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Expectations VS Reality

One Last Chance

Navigating Economic and

Freedom... or Illusion

Political Crisis



PKR 80    USD 3.5  
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# SNEAK A PEEK



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# Navigating Economic and Political Crisis

## A Roadmap to Resilience for Pakistan

As the nation comes together to celebrate its Independence Day on the 14th of August, Pakistan reflects not only on its glorious past but also on the values that have sustained it during times of economic and political turmoil.

Rooted in a profound Islamic heritage, Pakistan draws solace and guidance from its spiritual foundation to navigate through crises with unwavering resilience and unity.

Here, we shall explore how can we elevate the strategies employed during challenging times, ensuring stability, growth, and prosperity while upholding the core principles of Islam.

The spirit of unity and brotherhood binds Pakistan as a single, resilient entity. In the face of crisis, we need to embrace the call of Ummah, uniting as a single body despite the political divides. Strengthening collaboration among our civil society and citizens, guided by the Islamic virtues, would empower the nation to confront challenges with unwavering solidarity and resolve. In these trying times, the warmth of togetherness serves as a beacon of hope and a source of strength.

As Pakistan faces hardships today, our faith inspires a profound sense of compassion and justice. With an unwavering commitment to

the welfare of the most vulnerable, Pakistan sets its sights on economic stabilization and growth. This approach signifies a deep empathy for its people, echoing the spirit of compassion and care that Islam advocates. In the darkest of hours, this compassion ignites the flame of hope.

Moreover, honesty is a treasured value in Islam. In the face of crises, leaders exemplify this virtue, communicating with the public openly and candidly. Embracing this golden value fosters public trust and ensures that decisions are made with utmost integrity, in the best interest of Pakistan and its people

and hence brings a sense of reassurance amidst uncertainty.

Encouraging innovation and adaptability too would lead us to celebrate the pursuit of knowledge and its application for the greater good. During economic crisis, Pakistan embraces innovation and adapts to changing circumstances while upholding Islamic principles. Ethical business practices and technological advancements, guided by justice and fairness, propel sustainable growth. This spirit of progress and adaptability gives rise to new possibilities even amidst adversity.

Education holds a revered position in Islam as a means to enlightenment and societal progress. Investing in education and human capital will empower Pakistan with a skilled and enlightened workforce, capable of driving economic development in alignment with Islamic values. Promoting education for all, will foster a sense of inclusion and equality. In nurturing the minds of its people, Pakistan finds strength to overcome any challenge.

## Strengthening Social Safety Nets:

By placing immense importance on caring for the vulnerable members of society, our social safety nets would ensure that those in need receive support during crisis, reflecting the essence of Zakat, the act of giving to the less fortunate. Upholding this Islamic-inspired principle fosters social cohesion and compassion within the nation. This compassionate safety net embraces the wounded souls and provides them solace in difficult times.

As Pakistan celebrates its Independence Day, it finds solace in its Islamic heritage, navigating economic and political crisis with resilience. By fostering unity, transparency, accountability, and collaboration, Pakistan will emerge with unwavering determination, upholding the principles of justice, compassion, and fairness that is deeply rooted in Islam. This roadmap will empower Pakistan to rise above adversities, guided by the spiritual wisdom of Islam, and forge a path towards prosperity and progress. Happy Independence Day, Pakistan! May the spirit of Islamic values lead us through every challenge with courage and compassion, Ameen!



# SURAQAH IBN MALIK

(radiy-Allahu ‘anhu)

## The Arab Who Wore Khusrau’s Bracelets (d. 24 A.H.)

Huzaifa Jan

***Whenever the occasion of the Hijra (migration of Prophet Muhammad (salla-Llaahu ‘alayhi wa sallam) to Madinah) is remembered or mentioned one immediately calls to mind the heroic acts of a few people, old and young, who extended a helping hand to its success despite the watchful eyes of the Makkan enemies of the Prophet (salla-Laahu alayhi wa-sallam).***

Among the older people who helped the Prophet were Abu Bakr As-Siddeeq, the Prophet’s companion in the journey, who later became the first successor or Caliph, and our today’s hero Suraqah ibn Malik. The younger set included ‘Ali ibn Abi Talib, the Prophet’s young cousin (to be his son-in-law later) who risked his life by sleeping in the Prophet’s bed to mislead the enemies who were waiting to kill the Prophet at the doorstep of his house. The other young person was a girl, Asma’ bint Abi Bakr who brought provisions for the Prophet and for her father while they stayed in their hideout. We will hear more of this young lady on another occasion, Allah willing.

To go back to our hero Suraqah ibn Malik, we will notice that his role in helping the Prophet was a unique one, especially if we realized that he started off in pursuit of the reward offered by Quraishites for anyone who would bring Muhammad back to Makkah alive or dead. The story runs as follows:

A few days before the migration of Prophet Muhammad (salla-Llaahu ‘alayhi wa sallam) to Madinah (upon an invitation by the Madinite supporters), the Makkan polytheists discussed ways and means of getting rid of Prophet Muhammad (salla-Laahu ‘alayhi wa-sallam) and silencing him forever. They agreed on a satanic plot by means of which every major tribe in Makkah would take part of the responsibility of assassinating the Prophet. So they mobilized some strong, young men and placed them, with swords ready in hand, at the doorstep of the Prophet’s house so as to hit him all at once with their swords.

