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the joys of
submission!

radiance

LIVING AND LOVING THE YOUNG MUSLIM LIFESTYLE

The Signboard

Ramadan -
A celebration
of the Quran

Live Like
Martyrs

Comic:
How I became
a Musalli



Superhero
shift



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Ramadan - A celebration of the Quran



'It's been weeks since I opened my copy of the Quran,' thought Sidra, who, although a conscious Muslim teenager, had lost all touch with the book of her Creator - as the doldrums of life had gotten the better of her. The more she got captivated by the world and all the fickle trends, the lower her level of Imaan kept falling.

Then finally, it was time for her favourite month, Ramadan, to dawn upon her. By chance, she saw a post online about Ramadan quoting some famous scholars. She read the caption: 'The only person who is turned away from the Quran is the one who has committed sins that turn him away from it.'

Tears of deep regret started falling down her face. 'How true!' she thought. 'I didn't consider stopping myself from sins and thus I was turned away from the Quran. So now I seek forgiveness O Allah, for all my past sins, committed consciously or unconsciously.'

Hadhrat Abu Zinaad رحمته الله says that when he would walk to the Prophet's صلى الله عليه وسلم mosque after suhoor, he would not walk past any house except that he would hear the recitation of the Quran coming from it.

Ibn Taymiyyah Rahimahullah said, "There is nothing that will guarantee the preservation of the body, mind and soul as much as the barakah that comes with the Quran. The barakah of the Quran retains the clarity of thought, intelligence and memory of the person who recites and memorises it. The words of the Quran, its meaning and contemplation on them purifies our thoughts and minds. We will retain our sanity, memory and intellect even at the age of 100 if we make the Quran our companion. The more you yearn for it, the more Allah will grant you from it."

The angels gather around those who recite

it. The blessing of the recitation of the Quran is something that Allah has specifically honoured humans with.

So let's not become complacent with the daily recitation of the Quran which is our daily source of barakah. And how about going a step further: this Ramadan, those who don't have a daily habit of recitation, can begin reading it consistently. Those who haven't started memorising the Quran can begin its memorisation. Those who have left revision of memorised portions can take it up again. Make this a commitment; promise yourself that you will never forget your best friend, the Quran, and then stay constant in completing your goal.

Memorisation, understanding, recitation and pondering of the Quran has such a sweetness to it that it makes you forget the effort you exert on this journey. Take a small portion of your time aside from your daily work and commitments and dedicate those moments to the Quran. Take a small portion away from your sleep, so you stand in its recitation at night. Perhaps through this, we may join the ranks of those who are constantly repenting to Allah رحمته الله and constantly engaged in the worship of Allah (Aabideen).

So apart from our daily tasbeehat, extra nawafil, sincere duas, staying away from all evils, and doing social work to gain duas from a lot of people, we also pledge to finish as many recitations of the Holy Quran as possible this Ramadan In'sha'Allah. After all, the Holy Quran is the best companion we can ever have here and in the hereafter. So will we not strive to be its companion too? ●

Wishing you all a blessed Ramadan!

Was'salam,

Bint Zahid

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The Radiance prize distribution ceremony and carnival

by **Rabia Khalid Lakhani**

The air was saturated with excitement and enthusiasm. Yes! It was the 16th of March, the day of the Radiance Carnival and prize-giving ceremony 2019, of The Radiance Kids Club.

Radiance club is a venture of Radiance magazine, to help our children, aged 4-12, learn and love Islam. It's an online platform, in which children learn short Quranic surahs, their translation and explanation, Ahadith, Arabic language and moral values, through lessons posted on the WhatsApp group. Activities, performed to enhance their love and knowledge about our beautiful deen, are alternated with lessons every week. Children learn their lessons and send them on the group.

Everybody was excited, especially the children. The event started off with the recitation of the Holy Quran. That followed by a Quran quiz for the children who were not able to complete all their lessons and this way they got a chance to improve their knowledge as well as stand out as winners. It comprised of the explanation of the last eight surahs of the Quran, which were a part of the Radiance club curriculum. Questions were provided beforehand to prepare for the quiz. The participants were very tense and nervous. After a grilling fifteen minutes, our four young victors emerged. They were awarded with certificates and medals.

After that, those young souls, who had worked very hard, and learnt seven or eight lessons, out of the total of eight lessons in this session,



on the Radiance Kids Club WhatsApp group were appreciated. Over a hundred children were awarded with certificates and medals. The recent Huffaz were then appreciated and awarded with special crowns to acknowledge their efforts and to encourage the other children. With a few addresses by our esteemed mentors, and reflections by mothers and lovely children also up on the stage, the ceremony finally came to an end.

Then, the most awaited event began, the carnival! Three hours of intense halal entertainment. With fun, games and food, the carnival was surely a blast! Aided by the beautiful themed decorations (purple and gold), and the amazing management, the carnival was a huge success, with hundreds pouring in and enjoying. All in all, it was a fun-filled day for adults and children alike.

Below are some comments from the participants.

Mashallah! Great event. Lovely Management. Kids really enjoyed and are so happy to receive their medals and certificates. Stay blessed always!

UmmSalmaan



JazakumAllahu khairan kaseeran for all your efforts. I really don't have words to thank you all. May Allah ﷻ bless you all in duniyah and aakhirah for your hard work for our kids.
Aameen.

Faiza Kausar

We can't stress enough how impressed we were with the Radiance carnival. Thank you to you all who were fantastic. Jazakumullah kheiren

UmmAsima

Such a ray of hope amidst all the storm left and right. May Allah ﷻ bless your effort team Radiance. May Allah radiate your faces with His light on the day there won't be any except His. Can't wait to receive my Radiance Champ's goodies In sha Allah. I really wish we could have come flying in from Lahore and witness all the awesomeness first hand.

