

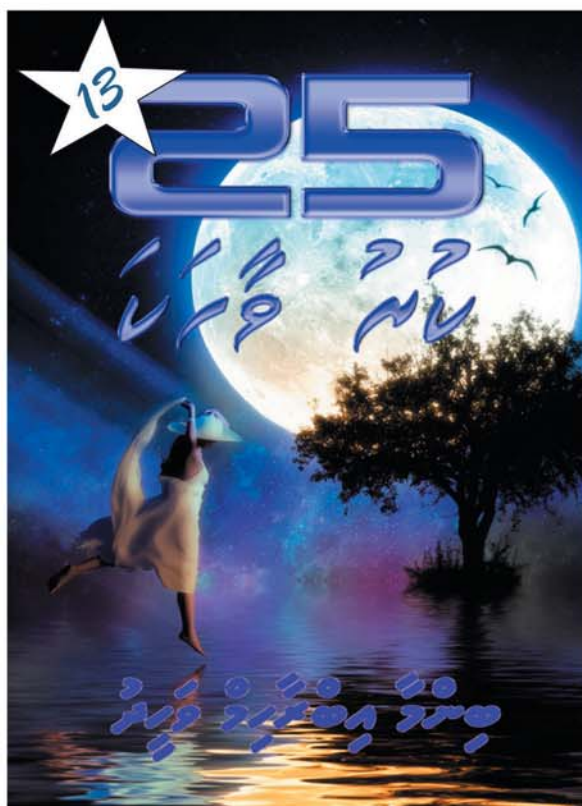
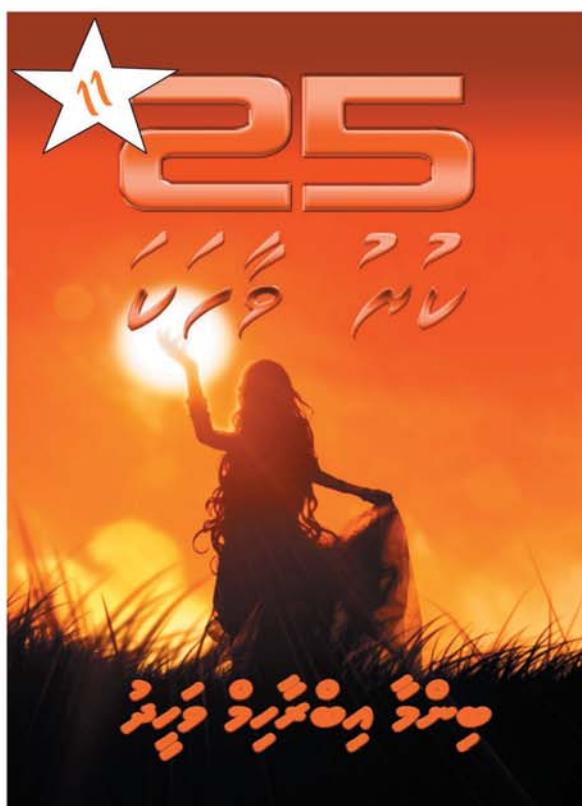
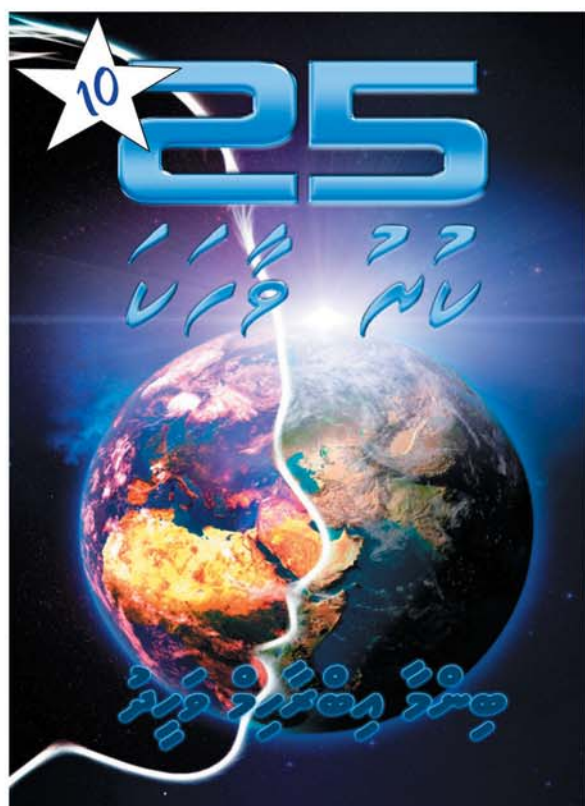
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DHIVEHI DIGEST 2