Thus, the Hashimites (immediate tribe of the Prophet) would have to face a dozen tribes if they insisted on revenge. However, the information about the plot reached Muhammad (salla- Llaahu ‘alayhi wa-sallam) through the Divine Revelation, and he also received instruc-

tion from Allah to migrate to Madinah. He asked ‘Ali to sleep in his bed, and he passed through the armed young Quraishites reciting verses from the Holy Qur’ān (Surah Yaseen). By the Will of Allah, all of the young men fell to sleep, and the Prophet safely left his house to meet Abu Bakr, who was waiting for him with the rides and the guide. They went to a cave where they hid for three days.

Naturally, the Quraishites were stunned and shocked. So they offered a prize of one hundred camels for anyone who would bring back the Prophet (salla-Laahu ‘alayhi wa sallam) to Makkah. Surāqah ibn Malik, who was well-known for his valor and expertise in tracking people, followed the Prophet and his companion Abu Bakr.

Upon approaching them the legs of Suraqah’s horse sank in the sand. Whereupon he called out to the Prophet to pray for him. Suraqa tried again to follow the Prophet (salla-Llaahu ‘alayhi wa-sallam) when the legs of his horse sank to the knees in the sand. Then, he realized that the pursuit was a futile one because the man he pursued was certainly a true Prophet protected by Allah. He called out for help and promised not only to stop pursuing the Prophet but also to mislead and discourage others from doing so. He offered the Prophet and Abu Bakr his arms and food supplies, which they refused, asking him only to discourage others from following them. The Prophet prayed for him, whereupon his horse was free again.

Surāqah started off for Makkah, then he suddenly stopped, and called out: “Please wait!! I Would like to talk to you, and I promise no harm.” When asked about his request he said: “O Muhammad! By Allah! I know that your message will spread and your status will be noble. Promise me that you will help me when I come to see you, and put this in writing. The Prophet dictated and Abu Bakr wrote the Prophet’s promise. Upon leaving the Prophet (salla-Laa-

hu ‘alayhi wa-sallam) he addressed him: “How would you feel when you wear the bracelets of Khosrau (the Emperor of Persia)?” “Khosrau son of Hurmuz?” wondered Suraqa. “Yes, Khosrau son of Hurmuz,” answered the Prophet (salla-Laahu ‘alayhi wa- sallam).

Suraqah left homeward, towards Makkah, and kept his word by discouraging people from following the Prophet (salla-Ulaahu ‘alayhi wa-sallam). It was only later that Suraqah told the Quraishites of the story. When he was chided and blamed, he answered. “By Allah! Were you a witness to what happened to my horse, you would have certainly believed in the truthfulness of the Messenger who cannot be resisted. Ten years later Suraqah joined the Muslim community at Madinah. Upon the death of the Prophet (salla-Llaahu ‘alayhi wa-sallam), a few months later, Suraqah was as sorry as any other devoted companion of the Prophet. But there was something upon his mind for which he found no explanation. That was the Proph-

et’s saying, **“How would you feel when you wear the bracelets of Khosrau?”**

It was only a couple of years later when the prophecy came true. For, in the later days of Caliph ‘Umar ibn Al- Khattab Persia was conquered and the dazzling and precious ornaments of the Emperor, Khosrau were brought to the Mosque in Madinah. Suraqah realized then the essence of the prophecy made many years back by the Prophet (salla-Llaahu ‘alayhi wa-sallam). Sure enough, Caliph ‘Umar asked Suraqah to wear Khosrau’s ornaments including the bracelets. “Subhaan-Allah! Allāh-o-Akbar! (Glory be to Allah, Allāh is the Greatest)” was the reaction of the witnesses of that great event.

# WE ARE CHAMPS!

Written by: Saad Abdullah

Having won almost all previous Robotics competitions across the country, NERC last year was a slap on our face. Not only did it put a halt to our growing fame in robotics, but also it challenged our expertise in the field.

We returned home only with a small trophy... that too, we knew as well as anyone else, was just as a consolation. Everyone thought we had lost but only we knew the truth, we didn't lose, we learned.

A year later this would be proven when our boys would dominate the stage celebrate a triumphant victory and beat hollow all the competitors irrespective of which schools they, represented or which category they participated in.

## ***The NERC' 23 witnessed a total sweep by Baitussalam.***

We had firmly held the RTR Modular category... so much so that no other team was even allowed to enjoy participation in the semi-finals. However, in the Lego School category, we struggled to win the final. Of course, it was 'Murphy' that awarded us the winner trophy.





Written by: Abdullah

## Conquest's Shadows

It was the darkening of the sun that reminded Leila of the miseries of life yet again. The once mighty Aztec Empire now lay at the hands of the cruel Spanish. The men had been sold as slaves and the women confined to themselves. Loneliness roamed the streets. Thirst for revenge tested the limits of endurance of the natives.

There, Leila stood standing witnessing all the wrong being done to her and her blood. Back when the dove of peace used to soar freely, the Aztecs used to farm extensively. They had rapidly advanced technologically in terms of agricultural development and production. They even brought into existence, the first-ever floating islands to aid in production. The Spanish dogs hadn't spared anything. The agricultural sector was doomed. The houses and businesses had been set on fire. The children starved to death.

