



A STORY TO READ ALOUD

The Story of Prophet Ibrahim (AS)

إبراهيم

Cast into the fire, yet by Allah's word it turned cool and safe.

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The Story of Prophet Ibrahim (AS)

"And when they had both submitted and he put him down upon his forehead, We called to him, 'O Ibrahim, you have fulfilled the vision.'"

Surah al-Saffat · 37:103-105

Come with me. Today, we're going on a journey... far, far away... and long, long ago. We're going to a frightening place. Picture the biggest fire you have ever seen. Flames roaring higher than the houses... higher than the trees... turning the whole sky orange. The heat so strong... that no one can stand anywhere near it.

And there, with his hands tied, a brave man is being lifted up... and turned toward the roaring flames. In just a moment... they are going to throw him... into the fire.

Oh... will he be alright? Whatever is going to happen to him?

To find out... we have to go all the way back. Back to discover how this brave man ever ended up here... at the very edge of a roaring fire. His name is Ibrahim, alayhi salaam. And his story begins... when he was just a boy... gazing up at the evening stars.

The boy who questioned the stars

A long, long time ago... in a land far away... there lived a boy named Ibrahim.

His people did not know Allāh. They worshipped statues made of wood and stone. They worshipped the sun and the moon and the stars.

But Ibrahim... knew the truth in his heart. And he wanted his people to see it too.

One evening... when the sun went down... Ibrahim went out among his people.

The sky turned from gold to soft blue. And then... darker... and darker.

A bright star appeared in the sky. Shining so beautifully... brighter than all the others.

Ibrahim pointed up at the star. And he asked his people...

"Could this be my Lord?"

They watched it together for a long time. And then... slowly... the star began to fade. The light grew weaker. And it disappeared from the sky.

Ibrahim shook his head. And he said... "I do not love things that disappear."

Then... the moon rose. Big and round and silver. Brighter than any star.

Ibrahim pointed up at the moon. And he said... "Could this be my Lord? This one is greater."

But as the night went on... the moon began to set. Slowly... it sank below the hills.

Ibrahim said... "If my Lord does not guide me... I will be lost."

And then... the morning came. The sun rose over the desert. So bright... so warm... so powerful.

And Ibrahim said... "Could this be my Lord? This is the greatest of them all."

But as the day passed... the sun crossed the sky... and slowly... it began to set.

And then Ibrahim turned to his people.

Allāh was not the star. Allāh was not the moon. Allāh was not the sun.

Allāh was the One who made all of them.

The One who never disappears. The One who never sets. The One who is always... always there.

Ibrahim turned his face to the sky. And he said... "I have turned my face toward the One who created the heavens and the earth. I will never give Him a partner."

The idols and the axe

Ibrahim grew older. And his heart grew braver.

All around him... his people were still bowing down to statues. They had built a great temple. Inside it stood many idols. Big ones... and small ones.

The people brought food to them. They prayed to them.



The Boy Who Questioned the Stars

But the statues did not move. They did not breathe. They did not answer.

Ibrahim spoke to his people. Gently at first. "These statues cannot hear you. They cannot help you. Why do you worship them?"

But his people would not listen.

So Ibrahim... made a plan.

One day... a great festival was coming. The whole town was going out to celebrate. They left Ibrahim behind.

When the streets were quiet... Ibrahim walked into the temple. He stood among the idols.

He said... "Will you not eat? Why do you not speak?"

But the statues did not move.

Ibrahim picked up an axe. And one by one... he broke the small idols. Until only the biggest one was left standing.

And then... he placed the axe in the hands of the biggest idol.

And he walked out.

When the people came back... they ran into the temple. They saw the broken statues. They saw the axe.

And they cried out... "Who did this?"

Someone said... "It was Ibrahim."

So they brought him before the whole town.

"Did you do this, Ibrahim?"

And Ibrahim... calm and clever... pointed to the biggest idol still standing.

"Why don't you ask the big one? The axe is in his hand. Ask them, if they can speak."

The people were silent. They looked at each other. They looked at the floor.

In their hearts... they whispered... "These statues cannot speak. These statues cannot do anything."

For one small moment... the truth shone in their hearts.

But then their pride came back. And they grew very angry.

The fire that became cool

The king of the land was named Namrud. And he said... "Build a fire. The biggest fire anyone has ever seen."

For days... the people gathered wood. They piled it higher than the houses. Higher than the trees.

And then they lit it.

The flames rose so high... the whole sky glowed orange. The heat was so strong... no one could even stand close.

They tied Ibrahim's hands. They placed him in a giant catapult... a machine made to throw him from far away.

Because no one could get close enough to the fire.

And in that moment... while the whole world was against him... Ibrahim was calm.

