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LIVING AND LOVING THE YOUNG MUSLIM LIFESTYLE

Reflections
in a window

Comic: Who gets the
first go

Ways to
become a
proud Ummati

Exploring
the deep
wonders



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May my everything be sacrificed for you, O Rasulallah ﷺ



*Assalam u AlaikumwaRahmatullahiwa-
Barakaatuhu,*

Anas bin Maalik ﷺ was only around ten years of age when his mother presented him to serve the beloved Rasulallah ﷺ. From then on, he remained in close and loving company of Rasulallah ﷺ until Rasulallah ﷺ passed away from this world.

The way he narrates his interactions with Rasulallah ﷺ is adorable. He would follow him almost everywhere. In the masjid, to the marketplace, on journeys and upon short visits to people's places in Madinah; he would accompany Rasulallah ﷺ just everywhere. Majority of the hadith he has narrated is basically a recollection of his fond memories of his time spent with this most amazing human being ever.

As a child, he says, he would sometimes leave Rasulallah ﷺ's house with the intention of fulfilling a chore, but then get distracted by the kids playing outside in the street and would just hang around there for a while longer. Yet, never did he remember Rasulallah ﷺ ever being cross with him for not fulfilling a task on time. His narrations consist of such endearing incidents of a child closely watching and observing Rasulallah ﷺ pray, speak, eat, dress and interact with people.

Just imagine being this young boy for a moment! How amazing would it be to be around such a magnificently magnetic and awesome personality! How amazing would it be to sleep when he slept and to wake up when he did! How amazing would it be to witness and experience his compassion, love and gentle manners first hand!

How could one be at a place where this little boy, Anas bin Maalik ﷺ was and not fall in love with his master! That's impossible right! And that is what the reality is.

Not only this boy, but literally everyone around Rasulallah ﷺ would love him dearly. There's this oft-repeated statement that they used to offer most of the times, they would begin speaking to him ﷺ that goes like:

بأبي أنت و أمي يا رسول الله----

May my father and mother be sacrificed for you O Rasulallah...

Can you imagine saying that to someone? Our parents are essentially the most beloved people to all of us. Imagine loving someone more than them! Imagine loving him so much that nothing, not even the most beloved of relationships can stop you from obeying his every word and his every order. Because you see, these words were not mere words. These were their lifestyles. They came from the hearts, not just lips. Nothing else took priority in their lives more than the guidance of Rasulallah ﷺ about how to live their lives in such a way that would make Allah ﷻ happy with them. That was their sole goal in life and that's what they earned with this loving obedience when Allah ﷻ proclaimed about them in His Quran:

رضي الله عنهم و رضوا عنه-----

Allah is happy with them and they are happy with Him...

What an honour really, what an honour!

May Allah ﷻ help us realise the value of the treasure that we have with us, in our homes, on our bookshelves in the form of the books of Seerah of the beloved Rasulallah ﷺ and his amazing companions (May Allah be pleased with them all forever), and may He help us feel and taste the sweetness of, 'May my everything be sacrificed for you O Rasulallah ﷺ'!

*Wassalam,
Zawjah Zia*



My Microsoft Office course

Fabiha Furqan
9 years old
The Educators School

One sizzling morning, I pulled out my computer studies book, full of illustrations, from my brown chestnut, bookshelf and bounced on my big, beautiful, bed. I caught a glimpse of contents of the book and started to read the topic of Microsoft office.

I was feeling enthusiastic to perform various procedures elaborated in the book practically on my laptop. I ogled at the colourful pictures of Microsoft office. A gigantic grin spread across my face and my eyes lit up like the sky. I approached my mom with a pounding heart and pleaded to install Microsoft Office in my laptop. She refused and explained me gently that I am rather, too young to use this application. With dragging feet I went to my room.

Then one fine evening, a message came from the Radiance management about a course on Microsoft Office Training. My mother instantly allowed me to enroll in this course as it was from

Radiance, the outstanding online platform. I was hopping up and down with twinkling eyes. I started to plan for the course but I missed my first class due to power outage at my end. I was glum with drooping shoulders. My mother tried to pacify me saying that the recording is always available. But attending a live session of Radiance courses is the real charm where you can interact as well as participate in the quizzes and competitions.

Eventually, I attended the second class with hands clasped and a smiling face. I was on cloud nine and the class went smoothly with a lot of fun with incredible discussion and a Kahoot game. My teacher's name is Sidrah Abdullah. She is rather polite, cooperative and pious. I'm ever grateful to the team of Radiance who is always working hard for the betterment of the future generation and introducing various courses and activities for us

No ice skates in Burma

Part 2 of 3

by Adeen Ahmed
11 years
A homeschooler

Part 1

“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...

Mrs. Masood screamed from the kitchen, and suddenly her scream was followed by a series of gunshots, burning fire, falling wood and concrete.

There was no place to hide, to crouch, to huddle. I stood in the middle of the room with Aassia, Maria, and Sarah.

“Shocking business...extremely shocking...the poor children...”

“I simply do not know - the attack was the worst ever. I -”

“The poor Masood - and the children - whatever had been going on?”

“It is beyond my ability, you know. When I think of it - thank God they were breathing...”

I sat up, unable to make out where I was. I was on a... bed? What was I doing there?

“Rania!” Mama rushed towards me, squeezing

me exceptionally hard. “Oh Lord - when I think - I’ve a good mind to run away at first chance -”

“Where are we, Mama?”

“Dr. Asif’s - you know, in his clinic...”

“Where are my friends?”

“They’re in those beds over there - “

“Mama, what happened to Mrs. Masood?”

“Erm -” Mama faltered, looking desperately around for another subject, “Nev - never you mind. And... Well, Dr. Asif says that since nothing happened to you girls, you can go home - I’ll take your friends home, too.”

I understood. Mama was hiding something from me.

“Mama, I’m not a three-year-old child, you know,” I flashed. “What happened to the Masoods?”

“Well,” said Mama, sagely, “Their souls are in Heaven.”

“And the house?”

“Broken.”

“How come we got out alive?”

You were in the north gable of the house. The attack was on the west gable, where the Masoods were in the kitchen.” Mama’s voice shook. “Your friends dragged you and themselves out of the house.”

I stared out the window, at the destroyed house with saddened eyes.

