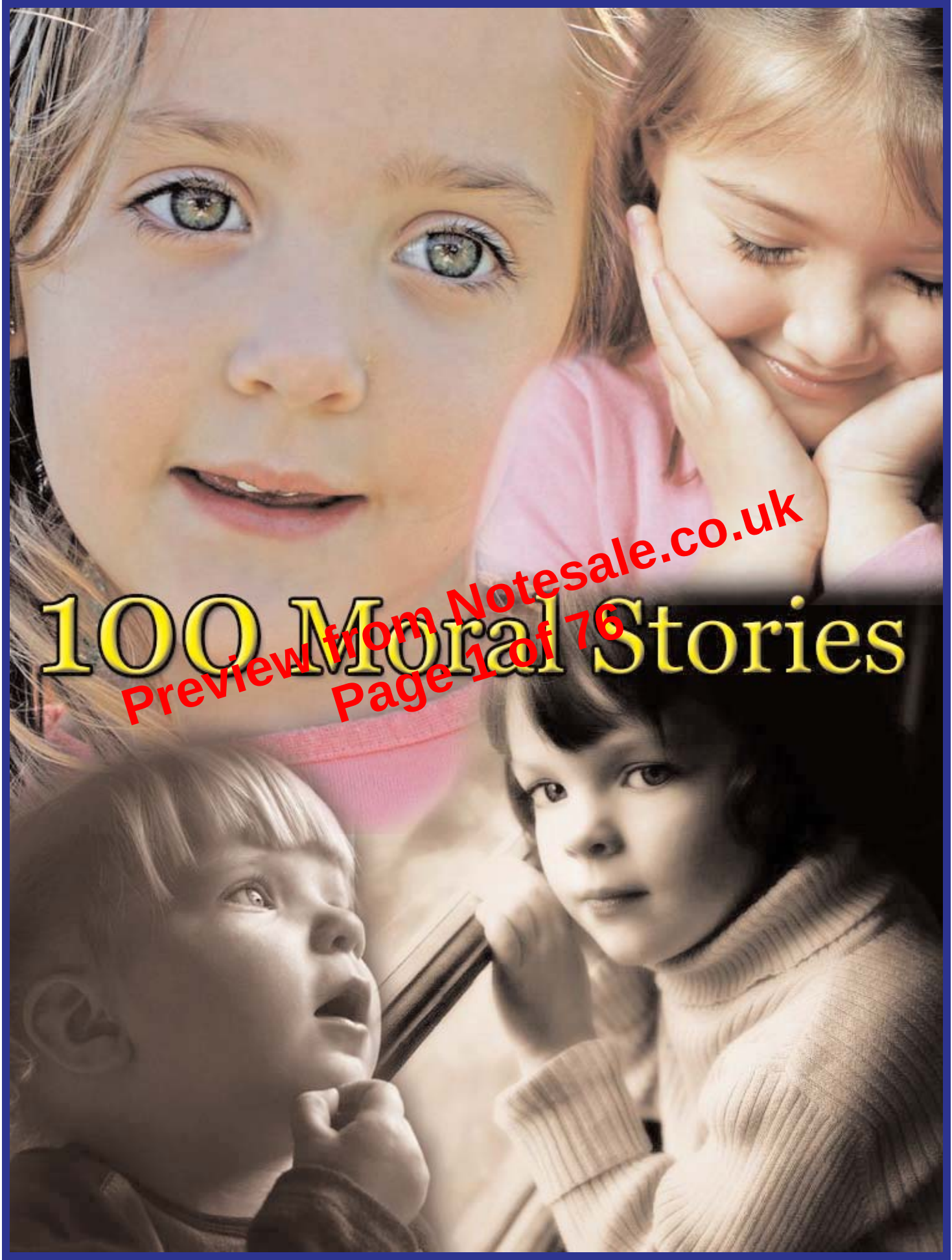




100 Moral Stories

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THE MONKEY AND THE DOLPHIN

One day long ago, some sailors set out to sea in their sailing ship. One of them brought his pet monkey along for the long journey.

When they were far out at sea, a terrible storm overturned their ship. Everyone fell into the sea, and the monkey was sure that he would drown. Suddenly a dolphin appeared and picked him up.

