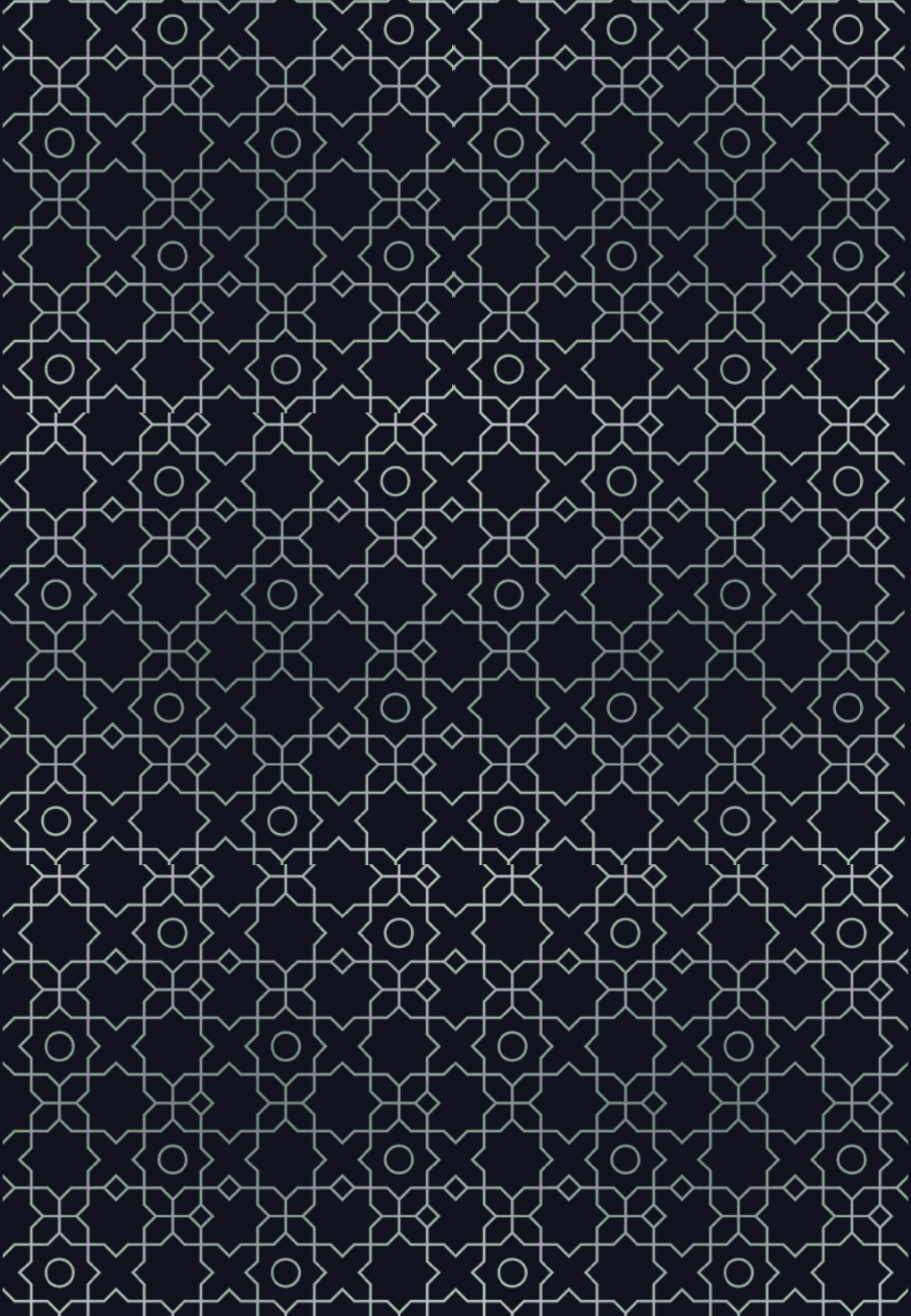


LIGHT OF RAMADAN

Ramadan Stories



March, 2025



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A GUEST AT THE RAMADAN TABLE

Ahmet lived in a small neighborhood with his mother and father. It was the month of Ramadan, and every evening the smell of cooking were coming from houses. Everyone in the neighborhood was busy preparing for iftar. For Ahmet, Ramadan meant fasting and spending quality time with his family. His mother cooked every day, and his father was trying to come home from work early and be home in time for iftar.

When he returned from school that day, he noticed that his mother was cooking more food than usual in the kitchen. He asked curiously:

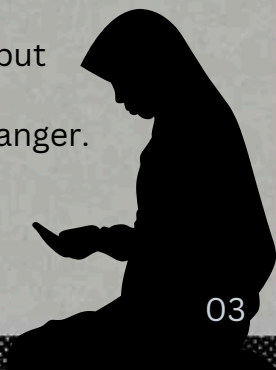
“Mom, are there guests coming today?”


His mother smiled and said, “Yes, your father met an old uncle on the road. He invited him to iftar. That’s why I’m cooking a little more.”

Ahmet was surprised. “Who is this uncle?”

“Your father said that he has been living alone for a long time. Ramadan means sharing, my son. We will share our table with him today.”

Ahmet was a little surprised but excited to be breaking his fast with a stranger.





The doorbell rang close to iftar. His father opened the door and an old man entered. He was wearing old but clean clothes. He looked at Ahmet with a tired but sincere smile.

“Hello son,” the old man said.

Ahmet smiled slightly. His mother invited the guest in.

