

celebrating  
the joys of  
submission!

# radiance

LIVING AND LOVING THE YOUNG MUSLIM LIFESTYLE

A Covid Coward

You are what  
you read

## Diary of a depressed student



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](http://radiance.fahmedeen.org)

**E** [radianceteam8@gmail.com](mailto:radianceteam8@gmail.com)

### For Advertising Queries

**E** [marketing@fahmedeen.org](mailto:marketing@fahmedeen.org)

**P** + 92 314 298 1344

**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

Lessons taught by  
a baby sister

## KIDS CORNER

screws n bolts 18

A mixed bag of fun and  
frolic

dear diary 06

Diary of a depressed  
student

teens deen 08

A Covid Coward

## PAGE 20



fresh pens

But everyone does it  
You are what you read

## PAGE 10



storynory

Long way home-3

fresh strokes 22

poetic rush 14

Friends  
Dead but alive

mystery mania 24

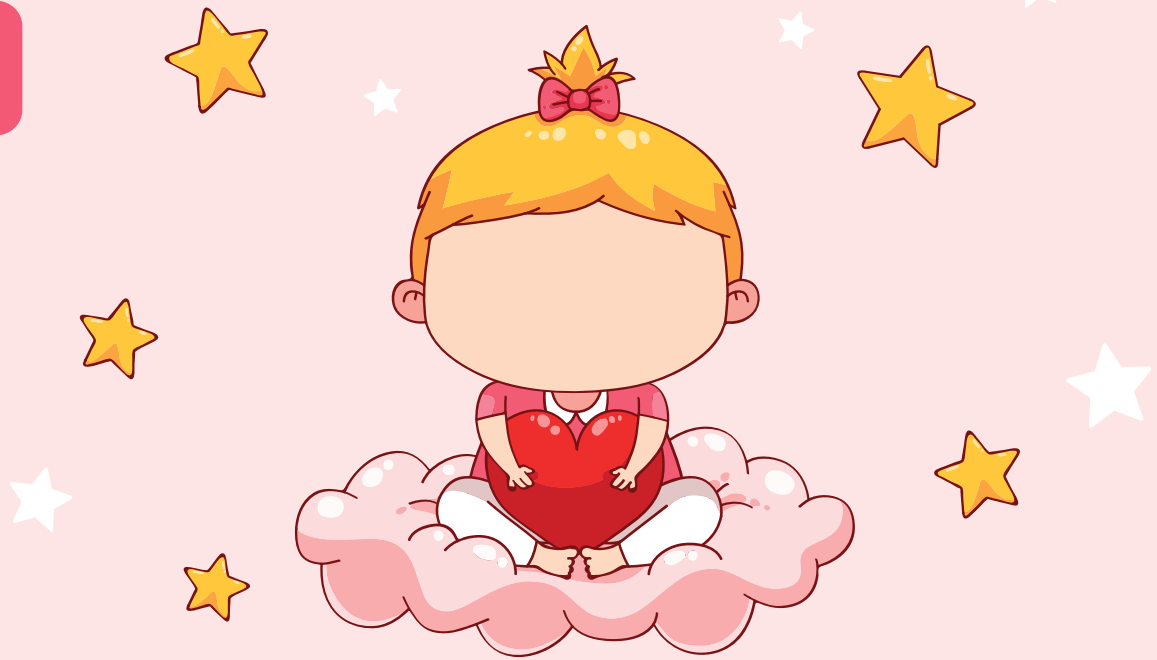
poster 15

artsy crafty 25  
Blooming puddle paper  
flowers

leading lights 16

Hadhrat Musab bin  
Umair ﷺ

comic 26  
Ahmad's brightened  
face



## Lessons taught by a baby sister

Having a baby girl in the house after three boys was no less than a fairy tale for everyone. Alhamdulillah we all doted upon the new angel, especially her five-year-old brother, Ibrahim, who was overwhelmed, grateful, and excited all rolled into one.

If the baby ever started crying and I wasn't around, I was sure that from somewhere out of the blue he would instantly emerge like a genie and pacify her. However, one day while I was working in the kitchen, I heard little Fatimah starting to cry and strangely, the sobs kept coming for a little longer time period than it usually took her brother to show up.

My heart pounding, I left everything and hastily went to the baby and picked her up. Soon thereafter Ibrahim also came in with a gloomy face and moaned, "I feel so bad I couldn't come in time as Nanu was talking to me on the phone."

"Yes Fatimah keeps crying until someone comes in and grants her all that she wants. Babies are wise creatures," I enlightened.

He kept staring at my face. I knew he was thinking something. Oh! How I wished he wasn't thinking that he can do that too with his parents! So instantly I took the opportunity to explain further, "That's how Allah ﷻ wants us to be like in front of Him only, you know. Crying like little babies who want Jannah and forgiveness over their sins. Tears flow when we remember how much Allah has blessed us with and how much we disobey Him. Do you remember Hadhrat Umar ؓ by the way?"

"Yes of course, he's my favourite Sahabah as he was as brave as a lion," he proudly enumerated.

"Right Mashallah! He was known for being strong and fearless, yet, Hadhrat Abdullah ibn Isa ؓ said that Hadhrat Umar ؓ had two black

streaks on his face because of constant weeping,” I continued despite the doubts that he would fully understand.

“Oh my, how intelligent!” he gasped.

“Yes indeed! So whether it is a little toy that you want or something as awesome as Paradise, you should always keep making dua for it, crying and begging for it, unless you are granted your wish.”

“But at times Allah doesn’t give us what we ask Him for, that makes me a little sad,” he interrupted.

“That could mean many things actually. Firstly, maybe you didn’t ask for it as badly as little Fatimah does, remember? Secondly, if a wish isn’t granted to a believer then that is stored as a great gift for him in the hereafter and when he will see that prize there, he would be so delighted that he would say I would have loved it more than none of my duas had been accepted in Dunya so I could have got all of them here in the form of these amazing gifts.”

