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# radiance

**LIVING AND LOVING THE YOUNG MUSLIM LIFESTYLE**

Comic: Valuing  
the Valuable

What could possibly  
go wrong?

Reading in the Name  
of My Lord!

*Watan humara  
azad Kashmir*



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Into my heart

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# Reading in the Name of My Lord!

As Humans, we all perceive things differently. A bunch of children come across a cat with its little kittens; one of the children might see it as a live picture out of his science book. Another might see it as a heartwarming display of love and mercy. Another yet, might see Allah's amazing miracle in it and yet another, might just see an opportunity for new pets for himself. So on and so forth.

Yes, we all see, observe and inhale the world around us in our own different ways. And our perceptions depend upon how we have been taught to approach things and ideas.

By and large, every experience that we have in life, be it with a book, a person, a situation or a solution, is education for us. We learn through our lives, sometimes consciously, sometimes unconsciously – sometimes by choice, sometimes by force. But we learn.

Hence, Our Creator ﷻ, knowing our sheer dependence upon knowledge and learning, began sending down His divine message with a vital command, 'IQRA' (read)! There's no doubt that reading is a skill that forms the basis of most knowledge. And so all of us take due pride in how forward-looking our deen is; how it acknowledges the importance of education for human grooming and well-being! Amazing indeed! And thus with this inherent understanding, we justify anything and everything that goes on around in our societies in the name of education.

The problem is that we took IQRA, and we largely

abandoned everything that follows it; we didn't even complete reading the verse! We understood that we had to read, but we failed to benefit from the "bi'ismiRabbik" (in the name of your Lord) part; the part that tells us what, how and why to read. So it's no surprise that our education and reading is anything but 'in the name of our lord'. So what does reading in the name of our Lord entail? It's not just a conjecture; it is real guidance that tells us the sole purpose of education for us; that our education brings our hearts and minds back to our Lord ﷻ who Created us. Following this principle, it would be imperative that when a sixth-grader examines the life cycle of a butterfly, he doesn't only learn its biology, but the whole sense of awe and amazement and conviction that a believer gets from looking at the signs of His Lord. When a college student indulges in his astronomy lesson, it is not just plain physics for him, rather a window to peek into this flawless universe that just screams about the existence of his Mighty Lord. Similarly, when a corporate professional moves along with this kind of reading and learning, his focus cannot ever falter from his Lord because that is how he has learnt to see the world and everything in it.

Yes, reading in the name of our Lord brings education to us in a manner that not only benefits us in this world, but in the life forever. In'sha'Allah! It makes us better believers and submitters before our Lord ﷻ. It really puts the world around us in true perspective for us

Wassalam,  
Zawjah Zia

# What Could Possibly Go Wrong?



*A comical outlook by Hafsa Kamal on a typical day of a mother that will leave you in stitches*

**A**fter a few crazy turn of events leading us to believe Murphy's Law truly exists, I concur that life can become exceedingly absurd - if not bad. And thankfully, nothing was bad. Like, bad bad, if you get me? Probably throw in a bunch of sour grapes and call it a lemonade but definitely not the 'let's bury her alive' sort of situation. Does it make sense? Nope, totally not. But I am happy it happened. I can write about it. And laugh. Oh, I bubble up with laughter every time I think about it.

We woke up in the morning because we had to. I normally wake up with the kids. But I had to wake up before them. I had breakfast. Woke the kids up. Fed them. Probably pulled my hair in between and asked myself, 'What's life?' but that's totally normal. Then I tucked each under the arms and barreled out like a rocket. Just joking. That's how I felt though. My other half brought the youngest one downstairs while I patiently wended my way downstairs nudging the elder one to move along on his own.

Trimming this tedious tale of putting the kids in their stroller- which begs for another page

and a half - we ambled our way towards our destination. In Germany, traveling from one city to another is easy because of the train station. They have so many trains and they take you everywhere. Except for my bed. That instant, I was fervently hoping a train would take me straight to bed. I need all the sleep I can get. Sadly, that's one place the train does not register. In fact, nothing can propel me towards a bed any time of the day. Well, because these two kids duh don't appreciate naps. The eldest one wouldn't dream of lying down till he literally drops completely worn out.

Mentally striking off Sleep from my Wish List, we traveled, we smiled at the receptionist in the Familian kasse section, we walked, we sat on the train again and walked some more. I saw a person in a wheelchair doing some Robotic dance and feared he was having a seizure. People bustled along.

Life is busy here. It spells Work, work, work. I am someone who loves observing people with their different attire and attitude, wondering

what their story is. I often conjure stories from their activities. So, sitting on the train I busied myself forming stories when my dynamic duo started to fight. They never fight the way they did then on the strollers and we couldn't help laughing. At that point, people probably thought we had a screw loose up in the attic. Your kids are creating a racket, do something, were their telepathic message through piercing gazes. We had tears in our eyes.

from my horrified expression. We didn't bother cooking that day because we were out and scarfed down a few tidbits before deciding to call it a day.

The news forced us to scurry around frantically so we could clear up the clutter. I went out to get

*So, sitting on the train I busied myself forming stories when my dynamic duo started to fight. They never fight the way they did then on the strollers and we couldn't help laughing. At that point, people probably thought we had a screw loose up in the attic. Your kids are creating a racket, do something, were their telepathic message through piercing gazes.*

We were laughing like a bunch of lunatics as Muhammad pulled my broken compact mirror from Ayesha's clutches, squealing, 'Chocolate!' and she echoed with a shriek. The outrageous quarrel ensued till our inward prayers were finally answered. The train pulled into our stop. We made it.

something to eat and drink. What I bought made the bag really bulky. I struggled with it till I reached the gate. I pushed the button. When he zapped the front door open, I asked my partner through the Intercom if he could give the kids something to make them sit in place for a second so he could rush downstairs and retrieve the package from me before my arms decide to fall off. He sounded hesitant. I told him it was too heavy, I needed help.

