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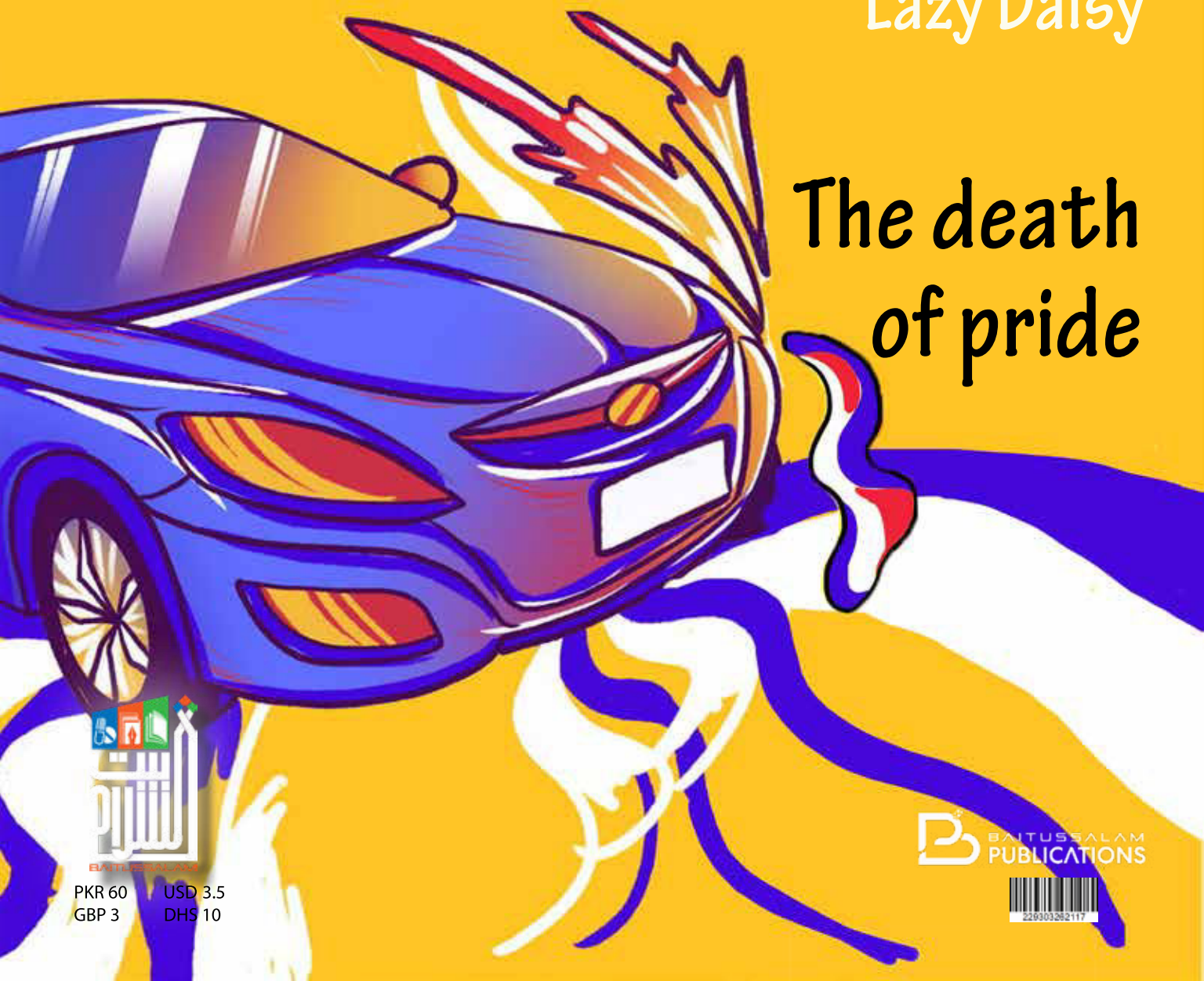
**LIVING AND LOVING THE YOUNG MUSLIM LIFESTYLE**

A letter to  
my heart

Comic: Bad into good

Lazy Daisy

The death  
of pride



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through  
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When was  
the last time I  
wholeheartedly  
thanked Allah?

The alarm goes off and I hit the cell-phone to silence it. I hate to get up so early in the morning. I moan and groan and delay rising as much as I can. I block the sunlight by huddling deeper under the sheets of my comfy bed and think, "Morning already? Hadn't I just closed my eyes only like, seven hours ago?"

#### *A flipped world-1*

Its morning again and I had barely slept. I open my eyes and gaze at the sun beams filtering into the room. O how I want to get up and stretch! But I haven't been able to do that for so long now; ever since that fateful accident that had left me paralyzed. I can wake mom up with the help of my only working arm...but I'll just wait a bit more...the sun beams being filtered through the curtains are so beautiful.

Dad has to get to his work earlier than usual and you certainly don't want to be around him when he is getting late. It's not just him who's short-tempered at this particular hour in the morning. Adding to the misery, my toast gets burnt. Arrrgh!!...why are my siblings so loud??... and where is my other sock?.....

#### *A flipped world-2*

Walking to my school I pass by another school for "other kind of kids". I stand and watch for a while. Some kids are getting out of their cars; kissing their parents goodbye. Some are crossing the road; holding their older sibling's hand. I watch and wonder what it would be like to have a real family. My orphanage-mates are really nice....but a real family?...must be nicer!



“What’s for dinner mom”? I yell from my room. “The same as what we had for lunch dear,” mom answers. “Boringgg!” I think and start planning in my head to skip dinner. I am not really fond of vegetable and meat curry, and having it twice in a day would be out of question. Mom’s a dear! She’ll definitely fix a sandwich for me if I’d ask her after dinner is over.

### *A flipped world-3*

I have not eaten to my fill for days now. I stand at a distance from some food stalls and watch people eating yummy looking stuff. Suddenly a lady with a kind face hands me over her half eaten burger. I quickly grab it from her and start eating it as fast as I can. Oh it’s so good! I have never ever tasted anything like it before.

-----

I stand at the window, watching the stillness of the night outside. I contemplate. When

was the last time I thanked my dear Allah for all that I have? For being able to see and hear, for the strength and health to rise and walk every morning, for my family, for the food..... Something inside of me stirs. I make a silent prayer. O Allah! Please make me remember your blessings when I disobey you. When I ignore my Namaz, when I be rude to my parents, when I complain.....Please!!!

Lets remember to make constant shukr for the health and calm we have in these testing times. As well as keep reciting the sunnah dua when seeing someone in a difficulty:

الْحَمْدُ لِلَّهِ الَّذِي عَاقَبَنِي مِمَّا ابْتَلَاكَ بِهِ، وَفَضَّلَنِي عَلَى كَثِيرٍ  
مِمَّنْ خَلَقَ تَفْضِيلًا

Praise be to Allah who had saved me from what He had afflicted you with, and for honouring me over many of his creations.” (Tirmidhi)

Was’salam,  
**Rabia Zia**

### *Wise saying from Maulana Rumi on finding inner peace and contentment*

“Why are you so enchanted by this world, when a mine of gold lies within you?”