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(ދިވެހިރާއްޖޭގެ ސަރުކާރުގެ ފަރާތުން)
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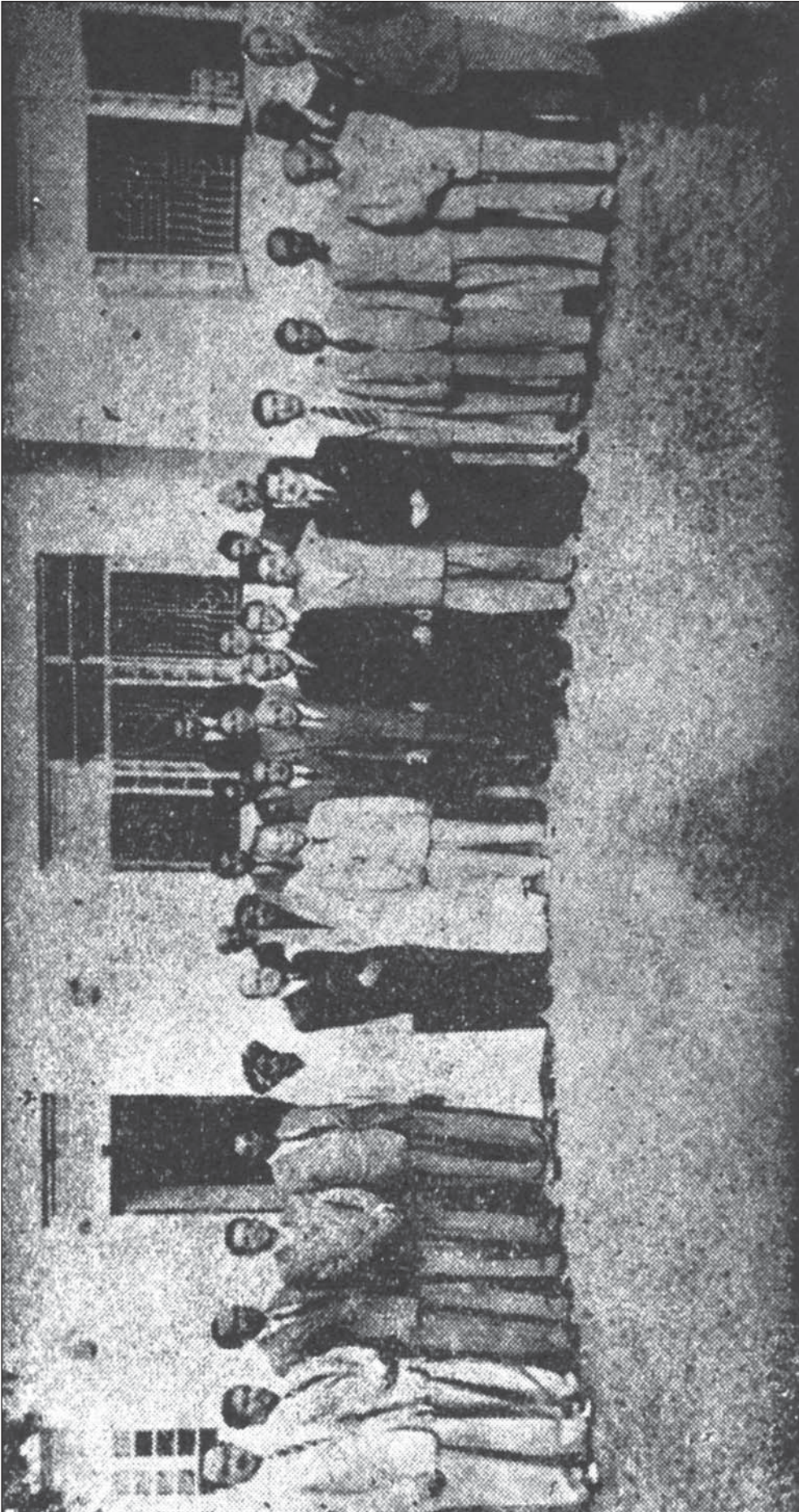
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حکومت بریتانیہ کے سربراہان: محمد امین، سربراہ برطانوی ہند
پاکستان کی سربراہ برطانوی ہند
النبیل ابراہیم فرید دیدی



