



# Bahrain Story Time

Abullah, the Arabian Oryx, watched on as the sun set below the horizon. His friends roamed around him as the dust settled underneath his hoofs. He reflected on his day, and all he had seen on the island know as Bahrain. Bahrain was his home. Just east of his island was Saudi Arabia. Saudi Arabia was known as the birthplace of Islam and home to the religion's two most sacred mosques. Abullah has only heard of Saudi Arabia talked about in whispers. Yet he had never been there. In all his life he has never left his island. Such places had only existed in his dreams.



Still, that didn't mean he didn't have a taste of adventure. Early that morning he had left his home on the private preserves, crossing a vast desert until he reached the Indian Ocean and the Gulf of Bahrain. There he met a Cape Hare named Hashir.



Hashir stopped at the sight of Abdullah the Arabian Oryx and addressed him kindly. "Good day to you fine, sir. What are you doing out here this time of day? I never see anyone on this beach when I am looking for something to eat."



"I told him I was on a lookout, but I am not searching for things to nibble on. I am looking for new sights and sounds and fellow travelers."

Hashir the Cape Hare wished me well, "Peace be with you, my friend."

Abullah wondered the beach down the coastline. Other Cape Hares crossed his path, but he didn't address them. He passed them until he reached a cave big enough that he could enter. Inside he saw someone sleeping. Abullah slipped on the slick surface of the cave, but did not fall, he hoofs made a loud clicking that woke the inhabitant.



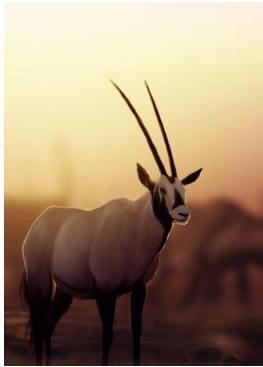
It was Yasir the Trident Bat. He wasn't happy to see Abullah and let off a loud screech that hurt Abullah's ears.

"Why have you come to my home while I was sleeping?" Yasir the Trident Bat said.

"I didn't know anyone slept while the sun was still shining. You are missing a brilliant day," said Abullah.

"I was up all night and now sleep all day," Yasir the Trident Bat said.

“How is it that you don’t know such things? Where do you come from?”



"This is good to know," Abullah said. "I come far from here. My folk live on the private preserves on the other side of the wide desert. There are no caves there. How do you see in this darkness."

"Bats can see in the smallest amounts of light or with no light at all," Yasir the Trident Bat said. "Now leave me alone, Abullah, I am weary from flying around last night and need my sleep."

Abullah left the cave behind and continued his journey down the beach and came to grassland. He saw some movements along the grass and trotted towards it. Abullah was mostly fearless. He pounced on the ground and got the attention of Maaz the Indian Grey Mongoose.



"What do you want," hissed Maaz the Indian Gray Mongoose. "Don't you know it is hunting season? I don't have time to talk to you."



"I'm sorry," Abdullah said. "I am only curious of such matters. I come from far away."



"I am sure that is a great story, but I must be off."



Sadly Abdullah didn't learn much from that encounter, and he galloped off. Hiding in a tree, he found someone very small. Perhaps they will have time to talk to him.





It was Saad the Asian House Shrew. He looked nervous and jumpy hiding in a gap in a hollow tree. He looked out and searched the field around him.

"Get out my way you fool," Saad the Asian House Shrew said. "Don't you see that you are blocking my view?"



"What is out there that you must see?" Abdullah the Arabian Oryx said.



"My great enemy," Saad said. "I know he will find me. If he sees me talking to you, he just might hunt me down."



"Who is this?" Abullah asked.

"Maaz the Indian Grey Mongoose," Saad quickly uttered. "He has been after me for the longest time."



"I fear for you, my friend, Saad the Asain House Shrew," Abullah said. "I have met Maaz the Indian Grey Mongoose, and he looked fierce and determined."

"This is indeed grave news," Saad said. "I am afraid you have done all you can."

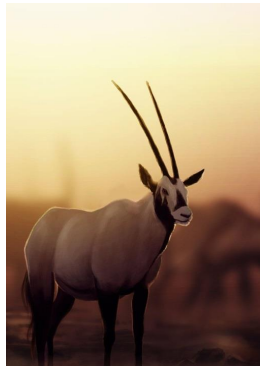




Further along, the coast of the Gulf of Brain Abullah met Haseeb the Western Reef Heron.



Haseeb was searching for something to eat in the water with his long beak. Completely unaware of his surrounding and had not seen Abullah approach him.



Abullah waded into the water too to ask Haseeb the Western Reef Heron a question. Only he moved too slowly.



Up above someone else dive-bombed into Haseeb and carried the Reef Heron off. There was not even a chance for a greeting or a friendly hello.

Abullah dashed after this dive bomber, but it was harder than it looked to catch up to him and Abdullah began to tire. Soon he happened upon someone else.



