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the joys of  
submission!

# radiance

LIVING AND LOVING THE YOUNG MUSLIM LIFESTYLE

Adaab  
of guests

The joys of  
patience

Comic:  
Surprise  
Surprise

Trails in  
the woods

## Who's guilty?



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# Coronavirus vs Uyghur Muslims: What made you panic?

We have started to panic. The media is printing scary graphics showing how the viral pandemic of coronavirus can contract you, giving tips on how to stay safe, how deadly it is and so on. The media wants you to panic because panic means clicks, and clicks generate revenue. More so it is a surprise to learn that we are all going to die from a virus, considering that we as Muslims already know that death is near and can occur anytime. Virus or no virus.

Still let us enumerate here how we can protect ourselves from the coronavirus if you live in Pakistan: Do nothing special at all. Just live a healthy lifestyle and carry out some extra acts of ibadah out of the fear of death. Reporters suggest that those who do wudu five times a day get to wash all the imperative parts of the body that are open and liable to contract any infection, Subhan'Allah. Rasulullah ﷺ said, "Know that the best of your deeds is Salat (prayer) and that no one maintains his ablution except a believer." (Ibn Majah) What does it mean to protect one's wudu? It means that a Mu'min will always want to be in a state of wudu. Whenever he breaks his wudu, he immediately wants to perform it again out of love for being in the state of purity. Other than this, avoid touching your face as hands usually have germs on them by touching various objects. And most importantly, read the morning and evening supplications which are our protecting weapon against all mishaps.

However, no matter how much we downplay the significance of this illness, for people who live in China, this is a very real public health emergency. And that especially calls for us to appeal to the international community to save the lives of 3+ million Uyghurs in China's concentration camps.

Are the detainees still alive? Are they being fed? When will this torture end?

"Uyghurs in the diaspora fear if the virus isn't

already in the camps, when it does reach them, the consequences will be catastrophic, leading to mass outbreaks and high mortalities very quickly given reports of overcrowding, starvation, forced labor and torture in the camps. As China has largely ignored the issue of the virus spreading in the region and its crimes against humanity in the region are ongoing, it's unlikely the Chinese government will allocate resources to address the issue." [change.org]

So we call for UN, WHO, international human rights groups, national governments and the rest of the international community to pressure China to close the camps and release the millions detained immediately as part of the global response to the coronavirus outbreak. Also the global health and humanitarian organizations should send medical supplies and teams to screen, diagnose and treat affected individuals in the Uyghur region including those in China's concentration camps. We also call for UN to send a delegation to the region to find out if the concentration camp detainees are being provided with enough food and heat to survive and take all measures necessary to prevent mass outbreaks and deaths before it's too late.

So we have all started to panic for the coronavirus but did we panic enough when we initially got to know of the reality of the Uyghur Muslims being forced to abandon their religion and language in the camps which the Chinese government had long claimed are camps merely as vocational training centers?

Oh Allah, we are helpless and distressed, we wronged our own selves, but indeed You are the Most Compassionate, we await Your infinite mercy *Ya Rabb...*

Was'salam,

**Bint Zahid**

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# Who's guilty?

misty  
mirrors

by Syed Arsalan Shah

The streets were desolate, the houses abandoned long ago, a constant sound of the gushing water from the river flowing down the bridge reigned the ambience, otherwise all was as silent as death. From the far edge of the street, a scrawny boy, what looked from his countenance, in his early twenties materializes walking in a slow but steady pace. His dark-circled eyes were red with what might be between fury and hopelessness. They once must have been aglow with colours of life but the glow was never there now.

“Why me?” was all he kept muttering under his breath. His name was Ahmed.

\*\*\*

Ahmed lived a simple life with his family of four unmarried sisters and two aged parents. His father had long gone bedridden even before old age enveloped him, so he had to find some way to earn a living. He had no proper job, yet what he did was sufficient for a peaceful life. He would supply balance cards from the company to the local shops in different towns.

One day, as usual he was on his way back home after the delivery, his pockets laden with the cash he had received in return, when two men on a motorbike appeared out of nowhere. Both were hooded with their faces veiled, one had blood-veined eyes while the other shrouded

them behind the green-tinted glasses. It dawned upon Ahmed what was going to occur. Without giving it a second thought he started running as fast as his legs could carry him, meanwhile the would-be robbers also accelerated their motorbike. He had very slight chances to get rid of them because there was no one in the vicinity and it was a long muddy area.

Then it happened. When he came to a dead end with no nook or cranny to hide or slip in. The next moment he was standing with his pockets vacant and face between his palms. He was ravaged! He had lost 6,000,000 rupees, which he did not even own.

The worse yet awaited him. When he told the whole tragedy to his manager, he clearly refused to believe and said defiantly that he was improvising this fake story. He accepted no apologies and gave a direct verdict that no matter what, he had to return his money within two days or he might be punished officially and sentenced to death.

