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and kindness

Comic: How much is
that Sunnah for?

The lost connection
in a connected world

Is Islam too
strict for you?

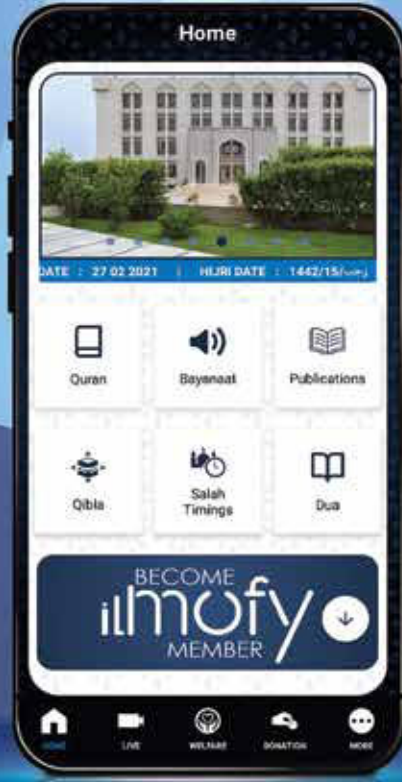
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The lost connection in a connected world



Assalamu alaikum wa rehmatallohi wa barakaatuhu,

The days of childhood, summer vacation, cousins and fun!!! Oh the mere mention of these words so fills me with nostalgia.

Not so long ago, before the invasion of the World Wide Web, the only way to communicate and connect with distant relatives and friends was through very rare phone calls or letters. Those too, were usually used for just-enough words that would cover the essential topics of communication only. The thing called “casual chit-chat” was not possible except for the occasions when we would actually meet someone in person.

So we, the children, would dearly and anxiously wait for the summer vacations; the fantastic time of the year when we got to meet our favourite cousins and relatives who lived far away. Oh it was such a luxury to actually be able to converse with them without immediate fear of disconnection, to share stories that were piled up throughout the year, and to skin our hearts and knees bonding and playing together in the long summer afternoons. Such fun!!

But of course, that time passed too. And then came the dreadful time of parting! I remember a lump forming in my throat as the departure day would draw nearer. It had to end. I hated it. But it had to. So we would part amidst tears and sobs and promises to meet again. Ah sweet childhood!! You know, although I hated to have to disconnect from my dear friends and cousins; I hated to be so out of touch with them for so long, but now when the world has taken this totally new and totally connected form, I actually miss that disconnection. Please don't get me wrong for I am not trying to sound ungrateful for the blessing of technology whenever used positively. It is just that the continuous connection has dis-

connected our hearts so badly!

It is virtually unimaginable now how utterly valuable those few days of summer vacation were just because they were long awaited and missed all year round. It is a precious feeling our youth is almost unaware of. Even the friends and family far far away are right there on our screens with just one tap of the finger. We constantly know who is doing what and what is going on in everyone's lives. There are no stories piling up, there are no extreme excitements and joys when we meet in person, and there are no long warm and sad hugs when we part. Worse still, all this connectivity is making us take each other for granted.

So if social media addiction does exist, it would be a type of internet addiction – and that is a classified disorder. They found that excessive usage was linked to relationship problems, worse academic achievement and less participation in offline communities. Does this mean that it's almost the opposite now? The same people that we wished to meet previously are now the ones we don't really feel like meeting? How bad is that!

When Facebook users compare their own lives with others' seemingly more successful careers and happy relationships, they may feel that their own lives are less successful in comparison. People even use social media to vent about everything from customer service to politics, but the downside to this is that our feeds often resemble an endless stream of stress.

It's time we realise that life can exist outside social media too. And if not totally banning it from our lives, we can at least use it only for the needful and certainly not for trolling others

Wassalam
Zawjah Zia

3 beautiful things

Translation by Bint Aftab Ahmed

Who said this world was going to be a merry place? Who said that nothing would go wrong here? But yes, the thing to be happy about and what sets everything right is the obedience of Allah as depicted by this extract from a spiritual discourse of **Hadhrat Maulana Abdul Sattar Hafidhahullah**

When all seems too gloomy, and we see no hope for our sinner-selves in this world or the hereafter, the hadith of the Prophet ﷺ and Allah's Holy Quran are two treasures of infinite hope and guidance for all. In one hadith, the Holy Prophet ﷺ stated that three things can be your safe road, number one: fearing Allah ﷻ and fearing Him only, whether we are in a crowd or alone, just this constant thought and realisation that Allah ﷻ is watching me, HE is with me, can prevent us from sinning even when there seems to be no other way out.

need to dodge.

So let's ponder, dear readers; are we honest, God-fearing people? Do we actually fear Allah ﷻ? Perhaps not, because if we did, then why would we be sinning left, right and center? Skipping Salah, mistreating the poor, backbiting and misbehaving with our elders, parents in particular; these are all sins right? Do we spend wisely, or are we always unsatisfied with the brand we can afford? I think it's more of the latter than the former. No wonder there is so much

Skipping Salah, mistreating the poor, backbiting and misbehaving with our elders, parents in particular; these are all sins right?

Number two: speaking the truth and nothing but that, even when your honesty will not be appreciated or even when your honesty is what you will be ridiculed for. Give no care for the world and be honest; honest to others, honest to yourself and honest towards your faith. Last but not the least, number three, spending moderately, whether you are a billionaire or a beggar, spend wisely whatever you have and don't waste it away on never-ending worldly pleasures and desires for that's a trap you

unease and be-barkati in our lives today, since all the lovely teachings of our beloved Prophet ﷺ have been forgotten. We have forgotten that the Quran, Hadith and Sunnahs are not just prime guidelines and examples of how to be secure in our Akhirah, but also how to live peacefully in this fitnah-filled world.

