

celebrating  
the joys of  
submission!

# radiance

LIVING AND LOVING THE YOUNG MUSLIM LIFESTYLE

Can you  
imagine it?

The Fight  
for a Flower

Comic: Am I just  
saying it?

*Finding Farah*



PKR 60    USD 3.5  
GBP 3    DHS 10



# ARABIAN JEWELLERS

A DREAM COME TRUE

SINCE 1978



# 40 YEARS

*of elegance*



+92 21 3567 5525

+92 21 3521 5251

+92 32 1277 5525

[www.arabianjewellers.com](http://www.arabianjewellers.com)

[arabianjeweller@gmail.com](mailto:arabianjeweller@gmail.com)



### Patron

Hadhrat Maulana Abdul Sattar  
Hafidhahullah



### Executive Editor

Bint Zahid



### Associate Editor

Zawjah Zia  
Bint Aftab Ahmed



### Advisory Board

Bint Nishat  
Hafsa Kamal  
Eeman Adeel  
Ayesha Marfani  
Zawjah Ibrahim  
Zohra Noushin Ahmed



### Design & Layout

Zawjah Jahangir



### Printers

wasaprinters@cyber.net.pk



### Reach us at

30-C, Basement 2nd Comm. Street,  
Phase 4, D.H.A., Karachi, Pakistan.

**P** +92 21 35313278

**W** [radiance.fahmedeen.org](http://radiance.fahmedeen.org)

**E** [radianceteam8@gmail.com](mailto:radianceteam8@gmail.com)



### For Advertising Queries

**E** [marketing@fahmedeen.org](mailto:marketing@fahmedeen.org)

**P** + 92 332 827 8537

**Please Note** All contributions must mention full name and address. We accept original contributions only. If the matter is from a book or any source, it is expected that the source be mentioned. The editorial team does not assume any liability on the part of the contributing writer's deliberation nor necessarily agree with their views

You may use any part of this magazine to © propogate the *deen* of Islam, but alongside you **MUST** provide the reference where the original article was taken from. No change or amendment should be made to the information itself without prior permission from the editorial team

This magazine contains the sacred name of Allah ﷻ and Prophet ﷺ. Please maintain their due regard. Do not throw the magazine in trash. Either circulate, share, keep, recycle or dispose in proper Islamic manner.

# SNEAK A PEEK

ed's den

04

Can you imagine it?

fresh pens

18

The Fight for a Flower

dear diary

06

Finding Farah, Part-1



Quran Quiz

08

Surah Ikhlāas and  
Surah Lahab

what's new

21

Swimming Competitions  
2018

storynory

10

Turning six, Part-2

fresh artist

22



cook some fun

24

Classic Hot Chocolate  
1 Minute Microwave Brownie

screws n bolts

12

A mixed bag of fun and  
frolic

poetic rush

25

Finding Him  
Lose or win

comic

14

Am I just saying it?

leading lights

16

Hadhrat Usaid bin Huzair ﷺ



poster

26

# Can you imagine it?



Have you ever felt frozen to death? When your senses bid you a cold farewell and you feel as if everyone and everything in the universe has joined hands against you. It was one such moment for me...

The school votes had clearly elected me as the president of the writer's club but when the announcement later came in the assembly that day, the school's principal declared someone else's name! I couldn't believe what I heard, neither did some of my fellows whose heads I sensed turning my way. 'How can the election results be changed (rigged?) this way', was the question that every head probed.

I really didn't know, nor did I bother to ask anyone. But the most fatalistic aspect of this all was that when I had been the president last year, the magazine had received exceptional praise and now for the upcoming year too, me and my team had thought of some absolutely incredible ideas. The school's magazine was

something I cherished with all my heart and I just couldn't imagine my life without it. Or so I imagined...

I was on the verge of tears when my brain seemed to wake up and say, "It is only your imagination taking the better of you. Why are you imagining your life without this magazine; you will still be a part of it. And now with little up your sleeves to do for the school's magazine, you can work for some other publications at national and international levels too. As well as, there will be no more botheration from students always trying to force down your throat to have their articles included in the school magazine."


So now I was imagining the higher octave of life for I knew that if I raise my consciousness accordingly, then Allah ﷻ too will support it InshaAllah. When we nurture our imagination, it can help us discover real and workable ways to move forward in a world filled with challenges and constraints. And guess what; my articles were soon being published in the best Islamic magazines of America and London, including the 'Al-jumuah magazine'. Moreover, I was honoured being made the executive editor of one of the magazines in my own country. Although I wasn't at all capable or worthy enough for all this, but Allah ﷻ always compensates us with the better for our patience.

Once we imagine something, we actually make it possible for ourselves. It's all about trusting our Lord with our hard work and prayers, faithfully working towards our part of the work and then patiently, lovingly, and selflessly waiting for Him to do His. Our imagination cannot instantly change things in the

material world around us, yet it can change us, our attitude, our focus and the way we feel.

If we imagine that we are feeling tired, and drained and that we are good for nothing, we will soon start to actually feel that way. If we imagine that we are feeling enthusiastic, energetic, joyful and confident, we will quickly start to truly feel all these positive energies.

Hey! Are your eyes narrowing? You want to tell me that there are things which one cannot influence, and thus even if we imagine positive possibilities for ourselves, they are limited by the choices available to us!!

True, limits are there, but there is no definite way of knowing what they really are. Every limit as far as we test it, can be pushed, so why not push and test some more? Unless we struggle for the possibilities available for us, we'll never know if a better world existed; we'll not know what our limits actually are. In fact, no limit is limiting enough. So won't we just imagine it and start a positive momentum that can take us far? 