As soon as we set foot into our messy apartment, I received an unusual text from my brother telling me to open the door because my aunt was ringing the bell. I was not expecting her at all. My husband got a similar text and asked me what he meant. I tried calling my brother but his number was busy. He texted me her number and asked me to call her. I tried and turned out she wanted to surprise me. I think my husband could tell what was up

As soon as I walked through the door and heard him come downstairs, a dread gripped my heart. Call it 'Mother's instinct', intuition or 'Sixth Sense'. I knew something went wrong. And my husband went on to confirm my fear by telling me he forgot the keys inside before closing the door. Our door opens one way so the only way it'd open was if Muhammad decided to help us out. But our toddler was given the gadget to keep him busy. There was no way.

I felt silly myself. That was the first time I had decided not to take the keys with me. In the rush, I conveniently forgot. What was worse was when my husband and I started pounding the door hoping to grab Muhammad's attention so he could open the door from inside. Ayesha's wails pierced my eardrums like needles and got louder than sirens by the minute. My heart raced with panic but in every situation that threw us the green signal for worrying, I reacted the exact opposite. My husband leaned against the wall and collapsed on his knees with his head in the palm of his hands. I continued with my attempt in coaxing Muhammad out of his shell. Our neighbour told us this was a police case and phoned the key makers so we could replicate our keys. And that's very expensive, might I add. But we were that desperate.

In the midst of all this madness, the bell rang. I groaned. Our guests had arrived and we were stuck in this sticky situation. Although I wasn't nimble-footed, I managed to storm down the stairs quick as a wink and opened the door to see my blond, blue eyed aunt with my dark haired, tall brother looking down at me with beaming, clueless faces. I hugged them, pulled back and blurted, "We're locked out."

My brother's face turned colour and his lips stretched into a cheshire cat smile. In the next instant, both my guests sprinted upstairs before me to catch the thrilling scenario. But they were late as I could hear halfway up my journey that Muhammad had in fact, saved the day.

The ordeal was over. We had guests and enjoyed their presence. We went on to eat, have ice cream in the park and then finally put the children to sleep. And I was too exhausted to think. I turned over and slept.

Upon waking up, I ruminate over the previous day (Read: yesterday). What a day, I thought. What a day, I sighed. And in all honesty, I miss it. It invited me to think of what worse could have happened and didn't. It made me thankful for the people around me including my siblings, my partner, neighbours and relatives. There were so many people genuinely invested in our overall well being and I am touched. Have I done anything to deserve it? No. Can I do something to deserve it? Yes, showing thanks to Allah. All day, every day, the air we breathe and the simple things in life that can be taken for granted reflect bounties which we never conceive as favours from Allah. I understand how hard it is to be positive when it feels like everything is falling apart, especially yesterday when we had no idea what would happen but Allah never leaves us hanging.

And that one itty bitty day was like a drop in the ocean which broke our calm. In all honesty, there is so much more that people go through and sitting here ruffled by a blip shows that we have to raise our bar when it comes to patience and gratitude. Or, just continue thanking Allah. With all our heart.

I guess the moral of the story is, life isn't about waiting for the storm to pass but to enjoy the rain. Even when things get tough, knowing that our end isn't limited to this world and we have Allah watching over us is comforting and sufficient.

And of course, the icing on the cake - anything that can go wrong, will. Which includes that the chance of a slice of bread falling butter side down is directly proportional to the cost of the carpet. But, Of course. Life is too ironic. It takes sadness to know what happiness is, noise to appreciate silence and absence to value presence. But we can do all that without waiting for it, can we?



Q1. I often go to the police station, sometimes in the night, and destroy considerable numbers of finger prints. Do not, however, I consider myself a criminal. Who am I?

Q2. When the fire alarm sounded in the ten-story building where he works, Chris didn't bother making for the stairs, but jumped straight out of the nearest window. How did he survive?

Q3. They can be made, laid down, bent and broken, although it's difficult to touch them. What are they?

Q4. What 8 letter word can have a letter taken away and it still makes a word. Take another letter away and it still makes a word. Keep on doing that until you have one letter left. What is the word?



Answers

A1. The cleaner of the police station.  
A2. It was a ground floor window.  
A3. Rules.  
A4. The word is starting; starting, string, sting, sing, sin, in, I. Cool, huh?



# IF I WERE IN THE ERA OF THE PROPHET ﷺ

heavenly  
highs



Let us dream a dream with  
Musaab Sultan - a dream for  
which our very lives can become  
a reality.....

We are living in a time where we have been blessed with the teachings of Almighty Allah and the Quran and are able to practice our religion with freedom. The world before Islam was shrouded in darkness and sins. Evil and hate ran rampant across the land. But then Allah ﷻ sent His beloved Holy Prophet ﷺ to guide humanity and drift them away from the shadows and darkness of the lost times.

Our Prophet ﷺ is the prime example for all of us, the way he lived his life was according to the teachings of Allah ﷻ which have been enshrined in the Holy Quran.

Naturally, it is a dream and an ambition in the heart of every Muslim to be alongside our Holy Prophet ﷺ in the time when the religion of Islam was still in its earliest forms. To put all of our efforts to aid him in the paramount task of bringing the light of Islam to the masses and to experience the way of life of our Prophet ﷺ from the dawn of his Prophethood in the Cave of Hira to experiencing the revelations bestowed upon him by Almighty Allah ﷻ and the methods and teachings bestowed by Him upon the followers of Islam and to experience life as it had been in those times; not to forget the many blessings that had been bestowed upon our Holy Prophet ﷺ. It is also the dream and ambition of every Muslim to experience the struggles and hardships that had to be faced in order to bring the light of Islam to the

people.

