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radiance

LIVING AND LOVING THE YOUNG MUSLIM LIFESTYLE

Inner Vs
outer beauty

All the things I can
and can't see...

What is this
place?

Time turner to
mind turner



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SNEAK A PEEK

ed's den 04

All the things I can and
can't see...

leading lights

16

Hadhrat Huzaifa bin
Yamaan ﷺ

PAGE 06



dear diary

Inner Vs outer beauty

KIDS CORNER

screws n bolts

18

A mixed bag of fun and
frolic

Science nugget

19

poetic rush 08

Destination

Was it even right?

Cook some fun

20

Chinese fried rice
stir fry chicken with vegeta-
bles

homework helper 09

Unique Mathematics

riddles

PAGE 22



fresh pens

Sweet patience

A lesson for the flat-track
bullies

misty mirrors 10

What is this place?

storynory 12

Time turner to mind

turner

fresh strokes

24

poster 15

comic

26

No Piece of Cake Really

All the things I can and can't see...

The title reminds me of a newspaper headline sometime back: 'All the things you can and can't do in Wales as Covid-19 restrictions are imposed.' Yes Alhamdulillah, we breathe a sigh of relief as more and more restrictions are being lifted off now, especially in our beloved country Pakistan. This makes us cherish those things even more that we almost always took for granted.

Likewise, God forbid what if someone tells you someday that all the things that you could previously so clearly see, are not allowed to be viewed! Looking at our loved ones, admiring the beauty of Allah's creations around, reading and engaging in many creative pursuits. But our beloved Allah taala hasn't disallowed looking at any of these Alhamdulillah. Except for He doesn't want us to look at what is wrong to look at.

Imaam Ibn Kathir commented on Surah an-Nur (24:30), saying: This is a command from Allah (swt) to His believing slaves to lower their gaze and refrain from looking at that which is forbidden to them. If it so happens that a person's gaze accidentally falls upon something forbidden, he should quickly avert his gaze. [TafseerIbnKathir, 3/282]

In the beginnings, that may appear easier said than done.

Living in today's world where you are faced with explicit content - at the workplace, in school or even at family gatherings such as weddings or in forms such as billboards and

Internet. You name it, the tech world has made things even more fast and furious.

So what can a striving Muslim do in this case? Lets go through some simple but worthy acts to help us lower our gaze.

Purify your Heart

A pure heart is filled with love and remembrance of Allah ﷻ and His Rasul ﷺ. Such a heart will nurse a firm intention to gaze at only what is pleasing to Him, while guarding against what is displeasing to Him, whether outside or on a screen.

Put the Reward in Mind

Visualise the great reward and compensation for our restraint. Allah ﷻ rewards His slave for good deeds with something similar and if he gives up something for His sake, He will compensate him with something better than it.

Therefore, if he lowers his gaze and refrains from looking at things that Allah has prohibited, Allah will compensate him for restraining his gaze for the sake of Allah, put light in his heart and he will always feel content instead of harbouring sadness, what most people nowadays are seen complaining of. This is the worldly reward only; the rewards in the hereafter are even beyond our imagination.

Supplications (Dua)

Make supplications for patience, self control, discipline and true surrender as you struggle to

remain consistent on keeping your gaze pure.

Keep Good Company

Our friends make or mark us. Choose good companions who will help you devote yourself to Allah ﷻ and develop yourself spiritually, morally and mentally.

Drop the friends who engage in immoral activities and disobedience of Allah ﷻ as then you would be inclined towards those things too.

Be Grateful

Be grateful for the gift and blessings of your eyes, internet and other tech tools, Islam and your intellect. If you are truly thankful, you will utilise your gifts in ways pleasing only to the Giver of the gifts.

Set and Visualise an End Goal

Set your ambition for the highest station in Jannah then imagine the promised pleasures within. What will you give to achieve such a goal and gain the pleasures that await there for the pious?

Do not aim for anything less, because you are worth it and you have the opportunity to go for it.

Consider it Worship

It may be a difficult personal battle especially if your school or family gatherings are mixed. Mark it as part of your worship acts.

Just as it is not easy to wake up for Fajr etc but we do it anyway because it is worship and we crave for the rewards. Lower your gaze and crave for the sweet rewards.

Safe Environment

Avoid or limit your visit to places where your gaze will be affected – because you will most likely be tempted to gaze around. Malls... check, beaches... check, restaurants...check.

Prophet Muhammad ﷺ said: *“Beware of sitting in the street.”* They said, *“We have no*

alternative; that is where we sit and talk.” He said, *“If you insist on sitting there, then give the street its rights.”* They said, *“What are the rights of the street?”* He said, *“Lowering the gaze and refraining from causing offense...”* (Bukhari and Muslim)

Seek Beneficial Knowledge

Study from the authentic teachings and use what you learn to remind yourself to focus on your purpose on earth.

After reminding yourself and taking action, remind your friends and loved ones too.

Organise Halal Fun


Spend time with your righteous friends. Play sports, games, share stories and busy yourself with things you enjoy doing.

Set some time for relaxing after productive work. Use your energy in permissible entertainment so you are not driven to utilise it via an impermissible outlet.