“Ooo wow SubhanAllah! So does this mean that we should make loads of duas; duas for many many things so some of them come true and some gets granted in Jannah?” he inquired, his eyes sparkling like bright stars.

“Yes, well, you are right, my boy, just also make sure than you ask with full yaqeen (belief) that Allah ﷻ can grant you all your wishes, other

wise your dua would be like a beautifully wrapped present *but* empty inside. Your heart should be entirely towards Allah. And also know that He loves you more than seventy mothers and will grant you only that which is best for you.”

“I’m really glad to hear that! Allah Taala is my best friend!” he cried, clasping his hands together.

“Indeed! Imagine Fatimah having seventy mothers taking care of her. That much Allah cares for us Subhan’Allah,” I retorted, while putting the baby back in her cot.

But as soon as she laid down, she started crying again.

Ibrahim’s face turned colour. He quickly got hold of a rattle and started shaking it to make the baby stop crying and anxiously exclaimed, “Oh let me pray to Allah Taala to never ever make my baby sister cry in her entire life and always keep her safe and happy. I ask with all my heart and I also feel I have tears in my eyes.”

I laughed and moved him closer to me, wrapping him in a big hug, believing that the lesson had somewhat made its way inside the little heart ●

Was’salam,

**Umm Abdullah Zubairi**

Editor.radiance@gmail.com

# Diary of a depressed student

Writing a diary from the point of view of a student, Kittlak Imtiaz confers the troubles of bullying



“Don’t look inside”, he warned!

With a sweating body, his hands were shaking and knees felt like rubber. He was breathing hastily as he rushed to me running. He was continuously biting his nails. I looked at his face, it was as red as a tomato.

“Please just don’t open it,” he said.

“But why can’t I open it?” I asked.

“I don’t want to share my diary with anyone!”

I glanced at his face, put his diary back and went to the drawing room. At the same time, he picked his diary up and ran upstairs.

In the evening when he came to me for getting permission to go to the park with friends, I didn’t give him any reply. I was so upset about his behavior. “I am sorry,” he said. But I still kept quite because I was so displeased with his prior behavior. He went out saying, “I will come

back soon before 6:30 pm.”

After he left, I went near the window and saw outside.

The sky was looking like a deep blue river in which the clouds seemed like a bunch of fish swimming in the cool, pleasant air. I closed my eyes and tried to listen to the chirping of birds. It shows the happiness of birds like they are praising Allah for giving them food and the power of flying. This gave me tranquillity.

I took a deep breath and inhaled the fragrance of different flowers coming from the backyard of the house making my mood better. I was feeling a little hungry so I picked an apple. I opened the tap to wash it. The water was very cold. The red colour of the apple was looking like the colour of a velvety rose. At first bite, I got lost in its sweet taste. As I was enjoying its taste once again I began to think about him.

‘Why did he act like that? He never did like this

“I looked at his face, it was as red as a tomato.”

“Please just don't open it,” he said.

before.’

As soon as this thought crossed my mind, I went up to his room and started finding his diary. I tried finding here and there but the diary was laying right under his pillow. I picked it up, once again thought of his strange behavior for a minute, and then opened it to read.

He wrote that he was very upset since a few days because of the fights with his class fellow. He was a good student in class that's why his teachers liked him. But one of his class fellows was jealous of him. He always made fake complains about him and thus his teachers would scold him. This made him more depressed.

‘Oh, now I see that was the main reason why when he came back from school his head was hanging, with dropped shoulders and frowns on his forehead.’

I put his diary back and contemplated about it. I came back downstairs.

‘How can I solve his problem?’ I asked myself.

When he came back home he went to his room without any conversation with me.

After sometime he came to me holding his diary and said, “Can I share something with you?” I shook my head in the affirmative, although I stayed quite. Then he took a deep breath. He sat beside me and said, “I am so sorry about my behavior, please forgive me, I will never do this again. I'm sorry.”

I looked at him with a smiling face and accepted

his apology. Then he started telling me all that he had written in his diary. “But why weren't you telling this to me before?” I asked.

“Because I was frightened that you would scold me,” he replied. “I am your mother, your well-wisher, I will not scold you if it is not even your mistake and instead I will help you find a solution,” I remarked.

“So what should I do now?” he retorted.

“The best way to get rid of this situation is to ignore and try not to fight, and then take help from your teachers if you feel that your situation is getting worse,” I tried sorting it out.

He first listened carefully, and then asked, “Will this solve the problem?”

“Yes, definitely! It will work In'Shaa'Allah. And don't forget to make dua too. I will also pray for you,” I replied. He thought about it for a while.

There was a big smile on his face and his eyes opened wide. He clasped his hands together. It felt as if all his anxiety and depression was gone. After that day he always shared his problems with me and then never felt bad about small things, because his actual need was a good adviser who can always helped him solve his problems in life.

We all have some problems which are not big issues but make us upset. So we must share them with our elders too and pull ourselves out of the frustration of having to deal with them single-handedly



Written by  
**Syed Hassan Shah**  
 14 years  
 Jamia Baitussalam,  
 Link road, Krachi

# A Covid Coward

“...We are moving towards lockdown...so new strict measures must be taken which include shutting down non-essential businesses like restaurants, cafés, gyms and malls, and sending the majority of government workers home.”

He looked over his gold-rimmed spectacles at the audience, put the paper aside from which he had read the newly-made laws, and spread his hands over the dais. “Extra precaution must be taken...wash your hands every once in a while for at least twenty seconds...if you are sneezing, you must not do so in open air, you must wear a mask...make sure to **STAY AT HOME!**”

The Prime Minister sat gloomily back in his chair, wiping his forehead as beads of perspiration rolled down his temples. It seemed as if he had been talking for a couple of hours. He sat there with an expression of mingled confusion and despair. He took a deep breath, furnished his lungs with oxygen, took a small sip of mineral water, and then stood up again on the podium.

