



A STORY TO READ ALOUD

The Story of Prophet Sulayman (AS)

سليمان

A king who understood the speech of birds, by Allah's gift.

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The Story of Prophet Sulayman (AS)

"Until, when they came upon the valley of the ants, an ant said, 'O ants, enter your dwellings, lest Sulayman and his soldiers crush you while they perceive not.'"

Surah al-Naml · 27:18

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

Listen... very carefully. Can you hear it? Down there, in the grass... a tiny, tiny voice. It's an ant! And she is shouting, as loud as an ant can shout: "Hurry! Everyone, into your homes... before the great king and his army come and step on us... without even noticing!"

An enormous army is marching this way. And leading it is a mighty king... a king so powerful that the wind itself carries him. But here is the wonderful thing, little one... this mighty king can understand... the voice of one tiny ant.

Who is this king? And how could anyone ever come to understand the speech of birds, and ants, and every creature? Our story begins with a gift... a gift from a father... to his son. This is the story of Prophet Sulayman... alayhi salaam.

A long, long time ago... in a great kingdom of green gardens and pale stone palaces... there lived a prophet named Dawud, alayhi salaam. A king with a beautiful voice. A judge with careful words.

And Allāh had given him a son. A boy named Sulayman. With sharp eyes... and a quiet heart.

Allāh taught wisdom to both of them. The father... and the son.

The Qur'ān says it gently. To each of them... We gave wisdom.

When Dawud's life on this earth was complete... Sulayman became the next prophet. And the next king.

He raised his hands. And he made the most beautiful du'ā'.

Rabbighfir lī wa hab lī mulkan lā yanbaghī li-aḥadin min ba'dī.

My Lord... forgive me... and grant me a kingdom that no one after me should have.

And Allāh granted it.

A kingdom unlike any other in all of history.

Allāh gave Sulayman gifts no one had ever been given.

He could understand the speech of every creature. The chirp of a sparrow. The whisper of an ant. The call of the hoopoe bird.

He could speak with the jinn. He could even command the wind.

Can you imagine that? A wind that obeyed him. Carrying him a whole month's journey... in a single morning.

But the most amazing thing about Sulayman... was his heart.

For every gift Allāh gave him... he gave thanks.

He once said... We have been taught the speech of birds... and we have been given of all things.

He didn't say I. He said we. Because he knew... every gift was from Allāh.



A Father's Gift

One day... Sulayman set out with his great army. Soldiers walking together. Jinn at his side. Birds flying overhead in long, calm rows.

The wind carried them across the land. Past mountains. Past rivers. Toward a quiet valley.

A valley known... as the Valley of the Ants.

As they came near... a tiny ant felt the ground tremble. She heard the great army coming.

And she called out... in the speech of ants... to her people.

O ants... go into your homes... so that Sulayman and his soldiers don't crush you... while they don't even notice.

Sulayman heard her.

And he stopped.

He stopped his whole army... for one little ant.

Yes, this was the very ant we heard, right at the beginning of our story. And Sulayman did not step on her. He stopped everything... just to listen.

And the Qur'ān tells us something beautiful.

Sulayman smiled.

He smiled because she was right to warn her people. He smiled because Allāh had let him hear the smallest voice on earth. He smiled because it reminded him... how small he himself was... before his Lord.

And he raised his hands. And he made a du'ā'.

Rabbi awzi'nī an ashkura ni'matak.

My Lord... inspire me to be grateful for Your gifts.

A king. With an army that could cross the sky. Stopping for an ant. And asking Allāh to make him grateful.

That is what Sulayman's heart looked like.

The army moved on.

Later that day... Sulayman walked among his birds. The eagles. The doves. The falcons. The sparrows.

But one bird was missing.

The hoopoe. A small bird with a fine crest of feathers... and a long, pointed beak. The one who could find water hidden deep underground. The one Sulayman trusted as a special messenger.



The Valley of Ants

Sulayman looked across the sky. Where is the hoopoe? he asked. He told his court the hoopoe must explain himself.

A little time passed.

And then... a flutter of wings.

The hoopoe arrived. Tired. Excited. Bursting with news.

He landed before Sulayman... and he spoke.

I have learned of something you have not learned. I have come to you from the land of Saba'... with news that is certain.

The whole court grew quiet.

The hoopoe described what he had seen. A faraway kingdom in the south. Lush and green. Ruled by a queen.

A queen who sat on a throne so vast and so beautiful... there was nothing like it. She had wealth. She had wisdom.

But the hoopoe said... there was something wrong.

She and her people did not bow to Allāh.

They bowed... to the sun.

Each morning, when the sun rose... they prostrated to it.

Sulayman listened carefully.

And he said... We will see whether you have spoken the truth.

He gave the hoopoe a letter. Sealed and marked.

Take this to her, he said. And then step back. And listen for what they decide.

The hoopoe rose into the sky. The wind lifted his small feathers.

And he flew south... carrying a letter that would change a kingdom.

The hoopoe arrived at the queen's palace. He dropped the letter from above... right at her feet.

She picked it up. She opened it. And she read.

The letter was short. The Qur'ān gives us the words.