1954
 (1954) 4 قۇرۇلۇش كۆرۈنۈشى
 ئىلىم-پەن ئىشلىرى ئورگانىنىڭ قۇرۇلۇشىدا
 قاتنىشىدىغان كىشىلەر

پاکستان، فی الحال فی حالیہ وقت، اس کی تقریباً
5000000 سے زائد آبادی ہے۔ پاکستان کی دنیا میں
21036000 ہے۔ پاکستان کی آبادی میں سے تقریباً
8000000 ہے۔ پاکستان کی آبادی میں سے تقریباً
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پاکستان، فی الحال فی حالیہ وقت، اس کی تقریباً
10000000 ہے۔ پاکستان کی آبادی میں سے تقریباً
3500000 ہے۔ پاکستان کی آبادی میں سے تقریباً
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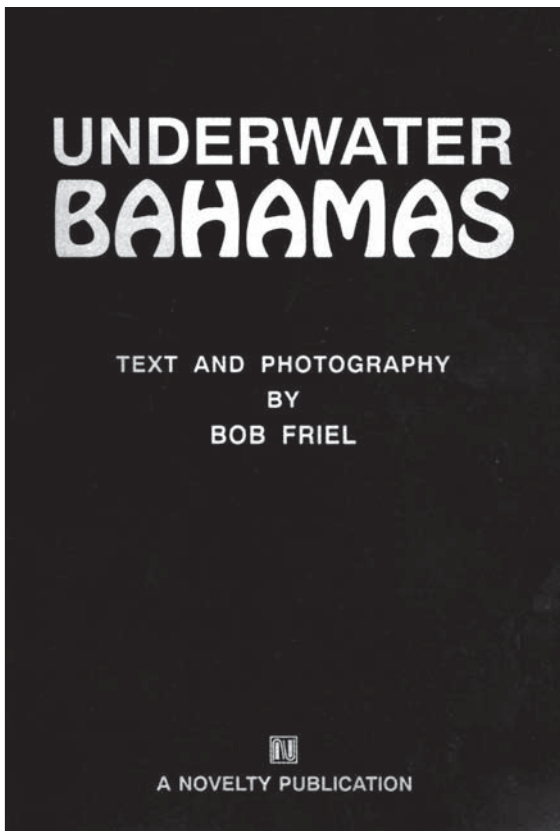
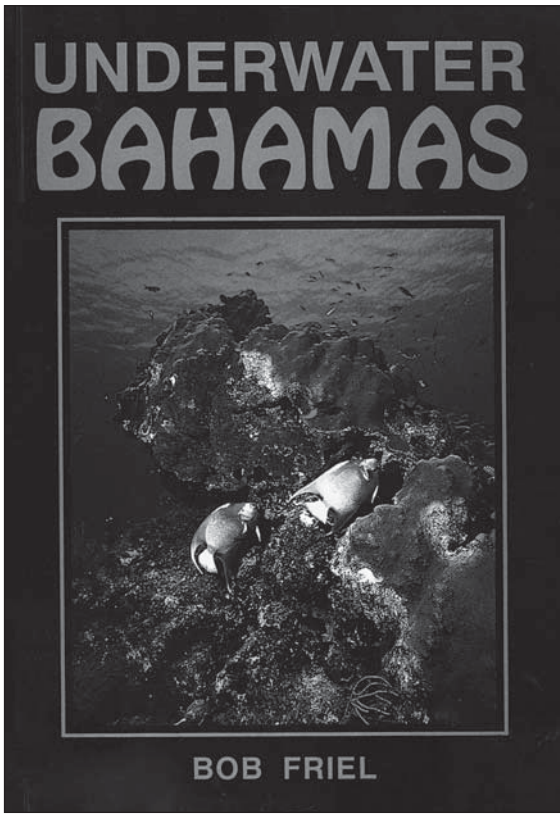
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טעג פון די טיפ

דיג דער זעלבע ווי אין ירושלים?

ירושלים פון ארום, און די געגנטן פון ירושלים זענען געווען די געגנטן פון ירושלים. אין ירושלים זענען די געגנטן פון ירושלים געווען די געגנטן פון ירושלים.



אויסגעגעבן פון ירושלים פון די געגנטן פון ירושלים. אין ירושלים זענען די געגנטן פון ירושלים געווען די געגנטן פון ירושלים. אין ירושלים זענען די געגנטן פון ירושלים געווען די געגנטן פון ירושלים. אין ירושלים זענען די געגנטן פון ירושלים געווען די געגנטן פון ירושלים.

