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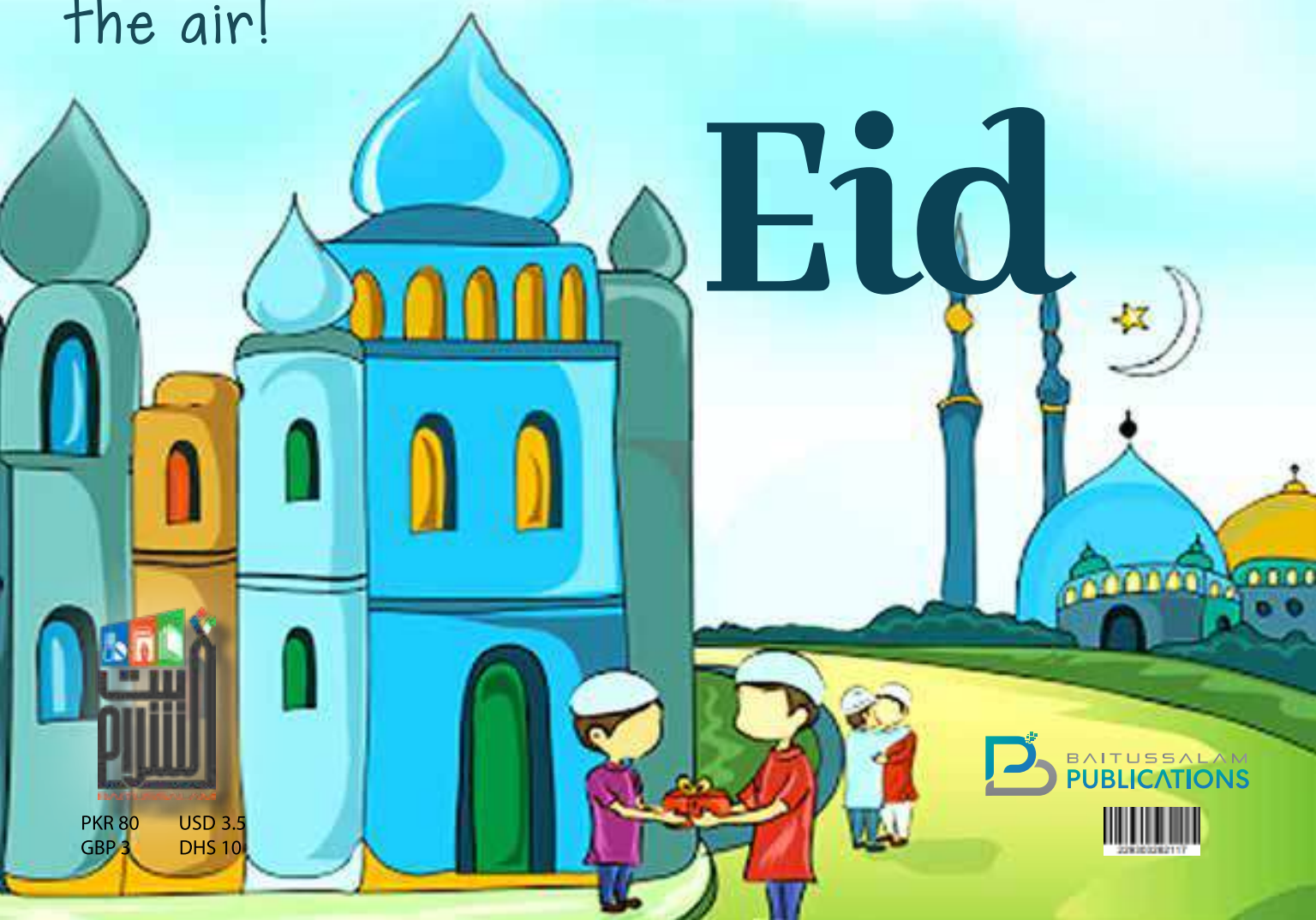
A Mysterious
Suitcase

Why I Love
Rasulullah ﷺ

Love is in
the air!

Comic: All packed up

Eid



PKR 80 USD 3.5
GBP 3 DHS 10

 BAITUSSALAM
PUBLICATIONS





زکوٰۃ ایک فریضہ

صرف قابل اعتماد ہاتھوں سے

صحت

تعلیم



خدمت



ہوئے فریضہ بھی ادا



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Love is in the air!

Assalamualaikum warahmatullahi wabarakaatuhu,

Love is in the air! There is something so sweetly special about this time of the year; the approaching sacred month of Zilhajj and especially its first ten days. Usually this time around we say our farewells to the loved ones gone for Hajj, and how we envy all those blessed 'guests' of Allah ﷻ who gather at the Haramain Sha-reefain. How we wish we could be there too, to share the sweetness and fulfilment with them and to let our hearts swing to the divine love song.....Labbaik AllahummaLabbaik!

By the way, who's stopping us? We can sing this love song wherever in the world we are, can't we? Because our beloved ﷺ for whom we express these emotions of love is with us all the time, so close to us, so near.....Alhamdulillah!

There is no wonder that our beloved Prophet ﷺ has taught us many ways to express our love in these ten days.

The beloved Prophet ﷺ has said: "No good deeds done on other days are superior to those done on these (first ten days of Zilhajj)." Then some companions said, "Not even Jihad?" He replied, "Not even Jihad, except that of a man who does it by putting himself and his property in danger (for Allah's sake) and does not return with any of those things." (Bukhari) SubhanAllah! The deeds done out of this extreme love out-weigh even the reward of Jihad!

So what are we waiting for? Let us all indulge into various forms of expressing our love taught to us by our beloved Prophet ﷺ, especially for these ten days.

Feel like a Haji

Imagine what would it be like to happily leave the comforts of one's home and family in order to visit the house of Allah ﷻ; adorned in that simplest of attires, completely oblivious of one's looks, comforts and wishes, so much so that not even an insect is harmed by you..... doesn't it all tell us that it is the time to love Allah ﷻ exclusively? So that is how we must try

to feel in these days - detached from the world for the sake of Allah ﷻ; focused just like the Hajjis would feel while making their Tawaf.

