The 25 Prophets for Curious Kids

Stories of Faith, Courage, and Kindness



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CHAPTER I

Adam — The Very First Person

Before there were children or houses or even trees, Allah made something extraordinary.

He shaped a man out of earth — scooped from every corner of the world. The form of Adam lay still, like a statue waiting for something. Then Allah breathed life into him.

And Adam, peace be upon him, opened his eyes.

Imagine the very first breath any human being ever took. Imagine the very first pair of eyes to look up at the sky and see it was blue. That was Adam — the very first person. Allah made him sixty cubits tall, which is about as high as ten children standing on each other's shoulders. (Sahih al-Bukhari, 3326) He was strong and beautiful, and everything about him was new.

Allah had already told the angels His plan: He was going to place someone on the Earth. Some of the angels wondered. But Allah had a reason they could not yet see. He taught Adam the names of all things — every creature, every plant, every river — and then asked Adam to share those names with the angels. Adam knew every single one. "He taught Adam the names of all things." (Quran 2:31) Knowledge. That was Adam's first gift.

Then Allah asked the angels to bow to Adam as a mark of honour for this new creation. They did. All of them. Straight away.

All except one. Iblis — a jinn among the angels — refused. He said he was better than Adam, made from fire while Adam was only earth. Pride. That was what stopped him. And pride, as Adam's story shows, can close a heart off from everything good.

Allah placed Adam and his wife Hawwa in a beautiful garden — cool shade, sweet fruit, gentle rivers. They could enjoy anything they liked. Anything, except one tree. Just one. "Do not approach this tree, lest you be among the wrongdoers." (Quran 2:35)

But Iblis had not gone away. He whispered to them. Softly at first, then again and again, until one day they forgot. They ate from the tree.

The moment they did, Adam and Hawwa knew they had made a real mistake. Not a tiny one. A real one. They did not make excuses or blame each other. They turned straight to Allah and said, with full hearts:

"Our Lord, we have wronged ourselves. If You do not forgive us and have mercy on us, we will surely be among the losers." (Quran 7:23)

And Allah forgave them.

He sent them down to the Earth — not as a punishment without hope, but as the opening of a great human story. He promised He would send guidance, and those who followed it would have nothing to fear. (Quran 2:38) Adam and Hawwa landed on the wide, wild Earth and looked around them. The very first family had begun.

Here is what Adam's story whispers to every one of us: we all make mistakes. Every single person who ever lived. But the moment we turn back to Allah and say sorry — truly sorry, from the deepest corner of our hearts — He forgives. Every single time. That is how wide His mercy is.

CHAPTER II

Idris — The Man Who Loved to Learn

The night was very quiet. Outside the small mud-brick house, a whole world had gone to sleep. But inside, a lamp burned steady and warm, throwing gold light across the walls. And at the centre of that light sat a man, bent low over a square of cloth, pulling a thin needle through the weave — one careful stitch, then another, then another.

His name was Idris, peace be upon him. And he was making something the world had never seen before.

Nobody had sewn cloth like this. Not yet. The people of those early days wore rough animal skins, heavy on their shoulders. But Idris looked at thread and weave and thought: there must be a better way. He made the very first stitched garment — pressing it together with his own hands, turning it over, checking each seam. When he finally put it on, he looked up and whispered, Alhamdulillah. Good work done is its own kind of prayer.

That was exactly who Idris was. A man who watched the world with wide, curious eyes and kept asking why and how and what else can be made?

Ibn Kathir records in his Stories of the Prophets that Idris was the first person to write with a pen. The first to study the movement of stars across the night sky. Among the earliest to measure and count with real precision. He did not keep any of this to himself. He shared it — patiently, carefully — with everyone willing to sit and listen. He understood something important: knowledge passed on is a gift that never runs out. Every person who learns something good and teaches it to another carries a little light forward into the world.

And while he learned and made and taught, he prayed. Constantly. Ibn Kathir tells us his deeds were many and sincere — climbing toward Allah like smoke from a lamp that never went cold.

Allah speaks of Idris in the Quran — twice. In Surah Maryam, He says: "And mention in the Book, Idris. Indeed, he was a man of truth and a prophet. And We raised him to a high station." (Quran 19:56–57) In Surah Al-Anbiya, Idris stands among the patient and the righteous, the ones welcomed into Allah's great mercy. (Quran 21:85–86)

A high station. Think about what that means.

On the night of the Prophet Muhammad's ýú miraculous journey through the he heaven, higher and higher. In the fourth heaven, someone was there to greet him. It was Idris, peace be upon him — honoured, peaceful, at rest in the finest company of all. (Sahih al-Bukhari)

All those nights with the needle and the lamp. All those hours of study and prayer and careful, patient work. Allah had seen every single moment of it.

Here is what Idris teaches you: learning something new — truly learning it, practising it, then sharing it with someone else — is worship. Working hard at something good, even when no one is watching, is worship. The masjid matters, yes. But so does the lamp, the needle, and the willing, curious heart.

CHAPTER III

Nuh — The Patient Boatbuilder

For nine hundred and fifty years, Nuh (peace be upon him) called his people to Allah. That is not a typo. Nine. Hundred. And fifty years. (Quran 29:14)

Every single morning he woke up and tried again. He spoke softly at first — kind words, gentle questions, careful reminders. He pointed to the stars and the rain and the food on their tables, all of it a gift from the One who made them. He called to them in the daytime and whispered to them at night. (Quran 71:5)

But most of his people pressed their fingers into their ears. They pulled their cloaks over their heads so they would not have to hear a word. They walked away laughing. (Quran 71:7)

Still, Nuh did not stop.

Then one day, something different happened. Allah gave Nuh a new kind of task — not words this time, but wood and nails and hard, tired hands.

"Build a ship," Allah told him, "under Our watch and with Our guidance." (Quran 11:37)

So Nuh picked up his tools.

He had never built a ship before. But he trusted Allah completely, and so he began. Plank by plank, beam by beam, the great ark took shape far from any sea or river. His neighbors strolled past and pointed. They poked fun at an old man building a boat in the middle of dry land. It seemed completely ridiculous. (Quran 11:38)

Nuh just kept building.

When the ship was ready, Allah told him it was time. The sky cracked open with rain — not a summer shower, but a roaring, endless downpour. Water burst upward from the earth beneath their feet. (Quran 54:11–12) Nuh brought pairs of animals on board and gathered every believer who had trusted him through all those long years. There were not many. But every single one was safe.

The waves rose like mountains. The ark rode over them all. (Quran 11:42)

Even then, Nuh's heart ached. His own son refused to come aboard. "The mountain will protect me!" he shouted across the churning water. Nuh called out to him — but his son would not listen, and the flood swept him away. (Quran 11:42–43) That pain was real. But Nuh knew that no mountain, no wall, and no clever plan can protect us from Allah's decree. Only Allah's mercy can do that.

At last the rain stopped. The earth swallowed the water back down. The great ark came to rest on a mountain called Al-Judi, peaceful and still. (Quran 11:44)

Nuh had kept going. For longer than you can truly imagine, he kept going.

That is the thing about doing good. Some days feel very slow. Some days nobody claps for you, nobody says well done, nobody even notices. But if you keep going — plank by plank, kind word by kind word — you are building something that truly matters. And Allah sees every single moment of it.

CHAPTER IV

Hud — The Brave Messenger of the Tall People

Imagine the tallest person you have ever seen. Now imagine a whole city of people taller than that. Strong shoulders. Booming voices. Hands that could lift boulders most people couldn't even budge.

That was the people of 'Ad.

