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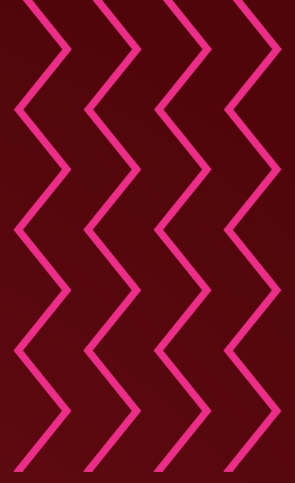
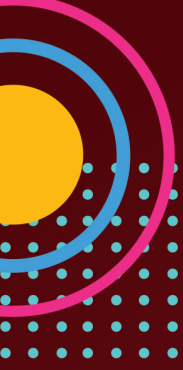
The Pain
that made me
stronger



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The Pain that made me stronger



Be my friend indeed!

*Assalamualaikumwarahmatullahiwa
barakaatuhu.*

Kids hate medicine. The toil of getting a child to hold his nose and gulp down the thick syrup; only a mom can imagine how hard that is! As a child I was sure that it was nothing but a deception when a syrup bottle said 'cherry flavoured' or 'banana flavoured'. The horrible thing inside tasted nothing like cherries or bananas!

Sometimes the adults hate it too. I remember multiple times holding the ridiculously large capsule in my hand with a glass of water by my side, waiting, and waiting, and waiting for long moments to find the courage to try to swallow it. Oh the dread that it would stick in my throat and make me puke!!

Yes, medicine stinks! And while we are sick, a friend or sibling who'd sneak in a chocolate, or a bag of crisps or candy (or anything that supposedly is 'not good for sick people') for us, seems definitely dearer to us than mom, who'd come every now and then with that dreaded glass of turmeric milk! Blakhhkhk!!

And no, we don't want to think sensibly right now when we are sick. We don't want to acknowledge that what mom's bringing is actually what we need and the goodies that we prefer are not. Right now, we just want what we want! Whoever brings us that, wins our hearts.

Same happens when things in life are not going the way we want. There are people who'd tell us

the ways to go through the difficulty while growing through it too. They'd come to us with those rough and hard sounding solutions and lessons which, despite knowing deep inside their truth, we don't like. This is because they'd demand sacrifice and effort from us too. So we might naturally edge away from people who bring that to us, just like we edge away from medicine. But then there'll be those who'd play 'candy-man' for us. They'd listen to our endless rants without minding our words no matter how dangerously sinful they become. They'd make us hate our opponents more, fuel our grudges and assure us that there can't be another soul in this world more right and more flawless than us. They genuinely think they are helping us that way and we agree with them fully because that is what we want in that weak moment (totally oblivious of what we need). So we think they are the ones who really actually care for us. They are our true friends. Indeed!

But who can deny that in the end, it's the medicine that becomes a source of Allah ﷻ cure for us? Not the chocolate or the candy! And that it is usually the effort-taking solutions that actually last instead of the sugar-coated hollow sympathies that disappear in thin air?

Let us look for and be each other's true friends; the ones who care for their friends' needs and not just their wants. After all, it doesn't go like: "A friend in want is a friend indeed!" It doesn't even rhyme, how can it work?

Wassalam,
Zawjah Zia

Alia in wonderland

Part 3 of 3

by Hafsa Kamal
Germany

Alia's eyes widened with surprise. She patted behind her shoulders and didn't feel anything on it.

"Mummy, where are my wings?"

Mummy laughed as she pulled the duvet from Alia and started to fold it.

"You were dreaming," Mummy was still smiling, "now, chop chop, you've got to get ready for breakfast."

Alia's head spiraled with concern and confusion. She felt very sure that what occurred was real.

The bell rang.

"That must be the new boy," Mummy walked briskly towards the door. She pulled her dupatta over her face.

"Alia, wear something decent and a scarf, this boy will be serving us from now onwards," Mummy did not linger or divulge further information. Alia quickly completed her morning routine and rushed towards the dining room for breakfast.

The boy bustled the trolley along as the family sat in their respective seats. Alia's family consisted of her mummy, daddy, paternal grandmother (whom she called Dadi Jaan), paternal grandfather (who was her beloved Dada Jaan), her father's brother (Chacha Jaan) and his wife (Chaachi). Alia stared at him. For a fleeting moment, their eyes locked. Then he turned his gaze away in chagrin as he set the dishes on the table.

"Rehan beta," Dadi Jaan said, "Please bring everyone's tea."

"Jee," And he humbly walked out.