“If you are irritated by every rub, how will you be polished?”

“Ignore those that make you fearful and sad.”

“Knock. And he’ll open the door.”

“What you seek is seeking you.”

“The very center of your heart is where life begins – the most beautiful place on earth.”

“When you let go of who you are, you become who you might be.”

“Yesterday I was clever, so I wanted to change the world. Today I am wise, so I am  
changing myself.”

“Your heart knows the way, run in that direction.”

“Be patient where you sit in the dark, the  
dawn is coming.”

# A Letter to My Heart

When you search below the surface, there's no telling what you'll find. Lets peep inside the mysteries of our hearts with this diary by Saina Usman

Dear heart,

You are the mitochondria of my imaan (faith). Imaan lies inside you and from here it moves into my being. What keeps you alive? I wonder at times.

And then I come to the conclusion that its shukar (gratitude), tawakkul (trust) and imaan (faith). Are you sad? Do you feel tired and confused? Do you feel hopeless? Do you feel restless? Do you have fears? Do you have guilt? Does Satan make you feel helpless? I acknowledge your worries and before I do, my Rabb (lord) acknowledges them. This is the reason why He wants me to get back to his Book; Quran. The revealed book.

Have you read it? It is the divine book. When people are not able to acknowledge pain, my Rabb acknowledges them. He told me that He is Aleem. He is aware of what lies inside my chest and he knows your struggle, shortcomings, worries, fears and wounds. He knows what you can and cannot do. This is why he tells you to keep going because he is well aware of your strength.

Dear Nafs, if you knew how Allah deals with your affairs you would melt out of love for Him. I know you are worried but you have faith. Even if everything is taken away from you, remember you have Imaan. And it is the

best gift from Allah. It is the ihsaan of Allah over you, that He gifted you with imaan. So remember that you are gifted and blessed. Allah is by your side and so you are not alone. Quran is here so you don't have to worry. Imaan cures all diseases. It directs your attention to the blessings of Jannah and makes your pain bearable. Infact, it turns your pain into power. I want you to turn into qalb e saleem. Imam al Qayyim said that there are three types of hearts: The sound heart (qalb e saleem), the diseased and the dead heart.

The qalb e saleem is the one which is secured from all form of shirk, its servitude is directed only to, and purely for Allah, Exalted is He. Its desire, love, trust and reliance, penitence; humility, fear and hope is only for Allah and its actions are purely for His sake. Hence if it loves, it loves for the sake of Allah; if it hates, it hates for the sake of Allah; if it gives, it gives for the sake of Allah; and if it withholds, it withholds for the sake of Allah.

Take good care of yourself. Hope someday you would enjoy all the love that you can hold within yourself for your Lord

Regards,  
**Saina Usman**





### Aeroplane Hijack Puzzle



A man hijacks an aeroplane transporting passengers (8 of them) and valuable cargo. After taking the cargo, the man demands nine parachutes, puts one of them on, and jumps, leaving the other eight behind. Why did he want eight?

### Popular Mystery Question

A girl was standing near the window thinking something. All of a sudden she decides something and throws something out of the window. She dies very soon after throwing it. She was perfectly healthy and had no disease or allergy. No one killed her and she did not commit suicide.



Can you think of any possible explanation that is logical as well for what happened there?



### Suspicious Mystery Riddle

A boy was sitting in his hotel room when he heard a knock on the door. He opened the door and found that a man was standing outside. The man said, "Oh! I am really sorry, I thought this was my room." He then walked through the corridor to the elevator. The boy did not know the man. He closed his door and called the security asking them to apprehend the man. What made him suspicious of that man? He might have been genuinely mistaken.

#### Answer 1

If the officials thought he was jumping with a hostage, they would never risk giving him a faulty parachute.

#### Answer 2

The girl decided to throw a boomerang out of her window. The boomerang went to the maximum distance it could and then returned back with high velocity. It struck her head and due to the internal injury, she died on the spot.

#### Answer 3

The suspicion was natural. If the man thought the room was his, he would have tried the keys and not knocked on the door.

# Test your general Knowledge of some uncommon yet important facts from around the world

1- Thar desert is also called \_\_

- A: Cool desert
- B: Hot desert
- C: Friendly desert

2- Currency of Malaysia?

