

celebrating  
the joys of  
submission!

# radiance

LIVING AND LOVING THE YOUNG MUSLIM LIFESTYLE

Comic: No power  
like dua power

A letter by  
Kiraman katibeen

Let's build  
those bridges

*Nailing the craft of  
narrative writing*

walls of  
fire



PKR 60    USD 3.5  
GBP 3    DHS 10

 BAITUSSALAM  
PUBLICATIONS



**BECOME A MEMBER OF  
BAITUSSALAM**

**I CARE TO SHARE!**

**MISSION**

Ramadan & Beyond...  
Every month...  
For life...

**I PLEDGE**

**Rs. 5000**

☎+92+21-111-298-111 ☎+92+321-2120004  
☎+92+322-2120004 🌐www.baitussalam.org



### Patron

Hadhrat Maulana Abdul Sattar  
Hafidhahullah



### Executive Editor

Umm Abdullah



### Associate Editor

Zawjah Zia  
Haadiya Sajid



### Advisory Board

Maria Sheikh  
Hafsa Kamal  
Eeman Adeel  
Asiya Marfani  
Zawjah Ibrahim



### 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 + 92 332 827 8537

**Please Note** All contributions must mention full name and address. We accept original contributions only. If the matter is from a book or any source, it is expected that the source be mentioned. The editorial team does not assume any liability on the part of the contributing writer's deliberation nor necessarily agree with their views

You may use any part of this magazine to © propogate the *deen* of Islam, but alongside you MUST provide the reference where the original article was taken from. No change or amendment should be made to the information itself without prior permission from the editorial team

This magazine contains the sacred name of Allah ﷻ and Prophet ﷺ. Please maintain their due regard. Do not throw the magazine in trash. Either circulate, share, keep, recycle or dispose in proper Islamic manner.

# SNEAK A PEEK

ed's den	04	homework helper	16
Let's build those bridges		Nailing the craft of creative writing	
dear diary	06	PAGE 18	
A letter by Kiraman katibeen			
mystery mania	07	leading lights	
teens deen	08	Hadhrat Amr Bin Ma'adi	
Walls of fire		Yakrib	

PAGE 10




storynory  
Into my heart-3

## KIDS CORNER

fresh artists	20
screws n bolts	21
A mixed bag of fun and frolic	
science nugget	23
Cut ice cubes in half like magic	
fresh pens	24
Oh Allah! I repent!	
Countless blessings	
comic	26
No power like dua power	





# Let's Build Those Bridges

The Prophet of Allah, Hadhrat Yousaf ﷺ was just a young boy when he was viciously dumped into a well by his step brothers. He was alone and scared. It was only the beginning of his trials-filled journey of life. After that he was abducted, enslaved, sold, slandered, unjustly held in prison for many years and above all, he lost all touch with his beloved parents and people for decades on the go. Can we even imagine his trials?

Just imagine having a hard day at school or college; a day when one feels to have woken up on the wrong side of the bed! Everything seems to go wrong. Then after that horrible quiz in class, gruesome grilling by the teacher, a fight with a friend, lost money and missed ride, what would you want to do when you finally get to meet one of your loved ones? Frankly, if I were an average teen of today, I'd rant! Big time! By the end of that day, literally everyone in my real and virtual list of acquaintances would know of my miseries that day.

But you see, Yousaf's ﷺ trials didn't end in a day. They went on for decades and decades. And it just blows one's mind to see what he had to say when he finally met his parents after ages of torture and abuse: *My Lord has shown me kindness, since he took me out of prison and brought you to me from the desert....."*

No mention of the terrible things which preceded that freedom from the prison!

-----

After the morning prayers, when the Sahabah would gather in masjid al-Nabawi, it was the blessed habit of the Prophet ﷺ that he'd often ask them if any one of them had had a dream that night. When someone would speak about their dream, the Prophet ﷺ would then reveal its interpretation and many lessons attached.

Abdullah ibn Umar ﷺ was a young boy at that time. He has narrated that he'd desperately wish to be able to see a dream some night just so he could tell it in that morning gathering and may be get to hear some glad tidings for himself from the Prophet ﷺ. So he says, one night before bed, he made heartfelt dua for this wish of his. He did see a dream that night but lo and behold, what did he see? He saw the Hell Fire; that the angels were taking him towards it and he could hear the screams of people therein, then just as he was at the edge of the Hell, the angels drew him back – suddenly, he woke up.

The young Abdullah was so scared of the dream that he simply couldn't find courage to speak about it before the Prophet ﷺ. So instead, he asked his big sister Hafsa ﷺ (who was the Proph-



et ﷺ's wife) to ask him on his behalf. The Prophet ﷺ realised where the young boy was coming from and when he spoke, he realised that his words would reach Abdullah ﷺ, so he said: "What an incredible fine young boy is Abdullah, how wonderful it would be if he strived more in his Tahajjud (the night prayer)."

SubhanAllah! So this was the interpretation of Abdullah's dream; he was lacking in his tahajjud. But just look at the way in which the Prophet ﷺ conveyed it! He very well could have plainly said 'The dream is a warning for him to take heed and come out of his laziness; it's his inefficiency in tahajjud that made him see such a horrible dream!!' But no! The Prophet ﷺ knew what it meant to be positive in the Tarbiyah of the youth around him and he knew how terribly the negativity of speech can bog down a young mind. So he chose positivity instead.

-----

### **Continued from pg 11**

was so happy that after so much aggression her father was willing to hear her out. She extended the book towards her parents. Timothy took the book, gave it an annoyed look and then all at once started tearing it up wildly.

"I just finished the REASON. Come back to your normal self or I will treat you in a way you would have never thought of." He was trembling with anger. Teresa went pale, the situation was getting worse.

Khadija blankly looked at the torn pages scattered around the floor. "Torn papers cannot change my vision Papa. My destination is very clear in my mind. I have found the way to reach there. And I am ready for anything that you do to me. I will not leave this religion. If you keep the sun in my right hand and the moon in my left, I will still not abandon my way." Her bold and confident statement was another blow for her parents.

