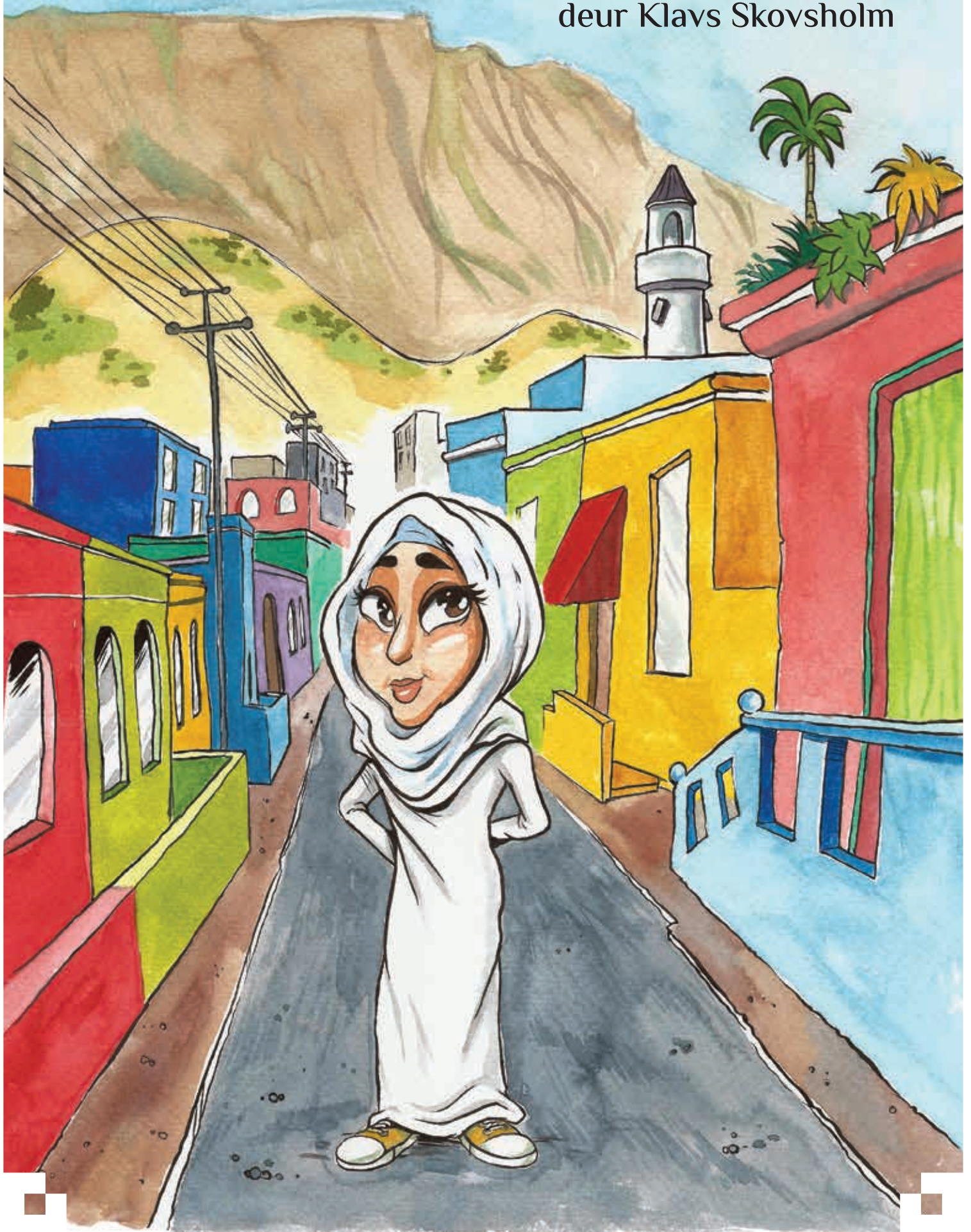


FATIMA

deur Klavs Skovsholm



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en versprei deur die
Stigting vir Bemagtiging deur Afrikaans.

Eli phulo lixhaswe ngumbhali ngokwakhe
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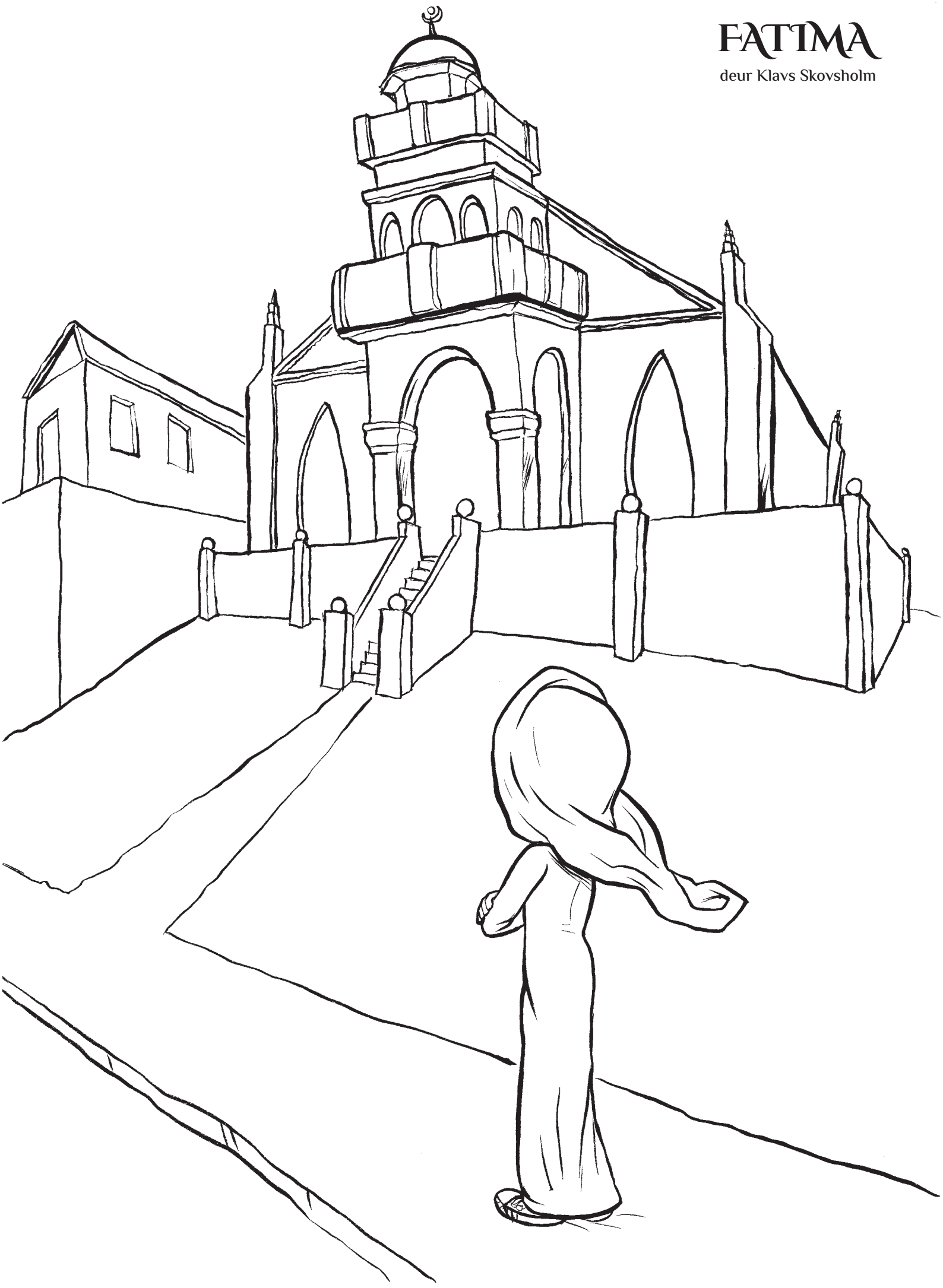
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FATIMA

deur Klavs Skovsholm



As jy dalk eendag op 'n heldergeel huis in Dorpstraat met sy klip-geplaveide strate afkom, dan moet jy weet dit is waar Fatima en haar ma woon. In hierdie deel van Kaapstad, aan die hange van Seinheuwel, kry ons die kleurvolle Bo-Kaap met sy klein binnehowe of agterplacies ingedruk tussen groter groepe huise. Fatima se ma het 'n tuin van potte op hulle dak gemaak. Dit is Fatima se gunstelingplek. Sy hou daarvan om die blomme wat sy in die potte sien te teken, terwyl sy af en toe opkyk in die rigting van Tafelberg – een van die Sewe Natuurwonders.

Fatima is 'n mooi, fyn Moslemmeisie met groot bruin oë. Jy sou eers dink sy is nes enige ander meisie, maar Fatima is met 'n effens misvormde been gebore wat veroorsaak dat sy soms op 'n snaakse, waggelende manier stap. Sy kan soos ander kinders hardloop, maar net nie so vinnig nie. Dit pla Fatima nie juis nie, want sy is nog altyd daaraan gewoond. Dis net dat die ander kinders haar somtyds effens ongemaklik laat voel wanneer hulle speletjies aanpak wat vereis dat jy moet hardloop. Fatima speel daarom maar meestal op haar eie wanneer sy nie haar ma met dingetjies help of met haar huiswerk besig is nie. Sy hou baie daarvan om in die historiese Bo-Kaap te woon waar dit tradisie is om Sondagoggende die heerlikste koesters te bedien.

Fatima se pa werk in Johannesburg, maar hy kom so dikwels as wat hy kan huis toe. Haar oom Ali is die imam, die godsdienstige leier van die plaaslike *masjid*, of soos ons dit gewoonlik noem, die moskee. Ali is getroud en het vier dogters; dus voel dit vir Fatima en haar ma of hulle deel is van 'n groot familie. Nogtans mis Fatima haar pa dikwels, omdat hy so ver weg is.

Vandag geniet Fatima die lieflike louwarm weer waar sy met haar potlode en papier tussen die potte met hul mooi blomme sit. Bo-op Tafelberg sien sy groot wolke wat haar herinner aan die bekende storie van die ou Hollander Van Hunks wat glo daar op die berg gaan sit en pyp rook het om van sy vrou weg te kom!

Skielik is Fatima se ma op die dak om die wasgoed op te hang. “Fatima, is jy nog hier? Jy gaan laat wees vir die *madrassa*,” sê sy. Soos die meeste Moslemseuns en –dogters woon Fatima die *madrassa* by. Dit is die Moslemskool waarheen sy laat smiddae gaan, Maandag tot Donderdag. Dus staan sy vinnig op en haas haar na die *masjid* onder in die straat met haar wit kleed en hoofbedekking wat in die wind fladder.

Sy hyg na haar asem omdat sy so vinnig moes hardloop en trek aan die swaar deur. Sy glip saggies in. Daar sien sy haar oom op sy groot stoel. Voor hom is daar baie seuns en meisies, almal in wit geklee waar hulle op die groen matte sit. Die meisies dra hul hoofbedekkings en elke seun 'n klein, ronde wit hoedjie wat 'n *fez* genoem word.

Fatima gaan sit vinnig agter die ander, maar oom Ali het haar sien inkom. “*Assalaamu Alaykum* (Vrede vir jou) – jy's laat, my kind,” sê hy met 'n frons tussen die oë.

Fatima laat sak haar kop. “*Wa Alaykum Salaam* (Vrede ook vir u) – *Maaf* (ek is baie jammer), Oom.”

“Jy weet jy is vernoem na die dogter van ons Profeet – Vrede vir Hom – jy moet dus 'n goeie voorbeeld stel en betyds wees.”
“Ja, Oom.”

Dit lyk of oom Ali tevrede is met haar antwoord en hy gaan voort met sy onderrig aan die kinders.

Dis vir Fatima lekker in die *masjid*, die plek waar Moslems aanbid. Was jy al ooit in een? As jy nog nie was nie, het jy darem seker al 'n man oor die dakke van sekere dele van die stad hoor dreuning? Ons noem daardie man die *muezzin*. Hy sê sekere woorde uit die Koran daar van die *masjid* se toring af op, om die mense vir die gebed te roep.

Fatima kyk om haar rond. Die *masjid* is vir haar so mooi en vol vrede. Teen die mure sien sy woorde uit die Koran aangeteken in die mooi letters van die Arabiese skrif. Sy kan sommige van hulle lees, maar dié wat sy nie kan lees nie, verbeel sy haar is blomme of voëls in die lug. En wanneer dit buite donker is, kan jy klein lampies sien skyn wat uit die mooi koepel-plafon hang. Dis soos om snags na die miljoene sterre in die hemelruim te kyk. Dis soos towerkuns, so mooi is dit!

In die *masjid* is ook die *mihrab*, 'n plek in die muur wat in die rigting van Mekka in Saoedi-Arabië wys waar die Profeet – Vrede vir Hom – gebore is en waar jy die heiligste plek in Islam sal vind: die *Kabaa*. Fatima weet dat elke Moslem ten minste een keer in hul leeftyd die *Kabaa* moet besoek.

Sy weet ook dat Moslems elke dag vyf keer bid: met sonsopkoms, op die middaguur, laat middag, net na sonsondergang en weer vir laas voor middernag. Vrydae gaan al die mans, en baie vroue ook, na die *masjid* om te gaan bid. Voor hulle daar bid, was hulle hul hande, gesig, arms en voete in die *wudu* of kleedkamer voordat hulle kaalvoet – of met slegs sokkies of kouse – op die matte sal staan. Die aanbidders staan in rye, skouer aan skouer; die ouer mans voor, dan die jonges, terwyl die vroue óf agter in die *masjid*, óf op die boonste vloer gaan bid. Op hierdie manier steur hulle nie mekaar nie. Vir Fatima is dit iets besonder om te sien hoe die grootmense bid: eers staan hulle regop, dan gaan hulle op hul knieë en raak hulle met hul voorkoppe aan die matjies.

Sy hou ook baie van die storie hoe dat haar God, Allah, 'n man met die naam Mohammed – Vrede vir Hom – gekies het om Sy woord aan die mense te versprei. Allah het 'n engel gestuur om vir die Profeet – Vrede vir Hom – die woorde te bring, en om hierdie woorde vir altyd in perfekte Arabies te bewaar soos dit in die Koran aangeteken is – in alle ewigheid.