“We’ve got to go,” said Papa, as he took off his boots. He and Mama had just come back from the Masoods funeral. “The next boat to

The tiny Masood children, who were left orphans, and nobody wanted to do anything for them. Mama took them in to raise. This got Mama a lot of raised eyebrows.

Malaysia is coming in twelve days' time. We'll go straight then."

"You could not be righter," agreed Mama, hanging her scarf on the broken doorknob. "We should get out straight away, and settle in Malaysia."

I agreed. I wanted to get out of here as soon as I could. It was too much for me - the broken, crumbling house of the Masoods, the funeral, and the tiny Masood children, who were left orphans, and nobody wanted to do anything for them. Mama took them in to raise. This got Mama a lot of raised eyebrows. Umm Manha said that we had enough on our hands, not to mention looking after two six-year-old twins.

Mama didn't let this get to her. "Mariam was my friend," she said sorrowfully, her eyes misty as she spoke of Mrs. Masood. "I promised her that if anything happened to her, I would be responsible for her children."

The twins were a hard job to look after. First, they asked questions about where their parents were - and at first, I tried to invent up all sorts of stories: like their parents are ill, or they've gone on vacation, and something like that. Finally, Mama gave in and said that they've gone to Heaven. Next, they started moping - which included not talking to anyone, nor eating anything, and crying all the time - even in the middle of the night. After that they started to become mischievous - yanking off the bedsheets, mucking up the kitchen, and tearing all my dear books. Eventually, they stopped their ridiculous rants and became normal - though they still cried every night about their dead parents - and I wouldn't blame them.

Aassia came trudging up to our house one Monday morning, dodging all the cement and chips of rotten wood, carrying something in her hands. I rushed out the door, not even thinking of the little girl whimpering at my feet, demanding television.

"Hi, Aassia!" I said joyfully.

"Hey!" She came up to me, nearly out of breath. "Listen, I've got to go, I haven't much time, but I want to give you this."

I looked at what she was holding out - an old magazine with the picture of...

"Torpentina Ramsey!" I shrieked excitedly.

"Yes," said Aassia. "I saw it in the rubbish dump. Here are a few more, look." And she held out several more copies of the magazine.

"Rania!" Wailed a whimper voice, lisping. "I want television!"

"Alya, I'm sorry, but we haven't got one!" I said, for about the forty-fifth time. "And see, I'm talking to Aassia now. Now, be a good girl and go and read your book. Then, after dinner, I'll take you to the shops."

"Shops!" squealed Alya. She loved going there. "The magazine's called Skater's Crystal," said Aassia, trudging back up the road, handing me the sheaf of magazines. "I'll see you tomorrow!"

"Bye!" I called, as I took the magazines and Alya inside.

Every night I sat up in bed, reading Skater's Crystal. It was filled with knowledge about ice skating: the moves, the tricks, even little tips. Loop moves, swirl moves, and fling moves filled my head. It also included interviews with Torpentina Ramsey, which I read to my wholesome delight. I hid the magazines under my bed, covered in newspapers, just in case the twins laid their hands on it. It had so much in it, so much to learn from it, so much to see in it. I topped the Skater's Crystal magazines as my most prized possession. I began to wish with all my heart to learn how to ice skate, but it was hardly possible, the place where we were living in.

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Hadhrat Abdullah bin Rawaha ﷺ

Zawjah Junaid Mukaty beholds upon the personality and life chronicles of a great Sabahah - Hadhrat Abdullah bin Rawaha ﷺ

Hadhrat Abdullah bin Rawaha bin Thalabah bin Imri Qais was a leader of the Khazraj tribe who pledged allegiance with Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ at the second pledge of Uqabah. After this allegiance, Prophet ﷺ chose twelve men from those present as leaders in order to lead and act as deputies for him in Madinah. Their responsibility was to lead the people until Muhammad ﷺ migrated to Madinah. Hadhrat Abdullah bin Rawaha was overjoyed for he was chosen by Prophet himself as a leader for the Khazraj. His precious services to Islam began from here which continued till his last breath.

After Prophet ﷺ and his companions migrated and settled in Madinah, Abdullah bin Rawaha was the most active Muslim of the Ansaar who strived to support the thriving religion. Messenger of Allah ﷺ established a bond of brotherhood between Hadhrat Abdullah bin Rawaha and Hadhrat Miqdad.

Love for Allah and His Messenger ﷺ

Hadhrat Abdullah bin Rawaha was pious and extremely obedient. The companions used to say regarding him, "We had definitely come out with Prophet ﷺ in some of his travels during some extremely hot days so much so that the men placed their hands on their head due to the severe heat and no one used to be fasting except Rasulullah ﷺ and Abdullah bin Rawaha."

He frequently cried due to the fear of Allah.

His respect and love for Prophet ﷺ was immense. He copied every action of his beloved Prophet ﷺ and fulfilled his each and every command. He was the one who was holding the reins of Prophet's ﷺ camel when they entered Makkah for Umra tul Qada.

As a Poet

Hadhrat Abdullah bin Rawaha ﷺ was a scribe at a time in which writing was not prevalent. He was a poet; his poetry flowed with admirable fluency and strength. Ever since he accepted Islam, he devoted his poetic genius to its service. Prophet Muhammad ﷺ always admired his poetry, asking him to recite more of it. One day, as he was sitting among his companions, Hadhrat Abdullah bin Rawaha joined them, Prophet ﷺ asked him, "How do you compose a poem?"

Hadhrat Abdullah answered, "First I think about its subject matter, then I recite," and then recited immediately,

*"O the good descendants of Al-Hashim
Allah raised you to a high station
Of which you are worthy above all mankind.*

He copied every action of his beloved Prophet ﷺ and fulfilled his each and every command. He was the one who was holding the reins of Prophet's ﷺ camel when they entered Makkah for Umra tul Qada.

My intuition made me realise at once

Your excelling nature,

Contrary to the disbelievers belief in you.

If you asked some of them for support and help,

They would turn you down.

May Allah establish the good that descends

On you firmly

And bestow victory upon you as He did to Musa.”

Prophet ﷺ was elated and said, “I hope that Allah will make your feet firm, too.”

Many of his poetic verses are not in record those that he spoke on different occasions expressing his affection for his religion. Only fifty are present in Seerat ibn Hishaam.

