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Wake up Muslim
dreamer!

Comic: Deen for a
mean

Now or never

The Magic Watch

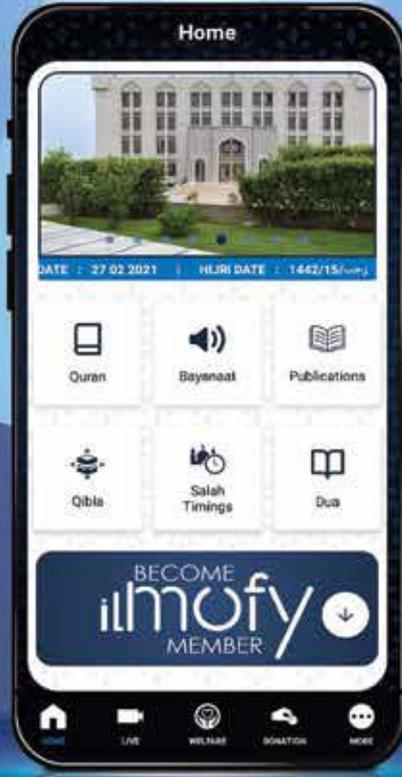
*Superstitions
and
cowardice*



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How much is that Sunnah for?

Now or never



We live in a time when we're constantly waiting for the NEXT thing... *If I could just make a little more money.. If I had more friends.. This is the last time I'll ever do this.. Next time I'll control myself.. Next time I will be punctual in my Ibadah..*

We constantly put off becoming the person we want to be, not realising that we'll never achieve anything by waiting for the next NEXT.. Happiness doesn't come from living in your comfort zone and just putting off your dreams.. It comes from making the most of what you have today.

For instance, if we're in a place where we're committing a sin, chances are likely we won't stop next time.. We'll probably say the same thing we said today... In fact, chances are higher we'll make the same excuse because we have one more day of solidifying that habit... how ironic is that?!

Imagine a world where we seize the 'now'; no more 'next' time.. There's only now.

Because 'next means 'never'. 'Next' is an excuse. 'Never' is the truth.

Imagine a world where next was replaced by now. Instead of saying, I'll start next time, we realise that what we're really saying is, I'll start NEVER. Instead of NEXT time I'll control myself, we're really saying I'll NEVER control myself. We lie to ourselves with the idea of NEXT but the truth is, we really mean NEVER.

Don't ever let Shaitan deceive you into thinking there will be a NEXT.. Always remember to replace your next with NEVER, and see if you're willing to live with that.... It's simply 'now' or 'never'!

Umm Abdullah

editor.radiance@baitussalam.org

My Literary and Creative Writing Course journey



A review by Yusra
Zafar Mehmood

your
say

“Ting!”

A WhatsApp message announced its arrival and appeared on my mobile screen while I was completely immersed in perusing an online research article. Keeping myself involved in my work, I left it for later.

An hour later, I opened my WhatsApp, rolling my neck from side to side to loosen kinks. Seriously, I was dead tired. That article had baked my mind.

But in the next instant, my facial expressions became topsy-turvy. As my eyes were moving to and fro over the flyer, their pupils started twinkling like the stars in a moonless night and the corners of my lips lifted upwards. (No..No..I didn't win any competition..)

It was a flyer from Radiant Tarbiyah, a renowned and outstanding online platform, which brought a glad tiding for me, painting a ray of sunshine all over my face, because this course on Literary and Creative Writing was on the top of my to-do list since I had heard about it.

Being an Ummati, I have a vision to write on various topics according to child education and tarbiyah in three languages i.e. Arabic, Urdu and English as well as train mothers in the field and for this, there was a necessity to learn this skill and build competence in order to pursue my vision.

Accordingly, the first thing that I did, while seeking help and goodness from Allah Almighty, was to share my plan with those who not only know my visions but also seeking their sincere suggestions. And Alhamdulillah they too were delighted to know about it.

Trimming this long story short, the enthusiasm was making my hopes rise to the stars when I enrolled in this course, conducted by an inter-

national writer and the editor of the Radiance Magazine, Umm Abdullah.

I began planning for the course and eventually attended the first class on Thursday, 8th July 2021. The class started with the name of Allah then Dua, and my journey began too.

Evidently, teacher's way of teaching, her sincerity, a well-planned syllabus according to the students mentality and last but not the least, the positive environment of the classroom (whether real or virtual) are some essential things that play a vital role in grabbing the student's attention and making the teacher's efforts commendable. And I had the same experience here.

The main attraction of this course were the assignments because they are a helpful tool for practicing as writing requires lots of practice. I tried to listen to the recordings of each class thrice before submitting my assignments so that I could understand and absorb all aspects of the topic.

All in all, the whole course was well-organised as well as full of fun. Especially, the Kahoot competition used to charge the students with positive enthusiasm.

There are no words to exhibit my feelings of heartily gratitude for our teacher who worked hard to make us step in the world of writing with her heart and soul.

May Allah ﷻ bless this organisation with barakah and success and reward every single one who is a part of this incredible team with His endless bounties.

بارك الله فيكم و نفع بكم العباد والبلاد. آمين

The memories of my beloved grandmother

By Adeen Ahmad
12 years



I have a distant, rose-stained memory of myself coming to stay at my maternal grandmother's house, and as I entered, I asked, "What's for lunch today?"

I got my grandmother's faithful, one-of-her-rule-of-thumb answers: "What Allah has given us."

What Allah has given us - verily! My grandmother always had the best answers. No one dared to question them. She had a strong, confident regime of severeness... but was more tender and caring than her seriousness would let her be.

We, as children, sometimes sighed at her seemingly unnecessary rules, but only later on we would realise her very presence, her essence, and her sayings were so important for all of us.

She got sick in early November 2017 with a severe cough. None of the doctors could find

out what was wrong. It didn't match any disease ever diagnosed to people of her age.