“Fatima, luister jy?”

“Ja, Oom!” Haar groot glimlag laat die ernstige uitdrukking op sy gesig versag.

“Nou ja, kinders. Dit is nou die 3^{de} Islamitiese maand, en dit is die vrolike maand van *Rabi al-Awwal*. En omdat dit môre die verjaardag van ons Profeet – Vrede vir Hom – is, gaan ons *Moulood* vier. Julle weet almal dat ons moet gereed maak vir die *rampies-sny*. Net na ons vroeë oggendgebed gaan twee ooms en twee tannies saam met 'n groepie van julle vertrek om na suurlemoenblare te gaan soek.”

Fatima se gesig verhelder sommer. Sy hou vreeslik baie van *rampies-sny*, want dan kan sy haar mooiste rok aantrek en saam met die ouer vroue op die matte sit. Sy kan nie wag om die suurlemoenblare te gaan help pluk nie!

Die volgende oggend kom sy saam met 'n klompie meisies en seuns voor die masjid bymekaar. Sy ken hulle van die skool af, veral ook daardie lang meisie Leila wat haar soms boelie oor haar waggelstappie. Daar is twee ooms en twee tannies om hulle te vergesel.

“Het julle almal 'n papiersak en 'n skêr?” vra die een tannie. Die meisies knik ja.

“Nou ja, dan is ons op pad!” sê die tannie vrolik.

“Waar gaan ons 'n suurlemoenboom kry?” vra een van die meisies.

“Ons ry met die MyCiti-bus,” sê een van die ooms.

“Waarheen?” wil die kinders weet.

“Tafelberg toe! So halfpad teen die Platteklipravyn-staproete staan daar 'n groot suurlemoenboom.”

En daar gaan hulle! Alhoewel mens Tafelberg van die stad af kan sien, was die meeste van die kinders nog nooit daar om suurlemoenblare te gaan pluk nie. Dit is dus vir hulle 'n avontuur en hulle is die ene opgewondenheid, veral omdat dit oor rampies-sny gaan, 'n oeroue tradisie wat nog deur hulle voorsate uit Indonesië en Maleisië saamgebring is Kaap toe en verband hou met die verjaardag van die Profeet – Vrede vir Hom. “Rampies” kom uit die Maleis en is afgelei van die woord “rampai” (wat “sak” beteken), en “sny” ken ons: dit wat jy met 'n mes of skêr doen. Dus: rampies-sny.



Die blou-en-wit bus ry met die steil pad op tot by die kabelkarstasie, met die masjid en Fatima se huis in Dorpstraat nou ver onderkant hulle. Soos hulle by die welige tuine verbyry, verkyk Fatima haar aan al die blomme en bossies. Haar mond hang veral oop oor al die proteas wat nou blom en sy sou graag hulle mooi pienk blomme wou teken.

By die kabelkarstasie klim almal van die bus af. Selfs al is dit nog vroegoggend is daar reeds baie lawaaierige toeristebusse wat kom en gaan, en massiewe opklim-afklim-busse wat bo oop is, laai honderde mense af wat dadelik in rye inval om kaartjies te koop vir die kabelkar-rit. Dit voel soos 'n besige dag by die mark.

“Pasop!” skree iemand. Fatima spring uit die pad van 'n taxi wat op haar afpyl, terwyl die bestuurder hard op sy toeter druk.

“Daar,” wys een van die meisies na 'n teken wat die Platteklipravyn-staproete aandui. Hier rond is die pad darem nie té steil nie, en die tannies maak seker dat hulle nie te vinnig stap nie, sodat Fatima met haar been by almal kan bybly. Hulle stap geleidelik teen die roete op en gou-gou laat hulle die busse en toeriste agter. Maar soos wat dit steiler raak, begin Fatima sukkel om by die groep te bly. Sy hyg na haar asem en die sweet tap van haar voorkop af, maar sy weier om op te gee en sukkel maar voort.

Al waaraan sy kan dink is om so veel as moontlik van die lekkerruik suurlemoenblare bymekaar te maak. En natuurlik ook aan die geblomde rok wat sy na die masjid toe sal dra. Haar ma sal net so 'n mooi rok aantrek, 'n tradisionele rok in 'n mooi kleur met lieflik geborduurde goud en silwer garingdraad. Hierdie rok word 'n *moeder* genoem, wat van die woord “moeder” kom. Al die meisies en hulle ma's sal in die masjid byeenkom om mooi klinkende pryssange aan die Profeet – Vrede vir Hom – op te dra. Hulle sal die

suurlemoenblare met skerp messe fyn sny op houtborde en dit dan met geurige olies en ook lemoenblare meng en daarna in klein, kleurvolle papiersakkies (die rampies) druk. Terwyl hulle dan die mooi klinkende pryssange vir die Profeet – Vrede vir Hom – sing, handig hulle die rampies aan die mans oor en deel ook voedsel en lekkergoed met mekaar.

Een van die tannies draai om en onderbreek Fatima se gedagtes. “Fatima, jy moet rus,” sê sy. “Gaan sit op daardie groot klip en kry 'n bietjie skaduwee. Ek en een van die ooms sal by jou bly tot die ander weer terugkom.”

“Ja, Tannie. Dankie.”

Net soos sy opkyk, sien Fatima 'n boom verder teen die berg op. Sy's baie hartseer om te sien hoe die meisies en seuns aanstap, sonder haar. Die tannie probeer haar vriendelik troos en gee haar skouer so 'n drukkie.

“Ek is baie trots op jou,” sê die oom. “Jy's 'n dapper meisie, jy weet.” Fatima knik haar kop en hou haar trane in.

“Wag julle net hier terwyl ek gou gaan bid. Ek sal nie lank wegbly nie,” sê hy vir die tannie terwyl hy 'n entjie wegstap. “Rus, my kind,” fluister die tannie terwyl sy naby haar op 'n rots gaan sit.

Fatima probeer troos vind in die gedagte dat die ander meisies en seuns sommer gou-gou met 'n klomp blare sal terugkeer vir die verjaardagvieringe, die Moulood, van die Profeet – Vrede vir Hom. Terwyl sy in die skaduwee van die bos ontspan, geniet sy die lieflike natuurskoon en die silhoeët van die stadsgeboue onder haar en bring sy lof aan Allah – Subhan Allah – Vrede vir Hom – omdat sy so bevoorreg is om hierdie geseënde oggend teen die hange van die pragtige Tafelberg deur te bring.

Skielik skrik sy en spring regop. Sy moet sekerlik aan die slaap geraak het! Alles rondom haar is so wit en dynserig en sy kan skaars 'n paar meter voor haar sien.

“Wat het gebeur?” vra sy die oom wat van sy gebed af teruggekom het.

“Dis die wolke, liewe kind. Hulle het van die bokant van die berg afgerol, sommer net so. Ek het nog nooit so iets gesien nie.”

“Waar is die ander van ons groep?” vra Fatima vinnig.

Die oom trek net sy skouers op, maar antwoord haar nie.

“Waar is julle?” skree Fatima.

Haar stem bewe. Sy luister aandagtig maar niemand antwoord nie.

“Toemaar, moenie bekommerd wees nie,” sê die tannie.

“Ek is seker hulle is sommer nou-nou weer hier.”

Dan, asof uit die niet, kom daar 'n stem: “Ek is hier.”

Fatima draai om. Sonder om eens na haar te kyk, stap 'n ou man vinnig verby. Hy rook 'n pyp en sy klere lyk oud-modies, so asof dit in 'n baie ou skildery hoort. Hy het 'n baard en dit lyk of die son hom goed gebrand het.

“Volg my,” sê hy voor hy in 'n dik wolkemassa verdwyn.

“Het julle daardie man gesien?” vra Fatima ongelowig.

“Wátse man? Ek sien net wolke,” antwoord die oom effens geïrriteer.

So deur die wolke hoor Fatima nou die meisies en die seuns.

“Fatima! Waar is jy?” eggo hulle stemme.

“Hier!” roep Fatima uit.

Dan kom een van hulle aangehardloop, reguit in haar arms in. “Oe, ek is so bang!” hyg Leila die boelie. “Ek dink ons het verdwaal en amper weggeraak.”

Dan sien sy die ander aankom, almal met klein sakkies tot bo gevul. Hulle is bleek en bewe van die koue.

Een begin selfs huil.

“Moenie bang wees nie,” sê die een tannie. “Sodra die wolke verdwyn, sal ons weet waar ons is.”

“Toemaar, alles is reg. Ek ken die pad terug huis toe,” verseker Fatima die ander.

Die tannie draai na haar toe. “Ja? Ken jy die pad?”

“Absoluut. Volg my net met die blomme-voetpad,” sê Fatima vol selfvertroue.

“Blomme-voetpad? Watse blomme-voetpad?” vra die ander tannie senuweeagtig.

“Sien julle nie? Daar is blomme die hele ent boontoe.

Soos daardie rooietjies dáár.”

Fatima wys in die rigting van die paadjie waarin die ou man so pas verdwyn het.

“Kyk daar,” roep een van die meisies uit. “’n Protea! Ons is by ’n paar verby op pad boontoe!”

“Dan sal hulle ons gidse wees op pad af,” sê Fatima. “Kom!”

Soos hulle stadig teen die berg afbeweeg, herken Fatima sekere plante en blomme, en sy weet hulle is beslis op die regte pad.

Sy is baie trots om die gids te wees en niemand probeer voor haar uitloop nie. En dan, skielik, lig die wolke en skyn die son oral om hulle. Hulle kan nou weer die busse sien.

“Ons is gered!” roep Leila en gee vir Fatima ’n yslike druk.

“*Tramakassie!* (Dankie). Ek sal my blare met jou deel, sodat jou ma ook sommer ’n paar het,” sê Leila met trane in haar oë.

Later daardie dag weet almal in die mosjid dat Fatima haar skoolmaats teen die berg af gelei het. Almal sê dit was die grootste, digste wolk wat Tafelberg ooit bedek het.

“Ons het nog nooit soveel mooi blare gesien nie,” stem almal saam. “Dis byna soos ’n wonderwerk.”

As ’n teken van erkenning en waardering aan haar, word Fatima toegelaat om by die ouer vroue te sit om die geel en groen pakkies met die fyn gesnyde suurlemoenblare wat met die geurige olies gemeng is, vol te help maak. Dit voel vir haar so ’n bietjie soos haar eie verjaardag, want almal wil met haar gesels, en dit laat haar spesiaal voel. Sy voel oortuig dat sy nou ’n hele klomp nuwe vriende gemaak het met wie sy van nou af kan speel. Fatima besef dat rampies-sny ’n spesiale tradisie is wat met die verjaardag van die Profeet – Vrede vir Hom – verband hou. Die tradisie word steeds in Kaapstad en die Bo-Kaap waar sy woon, eerbiedig. Fatima sal graag hierdie tradisie eendag met haar eie kinders en kleinkinders wil voortsit.

Sy kyk op. Was dit dalk die ou man met die pyp op die berg wat so pas vir haar daar in die oop deur geglimlag het? Sy knip vinnig haar oë, maar die ou man verdwyn voor sy ’n woord kan uitkry. Sy wil opstaan, maar dan hoor sy die stemme van die mans en die seuns in die straat. Hulle is op pad moskee toe, terwyl hulle mooi klinkende lofsange aan Allah en die Profeet – Vrede vir Hom – opdra. Dit is haar teken om die geurige rampies as geskenke uit te deel aan almal wat deel het aan die Moulloodvieringe.

Daar word algemeen aanvaar dat die Kaapse Moslems betrokke was by die legende van die kled van Tafelberg. ’n Ou, afgetrede Hollandse seerower, Van Hunks, was baie lief om op daardie groot heuwel langs Tafelberg te sit en pyp rook. ’n Vreemdeling het hom eendag genader en uitgedaag vir ’n rook-kompetisie wat dae lank aangehou het. So is Tafelberg onder ’n digte rookwolk bedek. Net toe Van Hunks die rook-kompetisie wen, beseef hy dat die vreemdeling eintlik die duivel was. Vandaar die naam: Duiwelspiek.

EPILOOG

Die Bo-Kaap is geleë aan die hange van Tafelberg naby die Kaapse middestad. Dit is die oudste woonbuurt in Suid-Afrika en die historiese kern van die Moesliemkultuur. In 1658 is slawe na die Kaap gebring om hier te werk. Die Moesliem-inwoners in die Bo-Kaap is meestal afstammelingen van die slawe wat ná die afskaffing van slawerny hier kom woon het.

Aan die onderpunt van Dorpstraat is die Auwal Masjid, die oudste moskee in Suid-Afrika wat in 1794 opgerig is. Elke Vrydagmiddag aanbid Moesliems in die moskee onder leiding van die imam (priester). Die Tana Baru-begraafplaas daar naby is die laaste rusplek van verskeie Moesliem-heiliges. Ook in Dorpstraat is die Madrassa (Moesliemskool) waar Afrikaans die eerste keer onderrig is. Abu Bakr Effendi het in 1869 die eerste Afrikaanse boek in Arabies geskryf. In hierdie notaboek het kinders tekste uit die Koran oorgeskryf in Afrikaans.

Eid-ul-Fitr – of Labarang – word gevier aan die einde van die Pwasa (die Heilige Maand van Ramadaan). Gedurende Ramadaan vas alle Moesliems reg oor die wêreld. Dan weerhou hulle hul van eet en drink in die dag. Ramadaan is ’n tyd wanneer Moesliems hul liggame moet reinig om hulle nader aan Allah (God) te bring. Moesliems eet geen kos waarin varkveis voorkom nie. Voordat hulle eet, moet hulle eers Biesmiellah (bid). Dit beteken God seën die voedsel. Die Bo-Kaap se geskiedenis loop hand aan hand met dié van Afrikaans. Daarom is die bewaring van Afrikaans belangrik vir Moesliems.

Prof Michael le Cordeur

2019

Beide Moslem en Moesliem is korrekte Afrikaans.

