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LIVING AND LOVING THE YOUNG MUSLIM LIFESTYLE

A special dua

13 proven tricks to ace
your exams

Comic: I'm so bored

An Eid like
no other



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I'm so bored

A special dua

Assalamualeikum warahmatullahi wa-barakatuh,

“Holding hands with my best friend, we twirled in circles around my backyard. We laughed and grinned and promised to never let go.”

I don't know what provoked this sudden flashback. It was just another day, not that I have usual days - I don't like routines and thus have new projects jotted out for myself everyday - but yet I found myself just sitting near my laptop doing nothing but thinking. I must have had a strange look on my face too. I know this because while my trip down memory lane was panning itself out inside my head, a young six year old face skidded to a halt right in front of my face.

“Everything alright Ammi?” he flashed a big toothy smile.

“Yes everything's fine,” I delivered back. “I was just making dua for my childhood friend.”

And that is exactly the case nowadays. Whenever out of the blue I find myself thinking about anyone, I start making dua for them. I make all the duas I actually need for myself as a gist of a hadith tells that when we make dua for our brother/sister, the angels say ‘same for you’ meaning they pray to Allah ﷻ for you to be granted the same thing that you just asked for your brother Subhan'Allah.

And although another hadith tells that Allah ﷻ listens to the dua of a Muslim which he makes for another Muslim, however the duas of the angels surely stand a much greater chance of being accepted than mine.

So more often than not, we are thinking about many people - we are also communicating,

especially through social media, with many people. So why not just make some special dua for them.

Especially please remember our Muslim brothers in pain around the world. It's horrible how they are being bombarded with lethal gases, bombs, lashes and what not and our not doing anything for them.

Oh Allah ﷻ, please come to the aid of our brothers in pain, help them to endure and remain faithful, knowing that nothing can separate them from Your love. Protect the little bodies of the Palestinian children and bring healing to those injured. Keep away predatory people who are looking to harm or profit from them. Bring compassionate people to nurture them as they strive to survive the harsh realities in which they are living. Oh Allah, make us of those kindhearted people too, who can awaken to the needs of the tortured Muslims around the world, for our brothers surely need us. Oh Allah, please don't let us fail this test. Ameen.

Was'salam,

Umm Abdullah Zubairi

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Kindness - The Most Valuable Trait

by Ayesha Mairaj, UAE

heavenly
highs

**“He who is deprived of kindness is deprived of goodness” -
Prophet Muhammad ﷺ**

A wise man once said, “Kindness is the golden thread that holds society together.” Without the thread, it would be chaos; all hell would break loose. The key is to tighten the thread, to mend it when it starts to tear. Unfortunately, we tend to forget that the thread is delicate and often overlook the importance of kindness. Living in a world where everyone thinks ‘what’s in it for me?’, the idea of doing something out of compassion is completely alien.

Whether we acknowledge it or not, the role kindness plays in our everyday lives is beyond our understanding. Take Sarah, for example - one morning, she woke up late for breakfast and found just one muffin on the breakfast tray; she got mad at her siblings’ carelessness that why did they just leave one muffin for her but later she got to know that it was the only muffin that they had that day and they had left it for Sara as she was the youngest! Later, she went for a walk on the pavements, without acknowledging the cleaners for their selfless service. After that, Sarah returned home for a nap; she was still dozing off in the chilly room when her sister came in and threw a blanket on her. All these acts of kindness happened without her knowledge, yet it had an impact on her wellbeing.

Prophet Muhammad ﷺ said, “He who is deprived of kindness is deprived of goodness”. It is part of our religious obligations to take hold of this precious trait and not restrict it. A reason why people withhold kindness is that they get overwhelmed thinking it’s too great of a feat completely delusory. Rather than taking kindness being a gigantic task, we should

know that even the littlest things matter: giving someone a glass of water, lending a piece of advice, picking up rubbish from the ground and absolutely anything that paints a smile on someone’s face - all these are acts of kindness. All we need to do is open our eyes and check if anyone could use a hand.

Another reason why kindness is so important is because of its countless benefits. According to research, it boosts https://www.freepik.com/premium-vector/adventure-mountains-assist-friend-when-climbing-top-hand-support_10027846.htm happiness, keeps your heart healthy, slows down the aging process, and improves relationships. In the late 1990s, a researcher conducted a series of experiments to examine the effect of words on the crystal-line structure of water. What he noticed was bewildering: when kind words were conveyed to the water, they formed a complete crystal structure compared to energies of hate! Considering that approximately 70% of our body is made up of water, kindness seems to have a direct impact on our health. So when you speak caringly with others, in reality, you’re taking care of their as well as your own health!

After understanding the treasures of kindness, it is crucial to weave this trait into our daily lives. Whether it’s as small as making someone laugh, or as big as rescuing the injured, it will make a difference. It will strengthen the golden thread



An Eid like no other

Adeen Ahmed's story reflects the trials that some people go through on Eid and how they will be rewarded in the hereafter for their patience



The sound of a car passing the front of their house, ringing with laughter and happiness, distracted Maya again. She opened her eyes and sat up to look outside her window, where she saw the aforementioned car flashing past into the twilight. She could hear the laughter and happiness downstairs too.

