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LIVING AND LOVING THE YOUNG MUSLIM LIFESTYLE

The eventful
Pakistan tour

Comic: Reason to be
Responsible

Hairstyle
Un-ruined

An event that
changed me



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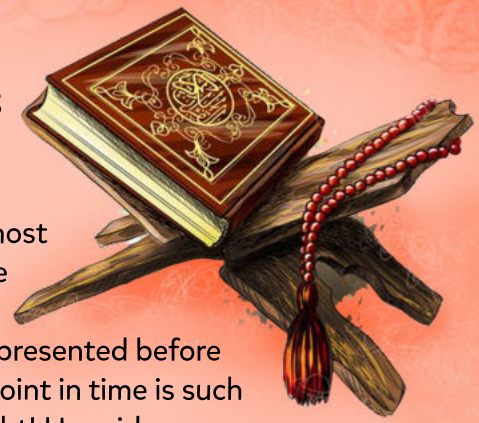


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Assalamu alaikum wa rahmatullahi wa barakaatuhu,

When we think about piety and steadfastness in Deen, what are the images that come to our mind? I want you all to brainstorm with me.

Yes, the first image that usually flows into the mind is inevitably related to the outward appearances; bearded men, modest women, small children with Salah-caps and hijabs, tas-beehs, prayer mats, Quran majeed...

Alright, what's next?

.....a person standing on the prayer mat and seeming to be deeply involved in salah, devoted believers going round the Kaaba, charities, feeding the poor, Adhaan from the Masjid..... One more time!

.....people serving their parents, being soft and compassionate among each other, forgiving mistakes, giving gifts, smiling.....

Our brainstorm can keep brewing and we can keep digging deeper for more images. All of these images are sure beautiful images of piety. There is no doubt about that!

In the story of the creation of our Father Hadhrat Adam ﷺ in the heavens, the angels being commanded to prostrate before him and the Shaitaan refusing to obey Allah ﷻ then, there's an amazing detail. After having earned the curse of Allah ﷻ through this outright disobedience, pretty ironically the despicable Shaitaan asked Allah ﷻ only to grant him the ability to be the official enemy of the children of Adam ﷺ till the Day of Judgment. He was granted this ability in the form of evil whispers that he can put in our ears, confusing us, deluding us, deviating us!

Yes, he was given that ability and it became a source of test for me and you till the end of times.

But you know, most interestingly, the 'challenge' that the evil Shaitan presented before Allah ﷻ at this point in time is such a food for thought! He said:

"Then I will come to them from before them and from behind them and on their right and on their left, and You will not find most of them thankful [to You]." (Al-Aaraaf: 17)

Say what?! He didn't say I won't let them have modest Sunnah outlooks, I won't let them read Quran, I won't let their tongues do Dhik'r, I won't let them pray, I won't let them visit the Kaaba, I won't let them give charity, I won't let them serve their parents, I won't let them have compassion and forgiveness for each other, I won't let them smile.....

No, he didn't list all of these images of piety. In fact, he didn't need to list all of them when he could pack all of them together by just saying, "I won't let them be thankful to You."

Allah u Akbar! The shaitaan knows where it hits the hardest. He knows that as long as a slave of Allah ﷻ acknowledges the innumerable blessings of his Lord and keeps them in focus, he can't disobey Him. Never! In any way! And the moment he forgets about them or his focus becomes anything else than that, he'll slip.

Every act of piety and obedience to Allah ﷻ, be it outward appearance, an act of worship or good manners, just everything actually springs out of this beautiful feeling of gratitude. After all, how can I disobey such a Merciful Lord who has blessed me so much!

So let's defeat that cursed enemy of ours; let's be thankful to our Lord. Every other form of piety will follow automatically In'sha'Allah

Wassalam,
Zawjah Zia

An event that changed me

dear
diary



How it'd likely be when you will reach the doors of Paradise or Hell? Let's find out in this diary by Fatima Junaid

"I enjoyed a lot, it was a great party. See you soon, good bye!" I exclaimed and got out of the car. The handle turned and the door opened. I entered home where my mom was waiting impatiently.

"Assalam-u-Alaikum," I said and went upstairs in my room. Then changed off my clothes and got seated on the armchair. I started yawning....

What I see is that on the branches of the tree, outside the window, stands an old man in white clothes and has a long beard. He takes me along to a place I had never seen before. There were huge golden palaces shining like the sun. Most of the area was covered by tall, fresh and dense green trees which were swinging in the air. The birds were chirping in their sweet and witty language. Then a sugary smell came into my nose. I began to follow it and reached the place where streams of milk, water and honey were running. I was constantly on the move...

But soon my feet started burning. The sun baked soil under my feet. The old man disappeared. There was no one. I was worried and breathing fast. Meeooow..., meeooow.. I heard; it was a cat standing behind me. Its body was

as white as milk and had silvery eyes shining like stars. It shakes its tail and starts moving. Perhaps it was telling me to follow it. So I started to follow its footsteps. It approached a huge door. I could recognise it was the same place I visited with the old man. I turned to the cat but by then it was gone. The door was guarded by two men.

"Open the door," I requested, "I want to get inside."

"This is paradise and you don't have a complete record of namaz," they said. The moment I heard this, my eyes filled with sorrow. I knew I had numerous prayers pending.

