

The Golden Heart

Dr. Sanaa Shalan
(bint Na,imah)



Translated by:
Alae-Eddine Aboulaoula

The Golden Heart



Dr. Sanaa Shalan (bint Na,imah)

Translated by: Alae-Eddine Aboulaoula

Drawing: Hassan Al-Saadi

design: Asma Jaradat



Book Title:The Golden Heart

First Edition:2024

Author:Professor. Sanaa Shalan (bint Na,imah)

Translated by:Alae-Eddine Aboulaoula

Drawing: Hassan Al-Saadi

Book type:Children's Picture story

Number of pages:39

Filing number: 2024/ 6/3377

Classification number: 813.9282

ISBN: 978-9957-545-73-4

Descriptors:/Arabic Ficiton// Translated literature Arabic literature/

All rights reserved to the author: Professor. Sanaa Shalan (bint Na,imah)

Author's address:Professor. Sanaa Shalan

Jordan, Amman, Post code: 11942

P.O. Box: 1351

Mobile, WhatsApp and Viber: 00962795336609

selenapollo@hotmail.com

Facebook: Sanaa Shalan

Youtube: Sanaa Shalan

Publisher data: TNOOR Cultural Center AL

Al tnoor Kulttuurinkeskus ry

Väinöläkatu 19 B 38

33500 Tampere

Finland

Hassan Abbas .Dakhel

altnoor62@gmail.com

printing press:Al tnoor Kulttuurinkeskus ry

Press

Finland - Tampere – 33500

Sanaa Shalan owns the rights to the story's illustrations

design:Asma Jaradat - Asma Office for Design and Directing

Arabic Edition Design:Bin dasmal Advertising

- The author bears the full legal responsibility for the contents of this publication. This publication does not reflect the views of the National Library Department or any other government department.
- The primary indexing and classification data was prepared by the Department of National Library.
- All rights reserved to the author Professor. Sanaa Shalan (bint Na,imah) . No Part of this book may be reprinted, photocopied, translated or entered into a computer or translated into a disk without the permission of the author.



“The Sun Kingdom was the most blissful country in the world, and its people felt safe, warm and loved. The sun drenched everyone with its golden rays, warming up the cold hearts and lighting up the gloomy faces. Not a single citizen was deprived of this glorious sunlight, until the Lord of Darkness turned up from his far kingdom, leading a huge army of ebony-faced soldiers, observing with beady eyes, and rotten hearts. The Lord of Darkness covered the sun with his dark cloak and took it away, and left the Sun Kingdom drowning in darkness, fear and hatred. He drew The Sun Kingdom’s King away, whose absence has not saddened the kingdom as much as that of the sun warmth has...”

“And then what happened?” The young Prince with clear eyes and a sad pale face asked. His mother, the Queen, sighed and said: “And then you were born, and just like all the other kids who were born during this sunless era, you came to this world with a pale face, clear eyes and a sad look on your face.”

“And the sun, mom. What happened to the sun?” The Prince eagerly asked.

“The sun is still trapped in the kingdom of darkness, and people there are pleased with its presence,” the Queen wistfully said.

The Prince asked her: “Is our kingdom going to remain in the dark forever?”

The Queen looked out of her palace window made of ebony and ivory, encrusted with gold and diamonds. She gazed upon her gloomy kingdom and the citizens lost in the shadows and said: “Yes, it is, until the lost sun is restored. I have, just like all these people, been dreaming of the sun rays covering my face and body.”



“How does my dad live there?” the Prince asked.

“He is living in captivity and humiliation,” the Queen said. “His eyes have become blind, his face pale, and his heart cold, from staying in the shadows for too long.” “Can we not help him?” the Prince asked with sadness.

“We can if we could restore the lost sun,” the Queen answered with a sad look crossing her pale face. “Only then will happiness prevail, and will colors return to clear eyes like yours.”

