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رجل مع حصان

**A MAN AND A HORSE**

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**DARUSSALAM**

Publishers and Distributors

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*In the Name of Allâh,  
the Most Gracious, the Most Merciful*

**Allâh's Messenger ﷺ said:**

**“There is a reward for kindness to  
every living thing.”**

## Publishers Note

Islam is a religion of peace, justice and humanism. These qualities apply not only to human beings but also to animals. Islam is opposed to cruelty to animals in any form.

In this small book an attempt has been made to highlight Islamic approach in dealing with animals. The narrative revolves around a man on a horse-drawn carriage whose sole mission in life is to multiply his profits from the sale of fruits.

The narrative takes us through a journey on a hot and sultry day when the greedy merchant keeps whipping his horse to make it run faster, so that his fruit stock does not get spoilt before it reaches the market. On the way, he takes rest under a shady tree and quenches his own thirst, unmindful of the needs of his tired animal for food, water, and a little rest.

The arrival of a man on the scene has a profound impact on his own behavior and conduct. The stranger feeds the horse, and also lets it drink water from his cupped hands. It later turns out that this stranger is none other than Caliph Omar bin Abdul Aziz, renowned for his sense of justice and kindness.

Filled with remorse for his ill-treatment of the horse, the owner begs Allâh for His mercy. This publication is intended to show the human side of Islam and present this religion of Allâh in its true perspective. We hope that the readers will draw the right conclusion from the text and correct misconceptions, if they have any.

**Abdul Malik Mujahid**

General Manager

Darussalam

## A MAN AND A HORSE

It was very hot. The sun was boiling as never seen in this land before. You could look at a far away road and think that tongues of flames were rising from it. On that day, a man on a horse-drawn carriage was looking around, to perhaps find someone walking. But he did not see anyone. Who would think of walking on the road on such a hot day.

The carriage was moving slowly. Slower than anything ever seen before. Was it his fate to spend the better part of the day reaching his destination, when he used to get there in an hour or so? He feared that his merchandise would spoil on the road before he got to the market place.

He was much eager to get to the market. It was at the market that the merchants would race to buy his fruits. And they would not

care to pay a high price for it. His fruits, from his small farm, were not paralleled in their quality by any one in the area. This time, his profit would double because he was carrying twice what he usually did.

Would he get there, before it was too late? Would he be able to sell his fruits before they got spoiled? But... why was the heat increasing and the earth rotating to allow the sun to sit in the middle of the sky? What was wrong with sweat collecting so fast on his face like never before? He must get to his destination as soon as possible. He did not notice that his horse was in a worse condition than he was.

The horse was getting tired. Thirst was destroying him. He had very little energy left. He was moving slowly. Who could he complain to about the heavy load placed on him? He had been serving his master for

years, but he never carried a heavy load like this before. The heavy bridle and reins almost blocked his mouth. He could hardly breathe. The man was in the carriage and had no idea what was happening to the poor horse.

The man looked around him for shade to shelter under, but he found nothing. Not even a small tree. His thirst was getting worse, and the sweat was pouring off him.

The horse was no less thirsty than the man, and he was sweating just as bad. There wasn't a single drop of water to wet his dry tongue. If he could bear the heat, would he be able to tolerate the severe stings from the whip? His master was whipping him constantly, even as he was dragging such a heavy weight which even the strongest man would not bear. The horse would raise his head from time to time, as if he was complaining to his Lord against what his



to be under the mercy of a weak, lazy horse like this one. He would get rid of his horse for ever. While the man was daydreaming, he closed his eyes. He didn't want to sleep or he would be late.

He didn't know how much time had passed. But he was surprised. Surprised with something that he did not expect. Surprised with something that had never happened to him throughout his life. He was the one who had lived years with farm animals. A strange strength had filled his tired, thirsty and hungry horse.

What was the horse doing? He was getting rid of his heavy bridle. How did this happen? Oh, my God! He was lowering the ropes of the cart off of its back and walking towards his master. Stepping as if he had shaken off the tiredness, hunger and thirst.

The man stared into the eyes of the horse.

What was the matter with these eyes? They were angry. The horse's front teeth were clinched tightly. A great anger had surged through this animal. Was it the time for revenge? The man didn't have plenty of time to remember the oppression he caused this horse over the many years. The man tried to raise up, but he could not move. He tried to shout. He might scare the angry animal, but the shout refused to come out. The man felt that his tongue was stuck out of fear.

The horse continued walking towards the man with constant steps and his neighing seemed to fill the place. The man hid his face between his hands. It seemed that he should surrender to his fate. His fate to die at the hoofs of this angry horse.

A few moments passed like hours. Nothing happened.

The man gave in to his destiny and waited for

The *shaytaan* ran away, retreating and dragging his tail in defeat. How could *shaytaan* have victory over the leader who filled the earth with justice? How could the cursed *shaytaan* stand in front of the leader that followed the guidance of the Noble Messenger ﷺ and the rightly guided *Khalifahs*. His justice and mercy included even the animals. The fragrance of his good reputation spread in the land of Islam. This was Omar Bin Abdul-Aziz with this man and his horse. The wisdom of the Creator was that they meet in this odd place.

The man closed his eyes and wished that he could embrace this honest shepherd. His eyes filled with tears. They were running down his cheeks and mixed with his sweat.

The man opened his eyes. It was a short nap, but he had seen wonders during it. Would his wife even believe him when he told her about this strange dream?

The sun was still in the middle of the sky like a flame. But now he did not feel its severe heat. He looked at his horse and thought, "Poor one, you horse. The load is heavy and so is the bridle. The thirst intensifies and the hunger becomes stronger. The heat had almost penetrated every one of your bones."

Quickly, the man rushed to the water container to give some to the horse. The horse drank. The man then gave him food to eat. The horse had his fill and looked at his master as in gratitude. The man's hand extended to the neck of the horse. He patted it gently. The man had not put his hand on the horse's neck for many months. All of his concerns were to make maximum use of the horse to earn more profit. But now, the man would give the horse a break.

He would leave half the load here. He would leave it as a trust with the One with Whom no trust would be lost. He must remove some of