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radiance

LIVING AND LOVING THE YOUNG MUSLIM LIFESTYLE

The true meaning of
Independence

Here
comes
the tent

When spring
changes to
autumn

Comic:
Not just a pen



Arabian Jewellers- Front Inside
Inside Front

(New artwork frm Radiance Designer).



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Much remains undone

Assalamu alaikum wa rahmatullahi wa barakaatuhu,

We, especially the patriotic Pakistanis amongst us, often think about the future of our country.

In our beloved country, almost everyone is seen complaining about the political system, especially the leaders. With slogans like 'Corruption is our right', these leaders sure seem to be getting way worse than even before. The bitter truth does make one shudder with fear.

However, I still feel it is easy to blame others. I mean, the problem doesn't lie with the leaders alone. What about the people of the nation as a whole? Had they, who condemn the political leaders day and night, been in their shoes, wouldn't they then have done the same thing too? This is one of those mysteries that make little sense while they are in the making and look even more puzzling when we want an answer to them.

Ask this from anyone and they would, of course, shake their heads a hundred and eighty degrees, echoing a big NO. But the reality is that everyone is trying and deceiving most of those who are in their capacity, Nauzobillah. The police officer, or any other officer for that matter, try to mint money illegally. Even the fruit or veggie sellers deceive us to the best of their abilities.

A gist of a hadith says that as the nation is, the same are their leaders like. This means that if we improve then Allah ﷻ will give us a reward in the form of good leaders who will have mercy upon us. And if we ourselves are corrupt in our actions and deeds, then we would have to bear with the wrath of unfair leaders.

We talk about the golden age of Islam in the period of Hadhrat Umar's ﷺ Caliphate but the righteous people under him; the Sahabah of that time and their uplifting Imaan deserved such a leader.

Within ten years of his glorious rule, the whole of the Persian Empire, Syria, Palestine, Egypt and a part of Turkey came under the banner of Islam and the nations entered the fold of Islam.

Hadhrat Umar ﷺ and many other such leaders after him hardly ever worried about their own tattered clothes and what to feed their own children, however, were conscious about accountability before their Lord. Hadhrat Umar ﷺ used to cry and say, "Even if a dog dies of hunger at the Euphrates river, then too Umar will be held accountable."

So do we take inspiration from his piety? Do we at least wish and pray to attain such God-fearingness? If so, then there is still hope that the future of Pakistan will improve Insha'Allah. For the future, as they say, is the young generation.

Pakistan is the best thing to have happened to us for generations and centuries. This dream was impossible to imagine for our forefathers who were born, lived and died under Sikh and British rule, both very damaging to the society. Millions sacrificed their lives for Pakistan for there was widespread indiscriminate killing of Muslims and thus an independent state was formed in 1947.

Today again, Pakistan is in need of some sacrifices from us all. It wants us to change and come back to the purpose it was formed for - which is to uphold the religion of Islam and practice '*laailaha illallahu Muhammad ur Rasoolullah*'.

May Allah help the future generations fulfil this lost dream of Pakistan. May we curb all wrongs from our society, gain our lost glory and work for the unity of the Muslim ummah. Like Allama Iqbal said:

*Waqat-e-Fursat Hai Kahan, Kaam Abhi Baqi Hai
Noor-e-Touheed Ka Itmam Abhi Baqi Hai*

This is no time for idle rest, much yet remains undone;
The lamp of Tawhid needs thy touch to make it shame the sun!

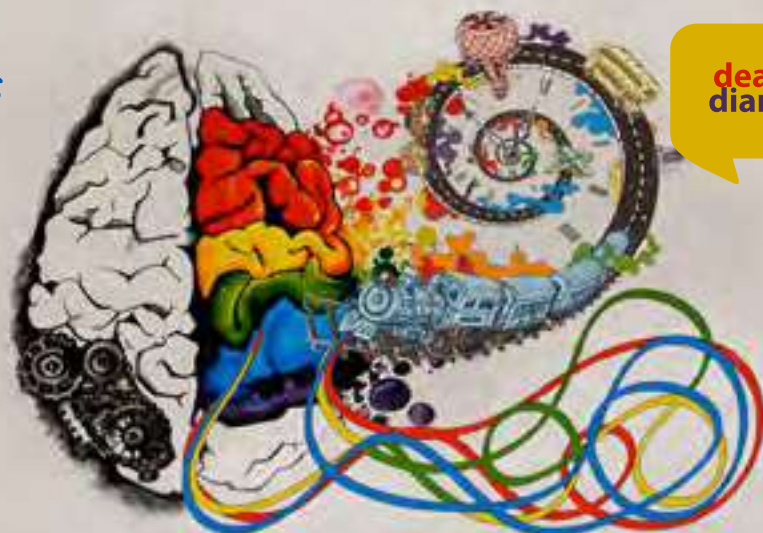
May Allah bless our beloved country! Ameen