Not a Haji myself? At least I can imitate one. Our beloved Prophet ﷺ has said: "When any one of you intending to sacrifice the animal enters in the month (Zilhajj) he should not get his hair or nails touched (cut until after the sacrifice)." (Muslim)

So in these days we are encouraged to imitate the pilgrims in every little action; from not cutting or trimming our hair or nails to making constant Zikr and ibadah.

Hate that enemy even more

Stoning the Shaitaan is one of the key features of Hajj. So let us imitate that too in all spirit and action. Let us stone him with the sincere repentance of our sins; nothing hits him harder than that.

A shiny clean slate

Good news! Allah ﷻ blesses His guests with the golden opportunity to make the most fervent Duas and to be forgiven on the day of Arafah; the 9th of Zilhajj. An even better news! The non-pilgrims are not deprived of the opportunity either, our beloved Prophet ﷺ has said: "Fasting the Day of Arafah is expiation for (all the sins of) the previous year and expiation for (all the sins of) the coming year." (Muslim).....so let us seize this golden chance!

So even though for the time being we may not be like the fortunate ones who actually go for Hajj, Allah ﷻ has allowed all of us to be pilgrims at heart; and earn the beautiful blessings and love of our merciful Lord ﷻ Insha'Allah!

Wassalam,
Zawjah Zia

Dear Radiance team

Assalam o Alaikum

I would like to applaud you for the wonderful work that you guys are doing. I am a big bookworm and am constantly looking for books to quench my undying thirst. A few days ago I received a large number of your magazines from a relative and I instantly fell in love with them. There are not many English books about Islam and it is indeed a jackpot to find them. Radiance magazines have guided me a lot, made me realize and correct my mistakes. Thank you for lighting up my days. May Allah prosper your team in both the worlds.

AMEEN.

Regards

Zainab Umar



Assalamu alaikum warahmatullahi wabarakatuh,

I really appreciate your efforts in doing this great job and composing this beautiful magazine which helps a lot especially the teens to not forget their Islamic values and keep sticking to their religion. I am a subscriber of Radiance since the end of 2014 and it's been a long time to be a Radiance member. Never did I ever leave its company as this magazine helps me a lot. So now that I'm shifted to my new home which is in Rawalpindi so I want to change my address. Kindly update and keep sending me this prestigious magazine.

May Allah taala always reward you and help you. Ameen

Hania Kulsoom



A Mysterious Suitcase

Written by Farheen Farwa

Most of the journeys I had travelled before were on the point, certainly good ones, until I had kept waiting for the most amazing one. I, being a sociopath, loved to travel across different countries and cities, and make new friends around the corner. Amusingly, I was recommended this by my psychologist friend who had always seen me depressed in the past because of the hardships I went through.

Well! Continuing what he asked me to do, this time I have planned my trip to Kentucky. I don't know why I chose this place but it was fascinating to me for no particular reason. I have planned my entire week trip, to where I'm going to go, where I'm going to stay and who all I'm going to visit there. The place is not very far, so I chose my journey to be via the train. I know it sounds messed up for many, but honestly, I have been longing to travel via the train.

I sat beside a young girl, and slept. When I woke up, she was not there, anyhow I grabbed my suitcase and left the train. As I entered my room, I opened my suitcase, but what was inside flabbergasted me...

My luggage was switched with someone else. Inside a suitcase there was a diary, I took it out and started reading it... it seemed like a girl's diary. Sometimes it made me laugh, at others it make me emotional.

As I flipped to the last page there was one mission written with a map in it. It was quite a strange map, of some forest.

I am the person who doesn't like to live in the current times, as I love peace and harmony, I believe in familiarity. In the current time majority of people are selfish. I love the life in 1980s as the people are good - there was peace, and the political stability was good too.

As I follow the map, it took me to one street, deep down to the forest, as I cross the forest, I can't believe my eyes...

The surroundings seems very different, streets, lights, houses even cars were antique. Everything was like how it was in 1980s period. It seems like I have travel many years back, it seems like a dream. After enjoying the environment, I went back to the hotel, thinking of visiting the place again next day.

The next day, I searched for the map in the whole room but I couldn't find it, it had disappeared.

I searched the map in my room about ten times, yet I couldn't find it. I was panicking, as I wanted to go there again. I thought to go there without a map, but I couldn't find that amazing place, I took a new route every time but still I couldn't find that place.



Inside a suitcase there was a diary, I took it out and started reading it... it seemed like a girl's diary.

I went back to the hotel, I shared this story with my psychologist friend, Jeff. He replied that it was just an illusion, there is no such place like that, it's just my mind playing around with me. I haven't went where I had planned, nor visited anywhere, just thinking about that place. After some time I went there again but the outcome was same. I was very disappointed and tired.

One night, I opened that suitcase again, for reading that diary. As I opened the suitcase, I saw a new pocket in that suitcase, I was shocked as that pocket was not there before. I checked that pocket, there was an envelope, as I opened the envelope, I found...

There was a letter inside that envelope; it was unnamed, with no post stamp on it. I forget about every logical reason how the envelope existed. I planned to open that envelope.

It is kind of illegal to open someone else's letter but, since there was no name written on it, I cut and open to get a glimpse of it, mostly because of my curiosity and madness over that missing place I was searching for.

As I opened the envelope, I saw that there was a simple white sheet postcard which read a message on it. I forgot to mention one thing that those were the early days when we used to receive telegrams unlike now how we receive letters, and to my amazement, it was a telegram. The message read:

Dear Sajid

I know it has been tiring for you to search for that place innumerable times. When I heard about this place from you, I thought that you were fooling around with me, but this place actually exists and I have found it. I am staying there with my family, everybody is so nice

here, just like how you wanted them to be. Do not give up! Keep trying to find that place because it is worth it.

Signing off
Ali


Every thing seemed so mysterious now. I'm more confused than ever. I don't know how it happened and why it happened but I did not expect Ali to be visiting the place I was talking about when he called it a mere illusion of my brain. It is so unlikely to believe and drain my brain over the fact that how come there was a letter in that girl's suitcase, with Ali's signature on it. I never knew who that girl was. It sounds so gibberish but I'd let it all go and try to find that place again. Every time I think about this, my brain seems to shut down my all pathways for ideas to click in. What purpose did this suitcase follow in my life, will remain a mystery forever...

