

THE PROPHET AND A LAND

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Illustrator:

Hassan Amekan



Sahar Book

*The Strange
friends of
The Prophet
(PBUHODG)
Series*



Translator:

AbdulQadir Muhammad-Bello

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In The Name of Allah



The book cover features a light brown background with a faint grid pattern. At the top, there are stylized buildings in shades of pink, red, and blue. A decorative border with a repeating pattern of semi-circles and dots runs along the bottom. A white rectangular box in the center contains the title. To the left of the box, there is a pink circle and a blue square with a yellow circle inside.

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THE PROPHET AND A LAND

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Translator:

AbdulQadir Muhammad-Bello

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That day, the hot sun burned my face as usual. I was blushing. The ants were walking slowly over my body. I was so tired. I felt sad for myself.

For a long time, no one asked about my condition and did not take care of me. It was like I was dead. Suddenly, people's voices were heard from far away. I got curious. People cheered and clapped and came to me happily. The bells of camels and the conversation and shouts of people filled the plain. Many people were standing by the sandypath. I tried to look closely to find out

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what was the cause of the noise. A man whose face was radiating like the sun was on a camel and was coming through the crowd. Everyone tried to grab the reins of the camel and pull it towards him.

I looked at the man and his camel; how beautiful he was! I paid full attention to be able to understand what the people were saying.

- O Prophet! We, the people of Medina, thank God that you chose this place to live.

- The infidels hurt you a lot, but we will take care of you from now on.

- Oh Muhammad! You should have come here earlier. You are welcome! The people were insisting: "Dear Prophet, come with us and illuminate our house with your light!"





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The two orphan children who owned me were looking longingly at the Prophet. The first child said: "Look, brother! How kind and beautiful the Prophet is! Fortunate is the one whose guest is the Prophet of God."

The second brother paused and said: "Yes, you are right. They said that the infidels in Mecca were persecuting him and his companions a lot. The Prophet of God has started a new life. He came here from Mecca so that his followers would be safe from the persecution of the infidels and they could propagate their religion. I heard that they even wanted to kill him!"






*Thank God that he is here. I wish he would be our guest.
- Our guest? What are you talking about, brother?
We are orphans and have nothing but this dry land. The
first child swallowed his saliva. He put a hand on his
sundered face and said: "What if we had a beautiful
house?!"*

*I was heartbroken to hear their conversations. The only
thing they had in this world was me, who was not even
useful to them. I had seen how sad they were, but I was
not able to do anything for them, because they did not
have the money to dig a well to make me inhabitable.*



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*The Prophet while riding a camel was looking at the people. He pushed his beautiful hair away from his face and said: "Dear ones! Thank you for being so kind! But if you allow me, I want to have a house for myself so that I can be in the service of the people. A place where people can easily meet me."
- Our house is yours.*

- You are welcome. Our house will get illuminated...

The Prophet hesitated as if he was whispering to someone in his heart. He looked everywhere and said: "Allow my camel to walk around and let it choose the place where my house is supposed to be built. Then, we will all build a house for me there and it will be as if I am your guest all the time." There was a commotion among the people and noise arose. Everyone stared at each other in surprise. "The camel chooses your house, but...?!"

The Prophet looked around and said: "Release the camel's reins and get aside from the front of the camel. This camel has a mission. Wherever it stands on and kneels, it is where I will reside. The camel acts according to God's injunction, and wherever it kneels, it is an indication of God's choice." Everyone was looking at the Prophet and the camel with surprise. Then they got aside from the front of the camel. The Prophet released the reins and the camel started walking. Everyone was waiting anxiously and was impatiently looking at the camel and its steps. I couldn't believe it. What a good thought the Prophet had! In this way, no one would be upset anymore. I also stared at the camel with passion. The camel was far from me, but I could see it. Two children curiously looked at the camel, the people and the Prophet. The camel looked here and there and continued walking. It was a good opportunity: Maybe the bird of happiness would sit on my shoulders. Why am I not the choice of the camel? But no, I was a dry and barren land. Who wanted a land like me? The camel was walking and the people were following it. The camel stopped for a moment. They were excited. Everyone wanted to shout that this is the place for the Prophet's house. But the camel turned its face to the other side and walked. People followed it. The Prophet was smiling on the camel. The camel looked everywhere carefully. It would stop for a moment and then continue again.