Was'salam,

Bint Zahid

Editor.radiance@gmail.com

Hafsa Kamal's diary gives us a peek at some real-life stories that left a deep impact upon her and made her realise the true worth of this life



"Hafsa!"

I heard her but I couldn't see her. Her form was blurred behind pelting drops of rain trickling down my glasses.

"Call mummy!" she sobbed. I could make out the outline of her hands clinging on to the gate's edge. "What are you waiting for? Call her right now!"

I was still transfixed. Shock temporarily paralysed not just my body but my soul and filled it with a gripping yet unknown fear. Just a minute ago I was playing with her. An unpredictable air of grief loomed above me.

"I don't know what's happening to me Hafsa," her voice snapped me back to reality. Or shall I say, the fear in it did.

I ran as fast as I could, leaving her behind to look for her mother.

As soon as aunty saw me, call it a mother's instinct, she immediately sprang into action. She rapidly walked behind me as I ran towards the gate again. In a whirl, we caught either side of the little body and dragged her into her apartment.

All the while, she was crying, "I can't walk. I can't feel my legs. What's wrong with me?"

There was a glitter glue stand in our school once. I think I was probably in first grade back then. It was such a strange yet beautiful thing and we quickly jumped at the chance of buying it. At least my friends did. I couldn't.

Rewind

Part 1 of 2

The leader of the group told us to form a circle around her. We obediently followed suite. She proudly took out her brand new glitter glues' set and a piece of paper.

"Let's see what happens," she nearly whispered in expectation and apparent awe.

A swirl of different glitter glues were squeezed onto the center of the paper where it had been folded. After the different multicolored blobs, she put the set back in the case and folded the paper again. A small squeeze. A gentle pat on each side. Then she prized the edges of the paper.

The gleaming glob had changed to a kaleidoscopic form of a butterfly.

I wanted it so much more since then.

Two days of wanting and seeing the stand in school was enough for me to beg my mother for money. She told me to wait a few more days.

I woke up one day to see a wad of cash being shoved in my palms.

"Here you go," she smiled, "let's see what this glitter glue thing is."

I read day and night like a thirsty traveler seeking water. I sought a separate world where worries didn't exist and everything had a happy ending. However, life is rarely ever like that.

I was ecstatic. The whole ride was like a jolting rollercoaster ride. I was being pulled up for that adrenaline rush. I awaited it with abated breath.

The seven-year-old me ran into school before the bell could ring. I wanted to get my hands on that golden treasure as soon as I possibly could.

Confusion consumed my coherency and I spluttered, "Wh-where is the stall?" As I saw the previously occupied spot vacant. An icy grasp of disappointment filled me even before Sarah spoke.

"The stall?" Sara, the leader, smirked, "yesterday was the last day for it. It isn't here anymore."

You know what I love more than anything in the world? Books.

I read day and night like a thirsty traveler seeking water. I sought a separate world where worries didn't exist and everything had a happy ending.

However, life is rarely ever like that.

Too bad once you grow up you have to face real life and the people living in it. Things may not go as planned. However, the only thing that keeps one's sanity is that every end has Allah's wisdom behind it. The face of trial and sadness probably covers eternal bliss. Who knows?

I thought this once when I saw her heartbroken face; my best friend of two years in grade seven while I was in six.

She already received the disturbing news about her father. How and why this distress continued to add another person in her heart on that list to say good-bye to, is beyond me.

"Mom," she screamed, her shoulders pulled back by another friend who turned her and pulled her into a hug.

Mariam's mom had been diagnosed with cancer not soon after her father's sudden albeit tragic death.

Years flew by and we both haven't kept in touch. Mom met her at a function once and told me about it.