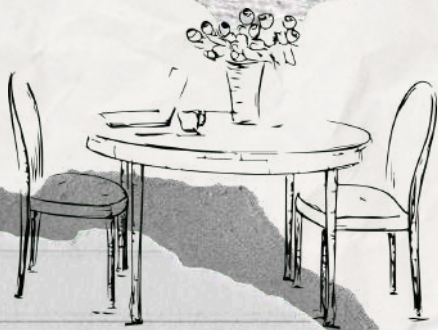
They sat at the table and when the adhan is recited, everyone prayed and broke their fasts. Old man’s eyes filled with tears as he looked at the table.

“I haven’t sat at a warm table like this for a long time.

May Allah be pleased with you,” he said.

Ahmet felt a sense of happiness. Until then, he had only seen iftar as eating, but now he understood that Ramadan was about sharing and helping each other.

During the meal, the old man told about the old Ramadans. “In the past, everyone in the neighborhood was more friendly, neighbors often got together and the tables would be open to everyone, whether they were acquaintances or strangers,” he said.





When the meal was over and the tea was drunk, the old man thanked them and wanted to get up. But Ahmet didn't want him to leave. He turned to his father and said, "I think he should have iftar with us every night."

His father smiled, his mother nodded. The old man was surprised but happy. "It would be a great joy for me," he said.

And so, every evening during Ramadan, another guest joined their table. Ahmet learned that the best part of Ramadan was not just eating, being together and sharing love. And for the first time, he felt his heart full as he broke his fast.



THE RAMADAN CHEST

Once upon a time, there was a small town called Yeşilköy. Yeşilköy was a lively place with kind-hearted people, beautiful seasons, and bustling streets. But the most special time for this town is Ramadan. Because every year during Ramadan, a mysterious chest would appear in the garden of the mosque.

This chest would arrive on the first night of Ramadan. Inside, there would be all sorts of food, money, and even valuable antique items from time to time. The townspeople called it the “Ramadan Blessings Chest.” As soon as the chest was opened, its contents were immediately distributed to those in need. But no one knew who was bringing the chest. The people of the town believed it to be a Ramadan miracle.

However, the most curious child in the town, Mert, decided to solve this mystery. Mert was fourteen years old, he has curly hair and a questioning mind. His best friend, Ela, was just as curious as he was.



One day, Mert turned to Ela and said, “This year, we will find who brings the chest.”

Ela’s eyes opened in surprise. “How are we going to do that?” she asked.

Mert smiled. “The day before Ramadan begins, we will hide in the mosque garden and wait until morning.”

Ela hesitated at first, a little scared, but then . “No one succeeded this before. Maybe we will!”

And so, they made their plan...

On the first night of Ramadan, Mert and Ela hid in the most secluded corner of the mosque garden. The air was cold, and the light from the minaret added a sense of peace to the night. The only sound in the garden was the whispering wind.

To stay awake, children whispered stories to each other. But as the night went on, their eyelids grew heavy. Just as they were about to give up, a shadow appeared in distance.

It was a tall man in a hooded cloak. He carried a large chest on his shoulder. Without making a sound, he walked carefully into the courtyard. He set the chest down, opened the lid, and checked its contents one by one. Then, he placed a small piece of paper on top of the chest.

In an instant, Mert shifted slightly, causing the gravel under his feet to rustle.

The mysterious man lifted his head and looked around. The children held their breath, staying completely still. The man glanced around for a moment longer, then disappeared into the darkness.

Mert and Ela rushed over and picked up the note.

There was only one sentence written on it:

“Share so that your blessings may increase.”

The next morning, the townspeople gathered in the mosque garden, just like every year, to open the chest. Mert and Ela excitedly told everyone what they had seen.

Everyone was shocked. Who was bringing this chest? And why didn't he want to be seen?

An elderly man took a deep breath and said, “Maybe this is an old tradition passed down from our ancestors. Who knows? Someone may have been bringing this chest for years.”



One of the younger men added, “Or perhaps it’s not just one person, but an act of kindness shared by many.”

But the oldest woman in the village, Grandmother Fatma, smiled gently and said, “It doesn’t matter who brings the chest. We should continue to share those.”

As always, the townspeople distributed the items in the chest to those in need. But this year, something was different. Everyone decided to share a little more.

Mert and Ela’s story had taught people an important lesson:

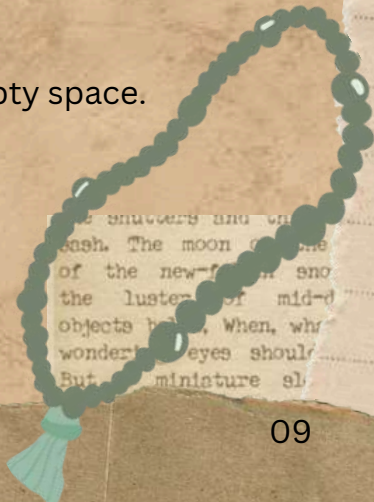
“We don’t need a mysterious man to do good. We can all be a part of the Ramadan Chest.”