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අනෙකුත් රිදීරු සතුන්ගේ මෙන්ම ජලයේදී ජීවත් වීමට සමත් වීමට සමත් වීමට.

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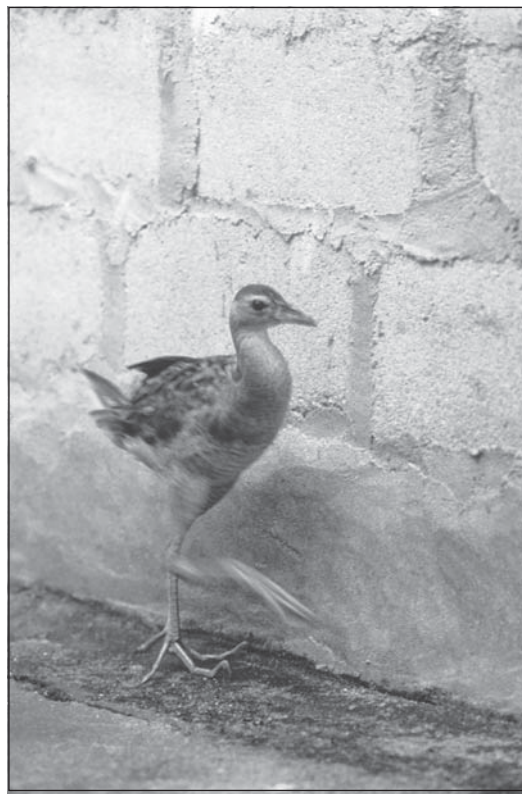
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disbelief, watching how the ‘drama’ unfolded right in front of him. There was nothing he could do. He was totally helpless. The ordeal continued uninterrupted for seven hours.

Once it all ended, Dhon Ali had a good look at Haseena’s body. He found signs that indicated her sexual desires, as a woman, had indeed been fulfilled. However, even then, she remained unconscious.

Having heard the news that something unusual was happening at Dhon Ali’s place, some of the island’s elders visited his house. Some of them held Haseena’s hands while she was still unconscious and said that she had no pulse.

Once Haseena regained consciousness, Dhon Ali asked her few questions. “Why did you pull your hair?” he asked.

“I was doing that to try to send that person by pushing him away from me”, Haseena replied.

“After coming here, what did he do to you and how did he do what he did to you?” Hassan Ali further asked.

“He did it exactly in the same manner as you would do that. And, what had been done was, just the same as what any married couple would do,” Haseena responded.

“Did you derive any satisfaction or any pleasure from what he did?” Dhon Ali asked her as his final question.

And, Haseena nodded, indicating that it was so.

“I just can’t live like this. I have to end this relationship”. Dhon Ali said, silently, to himself. Having decided to put an end to his suffering, he later divorced his wife Haseena and took her back to her island.

According to Dhon Ali, he spent a total of two weeks in that misery.

The above true story was told to me by a person who had served the government in several capacities. Having reached 65 years, he is now a retired pensioner. Dhon Ali (not the actual name), who actually experienced the events in this story also had served the Maldivian government. I asked the person who had told me this story to write it down. According to him, this story was narrated to him by Dhon Ali who had personally encountered this experience. The story was written after listening to a recorded audio of that narration. Both of them as well as Haseena are still alive.

This story is free to use in any form, style or manner by anyone in any place. However, in case the story was used, I would appreciate an acknowledgement referring to “Dhivehi Digest”. - A.H

The above story was translated from Dhivehi to English by Ahmed Zaki Nafiz

At that time, Dhon Ali heard the “Fulhali” gate (a suspended thatched gate woven out of coconut palm fronds) slam. It was a sign of someone entering the house compound. Dhon Ali looked outside and he saw a White-breasted Waterhen approaching. It was quite strange and very unusual to see a Waterhen coming to a house even at any time of the day. Waterhens are well-known as birds that always swiftly hide whenever they sense humans near them.

Around the same time the water-hen chick came in, Haseena called Dhon Ali and he having to attend her, did not know what happened to that White-breasted Waterhen. However, as he sat by her side, she shouted, “it has entered...it has entered...” and then fell unconscious.