Our children are also starving for this hope and encouragement that our manners and words could bring them. An overdose of criticism depresses and kills! There's sure more to parenting and Tarbiyah than strict disciplining. Parents can easily bridge this generation gap.

And dear children, we know it's tough for you. We know this world is constantly nagging you, hurting you and bringing you down and how hard you try to stay put. Just know that your parents and elders care for you, but they yearn to see and hear positivity from you. It is about time you too started seeing your glass as half full instead of half empty.

Learn from Yousaf ﷺ. His positivity and gratitude led him to be a King

*Wassalam,  
Zawjah Zia*

"Oh! So dear Katherine has now grown up and can plan her life herself. I have a different plan for you and this plan will be followed for sure. You are going to America and you will become a nun and spend your whole life serving the church."

With that, Timothy left the room leaving both the women staring behind him. Khadija's body went numb and she fell down on the floor. 'O Allah! Please help me.'

\*\*\*

Javeria was all set to leave for college. She once again checked her makeup and hairbrush which she had secretly hidden in her bag. Her new friends were teaching her new makeup techniques and hairdos. "Life is great!" she whistled joyfully and put on her abaya. This abaya would go directly in her bag as soon as she reached the college

\*\*\*

*Continued In'sha'Allah*

# A letter by Kiraman Katibeen

A touching ode to the Kashmiri martyrs  
by Asiya Marfani

Dearest Amma (mother),

I am surrounded by a cloud of tear gas. There are three bullet holes in my body, two in my right leg and one in my shoulder.

My body is shedding blood, and my eyes are being flooded with water and gas. I can barely see what's in front of me. Probably more tear gas, or loaded guns, or armed men with weapons in their hands - or death - is waiting. But now I don't care about what's ahead, for right now I can only see what's behind me. I can think only of what I have left behind.

Amma, I have left behind my wife, and she will be a widow soon. Whenever she will cry, Amma, tell her that her husband died fighting for the homeland of his children. Oh Amma! I have left behind my children, when they will miss me and mourn my death, Amma, sing to them the nasheeds of the martyrs. Amma, my sister.. I have left behind my little sister, whose marriage you owed me; so if on her wedding day, she asks you "Where's bhaiyya, my guardian?", tell her that her brother departed while bidding farewell to the evil men who had tried invading her homeland, so she could be safe and sound.

Amma, I have left behind my beloved broth-

er and whilst riding my car, if he inquires "Where's bhaijaan, our favorite driver?", tell him that his bhaijaan's car is now his property and that he has to drive through the same journey as his bhaijaan.

Amma... I can scarcely breathe now, but I have left behind late Abba's beloved memories and I have left you behind, and if you ever ask, "Why, my son? Where did you go?" Tell yourself that I have become a savior to preserve the dignity of my homeland. Amma, even though I never lived as a soldier, right now I am dying as a martyr.

I know that you won't receive this letter ever in this life, because this isn't a letter written on a paper, and sent through post. This is a letter written by the Kiraman katibeen (record-keeper angels) and it would be read by the Lord of the Lords, Allah - the most Gracious.

It doesn't matter if you don't get to read this letter here, for on the day of Judgment, Amma, when this letter will be read, our faces shall shine the brightest and the wrong-doers will stand with forlorn and defeatist faces In' sha' Allah

I love you Amma,

-Your Kashmiri son

# Solve the mystery

Q1. A woman lives on the tenth floor of a block of flats. Every morning, she takes the lift down to the ground floor and goes to work. In the evening, she gets into the lift, and, if there is someone else in the lift, she goes back to her floor directly. Otherwise, she goes to the eighth floor and walks up two flights of stairs to her flat. How do you explain this?

✦ Q2. A man dressed completely in black, wearing a black mask, stands at a crossroads in a totally black-painted town. All of the street-lights in town are broken. There is no moonlight. A black-painted car without headlights drives straight towards him, but it turns in time and doesn't hit him. How did the driver know to swerve?

✦ Q3. A word I know  
Six letters it contains,  
Subtract just one  
And twelve is what remains.

1. The woman is not tall enough to reach the tenth floor button; she can only reach the eighth.  
2. It is daytime.  
3. Dozens

Answers





# walls of fire

Part-1

## A story of tempting teenage struggles by Maria Sheikh

**D**I was lying on the ICU bed, staring at the roof. I could sense some people standing on my left.

My thoughts travelled 38 years back.

\*\*\*\*\*

“Zara, I tell you, it is quite silly of you to even think of this, you’re forcing yourself into hell. You do realise the fact that whatever you’re going to do is neither good for yourself nor for us, right?”

“But Mama! Acting is my passion, I’ve been dreaming to do this since childhood. How can you crush my dreams just like that?”

“I don’t care! I can’t let you destroy your life before my very eyes, can I?”

“UGH! You’ll never understand me! See, I want to be famous. I want people to look up when ‘Zara Malik’ walks by. I want to inspire people around me, I want to make a difference in people’s lives. I can’t do that by sitting at home!” I repeated everything my friend had made me memorise a day before like a tape recorder.

“Zara, you’re very close to my heart, and I’d

never give you wrong advice. Only parents are loyal and genuine towards their kids and no one else. The whole ‘glittery and glamorous’ showbiz industry is an illusion, it’s fake, it’s misleading, plain betrayal.”

“HAHAHA! Oh my God! I never knew you had such old-school views. Well, your times were different, your dilemmas and circumstances were completely different. Maybe that’s the reason why you don’t get what I’m trying to say!” Not caring about the tears that flashed in mom’s eyes, I continued to debate. Little had I realised that I had gone a bit too far this time.

I stomped out of the room, shutting the door with a bang behind me.

After that day, mom never said anything to me. She stopped scolding me for my mistakes, my get-up, my behaviour. She would just quietly glance at me and smile. A smile, full of questions, grief and regret.

But I was too ‘young’, ‘focused’, and ‘contemporary’ to sense all that.

\*\*\*\*\*

## I repeated everything my friend had made me memorise a day before like a tape recorder.

I entered my room and sat on the bed with a thud. Taking off my stilettos, I breathed a sigh of relief.