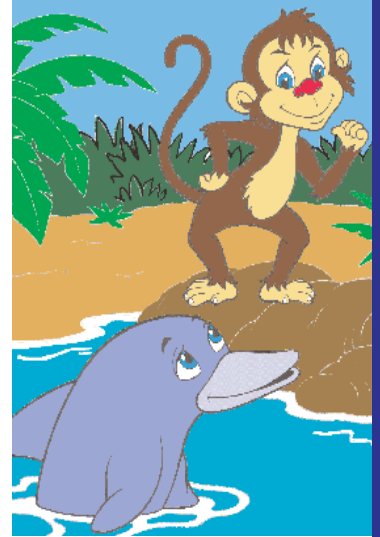
They soon reached the island and the monkey came down from the dolphin's back. The dolphin asked the monkey, "Do you know this place?"

The monkey replied, "Yes, I do. In fact, the king of the island is my best friend. Do you know that I am actually a prince?"

Knowing that no one lived on the island, the dolphin said, "Well, well, so you are a prince! Now you can be a king!"

The monkey asked, "How can I be a king?"

As the dolphin started swimming away, he answered, "That is easy. As you are the only creature on this island, you will naturally be the king!"



Those who lie and boast may end up in trouble.

THE FOX AND THE STORK

A selfish fox once invited a stork to dinner at his home in a hollow tree. That evening, the stork flew to the fox's home and knocked on the door with her long beak. The fox opened the door and said, "Please come in and share my food."

The stork was invited to sit down at the table. She was very hungry and the food smelled delicious! The fox served soup in shallow bowls and he licked up all his soup very quickly. However, the stork could not have any of it as the bowl was too shallow for her long beak. The poor stork just smiled politely and stayed hungry.

The selfish fox asked, "Stork, why haven't you taken your soup? Don't you like it?"

The stork replied, "It was very kind of you to invite me for dinner. Tomorrow evening, please join me for dinner at my home."

The next day, when the fox arrived at the stork's home, he saw that they were also having soup for dinner. This time the soup was served in tall jugs. The stork drank the soup easily but the fox could not reach inside the tall jug. This time it was his turn to go hungry.

A selfish act can backfire on you.



THE DEVOTED MOTHER

A mother duck and her little ducklings were on their way to the lake one day. The ducklings were very happy following their mother and quack-quacking along the way.

All of a sudden the mother duck saw a fox in the distance. She was frightened and shouted, "Children, hurry to the lake. There's a fox!"

The ducklings hurried towards the lake. The mother duck wondered what to do. She began to walk back and forth dragging one wing on the ground.



When the fox saw her he became happy. He said to himself, "It seems that she's hurt and can't fly! I can easily catch and eat her!" Then he ran towards her.

The mother duck ran, leading the fox away from the lake. The fox followed her. Now he wouldn't be able to harm her ducklings. The mother duck looked towards her ducklings and saw that they had reached the lake. She was relieved, so she stopped and took a deep breath.

The fox thought she was tired and he came closer, but the mother duck quickly spread her wings and rose up in the air. She landed in the middle of the lake and her ducklings swam to her.

The fox stared in disbelief at the mother duck and her ducklings. He could not reach them because they were in the middle of the lake.

Dear children, some birds drag one of their wings on the ground when an enemy is going to attack. In this way they fool their enemies into thinking they are hurt. When the enemy follows them this gives their children time to escape.

MENTALLY RETARDED!

A few years ago, at the Seattle Special Olympics, nine contestants, all physically or mentally disabled, assembled at the starting line for the 100-yard dash.

At the gun, they all started out, not exactly in a dash, but with a relish to run the race to the finish and win. All, that is, except one little boy who stumbled on the asphalt, tumbled over a couple of times, and began to cry. The other eight heard the boy cry. They slowed down and looked back. Then they all turned around and went back.....every one of them.

One girl with Down's syndrome bent down and kissed him and said, "This will make it better." Then all nine linked arms and walked together to the finish line. Everyone in the stadium stood, and the cheering went on for several minutes. People who were there are still telling the story.



Why? Because deep down we know this one thing: What matters in this life is more than winning for ourselves. What matters in this life is helping others win, even if it means slowing down and changing our course.

my feet's are my conveyance." I explained, "I am asking you regarding bread and water."