“My dear Pakistanis, I say this to make sure you cooperate with me against this fatal disease... which you already know has taken many lives in countries all across the globe...” he raised both fists in the air, “Stay home. Save lives. Save

Pakistan. Long live Pakistan.” He was greeted with a round of quiet, somber applause.

\*\*\*

Eyes fixed upon the TV, wearing a terrified expression, he stood up, switched the TV off, and collapsed onto his four-poster bed, looking at the flowery canopy. With his heart pounding, a train of confusing thoughts began to form inside his mind.

He involuntarily lashed a forceful kick to the sack of walnuts which his father had brought from the village. As he hit, it made a loud thud and a large hole appeared inside it and walnuts began to tumble down.

“What a mess I’ve made!” he murmured.

He saw that his brother was at the doorway (whom he called Bhaiya), gazing at him with intense curiosity, giving him a familiar nod, which meant that nothing bad was going to happen—he wouldn’t get beating or be complained about to mother (Ammi Jan) for tearing it. But Hamza was afraid that his mother would come hurtling down from the kitchen, shouting: “What on Earth are you planning to do, boy?!” and would strike him with one of her steel spoons. Thankfully, nothing of the sort



Like the situation nowadays, never go around worrying that this disease will finish you...if one has unshaken faith in Allah and is a true believer, surely he wouldn't fear anything but instead he would be brave.

happened. His brother simply beckoned him with his index finger to follow him, and they both climbed the concrete spiral staircase to reach the roof of the house.

As he reached the topmost stair, he saw that there were dozen kites flying in the cloudy sky. All the kites were of different colours and flew hither and thither, as if cutting the puffy clouds. He saw his eldest brother, Mufti Zahid, sitting on a charpoy and he was instantly relieved. He always had comforting advice for his younger siblings. They sat down on the charpai, and Mufti Zahid took a deep breath, as though he was pondering something. Then he began to stroke Hamza's hair gently.

"Are you angry? What made you kick that walnut-sack? Is there something wrong?" He looked at his brother who was intently watching the kites, somewhat lost in daydreaming.

Suddenly he looked at him, "Oh no. No, no. Angry? Me? No, it's not like that! It was a sort of..." He babbled and paused, rubbing his temple.

"Hmm...Go on...what was it?" Hamza's brother tried to help, trying to make an eye-contact.

"It was...I mean I was afraid. Afraid of this...this lethal outbreak of this corona v...."

"— Oh right. I got it. You mean this Covid 19... because of which many people died, right. What are you actually afraid of?"

"I thought...Err...like...I mean we may also die if it continues..." Mufti Zahid felt a surge of relief and he thanked Allah that it was nothing serious.. 'What childish thoughts, oh my God', he thought to himself.

"See Hamza, let me make it plain for you, let me explain you what you ought to bear in mind."

He looked upwards at the kites, focusing on something which Hamza couldn't make out. Then he exclaimed, in a rather imperial tone, "Our religion Islam is the perfect code of life! The meaning of life has been defined clearly for us in this beautiful religion, which we all consider to be perfect for mankind. As Muslims, we all believe in the Oneness of Allah, we thank Him for bestowing us with His mercies, and most important of all, the countless breaths that we take in a minute which help us survive. We seek His refuge from the evils, and He is the protector of all the living being. Since we all trust in Allah, we...."

"Wait... What exactly do you mean by 'trust in Allah'?" Hamza cut in.

"By 'trust in Allah', I mean that we must have the strongest faith in him that whatever happens is with the will of the Almighty, every good and bad, all the misfortunes, the calamities, and blessings and mercies are indeed from Allah. And indeed when Allah gives His blessings or brings bad times to His humankind, He tests them that how grateful or likewise patient they are. And when Allah's creation doesn't adhere to His Commands, despite bestowed blessings, and go astray, Allah brings catastrophes which sometimes are in the shape of plagues, coronavirus-like diseases and cataclysms and so on....there is one thing which is similar to 'trust in Allah' and that is 'patience'.

Patience (sabr) is a great virtue in Islam that encompasses perseverance, forbearance, en-

**Continued on pg 12**

# Long way home

Part 3 of 5

by

Zawjah Junaid's Mukatya

I wanted to leave the haveli as soon as possible but I could not move. My body was tense and stiff. I could not decide what my next step should be when suddenly I heard mocking laughter and whistles. Who could laugh or whistle in this situation except those who were responsible for this atrocity. Aliya also froze. I quickly dragged her with me to the rooftop through a flight of stairs. I knew a secret exit from the roof. This exit had some beautiful memories. Ah!

.....

Akbar Bhai was the eldest son of Chacha Kareem. He was a very jolly, loving and caring soul. I assumed him caring as he had saved me many times from Amma's punishments. Among those lovely days there was a day when our neighbour, Salma Khala, came to our house. Her face was fiery red and her hands were trembling which held her white dupatta: the dupatta in which I had hid myself and scared Aliya. I had jumped from our roof to theirs and picked up the dupatta from their line. From

there I jumped back to our rooftop where Aliya was playing with our cousins of her age. I made ghostly noises and ran after Aliya wrapping the big white dupatta around myself. The innocent children were screaming and running down the stairs while I followed them. I enjoyed every moment but when I looked at the dupatta, it was torn from many places. I think it had entangled in the thorns of the rose plants which were all around the walls and I had not taken pains to release it.

I had thrown it back on Salma Khala's roof and considered myself out of danger, but I was wrong.

"Amma Ji, look at this," Salma Khala threw herself on the divan next to Dadi Amma and addressed the situation by showing her tattered dupatta.

"What is this Salma?" Dadi Amma inspected the cloth closely.

Now I understood who the real reporter was. Whoever it was, my bad time was near.

“This was once a beautiful dupatta of my new gharara that I wore on Eid. My husband had got this expensive malmal from Rangoon for me, Amma Ji.” She then had a tear in the corner of her eyes.

“What happened to it then,” My mother jumped in the situation making my stomach churn.

“Your dear son Farooq is responsible for this, Asma!” she delivered the news curtly. “Farhana has seen him throwing it back on the roof.” Now I understood who the real reporter was. Whoever it was, my bad time was near.

