

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

In the name of Allah
the Beneficent, the Merciful

لَا إِلَهَ إِلَّا اللَّهُ

There is no god but Allah

مُحَمَّدٌ رَسُولُ اللَّهِ

Muhammad is the Messenger of Allah



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STORY OF

SHIMA

BY:

Abdul Vadoud Yusuf

STORY OF SHIMA

Khareem, son of Oos

Khareem, the son of Oos, was a simple, hard-working cattleman who lived in the desert. When he learned about the prophethood of Muhammad (S.A.W.), and accepted the religion of Islam, he decided to migrate with his herd to Medina. Khareem wanted to live with the followers and companions of the Prophet and learn and practice his religious duties and obligations. When he was in Medina he met Prophet Muhammad (S.A.W.), and tried to use this opportunity to acquire knowledge.

THE PROPHET GIVES GOOD NEWS

One day Prophet Muhammad (S.A.W.), was sitting with his several followers, telling them the happy news of victories which the Muslims would soon achieve. He said that very soon the Muslims would conquer Hira, a place of huge palaces and skyscraping towers. He also said that the first person who would be seen after entering the city would be a woman called Shima. Shima was the daughter of a man called Buqaleh. At the time of conquering Hira she would be seen riding a white horse and wearing a black covering.

Khareem, who was sitting among the followers, listening, asked the Prophet (S.A.W.), "Oh Prophet of God, will I be among those who will see this wonderful thing?" The Prophet (S.A.W.) looked upon Khareem with kindness and answered, "Yes, Khareem, you will be with the troops of Islam and you will witness it."

Khareem was very excited, and wished to be the captor of Shima. Again Khareem questioned the Prophet, "Who will capture this woman named Shima? The Prophet, knowing Khareem's desires, smiled and after a moment said, "She will be your prisoner of war, Khareem, and she will belong to you." Khareem was overjoyed and begged the Prophet for a written document to this effect. The holy Messenger of God (S.A.W.), again smiled and directed his secretary, Abdullah ibn Omar, to give him such a paper.

Abdullah ibn Omar found the skin of a deer which was used at that time for paper, and wrote, "Muhammad, the Messenger of God, has pledged to Khareem, son of Oos, that when the Muslims conquer Hira, with Allah's help, the first person they will see upon taking the city will be Shima, the daughter of Buqaleh. Shima will be riding a white horse and she will

be covered in a black cloth. Shima will be Khareem's prisoner of war and his property."

Khareem was delighted by this promise and put the document safely in his pocket, and started for home. As he walked, he told himself that the news of conquering Hira was one of the Prophet's miracles and soon it would happen. He began to make plans, thinking, "When Shima becomes my prisoner I will sell her and receive a lot of money and I will buy a fine horse, a sword and a shield. With them, I will fight the holy war to remove the oppressors from the world, unless, before attaining this goal I achieve the high status of martyrdom and go to heaven."

When Khareem arrived at his home, he wrapped the document in a handkerchief and he sewed it with a needle and thread to his pocket so that he would be sure not to lose it.

THE LEADERS OF HIRA DEBATE

As the Prophet was giving the promise of Shima to Khareem and the good news of a victory to the Muslims, the people of Hira, who were Christians, were discovering new things about their religion.

One of the leaders of Hira, Amir Masee, the son of Buqaleh, went to bed but he couldn't sleep. He spent the night tossing and turning in his bed, thinking about the words of his friend Abdul Moysirare a long time friend of Amir Masee and that day had come to him with the Holy Bible, opened the book and handed it to his friend, saying, "Read this page."

Amir Masee took the book and read, "...another Prophet will appear in Arabia". Amir turned to his friend and said, "I have read this many times; why do you show it to me now?"

"Oh, Amir Masee," his friend exclaimed, "The Prophet that the Holy Book has promised would come has appeared. Yes, he has appeared!"

"Another Prophet has appeared?", cried Amir Masee. "Where, Moysirare, where is this Prophet?", he asked.

Moysirare replied, "It is true. In Mecca, in the tribe of the Quraysh, in the city of the House of the Ka'ba he began his mission. He has taken his family and followers and migrated to Yathrib, which they now call Medina, and by so doing has saved his religion and followers from the mischief of the Quraysh", Moysirare continued. "He has lived for years in Medina and has propagated his religion. After finding a place in the hearts of those who love good and hate wrong, he has returned to Mecca in victory, and cleansed the city of the filth of the pagans."

