



Islam Folklore
The Staff of Prophet Moses
(Musa) & The Wizards of
Pharaoh
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ISLAM FOLKLORE THE STAFF OF PROPHET MOSES (MUSA) &
THE WIZARDS OF PHARAOH

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The Staff of Prophet Moses (Musa) & The Wizards of Pharaoh

{And We inspired Musa (Moses) (saying), 'Throw your staff', ' and behold! It swallowed up straight away all the falsehoods which they showed.} (Al-A'raf: 117)

Why is it that a garden is sometimes green and sometimes yellow?

Why is it that the deserts are dry and the mountaintops are covered with snow?

Why is it that the color of the sun is like fire when rising and like blood when setting?

Why is it that the moon turns from a beautiful full moon to a slim crescent?

There are so many 'whys' which I cannot find the answer for. All I know is that I was a plant, then I became an inanimate object and then I turned into an animal. I know that my last transformation, from an object to an animal, was one of Allah's great Miracles. To Musa I was only a staff but to Almighty Allah I was something totally different.

The staff of Prophet Musa (Moses), that is me.

I am the staff of Musa. I preceded the Prophet while walking ...I would raise high then fall down onto earth all the way along. I have no mind and I know nothing about "why" or "how".

At first the sun used to provide me with greenness and elasticity, but when I died it gave me strength and solidity, how amazing! Death is supposed to be the end of power and strength for all beings, but for me it was the opposite. I was only a branch of a tree and when I died I became stronger. So, you see that death means the ultimate end of power for some beings and a newborn power for others.

It is both simple and miraculous at the same time. When a branch of a tree dies, it is turned into a staff and a staff does not gain its solidity unless it is

completely dead. That is how power is generated from death, the cessation of being, and this is only a modest sign of Allah's Omnipotence. I believe in Allah just like all the plants and all the inanimate objects do, though each of us glorifies Allah in his own special way.

So, it is me the staff of Musa! The most famous staff of all, chosen to be in the hands of Allah's Messenger to Pharaoh.

Anyway, I would rather start from the beginning.

First of all, I was a branch of a tree that was found in the royal garden of Pharaoh. Nobody could say that I belonged to him because we, trees, do not belong to human beings. We only belong to Allah Whom we glorify and worship. We are born from a seed whose father is the water and whose mother is the sun.

The sun! What a beautiful feeling of warmth! It is also wonderful to feel firmness when my roots dig their way down into the soil to meet the cold water that gives me life. It is just great! My roots in the water and my head in the sun, a constant communication with the mother and the father ...what pleasure!

So many people think that we trees do not feel but this is not true because all beings feel. It is only man's vanity that makes him believe himself to be the only being who feels. The only difference between us is that we express our feelings through silence and greenness or through silence and non-greenness. We have special feelings and we have our very special ways to express such feelings. We do not have a will and we do not have the choice. We do not know evil and we do not know goodness. We are brought by Allah into being to perform a certain role without ever making mistakes or creating anything ourselves. To sum up, we are created to be obliged, but this in itself is a great blessing.

At the beginning of creation, Allah offered the trust; all the duties that He has ordained, to the heavens, the earth and the mountains but they declined to bear it and were afraid of it. As for man, out of his injustice to himself and his ignorance of this heavy responsibility, he agreed to bear it. Anyway, I thank Allah that I am one of those who were rescued from bearing this trust and this is a gain in itself.

Some people believe that all creatures other than man, are inferior to man because they are not honored by bearing this trust. To tell you the truth, I am not authorized to say whether this is right or wrong but all I know is that being created as a tree is the best thing that could have ever happened to me. Had I been a man, may Allah forbid, there would have been a probability that I could be a sinner. Surely, to be a staff is better than to be a sinner. To be a staff rescued from Allah's Torment is better than to be a man enraging the Almighty. I thank Allah that I am a tree and it is enough for me to be submissive to Him all my life ...I cannot wish for anything better.

I came from Egypt, and I was meant to teach an Egyptian tyrant a lesson, but let us not go into this now.

I know that life is a big mystery. For instance, I do not know why I love the sun and water and why I bend with the wind. I do not know why I grow when I absorb water or why I die every winter and come back to life every spring. I do not know how other creatures feel when they move about on earth for I have never before tried walking. I told you, for me the whole universe is a mysterious secret, but I know that we glorify Allah and praise Him in our own special ways that will remain forever an unrevealed secret. Other creatures do not know how we glorify Allah and how we prostrate to Him in our own special way. Actually, when we do so, we feel great and I really do not know if this is how human beings feel or not.