Maya knew that they would be having a grand old time, all the girls applying mehendi on their hands, ironing all their new clothes for Eid tomorrow. Nani jaan would be stirring sevei on the stove, along with shahi tukra. Rabya mami would be marinating fish for tomorrow, and she could smell Leila stirring cake batter. The blaring sounds of the television worked their way up into her bedroom, where Chaand Raat specials were playing. The boys were decorating the yard outside, setting up chairs and washing the car. Uncle Kaukab had just returned home bearing his yearly packet of money to hand out for Eidi. She could hear Mariam squealing in excitement as she dashed into her room next door.

But even all of this couldn't beckon Maya to go downstairs and have some fun. She scowled as she heard her mother's laughter mingling amongst the others'. How? How could she have so much fun when such a terrible thing had happened?

Kookie the cat plodded into the room and collapsed next to Maya on the bed. She meowed and padded at Maya's face as if to say, "Are

you okay?"

"Meow," said Maya subduedly.

Kookie nodded in the direction of the door and downstairs.

"No, Kookie," she shook her head. "I don't want to go downstairs. I don't feel like having fun at all. How can Amma have fun? How? Just how?"

"Maya!" said a voice, walking into the room and flinging the blanket off Maya's face. It was Mariam. "Come on downstairs - Leena is putting mehendi on everyone's hands. We got some new designs for them from ICON."

"I don't want to," she mumbled.

"That's stupid. You love putting on mehendi!"

"Not this time."

"Don't be ridiculous. Come on downstairs!"

Sighing heavily, Maya got up from the bed, her feet feeling like lead. With heavy, leaden steps she walked towards the door and followed Mariam downstairs into the living room. Every step she took felt like trudging on mud.

"Maya! Wherever have you been?" said her mother, who was sitting on a chair, her hands and feet intricately decorated in mehendi.

"I was upstairs," she scowled.

"It's 8 p.m.! You haven't even had dinner!" said Rabya mami.

"I don't feel like it."

"Why?" said Maya's mother. "You're not like this usually."

"I don't want to. I don't feel like doing anything!" Maya turned away from everyone and

She despised Eid this year. Ramadan was bearable enough. She kept busy in prayer. But Eid was now here, the occasion of happiness. Only it felt impossible to feel happy.

trudged upstairs to her room, glowering, and slammed the door.

She despised Eid this year. Ramadan was bearable enough. She kept busy in prayer. But Eid was now here, the occasion of happiness. Only it felt impossible to feel happy.

Only...she felt incomplete. Not whole.

She looked outside the window dolefully. It had been a night like this, a year ago, when the news of her father had come. The Imam of the masjid with his gaze cast down to the ground, sitting in their drawing room. Maya remembered her mother's shaking hands.

It had been a suicide bomb attack, the Imam had said. The Imam had been sick with the flu, so he had taken the day off for Asr prayers that evening. Maya's father had gone to pray, never missing a single rakat in his entire life.

It had been the last prayer in jumat that he attended.

Maya heard footsteps as her door opened. She closed her eyes in exasperation, expecting her mother.

"Maya? Are you alright?" asked a gentle voice. She let out her breath in a woosh. It wasn't her mother - it was Mira Khala.

Mira Khala was her mother's younger sister, the only one unmarried. She was studying Architecture in university.

"Khala?" Maya whipped her head around to see her aunt enter the room.

"I asked if you are alright," she said softly, sitting on the bed next to her.

"I'm - I'm fine. I guess," Maya added as an afterthought. "It's just that - I can't understand

how Amma can be happy now. How can she be happy, when I'm not? When Abba isn't here?"

"I know you feel grievous. Actually, I know who can relate to your grief," said her aunt, stroking her niece's hair.

"Who?"

"Well, he lived a long time ago. There was once a pious little boy, whose father passed away before he was born, and his beloved mother when he was six years old. Then he went to live with his grandfather, who loved him very much, but he too passed away two years later!"

"I know who this is!" Maya sat up excitedly. "That boy was our Holy Prophet Muhammed ﷺ!"

"Yes!" Mira Khala ruffled Maya's hair. "And despite having lost three people he loved, he always kept a grateful attitude and a big smile on his face. You know later on when the Quraish boycotted him, for three years, both his uncle Abu Talib and his dear wife, Hadhrat Khadija, passed away? Imagine what he must have gone through at that time."

"It must be hard to lose two loved ones at the same time, both of them his life support," said Maya thoughtfully.

"Exactly! But did our Prophet fall into a deep depression? Absolutely not. He prayed to Allah for their ease in the akhirah, and still bore through his grief with a smile on his face and a loving attitude. He went through so much in his life, so much hurt and so many struggles, and in the end, Allah rewarded him with a beautiful life in Medina, where he at last lived in peace and happiness."

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13 proven tricks to ace your exams

Muhammad bin Baber Zubairi is at your rescue with some tried and tested tips and tricks to do your absolute best in your upcoming exams In'sha'Allah



Knock, knock! Who's there?

Your exammmsssss....We have all been dreading the exams' period for months and here it is now, almost there, knocking at our doors. Some of us have even started having terrifying nightmares about not being able to answer a 15 marks question or worse, about failing the exam with just a couple of marks short. Some of us have already started preparing while the rest of us are still trying to decide where to begin and where to end! So, wind up for a day, take a deep breath, relax and read on for here are some tips which can help you prepare for your exams better.

1. Make your own study aids

When it comes to learning, a 2013 study showed that practice tests work better than simply highlighting or re-reading your notes. So, turn your notes into flashcards or use a flashcard app for memorizing various things for example vocabs. Ask your friends to quiz you or write your own practice test.

2. Practice for the inevitable

Outline essays ahead of time. For math tests, do plenty of practice problems similar to ones that you know will appear. Make a list of questions that you think might show up on the

test (and then make sure you can answer them!).

