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# SNEAK A PEEK

ed's den	04	leading lights	16
A letter from Firaun to Modi		Hadhrat Abdullah bin Jahash Asadi ﷺ	
dear diary	05		
No sad endings			

PAGE 07



storynory  
Into my heart

## KIDS CORNER

Screws n bolts	18
A mixed bag of fun and frolic	
mystery mania	20
Mind your Maths	

quran quiz	10
Surah Al-Humazah and Surah Al-Asr	

art attack	21
fresh strokes	22

book review	12
Child Companions around the Prophet ﷺ	



cook some fun	13
Chocolate ice cream milkshake	

fresh pens  
Babur: The First Mughal  
Pakistan, my home

poetic rush	14
Layers of Gray Everything will be okay	

comic	26
My True Friend	



# A letter from Firaun to Modi

## Dear Modi,

*I'm the famous Firaun and I want to give you a pat on your back for the way you have recently been dealing with the people of Kashmir. My body is lying in the Cairo museum as a lesson of tyranny for everyone, and it keeps burning day and night causing me excruciating pain...*

*But oh, joys of joys - I got to know of your barbarism with the Kashmiris and I'm extremely delighted about the fact that someone is continuing upon my ways. I have dealt in the same way with Bani Israel previously and made their lives no less than hell, just like you are doing for the inhabitants of Kashmir. I used to kill their men, torture them, deny them their fundamental rights and you too are doing the same. And your weapons are even stronger than ours, through which you are torturing them even more.*

*Next, you should do just what I wanted to: I wanted to slaughter them all while they were doing Hijrah from Egypt. I could not complete my wish, but I hope you can complete it for me... Although, just like our deeds are the same, so will be our end. But do not let this intimidate you. People might say that I ended up drowning my nation and you too will soon be drowning your nation and completely shattering its economy, IT industry and everything else - never fear.*

*Hadhrat Musa's people were the people of Allah and these Kashmiris and Pakistanis too are Allah's servants. Bani Israel too triumphed, and these Kashmiris too would triumph. I encourage you to keep going just the way you are.*

*Awaiting to meet you soon,*

**Your Firaun**

The above letter from the worst tyrant of the world to the current tyrant creates a very troubling image in our minds, a fictional depiction for raising a voice and creating awareness for the terrorism that the Prime minister of India is executing since 5th August 2019 in the beautiful valley of Kashmir; turning its lovely, translucent rivers into rivers of red blood. We need to point out Modi particularly as not all Indians are like that. Thus it is an obligation of the Pakistanis and more so of the Indians to raise a voice against this terrorism going on in Kashmir, whether by using social media to raise awareness about the horrendous brutality on innocent souls, campaigning in other forms, or by doing anything possible within our means to wheedle the world into taking action.

Last but not the least is to make dua for them just like we would pray for our own children, brothers and sisters. Everything is possible through the power of prayers so let's use that superpower to the utmost. We must remember that the immediate and long-term consequences of this Indian move will be far-reaching, and very damaging and only on Allah we depend! In'sha'Allah Allah's help will surely come.

As long as the world turns its back on the Kashmiris' pain and forbids them to make their voices heard legally, peace in our beautiful Kashmir will not be possible. It is high time for all Muslims to speak up with one voice for this maybe the last time for Kashmir. May Allah ﷻ protect them from all harms of the enemy and help them through His angels. Ameen yaRab

Was'salam,

**Umm Abdullah**

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# No sad endings

dear  
diary

Hafsa Kamal  
has a tale to expound that there  
are no sad endings for those who  
trust Allah



Something didn't add up right. Farah said she was going to be here by then. The cool breeze hit her face as the rain poured like pelting stones against the concrete road. The moon was hiding behind the ghastly grey clouds like a shy halo. It was getting darker and darker, bleaker and bleaker. Asma almost gave up on her friend. Almost.

"I'm sorry I'm so late!" A breathless voice reached her ears. Asma exhaled with relief.

"Do you see how it's raining so bad?" she shuddered, "I was getting scared."

"You and scared?" Farah laughed, "you don't have that word in your dictionary."

"Definitely penciled a few in ever since you arrived in the picture," Asma rolled her eyes, "you have changed me, dear sister."

Before they could set another foot forward, a bike bustled in front. Two men with faces covered by a face mask and startlingly gaping eyes, pivoted their pistols at them.

"Everything," one of them whispered, "quickly."

Farah's clammy hands shakily reached for her

purse and threw it at the menacing monsters. A siren sounded at a distance. One of the men cursed under their breath. The other geared up to move on.

Before Asma could heave a sigh of relief, she felt a jolt. And just like that, she instantly got sucked into a spiraling dark web of oblivion and unconsciousness.

-----

Life was a blur after that. Farah shivered in the cool hospital hall.

Everything was fine just an hour ago. She kept muttering frantic prayers under her breath. Asma's life was hanging on a thread. She might survive or... Farah shook her head angrily. The alternative was not an option. It can't be an option. She wouldn't be able to live with that on her shoulders all her life. She needed Asma around. For her happiness and her sanity.

The doctors whizzed by her. Memories of ash-en faced Asma knocked out and half covered on a bloodied stretcher filled Farah's vision. She blinked.

A doctor walked out from Asma's room. As-

# Everything was fine just an hour ago. She kept muttering frantic prayers under her breath. Asma's life was hanging on a thread.

ma's family were a selective few - her parents. She was an only child. Farah beseeched to Allah to restore their only child to them. It was painful to think of. She might be losing a friend but they were going to lose their entire life.

Readers, I will stop here. I know, we all might have been waiting for Asma's fate with bated breath. Truth be told, so am I.

I can continue with a sensational and unpredictable tale of a friend avenging her friend's death. Or, I can allow everyone to heave a sigh of relief. Either ways, it has to be the best decision. However, I fail to persevere since I am undoubtedly the worst decider. I might toss in that happily ever after because I yearn for that in every story myself - including my very own.

And because the future is unknown to Farah, Asma's parents, myself and my readers - let's just pray. Not knowing what comes next puts us in this position to expect either the worst or the best.

What should we be expecting though? In Surah Ahzab, Allah answers us to, "Put thy trust in Allah, And enough is Allah as disposer of affairs."

