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radiance

LIVING AND LOVING THE YOUNG MUSLIM LIFESTYLE

The good
exaggeration

Turning
six

**Comic: That's
the way I see it**



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sneak a peek

ed's den

04

The good exaggeration

comic

14

That's the way I see it

radiance of the pious

05

The women of knowledge

poetic rush

16

The love for a purpose



fresh pens

06

Vanished

mystery mania

17

screws n bolts

18

A mixed bag of fun and
frolic

your say

08

Radiance Creative writing

Saturday school

leading lights

20

Hadhrat Ka'ab ibn Malik ﷺ

Quran Quiz

10

Surah Falaq and Surah Naas



storynory

12

Turning six

dear diary

22

Keeping peace while falling
in pieces



fresh artist

24

poster

26



The good exaggeration

What is the good exaggeration you wonder? It's when we exaggerate in respecting our parents! It is because of our parents we are complete, like a flower that has been watered and well cared for. Those who go an extra mile in being dutiful and respectful towards their parents will be the truly blessed ones in the hereafter. And not only that but Adab (respect) is a great bounty that brings amazing benefits for us in this temporary life as well. So without more ode, lets dive in and check out some ways in which we can show added love and respect for our parents In'sha'Allah.

Always praise your parents, especially upon something that they are proud of. Put away your phone in their presence and give them all your attention. Talk to them constantly. Communication can help us understand the thoughts of our parents. When talking to your parents, observe your tone that it should be very low. We should not sound like bossing them around Nauzubillah. Look at them with respect. Do something small but meaningful for them. For example, clean the kitchen after dinner without being asked. Parents will notice and appreciate your acts of kindness.

Share good news with them. Avoid sharing bad news with them. Speak well of their friends and loved ones to them. Keep in remembrance, as well as gratefully discuss in their presence, the good things they did for you. If they repeat a story, listen like it's the first time they are telling it. Don't bring up painful memories from the past. Avoid side conversations in their presence. Don't belittle their opinions and thoughts. Avoid cutting

them off when they speak.

Avoid walking in front or ahead of them. Avoid eating before them, let them start instead. Avoid putting your feet up in front of them or sitting with your back to them. Avoid seeming bored or tired in their presence. Give them presents. Bringing them even just simple things will make them happy, not because you gave them something, but because they feel special and remembered.

Do not do things that can upset them. Sometimes it may seem like your parents don't understand, despite that, it is important to remain respectful towards them. And be humble and say 'sorry' even if you think it is not your fault. We should value their wisdom. For instance, if we were to visit a doctor, we would want someone who had the experience and training to diagnose and treat our illness. The same is true for parents; what you are experiencing as a child or teen, your parents have experienced as well. Learning to see them as professionals at life will help us to develop a different level of respect for them.

Lastly, we should always keep them in our prayers. Make them your priority above anything as it is an abundant blessing to have our parents in our lives. So lets be thankful for our parents' love and sacrifices for us. We can never repay them even if we bring them the whole world under their feet. It is their most essential right to be loved and honoured, with the good exaggeration ●

Was'salam,
Bint Zahid
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Women of knowledge

An illuminating extract from a spiritual discourse of **Hadhrat Maulana Abdul Sattar Hafidhahullah**

Translation by **Bint Aftab Ahmed**

Most ladies of the village in Kamila were said to have learnt the knowledge of Mishkat and Durr-e-Mukhtar: two subjects that are nowadays taught to not just the one who is an Alim but an Alim of the highest degree, or a Mufti. And these women did not go to schools or even medrassahs to get this knowledge—it was taught at homes. Some ladies would be teaching a certain book in one house, their neighbour would be teaching another book or another subject in their house, their relative would be teaching a third subject, and so on. They did not have medrassahs, schools, universities or the luxury of the internet, and yet their knowledge paralleled that of the highest ulama of today.

The Prophet ﷺ is quoted to have said that seeking knowledge is obligatory for every Muslim man and woman. Many people use this hadith to justify Western schooling and colleges and universities, but the reality is that the knowledge that the Prophet ﷺ referred to was that of deen; the knowledge that beautifies our homes and enlightens our hearts, the knowledge that the Sahabah struggled to earn and that they passed on to us.

Hadhrat Hasan Nadwi Rahimahullah has said that he learned Arabic poetry at a very young age. The women in his house used to sit every day with a book about the Sahabah, read from it and discussed it. This book was written by Ibn Hisham Rahimahullah in Arabic and contained knowledge about the Sahabah and their lives in a poetic style. Because he would



hear this poetry every day as he grew up - playing and running around the house - he did not have to learn it but instead knew it as our children know Pushto or Sindhi or Punjabi. And this is why it is so essential for women to be religiously educated, for only if women have such knowledge and Imaan can children grow up to be like Hadhrat Hadhrat Hasan Nadwi Rahimahullah. The kind of tarbiyah a woman gives her child depends on the kind of education she herself has. But sadly, the environment of our homes today is very negligent. The women don't have any direction or tarbiyah of their own so what would they do for the future Ummahs. Therefore it is binding for us all to acquire knowledge of deen ourselves first and then pass it onto others.