- A: Ringgit
- B: Dinar
- C: Rupee

3- Quaid e azam was born on \_

- A: 31 May
- B: 20 January
- C: 25 December

4- Bronze is an alloy of \_\_\_

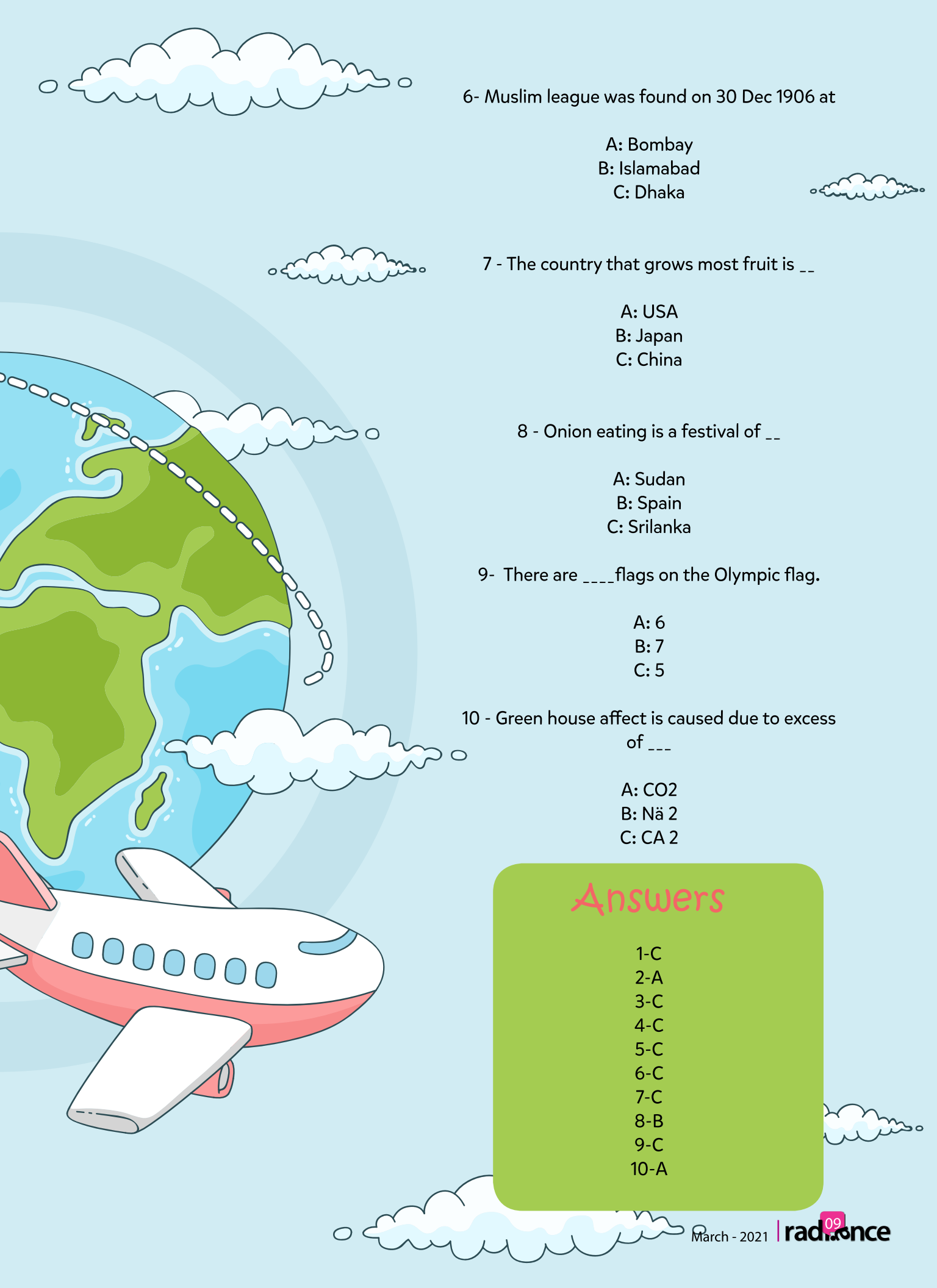
- A: Iron
- B: Gold
- C: Copper Tin

5- Most polluted city in 2018 \_\_

- A: Hanoi
- B: Lahore
- C: New Delhi







6- Muslim league was found on 30 Dec 1906 at

- A: Bombay
- B: Islamabad
- C: Dhaka

7 - The country that grows most fruit is \_\_

- A: USA
- B: Japan
- C: China

8 - Onion eating is a festival of \_\_

- A: Sudan
- B: Spain
- C: Srilanka

9- There are \_\_\_\_ flags on the Olympic flag.

- A: 6
- B: 7
- C: 5

10 - Green house affect is caused due to excess of \_\_\_

- A: CO<sub>2</sub>
- B: N<sub>2</sub>
- C: CA<sub>2</sub>

## Answers

- 1-C
- 2-A
- 3-C
- 4-C
- 5-C
- 6-C
- 7-C
- 8-B
- 9-C
- 10-A

# The death of pride

Zain Hussaini's spectacular story sheds light over the scary, yet too common inner evil trait, arrogance

The morning breeze whizzed as the brand-new Toyota Corolla Atlas revved on the National Highway N5. The hazy mist splashed on the windscreen as the car gathered pace. Inside the car, a handsome man sat, wearing a three-piece suit with a polka-dot tie. His sleek black hair were oiled a little to give them some shine. He hummed as he drove his latest model Corolla. Wearing gold-rimmed spectacles, every now and then he stole a glance into the mirror to make sure he looked perfect from all angles. After passing Dhabheji Train Station, a toll came into view.

-----

Rashid saw the upcoming car slow down. A window buzzed open to reveal a handsome man wearing a blackish-purple three-piece suit. He straightened his hand to a 100-Rupee note to Rashid, without even taking his eyes off the steering. Rashid took the note and handed him the token slip. Before the handsome driver took his hand in, out of the blue,

a horrible old man leapt and caught his hand just in time. From his countenance, he looked to be the most wrecked beggar – torn clothes and extremely skinny body. An extremely awful stench was coming from him. Sobbing heavily, he said, “God give you success, I have not had anything for three days, great man, please help me...give me some money, great man please help me for your good and great—” “Get away from me, you silly beggar! Uff you stinky—”

“—man I am dying...I am hungry, weak and cold!” He shivered as a gust of morning breeze blew from the south.

“You are a crazy beggar...Get off my hand!!!” he roared.

“Just a little money please, so I can have—”

“—YOU FILTHY BUM!!” He lashed a jaw-breaking punch on the beggar’s freckled and wrinkled face and he retreated back. The driver buzzed the window close, chugged the engine and gunned down the motorway.

Horror-stricken and numb by what his eyes witnessed, Rashid felt the ground tilting beneath his feet. ‘Such an arrogant man...’ he told himself, eyes wide-open in shock.

-----

The fast-moving Corolla cut through the morning air as it paced further towards the west. Inside the car, Imran sat growling to himself. ‘Stinky filthy beggar’. The beggar’s pleading for money swirled inside his mind as he upshifted the car into the fourth gear. ‘Help me for your good and great’ he mimicked angrily.

Glancing at his Rolex watch, he stabbed





his temple in anger and getting late for the meeting. “Oh my world! Running out of time! That stinky beggar! Just I miss the contract and that bloody beggar will be counting his last breaths!” he clenched his fists and grinded his teeth.

-----

Standing in the air-conditioned council room and gazing down the glass walls to check for his deal-maker, Zafar Chaudhary felt a tingle of nerves, imagining where his deal-maker might be. “Why the heck is it taking so long,” he thought to himself. He glimpsed at his white Rado and exhaled. Opening his iPhone, he tapped on WhatsApp and hit the search bar: “Director Imran Kaab”.

A contact displayed over the screen. “Why are you taking so long? Is there any traffic problem at 7 o’clock in the morning?” There was a tinge of anger in his smoky voice. “I am ashamed to have such a brother-in-law” he thought.

-----

Moving at an average speed of 185 kilometre per hour, the Corolla passed Tariq Road like a bullet. Director Imran felt abashed as his boss’s voice message appeared on his mobile screen. But suddenly he felt satisfied and contented as he thought of his just-now-going-to-be-successful life: 86 Carore Rupees, Prado’s, Land Cruiser’s, BMW’s, and extremely large mansions in Defence Phase 8 Karachi. He smiled to himself in the mirror and hummed peacefully.

Suddenly the car had a wild jolt and it skidded full three sixty degrees but remained on the track. “What is that?” he pressed his strong feet on brakes but they failed to work. He pressed harder and harder but the car had already gone out of control. Now the car was skidding more and more wildly until – CRASH.

The car bumped noisily on the residential wall. The glass shattered and the car itself snapped

‘Such an arrogant man...’  
he told himself, eyes  
wide-open in shock.

into half. Floating in his own crimson blood, director Imran Kaab tried to get out of the car but all in vain. Until he saw an upcoming fast Mazda lorry just moving in his direction. He strived hard to get out.

Another CRASH. Louder than the previous one. The car rolled over and threw the badly-injured Imran out from the broken door. He lay there, bleeding profusely like a fountain, his left leg and hand stuck somewhere in the damaged car. Counting his precious breaths, he knew he was watching the last car of his life.