“Uh! How exhausting today’s shoot was! Too bad I have to get back at it again early morning tomorrow” I murmured to myself as I rubbed make-up cleansing solution on my face.

I had changed into my pyjamas and just lay on my bed when mama knocked at the door and entered the room.

“Is everything alright?” Seeing her at 2:30am in the night was kind of surprising.

“Zara, what are you up to? Till what extent do you plan to embarrass us in the family? Do you have any idea of the amount of criticism your father and I have to bear on daily basis?”

“Ugh mom! You know as they say: “Log tou kahengay. Logon ka tou kaam hai kehna!” (People would just keep saying. It is there work to keep saying things.)

“We wouldn’t have cared a bit if we had to face insults for something good that you were doing. What’s worse is that we know what everybody says is right. Neither our religion, nor our family norms allow us to do what you have indulged in...”

“Ugh Mama! I’m too tired, I can’t listen to this lecture all over again. Was it something important that you came in for at this time of the night?” I asked carelessly, yawning.

“We warn you, either stop this or move out of the house asap. We can’t tolerate this anymore. Your siblings are already very badly affected by the recent happenings in the house.”

“WHAT? MOVE OUT OF THE HOUSE!?! HOW CAN I?”

“You’re forgetting, that’s not the only option I gave you.” Saying that, she walked out of the room.

I was traumatised for a moment. How could I quit at such an important point of my career? Otherwise, how could I move out of this house? I had literally nowhere to go.

Petrified, I texted my colleague, Ramsha.

“Zara, I’m sorry. What I’m about to say might be harsh but it is the truth and you have to take the right decision. At such an important point of your career, its time to either make it or break it. You know there’s a quote ‘don’t limit your challenges, challenge your limits’. You know, throughout our journey we do experience people who try to bring us down, you know, I’m sorry, but people who try to crush your dreams should be ignored at all costs. After all, it’s your life, your choice. Why do you care about anyone else’s opinions?”

The amateur, young Zara, unfortunately was trapped in the devil’s deception. It was like someone had suddenly vacuumed out all fears from inside me.

“You can live with me until you find a nice apartment for yourself.” Oh my! How nice of her to offer this to me, I thought as I texted her, ‘thank you’.

The next few days were very disturbing for me. I was indecisive; as soon as I thought of finishing my career, Ramsha’s words would play in my mind.

**Continued on pg 25**



# Into my heart

## Part-3

Trapped between converting religion or giving into the societal pressure, Zawjah Junaid Mukaty's story gives us much food for thought

"Huh, don't you worry. The American Embassy will help us in this case, not her - but if this does happen, imagine the news and noise it'll make. She has disgraced us." He hit the table with his fist. "I still couldn't find that person she is following."

"Why don't you cool down, try to find a different way...trap her with your love?"

"Teresa, she is my favorite child. I .... I never thought of my princess... giving me such pain." His voice lost control. Teresa could see his eyes filling up. She left him and went towards Khadija's room. When she unlocked the door, she saw her daughter was sitting on the corner of the bed looking towards the door. Her brown eyes matched her auburn hair and today she saw something very deep in those eyes. But what was it exactly?

\*\*\*

Javeria was busy thinking about her trip to Mall of Emirates with her new friends.

*Wow, it was just my first day and they included me in their outing. How nice of them. Ahh! I just can't wait for Saturday. What about Abu and Ammi? Shall I tell them? No I can't be so silly, they will never let me go and certainly not with these kind of girls. What if they find out? Well... Hassan bhai and Abbu will be busy with their new job. Ammi does not go out of the house and we don't know anybody else here. There's no way they can find out. Perfect.*

Javeria kept on drowsily questioning and answering herself for a long time. Finally she went to sleep.

-----

Teresa came near and took Khadija in her arms. Both of them held each other for some time - everything was silent except for their soft sobbing.

"Mom you trust me, don't you? You know me, mom. You always considered me as a sensible young woman. Mom, please trust me once again, just once more. I will never let you both down. I'm still your princess, I love you both so much. Just try to understand me, Islam is a very nice religion..."

"Shhh, Kathy, speak quietly. Your father will get angry again. Sweetheart, why don't you just forget about all this? What difference does a religion make? Come on now, your father is waiting for you at the dinner table. Just tell him you'll do whatever he wants. I'll handle the situation later when Tim will cool down. All you have to do is tell him you are not a Muslim anymore..."

"No, Mom, no. I will not do that."

"Teresa, Kathy, come on! I'm waiting!" Timothy's voice rang out.

Khadija walked with her mother, her head



Her brown eyes matched her auburn hair and today she saw something very deep in those eyes. But what was it exactly?

bowed down and her heart as heavy as stone. As soon as she stepped in the dining room she heard her father's loving voice, "Kathy, my dear, sit here with me. I myself will serve food to my daughter today."

She quietly went and sat beside her father with the feeling that he might be ready to listen to her. She started to put together sentences in her mind to explain why she took this life changing step.

But Timothy did not bring up the issue, instead he kept on discussing her education, her career, her future, politics, America, Dubai, his new project, Teresa's job insecurities and many other things.

After dinner, Timothy said with a loving tone, "Kathy, I'm sure you're not going to spoil your life. You're a unique girl with extraordinary intelligence. Don't you think so?"

"Yes Papa," came the quiet answer.

"Then are you ready to join college again?"

"Yes."

"This means you have decided to come with me to church on Sunday."

"No Papa." Kathy's voice was low but firm.

"Listen, girl, you've got a long life ahead. A bright professional future and a loving family of your own one day. The world is waiting to be explored. I'm planning to gift you our family house in California. You can complete your studies, get married and move into that house. Isn't this a great idea?" Timothy said the last with a wink.

"Papa, I have no plans of going back to America or getting married."

"Then what are your plans? I'm all ears, Kathy." "Papa," Khadija chose her words carefully, "I want to become an Islamic scholar."

A long tensed silence filled the room. Khadija could feel sweat on her hands. Timothy just could not believe what his daughter had said. He thought his daughter had gone insane. For a few moments he could not react. He looked like a statue with his mouth agape. Teresa felt her heart miss a beat. Timothy's mind was racing. Katherine was all set to spoil her life as well as theirs. They would become the talk of the town, not to mention the joke of the year.