3. Study every day

If you have a test in a week, studying a little each day will help you identify tough concepts or weak areas in your knowledge in advance.

4. Don't leave it until the last minute

While some students do seem to thrive on last-minute cramming, it's widely accepted that (for most of us) this is not the best way to approach an exam. To help sort out your time management, set up a timetable for your study. Write down how many exams you have and the days on which you have to sit them. Then organize your study accordingly. You may want to give some exams more study time than others, so find a balance that you feel comfortable with.

5. Cut out the distractions

Distractions make it difficult to pay attention to what you're doing, which in turn makes it harder to commit facts to memory. Give yourself a leg up by turning off the notifications on your phone or temporarily blocking your favorite websites. However the good thing is that you should take a break every 45 minutes or so as

that helps you stay focused.

6. Divide big concepts from smaller details

If you're studying a big topic—like the Civil War for history or cellular processes for biology—try breaking the material you need to study into chunks. Study one battle at a time or one chapter section at a time—and then quiz yourself. Ask yourself questions about what you've just studied, and even write your answers down.

7. Don't neglect the "easy" stuff

Even if you've been acing a certain subject or concept all year and think the test will be a breeze, you should still give it a review before the big day. You don't want to lose points for careless errors or forget to memorize a key geometry formula.

8. Don't skip school

Missing classes automatically puts you at a disadvantage. Make sure you go to class (especially during the week leading up to the test) and attend any review sessions your teacher holds. Did you have to miss an important class? You can always ask your teacher for help catching up.

9. Review the day of the test

Before you take the test, give yourself time for a quick review. Shuffle through those flashcards a couple of times or re-read your chapter outline. This will ensure the material is fresh in your mind.

10. Use flow charts and diagrams

Visual aids can be really helpful when revising. At the start of a topic, challenge yourself to write down everything you already know about a topic - and then highlight where the gaps lie. Closer to the exam, condense your revision notes into one-page diagrams. Getting your

ideas down in this brief format can then help you to quickly recall everything you need to know during the exam.

11. Organize study groups with friends


Get together with friends for a study session. You may have questions that they have the answers to and vice versa. As long as you make sure you stay focused on the topic for an agreed amount of time, this can be one of the most effective ways to challenge yourself.

12. Snack on brain food

You may feel like you deserve a treat, or that you don't have time to cook, but what you eat can really have an impact on energy levels and focus, so keep away from junk food. Keep your body and brain well-fuelled by choosing nutritious foods that have been proven to aid concentration and memory, such as fish, nuts, seeds, yogurt and blueberries. The same applies on exam day - eat a good meal before the test, based on foods that will provide a slow release of energy throughout. Sugar may seem appealing, but your energy levels will crash an hour later. Also don't forget to drink plenty and plenty of water.

13. Make dua your best weapon

Lastly and most importantly too, make loads of dua for ease and success in your exams. As well as ask your parents and mentors to keep praying for you for their duas certainly mean a lot. You may also look up some duas to recite before the test paper like 'rabbish rahli...', Surah Nashrah and Surah Fatah.

May Allah taala help you pass all your exams of this world and the next with flying colours. Ameen 

Born to Be

by Yusra Farhan

Part Five:
The Transition
(Last part)



“Umm, thanks... But what do you think I’m gonna do with this, Romaisa?” Tania said as she suspiciously eyed the abaya and scarf Romaisa had bought for her.

“Wear it, obviously. Didn’t you say you wanted to go with me?” Romaisa replied.

“Can’t I just go wearing regular human clothes?” Tania looked at the abaya like it was an outfit invented for some other creature.

“Come on, it won’t be that bad, I promise. I’ll help you put it on and do your hijab for you,” Romaisa made it sound so easy but Tania was not sure how people even walked around in that.

“Tania, stop shaking your head,” Romaisa scolded as she tried to put the scarf on Tania’s head.

“This is such a bad idea, I’m telling you,” Tania said, again shaking her head.

It took awfully long for Tania to sit straight and let Romaisa wrap the scarf properly around her head. She kept glancing in the mirror nervously, as if expecting herself to turn into something else. Once Romaisa moved aside, Tania cautiously looked at herself in the mirror. Her face looked the same, and yet she looked like a different person. She had never seen herself like this before and it took a while to get rid of the lump in her throat. Romaisa also examined her and her eyes got watery.

“You look so beautiful, Tania. I wish you dressed more often like this,” Romaisa exclaimed. Tania rolled her eyes, but she couldn’t suppress a little smile.

Tania had assumed that she would only be going with Romaisa once, but day after day she found herself attending the lectures. They weren’t as outlandish as Tania had anticipated them to be. In fact, Tania admitted to herself that she had never heard anyone speak so openly about the truths of this world before. She even liked the people there, and especially found the mualima to be really sweet and soft spoken. After the first lecture, something definitely moved within Tania, and after every evening it began to sink deeper and deeper. Tania did not want to admit it but she even began to like wearing the abaya, and she could now do her hijab on her own.

Tania’s stay over Romaisa’s place was about to come to an end. Her manager had already started calling in to discuss the work plans. It had only been around two weeks, and somehow it felt like Tania had been disconnected from her life back home for years. To her surprise, she was wishing she could get to stay here for a little longer. She knew this sort of peace was not waiting for her back home. After so long she felt like everything was fine; a peaceful journey rather than a show of juggling. Tania did not talk about these things with Romaisa, but somehow knew.