The great master and teacher heard their conversation, and finally intervened: “Legend has it that the sun will be brought back to the Sun Kingdom on a crystal chariot, led by a knight with a golden heart.”

The Prince asked in astonishment: “A golden heart? How can someone have a heart of gold?”

“I do not have an answer for your question, but Golden Heart does. Our hopes and dreams rest on him, for it is he who is going to restore the lost sun.”

“How do I find him?” The Prince wondered with bated breath.

“You look for him,” the Master answered callously.

“Where?” The Prince asked.

“In the kingdom,” the Master responded.

“How do I recognize him?” The Prince asked again.

“With your heart...” The Master answered. “With the heart we know the truth,” he repeated as he walked out of the room.



The Prince went silent as he contemplated the Master's words and wondered how a person can possibly have a golden heart. And for days, he did not taste the savory foods he was served. He spent his time watching people from his palace window. But from such a great height, all he could see was darkness.

The Prince thought long and hard, then the winds whispered "Prince Shams is in a daze."

For a long time, the Prince thought of the identity of Golden Heart, to no avail. Then, he finally decided to roam his tenebrous kingdom to find the Golden Heart.

The Prince wore his golden and diamond-encrusted crown, wielded his golden scepter, put on his golden shoes, rode his black and white thoroughbred horse and packed a great deal of food, fruits, money and jewels. He embarked on a journey from ignorance to knowledge, a journey to find the Golden Heart. However, the journey was tough and intimidating; the kingdom has not seen the sun in years, the trees are all withered and dry, the roads are slippery, the cold is merciless, the lands are fallow, and the people are afraid and distressed. They do not know of the luxuries that Prince Shams experiences in his palace. But here, vision is clearer. He can now see the faces of his people, covered in sadness and fear.

Prince Shams lamented his helpless people. If only he could lend his aid. He wished that wholeheartedly, and the winds whispered once again: "Prince Shams feels compassion for his people."



Prince Shams decided to travel to Mount Lady of Wisdom, where a lady of eons of wisdom lives, to ask her about the Golden Heart and where to find him.

It was a long and arduous endeavor, but Prince Shams was determined to find the Golden Heart, free his kingdom from darkness and restore the stolen sun.

He walked long through his kingdom. None of his people approached him, and a feeling of loneliness overwhelmed him. Most of the buildings were ill-lit. However, prisons were particularly pitch dark. Prince Shams wondered why there were so many prisons and thought: “there must be many criminals in my kingdom.” But the winds whistled all around: “Prince Shams is afraid.. Afraid that his prisons encompass the innocent, as does his kingdom the hungry.”

Prince Shams smiled as an idea crossed his mind, and said: “Never again will I be afraid, and never again will my people starve.”

Then he started distributing all his possessions of money and jewelry to the poor and the hungry. People were fed, children were happy for the first time since the sun was taken away, and their mothers prayed for Prince Shams and wished him a long life and good fortune.



On that night, no one remembered the captive king, who was taken away along with the sun. The people even felt that this night was less dark than the previous ones, and for the first time since the beginning of the prince's journey, loving glances followed him.

The wind vented happily: "The people love Prince Shams," and everyone sang along. Shams pursued his way until he found a peacock which looked very unhappy, as its feathers were plucked out.

"What happened to you?" the Prince asked.

"Your Grace, I myself am a king among birds. However, I had lost my crown in the darkness, and all the birds have abandoned me since. Now I am desperate for a crown that would bring me back my glory and happiness."

Shams pondered the peacock's words, and thought: "How ignorant of the birds to let a mere crown decide their ruler!" But he felt that it is his duty to help the peacock, he finally decided: "I do not need my crown, what I need is people's love!"

Shams took off his golden diamond-encrusted crown, and placed it on the peacock's head, and soon enough, the birds gathered around the peacock, dazzled by the shining stones, and careless about the crown bearer.