Dhikr

Keep your tongue moist and busy in the remembrance of Allah ﷻ, for it is light on the tongue but heavy on the scales. And it is a means of keeping your heart calm and at rest so you feel no undue attachment to the blings of the dunya including seemingly attractive non-mahrams and other prohibited materials. For any (or all) of the above ideas we choose to practice with, we will also be developing many aspects of our personality so lets respect our limitations and save ourselves from being oppressive, regressive and just downright depressive.

Lets lower our gaze, isn't it worth it?

Till next time... 

Was'salam,

Umm Abdullah Zubairi

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Inner Vs outer beauty

by Bint Hanif
South Africa

Bareerah's mother lovingly, more so in an anticipating manner placed the dupatta over her head and instructed her to go in the lounge. She told her to relax and not fear, whereas the mother's eyes herself were uneasy with anxiousness and full of expectations. This was the 13th proposal for Bareerah but she was each time spurned only on the basis of her complexion. Bareerah had completed her A-levels with sterling 7 A's. She was a Haafidha and an Aalimah, an unequivocally pious girl; the coolness of her parents' eyes and the ultimate joy of her family.

Ammi followed Bareerah into the lounge. Bareerah greeted the ladies with lowered eyes and sat on the opposite couch. "Bareerah serve the tea," her mother instructed. She handed each one of them a cup of tea in the china ware tea-set which was imported directly from France only to be taken out on special occasions.

The guests had tea and several other refreshments, praised Bareerah and left after an hour. This was the most uneasy hour for Bareerah.

Two days later Bareerah's mother received a phone call and to her utter dismay she was once again filled with dispiritedness. Her neighbour informed her that they were more interested in the younger daughter who was much fairer in complexion. They wanted a girl with flawless beauty for their good-for-nothing son. Is physical beauty better than spiritual beauty?

He hastened off with the cash from the white guy, and swiftly entered the grocery store; most unfortunately, immediately apprehended by the police. The grocery store owner rushed to his aid and intervened. The police was enlightened on the fact that the white man had stolen the cash from his store and this black hero was only bringing it back to the rightful owner. Was this man only incarcerated by the police based on the colour of his skin? Whereas the white chap looked more like a drug addict.

Outer beauty grants peace only to the eyes, on the contrary inner beauty grants peace to the heart and soul.

The teacher summoned Humaid to hand in his assignment, it had been three consecutive days since the due date and Humaid still hadn't submitted his task. Humaid briskly walked towards the teacher's desk, blinked his eyes which would immediately have the look of innocence from mischievousness in a matter of seconds. His good looks always played the part in getting away with his teacher's wrath. "May I give it to you tomorrow Ma'am? I completely forgot about it," muttered Humaid. The teacher too gave a nod and approved of his cumbersome behaviour, whereas several other students were never given more than two chances. This had not transpired the first time with Humaid.

Many of us have definitely witnessed similar circumstances related to the above-mentioned incidents. Most unfortunately, we live in this callous world. We do not realise that outer beauty means the look of a person.....The look of an individual can be easily changed through tons of ways, for example; make-up, their dressing or even cosmetic surgery. It is because they think outer beauty is everything, whereas, inner beauty simply refers to the personality of a person including their mind, character and actions which is truly known as nobility.

Your beauty should not come from outward adornment such as elaborate hairstyles and the wearing of gold jewellery or fine clothes. Rather, it should be that of your inner-self, the unfading beauty of a gentle and quiet spirit

which is of great worth in Allah's sight. Without any doubt and with 100% conformity, I state that outer beauty grants peace only to the eyes, on the contrary inner beauty grants peace to the heart and soul. And if the heart is corrupt then the same outer beauty will be of no use.

It is through good conduct that humaneness comes into a person and he is able to progress. The person who embellishes his self with knowledge and good conduct is considered ethical and upright in the sight of people, on the other hand, a person with only physical beauty will eventually become known to people, his deplorable colours will be revealed and will prove to be a source of aversion and dislike. People will not admire him any longer. Such a person ought to be called a bankrupt and an orphan.

Rasullullah ﷺ never judged a person on the basis of the colour of his skin or beauty but sat with people of all colours, races and ages.

While physical beauty is created by Allah and maintained by human being, physical beauty is momentary but spiritual beauty is unlimited. Spiritual beauty is the beauty of the mind and soul but physical beauty is maintained by external features.

One beautiful heart is better than a thousand beautiful faces. So don't be fooled and choose people with beautiful hearts rather than those with just beautiful faces

Destination

by Izzah Asif

Feeling guilty for what I'd done
I wish this day never had come,
Restless nights, loneliness inside

Worse things coming up as days are passing by,
The world coming to an end day-by-day
I wish the peeps don't let the signs go in vain--
This ain't done by people who are sane
Each and everyone will be going back from
where they came

None calling this life a sweet vibe,
But an exam,
Taken by many as something light
I wish these people think twice

Because there's no turning back
For when they reach their final destination,
Will want to return ASAP
Thou the peeps with a good score
Are the ones who'll get more
They are the ones who'll prosper

Wishing everyone a good luck,
As this exam is the most tough
A bumpy ride with ups and downs
Make sure you aren't the one to fall
Hold tight the rope of God

I wish everyone to accept the advice
And leave the false paths aside.

Was it even right?

by Vania Faheem

The word appearing to be the sweetest candy of our life

But the sour taste inside reminds us of its cruel plight!