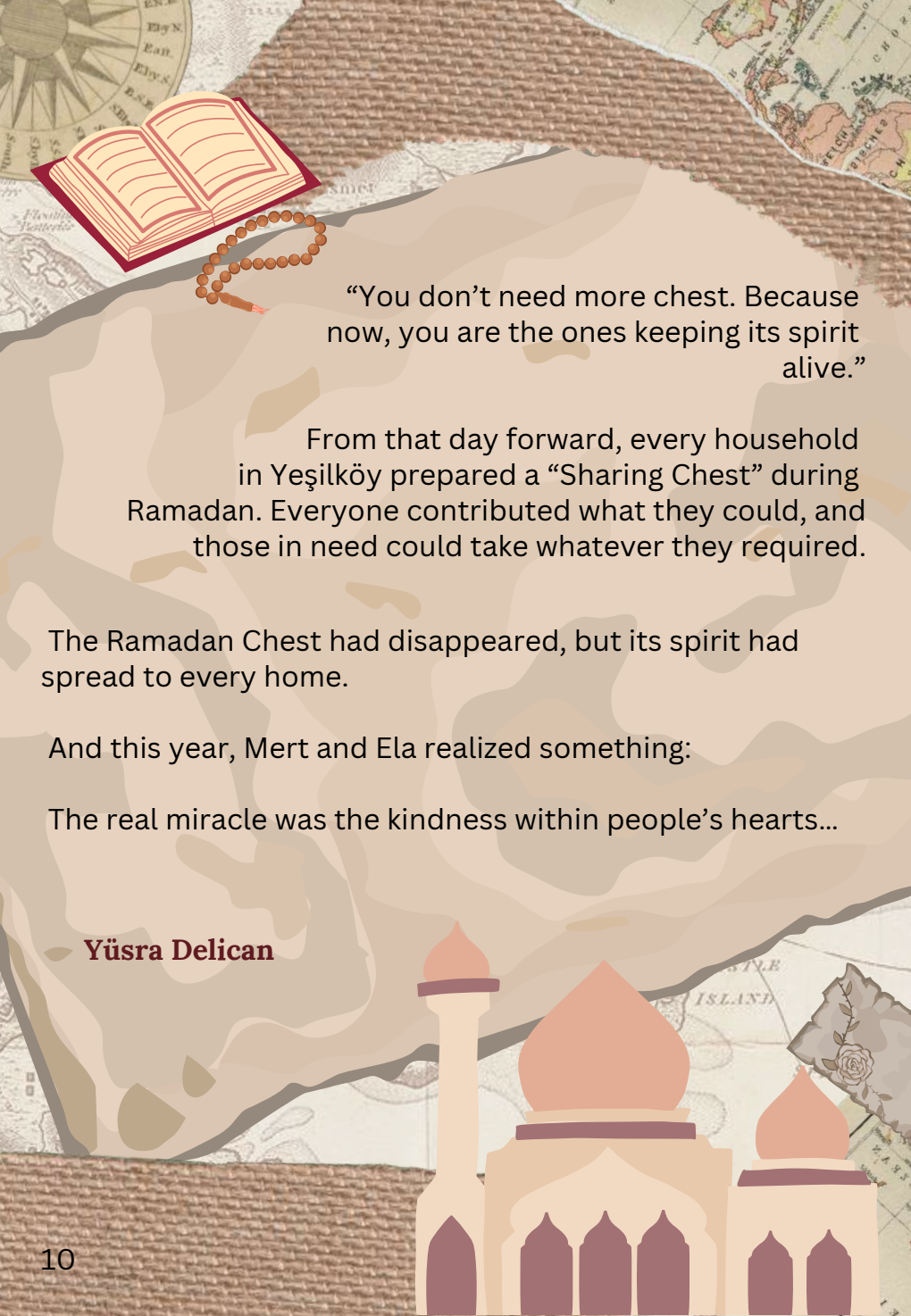
One Year Later

The following year, when Ramadan arrived again, everyone gathered in the mosque garden for waiting the chest.

But this time, there was only an empty space. The chest was gone.

Confused, the townspeople looked around until they found a small sack in the corner of the garden. there was a letter:





“You don’t need more chest. Because now, you are the ones keeping its spirit alive.”

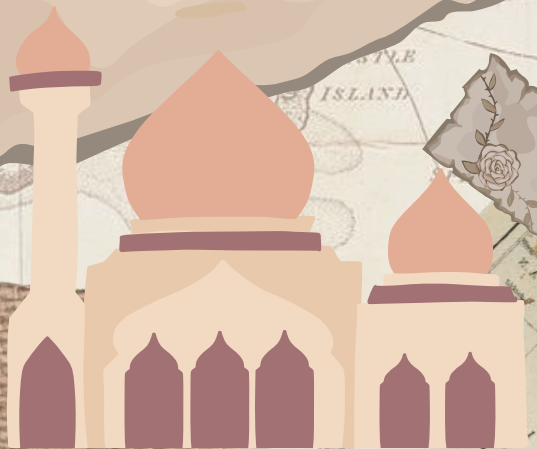
From that day forward, every household in Yeşilköy prepared a “Sharing Chest” during Ramadan. Everyone contributed what they could, and those in need could take whatever they required.

The Ramadan Chest had disappeared, but its spirit had spread to every home.

And this year, Mert and Ela realized something:

The real miracle was the kindness within people’s hearts...

Yüsrü Delican






THE MISSING IFTAR MEAL IN RAMADAN

The first days of Ramadan were always exciting for everyone in the neighborhood. The streets were filled with the delicious smell of freshly prepared food coming from windows, and neighbors were sending each other iftar invitations as they slowly began their preparations. However, this Ramadan would be different from the others.

Everything began at the home of Uncle Mahir. Uncle Mahir was the oldest and most beloved person in the neighborhood. Every Ramadan, he would invite a neighbor and ensure that everyone came together instead of breaking the fast alone. This year, he had prepared his home, and as iftar time approached, he was busy in the kitchen, preparing his famous dishes.





