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radiance

LIVING AND LOVING THE YOUNG MUSLIM LIFESTYLE

A Friendly Alien's visit to Earth

*The lessons in a
water cycle*

The light I follow

*The
desolate
armchair*

*Raised high
in
honour*



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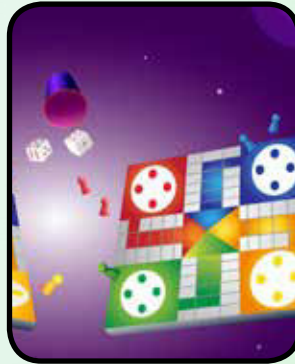
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The lessons in a water cycle

Assalam u Alaikum wa Rahmatullahi wa Barakaatuhu,

It all begins at the sea. The winds load up with tons of moisture and push it upwards to form clouds. These heavy and humid winds then march towards the thirsty lands for their annual water bath. Everything drinks. Everything gets washed. And what's the outcome? Wow! The earth comes alive with its marvels. Grass, trees, plants and greenery of all sorts decorate the environment. Soon, after the wind has dropped most of this moisture, it dries up, yet remaining hot. The fruits on the trees and crops in the fields are ripened and harvested. The season takes another shift and the winds change direction, attaining a chill that kills the warmth. But the chill is not all bad too. It makes the harvested food dry up and ready for storage for mankind, animals and even the insects. The trees and plants shed off their entire load, the ants crazily stuff up their nests with food to last the approaching winter.

The wind now gets chillier and fills up with moisture again. The earth this time is gently sprayed with snow and soft silent showers. The mountain peaks get their annual stock of frozen water and the water channels underground are filled too. It is the quietest time of the year for the creation of Allah ﷻ. It is as if the nature with all its glory is given a period to stretch, rest and relax before the sea roars again and wakes everything up with its winds. Melting the ice, and squeezing the heavy thunder clouds all at once to get the earth going again.

No, this is not a Geography or Environmental Science lesson! But *Subhan'Allah!* Just Imagine how immaculately our creator has designed this cycle of provision for His creation. He has ordered His seas and winds and clouds and mountains to go in circles just to serve us. To provide me and you with food and just everything that we need and enjoy in this world.

What for? Just so we eat and drink and live comfortably? Is that all?



A wise mind would retort with a big 'No'! All of this ultimate artistry is there to inspire our hearts towards acknowledging the Might and Power of that One Lord ﷻ and paying our gratitude by submitting our will to Him alone. Because we are so needy of Him for every bit of the life we are living here on this earth. And if we don't, then He is still the only Master of everything seen and unseen.

We seek His refuge from His wrath! Lest He orders even one of His creations to not be in our favour but against us. Do you think we can stand that? Who can ever protect us if He tells His seas to rage against us, His winds to rattle us, His mountains to shake and fall upon us, His water to drown us or His earth to stop growing our provision? *Na'uzubillah!*

Me and you, the feeble beings of this earth, who cannot stand against even an invisible microscopic creation of His that we call a Virus, can we imagine to stand against the visible giants of this nature should they start behaving against us instead of being in our favour?

Let's think. Let's ponder. Let's pay our due thanks to Him. Because after all, we, and just everything belongs to Him and to Him shall we return.

Was'salam,
Zawjah Zia

Raised high in honour

A touching extract from the spiritual discourse of **Hadhrat Abdul Sattar Hafidhahullah** on the reality of true friends

The beloved Prophet ﷺ said,

“A person will be raised on the day of Judgment in the company of whom he loves the most.”

Whoever we love the most in the world—our heroes, our idols, the people we admire and imitate, they will be the ones we will stand with on the day of Qiyamah. The man or woman we discuss with our peers, defend against haters, stand with and support with our maximum effort, he or she will guide us into Heaven or Hell. Where they stand so will we, where they will go so will we. So just imagine;—if we love and support the Sualiheen, the Chosen Ones of Allah ﷻ, the *Aawliyah-Allah*, if we defend them against their critics and support them in their endeavours, if we express our love for them with our every word and deed, then no matter what are our deeds, no matter the amount of mistakes we make, *Insha’Allah* we will be raised on the day of Judgment shoulder to shoulder with them; we will be identified as their friends and will be standing in their company.

The Sahabah declared that they had never experienced more happiness than when they heard this Hadith of the Prophet ﷺ, that whoever a person loves he will be raised on the Day of Judgment in his company. The sahabah felt so because they knew that even if they made mistakes in this world, even if their good deeds were not numerous, but they were confident in their love for the Prophet ﷺ. They loved him more than their parents, their children, their wives and friends, and so were given assurance with this Hadith that on the Day of Judgment, they would be with the Prophet ﷺ.

May Allah ﷻ give us the company of pious people and fill our hearts with the love for the Sualiheen, so that on the Day of Judgement we too will stand with our heads raised high in honour for being in the company of the truly successful *Insha’Allah*. ●

I began checking the products. Taking them in my hand one by one. After a few minutes I turned around and saw those men were staring at me. I glared at them, my hands shaking as I hid them behind me. "Aren't you leaving? I have to close the store soon."