Was'salam,

**Bint Zahid**

Editor.radiance@gmail.com



*Heartening quotes from*  
**Maulana Rumi Rahimahullah**

“Everything in the universe is within you.  
Ask all from yourself.”

“Would you become a pilgrim on the road of love? The first condition is that you make yourself humble as dust and ashes.”

“This place is a dream. Only a sleeper considers it real. Then death comes like dawn, and you wake up laughing at what you thought was your grief.”

“Why do you stay in prison, when the door is so wide open?”

“Don't grieve. Anything you lose comes around in another form.”



dear  
diary



This diary by Hafsa Kamal unfurls the obscurities brewing within a typical young mind

I thought inspiration was something that hit someone in the gut to knock a person down on their head and get their brains whizzing with the impact.

Wrong.

I mean, I thought it'd be easy. You get 'inspired' and you write. Simple, yeah?

Wrong.

I thought I was a writer. It is a skill, isn't it?

Wrong with a capital W. Wrong, Wrong, Wrong...

I feel like smashing my skull against the wall so I could totally shake off the extremely erroneous preconceived notions I had all along. I was so stupid for thinking I was right. What did I turn out to be after all?

Wrong.

Will I ever find anything positive to write about myself anyway? Do I have any redeeming quality?

I think I am messed up. I love writing yet I simply can't. I know if I'd start writing I'd keep on listing my flaws. Many people have labeled me Ms Negative Nancy.

And I won't deny it, they aren't wrong.

I am Farah. A twenty-four year old female from Pakistan. If asked to describe myself in three words, I will find nothing positive to say so it is safe to keep that out of this.

I love food. I love sleep. I love dreaming.

# Finding Farah

Part 1 of 2

Contentment is a cute word. Just when you think you're content, you want more. And sometimes, you can't have more.

Please don't open the dictionary to search for 'slacker'.

-----

"Would you look at that," I stared at the beautiful array of glittering clothes rack in the display window.

"Worth it?" my sister scrunched up her nose.

"Worth seeing, is all."

"Let's check that one out," she cooed, suddenly spotting a gold sequined dress, "it will look so cute on you!"

"Oh," I don't even pretend to be modest, "it would totally go with my bangs; we have to get it before I am broke."

We amble our way into the store.

On our way back home, we grab a quick drink to digest the eye-candy dresses we had been virtually guzzling. We burped out a very hefty price tag, paid full and rode back home, content.

Contentment is a cute word. Just when you think you're content, you want more. And sometimes, you can't have more. Weird, isn't it? Sure did for Farah and all she could wistfully think was of the celebrities who could have everything they ever wanted, for free.

-----

I scroll down the screen, staring and sighing. Look at all the restaurants she'd been visiting, living alone with a loaded husband. Must be great to have a wad of cash on oneself in order to indulge on desires without having to worry about the dent in your bank account.

I scroll further down and see beaming faces

with beautiful, toned bodies. They're mothers with three kids, for God's sake. They manage to make it look so easy and comfortable to deal with. And check that size twelve body, perfectly gleaming set of pearly whites and shiny, combed hair. I don't look that beautiful on a good day and I have yet to have three kids, let alone a husband. How do all of these people have their lives so put together while I can't even organise my bedroom shelf, the one my mother has been harping on at me for over a week already.

I feel a hot rush of envy clench my insides.


My phone rings. Oh, I have friends. Thank Goodness, do I ever need one at the moment. As soon as I open my mouth to click, whistle and pulse-call (raising eyebrows? But of course, I did my research and that's the sound a whale makes and considering my constant wails that would be an apt way to describe it), Sarah immediately rushes over me, "Guess what? Mariam is traveling to Germany all alone!"

"Wow, honestly? Do her parents even let her?" "Well duh they would if she's going," I didn't need to see it to know she was probably rolling her eyes right now, "I'm not too bothered by that because I would totally be able to go too if it weren't for the fact that I'm going to Saudia for Umrah next week."

That's also a dream.

"Ugh stop, I am so jealous!" I laughed, "make duaa so I could land there next."

"Where?"

Very good question 

-----

*Continued In'sha'Allah...*

# Surah Ikhlaas and Surah Lahab

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

1. Which of the following ayah mentions Abu Lahab's failure and doom?

- A) تَبَّتْ يَدَا أَبِي لَهَبٍ وَتَبَّ
- B) مَا أَغْنَىٰ عَنْهُ مَالُهُ وَمَا كَسَبَ
- C) سَيَصْلَىٰ نَارًا ذَاتَ لَهَبٍ
- D) All of the above

2. Which of the following conclusion CANNOT be derived from Surah Lahab?

- A) Neither wealth & offspring nor our position & social status can save us from Allah's punishment
- B) A mushrik will not be forgiven; even the closest relative of Rasoolullah ﷺ
- C) We shouldn't have enmity with relatives
- D) Standing against Allah & His messenger ﷺ results in nothing but total destruction

3. Abu Lahab died due to a contagious disease. No one came near his body for 3 days after his death, until the body decomposed and began to stink. Finally, his family hired some labourers to lift his body

and to bury it. We see that his wealth, status and offspring nothing availed him. Which ayah highlights this message?