"How's the new boy?" Chacha inquired as he bit into his toast.

"He seems fine so far, can't say much, he has just arrived," Dadi Jaan responded, "he was recommended by our neighbour. He was working with them before."

Alia's head spun as she recalled her conversation with Rehan. If nothing was accurate then her encounter with Murtuza was just a dream as well. That made her eyes sting. She really

"Although you aren't here to give me the comfort I need, Allah is!" she whispered, "I will see you soon Murtuza."

wanted to believe it happened. But so many signals pointed otherwise.

"Just a minute," Alia excused herself from the table.

She went to the marble-tiled kitchen, tiptoeing towards the helper. He spun around and they collided.

"W-hat!?"

"Sorry," he quickly picked up the pile of washed melamine dishes in his hands and dumped it right back into the sink.

"It's ok..." she hesitated, "Rehan Sohail?"

"Jee baji (Yes ma'am)," he replied.

"Do you remember me?" the youngling inquired, "I had wings and I met you last night..."

"On the pathway?" he slowly said, without skipping a beat.

A heavy silence fell between them.

"I saw an angel in my dream who woke me up in the middle of the streets - although I was in my former employer's servant quarters under a blanket, I can vividly recall the cold," he finally looked at her, the realisation dawning on his face. He shuddered.

"How do you know about the dream?" he demanded, "Do you?"

She shook her head. And retreated. She did

not want to unnerve him. The entire episode shattered her to the core as well.

"I'm not crazy...."

She stepped out of the kitchen and looked out at the street from the balcony adjoining the kitchen door. Her eyes were shining with an unspoken grief. She saw two foggy figures looming in her vision of a young girl of about four with a much older boy laughingly trying to pull her away from the gate. The figures transformed into a different scenario where the boy was lovingly teaching the girl to ride a tricycle. She fell and cried. He quickly grabbed her from the armpits and pulled her above his shoulders. She squealed and broke from her sobbing spell.

Alia blinked.

The girl was alone. And she was standing in the balcony waiting for the boy to hold her again.

"I'll see you then, Inshaa'Allah!" his voice echoed in her subconscious.

She clung to this with conviction. The grief was removed as her heart brimmed with an unknown love. She stared at the cotton-candy sky with hues of pink, yellow, orange and red swishing into each other as the sun dipped into it.

"Although you aren't here to give me the comfort I need, Allah is!" she whispered, "I will see you soon Murtuza."

The End

My Sister and her roses

by Fatima Wazir

Grade 4

The Intellect School

Amongst flowers, my sister loves the beautiful rose
She feels it on her cheek and smells it with her nose

Its soft petals are like velvet and silk
The white ones look like fresh, pure milk,

In the vase, if a rose withers and dies
My sister feels pretty upset and cries,

She scrambles to the garden, looking for more
Thorny or smooth stems, regardless, she adores,

Decorating with them and making bouquets
By her bedside, they most lovingly stay.

Home sweet home

by Bint Abid Zaman

You sure do look really brave
Oh dear Muslim! Just thank not rave
Remember that you're Allah's slave
Thrice a day you are called by your grave..

Have you ever seen a microwave?
Wrapped things burn by hot air waves...
Don't let your grave be an auto-clave
Don't make it like a darken cave.

For your Aakhirah, what have you saved?
Where do you use the bounties that Allah
gave?

Firmed on your mistakes, all are grave
There'll be no chance under the pave.

May I live and die with Kalmah Tayyebah
Ya Allah please accept my heartily crave...

Sunan and Aadaab of Perfume

Compiled by Umm Ibrahim

Regarding Perfume

It was narrated that Anas رضي الله عنه said:

"The Messenger of Allah ﷺ said: 'In this world, women and perfume have been made dear to me, and my comfort has been provided in prayer.'" (Sunan an-Nasa'i)

- Messenger of Allah ﷺ smelled so good, that Sahabah used to gather his sweat to make perfume out of it. He loved perfume, because there is value in the unseen, as in people are curious about what their eyes cannot see. Others will be attracted to you if you smell good.

- A woman should regularly apply a perfume that her husband likes because perfume makes her more attractive and enhances their love. Just as the eyes are messengers of the heart, the nose also shares the same privilege.

Sunan Pertaining to Perfume (Itr)

1. The Prophet ﷺ has said that the following four actions are from the habits of the Prophets:

- To use Miswak
- Circumcision
- To use Itr
- To make Nikah

2. The Prophet ﷺ would not refuse an Itr gift.

Anas bin Malik رضي الله عنه reported: The Prophet ﷺ never refused a gift of perfume. (Al- Bukhari).