U-FATMA

nguKlavs Skovsholm



EKapa. Phantsi kwentaba ye-Signal Hill. Kukho indawo ekuthiwa yi-Bo-Kaap. Izindlu zakhona zimabala-bala. Indlu nganye ithe nca kwenye. Iiyadi zincinci. Apha kukho isitalato esibizwa i-Dorp Street. Senzwe ngamatye. Kwindlu eqaqambe mthubi ngebala, kuhlala u-Fatima nomama wakhe. Kuphahla lwendlu, umama ka-Fatima unesitiya seentyatyambo ezikhulela kwiimbiza ezinkulu. Kulapho athanda ukudlala khona u-Fatima. Kuye kuthi lo mzuzu azoba ezi ntyantyambo amane ephosa iliso kwiNtaba yeTafile, enye yemimangaliso esixhenxe yendalo.

U-Fatima yintombi yoMasilamsi encinci, entle kwaye unamehlo amakhulu amdaka ngebala. Xa umjongile, ungacinga uyafana nje nenye intombazana, kanti wazalwa nomlenze okhubazekileyo. Soze ungamjongi xa ehamba bugxadazela. Uyakwazi ukubaleka njengaye nawuphina umntwana, kodwa hayi ngokukhawuleza. U-Fatima akayihoyanga kangako loo nto ngoba akazi nto ingenye. Kodwa ke ngamanye amaxesha uye akhathazeke xa abanye abantwana benyanzelisa kudlalwe imidlalo eza kufuna kubalekwe. Uye athande ukudlala yedwa xa engancedisi umama wakhe okanye engenzi msebenzi wasekhaya. Uyathanda ukuhlala kule ndawo inembali yamaMaleyi aseKapa ngoba kusisithethe ukutyiwa kwee-koeksisters ezimnandi qho ngeentseni zangeCawa.

Utata ka-Fatima uphangela eRhawutini, kodwa uyeza ekhaya kangangoko anako xa ithuba limvumela. Umalume wakhe u-Ali yinkokheli yendawo anqula okanye akhonza kuwo aMasilamsi. Le ndawo yaziwa ngokuba yi-Masjid okanye i-Mosque. Umalume u-Ali utshatile kwaye uneentombi ezine. Kungoko u-Fatima nomama wakhe beziva beyinxalenye yalomzi umkhulu kangaka. Kodwa ke, oku akwenzi u-Fatima angamkhumbuli utata wakhe.

Namhlanje, ngale njikalanga ifudumele kamnandi kangaka, u-Fatima uhleli phakathi kwezi mbiza zeentyatyambo. Uphethe iphepha neepensile. Kukho amafu amakhulu phezu kweNtaba yeTafile emthebelele. Oku kumkhumbuza ibali le ndoda endala yomDatshi ekuthiwa itshayela khona inqawa yayo xa ifuna ukuba kude kwinkosikazi yayo.

Umama ka-Fatima uthi gqi ngesiquphe ezokoneka iimpahla apha kuphahla lwendlu.

“Fatima, uselapha? Uza kuphoswa yi-Madrasah,” utsho. Njengoninzi lwamantombazana namakhwenkwe waMasilamsi, uFatima uhamba i-Madrasah, okanye isikolo saMasilamsi sasemva kwemini. Singena ngoMvulo ukuya ngolweSine. Uthi khwasu kwaye akhawuleze ukuya e-Mosque esezantsi kwendlela. Isambatho sakhe esimhlophe kunye neskhafu ziyaphephezela ngumoya.

Uyayeka ukubaleka kakhulu yaye atsale ucango olunzima lwase-Mosque. Uchwechwa angene ngaphakathi. Umalume wakhe uhleli kwisitulo esikhulu. Phambi komalume kuhleli phantsi kwikhaphethi eluhlaza igquba lamakhwenkwe namantombazana akwizambatho ezimhlophe. Amantombazana anxiba iiqhiya ezimhlophe ngelithuba amakhwenkwe ethwala iminqwazi engqukuva emincinci ekuthiwa yi-fez.

Ngelithuba u-Fatima ehlala phantsi ngokukhawuleza, uqatshelwe ngumalume wakhe. “*AssalaamuAlaykum* (Imibuliso Yoxolo) – Ufike kade, mntanam,” utsho eshinge iintshiya.

U-Fatima uthoba intloko yakhe. “*WaAlaykum Salaam* (Imibuliso Yoxolo nakuwe) – *Maaf* (Ndiyaxolisa kakhulu), *malume*.”

“Uyayazi uthiywe ngegama le ntombi yoMprofethi wethu, kungoko kufuneka ube ngumzekelo kwaye ufike ngethuba.”

“Ewe, malume.”

Umalume u-Ali ubonakala exolile yimpendulo ka-Fatima kwaye uyaqalisa ngemfundiso zakhe.

U-Fatima uyathanda ukuba se-Mosque. Kulapho ke aMasilamsi athandaza khona. Ingaba wakhe wangena ngaphakathi kwi-Mosque? Ukuba akuzange, mhlawumbi, ubukhe uve indoda icula kwaye ivakala phezu kwamaphahla ezakhiwo okanye ezindlu apha edolophini. Le ndoda yaziwa ngokuba yi-Muezzin ngoba ithi ngoku isencochoyini ye-Mosque icengceleze amazwi e-Quran kuba ibiza abantu beze emthandazweni. I-Quran ke yibhayibhile yaMasilamsi.

U-Fatima uyalaqaza. Ubona i-Mosque igcwele bubuhle noxolo. Kwindonga zayo ubona amagama e-Quran ebhalwe ngoonobumba abahle besi-Arab. Uyakwazi ukuwafunda amanye amagama. Lawo angakwaziyo ukuwafunda, uwabona eziintyatyambo okanye eziintaka esibhakabhakeni. Xa kumnyama phandle, umntu angabona izibane ezincinci, ezikhanyayo ezijinga kolophahla lungqukuva. Kufana nokubona izigidi zeenkwenkwezi esibhakabhakeni ebusuku. Kuyimimangaliso!

Apha e-Mosque kukho i-Mihrab. Le yindawo apha edongeni ekhombwe e-Mecca kwilizwe ekuthiwa yi-Saudi Arabia apho uMprofeti wazalelwa khona nalapho unokufumana khona eyona ndawo ingcwele kwinkolo ye-Islam. Le ndawo kuthiwa yi-Kaaba. U-Fatima uyazi ukuba wonke umntu oliSilamsi kufuneka aye e-Kaaba nokuba kukanye ebomini bakhe.

Uyayazi ukuba aMasilamsi athandaza kahlanu ngemini: ngentseni, emini, ngenjikalanga, ngorhatya, naphambi kweenzulu zobusuku. Qho ngoLwezihlanu bonke oomama nootata baya e-Mosque emthandazweni. Phambi kokuba bathandaze bahlamba izandla, ubuso, iingalo neenyawo kwi-wudu (indawo yokuhlambela) phambi kokuba bame ngeenyawo ezinekawusi okanye ezingenazo. Abathandazi bama umgca, badibane ngamagxa; ootata abadala bama ngaphambili, kulandele abantu abatsha, kanti oomama bama ngasemva okanye komnye umgangatho ophezulu we-Mosque. Ngolu hlobo abaphazamisani. U-Fatima uyonwaba xa ebona abantu abadala bethandaza. Baqala ngokuma, baguqe ngamadolo kwaye babeke amabunzi abo phantsi ekhaphethini.

Uyalithanda ibali elimalunga nendlela uThixo wakhe, u-Allah, wakhetha ngayo uMprofeti – u-Mohammed – ukuze asasaze umyalezo wakhe. U-Allah wathumela ingelosi inike uMprofeti amazwi ukuze awagcine la mazwi ngolwimi olusulungekileyo lwesi-Arab kwincwadi ye-Quran, ngonaphakade.

“Fatima, uphulaphule?”

“Ewe, malume!”

Uncumo lwakhe olukhulu lwenza umalume ajongeke onwabile.

“Bantwana. Le yinyanga yesithathu kwi-Islam kwaye yinyanga ye-Rabi al-Awwal. Oku kuthetha ukuba yinyanga yokuzalwa koMprofeti u-Mohammed. Ngomso ngumhla wokuzalwa kukaMprofeti. Siza kubhiyozela i-Moulood – umhla wokuzalwa kukaMprofeti. Niyazi ukuba kufuneka senze i-Rampies-sny. Le ke yinto yokuthambisa enuka kamnandi esiyisebenzisa phaya

e-Mosque. Emva komthandazo wangentseni, ootata ababibini kunye noomama ababini baza kunikhapha niyokufuna amagqabi womthi welamuni. “

U-Fatima uvuya kakhulu. Uyayithanda i-Rampies-sny ngoba ufumana ithuba lokunxiba ilokhwe yakhe entle kwaye ahlale ekhaphethini noomama abadala. Uziva engxamele ukuya kukha la magqabi elamuni!

Ngentsasa elandelayo udibana neqela lamantombazana namakhwenkwe phambi kwe-Mosque. Aba bantwana ubazela esikolweni, ngakumbi u-Leila lo umde ngoba uyathanda ukumntlonta kuba eqhwalela. Baza kukhatshwa ngootata ababini kunye noomama ababini.

“Ninayo ingxowa nezikere?” omnye umama uyabuza.

Amantombazana ayanqwala.

“Masiyeni,” utsho omnye umama.

“Siza kuwufumana phi umthi welamuni?” iyabuza enye intombazana.

“Siza kukhwela uduladula i-MyCity,” utsho omnye utata.

“Siye phi?” bayabuza abantwana.

“KwiNtaba yeTafile! Embindini wendledlana i-Platteklip Gorge ukhona umthi welamuni.”

Nabo behamba. Nakubeni iNtaba yeTafile ibonakala xa usesixekweni, uninzi lwabantwana abazange baye kuyo bayokukha amagqabi elamuni. Yinto entsha le kubo kwaye bayayivuyela ngoba lixesha le-Rampies-sny. Sisithethe ke esi esaziswa eKapa zizinyanya zabo ezinemvelaphi yase Indoneziya nase Maleziya kwaye sikhathshwa ngumhla wokuzalwa koMprofeti. Eli gama lithi ‘Rampies’ lisuka kwigama lesiMali elithi ‘rampai’ (lithetha ingxowa), kanti eli lithi ‘sny’ liphuma kwisi-Afrikaans kwaye lithetha ‘sika’ okanye ‘umsiko’. Yiyo loo nto kusithiwa Rampies-sny.

Nanko lo duladula uluhlaza namhlophe ngebala ududruza unyuka iqhina eliya kwisikhululo ekukhwelelwa kuso isithuthi sokunyuka iNtaba yeTafile. Ishiya ngasemva i-Mosque nekhaya lika-Fatima ngezantsi phaya e-Dorp Street. Njengokuba bedlula kwezi zitya zintle kangaka, u-Fatima akhakholelwa bubhle beentyatyambo namahlala awabonayo. Akakwazi ukuzibamba xa ebona ubuhle bezityalo ze-proteas ezintshulayo kangangokuba angathanda ukuzoba iintyatyambo zazo ezipinki. Ii-proteas ke zaziwa njengentyatyambo zelizwe apha eMzantsi Afrika.

Bayaphuma kuduladula xa befika kwisikhululo senqwelo yokunyuka iNtaba yeTafile. Nakubeni kuseyintseni nje, kukho iingxolo zooduladula eziphuma zingena nabakhenkethi. Abanye babaduladula abanawo amaphahla kwaye bothula abantu abaninzi abazokuthenga amatikiti okuqabela inqwelo enyuka intaba. Kungathi kusemarikeni enkulu.

“Phepha!,” ukhwazile omnye.

Waxhuma kakhulu u-Fatima akubona iteksi isiza kuye.

Umqhubi wayengxolisa iphondo lakhe.

“Jonga,” enye yamantombazana yakhomba kuphawu olubonisa i-Platteklip Gorge. Le ndledlana ayikanyuki kakhulu okwangoku. Oomama bayaqinisekisa abahambi ngokukhawuleza ukuze u-Fatima akwazi ukumelana nomlenze wakhe oqhwalelayo. Ngokucothayo banyuka kule ndledlana kwaye babashiya abakhenkethi nooduladula ngasemva. Njengokuba iye

isenyuka indlela, kunzima ku-Fatima ukumelana neqela lakhe. Uyakhufuzela kwaye ubile xhopho, kodwa uzixelele akasoze anikezele.

Inye into ayicingayo kukukha amagqabi anuka kamnandi womthi welamuni kangangoko anako. Enye into yilokhwe emabalabala aza kuyinxiba xa esiya e-Mosque. Nomama wakhe uza kunxiba ilokhwe embejemeje enentambo yegolide nesilivere, ebizwa Moedering. Intsusa yeli gama iphuma kwisi-Afrikaans: moeder (umama). Onke amantombazana aza kuhlalana e-Mosque kunye noomama kudunyiselwe uMprofeti ingoma emyoli. Baza kuwasika kakuhle la magqabi omthi welamuni ne-orenji ngeemela ezibukhali, bawadibanise nee-oli ezinuka kamnandi kwaye bawafake kwiingxowana zephepha ezimabalabala. Yonke le nto yi-Rampies ke ngoku. La mafutha aye anikezelwe kubo bonke ootata ngelithuba oomama bedumisa uMprofeti. Babelane ngeelekeke nokutya.

Omnye woomama uyaguquka. Uphazamisa u-Fatima ezingcingeni. “Fatima kufuneka uphumle,” utsho. “Hlala phantsi, phezu kwela litye likhulu ukuze ufumane umthunzi. Mna nomnye wootata siza kuhlala bade babuye bonke.”

“Ndikuvile, mama. Enkosi.”

U-Fatima ujonge phezulu kwaye aqaphele umthi phezulu entabeni. Ukhathazekile kukubona amanye amakhwenkwe namantombi enyuka intaba. Umama uyazama ukumthuthuzela. Umphulula emagxeni.

“Ndiyazidla ngawe,” utsho utata. “Uyintombazana enesibindi.”

U-Fatima uyanqwala kwaye azibambe iinyembezi zingaphumi.

“Ndilinde apha lo mzuzu ndiyokuthandaza. Ndiza kubuya msinyane,” utsho utata kumama kwaye ahambe nje umganyana. “Phumla, mntanam,” uyasebeza umama, ehleli ecaleni kwakhe elityeni.

