

The Hidden Good Deed



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Ayesha

AYDAN'S TALES



In a peaceful village nestled between rolling hills, a young boy named Ayaan gazed at the bright blue sky. He often dreamed of doing something truly magnificent, a great deed that would make everyone remember his name and please Allah.



THE JOURNEY CONTINUES...

While walking through the dusty village path, Ayaan noticed an elderly man struggling with a massive basket of colorful fruits. The man's back was bent, and he stopped every few steps to catch his breath under the warm morning sun.



Ayaan rushed forward with a bright smile to take the weight of the heavy basket from the tired man. When they finally reached the man's home, the elder placed a gentle hand on Ayaan's shoulder and whispered a heartfelt prayer for his kindness.



As Ayaan walked away, he looked around the empty street and felt a strange sense of disappointment. He had helped someone in need, but the village was quiet, and no one else had been there to witness his act of service.



That evening, Ayaan sat by the glowing fireplace and shared his troubled thoughts with his wise grandmother. He explained that he wanted to perform big, important deeds so that the whole world would know he was a good person.



His grandmother smiled softly, her eyes twinkling with wisdom as she pulled him into a warm embrace. She told him that while helping others is always beautiful, the most precious and sincere deeds are the ones known only to Allah.



Inspired by her words, Ayaan decided to try something different the very next morning. He carefully prepared a parcel of fresh bread and sweet dates, sneaking toward the humble home of a neighbor who was going through hard times.



He placed the food quietly on the doorstep and hurried away behind a large oak tree before anyone could open the door. He watched from afar as the neighbor found the unexpected gift, feeling a secret thrill of excitement at remaining anonymous.



Instead of the disappointment he had felt before, a strange and wonderful warmth began to fill Ayaan's chest. He realized he didn't need a public thank you or a round of applause to feel that his heart was finally at peace.



Ayaan understood that while people's praise eventually fades away, the reward from Allah stays with the soul forever. From that day on, he became the village's secret helper, finding his greatest joy in the good deeds that no one but the Creator could see.