May Allah ﷻ give us the taufeeq to gain religious education and then pass it onto our children while raising them in the light of the Quran and Sunnah. Ameen

Vanished

By Waniya Sakib

Age: 9

It was just a normal day and I was walking down a vast hallway on the 13th floor of my school, "The Learning Paradise". There was an art room, which aroused suspicion for anyone who passed by it. The room was said to be 1000 centuries old. Whenever I passed that room it sent chills down my spine. Most people avoided that floor due to the freight which that room causes in the people. I often stopped by and tried to control my fear while I silently observed the creepy looks of the room. I found it so strange when I looked at two boarded up windows on either sides of the brown mysterious door. The door was pretty creepy too. A rusty old chain hung there along with many little cobwebs on the top corners of the door. It showed that nobody had entered that door since long. I realised that there were little cracks in the door but I never dared to peep in through them. There were many rumours about that unusual room. My friend once told me that there was a young seventh grader who came here all alone and he was never seen again. Due to the sudden disappearance of their only child the parents were in deep sorrow.

I got to know that the seventh grader vanished on 1st May 2010. I was walking down the hallway all alone and as I was reaching the room's door a thought occurred to me. It was the same date when the boy had vanished! I was thinking whether I should step in or not and found myself walking towards the crooked door of the unusual room with my feet

weighing five kgs. I caught a faint glimmer of light shining through the boarded up windows - my curiosity urged me forward. I was just about to peep in one of the cracks in the door when a hand touched my shoulder. I fell forward with horror and as the door was very loose it fell open instantly. I didn't dare to open my eyes when I heard my best friend's voice whispering my name.

I opened my eyes and saw my friend standing right next to me. The door stood open behind us and we could see a faint shadow moving around. Suddenly a strange sound was heard and the shadow gradually revealed itself. My friend gasped; it was the boy who had vanished!

Of course, I didn't know what she was talking about. She saw the expressions on my face and pointed out the boy's features. The hair, eyes and voice were the same as we saw in pictures, but of course the boy was much older. My friend asked him if he was really the boy who vanished. His answer was yes and after he helped me up from the floor he asked us to



go back. But we wanted to discover why was he hiding there the whole time. I wanted to discover the mystery and get the boy to come out of his hiding place. I also wanted to be famous by solving the vanished boy's mystery. I saw the room like an M&M. The room was ugly on the outside but pretty on the inside just like an M&M is shell on the outside and chocolate inside. The boy eventually told us that his name was Danyal and when he felt that he could trust us, he showed us a trapdoor that had five tunnels that led to the main rooms of the school. I secretly spotted a strange green door that the boy did not tell us about. I thought about asking but didn't. I was posi-

noise sounded like the sounds that I heard at the place where Danyal showed us the trap doors. I suddenly remembered the mysterious door and then the strange sounds. That's it!!

The music was definitely coming from that door. The feeling of solving a great mystery drifted through me and that urged me to visit the room once more. Danyal wasn't a ghost after all. This time I decided to go alone. The next day I sneaked out to the 13th floor during the recess, when everyone was busy playing games. I hesitated for a moment outside the room's door, I looked around to make sure that I was not being followed. I gave the door

I was just about to peep in one of the cracks in the door when a hand touched my shoulder. I fell forward with horror and as the door was very loose it fell open instantly.

tive that there was something big and mysterious behind the door.

The five tunnel led to the head's office, the library, the reception, the laboratory and the cafeteria. That's how he managed to live there, he got food from cafe and was in constant contact with the principal as well as his parents. He then told us to leave quickly so that we could reach our class unseen and on time. Otherwise, if anyone realised that we were missing and someone reported that we were on the 13th floor, there would be a big chaos.

We quickly followed Danyal's instructions and reached the class safely exactly when the bell rang.

The day ended like any normal day. I was soon tucked up in my cozy bed and I could hear the windows rattling due to the wind's force. The

a gentle push and to my surprise, Danyal was standing in front of me as if he was expecting me.

I was frightened and said sorry for intruding but he simply stood there smiling. He suddenly spoke up. "I knew you will come back; I saw curiosity in your eyes." I found myself asking about the green door and the strange tunes of course. He took me through the door and said that I mustn't speak to anyone about what I saw. I saw a huge machine with clocks ticking here and there. It was a time machine. He said he wanted to travel in time to discover the future and was secretly assigned this mission by the mayor of the city and the principal. I knew that I mustn't spoil this big opportunity for him. I decided to keep this a secret. I thought may be some day I might get to see my future too. I wished Danyal good luck for his project and asked if he needed any assistance. He said he would call me soon, if he will need

Radiance Creative Writing Saturday School



How do you herald the onset of winters?

H“Snow! The clean sparkling perfection. Beaming like a full moon. The icicles twinkling on the trees. Isn’t it beautiful? But wait up – get real! In our beloved city of Karachi, we don’t get to see all this. Snow in Karachi is like putting toothpaste back into the tube – you’ll hardly get it. But yet we can enjoy our peaceful story writing sessions and a cup of hot chocolate to seize the day.”

When children sit together in the Radiance magazine Saturday School they come up with all sorts of ideas. They learnt interjections like ‘Hooray’, ‘Oh no’, ‘Ouch’ and started using them in their sentences to make them more interesting, in fact, learnt to use simple words as interjections too like ‘Snow’ in the above paragraph.

With various such activities to keep children thoroughly engaged and inspired at the same time, these Saturday classes are trying to pave the way ahead for kids to be our future authors In’sh’Allah; thus the workshops rightly named “Authors at work”. We feel an overall lack of good writing skills in children and adults alike so felt a great need for such activities and what started as just a small program is now continuing on recurring requests from the participants so they can keep benefiting, shine their skills and effortlessly craft mesmerising stories in no time In’sha’Allah.