- A) وَأَمْرًا تَهُمَّ اللَّحْطَبِ
- B) فِي جِيدِهَا حَبْلٌ مِّن مَّسَدٍ
- C) مَا أَغْنَىٰ عَنْهُ مَالُهُ وَمَا كَسَبَ
- D) سَيَصْلَىٰ نَارًا ذَاتَ لَهَبٍ

4. What will be a WRONG conclusion from the study of Surah Lahab?

- A) Any deed will not be accepted by Allah if it is not based on correct belief and Sunnah
- B) Even being head of a Muslim organization will not help us if we are not having correct belief & deeds, as Abu Lahab was a treasurer of Kaba & nothing availed him
- C) A bad nature wife is a sure reason for total destruction
- D) On the Day of Judgment, Allah will reward us for our belief & righteous deeds and not for our high family ranks

5. Which statement is WRONG about Abu Lahab?

- A) Worst neighbour of Rasoolullah ﷺ
- B) Rasoolullah ﷺ was brought up by him
- C) The only enemy of Rasoolullah ﷺ who is being condemned by mentioning his name in the Quran
- D) He was the uncle of Rasoolullah ﷺ



6. What can be an appropriate title for the story of Abu Lahab and his wife?

- A) A Couple of Hellfire
- B) The Worst Couple
- C) The Worst Neighbour
- D) All of the above

7. Which is NOT CORRECT about Surah Ikhlas?

- A) Tawheed is explained in just 4 ayaat
- B) According to a Hadith, it is one third of the Qur'an
- C) Shortest but most concise Surah of the Qur'an
- D) Other name for this Surah is Surah Al Tawheed also

8. Allah is self-sufficient. He needs nothing. He neither eats nor drinks. He does not get tired that He will ever need rest & sleep. Whereas humans depend on Him for everything. And we seek His refuge in next 2 surahs. Which ayah shows His self-sufficiency?

- A) قُلْ هُوَ اللَّهُ أَحَدٌ
- B) وَلَمْ يَكُنْ لَهُ كُفُوًا أَحَدٌ
- C) اللَّهُ الصَّمَدُ
- D) لَمْ يَلِدْ وَلَمْ يُولَدْ

9. Which of the following Surahs does NOT start with a command?

- A) Ikhlāas
- B) Naas
- C) Falaq
- D) Lahab

10. Which of the following Surahs does NOT have any Asma ul Husna?

- A) Surah Naas
- B) Surah Ikhlas

- C) Surah Lahab
- D) Surah Fatiha

10) C

5) B

9) D

4) C

8) C

3) C

7) C

2) C

6) D

1) D

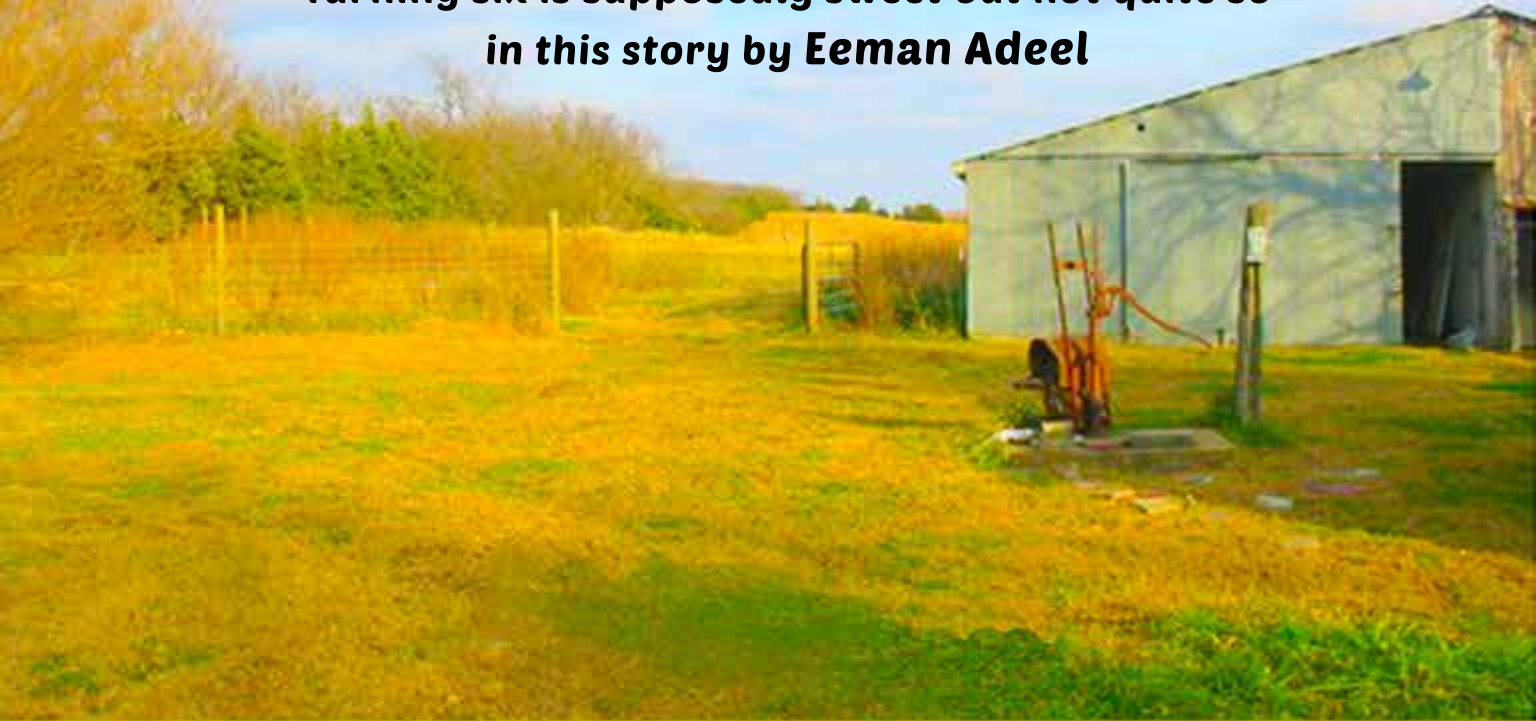
Answers



# Turning six

part 2 of 2

**Turning six is supposedly sweet but not quite so  
in this story by Eeman Adeel**



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. The punishment, in retaliation to her persistent cries over her