By hearing the voice of muezzin, I woke up. I was thankful to Allah ﷻ that I was still in this world and had a chance to offer my pending Salahs.

I quickly got up and did wudhu. After that, I woke my siblings up too and we all offered prayer. Then I told them about my dream. This dream was a life changer. It opened my eyes. We all promised ourselves that we shall never miss any salah

Hairstyle Un-ruined

by Aatika Fatima
Riyadh

“Which hairstyle are you going to make?” I questioned Sara.

“Umm....None!” she remarked.

Her answer was a bullet of astonishment to my thoughts. My eyes popped open and my mouth widened.

How was it possible? Making no hairstyle at her own farewell?

My plan was to make a French braid at the farewell. It was being held for Sara as she was shifting from Saudi Arabia to Pakistan for good.

At last! After waiting for long, the day of the party arrived. I got dressed up and with all my efforts; I made my hairstyle. I was about to

wear my scarf when a new thought popped up into my mind: ‘Oh...my hairstyle will be ruined if I wear my scarf, better just leave it...’

I reached at Eiman’s house where the farewell was supposed to be held.

None of my friends showed interest in their hairstyles.

“Uhh...your hairstyle is nice!” exclaimed Sara. The smile which came on my face was as big as the Sun.

“Yours is awesome too,” I remarked. “Didn’t it get spoiled under your scarf?”

“Not at all.. I did wear my scarf and yet it’s all well,” came the quick reply.

After a brief chit-chat, we ate food and then

I was stunned when I heard it. My jaw dropped to the floor as my eyebrows shot towards the ceiling.

sat down to discuss our hobbies.

I questioned, “Can we watch a movie?”

“I don’t have a TV in my house,” was the bursting reply from Eiman.

I was stunned when I heard it. My jaw dropped to the floor as my eyebrows shot towards the ceiling.

“But don’t worry, I have something else that’s even more exciting,” she continued.

Back from her room, she had a pile of some thin magazines in her hand.

“Here they are!” she exclaimed while handing them over to me. The name of the magazine was Radiance.

I opened it and started searching for an interesting story. As I flipped through the pages, I found a story with the title Hijab. Reading it, my eyes popped open and I was jolted.

At the end of the party, while leaving Eiman’s house, I asked, “Can you please lend me your scarf just for a day?” she smiled from ear to ear.

Knowing the reason, she agreed and handed me over a scarf with something else too. Guess what! She treated me with some Radiance magazines! Yeahhhh!!

I made a decision believing Hijab is more important than hairstyles. As well as I can still make hairstyles and they won’t be ruined with Hijab, just like Sara’s.

May Allah swt guide all of us to the straight path. Aameen

اهدنا الصراط المستقيم (الفاحة)

Continued from pg 13

who gave their heart and soul to Islam, felt very grieved on the death of Prophet ﷺ. The world also not remained the same. The fire of corruption had erupted which finally engulfed Hadhrat Usman. During this corruption, Hadhrat Talha was martyred upon which the Muslims had mourned. Hadhrat Ali ؑ remembered the saying of Prophet ﷺ, “Talha and Zubair bin Awwam are my neighbours in Jannah.”

Hadhrat Talha passed away in the year 36th Hijra as the first martyr of the Battle of the Camel. These shining stars smilingly and willingly sacrificed their bodies, and spent each and every dirham in the way of Allah. No doubt they have left golden paths for us to walk on and attain the pleasure of our Creator

by Adeen Ahmed
11 years
A homeschooler



No ice skates in Burma

Part I

“Rania!”

I whipped my head around, and padded down the stairs.

“Yes?”

“Run and get the milk, will you?”

“Alright,” I said, picking up the 100 Kyat from the top of the rusty kitchen counter. “What - they’ve raised the price even more!”

“I know,” said Mama from the kitchen. “The Khans next door told me: though the price is raised only for us Muslims.”

I shook my head in sorrow, and stepped carefully over the broken door: the firing a few nights ago had broken it, and it was lying drunkenly in one corner, the chipped wood in splinters at my feet.

I ran down into the street where the musky smell of the cement powder greeted me, welling up inside my nose. I ran to the corner of the street where the local shop stood - if you could call it a shop. Broken splinters were littering around and about it, with all the cement in powders at your feet, and the rusty counter was no better than ours.

“Salam, Rania!” said Mr Basil, who was trying to look cheerful which made his already weary face look like an orangutan’s.

“Salam, Basil Sahib,” I said, like half the alley says to him.

“I’m in a bit of a hurry,” I said, “can you give me one bottle of milk?”

“Certainly, child - certainly,” he said, fumbling around in the dark shop for the milk bottles. “Seeing is a bit of a bother for me now, as you know....”

The poor man is in the desperate need of glasses, but can’t afford them. No one can, at least in our village.

“Here you go, dear,” he said, handing me a dusty bottle of milk. “Yes, I know it looks a bit dust-covered,” he added hastily as I eyed the layer of dust settled upon the bottle. “The dust hasn’t gotten inside, I assure you...”

I took the bottle, gave him the kyat, and ran back. I ran extra quick, because Mama had said that if I came early and finished my homework, she’d let me go over to the Masoods and watch laptop.