The Prince journeyed on with no crown, no food and no money, and he arrived upon a sunken land, the locals looked lost and distressed. The Prince asked them about the source of the water, their wisest man answered: "The city's dam is broken, and water is leaking and sinking the land and crop."



Surprised, Prince Shams said: “Why did you not fix it?”

The man said: “We have tried, but we need a magical wooden piece of a specific size to seal the hole in the dam.”

The Prince was quick to look at the hole in the dam, and he found it to be exactly the size of his scepter.

“I do not need this scepter, what I need is people’s love.” Prince Shams thought, then he jammed his scepter into the hole and plugged it completely.

The leak stopped, hope returned, and farmers rejoiced and prayed for Prince Shams.

The winds soughed: “Prince Shams has no money, no crown and no scepter, but he has a big heart.”

Prince Shams continued his journey, and after an arduous voyage, he reached the Wishing Well, he had heard countless stories about it when he was a kid; that it used to grant memories before the sun was stolen, but now its cover is shattered, and its walls are unsteady.

Prince Shams looked down the well, and wished to find the Golden Heart. His wish echoed within the well walls, then a local spoke to him:

“It’s no use trying, the Lord of Darkness casted a spell upon this place, and cursed this well.”

“How Evil!” Prince Shams said: “he even stole people’s dreams. Is there a way to break this curse?”

“There is a way...” the man answered: “but it is far-fetched”

“What is it?” Prince Shams asked eagerly.

“If royal blood was spilled into this well, and the first wish was granted upon it... the curse will be lifted.”



“And then the problem would be solved.” Prince Shams sighed in relief.

“Indeed...” the man interrupted. “But there is a catch! whoever makes this sacrifice has to be aware that their future wishes will not be granted, and they have no right to wish upon this well again.”

“What would happen if they tried to wish upon it?” Prince Shams asked.

“To ashes they turn.” The man answered.

Prince Shams went quiet for a while, he felt sad and afraid as he will never be able to wish again, but he quickly drew his dagger and cut himself. His blood spilled into the well which started to look more lively than ever.

Suddenly, Shams heard a little girl: “What a beautiful horse! I wish I could have it.” while pointing at the Prince’s favorite horse. Shams did not think twice as he handed her the bridle. He thought of his enemy, the Lord of Darkness, and his despicable deed of stealing and preventing people from making wishes. Shams also thought of the sun, and felt a strong longing for its warmth, then he shouted at the top of his lungs: “Dream, my people! Dream and wish! You are allowed to dream and wish!”

Prince Shams left the Wishing Well, hearing people’s wishes behind him. He had wishes of his own, but remembered that it would lead to his demise. Two teardrops fell from his clear eyes, he quickly wiped them and felt proud of himself, for he bought the Wishing Well back with a large price; his own wishes.



