

Inside cover:

Haawiyat Credits

All adaptations written by A. David Lewis
and translated Farrah Hamza

“The Story of the Five Cakes” page 1
Art by Joseba Morales

“The Story of the King’s Daughter’s Earring” page 3
Art by Rob Croonenborghs

“The Story of the Miller and the Two Djinnns” page 7
Art by Ursula Murray Hested

Cover art by Shajad Shah with colors by Jim Dash
Lettering by Ghost Glyph Studios

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Back Cover:

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The Story of the Five Cakes (Tahhan and Rugh 23-24), adapted by A. David Lewis
TWO PAGES

PAGE ONE

Six panels (plus banner)

Banner: The Story of the Five Cakes

Panel one. Circular panel, equal sized panel 1-5. With a baby in each arm, the Mother chats happily with the three children laughing around her knees. One is a toddler, one is slightly older, and the third -- the oldest -- is still prepubescent. It's a happy, active scene.

1. Caption: There was once a widow, poor in coins but rich in children.
2. Caption: She loved each of her five children with all her heart.

Panel two. Circular panel, equal sized panel 1-5. Scrubbing their clothing hard against a washboard, the Mother, though winded, looks on with contentment at her children reading and playing.

3. Caption: She cooked for them, and she cleaned for them.
4. Caption: She sewed for them, and she laundered for them.

Panel three. Circular panel, equal sized panel 1-5. As she changes one baby's diaper, the other is tucked in a front-facing sling around the Mother. Her hands work on cleaning the baby while she silently instructs her oldest child to help in dressing the remaining two. (They're putting on their shirts backwards or somesuch.) Her expression is still a smiling one.

5. Caption: She did everything for them, and she gave all she had for them. All out of love.

Panel four. Circular panel, equal sized panel 1-5. The Mother looks in her cabinet, full of empty bags and various peels -- but otherwise empty, save for five circular muffin-like cakes.

6. Caption: But despite all her work and labor, her cabinets went bare. Little food remained.
7. Mother: Only five cakes...

Panel five. Circular panel, equal sized panel 1-5. The children, semi-circled in an arc of five, sit at the table as their mother carefully places a cake in front of each one. They look happy and eager. (The two smallest are held gently at the table by the next two children, on their laps.)

8. Caption: The mother gave each child a cake

Panel six. Borderless, small space. The mother weakly smiles at the tea in her hands, but, with no food in front of her, goes hungry. She is putting on her best face for the children, just off-panel; the oldest one sits just beside her and is partly visible.

9. Caption: Her hunger was immense, but it could not match her love.
10. Caption: The mother's hand trembled slightly as she drank her tea.

PAGE TWO

Seven panels

Panel one. Large half-circle, forming a full circle with panel two. Looking at the mother's smiling-yet-wearied face, the eldest child gently reaches for the blunt knife in front of her tea saucer.

1. Caption: Her oldest child saw the widow's slight quiver.
2. Oldest (thought balloon): My poor mother! All she does for us!

Panel two. Large half-circle, forming a full circle with panel one. The oldest child cuts the cake in half.

3. Oldest (thought balloon): I **must** share my part with her.

Panel three. The other four children watch intently as their older sibling rests one hand on the Mother's back while the other hand places half a cake in front of her. She looks at the half-cake, somewhat surprised, almost not recognizing it.

4. Caption: As they other children watched their oldest sibling share half the cake --

Panel four. The other four children beam as they, too, push half of each their cakes to the Mother. The oldest child stands to the side with the knife, perhaps having cut the cakes in half, one by one.

5. Caption: -- one by one, they were each compelled to do the same.

Panel five. No borders. Teary-eyed, the Mother beams. She looks past the half-cakes at her generous children.

6. Mother: Look at what has happened, when one makes little sacrifices, one receives plenty.
7. Mother: I had nothing, and now I have so much!

Panel six. The Mother and all the children eat with delight and glee.

8. Caption: The Mother placed four of the halved cakes in the center of the table. She invited any of them who was still hungry after eating their half to take whatever more they needed.

Panel seven. Small square text box, outlined by half-cakes (with small nibbles in them).

9. Caption: They slept happily, enjoying love and affection, so much more valuable than any wealth.
10. Caption: **The road to greatness is through giving.**

“The King’s Daughter’s Earring” (Rishah 74-76), adapted by A. David Lewis
Four Pages

PAGE ONE

Five panels (plus banner)

Banner: The King’s Daughter’s Earring

Panel one. Market, early daytime. Jeweler throws open his shutters to declare his joy for God.

1. Caption: In the market each morning, the local jeweler would start the day by declaring his joy.
2. Jeweler: God’s will is great -- wise and judicious!

Panel two. Jeweler talks happily with customers. His family -- notably, his young daughter -- move about the store, animatedly.