My parents and other relatives thought she would make it out. That she'd survive. But later on, as my mother told me, my uncle always seemed to know that she wouldn't live. He'd kneel by her side, at home and at the hospital, and tell her to quietly recite duas. She always did.

I also always thought she would keep on living. Life always seemed normal with this prospect of her presence...we always thought she would be around, like she would manage to totter around speedily even up to the days of our graduations and weddings. Little did we know to Allah we belong and to him we shall return - or remember this. She always taught us various duas for our own protection. She always found a way for the positive, to find the good in us, to stamp out the bad. I have several upon several mem-

I knew it was the look of someone who was going to go to Jannah.

ories of her methods of discipline which I continuously giggle at when I remember them.

When she got sick, my aunt from Dubai came to specially look after her. I remember when my mother came home from the hospital, when my grandmother had finally been discharged. The day just before that when my aunt had left, when we thought that everything was going to be fine, fine, fine. That everything was going to be back to normal.

The very next day a phone call changed everything as we got to know my maternal grandmother had left the world.

We rushed. We ran. We positively were left shell-shocked. How could someone be perfectly fine one day, gotten discharged from hospital, just leave the world the next day?

I felt numb when they bought the coffin in. It was a heart-stopping moment. She seemed peaceful and asleep, exactly like she was when she was alive, when she was sleeping. I knew it was the look of someone who was going to go to Jannah in sha Allah.

Later on, my cousin told me, “When she came home, she asked me about my school and things,” he said. “But even so she seemed blank...plain blank like nothing I’ve ever seen. Like she was thinking about something else.” Something else...surely she saw the Angel of Death then, and with good tidings and peace!

The doctors later on said it was a type of tuberculosis, the illness she’d gotten, but

they couldn’t be sure. It’s my own personal thought that the disease she had has not been discovered yet.

We all missed her like nothing ever. I would keep going into the kitchen to see what she was doing, only to see she wasn’t there. Sometimes I’d get this paradoxical flash, like seeing her sitting in the drawing-room reading Quran, but it was never true...it was just a manifestation of my beautiful memories for her and nothing else.

Someone once said you never realise a thing’s value until it’s gone. That is so true. We never value it properly until it’s gone. To live and breathe and do everything of ordinary life, all the while knowing that a person you love is no more, just stifles you. But it also reminds you that your time can come too. That Death is just around the corner.

Losing a grandparent can be like losing a big piece of your past. All that’s left of such amazing people are the beautiful memories that shine like a light to guide you to the right path on life. To remind you that you, too, can return to Allah any day, and that we should live every day like it’s our last.

I’ll end here with a prayer for my grandmother: may Allah give her the highest of the high positions in Jannah, which is where everyone you lost comes back to you. Ameen

The Magic Watch

Farheen Farwa's spectacular story takes us on an exciting journey of a missing watch and the power of Allah ﷻ

A ring buzzed on the teacher's table and those dreaded two words were spoken, "Time's up!"

"No, no, no, no, no!" thought Maham as she kept writing until finally, the invigilator took away her paper.

When Maham got home and Dadaji asked her about her exam, she burst into tears.

"I left a question of fifteen marks," her voice was hardly audible between her sobs.

"There, there," Dadaji tried to console Maham. But Maham was beyond any consolation.

"Just try doing better next time, beta," Dadaji tried again. But Maham's tears wouldn't stop.

"Why did this happen to me? I hate it! I hate it, I hate it, I hate it!!!" She stomped her feet.

"Maybe try preparing-"

"It's a spell!" Maham cut Dadaji mid-sentence.

"A what?"

"A spell, Dadaji! Someone has put a spell on me!" Maham said angrily.

"Oh... a spell..." Dadaji raised his eyebrows. "I see. I see. And who do you suppose has put this, uh, spell on you?"

"A girl from my class. She's so jealous of me," Maham said.

"And why would she be jealous of my sweet little girl?" Dadaji was smiling.

"Because," Maham said matter of factly, "I have so many friends. I mean, I can't help it that everyone likes me. But she doesn't have that many friends so she is trying to steal mine."

"Today I saw her talking to my best friend Ha-

“I see,” Dadaji seemed to be in deep thought.

“I think,” he continued, “you need a magic watch. It is just the thing for you.”

nia just before the exam. And they even sat together! Can you believe that? I had to keep an eye on them the whole time.”

“So you kept an eye on her?” Dadaji sounded surprised.

“I had to know what she was up to,” Maham said.

“During your exam?” he sounded even more surprised.

“Yes, Dadaji! Please try to follow what I’m saying,” Maham was getting aggravated.

“Oh, yes, of course, beta. I am following.” Dadaji said softly.

“As I was saying, now she has put a spell on me so time would go faster for me than it does for her.”

“She wants me to fail my exams so that I will be stuck in the same class next year. And I will lose all my friends! What do you think?”

“I think that you have a splendid imagination, my dear.”

“Oh, but people do these kinds of things all the time. I read about it in a story just last

week!”

“I see,” Dadaji seemed to be in deep thought.

“I think,” he continued, “you need a magic watch. It is just the thing for you.”

“A magic watch? Really? Are you serious Dadaji?” Maham could hardly believe it.

“Of course, beta. Just wait here,” Dadaji went into his room and shortly appeared with an old rustic pocket watch.

“It still works,” he giggled and sat beside Maham. “Now listen carefully. This is a very special watch. It can help you control time.”

“Really, Dadaji?” Maham asked again just to be sure.

“Yes. But there are a few conditions for it to work its magic. You must not forget to begin your exam with reciting Bismillah, and then you must look at the watch every 10 minutes or so...”

“Oh, I can do that,” Maham said.

“It’s that simple. But you must remember to do it every 10-15 minutes! Otherwise, the “spell” will not be broken and all your time

will fly away!” Dadaji warned her.