And with all this happening in the streets the Spanish Colonel enjoyed spreading butter on perfectly toasted bread coupled with dark red wine. His dining table was famous to be the

finest in Europe, proudly displaying more than 29 different dishes from diverse cuisines. He enjoyed injustice alongside giving priority to his sycophants. He didn't care whether the rightful owners of the property, the Aztecs, died. All that mattered to him was himself and his sycophants. "May God bless him", was what the hearts of the abused subjects chanted." May God bless him", was what Leila said under her breath as the Sun sank into the ocean and eternal darkness took over.....

The thought stating, ***"We suffer in the gloom only to watch them gorge on the produce of our labour"***

, roamed Leila's mind as she sank into the abyss of despair.



# Expectations VS Reality

Their slogans could be heard everywhere. The Sikh mobs swarmed the streets, demanding everyone to empty their homes. “Just pick up my set of gold” Ayesha’s quivering voice was barely heard in the chaos “and do get some food, the journey is long and dangerous. “The roars grew louder till they heard the sound of numerous boots outside the door.” You should immediately escape from the back door,” said Amir “I’ll buy you some time.” “No... Father” little Khadija said, tears welling up in her eyes.

Amir stepped forward and kissed her forehead. He turned around for one last time and looked at his wife with his determined eyes full of sorrow, two crystal clear beads trickled down his weathered face. They left the home, knowing that they’d never see him again and that the ruthless mob outside would burn him alive if they find the house empty--but they had to do it ...for the sake of homeland... Pakistan.

“-----”

“ Sajid go to the market,” called out his mother as she was busy in the kitchen preparing food for his father “Fetch some masks and new clothes for your sister, tomorrow is Independence Day!” Sajid got up happily “Ok Mom!” and headed towards the door. “Don’t forget to bring a lot of those--small flags!” another requirement on the list. Every house in the street was being adorned, and children with broad

smiles on their faces were scurrying around. Sajid was moving hurriedly as the sunset was nearing, and he couldn’t do the decoration at night.

Suddenly a blinking Neon sign grabbed all his attention “Buy the all-new CDs for Songs. He uncontrollably slipped into the shop. “Give me all of the new patriotic anthems...they should be full of music---something completely new!” He came out with the demanded things in his hands, happy and rather proud that he would do something new, celebrate in a different manner, and be distinct. But he was unaware of the past, he was innocent!

“-----”

“Mom...I can’t...run any...further” Khadija gasped for air as she fell on the now-unsafe ground. Their own homeland had been turned into a slaughterhouse for them. The small peaceful home that she had lived in for more than twenty years became the grave of her husband. The field of sugarcane in which she was now, used to be an entertainment ground for her daughter and now she was in the same tall sugarcane plants with her daughter unconscious in her hands and her husband coffin-less back at the small home. **She could still see swirling smoke rising up from the remains of the incinerated house.**

She almost gave up but then something flashed in her mind." If you are alive when Pakistan is made, it is a compulsion for you to reach there at any cost." Her father's last sentence; before he went out to join the Direct Action Day of the Pakistan Movement. He never returned but his words did. Mustering up all her power, she picked her daughter up and started moving away from the burning village, far from all the childhood, all memories, towards the road, just to see **Pakistan**. After three long days, sometimes hiding under heaps of leaves or between rows of sugarcane to avoid being spotted by the infuriated Sikh mobs, she finally found a caravan heading for Pakistan. They finally reached their destination after 2 more days. Everyone fell into prostration. Their eyes shimmer with tears of gratefulness. The feeling of inner satisfaction, the feeling of home, the final feeling of peace, everlasting peace!

-----

The 14th of August had passed. Everybody celebrated in his own way. some cut cakes while others wore green and white outfits. some decorated their homes while others spent the whole day out on bikes with overly loud and unpleasant horns. Sajid was proud that he had got lots of attraction due to his distinct way of celebrating. He loved his country so much. He thought he was the best...But now it was over. Those 24 hours had passed. After wasting money on useless decorations, those small flags were being trampled by hundreds of people but nobody was concerned. In the same way, nobody cared that the country was in debt and everyone was

busy in his own business and running his own life and talking shop.

This was not what tens of thousands of people gave their lives for. It was surely not the Pakistan they had wanted, nothing was like that, where is the blood of our ancestors going? All but in vain. The youth is the future, and the future seems to be worse. Even if the elders remember some bits of it, the youth is completely unaware of it, their memory is as empty as a white sheet of paper.

So, I request you, please wake up yourself and wake others up, carry out some research on how we attained this wonderful piece of land-- Homeland-- and our youth does not even refrain from burning up the memorials of those who preferred their country over their lives. Do give it some time, give it a thought and make sure that the countless efforts of our ancestors should not go in vain. Don't let anyone in your surroundings do any such thing which was against the wanting of our ancestors. When hundreds will try to stop their friends from such stuff, then thousands will be stopped and there will be a great wave of change.

In Sha Allah



# The Month of Muharram

In the sacred month of Muharram's light,  
A time of reflection, hearts take flight,  
With faith held tight, we seek insight,  
In reverence, we honor this blessed night.

The new year begins, a fresh start,  
With hope and prayers from every heart,  
We recall the journey, the Prophet did embark,  
A legacy cherished, never to depart.

In Makkah's land, the Prophet stood,  
With a noble mission, guided by Allah's good,  
His message clear, his character understood,  
In the face of adversity, he withstood.

As the sun sets, we gather to pray,  
Remembering the martyrs of that fateful day,  
At Karbala's sands, where they did lay,  
Their sacrifice, a light to forever stay.

