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Inventor

Comic: Deeper
than skin only

Why misfortune
afflicts us

Mirror Mirror
on the wall!



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Why misfortune afflicts us

Can you guess what is Satan's most effective traps in making humans sin? He whispers in our ears that faith is enough for salvation - if you have faith, you will end up in Jannah anyway so do whatever you want. And lo and behold, humans believe him wholeheartedly not realising that sins themselves are hazardous to faith!

When sins are slowly and gradually eating away at a person's faith itself, then how would such a faith take them to Jannah? Moreover, sins have their negative effects on life and no matter how hard one might argue that there are many sinful people who don't experience these effects, yet they are very much there. The effects are not only in the form of some physical entity but the worst form of those effects is that something good was destined for you but because of your sins that is taken away from you!

Among the many other negative effects of persistent sins, according to Imam Ibn al Qayyim Rahimahullah, are the following:

Decrease in sustenance (rizq): Just as Taqwa brings about sustenance, the abandonment of Taqwa causes poverty.

Prevention of knowledge: Knowledge is a light which Allah throws into the heart and disobedience extinguishes this light. Imam Shafi'ee (rahimahullah) said: "I complained to Wakee' about the weakness of my memory, so he ordered me to abandon disobedience. And informed me that the knowledge is light. And that the light of Allah is not given to the disobedient. "

Prevention of obedience (to Allah): If there was no other punishment for sin other than that it prevents one from obedience to Allah then this would be sufficient.

Disobedience weakens the heart and the body: Disobedience does not stop weakening it until the life of the heart ceases completely.

Disobedience reduces the lifespan and destroys any blessings: Just as righteousness in-

creases the lifespan, sinning reduces it.

Sins weaken the heart's will and resolve so that the desire for disobedience becomes strong and the desire to repent becomes weak bit by bit until the desire to repent is removed from the heart completely.

Disobedience is a cause of the servant being held in contempt by his Sustainer. Al-Hasan al-Basree (rahimahullah) said: Those people became contemptible in (His sight) so they disobeyed Him. If they were honorable (in His sight) He would have protected them.

The ill-effects of the sinner fall upon those besides him as well as on the animals as a result of which they are touched by harm.

The servant continues to commit sins until they become very easy for him and seem insignificant in his heart and this is a sign of destruction. Every time a sin becomes insignificant in the sight of the servant, it becomes great in the sight of Allah.

Disobedience inherits humiliation and lowliness. Honour, all of it, lies in the obedience of Allah.

Disobedience corrupts the intellect. The intellect has light and disobedience extinguishes this light. When the light of the intellect is extinguished, it becomes weak and deficient.

When disobedience increases, the servant's heart becomes sealed so that he becomes of those who are heedless. The Exalted said: "But no! A stain has been left on their hearts on account of what they used to earn (i.e. their actions)." (Al-Mutaffifeen:14)

Sins cause the various types of corruption to

occur in the land. Corruption of the waters, the air, the plants, the fruits and the dwelling places. Allah the Exalted said: "Mischievousness has appeared on the land and the sea on account of what the hands of men have earned; that He may give them a taste of some of (the actions) they have done, in order that they may return." (Ar-Room: 41)

The disappearance of modesty. Its disappearance is the disappearance of all that is good. It is authentic from the Messenger ﷺ that he said: "Modesty is goodness, all of it." [Bukhari and Muslim]

Sins weaken and reduce the magnification of Allah, the Mighty, in the heart of the servant.

Sins are the cause of Allah forgetting His servant, abandoning him and leaving him to fend for himself with his soul and his shaytan and in this is the destruction from which no deliverance can be hoped for.

Disobedience causes the favours (of Allah) to cease and make His revenge lawful. Ali ؑ said: "No trial has descended except due to a sin and it (the trial) is not repelled except by repentance." Allah the Exalted said: "Whatever misfortune afflicts you then it is due to what your hands have earned and (yet) He pardons many." (Ash-Shura: 30)

Knowing the effects of sins is essential in leaving them as well as gives us strength to resolve and stay away from them even more. And now we also know the reason why any harm comes to us - all because of these senseless silly sins...

Was'salam,

Umm Abdullah

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The most precious dua

This awe-inspiring extract from Hadhrat Abdul Sattar Hafizahullah's spiritual discourse teaches us how it might just be our obedience and respect for our parents that will grant us Jannah

Having a parent make dua for you is one of the biggest treasures of Allah ﷻ. Often times we ask our peers, relatives or spiritual leaders to make dua for us; how many times have you asked someone to remember you in their duas?

their heart. So yes, ask your parents to pray for you, but even more than that, do something for them that makes them happy; obey their every command with haste, refrain from habits that irritate them, spend time with

This is the best way to get success not only in this world but also in the hereafter; through your parents and their Khidmah. Not only their duas, but the rewards that Allah ﷻ will bestow upon you after you make your Amma and Abba smile are innumerable.