Expedition of Hadhrat Abdullah bin Rawaha ﷺ

Hadhrat Abdullah participated in all the battles except Ghazwa Badr Thania when he was appointed as Prophet's ﷺ deputy in Madinah. Being a person with problem solving nature, he was also sent to Banu Quraiza to hold the talks during Ghazwa Banu Qaraiza. But apart from all the above, a skirmish is also named after him as he was the leader of the Muslim soldiers in it.

Usair bin Rizam was elected the new chief of the Khyber by Jews. He too had good relations with Banu Ghatafan like his predecessor Abu Rafi who provoked them to attack Madinah. When this came to Prophet's ﷺ knowledge, he deputed Hadhrat Abdullah with thirty men mounted on camels to persuade Usair to visit Medina so that a meeting could be held.

Usair agreed and started off to Madinah with thirty Jews of Khyber with the Muslims. On the way, an unexpected situation arose. Both the parties were then facing each other. After a

skirmish, all the Jews were dead along with their leader, Usair.

Martyrdom

Hadhrat Abdullah ﷺ received his martyrdom in Battle of Mu'tah which was fought near river of Jordan. The Romans had murdered Prophet's ﷺ emissary, Hadhrat Harith bin Umair Azdi, therefore he sent three thousand Muslims to take revenge from the tribes for this crime. The army was led by Hadhrat Zaid bin Harithah; the second-in-command was Hadhrat Ja'far bin Abi Talib and the third-in-command was Hadhrat Abdullah bin Rawaha.

According to the orders of Prophet ﷺ, each one took the command as soon as the former was martyred. When Hadhrat Abdullah was a soldier, he attacked recklessly and confidently. But now the command placed great responsibilities for the army's safety on his shoulders as the battle was taking ferocious turns. He instantly called out his army and said, “O my soul, you look as if you were afraid to cross the way that leads to Paradise. O my soul, I took an oath to fight. O my soul, death is inevitable, so you better be martyred. Now I will experience the inevitability of death. What you have cared for so long is finally yours. So go ahead, for if you follow these two heroes (Hadhrat Zaid bin Harithah and Hadhrat Ja'far), you will be guided to the way of Paradise.”

When finally Hadhrat Abdullah lost his life, Hadhrat Khalid bin Waleed was given the lead. The whole scene of battle was narrated by Prophet ﷺ himself in Madinah. Hadhrat Khalid reports that the fight was so intense that he used nine swords which broke during the battle.

May Allah also give us the desire of Shahadah and may we strive for it. Aameen

Ways to become a proud Ummati

by Bint Hanif
South Africa

و احسن منك لم تر قط عيني
و أجمل منك لم تلد النساء
خلقت مبرا من كل عيب
كانك قد خلقت كما تشاء

**MY EYES HAVE NEVER SEEN ANYONE AS BEAUTIFUL AS YOU
AND MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN YOU NO WOMAN HAS EVER GIVEN BIRTH TO
YOU HAVE BEEN CREATED FREE FROM ALL DEFECTS
IT IS AS IF YOU HAVE BEEN CREATED JUST AS YOU HAVE WISHED**

These were the sterling words of poetry composed by Hadhrat Hassan Bin Thabit ؓ, in praise of our beloved Nabi ؐ.

Being fortunate enough to be a part of the ummah of Nabi ؐ it is incumbent upon us to expand our knowledge with regards to the dazzling personality of Nabi Muhammed ؐ which in turn will intensify our love for Him.

Emulating the sunnah and teachings of Nabi ؐ should be embedded in our day-to-day lives. But are we even familiar with the honorable position of Rasullullah ؐ and his teachings?

Al-Abbas Bin Abdul Muttalib quoted Allah's Prophet ؐ saying: "Allah created the creatures and made me among the best of them. He chose the tribes and selected me from the best whereof; and he chose families and made me among the best of them; then he chose the households, making me among the best of households. I am the best of them in household." (Tirmidhi)

This was the status granted to Nabi ؐ by Allah

ؐ himself.

Hadhrat Ali Bin Abi Talib ؓ described him: "Allah's Messenger ؐ was neither excessively tall nor extremely short. He was of medium height among his friends. His hair not too curly nor was it too straight. It was both curly and wavy combined. His cheeks were not fleshy, chin was not small and forehead was not narrow. His face was fairly rounded. His mouth was white. He had black, large eyes, with long eyelashes. His limbs and shoulder joints were rather big. He had a fine line of little hair extending from his chest down to his navel, but the rest of the body was almost hairless. He had thick palms and thick fingers and toes."

While walking he lifted his feet off the ground as if he had been walking on a slope. When he turned, he turned completely. The seal of Prophethood was between his shoulders. He is the last of the Prophets, the most generous and the bravest of all. His speech was the most reliable. He was the keenest and the most attentive to people's trust, and was very careful to pay people's due in full. The Prophet ؐ was the most gentle and the most po-

Being fortunate enough to be a part of the ummah of Nabi ﷺ it is incumbent upon us to expand our knowledge with regards to the dazzling personality of Nabi Muhammed ﷺ which in turn will intensify our love for Him.

lite companion, seeing him unexpectedly you would fear him and revere him. He who had acquaintance with him would like him. He who describes him says: "I have never seen such a person neither before nor after seeing him." (Shama'il Tirmidhi)

My dear readers, I am unequivocally certain that all of us claim to love Rasullullah ﷺ, nevertheless how true are we in that declaration of love. What is love? Love is completely foregoing ourselves for the beloved and this was the wondrous way Nabi ﷺ loved us, (His Ummah). He was struck with stones at Ta'if, lost his teeth at Uhud, thorns were placed in his path, ridiculed and mocked at, bowels were placed on his back; nonetheless the question remains why did he bear all of this with unwavering patience and strength? My beloved readers this was all in the furtherance of his ummah, to the extent that during his final moments the words Ummati! Ummati! Were still on his lips.

So now the question arises: what have we done for Nabi ﷺ?

We get impressed by this foolish flashy world instead of adopting simplicity! Knowingly or unknowingly listen to music. Wearing immodest clothes, lying, disobeying parents, showing off, backbiting.. And the list of treacherous actions carry on and on.

Hadhrat Uwais Qarni ﷺ of Yemen even broke his teeth so to emulate the appearance of Nabi ﷺ. but we being weak in Imaan, the least that

we can do is start adopting the sunnah on matters we think trivial and vague such as eating, drinking, sleeping, walking, talking e.t.c.