3. Ayesha رضي الله عنها used to apply Itr for our beloved Prophet ﷺ.

4. The Prophet ﷺ used to apply Itr at the time of Tahajjud.

5. It is sunnah to apply Itr at the following occasions:

- a. After wudu
- b. When going to any gathering
- c. On Fridays and the two Eids
- d. When donning the Ihraam (before the intention)

Narrated `Aisha ؓ:

I applied perfume to the Prophet ﷺ with my own hands when he wanted to assume the state of Ihram, and I also perfumed him at Mina before he departed from there (to perform Tawaf-al-Ifada). (Sahih Bukhari)

- e. At the time of dhikr
- f. At the time of teaching and learning.
- g. After ghusl.

6. To use Zareerah Itr. Zareerah refers to a mixture of several Itrs.

7. From all the Itrs, the Prophet ﷺ liked musk-the most. (Tirmidhi)

8. The Prophet ﷺ said that the Itr for men is that which has an overpowering smell and very little colour, while for women is that which has very little smell and more colour. It was narrated from Abu Hurairah ؓ that: The Prophet ﷺ said: "The perfume for men is that whose scent is apparent while its color is hidden, and the perfume for women is that whose color is apparent, while its scent is hidden." (Sunan an-Nasa'i)

9. The Prophet ﷺ has prohibited women from applying itr and leaving their homes as such smell may attract other men. However, it is permissible for women to apply itr and remain within the confines of their homes.

It was narrated that Zainab Ath-Thaqafiyah ؓ said:

"The Messenger of Allah ﷺ said: 'If one of you wants to attend the prayer, let her not touch perfume.'" (Sunan an-Nasai)

Narrated Abu Musa ؓ:

The Prophet ﷺ said: "Every eye commits adultery, and when the woman uses perfume and she passes by a gathering, then she is like this and that." Meaning an adulteress. (Tirmidhi)

10. To keep a container of itr for oneself, for easy use, is also sunnah.

11. To respect and honour others by giving them itr as a gift.

Anas b. Malik ؓ reported that Allah's Apostle ﷺ used to come to our house and there was perspiration upon his body. My mother brought a bottle and began to collect the sweat in that. When Allah's Apostle ﷺ got up, he said: 'Umm Sulaim, what is this that you are doing?' There upon she said: 'That is your sweat which we mix in our perfume and it becomes the most fragrant perfume.' (Sahih Muslim)



1. Birbal the wise

Emperor Akbar once ruled over India. He was a wise and intelligent ruler, and he had in his court the Nine Gems, his nine advisors, who were each known for a particular skill. One of these Gems was Birbal, known for his wit and wisdom. The story below is one of the examples of his wit. Do you have it in you to find out the answer?

Once Akbar challenged Birbal. He asked Birbal to write a line on the wall which when read in happy times makes you sad but when read in sad times makes you happy.

What would he have written to satisfy the conditions given by his king?

2. Balancing brooms

If you balanced a broom horizontally on your finger, so that your finger was exactly on the broom's center of gravity, marked that spot and cut the broom in two, then you would have a long and a short piece. The long piece being most of the handle and the short piece being the bristle end and a small part of the handle. Now what will happen if you weigh both pieces? (pick all that apply)

- A) The short piece will weigh more.
- B) The long piece will weigh more.

- C) Both will weigh the same.
- D) Your mom will find out and hit you with both pieces!

Hint

Think about two kids on a see-saw. Where does the heavy kid have to sit to balance the see-saw with his smaller friend?

Oh yeah, D) may also be correct depending on your mother's temperament.

This is due to the torque needed to hold the long piece up. It is the same reason a heavy kid has to sit closer in on a see-saw when he is on it with a lighter friend.

2. A) The short piece will weigh more!

When read in happy times, you will feel sad that the good times will end. When read in sad times, you will have hope that the situation will improve, making you happy.

1. Birbal wrote, "This time will pass soon."

Answers



Into my heart Part 6 of 7

story
nory

Zawjah Junaid Mukaty's
exciting story takes
a twist - lets be
entertained



When she found the right moment, she slipped a small notebook in her jeans pocket. Nobody saw her. Wow, this was easy. Why not prove herself brave in front of her friends? She decided to steal an expensive pen too. She again glanced right and left and put the pen in her second pocket.

Suddenly a strong firm hand grasped her elbow and ordered her to step aside. He had called security and Javeria was now trembling like a dry leaf.