Imam Hussain, the beloved grandson,  
A symbol of truth, whose valor won,  
He stood for justice, for Islam he'd run,  
In his name, a legacy begun.

With heavy hearts, we shed a tear,  
Remembering the pain, the grief severe,  
Yet, in this sorrow, our faith sincere,  
Through trials and tests, we persevere.

As the days pass, we fast and pray,  
Seeking Allah's guidance, come what may,  
In Muharram's embrace, we find our way,  
Closer to Him, we humbly lay.

In unity, we stand as one,  
Our love for the Prophet, second to none,  
In his teachings, our faith is spun,  
A path of light, till our days are done.

So let this Muharram be a time,  
To strengthen our faith, let it chime,  
With love and respect, our hearts align,  
A journey of faith, sublime.

Let's cherish the lessons we learn,  
In each page of history's turn,  
In Muharram's light, our spirits yearn,  
For a better world, in peace we discern.

Bint e Zahid Memon

# In the Shadows of History's Embrace

Bint e Moen Butt

In the shadows of history's embrace,  
A tale unfolds of a cherished place,  
On the fourteenth of August, in Ramadan's  
grace,  
Pakistan emerged, a land of grace.

In the blessed month, Laylat al-Qadr's em-  
brace,  
A night of power, when destiny we trace,  
With Allah's blessings and mercy in place,  
Independence achieved, through faith's em-  
brace.

Amidst the stars that shone so bright,  
A dream took flight like a soaring kite,  
Through struggles endured with all their  
might,  
A nation was born, with newfound light.

In Allah's wisdom, a destiny foretold,  
The struggles endured, a story of old,  
With hearts turned to Him, steadfast and  
bold,  
The path to freedom, they began to unfold.

From the rivers to the mountains tall,  
Echoes of freedom began to call,  
A resolute spirit, breaking every thrall,  
As destiny beckoned, they stood tall.

With Allah's guidance, they found their way,  
In His name, they knelt, humbly to pray,  
Grateful for blessings, every night and day,  
Their love for Pakistan, they'd proudly display.

Quaid's vision, a guiding star,  
Lit the way from near and far,  
With unity as their guiding czar,  
They marched ahead, no matter how far.

In unity, they stood, one Ummah strong,  
Together they sang, a heartfelt song,  
Through dark nights and trials, they'd long,  
For the break of dawn, and righting the  
wrong.

In the heart of Lahore, a declaration pro-  
claimed,  
Independence achieved, a nation named,  
Amidst joyous cries and hearts untamed,  
A flag unfurled, with glory framed.

With faith as their guide, they stood tall,  
A nation born, answering Allah's call,  
In the green and white, we see the grace,  
A symbol of hope, in every embrace.

Through trials faced, and hardships braved,  
Their spirit enduring, their land engraved,  
In the annals of time, their names engraved,  
On 14th August, a nation was saved.

May Allah bless Pakistan's every space,  
On this Independence Day, we seek His em-  
brace,  
As we celebrate this historic place,  
With gratitude and faith, we embrace.





# One Last Chance

Written by: Jareer Ahmed

Part I

Rain splattered down on the tinted-glass windows of the Royal café in torrents and raging gusts of wind shook and tossed the advertising neon sign hanging outside on its hinges. Passersby could be seen scurrying along the pavement neck-deep in mufflers and overcoats to avoid the piercing chill. But despite the chaotic rush outside, inside the brightly-lit café serenity prevailed. The central heating had been turned on and fresh arrivals sighed with relief as warmth rushed down their frozen limbs while others sat quietly, sipping hot swirling fluids in delicate china cups, stretched out on plushy crimson red sofas with adjoining tables, all the while drinking in into the calm and reprieve of the moment. An espresso machine hissed silently in the corner and the rich billowing clouds of steam added to the aroma of the café.

Mr. Hammad Waheed was seated in a corner of the cafe overlooking the windows. His graying beard and dark wrinkled face told of a worn-out life. He might have been handsome once but now burdens and worries had permanently weathered that strong tanned profile. Though expensively attired in warm brown cotton Shalwaar-kameez and black leather boots along with a 22 karat wristwatch, Mr. Waheed couldn't appreciate his good fortune in life at the moment and even now, his comfortable surroundings did nothing to lessen the stress

on his mind as he tormented himself by blaming himself for the bad upbringing of Abdullah, his only child, a 13-year-old boy. Oh how much did he regret those frequent absences from home on business trips to Lahore during the early stages of establishing his company.

Though he had occasion to be proud of a thriving corporation specializing in wiring and data connections, his absorption in work meant that his bonds as a family man slowly frayed and Abdullah became more and more remote despite Mrs. Waheed's best efforts to keep him close and in touch with his own father. Now at the ripe age of 51, successful businessman and wealthy entrepreneur, Mr. Waheed looked back at his life and wondered whether all the struggles had been worth it if they came at such a heavy price...