Laptop is a rare thing here. The Masoods are the only ones who own them in the whole village. Often it crackles and doesn’t work properly - sometimes it just goes blank blue on the cracked screen - but that’s probably because it’s so old. Very old, in fact. Nearly thirteen years old, with a cracked screen and a wavery voice and wires poking out from every inch - but we keep it as it helps us stay updated about everything that’s happening or going to happen.

I did know – only too well, of the terrible happenings down in the southern part of the alley.

“About time!” Mama said briskly, as she poured the milk in the pan. “I started to think you weren’t coming at all!”

“Are you making honey milk, Mama?” I asked, tasting the delicious scent of the basking golden honey, seeping in the warm milk - one of my personal favourites.

“Not for you!” Mama said, fumbling on her Abayah. “I’m taking this down to poor Umm Manha down the alley. Poor thing, she is already so old, and she burned her whole leg when they set fire to that part of the alley!” Her eyes widened with the fear of the fire. “Thank God none of them - well, you know.”

I did know - only too well, of the terrible happenings down in the southern part of the alley. How they set fire to the whole place, bombing and gunning it down. Mama and Papa were thinking of running away when the return boats came. “It’s far too dangerous,” Papa had said. “We’ve had fire set to our house numerous times. We’ll be running to Malaysia as soon as the return boat comes.”

But could we run to Malaysia? It seemed as if it was the obvious place to run to from this hell - this living hell where Bhuddists set fire, gunned, bombed, and killed Muslims. Going to Malaysia was like escaping to Heaven. Yet there had been news of boats that were found out by our attackers, and destroyed - either on the port, or straight in the sea.

“...And now, the greatest skating star of all times, Torpentina Ramsey!” The announcer announced, as Torpentina came onto the rink and performed the most dangerous and beautiful moves on the ice.

“She’s wonderful, isn’t she?” I said, gazing at her with admiration. “Look at her - I want to be just like her when I grow up!”

We were at the Masood’s house, watching our favourite show on the laptop, which, for once, seemed to be working properly. My friends were with me - Aassia, Sarah, and Maria. We were watching it with the utmost delight, as the American skater was doing the most wonderful piece of ice skating - she truly looked a skating star, whirling around on the ice.

“I don’t think there’s much chance,” said Sarah haughtily. “For all we know, we don’t own a single penny to have lessons like that.”

“She does look wonderful, though,” said Aassia, her glowing eyes taking the screen in. “She’s a most talented skater.”

“We learned another word in school today,” said Maria gleefully. Being a year younger than the rest of us, and being a little uneducated, she always liked to pronounce the “new words” she had learned every day.

“It was called “torpedo”. Doesn’t Torpentina look like one?”

My eyes were in starry skies as I saw the screen. I was suddenly thrust into a wonderful scene, where I, instead of Torpentina, was swirling round, doing loop moves, and doing it all as a professional skater.

“Rania! Rania! Hey, listen!” Aassia was shaking me, as I suddenly snapped out of my daydream - or evening-dream, to be exact.

“We’re going!” she said, slipping her tattered shoes on her cold feet.

“Oh,” I said, somewhat disappointed to see the ice-skating show end. “Oh - right...”

Suddenly, an ear-splitting explosion filled the air. Concrete chips filed in through the broken windows, and a dangerous smoke of burning wood wafted in the air...

Continued In’sha’Allah...

heavenly
highs

by
Ayesha Mairaj
Dubai

The eventful Pakistan tour

It's absurd how quickly time passes – it feels like only yesterday we visited the northern areas of Pakistan, the beautiful gem of our homeland. After flying into Islamabad International Airport and taking a few days of rest, we set off on the journey. First on the agenda was Murree, a peaceful mountain resort with fields and fields of dense greenery on steep hills; it was a place where the birds sang, and the trees softly whistled in the wind. It was the perfect nature retreat. Coming from a hectic, energetic city, I came to genuinely enjoy the tranquillity.

Unfortunately, there was one thing which I did not quite relish: the insects. Wherever I went, the spiders and moths and beetles and bugs seemed to follow. People say that some creatures can smell fear, and judging by the way the critters surrounded me, it really did seem like so. My brothers and cousins would often laugh at my uneasiness, but it was all in

good humour.

It was one such night when we first saw the spider. It had drizzled all evening and left the foyer of our bungalow wet; the trees were dripping with rainwater and the petrichor hung in the air. I was standing outside, enjoying the cool breeze that the mild showers had left behind.

“Ayesha, come inside!” My cousin’s tuneful voice came from indoors. I turned around and suddenly realised how dark it was; it was impossible to navigate my way back inside without a torch – which I had foolishly forgotten to bring along. Without hesitation, I bolted towards the direction in which I believed the house to be located.

“I’m coming!” I yelled when a dim glow could be seen. The vapour on my glasses blurred my vision, but the glow was turning brighter and

CRASH! Darkness crept into my eyes. I had slipped on the wet doormat – and probably bashed my head. The next thing I knew, my cousin was helping me on to my feet, trying unsuccessfully to suppress her laughter.

brighter... CRASH! Darkness crept into my eyes. I had slipped on the wet doormat - and probably bashed my head. The next thing I knew, my cousin was helping me on to my feet, trying unsuccessfully to suppress her laughter.

Just as my vision started to unblur, I looked straight at the wall opposite me. That's when I saw it: in front of my very eyes was the most enormous spider that I've ever seen. It spanned its legs and crawled across the wall, disappearing behind a sofa for a few seconds, then reappearing like a rabbit in a hat. My siblings were simply sitting in a circle on the carpet, playing a game of cards, oblivious to the melodrama.