"If you won't leave me and this girl alone then I would have to call the police," I explained to them. Standing up in front of the girl as if to hide her from them. I saw a glint of fear in his minions' eyes. They turned around to leave but he told him something and they stopped.

Rustling sounds could be heard from behind me and I sensed the girl standing up. Considering the fact that those men were still not moving I had to call the police.

"You can go and call the police, I can handle it, at least for a little while," the girl behind me whispered, tremor prominent in her voice.

I slowly started backing up, turned around and bolted to get my phone set on the counter-top. Frantically, I typed the pass code and dialed the number. I called the first branch that popped up on the screen. I felt the man's eyes on me, nearing slowly.

'Please, Please, Please...'

I heard the voice of an officer on the other side of the line.

"Yes, This is Gangnam Police Stat-"

I cut him off, "Yes! I work here at DanBam Convenience Store and there are these men, they're-"

The phone got snatched from me, I gasped, turned around, to find my phone under his foot as he crushed it in front of my eyes. I heard something falling from that stall. I looked at him, his hood now uncovering his head, his eyes dark like a black hole waiting to suck me inside. That stupid, malicious

The harsh reality

Part 2 of 2

Aavaiz Noor's account tells the story of a girl in foreign lands who met with a hard fate



Roamed my hands hastily on the counter behind me to find something that could protect me, save me. My hands came in contact with a thin cylindrical object, a pen.

smirk plastered on his face as well.

I backed up, as he neared towards me, till my back hit the counter. I held the counter as tight as possible from both sides of my body, my fingers pained.

Roamed my hands hastily on the counter behind me to find something that could protect me, save me. My hands came in contact with a thin cylindrical object, a pen.

‘Just stab him!’ My inner voice told me. I wrapped my fingers around it tightly.

“You won’t be able to escape and you shouldn’t try to either,” he slowly cried, before taking a step back and grinning widely, which I didn’t appreciate.

“도와주세요! (dowajuseyo)”, I heard the girl screaming for help and then a loud smack.

I took the opportunity and stabbed him as hard as I could with the pen. He yelped and stumbled backwards. I ran to pick up the fire extinguisher and sloughed it towards the girl promptly. The girl was pinned to the wall by those creepy, disgusting men.

I hit the one who was standing, in his stomach and he fell to the tiled floor with a thud. I hit him once again to ensure that he won’t be able to get up for a while.

The other one got hit on his head and as he stepped back holding his head, I dropped the fire extinguisher on his feet and helped the girl stand up, held her heels in my hands as she limped towards the door.

“You go out, I’ll keep them put for a little while,” I suggested, taking her current state in mind. While I was telling her this, I felt a sharp pain on my head, like it was being ripped apart. The man who I stabbed was on his feet again. He got me on my feet and pushed me in the stall. I tripped and fell on top of the stall resulting in the stall to trip and

meet the tiled floor with a crash.

I groaned, yelped and cried out in pain as I felt blood oozing out from the side of my head. I look outside the huge windows to see the girl limping hurriedly towards the road. The man tried to get on me and I kicked him off. I tried getting up but felt difficulty in doing so.

Right then I heard sirens. Police sirens. I sighed in relief and plopped back on the stall.

The man turned around and gasped, kicking me in my stomach. I shouted for help. I heard the door opening and the bell chimed a few times, distant voices of officers were heard. I tried to look but everything blurred and eventually blacked out.

》 》 》 》 》 》 》 》 》

I opened my eyes trying to adjust to the light. Faint beeping sound could be heard, some murmurs from afar. I squinted my eyes as the light turned me partially blind. ‘Ughhh!’ I covered my eyes with my hands. After a few minutes, I took them away.

I looked around and found myself in a hospital room, IV drip on my hand, my body covered by the hospital gown and blanket while I lay on the bed. There’s a window on my right. Beautiful blue sky could be seen outside of it. Birds chirping and flying freely. Having no worries but to feed their children.

‘Your punishment isn’t yet finished, You have to and you will pay for hurting your parents’ hearts. Although you got saved for now but go home before it’s too late.’

I gasped and turned my face in all directions to find the source of this voice only to find the room empty.

I heard doctors run here and there outside the room, people chatting, murmuring. Happy voices, but my mind was full of gloomy thoughts. ●

Prophets Quiz

By **Aisha Khalid Lakhani**

Q1: Who was the first prophet of Allah?

Q2: Who was elder? Prophet Harun ﷺ or Prophet Musa ﷺ?

Q3: Who was the father of Prophet Sulayman ﷺ?

Q4: Who was the wife of Prophet Adam ﷺ?

Q5: Which prophet was sent to the people of Thamud?

Q6: Which prophet was born miraculously without a father?

Q7: Who were the two prophets who built the Kabah?

Q8: Who was the prophet whom Allah told to build an Ark?

Q9: Which prophet was swallowed by a big fish?

Q10: Who was the prophet who had the special power to interpret dreams?

Q11: Which prophet could cure the blind and bring dead people back to life?

Q12: His people's punishment was having Angel Jibril ﷺ pick up the land that they were on, raise it high, turn it upside down, and drop it. (He and his followers had all left this city, so they were saved).

Q13: This prophet, who was also a king, had the power to talk to the animals and Jinns.