Akbar Bhai was listening to the whole story standing behind the curtains of Zanan Khana. Amma had transformed into an inspector and I was being drilled with a couple of questions, all at the same time. It was about time for Amma’s jooti when Akbar Bhai called me, “Farooq, can you please quickly run an errand for me. This letter has to be delivered to Maulana Akhlaq Sahib. He is waiting for it.” Maulana Akhlaq Sahib was the Imam Sahib of our Masjid and also my Amma’s Ustadh when she was a child.

Oh! Akbar Bhai turned out to be an angel for me. I had never run so fast in my life. He quickly took me to the rooftop and showed me the way to the secret staircase which curled down to the lane at the back of our haveli. He told me to use this safe exit whenever I’m afraid of jooti. This was the same exit which I used with Aliya on the horrific day.

How I missed my Amma’s jooti that day.

.....

We were out in a dark lane. The chaos spread in front of our haveli could be easily heard. “Bhai, lets hide ourselves in those hovels. I’m scared.” She pointed towards some hovels which belonged to Faqeer Baba whom people considered had gone mad after he lost his whole family in an accident. “Will they kill us too, Bhai. I’ve not done anything bad to them, Bhai.”

“Everything will be fine Aliya. We will be fine.” I don’t think she believed my false statements.

Suddenly a pair of hands grabbed us giving us immense pain. Aliya was screaming on the top of her voice and begging him to leave us. She was frantically shaking her arms and legs but the grip of the goon’s hand on her hair was very tight. “Please let us go. We will do whatever you want us to do but don’t kill us.” I can’t explain what my feelings were. It scared the living daylights out of me.

The devious rascal enjoyed our pitiful state and laughed like an Iblees. He wanted more enjoyment. He shoved me at a side and held Aliya high on a fire that was burning some goods of the Muslims. Aliya was shaking like a leaf in the cruel hands and calling my name again and again. My arm was badly hurt but I was more panicked to see Aliya. My remaining world was about to be brutally killed.

The more Aliya begged for mercy, the more he laughed and harassed. A fire of rage ran across my body and I quietly moved towards the devil. Once there, I held a corner of his kurta and put it on flame. Within moments he had caught fire and my precious Aliya was free. His aides were

trying to save him while I and Aliya ran without seeing anything around us.

We had bruises and wounds all over our body and we fell many times while running for our lives. Where to go and what to do, we didn't know. I found a rubbish dump as the best place to hide ourselves. Aliya was silently sobbing, clutching my arm tightly. It hurt me so much but I couldn't say anything to her. It would soon be morning and we had nowhere to take refuge.

We both could see our deaths near. It seemed nearer when behind us a pair of hands covered our mouths.

“Shhh! Farooq. Aliya.”

Akbar Bhai. Our eyes were staring at an angel. We both threw ourselves in his arms. My nerve racking ordeal of saving Aliya and myself seemed to be over. He guided us toward the hovels where he had taken the shelter.

Once inside the smelly hut, Aliya told Akbar Bhai the whole story between sobs and hiccups. For me, his presence was enough. We both reclined on his arms and slept.

I had been sleeping for a while. It was already sunny outside and Aliya was calmly sleeping. I could feel something on my body. It was ghee. Akbar Bhai had covered our burnt skin with ghee which he found in this slum.

As soon as I opened my eyes, I called out, “Akbar Bhai. You are badly wounded!”

We didn't see anything in the dark but the strained rays of sun which fell in the hut showed Akbar Bhai's bad shape. A little below his elbow the blood was oozing out. He had blue patches all over his body and the pain was terrible.

“Akbar Bhai, how did you escape?” The question crossed my mind quite late

*Continued Insha'Allah...*

**Continued from pg 09**

A Covid Coward

duration, diligence, and self-restrain. It is a characteristic of enlightenment that develops only in the heart of a believer, and those who are the closest to Allah. The strong Muslim wouldn't despair, and Muslims would never lose hope if they are facing hard times. Like the situation nowadays, never go around worrying that this disease will finish you...if one has unshaken faith in Allah and is a true believer, surely he wouldn't fear anything but instead he would be brave. Of course, you must take precautionary measures to ensure safety. But stop being a covid coward.”

He continued, “As the doctors nowadays say that people must wash their hands, and be neat and clean. This is what Islam already says, you make ablution (Wudhu) before performing salah which basically is the washing of your body. So perform salah five times a day, pray to Allah to end this pandemic. Hamza, in school you won't be taught how to think logically, and how to observe things with the 'glasses of religion'. You are taught English, biology, chemistry, physics, but not how to build your mentality which is why we are planning to admit you in a 'Madrasa' where your mind will be nurtured morally as well as intellectually.”

“While you are at home due to lockdown, this is the great opportunity to serve Ammi and Abbu, recite the Qur'an, and what is more, you can prepare for the admission in a good madrasa, right? Pray five times a day, make dua to Allah, read your azkar, and coronavirus cannot even touch you. Don't be tensed, my boy, okay?”

“Yes, Inshallah, from now onwards I will never neglect my Salah, I will make supplications to Allah. Yes I will become the best Muslim. Errr...now can I go and play with my friends?” he forced a humble smile and started to get up excitedly. Mufti Zahid's lips widened, a smile curled and he nodded.

“Don't be late for Zuhr salah!” But Hamza was already gone, though with a different mentality than which he came with

# Brady's

The nourishing taste of Scott Baking

# Plain Cake



*Delicious & Delightful*





## Friends

by **Hamza Jaffri**

Age 9, Leicester UK

Friends are those with whom we play,  
It's always nice when they come to stay.

We build our Lego and race our cars,  
Sharing food and chocolate bars.

Friends are like rainbows blooming in the sky,  
Doing good deeds together we try.

Good friends are like flowers with  
a beautiful scent,  
We should value our friends one hundred  
percent!