He replied! "Oh Shaykh if someone invited you to his house, would it be appropriate to take your own food?" I exclaimed, "No!" "Similarly, My Lord has invited His servant to His house, it is only the weakness of your Yaqeen that makes us carry provisions. Despite this, do you think Allah will let me go to waste?" "Never" I replied. He then left. Sometime later I saw him in Makkah. He approached me and inquired, "Oh Shaykh are you still of weak belief?"

Source: Stories of the Pious by Shaikh Ahmad Ali.

A VERY POWERFUL STORY

He remembered his grandmother's warning about praying on time: "My son, you shouldn't leave prayer to this late time." His grandmother's age was 70 but whenever she heard the Adhan, she got up like an arrow and performed Salah/Namaz/prayer. He, however could never win over his ego to get up and pray. Whatever he did, his Salah was always the last to be offered and he prayed it quickly to get it in on time. Thinking of this, he got up and realized that there were only 15 minutes left before Salat-ul Isha. He quickly made Wudhu and performed Salat-ul Maghrib. While making Tasbih, he again remembered his grandmother and was embarrassed by how he had prayed. His grandmother prayed with such tranquility and peace. He began making Dua and went down to make Sajdah and stayed like that for a while.

He had been at school all day and was tired, so tired. He awoke abruptly to the sound of noise and shouting. He was sweating profusely. He looked around. It was very crowded. Every direction he looked in was filled with people. Some stood frozen looking around, some were running left and right and some were on their knees with their heads in their hands just waiting. Pure fear and apprehension filled him as he realized where he was.

His heart was about to burst. It was the Day of Judgment. When he was alive, he had heard many things about the questioning on the Day of Judgment, but that seemed so long ago. Could this be something his mind made up? No, the wait and the fear were so great that he could not have imagined this. The interrogation was still going on. He began moving frantically from people to people to ask if his name had been called. No one could answer him. All of a sudden his name was called and the crowd split into two and made a passageway for him. Two people grabbed his arms and led him forward. He walked with unknowing eyes through the crowd. The angels brought him to the center and left him there. His head was bent down and his whole life was passing in front of his eyes like a movie. He opened his eyes but saw only another world. The people were all helping others. He saw his father running from one lecture to the other, spending his wealth in the way of Islam. His mother invited guests to their house and one table was being set while the other was being cleared.

He pleaded his case; "I too was always on this path. I helped others. I spread the word of Allah. I performed my Salah. I fasted in the month of Ramadan. Whatever Allah ordered us to do, I did. Whatever he ordered us not to do, I did not." He began to cry and think about how much he loved Allah. He knew that whatever he had done in life would be less than what Allah deserved and his only protector was Allah. He was sweating like never before and was shaking all over. His eyes were fixed on the scale, waiting for the final decision. At last, the decision was made. The two angels with sheets of paper in their hands, turned to the crowd. His legs felt like they were going to collapse. He closed his eyes as they began to read the names of those people who were to enter Jahannam/Hell. His name was read first. He fell on his knees and yelled that this couldn't be, "How could I go to

Our 3rd wife is our possessions, status and wealth. When we die, they all go to others.

The 2nd wife is our family and friends. No matter how close they had been there for us when we're alive, the furthest they can stay by us is up to the grave.

The 1st wife is in fact our soul, often neglected in our pursuit of material wealth & sensual pleasure.

Guess what? It is actually the only thing that follows us wherever we go. Perhaps it's a good idea to cultivate and strengthen it now rather than to wait until we're on our deathbed to lament.

LION, RATS, SNAKE & THE HONEYCOMB

Once a man saw in his dream, that a lion was chasing him. The man ran to a tree, climbed on to it and sat on a branch. He looked down and saw that the lion was still there waiting for him.

The man then looked to his side where the branch he was sitting on was attached to the tree and saw that two rats were circling around and eating the branch. One rat was black and the other one was white. The branch would fall on the ground very soon.

The man then looked below again with fear and discovered that a big black snake had come & settled directly under him. Snake opened its mouth right under the man so that he will fall into it.

The man then looked up to see if there was anything that he could hold on to. He saw another branch with a honeycomb & drops of honey falling from it.

