



Prophet Stories

Prophet Ibrahim

Writer: Belkıs İbrahimhakkıođlu

Illustrator: Cem Kızıltuđ

Print and Binding

Seçil Ofset

100. Yıl Matbaacılar Sitesi 4. Cad. No: 77

Bağcılar / İSTANBUL

Telephone: +90 (212) 629 06 15

2014

This Book Belongs To:



TİMAŞ KIDS

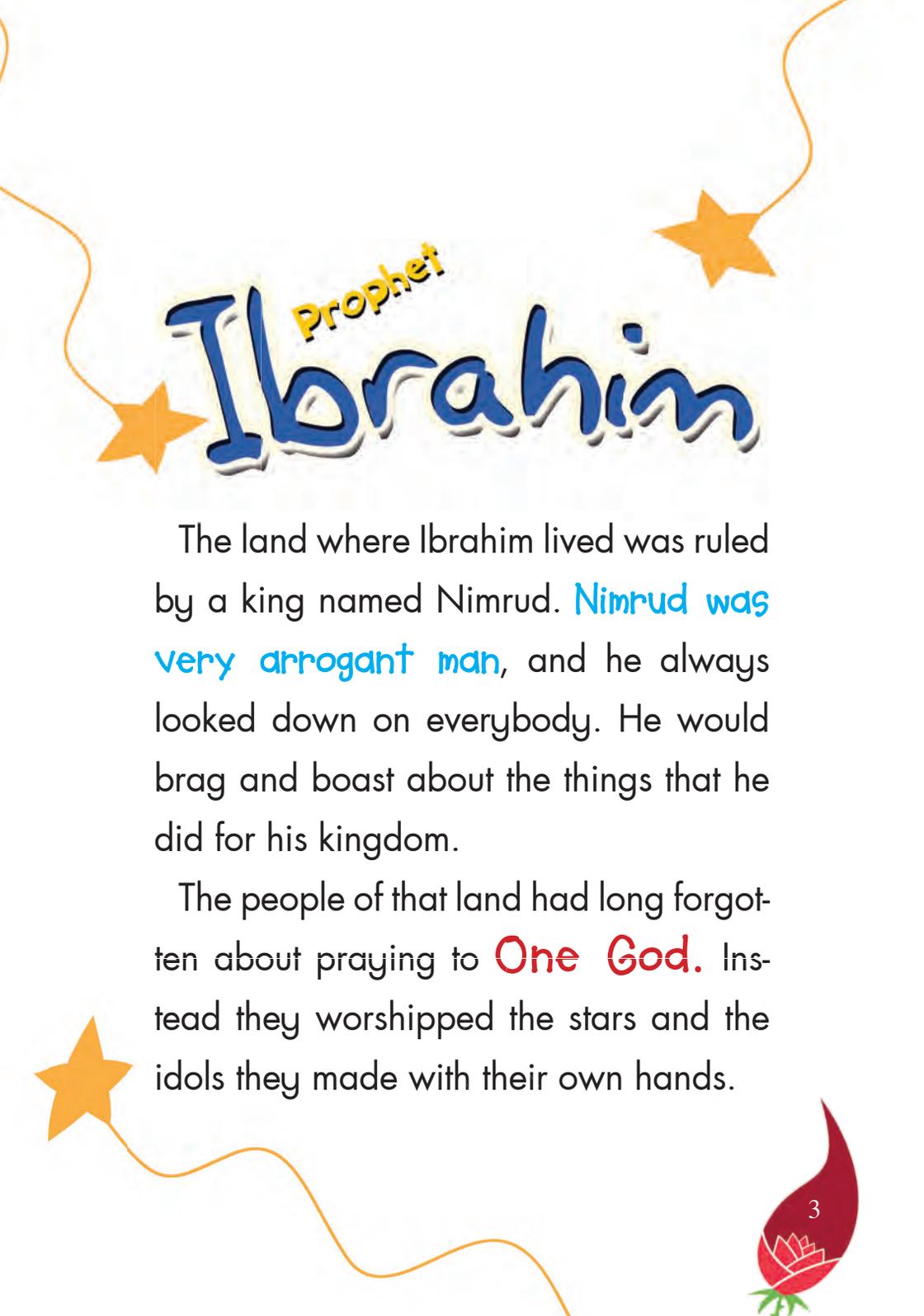
Timaş Basım Ticaret ve Sanayi AŞ

Alay Köşkü Cad. No: 5 Cağalođlu, İstanbul - Turkey

Telephone: +90 (212) 511 2424 (pbx) Fax: +90 (212) 512 4000

Timaspublishing.com - info@timaspublishing.com

© All rights of the work belong to Timaş Basım Ticaret ve Sanayi AŞ. This work cannot be reprinted without permission. This work can be quoted showing the source.