They lived in wide, green valleys with cattle grazing on the hillsides and fruit heavy on every branch. Allah had given them so much — good health, great strength, children, rain, and crops year after year. Everything a person could want.

But they forgot to say thank you.

Instead, they built tall towers on every hilltop just to show off. They carved statues from stone and called them gods. And whenever anyone asked, "Why do you bow to rocks?" they would laugh and say, "This is what our fathers did. We are the strongest people on Earth. Nothing bad will ever happen to us."

Pride. It filled their hearts like a locked door with no key.

Then Hud came.

He was one of them — born among the 'Ad, looked like them, spoke like them. He was their brother. One day he stood up in front of them and spoke clearly: "O my people, worship Allah; you have no deity other than Him." (Quran 7:65)

He wasn't shouting or pointing fingers. He reminded them of what they already had. "Do you not see the rain Allah sends? The crops, the rivers, the strength in your own bodies? That is from Him — not from a stone statue." (Quran 11:52) He wanted them to open their eyes and feel grateful.

They laughed.

Some crossed their arms and said, "We think you are foolish." Others called him names and told him to go away. They had been so powerful for so long that the idea of needing anyone — even Allah — felt impossible to them.

Hud kept speaking. Gently. Honestly. Day after day.

Their hearts stayed locked.

So Allah sent a sign they could not ignore. A wind. Not a gentle breeze. Not even a stormy gust. A screaming wind, howling without rest for seven nights and eight days, tearing through the valley, crashing through every tall tower the 'Ad had been so proud of. (Quran 69:6–7)

Hud and the people who believed with him were kept safe. Allah rescued them. (Quran 11:58) The rest — all that pride, all those towers — turned to dust.

It is a sad story. Because Hud tried so hard to help them.

Here is the thing about gratitude. When you say thank you and truly mean it, something opens inside you. You see more clearly. You feel more kindly. You want to share what you have.

Pride works the other way. It whispers, I did this myself. I don't need anyone. And the longer you listen, the harder it is to hear anything else — even the voice of someone who loves you enough to tell you the truth.

Be like Hud. Brave enough to speak honestly. Gentle enough to say it with kindness.

And never forget to say thank you to the One who gave you everything.

CHAPTER V

Salih — The Prophet and the Miracle Camel

The valley of Thamud was full of strong, clever people. They carved their homes right out of the red cliffsides — cool, beautiful rooms cut from solid rock, where they slept through the hottest part of the desert day. They were proud of all they had built. Very proud.

But they had forgotten something important.

Salih, peace be upon him, was one of their own. He stood before them and said plainly: "O my people, worship Allah. You have no other god than Him." (Quran 11:61) He wasn't shouting. He was simply telling the truth, the way you might tell a friend their coat was on backwards — kindly, because you wanted them to be alright.

The people of Thamud crossed their arms.

"Bring us a sign," they said. "If you really are a prophet, show us something impossible."

Salih prayed. And then, before every watching eye, a great rock split open with a sound like thunder — and out stepped a camel. A real, breathing, living camel, with a coat the colour of sand and dark, calm eyes.

Silence fell over the valley. Complete silence.

Salih spoke carefully. Allah had sent this camel as a sign and a trust. She was to roam freely, eat where she wished, and drink from the valley's water. One day she would drink; the next, her milk would be enough for the whole tribe. All they had to do was leave her in peace. "Do not touch her with harm, lest there seize you a painful punishment." (Quran 7:73)

That was all. Just leave her alone.

For a while, they did. The camel moved through the valley like something sacred — which she was. Children watched her pass. Mothers filled their pots with her milk. It was enough. More than enough.

But some men grew restless. They didn't like the reminder she brought — that something greater than their carved-rock houses was watching over them. One day, a man named Qidar raised his blade and hamstrung the she-camel.

Salih's heart broke.

He said, his voice full of sorrow: "Enjoy yourselves in your homes for three days — that is a promise not to be denied." (Quran 11:65) He had warned them. He had pleaded with them. He had done everything a loving messenger could do.

On the fourth morning, a great cry split the sky. The valley of Thamud grew very, very still.

Salih walked away with tears on his face, grieving for a people who had been given a beautiful, breathing miracle — and had not known how to treat it with care.

When you are trusted with something special — a promise, a pet, a friend's secret — that trust is a gift from Allah. Hold it gently. Hold it the way it deserves.

CHAPTER VI

Ibrahim — The Friend of Allah

One night, a little boy sat outside and stared up at the sky.

The stars were blazing — thousands of them, so bright they hurt his eyes. Everyone around him worshipped statues carved from wood and stone, but Ibrahim (peace be upon him) had always felt something was not quite right about that. So he watched. He waited. He thought very hard.

A single star burned brighter than all the rest. That, he said to himself, must be my Lord. But then it faded and went out. The moon rose next — big and silver and beautiful — and he thought, surely this is it. Then the moon sank below the hills and was gone too. Finally, the sun came blazing up over the horizon, flooding the whole world in gold. Surely, surely this. But by afternoon even the sun was dipping away.

And that is when it clicked.

Things that disappear cannot be God. Things that come and go were made by something else — something that never comes and never goes. Ibrahim turned his face toward the One who made the heavens and the earth, and his heart felt steady and clear for the first time. (Quran 6:76–79)

He grew up knowing the truth. But the people around him — even his own father — kept making and bowing to idols. Ibrahim could not stay quiet. One day, while everyone had gone to a festival, he walked into the temple alone, picked up an axe, and smashed every idol in the room — except the biggest one. He left the axe in the big one's hands as a joke, a question: if these statues are gods, why can't they even defend themselves? (Quran 21:58–63)

The people were furious. They built a bonfire so huge it lit up the whole city and threw Ibrahim in. But Allah said to the fire: "Be coolness and safety upon Ibrahim." (Quran 21:69) The flames did not burn him. Not even his hair. He walked out as calm as if he had been sitting in a garden.

Still, the hardest test was yet to come.

Ibrahim was given a son he loved more than words can say — Ismail. Then one night, Allah showed Ibrahim in a dream that he must sacrifice his boy. Ibrahim told Ismail what he had seen. And Ismail, brave and trusting, said: "Do what you have been commanded. You will find me, if Allah wills, patient." (Quran 37:102) They both obeyed. At the very last moment, Allah called out: "You have fulfilled the dream." A ram was sent in place of Ismail. (Quran 37:104–107)

Allah was not asking for Ismail's life. He was asking if Ibrahim loved Him most of all.

He did.

That is why, in the Quran, Allah gave Ibrahim the most precious title any person has ever received: Khalilullah — the intimate friend of Allah. (Quran 4:125)

The lesson: Standing up for what is right — even when it is scary, even when no one agrees with you — is exactly what makes a true friend of Allah.

CHAPTER VII

Lut — The Caller in a Faraway City

Long before you or I were born, a man named Lut arrived in a city full of noise and colour and hustle — and he arrived alone.

He had come with the prophet Ibrahim, his uncle, all the way from the land of Mesopotamia. When they reached a crossroads, Ibrahim went one way, and Lut set his face toward a cluster of cities in the valley below. Allah had chosen him as a messenger to those people. So Lut walked down the hill, took a deep breath, and began.

A Stranger Who Kept Calling

The city was lively. Markets clattered. People laughed and argued and bought and sold. But behind all that noise was something sad. The people had turned away from Allah, and they had taken to doing things that were deeply wrong — things no people had ever done before them, as Allah describes in the Quran: "Do you commit such immorality as no one has preceded you with from among the worlds?" (Al-A'raf 7:80).