Loads of dua.
UmmZakariya

MashaAllah it was a lovely event, reflected the great efforts and hard work of the Radiance team. May Allah bless you people always. Ameen.

Asma Naveed

Respected Editor,
Just wanted to say a huge thank you for everything you and your team did to make the event run so well. Everything turned out perfectly with great speeches, especially the Arabic quiz took our breath away. The children are very happy to have met you.

Umm Haniyaa

Yet again an amazing event from the Radiance team. You deserve all the best of Dunya and Akhirah, how selflessly you work for the Ummah Subhan'Allah. Jazakillah khair for everything.

UmmAmmar

Maashaa Allah, Maashaa Allah! What a lovely event!!!
Well managed and well organised!!!
Really enjoyed a lot!!
Jazakallah o khair

UmmRumaisa Nauman

The Radiance prize distribution ceremony and carnival was superb mashAllah. We are part of this blessed caravan for the past three years Alhamdulillah. May Allah ﷻ accept these efforts of Team Radiance and grant them success in both the worlds. Ameen

UmmMuhammad Abaan Atif Khan

mystery mania

1. Mr Smith eats two eggs every day. He never buys any eggs, nobody gives them to him, and he doesn't steal them from anyone nor does he keep hens. Where does he get his eggs from?

2. A carrot, a football scarf and five buttons were found in a field. If nobody placed them there, how did they get there?

3. An airplance carrying sixty Mexican lawyers to a convention in Rio crashed and landed directly on the border between Colombia, Venezuela and Brazil. Under international law, where should the survivors be buried?

4. The maker does not need it, the buyer does not use it, and the user uses it without knowing. What is it?

Answers
1. He keeps ducks.
2. They are the remains of a snowman, after a thaw.
3. You do not bury survivors.
4. A coffin.



The Signboard

Have you ever lost your track on a journey with all paths taking you no where at all? **Saadia Khan's** diary helps us relate that feeling of utter panic of being lost and then finally finding the signboard to our way – that signboard being the month of Ramadan

I don't know how, I don't know when, but at some point on our way back from our aunt's house, I took a wrong turn. My sister and I were chattering, and I wasn't really paying attention to the road, but that was because I had driven to my aunt's house in the outskirts of the city fairly enough times to know the route by heart.

When I realised that the buildings and fields didn't look familiar, my breath caught momentarily in my chest. I slowed down and took a better look around, but to my horror, I recognised nothing. I tried to retrace the road mentally, trying to figure out where I'd gone off track, but my mind came up blank. I almost shouted at my sister to stay quiet as I scrambled frantically for my phone, calming myself with the thought of Google Maps. I turned it on.

It didn't turn on. The battery was dead.

"It's all right, we'll just keep driving this way a bit, we'll find a turn or something," I assured

no one in particular, taking a deep breath and stepping on the accelerator.

My sister suddenly stopped boasting about her exam score and her eyes became as big as saucers. "What...what did you say?" her eyes widened even more, "are we lost?"

After driving for 5 more minutes, neither of us were sure that 'just driving this way a bit' was a good idea. The buildings had disappeared entirely, and we were surrounded by lush green fields – beautiful, but full of an unfamiliarity that was seriously giving us the creeps. The sun was going down. However, we had no choice but to keep on going.

We drove over a bridge, around a few turns; going wherever the road took us, while I muttered prayers and all the duas I knew. The U-turns seemed to lead nowhere in particular, and I realised I would have been comforted if we'd been going around in circles, but we weren't – we were just drifting away, God

All I wanted was some sort of a sign. A clue, a landmark, a faraway building – anything to follow, to recognise, to give me some relief from the panic that was building up inside me at quite an alarming rate, while my sister wailed on and on. "We're lost! We're completely, completely lost!"

knows where. I thought about what might happen if we kept going like this, and quickly pushed the thoughts away because they were terrifying.

Then my sister started crying. I tried consoling, I tried scolding, but she would not stop. It was utterly exasperating. All I wanted was some sort of a sign. A clue, a landmark, a faraway building – anything to follow, to recognise, to give me some relief from the panic that was building up inside me at quite an alarming rate, while my sister wailed on and on. "We're lost! We're completely, completely lost!"

And that's about the time when I saw it: a signboard. Far away, a little hazy, but definitely there. I had to shout over the din of my sister's bawling. "There's a sign! We're going to figure it out!"

The graffiti'd, weather-beaten signboard didn't give much information, but I recognised the name of the district; at least I'd know where to go from there. Relief washed over me like a flood. I took the turn, and although it was still an unfamiliar terrain, I was much more relaxed, confident I was heading in the right direction and assured I'd find my way.

Ramadan is just like that. At some point in our lives, we might find ourselves on a path we know we shouldn't be on. We might find ourselves alarmingly lost, without any help of any sort, to show us the way. We might have forgotten what it is like to tread the path that leads towards Allah. And then there's Ramadan: like the savior signboard, a blinding light of hope, of mercy, of guidance. And most im-

portantly, of relief.

Don't be satisfied with being hopelessly lost, even if the view outside the window is nice to look at. Don't ignore the Ramadan Signboard, and continue driving down the path – the wrong path. When Ramadan comes, seize the chance. Feel the panic of being lost. Don't miss the turn! Even if you've spent too much time wandering lost, don't let it put you off. Don't let your mistakes slow you down. Wipe off the layers of dust and dirt from your car that accumulated over the journey, and start afresh, on a clean slate. The Lord of the worlds 'has decreed upon Himself mercy' for your sake and is giving you another golden chance, so don't dodge His Forgiveness!

