

Story

De'bel's Secret

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Abstract: *the best way to tackle and confront the adversities of today's life is to revoke to the ones who are the mines of understanding and wisdom. And this regard there is no difference between to whom you are revoking . the point is that you should be wise enough to realize the importance of this and by be ready to accept change for perfection when possible. In this story we are going to read about De'bel and Imam Riza and the influence of this infallible Imam on De'bel.*

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No one could guess what De'bel was thinking about when he stared at a far away distance. Or for what reason his black, clear eyes filled with tears now and then.

Although De'bel was returning with a large caravan from Marve to Medina, however he did not sense the presence of the travelers around himself. Again and again, De'bel remembered the time which he had stood before Imam Reza and had read one of his poems for him. That poem was about the cruelties and oppressions which the Umayyad and Abbasid dynasties had carried out against the household of the Prophet (peace be upon them).

He had recited for Imam Reza,

I see their spoils,

Divided among others,

And their hands,

Empty of their own spoils.

With this poem, Imam Reza had started to cry and had said, "Oh De'bel! You have said the truth."

When De'bel remembered the tears of the Imam, his heart filled with grief and tears rolled down his face and he quietly said,

"His hands are empty of their own spoils."

At this moment the caravan stopped to rest next to a river. De'bel sat next to a rock and stared at the water. Once again he recalled everything from his arrival in Marve, meeting with Imam Reza, and reciting poems for him.

A smile appeared on his face when he remembered how Imam Reza had liked his poem and that he had given one of his garments to him.

Imam Reza had given one of his garments to De'bel after hearing the poem and had said, "With this blessed garment you shall be protected from any harm."

De'bel was in his own thoughts when he suddenly heard screams from the caravan people,

- "Bandits! Bandits!"

Alarmed, De'bel looked towards where the bandits were coming from.

The bandits had covered their faces and were quickly getting closer. De'bel was too old and tired to run away, therefore he made no movement and sat on the same rock. It was as if nothing had happened at all.

The people of the caravan were still screaming and running for a refuge in every direction. When the bandits reached the caravan, they screamed with joy and plundered what ever they saw. The sound of crying and screaming was heard from every direction.

Suddenly De'bel remembered the garment which was the gift of Imam Reza. The garment was among his belongings and he did not want to lose it. For this reason, he went towards the caravan, to stop them, in any possible way, from getting their hands on the garment.

The happy sound of the bandits and the screams of the travelers were mingled together in a way that distressed De'bel greatly. He wanted to cry out, "Stop this plundering! Do you know what you're doing?"

But he knew that the only one to hear his voice would be himself.

Suddenly, as he was walking towards the caravan tired and terrified, he heard a voice singing,

I see their spoils,

Divided among others,

And their hands,

Empty of their own spoils.

It was, as if, his heart was beating a thousand times faster than before. He was trembling all over, and his hands were shaking. The voice sang again,

I see their spoils,

Divided among others...

"Who is singing? Where is it coming from?"

And their hands,

Empty of their own spoils...

De'bel sat on the ground hopeless and desperately said, "for God's sake, who is singing?"

As he was kneeling on the ground he saw one of the bandits singing happily,

I see their spoils,

Divided among others...

De'bel got up with great effort and brought himself to him; "Wait! Wait!"

But the Bandit was so overwhelmed of the spoils he had gained that he was deaf to any voice. De'bel ran after him with more strength and said, "Wait, for God's sake, wait!"

The bandit stopped. De'bel got closer to him, looked him in the eyes and asked, "Tell me, who has composed the poem you were singing?"

The bandit looked at him in surprise and asked, "what is the use of knowing the answer to this question?"

De'bel answered pleadingly, "I have a reason. Please tell me who the poet of this poem is?"

The Bandit who saw De'bel asking desperately answered him involuntarily, "De'bel bin Ali Khozaei, he is the best poet of the Prophet's Household (peace be upon them).

With hearing these words, De'bel fell to the ground and sat where he was. The man still looked at him, bewildered. De'bel spoke with a voice which seemed to come from deep down inside him, "I am De'bel, I am De'bel bin Ali Khozaei!"

He said this and again he remembered the moment which he had recited this poem in the presence of Imam Reza.

The man gazed at him for a moment. Then suddenly, he started to run and brought himself to the leader of the Bandits. As De'bel was sitting down, little by little the sound of the screams and cries disappeared. After some moments De'bel felt a shadow next to himself. Then someone said, "Hey you, why have you claimed falsely?"

De'bel did not answer and the leader of the bandits said with anger, "Why have you claimed to be De'bel Khozaei?"

De'bel said, "I am De'bel. You can go and ask from the other travelers."

The leader of the Bandits looked at the others and said, "We will do that."

The travelers, who had found out that something new had come up, gathered up in a corner. The leader of the Bandits got closer to them and looked them in the eye one by one. Finally he asked one of the men, "Do you know the name of that man?"

The man answered with a trembling voice, "we called him De'bel and he answered us."

The leader went close to an old woman and asked, "Do you know who that man is?"

The woman answered, "We called him..."

The leader of the bandits screamed, "Enough. Whoever I ask, gives me the same answer; how do I know that you are telling the truth. Perhaps you have all agreed to support the old man."

Then he became quiet and looked around himself. Everyone looked at him with fear and terror. Only De'bel's look was on the ground.

Suddenly the leader's eyes fell upon a little girl. He laughed happily and said, "The truth must be heard from the child." Then he got closer to the little girl and in order to influence her with his kindness asked her in a calm, soft voice, "that man over there, the one which is sitting on the ground, what is his name?"

The girl answered, "We called him De'bel," and hid herself behind her mother's back.

"And he answered you for sure," added the leader of the bandits.

Hearing this, the bandits all started to laugh. Their leader laughed too. Then he suddenly became serious and murmured, "it's not possible not to believe anymore. So, he is De'bel. De'bel; the famous poet of the household of the holy Prophet."

Saying this he went towards De'bel. De'bel was still sitting where he was. He lifted him from the ground. In the movements of the leader was such kindness and sympathy that the travelers all looked at each other with astonishment.

The leader said, "De'bel, say the rest of the poem."

And De'bel recited with an extremely sad voice, the rest of his poem.

After reciting the poem, De'bel did not know what happened. When he came to himself the bandits had all gone away and had returned the belongings of the travelers to their owners.

The people of the caravan were telling each other happily and with surprise, "It is amazing. It is really amazing for a group of bandits to keep the honor of a poet of the Prophet's household in such a way."

However, De'bel was not thinking about these things. To him the most important thing was the garment, which he had got from Imam Reza. That's why he ran toward his belongings. And when he saw the garment was untouched, he sighed in relief and smelled it. At that moment, once again he recalled the face of Imam Reza who was saying, "With this blessed garment you shall be protected from any harm."