"She looks so peaceful," Mom said, "there was a continuous smile on her face."

Allah does not burden a soul with more than what they can bear.

Life's unpredictable course took its toll in college.

A girl clad in a white scarf and sports gear looked at me. I always thought she had big beady eyes that could see right through me. I shuddered. She looked at me and came over.

"Hey," Azka smiled. However it wasn't me which compelled her to come all the way from the opposite side of the cafeteria. My best friend was.

She pulled her to the side and started whispering some plan about sports. I shuffled, balancing my weight on one leg and then the other. I looked around at the babbling girls in the cafeteria. Some were laughing really loudly. Some had their nose in a book. Some were rushing to reach their respective classes. Some were looking at space in boredom akin to my own.

"Hafsa," I snapped back. I looked at the girls filing out with their backpacks slung on their shoulders. Dyed hair. Some straightened. Too many hair bouncing in the same place.

"It's time to go."

"Assalamoalaykum, coming tomorrow for sure, right?"

Continued on pg 19



NEW

Zaiby Jewellers

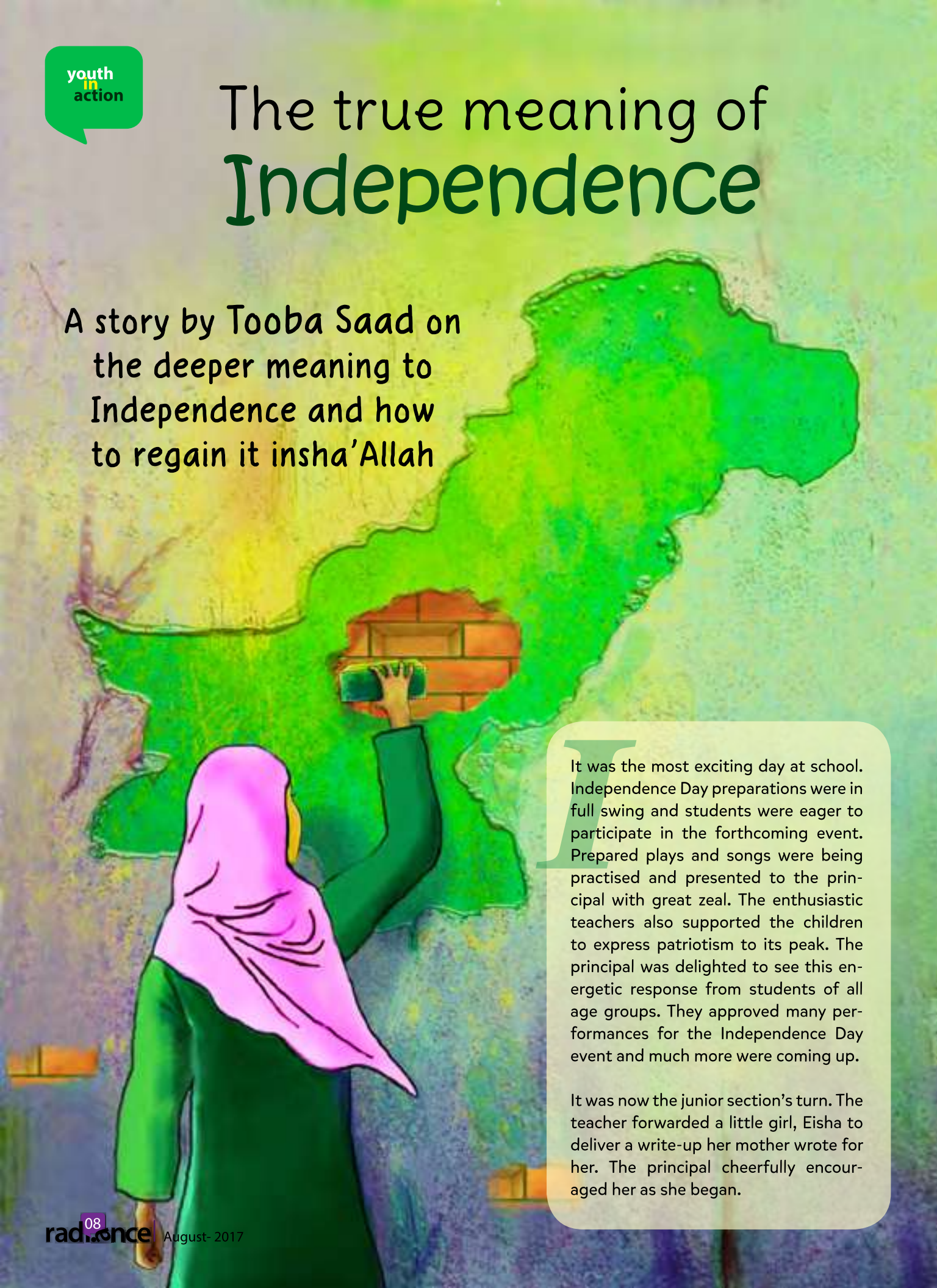
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The true meaning of Independence

