

VOL 12/ISS 12
December - 2022

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LIVING AND LOVING THE YOUNG MUSLIM LIFESTYLE

A Great Loss For
The Ummah

Children Of War

A Bitter Reality

One Chance

THE STORY OF RAIN



PKR 80 USD 3.5
GBP 3 DHS 10



BAITUSSALAM
PUBLICATIONS



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بيت السلام کر رہا ہے یتیم بچوں کی کفالت آپ کے
تعاون سے آئیں اس نیک کام
میں ہمارا ساتھ دیں

Address:

Baitussalam Imdadi Markaz, Mezzanine
Floor, Chapal Beach Arcade III, Clifton
Block 4, adjacent to Imtiaz super store
and opposite Hyperstar Carrefour super
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- بچہ اسکول کا طالب علم ہو



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A great loss for the Ummah

A Tribute to respected Mufti Rafi Usmani (Rahmatullah alayh)

The night of November 18, 2022 saw the falling of a great star. The demise of our respected Sheykh Mufti Rafi Usmani (Rahmatullah alayh) is a great loss for the Ummah. Mufti Sahib (Rahmatullah alayh) is finally home with his beloved Allah Ta'ala. He prepared for this day decades ago. *Inna lillahi wa Inna illahi rajion.*

Writing about such pure personalities makes my hand tremble, while my eyes well up thinking he is no longer amongst us. Yet I pull up the courage and continue, for reading about him will create an indelible imprint on the minds and hearts of our readers, inspiring them and me to follow in his footsteps.

Hadhrat Rafi Usmani (Rahmatullah alayh) was the son of Hadhrat Shaf'i Usmani (Rahmatullah alayh), elder brother of Hadhrat Mufti Taqi Usmani (Hafizahullah) and a prominent and special caliph of Hadhrat Dr. Abdul Hai Arefi (Rahmatullah alayh). He was one of the descendants of Hadhrat Usman Ghani Radhi Allahu anhu and he also had the privilege of being named by Hadhrat Hakeem Ummat Maulana Ashraf Ali Thanvi (Rahmatullah alayh).

Education

You read Qaida al-Baghdadi from your respected father, then started memorization of the Quran at Darul Uloom, Deoband. You got this great blessing that the Grand

Mufti of Palestine, Alhaj Amin Al-Husseini, completed your memorization of the Qur'an. After that, he entered Darul Uloom Karachi and graduated from Dars-e-Nizami in 1960, and during the same period of his studies, he also passed the examination of "Maulvi Fazil" from Punjab University.

You entered the first established department in the sub-continent under the supervision of your father Majid for "Specialization in Jurisprudence" and along with that you taught three lessons of the elementary level of Darse Nizami.

As a Teacher and Reformer

Blessed with exceptional power of understanding, you used to explain the most difficult and precise concepts of the subjects in such a simple and common way that every student would immensely benefit; Special attention to the solution of the book, avoidance of unnecessary points and discussions, focus on the soundness of the text and pronunciation, ancient and modern jurisprudential issues related to the text of hadith and their background and various intellectual, political and economic movements in the context of the current situation. As well as analysis of innovative ideas in a solid, reasoned and serious academic manner, entertaining students with jokes and offering various academic and entertain-

ning activities from time to time in your own charming style were the great characteristics of your teaching.

During his teaching if the name of the author or a saint came in the book, he would take his name with great respect, especially when the name of the Holy Prophet ﷺ was mentioned, this state of reverence would increase even more. With clear pronunciation, he used to read the entire "Sallallahu aleihe wassalam" himself every time and also advised the students to read it with the correct pronunciation and did not let them forget it, he was very sensitive and inflexible in this matter.

Title of the Grand Mufti

You had knowledge and access to research on all the Islamic sciences, but mainly your mind was ruled by jurisprudence and ifta. The keenness of vision, breadth of study, intellectual reflection, power of reasoning and inference and jurisprudential understanding and insight that have been given to you are rarely found in the fortune of any academic person. Recognizing his abilities, more than 400 scholars of the present age unanimously conferred the title of "Grand Mufti of Pakistan" on him in a representative meeting of the "World Council for the Protection of the Finality of Prophethood" held under the chairmanship of Hazrat Maulana Yusuf Ludhianvi. After Hadhrat Mufti Shafi Sahib and Mufti Wali Hasan Tonki, he was the third personality to be honoured with this title.

By fully following his Shaykh, Hazrat Dr. Abdul Hai Arifi, his instructions and reformative advices, he set the standards of behavior and got a special position in the eyes of his Shaykh and was awarded the Khilafat. Despite academic and administrative engagements, he also carried out the responsibility of reforming and educating the common people with great courage and tact.

