



Hamza and the Lost Treasure

Bushra Shamsher



Hamza, a small boy with big, curious eyes, skips through the vibrant, bustling marketplace of ancient Arabia. Brightly colored stalls overflow with exotic fruits, shimmering fabrics, and fragrant spices, filling the air with a joyful cacophony. He wears a simple tunic and sandals, his movements light and full of youthful energy amidst the cheerful crowd. The sun casts a warm, golden glow over the scene.



Suddenly, something shiny catches Hamza's eye near a merchant's rug display. He stops, his brow furrowed in curiosity, and kneels down. There, half-hidden beneath a vibrant woven basket, lies a plump, leather coin purse, its drawstrings slightly loose. His heart gives a little thump as he carefully reaches for it.



Hamza holds the heavy purse in his hands, his eyes wide with a mix of wonder and surprise. He can feel the clink of coins inside, imagining all the sweet dates, shiny toys, or new sandals he could buy. A mischievous grin briefly plays on his lips, a tiny devil on his shoulder whispering tempting thoughts. The marketplace continues to buzz around him, unnoticed for a moment.



His imagination takes flight, showing him vivid cartoon bubbles of delicious pastries and a brand-new wooden camel toy. Hamza's face lights up with a wistful expression, his tummy rumbling slightly at the thought of all the treats. He squeezes the purse tighter, a little pang of excitement mixed with guilt starting to form in his chest.



A kind, wise face briefly appears in his mind's eye – the gentle image of Prophet Muhammad ﷺ, teaching about honesty and trust. Hamza remembers the stories his mother told him about 'Amanah,' the sacred trust. His imaginative bubbles of treats pop, replaced by a soft, warm glow of remembrance. A small voice in his heart reminds him, 'Honesty is part of faith.'



Hamza's face twists in a comical, exaggerated struggle, his eyebrows furrowed deeply and his mouth a determined line. He clenches the coin purse, his small body tensing as he battles the tempting thoughts. Sweat beads playfully on his brow as he weighs the joy of having new things against the quiet strength of doing what is right. The colors around him seem to swirl, reflecting his internal conflict.



With a resolute nod, Hamza's expressive face clears, replaced by a look of unwavering determination. He takes a deep breath, his chest puffing out slightly. His grip on the purse loosens, but not to keep it; instead, he holds it carefully, ready to return it. A soft, inner glow surrounds him, symbolizing his clear decision.



Hamza spots an elderly merchant, his face etched with worry, frantically searching the ground near his stall. With a burst of courage, Hamza rushes forward, holding out the coin purse with both hands. 'Excuse me, sir! I think this belongs to you!' he declares, his voice clear and earnest. The merchant looks up, his eyes widening in disbelief.



The elderly merchant's face transforms from despair to immense relief and joy, his eyes crinkling into a heartfelt smile. He gratefully takes the purse, placing a gentle hand on Hamza's shoulder. 'Thank you, my son! Allah bless you! Allah loves those who are truthful,' he exclaims, his voice thick with emotion. Hamza beams, feeling a warmth spread through his chest that is far sweeter than any treat.



Later that evening, Hamza sits by his window, looking out at the serene, star-dusted desert night sky. A small, glowing lantern sits beside him, casting a gentle light, symbolizing the truth he upheld. A peaceful, knowing smile plays on his lips, his heart full of the quiet joy of doing the right thing. The light of honesty shines brightly within him.