May Allah ﷻ guide us all and make us amongst the Swaliheen. Ameen

Is Islam too strict for you?

Amna Umer provides us with sound and logical evidences of how all the things that we call strict in Islam are all infact a favour onto us



Growing up in Muslim households, many children might relate to the experience of hearing the quintessential statements, that have something along the lines “no, don’t do that. It’s haram.”

It’s not that it’s bad, of course educating your children should be one of the utmost priorities, however some tend to overuse it. Abuse it, dare I say. Certainly they only do it because they wish for the best of the best for their children, but it often leads to the children complaining over why Islam is so strict, but is it really?

Islam. The religion of purity and peace. Can it really be called strict? All Abrahamic religions were sent down to discipline mankind and prepare them spiritually, physically, and intellectually in the way that is best for the fulfilment of the mission they are created for. Allah’s guidance is meant to build up the human being who is fit for establishing an exemplary civilization and creating prosperity in the world. For this end, Allah commands us to do what is beneficial to us and forbids all that causes harm to us.

As the wise words of the people of Al Farooq Omar Bin Al Khattab mosque say....
Allah makes necessary what brings us hope,

health, happiness, and forbids all that brings us the opposite. Can it really be put in the same category as ‘strict’?

People only emphasise the don’ts. If you do that, anything would look strict! Because you’re only pointing out things you can’t do. Islam is the religion that sculpts us into the most pure of beings! People focus on things that aren’t allowed, making it seem strict. But at the end of the day, it benefits us. A lot.

Here are some common stereotypes that make Islam seem ‘strict’.

Fasting

The amount of people that have labelled fasting as ‘torture’ or ‘ticket to Anorexia’ is something to truly laugh at. So let’s clear it up.

Fasting means to abstain from food and drink from sunrise till sunset. And it is NOT a way of hurting us or something, but a way of teaching us self-restraint. Patience holds great importance in Islam, and fasting is an excellent way to strengthen it. Plus, we have to only dedicate 1/12 months to Allah completely! That is, 0.0017% of our year, yet some still complain? We don’t have the right to, it’s illogical!

Well, let's get real here, prohibited or not, both of these things are absolute poison to the human body! If anything, we should be grateful we don't get to consume these!

Food and drink

It's a famed fact known to the world that in Islam, pork and alcohol are prohibited. Well, let's get real here, prohibited or not, both of these things are absolute poison to the human body! If anything, we should be grateful we don't get to consume these! The swine is an animal so filthy and full of fat that consuming it can lead to heart attacks, coronary diseases, diabetes, osteoporosis, obesity, impotence and Allah knows what not. Bacon is literally a fried strip of fat. And alcohol? Alcohol is even worse.

Alcohol consumption can lead to the development of chronic diseases and other serious problems including high blood pressure, heart disease, stroke, liver disease, and digestive problems. Cancers of the mouth, throat, esophagus etc are further additions to this horrible list. Not to mention that the mental and emotional dysfunctionality caused by it can even lead to suicide and the unforgivable acts, such as murder! It's honestly such a blessing to Muslims that we are prohibited to consume either of these, even non-Muslims should avoid it!

Instruments/music

Want to know a fun fact? Music elicits a neurotransmitter called 'Dopamine'; ever heard of? Dopamine is a neurotransmitter and a precursor of other substances like adrenaline. Too much Dopamine is concentrated in some parts of the brain and not enough in other parts which is linked to being more competitive, aggressive and having poor impulse control. It puts you in a state of temporary euphoria but it can lead to conditions that include ADHD, binge eating, addiction and gambling. So, who is it benefiting in the end?

Inequality

I'll be honest, I also used to think about how unfair it is for women. Why was it that men could freely go on and about the world while women stayed in? It all seemed a little questionable to me, but as I grew, I realised that it wasn't like that at all! Allah doesn't define His love over his people through gender, He loves us all greatly! He has sent us all for the same reason; spending our lives according to His teachings and purifying ourselves inside out. We shouldn't have time to mourn over the unfairness of gender. It's the devils of the society who have planted the idea of 'inequality' in our minds, not Allah. Allah has given women a responsibility to cover themselves up. Hair, body, face and all. My mother once told me this, that if you had a diamond with you, would you walk around showing it off? Of course not! You'd hide it and keep it safe, won't you? The same thing is with women. They are the pearls. Moreover they are not given the responsibility of going out every day in the sun and earning for the family. They are like the queens for whom their men toil day in and out and have to go through all pressures of providing for the whole family.

Moreover, women are not given the responsibility of providing for the family but yet Allah has given them a share in inheritance. That money is only theirs to use, while the money that men get in inheritance is for the whole family.

See? Is Islam really strict now? Islam truly is such a beautiful religion, and I really wish people look into it more before calling it 'strict' or 'unfair'

Life

by Binte Hanif
South Africa

She held the cup of tea with her sheerly delicate fingers and grinned from ear to ear as the rising sun casted a rosy hue across the morning sky. Golden fingers of sunlight lit up their beautiful garden. Roses, orchids, lilies, lavenders, fruit trees and many other plants that she had planted with her father bloomed around the garden. In the middle of the lawn, there was a magnificent fountain with crystal clear water flowing. 'What more can I ask for? Beautiful loving parents, finances, education... life couldn't get any better. Nineteen year old Nusaybah thought as she reminisced over her luxuries.