A very special habit

His special habit was that he used to love all his elders and religious benefactors immen-

sely, especially Hazrat Hakeem Ummat Maulana Ashraf Ali Thanvi, Hazrat Dr. Abdul Hai Arefi and your great love for your respected father was extremely desirable, this is the reason why you used to make a special arrangement for doing Ahsaal e sawab for them, reading Qur'an every month and sending its reward for your parents. In addition, he used to reward his mentors for the amount of recitation in Ramadan, Taraweeh, etc. Whenever he went for Hajj and Umrah, he would perform one Umrah on behalf of his father and one on behalf of his mother, and on behalf of all the teachers, elders and benefactors.

Status of Hadhrat's Worship

He was one of the chosen persons whom Allah the Almighty had given a special taste for worship - even in his old age he used to keep performing extra Nawafil consisting of extended recitation. He used to keep the words of dhikr and aurad on his tongue all the time.

Hadhratwala's pen and writings

He was endowed with a high level of literary and writing skills, the owner of a careful pen and a master of style, each of his writings was a beautiful and excellent example of moderation and balance.

His writings on most ancient and modern topics are: The easy solution to the problem of destiny in beliefs, The signs of resurrection and the descent of Christ, The three systems of economics in Europe, Ilm al-Sigha with Urdu interpretations, The biography of Mufti-e-Azam, My mentor, Hazrat Arifi and many others.

He had rendered valuable services for the country and nation in the field of politics and administration, court and judiciary, economy and education. May Allah taala May Allah rest Hadhrat's soul in eternal peace and grant him the highest place in Jannah. May Allah taala bless us with the Faiz of such blessed personalities as well as help us to follow in their footsteps. Ameen

Wassalam,
Umm Abdullah

A BITTER REALITY



Written by M. Bint Hanif
South Africa

One is known as this world and one is known is that world. Between these two worlds there is a distance of a mere breath. You breath and this world and when you won't, then undoubtedly that world.

Young or old, rich or poor, successful or unsuccessful, Muslim or Non-muslim, humans or Jinnaat, the animals of the sea or the jungle, the birds in the sky or the insects underground, all have to unequivocally face the bitter deserted reality of death.

Every soul will have a taste of death, and you will receive your recompense on the Day of Resurrection. Whoever is swayed from the Fire, and admitted to Paradise, has won. The life of this world is merely enjoyment of delusion. [The Quran 3:185]

Suliman bin Abdul Malik once asked Abu Hazim r.a: "Why are we afraid of death?"

He replied, "You are afraid because you have beautified the world and discarded the Aakhirah; thus you dislike to proceed to wilderness, departing from the habituated and beautified world."

"Definitely you have spoken the truth indeed!" Suliman acknowledged.

Every living being is assured of one thing in their life and that is the inevitable death at one point in time. If there is one thing that frightens human beings is the thought of one's death or those of dear and near ones.

When it comes to natural disasters there is nothing or no one to be blamed and it is part and parcel of living in this world. Add to it is the unexpected accidents in the form of a plane crash and that too when the plane is already landed safely in the heavy rains but still not able to avoid the disaster.

Virtuous and righteous people are not worried at the concept of death because they firmly hope to have a better life in the next world.

Rasulullah ﷺ has stated: "A man loves his life while death is better for him."

Rasulullah ﷺ further added: "A man regards death as detestable, although death is better than mischiefs. Thus as soon as he dies, he is secure from the mischief of this world."

In brief, death is something very desirable provided the person is righteous and has formulated a good relationship with Allah.

Those individuals who live doing good acts

Those individuals who live doing good acts prefer death to this worldly abode and desire to depart for the permanent life of peace and comfort, away from this world of sorrow and sufferings.

prefer death to this worldly abode and desire to depart for the permanent life of peace and comfort, away from this world of sorrow and sufferings.

It is imperative that we become weary of our surroundings and realize that no amount of riches and wealth will become a barrier to us reaching the darkness of the grave. Yes! Undoubtedly we definitely have the ability to change that darkness into light and a beautiful garden of paradise by committing good deeds and avoiding bad deeds. Realizing that true and ultimate success lies in obeying the commandments of Allah and following the teachings of Rasulallah ﷺ.

Sayyiduna Jaabir (radhiyallahu ‘anhu) reports, “I heard Rasulallah ﷺ mention, “Every slave (of Allah Ta’ala) will be resurrected on that (condition) which he died upon (i.e. if he died in the condition of doing actions of piety, he will be resurrected as a pious person, and if he died in the condition of committing sin, then he will be resurrected as a sinner).” (Saheeh Muslim #7232)

No person knows when the appointed moment of his death will strike. This is the stark reality that every person faces. When getting into the car, we do not know if we will live to return home. When retiring to bed at night, we do not know if we will live to see the morning. Even when placing a morsel of food into our mouths, we do not know if we will live long enough to swallow the morsel.

Hence, at every moment, a believer should be concerned that the action which he is

engaged in should be permissible and pleasing to Allah Ta’ala (whether eating, meeting people, traveling, etc.), as this may perhaps be his last action before leaving this world. In essence, there is no guarantee of life, and death may befall us at any moment. Hence, the question is, “How will we meet our death?”