Below are some reviews of the mothers whose kids had been attending these classes.

“A few months back, a message regarding a 2-hour creative writing and Islamic stories



Saturday school was regulated. I was very excited to send my son to this class. This Saturday creative writing class proved to be a complete package as it is offering variety of fabulous activities for children to love what they are writing. Whatever topic they cover, be it narrative writing, writing a poem using the first letters of the words or the rules practiced in their house, kids are involved in drawing, decorating and even baking to make the work more memorable and interesting for them. Kids are also doing some serious vocabulary building exercises through worksheets and handouts which is very useful for them when doing creative writings.

Tarbiyah is a great aspect of this class as my son is getting great motivation to wake up for fajr after being a part of this class, Alhamdulillah.

Overall, it is an overwhelming experience for both mothers and children.”

Umm Ammar

“I have always struggled with creative writing for my son as he never took any interest in writing but Alhamdulillah after having taken the Radiance Saturday classes he likes writing stories and has also become very religiously

inspired. It is so nice to hear the stories of Prophets and Sahabah that he retells us that he had listened from the teacher in the Saturday class. Jazakillahu khairan kaseera for everything.”

Umm Ayaan Ihsan

“These creative writing classes exceeded my expectations. With exciting hand-on activities and worthwhile information that children can use in both their writing and speaking, these classes are one of the kind. I am thankful for my child having the opportunity to attend. Great stuff!”

Umm Hadia

It is very hard to find anything as creative and meticulous as the Creative writing Saturday School by Baitussalam. Alhamdulillah it has only been a month that my daughter had been attending it and I have seen phenomenal change in her writing skills. She even tries to speak better vocabulary words now which is a very positive sign. I hope these classes would continue please. My best wishes for you all. May Allah taala give lots of barakah in your efforts. Ameen

Dr Aisha



Surah Falaq and Surah Naas

There are 4 options for each question, lets see if you can choose the correct answer to them all.

1. What is NOT common in Surah Falaq & Surah Naas?

- A) Both start with a command
- B) The protection is sought through both the surahs
- C) In both, we ask Allah's protection through His 3 names
- D) We are dependent on Allah as per both surahs

2. Messenger ﷺ said: This (envy) is the shaver; I do not say that it shaves hair, but that it destroys faith." (Jaami' Al Tirmidhi, 2434). Envy is mentioned in which ayah?

- A) وَمِنْ شَرِّ حَاسِدٍ إِذَا حَسَدَ
- B) وَمِنْ شَرِّ غَاسِقٍ إِذَا وَقَبَ
- C) مِنْ شَرِّ الْوَسْوَاسِ الْخَنَّاسِ
- D) وَمِنْ شَرِّ الْفَقْطِ فِي الْعُقَدِ

3. Due to doubt, someone is making wudu again and again, he doubts about his cleanliness and praying right or not. Then he is suffering from:

- A) Evil eye
- B) Magic
- C) Envy
- D) Whispers

4. In Surah Naas, which of Allah's Names are mentioned?

- A) رب، ملك، خالق
- B) رب، ملك، اله
- C) رب، خالق، اله
- D) ملك، رازق، اله

5. During night time, there is more danger of criminals and wild animals etc. Hence we ask for protection from darkness. Which ayat mentions darkness?

- A) وَمِنْ شَرِّ غَاسِقٍ إِذَا وَقَبَ
- B) وَمِنْ شَرِّ الْفَقْطِ فِي الْعُقَدِ
- C) مِنْ شَرِّ مَا خَلَقَ
- D) وَمِنْ شَرِّ حَاسِدٍ إِذَا حَسَدَ

6. ----- is the first sin committed in heaven (Iblees did against Adam (عليه السلام)). And it is the first sin committed on earth; Qabeel had killed his own brother due to the same reason. Likewise, Jews knew Rasoolullah (ﷺ) was a true Prophet and yet they did not testify him.

- A) Shirk
- B) Whisper
- C) Magic
- D) Envy

8. Meaning of which word is WRONG?

- A) مَلِكٍ - king
- B) غَاسِقِي - darkness
- C) شَرٌّ - evil
- D) جَنَّةٍ - garden

10. Which statement is WRONG about whispering?

- A) It is must to expel the whispers by dua & taking necessary steps
- B) You are not responsible for sin if it is done due to whisper
- C) Whisper is not allowed to discuss except necessary for treatment
- D) You will not be questioned if whisper comes in your heart

7. We don't know that any magic is done to us or not and if it is so then done by whom. But we can seek Allah's protection from the evil of the magic. Which ayah mentions about the magician?

- A) وَمِنْ شَرِّ النَّفَّاثَاتِ فِي الْعُقَدِ
- B) مِنْ شَرِّ مَا خَلَقَ
- C) وَمِنْ شَرِّ حَاسِدٍ إِذَا حَسَدَ
- D) وَمِنْ شَرِّ غَاسِقٍ إِذَا وَقَبَ

9. Which of the below statement is INCORRECT about the first and last surah of the Quran?

- A) In Fatiha, we ask for Allah's help while we ask for His protection in Naas
- B) In Fatiha, we pray for protection from going astray while in Naas we ask for protection from whispers
- C) Allah's same names are mentioned in both the surahs
- D) Word 'Rabbil Aalameen' has come for Allah in Fatiha while 'Rabbin Naas' in surah Naas

10 - B
9 - C
8 - D
7 - A
6 - D
5 - A
4 - B
3 - D
2 - A
1 - C

Answers

Turning six

part 1 of 2

In a world ravaged by rampant injustice, this story by Eeman Adeel makes us experience how harsh are the customs and how they needn't be that way



Gzz gzz gzz. The cold electric razor touches my ear, eliciting a sideways jerk. Chocolate strands with a tinge of golden fall swiftly on the floor. I'm instructed to keep my head straight yet again. I have wanted to look similar to Apa for a while now. Today's my sixth birthday, hence the spontaneous haircut in the midst of the time-pressed week. In Khairi Murrat, girls are made to shave their heads as per tradition. "To fit into society better", "to earn more for their families", "to be widely accepted by other people" were a few responses by village elders to the oft-asked question "Why?"