Unable to bear the critter, I let out a piercing scream, shattering the stillness. My mother rushed in, saw the spider and pestered it with a stick as if it were a flimsy moth. It was gone. It was all over. Or at least we thought it was.

A few seconds later, my father walked into the room with my grandfather; I immediately started relating to them what had happened.

"It was this huge," I exclaimed, stretching my arms out wide for emphasis.

"It couldn't have been," my father argued. "Spiders that big don't exist."

I began to protest, but suddenly, everyone

around me went still – a blanket of silence enveloped the room, a silence that nobody dared to challenge. Everyone's eyes were focused on the wall right behind me. Something was definitely fishy, but at that time, I couldn't comprehend what was going on. Inch by inch, I turned around.

It was the spider! It was back. And it was less than a metre away from me.

My first reaction was to sprint out of the room within the blink of an eye. Too frightened to go outdoors, yet too shaken to return to the room, I firmly stood at the threshold. Sounds of clanging sticks mixed with muffled laughter could be heard from inside. My cousin kept insisting that I come back, that the spider meant no harm, but I was adamant. Only when the night engulfed the sleepy mountain range did I realise that I had to go back in, no matter what. I tiptoed in, cautious of my every step. To my utmost joy – and I must confess it – all the hubbub was over.

My father went to make an inquiry at the reception of the resort. There had been enough drama for one night, as he put it, and all we needed was some quality rest – we had a lengthy agenda planned for the next day. My mouth danced into a smile; I was more than thrilled to continue our journey. If Murree was so full of excitement, what would the rest of the northern areas be like? I couldn't have even imagined an ounce of what was to come next

Zawjah Junaid Mukaty details the admirable qualities and extreme challenges in the life of a beloved Sahabi - Hadhrat Talha bin Ubaidullah ﷺ

Talha bin Ubaidullah was at the marketplace in Basra when a loud voice of a Syrian monk rang in his ears, “Is there anyone from amongst you from the people of Haram?”

Talha bin Ubaidullah who was a dark skinned handsome young man, replied, “I am from the people of Haram.”

The monk asked, “Has Ahmed appeared?”

“Who is Ahmed?” he asked.

The monk said, “The son of Abdullah bin Abdul Muttalib. Verily he is the last of the Prophets. He will come from the land of the Haram and migrate to such a land in which there are dates and water. Beware lest others believe in him before you.” Talha was shocked to hear this and wanted to investigate the matter himself so he quickly rode back to Makkah.

Upon reaching Makkah, he was told that Mu-

hammad bin Abdullah ﷺ has claimed to be a Prophet and Abu Bakr has followed him. Talha remembered what the monk had told him, and pondered a little about Muhammad bin Abdullah. He was an honest and trustworthy person who would never lie and Abu Bakr was a man who was well-known for his trustworthiness and beauty of character. He approached Hadhrat Abu Bakr who presented Islam in front of him and helped him to convert. He was the fourth person to enter the fortress of Islam.

It was not easy for Quraish to persecute him as he was a wealthy cloth merchant, therefore, they first invited him to leave his religion but all went in vain. They then appointed the Lion of Quraish, Nawfal bin Khawailid to punish him and Hadhrat Abu Bakr both. Nawfal tied them with a single rope and left them to the foolish ones to pelt them with stones. Thereafter they were known as The Two Tied Together. No persecution could waiver him from Allah’s path and he remained steadfast until the command

Hadhrat Talha was an army alone, he faced the shooting and attacking enemy without thinking about his own life. Hadhrat Abu Bakr ﷺ and Hadhrat Ubaidah bin Jarrah ﷺ quickly wiped off the blood from Hadhrat Muhammad's ﷺ face and tried to carry him away.

of migration came.

In second year of Hijra, Prophet ﷺ was expecting a caravan to come to Quraish from Syria, so he sent Hadhrat Talha with Hadhrat Saeed bin Zaid, instructing them to bring him the information regarding the caravan of Quraish. They fulfilled their duty and quickly reached Madinah but Rasulallah ﷺ had already set out with the Muslims on the campaign of Badr, so they hastened to join the army. They did not get there in time for the battle, but Prophet ﷺ allocated to them a share of the booty and a reward like that of those who had fought.

Whenever Hadhrat Abu Bakr ﷺ recalled the day of Uhud, he said, "That was Talha's day." When the victory for Muslims changed into defeat and they were attacked again, the polytheists found an opportunity to surround Prophet ﷺ in order to kill him. His fearless and lion-hearted companions fought against these polytheists among whom was Hadhrat Talha too.

Hadhrat Talha was an army alone, he faced the shooting and attacking enemy without thinking about his own life. Hadhrat Abu Bakr ﷺ and Hadhrat Abu Ubaidah bin Jarrah ﷺ quickly wiped off the blood from Hadhrat Muhammad's ﷺ face and tried to carry him away. Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ said to both of them that Talha is certainly worthy of Jannah. Therefore, he became one of the Ashra Mubbashira, those ten who had been given the glad tidings of Jannah. He was also then known as Al-Khair.

