Garama, Garden of the Sahara



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Garama, Garden of the Sahara

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Meet the Characters

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Mennad

A wise engineer.



Emir Izdârasen

The ruler of Garama.



Tafalkayt

Mennad's daughter.



Ittû

Mennad's wife and Tafalkayt's mother.



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Dear Reader

Before I started to write this book, I had no idea that thriving and prosperous civilisations once existed in the Sahara desert. The story of the Garamantes, who built an artificial oasis in one of the world's harshest environments, only to see it all disappear, seemed like a wonderful tale to tell, with a meaningful lesson for today's world. I hope you enjoy it!

Marianne Posadas
Author

Garama



1. Modern-day Libya
2. Garama

1 Prologue

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On the old woman's command, the camel carrying her knelt down. She dismounted and looked at the dry, dusty ruins that lay before her. Year after year, the relentless desert winds had blown the sands into every crevice, every corner. This place, once so lush and green, was desolate and barren. It was little more than a bleak hill in an endless sea of sand.

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"Mother!" called a voice. The old woman turned. "Why are we stopping? I have studied the works of great scholars who have written of this place, and there are nothing but wild beasts here, beasts that roam the dunes and rocks. We should keep moving!"



The old woman smiled at her impatient son. For a second, she considered answering his question with another. Her father, if he'd been there, would have liked that, she thought.

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"I have come to answer my father's question," she replied simply.

The young man looked around. "Here?" he said. "In the middle of nowhere?"

"To you, this may seem like the middle of nowhere," replied the old woman. "To me," she added mysteriously, "it is the middle of what once was a circle."

"As you wish," said her son with a shrug. He knew better than to try and fathom his mother's thoughts. Through her long years she had become a wise and respected teacher, and try as he might, his debates with her always ended in defeat.

The old woman drew herself up to her full height and addressed the sands, the rocks and the sun.

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"The answer is knowledge," she said. At that moment, the winds of the desert took her words and carried them over the scorching earth, far off into the never-ending sky, and scattered them to the spirits. High above, in the vastness beyond, one of those spirits nodded. His soul was finally at rest, for the old woman had shown him that all things were as he had hoped they would be. She had indeed returned, and he had listened. The answer the winds carried to him was worth waiting for.