Quicker than I had envisaged, the barber finally sets me free from the neck-throttling, breath-clasping, constantly-itching blue nylon fabric. A reflexive gasp leaves my mouth as I stare at myself in the cracked dirty mirror. I don't know what is more surprising; the fact that I don't look remotely close to Apa, or the fact that my luscious locks are gone, presumably for eternity. I recall Apa cautioning about the uneasy sensation that will kick in as I set eyes upon a new me. Disregarding the momentary thought, I tug out the fifty rupee note, hand it to the patient barber, thank him, and meander back home.

Stepping on the irregularities embedded in the gravel road on the short-lived voyage, I try to imagine what Apa would say about my new hair. This is the first of, hopefully, many expeditions anywhere out of the main door without Apa's eagle-eyed watch. Imagery of the innumerable kidnapping stories

A reflexive gasp leaves my mouth as I stare at myself in the cracked dirty mirror.

Ma told me keep popping up in my brain. No more ambling, I pick up my pace. As I reach the premises of the land I can call my own, I breathe a sigh of relief. I trudge to the wooden front door, it needs fixing. The lock doesn't do its assignment and the bolt merely screeches. Upon thrusting the door open, the snug ambiance greets me along with the warming smell of carrot pudding. Ma is cooking supper on the far right corner. For once, a change in my appearance didn't require a piercing squeal for everyone to commend. Ma says I look like an angel. Baba is too busy shuffling packets of seeds to respond beyond a brief glance. Fatima hugs my legs tightly, her head reaching my knees, her heels in the air. Apa passes a beautiful smile, through which I can clearly see remorse and sympathy, virtually spelled out.

Apa is eleven. She tells me I'm too young to comprehend the happenings of life, that I'll realize my ambition to live like her would surpass one day. I'm not sure about her first remark, but I definitely disagree with her second. Every night Apa tucks me in a blanket laid on the carpeted floor, next to her own, and we chatter our way to sleep. She tells me about her childhood, how it molded her, how it ruined her. She was six when Baba stepped on her side of the carpet and enforced her to change out of her "hideous pink rice paper-like garments" into something more "acceptable and blue". Apa still despises the word "acceptable". Everyone uses it as a criterion for the norm, it's uglier than it sounds, Apa says. Ba yanked her bamboo doll out of her fragile salmon hands and dragged her to the barber shop. Forced to get

rid of her alluring auburn hair, her expedition to the barber was far more traumatising and crestfallen than mine. Apa distinctly remembers the stinging on the top of her nose from excessive sniffing, her blameless welled up eyes pulsating to the extent where they could effortlessly fall out. Sporadic spans by Baba failed to quieten her, leading her to spend the rest of the day in isolation, without any food, the scorching heat left to nudge her. Albeit she was officially a member of the family, she was disheartened with life there on. I am still unable to comprehend that. Being able to go out as Sikandar Mian's eldest 'son' was a huge honour; after all, Baba was the best farmer in the village. But Apa never saw that as a benefit for herself. Conceivably because she was never allowed to wear pink anymore, or grow out her hair like the city girls, or play with dolls, tea sets and ribbons. Her sixth birthday was the most appalling, according to her. As she reminisces tragic events, they sometimes influence my cognition, but Baba reminds me Apa is "a rhinestone in an emerald village", so I crowd her theories under Ba's insular assertions in my brain.

"Wounds heal indeed, scars don't. They linger on, reminding you of their horrendous attachments." Apa was quick-witted. Due to her past, I surmise.

