



A STORY TO READ ALOUD

The Story of Prophet Nuh (AS)

نوح

When the great flood came, the ark rose up by Allah's will.

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The Story of Prophet Nuh (AS)

"And Nuh called to his son who was apart [from them], 'O my son, come aboard with us and be not with the disbelievers.'"

Surah Hud · 11:42

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

We're going all the way back... to the early, early days of the world. To a wide, dry valley... where there is no sea, and no river... and no water for miles and miles around.

And here, in the middle of all this dry land... a man is building a boat. An enormous wooden boat! Bigger than a house... bigger than many houses all together.

And all around him... the people are laughing. "A boat? Out here? In the dry desert? Wherever will it float?" But the man does not stop. He just keeps on building.

Now why would anyone build a great boat... on dry land... so far from any water at all? What does this man know... that nobody else does? Let's find out, and to do that, our story starts long before he ever picked up a single plank of wood. His name is Prophet Nuh, alayhi salaam.

Long, long ago... before any city you know was built... there lived a kind, gentle man.

His name was Nuh.

Allah chose him. Allah made him a prophet. And Allah gave him one beautiful, simple message to share with his people.

Worship one Allah. The One who made you. The One who hears you.

But the people of Nuh's time had forgotten Allah.

Over time... they had begun to pray to statues of stone. Instead of praying to the One who had made them.

Nuh, alayhi salaam, called them gently. Day after day. Year after year.

He spoke to them when they were happy. He spoke to them when they were sad. He spoke to them in the morning... and at night.

But most of them turned away.

Some laughed. Some covered their ears. Some told their children not to listen to the man with the strange message.

And still... Nuh kept calling.

Little one... can you guess how long he called?

The Qur'an tells us he called his people... for nine hundred and fifty years.

Nine hundred and fifty years.

Subhan'Allah.

That is longer than any person you have ever heard of. Generations of children grew up... and grew old... and Nuh, alayhi salaam, was still calling.

Some did believe him. A small group. Faithful hearts.

But most of his people... did not.

One quiet night... Nuh, alayhi salaam, raised his hands to the sky.

And he spoke to his Lord.

My Lord... I have called my people... night and day.

A tired voice. A faithful heart. Speaking to the One who had been listening... all along.

Then... Allah gave Nuh, alayhi salaam, a strange and beautiful command.

Build a ship.

So Nuh began.

He gathered wood. He sharpened tools. He measured. He hammered. He carved.

But here is the strange part, little one.



The Long Calling

He was building this great wooden ship... in the middle of dry land.

There was no sea nearby. No river deep enough. Just hills... and dust... and the sound of his hammer.

His people walked by.

And they laughed.

A boat? On dry land? Has Nuh lost his mind?

They pointed. They joked. They told one another the strange story... over their evening meals.

But Nuh, alayhi salaam, kept working.

The Qur'an tells us... he said to them gently...

If you laugh at us today... we will know one day... why you should not have laughed.

He did not get angry. He did not stop. He only kept building.

Plank by plank. Beam by beam. Day by day.

Because Allah had spoken. And when Allah speaks... a believer builds. Even when no one understands. Even when everyone is laughing.

Have you ever done something that was right... when everyone around you said it was silly?

Nuh, alayhi salaam, did that... for as long as it took to build a ship.

The ship was finished.

A tall, wide wooden ark. Strong enough for many lives. Dark with pitch. Quiet on its wooden cradle.

And then... Allah gave Nuh the next command.

Bring aboard... two of every kind. And those who have believed... and your family... except those against whom the word has gone forth.

So Nuh called.

The believing few came first. Quiet faces. Tired hearts. Carrying small bundles. Stepping carefully up the wooden ramp.

And then... the animals came.

Two by two. Lions and lambs. Doves and ravens. Camels and gazelles. Horses and oxen. Slow and fast. Big and small.

The Qur'an tells us... two of every kind.

Allah had made them gentle that day. They walked carefully up the wooden ramp.

The ark filled with quiet sounds. Hooves on wood. Soft breathing. The rustle of feathers.

And then... a sign came.

The Qur'an tells us... an oven in Nuh's home overflowed with water. Bubbling up where no water had been.

A small sign. But Nuh, alayhi salaam, knew what it meant.

The time had come.

He stepped into the ark with his believing family. The door was sealed.

And then... outside... a single drop fell.

And another.



The Strange Boat

And then... the sky opened.

Rain. Not soft rain. Not gentle rain.