“You know you can stay here for as long as you

Tania rested her gaze on the stars and got lost in them. She didn't realize how much time had passed since she was up here until Romaisa came looking for her.

want to, right?" Romaisa said one afternoon, as she was folding her clothes and reading Tania's mind.

"What?" Tania was shocked to hear her. "What do you mean?"

"Well, you don't look too happy these past few days, especially when your manager calls you," Romaisa said as she now placed the pile of neatly folded clothes in her closet. "I thought maybe I should just remind you that you can stay here for as long as you want to. This is just like your home."

"You know I have to go, Romaisa. There's a lot of work to catch up on. Maybe I'm just stressed about that," Tania replied. "But, it honestly does feel good to be here. I mean it's such a peaceful kind of bliss. I'm gonna miss this feeling when I go back."

Romaisa remained silent, and then came to sit beside Tania.

"I have a question, Tania."

"Hmmm?" Tania asked.

"Why did you decide you wanted to be in this singing career?" Romaisa questioned.

"Because... uh, I don't know. I mean it wasn't like I woke up one day and decided that I want to become a singer," Tania answered. "It sort of just happened. Everyone said that I have a good voice and I was born to be a singer. I guess they were right."

"But, don't you think the idea that one is born to be one particular thing is a bit bizarre? As if the label of a profession is the purpose of your birth. None of us was born with a pen, stethoscope, gavel, paint brush, or in your case, a mic in our hands, right?" Romaisa began tracing the flowers on her tunic with her

finger, as she carefully chose her words. "We make those choices ourselves, and we should make choices considering whether this thing will cause Allah's pleasure or displeasure; whether this will be good for our hereafter or remain only in this world. There's just one thing we were all definitely born to be and that is Allah's servants."

A thick silence was engulfed between them following that conversation, and none of them spoke a word to each other the entire day. Tania needed time to digest Romaisa's words, and Romaisa knew that it was needed. After dinner, Tania sneaked up to the rooftop, without telling anyone. Romaisa's words had set her wild thoughts loose, and they had been running around in her brain all day. It was time to get them sorted now. She laid down on the swinging bench that was pushed against one of the walls. Except for the swing, there was only a small table here with two chairs, where Romaisa's parents would occasionally have their evening tea. The night was bright and a little chilly, but it was comforting. Tania rested her gaze on the stars and got lost in them. She didn't realize how much time had passed since she was up here until Romaisa came looking for her.

"Tania? Are you up here?" Romaisa's voice first came before she came into sight. "I've been looking everywhere for you."

"Sorry, I just needed to be on my own," Tania replied, and sat up.

"It's getting late. You should come down to sleep now," Romaisa said.

"I thought about it."

"About what?"

"About what you said. Also, all the things I had heard in those lectures we went to."

"Yeah?"

"It's hard, you know. It's just so hard," Tania's voice sounded like tears had been filled in her lungs, and she cupped her face in her hands.

Romaisa sat down next to her, and they listened to the soft chatters of the winds for a while. The city had fallen asleep by now. The lights in the neighboring houses were out, and there was almost no vehicle on the road.

"I'm already at such a good place in my career. I don't know what I'll do if I leave it. My world will turn upside down, and I don't know what that side looks like," Tania uttered, and her voice was steady now.

"Remember how you said all this just happened on its own for you and you weren't even expecting your very first album to be a super hit?" Romaisa asked in a soothing voice.

"Uh-huh!"

"But it still happened because it was supposed to happen. So, don't worry yourself out thinking about the future," Romaisa continued. "Only what Allah has written for you will happen, and trust me when we give up something for Him, He blesses us beyond our imagination. Just leave it up to him." Tania deeply nodded. The words did not make much sense to her just yet, but she still chose to believe in them.

Romaisa had fallen asleep after praying Fajr. The dark was beginning to faint, and the sun was about to wake up. There was still some time left till sunrise and Tania was standing on the prayer mat before Allah after ages. The moment she raised her hands to say Allahu Akbar, all the anxieties faded into tranquility. It felt like a new type of blood gushed through her veins. It was a feeling that could not be put into words. She asked Allah to guide her, because the path in front of her laid all hazed. She asked Him to put trust in her heart, and give her the courage to follow the light. She talked to her Lord about all that worried her and it was the longest conversation she had. By the time she was done, the sun was above the horizon and it seemed to have never shone so brightly as it did today

Continued from pg 23

hunched in a ball with a rugged and dirty blanket on her shoulders. These nights she hated the most-rain drummed and she would chatter, when her father and brothers were late and came back with the soaked clothes. Her second brother, whose fever would always had disturbed them after this.

"They would come, no more later than this, Allah will be helpful. Believe in Him. You just pray." The woman continued reciting some Arabic verses under her breath.

Maria pulled the blanket up more tightly and shifted her legs in front nervously.

"I wish to have a holiday tomorrow!" Fatima exclaimed.

"Astagfirullah! How ungrateful are you? Today is the last day of your winter vacation, it's almost fifteen days! and now you want another holiday." Her mother's scolding reached her from the kitchen.

"Yes to make the count even. That would be sixteen, but I don't think they are giving the holiday because for tomorrow no forecast is mentioned and think about it that how these light showers are going to block the roads? So go on, my lovely sister you press your uniform and mine as well!" Bilal smiled eyeing forecasts on Dawn e-paper. Fatima whispered, stretching her arms, so her mother couldn't overhear her, "I wish for the rain to blow heavier for the roads to block."