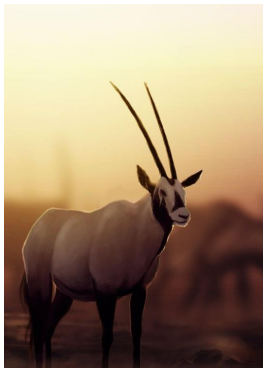
It was Irfan, the Greater Flamingo. Irfan hopped from one foot to the next like a little dancer. Abullah came into Irfan's space and introduced himself to him and told him about this day so far. Irfan appeared interested. He had not heard about Abullah's homeland. Then Abullah told Irfan the Greater Flamingo about Haseeb the Western Reef Heron.



"That must have been Sufian the Sooty Falcon," Irfan the Greater Flamingo said. "He flies around these parts."



“He will prey on just about any bird he can lift away. You would be surprised at what he can take. Haseeb the Western Reef Heron should have been more watchful. There is nothing that can be done about it now.”



Things were a little more hostile than Abullah the Arabian Oryx had expected. Eventually, the beach narrowed off and he ran into a patch of woods. The top of the trees filtered out the sunlight and a cool breeze wisped over his back. Then a small honking sound startled him.



It was Huzaifa the Desert Hedgehog.



Huzaifa, the Desert Hedgehog, took one long at Abullah as if he was confused in what he was seeing and Abullah had the same look, but Huzaifa spoke first. "I never thought I see you in these parts, Abullah," Huzaifa the Desert Hedgehog said.



"I am on a quest of discovery," Abullah said. "But you appear to be living here, and I can see why. The smells and sounds of the ocean are very impressive."



"Like you," Huzaiifa the Desert Hedgehog said, "I felt a need to explore and found a home in these woods, and I cannot get enough of the view and the salty water of the ocean."



Abullah, the Arabian Oryx, took a moment to drink in the scenery before pressing on.





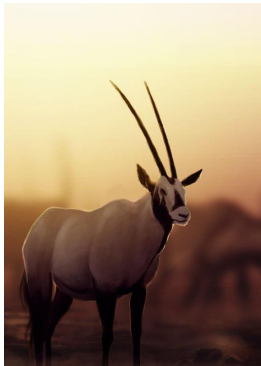
It was midday,  
and he knew that he would only have time  
for a few more stops before he needed to head home.

The breaking on the waves got softer and softer  
the further inland he went.

Abullah was thinking about who he would find next  
on his adventure when out of the woodwork popped a tiny creature.



It was Umar the Lesser Egyptian Jerboa. Umar was very nervous, and he kept jumping around like he was deciding which way to go. Abdullah thought if he were that small he would be so very nervous too.



"I saw you were coming a mile away," Umar said "I have to always be on the lookout for danger. When it comes, I must avoid it at all costs."

"Would there be danger here," Abullah yelled out to Umar.



"Don't do that. He will hear you."

"Yes, that would be some great danger," Umar the Lesser Egyptian Jerboa said in a whisper as he fled down a hole to safety.



It was Meerab, the Indian grey mongoose.

“Did you see a rodent around these parts a minute ago?” Asked Meerab the Indian grey mongoose.



"I did see one," said Abullah. "But it looks like he didn't want to meet you."



"I wasn't going to eat him," Meerab said.



"Are you sure about that?" Abullah said.

"I swear to you I'm not lying," Meerab said. "I am now on a strict diet of grasshoppers. I can't get enough of those little guys. It has done wonders for my waistline."



It was Saa the Socotra Cormorant.

Saa was a primarily endangered blackbird.

There was little information on what this bird Saa eats.

But Saa gets by the best he can.

Abullah was glad to meet a friendly face  
toward the end of his trip. Saa had a skill in his flight.

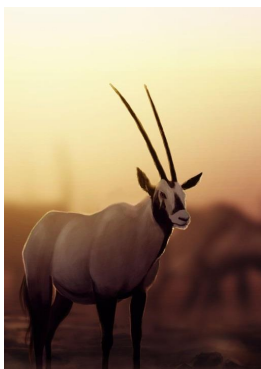
He was a general marvel to see.

Saa circled Abdullah twice in around  
the beach and landed in front Abdullah after a few breathing turns.





"You say you are on a trip of discovery," said Saa the Socotra Cormorant. "If you want to see a great friend of mine, Abullah, there is one more you must understand, there is one more animal that will cross your path. He is in the field just beyond the ridge. His named is Ghaazi, the Goitered gazelle"



Abullah was surprised that Ghaazi the Goitered Gazelle was as fast as he was. Ghaazi moved with the speed of lightning.

Abullah talked to Ghaazi about this happy little home that he left this morning to explore his small island. He invited Ghazzi to his home to show him how beautiful it was and prove that he was not bragging. The way Abdullah described the picture of wonder in his mind he knew Ghaazi the Goitered Gazelle would show up any day.



But Abdullah the Arabian Oryx needed to leave soon if he still was going get home before sunset.