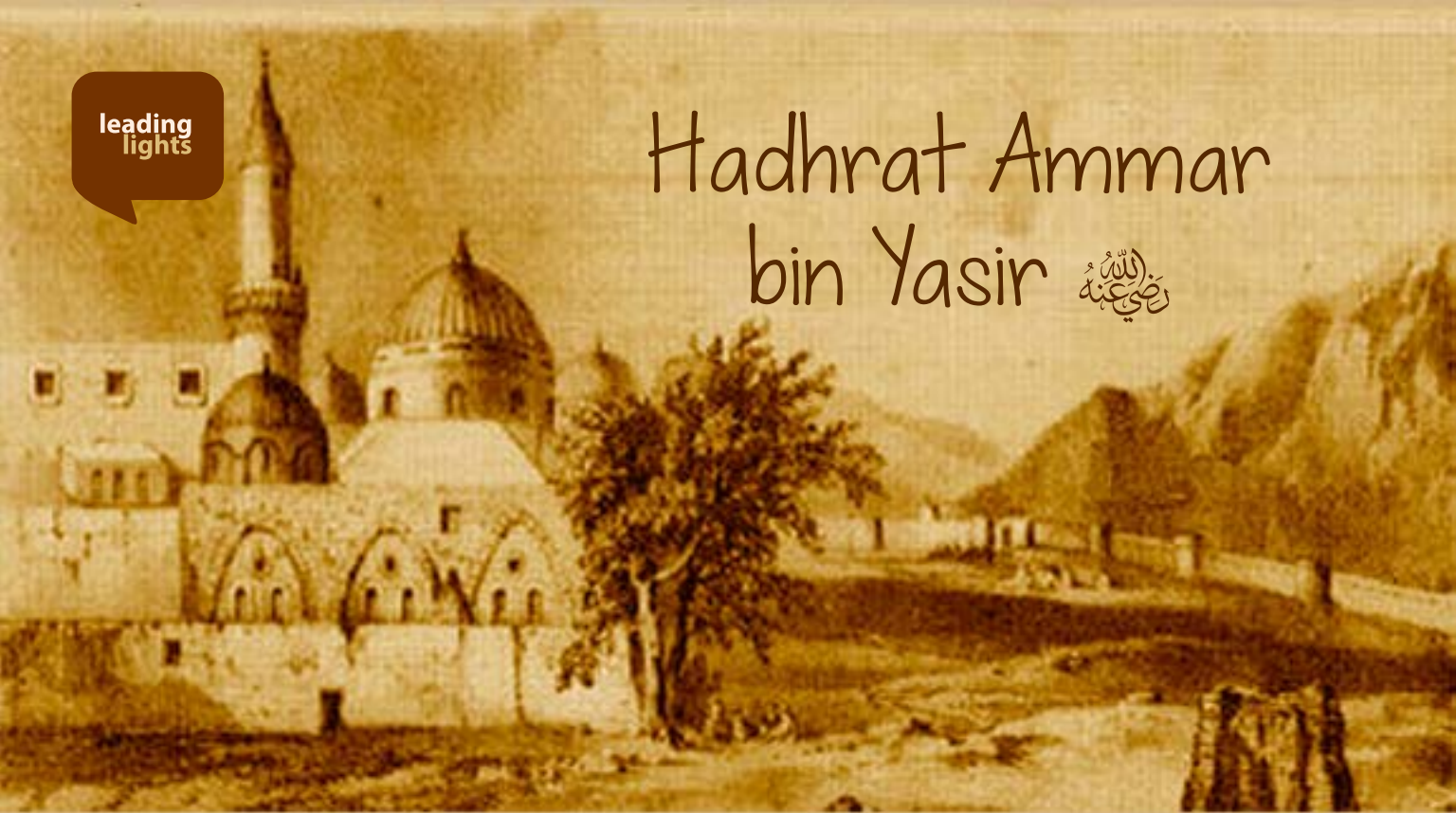
"Say, O My servants who have transgressed against themselves [by sinning], do not despair of the mercy of Allah. Indeed, Allah forgives all sins. Indeed, it is He who is the Most Forgiving, the Most Merciful." [Az-Zumar, 53]

"He who fasts Ramadan due to Imaan and hoping for reward from Allah, then his past sins are forgiven." [Bukhari and Muslim]

Make a 'travel plan' of how you can make the best of this Ramadan, and how you can take away long-lasting habits from it: don't just be a Ramadani Muslim but an Ar-Rahmani Muslim. Whoever worships Ramadan, then Ramadan will come and go; but whoever worships Ar-Rahman, then He will always be there. Make sure you and Ramadan part ways with you as a different, new-and-improved version.

You're in the shade of the signboard. Now take its path

Hadhrat Ammar bin Yasir رضي الله عنه



Zawjah Junaid Mukaty uplifts our Imaan through the life chronicles of the great hero of Islam – Hadhrat Ammar bin Yasir رضي الله عنه

Hadhrat Ammar bin Yasir was born in Aam ul Feel (Year of the Elephant), the same as the Prophet Muhammad's ﷺ year of birth. His father, Yasir bin Amir, had come from Qahtan in Yemen to Makkah, in search of his lost brother whom he could not find. He stayed back and became an associate of Abu Huzaifa bin Al Mughaira and married to Sumayyah bint Khayyat, a slave woman.

Conversion to Islam

Hadhrat Ammar رضي الله عنه was thoroughly inspired by Prophet ﷺ since his early ages. It was because of those attributes, Hadhrat Ammar embraced Islam in its early days. Not only him but his parents were also early converts.