Q14: This prophet was able to turn his staff into a real-live snake, a task so amazing that even the magicians at the time were baffled!

Q15: He was the son of Prophet Zakariya ﷺ?

- Answers:
- 1) Prophet Adam ﷺ
 - 2) Prophet Harun ﷺ
 - 3) Prophet Dawud ﷺ
 - 4) Hawwa or Eve ﷺ
 - 5) Prophet Salih ﷺ
 - 6) Prophet Isa ﷺ
 - 7) Prophet Ibrahim ﷺ and Prophet Ismail ﷺ
 - 8) Prophet Nuh ﷺ
 - 9) Prophet Yunus ﷺ
 - 10) Prophet Yusuf ﷺ
 - 11) Prophet Isa ﷺ
 - 12) Prophet Lut ﷺ
 - 13) Prophet Suleiman ﷺ
 - 14) Prophet Musa ﷺ
 - 15) Prophet Yahya ﷺ

Hadhrat Saeed Bin Zaid رضي الله عنه



Hadhrat Saeed bin Zaid رضي الله عنه was one of the Sabiqoon al-Awaloon companion of our beloved Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلم. His father Zaid bin Amr was from Adi clan of the Quraysh in Makkah but he was not a polytheist like many other Qurayshis. He believed in the oneness of Allah and followed Deen e Ibrahim which was not acceptable by people of Makkah. He died before Hadhrat Muhammad صلى الله عليه وسلم got his prophethood. Afterwards, his son, Hadhrat Saeed bin Zaid رضي الله عنه once asked the Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلم if they could pray for him. The Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلم replied, "He will be resurrected as a single Ummah on the Day of Judgment. He worshipped in the Era of Ignorance. He followed the religion of Hadhrat Ibrahim and he accepted Allah as one."

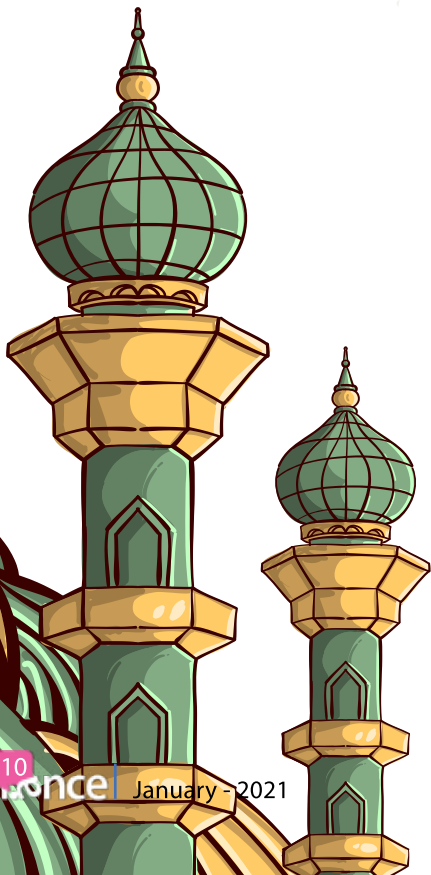
Hadhrat Saeed رضي الله عنه inherited his father's religious beliefs. He continued the struggle that he carried out with the Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلم. He was first persecuted for Deen e Ibrahim and then because of Islam. His mother and wife were also early converts. Hadhrat Umar bin Khattab رضي الله عنه was his cousin as well as his brother in law. Hadhrat Umar's رضي الله عنه acceptance of Islam has a major share of Hadhrat Saeed رضي الله عنه and his wife Hadhrat Fatima bint Khattab's patience and efforts. One day Hadhrat Umar رضي الله عنه entered their house while Hadhrat Khabbab رضي الله عنه was reading Quran to them and demanded to know what was going on. When they remained silent, Hadhrat Umar رضي الله عنه seized Hadhrat Saeed رضي الله عنه and knocked him to the floor. Hadhrat Fatima رضي الله عنها stood up to defend her husband but Hadhrat Umar hit her too that she started bleeding.

The couple admitted that they were Muslims. At the sight of the blood, Hadhrat Umar رضي الله عنه felt sorry for what he had done and asked to see what they had been reading. It was Ta-Ha, later to become the twentieth Surah of the Quran. Impressed by the beauty of the words, Hadhrat Umar رضي الله عنه decided to become a Muslim.

Love for Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلم

Hadhrat Saeed رضي الله عنه was an unmatched believer of the Apostle صلى الله عليه وسلم. His piety and devotion kept him near to the Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلم and thus his life was fully according to the Sunnah. During the battles, he along with other Sahabah shielded Prophet Muhammad صلى الله عليه وسلم by keeping themselves in front of him. He also served as the secretary of Hadhrat Muhammad صلى الله عليه وسلم and recorded the verses of Quran when they were revealed.

Some stories are worth reading as well as writing on the inner most recesses of our hearts. Those are the stories of our dear Sahabaha. So this time we have **Zawjah Junaid Mukaty** telling us about Hadhrat Saeed bin Zaid



As a Warrior

Hadhrat Saeed ؓ participated in all the battles with Rasulullah ﷺ except the Battle of Badar. Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ had sent them ahead as scouts to report on the movements of Abu Sufyan's caravan. When they heard that they had missed the caravan, they returned to Madinah, only to find that Muhammad ﷺ and his army had already reached Badr. They set out for Badr and met the returning victorious army. However, Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ gave them a share of the booty as if they had been present.