Continued from pg 23




Finally the time came when Professor Ahmad handed announced the results. Sure enough, her report did turn out to be the best. And, for once, no one had to ask her how inspired she was because it showed in her attire and mostly in how she had become Mariam from Mary.


As Mary stood there before the Raudha e Mubarik, she knew why she loved Rasulullah ﷺ. She loved him because he was Allah's beloved Rasul, he had brought the Glorious Qur'an, because his life, in all its aspects, was a leading light, because he loved his Ummah, because his love and pain for his Ummah was beyond words. It was as if her heart could feel his cries to Allah, "Ummati ... Ummati ... Ummati ..."

Prophet Ibrahim Quiz


Whenever the hajj season appears near in the sacred month of Zhil Hajjah, one can recall the life learned lessons of Prophet Ibrahim , whose stories of Imaan and his steadfast faith in Allah are mentioned in the Holy Quran in various places. So here we are sharing a quiz about his life, check out your knowledge of how well you know about Prophet Ibrahim's sacrifices.

by A Staff Writer

- Where was Prophet Ibrahim  born?
- The Kingdom of Saudi Arabia
 - Egypt
 - Babylon
 - Ethiopia
2. What was the name of Prophet Ibrahim's father?
- Aazar
 - Yusuf
 - Yaqub
 - Lut
3. What was the job of Ibrahim's father?
- Blacksmith
 - A merchant
 - A governor
 - A sculptor of Idols
4. One day the Prophet Ibrahim  went into a temple and smashed the idols. What answer did he cleverly give when the people asked him if he was the one responsible?
- The biggest idol did it - ask it!
 - He wasn't in the city at the time
 - His father did it
 - It happened by itself mysteriously
5. The disbelievers decided to punish Prophet Ibrahim  by throwing him into which of the following:
- The middle of the sea
 - A burning fire
 - A deep well
 - A burning volcano
6. What was the name of the king who chal-

lenged the beliefs of Prophet Ibrahim , and himself claimed to be a god?

- Najashi
- Nimrod
- Farquad
- Firawn

7. Allah commanded Prophet Ibrahim  to travel with Hajar and their son to a valley in the Arabian Peninsula. What did he do with them there?



- He built a house with them
- He found a well there
- He left them there
- He stayed with them


8. Hajar frantically ran between two mountains to find food/drink for her baby. What were these two mountains called?


- Tur and Nur
- Uhad and Arafah
- Safa and Marwah
- Hira and Saur

9. Which miracle occurred when an angel came and struck the ground?


- The ground split open
- The two mountains crumbled
- Food appeared
- Water gushed out

10. What did Allah  command Prophet Ibrahim  to do as a test of his submission to Him, which was shown to him through a dream?

- To build the Ka'bah
- To sacrifice his son Ismail 
- To build Masjid al-Aqsa
- To build an Ark

11. Which of the following is one of the titles of Prophet Ibrahim , which Allah alludes to in the Qur'an?

- Abu Islam (father of Islam)
- Sayf Allah (sword of Allah)
- Abd Allah (slave of Allah)
- Khalillullah (Friend of Allah)

11: Khalillullah
10: To sacrifice his son Ismail 
9: Water gushed out
8: Safa and Marwah
7: He left them there
6: Nimrod
5: A burning fire
4: The biggest idol did it - ask it!
3: Sculptor of Idols
2: Aazar
1: The Kingdom of Babylon

ANSWERS:

Eid

Written by
Adeen Ahmed
12 years

The afternoon sun was hanging in the June sky as Hamza approached the large complex on the outskirts of Islamabad. He remembered it from when, nearly five years ago, he was on the way to Hajj, and he and his family had stayed here with several other pilgrims. Now it served a completely different purpose: to house refugees from Bosnia.

Hamza smiled slightly as he unloaded boxes from the back of his car. They were always pleased to see him – the children most of all. They loved to be with him, to see the wonderful gifts he bought every week he visited. Sometimes it was books – all kinds, some in English, others in Urdu, with which he taught them to speak basic Urdu, or toys, collected from donations. Today it was clothes – the refugees had next to none.

Hamza trudged to the complex, and the guard at the door smiled and let him in. He helped him carry the boxes inside. The sound of running feet reached Hamza's ears as he walked in the hall of the complex. He set down the boxes

and smiled. The children rushed into the hall, all of them laughing and grinning. "Hamza! You're here!"

"Yes, I am," he hugged them. One child – Yusuf – peered into the box eagerly. "What've you brought us this time?"

"Clothes," he said, pulling them out one by one. "You're going to need them soon. Jerseys and trousers, look. There's some dresses for the girls, too."

He'd worked out a system to distribute the clothes fairly amongst the children. First the children with no parents would get an item of clothing, then the children with one parent, and so on. If it fitted, then the child would get it and a hug. If not, it went back in the pile and a new one was produced. The child would smile with his face full of a radiant glow of rare happiness which had disappeared when the war in Bosnia had started.

It was one of the best evenings of Hamza's life. He and the other volunteers sipped tea as they

"By Eid-ul-Azha, Ibrahim," Baba had said, the last Ibrahim saw him, well over a year ago. "I promise. By Eid-ul-Azha, we'll meet again.

The war will be finished by then, Insha'Allah."

And here was now Eid-ul-Azha, approaching fast – in less than two months now. But there was no news of the men and the war.

watched the children play in one of the big rooms, the adults talking with a ghost of a smile on their gray faces.

"They have so less that makes them happy," said Wahaj, one of the other volunteers thoughtfully. "Ever since the war started, they've been in a cycle of countless terror and violence."

"They're very different from us," remarked Seraj, nodding at the blonde hair and blue eyes of the women. "Many of them didn't know the whole Quran and some of them didn't even pray properly. But they've started that once they came here, to this Bosnian Village setup thing. And many of them have started wearing the local clothes rather than their jeans and skirts."

"It's a cultural change for us," said Hamza. "We've never before seen European Muslims. They've never seen any Asian Muslims."