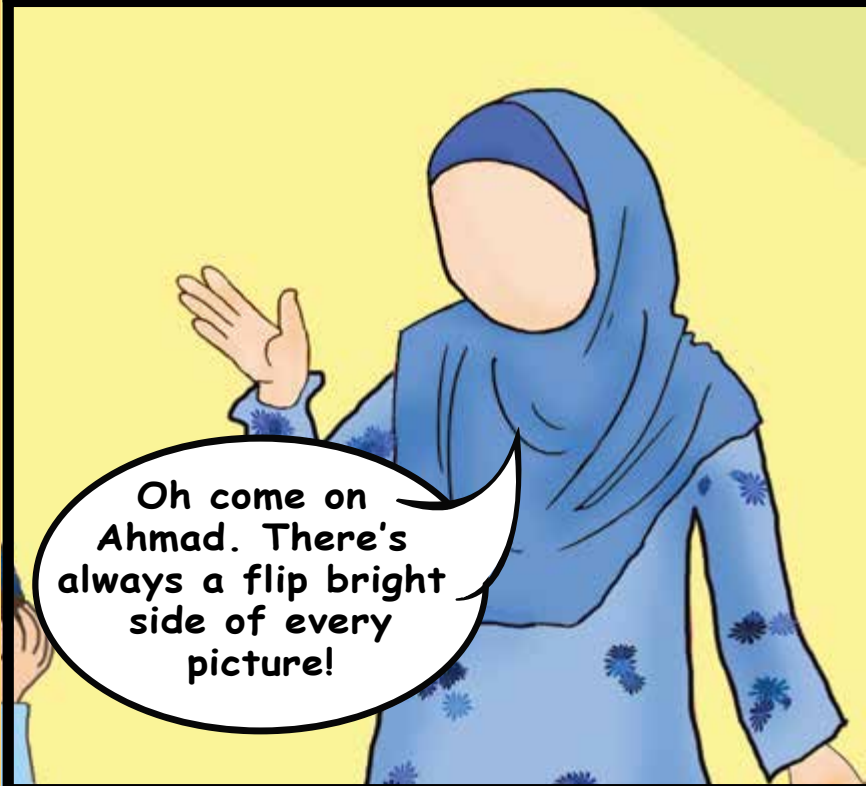
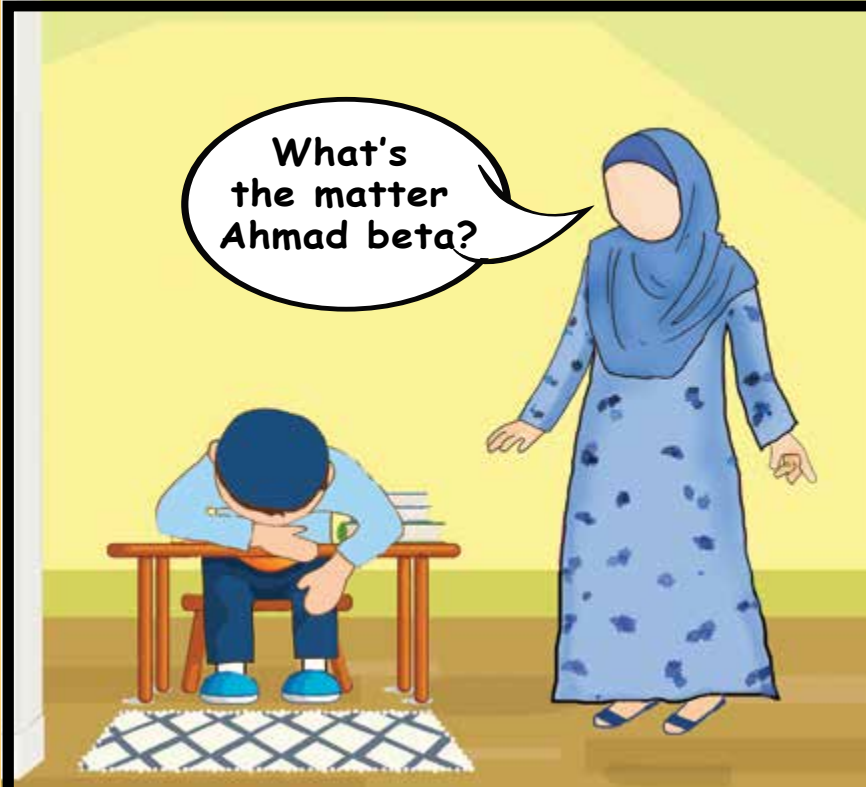
Apa's account of her first day at work is a slightly empathising one

Continued In'sha'Allah...

That's the

Concept by Z

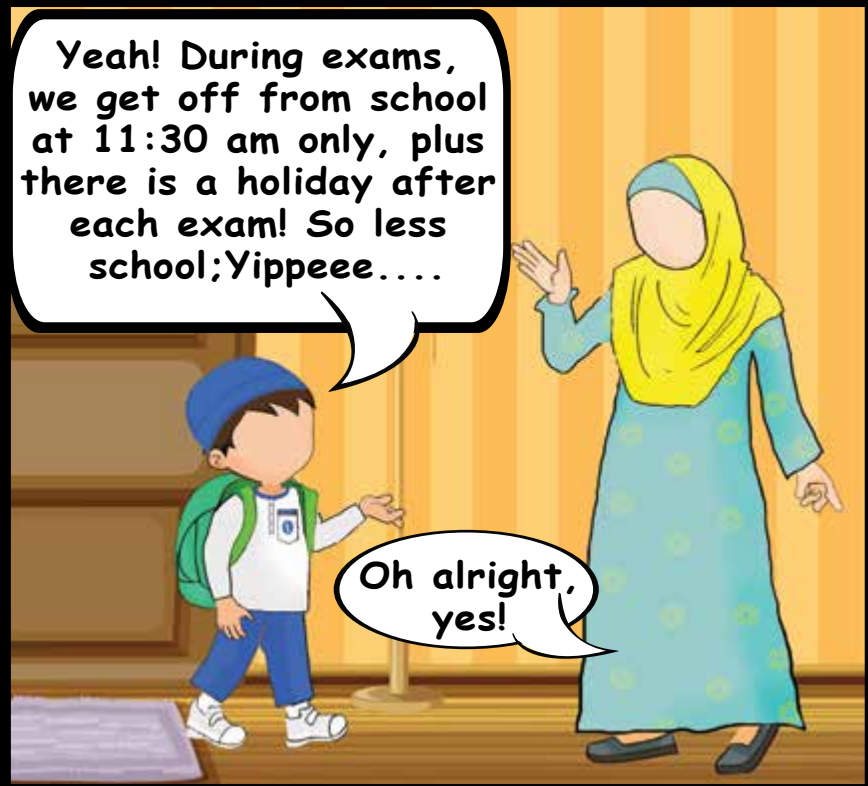
Artwork by Zaw



way I see it

Zawjah Zia

Jah Jahangir



The Love for a Purpose

by **Easha Radia**

Heart wrenching! O, lift me up to the place I
deserve
O Lord, lift me up to the place you have made
me for

