

celebrating
the joys of
submission!

radiance

LIVING AND LOVING THE YOUNG MUSLIM LIFESTYLE

The lions of
time-wasters

Comic: A child lock
for Ahmad

Beyond borders

The mystery
of the old journal



PKR 60 USD 3.5
GBP 3 DHS 10

 BAITUSSALAM
PUBLICATIONS





سردی سے ٹھٹھرتی انسانیات کی مدد



فی کمبل

Rs.900/=



Patron

Hadhrat Maulana Abdul Sattar
Hafidhullah



Executive Editor

Umm Abdullah



Associate Editor

Zawjah Zia



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 + 92 314 298 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
The lions of time-
wasters

poetic rush 17
The best man on Earth
Sweet flurries

radiance of the pious 05
Friendship woes

KIDS CORNER

screws n bolts 18
A mixed bag of fun and
frolic

misty mirror 06
Beyond borders

leading lights 08
Hadhrat As'ad bin
Zurarah ﷺ

PAGE 20 

fresh pens
The mystery of the
old journal
The Orchard

radiance pedia 10
Fun facts about the
human body

PAGE 12 

storynory
Beam of light

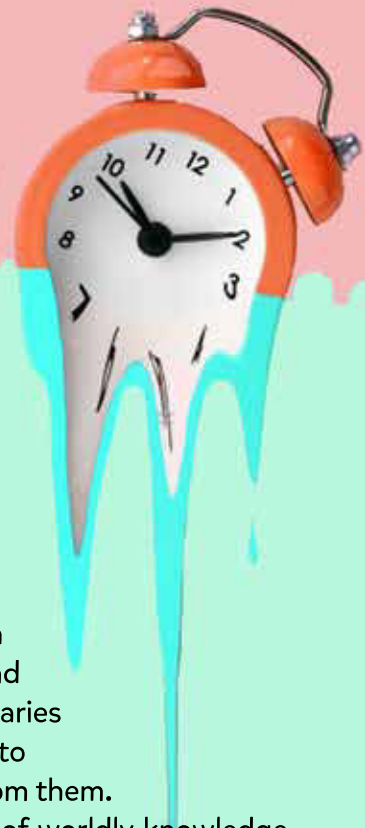
artsy crafty 23
Sea shell mosaics

fresh strokes 24

comic 26
A child lock for Ahmad

poster 15

The lions of time-wasters



My time...sigh! Where does it fly away...sigh sigh sigh! Will I be able to find the time to do any Ibadah or anything else that's productive? Ever?

A common quandary that most of us nowadays are found complaining about. They think they don't have time but the reality probably is that they are suffering from the problem of too much spare time - as they aren't involved in anything that is worthwhile enough. No vision in life, no big dreams, no challenges to keep them occupied.

In an attempt to rid themselves of depression that this lack of vision brings along, they then turn towards all sorts of evils to keep themselves occupied and entertained when they could (and should) be doing something productive. Like recently someone told me, "Whenever I have time I watch TV and I hate it. I do not really want to watch it, but I sit in front of it for ten hours."

Ten hours imagine! It sure sounds insane but then that's the least amount of time that the youth today spends in front of their screens watching silly videos and chatting away with their so-called friends. How lame is that?

This all is because we don't really understand the worth of time. The Prophet ﷺ said: "There are two blessings which many people do not make the most of and thus lose out: good health and free time." (Bukhari)

What good things can you do then to keep yourself busy you ask. There's reading a book for instance. The books of our righteous Salaf have such wisdom and Noor in them that even by looking and holding them we derive immense joy,

then imagine how much barakah we would get by reading them. It's very rightfully said, 'readers are leaders'.

Then we can learn a new language, especially learn Arabic. Listen to tapes and lectures, and write summaries which you can distribute to those who will benefit from them.

Learn some useful areas of worldly knowledge such as cooking, sewing, etc. Talk to your mom and dad. Surprise your siblings. Fulfill a dream like writing your own book someday. Go to the Masjid/Madrassah. Volunteer there as well as in their online programs. Find righteous friends with whom you can meet and get together. Adopt a cause affecting Muslims in the country where you live, such as helping to teach them a skill that you know, undertaking charitable projects, and so on. You get the point—there's SO MUCH more to do in real life than destroy our brain cells with fleeting FB chatter and fake friends.

May Allah help us to do all that is good and especially make us value our time by saving it from the scary clutches of the lions of time-wasters. These lions are worse than a real lion for a real lion would cause our body's death, but the lions of time-wasters will cause the death of our Imaans

Was'salam,

Umm Abdullah Zubairi

Editor.radiance@gmail.com

Friendship woes



radiance
of the
pious

Translated by
Bint Aftab Ahmed

Hadhrat Abdul Sattar Hafidhahullah's imperative spiritual discourse briefs us about realism behind the friendship woes that we all face in our lives

Undoubtedly, the Holy Prophet ﷺ's life; his sayings and actions, are the much-needed and complete guidelines compiled and preserved for us by the Sahabah رضي الله عنهم and then the Tabaeen and Taba-tabaen رضي الله عنهم. For even the tiniest of social issues, we have not been left alone to ponder or worry or suffer, because there are advices for even those super-minor issues that may arise in our lives. One such guideline given to us by the Prophet ﷺ is regarding our social circle and company.

The Prophet ﷺ has mentioned the significance and impact of friends on our lives many a times, and on one such occasion he is reported to have said that loneliness is better than bad company and good company is better than loneliness. This one guideline can literally make or break our current social situation, as today, almost every person, of every age is facing the issues of peer pressure and bad influence. What we all need to understand, especially the youth, is that in this day and age, being alone is literally better than getting involved in bad company and succumbing to all kinds of unhealthy and a lot of times, haram activities and addictions.

Parents need to understand the importance of preventing their children from getting into bad

company, they need to accept the bitter realities and enforce restriction and boundaries, uncaring of the labels of harsh parenting and so much more that they'll be branded with, because although their children might be isolated or socially handicapped or unaware for some time, they may face insecurities; this will eventually prove to be best for their adult life, and most importantly, their Aakhirah.