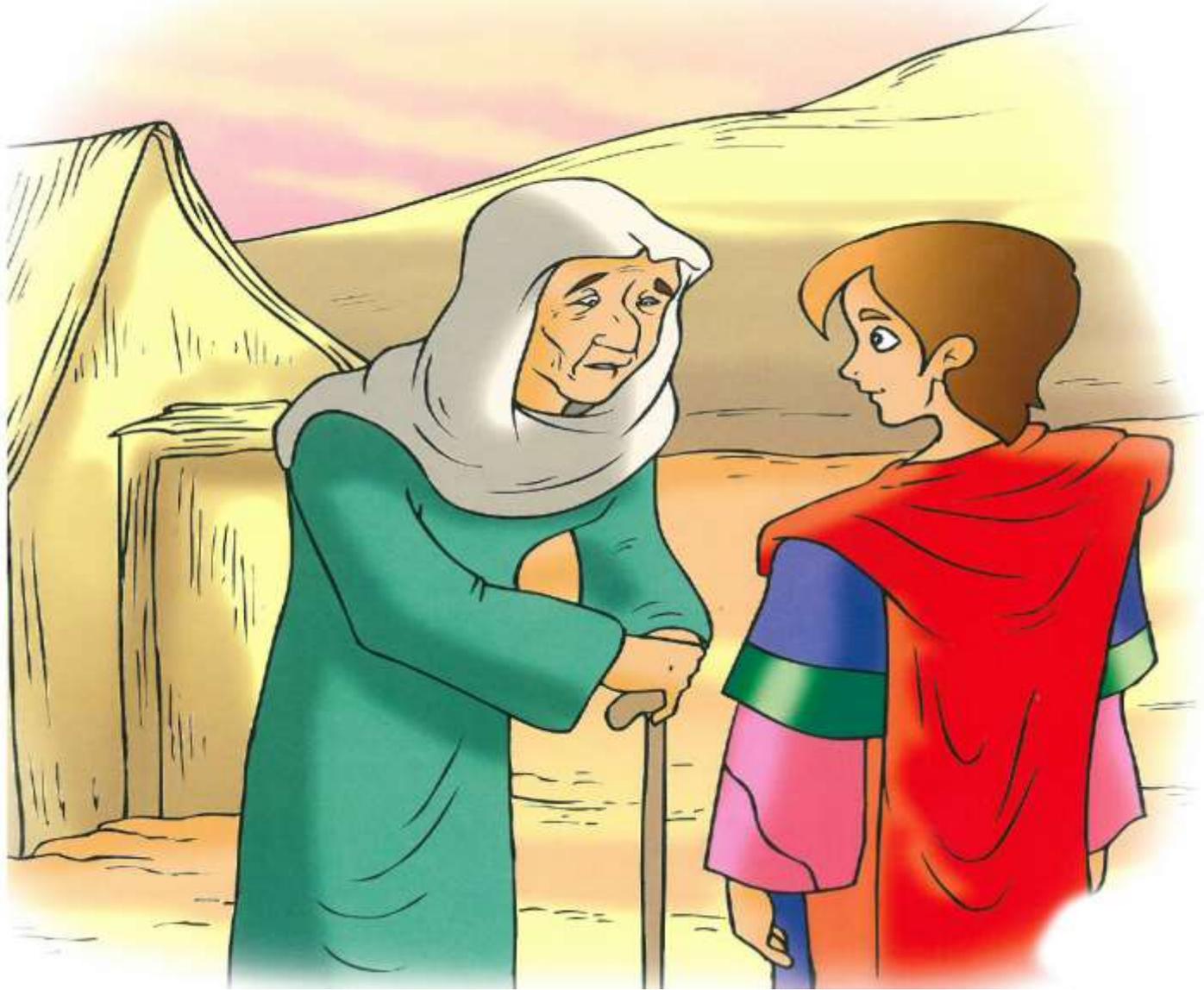
“The Prince is not allowed to dream.” The winds lamented.

Then people shouted “if the kind prince cannot wish, we shall wish for his dreams to come true!” And the Wishing Well accepted their wish.

Prince Shams carried on his journey, tired, hungry and poor... he lost his crown, scepter, horse and even his wishes, but he was happy, determined to find the Golden Heart, and he was eager to reach the magical place where rivers of honey and milk flow, as he has not eaten in a long time.

He reached the desired place, and to his dismay, he found dried riverbeds, and everything around the once magical rivers had withered and died, and on their banks, straw huts were built by poor people whose hopes to find honey and milk were crushed. He felt their misery, and for the first time in his life he knew what it is like to be hopeless.

Despite their state, the poor people warmly welcomed Prince Shams, as they caught wind of his kindness and sympathy toward others, Shams was struck by how skinny those people were, and he enjoyed chatting and connecting with them, especially their elder; an old woman whom everyone called Grandma, and age imprinted wrinkles upon her kind face. She knew countless stories, which she told to the starving people to help them get over their hunger.



Even Prince Shams forgot about his hunger as he was listening to one of stories she told about the happiness these people once knew before the sun was stolen, she told Shams about this sun, its warmth, its golden rays, and he was so fascinated that he almost wished to see it, but he quickly pulled himself together so he does not turn into ashes.

