

6 There and back again

In the evening Aladdin and his friends finished hunting and began to go home. Suddenly a friend said: 'Aladdin, look! The Sultan's men are coming, with swords in their hands. What do they want?'

'I don't know,' Aladdin answered.

When the Sultan's men arrived, they said: 'Aladdin, we must take you to the Sultan. He's very angry.'

'Why?' asked Aladdin, but the men could not tell him.



'The Sultan's men are coming, with swords in their hands.'

In his palace the Sultan took Aladdin to a window. 'Where is your palace?' he cried angrily. 'And where is my daughter? Answer me!'

Aladdin looked out of the window. There was only the ground and the sky – no palace, no gardens, nothing. He closed his eyes, opened them and looked again, and he had no answer for the Sultan.

'It's black magic. I always said that,' the Vizier said quietly in the Sultan's ear.

'Your Majesty.' Aladdin put his head at the Sultan's feet. 'Kill me now – I do not want to live without Badr-al-Budur.' There were tears in his eyes.

'Find her in forty days – or you die,' the Sultan said.

'I hear and obey, Your Majesty,' Aladdin answered.

But without his magic lamp, what could Aladdin do? He went out from the city, and looked and looked for his wife and his palace, but of course he did not find them. After thirty-seven days he sat by a river and cried: 'Oh, Badr-al-Budur, my love! Where are you? Where can I look now?' He put his hands into the water of the river, and then he saw the magician's ring on his little finger. He began to rub it . . .

WHOOSH! Out of the blue smoke came the jinnee of the ring. 'What is your wish, master?' he asked.

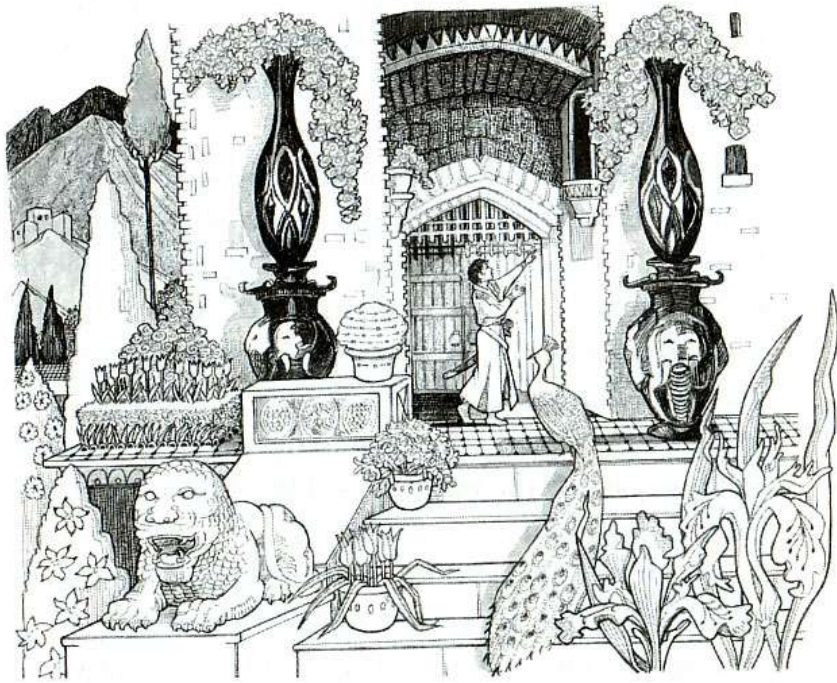
'Find my wife and bring her back to me,' answered Aladdin. 'Please . . .'

‘Master, I cannot do that. The jinnee of the lamp took the Princess away, and only the jinnee of the lamp can bring her back. But I can take you to her.’

‘Take me then – quickly!’

‘To hear is to obey.’

It is many, many miles from Arabia to Morocco, but Aladdin was there in a second. And there was his palace, in front of him. He went into the gardens and looked up at the windows.



‘Badr-al-Budur,’ Aladdin cried, ‘are you there?’

‘Badr-al-Budur,’ he cried, ‘are you there?’

In the palace Badr-al-Budur heard him. ‘Is that Aladdin?’ she thought. ‘But he is far away in Arabia.’ She went to the window, opened it, and looked out.

‘Aladdin!’ she cried. ‘Oh, my love!’

For the first time in many days, Aladdin smiled.

‘Come up, quickly!’ the Princess called. ‘The magician is not here now.’

Her slave-girl ran down and opened a little door into the gardens. Aladdin ran up to the Princess’s rooms, and in a second she was in his arms.

‘Oh, my love,’ the Princess said. ‘A bad man carried me here. A magician. His name is—’

‘His name is Abanazar and I am going to kill him,’ said Aladdin. ‘Tell me – does he have my old lamp?’

‘Yes,’ Badr-al-Budur said. ‘He always carries it with him. I know about its magic now, because he told me. Oh, why did I give it away?’

‘Listen, my love,’ said Aladdin. ‘I’m going to give you some sleeping-powder. When he comes here again, you must give him a drink and put the powder in it. When he is asleep, I can kill him. Don’t be afraid. I’m going to take you home very soon. Now for some good magic.’

He began to rub his ring . . .

WHOOSH! ‘What is your wish, master?’ said the jinnee of the ring.

