

# THE PROPHET AND THE MOON

Author:

*Mahnaz Fattahi*

Illustrator:

*Hassan Amekan*



*Sahar Book*

*The  
Strange  
friends of  
the  
Prophet  
(PBUHF)  
Series*

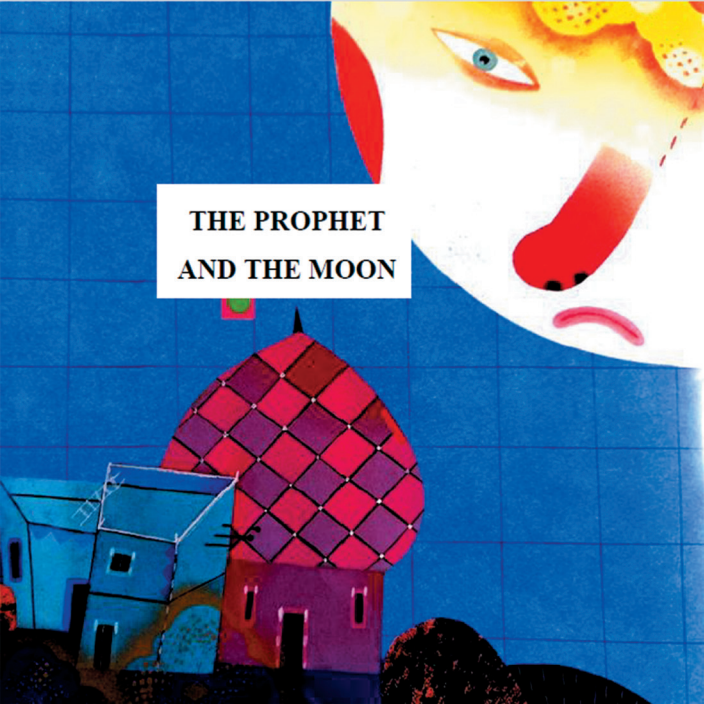
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*In The Name  
of Allah*







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AND THE MOON**





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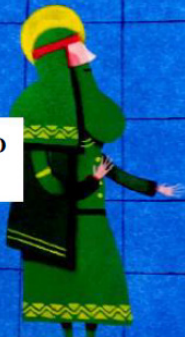
## THE PROPHET AND THE MOON

Author: *Mahnaz Fattahi*

Illustrator: *Hassan Amekan*

Translator:

*AbdulQadir Muhammad-Bello*



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**Author:** *Mahnaz Fattahi*

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**The Editor:** *Arghavan Ghouth*

**Art Director:** *Korosh Parzanjad*

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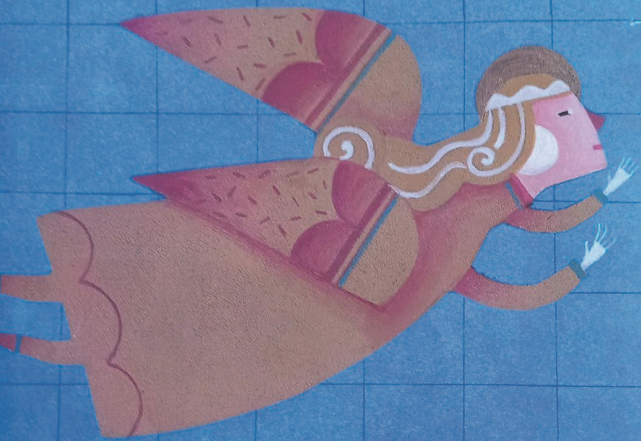
**E-Mail Address:**

[print@dafarnazhr.com](mailto:print@dafarnazhr.com)

**SMS:** *30004830*

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*I had been seeing him near Mount Hirafor some time. At night, he used to come quietly, go to the cave and communicate with God. Since the moment I saw him, I could not forget him for a moment.*


*I was restless to see him that night. The weather got darker and darker. The stars were twinkling. The sky opened its black umbrella and its perforated light upon/over the desert. The plain was endless and I, that was the moon of the sky, was waiting for the moon of the earth!*

