

The evil efrat who did good essay sample



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

In the Kingdom of the mighty Solomon, son of the magnificent David, there lived a huge Efrif of who everyone was immensely scared of. This gargantuan was a bit of a bully, only because there was no one bigger than himself other than the Noble King Solomon. The many reasons of why King Solomon was so feared and respected amongst all the Jinn and animals and insects of the world were because he was a Prophet of God. He was a just and wise king, and had many powers that God had bestowed upon him such his voice being as loud as thunder and having the strength of a dragon.

This crafty Efrif bullied the smaller creatures because he thought that they would not tell the Mighty King Solomon, otherwise he would get them. He never picked on his fellow Jinn, Devils or Efrif. He knew they had powers and they weren't scared of him. One day, a young lion cub had his nose tweaked and his whiskers pulled in a very humiliating manner indeed. To make it worse, he was whirled through the air by his tail and thrown into the family den. The cub's father, who was a big strong lion with a long and grizzled mane, sprang out snarling but stopped short when he saw the immense form of the Efrif sneering down at him. He gave a whimper and bolted into his den. The cub was being licked and was trying to nurse his pride as well as possible. The cub with surprising determination vowed he would get his own back as well as to try and get his bruised pride back in one piece.

While the young cub grew bigger and stronger, he didn't forget the fact that he had a job to do. He carried on training to become stronger and bigger than any of the lions in the kingdom; indeed, it even surprised King Solomon that such a young lion could be so strong. But we all obviously know that he was no match for the Noble King Solomon. A few years later, the immense

Efrit who had previously bullied the young lion was astonished at the fact that the strongest of lions was in fact the weedy little cub he had picked on a couple of years back. But even he knew that it was no match for him.

When the lion saw the Efrit again, blind fury rose up in him almost choking him. He rushed at the Efrit and almost gave the deadly blow when the shocked Efrit actually came to his senses and swiped him away, right back into the lion's den. The young lion sprang back up and charged at the Efrit, snarling like a dragon. With a voice like thunder that shook the ground, King Solomon shouted and picked up both of them effortlessly. As both of them dangled in mid air by the scruff of their necks, their anger flew right out of the window and fear settled in. They knew that they were in for it now. They waited silently not looking at each other and after what seemed like eternity, they were placed back down onto the ground. King Solomon towered over them and glared at both of them. The looks on their faces were of such wretched dismay that he burst out laughing; it welled up in him and seemed to roll out in waves of laughter. The Efrit and the lion were so shocked that they looked at each other in wonder but suddenly they remembered their enmity so they turned around and avoided each other's eye.

" Now, can one of you two please explain to me what is going on and why you two were going at each other's throats?" boomed the King. But he knew what the problem was. He planned on getting the Efrit punished so that it would seem that he was only being punished for bullying the young lion. The Efrit and lion started babbling together and made no sense. " Quiet!" shouted King Solomon. Everyone and everything in the immediate vicinity became completely still. It was a deadly silence. No one dared to breathe.

“ One at a time, you can go first.” He said, pointing to the lion. The lion told his story, all about the battering he had suffered at the hands at the Efrit and how he had fought back, determined not to be bested by someone other than God or King Solomon. He told his story in simple detail as if it didn’t hurt too much, but as always King Solomon understood the beast’s emotions were nearly overwhelming him. It was basic lion intuition; never show your true feelings. Sometimes King Solomon thought that all animals should have had that intuition. But going back to the matter, the lion had finished his tale. Now it was the Efrit’s turn to say his version of the tale. King Solomon saw that he was thinking hard. He was shocked. Was it possible that the Efrit was going to lie to him? That was enough; he would have to punish him severely. He knew that the lion was saying the truth, even leaving out a few details.

The Efrit started his story by saying that one day he was just passing by the lion’s den when the young cub, rushed at him intending to do as much harm as possible and tried to take him down. He became surprised and instinctively pushed the cub aside, unfortunately he pushed too hard and the cub fell with a painful thud. Since then the cub had always tried to attack him without a cause. By the time the story was finished, King Solomon, was seething with rage. With eyes like daggers, he picked the Efrit up by the scruff of the neck and flung him away from him. He knew that being lenient to the Efrit had been the cause of the Efrit’s boldness. He sentenced him to thirty years of punishment. The punishment was to be bitten by an army of soldier ants. By the powers invested in King Solomon by God, he made the Efrit become motionless so that he could not kill the ants.

After thirty years, King Solomon banished the Efrit from his Kingdom to an oasis, in the middle of the Great Desert, which no man had come across without dying trying to get back to the nearest city. King Solomon dumped the Efrit into the well. The well was a deep one, and it was surrounded by lush grass and tall palms. It was beautiful, but that was not why King Solomon had chosen this particular oasis. He chose it because of its remoteness and its imposing silence.

Many years later, when all the creatures of King Solomon's had forgotten the Efrit and even the strong lion had died, a man named Walid was travelling in the desert, and when he finally realised that he was wandering about in circles, he let the camel go along on its own accord to find a desert track. Walid was on the brink of consciousness when the camel entered the oasis. He looked around in wonder and staggered to the well and drew some water for the camel and himself. He drank his stomach's fill and slumped back in to a deep sleep. Suddenly Walid woke up to a great roar. He leapt and looked around him and saw the Efrit. He nearly passed out of shock. The Efrit came out of the well and grabbed the man by the neck and hoisted him up. Walid quaked with fear and was speechless. The Efrit said with a voice of thunder, " Who are you to befoul my beautiful oasis in which no man has before entered without a painful death."

