



Prophet Stories  
Prophet  
**Adam**

**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  
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The page is decorated with several red and orange butterflies scattered around the title. A large, light green diagonal stripe runs from the bottom left towards the top right.

# Prophet Adam

Allah, made the universe long before human beings were created. Allah is Almighty!

Then Allah made our planet. He decorated our sky with countless stars. He made the moon too. All of our nights shine brightly by the light of the moon and the twinkle of the stars.

Allah created the sun so that it could heat our world and give it light.

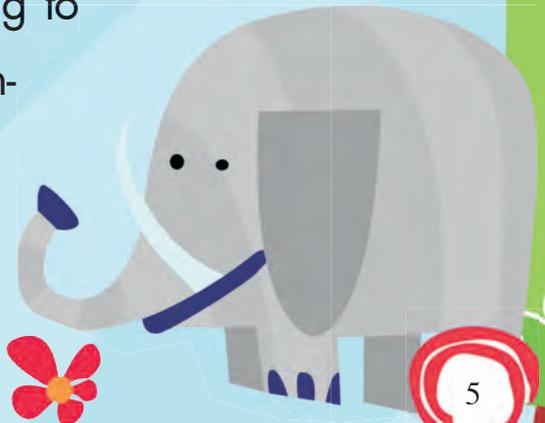


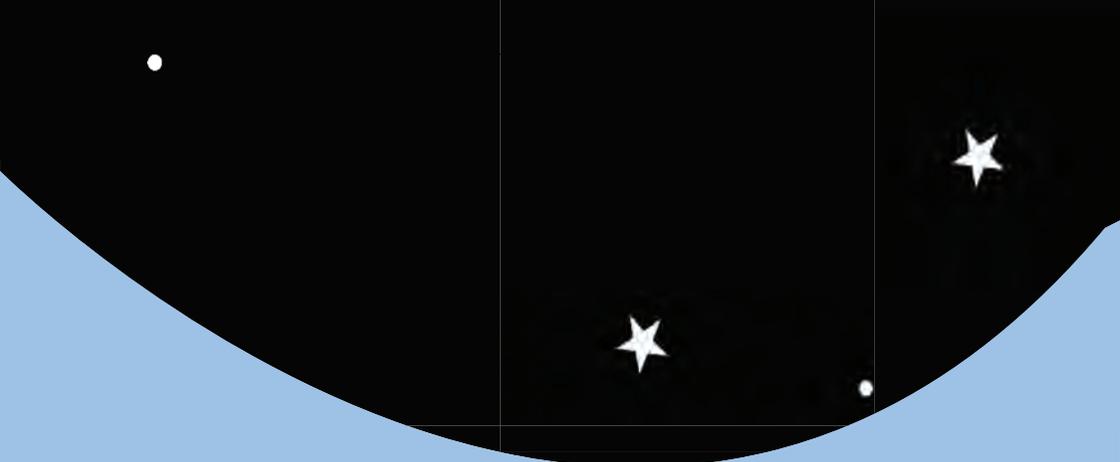
He decorated our planet with mountains, forests and seas.

After it was filled with green fields, colorful flowers, golden deserts and blue waters, the world was ready to welcome human beings. In fact, Allah created everything beautiful for us!

When the time came Allah told the angels:

"I am going to create a man from clay. That man is going to be My representative, My Khali-fah, on Earth."





The angels are creatures made from glorious light. They do only what Allah orders them to do. They know nothing about being bad.

The angels wanted to learn why Allah was going to make such a creature. They were worried that his creature would do harm and shed blood.

“I know what you don’t know!” Allah told them. The Angels were silent.

“Praise be to **Allah!** Our Lord knows everything,” they said. “Allah does not do useless things!”





Then Allah made Adam, the first human being and the first Prophet. Allah

gave him **the gift of life**. Then He taught Adam the names of everything.

Allah then asked the Angels to recite the names of everything.

*“Glory be to You!” they replied. “We do not know anything except that which you taught us.”*

**Allah** then told **Adam** to recite the names of everything, which he did.





**The angels** now saw that Adam was of a higher rank than themselves. Allah commanded the Angels to line up before Adam. He told them to make Sajdah before Adam. All of them obeyed.

They prostrated themselves respectfully before Adam.

*"I am better than him!" Iblis cried out. "You created me from fire, and You created him from clay!"*





Prophet Stories

# Prophet Dawud

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# Prophet Dawud

**Dawud** descended from the tribes of Banu Israil. He lived with his family in the land of Canaan.

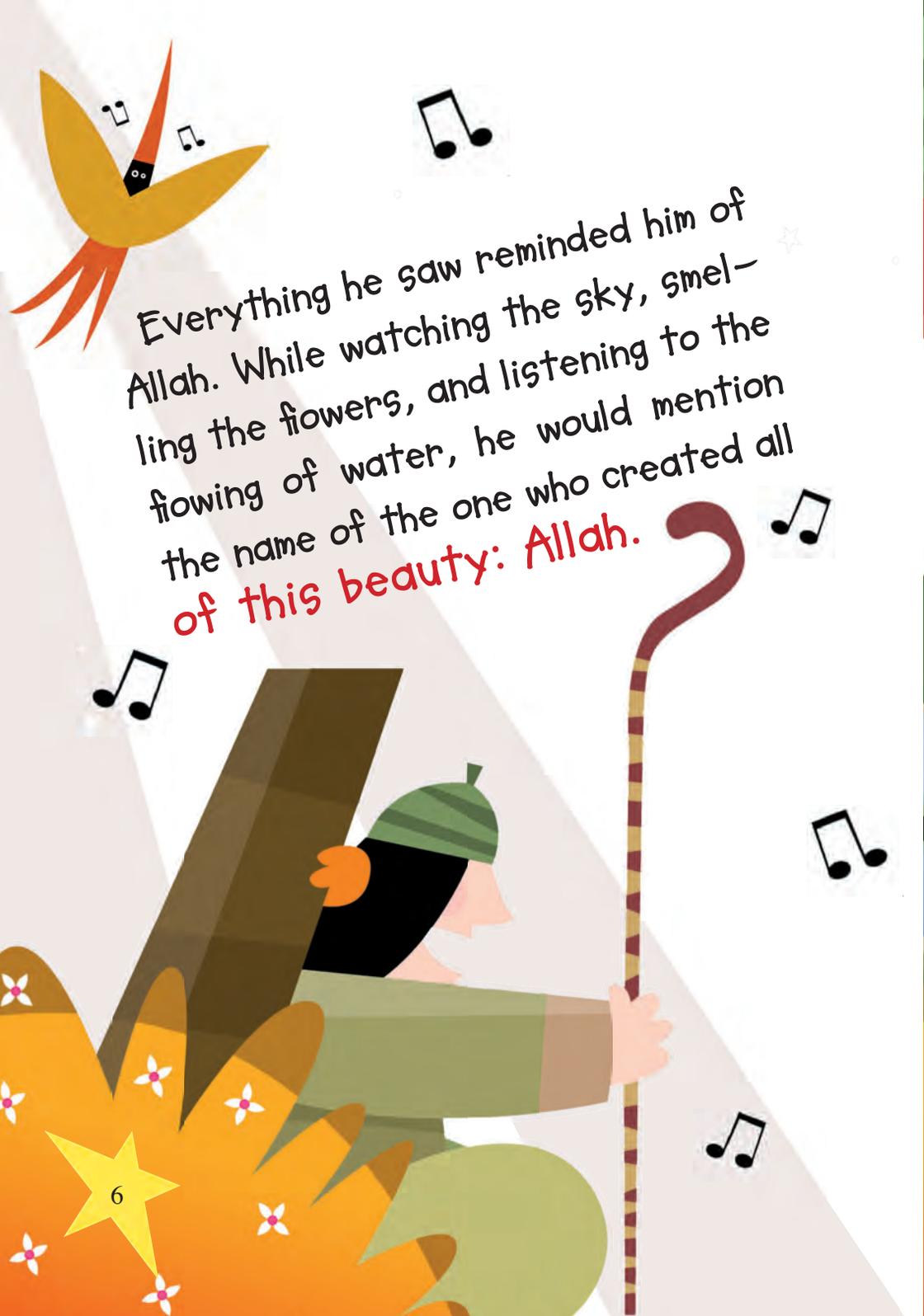
Dawud was the most humble and calm of all of his brothers. He never spoke without thinking and he never engaged in useless acts. Because he was so trustworthy his father, Yassa, allowed

Dawud to look after the family's sheep.



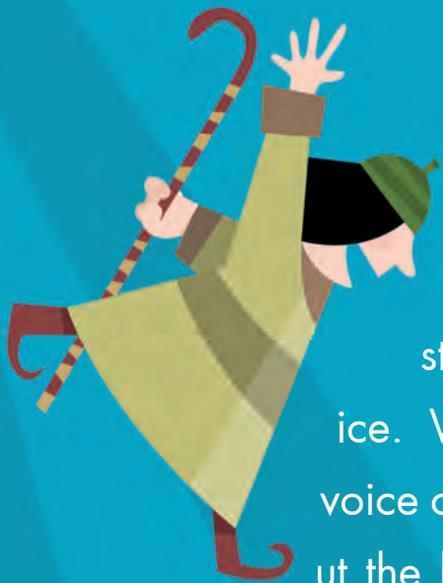
Dawud enjoyed his job as a shepherd. Being out in the fields, he knew about all the plants and language of the animals.





Everything he saw reminded him of Allah. While watching the sky, smelling the flowers, and listening to the flowing of water, he would mention the name of the one who created all of this beauty: Allah.





**Allah** gave Dawud a strong and beautiful voice. Whenever he sang, his voice could be heard throughout the land. Whenever Dawud sang his songs the whole of nature would sing along. The little birds would come flying, flapping their wings around Dawud's head. The tall grass would dance to and fro in the breeze. The sheep would all gather around him. Whenever people heard any beautiful voice they would say:

*"It's got to be Dawud's voice!"*



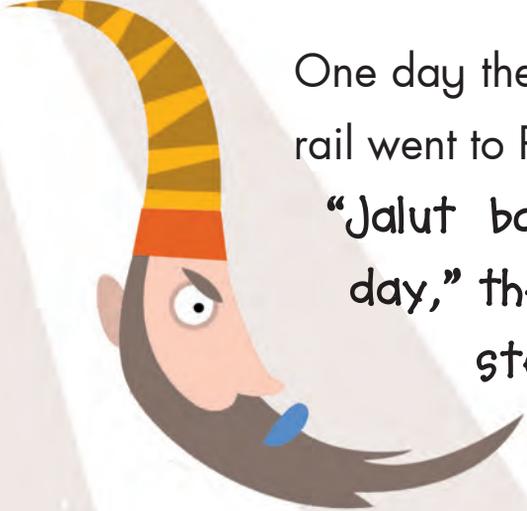


In those days a cruel ruler lived in the land. His name was Jalut of the Philistines. Jalut was a brutal leader and his armies constantly attacked the tribes of Banu Israil.

The Banu Israil did not have the power to stand out against Jalut and his army.

★ They were helpless. Every day they had to endure suffering and torture. Only a powerful king ★ could rescue them from this ★ awful situation. ★





One day the leaders of Banu Is-  
rail went to Prophet Samuel.

