

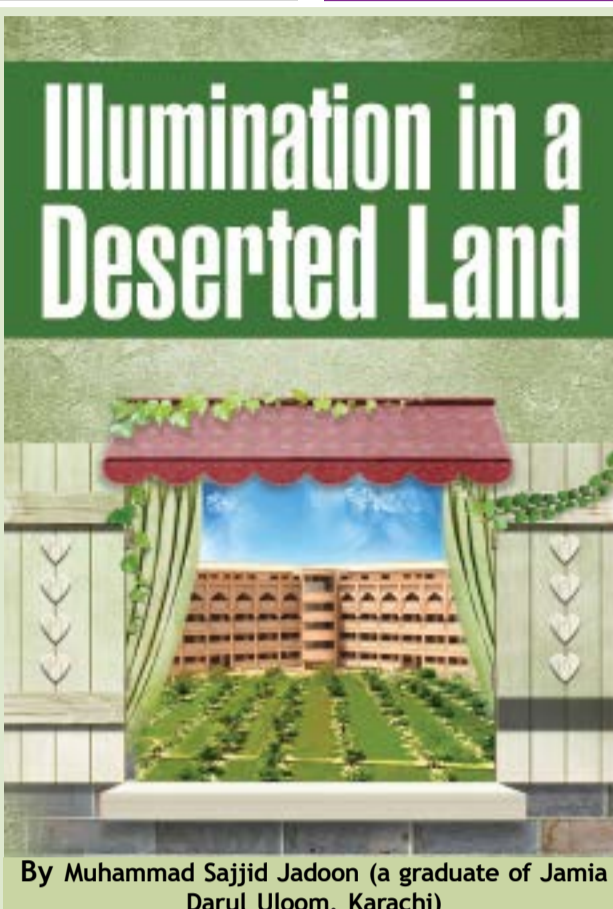
# The Intellect Bulletin



Since the inception of Pakistan in 1947, *madaris* have met all the needs of Muslims, and have stayed their course with the passage of time. They have played a pivotal role in making people religion-conscious and have prevented the society from falling into moral degeneration prevalent in present times. One of these *madaris* is *Jamia Bait-us-Salam*. We had been planning to visit it for a long time, and finally we got a chance to do so during our vacations.

We set off for *Jamia Bait-us-Salam* at the invitation of an old colleague, Mawlana Saeed ur Rahman, who currently teaches at the *Jamia*. He is a gifted man with admirable qualities and has always kept in touch with his class fellows and teachers. Visitors to the *Jamia* included some of his old class fellows, the administrator of *Majlis Saut-ul-Islam*, Pakistan, and the assistant editor of *Aiwan-e-Islam*, Mawlana Jameel ur Rehman Farooqi, a teacher, Mufti Usama, and a well-known journalist Abdul Jabbar Nasir. On a hot summer day, under the scorching heat of sun, we all assembled in *Jamia Darul Uloom*, Karachi, to set off for our trip to the *Jamia*. At the seminary, our honourable friend, Mawlana Saeed ur Rahman received us with hearty greetings. We were taken to his room, where we had a good time conversing with our old friend.

On entering the mosque we were welcomed by the pleasing sight of little angels lined up to ensure uniformity of act and word. These little children live far away from their homes, sacrificing their childhood for the cause of Allah under the affectionate



By Muhammad Sajjid Jadoon (a graduate of *Jamia Darul Uloom*, Karachi)

supervision of their loving and kind-hearted teachers. *Jamia*, for them, is a home away from home.

After *Asr* prayers, we set out to visit the various faculties of this seminary under the guidance of Mawlana Saeed-ur-Rahman. The sight of the extremely well-constructed mosque made all of us admire the aesthetic taste of Mawlana Abdul Sattar Saheb (DB). A very pleasant and noteworthy aspect of the mosque was that it housed the academic classes of the students of *Jamia*. This was a feature which reminded us of the way educational activities were conducted in the early days of Islam, when students would actually sit in the mosque to acquire knowledge.

*Jamia Bait-us-Salam* is a minaret of light in these despairing times. Before its inception, people dwelling in the nearby area were ignorant of their *deen*. There was not a single institute providing people

with primary religious education. Now, this seminary has turned over a new leaf and is benefiting people day in and day out.