At first, they tried to keep their faith secret. They used to meet Prophet ﷺ at Dar e Arqam and learn the teachings of Islam. Later when Kuffar came to know about their new belief, Hadhrat Ammar and his family were yet more victims of persecution at their hands.

Hadhrat Yasir رضي الله عنه and Hadhrat Sumayyah رضي الله عنها were old aged but that could not soften the heart of Abu Jahal, a staunch enemy of Muslims. He tortured them mercilessly. Whenever Prophet ﷺ passed them he would say, "Patience, O family of Yasir! Your meeting-place will be Paradise." One day in his madness, Abu Jahal killed Hadhrat Sumayyah رضي الله عنها with his spear which placed her as the first martyr of Islam. Shortly after this incident, Hadhrat Yasir رضي الله عنه was also martyred by the polytheists.

Hadhrat Yasir was made to lie on hot afternoon desert sand with piling stones on his chest. His face was immersed in pool of water till he started losing his breath. Then they would ask him to renounce Islam but this magnanimous person would strongly hold his belief. Another day, polytheists tortured him to such an extent that he lost his senses and said a few inappropriate words about the Prophet ﷺ. Afterwards, he went crying to Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ and told him the whole story. The Prophet ﷺ enquired what had happened to which he replied

Hadhrat Ammar رضي الله عنه participated in every battle the emerging nation faced, including the Battle of Badr in which Abu Jahl was killed. At that time Prophet Muhammad ﷺ is said to have turned to him and said, "The murderer of your mother is dead."

that he strongly holds onto his belief. Merciful Prophet ﷺ wiped off his tears and said, "If ever they torture you again and demand such a thing then do this again to save your life."

The first few verses of Surah Ankaboot is said to have been revealed in response to the persecuted Sahaba's despair. "Whoever disbelieves in Allah after having believed in Him—not the one who is compelled (to utter a word of disbelief) under duress while his heart is at peace with faith, but the one who embraces disbelief wholeheartedly—upon such people is wrath from Allah, and they will suffer a great punishment."

His body was full of scars and marks due to persecution throughout his life.

His migration to Abyssinia is not confirm, but he was among the first six Sahaba who migrated to Medina. He stayed as a guest to Hadhrat Mubashshir bin Abdul Munzir at Quba till Prophet ﷺ migrated.

Love for Islam and Prophet ﷺ

Hadhrat Ammar was a tall, strong, robust and handsome man. His love for Islam and affection for the Apostle ﷺ flourished every single day. He worked tirelessly during construction of Masjid e Nabwi carrying a brick or two together at times. While doing so he used to hum: "We are Muslims, We build masjid." One day, Messenger ﷺ swished off dust from his clothes and said, "Alas! Ibn Sumayya! It is not they who will kill you but a group of rebels." This prophecy of Messenger ﷺ proved right.

Hadhrat Ammar participated in every battle the emerging nation faced, including the Battle of Badr in which Abu Jahl was killed. At that time Prophet Muhammad ﷺ is said to have turned to him and said, "The murderer of your mother is dead."

In addition to this, he was also a witness at Prophet Muhammad's ﷺ farewell sermon in 10th Hijrah.

Sixty two Ahadith are narrated by him. He is counted in Tabqa e Chaharum of Narrators of Ahadith.

Contributions During Rashideen Caliphate

Hadhrat Ammar bin Yasir fought daringly in the ferocious battle of Yamamah. He lost his ear but his determination was not wavered. He also fought against Syria and Persia and proved his bravery.

In the 20th Hijrah, Hadhrat Umer made him Governor of Kufa during which he also had to lead a small army to help the Muslims fighting the Battle of Nihawand. He held the post of Governor for twenty one months and then he was called back.

In 35th Hijrah, Hadhrat Usman رضي الله عنه sent him to Egypt with a team to investigate the rebellious acts surfacing against him. In 36th Hijrah, he was appointed the General of Hadhrat Ali's army in the Battle of Jamal.

Continued on pg 25

Superman shift Part-1

At a time when we give little value to our real heroes and instead admire the fake ones, Aymun Sajid's exciting story serves as an eyeopener for all

"It's hero time!" Salahuddin shouted his favorite superhero, Ben 10's catchphrase, bounding down the steps of Sunday Bazar.

His two friends laughed and waved. "Enough of Ben 10," Khalid shouted. "How many times should I tell you that you should seriously start watching Spiderman? He is so much cooler!"

"No way!" Tariq hollered. "Superman wins, any time! He can fly!" He opened his arms and ran around in a semi-circle. "Up, up, and away!"

Salahuddin pulled up near his friends, grinning broadly. "Ah-ha, but Ben 10 can turn into ten different aliens with his Omnitrix. And guess what?"

Salahuddin said it with such suspense that Tariq instantly stopped whizzing around and looked at him. "What? What?!"

"I got a Ben 10 haircut," Salahuddin announced proudly, picking up his baseball cap and letting his hair fall over his forehead, Ben 10 style.

Tariq glowered at him enviously. He had a wild mob of curly hair that could never look anything like his favorite superhero's hair, anytime.

"How did your Abbu let you do that?" Khalid asked, "I know he was pretty mad when he discovered you were into Ben 10."

"Duh, I just told the barber to cut it like that, without taking Ben 10's name," Salahuddin grinned. "Baba didn't suspect a thing!"

"Ammi tells me to stop watching Spiderman too," Khalid went on. "But they don't understand what it's about. What's wrong with any of them? They use their powers to HELP people!"

"I can't tell you how many times Ben 10 has saved the world," Salahuddin agreed proudly, feeling his hair to make sure it hadn't messed up.

Tariq made a face. "Your hair might look a bit like Ben 10, but



"And guess what?"

