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arabianjeweller@gmail.com



**Patron**  
Hadhrat Maulana Abdul Sattar  
Hafidhahullah



**Executive Editor**  
Bint Zahid



**Associate Editor**  
Zawjah Zia



**Advisory Board**  
Hafsa Kamal  
Zawjah Usama  
Ayesha Marfani  
Zawjah Ibrahim  
Zohra Noushin Ahmed



**Design & Layout**  
Zawjah Jahangir



**Printers**  
wasaprinters@cyber.net.pk



**Reach us at**  
30-C, Basement 2nd Comm. Street,  
Phase 4, D.H.A., Karachi, Pakistan.  
P +92 21 35313278  
W radiance.fahmedeen.org  
E radianceteam8@gmail.com



**For Advertising Queries**  
E marketing@fahmedeen.org  
P + 92 314 298 1344

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# A melody of sincerity



She glanced at the sky above her. It was untainted, awash with an impeccable azure. An aeroplane steadily proceeded from the west, leaving behind wisps of fading smoke in its trail. She followed it with a fixed gaze until the sky discreetly swallowed it and hid any evidence of it ever being there. She inhaled the scent of tranquility in the air. Maybe it was the same plane carrying her son back from Riyadh to Karachi this very day, Insha'Allah.

She had prepared all his favourite dishes and now the wait was getting a little too much for her to bear. Finally, the doorbell rang.

"Ammi Jan, where are you?" she heard his voice along with the bell. The mother was no doubt over the moon with joy. They kept talking for a while when suddenly he announced that he had many surprises for his mother.

'I too want to get a surprise for Ammi!' thought her other son. This other son of hers was handicapped; his hands were paralysed. He hardly ever went outside on his own, but today he insisted to be allowed to go out for a little task.

Outside, he looked around at all the people on the road. Each person carrying a different weight in their heart and each having their own tale of life. He thought, 'Little do they know mine. Would they even care to know?'

The sky turned into a hue of saffron. The sun was beginning its farewell spectacle and reflected the mother's bittersweet emotions. But her heart found peace as soon as the younger son was back.

He sighed, trudging towards his room. After getting some rest, he sat with the family and asked, "So Ammi, what surprise did Bhaiyya have for you?"

"So many I don't even know where to begin from. A diamond necklace, an iPad, some fancy lights I had wanted in the garden and many other things, many for you too dear," the mother

responded.

"You know something Ammi Jan? What I got for you is nothing at all but will you please accept it?" he handed his mother a hundred rupees note. "I worked and earned this to show that I also love you, I can also get you something, even if it is peanuts."

The mother's eyes welled up with tears and they rushed forth, falling onto the hundred rupees she held in her hand. Amidst the sobs she managed to whisper, "These are indeed better than all the wealth in the world!"

The elder son patted his brother's back and said, "Hey buddy, Ammi wasn't so happy seeing my presents as much as she's on yours. It is surely the sincerity that counts."

The younger son's mouth spread into a smile. A smile that was screaming *I did it, I succeeded*. Above, the sky had been stripped of any colour and was now smothered in a layer of black velvet. It contained the secrets of many a soul and mysteries of the unknown. It told how sincerity arrays our lives: someone might be giving thousands in charity every single day, but on the scales of deeds, all his good deeds could be as light as a bundle of cotton because of showing off and lack of sincerity. Someone might be working for Deen but he wishes to gain people's appreciation through it, thus his good deeds gone in vain. While someone else, working for deen only slightly or giving less in charity due to his circumstances, but having a desire to do so to earn only and only Allah Subhanahu waTaa'la's pleasure, could be earning so much more the reward.

He plucked out the fragments of fear from the hollows of his heart and scattered them out into the night sky. He heard his heart singing a melody. A melody of sincerity

Was'salam,  
**Bint Zahid**  
editor.radiance@gmail.com

# Saving homes from demonic vibes



The love and peace that is void from various houses has a reason behind it, explains this short excerpt from Hadhrat Maulana Abdus Sattar Hifzahullah's spiritual discourse

Once, when the Apostle ﷺ entered his house, he saw a curtain on which there was some picture of a living creature. His face changed colour, he took that curtain and tore it apart. Then he said: "On the day of Qiyamah, the worst punishment will be of those people who draw pictures of this kind (i.e. of living creatures)."

Having pictures of living creatures on clothes, boards or on anything will earn great punishment on the day of Qiyamah. Allah subhanahu wa taa'laa's Messenger ﷺ has forbidden this act with his tongue as well as his actions.

We must realise that in a home, where care is not taken of Allah Subhanahu wataalaa's greatness and respect and sins are not put to a cease, in that house, Allah Subhanahu wataalaa descends such a punishment that mutual respect for each other vanishes from the hearts of the dwellers of the house.

Ibn Qayyim Rehmatullah alaih used to say that in whatever way a sin is committed (i.e. whatever kind of sin is committed), Allah subhanahu wataalaa also sends the punishment in that way (i.e. of that kind). If a sin is committed in the way that no heed is paid to Allah ﷻ, His greatness,

His respect, then Allah ﷻ also gives a punishment that love and respect finishes in the hearts of people for each other.

Wherever there is filth and dirt, flies and germs settle at such a place and as a result, illnesses cultivate. Likewise, in homes where sins are committed, Shayateen settle there and destroy those homes as we see today. When filthy germs are present in a place, there sure will develop illnesses. Then, don't cry that sicknesses are spreading abundantly. About the places where there are sins and Shayateen, don't ask why 'it's happening to our home', "why isn't there any peace in here", don't question about the instabilities in it because the devils are present there and cause such severe situations like we see in houses today. For no reason at all, brothers are fighting with each other. For no reason, arguments flare up! Small issues turn into huge mountains of conflicts and lead to destroy a home.

The punishment for disobeying Allah ﷻ is brought down on houses in this way.

May Allah ﷻ save our homes from all demonic vibes and instead help us make them places of peace, love and tranquility. Ameen!