One after the other, we visited all the faculties of the madrasah, especially the faculties of Arabic and English. In this seminary, teachers are highly qualified and well-trained. Students go through a well designed curriculum and they are taught a wide variety of English literature. Teachers pay full attention towards their students' contemporary and traditional education and are bringing them up in a way that they will never feel confused about bridging the gap between the East and the West. This generation is our asset. We have to inculcate in them patriotism, a sense of responsibility towards *deen* and the society they inhabit, and the spirit of exalting the word of Allah. We felt spiritually at peace in the calm and

tranquil atmosphere of this madrasah.

Our guide told us that a weekly *tarbiyah* based assembly is held at the madrasah to develop a close association with students so that teacher-student relationships thrive even beyond the classroom.

When asked about the facilities provided to teachers, we were told that they are given competitive salaries along with spacious and comfortable rooms for accommodation.

Above all, *Jamia's* administration is in the hands of nation's youth. We happened to meet *Jamia's* academic administrator, Mufti Tauheed sahib, while roaming around its beautiful campus. He had a cheerful disposition, and greeted us warmly. Later on, we visited teachers' residential building which is under construction and then the unique café constructed with bamboo sticks. Realistically speaking, those who prefer the Hereafter to the materialistic life of this world deserve such facilities. Last but not least, *Jamia's* veritable and far reaching effects can be felt in urban areas and outskirts of the city. Many religious schools, under the influence of *Jamia*, have been opened in shanty villages, and many people living in the nearby area have come closer to the *deen*. This is indeed Allah's blessing.

Just like *Jamia Bait-us-Salam*, *Jamia Darul Uloom Karachi*, ages ago, was founded in a deserted land with sincerity and optimism, but this repository of knowledge gave birth to many a pious scholars of this *Ummah*. Now in another deserted land, a ray of sunshine has emerged in all its grandeur and splendor, and that is *Jamia Bait-us-Salam*. The sun was setting in the Western horizon when we were served with refreshment with ceremonious hospitality. Before we intended to leave for our places after *Maghrib* prayers, we were presented with two monthly Arabic and Urdu magazines. We have nothing but praise for the way we were received by the people at the *Jamia*. May Allah, the Almighty, accept Mawlana Abdul Sattar Sahib and his companions' endeavor to serve *deen-e-Islam*. Allah, the Most Merciful, says in the Holy Qur'an, "and those who strive in our cause, we will certainly guide them to our paths. For verily Allah is with those who do right" (29:69).

There is a group of practices that we can consider as the twin sister of *bid'ah*. Like *bid'ah* they flourish on the twin foundations of ignorance and outside influence. Like *bid'ah* they entail rituals. But unlike *bid'ah* the rituals have not been given an Islamic face. They are followed because they are considered an acceptable cultural practice or the hottest imported "in" thing.

Most of those who indulge in them do not know what they are doing. They are just blind followers of their equally blind cultural leaders. Little do they realize that what they consider as innocent fun may in fact be rooted

that you can preserve the appearance of a popular evil and yet somehow turn it to serve the purpose of virtue, has survived. Look at all those people who are still trying, helplessly, to use the formats of popular television entertainments to promote good. They might learn something from this bit of history. It failed miserably) Christianity ended up doing in Rome, and elsewhere, as the Romans did.

How can anyone in his right mind think that Islam would be indifferent to practices seeped in anti-Islamic ideas and beliefs?

The only success it had was in changing the name

cards called--- what else-- valentines, in the 1840s, sold \$5,000 worth--when \$5,000 was a lot of money--the first year. The valentine industry has been booming ever since.

It is the same story with Halloween, which has otherwise normal human beings dressing like ghosts and goblins in a reenactment of an ancient pagan ritual of demon worship. Five star hotels in Muslim countries arrange Halloween parties so the rich can celebrate the superstitions of a distant period of ignorance that at one time even included the shameful practice of human sacrifice. The pagan name for that event was Samhain

surrounded the person with laughter and joy on their birthdays in order to protect them from evil.

How can anyone in his right mind think that Islam would be indifferent to practices seeped in anti-Islamic ideas and beliefs? Islam came to destroy paganism in all its forms and it cannot tolerate any trace of it in the lives of its followers.