“Oh, no, no! I cannot let that happen! I must stop the time!” She took the magic watch from Dadaji’s hands and thanked him.

The next day Maham came back humming a poem and whistling to herself.

“Looks like someone had a great day,” remarked Dadaji when he saw her.

“Oh, yes, Dadaji! That someone is me!” Maham hopped around.

“Really? Who would have guessed?” Dadaji smiled.

“It’s the watch, Dadaji! It worked!” Maham clapped with excitement.

He patted Maham on the head. “That’s great, Maham. I’m so happy for you.”

And so, thanks to the magic watch, Maham’s exams kept going great. But one morning she rushed to her grandfather who had just returned from the masjid.

“Dadaji!” Maham almost screamed. “I cannot find the watch!”

“It’s okay, Maham,” he tried to calm her down.

“No, it’s not okay! I have my biology exam today and I won’t be able to do even half of it with that accursed spell!” Maham was out of breath.

“Relax, Maham. Come and sit here,” he motioned to the seat next to him.

“Well, Maham, I have news for you. You don’t need that watch anymore so I have taken it

away,” Dadaji revealed.

“But why? Why would you do that to me!” Maham was desperate.

“The truth is it’s not a magic watch,” admitted Dadaji.

“But it is! It broke the spell!” Maham said.

Dadaji sighed. “Dear, dear. It’s just an old watch of mine. It’s special to me but sadly it has no magic.”

“But then... how...” now Maham was confused.

“When you said that you believed that girl to have cast a spell on you and you kept an eye on her during your exam, I knew the problem was that you were losing your trust in the might and power of Allah ﷻ and the fact that no spell can work when we begin our tasks in the name of Allah ﷻ. It was obvious that you kept getting distracted while not managing your time during the exam smartly. That’s why you couldn’t finish your paper on time,” Dadaji explained.

“I told you to recite bismillah and keep looking at the watch every 10 minutes so you would stay focused and not lose track of time.”

“That’s the reason your exams have been going great.” Dadaji paused. Then he patted Maham on her head, “Real magic, my dear, has always been in the power of Allah ﷻ and in the smartness He has blessed you with.”

Maham was still in shock. But Dadaji’s last sentence made her smile. “JazakAllah, Dadaji, for helping me have trust in Allah ﷻ and act smartly myself. Now I feel confident that I can attempt my paper without that magic watch, InshaAllah!”

Adeen Ahmed
presents a recipe
come science experi-
ment where you don't
even need to cook to
make these delicious
treat

Lets get sprouting



What are sprouts?

Sprouts are naturally grown germinated seeds of vegetables whose shoots are grown out. They are full of nutrients and vitamins that help improve your immunity. They are easily digestible, plus they make your body strong, preventing it from various diseases, such as heart attacks. You can grow them in three easy steps - and it may also serve as a science experiment for you. So let's get experimenting!

Sprouts Recipe

Step 1: Soaking

Take two big tablespoons of sprout seeds in a sieve and wash them, then place them in a bowl after fully soaked. Then pour over at least 2 inches more water and leave them overnight.

Step 2: Tying In a Cloth

So the next morning take the water out of the bowl, wash the seeds again, then take a square, thin, white cotton cloth and

place the soaked seeds in the centre, and then tie up the cloth tightly in a bundle. Place this in a bowl and cover it with a plate, away from sunlight because sunlight can burn the seeds.

Step 3: Washing

For the next three days, you have to open your bundle once every morning and evening, run some water over the seeds, then tie them up again tightly in the cloth, and place them back in the bowl. This is done so that moisture remains in the seeds, as moisture is important for growth. Just keep doing this for 3 days, and by the fourth day you will see long white tails coming out from the seeds! This means they are ready to be eaten!

You can eat them directly with salt and pepper, or include them in your favorite salad. You can also shallow fry them with a little steam.

Wake up Muslim dreamer!

Khaula Owais's thought piece presents the insight to awaken the Muslim youth from their slumber and realise their esteemed worth

Teenage is a gift bestowed upon us in which the greatest mental growth occurs; building of characteristics, acquisition of experience, and most importantly, identifying a path for ourselves and beginning to work on our passions. This is a certain time in one's age when he becomes aware of his good and bad friends and the vows and myths are deeply embedded into his heart. Therefore, Islamic scholars also aim to work on teenagers so they can obtain a 'firm belief' in their religion.

According to the great philosopher, Allama Iqbal, Muslim youngsters are compared to falcons. They are like the ones who fly independently in an immense and boundless sky, high above the earth. Iqbal wanted the Muslim youth to lead their destination and sparkle their identity, but sadly, the life of youth moves around mobile phones only. They listen to the call of Allah ﷻ but instead choose to

remain in their homes. They spend the whole night awake but none seems to stand before the Lord. They are wasting their time, money, and talent without realising it!

"Oh, missy, who on earth said that we are wasting time and money? Gaming is also a talent, it isn't easy!" an eager voice interrupted me.

"Oh not only talent, but we also earn money at times," another loud voice protested.

"My dear wait, will you gain any reward out of it? Will this so-called hidden talent of yours make you and your nation shine? This is a chance. Better to avail an opportunity than regret it later on!

Likewise, Allama Iqbal addressed the youth to awake from a profound sleep, to come out of the childish attire and attitude and explore the

Iqbal wanted the Muslim youth to lead their destination and sparkle their identity, but sadly, the life of youth moves around mobile phones only.

world with an eagle's eye;

مسلم خوابیدہ اٹھ ہنگامہ آرا تو بھی ہو
وہ چمک اٹھا افق گرم میں تقاضہ تو بھی ہو

Wake up Muslim Dreamer, be a commotion-ate,

The shining horizon, be someone with a hot demand

Of course, the boys like Mohammad bin Qasim, Badar ibn Mughira, and Moosa bin Abi Ghusyan were raised with 'hot demands'."