The rain poured all night. Rabeea snored. She believed in dadi's expectations and slept without packing her school bag.

Ali's father and Maria both couldn't let their eyes close, worrying about the only possession they had- the old man about his dry fruits, and Maria for her father and brothers.

On the other hand, Fatima and Bilal prayed for the rain to continue- the only concern that tickled in the world for them was to press their uniform in the morning

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

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

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

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

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

2. What three numbers, none of
which is zero, give the same result
whether they're added or multi-
plied?

3. Mary has four daughters, and
each of her daughters has a broth-
er. How many children does Mary
have?

4. I am an odd number. Take away
a letter and I become even. What
number am I?

Answers

1. Ice Cream Man!

2. One, two and three

3. Five—each daughter has the same brother.

4. Seven



Made by
Fatimah Rajpoot

My Parrot, a Piece of My Heart

by Fatimah Rajpoot
10 years, Lahore

My parrot, green and small,
When sleeping, he looks like a fluffy, green ball

His beak as red as apple,
He can bite like a jackal

His eyes small as they are,
They see all things, even from afar

He scurries away with his little feet,
When he sees me coming with speed

He looks way bigger with his tail
But really, he's just small as a snail

My parrot, a piece of my heart,
It would be terrible to be apart.

O My Soul!

By Umm Ibrahim

O my soul! It is not but a few days of patience,
As if the extent were but a few dreams.

O my soul! Pass quickly on through this world,
And leave it, for indeed life lies ahead of it.

O my soul! You have ruined yourself through
sins

Now how more would you go on like this,
please think!

O my soul! You never realized the worth of
your Deen
But it's never too late to repent and shed tears
on your sins.



HOW WAS MY RAMADAN?!?



WHAT DID I DO  GOOD? _____



WHAT COULD HAVE DONE BETTER?

Think what were the reasons of not doing it!

HOW CAN I CONTINUE TO IMPROVE?

- STEP 1: _____
- STEP 2: _____
- STEP 3: _____
- STEP 4: _____
- STEP 5: _____



WHAT NEW THINGS I LEARNT THIS RAMADAN?

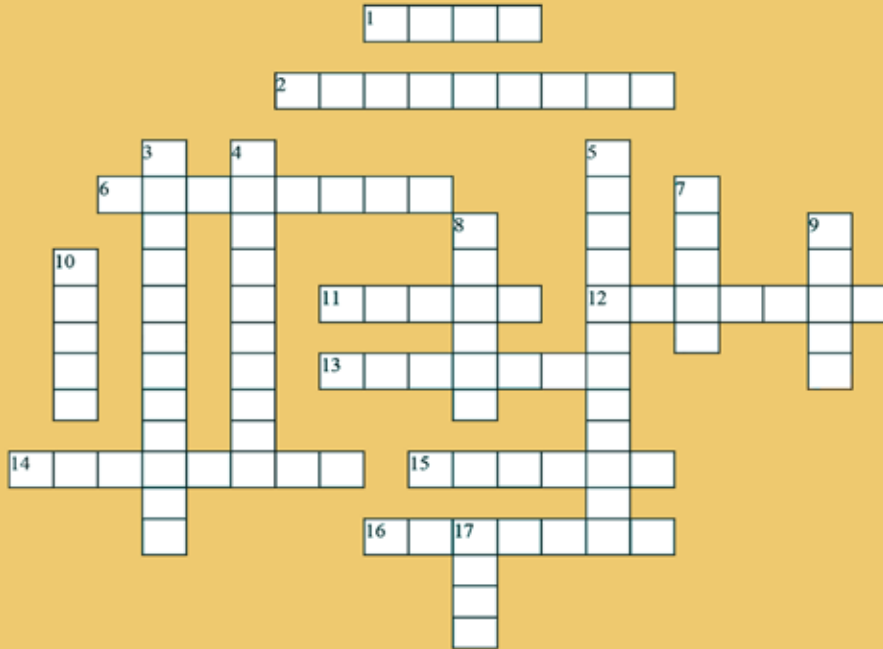


CONCLUSION: MY OVERALL RAMADAN WAS...

What do you now know?

Ramadan

Ramadan



Across

Down

- 1 What is Umrah reward equal to when done in Ramadan
 2 What holiday is at the end of Ramadan
 6 What should you control your tongue from doing in addition to not eating or drinking
 11 This word means the meal you eat after Maghrib prayer
 12 What is multiplied in good deeds even more in Ramadan
 13 What is the month that comes before Ramadan
 14 The nightly prayers performed after Isha in Ramadan
 15 This word means the meal that you eat before Fajr prayer
 16 The pillar of Islam that is something you have to do only in Ramadan

- 3 What special night happens in the last ten days of Ramadan
 4 Ramadan is either 30 days or how many days?
 5 What is sighted to signal the start of Ramadan
 7 What book is encouraged to read fully at least once in Ramadan
 8 What is the month that comes after Ramadan
 9 What is recommended to be the first food you eat when breaking your fast
 10 Which month is Ramadan in the Islamic calendar
 17 Who does not have to fast other than the young children and old people?