*He was coming up from the mountain. How*

*beautiful his face was! His face was shining, his clothes were white and his black hair fell on his shoulders. As he was climbing the mountain, he was whispering something by his lip. I was engrossed watching him.*







*He smiled! His white teeth were shining in that darkness.*

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*Salaam to the beautiful moon! Salaam to the creation of God!!*

*He was saying about God! He knew God! He knew that I am His creation!*

*I couldn't believe it. I looked at him and said: "Salaam to the righteous servant of God..."*

*I am Muhammad ..., O beautiful moon! When I see you, I was engrossed in you. I smiled and said: "But now I'm engrossed watching you!"*

*Muhammad sat on a stone slab and stared at me. We talked a lot that night. I was happy to have spoken with the Prophet of God. Days passed and from that night on, he used to come every night. Sometimes, he was sad and sighed. Sometimes, he was thinking and sometimes he was whispering something by his lip.*



*He had also come that night to seek refuge in his solitude. His beautiful face was sad and disturbing. He sat down on a stone slab and stared at the scene in front of him.*


*I asked: "What's wrong? It's nothing! As usual, the infidels are bothering me and my companions. I'm worried about them. My heart got hurt. I said: "Well, something must be done."*

*God himself will help us. Is there anything that could be done from my side?*

*I don't know.*



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*I wished to help him. I wish I could, but I just had to shine and light up the sky. I wish I could enlighten the darkened hearts of these people.*

*Since the moment he had come, the mountain had become brighter.*

*That night, he came a little later than the previous nights. He sat down on a stone slab and started communicating with God: "O God! You see that they are beating the Muslims, they don't believe my words, the power of the Muslims has been exhausted from persecution..."*

*On hearing the Prophet's words that night, I was very sad. The next night, he came early. Many people followed him. I was surprised! Really, what happened?*

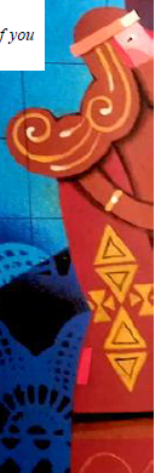
*People were shouting: "Show us if you are telling the truth. Show us if you are a Prophet of God!"*

*We ask you for a miracle. Where is your miracle? The Prophets before you had miracles. What is your miracle?*

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*The Prophet had closed his eyes and was listening sadly. Thereafter, he looked at them and said: "You the infidels, you have closed your eyes! You see nothing but evil."*

*If you want us to believe, you must show us a miracle! Nothing could be heard except the screams of the infidels. I looked at his kind and calm face. I tried to shine with power. I wish I could do something for him.*







*Suddenly, one of the infidels looked at me. He smiled and said: "Do you see the moon? The moon is complete at fourteenth night and full of light."*

*The Prophet looked at me. The man shouted: "If you are telling the truth that you are a Prophet of God, you should be able to do anything. So, order this moon to be divided into two halves."*



*What was this man saying? I was always like this. How should I be split into half now? What a strange thing they were demanding from the Prophet! There was a commotion. Everyone shouted and said: "He is telling the truth. Cut the moon into half!"*

*The Prophet was silent and closed his eyes. A little later, he opened his eyes. The moon of the earth looked at me who is the moon of the sky and said to them: "If I do this, will you believe in me?" They said: "Yes."*

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*The Prophet stood in front of me on a stone slab. He put his hand over his heart and communicated with God: "O Great God! The infidels are requesting from me something that*

*only You can do..."*

*The Prophet spoke to God and the infidels were looking at him with surprise. I couldn't believe that the infidels could request the Prophet to do something so hard. After all, could I be split in half? I have been like this since the day I knew myself. I have never been split into two halves.*

*I was worried about what the Prophet will do now.*

*At this moment, the Prophet smiled at me and said: "By God's order, everything is possible: even splitting your beautiful face in half!"*

*I whispered: "I have never been split into two!"*

*I was scared! Being split into two must have definitely been difficult and painful...*

*A voice rang in my ears: "O beautiful moon! You are supposed to be the miracle of Muhammad. You have been chosen to be split in half! You will be split into half by the command of the Great God."*