U-Fatima uzama ukuzixolisa ngento yokuba iitshomi zakhe ziza kubuya namagqabi amaninzi ukubhiyozela i-Moullood, umhla wokuzalwa kukaMprofeti. Ngelithuba onwabele umthunzi phantsi kwehlala, ubuka ubuhle bendalo kwakunye nobo besixeko saseKapa, kwaye abulele u-Allah – Subghaan Allah – ngokuthi amvumele achithe intsasa yakhe esikelelekileyo kumathambeka eNtaba yeTafile emabalabala. U-Allah ke nguThixo kwinkolo yaMasilamsi.

Ngesiqophe uyaxhuma. Kusenokwenzeka ebekhe wathi sebe-sebe ebuthongweni! Konke kubunkungurha ecaleni kwakhe kwaye kunzima ukubona phambi kwakhe.

“Kwenzeke ntoni?” ubuza utata obuya emthandazweni.

“Ngamafu, sithandwa sam. Asuka phezulu entabeni. Andizange ndiyibone into enje.”

“Baphi abanye?” u-Fatima ubuza ngokukhawuleza.

Utata unyusa amagxa, kodwa akaniki mpendulo.

“Uphi?” uyabuza u-Fatima.

Ilizwi lakhe liyangcangazela. Uzizigqoga iindlebe, kodwa akukho mpendulo.

“Ungakhathazeki,” utsho umama. “Ndiqinisekile baza kubuya msinyane.”

Kusenjalo, phakathi nje nendawo, kwavakala ilizwi:

“Ndilapha!”

U-Fatima uyaguquka. Kugqitha ecaleni kwakhe ngokukhawuleza ixhego elingamjonganga nokumjongwa. Litshaya inqawa kwaye neempahla zalo zijongeka zindala oku kwemifanekiso yakudala. Lineentshebe kwaye liyabonakala litshile lilanga. “Ngapha,” litshilo phambi kokuba linyamalale ematsholweni.

“Umbonile la tata?” u-Fatima uyabuza engakholelwa. “Omphile utata? Ndibona amafu kuphela,” uphendule utata ebucaphuka.

Apha kwilifu uyabeva abahlobo bakhe

“Fatima! Uphi?” kuvakala amazwi abo.

“Ndingapha! u-Fatima uyakhwaza.

Omnye wabo uthi gqi ebaleka, angene kwingalo zakhe. “Yho, andisoyiki,” utsho u-Leila onentloni. “Siphantse salahleka.”

Ngoku kuthi gqi nabanye. Baphethe iingxowa ezincinci ezigcwele mpu. Bakhangeleka bempatsha-mpatsha kwaye bayangcangcazela yingqele.

Omnye wabo uyalila.

“Sukoyika,” omnye woomama utsho. “Xa ilifu liphakamile, siza kubona siphina.”

“Akho ngxaki. Ndiyayazi indlela egodukayo, u-Fatima uyabaqinisekisa. Umama ujonga ku-Fatima. “Uyayazi?”

“Nakanjani. Ndilandeleni kule ndledlana yeentyatyambo,” utsho u-Fatima ngokuzithemba.

“Indledlana yeentyatyambo? Yeyiphi leyo?” ubuzile omnye umama exhalabile.

“Awuboni? Ndawo yonke apha kukho iintyatyambo xa unyukayo. Jonga eziya zibomvu phaya,” u-Fatima ukhomba kwindledlana ehanjwe lixhego.

“Jonga phaya,” enye intombazana iyakhwaza. I-*protea!* Sigqithe kuzo ezinye ngoku besisiza apha!”

“Sakukhokelwa zizo xa sisehla,” utsho u-Fatima. “Masihambeni.”

Njengokuba bethe chu besehla nje, u-Fatima uziqaphele ezinye iintyatyambo nezityalo, kwaye uyazi ukuba bahamba ngendlela echanekileyo. Iyamvuyisa into yokuba inguye okhokelayo, kwaye akhomntu uzama ukudlula kuye. Ngesiquphe, bayaphuma kwilifu bagagane nelanga. Ngoku bayababona ooduladula kwakhona. “Sisindile!” uyakhwaza u-Leila kwaye onge u-Fatima kakhulu. “Enkosi kakhulu. Ndiza kukunika amanye amagqabi am ukuze nomama wakho abenawo,” utsho u-Leila enenyembezi emehlweni akhe.

Ngolwasuku wonke umntu e-Mosque wazile ukuba u-Fatima uncede abahlobo bakhe basesikolweni bakwazi ukwehla entabeni ebigqunywe lelona laphu likhulu leTafile kwaye kungekho mntu onokulikhumbula.

“Asizange sawabona amagqabi amahle kangaka,” bonke bayavumelana. “Yimimangaliso.”

Ngenxa yomsebenzi wakhe omhle, u-Fatima wavunyelwa ahlale noomama abadala kwaye agcwalise iipasile ezityheli neziluhlaza ngamagqabi asikwe kakuhle e-orenji nelamuni, kwaye axutywe nee-oli ezinuka kamnandi. Ngoku kungathi lolona suku lwakhe lokuzalwa ngoba wonke umntu ufuna ukuthetha naye. Oku kumenza azive ekhethekile. Uqinisekile ngoku ukuba unabahlobo abatsha bokudlala. U-Fatima uyaqonda ukuba i-*Rampies-sny* sisithethe esikhethekileyo esinento yokwenza nomhla wokuzalwa kukaMprofeti. Esi sithethe sisalandelwa eKapa nase-Bo-Kaap apho ahlala khona. U-Fatima angathanda ngenye imini ukuqhuba nesi sithethe kunye nabantwana nabazukulwana bakhe.

Uyajonga-jonga phezulu. Ingaba eli xhego lime kumnyango ovuliweyo kwaye limncumeleyo leliya ebelibone litshaya inqawa entabeni? Uyaqhwayaza, kodwa le ndoda seyinyamalele phambi kokuba athethe. Xa kanye

ezakuphakama, uva amazwi wootata namakhwenkwe esitalatweni esiza apha e-Mosque. Babedumisa u-Allah kunye noMprofeti. Oku kwamxelela ukuba kufuneka agqithise i-*Rampies* eziqholiweyo njengezipho abazenzeleyo kubo bonke abo bayinxalenye yemibhiyozo ye-*Moulood*. Isikhumbuzo sokuzalwa koMprofeti uMohammed.

Qash! Qash! Ubuyazi ukuba u-Fatima uthetha Nobuhle?

Nyhan-nyhani mihle imsisibenzi ka-Fatima yaye ifana naye.

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***Yamkelekile into yokuba amaMaleyi aseKapa ayabandakanyeka ekuqambeni ibali lelaphu eligquma iNtaba yeTafile. Kuthwa indoda yomDatshi eyayingumgulukudu wezikhephe elwandle egama lingu-Van Hunk yayithanda ukutshayela inqawa yayo kwiqhina elikufutshane neNtaba yeTafile. Mntu uthile ungaziwayo weza kule ndoda ngenye imini wacela umngeni wokuba bakhuphisane ngokutshaya. Olu khuphiswano ke lwaqhuba iintsuku. Lo msi umkhulu wagquma iNtaba yeTafile. Njengokuba u-Van Hunk waluphumelela nje ukhuphiswano, waqonda ukuba lo mntu angamaziyo ngumtyholi. Kulapho ke igama lentaba i-Devil's Peak lisuka khona.***  
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IMPAWULO

I-Bo-Kaap iphantsi kwamathambeka eNtaba yeTafile kufutshane nombindi wesixeko saseKapa. Iyanye yeendawo ezindala apha eMzantsi Afrika kwaye inembali yokuba yeyona ndawo ibalulekileyo kwinkcubeko yaMasilamsi. Ngonyaka ka-1658, kwaziswa amakhoboka apha eKapa ukuze azokusebenza. Uninzi lwaMasilamsi ase-Bo-Kaap azizizukulwana zala makhoboka ahlalayo apha emva kokupheliswa kobukhoboka.

Ezantsi kwesitalato i-Dorp kulapho kukho i-Auwal Masjid (*i-Mosque*). Yeyona mosque endala eMzantsi Afrika eyakhiwa ngo-1794. Rhoqo ngemva kwemini yangoLwesihlanu, aMasilamsi aye ayokukhonza e-mosque yaye aphulaphule iimfundiso zomfundisi wabo u-*imam*. Indawo yamangcwaba ekufutshane, i-Tana Baru Cemetery, yindawo yokugqibela apho kulele khona iingcwele ngeengcwele zaMasilamsi. Kwalapha kwesi sitalato i-Dorp kukho i-Madrassa (isikolo saMasilamsi). Kulapho i-Afrikaans yaqala khona ukufundiswa. Ngo-1869, u-Abu Bakr Effendi wabhala incwadi yokuqala yesi-Afrikaans ngesi-Arab. Kule ncwadi, abantwana bathatha imibhalo ye-*Quran* (ibhayibhile yaMasilamsi) bayibhala ngesi-Afrikaans.

I-*Eid-ul-Fitr* – okanye i-*Labarang* – ibhiyozelwa ekupheleni kwe-pwaasa (Inyanga Engcwele ye-Ramadaan). Ngethuba le-*Ramadaan* onke aMasilamsi elizweni azilela ukutya. Awaty kutya kwaye awaseli namanzi ngethuba lasemini. I-*Ramadaan* lixesha apho aMasilamsi acoca imizimba yawo ukuze abe kufutshane no-Allah (Thixo). Awakutyi ukutya kwaye awayisebenzisi inyama yehagu. Phambi kokuba atye, enza i-Biesmiellah (umthandazo). Oku kuthetha ukuba uThixo akusikelele ukutya. Imbali yase-Bo-Kaap iyahambisana nqwa neyesi-Afrikaans. Ngoko ke, ukulondolozwa kwesi-Afrikaans kubalulekile kuMasilamsi.

Prof Michael le Cordeur

2019

FATIMA

by Klavs Skovsholm



If one day you come across a bright yellow house in cobblestoned *Dorp Street*, that's where Fatima lives with her mother. In this area of Cape Town, on the slopes of Signal Hill, is the colourful Bo-Kaap with its little courtyards squeezed in among clusters of houses. Her mother created a potted garden on the roof. It's Fatima's favourite place. She loves to draw the potted flowers while casting an occasional glance at Table Mountain, one of the 7 wonders of nature in the world.

Fatima is a pretty, petite Muslim girl with big brown eyes. At first you would think she was like any other girl, but she was born with a slightly deformed leg so she walks with a curious wobbly step. She can run like any other child, though not as fast. Not that Fatima minds that much. She never knew anything else. Sometimes the other children cause her grief when they insist on playing games where they must run. So when she's not helping her mother or doing her homework, she mostly plays on her own. She loves living in this historic Malay Quarter of Cape Town where it is a Sunday morning tradition that a tasty delicacy, the *koesister*, is served.

Fatima's father has gone to Johannesburg to work, but he comes home as often as he can. And her uncle Ali is the Imam of the local *Masjid*, which you probably know better as a Mosque. Ali is married and has four daughters, so Fatima and her mother feel part of one big family. Still, Fatima often misses her father.

Today Fatima is enjoying a warm, pleasant afternoon, sitting among the flowerpots with her pencils and paper. There are big clouds on the flat top of Table Mountain which reminds her of the story of the old Dutch man who, so the story goes, smokes his pipe up there to get away from his wife.

Suddenly Fatima's mother comes onto the roof to hang up the laundry. "Fatima, you're still here? You'll be late for *Madrasah*," she says. Just like most Muslim boys and girls, Fatima attends *Madrasah*, or Muslim School, late afternoon, Mondays to Thursdays. So she gets up at once and hurries to the Masjid down the road, her white robe and headscarf fluttering in the wind.

She pants from running so fast and pulls at the heavy door. Then she quietly slips in. There's her uncle on a big chair. In front of him there are lots of boys and girls dressed in white, sitting on the green carpets all around. The girls wear headscarfs and the boys have small, round white hats called a *fez*.

Fatima quickly sits down at the back, but her uncle Ali has noticed her.

"*Assalaamu Alaykum* (Greetings of Peace) – you're late, my child," he says, frowning his eyebrows.

Fatima lowers her head. "*Wa Alaykum Salaam* (Greetings of Peace to you). I'm terribly sorry, uncle."

"You know that you are named after the daughter of our Prophet – Peace Be Upon Him – so you should set an example and come on time."

"Yes, uncle."

Uncle Ali seems to be pleased with her answer and resumes his teaching.

Fatima enjoys being in the Masjid, where Muslims go to pray. Have you ever been inside one? If you haven't, you may have heard a man chanting over the rooftops in some parts of town. That man is the *Muezzin* who, from the tower of the Masjid, recites words from the Quran to call the people to prayer.

Fatima looks around. She finds the Masjid so full of beauty and peace. On the walls she sees words from the Quran written in beautiful Arabic letters. She can read some of them, but those she can't read she thinks of as flowers or birds in the sky. And when it's dark outside, one can see small, shining lamps hanging from the domed ceiling. It's like looking up at the millions of stars in the night sky. It's just magic!

In the Masjid there's also the *Mihrab*, a place in the wall pointing to Mecca in Saudi Arabia where the Prophet – Peace Be Upon Him – was born and where you can find the holiest site in Islam: the *Kaaba*. Fatima knows that every Muslim should go to the Kaaba at least once in their lifetime.

She also knows that Muslims pray five times a day: at dawn, at noon, late afternoon, just after sunset and one last time before midnight. Every Friday all the men and many women go to the Masjid to pray. Before they pray in the Masjid, they wash their hands, face, arms and feet in the *wudu* or ablution area before standing barefoot or with socks, on the carpets. The worshippers line up, shoulder to shoulder; the elderly men in the front, then the young, while the women pray either at the back of the Masjid or upstairs. This way they don't disturb one another. Fatima finds it fascinating to watch the adults pray, first standing up, then getting down on their knees and touching the carpets with their foreheads.

She also loves the story about how her God, Allah, chose a man called Mohammed – Peace Be Upon Him – to convey His message. Allah sent an angel to give the Prophet – Peace Be Upon Him – the words and to preserve these words in perfect Arabic in the book called the Quran, for all eternity.

"Fatima, are you listening?"

"Yes, Uncle!"

Her big smile softens the stern look on his face.