"What do you mean?" my friend asks.

"They have reached high above where the pages of history can't forget their audacity and courage. All the Muslims in Sindh and Istanbul take their names with honour, thus Iqbal appreciated these boys by writing:

محبت مجھے ان جوانوں سے ہے
ستاروں پر جو ڈالتے ہیں کمند

*I love those youngsters
Those who throw strings on stars*

Youngsters, aim to catch the stars and hold one's confidence in the world. Once you start working on your aim, a lot of obstacles and thorns will oppose you but remember, a horse rider falls off his horse at first, but after stren-

uous efforts and practices, he wins.

The eagles of Iqbal are always fearless, tenacious and they have the vision to achieve. Iqbal encourages them by saying the following verse:

تندی باد مخالف سے نہ گھبرا اے عقاب
یہ تو چلتی ہے تجھے اونچا اڑانے کے لئے

*O eagle do not be afraid of the high opposing wing
It only blows to fly you even higher*

The poet of East simply addresses to learn from the failures of the past and achieve the target. Wear the characteristics of an eagle being speedy, loyal, brave, determined, superior, strengthened, independent, focused, ambitious, and full of aspirations. This will make you a high-flyer, and an achiever of your goal. As Iqbal again proclaimed;

عقابی روح جب بیدار ہوتی ہے جوانوں میں
نظر آتی ہے ان کو اپنی منزل آسمانوں میں۔

*When the eagle spirit awakes in the young's
They see their destination in the heaven.*

So, are these spirits throbbing under you to start yourself towards your aim or you are still lying on the cozy sofa reading beyond your mum's reach?"

Quaid's Pakistan

Written by: Manahil Mansoor
Age: 9 years

14th August 1947 is a day to be remembered,
Our homeland 'PAKISTAN' came into being.

Iqbal's dreams turned into reality,
With efforts of Quaid-e-Azam and Allah's will.

Today we have a land we can call home,
But what have we done to our beloved home-
land?

Today our country is 74 years old,
With dry, barren polluted lands and nothing to
behold.

Wake up people before it's too late,
Plant some trees, clean the air.

Respect your country, so you'd be respected.
In this world filled with atrocities.

Long live our dearest country,
And Quaid's visioned Pakistan comes into
being.

The Wind

Written by: Zoya Zaheer
Qatar

The wind that sweeps the leaves to your front
door

The wind that puffs the waves on the sea

The wind that makes the trees sway with the
cold breeze

The wind that blows on the feathers of a bird

The wind that carries the roar of a lion

The wind chimes, clangs and roars

Is like the wind on which the birds float.



5 Golden Tricks of Shaytan



1. You are young, have some fun!
2. Keep enjoying, life is long, you can repent later!
3. Don't remain cool during anger, patience is for cowards!
4. Everybody's doing it. Don't be worried; spice up your life!
5. Oh, you have too many sins. Allah will not forgive you, keep doing sins!

Oh Allah, let not shaytan shake our iman by his tricks and keep us all steady on the right path.

Ameen

Tricked

radiance

Written by
Bint Hanif
South Africa

Superstitions and cowardice

“Hey! Aa’ishah if you don’t listen to me I will call the police!”... “Hafsah if you hit your little brother then the boogey man is waiting outside...”, “Zinneerah there is a huge scary monster under your bed and if you don’t listen then he will come eat you” “There is a witch”, “Mummy will lock you in the room with the lights off if you touch my books!” cockroaches are scary... spiders are monstrous... ants have pincers which will kill you and hysterically enough; at times butterflies are also classified as demons by the mummies and older siblings. But why?

Whether it is the young ecstatic mothers, older and bossy siblings, teenagers, teachers and even my little future heroes, remember and remember it to the very depth of your heart, soul and mind then when a fruit is sowed so you shall reap a fruit and when a cactus is sowed

so you shall reap a cactus. Similarly when bravery is sowed from the very beginning, bravery and heroism will be apparent, on the contrary if fear is inculcated and created then fearfulness will become common which is unequivocally contrary to the religion we follow. Awe and fear should only be limited to the one and only being; Allah swt. Our pious elders have said, “The heart of a Mu’min should be like a lion, fearless ; ready for action.” Well not the unrealistic action movies show, which is then imitated by some and unfortunately that very same action becomes a death warrant.

Ponder, reflect... Do you become alarmed when it comes to Allah swt, the grave, the resurrection, the day of judgment as much as you fear the lion and for some the dark room with the lights off somehow becomes haunted... dead

are alive and jinnaat appear which were never there once the lights click? The reason is as straight as a stick, from the moment life and its meaning was being understood, awareness of the lion, darkness and spiders were created. Little and innocent minds were polluted, and unfortunately this is the reason so many have turned into cowards. “Fears are educated into us, and can, if we wish, be educated out.”

“Fear is the main source of superstition, and one of the main sources of cruelty. To conquer fear is the beginning of wisdom.”

There are ample examples from the lives of Sahabah proving their valiance in young teenage years.

Usaamah رضي الله عنه was a young seventeen year old teenager and our beloved Rasullullah ﷺ handed over the reins of an entire army over to him to lead. What about the seventeen year olds of today, still relying on mummy to give them

A lion had once appeared in front a sahabi. He struck that lion on the face and instructed the beast to guide him and show him the pathway. The lion guided him by walking in front and the sahabi walked behind the lion. This was Safeenah رضي الله عنه. This was the level of bravery and heroism in the lives of sahabah and something that we should try and inculcate, by strengthening our Imaan.

It can be helpful, for example, if you're walking alone through a dark alley – your fear can protect you by telling you to keep your guard up.

On the other hand, fear can also be crippling – the opportunities we don't seize, the experiences we're hesitant to try out, and the stronger, better person we fail to become.