He was the fortunate companion who rode with our Prophet ﷺ as a commanding officer of a battalion of a victorious army that conquered Makkah.

During the caliphate of Hadhrat Umar ؓ, battlefields of Yarmuk and Damascus witnessed some great acts of valour and bravery by Hadhrat Saeed ؓ. He raised the spirits of the Mujahideens during the toughest moments of the battle through his speech and himself fought selflessly killing the commander of the enemies' army. This situation made the enemies weak and in no time the Byzantine army lost hundreds of their soldiers.

Hadhrat Saeed ؓ preferred spending his life in the battlefields fighting in the way of Almighty Allah than accepting any position in the Government. He was appointed as the Governor of Damascus after the victory but he soon resigned and spent his life as an ordinary soldier.

Amr bil Maroof o Nahi A'nil Munkir

Hadhrat Saeed played an important role in the Tarbiyah of the Muslims. He educated the Muslims of the conquered regions so that they understand and lead their lives according to the commandments of Allah. For this reason, he travelled widely sacrificing his own peace at home.

His submission to faith, his piety, his love and respect for Rasulullah ﷺ and his services for the cause of Islam and mankind, earned him the glad tidings from the Prophet ﷺ during his lifetime that he would enter the Jannah in the life hereafter. Therefore, he is among Ashra Mubasshirah: The Ten Blessed

During the battles, he along with other Sahabah shielded Prophet Muhammad ﷺ by keeping themselves in front of him.

Companions, who were given the glad tidings of Jannah by Apostle ﷺ in a single gathering. May Allah shower his blessings upon them and on us too.

Love and Respect for Khulafa e Rashideen

Hadhrat Saeed bin Zaid ؓ loved Allah and His creation. He respected and cared for all but his affection for the Khulafa e Rashideen was prominent. He obeyed every order of the caliphs and respected their seniority.

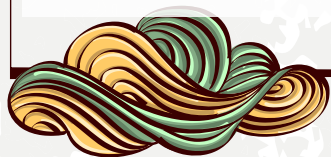
When it was time for Hadhrat Umar ؓ to be placed in the grave, Hadhrat Saeed started crying. When somebody asked, "O Aba Awar! Why are you crying?" Hadhrat Saeed replied, "I am crying for Islam. The martyrdom of Hadhrat Umar ؓ is a gap opened in Islam. This gap is not going to be closed until the Day of Judgment." Thus, he expressed the unique place of Hadhrat Umar ؓ in the history of Islam.

He was in Kufa when Hadhrat Usman was martyred. He felt great grief on this sad news and on the events that followed this news. He withdrew himself and preferred living in isolation, praying all the time.

Death

This great personality died in 51 or 52 Hijra on a Friday. Hadhrat Saad bin Abi Waqqas ؓ bathed him and Hadhrat Abdullah bin Umar ؓ led his funeral prayers. His age is reported to be eighty. He left behind fourteen sons and twenty daughters.

May we meet these stars in the Paradise. Ameen. ●



She straightened her sleek hair and curled them at length; allowing her silky tresses to gorgeously sit and bounce on her shoulders along with her haughty stride. In addition to applying the final touches of her make-up, she walked towards the mahogany door of her bedroom, placed her well-manicured hands on the shining silver handle. Sumaika opened the door and left her bedroom in a meticulous manner so as not to disturb the inmates of her home, especially her grandmother. Dodging the steps two at a time, crossing the wide hall then the dining room she eventually reached the main door.

Sumaika was about to reach for the main entrance when the familiar voice rang in her ears. Unfortunately, this voice fell upon deaf ears as no heed was paid to those wise words. "Sumi, my angel, Allah has given you a beautiful face; Allah does not like pride. You are going to college, not to a modeling competition. When I was your" "Oh please Dadi; when I was your age, when I was your age!" Sumaika snapped without even allowing Dadi to complete her sentence. "My times

are completely different to yours. Please stop it. Allow me to live my life without any interference."

Without even discerning the puissant impact her harsh words had had upon her grandmother; she banged the door and stomped out.

Dadi gazed at Sumaika's mother Thubaitah with deep imploring eyes. It was plainly evident that Dadi loved Sumaika and only cared about her, whereas, her parents still considered her to be a child.

"Oh Maa, why do you have to constantly pick on her; actually shout out orders at everyone while reclining on this armchair of yours. There is a time for everything and once the time comes, Sumaika will change," Thubaitah said while rolling her eyes and walked away.

Tears rolled down Dadi's wrinkled face as she lifted her shivering hands and implored to Allah ﷻ, "Oh Allah, grant my Sumi true guidance, show her the path to righteousness, and bless her mind with wisdom and knowledge of deen."

It was 10:00pm and Sumaika hadn't yet arrived

The desolate armchair

by **Binti Hanif**
South Africa

home. Her parents were aware of the fact that she had been invited to her friend's birthday party after college but did not realise the gravity of the situation. Dadi was considered as an old hag who couldn't keep up with the times.