haircut, was the pioneer that brought forth a grueling and repentant life for poor Apa. 5 am, every day of the strenuous week, Apa was awoken by Ba's thunderous voice. Ordered to wear ill fitted rags and skip breakfast due to "wasting precious daylight", Apa clomped, with feet weighing a ton each, to the dreadful farm. 18 hours of ceaseless labour at the cultivatory terrain, 4 hours of wide-eyed sleep and a scant 2 hours of "freedom" was the repercussion to the continuous weeping incident. At the posterior part of her head, she knows that day was imminent, but the involuntary bawling reaction ends up being blamed - a way of self-consolation perhaps. Nevertheless, her limbs, incapable from relentless torment, have grown accustomed to the arduous routine.

Each of Apa's tales encompass my thinking as I slurp on the carrot pudding. I'm six today. I am prepared to become "Sikandar Mian's son". I've waited for a noticeable amount of time now. As

## **“Morning, my son.” Ba greets me good morning for the very first time in all six years. It’s also the first time he’s calling me his son. I’m rejuvenated.**

Apa’s “horrific” narrations elbow me, I envision greater liberty, free will, independent adventures to the Crisps Khoka. I daydream about hurdling to the market without Apa’s presence, requesting the shopkeeper for an orange ice-lolly myself. How truly wonderful would that be. I formally begin work tomorrow. Ba says I’ve been good, not like Apa was when she was in my position, and deserve to begin the next day. Part of me is ready for this much anticipated moment, correspondingly, the other half is rather timid of the forthcoming situation. I can feel the last bite of carrot pudding glide down my esophagus and plop into my stomach, like a child on a slide landing in a ball pit. Exhausted at the contradicting thoughts, I express weary goodnights and stride towards my bed. A kiss on my forehead by Ma, a pat on my shoulder by Ba, a dejected wave by Apa, incomprehensible mumbles by Fatima; I’m internally alleviated. Gravity pulls my body towards the bronze blanket and my eyes seal faster than my mind could discern the intensity of fatigue that enclosed me.

The rhythmic prayers by cockerels awaken me. I don’t recall when exactly I fell asleep last night. The sun rays glisten through the cracks in the front door, energising me in a queer way, lifting me out of the cozy sheets like the dead reborn.

“Morning, my son.” Ba greets me good morning for the very first time in all six years. It’s also the first time he’s calling me his son. I’m rejuvenated.

“Today’s the day you start helping out, lightening our burdens another 25%.”

“Jee Baba. Apa will assist me, right?” I ask a question I knew the answer to. Baba blinks heavily in accordance.

Familiar yet extravagant aromas tickle my nostril hairs. I make my way to the kitchen. Apa has made scrambled eggs with freshly picked tomatoes, topped with a big blob of home-made cream; the breakfast I usually have on special occasions like Eid.

“I’ve made this for you my dear sister. I hope a hearty meal to commence your new lifestyle can suffice to keep your smile stretched widely forever and ever.” I clutch Apa and devour the delectable feast.

I have a vague recollection of what occurred thereafter. I remember the veins in my wrist thumping violently as Baba’s brawny hand escorted me to the farm that I had visualised myself sowing seeds and plowing crops in. I turn eight next week. My memory solely comprises of encyclopedic knowledge about angiosperms, their germination periods and methods to maximise Ba’s profits. Flashbacks of Apa’s story telling sessions, and the morals attached, float about my brain as I reap yet another batch of golden potatoes, blistered hands, sunburnt skin, bruised arms, scratched shins. I regret yearning to live like a boy, I regret longing for moist dirt stuck under my fingernails, I regret not respecting Apa’s wisdom. I wish I could inform her of her accurate prediction, but I haven’t heard from her in over a year since she was dispatched into the hands of our second cousin, Usman

# Riddles

1. Which is the only way a leopard can change his spots?

-----

2. What do you call two witches who live together?

-----

3. There are two monkeys on a tree and one jumps off. Why does the other monkey jump too?

-----

4. What goes up when the rain comes down?

-----

5. I have a head and a tail but no body...  
What am I?

-----

6. A queen bee was buzzing, a worker bee was buzzing, a honey bee was buzzing, and a killer bee was buzzing.  
How many bees were in buzzing?

-----

## THE PROPHETS

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

Adam
Ilyas
Muhammad
Musa
Ishaq
Yaqub
Sulaiman
Ibrahim
Isa
Ismael
Yahya
Yusuf
Nuh
Yunus
Dawud
Idris
Ayyub
Peace be upon them all

### ANSWER THE QUESTIONS

- The first prophet -
- The last prophet -
- Was thrown in the well -
- Was raised to the skies -
- Could speak to animals
- Was tested through illness -
- His stick turned into a snake-
- Built the ka'bah (2) -
- His people were drowned -
- Was swallowed by a fish -
- Second son of Ibrahim -
- Yusuf's father -

Mission possible: learn the names of all the prophets mentioned above.