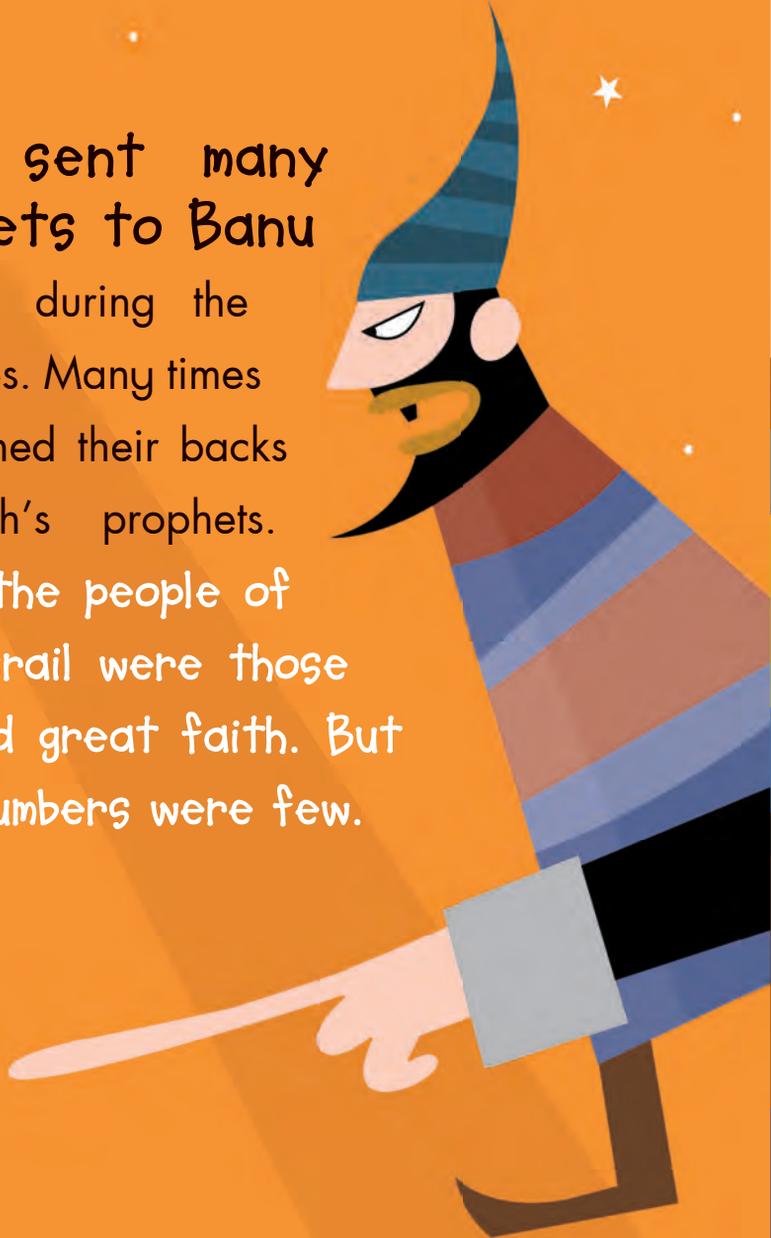
“Jalut bothers us every  
day,” they explained. “He  
steals our property  
and he drives  
us out of our  
houses. Send to us a king, and  
we will fight in the way of Allah.”

**Prophet Ismail** knew Banu Isra-  
il very well. When they were in troub-  
le, they promised everything, but when  
things became easy they forgot their  
promises quickly.

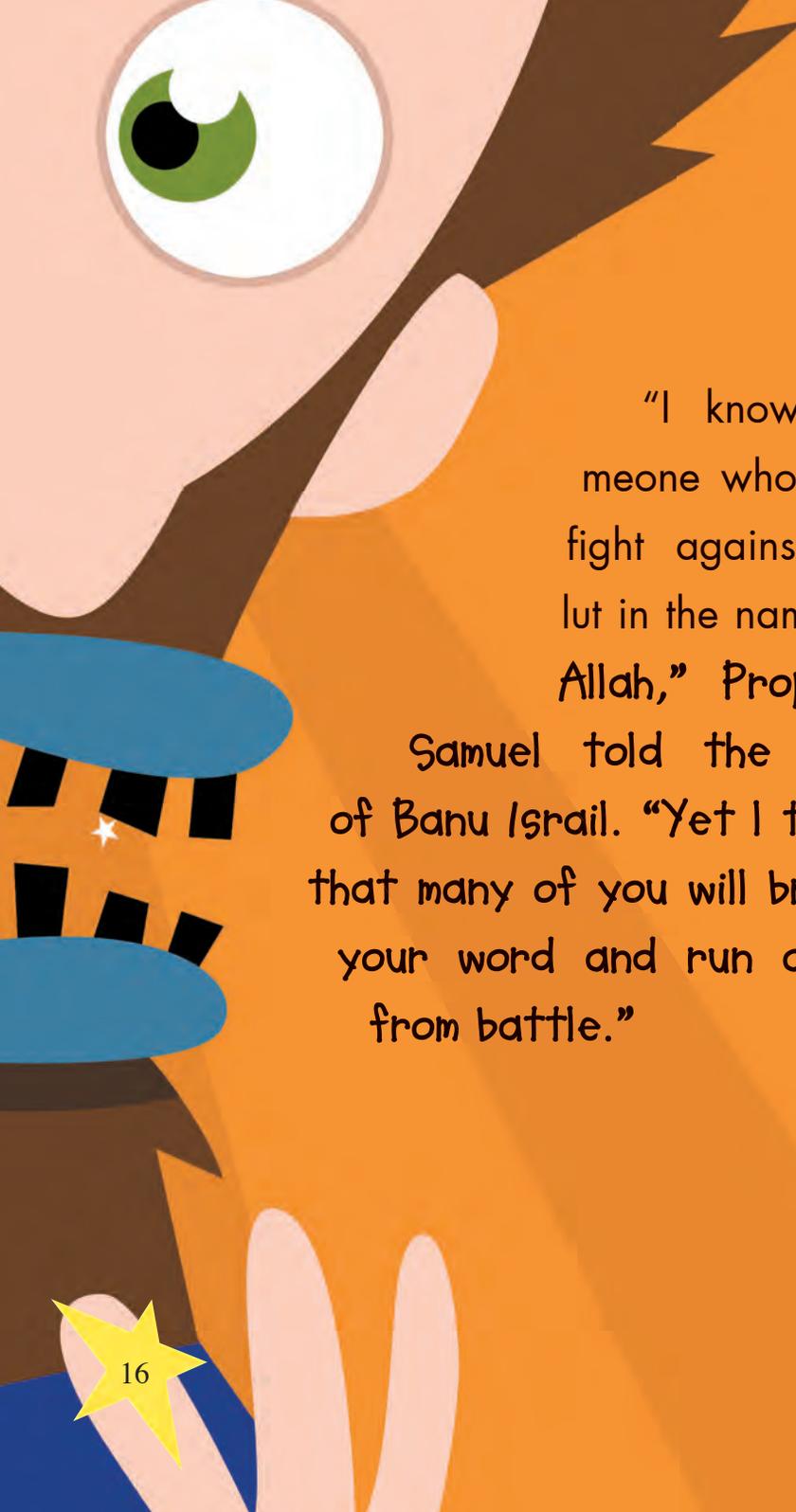


Allah sent many prophets to Banu Israil during the bad times. Many times they turned their backs to Allah's prophets.

- Among the people of
- ★ Banu Israil were those who had great faith. But their numbers were few.





A stylized illustration of a character's face, focusing on a large, expressive green eye with a black pupil and white sclera. The character has a thick, blue beard with black vertical stripes. The background is a warm orange gradient with a few white stars. The text is positioned to the right of the character's face.

“I know someone who can fight against Jallut in the name of Allah,” Prophet Samuel told the men of Banu Israil. “Yet I think that many of you will break your word and run away from battle.”



★ The leaders of Banu Israil frowned when they heard these words.

“We have been chased away from our houses,” they replied with annoyance. “Our properties have been stolen. Our people enslaved. How could we run away from a fight?”



Prophet Stories

Prophet

# Ayyub

**Writer: Belkıs İbrahimhakkıođlu**

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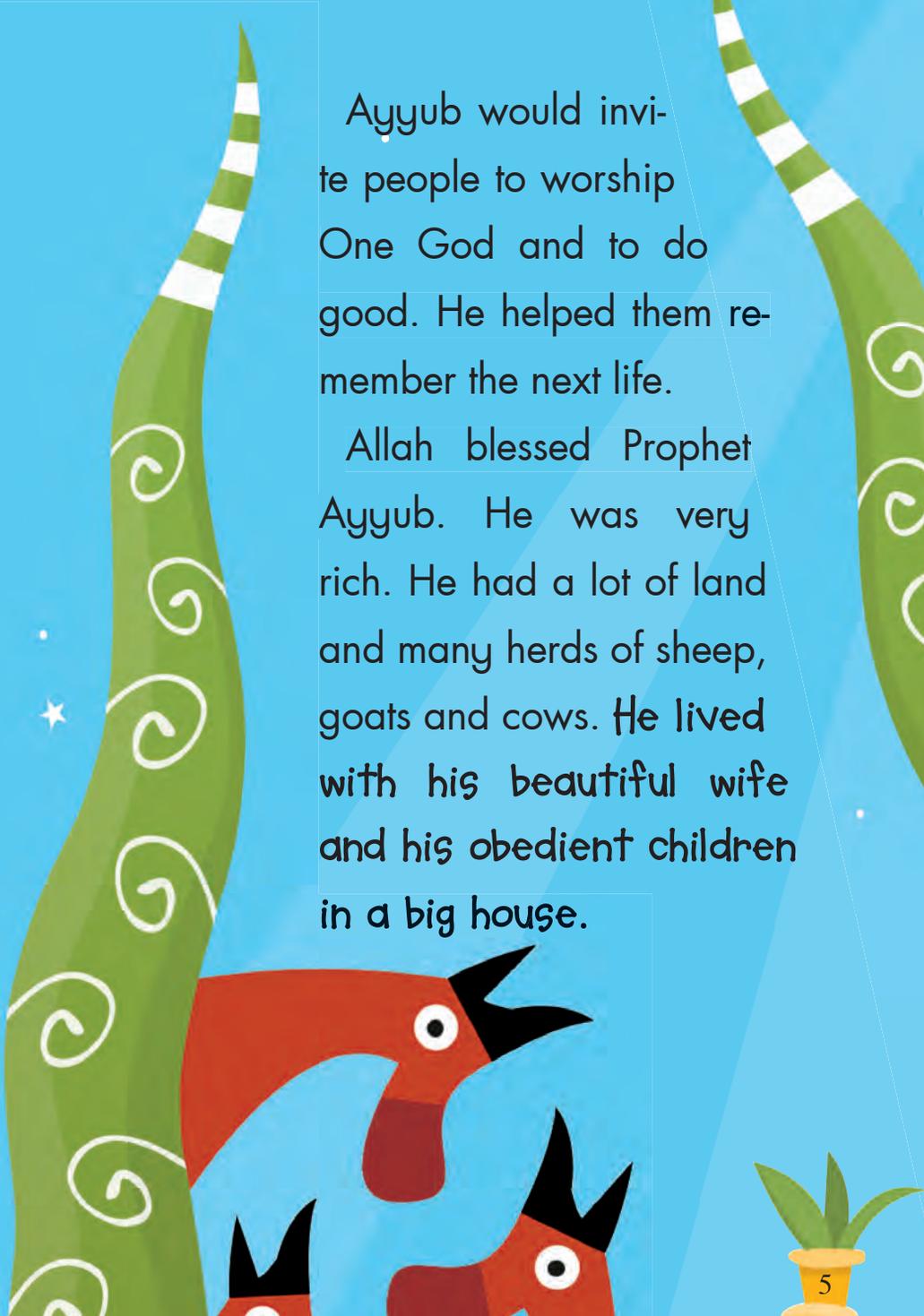
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# Prophet Ayyub

**Ayyub** was a descendant of 'Isuw, who was the son of Prophet Ishaq, who was the son of Prophet Ibrahim. **Ayyub** had a wonderful personality just like his famous ancestors. Everybody loved and respected him. Allah also made Ayyub a **prophet**.







Ayyub would invite people to worship One God and to do good. He helped them remember the next life.

Allah blessed Prophet Ayyub. He was very rich. He had a lot of land and many herds of sheep, goats and cows. He lived with his beautiful wife and his obedient children in a big house.





Ayyub's wife was also a descendant of prophets. She was beautiful woman full of good manners. **Ayyub** and his wife brought their children up well. They made sure not to spoil them with the wealth they had.



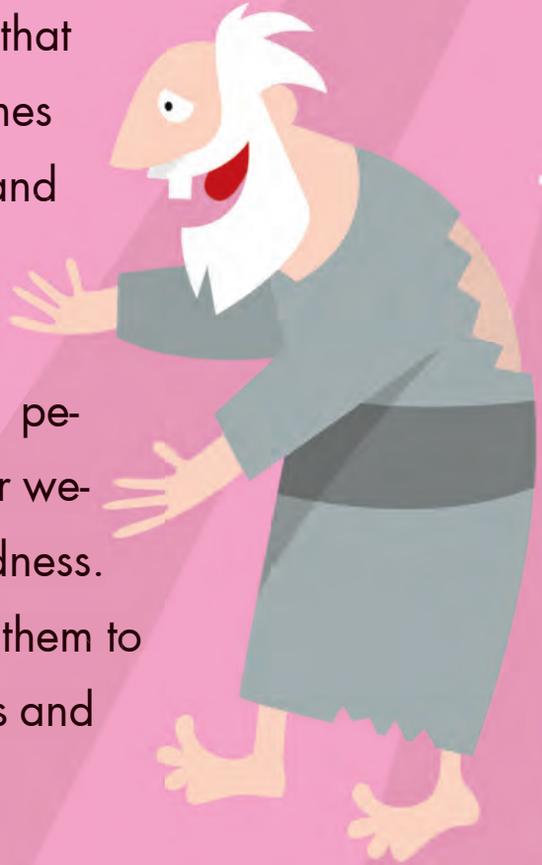




Ayyub always thanked Allah for his wealth and beautiful family. He knew that

Allah sometimes gives wealth and children to people as a test.

Allah orders people to use their wealth for goodness. He also orders them to protect orphans and the poor.