On the other hand, dadi's relentless anxiousness intensified even further as the hands on the wall clock ticked. To Dadi those hands seemed to be moving like a roller-coaster. This was not the first time that Dadi sat there on her armchair awaiting Sumaika to arrive home. This would transpire every time Sumaika left and Dadi would replay duas in her mind for her welfare.

Sumaika always evaluated Dadi's anxiety as a prospect to ridicule Sumaika....

Dadi took careful steps towards the bookshelf,

This was not the first time that Dadi sat there on her armchair awaiting Sumaika to arrive home. This would transpire every time Sumaika left and Dadi would replay duas in her mind for her welfare.

removed a notebook and tore a page from it. She applied pressure to the wooden armrest of her chair and sat down while holding her throbbing back with one hand and the piece of paper and a pen in the other.

Her hands shivered as she grasped the pen and scribbled: To my loving Sumaika.....

Once she was complacent enough regarding her message; Dadi folded the note three times, re-wrote the appellation, 'Sumaika' and dropped the note with limp hands on the desk nearby.

Sumaika had finally arrived. She stood in the velvety green garden outside their home. She was exhausted after the party and wanted to directly go jump in bed. The thought of Dadi again showering her with 'petty advice' put her spirits down immediately. 'Why does she always have to be such a nag? I unequivocally love her but can't tolerate 'dictator ship'' Sumaika thought.

Sumaika silently unlocked the main door and implicitly expected to hear her Dadi's words

but was surprised when she was met with utter silence. 'Thank goodness, I think she's asleep.' Sumaika thought and a smile played upon her lips. With relief Sumaika walked towards her bedroom. Suddenly, she became paralysed with shock as she noticed Dadi in her armchair. Her head was flopped down. Dadi's left hand dangled on the side and her right hand was dropped loosely in her lap.

Moreover her face shined like the fourteenth moon and serenity was visible on her countenance.

Sumaika regained her composure and took careful steps towards Dadi. She lightly touched Dadi's hands and shrieked as reality dawned upon her. By the time her parents rushed to her aid she had passed out with the trauma.

When Dadi had completed the note and fathomed the fact that Sumaika hadn't returned as yet; a sharp pang of pain was felt in her chest. She clutched with her right hand and struggled as she recited the Kalimah. She stood up for a split second but stumbled back on the chair. She gurgled as she gasped for breath. After few minutes, her devoted soul soared to heaven to meet its Creator.

The next day when Sumaika regained consciousness she was still numb with shock as she sat like a statue on her bed, staring at the ceiling. Her mother entered her room with the note and enclosed the note in her hands. Once her mother had left she opened the note and read:

To my loving Sumaika

I do not know whether I will be alive or dead when you read this. My health is deteriorating with the passage of time. I feel ultimately frail as I think of your wellbeing with each passing moment. I was identical to what you are. A girl filled with the excitement of experimenting with life. A young free soul, well; that's what I thought.

Remember my dear; our time in this world is temporary. We all have to be accountable for our actions on the Day of Judgment. My words which you always considered mere 'dictator ship' was only and solely, pure love, care and concern.

The tear of a sinner is more beloved to Allah than the arrogance of a righteous man. Ask Allah to clean you from anger, enmity and pride than ask him to correct your intention.

Never doubt my love for you. From the moment you were born my heart opened wide. I would be filled with joy whenever I held you in my arms and would think of myself the luckiest grandmother.

If tomorrow starts without me, and I am not here to see the sun rise and your eyes are filled with tears, then just keep reciting the last three quls

Continued on pg 23

How to survive a fire?

Mark is stranded on an island covered in a lush forest. One day, when the wind is blowing from the west, lightning strikes the west end of the island and sets fire to the forest. The fire is fierce burning everything in its path. Without intervention the fire will burn the whole island, killing Mark in the process. There are steep cliffs around the island, so he has no means of escape. How can Mark survive the fire? There are no buckets or any other means to put out the fire.

Strange robbery

On the first day of school, someone stole the History teacher's precious watch from his bag. There were four people at the school that the police suspected had done it: the landscaper, a math teacher, a basketball coach, and the principal. These were their alibies:
 The landscaper said he was outside mowing the lawn.
 The math teacher said he was giving a mid-year test.
 The basketball coach said he was running practice drills with his players.
 The principal said she was in her office.

After giving their alibies, the police arrested the thief immediately.
 Who was it and how did the police know?



ANSWERS
 Mark picks up a piece of wood and lights it from the fire on the west end of the island. Then he quickly carries it near the east end of the island and starts a new fire. The wind will cause that fire to burn out the eastern end and he can then shelter in the burnt area.
 The math teacher stole the history teacher's watch. He claimed that he was giving a mid-year test, but it was the first day of school.

درجات الصداقة في اللغة العربية

The Friendship Pyramid

Illustrated by Umaimah Shoaib



Classic

Authentic Quality Product

Fresh Every Day.. The Classic Way!

A Healthy start!

Classic Bread is Baked with the goodness of Nature..



