



Sindrani: Diver of the Deep

Written by Umama Lowati, illustrated by Cesar Samaniego

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Sindrani is the great-great-great-granddaughter of Sindbad the Sailor, and in this swashbuckling voyage for young middle grade adventurers we explore the high seas and the treasures of the deep. Out in 2022, this is a brand new title by Omani author Umama Lowati, who has published several children's books in Arabic.

Sample translation

Translated from Arabic by Taghreed Najjar, edited by Ruth Ahmedzai Kemp

I am Sindrani, brave diver of the deep. I lived in a time not so long ago, along the coast of the beautiful eastern seas. Every day, without fail, I would dive and ride wave after wave until I got very good at deep sea diving. I would hold my breath and search for seashells, oysters, and coral. Often, when I surfaced from the depths of the sea, I would bring with me the most amazing shells, oysters and shellfish of all different shapes and colors.

My dream was always to go sailing with my uncle, the great captain, and spend all my time exploring islands and far-off lands. But when I pleaded with my uncle to take me with him, he refused,

"How could a young girl like you handle all of the difficulties of such a long voyage that even the strongest of men cannot endure?"

But I wasn't going to be put off so easily. "I beg you uncle, take me with you! I want to go on your sea adventures with you."

My uncle smiled kindly. "My clever young diver, the sea is more than just adventures. Each of our



journeys is difficult and dangerous, with pirates and ferocious storms!"

But I didn't let his answer scare me off. I begged my uncle again and again, hoping he would change his mind.

One day my uncle, the great captain, came back from one of his long voyages. This time he had a special gift with him!

My uncle hugged me tenderly. "Sindrani, look," he said. "I've brought a wonderful sailboat for you from India. It's one of a kind! I found it in an old antique shop. This beautiful model was hanging right above the entrance. At first the owner refused to sell it to me, even at the highest price, but when I told him that I wanted it as a gift for a brave girl who is a very skilled diver, he agreed to sell it to me."

I loved that special sailboat. It seemed to me that it smelled of the sea and of shells, and most nights I imagined I could hear the sounds of the sea waves washing on the shore, and the voices of sailors responding with shanties of the sea.

Then, one night, something happened, something strange beyond belief. All of a sudden, the boat was soaking wet, and when I touched the water dripping from it, and tasted it, I realized it was salty, just like sea water.

The boat was rocking violently. I seized hold of my little sailboat, and was hit by the strong scent of fish. Then, I heard a noise come from the boat! I put my ear up close, and closed my eyes. I suddenly felt giddy, and the floor swayed beneath my feet. Water began to splash and pour over me from all sides!

I held the boat in my arms, taking care not to drop it, but the little boat began to grow bigger and bigger, until I could no longer hold it. I stepped back quickly, but the swelling sea rose up around me, until I was being pulled under the waves. I swam with all my might, and when I pushed my head up and broke through to the surface, I found a long wooden ladder reaching down to me.

"Sindirani, grab the rope!" a voice called out to me.

I held on to the rope and was pulled up onto a huge ship. My sailboat! I quickly recognized it as the same little sailing boat my uncle, the captain, had given me as a gift!

On the deck stood a group of sailors. They were wearing strange clothes and even stranger headgear. One of the sailors stepped towards me.

"I'm the Captain of this ship," he said. "Welcome from all of us! Oh, deep sea diver, you have succeeded in bringing back our ship which had been lost for many centuries. We've been



imprisoned inside this ship all that time, until you came and set us free. Today, we're ready to embark on a new adventure, but we cannot sail without a skilled diver like you, one of the descendants of Sinbad!"

I thought I must be dreaming, so I looked all around me to make sure this was really happening, and it wasn't a dream or my imagination. I felt so happy my wish had finally come true! To be sailing on a real ship with a group of the bravest and smartest seamen. For my parents always told me I had a mighty spirit!

The ship sailed smoothly until thick fog descended on us without warning. Quickly I climbed the ship mast but couldn't see anything because of the fog.

After a few moments I heard what sounded like flapping wings. I almost fell from the top of the mast when a seagull landed on my head. I fought the urge to laugh when I felt its feet tickling my hair. I hurried down to warn the sailors that land must be near.

"Slow down!" I shouted. "Slow down right away!"

Suddenly the ship lurched, and everyone was knocked flat on the deck. We looked up and could just make out a big rocky mountain looming before us.

I voiced my fears to the sailors. "What if that's a whole range of mountains blocking our way?"

END OF SAMPLE