# An insignificant galaxy and me

Manahil Atif hails out challenging comparisons between the galaxy, the sun and our egos

When we're studying the solar system, there does ping a feeling in our heart, a feeling of delight and esteem, oh wow. We're the only ones surviving in this universe. We are the life force. Among the eight planets orbiting around a gigantic ball of fire, we live on the very one suitable for life.

Of course, that is, if you don't believe in aliens.

But that's old school grade four science lessons. Go ahead and google the sun now. It'll say as it does on dictionary.com, "A medium-sized, main-sequence star located in a spiral arm of the Milky Way galaxy."

Wait, what?

Medium-sized? Now that's disappointing. Deeper into the space websites, it also says that our solar system is located around an insignificant star among a hundred billion more stars in an insignificant galaxy among a billion other more galaxies.

Feeling significant yet?

It is true. Though the sun holds immense im-

portance for our survival in this world, it is but an ordinary star in the universe with a gazillion more stars like it and many more burning even brighter than it. Take for example our very own mother earth. Next to the sun, it is only but a speck if shown together on an image. But then take the star, VY Canis Majoris. If you picture it side by side with the sun, the sun itself is but a speck, a tiny dot next to it. Astronomers say you can fit one point three million earths into the sun. Imagine how many suns can you really fit in the monster star VY Canis Majoris and subsequently, how many earths!!

The point to mention all this here isn't to give you an astronomy class, it's more to give you a picture of how large our universe really is. VY Canis Majoris is only one such star that we have discovered till now, there's a whole stretch of universe still out there unexplored with an even greater number of such monstrous stars. And then in this wide world, there's us, humans, so small, so tiny, it's impossible to draw a speck so miniscule to represent us against the VY Canis Majoris.

And yet – our view of ourselves is so great, it could fit a billion VY Canis Majoris into it. Our egos. Our pride.

And even more shocking is the fact that our ego doesn't actually physically exist in our brain. It doesn't comprise of matter. It's more so an illusion, an imaginative concept of this consciousness in us. A simple thought about ourselves that we take heavy upon our minds, letting it control us and making an image about ourselves that we feel the need to protect and defend to keep our heads raised high.

In a world so massive, we give such a lot of importance to something that doesn't even physically exist. It's another awestruck moment, really. The beauty and might of the universe firstly, and then the complexities of the human brain.

In such an enormous world, we, so insignificant, consider ourselves so mighty over others, we feel it outright unacceptable to mutter even a quick sorry much less a full heart-felt apology when we break our own sibling's heart by responding rudely. It's tragic

really.

Our egos, our pride, what we often call in a more positive manner, our honour, it is all but an imaginary concept about our own superiority. We'd rather walk on a bed of nails than apologise to someone after an intense argument and then being proved wrong. Instead of admitting our faults, we begin playing the blame game; we give excuses,

*Why don't we for once, let ourselves step down the spotlight and let someone else enjoy the attention for a while? Why don't we back down a little just to let someone else be heard this time?*

we raise our heads high and when we do admit our faults, we throw shade at the other person involved to highlight our own virtue upon them.

As a result, we have generation-long family distances. We have broken relations. We have broken hearts. We have a depressed society that is neither satisfied with itself, nor with anyone else. No wonder there's no more sympathy, no more spontaneity, no more compassion, mercy or even as they say humanity.

Been in a quarrel? Why should I apologise first?

Had a disagreement? But I was right.

Someone was victorious over you in a game? But I won last time.

In our society today, we have extremely defensive people. Defensive in the sense, we're all very over protective of our own images, our personal identities that even if it means someone has to fall, for us to rise, we'll take that path.

Why don't we for once, let ourselves step down the spotlight and let someone else enjoy the attention for a while? Why don't we back down a lit-

tle just to let someone else be heard this time? Why don't we realise that we are all the same in Allah Almighty's eyes? That our superiority over one another will only be determined on the Day of Judgment and that too in terms of our deeds!

And then the point that if all these billions of stars were to rain down on us, would our human bodies survive? In a similar manner, our ego crushes and burns the faith in our hearts because it terminates humility, which is the ultimate quality that makes us submissive to Allah Almighty. The Prophet ﷺ therefore said, "No one who has the weight of a seed of arrogance in his heart will enter Paradise."

Now think of it yourself. A balloon that has more air is likely to burst more forcefully than

a balloon with less air. It's the same with our egos. The larger they are, the more painfully they shall burst if ever a moment like that comes onto us.

So be humble. Give others equal significance. To back down in an argument is to let go of your ego. To consider someone else's opinion as good as your own is also humility. To let someone else be praised is also humility.

So I tell myself:

*No point in keeping my head up*

*When my crown is on my soul*

*So I let my head hang a little low*

*And save the hearts around me*

*From getting bruised*

There you go. This way, you can be both, humble and a saviour for others and as our Prophet's ﷺ hadith sets criteria for a Momin, not hurting anyone by your tongue or hand.

So lets remember that this universe is much greater than our egos. Don't let your pride cancel out the tenderness in you

## *I would miss everything*

by Khadija Faisal  
Grade 8

I would miss everything, I would miss everything  
The love that was given to me,  
My friends who made me happy,  
Even the flock of doves,  
Even the subjects I hate the most,  
Even the morning wakes,  
Even the dirty sneakers I had,  
Even the warnings my mother gave,  
Even my friend's wave.  
All has come to an end, but that all meant.

## *Bush Fire*

by Faria Sheikh  
12 years  
Lahore

I am a burning hot fire  
I gulp the air wider and higher.  
I eat what is in front of me  
And become as red as can be.  
Everybody knows my after effect  
is fatal  
My deadly light is very bright  
Everyone is scared of my sight.  
Do you know with whose command  
I'm ignited  
It's none other than Allah the great.  
Your Wisdom will be tested  
If you let your time in life wasted.  
I will burn the sinners  
But in the Paradise will be  
the winners!

# AND THE WINNERS ARE...

Yes! The results of the 2018 Writing Contest are out! What a fantastic display of writing talent we have seen in this contest Subhan'Allah! All the kids who participated in this competition did a great job and we are glad that it proved to be a healthy and learning platform.