And we all need to accept the fact that difficulties exist; if it is not easy to live on the path of the righteous. However, living on the path of worldly pleasures is not easy either, is it? Getting addicted to video games or social media ruins us as well as puts us under so much pressure, doesn't it? Without doubt, succumbing to peer pressure and living the life ruled by society-set socio-economic standards is not easy either.

So it is truly up to us; we can either choose to walk on the path of the righteous, following the guidelines of the Prophet ﷺ, where difficulties will eventually lead to ease and will surely secure our Aakhirah, or follow the path of never-ending and unsatisfying worldly pleasures and desires. May Allah ﷻ guide us all and bless us with good company of true friends. Ameen

Beyond borders

Musfirah Abdul Ghafoor presents an eye opening account of a girl who, sooner than later, realised her worth as a homeless, crushed soul in foreign lands

“But mom,” Maya whined, “it’s only for a year.”

“Absolutely not. This is not suitable for us and you have to understand that. What will you do about your hijab? How will you settle in a city filled with non-Muslims? Much more, you will be attending a school full of people out of your league. You are just sixteen. Don’t make rash decisions.” Her mother said sharply, posture rigid.

“It’s not like there won’t be any other Muslims. Also, I will be allowed to wear my hijab. I am old enough to make my decisions, mom. You don’t need to be so protective! I can take care of myself just fine.” Exasperated, Maya threw her hands up.

“I am only looking out for y-” her mother was cut off.

“I don’t need you to look out for me, mom!” her daughter exclaimed, eyes shining with fury. This was the first time she had seen her losing her temper. She was usually well-behaved and calm, never disobeying and a perfect role model for others.

“Okay.” Her mother sighed defeatedly. “However, there are some things I would like to make clear. If you apply for the exchange program, get accepted and choose to attend that school beyond borders, you are no longer welcome here.” As a last attempt to change the mind of her stubborn daughter, she spoke the words that hurt her the most, not at all prepared for her answer.

.....

Some days later...

“I am going to go to Los Angeles!” Maya broke the news to her mother, receiving a stiff nod in return. Dread twisted in her gut. Something deep down told her that her decision was not a good one, but she was determined. Applying for the program was forced by her friends, getting accepted was luck. None of her friends who forced her were accepted so she was all alone. Furthermore, the authorities had told her that she was to visit her dorm and get settled before the school started. She was to leave just two days from now.



Dragging her feet up the stairs, she forced her clothes into the suitcase. Not too sure about her decision, she wondered if she had made a mistake, but alas! It was too late now. She didn't think that they would let her back off. So, gathering all her courage she made a decision. She was going to go.

.....

Music blared in her ears as Maya sat in a secluded corner of the room. She had been attending these kinds of parties for a month, always choosing to sit at the less populated area. It had been six months since she started school in America. The first month she had spent away from the population. The second month she had plucked up the courage to make friends. Cara and Mia, the two friends she had made were undoubtedly non-Muslims. They had pleaded that she join them for parties on many occasions and she had declined every time until last month. This was the third party and still, she wasn't completely comfortable. There were a lot of people, and socialising was out of her comfort zone. She was having a headache from the disco lights, and there was no sign of her friends who had left her alone as soon as they had entered.

Deciding on finding the duo, she stood up from her place and dodging the crowd, she made her way towards the backyard. It wasn't as littered with people as the rest of the place. There was just the faint music coming from inside the house. Fairy lights hung from one wall to another. The place was surrounded by fences. There was room-like structure at the very end of the wall. There was laughter coming from there.

On concentrating, she found a high-pitched voice, undoubtedly Cara's, speaking loudly. Maya walked towards the area, heart beating wildly.

"She is so naive," Mia said, bursting into laughter.

You are just sixteen. Don't make rash decisions

Who could they be talking about? Maya asked herself.

"I know right." This time it was Cara who spoke. "It didn't even take three months to convince her to join us for the party. Next thing we know, she will be out of that ridiculous outfit. Her so-called faith must really be weak." Maya stopped dead in her tracks. They were talking about her!

"I don't even know how anyone could be friends with her," the voice was shrill, as if it would burst her eardrums or it was just her anger playing tricks on her, "she is so boring."

Not able to take anymore, Maya fled the scene, tears staining her cheeks. What had happened to her?

"Assalamualikum." A familiar voice filled the phone, giving some comfort to Maya in her dishevelled state.

"Mom." She burst out, hiccupping. "I am so sorry."

"Maya?" her mother's worried voice was heard, and that was when she began weeping. Big, fat tears began falling out of her eyes and trailed down her pale cheeks.

"Maya, what's wrong, sweetheart?" that made her cry even more. Despite all the things she said, her mother was there for her, worried beyond words.

Continued on pg 14

Hadhrat As'ad bin Zurarah رضي الله عنه

This month, Zawjah Junaid Mukaty explores the life chronicles of a great Sahabi, Hadhrat As'ad bin Zurarah رضي الله عنه

Allah forged hundreds of millions of humans on this planet but out of all of those he chose a few for himself. How lucky and blessed those souls are! One of them is Prophet Muhammad ﷺ's companion, Hadhrat As'ad bin Zurarah or more commonly known as Abu Umama.

He was a legend who was the first among the Ansaar to accept Islam and the first to die among the Muslims. His account of acceptance of Islam is very interesting. One narration explains that before 11th year of prophethood, Hadhrat As'ad bin Zurarah came to Makkah accompanied with Hadhrat Zakwan bin Abd Qais and embraced Islam while the other narration shows that he was the first one to accept Islam amidst the six during the season of Hajj in 11th year, which is before the first pledge of Aqabah.

In the twelfth year of call, ten from Khazraj tribe and two of Aws met Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ. This delegation, who were known as Naqibs swore allegiance with Prophet ﷺ. Hadhrat As'ad bin Zurarah was also the one

who witnessed this pledge and became a Naqib. In 13th year, during the second pledge of Aqabah, Prophet ﷺ appointed him as Naqib un Nuqaba.

