

A sand coloured coat...	... to allow it to blend in with its surroundings and avoid predation.
Large ears...	... allow blood to cool in the hot desert environment.
Anal glands that can spray scent...	... repels their predators.
Fur on the pads of its paws...	... allows it to grip on shifting sands.
Nocturnal behaviour pattern...	... allows it to avoid activity in the heat of the day.
Ability to travel up to 9km a night...	... allows them more opportunities to forage.
Omnivorous diet...	... means they have a greater chance of finding food in drought conditions.
Large pads on paws...	... means they do not get burnt by the hot sand.

Diary Entry of a Wahiba Bedouin

Date: Under the Crescent Moon

The desert speaks in whispers, in the shifting sands and the cool night breeze. This land, the Sharqiya Sands, is my home, just as it was my father's and his fathers before him. To outsiders, the desert may seem barren, but to us, it is alive—every grain of sand, every gust of wind, every fleeting shadow holds a story.

The day begins before the sun stretches over the dunes. In these precious morning hours, when the air is still kind, we tend to our camels, gather water, and prepare for the rising heat. Water is our greatest treasure, more precious than gold, and we know its every hidden source—the underground wells, the seasonal pools, the moisture-rich plants that offer relief when all else is dry.

By midday, the desert turns fierce. The sun scorches the land, forcing even the bravest creatures into hiding. We retreat to our tents, woven from goat hair, designed to keep out the heat yet let in the breeze. The world slows down, and we rest, waiting for the evening's mercy.

But life here is never without its trials. The winds sometimes rise without warning, hurling sand across the land, blinding eyes and covering tracks. Sandstorms can last for hours, sometimes days. We know to read the signs in the sky, to listen to the shifting winds, and to find shelter before it is too late. And then there is the rare but dangerous flash flood, when the dry wadi becomes a raging river in mere moments.

Still, we endure. Our nomadic ways keep us moving, seeking fresh pastures for our animals. Our food—dates, camel milk, and the occasional meat—sustains us, simple but rich in strength. We share what we have, for in the desert, community is survival.

Many travellers come here now, eager to see the golden waves of the dunes, to watch the sun sink into the sands. They admire our way of life, but few truly understand what it means to live with the desert, not against it.

Tonight, as I sit by the fire, listening to the camels murmur and watching the stars shine brighter than any city light, I know that this is where I belong. The desert is not easy, but it is home. And we, the Bedouin of Sharqiya Sands, will always find a way to live in harmony with its rhythms.

Tomorrow, the sun will rise again, and we will begin anew.