A story by Tooba Saad on
the deeper meaning to
Independence and how
to regain it insha'Allah

A young girl with a pink hijab and a green dress is standing in front of a wall. She is holding a camera up to take a picture of a large, green map of Pakistan that is mounted on the wall. The map is cut out of the wall, and the girl is looking at it with interest. The background is a textured, light-colored wall.

It was the most exciting day at school. Independence Day preparations were in full swing and students were eager to participate in the forthcoming event. Prepared plays and songs were being practised and presented to the principal with great zeal. The enthusiastic teachers also supported the children to express patriotism to its peak. The principal was delighted to see this energetic response from students of all age groups. They approved many performances for the Independence Day event and much more were coming up.

It was now the junior section's turn. The teacher forwarded a little girl, Eisha to deliver a write-up her mother wrote for her. The principal cheerfully encouraged her as she began.

Eisha stepped onto the stage. She was totally confident and her words flowed effortlessly when she began...

“Respected teachers and my fellow students, I am glad and thankful to have an opportunity to deliver my thoughts about our beloved country Pakistan on this Independence Day.

It came into existence after long restless efforts and immense sacrifices. It was a land taken in the name of Allah on 27th of Ramadan. “Pak” means

entirely. The core essence has been relinquished and instead violence, corruptions, criminalities, hate, injustice and terrorism has turned Pakistan’s green bleed to red.

We have taken this blessing of independence for granted since long. We being a Muslim nation have ignored the Islamic history where Allah ﷻ had blessed previous nations with independence until they appreciated it by pleasing and praising Allah and Allah blossomed them more in worldly and spiritual lives. But when

to Him is a sin, a means of attaining His wrath!

The better way to celebrate this day is to pray for our nation’s security and success, thanking Allah for this blessed land and working hard for the betterment of this country, by doing all that is possible in one’s capacity.”

The speech ended with tears of love and concern falling down her cheeks for her country and silence prevailed in the whole auditorium. The little girl conquered the stage with

We have taken this blessing of independence for granted since long.

pious and “Stan” means homeland. One of the basic purposes of creating Pakistan was the desire of freedom to worship Allah and to prepare ourselves peacefully for hereafter but unfortunately the reality today is bitter, as we are aware of Pakistan’s political, economic and social instability. People of this pious land are still being sacrificed!

The singing of patriotic songs, hoisting a national flag, spending on garland and badges is no good a celebration when the nation has forgotten its real motto of existence.

We have smashed out our motto of faith, unity and discipline

they debased this blessing by disobeying Allah, He deprived them from the blessing of independence.

This 14th August commemorates us to appreciate this gift of independence given by Allah by doing three things: firstly, worshipping and praising Allah subhanahu wataala, secondly, being obedient to Rasool Allah ﷺ and then, serving humanity.”

Eisha continued with a spark in her eyes and believed in each word she said: “Being a Muslim and a Pakistani the truth of the matter is that music and extravagance will displease Allah and whatever is displeasing

her true patriotism and love for Allah and her country.

The standing ovation was not the only appreciation she received from the principal, teachers and students. But incredibly, the school also changed their perspective of celebrating the Independence Day. The principal announced that it would now be celebrated just according to Allah’s will.

Eisha was cheerful that her purpose was fulfilled.

May Allah bless and protect our beloved country. Ameen

LOL

Q: If someone from the early 1900's suddenly appears in our times, what would be the most difficult thing to explain from our times?