Being a homage to people who pretend to be nice and sugary

But having the minds where honesty seems to be long gone weary!

For their momentary pleasure they do wrong and for it they fight

And then hearts go numb and no more question, 'Was it even right?'

Unique Mathematics riddles

Test whether you can solve these riddles through your
mathematical skills or your general knowledge

1. What number am I?

I am an even number.

I am the number of stories in the Empire State Building.

I am the product of 17 times 6.

2. What number am I?

I am an even number.

I am the highest score in bowling.

I am the product of 3 times 5 times 4 times 5.

3. What number am I?

I am an even number.

I am the number of bones in an adult human.

I am equal to 4 times 3 times 8 times 2 plus 14.

4. What number am I?

I am an odd number.

I am the number of athletic events in a heptathlon.

I am the quotient of 56 divided by 8.

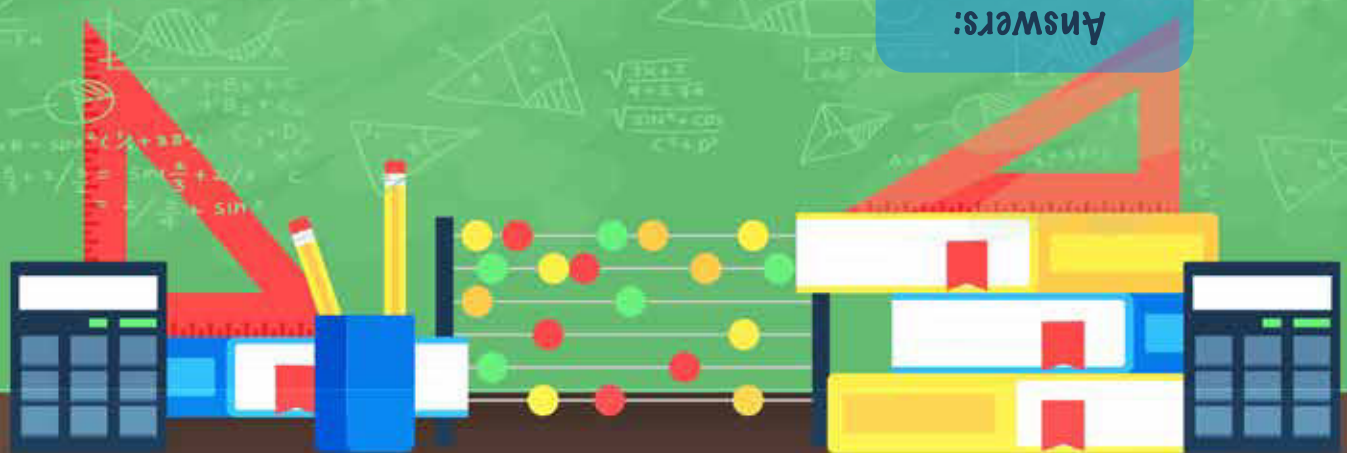
5. What number am I?

I am an even number.

I am the number of times you blink your eyes in a day.

I am the quotient of 460,000 divided by 23.

Answers:
102
300
206
7
20,000



What is this place?



You find yourself being shoved somewhere but where? Y.F. Syed experienced herself in one such quandary. It all happened one dark ominous night...

A mixture of tunes blasted through her headphones, a beep sound and the blaring noise of music. Soha slowly stirred in her sleep and her eyes fluttered open. She tried to focus her eyes, but she could see nothing with an exception of pitch-black darkness all around her. Although she had always been afraid of the dark, something about this particular blackness she was engulfed in at the moment made her feel severely ill at ease.

Why was it dark? She always keeps her lamp on at night, how come it suddenly turned off? Gathering every bit of courage for her terrified soul, Soha cautiously got up to turn on the lights. Yet the moment she took one step, a loud crunch sound was made beneath her feet. The ground she stood on felt bumpy and rough as if she was standing on a pile of rocks. Suddenly her panic levels touched their peak, as her feet sent an alarming wave to the rest of her body. Soha was now sure that she was not in her bedroom. Where on earth was she, then?

Like being wrapped in sheets of black and standing in an unknown place wasn't frightening enough, a blood-curdling rhythm of some strange music started to play. She didn't know what to do, but she knew she needed to get out of here. Instinctively, she began running into the nothingness of the dark, with no clue about where she was heading. With every step forward came that eerie sound of crunch, making her heart pound faster and faster. Then, with a thud, she fell on her face. The music still played on, making her ears cry tears of blood. It was just a faint sound, yet more aggravating than the sound of nails on a chalkboard. A wail of helplessness, fear, and terror escaped through Soha's mouth. Her eyes had now let out a torrent of tears that seemed to have no end. She didn't know how to feel, what to do, where to go, and whom to ask for help. What had she ever done to get herself in this plight? Soha thumped her right hand against the ground out of frustration, and that's when she discovered what had been making the crunch sound and why the ground was so rough. There were no rocks on the ground, but...bones.

Like being wrapped in sheets of black and standing in an unknown place wasn't frightening enough, a blood-curdling rhythm of some strange music started to play.

On some days you accidentally wake up on the wrong side of the bed, and surely today was one of those days for Soha. However, the question was could it get any worse. Against all odds and testing her luck, Soha tried to call for help.