Every day, Lut called to them. Gently. Patiently. "I am a trustworthy messenger to you," he told them (Ash-Shu'ara 26:162). Every day, most of them laughed or looked away. Years passed. Still he called.

That is a kind of courage people do not talk about enough — the courage to keep going when no one is listening.

The Most Important Guests

One evening, three visitors came to Lut's door. They looked like young men, travellers, tired from the road. Lut did not know — not yet — that they were angels sent by Allah.

But he welcomed them anyway. That was simply who he was.

He brought them inside. He offered them food and rest. Even though this city was not kind to strangers, his home was a safe place. His door was open.

Then trouble arrived. A crowd gathered outside, demanding he hand his guests over to them. Lut stood in the doorway, shielding them. "These are my guests," he said, "so do not shame me." (Al-Hijr 15:68). His heart was pounding. He was one man against many.

The Angels Speak

Then the guests spoke. "We are messengers of your Lord," they said. "They will never reach you." (Hud 11:81). They were not travellers at all.

Relief. And then urgent instructions: take your family, leave the city tonight, and do not look back.

Lut gathered his household in the dark and walked away. His wife, who had sided with the people of the city in her heart, did not come with them. Before morning, Allah overturned the city, and it was gone.

The Quran marks it plainly: "We saved him and his family, except his wife; she was of those who remained." (Al-A'raf 7:83).

The Open Door

The Prophet Muhammad ﷺ once said: "Whoever believes in Allah and the Last guest." (Sahih al-Bukhari, no. 6018).

Lut lived that teaching before it was even written down.

He did not know those visitors were angels. He did not welcome them because he expected a reward. He welcomed them because that is what a good heart does — it opens the door.

When you make a friend feel at home, when you share your snack, when you scoot over so someone has a place to sit — you are doing something small that matters enormously. Kindness to guests is not just good manners. It is a sign of faith.

CHAPTER VIII

Ismail — The Boy in the Valley

The valley was silent. No trees. No rivers. No houses. Just sand, rock, and sky stretching out in every direction as far as a pair of eyes could see.

Ibrahim (peace be upon him) had walked his wife Hajar and their tiny baby Ismail to this place — a dry hollow called Makkah — and then, very quietly, he turned to leave.

Hajar called after him. "Ibrahim! Why are you leaving us here?"

He did not answer.

She asked again. Still nothing. Then she asked the question that mattered most. "Did Allah command you to do this?"

Ibrahim stopped. "Yes," he said.

Hajar nodded. "Then He will not neglect us." (Sahih al-Bukhari, Book of Prophets, narrated by Ibn Abbas)

Just like that. No tears, no argument. She trusted Allah completely, and that trust was stronger than any wall or roof could ever be.

For a little while, things were all right. They had a small leather bag of dates and a water-skin. But babies need a great deal of water, and the sun in that valley was fierce and bright. The water ran out. Hajar's lips went dry. Baby Ismail cried and cried.

She could not bear to watch him. So she did the only thing she could — she ran.

She climbed the hill of Safa and looked out, searching for anyone, any sign of life. Nothing. She ran down and across to the hill of Marwa. She looked again. Nothing. Back to Safa. Back to Marwa. Seven times she ran between those two hills, her heart hammering, her eyes scanning the horizon. Seven times.

On her seventh run, she heard something. A voice — or maybe a sound like rushing wings. She spun around. There, near where Ismail lay, an angel had struck the earth with his heel, and from the sand, cold, clean water began to gush up out of the ground. Zamzam. (Sahih al-Bukhari, Book of Prophets, narrated by Ibn Abbas)

Water. Right there, in the emptiest place imaginable.

Hajar cupped it in her hands and drank. She fed her baby. She said, "Zum! Zum!" — an old word meaning "stop, stop!" — trying to keep the water from spreading too far. And the spring kept flowing. It flows to this day.

Years passed. Ismail grew tall and strong in that valley, which slowly became a town as more people arrived, drawn by the water.

One day, old Ibrahim came back. He and Ismail had a job to do — Allah had asked them to build a house of worship right there in Makkah. The Ka'bah. Father and son worked together, lifting stone after stone, and as they built, they prayed: "Our Lord, accept this from us." (Quran 2:127)

Every stone carried a prayer. Every prayer carried a heart full of trust.

And that is the secret Hajar showed the world on the day the water appeared: when you truly trust Allah, help can come from the most unexpected places — even from dry, empty ground beneath your feet.

CHAPTER IX

Ishaq — The Gift Nobody Expected

The tent was quiet.

Just the soft sound of wind, and the creak of cloth in the afternoon heat. Ibrahim (peace be upon him) and his wife Sarah were resting — two very old people who had lived long, full lives in the service of Allah. Sarah's hair had gone silver long ago. Ibrahim's beard was white as cotton. They were content. But in all those long years together, they had never had a child.

Then the visitors arrived.

Three of them. They looked like travellers, but something about the way they moved was different — still, and calm, and quiet with purpose. Ibrahim, as he always did, rushed to welcome them. He brought a roasted calf and laid it before them as a meal. But the visitors did not eat. Their hands did not reach for the food at all. (Quran 11:70)

Something tightened in Ibrahim's chest.

"Fear not," they said. They were angels — sent from Allah, on their way to the people of Lut, and they had stopped with a message. A gift, folded inside a few quiet words.

Sarah was standing nearby when she heard it.

A baby is coming.

She laughed. The way a person laughs at something so surprising and wonderful they simply cannot hold still — a sharp, bright sound that surprised even her. Then she pressed her hand to her face. "How can this be?" she said. "I am an old woman, and my husband is an old man." (Quran 11:72)

She was not wrong to be amazed. She was nearly ninety years old. Ibrahim was about a hundred. Babies do not usually come to grandparents of that age. Not by the rules of the ordinary world.

But the angels turned to her gently. "Are you amazed at the decree of Allah?" they asked. Then they said something so beautiful it has echoed down the centuries: "May the mercy of Allah and His blessings be upon you, O people of the house." (Quran 11:73)

That is the thing about Allah's promises. They do not follow our rules.

And so Ishaq (peace be upon him) was born. A real baby, breathing and blinking, in the arms of a mother who had waited almost a whole lifetime. Allah even added a second promise: after Ishaq would come a grandson named Yaqub. One gift, wrapped inside another. (Quran 11:71)

Ishaq grew up walking in his father's footsteps. He learned about the One God — the God who made the stars and the sand and the wide, blue sky. He carried that same message forward, just as Ibrahim had done, just as Allah had planned from the very beginning. (Quran 37:112)

That is what a promise from Allah looks like. Not a maybe. Not a one day, perhaps. A certainty — arriving in exactly the right way, at exactly the right time.

So the next time something feels impossible — too far away, too big, too much — remember Sarah. Remember her laugh turning to tears of joy. Remember that the very thing she thought could never happen was already on its way to her.

Allah's promises always come true. Always.

CHAPTER X

Yaqub — The Father Who Never Lost Hope

The night was cool and quiet. Above the little tent, the sky was packed with stars — more than you could ever count.

Yaqub sat with his young son Yusuf pressed close against his side. Yusuf's eyes were wide and shining. He had something to tell.

"Baba," Yusuf whispered, "I had the most wonderful dream."

He had seen eleven stars, he said. And the sun. And the moon. And every one of them — every single one — had bowed down to him. (Quran 12:4)

Yaqub listened carefully. He was a prophet, and he understood that dreams like this were not ordinary. Something great was written for this boy.

But he also knew something else. He had eleven other sons, and some of them might not be glad to hear about stars bowing to their younger brother.

