

FULL PERFORMANCE TRANSCRIPT

# HARUN AND THE JINN

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Told by Kanchan Ramilla

An oral storytelling archive transcript

09:39

ENGLISH

HERITAGE

PRIDE IN MIGHT LASTS FOR A WHILE, BUT WISDOM  
GOES ON FOREVER.

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# ABOUT THIS TRANSCRIPT

This transcript accompanies Kanchan Ramilla's recorded performance of Harun and the Jinn. It has been prepared from the recorded performance.

The wording follows the recorded performance. Punctuation and paragraph breaks have been added only to improve readability. Three unclear phrases were checked directly against the audio.

## ACCESS NOTE

The timestamps are section markers designed to help readers navigate the recorded performance.

# FULL TRANSCRIPT

## 00:00

Harun, the weaver of cotton, lived in old Mombasa.

Mombasa of many hundreds of years ago, on the shores of East Africa by the Indian Ocean.

It was a lovely town.

## 00:23

Harun lived in a shady, narrow, winding street.

Harun, every morning, took out his loom and his materials from his shop and sat in the shade of his house and wove his cotton.

He wove very well.

## 00:53

People liked his cotton, and Harun watched passers-by.

He heard interesting things from some people who stopped, and he heard sounds from the market:

Traders shouting their wares.

People making bargains.

Donkey carts coming and going.

## 01:22

One day, as he was sitting in the shade of his tree, Harun felt something was different.

Ah! He realised there were no sounds coming from the market.

Not a single sound. There was an eerie silence.

## 01:49

And then he saw people rushing by softly, quietly, all going towards their homes in the narrow, shady street.

So Harun stopped a passer-by.

"Excuse me," he said. "Can you tell me what's wrong?"

"Don't you know? The jinn is about."

"The jinn?" said Harun.

"Yes, the jinn is about."

## 02:21

"How do you know?"

"Well, there are signs. The milk has soured. The donkeys have sat down and are refusing to move. The goats have stopped bleating, and other people have seen other signs.

"If I were you, I would pack my things away and then go upstairs to my family."

## 02:56

Harun took heed and packed his things away.

But as he was moving his loom, his back was turned to the street.

He suddenly felt a cold wind—a shivering, cold wind.

And then he felt a hot flash of lightning.

And then, a booming voice.

A threatening, frightening, booming voice.

## 03:39

"Turn around, you little man, and listen."

Harun slowly turned around. He couldn't see anything.

The booming, frightening voice said:

"Get out of this town by tomorrow. If not, I'll destroy you and your family."

## 03:58

Harun really, really was afraid.

He thought he had met the jinn—at least, the booming voice.

So Harun packed away his loom and his things and went slowly up the stairs to his family.

He didn't sleep very well.

## 04:29

He thought in the night, and in the early hours of the morning he had a plan.

The next morning, he got up as usual and went downstairs, but he did not take out his loom.

Instead, he started walking slowly towards the market.

## 05:01

There were a few people about, but the market was pretty quiet.

He started telling people:

"I've caught the jinn."

They didn't believe him, but he went on and told more people.  
And then, suddenly, came the booming voice.  
The crowd went silent.

## 05:28

The booming voice spoke:

"You weasel of a man!

"Why are you still here? I told you to get out of this town by this morning.

"And what is all this I'm hearing—that you have caught the jinn?

"What jinn? I am the mighty jinn!"

## 06:00

Harun said very quietly:

"Sorry, I didn't mean I have caught you. I have caught your little brother, oh him."

## 06:13

"Another weasel of a thing! That's easy.

"But, by the way, I'm curious. What did my brother do to get in such a bottle?"

"Well, he turned himself into a worm. It was easy."

## 06:33

"So, you think you can catch me in such a bottle?"

"I wouldn't dream of it," said Harun. "You are the mighty jinn."

Then he paused.

"But," he said, "as you are the mighty jinn, you can do anything. I'm sure you can get in this bottle."

## 07:03

In a flash, the jinn was a worm.

Wiggling, wiggling, wobbling.

The worm started getting into the little green bottle.

The bottle shook and wobbled, and Harun had difficulty keeping hold of it.

## 07:29

And suddenly, the worm was in.

Harun clamped the cork shut.

The bottle was still wobbling and shaking.

He turned around and started walking towards the shore.

Some people followed him, all in a hushed kind of silence.

## 07:59

They reached the shore, and then Harun started climbing the cliff.

A few people followed him there.

Quickly, he reached the top, right in front of the dark, dark Indian Ocean.

## 08:19

With all his might, Harun threw the bottle way, way down into the sea.

And then there was a collective noise:

“Oh no! Oh no! Oh no!”

The bottle did not sink.

## 08:48

It kept jumping about for quite a while.

“Oh no!”

And then it sank into the deep, dark Indian Ocean.

It didn't come up again.

## 09:11

For the first time, Harun had a smile on his face.

## 09:30

Pride in might lasts for a while, but wisdom goes on forever.

— END OF TRANSCRIPT —