



A STORY TO READ ALOUD

The Story of Prophet Shuayb (AS)

شعيب

In a market full of cheating scales, one prophet asks his town to weigh honestly, and leans on Allah when they turn on him.

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The Story of Prophet Shuayb (AS)

"My success is only with Allah. Upon Him I rely, and to Him I turn."

Hud 11:88

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

Picture a town square in the late afternoon. The air is warm and dusty. The shadows are getting long.

In the middle of the square stand the most important men in the whole town. Rich men. Proud men. Men in fine robes, with their arms folded.

And facing them... stands one man. Calm. Steady. With a small group of believers gathered close behind him.

The proud men speak, and their voices are hard.

"Leave our town. You, and everyone who believes with you. Leave... or come back to our ways."

The square goes quiet. Everyone is waiting. What will he say? Will he give in? Will he run?

To understand how one gentle man came to be standing there... we need to walk into his town on an ordinary morning, and listen to a sound. A small sound. The clink of a market scale.

This is the story of Prophet Shuayb... alayhis salam.

Long, long ago... there was a town called Madyan. It was in the lands between what we now call Saudi Arabia and Jordan.

Madyan was a busy town. Caravans of camels came and went, their bells ringing softly. Traders called out from their stalls. There were wells with cool water, and thick, shady trees all around.

The people of Madyan were not poor. They had food. They had wealth. They had more than enough.

But over a long time... they had drifted far from Allah.

They prayed to the thick trees near their town, instead of to the One who made the trees.
The Qur'an even calls them the Companions of the Thicket.

And in their busy market... something was wrong.

Come into the market with me. Can you hear it? Voices. Footsteps. Coins. And there... clink...
the sound of a scale.



The Honest Scale

Imagine a woman bringing a bag of grain to sell. The trader weighs it. But watch his thumb. He presses down, just a little, on one side. Now the scale says her grain is lighter than it really is. He pays her less than it is worth.

Or imagine a man coming to buy oil. The trader pours it into the measure. But he stops before it is full. Just a little short. And he takes the full price.

Clink. A little less here. Clink. A little less there. Every day. In every corner of the market.

Nobody shouted. Nobody fought. It was quiet cheating... the kind people stop noticing when everyone does it.

But Allah sees everything.

And Allah chose a man from among the people of Madyan... one of their own... to be His prophet. The Qur'an calls him their brother.

His name was Shuayb.

Prophet Shuayb walked into that market... and he spoke.

"O my people... worship Allah. You have no god other than Him."

"Give full measure. Give full weight. Do not take from people what is rightfully theirs."

And Allah's words to them, through Shuayb, were simple and clear.

Wa zinū bil-qistāsi-l-mustaqīm.

Weigh with a straight, honest scale.

Shuayb told them something else, too. "What Allah leaves for you, when you earn it honestly, is better for you." A little less money... but clean. Honest. Blessed.

And he did not ask them for anything. Not a single coin. "My reward," he said, "is only with the Lord of all the worlds."



Only to Set Things Right

"Be mindful of Allah," he told them. "The One who created you... and all the people who came before you."

He spoke to them like someone who truly cared. "I can see that you are doing well," he told them. "You have plenty. But I am afraid for you... afraid of a Day that will surround you."

And he asked them to remember. "Remember when you were only a few people... and Allah made you many." Every family in that busy town. Every caravan. Every full storehouse. All of it had come from Allah.

Take a slow breath in... and out. Think of one thing Allah has given you today. Just one. That is what Shuayb wanted his people to see.

I wonder how the market sounded the next morning... if just one trader listened... and lifted his thumb off the scale.

But most of the people of Madyan did not want to change.

They laughed at Shuayb. They said, "O Shuayb... does your prayer tell you that we must leave what our fathers worshipped? Does it tell you what we can and cannot do with our own money?"

And they called him wise and gentle... but they said it mockingly, the way people say something kind when they do not mean it.

Imagine standing there, while a crowd laughs at you for telling the truth. Can you feel how your cheeks might get hot? How you might want to shout back?

Shuayb answered them.

