

My Dearest Grandson,

As the sun sets over our ancestral sands, I pen this letter to you, hoping it finds you well in the embrace of the future. These lands have been our home, rich with history and the black gold that has shaped our lineage. Now, as my hands grow weary with the passage of time, I entrust to you not just wealth but wisdom.

Enclosed within this letter, you will find the means to forge your path as an entrepreneur in the world of oil. The money you inherit is not merely for your comfort but a seed to plant in the fertile ground of opportunity. I wish for you to start your own oil company, one that will stand tall among the dunes, not just for profit, but as a testament to our family's legacy.

Remember, my boy, oil is more than liquid riches; it is a dance of strategy, foresight, and respect for the earth from which it comes. You must learn to read the market like the stars in the desert sky, to invest wisely, to merge with honor, and to compete with integrity. In this venture, you will face rivals, but let wisdom be your guide, not just ambition.

I pass onto you not only capital but the knowledge of our forebears. Use it to negotiate, to build, to innovate. Let your company be a bridge between tradition and the modern world, where sustainability and prosperity walk hand in hand.

As you embark on this journey, remember the stories of our ancestors, for in them lies the secret of resilience and the art of leadership. May your decisions be as wise as the old Sheikhs, your heart as generous as the desert's vastness, and your vision as clear as the night sky over our homeland.

I wish you good luck, my grandson, not for easy victories, but for the challenges that will shape you into a leader worthy of our name. May your company flourish, and may you find joy in the legacy you build.

With all my love and blessings,


Your Grandfather, Abdul Mudmullah