The truth of this statement has been witnessed time and time again throughout history. How many fortunate people spent their lives in the recitation of the Quraan Majeed and were blessed to leave this world while the words of their Rabb flowed from their tongues. How many blessed souls spent their nights engaged in nafl salaah, and were then honoured to have their souls extracted while they were in sajdah. How many courageous men would leave their homes to strive for Islam and were then blessed to meet their end in the path of Allah Ta’ala!

If one is ever tempted to commit a sin, He should think to himself, “What will become of me if I pass away in this condition of sin? What if the Angel of Death strikes while I am immersed in this evil?”

Insha-Allah, if we train ourselves to think and ponder in this manner, then this will be an effective deterrent that will restrain us from obeying our nafs (carnal self) and falling into sin.

May Allah Ta’ala assist us to lead lives of piety, to have a death of piety, and to be resurrected in a condition of piety, aameen

The Girl from Balochistan

Part 2 of 2

By Adeen Ahmed

By the time they reached the schoolhouse, the white pearly clouds had become a dark gray, casting a shadow over the entire region. With wet, stringy hair and soaked clothes, the sisters crept inside, astonished to see that hardly anyone was there and the teacher was packing up her things.

“Isn’t there class today, Ms Leyla?” asked Maryam.

“I’m afraid not,” she informed, frowning at the sky outside. “It looks like the rain’s too much for anyone to come to school. We should’ve stayed at home.”

“So it’s not my first day of school?” whispered Rani, crestfallen.

“Not today,” Ms Leyla shook her head.

“Don’t worry, Rani,” consoled Hala, giving her little sister a hug. “I’m sure the rain will clear up soon and we’ll be able to have class tomorrow.”

“Until it clears up, you’d better stay here,” the teacher pursed up her lips and sighed as she sat in a rickety chair.

“Well, it’s not like we can do otherwise,”

mumbled Aman, as they looked dolefully outside the sky.

The rain was pelting so fast they could hardly see anything. The water was swamped outside the schoolhouse. There was a slight rumble and a rushing sound coming from the distance.

And suddenly it came. The water, rushing up the path, swallowing everything it encountered. Peering from the window, it looked as if the schoolhouse was in the middle of a lake or sea. And then the rushing sound was right next to them; at the door; and then it burst open, and the water poured in.

Rani only had a minute to notice the frothy gray water before it overcame them and she blacked out.

Her eyes slowly opened. The sun glared into them and she blinked. Her lips felt dry and parched, and the jute mat she was lying on was scorching with the heat. Her throat felt as dry as the ground beneath her.

“What happened?” she whispered, barely audible.

There was a muddy heap some feet away which might've been a house before.

"She's awake!" said Khajista excitedly, hugging her little sister joyfully.

"Oh, thank Allah," murmured Maryam, tears in her eyes. "I thought she would never wake up!"

"How are you feeling?" asked Ms Leyla, bending over Rani.

"I'm - I'm all right," she whispered. "What happened?" she repeated her question.

Khajista bit her lip and Maryam looked at their teacher who looked grim.

"A flood happened," said Maryam shortly.

Rani sat up suddenly to look at her surroundings. There were several people bunched up together, mostly sitting, or crouched around figures lying on jute mats like the one she was sitting on. The heat was scorching. Some people were crying, others looked grim. There were some tents set up and people in printed T-shirts going in and out of them. There was a muddy heap some feet away which might've been a house before.

"Where's Hala and Aman?" demanded Rani.

Maryam swallowed. "They're missing," she said, chewing on her thumbnail.

"And Amma and Abba?" asked Rani fearfully.

Khajista and Maryam looked at one another grimly. Ms Leyla stepped forward. "They've gone to Allah (s.w.t), my dear," she said gently.

The news hit Rani like a wall of bricks descending down on her. Her throat closed up tight. "No," she murmured, her lip slightly trembling.

Maryam stroked Rani's short hair and bit her lip so as not to start crying. A man in a blue T-shirt with white letters printed on it came towards them. Another man in a usual plain shalwar kameez came too, and they both started talking to Ms Leyla.

"What was he saying?" asked Khajista.

"The men went to your locality to look for the bodies. The flood was the worst there. There's still volumes of water around," said her teacher. "The flood came from the river some fifty yards away from your house. The animals are dead and the crops destroyed, and the orchards uprooted."

"Balli!" shrieked Rani suddenly. "Oh, Balli! He's not dead, is he? Is he?"

"We don't know for sure," Ms Leyla's hands twisted in her lap. "We must pray to Allah for the best."

A woman bought a plate of food for them, but Rani didn't feel like eating. She could only think of Balli and his funny babyish face and his long silky ears, as he nuzzled Meena. She felt empty inside as she looked out on the horizon.