But what we don't realize is that the best person to make dua for us—the one whose dua will be accepted the most is our parent, our mother or father. The dua that they make for us is the most sincere and the most valued in the eyes of Allah ﷻ, because there can be no love more sincere and more valuable than that of a parent for their child.

And even better than the dua that they make for us on our request, because we ask them, "Amma, please make dua for me," or, "Abba, please remember me in your prayers," is the dua that slips out of their mouth without even our asking, the dua that our actions, our obedience, our care and love forces out of

them without your electronic gadgets, talk to them, help them with their duties and chores, rub their feet and kiss their foreheads, buy or make them gifts and tell them how valuable they are to you; force them to make dua for you with your Khidmah, with your love. Because the most precious dua is that which they will give you after you please them, more precious than any dua that any other elder or baji or moulvi sahib will make for you.

This is the best way to get success not only in this world but also in the hereafter; through your parents and their Khidmah. Not only

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Travelogue of the northern areas

Adeen Ahmed shares her experiences, thoughts and advice to ease the all-too-familiar urge to travel

Travelling is something I've always wanted to do, but never got the chance until recently when me and my family planned a trip to the Northern Areas of Pakistan as they are beautiful areas to visit. We plotted out two choices: the Swat-Kalam Valley or the Kashmir-Neelum Valley. We chose the former, and set out straight away.

Day the First, Thursday, 1st of July

We chose to go by air because going by road would take a lot of time and we only had four to five days. At seven o'clock in the evening we caught the flight from Karachi to Peshawar. The journey was smooth and I loved the night view of the clouds from my window. In an hour we landed in Bachakhan Airport. From there we drove to the Empire Hotel, where we stayed for the night. The hotel was near the Namakmandi Food Street of Peshawar, well known for its salty lamb chops, makhni naan, chapli kabab and charsi tikka. From there we had our late-night supper!

Day the Second, Friday, 2nd of July

We had a quick breakfast the next morning, because the three-hour long trip to Swat would be very tiring, and also because my sister

was rather vomit-prone. We got into the car, and on the way to Swat we passed a fruit stall, from where we bought some fruits. The taste was delicious, far better than Karachi's! The peaches were so zestful, while the mangoes were sweet and tangy. You couldn't get such delicious fruits in Karachi.

We arrived at the Swat View Hotel in three hours, around one o'clock, after passing through the cities of Akbarpura, Rashakai, Jalarona, Malakand, Shamoza, Barikot, Mingora, and then finally arriving in Fizaghat, Swat. Our hotel overlooked the Swat River, which was flowing in the opposite direction. It was a nice river, a mixture of grey and blue in colour. We had lunch there, and the manager of the hotel also sent us some homemade yoghurt, which was very tasty! It tasted like cream cheese. At four o'clock, we set out for Malam-jabba, which is a beautiful hilly station!

The road to Malam-jabba was very twisty and turny, because they were made into mountains, going up and up, but thankfully the roads were smooth and it wasn't a bumpy ride, though one felt slightly queasy once in a while because of the winding way going upwards in the hills. As we went higher and higher it got colder and colder. Once we stopped the



car and went for a trek up the hills, where it was glorious! There were pine trees reaching into the sky, some coming out straight between rocks, and some bending downwards. We found clumps of ferny and thorny plants, and everywhere there were these little yellow things called Bird's Foot Trefoil.

After our trek we reached the main hill station of Malam-jabba, which is a popular tourist spot. The place was really beautiful, and there was a Pearl Continental Hotel there as well, and also ice-cream shops and cafes. There was a zipline, and cable-cars as well!

We went up a high hill, behind which was a forest, probably coniferous. There were steps made out of stone and wood to go up to the highest place, and when we got there it was really windy, but beautiful as well. You could look over the whole valley from standing up there! One really feels the amazement at how beautiful Allah has created this world.

Day the Third, Saturday, 3rd of July

We woke up in the Swat View Hotel and got a lovely morning view of the Swat River. We had breakfast outside in the hotel garden, and then we set out for Kalam around half-past nine. To get there it also took three hours, and we had to drive up mountains, again with twisty and turny roads, and this time we had to drive on the edge of the mountains.

After two hours of driving, we came near Kalam, and we caught sight of the Kalam River! It was so lush, so blue, so foaming and so real. The grey-bluish waters of the River Swat looked like nothing next to it. There were countless little waterfalls trickling from mere rocks in the mountains, and people would go over in cable-cars to fetch fresh abshari water

from it. And the wind! It was blowing so hard I thought my sun hat would float off to the other end of the mountain. It was cold, and a nice kind of cold, the kind that you appreciate if you've lived your whole life in the hotness of Karachi.