"Is anyone here that can help me find my way out? Anyone?" she howled into the dark like a lost puppy.

No reply. The music had stopped playing by now or perhaps she had gotten deaf from it, Soha suspected. After a brief moment, the wind started to blow from the east, and like everything else, this too had an uncanny feel. And then, the reply came from a dry and cold voice, which immediately made Soha jolt up on her feet.

"You alone could have helped yourself, but I guess it's too late now," the voice said.

Now Soha was being pulled up by some unknown force. She was no more standing on bones, but in the air and being twisted and spun like she herself was a tornado.

"Nooo, what's happening?" Soha shouted, "Just put me down and I'll figure something out."

"Too late!" the voice retorted.

"Nooooooooooooooooo," Soha screamed as she was pulled up into the folds of the darkness.

At last, she finally managed to wake up and come back to the world. For a moment, she just laid there feeling numb and stared at the ceiling. There on the ceiling was that fan, which

seemed familiar. She was after all back in her bedroom. Recovering from this close to death adventure she had just experienced, Soha hastily got up and prepared for the day. The dream stuck to her mind the entire day. She wanted to pour it all out to another soul, but she knew that dreams are not to be told. Nevertheless, she learned one thing from it that life is uncertain and death is as sudden as that moment when she was being pulled up to who knows where. Hence, she lived the rest of her days conscious of her actions

Continued from pg 17

He struck it and it stood upright. If the Prophet ﷺ had not instructed me to do nothing until I returned to him, I would have killed Abu Sufyan then and there with an arrow."

This brave and pious man fulfilled his duties as a governor in different places such as Kufa and Madain. His manner always proved that hypocrisy is the main thing which he detested the most.

The keeper of secrets of Prophet ﷺ passed away and so did the secrets pass away with him and were buried in one grave. May Allah help us to learn the extraordinary lessons hidden in Hadhrat Huzaifa's life. Ameen

Time turner of mind turner

by
Rania Imran
13 years

One sunny day in June, with the sun shining at its peak and with no sign of clouds, everyone was avoiding the deserted streets. It looked as though the hot weather had ordered the people to stay indoors. The ice-cream shop seemed the only place that people were headed towards. Within the crowd that had gathered there, stood a nice and obedient boy, Ahmed. After purchasing himself a rather refreshing ice lolly, he let his thoughts wander in search of where to go next as he exited the shop, licking his ice-cream. Then, he had a tremendous idea.

He reached home, took his bicycle and took off towards the beautiful Margala hills. Nearing his destination, the beautiful chirping of birds met his ears. Subhan'Allah, he thought as the wooden hut belonging to his uncle Saad came into view. As expected smoke entered his nostrils making him sneeze unintentionally. Just as he got off his bicycle after having parked it safely, something soft touched his legs. It was his uncle's cat Pussy. He picked her up lovingly but then dropped her almost instantly. His uncle's hut was empty. But where would he go in such a weather?

Mr. Saad was a very well known scientist. These days he was working on a top secret grand plan. Ahmed was aware of it but was in darkness about what the plan was. His curiosity regarding the plan was strong enough to bring him here and so it had. Just then, there was a very eager knock on the door. Expecting to see his uncle, he opened the door immediately, but discovered it was his cousin Ali. Ali was a year older than Ahmed and both of them were good friends. It turned out that Ahmed's arrival had the same cause as Ali's. Both of them talked for some time and then set out to inspect the hut. Numerous purple, blue and green bubbles were rising from a set of flasks. Another kettle was spitting out yellow and red sparks. But their attention was caught by a magnificent board.

"Time turner!" Ali read aloud.

"Is it true?" asked an awestruck Ahmed, his whisper full of excitement.

"Was this his grand plan?" inquired a very curious Ali.

And then before Ali could stop him, Ahmed was inside and had slammed the door shut. As soon as his hand exerted pressure on the button, something odd started happening within him.

Without a word, Ahmed starting moving towards the colourful and attractive machine as though some invisible power was pulling him.

“Let’s give it a try,” said Ahmed as though asking for Ali’s suggestion.

“But how do you use it?” muttered Ali. ‘It doesn’t seem safe to me.”

Just then Ahmed gave out a cry of surprise, his hand had just touched a lever which opened the huge glass door welcoming him to come and press the ON button awaiting his arrival.

“Are you coming along?” he whispered without turning, as though rooted to the spot.

“No of course I am not and I don’t think you should go too,” replied Ali anxiously.

“I will!” Ali heard a strong and decided voice.

And then before Ali could stop him, Ahmed was inside and had slammed the door shut. As soon as his hand exerted pressure on the button, something odd started happening within him. And then as suddenly as it had started, Ahmed disappeared into thin air. When he re-materialised again, Ahmed saw that the scene had changed completely. He was standing in front of his own house but it was changed, in fact everything had changed. The beautiful and crowded mosques were now empty as though emptied on gun point. Every house was echoing with the sound of music. Women and girls showed no signs at all that they were even introduced to the term of dupatta, they were just wearing very tight jeans and T-shirts with their hair open, brushing their heavily makeup laden faces. He stared at all of this for some time, getting the impression he had arrived at America. He had forgotten to even breathe.

And then in a fraction of a second, he made up his mind. His mother wanted him to become a doctor but now...