All of Allah's prophets were models of obedience, generosity, kindness and mercy. **Ayyub** was exactly like this. He fulfilled every command of Allah. His greatest wealth was his belief. The things of this world were not so important to him, for he knew only the next world lasts forever.



Ayyub was generous with his mercy and tenderness. Those who knocked at his door never left empty-handed. He helped those who were in difficult situations

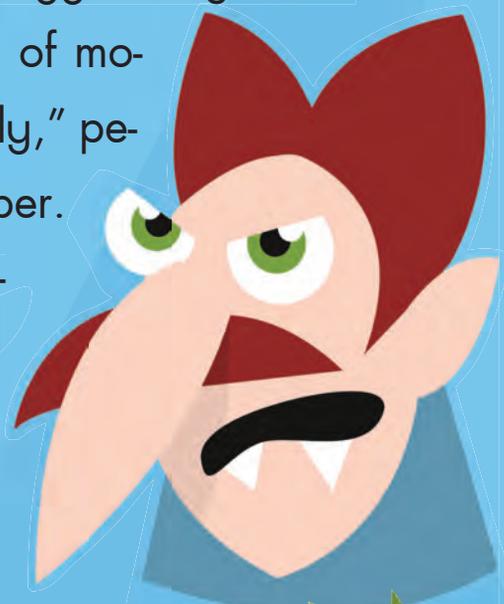
He fed the poor, protected the widows and clothed the orphans.





Evil is always annoyed by beautiful and good things. Therefore Shaitan was determined to turn people against Ayyub. **Shaitan spread suspicion and jealousy among Ayyub's neighbors.**

"The only reason Ayyub is good is because he has lots of money and a nice family," people began to whisper. "What if he had nothing? Would he be so faithful then?"



People began to lose belief in both Allah and Prophet Ayyub. Therefore Allah tested Ayyub with great difficulties to show everyone his faithfulness.





First Ayyub's animals died. His fields then became flooded. Shaitan thought that Ayyub would complain when he saw this disaster. But he didn't. Ayyub did not complain, or scream, nor beat his chest in anger.







“Certainly, hardship  
has touched me”

★ he said in a calm voice. “But everything belongs to Allah. He is the one who gives and takes.” The one who beat his chest in anger was, in fact, Shaitan. After all animals and fields were gone, Ayyub did not complain. Instead he only thanked Allah more.





Prophet Stories

# Prophet Ibrahim

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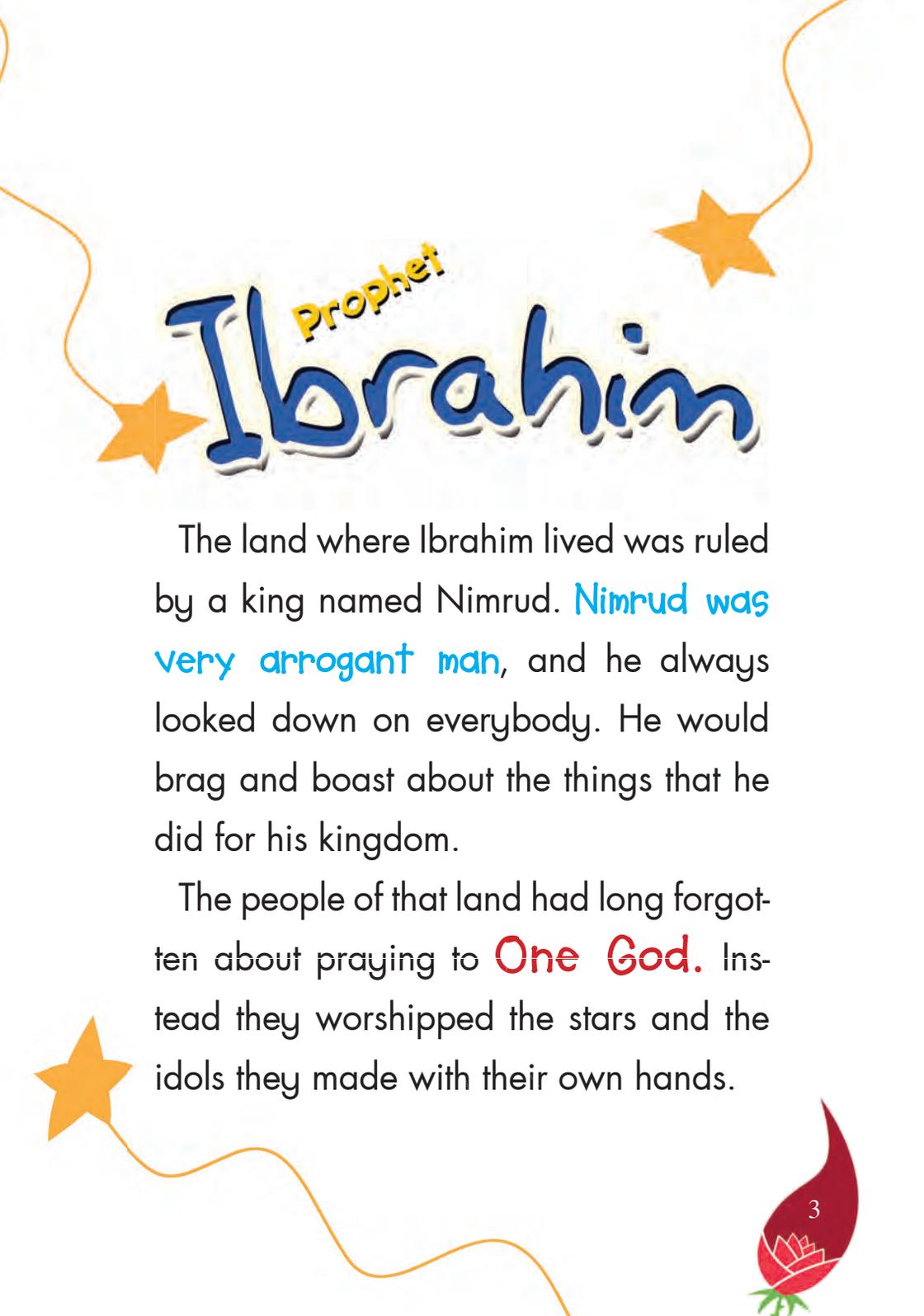
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# Prophet Ibrahim

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!”







Prophet Stories  
Prophet  
Isa

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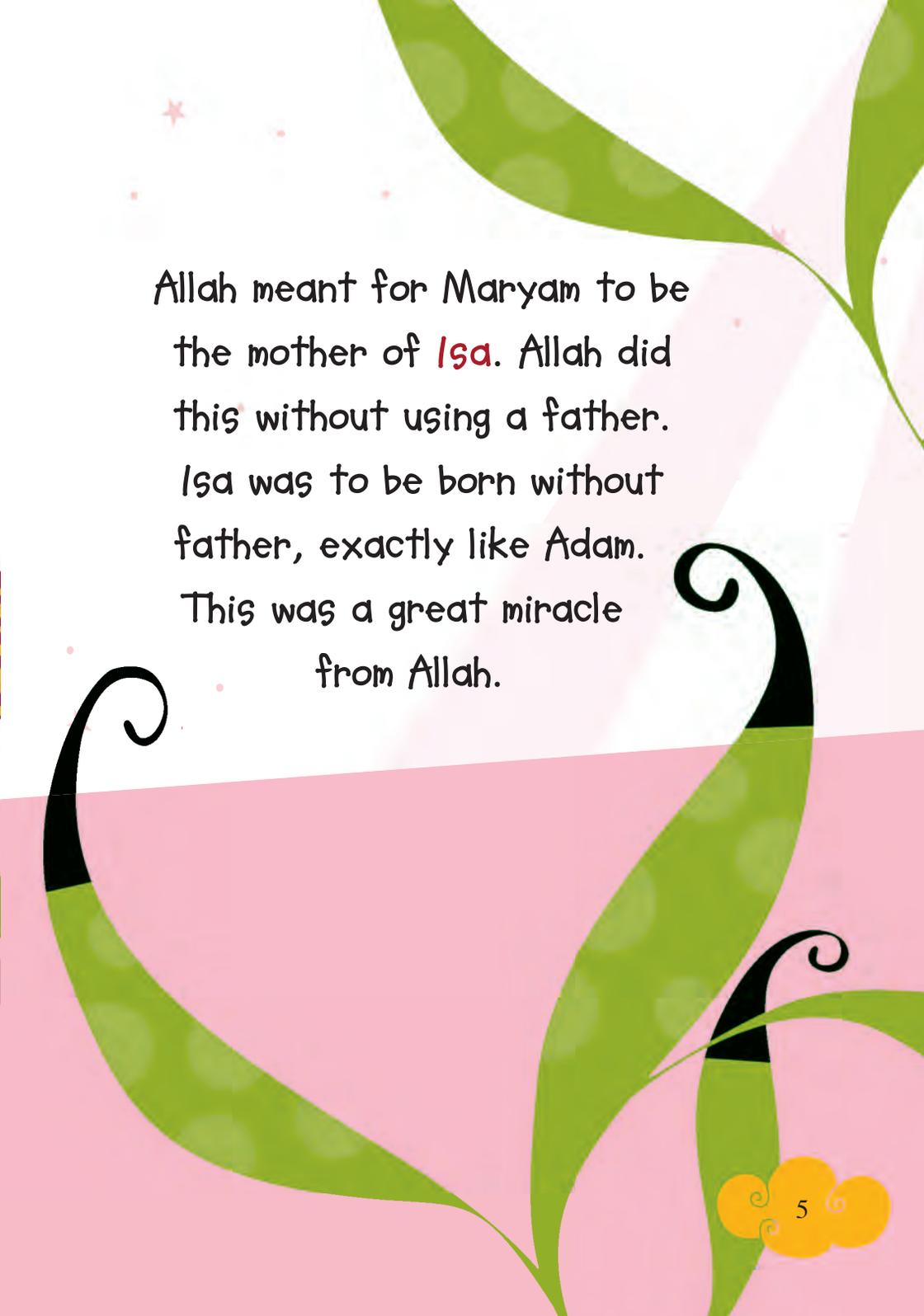


Prophet

# Isa

Prophet Isa is a remarkable figure. He was born without a father. His mother's name was Maryam. Maryam was a young woman of pure character. She spent most of her time praying to Allah. In fact, she lived in a small room in the temple of Jerusalem. **Maryam stayed in this room, never meeting people.**





Allah meant for Maryam to be the mother of *Isa*. Allah did this without using a father. *Isa* was to be born without father, exactly like Adam. This was a great miracle from Allah.



Maryam's relatives could not believe that she had a baby. **Maryam wasn't married.** Moreover, she never met with people. But now she was standing with a newborn in her arms!

*"O Maryam! Who is this baby?" they asked. "You have certainly done something strange!"*

Because Allah ordered her not to speak for a while, Maryam tried to answer them with hand signals.