We had a little hassle finding a hotel, as most of the hotels were booked! Finally we found one, and our hotel room had a beautiful view of the river rushing past, all blue and foamy.

After settling up at the hotel, we decided to visit two places before the sunsets. First up was Bluewater, which was a pebbly tourist spot of the River Kalam. The road there was extremely rocky-roaded, and the car jolted up and down sometimes. But it was almost worth the bumps to see the beautiful countryside! The river was always there wherever we went, past the mountains and sometimes, we'd drive right through the water in narrow places! We also passed several fields and farms, with men, women or children working in them.

When we arrived at Bluewater it was beautiful. It wasn't very populated, with only a handful of people there. There was a strip of pebble on both sides of the river, with big rocks to step on in between. But the water was very, very cold! It was like dipping your foot in ice itself. The reason for this was that the rivers in the Swat-Kalam Valley came from melted ice on the snow-capped mountains.

After some time we went around Bluewater Park, which is a green field near the river. We found all sorts of small yellow flowers, and a few purple ones. Further up there was a bee farm! The bees were kept in boxes, and we bought a jar of home made honey

Continued Insha'Allah...

Born to Be

story
nory

Part Three: Buried Memories by Yusra Farhan



"Tania?" the girl finally walked up, and whispered in a quiet and surprised voice.

Tania did not say anything. Maybe she was just a fan, but fans never behave like that. They usually go all cheery and start clicking selfies. The girl then checked around, making sure no one was in sight and then she lifted her veil. After a few seconds, Tania gasped and went wide eyed. It was no one other than Romaisa Ansari.

"Romaisa?" Tania said in the same tone Romaisa had said her name. She gave a smile and covered her face again. Tania looked into her eyes and then all the memories that had long been buried suddenly rose back to life.

Romaisa was Tania's cousin, who was only three weeks older than her. The two girls had once lived together, ate together, played together, went to school together, did their homework together, and no one could pull them apart. Until one day when they were eight and swinging in their backyard, Romaisa told Tania that she was moving. She said it so softly that Tania had to stop her swing and make her repeat.

"Mama said we are going to live somewhere else now," Romaisa repeated in a hushed voice again. "But don't worry, I'm sure we'll come

back to visit," she added a little cheerfully, but the sadness was there in her eyes.

"You're joking, right?" Tania tried to laugh but Romaisa just shook her head.

"You can't leave. This is your house, our house. We have always lived here together," Tania almost shouted.

"Maybe, we'll come back soon," Romaisa tried to say in a calm voice.

Tania immediately ran inside the house and barged into her mom's bedroom to tell her what Romaisa had said.

"It's not true, right? I think she's just trying to prank me. But she's not like that. I don't know why she's lying," Tania ranted.

"She's not lying, Tania. They really are going away in three days," her mom replied after a long pause.

"No! No, you're all just lying to me. But, I'm not a fool. I know they won't leave. They live here," Tania shouted as fountains gushed from her eyes, and she ran away.

However, three days later she saw Romaisa leave with her parents in their car and all their belongings had already left before them. All Tania could do was lean against the door and

Sometimes everything falls apart before we even realize that they were tiny cracks that could have been easily mended before it was too late,”

cry like a helpless child. Romaisa had tried her best to cheer Tania up and promised she would come to meet her every weekend. Still, she never did! Tania waited every weekend, and would nag her mother by asking her repeatedly when they were going to come. Her mother would kindly tell her she doesn't know every time until one day she had enough, and she told Tania that if she had any common sense, she would have figured out by now that they're not coming back, whatever promise Romaisa had made to her was a bluff. But she never lies to me, Tania had managed to say through a puddle of tears. But after that day she never asked anyone about Romaisa. She never even talked about her, and slowly the hope of her cousin and best friend coming back died a peaceful yet painful death. Tania taught herself how to go to school all alone, have her after school lunches without anyone by her side, do her homework on her own, and play with imaginary friends at home.

However, there was no way for Tania to find out that Romaisa also begged her parents every weekend to take her to see Tania. They would politely delay saying next time until one day they too had enough, and told her that it was best if she forgets about her because they were never going back.

And here they were standing in front of each other, not as kids but as twenty one year olds. After all the years, after all the waiting, and then giving up, they meet at long last. They stood there, with so many things to say but not sure what and where to begin. How are you even supposed to meet a stranger

who was once so close?

“So, you guys moved to Islamabad?” Tania finally asked. Romaisa nodded.

“What about you? How come you're here?”

“I... Well, I just came to Islamabad for a few days. But coming to this library was a totally random decision,” Tania replied.

“Maybe because we were meant to see each other here,” Romaisa suggested.

“Hmm, maybe that's why,” Tania agreed.

Again they stood there, searching for words for another long interval. Then, Romaisa finally took out a piece of paper from her bag and jotted down her phone number and address on it.