Suddenly, she dropped her cup of tea on the patio as she heard her mother's bloodcurdling scream and the sound of a gunshot that would change her life forever. "Nusaybah call the ambulance," her mother screeched. The unfaithful events unfolded around Nusaybah as she scampered over the pieces of broken China and darted inside. She grabbed her phone and dialled 911. "Hello! I need you... I mean... I mean... I need an ambulance on 23 Park lane avenue ASAP. My dad was cleaning his gun and acci-

dentally shot himself." The petite, lovely girl gasped as her mother knocked out on the elite laminated flooring due to the shock of witnessing the pool of blood around her. The ambulance had arrived in less than five minutes...unfortunately it was too late. The paramedics declared him dead.

She sprinkled water on her mother's countenance as tears rolled down her eyes. Reality dawned upon her as she enveloped the bitter truth of losing her father in a tragic manner, her best friend, confidant, mentor, guide, role model and much more than that. "Nothing in the world can bring my father back."

Nusaybah wiped her tears as she handed her mother the glass of water with trembling hands. "I have to be strong or at least to pretend to do so for the sake of my mother," she thought

The rain poured incessantly against her window panes. The darkest, gloomiest and most heart wrenching night. She sat uprightly rigid on her bed staring blankly at the rain splatters

This is life! What is life? When a person is born, he has a breath but no name, moreover, when he dies, he has a name but no breath.

against the glass. Her tear stained face was puffy swollen with grief. She felt a warm hand on her shoulder, "Daddy!" she voiced with anxiousness only to realise it was her older brother. Nusaybah gazed at her brother's dejected face, immediately clinged to his chest and poured her heart out as he stroked her golden hair. It will never be the same... She will fight a battle every day... No one will understand her pain... life changes within seconds...

However, five years later when Nusaybah still felt the void and pain of her beloved father, she realised everyone is fighting a battle behind a smiling face.

Time never stays the same.

For a believer there is an award after every examination.

Realising the pain of another and consoling with mere words would only make someone's day. After all, sweet talk costs nothing.

This is life! What is life? When a person is born, he has a breath but no name, moreover, when he dies, he has a name but no breath. The gap between this name and breath is life, moreover, for everyone this gap has divergent interpretations. People are faced with different levels of gloom in this gap, however at the end of this tunnel of darkness there will always be light bestowed upon the believer by Almighty Allah.


This world is a place of trials and tribulations. It literally takes seconds for the tables to turn. Few months back in the city of Durban in South Africa, residents and businesses were faced with great losses to their possessions and busi-

nesses. People had become desperate for necessary toiletries and simple items such as bread and milk.

Gain and loss, life and death, marriage and divorce, success and failure, happiness and sadness; are all part of this gap called life.

The uniqueness in our individuality as true believers is that how we deal with these trials, in addition to the fact of how we understand others to create a true meaning to our existence, whether we are adults or teenagers. Life has a funny way of teaching us ... it will create a deep sadness so we realize how to truly understand happiness. It will create chaos in our lives so that we appreciate the peaceful times and it will take away from us those we love so that we unequivocally fathom on what their presence meant.

Nevertheless for a believer after difficulty comes ease. Whenever the thought crosses our mind that life is becoming strenuous just remember, the greater the hardship, the greater the reward. The greater the difficulty, the greater the reward. The greater the trial or tribulation that you are put through, the greater the reward will be for you from Allah ﷻ. If Allah loves a person, He puts them to trial, He tests them and places them in difficulty.

Hakeem akhtar sahib Rahimahullah would beautifully say, "Through whichever path he takes me is the easiest path for me and in whichever condition he places me is the best condition for me." 

by
Lina
Shaukat
14 years
Canada

Fear is a liar Part 2 of 2

“She’s growing up and is intelligent enough to find out some way or another,” I gazed at him. “And I really don’t want her to find out by someone else,” I was still cringing at the memory of my nightmare, ‘other than us’. That seemed to strengthen his resolve. “Find out what?” a voice said from the stairway.

I exhaled; I really could not avoid this topic anymore. “Sarah, get changed quickly, we are going out for brunch.”

After a nerve-wracking meal of pancakes, eggs and croissants, I was so nervous that I could barely sit still.

All kinds of thought flitted around my mind, which increased my anxiety. ‘What if she starts hating us, or feels unwanted?’, ‘Will she still regard us as her parents or not?’

“So, what was it that you wanted to tell me that you would not want me to find out by anyone else?” Sarah asked as she popped a strawberry in her mouth.

My husband and I glanced at each other nervously, her carefree attitude made us even more hesitant.

“Sarah we have something to tell you,” I began, “I don’t know how are you going to react, but if you want some space, the library is across the street.” Sarah’s face turned whiter ever. “But whatever you do,” I lowered my voice to barely a whisper, “remember we love you no matter what and please don’t hate us.”

“I would never hate you.”

I took a deep breath and got up to sit beside her.

“You are very special, you know that right.”

“Uh... thanks?”

“15 years ago, I got into a terrible car crash. I had some serious injuries-especially my abdomen. I recovered mostly but the internal injury in my stomach weakened me to the extent that my body could not...”

“Mom, what are trying to say?” Sarah interrupted, her voice shaking.

“It was our mistake not to tell you as you grew up-“

“Get to the point.”

“Sarah, we chose you.”

“What does that even mean?” Sarah was trembling, her eyes were red as if she was about to cry and her face looked lifeless.

My mouth felt like sandpaper, when I tried to

“So, what was it that you wanted to tell me that you would not want me to find out by anyone else?” Sarah asked as she popped a strawberry in her mouth.

talk, the words would not come out. I knew it would be hard on her but this was worse, much worse than I expected.