The people of Yathrib who had gradually started entering the fold of Islam wanted to learn more about their new religion. They asked Apostle ﷺ to send with them a tutor who could guide them thus Hadhrat Mus'ab bin Umair was chosen for this significant job. He himself had no relatives or friends there but he was given a warm welcome in Yathrib and was hosted by Hadhrat As'ad.

His love and appeal for his religion made him follow its every rule. His days and nights were spent in harmony with the worship of Allah. Apart from being a faithful worshipper, he was the motivation for many dominant chieftains of Yathrib who accepted Islam by just being impressed by the ways of Hadhrat As'ad bin Zurarah. His mutual efforts along with Hadhrat Mus'ab paved the way for Prophet ﷺ to migrate to Madinah. He also has the honour

His account of acceptance of Islam is very interesting.

to lead first Jumma prayers in Madinah which forty Muslims attended.

Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ stayed at Quba for a while before entering Madinah at the time of migration. This was when he laid the foundation of Masjid Quba too. He was hosted by a family who belonged to Aws tribe. Hadhrat As'ad was yearning to meet his beloved Prophet as he was at such a short distance from Madinah but it was not possible for him. He had killed a chief of Aws tribe, Nabtal bin Harith Awsi during the battle of Ba'as and now it was difficult for him to enter the house of an Aws being himself a Khazraj. However, nothing could stop him from meeting Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ. He waited for the dark then covered his face and paid his homage to Prophet ﷺ between Maghrib and Isha prayers.

Prophet ﷺ cherished and respected his followers and companions. When he saw Hadhrat As'ad's situation, he ordered sons of Hadhrat Sa'ad bin Khaitsamah and Hadhrat Abdul Munzir, Hadhrat Mubbashir and Hadhrat Rafa'ae to give him protection. They immediately took him to their clan, Amr bin A'uf. When this news reached the tribe of Aws, they came to Prophet ﷺ and said that Hadhrat As'ad can surely come here without any hesitation.

His service for Islam does not end here. When Prophet ﷺ entered Madinah, he was given a very warm welcome. Each family wanted him to stay with them but Prophet ﷺ was waiting for his she camel, Qaswa, to stop where Allah

wished. And this blessed house was of Hadhrat Abu Ayyub Ansari. Prophet ﷺ stayed there but his camel was Hadhrat As'ad's responsibility.

The next step was construction of Masjid Nabawi. His contribution to Islam is also present there. The land where this mosque was planned to be built was the property of two orphans, Sahl and Suhail, whom guardian was Hadhrat As'ad bin Zurarah. Some narrations say that payment of this property was done by either Hadhrat Abu Bakr or Hadhrat Abu Ayyub Ansari while the other says that Hadhrat As'ad gave the children his orchid at Banu Biyaza in return of this land. How blessed these souls were! The mosque where Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ rests and thousands of Muslims every year visit and pray was donated by these lucky companions.

Every living being has to depart this world and so did Hadhrat As'ad. In Shawwal of the first year of migration, he experienced severe sore throat. This worsened gradually. When Prophet ﷺ went to meet him, he requested him to take care of his two young daughters and then passed away. Rasulallah ﷺ led his funeral prayers and buried him at Jannat ul Baqi. At his death, Prophet ﷺ addressed Banu Najjar, Hadhrat As'ad's clan, "You are my maternal relatives and I'm from you. Now I'm your Naqib instead of As'ad."

To be a chosen one by Allah, it takes a lot more than just wishing. May Allah help us to understand the qualities a person must possess to be so close to Allah and his Messenger ﷺ. Ameen

Fun facts about the Human Body

The human body is a mind-blowing piece of machinery. Let's go through some interesting facts about the human body compiled by Umm Ibrahim and say Subhan'Allah...

1. The heart beats more than 3 billion times in the average human lifespan.
2. Blushing is caused by a rush of adrenaline.
3. It's possible to brush your teeth too aggressively. Doing so can wear down enamel and make teeth sensitive to hot and cold foods.
4. Goose bumps evolved to make our ancestors' hair stand up, making them appear more threatening to predators.
5. Wisdom teeth serve no purpose. They're left over from hundreds of thousands of years ago. As early humans' brains grew bigger, it reduced space in the mouth, crowding out this third set of molars.
6. Scientists aren't exactly sure why we yawn, but it may help regulate body temperature.
7. Your fingernails don't actually grow after you're dead.
8. If they were laid end to end, all of the blood vessels in the human body would encircle the Earth four times.





9. Humans are the only animals with chins.

10. As you breathe, most of the air is going in and out of one nostril. Every few hours, the workload shifts to the other nostril.

11. The foot is one of the most ticklish parts of the body.

12. Extraocular muscles in the eye are the body's fastest muscles. They allow both of your eyes to flick in the same direction in a single 50-millisecond movement.

13. Blood makes up about 8 percent of your total body weight.

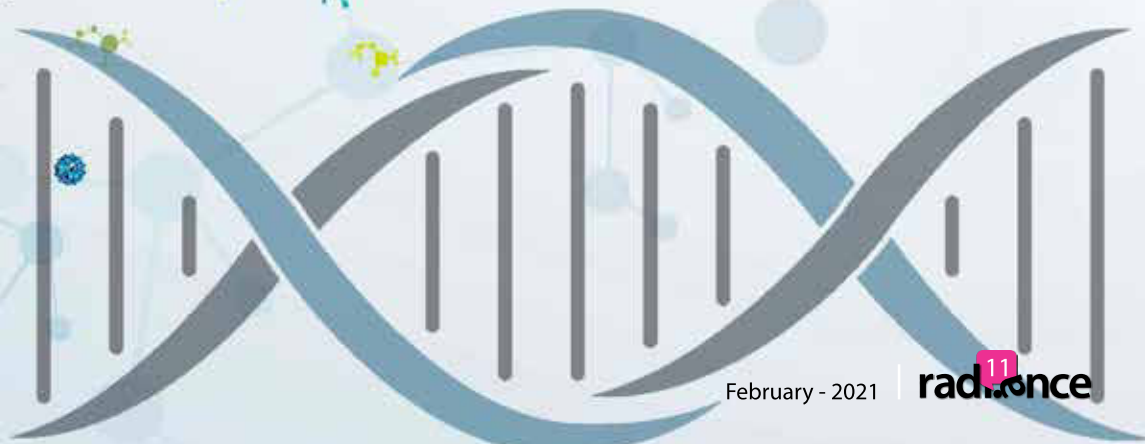
14. The human nose can detect about 1 trillion smells.