“I'm running a bit late now. But, please come over before you leave,” Romaisa insisted before she left.

Tania left too, moments after her, and clumsily made her way back to her hotel room. Her head felt heavy and when she laid down, her eyes began to pour abruptly. She cried like she had cried on the day Romaisa had left. And now she was back and Tania was not sure if she was still the same Romaisa she had spent her childhood with.

Nonetheless, she did not go over to Romaisa's house or even give her a call. Tania wasn't sure what made her come back to Karachi without meeting Romaisa- perhaps the childish reason that Romaisa broke her promise and never came back, or maybe the reason that she did not really know the girl she had met at the library and it would be awkward if she just shows up at her house.

"I met Romaisa," Tania quietly said, when her mom asked her about the trip. Her mother's excited smile faded and she went silent.

"So, you knew they live in Islamabad?" her mom asked after some time.

"No. How was I supposed to know? Everyone just decided to never talk about it and I had to stop asking, remember?" Tania replied with grief in her voice. "We just met each other by accident."

"Oh," was the reply that came.

"Oh? You think it's still not the right time to tell me what happened? Why did they leave and never come back to see us?"

"Didn't you ask Romaisa?"

"Well, it was a very brief conversation. I couldn't just start interrogating her in a library now, could I?"

"Honestly, Tania, I don't even know what happened. Sometimes everything falls apart before we even realize that they were tiny cracks that could have been easily mended before it was too late," her mother shook her head as she tried to explain. "Your father and your uncle had always been more of best friends than brothers, but somehow things started going wrong between them. Tiny arguments would end up turning into fights. Of course, then there were other people involved in creating further misunderstandings between them. No one knows where it started. There was no one particular reason. But one day your uncle decided that he wanted to part ways and go on his own, and your dad could not bring himself to stop him."

A long silence stretched after that.

"Didn't you try to do something about it?" Tania questioned when she found her voice.

"Of course, I tried. I asked your dad so many times to make them stay and try to talk things out calmly, while Romaisa's mom also tried to convince your uncle. But sadly there was no convincing these two men who had their minds made."

The thought about going to Islamabad again to meet Romaisa or at least giving her a call bugged Tania for days, but eventually Tania got tied from one side with work and college from the other side. It had been almost three months since her encounter with Romaisa, and she started feeling like it hadn't even happened. Then, one day when she arrived back home from her morning classes, she was welcomed with the most beautiful and unexpected surprise

Continued Insha'Allah

Continued from pg 06

their duas, but the rewards that Allah ﷻ will bestow upon you after you make your Amma and Abba smile are innumerable. It was his mother's Khidmah, after all, that made a supposedly lowly butcher the companion of Hazrat Moosa ؑ in Jannah. It was his mother's Khidmah also that gave Hazrat Owais Qarni ؑ the title of a companion despite having never met the Prophet ﷺ. It might just be your obedience and respect for your parents that will grant you Jannah!

And for those of us unfortunate enough to have lost our parents, the Prophet ﷺ is known to have said (mafhoom) that any child that wishes to be resurrected amongst the Muslims who had been obedient to their parents, he should remember his parents when he is going good deeds and make esaal-e-sawaab for them (i.e. make niyat to dedicate their good deeds to their parents), he should meet their loved ones, their relatives and friends, with politeness and respect, and most of all, he should continuously make dua for their forgiveness. And Insha'Allah Allah ﷻ will raise him with the obedient children on the day of judgement.

May Allah ﷻ make all of us a sadqa-e-jariyah for our parents. Ameen



Miracles of Prophet

Hamna Arif leaves
the majestic miracles
Prophet

Every prophet, sent by Allah was given miracles and signs. These miracles depended on, which people that particular prophet was sent to, what they believed in, and the sort of things they would understand.

So today let learn the miracles that our Rasulullah ﷺ was blessed with.

1. Invisibility

When the prophet ﷺ planned to migrate to Madina, the tribes in Makkah conspired to assassinate him once and for all. Each tribe sent an assassin and they surrounded the house of Prophet ﷺ that night, but the Prophet ﷺ walked out right in front of them and none of

them saw him. They were blinded to him.

2. The camel in the sand

The Prophet and Hazrat Abubakr ؓ were on their way to Madina, when they were being followed by an assassin named Suraqa. When Hazrat Abubakr got worried, the Messenger of Allah ﷺ told him: "Don't worry, Allah is certainly with us." Then prophet ﷺ cast a glance at Suraqa and his horse's feet got stuck in the sand. Suraqa managed to get the feet of the horse out and tried to follow the prophet ﷺ, but his horse's legs got stuck again and the smoke was blowing from where the feet of the horse got stuck. Suraqa realized this was beyond him and had to go back.

