemen, the Arab world, and the captivating world of this folklore. This initial stage serves as a foundation for future endeavors, with the hope of subsequent stages focused on gathering and documenting the island's popular heritage. Our ultimate goal is to safeguard not only the folklore but also the Socotri language itself, a precious historical treasure deserving of protection from the threat of extinction. By dedicating ourselves to this mission, we aspire to preserve and celebrate Socotra's cultural legacy for generations.

We want to thank the Yemeni Cultural Networks Project and the German Goethe Institute for their generous funding and support, which breathed life into this project. Their belief in preserving Socotra's cultural heritage has been instrumental in making this endeavor possible. We also extend our sincerest thanks to the dedicated team members who played vital roles in the success of this project. Each member's commitment and dedication have been invaluable, from the field researchers who diligently collected the stories to the editors, reviewers, photographers, and designers who contributed their expertise.
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Table (1) he phonetic writing symbols for the Socotri language in Arabic and Latin letters
A Tale of the Socotri Poetess

More or less a century ago, it is narrated that a young poetess belonged to one of the rural areas on Socotra Island. That young poetess fell in love with a man who neither belonged to the island nor was one of its people. That love story between them happened when that man came to the island as a visitor at once.

This poetess was beautiful, gentle, religious, and moral. She had a goat she loved and considered a piece of her soul, and she never left it. The name of that goat was Fidadah.

Since the first meeting with the stranger, the poetess concealed the love that grew and flourished in her heart, hiding it from her family until it became so large that she could not carry it in her chest. Not
long before, the man she loved came hoping and asking her family for permission to marry her.

Over time, her dreams became bigger and bigger. The world became rosy in her eyes as if it was the first time she experienced life that way. She continued imaging her future life in the best way that went beyond what apoetess’s imagination could have conceived. She thought about many things, the names she and her future husband would choose for their children. She also imagined what her nest house would be like, where she would live in the future, with that beloved person whom she was inspired with fierce love and had not forgotten.

But even then, this poetess could not open her heart to anyone and tell him what she was experiencing and the longing and love for that beloved she was keeping in her heart. At the
same time, she was not ready to hear any opinion in opposition to her sweet obsessions, even the opinion of her mother, father, or any of her close family members. She had two options. The first option was to stay with her family on the island and respond to their advice, and the other was to sacrifice all that, leave it behind, and choose to go with the one she loved and was chosen by her heart. The second option was the adventure she took.

Despite this, all her relatives advised her without even asking for it, including this advice which says, “A Socotri woman is like a fish in the seawater; the moment it gets out, it dies.” All their pieces of advice were in vain.

The man that the poetess loved was soft-spoken. After the poetess’s family realized there was no use in advising her, they agreed to marry her off to the one her 'eşum, lekan 'aļ 'akub manyhan mataļ mas de 'edhan.

'aj dah de 'eydanuh mayh 'achah şafaq washkar mayh mataļ, watuw bat 'afuw bar 'aļ 'aduh tatrāja 'ayh 'andaq has kur tabu 'ul dah de 'ajab mas 'aļbab, w'andaq has kur 'aqeyahān desah rahnah dash de rahanuh nahafs, wa'ahbad has kur tsharaqāh man sāqaṭry desah ka'aj, wasfar 'afuw bašadaq de 'alwaḥ.

'Ataqaf has 'achah de sah 'aj lah ba'ashhur baluwleyyan, lekan sah ba'ad ḫāh 'am yahah 'aj 'aļ yahah dah, wasuwer 'aļ 'ād 'ataqaf has, wa'am sah sābeyruh tarayhan nhafs 'efuw huh 'aļ batk bar ṭan'ah 'ekan, 'am de 'adan 'aļ 'ād 'eyswney ba'eyn, wa'aļ 'ād 'eyhama ba'edhan, 'am huw dash manqane 'uh ṭayh wa'aļ ḥaqab 'anhey dan'ah de 'araḥ tuw, 'am bak naqeľk kur 'a ḥahyama' rahnah de huw de 'afuw laahah de
heart chose and left her to try her experience and decide her fate. Then, it was decided that she should have left the island with the man she married on board a boat made of legendary ebony.

The first months of their marriage passed peacefully, but things changed quickly. She suddenly felt a change towards her in the heart of her husband. She began drowning in worries. At that time, she questioned how the matter differed from what she expected. She asked whether that was why love is blind. Or because she was naive and deserved the worst situation, she ended up, as she chose to be contrary to her people and rebel against their advice and what they advised her.

Not even a few months into their marriage, she felt a crack in their love that she could not overcome, nor could they continue together.

Watuw nahar ʿayhan faqḥ de ʿashhur beytuh ʿachah bar ḍal maṭal, ʿal saḥ jasaruh ʿaduh ʿudhar shayh wʾal saḥ jasaruh taṭhur.

Man ḥah betuh ʿachah bar de saḥ ʿaj haweyn waʾal yshquwnaʿ ʿayh beylah, tuw ṣandaq de hah ʿafuw kur ʿeruban hayh tuw leyaʿjab, man ḥah suwber ḏaliḥul, waʾeydūh ʿas ʿachah ʿadharuh, lekan beṣey sas kāl kāṣabaruh dah ḥadey ʿaraḥas ʿam beyrūh saḥ de ʿejabuh nahafs Ŧānʿah, ʿaqafuh ʿachah wṣabaruh ḥanʿah ʿaṭaf ʿaj ʿajās waṣāram bas bānaʿa balā ḥuwz wla qayās kur ʿerāḏeyan de hah ʿafuw, wasah ʿal shajuw bayhan beylah bazām. Waʾaṭaf ʿafuw ʿamar de han maksham taṭaleqn waḥan naʿtabuwr hak man ʿachah de ʿaḥāṣas de nanāqelans ḥan hak tus.
The problem began when the husband allowed his relatives to meddle in his life. The poetess realized that her husband had no solid personality to depend on him. The burden she carried was entire. She had no other option but to be patient with what she faced and choose of her own free will. Day after day, she continued to suffer silently until the day when her husband beat her. He used to treat her too harshly, like no other. He did all ill-treatment for the sake of his relatives, whom she never abused. The matter led them to insist he divorces her. They promised him they could marry off another woman they would choose.

They told him he had brought a rural woman from a remote island inhabited by naïve and primitive people. They were shocked at why he did so until he was affected by their words. All that love for his wife, the
poetess, the daughter of the island, turned into an absolute hatred for her. Then, he even divorced her in compliance with his relatives’ views. Not only that, but they also made him insist that she should leave his house. To the intense hatred that permeated his heart, he did not even think to return her to the place he brought her and to her family on the island. But how would he return her, while she was the one who sacrificed them for him and ignored their views and advice behind her when she chose to marry him and leave with him?

It pained her deeply to recall how she disregarded the advice of those around her in favor of the person she cherished above all others. Life, in turn, seemed to exploit her affection without reciprocation. Are there any rewards for acts of kindness other than kindness itself? The one she sacrificed for was the
very person who unquestioningly believed the words of his family about his chosen wife, despite professing love for her and benefiting from her sacrifices.

On the misfortune that befell her, the poetess did not find anyone to support her but her goat, Fidadah, which accompanied her wherever she went. Perhaps it was the only one that made her feel a sense of safety, comforted her heart, and carried a trace of the remembrances of her island that she left, in addition to her sad poems that she used to console herself occasionally.

It was a nice dream that she experienced, but it quickly shattered and turned into a terrifying nightmare. She was disappointed and remorseful for her misjudgment and the opposition of her people with life experience. But what was the benefit of remorse
after the worst occurred that she had to be warned.

She suddenly found herself in the open. She had to face her fate. She saw no one to complain to or comfort her in her loneliness except Fidadah. She complained to it about her bad luck and recited some verses of her poetry addressing Fidadah:

Come to me, Fidadah!
Come to complain to you what happened to me
I reveal to you my grief and what afflicted me
Come, I shall have you on my lap and scent my family and the island’s fragrance.
Come to tell you my story
And how our man abandoned us
And how could he ingrave our love story and could not keep our relationship?

That poetess stood on the beach to see Socotra from her place. She was looking left and right, hoping that she would perceive the spectrum of Socotra on the other side, but she could not.

Then, she blamed her eyes and said, “My sense of alienation led me to lose
sight and insight. Alas, I feel sorry for Socotra’s separation; there is a covering upon my heart and eyes after parting with you. O Socotra, what is the point of a person having eyes while one is far from his homeland? I lost my imagination and the power of my insight since I chose to leave you, O Socotra, the island of love and safety. How can I regain my lost strength since I left you? I get extremely homesick for that land, those hills, those plains, and the grass our sheep live on.”

The Socotra poetess continued blaming herself on that beach sometimes and other times calling her goat, Fidadah, complaining about the harshness of life and what befell her. She expressed all that in verse times and other times with tears. Soon, she began to compose her verses with the melodies of Socotra and what she had memorized from the heritage of her wa’âdank de huw man ḥâlf, mayh man sulk wamâţef waḥeyheyy washânaâs.

’Az’amuh ʿachah ḥan’ah baṭāḥ taṭāberan nahafs sa’ah, wasa’ah tshamatul de sah uz feyddâdh , wata’amar tanuwter waqanâqenan watabuwsh,

’az’amuh ʿachah ḥan’ah waqanâqenan de sah batanuwter lahah de ʿamarutsan saʿah walahah de shaqlatutsan de sah kan ʿafw saʿah, waṭaharuh qanâqenan, wasah ʿat shkar mas ḥah, wasah ’anjâlelan ’adme’ šanašur basbab keyn dekaruh, dekaruh de sah mäđan wade bayh, de sah ṭeyrabah de bas de ʿal ṭajzey man alabab man qanah ḥah ba’adharuh, de sah ʿafuw de ʿal ’eqtâna kal de han man mäl, waka’enuw beylah de ’andaquh hayhan ranham. Waʿal šâs ʿachah kal
people. She started to sing it with a sorrowful voice and with eyes shedding tears, flowing down her cheeks, because she remembered everything in her house, which was a cave in which the precious thing to her heart and in her life, her simple family that earned their living from their sheep and what the sea provided to satisfy their hunger. The poetess had no concern other than worshiping her Lord to obtain His pleasure and preserve her sheep, which were her capital in managing her living affairs and her only possession in life.

She had imagined herself looking with her eyes and passing the seas and oceans, but soon she was shocked by a small island consisting of two mountains in the middle of the sea called Sayal [1]. A short conversation was held between her and Sayal. She muttered to him expressions of hope and sympathy so that it would step a little from its place to the right or left.

Dekaruh ʿachah de sah batanteyruh bar mâlakuh de sah ʾaḥālaʃ buq basāqaṭrey wašey ʿaʃ qadam ʿas, ʿaʃ ranham waʾaʃ beylah, kaš fadhan de šayāl de ʿaʃ ʿadaq has tamlaʃ, washamtuļūḥ ʿachah šayāl waʿamaruḥ hayh kur ylaṭ banhafyḥ de naʃf kur yaʿaduq has tamlaʃ de sah šaḥaʃ, buq manaʃ de sah ʿadharuḥ wade sah bābah wade sah qaqayhun wade sah baḥaʃ de shkar, tuwtur ʿantan kur ʿaṭ tabur ṭad ʿablāt.

Baʿad ḥah bešey de ʿarub ʿefuʃ ḥabarūḥ de shanāʿah ʿachah waʾenam kan sas, lekan sḥṭeyruh mas tamteyluh, waʾematalans ʿafuʃ, ʿematalan bar ʿeramuh ḥah ʿachah de ʿaḍaḥ mas ʿalbab,
She said to the mountain, Sayal, “You have to get out of my face for a bit so that I can see my region and my land in which my parents and brothers live, and my sheep that no one takes care of, and that graze in the beautiful place.” “Get out of my face for a bit so that I shall have a look, of one’s ailing heart, at the land, human beings, animals churning in that beautiful land.”

After that, no one knew what happened to that Socotra poetess nor where she disappeared. However, she became a landmark in the island’s history, telling a painful story of a young woman. Perhaps, she became a point of light in the sky of Socotra, guiding lovers and lighting them in the paths.
A Tale of the Man Testing His Sons-In-Law

Once upon a time, a man had three gorgeous daughters. Their father loved them more than himself. He raised them and disciplined them well. He had to find suitable husbands when they grew up and became marriageable.

He had an intelligent way of telling those who mixed with and met him that he had three daughters ready for marriage. He deliberately unbuttoned three of his shirt buttons as a sign that he had three daughters and wanted to marry them off, and no one could understand that except the high-level people. After a while, a wealthy man proposed to his first daughter. Thus, he married her to him. A well-off man proposed to the second daughter; thus,
he married her to him. And a poor man proposed to his third daughter. Thus, he married her to him.

The father of the three daughters was a wise man with a lot of fortune and money. One day, he argued with some of his friends about his daughters’ husbands. One of them told him the poor husband was the best for his daughter. Some said that the well-off was the best and the most faithful, while the rest asserted that the rich husband was the most faithful.

The father needed clarification about all that his friends said. Because the man of the three daughters had a great heritage, he wanted to make sure which one of his daughters’ husbands he would trust and deserved that his wife would inherit her father’s property and who was


Wa’ām bar ‘aj shayh māl de dālq ‘ajab leyaḥeys man dah ‘aj de shalqafayh kur tawrut mayh ‘achah tarkah de sah de bābah, watuw tāme ‘aj ‘efuwl ‘eyuj ‘amar ma’ad yāqeḥan ‘eyuj laahah ša’tah, dah masken wadah de shayh māl de dālq wadah de ’āl yahah masken wa’āl yahah dālq shayh māl, wadah de juhuz
worthier of that inheritance among them. After he listened to his friends’ views, he chose to test the three husbands: the poor one, the well-off one, and the rich one, and whoever passed the test deserved that his wife would inherit what her father owned.