15. Skin is the body's largest organ and can comprise 15 percent of a person's total weight.

16. Thumbs have their own pulse.

17. Your tongue is made up of eight interwoven muscles, similar in structure to an elephant's trunk or an octopus's tentacle.

18. On a genetic level, all human beings are more than 99 percent identical.





Beam of Light

Author: Adeen Ahmed

Age: 11 years

Genre: Middle-grade,
contemporary, friendship,
meaningfulness

Setting: Present-day New
York, in a town named Micsella

Type: Serialized/episodic story

Episode One

The sun is setting; the horizon is orange. I look at the jackdaws black silhouettes as they do their signature crow-crow croak and fly amiably towards the west. The road is straight yet rocky, the scene is beautiful yet heart-stopping, and I feel happy yet melancholy.

It's been a week since the funeral.

It's also been a week since I lost a friend.

I stop my bike and look up. Two familiar faces are stuck to a girl and a boy riding on their bikes towards me.

Leyla gets there first. She's faster than Gideon. It makes sense too, since she's five years older.

"Hey," she says, braking her bike. "Did you go to the funeral? I couldn't. It was my aunt's henna party," she waves her henna-designed hands in front of me.

"Yeah, I did," I tell her, braking my bike too. "With my mum. They buried her in the Muslim section of the cemetery, complete with the rites and everything."

"Everyone is so nice in Micsella," sighs Leyla. "They all try their best."

"Comes of diversity," says Gideon, coming to a screech. Leyla covers her ears.

"Get rid of that bike," she snaps at him.

"No!" he exclaims in horror. Then he explains his granddad sent him this from Australia. "It's the only thing I have from him, now. He wasn't too happy when he heard about Dad thinking about to convert to Islam."

"Oh, him," Leyla says carelessly. "Whatever Mum and Dad say is what I'm going to do. They should know, after all. So what if grandad isn't supporting us?"

I smile. It's the only thing I can do. I know better than to get in between those two. Their arguments are ruthless. You wouldn't think they were twins.

"Want to ride our bikes down to the park before Maghreb?" says Gideon.

I agree. "Sure!"

We discuss a lot of things: the upcoming school year, books, and the ridiculously weird theory Gid made up about the moon landing not being real.

"How's that possible?" says Leyla. "Of course the moon landing was real. We have pictures of it, a whole recorded film. How can it not be real?"

"They could've just made up a floor out of rocks and made some bloke wear a spacesuit and walk on it," argued Gideon. "It's possible. Anyway, the '60s were America's light ages. You never know - it could really be some Holly

I look at Leyla's retreating bike. "You're so lucky to have a sister."
"And you're so lucky to have none," he says. "Trust me, I'll swap."
"I heard that!" Leyla's voice reaches us, tinged with indignance.

wood studio set instead of the moon."

"What do you think, Mera?" says Leyla, sidling towards me. "You tell us what you think."

"Well..." I glance at both. "The moon landing is real, but.." I brake my bike near the fence, "I'm not saying the fake moon landing idea isn't possible. It could've been that, yet it could been this."

"Yes, well, Allah knows the best," says Leyla philosophically, turning her bike away, waving a farewell to me. "Come on, Gideon!"

"In a minute!" he calls. "You go. I'll be right there."

I look at Leyla's retreating bike. "You're so lucky to have a sister."

"And you're so lucky to have none," he says. "Trust me, I'll swap."

"I heard that!" Leyla's voice reaches us, tinged with indignance. I stifle a grin, and Gideon sighs.

And then I am suddenly aware of something.

Right next to the park is the cemetery.

It wasn't like I was scared of it or anything. But I wanted to stay away from it. I'd hated the burial scene. Us ladies had been watching from the outside, where it wasn't really visible, but I could still see the large jute coffin being carried on the shoulders of men, Kiran's mother sobbing. . .

"You alright?" says Gideon, as the crack of his bike rouses me from my reverie.

"What?" I say, blinking. "Oh, yes."

He stares at the cemetery, which is about ten feet away. "I'm sorry. She used to be your best friend."

How clever he was with his tenses. Ever since

last year, she had always been a was. If only she was still an is!

"She still is," I murmur.

"Sorry?"

"Nothing," I say, shaking my head.

"She was really nice," he remembers. "And she'd used to help Leyla and me with our Math. She was really clever at that."

"She loved Math," I say.

"And Art," he added.

"She wanted to be an interior designer," I said.

"She'd always loved houses. She said her first project would have to be a mosque."

"She'll design your house in heaven for you," he says, trying to make me feel better.

"I hope she's alright," I think and say.

"Of course she'll be," he reassures. "Listen, I - I had an idea. For - for you."

"What?"

"Well. . ." he looks at the cemetery again. "I knew you two were really good friends. And you miss her now. So. . . You could do some remembering. Visit all the places you two had fun. And go through all the good stuff that happened through it all, you know."

"That's nice," I say politely. Suddenly I hear the tap-tap-tapping of a microphone. Our muaz-in always does that before the call to prayer. I wave goodbye and pedal home quickly, just in time for Maghreb.

After Isha, I thought on it. While I'm thinking, a fluffy orange cat - or a kitten, it's so hard to tell now, they're all growing up - climbed into my lap. I stroked its fur, just like I did that day.

"Soot's my absolute favourite!" exclaimed Kiran, holding up my black kitten. "And I love Skye's fluffy white fur. But I love the tabby one best of all!"

I grinned. "You can name it if you want. I can't think of one!"

"Gobbolino?" suggested Kiran, and we laughed. "Or Orlando? But anyway, where'd you get them?"

"My grandmother's cat Mano had them when she stayed over last Sunday," I explained, tossing myself on the bed. Soot suddenly grabbed my white school hijab and got tousled in it. Kiran laughed again. "And she gave them to us. They're such sweet little darlings, aren't they?"