Prophet Muhammad ﷺ

gives us spellbound
tales of our Beloved
Prophet ﷺ



3. Talking with the Jinn

In one narration, a Jinni called 'Hama' came in the form of an old man carrying a staff; he accepted Islam. The noble messenger ﷺ instructed him in some of the short chapters of the Quran, which he listened to and then departed.

4. Water flowed from his blessed hands

Once the Prophet Muhammad was with his companions, about 300 of them, in a place called Zawra. It was time to observe the afternoon prayer but the people couldn't find any water to make ablution, the Prophet ordered

them to look for little water, when they did, he dipped his hands into it and water was flowing from his hands like a fountain. All 300 people, who were there made ablution and used it for other needs.

5. The moon split

The polytheists at the time of the Prophet ﷺ kept insisting that they wanted a miracle. They said that they will believe if he could show them the splitting of the moon in half. When Allah granted the Prophet the ability, he called them all the witness, and the moon split in two, and indeed it was a clear manifestation, but in their arrogance, they still rejected the truth. This incident is also narrated in the Holy Quran ●

Flowers drinking water



by Maheen Ali

Do you know that flowers can drink up water and change their own colours into the colour of the water they drink? Flowers and plants drink water through their roots. In cut flowers, since there are no roots, water travels from the cut directly into the stems and travels to the petals and other parts of the plant. Want to see this live? Then follow the experiment below!

Materials

white/light-coloured flowers such as white roses
food colouring
Tools
several glasses, vases or test tubes
adult supervision

Instructions

1. Fill each glass with fresh water from the tap. Put 2-5 drops of food colouring into it, one colour each. You can also mix the colours (e.g. blue + yellow = green) to get all the rainbow colours.

2. Trim at least half an inch of stem off the flowers before putting each into the glass and each time you change the water.
3. Add flower food if it is provided.
4. Keep them in a cool place overnight.
5. Observe the change in colours in the petals.
6. If you use flowers such as daisies that take longer to do this experiment, change the water entirely every 2-3 days to keep the flowers fresh for longer.
7. After a few days, the white flowers will change into the colours the flowers were immersed in.

Bonus Experiment

Try this bonus experiment too: cut along the stem into two halves and stop before reaching the flower. Insert each half into a different coloured water. Observe how the petals change colour.

So that is how you change the colour of flower petals! Isn't it amazing how Allah SWT has made flowers in such a marvelous way? SubhanAllah!

PROPHET

Adam عَادَمُ

The First human being to be created by God

Taught Adam all knowledge, speech, expression

Even the angels who at first had protested against the creation of a human being were bewildered at the knowledge of Adam

All the angels were commanded to prostrate before Adam

They all obeyed except Iblis [Satan]

Made out of fire



He thought he was better than Adam

He was sent out of Heaven

God asked Adam and Hawwa to live in the garden of Paradise. They were allowed to eat all the fruits except for the fruits on one particular tree

Iblis was angry at Adam

Iblis tricked them to eat of the fruit of the prohibited tree as it would make them be like angels and live forever.

They soon realised their mistake and turned to God for a sincere forgiveness

They were forgiven but were asked to live on Earth and to be faithful to God

They were blessed with two sets of twins

Qabil & His sister

Habil & His sister

Let's Reflect

Mirror Mirror on the wall!

by Binte Hanif
South Africa

Woman! A five letter word that we ourselves have started taking as granted; unfortunately becoming slaves to so called “FEMINISM” all in the name of our rights. If men are earning, so should women earn and go out. If women are looking after a home so should men. If women are looking after children so should men. Why do we have to cover ourselves and men don't. Sounds familiar? There are many more. Well! In the name of feminism we have obliterated the rights Almighty Allah ﷻ and Rasullullah ﷺ bestowed upon us.

The west calls her a mere housewife if she is at home, showcasing her as if she is married to the house. Ever wondered what Islam calls such women; RABBAY TUL BAYT: the queen of a home. Why hanker after feminism when a woman is known as a queen. A queen in the literal sense. When she is born she is a source of blessing and reward for her father. At the time of marriage, her acceptance matters the most. When she gives birth, Jannah lies under her feet. She has the right to inheritance. She has the right to business.

She has several rights within the limits of shariah. My beloved Nabi ﷺ spoke about her thrice in his last sermon: **“Treat women kindly.”**

Faatimah ﷺ is the queen of Jannah. Khadija ﷺ was the first to accept Islam. Sumayya ﷺ was

the first martyr. Aaisha ﷺ was and still is the greatest scholar, that sahabah who sat in the company of Nabi ﷺ benefitted from her. The law of tayyamum was revealed due to Aaisha ﷺ.


