



A STORY TO READ ALOUD

The Story of Prophet Yaqub (AS)

يعقوب

A father waits through years of sorrow and never gives up hope in Allah.

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The Story of Prophet Yaqub (AS)

"I only complain of my grief and my sorrow to Allah."

Yusuf 12:86

Come with me. Today, we're going on a journey... far, far away... and long, long ago.
Picture an old man sitting alone in the doorway of his house, looking out at a road.

It is a road that goes off into the desert, and disappears.

He has been looking at that road for a very long time. Years. So many years that his eyes have grown tired and dim and cloudy from all the crying.

And people keep telling him to stop. You have to let go. It has been too long. Nobody comes back after this long.

And every time, this old man says the same quiet thing.

"I do not complain of my sadness to you."

"I complain of it only... to Allah."

This is the story of Prophet Yaqub... alayhi salaam... and the most beautiful kind of patience there is.

Long, long ago... in the land of Canaan... there lived a prophet named Yaqub.

He was the son of a prophet, and the grandson of a prophet. His father was Ishaq, alayhi salaam. His grandfather was Ibrahim, alayhi salaam, the friend of Allah, the one who was thrown into the fire and walked out safe.

So Yaqub grew up in a house where everybody loved Allah. And he had twelve sons of his own.

Now, out of all twelve, there was one small boy who was especially dear to his heart. A gentle boy, thoughtful and good, with a beautiful face and a beautiful way about him.

His name was Yusuf.

One morning, very early, little Yusuf came running to his father, still full of sleep, and said:
"Father! I saw something!"

"I saw eleven stars... and the sun... and the moon. I saw them all bowing down to me."

And Yaqub went very still.



Eleven Stars

Because he was a prophet, and Allah had taught him things other people did not know. He knew straight away that this was no ordinary dream. Allah had shown this little boy something enormous about his future.

So Yaqub leaned down and said, carefully:

"My little son... do not tell your dream to your brothers."

He knew. He could already see that some of the brothers were jealous. And he knew what jealousy can do to people if you let it grow.

But the brothers were already jealous. And one day they came to their father with a plan.

Let Yusuf come out with us tomorrow. Let him play and run about. We will take good care of him.

Yaqub's heart pulled at him. He did not want to let the boy go. But he let him go.

And that evening... the brothers came back.

Without Yusuf.

They came in crying. They said a wolf had eaten him. And they held out Yusuf's shirt, with blood on it, as proof.

Yaqub took the shirt in his old hands.

And he looked at it.

And he saw something that told him the whole thing was not true.

The shirt was not torn.

There was blood on it, but the cloth was whole. Not a single rip. Not one scratch. And Yaqub thought: what kind of wolf eats a boy... and leaves his shirt perfectly neat?

His heart broke into pieces right there. But he did not shout. He did not fall apart in front of his sons. He told them, quietly, that they had made this story up themselves.

He simply said the words that people have been repeating for thousands of years since:



Beautiful Patience

"So... beautiful patience."

Fa-sabrun jamīl.

Beautiful patience. Beautiful patience does not mean you do not hurt. It means that even when your heart hurts, you do not turn away from Allah. You keep your dignity, you keep your manners, and you keep your trust in Him.

"And Allah is the One whose help is sought," he said, "against what you describe."

And then... time passed.

Not days. Not weeks.

Years.

So many years that the little boy who ran out of the house grew into a young man somewhere far away, in a country his father had never seen.

And all through those years, Yaqub kept doing the same thing.

He kept hoping.

The Qur'an tells us he wept for Yusuf until his eyes turned white, and his sight went dim from all the sorrow he was holding inside.

And still, listen to this, he never once said a single word against Allah.

His sons got frustrated with him. They said: "By Allah, you will not stop remembering Yusuf until you make yourself ill, or you are destroyed!"

And Yaqub gave them that answer. The quiet one. The one I told you at the start.

"I only complain of my grief and my sorrow to Allah."

"And I know from Allah... what you do not know."