“Ahmed, Ali, get up beta, get up!”

“W-what, were we sleeping?” Ali asked stifling a yawn.

“Of course!” came the dumbfounded voice of Mr. Saad.

“B..b..but the time turner?”

“What time turner?”

Ali and Ahmed quickly retold the story.

“But beta you cannot turn time!” Mr Saad was now half-laughing.

“And your Grand plan?”

“It is here,” he said guiding them to a small robot.

“MashAllah!” they both exclaimed.

“But anyways we have decided upon something, didn’t we, Ali?” Ahmed remarked.

“Of course!” Ali exclaimed.

“But what?” Uncle asked.

“That we want to become Aalims!” Uncle Saad looked at their shining faces then understood that his machine has done its job. It had changed their minds and the whole perspective of life. They now were no more just some adventure-seeking children, but young boys with a clear vision

Brady's

The nourishing taste of Scott Baking

Plain Cake



Delicious & Delightful

IF YOU **REALLY** WANT TO **KNOW**

**IF SOMEONE
CARES AND LOVES YOU,**

JUST SEE

**WHETHER THEY
TAKE YOU TOWARDS SIN
OR
IF THEY PROTECT YOU
FROM IT**

true
friends

radiance

Hadhrat Huzaifa bin Yamaan ﷺ

Being trustworthy is a noble quality indeed! But imagine winning the trust of the most beloved Prophet ﷺ of Allah – Yes, the story today by Zawjah Junaid Mukaty is of such sahabah: Hadhrat Huzaifa bin Yamaan ﷺ

There was a man named Husail bin Jabir or more commonly known as Al Yamaan, who belonged to tribe Abas in Makkah. He had killed a man there and was forced to leave with his family. He had settled down in Yathrib, becoming an ally of the Banu al-Ash'hal and marrying into the tribe. A son named Huzaifa was born to him.

With time, the ban imposed on him was lifted and he began visiting Makkah often but Yathrib was dearer to him. In those days, Arabian Peninsula had started radiating with the light of Islam. Al Yamaan got highly inspired by this call and came to Makkah with a delegation from the Abas tribe and accepted Islam on the hands of Prophet Muhammad ﷺ. He then returned to Yathrib after which all the people of his household also accepted Islam, which also included his son Huzaifa bin Yamaan.

Love For Prophet ﷺ

Since an early age, Hadhrat Huzaifa ﷺ longed to meet Prophet ﷺ about whom he'd been told so much. With each passing day his affection for Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ grew in his heart. Eventually he journeyed to Makkah and met him and put the question to him, "Am I a Muhajir or am I an Ansari, O Rasulullah?"

"If you wish you may consider yourself among the Muhajirin, or if you wish you may consider yourself one of the Ansar. Choose whichever is dearer to you," replied the Prophet.

"Well, I am an Ansari O Rasulullah," decided

Hadhrat Huzaifa. Ansaris were the ones who responded to the call of Islam as soon as they heard it and Hadhrat Huzaifa chose to be one of them.

The Keeper of Prophet's ﷺ Secrets

Hadhrat Huzaifa ﷺ had three qualities which particularly impressed Prophet Muhammad ﷺ; his unique intelligence, quick wittedness, and his ability to keep a secret even under persistent questioning. A notable policy of Prophet ﷺ was to utilise the special strengths of each companion, carefully choosing the right man for the right task. A primary problem the Muslims encountered were hypocrites who had superficially accepted Islam while simultaneously plotting against the Muslim community. Because of Hadhrat Huzaifa's ability to keep a secret, Prophet ﷺ told him the names of the hypocrites, a trust not bestowed upon others. He was commissioned to watch their movements and follow their activities. The hypocrites presented a greater threat to the community than external enemies because of their secrecy and intimate knowledge of the developments and plans of the Muslims. From this time onwards, Hadhrat Huzaifa was called 'The Keeper of the Secret of the Messenger of Allah ﷺ', remaining faithful to his pledge of secrecy.

After Prophet ﷺ's death, the Caliphs often sought his advice concerning their activities but he remained tight-lipped. Hadhrat Umar, during his Caliphate was only able to find out indirectly who the hypocrites were by monitoring Hadhrat Huzaifa's attendance at the funeral prayer following the death of a Muslim.

Since an early age, Hadhrat Huzaifa ﷺ longed to meet Prophet ﷺ about whom he'd been told so much.

If he did not attend, Hadhrat Umar refrained from performing the funeral prayer for that person. Once he asked Hadhrat Huzaifa if any of his governors was a hypocrite. He told him that one was but declined to inform whom.

Hadhrat Umar was a God fearing man. He was never sure Allah ﷻ was pleased with him or not although Shaitan changed his path as he saw Hadhrat Umar coming. Once he went to Hadhrat Huzaifa and enquired about the names of those hypocrites but Huzaifa kept his lips sealed. He asked him to only let him know if his name was there to which Hadhrat Huzaifa replied in negative. Subhanallah.

As A Warrior

Hadhrat Huzaifa's father was fighting back the army of Makkans in the Battle of Uhud when by mistake Muslims misunderstood him as a Kafir and killed him. After they realised their mistake they were filled with pain and remorse. Grieved as he was, Hadhrat Huzaifa said to them, "May Allah forgive you for He is the most Merciful of those who show mercy."