Though his old parents insisted the manager to leave their son for he was innocent, but the manager ignored every request. To gain such a large amount of money in a matter of days was virtually impossible for such a family. He was at a dead end with no choice left.

\*\*\*

The river was as extravagant as ever flushing effusively. His slow muttering still continued under his breath, the only sound except that of the river. Then there was a muffled thud in the river and all went silent again, this time with no muttering breath! I am still confused between who to blame guilty.

Just the same day, Ahmed's uncle had given the money to Ahmed's father that was due on him. He couldn't stand the family's condition and thus wanted to extend his help. But alas Ahmed had already left his parents and sisters thinking there was no hope. Trials are indeed a part of life, one should never lose hope

## TREASURE OF PARADISE

The Prophet (ﷺ) said,

"O Abu Musa (or, O `Abdullah)! Shall I tell you a sentence from the treasure of Paradise?" I said, "Yes." He (ﷺ) said:

*"La haul a wala quwwata illa billah,"*

لَا حَوْلَ وَلَا قُوَّةَ إِلَّا بِاللَّهِ

There is no Might or Power  
except with Allah

Sahih Bukhari : 6409



# Allah

by **S.Hafsa Mansoor**

**6 years**

**Generations School**

Who made these mountains?  
Who makes these wonderful fountains?  
Who made the beautiful sky?  
Allah made all the things!

How animals talk?  
Who knows what they say?  
Look at the yummy food we are eating,  
How birds are flying,  
Look at our colourful clothes,  
Who gave us these blessings?  
Allah gives it all!

# My Reverie!

poetic  
rush

by **Aisha**

Oh Allah where are You,  
My heart is calling You!

I know You are everywhere,  
This heart wants to feel You here!

If You are mine,  
Everything is fine!

Yes it is wonderful,  
Oh yes it is cheerful!

To fall in love with You,  
To revive my Imaan and renew!

As You know, I'm not so strong,  
Sometimes I really do wrong!

Oh Allah grant me strength  
Don't make me weak in Imaan!

Oh Allah You are so kind,  
That Your love I strive to find!

I love to be in love with You,  
You are my reverie, only You!

# The Adaab of hosting



## Umm Ibrahim compiles the sunnah of hosting and valuing our guests

If there's one thing that Muslims are known for around the world, it's our hospitality. While other aspects of our respective cultures may have begun to wither away, Muslims continue to proudly uphold the legacy of hospitality that's been passed down to us through the ages. True hospitality is more than just providing a guest with a bed for the night.

As the Prophet ﷺ said in a hadith found in Bukhari and Muslim, "Let the believer in Allah and the Day of Judgment honour his guest."

What exactly does it mean to honour a guest in the 21st century? The following few guidelines help serve as a starting point for any Muslim wanting to fulfill the Sunnah of honouring his guest:

### Before they arrive

#### 1. Clean your dwelling

Even if you yourself are accustomed to a certain level of messiness, adab dictates that you not subject your guests to it. Vacuum the house, straighten loose papers, dust the shelves, and scrub the bathrooms.

#### 2. Prepare their room/sleeping space

Whether this is a guest room, your own bedroom, or even a couch, prepare the area where they will be staying. Put fresh smelling bed-sheets out and have an extra blanket out. Clear out a place for them to put their clothes. In addition, prepare the bathroom they will be using. Hang clean towels. Put a small basket with simple toiletries. Put in some toothpaste, mouth wash, and shampoo.

#### 3. Stock up on snacks

This is especially true if your guests have kids, but even if they don't, everyone can appreciate snacks. Have them out in an easy to reach place and make sure you make it clear to your guest that the snacks are for their enjoyment. Soon after they arrive



#### 4. Don't delay in getting them food

Cooking fresh food for your guests is a Sunnah established by the Prophet Ibrahim (as). In fact, the story is mentioned in the Quran itself:

*“Has the story reached you of the honoured guests of Ibrahim? Behold, they entered his presence and said: “Peace!” He said: “Peace!” (and thought: “They seem) unusual people.” Then he turned quickly to his household, brought out a roasted fattened calf, and placed it before them. He said: “Will you not eat?” [Adh-Dhariyat: 24-27]*

Be prepared to serve them hot food very soon after their arrival.

#### 5. Offer tea

This varies by culture but in most places, it's considered good adab to offer guests tea after their meal. If you do, keep the sugar separate.

#### 6. Get them situated

After they've eaten, show them the way to their room. If you haven't already, carry their luggage to their room for them. Have the wi-fi password written down and give it to them so they don't have to ask. Show them the direction of the qibla.

### While they're there

#### 7. Prepare a warm breakfast

Food is a crucial aspect of hospitality and it applies to breakfast as well. Prepare a warm breakfast for them. There're few things which make a guest feel more at home than waking up to a warm home-cooked meal.