Word Bank:

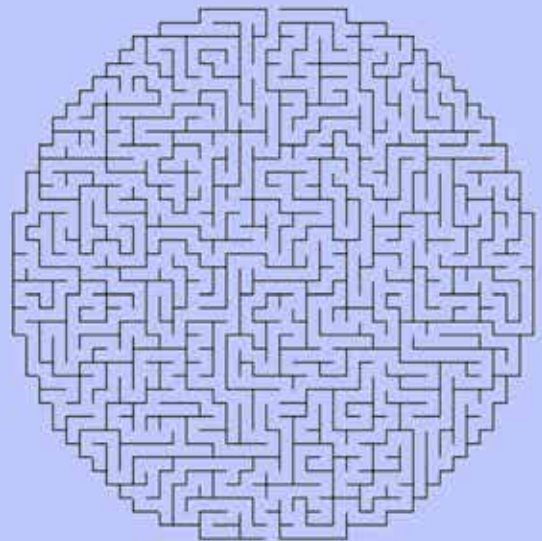
- Hajj Eidulfitr Quran Iftar Shawal Sick
 Bad words Ninth Fasting Crescent Moon Charity
 Taraweeh Twentynine Dates Suhoor LailatulQadr Shaaban

Islamic Crossword Puzzle- Ramadan Edition

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

CHARITY DATES DEEDS DHIKR DUAA
 EID FAJR FASTING GOOD
 IFTAR ISLAM MAGHRIB MASJID
 MUSK MUSLIMS NIYAH PRAYER QURAN
 RAMADAN SUHUR SUNNAH
 TARAWEEH WATER

Where did the Iftar go?
 Help Ahmad find his way to the food just in
 time for Maghrib adhan:



She's so lucky

Written by Manal Naeem

11 years, K.S.A

There lived a Muslim Pakistani family in America. They had three children named Ayesha, Aiza, and Manal. One of the children named Ayesha was very mischievous although a sweet girl at heart, but she always used to get jealous of others.

Their neighbours had a spoiled daughter who had an iPad, iPhone, and even a MacBook. She was only 8 years old! Ayesha was 12 years old and she had no gadgets or tech stuff.

She argued with her parents to buy an iPad but her parents denied it. "It's not the right age to buy it for you," her dad explained.

"That isn't FAIR! UGH! She's so lucky," Ayesha yelled. It seemed absurd to her that someone younger than her had more things than she. Why couldn't she have those gadgets too?

She felt underprivileged and felt that her neighbor was way too luckier than her.

Ayesha then went upstairs stomping to her bedroom, cross and frustrated with her parents. After a while, her mom came and she told Ayesha something important.

"Dear, do you really think your neighbour is luckier? You have so many things that she doesn't have and besides the luckiest thing is to be born or have the religion of Islam!"

This hit Ayesha like a ton of bricks. Of course! She was luckier than her neighbour in this one unique way - she was a Muslim, on the straight path of Allah, while her neighbour wasn't. She hugged her mother and resolved never to complain again.

Continued from pg 07

"The way I see it, Maya," said Mira Khala, "is that Allah is offering you a chance to step back into life and move on with this grief. Which is exactly what your mother is doing. The question is - will you follow in our Prophet's ﷺ example of moving on and bearing grief, or will you mope around ruining not only your Eid day but others' too?"

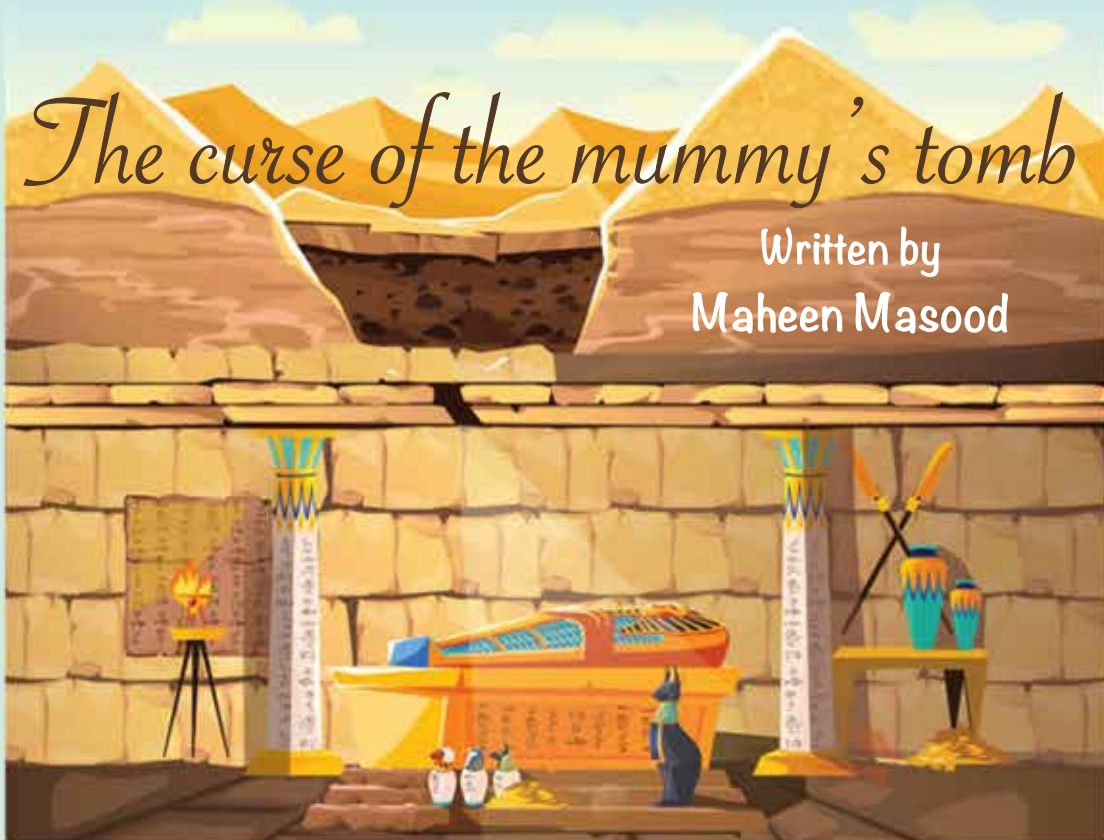
"I'll follow in the Prophet's ﷺ example!" said Maya eagerly.