-----

Zafar Chaudhary’s head had begun to weigh so much and he knew why. The air-conditioned room was no longer cool for him as his own heater was running. “Where is he?!!” he shouted in his mind. Again he sent a voice message to Director Imran Kaab but was extremely appalled to see only one tick going on his WhatsApp chat. “IN THE NAME OF GOD!!! He is not even Online...what in the world...?” Now, with every passing second, the cloud of doubts in his mind turned into a storm.

-----

The vision was a complete blur but Imran could make out shades of a jet-black figure, hovering in mid-air, looming over him. “How is it going on, Imran?”

Very slowly, his vision fell into clear focus and he saw the ugliest face one could see. “Who... are you?” asked Imran, blood gushing out from his mouth.

**Continued on pg 18**

# Beam of Light

Author: Adeen Ahmed

Age: 11 years

Eposide: 2

“You might as well be a teacher too,” I suggested. “Or a social worker for children. You’re really good with them!”

“I wish one could be in two professions at once,” she said. “Then I could be both! But what do you want to be?”

“I don’t really know,” I said. “I’m good at English and I’m good at Art, so maybe I’ll be a graphic designer.”

“And you can design a whole sunset for a wall in my mosque!” added Kiran excitedly. “It could be called The Golden Sunset - hold on!”

“What?”

She picked up the orange tabby kitten. “She can be called Sunset!”

-----

The park is sort of quiet. There are only a few people here: an African-American family having a little picnic, three Japanese kids playing tag, some Spanish mums chatting in high, flowery sentences, and a white woman walking her dog. This is exactly how it was, two months ago. I am sitting on the swing, but alone this time. I look at the empty seat beside me.

“Hey!” Kiran jogged over to me, dressed in her sunflower-yellow kurta her aunt sent her from Pakistan and her silky black trousers, her red hijab donned that I gave her as a present. She

slipped into the swing next to me. “Sorry I’m a little late, Mera. I - I had to go somewhere.”

“That’s alright,” I said, smiling. “So what was it that you wanted to tell me?”

“Yes. Well. About that. . .” she says, faltering a little. “Actually. . .you might not like it.”

I frowned. It was a surprise-frown, not an upset-frown or angry-frown. “Why?”

“Well. . .” she bit her lip, something she only did when she was anxious. We all have anxious habits. I get all tingly and jumpy inside, Leyla twists her hands in her lap, and Gideon tries not to look at anything. I wondered what it was that Kiran was anxious about. Did she do badly on a test? But then she never worried about her grades. Was she moving away?

She took this huge big sigh, and then looked at me. “Well, you know about my nosebleeds, right? And my headaches?”

“Oh, yeah!” I said. “You said you’d go to the doctor. Did you? What did they say?”

“Yeah, well. . .it’s about that,” she said nervously. “Well. . .the doctor - I mean my doctor, Doctor Lawson, said that. . .”

My pulse quickened. “She didn’t say it was a serious disease, did she?”

“She said it isn’t all that serious, just. . .” she faltered for words.

“But if it’s not that serious, then that means you’re fine, right?” I tried to assure her - and myself. I try to laugh a little. “I mean, it can’t be



# If the sky is capable of falling, it certainly fell then. Or if it didn't, it certainly felt like it.

as serious as cancer, right?”

Kiran was not looking at me anymore; she was looking at her Converse boots. “Well. . .Dr. Lawson says it’s not a very dangerous sort of. . .” The unbelievable was believable now. Was it - was it really cancer? But what did cancer have to do with nosebleeds and headaches? And. . .cancer only happened to older people. Or frail people. Kiran was strong and healthy, surely it wasn’t possible? My heart started twisting around my lungs.

“It’s not,” I said, shaking my head as if it wasn’t true.

“It is,” she replies quietly.

If the sky is capable of falling, it certainly fell then. Or if it didn't, it certainly felt like it.

“No!” I exclaimed. “It just can’t be!”

“But it is,” said Kiran. Somehow she looked relieved at having told me. “There’s not much danger, Dr. Lawson says. She says I’m young and healthy and maybe I’ll get rid of it for life.”

“What type of cancer is it?” I asked.

“It’s leukemia.”

“What’s that?”

“It’s a type of blood cancer. It goes like. . .” she started gesturing at invisible things in the air to make me understand. “You know that the bone marrow makes all the cells, right?”

“Yeah, of course.”

“Yeah. So, in leukemia, the bone marrow starts making extra white blood cells.”

I frowned. “But isn’t that supposed to be a good thing? Because the white blood cells are the fighters and defenders of the body.”

“No,” Kiran shook her head. “Those white blood cells crowd out the red blood cells and platelets that your body needs to be healthy. The extra white blood cells don’t work right. They’re called abnormal cells, and they harm the red blood cells and the platelets.”

“Oh,” I said, inanely. And then, “What will you do now?”

“I’m going to have chemotherapy,” she ex-

plained. “That’s what Dr. Lawson said. She says I have to do it for about, say, two or three years. I have to eat these little pills that will kill the abnormal cells.”

We sat quiet for a while. We said nothing. But I had this fear. What if - what if Dr. Lawson was wrong? What if something happened to Kiran? Thoughts like these ran through my mind, but I didn’t say anything to Kiran.

But she had this weird ability to tell what I was thinking, and so, after ten minutes, she said, “I’m not afraid of dying.”

“It’s - well. . .” I swallowed. “Well, maybe you won’t die. Dr. Lawson said you wouldn’t, right?”

“Yes, but you never know, right?” she said. Then seeing my serious expression, she said, with a tint of cheeriness in her voice, “Allah knows. InshAllah, if Allah wills, I will defeat the monster of leukemia.”

“That’s right,” I said, her cheeriness affecting me. “And even if you do die, well, you’ll die a Muslim. What better way?”

“Exactly!” suddenly she swung her legs up high. “Hey, you’re forgetting why we’re here in the first place.”

“What?”

She soared in the air. “To find out who’s the fastest swinger!”

“We’re both the fastest,” I swung high too, almost up to her level. “I’m Marvellous Mera of the Magnificent Constellations and you’re. . . you’re. . .”

“I’m Kind-Hearted Kiran, Queen of the Kaleidoscopic Skies!” she giggled, swinging further and further. I laughed.

“And I suppose I’m Logical Leyla of the Liberated Clouds, then,” said Leyla, who had just come up behind us, unaware. “Seriously, how old are you two? For God’s sake, we’re thirteen! We ought to be very grown-up and responsible.”