Congratulations to all the winners! And to all the other kids who participated, never give up. Your submissions were great, but of course, there can only be a few winners. In'sha'Allah you can win a prize in Radiance's next contest. May Allah ﷻ reward you all for your sincere efforts and pour immense barakah in your lives and skills. Ameen.

Age category: 5-9 years

Age category: 10-14 years

**Topic: Three things I learnt from the Radiance magazine and implemented in my life.**

**Topic: How can I contribute to the efforts of Dawah?**

1st **Haleema Salman**  
9 years, Nakhlah School

1st **Maria Sheikh**  
14 years, Scholastic Islamiah School, Lhr

2nd **Aiman Aamir**  
8 years, DA Public School

2nd **Maria Armoghan**  
12 years, The Intellect School

3rd **Muhammad Maaz**  
6 years, Jaffar Public School

3rd **Omar Nauman**  
10 years, a homeschooler

3rd **Muhammad Abaan Atif Khan**  
8 years, Nakhlah School

1st prize winner

Age category: 10-14 years

Written by Maria Sheikh  
Scholastic Islamiah School  
Lahore

# Spreading hues of HIDAYAH



“Maryam! Take off this veil of yours! Nobody has enough time in the market to stare at others, especially a girl like you!” As usual, before going out, Maryam and her mother had a ‘hijab fight’.

Maryam was a Muslim girl who lived in the city of Toronto, Canada, with her open-minded parents and a younger sister, Fatima. She had never seen her parents do anything religious, other than praying five times a day, and that too was left sometimes. Her parents never told her enough about Islam, and neither did they act according to it.

This was always unacceptable to her; she thought it was hypocrisy, acting to be someone else while actually being something else. She always tried her best to find out more about her own religion, and act according to it. That is the reason why she joined an Islamic Institute near her house and started attending their daily classes. Those were enough to wash the dirt off a diamond. She started hijab and then finally niqaab, in spite of the negative comments she had to hear so often. The biggest obstacle in her journey was the conflict she had to face with her parents. Her mom went to the extent of calling her an ugly little thing when she covered up her face.

-----  
Maryam was lying in her room reading a book when someone knocked the door.

“Yes?”

“Maryam its Samantha from the next door, may I come in?”

“Oh, Samantha! How are you?” Maryam said, with a pleasant smile, as she got up from her bed.

“I am good, Maryam, how are you doing?”

“Totally fine. Here, have a seat,” replied Maryam.

“Thanks. Maryam, I wanted to talk to you about something. Hope you won’t mind?”

“Oh no, not at all. Ask away!”

“Maryam, I heard the conversation between your mother and you this morning before you went out shopping. Maryam, how do you bear such negativity, don’t you feel frustrated at times?”

“Samantha dear! It is not about frustration. You know what, when I started attending those classes at Aunt’s house, Allah diverted my thoughts, my lifestyle, my appearance, my everything towards the way He likes His servants to be. And believe me, I have not found this satisfaction my whole life although I have been looking for it. And I did not want others to lose this opportunity of being satis-

“That is the reason why she joined an Islamic Institute near her house and started attending their daily classes. Those were enough to wash the dirt off a diamond.”

fied with their lives. I wanted to tell everybody the secret to this. As a Muslimah, it is my duty to do so, to call people towards this religion. It is called ‘dawah’ in Islam. In this, there is no concept of frustration if you are to make it your mission. There is patience, patience and just patience. For that reason, I have to be a role model myself as well. I should try to be an example of what I say. If there’s a conflict between what you do and what you say, people are not even going to look at you.”

“But Maryam, how is it possible that you just be an example and tell people about it, is this all you are supposed to do?”

“Samantha, no, you’re not just supposed to say, there are many means of doing Dawah. Everybody has to do it according to the facilities they have. People having the leisure of technology write on social media. As they say, “A pen is mightier than a sword”. Here it really is. Words can change people magically. Well, to be honest, I write with another name in magazines and I even have a blog of mine, but I expect you to keep this as a secret. I get many emails based on my writings, and I happily answer

all the questions people have. I might get the opportunity of making someone revert to Islam, and what is better than this. Actually, we have to make people understand that Islam is not just about five daily prayers, or, on the other hand, about terrorism and torture. However, here, then, we have to be as skilled and efficient ourselves. We should not take it easy, it is a huge responsibility. People all over the world go through what not to deliver Allah’s message to the world.

“Maryam! Please help me with the washing. Where are you?” Maryam’s mother called from the kitchen.

“Coming mom!” Maryam called back.

“Okay Maryam I’ll leave now, thank you so much. Will come back tomorrow, bye!” Samantha got up to.

“No problem Samantha, Goodbye!”

-----  
“Maryam, your religion has been attracting me for so long. I have been on a lookout for someone like you who could explain me everything. I just had this fear of conflict from my family that what would they say if I accepted Islam. I am really inspired by you, honestly. If you can bear it, why can’t I? Maryam, make me read the Kalimah!” The next day Samantha was in her room again, this time to go out as Aisha.

-----  
“Allah, how merciful are You! Allah! Make her stand steadfast on your path. Make her a true Muslimah who takes the mission of Your Prophet ﷺ ahead!” Maryam was crying her heart out in Tahajjud as she bowed down in front of Allah Almighty

# Bullying



**Question:** I often feel I'm bullied in school; my friends hurling mean and hurtful comments at me, teased me, making fun of me, looking at each other at my comments, etc. What can I do to avoid such scenarios and hurtful feelings?

*Jazakumullahu khairin in advance.*

**Answer:** Masha'Allah it is commendable that you choose to speak up and sought help. This is the first step towards solving any problem.

Bullying is when you are hurt verbally, emotionally and physically and it can become hard to stop the behaviour. Bullying has become quite common in schools. It is a serious problem and can cause a huge impact on your mental health.

This solution is two-fold. Firstly, how to stop a bully. Secondly, recovering from the effects of bullying.

## How to stop a bully

If you are being bullied, it is very important to care for yourself to remain confident. Remember not to engage directly with the bully – verbally or physically – as it can cause more harm than good. Instead, try to ignore the bully. Soon enough, the bully will lose interest in you, and might quite possibly get discouraged from bullying you.