3. Caption: The jeweler and his family were pillars of the community. They made it their purpose to beautify all of life, not just bangles.

Panel three. The jeweler’s brother shoos away the daughter. He has a sinister look.

4. Caption: The jeweler’s brother, however, quietly resented his kin. They were fools and simpletons, he thought.
5. Brother: Away, girl! Back to your jubilant father.

Panel four. King arrives outside the store. People from all the around the market are delighted and amazed.

6. Caption: One morning, the King and his entourage arrived at the jeweler’s store. The market buzzed excitedly: the royals never came themselves to the market!

Panel five. The King hands the jeweler the earring and the small diamond. The jeweler bows his head slightly, accepting the two items with a mix of happiness and seriousness.

7. Caption: The King explained that a precious diamond had separated from his daughter’s earring. He trusted only the jeweler to fix it.
8. Jeweler: It would be an honor, my King. You shall have it by tomorrow.

PAGE TWO

Five panels

Panel one. Silhouetted behind a screen for privacy in the rear of his shop, the jeweler works diligently at the earring.

1. Caption: All that morning, the jeweler worked with extreme care to rejoin the diamond and earring.

Panel two. Similar to second panel of previous page -- except shown from deep *within* the store. While the jeweler and his family chat excitedly with the other market denizens, his brother steals the earring.

3. Jeweler (small): Already finished, in fact. I'm pleased to have it done so readily for the King.

4. Caption: The devious brother saw an opportunity to test the jeweler's faith. When no one was looking, he took the repaired earring --

Panel three. Away from the market, from an isolated and unseen place along the shoreline, the brother throws the earring into the sea.

5. Caption: -- and tossed it into the nearby sea!

6. Brother: Let's see how joyful of God's love you are, brother, when you have no diamond to return to the King!

Panel four. Viewed from below the water's surface, the earring splashes into the sea and begins to descend.

Panel five. A fish (with distinct markings on its side and fins) swallows down the earring with one large chomp.

PAGE THREE

Five panels

Panel one. The same (distinct) fish is netted.

Panel two. On the far side of the market, on the neighboring docks, the fishing nets are unloaded. Fishmongers are readying their stalls for displaying their catches.

1. Caption: On the opposite side of the market from the jeweler's shop, the fishmongers unloaded their mid-day catch.

Panel three. The jeweler's daughter selects the marked fish, not knowing it contains the earring within it.

2. Caption: The jeweler's daughter selected fish for their family's meal that evening.

3. Fishmonger: A blessing to your family, young lady.

Panel four. Back home -- in the familial living section of the store -- the daughter looks surprised: as she cleans and guts the fish, she finds an earring inside!

4. Caption: Back at home, the girl cleaned and prepared the fish --

5. Caption: -- only to find the earring inside it!

Panel five. With some bits of fish still on the earring, the daughter shows it to her mother who, in turn, considers it thoughtfully.

6. Caption: The girl brought it immediately to her mother.
7. Girl: I don't know how, but the earring of the King's daughter -- it was in the belly of our fish!
8. Mother: Hm...

PAGE FOUR

Six panels

Panel one. Dusk within the store and family space. The jeweler slumps into his seat at his dining table, looking forlorn.

1. Caption: By that evening, the jeweler had noted the earrings disappearance.
2. Jeweler: How could this have happened? The King trusted me, and, despite my effort, the earring is gone.

Panel two. The aggrieved jeweler explains to his family how dismayed he is about having lost the earring.

3. Jeweler: I don't know what to do. I cannot repay the diamond's value. And I cannot explain the earring's disappearance.
4. Jeweler: I have failed you all.

Panel three. As the jeweler's brother sneeringly smiles, the wife consoles her husband calmly. She nods to their daughter as a signal.

6. Wife: You can eat now, my dear husband, and, by God's will, a miracle will happen and your grief will disappear.

Panel four. The jeweler's young daughter brings a sugar dish to her father as the jeweler's brother steps outside.

7. Jeweler (OP): ...You...you are right, my love. I must have faith.
8. Wife (OP): Have some tea, darling. Let it soothe you.

Panel five. The jeweler delights in finding the earring in the sugar dish.

9. Caption: And when the jeweler reached for the sugar for his tea...
10. Jeweler: By God! The earring! It is here!

Panel six. As he does each morning, the jeweler throws open his front shutters now in the evening to declare his joy for God. One shutter catches the jeweler's brother in the back of the head and comically knocks him to the dirt. (Note: "It" in the Jeweler's dialog refers to the earring, not God or God's will.)

11. Caption: The jeweler immediately shouted his joy across the whole market.
12. Jeweler: God's will is great! God's will in great!
In the deep sea, it drowned --
-- And He brought it back to my plate!

-- And He brought it back to my plate!

“The Miller and the Two Djinns” (Sessions 19), adapted by A. David Lewis
Three Pages

PAGE ONE

Six panels (plus banner)

Banner: The Miller and the Two Djinns

Panel one. In his mill and at his grindstone, the Miller sweats and grimaces as he toils.