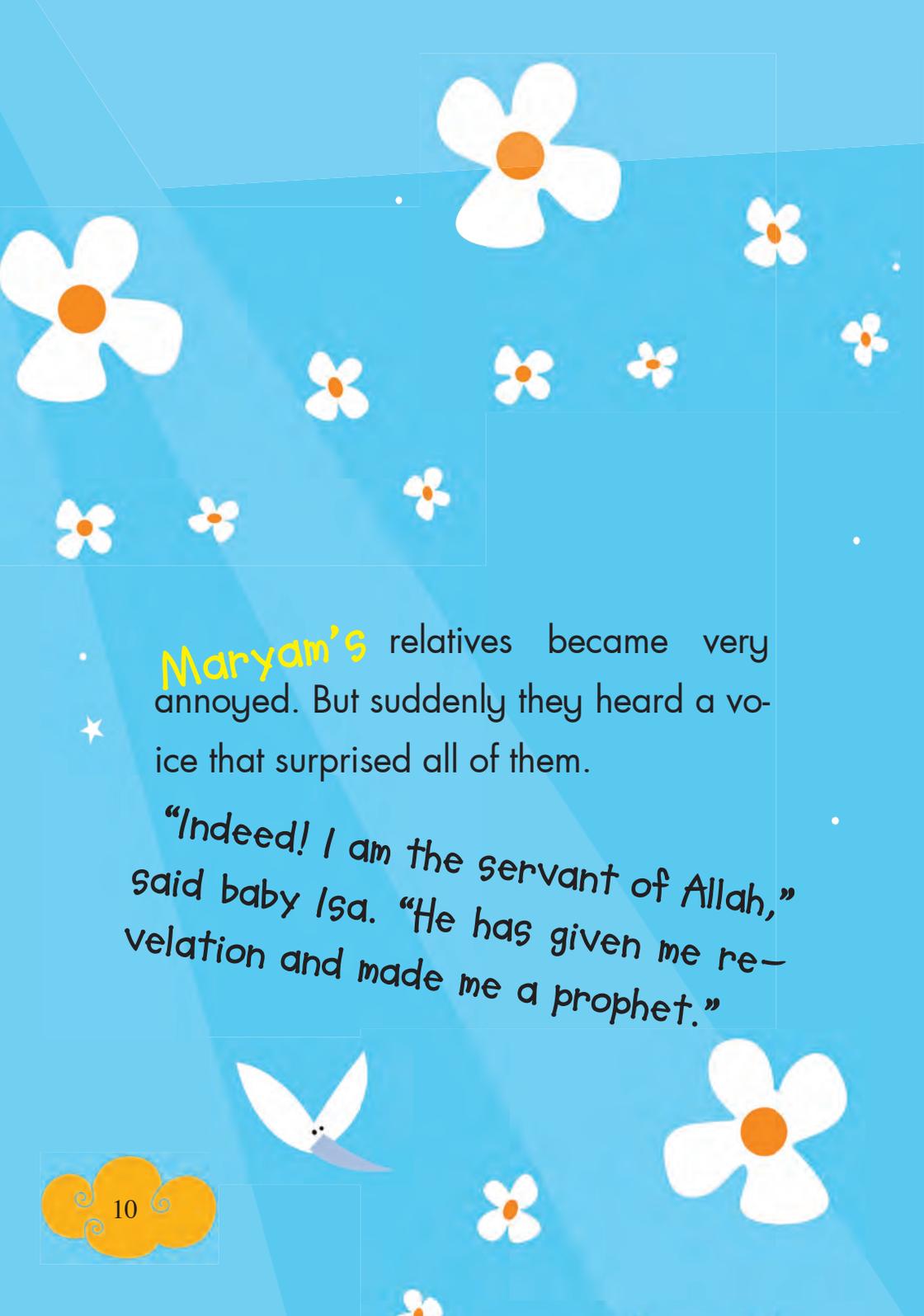
**But Maryam's relatives** became angry. They knew what a good young woman she was.

“You must explain this, Maryam!” they demanded

Maryam remained quiet. She then pointed to her baby as if to say, “Ask him!”

“How can we speak to one who is such a small baby?” they said.





Maryam's relatives became very annoyed. But suddenly they heard a voice that surprised all of them.

*"Indeed! I am the servant of Allah,"*  
*said baby Isa. "He has given me re-*  
*velation and made me a prophet."*

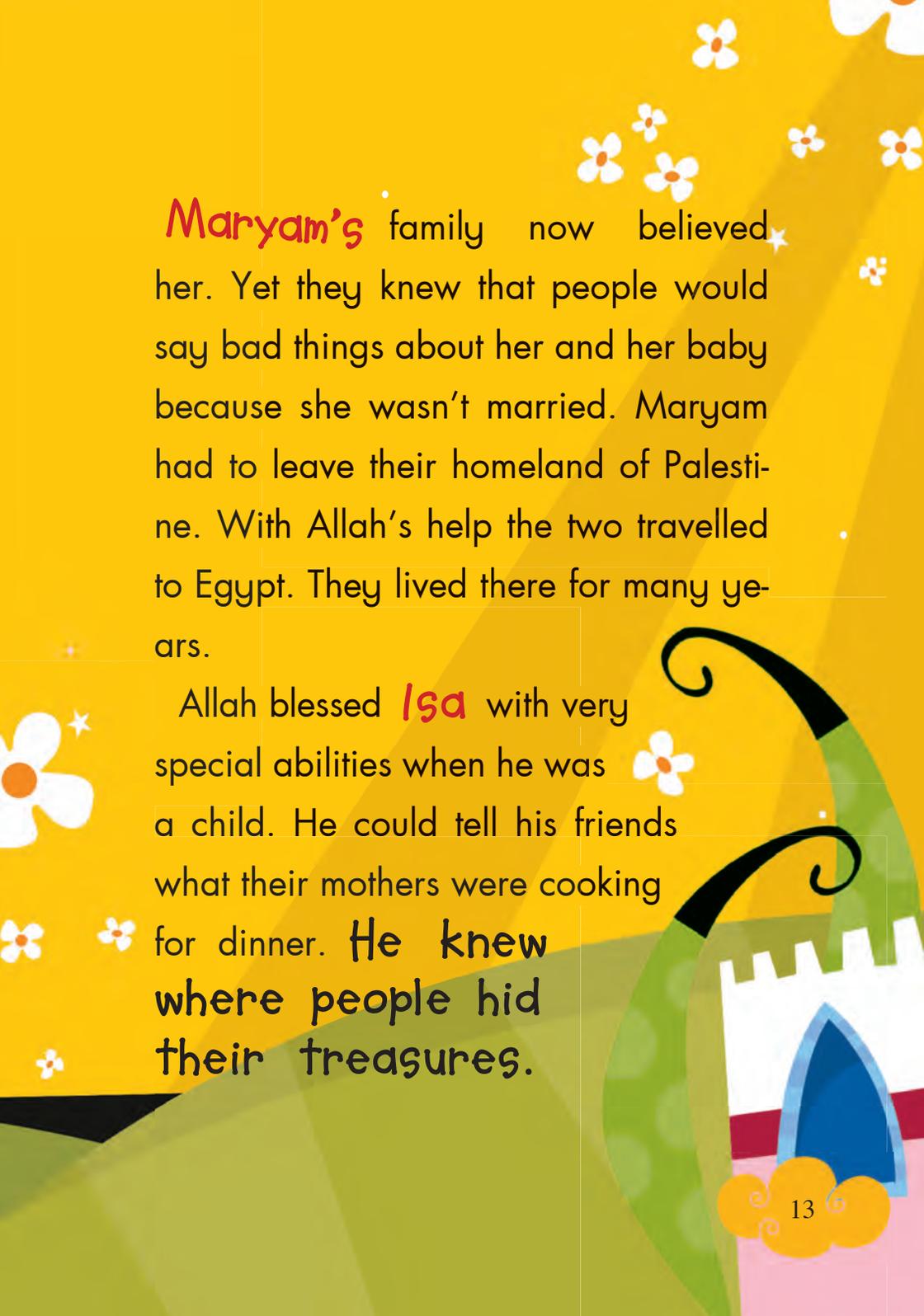


No baby could speak such words!  
Maryam's family realized that this was  
a miracle from Allah.

However, little **Isa** never spoke  
like this again until he grew into a  
child.







Maryam's family now believed her. Yet they knew that people would say bad things about her and her baby because she wasn't married. Maryam had to leave their homeland of Palestine. With Allah's help the two travelled to Egypt. They lived there for many years.

Allah blessed **Isa** with very special abilities when he was a child. He could tell his friends what their mothers were cooking for dinner. He knew where people hid their treasures.



When Isa turned twelve he and his mother returned to Palestine. They settled in the small town of An-Nasira.

Isa's manners were different from other youths. He behaved like an adult. He was very wise and he often gave good advice. He was **un-**  
**derstanding** **and**  
**kindhearted.**





When Isa turned thirty, Allah declared that he was now to be a prophet.

**Allah**, sent him to guide the people of Banu Israil. They had been given many prophets and messages in the past. Because they had again gone astray, Allah sent them Prophet Isa.







Prophet Stories  
Prophet  
**Muhammad**  
(saw)

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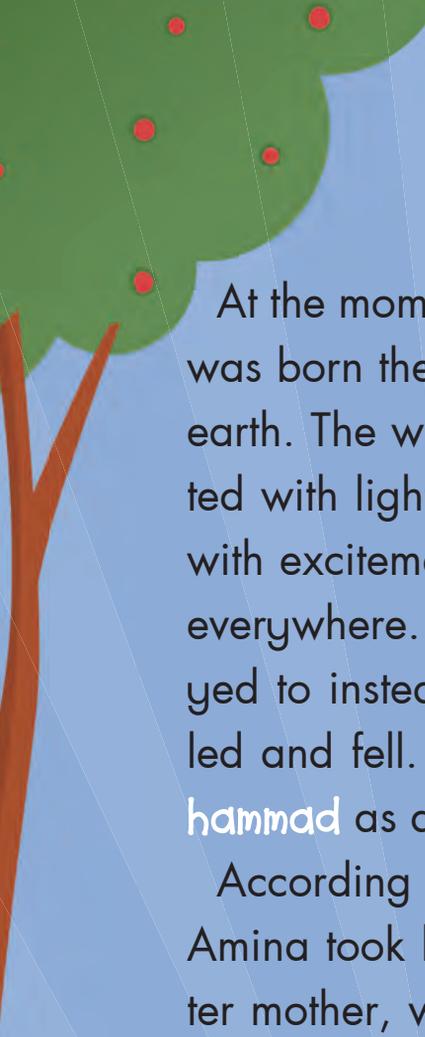
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# Prophet Muhammad (saw)

Human kind awaited the coming of the last prophet. The earth, the sky, in fact the entire universe waited. It was for this prophet that Allah created the entire universe in all its glory before. Lady Amina had a dream while she was a pregnant. In it she was told to name her baby **“Muhammad.”** The baby’s father, Abdullah was a descendant of Prophet Ismail. **Sadly Abdullah died almost two months before baby Muhammad was born.** Thus, when the last prophet opened his eyes to the world he was an orphan.

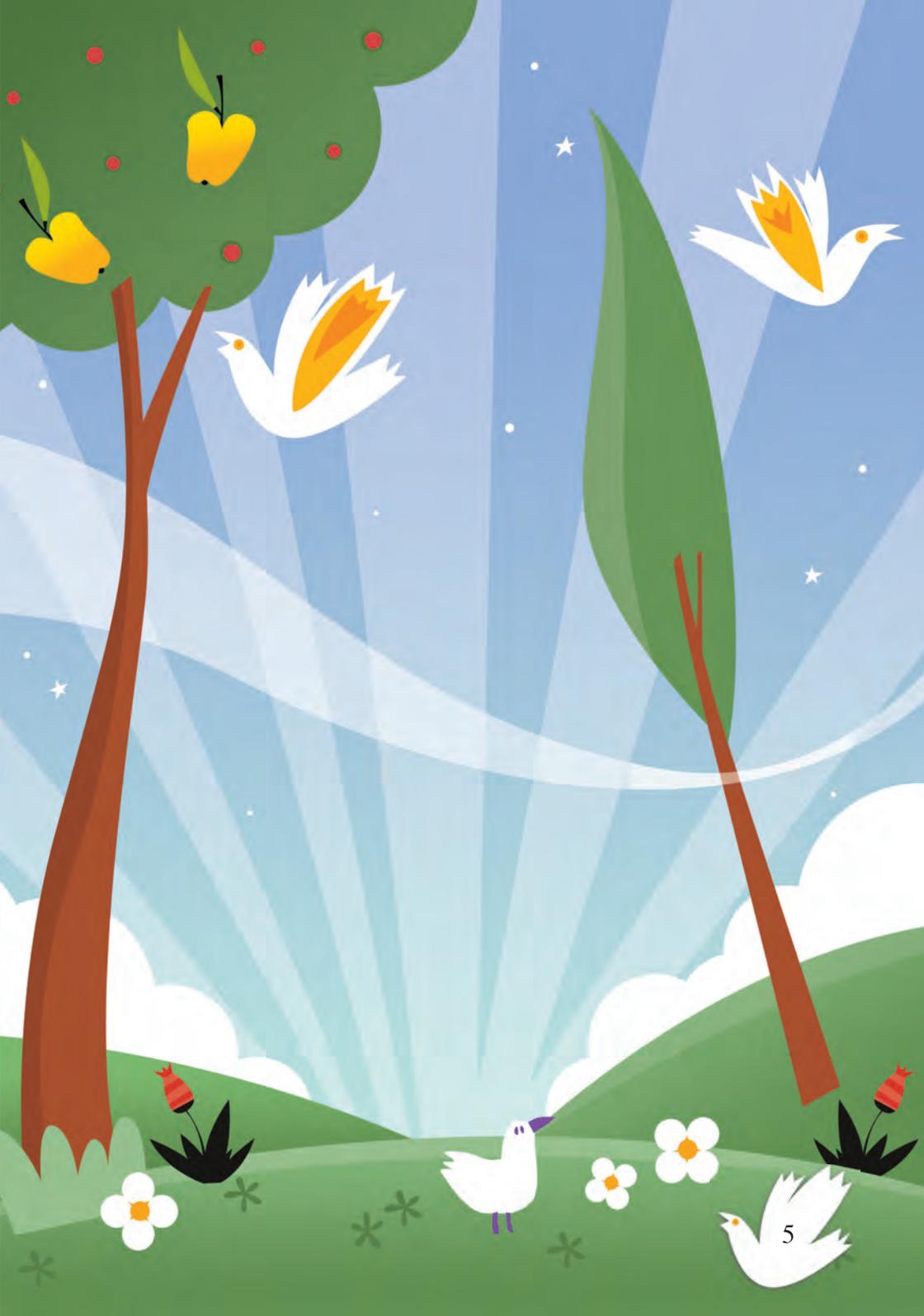




At the moment our master Muhammad was born the Angels came down to the earth. The whole universe was illuminated with light. All of creation was filled with excitement. Blessings rained down everywhere. The idols that people prayed to instead of the One God crumbled and fell. Allah sent **Prophet Muhammad** as a mercy to the universe!