While the volunteers chatted freely amongst themselves in the native Urdu, several of the children frolicked around in one of the rooms, which was full of toys and books the volunteers had brought. Two girls gently fought over a Barbie doll, one was playing with train tracks, another with a teddy bear that had lost one eye. All of them were engulfed in a game one way or the other, except for one.

Eight-year-old Ibrahim sat silently near the window, his face drawn, his eyes as deep and sad as an adult's. He could not enjoy living here. Not when he still got nightmares about the place they'd escaped from.

He remembered his father, still out on the frontlines with the mujahideen, fighting against the Russians for their life and country. Who could

be terribly injured. Who could be fighting for his last breaths in a concentration camp. Who could well be dead now because news traveled so slowly.

"By Eid-ul-Azha, Ibrahim," Baba had said, the last Ibrahim saw him, well over a year ago. "I promise. By Eid-ul-Azha, we'll meet again. The war will be finished by then, Insha'Allah."

And here was now Eid-ul-Azha, approaching fast – in less than two months now. But there was no news of the men and the war. 20th September, 1995 – the date of Eid. But now there seemed no hope. They hadn't had a letter from Baba for four months.

He looked across the open door at his mother, standing in the hall, sharing bleak conversation with another woman. Her worn face was like paper, creased and white with worry. He knew that she, too, was worried just like him, perhaps even more so.

"He promised, Ibrahim," she said softly that night to him before bed. "He will come back, Inshallah, I know he will."

"But what if he's – what if he's dead?" gasped Ibrahim.

"Don't you dare say that about your father!" snapped his mother. "Even if he had passed away, we should call him shaheed – someone who died for the sake of Islam and his country. Don't worry, Ibrahim. Allah is with us."

The days flew by quickly. 10th August. Bundled in the warm wooly jacket that Hamza had given

him, Ibrahim trotted outside where his Uncle Edin was fiddling with a pipe outside.

It had been Uncle Edin and Aunt Aida who had smuggled them out to Pakistan. Uncle Edin, who had ran away from a concentration camp, his mind full of the horrors and tortures inflicted there. He rarely talked, and sometimes woke up in the night screaming, "Get down!" Ibrahim had once asked his mother what that meant, and she explained to him that Uncle Edin and a friend of his had been in a trench where the friend had gotten shot by the Russians. Uncle Edin never forgot the incident.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he said roughly as Ibrahim approached him. "What is it you want?"

"U-uncle Edin," mumbled Ibrahim, "w-when w-will Baba come b-back?"
 "He might not," said Uncle Edin grimly.

Ibrahim's heart dropped down to his boots. "You - you think he might be dead?"
 "That's a possibility," said his uncle, "but the war's at such a crucial stage I don't think they'll allow anyone from the army to get back. This war might end, just not soon, I suppose. And you never know who will win."

"We will win, won't we?" he gulped.
 "If Allah wills it so," was his uncle's only reply. September came. Ibrahim anxiously counted down the days - only twenty more days till Eid. The tension in Bosnia had reached a height of intensity. And then came the letter...

When Ibrahim's mother received it, both mother and son thought it was from Ibrahim's father. But when they opened the envelope, instead of his neat, spidery handwriting, it was a typewritten note. And it wasn't from Baba. It was from the commander of his regiment.

The note said that Ibrahim's father had gone missing, and was presumed dead. But Ibrahim's mother threw down the letter on the dining table where they were sitting. "I

don't believe it," she said fiercely. "The word 'presumed' doesn't mean anything official. He's only gone missing."

Ibrahim felt as if a stone was lodged in his throat. Was it possible that his father was dead? But when his mother hugged him tightly, stroking his hair, he felt her rays of positivity filtering into him. Baba might come back. He just might.

A few days later things started looking up. The air raids on Bosnia had been suspended. There were meetings in New York. "This war might end," said Hamza to the refugees one evening. "And soon you'll be home. Perhaps after Eid!"

There was an official ceasefire declared. Some of the soldiers started coming home to the refugee camps where their families were situated. Eid finally came. Nearly all the families in the complex had their fathers, brothers and sons with them, gathered round the dining hall, chattering and laughing, eating mildly spicy biryani, a complimentary Pakistani dish. Everyone was dressed in simple, but neat clothes, happy for this simple moment. Except for Ibrahim. His father had not come home. He had gone missing. Was he dead? His mother sat stone-faced in a corner. Ibrahim knew she was fighting hard to not give in to the thought that her husband was dead. He went outside. The sun's rays filtered down on the ground, weaving patterns on the grass. He sighed and sat down on the pavement, looking down on the gravel road.

He saw a shadow approaching on the ground, tall and lean, stretching far. He frowned and looked up. The shadow was of a man walking up to the complex with worn clothes. He had a long scar running down the side of his face, and had a bad limp - but to Ibrahim he looked like the best man in the world. "Baba!" he shouted joyfully, and his feet took off running



1. Bank of America

The Bank of America is abducted by 6 masked strangers. One of the strangers asked the teller to give them all the money and suddenly the phone of the teller rings (her mother was calling). To avoid any suspicion robber asked the teller to pick her mother phone.

The teller asked her mother "Is there an emergency mother, Call me when you reach home and I will help you with the dinner."

After 5 minutes, police arrived at the crime scene.

How did the police know about the robbery?

Answers

1. Solution:
 On phone, using pause button, the teller messaged to her mother "Emergency mother, call help".
Explanation:
 all Except one in bold is paused by the teller. Is there an emergency mother, Call me when you reach home and I will help you with the dinner.
2. Solution:
 29
 Jacob standing on the middle rung.
 He goes up 6 rungs so he is now at M+6 and when he goes down 10 rungs so he is at M-4.
 Jacob goes up 18 rungs so he is now at M+14 = T
 14 rungs from the top, 14 rungs from the bottom, and the middle rung. 14+14+1=29

2. Fireman's ladder

A fireman Jacob stood at the center of a ladder and was spraying water on a burning house. He climbed up 6 rungs before the heat of the flames forced him to come down 10 rungs.

Some minutes later, Jacob climb 18 rungs to the very top of the ladder.

How many rungs did the ladder have?

Find the missing Number

Hajj

Written by Asma Parekh

A magnanimous crowd
Sincerely chanting His name
Attired simply in white,
No difference, everyone is just the same .