The “Dhimaa Endhu” (the immediate front bed in the outer-quarter of a traditional Maldivian house) was kept in such that one side of it touched the southern wall of the house and the western end of the bed touched the centre wall of the house. This meant the bed was placed from East to West. Haseena lay on the bed, on her back, facing the East. As she lay on the bed, she bent her leg and suddenly gave a hard kick on the centre wall of the house. Then, using both hands, she held her hair and began pulling them away from her head. In a little while, the hair pulling had stopped. Then she removed all her clothes, exposing her whole body and began acting like any husband and wife would do in the privacy of their room. This unusual act began happening in the morning around 9 am. While Haseena was in the midst of doing all these strange acts, there was a short lapse where she slightly regained some consciousness. At that time, she caressed the side ribs of Dhon Ali and asked him very lovingly: “Did you get hurt? Earlier I had hit you on here”. Although Haseena told so, Dhon Ali had no feelings of any sensations. He simply remained there, in silence, shocked and in

Fortunately, Dhon Ali had such bowls. In those days, travelling was not that frequent and it was customary, in many islands, for well-off people to have a stock of several items, including new plates, cups and bowls. Therefore, it was possible to find such bowls in any island, especially if there were wealthy people.

As Sulaiman Bey had told him, during the night Dhon Ali went to the mosque and filled the bowl with mosque water. By the time he returned to the house, he heard the call for dawn prayer. That very moment, Haseena woke up from her unconscious state. Once, she was up, it was like as if nothing had happened to her and what was more! She remembered nothing. She had no recall of what happened to her or what she did. On that night, Sulaiman Bey decided that no black magic should be administered on her for that night.

After that first incident, every night was spent in a similar state. Dhon Ali was absolutely certain that there was some supernatural force that was controlling Haseena during the night and then releasing her when the call for dawn prayer was heard. Dhon Ali's belief had some superstitious weight. As it had been explained elsewhere, the Satans and Jinns come down to the ground during sunset and in many islands, people believed that their encounters with humans mostly happened during this time, especially during the period between the two night prayers. Similarly, it was also believed that when the call for the dawn prayer was called, the Jinns and Satans would leave as it was nearing sunrise. Thus, the period between the call for dawn prayer and sunrise was, just like the period after sunset, a period of heightened activities of Jinns and Satans.

Having to deal Haseena's unfortunate and mysterious state of being unconscious at every night, Dhon Ali's life had become very distressing. In their house, no one else lived. The sole occupants were Dhon Ali and Haseena. The house had no electric power as it was a time when there was no electricity in most of the islands of the Maldives. It was therefore, quite usual for Dhon Ali to light a kerosene lamp and stay awake reading the Noble Quran or simply reading a book. During most of this time Haseena would remain conscious. Whenever, she gained consciousness, she could not stay away from Dhon Ali. After spending a week in Dhon Ali's sleepless nights at his house and his exhausted body was in such a low state, Dhon Ali was completely worn-out.

Dhon Ali's sleepless nights at his house and his exhausted body was in such a low state, one day he sneaked out of his house and, without telling Haseena where he was going, went to the island's "Holhu Ashi" (an airy room-type structure on the beach often constructed with a wooden floor-usually of screw pine trunk- and used by the island community to rest and relax), hoping he could get some sleep over there. While he was resting on the "Holhu Ashi", suddenly, his wife Haseena turned up. He had never told her where he went and therefore, had no idea how she knew it; and this was totally an alarming shock for him. She told him they should hurry home as she was about to get that 'strange feeling' inside her.

After arriving, Haseena went and lay down on the immediate bed that was in the outer-quarter of the house. She was lying on her back. Dhon Ali came and sat beside her. The moment he sat, Haseena said: "it was coming and now entering the house".

up to the house, the two of them suddenly came out from hiding and lit the torch and made a good search. To their dismay, there was no sign of anyone, not even a single person was there. So, they returned to the house. However, at the very moment they entered the house, there was a loud bang that resembled the sound of falling timber boards. The noise was so frightening that the helper abandoned them and ran away. Thinking it was actually the sound of falling timber boards that were kept at the eastern end of the house, Dhon Ali went to have a look and to his surprise, none had fallen. In fact, they were exactly in the same spot where they were kept.

Dhon Ali brought in a second helper, an older cousin brother before he retired for the night. For Dhon Ali and Haseena, it was also their first real night together as a married couple; as they had no joy or pleasure of sleeping together during the previous night due to Haseena's mysterious under-chest pain. Dhon Ali and his wife slept on the north bed that was in the "Etherege" which was the inner-quarter of the house. His cousin brother slept in "Beyruge" which was the outer-quarter.