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A stylized illustration of a woman in a blue dress riding a purple camel. The background consists of large, light-brown square tiles. The camel is facing left, and the woman is seated on its back, looking towards the viewer. The camel has a red square on its side and a blue collar. The woman has a blue headscarf and a blue dress with a white patterned sash. The overall style is flat and graphic.

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*I gathered all my strength
and called the camel:
"Please come and sit here.
This place belongs to these
two orphans. Let there be
blessings and goodness for
these two orphans, let my
heart be happy too."
The camel turned its head.
It looked at me.*

It stared at me for a moment but turned its head and moved to the other side. All the lands were calling the camel. Only I could hear their voices. The people could hear their own voices. The camel didn't hear my voice from among all those voices, or if it did, it didn't care. Two children were holding each other's hands and looking longingly at the camel and the people. One of the children said sadly: "Look! The camel goes to that side. I wish it could come to our side. Look, it stopped!... Ah... It sat down on the ground."

I was disappointed and did not say anything again. I was looking at the camel and the ground in front of me with hatred and regret. The children sat on the ground and felt hopeless. I stared at their faces sadly. They were hugging their knees and looking at people. I was sad. They were always alone and helpless and I, who was their only asset, had never been able to do anything for them.

This time I shouted from the bottom of my heart and said: "O camel! Didn't you see us? Didn't you hear our plea? Have you not seen these children?"

As if a voice accompanied my voice: "O camel come this way, come here!" It was as if the angels were commanding me to do my best. I gathered all my strength and called the camel louder this time. Suddenly, the camel got up and started moving again. The people shouted, "No, the camel has not chosen a place yet."

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The camel was coming to me! My eyes were fixed on its footsteps. Its footsteps echoed in my ears. It was coming closer and closer. When it reached me, it stopped! He looked at me and the children. The children stared at the camel with trepidation and jumped happily. The Prophet kindly looked at me and the children. He closed his eyes. The camel turned and looked at the smiling face of the Prophet. Then it turned its head.

It bent its knees and sat down. I was stunned as if time stopped its movement. I was filled with joy as if the sun had become brighter and the sky was wider. The children were crying out of joy. The camel was sitting and looking at the people, the children and then at the Prophet. The Prophet looked at the camel and stroked its head. People shouted, "We are building a house for the Prophet right here." Two children were shedding tears of joy. I couldn't believe it. Was it me who was so fortunate? I kissed the camel's feet. I used to kiss the Prophet's feet. The children's tears were dropping down on my face. The Prophet asked with kindness: "Who does this land belong to?"

The people took the two children forward and they were standing in front of the Prophet.



These two children are the owners of this land. They have lost their father for many years and have become orphans, and they only have this land.

The Prophet smiled and said to the two children: "I will buy this land from you." Are you willing to sell it to me?"

The children cried and said: "No, we will not sell this land!" We want to give it to you as a gift."

The Prophet did not accept. He took out the money bag from under his clothes and stretched out his hand towards the children. Then he gave the bag to the children and said:

"Until you accept the money for the land, I will not accept your land either."

The children were happy and I was happier than them.

People were happy and gathered around the Prophet.

Everyone was satisfied. I smiled at the camel and thanked it. The camel got up. People wanted to take the Prophet to their home for a short time.

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Now, I was the best soil as the most merciful person on earth was on me.

It was getting dark little by little.

Suddenly, I heard his footsteps. He was walking slowly. His white dress shone in the darkness of the night and the light in his eyes was a beacon of hope and light for me.

He came and sat down. He raised his hands to the sky and said: "O God! Help me so that I can build a mosque here and invite people to Your worship."

And then he smiled and stretched his hand on me and said: "One day, you will be the Prophet's Mosque, the Muslims throughout the world will come to see you and pray here and consider you holy and precious."

I felt like I had become sacred next to the Prophet. Now! I was the most fortunate land in the world.





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