Further, Islam is very sensitive about maintaining its purity and the unique identity of its followers. Islamic laws and teachings go to extra lengths to ensure it. Salat is forbidden at the precise times of sunrise, transition, and



in paganism. That the symbols they embrace may be symbols of unbelief. That the ideas they borrow may be products of superstition. That all of these may be a negation of what Islam stands for.

Christianity tried to stop the evil celebration of Lupercalia. Its only success was in changing the name from Lupercalia to St. Valentine's Day

Consider Valentine's Day, a day that after dying out a well deserved death in most of Europe (but surviving in Britain and United States) has suddenly started to emerge across a good swath of Muslim countries. Who was Valentine? Why is this day observed? Legends abound, as they do in all such cases, but this much is clear: Valentine's Day began as a pagan ritual started by Romans in the 4th century BCE to honor the god Lupercus. The main attraction of this ritual was a lottery held to distribute young women to young men for "entertainment and pleasure"--until the next year's lottery. Among other equally despicable practices associated with this day was the lashing of young women by two young men, clad only in a bit of goatskin and wielding goatskin thongs, who had been smeared with blood of sacrificial goats and dogs. A lash of the "sacred" thongs by these "holy men" was believed to make them better able to bear children.

As usual, Christianity tried, without success, to stop the evil celebration of Lupercalia. It first replaced the lottery of the names of women with a lottery of the names of the saints. The idea was that during the following year the young men would emulate the life of the saint whose name they had drawn. (The idea

from Lupercalia to St. Valentine's Day. It was done in CE 496 by Pope Gelasius, in honor of some Saint Valentine. There are as many as 50 different Valentines in Christian legends. Two of them are more famous, although their lives and characters are also shrouded in mystery. According to one legend, and the one more in line with the true nature of this celebration, St. Valentine was a "lovers'" saint, who had himself fallen in love with his jailer's daughter.

Due to serious troubles that accompanied such lottery, French government banned the practice in 1776. In Italy, Austria, Hungary, and Germany also the ritual vanished over the years. Earlier, it had been banned in England during the 17th century when the Puritans were strong. However in 1660 Charles II revived it. From there it also reached the New World, where enterprising Yankees spotted a good means of making money. Esther A. Howland, who produced one of the first commercial American Valentine's Day

(pronounced sow-en). Just as in case of Valentine's Day, Christianity changed its name, but not the pagan moorings.

Christmas is another story. Today Muslim shopkeepers sell and shoppers buy Christmas symbols in Islamabad or Dubai or Cairo. To engage in a known religious celebration of another religion is bad enough. What is worse is the fact that here is another pagan celebration (Saturnalia) that has been changed in name ---and in little else--- by Christianity.

During joys and sorrows, during celebrations and sufferings, we must follow the one straight path --- not many divergent paths. It is a great tragedy that under the constant barrage of commercial and cultural propaganda from the forces of globalization and the relentless media machine, Muslims have begun to embrace the Valentines, the Halloween ghost, and even the Santa Claus. Given our terrible and increasing surrender to paganism the only day we should be observing is a day of mourning. Better yet it should be a day of repentance that could liberate us from all these days. And all this daze.

A Muslim is a Muslim for life. During joys and sorrows, during celebrations and sufferings, we must follow the one straight path --- not many divergent paths. It is a great tragedy that under the constant barrage of commercial and cultural propaganda from the forces of globalization and the relentless media machine, Muslims have begun to embrace the Valentines, the Halloween ghost, and even the Santa Claus. Given our terrible and increasing surrender to paganism the only day we should be observing is a day of mourning. Better yet it should be a day of repentance that could liberate us from all these days. And all this daze.

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Egypt in 1826. It was about a quarter of a century since Napoleon's invasion. Egypt was under the control of Muhammad Pasha, an ambitious, power-hungry Albanian who sought to establish his own empire in these Ottoman lands. Caught in the tangle of European networks of power, he sought to enhance his own standing amongst them by putting Egypt on the path of modernization and industrialization. Like so many others since then, who have been and continue to be enthralled by European power, he aspired to learn and apply their secrets to power and sophistication.