He whispered... "Hasbunā Allāhu wa ni'ma al-wakīl. Allāh is enough for us. He is the best protector."



The Idols and the Axe

And then... they launched him into the fire.

But Allāh commanded the fire.

He said... "Yā nāru kūnī bardan wa salāman 'alā Ibrahim."

"O fire... be coolness... and peace... upon Ibrahim."

And the fire... obeyed.

The flames were still tall. The wood was still burning. But for Ibrahim... the fire was gentle.

It was cool like a spring breeze. It was peaceful like a quiet garden.

The ropes around his hands fell away. He sat in the middle of the fire... safe... and calm.

And do you remember, little one... how our story began? A brave man, his hands tied, about to be thrown into the fire... and we wondered, will he be alright? Well. Here is your answer. He is more than alright. He is sitting, calm and safe and peaceful... in the very heart of the flames.

When the flames finally calmed... Ibrahim walked out. Safe. Calm. Just as Allāh had promised.

The people did not know what to say.

Some of them turned to Allāh that day. They saw the truth.

The long journey

After the fire... Ibrahim could not stay in his homeland anymore.

Even his own father, whom Ibrahim loved very much, would not turn to Allāh. Ibrahim had spoken to him gently. He had prayed for him many, many times. But his father chose his idols instead.

It made Ibrahim's heart sad. But he kept loving Allāh. And he kept loving his father in his du'ās.

He said... "I will go to my Lord. He will guide me."

"Innī dhāhibun ilā rabbī sayahdīn."

He gathered his small family. His wife Sarah. His nephew Lūṭ.

And together... they set out into the unknown.

They walked for days. And weeks. And months. Through hot deserts. Through cool nights.

And every step of the way... Ibrahim trusted Allāh.

After many years... Allāh blessed Ibrahim with another companion. A kind woman named Hajar.

And then... after many years of waiting... Allāh gave Ibrahim and Hajar a son.

His name... was Isma'īl.

A baby. A long-awaited baby. A gift from Allāh after so many prayers.

Ibrahim held his son... and tears came to his eyes.

He whispered... "Alhamdulillah."

Hajar and the spring of Zamzam

But Allāh asked Ibrahim to do something difficult.

He asked him to take Hajar... and their baby son Isma'īl... and travel far, far away. To a valley with no people. No houses. No water.

A place called... Makkah.



The Fire That Became Cool

Ibrahim brought them to that quiet valley. He left them with a small bag of dates... and a small skin of water.

And then... it was time for him to go.

Hajar held her baby close. She called out... "Where are you going? Are you leaving us in this valley?"

Ibrahim did not answer. His heart was heavy.

She asked again. And then one more thing...

"Did Allāh command you to do this?"

Ibrahim turned to her... and he said... "Yes."

And Hajar... brave Hajar... whispered... "Then Allāh will not let us be lost."

Ibrahim walked away. And before he was out of sight... he turned toward the empty valley... and made du'ā.

He said... "Our Lord, I have settled some of my family in a valley with no crops, near Your sacred House. So that they may establish prayer. Make the hearts of people lean toward them."

"Rabbanā taqabbal minnā."

Days passed. The water in the small skin ran out.

The baby Isma'īl began to cry. He was thirsty. So thirsty.

Hajar looked around for help. But there was no one.

So she ran. She ran to the closest hill. A hill called Şafā.

She climbed to the top. She looked across the valley. There was nothing.

So she ran down... and across the valley... to another hill. A hill called Marwa.

She climbed up. She looked. Nothing.

She ran back to Şafā. And then back to Marwa. Again. And again.

Seven times.

Her feet were tired. Her heart was breaking. But she did not give up.

And then... back near her baby... she heard something.

A sound like... water.

She ran to where Isma'īl was lying. And right there... right next to his little feet... water was bursting up from the ground.

Cool. Clear. Beautiful water.

Hajar gasped. She bent down. She tried to gather the water with her hands.

She said... "Zam zam." Stay here, stay here.

And the water did stay. And it has been flowing... for thousands of years.

That spring is still there today. Right next to the Ka'ba in Makkah.

And those two hills... Şafā and Marwa... where Hajar walked back and forth... every Muslim who goes for Hajj or 'Umrah walks between them too.

Seven times. Just like Hajar did.

Building the Ka'ba



The Long Journey

Many years passed.

The little baby Isma'īl... had grown into a strong young man.

The empty valley of Makkah... had become a home.

And Ibrahim came to visit his son.

And Allāh gave Ibrahim a special command.

"Build a house. A house for Me. A place where people will come from every corner of the earth... to worship Me."

Ibrahim turned to his son. And he said... "Isma'īl... Allāh has commanded us to build His house. Will you help me?"

And Isma'īl smiled. "Yes, my father. I will help."