When the iftar time approached, Uncle Mahir prepared the table. As he was about to close the door, something caught his eye. He couldn't believe his eyes. There was a huge plate in front of his door! The plate was filled with a variety of food: olives, dates, warm bread, yogurt, sweets, and even carefully prepared appetizers. But the strangest thing was, Uncle Mahir was sure that this plate didn't come from his house.




"What is this?" he murmured. "No one brought me something like this..."


The plate was sitting in front of his door, but there was no one around to be seen. Then, he found a note attached to the plate;

"Enjoy your meal, Ramadan is a blessing. This plate will be waiting for you the next night, but be careful, every night brings a new surprise."

The next evening, there was another enormous plate in front of Uncle Mahir's door. There was another note on the plate;



"Take your iftar to your neighbor's tonight! Then a surprise will wait you you."



Uncle Mahir was even more surprised now. He tried to decide what to do. However, he decided to do what was written on the plate.



That night, he took the food to a different neighbor. Every time, the neighbors tried to figure out who was leaving the meals, but no one knew. Uncle Mahir continued to bring food to someone every evening. However, after a week, something happened that caught his attention.

One evening, when he opened the plate, there were only a few olives, a slice of cheese, and some bread. Along with it, there was a small envelope. He opened it and read:

“Surprise, the gift is not the plate, but the kindness you offer.”

At that moment, Uncle Mahir truly understood the spirit of Ramadan. Behind these mysterious iftar meals was actually the help, kindness and desire to share of each person in the neighborhood. In this process, Uncle Mahir understood the true meaning of Ramadan better and discovered the goodness and compassion within him.





After a few evenings, Uncle Mahir noticed that everyone had started to help each other. Everyone was sharing iftar tables, sending food to their neighbors, and supporting each other while fasting. These mysterious meals actually brought people in the neighborhood closer together.

From then on, Mahir knew that every Ramadan was about more than just food—it was about sharing the love and kindness that brought people together. At the end of Ramadan, everyone thanked each other from the heart. Uncle Mahir had completed this Ramadan in an unforgettable way, sharing not only food but also kindness.



Sude Karabak

Saturn's Lessons and Ramadan


RÜMEYSA GENÇ



Once upon a time, in a small town where the stars shone brighter than anywhere else, there lived a boy named Ahmet. Ahmet was sixteen years old and had always been fascinated by the night sky. Every evening, after breaking his fast with his family, he would climb up to the terrace and gaze at the stars, feeling a deep connection with the universe.

This year, however, Ramadan felt different to him. As he grew older, he started to see it as more than just fasting; it was a journey of patience and self-discipline. One particular night, after a peaceful iftar, Ahmet carried his cup of tea to the terrace. The warm breeze brushed against his face as he looked up, searching for a familiar sight.





There it was—Saturn. Small but shining steadily, as if it was watching over him.

His father, noticing Ahmet’s usual routine, joined him on the terrace. “What are you looking at tonight?” he asked with a smile.

Ahmet pointed at the glowing planet. “Saturn,” he said. “It reminds me of Ramadan.”

His father raised an eyebrow, intrigued. “Why is that?”

Ahmet took a sip of his tea and leaned against the railing.

“Saturn is the planet of discipline and patience. It doesn’t give rewards easily. Instead, it teaches lessons through challenges, making sure you truly earn what you desire. Isn’t that exactly what Ramadan does? When we fast, we don’t eat just because we’re hungry—we wait, we control ourselves, and we learn patience.

The real reward comes not just at iftar but at the end of the month, when we realize how much stronger we have become.”



His father nodded thoughtfully.

“So, you’re saying that fasting isn’t just about staying hungry—it’s about training our minds and hearts?”

Ahmet smiled. “Exactly. Saturn is strict, but it teaches the most valuable lessons. Just like how Ramadan teaches us self-control, Saturn teaches us that patience and hard work always lead to the greatest rewards.”

The night was quiet except for the occasional rustling of leaves. Ahmet took a deep breath, feeling at peace. For the first time, he truly understood that Ramadan wasn’t just about food or prayers—it was about growth, self-discipline, and learning to wait for the right time.

Maybe, just maybe, Saturn was up there for a reason—to remind him that the best things in life always come to those who wait.

And with that thought, Ahmet felt more connected to the universe than ever before.



Ramadan And The Eternal Night

Kerem woke up early for sahoor, excited for the first day of Ramadan. But something was strange. The sun didn't rise. The whole was covered in darkness and people gathered in the streets, whispering in fear.

At the mosque, the imam spoke with a trembling voice: "According to ancient legends, if the Light of Ramadan is lost, the sun will never rise and the World will be trapped in Eternal Night..."

Kerem felt a strange feeling in his heart. It was as if he was meant to do something about this. After sahoor, he searched through his grandfather's old books and found a dusty map. On the map, a place was marked: "The Light Of Ramadan.."

"I must find it!" kerem said to himself.

He took a lantern, some dates and followed the map. After walking for hours, he reached teh deep forest outside the town. As he walked through the trees, a mysterious blue light appeared in the air.

Suddenly, an ancient stone door rose from the ground.





On the door, glowing letters read: “ Enter with kindness and patience” Kerem took a deep breath in a completely different World. The sky was purple, giant lanterns floated in the air and the streets sparkled like gold. But the strangest thing was there were no people. Then, a strange creature appeared before him. It had glowing eyes and look lobe that moved likes waves.