It was thus perfectly logical for Muhammad Pasha to send groups of students to Paris in the 1820s, to study the sciences of Western civilization. Accompanying one of these batches in 1826, was Imam Rifa'ah Rafi' al-Tahtawi. Imam Tahtawi had been educated at Jami'at Al-Azhar in Cairo, and his role in this batch was primarily to provide religious guidance to the rest of the students. Nevertheless, his own thoughts and ideas began to evolve as he witnessed and participated in French culture. He kept a diary that was later published to much acclaim from the governing elite (whom Tahtawi had also praised). His diary was interestingly very "pro-Western" for the day, even if it still retained a somewhat critical approach. He criticized the moral debauchery that he saw amongst the French, but he remained mostly awe-inspired by the learning and the civil, political, and educational institutions that existed in France. Thus, he praised the modernization activities that Muhammad Pasha initiated in Egypt, including his efforts to industrialize and establish new, modern schools.

Once he returned, Tahtawi busied himself with heading many of these new schools and in translating French works into Arabic. This was unsurprising - obviously, the fastest way to learn from Europe would be to directly translate and teach its treasures.

In his lifetime, he translated works ranging from military science to geography and from history to political science - showing not only his wide scope, but his near complete adulation of French intellectual works. Tahtawi ultimately carved out an important legacy as a key pioneer of the Nahda - the Arab cultural and intellectual "renaissance" that saw many new "modernist" reinterpretations of Islam. Disoriented by the weakening political clout of the Muslims, many of these thinkers focused on the issue they

and leave the "bad" of Western civilization in order to "progress and modernize." The persistence of this rhetoric today poses an extremely important question: Why haven't Muslims succeeded in "advancing" or "modernizing" in these two centuries since Tahtawi? Why have the efforts of educators and intellectuals like Tahtawi failed to bring the Muslim world into a "modernized" state of being?

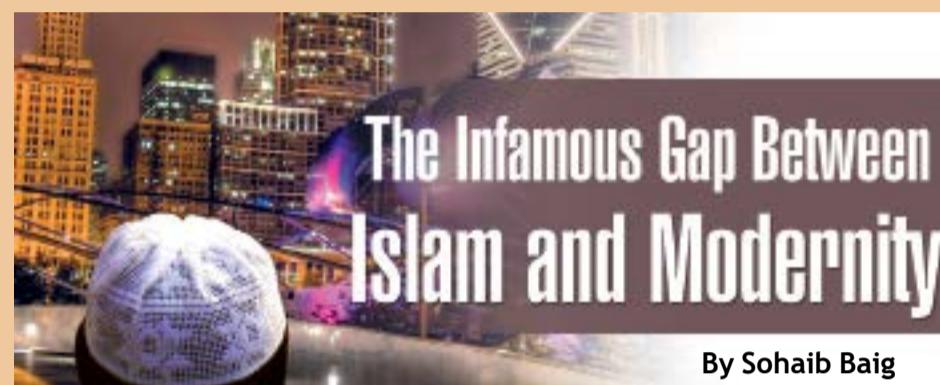
In reality, this "failure" simply testifies to the longevity and powerful grip of Western notions of

question every single task that we set forth before ourselves - and we must question the tools and concepts that we use to judge them. To avoid making the mistakes that have been made countless times in the last few centuries, we must interrogate them and chart out their scope, to see if they lead like Tahtawi's did to a self-perpetuation of foreign categories of understanding, or if they lead to something more organic and integrative at the same time. In practical terms, we have to understand the deeper implications of what it means to be engaged in anthropology, in film studies, in women's studies, in media, in political science, in economics, in anything. We have to realize that every time we embrace these, we cross real epistemological zones and embrace different paradigms of conceiving and living life - just as we did, with disastrous consequences (and still do) with science and its underlying scientism.

This is not to set up new walls or boundaries between what is Islamic and Western. This is only to suggest that we must be aware of the power-broking inherent in the act of "learning from" and in the purposes of "modernizing" and "catching up." Two centuries have not seen this process completed, not because this process somehow still needs more time, but because this process is precisely set upon concepts and categories which will forever sustain these imbalances. For too long, Muslims have been imprisoned by the idea that their Present is simply the West's Past, and that their Future can only lead to the West's Present. To actually fulfill Tahtawi's real vision, we must tap into the deep, rich bodies of knowledge produced by Muslims over the centuries, and unchain ourselves from Western hegemonizing categories of understanding. This is how we can produce a fresh and liberating engagement with Western traditions of knowledge.

interrogated with a Western lens, as seen in the efforts to "open" the minds of those who remained opposed to Western education. Tahtawi serves as an important reminder of the risks inherent in engaging within Western epistemologies, of the deep power-broking involved in importing Western sciences. Indeed, it is common nowadays to hear Muslims from almost all segments of society speak about the need to give the social sciences and humanities proper attention and importance. Muslims must go into history, psychology, political science, sociology, communications, international relations, marketing, fashion, film, gender studies, global studies, literature, English - into every study and discipline that is in the Western academy. This, many argue, is not only how we will tap into the joys and fruits of Western learning, but how we will make Muslims up to par with the Western world in terms of culture and civilization.