After sharing the pleasure and joy of their first good night together, as husband and wife, the couple fell asleep. This was quite natural as none of them had slept the previous night and in particular, Dhon Ali, who was by then a very tired man as he was awake for the whole of previous night attending his sick wife and also during the day, he had done much work refurbishing the house so they could move in for the night. While they were sleeping, Dhon Ali suddenly woke up feeling that his neck was under a very tight grip that was getting stronger and stronger. He also found difficult to breathe. When he opened his eyes and examined what was really happening, he saw Haseena had locked her hands around his neck quite tightly and was increasing her grip. Haseena's hold was so strong that it could not be easily removed. Dhon Ali was certain that given Haseena's own body strength, she could not exert that kind of extreme force which almost had overpowered him. However, through a lot of effort and struggles and with great difficulty, Dhon Ali finally managed to free himself from Haseena's tight hold. Irrespective of what really had happened and/or when it had happened, the couple had no clothes on them. Realising their bare state, he quickly got up and covered himself up with a sarong. He looked at his wife and saw she was unconscious. He knew he could not call his cousin brother while she lay bare. He also knew it would be not possible for him alone to dress up an unconscious person. So, he pulled down the bed curtain and threw it over Haseena's body, covering her modesty, before calling his cousin. He explained him what really had happened and also told him about the unusual observations he had earlier made. Dhon Ali asked him to go and bring Sulaiman Bey who was a well-known black magician. He briefed him on where to find Sulaiman Bey and cautioned that he should not to go about attending to this matter too openly because his wife being from another island, it would be quite embarrassing for her if people knew what really happened. Dhon Ali also said Sulaiman Bey would come if it was a request from him.

Sulaiman Bey arrived. He asked Dhon Ali to get a brand new bowl, one that had never been used before. Sulaiman Bey then asked that the bowl should be filled with water from the mosque well and that the water should be taken before the call for dawn prayer.

him a negative verdict: that his new wife had no place in their house and that that Zulfa would remain there.

As Dhon Ali never showed any discomfort or anxiety even when he faced troubles, he calmly stayed listening to her sister and then left with his wife Haseena to a house of one of his relatives who was a distant sister. Both Dhon Ali and his new wife got accommodation there. His plan was to stay there only for the night.

The sun had set. The time after sun set, especially the period between Maghrib prayer or the prayer after sunset and the Isha prayer which was held about an hour and fifteen minutes later, was known among the locals as the ‘period between the two prayers’. There was a certain superstitious belief in the Maldives that this was a no ordinary time. Being the time the sun set and the time when darkness fell on the ground, it was believed that this was also the time when Satans and Jinns often moved around and increased their activities on the ground. For this reason, for example, in the old tradition, parents would not dare to take their young children outside of home as a way of protecting from evil spirits that may strike while outside.

It was during the same ‘period between the two prayers’, Haseena got a sudden pain under her chest. It was a time when there was no good health care or facilities. The most one could do was using commonly available medicines such as balm and eucalyptus oil. Haseena, too, used them in treating her pain. However, she got no relief. The pain was so intense she could not even sit up in any place. For the whole night, Haseena and Dhon Ali stood awake and this was disappointing as it was also their first night after marriage. However, after the call for the dawn prayer, all the discomfort Haseena had earlier experienced had completely gone. She looked as if nothing had happened to her.

The next day, early in the morning, Dhon Ali went to his father’s house which had been abandoned for some time. The house was quite damaged and this was expected as it had been deserted ever since his father died and since then no one entered the place. It was just left, abandoned and neglected. Dhon Ali, together with the boy he brought in to give a hand during work, began to make the house habitable once again. The water well was cleaned and its old unused water removed. A new “dhaani” (a small cylindrical container, usually a tin can, attached to a long stick, used to take water out from the well) was placed on the well. The fence around the levorotary was repaired and minor damages to the house were fixed. Even a cloth-cover around the bed was also put in place and by dusk, the house was brought to a satisfactory level for Dhon Ali and Haseena to move in for the night.

When Dhon Ali and his wife went to the house for the night, they took a helper who would be staying with them. An additional person was needed just in case something happened, as was the case in the previous night.

As they were preparing to go to sleep, they heard the sound of footsteps coming from the house compound. It was initially thought they must be a group coming in to vandalise the show equipment that were in the house. Dhon Ali and the assisting boy hid and were well prepared to confront them. Dhon Ali held a big torch. When the sound of the visitors reached

Not long after the two began chatting, there was something pretty unusual and shocking happening there. All of a sudden, they saw a pan in flames right inside the thick foliage of the “Kaani” tree under which they were seated. It was about twenty feet up and its light reached the ground below. As Dhon Ali was not a person who was easily scared over such things, he sat quite calm and composed. He showed no fear; and so was Haseena, to whom what was happening was not at all a concern. From her calm composure, one could figure out that the unusual encounter was not something new to Haseena. Anyway, seeing a pan lit in flames and burning over their heads was too annoying for Dhon Ali to reap any pleasure from being in the company of Haseena, he decided to leave.