" Please, O Mighty Efrit. Spare me." Walid whimpered.

" Why? I will not let you go; you have befouled my oasis and will pay with your puny life." The Efrit thundered. " I cannot let you go on your way; my honour would be at stake."

“ Sir, please let me go, once I get back to my house, I will give you whatever I have.”

“ Good, then give me the first thing that your wife gives you.” said the Efrit.

“ Yes. O Mighty Efrit. Certainly, but how will I be able to give it to you?” said Walid, rather emboldened now.

“ Trust me, I will be there. Now go!” shouted the Efrit.

“ Yes.” Walid yelled and leapt onto his camel and galloped away.

Some days later, he reached his hometown and rushed into his house. His wife went up to him and greeted him, “ Praise is to God, He has bestowed on us a son.” She handed him the beautiful baby, and Walid started to despair, crying and hugging the baby close to his chest.

“ My dear wife, I wish you hadn’t given me our son, now the Efrit will surely come and snatch him away from us.” He wept.

“ What are you talking about my dear husband?” questioned his wife.

He told his wife the whole story, and she too began to weep and wail. She pulled at her hair, and that was when Walid came up with an ingenious idea. He stopped her and told her that they would put a talisman around the baby’s neck and the Efrit would then not be able to take their son away.

So they went to a religious scholar, and he enclosed a religious text in a silver canister for the boy to wear around his neck. As the boy who’s name was Khalid grew up, his parents emphasised the point that he should never

take the talisman off. He grew up, tall handsome and strong. All this time he never took his talisman off.

One day, when Khalid was having a bath, he heard his father calling him. He came out wearing his clothes and found the Efrit. Walid said to his Khalid, “ Here is the Mighty Efrit that has come to take you. Now quick run and put your talisman on so that he cannot take you.”

The Khalid ran off, and with a shout of rage the Efrit followed. Khalid snatched up the talisman and strung it around his neck. With another inarticulate shout of rage, the Efrit zoomed off, saying that he would come back and take Khalid if it was the last thing he would do.

Many years passed, and the Walid and his wife grew old. Khalid grew up into a young man, and was enlisted into the king’s army. He was a commander and had won many battles. On one such expedition, they had had a hard day of fighting and had made many sorties. Many were injured on either side, and the smell of bloodshed hung over the battlefield, men were exhausted, and were looking forward to some sleep. Those who were on watch were not happy about it but carried on with their post with iron determination and the promise of soon handing over the post to the next watch. The night went without event until just before dawn. The sentries died simultaneously with their throats’ slit. The night raiders opened the barricade and let the rest of the army in. With a roar, the whole battlefield came to life. Khalid ran around fighting here and there, killing as many of the enemy as he could. He had woken up startled when a messenger stumbled into his tent and said that the enemy had launched a surprise attack before falling to the ground dead.

Khalid leapt up and hastily put his armour on. He grabbed his sword and shield and ran out of the tent.

Now he was fighting as he had never fought before. After dispatching one of the enemies with a quick thrust, he turned around and saw that he was surrounded by four of the enemy. They advanced together, and then suddenly they were thrown back by a massive hand. Khalid was speechless. He looked up and saw the gargantuan being of the Efrīt. The Efrīt plucked him up and swooped around the battlefield. The enemy seeing the enormous being were struck by fear and fled for their lives. The Efrīt flew off leaving the battlefield behind. It stopped in the middle of the desert and told the young man “ Quick, take off your talisman and come with me.”

There was a thunder clap and suddenly the Majestic being of King Solomon, with a voice of thunder, said “ No! Do not take this man! You have earned yourself freedom rescuing this man and his army. Come with me and become a part of my Kingdom again.” King Solomon took the Efrīt by the shoulder and with another thunder clap, they both vanished.

Khalid could scarcely believe his eyes. He gave in to his conscience and knew that he had witnessed an extraordinary scene. He got up and stumbled off as if in a drunken state. He quickly realised the hopelessness of his situation, and despaired when he realised that he was in the middle of the desert and he had no way of escaping. He stumbled through the desert starving and after seeing mirage after mirage he fell down against a rock. As he sat down resting against a rock, he closed his eyes with exhaustion. Suddenly there was a thunder clap, he looked up and could barely see

anything as darkness clouded his vision. Then he saw the Magnificence of King Solomon. He got up wavering like a drunk, and King Solomon reached down and touched him. Instantly, his fatigue disappeared. He stood still and waited for King Solomon to start, then with a voice of thunder, he said;

“ Khalid, you have done well. I am going to take you from this desert and put you near your family. I am sure you will also be pleased to know that your army has been triumphant and the enemy is at your king’s command. And thank you.”

“ What for O Great and Mighty King. I have done nothing, I must say thank you from the bottom of my heart, for you have saved my life and have relieved me of the terrible servitude that was undoubtedly awaiting me. Again, I say thank you.”

Suddenly the air shimmered, and Khalid felt that he was being borne up through pitch dark. He felt a mighty wind on his face and was then on his feet in front of his house. He was bewildered; he looked around and saw nothing. He looked up and suddenly saw the massive Efrith who gave him a smile and a salute, and with that he vanished. He went into his house to find to his astonishment that his whole family was gathered there inside and all were weeping. He stepped inside and they all stared in shock when his mother suddenly leapt up and smothered him in a hug. His whole family then hugged and kissed him and wept with joy. They all sat down as Khalid began to tell them his incredible story. It went long into the night and in the morning he was summoned by the king and was given the highest rank in

the army. Khalid was overcome with joy and he spent his days with his beautiful wife, and they were blessed by God with many children.