The man wanted to taste one of the drops. So, he put his tongue out and tasted one of the fallen drops of honey. The honey was amazing in taste. So, he wanted to taste another drop. As he did, he got lost into the honey sweetness.

Meanwhile, he forgot about the two rats eating his branch away, the lion on the ground and the snake that is sitting right under him. After a while, he woke up from his sleep.

To get the meaning behind this dream, the man went to a pious scholar of Islam. The scholar said, the lion you saw is your death. It always chases you and goes wherever you go.

The two rats, one black and one white, are the night and the day. Black one is the night and the white one is the day. They circle around, coming one after another, to eat your time as they take you closer to death. The big black snake with a dark mouth is your grave. It's there, just waiting for you to fall into it. The honeycomb is this world and the sweet honey is the luxuries of this world. We like to taste a drop of the luxuries of this world but it's very sweet. Then we taste another drop and yet another.

Meanwhile, we get lost into it and we forget about our time, we forget about our death and we forget about our graves.

"This world is like a serpent, so soft to touch, but so full of lethal poison. Unwise people are allured by it and drawn towards it, and wise men avoid it and keep away from its poisonous effects."

Imam Ali (AS)



MAY I NEVER GET TOO BUSY IN MY OWN AFFAIRS!

It was a bitter, cold evening. The old man's beard was glazed by winter's frost while he waited for a ride across the river. The wait seemed endless. His body became numb and stiff from the frigid north wind. He heard the faint, steady rhythm of approaching hooves galloping along the frozen path.

Anxiously, he watched as several horsemen rounded the bend. He let the first one pass by without an effort to get his attention. Then another passed by... and another. Finally, the last rider neared the spot where the old man sat like a snow statue.

As this one drew near, the old man caught the rider's eye and said, "Sir, would you mind giving an old man a ride to the other side? There doesn't appear to be a passageway by foot."

Reining his horse, the rider replied, "Sure thing. Hop aboard."



Seeing the old man was unable to lift his half-frozen body from the ground, the horseman dismounted and helped the old man onto the horse. The horseman took the old man not just across the river, but to his destination, which was just a few miles away.

As they neared the tiny but cozy cottage, the horseman's curiosity caused him to inquire, "Sir, I notice that you let several other riders pass by without making an effort to secure a ride. Then I came up and you immediately asked me for a ride. I'm curious why, on such a bitter winter night; you would wait and ask the last rider. What if I had refused and left you there?"

The old man lowered himself slowly down from the horse, looked the rider straight in the eyes, and replied, "I've been around here for some time. I reckon I know people pretty good."

The old-timer continued, "I looked into the eyes of the other riders and immediately saw there was no concern for my situation. It would have been useless even to ask them for a ride. But when I looked into your eyes, kindness and compassion were evident. I knew, then and there, that your gentle spirit would welcome the opportunity to give me assistance in my time of need."

Those heartwarming comments touched the horseman deeply.

"I'm most grateful for what you have said," he told the old man. "May I never get too busy in my own affairs that I fail to respond to the needs of others with kindness and compassion."

Ya Allah, Make me among those about whom the Holy Quran (Hashr 59:9) has said: "And they give them preference over their own selves even though they are in need."

DON'T WE ALL

I was parked in front of the mall wiping off my car. I had just come from the car wash and was waiting for my wife to get out of work. Coming my way from across the parking lot was what society would consider a bum. From the looks of him, he had no car, no home, no clean clothes, and no money.

There are times when you feel generous but there are other times that you just don't want to be bothered. This was one of those "don't want to be bothered times."

"I hope he doesn't ask me for any money," I thought. He didn't.

He came and sat on the curb in front of the bus stop but he didn't look like he could have enough money to even ride the bus. After a few minutes he spoke. "That's a very pretty car," he said.



He was ragged but he had an air of dignity around him. His scraggly blond beard keeps more than his face warm.

I said, "Thanks," and continued wiping off my car.

He sat there quietly as I worked. The expected plea for money never came.

As the silence between us widened something inside said, "Ask him if he needs any help." I was sure that he would say "yes" but I held true to the inner voice.

"Do you need any help?" I asked.