... Sitting as he was in this self-inflicted state of dejection, Mr. Waheed took several seconds to realize that a soft enquiring voice was at his right and upon confronting the polite speaker he found that the waiter Ahmed, one of his favorites, was standing at service. "Will it be the usual Sir?" to which he replied gratefully, "Yes Ahmed, Black coffee but make it 2 sugars this time". Upon noticing the raised eyebrows of the latter he threw up his hands in surrender, "I know I know, it is out of character for a

pre-diabetic and probably risky too. Damn it I get that from doctors all the time, what would they know about family issues and the difficulties faced by a person struggling to get along with his own flesh-and-blood. And then they deny me my one craving too! Really, if things don't get patched soon matters will come to a head and then there's no escaping that. Even a mismatched fiber-optic cable cannot create disruptions like those in my own life". Laughing heartily at his own gloomy sense of humor, Mr. Waheed watched the retreating figure of Ahmed as he went to get his order.

He had just been wondering about how would he tackle the pressing concern of Abdullah's discipline because of his point-blank refusal to listen to his father about any such thing when his phone pinged loudly in his right-hand pocket. Annoyed by the sudden disturbance, he fished out his phone and quickly scrolled down through the notifications, but as he did so his facial expressions melted into one of incredulous disbelief as he skimmed through the bold headlines on Facebook. As he continued reading his eyes positively bulged out and by the time he had put down his phone, he was simply flabbergasted.

***"...O-level students in turbans...  
Jamia Baitussalam Students Win  
National Robotics competition...Tur-  
ban-clad Pioneers here to Stay",***

What on earth was going on here? Though nobody liked to say it, being in a madrasa was probably the last thing anyone wanted for their children, especially the elite class. The backward, illiterate, and the poor. These were the kind of people specially associated with such institutes and though he was a god-fearing and religious man, Mr. Waheed was also prey to the social norms common in society and hence retained a kind of horror of all such Madaris. But for the first time in his life, Mr. Waheed faced a contradiction to age-old convictions that could change everything....

.... Mr. Waheed looked outside at the pounding rain in complete silence. The hub-bub and buzz from the Royal Café fell to a muted background as a thousand conflicting emotions went through him. In his musing, his mind played both the parts of observing and processing. He watched as the rainwater transformed its surroundings. The dusty roads washed clean, the clinging grey fog swept away, and the stubborn weeks' worth of caked mud and refuse that had escaped the insipid cleaning of the sweeper finally yielding to the relentless gush of rain. The world was changing and just like the rain it brought everything along in its powerful progressive path.

"Could this finally be it...?". In the course of his life Mr. Waheed had long despaired of ever finding the right balance between his religion and the compelling demands of the advanced society around him for Abdullah's education and nurturing, a society which was half-responsible for the damaged mentality and imperfect values that his son had adopted in his early life. But reality was reshaping and reconfiguring the old and established anew. And now, it was time to let go of prejudiced beliefs. With a deep sigh, Mr. Waheed accepted the new tidings and finally, after the long years of hopelessness and despair, dared to hope again. For the first time in weeks he felt a sweet lightness within himself as if an enormous weight had been lifted from his soul.

***"Everything will be alright now",  
he whispered to himself.***

Suddenly he was bathed in a golden halo. Looking up wonderingly through the glass window, he saw the first rays of the afternoon sun peep out from behind the retreating thunderclouds and light up the earth in a bright embrace. The years and burdens fell away from his countenance as a smile slowly spread across his face. Things were looking up and why, it was going to be a bright sunny day after all.

# Freedom... or Illusion

Usama Saeed



The sun was up, determined to cross the zenith and go beyond. But there were others who were resolute. Trains rattled by, and thousands of feet dragged themselves, converging at the same location. It was after all the long-awaited Movement, the Movement for Freedom. Pakistan was no more a mere ideology, it had gained its existence on 14th August 1947.

In the 1400 Years of Islamic history, two states were born in Islam's name, one was Madina Munawra, and the second is known as Pakistan. Allah blessed us with a land where we could freely fulfill our religious duties without a sword hanging over our heads. In fact, the first person to hoist the national flag of Pakistan was none other than Maulana Shabeer Ahmad Usmani Rahimahullah. Muslims saw the many hardships and torments at the mercy of others, energizing them, mobilizing them, and determining them to form one single, free, and separate state where they could possibly be safe from the harassment of their oppressors.

However, this came at a cost, a cost that would be worth thousands of lives. Just imagine a family waiting at a train station for their loved ones to arrive from India. The arrival of the train would normally have caused the family an immense amount of elation, but that day the train is ominously silent, not to mention the absence of waving hands from the windows. And when

the doors are finally pushed open, there is a devastating scene before the eyes. Dead bodies are sprawled on the floor of the carriages, some not even identifiable, seemingly attacked and murdered before they could set their eyes on the land they envisioned. Of course, transport was not very common as it is today, so thousands lost their lives either crossing the border or simply dying out of hunger and desperation.

This is the point where the question is raised. Are we truly using this blessing and the result of innumerable sacrifices like we were supposed to? This country wasn't given to us so we could openly defy the commandments of Allah Subhanahu Wata'ala. People desperate to get a job would be forced to resign due to the commandments from the company on the prohibition of keeping a beard or wearing a hijab. The country our forefathers fought for to let us practice our religion freely, we feel shame in following that same religion in this very country. The inferiority complex never lets us be in peace. What would my friends say if I wore a cap? What would? Who will? These questions keep forcing us to still accept mental imprisonment from the West.