The rules to become closer to Allah

by **Fatimah Tuz Zehra**
9 years
Homeschooler

Those who share, those who care
Allah treats them with love and saves their tears

He loves those who don't fight
And remember Him day and night

Allah loves those who pray,
And say Bismillah before they work or play

So follow these rules and
Allah will love you too!

Don't you ever shout at your parents
Don't you ever show off your talents

Never ever fight with your brother
Always play and work together!

When you hear the voice of Adhan,
Get ready for prayer as fast as you can!

Don't you EVER lie,
As at the end, it will make you cry and sigh.

Follow the advice of Rasulallah ﷺ,
The gift of Sunnah, follow it for love of Allah

Always respect your teachers
For they are the gifts of nature.

There are 25 prophets names that we know. Find them all in this wordsearch.

WORDSEARCH

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

- | | | |
|---------|-----------|----------|
| ADAM | YUSUF | YUNUS |
| IDRIS | AYYUB | ZAKARIA |
| NUH | SHU'AIB | YAHYA |
| HUD | MUSA | ISA |
| SHALEH | HARUN | MUHAMMAD |
| IBRAHIM | DHULKIFLI | |
| LUT | DAWUD | |
| ISMAIL | SULAIMAN | |
| ISHAQ | ILYAS | |
| YAQUB | ALYAS'A | |

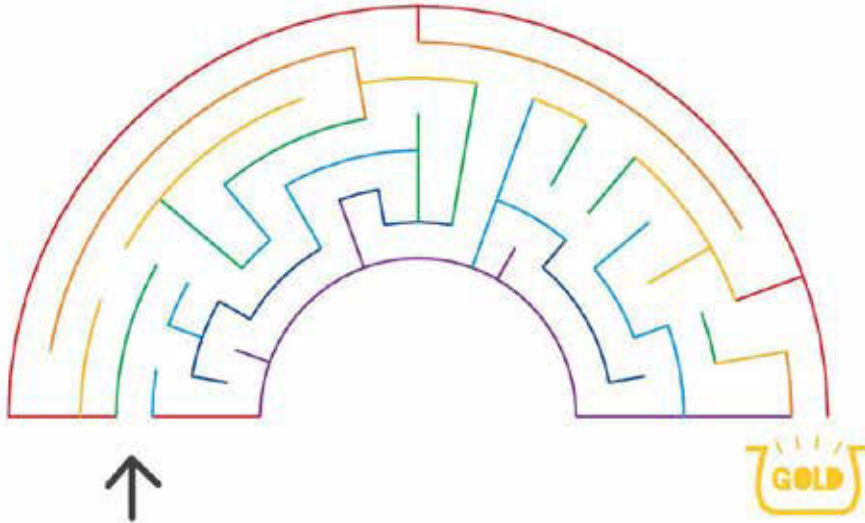
Word Scramble

All words are related to Islam. Lets see if you can find all on your own!

ENED ASNGITF AKABA
GENLAS CSIFAECRI RWOHPIS

- Answers:
- Worship
 - Sacrifice
 - Angels
 - Kaba
 - Fasting
 - Deen

**FOLLOW THE RAINBOW
TO FIND THE POT OF GOLD!**



What am I?

I have keys, but no locks. I have space, but no room. You can enter, but can't go inside. What am I?
Answer: A keyboard.

I make a loud sound when I'm changing. When I do change, I get bigger but weigh less. What am I?
Answer: Popcorn

I have many teeth, but I cannot bite. What am I?
Answer: A comb

I can fill a room, but I take up no space. What am I?
Answer: Light.

I get answered even though I never ask a question. What am I?
Answer: A door knock or doorbell

cook
some
fun

Hot Chocolate

Ingredients

3 cups milk
3 tbsp cocoa powder
3 tbsp sugar
3 tbsp corn flour
1 tsp coffee powder
A pinch of salt
1/2 cup chopped cooking chocolate
A dash of Chocolate Syrup (optional)
Marshmallows (for garnishing)

Method

1. Take 1/2 cup of milk and mix it with corn flour.
2. In a sauce pan pour the remaining milk, sugar, salt, cocoa powder and chocolate syrup and coffee powder and bring to boil while constantly stirring.
3. Add corn flour mixture slowly and check the consistency. Stop once desired consistency is achieved.
4. Remove from the stove and add chopped cooking chocolate. Whisk with the help of a whisker.
5. Pour in glass and garnish with marshmallows and chocolate syrup.
6. Serve hot and enjoy.

Aiman and Haniya Amir share with us some delicious winter treats

Self Saucing Chocolate Pudding

Method

1. Preheat the oven to 160°C. Grease an 1.5L (6-cup) capacity ovenproof baking dish.
2. Sift the flour, 1/2 cup (110g) sugar and 1/4 cup (25g) cocoa into a bowl and stir to combine. Make a well in the centre. In a separate bowl, whisk melted butter, milk, vanilla extract and egg. Gradually pour into the well, then fold to combine.
3. Spread mixture evenly into prepared dish. Combine remaining 1/2 cup (110g) sugar and 1/4 cup (25g) cocoa and sprinkle over the top of the pudding. Carefully pour 1 cup (250ml) boiling water over the top of the pudding.
4. Bake for 30-35 minutes until the top is firm. Stand for 10 minutes to cool slightly.
5. Dust the warm pudding with extra cocoa and serve immediately with vanilla ice cream.