A: I possess a device, in my pocket, that is capable of accessing the entirety of information known to man, and I use it to look at pictures of cats and get into arguments with random strangers.

Sam: Mom, can I have two pieces of cake?
Mom: Certainly, take this piece and cut it in two.

Julie: Mom please give me 20 rupees, I want to give it to a poor.
Mom: But where is he??
Julie: Mom he is standing at the end of the street and selling ice cream.

In a test the student
left a page blank and wrote on the bottom of the page:
'Purely dedicated to my memory power which right
at this moment passed away.'



find 10 differences



Invisible Ink with Lemon Juice

Making invisible ink is a lot of fun, you can pretend you are a secret agent as you keep all your secret codes and messages hidden from others. All you need is some basic household objects and the hidden power of lemon juice.

What you'll need:

- Half a lemon
- Water
- Spoon
- Bowl
- Cotton bud
- White paper
- Lamp or other light bulb

Instructions:

- Squeeze some lemon juice into the bowl and add a few drops of water.
- Mix the water and lemon juice with the spoon.
- Dip the cotton bud into the mix-

ture and write a message onto the white paper.

- Wait for the juice to dry so it becomes completely invisible.
- When you are ready to read your secret message or show it to someone else, heat the paper by holding it close to a light bulb.

What's happening?

Lemon juice is an organic substance that oxidizes and turns brown when heated. Diluting the lemon juice in water makes it very hard to notice when you apply it the paper, no one will be aware of its presence until it is heated and the secret message is revealed. Other substances which work in the same way include orange juice, honey, milk, onion juice and vinegar. Invisible ink can also be made using chemical reactions or by viewing certain liquids under ultra-violet (UV) light.

Here comes the tent

Rabia Khalid Lakhani's story gives us a ray of hope amid the dense fog of peer pressures all around

Here she comes. The Devil in disguise! Get ready guys! I DO NOT want anything to go wrong," Jane ordered, as usual, her own bossy self.

"Right Boss!" All the rest answered, tense and excited for the biggest mission of the gang, yet.

Meanwhile, Khadija was walking along the pavement, every step moving her closer to the tedious gang, The Raiders. It was hard to cross them without raising a fight, mostly for useless reasons.

The Raiders were the most notorious gang. They were always picking on someone and 'raiding' their pride. Their latest target was Khadija, a fifteen-year-old girl, who had recently started purdah and that was the point of conflict between her and the gang.

"Right," exclaimed Jane, "Lights! Camera! Action!" and they started.

"Hey Black Devil!" Isabella took the lead.

"How are you, Tent!" Molly said amidst words of abuse and roars of laughter. The others were soon having the time of their lives. This continued for several days.

During all this time, Khadija was quite displeased. She started to feel alone and betrayed. Finally, after enduring few days of retorts, Khadija's patience wore thin, and she gave up the abaya, or Tent, as the retorts said. She abandoned her

burqa and adorned the same appearance of the modern girls. The Raiders had been successful. They had won.

Hadiya stopped in her tracks, her instincts telling her something was wrong with her friend, Khadija, or was it Khadija? Khadija was a very keen practising Muslim, and she wore the hijab proudly, but today, it was different. She entered the college gates as proudly as ever, her golden hair fanning out behind her and a sleeveless tank top to match the pants of the latest fashion. She walked past Hadiya, her nose in the air, unrecognisable, like a notorious model.

Hadiya was a dynamite Muslim girl herself and practised hijab firmly. She walked up to Khadija

As the next few days passed, Khadija started edging further and further away from Hadiya, till the time when she started to avoid the latter and called her 'medieval.'

Three years later

"There she is! Still in the stone ages! Why does she never realise that no one wants to listen to her silly preaching?" Khadija informed her 'followers'. "Get ready for the show!"

"Alright Boss!" Jane shot a quick salute at Khadija, at which they all burst out laughing.

"Shh!" Khadija scolded, "set ready now!"

Hadiya walked towards her madrasah, keeping to the pavement. Little did she know that The Raiders

Khadija was a very keen practising Muslim, and she wore the hijab proudly, but today, it was different.

and inquired about it. At first, she was completely ignored, then as she kept on persisting, a sharp reply made her surprised.

"Mind your own business, would you? Pretty Miss Perfect!" Khadija said scornfully. Where was the old Khadija now?