My heart burns with the love of Your wonders
I just can't leave this love to wander

In forests of silence, amidst clouds of thunder
In darkened paths, in skies asunder

O! This Love of mine, deserves so much, does
it not?
O! This Love of mine, I just cannot hold on

Why? These thorns should lie in it's way, trying
to scare?
When it is so sublime, so pure, so aesthetic, so
close

Guide me, O Beloved through this slimy
grime
Hold me, carry me out towards the
beauty of Time

Hold me! Do not let go, O! Please do not
let me go
Bless my desperate love, my desolate heart

When will my eyes see me climb Thy hill
When will I finally know Your true will

I am a human, restless, peaceful all at the
same time
I am but still a human, thinking that it's
all fine

Give my heart the rhythm of my love, of my
life
So that whatever pleases Thee, my heart
is ready to strive

Pleasure is what I so desire, O Beloved
Your pleasure, Your will, whatever you
contrive for me

And then I will know one day, the road
that takes me there
Where bliss is so pure, that there is no despair.

1. Singles Tennis Tournament

A singles tennis tournament is held in which 30 men participate. If a player is eliminated as soon as he loses a match, how many matches are required to determine the winner?

2. Going Towards the River

One rabbit saw 6 elephants while going towards the river. Each elephant saw 2 monkeys going towards the river. Each monkey has one parrot in their hands. How many animals are going towards the river?

3. Sharpshooting

A sharpshooter hung up his hat and put on a blindfold. He then walked 100 yards, turned around, and shot a bullet through his hat. The blindfold was a perfectly good one, completely blocking the man's vision. How did he manage this?

He hung his hat on the barrel of his gun.

Answer 3 :

elephants are going towards the river.
 The 5 animals are the rabbit, 2 monkeys and 2 parrots. All
 5 animals are going towards the river.

Answer 2 :

to eliminate 29 of the 30 players, 29 matches are required.
 Every time a match is held, one player is eliminated and
 29 matches are required to determine the winner.

Answer 1 :



Giggles

Teacher: John, your composition on "My Cat" is exactly the same as your brother. Did you copy it?
John: No sir, it's the same cat!

Teacher: How old is your father?

Kid: He is 6.

Teacher: What? How is that possible?

Kid: He became the father only when I was born!

Teacher: Maria, go to the map and find North America.

Maria: Here it is.

Teacher: Correct. Now, class, who discovered America?

Class: Maria!

Teacher: Glenn, how do you spell "crocodile"?

Glenn: K R O K O D I A L

Teacher: No that's wrong.

Glenn: Maybe, but you asked me how I spell it!

Teacher: Donald, what's the chemical formula for water?

Donald: H I J K L M N O

Teacher: Huh?

Donald: You said yesterday it was H to O.



Find all 5 differences





What You Need:

- Wide shallow dish
 - Water
- Red pepper flakes
 - Bar of soap
- Paper and pencil
- Paper clip, penny, or marble (optional)

Magic Soap Experiment

What You Do:

1. Help your child fill the shallow dish with water. Have her sprinkle red pepper flakes into the dish.
2. Ask her to write an observation about how the pepper flakes appear in the water before the soap is added. They are floating on the surface of the water. She may want to draw a picture of her observation.
3. Have her put the bar of soap in the middle of the dish of water and watch what happens. The pepper flakes all move away from the soap to the edges of the dish!
4. She can write about or draw her observations. Ask her if she has a hypothesis (a best guess) about what happened?

What is happening

Explain that water has a high surface tension which makes pepper flakes float on top. When soap is added to water, soap destroys the surface tension in the area right around the soap. Soap has big molecules that are attracted to water, interfering with water molecules and their high surface tension. Pepper flakes can only float where water has high surface tension, so the flakes move away from the soap!

Rinse the dish and refill it if your child wants to experiment with other objects in the middle besides soap, such as a paperclip, penny, or marble. She will find that these do not drive away pepper flakes like soap does; they do not put out molecules interfering with water surface tension like soap does!



HADHRAT KA'AB

IBN MALIK رضي الله عنه

Zawjah Junaid Mukaty
astounds us with vital lessons from
the life of Hadhrat Ka'ab ibn Malik رضي الله عنه

Hadhrat Ka'ab and his father, Malik, both were well known for their eloquent poetry all over Madinah. They were chiefly the composer of heroic poems during the wars between Aws and Khizraj before the advent of Islam. Hadhrat Ka'ab continued with this practice after Islam too but then he recited it for his beloved Prophet ﷺ.

He accepted Islam on the hands of Hadhrat Musa'ab bin Umair and was part of significant events which in future turned out to be game changers for Islam. He was among the seventy three men who did second pledge at Uqabah and among the forty who gathered and performed Salat ul Jummah in Madinah before Hadhrat Muhammad's ﷺ migration to Madinah.

Hadhrat Ka'ab was known as Abu Basheer before he became a Muslim but afterwards, Holy Prophet ﷺ changed it to Abu Abdullah. He was a pious, young and wealthy man who loved Allah and His Prophet ﷺ deeply and offered all his obligations wholeheartedly.