#### 8. Never give them the impression that they're a nuisance or are imposing on your time.

This should be so obvious that it need not be stated. Unfortunately, with the rise of materi-

alism, even some Muslims have begun to see the presence of guests as a nuisance. Within our tradition, guests have always been seen as a sign of blessings from Allah ﷻ. If you view guests as an unnecessary evil while going about your normal life, you've failed to follow in the prophetic methodology. Being hosted is, in fact, a right of the guest. When the sahabah asked the Prophet ﷺ what it meant to give a guest their due, he responded that the guest's right was to be entertained for at least three days. What is beyond that is charity, but the first three days are a right of the guest.

#### 9. Plan things for them to do

Depending on your schedule and how much time you can spend with them, you may or may not be able to accompany your guests, but it's always a good idea to be able to tell them about places in town they can visit. If your guests have their own plans or are also visiting other people, give them some breathing space.

### As they leave

#### 10. Walk them to their car

Help them get their luggage inside the car. Give them any leftover snacks for their trip back home. Then wait by your front door until they drive off.

#### 11. Thank them for their visit

The day after they leave, send them a quick text message thanking them for visiting you and tell them you enjoyed hosting them

# Into my heart

Part 7 of 7

The epilogue  
to a spectacular  
story by Zawjah  
Junaid Mukaty



“Grandpa! What are you doing?” Katherine joyfully entered her grandfather’s room with a bunch of roses in her hands and elegantly placed them in the vase.

“Fighting,” a small but a weird answer came.

“With whom?” Katherine asked in complete bewilderment.

“Myself.” He said slowly with his eyes still staring at the lights on the ceiling. “Kathy, sweetheart, do you trust your old grandpa?”

“More than I trust myself.” She lovingly planted a kiss on his forehead and took his wrinkled palm in her hand. “What is bothering you?”

“My death. I don’t want to die a Christian. I want to die a Muslim.” With these words he shifted his gaze on Katherine’s face who could not believe her ears. Her mouth was twisted trying to comprehend the words.

“Kathy, I’m a Muslim. I want to be buried the way Muslims are buried. Can you help me? Can you induce some courage in me so that I can declare my identity?”

“When, grandpa? How?” she was dumbfounded.

“Five months back. Exactly when one of my old client’s whole family died in an air crash. Ahmed Sheikh was his name. When the news reached me I thought he would be in an intensive care somewhere because of the shock but to my utter surprise, he was calm and at peace.

I was surprised because you know what a bad shape I was in when your grandma and my only daughter died because of gas leakage. You know Kathy, he met me very humbly and thanked me for my condolences too. You know what were his sentences? It’s all from Allah. He will bless me with peace. I’m happy for what He has chosen for me. Alhamdulillah. I’m sure He will not leave me.

These sentences could not let me sleep for many nights. I wanted to find how Islam influenced Muslims. My enmity towards Muslims was popular so I had to find this out secretly. For a few days I acted as a fugitive, running here and there, studying Islamic literature and meeting people.

One day I walked straight into a masjid. I was sure Muslims would not appreciate a non-Muslim there and I will get a proof how ill-mannered and hateful Muslims are. But the scenario reversed. I was given an amazing protocol. Kathy, I found inner peace there.

These sentences could not let me sleep for many nights. I wanted to find how Islam influenced Muslims. My enmity towards Muslims was popular so I had to find this out secretly.

I made it a habit to visit that masjid every day and learn more and more about Islam. A man of my age referred me to an Islamic scholar, Maulana Jamshed who has a madrassah downtown. He is a great man.”

Kathy was listening to all this with wide eyes and open mouth. So much had happened and nobody knew anything. She was taught from childhood that Muslims are terrorists and barbaric people who certainly don't want peace in the world. And today the world was turning upside down for her. She could not feel anything for her grandfather but the old man had read her face.

He quickly held her hand in his both hands and said, “Promise me princess, you will learn more about Islam.”

“No. Why should I?” the idea didn't fascinate her a bit.

“This WHY is the answer. Let me ask you some questions. Why do you eat?”

“That's simple. To gain energy.”

“Why do you want to gain energy?”

“To fulfill our duties of the day.”

“Why do you want to fulfill your duties of the day?”

These questions were annoying Katherine but she could not say no to her grandfather so she replied, “This is the way of life. You have to be responsible.”

“Why do you have to be responsible?”

“Everybody likes and appreciate responsible people. And you also feel satisfied.”

“Why do you want people to appreciate you?”

“Grandpa, you're acting childish. What do you want to say?”

“Look, my child. Whatever you do, give a WHY to it. If that WHY ends in your ultimate vision then that work of yours is worth doing it. If any of your WHYS do not lead you to your ultimate vision then it is useless. Till when will people appreciate you? Being a human being you can make a mistake anytime and those who appreciated you would start criticizing you. Your own satisfaction will be scarred too. Our Nafs will always be unsatisfied, howling for more.