He had fallen to the ground with approximately seventy wounds on his body. The vicious polytheists had cut off his palm while he was protecting his beloved Prophet ﷺ. Prophet ﷺ was also so very fond of him that he once said, "Whoever would like to see a martyr walking on the face of the earth, let him look at Talha bin Ubaidullah. From that day he was known as "The Living Martyr." Before the Battle of Tabuk, Jews plotted against Muslims in a house. Hadhrat Talha along with few men surrounded the house and put it on fire. This eluded their courage.

Hadhrat Abu Bakar ﷺ and Hadhrat Umar ﷺ showed great respect towards him. They consulted him and deeply relied on him. Hadhrat Umar ﷺ had nominated six companions of Prophet ﷺ before his martyrdom and one of them was our this month's companion.

Many incidents show that Hadhrat Talha bin Ubaidullah ﷺ spent each and every penny he had. He was a wealthy man but at the same time he was humble too. He spent sleepless nights if he had wealth in his house. For this nature he was given the name Fayyaz (The Generous) by Prophet ﷺ.

His love for Prophets made him name his children after them. His sons were Muhammad, Imran, Musa, Yaqoob, Ismail, Ishaq, Zakariya, Yusuf, Yahya and Eissa. His daughters were named Maryam, Ayesha and Umme Ishaq. Such people

Continued on pg 07

Carnival Trick

Riddle 1:

A boy was at a carnival and went to a booth where a man said to the boy, "If I write your exact weight on this piece of paper then you have to give me \$50, but if I cannot, I will pay you \$50." The boy looked around and saw no scale so he agrees, thinking no matter what the carny writes he'll just say he weighs more or less. In the end the boy ended up paying the man \$50. How did the man win the bet?

The bus driver

Riddle 2:

A bus driver was heading down a street in Colorado. He went right past a stop sign without stopping, he turned left where there was a "no left turn" sign, and he went the wrong way on a one-way street. Then he went on the left side of the road past a cop car. Still - he didn't break any traffic laws. Why not?

Only one colour

Riddle 3:

One color, but not one size,
Stuck at the bottom, yet easily flies.
Present in sun, but not in rain,
Doing no harm, and feeling no pain.
What is it?

Answer 1:
The man did exactly as he said he would and wrote "your exact weight" on the paper.
Answer 2:
He was walking...not driving.
Answer 3:
It's a shadow!





No matter what
TALENT,
EDUCATION
or **EXPERIENCE**
you may have,

Only
ALLAH'S
favour can assist
you in reaching
places that you
could never have
gone on your own.

poster

radiance

Taste Like Never Before

Sun Rise



A time to surrender

by Y.F. Syed

Commotion resides in the hearts now
Trepidation dominates over the minds,
And numbness has taken over the senses
We are no more in charge!

We knew everything,
We ruled over our little worlds.
But not anymore.

The tables have turned,
Our plans are only daydreams,
We cannot help ourselves
We cannot change what we sowed.

When will this end, they ask.
How many more days to go?
No one knows.

Stay home, stay safe, we were told.
An advice more like a bandwagon,
Which is still not enough to save lives.
What we needed to know was -
How no one ever escaped their fate,
We can never interfere with Almighty's plans!

People have always lived and died,
But never before did death stare at our faces-
Quite like this,
Circling around this infinite circle,

With nowhere to go,
Even the lost land at a single door.

It's time to surrender
And act like obedient slaves.
We're begging for things to change,
For Him to take us out of this state.

Those whose egos once touched the skies
Have bowed down and accepted defeat,
Nothing seems important now
The next moment is not guaranteed,
His sovereignty is all that remains
His mercy is all we beseech,

Had more than we could take,
Seems like we'd never get out of this phase.
But I consoled my heart again,
He never left your side, He's listening to every
prayer.

It's you that has been running away,
Paving the path for your own distress.

In this too, is His hidden love.
Another chance to turn towards the One.
Not only for this stage,
But for every breath that we have left.
We need this time to change,
Yet are we ready to change our vile ways?

KIDS CORNER

Chemistry jokes

Why did the attacking army use acid?
To neutralize the enemy's base.
(Acidic and basic chemicals on the pH scale
can cancel each other out.)

What did the thermometer say to the mea-
suring cylinder?
"You may be graduated, but I have several
degrees."
(Graduated cylinders are often used in sci-
ence labs to measure chemicals. In this con-
text, "graduated" means "marked with divi-
sions or units of measurement." And, of course,
the word "degrees" has multiple meanings
too.)

Did you hear about the claustrophobic astro-
naut?

He just needed a little space.

Why don't scientists trust atoms?
Because they make up everything.

What should you do if no one laughs at your
chemistry jokes?
Keep telling them until you get a reaction.

What's the difference between chemistry
jokes and physics jokes?
Chemistry jokes can be funny periodically,
but physics jokes have more potential.

(This one riffs off of the alternate meanings
of a major concept from each science: the
periodic table and potential energy.)