According to Arab tradition, Lady Amina took baby Muhammad to a foster mother, who would raise him in the countryside. This foster mother, named Lady Halima, didn't have a family of her own.

But blessings soon filled her home with the coming of this holy child.





Lady Halima soon realized that this baby was not like other ones. When little Muhammad grew some, she took him back to his mother in Mecca. **Our master Muhammad's** mother died when he was six. He was now without mother and father. His grandfather, Abdul Muttalib, looked after him now. But when he was eight Abdul Muttalib died too.

Our master Muhammad went to live with his uncle, Abu Talib. Abu Talib and his wife loved Muhammad more than their own children.







They took very good care of him. Our master Muhammad was a very kind and responsible boy. He always tried his best to help his family. He looked after his uncle's sheep for a year.

When our master Muhammad was twelve, his uncle Abu Talib took him to Damascus to trade. The caravan stopped near a monastery close to Damascus. **Bahira** the Monk saw the caravan from a distance. He saw a cloud strangely following it. When the caravan camped under a tree, the cloud stopped.



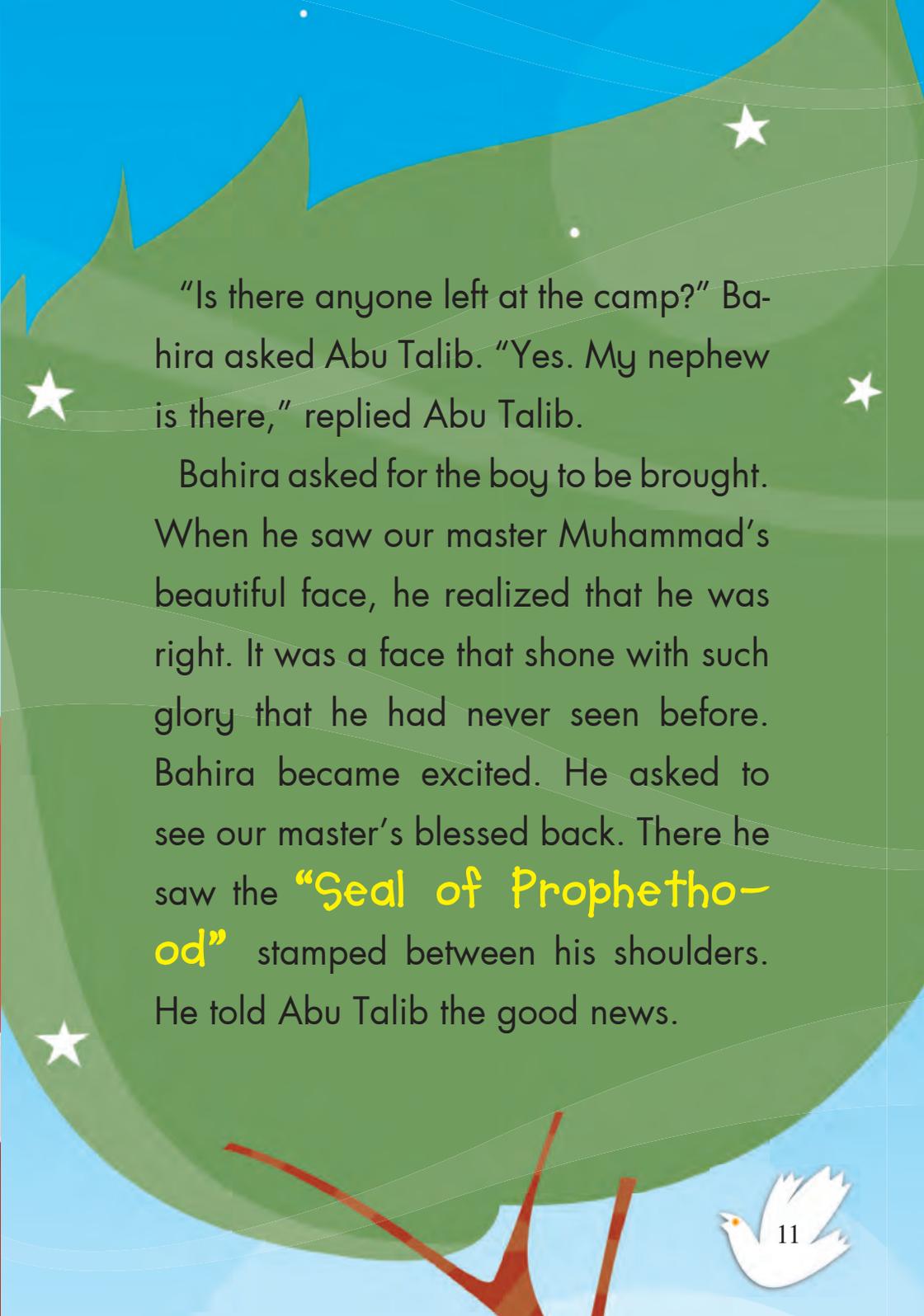


The leaves of the tree turned green with life. **Bahira** watched the scene filled with wonder. All of it was a miracle! He sensed that the last prophet that all of the sacred books spoke of may have come. He invited the caravan to his monastery. **Abu Talib** left our master Muhammad in the camp.

Bahira honored the men, but he couldn't find the holy sign that he was looking for on their faces. He looked to the tree and saw that the cloud was still there.







"Is there anyone left at the camp?" Bahira asked Abu Talib. "Yes. My nephew is there," replied Abu Talib.

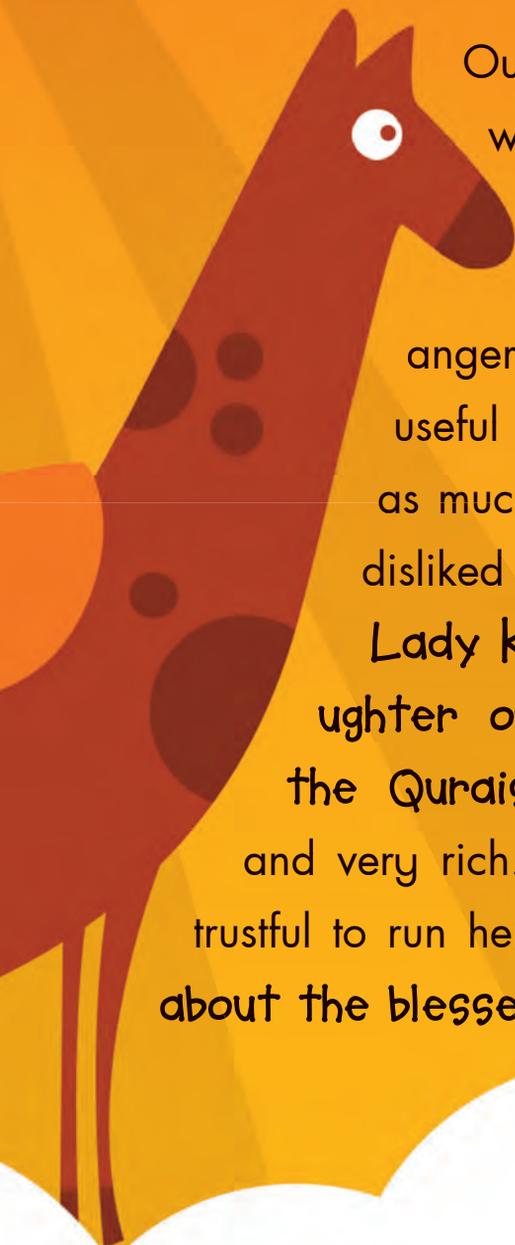
Bahira asked for the boy to be brought. When he saw our master Muhammad's beautiful face, he realized that he was right. It was a face that shone with such glory that he had never seen before. Bahira became excited. He asked to see our master's blessed back. There he saw the "Seal of Prophethood" stamped between his shoulders. He told Abu Talib the good news.





In his youth the blessed Muhammad was deeply admired by people for the truthfulness of his words and his kind behavior. He only spoke the truth and only behaved in the most proper way. The beauty of his morals spread to every corner of Mecca. Everyone called him “Al-Amin,” which means “trustworthy.”





Our blessed Muhammad was kind, understanding and patient. He kept far away from hatred and anger. He busied himself with useful things. He only spoke as much as he needed, for he disliked needless chatting.

Lady Khadija was the daughter of a noble family of the Quraish. She was a widow and very rich. She needed someone trustful to run her business. She heard about the blessed Muhammad.



One day she offered the blessed Muhammad a job and he accepted. The more she came to know his wonderful character, the more she began to love him.

The blessed Muhammad was unlike any man that Khadija knew. She discussed her feelings with her family.

Lady Khadija was the perfect wife for the blessed Muhammad. She also had the most beautiful morals. She protected and comforted him in hard times. She was the first person to convert to Islam.



Everyone suggested that they marry. Together they had six children: Qasim, Abdullah, Zainab, Ruqayah, Umm Kulthum, Fatima.

Once there was a flood that caused the walls of Ka'bah to fall down. The Meccans began to repair this holy house of Allah. They replaced each brick until they came to the **Black Stone**. Each tribe wanted to have the honor of putting this blessed stone back into its spot. People argued about this until an old man spoke up.

“O Meccans!” he said. “We will ask the next person to come by. We will obey what he decides.”

Everyone agreed, and everyone was glad to see that the next person to come by was Muhammad Al-Amin!







Prophet Stories

# Prophet MUSA

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# Musa

Prophet

**The Pharaoh** was jolted out of his sleep, awoken in a cold sweat. He was the ruler of Egypt, but now he was very frightened.

He had had another nightmare. The Pharaoh had been having many such nightmares ever since an old soothsayer spoke these words to him:

*“A boy born from the people of Banu Israil is going to end your rule!”*

Night after night, the Pharaoh could not sleep. He felt as if he were choking. He had to save himself from the soothsayer's words. He began to think.

Soon the Pharaoh came up with a horrible plan. He ordered all the newborn

boys of Banu Israil to be killed. The wicked Pharaoh sent his soldiers to search throughout the land for all male babies of Banu Israil. **As soon as they found one, they heartlessly murdered him.**









In the land there lived a man named Imran and his wife, Yuqabid. Both husband and wife were worried, for Yuqabid was pregnant. When she was about to give birth, Imran told her to go to a secret place. Soon Allah gave her a healthy and beautiful baby boy. **Yuqabid named the baby Musa.**

Yuqabid did her best to hide Musa. If the soldiers found out about him they would kill him!

**“O Allah! Please help me** gave my baby from the Pharaoh!” Yuqabid cried out in prayer.





**Allah** inspired Yuqabid's heart with a way to save little Musa. She put the baby into a basket made of reeds and placed it into the River Nile.

Yuqabid was a woman of great faith.

*“Allah told me to do this,” she thought. “If I trust in Him everything will be alright.” She thought.*

She found a reed basket. Then, with tears in her eyes and a prayer on her lips, she placed her baby into the basket and set it out onto the waters.



As the basket flowed down the river, Yuqabid ran home. She told her daughter Maryam:

“Follow the basket from the riverbank,” she said. “See where it stops with your baby brother.”



In those days there was a huge and magnificent palace on the banks of the Nile. The river pulled the basket in front of the palace’s garden. The Pharaoh and his wife, Asiya, happened to be walking in the garden. Asiya spotted the basket.

“Look!” she exclaimed to the Pharaoh. “The river has brought us a gift!”







## The Pharaoh was suspicious.

Why is this basket in the water? He called for his guards.

They brought the basket and put it in front of Queen Asiya. She opened the box. There she saw a beautiful baby smiling.



*"The Nile has brought us a wonderful present," she said, clapping her hands.*





But the Pharaoh didn't agree. Where did this child come from? A vizier saw that the Pharaoh was bothered by this.

“Your Majesty!” he whispered to the Pharaoh. “This baby might be from Banu Israil. You should have him killed.”

“Please don't do that my king!” cried Asiya. “Perhaps we can adopt him and raise him as our son.”

The Pharaoh looked at the baby in his wife's arms.





The Pharaoh stood there for a while looking at his wife.