“ Who do yoy think you are?” the creature asked. Kerem bravely replied, “ I’m searching for the Light Of Ramadan. If the sun doesn’t return, the World will be trapped in darkness”

The creature was silent for a moment, then smiled. “ The light is here” it said, placing a hand over its chest.

“But to yake it, you must pass a test.”

Kerem hesitated. “ What test?”

“Three tasks. If you fail, you will remain in Eternal Night forever..”

Kerem took a deep breath “ I’m ready”





THE FIRST TASK: He had to find and feed three starving birds hidden under a rock. Kerem shared his dates with them.

THE SECOND TASK: He had to look into a magical mirror and face his greatest fear.

In the mirror, he saw himself losing his family.

But he took a deep breath and said, "This is only fear, I cannot change the future, but I can live as a good person."

THE THIRD TASK: He had to enter the darkest cave and find the Light of Ramadan.

Kerem stepped into the cave and saw a small lantern in the center. Its flame was a deep, glowing blue. He reached out and picked it up. Suddenly, the cave filled with golden light and the World began to spin.

When Kerem opened his eyes, he was back in the mosque's courtyard. People were looking up at the sky, gasping in wonder

The sun had risen...

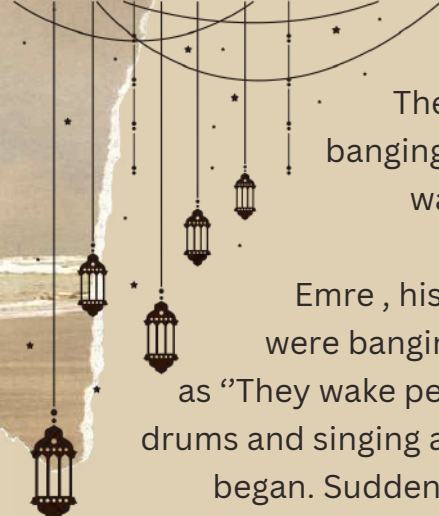
Kerem smiled. He had brought back the Light of Ramadan. But more importantly, he had learned that Ramadan wasn't just about fasting. It was about patience, kindness and courage shining in every heart.

Zeynep Demircan

JEFFREY IS IN ISTANBUL

Jeffrey has been someone who always wanted to check out different cultures and unable to resist any thought of applying or taking part in an Exchange program in Türkiye. His first time in İstanbul was electrifying but he realized that it was their holy month . the most sacred time of Islam – Ramadan. His host family welcomed him with opened arms tos how the traditions to Jeffrey.

He spent his first evening watching everyone prepare for iftar. The table was laid with lentil soup, rice-stuffed grape leaves (yaprak sarma) , baklava and freshly baked pide , a pita special to Ramadan . The call to prayer sounded from within the mosque , his host family broke their fast with dates and water before digging into the main dishes. Even Jeffrey , who hadn't started fasting , just followed them along with wide ears to his host mother who was telling the whole religious story of fasting.



The following morning , an explosive banging on drums along with some lyrics was enough for him to wake up and show up in front of the window.

Emre , his friend , introduced the guys who were banging on drums. He introduced them as "They wake people up for sahoor by banging on drums and singing along , after the sahoor the fasting began. Suddenly, Emre sang along with them as;

"Hoş geldin ya Ramazan Uyandıralım sizi davullarla Acıkınca sızlanma Sabrını verir yaradan Ne yapalım ya kardeşler Böyle yaratmış yaradan"

It was the day when Jeffrey started to fasting for the first time. The initial hours went swimmingly. However, as the afternoon sun hung over his head, his stomach started rumbling and blurred his vision. He questioned Emre as How could they manage to fast fort he whole month. Emre answered him as it was all about self-discipline. His host family took him to sightseeing fort he rest of the day. As they sat and wait fort he cannon to give signal that it was time for iftar. After breaking his fast, the whole family experienced a great night full of happiness, jokes and food. It was an incredible memory for him and he wanted it to continue for the whole month.





THE MYSTERIOUS PLATE

In old district of Istanbul, there was a small antique shop. The owner of the shop, Halil was an old but strong man. He spent his life collecting antiques and learning their stories. But among all the items in his shop, the most valuable one was an old copper plate displayed in the window.

Every year, during the month of Ramadan, Halil set up iftar table in front of his shop. He placed a few tables and invited everyone; strangers, neighbors and passersby. But this year, something was different. Everyone's eyes were on the copper plate. It had beautiful Ottoman designs worn but still shining.

On the first night of Ramadan, a curious customer finally asked, "Halil, why don't you tell us the story of this plate?"

The old man hesitated for a moment. He looked at the plate and took a deep breath. "This is not just a plate, this is a plate of blessing and generosity."

Everyone at the table listened carefully:



“There hundreded years ago, there was a rich merchant in Istanbul named Osman. He was famous not only for his wealth but also for his kindness. Every Ramadan, he opened his house to the poor and invited them to iftar. Every evening, hundreds of people ate at his table. But one year, a great famine started. Markets were empty, and people were hungry. Even Osman’s food storage was almost gone.” The guests watched him with curiosity.



“One day, an old man came to Osman’s house. He was tired and hungry. He said ‘Can you give me some food?’ Osman went to the kitchen, but there was only a bowl of soup and a few dates left. He put them on a plate and gave them to the old man.”

The listeners were silent. Halil continued: “The old man smiled as he drank the soup.’Do you know Osman this kindness will not go unrewarded. Ramadan is not just about fasting. It is about sharing, patience and blessing. If you continue to share, God will make your table full.’ Then, he put the plate down and disappeared. From that day on, Osman’s food never ran out . If he put one bowl of soup on the plate, another appeared. Everyone ate, but the plate never became empty.”