"Oh! Sorry to disturb her Royal Highness while she does not want to be disturbed." Hadiya replied, as usual, calling Khadija 'Her Royal Highness', not one bit of her calm demeanour changed, but she was deep in thought when she walked away. Something sure had disturbed Khadija, she was not her usual cheery self.

had a surprise planned for her. She knew, however, that the gang's hideout was near.

"Hey Black Tent!" Khadija motioned at the others to wait, "Where are you going? The tent shop?"

Hadiya took a deep breath as if to steady herself, and continued walking.

"Great idea! Probably selling herself would get a pretty reasonable price." The others joined in the fun.

This had been continuing for several weeks.

These past three years, Hadiya had not once forgotten Khadija. Today, however, after she returned from the madrasah, she was perplexed, missing Khadija so much. There was a familiarity in the voice of the first one to taunt her.

Finally, after hours of racking her brains, Hadiya got the answer. The truth took a long time to sink in, but at last, it found an opening. The voice belonged to Khadija. That meant she was...

It was to be the horrible truth. It was must to be believed in. Khadija was the leader of The Raiders. Hot tears stung Hadiya's eyes as she remembered the times she and Khadija had had when they were best friends. She felt betrayed. Khadija was a traitor.

Khadija, however, was of a different mind. She used to insult Hadiya in front of everybody, but half-heartedly. This routine of teasing Hadiya had been continuing for a long time. Still, Hadiya used to ignore all this; she bore all of this with patience and never wavered. Khadija was surprised and inspired at the same time. She had been tortured for less than a week and she had lost heart in following her religion, but Hadiya had so patiently continued her practice of doing hijab. Khadija knew how much it hurt to be abused in front of everyone, she had experienced it herself. Was Hadiya not a human? Did she not have any emotions, any feelings?

Hadiya's steadfastness punched her in the heart. Her patience taught Khadija the lesson she had missed long ago. She realised how wrong she was and what it takes to be a true believer. It was time to fill in the hole in her heart since the last three years. Three years of encountering boys, spending time with them, openly adorning the latest fashion trends had made her know the intensity of her error. Three years with false friends were enough to make her realise her mistake. Three years spent freely without any shame had taught her the beauty of her religion. Three years with The Raiders had taught her many a valuable lesson. Three years were a long time to be alone, without family, friends; they had made her sense the meaning of family. She had found her mistake. It was her duty to fix the damage.

The next morning, Hadiya was surprised to see the screen of her mobile phone ablaze with the notification of a message from...

"Khadija" Hadiya exclaimed, "Why would she message me, especially at this time of the morning?"

She read the message. It said:

"Dear Hadiya,

Pls Hadiya, cld u come to the park in front of ur house at 5 in the evening today? Pls come, it is very urgent, need to talk to you. Pls Hadiya!

Humbly Requested,

Khadija."

Hadiya was surprised, but nevertheless, decided to fulfil Khadija's (if it was really her) wish for once. So, at 5 she set off, heading for the park. When she arrived there full of suspicions, she was taken aback to see a familiar burqa-clad figure walking towards her.

"Hadiya, I am so glad you came!" Khadija exclaimed, overjoyed, "I really am sorry, Hadiya, I made fun of you! Please forgive me!"

"Easy now! I am not going anywhere! Let's talk about it slowly, right?"

"Yes."

"Ok Khadija, I forgive you, since I really missed you myself," Hadiya said after a long chat between the two, then added in mock anger, "but don't do this to anyone or..."

And they both burst out laughing.

This was the beginning of a new life, full of courage, determination and spirit for Khadija. She had learnt her lesson

اللَّهُمَّ إِنِّي أَسْأَلُكَ حُبَّكَ، وَحُبَّ

مَنْ يُحِبُّكَ، وَحُبَّ عَمَلٍ يُقَرِّبُ



إِلَى حُبِّكَ



“ Allah! I ask You for Your
Love



and the **Love**



of those who **Love** you,

and deeds which will cause
me to attain **your Love**”

True
love

radiance

Zuyufur Rehman

Inside Ordinary (Use New English artwork from
Intellect Magazine)

Try

by Anamta Sohail
Avicenna school

Brains are not to let dry
We should just try and try,

Even if we fail,
We should not cry,

But still, if we cry
Our tears should soon dry,

No matter what may happen
We should just try and try.

