The old woman and the lambs

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| Narrator | : | Once upon a time there was an old woman living in a pavilion with her lambs near a torrent of one of the valleys. It was the end of February, four days before it comes to an end, to be precise.  February is well known in the folktales and memories, to be a month of lots of rain, and rare sun! |
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| Old Woman | : | Wow! The Sun is rising with its warm rays\_\_ How happy and excited I am! I will let the lambs free to roam in the pastures.  Finally Spring has come and the bitter cold Winter has fled.  I am feeling happy and thrilled, I shall therefore sing:  "February has departed,  In *his* backbones a big stick is darted" |
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| Narrator | : | Oh, God !! February is still there. He heard her singing and became very barmy with it. He called his motivated-to-come-cousin, March. |
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| February | : | O March, my cousin!  Three from you and four from me;  Together, we'll let this woman sing;  While She and her lambs dribbling;  Are you with me? |
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| March | : | Of course my dear cousin, anything for you!  Let's together show her what we can do. |
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| Narrator | : | So, the two months have united and decided firmly to revenge from this flippant and careless woman who did not show any respect to February and did not value the abundances of blessings of rain in it.  Then the wind blew with dark clouds, the sky frowned and overcast. The rain was very heavy and fast. It lasted seven days and nights  (Four from March and three from February)    The great valley was quickly flooded as it was not before. The floods reached the old Bedouin woman pavilion and her lambs\_\_Carried them away without mercy.  Here, the old woman sang: |
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| Old Woman | : | Here the dramatic sad story ends;  O Floods carrying me and the lambs;  "Carry them and their wombs gently;  For they may drop what in the womb" |
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| Narrator | : | Here our story comes to an end with the old woman's pledge to the floods to gently carry her pregnant lambs away.  Teacher layal al batarneh  Hakama secondary school |