**Continued on pg 22**

## Lazy Daisy

Written by Hamza Jaffri

10 years

UK

There was once a girl called Daisy,  
And she was very, very lazy,  
Her mind was always hazy,  
She loved eating spaghetti bolognese,

Once a girl knocked on the door,  
With a toy dinosaur,  
But Daisy did not want to go,  
Because of her lazy tempo,

She was always on the screen,  
Playing Roblox, now and again,  
This addiction made her dull,  
And turned her into an idle girl,

Her laziness made her weaker and weaker,  
Until she couldn't walk a metre,  
And she couldn't even switch on the heater,  
Which didn't make her any sweeter,

Later she asked her mum for a toy dinosaur,  
Her mum replied, "Why didn't you open the  
door?"

Then she realised her mistake,  
And never let addiction overtake.

## Sacrifice of Islamic Republic

Written by Shanzeh Faisal

The Patriots School

Under the shelter of bullets,  
Finding the way to a safer land,  
Bunking from the dead souls,  
Who were free from all fears,  
Looking up high or far away,  
Everywhere blood or threat of enemies  
And what else could you see,  
Even the birds were afraid  
Hidden in their fortunate homes,  
Everyone forgot that day  
But how could I?

When my mothers, sisters and those great men,  
Laid their lives,  
For a just cause,  
To save the flag of my country,  
So that it furls very high,  
And not more,  
But only to show the world that Pakistan,  
it was!  
Full of challenges and heart breaking blood  
shed!  
Only to gain a land  
Free from slavery!





# 8

means to prepare for

# Ramadan

1- Finishing all your work before Ramadan.



2- Less mixing and contacting with others (if it does not have any beneficial reasons for it).

3- Judging your actions on daily base on month of Shaban so you know the reasons of your shortcomings.



4- Training yourself on some of the actions that you will be doing in the month of Ramadan, i.e. reading Quran, praying at night, fasting etc.

5- Asking Allah (almighty) to put blessing in your life and your actions and put the blessing in the month of Shaban and Ramadan.



6- Reminding your relative and family members about the coming month of Ramadan and training those who are qualified to fast so they will be fasting in Ramadan.

7- To have a special time that you will be alone and remembering the blessing of Allah (almighty) on you and to purify your soul.



8- Reading Quran by your heart, just as that every single verses is message from Allah almighty to your only.



# Classic

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Classic Bread is Baked with the goodness of Nature..





# Hadhrat Rafa'ah bin Abdul Mundhir رضي الله عنه aka Abu Lubaba

## Zawjah Junaid Mukaty enchants us with an awe-inspiring personality of a Sahabah, Abu Lubaba رضي الله عنه

Hadhrat Rafa'ah bin Abdul Mundhir was a distinguished companion of Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ who is generally recognized with his patronymic name, Abu Lubaba. He was from the Aws tribe and one among the members at the pledge of Uqabah. There he was made a Naqeeb along with eleven more from different other tribes. He also has an honour to host most of the Mahajireens at Quba who emigrated from Makkah on Prophet ﷺ's orders.

He participated in many battles with the Messenger of Allah ﷺ. While the army was leaving Madinah for the combat at Badr, it had just been over a year that Muslims had migrated and were yet not stable financially. Three Muslims had to share a single camel to ride and Hadhrat Abu Lubaba was fortunate to share the camel with his precious Prophet ﷺ and Hadhrat Ali. When they reached Roma, a place in the outskirts of Madinah, Prophet ﷺ sent him back as his deputy. This was not the only occasion when he was appointed as deputy, he fulfilled this responsibility given by the Prophet ﷺ at the time of Ghazwa Bani Qainqa'a and Ghazwa Saweeq also.

One of the greatest aspect of his character is piety, a trait that truly represents him and the account of his repentance carries loads of lessons for us. When the Jewish tribe of Banu Quraidhah violated their covenant with Prophet ﷺ, he initiated a military expedition against them and besieged their fort. As the severity of siege increased, Banu Quraidhah asked Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ to confer with Hadhrat Abu Lubaba as they had a long standing alliance with the Aws. Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ let Hadhrat Abu Lubaba go to them.

As Hadhrat Abu Lubaba entered the fort he found himself encircled by men and women and children crying and wailing; complaining about their miserable condition. Being an old ally, Hadhrat Abu Lubaba felt pity on them. They asked him whether they should surrender to Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ, he advised them to do so but also pointed towards his neck giving a gesture that showed they will be killed because of their treachery. Suddenly he realised that he had revealed a secret and had been disloyal to Prophet ﷺ.

Doing such a thing for him was far worse than

Being condemned by his conscience, he marched straight towards Masjid Nabawi and tied himself with one of its pillars. He pronounced his punishment by saying, "I will not leave this place until Allah forgives me for what I have done."

committing suicide. Being condemned by his conscience, he marched straight towards Masjid Nabawi and tied himself with one of its pillars. He pronounced his punishment by saying, "I will not leave this place until Allah forgives me for what I have done." He kept on asking for forgiveness from Allah and wept day and night.

A few of his days slipped away in this state, only being untied for prayers. News of his mistake and the punishment he chose for himself reached Apostle ﷺ. After listening to it he said, "If Abu Lubaba had come to me, I would have sought forgiveness for him but since he himself awaits Allah's forgiveness, leave him alone till Allah forgives him."

One night before dawn, when Prophet Muhammad ﷺ was at Umm Salamah's house, Hadhrat Umm Salamah saw Prophet ﷺ radiant and smiling. His happiness was his companions' happiness. She immediately asked him, "May Allah always keep you smiling! What is the reason for it?" Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ informed her that Allah had sent a revelation and had forgiven Hadhrat Abu Lubaba. Delightfully, with her husband's permission she gave this glad tiding to Hadhrat Abu Lubaba herself. People came rushing towards him trying to untie him but Hadhrat Abu Lubaba wanted to be freed by Prophet ﷺ's blessed hands. When Prophet ﷺ came for Fajr prayers in Masjid Nabawi, he freed this man whose repentance was mentioned in Quran.

We being Ummati of Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ also deeply love our Prophet ﷺ but we do not follow the rules of love. The first and main rule of love is to be obedient and the second rule is to

have the impulse to accept the mistakes. While what we choose is to do what our ego wants and furthermore whenever we make a mistake, we try to find some excuses for it. Hadhrat Abu Lubaba truly loved his Prophet ﷺ, he neither listened to his ego nor tried to defend his error. He did what he should have done, he repented.

This honourable companion died during Hadhrat Ali's caliphate leaving behind him an exquisite example of humbleness. In today's shape of the world, it is most important to understand our own mistakes and ask for forgiveness from the Almighty Allah. He is surely All-Forgiving

### **Continued from pg 11**

"I am the Angel of Death. The angle whom your Lord sends to take away the soul out of people. Today it is your turn. I have come to take yours today. You have lived enough and done quite many evils and sins. Remind you that you are notoriously famous for arrogance and pride in the heavens. The angels of Hell are in such a rage with you, you will know it very soon."