***The Prophet (S.W) said,  
"No one is better than anyone else except by religion or good deeds."***

Is that what we take as the basis of our differences, or it is the new hairstyles and the latest fashion suits in the market? We must celebrate the day that our Country came into existence, but while doing so make sure not to forget the aims and goals for which this country was marked on the world map. And this month

would mark the 76th anniversary of Pakistan, reminding us that this state was the supposed center of Islamic activity. Here we were and are bound to follow our religion down to its each and every commandment. May Allah make us good Muslims and make us a source of Hidayah for others and May Allah make us respect and love our country. Ameen

## Make invisible ink!

What you will need :

- 1.Half a lemon;
- 2.Water;
- 3.Spoon;
- 4.Bowl;
- 5.Cotton bud;
- 6.White paper;
- 7.Lamp or other light bulb.



## Process

1. Squeeze some lemon juice into the bowl and add a few drops of water.
2. Mix the water and lemon juice with a spoon.
3. Dip the cotton bud into the mixture and write a message on the white paper
4. Wait for the juice to dry so that it becomes completely invisible
5. When you are ready to read your secret message or show it to someone. Heat it by holding it close to the lamp or bulb.



Bint e Jameel

# KIDS CORNER

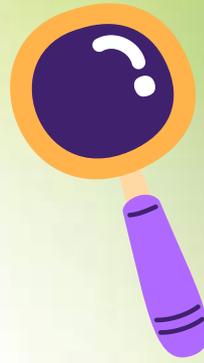
## Ready to test to your Pakistan knowledge?

- 1: When was the idea of Pakistan first presented? Who presented it?
- 2: How many people lost their lives in the Indo-Pak migration 1947?
- 3: What is the area of Pakistan?
- 4: Who was Pakistan's first prime minister
- 5: How many languages are spoken in Pakistan
- 6: What is the ranking of Islamabad amongst the most beautiful Capitals in the World?
- 7: What is Pakistan's National fruit?
- 8: What is Pakistan's National flower?
- 9: What is Pakistan's national tree
- 10: What is Pakistan's National Dish?



Answers  
1: January 1933, by Rahmat Ali.  
2: Between 1 to 2 million approximately.  
3: 796,095 square km  
4: Liaquat Ali Khan  
5: 77  
6: On 2nd number after Paris  
7: Mangoes  
8: White Jasmine  
9: Deodar  
10 : Nihari!

# Riddles



1- A prisoner is told” If you tell a lie, you will be hanged. If you tell the truth, you will be shot.” What can he say to save himself?

2- I am greater than God, more evil than the Satan, the poor have me but the rich don't and if you eat me you will die, what am I?

3- There is only one word that is spelled wrong in the Oxford Advanced Learner's Dictionary. What is it?

4- Break it and it gets better, set it and it gets harder to break. What is it?



Answers  
1. He will say "You will hang me."  
2. Nothing  
3. The word "Wrong"  
4. a Record

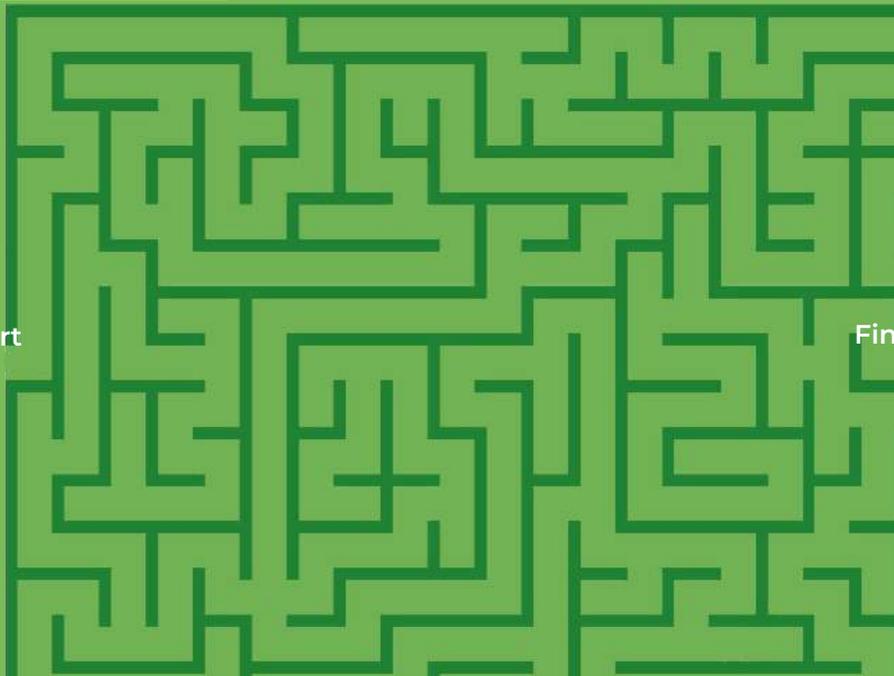
# Brain

## Friend Find-

Guide this rabbit through the maze to find its



Start



Finish

## FOOD FUN

How many times do the tasty treats listed appear in this jumble?

- APPLES
- STRAWBERRIES
- AVOCADOS
- CHEESE
- PEAS
- CARROTS
- BANANA BUNCHES
- CHERRIES
- LEMONS
- ORANGES



# Booster

Write your answers in the boxes!

## CODE CRACKING

Use this code to complete a cool rabbit fact!