“I am very sad...” Grandma sighed, “I will soon forget all these stories that I love dearly, how I wish to recount them once again under the sunlight, and die peacefully in its warmth...”

Grandma’s words surprised Prince Shams and he asked her why she would say such things.

She said: “We waited long enough for the sun’s return, to no avail, nor a glimmer of hope, and we cannot afford starving any longer... so I have decided to solve the rivers’ problem.”

“How are you going to solve it?” Prince Shams asked.

Grandma said: “These two rivers are called the Forgetful Rivers, and it is said that their source is the earth’s core, where the sun was born from heat and pressure. My grandfather told my father that if the rivers were to dry out, it would be because people forgot their duties, hence the rivers’ name. And funny enough, the drought will not end unless somebody goes to the earth’s core, and sacrifices their memories there, they will forget all of their past, and the rivers will flow again.”



“Are you willing to make this sacrifice?” Prince Shams asked.

Grandma smiled and said: “Somebody must make this sacrifice for the sake of their people, and if I do not teach them sacrifice as their elder, who else will?”

Prince Shams felt ashamed in front of this old lady who is willing to give up everything for the sake of her people, and he decided to make this sacrifice in her stead. He was upset because he will forget his past, but it was enough for him to remember his quest: finding the Golden Heart.

When the day came, everyone was present, led by the old woman who showed Prince Shams the gap that leads into the two rivers source, then she approached him while the others were tearful, and said: “Take this bottle, child. There is a magical potion inside it, once you drink it you will reach the earth’s core in the blink of an eye. Once there, you will find the Guardian of the two rivers, tell him that we the people of the earth surface send him our regards. Then, inform him of your intention to sacrifice your past and memories for the sake of the two rivers.”

“I will.” Prince Shams said as he was moved by Grandma’s words and all the people who gathered to say goodbye.

Prince Shams drank the magical potion, and in a heartbeat, he found himself in the earth’s core, and he noticed that the two rivers were blocked and constricted, and standing next to them was the Guardian, a water mass emitting a cool breeze, and his smile comforted Prince Shams who said: “I came to give you my memories, in exchange you have to free the two rivers!”

The rivers Guardian smiled and said: “I salute your bravery. However, you have to tell me where you want to be sent after I take your memories.”



Prince Shams said: “I was on my way to find the Lady of Wisdom and Eons.”

The Guardian said: “The Labyrinth Forest separates us from her, I will send you there, but you will forget everything you know, you will not even remember who you are.”

Overwhelmed with emotion, Prince Shams asked: “What about my people? What about the Golden Heart?”

“You will also forget about them.” the Guardian said.

Prince Shams went quiet for a moment, until the Guardian said: “Usually, I offer those who give me their memories a present; I will command the two rivers to say phrases of your choice, over and over again. So, what are the two phrases that you want the rivers to repeat?”

“The Golden Heart!” Prince Shams said excitedly “and the stolen sun!”

The Guardian was surprised by this choice, and asked Prince Shams: “why did you choose these two phrases?”

Prince Shams said: “So that I do not forget the reason that brought me here.”

A few moments later, Prince Shams gave his memories to the Guardian, and the two rivers gushed forth with honey and milk, repeating the two phrases: “The Golden Heart!” and “The stolen sun!” as people celebrated the end of the hunger days.

The soldiers of Darkness tried to stop the rivers from repeating the phrases, but the rivers drowned any of them who dared to come close, and carried on with their song, and the people and the wind sang along, even the Soldiers of Darkness unconsciously broke into song ever so often.



The Lord of Darkness wondered what this Golden Heart is, and whether it is possible to buy it, and the winds vented loudly: “Impossible! Golden hearts are priceless!”