## Dead but Alive

by **Manahil Faisal**

13 years, Lahore

I cried all night  
Thinking about my life

There is nothing left inside  
There's an urge to commit suicide

I am done giving myself fake hopes  
He took everyone from me and left me alone

Should I die at once  
Or should I die every night  
I want to close my eyes, once and for all,  
But then again I have to begin with  
a fake smile

I felt as if the hell-fire was burning me  
to ashes,  
But infact it was the loneliness which set  
me on fire

My life is a mess, and so is my mind,  
A conclusion to all of this is what I want to find

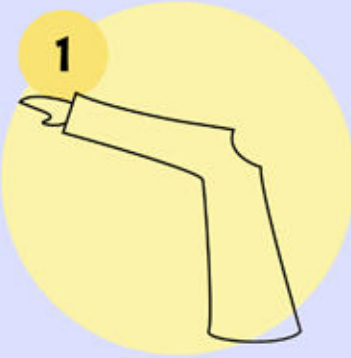
And then suddenly I remember,  
That Allah has given us a call

He says in the Quran  
Do not lose hope and stay steadfast

And thus I continue on the road of life,  
Forgetting all my struggles for once in a while.

# Sunnahs of wearing clothes and shoes

## WHEN WEARING CLOTHES



1 Start with the right side when wearing your clothes

2 اَلْحَمْدُ لِلّٰهِ الَّذِي كَسَانِي  
هَذَا الثَّوْبَ وَرَزَقَنِيهِ مِنْ غَيْرِ  
حَوْلٍ مِّنِّي وَلَا قُوَّةٍ

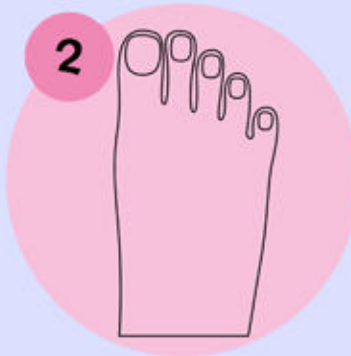
Read dua for wearing clothes

3 When you undress start from the left side

## WHEN WEARING SHOES



1 Lift your shoes using the left hand



2 Start with the right foot when wearing your shoes



3 Sit down when wearing your shoes

4 When wearing and taking off your shoes, pray

بِسْمِ اللّٰهِ الرَّحْمٰنِ الرَّحِیْمِ

5

Take off your left shoe first when taking your shoes off

Sunnahs,  
my lifeline

radiance

# Hadhrat Mus'ab bin Umair رضي الله عنه

People dream of going from rags to riches but who would yearn for vice versa?

This was the noble Sahabah, Hadhrat Mus'ab bin Umair رضي الله عنه who gave up all his riches for Islam... so lets read about him with Zawjah Junaid Mukaty

Banu Abd e Daar was the standard military force of the Quraish in its battles and known for its wealth and youth. One of them was a gifted youngster who was boasted and admired by many. His fragrance used to emanate from distant miles. His clothes distinguished him from others. Everyone from Quraish desired his friendship. Verily, he was Hadhrat Mus'ab bin Umair Al Abdari رضي الله عنه.

## Acceptance of Islam

After conversion, his appearance changed and his life transformed. His mother, Khunaas, worried about him immensely. She showered him with wealth and gave preference to him over other siblings, but he had changed completely. Hadhrat Mus'ab possessed a rational personality and his pure heart attracted him towards Islam. He had accepted Islam in the house of Hadhrat Arqam upon the hands of Prophet ﷺ and concealed it for some time.

The light of Imaan had changed him completely. He loved Allah and His Messenger ﷺ and all of what he had found in His words. Once Hadhrat Umar said that Prophet ﷺ looked towards Mus'ab approaching him. He wore an untanned sheep skin so Prophet ﷺ said, "Look at this man, Allah has enlightened his heart. I have seen him with parents who were

coming home in the morning with the best food and drink. He left it for the love of Allah and his Prophet ﷺ for what you are seeing."

His Uncle strongly opposed his religion. He locked him in the house and prevented him from eating food and drinking. His whole family assisted him as well as Hadhrat Musab's mother but this faithful companion of Prophet ﷺ remained firm, as firm as a mountain. He continued to be withheld in his house until he managed to escape and migrate to Abyssinia.

He returned to Makkah when a rumour reached Abyssinia that his family had accepted Islam in Makkah. His mother continued to persecute him. He had no support and wealth and he did not desire it... he had already searched the real happiness. He quickly memorised the revelations that were revealed to Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ and recited them in a melodious voice. The Muslims started calling him Al-Muari, The Reciter.

## Why was he Chosen as an Emissary

During the pledge of Uqbah, Ansaar asked for a Muslim who could accompany them and teach them Islam. Prophet ﷺ sent Mus'ab with them. This was a huge responsibility which rested on his shoulders. Some books explain



His mother continued to persecute him. He had no support and wealth and he did not desire it... he had already searched the real happiness.

the reasons why he was chosen, a few of those are mentioned here:

Hadhrat Mus'ab was in his mid-thirties then. He was neither too old, making it difficult for him carry out the task of preaching in Madinah, nor was he too young to make unwise or reckless moves.

He had experienced two migrations to Abyssinia so he was used to leaving Makkah and staying away for long periods and could also interact with people of different cultures and languages.

He was from a very honourable family so people of Madinah could have found it easy to listen to and interact with him.

He was a role model for those who had to lose their wealth to become Muslims in case they were opposed by their families and tribes.

He was an early Muslim, someone who accompanied the Prophet ﷺ and learned Islam from him. He could be the best preacher. Hadhrat Mus'ab was known for his kindness, wisdom and eloquence which were needed to preach Islam to the people there.

People of Madinah respected him and honoured him, contrary to the people of Makkah. Hadhrat Asad bin Zarrarah hosted him and presented his house for the preaching of Islam. Hadhrat Mus'ab's dedication and endless efforts in addition to his hikmah and patience converted some famous and powerful chieftains of Madinah to Islam. These people then became a source of converting their tribes within a day. Some notable names among these are Hadhrat Usaid bin Hudair and Hadhrat Mu'az bin Jabal.