- |       |       |
|-------|-------|
| ✕ - A | ✱ - I |
| ☆ - B | ✓ - K |
| ✿ - C | ✱ - L |
| ⊕ - D | ⊕ - R |
| ◆ - E | ☆ - S |
| ✱ - F | ✱ - T |
| ⊕ - G | ☆ - Y |

✕ ☆ ✕ ☆ ☆  
 \_\_\_\_\_

✿ ✕ ☆ ☆ ✱ ✱  
 \_\_\_\_\_

✱ ☆  
 \_\_\_\_\_

✱ ✕ ✱ ✱ ◆ ⊕  
 \_\_\_\_\_

✕ ✓ ✱ ✱  
 \_\_\_\_\_

## MATHS MISSION

Can you complete each of these sums?!

- |                          |                      |
|--------------------------|----------------------|
| <b>A</b> $14 \times 4 =$ | <input type="text"/> |
| <b>B</b> $26 \div 2 =$   | <input type="text"/> |
| <b>C</b> $9 + 16 =$      | <input type="text"/> |
| <b>D</b> $64 - 13 =$     | <input type="text"/> |
| <b>E</b> $44 + 15 =$     | <input type="text"/> |
| <b>F</b> $6 \times 7 =$  | <input type="text"/> |
| <b>G</b> $55 - 32 =$     | <input type="text"/> |
| <b>H</b> $5 \times 15 =$ | <input type="text"/> |

**CLUE!**

The answers are all here...

23 51 25  
 42 75 13  
 56 59

## AROUND THE WORLD

Fill in the missing letters to complete the names of eight countries...

- 1 SWIT \_ ERLAN \_
- 2 IND \_ A
- 3 U \_ ITED S \_ ATES
- 4 NI \_ ERIA
- 5 BRAZ \_ L
- 6 G \_ RMA \_ Y
- 7 EG \_ PT
- 8 AU \_ TRAL \_ A



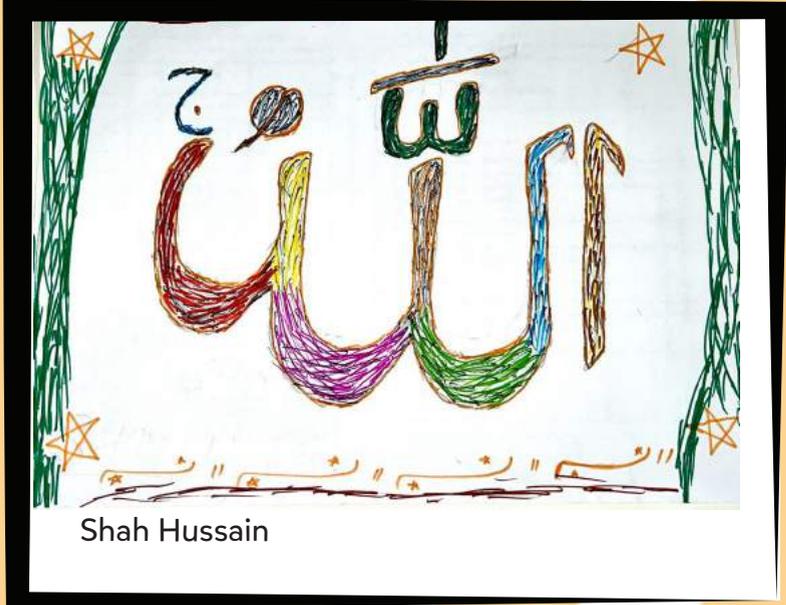
A showcase of brilliant as-  
signments by the students of  
geography course MashAllah