They walked down to their part of the village two days later. The land was barren and dry. The little grass that was there was burnt and a dull yellow-green. Their house was barely recognizable, just a heap of mismatched arranged bricks. The small barn where they kept the animals was nowhere to be seen. The lovely, beautiful orchards in which they had been eating apples a few days ago were uprooted, long boughs of leafless branches lying scattered onto the ground. They stood around looking at all the ruin.

"What will happen to us?" asked Khajista fearfully.

"We must hope for the best," said Maryam grimly.

"And pray to Allah for safety," added Ms Leyla, her arms around the girls. "May He end these terrible times soon."

Rani said nothing. She was looking out at the western sky and thinking of little Balli.

CHILDREN OF WAR

***Anum Tahir Hashmi's* story makes us despondently ponder how long the children of the world would have to bear the cruel cramps of wars**

The sounds of the bombings became such a routinely activity for them that now, it often met deaf ears and silent screams. Each and every inhabitant of the now ruined town waited for their turn to be wrapped up in the white shroud of death and people crying over their grave as they die an innocent martyr.

“Come out now or else we will kill your sister.”

The vile soldier threatened, Maryam was hiding in her closet. She was a girl of 14 years of age, beautiful skin, black locks and deep blue eyes and her personality was even more striking with politeness , kindness, wisdom, and passion, one the few traits of her being. Her beauty and brains were well known but she was not the only pretty girl in this area however, she was a lucky girl as she was one of the few who remained protected from the dirty aims of the blood thirsty soldiers who could barge in on anyone and take whosoever they desired from a household. The hostages were mostly returned dead or if not then brutally tortured so much that they would rather prefer to die.

“Think quickly it’s Haya’s life at stake here I need to be quick.”

Maryam’s thoughts were everywhere. She was shaking with terror and scared for herself and her sister. They both lost their mother five years ago due to a missile launched at the school she used to teach in. Their Father, Abdullah was the ray of sunshine in their life who was taken away just a week ago when he was leading the Friday prayers at the only Mosque left standing. They say that losing fear and love of Allah takes the soul and consciousness out of people and just leave a mass of flesh and ego , it’s all true.

She wanted to jumped out the very second and claw out their eyes and scream at them for even thinking of hurting her sister. But she knew well that she couldn’t do any of those things.

Before the attack ,

Haya was lost in her land of day dreaming of a better future that may seem too far fetched. She’s an 8 year old girl with light brown hair and hazel eyes that shone even after having to shed tears since her infancy. She was outgoing, upright and a happy kid

even in the face of adversity she cheered up her father and sister. The sudden thud at the door made her jump and hide under the severed bed, but her rapid breathing made the soldier notice her and he instantly pulled her out by her hair.

“Leave me!” begged Haya with little hope. “Where are others hiding you little wretch!” Screamed the horrible looking soldier with a machine gun ready to shoot anyone anytime.

“I...I.. don’t kn...ow” Haya lied.

Maryam had hid in a better place but now wished that she was rather caught with her sister.

“Call out for your family or we will kill you!” shouted the merciless man again.

“Leave it, just kill this kid and go to another house,” said the other soldier who clearly looked annoyed.

“Not yet. I want to have some fun. We have spent the day killing these wild animals, I want to enjoy this before tomorrow’s attack.” The first soldier spoke casually. Maryam’s eyes were welling up and rage was boiling inside her. Her heart was praying to her Lord to send some sort of help. Perhaps a knight in a shining armour like she used to read in fairytales when it was peace prevailing everywhere.

Haya’s POV

“Please Ukhti (sister) don’t you come out. Let me die. I don’t want to live anymore; I want to see mama and baba .Let me go to paradise...to them.”

Haya starts to cry and wails to put on a show for the soldiers to buy time.

“It hurts can you not pull my hair please.” Haya requested gently.

It feels terrible I don’t want to leave you but Ukhti I don’t have a choice I can’t see you die. Allah please help me and my sister.t

Maryam’s POV

She finally decided after a span of a few milliseconds that it’s about time that she and her sister reunite with their parents.

She started to recite the words her father taught her when she was 9 and her mother’s lifeless and bloody body had lain in front of her and she still thought that maybe she’d wake up, embrace her and tell her that everything will be alright yet she didn’t or couldn’t.

“Inna lillahi wa inna ilayhi raji’un (Indeed, to Allah we belong and to Him we shall return.) Allahu Akbar, La ilaha ilallah Muhammadur Rasool Allah (Allah the Greatest, There is no god but Allah, and Muhammad is the messenger of God.)”

“I want to end it once and for all.” she thought

She opened the door and started to come outside of the closet and a clothing hanger in hand to protect herself one last time. The soldiers took no less than a second to shoot her and her sister with more bullets that could kill a dozen. Their pure blood splattered across the walls and on the faces of the soldiers who thought that they are all powerful.