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the rest of you doesn't. Ben 10 is a white dude! And he has green eyes. And he's American!"

"Well, so are Superman and Spiderman!" Salahuddin snapped, his proud mood suddenly dampened.

All three boys fell silent. They all had gotten into a superhero craze-phase together but were growing more and more discontent of their race, nationality, language and even skin colour by every passing day. It was a bit overwhelming for the eleven-year old kids.

"Well," Tariq broke the uneasy silence, trying to sound cheerful. "Guess what? I found this cool costume stall at Sunday bazaar just now. It had a superman cape!"

Khalid's eyes goggled behind his glasses. "Oh my gosh! Did they have a Spiderman mask?"

"Did they have an Omnitrix?" Salahuddin broke in, almost forgetting his earlier discontent.

Tariq frowned. "They had the mask. And I did see some watch thingy..."

"That's it! It looks like a watch!" Salahuddin almost yelled in excitement.

"Let's go find this stall, guys. I have lots of money."

The three friends were overflowing with excitement as they made their way out of the gate of Sunday bazaar. After all, they all had their respective superhero accessories they had just bought. Tariq, with his huge, flowing red cape, and Khalid with his scary mask, were sure turning a lot of heads.

"I was thinking..." Tariq almost quavered as they shoved over to the taxi stand, "This thing is so huge. Don't you think it'll help me glide, like, just a bit? Like..." he sucked in his breath, eyes going wide with excitement. "LIKE SUPERMAN?!?!"

"I need to try out my Omnitrix," Salahuddin agreed, staring reverently at the watch-like device. Sure, the real Ben 10 had found his in a forest, while he had bought it from a second-hand stall. And sure, the thing wasn't stuck to his hand like it was to Ben 10's. But hey, maybe he could at least turn him into ONE alien!

"Let's go to the park," Khalid suggested. He didn't admit it wasn't just to try out any new powers, but also to get a breath of fresh air. He was sweating badly behind his tight mask.

The three friends jumped out of the taxi and ran into the park. Tariq stopped at the stairs and closed his eyes. Khalid and Salahuddin skidded to a stop and whirled around to watch

FASTING OF THE EARS

Tariq took a deep breath, spread his arms, and jumped.

He crashed flat on his stomach on the bottom of the stairs.

“Uhhghhh,” He got up, trying to grin weakly in order to hide his pain. “Maybe...maybe I’m better off just watching the Superman movies.”

Khalid wasn’t one to be discouraged. “Watch this!” He yelled, rushing towards a tree. Salahuddin and Tariq gaped. It looked like he was going to crash right into it. At the absolutely last minute, Khalid leapt and tried to get his feet on the tree. After all, Spiderman had super spider-like clinging capabilities.

He still crashed right into it.

Salahuddin rushed over to his friend. Tariq ran too, but his feet got tangled in the cape and he tripped over halfway there.

“You okay?” he gasped, reaching him.

Khalid slowly sat up. “I...I timed it wrong,” he grimaced.

“You aren’t wearing your glasses today. Maybe that’s why,” Salahuddin tried to comfort him.

“Spiderman doesn’t have glasses.”

“Oh...” Salahuddin caught sight of his wrist. The Omnitrix. He still had his device to try out.

If only Ben 10 was here to help him.

And that was when he caught sight of him. Sitting on a bench on the other end of the park, a young teenager.

Ben 10.

Salahuddin swallowed, gaped, stared, then gulped again.

But no. The teenager was tall, had smooth brown hair, fair skin and...did he have green eyes? Salahuddin couldn’t tell. His heart pounding like a jackhammer, he sprinted off in that direction.

“Hey! Where are you going?” Khalid yelled after him.

Salahuddin kept on running like a mad thing, his eyes glued onto the boy.

At that moment the teenager looked up, smiling quizzically at the frantically running kid. Salahuddin fairly exploded. He DID have green eyes!

Then the teen’s eyes squinted in a frown. Why was the kid running towards...him?

Salahuddin pulled up in front of him, wheezing like crazy. How disgraceful. What would Ben 10 think? He drew in a deep breath and stood up tall.

“Hi, there!” Salahuddin put on his best American accent.

The teenager smiled, though still looking a little confused. “Assalaamu Alaikum.”

Salahuddin froze. He felt like he had been electrocuted. What?! But Ben 10 wasn’t a MUSLIM! And then he noticed another thing. The boy was holding a book. Ben 10 never read BOOKS!!

Continued Insha’Allah



Helpful Tips:

The Prophet ﷺ prayer for guidance and protection:

اللَّهُمَّ الْهَمِّنِي رَشْدِي، وَأَعِزَّنِي مِنْ شَرِّ نَفْسِي

“Oh Allah, inspire me with guidance and protect me from the evil of myself.” (Tirmidhi)

Create Ramadan playlist on your iPod, phone, laptop etc and add Quran mp3s, Islamic lectures and your favourite nasheeds.

Listen to the soothing sounds of nature e.g. running stream, waves and singing birds.

To avoid vain talk, spend your free time in the masjid or mussallah and recite the Quran. Invite a friend or two and gain Hasanahl

The Prophet ﷺ said, “Fasting is a shield, so let him not be obscene or act in an ignorant manner. If someone argues with you or insults you, say: ‘I am fasting, I am fasting’.” (Sahih al-Bukhari)



No Bake Coconut Date Energy Bites

Umm Muhammad delights our taste buds with healthy and delicious Iftaar treats

These energy bites are naturally sweetened by the dates and contain no sugar – and to be honest, after making these delicious energy bites, I'm putting it out there that I don't even miss a version of energy bites that include sugar, because these are rock stars all by themselves!!