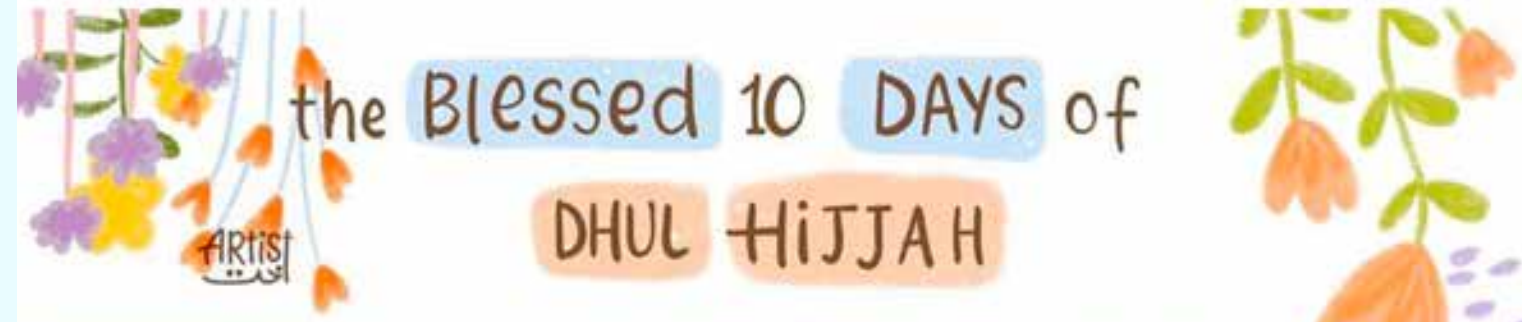
Performing holy rituals
Just as Prophet ﷺ had done,
Abstaining worldly leisure,
Just to attain pleasure of the One.

The Hajj,
Is a journey very spiritual,
I pray for its lasting impact,
In our lives, not just in rituals.

A temporary cage

Written by Asma Khalid

Trapped in the vicious cycle of life,
Deceived by its glittering page,
Ever displeased with leisurely moments,
Did I bother to count my age?
But when the tragedy struck ruthlessly,
And life neared its last stage,
Uncontrollable tears rolled down my eyes,
Ultimate reality eventually dawned,
Life for all is a temporary cage.



the Blessed 10 DAYS of DHUL HIJJA H

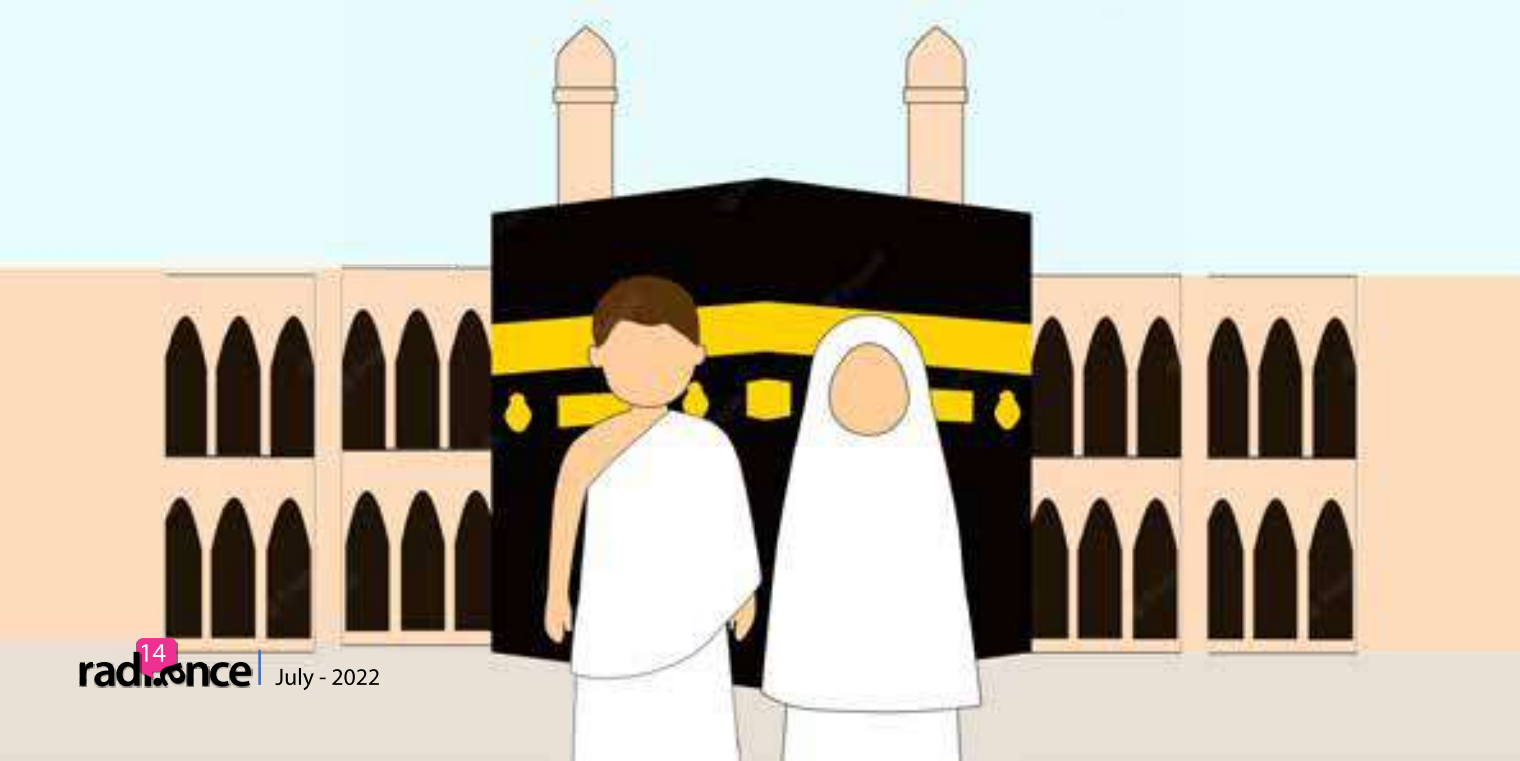
The virtues

No Good Deeds done on other day are superior to those done on these (10 DAYS of Dhul Hijjah)
Sahih-al-Bukhari