The Hoopoe's Discovery

It is from Sulayman. And it is: In the Name of Allāh... the Most Merciful... the Most Compassionate. Do not be haughty toward me. And come to me in submission.

The queen called her wisest advisors. She read them the letter. What should we do? she asked.

Some said... we are strong. We can fight.

But the queen was wise. She knew fighting would only hurt her people.

She said... I will send him gifts. And I will see what kind of king he is. If he loves the gold... he is just a king. If he refuses it... he is something more.

So she gathered her finest treasures. Chests of gold. Cloths woven with silver. Jewels that shone like the desert sun.

And she sent her messengers north.

When the messengers arrived... Sulayman was waiting.

He looked at the chests. He looked at all the gold.

And he said... Are you trying to give me wealth? What Allāh has given me is better than what He has given you. Take it back.

The messengers stared. They had expected a king who loved treasure. They had found... a prophet who did not need it.

They turned around. And they carried the gifts back home.

When the queen heard what had happened... her heart began to soften.

The queen decided she would come herself. She would travel north. She would meet this Sulayman.

When Sulayman heard she was coming... he turned to his court. And he asked a strange question.

Which of you can bring me her throne... before they arrive?

A great jinn stepped forward. I will bring it before you stand up, he said.

Then another voice spoke.

A man from Sulayman's own court. One who had been given knowledge of the Book.

I will bring it to you... before you can blink.

And before Sulayman could blink...

The throne was there.



The Letter and the Gifts

Settled. Quiet. Resting in his great hall. Carried across mountains and deserts in less time than it takes to look down and look up again.

Sulayman saw it.

And he did not boast.

He did not say look at my power.

He said something we should never forget.

This is from the bounty of my Lord... to test me whether I will be grateful... or ungrateful.

Imagine that. A whole throne, brought across the world in a blink. And his very first thought... was about gratitude.

When the queen arrived... they brought her in. They asked her... is this throne yours?

She studied it. She felt the wonder of it. And she said... as though it is.

She knew her own throne when she saw it.

Then Sulayman invited her into his palace.

She stepped through the great doors. And she stopped.

In front of her was a vast floor. Smooth and shining. So clear it looked like still water.

She thought she would have to wade through. She lifted the edge of her garment... ready to step in.

Sulayman said gently... It is not water. It is a floor of polished glass.

The queen stood very still.

Because in that one moment... she understood something.

She had been looking at the world... and seeing only what it appeared to be. A sun she had bowed to. A throne she had thought was hers. A floor that looked like water.

But things were not what they appeared.

There was something deeper. Something true.

And she raised her face. And she made the most beautiful confession.

My Lord... I have wronged myself. And I submit, together with Sulayman... to Allāh... the Lord of all the worlds.



The Throne in a Blink

A queen with armies and gold. Bowing... to the One who made her.

That is what Sulayman's kingdom was for.

Not for power. Not for wealth.

For this.

Sulayman ruled for many years.

The wind carried him where he wished. Soft mornings. Quiet evenings.

The hoopoe still called from the cedars. The doves still cooed in the gardens.

And every morning... when the sun rose over his palace... Sulayman remembered Whose gifts they were.

He never stopped being grateful.

He never stopped being just.

He never stopped being the king... who would halt his army... for one tiny ant.

And then... his time on this earth came to an end.

The Qur'ān tells us something quiet and beautiful.

Sulayman was leaning on his staff. And Allāh gently took his soul.

The jinn kept working below... not knowing what had happened. Until a small worm... slowly... gently... chewed through the wood of his staff. And the staff fell.

And only then did the jinn learn... that no one knows when our time comes... except Allāh.

His kingdom too returned to Allāh. As all kingdoms do. As all of us do.

What stayed... was the smile. The smile of a king who heard an ant... and remembered to thank his Lord.

And now... slowly... we leave that great kingdom behind... and travel back home. To right here. Right now.

But carry Sulayman with you, wherever you go. He had more power than almost anyone who ever lived, the wind, the birds, the jinn, a kingdom like no other in all of history. And yet the most beautiful thing about him was his heart: for every single gift, he thanked Allah. He even stopped his whole army... just to listen to one tiny ant. So whenever Allah gives YOU something good, big or small, remember to thank Him too.

So carry Sulayman's dua with you. It means... my Lord... help me to be grateful... for all the gifts You give me.

Rabbi awzi'nī an ashkura ni'matak.

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 was Prophet Sulayman's father?

- a. Prophet Dawud
- b. Prophet Musa
- c. Prophet Nuh

2. What dua did Prophet Sulayman make after the ant?

- a. Make me grateful
- b. Make me the richest
- c. Make me strongest

3. In Prophet Sulayman's story, what obeyed his command?

- a. The wind
- b. The rain
- c. The sea

4. What news did the hoopoe bring Prophet Sulayman?

- a. A queen in the south
- b. A storm coming soon
- c. A lost golden ring

5. In Prophet Sulayman's story, what could he understand?

- a. Animal speech
- b. Every written book
- c. The stars at night

6. In Prophet Sulayman's story, what did the queen's people bow to?

- a. The rising sun
- b. Statues of stone
- c. A golden throne

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/sulayman

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

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