Whether it's fear of the unknown, fear of failure, or fear of success, overcoming our fears is one of the most important steps to personal

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a plate of food, too busy frantically tapping away on their devices and when a spider appears, a ninety degree jump is made. Who is there to blame?

During the time of Amirul Muminin Sayyiduna 'Umar رضي الله عنه, a fire/volcano erupted in Madinah Munawwarah. Sayyiduna 'Umar رضي الله عنه told Sayyiduna Tamim رضي الله عنه: “Go and stop it.”

Sayyiduna Tamim Dari رضي الله عنه went towards it and merely indicated like one who is pushing something with his upper robe in his bare hands and the fire returned to its place or the lava returned into the volcano.

development.

Fear can neither fight nor fly... You gain strength, courage and confidence by every experience in which you really stop to look fear in the face. You are able to say to yourself, 'I have lived through this horror. I can take the next thing that comes along.' You should do the thing you think you cannot do.

As believers we should be courageous ready to conquer and realize that except the being of Allah ﷻ none should be feared. Fear of Allah should be inculcated in the hearts of young and old

Hadhrat Hasan bin Ali رضي الله عنه

Zawjah Junaid Mukaty has the esteemed story of the beloved grandson of Rasulullah ﷺ to inspire us and leave us in awe

Taqi, Zahid, Zaki, Sayyad, Wali, Tayyab, Mujtaba, Nasih, Naqi: all these titles were given to the eldest son of Hadhrat Fatima bint Muhammad ﷺ and Hadhrat Ali bin Abi Talib ﷺ.

Hasan is from Husun which means beauty, attraction and grace. He was exactly like his name. He resembled his grandfather, Prophet Muhammad ﷺ in looks. After the sad demise of the Prophet ﷺ, whenever sahabah met Hadhrat Hasan ﷺ, they used to recall the times spent with their beloved Prophet ﷺ. It is reported that Hadhrat Abu Hurairah ﷺ used to cry whenever he saw Hadhrat Hasan ﷺ as the departure of the Prophet ﷺ was at times unbearable for his devoted companions.

He was born in the blessed month of Ramadan in 3rd or 4th Hijra. His grandfather, Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ did his Aqeeqah and gave charity of silver equal to the weight of his hair. He had a very impressive lineage in this world and he has an important place in Akhirah too. He and his brother, Hadhrat Hussain, will be the leaders of the youth in Jannah whereas their mother will be the leader of the women.

As a Grandson

Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ was very fond of his

grandson. He went daily to his daughter's house to meet him. Many narrations and Ahadith report about the love he had for Hadhrat Hasan and the way he treated him. He used to bend down to the ground and made him ride on his back, he also picked him up on his shoulders or made him sit on his lap. His affection is evident from the dua that the beloved Prophet ﷺ made for Hadhrat Hasan ﷺ, "O Allah, I love him, so please love him and love those who love him."

Prophet ﷺ never scolded children, he always tried to win their hearts. Hadhrat Hasan ﷺ was extremely attached to his grandfather and deeply observed his every act. Though Prophet ﷺ left the world when Hadhrat Hasan was merely eight years old, but his upbringing in these years was enough to turn him into a mannerly, cultured and civilized man.

High Character

Hadhrat Hasan ﷺ was a reflection of his grandfather and parent's upbringing. People near to him reported that when he spoke, he spoke beautifully. When he stayed silent, his silence was gracious. When he gave something, he gave whole heartedly. When he answered, he answered rhetorically.

Hadhrat Hasan رضي الله عنه was a reflection of his grandfather and parent's upbringing. People near to him reported that when he spoke, he spoke beautifully. When he stayed silent, his silence was gracious.

Hadhrat Hasan's speech was always soft and his heart was tender. He never said a bad word or degraded anyone. Hadhrat Abdullah bin Awn, a Tabaei, said, "There is no one like Hasan in speech. I don't like him to be silent."

Piety was his main attribute. His every action was to please Allah سبحانه, no matter if for that he had to step down from his own rights too. He was given Caliphate which he surrendered to Hadhrat Ameer Muawiyah in order to maintain peace and to please Allah.

He had some great qualities of the Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلم as he did not only resemble him in looks but in nature too. Once Hadhrat Muhammad صلى الله عليه وسلم said, "Hasan has got my knowledge and my looks." He spent most of his time in worshipping Allah and it is also reported that he daily read Surah Kahaf at night.

Thus, Hadhrat Hasan رضي الله عنه was a huge fruitful tree which was nurtured and looked after by Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلم himself during his childhood.

Famous Quotes

Hadhrat Hasan's intelligence also showed that he was a near and dear one to the Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلم. His eloquent nature can be easily judged by some of his quotes which teach us very important lessons of life. Some of his quotes are mentioned below.

*He was once asked what is blessing. He replied, "Mercy, piety and abstinence are the blessings of the world."

*At another time he was asked what is tolerance. He replied, "To restrain anger and to control one's self is tolerance."

*About foolishness he said, "To follow cheap trends and to have companionship with the misguided is foolishness."

*He was asked what misery is. He replied, "Whatever is in your hand you regard it as esteem and whatever you spend you consider it as debt."

As a soldier

Hadhrat Hasan رضي الله عنه was very young during the caliphates of Hadhrat Abu Bakar رضي الله عنه and Hadhrat Umar رضي الله عنه. But at the time of caliphate of Hadhrat Usman, he had grown into a brave young man like his brave father. Then he took part in the Battle of Tabaristan (a province in Northern Iran) which was won by the Muslims.