He answered in three simple but profound words that I shall never forget. We often look for wisdom in great men and women. We expect it from those of higher learning and accomplishments.

I expected nothing but he stretched grimy hand. He spoke the three words that shook me. "Don't we all?" he said.

I was feeling high and mighty, successful and important, above a bum in the street, until those three words hit me like a twelve gauge shotgun. Don't we all?

I needed help. Maybe not for bus fare or a place to sleep, but I needed help. I reached in my wallet and gave him not only enough for bus fare, but enough to get a warm meal and shelter for the day. Those three little words still ring true. No matter how much you have, no matter how much you have accomplished, you need help too. No matter how little you have, no matter how loaded you are with problems, even without money or a place to sleep, you can give help.

Even if it's just a compliment, you can give that. You never know when you may see someone that appears to have it all. They are waiting on you to give them what they don't have. A different perspective on life, a glimpse at something beautiful, a respite from daily chaos, that only you through a torn world can see.

Maybe the man was just a homeless stranger wandering the streets. Maybe he was more than that. Maybe he was sent by a power that is great and wise, to messenger to a soul too comfortable in themselves. Maybe God looked down, called an Angel, dressed him like a bum, and then said, "Go messenger to that man cleaning the car, that man needs help." Don't we all?

".....Even a smile can be charity....." Holy Prophet Muhammad (Peace be upon him)

were given to him. However, the second man still had nothing.

Finally, the first man prayed for a ship, so that he and his wife could leave the island. In the morning, he found a ship docked at his side of the island. The first man boarded the ship with his wife and decided to leave the second man on the island.

He considered the other man unworthy to receive God's blessings, since none of his prayers had been answered.



As the ship was about to leave, the first man heard a voice from heaven booming, "Why are you leaving your companion on the island?"

"My blessings are mine alone, since I was the one who prayed for them," the first man answered. "His prayers were all unanswered and so he does not deserve anything."

"You are mistaken!" the voice rebuked him. "He had only one prayer, which I answered. If not for that, you would not have received any of my blessings."

"Tell me," the first man asked the voice, "What did he pray for that I should owe him anything?"

"He prayed that all your prayers be answered."

For all we know, our blessings are not the fruits of our prayers alone, but those of another praying for us.

THE CLEVER KING

There was a country long time ago where the people would change a king every year. The person who would become the king had to agree to a contract that he would be sent to an island after his one year of being a king.

One king finished his term and it was time for him to go to the island and live there. The people dressed him up in expensive clothes and put him on an elephant and took him around the cities to say goodbye to all the people. This was the moment of sadness for all the kings who ruled for one year. After saying farewell, the people took the king with a boat to remote island and left him there.

On their way back, they discovered a ship that had sunk just recently. They saw a young man who survived by holding on to a floating piece of wood. As they needed a new king, they picked up the young man and took him to their country. They requested him to be a king for a year. First he refused but later he agreed to be a king. People told him about all the rules and regulations and that how he will be sent to an island after one year.

After three days of being a king, he asked the ministers if they could show him the island where all the other kings were sent. They agreed and took him to the island. The island was covered with thick Jungles and sounds of vicious animals were heard coming out of them. The king went little bit inside to check. Soon he discovered the dead bodies of all the past kings. He understood that as soon as they were left in the island, the animals came and killed them.

The king went back to the country and collected 100 strong workers. He took them to the island and instructed them to clean the Jungle, remove all the deadly animals & cut down all excess trees.

BUILDING YOUR HOUSE

An elderly carpenter was ready to retire. He told his employer-contractor of his plans to leave the house-building business to live a more leisurely life with his wife and enjoy his extended family. He would miss the paycheck each week, but he wanted to retire. They could get by.

The contractor was sorry to see his good worker go & asked if he could build just one more house as a personal favor. The carpenter said yes, but over time it was easy to see that his heart was not in his work. He resorted to shoddy workmanship and used inferior materials. It was an unfortunate way to end a dedicated career.

When the carpenter finished his work, his employer came to inspect the house. Then he handed the front-door key to the carpenter and said, "This is your house... my gift to you."

The carpenter was shocked!

What a shame! If he had only known he was building his own house, he would have done it all so differently.