You can also try to surround yourself with friends or adults, who understand your situation. Make it difficult for the bully to find you alone.

Don't be afraid to speak up at any time. If the bully becomes severe, speak about it with your parents, teacher, administrator or anyone whom you trust and can help you. They could talk to the bully themselves and get things under control.

## Bullying surely hurts, but you hurt yourself all over again when you hold on to a bad feeling

### Recovering from the effects of bullying

Finally, speaking with a counsellor or a psychologist can be helpful, and we would try being that counsellor for you here. Apply the things given below and clear out the “emotional storehouse”, open your mind to more possibilities, restore self-esteem, and lead to a rediscovery of the authentic self, which has been trapped underneath all the repressed feelings.

### Find a private place, and let yourself express that feeling

You can also journal, but the feelings move out faster if they're physically expressed like throwing stones in a pond, working around the house or doing some other physical activity, because emotions are stored in the musculature of the body when they can't be expressed. Just let their energy drift out of your body and mind.

### Let go of that feeling

Remind yourself that what you're feeling is not who you are, it's only a feeling that will pass Insha'Allah.

### Help yourself remember that life can be good

Call a supportive friend to talk about something else, do something you enjoy doing, or join a group that's going to a fun place.

Bullying surely hurts, but you hurt yourself all over again when you hold on to a bad feeling—thinking about past experiences can drag you down and make you miserable over time.

Of course, it's always prudent to seek help if your emotions seem too overwhelming, or if you find that they prevent you from functioning in life.

But if you continue this process over a period of

time, eventually the old feelings will become a vague past, rather than a shadow that lives with you day in and day out, and you'll be living more from your authentic self than from your past experiences.

### Remember, you're not alone

There are many like you going through the same feelings and for that matter, I would like to say that all those reading this, please take extra care of other folks' feelings. With the augmented number of children going through bullying, we sure get to realise that the people causing the harm are also huge in number.

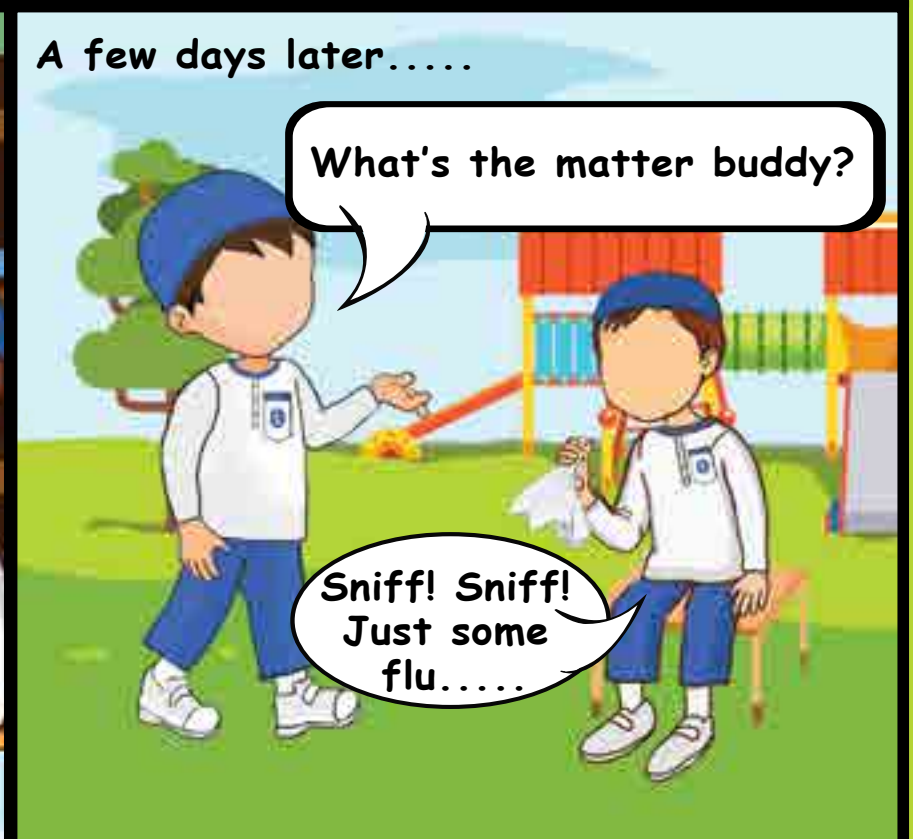
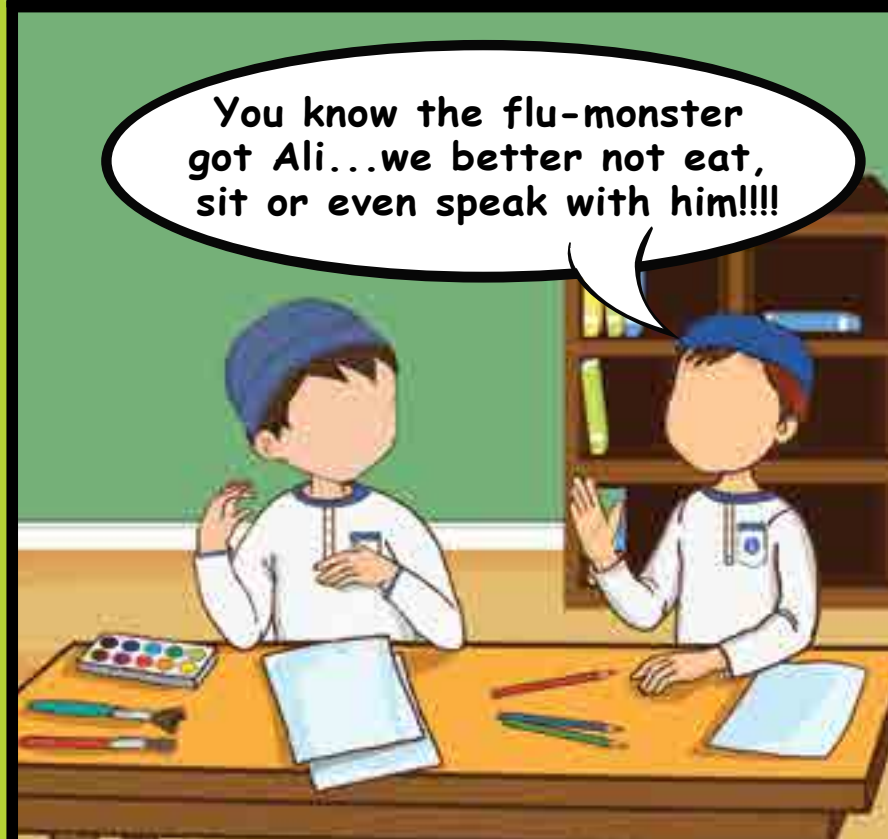
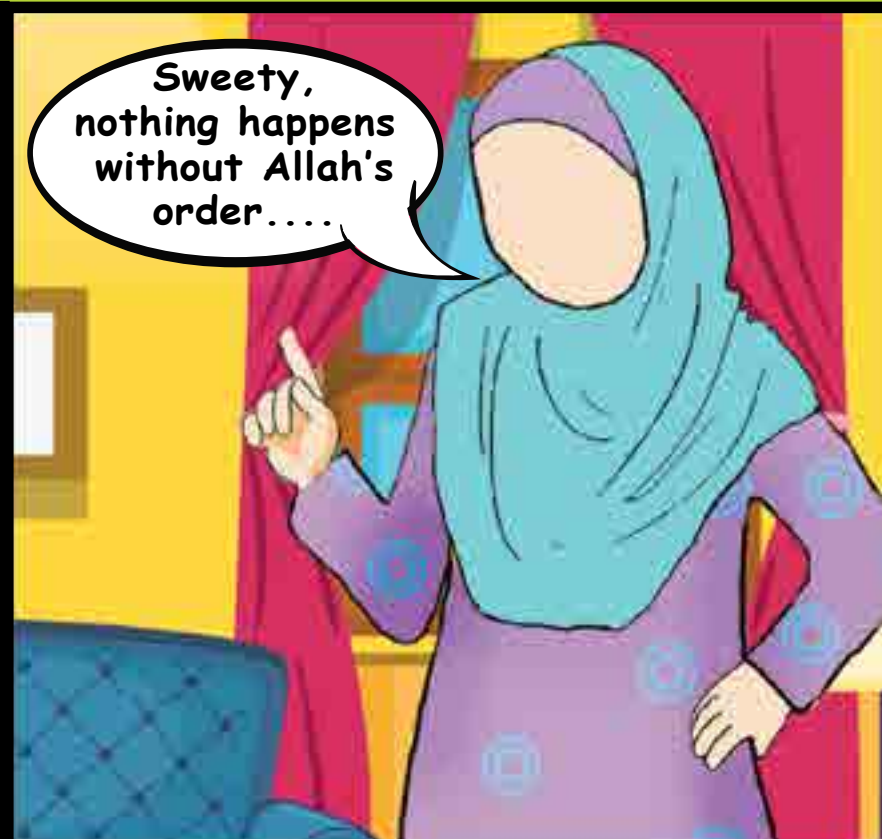
And don't feel lonely. Whenever you feel so, talk to Allah ﷻ, who is always there by your side. Make dua, put your complains in front of Him, pray two rakah salat-ul-hajat which has a cure to every problem in the universe. And the instant you do that, you will feel a heavy weight is lifted off your head. And why not?! Won't it feel amazing having talked about your problem to the chief person in charge, well, a president for example? He doesn't even understand you, loving you is out of the question, but yet you feel good that 'Oh, I have talked to so and so a person, he will definitely take care of everything now'. So of course talking to Allah ﷻ is way more incredible as he loves us too, more than seventy mothers Subhan'Allah.