Children

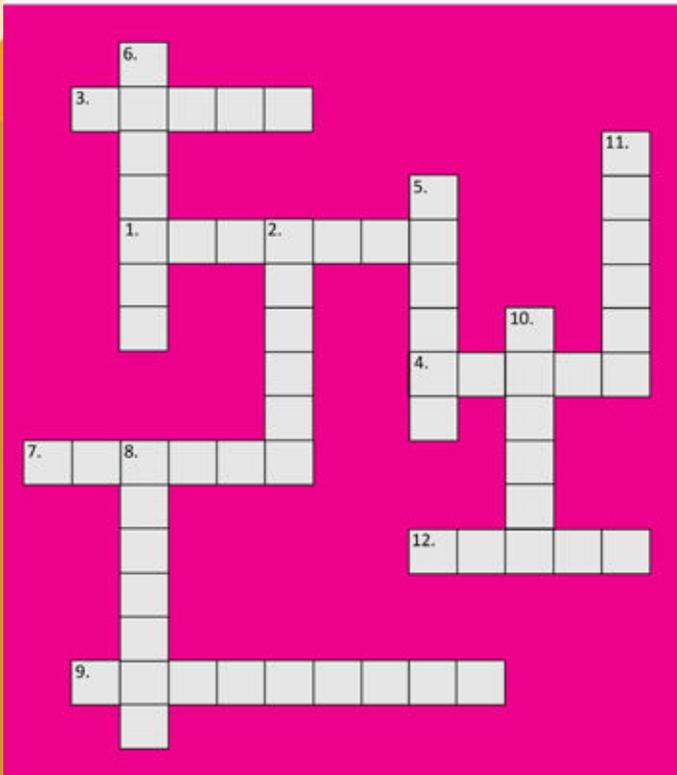
Hadhrat Hasan رضي الله عنه was blessed with twelve sons and five daughters. Four of his sons got martyred with Hadhrat Hussain in Karbala. His lineage continued from only two sons, Hadhrat Hasan Masna and Hadhrat Zaid bin Hasan.

Death

Hadhrat Hasan رضي الله عنه died at a very early age of only forty five years in fifty or fifty one Hijra. History says that the reason of his death was poison given to him by someone close. Hadhrat Saeed bin Aas led his funeral prayers and he was laid to rest in Jannat ul Baaqee beside his beloved mother. On his death, Hadhrat Abu Hurraira رضي الله عنه said, "Today the beloved of the Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلم died."

May Allah shower his blessings upon our Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلم and his household and may we all be their neighbours in Paradise. Ameen

Made by **Ayesha Muneeb**
CROSSWORD



CLUES

ACROSS :

1. National flower of Pakistan.
3. Past tense of 'fly'.
4. Opposite of 'small'.
7. Long-eared, furry animal that lives in holes in the ground.
9. Profession related to gold.
12. Currency of Greece.

DOWN :

2. Capital of Oman.
5. Another name for 'annually'.
6. Month in which hajj is performed.
8. Study and science of living things.
10. Name of a color.
11. Metal made from the mixture of copper and tin.

KIDS CORNER

HEALTHY
THINKING...
Jokes



An old man has 8 hairs on his head. He went to a Barber shop. Barber in anger asked :
'Shall I cut or count?'
Old man smiled and said :
'Color them.'

One man asked another :
'Do you know me?'
The other man replied :
'No, I don't.'
The first man said :
'That's shocking as half of Pakistan knows me.'
The other man said with a smile :
'I live in the other half.'

DOWN :

2. Mascot.
5. Yearly.
6. Zil Hajj.
8. Biology.
10. Orange.
11. Bronze.

ACROSS :

1. Jasmine.
3. Flown.
4. Large.
7. Rabbit.
9. Goldsmith.
12. Greek.

CROSSWORD ANSWERS

Hidden Picture

This Family is treating mom special!
Can you find the things hidden in the picture



An Unforgettable Night

by Ayesha Mohtashim

Thud - the sound woke me up. Zrrr - yeah, this was the sound which made me open my eyes. I looked hither and thither. Burr - it came again! It was a heavy sound but definitely not of a cat or mouse. And my siblings in the room woke up. They were all trying to feel the sound. Although...sound can't be felt you know!

Sound is heard...but this sound was being felt. It was raising my goose bumps. My heart was pumping really fast. Apparently, me being the second eldest helped up my oldest sister and tried not to show any panic, but inside I was shaking like a leaf. All my body organs were shrieking inside and my breath was stuck in my throat.

"Bmm..." again a heavy banging, running, thudding noise. I couldn't move up. Whatever it was, it was now certain that something was on the roof and was as heavy as an elephant, on our double story house's roof! What could it be? We all were puzzled with fear. So I told my siblings that if you are scared, recite tasbeeh. My brother, the naughtiest one, suggested coming out of the bedroom and taking a look outside. In our confusion, my mom came up to our room. She hugged us and informed us that Dad had called security guards to check.

Mom got us all a glass of water, and we all gained back our breaths. Our fears were now driven away with her cuddling arms. More banging continued from the roof.

I concluded, "Ghosts, that's it! We are being threatened by ghosts."

"Nope," was my Mom's reply.

"Then it must be burglars," my brother exclaimed, with exhilaration. My Mom's popping out eyes wanted us to understand the language of face and eyes and not to disturb her in her recitation of duas.

Roger that! It meant not being excited for adventure but to be sensible and calm.

"drr...brr.....,hrrr," more sounds were coming from the roof. I was expecting there must've been a tremendous fight up on the roof with whoever was up there.

Then my dad, my hero, my superman who would have knocked the daylight out of any number of burglars, came in.

There was great trouble at the roof. The geyser thermostat had gone wrong, that created a lot of steam and hot water in the pipe and that busted out a hole and all water was rushing out at the roof. This was all the banging, thudding, gurguring about.

My mouth dropped open for so long that my mother had to ask me to shut my mouth.

Ah... so that's it. No adventure of the sort but a frustrating job to mend the leak in the middle of the night! For time being the hole was tied up in a hard knot with the big cloth till a plumber could arrange it properly in the morning.

Now nobody could go back to sleep. But the lights were turned off by mom as sleep would not come till we create an environment for it. It enters through shut eyelids - not from the open eyes and mouths!