The man planned well. In the beginning, he claimed that he lost all he owned and popularized that among the people, including the husbands of his three daughters. He claimed he was in need and poverty for a while. One day, the father stole one of the ruler’s goats and claimed to slaughter it to satisfy their hunger. Because the ruler loved that goat so much and as it was one of the most beloved and close goats to the ruler’s heart, as well as to all people. They called it “Assas”. It was unique in shape and color and gave birth to many goats.
After the man stole it and took it to his house, he hid it in a safe place out of the public eye.

After that, the man told one of the ruler’s servants that he had stolen the ruler’s goat and slaughtered it. When the ruler knew it, he ordered that the man should be brought to appear before him. When the father of the three daughters appeared before the ruler, he was questioned about what he had done. He told the ruler and confessed to him that he had done it. At that time, the ruler considered convicting him based on two punishments. The first was to cut off his head. The second was to redeem himself with forty black she-camels, each of which carried a rope of silk around its neck.

The man chose to redeem himself with forty black she-camels and asked the ruler to give him a chance to manage the matter, and he was granted accordingly.
The man went to his wealthy son-in-law, told him what happened, and asked him to help him in that ordeal; otherwise, his head would be cut off. But the rich son-in-law apologized to help, and the man returned disappointed from his son-in-law’s house.

The man did not lose hope. He knocked on the door of his well-off son-in-law and told him what was happening to him and his purpose. He asked him to help so that he would not lose his life, but the well-off husband apologized for not helping. Then, the man returned disappointed from his door.

In a last attempt, the man went to his poor son-in-law and told him what was going on with him, and told him his story, seeking his help to redeem himself and save it from death.

Kanaḥ ʿaj ťahar may ʿabrahayh dah masken, ʿamur ʿasaa yahah ḥayr, waḏālaʿ hayh bade kan, waʿamur hayh kur yuwṣal ʿayh bar ʿelataʿyh saṭhan, ʿamur hayh ʿabrahayh: huh shak ʿawṣal ʿak ʿaf ʿa ḡalṭuʿ.

Futkar ʿaj dah masken ʿefuwḥ leshjaa, ʿaṭaf ťahar wašaqaʿ ʾyaṭ de ʿaqaruh bānaʿa, tuw ʿaqdam ʿafuw ʿyaṭ ḥaṣaa bar kanah beylah waʿeyjab hayhan, wajadaḥ ʿafuw men duwq wamen de buwh wayahan ʾal ḥaṣaa ʿenam de kan, wayahah bar ḥah ṣaḥub de ḥah jamāl de kah sah, waʿamur hayhan ʿaqneyuuh, wabaʿad ʿal qatanaa ʿafuw waṣabaʿ daṭaʿ hayhan bade kan de ḥah kadāduh, ʿamar ʿafuw laḥah lejadaḥ de ḥah faḥraa nuwṣal hak deyah ḡadāduh watanadaq hen ʿaf ḳaʿuwṣa.

Laʿuwṣa jadaḥ ʿeyuj washayhan de yahan jamāḥal ʾhuwrḥātan wbasan de san qeyud de ḥarher baqeyrud, ʿajuḥ ʿayhan ʿaj,
“Don’t worry at all. We will find a solution that will save you,” the poor husband said to him.

The poor husband thought about it. He lit a big fire, so everyone in the village knew the man was asking for their presence. They immediately answered the call. Before he told them anything, he had slaughtered his only she-camel, which he had no one else. He prepared a meal for them. After they ate and got full, he told them why he invited them and his father-in-law’s story. Everyone welcomed the idea of assistance and asked him to give them time until the next day.

On the next day, the poor husband’s people arrived at his door, pulling forty black she-camels with silk ropes around their necks. The man proudly welcomed them. He went to his father-in-law and gave him the forty black

warahab bayhan washa’aley de yahah ba’eyuj, za’aa ‘aj de yahah jamaha’il ‘af ya’abursan de hah ladaduh kur ‘a laitu’.

’amur hayh de hah daduh: kan leyarahk allh deyah lahah yahana’ah ‘aj dan’ah, wa’at ‘amur hayh: tuwd heykey hah kajamaha’il wahu ‘a’ad ‘af sathan wa’ada’la’ hayh bar ‘anka’k dah de ‘emar ‘anhaa.

Katanaḥ ‘aj de hah de qa’ar wa’arqa’h ‘as’as de sathan dash de ‘arkazas, sharqu’uh ‘uz basha’ey ‘af tuwkab de qa’ar de ba’s, ‘aqdam ‘as ḥadyham de sathan neyhaḥ bas waṣa’aq: katanah ‘as’as de ḥan de nanhen wa’al ḥezeyzuh, wa’aftay ‘afuw ‘enam de kan waman huw jaduḥuh ‘as’as de sathan.

Katanaḥ ‘aj may ’abrahayh wada’la’ hayh bade kan, wa’a’bar ‘ayh lahan’ah jamaha’il fahraa, wa’amur hayh: ‘ade daduh huh ‘a’l shajak beylah, lekan huh ‘ek
she-camels to redeem and free him.

“May God reward you well, son. You are a good man,” his father-in-law told him.

Then he asked him to stand with the she-camels until he went and let the ruler know that he had come with what to redeem himself. The man returned home and took out the ruler’s hidden goat, so it dashed to the ruler’s home. When the ruler’s servants saw it returning, they shouted happily, “Assas came home and had not been slaughtered.” After that, the man of the three daughters went to the ruler and told him the whole story and what he wanted from what he did and planned for. The ruler forgave him and was impressed with his wisdom. The man returned to his poor son-in-law and told him what was happening. He gave back the forty she-camels to him. He told him, “Do not be afraid, I am
not guilty, but rather I tested which one among the husbands of my daughters is worthy of having his wife get what I have in terms of inheritance, and you were the winner among them and the noblest of them.”
Once upon a time, there was a godly and devout man with a sacred heart and pure intentions. He was well-known among people for his kindness, gentleness, and nobility. He had two ewes, which were dairy by God’s grace. But both ewes did not give birth.

The man used to go to them every morning to milk them and got what was enough to satisfy his hunger and made him not need to ask people for help. In his life, those two ewes were the primary source of his livelihood.

One morning, he went to milk them but did not find them. He searched for them all around but found no trace of them. He bellowed their names, which were known by ēmuwtalan bar ḥah bazamān ʾaram āj de shkar de hah kāllh waʾāl ṣeshnuhur ṭamakhuq washkaruh mayh neyah wamaṭlem kaʾafuw wade far wade ʿamq, waʾenuw shyah tareyh ṭuzey ṣafareytey, lekan heyh taʿamrah ṣahaf de ḏalaq.

ʾEshḥaḥufl āj may de hah ṭuzey kulaah ṣah waḥahulab manheh ṣahaf, waʾekan hayh ʿaf dajan ʿāsrahan, man ḥanʿah āj ʾeqṭeyney de hah man ṭuzey waʾāl ʿād ʾaḥṭāj may ṣafuw.

Ṭayh sham eshaḥalaf ʿaj wʾaṣbah de hah lʾuzey kur yahulab hey waʾāl ʾaṣbahatuh hayh, ḥāraa āj leyahrāa waleshahyma′ waleshameyh behey lekan ʿal kasaa, sharqaḥ kar bar wakar ḥalaf de beṣy de
them and by him, but they
did not come to him, as
they always used to do
after they heard him
bellowing. He went to a
deserted place to which
people usually never went,
and no one ever walked
that way but rarely. He
found traces of a slaughter
of ewes. He looked around
and found that his ewes
had been slaughtered, and
only antlers, blood, and
intestine feces remained in
that place. He realized that
those feces were only the
feces of his ewes. As the
thief was cautious not to
leave any traces of his feet,
the good man saw nothing
but the trace of one toe-tip
of the thief’s foot
remaining on a massive
flat rock.

The man felt deeply sad
and thought about what to
do.

He decided to go to the
tracker. He was in a hurry,
and after he reached him,
ya’dyh, manaḥ ya’ad
kasaa duwr wafurt
waqarhan, šat ʿaj sawaa ʿaf
’emālak bar heyh de hah
’uzey, waʿaj dah de yharaq
’atbaṣaar kur ʿa ḥaksuw
mayh šaʿaf, ḥāraa ʿaj
leyaḥraa mayh man
’abtequh ʿaf ’ekusaa ḥalf
ṭayh de ’aṣba baṭāda de
deyḍaʿah.

Ṣuwtaa ʿaj de hah ʿl’uzey
waḥāraa leftakar ʿefuwal leshjaa.

ʿaṭaf ʿamur: ʿaṭahur may
ʿaj dah de ’ebatan šaʿaf de
ḥeyhey, waʿad ʿaj de
mahlāa ʿaf yuwsal, ḍaṣa
hayh bar hereqetuh ʿayh de
hah ʿuzey de kay heyh
shayh, ḍaharuh ʿajey
ʿeduwq de ḥalf de
hereqetuh bayh ʿuzey,
 qaṣaʿ ʿaj dah de ’ebatan
šaʿaf de ḥeyhey
laḍeydaʿah dash de bas
’aṣba de ʿaj dah de yharaq
waḥal ʿas waʿatabras
sawaa, ʿamur: dash ’aṣba
de ḥah de falan bar falan,
ʿarubk mayh ’aṣba
he complained about what had happened to him regarding the theft and slaughter of his own two ewes. The tracker immediately went with him to the scene of the accident. The tracker checked that the trace of the thief’s toe-tip remained on that rock.

“This toe-tip belonged to so-and-so, who was well-known for such acts. I know his trace well,” the tracker said when he checked the trace carefully.

The good man asked him, “Tell me what to do!”

He said to him, “Go to the king, the ruler, and tell him my ewes have been stolen. If the king asks you what your evidence is, you swear that your ewes have been stolen and slaughtered, and the thief is so-and-so.”

waʿarubk bar bar fuwnaa ʿenafaʿyh dah nāfaʿ.

ʿamur ʿaj: taruwban ʿanhaa ʿefuwḥ ashuwwjaa? ʿamur hayh: taṭahur may saṭhan wataʿamar hayh hereqetuh ḫaʾa de huh ʿuzey, wakaraman ʿamur hak ʿenam mak dalel tajuzam hayh bar hereqetuh waḥezeyzetuh wadah de shajaa ʾetḥ falan bar falan.

Ṭahar ʿaj de qaʿar de saṭhan, tuw ṣaṭhan raḥaab bayḥ wakāremayḥ waḷaṭ reyhayḥ: ṣaṭhan ʿenam kan shak ʿenam shak de sharbad mak fānā waṭshuwbaa kanah shak beylah?

ʿamur ʿaj: falan bar falan yharaq ḫaʾa de huh ʿuzey waḥazeyhey baḥaḥf bade sharqaḥ.

ʿamur saṭhan: ʿenuw shak dalel dah ʾlamataḥ de ʿamuk?
The owner of the two ewes went to the king’s house.

When the king saw him, he welcomed him heartily and asked, “What happened to you, man? You look unhappy with your countenance changed!”

The man replied, “So-and-so has stolen my ewes and slaughtered them in the deserted place.”

The king asked him, “Do you have evidence?”

Therefore, he swore to him that so-and-so was the one who stole and slaughtered them and that the tracker was the one who knew the thief by his knowledge. Thus, the king couldn’t say anything, but he believed him.

The king sent to the man, the thief, asking him to come and send to the people, the princes, and sheiks of the tribes, notifying them to come for jazam ‘aj bar falan bar falan yahah de shajaa ’etah, wa’anaa ‘aj dah de ’ebatan ša’ař de ḥeyhey yahah de ‘amur ’etah, tuw ’ema’ saṭhan ’etah shamanayh.

Baḥuj saṭhan may ‘aj dah de yharaq kur ’ejudeḥan, waḥāt baḥuj la’afuw faḥraa wadeḥah ḫalalāles waḥarabyhan de šāṯarhar kur ykuwsaa ba’ateyhey basham de betbalḥan waḥaf de betbalḥan.

Watuw ḫuwtaa laḥah de belaj ‘ayhan faḥraa wabat saṭhan bar ḥah yahah ‘aj dah de yharaq ‘amur saṭhan kur yuwalaa bayh wayuwtur dayḥ wa’afuw faḥraa ya’tabar.

‘amur hayh saṭhan: ’afalan ’ah de yharaqk ’uzey de falan bar falan waḥazk tuwhey basham de ṭahah wade ṭahah wabahaf de ṭahah wade ṭahah?

’akud ‘aj dah dey yharaq man mataḥ de saṭhan wabt
a meeting at a given time and place.

When the people, the princes, and the leaders of the tribes gathered, and after the king made sure that the thief was present among them, he ordered that the thief be arrested at that moment and brought before the king in front of all the people.

The king asked the thief, “Did you steal the ewes of so-and-so and slaughter them at a given time and place?”

The thief was shocked by the king’s words and realized that he had been caught and that the king planned a gathering to expose him in front of all people. The thief had to surrender and confess his crime to avoid incurring the king’s wrath. The thief was shocked by the king’s words and realized that he had been caught and that the king planned a
gathering to expose him in front of all people.

The tribal princes stood up and expressed their refusal to cut off the thief’s hand in that place in appreciation of their positions and not to offend the place where the meeting was held as a great place.

The king was slightly confused. He answered everything the princes had asked for. Then he decided to release the thief and let him run, and he would chase him on his camel. Wherever he caught him, his hand would be cut off. The thief realized that he was dead. Therefore, he ran at full speed while the king ran with his camel behind him. Because the thief ran faster to avoid cutting off his hand, the king could not catch him up. Then, the thief kept running, while the king continued running behind sārayh de hah babaʿar, waʿaj dah de yharaq yārah leshʿaa kanaḥ tuw fazaʿ ʿa lejdum,

ḥāraa leṭarad saṭhan waʿal ḍaʿ, manāl ʿad ʿaj ʿeshaʿ kasaa tār de qaʿar de saṭhan qaʿaweey ʿakub de qānah wakasaa ʿachah de saṭhan, ʿamur has: shkufk bash, ḥakam ḥaʿa saṭhan bajedhem, kafuts ʿachah kanahafs tuw šeynaa fazaʿ washabaṭ, wakabuyh de qānah de makhzan waʿaqfaḥuh ʿayh kur ʿa lešnayh saṭhan.