But when your WHY will say that I want to fulfill my duties of the day so that I please my Creator, then your food will be worth eating because He does not want your perfection, so if you ever make a mistake He will forgive you. People will not.

In the same way, ask yourself WHY I am following Christianity. Darling, trust me, I could not find the answer which took me to my ultimate vision.”

It was all too difficult for Katherine to understand. “What is an ultimate vision?”

“Your ultimate vision is for which you are here in this world. Do you know WHY you are here in this world?” Katherine just shook her head.

“Princess, promise me you’ll think about it. Take this diary, read it. I have played many WHY games in it. They’ll help you.” She took the blue diary from his hands without being sure if she’ll read it or not.

-----

“Javeria, my grandfather died in his sleep. I was so cowardly at that time that I didn’t tell anyone that he wanted a Muslim burial. He himself also could not gather the courage to disclose the secret. Or maybe death did not give him time. But the blue book helped me. It changed my views. I secretly met Maulana Jamshed who helped me a lot. On my eighteenth birthday I disclosed my secret because I was afraid that I might also not be buried like a Muslim if I died then.

You are a born Muslim. You should be an example for people, like Ahmed Sheikh was: so strong in character that they influence others to embrace Islam. But it is never too late. Allah is All-Forgiving. Give it a try.”

Tears were trickling down Javeria’s cheeks. She hurried to the prayer mat and put her forehead on the floor and cried for a long time, and eventually she felt peace in her heart. She prayed to Allah for forgiveness. She also prayed to Allah to change her family’s heart for her. And Allah listens to everyone.

Amjad Qureshi and Zakia Amjad forgave their daughter for parents love their children most after Allah.

Khadija was happy to connect Javeria to Allah but what was her fate, she didn’t know. A few days later Maulana Jamshed appeared on Amjad Qureshi’s doorstep with Timothy and Teresa. Khadija was dumbstruck to see them and certainly was frightened too. She said a silent prayer.

Maulana Jamshed had visited the Belwards and told them Khadija’s exact address. He

knew parents’ hearts are soft and forgiving. He told them everything about Suleman Belward and Khadija and asked them to decide sensibly.

Timothy at first was aggressive with Maulana Jamshed but he had to surrender. His father and his daughter both were a team and he never knew. His aggression had made her escape from the house and his aggression was now working negatively on his son, Jim. Teresa had started using anti-depressants. He could no more hurt his family. He’d have to understand and respect others’ views – including his daughter’s. ‘Maybe someday Islam would find a way into the heart of her father too’ Khadija thought.

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Khadija had come empty handed to Qureshi’s house but they had given her so much that she had to pack her bag before leaving with her parents. They all said an emotional farewell to each other knowing exactly WHY they were doing so

***Continued from pg 17***

went to him and kissed his forehead. All the Muslim prisoners were handed over to him and they were free to go.

Hadhrat Abdullah came back to Hadhrat Umar and told him what had happened. The Caliph was very pleased and said, “Every Muslim has a duty to kiss the head of Abdullah bin Hudhafa and I shall start.” He then raised and kissed his head.

Whenever we face any difficulty in following any rule of Islam, we should consider it as a test from Allah and be steadfast on it. Account of Hadhrat Abdullah tells us that Allah is always with us, we just have to be strong and patient.

He died in Hadhrat Usman’s era in Egypt. He was also buried there. May Allah make it easy for us to follow Islam and its principles. Aameen

# The joys of patience

**Zeenat Iqbal Hakimjee enlightens us with a jolly tale, also carrying an important lesson**

Aslam was very fond of sports. He liked to play tennis and squash but most of all he liked to ride his bicycle. He kept it in perfect shape by cleaning it now and then. He used to take part in bicycle races. "I'll race you to the woods," he would tell his friends. Seldom did he lose a race. His shelf was adorned with trophies of all shapes and sizes. His wall had snaps of him receiving certificates from eminent personalities. He also coached his friends and family on how to ride a bicycle. The most enthusiastic student was his younger sister Amina. He would tell her, "Now that you can ride well you must enter races too."

Then one day it happened. Aslam, while riding a bicycle, fell and broke his leg. He was rushed to the hospital. He stayed there for almost a week, and Amina visited him every day. He used to tell her smilingly, that he had not lost his spirits although he was hurt badly. They tried and tried to mend his leg so that it would be just like it used to be. The final decision of the team of doctors was that his leg would recover fully if he went abroad for treatment. He had to leave the hospital on crutches. He was to remain like this for some time.

Seeing him like this, Amina lost her interest in cycling but he coaxed her: "Now that I am out, you should carry on? Do not give up." But

it would take a lot of persuading. It was not a very pleasant sight, seeing her brother with the crutches.