So father and son... began to build.

Isma'īl carried the heavy stones. Big ones. Small ones.

And Ibrahim... his hands strong from years of work... placed each stone carefully on top of the last.

When the walls grew tall... and Ibrahim could not reach... Isma'īl brought him a special stone to stand on.

A stone that today... we still call... Maqām Ibrahim. The standing-place of Ibrahim.

And as they worked... they made du'ā together.

"Rabbanā taqabbal minnā. Innaka anta as-Samī' ul-'Alīm."

"Our Lord, accept this from us. You are the All-Hearing... the All-Knowing."

Stone by stone. Brick by brick. With every prayer rising up to Allāh.

When they finished... Ibrahim raised his hands and made one more du'ā.

"Our Lord, send among them a messenger from themselves... who will recite Your verses to them."

Allāh heard that prayer.

And thousands of years later... in that same valley... a baby boy would be born.

His name was Muḥammad. Sallallāhu 'alayhi wa sallam.

The final messenger. The answer to Ibrahim's du'ā.

The dream and the ram

Ibrahim loved his son Isma'īl very much.

But Allāh wanted Ibrahim's love to be known... to every generation... until the end of time.

So Allāh sent Ibrahim a dream.

In the dream... Ibrahim saw himself making the greatest sacrifice for Allāh.

He saw himself... offering his beloved son.

A dream from Allāh is a message.

So Ibrahim sat with his son. And gently... softly... he told him.



Hajar and the Spring of Zamzam

"My beloved Isma'īl... I have seen in a dream that I must offer you to Allāh. What do you think?"

And young Isma'īl... brave Isma'īl... looked at his father with calm eyes.

He said... "My dear father... do what you have been commanded. You will find me, in shā Allāh, among the patient ones."

Isma'īl was not afraid.

Because Isma'īl loved Allāh more than he loved his own life.

So they walked together... father and son... toward a quiet hill.

When they reached it... Ibrahim laid his son down softly upon the ground. As the Qur'ān tells us... they had both submitted to Allāh.

He whispered... "Bismillāh."

But in that very moment... Allāh called out from the heavens.

"Yā Ibrahim! O Ibrahim! Stop! You have already fulfilled the dream."

Ibrahim stopped.

And right there... on the hill... Allāh provided a beautiful ram. A great sacrifice in place of Isma'īl.

A gift from Allāh. A mercy for Ibrahim and his son.

The Qur'ān tells us... "wa fadaynāhu bi-dhibhin 'aẓīm." We ransomed him with a great sacrifice.

Ibrahim's heart filled with joy. He hugged his son. Tears in his eyes.

His Isma'īl was safe.

Allāh's command had been a great test... and the meaning of the test was Ibrahim's trust.

And Ibrahim had given it. Without holding back.

Allāh said... "Salāmun 'alā Ibrahim." Peace upon Ibrahim.

And Allāh promised... that this story would be told... in every generation... until the end of time.

That is why... every year... Muslims all over the world celebrate Eid al-Aḍḥā.

The day we remember their love. Their trust. And the mercy of Allāh.

And so

Little one... Ibrahim's whole life was a journey of trust.

He trusted Allāh as a boy looking at the stars. He trusted Allāh in the fire. He trusted Allāh in the empty desert. He trusted Allāh on the quiet hill.

And every time he trusted... Allāh gave him more than he ever imagined.

A spring in the desert. A son who grew into a prophet. A house that millions of people would visit. A grandson born thousands of years later... who would be the final messenger.

That is what trust does, little one.

When you give Allāh your heart... He multiplies your blessings beyond what you can see.

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

But carry Ibrahim with you, wherever you go. Because whenever something feels frightening... or far too big... you can whisper the very words he whispered, as they lifted him toward the fire. They mean... Allah is enough for me... and He is the best protector.

Ḥasbunā-llāhu... wa ni'ma-l-wakīl.

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 Prophet Ibrahim's story, what did his people worship?

- a. Statues of stone
- b. Trees and rivers
- c. Nothing at all

2. What did Prophet Ibrahim leave in the big idol's hand?

- a. An axe
- b. A lamp
- c. A letter

3. Who broke the idols inside the temple?

- a. Prophet Ibrahim
- b. Prophet Musa
- c. Prophet Salih

4. What did Prophet Ibrahim whisper before the fire?

- a. Hasbunallah
- b. Bismillah
- c. Alhamdulillah

5. In Prophet Ibrahim's story, what did the king build for him?

- a. A huge fire
- b. A tall tower
- c. A stone prison

6. Who set out with Prophet Ibrahim when he left home?

- a. Sarah and Lut
- b. Hajar and Ismail
- c. Musa and Harun

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/ibrahim

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