

# THE PROPHET AND THE CLOUD

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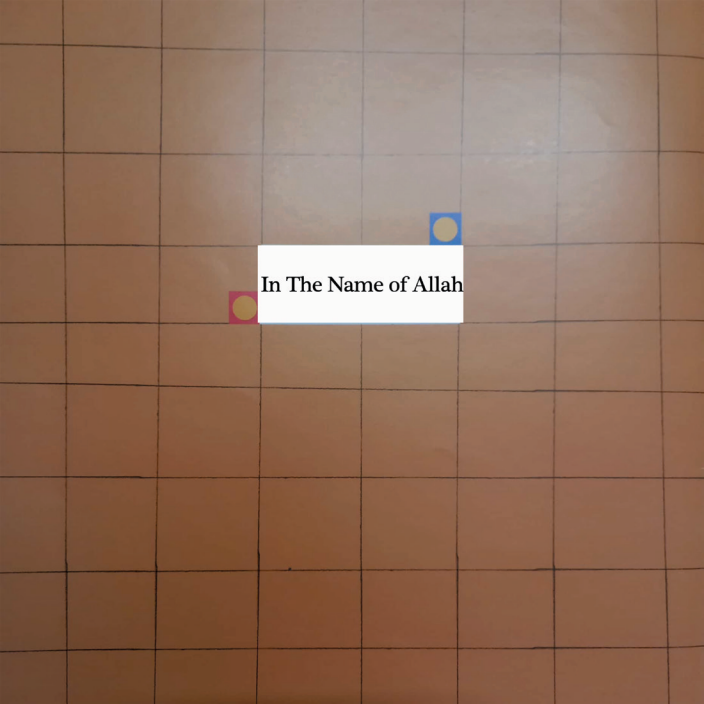


*Sahar Book*

*The Strange  
friends of  
The Prophet  
(PBUH&A)*  
Series

**Translator:**  
**AbdulQadir Muhammad-Bello**

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In The Name of Allah



THE PROPHET AND  
THE CLOUD







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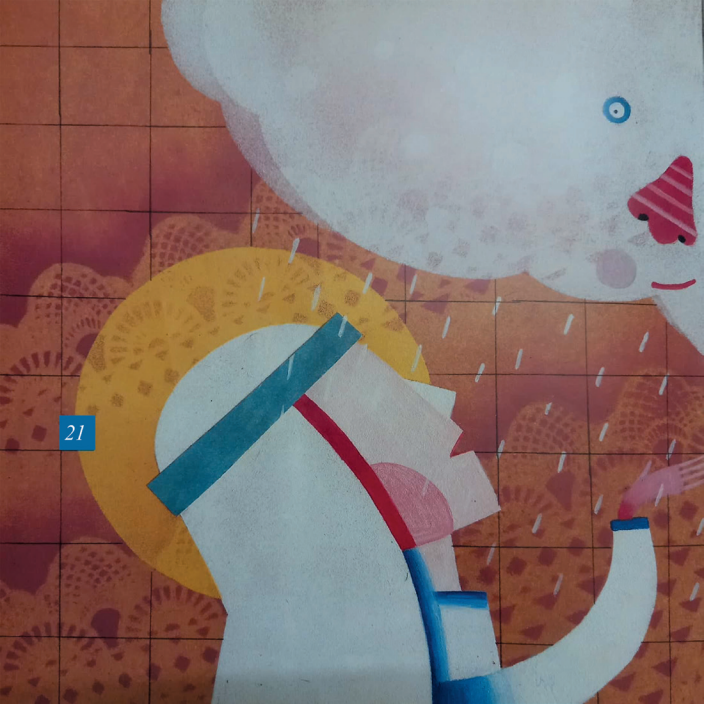
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The desert was hot and burning. It was sand and desert as far as the eye could see. From a far distance, a caravan was moving in the desert. The caravan was thirsty.

The sound of the caravan and the bells of the camels were wrapped in the desert. The caravan was thirsty.

The sound of the caravan and the bells of the camels were wrapped in the desert.

I was busy playing with my friends. We were laughing happily and going from one side to the other when I noticed the caravan at the moment. I saw a child among the caravan who was more beautiful than the moon and the sun. The child was coming with the caravan.

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I got engrossed looking at his face. His hair reached his shoulders.

His face was brighter than the sun. He was smiling and his white teeth were visible.

He wore a long and clean white dress. He looked at me for a moment and smiled.

I told the breeze to help me! And I started moving.

My friends shouted: "Where are you going?" I said: "I will return now..."

When I reached above the caravan, I stopped. My heart was beating fast. The breeze said quietly: "What were you looking at?" I pointed to the child and said: "Look! Look at this child, how beautiful he is!" The breeze stopped and looked at the child.

He smiled and said: "Yes, he is a beautiful child. I can't be tired of looking at him..."