Amir Masee begged him, “Oh Moysirare, to what is this Prophet calling the people? What sort of promises is he making to them?”

Moysirare replied, “He has advised the people to follow the Qur’an, the constitution for mankind, to believe it and learn it and to practice its rules. More important, he has asked his followers to spread the message of the Qur’an throughout the world. He also promise to defeat kings and big powers, and that his followers will be the inheritors of the earth and will bring justice and administer the right government to all mankind.”

Amir Masee, the son of the King of Hira, who was filled with the pride of his rule asked , “What are you saying, Moysirare, kings of earth?”

Moysirare raised his head and said, “Yes, he who has been appointed to the prophethood tells the people, I have come to free you from the oppressors and to liberate you from their domination. I have come to save you from the bitter lives that you are living and show you the way and customs of a just, clean and happy life. If you accept my proclamation and you believe it, I can make better and more eminent promises of heaven, which God has granted for you, and if you do not accept my proclamation’ ”, here Moysirare looked up at the sky and thought for a moment about happiness, heaven and a clean life, and then continued,“ ‘ and if you do not accept my proclamation, the ‘oppressors’ will increase their oppression and you will face great misfortune. In addition, after your death you will face such agony and torture that you cannot imagine.’ ”

Amir Masee became upset by these words. He approached Moysirare, placed his hand on his shoulder and asked, “ Moysirare, what is happening?”

Moysirare told his friend, “ I wish I was with him

and could accept his religion and learn about it.”

Amir Masee shouted with disbelief, “What are you saying, Moysirare? You wish you were with him!”

“Yes. Why shouldn’t I accept this new religion?”, Moysirare replied.

Upon hearing this, Amir Masee lost control, and through his anger he shouted at Moysirare, “If you wish you were with him, you are no longer a friend to me and I deny our friendship.” Amir Masee continued, “Oh Moysirare, he is mobilizing the people for our destruction. He says that slavery should be abolished. Do you understand what it means? Have you lost your mind?”

“Yes, yes, I understand, ” Moysirare replied painfully. “I understand that we aristocrats and oppressors and selfish rulers will not be able to make slaves of the people any longer. We will not be able to store up the food stuffs any more; we will not be able to ignore the poor and oppressed. The oppressed and poor will join this Prophet in groups and if we try to block their way to him, they will **destroy us.**”

Moysirare looked at his friend and said, “Now he has come to bring justice to all; justice for those who have been driven from their homelands, for the homeless whose property has been plundered, for the oppressed and the weak and the poor. Now he has come with a promise to free them from the oppressors and to take revenge for their oppression”

“Oh Amir Masee, you should know that the news of victory of Prophet Muhammad (S.A.W.) has been heard by the people and soon they will join him,” Moysirare warned.

Amir Masee sneered at his long-time friend, “And you ! You want to be with him, Moysirare?”

Moysirare nodded, “Yes! Why not? Why not, Amir

Masee? Yes, for two months I have believed in his religion and I have accepted his message. Now I have nothing to do but to seek out the tribes travelling from Arabia to Hira and find the Muslims who can teach me the Glorious verses of the Qur'an. I am ready to spend all my wealth in this way!"

Moysirare calmed down somewhat, but in a very decisive manner he continued, "Oh Amir Masee, I have only come to tell you that you must believe in Muhammad and his religion, otherwise the anger and wrath of God will consume you and the fire of its consequences will take your life."

Moysirare began to walk towards the door, turned and spoke firmly, "Amir Masee, I have warned you and God has warned you, and the multitude of believers will come to save you."

Moysirare closed the door behind himself as he left his friend.

SHIMA LASHES DAMAMA

Amir Masee could find no peace of mind as he recalled his meeting with Abdul Moysirare. The first rays of dawn were coming through his window as the horrors of his friend's warning haunted him. Amir Masee was still thinking of Prophet Muhammad (S.A.W.) when his thoughts were interrupted by a terrible sound echoing through the palace halls. Immediately, he jumped from his bed and heard the cries of agony and pain of an old man and the sharp sound of whips and lashes. The old man's cries thundered in his ears, "Oh God, what can I do? My family will become fatherless. Who will care for them after me? How can they continue to live, Oh Almighty God!"