"Of course!" said Kiran, picking up Soot, and putting the hijab back in its place. "They're so lovely! I'd love to keep one, but Dad's allergic to animal hair. One of the reasons why we've never been to the Central Park Zoo, too."

"I like Soot best of all," I said, rubbing his tummy. "But you know, I had to beg and plead Mum to let me keep them. I would never have had them if it weren't for my grandmother. She insisted that since it had cost enough to bring a cat all the way from Pakistan, it would cost even more to pay for three kittens!"

"I love cats," said Kiran. "Oh, by the way, did you know that Leyla and Gideon have got a Siamese cat? I love those! Leyla told me he's got one green eye and one blue! How cool is that?"

"Very cool," I rated. "Cats are such calm animals. There is something so feminine and stately about them. Whereas dogs get slobber all over you and want you to take them out for walks around the clock."

"Exactly!" agreed Kiran. "And dogs eat garbage. Ugh! But cats are so clean. They clean themselves while dogs rely on you to give them a bath."

"What do you want to be when you grow up?" I asked.

"An interior designer," said Kiran decidedly. "I love houses. My very first project will be a mosque for women! And it would be a part madarsa too. Children could have Quran classes there!"

"You might as well be a teacher too," I suggested. "Or a social worker for children. You're really good with them!"

"I wish one could be in two professions at once," she said. "Then I could be both! But what do you want to be?"

"I don't really know," I said. "I'm good at English and I'm good at Art, so maybe I'll be a graphic designer."

"And you can design a whole sunset for a wall in my mosque!" added Kiran excitedly. "It could be called The Golden Sunset - hold on!"

"What?"

She picked up the orange tabby kitten. "She can be called Sunset!"

To be continued. . .

Continued from pg 07

"You were right." She choked out, "I want to come home."

"Oh, sweetheart. I will see to it now." She heard another voice in the background -her father's. He had been on a business trip, when she left without as much as a goodbye.

The line went dead then, and Maya put down the phone, turning towards the mirror. Dark, bloodshot eyes stared back. Her coloured hijab was messed up, hair half showing. Her face was stained with tears. There was an unwanted taste of salty tears in her mouth. The make-up that her so-called friends had forced her to apply was all smudged.

What had she turned into? Just six months back she was the simple Maya who hated makeup and wouldn't wear anything but a black abaya when out of the house. She was loving, caring and kind, who loved her parents.

Her parents. The people who had raised her, taught her manners and send her to school, and how did she pay them back?

She was going to fix that! No matter what, she is going to spend the rest of her life repenting to Allah and convince her parents to forgive her

SOME THINGS TO INCLUDE IN YOUR DUAS

Don't forget to say
AAMEEN

Ask for good in this life
and good in the next

Ask for mercy and
forgiveness for your
parents

Ask that Allah strengthens
your family ties

Call upon Allah using
His names and
attributes

Ask for forgiveness
and your own sins

Thank Allah for your
blessings and ask that He
increases them

Ask Allah to be of
those who Allah is
pleased with

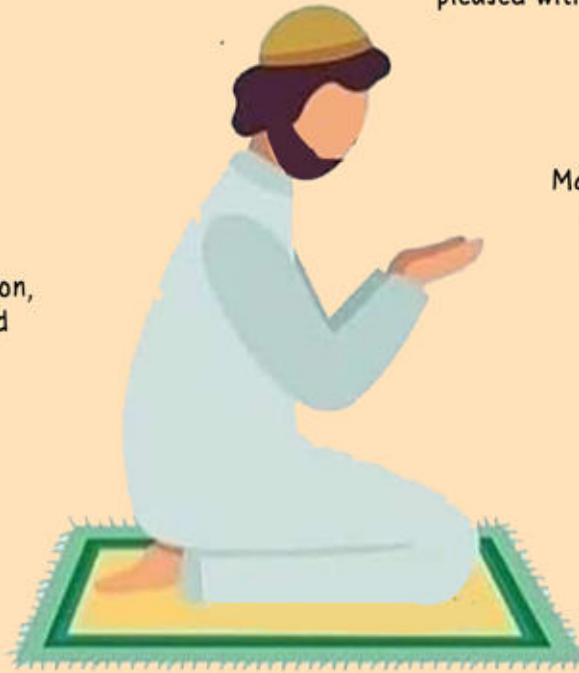
Seek refuge from
shaitan and from
your own
shortcomings

Make dua for those
you have wronged

Ask for a halal provision,
knowledge and good
deeds that will be
accepted

Make dua for your
ancestors and
descendents

Ask for Allah to
perfect your
character



Ask
again and
again

radiance

Classic

Authentic Quality Product

Fresh Every Day.. The Classic Way!

A Healthy start!

Classic Bread is Baked with the goodness of Nature..



The best man on Earth

by **Maharun Nesa Maliha**
Bangladesh
A Homeschooler

The day he came to this earth
To show us the right path,

He taught us how to be humble
How to be generous and kind to others

Allah declared his personality in the Quran,
“Indeed, you are on an exalted standard of character.”

He is who cried in the night to his Lord to forgive his Ummah,
He is who begged His lord not to destroy them for their sin.

On the day of Judgment, when every soul shall say, ‘Ya nafsi, Ya nafsi!’
Only he would call out, ‘Ya Ummati, Ya Ummati.’

He is beloved of Allah, Muhammad ibn Abdullah



May our parents and everything be sacrificed for you, O Rasulullah ﷺ.

Sweet flurries

by **Asbah Jahangir**
Karachi Alpha high School

As an evil smirk appeared on her face
I know I had to find the trace
If not now than maybe never
It was then that I realised I felt the terror

I ran from there to my planned destination
I kept myself up for investigation
As the blue moon showed itself
I was determined to help myself

All the running made me go mad
The situation got really bad
While I searched for some clue
I started getting quite confused

But as soon as I found the truth
The rather bad situation got improved
Now I was free from all worries
My thoughts felt like sweet flurries.

Riddle Diddle

1. A man dies of old age on his 25 birthday. How is this possible?

Answer: He was born on February 29.