Jadaḥ saṭhan waʿamur de hah ʿachah: baṣey ʿaj de ʿeshaʿ ʿal ʿakub de ḥah?
ʿamaruh ʿachah: ʾenam ʿaj de tarayhan mayh, beṣey ʿaj de jadaḥ de ḥah, ʿam ʿejudeḥan saṭhan ḥatār ḥayhar de ʿaḍ, ṣaʿaq saṭhan waʿamur: yāyḥas najuf ʿaj balejdum mayh ʿad!

ʿazʿam saṭhan waʿaḍaf ʿaf ʿeyhuwdāa mayh ḥayhar, tuw ʿaqdamuh ʿayh de hah
him until the thief reached the king’s house in front of him, where he entered and found the king’s wife.

He asked her, “Please save me, woman! The king had sentenced me to cut off my hand!”

When the woman saw him looking scared and panicked, to save him, she immediately went to him, got him into a house storeroom, and closed its doors so that the king who was running after him would not see him at all.

The king came and said to his wife, “Has a man entered the house running away?”

His wife replied, “O king, what man are you talking about? No man came here.”

The king was furious at that moment, then shouted, “Oh, my God, the thief escaped, and I
did not execute the sentence against him!”

After a few minutes, the king calmed his nerves. When his wife saw him calm, she asked him, “O king, tell me, what happened? What is the story behind that man whom you came to ask for?”

The king replied to her, telling her the whole story.

His wife told him, “The man you were looking for is here. He entered our house, asking me to save his life. After that, I hid him in the house storeroom. Then I closed the house storeroom door to save his life.” Then she added to the kind, “O king, I ask you not to execute the sentence against him by cutting off his hand.”

The king replied to her, saying, “No, I swear by sāthan ṭah tuw ymuwālaa ḍafu wānaa.

God, I shall execute the sentence against him.”

As the wife heard her husband’s words and swearing that he would execute the sentence against him, she sent a request for the coming of his brothers, princes. When they came, they supported the request of the king’s wife not to cut off the thief’s hand, and they suggested that he had to be punished with another punishment other than cutting off his hand, such as imprisonment or enslavement for what he stole, as was the judgment of the Sharia in the past.

After the king heard his wife’s and his brothers’ opinions on his judge, he changed his judge and agreed with them. Accordingly, he sentenced the thief to be enslaved for what he had stolen and became his slave until the price of the theft was met.
through serving the king. Afterward, that thief lived in the king’s house and became his slave until the king gave further notice.

One day, the king and his thief-forced-to-serve went to a place full of many trees to collect feeds from the branches of those trees for the king’s livestock. It was raining lightly that day, so the king ordered the slave to climb up the tall tree and take feeds from its branches. The slave climbed, but when he reached the midst of the trunk of the tree, he slipped because of the rain. He told the king that he could not climb up the tree and stepped back so that the king could take a step forward and start climbing the tree himself. When the king reached the top of the tree, he slipped and fell into the slave’s arms. Due to his heavyweight, the slave’s nose dripped some blood. The slave fainted for
minutes from the bleeding. Then he woke up.

The king was astonished at the strange act of his slave because the slave saved the king’s life.

The king appreciated his actions, and he immediately released him from being a forced-to-serve slave.

The king told him, “I have released you from slavery and commanded you not to steal the money of the poor and orphans and not to do your last sins again. I would bear witness to God that I have freed you from any penalty. For the two ewes you stole and slaughtered, we compensated the owner of the two ewes, the good man, on the condition that you do not commit your sins again. Now you can return to your home, safe and sound.”
Once upon a time, there was a well-known man among people for his wide knowledge of tracking and great skill in recognizing traces. However, he could not protect himself from snitches and intrigues. It was rumored that he was the one who had stolen or hidden them. Then, he was requested by people to track the doe’s traces. He tracked the doer’s traces and was rewarded with money for that by the requesting people.

The man became reputable until one of the kings of that time heard of his status as reputable. The king was great and famous for being an impartial judge among the people. The people

'Aram ḥah bazamān 'aj de yaʿurab ᵃf de ḥeyhey, ʿal ḏeynan ṑaʿabtequh ᵃbatan baʿs, lekan yahah 'al salam man mataḥ de ᵃfuw, shemtāl 'ayh bar yahah ʿeyhāraq de ᵃfuw waḥāṭ yaʿtabur ᵃbtaq wayaʿamar falan de yharaq, wayahah ᵃbuwd ṧaʿafuww.

'Ama bayh 'aj ᵃfuw wabaṣey de ʿal ʿarabayh ᵃf yaʿarah mayh khabār saṭhan, wadah saṭhan 'aj de ʿalḥuw waʿal ᵃḏlam ᵃfuw wayaḥkum bahaq bade allh, watuw ʿema saṭhan bayh dah 'aj 'amur kan sawaa ʿam ᵃnuw ḥah sheyn de ʿarub ᵃf de ḥeyhey de ʿezāʿaa de ᵃfuw, lekan yahah saṭhan ʿema bar 'aj ʿeybud, futkar saṭhan ʿaṭaf 'amur
had known him for his wisdom, maturity, compliance with God’s law, and issuance of verdicts. After the king heard of that tracker, he became an object of fascination. The king was impressed that there was a citizen in the country he ruled—who had that experience and knowledge in tracking. But, in the meantime, he also heard rumors that denied his wide knowledge and experience in tracking and that he was merely fraudulently doing his job and dealing with people. The king thought a lot about that matter and decided to justly judge the matter of that man, whether for or against it. He intended to test that man to uncover the truth about him. He would do justice to him if he was telling the truth; if not, he would punish him.
One morning, the king decided to go for a walk. The king was accompanied by some of his friends, a group of his servants, and a number of camels loaded with their belongings. When they got halfway there, the king decided to take a rest and stay in the place where they stopped until the next morning.

They made their camels kneel down and take a rest. While they were passing into a deep slumber, the king got up without anyone noticing. He rode his camel away from that place and emptied all the luggage loaded on the back of the camel. He hid it without being seen by anyone. Then he returned to their resting place and went to sleep with them until the morning.

The next morning, the king announced to everyone that his luggage loaded on his faza' lajah lekasuwyy ha'ah fahiraa, washabat 'an sa'ahan, wa'afaj 'efuwli leyakan waman dah de jasur kur 'eyharaq beshul de sa'ahan?

Tawah 'aj wa'ayhur 'abtaq 'af 'ejudehan de half dah de 'erkaz bayh beshul waarqahayhan de han man markazah, wa'latt 'amur: 'ananhen be'sey ha'ah sa'af de 'heyhey de yharaq, lekan kasak mak 'abtaq wakasak beshul lajah de 'arkuzk tuyhan 'ah.
camel had been stolen. And all who accompanied him were surprised at the view of the luggage, and they were afraid to anger the king. They looked confused and impressed, and each one wondered who stole the king’s luggage.

When the king did not receive any answer from anyone, he ordered them to bring him the famous tracker. They brought the tracker, who looked confused.

“What happened, your majesty?” the tracker asked the king.

“My luggage has been stolen,” the king replied, “since you have a wide experience in tracking, I order you to use it and uncover the thief.”

The man never hesitated and immediately chose to use his experience in tracking. The king followed him while
tracking the footprints until he reached where the king hid the luggage. The man took them all out of their hiding place.

“There were no footprints of any human being at all, your majesty,” he said to the king, “but I found your footprints and your stolen luggage.” Afterward, the king ordered to get all the people together and announced to them, addressing them, “O people, I have gathered you to tell you that this man who claimed to be a tracker was perfectly truthful in all that he claimed. I doubted him, as many of you did, but I tested him and found that his knowledge, the truth of what he said to people and what he did with them, and the perfect truth in all that he said. He was innocent of the rumors spread about him, and I stand with him
here to bear witness to all of you that he was perfectly truthful and innocent.”
Once upon a time, there was a well-known man among people for his wide-tracking knowledge. In the meantime, a man was living in his village who owned a few palm trees. He looked after them by watering, caring for, and guarding them with an unblinking eye. Because it was a time of hunger and poverty, people at that time used to guard the good properties they owned, whether it was land, livestock, or palm trees.

The Autumn harvest came around, and the man’s palm trees were covered with shoots of fruit stalks piled one over another. One night, the owner of the palms passed into a deep slumber while guarding his palms. Two men came, took advantage of his sleep, cropped the ripe dates from the two palms, and carried them home.
The next morning, the man woke up. He did not find the ripe dates but found the fruit stalks of the palm trees along with all the ripe dates cropped. The man felt disappointed for his passing into a deep slumber that caused the loss of his ripe dates and the ripe dates of his palm trees. He did not continue feeling confused. He thought of what he had to do next and remembered the tracker whom he knew, and he chose to go and get help from him to find out who had stolen the ripe dates while he was sleeping.

The man with the two palms went to the tracker and told him what happened. The tracker asked him whether there was a footprint other than his.

The man replied, “Yes, there are, and I believe they are only the thief’s footprints. There are no footprints other than mine and his.”

The tracker said, “It’s good; let’s go together to the place of the two palm trees.”


‘amur: hay ʿataḥaruh wa’a ʿabaruh ḥaḷaf dah de kanuh bayh sarqah, watuw ’aruhuh ʿajey ḫaṯf de tamreyteyJ ʿutabar ‘aj ’abtaq, wa’arqaḥ ’abtaq de ‘aj ‘an de ʿajey de key de yharaqṣ, w’ayhuḥ manheṣ qa’ar wa’aj dah de heraq ʿayh yawyhuḥ.
After they reached the place of the two palm trees, the tracker checked the footprints and distinguished the form of the man’s feet from the form of other feet. The tracker tracked the different footprints while the man with the two palms followed him until he reached the house of the two thieves.

He said, “This is the house of the two thieves who stole your ripe dates.”

The tracker entered their house and found the ripe dates of the two stolen palm trees with them.

“You are thieves. You stole the ripe dates from the palm trees of this man yesterday, and your footprints and beard witness against you,” he said to them.

The two men denied his charge and said, “The ripe dates you see are not his.”

The tracker was unsure they were the actual thieves; otherwise, he would notify the king. Therefore, he thought of a trick with the

'AKUB 'EHEY 'AJ DAH DE 'EBATAN SA' AF DE ḤEYHEY DE QA' AR WAKASAA SHEHEY BĀ’EY DAH DE YHARAQAYH, 'AMUR HEHEY: TEYH YHARAQKEY BĀ’EY DE FALAN BAR FALAN LELAN WMAKEH 'ABTAQ DAĻA' BEKEY.

DAḤARUḤ 'AJEY WA’AMARUḤ 'AL ZA’AKEY ‘AYH BELAH, WADAH BĀ’EY DE ŞENEK ḤAH 'AL DE HAH.

'AĻ SHAMĀLEK 'AJ SAWAA BAR HEYH DE YHARAQUḤ, WAĻAHAMAN SHAMĀLEK 'EDAĻA' BEHEY SAṬHAN, TUW ŠENEY 'ETAH FUTKAR BAḤEYLAH KA‘AJ KUR 'EJĀMAḤHEY WAHEH YHARAQUḤ.

man to explore the issue and catch them red-handed.

The tracker and the man returned to the two thieves’ house. He asked them to enter and see the ripe dates. But they refused to open the door. As the tracker was sure that the two thieves could hear them from behind the door, he and the man created a dialogue.

The tracker asked him, “How can you distinguish the dates on your palms from the rest of the dates?” The man answered him, “The two palm tree implants were brought by my grandfather from a faraway country. Its date palms are distinguished in a way that is like no other palm tree in any place on Earth. If oil is put in a built-in pit vase and five dates are put all at once in the place of the built-in pit, the oil shall not affect the dates and enter the built-in pit or drip from it.”

Once the two thieves heard the dialogue, they implemented the experiment. From outside, the man and the tracker
watched this through a hole in the house window. After realizing that the two men were telling the truth, the two thieves realized denial would not help. Therefore, they opened the house door and let the tracker come in.

“You are the ones who have stolen this man’s ripe dates, and there is no use for denial, and if you do not confess now, I shall notify the king,” he said to the two thieves.

The two thieves felt extremely frightened after hearing the threatening words of the tracker. They admitted their sin and confessed to him that they had stolen the ripe dates from the two palm trees.

“Yes, we stole the ripe dates and regretted what we did. Could you please take back the ripe dates of the man we have stolen from and please request him to forgive us for what we did?” They said to him.

“I shall request from him that he may forgive you. If the man agrees to forgive you, it is up to him; but if he does not, you should be punished,” he said.


Watuw katanaḥ ‘aj dah de ‘ebatan may ‘aj dah de za‘aweey ‘ayh de hah bā‘ey wazanuj kanahafs tāmar dah de heraq neyhaḥ ‘aj bānaa, walaṭ sāmaḥ tuheyy.
He felt pleased when the tracker returned to the palm farmer, carrying the stolen ripe dates with him. When he asked the man to forgive them, he immediately forgave them in honor of him.
A Tale of Ain Mosbeha

Ain Mosbeha was located in Al-Qaisi, Qalansiya village, on Socotra. It was a beautiful and sacred area. The area and its people had been proverbial examples of generosity, liberality, benevolence, and giving. It was a destination for many people on Socotra for hundreds of years. It was a blessed area whose trees are sheltered for the poor and to which they go in the autumn season to eat its fruits and drink its blessed water.

It was not only the destination of the poor, needy, orphans, and widows, but it was also indispensable for the rich. That was because it was the marvel of the age.

The holiness of Ain Mosbeha went back to the story of the events that took place a long time ago and were passed on to the generations.

Tuwteyuh de ʿeyhun de maṣbeḥuh

ʿeyhun maṣbeḥuh buq takan bade qeysuw baqalanseyah, wadanaʿah ḫalf shkar washkar mayh ʿafuw wamaṭhilham, waʾeduq ʿafuw ʿeṭrar ʿal takan shayhan beylah kar ʿamad waʾād naʿah.