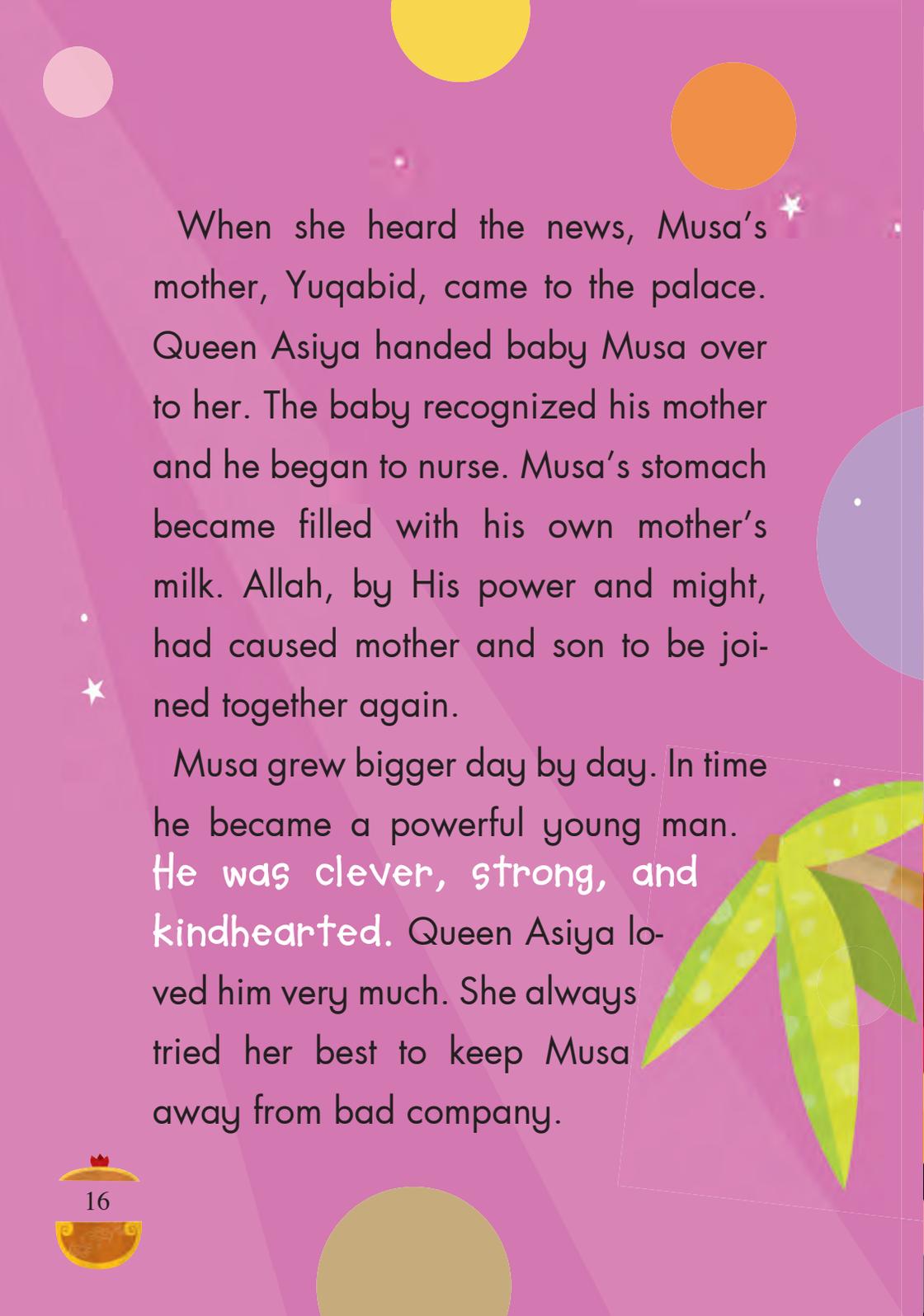
“Very well,” he finally said to her. “Do as you like!”

★ Musa’s big sister, Maryam, was watching everything from her hiding place along the banks of the river. When she heard the Pharaoh’s words she ran home to her mother.

“Thank you O Lord!” exclaimed Musa’s mother when she heard the news that he was safe.

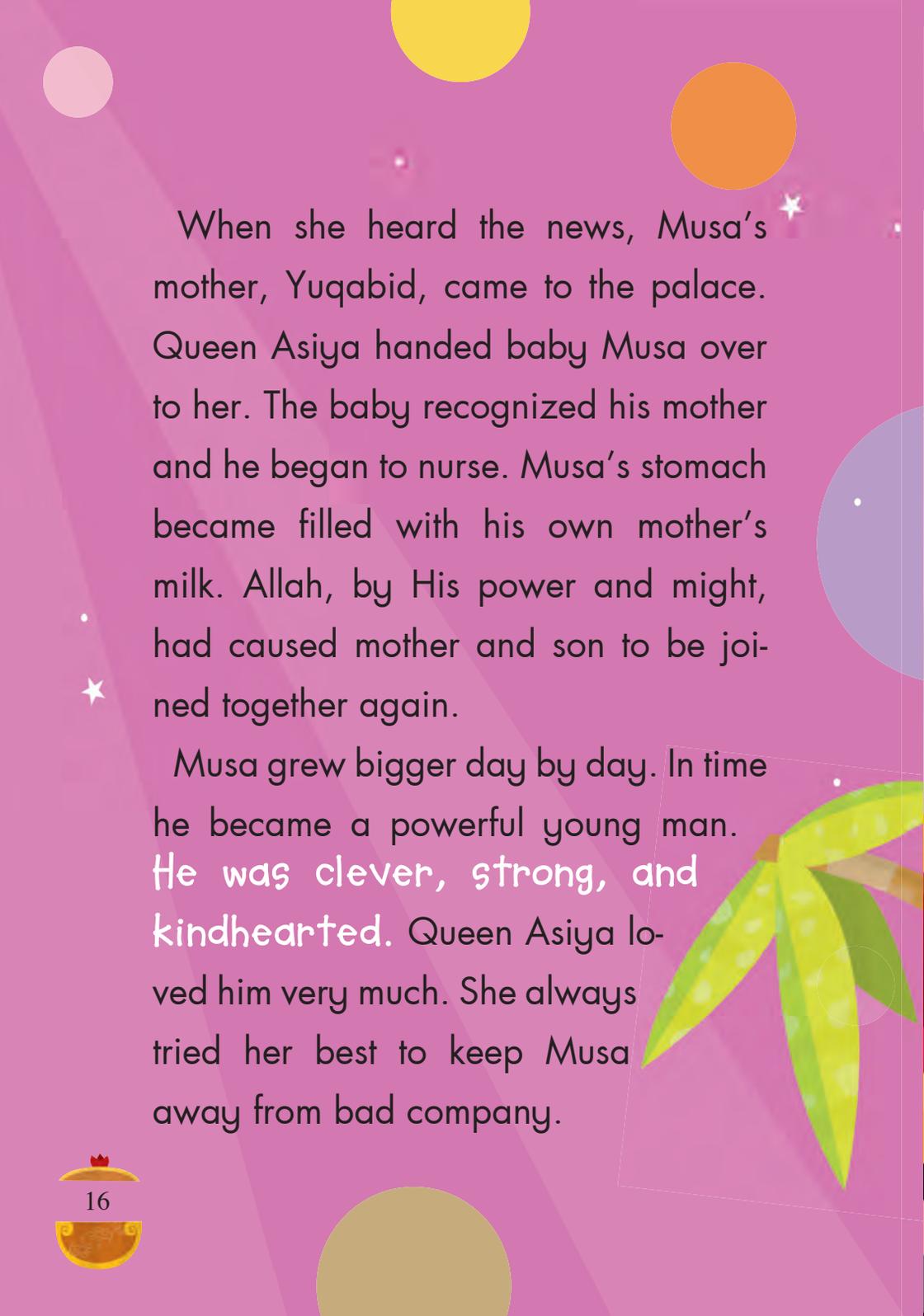
Rescued from the river Musa became hungry. He began to cry and cry. Queen Asiya quickly found a nurse for him. But Musa didn't nurse from this woman. The queen found another nurse. But the baby wouldn't nurse from this woman either. Queen Asiya became very worried. The baby must nurse! Soon, word spread all over Egypt that the palace needed a nurse.





When she heard the news, Musa's mother, Yuqabid, came to the palace. Queen Asiya handed baby Musa over to her. The baby recognized his mother and he began to nurse. Musa's stomach became filled with his own mother's milk. Allah, by His power and might, had caused mother and son to be joined together again.

Musa grew bigger day by day. In time he became a powerful young man. **He was clever, strong, and kindhearted.** Queen Asiya loved him very much. She always tried her best to keep Musa away from bad company.







Prophet Stories  
Prophet

# Nuh

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**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  
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Telephone: +90 (212) 511 2424 (pbx) Fax: +90 (212) 512 4000  
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# Prophet Nuh

The children of the first humans on earth, Adam and Hawwa, increased in number. They spread out over the land and set up villages so that they could live together. The children of Adam learned to do the things required to live.

*They took advantage of many plants and animals. They farmed the land and hunted.*







The children of Adam also figured out how to make things from wood, stones and clay. They carved these things, giving shape to them. They made things that they could use.

Allah made the earth for the children of Adam. **Everyone knew that and thanked Allah for all of these blessings.** They prayed only to One God, exactly like Adam did.



However, Shaitan came to earth with **Adam**. He refused to obey Allah and bow to Adam. As a result Allah threw him out of Paradise. Shaitan had **great hatred** for humans because of this. He desired for everyone to become evil like him. He always thought of ways to trick and misguide people.





**Allah** loves to help people. He is most-forgiving. However, He never forgives one thing: our worshipping any other thing besides Him. This was something Shaitan always tried to get people to do.

There were many holy people in those ancient times. **These men and women worshiped Allah night and day.** Their hearts were full of love and kindness. They taught people to pray to One God and be good.

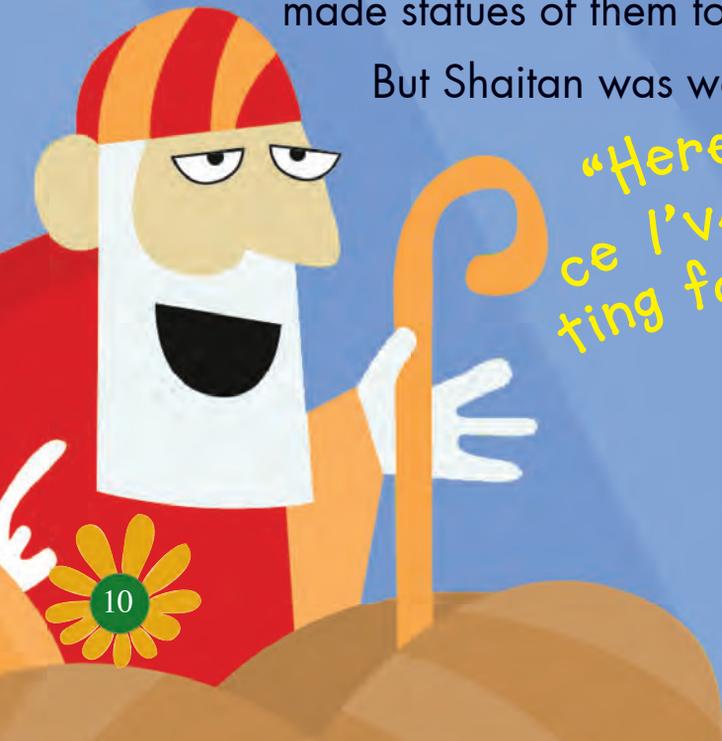
Because of this, everyone loved these people very much.



But like everyone, the special people died. People felt very sad when they left this life. They cried and cried. They forget the good advice they gave or their kindness. To remember these holy men and women people began to draw pictures of them. They made statues of them too.

But Shaitan was watching.

*“Here’s the chance I’ve been waiting for!”* he thought.





The people started talking to these statues. Some even bowed and prayed to them! Shaitan was happy. He knew that if people kept on doing this they would soon forget Allah. And after many years, Shaitan's wish came true. Most people stopped praying to One God. They now believed in the idols that they made with their own hands. Shaitan was able to cheat the children of Adam. But there were a few people who kept their faith strong. They remembered Allah and they obeyed His commands. Shaitan had no power over them.



• **Shaitan** knew that he could never cheat the believers. Their hearts were filled with Allah's love and their thoughts were pure. They never did bad deeds, only good.

• Nuh was one of these righteous people. He believed only in Allah. He stayed away from badness. The fact that people forgot the **One God and instead worshipped idols made him very sad**. Because of his goodness Allah gave Nuh the job of being a prophet. He was to teach his people.







Nuh told people that he was a prophet. He called them to the right way.

“O my people! Worship Allah,” Nuh declared. “You have no god except Him. I’m afraid that you will be punished one day!”



The people were shocked. Nuh was telling something unusual. He was disrespecting the idols to which they had prayed for a long time.

“Ah!” said the leaders of the people. “You have clearly lost your mind!”