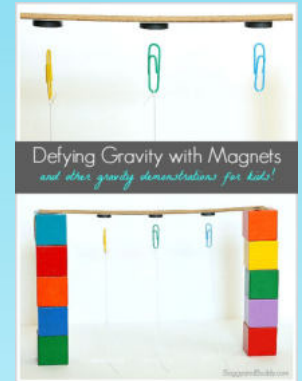
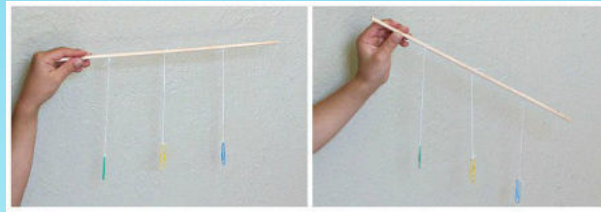
SPOT THE DIFFERENCE



Exploring Gravity

Materials for Gravity Experiment

- Small dowel or stick
- String
- Paperclips
- Scissors
- Tape
- Strong magnets
- Metal ruler (or wooden ruler with tape)
- Blocks, books, or other material for stacking



Directions for Gravity Experiment

Start by tying some paperclips to pieces of string. Then tie the string onto a small dowel rod or stick. Lift up the dowel rod so the paperclips hang from the string.

You would be amazed to observe that no matter which way he tilted the stick or how steep an angle you tilted the stick, the paperclips always pointed right down at the ground!

Next we explore how gravity can easily be overcome by other forces using magnets.

Place three magnets along a metal ruler. (If you're using a wooden ruler, you can tape the magnets to the top.)

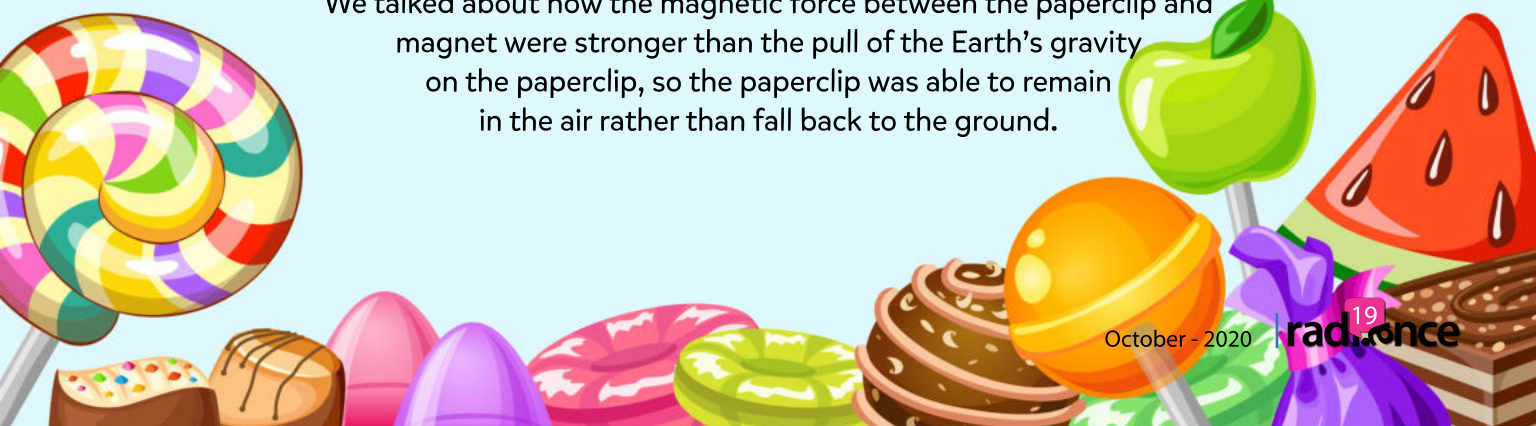
Suspend the ruler from two stacks of blocks, books, or other materials. Be sure the magnets are facing down. Take the paper clips and string off your dowel rod.

Take one paperclip and hold it until it's just suspended below the first magnet. Tape the string in place onto the table (or whatever surface your activity is on). Do this with the other two paperclips.

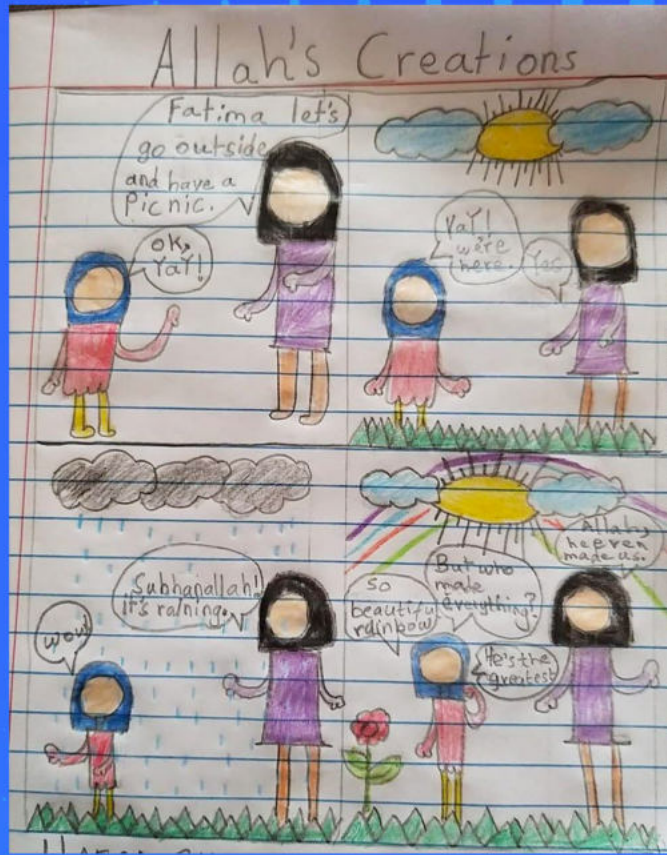
After taping the strings in place below the magnets, remove the ruler and observe what happens. All the paperclips fall to the ground!