In reality, we must progress and civilization. The persistence of this rhetoric today is not an accident or a mistake - it stems directly from the problematic nature of the quest to modernize itself. Few seemed to realize the very exercise of building a bridge itself can create its own ruptures, that it could perpetuate forever the fundamental differences between two artificially separated entities. Even fewer seemed to have reevaluated the basic underpinnings of their visions. What made something modern and something un-modern - if they existed simultaneously, at the same time? Who decided what it meant to be advanced or civilized anyways? Why was "progress" or "advancement" even such a pressing concern? How had one culture established its own monopoly of what it meant to be advanced and modernized? Thus, despite all his efforts to utilize and filter Western knowledge in the cause of Egypt or Islam, Tahtawi still remained entrapped by Western categories



considered to be of utmost importance: of reconciling Islam and modernity, as if these were somehow two distinct, monolithic entities that had fought long battles. Tahtawi arguably precipitated many of these newfound campaigns and efforts.

Perhaps Tahtawi's story could have ended right there, but given our challenges today, it simply cannot. It is extremely striking how similar the concerns Tahtawi had are to our own concerns. Although Tahtawi lived in the 19th century, it is commonplace to still hear such rhetoric today regarding the need to progress and build bridges between Islam and modernity. Indeed, the student group which Tahtawi accompanied to Paris perhaps can be said to have been 19th century manifestations of the "we must learn the Western sciences to progress and modernize" paradigm that continues to thrive. Tahtawi himself then represented those who tried to apply an Islamic filter - the idea that Muslims must take the "good"

human rights and the liberty of the people to live in serenity in their own country? Why are they watching in silence the physical, emotional and psychological oppression that we are enduring? Why are they so indifferent to this

they have for that? What possible harm could she have done to them that they shot her with twenty bullets! What answer do they have to make me a homeless vagabond? Why the restricted road movements, the physical maltreatment, the severe closures, the curfews,

eat sweets and chocolates or at least have a healthy meal. Instead of looking for my school bag, books and toys, I look in the garbage cans for leftover food. The nightmares, the fear and the distress have made me an insomniac. I starve but witnessing the massacres makes me lose my appetite. I want to sit on my father's lap and feel protected. I want to play around with him, giving me a piggyback ride. I want to lie in my mother's warm embrace at night and sleep while she's in the middle of a bedtime story. I want to wake up with the voice of my mother telling me I'm getting late for school. I want to know what it is like to be an elder brother. I want to ask my mother to make me my favorite dish and wait impatiently for it. But what I get is living the hardships no adult wants to imagine himself in. The severe brutality has diminished my spirit to struggle even to get myself something to eat. But then again nobody cares as I engage in this monologue with myself. I too will die the deaths I have witnessed. And the world will watch all this in silence for God knows how many decades...



A man was walking through the marketplace one afternoon when, just as the muezzin began the call to prayer, his eye fell on a woman's back. She was strangely attractive, though dressed in fulsome black, a veil over head and face, and she now turned to him as if somehow conscious of his over-lingering regard, and gave him a slight but meaningful nod before she rounded the corner into the lane of silk sellers. As if struck by a bolt from heaven, the man was at once drawn, his heart a prisoner of that look, forever. In vain he struggled with his heart, offering it one sound reason after another to go his way - wasn't it time to pray? - but it was finished: there was nothing but to follow.

He hastened after her, turning into the market of silks, breathing from the exertion of catching up with the woman, who had unexpectedly outpaced him and even now lingered for an instant at the far end of the market, many shops ahead. She turned toward him, and he thought he could see a flash of a mischievous smile from beneath the black muslin of her veil, as she - was it his imagination? - beckoned to him again.