I Complain Only to Allah

Do you see what he was doing? All that sadness, and it was real sadness, the kind that made an old man cry until he could hardly see, he took all of it, and he carried it straight to Allah. He told Allah exactly how much it hurt.

That is what he did with his broken heart. Every single day. For years.

And then one day, when his sons were setting out on another journey, Yaqub said something extraordinary.

He said: "O my sons... go and find out about Yusuf and his brother."

Go and find out about Yusuf.

After all those years. After the shirt. After everyone else had long since decided the boy was gone forever. This old, half-blind father was still saying: go and look for him.

And then he told them why.

"And never give up hope of the mercy of Allah. Indeed, no one gives up hope of Allah's mercy except people who do not believe."

Never give up hope of the mercy of Allah.

That is one of the most important sentences in the whole Qur'an. And it came out of the mouth of a man who had been waiting longer than almost anybody has ever waited for anything.

Now, far away, in Egypt, something wonderful had been happening all along.

Yusuf was alive.

Allah had taken that little boy through a well, and a long journey, and a prison, and had raised him up until he was one of the most powerful and trusted men in all of Egypt. And now, at last, the brothers had found him. And Yusuf had forgiven them, every one of them, with the gentlest words: no blame on you today.

And Yusuf gave them his shirt and said: take this back. Cast it over my father's face.

So the brothers set off home across the desert, carrying the shirt.

And back in Canaan... while they were still travelling... while they were still miles and miles away...

...Yaqub lifted his head.



The Scent on the Wind

And he said, to whoever was in the room: "Truly, I sense the scent of Yusuf... if you do not think me foolish."

And the people around him said, gently, the way you speak to an old man you love: "By Allah, you are still in your old confusion."

But then the door opened.

And the shirt was laid over his face.

And his sight came back.

Just like that. His eyes, the ones that had gone white and dim from all those years of quiet crying, opened, and saw.

And Yaqub said: "Did I not tell you that I know from Allah what you do not know?"

And after all those years... the family travelled to Egypt. And an old father and his lost son stood in front of each other at last.

And do you remember the very first thing Yusuf ever told his father? The eleven stars, and the sun, and the moon?

All those years later... that dream came true. Every part of it. Exactly as Allah had shown a sleepy little boy, all that time ago.

That is the story of Prophet Yaqub, alayhi salaam. A father who lost the person he loved most in the world, and cried until he could not see, and never stopped hoping, and never once complained to anybody except Allah.

And now... slowly... we leave that doorway and that long desert road behind... and we travel back home. To right here. Right now.

But carry Prophet Yaqub with you, wherever you go. Because he teaches us the thing that is hardest to learn.

Being sad is allowed. Yaqub was a prophet, and he cried for years, and Allah loved him all the while. You are allowed to be sad. You are allowed to miss things. That is not weak, and it is not wrong.

The question is only where you take it. And Yaqub took his to the very best place there is.

So let us end with Prophet Yaqub's own words. They mean... I complain of my grief and my sorrow only to Allah. Say them with me... slowly... like a secret between you and Him...

Innamā ashkū baththī wa ḥuznī... ila-llāh.

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 the father of Prophet Yusuf?

- a. Prophet Yaqub
- b. Prophet Ishaq
- c. Prophet Ibrahim

2. In Prophet Yaqub's story, what joined the stars in Yusuf's dream?

- a. The sun and the moon
- b. The wind and the rain
- c. The hills and the trees

3. How many sons did Prophet Yaqub have?

- a. Twelve
- b. Eleven
- c. Seven

4. Who did Prophet Yaqub tell Yusuf not to share his dream with?

- a. His brothers
- b. His father
- c. His grandfather

5. In Prophet Yaqub's story, how many stars did Yusuf dream of?

- a. Eleven
- b. Twelve
- c. Seven

6. What did Prophet Yaqub notice in the older brothers?

- a. Jealousy of Yusuf
- b. Fear of Yusuf
- c. Gratitude to Yusuf

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/yaqub

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

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