To better understand the life of our Holy Prophet ﷺ, it is worth noting some of the historic events that took place in the life of Prophet Muhammad ﷺ such as the Hijrat from Makkah to Madina that also marked the beginning of the Hijri Calendar and the establishment of the first ever Muslim community in Madina. The momentous victory at the battle of Badr, the terrible losses and lessons learned from the battle of Uhad and the defence of Madina at the battle of Khandaq, the conquest of Makkah and finally, the message delivered by the Holy Prophet ﷺ to the Muslims on mount Arafah which is also known as the final sermon of the Holy Prophet ﷺ where he addressed the Muslims gathered and gave a comprehensive speech on the principles of Islam and guided the Muslims on living their lives in accordance with the teachings of Allah ﷻ.

With this in mind, we see that the life of our Holy Prophet ﷺ is an ideal example for the Muslims and if we follow those teachings with our heart and soul with the Holy Quran and Sunnah as our guide, we will soon realise our dream and the value of the struggles and hardships faced by those blessed people and then we shall experience life as it had been in the era of the Prophet ﷺ, full of sweetness and longing for seeing Him In'sha'Allah



# Into my heart

Zawjah Junaid Mukaty's story keeps us on the edge,  
asking for more

**T***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 was now walking on the way of the Sahaba - the way which she knew would certainly not disgrace her. "O Allah, please bless my family with light of eimaan. They do not know the truth, please guide them and please help me, give me strength to face everything." Tears trickled down her cheeks as she whispered earnest duas.*

Teresa was also very upset. She had warned Khadija that she would not be allowed to leave the house anymore till this issue was resolved. Khadija was thrown in her room and was locked. Her mobile phone and computer were also confiscated. She had never used her mobile or computer to keep any contact with

Maulana Jamshed and he was the only one who knew that she has taken this bold step.

What would come next? Khadija didn't know but she trusted Allah, and she knew He would help her.

\*\*\*

"Oh, I am so tired. Packing and moving is so difficult, Ammi," Javeria fell on the chair, letting her arms hang limp.

"I think we are quite lucky, we found a furnished house there in Dubai and Alhamdulillah we found a very decent family here to give this house on rent. What would have we done if we had to move all the furniture too? So

# Now she was about to get what she wanted all her life.

my dear child, be thankful to Allah. Now why don't you go ask Hassan to wrap tape around this box," said Zakia with a smile.

Javeria sighed irritably. "Ugh... same old stories of being thankful as usual, I'm so tired and fed up..." she walked away grumbling.

Zakia was very worried for her only daughter. They wanted her to be a good Muslim girl, but worldly desires were consuming her. Their son Hassan was now an engineer and Hussain had just completed his schooling, but both were the exact opposite of Javeria. They prayed for Javeria as they knew this was the only thing they could do for her.

\*\*\*

The sight of Dubai International Airport widened Javeria's eyes. Its huge well-lit space was very well managed. The people around her impressed her so much that she couldn't stop turning her head every which way. "If the Dubai airport is so pretty, what will the city be like?" she wondered. She had seen pictures of this city, but in real life it seemed so different. Hassan and Hussain helped their father in collecting their luggage from the belt while Javeria excitedly observed the hubbub around her. Soon they came out of the terminal where they saw Jamshed Ali walking towards them with a broad smile on his face. He was her father's best friend and had facilitated Amjad Qureshi in moving to Dubai.

"Marhaba, marhaba. I'm so happy today to have my dearest friend and his family here with me." Jamshed Ali gave Amjad Qureshi a warm hug. "Both your sons are now taller than you Amjad," he said while greeting them, "and our daughter here has also grown up, Masha Allah."

Abbu's friends are carbon copies of him even in Dubai...all these beards and shalwar kameezes and caps! Why can't he make more modern and civilized friends? Javeria thought while observing Jamshed Ali from head to toe.

-----  
"Did you all like the house?" Amjad asked his family. The house was given to them by Amjad's office and was tastefully furnished, not to mention located in a posh area.

"Alhamdulillah, this is a nice place."

"Superb!"

"Oh, this is a dream house," the family members remarked delightedly as they looked around the house while Jamshed Ali told them where the nearest Metro station was and named some nearby malls they could visit.

"Jamshed uncle, these attractions are for the ladies. Tell us something for men," Hassan asked Jamshed Ali with a mischievous smile.

“You’re right, young man,” he nodded with a laugh. “The Metro must interest you, because the job that I’ve found for you is at Business Bay and you’ll have to take the Metro.” He winked at Hassan who was now laughing.

“Jazakallah, Jamshed, you have made things so easy for us. May Allah accept your efforts.”

“Come on, don’t embarrass me. And yes, day after tomorrow is Friday and you all are going to have lunch at my place. Afterwards we can go sightseeing.”

“No no, you’ve already done so much for us. And Friday is a busy day for you. You’ll have to deliver a sermon at your madrassah, too. Now that we are here, we can come anytime.”

But Jamshed Ali was persistent and so they all accepted his invitation.

\*\*\*

Javeria’s first day at college was full of surprises for her. She had assumed the girls there would be backward and boring in an all girls’ college but she met some amazingly modern and out-going girls there. She started to love the place on her very first day. She wanted to make sure she would hang out with the cool ‘groups’ of friends with all the popular girls, and not get stuck with the quiet nerds. Now she was about to get what she wanted all her life.

\*\*\*


It had been fifteen days since Katherine broke the news to the Belwards. Timothy Belward and his wife Teresa were seated for dinner.

“Tim, I’m going to call Katherine for dinner. Please be soft and polite with her. She might get more stubborn if you are harsh on her. She adores you. Talk her out of this mess.”

“I just can’t believe what she has done, I never expected this silliness out of her. There is no place for Islam in my house.” His words were laced with poison.

“Tim, she is eighteen and independent. She can easily get in touch with American Embassy and find her way out with their help. If that happens... we’ll never see her again.” Teresa’s voice was a whisper as if someone was eavesdropping her deepest fears. Although she did not like what Khadija had done, she was her mother too. She did not want Timothy to take her daughter away from her.