Khadija woke up after a small nap. She saw women and children coming and going. She watched each face closely to see if there is somebody who can recognize her. She quietly made wudu and prayed.

"O Allah! O my Lord! Help me. Your servant is in front of you. Helpless, powerless and homeless servant. Allah where will I go. I left my house for your sake. Don't leave me alone. Guide me all along. Save my Imaan. These tall buildings and powerful people around me are frightening me. Strengthen my heart, strengthen my belief and help me to take the right decision."

She was so busy conversing with her Creator that she didn't realise that she was crying audibly. Some glanced at her sympathetically while others looked on with surprise. She snapped back into reality when she realized a lady next to her was also crying in the same way. Unaware of the surroundings she was conversing with Allah in Urdu.

Khadija touched the woman's shoulder and took her in her arms. She was sure this woman would also be in need of a sympathetic shoulder like her but the difference was that she could not speak her heart to anybody.

"What happened, aunty?" she asked politely. The woman who was sobbing uncontrollably suddenly stopped crying and started staring at her. She could see that the woman did not want to confide in her.

"You can trust me. I have a patient ear," said Khadija.

Another series of sobbing started. Finally she said, "I have failed to bring up a decent daughter. My daughter... she was caught red handed, stealing from a store. She left the house in abaya and she was found in tight jeans and a skimpy t-shirt here." She began

She was so busy conversing with her Creator that she didn't realise that she was crying audibly. Some glanced at her sympathetically while others looked on with surprise. She snapped back into reality when she realized a lady next to her was also crying in the same way.

sobbing again. Khadija felt very bad for her. The woman also told her that her daughter had been taken to police station and her husband and son were also there.

"You look new here. Do you know somebody who can help you with this mess?" Khadija was now really concerned.

"We don't know anyone here except one of my husband's friends. He's really helpful."
"Did you contact him?"

"Jamshed bhai is with them. He left his madrassah and reached here immediately. He is a nice man."

Jamshed. Madrassah. Was Khadija listening right? Was this lady God-sent?

"Where is his Madrassah?" she asked while controlling her emotions.

"Somewhere downtown."

Khadija's mind was racing fast. She will have to take some quick decisions. The woman wanted to go back home but she was a very simple person. She did not know her way back home. Khadija realised it could be a trump card for her but before she used it she wanted to offer a prayer of thankfulness. She prayed two rakats and offered to take the woman home.

Zakia Amjad reluctantly accepted her offer and both the ladies reached Javeria's house. Their house was nearby so they preferred walking. "You helped me so much, please have a cup of tea."

"Aunty I want something more than a cup of tea."

Zakia was frightened and a bit confused at her answer. "What is it?"

"Can I please meet Maulana Jamshed? I'll tell you my story." Khadija told her about the mess she was in while Zakia listened to her intently and sympathetically. She told her to get comfortable in her house and started waiting to hear some news about her daughter.

By evening, Amjad Qureshi returned with Javeria. The owner of the store had forgiven her and thus the police had let her go. Maulana Jamshed was stunned to find Khadija waiting for him there. The story was told and it was decided that Khadija will stay at Amjad's house till the next move was decided.

Nobody in the house was talking to Javeria. Amjad Qureshi looked hurt and most of the time he remained silent. Zakia started looking weak within days. The environment was tense in their house and Khadija could not figure out how she could help them. She thought about how there were two fathers who felt deceived, one because his lovely daughter wanted to follow Allah's religion fully while the other's daughter wanted to be free of all rules.

Khadija kept herself busy by helping Zakia with housework. She was also learning how to spend twenty four hours of the day by this pious family. It was a wonderful experience for her to live with a Muslim family, to observe their customs and traditions closely, but Javeria's condition was not good.

Khadija was sharing Javeria's room who kept on crying. She asked for forgiveness but the attitude of her family was always cold. Khadija wanted to help this family the way they had

helped her. She was given respect and protection which was what she had needed most.

Javeria was sleeping while Khadija was taking a shower. When Khadija stepped into the room she could hear Javeria's silent sobs. Her face was hidden in her pillow.

"Javeria, till when will you cry? Do something for your family to win their hearts back." Javeria turned her face towards Khadija and said, "Like what?"

"Something which they like. Cook something for your father, help your mother in kitchen, and help your younger brother with studies."

"And you think it will be enough? They will forgive me after I've deceived them so terribly. I am such a bad daughter and sister, I've brought disgrace to them. I just want to finish myself." She looked horrible and devastated. "Khadija, how can you be so brave and fearless?" her eyes went wide while asking this question.