Put the ruler with magnets back above the paperclips. Slowly lift each paperclip toward each magnet until they are all suspended. The kids were very excited about this demonstration!

We talked about how the magnetic force between the paperclip and magnet were stronger than the pull of the Earth's gravity on the paperclip, so the paperclip was able to remain in the air rather than fall back to the ground.



Comics designed by Radiance Creative writing students



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fresh pens

Princess Of Paradise



by Jamila Dhedhi
8 years
Bahria college Islamabad

Children at school: “Oh look! Here comes miss goody two shoes, today she is wearing a scarf.”

Everybody starts giggling.

Other children: “Oh so today you are a hijabi going to the masjid, huh?”

The Hijabi Girl: “No my dear friends, just trying to copy the princess of jannah, Bibi Fatima (RA). You know mom said hijab is our identity, imagine the beautiful gardens of paradise and imagine the companions of sahabiat, how cool is that!”

Everyone else hangs their heads in embarrassment

But everyone does it



by Hafsa Ali
11 years
The Intellect School

Every day I bother my mother with these questions.

“Everyone applies make-up, why can't I?”

“Everyone is active on social media, why can't I??”

“Everyone creates content on YouTube, why can't I???”

The answer to these questions is a big NO for an eleven year old that I am. It is because we can't cross the limits of our religion.

My mother says, “If we are on the right path according to our religion and are blessed with parents, siblings, close friends and relatives, we are the happiest and luckiest people in the world. And as you asked me about social media, I wanted to tell you that don't judge a book by its cover because things are not always as they are on social media and appearances can be misleading, you should not be so quick to judge. You do not have to spoil your mood with the beautiful pictures that everyone has put up on social media.”

“Amma, you said absolutely right but if I would stop throwing litter on the streets, no one would change nor there would be any difference, will there be?”

“Oh my child, you don’t know, but wait let me give a piece of advice as per my experience. The change is in you! If you would stop throwing litter on the streets, perhaps your friends will start copying you and then their friends will copy them and then their family will copy them, so you see that a little tiny act can change the whole society. If you do it now, it can bring a change to the entire community and the places that were piled up with litter, would instead be the places filled with gardens of flowers and grass and they will make you fresh with the beautiful aromas and scent of flowers.

Never imitate others and always obey Allah ﷻ and listen to your parents. Be on the right path and you will be the happiest and most successful person in the world.”

“I promise Amma, I will always do as you tell me to do,” I spoke out my heart.

“Good job my child, now go complete your homework.”

“Hmmm.. sure thing mom.”

Better safe than sorry

by Ramsha Nouman, Happy Home School

“No, I want it, I want it any how,” yelled Hafsa.

“Beta! I have told you before that junk food can make your immune system weak and all viruses can then easily attack you,” retorted her mother trying to make Hafsa understand.

“But, I have read all the duas now nothing will happen to me,” replied Hafsa.

“That’s not how a Muslim is supposed to act dear,” stated her mother. But Hafsa didn’t pay attention to it and ate all the ice cream before sleeping.

Next morning Hafsa did not wake up on time. Her mother kept on calling her but she didn’t come out of her room. So she went to check upon her. She found Hafsa lying on her bed. Her body was shivering and her cheeks were red.

“Hafsa! Are you ok my girl?” she asked worriedly.

“No mama, my head is spinning and I am feeling so cold,” Hafsa replied in a weak voice.

Mother touched her, she was burning hot. She immediately took her to the doctor. Unfortunately, Hafsa appeared to be covid 19 positive. When Hafsa heard about it, she covered her mouth with shaking hands. Her face turned down in embarrassment. Now they were putting Hafsa in an isolation ward. She yelled and cried and did everything possible to stay away from the isolation ward but no one listened to her. Tears rolled down her cheeks. She felt terribly gloomy. Brown and white walls of isolation ward and those machines haunted her. The musty smell of the ward welcomed her.

‘Only if I had listened to mom,’ she whispered with tears. At the very moment, someone opened the door and how eagerly she wanted that person to be her mother but ‘oh no’ it was a nurse but what is that “Nooooooooooooo!!!” Hafsa cried loudly, she saw an injection in nurse’s hand. Her body was shivering with goose bumps. She cried even louder, “No! Stay away!”

The days passed by and her condition started improving. Then her test came and Alhamdulillah it was negative. She had recovered with the mercy of Allah ﷻ and the duas of her parents. She burst into tears and hugged her mother tightly. Hafsa felt extremely thankful to Allah Almighty. She had learnt a lifelong lesson





