



A STORY TO READ ALOUD

The Story of Prophet Musa (AS)

موسی

He raised his staff and by Allah's power the sea split apart.

SUKUN KIDS · FREE TO PRINT AND SHARE

The Story of Prophet Musa (AS)

“Then We inspired to Musa, 'Strike with your staff the sea,' and it parted, and each portion was like a great towering mountain.”

Surah al-Shu'ara · 26:63

Come with me. Today, we're going on a journey... far, far away... and long, long ago. We're going... to the edge of a great sea. And something is about to happen there... that had never happened before... and has never happened since.

The water itself is going to stand up. Up... into two great walls... taller than houses... taller than trees... with a wide, dry path opening right down the middle of the sea.

And a whole people... mothers, fathers, children... are going to walk across the bottom of the ocean... all the way to freedom.

But how could such a thing ever happen? And who was the man... holding the wooden staff... that split the sea in two?

To understand... we have to rewind the whole story... right back to its very first day, to a tiny baby, hidden in a little basket, floating down a great river.

This is the story of Prophet Musa... alayhi salaam.

A long, long time ago... in the land of Egypt... there ruled a king. People called him Pharaoh. Fir'awn.

Fir'awn was powerful. His palace stretched along the great river Nile. His soldiers marched in golden armor. And Fir'awn... believed he was a god.

But he was not.

Fir'awn had heard a warning... that one day, a baby boy would be born among the Banī Isrā'īl... and that boy would grow up to end his rule.

So Fir'awn made a terrible command. Every baby boy born to the Banī Isrā'īl... would be taken away.

In one small house... beside the great river... a mother held her newborn son close to her chest. Her heart beat fast. The soldiers were searching house to house.

And then... Allāh inspired her heart.

"Place him in a basket... and put him in the river. Do not be afraid... and do not grieve. We will return him to you... and We will make him one of Our messengers."

Imagine her hands... trembling as she lowered that small basket into the water. Imagine her watching it drift away on the current. Imagine the silence... after.

But Allāh was watching too.

The basket floated... and floated... past reeds and palms... past fishing boats... until it came to rest at the edge of Fir'awn's own palace gardens.

And who found it?

Āsiya... the wife of Fir'awn. A woman with a kind, believing heart. She lifted the baby into her arms... and she loved him at once.

She turned to her husband and said... "Qurratu 'aynin lī wa lak. A delight to my eye, and to yours. Do not harm him. Perhaps he will benefit us... or we will take him as a son."

And just like that... in the very palace of the king who feared him... baby Musa was safe.

Now Musa cried for milk... but he would not drink from any of the women in the palace. So Allāh sent his sister... walking quietly through the palace... to suggest a nurse. "I know a woman who can feed him," she said.

That woman... was Musa's own mother.

And so Musa was returned to her arms. Just as Allāh had promised.

When you don't understand what's happening... remember this: Allāh sees what you cannot see. And His plan... is always more beautiful than ours.



The Baby in the Basket

Musa grew up... inside the palace of Fir'awn. He wore fine clothes. He learned to read. He grew strong and tall.

But in his heart... Musa knew he was not one of them. He knew his people, the Banī Isrā'īl, were suffering. They worked under the hot sun. They were beaten. They were not free.

One day... when Musa was a young man... he was walking through the city. And he saw two men fighting. One was an Egyptian... one was from the Banī Isrā'īl. The Egyptian was strong... and cruel.

Musa stepped in to help. He pushed the Egyptian away... harder than he meant to. And the man fell... and died.

Musa was shocked. He didn't mean to. It was an accident. But still... he had taken a life.

He raised his hands and said... "Rabbi innī ẓalamtu nafsī faghfir lī. My Lord, I have wronged myself. Forgive me."

And Allāh forgave him.

But the news spread fast. Fir'awn was furious. His soldiers came looking for Musa.

A kind man ran to warn him. "Musa... leave the city. Leave now. They are coming for you."