2. I have branches, but no fruit, trunk or leaves. What am I?

Answer: A bank

3. What can't talk but will reply when spoken to?

Answer: An echo

4. The more of this there is, the less you see. What is it?

Answer: Darkness

5. What can you hold in your left hand but not in your right?

Answer: Your right elbow

6. What is black when it's clean and white when it's dirty?

Answer: A chalkboard

7. What gets bigger when more is taken away?

Answer: A hole

8. What has hands, but can't clap?

Answer: A clock

9. What has legs, but doesn't walk?

Answer: A table

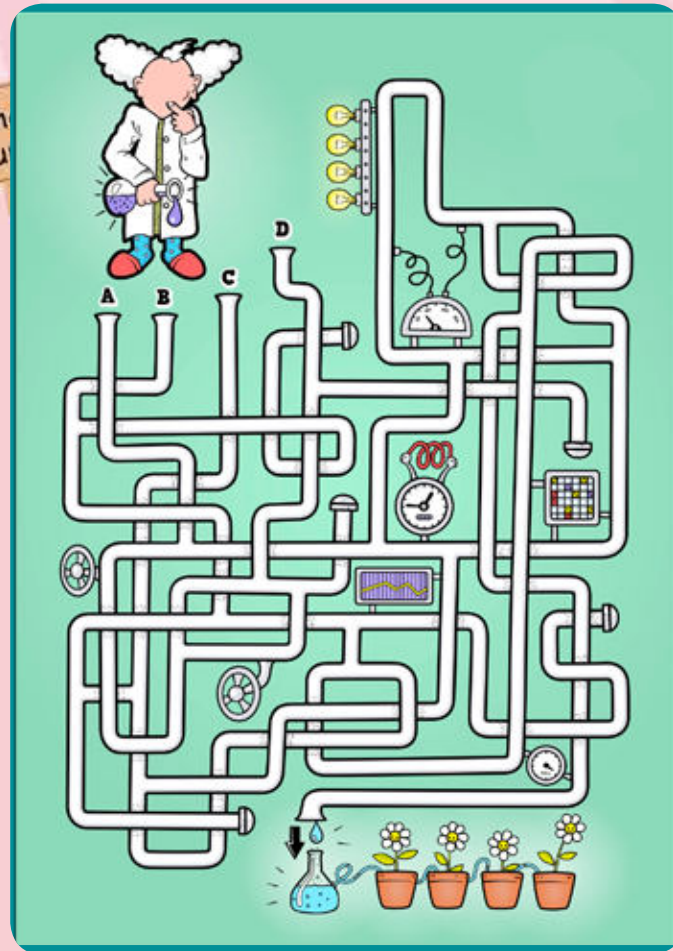
Across

- The country where Islam began in.
- The name for someone who believes and worships Allah.
- This place is considered the holiest place of Islam.
- Abu Bakr became the first _____ which means he was a successor of Muhammad.
- The city where Muhammad was born.
- Muslims were very _____ of their conquered people, meaning they were lenient.
- Many _____ helped the exchange of ideas.

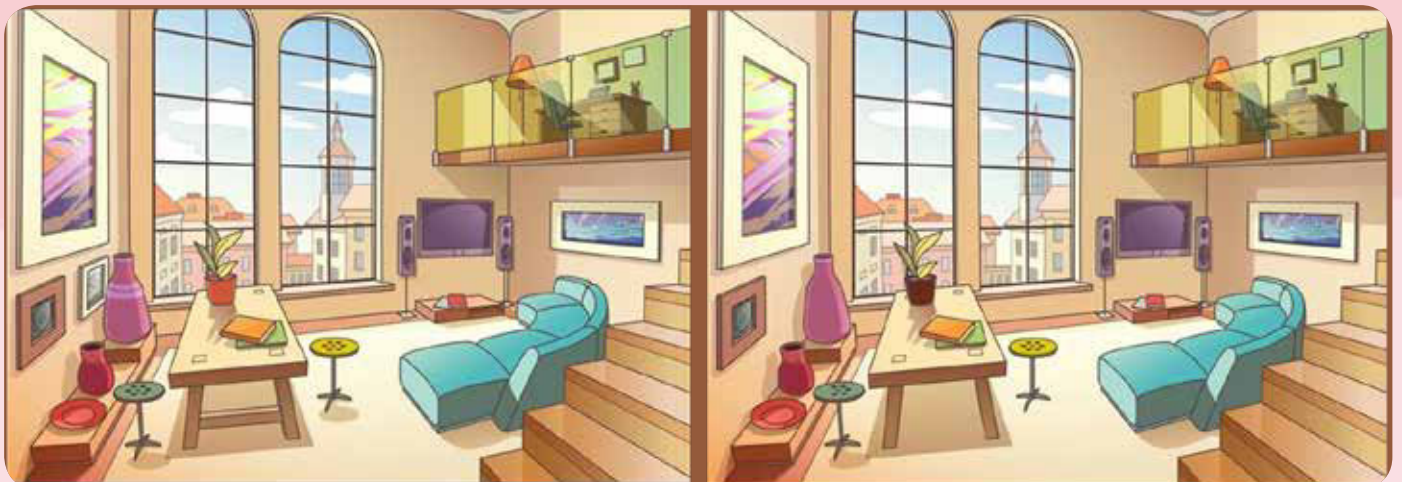
Down

- Islam believes only in one god, therefore is a _____ religion.
- Nomads who lived in Arabia's deserts.
- The prophet of Allah
- Muslims fast during _____.
- The city where Muhammad founded Islam
- Geographically, Saudi Arabia is made up of mostly _____.
- The Quran is the _____ of Islam.

Laboratory Maze



Spot the difference



The mystery of the old journal

Written by
Syeda Umme Hani Mansoor
11 years
Usman Public School System

"1,2,3,4,5....6,7,8,9 and my last number is 10! I am coming Baji," shouted Ahmed who was Nida's younger brother. Both of them were playing hide-and-seek and now it was Nida's turn to hide and Ahmed to count. Nida, as fast as a cheetah, scurried up the stairs towards the attic and hid behind one of the old suitcases. On the other hand, Ahmed had finished counting and was looking for Nida all over the house.