They lived in an old house. It was a comfortable place, though. It was said that its previous inhabitants were very rich people. Aslam's crutches made a loud sound as they touched the wooden planks on the floor, still he had a very positive outlook and was always cheerful. He set a good example for others who got sad because of small problems. He was teasing Amina one day and hastened after her. "I'll catch up with you?!" he was yelling out to her as she tried to rush to close the water tap that she had left open by mistake. One of his crutches left his under arm and as he tried to retrieve it he fell on the floor with a thud. One of the planks loosened and moved from its place revealing a box beneath. This time he was not hurt. The box was full of gold coins and in it was a small note that said, "This treasure is for whoever finds it."

Amina heard the noise and turned around to find a plank out of place and the shine of the gold coins. The rich inhabitants had left this treasure here because they were scared of dacoits on the way to their new home. Aslam proceeded abroad for treatment with his treasure and returned fully recovered. With his eternal smile he was welcomed at the airport and his story was told by mothers who wanted their children to grow up to be like Aslam. He married a disabled girl though to show his gratitude to Allah ﷻ. To him, a disability was as normal as normal could be. The smile that he always wore when he was on crutches proved that and related the story of the joys that being patient brings

## Riddles That Will Stump You Every Time (But Don't Worry—We'll Give You the Answers)

1. You will know that I am coming  
From the jingle of my bell,  
But exactly who I am is not an easy thing  
to tell.

Children, they adore me  
for they find me jolly,  
but I do not see them when the halls are  
decked with holly.

My job often leaves me frozen,  
I am a man that all should know,  
But I do not do business in times of sleet or  
ice or snow.

I travel much on business,  
But no reindeer haul me around,  
I do all my traveling firmly on the ground.

2. What three numbers, none of which is zero,  
give the same result whether they're added  
or multiplied?
3. Mary has four daughters, and each of her  
daughters has a brother. How many chil-  
dren does Mary have?
4. I am an odd number. Take away a letter and  
I become even. What number am I?

1. Ice Cream Man!  
2. One, two and three  
3. Five—each daughter has the same brother.  
4. Seven

Answer



# Make Dua For Six Things

**1-Hidaayah (Guidance from Allah)**

**2-Maghfirah (Forgiveness from Allah)**

**3-Nusrah (Help from Allah)**

**4-Qubuliyah (Acceptance from Allah)**

**5-Aafiyah (Ease from Allah)**

**6-Hifaazah (Protection from Allah)**

6

Blessings

radiance

# Hadhrat Abdullah bin Hudhafa Sahmi رضي الله عنه



Islam makes a believer strong and fearless; that we have heard, right? But how strong and how fearless, read on with Zawjah Junaid Mukaty to find out with the beautiful story of Hafhrat Abdullah bin Hudhafa رضي الله عنه

Hadhrat Abdullah bin Hudhafa or famously known as Abu Hudhafa رضي الله عنه, belonged to a branch of Quraish, Banu Saham. He was the brother of Hadhrat Khamees bin Hudhafa who was the former husband of Hadhrat Hafsa bint Umar. He was an early convert and was among the group who migrated to Abyssinia in the sixth Hijra. He had returned to Madinah before the Battle of Badr. History remembers him for his humorous nature too.

### **As an Emissary**

In the sixth Hijra, Prophet ﷺ decided to send letters to the empowered kings of that time. The subject of those letters was invitation to accept Islam. This could have been a difficult task as the languages and cultures were diversified. Apart from this, there were dangers too: the kings could arrest the emissaries or kill them. So the Prophet ﷺ consulted his companions and chose six of them for the mission. One of those six was Hadhrat Abdullah bin Hudhafa رضي الله عنه.

Hadhrat Abdullah was sent to the Persian king, Khusro Pervaiz, who was one of the strongest kings of those time. Hadhrat Abdullah رضي الله عنه was least impressed by the king's

palace, power and might. This tall man had a long robe on him with a blanket but he held his head high and back straight. He handed him the letter which was translated by Khusro's translator. The opening sentences bore Allah and his Messenger's ﷺ name which made Khusro mad with anger. He snatched the letter from his translator and tore it into pieces. He then ordered his courtiers to drive the messenger out of his court. Hadhrat Abdullah mounted his camel and reached back Madinah. Prophet ﷺ heard his story patiently and prayed, "O Allah! Break his empire into pieces."

Khusro Pervaiz ordered his Governor of Yemen, Bazaan, to send two of his men to arrest the 'man who claimed to be a Prophet'. These Yemeni men met a business caravan of Quraish at Taif and told them that they were going to arrest Prophet ﷺ. Quraish were extremely pleased with the news and spread it quickly.