As for the Prince, he was adrift in the Labyrinth Forest, walking alone for several days, namelessly, aimlessly... looking for somebody who knows his name or a way out of this predicament. The sounds of water and wind were his only companions, he had heard the two phrases a thousand times before realizing the reason why he ended up in that place.

The Prince developed a habit of sitting by the two rivers crossing the forest, always thinking of a way out, a way that leads him to the Lady of Eons, but to no avail.



One day, he noticed another sound along with the rivers and the wind. He followed it until he found an old, gray-haired, long-bearded man, stripped away from his clothes.

It appeared that he had been mumbling those words to himself after a long silence, signs of loneliness and desolation marked his face, the Prince could barely approach him and comfort him from his long solitude.

With great difficulty, the Prince understood the old man's secret; the Labyrinth Forest was the exile of those who rebelled against the Lord of Darkness, and his soldiers dragged them to this place and left them under the clutches of loneliness, hunger and cold.

The Prince faked a smile and asked: "where are your clothes?"

"They left us here to die..." The old man said, "they took everything from us."

"Have you been here for a long time?" The Prince asked.

"Yes, we often lose each other in this place," the old man said.

"How long do you have to stay here?" The Prince asked.

The old man said desperately: "Until a kind-hearted prince arrives to shelter us, and guides us towards the lost sun," to which the Prince replied: "I hope that day is near."



He then smiled and said: “It must be near, I am in a quest to find the Golden Heart, and until I return from meeting the Lady of Eons, I am bearing glad tidings in regards to the stolen sun, and I am giving you my fancy clothes and golden shoes.”

“What about you, kind sir?” the old man asked.

“Let us all be in the same state of undress in our journey to pursue the sun back.” Prince Shams said.

The Prince became totally stripped of everything he had, he had given his money, clothes, jewelry, horse, memories and wishes for the sake of his quest. His pathway has become clearer with the old man’s help, but on the first turn which leads to the mountain’s peak the man told Prince Shams: “This is where our companionship ends, you will have to continue on your own. It pains me to see you naked and barefoot, and I have nothing of value to give you except this magical flower which I hope will be of use to you.”

The plant was yellow and had a strong smell. The Prince contemplated it, smelled it, then asked the old man: “what is it for?”

The man answered: “This plant grows in this cursed land, and it has magical powers as it grants whoever consumes it the ability to speak to animals, I hope it is going to help you in your journey.”

Prince Shams ate the plant and started the climbing adventure. It was a tiring and scary experience as there were snakes all over the place, but they did not attempt to harm him because they could understand him and his motives, they were rather encouraging him, showing him the right way and singing along with the two rivers which can still be heard from that altitude, since they also long for the sun and its glow.