So it is with us. We build our lives, a day at a time, often putting less than our best into the building. Then, with a shock, we realize we have to live in the house we have built. If we could do it over, we would do it much differently.

But, you cannot go back. You are the carpenter, and every day you hammer a nail, place a board, or erect a wall. Someone once said, "Life is a do-it-yourself project." Your attitude, and the choices you make today, helps build the "house" you will live in tomorrow. Therefore, build wisely!

SAND AND STONE

A story tells that two friends were walking through the desert. During some point of the journey they had an argument, and one friend slapped the other one in the face. The one who got slapped was hurt, but without saying anything, wrote in the sand: "TODAY MY BEST FRIEND SLAPPED ME IN THE FACE."

They kept on walking until they found an oasis, where they decided to take a bath. The one, who had been slapped, got stuck in the mire and started drowning, but the friend saved him. After the friend recovered from the near drowning, he wrote on a stone: "TODAY MY BEST FRIEND SAVED MY LIFE."

The friend who had slapped and saved his best friend asked him, "After I hurt you, you wrote in the sand and now, you write on a stone, why?"



The other friend replied: "When someone hurts us, we should write it down in sand where winds of forgiveness can erase it away. But, when someone does something good for us, we must engrave it in stone where no wind can ever erase it."

Learn to write your hurts in the sand, and to carve your benefits in stone.

DO NOT DO EVIL TO ANYONE

There was a man in Isfahan who used to beat his wife but unfortunately she succumbed to his beating though he had not intended to kill her. But when she was dead he became fearful of her relatives. In a state of anxiety he came out of his house and met an acquaintance to whom he posed his problem.



The friend told him to invite a young man to his house and behead him and put the severed head next to the wife's corpse. Then he would tell the wife's relatives that he had found them together in bed and was unable to control his ire. And slew them both. The man liked the idea and sat at the doorway in anticipation of a young man. After sometime a handsome youth passed by his house. He invited him inside and beheaded him.

Then he summoned the wife's relatives and told them the fictitious story. They were satisfied but the person who had devised this plan had a teenage son who did not reach home that day. The man was worried and when the son failed to turn up he came to the house of the one whom he had offered evil advice and asked him if he carried out the plan suggested by him. Yes, said he and took him near the dead bodies. He was shocked when he saw that the youth he had killed was his own son. His evil advice caused the death of his own son.

The moral of this story is that one who digs a pit for others falls into it himself. History is replete with such incidents.

According to Tafserul Mizan the following saying was common among the Arabs: One who digs a hole for his brother; Allah throws him headlong into it. A similar proverb is present in Persian also: Do not do evil to anyone, the same evil will turn towards you.

Reference: Greater Sins Vol. 3 (English) by Ayatullah Dastaghaib Shirazi

PUPPIES FOR SALE

A farmer had some puppies he needed to sell. He painted a sign advertising the pups and set about nailing it to a post on the edge of his yard. As he was driving the last nail into the post, he felt a tug on his overalls. He looked down into the Eyes of a little boy.

"Mister," he said, "I want to buy one of your puppies."

"Well," said the farmer, as he rubbed the sweat off the back of his neck, "these puppies come from fine parents and cost a good deal of money."

The boy dropped his head for a moment. Then reaching deep into his pocket, he pulled out a handful of change and held it up to the farmer. "I've got thirty-nine cents. Is that enough to take a look?" "Sure," said the farmer.

And with that he let out a whistle, "Here Dolly!" he called.

Out from the doghouse and down the ramp ran Dolly followed by four little balls of fur. The little boy pressed his face against the chain link fence. His eyes danced with delight.

ONE BEDROOM FLAT

As the dream of most parents I had acquired a MBBS degree and passed PLAB to enter UK, the land of braves and opportunity. When I arrived in the UK, it was as if a dream had come true. Here at last I was in the place where I wanted to be. I decided I would be staying in this country for about Five years (maximum Permit Free Period) in which time I would have earned enough money to settle down in India.

My father was a government employee and after his retirement, the only asset he could acquire was a decent one bedroom flat. I wanted to do some thing more than him. I started feeling homesick and lonely as the time passed. I used to call home and speak to my parents every week using cheap international phone cards.