The poor man was beside himself. Who was she? The daughter of a wealthy family? What did she want? He requickened his steps and turned into the lane where she had disappeared. And so she led him, always beyond reach, always tantalizingly ahead, now through the weapons market, now the oil merchants', now the leather sellers'; farther and farther from where

they began. The feeling within him grew rather than decreased. Was she mad? On and on she led, to the very edge of town.

The sun declined and set, and there she was, before him as ever. Now they were come, of all places, to the City of Tombs. Had he been in his normal senses, he would have been afraid, but indeed, he now reflected, stranger places than this had seen a lovers' tryst.

There were scarcely twenty cubits between them when he saw her look back, and, giving a little start, she skipped down the steps and through the great bronze door of what seemed to be a very old sepulcher. A soberer moment might have seen the man pause, but in his present state, there was no turning back, and he went down the steps and slid in after her.

Inside, as his eyes saw after a moment, there were two flights of steps that led down to a second door, from whence a light shone, and which he equally passed through. He found himself in a large room, somehow unsuspected by the outside world, lit with candles upon its walls. There sat the woman, opposite the door on a pallet of rich stuff in her full black dress, still veiled, reclining on a pillow against the far wall. To the right of the pallet, the man noticed a well set in the floor.

"Lock the door behind you," she said in a low, husky voice that was almost a whisper, "and bring the key."

He did as he was told. She gestured carelessly at

the well. "Throw it in."

A ray of sense seemed to penetrate for a moment the clouds over his understanding, and a bystander, had there been one, might have detected the slightest of pauses.

"Go on," she said laughingly, "You didn't hesitate to miss the prayer as you followed me here, did you?"

He said nothing. "The time for sunset prayer has almost finished as well," she said with gentle mockery. "Why worry? Go on, throw it in. You want to please me, don't you?"

He extended his hand over the mouth of the well, and watched as he let the key drop. An uncanny feeling rose from the pit of his stomach as moments passed but no sound came. He felt wonder, then horror, then comprehension.

"It is time to see me," she said, and she lifted her veil to reveal not the face of a fresh young girl, but of a hideous old crone, all darkness and vice, not a particle of light anywhere in its eldritch lines.

"See me well," she said. "My name is *Dunya*, This World. I am your beloved. You spent your time running after me, and now you have caught up with me. In your grave. Welcome, welcome."

At this she laughed and laughed, until she shook herself into a small mound of fine dust, whose fitful shadows, as the candles went out, returned to the darkness one by one.

Source: <http://www.masud.co.uk/ISLAM/nuh/parable.htm>

I lay underneath the silent sky, temporarily beaten by the dust, the stink of the open sewers flanking the slum and the scorching heat outside my palm-roofed hut. I watched in silence; the kids were playing barefoot with a ragged football. I was lost in thoughts, reminiscing about my past. I had not known that my days with my family would end so fast, let alone end in such brutal, heart-wrenching way. Then I imagined what this place would have been like with clean air and water, with playgrounds, with the lights lit up in houses, where no child was born with birth defects and no child dying of respiratory diseases. My contemplation had been just brewing when sudden commotion broke my train of thought. I turned my head to where the kids had been playing and saw the place full of the bloody, shredded body parts of the kids... *must've been a grenade*, I thought. I had become somewhat impassive to this everyday-massacre.

One inattentive moment of unconsciousness and the entire scene changed in a split second. I was in a daze; I have been thinking of a place with tranquility

and harmony but I was no longer expecting to find one. I was yet again overcome with fright after watching these innocent kids' blood spattered as far as I could see.

I was furious, hopeless and helpless. We did nothing to them, the Israeli



soldiers, and yet they bombed us. Why do our kids keep paying the price for the regional conflicts? Those children who suffer because of natural disasters get rescued. Why doesn't anyone come and liberate us from this man-made calamity? Where are the humanitarians who talk about civilization, who declare to protect

cruelty? What answer do they have for imprisoning my father? Do they have an answer to my mother giving birth to my stillborn sister at a checkpoint? Or shooting my mother at a checkpoint? They weren't satisfied with two bullets so they ran near her and shot two bullets in her head just one step away from her. What answer do

the families subjected to murder and injury? Growing up in the Israeli occupation, witnessing these killings and enduring the oppression have made me lose my childhood and innocence. I'm just a twelve-year-old boy who wants to play outside freely, without any fear, who wants to

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