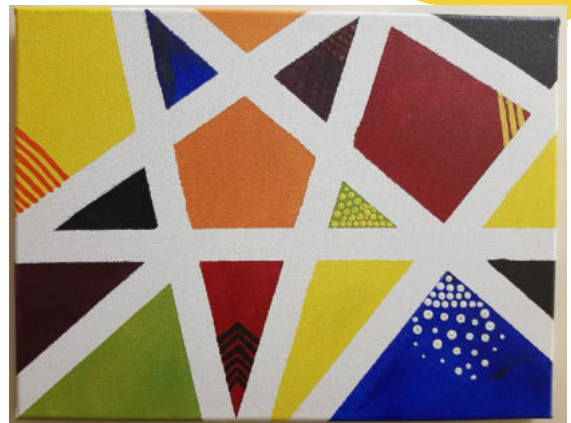
Fatima Qayyum



Hamina Shah



Muhammad Hanzalah



Abdul Hadi



Fatima jadoon



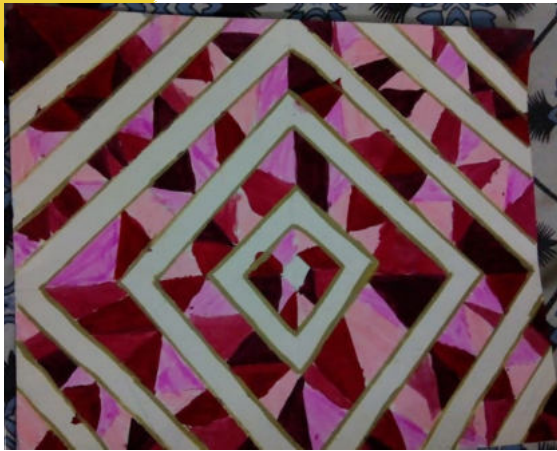
Sumayya Shakir Maniya



Hamza Jaffri



Zunairah Saeed



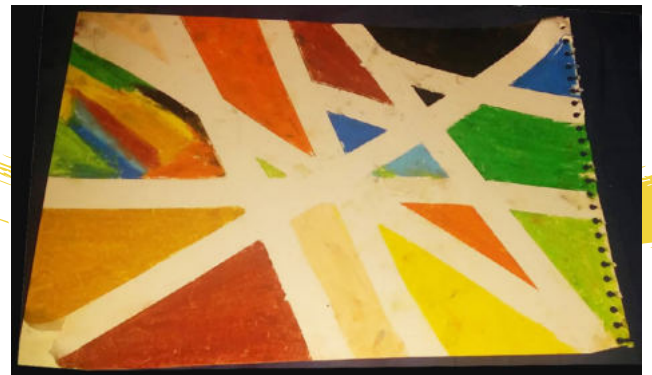
Muhammad Sami



Aimen A. Raheem Gilani



Umna Aslam



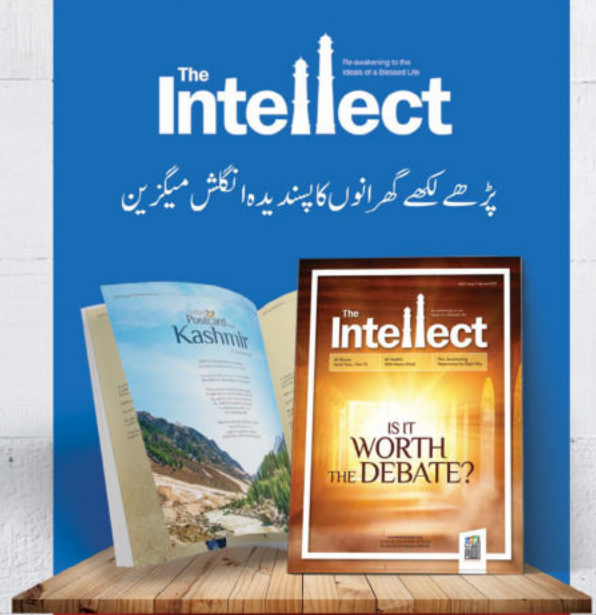
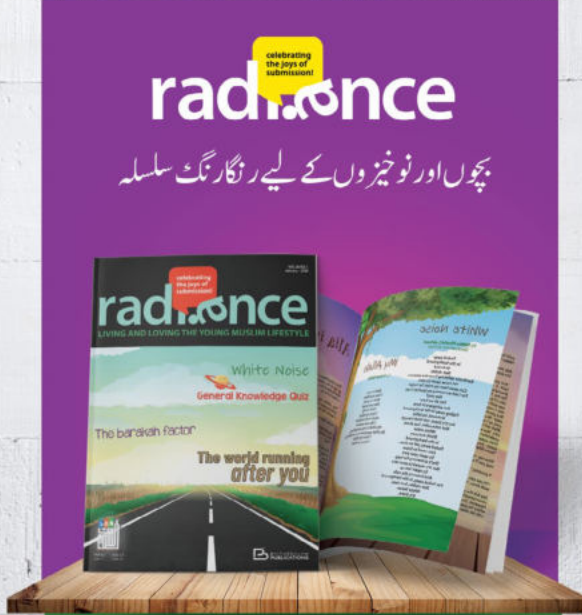
Jamila Dhedhi

Reason to be Responsible

Concept by Aroosh Aamer
Artwork by Zawjah Jahangir



جید علماء کرام کے زہرتگرانی شائع ہونے والے میگزین



THE BAITUSSALAM BULLETIN

بیت السلام کے تعلیمی وژن اور فہمی خدمات سے آگاہی کے لیے

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Joining Hands for Nation-Building through Education



Baitussalam Welfare Trust is running various educational institutes all over the country catering to no less than **40,000 students**. The education provided includes primary education, O-level, A-level, and religious sciences in urban as well as far-flung rural areas. Moreover, Baitussalam has established schools for **Syrian Refugees in Turkey** and the border camps.

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