The vile creature's voice was merciless. Imran wanted to say something but could not. When he tried to speak, more amount of blood flooded out of his mouth. Finally, in one jolt, he started shuddering wildly and an extremely excruciating stab of pain went through his body. Next moment he lay there, completely immobile. Physically and mentally

\*\*\*\*\*



# Fun with yarn

So we will learn here the new 6-pointed (3 twigs) yarn wheel but you can also make the more traditional 4-pointed (2 twig) one. With their Mexican roots, they are colourful, beautiful, and always a joy to make!

## SUPPLIES NEEDED

- ~ Sticks, twigs, skewers, dowels (cut to size) or popsicle sticks
- ~ Glue gun
- ~ Yarn
- ~ Good, sharp scissors

## METHOD

1. Choose your “colour story” by selecting the yarns you want to use.
2. Hot glue your sticks together.
3. The trickiest part is just starting. Begin by wrapping the string through the middle 5 or 6 times. Do this in all three directions (or two di-

rections with a traditional 2-stick one).

4. When you feel like you’ve covered the twig intersection sufficiently, start the over-under technique. (Or under-over, depending on if you want the string to go under the twigs and show the “skeleton” or if you want the twigs to stay “behind” the yarn. For these I chose to have the middle pop out by wrapping the yarn over the sticks, but for the body I chose to go under the sticks to showcase the armature a bit more.) Basically, you just wrap the yarn once around the twig then continue to the next twig.

5. For these, I wanted the middle to pop so I flipped it over so that the back became the front.

6. Attach new colors by tying them together on the back, just under one of the twigs. Continue wrapping until you want to use the next colour.

7. To end, tie a knot, trim, and hot glue the end to the back.



# KIDS CORNER



## Public holiday

On a public holiday, a doctor has some trouble with his kitchen sink. He calls the local plumber, only to be told that it's his day off. "But I get called out on my off days, too!" says the doctor, somewhat exasperated.

So, the plumber relents. He arrives and glances over the sink, looking preoccupied. He mumbles something about golf, then hands the doctor a couple of aspirin and walks out, saying, "Put these in. If it doesn't clear up in 24 hours, call me tomorrow."

## Alex left the key!

Jim, Scott and Alex are tired after travelling all day and check into a hotel. When they get to reception, they find out they'll have to walk 75 flights of stairs to get to their room because the elevator is out of order. Jim suggests that they do something interesting to pass time while they walk the 75 flights. Jim will tell jokes, Scott will sing, and Alex will tell sad stories. So, Jim tells jokes for 25 flights, Scott sings for 25 flights and Alex tells sad stories for 24 flights. When they reach the 75th floor, Alex tells his saddest story of all: "Guys, I left our room key at the reception."

## Best excuses if you get caught sleeping at work

I was working smarter, not harder.

I wasn't sleeping! I was meditating on the mission statement.

This is one of the seven habits of highly effective people.

I'm actually doing a 'Stress Level Elimination Exercise Plan' (SLEEP) I learnt at the last mandatory seminar you (boss) made me attend.

This is in exchange for the six hours last night when I dreamed about work.

I was doing a highly specific Yoga exercise to relieve work-related stress. Are you discriminatory towards people who practice Yoga?

I wasn't sleeping. I was trying to pick up my contact lenses without using my hands.

### ZAKAH WORD-FIT

FILL  
THE  
WORDS  
INTO  
THE  
GRID

Muslim Encouraged Third	Purifies Property Excess	Greed Year Punish	Charity
-------------------------------	--------------------------------	-------------------------	---------

Zakah is the \_\_\_\_\_ pillar of Islam.  
 Zakah \_\_\_\_\_ your wealth and your heart from \_\_\_\_\_.  
 Zakah becomes the \_\_\_\_\_ of the recipient.  
 Zakah is given from your \_\_\_\_\_ wealth.  
 Allah will \_\_\_\_\_ you if you don't give Zakah.  
 Zakah is given once a \_\_\_\_\_.  
 Zakah is Fardh on every \_\_\_\_\_.  
 Zakah is a compulsory \_\_\_\_\_.  
 We are also \_\_\_\_\_ to give optional charities.

USING  
THE  
WORDS  
ABOVE

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

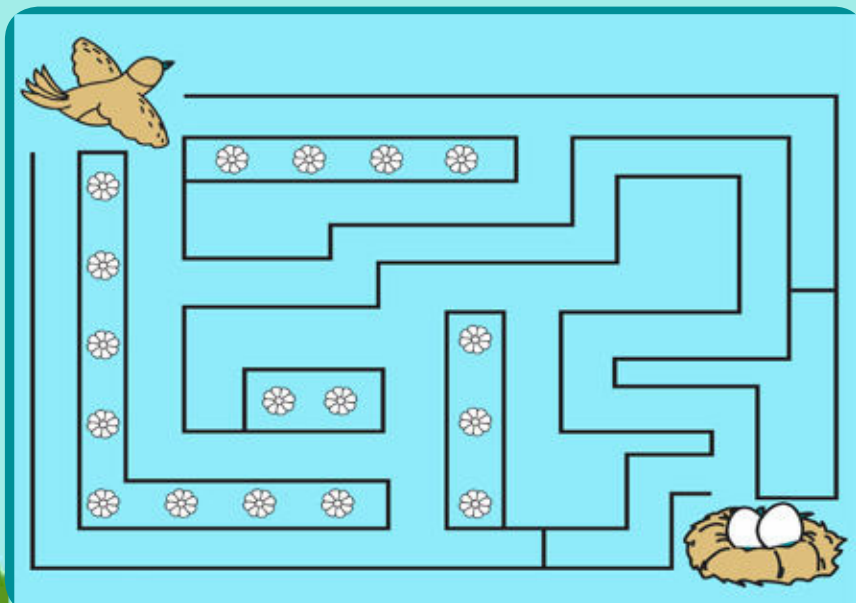
**THINK OF 10 NEW WAYS TO GET CLOSER TO ISLAM**



Find 8  
differences



Maze





by Jamila Dhedhi  
8 years  
Islamabad

# The boy who loved magic tricks

Long long ago there was a smart boy who loved magic tricks. So much so that he was hand-picked by the king to be taught magic by the most skilled magician of his kingdom. This boy lived long before Prophet Muhammad ﷺ. Fortunately, this boy had his heart filled with *haq* (The Truth) and on his way to the magician he used to meet a pious man who had ilm of Allah's book. The noor of ilm attracted the young boy to the pious man and he started spending time with the pious man. One day while on his way to acquire ilm, he saw a crowd of people running away and shouting. His jaw also dropped open when he saw a bright orange beast standing in front of him. His mind flashed for a second and he thought if I hit him with this stone and he gets killed then the pious man must be right and if it stays alive the magician must be right, after all. You know one of those random thoughts. With full force and zoom! Went down the beast.