Our heads should be raised with pride to follow the teachings of Nabi ﷺ! The Christians and Jews promote their false scriptures with endless confidence, then why should we feel ashamed to follow and promote the religion which is Haq!

Once a Jew mockingly asked Hadhrat Salman Farsi ﷺ: "Your Nabi has even taught you how to make Istinja!" Hadhrat Salman Farsi ﷺ replied with pride: "Yes! Our Nabi has taught us cleanliness as well."

Our love for Nabi ﷺ should be endless and embedded within our souls to the deepest. Khaatimun Nabiyyeen! Al-Ameen! As-Sadiq! The one who is given ninety nine names and his name is written on the throne of the King of kings; Allah ﷻ.

Nabi ﷺ deserves this love from his ummah, actually He has a right upon us which is mandatory on us to fulfill. He should be beloved to us more than our parents. Sahabah would say; "May our lives be sacrificed for you, Oh Rasullullah." At times they would say, "May our parents be sacrificed for you."

May Allah ﷻ grant us the ability to emulate the teachings of Nabi ﷺ and fulfill his right due upon us! Ameen

Exploring the deep wonders

Momina Danish's
mystery diary
gives us a
unique lesson
and insight

Wandering into the unknown, exploring the deep wonders of the world, solving the mysteries that remain unbeknownst to the world, was what I lived for. Succumbing to my burning desire, I walked deep into the forest, ignoring the warning bells ringing in my head. Often, I wouldn't get an eerie feeling about the place I am going to research on, but there was something about this unheard forest that coloured me intrigued and left me unsettled.

I've been doing this since I was a kid. Walking into the places a child isn't allowed to go, touching things I wasn't supposed to, learning things that people usually won't believe but were all true!

Whoever learns about my occupation, often tells me that I should steer away from the workings of Allah and the evil but when I tell them about my earning from even a very short documentary, their mouths remain agape and eyes twinkle with wonder for the rest of the conversation.

Curiosity may have killed the cat, but hey, good thing I am a human, right? And my very own curiosity has made me a millionaire today and has

lead me to unleash the locks of the locked doors that were closed for all the wrong reasons.

As a child, my parents loved it when I wandered and discovered new things, and more than often would praise me for it, but least to say, my ever so typical emotional mother and jolly father didn't appreciate my choice of earning. According to them, my curiosity and choice of work will lead me towards deep dangers if I keep stirring the trouble with good and evil.

The peak hour of the sun left my skin ablaze. The sky was cleared of clouds, leaving the sun to unleash its wrath upon me. I walked deeper into the forest towards the south, trusting my "forever" friend while researching with a compass.

As I kept walking on, the trees became larger. The sun disappeared in the horizon, I didn't remember the path I followed anymore, but I am sure, like always, I'll find my way back. Night was setting in and the chill was seeping into my bones. I did have a leather jacket on but the night was abnormally cold for summers.

I had a feeling I was close to whatever this for-

But whenever I adopted any route, it always brought me back to this same cottage. After this incident, I felt like I was trapped in this forest.

est had in store for me. This forest was like any other forest, tall trees, wet sand, musky odor and creepy voices of animals howling far away from me. I have been walking for eight hours now; stopping for a drink and bite only thrice in those eight hours and I had not encountered a single animal.

Exhaustion was creeping on me and I was in a dire need of some rest. Near me was no suitable place for setting up a camp, so I pressured my body into motion and walked a few more meters when I saw a small cottage of baked bricks surrounded by trees, illuminated by the type of lanterns that I am pretty sure have never been used since the 19th century. I took a sigh of relief as I found a place to finally rest without setting up a camp. I approached the cottage and knocked slightly on the wooden door. A few moments later, the door opened and revealed a fairly old man. The man seemed to be in his late sixties with grey white hair and light freckles and wrinkles adorning his face.

I introduced myself and told him about my predicament, and asked, "Can I stay the night here? I promise I will be gone by the morning. I just can't find a suitable place to set up a camp nearby and its pretty dark out here."

The man wordlessly opened the door ajar for me. I took it as an invitation and stepped in. The cottage looked like the one build in 18th or 19th century. It was pretty basic with little to no furniture and a basement. It contained only a bunk bed at one corner, a small kitchen and a cemented floor. The man who hasn't spoken to me yet, took me to a room, with entrance covered with a curtain, instead of a door. Inside it was a worm out mattress, with a pale grey blanket, a mud glass and a flask of water. The

room was illuminated by a candle. The situation was not luxurious. It was cold and weird.

The old man nodded at me and left. I washed my hand and face with a flask of water and laid down on the mattress. Despite the shabby appearance of the room, I slept peacefully.

I woke up with the sound of the door slamming shut... I got up and look around. At first I could not recognize my surrounding and thought, I was abducted but then, the night scenes replayed in my mind and I remembered where I was... I saw that the sun was shining brightly outside the window, so I went out but the nameless man was nowhere to be found. There was a basket of fresh fruits placed on the kitchen counter. The fruits looked heavenly and there was an urge inside me to just take a bite of those fresh apples and bananas. But then I wondered about that guy and went out in the forest in search of him. Finding no trace of him, I returned to the cottage.

Upon reaching, I saw that the man was back, sitting in the corner and reading some sort of a book. I decided to ask for his help in exploring this forest further. Stepping inside I remarked, "Assalamualeikum buddy. Good morning! Where have you been?"

The man replied, "Good morning, I was just looking for a perfect piece of wood, to carve out some cutlery from it."

"Oh, that's good. Hmmmm..... As per you know the reason of me being here, can you help me with exploring this forest by telling me some important things about it."

"Ahhh, there is no such thing in this forest to be

explored, yet, it is another thing that although this forest remains hidden, it is very fascinating in most people's eye. Anyways, if you want to live here, and complete your desire you can."

"I don't know why, but this strange feeling always comes in my mind that there is something about this unheard forest which needs to be explored."

"It is better to leave some things as they are, instead of interfering with the matter of nature and Allah's working because you might start something that will never finish but instead, might finish you."

"Hmmm....., can I stay with you for few more days."

"Yes, sure, you will find a basket of fresh fruits and a flask of water every morning placed on the counter for refreshing yourself, but hey, there is one thing I should warn you about! Which is that....."

The old man turned place, his lips went dry, and he looked horrified. In a shaky voice, the man continued.