With these confounding efforts, Islam reached every single house in Madinah. He prepared Madinah to be the host city of Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ and the centre of guidance for the

whole humanity.

### As a Warrior

Hadhrat Mus'ab returned with seventy men the next year on the Second Pledge of Uqbah. His mother again tried to convince him to leave Islam but he rejected every proposal presented to him. He stayed with Prophet ﷺ and migrated 12 days before him to Madinah. He was made brother of Hadhrat Abu Ayub Ansari.

On the day of Badr, he carried the flag of Prophet ﷺ. His brother was amongst the captives of Badr. He passed by him and said to the Muslims, "Tighten the shackles, verily he is from a rich origin." His brother was amazed at his remarks.

He again carried the flag on the day of Uhud. When Hadhrat Khalid bin Walid, who was a disbeliever at that time, turned the tables, he remained firm. Ibn Qama, a pagan, struck him on his right hand cutting it off. He then carried the flag with his left hand. Ibn Qama then struck his left hand cutting it off too. Hadhrat Mus'ab did not let the flag fall, he placed it between his shoulders clutching it to his chest. Eventually, cruel Ibn Qama fell on him striking him until he killed him.

When the Muslims intended to bury Hadhrat Mus'ab, they did not find anything to cover him except a short cloth. When they covered his head, his feet were exposed. And when they covered his feet, his head was exposed. Prophet ﷺ then said, "Cover his head and place the leaves of the tree over his feet."

Like this Hadhrat Mus'ab ﷺ, the richest youth of Makkah, left this world without any belongings.

May Allah unite us too in Jannah with the magnanimous companions of Hadhrat Muhammad



# KIDS CORNER

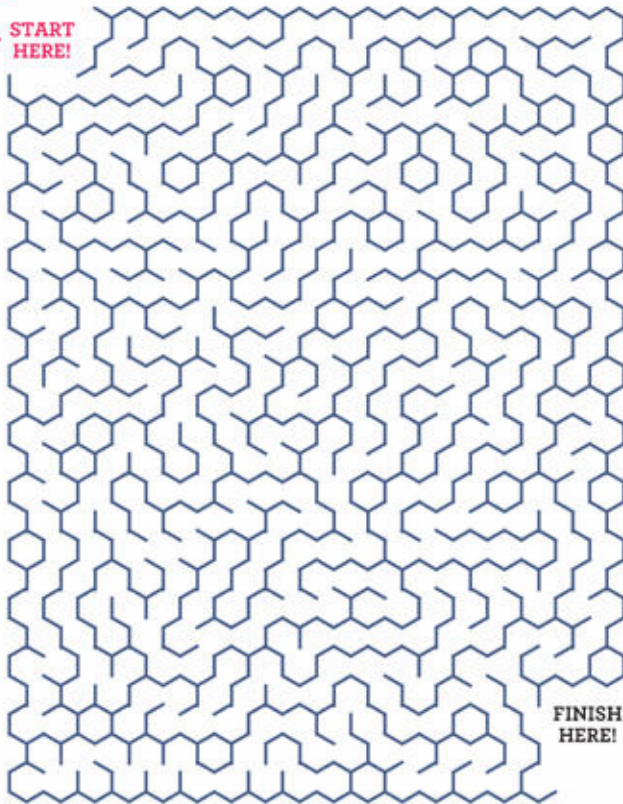
## Riddles

### Mystery Maze

HOLIDAY FUN -A-THON

Find your way through the maze without getting lost!

START  
HERE!



1. IF you have got me, you have got power: but the devil will try to increase the pride within you by using 'me' every second. I will take you to Heaven if used well but Hell if used dangerously.

WHAT AM I?

2. When you use me wrongly you cannot undo your mistake. So please control me for Allah's sake. Use me well or at least try.

WHAT AM I?

3. I never knew what a father is. Or what a mother is. As I never had either of them?

Who AM I?

Answers

1. Knowledge







2. Tongue

3. Hadrat Adam Alehi!  
salam

# HOLIDAY FUN-A-TTHON!

## I SPY in the kitchen

Find and colour the items numbered below with your favourite crayons

1. 
2. 
3. 
4. 
5. 
6. 
7. 
8. 
9. 
10. 
11. 
12. 





by Hafsa M. Ali

Every day I bother my mother with these questions.

Everyone applies make-up, why can't I?

Everyone is active on social media, why can't I??

Everyone creates content on YouTube, why can't I???

The answer to these questions is NO for a girl of eleven years that is me. It is because at this naïve and tender age we are not capable of handling certain things wisely.

My mother always says, "If we are on the right path according to our religion and are blessed with parents, siblings, close friends and relatives we are the happiest and luckiest people in the world." And I trust her.

One day when I asked her about social media yet again, she explained, "I wanted to tell you that don't judge a book by its cover because things are not always as they are on social media and appearances can be misleading, you should not be so quick to judge. You do not have to spoil your mood with the beautiful pictures you see on social media, just because you cannot have your own out there."

"Mother, you are absolutely right but if I would stop throwing litter on the streets, no one would change nor there would be any difference, will there be?"

"Oh my child, you don't know, but wait let me give a piece of advice as per my experience; The change is you! If you would stop throwing litter on the streets, may be your friends will start copying you and then their friends will copy them and then their family will copy them so you see that the little tiny act can change the society. If you do it may be it can bring the change to the environment of your whole society and the places that were piled up with litter, the smell of them made you allergic in your nose, would be the places that are now filled with gardens of flowers and grass and there would be aromas of fresh flowers filling the air. Never copy others and always obey Allah ﷻ and your parents. Be on the right path and you will be the happiest and most successful person in the world."

"I promise mom, I will do as you tell me to do." I agreed wholeheartedly.

"Good job my child, now go complete your homework."

# You are what you read

by Areej Shahzad  
Islamabad

It was a dark and stormy night, the wind was whooshing, the leaves flowing everywhere, the lightning was like a lamp; continuously opening and closing and the sound of thunder was like a helicopter was passing by.