Behind every successful man lies a woman

A common saying yet so profound. Genuine. Beautiful. History bears ample proof to this. Bayazid Bastami became Waliyullah due to his widowed mother. Imam Bukhari became the star of the universe due to his mother. Imam Abu Yusuf became a great saint due to his mother. There are several such names my dear readers. What's more? These sterling women were not after feminism or secularism, however they treasured the rights Islam presented them and managed to raise successful men and leaders. Throughout the centuries, the Muslim Ummah has always been blessed with phenomenal women who were the saints of their time. These unique women were blessed with such outstanding qualities that their lives continue to serve as inspiration and guidance for us all.

She is known as a diamond, to be covered and protected. Ever wondered that when a moon is covered by clouds it does not lose its beauty nor does its name changes, nor does it feel op-

Bayazid Bastami became Waliyullah due to his wid-
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pressed, similarly when a woman is covered she does not lose anything. Moreover she retains her beauty.

Fatima al Zahra  said 'the best thing for a woman is not to see any men, and not to be seen by any men'.

A Muslim woman and her hayaa are more valuable and precious than any gem or jewellery. Hence, just as jewellery remains in a vault for the sake of security, a Muslim woman is required to remain in the recesses of her home where her hayaa and imaan will remain safe and protected.

Allah Ta'ala commands the Muslim women in the Quran saying, "Remain firmly within your homes and do not leave your homes displaying your beauty and attraction in the manner it was displayed by the women in the former times of ignorance." (Surah Ahzaab: 33)


"The time that she is closest to her Rabb is when she is concealed within her home." Likewise, whereas a man is required to go to the masjid and perform salaah with jamaat, a woman acquires the greatest reward for her salaah by performing it not just in the home, but in the innermost recesses of the bedroom.

In the beginning of the 1990's, when in France, the controversy surrounding the wearing of

hijaab in school was an extremely heated issue. The French were faced with economic problems which had resulted in high unemployment and social insecurity. This was predominantly felt in the big cities. The immigrant population, especially from Muslim countries, was seen as one of the causes of unemployment. The sight of hijab in their towns and schools aggravated already negative attitudes towards Muslims. The majority of people thought that allowing students to wear hijab was against the public education system's principle of neutrality on religion. How fortunate are we to be living in a free country having the honour of maintaining our modesty without any restriction or fear.

So mirror mirror on the wall
How do I look today?
Will I turn the heads of one and all
Or chase them far away?

Foundation will put my flaws behind
Cosmetics are really the key
Not a single blackhead or blemish you'll find
Though sadly I'm not what you see!

When the foundation fades and is no more
I'll be forced to flee and hide
My true colours will come to the fore
Is there any beauty inside? 

Hadhrat Saalim Mawla Abi Hudayfah رضي الله عنه

Zawjah Junaid Mukaty tells us abt a brave and beloved Sahabah who didn't let the flag of Islam fall to the ground even when his hands were chopped off

"If you want to learn the Quran, learn from four people; Abdullah bin Masud, Saalim Mawla Abi Hudhayfah, Ubayy bin Ka'ab and Muadh bin Jabal." These were the words spoken by Prophet ﷺ in praise of these companions' expertise in Quran. While at one place Prophet ﷺ also said for Hadhrat Abu Abdullah Saalim, "All praise is for Allah who sent a person like you in my Ummah." What an honour!

Hadhrat Saalim's sweet, melodious and mesmerising recitation of the Quran was not the only reason that made him prominent among other companions, he also understood the Quran very well. Although he belonged to Iran, his Arabic recitation touched every heart. Formerly he had been taken as a slave

and reached Makkah with his master. When he got his freedom, he was accepted as an adopted son by Hadhrat Abu Hudhayfa bin Ut-bah, providing him the name Hadhrat Saalim bin Abu Hudayfah. But soon the rule of adoption where the child was known by the name of his adopted father was abolished. Now Hadhrat Saalim became Salim Mawla Abi Hudhayfah which meant a companion, a friend and a protected person.

This pious and humble man was hosted by Hadhrat Mua'az bin Ma'aiz in Madinah. He was privileged to lead prayers permanently at Masjid Quba, the first mosque built by Prophet ﷺ after migration. Many senior and dignified companions of Prophet ﷺ offered their



While he was becoming a symbol of bravery and courage, an attack of the enemy's sword chopped off his right arm letting the flag fall. Hadhrat Saalim, in a flash, grabbed the flag in his left hand and started fighting again.

prayers behind him which shows the love and respect he was given in the just Muslim society. This is a prominent feature of Islam which no other society exhibits where all Muslims are equal and brother to each other and a slave is no less than a free man.

Like many other companions of Prophet ﷺ, he also put his share in the defence of Islam. He accompanied Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ in all the battles and continued this practice after the demise of the Prophet ﷺ too. His last battle turned out to be Battle of Yamama, fought against a false claimant of prophet hood, Musaylimah Kazzab (Musaylimah The Liar). Such liars dared to raise their heads during the life of Prophet ﷺ and will keep on doing this. But the brave sons of Islam will always defend the finality of prophet hood.