Masee ran to the door and down the hall toward the cries. When he reached the rooms of his sister, Shima, he opened the door and there he saw Shima beating Damama, a farmer.

"Shima, what has happened? Why are you beating this man?" Amir asked. Shima did not answer, but continued her whipping and tearing of the old man's flesh. Damama pleaded for help from Amir Masee with blood pouring from his torn and bruised face.

Amir moved toward Shima and took her hand as she prepared to lower yet another blow upon Damama's back saying, "Shima, that is enough. What has Damama done to make you act in such a way?"

"Let me beat him, let me skin him with this whip of mine!", Shima screamed at her brother, trying to escape his grasp.

Above the screams of Shima, Damama cried, "Oh Commander, Oh Amir Masee, Shima has sold our crops, the wheat and the millet. I and my large family

have been left with nothing. Oh master! Consider, for the whole year we have worked this land and raised crops. Now what shall we eat, how shall we live? Shima's horses are treated better than we are, because they eat wheat and millet everyday, but I and my dependents, except for some millet, have nothing to eat. Oh, kind Masee, I beg you to take us all to the slavemarket and sell us. Our only hope is that someone will buy and give us a piece of bread and we will feel at least equal to Shima's horses. Please, I beg you, I beg you."

The farmer's cries touched the heart of Amir Masee. Like a man who had never done any wrong in his life, he looked at his sister and said, "Shima, Damama is right!"

Shima said indignantly, "Where can I get money for my wine? Where can I get money for gambling and for my fine silk dresses?" Shima continued, "I have no income except what I gain from selling the agricultural products of these dogs, and still the money is not enough!"

Amir Masee recalled the words of Moysirare about the deprived and the oppressed. He turned to Shima and said, "Well, even these dogs need food. What shall they eat? Dirt, or wolves?"

Shima was confused and in a disgraceful voice said, "These are worse than wolves, and even wolves are too good for them. Do you give your farmers oil and honey and meat?"

Amir Masee forgot the haunting words of Moysirare and turned to Damama and shouted, "You dog! Go on, or else I'll take your skin off! I'll break your neck, I'll put you under the mill and break you to **pieces!**"

Damama escaped from the two tyrants and limped painfully down the street. As he walked back to his

family with empty hands he shouted out loudly, "I swear to God, if I go under the stone of the mill and get killed it would be better than this disgraceful life and would be sweeter to me. I and my family, in your eyes, are worse than your dear white horse who feeds on raisins and wheat, and by your order we have to wash his face and feet twice a day. But we are hopeful for the favour and bounties of God and no doubt things will improve for us." Damama continued shouting as he disappeared down the street.

Amir Masee, in the meantime, approached his sister and said, "Shima, I've got some important news for you."

Shima, trying to pull herself together, looked up, surprised, "Did you say you have important news? Well, what is it? Tell me."

Amir Masee answered, "Shima, pay attention. Moysirare has told me that the prophet whose coming the Bible has foretold has indeed come. He has been appointed to the prophethood in Mecca and he has written letters to the Emperor of Iran, Kasra, and invited him to the religion of Islam."

Shima was very surprised at this news. She said, "What did you say? He has written a letter to Emperor Kasra? How dare he! How could he write a letter to Emperor Kasra? What a dirty man he is!"

"Yes, Shima", Amir continued, "He tells people, 'I have come to destroy all systems of the oppression, deprivation and exploitation of mankind and to release you from the repression of this bitter life. I have come to bring justice and happiness to your lives. If you accept my religion and believe in Islam and become united in this matter, felicity will be yours. The age of the oppressor will be finished. If you break your covenant and leave my company, oppression and deprivation

more than before will come to you, and your misery and unhappiness will increase, and after death you will go to hell. In hell you will face unimaginable agony and misery.’ ”

These words only provoked the selfishness and pride of Shima. She became sarcastic and mocking. He continued, as though he had not noticed her reaction, “And then simply all our slaves will be free; he will put an end to our lavish way of life. He will stop the oppression of the aristocrats. Farmers will become masters, and masters will become slaves. We and other rulers like us will see the flames of hell. Will these things happen? No, not without that prophet!”

Shima turned towards her brother and said, “I see that you have some sympathy for this prophet. Perhaps you wish to be one of his followers.”