"So children. This is the 3rd Islamic month and it is the happy month of *Rabi al-Awwal*. And as tomorrow is the birthday of our Prophet – Peace Be Upon Him – we'll celebrate *Moulood*. You all know that we have to prepare for *Rampies-sny*. Right after our dawn prayer, two uncles and two aunties will accompany a group of you in your search for lemon tree leaves."

Fatima's face lights up. She particularly loves *Rampies-sny*, because she gets to wear her prettiest dress and happily sits on the carpets with the elderly ladies. She can't wait to go and pick the lemon tree leaves!

The next morning she gathers in front of the Masjid with a handful of other girls and boys. She knows them from school, especially that tall Leila who bullies her sometimes because of her wobbling.

There are two uncles and two aunties to accompany them.

"Have you all got a paper bag and a pair of scissors?" the one aunty asks.

The girls nod.

“On our way then,” says the aunty cheerfully.
“Where can we find a lemon tree?” one of the girls asks.
“We’re taking the MyCiti bus,” says one of the uncles.
“Where to?” the children want to know.
“To Table Mountain! Halfway up the Platteklip Gorge trail there’s a big lemon tree.”

So there they go. Although Table Mountain can be seen from the city, most of the children have never been up there to pick lemon tree leaves. This is an adventure and they are very excited, especially because this is for Rampies-sny, an old tradition that was brought to Cape Town by their Indonesian and Malaysian ancestors and is coupled to the birthday of the Prophet – Peace Be Upon Him. ‘Rampies’ originates from the Malay word ‘rampai’ (meaning bag) and ‘sny’ is the Afrikaans word for ‘cut’, hence Rampies-sny.

The blue and white bus makes its way up the steep road to the cable car station, leaving the Masjid and Fatima’s house in Dorp Street way below them. As they pass the lush gardens, Fatima looks in awe at all the flowers and bushes. She’s especially fascinated by the many proteas in bloom and would love to draw their pink flowers.

At the cable car station they all get off the bus. Even if it’s still early morning, there are plenty of noisy tourist buses coming and going, and massive open-top hop-on hop-off buses are offloading hundreds of people quickly lining up to get tickets for the cable car ride. It feels like a big marketplace. “Watch out,” someone shouts. Fatima jumps for her life as a taxi is coming straight at her, the driver wildly honking his horn.

“There,” one of the girls points at a sign that indicates Platteklip Gorge. The path is not too steep at this point, and the aunts make sure that they don’t go too fast so that Fatima can keep up with her wobbly leg. Steadily they walk up the trail and soon they leave the buses and tourists behind. As it gets steeper though, Fatima finds it harder to keep up with the group. She puffs and sweat is dripping down her forehead, but she won’t give up and struggles on.

The only thing she can think of is gathering as many sweet-smelling lemon tree leaves as she possibly can. And about the flower dress she will wear to go to the Masjid, of course. Her mom too will wear a beautifully coloured traditional dress with embroidered gold and silver thread, called a *Moederling* (from the word ‘mother’ in Afrikaans: *moeder*). All the girls will gather in the Masjid with their mothers to chant tuneful praise for the Prophet – Peace Be Upon Him. There they will finely slice the lemon tree leaves with sharp knives on wooden boards and mix it with fragrant oils, stuff the leaves into small colourful paper bags, called *Rampies*. This they hand to all the men while chanting tuneful praise for the Prophet – Peace Be Upon Him – sharing food and sweets.

One of the Aunts turns around. She interrupts Fatima’s thoughts.
“Fatima, you must rest,” she says. “Sit down over there on that large stone and get some shade. One of the uncles and I will stay with you until the others come back.”
“Yes, aunty. Thank you.”

As Fatima looks up she notices a tree further up the mountain. She’s very sad to see the girls and boys walk on. The aunty kindly tries to console her, squeezing her shoulder.
“I’m very proud of you,” the uncle says. “You’re a brave girl, you know.” Fatima nods, holding back her tears.
“Now just wait here while I go and pray. I won’t be long,” he says to the aunty and walks a few metres away.
“Rest my child,” the aunty whispers, sitting close to her on a rock.

Fatima tries to take comfort in the fact that soon the other girls and boys will bring back lots of leaves for the birthday celebrations, Mouloud, of the Prophet – Peace Be Upon Him. And while she enjoys the shade under the bush she looks at the splendid scenery and cityscape below her and gives praise to Allah – *Subghaan Allah* – for allowing her to spend this blessed morning on the slopes of colourful Table Mountain.

Suddenly she jumps. She must have dozed off! All is hazy-white around her and she can barely see a few metres ahead. “What’s happened?” she asks the uncle who’s come back from his prayers.
“It’s the clouds, dear. They came down from the top, just like that. I’ve never seen anything like it.”
“Where are the others?” Fatima quickly asks.

The uncle shrugs his shoulders but doesn’t give an answer. “Where are you?” Fatima yells. Her voice trembles. She pricks up her ears, but there’s no reply.
“Don’t worry,” the aunty says. “I’m sure they will be back very soon.”

Then, out of nowhere, a voice thunders: “I am here!” Fatima turns around. An old man briskly walks past without even giving her a glance. He’s smoking a pipe and his clothes look as old-fashioned as in an old painting. He has a beard and is quite sunburned.
“This way,” he says before disappearing in a thick cloud.
“Did you see that man?” Fatima asks in disbelief.
“What man? All I see are clouds,” the uncle answers a little irritable.

Through the cloud, Fatima can now hear the girls and boys. “Fatima! Where are you?” echo their voices.
“Over here!” Fatima calls out.
Then one of them comes running, straight into her arms.
“Oh, I’m so scared,” Leila the bully pants. “I think we got lost.”
There come the others, carrying small bags of cloth filled to the brim. They look pale and shiver with cold. One of them even bursts into tears.
“Don’t be afraid,” the one aunty says. “When the cloud lifts, we’ll see where we are.”
“It’s all right. I know the way back home,” Fatima reassures the others.
The aunty turns to her. “You do?”
“Absolutely. Just follow me down the flower trail,” says Fatima confidently.
“Flower trail? What flower trail?” asks the other aunty in a panic.
“Don’t you see? There are flowers everywhere on the way up. Look at those little red ones over there,” Fatima points to the path the old man just took.

“Look over there,” one of the girls yells. “A protea! We passed some like that when we came up!”

“They’ll be our guide back down,” Fatima says. “Come!”

As they slowly progress down, Fatima recognizes plants and flowers, and she knows for sure they are taking the right direction. She’s very proud to be the guide, and no one tries to overtake her. Then suddenly they step out of the cloud and into the sun. They can now see the buses again.

“We’re saved!” Leila yelps and gives Fatima a big hug.

“*Tramakassie* (Thank you) – I’ll share my leaves with you, so your mum can have some too,” Leila says with tears in her eyes.

Later that day in the Masjid everyone knows that Fatima helped her schoolmates find their way down Table Mountain which had been covered by the biggest and thickest cloud anyone could remember.

“We’ve never seen so many beautiful leaves,” they all agree.

“It’s nothing short of a miracle.”

As a token of recognition, Fatima is allowed to sit with the elderly ladies and fill the yellow and green parcels with finely cut lemon tree leaves mixed with fragrant oils. It feels a bit like her own birthday too because everyone wants to talk to her which makes her feel very special. She’s quite sure that this time she has a whole bunch of new friends to play with. Fatima realizes that *Rampies-sny* is a special tradition linked to the birthday of the Prophet – Peace Be Upon Him. It is still practiced in Cape Town and in the Bo-Kaap where she lives. Fatima would like to continue this tradition with her children and grandchildren one day.

She looks up. Was that the old man with the pipe from the mountain smiling at her in the open door? She blinks, but the man is gone before she can say a word. She’s about to get up but then she hears the voices of men and boys in the street, coming to the Mosque, chanting tuneful praise to Allah and the Prophet – Peace Be Upon Him. This is her cue to handover the fragrant *Rampies* as gifts to all those who are part of the *Moulood* Celebrations.

It is widely accepted that the Cape Malays were involved in the creation of the tale of Table Mountain’s cloth. A retired Dutch pirate named Van Hunks had a great love for pipe smoking on the huge hill next to Table Mountain. A stranger approached him one day and challenged him to a smoking duel that went on for days on end. A large cloud of smoke had enveloped Table Mountain. Just as Van Hunks won the competition, he realised that the stranger was actually the devil, thus the name Devil’s Peak.

EPILOGUE

The Bo-Kaap is situated against the slopes of Table Mountain, close to Cape Town’s city centre. It is the oldest neighbourhood in South Africa and the historical centre of the Muslim culture. In 1658 slaves were brought to the Cape to work here. The Muslim residents in the Bo-Kaap are mostly descendants of the slaves who established themselves here after the abolition of slavery.

Situated on the far end of Dorp Street, one will find the Auwal Masjid, erected in 1794, making it the oldest Mosque in South Africa. On Friday afternoons Muslims gather in the Mosque and are lead in worship by the Imam (priest). One will find the Tana Baru cemetery nearby, which is the last resting place of various Muslim saints. The *Madrasah* (Muslim school), where Afrikaans was first taught, can also be found in Dorp Street. Abu Bakr Effendi wrote the first Afrikaans book in Arabic in 1869. In this “notebook” children copied texts from the Koran in Afrikaans.

Eid-ul-Fitr – or *Labarang* – is celebrated at the end of *Pwaasa* (the Holy Month of Ramadan). All Muslims across the world fast during Ramadan. They refrain from eating and drinking during the day. Ramadan is a time during which Muslims purify their bodies to bring them closer to Allah (God). Muslims do not eat any food in which pork meat is found. Before eating, they must pray – known as *Bismillah*. This means that the food is blessed by God. The Bo-Kaap’s history is intertwined with the origin of Afrikaans, making the conservation of Afrikaans of great importance to Muslims.

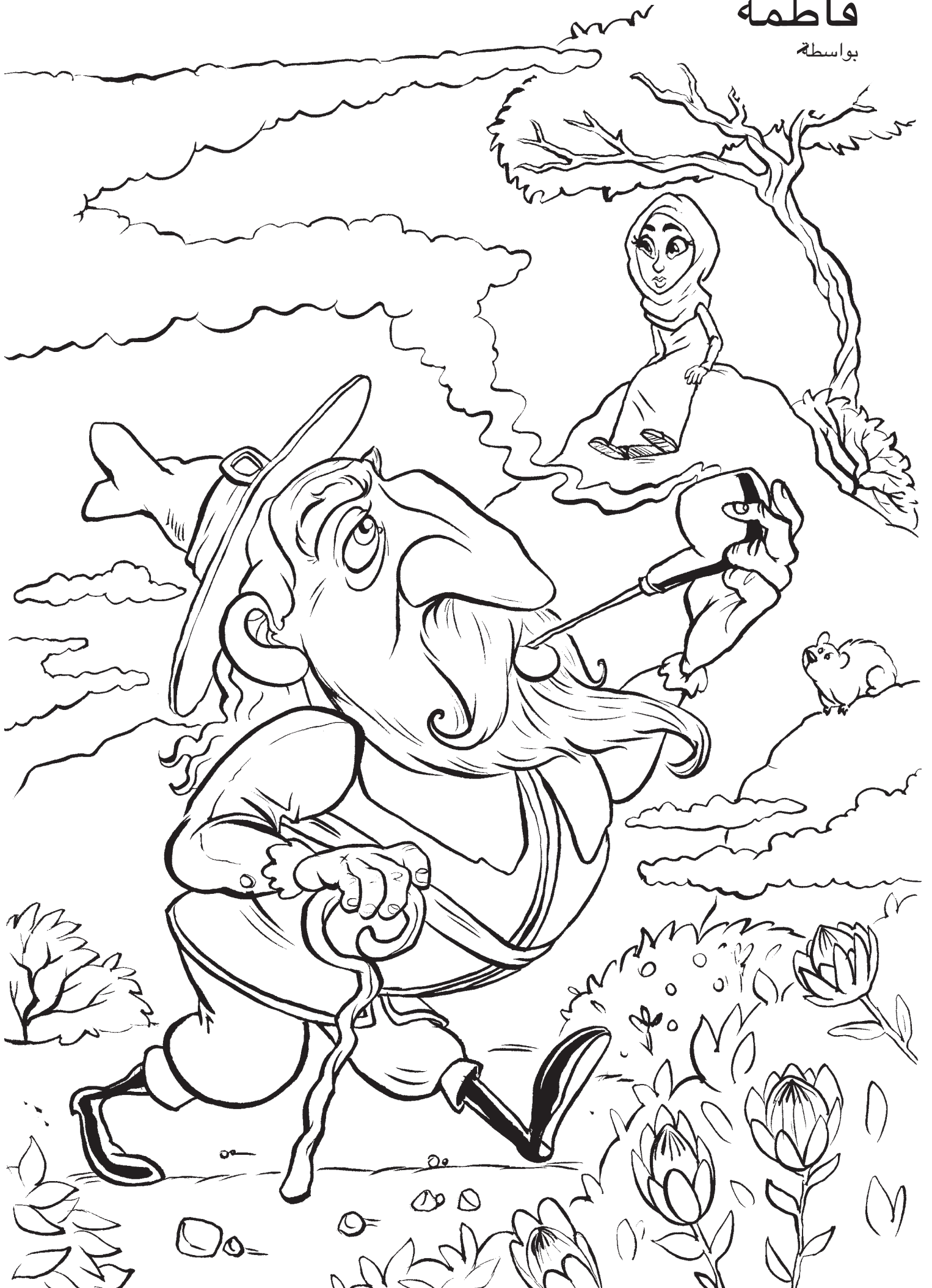
Prof Michael le Cordeur

2019



فَاطِمَة

بواسطة



حكاية فاطمة - الخاتمة

بو كاب تقع ضد منحدرات جبل الطاولة، قريب من مركز المدينة في كيب تاون. هو اقدم حي في جنوب أفريقيا، و مركز التاريخي من

ثقافة المسلمي. في ٨٥٦١ ، نقل عبيد إلي مدينة كيب تاون ليعملوا هنا. السكان المسلمين في بو كاب أكثرهم احدا ف العبيد الذين أنشؤوا أنفسهم هنا بعد إبطال العبودية.