"Why are you doing this to us?" Timothy's tone was trembling with grief. He had suddenly started to look twenty years older.

"Papa, please trust me. I want to drag myself and my family out of the darkness of shirk." "What is this shirk?"

"Allah is one and there is no God except Allah. Papa, no one shares His Attributes. Jesus is not His offspring, and does not share His Godliness." She lowered her eyes and said slowly, "Papa, this is shirk."

"Who told you all this?"

"Let me show you something." She quickly stood up and walked out, reappearing a moment later with a book in her hand. It was ordinary-looking, a blue cover with a silver WHY written on it.

"This is the reason of my transformation." She

**Continued on pg 05**

# Wadi-e-Kashmir

Zainab Irfan laments on the hushed  
trepidations in our beloved Kashmir



**I**t was raining. I was sitting with my laptop staring at the window of my room. I wondered how it would feel if I was a Kashmiri! I am not a patriotic Pakistani [or a Kashmiri]! I am just a simple and carefree Pakistani, for whom the biggest issues are load shedding, water shortage and the greatest nightmare, no internet connection. But today I want to write from an unseen perspective of Kashmir!

## ***The story begins!***

Wake up Palwashay! You are already late for your college! I heard the voice of my Amma! I was in a dream where I was enjoying with my friends near a beautiful scenery! I assumed this would be just like any other day so I did not wake up. Little did I know that it would be a life changing day of my life.

After getting ready for college, I left with my friends. We reached quite early so we started to draw on the board for fun! After the assembly, the lecture had to start but that's when I heard some loud voices as if there was a fight.

Our teacher left the room to check the situation when we heard some gunshots! We were terrified! Suddenly we realised that Kashmir was under attack once again. And we were terrified, not for our lives but for our safety as this was a girls college! We immediately covered our selves with hijabs and abayas and left everything that belonged to us and ran towards the quick exit at the back of our class as we were trained for this drill.

When I was jumping from the windows, I saw some Indian soldiers getting inside the class room and they dragged back some of the girls. I was terrified by the Indian troops when I was pushed by my friend to jump quickly! I jumped without looking behind!

I did not want to think what might have happened to my other friends as I was running to save myself from these inhumane troops. Although I knew the way to my home but there was so much terror on the roads that we got separated, everyone was on their own. I decided to run the way without knowing where it would end



Keep hunger pangs at bay with these healthy, yummy lunchbox nibbles  
by Umm Ibrahim

## Fruity yogurt

### Ingredients

- 80ml natural yogurt
- 25g strawberries
- 10g mixed berries

### Method

1. Dollop the natural yogurt into an airtight container. Blend or mash the strawberries to a purée and swirl through the yogurt. Top with mixed berries. Before serving, it is best to keep the fruit yogurt in a closed jar in the refrigerator for a while.

## Favourite pasta salad

### Ingredients

- 250g pasta
- 140g frozen peas
- 2 cucumbers chopped
- Iceberg leaves
- Zest and juice 1 lemon
- 2 tbsp olive oil

### Method

1. Cook the pasta, adding the peas for final 2 mins cooking time. Drain, rinse with cold water to cool, then drain again. Tip into a bowl with the chopped herbs, lemon zest and juice, olive oil and plenty of seasoning and mix well. Cover and chill.





## There's still time

by **Hafsa Ubaid**

What if I sleep today, the eternal sleep,  
Leaving behind the worldly pleasures;  
Constrained to accept the actuality,  
Of what life after death holds.

And what if when comes the angel of death;  
Giving me no time to repent,  
And captures my soul from toe to head,  
To them won't matter my resistance ,  
And my pledge, to give me some more respite.

And what if when come the angels of deeds  
And interrogate me about my Creator ,  
About my religion and it's preacher  
For then the 'Heart' will speak what it ab-  
sorbed,  
Through my actions in life.

And what will be the view of the Final Day,  
The day of fear, justice and reckoning,  
Bodies intimidated with fear, standing and not  
moving.

The sun will be just a handspan away,  
Whose unbearable heat will enrage the skin.

And what will the helpless soul then reply  
When Allah asks of what you did,  
With the span of time you were granted with,  
No ransoms, gold or platinum accepted then,  
It's the deeds that may save my soul.

And what use would be of realising then,  
Of how much time could be utilised,  
To live in the temporary hut whilst preparing  
for the afterlife,  
For that's the only driveway to heavens,  
And to scuttle from the big retribution!

Oh dear soul! There's still time!  
For you to get back, to seek forgiveness,  
To repent, to long for the sweetness of Imaan,  
To be Muslim by "choice", not by "chance",  
Oh dear soul! There's still time!

# *Six Etiquettes of Learning*

IBN AL QAYYIM RAHIMAHULLAH



Asking questions in a good manner

Remaining quiet and listening attentively

Understanding well

Memorizing

Teaching

Acting upon the knowledge

and keeping to its limits



Lets learn  
to learn

radiance

# Nailing the Craft of Narrative Writing

Compiled by a Staff writer

Narrative writing builds on, and encourage the development of, a good grasp of the mechanics of writing. Telling stories is as old as humanity. We see and hear stories everywhere and on a daily basis. From having a good gossip on the doorstep with a neighbour, to the advertisements that bombard us from billboards and radio on our daily commute. Much is made of the art of storytelling, but luckily for us, weaving a good tale is a craft too and crafts can be taught, practiced, and perfected over time. So here we will look at some of the main elements that comprise a good story.

## Essential elements of narrative essays

The focus of a narrative essay is the plot, which is told with enough detail to build to a climax. Here's how:

- It's usually told chronologically.
- It always has a purpose. Often, this is stated in your thesis statement in the introductory paragraph.
- It may use dialogue.
- It's written with sensory details and bright descriptions that involve the reader. All these details relate in some way to the main point the writer is making.

## Tell Your Story

Use your next narrative essay to tell your story. It's possible to focus on yourself, while offering the reader some sort of lesson or truth.

Encourage them to move past terrible loss or maintain hope in a seemingly bleak foster system.