I felt like I was drowning as my husband finally admitted it.

“Out of all the homeless babies in that orphanage, Allah chose you to be our daughter.”

The next moment was a blur. I felt a jostle as Sarah pushed me aside so she could get away. My husband went after her as she raced out of the cafe yelling, “How could you?” With tears streaming down her cheeks. I was dimly aware of the commotion it was causing in the restaurant as I mindlessly chased my family.

As I rushed out, drops of liquid pelted my head, as the sky above grew more and more grey. The cold weather bit into my shivering and wet body causing my sense to come back. Sarah had disappeared into the library, my husband tried to go after her but I held him back. “Give her space,” I whispered gently.

We stood there soaked in rain; a blanket of guilt wrapped around us. A bitter taste of despair placed itself on my trembling tongue as I tried to prevent myself from falling apart. I silently chastised myself for even thinking of myself in this situation while Sarah’s world was crumbling.

A few hours later, I was seated in my living room with a blanket wrapped around myself in front of the fireplace. We had finally come home after staying by the library for an hour

hoping Sarah would come and talk to us. I checked the time and frowned, it was already 6:00pm and she still had not returned. I was starting to get worried and was seriously debating about whether to drag Sarah home by her ear. However, before I could act on my thoughts, I heard the front door open.

“I’m ready to talk,” a feminine voice called from the foyer.

Sarah asked many questions about her adoption; how we made the decision. I answered the questions honestly and a bit proudly. She cried a bit when I told her how she caught my eye and my heart as soon as I stepped into the orphanage and I admit that I teared up too. I had never felt so light in my life- it was as a burden had been lifted off me. For the next few days, Sarah acted a bit awkward around us until I sat her down and explained to her that this made no difference in our daily lives whatsoever and that we were the same parents that she knew before we told her the truth. Even though these talks helped, I noticed that she unconsciously had trust issues and was not as friendly as she was before. She had lost a significant amount of friends due to this but her close friends told me she acted as if she could not care less. It was when I really realised how much of a psychological effect it had on her. Even though over the years she became more open and trusting, she has never been the same. It makes me wonder, if I had incorporated this fact since she was small, would things had been any different?

Your angels are replying

by Zunaira waqas

If people are being mean
Keep holding onto your deen

Don't give them replies
Even if your heart cries

Your angles are replying
On shoulders whom they're lying

So be wise and calm
Don't listen to shaytan

For this you'll get reward
In hereafter from your Lord.

Not so bad

by Khadijah Mohtashim

11 years

When I am happy or sad
I wish to write
To feel right
Something that is not so bad!

My mom says,
"Don't eat my head,
Just do something,
That is not so bad."

The studies have made me mad.
The exams are getting over my brain.
I need to get all accomplished well,
Some grades that aren't so bad!

If I was a sparrow...

by Yusra Zafar Mehmood

If I were a sparrow
I would fly like a bow

Over the hills and vales
Singing the ancient tales

Chirping the sweet words
Playing with my fellow birds

Flapping my little wings
Feeling the joys of springs

High above the fluffy cloud
I would praise my lord aloud

My destination would be that place
Which is honoured by grace

To the house of Allah Almighty
The owner of all sovereignty

Where lives my tiny heart
No one can take us apart

When I'd reach my destination
With loads of gratitude and dedication



My tears might wash the ground
I'd forget what's going around

Strongly, I'd miss that ocean
Which flows in a specific motion

Then I'd sit in a corner there
And make a silent prayer

O Allah! Lord of the doomsday
From my heart, I'm going pray

We're waiting for your call,
Whichever, big or small,

Make easy for us our way
Take our hearts from this world away,

Make me sincere to You only and
not to my desires,
Accept my dua and save me from
the Hellfire.

cook
some
fun



Lucky Nana Snugg Mug



WHO KNEW SUCH DELICIOUS GOODNESS CAN BE MADE,
NO SUGAR + EGG + DAIRY + OIL + OVEN NEEDED.
JUST AN EASY MASH, MIX AND MICROWAVE AWAY FROM A HAPPY
MOMENT. GREAT FOR BREAKFAST IF YOU MAKE WITH
OATS. ADD BERRIES AND GET CREATIVE.

INGREDIENTS:

- 1 Tbsp **Thick & Creamy Mayonnaise** 
- 3 Tbsp all purpose or gluten-free flour
- 1 small/medium ripe banana, *mashed up* 
 - ½ tsp ground cinnamon 
 - 1 Tbsp plant milk
 - ½ tsp baking powder
 - ½ tsp vanilla essence
 - 1 pinch salt
 - 1 Tbsp of chopped nuts like walnuts/pecan/almond flakes  
 - 1 tsp granulated sugar/coconut nectar, *optional for sweeter version*
 - 2 Tbsp vegan choc chips, *optional*



HOW TO MAKE:

1. Combine the mashed banana, the **Thick & Creamy Mayonnaise**, vanilla essence and milk in a microwave-safe mug until well combined. Then stir in flour, sugar, cinnamon, salt and baking powder until blended and smooth for about 20 sec.
2. Sprinkle the choc chips and optional nuts on top.
3. Microwave on high for 2 min. Allow to cool, even if it seems undercooked it will continue to cook while cooling.
4. Sprinkle some coarse sea salt on top, and enjoy with vegan cream cheese, butter, ice cream or as is! Enjoy!

Affirmations for Muslims children to hear

Allah loves you.

Allah created you
perfectly.

Allah sees you try
your best.

Allah is so merciful
and kind to you.