- ALLAH SWEARS an oath by them
- these are the days of sacred month
- these also include the Days of sacrifice and pilgrim .
- the great days of Arafah take places during this
- Rewards are MULTIPLIED
- the steller acts of worship : prayers,fast, charity and pilgrimage all gather in these

-What to DO

- fasting during the first nine days
- increase all form of good deeds
- perform hajj ,Umrah
- sincere repentance
- Sacrifice (Qurbani)
- say tahleel la ilaha illallah , takbir Allahu Akbar
- Tahmeed Alhamdulillah and Tasbeeh Subhanallah



Riddles

1. Leave me and you will never find the treasure, Use me and you will attain Allah's pleasure. What am I?
2. When you use me wrongly you can't undo your mistake, so please control me for Allah's sake. So use me well or at least try, now tell me who am I?
3. Who was the messenger who was neither of the human nor of the jinn and who warned his people and is mentioned in the Quran?
4. I am a piece of flesh If I am pure, I can make you full of goodness If I am impure, bad deeds will flow out of you and I will make you distressed. What am I?
5. I never knew what is a father or what is a mother as I never had any of them. Who am I?
6. The person who buys me doesn't need me, the person who makes me doesn't want me, and the person who uses me can't appreciate me. What am I?

Answers

1. Quran
2. Tongue
3. Ant in Surah naml
4. Heart
5. Adam
6. Coffin or burial shroud



Hajj Wordsearch

C	p	t	u	a	m	i	n	a	l	m	s
n	j	o	i	s	b	c	r	x	g	e	a
m	a	k	k	a	h	s	t	k	i	k	c
s	m	p	a	r	k	k	h	i	n	o	r
o	a	r	b	z	v	h	o	s	f	s	i
a	r	b	a	s	e	t	a	w	a	a	f
n	a	l	h	a	j	j	t	a	r	e	i
p	a	s	y	w	c	i	j	j	a	w	c
s	t	u	a	b	m	u	o	r	f	s	e
i	h	r	a	m	p	a	k	b	a	o	m
z	i	h	p	e	o	r	j	g	h	a	h

Find these 10 words in the grid above and learn their meaning.
(The words go from left to right and from top to bottom. There are no diagonal words.)

hajj	kabah
ihram	makkah
tawaaf	kiswa
arafah	jamarat
mina	sacrifice

Mulla Nasruddin's Speech

Once, the people of the city invited Mulla Nasruddin to deliver a speech. When he got on the minbar (pulpit), he found the audience was not very enthusiastic, so he asked "Do you know what I am going to say?" The audience replied "NO", so he announced "I have no desire to speak to people who don't even know what I will be talking about" and he left. The people felt embarrassed and called him back again the next day. This time when he asked the same question, the people replied "YES" So Mullah Nasruddin said, "Well, since you already know what I am going to say, I won't waste any more of your time" and he left. Now the people were really perplexed. They decided to try one more time and once again invited the Mullah to speak the following week. Once again he asked the same question - "Do you know what I am going to say?" Now the people were prepared and so half of them answered "YES" while the other half replied "NO". So Mullah Nasruddin said "The half who know what I am going to say, tell it to the other half" and he left!

Old Woman in Paradise

An old woman came to the Prophet (sallallahu `alayhi wa sallam) and said: "O Messenger of Allah, pray to Allah (subhanahu wa ta`ala) that I will enter Paradise." He said jokingly, "O Mother of So-and-so, no old women will enter Paradise." The old woman went away crying, so the Prophet (sallallahu `alayhi wa sallam)

said, "Tell her that she will not enter Paradise as an old woman, for Allah (subhanahu wa ta`ala) says: (We have created [their Companions] of special creation, and made them virgin-pure [and undefiled]) (Qur'an 56:35-36)." Reported by al-Tirmidhi, it is hasan because of the existence of corroborating reports.

Nasruddin Running

"When I was in the desert," said Nasruddin one day, "I caused an entire tribe of horrible and bloodthirsty bedouins to run. "How did you do it?" asked a person. "Easy. I just ran, and they ran after me."

The Imam's Horse

An Imam was selling his horse in the market. An interested buyer came to him and requested if he could get a test drive. The Imam told the man that this horse is unique. In order to make it walk, you have to say Subhanallah. To make it run, you have to say Alhamdulillah and to make it stop, you have to say Allahu Akbar. The man sat on the horse and said Subhanallah. The horse started to walk. Then he said Alhamdulillah and it started to run. He kept saying Alhamdulillah and the horse started running faster and faster. All of a sudden the man noticed that the horse is running towards the edge of the hill that he was riding on. Being overly fearful, he forgot how to stop the horse. He kept saying all these words out of confusion. When the horse was just near the edge, he remembered Allahu Akbar and said it out loud. The horse stopped just one step away from the edge. The man took a deep breath, looked up towards the sky and said Alhamdulillah!

Not too late!

Written by
Ibn-e-Gul

"I need to go back home," Safir took a sip from his coffee.

They were sitting on boulders by the fire outside their camp. It was a chilly night. All his friends were slumbering deeply inside. Only he and Raheel were outside. His gaze was fixed at the polar star in the sky. Raheel could see some sparkling tears in his eyes. The trees around were silent like deep in meditation. Somewhere owls were hooting to break the frozen silence of the night.

"What? What's up with you? Are you all right?" Raheel could not help himself asking. He could not believe it is the Safir who motivated all the others into camping on this freezing weather in the mountains.

"I can't explain. But, whatever, I must pack up to leave by dawn." Safir wiped up his tears surreptitiously. He was wide awake all the night long. By twilight he had the last glance of the mountains and left without stopping for a moment. All his friends particularly Jan were astounded by this prompt change of

mind.

Weary and exhausted by his journey, Safir banged three times at his house door. A staggering shadow was plodding towards the door lock. A feeble and trembling hand unlocked the door. Safir could see the corpse-like body staring incredulously at him. He could see it having shaggy hair and swollen red eyes. Safir could not stop himself from crying with shriek like a kid. He dropped himself at the feet of the shaking body and sobbed, "Mom! Forgive me for leaving you alone! Mom! Look! I came back, I will take care of you! Please forgive me! I will never leave you alone again. I hope it's not too late!"



