

NUSAYBAH'S *Little* BIG HELP

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Allah's name I begin with, the Most Compassionate, the Ever-Merciful

To the reader

I wrote this story because I wanted children to see that even the smallest acts of kindness can carry enormous love. I wanted them to know that helping family is not just a duty, it's a way to show compassion, patience, and faith. I wanted to hold up a mirror to the quiet struggles parents face, so children might see their mother's tired eyes and feel empathy instead of hurt. Above all, I wanted every child reading this story to know that Allah sees their efforts, hears their whispered du'as, and treasures their kind actions.

This story is my du'a for gentler homes and softer hearts.

Minaa x

Nano peeked into Nusaybah's room with a wide smile.
Nusaybah grinned, threw off her blanket and hopped
out of bed.

“They're coming home! They're coming home!
They're finally coming home!”



She clenched her little fists, ready to huff and puff,
but then she remembered Allah...

My Lord! Have mercy on them as they
looked after me when I was little.



**Be thankful to Me
and to your parents.**

(Surah Luqman, 31:14)

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