"Which is that.....never ever, enter the basement, in my absence."

"But why? What is so strange in there?"

"Some things need to remain hidden, not everything needs to be explored!"

"..... Ok fine, I am going to my room, will meet you tomorrow."

I stayed there for a couple of days to fulfill my desire. Every morning when I woke up, I found a basket of fresh fruits and a flask of water as the man has said. I often wondered that, when there is no market and no source of water nearby, from where does he arrange these things?

Few days later, at noon, when the guy went out

for some work, his warning of not entering the basement suddenly struck in my mind. I immediately decided to find the secret of basement. Holding the torch, I took its route. On the door it was labeled: "Enter on your own risk." I opened the door slightly and stepped in.

It was pitch black with no sign of light. Skulls and bones were placed at every two meter distance. The basement was a bit hot. There were some strange carvings on the wall, with some readings written in Sanskrit. Stepping forward, I saw some words written in bold and around it were some signs carved on wall. The words said: "*Behold, whoever pays a visit here would meet his death soon.*"

Sweat was now draining from my forehead so I went back up to the room. It was almost evening, and the old man had not returned yet.

Sitting in a corner on the worn out mattress, I waited and waited for him to return but it all went vain. The night had settled and the stars were twinkling. Feeling drowsy, I went to sleep.

Next morning when I woke up, I felt strange. In a disturbed state, I went to get some fruits and water but found nothing. Instead of fruits, there was an empty basket. The flask of water was also empty. I was confused what to do. I went out in search of something to eat but returned with empty hands. This continued for two days. I maintained my body with some of the bread I had brought with me but now it had also come to end. On the third morning, with a last hope I went out in the forest, the intention to explore something at the back of my mind. But whenever I adopted any route, it always brought me back to this same cottage. After this incident, I felt like I was trapped in this forest.

Nothing remained now to survive with. I started going crazy. The guy had also not returned since I went to the basement. My brain had

Continued on pg 22

4 poisons of the *heart*

1. Unnecessary talking

2. Unrestrained glances

3. Keeping bad company

4. Too much food

Thank or complain?

by Syeda Tooba Ali

The Intellect School

Oh Allah SWT! We thank you for all blessings
We are needy but yet keep complaining

The trees, the flowers and the whole kingdom
You made them all for us, You are the most Kind

And in return just asked us one thing
To be good and obedient Muslims

When at long last, comes the buddy byes
I will be glad to close my eyes

There are many tests in this world
If you pass them, then all is yours

There will be a sweet breeze in your grave
From the heavens for you, so don't grieve

So make sure you don't complain about
everything insane
Instead be grateful and always thank

Someday you'll thank me for the advice
And next time I am sure you will think twice.

Horses

by Alesha Merchant

9 years

Lahore Grammar School

I love horses

They like to gallop

And love to eat grass and apples

Swinging their bushy tails

White, brown, black and grey

So many different colours

I like to ride on horses

They love to take me for a spin

Horses are strong and majestic

Living together in a herd

And sometimes being alone

Allah created horses

And so we should always be kind to them.

Taste Like Never Before

Sun Rise



KIDS CORNER

Riddles

Samuel was out for a walk when it started to rain. He did not have an umbrella and he wasn't wearing a hat. His clothes were soaked, yet not a single hair on his head got wet. How could this happen?

Answer: This man is bald!

What is so fragile that saying its name breaks it?

Answer: Silence.

What can run but never walks, has a mouth but never talks, has a head but never weeps, has a bed but never sleeps?

Answer: A river

Speaking of rivers, a man calls his cat from the opposite side of the river. The cat crosses the river without getting wet, and without using a bridge or boat. How?

Answer: The river was frozen.

What can fill a room but takes up no space?

Answer: Light

If you drop me I'm sure to crack, but give me a smile and I'll always smile back. What am I?

Answer: A mirror



Jokes

Asiya: I've got such a bad headache.

Natasha: I know why.

Asiya: Why?

Natasha: Well, yesterday when I had stomach ache, mummy said it was because it was empty, so I guess that's the problem with you too!

Saud: Calculators are a man's best friend.

Jahanzeb: Why?

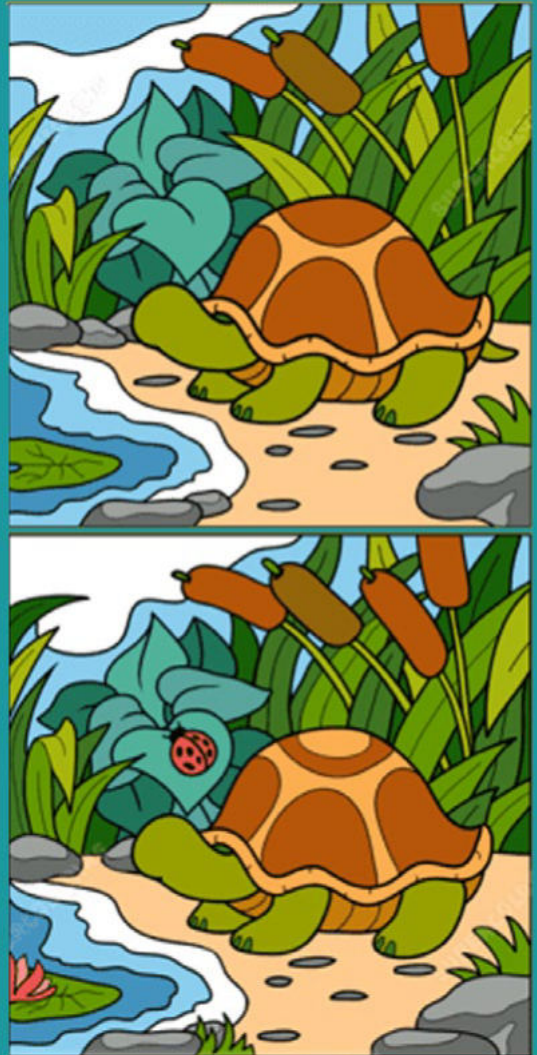
Saud: You can always count on them!

Can you name the three most important inventions that helped man get up in the world?