That was a thought I lived with. Life and its many miracles are purely due to His Mercies. Trusting Allah and facing any storm without tormenting oneself with the current on-trend prognosis of anxiety and depression is a hefty task. I have often resurfaced only to dive back in this deplorable ocean and I often wondered how to get out of it. Will we be tested again and again?

And again in Surah Baqarah, Allah warns us, "Be sure we shall test you with something of fear, and hunger, some loss in goods, or lives, or the fruits (of your toil), but give glad tidings to those who patiently persevere."

This often scared me. The thought of life filled with tests: which is why its importance is likened to a mosquito's wing. The mere whisper of Dunya shuns the cognition from thinking beyond the horizon. But the other side of the spectrum holds something greater. The biggest test is to believe we will receive more than what we went through. Isn't it a comforting thought? But this worry gnaws within. The inevitable, "What if...?" echoes in the upper chamber. Does that stop tragedies from occurring though?

Again, Allah has responded in Surah Baqarah, "Allah does not burden a soul beyond that it can bear." Which is why Allah tells us not to despair. He is with us. He knows us better than we know ourselves. He knows what we can bear and what we can't. And that's why the Quran promises that Allah will never test us beyond our capacity. Allah will never turn our toils to a thorny path. It will always bear fruit. And the best bit is, Allah gives those who go through the thorniest path the rosier bloom and the yummiest fruit. Along with His approval, the biggest gift of all.

And I conclude my analysis by leaving you with an uplifting thought (since Allah has encouraged us in Surah Baqarah to speak good to people) that Allah has a plan for us. We didn't just come into this world without our lives being mapped out for us. And we are all going

**Continued on pg 12**

# Into my heart

## Part-1

*Zawjah Junaid brings us an exciting story depicting a tale of two worlds*



Katherine pulled out the baking dish from the oven, gazing at the baked chicken approvingly.

‘Looks good, Papa will love this,’ she thought to herself. ‘But he will not like what I will tell them today on my 18th birthday’

Her father wanted to throw a grand party and invite all their friends and acquaintances to celebrate her birthday but she stopped him politely and told him that she would instead be happy if she could spend this day with her own family privately. She also told them that she wanted to share a secret with them; A secret, which she knew would be more like a tsunami to them.

Imagining the after effects of her secret she smiled helplessly and listened to her heart. It was calm, very calm.

-----

Javeria was standing with her family in a marriage hall; exquisite decoration, blaring sound of music, hunger arousing smell of food, women wearing latest fashion dresses and sandals, their faces covered with perfect make-up, frankness between men and women and an extremely beautiful bride sitting beside a handsome groom posing for photographers

really attracted Javeria. She was so engrossed in digesting the scene in front of her that the voices of her parents and her aunt seemed to come from far off.

Her parents were very politely letting her aunt know that as this was a mixed gathering and there was music too so they would have to leave. But certainly they would be happy if she accepts the gift. Her aunt was trying to convince her parents to stay and Javeria was silently praying that her parents would agree. Soon they would be leaving this country and they didn’t know anybody there. And she knew her parents would mostly keep her home.

Amjad Qureshi and Zakia Amjad were a simple and God-fearing couple. Though they were blessed with wealth and riches, they kept their lifestyle simple and according to Allah’s commands. They made sure that all their three children also followed their footsteps. They were successful in this pursuit except that it didn’t work for Javeria. She wanted to be “free”. She wanted to chill. But she felt herself to be bounded in chains.

Today also, she wanted to stay there and enjoy the wedding. Her abaya felt like a heavy mountain on her. ‘I wish I could also walk stylishly like all these beautiful girls,’ she thought while ad-



# 'Someday I will do all that I wish to do!' she promised herself.

miring the stilettos that the girls were wearing. But her father was now leading them out of the hall and heading towards the car.

"Abu, can we please stay here? We are in abayas and we can sit on a corner table," she pleaded.

Amjad Qureshi raised his eyebrow, "And what about the music?" Javeria could not answer. She did not want to listen to her father who was now very lovingly trying to tell her the harms of attending such gatherings. 'Someday I will do all that I wish to do!' she promised herself.

---

"Kathy, trust me sweetheart, no chef can make such delicious baked chicken as you do." Katherine's father, Timothy Belward was so fond of her daughter that his friends called Katherine his lifeline.

She was the most versatile and obedient offspring of Timothy and Teresa Belward. Her intelligence and love of books were her identification. The latter two qualities she got from her grand-father Samuel Belward who adored her, or it would be right to say that both the grand-father and grand-daughter loved each other a lot.

Samuel Belward had died a year back and since then everybody had noticed Katherine changing slowly and gradually. Her lively smile and laughter was fading with every passing day and she was turning out to be a more sober young lady who was always in some deep thoughts. Jeans and sleeveless tops were replaced by long skirts, full sleeved tops and a scarf gracefully tied around her neck, which

was at first strictly criticised by Teresa Belward. But then gradually, everybody felt that she would soon be normal once she comes out of this grief.

Today also, on her eighteenth birthday, she was dressed very gracefully. She had a smile on her face but still looked a bit nervous.

She thanked her father softly, she knew he would like the chicken. Her younger twin brothers had disappeared inside the house and suddenly they heard birthday wish playing on the piano. John and Jim were expert piano players and they wanted to make Katherine's birthday special. The trio went in the room where they were playing and everybody started to sing in chorus.

"Okay okay, Kathy, my dear what was the surprise that you had to give us?" asked Timothy Belward while clapping and singing.

Katherine felt her heart skipping a beat. She said a silent prayer and gathered all the courage. She desperately wished she could turn into a bird and fly far away. But she had to open the Pandora box. "Yes, there is a surprise. I hope everybody will try to understand my point."

"Sure my child, we respect your views, what is it Katherine?" Teresa said, getting a little suspicious.

This has to be done. She had to burst the bubble.

"Mama, Papa, ..... I am no longer Katherine, I am Khadija now. I have embraced Islam."

At first they had laughed at Khadija, taking her

acceptance as a joke. "Sweetheart, today is not 1st April. I love your sense of humour though," Teresa commented while she delicately took a sip of coffee. But soon all four of them had to admit that Khadija was serious. Timothy lost all his patience and started scolding his beloved daughter but she continuously tried to explain herself. Ultimately, Timothy started threatening her but Khadija was in no mood to step back.