*I looked at the Prophet's eyes. His eyes were shining and full of light. The Prophet raised his hand and I closed my eyes and surrendered myself to God. I felt light. A cool breeze was blowing, it was a strange feeling! It was neither painful nor hard. It was as if I was riding on a cloud, free and free...*





*After a while, I opened my eyes. The stars were looking at me in amazement and the people were wondering. I saw myself split into halves from afar, in the beautiful eyes of the Prophet!*

*There were tears in the Prophet's eyes and he was thanking his merciful God. Everyone was watching me. I don't know how long it lasted, but the Prophet raised his blessed hand again and I was like riding on the clouds again. My two halves stuck together and I was whole again. I felt that a great force has taken over me.*

*I wanted to fly. The Prophet smiled and said: "O you beautiful creation of God! Remain beautiful!"*

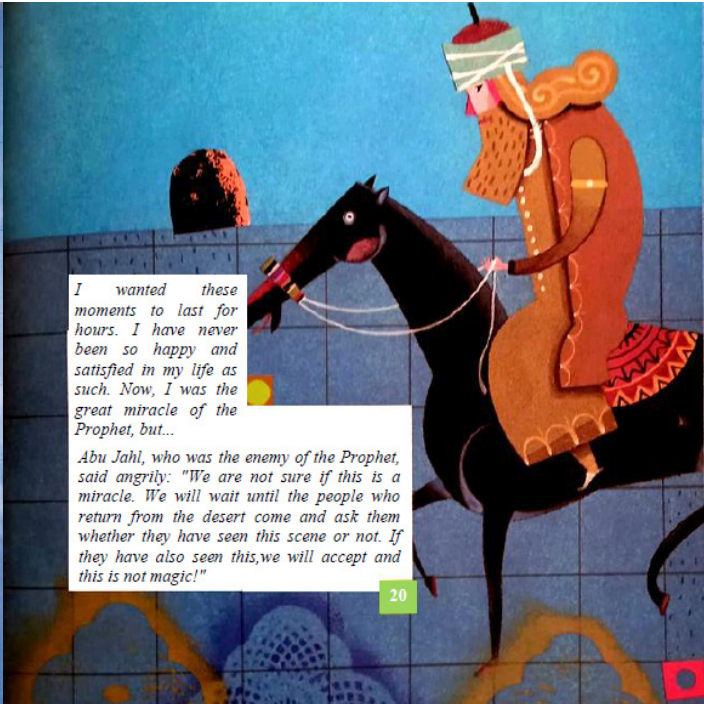
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An illustration of a man with a long brown beard and a green and white striped turban riding a black horse. He is wearing a brown robe with a gold stripe and a red and black patterned saddle. The background is a blue sky with a grey wall and a brown dome. The scene is set against a blue background with a grid pattern.

*I wanted these moments to last for hours. I have never been so happy and satisfied in my life as such. Now, I was the great miracle of the Prophet, but...*

*Abu Jahl, who was the enemy of the Prophet, said angrily: "We are not sure if this is a miracle. We will wait until the people who return from the desert come and ask them whether they have seen this scene or not. If they have also seen this, we will accept and this is not magic!"*



*I was saddened by the fact that people were hurting the Prophet of God so much. I said to myself: "O God, how spiteful and unfair these people are!"*

*From a far distance, I saw a group coming back from the desert. Abu Jahl stood until they came close. He stepped forward and asked: "O people! Did you see what happened?"*

*People said surprisingly: "Yes, we saw it too." It was very strange! I have never seen anything like this. The moon split into half!"*

*My heart was filled with joy. I thanked God that they had seen me split into two.*


*The Prophet smiled and looked at the group standing in front of him. He raised his hands to the sky and thanked God.*

*Although many infidels still did not believe after this incident, I was so happy that I had become a beautiful miracle of the Prophet.*









*I looked at the Prophet's eyes. His eyes were shining and full of light. The Prophet raised his hand and I closed my eyes and surrendered myself to God. I felt light. A cool breeze was blowing, it was a strange feeling! It was neither painful nor hard. It was as if I was riding on a cloud, free and free...*



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