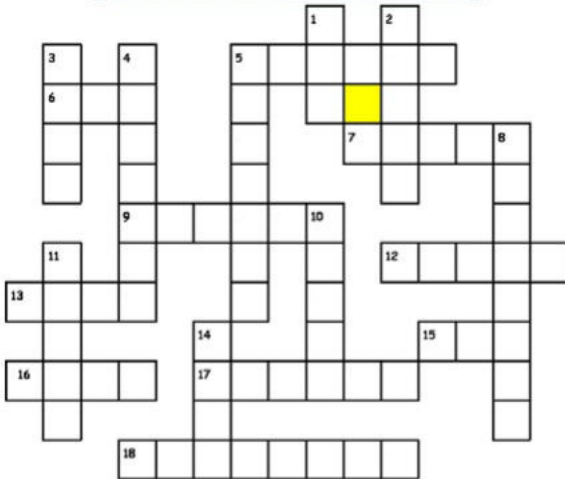
Elevator, escalator and alarm clock!



Find 10 Differences



CROSSWORD



CLUES

ACROSS

5. A place for Muslims to worship.
6. The third prayer of the day
7. Muslims don't eat ___ food.
9. The sayings of our prophet were recorded in ___.
12. The second pillar of Islam.
13. A judge must always be ___.
15. The Arabic word for knowledge
16. This prophet guided his people through the sea.
17. A person who lives his life according to Allah's will.
18. The ninth month in the Islamic calendar.

DOWN

1. The Prophet that could cure the blind
2. The holy book that was revealed to our prophet.
3. Hajra ran between ___ and Marawah
4. A person chosen by Allah to guide mankind towards tawheed.
5. Allah created all ___ to worship him.
8. ___ is last prophet of Allah sent to mankind.
10. Muslims only eat ___ food.
11. Prophet ___ was the son of Yaqoob (as).
14. Leads the Prayers.

Reflections in a window

by Aamina Fatima
Riyadh



Detecting it, fear covered me from head to toe. My heart jumped to my throat, adrenaline swam in my blood and my legs automatically moved backwards. I shivered like a generator. My voice hid in my larynx and a squeak flew out of my mouth like a bird, “Help!”

It was a grey reflection of a huge creature standing behind me in the window of my room. As I turned back to see, my eyes opened as wide as a desert and a high pitched cry echoed in the room. There was no one behind me.

I was alone at home, buried in my bed, lost in a marvellous book. Suddenly, I sensed some movement near the window, and that’s it! I fell unconscious and a dream surrounded me.

The same creature met me here as well. Along with the whole army, I was attacked by them. I had no power in front of them and I screamed and started crying. A river flooded out of my eyes and then suddenly, darkness painted everything.

I was wrapped in my thoughts as a splash of water woke me up. My family was back. They woke me up and questioned me, “Why is your pillow wet.” I told them all the reality. They burst out into laughter and exclaimed, “It was only your illusion.”



A mischief

by Atika Fatima
Riyadh

Faisal: “Hey! Ahmed...let’s hide Aarsal’s shoes somewhere.”

Ahmed: “No Faisal. It’s not good to disturb others. He’ll get worried when he comes out of the masjid.”

Faisal: “Fine! You don’t do it but I will.”

At home

Mom: “Assalmualaikum beta, you’re back from the masjid? What took you so long?”

Faisal: “umm.. mama I was praying nawafil!”

Knock knock

Mom: “Ahmed beta, please open the door and check who is there.”

Faisal thinking: What if it’s Aarsal at the door, I’ll get caught!

“Mama I am busy, I can’t, I’m sorry.”

Aarsal: “Assalamualaikum auntie. While I was praying inside the masjid Faisal took my shoes

and ran away. He hid them somewhere. Can you please ask him where he hid them or ask him to return them.”

Mom thinking: Aha! That’s why Faisal was late from the masjid.

Mom: “Faisal go and return Arsals shoes.”

Faisal (with a hanging head): “Okay mama.”

After Faisal returns

Mom: “Faisal why did you hide Arsal’s shoes, don’t you know it’s a sin to hurt others? As well as you lied to me about being late from masjid. So you see, one bad deed begets another. Promise me that you won’t lie again because that is also a big sin.”

Faisal: “I’m sorry mama, I have realised my mistake. I won’t do that next time In’sha’Allah.”

The curse of the mummy's tomb

by Maheen Masood
12 years, Dubai

I saw the Great Pyramid and got thirsty.

Maybe it was all the sand. So dry and yellow, it seemed to stretch on forever. It even made the sky look dry.

I poked my mom on the side, “Mom, I am really thirsty.”

“Not now,” she said. She had one hand up on her forehead, shielding her eyes from the bright sun as she stared at the enormous pyramid.

Not now?

What does “not now” mean? I am thirsty. Now! Someone bumped me from behind and apologized in foreign language. I had never dreamed when I would see the Great Pyramid there would be so many other tourists. I guess half the people in the world decided to spend their summer vacation in Egypt this year.

“But mom-” I said. I didn’t mean to whine. It was just that my throat was so dry. “I am really thirsty.”

“We can’t get you a drink now,” she answered, staring at the Pyramid. “Stop acting like you are four. You’re twelve, remember?”

“Twelve year old also gets thirsty,” I muttered, “All this sand in the air, it makes me gag!”

“Look at the pyramid,” she said, sounding a little irritated. “That’s why we came here. We didn’t come to get you a drink!”

“But I am chocking!” I cried, gasping and holding my throat. Okay, so I wasn’t chocking. I exaggerated a little to get her attention. But she pulled the brim of her straw hat down and continued to stare up the pyramid, which shimmered in the heat.

I ducked to have my shoe lace tied. It was all tangled up so it took me some time. By the time I got up on my feet, my parents were gone, leaving me alone!



Summer Vacations in Bahrain

by Faseeha Kashif

11 years, Riyadh

During last summer vacations, my family decided to visit Bahrain. It is an island nation in the Persian Gulf and it comprises of small archipelago made up of 40 natural islands and 51 artificial islands.

My excitement had no bounds for this trip; simply I could not wait to reach there. We started a bit late from Riyadh and it got dark by the time we reached Khobar city. We therefore decided to stay at my aunt's house. We resumed our journey at the break of dawn. We came across King Fahad causeway, a very long bridge that stretches over 20km over the sea. I learned that we were actually crossing over the Arabian Gulf. The water had various glittering shades of blue and green, what a beautiful sight it was. After passing through passport control and security clearance, we entered the beautiful country of Bahrain.