Hassan



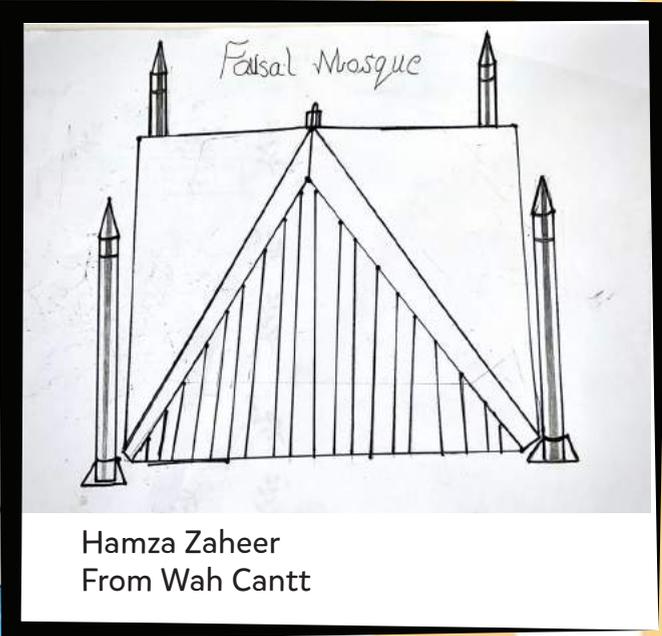
Hanzala  
From Faisalabad



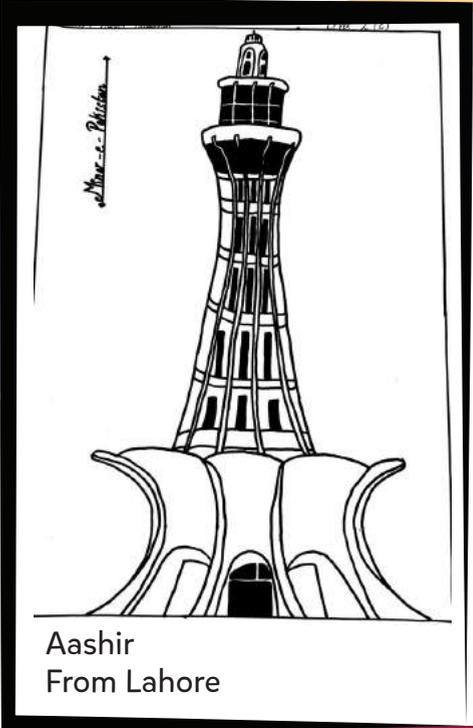
Shah Hussain



Saif Ali Saif  
From Talagang



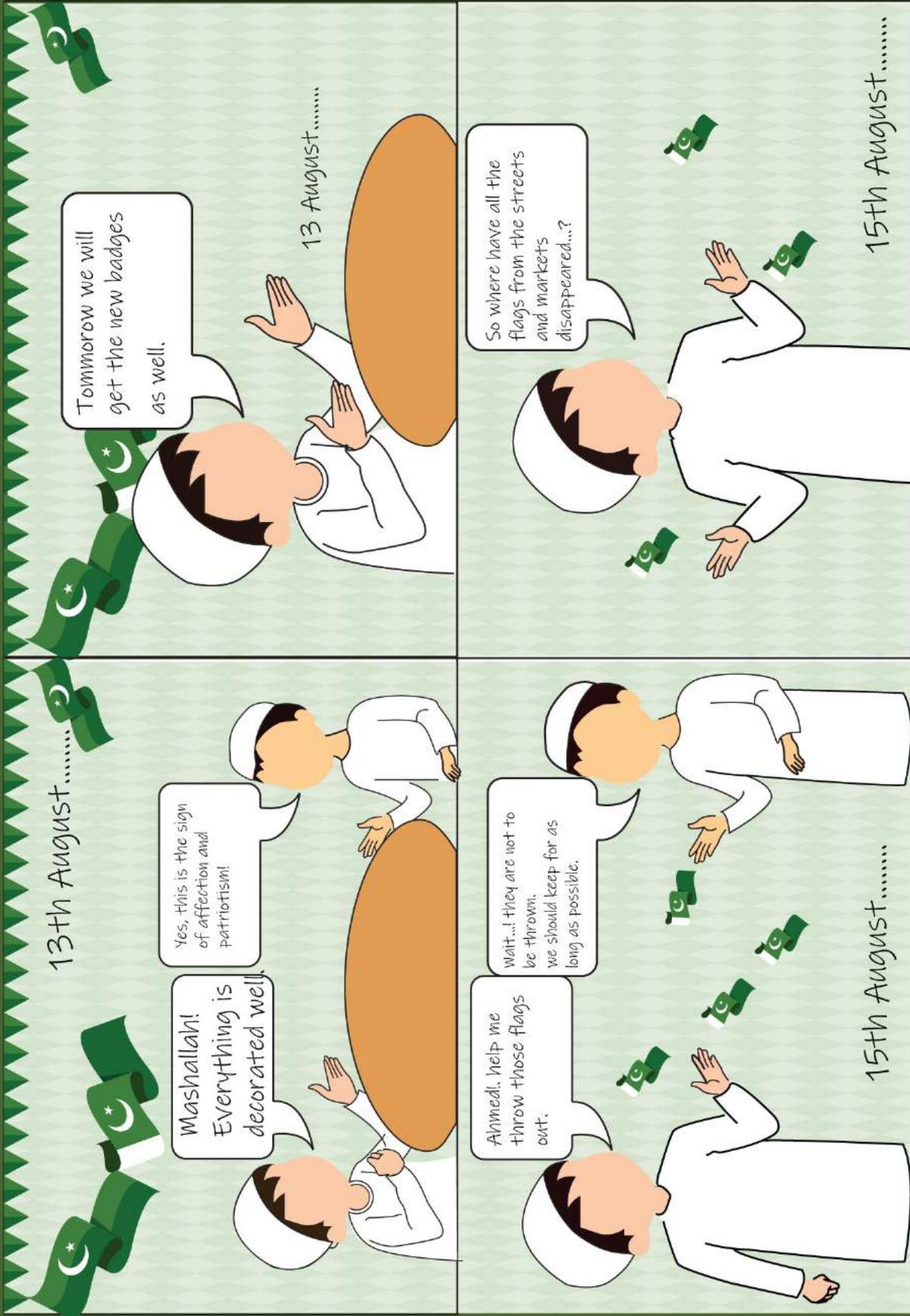
Hamza Zaheer  
From Wah Cantt



Aashir  
From Lahore

# Happy Independence Day

Concept & Artwork Haseem Suleman



Tommorow we will get the new badges as well.

Yes, this is the sign of affection and patriotism!

Mashallah! Everything is decorated well!

So where have all the flags from the streets and markets disappeared...?

Wait...! they are not to be thrown, we should keep for as long as possible.

Annedi, help me throw those flags out.

عالمی ادارہ بیت السلام ویلفیئر ٹرسٹ



سستی روٹی  
پراجیکٹ

لاکھوں روٹیاں مستحقین تک

صرف عزت نفس کی خاطر

5 روپیہ

سپرفائن آٹا براہ راست بیت السلام ویسٹ ہاؤس بھی پہنچا سکتے ہیں کم سے کم 50 کلو