“Huh, don’t you worry. The American Embassy will help us in this case, not her – but if this does happen, imagine the news and noise it’ll make. She has disgraced us.” He hit the table with his fist. “I still couldn’t find that person she is following.”

**Continued In’sha’Allah...** 


### **Continued from pg 25**

**For fever:** If a cat is very dull, not eating and has hot ears, it has a fever. Give it plain chicken soup and let it rest.

**Bathing a cat:**

Cats hate water. But if your cat gets really dirty it’s a good idea to give it a bath. Use a large tub, not too much water and mild sham-

poo (very small amount). Baby shampoo is mild so it’s a good option. Be careful, as the cat will probably get very angry and start clawing. Afterwards, let it dry in the sun and give it its favourite food to make it less cross with you.

I hope all new cat owners found this article helpful. If you have any questions, feel free to contact me at [hanaa.sajid@gmail.com](mailto:hanaa.sajid@gmail.com). I’ll always be happy to help! 

# Talbina



Eeman Adil tempts us to seek help from Tibb-e-Nabawi's foods instead of our junk breakfasts composed of sandwiches, Parathas, etc. that induce acidity & flatulence

Your first meal of the day is the most important, it either builds or destroys your health, so wrong choices can be dangerous in the long run. One of the best breakfasts in this world is Talbinah, the barley porridge made with milk & honey.

Hadhrat Aisha رضي الله عنها used to recommend talbina for the sick and for the one grieving over a dead person. She used to say, "I heard the Messenger ﷺ saying, 'The Talbina gives rest to the heart of the patient and makes it active and relieves some of his sorrow and grief.'" [Saheeh al-Bukhari]

Hadhrat Aisha رضي الله عنها also narrated, "If any of Rasulallah's ﷺ family became ill, the Messenger ﷺ would say, 'It soothes the grieving heart and cleanses the ailing heart just as one of you cleans dirt off his face with water.'" [Saheeh Sunan Ibn Maajah]

## How to make Talbina:

- Talbina is made by adding 1-2 tablespoons of barley flour to 1 ½ cups of water or milk.

- Cook on low heat for 10-15 minutes, mix vigorously so as to avoid any lump formation. Cook until thickened and has a porridge-like consistency.
- It can be sweetened with honey. Dates and nuts can be added as well.

That is all. Your Talbina is ready!

- Tip: Remember that barley flour is used as a thickener and so it will thicken as you cook it. Do not leave it in the stove for too long or you may come back to a floppy brick of barley porridge! If this does happen, you can add more water or milk and re-stir while reheating.

Barley, honey, and milk are all foods of the sunnah and hold their own healing properties. Talbina combines all three ingredients together to create a super food! It lowers cholesterol and strengthens the heart; protects from cancer, alzheimer, and depression; controls blood sugar levels, Type 2 Diabetes, mellitus and hypertension, all without side effects. Try getting that with modern medicine!

## Glass Throne

by **Rabia Khalid Lakhani**  
Generations School

Beautiful, deadly, fragile  
She inhabits a throne of glass  
Smudged eye makeup from  
The tears in her eyes  
Trying to look strong, 'cuz she is  
Queen. Queen of her world  
Sitting on her throne of glass  
Crown on her head  
Digging into her forehead, glass  
Fragile and dangerous  
Deadly to all those in contact

Staring at the empty page  
Pencil in hand  
Trying to express herself  
She finds herself unable  
Her insecurities too many  
Tears in her eyes, she gives up.  
She sits on a throne of insecurities  
A throne of pressure  
Pressure to be a good queen

Eye make-up smudged  
Tears in her eyes  
She stood up, she had had  
ENOUGH  
Took hold of herself  
Put herself together  
And set out to rule her realm

Successful she was, a raging success  
No longer on a throne of glass  
But replaced by diamond  
Upon her brow, a crystal crown

Powerful, deadly  
No longer insecure  
A force to be reckon with  
Reigning from her diamond throne.



## My Flag!

by **Sara Noor**  
Grade 5  
APS

Others might have forgotten,  
But never can I,  
That the flag of my country,  
Furls very high,  
Because of the efforts,  
Put in by them,  
My mothers, my sisters,  
And those great men,  
Who laid down their lives,  
For just a cause,  
And showed it to the world,  
That Pakistan, it was.

PAKISTAN ZINDABAD!!

# 6 ways to live greener



go green

## radiance

We need now, more than ever, to live more sustainably and consciously on this planet if we are to survive as a species after the next 12 years.

This planet is an amanah from Allah, but sadly we humans have trashed it almost to the point of no return. From plastic pollution to carbon emissions to deforestation, the Earth is under attack on all fronts. Let's play our part in working towards a cleaner, healthier lifestyle and protecting the Earth from extinction.

### Be waste wise

- Ditch single-use plastics (eg disposables)
- Recycle & re-use



### Buy local

- The less distance your food has traveled, the less carbon footprint!



### Be energy wise

- Use less electricity
- Use renewable energy (solar/wind power)



### Travel green

- Reduce CO2 emissions
- Cycle, walk, carpool or use public transport



### Save water

- Don't waste water
- Use cold water instead of hot (when possible)



### Talk about it

- Raise awareness
- More people can make a bigger difference!



Rabia Khalid Lakhani  
reminisces about a recent trip that  
brought her the feeling of seeing a  
liberated Kashmir one day In'sha'Allah

Kashmir Solidarity Day. Friday.

I remember coming home from school that day, and asking my mom about the reason for this 'display'.

"It isn't helping them in any way!"

Flashback to the 14th of August. Independence Day. Dedicated to Kashmir. I remember thinking, "What good will that do to the Kashmiris? While we are chanting '*Kashmir banega Pakistan*', how will that help stop the atrocities committed in Kashmir.

I remember Amma looking up at me, and saying, "*Beta, awareness hoti hai* (it creates awareness)." Those chants, those marches, those speeches filled with passion (the ones that will later be thrown in the bin, because no one cares about them). They are doing nothing for the Kashmiris. They are doing it for us. To help us realise the intensity of the issue.