Wadanaʿah ḫalf ḫalf mabruwk, bayh ʿarāʾhar wareyhuw man buq ʿeruwy de ṭeymey, wabayh temahar de yahḍar ʿasan ʿafuw ʿamad de ḫarf.

ʿeyhun maṣbeḥuh ʾaḍ yaḥṭājan das ʿuwutey wamasken waʾaytem wade bšey shayh wabas, ʿan ḫab dah de ṭeʿnuḥ shayh yaḥṭājan ʿeduoq basbab dah ḫalf de buq deyahšayh ʿan ʿahḍaf ʿan faḥraa, basbab kanuh buq ṭayh beylah ḫah fānaʾa bazamān waʾemātaḥans ʿafuw ʿṣafaah baʾad ṣafaah.
Once upon a time, there was an old woman who lived in that place. It was a place of serious concern in a water-scarce area, except that there was a very small waterhole in which water did not collect but was hard. It took a very long time to collect. Once, the woman could collect a little water during the whole day. The next day, she went to collect water, as it was not enough for drinking or the housework. She used to collect water every day.

One day, the woman went to collect water as usual. Collecting a little water in the water bag took a very long time. When she was about to leave, she saw a man moving towards her and riding a mare. He must have been tired after such a long trip. He was badly in need of water. Therefore, he told her that he was very thirsty. The water in her water bag was not enough for both of them. She had an intense desire for water. However, without ʿemar ʿeramuh buq dah bāḥalṭ zaʿam ʿachah šeybab, wadah ḥalṭ maḥtaraq mayh reyhuw, bešey kal ṭayh ʿeyn qaʿlanuh de ysaqusaq mas ʿenṭ de reyhuw de ḥāraan, wayākaran naʾah wanaʾah, wašeybab dash de zaʿam buq taʿaduq reyhuw kur ʿetaqab ṭayh sham, waṭayh sham tazā’laq, wadanʿah de tazāʿlaqayh ʿalʾ ʿekan has de sah de qaʿar, waṭanʿah ʿāchah tshujaa kal ḡyamhan.

Ṭayh sham ṭaharuh ʿāchah tuw de kar ʿamad kur tazāʿlaq de sah reyhuw, wasaqsahqah ʿāchah ʿalfah de ḥuwz ʿaf taʿāmar ṭad ʿenṭ de sah de qaṣʿar, watuw maʿaduh taṭahur ʿam ʿaj de jadahās wayahah rakub ʾakheyl, wadah ʿaj man ʿuram jadah warazaḥ waṭeymey, ʿamur has: ʿah ʿaf ṭeymek waʾek ġaraa, ʿatabruh ʿāchah de sah reyhuw ḥāraan wakārhan ʿekan has, lekan sah maʿaduh
hesitation or thought, she preferred the man over herself.

She said to him, “Praise be to God, whose grace is great.”

She gave him the water she had collected, which almost did not quench the man’s thirst. Once again, she began collecting a little water for herself while the man looked at her, recognizing that water collection caused her great hardship and suffering.

When he saw her collecting a little water, he said to her, “The mare is thirsty, and I want to give it water. The woman looked at him and the little water she collected, and without hesitation, she said to him, “Praise be to God. God’s grace is abundant.”

And she gave him water, and his mare drank it.

Once again, she returned and collected some water, which took several hours.
The man said to her, “We are exhausted because of the travel, and I want to sprinkle water on my head and the mare as well.”

The woman gave him as much water as she could have collected for the third time. At that time, the sun was about to set, so the woman could not collect water again. Before she went home empty-handed, the man called her, saying, “Tomorrow early in the morning, you must be here before sunrise.”

He went on his way to complete his journey.

It was narrated that that particular man had toured all the tribes of Socotra, but he did not find such a woman in her generosity and liberality.

The next day, the woman went to the place of water, as the man had asked her to do. She saw something that her eyes had never seen before. The woman began looking right and left because she could not ma’aduh ʿāchah taktanaḥ de sah de qa’ar khaleyah ‘ataraa sas ‘aj wa’amur: ‘ek hash kur tashhalef de ḥah kašebuḥuh de maḥlāa bāl taṣṭa’ shām, waṣaṭ ṭahar wafanaa ʿārab.

Wadah ‘aj bar tātāa sāqaṭrey faḥraa wa’al kasaa maṭlem tuw dash ʿāchah.

SHḥalufuh ʿāchah tuw šebuḥuh de ḥaṣf de sah de reyhuw waṣenuw de ṭaftuwjuh ʿeyn wade ‘aʃ amtuḥuh ṭṣanāa bazām, Šenuw ʿeyhuntan de reyhuw de taqafadan watemhar man kulaah nuw‘ de داعش de basan bashrah waḥaluwlah.

Ṣatuh ʿāchah ḍeduq wa’edbuw wa’afterjuh wa’al shamanuh de sah ṭayney da bade šenuw, ṭaharuh taṭayfan ʿajduʿuh de temhar wataʿaraf reyhuw de sah ba’aydey wasah ʿaʃ shamanuh ʿaduwh bar ṭemhan de kan, wakan has bar
believe what she had seen. She touched the palm trees with her hands and unbelievably scooped up water from the springs. She thought that what she had seen was just a dream and not a reality, but eventually, she realized that everything around her was real and not a dream. Now, the woman realized that the man with whom she was generous yesterday was not a human being but rather a gracious angel sent by God to give her and honor her as a reward for her good deeds and actions.

Since then, Ain Mosbeha has become famous due to that tale, and people began visiting the place and living on its banks, eating from its fruits and drinking from its pure water. The tale of generosity and liberality in that tribe did not end but continued from that time to the present. They are still planting palm trees and preserving the grace bestowed on them by God. They welcomed visitors and delegations bamachrahah sah, lekan ba’ad ḥah betuh bar ‘emhan de kan.

Betuh ʿāchah bar dah ʿaj de jadaḥaš ʿamshen wa’anduquh hayh reyhuw malak de baḷaįyỳh has allh kur ṭenadaq has basbab shkar mas ʿalbab.

De ‘am de samak kanuh ʿeyhun mašbeḥuh wa’ama bas ṣafuw wajadaḥ man ḥah waman ḥah wakalaα de ḥah dah de ḥařf, ʿeqtanaa man temhar wa’erαa man reyhuw.

Waʾaļ qataṭaα mayh da ḥařf juwedaa wajameyλ de ‘am de samak waʾađ naʾah, ʿeyhunaa waʾeṣṣaa w’enudaq de jadaḥ waʾaḥṭaj wde ʿaļ ʿaḥṭaj.

Waʾađan man tamrah wanafa’sẓ de sawaa waʾaḍlaq mas bashānēy, waʾaļ šayhαn kal ʿajar de allh man ʿeytαn ᵃl ʿetaa ḥeyhey washānαs wa
from the needy and others with great generosity, honoring them with what God had honored them. They took care of the palm tree and planted it abundantly. Although they did not get much profit from that tree, they did not think about that as much as they thought about how they got the reward from God Almighty when people ate and lived by the sweat of their brows.

Ain Mosbeha has been a place of visitation for most of the Socotra people. Since it is located on the way of most of the tribes of the west of the island, they pass by it, disembark their backpackers, be shaded under its shade, eat from its given sustenance, drink from its water, take their provisions for themselves, and then continue on their way.

duwdhaa de han man ‘eydey.
‘eyhun maṣbeḥuh ṣaṭaruh baḥālf de ’enahar ‘ayh ’afuw de ṣātāa wade madah, wayuwtaa ‘as ’afuw ẖāl ‘eqa’ad wa’ebuqāl waya’adaf buq dah baḥālf, ’etaa wa’erā’ wa’eshyuṣa’ wa’ezā’aa nafuyh zawād waḷat ’etahar.
Once upon a time, there was an evil witch who used to transform herself and her daughter into two big wild cats that preyed on all animals, sheep and goats in particular. The witch let fear and panic disrupt those in her area. There was also her daughter.

The daughter was taught by her mother all the very tricky and frightening methods. She became even more dangerous and ruthless than her mother towards people’s animals and properties. She even went as far as preying on young children and those who were under the age of weaning. She intentionally targeted the little children who used to play away from their homes.

'A Tale of Zabaid and the Witch-Cat

Tuwt eyuh de zabāyad wasaḥrah de taʾaqab jarbaj

'Emātałan 'afuw tuwt eyuh de ʿāchah saḥrah, sah wadesah farham taʾaqabuh jarbajey de ʾaqaratuh waʾeḍatuh wašy ʿal taʾaqalūh man ʿuz waman tāḥ, waʾafuw buq dah baḥalf ʾazʾem bafaza de han ʾamāʾl.

Waʾemar ʾaanaa farham shaqłatuh de saḥ kan beyw ʾaf tanahar ʿas bafaqēʿuh ʾafuw wanaḥbah wataʾeeey ʿayhan de han māl, ʾetafuh ʾatuh babarhuw qeyyhuwalahah de ṣād ʿal ʾeraḍ, wataṭahrār may barhuw ʾaḥenāḥaj wade han ʾafuw ʾal futkar bayhan watanahabyhan bar sah tanahaj shayhan ʾaf ʿarḥaqiyhan waṭāṭ tībud bayhan wabeṣey de ṣād ʾeṣāney.

ʾAl balajutuh ʾācheytēy de heh nāfa waʾamaʾ ʾafuw faḥraa laḥah de ḫāh
their families. Then she lured them by playing with them before taking them away and hiding them in plain sight. Thus, no one could see them after that at all.

The witch’s and her daughter’s evil actions continued to happen, reaching all the people in the region and neighboring areas. Therefore, people choose to leave and find somewhere else safe to protect their children and animals from that evil.

Among those displaced to another village was a young man named Zabaid. He was a nimble, quick, and smart person. He did long for his native land, which he had always heard about from his family, day and night. Thus, he chose to go and see his native land, where he was born.

do dah baḥālf wa’ahlaf laḥah de shkaa ḥah dan’ah bafašal, ṣaṭaf ’afuw ᵗᵃ’an de han babarhuw wade han bamāl wā’ar ḥālf.

Walāh leṭa’an man buq bayhan ṭad ṣaṭ af mayḥ sham zabāyad, zabāyad ṣaṭ qāl waḥāfaš wa’āqal. ṣaṭ jab zabāyad ḥesnaa de hah ḥālf, dāhar ’ehama’ de hah ’afuw ’ematajan de han laḥālf sham waḥatah, ṣaṭ af ṭaḍ ṣaṭ ṭar ṣaṭ sabur wama’ad ya’ad af ḥesnaa de hah ḥālf dah de ṣarawee ṭayh, wātuw ṣaṭ araḥ buq kasaa ṭayh de hah ’uz naṣaruh ṭayh ’eduq ḥayuuh wa’ejuuh buq de saḥ baḥālf wasas de saḥ saṭarad.

Watuw ṣaṭqadam ṣaṭ de hah ḥa’uz ’emur ṣaṭṭabar ṣaṭ as ’enam de ’ekan sas, wamanāl ṣaṭ ya’ṭabur wayāksen man ḥālf de ḥaḥāf ṣaṭqdam ḥa’ācheytey de keh saṭrat waheh tutaruh may ’uz wade saḥ saṭarad, waḥat ṣaṭqdam
Once he reached it, he saw one of his sheep returning with their little ones to the native land.

When he saw his sheep, he chose to watch them to see what was happening or what would happen to them. While he kept watching them here and there and hiding behind the trees, he saw the witches approaching the place and changing their clothes. Suddenly, both transformed into two wild cats.

The young man hid in his place and sneaked in to take their clothes. He kept hiding to watch what these two wild cats would do. Suddenly, he saw them preying on the sheep and their little ones. Then they came back to wear their clothes. However, they did not find them.

The two witches kept searching for their clothes. Suddenly, they saw them preying on the sheep and their little ones. They came back to wear their clothes. However, they did not find them.
clothes here and there, retaining their human forms. They thought that the clothes had gone with the wind somewhere. Their fear intensified. That was because without changing the clothes they had already changed before transforming into cats, they would retain their naked human forms and lose all magical powers. After only removing their clothes once, the witches could transform into cats.

While they were in the same situation, the young man made some sounds, calling his sheep. When the witch heard that unfamiliar sound she had never heard before, she shouted, saying, “Who is it calling the sheep in our own native land that is shared by no others? Who dares to shout in Wamanāl ʿadatuḥ ʿācheytey thārayuh wahey faṭaʾetey ʿās ʿaj ʿeshyāmaʿ de ḥah man ʿuz, watuw ʿemuʿuh ʿāchah dah ʿarhuw de ʿal ʿamtuḥuh tshamaʿsh ʿālahuh: man danʿah de jadah ʿeyn de ḥah de ḥan de ḥalf ʿeshyāmaʿ, ʿek laʿrab danʿah de ʿeṣaʿaq ʿaṭyub de sham waḥan ʿāl ṭaban ḥah ḥeyhey ʿan dah ḥalf ʿajeyhey wamatālah.

Kuʾlāa zabāyad: sharqaḥ ḥah dah baḥalf tehey de šey ʿal yaʾaqaḥ, waʾal tabukar shayh ʿuz, wakabakaruh ʿal tashteney, sharquḥuh ḥah dah baḥalf saḥrah de taʿudaj ʿaṭab de ʿuz ʿaf tarhud waṭaṣmaa.

Waʾamur hehey: zaʾayk ʿekey de teyh beshul waʾal ʿak ʿakušayhan baẓām, waʾaḍaḥaˈ bekey ʿafuw wamakeh banāfaʿ de tanāfuʿuh bamāl wababarhuw bade ʿafuw.
our native wasteland at sunset?”

Young Zabaid replied, “A wild cat went out of this place, preyed on the sheep, and ate them.”

There was nothing left after eating them. And because of that, the sheep never gave birth again. The witch went out of that place suckling on the sheep until their udders got swollen, which made her quite unwell.”