"Keep this to yourself, my son," Yaqub said gently. "Do not tell your brothers. Allah has beautiful plans for you. We must be patient." (Quran 12:5)

Yaqub loved all his children. But there was something about Yusuf — his gentleness, his goodness, the soft light that seemed to live behind his eyes. Yaqub loved him deeply. That kind of love, the kind that catches in your chest when you look at someone, is one of Allah's greatest gifts.

Then came the terrible day.

Yusuf went out with his brothers, and he did not come back.

The brothers returned that evening carrying a shirt stained with blood and telling a story about a wolf. Yaqub looked at the shirt. He looked at their faces. And he knew. He did not know exactly what had happened — but he knew his boys were not telling the truth.

His heart broke. Quietly. Into a thousand pieces.

He wept so long and so deeply that his eyes turned white with grief. (Quran 12:84) That is how much he loved his son.

But here is the most important thing about Yaqub.

He never gave up.

When his sons asked, "Will you keep grieving like this forever?" Yaqub said, "I complain of my suffering and my grief only to Allah. And I know from Allah what you do not know." (Quran 12:86)

He was not angry at Allah. He was not lost. Deep down, in the quiet centre of his heart, he trusted that Allah was watching over Yusuf — wherever that boy was. Ibn Kathir writes that Yaqub held firm to the belief that his son was still alive, and he held onto that belief through every long, lonely year.

He kept making du'a. He kept hoping. He told his sons, "Do not despair of Allah's mercy. No one despairs of Allah's relief except people who have stopped believing." (Quran 12:87)

And he was right.

Allah reunited them. Father and son, arms wrapped around each other, tears falling like rain.

Hope — real hope in Allah — is never, ever wasted.

CHAPTER XI

Yusuf — The Dreamer Who Forgave

Some stories begin with a dream.

Yusuf (peace be upon him) was still a boy when he ran to his father Yaqub, eyes shining, words tumbling out fast. He had dreamed of eleven stars, and the sun, and the moon — all of them bowing down to him. "I saw them prostrating to me," he said (Quran 12:4).

Yaqub listened carefully. He knew this dream carried something big. But he also knew his son's older brothers — how easily a heart can tip from love to jealousy — and he whispered a warning: "Do not tell your brothers" (Quran 12:5).

Good advice. Too late.

The brothers had already noticed. They had seen how brightly their father's eyes lit up whenever Yusuf walked into the room, and a cold, heavy feeling had grown in their chests. One day, out in the open countryside, they grabbed Yusuf and dropped him into a deep, dark well. Then they went home and told their father a wolf had eaten him (Quran 12:10, 17).

At the bottom of that well — cold, alone, afraid — Yusuf did not curse his brothers. He trusted Allah.

A passing caravan pulled him out and sold him to a nobleman in Egypt. In that great palace, he was tested again. He was lied about. Blamed for something he never did. And he landed in prison, where he spent years that felt endless (Quran 12:25, 36).

Even in prison, Yusuf kept his honesty. He helped the men around him. He shared what he knew. He never stopped trusting that Allah had not forgotten him (Quran 12:37–38).

He hadn't.

The king of Egypt had a dream no one could explain — seven fat cows eaten by seven thin ones, seven green stalks swallowed by seven dry ones. Someone remembered a kind young prisoner who understood dreams. Yusuf was brought before the king, explained everything clearly, and the king made him one of the most powerful leaders in all of Egypt (Quran 12:47–55).

Then, years later, a group of hungry travellers arrived from far away.

They were his brothers.

They stood in front of him, not recognising him at all, heads bowed, asking for food. Yusuf looked at each face. He knew every one of them.

He could have sent them away. He could have made them feel just a little of what he had felt at the bottom of that well.

He didn't.

He told them who he was — and instead of anger, the words that came out were simply this: "No blame will there be upon you today" (Quran 12:92). He wept. They wept. He held them close. The dream from so many years ago had finally, fully come true — and the ending was not revenge. It was forgiveness.

The Quran calls his story "the best of stories" (Quran 12:3). The Prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him) said that Yusuf was the son of a prophet, the grandson of a prophet, and the great-grandson of Ibrahim — the very friend of Allah (Sahih al-Bukhari, 3374).

Forgiveness does not mean pretending something never hurt you. It means choosing love anyway. That choice — the hardest one you will ever make — is one of the greatest gifts you can give to someone else. And, very often, to yourself.

CHAPTER XII

Ayyub — The Most Patient Man Who Ever Lived

Long before you or I were born, there lived a man whose heart was so full of thankfulness that the very walls of his home seemed to glow with it.

His name was Ayyub, peace be upon him.

He had fields that stretched to the horizon, children who laughed in the courtyard, and friends who traveled from distant places just to sit beside him. But none of that was what made Ayyub special. What made him special was this: he thanked Allah for every single bit of it. Every sunrise. Every meal. Every healthy morning.

Then the tests came.

One by one, the fields dried up. One by one, his children were gone. And then, slowly and painfully, sickness crept into Ayyub's own body and would not leave. His skin ached. His bones ached. The illness stayed for years — long, hard, quiet years that would have broken most people completely.

But Ayyub did something extraordinary. He did not shout at the sky. He did not complain to his neighbours or ask, "Why me?" He sat very still, and he turned only to Allah.

His wife — loyal and loving — stayed beside him through all of it, caring for him even on the hardest days. That, too, was a gift. And Ayyub noticed it.

The Prophet Muhammad, peace be upon him, once told us a small, shining story about Ayyub's heart. During his long trial, golden locusts rained down from the sky — and Ayyub, even in his weakness, began gathering them into his garment. Allah asked him: "O Ayyub, have I not made you rich enough to need not what you see?" And Ayyub answered simply: "Yes, my Lord — but I cannot do without Your blessing." (Sahih al-Bukhari, 3391)

That is not just patience. That is patience with gratitude still tucked inside it.

Then came the prayer. Soft and sure, like a single candle in a very dark room:

"Harm has touched me, and You are the Most Merciful of the merciful." (Surah Al-Anbiya, 21:83)

No long speech. No list of complaints. Just the truth, placed gently before the One who already knew every single detail.

Allah answered immediately. He told Ayyub to strike the earth with his foot. A cool, clean spring burst from the ground. Ayyub drank. He bathed. The illness vanished as if it had never been there at all. And then Allah gave back Ayyub's family — and doubled what he had lost — as a mercy from Him and a sign for all of us. (Surah Sad, 38:41–43)

The Quran calls Ayyub an excellent servant — a man who kept turning back to Allah, again and again, no matter what life brought him.

That is the superpower the chapter title promised. Patience does not mean pretending nothing hurts. It means trusting, even in the deepest dark, that Allah is closer to you than your own heartbeat.

Wherever you are. Whatever you are carrying.

He hears.

CHAPTER XIII

Shu'ayb — The Prophet of the Marketplace

The sun was already blazing when Shu'ayb walked into the market of Madyan.

Stalls lined both sides of the dusty road. Sellers called out their prices. Customers haggled. Children darted between adult legs, chasing each other past sacks of grain and tall clay pots of oil and jars of dark honey. Noisy. Colourful. Full of life.

And right in the middle of all that noise, Shu'ayb stopped.

He had seen something. A merchant was measuring out grain for a woman, and just as he placed the weights on the scale — just for a heartbeat — his thumb pressed lightly down on the pan. The needle tilted. The woman paid for more grain than she was getting. She walked away with a short sack and no idea. The merchant turned to his next customer, already counting his extra coins.

Shu'ayb felt it in his chest like a stone.

He was a prophet of Allah, sent to these people — his own people, the Midianites — and he knew exactly what Allah had asked him to say. So he spoke. Gently. Kindly. But clearly.