“She was pretty. What a loss.” Said the soldier with greedy eyes and evil intentions. “It’s raining let’s head out I’m tired anyways,” sighed the other soldier shamelessly.

They dragged their bodies outside to show off their victory and set an example for others.

When their souls ascended the heaven the angels welcomed them warmly. The sky shed tears of sorrow as the rainfall and the earthen ground wanted to give the girls its life. The sun hid behind the clouds and the lightning struck in anger. Their death was mourned and remembered. Their spirit of bravery and compassion will live on for the rest of eternity. It wasn’t just these girls and their untold dreams that were martyred, that day but it was actually the assassination of humanity and life at the hands of creatures who claim themselves as humans.

The story of Rain

Part 2 of 2

Every book in the library of the basement was worried. The adversity had captured almost everyone's faces. The situation was going to worsen. Rainwater was flowing from the window like an angry river.

"Tick..tack..tick..tack.."

Clicking the buttons of her ballpoint pen, Abeera was unconsciously producing a rhythm, each beat rushing after another, pressing and hastening.

She was constantly shaking her right foot, staring at an invisible dot. Her mind was looking for another interesting twist in her story. The rain had stopped after irrigating the earth for six hours and the story was still incomplete.

Suddenly, the sound of the car's screeching brakes and tires skidding on the wet pavement shattered the immense silence and her concentration.

Bang!!

She quickened towards the window. The black course rear-ended strongly hit the grey-metallic city.

The engine of course was smoking and the broken glasses of taillights and front lights were scattered here and there on the road. Both drivers were checking their cars.

The sun had almost completed its journey to the west. He was peeping from the clouds to say his farewell greetings.

The vista leading to the horizon was looking jaw-dropping after bathing in rain.

The rain had stopped but the water was flowing on the streets like a river. A group of paper boats was sailing on it in a row.

"Oh! What about the basement? I didn't check it."

The question that raised in her mind was quite late.

"Abeera!" At the same time, she heard her mother's call.

"Abeera! Hurry up! Come down!!!" Her tone was alarming.

She rushed to the ground floor, jumping two to three stairs at a time.

"Yes! I'm here! Ammi! We didn't check the basement, my books are there," she said in a single breath.

"Yes! It was on the tip of my tongue. The basement's situation is getting worse and worse. Be quick! Come with me!! We need to do something," she answered hurriedly.

"First of all, Abdullah! Go and cut off the electrical power."

Abdullah, Abeera's elder brother ran out quickly.

"Ammi! My books!" she wept.

Abeera's heart was sinking with every step of the stairs. Tears were brimming in her eyes, her facial expressions were indicating that she was struggling not to cry.

Every member of her house knew how much Abeera adored books. It would not be wrong to say that their love flows in her blood. How disturbed she was when once her younger brother tore her book,... until she didn't fix it.

"I know Beta! Don't worry, they will be safe. I couldn't imagine that would occur. Have you told your Baba about the situation?"

"Yes, but he is not answering," Abeera replied.

Meanwhile, Abdullah had returned after switching off the electrical power.

Abeera, Abdullah, and Ammi Jaan held their torch lights and headed toward the basement. Abeera's heart was sinking with every step of the stairs. Tears were brimming in her eyes, her facial expressions were indicating that she was struggling not to cry.

"O, Allah! Protect my books!" She made a silent prayer.

The basement floor was looking like a 3 feet deep swimming pool.

Abdullah was scanning the whole area with his torch light and Ammi was also following him. But Abeera was only concerned with her books. They were a precious treasure for her. She moved forward to the book area, blaming herself for not worrying about them earlier.

"Alhamdulillah, my books are safe!" She breathed a sigh of relief after checking the shelves.

"Alhamdulillah! But we have to stop the flow of water so that the books will remain safe," Ammi announced.

"Oh, Wow! Dadi's painting is sailing on our newly made swimming pool." As usual, Abdullah said jokingly.

"Don't be silly! Abdullah!" Ammi bellowed.

"Oh! It's damaged," Abeera was shocked.

"I'll keep it with me. In sha Allah! I'll fix it." Her tone was appraising that she had an idea for it.

"And how can you do it?" He asked.

"Why would I tell you? It's a secret so wait and watch... Bhai Jaan!" She winked at him and emphasized the last two words.

After long hours of hard work, not only the flow of water was controlled but also the drainage system started working.

Everyone was praising Almighty Allah.

Transferring her books in cartons, shifting them to her room, and shelving them properly there, Abeera promised herself many times to take care of her books because she didn't want to lose them at any cost. However, she also realised that it was just the books that she was worried about, while the people of her own country were being drenched out in floods. This same water has taken away so many lives while we all sleep in the comfort of our homes and just write about it in papers.

"Zzzzz...Zzzzz...."

The room was plunged into darkness, only a single night bulb was spreading its weak rays at three o'clock in the morning. And Abeera?... she was enjoying a very deep sleep after a fatiguing day. So what about her write-up?