Allah is proud of you.

Allah can hear you - even
when you whisper.

You are such good fun to
be around.

You are trying hard to
manage your emotion.

Allah is your protector -
He keeps you safe.

Mistakes are ok - it's how
we learn.

poster

radiance

Hadhrat Abdullah ibn Masu'd رضي الله عنه

Zawjah Junaid Mukaty spellbinds us with the outstanding personality of Imam ul Fuqaha, the sea of knowledge, the courageous warrior –
Hadhrat Abdullah ibn Masud رضي الله عنه

Hadhrat Abdullah ibn Masu'd رضي الله عنه was born in Makkah where he spent most of his youth as a shepherd watching over the flocks of Uqba ibn Abu Mu'ayt. His kunya was Abu Abdur Rehman but Prophet Muhammad ﷺ generally called him Ibn Umm Abd because his father was not present at the time of Islam. His mother Umm Abd was a pious lady, therefore, he is more famous by his mother's name.

It is reported that Hadhrat Abdullah رضي الله عنه was a weak thin man whose height was equal to a tall man sitting. One day he climbed a tree to cut wood, some people laughed at his legs. Prophet Muhammad ﷺ himself defended him and said, "Do you laugh at those thin legs? They will weigh heavier than Mount Uhud in the scales of Hereafter."

Conversion to Islam

Ibn Masud's رضي الله عنه used to leave with the flocks early in the morning and return by nightfall. He knew that Muhammad ﷺ had claimed to be a Prophet but he was not much interested in it. He was happy in his own small world. However, one day while he was tending his flocks he saw two dignified men approaching him. They came up and greeted him and asked

for some milk from the sheep so they could quench their thirst. Hadhrat Abdullah رضي الله عنه declined to give the milk, the reason being that the sheep were not his own property.

These two men were the Prophet ﷺ and Hadhrat Abu Bakr رضي الله عنه. The Prophet ﷺ was very happy with his honest reply. Muhammad ﷺ then asked for a young ewe, which had not given birth yet, and stroked its udder whereupon milk poured out. This miracle changed Hadhrat Abdullah's life and soon thereafter he became one of the closest companions of the Prophet ﷺ.

Persecution by the polytheists

Not being a native of Makkah as well as of low social status, he was an easy target for the polytheists. While they were in Makkah, Muslims thought that Quraysh had never clearly heard Quran. Hadhrat Abdullah رضي الله عنه took this responsibility of reciting the Quran in public. He stood in front of the Kaaba and had just recited a few verses when the polytheists started hitting his face. He returned to the Muslims with bruises on his face and said, "The enemies of Allah are more uncomfortable right now as I am, and if you like I will go and do the same

One day Rasulallah ﷺ asked him to recite the Holy Quran. Hadhrat Abdullah ﷺ asked if he has to recite the Quran to Rasulallah ﷺ when it was him only upon whom it was revealed. Prophet Muhammad ﷺ replied: "I love to hear it from someone else." He then recited until the Prophet ﷺ wept.

thing tomorrow."

The Muslims told him that there was no need as he had made them listen to what they never wanted to hear.

Closest to Prophet ﷺ in character

Hadhrat Abdullah R.A remained close to the Prophet ﷺ until his departure from this world. He served the Prophet ﷺ in all his needs; from carrying his staff and slippers to accompanying him on journeys and expeditions. He served Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ both inside and outside the house. The Prophet ﷺ once said: "O Abdullah, you do not need permission to enter my house. You are always welcome."

Hadhrat Abu Musa Ashari ﷺ used to say that when we came from Yemen we thought that Hadhrat Abdullah ibn Masu'd ﷺ was a member of the Prophet's ﷺ household. This strong companionship with the Prophet ﷺ lasted for thirty years giving Hadhrat Abdullah ﷺ ample time to adopt Prophet's ﷺ every manner and action. Therefore he is known to be the closest to Muhammad ﷺ in character.

The keeper of secrets

The affection of Prophet ﷺ with Abdullah ﷺ can also be seen by the fact that Muhammad ﷺ shared his secrets with this great Sahabi giving him another title as 'The Keeper of Secrets'. His services were so admired by our Prophet ﷺ that he prayed for him at the time of Tahajjud. Allah ﷻ answered these prayers and he became 'Imam ul Fuqqaha' of his time.

Hadhrat Abdullah ﷺ and the Holy Quran

Hadhrat Abdullah's ﷺ recitation of the holy Quran was one of the best among the people of that time. Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ once said, "Read Quran in the same manner as Abdullah ibn Masu'd teaches."

Besides recitation, Hadhrat Abdullah was also fully aware of the meanings and intricacies of the Quran. He exactly knew which verse was revealed where, why and when. He himself narrates: "By Him besides whom there is no God, no verse of the Book of Allah has been revealed without my knowing where it was revealed and the circumstances of its revelation. By Allah, if I know there was anyone who knew more of the Book of Allah, I will do whatever is in my power to be with him."

One day Rasulallah ﷺ asked him to recite the Holy Quran. Hadhrat Abdullah ﷺ asked if he has to recite the Quran to Rasulallah ﷺ when it was him only upon whom it was revealed. Prophet Muhammad ﷺ replied: "I love to hear it from someone else."

He then recited until the Prophet ﷺ wept.

A sea of knowledge

Hadhrat Abdullah ibn Masu'd ﷺ was not only an expert of the Quran, he was also a scholar of Hadith and Fiqh. Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ gave him the title 'The educated boy' because of his insight of the Quran and Fiqh. While he

Continued on pg 24

screws
n
bolts

Muslim Jokes

KIDS CORNER

When the Imam
Trolls Arsenal Fans

The khateeb said Allah will forgive our sins completely and He loves us, so we shouldn't feel sad. "Sometimes you may feel sad because your family is in hardship, or you're going through financial difficulty, or may be you're an Arsenal fan."