Who knows how many lives you'll brighten and shape with your words. Remember, there's great power in them.

## Structure

### *Orientation (Beginning)*

Set the scene by introducing your characters, setting and time of the story. Establish your who, when and where in this part of your narrative.



# STRUCTURING A NARRATIVE



## **Complication and Event (Middle)**

In this section, activities and events involving your main characters are expanded upon. These events are written in a cohesive and fluent sequence.

## **Resolution (Ending)**

Your complication is resolved in this section. It does not always have to be a happy outcome however.

## **More tips on writing a narrative essay**

When writing a narrative essay, remember that you are sharing sensory and emotional details with the reader.

- Your words need to be vivid and colourful to help the reader feel the same feelings that you felt.
- Elements of the story need to support the point you are making. And, you need to remember to make reference to that point in the first sentence.
- You should make use of conflict and sequence like in any story.
- You may use flashbacks and flash forwards to help the story build towards a climax.
- It is usually written in the first person, but

the third person perspective may also be used.

## **The Parting Words**

Once students have completed their story they can then go back and edit for grammar, vocabulary choice, spelling etc. but not before! As mentioned, there is a craft to storytelling, as well as an art. When accurate grammar, perfect spelling, and immaculate sentence structures are pushed at the outset they can cause a storytelling paralysis. For this reason, it is important that when we encourage the students to write a story we give them license to make the mechanical mistakes in their use of language that they can work on and fix later.

Good narrative writing is a very complex skill to develop and at times, takes years to become competent in. It challenges not only the students' technical abilities with language, but also their creative faculties. The use of writing frames, word banks, mind maps, and visual prompts can all give valuable support as students develop the wide-ranging and challenging skills required to produce a successful piece of narrative writing. But, at the end of it all, as with any craft, practice and more practice is at the heart of the matter.

# Hadhrat Amr Bin Ma'adi Yakrib

رضي الله عنه



**Zawjah Junaid Mukaty enlightens us with the valour and zest for deen of a prominent Sahabi, Hadhrat Amr bin Ma'adi Yakrib** ﷺ

We all have heard that our Creator is All Forgiving and Most Merciful. He loves His creation and wants the best for them. We are no one to judge others and label them with inappropriate blames because we do not know when would one select the right path and become Allah's beloved. Our this month's Sahabi is also such a person who sought his Creator's pleasure after leaving a dubious life where people were afraid just by hearing his name.

Hadhrat Amr bin Ma'adi Yakrib ﷺ was from Bani Zubaid which was a subdivision of a prominent tribe Muzhij in Yemen, therefore he was also known as Zubaidi. Before accepting Islam, his name was a symbol of terror, his profession was to ransack and kill. But nobody knew that Allah would bless him with the light of Islam and turn him into a Sahabi.

There are two reports which tell us about his acceptance of Islam. One of it says that a group of men from Bani Zubaid came to Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ in the tenth Hijra and pronounced Shahadah. Hadhrat Amr was also a member of this group. The other narration says that he arrived in Madinah with the group representing Bani Murad in the ninth Hijra.

In those days, Aswad Ansi had proclaimed his

prophethood in Yemen. When Hadhrat Amr returned back to his hometown, he got entrapped in his false assertions like many other innocent and newly converted Muslims. Being a daring, tall and strong man he was ready to fight against the Muslims with the army formed by Aswad Ansi.

When the encounter started, Hadhrat Amr faced Hadhrat Khalid bin Saeed as his opponent. It was a fierce assault between the two and ultimately Hadhrat Amr had to run back leaving behind his horse and sword. For the time being Muslims had to retreat but shortly after, Hadhrat Feroze Dailmi killed Aswad Ansi.

Five days later, Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ left for his eternal journey leaving sad Muslims behind. Taking advantage of this news, Hadhrat Amr and Qais bin Abd Yaghus attacked Sana'a and conquered it. As soon as this news reached Hadhrat Abu Bakr ﷺ, he ordered the rulers of the neighbouring areas to help Hadhrat Feroze Dailmi. All of them attacked together and got Sana'a freed. Hadhrat Amr and Qais ran away and again prepared a huge army to attack. Meanwhile, Muslim army got another support of Hadhrat Muhajir bin Umayyah and they were able to defeat them. Hadhrat Amr and Qais were taken prisoners and were sent to

Madinah.

Being in Madinah became a turning point for Hadhrat Amr and he repented. He was now again a Muslim who promised to devote himself in the way of Allah. He participated in many battles and faced the enemies lionheartedly.

**I**n yet another letter Hadhrat Umar رضي الله عنه wrote, “I have sent you 2000 men: Amr bin Ma’adi Yakrib and Tulayhah bin Khuwaylid. Each one of them counts as a thousand.”

Hadhrat Abu Bakr sent him to Syria where his valour could be seen in the Battle of Yarmouk. A huge army of Heraclius (Qaiser e Rome) was defeated under the leadership of Hadhrat Amr and Hadhrat Ikramah bin Abu Jahl.

During the caliphate of Hadhrat Umar Farooq, Muslim army had to fight the Persian army led by Rustam. Before this war, known as the Battle of Qadsiyah, started, Hadhrat Umar advised Hadhrat Sa’ad bin Abi Waqqas, the commander of the Muslim army, to send brave, competent and intelligent soldiers to Yezdgerd, the Persian king. Hadhrat Sa’ad sent a group of fourteen Sahabah among which Hadhrat Amr was also present. The group gave three options to the king; accept Islam, pay Jizya or fight. Yezdgerd got angry on the choices and sent them back with a basket full of sand. One narration says that it was Hadhrat Amr who filled his shawl with that sand. When he returned back to the Muslim camp he said, “The enemies have themselves surrendered their land to us. Inshaa’Allah, now we will conquer this land.” This shows his deep understanding of the critical situations.

Hadhrat Amr was also sent as a spy with a few other Sahabah whose assignment was to track the movements of the Persian army. His another

attribute was his motivational poetry which he also used to arouse the emotions of the Sahabah. Thus he had put his heart and soul in this war.