Taking Haseena back to his island was also not as easy as he had initially thought. Haseena set a huge condition: that she would go only if Dhon Ali promised to marry her.

Dhon Ali was a very determined man. If he needed a job done, he would do it in a way that he most wanted and this was his style of doing things. He could afford to do this because he was a young man who had the financial capabilities and the will power to enforce what he desired. He was just 22 years and looked quite smart and very manly. He also possessed a strong and well-built physique and his strong and sturdy muscular limbs were an added bonus that portrayed him as a fine specimen of masculinity.

As Dhon Ali came to the island to fetch Haseena, he did not want to go back without her, no matter what her condition was. All he wanted was to fulfill what he wanted. Even though Dhon Ali had no desire to marry Haseena, he could not find any solace to his mind if he could not fulfill his mission: that was, taking Haseena back to his island. Therefore, he was ready, even if it meant marrying her. The shocking experience of seeing a pan in flames that he encountered while under the “Kaani” tree did not matter for now.

Dhon Ali had made his decision. Having accepted Haseena’s offer and conditions, he returned to his island with Haseena and there he also married her.

Although Dhon Ali got married to Haseena, he already had an additional wife. She was Zulfa, a young woman who was among the top in her island for her exceptional beauty. She was well-disciplined, led a good life and being a very faithful young woman, she had earned the respect, admiration and fondness of everyone in Dhon Ali’s family.

Dhon Ali’s mother had died when he was very small and in his younger days, it was his sister who cared and looked after him. This being the case, his sister and husband had a strong affection and love for him. In the past 22 years of Dhon Ali’s life, there was never a change in the way they treated him; no faults, big or small, at all. In fact, he never faced any shortfalls or difficulties in life. It was perhaps the nature of his upbringing that helped develop Dhon Ali’s uncompromisingly strict character.

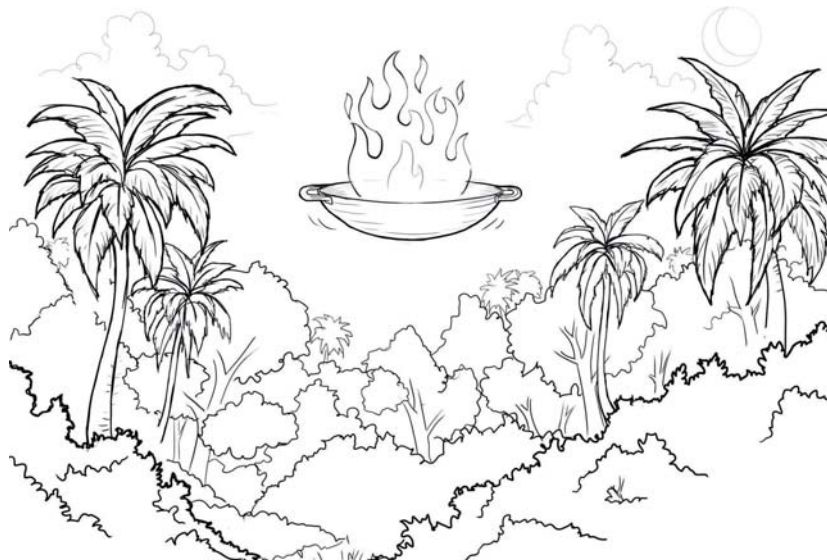
After marriage, Dhon Ali took his new wife to his sister’s house. However, there, he received a very cold and unwelcoming reception. His sister and brother-in law firmly gave

performers could be brought in only if they had money”. The person who made this comment was quite aware of the wealth of Dhon Ali and his financial abilities. Dhon Ali was in fact, the spirit of the wealthiest family in the whole island. His financial ability was such that he could do what he wanted, whenever he wanted and in a manner in which he wanted it to be done.

When Haseena returned to her island, Dhon Ali went to fetch her. He went on his own “dhoni” (boat). It was a time when people travelled on sail boats. Dhon Ali’s island was about 14 miles away from Haseena’s and therefore, his plan was to return home on the same day. Unfortunately, things did not happen as planned and he had to stay on the island for the night.