The two men reached Madinah and tried to convince Prophet ﷺ to go along with them. Prophet ﷺ asked them to return the next day. When they returned the following day, Prophet ﷺ informed them that they would never be able to meet Khusro again because his son had gotten him killed. Both of them were stunned



# Hadhrat Abdullah ﷺ was least impressed by the king's palace, power and might.

to hear the prophecy. Muhammad ﷺ told them to write a letter to Bazaan and inform him that Islam would spread to all the ends of Khusro's empire. He also told them to write to Bazaan that if he accepted Islam, he would be made ruler over what he controlled then.

Bazaan did not immediately react to this offer. He decided that if news of Khusro's death came to be true then Muhammad ﷺ would be the real Prophet. A few days later, he received a letter which confirmed Khusro's murder. He threw away the letter and embraced Islam. Along with him, all the Persians living in Yemen also converted to Islam.

## **Meeting with Heraclius**

The account of the strength of the faith of Muslims was spreading far and wide. They never gave a second thought in laying their lives for their Creator. Heraclius was aware of this too.

In the nineteenth Hijra, Hadhrat Umar sent an army to fight against Byzantines in which Hadhrat Abdullah was also present. Heraclius had ordered his officers to arrest Muslim soldiers instead of killing them. According to his instructions, Byzantine soldiers were able to arrest Hadhrat Abdullah and presented him in front of Heraclius. He looked intently at Hadhrat Abdullah and proposed to switch to Christianity and in return offered to let him be free with respect and honour. Hadhrat Abdullah rejected his proposal with hate and chose death over false faith. Heraclius threw every bait that he could. He praised Hadhrat Abdullah's intelligence and offered him a rank in his Government. But he didn't know that the prisoner standing in front of him was the true follower of Prophet ﷺ. He rejected all his offers and stood firmly on his religion.

Heraclius had no other option left so he threatened him that he would kill him and ordered his men to tie him on planks and shoot arrows near his hands and feet. These orders were given in his own language in order to manipulate Hadhrat Abdullah psychologically. This man was not only physically strong, he was mentally impregnable too. He continuously rejected Heraclius's offers till the mighty emperor got tired. Now he had weird ideas.

He called for a big pot full of oil and put it on raging fire. When the oil was hot he called for two Muslim prisoners and threw one of them in the pot in front of Hadhrat Abdullah. The flesh could be seen leaving the bones. Heraclius once again forced him to leave Islam but Hadhrat Abdullah rejected his offer more aggressively. This brutal process was again repeated with the other Muslim prisoner and the same result was seen. Heraclius lost all hopes.

He ordered his men to throw him in the pot as well. As he was taken towards the pot, his eyes filled with tears. Heraclius took it as a sign of fear and invited him to accept his religion. Again Hadhrat Abdullah refused and answered, "I cried because I said to myself, you will be thrown into this pot and your soul will depart. What I really desired then was to have as many souls as the number of hair on my body and to have all of them thrown into this pot for the sake of Allah."

The emperor was amazed. He asked, "Will you kiss my head? I will then set you free."

"And all the Muslim prisoners also?" The answer was in the affirmative. Hadhrat Abdullah thought to himself that there will be no harm to kiss the head if he sets all of us free. He

**Continued on pg 12**

HAHAHA!

Why do we write 'etc' at the end of the exam?

Because it means...

- E - end of
- T- thinking
- C- capacity

\_\_\_\_\_

Who Said English Is Easy ?

Fill this blank with

" \*Yes" or "No"\*

- 1:\_\_\_\_\_I don't have a brain
- 2:\_\_\_\_\_I don't have sense
- 3:\_\_\_\_\_I am stupid

\_\_\_\_\_

Did you hear the one about the little mountain?

It's hill-arious!

\_\_\_\_\_

Q. How does the Man in the Moon cut his hair?

A. Eclipse it!

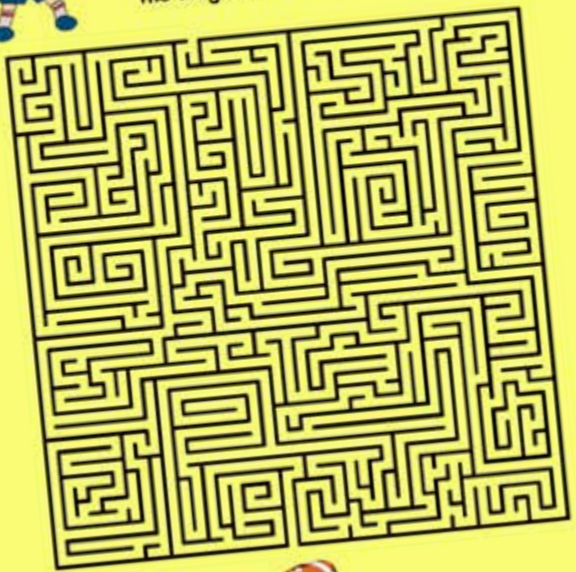
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# Rugby Maze

Can you help the rugby player find his way to the ball?