Masee rejected her accusation with amazement, exclaiming, “Who has told you that ? Who has said I am one of his followers? Have I lost my mind? In that case, I have lost all my palaces and wealth and power. How could I convince myself to give up all of that and become like the slaves and farmers. No! It is impossible! I will gather an army and I will fight him with all my power.”

Shima agreed, “And I, too, will fight this prophet with you. I will send all my wealth to Kasra to fight him.”

Shima and Masee devised a plan by which they would treat their subjects better, so that they would never join the religion of Prophet Muhammad (S.A.W.). They gave them food and did not make them work as hard as usual, and they thought this placating action would fool the people. Masee asked Shima to be kinder to the slaves and not to punish them as harshly as she used to do.

AMIR VISITS DAMAMA

One day, Abdul Moysirare was walking in his field. Suddenly he saw Amir Masee riding his horse in Shima's field. Amir shouted a greeting, but Moysirare did not reply; he only stopped, looked at his former friend, and then slowly rode away. Amir Masee was surprised by this action and he asked himself the reason for it. Then all the sadness and sorrow he had forgotten returned to haunt his soul. He remembered his sister's treatment of the farmer, Damama. But where was Damama? Wherever he looked, he could not see Damama, his brothers, or his wife and children anywhere. He rode to a nearby hill in order to see the mud hut that Damama and his large family lived in. From the height he saw a sight that infuriated him. Damama and his whole family were standing in a line making **ruku** and **sajda** and praying. He rode quickly towards them and when he reached the hut, their hands were stretching toward the sky and they prayed, "Oh God, help us to free ourselves from the oppression that is upon us."

Amir Masee, with a cry mixed with anger, interrupted their prayer and demanded, "What are you saying?"

Everyone looked up at the Amir with fear and stopped praying. A few minutes passed, then Damama approached the Amir slowly and said, "We are praying. We are asking God to save us from the oppressor who takes the fruits of our labour to buy rich silk clothes and wine. These oppressors, who answer cries for bread with a whip."

Amir Masee, already angry, lifted his hand to strike Damama, but Damama's children made a ring around him and would not let Amir come near their father. Amir retreated, and Damama called after him, "Amir

Masee, wait, I have something to tell you, please hear me, I beg of you.”

Amir gathered the reins of his horse, turned and spoke, “Say what you want to say, Damama, speak.”

Damama began in a kind voice, “Oh Amir Masee, my master...”

Amir Masee interrupted, “Do you want to say you want wheat? I’ll give you wheat, my best wheat.”

Damama continued, “No, Amir Masee, I don’t want wheat and I don’t want millet, I only want to warn you about a danger that will face you shortly. I want to warn you of the disgrace in this world and the torture and agony in the next world, which is hell.”

Amir **Masee** shook with anger, “Woe to Abdul Moysirare! I suppose he has cheated you all into following the religion of Muhammad!”

Damama answered in a very kind way, “No, no, my master, he hasn’t cheated us but he has taken us under his obligation to guide us toward the religion of Muhammd (S.A.W.). I would like to invite you to join the religion of Muhammad because I fear for you and I fear the flames of hell which will burn every infidel and oppressor.”

Damama continued to talk, but Amir Masee ignored the words and gazed instead upon the faces of Damama and his children. He saw that the effects of deprivation and baseness had left their faces and their faces shone like brilliant sunshine. Damama, drawn to the promises of the Qur’an, was looking into the distance; his eyes were shedding tears. Once again he gave his attention to Damama, who was speaking about hell and crying. Amir’s affection was provoked and compassion entered his heart. He came near Damama and asked him to sit with him and he listened to Damama’s words. Amir noticed that Damama was not

the same man he had been before. Damama's words were filled with sweetness and attraction. He talked about the religion of Muhammad (S.A.W.), and this religion had infused new life into him. Fear was gone from him and Damama was a new man.

Damama's words echoed in the heart of Amir Masee. As he listened, he thought about slavery and wondered, 'Why have we captured them and deprived them?' Meanwhile, the words of Abdul Moysirare came back to him and he analyzed them and found he was being influenced by Damama's words. He brought his attention back to Damama and said, "How did you come to believe in this great religion? My heart is filled with love for this religion. I, like you, really believe. I testify that there is no god but God!", and Damama and all his family joined in shouting joyfully, "And surely Muhammad (S.A.W.) is the Messenger of God!"