He added, “I have taken your clothes and shall never give them back to you. I shall also tell people who you are and what you do to their sheep, animals, and children.”

When the two witches heard that, they feared for their safety. They knew that they would be dragged up to the sea with a flat rock tied to the sheep’s udders.

Tuw ’ema’atuh ʿacheytey dan’ah matāl feza’atuh bānaa ḷanafuyih basbab ‘arabatuḥ ‘anaa zuw’ayuh de ranham waynujur hehey, kuwtuf behey ‘uban raqfāf baṭāda’ waḥat yuqla’ behey de ranham, ṭah fānaa dash saḥrah shuwjaa.

‘Ataruḥ sheybab may zabāyad wajazamuh hayh bar ’āl ’aduh ’etāh tshujaa wabar ḥateyuuh dah ḷanāfā’ de kan, wa’āl ’ād ’etāh ’ekan, wana’ah tanadaq hekey de keh beshul, lekan yahah ’āl shaman waḥaṣaa bar tanahabuh watatkanuḥuh de heh de nāfa’ dah lawley satayuh māl wabarhuw de ’afuw.

Fāsuh ʿāchah zabāyad ’aṭaf ’amur has: ʿanadaq hash deh beshul wa’amaa ḍaḥ beshul de farham ’asah bayhanḥ kur tuwkab de naqhal wa’āl ’aduh tsharāqah, wataṣaref ’as ’eduqna’ah, waya’aḏaf ’afuw mans. Waba’ad ’āl shajaa ’etān’ah katanaḥ may de
their backs, and then they would be discarded into the sea and left there. That was the law enforcement of ancient times on Socotra for “A Discovery of Witches.”

The old witch came close to the young Zabaid and kept swearing by God to him that she felt sorry for the mortal sin she had committed and that they would not do that crime again. She continued to persuade him to give them their clothes back. However, he knew it was merely a deception, and they might do that previous crime of witchcraft again, preying on people’s animals and children.

At the witch’s long urging, he made an agreement with her to give back only her clothes and to burn her daughter’s clothes. Therefore, she would go

hah ʾafuw waʿamur hayhan ḥaṭaʿ tehey.

Ḥaṣaa ʾafuw faḥraa bar letaʿ tehey wakutanaḥ de han de ḥaḥf, waʿadhar ʾaf ʾeṣuwmaa de han baḥaḥf waḥaḥf de han de ḥaṭuwa, wakn hayhan ʾafuw bar ḥaṭaʿ zabāyad saḥrah wade sah farham.
to live with her mother in a cave far from people who would get rid of their witchcraft. After it had been fully implemented, he returned to his family and told them he had killed the witch-cat and gotten rid of her forever. The news reached all over the island. After receiving the news of the wild cat’s death, the people returned to their native land and their ancestral land, where they lived the rest of their lives safe and sound. They believed that the witch and her daughter had definitely been finished by the young Zabaid.
A Tale of the Evil Eye

Once upon a time, a man lived on the island of Socotra. He was a registered criminal etched in the islanders’ fear memories. The reason was that he was a man with an evil eye. That was his evil eye, which had a curse brought about by a malevolent glare. People used to give gifts and presents to him in order to avoid his evil eye. If he looked at something and compared it to something else, that thing would perish. Consciously or unconsciously, that man forgot to mention the Lord’s name when he looked at things. Indeed, what he did to people and their properties was terrible and could not be described at all.

The tales of the evil eye were very popular in those days. It was said that some of those people, who had evil eyes, could not control themselves. As it was told too, neither their families nor their

Yʿuwmar ʿaram ʿaj de ʿekan ḥah basāqatrey, wadaḥ ʿaj yfuwaẓaʿ mayh manāl leyaʿādī basbāb yaʿyan, karaman šeney beylah de shkaruh lāzam yuwqams, waʿenadaq hayh ʿafuw beylah de kasaa kur ʿa leyaʿyan ʿayhan de han barhuw wade han māl, wakaraman ʿaqdam beylah wašāreyas ḥabeylah de yahšas tasdameran de sah basaʿah, wayehah ẓal yqadam ḥabeylah ʿal ʿedakur ʿasam de allh ḫāb ẓahaman futkar, ʿaqal ḫāṭar wabādar baʿafuw wade han bamāl.

Wabayh dah ḫuz dālq lahanʿah de bayhan ʿeyn, wafaq ẓāl man yahan ʿal ʿetar nafuyh, wataftaḥash kanyahān ḫāb may de man shayhan. Ẓayh sham ṭahar danʿah ʿaj ʿaf yārah ṭad ḫalīf de sharḥaq, wadaḥ ḫalīf beṣey
children could even protect themselves from the harm of their evil eye and the high disasters they exerted.

One day, the man with the evil eye went away until he reached a remote village. Because he was a stranger, one of the villagers met him and invited him on the same day, making him a welcome guest in his house. The man with the evil eye accepted the man’s invitation. At his host’s house, the man found that the villager was living with his wife and a young child. When he looked at the child playing, the man was impressed by the beauty of the child’s hair and was amazed at his good nature. Suddenly, and without warning, the child began crying for no known reason.

The host man and his wife did not understand why their child was unusually crying! Despite their best efforts to stop his crying and screaming, it got more intense and continued throughout the day. With all her ways and means, the mother tried her best to
entertain her child. After he could not do anything, she told her husband that bug bites might have bitten their child, and she didn’t know what to do for her child.

At that time, as the child’s behavior got more intense and continued throughout the day, the man with the evil eye noticed that he had drilled the ones who hosted him. He decided to help them. After telling them that an evil eye had a curse brought about by a malevolent glare. He pitied them and felt ashamed of their honor and hospitality for him, and he requested that the woman take the child to recite an exorcism (verses of the Holy Quran) to protect the child from an evil eye.

The woman gave him her child, who was crying hopefully and in a miserable condition. Once the man with the evil eye began reciting for a short time, the child stopped crying and screaming. The man gave the child back to his mother’s lap. For a short time, the child went into a deep sleep, so his mother moved him to
his rocking bed. The husband and wife were shocked at what had just happened to their child. Soon, they understood that the trouble in which their child was caught was caused by the stranger, the man with the evil eye, who stayed at their house as a guest since no one else had seen their child that evening except him.

Though the owner of the house kept silent. He never had a crush on his guest or fired him, which was not in line with their customs and traditions. They kept it quiet and said that whatever the man with the evil eye did to them, he was still our guest and had a right over them, and that would all be over by the early morning. Then that unwelcome guest felt that he had to leave immediately.

In the morning, the man continued his journey until he reached his destination. After taking what he needed, he came back to his village. On the way back, he saw two beautiful girls. One of those two beautiful girls had long, silky hair that fell on her

basbab deya‘ shayhan de ‘eshnahar de hah ʿaqṣa‘ah, wamaraṭ de hah ʿāchah kur ‘a taʿter waʿa taḍaa‘, waʿamaruh ʿey naṣābar ʿayh ‘af taṣbah waḷaṭ ʿeṭahur kan.

Tuw ʿebūḥuḥ shḥal♬ ‘aj, watuw tātaa naḥaṭuḥ man ἧḥah ṣamal ʿektanah de hah de ḫal♬, wamanaḥ ‘ād yaʿud ʿaqdam tareyah fareymey de shkaratuh bānaw, ṭayh manheḥ ṭayam mas shaf de raʿay ʿaf ʿequʿud ṭalamaʿeruh wayahah kan de shuwbaa ḫarher man shkaruh, qaṣaʿ ‘aj yaʿtabur waʿaļ ḏaṭar ‘asam de allhw.

Tuw ʿataṭuḥ man dāmey ṭahar ms jādaļ bamaʿmedw wasah zaʿats maqzeyuḥuḥ de raʿay.

Dajan ʿaḥan wamanaḥ ‘ād ‘aj yaʿud de hah baḥal♬ ʿaqdam ʿalḥaḥ de kāḥan ʿejuḥ, wadash ʿalḥaḥ matṭamuh waʿaqar mas ʿarqaṣ, washar mas kan, watuw fanaa ʿārab ʿam ʿarhuw waṣaʿah man ḫal♬ man de ʿalḥaḥ, waʿam ṭad
back and shoulders. He kept looking at her carefully and said something to himself without mentioning the Lord’s name.

When that girl woke up and lifted her head off the pillow, she felt a headache. However, the two hair strands remained on the pillow she slept on.

In the morning, while the man with the evil eye was walking in his village between the neighborhood’s houses, he stopped to look at a newly born cow. That cow was dairy with a color, pleasing the beholders. No sooner had he crossed the street; he heard a scream from where the cow was, announcing that the cow belonged to the so-and-so who had passed away.

In the evening, all the villagers gathered to say that their disasters prevailed and increased greatly because of the man with the evil eye. Then they decided to banish that man from their village for the safety of themselves and their properties. Some of
them said that they must have killed him because of what his evil eye did. Some others suggested that they must have ripped out his evil eye to eliminate all its evil. Eventually, they agreed that they should first take him to everyone who had been harmed due to his evil eye to mention the Lord’s name over him when treating him. After that, they would provide him with all he needed, including food and money to leave their homes. Before doing so, he had to swear an oath to mention the Lord’s name wherever he saw something on the road. The entire group participated in resolving that issue. They threw him out of the village between midnight and the following midday, and then they believed they were born again.
A Tale of the Giant

Once upon a time, there was a burly and muscular giant from the island of Socotra. That giant failed to find a bride for him on the island. Thus, he traveled all over the country to find a bride who would accept him as her lawful wedded husband, but all his attempts failed too. All the women to whom he proposed refused to marry him because of his big body and scary shape, which were why any woman refused to marry him.

After he was so desperate to find a bride for him, he returned to the island of Socotra, where he lived and worked in date palm cultivation in some parts of its valleys.

He gradually expanded his business in date palm

Tuwtuyuh de ʿaj de maṣāṣah

ʿAram ḥah bazamān ṭad ʿaj de ʿaqar waʿaḍ, Ḥāraa leyāḥaraa man ʿāchah wleshaḥem man ḥah waman ḥah lekan yahah ʿal kasaa wabesiy ʿachah de ʿejabuh hayh basbab fazaʿ ʿajhātan mayh man ʿaqar wavayh man ʿaḍ.

Watuh jamayh ʿaj ghulbah waʿal kasaa ʿāchah de buwʿu katanaḥ de ḥah de ḥalwaʿ am ṭad bajāḥay wayhanna ʿahafyḥ temahar.

Waʿad ʿaj wdaʿaq mayh ṣhāne ṣaf ʿytātā danaḥ ḥalwaʿ buq waqanu wa ʿajab lehnaa buq daḥ bahalwaʿ ejudeḥan waʾeshnayḥan ḥayh waʾeṣāraḥ ʿayḥan waʾafuwa ṣefuza mayh man ʿaqar wavayh man
cultivation until he had taken over territory in those areas. Whenever the islanders tried to plant palm trees, the giant threatened and prevented them from reaching those farmlands, taking advantage of their fear of his strength and big body. His speech and shouts at them were enough to make them throw up their hands in horror and run away.

It was said that the giant’s voice shook the whole island, and on his own, he could forcefully carry the trunk of a palm tree. He ate a full canteen of dates a day. Of the intensity of his love for dates and on the hottest summer days, when he felt very thirsty, he used to mash the dates with water and drink from them until that quenched his thirst.

One day, one of the islanders passed by the palm farms which the giant owned. When he saw the dates and abundant harvests...
on those palm farms, he asked himself, “Why does this giant have all these lands alone, and in the meantime, he prevents us from planting? There must be a way of eliminating the giant’s being a feudal lord, and only then shall we be able to take back those palm farms from him.”

He went to one of the island’s wise men, named Nabhi. He told him the story of the giant.

“You wait until the arrival of summer, and only then you have to try all your ways and means to follow the giant and watch him very carefully, without his knowledge,” Nabhi told him, adding, “You also have to watch all that he says and does and inform me all upon that.”

The man waited until the arrival of summer and began to watch the giant daily.


Nafaʾ ʿeyuj tuw ʿamur hayhan nebhey washḥālaf de fānaa baʿaj, watuw
The man went back to the wise man, Nabhi, after a week of watching.

“I have done all that you told me. Every morning I used to see him carrying a jar of ghee filled with water on his back from the valley to his grotto,” the man said to the wise man, Nabhi, and added, “When he arrives at his grotto, he eats dates and mashes them with water. After quenching his thirst, he says, “O would that my heart was like my power!”

“You inform me by tomorrow that you get three brave men to assist you. You all carry your weapons and go to face the giant,” Nabhi told him.

“How can we face him while he is a giant and more powerful than us?” the man told him.

“Your being brave is enough to overcome him. You just do what I tell you, and you will be able to finish him!” Nabhi told him.
The next morning, the four men went to face the giant. Once he saw them attacking with weapons, he got scared, his strength dwindled, and he began to flee; however, they easily caught him and finished him. Despite his strength and big body, he was only cowardly and too cowardly; all he could do was shout and threaten. It wasn’t until later that day that the news of the giant’s death spread, and the islanders jumped for joy after taking back their lands, which he had hijacked. After that, they began planting palm trees.
A Tale of the Clever Young Man

Once upon a time, there was a man on the island of Socotra who had a daughter. She was the most beautiful girl that people had ever seen. Her intelligence and wisdom made her more beautiful and attractive, too. Her father loved her very much. He was afraid for her very much, and he got even more when he saw that many men only proposed to her for her beauty. Then, the father decided not to marry off his daughter but to a young, intelligent, witty, skillful, brave, and decent man to protect her and support her in their lives. Whoever proposed to his daughter would be set to test how high his moral character was and how high his intelligence was. The number of suitors was huge, although they all

Tuwtuyuh de maksham de ʿāqal

ʿAram ḥah basāqaṭreyy bazamān ʿaj de shayh farham de shkaruh waṣaqaqbas allh de sawa waʿal tsābaʿ mas ʿayn man farḍ, wakanaḥuḥ ʿat dash farham ʿaqlah. Yaʿaḍan mas de saḥ bābah ʿad ʿaḍanhen de ḥayḥ, waʾesḥābāṭ ʿas, kanaḥ tuw ʿaḍam ʿeyuj ʿajab has waʾesḥāmaa bas ẓād mayḥ shabṭ ʿas, man ḥah maʿad ʿaj ʿal yḥāmey de ḥah farham kalʿ ʿaj ʿāqal washajʿey washkar mayḥ ʿalbab wanāfaʿ kur ʿeshqanaʿ ʿayh de ḥah farham. Watuw lejdaḥ de jadaḥ kur ʿesḥāmey ʿejadanyh ʿaj, ʿaldaq ʿeuyuj laḥah de shḥamaa bafarham lekan yahan ʿal ʿanqabluw kaṣeybab.

