



A STORY TO READ ALOUD

The Story of Asiya

آسية

A queen who hid her love for Allah inside a hard-hearted palace.

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The Story of Asiya

“My Lord, build for me near You a house in Paradise.”

Surah At-Tahrim · 66:11

Come with me. Today, we're going on a journey... far, far away... and long, long ago.

We're going into the grandest palace in all the world... in the land of Egypt. Walls of golden stone. Tall pillars, carved like flowers. And high on a cold throne sits the most powerful king on earth, a king so proud that he told everyone he himself was a god.

And standing before him... is a woman. His own queen. For years she has kept a secret buried deep in her heart, that she does not believe he is a god at all. She believes in the One who made the sky, and the river, and the king himself. She believes in Allah. And just now... she has said it out loud.

The king is furious. He wants her to take it back... to bow to him again. And she stands there all alone, one quiet believer, against the most powerful man on earth. What will she do? Will she give in... or will she hold on?

To find out how a gentle queen grew braver than a king... our story has to begin somewhere much softer, on a quiet morning, at the edge of a golden river. This is the story of Asiya... the believing wife of Pharaoh.

Long, long ago... in the land of Egypt... there ran a great and golden river.

And beside that river... stood a palace. The biggest palace you could ever imagine.

Walls of golden stone. Tall pillars, carved like flowers. Floors so smooth and shining... they held the light like water.

And in that palace... lived a king. A king called Pharaoh.

Pharaoh was the most powerful man in all the land. Everyone bowed to him. Everyone feared him.

But his heart... was hard. And proud. So proud... that he told the people a terrible lie.

He said... that he was a god.

But he was not. He was only a man. A small and frightened man... in a very big palace.

For there is no god... but Allah. The One who made Pharaoh. The One who made the river. The One who made the sky.

Now... Pharaoh had a wife. A queen. And her name... was Asiya.

And Asiya... was not like Pharaoh at all. Not even a little.

Where his heart was hard... hers was soft. Where he was loud and proud... she was quiet, and gentle, and kind.

She walked through those golden halls... but the gold did not fill her. Something was missing. Something her heart was quietly... reaching for.



The Basket on the River

One morning... before the rest of the palace woke... Asiya went down to the river.

The water was calm. And golden. Moving slow in the early light. Tall green reeds swayed along the bank. And soft white flowers floated... on the still, quiet water.

And there... drifting toward her... she saw something. A little basket. Woven from reeds. Rocking gently... on the water.

I wonder what she thought... in that quiet moment.

She reached out... and lifted it... ever so gently... from the river.

And she looked inside.

And there... wrapped up small and warm... was a baby. A tiny... sleeping... baby boy.

And the moment they saw him... Allah placed a great love for that baby... into the hearts of those who found him.

Asiya held him close. Let us keep him, she said softly. He will be a joy... to my eyes... and yours.

And so the baby stayed. Safe... in the palace of the king.

The very last place... anyone would think to look.

And his name... was Musa.

The years went by. And the little baby... grew.

He grew up safe... inside the palace walls. And all the while... Allah was watching over him. Keeping him. Guiding him.

But the baby was not the only one growing.

For deep inside Asiya... something quiet was growing too.

She had begun to wonder. To look up at the wide, starry sky... and the great, moving river... and to ask, in her heart... who made all of this?

And little by little... Allah opened her heart. And she knew.

She came to believe... in Allah. The One. The Maker of the sky and the river and the stars.



A Light in the Palace

Now... imagine that, little one.

A woman who believed in Allah... living in the palace of a man... who told everyone he was a god.

It was the most dangerous secret... in all of Egypt.

All around her was gold. And riches. And power. And not one single person... who believed the way she did.

But Allah... knew what was hidden... deep inside her heart.

Her faith was like a tiny lamp. A small, warm flame... glowing softly... in a vast and shadowy hall.

The palace was full of gold... but the gold gave no light. And this one little lamp... this quiet, hidden faith... was the most precious thing... in the whole shining palace.

And it was enough. It was more than enough.

And here... is the most wonderful thing of all.

That tiny, hidden lamp of faith... was so dear to Allah... that He would honor Asiya... above almost every woman who ever lived.

The Prophet Muhammad ﷺ himself... would one day name her... as one of the greatest women... who ever lived.

Her name... beside Maryam... the mother of Prophet Isa, alayhi salaam.

And beside Khadijah... the beloved wife of the Prophet Muhammad ﷺ.

The very best of women. And Asiya... the quiet queen with the hidden lamp... was one of them.

All for a faith... that no one could see... but Allah.

And the years went on. And the little boy... Musa... grew into a man.

And Allah... chose him. And made him a prophet. Prophet Musa, alayhi salaam.

And then... Allah sent him back.



The Believing Heart

Back to Egypt. Back to that very palace. To stand before Pharaoh himself... and speak the truth.

Imagine the great hall that day. The tall pillars. The hard, cold throne. And Pharaoh... watching from above.

And there stood Musa. Calm. Unafraid. And he spoke.

There is no god but Allah, he said. Worship Him alone.

The words rang out... through the golden hall.

Pharaoh was furious. How dare anyone say... that he was not a god.