Ingredients

1 cup (150g) self-raising flour
1 cup (220g) caster sugar
1/2 cup (50g) cocoa powder, plus extra to dust
60g unsalted butter, melted, cooled
1/2 cup (125ml) milk
1/2 tsp vanilla extract
1 egg
Vanilla ice cream, to serve

Dry Erase

Materials:

A glass plate, bowl, or picture frame
Dry erase marker
Water



Instructions:

1. Draw a simple picture on the glass. A stick figure is a good one to start with.
2. Pour water onto the plate or into the bowl slowly to lift up the drawing.
3. Swirl the water around to make the picture dance and move.

How does it work?

The marker leaves behind a mixture of pigments and a type of alcohol mixed together. The alcohol dissolves and the pigments are left behind as a solid. Glass is so smooth that the solid slides right off when it gets wet!



A Friendly Alien's visit to Earth

By *Maryam Babar Imam*

"Ughhhh! This science project is so hard," said Danyal. "Hmmm! You are right," agreed Ibrahim. Just then their mom dashed in worried.

"Oh no! What's wrong?" asked Danyal. Ibrahim came running as fast as lightning. Breathless, mom said, "Go fetch me some water first."

"There you go," said Ibrahim while handing her a glass of cold water. After drinking, mom retorted, "I saw a shadow as tall as a tree in the garden."

"Haha! And you got scared," cried Danyal. After telling the incident their mom disallowed them to go outside at any cost. When their mom left the room, Ibrahim started staring outside with his big black eyes. Danyal insisted on going outside to investigate. So they tiptoed outside in the dark.

"Yikes! This is scary," mumbled Danyal.

"Uff! Scardy cat, Danyal! It's going to be fine," whispered Ibrahim. Both of them crept and crept and finally reached the garden.

"Oh God! There it is," said Ibrahim. Three screams were heard and all were equally afraid while facing each other.

Atlast talking to the alien Danyal asked who he was. "Greetings! I am from the future," said the alien adjusting the antennas on his head.

"My name is Burg," said the alien.

"Wow! But why are you here?" asked Ibrahim cautiously.

"To warn you all," said Burg and his eyes rolled up and down.

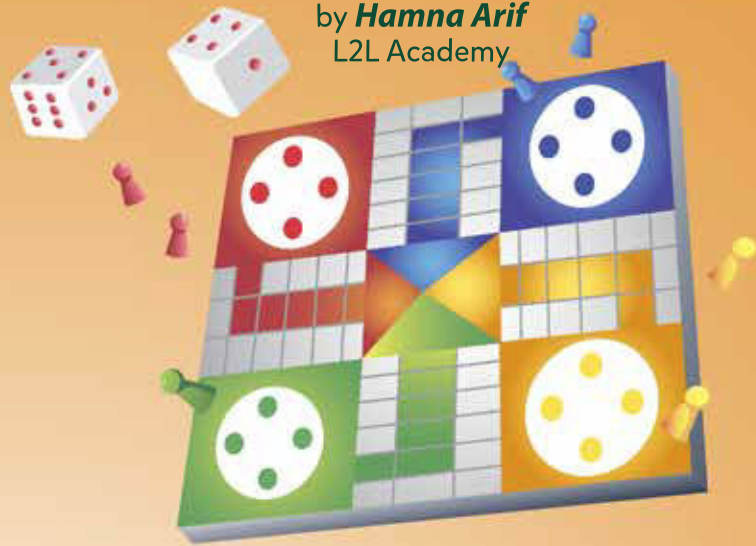
"About what?" asked Danyal.

"Your earth will have no humans left in it by 2051. You people will die due to lack of oxygen," warned Burg jumping on his toes. Burg explained how he could see the future and that he loved humans so he decided to warn them.

The next day, they heard their Moms footsteps and went back to sleep. When mom left for work, Ibrahim cleaned the place and Burg and Danyal planted some trees. Mom was surprised, so were all the other elders in the street. The kids had to reveal the secret to their mom for the future of the planet. They told their mom what had happened. Their mom was pleased but worried after meeting the friendly Burg. The Zubairis family helped to launch a campaign for planting trees and cleaning the environment. A tall boy was always seen with them who talked and walked awkwardly but was always protected by the Zubairis. Many wondered who he was???? ●

The Dice disaster

by **Hamna Arif**
L2L Academy



“Yeah! I’ve beaten you easily,” Huzaifa exclaimed with a triumphant air.

“Oh no!” I sighed and instantly shushed him down, “It’s 1:00 am, you’ll wake everyone up.”

Huzaifa, my mischievous little brother though sometimes civil and courteous as well, had been flashing his victory unnecessarily. Ludo was his favourite game and no matter how hard I tried, he always seemed to win.

And then in a blink of an eye, the giggling changed into terror. Playfully Huzaifa sucked the small dice up his nostril. In the next moment, he started panting with panic as he screeched, “The dice is stuck in my nose!”