The lost habit of Reading

Syeda Umm e Hani Mansoor
12 years
Usman Public School System

Reading books is a source to fight against loneliness, it defeats boredom. It is also a source of starting each day with full vigour and enthusiasm. Books, no doubt are a very faithful friend of the reader who never betrays you but instead it stays with you, supports you and accompanies you.

"I read a book one day and my whole life was changed." - Orhan Pamuk

As a reader reads a large variety of books, he encounters a lot of events and lives. He feels that he is a part of that event, even though he is not.

A reader understands every person because of his reading capability. He has actually faced and read so many lives that he knows what you feel like and understands your reactions.

Reading also calms one down and reduces stress. It takes us to an unknown world, where we make new friends. A reader doesn't rely on any other friend because he relies the most on books only because they are his true companions.

Reading books will affect you directly. Your mind will get sharp and will let you think of ideas out of the box. They broaden our mind and makes us a true reader, writer and along with it gives us a lot of confidence. I can say it with complete confidence that no writer in this world has become a writer without reading.

Reading enhances a person's vocabulary and he is able to perform best in his studies as well as in other aspects of life. His imagination skills strengthens and his observation gets stronger.



Over here I must also mention that not just reading is important but to read with proper understanding and comprehensive skills is also important. You must know the meaning of whatever you are reading. I remember seeing so many people who have read more than hundred books, but they still did not succeed in writing a good essay full of phrases and impressive vocabularies. Do you know why? It was because they never read with much understanding and skipped those words that they did not know the meaning of. It was because of this they struggled not only in their writings but in their pronunciation as well.

After reading, writing is also important so that your imagination and ability to express your thoughts and surroundings get deep and sharp. Of all of this, there is another thing that is very essential for reading. One that you must read good books and not the books that put bad impression in one's mind. Bad books affect your thoughts and your personality very deeply so it's better that you read good, informative books that include biographies as well. When a person reads positive stories and stories of successful people he gets inspired and tries to be like him which is very beneficial for him. The second thing is that you must not think that I cannot do it. You must believe on yourself and not give up. You must set your goal and start working on it from today.

I hope and pray to my Allah that he makes us all brilliant and privileged readers and later onwards famous writers too!

Aameen

Hadhrat Arqam bin Abi Arqam رضي الله عنه



Written by Zawjah Junaid Mukaty

The polytheists in Makkah were getting intolerant and out of control. The Muslim sons of polytheists were put in chains, the slaves who had accepted the invitation of Prophet ﷺ were severely persecuted and a mediocre newly turned Muslim was offered all kind of hardships so that they would turn away from Islam. Their oppression increased every passing day which resulted in assassinations too. Making newly converts lie on hot desert sand under the scorching sun with a heavy rock on their chest or burning their flesh with hot iron rods were common there but all these obnoxious tricks could not make those Muslims turn to their former religion. Due to this aggression, Muslims could not reveal their religious identity therefore it was quite difficult to preach and teach the instructions of Islam.

While this madness was prevailing, a young Muslim from the tribe of Makhzoom, of approximately eighteen to twenty years of age, came to Prophet ﷺ and said that he had a huge house at the foot of Mount Saffa near the House of Allah. He presented that house to Prophet ﷺ so that he could carry on with the heavy responsibility as a prophet peacefully.

Before accepting Islam, he took care of army camps and his family lineage met Prophet's ﷺ at Murrah bin Ka'ab.

Hadhrat Arqam bin Abi Arqam رضي الله عنه was only sixteen to seventeen years old when he accepted Islam. Narrations report that he was either eleventh or twelfth Muslim to enter the circle of Islam through Hadhrat Abu Bakr's رضي الله عنه efforts. He had inherited this house from his father, Al Arqam with a promise that he will not sell it. It was situated at a quiet and safe place as there were no marketplace nearby and exit and entrance could be kept a secret. Other positive aspects were that it was far from the meeting place of Quraysh and they could not imagine anything as such happening there because Banu Hashim and Banu Makhzoom had grievous relationship with each other.

It was here, in Dar e Arqam or House of Arqam, that the Muslims came to Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ to learn about Islam and its divine teachings. This is how Allah helps his obedient servants, when the enemies were planning to hurt the new converts so that

In the Battle of Badr Prophet ﷺ had granted him a sword through which he exhibited his valour and proved his mettle.

they turn back to their former religion, Allah planned something different for them. Allah helped his Prophet with a young teenager who supported him in the worst times.

Dar e Arqam remained a safe haven and centre of Islam for the Muslims till the sixth year of prophet hood. When Allah wanted to guide Hadhrat Umar towards the right path, he sent him to Hadhrat Saeed bin Zaid's house. He was the one who showed him Dar e Arqam's way where he embraced Islam. At first when Muslims saw him from the eye-hole, they were frightened to see Hadhrat Umar there because enmity of Hadhrat Umar against Muslims was quite dangerous and pronounced. Initially they assumed that he was there to murder Prophet ﷺ but the reality was absolutely different. Hadhrat Umar had a fearless and brave personality. He boldly announced his faith and began praying in Haram of Makkah openly. Since then he used to give protection to the Muslims and the preaching of Islam caught a great speed.

This house went in custody of Hadhrat Arqam's children after his death. In hundred and fortieth Hijra, an Abbasid Caliph, Abu Jaffar Mansoor bought him from Hadhrat Arqam's grandson in high price. After him, Caliph Mahdi took it in his possession and

rebuild it. With time, many changes were made in it but the name of this house remained the same; Dar e Arqam.

Hadhrat Arqam also emigrated to Madinah with the other Muslims. There his brotherhood was established with Hadhrat Abu Talha by Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ and he was also awarded a piece of land in Madinah's area, Bani Zareeq.

In the second year of migration, the battles between Muslims and the polytheist erupted. Hadhrat Arqam participated in many of the ghazwas and skirmishes that awaited the Muhajireens and Ansars. In the Battle of Badr Prophet ﷺ had granted him a sword through which he exhibited his valour and proved his mettle.