Laḥah ṭad baḥaḥf ʿenuw ṭad saṭhan ḥamaa de ḥah maksham šaʿtah ʿablāṭ watuw lebʿul ʿeṭāleqan
failed to convince her father and pass the tests.

A king on the island married off his son three times. Each time the son divorced without informing his father about the reasons, his father fired him and threw him out of the tribe. The young man went out of town searching for a job. He got a job as a shepherd. One day, the man’s wife saw the shepherd while he was out herding sheep. She was greatly impressed by his dedication and honesty, especially with the increasing number of sheep since he worked with her husband; however, the woman was worried that he might leave the work for her husband. Thus, she thought of marrying him off to her stepdaughter so she could let him stay with them and continue herding the sheep.
The stepmother pitched the idea to her stepdaughter; however, she refused it.

“I will not marry him or anyone else until my father travels with him to find out the truth about him,” she said to her stepmother.

The stepmother pitched the idea to her husband about his daughter’s marriage clause. The father agreed to the marriage clause and went to the young man.

“Tomorrow, do not go out herding sheep. You and I will travel for a few days on an errand!” the father told him.

They traveled together. On their way, they passed by sheep.

“What more sheep? What less sheep?” the young man said to him.

The man wondered at his speech, but he made no
answer. Then they passed by other sheep.

“What more sheep? What less sheep?” the young man said to him.

“What a fool! Perhaps my daughter realized his stupidity, and thus she asked me to travel with him to find out the truth about him,” The man said to himself.

After that, they passed by a grave.

“It contains the living and the dead!” the young man said to him.

They passed by a beautiful grove.

“I don’t know whether this grove is green or dry! The young man said to him.

The man was very surprised, but he didn’t say anything.

“No matter what happens, I will not marry ʾAftāj šeybab lekan yahah ʿāl ʿatraa kaḷ ʿeshmatul de ʿalbab wayaʿamar ʿāl ḥāmevh de huh farham baʿad dah de ʿemaʾk wāšenek mayh dah ʿaj, naṭan safrah ybawatan bas ḥehey sawaa, watuw katanaḥ ṭahar may de hah farham waḍālaʿ ʾhas bade kan, ʾamaruh farham: ʿan ʿāl deyaʾ dah ʿaj ḥā bābah, ʾamur: ʾefuwį?


Ḥab lahaman farham ḏaḷaʾuh de saḥ bābah lekan yahah ṣād ʿal ʾaqtana kurt yḥāmes tuyh, waʾamur: ṣādan ḥā hah man farham walażam ṣāk ʾajadan ḥā.
him off to my daughter. Traveling helps you figure out who people really are. And this very young man who’d not make a better husband for my daughter at all,” he said to himself.

After they returned from the journey, the father went to his daughter and told her all that had happened on the journey.

“He was a good young man, father,” the girl told him.

“How come?” her father asked her.

“As for the first sheep, there were more lambs than ewes. As for the second sheep, there were more ewes than lambs. As for his talk about the people of the grave, he meant that whoever left offspring is actually still alive, and whoever left no offspring is dead. As for the grove, if the owner bought and planted the trees with his own money,
it would be green. But if the owner bought and planted the trees for a debt, it would actually be dry.” the girl said to her father.

Despite the daughter’s explanations of what happened, the father was not convinced and disapproved of the marriage.

“My daughter is the most beloved and dearest one to my heart, so there should be another test,” he said to himself.

“As for the first sheep, there were more lambs than ewes. As for the second sheep, there were more ewes than lambs. As for his talk about the people of the grave, he meant that whoever left offspring is actually still alive, and whoever left no offspring is actually dead. As for the grove, if the owner bought and planted the trees with his own kulaah ’uz qaṣu‘uh de sah ḥasārad ṭawāḥah ḥāqar.

Katanaḥ maksham balā de hah ḥarhan, wabar ḥah šaybab tad wa’ajab leyāheṣ ḥenam ṭahāh kan, watuw ṭaqdām ṭah katanaḥ ḥahayy ḥam ḥar ḥalāṣ ṭah yaf de hah ḥarhan.

Ṭahar maksham wadamaa ṭaf tašābāḥ ṭahar may šeybeeb waṭeqaṭayy wa’amur ṭeky ṭahlāh hah ḥahay man ḥarhan ḥah de ṭaqaʃkey bādajḍajḥ ḥasā ḥaṭarū ḥaṣan ḥey yalāh. Watuw jaduḥuh ṭajey ḥahayy ḥar ḥalāṣ ṭayy ḥahayy ḥaṣan ḥayy waṭeqaṭayy ḥahayy ḥalāṣ ḥaṣan ḥahayy ḥalāṣ ḥayy waṭeqaṭayy ḥaṣan. Waṭuw jaduḥuh ṭajey ḥahayy ḥar ḥalāṣ ṭayy ḥahayy ḥaṣan ḥayy waṭeqaṭayy ḥahayy ḥalāṣ ḥaṣan. Watuw jaduḥuh ṭajey ḥahayy ḥar ḥalāṣ ṭayy ḥahayy ḥaṣan ḥayy waṭeqaṭayy ḥahayy ḥalāṣ ḥaṣan.”
money, it would be green. But if the owner bought and planted the trees for a debt, it would actually be dry.” the girl said to her father.

The young man was confused about what to do and how to do it. Because he could not return home with the sheep alone, if he left the sheep and their little sheep, all of them would get lost, and there would be no place to keep the little sheep in order for the sheep to remain with their little sheep in the same place.

While he was confused about the matter, an idea came to his mind. He dug a pit for each little sheep to prevent them from getting out to their mother. He dug fifty pits for each little sheep and put them all in each pit. As the sun was setting, he finished the act of digging, put the little sheep inside, and locked them before their mothers.

yahšayh, ʾaḥam de ʾah ῆrḥan waʾa ḥṭṭaf ʿasan sāradhan de ḥal de san.

ʿamur šeybab ʾayḥas ʿa tašla faʾa bar ḥal batk huw sārad de dash wahuw sarad de dachan waʾa ḥal huwaṣ basan.

Naʾah bat maksham bar raḏey ʾayh šeybab, ᵗaduf waʾa ḥal ʾam de hah ῆrḥan.

Naʾah raḏey šeybab wamaḥukan bar ḥaqal maksham wayahah ḥe ṣha ṣṭafayh ḥebʿul hayh de hah farham, waʾamur hayh ḥah farham ḥubuʿul waʾa ḥal ʿak taḥṣur ḫān.

Baʾaḥ makasham farham waʾa ḥazʾam de hah ḥadaduḥ wanafaʾuh de hah ῆrḥan ḥalqāḥ.
The young man came back without the sheep. The father was anxiously awaiting his arrival. When he saw him empty-handed, he thought the young man had failed the test and lost the sheep.

The young man returned to his room to sleep. Early the next morning, he woke up and woke up the owner of the sheep.

“Let’s go to the place where I left the sheep. Maybe there is one sheep left to go back with us,” he told him.

When they arrived at the wasteland, they found all the sheep had remained in their place. Some of them parked, calling to their little ones, shouting from where no one could see them.

The father was surprised at what that young man had done. At the same time, he wondered how the young man, with his clever plan,
could keep all the sheep safe!

“Please take back your sheep. I am going to a new land. Please pass the little sheep to their mothers and don’t confuse them with others,” the young man told him while still surprised.

The father had gone mad.

“Please don’t leave me. I don’t know where I can find the little sheep or which one is the mother of each of them,” the father told him.

At that very instant, the young man realized that he had passed the tests and that his father was delighted with him. Therefore, he got up, took out the little sheep, and gave each mother her little sheep.

The father was satisfied, and he had been even more impressed by the young man after he had passed the tests. Then the father requested that he marry his beautiful
daughter and not leave the land. Accordingly, the young man agreed to the marriage. He lived with his uncle and wife, and they worked together, herding sheep.
A Tale of the Fairy and the Man

There was a man who lived in the Al Wasta region who had a camel named Raadhen. That camel was beautiful enough for people to envy him. The man loved it so much, up to the point that he considered it one of his family members and indispensable to him.

At that time and on the island, all camels and donkeys were used by people for moving between the plains and plateaus of the island. They were also used for carrying their luggage on camels and donkeys. No house, but had either camels or donkeys, or both, as a means of transportation.

As usual, every night, the man wanted to offer his camel Raadhen

Tuwtuyuh de janeeyah wade ‘aj


Wa‘afuw bayh dah waqt bešey de ‘al shayh ba‘ar waţa ẖamār waţa kālaah, basbab ‘ayhan ‘afuw ‘erukab wyahāmalan de han ‘aqneyuh wade han beshuľ.

dinner, but he did not find it. The man used to do that and see his camel once he returned home at the beginning of the night as part of the inherited customs and traditions in the Al Wasta region.

The man did not find the camel. He was horrified, worried, impressed, and surprised at what happened. Thus, he refused to believe in such a state of confusion. And instead of asking the neighbors about it, he ran to the valley that separated the eastern Al Wasta region from the western region. The man was almost about to die of panic there. His arms pricked with goosebumps, and a shiver ran through his body. Indeed, he started reciting his prayers, turning his face towards the prayer Qiblah, the direction to Mecca for prayers, to perform the prayer of Tuw 'āl kasaa 'aj de hah baʿar faza' wa'aftāj 'enam beylah de kanuh, watuw shāked 'aj de hah ḫa'ar 'aļ 'ād shaqayh mayh ḫah bade shkaa 'an nahar ṭad de jaḥay de 'aqar bānaa washaḥhaa, watuw ūarub 'aj dayh da ḫajay faza', watuw tātaa de hah šalāh ṭahar kur 'ektanaḥ de hah de māzān 'ema' ša'af wadakdākah, neyhaḥ 'aj kan hayh bar ša'af de hah de ba'ar, ṭahar ūalāh manāl 'ema' ša'af, manāl 'ād ya'ad 'aļ 'aduh ša'af 'anfatlat de šah man ḫalf wa'ał šeyney beylah kan 'aḏhem wakan 'asrah.

Tuw šeyney 'aj bar 'ał 'ād shuʿud hayh de hah man ḫalf kuḷaa nahafydh de ḫārhan wayahah jadaḥ 'enakud mayh 'albab man fazagh, dan'ah baḥuz jamaḥayh
fear. He almost finished praying. He stretched his feet to climb the hill, returning home at the foot of the Al Wasta region. He almost started to do so until he heard the sound of footsteps. He felt happy with that and thought that it was the sound of the camel’s footsteps. Therefore, he stopped climbing and turned his head toward the source of the sound. Suddenly, he was petrified in complete darkness that he could not see what was through the darkness and among thick trees.

When the owner of the eastern Al Wasta region, the owner of the camel, Raadhen, was petrified in the place, he tried to go back, but He was very afraid, and his heart was beating like a drum. One of the fairy’s daughters caught one of his shoulders; however, he could not even scream
out because of the shock and fright that ran through his body completely and continued to shut him up. He tried to step forward a little to escape; however, the fairy caught him and tried to jump on his back. Then, she caught his arms. He tried to push her away; however, she stuck to him as a boy stuck to his mother. He tried to escape for the second time but in vain.

The fairy told him not to try to show his courage and cruelty to her. The man was sweating and trying to ignore what he had heard, but he could not. Afterward, he tried with all the forces at his disposal to keep her away from himself as much as possible until she fell, and he took him down on the ground.

The man remembered the edged weapon that kanaḥah, danʿah baḥuwz jamāḥayh janeeyah bakuwzey waʾardaduh bayh de saḥ tefaratan waḥat faraduh, wayahah sharqaḥ šarḥah bashāʾey ʿaf yuwkab de hah de māzān.

Raʿadhan ḥah yahah bamāzān de yaḥṣayh de ʾal sharḥaq, waṭuw ḥaṣaa ʿaj yhadaa mayh fazaʿ, lekan yahah ʿād ʿutadak mayh ṣalb wawṣaʾaṣaʾaq man sār saʿah waʾeshākedan, jadaḥ ʿafuw men ṭah wamen ṭah waʾemar hayh šāḥaz waqarawey ʿayh, ʿam ʿeyhuwdaa mayh fazaʿ ḍalaʿ hayhan ṣennam kan shayh waṣanayhan maṣraḥmaham de janeeyah de hah bakuwzey, ʿenkaʾ hayh dāweyat man šaʿluf de sharham waḥat ṭeḥan waʾaṣhar baṣ reyhuw waḥat ʿemar ʿayh manāl ʿaḍāḥ.

Łal tajudeḥan dash sham de kan shayh ʿaj ʿetah
he carried in all his doings. Also, he remembered the folk tales of fairies saying that a fairy must be afraid of him. He immediately got his edged weapon and pointed it at the fairy’s face, who wanted to ride on him. Before he could finish her, she dug her fingernails into his shoulder flesh. Then she ran away from him, so he began to climb the valley terraces, escaping until he reached his house in terror.

The camel, Raadhen, was in the house next to its owner’s house. When the owner knew that, he calmed down a little. But his heart was beating like a drum. He was screaming occasionally until a group of good people from his area arrived. They began to recite spells over him until the fear was gone. After that, the man told
them what happened to him and showed them the traces of the fairy’s fingernails on his shoulders. They brought some medicinal plant leaves for injuries. The leaves were mashed, grounded, and put on his wounds.