"O my people, worship Allah — you have no god but Him. Give full measure and full weight, and do not take from people what is rightly theirs." (Quran 7:85)

Some people paused. Most walked on. A few laughed out loud.

"Shu'ayb," they said, folding their arms, "does your prayer really tell you what we can do with our scales?" (Quran 11:87)

He didn't shout back. That was never his way. He was patient. He came back the next morning, and the morning after that — market day after market day, the same gentle voice carrying the same steady message.

"Give full measure and full weight in justice. Do not deprive people of what belongs to them. What Allah leaves you after honest dealing — that is better for you." (Quran 11:85–86)

What he meant was simple. The small amount you gain by pressing your thumb on the scale is not a real gain. It steals trust. It steals fairness. The Prophet Muhammad ﷺ later put it plain tell the truth and hide nothing, Allah puts blessing into their exchange — but when they cheat and conceal, that blessing is lost. (Sahih al-Bukhari, 2079)

Shu'ayb had known it all along.

But his people kept refusing. They loved their clever tricks far more than they loved the truth. And so, after years of patient calling, a great trembling sent by Allah stilled the whole city. (Quran 7:91)

Shu'ayb and the small number who had believed him walked away safe.

The Lesson in the Market

Honesty is not just a nice idea. It is a gift you hand to every person you meet — the gift of fairness, the gift of being someone others can trust. Every time you tell the truth when it would have been so much easier to lie, you are following in the footsteps of Shu'ayb, peace be upon him.

No thumb on the scale. Just honesty. And that is worth more than anything.

CHAPTER XIV

Musa — The Staff and the Sea

A tiny basket bobs on the wide River Nile. Inside, curled up and fast asleep, is a baby boy.

His mother placed him there because she was afraid. Pharaoh — the most powerful king in all of Egypt — had ordered that every Israelite baby boy must be killed. But Allah had breathed a promise into her heart: Cast him into the river. Do not fear. We will return him to you (Quran 28:7). She trusted that promise with everything she had. She let go.

The current carried the basket right to the bank of Pharaoh's own palace. Pharaoh's wife found it. She lifted the baby and loved him immediately. "Do not kill him," she told her husband. "Perhaps he will benefit us, or we will take him as a son" (Quran 28:9). And so the boy who would one day stand against Pharaoh grew up inside Pharaoh's own home. Eating at his table. Wearing Egyptian linen.

That boy's name was Musa.

He grew into a serious, strong young man. After a difficult incident in the city, Musa left Egypt and walked for many days to a land called Madyan. He settled there, married, and looked after sheep on quiet hillsides. Safe. Ordinary. Or so it seemed.

Then came the night that changed everything.

Travelling with his family through darkness, Musa spotted a light on the slope of a mountain. He told them to wait. He walked closer. And what he found was not a campfire — it was a bush blazing with brilliant light, and a voice was coming from it.

The voice of Allah.

"O Musa, I am your Lord. Remove your sandals — you are in the sacred valley of Tuwa. I have chosen you, so listen to what is revealed" (Quran 20:11–13).

Barefoot. Alone. On holy ground. And Allah, the Creator of everything, speaking directly to him. Musa listened. Allah gave him two great signs: his plain wooden staff became a real, living snake (Quran 20:20), and his hand shone with a pure white light (Quran 20:22). Then came the command — return to Egypt, and free the Children of Israel.

Musa turned around and walked back.

Pharaoh refused to believe. He called Musa a liar and a magician. He sent his entire army thundering after the believers as they fled toward the sea.

That is when Musa raised his staff.

He struck the water, and the sea split open — each side rising up like a great towering mountain (Quran 26:63). A dry road appeared through the middle. Every single believer walked across it.

Safe. Free. On the other side.

This is what Musa's story teaches you: Allah can do anything. A basket on a river becomes a palace bedroom. A shepherd's wooden stick becomes a sign from heaven. An impossible wall of water becomes a road. When you trust Allah — really, truly trust Him — He always finds a way. Even when you cannot see it yet.

CHAPTER XV

Harun — The Brother Who Helped

Imagine standing in front of a burning bush that glows and crackles but never burns away — and hearing Allah speak your name.

That is exactly what happened to Musa (peace be upon him) on the slopes of a quiet mountain. In that blazing, holy light, Allah gave him the most frightening mission in the world: walk into the palace of Pharaoh — the most powerful king in Egypt — and demand that he free the Children of Israel.

Musa was brave. But he also had a stammer. Words sometimes caught and tangled before they reached his lips. How will I convince a proud king if I struggle to speak?

So he turned to Allah and asked.

"My Lord, expand for me my chest and ease my task, and untie the knot from my tongue so they may understand my speech. And appoint for me a minister from my family — Harun, my brother." (Surah Ta-Ha, 20:25–30)

Allah said yes.

Harun (peace be upon him) had a voice like still water. Calm and smooth, easy to follow even when the words were difficult. He was patient and kind, and he knew how to say a hard thing in a gentle way. Allah had even made him a prophet in his own right — "And We gave him out of Our mercy his brother Harun as a prophet" (Surah Maryam, 19:53) — two brothers, two messengers, one mission.

Together they pushed through the palace gates. Past the marble columns. Past the guards with their long spears. When they stood before Pharaoh on his high throne, Harun's steady presence helped Musa deliver every word Allah had sent them to say.

Pharaoh refused. Again and again, he refused. But the brothers kept returning. Patient. Firm. Together.

Then came the forty nights.

Allah called Musa up the mountain to receive the Torah — His words, written in light. Before leaving, Musa turned to his brother: "Take my place among my people, do right by them, and do not follow the way of the corrupters." (Surah Al-A'raf, 7:142)

Harun took that trust seriously. When some people wandered toward a golden calf while Musa was away, Harun called out to them. He warned them. He pleaded, gently and again and again. He did not run. He did not give up.

When Musa returned and asked him why things had gone wrong, Harun replied: "I feared that you would say, 'You caused division among the Children of Israel.'" (Surah Ta-Ha, 20:94) He had stayed at his post. Done

everything he could with the gifts Allah gave him.

That is who Harun was. Not the loudest voice in the room. Not the most famous name in the story. Just always there — always beside his brother, always pointing toward what was right.

The very best friends are exactly like that. They don't need the big moment for themselves. They just show up — quietly, faithfully, lovingly — and make doing the right thing a little bit easier for everyone around them.

CHAPTER XVI

Dhul-Kifl — The One Who Kept Every Promise

The old man called his people together beneath the open sky. He had led them for many years — settling their arguments, lifting the weak, keeping things fair — and now, at last, he was ready to pass that weight to younger shoulders.

"I have three questions," he said, his voice steady and clear. "Who among you will fast every single day? Who will pray through every single night? And who will never — not even once — let anger be their master?"

Silence fell over the crowd. People glanced at each other. No one spoke.

Then a young man stepped forward. "I will."

The old man looked at him carefully. "Are you sure?"

"I will," the young man said again. And then a third time — quietly, firmly: "I will."

Three times. That matters. A promise spoken three times is a promise that has been properly weighed.

The old man placed his trust in the young man, and that young man became known to us as Dhul-Kifl, peace be upon him. Some scholars say his name means the one who made a pledge — the keeper of his word. Allah, the Most High, praises him in the Quran alongside Ismail and Idris, calling him one of "the patient" and one of "the outstanding" (Surah Al-Anbiya 21:85–86; Surah Sad 38:48).

Patient. Outstanding. Both words have to be earned.

The testing came early one morning, not long after he took on his new role. Dhul-Kifl had prayed through the entire night — every quiet bow, every whispered word — and had only just closed his eyes to rest when: knock knock knock.