Our first stay was at Bahrain Beach Resort. It had a beach at the backside of hotel and it was not that clean, like seaweed everywhere. It was an okay place; I guess I did not like it much. We next stayed at Q3 House apartment hotel. It was much better than the first one. Well, it did not have a beach, but it had a rooftop swimming pool. We used to spend hours swimming in the pool in the morning until it used to get sunny and hot. We would cook some snacks during the day and take our dinner at lavish restaurants, the likes of Chillis. I liked this place and it was fun.

Our last and final stay was at 'The Grove Resort', a place that thrilled all of my family. It was not just a hotel but felt like a five star beach house with huge modern style bedrooms and a living room. We could take a short stroll out to the super clean beach area. There was kids play area, a day care for infants, water games and

splash areas, two swimming pools for children. There were water sprinklers and a big bucket that once filled would dump all the water on our heads. We would gasp at the gush of water and would eagerly wait for the next drop. My mom and I took the stairs down to the beach and I played in sand with my brothers. We made many sand castles, water bridges and ponds until we got exhausted. Those were some very cool and fun places.

The best part in the whole trip was my visit to Bahrain International Karting Circuit. I had to wear a driving suit and helmet, as if I will be racing for a champion's trophy. My nickname was registered as "Princess". I was so scared to drive a real racing car yet I managed to overcome my fear and I raced through the circuit finishing three laps in two minutes and 27 seconds. This was the most exhilarating experience that I ever had.

The next day, I went with my father to buy breakfast. There was a mini trolley which I enjoyed stuffing up with my items. We had a last visit to the beach and then packed and left that place in the evening.

Thinking back, I miss those moments so much, one of the best cherishable memories indeed

Continued from pg 14

stopped working and my body was slowly getting paralyzed as the days passed.

Maybe, after all, this was my fate and the result of stirring into the matters and decisions of Allah ﷻ. I should have listened to my parents and should have controlled my curiosity which, in the end, finally killed the cat!

Power of dua



by Ayesha Yaqoob
Karachi

“Oh Lord! give us something to eat, we haven’t eaten anything since many hours, please Allah! help us, tomorrow is eid and we have nothing good to wear neither to eat,” Ahmed prayed.

“Don’t worry my child, dua is the most powerful weapon of a believer, Allah ﷻ will give us everything we want but first you have to offer salah and make dua to Allah ﷻ,” Ahmed’s mother explained.

“Your mother is right, and you should also be thankful to Allah ﷻ for providing us a hut, some people don’t even have any place to live,” Ahmed’s father replied.

“Yes papa,” Ahmed acknowledged.

Knock knock...

“Who is there?” Ahmed’s mother asked.

“We are here to distribute ration among the needy people because tomorrow is a special day for muslims,” the stranger explained.

“Look Ahmed, you were complaining that we don’t have anything, see! we got more than our need by the grace of Allah ﷻ, Alhamdulillah . Go and offer two rakaats of nafils to be grateful to Allah ﷻ.”

“Yes Alhamdollillah, I am so happy mama,” Ahmed remarked

Continued from pg 07

“Have you finished packing up the clothes, Rania?” Mama asked, hastily shoveling food in Alya and Ayla’s mouths.

“Yes!” I said wearily. We’d been up since five in the morning, packing stuff into moldy old cardboard boxes. The boat was supposed to come at ten o’clock that night, and the whole day was supposed to be for packing every nook and cranny of the house

Continued in the next issue InshaAllah...

fresh
artist

Suhaiba Hamza



Zainab Shah



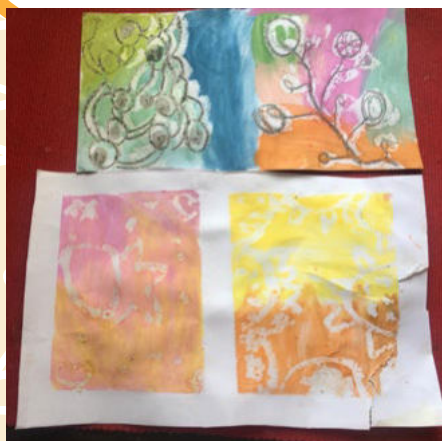
**Aisha Adeel,
Kuwait**



**Ayesha Baber,
Islamabad**



Wania Naz Ahmed



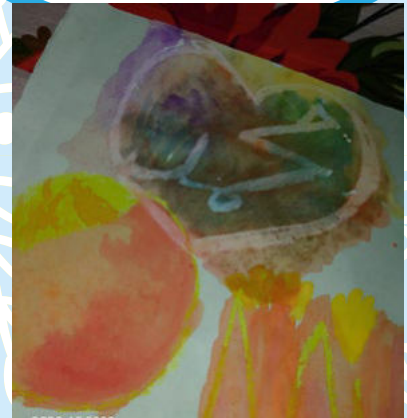
**Hareem Faisal, 8 years,
Reflection School**