Halil touched the plate gently and added: "This is the same plate from that story. It stayed in Osman's house, and finally came here, to my shop."



Someone asked in surprise, "Does it still have its blessing?" Halil smiled. "The blessing is not in the plate. It is in the heart of the person who shares," he said. "Ramadan does not only teach us hunger. It teaches us patience, gratitude, and the power of giving. If someone truly wants to share, there will always be enough for everyone."

That night, the iftar table was fuller than ever. People shared not only their food but also their stories, worries, and prayers. And maybe, just maybe, a small miracle happened: Everyone at the table was full, yet the food on the plate still looked untouched.

Yagmur Atas



Erva Safi

THE SECRET OF RAMADAN



Samet was a eleven years old boy, curious and a little impatient. This year, he really wanted to understand the meaning of Ramadan. The adults were fasting, setting up iftar tables, gathering together, and praying. But why? When he asked his mother, she said, “Ramadan is about patience, sharing, and gratitude.” But Samet still didn’t fully understand. One day, he went to his grandfather, Grandpa Hasan. He was the oldest and wisest person in the neighborhood. Samet knew that he always had an answer for everything.

— Grandpa, why is Ramadan so important? Why does everyone fast?

Grandpa Hasan smiled, leaned on his cane, and patted the seat next to him. r learn the secret.



— Come here, my boy. Let me tell you a story.

Samet quickly sat down, his eyes fixed on his grandfather, ready to listen.

— A long time ago, in a small town, there was a man named Ahmet. He was very rich, but also very selfish. He never shared his food or helped his neighbors. Even when the poor were hungry, Ahmet's table was full of delicious meals. But he never invited anyone. One day, during Ramadan, a dervish came to the town and knocked on Ahmet's door. He handed Ahmet a small pouch and said:

— This pouch holds a great secret. If you wait until the last day of Ramadan and don't open it, you will receive a big reward.

Ahmet was surprised but also very curious. He wanted to open the pouch immediately, but he remembered what the dervish had said.

“If you are impatient, you will never learn the secret.”



Ahmet tried to resist. He waited one day, then another... But as days passed, his curiosity grew. Finally, he couldn't hold himself back and opened the pouch before Ramadan ended. Inside, he found only a handful of wheat. He was furious.

"Is this the big secret?" he shouted.

He ran out of his house and searched for the dervish. When he found him at the edge of the town, he angrily said:

— You tricked me! How is this a great secret?

The dervish smiled and held up the wheat in his hand.

— If you had waited and planted these seeds after Ramadan, by next year, you would have had fields full of crops, he said. But you were impatient and lost your chance. Ramadan is just like this, Ahmet. If you are patient, you will receive a great reward in the end.



Grandpa Hasan looked at Samet and said:

— That’s the secret of Ramadan, my boy. Patience, sharing, and in the end, true reward.

Samet stayed quiet for a moment, thinking. His grandfather was teaching him the importance of patience. That day, he decided to try fasting for the first time. It wasn’t easy—he felt hungry and thirsty. But every time he wanted to give up, he remembered his grandfather’s story and kept going. When the evening call to prayer was heard, he sat down at the iftar table with his family. As he took his first bite, he realized how valuable food truly was. The hunger he felt all day made him appreciate every bite. From that Ramadan on, Samet understood that it was not just about fasting—it was a lesson. A lesson in patience, sharing, and gratitude.

And every year, he not only fasted but also tried to help others, because he now knew that true reward comes from kindness and patience.






RAMADAN

Once upon a time, there was a neighborhood where everyone was waiting for the month of Ramadan with excitement and different events took place. Everyone in this neighborhood was always impatient to fast in Ramadan, get up for sahura and open iftar together. However, this Ramadan would be a little different, because there would be an unforgettable event in the neighborhood.

Ahmet was a 25-year-old, hardworking and beloved young man. Every Ramadan, early in the morning, he would wake up for sahura, and in the evening he would meet with his friends in the neighborhood to break iftar. However, Ramadan was going to be different this year because Ahmet's best friend in the neighborhood, Cemil, made a secret decision before Ramadan.

Cemil did not fast in the last Ramadan, he refused to fast under various pretexts.

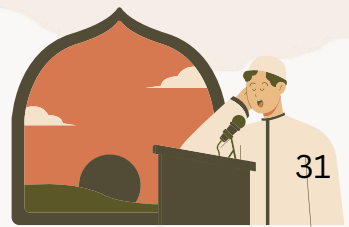
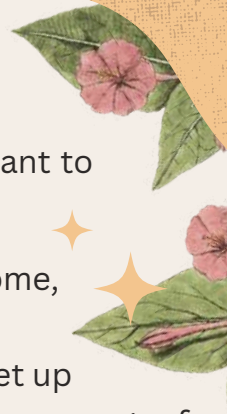
This year, everyone was surprised that Cemil made a different decision. Cemil came to Ahmet and said, "I really decided to fast this Ramadan, but I will confess something to you."