Maybe we take it for granted because it is so easy to talk to our Lord. You don't have to struggle for it, wait for your turn, stand in lines for hours and hours on end, etc. But in reality, making dua isn't easy too! Talking to Allah, making dua to Allah ﷻ is, in fact, the most difficult ibadah, that is why not many people do it.

So raise up to the challenge and find a solution through all the above and especially through the power of your duas. We also pray for your safety and wellbeing. May Allah ﷻ keep everyone secure from the mischiefs of the Shaitan and his friends. Ameen

# Only If He Wills

Concept by Zawjah Zia  
Artwork by Zawjah Jahangir





# lol

Q: What is your date of birth?

A: Fourth October.

Q: What year?

A: Every year.

Q: Now doctor, isn't it true that when a person dies in his sleep, he doesn't know about it until the next morning?

Q: She had three children, right?

A: Yes.

Q: How many were girls?

A: None.

Q: Were there any boys?

Ali: I have the Ideal son.

Basit: Does he smoke?

Ali: No, he doesn't.

Basit: Does he ever go to late night parties?

Ali: No, he doesn't.

Basit: Does he ever talk back to you?

Ali: No.

Basit: I guess you really do have the ideal son.

How old is he?

Ali: He will be 8 months old next week.

Teacher: Your handwriting is dreadful, Kamal.

You must learn to write better.

Kamal: If I did, you'd find out my spelling was dreadful too!

Across:

1. The One True God.
2. Lesser Hajj.
3. First Pillar of Islam.

Down:

1. The Last Prophet
2. The call announcing that prayer is going to start
3. Second Pillar of Islam

## Science nugget

### How do solar panels work?



A solar panel turns the sun's light into electricity! We see electricity at work every day. For instance, when you turn on a lamp, electrons move through the cord and light up the bulb. That flow of electrons is called electricity.

One solar panel is made up of many small solar cells. Each of these cells uses light to make electrons move. The cell is made up of two different layers that are stuck together. The first layer is loaded with electrons, so the electrons are ready to jump from this layer to the second layer. That second layer has had some electrons taken away, so it is ready to take in more electrons.

When the light hits an electron in the first layer, the electron jumps to the second layer. That electron makes another electron move, which makes another electron move, and so on. It was the sunlight that started the flow of electrons, or electricity.