The Prophet ﷺ wanted compensation to be paid for the death of his father but Hadhrat Huzaifa said: "He was simply seeking martyrdom and he attained it. O Lord, bear witness that I donate the compensation for him to the Muslims."

His qualities were once again tested when Prophet ﷺ sent him amongst the Kuffar during the Battle of Trench. Muslims were going through severe hardships. This whole event is narrated by him in these words, "Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ then began a round of inspection passing us one by one until he reached me. I had nothing to protect me from the cold except a blanket belonging to my wife which scarcely reached my knees. He came nearer to me as I

laid crouching on the ground and asked 'Who is this?' 'Huzaifa,' I replied. 'Huzaifa?' he queried as I huddled myself closer to the ground too afraid to stand because of intense hunger and cold. 'Yes, O Messenger of God,' I replied. 'Something is happening among the forces of Abu Sufyan. Infiltrate their encampment and bring me news of what's happening,' he instructed. I set out.

At that moment I was the most terrified person and felt terribly cold. Muhammad ﷺ prayed 'O Lord, protect him from front and from behind, from his right and from his left, from above and from below.' By Allah, no sooner had he completed his supplication that Allah removed from my stomach all fear and from my body all cold. As I turned to go, he called me back and said 'Huzaifa, on no account do anything among the opposing forces' I went on, inching my way under cover of darkness until I penetrated into the opponent's camp and became just like one of them. Shortly afterwards, Abu Sufyan got up and addressed his men: 'O people of the Quraysh, I am about to make a statement to you which I fear would reach Muhammad.

Therefore, let every man among you look and make sure who is sitting next to him...' On hearing this, I immediately grasped the hand of the man next to me and asked, 'Who are you?' (putting him on the defensive and clearing myself). Abu Sufyan went on: 'O people of the Quraysh, you are not in a safe and secure place. Our horses and camels have perished. The Banu Qurayzah has deserted us and we have had unpleasant news about them. We are buffered by this cold wind. Our fires do not light and our uprooted tents offer no protection. So get moving. For myself, I am leaving.' He went to his camel, untethered and mounted it.

Continued on pg 11

screws
bolts

KIDS CORNER

Mom jokes

You don't know something?
Google it.

You don't know someone?
Facebook it.

You don't find something?
MOM!

Knock Knock
Who's there?
Adore
Adore who?
Adore you mommy!

MOM: What do you think I am?
'Made of money'?
You: Isn't that what MOM stands for?

What it says: "DO NOT TOUCH"
What I read: "TOUCH WHEN MOM'S NOT LOOKING."

Science teacher: When is the boiling point reached?
Student: When my mother sees my report card!

What makes more noise than a child jumping on mommy's bed?
Two children jumping on mommy's bed!

Good, Better, Best

Read each sentence. On the line, write the positive, comparative, or superlative form of the missing adjective. Then find each of your answers in the word search puzzle.

A	H	S	D	Y	B	R	O	C	U	P	E
L	M	C	M	N	E	L	O	U	D	E	R
H	B	E	O	A	K	C	G	T	N	D	I
A	D	A	L	N	R	J	M	E	A	B	S
R	T	R	F	A	S	T	E	R	C	P	A
D	A	L	O	V	H	E	K	F	O	N	Z
E	A	I	A	E	T	Y	I	D	L	E	H
R	I	E	O	C	L	O	S	E	S	T	B
P	S	R	T	A	L	L	E	S	T	E	D
U	B	A	Y	R	C	O	L	D	E	S	T

- Nora was fast, but Caitlyn was _____
(comparative of fast)
- Snowball is _____ than the other kittens in the litter.
(comparative of cute)
- Kevin is _____
(positive of smart)
- January is the _____ month of the year.
(superlative of cold)
- I filled the _____ glass I could find with water.
(superlative of tall)
- Someone must have turned up the volume, because the music suddenly got _____
(comparative of loud)
- The _____ clouds were a sign that the storm was on its way.
(positive of dark)
- Today's math assignment is _____ than yesterday's.
(comparative of hard)
- David has an _____ bedtime than I do.
(comparative of early)
- Tina is my _____ friend.
(superlative of close)

FAST FACT

A positive adjective lets you describe one or more things: A puppy is nice; puppies are nice.

A comparative adjective lets you compare two or more things: Barbara is nicer than Gerard; Gerard is nicer than all the other boys in our class.

A superlative adjective lets you describe only one thing: Mount Everest is the tallest mountain in the world; Remo is the friendliest person in school.



ANSWERS Good, Better, Best

Grow Crystals



These borax crystal stars are really easy to make, and they look beautiful! Bend pipe cleaners into fun shapes, and watch them grow crystals when left overnight in a Borax solution. (Words of warning: Always be careful with Borax and kids, and make sure they understand that the end result is not candy even though it looks like it could be.)

Equipment

- Star shaped cookie cutter
- 16 oz mason jars

Materials

- 2 cups boiling water
- 1/2 cup borax
- 2 pipe cleaners
- 2 pieces thin ribbon or string (8 inches long)
- 1 popsicle stick



Instructions

Bend the pipe cleaner around a cookie cutter to make a star shape. Twist the pipe cleaner closed at the end of the shape. Cut off any extra pipe cleaner at the end. Repeat for the second pipe cleaner so you have 2 star shapes.