Ingredients

- 1/3 cup cashews
- 10 dates
- 1/2 cup coconut, shredded, divided
- 1 Tbs coconut oil
- 1 Tbs water

Instructions

Put cashews in a food processor and pulsate for 10 seconds.

Add pitted dates, 1/4 cup coconut flakes, 1 tbs coconut oil and water. Process for a minute or until the mixture comes together and no big nuts or dates remain.

With a tablespoon scoop out 1 tablespoon of the mixture and roll in between hands to form a ball.

Put remaining shredded coconut in a bowl, and then roll the ball in the coconut. Place ball in a mini muffin liner and refrigerate for an hour and then serve. Store in refrigerator.



Bread Cheese Bites

Ingredients

- Bread slices - 2
- Cheese slices or grated cheese as needed
- Cornflour / Cornstarch - 3 tbs
- Water - 1/4 cup
- Breadcrumbs - 1/2 cup
- Oil for pan frying

Instructions

1. Take bread slices, place cheese slice over the bread, cover with other slice.
2. Now cut it into bite size pieces.
3. Mix cornflour with some water. Dip the bread in the cornflour mix and coat with breadcrumbs.
4. Heat oil in a frying pan, fry the bread slices in them till crispy.
5. Drain and serve with ketchup.

Beautiful calligraphic showcase from our budding artists



Khadija Ahmed
4 years



Eshal Rashid
Grade 4



Urwah bin Masood
Riyadh



Amina Fatimah
Riyadh



Hassan Tayyeb
Baitussalam School Talagang



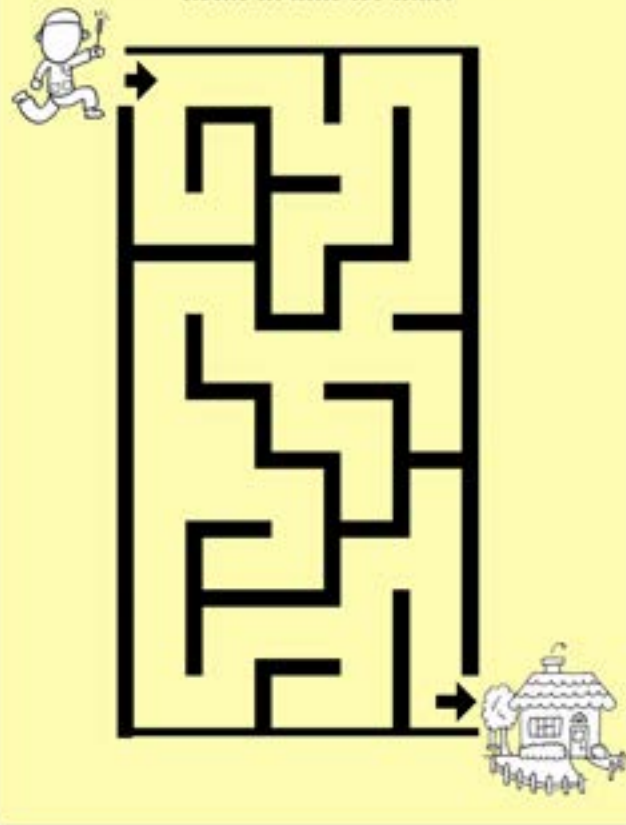
Fatima Kaleem

Complete the patterns below with the right sequence.

Four rows of pattern completion puzzles:

- Row 1: Crescent moon, Star, Crescent moon, Star, []
- Row 2: Heart, Heart, Mosque, Heart, []
- Row 3: Star, Crescent moon, Crescent moon, Star, []
- Row 4: Mosque, Crescent moon, [], Crescent moon, Mosque

Maze runner. Help Yusuf find his way home in time for iftar!



Charity does not only mean giving money or food to others. Decipher the secret below to find out what charity could also mean.

	1	2	3	4	5
A	A	B	C	D	E
B	F	G	H	I	J
C	K	L	M	N	O
D	P	Q	R	S	T
E	U	V	W	X	Y

A5 E2 A5 C4 A1 D4 C3 B4 C2 A5

B4 D4 A3 B3 A1 D3 B4 D5 E5



Ramadan word search

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

- RAMADAN
- DATES
- IFTAR
- MASJID
- QURAN
- MERCY
- FASTING
- PRAYER
- ZAKAAT
- TARAWIH

Design and Test a Parachute



Learn about air resistance while making an awesome parachute! Design one that can fall slowly to the ground before putting it to the test, making modifications as you go.

What you'll need:

A plastic bag or light material
Scissors
String
A small object to act as the weight (a paper cup can be used).

Instructions:

1. Cut out a large square from your plastic bag or material.
2. Trim the edges so it looks like an octagon (an eight sided shape).
3. Cut a small hole near the edge of each side.
4. Attach 8 pieces of string of the same length to each of the holes.
5. Tie the pieces of string to the object you are using as a weight.
6. Use a chair or find a high spot to drop your parachute and test how well it worked, remember that you want it to drop as slow as possible.

What's happening?

Hopefully, your parachute will descend slowly to the ground, giving your weight a comfortable landing. When you release the parachute the weight pulls down on the strings and opens up a large surface area of material that uses air resistance to slow it down. The larger the surface area the more air resistance and the slower the parachute will drop. Cutting a small hole in the middle of the parachute will allow air to slowly pass through it rather than spilling out over one side, this should help the parachute fall straighter.

Live Like Martyrs

by **Aymun Sajid**

14 years

A homeschooler

In a masjid, a man with guns, filled with hate
Was met with a message of peace at the gate,
"Hello, brother", were the last words before the shot
That sent a loving soul to Jannah on the spot.