One. There is only one b in the word buzzing.

5. A coin.

4. An umbrella.

3. Monkey see monkey do.

2. Broommates!

1. By going from one spot to another.

## Answers:

# Can you spot the difference?

Science  
nugget



## Why can't we see salt in the ocean?

Seawater is a solution. That means that all the molecules present move around so happily together that there are no boundaries between different parts. That's another easy way of saying that inside the solution there are no places that can bend or reflect light. So the solution is perfectly clear.

If we take the water away by letting its molecules escape into the air, then the salts are left behind as crystals. Now there are boundaries at the surface of each crystal and it's easy to see the salts.

When a quart of seawater loses all its water by evaporation, it will leave about an ounce—or about a tablespoon—of salt. Most of that is sodium chloride, the same stuff that is in the saltshaker on your table.



January-2019

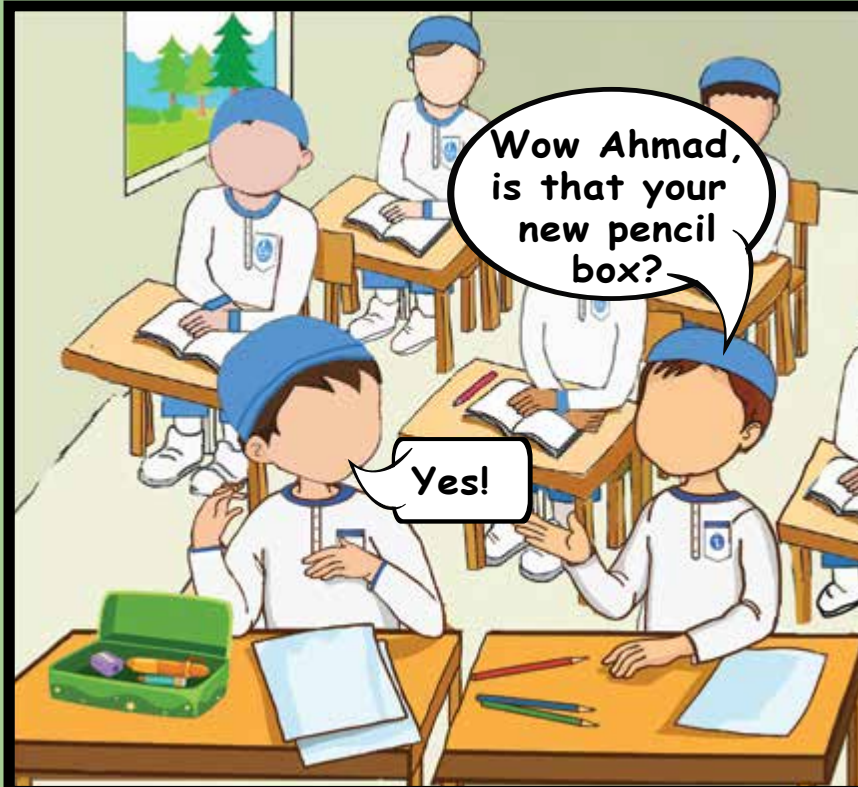
radiance

13

# Am I just

Concept by Z

Artwork by Zaw



# saying it?

Zawjah Zia

Jah Jahangir



# HADHRAT USAID BIN HUZAIR رضي الله عنه



This month, Zawjah Junaid Mukaty explores the life  
chronicles of a great Sahabi, Usaid bin Huzair Hadhrat رضي الله عنه

Hadhrat Usaid bin Huzair رضي الله عنه was a prominent leader of Aws tribe in Medina. He and his father were magnificent spearmen with high noble character. His intelligence, courage and rational behaviour gave him the name “Al Kaamil” meaning The Perfect. He was one of the foremost believer who embraced Islam on the hands of Hadhrat Musa’ab bin Umair رضي الله عنه whom Apostle ﷺ had sent to Medina.

## Acceptance of Islam

One day, he and his friend, Sa’ad bin Mua’az رضي الله عنه were discussing how Hadhrat Musa’ab رضي الله عنه was converting their people from the ancient religion to a new one. They did not like it. He stood up with a spear in his hand intending to drive Hadhrat Musa’ab out of their city. He rushed towards Asad bin Zarrarah’s house where Hadhrat Musa’ab was staying as a guest. He saw a crowd of people sitting there listening to what the preacher had to say. He went to Hadhrat Musa’ab and firmly asked him to leave Medina. Hadhrat Musa’ab was a wise and cool minded man. He politely replied, “Would you please sit down and listen to what I say. If you like it, you may accept it and if you do not like it, I will stop preaching here and leave you

alone.” His way of presenting a proposal was so effective that Usaid bin Huzair put his spear aside and sat down to listen what he had to say.

Hadhrat Musaab recited some verses of Quran and also presented before him the basic principles of the new religion. The quality of Quran is that it immediately affects the pure hearts. And definitely, it also affected the heart of Hadhrat Usaid bin Huzair رضي الله عنه. As soon as Hadhrat Musa’ab رضي الله عنه finished, his enlightened nature made him ask, “How good these words are! What do you do if you want to embrace this religion?”

Hadhrat Musa’ab replied, “Purify your body and clothes, and bear true witness, then pray.” Hadhrat Usaid went away to wash and purify himself. When he returned, his face was beaming with happiness and satisfaction and announced his acceptance of Islam. Those who attended this assembly said, “By Allah, we saw Islam in Usaid’s face before he spoke. We knew it because of his brilliance and easiness.”