She completed it at night and submitted it before hitting the sack. She poured her heart out into her paper and kept praying for the flood stricken people of Pakistan. After all, she succeeded in what she desired by writing this article that you just read right now.

THE STORY OF PROPHET HUD (Alaihi salaam)

Poster

The people of 'Ad lived many years in an area between Yemen and Oman, in a valley named Mughith.

They were arrogant and boastful because of their physically well built and craftsmanship

They worshipped Allah and other gods, including idols

Allah sent prophet Hud (Alaihi salaam) who handled the task with great resoluteness and tolerance to the people of 'Ad.
(Surah Hud 11:50)

Prophet Hud (Alaihi salaam) did not demand anything from them except a reward from Allah.
(Surah Hud 11:51)

Prophet Hud (Alaihi salaam) advised the people of 'Ad to repent, for Allah will make his sustenance easy for him, grant him ease in his affairs and guard him to those who repent to him.
(Surah Hud 11:52)

People of 'Ad did not believe him and said that Prophet Hud (Alaihi salaam) was afflicted with insanity.
(Surah Hud 11:53-54)

Prophet Hud (Alaihi salaam) bear witness that he was innocent of all the rivals and idols that the people of 'Ad worshipped other than Allah. He put his trust in Allah.
(Surah Hud 11:54-56)

Their disbelief harms their own selves.
(Surah Hud 11:57)

Allah destroyed them with the barren wind because they denied the prophet. They got their punishment in this world and in the Hereafter. Allah saved Prophet Hud (Alaihi salaam) and his followers.
(Surah Hud 11:58-60)

KIDS CORNER

Find 11 Differences



PUZZLE
TIME

AUTUMN FOREST SEARCHING GAME



Find these objects
in the picture



HAHAHA

Holy cow!

A pair of cows were talking in the field. One says, "Have you heard about the mad cow disease that's going around?"

"Yeah," the other cow says. "Makes me glad I'm a penguin."

Kidding Around

On a Miami- to Chicago flight was a lively youngster who nearly drove everyone crazy. He was running up and down the aisle when the flight attendant started serving coffee. He ran smack into her, knocking a cup of coffee out of her hand and onto the floor.

As he stood by watching her clean up the mess, she glanced up at the boy and said, "Look, why don't you go and play outside?"

Family matters

It seems I have spent a lifetime of mouthing mechanically, "Say thank you. Sit up straight. Use your napkin. Close your mouth when you chew. Don't lean back in your chair." Just when I finally got my husband squared away, the kids came along.



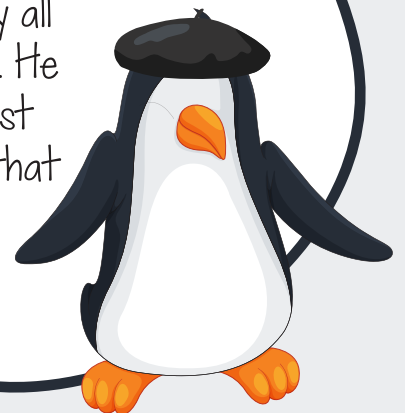
THE PENGUIN STORY

Written by Aafiyah Junaid
6 years

The education bay school
Once upon a time there was a penguin. His name was Pingu. He loved hats! Everyday he wore hats and his favourite colours were red, black, yellow and green. Everyone said that he looked very cute but days passed and he grew older and the hats didn't fit him anymore. This made him very sad and he missed his hats.

One day suddenly he heard the doorbell ring, "ding dong ding dong!" He opened the door and he saw his mom with lots of bags in her hand. In one bag there were chocolates, in the other there was a cake, the rest had some wrapped gifts in them and in the last bag were lots of hats for him. Pingu was happy to see the hats but he told his moms that hats don't fit me anymore.

His mother than told his that these are new hats and they would surely fit him. And so Pingu got very excited and instantly tired on his new hats. They all fitted him so well! He started jumping on the bed. He cut the cake and opened all his gifts but the best gift of all was the collection of his new hats and that made his day memorable.



ONE CHANCE

Written by Muhammad Furqan

We live in a world where everyday sun rises with new hopes, desires, fears, tears, enthusiasm and passion. The rising sun may lead to the coolest sensation or the ugliest in one's life.

There was a village where two brothers Ramees and Rameel lived together. Ramees was three years younger than Rameel and was a pious person who worked hard his whole life fighting with troubles and facing difficulties. Consequently he was very patient and steadfast. He used to tell his elder brother Rameel, "Nothing is more important than Allah."