‘Bring me some sleeping-powder,’ said Aladdin.

‘To hear is to obey.’

In a second the jinnee was back with some sleeping-powder. Then Aladdin and the Princess waited for Abanazar.

In the evening they heard him on the stairs.

‘Don’t be afraid,’ Aladdin said quietly to his wife. ‘I am in the next room and can be with you in a second.’ He went quickly into the next room and stood behind the door.

Abanazar opened the door of Badr-al-Budur’s room and came in. He smiled: ‘You are more beautiful every day, Badr-al-Budur,’ he said. ‘Your husband, that good-for-nothing Aladdin, is dead now. You must marry me. You can have gold, jewels, palaces, anything! But you must be my wife.’

For the first time the Princess smiled at Abanazar.

‘Why not?’ she said. ‘You are a rich man and I am happy here. Yes, let’s drink to that.’

And she gave him a tall gold cup with the drink and the powder in it.

‘Let us drink from one cup, Abanazar,’ she said, and smiled at him. ‘You first, then me. In my country new husbands and wives always do this.’

‘To Badr-al-Budur, the most beautiful woman in Morocco,’ Abanazar said happily, ‘and my wife.’



‘Let us drink from one cup, Abanazar,’ said Badr-al-Budur.

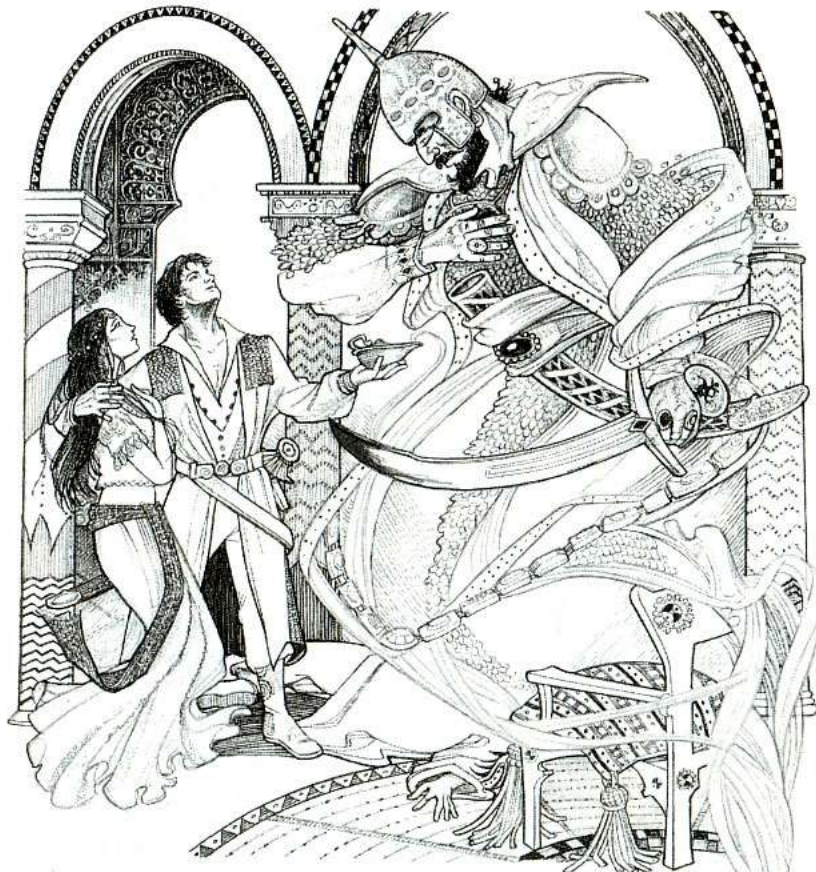
He looked into Badr-al-Budur’s eyes and began to drink. Very afraid, the Princess watched him. But it was a good sleeping-powder, and after five seconds Abanazar’s eyes closed and he was asleep.

The Princess ran to the door of the next room.

‘Quick, Aladdin,’ she called.

Aladdin ran in with his sword and saw the sleeping magician. ‘Well done, my love!’ he said. ‘Now, go into the next room and do not watch.’

Badr-al-Budur ran to the next room and closed the



'I am here, master,' said the jinnee of the lamp.

door. Aladdin put his hand in Abanazar's pocket and took out the lamp. He put it carefully into the pocket of his coat, and then stood up.

The sword did its work quickly, and Abanazar never opened his eyes again.

The Princess came back into the room, and ran to Aladdin. He took her in his arms.

'The magician is dead,' he said. 'And now we can go home.' He began to rub the lamp . . .

WHOOSH! Fire and red smoke came from the lamp. The Princess watched, afraid.

'I am here, master,' said the jinnee of the lamp. 'What is your wish?'

'Carry this palace, Badr-al-Budur, and me back to our city in Arabia. But leave that dog, Abanazar, here.'

'To hear is to obey,' said the jinnee.

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When the Sultan looked out of his window and saw Aladdin's palace again, he was a happy man. And when he took his daughter in his arms, he was the happiest man in Arabia.

From that day, Aladdin and Badr-al-Budur lived happily in their palace. They lived for many years, and had many children. But Aladdin always carried the magic lamp with him, day and night.