1. Caption: There was once a good Miller who sought a new stone to make his work less laborious.

Panel two. With a small satchel and walking stick, the Miller journeys outside his village. Stormclouds are visible ahead, however.

2. Caption: And one day he set off for his new stone.

3. Miller: I will go to the far western quarry for a new stone!

4. Caption: He failed to notice the pattern of the seasons and the danger borne in the air.

Panel three. Rain pours. The Miller is silhouetted in front a lightning strike. In the distance, the mountain range looms large.

5. Caption: The Miller was caught in an intense thunderstorm!

6. Miller: This storm is terrible and I am soaking wet! I must take refuge in that cave!

Panel four. The soaked Miller wanders deeper into the cave. Oddly, a light emanates from within.

7. Caption: Deep within *Jebel al- Aqra* , the Miller found the unexpected.

8. Miller: I have found a cave. But what is within...?

Panel five. The Miller’s damp, stunned face can be seen in the immediate foreground. Before him: glistening jewels, gold coins, and all manner of treasure.

8. Caption: Immeasurable treasure! Riches beyond imagining!

9. Miller: Oh! It’s so beautiful!

Panel six. The Miller falls back, only to look up at the shadowy figure of a massive djinn.

10. Djinn: YOU DARE, LITTLE MAN, TO STEAL THESE RICHES!

11. Miller: A djinn!

PAGE TWO

Five panels

Panel one. Still vague and shadowy, the figure of the djinn looms large and menacing.

1. Miller: I -- I mean no harm--
2. Djinn: SILENCE!
3. Djinn: FOR THIS TRESPASS, I CURSE YOU TO REFILL MY CUP.

Panel two. With insubstantial hands, the djinn spirit thrusts forth a massive, odd-looking pitcher at the Miller. While manageable, the pitcher is the size of a large pack.

4. Djinn: AND YOU MAY NOT RETURN HOME UNTIL I HAVE MY FULL DRINK.
5. Caption: The pitcher, like the djinn, was no ordinary thing.

Panel three. It is days later. The sky is clear, but the Miller is haggard. At the mouth of the cave, he upturns the pitcher (for what must be the umpteenth time), and only a scant drop of water drips out.

6. Caption: For, however the Miller tried to fill it, the water would magically disappear by the time he returned to the cave.

Panel four. Tiny, Miller by the sea.

7. Caption: He trekked to the sea.

Panel five. Tiny, Miller by rivers.

8. Caption: He swam in the rivers.

Panel six. Tiny, Miller standing with cup aloft in a terrible rainstorm.

9. Caption: He stood in the rain.

Panel seven. The Miller lurches the pitcher toward a well. Curling around the edges, a second djinn -- of a different color and curvy where the first was pointy -- watches on.

10. Caption: Finally, the desperate Miller came upon a well.
11. Miller: Please! Let this be the end of my curse. I want no fortune. I no longer even want a new stone! I only want to return home and to my neighbors.
12. Caption: A second djinn, one who guarded the well, heard the Miller.
13. Second Djinn: What is this...?

PAGE THREE

Five panels

Panel one. The djinn-cloud becomes an Old Woman, who approaches the Miller slumped against the well with the pitcher.

1. Caption: Taking on the guise of an old woman, this other djinn decided to test the weary Miller.
2. Old Woman: You sound despairing, son! What brings you to this state?

4. Miller: I am to fill this bottomless pitcher for the djinn who lives there in the mountains. I cannot return to my mill until the djinn is satisfied.

Panel two. The Old Woman smiles, leaning close beside the Miller.

5. Old Woman: A djinn, eh? Oh my. I hear they are wicked and hateful beings...

6. Caption: The Miller sighed.

7. Miller: ...No...

Panel three. Close-up of the Miller. Moment of truth. Even exhausted and aggrieved, the Miller manages not to be bitter. He hangs his head.

8. Miller: I cannot blame the djinn. It acted in its nature.

9. Caption: The Miller reflected, *if only I had kept to mine...*

10. Old Woman (OP): Indeed!

Panel four. Now hovering above, the Old Man transforms into his true djinn state; the pitcher floats beside him, spilling over with water. The Miller looks up, astounded and delighted.

10. Old Man/Djinn: MY BROTHER SHALL HAVE HIS WATER. AND YOU MAY GO FREE.

Panel five. The Miller is in his mill, surrounded by happy children and story telling images.

11. Caption: And so, the Miller returned to his home and his work which was interrupted often by the children of the village. They asked frequently for his stories about the first djinn and his treasure, and the second djinn's kindness.

Panel six. Back in his mill and at his old grindstone, the Miller works happily.

12. Caption: The Miller worked hard, and his old stone served him well for years and years, and all the rest of his days.