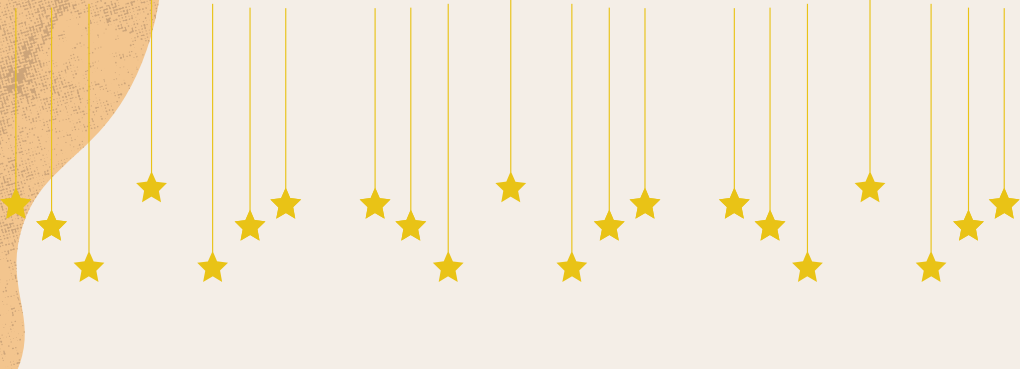


Ahmet was looking forward to what Cemil would say. Cemil continued: "Actually, I can't get up for sahur, I'm a very heavy sleeper.. But since it is also the first day of Ramadan, I want to start fasting."

Ahmet decided to support Cemil and said, "Come, let's get up for sahur together, and it will be a motivation for you too." They both decided to get up early in the morning. This was the first strange event of Ramadan that Cemil had trouble getting up for sahur. The next day was the first day of Ramadan. Ahmet and Cemil started to make sahur preparations together. However, things became more complicated when Cemil could not get up for the sahur. Cemil had woken up a few minutes before the sahur, but he prepared in such a hurry that he accidentally prepared dinner instead of sahur. Their son said, "Dad, what is this?" While asking, Ahmet laughed and said, "Cemil, you really had a night in the morning!" He was saying.

However, Cemil continued to fast in this way. The fasting that day was really difficult. While Ahmet and Cemil were walking on the street together, they were talking about the difficulty of fasting in this heat.






When Cemil realized how hard he was, he couldn't take it anymore and said, "Ahmet, every Ramadan is difficult, but it gets harder every day!" He was saying.

A week later, fasting became a little easier. It was a great relief for Cemil that Ahmet helped to get up in the morning. One evening, a big iftar dinner was held with all the neighbors in the neighborhood. Everyone set the table, looking forward to the iftar time.

However, things suddenly changed when it was time for iftar. During the iftar table preparation, Cemil talked to someone who did not fast. This situation caused controversy. Cemil tried to make a statement, but disagreements between his neighbors grew.



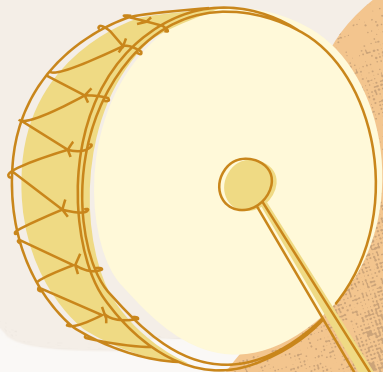


And that night, this incident united all the neighbors in the neighborhood. Now everyone understood that fasting is not just a physical worship, but also an important part of tolerance, understanding and respect for each other. In this Ramadan, cooperation and tolerance came to the fore.

And that night, among all the people in the neighborhood, the arguments and tensions in the past were replaced by love, tolerance and sharing. Towards the end of Ramadan, Cemil and Ahmet continued to have iftar with the other people of the neighborhood while fasting together.

Cemil spent this Ramadan unforgettable and realized that everything was not what he thought before. Now Ramadan showed not only the power of fasting, but also the power of being together, helping each other, love and tolerance.

Ebrar Basıdınc






ElifTek

My First Ramadan

I was an eight years old girl who watched my family fast every year during Ramadan. My family would wake up early for suhoor every year, and they would break their fast together at iftar in the evening. I was too young to fast, but this year I wanted to try fasting for the first time. On the first day of Ramadan, my mother woke me up before sunrise. I was very sleepy, but I sat at the table with my family. I ate something. “Suhoor meal gives you strength throughout the day,” my father said with a smile. I felt excited and ready to keep my first fast. Then I slept.

I went to school in the morning. During lunch, my friends ate their meals, but I sat quietly. My stomach made small sounds, but I remembered what my father said. “Fasting is not just about food. It teaches us patience and gratitude”. I tried to focus on my lessons, but as the days went by I started to feel tired.



When I came home, my mother was cooking in the kitchen. My mother laughed and said, “The last hours are the hardest, but you're doing great! ”. I sat on the couch and waited. I looked at the clock many times. Finally the sun began to set. My father brought dates and water. When the call to prayer was recited, we ate together. The first bite of the meal was sweeter than ever.

That night, before going to bed, I smiled and thought about this day. It had been difficult, but I had kept my first fast and was proud of myself. I learned that Ramadan was not just about hunger, but about patience, kindness and family. I couldn't wait to fast again the next day.

A few days later, we invited relatives to iftar. That day I fasted again and was proud of myself. When I came from school, I was very tired and hungry and my mother was preparing food. So I immediately changed my clothes and started doing my homework. Then I helped my mother set the table and waited until iftar time. When the adhan was recited, I broke my fast with water. It made me very happy to break my second fast with my favorite cousin and relatives. After iftar, I played games with my cousins. That day I was less hungry than the day before. In these two days, I felt the spirituality of Ramadan. Now I know the value and importance of Ramadan.

SECRET MISSION OF DİDEM



The scent of fresh pide and lentil soup filled the tiny apartment, but Didem’s mind was elsewhere. The leather bag on the kitchen table held something far more important than food.. her family’s stolen Quran. She had risked everything to get it back.