قيام في نهاية شارع درب، ستجد مسجد الأول الذي أقيم في ٤٩٧١ ، و هو اقدم المساجد في جنوب أفريقيا. يوم الجمعة، يجمع المسلمون في المسجد و يؤمهم الإمام في العبادة. قريب من هنا، ستجد مقبرة تنا بار الذي هو ءواخر مقابر الأولياء المسلمي من بلاد شتي.

المدرسة التي يعلم فيها الأفركانس أولا، توجد في شارع درب أيضا. أبو بكر إفندي كتب الكتاب الأفركانسي الأول في العربي في

٩٦٨١ . في هذا كبلسبوك، نسخ الأولاد النسخ من القران في الأفركانس.

عيد الفطر - أو لبرانخ - مشهور في نهاية البواسي، شهر رمضان المقدس. المسلمون كلهم عبر العالم يصومون في رمضان. يمتنعون عن الأكل و الشرب أثناء النهار. رمضان أحد الأركان الإسلام الخمسة و هو زمن يطهر المسلمون أجسامهم فيه ليقتربوهم إلي الله. لا

يأكل المسلمون أي طعام يوجد فيه لحم الخنزير. قبل الأكل، ليدعوا بدعاء بسم الله. هذا يعني أن الطعام مبارك من الله. تاريخ ابو كاب

البروفيسور مايكل لو كوردور

ألفين و تسعة عشر

«أَنْظُرُوا إِلَى هُنَاكَ،» تَصْرَحُ إِحْدَى الْفَتَيَاتِ. «إِنَّهَا زُهُورٌ بُرُوتِيَا! قَدْ مَرَرْنَا بِبَعْضِهَا لَمَّا صَعَدْنَا الْجَبَلَ.»

«سَتَكُونُ تِلْكَ الزُّهُورُ دَلِيلَنَا فِي التَّرْوُلِ،» تَقُولُ فَاطِمَةُ. «تَعَالَوْا.»

وَ فِي تَقَدُّمِهِمْ إِلَى الْأَسْفَلِ، عَرَفَتْ فَاطِمَةُ نَبَاتَاتٍ وَ زُهُورًا، وَ بِذَلِكَ تَعَلَّمَ بِالتَّأَكِيدِ أَنَّهُمْ يَتَّجِهُونَ إِلَى الْإِتِّجَاهِ الصَّحِيحِ. هِيَ فَاحِرَةٌ مِنْ كَوْنِهَا دَلِيلَهُمْ، وَ لَا يُحَاوِلُ أَحَدٌ مِنْهُمْ تَجَاوُزَهَا. ثُمَّ إِذَا بِهِمْ يَخْرُجُونَ مِنَ السَّحَابَةِ فَجَاءَتْ فِي ضَوْءِ الشَّمْسِ. وَ يُمَكِّنُهُمُ الْآنَ رُؤْيَةَ الْحَافِلَاتِ مِنْ جَدِيدٍ.

«قَدْ نَجَوْنَا!» تَصْرَحُ إِحْدَى الْبَنَاتِ وَ هِيَ تُعَانِقُ فَاطِمَةَ.

«شُكْرًا! - سَأُشَارِكُكَ فِي وَرْقِي، لِتَأْخُذَ مِنْهَا أُمَّكَ أَيْضًا، تَقُولُ الْفَتَاةُ الْأُخْرَى، عُيُونُهَا مَلِيئَةٌ بِالدُّمُوعِ.

وَ بَعْدَ ذَلِكَ فِي الْمَسْجِدِ، يَعْلَمُ الْجَمِيعُ أَنَّ فَاطِمَةَ قَدْ سَاعَدَتْ زُمَّلَاءَهَا أَنْ يَجِدُوا طَرِيقَهُمْ إِلَى أَسْفَلِ الْجَبَلِ، وَ كَانَ قَدْ غَشَاهُ أَكْبَرُ «قِمَاشٍ مَائِدَةٍ» يَذْكُرُهُ أَحَدٌ.

«مَا رَأَيْنَا قَطُّ وَرَقًا جَمِيلَةً كَهَذِهِ،» يَتَوَافَقُونَ فِيمَا بَيْنَهُمْ. «يَكَادُ الْأَمْرُ يَكُونُ كَرَامَةً.»

أَذِنَ لِفَاطِمَةَ الْجُلُوسِ مَعَ السَّيِّدَاتِ الْكَبِيرَاتِ كَرَمًا تَقْدِيرًا، لِمَلَأَ الْأَكْيَاسَ الصَّفْرَاءَ وَالْخَضْرَاءَ بِوَرَقِ شَجَرِ بُرْتُقَالٍ وَ لَيْمُونٍ مَقْطُوعَةٍ وَ مَخْلُوطَةٍ بِالْعُطُورِ. وَ هِيَ تَشْعُرُ كَأَنَّ الْيَوْمَ مِيلَادُهَا أَيْضًا، لِأَنَّ الْجَمِيعَ يُرِيدُ التَّحَدُّثَ مَعَهَا مِمَّا يَجْعَلُهَا تَشْعُرُ

بِالتَّمْيِيزِ. إِنَّهَا مُتَأَكِّدَةٌ أَنَّ لَهَا أَصْدِقَاءَ جُدُدًا هَذِهِ الْمَرَّةَ لِتَلْعَبَ مَعَهُمْ.

عَرَفَتْ فَاطِمَةُ أَنَّ قَطْعَ الْوَرَقِ تَقْلِيدٌ مُمَيِّزٌ وَ هُوَ مُتَعَلِّقٌ بِمِيلَادِ النَّبِيِّ صَلَّى اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِ وَ سَلَّمَ. وَ هُوَ لَا يَزَالُ يُفْعَلُ فِي كَيْبِ تَاوُونَ وَ فِي «بُو كَاب» حَيْثُ تَسْكُنُ. تَوَدُّ فَاطِمَةُ بِاسْتِمْرَارٍ هَذَا التَّقْلِيدَ مَعَ أَوْلَادِهَا وَ أَحْفَادِهَا فِي الْمُسْتَقْبَلِ.

تَنْظُرُ فَاطِمَةُ أَمَامَهَا. هَلْ كَانَ هُوَ ذَاكَ الرَّجُلُ الْعَجُوزُ مِنَ الْجَبَلِ يُبَاسِمُهَا عِنْدَ الْبَابِ الْمَفْتُوحِ؟ تَلْمَحُ عَيْنَاهَا، وَ لَكِنَّ الرَّجُلَ قَدْ ذَهَبَ قَبْلَ أَنْ تَتَفَوَّهَ بِكَلِمَةٍ. تَكَادُ أَنْ تَقُومَ وَ لَكِنَّهَا تَسْمَعُ أَصْوَاتَ رِجَالٍ وَ أَوْلَادٍ فِي الشَّارِعِ، يَقْدِمُونَ إِلَى الْمَسْجِدِ، مُغْنِينَ الْحَمْدَ لِلَّهِ وَ الْمَدْحَ لِلنَّبِيِّ صَلَّى اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِ وَ سَلَّمَ. قَدْ جَاءَ دَوْرُهَا لِتَسْلِيمِ الْوَرَقِ الْعَطِرَةِ كَهَدَايَا مُجَفِّفَاتٍ إِلَى الْجَمِيعِ الَّذِينَ يَتَشَارَكُونَ فِي احْتِفَالِ الْمِيلَادِ.

تَفَقَّرُ فَاطِمَةُ مُنْفَجَّةً. لَا بُدَّ مِنْ أَنَّهَا قَدِ اسْتَعْرَقَتْ
فِي النَّوْمِ! هِيَ لَا تَسْتَطِيعُ أَنْ تَرَى بِوُضُوحٍ حَوْلَهَا وَ
لَا يَتَجَاوَزُ نَظْرُهَا بَعْضَ الْأَمْتَارِ.

«مَاذَا حَدَّثَ؟» تَسْأَلُ الْعَمَّ، وَ قَدْ رَجَعَ مِنْ صَلَاتِهِ.

«إِنَّهَا سَحَابٌ، عَزِيزِي. وَ قَدْ نَزَلَتْ السَّحَابُ مِنْ
الْأَعْلَى فَجَاءَتْ. لَمْ أَرِ شَيْئًا مِثْلَهُ قَطُّ.»

«أَيْنَ الْبَاقُونَ؟» تَسْأَلُ فَاطِمَةُ بِسُرْعَةٍ.

يُحَرِّكُ الْعَمُّ كَتْفَهُ وَ لِكِنَّهُ لَا يُجِيبُ.

«أَيْنَ أَنْتُمْ؟» تَصْرُخُ فَاطِمَةُ.

يَهْتَزُّ صَوْتُهَا، سَامِعَةً بِشِدَّةٍ، وَ لَكِنْ لَيْسَ هُنَاكَ
جَوَابٌ.»

«لَا تَقْلِقِي،» تَقُولُ الْعَمَّةُ، «أَنَا مُتَأَكِّدَةٌ مِنْ أَنَّهُمْ
سَيَرْجِعُونَ بَعْدَ قَلِيلٍ.»

وَ إِذَا هُوَ صَوْتُ مُتْرَعِدٍ مِنَ الْعَدَمِ، «أَنَا هُنَا!»

تَلَفَّتْ فَاطِمَةُ رَأْسَهَا. هُنَاكَ رَجُولٌ عَجُوزٌ يَمُرُّ بِهِمْ
مَاشِيًا بِسُرْعَةٍ لَا يَنْظُرُ إِلَيْهَا وَ لَا نَظْرَةً. هُوَ يَدْخُنُ
وَ يَبْدُو لِبَاسُهُ قَدِيمًا كَأَنَّهُ فِي رَسْمٍ قَدِيمٍ. لَهُ لِحْيَةٌ وَ
قَدِ انْحَرَقَ مِنْ أَشْعَةِ الشَّمْسِ.

«مِنْ هَذَا الطَّرِيقِ،» يَقُولُ قَبْلَ أَنْ يَخْتَفِيَ فِي
سَحَابَةٍ مُحِيطَةٍ.

«هَلْ رَأَيْتُمْ ذَاكَ الرَّجُلُ؟» تَسْأَلُ فَاطِمَةُ غَيْرَ
مُطْمَئِنَّةً.

«أَيُّ رَجُلٍ؟ لَا أَرَى إِلَّا السَّحَابِ،» يُجِيبُ الْعَمُّ وَ
هُوَ مُنْزَعَجٌ قَلِيلًا.

تَسْتَطِيعُ فَاطِمَةُ الْآنَ سَمْعَ أَصْوَاتِ الْبَنَاتِ
وَالْأَوْلَادِ عِبْرَ السَّحَابِ. «فَاطِمَةُ! أَيْنَ أَنْتِ؟» تَصُدُّ
أَصْوَاتَهُمْ.

«هُنَا!» تُنَادِي فَاطِمَةُ.

وَ إِذَا هُوَ بِأَحَدِهِمْ يَرْكُضُ إِلَى بَيْنِ يَدَيْهَا.

«أَه، إِيَّيْ خَائِفَةٌ،» تَلَهْتُ الْبِنْتُ. «أَظُنُّ أَنَّنَا ضَيَّعْنَا
الطَّرِيقَ.»

ثُمَّ يَأْتِي الْآخَرُونَ حَامِلِينَ أَكْيَاسًا مَلِيئًا بِالْقِمَاشِ.
يَبْدُونَ شَاحِبِينَ مُرْتَجِفِينَ مِنَ الْبُرْدِ. ثُمَّ يَبْكِي
أَحَدُهُمْ سَائِلَةً دُمُوعَهُ.

«لَا تَخَافُوا،» تَقُولُ إِحْدَى الْعَمَّتَيْنِ، «إِذَا زَالَتْ
السَّحَابُ، سَنَرَى مَكَانَنَا.»

«لَا بَأْسَ، فَإِنِّي أَعْرِفُ طَرِيقَ الرَّجُوعِ إِلَى الْبَيْتِ،»
تَأْكُدُهُمْ فَاطِمَةُ بِقَوْلِهَا.

تَنْظُرُ إِلَيْهَا الْعَمَّةُ، «هَلْ تَعْرِفِينَ حَقًّا؟»

«بِالطَّبَعِ، إِنِّي بَعُونِي فَحَسْبُ فِي نُزُولِنَا مِنْ عِبْرِ طَرِيقِ
الزُّهُورِ،» تَقُولُ فَاطِمَةُ بِكُلِّ شُجَاعَةٍ.

«طَرِيقِ الزُّهُورِ؟ أَيُّ طَرِيقِ زُهُورٍ؟» تَسْأَلُهَا الْعَمَّةُ
الْأُخْرَى مُرْتَعِبَةً.

«أَلَا تَرَيْنَ؟» هُنَاكَ زُهُورٌ فِي كُلِّ مَكَانٍ عَلَى الطَّرِيقِ
إِلَى الْأَعْلَى. وَ هِيَ تُشَابَهُ تِلْكَ الزُّهُورَ الْحَمْرَاءَ
الصَّغِيرَةَ هُنَاكَ،» تُشِيرُ فَاطِمَةُ إِلَى الطَّرِيقِ الَّذِي
مَشَى عَلَيْهِ الرَّجُلُ الْعَجُوزُ.

مَائَاتٍ مِنَ النَّاسِ يَنْصَفُونَ مُسْرِعِينَ لِاسْتِلامِ تَذَاكِرِ
لِرُكُوبِ التَّلْفْرِيكِ. شُعُورُهُمْ كَأَنَّهُمْ فِي سُوقٍ كَبِيرَةٍ.
«احذروا!» يَصْرخُ أَحَدُهُمْ.

الْمَدْحِ الْإِيقَاعِيِّ مِنْ أَجْلِ النَّبِيِّ صَلَّى اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِ وَ
سَلَّمَ، وَ يَتَشَارَكُونَ فِي الطَّعَامِ وَ الْحَلَوِيَّاتِ.
تَنْظُرُ إِحْدَى الْعَمَّاتِ إِلَى فَاطِمَةَ قَاطِعَةً أَفْكَارَهَا.

تَقْفَرُ فَاطِمَةُ لِنَجَاتِ حَيَاتِهَا لِأَنَّ هُنَاكَ سَيَّارَةَ
تَاكْسِي تَتَحَرَّكُ تُجَاهَهَا، يَزِمُرُ سَائِفُهَا الْبُوقُ.