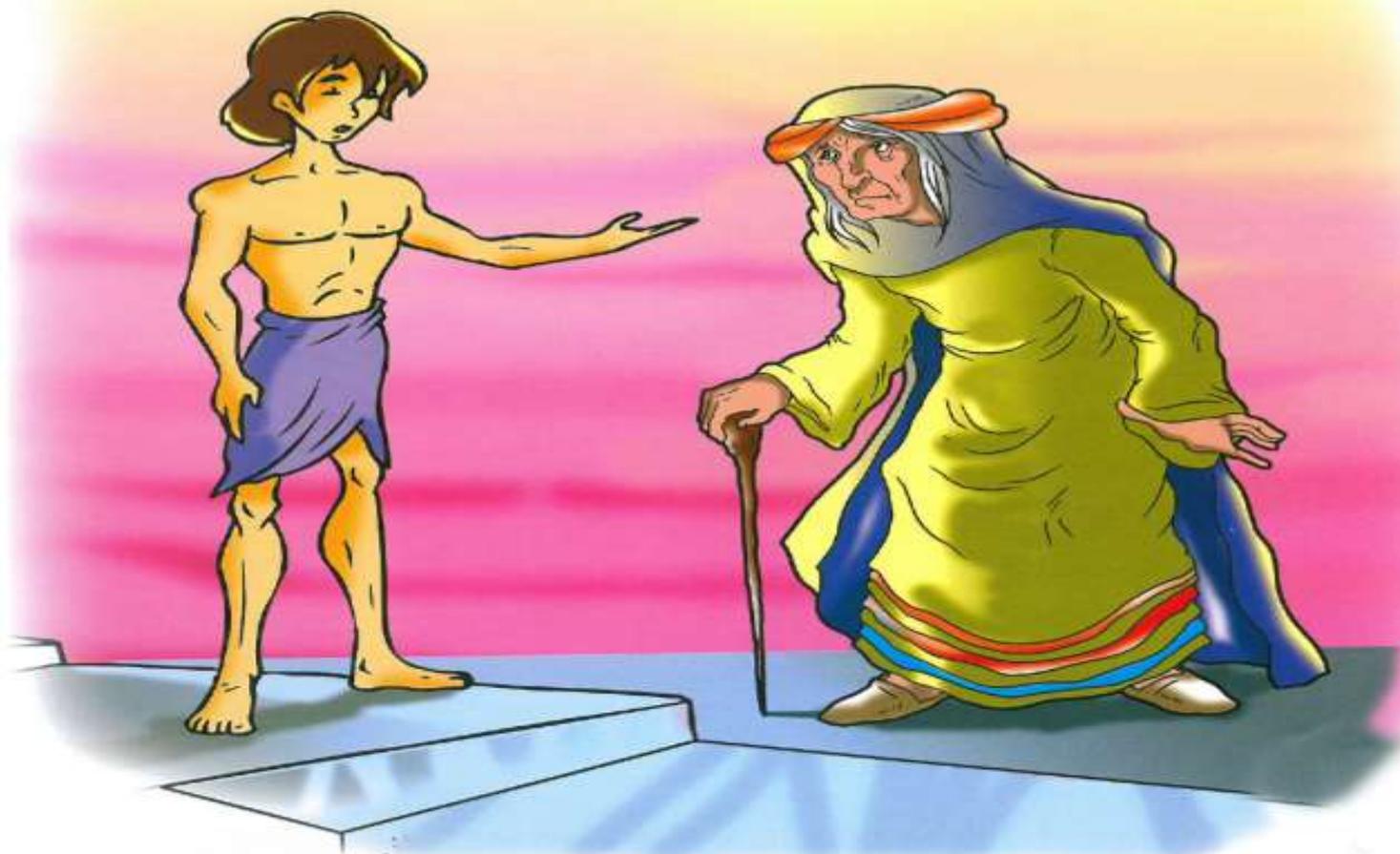
At last, Prince Shams reached the peak of Mount Lady of Eons and Wisdom. There stood a huge monster guarding the entrance of a cave in the mountain. It was a gigantic creature with a green and hairy body, its features were frightening, its hair frizzy and its smell wicked. It was a strange combination of human and beast.

Prince Shams was scared at first, but managed to get a hold of himself, he asked the monster to let him into the cave, the monster roared: “Nobody is allowed in unless they give me a present!”

Prince Shams thought for a while and said in a broken and shaky voice: “But I do not own anything, even my clothes are gone as you can see.” The monster paused for a bit and grinned in the Prince’s face, then it said: “But you have a pair of beautiful clear eyes, I will let you into Mount Wisdom in exchange for them.”

Prince Shams said sadly: “How am I supposed to see my people without my eyes?” To which the monster replied angrily: “You can see them with your heart.”

Upon reflection, Prince Shams thought: “I do not need eyes, my people’s love shall be my vision.” And with good grace, he handed his eyes to the monster, who let him into the cave where Lady Wisdom and Eons lived.



At last, Prince Shams reached his goal. He felt cold in the cave, but there was a pleasant smell of wild mint inside. He stood there for a while, unaware that the Lady of Wisdom and Eons was standing before him, she was an old lady, exceeding a thousand years, time had etched valleys along her face, but her eyes had a unique spark, it looked like she was wearing many dresses, one on top of the other, she trod slowly and lightly, within her many sleeves lived different types of creatures.