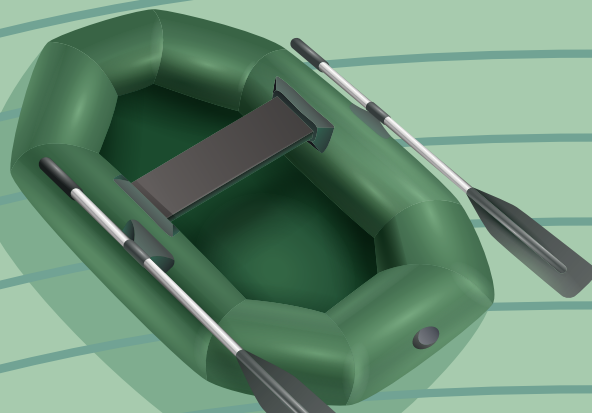


The first 3 places you see are your choice of holiday destinations.



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

By Audrey Davies Paris



# Rainbow in a glass

## Materials

- Water
- A mug
- 5 separate cups
- A Tablespoon
- A clear glass
- A dropper or pipette
- Skittles



## Instructions:

1. Separate the Skittles into the cups, in these amounts: 2 red, 4 orange, 6 yellow, 8 green, and 10 purple.
2. Heat a mug of water in the microwave for a minute and a half (or long enough that the water is hot, but not boiling). Be careful removing the water from the microwave—it's hot!
3. Measure and pour two tablespoons of hot water into each cup, on top of the Skittles.
4. Stir each cup carefully so no water splashes out. The cups need to be cool for the next part of the experiment, so leave them somewhere where they won't get knocked over. Stir them every ten minutes or so until the Skittles are dissolved and the water is room temperature.
5. Using the dropper, add the colored water from the five cups to the clear glass. Start with purple, then add green, then yellow, orange, and red last. Go slowly here, we don't want the different layers to mix.
6. Congratulations, you made a rainbow. You didn't even have to go outside!

## How does it work?

Skittles are mostly made of sugar. When you add hot water to them, the sugar dissolves and the coloring on the shell of the Skittles turns the water into different colors. The cup with only two red Skittles doesn't have as much sugar as the cup with ten purple Skittles, but they both have the same amount of water. The amount of matter packed into a certain amount of space is called the density of the material. The red water is less dense than the purple water, so it will float on top of the purple water.

Misbah Hussain Siyani shares recipes that are easy for the kids to make themselves, and a fun way to sneak in some of their five a day

## Frozen Yogurt Bites

### Ingredients

200g natural yogurt  
Handful raspberries or strawberries.

### Method

Put 12 cupcake cases onto a small baking tray.  
Use a spoon to drop some yoghurt into each case.  
Put a few pieces of fruit into each cup and press them into the yoghurt with your fingers.  
Freeze for 2 hours or until solid.  
Pop out of the cases and serve.

## Pita pockets

### Ingredients

1 mini pitta bread  
1 tbsp soft cheese  
1 tbsp grated cheddar  
your favourite fillings -tomatoes, sweet-corn, ready roasted peppers from a jar and tuna are good.

### Method

1. Pop the pita into the toaster for 30 secs- 1 min, until just puffed but not crisp. Meanwhile, mix together the cheeses.
2. Use a teaspoon or a knife to spread the cheese mixture onto the pita. Put in some of your favourite fillings.
3. Now put in the microwave (or better if done in an oven) so the cheese can melt.