These leaders were especially angry with Nuh. They were arrogant because they had a lot of power and money. How dare Nuh tell them that they were doing wrong?

★ *“O my people!” said Nuh.*

“Fear Allah, and follow me. No reward do I ask of you. My reward is only from the Lord of the Worlds.”





Prophet Stories  
Prophet

# Sulayman

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Prophet

# Sulayman

Prophet Dawud had ruled over the people of Banu Israil for many years. One day he sat listening to two men who were arguing with each other. His young son Sulayman stood by his side.

“My king!” said one of the men. “This man’s sheep broke into my field at night. They ruined my crops. I put so much work into my fields. My loss is great. I demand payment from him!”



Prophet Dawud turned to the man who owned the sheep.

“Is what your neighbor says about you true?” said the prophet.

“Yes, it is true your majesty,” replied the man with his head hung low. I forgot to close the sheep-pen door last night. While I was sleeping, the **sheep** broke into my neighbor’s field.”

“Then you will give your sheep to your neighbor,” **said Prophet Dawud.** “Your debt will be settled and justice served.”







But young Sulayman started thinking. The man with the sheep did not mean to harm his neighbor. It would be a disaster for him if he was forced to give away all of his sheep.

“Dear father!” interrupted Sulayman. “I have another solution to this case.”



Since Sulayman was a smart and honest child, Prophet Dawud valued his opinions.

“What’s that solution my son?” asked the king.

“The sheep will be given to the owner of the field as a loan,” answered Sulayman.

“He will benefit from their milk and wool. The owner of the **sheep** will plant crops in the field. When he finishes this, he will give the field back. The owner of the field will also give the sheep back.”







*This was a very clever and very fair solution.*

“Sulayman’s plan is better,” said Prophet Dawud. “Do it as he said.” Both men were happy with the decision.

Sulayman was wise enough to figure out the truth even in his childhood. He became the ruler of Banu Israil when Prophet David passed away. Allah granted many **talents** to Sulayman and much **power** too. Allah made him a prophet like his father.





When he became king, Sulayman declared to his people:

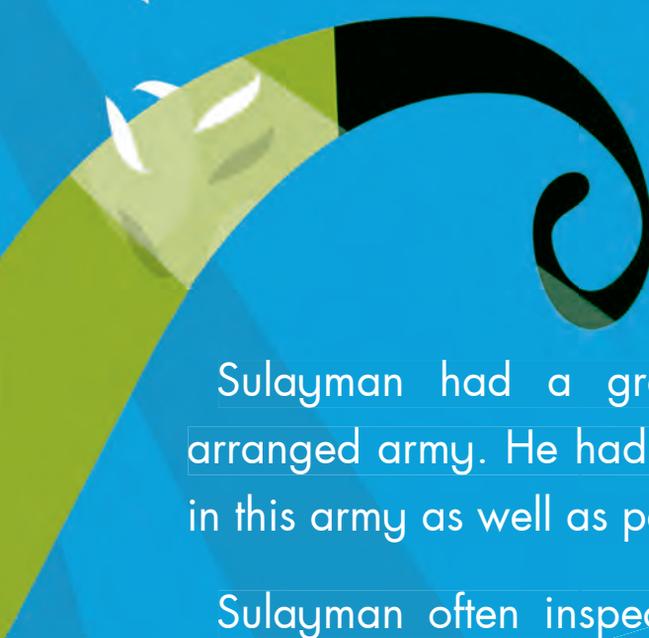


“O people! Allah gave me everything necessary to be a prophet and a king. He taught me the language of birds. He put the wind under my control. Certainly these are great gifts that Allah has given to me.”

Sulayman was a **powerful** and influential **king**. He used his might and wealth to help his people live in peace and comfort. All the while he lived a modest and simple life.







Sulayman had a great and well-arranged army. He had birds and Jinn in this army as well as people.

Sulayman often inspected his army. One day while he was inspecting he saw that a certain **Hoopoe bird** wasn't in its place. The Hoopoe often flew to faraway lands in order to bring news from there.

“Why can't I see the Hoopoe among you?” Sulayman told his commanders. “I hope he has a good reason for not being here. If not, he **will be punished.**”





The commanders were quiet. They did not know why the Hoopoe was not present. They had no answer for the king.

Suddenly the sound of flapping wings was heard. Everybody took a deep breath. They knew that the Hoopoe was coming from far away.

The bird perched directly on Sulayman's shoulder.

"Where have you been flying?" Sulayman asked with a sharp voice. "Why weren't you here?"





The Hoopoe had been to the land of Sheba and learned of something very strange and wonderful. It began to tell the king about its experience:

“Sheba is ruled by a queen. They called her Bilqis. She is **very beautiful, very smart** and **very rich**. But I saw that her people do not believe in the One God. Instead they worship the Sun. They cannot find the right way.

They cannot see the truth.”

Sulayman was listening curiously to the Hoopoe.

"We will see if your story is true or not," he said.

Then he wrote a letter to Bilqis. He put the letter in an envelope and sealed it.

"Take this letter to the queen," He said to the Hoopoe. "Wait until she reads the letter. Learn what she does and what she says."





Prophet Stories

Prophet

# Yunus

**Writer: Belkıs İbrahimhakkıođlu**

**Illustrator: Cem Kızıltuđ**

**Print and Binding**

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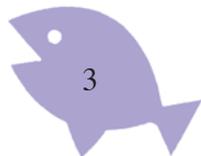
# Prophet Yunus



**Nineveh** was the capital city of the Assyrian Empire. It was a large and grand city. It was filled with many people.

Life was easy in Nineveh because it had great riches. There were many opportunities for work there.

The people of Nineveh should have thanked Allah for all of their blessings. But they didn't. Rather, they were arrogant and ungrateful. Their **power** and **money** had spoiled them.







When the people became comfortable they forgot their Creator. The ones who forgot their Creator also forgot good manners and good deeds. They closed their hearts to Allah. Instead, they began to carve idols of wood and stone to which to pray.

If they just would have thought about it for a moment they might have said:

“What use is it for us to pray to these things we have made with our own hands?”

But they didn't use their brains. They did, however, use their **brains** to think up ways to do **bad** deeds. They had become a heartless people.





Among the people of Nineveh was a man who was **very different**. He was a fine man who feared Allah. His name was Yunus.

Allah had made Yunus one of his prophets. At that time he was still in his **thirties**.





**Yunus** began to give good advice to his people in the name of Allah. The people were shocked, as if they had been slapped.

“What is this fellow talking about?” They said to one another in surprise.

However, the words did not belong to Yunus. He was only communicating Allah’s commands.



“Do you believe in a god other than the ones we pray to?”

*the people asked Yunus.*

“Can these idols of wood and stone be gods?” Yunus replied calmly. “You are certainly misguided. Give up praying to these things. Turn to the One God who made and blessed you.”





*The people of Nineveh grew angry.*

“Who do you think you are telling us that we’re wrong?” they shouted.

“I am a prophet who has been sent by the Creator of the universe,” **Yunus** replied.



**The people** were thoroughly aggravated. It was too much for them to handle. A man was telling them to leave their gods and he was claiming to be a prophet! They threw insults at Yunus.

Yunus did not expect the people to believe in him so easily. But at least he thought they would think about what he had to say. Allah gave each one of us a **brain** so we can think and tell the difference between good and bad.



Some from among the people  
did think. They said:

"Why are we going against Yunus? He isn't asking for money. We have never known him to tell lies. We know he's not crazy. Let's give him a chance. Let's listen to him. Maybe we truly are wrong in our ways."

They began to take **Yunus seriously** and as they listened to his words their hearts were filled with light. The words that he spoke opened stunning and amazing doors to the world, doors that they had never imagined. They were at peace. They felt sorry for having wasted the time that Allah had given them.



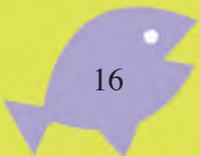


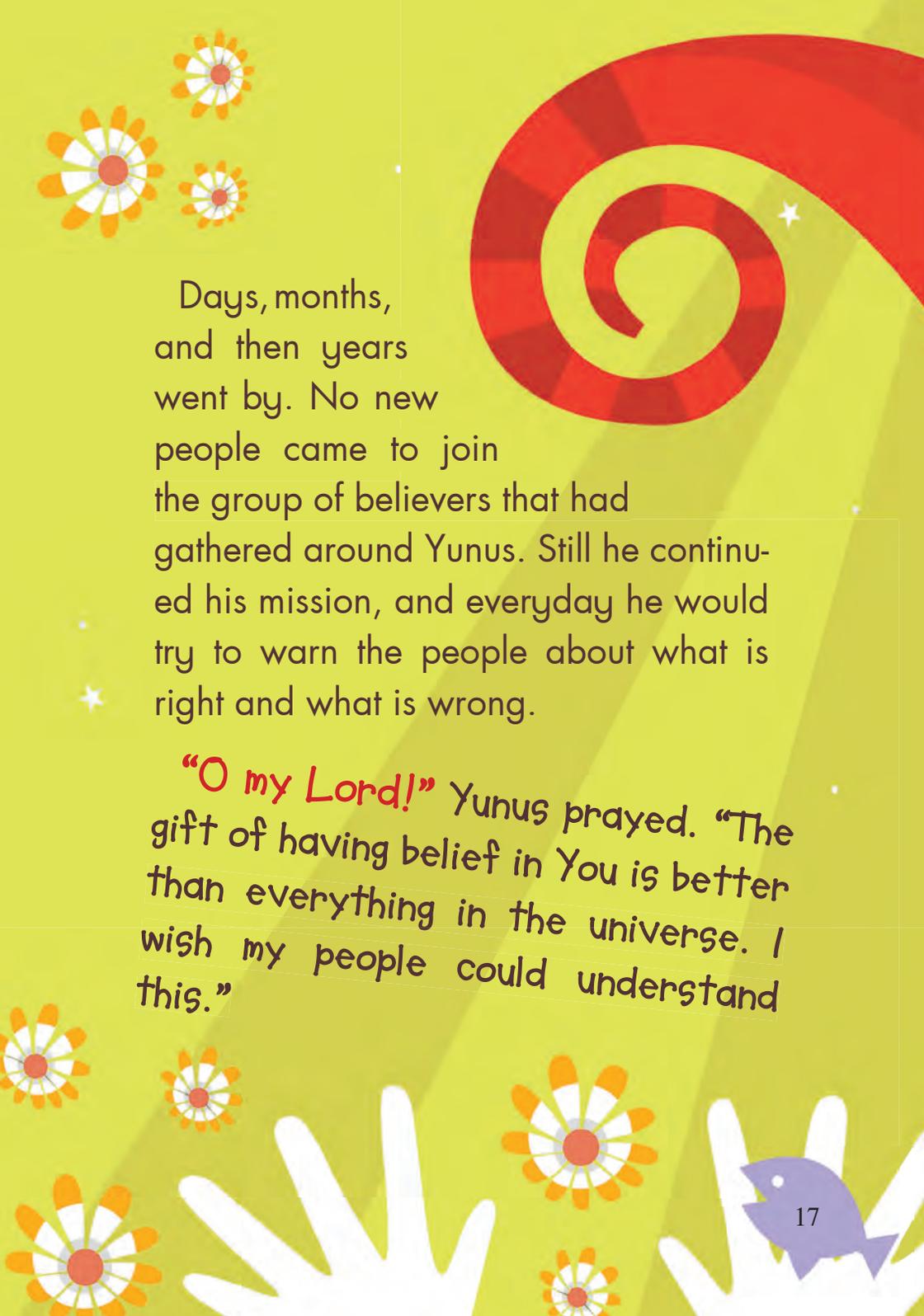


“O Yunus!” they said. “We believe in your mission. We ruined ourselves by praying to idols. We hope our Lord can forgive us!”

Yunus was happy to hear such words. There were now people who believed in him, even if they were small in number. He tried his best to comfort them.

“I am **sure** our Lord will not hold you responsible for the things you didn’t know.” He said to the people. “Allah is the Most Forgiving.”





Days, months,  
and then years  
went by. No new  
people came to join  
the group of believers that had  
gathered around Yunus. Still he continu-  
ed his mission, and everyday he would  
try to warn the people about what is  
right and what is wrong.

**“O my Lord!”** Yunus prayed. “The  
gift of having belief in You is better  
than everything in the universe. I  
wish my people could understand  
this.”