## Recitation of Quran

He was a man who was blessed with a sweet



He was a man who was blessed with a sweet and attractive voice. Hadhrat Usaid رضي الله عنه once narrated that while he was reciting Surat Al-Baqarah at night, his horse was tied beside him. The horse was suddenly startled and became restless. He stopped reciting and the horse became quiet.

and attractive voice. Hadhrat Usaid رضي الله عنه once narrated that while he was reciting Surat Al-Baqarah at night, his horse was tied beside him. The horse was suddenly startled and became restless. He stopped reciting and the horse became quiet. He started again, the horse was startled again. Then he stopped reciting and the horse became quiet too. He started reciting again and the horse was startled and troubled once again. His son Yahya was beside the horse. He was afraid that the horse might trample on him. The next morning he informed the Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلم who said, “Recite, O Ibn Hudair! Recite, O Ibn Hudair!” Ibn Hudair replied, “O Allah’s Apostle! My son, Yahya was near the horse and I was afraid that it might trample on him. Then I looked at the sky, I saw something like a cloud containing what looked like lamps, so I went away in order not to see it.” The Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلم said, “Do you know what that was?” He replied, “No.” The Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلم said, “Those were Angels who came near you for your voice and if you had kept on reciting till dawn, they would have remained there till morning when the people of Madina would have seen it as it would not have disappeared.”

### Love for Prophet Muhammad صلى الله عليه وسلم

Just like all the other companions, Hadhrat Usaid also loved Hadhrat Muhammad صلى الله عليه وسلم tremendously. Once he was sitting among the Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلم and his companions and telling them stories. Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلم playfully pinched him in his armpits. He said that it hurt him. Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلم offered him to do the same with him. He replied, “Ya Rasulallah صلى الله عليه وسلم, you are draped in a shirt while my torso has no clothing.” Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلم practically preached justice and removed his clothing. This great companion quickly

hugged the Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلم and kissed his torso. These men loved their Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلم immensely and expressed it gladly whenever possible.

### Brave and selfless

Though he had a beautiful voice but at the same time, he was hard on Kuffar. He could not participate in Ghazwa Badr but after that, he was present in all the others. In the Battle of Uhud, flag of Aws clan was in his hands. He fought bravely and persistently and received seven wounds.

These great companions of my beloved Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلم teach us how to respect our Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلم. They are those selfless examples who should be followed to seek Allah’s pleasure. A companion named Umro bin Ummayyah had not embraced Islam yet. One day he came to Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلم with a dagger hidden in his clothes. Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلم saw him and said that the intention of this man does not seem right. Hadhrat Usaid quickly jumped and grabbed him and found the hidden dagger.

### Rational behaviour

On the Day of As-Saqiifah, just after the death of the Messenger of Allah صلى الله عليه وسلم, a group of the Ansaar led by Sa’ad Ibn ‘Ubaadah proposed that it was Ansaar’s right to be a Caliph. Hadhrat Usaid رضي الله عنه, who had a rational behaviour and people accepted his advices whole heartedly, took a positive attitude in settling the matter and his words were like the dispelling of shadows on the course of events. He stood to address the group of Ansaar: “You know that

**Continued on pg 20**

# The Fight for a Flower

by  
Abeera Hammad  
Grade 8  
School: Nakhlah

“So what do you say? Do you agree?” Chief Humaira asked. Hina and Hira looked at each other and nodded in agreement. Humaira smiled at them and they stood up to go out in the fresh air.

Hira and Hina were twin sisters. They both were very intelligent, active and adventurous. They were fighters too. Hira was two minutes older than Hina. Hira knew so much about animals that she was even able to make friends with them. Hina was a bit different than her sister. She had the skills to swing from one tree to another and climbing upon them as well. Hira knew how to use guns and rifles but she was good at pistols. And Hina was good at swords. Although it was not the age of swords but she did not care and always fought with swords.

They worked in the secret service of their country and they had done a lot for the country already. Every time they got hard quests

and they were always successful.

But this time it was a different quest. Chief of the secret service, Humaira told them that there is a spy in the enemy’s force, who told us that the king of that country had investigated about a special flower in our country, in the rain forest, which is nowhere in any other part of the world. The king is sending his force in that forest secretly so he can get the flower before anyone else can have it. That flower is in green colour. A potion could be made from it which could heal the sick that are near their death. Chief Humaira also told them that they are sending their force too, but it will take some time to prepare. So she wanted them to stop the enemy force until their force reaches there.

\*\*\*\*\*

“Wow! I can’t wait to use my sword again after a very long time,” Hina said uncovering her

## Hina was about to ask Hira that why did she stop but then she heard a roar from the bushes that were right in front of them.

sword. They both were packing their bags and weapons for the journey.

“Yeah! And I am going to see the animals once again,” Hira replied while putting some food inside her bag.

“Of course! And I am going to swing the trees too,” Hina said while she was choosing shoes which were appropriate for the forest. Hina and Hira closed the door behind them and went to start off for their mission.

\*\*\*\*\*

Both girls were walking into the forest along with their backpacks when suddenly Hira stopped and so did Hina. Hina was about to ask Hira that why did she stop but then she heard a roar from the bushes that were right in front of them. She hurriedly turned and saw Hira; she was slowly taking her backpack off and opening it. Hira told Hina not to move and to stay still. Hina was doing the job and Hira slowly took out a piece of meat and a bottle which contained some kind of a powder. Hira was doing everything in a slow motion but then as the lightning flashed, she powdered on the meat and threw that meat to the far left side of them. Hina saw the lion jumping on the meat like crazy. Then she saw Hira standing and putting her backpack on her back. Hira started running silently without making any kind of noise and without saying a word. Hina wanted to ask things but she knew that she had to follow her too, and she did.