Prophet Ibrahim

The land where Ibrahim lived was ruled by a king named Nimrud. **Nimrud was very arrogant man**, and he always looked down on everybody. He would brag and boast about the things that he did for his kingdom.

The people of that land had long forgotten about praying to **One God**. Instead they worshipped the stars and the idols they made with their own hands.





In time Nimrud began to believe that he was a god.

He had huge idols of himself put up all over the land. He told his people to worship him. The people were afraid of him, and so they did what he wanted. They fell down before Nimrud shouting, "You are our god!"

However, young Ibrahim did not believe such things. He knew that idols were only made of wood, stone or clay. They had no power. He also did not believe that Nimrud could be a god.

Ibrahim's father was a man named Azar. Azar made idols for the people to worship. Sometimes he gave these to Ibrahim to sell.

"Take these to the market and sell them," said Azar.

Ibrahim did as his father asked. But as he walked he pulled the idols along the ground.

"My father made them with his bare hands," he thought. "How is it that people pray to such things? They can't even keep me from dragging them in the dirt. What use are these idols?"





In the market Ibrahim held up the idols in his hands for all to see.

Who wants to buy these useless things?" he shouted.

The people became very angry when they heard these words.

"Why do you say such things about our gods?" they said.

"Why do you worship these idols?" replied Ibrahim.

"Our ancestors worshipped them, so we do!" the people said.

"Certainly you and your ancestors are on the wrong path," exclaimed Ibrahim.



Ibrahim like to spend time alone. He would think about the One who created everything.

One night as he watched the sky he saw a star shining in the darkness

"Ah! Perhaps this is my Lord!"
he whispered.

After a little while the star set beyond the horizon.

"I care not about those things that disappear," Ibrahim thought.



Then Ibrahim saw the moon come up.

“Oh! This must be my Lord,” he whispered.

But the moon too soon set beyond the horizon and disappeared.

“Unless my Lord guides me,” he exclaimed. “I will certainly be like all the other people.”

He looked and saw the Sun rising bright in the morning sky. “This is the greatest of all!” Ibrahim exclaimed. “This has to be my Lord!”

But then at the end of the day the Sun set too.





“Things which rise and set can’t be my Lord,” said Ibrahim. “My Lord is the One who created the heavens and the earth!”

Ibrahim understood the truth. He thanked Allah for showing him the straight path. At that moment Allah called Ibrahim to be a prophet.

It so happened that the people of the town were celebrating a festival to their gods. Ibrahim’s father, Azar, said:



“Come! You must join us!”

But Ibrahim did not want to go. He told his father that he was feeling sick. His family left Ibrahim at home. In reality, Ibrahim did not want to participate in their festival because it involved praying to idols.

All of the people went out into the fields. Nobody was left in the town. Ibrahim took an axe and went to the temple. With his axe he broke all the idols, except the biggest and most decorated one. Ibrahim then hung his axe up around the neck of this god.





At the end of the day the festival ended. The people came back into the town. When the time came they went to the temple to pray to their gods.

But when they arrived at the temple they couldn't believe their eyes. The idols were all smashed to pieces.



“Who broke our gods?”

They yelled in surprise and anger.

“Ibrahim must have done it!” one of them said. “He doesn't believe in our gods!”



Some of them went and grabbed Ibrahim.

They brought him to the temple.

"Did you do this to our gods?" asked the priest with an angry voice.

Prophet Ibrahim pointed to the big idol with an axe hanging around its neck.

"Why don't you ask that god?" Ibrahim replied. "He's got an axe around his neck!"