Khadija's eyes sparkled and a wave of satisfaction crossed her face. "Javeria, my relation with Allah has become so strong that nobody in this world can waver me from my path. You need to connect yourself with Allah and then ask for forgiveness from your parents."

"How did you accept Islam?"

"Ahhh! Long story. Would you like to listen?" Javeria only nodded in answer.

"My grandfather Samuel Belward, or Suleman Belward accepted Islam shortly before his death. He did not pronounce his new identity as a Muslim as he was afraid of how his friends and family would react, after all he was once very Islamophobic. I loved my grandpa. He and I were best friends. I was always closer to him than my father because he understood me far better than anyone else.

He was battling Parkinson's for a few years but in the later days of his life he was not fit as before. He was seen mostly in bed reading his books and staring at the ceiling aimlessly. My parents are a busy couple so they didn't have time for him, and attending my grandpa was my hobby.

A week before his death, he was doing his favourite job, staring at the ceiling. He looked frail and failing. I never approved his losing hope so that day I decided to bring him out of his dilemma. I knew it would not be an easy task as he was a lawyer by profession and knew how to prove himself right.

"Grandpa! What are you doing?" Katherine joyfully entered her grandfather's room with a bunch of roses in her hands and elegantly placed them in the vase.


"Fighting," a small but a weird answer came. "With whom?" Katherine asked in complete bewilderment.

"Myself," he said slowly with his eyes still staring at the lights on the ceiling. "Kathy, sweetheart, do you trust your old grandpa?"

"More than I trust myself." She lovingly planted a kiss on his forehead and took his wrinkled palm in her hand. "What is bothering you?"

"My death. I don't want to die a Christian. I want to die a Muslim." With these words he shifted his gaze on Katherine's face who could not believe her ears. Her mouth was twisted trying to comprehend the words.

"Kathy, I'm a Muslim. I want to be buried the way Muslims are buried. Can you help me? Can you induce some courage in me so that I can declare my identity?"

Continued In'sha'Allah... 

The Pain that made me stronger

Musaab Sultan
helps us understand
how sweet is pain when
it's from the Beloved

At some point in time in life, we all get to experience pain. Some hold their pain close, some try to hide it away and some turn it into their greatest strength. But what people don't understand about pain is that it is one of the things that bring us closer to Allah ﷻ.

When we are living "The good Life" we often forget to thank Allah ﷻ for the blessings bestowed upon us. We become arrogant and selfish and forget why we are in this world. It is the pain and times of hardships where we are about to crack under the pressure that we

a path through which we come out stronger.

A person who has only seen the good side of life neither has the strength nor the will to see through the hard times. Hardships help us grow stronger not only in body but in mind and in spirit as well but most of all, it solidifies our belief in Allah and deepens our faith in Him.

Difficult times may come for all of us at some point and we may feel as if we are about to break. How to stay afloat in such tough patches of life? In those difficult moments, we must

It is the pain and times of hardships where we are about to crack under the pressure that we fall to our knees and beg Allah for help and forgiveness for our sins.

fall to our knees and beg Allah for help and forgiveness for our sins. We must always remember that each and every bump in the road has a lesson for us from which we can learn and grow. It is also said that these difficult times are a test to determine our faith and set us on

always pray to Allah to forgive our sins and save us from troubles. We must act with patience and know that beyond the struggles Allah has something great in store for us and that we should pray to Him to save us from all mishaps and keep us in His good graces. Aameen



*Valentine's
day*

**Corrupting
the creed and
morals**

‘And if you obey most of those on earth, they will mislead you far away from Allah’s Path. They follow nothing but conjectures, and they do nothing but lie.’ (Al-Anaam: 116)

evil
play
radiance

Hadhrat Abdullah bin Zubair

Nobility shines through all darkness; no matter how thick and gloomy it seems. Read through to get a glimpse of such amazing graciousness written by Zawjah Junaid Mukaty

Hadhrat Abdullah bin Zubair ؓ was the first child born to the Muhajireen in the first Hijra. His parents and grandparents were the noteworthy companions of Prophet ﷺ. His father, Hadhrat Zubair bin Awwam ؓ, who is among the AshraaMubbashira, was the first cousin of Muhammad ﷺ while his mother, Hadhrat Asma ؓ was the daughter of Hadhrat Abu Bakr Siddique ؓ and elder sister of Prophet's ﷺ beloved wife, Hadhrat Ayesha ؓ.