Soon Nida could hear her brother's footsteps. She took a deep breath and then turned as quiet and still as a mouse. Unfortunately though, when Ahmad opened the door roughly and with a lot of pressure, dust rose up in the air and spread through the room. Nida could not help it more and she started huffing and puffing. "Got You! I finally found you! Hehehe!" grinned Ahmed and started teasing Nida.

Nida got extremely angry at being found. Hands in fists and steam coming out of her ears, she stamped her feet and in her rage, gave Ahmed a forceful push. Ahmad lost his balance and hit the stack of supposedly empty suitcases behind him and a suitcase fell upon him. As soon as Nida realised her rudeness, she felt embarrassed and quickly rushed forward and helped Ahmad get back on his feet. She said sorry and the two made up.

Now they started clearing up the mess they had made, when suddenly Ahmed cried, "What's

this baji? Come quickly and look!"

It was some kind of an old journal which was kept in a black suitcase. The suitcase had fallen open and the dusty journal laid there on the floor when Ahmad picked up the suitcase to put it back on the shelves.

Nida got very curious and excited at the same time and said, "Oh! Let's look inside it and see what is written in it; maybe there is a way to some treasure." Both of them sat down and started going through it.

There were nasty and petrifying pictures of monsters printed inside the journal with something written on every page in a language that they didn't know. Both of them glared at these pictures when finally Nida asked Ahmad to put it back in the suitcase because she feared that he would get too frightened from these images of monsters. She also feared that their mother would come inside the attic and would rebuke them for entering and touching the things there without her permission. But Ahmad refused to put the journal back and said, "Don't you know that such a brave boy like me would never get afraid of these silly monsters who are not even real?"

Nida pointed at the weirdest and ugliest monster amongst all of them and said jokingly, "Not even this?"

Both of them glared at these pictures when finally Nida asked Ahmad to put it back in the suitcase because she feared that he would get too frightened

“What?? No, in fact I would like to meet it someday.....” hissed Ahmed not so sure of what he was saying but it was already too late. As soon as he had said this, the room started spinning hysterically and both of them started screaming. Finally everything got still and the same monster appeared which Ahmed had dared to meet. As soon as Ahmed and Nida got a glance of it and heard the menacing “Grrrr..... Krrr....Hoooha...Hehe...Grrr...” of the horrifying monster as it reached towards them, they started running here and there but the monster managed to grab hold of them. Both of them screeched in terror and Nida threw her hands up to protect herself and her brother. The last thing she saw was the monster opening his big wide mouth and she could see his mouth filled with thousands and thousands of triangular teeth which looked as sharp as swords. Then she saw it bringing his mouth nearer to her first!! And “Aaaaa! Aaaa! Awww.”

“What happened Nida Beta? Why are you crying?”..... Nida opened her eyes and found her mother sitting by her side. Oh! So it was a dream after all! Nida looked at her mother and started weeping. “Mum..I saw such a terrible dream! There was an ugly, large and the scariest monster which I had ever seen! He was after me and Ahmed. He had almost caught us and was ready to.....” Nida had not even completed her statement, when her mother interrupted her. “Beta.. I hope you didn’t forget to recite the Ayat - ul - Kursi and the duas which are recited before sleeping?”

“Hmmm...” Nida answered her mother thoughtfully. “No!”

“Hmm..My dear that’s the point. You have just had a bad dream and bad dreams only come when we don’t recite duas and Ayat- ul- Kursi before having a nap or sleep. Wait... let me tell

you something. There is a Hadith by Prophet Muhammad ﷺ that, “A good vision is from Allah and a bad dream is from Satan; so if one of you sees anything (in a dream which he dislikes), he should spit on his left side thrice and seek refuge with Allah from it’s evil, and then it will never harm him.” So do you get my point now?”

Nida, who was listening to all of this attentively, just kept nodding silently. She gave her mother a big hug, smiled at her thankfully and then laid down on her bed again after having recited all the duas. Then sure enough, after a while she went into a deep and peaceful sleep with her mind dreaming of good and pleasant things

Continued from pg

Asad instantly sprang off the wall and asked, “Who’s watching us? I don’t see anyone around.”

“Allah is watching us,” Saalih replied. “He is with us everywhere and at all times. One day he will question us on what we do.”

Asad was also a good boy and did his best to avoid sins. He felt ashamed for what he did and said to Saalih, “You are right! Allah sees everything and what I did was very wrong. We should buy the fruit from the caretaker.”

“You are an excellent friend!” Saalih said as they hugged each other. The two then went to find the caretaker together.

Dear friends! There is no doubt that Allah is with us all the time and knows exactly what we do. We should never do anything against Allah’s ﷻ commands such as lying or taking someone’s property without their permission because that displeases Him. You must therefore have a firm intention to be an obedient servant of Allah ﷻ and try to never displease Him



The Orchard

by Abdullah Muhammad Shafqat

Asad and Saalih were the best of friends. They were really bright students and lived close to each other. They played together, ate together and were together most of the times. Saalih's father was a very pious man who loved his son and always gave him good advice. He always said, "Dear son, obey Allah ta'ala at all times and avoid sin at all costs. Before doing anything, think about the fact that Allah is watching you and is with you at all times and places. There is nothing you can hide from Allah son! On the day of Qiyamah you will be questioned on every small and big deed." Saalih obeyed his father very much.

During the holidays, Asad went to visit Saalih. He rang the doorbell. Saalih opened the door and immediately greeted with a loud, "Assalamu Alaykum wa rahmatullahi wa Barakatuh."

"Wa Alaykumus Salaam wa Rahmatullahi wa Barakatuh," replied Asad while smiling back to his friend. "How are you today?" he asked Saalih as they shook hands.

"Alhamdulillah! I was just coming to you but you beat me," Saalih replied. "What should we do since we don't have school?" inquired Saalih as the two of them walked hand in hand.

Asad suggested, "Let's go to the orchard just

outside the town. We can eat fruits there and drink some cold river water. We can also sit and talk there."

"This is a very good idea indeed!" Saalih agreed as they walked on. "We haven't been there in a long time. Let's go!"