Prophet Stories

Prophet

# Yusuf

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**Illustrator: Cem Kızıltuđ**

**Print and Binding**

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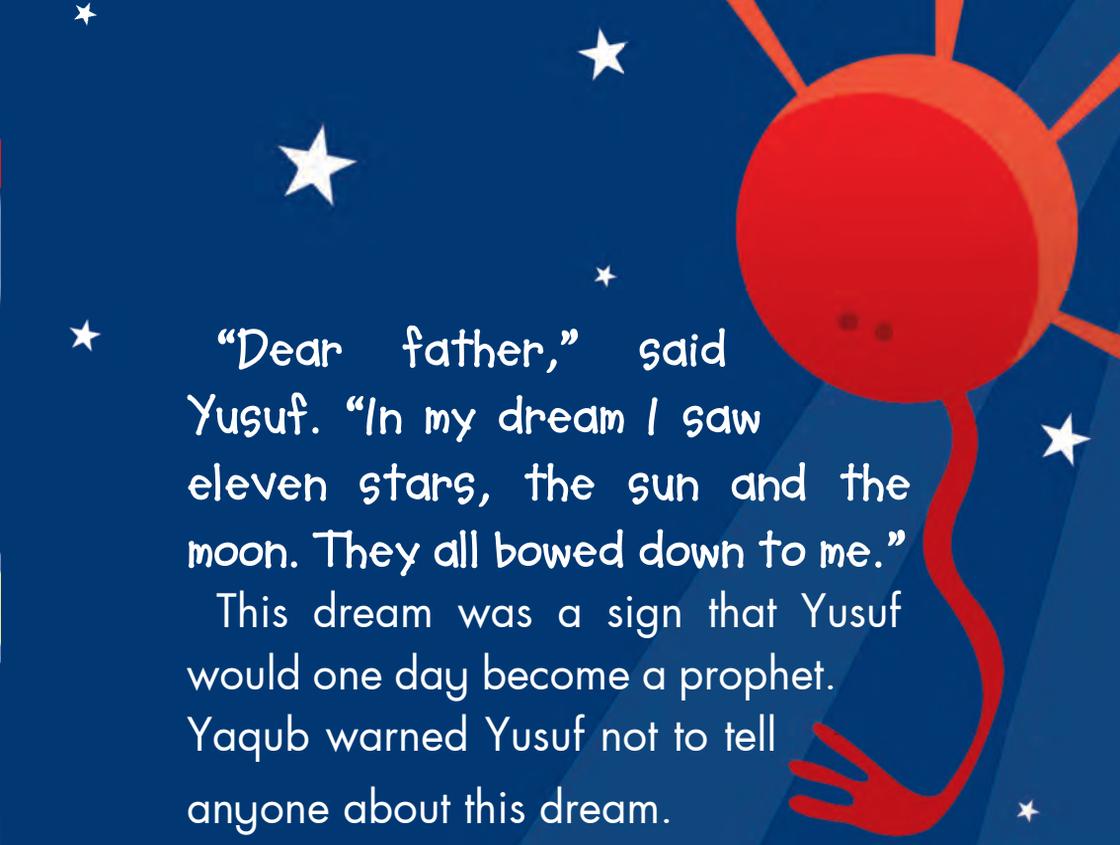
# Prophet Yusuf

**Yusuf** was the son of Prophet Yaqub. Yaqub had twelve sons, but he loved Yusuf most.

Yusuf was different from his brothers. He sparkled like water and shone like the stars in the sky. It was as if he had taken a share from all the beauties that Allah created.

One night when he was a child Yusuf had a dream. The next morning he told this **dream to his father.**





★ “Dear father,” said Yusuf. “In my dream I saw eleven stars, the sun and the moon. They all bowed down to me.”

This dream was a sign that Yusuf would one day become a prophet. Yaqub warned Yusuf not to tell anyone about this dream.

“My sweet son,” said Yaqub. “Don’t tell your dream to your brothers. They might become jealous and, if they fall into temptation, do something bad to you.”



Even though Yusuf did not tell his dream to his brothers, they were still very jealous of him. One day they decided to take him out into the wilderness and throw him into a well at a caravan stop.

They went to their father.  
“Father,” they said.  
“We are going to walk around and explore the wilderness. We want to take Yusuf. Don’t worry; we will take care of him.”







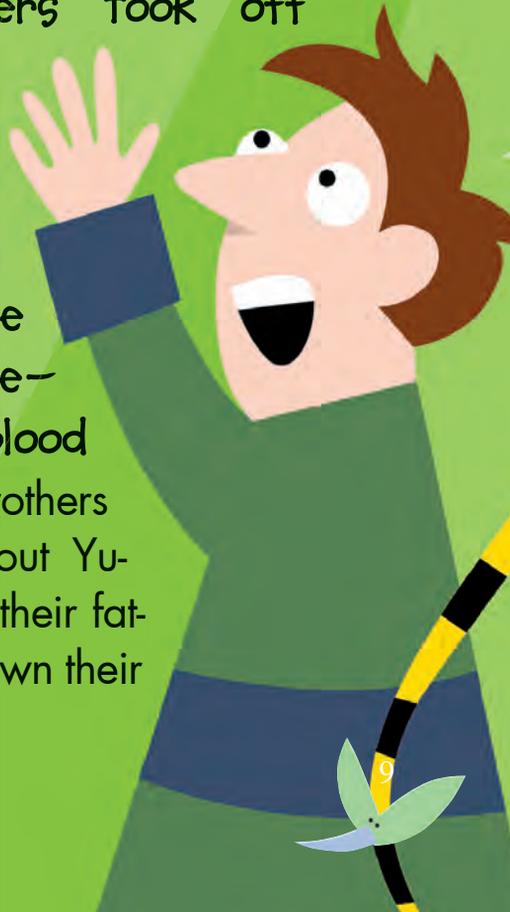
“I am worried that you will become too caught up in exploring that you will forget Yusuf there,” replied Ya-qub. “He is very young. If he is left alone a wolf could snatch him up.”

But his sons were very insis-tent. Yaqub gave in and allowed them to take Yusuf.

The brothers left their father's side with Yusuf. They eventually came to somewhere far away. Yusuf had never seen this place. The brothers stopped in front of the well that caravans used when they stopped to camp.

First, the brothers took off Yusuf's shirt.

Then they pushed him into the well. While Yusuf yelled for help, the brothers killed a sheep and smeared its blood on the shirt. The brothers went back home without Yusuf. They came before their father with tears rolling down their faces.

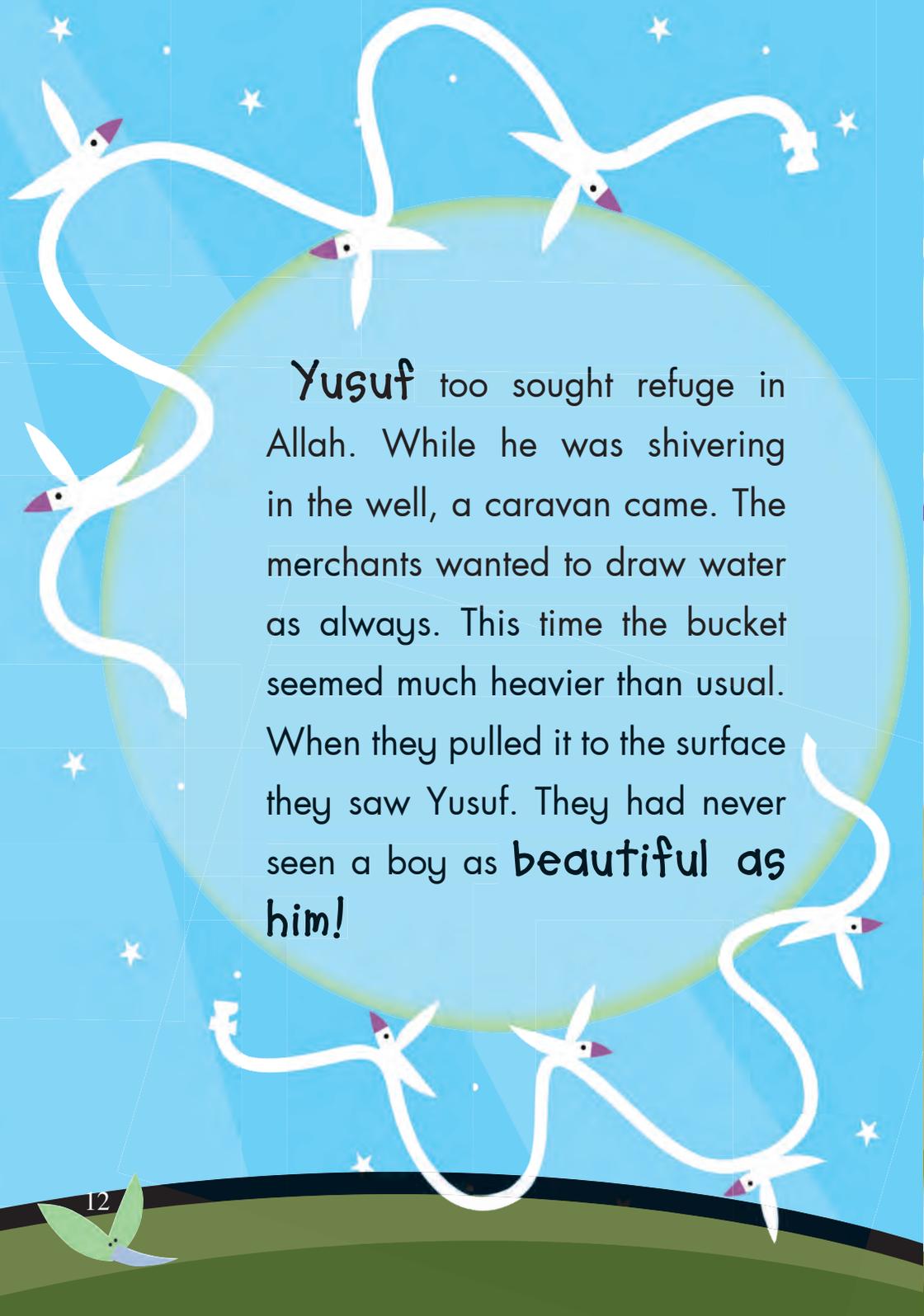




“O father!” exclaimed the brothers. “While we were gallivanting around, we left Yusuf to watch our food. A wolf came out of nowhere and ate him. We brought his blooded shirt to prove it to you.”

The one thing that he had been afraid of happened. Yaqub grabbed the bloody shirt and pressed it against his chest. He smelled the shirt and then looked it over. The shirt had been torn to shreds, but he knew it wasn't the work of a wolf.

“It is obvious that you are up to something,” Yaqub told his sons. “But all I can do is seek refuge in Allah, bear the pain and be patient.”



**Yusuf** too sought refuge in Allah. While he was shivering in the well, a caravan came. The merchants wanted to draw water as always. This time the bucket seemed much heavier than usual. When they pulled it to the surface they saw Yusuf. They had never seen a boy as **beautiful as him!**



The merchants were both surprised and happy. They took Yusuf with them to Egypt and put him up for sale in the slave bazaar.

He was bought by the chief advisor to the Pharaoh of Egypt. The Pharaoh

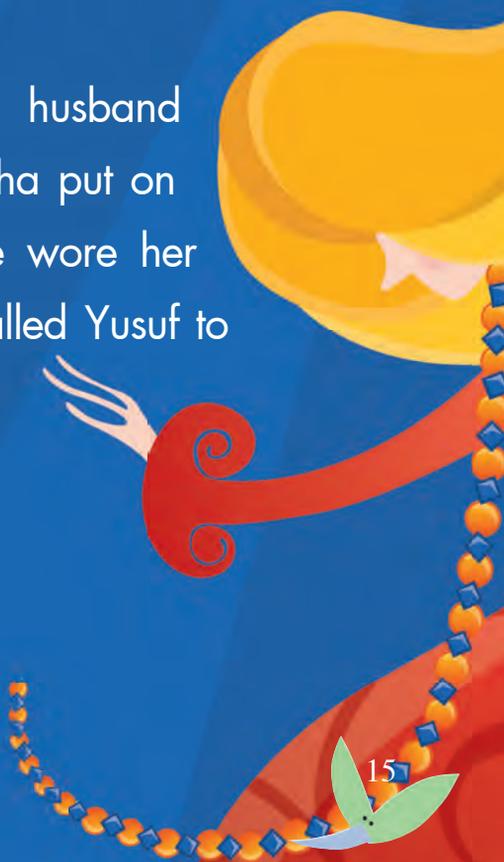
took him to his home and gave him as a gift to his wife, Zulaykha.





Many years passed and Yusuf grew into a very handsome young man. Whoever saw him became enchanted by his beauty. Zulaykha completely adored him. She wanted **Yusuf to love** her like he would a young lady.

★ One day when her husband wasn't at home Zulaykha put on her loveliest dress. She wore her brightest jewels. She called Yusuf to her room.





When Yusuf saw that he was alone in the room with Zulaykha he felt very uncomfortable. He tried to leave. Zulaykha ran to him and grabbed the back of his shirt. While Yusuf was trying to escape, his shirt was torn.

Zulaykha was very angry at Yusuf for trying to escape from her. She had him arrested and thrown into prison.