Always say #Bismillah before drinking water. There are three jinns in your cup, two Hydro-jinn and one Oxyjinn.

Muslims on the internet be like....

No pain, no غ

Hit me up in the after ن

may had a little ل

My ك muscles are sore after going to the ج

I'm really not feeling well, I have such

an awful ق

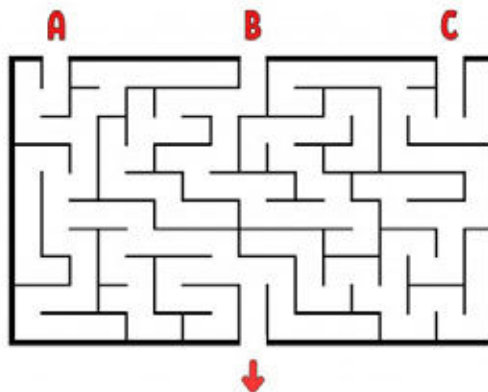
We should make this into an internet م

Daily Life Activities

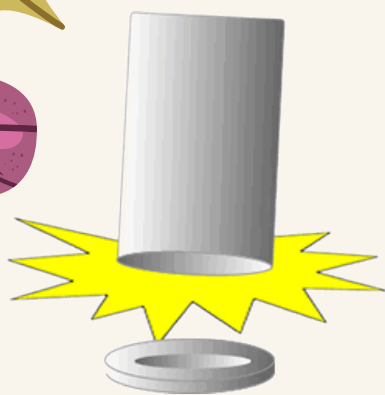
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A	S	E	A	C	D	K	O	N	C	G	R	B	A
E	R	E	O	G	L	W	R	I	E	O	E	R	O
N	H	C	S	R	D	C	I	O	M	A	R	K	L

LUNCH
DRESSED
HOMEWORK
CLEANING
BATH
WORK
BREAKFAST
SCHOOL
DINNER
SLEEPING

Maze Game



Easy Film Canister Rocket



Film canister rockets are perfect for demonstrating Newton's Laws of Motion. First the rocket lifts off because it is acted upon by an external force (Newton's First Law) caused by the buildup of gas produced inside the canister. This causes the lid to blow off, launching the film canister into the air.

The rocket travels upward with a force that is equal and opposite to the downward force propelling the water, gas and lid (Newton's Third Law).

The amount of force is directly proportional to the amount of water and gas released from the canister and how fast it accelerates (Newton's Second Law).

Materials:

Plastic film canister with lid
Water
Alka-Seltzer tablet (CaC-1000 tablets)
Tray or flat bottom container
Safety Glasses

Instructions:

Fill the film canister about one-third of the way full with water.
Make sure you are wearing your safety glasses.

3. Break one Alka-Seltzer tablet in half.
4. Drop the half of the Alka-Seltzer tablet in the water and quickly put the lid on the film canister.
5. While still moving quickly, flip your Film Canister Rocket over and set it on its lid in the tray.
6. Step away and watch.
7. Your Film Canister Rocket should launch in a few seconds.

Bonus step & fun: Make side flaps on the canister to give it a shape of a rocket.

How it Works:

The water dissolves the Alka-Seltzer tablet causing carbon dioxide gas to be released. The gas creates pressure in the film canister and will eventually create enough pressure that your Film Canister Rocket will launch.

Make This a Science Project:

Try different amounts of Alka-Selzer to see if it causes the Film Canister Rocket to launch higher or quicker. Try different liquids other than water. Try hot and cold water.

The bully and kindness

by Zara Zaheer
UAE



“It’s my first day of school!” Adam exclaimed in delight.

“Well, you’d better proceed towards the bus stop...” Adam’s mom said, “...or you’ll miss the whole day of school just standing here. Have a good day at school son.”

At school

‘I hope everyone in my class is nice.’ Adam thought desperately as he entered the classroom.

“Oh. This is not what I expected...” Adam said while looking at a messy room the students’ shout louder than lions roaring. There was no teacher in sight.

“Look! It’s the new kid!” a boy, who was the loudest of them all, shouted.

Everyone stared...

“Hello! I’m Adam!”

“Go away loser!” the boy said. “Only cool kids

come here!”

“Oh. But this is my class,” Adam said.

“Stay in the playground loser!” the bully replied angrily.

At lunchtime

“I’ve missed half of my classes and I don’t even know where the head-teacher is or anything!” Adam cried as he looked at children leave their classrooms.

A teacher comes out.

“Who’s that kid sitting all alone?” the teacher thought. “What’s wrong kid?” she asked him.

“There was a bully and he was so mean and made me miss half of my classes.”

“Well, think about it. He was probably not used to having a new kid,” the teacher replied, “some people look like they are very rude but they just have a problem they cannot solve. The bully’s problem was probably the way you talk or look, you are not like him. He may be rude but there

is kindness in everyone.”

“Thank you for telling me! Your words make my day!” Adam commented back.

“Why don’t you go to the bully and tell him everything I told you!” the teacher said.

Adam goes to the bully and does what the teacher asked him to do.

“Gosh! I never thought about that. Well, thank you for telling me. That makes me feel bad for

shouting at you and making you skip classes. I’m sorry. Please forgive me.”

“Of course! Let’s be friends!” Adam shouted happily.

“Yes! Also, my name is Abdullah.”