Rameel considered him a backward, person who talked about religion all the time. Ramees was constantly doing good deeds he loved to follow sunnah and spent his life according to Allah's recommended way. He even never did any sin intentionally. The ultimate aim of Ramees' life was to gain Allah's pleasure. When he got old he was very excited because he knew that he was preparing ceaselessly for hereafter which was getting closer. Every morning when he saw the sun rising he felt a joy. The reason of his joy was that he had waited for a long time to meet his Creator. He considered every single day as his final one and the anticipation of meeting his Lord filled him with unlimited pleasure.

The elder brother Rameel, who was a hard worker, worked only for materialistic things. His personal interests were most

important to him and he didn't care about the commandments of Allah. He thought he had to live in Dunya forever and his philosophy for this worldly life was that for approaching the high ranks of this world one should follow the western civilization. He used all his power, energy and skills to catch the world but this is true that world doesn't come to anyone who tries for it desperately. Time passed slowly but surely. Years converted to his last moments. At his last stage of life, he realized that since the beginning of this universe every creature that came in this world had limited time and every single product of this world has an expiry date. Allah gives only one chance to every human being which can be availed or wasted. Now it became clear for him that his younger brother Ramees was on the right track. As they say better late than never so he immediately turned to Allah and asked forgiveness for his past.

World is not a resting place, it is a testing place. Allah has created this world as an examination hall for humans in which He gives us wealth and reputation or take something for test us. That's why if a man attains the wealth of Qaroon or the fame of Egyptian Pharaoh but Allah isn't happy with him then this is his biggest loss. When a man has a connection with Allah then his life is complete and he is the real winner. It is for such people that Allah has promised heaven. Prophet Muhammad ﷺ said: "Wise man is one who prepares himself for death before his death."

Hazrat Khalid Bin Waleed RTA

Zawjah Junaid Mukaty shares the inspiring life of Hadhrat Khalid bin Waleed RTA – a dear Sabahi and the finest military general the history has ever seen

“I’ve fought in so many battles seeking martyrdom that there is no spot on my body left without a scar or a wound made by a spear or a sword. And yet here I am, dying on my bed like an old camel.”

These words were spoken at the time of his death by a cherished companion of Rasulu-llah ﷺ; the finest military general the history has ever seen.

Hazrat Khalid bin Waleed RAU was the son of Waleed bin Mughaira, who belonged to the clan named Banu Makhzum. This clan used to be responsible for the matters of warfare. Thus he learnt the tactics of war and use of weapons at a very early age. He was admired as a renowned warrior and wrestler during his youth and later history reported him as a military strategist and commander with very few equals.

While he was still a non-believer, he took part in battles which were fought against Muslims and he also made sure that he gave maximum loss to the opponents, one of the most famous examples is that of Ghazwa e Uhad. Under his strong leadership he turned the tables and the Muslims lost this battle which was already won. He then participated in other battles too fought against Muslims among which Ghazwa e Khandaq was the last.

Conversion to Islam

Our Prophet Muhammad ﷺ was very fond of Khalid RAU and knew his nature well, therefore once he said to Waleed bin Waleed, brother of Khalid RAU, who had embraced Islam, that: “A man like Khalid can’t keep himself away from Islam for so long.”

Thus, prediction of the Prophet ﷺ could not have been wrong. Khalid RAU was an intelligent man, he finally realised that Islam is the true religion. Therefore he left his house and set out towards Madina in order to accept Islam. On the way he met his two friends, Amr ibn al Aas and Usman bin Talha who also had the same goal. All three were received by Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ open heartedly. Khalid RAU at this time remembered his efforts against Muslims in the battlefield and asked the Prophet ﷺ to ask forgiveness for him from Allah SWT, on which the Prophet ﷺ specially made dua for him.

As a Muslim Commander

It is reported that Khalid bin Waleed RAU participated in more than 80 battles which included major battles, minor skirmishes and single duels. He controlled the crucial moments of war very strategically and took the right decisions at the right time. The

After the sad demise of the beloved Prophet ﷺ, many imposters dared to raise their heads and claim false prophethood who were then crushed by Khalid bin Waleed RAU. His geographical victory is spread around half of the world.

system of intelligence was very effective and his military tactics and prowess were the basic reasons for his oppressors to take him as unbeatable. His name only gave shivers to the non-believers and many a times the tribes surrendered themselves without any fight.

Under his leadership, the Muslim army fought valiantly. He did not only lead the Muslim army within Arabia to deal with the rebels or with the polytheists who were giving a very hard time to them but also with Persians, Byzantines and Romans who were the pharaohs of their time. After the sad demise of the beloved Prophet ﷺ, many imposters dared to raise their heads and claim false prophethood who were then crushed by Khalid bin Waleed RAU. His geographical victory is spread around half of the world.

This brave commander was chosen for this sensitive job by our Prophet ﷺ and he also kept on serving his religion and this ummah during the Khilafat of Hadhrat Abu Bakr RAU and Hadhrat Umar RAU who was also his cousin. It was during the reign of Hadhrat Umar RAU that Hadhrat Khalid RAU was at the height of achievements. The string of victories made him a hero in the eyes of the people who gradually started equating victories to the name KHALID. This was troubling the caliph who wanted people to know that success is only in the hands of Allah SWT. Thus he was then dismissed from his position but was also praised by the caliph in these words:

“You have done; And no man has done as you have done. But it is not people who do; it is Allah who does.....”