An old man at the door. A complaint. A muddled story about an injustice that needed sorting. Dhul-Kifl was exhausted, but he sat up, rubbed his face, and listened. He gave his judgment with care and fairness. He did not rush. He did not snap.

The man left. Dhul-Kifl closed his eyes.

Knock knock knock.

The same man. Another complaint. Another long, winding story. Another slow tug on a patience that was already stretched very thin.

He breathed. He listened. He answered — kindly, just as before.

This happened again. And again. Each knock came at the exact moment when a tired, ordinary person might finally say something sharp and regret it. Ibn Kathir, in his Stories of the Prophets, records that the one knocking at that door was Shaytan himself, wearing the disguise of a troubled old man, searching for one crack in Dhul-Kifl's resolve — one flicker of rage, one broken promise.

He never found it.

Fasting every day. Praying every night. A heart that refused to be ruled by anger.

You might think a promise is just words. But Dhul-Kifl understood something important: a promise is a piece of yourself that you give to someone else. When you break it, something chips away at who you are. When you keep it — especially when keeping it is hard — you build something solid inside. Something real.

Being someone others can always count on does not happen by accident. It happens one kept promise at a time.

CHAPTER XVII

Dawud — The Shepherd Boy Who Became a King

Long before Dawud (peace be upon him) wore a crown, he wore dust on his sandals.

He was a shepherd boy. One of eight brothers — the youngest, the smallest, the one nobody sent to important meetings. While his older brothers stood in armour with the army of the Israelites, Dawud was out on the green hills, watching the sheep.

But something happened on those hills.

When Dawud opened his mouth to praise Allah, the whole world seemed to stop and listen. Birds circled overhead. They didn't fly away. They joined in. Mountains rang with the sound of his voice, the way a bell rings long after you've struck it. Allah tells us in the Quran: "O mountains, echo with him [Our praises], and the birds [too]." (Surah Saba, 34:10) Imagine that — a boy singing to his Lord, and the sky answering back.

That voice came from a heart that was absolutely sure of one thing: Allah is real, Allah is near, and nothing is too hard for Him.

The Day Nobody Expected

Then came Jalut.

Jalut was a warrior the size of a doorway. He had armour, a spear, and an army at his back. The soldiers of the Israelites looked at him and went very quiet. Even the bravest ones shuffled backwards.

Dawud stepped forward.

No armour. No sword. Just a sling, some smooth stones, and that steady heart.

His brothers probably told him to go home. Go back to the sheep, little one. But Dawud knew that courage isn't about being the biggest in the field. It is about trusting the One who made the field.

He placed a stone in his sling. He swung it. And Jalut fell.

The Quran records: "So they defeated them by permission of Allah, and David killed Goliath, and Allah gave him the kingship and wisdom and taught him from that which He willed." (Surah Al-Baqarah, 2:251)

One stone. One boy. And the permission of Allah.

The King Who Listened

Dawud grew into a king, but he never forgot the hillside. He judged between people with fairness. He listened carefully before he spoke. Allah softened iron for him with His own command (Surah Saba, 34:10) — he

could shape it with his bare hands, making armour to protect his people.

And Allah gave him the Zabur — a book of beautiful praises and prayers, what we know as the Psalms. The Prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him) said that the recitation of Dawud was the most beloved recitation to Allah (Sahih al-Bukhari). That shepherd-boy voice never really left him.

What Dawud Teaches Us

You don't need to be the tallest. You don't need to be the oldest, or the loudest, or the one everyone notices.

Dawud was none of those things when he walked onto that field.

He just brought his trust in Allah — and that turned out to be more than enough.

CHAPTER XVIII

Sulayman — The King Who Talked to Animals

The army stretched as far as the eye could see.

Row upon row of men marched in the morning sunlight. Behind them came the jinn — invisible to most, but real and powerful. Above them, birds flew in tight formation, wings spread wide, casting moving shadows across the valley floor. This was the army of Sulayman, son of Dawud, king of a kingdom unlike any other that had ever existed on Earth.

And Sulayman could hear every single creature in it.

That gift — the language of birds, the speech of animals — was given to him by Allah. He said so himself, with gratitude rather than pride: "O people, we have been taught the language of birds, and we have been given from all things. Indeed, this is evident bounty." (Surah An-Naml, 27:16)

One morning, the great procession was crossing a valley — ten thousand hooves and footsteps — when a tiny voice rose up through all that noise.

An ant.

She was calling out to her friends: "O ants, enter your dwellings that you not be crushed by Sulayman and his soldiers while they perceive not." (Surah An-Naml, 27:18)

She was not angry. She was not frightened of the king. She simply knew the army was coming and wanted every ant she loved to be safe. That was all.

And Sulayman, riding at the very front of his vast army, heard every single word.

He smiled. Then he laughed — a full, warm, delighted laugh — and he stopped. He bowed his head and made a prayer, right there on the road: "My Lord, enable me to be grateful for Your favour which You have bestowed upon me and upon my parents and to do righteousness of which You approve." (Surah An-Naml, 27:19)

Think about that for a moment. The most powerful king alive — a man who commanded the wind, who ruled over men and jinn and birds — heard a tiny ant worrying about her family, and his very first thought was: Thank You, Allah.

Not look how great I am. Not clear the way. Just gratitude.

Allah had given Sulayman extraordinary gifts. The wind obeyed him, blowing by his command wherever he directed. (Surah Al-Anbiya, 21:81) The jinn built great arches and halls for him and dived deep into the seas. His kingdom stretched over lands no ruler before or after him would ever hold. (Surah Sad, 38:35)

But Sulayman never forgot where every single gift came from.

That is the secret hidden inside this story. Sulayman was not wise because he was powerful. He was wise because he was grateful. He used every gift to serve Allah and to be fair to the people — and even the tiny creatures — in his care.

You might never command the wind. You might never hear an ant speak.

But you can do the one thing Sulayman did best.

Stop. Look at what you have. And say: Thank You, Allah.

True wisdom always begins right there.

CHAPTER XIX

Ilyas — The Voice on the Mountain

The sun was setting over a valley of stone when Ilyas (peace be upon him) climbed to the top of the hill one more time.

Below him, the market was loud with voices. Smoke curled up from the rooftops. And in the very centre of the town, lit by torches and wrapped in the smell of burning oil, stood a great idol called Ba'l — tall and still and made of cold stone. Every evening, the people brought gifts to it. They bowed their heads before it. They called its name when they needed help.

Ilyas watched all of this and his heart ached.

Because he knew — he knew in the deepest part of him — that Ba'l could not hear them. Ba'l could not help them. Ba'l had never once breathed or moved or made anything at all. Allah, the One who made the mountains and the stars and every beating heart, was the only One worth calling to.

So Ilyas called out. Again.

"Will you not fear Allah?" he asked them, his voice carrying down the hill. "Do you call upon Ba'l and leave the best of creators — Allah, your Lord and the Lord of your former fathers?" (Quran 37:125–126)

The people looked up, muttered, and turned away.

They had heard him before. Many times. They were not interested.

Now, here is the hard part of Ilyas's story — and perhaps the most important part. Nobody made a big announcement. Nobody threw him a party. The people went on with their evenings as if he had said nothing at all. A lesser person might have stopped. Might have thought: what is the point?

But Ilyas kept going.

He spoke kindly. He spoke clearly. He climbed the same hill. He called out the same truth. Because he understood something that children and grown-ups both need to hear: doing the right thing has a value even when no one is watching. Even when no one claps. Even when no one says thank you.