"O my people... I am not telling you to stop something so that I can do it myself. I only want to set things right... as much as I am able."

In urīdu illa-l-iṣlāḥa mastāṭʿt.

"And I can only succeed with Allah's help. I rely on Him. And to Him I turn."

He reminded them of the peoples who came before... the people of Prophet Nuh, the people of Prophet Hud, the people of Prophet Salih, alayhimus salam... who had also turned away.

And then he gave them the door that is always open. "Ask your Lord for forgiveness, and turn back to Him. My Lord is Merciful... and full of love."

Even while they laughed at him... he was still inviting them home.



Upon Allah We Rely

But the people of the Thicket only argued more. "Someone must have put a spell on you," they said. "You are just a man, like us. We think you are lying."

And then they said something very proud. "If you are telling the truth... then make pieces of the sky fall down on us."

They were daring him. Mocking him. Waiting to see if he would get angry.

But Shuayb knew it was not his job to bring anything down from the sky. He was a messenger. The judgement belonged to Allah alone.

So he simply said, "My Lord knows best what you are doing."

But the proud men grew angry.

"We do not understand much of what you say," they told him. "And if it were not for your family... we would have hurt you."

Shuayb answered, "O my people... is my family more important to you than Allah?"

Some of them began to wait on the paths leading out of town. When a believer walked by, they would threaten him... and try to frighten people away from Allah's way.

And Shuayb told the believers to be patient. "Be patient... until Allah judges between us. He is the best of judges."

Then came that afternoon in the square. The one we started with.

The proud men stood with their arms folded. "Leave our town... or come back to our ways."

And now we hear what Shuayb said.

"Even if we do not want to?"

Shuayb worshipped Allah alone. Their threats would not change that.



Saved by Mercy

‘Ala-Ilāhi tawakkalnā.

"Upon Allah we rely."

And he asked Allah to judge between them and their people with the truth.

Shuayb did not stop warning them. "Do what you are going to do," he said. "And I will keep doing what I am doing. Wait and see... and I will wait with you."

And then... Allah's command came.

The Qur'an tells us that Allah saved Shuayb, and the believers who were with him... by mercy from Him.

Every believing family. Every child who had stood behind him in that square. Kept safe. Not by their own strength. By Allah's mercy.

As for those who had refused, and cheated, and threatened... a mighty cry came, and the earth shook. And by morning, the people who had refused Allah were gone. The green town of Madyan was silent... as if no one had ever lived there at all.

Shuayb turned away, and he said softly, "O my people... I gave you the messages of my Lord. I gave you sincere advice."

He had done his part. Every single day. With patience, and gentleness, and an honest heart.

And Allah kept his story in the Qur'an... so that we could hear it, all these years later, right here.

So now we know what happened in that square. One gentle man stood in front of the proudest men in town... and he did not give in, and he did not run. Not because he was the strongest. Because he was leaning on Allah.

And now... slowly... we leave Madyan behind. The shady trees. The quiet market. The last soft clink of an honest scale. And we travel back home. To right here. Right now.

I wonder what your honest scale will be tomorrow... and Who will be watching it.

Here are Prophet Shuayb's own words. They mean... my success is only with Allah. Upon Him I rely, and to Him I turn. Say them softly, if you like...

Wa mā tawfīqī illā billāh... ‘alayhi tawakkaltu wa ilayhi unīb.

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. Who told the traders of Madyan to use an honest scale?

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

2. In Prophet Shuayb's story, what did his people pray to?

- a. Thick, shady trees
- b. The sun
- c. Stone statues

3. In Prophet Shuayb's story, what should a fair trader give?

- a. Full measure and weight
- b. A little less
- c. Only half

4. What did Prophet Shuayb ask his people to pay him?

- a. Nothing at all
- b. Silver coins
- c. A big house

5. In Prophet Shuayb's story, what was the name of his town?

- a. Madyan
- b. Makkah
- c. Nineveh

6. When people laughed at Prophet Shuayb, how did he answer?

- a. Calmly and kindly
- b. By shouting back
- c. By walking away

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/shuayb

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

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