“My name is Adam.”

Adam and Abdullah became friends and they both always thought about what the teacher said. There is kindness in everyone



Greatest Weakness

by Khadijah Ahmed

Sara was a 9 year old girl from the remote town of Weathersville. She attended school like most of the children of her age and she was quite good in her studies. The only problem was that she was terribly shy. She never asked any questions in class, never interacted with the teachers and didn’t have any friends.

One day during school her class teacher said “Sara why don’t you answer the next question.”

“Um-th-the answer is 304,” Sara squeaked in a small voice.

The teacher noticed Sara’s shyness and decided to enter her in a speech competition to boost her confidence.

At first Sara thought she couldn’t do it but her parents encouraged her to write the speech and perform it in front of them. Sara felt incredibly shy but as she practiced, she got better and better and soon she was really good at it. On the day of the speech, she overcame her shyness and performed the speech in front of the whole school. She won a gold medal and was praised for her brilliant performance



The Great Escape

by Daniyah Uzair Barry
10 years
KSA

“Hooray!” the children cheered with glee.

Everyone was at the breakfast table and their parents had finally agreed to camp in the nearby forest, Marmaris, this year in the up-coming summer vacations.

Sarah grabbed a pencil and a notebook excitedly to make a list of the things they will need for camping before taking a big bite from her peanut butter sandwich.

Her two younger brothers, Ali and Umar helped her make the list while eating their porridge and their parents discussed other important matters.

“Alright everyone,” their mum announced happily, “we have little time left and lots of packing and preparations to do, so let’s get started.”

The great day arrived and the household was full of excitement! Children rushed to do their chores and helped mum with her packing.

Everyone helped to load their Mazda, CX-9. It was early in the morning when everyone was settled down in the car, and soon they set off eagerly. They chattered enthusiastically about what they might see in the forest.

After much waiting, they finally reached their destination. Their dad found a clean, nice spot to camp nearby a small swirling brook. Everyone got out of the car impatiently.

The air felt so fresh and pure. The twittering of the birds, the murmur of the wind blowing through the needles of the red pine trees, the whoosh of the brook and the chirping of the grasshoppers was extremely soothing. The Red pine, oak and cypresses covered the huge mountains forming a beautiful landscape. They could see some of the mountain tops in the distance covered with snow. The sun peaked through the thick forest trees. Some of the trees were so gigantic and old that their big roots erupted from the ground making them more interesting to climb.

Sarah told about a small town that they had spotted at the eastern edge of the forest. "It seems like a strange town with fancy rooftops and big pastures.

They were so engrossed by the wonderful sight that it took them several minute before they could start taking the things out of the car and setting the camp. While the children were exploring the forest, the parents set up the camp.

Dad took out his fishing rod so that he could catch some fish for the dinner. Mum started the fire in a safe place where it couldn't spread. The children, wanted to explore further and they asked their mum if they can wander around. She agreed to this idea and told her oldest daughter, Sarah, "I am giving you this long rope. Tie it on the trunk of this big tree and keep holding its other end wherever you go. It will help you find your way back to our campsite."

So the children set of. By the time the children returned, the sun was low in the sky and it gave an amazing sight of mixed colours of pink, yellow and orange. Their mouths began to water when they saw their mother roasting a big fleshy fish on the camp fire. The aroma curling up from the grill made them even hungrier. While they were eating their yummy dinner, they started talking excitedly about their adventures and discoveries in the forest. Ali talked about the colourful parrots with large beaks that they had spotted and Omar showed his various colored rocks that he had collected during their walk.

Sarah told about a small town that they had spotted at the eastern edge of the forest. "It seems like a strange town with fancy rooftops and big pastures. I really want you both to come and see that town with us," Sarah explained joyfully to her parents, "we have tied the other end of the rope to a tree there so that we can find

the way easily."

"That's so intelligent of you, Sarah," her dad commented.

"Yes, we would love to see," Mum exclaimed cheerfully.

Soon it was time to sleep and no one made a fuss to stay awake because everyone was tired and eager to try their new cozy sleeping bags.

The next day went pleasantly as yesterday. The whole family did a walk in the forest. It was refreshing to spend time in nature.

The children helped with the dinner and everything went pleasant except the night. Sarah and Ali felt the air like burning smoke. They thought that their noses were playing tricks on them. They couldn't sleep for a long time but at last they fell asleep.

Sarah woke up coughing. It was nearly morning and the sky had turned greyish. There was some light near the horizon. Then she noticed something. The air had gone bad! She woke up mum and dad and her brothers. By the time they were out of their tents, the air was filled with smoke! Dad fumbled towards the car, but with the thick smoke all around them, he couldn't see a thing and it seemed that the car had vanished.

They could see fire on the treetops in the distance...they seemed like huge flaming torches. The forest was on fire! It had already started to feel hot and sweltering and at once, worries and the 'What are we going to do now' feelings crept up their minds.

Dad tried calling the fire station, but it was of no use as the signals had suddenly dropped and the call was not getting through.

Umar began crying and mum picked him up. "What shall we do, dad?" asked Ali, trying to keep his voice from trembling. Dad said nothing but turned his head towards Sarah to see if she was all right. When he looked at her he saw that her eyes were filled with worry and was trying to think of a way out.

Then at last Sarah's voice came in their ears. "Why didn't we think of that?" she cried.

She quickly led her family to the tree that had their tied rope. Dad asked everyone to crouch low as the air was cleaner and breathable nearer to the ground. They crawled blindly, scratching their knees and feet, following the rope until they reached the other end of the rope. They could feel that the fire was spreading very quickly behind them burning every single thing. They were close to the edge of the forest now and could see the small houses and bright light of the town in the distance.