Each year on this day of that incident that happened to the owner of the camel, Raadhen, two nevi appeared on his shoulder, which were the traces of the fairy’s fingernails. They became swollen with much restless pain. Someone must have had to take care of him and his pain until the morning.

The man spent the rest of his life in that area. The scars remained on his arms until he passed away in the afterlife.
A Tale of Nebhar

Once upon a time, a strong and great man named Nebhar lived on the island of Socotra. He was married and had children. He had a range of livestock that were his children and his only source of living until there was a drought followed by rains failing and the land dry in which they lived. Nebhar decided to move with his wife and children to another place where they could see green land, graze livestock, and have high rainfall.

He took his wife and children and began the journey of searching for a favorable place to live and settle. They could finally find a green land with many graces and blessings after many days of searching and navigating.

Tuwteyuh de nabhu


Ṭahar man ḥal‘f de ḥal‘f yaḥuwraa man ḥay ‘af ’ekusaa ṭad ḥal‘f de bayh ‘āfeyāh de allh.

Tuw shāqal bayh dah ḥal‘f washāqel hayhan de han māl ṭahar nabhuḥ ’ešām qaš‘ur ḥa‘afuw ḥaḥah.

‘amaruḥ hayh de hah ‘achah: yah šayran ‘an nahafk man šeyāmah lahan‘ah qaš‘ur wa‘a
After they had stayed in a new place, that man decided to go on a short business trip to the neighboring villages to sell the livestock leather that he had collected.

His wife tried to stop him from going on the short business trip because the place they moved to was merely a wasteland, and she did not want to be left alone with her children. But he reassured her that there would be nothing to worry about, and he went on his business trip.

The wife and her children stayed in the wasteland, wracked with anxiety and plagued by fear every night. On the third day of the husband’s near total absence, when it was sunset and darkness had come, she heard the sound of incoming footsteps towards them. Thus, she ran outside the house to check it out. But she did not find anyone except the taqla’ beyn wa’arubk bešey ḥaḥah ‘afuw manāl ta’ad washarhaq ḥalf wahan tajaa ‘eyn ḥaṣeyn, ‘amar has bašey beylah de takan wahuw ‘aktanaḥ de maḥlāa.


Sa’t heyntan ‘am chefra’ katanḥuh ‘achah ḥawruh mashkak de rayamuh de mafzā’ah mas fānaa wamas ‘eyney, ’ataruh das waļaṭ ‘amaruh has: man de qahabayh? lekan ‘achah aļ kāļuw bas aļ ṭah wa’aļ ṭah.
sound of footsteps still incoming towards them. It was only a few moments before she could see someone who looked like a ghostly figure heading towards her, making her legs tremble with fear.

A few moments later, the features of the ghostly figure became clearer, and looking up, she would see a dark-skinned, tall, and pale-faced woman with eyeliner in her eye.

“How was your evening, woman?” She came closer to her and asked her.

The woman made no answer.

“Didn’t you know that this place belonged to me? How dare you stay here?” she asked her again.

The woman could not answer.

“By tomorrow, before sunset, you must leave this...
place; otherwise, you shall see something horrible you have never ever seen in your life.” The woman told her in a high-threat tone.

Once the strange woman finished her words, she quickly vanished into the darkness. The wife was petrified in her place by the terrifying scene she had seen. A voice in her head told her that that woman was really nothing but a fairy who came to seize their house and land, taking advantage of Nebhar’s absence, and would harm her and her children.

Between concerns, she could scarcely move her legs back into the house. The wife could not sleep until sunrise. Throughout the day, she recited a prayer to the Lord for her husband’s coming, hoping that he would return home before sunset.

Watū ʿamaduh jaduḥuh janeeyah de sah ʿawa’dah washaneyḥuh das tuw shajuw man de ʿamshah.

Watū ʿamaduh jaduḥuh janeeyah de sah ʿawa’dah washaneyḥuh das tuw shajuw man de ʿamshah.

Watū ʿamaduh jaduḥuh janeeyah de sah ʿawa’dah washaneyḥuh das tuw shajuw man de ʿamshah.

Watū ʿamaduh jaduḥuh janeeyah de sah ʿawa’dah washaneyḥuh das tuw shajuw man de ʿamshah.

Watū ʿamaduh jaduḥuh janeeyah de sah ʿawa’dah washaneyḥuh das tuw shajuw man de ʿamshah.
The sun went down, but her husband had not come back yet. She wept at his misfortune, and with fear filling her heart, she asked herself what would happen to her and what she would do if that woman returned.

When night fell, the fairy returned to her and threatened her, as she had done the first time.

The next morning, Nebhar returned home. When his wife saw him, she cried for joy that he had returned to them. In detail, she told him what happened to that strange woman while he was absent.

He was astonished and amazed by what his wife had told him. He thought of a plan to find out the reality of what happened in his absence. When night fell, it was time for the fairy to come. He hid inside the room and asked his wife to cover his body
with blankets so the fairy would not see him.

The wife started whispering to Nebhar that she heard the sound of the footsteps of the fairy coming to them. She approached the door a little. Suddenly, she opened it wide and kept silent for a while.

“Yes, it is the smell of Nebhar. My husband had returned to us,” she started screaming and continued saying, “You cannot harm us.”

She kept shouting and threatening that her husband’s strength and power could save them. Nebhar got up from his place and stood beside his wife.

“Yes, here I am. Do not ever approach my house, my wife, or my children. Never come back here again,” he shouted at the fairy.
The wife calmed down after hearing Nebhar’s words. She told him that the woman was afraid of him and that she ran away. Since that day, that woman had never come back to his wife again.

Whenever Nebhar decided to travel, he told his wife to hang his clothes outside the house and put his shoes in front of the door in order to let the fairy smell Nebhar and think that he was still staying at home and never ever approached them at all. Indeed, by following that plan, he has succeeded in reassuring his wife. He had succeeded in finishing the fairy, who never existed but only existed in his wife’s mind.
In the days of old on the island of Socotra, the area was hit by drought, and Famine spread throughout the land. Most of the people died on the island because of hunger and malnutrition. Some men were said to have been forced to divorce their wives in order not to starve from hunger and men who might have been in charge of their deaths. Thus, by allowing their wives to return to their family’s homes, the husbands increased their wives’ chances of survival.

As for those who still had the strength and courage, they used to take what they could find on their way, whether it was theirs or not. They were trying to...
save themselves from death.

In those days, there was a man named Saharhin who lived with his wife. That couple entered a forest in the middle of the island, looking for anything to satisfy their hunger. When they reached the depths of the jungle, they found a cave. Hence, they entered the cave looking for a dead animal or bird to eat.

The couple stayed in that cave, eating the leaves and bark of trees and any insects or birds that could be caught.

People were suffering from hunger a lot, with the lack of birds or insects owing to the drying out of the land and the trees. One day, a young boy under ten approached the cave. When he came closer to the cave, a man told himself, waduwdayhan wa`anyharuh.

`Al `aduh ḥey ksayuh beylah wazād ʿehey juw` tuw ya`ad wa`ezeyd ṣaqar.

Ṭayh sham ʿam ʿujajhan qeyhan `al ʿenahar ādar sanen jadaḥ de fana baṭerabah, watuw `at de fana bayhan ʿamur ʿaj `aqaruḥ tan ḥar taḍemuh. Tuw jadaḥ ʿujajhan jamāḥayh ʿaj waktum mayh ḡaḥah kur ʿa leẓ`ur, wa`ajdaḥayh may de hah ʿāchah, fezū`uh ʿāchah, ʿamur has ʿaj: `ajaban kur nashāṭalemanyh, lekan ʿāchah `al tame`uh, ʿamur bas na`aqal yh kanafuyh kur ʿekan shen mabrhaa, lekan ʿujajhan sa`aq kur `ektanaḥ de `al de hah `afuw, ḥbasuyh bāḥur baqanah de ṭarebah wahedad ʿayh tar.

Qāqah de ʿujajhan ʿaj šeybab lekan yahah šāfaq wamaṣḥad waṣafey, bešey tuw tuyh ḥah dah baḥalf.
hopefully, that that very boy might be a good meal to eat that same evening for him and his wife.

When the boy came closer to the man, the man immediately covered his mouth so as not to shout. The man brought him to his wife. She got shocked and scared.

“May we eat him at once now?” the man asked his wife.

She completely rejected the idea of eating the boy. Then they decided to choose adoption for the boy. But the boy kept shouting and wanted to return to his family. The result was that they locked him up in a dark burrow inside the cave. And then they piled heaps of stones at the cave entrance.

The boy had an older brother who was the bravest and most

Tuw faqad šeybab de hah qāqah ṭahar yaḥuwrāa mayh kar ʿasrah, manāl ʿad yaḥuwrāʾaqdam ʿatərabah waʿaqdam bas ḥaʿaj wāchah de ʿal de manḥah.

Bat šeybab bar ʾenuw buq beylah dash baṭərabah, jadaḥ waqāheb ʿayhan wasḥāberayhan wareyhayhan manhuw jadaḥ waʿenam ḥah yaʿumur, manāl ḥād ʿafuw ʿeshḥābaran ʾemaʿ ʿujajhan ʿarhuw de hah de nanhen wabat bar yahah, ṣaʿaq man qānah de ḥur de hah kananhen kur ʿeshṭab ʿayh.

Ṭahar šeybab duq manāl ʾemaʿ ʿarhuw, ḥāṣaa bar ʿarhuw de ʿaḥayh wabar ʿad ʿal ḍama, ʿamur hayh: tarakaḍ ʿabhan watsharāqaḥ, rakaḍ ʿujajhan washarqaḥ.

Jamah šeybab saḥerheyn baqar waʿamur hayh: ʿanaʿah jadaḥ ʿah de ḥah kur tarābaḍ barhuw de
powerful in that region. His older brother was an example of a brave man with extraordinary strength.

When the old brother missed his little brother, he decided to go looking for him in the forest. While he was looking for him and came very close to that cave, he noted a strange man and woman there.

He intuitively realized that something was going on there. He came to them, greeted them, and began talking to them about their situations, their homeland, and what they were doing. While they were talking to each other, the boy heard the voice of his old brother and could recognize his voice.

“O, my brother! This man and his wife have kidnapped me,” the boy shouted from the dark burrow where he was

‘afuw wastayhan yah? faza’ saḥerheyn wa’amur huh ‘ek hayh kur ‘ekan sha’a mabrhaa bas, yhadaa šeybab wa’amur hay tanhar hak de shana’ah sham, waka’āk ‘etah shajak ‘alata’k.

‘amur saḥerheyn: kufek ’aḥ ’ak ‘ashujaa beylah, ūhar šeybab yahah wade hah qāqah wayahah faza’ mayh ’albab.


Faqad šeybab de hah ‘aḍya’, ‘amur ‘umedk saḥerheyn wade hah ‘āchah de yharaqayh, ḥāra leyaḥraa kar ‘asyur wakar fadanhan wakar ’ajḥayuh,
locked up, screaming for his brother’s help.

The old man jumped to where the sound came from, recognized his brother’s voice, and realized he was still alive. He told his brother to lift the stones with his feet and get out. The boy did what his old brother told him to do and left that burrow. The old man grabbed Saharhin’s neck and said to him that he had come there just to kidnap children and eat them. However, on the other side, Saharhin made up a lie, justifying that he was only looking for a son to adopt. Therefore, the old man calmed down and told him that he forgave him because he had committed a mistake, but if he stumbled back into doing the same again, he would kill him.

The man promised him not to repeat it. The old manāl ʿād yaḥuwra ʾema’ dah de ʾetuwberan ṭerub man jahay, watuw ʾatur dayh ʿam saḥerheyn, ʾaḥah shayh šeybab lekan yahah ʿal ʿataraa, ʾaḥah shayh kanah, ʿamur saḥerheyn: ʿenham taḥa ʿaʾenam ʿek?

ʿamur šeybab: ʿek kur ʾashmatuḥk.

ʿamur saḥerheyn: tud manhe ʿan ʾah wahuh jadaḥk tuk. Maʾad saḥerheyn ʿaḥ ʾelataʿ šeybab, ʿamur ʿaj šeybab ūyḥ ḏarbah de hah waʾenahyar bas. Tad naʾah šeybab baṭādaʿ ʿayšhar wajadaḥ saḥerheyn wayahah ʿutadaf waḥatar, watuw jadaḥ may šeybab ʿaduf de hah ḥašarah kur ʿebulajs mayh de raʿay, lekan šeybab basārah bayh waʿaḍ, jamahayh baʿad waḥaṭ qayhaʾayḥ ʿaf ʾeladāḥ bayh de ḥuyhah baḍafḍaf de ʿeyn.

Zutkam bayh šeybab ʿaf haman ʾelataʾyḥ, waḥaṭ
man left the place with his little brother, whose heart almost dropped when he got scared.

In the days after, two foreign women were passing that way. They saw one little sheep owned by that old man. They grabbed it. They found Saharhin and his wife on their way. They asked them to help with sheep slaughtering. Saharhin did help them. He slaughtered and flayed the sheep and gave them the meat.

The old man didn’t find the sheep. He doubted that the man and his wife might have stolen the sheep. He went first to look for it in the grazing fields, the forest, and the mountains. While the old man was looking for it, he heard the sound of firewood popping, crackling and collecting in the valley. When he came closer to the source of the sound, he found that it was a
man. The old man called him, but he made no answer.

“O, old man! You are calling me. What do you want from me?” He replied after he called him again.

