

EVENT SCHEDULE

OCT. 10 2024

KANIBULO

DROPS OF BLOOD
HALLOWEEN 2024

7:30 am

Sangu Fumun

Call of the Conch shell at Kaa Kada

2:00 pm to 3:00 pm

Cocktail Apprentice *

Cocktail making class at Raa Baa

8:30 am to 09:15 am

**Himeyn Anxiety & Stress Relief
with Shri ***

at Villa 302

4:00 pm to 5:00 pm

High tea

at Jeymu Cafe

10:00 am to 11:00 am

Free Flow art session *

at Art Studio

5:00 pm to 6:00 pm

Beer tasting *

at Sobi Bar

11:00 am to 12:00 pm

Take notes *

Music lessons at Kaa studio

5:30 pm to 6:00 pm

**Shadow Within Meditation & Sound
Healing Session ***

at Villa 302

1:00 pm to 2:00 pm

Learn-a-dish cooking class *

Local dish cooking class at La Fuh Dan.
Savour your creations for lunch

9:00 pm onwards

Boduberu night with Redhan Boduberu

at Raa Baa



Halloween special

Calling all young adventurers! Join our fun-filled activities this Halloween:

10:00am to 11:00am

Craft making

make your Trick or Treat baskets

2:00pm to 3:00pm

Costume making

make your ghost costumes

4:00pm to 5:00pm

Decorating

decorate your pumpkin

5:00pm to 6:00pm

Trick or Treat

starting from Fiyoh Kids Club





HOBA SPA

*With tricks and treats and witches galore,
Lurking all night behind our Hoba Spa door.
Smoke, ashes, magic spells and infusions,
Will it be blood, or will it be potions?*

haahoorā

Smudging ritual at the valhu at Fen Vadaa
with bali furuvaalun enchantment followed
by a charcoal and salt body scrub

Limited time only

40 mins USD 89++

DARK EMBRACE

"Shadow Within" Meditation

Discover your hidden self in the **Shadow Within Meditation**, a deep and transformative session designed to explore and embrace the parts of yourself you often keep hidden. Through guided meditation and sound healing, you'll journey inward to uncover suppressed emotions, fostering self-awareness, healing, and inner balance.

On October 31, 2024

5:30pm to 6:00pm at Villa 302



KAMBULO

DROPS OF BLOOD

One day a handsome and prosperous man from an island in the east of Ari Atoll came back from fishing in the late afternoon. As soon as he entered his home he told Kambulō, his wife, to close the door. She was surprised, for Maldivians always keep the doors of their houses ajar from dawn to dusk in order to welcome visitors.

Kambulō became alarmed when she saw that her husband, usually so brave and strong, was shivering with fear. He told her that, while he was fishing, another fishing boat had come alongside his and somebody he knew had mindlessly called out his name aloud. Though the man had meant no harm, now an evil spirit might have heard his name, for they were sailing over the dark ocean waters. His wife tried to calm him down gently and prepared some of his favourite food. Night fell and the man became even more terrified. He didn't even want to go outside to urinate, so Kambulō brought him a large pot inside the house and told him she would wash it in the morning. He was very embarrassed, but his wife reassured him by promising that it would not be a difficult task for her. Kambulō slept very close to him, hugging him tight and whispering soothing words, but the man was so scared that he hardly slept.

The next morning he didn't go fishing and stayed in his home with the doors tightly shut. He told his wife not to let anyone inside the house, but she persuaded him at least to let the fanḍita man (sorcerer) come, as he could surely help out.

After a while, Kambulō came back with the sorcerer who performed some magic on her terrified husband. Three further long nights and days passed in the same manner and the woman put up patiently with her husband's mood. People in the village feared that the man had become crazy, but his wife assured them that he was only ill. Kambulō constantly tried to cheer her husband up and kept pampering him as much as she could. In the afternoon before the fifth night he seemed to have improved, but he still insisted on not going outside the house and in keeping both the front and the back door tightly shut. His wife told him, "Tonight is your father's yearly funerary fātiha reading,¹ and I have to go to your family's house to prepare for the feast."

Her husband was very scared. He told her to stay with him, but she was determined to go, "There is much washing and cooking to do, and if I don't go they will have a reason to say mean things about me. It is very important that I go."

Kambulō smiled affectionately at her husband and encouraged him, "Many days have passed and nothing has happened to you; don't be so sad! I will bring you some delicious things to eat." Then she opened the door and stepped out into the bright daylight. Immediately, the man bolted it from the inside and listened to the fading sound of his wife's steps as she left.

Kambulō worked very hard at her in-laws' house, helping the other women in the kitchen, grinding spices and cooking. When they asked her about her husband she just said that he was very sick. A while after sunset the guests began to pour into the house to enjoy the special meal prepared for them. Once the ceremony was over, the last visitors left with their stomachs full, happily chewing betel and nut.² Then the women had to wash dishes, pots and pans and put the house back in order.

¹ The reading of the Faatiha, the exordium of the Quran, was an essential part of mortuary ceremonies, the most important celebrations in traditional island life.

² Providing areca nut and betel leaf to chew to visitors was an essential part of the hospitality norms in traditional Maldivian society.

It was already late in the night when Kambulō, happy but quite tired, went back home and walked hurriedly along the dark streets. She was carrying some choice food from the funerary ritual for her husband, in a bowl and in a rolled banana leaf bundle, which she deftly balanced on her head.

She had assumed that the door of her home would be shut. But as she got close, she realized that it was wide open and the oil lamp inside had blown out. Kambulō called her husband but there was no reply, only darkness and silence. Then the woman anxiously went to look for fire.

When she came back with a lamp she stepped inside the house and found no one there. She looked at the bed and to her horror she found that there was a large stain of blood on the mat. When Kambulō inspected the floor, she saw that there was a track of small drops of blood leading from the bed to the door. Her heart pounding, the woman followed the track holding the lamp. She kept walking and walking and didn't take her eyes off the regular line of dark spots on the sand for a long time.

All of a sudden she realized that she was on the beach. The small lagoon waves were lapping the woman's feet and a sudden gust of wind blew out the lamp she was clutching. Kambulō scrutinized the gloomy waters and the cloudy horizon in the faint starlight, but there was no trace of her husband. In despair, she screamed into the dark, desolate emptiness. Then her shoulders fell and abundant tears began to pour down her cheeks.³

³ Told by Muhammadu Nūrī of Dūndigan, Fua Mulaku. He claimed he had heard this story on Ari Atoll.