"Katherine, I'm asking you for the last time, who is it that lured you into this mess. You better tell me or I'll murder you." Timothy's eyes were red with anger and his voice was a roar. Khadija could feel tremor in her spine. After all, she had never seen her father yelling this way. "Papa, I swear this is my own decision. Papa, I love you, I will never lie to you. I will not deceive you. Islam is not what we think, it is a pure religion and ....."

"Shut up. Pure religion! How dare you speak like this! If nobody is there who threw you in this path then how did you accept it? Are you planning to marry a Muslim man due to which you changed your faith?"

"Papa, no, I did it because Islam is the true religion, the right path which ....." A tight slap from Timothy landed on Katherine's face.

Now he threw her mercilessly on the floor. His eyes were fiery red. He was about to hit her again when Teresa came between the father and the daughter. She stopped her husband and tried to drag him out of the room. "Teresa, tell her to stop this drama and start on with her normal old life or else I know what to do. She will always feel sorry if she will not remain a Christian." With these final words he left the room breaking the flower vase which was on the piano.

Khadija's worst fears were coming true.

---

Khadija was sitting in the corner of the room, silently crying. Morning was still two to three hours away. She had imagined this reaction many times. Her parents did not follow Christianity strictly but the main problem was that they hated Muslims. They were very fond of degrading Muslims whenever they got an opportunity to do so. How could they ever imagine their own beloved daughter who was an ideal daughter and a perfect sibling to accept the religion, which they hated?

She could hear her father's words ringing in her ears, "I will never let you disgrace me and my family. What a shame! You just wait.. I'm going to get that person arrested first thing in the morning who trapped you in this slip-up. And remind you I can find that fugitive myself also, whether you tell me or not who he is."

Timothy Belward was an extremely resourceful and rich man. He was an architect and worked specially for Sheikhs in Dubai. His villa was in the richest and most beautiful locality of Dubai and his acquaintances were the most powerful people of this developed city. Khadija knew he can easily place his hands on Maulana Jamshed, who made her recite the Kalima, so she had made a special point not to visit him or his small Madrassah which was Downtown. She had visited him a month ago and had informed him what circumstances were expected.

The slap which she received on her eighteenth birthday as a gift from her father was quite precious for her because she knew that she is now walking on the ways of the Sahabah. The way which she certainly knew would not disgrace her.

***Continued Insha'Allah...***

# Surah Al-Humazah and Surah Al-Asr

## Surah Al-Humazah (The Slanderer)

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

1. Woe to every slanderer and backbiter.
2. Who has gathered wealth and counted it,
3. He thinks that his wealth will make him last forever!
4. Nay! Verily, he will be thrown into the crushing Fire.
5. And what will make you know what the crushing Fire is?
6. The fire of Allah, kindled,
7. Which leaps up over the hearts,
8. Verily, it shall be closed in on them,
9. In pillars stretched forth (i.e. they will be punished in the Fire with pillars, etc.).

## Surah Al-Asr (The Time)

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

1. By Al-'Asr (the time).
2. Verily! Man is in loss,
3. Except those who believe (in Islamic Monotheism) and do righteous good deeds, and recommend one another to the truth (i.e. order one another to perform all kinds of good deeds (*Al-Ma'ruf*) which Allah has ordained, and abstain from all kinds of sins and evil deeds (*Al-Munkar*) which Allah has forbidden), and recommend one another to patience (for the sufferings, harms, and injuries which one may encounter in Allah's Cause during preaching His religion of Islamic Monotheism or *Jihad*, etc.)

1- \_\_\_\_\_ is the one who backbites, \_\_\_\_\_ is the one who finds faults in others.

- A•  Humazah | Lumazah  
 B•  Lumazah | Humazah  
 C•  Lumuzah | Hutamah  
 D•  Humazah | Akhladah



2- According to Surah Al-Humazah, people who will be thrown into the hell-fire are those:

- A.  Slander and back bite
- B.  Gather wealth and count it over and over again
- C.  Think that their wealth will remain with them forever
- D.  All of the above

3- Knowledge shouldn't make us \_\_\_\_\_ but should make us \_\_\_\_\_.

- A.  Lazy | Active
- B.  Happy | Serious
- C.  Sad | Happy
- D.  Arrogant | More Humble

4- According to Surah Asr, man is certainly in a loss except those:

- A.  Who have faith
- B.  Who do good deeds
- C.  Encourage one another to follow the truth and encourage one another to be steadfast.
- D.  All of the above

5- Loss of Time = Loss of \_\_\_\_\_.

- A.  Wealth
- B.  Life
- C.  Entertainment

D.  Health

6- Imam Radhi mentioned that he learnt the meaning of this Surah from \_\_\_\_\_

- A.  A Saint
- B.  Imam Shafi'i
- C.  An Ice Seller
- D.  His father

7- Translation of حُسْرٍ is \_\_\_\_\_.

- A.  Flight of Time
- B.  Loss
- C.  Sadness
- D.  Failure

Answers:  
1-B  
2-D  
3-D  
4-D  
5-B  
6-C  
7-B

# Book Nook

## by Haadiya Sajid

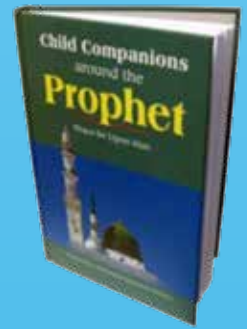
This inspiring book is a compilation of the stories of the lives of ten great Sahabah who were children born and raised during the time of Rasulullah ﷺ.

For each Sahabi, there is an introduction to his family background, his qualities and his personality. This is followed by interesting stories and incidents of his childhood with Rasulullah ﷺ, his piety and loyalty as an adult, and finally his death or martyrdom. Some of the Sahabah included in it are Hadhrat Hassan and Hussain ؓ, Hadhrat Abdullah bin Abbas ؓ, Hadhrat Abdullah bin Umar ؓ, Hadhrat Anas bin Maa'lik ؓ, and Hadhrat Usamah bin Zaid ؓ.