Instantly, we rushed to our mother’s room, slamming the door behind us, and started apprising her the entire issue. At first, my mother could not make any sense of our request but gradually she understood. She inspected my brother’s nose and decided that he needs to be taken at the doctor’s clinic instantly. Before we could step out of the room, our dad walked in with caution reflecting on his face.

“I heard so much noises, what’s the matter with you kids?” inquired my father. Mother explained the matter to him and he grabbed for the car keys. Dad, mom and Huzaifa were now pulling out of the

driveway and I had chills all over my body and a lump of dread stuck in my throat.

‘Oh dear! May Allah end this trial,’ I cried, as I dropped on the prayer mat.

I waited impatiently for the cellphone to ring. ‘What news would it hold,’ I shuddered. I felt really close to Allah as if there was nothing else around me. Slowly, my anxiety started to reduce and I started to feel really calm. Just when I stood up, folding the prayer mat, I heard the phone ring. I leapt towards it and answered.

“Amma, is Huzaifa okay?”

“Yes dear! Don’t worry. Alhamdulillah he is fine, we are on our way home.”

I took a sigh of relief and thanked the Almighty Allah for his mercy. The clock stuck 3:00 am in the morning. I didn’t know I was up all this time praying to Him. He indeed listens whenever we talk to Him. ●

Continued from pg 13

would think of myself the luckiest grandmother.

If tomorrow starts without me, and I am not here to see the sun rise and your eyes are filled with tears, then just keep reciting the last three quls and convey the reward to me. I will need every bit of reward more than anything else.

Don’t think that we are far apart, for every time you think of me, I am right there in your heart.

Your loving Dadi.

Sumaika clutched the note and a fountain of tears rolled down her cheeks. She picked up the Qur’an from the top of her closet which was covered in

dust. Wiping off the dust, she opened the first page and ran her hands across the pages. She kissed it and whispered, “Dadi please forgive me, oh Allah forgive me for not appreciating my Dadi’s words of wisdom which were worth more than gold and silver.” She cried hysterically and wished from the core of her heart that her Dadi was with her. She felt her life meaningless but then remembered Dadi’s parting advice, placed a Musallah and lifted her hands imploring to Allah ﷻ for forgiveness. It’s never too late to repent; He is most Forgiving, most Merciful. ●



Hafsa Iqbal



Hafsa Athar - UAE



Zara Waseem Khan - UAE



Amna & Fatima Faisal



Zoya Kirmani



Wania Naz



Aisha Adnan



Habiba Adnan



Zoya binte Nauman - Okara



Hafsa Basit



Zainab Wazir



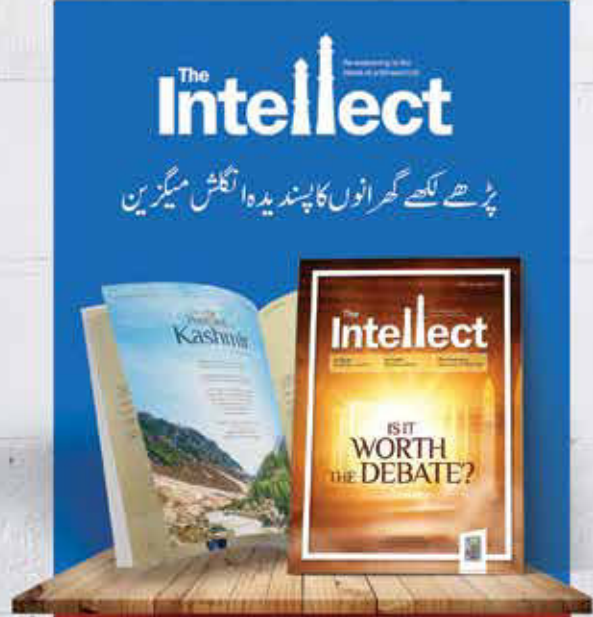
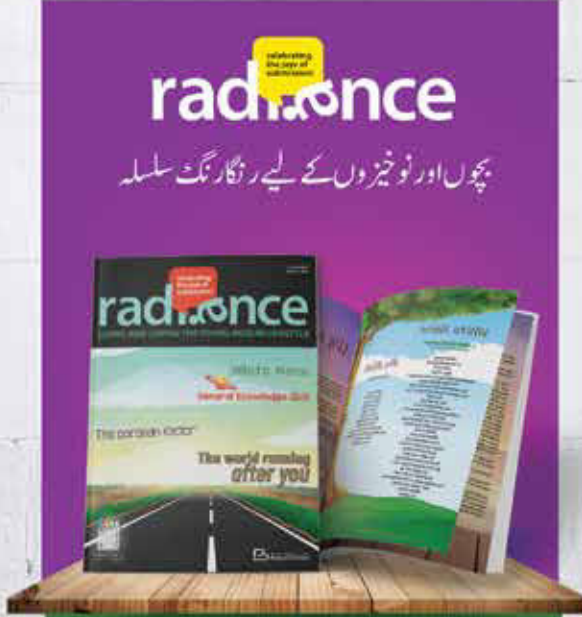
Zainab Sheharyar

The light I follow

Concept by Zawjah Zia
Illustrated by Aisha Aamir



جید علماء کرام کے زہرتگرانی شائع ہونے والے میگزین



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