## Odd one out

How good are you in English? Take this simple quiz for kids to learn and understand the meanings of different words. Find the odd one out of the following words:

1. Father | Mother | Brother | Sister | Friend
2. Woman | Aunt | Girl | Niece | Boy
3. Smile | Joy | Happy | Grief | Cheerful
4. Move | Sit | Stand | Walk | Bench
5. Legs | Hands | Eyes | Ears | Tail
6. Red | Blue | Black | Green | Orange
7. Level | Madam | Eye | Radar | Watch

- Answers:
1. Friend - It is not a blood relation
  2. Boy - The masculine gender
  3. Grief - Negative emotion
  4. Bench - An object, others are instruction or command or action
  5. Tail - Parts of humans - Humans doesn't have a tail
  6. Black - Not a colour in Rainbow
  7. Watch - It is not a palindrome (words that read either side, gives you the same meaning).

Answers

A promising questionnaire by Ukht Ali to help us check how well do you know your manners with your parents

The Messenger ﷺ of Allah ﷻ said: “Every righteous child who casts a look of mercy and affection upon his parents shall be granted, for every look of his, rewards equivalent to that of an accepted Hajj.”

Allah taa’ala tells us in the Holy Quran: “And your Lord has decreed that you worship none but Him. And that you be dutiful to your parents. If one of them or both of them attain old age in your life, say not to them a word of disrespect, nor shout at them but address them in terms of honour.” (Surah Al-Isra, 17:23)

We often come across these, including many other Ayaats and Ahadith on the prestige of parents. They touch us no doubt but in most cases, a little later, the kids are the same again; the same uncaring, daunting, taunting children Nauzubillah.

So how can we be obedient to our parents like Allah ﷻ wants us to be? We drafted this questionnaire so it can help us overcome our shortcomings and make us amongst the righteous children who are the coolness of the eyes of their parents. Ameen.

Check out how many ‘yes’ and ‘no’ you get to carry along the game and gauge how well do you know your manners with your parents?

Have an action plan ready to work upon the areas where you need to make positive efforts. After two, three days from taking this test, take it again in the hope of having changed all your yeses to nos. Send us your new scores, along with your name, age and address. All those who do will also receive a gift from Radiance Insha’Allah.

# Are you a good son/daughter?



1. Do you unnecessarily use your phone in front of them?

2. Do you raise your voice in front of them?

3. Do you sometimes make sarcastic remarks while talking to them?

4. Do you get annoyed with their repeated questions and requests?

5. Do you sometimes act bored or tired in front of them?

6. Do you express your disapproval at the decisions they’ve made?

7. While going somewhere, do you walk ahead of them?

8. Do you pick on their mistakes or bluntly correct them?

9. Do you sometimes sit with your back towards them or with your feet towards them?

10. Do you start eating before they do at meals?

If more of our answers are in the affirmative (Yes) then that’s a clear indication that we need to work really hard to be the compassionate, affectionate and respectful children that our religion tells us to be. Take inspiration from the lives of the Sahabah ﷺ, especially Hadhrat Owais Qarni {r.a} who clearly loved and followed the Sunnah of Rasulallah ﷺ but his desire to meet Rasulallah ﷺ personally was never fulfilled because his old and blind mother needed constant care.

Hadhrat Umar quotes Rasulallah ﷺ as saying, “Oh, Umar! A man will arrive from Yemen whose name is Owais. He has signs of leprosy on his body, he cares for his old and frail mother. If for anything, he takes an oath in the name of Allah, Allah will fulfil his oath. If you can ask from him prayers for your own forgiveness, then you must do so.”

Hadhrat Umar ﷺ, Hadhrat Ali ﷺ and Hadhrat Bilal ﷺ inquired a lot about Hadhrat Owais Qarni{r.a} during hajj. With the help of the description given to them by Rasulallah ﷺ, they found Hadhrat Owais Qarni {r.a} in a jungle in Yemen. They greeted him, presented the Kurta Rasulallah ﷺ had sent for him and asked him to pray for them.

Many times in the company of his followers, the Holy Prophet ﷺ stated, “I can smell the beauty of my friend from the land of Yemen.” This statement is in direct reference to the spiritual greatness of Hadhrat Owais Qarni. Such great honours for being an obedient son of his mother, Subhan’Allah! May Allah ﷻ help us to be merciful towards our parents, just like they were upon us during our childhood. Aameen.



Museera Salman



Ali Hassan Jafrani



Fatima Nazeer



Mahdiya Waqas



Musab Shahid



M. Umar Imran  
7 Years



Eman Imran



Asharib Ahmed



Aiman Amir  
8 years



Zahra Azhar



Hania Amir  
5 years



Minaal Omar

# HADHRAT KHUBBAB BIN AL ARATT رضي الله عنه

*Sacrifice. Devotion.  
Truth. Love. – We cannot  
even begin to imagine  
the reality of these assets  
without being aware of  
the glorious sahabah who  
bore them all! **Zawjah Junaid  
Mukaty** amazes us with the life  
accounts of one such sahabi*

After a long hard day, a young tired slave was sitting lost in thoughts in his workshop. He was a skilled and the most famous sword maker among the Arabs who came to him from far and wide to have their swords made. Long ago, his mistress, Umme Anmar had sent him as an apprentice to a blacksmith who taught him this art. He could still remember those days when he was a young boy and had been taken a prisoner and brought to the slave market after the enemies took over his homeland, Al Yamamah, located on the Eastern part of Arabian Peninsula. Umme Anmar had liked him at the first glance and bought him. Since then he worked from dawn to dusk and earned for his mistress.

Though he was a young man, he was far more intelligent and wise for his age. He deeply observed the abhorrent state of Arabs, of which he himself was a prey. Many vices of the society were collectively present in that nation, but his far-sighted mind always told him, 'After this night of darkness, there must be a dawn.'

He didn't know that he would be soon proven right.