Zainab Shoaib
Jubail, Saudi Arabia



Umehabiba Adnan,
7 years



Zara Waseem Khan
Dubai



Maryam Baber,
Islamabad



Muhammad Umar Faisal



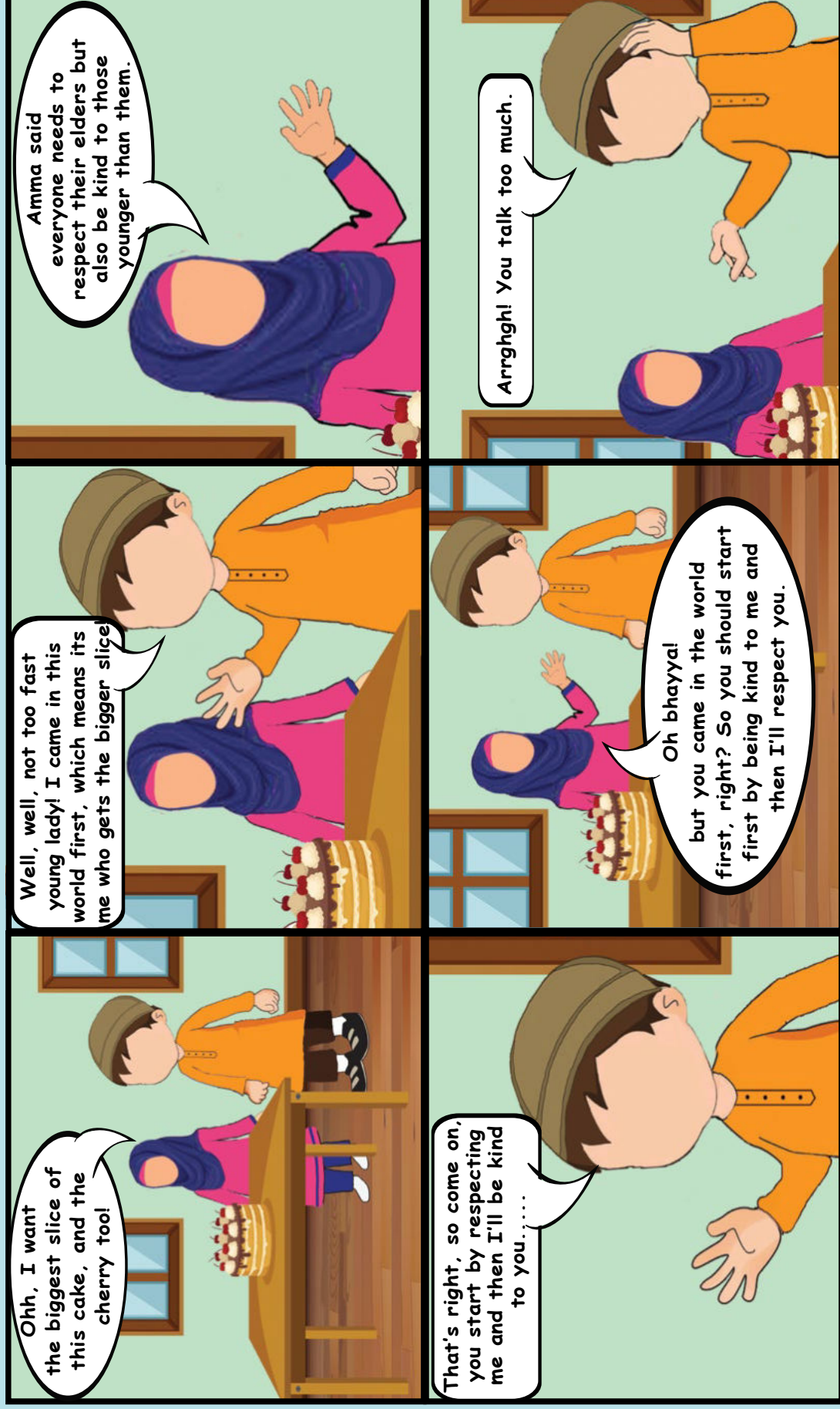
Manahil Gilani



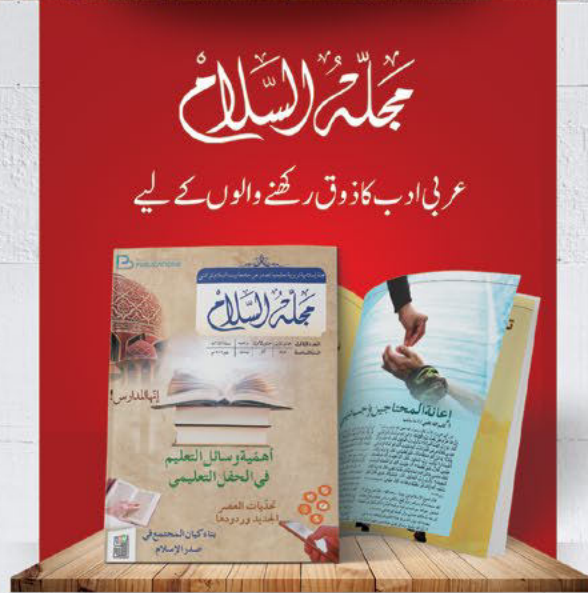
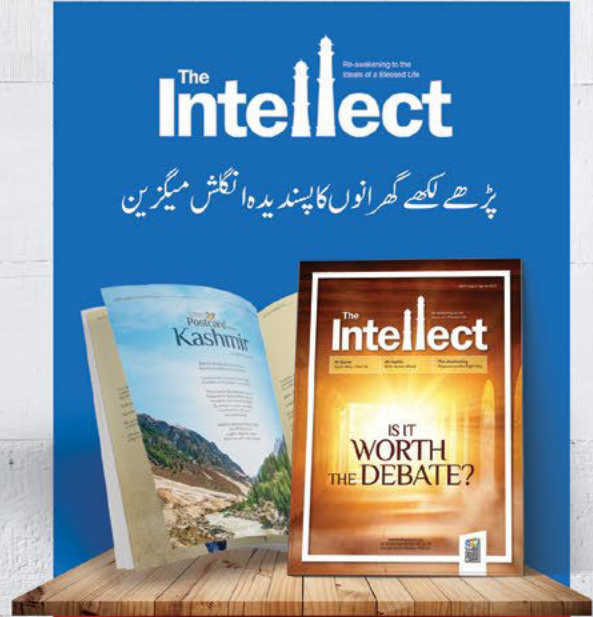
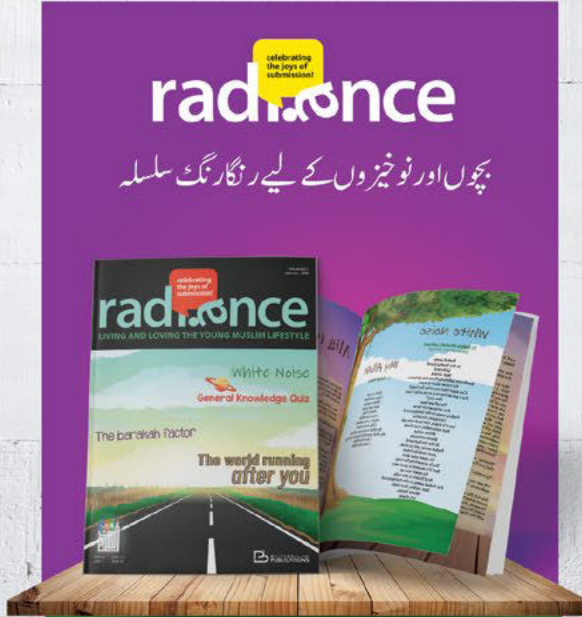
Who gets the first go

Concept by Zawja Zia

Artwork by Zawjah Jahangir



جید علماء کرام کے زہر نگرانی شائع ہونے والے میگزین



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