*The man who was holding the child's hand, said: "O dear Muhammad! Aren't you tired?" The child, whose name I discovered now is Muhammad, shook his head.*

*He smiled and said: "No! I'm not tired, dear uncle.*

*It's just a little hot, but it doesn't matter. Now I understood the difficulty you encountered during your travels."*

*Uncle tried to block the sun's rays with his hand. Then he put his hand on Muhammad's head and said: "We will soon reach the caravansary and rest."*

*Muhammad smiled and said: "It's okay. I myself wanted to come with you on this trip."*

*I had to do something. It's a pity that Muhammad was hurt by the sunlight. I put myself above the head of Muhammad and tried to stand so that my shadow fell right over him.*





beautiful sight in the world. I wanted him to look at me like that. I sent a drop of water to Muhammad, which landed on his cheek. Muhammad put a drop of water on his face with his hand and waved at me.

The breeze laughed. He pulled my hand and said: "Come! Let's go back."

I pulled my hand off the breeze and said: "No! I want to go along with him. You go"


The breeze frowned and said: "But how far do you want to go with them?" I shook my head and said: "I don't know, anywhere in the world." I was gradually distancing from my friends.

Muhammad was laughing and looking at me as if he was telling me: "Go back, don't worry about me!" But I didn't go back. Muhammad's companions looked at him with surprise and then at me. I went with him. If the caravan was moving, I would also move and if it stopped, I would also stop.

During those few days, I could see what beautiful things he was doing. He was very kind and generous. He loved everyone. He was kind even to camels.

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He was talking to the sand, the stones and the desert. He used to look at the stars at night and would regularly consult with God. I felt a strange power in myself. I wanted this trip to continue like this. Some of Muhammad's companions were talking to each other. One of them said: "How strange this journey is. It was not difficult at all. We did not get tired during this journey. Look how this cloud is with us!" And I shook my head with pride and moved happily.



Gradually, the caravanserai was seen from a distance. I was happy. Now Muhammad could rest in the caravanserai. From afar, I could see someone standing in front of the caravanserai door. He placed his hands over his eyes and was looking at us. The caravan stopped, the camels knelt and Muhammad happily went to the caravanserai with his uncle.

The man who was standing in front of the caravanserai looked at me with surprise, put his hand on his heart and whispered something. The man came to welcome the caravan. He welcomed Muhammad's uncle and the rest of the caravans. And thereafter, he held Muhammad's hand and took him to the courtyard of the caravanserai. He gently patted Muhammad's head with mercy and sometimes stared at me. I was above the caravanserai. The breeze said: Now come and let's go back." I said: "Wait a little bit."

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The man who was in the caravanserai started talking to Muhammad's uncle: "Does this child have a father?" No, his father is dead. Where is his mother? She has also passed away. Where is he from? He is from Makkah, from the tribe of Quraysh...

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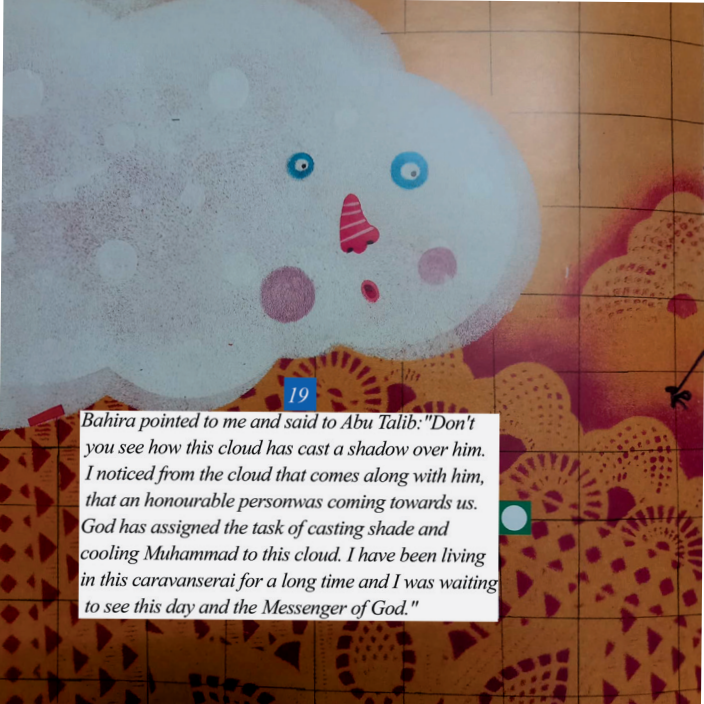