A small number of people listened. They believed. And Allah called them His chosen servants (Quran 37:128).

As for Ilyas — Allah made him a promise. Not a palace, not gold. Something more lasting.

Allah said He would leave Ilyas a beautiful mention, forever, among every people and every age that came after. "Peace upon Ilyas," said Allah (Quran 37:130). His name, his goodness, his voice on that hill — carried forward across thousands of years, all the way to you reading this now.

That is what doing good does. It echoes.

You might not always see it happen. You might tie your shoes quietly, share your lunch without making a fuss, say something kind to someone who looks sad. No one might notice. But Allah notices. Every time.

And the echoes last forever.

CHAPTER XX

Al-Yasa — The Gentle Prophet Who Carried On

There is a kind of person who never stands at the front. They carry the water. They walk a step behind. They listen more than they speak. And everyone around them thinks, he's just the helper.

They are wrong.

Al-Yasa — peace be upon him — spent his early years walking beside the prophet Ilyas. Day after day, hill after rocky hill, he was there. When Ilyas called the people of the land back to Allah, Al-Yasa listened to every word. When the people shook their heads and turned away, Al-Yasa watched how Ilyas kept going anyway, steady as a tree in wind. When the road was long and the work was hard, Al-Yasa was still there, quiet and ready and faithful.

He was not just keeping Ilyas company. He was learning everything.

He learned that a soft voice can carry a big truth. He learned that patience is not the same as giving up — it is, in fact, the bravest kind of courage there is. He learned that the message does not belong to one person. It is bigger than any one person. And when the time is right, it must be carried forward.

The time came.

When Allah lifted Ilyas to a place of great honour — as Allah does with those He loves — the hills did not go quiet. The people were still there, still needing to be called back. And Al-Yasa stood up.

Not because he suddenly became someone different. But because all those years of faithful service had already made him exactly who he needed to be.

He walked the same roads. He spoke the same truth — that there is no god but Allah, that gratitude opens the heart, that kindness is never wasted. Some of his people listened. Some looked away. Al-Yasa kept going.

Allah noticed. Twice in the Quran, Allah calls Al-Yasa by name among the greatest of His chosen servants. In Surah Al-An'am, Allah says He preferred him above the worlds (6:86). In Surah Sad, Allah calls him among the outstanding (38:48). Two mentions. Brief and bright, like stars you almost miss — until you look properly.

That is the quiet truth about Al-Yasa, peace be upon him. His story does not shout. But it asks you a question, and the question stays with you:

What are you doing right now, today, while no one is watching?

Are you helping? Are you learning? Are you being patient when it is hard, and honest when it is easy to pretend?

Because the best leaders in the world did not start out leading. They started out just like Al-Yasa — walking beside someone else, carrying the water, watching carefully, and trusting that Allah sees every single moment of it.

Being a great helper today is the best way to become a great leader tomorrow.

CHAPTER XXI

Yunus — The Prayer Inside the Whale

Picture the darkest place you have ever been. Now imagine something darker still.

Yunus, peace be upon him, sat curled inside the belly of an enormous whale, deep beneath a black and starless sea. Three layers of darkness pressed around him all at once — the night above the water, the deep ocean below the waves, and the whale's great belly. No light at all. No sound but the roaring rush of the sea. He was completely, utterly alone.

But he was not forgotten.

To understand how Yunus ended up there, we need to go back a little. Allah had sent Yunus to a city full of people who had wandered far from the right path — a place some say was called Nineveh. For years, he called them back to Allah, kindly and patiently, day after day. Most of them just turned away.

One day, Yunus's heart grew very heavy. He had tried so hard. Without waiting for Allah's permission to leave, he decided he was done. He walked down to the harbour, found a ship, and climbed aboard.

The sea had other plans.

A fierce storm rose up. Waves crashed over the deck. The frightened sailors drew lots to decide who should be thrown overboard — and the lot fell to Yunus. (Quran 37:141) Into the churning water he went. And then the whale came. And it swallowed him whole.

In that deep and trembling darkness, something extraordinary happened. Instead of despair, Yunus turned his whole heart to Allah. He whispered the most powerful prayer a person can ever make:

"There is no deity except You; exalted are You. Indeed, I have been of the wrongdoers." (Quran 21:87)

Just those words. Simple and true. He admitted his mistake. He glorified Allah. He asked for nothing except mercy.

And Allah heard every word.

"So We responded to him and saved him from the distress. And thus do We save the believers." (Quran 21:88)

The whale carried Yunus to the shore and set him down gently. He was weak — like a seedling just pushed up out of cold ground. So Allah caused a wide, leafy gourd vine to grow over him, shading him, sheltering him while he healed. (Quran 37:145–146)

When Yunus was strong again, Allah sent him back to his people. He walked toward the city with a steady heart.

Something had changed there. Signs of punishment had appeared, and the people's hearts had cracked wide open. Every single one of them had turned back to Allah with sincere repentance. And Allah forgave them all. (Quran 10:98, 37:147–148)

A whole city. Every last person. Forgiven.

So remember the prayer from inside the whale. The next time you feel lost, or scared, or certain you have made a mistake too big to fix — those same words are yours to say:

There is no deity except You; exalted are You. Indeed, I have been of the wrongdoers.

No matter where you are. No matter what you have done. Allah hears every prayer.

CHAPTER XXII

Zakariyya — The Old Man's Wonderful Dua

The prayer room was quiet. It smelled of cool stone and old wood, and every morning, before the rest of the city woke up, an old man named Zakariyya (peace be upon him) came and unlocked the door.

His hair was white as cloud. His back was bent just a little. But his heart — still wide open, still full of love for Allah.

Zakariyya had been given a very special job: to look after a young girl named Maryam, who spent her days in that room worshipping Allah with all her might. Every day he checked on her. Every day he made sure she had what she needed.

But one morning, something stopped him.

There on the floor beside Maryam sat a basket of fruit. Not ordinary fruit. Out-of-season fruit — the kind that only grew in summer, yet here it was, in the middle of winter. Fresh. Bright. Perfect.

"O Maryam," he said softly, "where did this come from?"

Maryam looked up with calm eyes. "It is from Allah," she said. "Indeed, Allah provides for whom He wills without account." (Quran, 3:37)

Zakariyya stood very still.

He turned her words over in his mind like turning a smooth stone in your hand. If Allah could send summer fruit in winter — if He could give the impossible, just like that — then perhaps there was something Zakariyya had long been too shy to ask for.

A child.

He and his wife were old. Very old. She had never been able to have a baby. For years he had kept this wish tucked deep inside his chest, too tender to take out. But looking at that basket of impossible fruit, something lit up in him.

He slipped into a corner. He did not shout. He whispered — calling to Allah in the most private voice, one nobody else could even hear. "My Lord," he said, "my bones have grown weak, and my head has filled with white, but never have I been unhappy in calling on You. Grant me from Yourself a child who will carry Your message forward." (Quran, 19:3–6)

Honest. Humble. Full of trust. That was his dua.

And Allah answered.

Angels called out to Zakariyya while he was still standing in prayer. "Indeed, Allah gives you good tidings of a son — his name will be Yahya. We have not given this name to anyone before." (Quran, 3:39; 19:7)

He could hardly believe it. "My Lord," he whispered, "how can I have a son when I am so old and my wife cannot have children?" The angel's answer was simple and complete: "Such is Allah. He does what He wills." (Quran, 3:40)

That is the whole point. Nothing is too big for Allah. Not summer fruit in winter. Not a baby born to two very elderly parents. Not a single prayer whispered in a quiet corner of a stone room.