Later Hadhrat Umar RAU explained dismissal of Hadhrat Khalid RAU in this way:

“I have not dismissed Khalid because of my anger or because of any dishonesty on his part, but because people glorified him and

were misled. I feared that people would rely on him. I want them to know that this is Allah who gives us victory; and there should be no mischief in the land.”

Sword of Allah

In the 8th hijri Prophet Muhammad ﷺ send the troops against the tribes of Arabia. This army was led by Zaid bin Haritha RAU; the second in command was Jaffer bin Talib RAU and third in command was Abdullah bin Rawahah RAU. Both the armies came face to face with each other in the valley called Mautah where during fierce battle all the three commanders got martyred one after the other. These were desperate moments for Muslims and they finally handed the banner of Islam in the hands of Hadhrat Khalid RAU. In this battle he used his intelligence about warfare and achieved a strategic win for Muslims. He once said that fighting was so intense that he used nine swords which all broke one after the other. And when the army returned back to Madinah the beloved Prophet ﷺ honoured him with the title Saifullah meaning “Sword of Allah”.

Death

Within four years of his dismissal this great soldier died and was buried in Emesa - Syria. His tomb is now a part of the mosque called Khalid bin Waleed mosque. At the time of his death he had a heavy heart with the thought that he was not given tawfeeq of martyrdom and that he was dying on a bed instead. Upon this his wife consoled him saying:

“You were given the title Saifullah meaning Sword of Allah, and the sword of Allah is not meant to be broken and hence, it is not your destiny to be a martyr, but to die like a conqueror.”

Cook
Some
Fun



Banana & Nuts Pancakes

Ingredients:

1 egg, beaten
1/3rd tsp, baking soda
1/2 cup, milk
1/2 ripe banana, mashed (leave a few chunks)
A pinch of cinnamon powder
1/2 cup, flour
Salt, a pinch
1 1/2 tsp, butter
1 tbsp, sliced almonds and walnuts

Method:

Combine flour, cinnamon powder, baking soda and salt.
In separate bowl, mix together egg, milk, melted butter and bananas.
Stir flour mixture into banana mixture; batter will be a little lumpy.
Heat a lightly buttered or greased frying pan over medium high heat.
Pour or scoop batter onto pan, using about 1/4 cup for each pancake.
Cook until pancakes are golden brown on both sides.
Serve them hot, with sprinkled nuts.

Choco pops

Ingredients:

2 cups cake crumbs
1/4 cup mixed fruit jam
1/4 cup tutti - fruiti piece (optional)
1/4 cup sweet cream (melted)
50 gms chocolate (melted)
1/4 cup nuts (almonds, walnuts etc)

Method:

Mix all the ingredients in a bowl
Form into balls and set in the fridge
Dip each ball in melted chocolate and set on a butter paper board fridge till hard.





A NIGHT IN THE FOREST

Written by Aiza Junaid

Pine trees rustling silently
As the cool wind begins to blow
The blazing sun sets down the horizon
And the creatures in the forest begin to crow
Water gently trickling down the stream
As cool and clear as polished glass
The noises in the forest start to tune up
And dry leaves crunch as I step on the moist
grass
As I tiptoe down the rough path
It feels as if a thousand eyes are watching me
Bats swooping carelessly above
There's much more to this forest than I can see
Brilliant yellow eyes watch me
As a drop of water on the glass gleams
With the silver light of the pearl moon
A night in the forest is peaceful
But more frightening than it seems

HEART OF GOLD

Written by Asma Parekh

As we all gear up
To embrace gusts so cold
Why not adopt a change,
And wear a heart of gold.

Before choosing woollies
Arranging vacation spots for fun,
Imagine those have-nots
Whose ceiling is just the sun.

Little children, bare footed
Greedily eyeing the malls,
Their desires are short lived,
Dreams of poor..... can never get tall.

Warmth can be felt
When you spread smiles,
Generosity is a blessing,
Its radiance is felt over miles.





Zainab Tahreem
10 years



Hiba Ayub



Aneesa arshad
9 years



Khadeeja Shariq
13 years



Samina Noor



Daniyah Barry
11 years (UAE)



Zahra Khan
8 years



Nudhat Jawed



Musarrat Saeed
Multan



Fatima Adnan



Samina Noor



Syeda Irum

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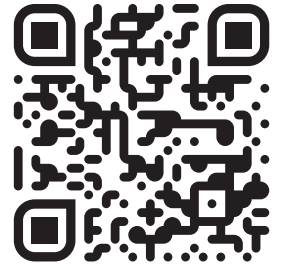


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