The book is written in simple language, and for younger children, there is a dictionary at the end as well. Overall, it is a well-written account of these fortunate children and teenagers who

**Title: Child Companions around the Prophet ﷺ**

Compiled by: Research Division, Darussalam  
Hardcover, 340 pages  
Suitable for ages 8-15



were brought up under the wings of Rasulullah ﷺ that motivates the reader and provides lofty examples to follow. For young readers, it is very relatable as they see a child like them growing into a heroic adult, passing through different phases of life. It inspires them to know more about these Companions ؓ. An excellent resource to provide ideals and standards for Muslim teens and tweens living in today's times



### Continued from pg 17

I would reply, 'For Your sake and for the sake of Your Prophet ﷺ.' And then You would say, 'You have spoken the truth.'" Allah accepted his prayer and he was martyred exactly the way he wished.

Prophet ﷺ led his funeral prayers and buried him in the same grave with Hadhrat Hamza bin Abdul Muttalib ؓ, the dearest uncle of Prophet ﷺ. He left a son, Muhammad, who was quite dear to Prophet ﷺ like his father. Prophet ﷺ took all his responsibility and also bought some property for him at Khyber.

Hadhrat Abdullah ؓ was near to forty when he was martyred but he had set an example that if someone needs to make a difference, he does not require a long life. May Allah ﷻ send His blessings and peace upon him

### Continued from pg 06

down on a personal road towards the same destination. Anytime the road seems tough, trust that He will help you through it. But that should never stop one from praying. Just pray till your Allah immerses your heart in a sea of Taqwa and Peace. And may you all get out of whatever hardship you are pulling through. No one's battle is better or worse but a personal fight against shaytaan that is trying to dissuade us from Allah. Don't let Shaytaan win. Ever.

Remember, there's always hope. The future is not in our hands but Allah's. Whatever will happen next should be beseeched from the One that loves us more than seventy mothers. He will not let us falter. Trust.

There are no sad endings for those who trust Allah

# Chocolate ice cream milkshake

by Hanaa Sajid

## Ingredients:

1 cup and a little more milk (preferably cold)  
1 tablespoon chocolate (milk or plain)  
2 scoops ice cream - chocolate/vanilla  
Sugar to taste

## Instructions:

Chop the chocolate finely. Place all but 1 teaspoon chocolate in a small saucepan. Add a little bit of milk and melt gently. (Or place the same ingredients in a microwaveable cup and microwave for 30 seconds and stir).

Place the milk, melted chocolate, sugar and 1 scoop ice cream in a blender.

Blend on maximum speed for 15 seconds.

Pour into two cups. Put half a scoop ice cream in each and sprinkle with the reserved chocolate from step 1. You can add a few chocolate chips if you like.

Place in the freezer for twenty minutes.

Serve. Makes two cups.

## Tips:

Strain the milk before using.

Increase the ratios of the ingredients if you want to make more milkshake.

You can use chocolate curls, chocolate caraque, chocolate cookie crumbs M&Ms, wafers, a ice cream of a different flavour and more to garnish the milk shake.



Reference - Adapted from Chocolate Cooking  
by Carole Handslip



## Layers of Gray

by **Aymun Sajid**

Plumes of smoke rise, choking the sky,  
Birds are now too afraid to fly,  
Only screeching steel eagles choose to stay,  
As they cover the sky in layers of gray.

They pound the Earth with a rain of bombs,  
The sound could wake the dead from their  
tombs,  
As the rubble tumbles every which way,  
And the sky gasps behind the layers of gray.

What was the road, is now mud,  
The earth has been watered with our blood,  
Below or above, everything has to pay  
As the sky is shrouded in layers of gray.

Fellow Muslims, this I don't want to say,  
But if you don't bother as we fall prey,  
If for us you don't even care to pray,  
The layers of gray might be headed your way.

## Everything will be okay

by **Bint Mohsin**

I'm going to make my each day  
The very best in every way,  
And this I can surely say  
That everything will be okay,

Inside the scary heart of mine  
I keep repeating "All will be fine,  
Try your percent ninety nine,  
In people's heart you will shine",

I should try my level best,  
On Allah, I'll leave the rest,  
To win people's heart is a quest,  
And I'll do it knocking my chest.

Like a  
bird

# radiance

## **The heart, in its journey towards Allah, is like a bird.**

Love is its head, and fear and hope are its two wings. When the head and two wings are sound, the bird flies gracefully; if the head is severed, the bird dies; if the bird loses one of its wings, it then becomes a target for every hunter or predator.

Ibn Al-Qayyim

# Hadhrat Abdullah bin Jahash Asadi رضي الله عنه

A brave, wise companion of Rasulullah ﷺ is an inspiration for us to emulate. Lets read about him with Zawjah Junaid Mukaty

Hadhrat Abdullah bin Jahash رضي الله عنه, also known as Abu Muhammad belonged to Banu Asad which was a branch of tribe Banu Muzzar. He was the cousin of Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ as his mother, Umama bint Abdul Muttalib was a real sister of Prophet's ﷺ father. His sister, Hadhrat Zainab bint Jahash رضي الله عنها was wife of Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ which made him Apostle's ﷺ brother-in-law too.

## **Conversion to Islam and Migration**

He was a young man of twenty four or twenty five when he accepted Islam in its early days under the influence of Hadhrat Abu Bakr رضي الله عنه. His siblings, Zainab, Umm Habiba, Hamna, Abu Ahmed Abdullah and Ubaidullah رضي الله عنه also converted to Islam with him.

Polytheists broke all the rules of humanity after the advent of Islam and persecuted the Muslims mercilessly. Women, children, old and feeble, all were tortured either physically or financially. Family of Hadhrat Abdullah رضي الله عنه were also not spared from their cruelty thus they migrated towards Abyssinia.

One of his brothers, Ubaidullah, converted to Christianity in Abyssinia which nullified his

nikah with the daughter of Abu Sufyan, Hadhrat Umm Habiba. Messenger of Allah ﷺ sent her a proposal of nikah which she accepted and thus became Ummul Momineen (Mother of the Believers). Hadhrat Abdullah returned to Makkah with his family before Prophet's ﷺ migration to Madinah.