The huge Persia army comprised of one hundred and eighty thousand soldiers and three hundred war elephants. Hadhrat Sa’ad wrote a letter to Caliph Hadhrat Umar requesting him to send reinforcement. Hadhrat Umar wrote in his letter that you have Malik bin Awf, Hanzala bin Rabeea, Tulayha bin Khuwaylid, Amr bin Ma’adi Yakrib and many others like them who desire good deeds and jihad, therefore, trust Allah and ask help from Him. In another letter, he wrote that seek advice from Tulayha bin Khuwaylid and Amr bin Ma’adi Yakrib because every skillful person is expert in his skill. In yet another letter Hadhrat Umar رضي الله عنه wrote, “I have sent you 2000 men: Amr bin Ma’adi Yakrib and Tulayhah bin Khuwaylid. Each one of them counts as a thousand.”

Hadhrat Amr bin Ma’adi Yakrib’s military expertise and strategy was instrumental in the defeat of the Persians, when he and Tulayha composed a plan to turn the tide of the battle. He was one of the three men who infiltrated the Persian camp at night and captured Rustum, the Persian commander, from under the noses of the Persians and killed him.

This valiant knight was also active in another main battle known as Battle of Nahavand. Muslim commander, Hadhrat Nauman bin Maqran embraced martyrdom and Hadhrat Huzaifa bin Yamaan took his place. He along with Hadhrat Tulayha and Hadhrat Amr attacked the enemy so fiercely that they had to leave the battlefield and run away.

In this battlefield he got terribly injured. He was taken away from the field to provide medical assistance but he could not succumb his wounds and died in a small town known as Rozah.

May Allah grant him peace and blessings.  
Ameen



# Art Work

By Nukhbah Saleha Ahmed  
6 years



By Mohammad Bilal  
3.8 years



By Khadija Ahmed  
4.3 years



By Ali Murtaza  
5.2 years



By Sarah Riaz  
4.5 years



By Ayesha Ubaidullah



# KIDS CORNER

## HAHAHA!

Harry went to his doctor on Thursday to re-view his test results. The Doctor told him I have good news and bad news.

"Good news is you have 48 hours to live," he said to Harry. "Bad news is that I should have told you this on Tuesday."

Two 10-year-old boys from the mountains were riding a train to the city for the first time.

For a snack, the attendant gave them bananas. The boys had never eaten such a fruit. Billy started to eat his banana, and the train entered a tunnel. He yelled, "Johnny, don't eat it! I took two bites and went blind!"

A boy asks his father, "Dad, are bugs good to eat?" "That's disgusting. Don't talk about things like that over dinner," the dad replies. After dinner the father asks, "Now, son, what did you want to ask me?" "Oh, nothing," the boy says. "There was a bug in your soup, but now it's gone."

Dad: "Can I see your report card, son?"

Son: "I don't have it."

Dad: "Why?"

Son: "I gave it to my friend. He wanted to scare his parents."



# Word Scramble

Rewrite the word in the space. Then draw the line to match the opposite word. See the example.



SLEOC	CLOSE	RESOW
STOL	_____	ARTST
FORBEE	_____	TUEC
ORSTH	_____	GHILT
HISFNI	_____	PONE
VEHAY	_____	YAPHP
TERTEB	_____	TEFAR
OMOYD	_____	DOFUN
GLYU	_____	GONL

*Note: A line is drawn from 'CLOSE' to 'OPEN' in the example.*

Find 6 differences in the picture below





## Cut Ice Cubes in Half Like Magic



Speed up the melting process of ice with the help of a little pressure. Cut a piece of ice in half like magic while learning how the process relates to ice skating.

### What you'll need:

- One ice cube
- A piece of fishing wire with a weight (the heavier the better) tied to each end
- A container
- Some kind of tray to keep things from getting wet

### Instructions:

1. Turn the container upside down and put it on the tray.
2. Place the ice cube on top of the upside down container.
3. Rest the fishing wire over the ice cube so that the weights are left dangling over the side of the container.
4. Watch it for around 5 minutes.

### What's happening?

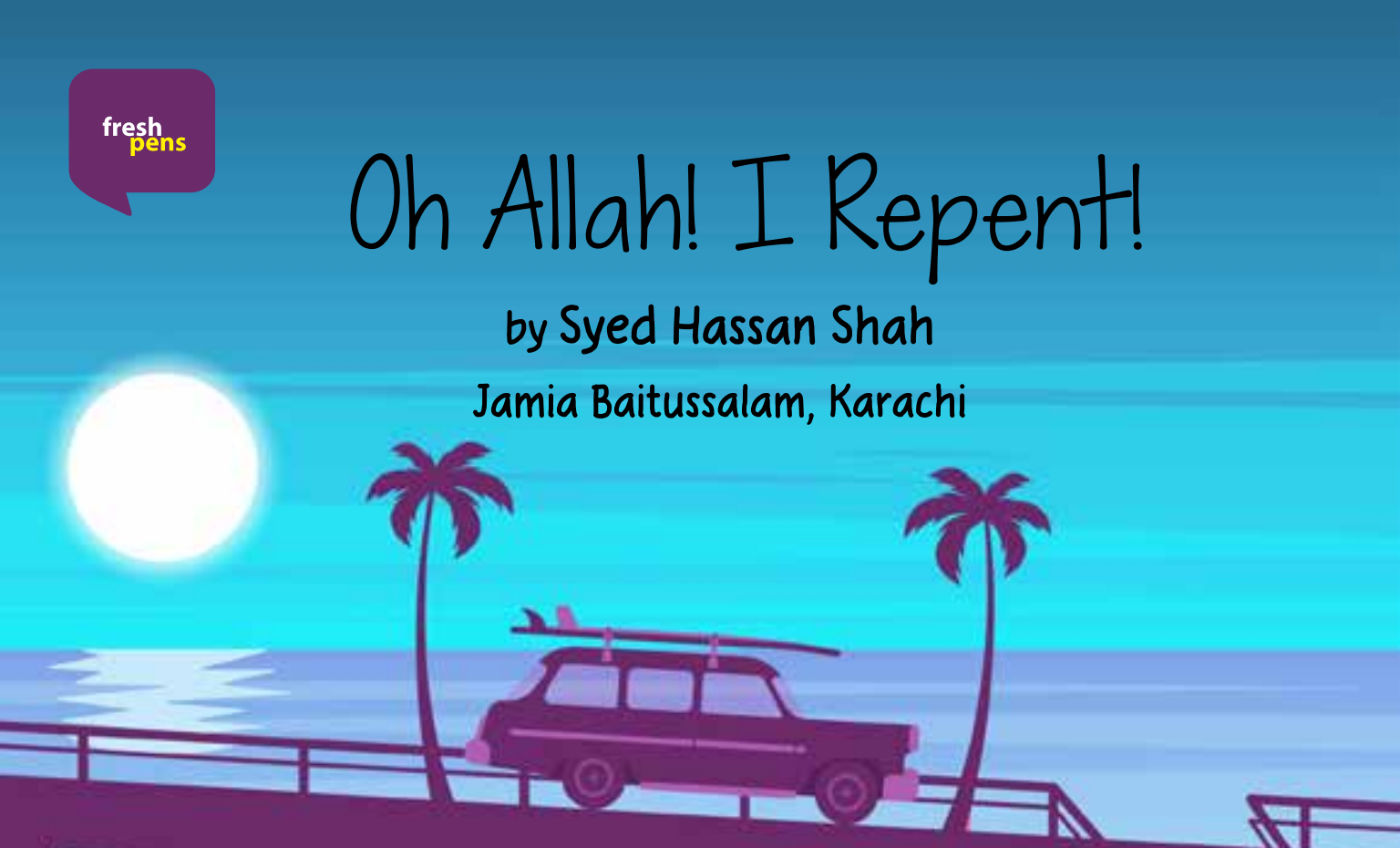
The pressure from the two weights pulls the string through the ice cube by melting the ice directly under the fishing wire. This is similar to ice skating where the blades of a skater melt the ice directly underneath, allowing the skater to move smoothly on a thin layer of frozen water.