Allah hears every word — even the ones you are almost afraid to say out loud. So never stop making dua. Never think your wish is too small. And never, ever think it is too late.

CHAPTER XXIII

Yahya — The Boy with the Kindest Heart

Before Yahya was even born, Allah had already chosen his name.

Not just any name. A brand-new name — one that had never been given to any person anywhere in the whole wide world before. Allah told Zakariyya (peace be upon him): "O Zakariyya, indeed We give you good tidings of a boy whose name will be Yahya. We have not assigned to any before [this] name." (Quran 19:7)

Think about that for a moment. Every name you have ever heard — Dawud, Ibrahim, Musa — someone had carried that name before. But Yahya? That name was made just for him. A gift before he had even taken his first breath.

And Yahya (peace be upon him) grew up to be someone truly worthy of it.

He was still a small boy — shorter than a door, with big, serious eyes — when something happened that astonished everyone around him. Allah gave him wisdom. Real wisdom. Not the kind you slowly earn after years of studying, but a deep, quiet understanding of what actually matters in life. The Quran says it plainly: "And We gave him wisdom while yet a child." (Quran 19:12)

But wisdom was only part of it. Allah also placed something called %an n in tenderness, a softness toward every living thing, a warmth that reaches out without waiting to be asked. (Quran 19:13) Yahya felt it when he saw someone who was hungry. He felt it when he passed a small animal sitting alone in the dust. He felt it whenever anyone around him was sad.

So he did something about it.

When Yahya had bread, he shared it. He would give away the food in his own hands to someone who needed it more — and walk home with an empty plate and a full heart. The scholars who studied his life describe a boy who ate simply, lived simply, and gave generously. Ibn Kathir, in his Stories of the Prophets, speaks of Yahya's deep piety and his practice of turning away from comfort so others might have more. That was just who he was.

He also loved to be in the masjid. Not because anyone told him to sit still and be quiet. Because when he was in that clean, peaceful space — holding the scripture of Allah, listening to the sound of prayer — his whole self felt at ease. Ibn Kathir tells us that from his earliest years, Yahya devoted himself to worship and found in the house of Allah the most beautiful place in the world to be.

The Quran describes Yahya as dutiful to his parents and not arrogant. (Quran 19:14) He did not think he was more important than others. He listened. He helped. He was gentle — and gentle people tend to leave the kindest marks on the world.

Here is what his story teaches you. You do not have to wait until you are grown up to be good. You do not need anything extraordinary in your hands. A piece of bread shared. A kind word spoken quietly. A few minutes sitting close to Allah in prayer.

Small kindnesses are not small at all. They are, as Yahya showed the world, one of the most beautiful ways a heart can worship.

CHAPTER XXIV

Isa — The Word of Allah

The room was noisy. People were pushing and pressing close, whispering to each other, craning their necks. They had heard something impossible — something that made their hearts beat fast and their eyes go wide.

A baby was talking.

Not babbling. Not crying. Actually talking, in a clear, steady voice, from inside a wooden cradle.

His name was Isa. And this was only the beginning.

A Pure and Faithful Mother

Long before that crowded room, there was a young woman named Maryam. She was known all over her city for her goodness — so devoted to Allah that she spent her days in the prayer room, praying and fasting while others rested.

One day, as she sat alone, an angel appeared before her, bright and calm, with news that made her breath catch:

Allah had chosen her for something extraordinary. She would have a son — even though no man had ever been near her.

"How can I have a child?" she asked.

The angel replied with words worth carrying in your heart for the rest of your life: "That is easy for Allah." (Quran 19:21)

So it was. Isa, peace be upon him, was born not in the ordinary way of things, but from the direct command of Allah. He is called Kalimatullah — the Word of Allah — because Allah said "Be," and he was. (Quran 4:171)

Maryam gave birth alone, beneath a palm tree, tired and frightened. But Allah did not leave her without comfort. A stream appeared at her feet. Ripe dates dropped from the branches above her. She rested. She trusted. And her son was placed in her arms. (Quran 19:23–26)

The Baby Who Spoke

When Maryam brought baby Isa back to her people, they stared at her in shock. How could this have happened?

Then the baby opened his mouth.

"Indeed, I am the servant of Allah," said the tiny, newborn voice. "He has given me the Scripture and made me a prophet. And peace is on me the day I was born and the day I will die and the day I am raised alive." (Quran 19:30, 33)

The room went silent.

Signs That Always Said the Same Thing

As Isa grew, Allah gave him signs that no one had ever witnessed before.

He shaped a small bird out of clay — just the right size to sit in his palm — and breathed into it. By the permission of Allah, its wings opened and it flew away into the open sky. (Quran 3:49)

He placed his hands on people who were sick, people who had never once seen light or colour, and they were healed. By the permission of Allah.

Five words. Every single time.

Because Isa never wanted anyone looking at him to think the miracle came from him. It did not. Every sign pointed straight to the One who made him, sent him, and loved him.

The Lesson

The next time you see something breathtaking — a tiny flower pushing through concrete, a person recovering from an illness the doctors could not explain, a bird knowing exactly which way to fly home — remember those five words.

By the permission of Allah.

Every miracle, big or small, belongs to Him alone.

CHAPTER XXV

Muhammad — The Messenger for All of Us

The night sky over Makkah was thick with stars.

A young boy sat on a flat rooftop, chin tipped up, looking. The moon hung low. Stars blanketed everything — thousands and thousands, blazing and perfectly still. The boy wondered. Who made all of this? Who keeps it burning every single night without failing once?

His name was Muhammad, son of Abdullah. And even before he became a prophet, his heart already knew something important: a world this beautiful, this ordered, this enormous, could not have made itself.

He grew up honest and kind. So honest that the people of Makkah gave him a special name — Al-Amin, the Trustworthy One. Neighbours left their gold and silver with him for safekeeping. He helped the poor. He served his guests generously. He was, as Allah would later say in the Quran: "of a great moral character." (Quran, 68:4)

When Muhammad was forty years old, he would climb alone to a cave in the mountain of Hira — just above the city — to think and pray in quiet. One night, everything changed.

An angel appeared. Jibreel.

"Read!" said Jibreel.

"I cannot read," Muhammad replied, trembling.

Jibreel held him close, then released him and spoke again: "Read in the name of your Lord who created — created man from a clinging substance." (Quran, 96:1–2)

Those were the very first words of the Quran. Muhammad's heart hammered. His whole body shook. He ran home, and his wife Khadijah wrapped him in a blanket and held him close. Then she spoke words that calmed his racing heart: "By Allah, He will never disgrace you. You keep good ties with your family. You help those in need. You serve your guests. You stand by anyone in trouble." (Sahih al-Bukhari)

She was right.

For the next twenty-three years, the words of Allah kept arriving — ayah by ayah, surah by surah — until the Quran was complete. Muhammad carried every word to his people. To the rich and the poor. To those who spoke Arabic and those who did not. To kings, to shepherds, to children.

Because Allah sent him for all of them. "We have not sent you except as a mercy to the worlds." (Quran, 21:107) Every world. Every person. Every creature.

Muhammad was the last and final prophet. After him, no more would come. (Quran, 33:40) His message — the last message — was meant for every human being who would ever live. Including you.

And what was that message, really? At its heart?

Love.

He once said: "None of you truly believes until he loves for his brother what he loves for himself." (Sahih al-Bukhari) He told his companions to be gentle with animals. He played with children. He stopped for strangers. He cared for the poor and the lonely and the forgotten.

He is gone from this world now. But his example stays — bright and clear, like those stars over Makkah.

When you are kind to someone today, you are walking in his footsteps.

And that is a beautiful place to walk.