The old man told him that he wanted to talk to him. Saharhin told him to wait, and he would come to the place where he was. Saharhin meant harm to him, telling himself that that man was old and that one shot was enough to cause his death. The old man waited on a smooth rock. The man came, having an angry look on his face and meaning harm to him. When he came closer to the old man, he tried to strike him with one knife strike on the head. But the old man could move swiftly and softly, catch the man’s hand, wrap it, and put him down.
He gave him quick punches until he beat him nearly to death. He warned him, saying, “O Man! You and your wife must leave this land as soon as possible. I don’t want to see you again here; otherwise, I will kill you both.” The man went to his wife in a hurry. They left that cave and vanished as lightning faded in the pitch darkness. After that, no one could have seen that man in that place anymore. But soon after, the old man felt that his strength was giving out and that he could no longer climb mountains or run as fast as the speed of light as before. He was no longer able to carry rocks as he used to. He realized that Saharhin might have stolen his strength and gone forever.
Once upon a time, there was a man on the island of Socotra. The man lived alone with his only son after his wife’s death. She left a young child to raise and teach to resist the ups and downs of life.

The man had a large number of sheep. He and his little son used to go herding the sheep every morning. He used to teach him how to herd them and save them. In the meantime, he taught him how to treat and respect people and animals around him. A few years after that, the man died, leaving behind an orphan little boy.

The boy moved to his uncle’s house. His uncle also had many sheep and a group of kids.
The boy stayed at his uncle’s house. He used to go every day with his cousins to herd the sheep. He found himself in a new and somewhat different life. However, the only thing in common with those two past and current lives was herding and caring for the sheep.

For him, life was full of hardships because his uncle and his kids treated him differently. They enlisted him to do difficult things but did not care about him or the sheep that remained with him after his father’s death.

One day, his uncle asked his kids to slaughter one sheep for dinner. Thus, they chose one sheep and slaughtered it. Then they asked the boy to cook it and prepare dinner for all of them.

It was during the rainy season on the island of shayh ṣarhan de dalaq washayh majasha’a.

ʼEtahr maksham tuw tašbaḥ ’enafa’ ʿarhan kamajasha’a de hah de daduh, kasaa nahafyh ba’adharuh de yahšas, lekan nafa’ yahah ṭad, ʿerhan de nuwfā’.

ʼeddah ʿayh maksham ʿadharuh, de hah dāduh wade hah majasha’a yaḥuzaṣayḥ waʾeṣaram bayh, wayuwud may beylah de ʿeddah waʾaḍ ejusar has, waʾaḍ yaḥaadāa ʿayḥ waʾaḍ de hah ṭa’arhan.

Ṭayh sham ʿamar ʿajaban kur naṣalab nafuyh ṭayh ʿuz kur nasḥtlemen, ḍadaf ʿaʿuz de hah waṣaluwaṣbas, waṭaṭ ʿamar hayh kur ʾeqadar hayhan tus.

Danʿah ḥuz damhar baʾeytan, wade shanaʿah ḥataḥ ʿaqar ḥayhur waʾaḥayyaruh ʿeytan, waʾeyn bas de damar.
Socotra. That night was dark. The sky was overcast with clouds, and it was going to rain.

The man and his kids went to round up sheep. They got them into safe caves to avoid the floods that would come and sweep them into the sea. They could collect them and bring them all into the caves. Then they piled heaps of stones at the cave entrance so the sheep would never escape.

They left the child behind, busy cooking and preparing dinner until they returned from work. While the child was busy cooking, he heard a baby crying behind the thick bushes and trees. He could recognize from the voice that there was a woman who had just given birth and urgently needed help. He took his scarf off his shoulder and

\[\text{Tahar šeybab wade hah majasha’ā jarf de han man ’arhan wakananas baṭaruyab maknan de šey ’aḷ yaʿad dasan, waḷat hedad ’asan ’atrur kur ’a tsharqaḥan.}\]

\[\text{‘aqāl makhsham kur ’eqādar wayaʿamar taḍemuh ʿaf lektanahā de han man nafaʿatan.}\]

\[\text{Manāl ṣād makhsham ’eqadar ʿemaʿ mabrhaa de ḍebush man ṣamq man de ḍasrah, bat bar ʿenuw ʿāchah de beyruw wataʿajub de ykabur has, kabur has waʾandaq has de hah šaqah, waḷat katanaḥ de hah de maqdher waʾandaq has raṭḥah, ’aḷ ʿad reyhas man sah waman de ḍajdaḥas de ḍah dash de ḍasrah de ḍawruh.}\]

\[\text{Baʿad ’aḷ ʿandaq has de hah šaqah wʾandaq has raṭḥah ʿalḥuḥ shayh waḷat ʿamaruh hayh: kaburk ʿanḥaa waʾandaq ʿanha}\]
handed it to her. He went to the meat pot and gave her a piece of meat. All he did was ask who she was or why she was there. After he gave her the scarf and the piece of meat, she called him.

She told him, “O son, you came here to help me and gave me dinner, and you do not know who I am. If you are in trouble and you need help, just call on Hadibo; I will come to help you immediately.”

Shortly after that, the man and his kids came to find dinner already prepared. They came with peace of mind. They could round up the sheep after getting them into the safe caves, protecting them from heavy rains and flooding.

The boy served dinner to them, but they noticed taḍemuh wa’ah ’al ’arubk tuw, lekan karaman kank ’ah wa’aduh ’aqamuh ’ak bazam wa’aḥtuwk ḥabeylah tāḥa’sha’a wata’amar: ’adenāsaa, wahuh ’al ‘āk ’ash‘ayan ’ak.

Ba’ad ḥah jadaḥ šeybab wade hah majashaa wakasaa taḍemuh ’atfayaaqat, jadaḥ wayahan ṭen manyahan ’albab, ṭab de han ’arhan ’aqaruḥ maknan wašey ’al ya‘ad das.


‘amar: ‘am bak tuwyk tus tkufek de shana’ah wa’al ‘ak tataa shen, shaṭālam wayahan ’aqalayh kur y’amarad ḥashenah.
that there was a missing piece of meat.

They asked him, “Where is the missing piece of meat?”

He was slightly confused, but he could tell them he had eaten it.

They told him that since he had eaten it, which was sufficient for him, he should not have to have dinner with them.

The man and his kids had dinner, but they left him starving.

It only took a few seconds before heavy rains came, and flows had begun to increase everywhere.

In the meantime, the boy felt like his insides were hollow with hunger. His pain-related fear of his sheep, now unaccounted for, became too much.

ʼAbaḻalāa ḍam masaa de ḍa qar waqafad ḍa jḥayuh, ḍamāl.

ʼAqarayh maksham juw‘, wakanaḥuh ḍa qaruts ḍalqah de hah ḍa ḍarhan de ḍa l bat huw sah dah .Infamasaa de ḍa qar. Jadaḥayh shanad waṭahar ṭad de nuwṣaf wanahar bayh damey.

SHuwdem bar ḍar ḍa jḥay de hah ḍa ḍarhan wade ḍan ḍa ṭahafsan, dakar bamachraḥar ḍāchah dash de ḍamaruh hayh tadakur tuw ḍal tuwqam ḍak, ḍa lḥ sas wa ḍamur: ḍayḥas ḍadenasaa.

Watuw ṣebuḥuh ṣaḥ ṭahar kur ya ṭabur de hah man ḍarhan ksāśan bamakna ḍw aḥ kan shasan ṣey, wa ḍarhan de hah de dāduh wade hah de majāshaa ḍakub dasan ḍajay duq manaḥ kenan wasabsaṇ ṯahrāa ḍaf ykubsan ranham.
He fell asleep in a far corner.

While sleeping, he dreamed that floods surrounded his sheep. In the dream, he remembered the woman who had promised to help him.

“O Hadibo, I need your help!” he cried to her then.

The next morning, he went out to check out his sheep. He found them all rounded up in safe places, but they were not harmed. They were all safe. As for his uncle’s sheep and his kids, their sheep were swept from the caves into the sea by floodwaters.
A Tale of Tahrar

It was told that, on the island of Socotra, there was a sasquatch who lived in a remote area west of the island. People received and passed on the news about that man named Tahrar. In the Socotri language, his name meant absent-minded or someone who lived stray with non-domesticated animals. He lived in the forest, like all other animals. He never wore clothes at all throughout his life. Tahrar was always afraid of human beings. He lived in the mountains and trees out of sight of people, which made him never approach any coasts, cities, or villages.

Tuwteyuh de ṭaḥrar

ʾEmatałan ʾafuw bar ʾaram ḥah bazaman ʿaṭa ʿaj darheym ʿeṭaʾam ʾaṭaḥ bagharbeyah ʿaṭa bahal ʾaṭaḥ naṣf.

Dah ʿaj ʾanbawey ṭaḥrar ʾaṭa ʾezaʾam kal manal ʿaṭaʾam ṭuṭuḥurher, buq bafadhan waʾasrah, wayaʾud faṭaʿ ʿeṭaḥ tuw shfanaḥ webeylah ʾaṭ ʾamtuḥ leklā ṭanahafyah, ʾefuwrad ʿan ḥehey ʾetah tuw ṭaḥrar waʾaṭ ʾyuwjuḥ ḥah manal ʾezaʾam ʾafuw.

SHam waḥaṭah buq yahah bafadanhan kaṭuḥurher, ʾetaa manal staʾan waʾeruwy manal ṭaruwyan, wabeṣey de ʾeṣāneys basbab ʾefuwrd ʾaṭ ʾeṣaney makhluq, wakan mayh jad tuw ḥadab dah de ʾezaʾam bayh.
Tahrar spent his day-to-day life climbing mountains and heights, sharing pastures, places, and daily lives with animals and deer. He used to eat and drink whatever and wherever they ate and drank. He didn’t always appear in public. Probably, that was because he avoided facing any human beings but rarely did. He used to live like an animal roaming around in the forest until his skin color became similar to the color of the land where he lived.

One day, a hunter chased deer at the foot of the mountains, in the bushes and dry trees.

While he was chasing the deer among the bushes, a ghostly figure of a human appeared to him, but that ghostly figure did not wear any clothes. It was running and moving like a ghost,
so the man thought it was from the jinn. The hunter felt slightly afraid of that sasquatch he saw there for the first time. However, he could keep his composure and decided to chase it to find out what that sasquatch was.

As he approached that sasquatch, he realized that its features were very similar to human features, but it was hairy and dusty-colored. He tried to call it out, but it seemed he could not speak or understand human language. He used to make different utterances, which were like the sound of birds, sometimes like the sound of sheep, and other times like the sound of deer.

Whenever the hunter came closer to it, it ran away. The hunter insisted on chasing it. Tahrar was faster than it...
was through the trees. He ran as fast as a deer.

The hunter returned to the village and told the people the story about that sasquatch. A group of those people decided to search for it and catch it. Thus, they went to where the hunter last saw the sasquatch. They then decided to set cage traps in different places, hoping that they might be able to lure it in.

After they set cage traps, they made sounds similar to the sounds of deer. When hearing the sounds, he appeared, and they uttered human voices from the other side. He used to be afraid of human voices a lot, so he went to the source of the deer sounds. And then it fell into the trap set up by them there.

Tahrar got confused and was engulfed in the trap.

Faza'. 'Endaq hayh reyhuw wa’aqneyuh lekan yahah 'al' tame' leqteyn waleraa. Ḥaraa lešhamtalayh lekan yahah 'al' shamtul wa'al 'ema' 'efwîl ya'amar.

Sanam mayh ṭay 'etah tuw ṭay de shfanaš farwahaa, wamayh jad 'aq dah tuw rukt de ʾaš'af, wamayh šaf 'aqar wa'aš' erar wa'amey ʾayh ʾajad. Tuw jamatsan 'afuw ghubbah zaʾawy de 'ažah de reyhuw wašat raḥḍayh ʾaf 'enaqey mayh ḥudk, wašat qeraḏ mayh shaf, wšat 'emar hayh beshul. 'Al hamal jad de ṭahirr nafaš dah de nefaš bayh, jaʿur wamayus. 'Aftāj 'afuw 'efuwî yshuwjaa, ʾataf bešî j kur 'etahar 'asa 'etuwrâf wa'ektanāḥ tuw de fana. Tuw bešî ʾal ʾad bayh bar leyaʿad. Wadachan yahamhan 'aqdam 'afuw nayhar de yaḥâlahan bafadhan ʿamar ṭahirr de
But he could not get out of it. Thus, the people attacked him, tied him with ropes, and carried him to the village. When he arrived at the village, they all went out of their houses to watch that sasquatch there. He was trembling with fear as people watched him. They served food and drink to him, but he did not eat or drink. They tried to talk to him, but he did not listen to them. That was because he neither spoke nor understood what they were saying.

He was unbearably smelly, like a wild animal. His body was dry and strong, like a heel. His hair was thick, almost covering all of his body. When they got tired of looking at him and smelling his stench, thus, they finally decided to clean him. They took him to a water pool and soaked

\[\text{šamaa, ţahar waʿutabar ksaweey šama.} \]

\[\text{Ḥal ʿayh nayhar kur ʿetayh, ʿamar ʿafuw naʿamar ʿayh ʿaṣabuh kur ʿa letayh nayhar waduwdayhun. ʿamar ʿayh ʿaṣabuh de sharmehen ʿaf ʿeshaṭar waʾaḍ ʿad yquwdam mayh beylah.} \]

\[\text{Kutanaḥ ʿafuw de han de qaʿyahar, baʿad ḥah ʿaqdam ʿafuw ṭaḥurher de taṣameyan ʿṭs ṭayh ʿaf tanaqeyan dah man ḥalf waʾaḍ ʿad key kaẓ fadhan khaley.} \]
him in it. Then they began to wash him until he became clean. They shaved his hair. They gave him clothes. His body couldn’t adjust to this change. Therefore, his body looked emaciated, tired, and ill. The people did not know what to do for him. They released him, hoping his usual vitals, strength, and activity might return to normal.

He did move but was in such an extremely critical condition that he could not walk. The next day, the people in the village saw birds hovering over the tops of the mountains. Thus, they thought that Tahrar had died. They went over there to check the place and found him dead. The birds were flying in a circle around him, waiting to eat him. The people decided to throw tree branches over him to protect his
body from those flying birds, buzzards, and predator animals. They covered all of his body completely from above and from each part of the body until no part was seen anymore. The people returned home, but after that, they noticed that the deer began to die one by one after the death of Tahrar. All the deer in those areas became extinct. Nothing remained except the rocky mountains.