

The Boy in the Basket

The Story of Prophet Musa



The Boy in the Basket: The Story of
Prophet Musa

Qaseema



The mighty Pharaoh tossed and turned in his grand bed, a swirling nightmare making his crown wobble. He dreamed of a tiny, powerless people growing strong enough to shake his golden throne, his face twisted in a comically exaggerated scowl of fear.



With a thunderous roar, Pharaoh sat on his opulent throne, surrounded by nervous advisors. He pointed a long, bony finger, decreeing that all new baby boys of the Israelite people must be taken away, his eyes glinting with cruel determination.



Under the scorching sun, the Israelite people toiled, their strong backs bent building massive pyramids for the Pharaoh. They carried heavy bricks with tired but determined expressions, their simple clothes a stark contrast to the gleaming palace in the distance.



In a hidden corner of a humble home, a loving mother softly cradled her newborn son, Musa, her heart filled with both immense joy and a quiet, profound worry. She gazed at his sweet, innocent face, a tiny spark of hope in a dark world.



Suddenly, a gentle, warm glow filled the small room, and the mother felt a comforting whisper in her heart. A divine message assured her to nurse her baby, then trust him to the river, promising his safe return and a great future.



With trembling hands but a resolute spirit, Musa's mother carefully wove reeds together, crafting a sturdy, waterproof basket. She worked with a quiet determination, her heart aching yet fortified by the promise of Allah.



At the edge of the wide, calm Nile, the mother gently placed baby Musa in his little basket, giving him a last, loving kiss. The water rippled softly around him as the basket drifted away, watched by his watchful sister from the riverbank.



Downstream, near the grand palace gardens, a curious palace servant spotted the peculiar basket bobbing by the shore. With wide, surprised eyes, she peeked inside and gasped with delight at the sight of a beautiful, cooing baby.



Queen Asiya, with a warm, tender smile, lifted baby Musa from the basket, her heart instantly overflowing with love for the sweet child. Even Pharaoh, though initially stern, looked on, softened by his wife's joy and the baby's innocent charm.



Within the lavish palace walls, baby Musa giggled happily, now safe and cherished, surrounded by soft silks and royal toys. His journey had just begun, a tiny prince unknowingly destined for greatness, protected by a queen's love and divine will.