Tie the thin ribbon or string around each star, and then hang them from the popsicle stick.

Lower the 2 stars into a mason jar and rest the popsicle stick over the opening of the jar. Make sure the pipe cleaner stars aren't touching each other or the sides/bottom of the jar.

Pour 2 cups of boiling water into a glass measuring cup. Add the borax and stir until dissolved. If the borax won't dissolve, microwave the mixture for 30 seconds at a time, stirring each time, until the water is completely clear.

Carefully pour the hot borax mixture into the mason jar. Fill the jar until the top of the star, but no higher. (Crystals will form on the ribbon if it's below the liquid)

Leave them for 6 to 24 hours and watch the borax crystals grow!

Chinese fried rice

Ingredients

- 3 tablespoons butter
- 2 eggs, whisk them thoroughly
- 2 medium carrots, peel them
- 1 small white onion
- 1/2 cup frozen peas
- 3 cloves garlic, minced
- salt and black pepper
- 4 cups cooked and chilled rice
- 3 green onions, sliced
- 3-4 tablespoons soy sauce
- 1/2 teaspoon vegetable oil

Instructions

Heat 1/2 tablespoon of butter in a pan until it is melted.

Add the egg and cook it until it becomes scrambled egg. Then remove the egg and put it in a separate plate.

Add one more tablespoon of butter to the pan and heat it until it is melted.

Maha Kashif bags for us a scrumptious chinese recipe, great for casual entertaining when you fancy a little different taste with more vibrant flavours

4. Add the carrots, onions, peas, garlic and add a pinch of salt and pepper. Stir it for five minutes until the onions and carrots are soft.
5. Increase the heat a little bit and add the remaining tablespoons of butter and stir until it is melted.
6. Add the rice, green onions and soy sauce. Stir it until it is thoroughly mixed.
7. Remove from the heat and stir it in the sesame oil.



stir fry chicken with vegetables



Ingredients

- 1/2 kg chicken breast, cut in cubes
- Spring onion
- 1 Red capsicum
- 1 Long green chilli
- 1 Green capsicum
- Mushrooms
- Bread crumbs

Marination

- 1 tablespoon soya sauce
- 1/2 teaspoon black pepper
- 1/2 teaspoon garlic powder
- 1 teaspoon Thai chilli sauce

5. Marinate the chicken cubes with the above ingredients and coat them with bread crumbs. Then shallow fry them.
6. In a separate pan, put 1 1/2 tablespoon vegetable oil.
7. Heat the oil and put dry mixed herbs in it and chilli flakes.
8. Then add spring onion, red and green capsicum, mushrooms and green chilli. Stir fry them.
9. Add the fried chicken.

Sauce

- Soya sauce
- Vinegar
- Thai chilli sauce
- Sweet chilli sauce
- 1/2 teaspoon sugar
- Pinch of salt
- Pinch of black pepper

Mix the above in a cup and add to the chicken and let cook on slow heat. Your delicious stir-fry chicken is ready!

Sweet patience

by Laiba Khan
Ladybird Grammar School

Upon waking, Madiha rubbed away the remainders of sleep from her eyes and gazed out at the window looking at the horizon. Her eyes hooked upon the beautiful scene. Madiha was a strong headed girl who loved adventures. She was also quite ambitious and keen of achieving whatever she set her eyes upon.

Jumping up and down and screaming with excitement, she finally reached the day she had been waiting for days. She was about to go on a tour of the village. She packed all her gears and the family soon left for the trip.

During the journey, the air was rich with winter jasmine as well as it was a bit cold, and grew even colder as the evening drew nearer. The chirping of the birds, the breathtaking view of the beautiful mountains and the dreamy atmosphere were all enough to keep one's attention.

Upon watching Madiha's excitement, her sister exclaimed with wonder, "Why are you so excited for all this. It's nothing special but only a little tour!"

"I'm not here just to enjoy the beautiful scenes but also to research for my upcoming project and for this I'll do anything to get the first prize," retorted Madiha.

Moist and salty, chilly breeze was blowing across, the waves splashed against the shore and all of a sudden it started drizzling. The little showers of rain made the scenario even more beautiful but who knew there was an obstacle coming their way...

The calm and peaceful scenario came to its end when it started raining like cats and dogs! The icy grey sky grew restless. The thick blackened clouds were dragged down by the heavy rain. It wasn't just rain; it was a downpour as heavy as Madiha had never ever seen. All the traffic stopped at the moment. They waited there for two hours. It was a gridlock and every car had turned off its engine, drivers wandered on the highway looking up and down for clues. Madiha was trapped at the moment, her chin dropped to her chest, eyes welled up with tears up. The heavy rain and all the natural incidents were not as simple. They remained stuck there for hours.

It was Madiha's dream for which she was working for months and the rain washed it all away. After waiting for hours the driver decided to turn their way back home.

Madiha was determined and this seemed to be something she had not at all imagined thus she asked her parents, "We have already been

patiently waiting, can't we wait a little more please? If we go back then we might feel ever sadder than we feel here."

Her parents agreed and within a matter of ten minutes only, the traffic started moving. "Hurray!" everyone exclaimed.