«فَاطِمَةُ، عَلَيْكَ بِالِاسْتِرَاحَةِ»، تَقُولُ الْعَمَّةُ. «اجْلِسِي
هُنَاكَ عَلَى الْحَجَرِ الْكَبِيرِ فِي الظِّلِّ. سَأَبْقَى أَنَا وَ
أَحَدُ الْعَمَمِينَ مَعَكَ حَتَّى يَرْجِعَ الْآخِرُونَ.»
«نَعَمْ، عَمَّتِي، شُكْرًا.»

«هُنَاكَ»، تُشِيرُ إِحْدَى الْبَنَاتِ إِلَى رَمَزٍ يَدُلُّ عَلَى
«بَلَاتِكَلْبِ عُورَجٍ». إِنَّ الطَّرِيقَ لَيْسَتْ حَادَّةً جِدًّا
فِي هَذِهِ الْفَاصِلَةِ، وَ تَتَأَكَّدُ الْعَمَّتَانِ عَلَى الْمَشْيِ
الْعَادِيِّ غَيْرِ سَرِيعٍ، لِتَكُونَ مَعَهُمْ فَاطِمَةُ بِسَبَبِ
رِجْلِهَا. يَمْشُونَ عَلَى الطَّرِيقِ بِكُلِّ حَذَرٍ وَ يَتْرَكُونَ
الْحَافِلَاتِ وَ السَّائِحِينَ وَرَاءَهُمْ. تَزْدَادُ الطَّرِيقُ حِدَّةً
وَ تُوَاجِهُ فَاطِمَةَ مَشَقَّةً فِي الْبَقَاءِ مَعَ الْمَجْمُوعَةِ.
إِنَّهَا تَنْفَخُ، وَ يَسِيلُ الْعَرَقُ مِنْ جَبْهَتِهَا، وَ لَكِنَّهَا
تَبْدُلُ الْجُهْدَ وَ لَنْ تَسْتَسَلِمَ.

تَنْظُرُ فَاطِمَةُ فَوْقَهَا وَ تَرَى شَجَرَةً أَعْلَى الْجَبَلِ. هِيَ
حَزِينَةٌ مِنْ رُؤْيَةِ الْبَنَاتِ وَ الْأَوْلَادِ مَاشِينَ. تُحَاوِلُ
الْعَمَّةُ إِرَاحَتَهَا، بِالضَّغْطِ عَلَى كَتِفِهَا.
«أَنَا فَاخِرٌ بِكَ»، يَقُولُ الْعَمُّ. «أَنْتِ بِنْتُ شُجْعَانَةٍ،
كَمَا تَعْلَمِينَ.» تُحَرِّكُ فَاطِمَةُ رَأْسَهَا، مُحَاوِلَةً عَدَمَ
الدُّمُوعِ.

إِنَّهَا لَا تَفَكِّرُ إِلَّا فِي جَمْعِ وَرَقِ شَجَرِ اللَّيْمُونِ ذَاتِ
رَاحَةٍ طَيِّبَةٍ كَمَا أَمَكَّنَهَا ذَلِكَ، وَ كَذَلِكَ فِي الثُّوبِ
الْمُزَخْرَفِ بِرُسُومِ الزُّهُورِ، الَّذِي سَتَلْبِسُهُ طَبَعًا
عِنْدَمَا تَذْهَبُ إِلَى الْمَسْجِدِ. وَ سَتَلْبِسُ أُمَّهَا أَيْضًا،
ثُوبًا تَقْلِيدِيًّا مَزِينًا بِالْأَلْوَانِ وَ مُزَخْرَفًا بِخِيُوطِ
ذَهَبِيَّةٍ وَ فِضِّيَّةٍ، وَ يُسَمَّى بِـ «مُودِرِنَج».

«وَ الْآنَ، اِنْتَظِرِي هُنَا لِأَذْهَابِ وَ أُصَلِّيَ»، يَقُولُ إِلَى
الْعَمَّةِ.
ثُمَّ يَبَاسِمُهُمَا وَ يَمْشِي إِلَى بَعْدِ بَعْضِ أَمْتَارٍ.
«خُذِي رَاحَتَكَ، بِنْتِي»، تَهْمِسُ الْعَمَّةُ وَ هِيَ
جَالِسَةٌ قَرِيبَهَا عَلَى صَخْرٍ.

سَتَجْتَمِعُ جَمِيعُ الْبَنَاتِ فِي الْمَسْجِدِ مَعَ أُمَّهَاتِهِنَّ
لِتَعْنِيَةَ مَدْحِ إِيقَاعِيِّ مِنْ أَجْلِ النَّبِيِّ صَلَّى اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِ
وَ سَلَّمَ. وَ إِنَّهُمْ سَيَقْطَعُونَ وَرَقَ شَجَرِ اللَّيْمُونِ وَ
الْبُرْتُقَالِ بِاسْتِعْمَالِ سَكَاكِينِ حَادَّةٍ وَ عَلَى مُرْبَعَاتِ
خَشَبِيَّةٍ، ثُمَّ يَخْلُطُونَهَا مَعَ زُبُوتِ عَطْرَةٍ، وَ يَضَعُونَ
الْوَرَقَ فِي أَكْيَاسِ وَرَقِيَّةٍ مُلَوَّنَةٍ صَغِيرَةٍ، تُسَمَّى
بِـ «رَمْبِيس»، لِيُعْطَوْهَا إِلَى الرِّجَالِ وَ هُمْ يُعْنُونَ

تُحَاوِلُ فَاطِمَةُ تَرْوِيحَ نَفْسِهَا فِي عِلْمِهَا بِأَنَّ الْبَنَاتِ
وَ الْأَوْلَادِ الْآخَرِينَ سَيَعُودُونَ بِوَرَقِ كَثِيرَةٍ لِاحْتِفَالِ
الْمِيلَادِ النَّبِيِّ صَلَّى اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِ وَ سَلَّمَ.

وَ بَيْنَمَا هِيَ تَتَمَتَّعُ بِالظِّلِّ تَحْتَ الشُّجَيْرَةِ، تَنْظُرُ
إِلَى الْمَشْهَدِ الرَّائِعِ وَ مُشَاهَدَةِ الْمَدِينَةِ تَحْتَهَا.
تَحْمَدُ اللَّهَ - سُبْحَانَ اللَّهِ - لِتَمَكِينِهَا مِنْ مَضِي هَذَا
الصَّبَاحِ الْمُبَارِكِ عَلَى قِمَمِ جَبَلِ الْمَائِدَةِ الْمُلَوَّنِ.

إِنْتَسَمَتْهَا الْكَبِيرَةُ تَخْفُفٌ مِنْ نَظَرَةٍ صَارِمَةٍ عَلَى وَجْهِهِ.

«سَرَكَبٌ عَلَى حَافِلَةِ الْبَلَدِ، يَقُولُ أَحَدُ الْعَمَمِيِّينَ.

«إِلَى أَيْنَ؟» يُرِيدُ الْأَطْفَالَ أَنْ يَعْلَمُوا.

«وَالآنَ، يَا أَوْلَادِي، فَهَذَا هُوَ الشَّهْرُ الْإِسْلَامِيُّ الثَّلَاثُ وَ هُوَ شَهْرُ السَّعَادَةِ، رَبِيعُ الْأَوَّلِ. وَمِمَّا أَنَّ غَدًا يَوْمٌ وَلادَةِ النَّبِيِّ صَلَّى اللَّهُ وَ سَلَّمَ، فَإِنَّا سَنَحْتَفِلُ بِالْمَوْلِدِ . تَعْلَمُونَ جَمِيعًا أَنَّهُ عَلَيْنَا أَنْ نَسْتَعِدَّ لِقَطْعِ وَرَقِ اللَّيْمُونِ. وَ سَيَرَأْفُقُ عَمَانَ وَ عَمَّتَانِ مَجْمُوعَةً مِنْكُمْ وَ أَنْتُمْ تَبْحَثُونَ عَنْ وَرَقِ شَجَرِ اللَّيْمُونِ.»

«إِلَى جَبَلِ الْمَائِدَةِ، إِذَا انْتَصَفْنَا فِي الْمَشِيِّ عَلَى طَرِيقِ «بَلْتَكَلِبِ غُورِجِ»، فَإِنَّ هُنَاكَ شَجَرَةً لِيْمُونٍ كَبِيرَةً.

وَ هَا هُمْ يَذْهَبُونَ.

يُشْرِقُ وَجْهُ فَاطِمَةَ. إِنَّهَا تُحِبُّ قَطْعَ وَرَقِ اللَّيْمُونِ خَاصَّةً، لِأَنَّهُ بِإِمْكَانِيَّتِهَا لَبَسُ أَحْسَنُ ثِيَابِهَا. ثُمَّ تَجْلِسُ فَاطِمَةُ مَعَ السَّيِّدَاتِ الْكَبِيرَاتِ عَلَى السَّجَادَاتِ. إِنَّهَا لَا تَسْتَطِيعُ الْإِنْظَارَ عَلَى قَطْعِ وَرَقِ اللَّيْمُونِ!

وَ حَتَّى إِنْ كَانَ جَبَلُ الْمَائِدَةِ يُرَى مِنَ الْمَدِينَةِ، فَإِنَّ الْمُعْظَمَ الْأَطْفَالَ لَمْ يَصْعَدُوا إِلَى الْأَعْلَى لِأَخْذِ وَرَقِ شَجَرَةِ لِيْمُونٍ. إِنَّهَا مُعَامَرَةٌ وَ إِنَّهُمْ مُتَحَمِّسُونَ جِدًّا، لِأَنَّهُمْ سَيَقْطَعُونَ وَرَقَ اللَّيْمُونِ خَاصَّةً، تَقْلِيدُ مُشْرِفٍ عَبْرَ الْقُرُونِ، وَالَّذِي قَدْ جَاءَ بِهِ أَسْلَافُهُمُ الْإِنْدِينُوسِيُّونَ وَ الْمَالِيْزِيُّونَ، مُتَضَمِّنًا إِلَى وَلادَةِ النَّبِيِّ صَلَّى اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِ وَ سَلَّمَ. «رَمَيْسُ» يَرْجِعُ أَصْلُهُ مِنْ كَلِمَةِ الْمَلَايُ «رَمْبَايُ»، وَ «سَنِي» هِيَ كَلِمَةُ الْأَفْرِيقَانِيَّةِ لِلْقَطْعِ، فَصَارَتْ «رَمَيْسُ-سَنِي».

تَجْتَمِعُ فَاطِمَةُ أَمَامَ الْمَسْجِدِ مَعَ بَضْعِ بَنَاتٍ وَ أَوْلَادٍ فِي الصَّبَاحِ التَّالِيِ.

إِنَّهَا تَعْلَمُهُمْ فِي الْمَدْرَسَةِ، وَبِالْخُصُوصِ، تَلَكُ الْبِنْتُ الطَّوِيلَةُ، لَيْلَةُ، الَّتِي تُعَادِيهَا أحيانًا بِسَبَبِ طَرِيقَةِ مَشِيهَا. هُنَاكَ عَمَانَ وَ عَمَّتَانِ لِيْرَافِقُوهُمُ.

تَتَحَرَّكُ الْحَافِلَةُ الزَّرْقَاءُ وَ الْبَيْضَاءُ إِلَى أَعْلَى الشَّارِعِ عِنْدَ مَحَطَّةِ التِّلْفَرِيكِ، وَقَدْ غَادَرَتْ مِنَ الْمَسْجِدِ وَبَيْتِ فَاطِمَةَ فِي شَارِعِ «دُرْبِ» تَحْتَهُمْ. وَ بَيْنَمَا يَمْرُونَ بِحَدَائِقِ خَضْرَاءَ، تَنْظُرُ فَاطِمَةُ مُدْهِشَةً إِلَى الرُّهُورِ وَ الشُّجَيْرَاتِ. إِنَّا مَفْتُونَةٌ بِرُهُورِ «الْبُرُوتِيَا» فِي الْمَوْسِمِ خَاصَّةً، وَ تُحِبُّ أَنْ تُمَسِكَ الرُّهُورَ الزَّهْرَاوِيَّةَ.

«هَلْ لَدَيْكُمْ جَمِيعًا كَيْسٌ وَرَقِيٌّ وَ مِقْصٌ؟» تَسْأَلُ إِحْدَى الْعَمَمِيِّينَ.

تُحَرِّكُ الْبَنَاتِ رُؤُوسَهُنَّ بِالْإِجَابَةِ.

يَنْزِلُونَ جَمِيعًا مِنَ الْحَافِلَةِ عِنْدَ مَحَطَّةِ التِّلْفَرِيكِ. وَ حَتَّى إِنْ كَانَ مَا زَالَ الصَّبَاحُ بَاكِرًا، فَإِنَّ هُنَاكَ كَثْرَةَ حَافِلَاتٍ سَائِحِينَ، ذَهَابًا وَ إِيَابًا، وَ حَافِلَاتٍ كَبِيرَةً جِدًّا لِلْمُرُورِ السَّرِيعِ، وَ الَّتِي يَنْزِلُ مِنْهَا

«أَيْنَ يُمْكِنُنَا وَجُودُ شَجَرَةِ لِيْمُونٍ؟» تَسْأَلُ إِحْدَى الْبَنَاتِ.

تَجَلِسُ فَاطِمَةُ خَلْفَهُمْ بِسُرْعَةٍ وَ لَكِنَّ عَمَّهَا قَدْ لَاحَظَهَا.

«السَّلَامُ عَلَيْكُمْ. أَنْتِ مُتَأَخِّرَةٌ يَا بِنْتِي،» يَقُولُ عَابِسًا بِحَاجِبِيهِ.

تَنْظُرُ فَاطِمَةُ إِلَى الْأَسْفَلِ. «وَعَلَيْكُمْ السَّلَامُ. أَرْجُو الْمُسَامَحَةَ، أَنَا آسِفَةٌ جِدًّا عَمِّي.»

«إِنَّكَ تَعَلِّمِينَ أَنَّكَ مُسَمَّاهُ بِاسْمِ بِنْتِ النَّبِيِّ صَلَّى اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِ وَسَلَّمَ، وَ عَلَيْكَ أَنْ تَكُونِي قُدْوَةً وَ أَنْ تَأْتِي فِي الْوَقْتِ.»

«نَعَمْ، عَمِّي.»