The boy was an instant celebrity but deep down inside he knew it was the power of *tawheed*. A blind man standing nearby also asked to be cured. The boy said Bismillah and Alhamdulillah! He was cured too. When the king came to know he went red in face and ordered for the boy to be killed. When the king's soldier took him to the top of mountains, the mountains started shaking, there was a massive earthquake, the soldiers died but the boy miraculously stayed alive. The king red in face

again ordered for him to be thrown in the sea, again there was a sea storm, and all on board died except the brilliant boy. Even the mountains and oceans are obedient to Allah Paak. The bright boy's mind flashed with an idea again and he whispered his idea to the king. He told the king that if you want to kill me, then read the name of Allah.

The very next day, the stadium was filled with people, the king said Bismillah as per the boy's instructions and the arrow left the bow to hit the boy, blessing him with *shahadah* and the onlookers with the power of *tawheed*. The entire stadium echoed with Allahu Akbar. Even in his death the boy taught the world a valuable lesson. Allah Paak loved his *niyyah* so much so that to date we read about it in Surah Burooj.

May Allah Ta'ala bless us with brilliant ideas for the *tableegh* of our beautiful deen - Islam. Aameen

## Continued from pg 13

"Never grow up," quoted Kiran, "Always down."

Leyla and I laughed again. Kiran and I got down from the swings and we sat together at the bench. "I suppose you will keep your childish sparks, then!"

"Of course she will," I said. "So will I."

"It's never too late to be playful, I guess!" said Leyla, smiling

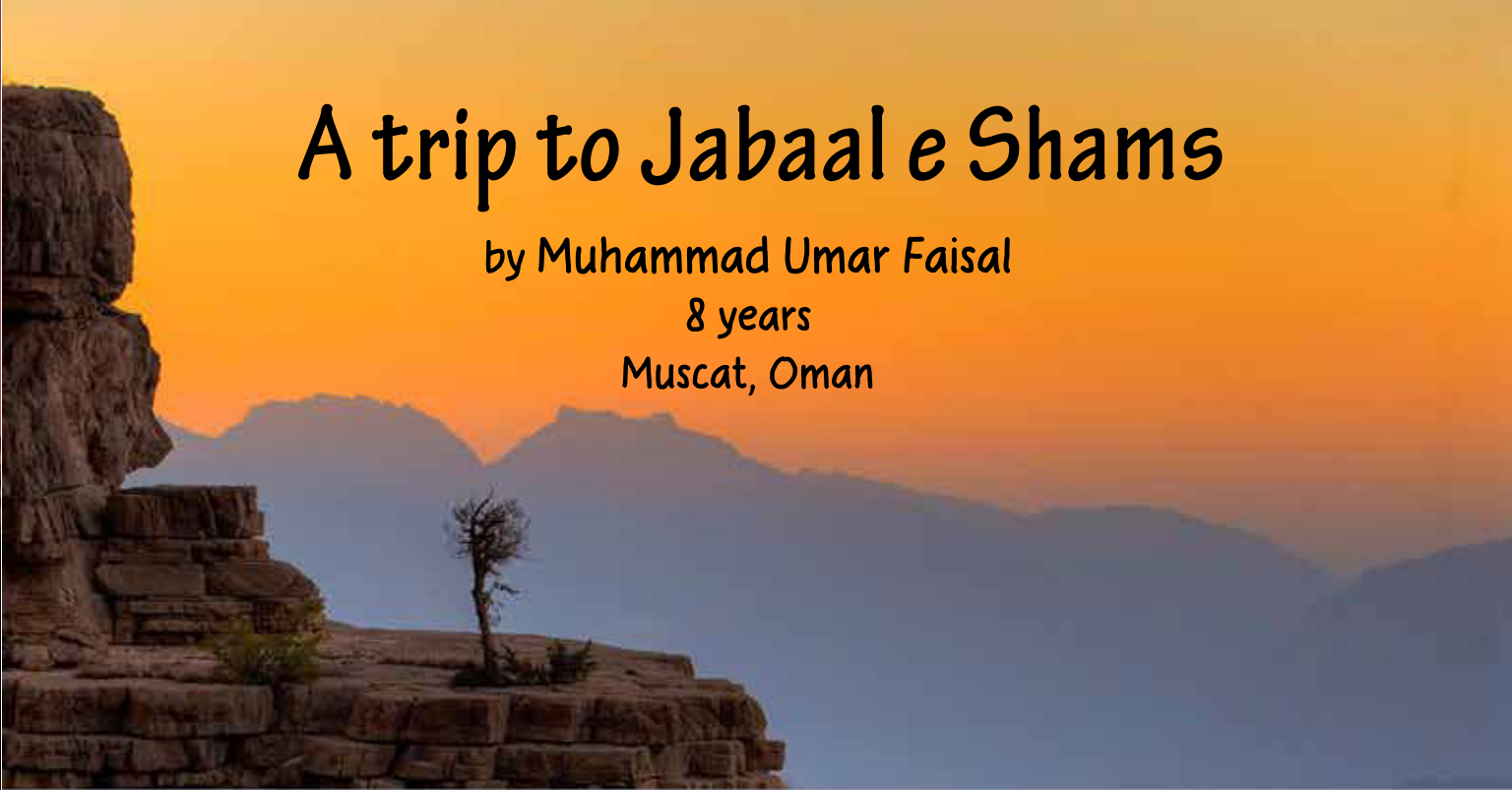
To be continued. . .

# A trip to Jabaal e Shams

by Muhammad Umar Faisal

8 years

Muscat, Oman



Have you ever visited Jabaal e Shams? well, I Have! and believe me it is worth it! Here is the story of my trip.

It was a beautiful Thursday morning when I got up at 8:30 am, all excited for our trip ahead. Soon we were in the car on our way to Jabaal e shams with our friends to enjoy the long weekend. At 9:00am we reached to the chai wala and had a heavenly breakfast. Then we started our journey. After three hours of a long and bumpy ride, we finally reached at Sama resort on Jabaal e Shams. Our friends also arrived there.

My dad went to the reception and we got two rooms. After a while, we ate our lunch and prayed Zuhr, then we went to explore the hiking track for the next day's hike. When we came back we prayed asr and played Ludo with our friends. We played two long and exciting games of Ludo.

Then we went to the restaurant to have our dinner but I didn't feel like eating due to a headache so, on my father's advice, I went to

my room to take some rest. When the dinner was over, my friends and brothers came over to play Ludo, I joined them as well as I didn't want to be as lazy as a toad. I had some light snacks while playing because my stomach was roaring like a hungry tiger. After that, we all slept.

At dawn, I saw Venus on the star-filled sky. We praised Allah ﷻ for such a beautiful sight and prayed fajr. My father took us to watch the sunrise from the top of the mountain, it was a breathtaking view. After spending some time there, we came back and had our breakfast.