Damama and his children were delighted. Amir Masee looked at them as his family, not as his slaves or the workers of his fields. He promised to build them a big house so that they could live in comfort, and promised to buy Shima's land and give it to them. He asked Damama to come to him and teach him the religion of Islam. Damama told Amir that Moysirare came every morning and all the people gathered to hear about their new religion. Amir Masee became happy and promised to come every morning and join their gathering and, just like the others, he would learn the religious instructions.

HIRA IS ATTACKED

The sun was setting and the army of Muslims stopped their march toward Hira. Khalid ordered them to pitch their tents and set up camp for the night. After a

short time, the call for prayer was heard and the Muslims formed tight ranks to offer their evening prayers behind Khalid. Later, they met in their tents to talk and spend the night waiting for the advance on Hira in the morning.

In Khareem's tent, a sweet story was being told. Khareem was telling about his meeting with the Messenger of God (S.A.W.), and how he had foretold the conquest of Hira. He spoke of the tall towers and palaces. He told them about the lady on the white horse who would be the first person of Hira that they would see. Khareem said only this much about the prophecy of Muhammad (S.A.W.), and then he was filled with joy. He continued, "The Messenger of God has pledged this lady on the white horse to me and all the troops know about this promise."

The words of Khareem reminded the troops of Khalid of the times when the Holy Prophet was still alive and was among them. It filled them with sorrow. The happy news from the Prophet that they would conquer Hira was inspiring, and it relieved their sadness. They were sure that by God's will they would defeat Hira.

HIRA PREPARES FOR WAR

While Khareem, the son of Oos, was telling the story of conquering Hira, Hanana, the female slave of Shima, dashed into Shima's quarter and gasped, "Oh my lady, I have important news for you!"

Shima was surprised and excited, "Come, Hanana, tell me about this news, tell me quickly."

"The King of Hira has asked for your brother's son, Amr!"

Shima seemed frightened and replied, "Oh I see,

the King of Hira has asked for the commanders to come to him." Shima stopped and listened. She could hear footsteps outside her door.

Amir Masee entered the room and asked for Shima. Shima inquired about the meeting, "Do you know about this meeting? The King has asked all the commanders to come to his palace."

"Yes, Shima, I know of this meeting," Amir replied. He added, "Tonight, the troops of Khalid ibn Walid are camping outside the city."

Hanana became very happy and cried, "Oh, the Muslims of Muhammad (S.A.W.), have come! They will save us soon!"

Shima turned to Hanana and slapped her hard in the face, saying, "Get out!! Go! Leave me!"

Hanana retreated, rubbing her stinging cheek.

Shima's voice still gave off a frightened air, "Oh, the followers of Muhammad (S.A.W.) have reached us! How shall we arm ourselves? Where is our army?"

Amir Masee spoke softly, "Everything is ready. The castle is full of farmers. Damama and his family guard the roof."

Shima was ashamed of her past treatment of Damama, seeing now that he was guarding her life. Her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a horse outside her window. As she looked down, she saw her nephew, Amr, coming from the King's palace. Presently he entered and reported to his father and aunt, "Hira is ready for war. The King has ordered us to also prepare for war. Now I will go with my army. Do you have any orders for me, father?"

Amir looked at his son, "With no doubt we are secure and there is no fear for us, but just in case, I also, for providing manpower, will look for more men."

Amir and his son parted, and Shima went with

Amir. The whiteness of day had not yet approached when Khalid's camp crier announced, "This is Hira !" The Muslims' eyes beheld the gates of the city of Hira with its high towers. The army of Muslims began shouting together. "Allahu Akbar! God is Greatest! These are the white towers, the great palaces that the Prophet (S.A.W.) told us about! This is the victory he has promised us."

Khalid also joined in this call, that God is Greatest, and reminded his troops **again of the prophecy of Muhammad (S.A.W.)**. He was filled with excitement. As he and his army looked forward to this promised victory, they remembered their beloved Prophet (S.A.W.) and cried because they missed him greatly.