Since the orchard was nearby, they reached in a few minutes. It was always a beautiful sight with large trees and ripe fruit, and colourful birds chirping all around. The boys sat and chatted for a while, "I will stand on that wall in the distance and pluck off some fruits since it is not that high," Asad said while pointing to a wall beside the tree.

Saalih asked, "But what if the caretaker catches you?"

"Oh that is not a problem either," Asad assured him. "You can keep an eye and if you see someone coming, you can let me know and I will come down." These words were barely out of his mouth when he started climbing on the wall and started to pluck the fruit.

It was then that Saalih heard his father's words ringing in his mind. He immediately shouted "Asad! Someone's watching!"

Continued on pg

What You'll Need For This Craft

- an aluminum pie pan
- a big plastic bucket for mixing
- wooden stir sticks
- a collection of shells and sea bits
- some plaster of Paris

Sea Shell Mosaics

Plaster of Paris is usually available at any craft or hardware store. It might seem a bit intimidating when you find yourself hefting around a giant plastic tub of cement powder but it's actually quite easy to mix and use. If you can make pancakes from a box mix, you can make plaster of Paris.

Method

The mix is a simple ratio: two parts cement powder to one part water. You mix it up in a plastic tub or bucket, stir it thoroughly and then pour into your tins. You can pour it into any container, really. The pie pans work well because once the plaster hardens, they are easy to peel off, leaving you with a perfect little round shape.

After you have picked out your favourite bits, set to work pressing them into the plaster of Paris. The instructions on the tub tell you to wait until the plaster is starting to harden before you press anything into it.

You will enjoy it so much and it will be over in no time so why not pour the extra plaster into some odd jar lids that can be found in your kitchen and make little mini mosaics.

Once the mosaics were completely dry they will make nice garden decorations or even something pretty to put up on a shelf. Either way, they are a great way to remember all the fun.



Arabic Poster Competition

Recently an Arabic Poster competition was organised for the participants of Arabic learning courses and what an amazing response was witnessed from the young learners mashAllah. Below are some of the entries and the winners of the competition in the category of 7-12 years

1st Khubaib Sheikh



2nd Rayyan Ali



3rd Muhammad Abbaan
Atif Khan



3rd Yousuf Yaseen



Ahmed Yaseen



Faiza Owais



Muhammad Ahmed Ali



Muhammad Bilal



Amna Khan



Saad Shabir



Muhammad Hayyan Kashif



Syeda Rumaisa Fatima



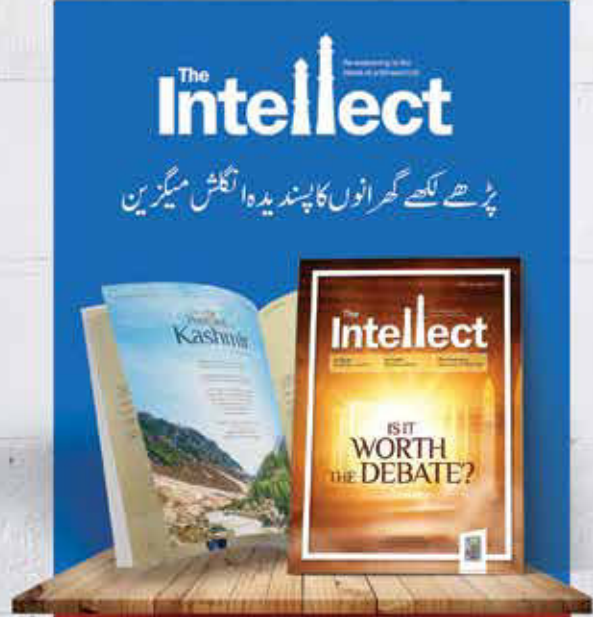
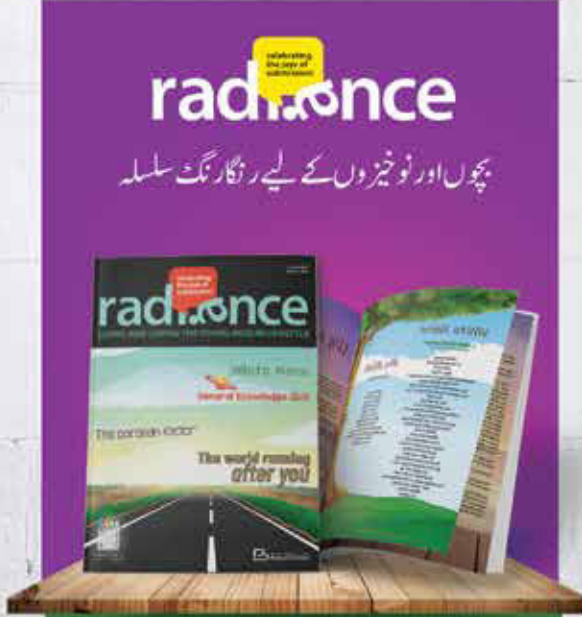
A child lock for Ahmad

Concept by Zawja Zia

Artwork by Zawjah Jahangir



جید علماء کرام کے زہرتگرانی شائع ہونے والے میگزین



THE
BAITUSSALAM BULLETIN

بیٹ السلام کے تعلیمی ڈژن اور رہنمائی خدمات سے آگاہی کے لیے

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

اشتہارات اور رسالوں کی سالانہ ممبر شپ کے لئے: +92 21 35313274 | +92 314 298 1344

Joining
Hands
for Nation-Building
through
Education



Baitussalam Welfare Trust is running various educational institutes all over the country catering to no less than **40,000 students**. The education provided includes primary education, O-level, A-level, and religious sciences in urban as well as far-flung rural areas. Moreover, Baitussalam has established schools for **Syrian Refugees in Turkey** and the border camps.

BECOME A MEMBER NOW

<http://baitussalam.org/IlmofyPakistan>



A huge network of schools requires public support which we have on a monthly basis, Alhamdulillah! Now Baitussalam plans to expand its education network which necessitates a widening of its fundraising mechanism. For this purpose, an educational membership campaign, namely **Ilmofy Pakistan**, is being launched on a national level in which members shall donate **Rs.5000 per month for supporting the educational expenses of Baitussalam.**