# Oh Allah! I Repent!

by Syed Hassan Shah

Jamia Baitussalam, Karachi



**I**t was almost 1:00am at night. The gleaming moon hung above our heads. The sparkling stars engulfed the sky. The weather was frosty and the brisk winds whirled all around. After all, it was a great opportunity to have an overnight trip with friends.

I and my two other friends, Alan Walker and Joseph, took out the DSLR (digital camera) and jumped into my convertible. Joseph drove to the nearby pub to get some bottles of champagne.

In a while, he appeared with some bottles and accelerated towards the biggest bar of district: "Havana". Calm and jolly, Alan Walker played the songs loudly. I lowered the volume – he noticed. He gave me a diabolical glare and remarked rudely not to lower it again. I ignored and remained silent. Since they both were fanatic song lovers, they expected the same from me.

By now, we had come to the street which led to the bar. It was a nice and clean street with a kerb along the road, coloured in black and yellow. Besides this, there was a long-lasting line of palm trees, fluttering in the chilly breeze; and the erect road lamps, with their illuminating light, which somewhat made the view prettier and dazzling. Here we captured some memorable pictures and had some alcohol, and started on our journey again.

This time, enthusiastic and drunk, Joseph drove the car with a tremendous speed; and simultaneously Alan Walker increased the volume of songs. I shouted to Joseph to lower the speed but he couldn't catch it. Of course, he had drunk more than all of us. Baffled and petrified, I recited the Kalma.

Suddenly, there was a crash of thunder. The

car bumped onto the pavement with a jangling sound. The situation of the car was pathetically bizarre. The car had snapped into half. I was saved because I instantly jumped out of the car, though my two loyal and childhood friends had died. Upset and worried, I screamed for help. I could not stop weeping when I saw the corpses of my friends lying in front of me.

I yelled in pain: "Oh Allah! I repent! I glorify You! The most Gracious and Merciful!" Then and there, I thanked Allah for protecting me from such a disastrous accident and pledged that I would never disobey His commandments and glorify Him in every aspect of my life



## Countless blessings

by **Asif Mujahid**  
10 years  
Chakwal

**I** "If you want to count the blessings of Allah you cannot do so." (Surah Ibrahim: 34)  
In every second countless blessings are bestowed upon us for example the heart pumping, our eyesight, kidney, liver and other millions of body parts working.

Yet the greatest blessing is faith (Imaan). some more blessings are parents, our family, our respect in society. If earth stops spinning for only one second, gravity would be vanished and everything would be destroyed. So we just cannot count all these blessings.

May Allah taala make us amongst His thankful servants. Ameen

**Continued from pg 09**

But finally, I had decided.

\*\*\*\*\*

A few years later, as I sat on the balcony of a reputable hotel in Malaysia, sipping my coffee and enjoying the view outside, my phone rang.

On receiving, I heard someone crying from the other side. I recognised the voice, it was my younger sister. What she had to say was a horrifying news. My mother had been diagnosed with cancer. I did not know how to react. I told her that I'll be back to Lahore in a day or two and booked my flight straight away

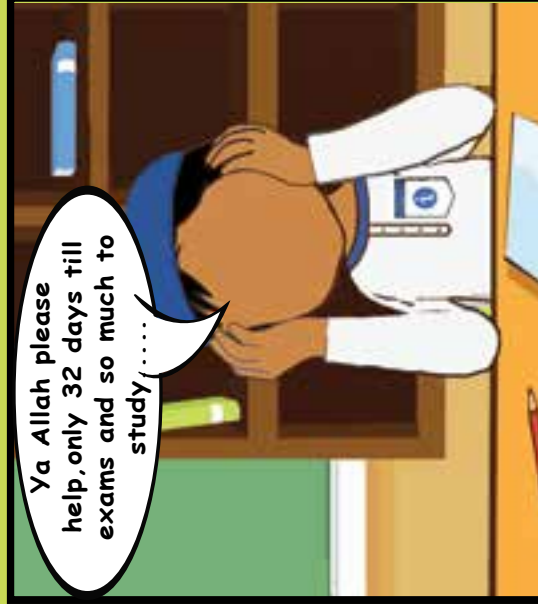
Continued In'sha'Allah...