The Lady of Wisdom and Eons felt sorry for Prince Shams, who was standing there, hollow-cheeked, hungry, poor, barefoot, naked and blind, but his love for his people remained in his heart, she asked him in a loving tone: “Did you request to meet me, young man?”

Prince Shams was delighted to hear her voice, he said excitedly: “Yes! I wanted to ask you about a person who has a golden heart. Legend has it that he is going to bring back the stolen sun to my kingdom, which way leads to him?”

The Lady went quiet for a bit, and asked: “So you are asking about the golden heart...”

Prince Shams interrupted her: “Yes, my lady! Can you help me reach him?”

“So, you still do not know the way...” she wondered. Prince Shams shook his head.

“Have you brought me a present?” The Lady asked. “I do not answer any questions before I get a present.”



To which Prince Shams replied sadly: “I do not own anything, my lady. Can you help me for free?”

“You still have a heart...” The lady said: “Give it to me and I shall answer your questions.”

Prince Shams thought about the lady’s proposal, then said “you may have it, my lady.” Then he gathered his strength and prepared for the pain.

Time passed slowly as the Prince Shams was waiting for the Lady of Eons to take his heart, however, it never happened. Rather, the lady smiled, extended her loving hand toward Prince Shams. “My little kind Prince, the person who sacrifices everything for his people is undoubtedly the person with a golden heart. Hearts are not made of gold, but they turn golden with the love of people, all you need is people’s love and support to bring back the stolen sun. Love will bring back the stolen sun, only love will. Did you understand, kind prince? Go and spread this message among your people.”

Prince Shams returned poor, hungry, barefoot, naked and blind to his dark kingdom. But he was loved by his people and proud to have a golden heart.



He assembled an army, not knights, but devotees prepared to spend their lives for the long lost Sun. They were numerous, and they traversed deserts, their echos reaching far and wide throughout the kingdom. They crossed valleys, and even stone clanked in chants for them. Animals, too, joined in their honorable march, all together invading the Kingdom of Darkness, vanquishing its dark vast army, thanks to their loving hearts, and to the knowledge that God blessed the revolution of hearts that love the Sun. After a long war, they returned victorious with the Sun in hand.

It was a warm sun, it drenched everyone with its golden rays, warming up the cold hearts and lighting up the gloomy faces. Not a single citizen was deprived of this glorious sunlight, and once again, the Sun Kingdom was the most blissful country in the world, where people felt safe, warm and loved. Ruled by a prince, who did not own a crown nor a scepter, but he had his people's unconditional love, and a golden heart, one big enough to embrace every single person in his kingdom.

Grandmothers recounted wonderful stories of a blind prince with a golden heart, who brought back the stolen sun to the kingdom, his story spread far and wide, and all the children whose kingdom has lost its sun, dream of finding the golden heart.



Dear children, I would be glad to know your thoughts on this story.

Contact me at the following address:

Dr. Sanaa Shalan (bint Na'imah)

Postal address: P.O Box: 13186

Postal code: 11942

Jordan- Amman

Mobile:0096279/5336609

E-mail: selenapollo@hotmail.com

Facebook: sanaa shalan

Youtube: sanaa shalan



Translator: Alae-Eddine Aboulaoula

Email: alaeddineabl@gmail.com

Phone/Whatsapp: +212635955957

LinkedIn: Alae-Eddine Aboulaoula

Facebook: Alae-Eddine Aboulaoula

The Golden Heart

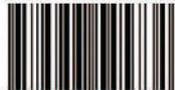
Dr. Sanaa Shalan
(bint Na,imah)



Translated by:
Alae-Eddine Aboulaoula



ISBN:978-9957-545-73-4



9 789957 545734

Sanaa Kamel Shalan

ALTNOOR
الثقافة والفنون
Culture and Art