\*\*\*\*\*

“Huh! What was that?” Hina asked.

“That?... what?...” Hira was tired and she lay down on the ground. After running so much, they reached this place. It was surrounded by trees but there were no trees in the middle so they were resting there.

“No... I mean... what was in the powder that the lion was crazy to get.”

“Nothing special... but it contains some kind of chemicals which attracts the lions.”

“Oh... so that is amazing that it won't eat humans.”

“For a while perhaps.”

“What?... You mean it will come after us?”

“Hmm... I think so... But now it will only come after us because it knows now that we have it, so it will try to get it.”

“What?... So what is the use for giving him that powder meat?”

“To buy some time... look! We couldn't have done anything there to save us except for buying some time and that's what I did... ok?... Now get up, we have rested too much and we have to get moving.”

“Ok!”

They both stood up and started walking forward. On the way, they met monkeys and squirrels too but they got past them easily by providing them nuts and bananas.

Hina was using her eyes often but the flower

was nowhere in sight. Then she thought to look from a tree and she started climbing one. Hira was standing under it and looking up. Hina saw everywhere when she saw some humans on her right side and then she saw the flower on a tree. She jumped down hurriedly and started running towards that direction where she saw the flowers and humans. She didn't tell anything to Hira but Hira was wise enough to follow her without asking anything.

Hira got to know the situation while running with Hina. She took out her gun and Hina uncovered her sword. When they came near to the people they saw that they had surrounded the tree on which the flower was and one person was climbing that tree. Hira took position behind a tree. But Hina jumped on a tree and shoved her sword in it and jumped a little harder taking the sword with her, she landed on another tree and then on another.

Now the situation was such that Hira was shooting the enemies and Hina was jumping from one tree to another and getting close to the person who was about to take the flower when suddenly Hina recognized the person who was climbing. It was the spy who told them about the flower. Many worries came to her and she thought whether he had betrayed them?

She did not know the answer but she decided to take that flower before he does because she had a doubt about him. She was thinking this when suddenly she heard three shots in a row.

It was the spy shot! Which meant that he was still their spy. On that very moment, the spy got the flower and jumped to the tree where Hira was hiding. Hina jumped down, waved her sword and in an instant, she took down two of the enemies and came near Hira and the spy. Hina told Hira to take the spy to the

headquarters through the secret passage way while she distracted the intruders.

Hina agreed and within eight minutes they were in their headquarters and Chief Humaira was holding the flower. She congratulated them and then she examined the flower. After some time, Hira reached the headquarters too and she told them that their forces had reached and the enemy force was arrested.

There were three seeds in the flower which were buried into a special kind of soil. After six months time, the secret service's garden had many flowers of the same special kind

*Continued from pg 17*

Prophet ﷺ was one of the Muhajireen. His successor, then, should be one of the Muhajireen. We used to be the Ansaar of Prophet ﷺ. Today we have to be the Ansaar of his successor." These words were taken as the best decision.

Hadhrat Umar ؓ respected him a lot. He always took advices from him in important matters. He also accompanied Hadhrat Umar to Bait ul Muqqadas in sixteenth Hijra when the Muslims conquered Palestine.

## Death

This humble worshipper left this world in the twentieth Hijra in Medina. Hadhrat Umar led his funeral prayers and he was buried in Janat ul Baqi.

May Allah shower his blessings upon him and those who love these amazing personalities who are the leading lights for us. Ameen

# Swimming Competitions 2018

what's new

The Intellect Girls participated twice in various swimming competitions and Alhumdulillah, they were quite successful both times!



## 26th Palmolive Sindh Women's Swimming Championship

Alhumdulillah, our student, Rabea Sheikh grabbed the 1st Position and Noor ul Harmain took the 2nd Position in the 50M Freestyle at the 26th Palmolive Sindh Women's Swimming Championship, held at The Karachi Annex Club. The real achievement was that The Intellect Team was clad in their niqab and abaya during the march-pass and took good care of their Pardah. The participation of our school was highly appreciated by the Organisers. All participants were awarded t-shirts, certificates and goody boxes. May Allah accept all the efforts in grooming and preparing the generation of tomorrow!! Ameen, Suma'Ameen!!

## 2nd PSSO Inter School/College (A-levels) Swimming Championship 2018 (Girls) Under 10 Group (10-U)

25m Freestyle - Rabea Sheikh - 2nd Position

25m Butterfly - Noor - ul - Harmain - 3rd Position

4x25m Freestyle Relay - Rabea, Hafsa, Nudrat, & Zainab - 2nd Position

### Under 12 Group (12-U)

50m Freestyle - Khadija Waqas - 3rd Position

50m Backstroke - Khadija Waqas - 1st Position

4x25 Freestyle Relay - Khadija, Umm ul Baneen, Fatima & Hafsa

### Under 14 Group (14-U)

50m Freestyle - Hajra - 3rd Position

50m Backstroke - Uswa Faraz - 3rd Position

50m Butterfly - Maria Armoghan - 3rd Position

4x50m Freestyle Relay - Maria, Hajra, Uswa, Musfira - 2nd Position

### Under 16 Group (16-U)

50M Breaststroke - Rafia Khalid - 2nd Position

50m Breaststroke - Rabea Sheikh - 3rd Position

50m Backstroke - Musfira - 3rd Position

4x50m Freestyle Relay - Musfira, Khadija, Hajra, Uswah - 2nd Position

### Group: Open

100m Backstroke - 3rd Position - Khadija Waqas -2.44

4x50m Freestyle Relay - 2nd Position - Uswa, Umm ul Baneen, Hajra, Maria - 5.24

## Inter-School Competitions 2018

Azka Atif won 2nd Position in the Inter-School Declamation Competition 2018, held at Hira Foundation School (HFS)