Hadhrat Abdullah migrated to Madinah with his immediate family and the whole clan of Banu Asad and were known to be the last emigrants. His host there was a brave companion, Hadhrat Asim bin Thabit رضي الله عنه who helped him to settle.

## **As a Soldier**

Hadhrat Abdullah رضي الله عنه was a brave soldier who fought selflessly in the battles. His first skirmish was in the second year of Hijra and was also named after him. He was appointed with seven other companions of Prophet ﷺ to proceed towards a place called Nakhlah which was between Makkah and Taif. Their aim was to monitor a Makkah caravan and gather any possible information about them.

Before they left, Prophet ﷺ said to them, "I appoint as your commander, the one who can best bear hunger and thirst," and made Hadhrat Abdullah رضي الله عنه the leader. In this way, he was the



first among the companions to be called Amir ul Momineen during battles. Though it is said that Hadhrat Umar Farooq ؓ was the first to be called by this title, he was actually the first Amir ul Momineen in terms of Caliphate.

After they reached Nakhlah, they started keeping track of the enemy's whereabouts. Soon they saw the Makkan caravan coming towards them. Though attacking the caravan was not planned but they conferred together and attacked it. They thought it was the last day of Jamadi us Sani and would be best to fight and kill before Rajab starts. Rajab was among those sacred months in which fighting and killing was prohibited. Hadhrat Waqid bin Abdullah Tameemi ؓ killed Amr bin Hazrami whereas Hakam bin Kaysan and Usman bin Abdullah were captured as prisoners. These were the first prisoners for Muslims. Besides this, they got the merchandise as booty too.

**B**efore they left, Prophet ﷺ said to them, "I appoint as your commander, the one who can best bear hunger and thirst," and made Hadhrat Abdullah ؓ the leader.

Till then, no command about booty had been revealed thus Hadhrat Abdullah ؓ did Ijtehad and divided four-fifth of it among the Sahabah who took part in the skirmish. One fifth was kept aside. Later revelations about booty were revealed as same.

When this party returned to Makkah, they found Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ unhappy about the attack as it was the first of Rajab. They tried to clarify that it was all a misunderstanding on their part and that they regret it. But the poly-

theists blew the issue as much as they could. Soon Allah ﷻ sent down the Ayat which said, "They ask you concerning fighting in the sacred months [i.e. 1st, 7th, 11th and 12th months of the Arabs' calendar]. Say, "Fighting therein is a great (transgression) but a greater (transgression) with Allah is to prevent mankind from following the way of Allah, to disbelieve in Him, to prevent access to Al-Masjid-Al-Haram, and to drive out its inhabitants, and fitnah is worse than killing." (Al-Baqarah: 217) Allah justified them and Prophet ﷺ was also pleased with them. This expedition was a major event in the newly budding Muslim community.

The pagans of Makkah then returned with a huge army and artillery at Badr. This is known as a decisive war in history in which Muslims were victorious. Hadhrat Abdullah ؓ showed his valour by fighting dauntlessly and capturing a brave polytheist, Waleed bin Waleed Mughaira. He was brother of Hadhrat Khalid bin Waleed who had not accepted Islam till that time. After the war ended, Hadhrat Khalid and his brother Hashaam bin Waleed came to Madinah to ransom Waleed, but soon after he was ransomed, Waleed ؓ, amidst the journey back to Makkah, escaped and went back to Madinah and converted to Islam. He was thoroughly inspired by the way Muslims treated the war prisoners and also by the way they led their lives. He did not accept Islam while he was in Muslim custody because he did not want people to say that he was frightened to pay ransom.

## **Death**

Hadhrat Abdullah ؓ wished for martyrdom more than anything. During the Battle of Uhud he prayed, "Let me meet a man of great standing and enormous fury. I shall fight him for Your sake, O Lord, and he shall fight me. He shall take me and cut off my nose and ears and when I meet You on the day of judgment, You will say, 'For what were your nose and ear cut off?' And

**Continued on pg 12**

## Mind Exercise! Riddles

1. What five-letter word becomes shorter when you add two letters to it?
2. Which letter of the alphabet has the most water?
3. What begins with T ends with T and has T in it?
4. Where does Friday come before Thursday?
5. What kind of tree can you carry in your hand?

Answers  
1. Short  
2. C  
3. A Teapot  
4. In the dictionary  
5. A Palm Tree

## Laughter:

Why can't Cinderella play soccer?

A: Because she's always running away from the ball.

What room doesn't have doors?

A: A mushroom

What do you call a toothless bear?

A: A gummy bear.

Why are penguins socially awkward?

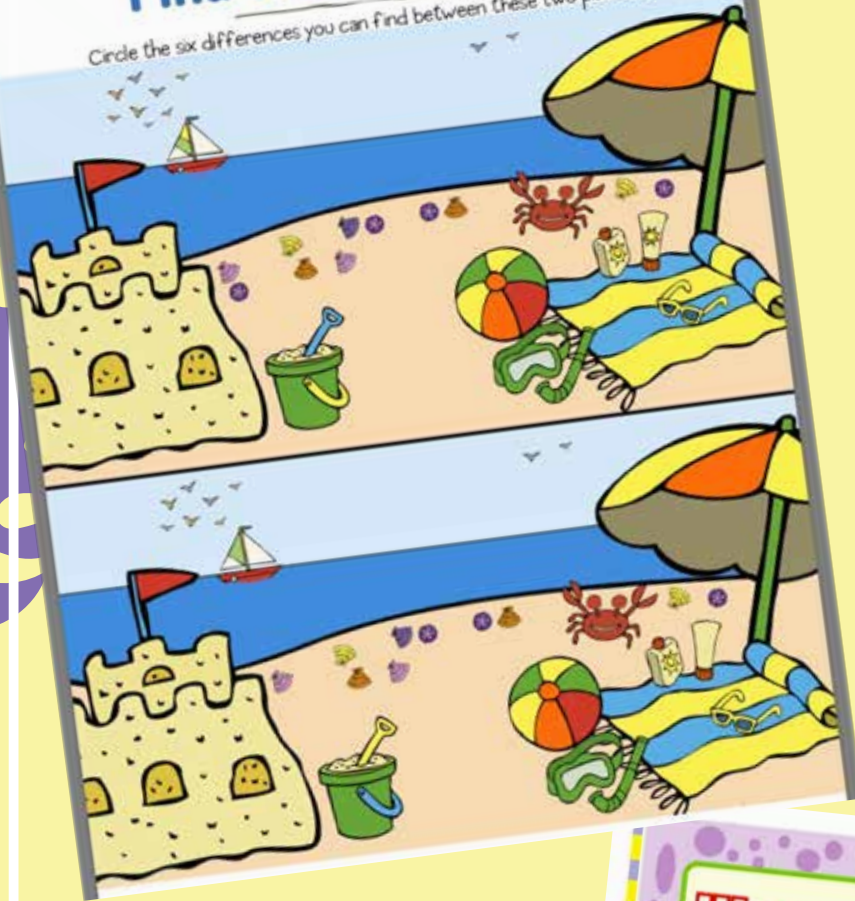
A: Because they can't break the ice.