يَبْدُو عَمَّهَا رَاضِيًا بِجَوَابِهَا وَيَعُودُ إِلَى تَدْرِيسِهِ.

تَتَمَتَّعُ فَاطِمَةُ بِكَوْنِهَا فِي الْمَسْجِدِ، حَيْثُ يَذْهَبُ الْمُسْلِمُونَ لِلصَّلَاةِ. هَلْ سَبَقَ وَأَنْ كُنْتَ فِي مَسْجِدٍ؟ وَإِنْ لَمْ تَكُنْ فِيهِ، فَلَا بُدَّ مِنْ أَنَّكَ قَدْ سَمِعْتَ رَجُلًا يُنَادِي بِصَوْتِهِ أَعْلَى مِنَ السُّقُوفِ فِي بَعْضِ مَنَاطِقِ الْبَلَدِ. ذَلِكَ الرَّجُلُ هُوَ الْمُؤَدِّنُ، وَ هُوَ الَّذِي يَتْلُو كَلِمَاتٍ مِنَ الْقُرْآنِ لِيُنَادِيَ النَّاسَ إِلَى الصَّلَاةِ.

تَنْظُرُ فَاطِمَةُ حَوْلَهَا. وَ هِيَ تَجِدُ الْمَسْجِدَ مَلِينًا بِالْجَمَالِ وَالسَّلَامِ. وَ هِيَ تَرَى كَلِمَاتٍ قُرْآنِيَّةً عَلَى الْجُدْرِ فِي حُرُوفٍ عَرَبِيَّةٍ جَمِيلَةٍ. إِنَّهَا تَسْتَطِيعُ قِرَاءَةَ بَعْضِ الْكَلِمَاتِ، وَمَا لَا تَسْتَطِيعُ أَنْ تَقْرَأَ، تُفَكِّرُ بِأَنَّهَا زُهُورٌ أَوْ طُيُورٌ فِي السَّمَاءِ. وَ عِنْدَمَا يُظْلِمُ اللَّيْلُ، يُمَكِّنُ رُؤْيَهُ مَصَابِيحَ لَامِعَةً صَغِيرَةً مُتَعَلِّقَةً مِنَ السَّطْحِ الْمُقَبَّبِ. تُشْبِهُ رُؤْيَهَا كَأَنَّهَا مَلَائِينَ مِنَ النُّجُومِ فِي سَمَاءِ اللَّيْلِ. إِنَّهَا سِحْرٌ!

يُوجَدُ فِي الْمَسْجِدِ مِحْرَابٌ، مَوْضِعٌ فِي الْجِدَارِ يَتَّجِهُ إِلَى مَكَّةَ فِي الْمَمْلَكَةِ الْعَرَبِيَّةِ السَّعُودِيَّةِ، حَيْثُ وُلِدَ النَّبِيُّ صَلَّى اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِ وَسَلَّمَ وَ حَيْثُ تَجِدُ أَقْدَسَ مَكَانٍ فِي الْإِسْلَامِ: الْكَعْبَةُ الْمُشْرَفَةُ. تَعْلَمُ فَاطِمَةُ أَنَّ عَلَى كُلِّ مُسْلِمٍ أَنْ يَذْهَبَ إِلَى الْكَعْبَةِ، وَ عَلَى الْأَقْل، مَرَّةً فِي الْحَيَاةِ.

وَ إِنَّهَا تَعْلَمُ أَيْضًا أَنَّ الْمُسْلِمِينَ يُصَلُّونَ خَمْسَ صَلَوَاتٍ فِي الْيَوْمِ، الصُّبْحُ، وَ الظُّهْرُ، وَ الْعَصْرُ، وَ الْمَغْرِبُ وَ الْعِشَاءُ. يَذْهَبُ كُلُّ الرَّجَالِ وَ كَثِيرٌ مِنَ النِّسَاءِ إِلَى الْمَسْجِدِ لِيُصَلُّوا يَوْمَ الْجُمُعَةِ. وَيَغْسِلُونَ أَيْدِيَهُمْ إِلَى الْمِرْفَاقِ، وَ وُجُوهُهُمْ، وَ أَقْدَامَهُمْ فِي الْمَكَانِ الْمُخَصَّصِ لِلوُضُوءِ قَبْلَ أَنْ يَقُومُوا بِالْجَوَارِبِ وَ بِدُونِهَا عَلَى السَّجَادَاتِ. يَنْصَفُ الْعَابِدُونَ، كَتَفُ الْوَاحِدِ إِلَى كَتَفِ الْآخَرِ، كِبَارُهُمْ فِي الصَّفِّ الْأَوَّلِ، ثُمَّ صِغَارُهُمْ، بَيْنَمَا تُصَلِّي النِّسَاءُ فِي الْخَلْفِ أَوْ فِي الطَّابِقِ الْعُلَوِيِّ. وَبِهَذِهِ الطَّرِيقَةِ لَا يَتَزَاعَجَانِ. تَنْدَهَشُ فَاطِمَةُ مِنْ مُشَاهَدَةِ الْبَالِغِينَ وَهُمْ فِي صَلَاتِهِمْ، يَقُومُونَ أَوَّلًا، ثُمَّ يَسْجُدُونَ عَلَى السَّجَادَاتِ تَمَاسُّهَا جِبَاهَهُمْ.

وَإَيْضًا، فَإِنَّهَا تُحِبُّ الْقِصَّةَ عَنِ رَبِّهَا اللَّهُ، الَّذِي اصْطَفَى رَجُلًا، اسْمُهُ مُحَمَّدٌ صَلَّى اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِ وَسَلَّمَ لِتَبْلِيغِ رِسَالَتِهِ. وَقَدْ أَرْسَلَ اللَّهُ مَلَكًا لِيُبَلِّغَ الْكَلِمَاتِ إِلَى النَّبِيِّ صَلَّى اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِ وَسَلَّمَ، وَلِيَحَافِظَ عَلَى هَذِهِ الْكَلِمَاتِ فِي اللُّغَةِ الْعَرَبِيَّةِ الْكَامِلَةِ، وَ فِي كِتَابٍ مُسَمًى بِالْقُرْآنِ، أَبَدَ الدُّهُورِ.

«فَاطِمَةُ، هَلْ تَسْمَعِينَ؟»

«نَعَمْ، عَمِّي.»

عَمَّهَا عَلِيٌّ هُوَ إِمَامُ الْمَسْجِدِ الْمَحَلِّيِّ، الْمَعْرُوفُ عَادَةً بِمَسْجِدِ.

عَلِيٌّ مُتَزَوِّجٌ وَ لَهُ أَرْبَعُ بَنَاتٍ، وَ لِذَلِكَ تَشَعَّرُ فَاطِمَةُ وَ أُمُّهَا كَجُزءٍ مِنْ عَائِلَةِ كَبِيرَةٍ. وَ تَشْتَأِقُ فَاطِمَةُ إِلَى أَبِيهَا كَثِيرًا.

وَ الْيَوْمَ، فَإِنَّ فَاطِمَةَ تَتَمَتَّعُ بِظَهِيرَةِ حَارَةٍ مُنْعَشَةٍ، جَالِسَةً بَيْنَ قُدُورِ الزُّهُورِ مَعَ أَقْلَامِهَا الرَّصَاصِيَّةِ وَ الْوَرَقِ. وَ هُنَاكَ سَحَابٌ كَبِيرَةٌ فَوْقَ قِمَّةِ جَبَلِ الْمَائِدَةِ تَذْكُرُهَا بِقِصَّةِ رَجُلٍ أَلْمَانِيٍّ عَجُوزٍ، الَّذِي يُدْخِنُ هُنَاكَ لِيَهْرَبَ مِنْ زَوْجَتِهِ.

تَأْتِي أُمُّ فَاطِمَةَ عَلَى السَّقْفِ فَجَاءَةً لِتَعْلِيْقِ الْمَلَابِسِ.

قَالَتْ، «هَلْ أَنْتِ مَا زِلْتِ هُنَا، يَا فَاطِمَةُ؟ سَتَتَأَخَّرِينَ لِلْمَدْرَسَةِ.»

إِنَّ فَاطِمَةَ تَحْضُرُ الْمَدْرَسَةَ أَوْ مَدْرَسَةَ الْمُسْلِمِينَ كَمُعْظَمِ الْأَوْلَادِ وَالْبَنَاتِ الْمُسْلِمِينَ، بَعْدَ الْعَصْرِ مِنْ يَوْمِ الْأَثْنَيْنِ إِلَى يَوْمِ الْخَمِيْسِ. فَإِذَا هِيَ تَقُومُ مُسْرِعَةً لِتَذْهَبَ إِلَى الْمَسْجِدِ عِنْدَ نِهَآيَةِ الشَّارِعِ، تَتَحَرَّكُ جُبَّتُهَا الْبَيْضَاءُ وَبُرْدَتُهَا فِي الرِّيحِ.

تَلَهَتْ فَاطِمَةُ بِسَبَبِ رَكْضِهَا السَّرِيعِ وَ تَسْحَبَ الْبَابِ الثَّقِيلِ. ثُمَّ تَدْخُلُ صَامِتَةً. عَمَّهَا هُنَاكَ يَجْلِسُ عَلَى كُرْسِيِّ كَبِيرٍ، أَمَامَهُ أَوْلَادٌ وَ بَنَاتٌ كَثِيرُونَ، يَلْبَسُونَ ثِيَابًا بَيْضَاءَ وَ يَجْلِسُونَ عَلَى السَّجَادَاتِ الْخَضْرَاءِ حَوْلَهُ. تَلْبَسُ الْبَنَاتُ بُرْدًا وَ يَلْبَسُ الْأَوْلَادُ قُبَّأً مُدَوَّرَةً صَغِيرَةً بَيْضَاءَ تُسَمَّى بِـ «الْفَيْزِ».

إِذَا رَأَيْتِ بَيْنَنَا شَدِيدَ الْأَصْفَرِ فِي شَارِعِ دُرْبِ، الَّذِي يَتَكَوَّنُ رَصِيفُهُ مِنْ حِصَاةٍ كَبِيرَةٍ، فَإِنَّ فَاطِمَةَ تَسْكُنُ مَعَ أُمِّهَا هُنَاكَ. وَ ذَلِكَ فِي هَذِهِ الْمَنْطِقَةِ فِي مَدِينَةِ كَيْبِ تَاوُنَ، وَ عِنْدَ مُنْحَدَرَاتِ تَلَّةِ الْإِشَارَةِ (سِغْنَلْ هَلْ)، فِي الْكَيْبِ الْعُلُويِّ الْمُلُونِ (بُو كَاب) مَعَ أَفْنِيَّتِهَا الصَّغِيرَةِ الَّتِي تَقَعُ بَيْنَ مَجْمُوعَاتٍ مِّنَ الْبُيُوتِ. وَ قَدْ وَضَعَتْ أُمُّهَا حَدِيْقَةً مَّصْنُوعَةً مِنْ حَجَرِ الْقُدُورِ عَلَى السَّقْفِ.

إِنَّهَا مَكَانٌ فَاطِمَةَ الْمُفْضَلُ. وَ إِنَّهَا تُحِبُّ أَنْ تَرَسُمَ الزُّهُورَ أَثْنَاءَ نَظَرِهَا الْعَرْضِيِّ إِلَى جَبَلِ الْمَائِدَةِ (تَيْبَلْ مَاوُنْتَن)، الَّذِي هُوَ أَحَدُ عَجَائِبِ الطَّبِيعَةِ السَّبْعَةِ.

فَاطِمَةُ هِيَ فَتَاةٌ مُسْلِمَةٌ جَمِيلَةٌ وَ نَحِيفَةٌ، وَ لَهَا عَيْنَانِ بُنْيَتَانِ كَبِيرَتَانِ. وَ لَا بُدَّ مِنْ أَنَّكَ سَتَظُنُّهَا فَتَاةً عَادِيَّةً عِنْدَ النَّظَرِ الْأُوْلَى، وَ لَكِنَّهَا قَدْ وُلِدَتْ مَعَ رَجُلٍ قَلِيلَةِ التَّشْوِيهِ، وَ لِذَلِكَ فَإِنَّهَا تَمْشِي مُتَدَبِّدَةً الْمَشْيِ وَ تُثَبِّرُ الْفُضُولِيَّةَ. إِنَّهَا تَسْتَطِيعُ أَنْ تَرَكَضَ كَأَيِّ طِفْلِ آخَرَ، إِلَّا أَنَّهَا لَا تَفْعَلُ ذَلِكَ بِسُرْعَةٍ. وَ لَيْسَ لَهَا مَانِعٌ، لِأَنَّهَا لَمْ تَعْلَمْ غَيْرَ ذَلِكَ، كَمَا تَرَى. وَ لَكِنَّ الْأَطْفَالَ الْآخَرِينَ يُسَبِّبُونَ لَهَا الْحُزْنَ مِنْ حِينٍ إِلَى حِينٍ، عِنْدَمَا يُصْرُونَ عَلَى لَعْبِ الْأَلْعَابِ عَلَيْهِمْ فِيهَا الرُّكُوضُ. وَإِذَا لَمْ تَكُنْ فَاطِمَةُ تُسَاعِدُ أُمُّهَا أَوْ تَعْمَلُ وَاجِبَ الْبَيْتِ، فَإِنَّهَا تَلْعَبُ وَحْدَهَا. وَ هِيَ تُحِبُّ السَّكْنَ فِي ذَلِكَ الرَّبْعِ الْمَلَايُ الْقَدِيمِ التَّارِيخِ فِي مَدِينَةِ كَيْبِ تَاوُنَ، حَيْثَمَا يَكُونُ مِنَ التَّقَالِيدِ أَكُلُ حَلْوَى لَذِيذَةٍ تُسَمَّى بِـ «كُوكْسِسْتَر» فِي كُلِّ صَبَاحِ يَوْمِ الْأَحَدِ.

إِنَّ وَالِدَ فَاطِمَةَ قَدْ ذَهَبَ إِلَى جَوْهَانَ سَبْرَجَ لِلْعَمَلِ، وَ لَكِنَّهُ يَرْجِعُ إِلَى الْبَيْتِ كُلَّمَا يَسْتَطِيعُ ذَلِكَ. وَ إِنَّ

فَاطِمَة

بواسطة