But somewhere in that hall... in a quiet corner... one heart was filling up with joy.

Asiya had heard it. At last. The truth she had held in secret... for so very long... now spoken out loud... ringing through the air.

And her little lamp... her quiet, hidden faith... blazed up bright.

She could not hold it in any longer. She would not.

I believe, she said. Soft... but sure. I believe in the Lord of Musa. I believe... in Allah.

When Pharaoh learned that his own wife believed... his proud heart turned to stone.

He was angry. So very angry.

He wanted her to stop. He wanted her to leave her faith... and bow to him again.

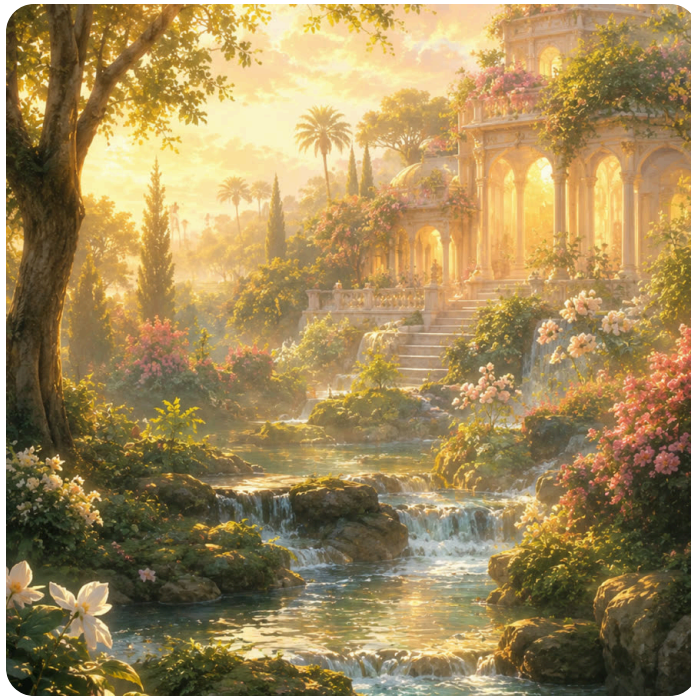
And he was cruel to her. So cruel.

But Asiya... held on.

She held on to Allah... with everything she had. Like a hand holding tight... in the dark.

And in that hardest moment of all... she did not look at Pharaoh. She did not look at the gold, or the palace, or the throne.

She lifted her eyes... up... past the high walls... up to her Lord.



A House in Paradise

And she made a small and beautiful prayer. Just a few quiet words.

Rabbi... ibnī 'indaka baytan fil-jannah.

My Lord... build for me... a house near You... in Paradise.

And Allah... heard her. Of course He heard her.

He heard every quiet word. He saw the lamp that had glowed... all those years... in the dark.

And He was so pleased... with His brave and faithful servant.

So He gave her... the most beautiful promise of all. A home. A house of her very own... waiting for her... in Jannah.

Not a palace of cold gold... but a home of warmth, and light, and peace... that would never, ever end.

And Asiya... smiled.

She was not afraid anymore. Not at all.

For the palace of Pharaoh... was nothing. And the home that Allah was building for her... was everything.

And do you know what Allah did... with Asiya's quiet little prayer?

He placed it... right inside the Holy Quran. Her very words. Kept forever.

So that all over the world... for all time... believers would say her prayer... and remember the brave and gentle queen... who chose Allah... over a palace of gold.

And now... slowly... we leave that long-ago palace of gold behind... and travel back home. To right here. Right now.

But carry Asiya with you, wherever you go. She lived surrounded by gold and power, married to the cruelest man on earth, and still she chose Allah, and held on to Him with everything she had. No one could see the faith hidden in her heart... but Allah could. And He loved her for it, and built her a home in Paradise. So whatever happens, wherever you are, you can always, always hold on to Allah, for He knows exactly what is hidden inside your heart.

So carry Asiya's own prayer with you. It means... my Lord... build for me a home near You... in Paradise.

Rabbi ibnī 'indaka baytan fil-jannah.

Talk about it

Read a question aloud and let your child answer before you show the choices. Then ask: what would you have done?

1. In Asiya's story, what did she find on the river?

- a. A little basket
- b. A golden ring
- c. A small boat

2. In Asiya's story, what was her hidden faith like?

- a. A tiny warm lamp
- b. A heavy gold chain
- c. A closed stone door

3. Who was inside the basket Asiya lifted out?

- a. Baby Musa
- b. Baby Isa
- c. Baby Yusuf

4. In Asiya's story, what lie did Pharaoh tell?

- a. That he was a god
- b. That gold made light
- c. That he never slept

5. Who did Asiya come to believe in?

- a. Allah alone
- b. The king Pharaoh
- c. The stone statues

6. In Asiya's story, what did she wonder about?

- a. Who made all of this
- b. How rich she was
- c. When the feast began

Answers: 1a, 2a, 3a, 4a, 5a, 6a



Hear this story

Read it again online, or listen to it narrated in the Sukun Kids app.

sukunkids.app/stories/asiya

Sukun Kids: stories of the prophets for Muslim children, narrated for bedtime.

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