A Message for My Sick Friend



مدارج



Yasser and Samer were seven-year-old boys, and their classmates were seven-year-old boys too. Their teacher, Mr Khalid, was a thirty-five-year-old man, and Samer's father was a thirty-eight-year-old man. Yasser's older sister was a seventeen-year-old girl.

Samer had missed three days of school. On the fourth morning, Mr Khalid told the class that he was unwell and needed rest.

"We can send him a kind card," he added, "but the details of his illness belong to him and his family."



Yasser was worried about his friend. During the break, he opened the class group on his tablet and typed, “Does anyone know what happened to Samer? I’ll collect the news and tell everyone.”

Before pressing send, he remembered something his older sister had once told him: “Caring enough to ask does not make every answer ours to have.”

Yasser deleted the message and went to Mr Khalid. “I want to check on him. Should I ask his classmates for the details?”

“Ask his family what they are comfortable sharing,” Mr Khalid said. “You may be able to comfort Samer without knowing the private story of his illness.”



Mr Khalid called Samer’s father and asked permission to send a class card. His father thanked him. Samer would be glad to receive messages from his friends, he said, but he did not want to talk about his treatment or explain his absence.



Yasser sat with a blue sheet of paper. First he wrote, “What is wrong? When will you come back?” Then he stopped. Those were his questions, not necessarily what Samer needed.

He turned the paper over and began again:

“Assalamu alaikum, Samer. We miss your place beside the classroom window. You do not have to explain anything. Mr Khalid has put the activity sheet in a folder for you, and I will save you a copy of this week’s puzzle. If you feel like replying, send just one word: book or puzzle? I ask Allah to grant you well-being and help you.”

Yasser read the message to Mr Khalid.

“It has a dua, a clear offer of help, and room for Samer to choose whether he wants to reply,” he said.



Some boys in the class suggested adding everyone’s name. Others said, “Let’s send a photo of Samer in bed so the class knows he is really ill.”

Yasser shook his head. “We do not need a photo to prove that he is ill. The card is enough.”

The boys signed their names and added tiny drawings: a book, a star, or a pencil. No one wrote a question about medicine or medical tests.



That evening, Samer sent a reply to Mr Khalid: “Thank you. I choose the puzzle. I cannot talk for long today.”

Mr Khalid read it to the class the next morning after Samer’s family gave permission. Yasser did not ask why Samer had written so little. He placed the puzzle in an envelope and wrote on the back, “No need to answer quickly.”

Samer returned a week later. Yasser welcomed him and began telling him about a small class project. After a few minutes, Samer said on his own, “I liked your message because it did not make me tell my story to everyone.”

Yasser understood that comforting someone is not a doorway into that person’s secrets. It can be a sincere dua, one specific act of help, or a short question that leaves room for an answer—or for silence.

Source and limits

Source: Madarej, Husn al-Zann Hina Tataqallab al-Hayah, volume three of Husn al-Zann billah.

Contemporary educational fiction, not a historical report, diagnosis or promise of recovery. Comfort, room not to reply, permission and privacy draw on physical/printed9,10,24 of the180-page published PDF. Character ages, events and dialogue belong to fiction.

The three page images were actually reviewed in this published edition. The references identify this PDF only, not volumes one or two or another draft. The story quotes no Quran verse or hadith verbatim.

Page 9
https://madarej.org/wp-content/uploads/2026/10/%D8%AD%D8%B3%D9%86-%D8%A7%D9%84%D8%B8%D9%86-%D8%A8%D8%A7%D9%84%D9%84%D9%87-%E2%80%94-%D8%A7%D9%84%D9%85%D8%AC%D9%84%D8%AF-%D8%A7%D9%84%D8%AB%D8%A7%D9%84%D8%AB-%E2%80%94-%D8%AD%D8%B3%D9%86-%D8%A7%D9%84%D8%B8%D9%86-%D8%AD%D9%8A%D9%86-%D8%AA%D8%AA%D9%82%D9%84%D8%A8-%D8%A7%D9%84%D8%AD%D9%8A%D8%A7%D8%A9.pdf#page=9

Page 10
https://madarej.org/wp-content/uploads/2026/10/%D8%AD%D8%B3%D9%86-%D8%A7%D9%84%D8%B8%D9%86-%D8%A8%D8%A7%D9%84%D9%84%D9%87-%E2%80%94-%D8%A7%D9%84%D9%85%D8%AC%D9%84%D8%AF-%D8%A7%D9%84%D8%AB%D8%A7%D9%84%D8%AB-%E2%80%94-%D8%AD%D8%B3%D9%86-%D8%A7%D9%84%D8%B8%D9%86-%D8%AD%D9%8A%D9%86-%D8%AA%D8%AA%D9%82%D9%84%D8%A8-%D8%A7%D9%84%D8%AD%D9%8A%D8%A7%D8%A9.pdf#page=10

Page 24
https://madarej.org/wp-content/uploads/2026/10/%D8%AD%D8%B3%D9%86-%D8%A7%D9%84%D8%B8%D9%86-%D8%A8%D8%A7%D9%84%D9%84%D9%87-%E2%80%94-%D8%A7%D9%84%D9%85%D8%AC%D9%84%D8%AF-%D8%A7%D9%84%D8%AB%D8%A7%D9%84%D8%AB-%E2%80%94-%D8%AD%D8%B3%D9%86-%D8%A7%D9%84%D8%B8%D9%86-%D8%AD%D9%8A%D9%86-%D8%AA%D8%AA%D9%82%D9%84%D8%A8-%D8%A7%D9%84%D8%AD%D9%8A%D8%A7%D8%A9.pdf#page=24

Published PDF SHA256: fe7d69a61cb6e72f57c82568f46cb12950ad5c1decd3965f8adf23cd8feca5c4