We live in a world, where everyone is so detached from their emotions, that we need to be shaken so hard, our bones rattle. To see the world around us. Still it isn't enough.

I remember Amma telling me, that in her youth, there was so much sentimental value attached to the state of Kashmir. The realisation that Kashmir is as much a part of Paki-

stan, as Sindh is. As Punjab is. As Balochistan is. As KPK is. Without it Pakistan would not be a complete nation. The name Pakistan would not have one of its segments. The meaning would be incomplete.

As it so happens, since we are not directly affected by the matter, we don't care in the same way. It is like a background matter. Personally, I don't think that's something that can be blamed on our generation. It's just how we've grown up. Most of us think like that. Even I did, until a few months ago.

A few months ago, I went on a Pakistan tour, with my family and cousins. Since we didn't have much time, we weren't staying for very long in any of the places. One of the places we visited was the highly militarized area of Neelum Valley in Kashmir, right where the LOC is located. It is usually open for Pakistani tourists in times of peace. Since we went near the end of June, we were able to enjoy quite a peaceful time there. Our hotel was overlooking the LOC, that is to say, the River Neelum. It was a scary thought. Right across the river, in front of us, was Indian occupied Kashmir.

Before I go any further, I would like you all to stop for a moment, and imagine the scenario. It was 8 at night, but it was pitch dark. Not a thing could be seen. We were in an unfamiliar place. A place reputed for constant tension and



But then our driver told us something even creepier and scarier than that. Something we had forgotten about in the eeriness of the night. He told us that across the terrifying sounding river, we couldn't see, was India!

gunfire. The wind whistling through shadowy silhouettes of extremely tall trees, making eerie sounds. An 'invisible' river roaring mightily in the night - the only audible thing apart from the wind. Nothing could be seen. Only heard. Now this is already a scene worthy enough to be in 'It', but then our driver told us something even creepier and scarier than that. Something we had forgotten about in the eeriness of the night. He told us that across the terrifying sounding river, we couldn't see, was India! India. The country we learn to hate since childhood. The country that is the first thing that comes to mind when thinking of enemies. The country that is hated by every single person in this country, regardless of how starkly they oppose in their views. With all their heart.

I remember the feeling of dread and horror at that point. The feeling that I could die any moment due to gunfire from the other side. That Indian forces could start fire any moment without warning.

First reaction: Definitely fear

Second reaction: Hatred

Okay, let's clarify that one up. It was in the morning, when we could finally see what was going on. It was beautiful. It was heavenly. It was indescribable. It was out of reach. Because even though the side we were on was beautiful, the sights across the river, were even more exquisite. But it was across the LOC. And in that moment, I wanted to go there. I wanted to explore. I wanted to experience Kashmir. The Heaven on Earth. As I was looking across, I felt the feeling of last night return. The feeling of being insecure. Like a caged bird. One that could be attacked any moment. I realised that this was how Kashmiris felt all the time. That they could

be attacked.

I remember the feeling of longing. The feeling of wanting to freely explore my surroundings. I remember saying to my brother that morning, full of passion I was, "In'sha'Allah, we will come back next year. And we will go to the other side. In'sha'Allah, the next time, we come, as proud Pakistanis, this would not be the LOC. This would be River Neelum, in Azad Kashmir."

You can totally imagine the feelings of horror, fear, surprise, passion and love, simultaneously, as I heard about the renewed attacks in Kashmir. It's gaining intensity. Because my friends, what's meant to happen, will happen, and In'sha'Allah Kashmir is meant to be a part of Pakistan. Free.

That's how Kashmir gained sentimental value for me. I visited it. I could feel the pains of the people living there. Their plight. And I wanted it to end.

Kashmir is important. Kashmir is relevant. It's not just some issue the government has to deal with. It's our personal problem. Our patriotic pride. It is our duty to help in whatever way we can, to make Kashmir's national anthem true, because never in my life have I heard an anthem, which so widely contradicts the place it represents.

*"Watan hamara Azad Kashmir"*

Azadi. The one thing Kashmiris don't have. So let's join our hands together, and fight for Kashmir. Because in the end,

*"Kashmir banega Pakistan!"*

# Hadhrat Rumaisa bint Milhan رضي الله عنها

Zulekha Naz inspires us with the timeless story of an incredible Sahabiya who set the real standards of empowerment and womanhood for our generation

**H**adhrat Rumaisa bint Milhan رضي الله عنها, popularly known as Umm e Sulaim, was a woman of high character and integrity. She was one of the first women of Madinah to accept Islam at the hands of Hadhrat Mus'ab bin Umair رضي الله عنه. She is also known as Hadhrat Ghumaisa or Sahlah.

Generally women are known to be weak and tend to be unstable when adversities encircle them. But this was not the case with Hadhrat Rumaisa bint Milhan. Many narrations explain her strength and unique attribute to handle the difficult situations with calmness and intelligence.

Her marriage with Malik bin Nazr was a happy one. People called them a perfect and delightful couple, but this suddenly changed. Her husband was away on a business trip when she converted to Islam. When he returned, he strongly objected to her new religion and tried to force her to leave it. She faced all his opposition calmly and tried to convince him to turn to the true religion. He not only himself rejected the proposal, but also tried to stop his wife from conveying the teachings of Islam to their son. She stood firmly against all the odds that came her way and held on to her beliefs tightly.

Ultimately, Malik was not destined to accept Islam. In the same state of refusal and denial, he left his home and headed towards Syria. Some narrations say he died on his way there, while some say that he was killed by his enemies. After this incident, Hadhrat Rumaisa became devoted to her son and his upbringing.

A man named Abu Talha proposed to her as he knew about her many admirable qualities. He was confident that she would not refuse him as he was a strong and rich man with an impressive personality. But to his utter disappointment, she declined on the basis of the fact that he was not a Muslim.