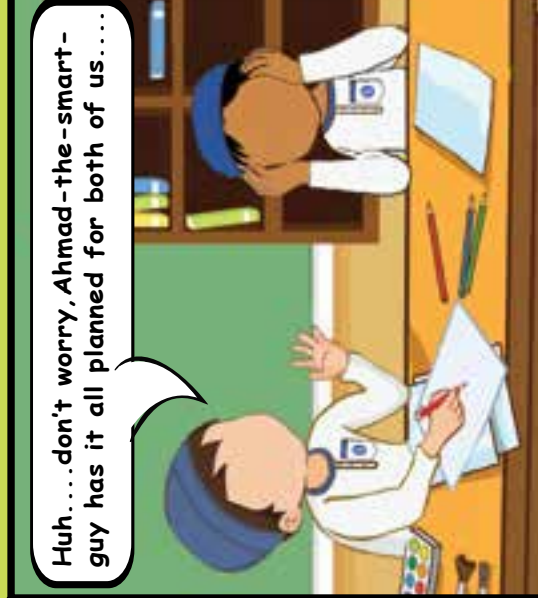
# No power like dua power

Concept by Zawjah Zia

Artwork by Zawjah Jahangir



15 days later.....



3 days till exams

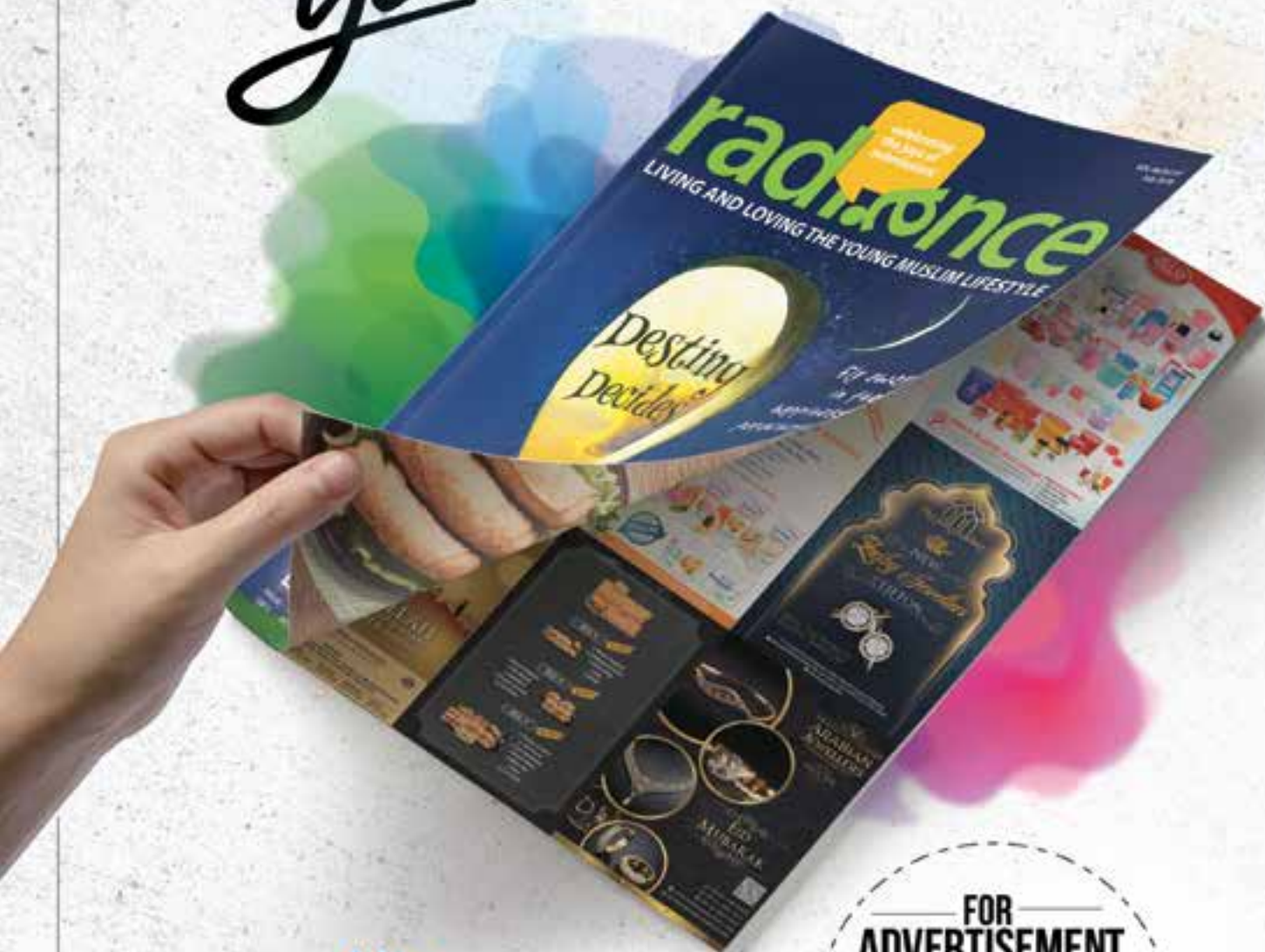






# Thank you

For continuous support we thank all our advertisers which enabled us to communicate regularly the virtues of blessed life to our large loyal readership. Our thanks are also due to all our regular subscribers and readers for their constant assistance which is source of encouragement in our humble efforts.



**BAITUSSALAM  
PUBLICATIONS**

**FOR  
ADVERTISEMENT  
CONTACT.**

**+92 314 298 1344**

30-C, Basement 2nd Comm. Street, Phase-4, D.H.A Karachi, Pakistan

+92 323 3229313 | +92 21 35313274



# CREATIVE WRITING SATURDAY SCHOOL



radiance



*Tarbiyah story-telling  
also included*

Develop a love for writing  
and SWOOSH SWOOSH...  
Let the magic of your pen begin!

*Certificates and prizes to encourage students*

**With trained and certified teachers**

Now in your own area!  
DHA, Clifton, North Nazimabad,  
Gulshan-e-Iqbal & Malir Cantt.

Contact: 0331 6223352 Ladies Only

PKR 1500/month