Hadhrat Saalim had the opportunity to carry the flag of Muhajireen in this battle. Before the battle began he said, "No Hafiz will be more unfortunate than me if I don't prove myself worthy as a flag bearer of the Muslims." And no doubt he proved himself

worthy. He penetrated the enemy's rank lion-heartedly and gave them an exceptionally tough time. While he was becoming a symbol of bravery and courage, an attack of the enemy's sword chopped off his right arm letting the flag fall. Hadhrat Saalim, in a flash, grabbed the flag in his left hand and started fighting again. The wicked and ferocious enemy took complete advantage of his injury and cut off his left arm too. But the companions of Prophet ﷺ always wished for martyrdom, they fought till the last drop of their blood.

Hadhrat Saalim clenched the flag to his chest but did not let it fall to the ground. Ultimately, this fearless and valiant man received his martyrdom through arrows, spears and swords of the devilish enemy. This simple man had no riches, the only things that he left behind to meet his Creator were a horse, his weapons and a few belongings.

May Allah give us strength and courage to fight against the enemies of finality of prophethood too

Foods and Drinks of al-Qur'an

Food. The nourishment of the human body. It allows us to live and to worship Allah. Food can heal and food can harm. In the Quran, Allah calls us to eat the good foods that He calls a tayyibaat; the good things. (Surah Baqara: 172) He points out some of these as He swears by the fig and the olives and He provides dates for Maryam. He mentions fruits and seeds many times as a part of His provisions and He provided a special food to the children of Israel called menn and salwa.

So we know these foods must have tremendous benefits.

At times, Allah tests the humans with hunger but seeking forgiveness is a reason for increase in gardens and food (Surah Nuh: 10-14). Allah promises fruits in the Paradise that are not like the fruits of this world. They are fruits that do not rot nor out of season (Surah al Waqiah: 32-33).

Match the words in the box to a picture below.

الأغْنَابُ – النَّخْلَةُ – الرُّمَّانُ – التَّيْنُ – الرِّطَبُ
– الحَبُّ – الفَاكِهَةُ

al-a'naab a nakhlah a-rummaan a-teen a-ratab al-habb al-faakihah



Foods and Drinks in Quran

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

ANAAB
NAKHLAH
TEEN

FAAKIHAH
RATTAB
ZAYTUN

HABBU
RUMMAN

Circle the name of the food that is described.

1/ The food Maryam ate (surah Maryam: 25)

رُطْبٌ عِنَبٌ رُمَانٌ

2/ Allah swore by this food, the name of a surah (surah Teen).

التَّيْنِ مَنْ لَحْمٌ

3/ The tree that grows dates (surah Maryam: 25)

عِنَبٌ تَيْنٌ نَخْلَةٌ

4/ A fruit of the Paradise (surah Rahman: 68)

رُمَانٌ نَفَّاحٌ لَحْمٌ

5/ One of the foods the Children of Israel had in the wilderness (surah Baqara: 57)

زَيْتُونٌ بَصَلٌ سَلْوَى

6/ A drink that is made in the bellies of bees (surah Nahl: 68)

عَسَلٌ عِنَبٌ عَدَسٌ

The Poor Inventor

by Manahil Waqas



The murky atmosphere in the small room gave off a sunken burnt rope smell, indicating the smoking of marijuana. A figure hunched in a narrow corner coughed as he smoked out another puff of his cigarette. A young boy, sprawled on the floor nearby, wrinkled in disgust casting a look at the man with his filthy ragged clothes and unkempt hair, he then busied himself with the discarded things before him.

A young woman came in sight, narrowing her eyes to have a better look of the dingy room. "Oh here you are with all this junk again!" She sneered. "I told you to get ready, we're off to work in a few minutes and if I see you again with this junk, you'll be in trouble." Seething inwardly she turned to go. "I don't understand what this boy finds so good in this junk...." she went off muttering.

'Work?!' Noah thought. 'What kind of work was that, roving about on the roads humiliating themselves before others, did beggary even deserve to be named as work?'

His thoughts were cut off by the shrill voice of his mother. "You are not ready yet!! GO NOW." Noah had sprinted off before she completed her sentence. Moments later they were out with a group of women and children all with the same

shabby and ragged clothing, having an air of solemnity as they marched barefooted on the streets, off to their 'work'.

Noah lazily strolled the streets as usual fed up of the lifestyle his family and people in his neighbourhood had adopted. Why couldn't he just sit somewhere quiet and focus on his work? Trying to assemble pieces and put together different things he had picked up from different places. He believed he could make something useful out of it. Only if his mother allowed him, making him beg was more important to her.