Death came in the place they loved to be,
Where Allah had gathered them especially early,
They were praying, or reciting, or in prostration
Elders, teenagers, even innocent children.

Shahadah, on a Friday, on the carpets of a mosque
That too in New Zealand, who would have thought?
That they would be granted a status so high,
From the paradise on earth to the paradise in the sky.

His mission to divide, to instill darkness and terror,
Instead brought the people closer together
There will always be a battle between the right and the wrong,
But from where we were broken, we can grow more strong

The martyrs lived lives deserving beautiful deaths.
No amount of tears, or candles, or wreaths
Can do justice to whom we really lost, and how.
But we can live like them, for them. And start now.



The Boy Who Became a Famous Writer

By Muhammad Ali
8 years
The Intellect School

You will never be a writer Shayyan, you don't even know how to write," said his elder brother Abdul Rahman. Shayyan's brother was kind of like a potbellied dwarf, was so short that his arms would fit in any shallow part of any swimming pool in the world. Short and chubby, he also used to keep munching on all sorts of junk food that gave him a beastly temper. He was nothing like his younger brother Shayyan.

Shayyan was a well mannered boy; he would give his lunch to his best friend if he had forgotten his own. He was good at everything like running on his hands, swimming backwards and making stuff out of cans, but there

was one thing Shayyan was not good at, it was writing. He was terrible at it and spent hours trying to write every day but to no avail.

One day, he started making Dua that he becomes a writer and his writing would get better as he loved reading and was always inspired by the words that the authors put down to mesmerise the readers. He persistently made dua and never gave up, thinking Allah will accept his dua. Days passed and then gradually, he started writing to the point of success. His elder brother fainted when Shayyan won a writing competition and became a famous writer. Shayyan thanked Allah ﷻ for accepting his dua ●



The disobedient girl

A girl, named Halah, had long, wavy hair and a cheerful smile. But her behaviour was always bad and she was disobedient towards her parents, especially her mother.

One night, she heard a strange voice. So she went to her mother's room and found that her mother was gone. She searched for her mother everywhere but she wasn't anywhere. So Halah got to know that she had died.

Now she realised how mean she had been to her mother always. How she never used to listen to her mother. Her mother did everything for her, and now Halah had to do all those things herself.

She was crying when suddenly she was jolted out of sleep. 'Oh, it was all a dream Alhamdulillah,' Halah thought. 'Now I will never misbehave with my mother. I will always treat her sweetly and be the best daughter, In'sha'Allah.' ●

by Humayl bin Farrukh
8 years

Look, you rather behave yourself or I will be really cross at you," said Amna to her elder brother, Usman, because he was not letting her play with his new toy.

"I will not let you play with my toys because you always break them!" said Usman.

Amna said, "You also play with my toys, so I will also play with yours."

Mom heard the loud voices and came running. "Stop fighting you two! Usman, let Amna play with your toys, sharing is caring!"

Usman sighed, "Ok!" Usman handed Amna his toys with a frown on his face.

Amna played with his toys and broke all of them. Phew! ●

The new toy

by Zara Zahid
8 years



No More Lies

Part 2 of 2

Hamna Shahid's story sounds every bit regal where you can actually be without any fear of hearing lies around you. But will the discovery see the light of the day?

An hour later, I was sitting in the lounge with my laptop plopped open on my lap, trying to complete my assignment which was due next week.

"I'm going shopping," my elder sister stated before leaving the house.

I rolled my eyes. Shopping. That was my sister's new obsession. I had no idea how she could spend hours looking at dresses. I shook my head and looked at my laptop. I sighed and closed it. The weather was pleasant and a breeze was in the air. I got up and looked outside the window. Wow. There were black clouds. Please, let it rain. I whispered in the air. They had been there since two days. Yet, no downpour had been experienced in our area.

"Sixer!" I heard a shout and looked down to see kids playing a street match. My cousin, Ali was with them. I sat there, engrossed in the match. Two crates had been piled up over each other to serve as a wicket. Ali was batting. The street was empty except the kids playing and the cars parked on the sides. An hour flew by. The doorbell yanked me out of the match. I got up and

went to the door. A delivery man had dropped a box of sweets. I picked it up. It smelled delicious. There was a card stating that the box was from Mr. Yasir (a member of my extended family) whose son had finished memorizing the Quran. I tore the wrapping paper and squealed in delight on seeing Gulab Jamuns inside. I loved them. I popped one in my mouth just as Ali came back home.

"I want to talk to you," I piped up as I saw him.

"What?" he looked tired.

"I was thinking," I paused to take a breath. He looked up. He could sense something dreadful was coming next.

"That plant's a great discovery. It could change the world, you know. You'd be famous overnight. All I need to do is..."

"No!" He stopped me in a sharp tone.

"I'll help you. Who knows, you could be the next Einstein or something even bigger. I mean, Einstein wasn't eight when he made huge discov-

"You think it's going to be great, having the media around you, telling the world about it. But trust me, it's not. Promise me you'll never tell anyone what I'm about to say!"

eries."

He closed his eyes as his fists clenched, "I won't."

I could see a tear flowing down his cheeks as he ran to his room. "Wait, Ali!" I shouted, running after him. I entered his room behind him. He had his back to me as he stroked the leaves of his plant.

"Why?" I muttered the word slowly. It hung in the air for a while. I was afraid Ali wouldn't answer. But then, his mouth opened up.

"You think it's going to be great, having the media around you, telling the world about it. But trust me, it's not. Promise me you'll never tell anyone what I'm about to say!"

"I swear," I replied before he continued.

"It was Ahmed's idea," at that a sob escaped him. I closed my eyes. Ahmed! He was Ali's elder brother who died last year. There was nothing wrong with him. A fifteen-year-old boy just fell on the sidewalk and died. That was it.