During the Battle of Uhud, a fake news of martyrdom of the Holy Prophet ﷺ spread around. Muslims fell in despair and started to disperse. Hadhrat Ka'ab spotted the Prophet ﷺ and cried with great happiness, 'Here is Rasulullah ﷺ!'

He also participated in all the battles with Prophet ﷺ except two; Battle of Badar and Battle of Tabuk. Battle of Badar was not a planned fight, thus many companions were left behind. However, in the Battle of Tabuk, he made a mistake which turned out to be Hadhrat Ka'ab's major test of faith.

The whole story is narrated in a Hadith present in Riyadh us Sualiheen: "The weather was extremely hot and the dates were ready to be picked. The distance to Tabuk was long and the army to be faced was huge. Many hypocrites came up to Prophet ﷺ with different excuses to stay behind. Allah's Apostle ﷺ accepted their excuses, as well as of those who were old, sick or very poor. Hadhrat Ka'ab also intended to join the Muslim army. He was financially and physically strong and knew he'll be ready in no time, so he planned to prepare for the journey later. Days passed but he remained inactive thinking that he will catch up. But one day he found out that the army had already left. He prepared his horse and weapons, but when he learnt that the army had reached quite a distance, he hesitated. Realising that there was no way he would reach in time, he stayed back in Madinah.

'I would walk in the streets of Madinah after the Prophet ﷺ had left and I would see only a

People came rushing on their horses to deliver Hadhrat Ka'ab the good news. He hurried to Masjid e Nabwi and found the Prophet ﷺ there - his face shining from happiness.

hypocrite or a weak man who was excused. I wish that I had joined the Prophet ﷺ,' he later said, reproaching himself for not promptly answering the call to Jihad. Each and every moment was heavy like a mountain upon him. He did not know how he'll face the Holy Prophet ﷺ or what would be his excuse until he decided to lie to avoid the wrath.

When Prophet ﷺ reached Madinah, Hadhrat Ka'ab ﷺ went up to him. 'What kept you behind?' he was asked.

'By Allah,' Hadhrat Ka'ab said, 'if I were talking to someone other than you I would be saved from his wrath by giving an excuse as I am an eloquent convincing man, but if I were to tell you something that will make you content with me, I surely know that Allah will make you angry at me, and I hope by telling you the truth, Allah will forgive me. By Allah, I have no excuse! And by Allah, I was never stronger nor wealthier than when I stayed back.'

'As for this man, he has told the truth' Prophet ﷺ said, and turning to Ka'ab, he said: 'Get up and await Allah's decree.'

The Prophet ﷺ had forbidden Muslims to talk to him. There were two other Badri Muslims who were going through the same situation. They remained in their houses crying and praying for forgiveness but Hadhrat Ka'ab was a strong man. He would go out in the market and pray with other Muslims in the Masjid, but nobody would talk to him. His best friend Abu Qutadah did not answer his Salam and would turn his face. Prophet ﷺ would look at him while he was in his Salah but would turn his face away when Hadhrat Ka'ab looked him.

Hadhrat Ka'ab felt miserable. For him, the tests came from all sides. King of Ghassanid's, a Christian Arab tribe, sent him a letter which said: 'We got news that your master has deserted you. Allah did not intend for you to be humiliated, so join us, we will give you respect that you deserve.' Hadhrat Ka'ab knew this was a test and burnt the letter.

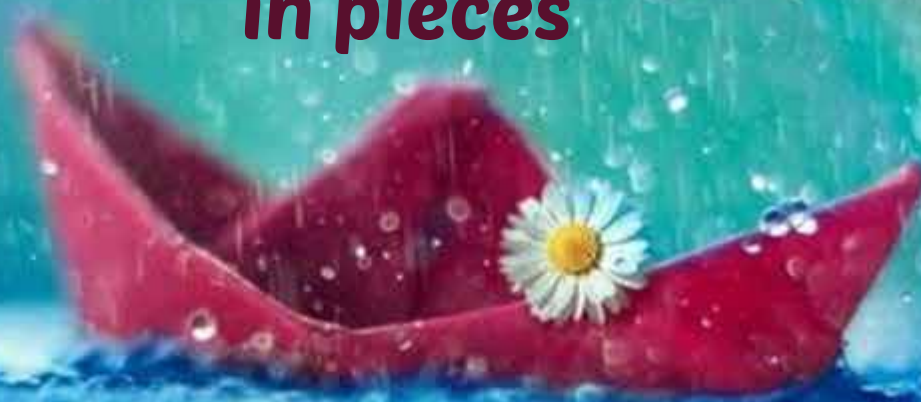
Forty days had passed by but the ordeal had not ended. He kept on praying, asking for forgiveness, hoping that he will be pardoned. He felt the earth tightening around him. Fifty days passed. He was praying Salat ul Fajr when he heard a man announcing the glad tidings for him. People came rushing on their horses to deliver Hadhrat Ka'ab the good news. He hurried to Masjid e Nabwi and found the Prophet ﷺ there - his face shining from happiness.

Allah had sent a revelation, present in Surah Tauba, concerning the three companions who missed the battle: "Allah has forgiven the Prophet, the Muhajireen, and the Ansar who followed him in the time of distress, after the hearts of a party of them had nearly deviated, but He accepted their repentance. Certainly, He is unto them full of Kindness, Most Merciful. And He did forgive also the three whom the Prophet left (i.e., did not decide in their case), till for them the earth, vast as it is, was strained and their own selves were strained to them and they perceived that there is no fleeing from Allah, and no refuge but with Him. Then He accepted their repentance that they might repent unto Him. Verily, Allah is the One Who accepts repentance, Most Merciful."