When an infant, Abdullah was taken to Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ, the Prophet ﷺ held him in his arms and performed Tehneek. His birth was the first glad tidings after the migration and was celebrated by slogans of Allah u Akbar by the Sahaba. As he turned seven, his pious mother brought him to Prophet ﷺ to pledge allegiance on his hands. This is reported as a beautiful sight where a young boy was accepting Islam with utmost obedience.

As a Soldier

Being too young, he was not allowed to participate in any of the battles fought during era of Prophet ﷺ and Caliphate of Hadhrat Abu Bakr. When Hadhrat Umar got caliphate, he was old enough and accompanied his father

in the Battle of Yarmouk where he rode on a horse. In the nineteenth Hijra, he again accompanied his father in the Siege of Egypt.

In the twenty sixth Hijra, Hadhrat Usman had sent Hadhrat Abdullah bin Sa'ad to Tripoli where he needed more help. Hadhrat Abdullah was then sent to him with a troop. After Tripoli, they conquered other cities of Africa too.

As a Caliph

In the sixty one Hijra, Hadhrat Hussain ؓ was martyred in Karbala. This was an agonizing incident which left the Muslims shocked. After Hadhrat Muawiyah ؓ had passed away, his son Yazeed took over and sent a message to people to pledge allegiance to him. The Muslims did not want Yazeed to rule as he was not considered fit to be a fine leader. A lot of people came to Hadhrat Abdullah who was also one of those who had refused to pledge allegiance. He was then forced to take the reins in his hands but he refused. When people from many parts of the Muslim lands like Hijaz, Yemen, Basra, Kufa and Iran came to him, he then agreed to take the responsibilities of a Caliph.

Yazeed sent Muslim bin Uqbah with an army to



Madinah to make sure that people accept him as a Caliph but instead they fought him back. The fight continued for three days and then they proceeded to Makkah.

Hadhrat Abdullah was based in Makkah when he was a Caliph and Makkah was known as a centre for the Muslim Ummah. Hadhrat Abdullah fought the enemy outside Makkah but the pressure was immense. The enemies used cannons and hit the Ka'aba due to which Ka'aba was badly damaged.

His ruku would be so long that a bird would sit on his back or his head considering him to be a statue. He was also a great Qari and scholar of Quran.

While Makkah was surrounded, Yazeed died. His army wrapped the attack and withdrew. After him his son, Muawiyah, became Caliph. He was a kind hearted and God fearing man. He stepped down from Caliphate very soon. Abdul Malik and his father Marwan bin Abdul Hakam from Syria were next to oppose Hadhrat Abdullah bin Zubair. They defeated Hadhrat Musa'ab bin Zubair in Iraq and confined Hadhrat Abdullah to Makkah and Madinah.

Abdul Malik sent Hujjaj bin Yousuf with thirty thousand men to invade Makkah. Following the instructions, he destined himself in Taif and kept sending small troops to attack Makkah who were successfully defeated by soldiers of Hadhrat Abdullah.

Hujjaj bin Yousuf called for more help after a few months in order to surround Makkah. He was sent five thousand soldiers who then attacked Ka'aba like they had done previously

with fire balls thrown by cannons. The whole ordeal continued for seven months.

Martyrdom

After seven months of battle, Hadhrat Abdullah came to his mother, Asma bint Abi Bakar with his armour on. He bade her farewell and headed towards the battlefield with his soldiers. Ten thousand of his men had already left him but his perseverance was what kept him strong. He had swords in both of his hands and with great courage and valour he attacked the enemy lines. One by one his soldiers fell and he himself got hit by a stone. Before he could stable himself, the Syrians surrounded him and martyred him with their swords. Hujjaj sent his head to Abdul Malik in Damascus and hanged his body on an elevated position. The aged mother bathed him after three days and buried his body in Hijoon.

Rebuilding of the Ka'aba

The damaged building of Ka'aba was rebuilt by Hadhrat Abdullah in accordance to the wish of Prophet ﷺ. Muhammad ﷺ wanted to build it on the initial plan of Hadhrat Ibrahim which was round at one side and square on the others. He gathered fifty senior and respectable men of his time to bear witness and to be there when the foundation was dug. The original foundation was found and the rebuilding of Ka'aba was done on it. The walls were built slightly higher, exactly the height of the present day. Hajr e Aswad was covered with silver because it had faced quite a lot of damage during the fight.

Virtues

Life of Hadhrat Abdullah bin Zubair was full of trials and this virtuous man passed every trial with courage and patience. He was the younger version of Hadhrat Abu Bakar Siddique, his maternal grandfather. They both looked alike.