I was walking in a shadowy hallway, my hands shaking. I was biting my nails. I was waking slowly, then suddenly out of no where, a really strange creature appeared in front of me hanging from the ceiling. I shrieked out so loud and then covered my mouth with my hand. It was a really weird creature. It had green skin, yellow eyes, and red hair. It just blushed standing there.

I tried to be a little confident and asked, "What's up?"

It just kept silent and said, "Flain" and ran away. I tried to catch up with it but it was as fast as lightning and suddenly disappeared into thin air. I went on walking slowly and suddenly I saw some light coming from a room. As I went in and laid my first step, I got surrounded by an iron cage. Then a strange creature appeared in front of me. I asked, "Who are you and what do you want?"

I couldn't still clearly see it. It replied, "It doesn't matter but after this people will forget your name."

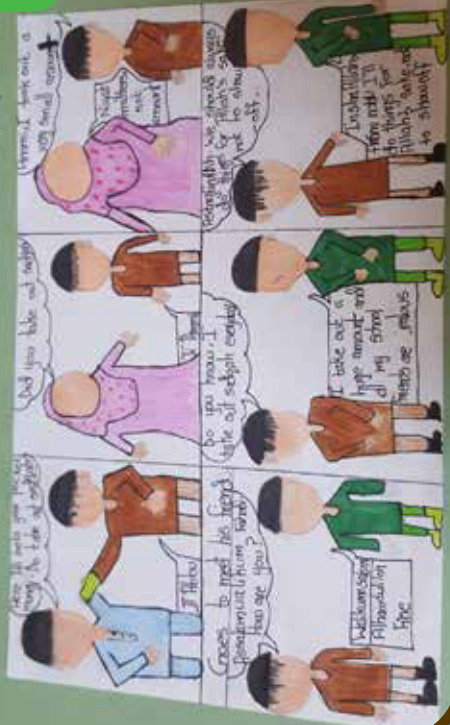
My knees were like rubber and I started to shiver. Then someone from the back shrieked, "It's Flain and he is going to turn us into monsters!!!" I remembered that the creature only said Flain and then suddenly it all came to senses that Flain was a monster and it wanted to turn other people into monsters too. I was horrified and then I was brought to the mutagen and as I was thrown in, I heard my mother's voice, "Wake up sleepy head, it is time for Fajr."

I jumped up from the bed and heaved a sigh of relief. "Thank goodness it was just a nightmare!" I cried.

"Looks like you were reading those silly novels again. I always tell you that a man becomes what he reads. So please this is the last time I'm telling you to stop reading such horrible stuff and instead only read that which is worthwhile and religious."

"Yes Ammi, now I would never read them. You were so right!" vowed Areej

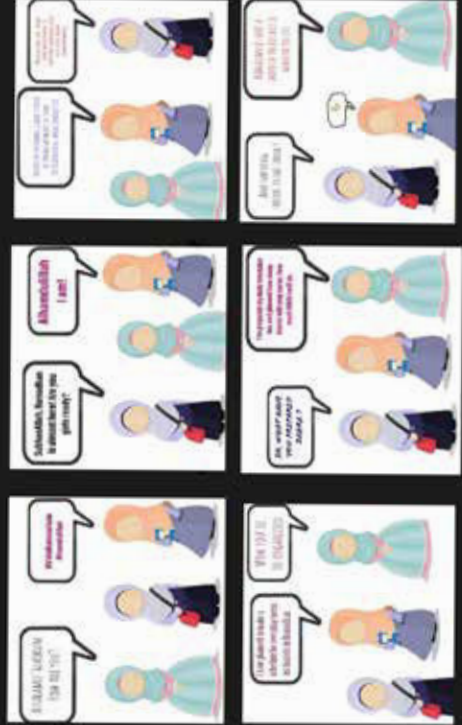
# Niyat Matters



Sumayya Shakir

# Make your Ramadan productive

By Bert A Gaffar



Bint A Ghaffar



Ayesha Mairaj



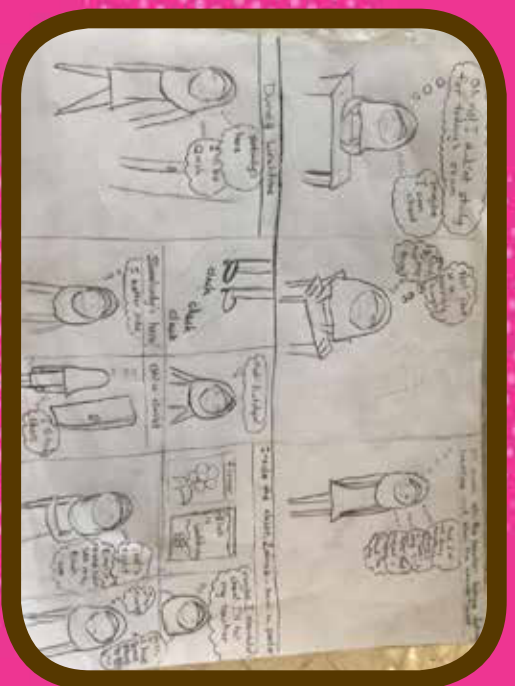
Bareerah Faisal



Yusra Farhan



Aatika Fatima



Lina Shaukat



Khadijah Rahman

## Do you think you're observant enough to solve these deductive riddles?

### 1. Thief at sea

A Japanese ship was leaving the port and on its way to open sea. The captain went to go oil some parts of the ship and took his ring off so it wouldn't get damaged. He left it on the table next to his bunk. When he returned, it was missing. He had suspected three crew members could be guilty and asked them what they had been doing for the ten minutes that he had been gone.

The cook said, "I was in the kitchen preparing tonight's dinner."

The engineer said, "I was working in the engine room making sure everything was running smoothly."

The seaman said, "I was on the mast correcting the flag because someone had attached it upside down by mistake."

The captain immediately knew who it was. How?