Two years passed, two years of Burgers at McDonald's and chicken legs in KFC and discos and 2 years watching the foreign exchange rate getting happy whenever the Rupee value went down. Finally I decided to get married. Told my parents that I have only 10 days of holidays and everything must be done within these 10 days. I got my ticket booked in the cheapest flight. Was jubilant as I was actually enjoying shopping for gifts for all my relatives and friends back home.

If I miss anyone then there will be talks. After reaching home I spent home one week going through all the photographs of girls and as the time was getting shorter I was forced to select one candidate. In-laws told me, to my surprise, that I would have to get married in 2-3 days, as I will not get anymore holidays soon and they cannot wait for long.

After the marriage, it was time to return to UK, after giving some money to my parents and telling the neighbors to look after them, we (I was lucky and managed to get the visa of my wife early) returned to UK.

My wife enjoyed this country for about two months and then she started feeling lonely. The frequency of calling India increased to twice in a week sometimes 3 times a week as she also has to call her parents. Our savings started diminishing. After two more years we started to have kids.

Two lovely kids, a boy and a girl, were gifted to us by the almighty. Every time I spoke to my parents, they asked me to come to India so that they can see their grand-children. Every year I decide to go to India.

But part work, part monetary conditions prevented it. Years went by and visiting India was a distant dream. Then suddenly one day I got a message that my parents were seriously sick. I tried but I couldn't get any holidays and was stuck up in the procedures and thus could not go to India. The next message I got was my parents were passed away and as there was no one to do the last rites the society members had done whatever they could. I was depressed. My parents passed away without seeing their grand children.

After couple more years passed away, much to my children's dislike (by now nearly cocos) and my wife's joy we returned to India to settle down. I started to look for a suitable property, but to my dismay my savings were short and the property prices had gone up during all these years. I had to return to the UK. My wife refused to come back with me and my children refused to stay in India. My 2 children and I returned to UK after promising my wife I would be back for good after two years.

A SENSE OF A GOOSE

Next autumn, when you see geese heading south for the winter, flying in a “V” formation, you might consider what science has discovered as to why they fly that way. As each bird flaps its wings, it creates uplift for the bird immediately following. By flying in a “V” formation, the whole flock adds at least 71 percent greater flying range than if each bird flew on its own.

People who share a common direction and sense of community can get where they are going more quickly and easily, because they are traveling on the thrust of one another.

When a goose falls out of formation, it suddenly feels the drag and resistance of trying to go it alone and quickly gets back into formation to take advantage of the lifting power of the bird in front. If we have the sense of a goose, we will stay in formation with those people who are heading the same way we are.

When the head goose gets tired, it rotates back in the wing and another goose flies point. It is sensible to take turns doing demanding jobs, whether with people or with geese flying south.

Geese honk from behind to encourage those up front to keep up their speed. What message do we give when we honk from behind?

Finally - and this is important - when a goose gets sick or is wounded by gunshot, and falls out of the formation, two other geese fall out with that goose and follow it down to lend help and protection. They stay with the fallen goose until it is able to fly or until it dies; and only then do they launch out on their own or with another formation to catch up with their own group.

If we have the sense of a goose, we will stand by each other like that.

MAKING A DIFFERENCE

My friend was walking down a deserted Mexican beach at sunset. As he walked along, he began to see another man in the distance. As he grew nearer, he noticed that the local native kept leaning down, picking something up and throwing it out into the water. Time and again he kept hurling things out into the ocean. As my friend approached even closer, he noticed that the man was picking up starfish that had washed up on the beach, and, one at a time, he was throwing them back into the water. My friend was puzzled.

He approached the man and said, “Good evening, friend. I was wondering what you are doing.”

“I’m throwing these starfish back into the ocean. You see its low tide right now and all of these starfish have been washed up onto the shore. If I don’t throw them back into the sea, they’ll die up here from lack of oxygen.”

“I understand,” my friend replied, “but there must be thousands of starfish on this beach. You can’t possibly get to all of them. There are simply too many. And don’t you realize this is probably happening on hundreds of beaches all up and down this coast. Can’t you see that you can’t possibly make a difference?”

The local native smiled, bent down and picked up yet another starfish, and as he threw it back into the sea, he replied, “Made a difference to that one!”