Continued on pg 19



How to be a pro at presentations

Muhammad Ahmed compiles some terrific tips for presentation skills

Presenting information clearly and effectively is a key skill to get your message or opinion across and, today, presentation skills are required in almost every field. Whether you are a student, administrator or executive, or stand for an elected position, you may very well be asked to make a presentation. This can be a very daunting prospect. Delivering an inspirational or captivating presentation requires a lot of preparation and work, and you may not even need PowerPoint at all! Many people feel terrified when asked to make their first public talk, but these initial fears can be reduced by good preparation which will also lay the groundwork for making an effective presentation. A presentation is a means of communication which can be adapted to various speaking situations, such as talking to a group, addressing a meeting or briefing a team. To be effective, step-by-step preparation and the method and means of presenting the information should be carefully considered.

Here are five tips that are important to consider that can help increase your confidence and ability to engage audiences over time.

1. Be clear on the message and purpose. When presenters lack clarity in their main message and primary reason for presenting, they can become long-winded and end up speaking about superfluous and non-relevant information. It is very important to structure the presentation around

the key message. For example, persuasive presentations that are making recommendations or proposals of some sort require the presenter to focus on that particular recommendation and/or proposal.

2. Understand the audience. It is critical to gather intelligence by analyzing the makeup of the audience before structuring the presentation. Aspects like the group's demographic makeup, mindset and level of sophistication in terms of the topic are all important things to consider. Audience attitudes, such as friendliness or hostility, and whether the audience is comprised of people in various fields or just one are also key concerns.

3. Make sure your presentation is structured properly and topics flow well. Poorly prepared presentations often reflect a lack of understanding of the topics. Presenters should be comfortable in their content presentation and allow it to flow effectively from topic to topic. It starts with the introduction, which is incredibly important because it is when the audience first engages with the speaker. Not only does it outline the purpose and direction that the presentation will take, but it is where the presenter has the best opportunity to break the ice with an anecdote or amusing story, depending on the nature of the engagement, and capture the interest of the audience. The body of the presentation is where

the bulk of the speaker's data is presented. Make sure it flows well and is not choppy, jumping from one area to another and back again. The conclusion should end strong, recapping the purpose of the presentation and highlights of the discussion. Leaving the audience with a good impression is the goal, ensuring members received value and ended up better informed on the topic.

4. Practice your delivery. A poor delivery is the most common problem that people have when they make a presentation. Delivery has a variety of aspects. One, for example, is making and keeping meaningful eye contact with the audience rather than watching the floor or the horizon. Another aspect is the voice. It's critical to project it, avoiding the monotones or quiet voices of the unprepared. A third aspect is the smoothness of delivery. Speakers that practice come across as self-confident, and avoid the "umms" and uncomfortable silences that detract from the message itself. Practicing delivery will also help keep the presentation within a reasonable timeframe. If a 45-minute time slot has been allotted, better to speak for 30 minutes and foster greater engagement by opening the last 15 to audience questions and comments.

5. Get comfortable with PowerPoint. PowerPoint is a great presentation tool, but too many don't use it to its full potential. Presentations are often put together in a way that detracts, rather than enhances the audience experience. Think of a PowerPoint slide with 14 or 15 bullet points, each containing two sentences or lines. It can lead the speaker to look at the screen – not the audience – and read the slides verbatim. In addition to paying attention to the amount of information being included, presenters should explore PowerPoint's many features that can enhance their message. For example, animations can be added or videos can be embedded from online sites to further engage audiences.

Most professionals will experience the need to present to small and large groups at some point

in their career. Good preparation and practice, following some basic, practical guidelines, are key to giving a professional presentation that offers true value and a memorable experience to the audience.

OTHER THINGS TO CONSIDER

- Avoid trying to cram too much into one slide
- Don't be a slave to your slides
- Use keywords rather than long sentences
- Use a large font
- Repeat key insights
- Make the audience want to learn more
- Handling Q&A is as important as the formal talk

Continued from pg 17

He was very well known for maintaining family ties. He visited them regularly and fulfilled their rights heartily. Apart from his looks and his social ties, he was a great statesman too. He was the first ruler who introduced Dirhams. On one side of it was engraved Muhammad Rasulullah ﷺ and on the other was written 'Amar Allah bil Wafa wal Adal'.

As a servant of Allah, he was famous for his Salah. His ruku would be so long that a bird would sit on his back or his head considering him to be a statue. He was also a great Qari and scholar of Quran. He also did the Tafseer of Quran. He was the member of the team formed by Hadhrat Usman whose duty was to make copies of the Quran.