At night, after dinner, Dhon Ali decided to pay a visit to Haseena. At that time, the streets were very quiet. In those days, the island lifestyle was such that during nights, there was hardly anyone on the streets. Often, the whole island was blanketed in dead silence. Fortunately, the moon was out and giving a very pale light.

At Haseena’s house, Dhon Ali informed her that he came to take her back for a new show. Having discussed the trip further, they went out to the beach to have a good yarn and enjoy the pleasure of being in the company of each other and spend some nice time under that pale moonlight. The island beach, which was not too far from Haseena’s house, was stunningly beautiful. Its seashore was blessed with a bountiful mound of soft beach sand, extending from the very edge of the water to about two hundred feet up with nothing on it, not even a single tree, except the extensive white sand. Both Dhon Ali and Haseena took their spot a bit above that spacious beach and nearer to the place where the island’s beach sand merged with the more fertile black sand. Here they sat and comforted pretty casually, on a low-lying branch that protruded under a huge Kaani” tree (Beach Cordia). On one side of them, and quite near, there were the “Magoo” trees (Beach Cabbage) and “Kuredhi” trees (Pemphis acidula, a type of mangrove) whose flowers radiated a sweet smell that had engulfed the surrounds with the help of a gentle breeze. The atmosphere was, hence, very pleasant and the joy was further enhanced by the flow of that very cool tropical breeze.



Heard the “Fulhali” Gate slam

It was a White-breasted Water-hen approaching

In the Maldives, pot dancing and singing by young women of the islands used to be quite popular until very recently. This was a performance that was well-liked especially during festivals such as Eid celebrations. As part of national celebrations, many invitations to perform such shows were given to islands that were known for their excellent performances. Spectators too, had an added interest to look forward for the shows as it was an opportunity to watch the steps of talented show girls.

The island of “Mahinfaru” (not the real name) is a populous island in the North Maldives. The islanders live in two communities in the island’s two wards, the East and the West. Living as two communities, the competition between the two wards was quite passionate.

Once, a music group from another island was invited to Mahinfaru to give a show. The invitation was given by the residents of the West Ward. The music group had a very talented woman dancer. She was Haseena. Her dances and dancing skills were much admired by many young men and she definitely had secured a place in their hearts. Haseena was, in comparison to most of the other girls, of average height. Her skin-tone was neither light nor dark and therefore, she had a mixed tone of light and brown. Being a curvy girl who possessed a very well-developed body, her gorgeousness was enhanced by her fresh youthful look. Beauty-wise, too, she was above average. Being an eighteen-year old, she was at the ripe age where onlookers were more curious to savour her physical maturity in places where they were most obvious. More than her beauty, for the eyes of the beholder, what wreaked havoc in their minds were her magical and womanish features and her sex appeal. However, there was something extraordinary in her eyes. If anyone dared to look deep and straight in the eyes and it would not be too long to notice the existence of a hidden mystery. According to the local belief, if there was a mysterious look in anyone’s eyes, then it was always a sign of some sort of superstitious or mystic influence. Therefore, anyone who possessed such eyes could not be an exception.

Among the residents of the East Ward, there was a strong desire to bring Haseena for a show. Hence, due to the demand of many young men of the Ward, Dhon Ali met Haseena and put forward their request. Her response was quite clear: “Now I’m here because some others brought me and they wanted me. So, I could only go, with their consent. However, I could come for a new show if a return trip was facilitated once I went back to my island. ”

Dhon Ali did not want to beg or plead with the West Ward community to grant permission for Haseena to perform in his Ward. Instead, he decided to bring Haseena back once she returned to her island. It became known in the West Ward about the East Ward’s plan to bring Haseena and in fact, a youth from the West made a sarcastic comment: “The

From the National Museum of the Maldives



Bed with parasol

This beautiful bed, decorated with lacquer work was found inside the Shrine of Sheikh Yusuf Najeeb Al Habashee. Above the bed is a “Haiyykolhu” or parasol which is usually hoisted as an auspicious symbol or as a mark of distinction, respect and honour. The Shrine was located in today’s Lonuziyaaraiiy Kolhu Park. However, when the Shrine was abolished, the bed was brought to the National Museum.



Clogs and footrest

This rather unique clogs and footrest are to more items that belonged to the Shrine of Shekih Yusuf Najeeb Al Habashee. The clogs are a type of footwear that is entirely made out of wood and consists of a sole, post and a knob to hold the feet. When the Shrine was demolished, the clogs and footrest were brought under the care of the National Museum.