"That's a good girl!" her aunt smiled widely. "Now, let's go downstairs and get our hands decorated with mehendi."



The curse of the mummy's tomb

Written by
Maheen Masood



I saw the Great Pyramid and suddenly felt extremely 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 never dreamed when I saw 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 choking!” I cried, gasping and holding my throat. Okay, so I wasn’t choking. 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!

Sahaba Quiz

The Sahabah are our leading lights, following whom is a way to our salvation. Knowing them is loving them so let's check out how well do you know your Sahabah

Q1: Which companion of the Prophet ﷺ got the title of 'The Sword of Allah' (Saif Allah)?

- A: Hadhrat Abu Bakr ﷺ
- B: Hadhrat Umer Ibn Al Khattab ﷺ
- C: Hadhrat Khalid Bin Waleed ﷺ
- D: Hadhrat Uthman Ibn Affan ﷺ

Q2: About which companion did the Prophet ﷺ say that "if there would be another prophet after me it would be?"

- A: Hadhrat Umer Ibn Al Khattab ﷺ
- B: Hadhrat Abu Bakr As Siddiq ﷺ
- C: Hadhrat Ali Ibn Abi Talib ﷺ
- D: Hadhrat Uthman Ibn Affan ﷺ

Q3: What was Abu Bakr as-Siddiq's real name?

- A: Abdullah Ibn Abi Qahafa
- B: Mustafa Ibn Abi qahafa
- C: Abd Ibn e Aziz Qahafa
- D: Ilyas Ibn Abi Qahafa

Q4: Which Daughter of Umar ibn Khat-tab did The Prophet ﷺ marry?

- A: Hadhrat Hafsa ﷺ
- B: Hadhrat Sawdah ﷺ
- C: Hadhrat Juwairiyya ﷺ
- D: Hadhrat Aisha ﷺ

Q5: Which Sahaba is also referred to as 'Dhun Noorayn'? (The Possessor of Two Lights)

- A: Hadhrat Zayd Ibn Thaabit ﷺ
- B: Hadhrat Uthman Ibn Affan ﷺ
- C: Hadhrat Musab Bin Umair ﷺ
- D: Hadhrat Abu Hurairah ﷺ

Q6: Hadhrat Talha ibn Ubaidullah is from the same tribe as which sahabi?

- A: Hadhrat Saad Bin Abi Waqas ﷺ
- B: Hadhrat Abu Bakr Siddiq ﷺ
- C: Hadhrat Abdur Rehman bin Awf ﷺ
- D: Hadhrat Zayd Ibn Awaam ﷺ

Q7: Which of the two parents of the companion Hadhrat Bilal ibn Rabah was of Arab descent?

- A: His Mother
- B: His Father

Q8: Who is the only woman to have been with the Prophet ﷺ from his birth to his death?

- A: Hadhrat Halima As Sa'diya ﷺ
- B: Hadhrat Khadija Bint e Khuwaylid ﷺ
- C: Hadhrat Aisha Bint e Abu Bakr ﷺ
- D: Hadhrat Barakah Bint e Thaa'labah (Umm Ayman)

Q9: Waraqah bin Nawfal was Hadhrat Khadijah's?

- A: Cousin
- B: Uncle
- C: Brother
- D: Grand father

Q10: Which Sahabi tied himself to a palm truck in Masjid e Nabwi during the Siege of the Banu Qurayza to punish himself?

- A: Abu Lubabah ﷺ
- B: Hadhrat Abbas ﷺ
- C: Hadhrat Bilal ﷺ
- D: Hadhrat Kaab ﷺ



1. Hadhrat Khalid Bin Waleed ﷺ
2. Hadhrat Umer Ibn Al Khattab ﷺ
3. Abdullah Ibn Abi Qahafa
4. Hadhrat Hafsa ﷺ
5. Hadhrat Uthman Ibn Affan ﷺ
6. Hadhrat Abu Bakr Siddiq ﷺ
7. His father
8. Hadhrat Barakah Bint e Thaa'labah
9. Cousin (Umm Ayman)
10. Hadhrat Abu Lubabah ﷺ

Answers:

Rain



Khaula Owais shares a flipped world, depicting how rain isn't the same mellow and melodious for everyone

The dishes croaked as they were beaten by the little hands which unkindly massaged the dripping, lime green scotch bright from the yellow sponge on the ceramics of the crockery, meaning to clean the oily remains of the consumers. Rabeea turned behind, eyeing her Dadi peeling off a banana for her two-year sister.

The winter rain had turned on a "common air-conditioner" as Bhaiyya used to say, in the city. Thus the windows and doors of wood were slammed to defend against the cold winds. The water running down the sink was also warm. However, the silent fans welcomed the suppressed drizzling of the rain to be heard in the kitchen.

"What do you think Dadi? Would we be having an off tomorrow from school?" Rabeea questioned, brushing a colossal plastic tray.

"What I see is that," she eyeballed Rabeea, and spoke in a more loud-reassuring-particular-dadi-tone.