So Musa ran. He left the palace. He left Egypt behind. With nothing but the clothes he wore... and a heart full of trust... he walked... and walked... into the desert.

Musa walked for many days. The sun was hot. He was tired. He was thirsty. And he had nowhere to go.

Finally... he came to a small town called Madyan. By the well outside the town... a crowd of shepherds were watering their flocks. And standing back... were two young women... waiting their turn... unable to get close.

Musa walked over to them. Quietly. Respectfully.

"Why are you waiting?" he asked.

"Our father is old," they said. "We help him with the sheep. We will water our flock when the men leave."

Musa didn't say much. He just walked to the well... lifted the heavy bucket himself... and watered their sheep.

Then he went back under the shade of a tree. And he made a small, beautiful du'ā.

"Rabbi innī limā anzalta ilayya min khayrin faqīr. My Lord... I am in need of whatever good You send me."

He didn't ask for food. He didn't ask for a home. He just put his need in front of Allāh... and waited.

Soon... one of the daughters came back. Walking shyly. "My father invites you," she said. "He wants to thank you for helping us."

The father was a wise, righteous old man. Many scholars say he was Prophet Shu'ayb, alayhi salaam. He listened to Musa's story. He saw his honesty. And he made him an offer.

"Stay with us. Work with me for eight years... and if you complete ten, that's your kindness. Marry one of my daughters... and you will have a home."

Musa agreed.

For ten quiet years... Musa lived in Madyan. He took care of sheep. He prayed. He learned patience. He became a husband, and Allāh blessed him with a family.

The boy from the palace... was now a shepherd in the desert.

And Allāh... was preparing him.

After ten years... Musa decided it was time to return.



Growing Up in the Palace

He missed his mother. He missed his people. So he packed his family... and they began the long journey back toward Egypt.

One cold night... they lost their way. The wind was sharp. The children were tired. Musa looked into the distance... and on the side of a mountain called Mount Tūr... he saw a fire.

"Stay here," he said gently. "I'll go and bring back a flame to warm us... or someone who knows the way."

He climbed toward the fire.

And as he came close... a voice. A voice unlike anything he had ever heard. Calling his name.

"Yā Mūsā... innī anā Allāhu rabbu-l-'ālamīn."

"O Musa... I am Allāh, the Lord of the worlds."

Musa fell to his knees. The fire was not a fire. It was a sign.

Allāh spoke to him. Directly. With no veil between them.

"Musa," Allāh said. "Take off your sandals. You are in a sacred valley."

"I have chosen you. I will give you signs to show that you are My messenger."

"Throw down your staff."

Musa threw down his shepherd's staff... and it became a great serpent... moving across the sand. Musa stepped back, afraid.

"Pick it up, Musa. Do not be afraid. We will return it to what it was."

He picked it up... and it was a staff again.

"Now place your hand inside your cloak."

Musa did. And when he drew it out... his hand shone with a brilliant light. Pure. Radiant. White like the moon.

"Go, Musa. Go to Fir'awn. He has crossed all limits. Speak to him gently. Remind him of his Lord."

Musa's heart was heavy. "Yā Rabb..." he said. "My brother Hārūn speaks more clearly than I do. Send him with me. Strengthen me through him."

And Allāh said yes. Hārūn would be a prophet too. Together... two brothers... would stand before the most powerful king on earth.

Then Musa made the du'ā that every brave heart should learn.

"Rabbi-shraḥ lī ṣadrī... wa yassir lī amrī... waḥlul 'uqdatan min lisānī... yafqahū qawlī."

"My Lord... open my chest... ease my task... untie the knot in my tongue... so they may understand my words."

And Allāh opened it all for him.

Musa and Hārūn walked into the throne room of Fir'awn.

Imagine the scene. Tall stone columns. Golden walls. Soldiers in rows. And on a high throne... Fir'awn himself. The man who had once held Musa as a baby. The man who now believed he was a god.

Two brothers. One staff. One message.



The Years in Madyan

"Lā ilāha illā Allāh," Musa said. "There is no god but Allāh. Let our people, the Banī Isrā'īl, go free."

