So after all that, Joseph’s brothers headed back home.
   One took a young goat and cut its throat
and with the blood made a mess of his shirt,
   and all of them were in tears on their return.

There was a great tree at the side of a road, beneath which
   Jacob reclined in the shade of the leaves.
He thought he heard a voice coming from the high road,
   whose echo said just one word, perhaps, ‘seventy’.

Jacob thought: ‘Is it seventy days or years that my Joseph
   will be late? Lament, lament his late return!
Is it seventy months or seventy years, but
   my Joseph is late coming home.’

Jacob glanced in the direction of the voice. His liver
   was on fire, because Joseph was absent.
Poor Jacob constantly gazed at the road, muttering:
   ‘If only Joseph would arrive on the scene.’
At last, sad and in tears, he returned to his tent. He began to have doubts about his other sons. He had no doubt that they meant to harm Joseph; even his Namaz\(^1\) he said through his tears.

These same sons were agreeing to pretend to their father. So when they got close, they began to lament. ‘Poor Joseph, unlucky Joseph’, they constantly shrieked. ‘Alas, we permitted him to be snatched away!’

When the brothers returned home making their lament Jacob was just ending his evening prayers. The noise of their ceaseless shrieking arrived at his ears. He hurried to meet them at his tent door.

They saw him and increased their noise, tore their clothes, and yanked out their hair. One and all they feigned to mourn for Joseph their brother. ‘We let Joseph be taken from us!’

Jacob heard this and nearly went out of his mind, yelled once, and fell down unconscious. The sons observed this, and lamented even louder. ‘Forgive us! It was all a mistake!’

In ten days Jacob swooned eighteen score times, coming to, and fainting yet again. The sons observed what was happening: ‘We have slain our father!’ – everyone of them kept crying.

A new night passed, and a new dawn came, and finally poor Jacob came round. He gathered his sons, and enquired of them; ‘Where is Joseph?’ – was his only question.

They answered each and all through their tears: ‘We each aimed a shaft, and when we had shot each one of us went to recover his arrow, and only one of us remained with Joseph.

But before we got back, the disaster had occurred. That neighbourhood had a wolf, an evil creature.

\(^1\) Obligatory Prayer in Islam.