Time moved on when one day he heard Muhammad ﷺ, The Sadiq, proclaiming himself as a Prophet of the one and only God. He personally went to the Apostle Muhammad ﷺ and listened to his teachings. What he heard was what he had always imagined. This was the dawn he was waiting for. Thus he immediately stretched out his hand to Prophet ﷺ and recited Kalimah Shahadah. Since then this ingenious slave, Hadhrat Khubbab bin al Aratt ﷺ, became one of the Al-Sabiqoon al-Awwaloon (Foremost Muslims).

Hadhrat Khubbab ﷺ did not try to hide his Muslim identity. A brave Muslim slave had become a threat to the coward polytheist Quraish. Umme Anmar marched towards him with her brother Siba'a Abdul Uzza and some hooligans of Banu Khiza'a to question about the news.

Hadhrat Khubbab refuted their multiple Gods and declared that there is no God except Allah. This was enough for that angry group who started beating him with whatever they could land their hands on. They hit him with the iron rods and stones and the worst was the big hot burning stone which they kept on his back till the skin

Umme Anmar used to come to Hadhrat Khubbab's workshop and place hot iron rods on his head. The excruciating pain and burn would be unbearable for him and he would faint.

and fats melted. They forced him to lie down on live coals. This act of insanity became their routine but Hadhrat Khubbab ﷺ remained steadfast in his decision.

Umme Anmar used to come to Hadhrat Khubbab's workshop and place hot iron rods on his head. The excruciating pain and burn would be unbearable for him and he would faint. Hadhrat Bilal, Hadhrat Yasir and many others were going through the same tyranny.

One day Hadhrat Khubbab came to Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ and requested him to pray for him. He wanted freedom from this savagery. The soft-hearted Prophet ﷺ raised his hands for dua and said, "O Allah, help Khubbab." Dua for a downtrodden and uttered from the blessed mouth of Prophet Muhammad ﷺ could not have been rejected. A few days later, Umme Anmar experienced a terrible headache which kept on increasing. This kind of illness was never heard of before. She shouted like a dog because of her nerve-racking pain. The only treatment for it was to place red hot iron rods on her head. This treatment was worse than all the headaches she had. May Allah always keep us on the right path!

After many years, during Hadhrat Umar's Caliphate, Hadhrat Khubbab visited the Caliph one day. Hadhrat Umar met him with great respect and gave him a seat at an elevated position and said, "Except Bilal, no one other than you is more capable of sitting at this place." Then he asked him about the worst kind of persecution he had faced by the Makkans. At first, Hadhrat Khubbab hesitated but on Hadhrat Umar's persistence, he removed his cloth from his back. Hadhrat Umar was shocked to see his back and said, "How did this happen?"

Hadhrat Khubbab replied, "One day the polytheists removed my clothes and forcefully made me

lie on burning cinders and dragged me till my flesh left my bones and the fat cooled the flames."

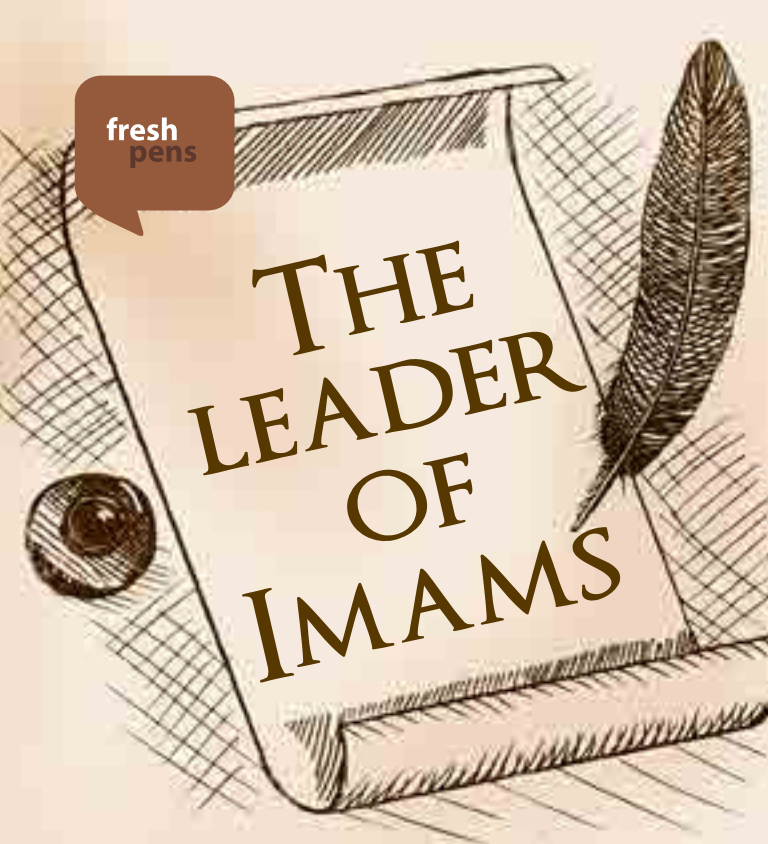
He is the one who was teaching the holy Quran to Hadhrat Fatima bint Khattab, sister of Hadhrat Umar, and her husband Hadhrat Saeed bin Zaid when the enraged Hadhrat Umar marched into their house before his acceptance of Islam. He had hid himself and came out when Hadhrat Umar had calmed down after listening to the verses of Surah Taha and recited Kalimah Shahadah. Hadhrat Khubbab seemed to be happy and excited and said, "O Umar! Glad tidings for you. Yesterday Muhammad ﷺ prayed to Allah, 'O Allah strengthen Islam with either Umar bin Khattab or Umar bin Hisham (Abu Jahl) whomsoever Thou like.' It seems that his prayer has been answered in your favour."

Hadhrat Khubbab ﷺ was very close to Prophet ﷺ and participated in many Ghazwat. He spent many years of his life in poverty but Allah blessed him with a lot of wealth later in his life. He had never dreamed of possessing so much gold, silver and wealth. Companions of Prophet ﷺ were trained by the Prophet ﷺ himself. Wealth and world never attracted them. Hadhrat Khubbab also found a unique way of spending what he had.