"They have to give an off. See the rain isn't stopping. In several places, the streets would be in water." She then turned again to face Rabeea. Contemplated again and nodded to her. Leaving the kitchen Rabeea had heard her murmur, "They should be wise enough to give an off."

Rabeea gave a triumphant smile. Pursing her lips, she sponged the last cup.

"At least," she assumed, "Dadi's expectations are strong."

"Baba let's go, it's getting dark, quite dark. Oh see, it's...raining...?" the boy straightened his hand in the air, finding the watery gems lying on his dirty skin.

His father, who was busy with a customer, also realized the sudden change in weather - the heavy clouds had dominated the sky, and forced the tiny droplets down to share their grieving's with the happy residents of the earth. The strong winds of the season were also playful enough to push the tears diagonally.

"Ali?" he called his son who was busy counting the drops on his palms and his sky-blue kurta shalwar.

"Let's drag the cart in. All the almonds would get soaked up; it's going to rain heavily," he said, and rolled his sweater to the elbow, while Ali neglected his counting and hurried to drag the cart with his father up in the shed.

The father-son found themselves in a greyish-cemented yard. A slightly decayed wooden plank stood up to 6 feet-they were under the shed.

"Ali, we have to cover all the dry fruits with

He fancied travelling the world. However, unlike the real Egyptian pyramids, his pyramid had collapsed, resting with the clutter of cashew nuts and almonds.

some plastic or something, otherwise it would be...umm..a..big loss.” The man panted, dragging up the cart made his forehead sweaty even in such a chill.

“Now, yes, Ali, my dear,” he bowed down and from below pulled out the old plastic shopping bags, “I had kept them here. I knew about the rain. But not expected for today.” Speaking all this in one breath, he observed that Ali was now shivering at the corner in the dark. His small wet hands curled on the waist of his sky-blue kurta, and the teeth slowly chattered. The old man had to kneel again: ‘pashmina’ shawl in brown emerged.

The long pony-like knots, on its width had beads in them which shone in dark.

The man forced a grin, this time his voice reflected the tiredness of the six hours in which he stood and walked passing the streets and calling at his bests for the customers.

Ali felt that his father was also shivering. “It’s not so cold for me Ali,” he smiled weakly, probably reading his face, “go on and wrap it. Now help me. Slice this shopper. Cover the fruits. We will tie them and leave.” He tossed the shawl to Ali.

“Baba? Leaving the cart here? Don’t you think it’s risky?” Ali’s hazel eyes motioned around.

“Can’t you see the old man in the security dress?” he pointed at a man in dark blue dress with a rifle hanging on his right shoulder. Ali couldn’t see his face. But the mannerism of the blue figure showed him to be a gentleman.

His father continued, resetting the figs which Ali had decorated with great difficulty in a triangular hill shape, surrounded by brown roasted almonds; he thought that was the desert in which the fig’s pyramid stood. He fancied travelling the world. However, unlike

the real Egyptian pyramids, his pyramid had collapsed, resting with the clutter of cashew nuts and almonds. It was to balance the layer of fruits to make their wrap easy. Ali was tying a string on one of the shopping bags, trying not to make a big hole.

“As suggests the name, he’s a ‘Mohsin’. The guard of the street that is. And one of my old acquaintance. His son has duty at night. You see, they are sincere; we can leave our cart here tonight. Because the weather can get terrible. We would not be able to walk home by ourselves equally.” His light blue eyes glanced at Ali, still, messed with the corner string. Wiping his forehead with the cloth hanging on his shoulder, he reached to his son.

Ali took a side, handed his father the thread, then spoke doubting, “Baba, what if the street people object at this, what would then these guards, I mean your friends do?” he hesitated. The man thought, still eyeing the string. Then the amber lips moved to whisper. What they had and were actually relied on - “Allah is there beta.”

The rain was beating even heavier now. Ali saw that the fast drops of rain had blurred the vision of the guard, of Mohsin standing near the fourth silver car in the row.

“Ammi, where is baba?” a girl called Maria asked a women who had cornered herself on the prayer rug, muttering in a hushed tone. In a small quarter, covered by a steel roof, the rain echoed like the kitchen blender switched on right over the sleeping heads. Maria was

Continued on pg 12

Students with their wonderful painting class assignments



Shanzay



Khadija masud



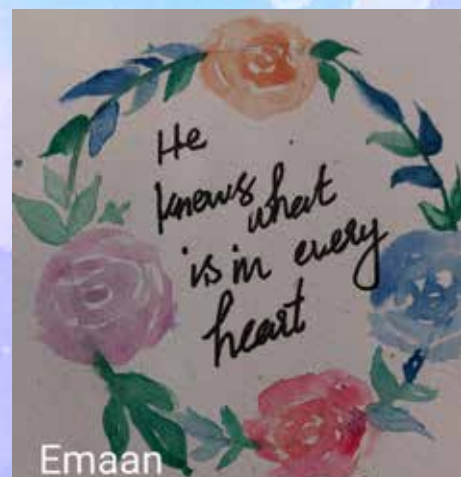
Affaf Ahmed



Galaxy by Fatima Ashfaq



Mahrin Hasna



Emaan, UAE



Aisha Abdul Salam Almani



Summaya Zaheer



Sabiha Abdul Samad



Zainab Hasnain



Affaf Fatima, 8 yrs



Asiya Farhan

I'm so bored

Concept by Umm Abdollah

Artwork by Zawjah Jahangir



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 - Prayer times (Inflight Prayer Timings)
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