Hadhrat Ka'ab had never been this overjoyed.

Continued on pg 23

Keeping peace while falling in pieces



“You inhale, exhale, breathe in, breathe out... coaxing yourself that it’s all in your head only,” jots down this diary by Hafsa Kamal but does this coaxing help you phase out of the disastrous whirlpool going on in your mind? Lets read on to find out...

Dear diary,

Want to know what it feels like to be in a room full of people laughing and talking but suddenly their voices seem like hollow echoes and their faces turn into visual pictures? The cold grip of disillusionment and lightheadedness smothers you. You can’t breathe.

You gulp air to your sacs, struggling to fill them. It doesn’t help. You try to yawn to allow air in. But it’s still not helping. You hear voices but you can’t make out the words. They seem like they’ve been transported to a different world than yours. You are all alone. You smile politely and excuse yourself. You can talk and walk but it seems surreal. It’s like you’re floating. You raise your hand to the centre of your vision. It doesn’t feel like it belongs to you. Panic shoots through your veins like a jolt. You want to feel ok but it’s a fight.

You inhale, exhale, breathe in, breathe out... coaxing yourself that it’s all in your head only. You’re fine. You’re thinking too much. It’s going to be fine. Phase it out. Power through it. It will be over.

And just like that, your racing heart resumes normalcy. Your spinning world stabilises. Your breathing becomes better. You are alright.

According to recent research, all physical reality is made up of vibrations of energy; even your thoughts are vibrations of energy. While it sounds like a concept or theory, this is a new reality that quantum physics has revealed to us.

This is in accordance with the saying of our noble Prophet ﷺ when he said, “... Verily, there is an organ in the body which when sound and good, makes the whole body sound (as well) but when polluted makes the whole body pol-luted; indeed it is the heart.”

‘The heart’ here is synonymous to the state of mind. The abovementioned hadith has a physical and a spiritual meaning attached to it. What consumes your mind, controls your life. Positive thinking breeds prosperity and bliss while negativity gives rise to anxiety, depression and despair. On the other hand, evil

Just like a child doesn't have to worry about most of the things; food, security and clothes because that's the guardian's job to fulfill, similarly, a believer should know that Allah has promised for his provision and happiness.

fostered in the mind through suspicion, backbiting, hatred, greed, self-pity (ingratitude) or anger may have a detrimental effect on one's life at large. Plotting or whining will never get one anywhere in life except for wallowing in a wasteland between one year till the next unless one decides to change the way one feels or thinks.

The root cause of anxiety can be anything at all or have multiple reasons, however, every mental illness can be dispelled through one remedy - The Quran. From the direct recitation of it to understanding its meaning, the Quran allows us to prioritise with our intent and purpose in this world.

Allah ﷻ says (interpretation of the meaning): "Whoever works righteousness – whether male or female – while he (or she) is a true believer (of Islamic Monotheism) verily, to him We will give a good life (in this world with respect, contentment and lawful provision), and We shall pay them certainly a reward in proportion to the best of what they used to do (i.e. Paradise in the Hereafter)." [Al-Nahl 16:97]

The trick is to divert ourselves from what causes us anxiety and strive for whatever helps us relax. Having absolute trust and faith in Allah, knowing His Promise to the believers and that He will never test a person with more than what s/he can bear certainly relieves a load off one's mind. Just like a child doesn't have to worry about most of the things; food, security and clothes because that's the guardian's job to fulfill, similarly, a believer should know

that Allah has promised for his provision and happiness.

We will never be able to see the blessings if we are more focused on the difficulties. Whatever we dwell on, expands. So let's project our mind to paint His bounties, especially at times when our heart threatens to pound against our chest. That's the only way out - At-Tawakkul 'ala Allah

Continued from pg 21

"Verily Allah has saved me because of my truthfulness, so I will make it part of my repentance to speak only the truth as long as I live." He later said, "Since that day I never willfully said a lie, and I hope that Allah will guard me from doing it until I die." He died in the fiftieth Hijra at the age of seventy seven.

We as Muslims make so many mistakes, willingly or unwillingly, and do not feel ashamed or ask for repentance. Our hands, feet, eyes, tongue and all the other body parts will speak against us on the Day of Judgement. Why not make them speak in our favour instead. We should repent and ask for forgiveness for our mistakes, big or small. Our Allah is All-For-giving, and He will make us His friends too In'shaa' Allah like we see from the example of the sincere repentance of Hadhrat Ka'ab

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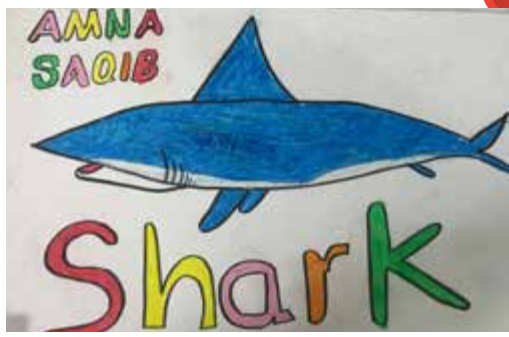
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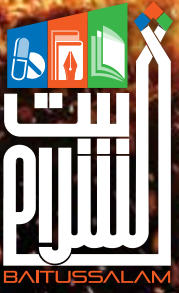


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