# Shajrah-e-mubarak

An activity done by students of the  
\*Radiance arabic course\*



Haniya Amir



Aasiyah Ali



Haashir Faisal



Ainan Ali



Tooba and Omer



Fabiha Furqan



Uzma Minhaj



Safia Qazi



Safiyah Huzaiifa



Arwa Fatima



Samiya

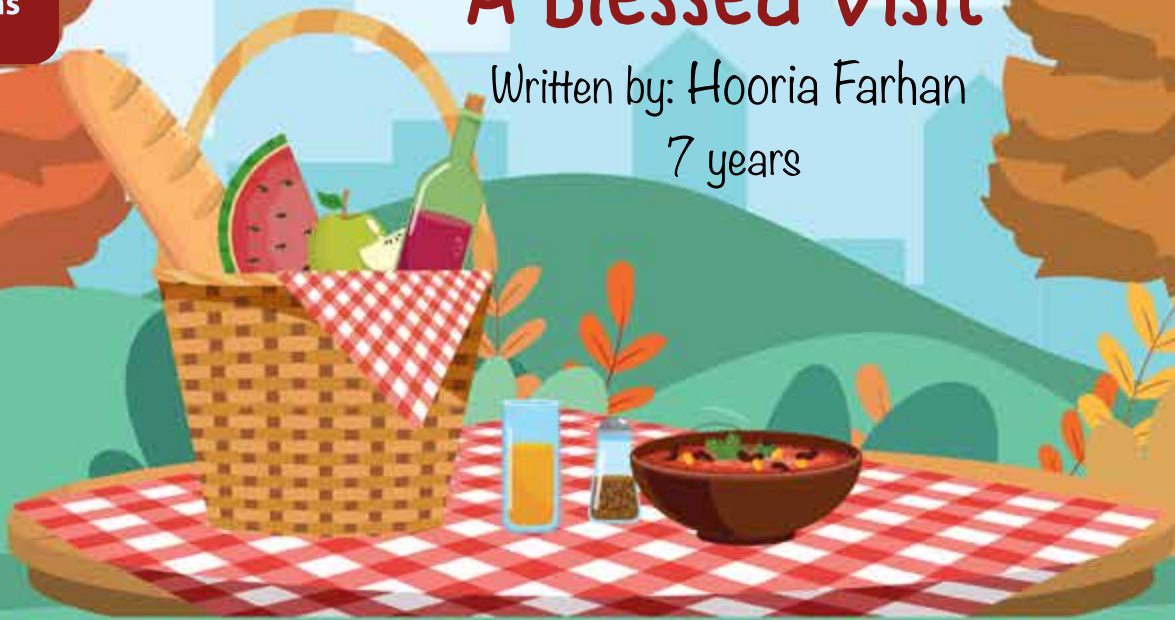


Zoya Tahir ,  
Muhammad Salim

# A Blessed Visit

Written by: Hooria Farhan

7 years



“Hurry up! I’m sure you don’t want to be late,” exclaimed Aisha.

It was a sunny day. The birds were chirping on the trees. The morning air was slightly crisp and cool, but as the sun rose, the weather became warmer. The three sisters named Aisha, Aatiqa and Aniqah had planned to visit their maternal aunt who was sick. They were loving and caring sisters. So first they prepared the basket with some fruits, cereal and chicken corn soup.

“Have you packed the basket?” asked Aisha, the eldest sister.

“Yes, aapi,” answered Aniqah, the youngest sister.

“Perfect!” exclaimed Aatiqa, the sister younger than Aisha, “let’s go.”

Aunt’s home was in the neighbourhood so they set off on foot. On their way, they saw some poor kids and since it was a hot day they bought them ice-creams with the intention of sadqah.

Aniqah said, “The Prophet ﷺ has said, ‘give charity even if it’s half a date.’”

Finally they were at the doorsteps of their Kha-

la’s house.  
Knock! Knock! Knock!

“Who’s there?” inquired Ahmed who was six years old and was as playful as a kitten. He peeped outside and saw his cousins then opened the door for them. He greeted them with salam and let them come inside. “Assalamualaikum Khala,” they all greeted together, “how are you feeling now?”

“Walaikumassalam my dear girls! I’m better, Alhamdulillah.”

“Here are some fruits, soup and cereal for you.” Aatiqa cried as she placed them on the table beside the bed.

“Oh, jazakumullahu khairan! I’m glad to see you all.” Khala replied.

After the meet and greet, the girls allowed their Khala to take some rest. In the meanwhile, Aatiqa cleaned up Khala’s room and Aniqah did the dishes.

In the evening, they prayed Asr prayer and had tea with some yummy snacks. Later, they went home before maghrib.

Indeed, it was a blessed day!



# Trail in the Woods

Written by: Muhammad Ukasha Niazi

We were standing outside the woods. I felt dismayed. Trees seemed bleak, leaves had dropped down, and branches were like rusty metal.

“All because of autumn,” I did some thinking aloud.

“Ha-ha....” he laughed, then questioned me, “do you have any idea about autumn?”

“According to Oxford Dictionary it is the season of the year between summer and winter, when leaves change colour and the weather becomes colder.”

“I disagree.....” he said.

“How come you disagree?” I asked sharply.

“For me, autumn is second spring when every leaf becomes a flower,” he replied sharply.

“But those fallen leaves go ‘dead’.” I shuddered my shoulders.

“Anyone who thinks fallen leaves are dead has never watched them dancing on a windy day,” he pricked a thorn into dug sand lying under his feet.

“This means you eagerly wait for autumn.....”

“There are two times of the year; autumn and waiting for the autumn,” he hastily took out a thorn and threw it away.

“What does autumn prove?” I cross-examined him.

“Autumn is proof that change is beautiful...” he replied making prosecution believe that it had failed its case.

“By the way.... autumn and yellowish....how supplementary?”

“Yellow is gold....Haven’t you heard:

**Autumn dresses up in gold  
The richest season of the soul!”**

“I admit....but autumn .....” I couldn’t complete my sentence because that silly ‘philosopher’, loquacious squirrel, had jumped inside the woods and now was rapidly climbing a black oak tree.

**Dwarf goes tall**

**Frost removes shawl**

**Nature gives a call**

**Autumn is fall**

# Surprise Surprise

Concept by Zawjah Zia

Artwork by Zawjah Jahangir





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