She told him that she could not marry a man who worshipped the roots and bark of a tree. She explained to him that the tree which itself is helpless, could never help someone solve their problems or answer their prayers. She advised



**W**hen the Prophet ﷺ was given a warm welcome in Madinah, the people came to him with all sorts of gifts. Hadhrat Rumaisa went with her son, Anas, and presented him to Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ as a servant

him to go back home and think about it. Abu Talha left and reflected on her words deeply. Soon they took their effect on him; he returned to her happily and embraced Islam, after which they got married. The Sahabah would comment that they did not know of a better dowry than Hadhrat Rumaisa's, as her dowry was Abu Talha's Islam. They both were present at the Second Pledge of 'Aqabah.

When the Prophet ﷺ was given a warm welcome in Madinah, the people came to him with all sorts of gifts. Hadhrat Rumaisa went with her son, Anas, and presented him to Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ as a servant. Hadhrat Anas served Muhammad ﷺ dutifully till his demise. The Prophet ﷺ was very fond of this boy and treated him like his own son; he also had a close connection with this pious family. He would sometimes visit their house and pray there on a mat provided by Hadhrat Rumaisa and sometimes he would also have a siesta there. As he slept, she would wipe the perspiration from his forehead. Once, when Prophet ﷺ awoke, he asked: "Umm Sulaim, what are you doing?" She replied, "I am taking these (drops of perspiration) as a barakah (blessing) which comes from you."

Hadhrat Rumaisa was a devoted Muslim who was ready to sacrifice anything and everything in the way of Allah. In the Battle of Uhud, she physically fought in the battlefield with a dagger which she had kept in her dress. She also

served water and tended the wounded with other female companions of Prophet ﷺ in the Battle of Hunain.

Hadhrat Abu Talha and Hadhrat Rumaisa had another son whom they named Umair. While Abu Talha was away on an important tour, this boy fell sick and died. At this time of grief, she stayed away from wailing and crying and kept herself composed. She also discouraged the family members from informing her husband about his death, as she wanted to tell him herself. When Hadhrat Abu Talha returned, she fed him well and let him rest through the night. When he was fresh, she asked him, "If a person entrusted me with something, and then came to claim it, should it be returned?" He answered that it should be returned willingly. Then she broke the news of their son's death. Naturally, Hadhrat Abu Talha felt immense grief, but the way his wife made him understand the situation gave him satisfaction and peace of heart, and he accepted the decree of Allah.

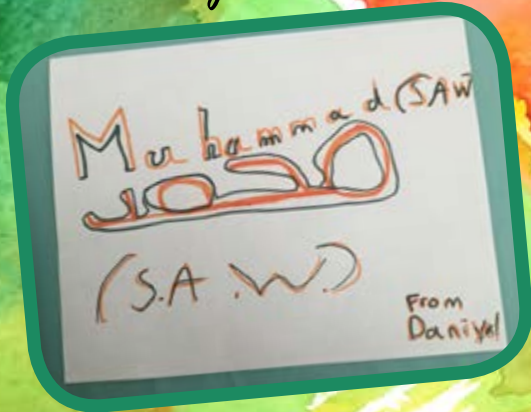
Next morning, Abu Talha told the whole story to the Messenger of Allah ﷺ and said that his wife should have told him about the death of their child immediately when he returned. But instead Prophet ﷺ praised her and prayed for Barakah and blessings in their offspring. It is reported that after this they had another child, Hadhrat Abdullah bin Abu Talha, who is a famous companion known for his intelligence. He was among the top ten most knowledgeable and noteworthy Sahaba of that time.

Hadhrat Rumaisa bint Milhan played different roles in her life. Each role carries a message for us. Whether she was a wife, a mother or an Ummati, she has set amazing examples for the world after her. May Allah help us to understand the lives of the companions of Prophet ﷺ.

She died in Madinah and was buried in Jannat ul Baqee. May Allah send His blessings and peace upon her. Ameen

# Art Work

By Muhammad Daniyal Adnan  
7 years



By Murtaza Azher  
9 years



By Zakariya Yahya  
9 years



By Madeha Muhammad  
5 years



By Mujtaba Azher  
5 years



By Yousuf Faisal



screw  
bolts

# KIDS CORNER

Q: What's the difference between a TV and a newspaper?

A: Ever tried swatting a fly with a TV?

Q: Why was everyone so tired on April 1st?

A: They had just finished a March of 31 days.

Q: Which hand is it better to write with?

A: Neither, it's best to write with a pen!

Q: Why did Mickey Mouse take a trip into space?

A: He wanted to find Pluto!

Q: Why do you go to bed every night?

A: Because the bed won't come to you!

Q: Why do eskimos do their laundry in Tide?

A: Because it's too cold out-tide!



# Find 6 differences



## Trees Word Search

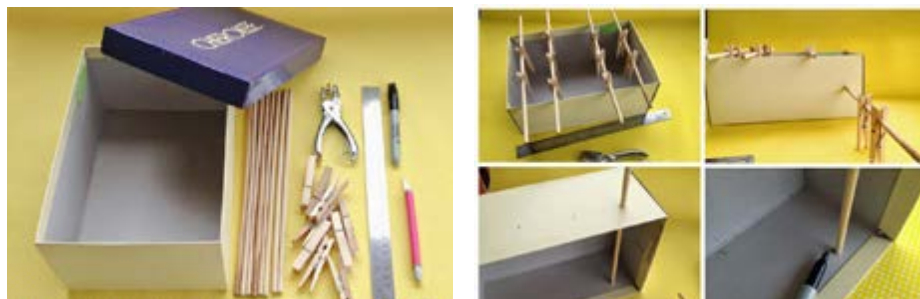
W R O W I H A A Z H M A T G C  
 A T S I U R P O N U S H W D A  
 A T K L A R P T G L A A D O A  
 N O R L S Y L T R W L L O R W  
 E S P O C H E S T N U T G A A  
 D O O W D E R H U R I F W I K  
 P C L N W C O T T O N W O O D  
 P K Y S E R M R D H I C O U I  
 M R R P N N A O S T P P D Q L  
 H L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

- |           |            |          |
|-----------|------------|----------|
| Alder     | Cottonwood | Pine     |
| Apple     | Cypress    | Poplar   |
| Ash       | Dogwood    | Redwood  |
| Aspen     | Elm        | Sequoia  |
| Birch     | Fir        | Spruce   |
| Buckthorn | Hawthorn   | Sweetgum |
| Cedar     | Hazel      | Sycamore |
| Cherry    | Larch      | Walnut   |
| Chestnut  | Maple      | Willow   |
| Chinkapin | Oak        | Yew      |

This Mini Foosball table for kids is genius! Kids can help make the table out of a shoebox or any other box, then spend time playing with it.