Ashna Salman won 3rd Position in The Inter-School Declamation Competition 2018, held at Reflections



fresh  
artists



**Mahdiyah Mahmood**  
5 years



**Maryam Mahmood**  
6 years



**Fabiha Furqan**  
7 years



**Muhammad Ahmad Ali**



**Hareem Faisal**  
Prep-2c  
Reflections  
School



**Khadija Abdullah**  
8 years



# NAKHLAH

Educational House For Islamic Grooming

AFFILIATED WITH  
Cambridge Assessment  
International Education, UK

## ADMISSIONS OPEN 2019 - 2020

### MONTESSORI TO 'O' LEVEL

More Than Two Decades of  
Excellence

Providing Quality Education  
in an Islamic Environment

Separate Campuses for  
Boys & Girls

Distinctions in Cambridge  
Examinations

Conventional Tajweed &  
Basic Arabic Classes

Trained Montessori Staff

Admission Request Form  
Available from  
Friday, 4th January, 2019

Registrar Office  
+92 21 3437 1052 - 53  
[registrar@nakhlah.edu.pk](mailto:registrar@nakhlah.edu.pk)

Office Timings  
Monday to Friday: 08:30am to 03:30pm  
Saturday: 09:30am to 12:30pm

for further information  
[www.nakhlah.edu.pk](http://www.nakhlah.edu.pk)

cook  
some  
fun

**Eman Adeel  
brings us some  
winter treats  
to keep us warm  
and hearty**



## *Classic Hot Chocolate*

### **Ingredients**

- 3 cups milk
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup unsweetened cocoa powder
- Pinch of salt
- 6 ounces milk chocolate, chopped
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- Whipped cream or marshmallows (optional)

### **Instructions**

- Combine milk, heavy cream, sugar, cocoa powder and a pinch of salt in a medium saucepan. Cook over medium heat, whisking occasionally, until the sugar and cocoa powder dissolve and the milk is steaming; do not boil.
  - Whisk in half of the chopped chocolate until melted, then whisk in the remaining chocolate until smooth.
  - Remove from the heat and whisk in the vanilla.
  - Pour into mugs and top with marshmallows or whipped cream!
- Yields 4-6 servings

### **Ingredients**

- 3 tablespoons flour
- 3 tablespoons brown sugar
- 3 tablespoons Cocoa Powder
- 3 tablespoons oil
- 3 tablespoons water
- pinch of salt
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 2 teaspoons chocolate chips

## *1 Minute Microwave Brownie*

### **Method**

1. In a microwavable mug (roughly 1 cup measurement), mix together all of the ingredients.
2. Mix in the chocolate chips.
3. If you don't want to cook them off straight away, then place them in the refrigerator for up to 24 hours.
4. Microwave for 45-60 seconds. (Timing varies based on your microwave). Allow to cool for at least 2-3 minutes.
5. Serve warm with vanilla ice cream or your hot chocolate & enjoy!



# Finding Him

by Zahra Khan

Take me to the land of serenity,  
Where I feel no pain, no agony.  
Where I see a world less cruel,  
Where I will finally find Him, my Lord.  
Where I breathe love and consume joy,  
Where beauty is not what is seen but what it feels.

Take me to the land of gratefulness,  
Where I see the blessings,  
And where I bow down in humility.  
Where I no longer complain about how I look,  
Where I see my gifts and embrace them.  
Where I realise how beautiful and unique I am,  
And where my forehead touches the ground,  
With gratitude in my heart towards Him,  
For helping me in finally having found Him.

# Lose or win

By Bint Mohsin

poetic  
rush

There is nothing to panic,  
Nothing to feel down,  
Face troubles with a smile,  
You don't look good when you frown!

It is surely for your benefit,  
Whatever the situation Allah puts you in,  
And He just wants to see how strong you are  
When either you lose or you win!



Make sure it's connected  
before you start talking

مَنْ صَمَتَ نَجَا

"Saved is the one who remained silent." (Tirmidhi)



Mind  
your  
tongue

rad.  
ance

# #AreYou GAME Enough

BAITUSSALAM  
LYMPIAD '19  
CELEBRATING THE SPIRIT OF UNITY



BAITUSSALAM  
LYMPIAD '19  
CELEBRATING THE SPIRIT OF UNITY

9<sup>th</sup> - 19<sup>th</sup> January 19

Platinum Sponsor



Gold Sponsor



Silver Sponsor



Bronze Sponsor



Bronze Sponsor



Bronze Sponsor



Hosting Partner



OlympiadKhi



@BaitussalamOlympiadKhi



BaitussalamOlympiadKhi



OlympiadKhi



/BaitussalamOlympiadKhi



olympiad@baitussalam.org



BaitussalamOlympiadKarachi



/BaitussalamOlympiadKhi



+92 342 33382283

[www.olympiad.pk](http://www.olympiad.pk)

# EXPO STORE

HOUSE OF **BRANDED CLOTHES**

WINTER  
BIGGEST  
SALE

UPTO

70 %  
OFF

APPAREL | HOME TEXTILE | ACCESSORIES

 [www.expostore.pk](http://www.expostore.pk) 