Asef paced back and forth, rubbing his temples. “Let me get this straight,” he said, voice low. “You broke into Karahan’s office, stole this, and ran all the way here?”


Didem smirked. “That’s the short version.”

Asef sighed, flopping into a chair. “And you picked Ramadan to do this?”

“Seemed like the right time.”

A sudden, heavy knock on the door made them both freeze. Didem’s smirk suddenly vanished. Asef quickly stuffed the bag under the table, his eyes darting to the window.

“Karahan’s men,” Didem whispered, peeking through the peephole. Three figures in dark suits stood outside, their expressions hard. The knocking grew louder. Asef clenched his jaw. “We need to move. Now.” Slipping out through the back door, they darted into the maze of Istanbul’s old streets.



The sun was setting, and the air was thick with the aroma of roasting meat and fresh bread. Families gathered around tables, waiting for the call to prayer.

The city was moments away from breaking its fast, and Didem knew this was their best chance to disappear. “Let’s split up,” she whispered. Asef gave her a look but nodded, vanishing into the crowd. Didem sprinted towards the Grand Bazaar, weaving through the stalls.

The men were close behind. Her heart pounded. If she could reach the mosque courtyard before the cannon fired, she’d be safe. She turned sharply into a quiet square, breathless. An elderly couple sat on a bench, waiting for iftar. Without hesitation, she sat beside them, pulling her scarf lower over her face.

BOOM!

The iftar cannon fired. The entire city paused. The men stopped, looking around, unsure. The call to prayer echoed through the streets, signaling the moment of peace. Asef appeared beside her, carrying a small bag of dates. He sat down, handing her one. “Well?” he whispered. She slowly pulled the Quran from the bag, her hands shaking. “We did it.” Asef exhaled, leaning back. “You’re insane.”

Didem finally allowed herself to breathe. Around them, people were breaking their fast, sharing food with strangers, laughing, and praying. The night air was warm, carrying the sounds of joy and gratitude. She took a bite of the date, feeling its sweetness spread across her tongue. "You know," she murmured, "Ramadan isn't just about fasting." Asef grinned. "Yeah? What else is it about?"



She looked at the Quran in her lap, then at the people around her.. the families, the kindness, the warmth. "It's about doing the right thing. Even when it's hard." Asef shook his head but smiled. "Just eat before you make me do something even crazier next time."

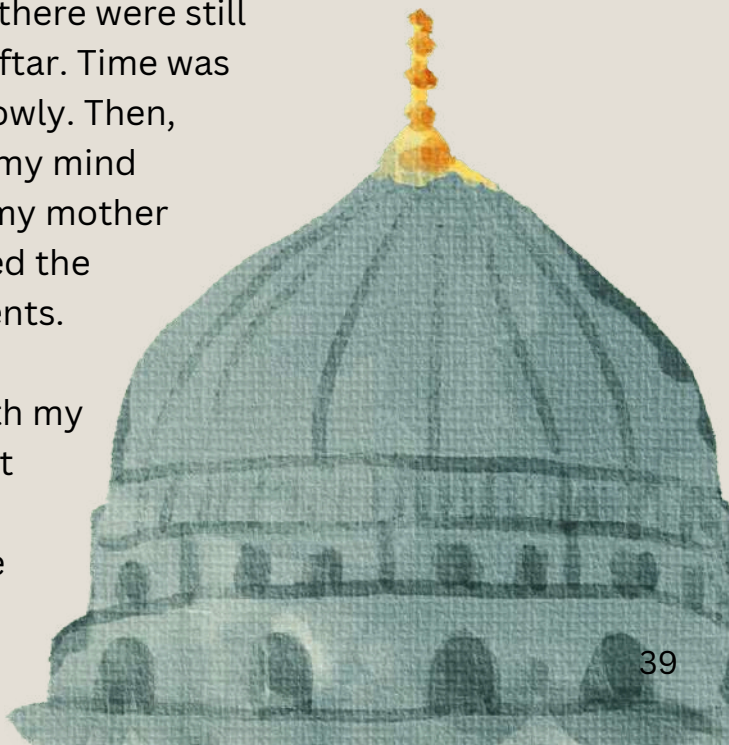
And under the golden lights of the city, with the stolen Quran finally back in her hands, Didem felt something she hadn't in a long time.. peace.

Beren Öner



First Ramadan Story

Today I want to tell you my first Ramadan story. When I was 8 years old, I was going to fast for the first time. That's why I was so excited. My mother told me that I should sleep for suhoor, but I couldn't sleep. My father came to me and told me a story. After a few minutes passed, I fell asleep. My mother woke me up at 5 o'clock but I had a hard time waking up. Then we had suhoor but my eyes were closed. After suhoor we went back to sleep. It was 3 o'clock there were still 4 hours until iftar. Time was passing so slowly. Then, an idea came to my mind and I helped my mother cook. I chopped the salad ingredients. We shaped meatballs with my mother. I slept 2 hours after preparing the meals.



When I woke up there was 10 minutes left until the adhan. My mother together set up the table and waited for the adhan to be recited. As soon as adhan was recited, I ate my meal because I was very hungry. After Eating our meals, we went to the mosque to pray. I know how to pray but I was going to pray tarawih for the first time.



After I started praying, I solved the problem in a short time and everything was going very well. I made mistakes in a few places while praying and I was embarrassed after finishing the prayer, I returned to the house and my first day Ramadan passed like this.