### Supply List:

- shoebox
- small wooden dowels
- clothespins
- utility knife
- marker
- ruler
- hot glue gun and glue
- wrapping paper to cover the box
- spray paint
- clear tape
- ping pong balls




### What to do:

1. Determine how you want the clothespins on the dowels. I used two "goalies" on each end and three middle guys. So each child only needs to handle two dowels.
2. Stand the clothespins up and put the dowel right against the outside of the box.
3. About 1/4 above the dowel, put a mark for the hole. You want the clothespins to be able to move without hitting the bottom of the box.
4. Make a hole on your mark by pushing the tip of the X-Acto knife in and turning it around. It makes a perfect hole when you use a sharp blade. Next push the dowel through and mark the inside of the box where you want the hole on the other side.
5. Put the dowels in and the clothespins on where you want. Mark where the clothespins are because you have to take it all apart in order to glue and paint it.
6. Hot glue the clothespins on the dowels.
7. Take your dowels with glued clothespins and paint them.
8. Cover the box with wrapping paper.
9. Cut out a large "goal" on either end of the box.
10. Put the dowels back in and drop in a ping pong ball.

Now you have an adorable kid-sized foosball table.

For as long as I can remember, cats have always been part of our family. We have had more than a dozen cats over the years. My family with the exception of my mom, all love cats. We've had so many that now even mom has started liking them (only from a distance, of course). Right now I have four kittens, Masha'Allah. Oreo, Chocolate, Muffin and Chloe. They get along pretty well.

Hadhrat Abu Huraira  loved cats as well. He used to have kittens climbing on his clothes and sleeves. What lucky kittens SubhanAllah!

by Hanaa Sajid  
11 years  
Islamabad

# Caring for Cats



Some narrations say that he had a kitten that would come everywhere with him. That's why the Prophet (s.a.w.) himself gave him the nickname "Abu Hurairah" which means "father of a kitten".

So for all the cat-lovers out there, let me share some tips on how to care for them.

I wouldn't recommend buying a cat, because this matter is disputed in Islam. All of our cats were adopted, usually rescued abandoned kittens that we kept and they grew up with us, or adopted ones that someone else gave to us. My dad often brought them home from his daily Fajr walks. Cats just come along and started walking with him! His Qari Sahab used to call him "Abu Huraira" because he likes cats so much!

Keep an eye out for people giving away kittens. Be careful about rowdy or scaredy cats that can scratch you. It's always a better idea to take in kittens instead of cats. Adult stray cats are usually dirty and don't take care of their own cleanliness like good cats do. But when kittens grow up in a good environment, they are well-mannered and well-kept even if they were strays. It will also earn you sawab inshaAllah, because taking care of any living thing is a good deed! Remember this hadith: "Show kindness to the creatures on the earth so that the One above the skies [Allah] may be kind to you." (Abu Dawud and Tirmidhi)

## Foods

Feeding cats/kittens good food makes them attached to you and their new home. Your first thought might be to give a kitten milk, but we have made this mistake enough times to tell you that this is a very bad idea. The kitten could be lactose intolerant because it is used to drinking its mother's milk not buffalo/cow milk. And definitely not Olper's or MilkPak's



milk, which comes from Allah knows where! The kitten will get diarrhea and vomiting, and it becomes a mess to clean up. Instead, slowly introduce it to pure cow/buffalo milk by giving it a tiny bit every few days and then very slowly increasing the amount.

Buying inexpensive cat food is a good idea, because usually moms start complaining that milk is disappearing from the fridge and botis are disappearing from the salan. Never, ever give a cat only packaged cat food. It will become addicted and not eat anything else! It is best to give cats different types of food. Some of them are: meat, chicken liver/fat, cooked or raw eggs. Some of our cats eat rice, paratha, bread and even daal and biryani! Just don't give them anything too spicy or sweet. Never give cats chocolate/candies. It can be fatal.

Remember, the kitten/cat will usually settle or start hanging around wherever you give them food, so give them food in a place where your parents allow you to. Cats sitting in front of the drawing room is often a bit unwelcome by guests and inconvenient too!

## Scratches and Bites

If a cat scratches you, it doesn't mean that they hate you at all. They often do it by accident while playing or when they are scared and you are irritating them. Just wash it with clean water (Dettol too, if you want and necessarily if the cut is deep.) and put a plaster on it.

## Playing with cats

Cats enjoy playing with balls, yarn, string and things that roll. Move the string around or dangle it in the air and the cat will catch it. If there are siblings, they will probably play-fight. It's usually hilarious to watch! But some cats are naturally playful while others aren't. When cats are hyper they usually pounce on

anything that moves, so be careful with tassels on clothing.

## Protecting cats from dangers

Don't let stray cats, especially billas (tom-cats) bother your kitten/cat. Shoo them away as loudly and fiercely as you can. One of the best harmless methods is to spray water. Keep the spray bottle near the door for emergencies in a catfight.

## If a cat gets sick

Google may tell you to race to the vet the second your cat snuffles or sneezes. But there are many small problems that can easily be treated at home for cats. Of course, if the situation is clearly dangerous, don't hesitate to go to a vet, as it's your responsibility and the right of the kitten you have in your care.