Where do sheep go to get haircuts?

A: The baa-baa shop.

# Find the Difference

Circle the six differences you can find between these two pictures



# Word Puzzle

Let us begin with a simple word search puzzle. Some of the basic aspect of Islam are included in the maze below. Look up, down, backwards and diagonally.

- |        |         |       |          |        |
|--------|---------|-------|----------|--------|
| Islam  | Quran   | Allah | Muhammad | Salat  |
| Makkah | Madinah | Angel | Kabah    | Arabic |

```

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

Bonus word: Salam



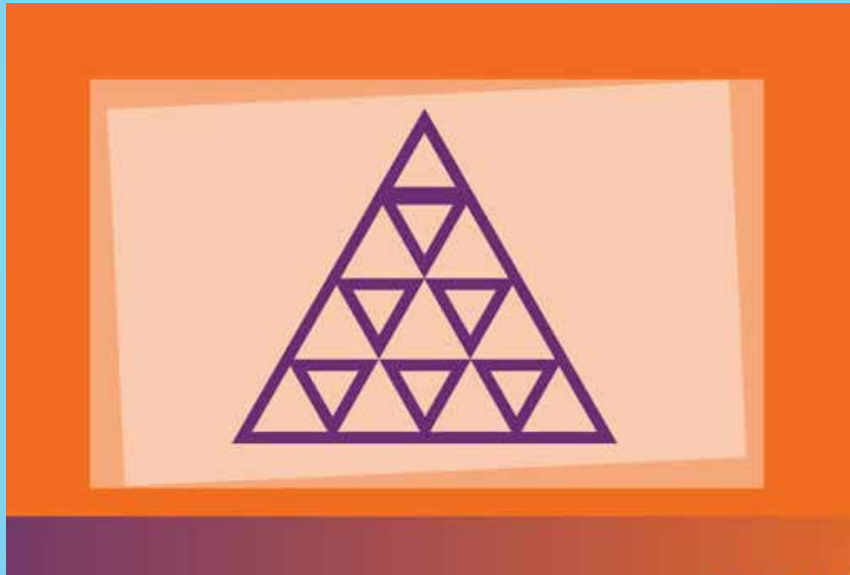
# Mind your Maths

Q1. You can use three identical digits in a simple addition so that the total is 12. You cannot use the digit 4. So what is the answer?

Q2. Two fathers and two sons enter a shop and spend \$1.50 each. The shopkeeper takes \$4.50. what happened to the rest?

Q3. Woman has three daughters who in turn, each have three daughters. If they all get together in one room, how many pairs of grandmothers and granddaughters are there?

Q4. How many triangles are there in the image?



A4. The number of triangles forms of 1 unit: 16  
The number of triangles forms of 4 units: 7  
The number of triangles forms of 9 units: 3  
The number of triangles forms of 19 units: 1  
The total number of triangles is 27.

A3. There are nine.

A2. Only three men entered the shop: A son, a father and a grandfather, so only \$4.50 was spent.

A1.  $11+1=12$

Answer



## Soapsicles – creative soap bars

Scrub a dub dub and add some fun to your tub, with this sweet and simple craft!

Here is a soap making project that you can use with old popsicle molds. These are usually made with heat resistant plastic because some popsicle recipes require the liquid to be hot when poured in.

### Ingredients:

- 1 bar clear glycerine soap
- soap colorant of choice (try to go for a candy colour so you get a good effect)

### Procedure:

1. Grate the bar of glycerine soap and place the grated soap in a soap pot or a microwaveable pyrex bowl.
2. If on a pot, place it over the stove and melt the soap. If using a microwaveable pyrex bowl, place the glycerine in the microwave a few times in ten second bursts of heat till the glycerine is totally melted.
3. Once your glycerine is melted, add the colouring and mix till the desired colour is achieved.
4. Allow it to cool a little then pour in into your popsicle molds.
5. Find a way to keep the popsicle molds upright. Watch as the soap hardens. When it is a little hard (you can see it solidifying) push in a popsicle stick.
6. When your soap is completely hard, you can push it out of the molds and you will have soapsicles!

You will surely enjoy taking a bath with your popsicle sticks. There are so many other kids soap making projects you can do. Most of the time, kids soap making projects involve lots of colours, interesting shapes, soap carvings or embossed designs. Kids usually focus more on the aesthetic part of the process than on the process itself. This should help you stretch your creativity too. So try one soon and have fun!



# Art Work

By Abid



By Mustafa Azher  
12 years



By Muhammad  
8 years



By Emaan Hassan



By Zainab Javed  
8 years



By Faria Sheikh  
13 years

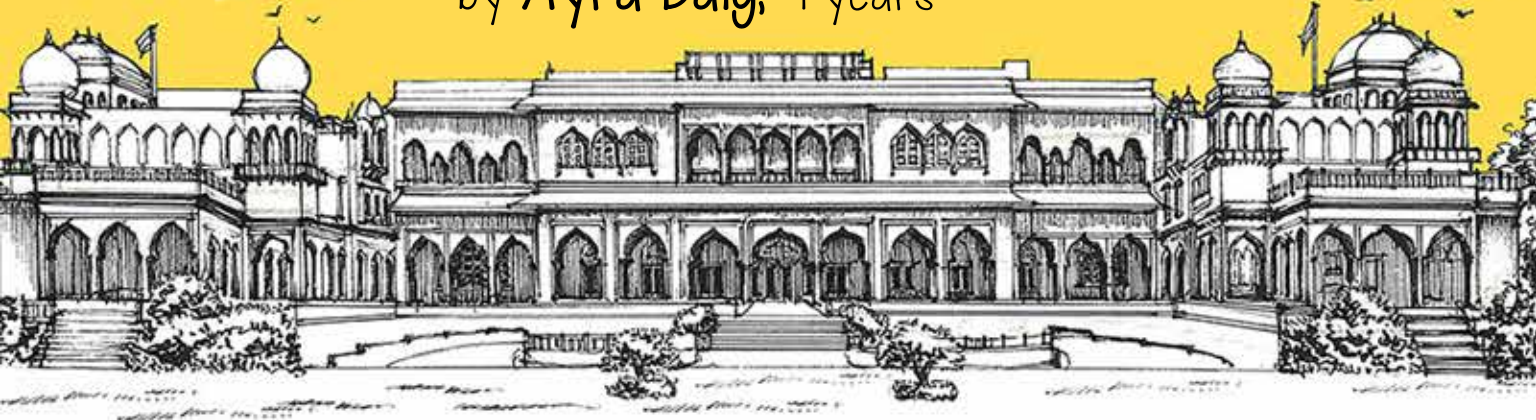




# Babur: The First Mughal

by Ayra Baig, 9 years

fresh  
pens



Did you ever think where the delicious halva came from or why gulab jamuns are so popular? Have you ever seen one of those delicately fine sarees your grandmother wears, made with such skill that its fabric is the right way up from both sides? Or seen one of those intricately detailed paintings from the subcontinent that have the incredibly precise detail you and I could not even dream to bring on a 2x2 ft canvas!

And what, if I may ask, is the common element in all the aforementioned things? It is the grandeur and patronage of the Mughal Empire that brought these to life. It was one of the greatest empires of all times. But the most interesting aspect of this empire is how it was started by a young boy who came to power at a tender age of 11 years. His name was Babur.