Waiting for my Dream's fulfillment

by Fatima Jadoon

11 years

"May Allah ﷻ keep you away from evil eye, may Allah keep you all safe and sound." My maternal grandmother hugged and kissed me and instructed my mum to take special care of me.

"I will pray for you, you will soon be there Insha'Allah," she assured me.

"Inshallah!" my mum prayed. They waved at us and we left for the glorious journey. 'May the air be clear, flight smooth, the plane ride safe Ameen.' I prayed in my heart.

Suddenly I was jolted out of my dream by the alarm clock. I lied on my bed overwhelmed and sobbing. Was there anything wrong with my intentions? I banged my head to the pillow.

A moment later I glanced up at my mum's face who just came in, perceiving a lack of meaning in my life, she smiled her brightest smile.

Next, mum announced at breakfast, "Today is tree plantation day, every child will plant trees of his own choice."

"Tremendous idea!" All my cousin exclaimed with enthusiasm. After sometime, we all were ready. She drove the spade into the ground and lifted up a cloud of mud then she tossed it on the side.

"Come on Sara," mum asked.

I whooped with delight thinking I would plant a plum tree. I placed the plant in the centre of the hole, digged by mum. I understood that mom was trying to keep me busy so that I would come out of stress.

Suddenly the door bell buzzed. I opened the door and to my surprise there was a delivery guy with order. Instantly mom received the order. "I had ordered for your favourite pizza!"

It was amazing to taste my favourite soft crust pizza with black olives on the top and half slice mushroom, some sausages pouring out from mozzarella cheese. That night when everybody went to sleep I closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep. Suddenly I thought some one was very near to me. I opened my eyes and to my surprise I found my mum's face very near me.

"Are you still thinking about that? I realise your pain but you know only Allah knows which time is best for you to go to His house. The strong believer is more beloved to Allah than the weak believer. As parents we stop our children from doing things we know will harm them. Sometimes we make you do things you don't want to do because they are good for you. Allah ﷻ loves us many time more than our mother. Sometimes He takes away things from us or put us through experiences that give us pain, but He always does what is best for us. We must have faith whatever He does is always for the best.

Your passport could not be made because of some unavailable documents, the time will come Insha'Allah, when you could get your passport and we all will go for performing Umrah and Inshallah for Hajj too." My mum hugged me, "And tomorrow we all are going to the airport to receive your grandmother, mamu, Mumani and Khala I will wake you up at Fajr, we will clean our house and decorate it with flowers, now recite Ayatul Kursi and dua and sleep."

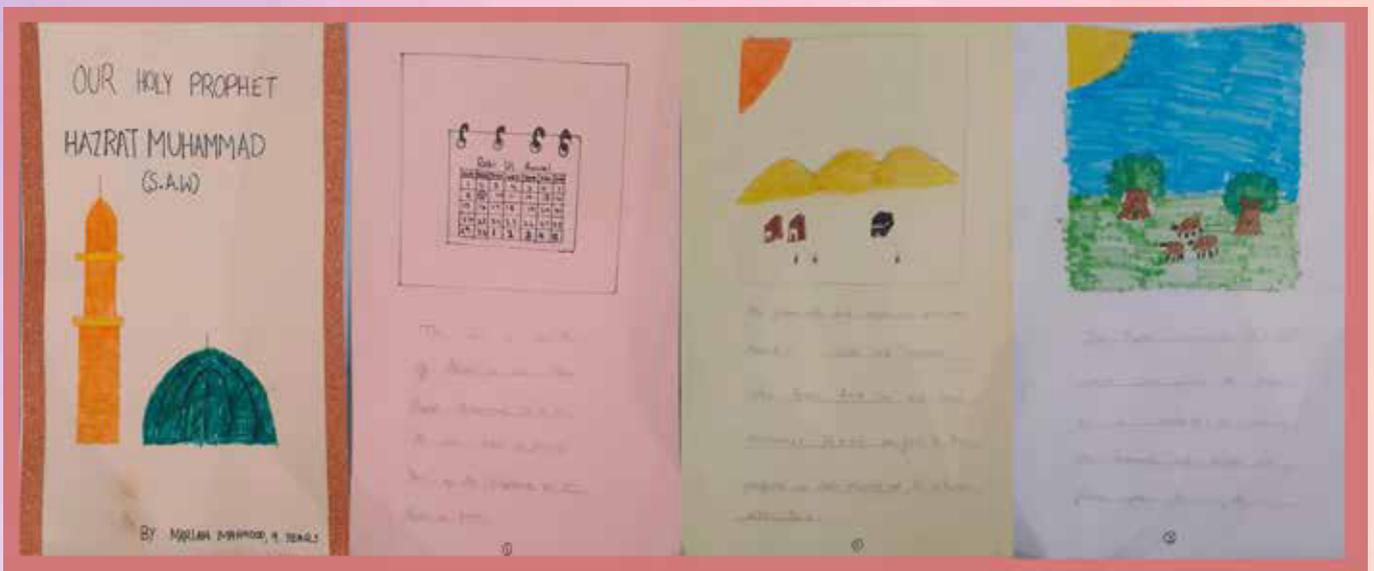
The agony was gone and I found a new strength and hope inside me