Here are some remedies we've tried & tested over the years:

For diarrhea & vomiting: Don't give any solid food for several hours and give 1 tsp water each half-hour. (Force with a needle-less syringe if they don't drink). This will clean their body.

For constipation: Give lots of water. Mix olive oil in their food. Switch to wet cat food (Like whiskas jelly) and add espaghol in it. Don't give dry foods (e.g. biscuit cat food).

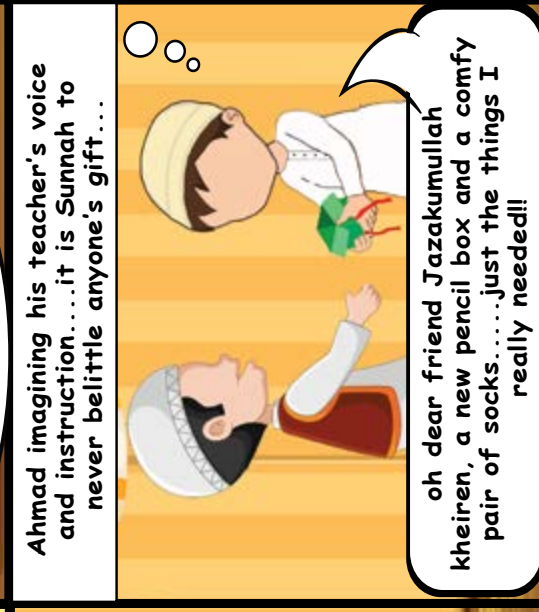
For limping: If the cat doesn't let you touch the leg or cries in pain when you do, and the leg hangs at an odd angle, it is broken. Take the cat to the vet so he can put a cast on it. If the cat lets you touch/stroke the leg and move the leg, but just gently pulls it away, it's likely a sprain. Tie a bandage around it for warmth and try to lessen jumping/running for a while. It'll get fine itself.

**Continued on pg 12**

# Valuing the Valuable

Concept by Zawjah Zia

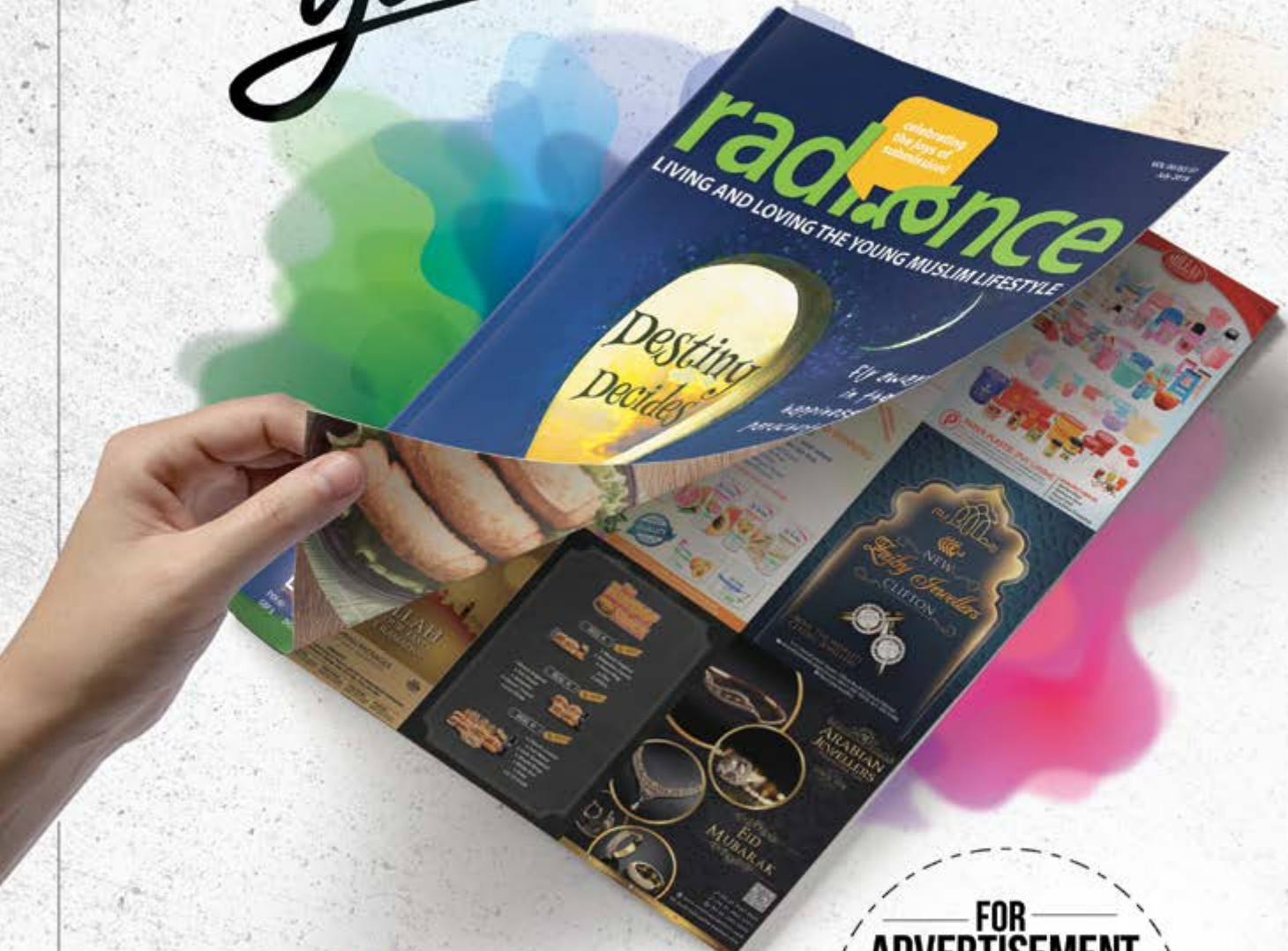
Artwork by Zawjah Jahangir





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