Babur was born on the 14th of February 1483 in Ferghana located in current Uzbekistan in a small village called Andijan. His real name was ZahirUd Din Muhammad. He was the eldest son of Umar Sheikh Mirza and great great grandson of Amir Taimur aka TamerLane. The most remarkable thing about his life is that he ruled India for only 4 years but sowed the seeds of changing the map of the world.

## Babur's rule

He became the ruler of Farghana at the age of

eleven after his father's death. It was a time when blood relatives fought each other for power. Babur also faced resistance from many family members but he was lucky to have a strong, smart, wise and politically aware maternal grandmother on his side who steered his life out of trouble. Her name was Aisan Daulat Begum and she was only one of the many strong female influences Babur would have throughout his life.

## Early Life

Babur's father was a ruler of high ambition and was always bent on expanding his kingdom. Babur spent his childhood watching his father enjoying Quran and Masnavi and listening to stories of the great Timurid dynasty. That is when he decided he would bring back the same glory to his family.

He was brought up in a household that encouraged excellence of tasks, versatility of skill, and perfection in effort. This set the bar very high for Babur.

## Babur's desire to expand his kingdom

Babur's desire was to expand his kingdom so he started by conquering Samarkand, one of the wealthiest cities of that time. He succeeded and held it for a hundred days but was told that Farghana had been taken over by some-

one else. He left for Farghana only to realise that he now had lost Samarqand as well. Now Babur was homeless.

## Babur in the mountains

He had no place to call home and decided to go into the mountains of Central Asia. Around this time he also stayed in Tashqand that was under his maternal uncle's rule. Babur mentions in his memoir how this was the lowest point in his life. He had no money, he would be starved, he had no support and the future looked bleak.

## Kabul

Soon Babur found out that the emperor of Kabul had died and the next in line was still a baby, so he raced over and took over Kabul. He formed an alliance with Ismail I of Persia and was able to conquer some bits of Central Asia.

## India

At that time India was the jewel of the world. It had all the unique spices and beautiful landscapes. It had the riches everyone desired but a weather no one from Babur's land was fond of. Babur had his eyes set on India for a long time as he wanted to fulfil his Timurid destiny of ruling this land of riches. India was ruled by Ibrahim Lodhi of the Lodhi dynasty that was going through a bad time. Some important people who were against Ibrahim Lodhi sent messages to Babur to invade India thinking he would come, plunder and leave like everyone else had done in the past who came from Central Asia.

This became an excuse for him to invade India.

## Battle of Panipat

Babur fought the famous First Battle of Panipat on the 21st April 1526 and defeated Ibrahim Lodhi. This was one of the very first battles including gunpowder that Babur had gotten from the Ottomans. He also used oth-

er warfare methods learnt from the Ottomans including the Araba which is carts tied together and the Tulughuma in which the army is split into center, left, right. This very methodical and strategic way of fighting a battle gave him an edge over Ibrahim Lodhi.

## Battle of Khanwa

After defeating Ibrahim Lodhi, Babur was faced with his next foe RanaSanga. Babur defeated them in the battle of Khanwa which was called Khanwa because it was fought near a village called Khanwa. It was fought in March 1527. After this his path to ruling India was clear.

## Babur's Personality

Babur really liked arts, music and gardening. He was an author, a lover of nature, a sportsman and he liked to call himself a qalandar. He brought the Persian style of architecture to India and built great gardens like Rambagh in Agra.

He was very generous and did not believe in collecting riches. His daughter Gulbadan wrote about his sending of presents to family in Kabul after winning the battle of Panipat, "The treasures of five kings fell into his hands and he gave them all away."