Fir'awn laughed.

He called for his magicians. The most powerful magicians in all of Egypt. "Show this man what real power looks like."

On the day of the contest... a huge crowd gathered. The magicians threw down their ropes and staves... and through their tricks, the ropes seemed to move like snakes. The crowd gasped.

Musa stood quietly. He held his staff. And in his heart, he heard Allāh's words. "Do not be afraid. You will be the highest."

Musa threw his staff.

And it became a serpent... a real one... not a trick. And it swallowed every rope, every staff, every illusion the magicians had made. The ground was clean. The truth was clear.

The magicians... the very men who had been called to defeat Musa... fell to the ground in sajdah. Together.

"We believe," they said. "We believe in the Lord of Musa and Hārūn. The Lord of all the worlds."

Fir'awn was shaking with rage. He threatened them with terrible punishments. But the magicians... who had spent their lives chasing tricks... had finally seen the truth.

And they did not turn back.

In one moment... they had become believers. And no king could take that away from them.

Years passed. Allāh sent sign after sign to Fir'awn. Floods. Locusts. Sicknesses. Each time, Fir'awn promised to listen... and each time, when the trouble passed, he broke his promise.

Finally... Allāh told Musa. "Take My servants. Travel by night. Leave Egypt."

Musa gathered the Banī Isrā'īl. Mothers, fathers, children, elders. And they walked out of Egypt under the stars... toward freedom.

But when Fir'awn heard... his anger boiled over.

He gathered his army. Chariots. Soldiers. Spears. And he chased them.

The Banī Isrā'īl reached the edge of the sea. Behind them... a cloud of dust... the army of Fir'awn closing in.

The people panicked. "We're trapped! They will catch us!"

But Musa was calm. His heart was full of trust.

"Kallā," he said. "Never. My Lord is with me. He will guide me."

Then Allāh spoke. "Strike the sea... with your staff."

Musa lifted his staff... the same staff he had used to herd sheep in Madyan... the same staff that had become a serpent before Fir'awn... and he struck the sea.

The water split.

It rose up on both sides like great walls. And between them... a wide, dry path opened across the seabed.

And there it is, little one... the two great walls of water... and the path down the middle of the sea. This is the very moment we came to see... right at the start of our story.



The Burning Bush

The Banī Isrā'īl ran across. Mothers carrying babies. Children holding hands. Elders being helped along. They crossed... and reached the other side... safe.

Fir'awn arrived at the edge of the sea. He saw the path. And his pride pushed him forward.

He charged in. His army followed.

And when they were all in the middle of the sea... Allāh let the walls of water fall back together.

Fir'awn cried out at the very last moment. "I believe! I believe in the God of the Banī Isrā'īl!"

But it was too late. He had spent his whole life refusing. A heart cannot be cleaned in one panicked breath at the end.

The man who had called himself a god... was no more.

And the Banī Isrā'īl... stood on the other shore... free for the first time. Their hearts overflowed with gratitude.

Allāh had done what no human could do. He had opened a sea... to make a way.

This last part of the story... is one of the most special.

Because even Musa... a great prophet of Allāh... had something more to learn.

One day, someone asked Musa, "Who is the most knowledgeable person in the world?"

And Musa answered honestly... "I am."

But Allāh gently corrected him. "There is a servant of Mine, far away, who knows things you do not know. Go and find him."

Musa was not upset. He set out at once... with a young companion... to find this teacher. They traveled and traveled... until they finally met him. A wise, quiet servant of Allāh. His name was Khidr.

"May I follow you?" Musa asked. "May I learn from what Allāh has taught you?"

Khidr looked at him kindly. "You will not be able to be patient with me."

"In shā Allāh," Musa said. "You will find me patient."

"Then come," Khidr said. "But ask me no questions... until I explain."

So they walked. Together.

Soon they came to a small fishing boat. The owners gave them a free ride across the water. And in the middle of the sea... Khidr quietly damaged a part of the boat.