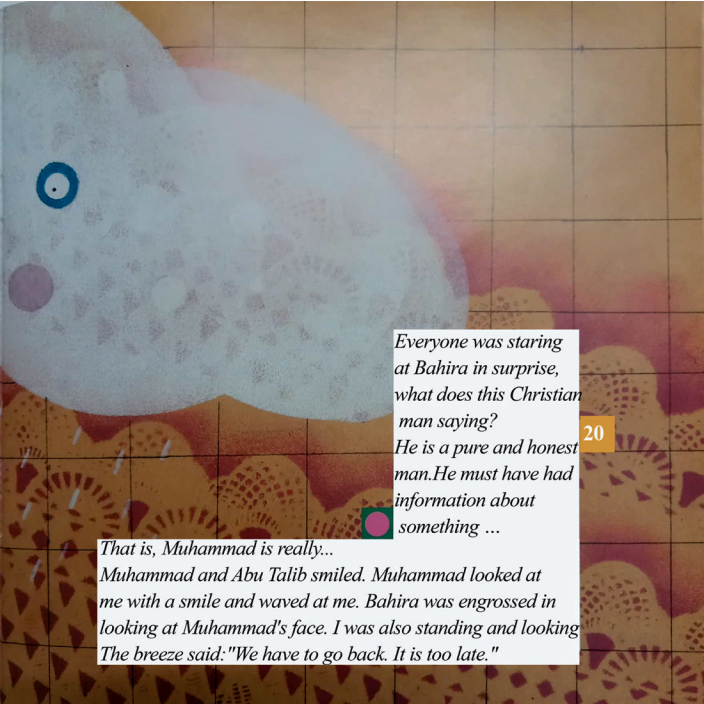
*The man was asking the questions and Abu Talib would answer. Abu Talib asked: "Dear Bahira, tell me what happened." Bahira placed his hand on his heart and said: "Will you let me look at this child's shoulders?" Abu Talib looked at Bahira in surprise. Bahira looked at Muhammad's shoulder and kissed it. He wiped away a drop of tears from his face. He took a deep breath and said: "O Abu Talib! Take care of this child. Muhammad will change the fate of history. He will be the Prophet of God and will announce the message of monotheism and Islam in the world." Abu Talib and the others looked at Bahira with surprise. And Bahira was crying.*







*Bahira pointed to me and said to Abu Talib: "Don't you see how this cloud has cast a shadow over him. I noticed from the cloud that comes along with him, that an honourable person was coming towards us. God has assigned the task of casting shade and cooling Muhammad to this cloud. I have been living in this caravanserai for a long time and I was waiting to see this day and the Messenger of God."*



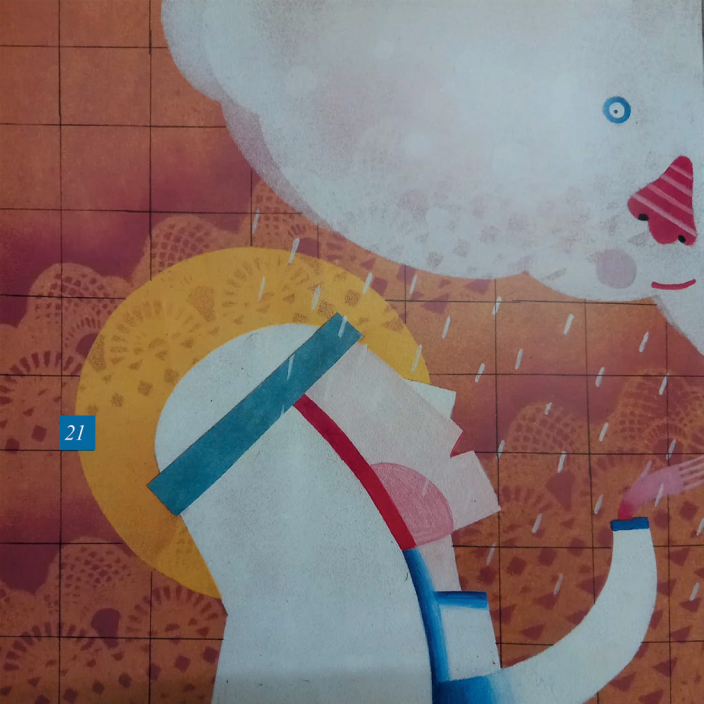
*Everyone was staring  
at Bahira in surprise,  
what does this Christian  
man saying?*

*He is a pure and honest  
man. He must have had  
information about  
something ...*

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*That is, Muhammad is really...*


*Muhammad and Abu Talib smiled. Muhammad looked at  
me with a smile and waved at me. Bahira was engrossed in  
looking at Muhammad's face. I was also standing and looking  
The breeze said: "We have to go back. It is too late."*





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*I smiled and said: "Go! May God protect you. I want to stay tonight and watch Muhammad carefully. I will not come back anymore." And I whispered to myself: "I am the most fortunate cloud in the world."*







*Muhammad was walking and I was also moving with him. He raised his head and looked at me and smiled. His smile seemed to be the most beautiful sight in the world. I wanted him to look at me like that...*



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