His intellectual capabilities were very high. Apart from Arabic, he knew seven other languages. His speech carried weight and people loved to hear him speak.

Life of Hadhrat Abdullah bin Zubair teaches us an important lesson; trials come in our way, not to break us but to make us strong. May Allah give us strength and courage to face every trial with complete trust on Him. Aameen

HAHAHA!

KIDS CORNER

Math teacher: A man from Los Angeles drove toward New York at 250 miles per hour and a man from New York drove toward Los Angeles at 150 m.p.h. Where did they meet?

Johnny: In jail!

Teacher: Tommy, can you tell us where the Declaration of Independence was signed?

Tommy: Yes, ma'am. At the bottom.

Jordan: My teacher says I have to write more clearly.

Mom: That's a good idea, Jordan.

Jordan: No, it's not. Then she'll know I can't spell.

Teacher: Why can't you work in an orange juice factory?

Student: I don't know. Why?

Teacher: Because you can't concentrate!

Teacher: Where are the Great Plains located?

Tommy: At the great airports!

Teacher: If you had 13 apples, 12 grapes, 3 pineapples and 3 strawberries, what would you have?

Billy: A delicious fruit salad.

Hidden pictures

Find these things in the picture below

- Watermelon
- Chocolate cake
- Lemon
- Coin
- Tire
- 3 Pinwheels
- Snake
- Cupcake
- Cookie
- Top
- Donut



Find 5 differences



Word Search Islamic Empire

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

Caliphate
Muslim
Muhammad
Mamluks
Umayyad
Mosque
Suleiman
Mecca
Hajj
Caravans
Imam
Minaret
Crusades
Abbasid
Saladin
Islam
Five Pillars
Ibn Battuta
Arabesque
Ottoman Empire

Fairy House Night Lights

Turn empty plastic water bottles into adorable little fairy house night lights! Fun for a child's room or a nursery, or even the garden.

Supplies

- Recycled plastic bottle
- Multi-surface craft paint
- LED tea light
- Silk flowers
- Moss
- Hot glue gun
- Knife
- Scissors

Instructions

1. Cut top portion of bottle off with knife.
2. Remove the lid and set aside. Cut off the plastic band around the neck of the bottle.
3. Paint both halves of the bottle with colours of your choice. Allow to dry 30 minutes then repeat for a second coat.
4. Cut a window in the bottom half of the bottle, large enough to fit the tea light inside.
5. Cut slits halfway up the top half of the bottle, about 1-inch apart. Bend the ends of each slit upward so that they stick out.
6. Decorate the outside of the house with silk flowers.
7. Cover the bottle lid with silk leaves or flowers. Place lid back on the neck of the bottle.
8. Add some hot glue to the inside of the bottom half of the bottle and line the bottom with moss. Add tea light candle.
9. Place "roof" on top of the "house".



Art Work

fresh
strokes

By Safa Farukh



By Abdur Rehman



By Alisha Musani



By Fabiha Furqan



By Urwah Bin Masood



By Muhammad Omer
Saqib



CHATTER BOX

1 What are you doing in the holidays this year?

Playing with all the presents that Santa is giving me. What is Santa getting you?

2 I don't believe in Santa, my Ustaaad said that he is not real. I don't really celebrate Christmas.

But Isa ﷺ was born then!

3 Actually, he wasn't born then.

So why do we say he was born on the 25th December?

It was the date of a Pagan Festival which later the Christians adopted!

4 But can I still get Christmas presents?

Well, not really. Its not part of Islam and we don't adopt non Muslim Festivals.

5 Even so, we have presents in Islam!

Yeah, we can get presents any time, we also have Eids. Giving presents on Christmas gives the wrong idea to kids.

6

Can I keep the Christmas Tree?

No not really! Its part of a Roman festival (the god of agriculture) and beliefs that were adopted later on.

7

But the early followers of Isa ~~Saw~~ had Christmas Trees!

They were actually against this kind of thing, they didn't even celebrate birthdays.

8

Ok Santa Claus is fake but St. Nicolas was real.

Yes, Santa is very loosely based on him but remember everything else about Santa isn't real.

9

The sleigh, reindeers, the costume, coming down chimneys, Lapland, good and bad list.. Its all fictional.

So what is real about Christmas?

10

For Muslims and Early Christians nothing is real about Christmas. Isa ~~Allah~~ is real, His Miracles and his prophet hood are real.

Next you will be telling me that the tooth fairy is fake!!

No, it's not as bad as I think

Concept by Zawjah Zia

Artwork by Zawjah Jahangir





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HIGHLIGHTS

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