They couldn't believe that they made it when they finally left the blazing forest behind them. They turned around to see the horrible sight of flaming forest. Ali tried not to think about the animals and birds and their car and their stuff that they had left in the forest.

They could hear the sound of fire trucks that were rushing towards the forest. It seemed that someone from the town had called the firefighters.

Mum and Dad fell to the ground, with tears in their eyes, bowing to Allah in gratitude for saving them and their kids and the children followed their parents

Continued from pg 17

was alive, Sahabah referred people to Hadhrat Abdullah ؓ. But this pious man was afraid of narrating the Ahadith or issuing a Fatwa that he might go wrong although Prophet ﷺ had said about him, "Whatever ibn Masu'd narrates to you, believe him."

During the caliphate of Hadhrat Umer ؓ, Hadhrat Abdullah ؓ was sent to Kufa with threefold responsibilities of an instructor, Qadi and treasurer.

Soon Kufa flourished into the third most important centre of learning after Makkah and Madinah. Many great names afterwards emerged from this developed and cultured city. The most prominent among them is that of Imam Abu Hanifa ؒ.

Hadhrat Abdullah ibn Masud ؓ narrated 848 Ahadith and spent his whole life in teaching, giving Fatwas and spreading Islam.

Bravery

This arch sahabi of Muhammad ﷺ took part in Ghazwa e Badr, Uhud, Khandaq, Khyber and Hunain. He also accompanied our Prophet ﷺ in Bait e Rizwan and in the Conquest of Makkah. He was a brave man who was never afraid of death. He always fought with the enemies gallantly.

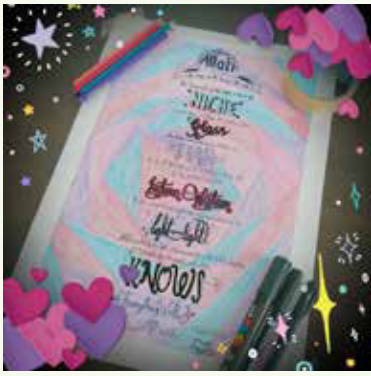
In the battle of Badr, he found Abu Jahl in an injured state. He rushed to him and after a short conversation with him cut off his throat and brought it to the Prophet ﷺ.

Death

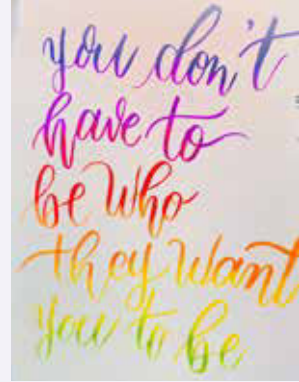
During Hadhrat Usman's ؓ caliphate he retired from his post and returned to Madinah. There he fell ill and finally left this world for the eternal world in 32 Hijra at the age of sixty. His funeral prayers were led by Hadhrat Usman ؓ and he was buried in Jannat ul Baqee

Students work in the English Brush calligraphy course

fresh
strokes



Ayat e Noor by Tayyaba Qasim,
Thailand



Fatima Zubair



Amina Fatima, Riyadh



Maryam Danish



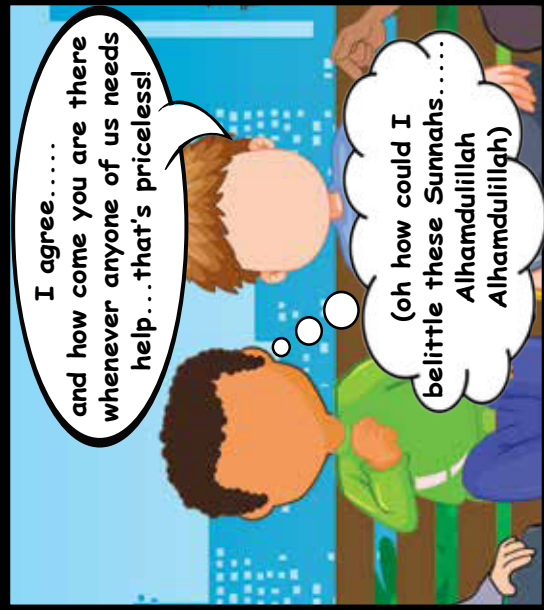
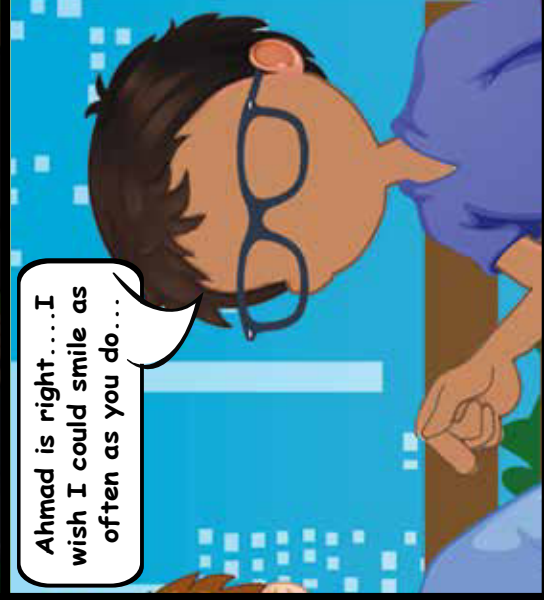
Maira



Rumaisa Junaid

How much is that Sunnah for?

Concept by Zawjah Zia
Artwork by Zawjah Jahangir



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