### 2. A smart cat

A man stands on one side of a river, his cat on the other. The man calls his cat, who immediately crosses the river without getting wet and without using a bridge or a boat. How did the cat do it?

### 3. As I was going to St. Ives

This riddle, known as "As I was going to St. Ives," began as a nursery rhyme in the seventeenth century. St. Ives is a fishing town in Cornwall. It goes like this:

"As I was going to St. Ives,  
I met a man with seven wives,  
Each wife had seven sacks,  
Each sack had seven cats,  
Each cat had seven kits:  
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,  
How many were there going to St. Ives?"



3. One. The answer is only one person. This riddle is something of a trick question, throwing all of those sevens in there to make you think you have to do lots and lots of multiplication. But in reality, the speaker was going to St. Ives when he met the polygamous group, so they all must have been returning from St. Ives, not going.

2. The river was frozen.

1. It was clearly the seaman. It was a Japanese ship and a Japanese flag is white with a single red dot in the middle. It can't be hung upside down.

Answers





## Blooming puddle paper flowers

Contributed by **Misbah Hussain Sayani**

### Things you will need

Coloured paper  
Marker /colours  
Scissors  
Bowl of water for blooming

### Steps To Follow

Draw a simple 6 petals round flower.  
Decorate it with markers or colours. Use markers to see colours swirl in the water.  
Fold the flower petals into the centre. You do not need to fold them tightly, just a loose fold or they will not bloom well. (Remember! Dont press the creases too tight.)  
You can also add a surprise drawing in the middle of the folded flower, like some insects or fly.  
Fill a large container or a bowl with half water in it.  
Place the folded flower into the water and the paper will absorb the water causing it to open the petals. It is pretty amazing to watch. They begin opening one at a time until it is all the way opened.  
A simple experiment that is like a magic to little kids, try this one out!!!

# Ahmad's brightened face

Concept by Umm Abdullah Zubairi

Artwork by Zawjah Jahangir



Amma I'm so bored.  
When are my holidays  
going to end?



We are very ungrateful beings. When you had to get up for school everyday, you used to complain. Ok do one thing. Here's your target to finish reading the Holy Quran in this month.

Sure thing In'sha'Allah. I love reading the Quran.



Ahmed reading the Quran during the night



Ahmed reading the Quran during the day



Maybe it's the Noor from happiness as Quran makes me happy and thus my face brightened.

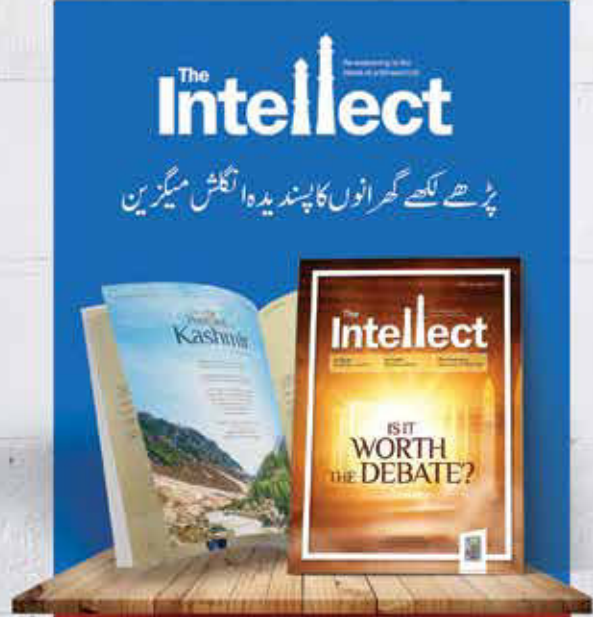
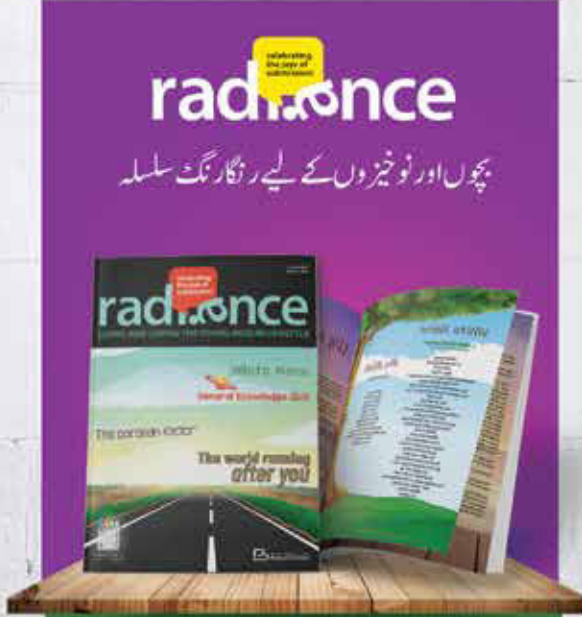
Yes and now you also don't fight with your brother, for Quran cleanses the hearts and so you are double happy!



Alhamdulillah amma I finished the Quran and never got bored again.

SubhanAllah!  
And you also have a lot of Noor on your face as reading the Quran brightens ones face.

جید علماء کرام کے زہرتگرانی شائع ہونے والے میگزین



**THE BAITUSSALAM BULLETIN**

بیت السلام کے تعلیمی وژن اور فہمی خدمات سے آگاہی کے لیے

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

+92 21 35313274 | +92 314 298 1344 : لےنے کے لیے

خدا کرے کہ یہ ساتھ کبھی نہ چھوٹے آمین!



کورونا وائرس کی وبا میں  
بیت السلام اوپن فیئر ٹرسٹ اور جذبہ عوام ساتھ ساتھ

بیت السلام اوپن فیئر ٹرسٹ پاکستان بھر میں

45 تن دوروں کی مدد سے | سہ ماہیہ 1,25,000 روٹیاں روزانہ بلا معاوضہ

دیہاڑی دار، غریب اور مستحق افراد کو باعزت طریقے سے پہنچا رہا ہے