Rain like the sky itself was pouring out.

And now you see, little one... why Nuh had been building his boat, all those years, on the dry land. He had known. Allah had told him... that one day, this rain would come.

The dust turned to mud. The mud turned to streams. The streams turned to rivers.

And the great wooden ark... slowly... softly... began to rise.

The water rose higher.

The hills became islands. The islands became smaller. And smaller. Until they were gone.

The ark rolled gently on the rising sea. Inside... the believers held one another. The animals were calm. The lamps glowed.

But there was someone Nuh, alayhi salaam, had been watching for. Someone he loved very much.

His son.

His son had not believed.

He had stood apart from his father all his life. He had laughed with the others. He had refused to come aboard.

Nuh, alayhi salaam, saw him from the deck of the ark. Standing on a piece of high ground that was shrinking quickly.

And he called out to him.

The Qur'an gives us his words.

O my son... come aboard with us... and do not be with the disbelievers.

A father's voice. Across rising water. Reaching out one last time.

But his son shook his head.

I will go to a mountain. The mountain will protect me from the water.

Nuh, alayhi salaam, called back gently.

There is no protector today... from the decree of Allah... except for whom He gives mercy.

But before he could say more...

A wave came between them.

A great rolling wave. Tall and quiet.

And his son... was gone.

Nuh, alayhi salaam, stood very still.

His heart broke. He looked up at the sky.

And he spoke softly to his Lord.

My Lord... my son is of my family. And Your promise is true.

Allah's reply was gentle. And it taught Nuh, alayhi salaam, something he would carry forever.

O Nuh... he is not of your family. His work was not righteous.



The Rain Begins

Allah was teaching him... and us... a quiet, important truth.

Family is not only blood.

The deepest family... is the family of faith.

Nuh's son had been his blood. But he had walked away from Allah. So in the way that matters most... he had walked away from his father, too.

Subhan'Allah.

Nuh, alayhi salaam, lowered his head. He understood.

And he kept sailing.

The rain fell for many days.

The ark rolled gently across a wide and quiet sea.

The believers prayed inside. The animals slept. The lamps burned warm.

And then... Allah spoke once more.

The Qur'an tells us... He said to the earth... and to the sky.

O earth... swallow your water. O sky... withhold your rain.

And just like that... it was done.

The rain stopped. The clouds parted. The sun rose over a quiet, washed world.

The water began to draw back. Slowly. Gently. Sinking into the earth.

And the great wooden ark... came to rest.

On a tall, peaceful mountain.

The Qur'an tells us its name.

Mount Judi.

The door of the ark opened.

The believers stepped out... onto a fresh, clean world. The animals followed... two by two... walking carefully into the new morning.

And Allah's words came to Nuh, alayhi salaam.

Descend in peace from Us... and blessings upon you...

Peace. From Allah Himself.

Nuh, alayhi salaam, raised his hands one more time.

He thanked Allah. For the patience. For the ark. For the family of faith. For the world... made new.

And the sun warmed Mount Judi. And the wind moved across the wet leaves. And the birds began, very softly... to sing.

And now... slowly... we sail away from that peaceful mountain... and travel back home. To right here. Right now.

But carry Nuh with you, wherever you go. He was patient for longer than we can even imagine. He did what was right... even when the whole world laughed. And Allah kept every promise: He saved every faithful heart, and He made the whole world fresh, and clean, and new. The same Allah who carried that ark safely... across a flooded world... is watching over you, right now.

So carry the words Nuh prayed... as his ark came safely to land. They mean... my Lord... bring me down to a blessed place... for You are the best to bring us safely home.

Rabbi anzilnī munzalan mubārakan... wa anta khayru-l-munzilīn.

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 Nuh's story, what did he build on dry land?

- a. A great wooden ark
- b. A house of stone
- c. A garden wall

2. How many years did Prophet Nuh call his people?

- a. 950 years
- b. 50 years
- c. 9 years

3. What did Prophet Nuh do while everyone laughed?

- a. He kept building
- b. He walked away
- c. He shouted back

4. What did Prophet Nuh's people wrongly pray to?

- a. Statues of stone
- b. The moon and stars
- c. A golden throne

5. In Prophet Nuh's story, how did the animals come aboard?

- a. Two of every kind
- b. One of every kind
- c. Only the small ones

6. How did Prophet Nuh speak to people who turned away?

- a. Gently and kindly
- b. Loudly and crossly
- c. Coldly and sharply

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/nuh

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

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