Anyway, I was a branch of a tree in the royal garden of Pharaoh.

To tell you the truth, I never liked Pharaoh. I used to see him wandering in the garden. Sometimes he used to stand in my shade and I would hear him uttering words of blasphemy denying the existence of Almighty Allah. This enraged me and made me shiver with disgust. How come he would stand in my shade that is nothing but a blessing from Allah, and yet arrogantly deny the Giver of such a blessing!

I am not the only one, who would shudder when hearing words of ingratitude and heresy uttered by man, for all other creatures would do the same thing.

We, plants, have accepted to be tied down to earth and to be in a lower rank in the hierarchy of creatures, because freedom to us meant the probability of

falling into sin and this we could not bear. But what about man; the being who was blessed with freedom and with the ability to choose and who has the potential to be the top of all creatures! How can he receive such blessings with denial and ingratitude! Do you realize now why I shuddered whenever Pharaoh would pass near my stem or would put his hand on me? And why I suffocated whenever his breath would blow near me?

I cannot say I hated Pharaoh because we, plants, do not know hatred. We know pain but hatred is not in our dictionary.

On the other hand, there were three people I used to like having them under my shade: the wife of Pharaoh, an Egyptian man from Pharaoh's relatives and a boy from Banu Isra'il. These three people used to gather under my shade and I used to feel satisfaction whenever they came near me. Maybe I liked them because they believed in Allah even though they never announced it. In the palace of Pharaoh no one was allowed to believe in any god but in Pharaoh himself. How arrogant he was! He was a tyrant who would not hesitate to do anything he pleased. Nothing could stop him. Killing was very easy for him, Despite all this, we trees never feared him. Yes, we would shiver with disgust from him, but we never feared him and we never feared to announce our faith in Allah, the One and Only.

Anyway, winter, the time of my death, was approaching. Imagine this, Pharaoh saw us dying every winter and coming back to life every spring and yet he completely denied the existence Of the Day of Judgment!

We, trees, offer a constant proof of the miracle of death and resurrection to all people but unfortunately few people realize the truth. Anyway, there were only three people in the palace of Pharaoh who realized this truth.

The number of believers was very few and this made us feel as if we were living in exile.

Winter came and with it came my death.

Trees die while standing. They lose their green color and their leaves fall to the ground. I felt my leaves leaving my branches and starting their journey in the air until they safely reached the earth. Actually, trees do not feel sad

when they die, though they may give the impression of grief from the outside.

We, trees, do not see or hear or talk and in winter we glorify Allah and we prostrate to Him but it takes a longer time than usual.

The first days of winter passed smoothly, but one night a violent storm blew and there was thunder and lightening. I did not know what happened after this. All I knew was that a spark came down from heaven unto the garden of Pharaoh. It fell on my head and so I was split into two and I burnt. In this way, I fell down upon the earth. The rain then poured down extinguishing the fire that was kindled on my tips. Later on, when the storm was over, the destruction caused by my fall became clear. With my heavy weight, I almost destroyed half the trees in the royal garden of Pharaoh.

I also destroyed part of Pharaoh's temple where he used to retire and contemplate, though I could swear, if I am allowed to swear, that Pharaoh was too foolish to think or contemplate. He was fond of open areas and gardens and he would always give others the impression that he was in deep meditation. His arrogance fooled him into believing himself to be the wisest and most intelligent person on earth, but the truth was totally the opposite, for he was nothing but a tyrant wearing the mask of a clown. Being blinded with his own vanity, he was almost mindless and I used to wonder how he could think of himself as an intelligent being at all!

Pharaoh was not effective at all in ruling his people, and this system was under the control of Haman. His only concern was pursuing those who might dare to oppose him. In other words, Pharaoh was the one ruled not the only ruler as he allowed himself to think. It is something like mud that surrounds the roots. The roots believe themselves to be grasping the mud in order to attain their food and water, whereas the truth is that the mud is the thing that holds the roots and surrounds them and provides them with what it does not have.

Anyway, the ruling system of Pharaoh was mainly based upon subjugation and nonsense, just like any totalitarian regime that is built upon sanctifying the individual and denying the existence of Allah. Such regimes are nothing but gates to destruction and they always die out because of a catastrophe from heaven which represents Divine Justice.

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