Musa was shocked. "Why did you do that? These people helped us!"

Khidr looked at him. "Did I not tell you... you would not be able to be patient?"

Musa was sorry. "I forgot. Please don't leave me. Let me try again."

They walked on. Past villages. Past hills. And then they saw a young boy... playing in the distance.

And Khidr... did something Musa could not understand. The boy passed away.



Standing Before Pharaoh

Musa was upset. "Why? He was a child!"

"Did I not tell you," Khidr said softly, "that you would not be able to be patient?"

Musa lowered his head. "One more chance. If I ask again... you can leave me."

They walked into a tired, hungry town. They asked for food. The townspeople refused. The two travelers walked through the streets, their stomachs empty.

And as they were leaving... Khidr stopped beside an old wall... that was leaning, about to fall. And he fixed it. Carefully. With his own hands.

Musa shook his head. "These people refused to feed us... and you fix their wall for free? At least you could have asked for payment."

Khidr looked at him gently. "This is where we part. But before I go... let me explain everything."

"The boat... belonged to poor fishermen. There was a king ahead who was taking every good boat by force. I made a small hole in it... so the king would pass it by. And the fishermen would still have their living."

"The boy... Allāh knew that if he grew up, he would bring great pain to his parents who loved Allāh. So Allāh, in His mercy, took him gently... and Allāh will give that family another child... a child who will grow up loving Allāh."

"And the wall... underneath that wall is a treasure. It belongs to two orphan children in this town. Their father was a righteous man. Allāh wanted the wall to stay strong... so when the children grow up, they will dig and find what is theirs."

Musa was silent.

Each thing he had judged as wrong... was, in truth, mercy. Mercy he could not see. Mercy hidden inside what looked painful.

Khidr smiled. "I did not do any of this on my own. Allāh commanded it."

And then he was gone.

Musa stood there... and the lesson sank deep into his heart.

Sometimes... Allāh allows things in our lives we don't understand. A friend who moves away. A toy that breaks. A day that doesn't go the way we wanted. A plan that falls apart.

We see only the front of the picture. Allāh sees the whole picture.

And one day... maybe in this life, maybe in the next... we will see what He saw all along. And we will say... "Subḥān Allāh. He was being kind to me, even then."

That is why we say... "Alḥamdulillāh 'alā kulli ḥāl." All praise belongs to Allāh, in every state.

Musa, the prophet who spoke with Allāh on the mountain... still had something to learn. And he learned it with humility.

So can we.

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

But remember this, little one. The same Allāh who heard a frightened mother by the river... who guided a little basket through the water... who split the whole sea to make a way... who opened the heart of a young magician... who taught patience even to a great prophet...

that same Allāh... is watching over you... right now.

He hears your prayers. He knows your worries. And He has plans for you... more beautiful than you could ever imagine.

So wherever you are today... whenever something feels hard, or scary... or you just cannot see the way ahead... you can say what Musa said, standing before the sea. It means... my Lord is with me... and He will guide me.

Inna ma'īya Rabbī... sayahdīn.

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 Musa's story, where did his mother place him?

- a. In a river basket
- b. In a deep well
- c. On a big ship

2. Who did Allah bring baby Musa back to?

- a. His own mother
- b. His own sister
- c. The king's wife

3. Who found baby Musa by the palace garden?

- a. Asiya
- b. Maryam
- c. Hajar

4. What did Prophet Musa ask Allah for under the tree?

- a. Any good You send
- b. A fine big house
- c. Gold and riches

5. What did Prophet Musa do at the well in Madyan?

- a. He watered the sheep
- b. He waited his turn
- c. He dug a new well

6. Who did Allah send with Prophet Musa to Egypt?

- a. His brother Harun
- b. His teacher Khidr
- c. His older sister

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/musa

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

Retold for children from the Qur'an and the classical tafsir of Ibn Kathir and Ma'arifur Qur'an. Free to print and share for home, school, masjid and homeschool use. Please do not sell it. © Sukun Kids.