"Well... it was not exactly his. He never told me about it. You know how he never allowed anyone to read his diary. Whenever I would want to read it, he'd tell me that I could read after he was gone. And he'd laugh at that," Ali gulped before continuing on, "when I finally had the courage, I opened it. I remember exactly. It was the 20th February's entry where I got the idea," he swallowed. I looked at the caramel plant behind him. The arrow was pointing at Ali.

"He had written... wait! I'll read it to you." Ali began rummaging around in his drawers. He took out a black diary, skipped the pages until he found the one he was looking for.

He cleared his throat and began, "I wish I had something that could detect lies. Lies. They were everywhere, lurking in every corner. I punched my pillow hard with frustration. When would they stop lying? I shouted at the wall of my room."

Ali closed the book and said, "So, I began working, in my brother's memory. After six months of cross-breeding, studying and examining, I did it. This plant, it's a reminder of my brother. It's something I did for him. That's why I'll never tell anyone about it." His tone was final. His mind made. I nodded my head. My mind was a blur. Too many questions swirled around. Yet, one thing was clear. There was a boy who had somehow grown a lie-detector plant and the world would never know about him

Continued from pg 11

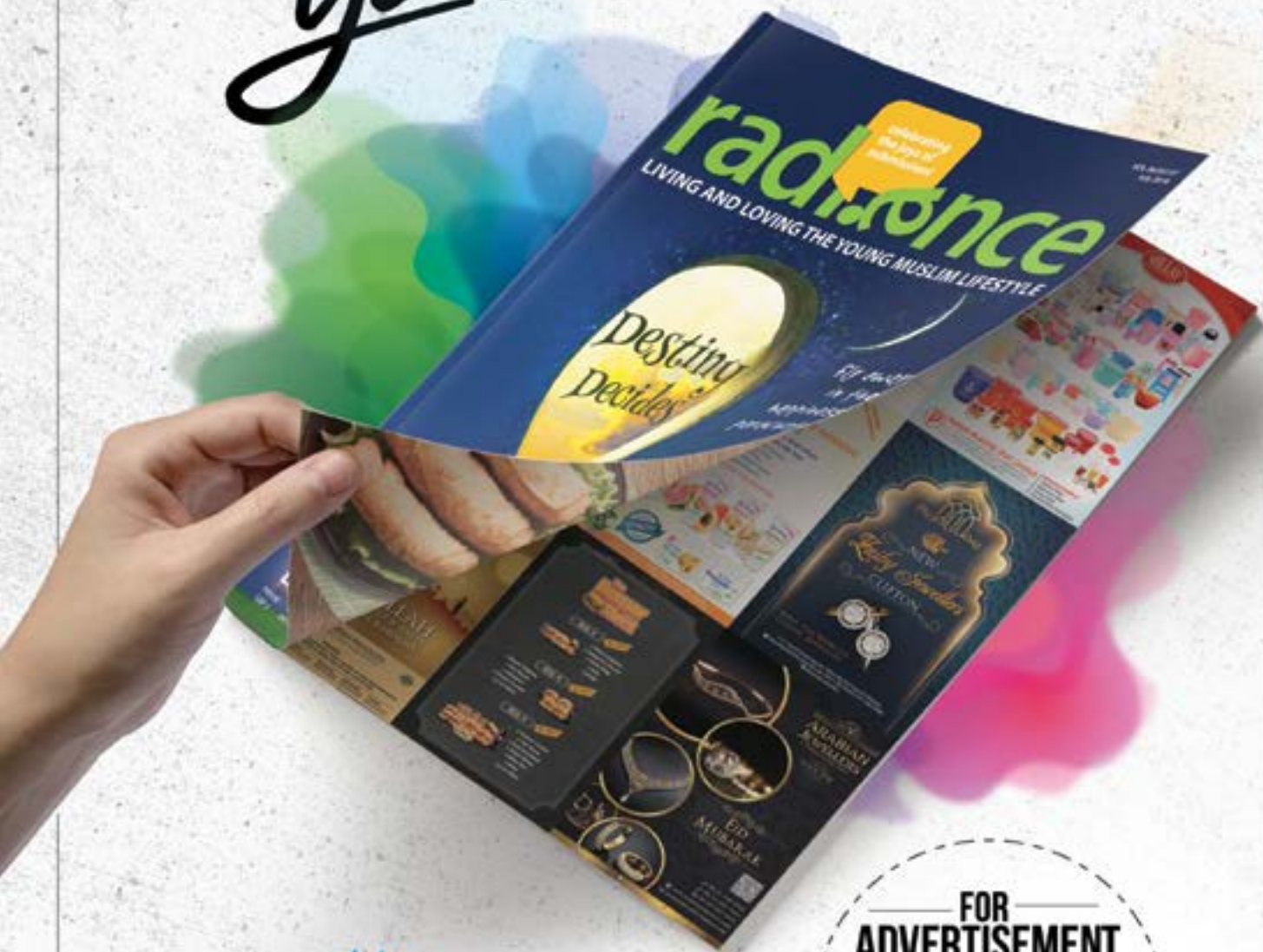
He was again with the army of Hadhrat Ali in the Battle of Siffin who were fighting with the Syrians. This battle turned out to be fatal for him. One of the Syrian hit him with a spear which injured him badly and he lost his balance and fell off the horse. The other Syrian cut his head off his body. This brutal murder left Hadhrat Ali very upset. He himself led his funeral prayers and buried him in Kufa. He was ninety at the time of his Shahadah.

May Allah bless us with the belief and trust on our Creator the way Hadhrat Ammar had. Ameen



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