He kept all his wealth in a corner of his house with no security on it. The poor and needy were allowed to take whatever they wanted from it without seeking any permission. He was very afraid of the accountability and still feared of standing before Allah.

He died during Hadhrat Ali's caliphate, in thirty-seven Hijra in Kufa where he was settled in his last days. Some companions of Prophet ﷺ visited him on his deathbed and found him crying. On enquiring, he replied, "I weep because my

**Continued on pg 25**



# THE LEADER OF IMAMS

Imam Abu Hanifah Rahimahullah, who is also known as Imam-e-Azam, was born in 699 AD / 80AH – 67 years after the death of Prophet Muhammad ﷺ. He got the opportunity to see and meet many Sahaba of the Prophet Muhammad ﷺ, some of whom lived on until Abu Hanifah's youth including Anas bin Malik ؓ, Prophet Muhammad's ﷺ personal attendant, who died in 782 AD / 93 AH and another companion, Abul Tufail Amir bin Wathilah ؓ, who died in 899 AD / 100 AH, when Abu Hanifah was 20 years of age.

Numan bin Thabit bin Numan bin Marzuban, better known by his Kunyat Abu Hanifa, was born in Kufa. He was of Persian origin. His grandfather Numan bin Marzuban was regarded even by the elite class of Kabul as a wise and astute man.

Imam Abu Hanifa Rahimahullah at his early age acquired a basic education and chose trade as his career, but he was intelligent and had been gifted with innate talents. That is why Shaikh Amir Shabi Rahimahullah, a noted Muhaddith of Kufa who had the privilege of meeting over 5000 companions of the Prophet ﷺ, suggested that he should continue to learn more about Ilm ul Kalam, Hadith and Fiqh. Thus he left trade and studied those subjects so dedicatedly from the various scholars of Kufa, Basra and Baghdad that he mastered all those subjects and was widely acclaimed

## by Arsalan Ullah Khan

as the greatest Imam in the academic world.

Imam Azam Abu Hanifa Rahimahullah left behind about thousands of students. The most famous among them were Imam Qadi Abu Yusuf Rahimahullah, Imam Muhammad Rahimahullah and Imam Zufur Rahimahullah. His literary works include 'Kitab-ul-Aathar' - compiled from a total of 70,000 Ahaadeeth, 'Aalim-wal-muta'allim', 'Fiqhe Akbar', 'Jaami'ul Masaneed', 'Kitaabul Rad alal Qaadiriyaah' etc.

Another great Imam who founded Shafai school of thought, Imam Shafai Rahimahullah, was the student of Imam Abu Hanifa's Rahimahullah student Imam Muhammad Rahimahullah. Imam Shafai said: "Whoever wants a deep understanding of the Qur'an and Sunnah, then he is dependent upon Abu Hanifah." (Tahzib al-Kamal, p.434 vol.29)

In 763, Al-Mansur, the Abbasid monarch offered Abu Hanifa the post of Chief Judge of the State, but he declined the offer, choosing to remain independent. As a result, the cruel monarch became an enemy of the Imam and arrested him. The Caliph Mansur had him beaten 30 strokes with a stick. His feet also bled.

Caliph Mansur repented and offered Imam Azam 30000 pieces of silver. The great Imam once again refused. He was imprisoned again and thrashed ten more strokes every day. This huge icon of Islam passed away in 772 AD/150 Hijri at the age of 69 while in namaz.

His funeral namaz was performed six times and each time 50000 people took part. People continued to come and pray for him for 20 days after he was buried. His son, and only child; Hammad, lead the last namaz-e-janaza. He was 70 years old. In 459 AH / 1066 AD, a Mazaar (Tomb) was built for him by the great Seljuki ruler Alp Arsalan (1063 – 1072AD) near Baghdad in Iraq. The Tigris River kisses the tomb of this mujtahid and pays tribute to him

# My Real HERO!

by Hafsa Armoghan  
Grade 11, The Intellect School

My real hero is Prophet Muhammad ﷺ. He is the last Messenger of Allah ﷺ. Allah revealed on him the last Holy book which is the Holy Quran. He had many companions and all of them were loved by him. The Quran tells about him that he is the last Prophet of Allah and no other prophet will come after him. We are all his Ummah i.e. his people. He has left for us his sunnah which we should follow to go to Jannah.

Prophet Muhammad is my hero because he is the best man on earth. He was truthful and trustworthy. He was kind and polite. He was very caring. He didn't do any bad deeds. He always forgave people and asked forgiveness for himself from Allah ﷻ. He was very humble. He never ever lied even for the sake of fun. At different times in his Ahadith, he has taught us to respect elders, be good towards others, show kindness to animals etc.

In order to be like him we should follow his teachings; say salaam, forgive others, help each other, obey elders, be honest, in short we should grab all good deeds.

So my hero is Prophet Muhammad ﷺ and I love him a lot!

**Continued from pg 23**

companions have died and they did not obtain any such rewards in this world. I have lived on and have acquired this wealth and I fear that this will be the only reward for my deeds."

After the soul of this God fearing companion departed his body, Hadhrat Ali ؓ stood at his grave and said, "May Allah ﷻ have mercy on Khabbab. He accepted Islam wholeheartedly. He performed Hijrah willingly. He lived as a Mujahid and Allah shall not withhold the reward of one who has done good."

O, Allah! Help us all to walk on Islam wholeheartedly and face all the difficulties with courage.

### Question Block

Companions of Prophet ﷺ were persecuted during the early period of Islam. Do you think Muslims in present days are also persecuted? If yes, then please suggest what should be done to bring out the Muslims from this tyranny. The last date for sending in your answers is 31st March-2018.

**The best answers will be published in the magazine as well as given prizes In'sha'Allah.**

# Pakistan Resolution Day

The day that marked the history

## 23<sup>rd</sup> March

### A Day of Commitment!

*"Islam expects every Muslim to do his duty, and if we realise our responsibility, time will soon come when we shall justify ourselves worthy of a glorious past."*

*Quaid-e-Azam Muhammad Ali Jinnah*

23<sup>rd</sup> March  
**radiance**



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