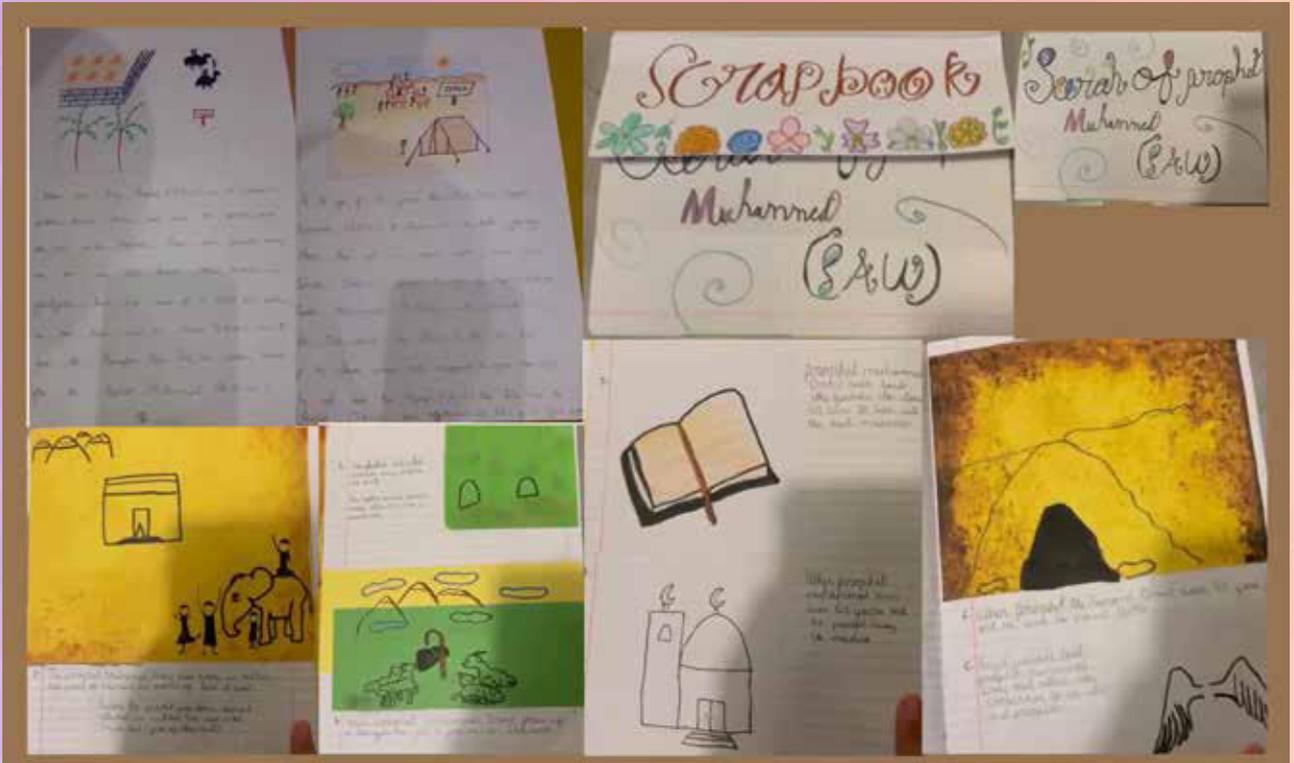
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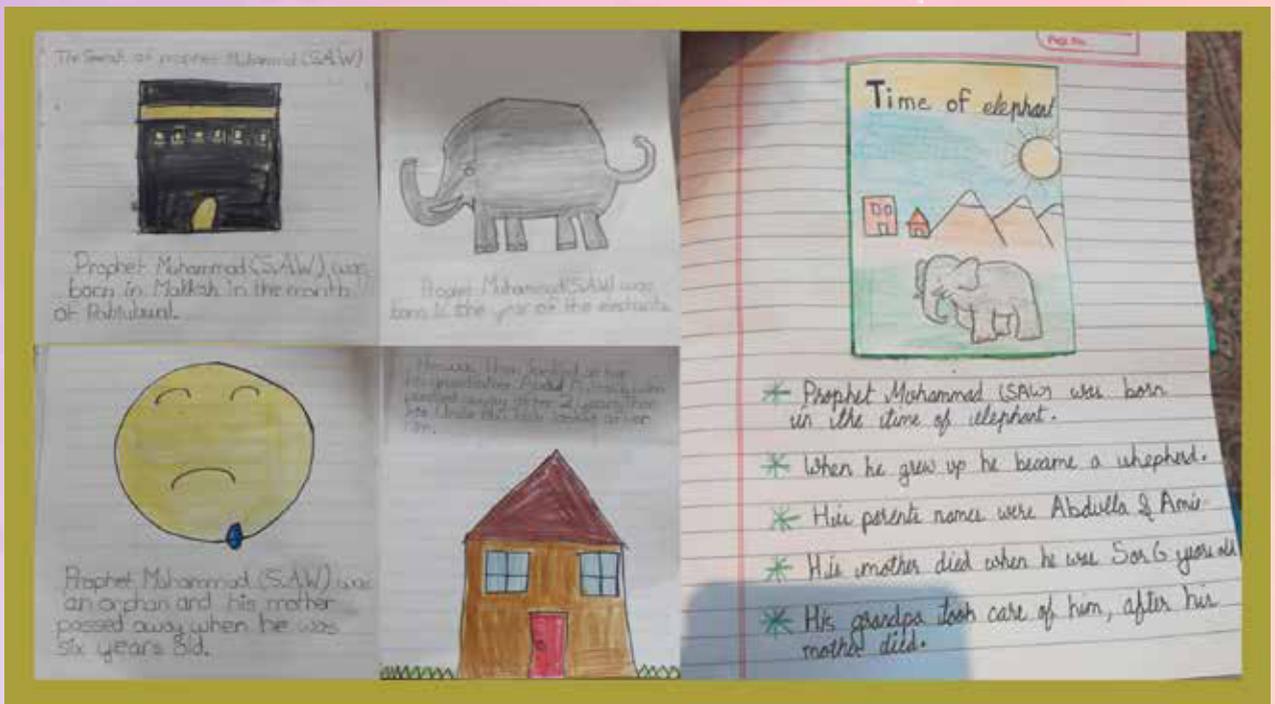
**Mahrin Hasna
9 years, Singapore**



**Mariam Mahmood
9 years, UK**



Sarah Waseem
9 years



Hareem Nabeel
9 years

Deen for a Mean

Concept by Zawjah Zia

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