They began to advance on the city of Hira with swords in their hands, ready to fight the oppressors. The crier of the camp shouted, "Oh Muslims! We can see Hira with its white palaces, as the Prophet (S.A.W.) told us. Soon we will conquer Hira ! Khalid ibn Walid, our brave leader, will attack the castle of Iyas ibn Goubiyzeh and the brave mujahid, Musana ibn Harnaseh, has been given the mission of capturing the castle of Bani Bugaleh.

All the Muslims shouted together, "We will be with Musana, for we want to see the miracle of the Prophet (S.A.W.) with our own eyes."

Musana gazed at the horizon and motioned for his troops to advance. Soon the Muslims encircled the city of Hira. Khareem, the son of Oos, stayed close to his commander. All the while, he was clutching the deerskin sewn into his shirt, the document he had treasured for many years.

HIRA IS CAPTURED

The king, Amr and Shima were inside the castle. They were making ready their armies and preparing for the attack when they saw Amir Masee coming toward them in a great hurry.

Amir Masee addressed his son, "Amr, go to the top of the castle and announce peace and a compromise with them."

King Bugaleh was shocked and shouted, "I, make peace? Compromise? Me? Before one arrow is let loose? Before one sword is drawn?"

Shima screamed at her brother, "Amir Masee, why peace, why compromise? Are you crazy?"

Amir Masee said, "Go to the top of the castle and look in the courtyard."

Shima raced to the roof and as she looked down she saw that all the farmers had laid down their arms and were chanting 'Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!'

She came down from the tower and took her brother's sword and mounted her white horse. "If this is the case, I will go and fight them alone!" Her voice was full of fury, "There is no other way but to fight."

Amr rushed to the roof and waved the white flag of surrender, and shouted for a compromise and pleaded for peace. Amir was following after his sister, pleading with her to come back as she approached the gates of the castle. Shima would not listen. Suddenly, Moysirare and Damama were near the gate and Shima heard Moysirare saying to Damama, "Help me to open the gate so the companions of the Great Prophet (S.A.W.), can come and we can meet them."

Amir joined them and together they opened the gates. When Shima saw the troops of Islam, she cried out and threw her sword to the ground and wrapped the

black flag of the castle around her head to hide her fear from the others. Shima heard the Muslims' cries of "Allahu Akbar! There is Shima on her white horse! And look, her head is wrapped in a black cloth; our Prophet (S.A.W.) has told us the truth, indeed it is a miracle of our Prophet (S.A.W.)!"

When Shima heard these words, fear overwhelmed her. She saw a man approaching from the ranks of the Muslims who came nearer and nearer and finally took the reins of her horse and said, "This is Shima and she belongs to me. This is the same person that the Prophet of God, (S.A.W.), has pledged to me."

Musana did not agree with this, and they both went to Khalid ibn Walid's tent. Khareem stood in the center of the tent and tore open the threads that had kept his hopes secure for so long. He opened the document and proclaimed, "Shima is mine and here is my evidence!"

Khalid took the skin from Khareem's hand and read its contents in a loud voice. Muslims who heard the miraculous command of the Prophet of God (S.A.W.) were losing control and crying. Shima was also surprised to hear her name and she began to cry. Amir and all the others, too, were spellbound by the miracle unfolding before them. Khareem, according to the promise of the Prophet of God (S.A.W.), took the reins of the white horse and led Shima away. While he walked he looked at the white horse and sometimes glanced at the black cloth, saying to himself, "The white horse is white, and the black cloth is black and her name is Shima. It's exactly as the Prophet (S.A.W.) said."

Amir Masee approached Khareem and inquired, "Do you intend to sell Shima and her horse?"

"Yes, but not for less than one thousand dirhams," he answered.

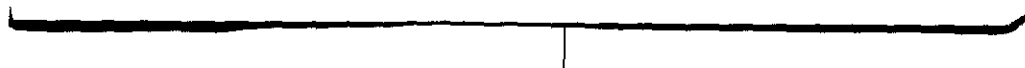
Amir Masee looked at Shima and then said to

Khareem, "I agree to this price."

Amir and Shima accepted the religion of Islam and returned to their castle. The Muslims, in the meantime, were laughing at the simple-mindedness of Khareem. "Oh, you sold her very cheaply. Amir Masee would have paid any price for his sister," they laughed.

Khareem, with his simple thoughts, replied, "Is there any figure more than one thousand?"

The Muslims laughed heartily.



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عبدالودود یوسف

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