They all had returned as the sun touched the horizon and darkness began to engulfed the city. This was just another day for Noah, for he had seen this lifestyle since he knew. Devouring his stale dinner hungrily, he had retired to bed before his parents started to argue. It was not long before he heard his mother's voice, "I told you we're not earning enough money, stop demanding money everyday!" her bellowing voice rang in his ears.

He turned and covered his ears with the pillow but to no avail. "I will kick you out if you

Minutes later, as he leaned back on his chair exhausted, his past flashed before his eyes. He had indeed come a long way with his determination and hard work.

don't hand me over the money...I know you're hiding it!" The throaty voice belonged to his father. Noah tossed and turned until sleep overtook him.

A sudden movement woke him up. He stayed still, comprehending the situation and the earth shook again with tremendous force, the little furniture in the room began to move. Noah ran to the broken door and in moments he was running away on the street with the moonlight casting shadows as all the neighbours slowly began to evacuate their houses. Suddenly he thought of his parents, running back to his house hurriedly, he only came to the sight of a collapsed roof. Nowhere was any sign of his parents. These happenings were unfamiliar to him, he did not know what to feel. Life had taken a bad turn for the 10 years old Noah.

Wandering on the narrow city streets, Noah begged for money which were enough to satisfy his cruel hunger. The rest of his day was spent in collecting different discarded things from everywhere, which he tried to piece together, his only hobby. Days turned into weeks and weeks became months, life went on like this for Noah.

He spent cold nights on the footpaths, starving for long intervals and having not enough clothes to protect him from the cold winds. Until an old man admitted him to a nearby orphanage.

Although it was way better, but yet life at the orphanage was not a life of milk and honey.

However he had the opportunity to study in the orphanage school. Albeit the poor quality education, Noah showed great improvement. His books were what he spent most of his time with, other than the 'junk' he had, as everyone liked to call it. He did manage to create small useful things out of the junk. Years went by and Noah worked with his sweat and blood, he had to make his dream, of inventing something great, a reality.

The spacious room was equipped with modern technology. Wiping his forehead with a handkerchief, the inventor looked at the tools and gadgets before him, he was about to introduce something astounding to the world.

"Tahir," he summoned his attendant, "don't disturb me unless I call you for some work, I'm extremely busy and won't bear any disturbance."

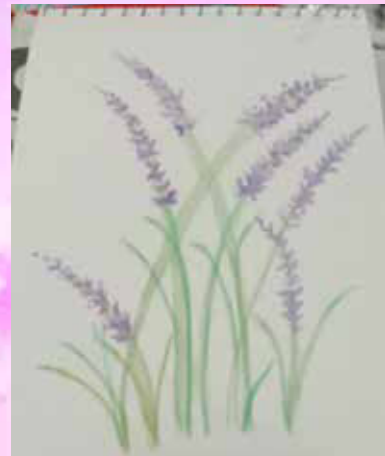
Minutes later, as he leaned back on his chair exhausted, his past flashed before his eyes. He had indeed come a long way with his determination and hard work. His deep desire to invent something workable out of junk was finally about to become a reality.

The next day's newspaper had huge pictures of the great inventor Noah with his new invention, all over the front page. Dreams indeed come true, just some hard work and determination does the trick

Beautiful work by the students using coffee staining and other techniques in the Painting course



Hafsa Hafeez



Mariam Shahid



Mahrin Hasna, 9 yrs, Singapore



Aisha, UK



Faseeha Kashif



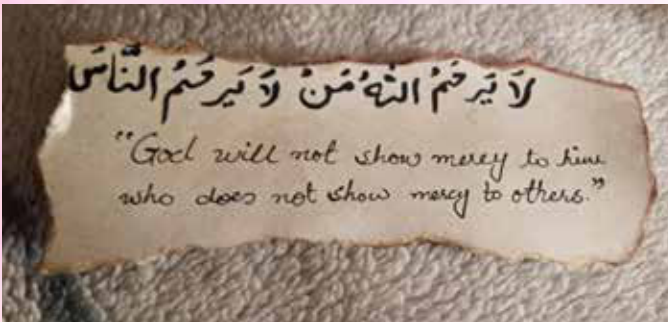
Humera Azam



Hira Zia



Komal Junaid



Sabeen Tausif



Madiha Ismail, UAE



Amina Fatima, Riyadh



Daniyah Barry, 9 yrs, UAE

Deeper than Skin Only

Concept by Zawjah Zia

Artwork by Zawjah Jahangir



Ahmad dear, could you lend me a hand to carry this laundry?



Oh aapi, I am busy in my very important madrasah assignment you see?!



Come Ahmad, help me carry these grocery bags.....



Baba I'm off to madrasah, a student of knowledge should be punctual you know....



....and he was the most helpful to the people around him"

Dear children, we cannot claim Islamic knowledge if we don't adopt this in character too. I try doing it in my home and friends..... Do you?



Do I???

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