

Text A: Dhaid the Dhow

Dhaid was an old dhow who was long forgotten by the people of the Arabian Gulf. He lay lifeless in the sand dreaming of days gone by when he sailed the open seas. With his master at the helm they had searched for the best fishing spots. When happy with the catch Dhaid would return home with baskets of fish to his master's grateful family. Dhaid loved the ocean the wide open spaces the freedom and the feeling of skipping across the waves. Dhaid and his master sailed those seas for many years until one day his master came no more.



Dhaid lay on the shore longing for days of the past. He sighed as he watched the other dhows set sail each day. As time passed Dhaid's boards began to shrink in the heat the paint peeled in the sunlight and the sails began to tear in the wind.

One day a young man was searching for precious shells along the shoreline. He noticed the tired old dhow in the sand. He thought of a story he had once heard about a grand old dhow. He rubbed his hands along the side of the dhow admiring the old craftsmanship. "How did you get here old dhow?" he whispered. "I imagine that you were magnificent at sea".

Dhaid's torn sails flapped in the wind as the young man spoke to him. His boards creaked with delight as the young man clambered on board to take a look. The longer the young man stayed the more excited Dhaid became.

The young man spent the next few months visiting the old dhow. He gave Dhaid new white sails and a shining coat of paint. He worked long hours and finally the day came when he stood back and admired Dhaid. "Old dhow it is time you return to the sea" he announced.

Dhaid glided gracefully out of the harbor entrance and sat high and proud in the water as he passed the other dhows. With his new master at the helm and with the wind in his sails Dhaid danced out into the ocean and out across the waves.

Text B: The River

[Adapted from the poem by Valerie Bloom]



The River's a winder,
Through valley and hill
He twists and he turns
He just cannot be still.

The River's a baby,
He gurgles and hums,
And sounds like he's happily
Sucking his thumbs.

The River's a singer,
As he dances along,
The countryside echoes
The notes of his song.

The River's a monster,
Hungry and vexed,
He's gobbled up trees
And he'll swallow you next.

Text C:

[Source: <http://www.niehs.nih.gov/programs/justice>]



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