After that, all the boys went for hiking. It was a very dangerous and risky track so we decided to go one at a time in a row. It seemed like the rocks would fall to the ground any time. We were watching our steps closely. It took around an hour and 25 minutes to complete 3.09 kilometers. We came back with red and sweaty faces and worn-out bodies but eyes beaming with cheerfulness. The sense of achievement was greater than anything. We had a lovely time together with fun-filled memories



# Winners of Asma ul Husna Project

MashAllah the students of Radiance Advance calligraphy course produced outstanding master pieces.. writing their hearts out and mesmerising us with the beautiful names of Allah subhanhu waTaala



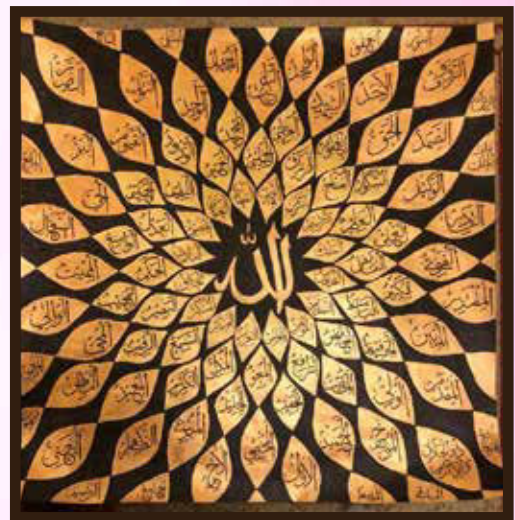
Arifa Rana 1st position



Fizah Shams 1st position



Anum Adil 2nd position



Hira Waseem 2nd position



Ayesha Amir 3rd position



Nadiya Faisal





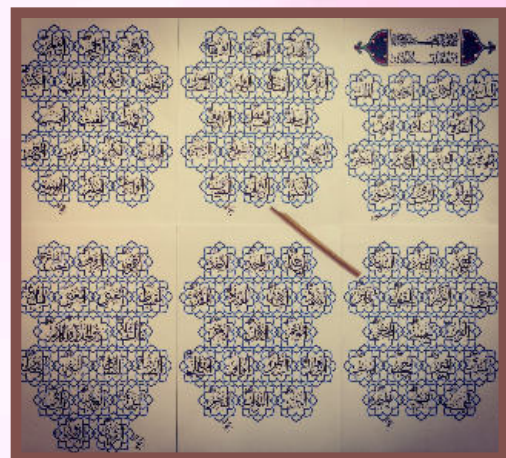
Suhaima Hashmanj



Aisha Faisal



Juvairia Asad



Sarosh Bint Mazhar



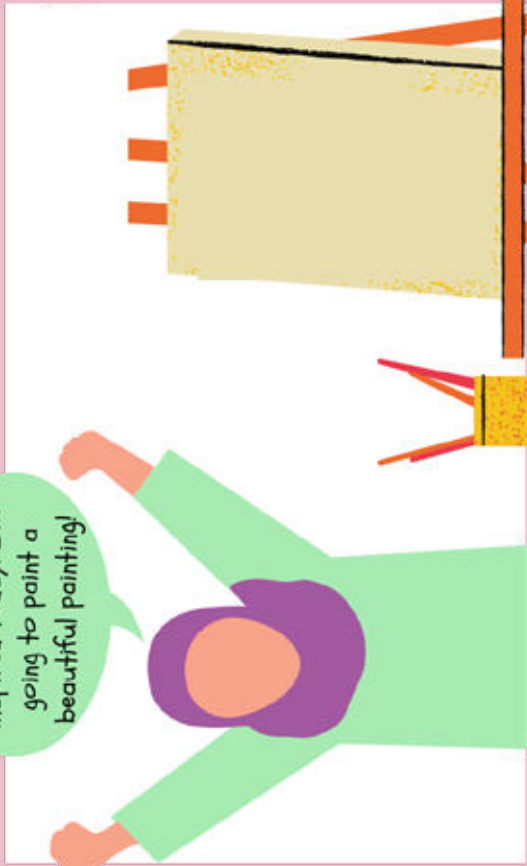
Farhana Asif



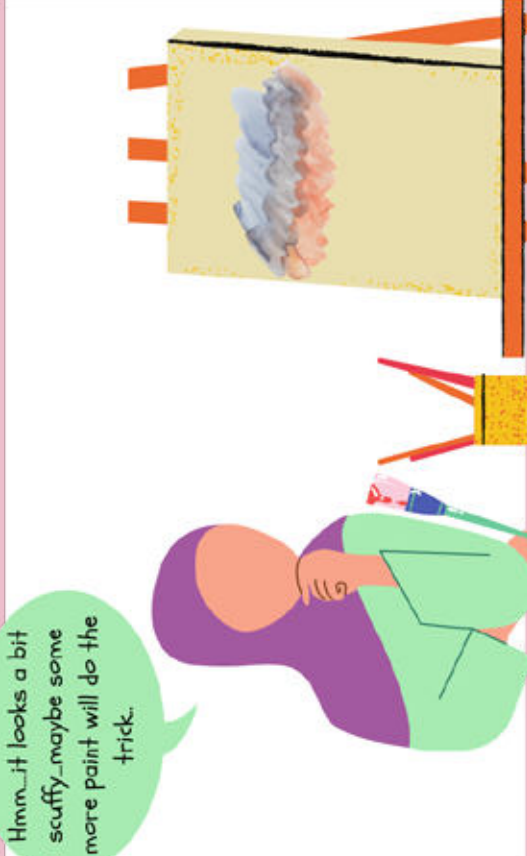
Bushra Zaheer  
USA

# Bad into good

Concept and artwork by Adeen Ahmed




Aaah...I feel so inspired today! I'm going to paint a beautiful painting!



Hmm...it looks a bit scuffy...maybe some more paint will do the trick.



Ugh... What have I done? It looks horrible! I am such a bad painter! wait...what?



I can't believe it...I've actually made something good! This has taught me a lesson never to underestimate myself and my talents. It is amazing how Allah brings good out of bad!



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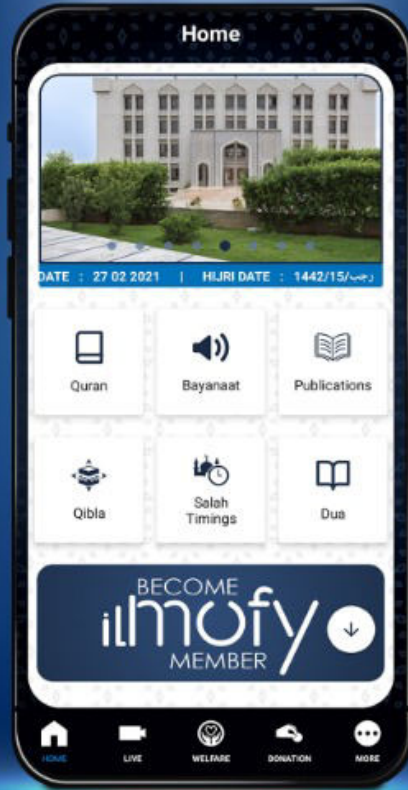
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