Madiha's strength revived and she thanked Allah taala for bestowing the best reward for everyone's patience. Her spirits brightened, happiness glowed inside her. Flabbergasted with joy, she finally reached her desired destination. Patience is tough but sweet too, as it makes us value the blessings even more when we finally get them after a while

"Ha, four eyes! Can't you see? You just tripped over the stump. You might need another pair of glasses." And it went on till a single tear dripped down the end of Farah's long nose, then another, and finally when the downpour of tears started down her cheeks, the bullies pleased themselves with a "Oh, look the baby is crying!" and went away.

Farah was my best friend. She had recently started wearing glasses. Everyone, especially the tenth graders; who were known for their flat-track bullying talent, were immensely teasing her. They usually picked on weak and timid people; this in my opinion, which made them worse than a Hitler.

I hate bullying. Each day when Farah got bullied, my brain jammed up and my eyes narrowed with suppressed anger. The reason for this 'suppressed' anger was that whenever I wanted to go after those bullies, Farah being a tranquil girl, who hated rows of any sort, did not let me interfere. She knew there was to be a big row if I thrust my angered-self into the matter. So, respecting my friend's wish, I did not push it.

A lesson for the flat-track bullies

by Maryam Umer Khan
Lahore

But, that day, I was just determined to go after them. I saw Farah coming towards me; I quickly ran away, avoiding her, and ended up at the benches where the bullies sat. I recognized one of them; she was busy bullying another girl. A well-known tenth grader; her name was Salma Khan, and she was as ugly as a scarecrow. Her neck was as thick as an elephants' and her voice was unpleasant to hear, just like hearing rocks grind against one another.

My muscles tightened up. With my fists balled, and jaws clenched, I looked ready to explode like a volcano. I went up to her, and mustering all my strength, I slapped her across her face with my left hand. She stared at me, eyes open wide and mouth dropped open to form a comical 'O'.

I raised a threatening finger and said, "I hate bullying and if you ever dare to do this again, I will make you sorry."

I glared at her and went away.

Suddenly, an avalanche of hands descended upon me.

I looked around in surprise. Many girls were hugging me, (in other words, strangling me) and screaming at the top of their lungs, "Hurray for Maryam!"

Realisation hit me. I was a ninth grader, who had just shown a tenth grade bully her limits. A girl who looked capable for murder!





Muhammad Adnan



Rayyan Ahmed



Maryam Baber



Abdul Hadi



Muhammad Umar Faisal



Aisha Adnan and
Ume Habiba



Ayesha Abdul Qadir



Aairah Ahmad



Ayesha



Kulsoom



Marium Saad



**Yahya kashif
and faseeha kashif**



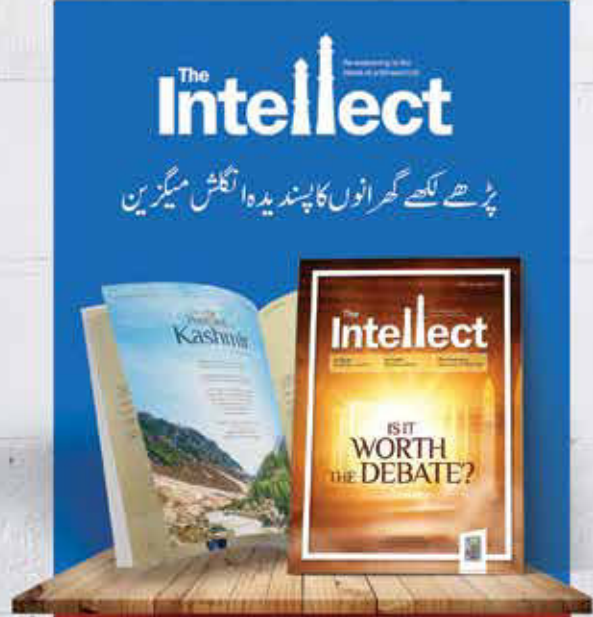
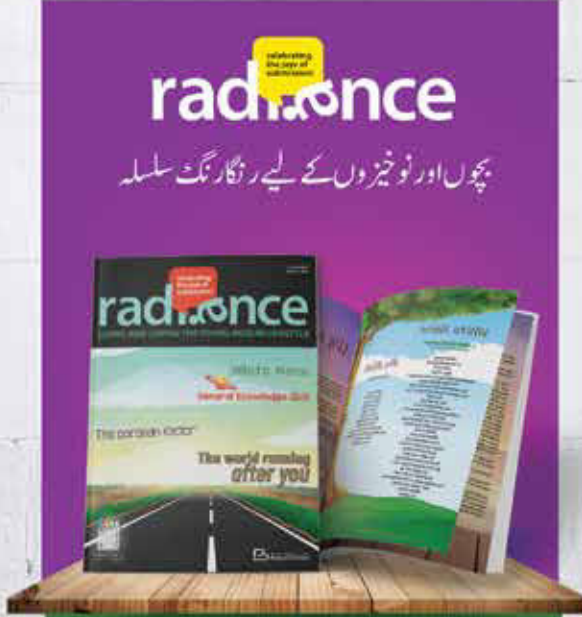
No Piece of Cake Really

Concept by Zawjah Zia

Artwork by Zawjah Jahangir



جید علماء کرام کے زہرتگرانی شائع ہونے والے میگزین



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