Every soul born in this world has to depart, thus this young generous boy turned into an eighty five year old man and died forty four years after Prophet's ﷺ demise in fifty fifth Hijra. Hadhrat Sa'ad bin Abi Waqqas رضي الله عنه led his funeral prayers and Jannat ul Baqee became his resting place. He left two sons, Ubaidullah and Usman, and three daughters, Safia, Maryam and Ummayya. May Allah grant us too a generous heart which would love to spend in His way

Why I Love Rasulullah ﷺ

Written by: Mariam bint Imran



“Excuse me. Could you please answer a question?” Mary asked a burqa-clad woman in an all-women park. The lady, who had brought her three daughters to play there, turned to find quite a fashionable young woman equipped with pen and paper. Some would say that the all-black attire was a strange thing to see in a such a modern city, but Mary wasn’t there to say that.

“I’m sorry?”

“I want to ask you something. Could you please spare some time?” Mary inquired again.

“Sure,” that woman said, and gestured toward a nearby bench.

“My name is Mary Robins. I’m a Christian,” Mary introduced herself.

“And my name is Ayesha Zain. I’m a Muslim, Al-hamdulillah.” She smiled.

“I’m a university student, and quite a serious one at that. Our professor has instructed us to ask people of different religions why they love their prophets or religious leaders, whatever the case may be and then to give him our reports stating who inspired us the most and why. I have interviewed people of many religions, without getting any inspiration, so now I have decided to ask some Muslims as they are also a religious majority. So would you share your feelings with me?”

“Of course!. Although this topic has great depth and cannot be summed up in the little time we have.”

“I just want to know the biggest reason for your love for your Prophet,” Mary explained.

“Hmmm...” Ayesha closed her eyes for some time as if choosing her words. Mary got ready to write. Ayesha drew a long breath and said, “Allah chose our prophet, Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ to convey His message and to be a living model of the Holy Qur’an. The Qur’an is such a book that when you are depressed and can’t find peace, when you feel that the whole world is against you, when you feel like giving up, if you read it, you will forget all your worries, you will feel peaceful and you will find the solution to your problems. At times, it warns us of the punishment for sins and at times it tells us of the rewards for doing good. All of us Muslims are greatly indebted to our dear Prophet ﷺ him for teaching us this Glorious Qur’an and for being a role model for us to follow ...” Ayesha kept on explaining as Mary’s hand moved quickly. She was feeling very excited as this was finally something that was making sense. She believed that her report would be the best.

At night, before going to bed, she decided to read the report again. She started reading the people’s views, the first being about Jesus.

“Well, mainly I love Jesus Christ because, although he was innocent, he gave his life for our sins. This is such a great sacrifice by him ...”

Mary wasn’t able to make any sense of why somebody, especially the son of god (Na’uza billah) would give his life for the sins of every Christian in the world. Even though she was a

Christian herself, she had never thought about her religion seriously. For her, life was just meant for fun and religion only meant restricting her freedom. Annoyed, she started to read the next and then the next one, not really understanding any of them, until she came to her interview with Ayesha. Mary read it thoroughly and then read it again and again. It was so heart-touching, she decided to ask some other Muslims, too .

“I love the Prophet ﷺ because his life is a beacon of light for all of us. It tells us the solution to every problem. He conveyed the Qur’an to us and also explained it by his Sunnah. His life shows us how to lead our lives according to Allah’s orders, so we can be successful in this world as well as in the next. When I face any dilemma, his life comes to my mind and suddenly it becomes easy to make a decision. In every field, be it religious or worldly, his life shows us the straight path. Even though he is not here with us now, his life and his teachings remain to guide us till the Day of Judgment ...” Mary was interviewing another Muslim, Fatima, and this time her mind was absorbing more than her pages were.

“Why do I love Rasulallah ﷺ? Even the date palm trunk loved him ﷺ,” Khadeejah said.

Mary looked at the teenager, puzzled. The girl explained, “In the beginning, the walls of Rasulallah’s ﷺ’s mosque comprised of the trunks of date palm trees. Our Prophet ﷺ used to lean against one of the trunks while delivering his sermons, and that palm trunk knew how lucky it was. Later, a pulpit was constructed and Rasulallah ﷺ delivered his sermons there. One day, the companions ﷺ of our Prophet ﷺ heard a noise, as if a camel were crying, they felt the mosque shaking. It took them some time to realize that the date palm was crying, the pain of its distance from Rasulallah ﷺ and from the

Qur’an and Zikr of Allah that he did during his sermons-- was too much for it to bear. Rasulallah ﷺ went to it, he placed his hand on it and slowly, like a child, its crying died down... We Muslims also yearn to see him and pray for his company in the Hereafter because of our love for him.”

“I love Rasulallah ﷺ because he is Allah’s messenger and Allah’s beloved. He ﷺ was also an extremely loving prophet for this Ummah. He loved his people so much that he would cry during the nights for their (and our) forgiveness and guidance. He didn’t want even a single one of us to fall into Jahannum. He wanted the best of both worlds for us, and took great pains to spread the message of Allah to humanity. The people of Taif mocked him when he called them towards the straight path. The boys threw stones at him that made him bleed. But when the angel of the mountains asked Rasulallah ﷺ if he wanted him to crush them, he said no.”

“Why didn’t he let the angels punish them?”

“Because our Prophet ﷺ was ‘Rahmatul-lil-Aalameen’, this means he was merciful to all, in this world and the next. He loved his ummah and didn’t want them to suffer. I can feel his love travel through time to reach me even today...”

Each word that Alimah Amna said hit Mary’s heart. Now she wasn’t bothering to write much, rather she let her words seep into her heart.

Mary remained sitting motionless on the bench after the Aalima had left. ‘This prophet ﷺ loved his people and his people love him to a degree no one else in history has ever been loved before. They’re ready to lay down their lives for him;, for his honour. Centuries have passed; what is it that binds them so?’ This question was all that was on her mind. Mary resolved to find the answer. She rose with this determination. She spent sleepless nights studying the Qur’an as well as the life of Rasulallah ﷺ, finding both to be mirror images of each other.

Continued on pg 07

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