## Babur's death

Babur died in Agra at the age 47 in 1530. It is said that his son Humayun fell ill and Babur was very distressed. He was advised to give away something precious to make Humayun better again. Babur decided to give away his most precious thing: his own life. It is also said that he went around Humayun's bed praying for the exchange of their lives. Humayun got better. And within a few months after getting ill, Babur died. A coincidence for sure, but for an emperor who believed in omens so much, it was probably his wish that came true. His rule was taken by his son Humayun

# Pakistan, my home

**E**ver wondered what a 72 years old home would mean to you? You would have a special attachment to it... you were born in it, raised round it and saw it growing old with you. The home I'm talking about is our home, it's our country, it's our Pakistan.

Given its name by Chaudri Rehmat Ali exactly 72 years from now, Pakistan is proved to be having a lot of gifts from nature. From spectacular fold mountains of the Himalayas and lush green valleys towards the North, to the jagged hills and Sandy deserts of the South towards Baluchistan, Pakistan has five rivers, world's best canal system, acres and wide-spread farmlands of Punjab, monuments and historical structures of Mughal and British era in Lahore and Karachi, world's 9th largest mangrove forest, Changa manga forest, Khe-wra salt mines and numerous things that we cannot thank enough for.

Pakistan is blessed with gifts beyond our tiny imagination, I am sure citizens have not given priority to exploring their own country and surely they would say, "What are you talking about? What does this country has to offer other than inflation and increasing rates of dollar? What exactly is here for tourism? Nay nay...we would rather prefer to visit some really beautiful place for our vacation. Pakistan? Bruh..."

As an answer, I would like to share one of my favourite quotes from Umera Ahmed.

'There is nothing in any country. Every country is a piece of land, the real thing is in the people living on it, it is them who lack in qual-

ities and that vice becomes an introduction of that country, such a sign board that it carries along.'

(Translation from Urdu)

It is us who lack in qualities, it is us with vices, it is us that brought Pakistan to such a miserable condition, and it's us who make ourselves suffer. We don't do the right thing...dollar won't lower down by using hashtags like #dollar-koneechelao on Instagram, it would decrease when we'll do something that is right. Do something that really makes a change; switch from branded to local products, explore and admire your country, promote the uniqueness of cultural ralli work, hand embroidery, pottery, give priority to graduating from local universities instead of elite abroad ones, and earn and use PKR not dollar.

Even starting now is not too late...every individual can bring a change. Indeed the glaciers are melting, rivers are drying, temperature is increasing, trees are lessening but it has not completely ended...WE can reverse it, WE still can make Quaid's dream come true, WE still can fulfill what Fatima Ali Jinnah fought for. We still can serve Pakistan and protect it from going feeble. We need to plant trees, save water, preserve nature, avoid plastic, and give time and energy for our country. Our attention is all it needs.

*We can bring a change*

*We can save Pakistan*

*We can built the future*

*We still can prove to be a good nation,*

*Insha'Allah!*



# My True Friend

Concept by Zawjah Zia

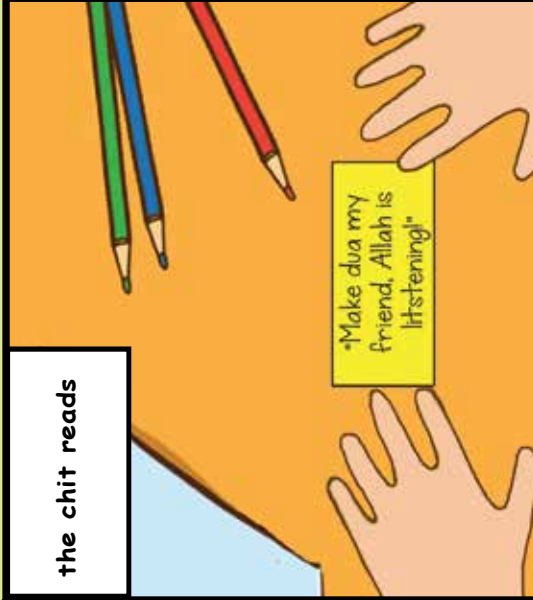
Artwork by Zawjah Jahangir

Ahmad's friend trying to whisper/ask something....and Ahmad handing him over a chit.



the chit reads

"Make dua my friend, Allah is listening!"



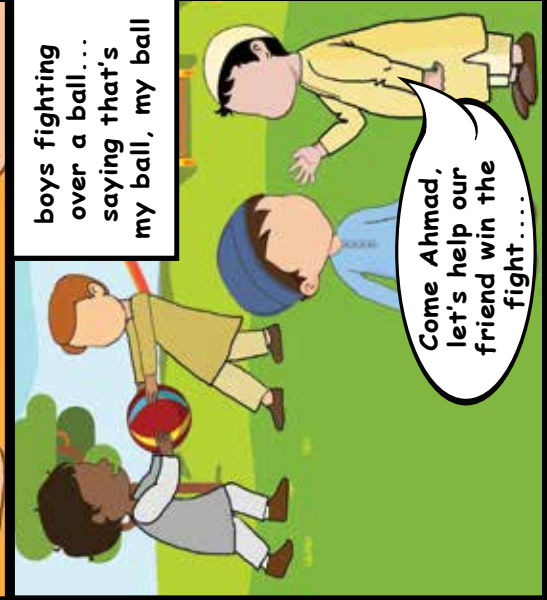
Ali shouldn't have behaved like that in class today, right?



Let's instead talk about how yummy this burger is!!

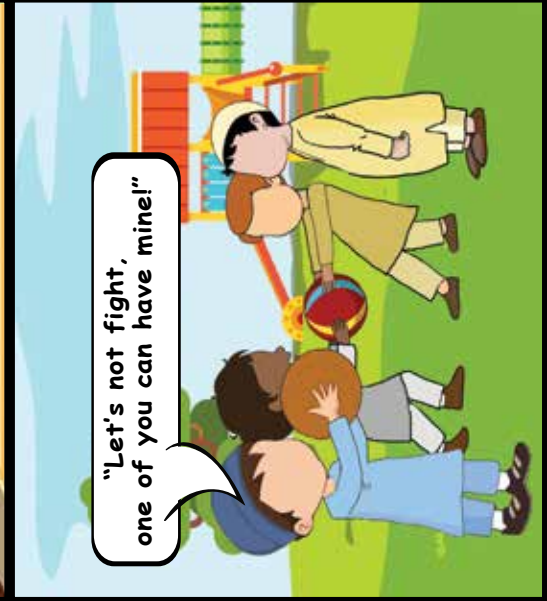


boys fighting over a ball... saying that's my ball, my ball



Come Ahmad, let's help our friend win the fight....

"Let's not fight, one of you can have mine!"



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