Appreciation

by Bint Mohsin

I like it the way people make me smile,
When they say to me, "Carry on child!"
I like it when people appreciate me,
This really makes me so very happy
I like those people, patting my back,
It makes me feel special, that's a fact!
I like people bringing up the good in me to do,
I love how they say, "We pray the best for you!"

Prophet Mustafa ﷺ

by Muhammad Mustafa
8 years
Froebels Education Centre

Made Islam known to us
Universe adores him
Simple, honest and kind
Trustworthy
Affectionate
Followed only Allah's principles
Allah's last messenger.



When spring changes into autumn

Asiya Marfani narrates the incident from the life of a little Syrian refugee girl - how the lovely garden of her life changed into a colourless, barren fall field

Fareesa woke up by the sounds of consecutive explosions. She sat straight in her bed and tried figuring out the source of the horrendous roar when a shaky voice approached her telling how unfortunate she was to lose her most valuable asset in the world; her family at such a young age.

She had not the slightest idea of what did the voice mean until she got out of the bed and ran outdoors. There, the startled girl saw ashes and fires,

tumbled houses and buildings and pieces of human bodies and bloodshed everywhere - a clear proof of someone's brutality and inhumanity. Perhaps she might be having a dreadful dream, thought the girl and pinched herself in order to bring herself back to senses. Ah, it was neither any horrible dream nor an awful illusion, instead the sight remained the similar spine-chilling and vile.

Her eyes saw a huge crowd crying and mourning

A couple of flashbacks followed her weary thoughts from the time when she was called the luckiest child among her mates.

over this horrendous happening. Moreover, her ears sensed a hundred screams of grief and distress. Eventually, after a minute she turned deaf and blind and totally unconscious to the world around her for all her sensations could be seen lodged at the four dead bodies in pieces and bruises. She felt her world falling apart and dropped on the ground, having her mind fallen into depths of darkness.

x-----x

She opened her eyes and found herself lying on a cozy bed placed in a wide room that had many other beds, fine white walls and curtains and giant cupboards that stood alongside each bed. It was a peaceful place, but wait, why was she here? Where was this place? Why wasn't she at her home? Where was her beloved family? Right after these questions interspersed her aching mind, she regained her consciousness. The terrible accident and the four dead bodies came into sight again making her well aware of the fact that she had lost everything in life. She was now a lonely child that had been a victim of the war, barbarism and treachery.

A couple of flashbacks followed her weary thoughts from the time when she was called the luckiest child among her mates. She remembered how fond she was of going to the school with Abbi Jaan in his black Corolla and what magnificent cravings she had when mama would announce of the delicious lunch and what pleasure it was to have her hair done beautifully by her Apaa. She recalled the times when she would read, write and play with her comrades merrily and when she would pray her Salahs and complete her homework under Ammi Jaan's supervision. When she had a million late night gossips with Apa and the silly little fights with funny Ahmar Bhai.

But then she was interrupted by the noises of foot-steps and human voices. She looked up and saw a group of people clad in white dresses. It seemed as if they were all doctors. They came near her and

started talking to her but she remained still, staring at them with wide stoned eyes and then, once again, lost herself in the voices of past.

x-----x

This story is narrated by one of the older refugees who had been a victim of the same massacre. The refugee himself saw the little girl lose her spring days and enter the autumn world. He no more saw her beautiful face blossoming like a lovely rose instead the face looked pale and sore like an old fall leaf. She had witnessed ashes and flames and bombs and bullets that destroyed her charming and lovely spring garden and changed it into a colourless, barren field of autumn

Continued from pg 6

"Of course."

The next day, we strolled towards our line.

The national anthem chimed in its customary manner. A few girls stood on the stage and sang the anthem. Birds encircled overhead in the clear azure sky. The morning light filtered through. Our drowsy eyes wandered around in boredom.

"..."

A hush swept over the crowd. Some girls began to cry hysterically.

"What happened?" I inquired in bewilderment, "I couldn't hear. Why is everyone crying?"

Maidah turned around with brimming eyes, "Azka passed away yesterday."

Continued Insha'Allah....

fresh
artists



Aaminah Siddiqui
Grade 2
AES School



Nimrah Nabeel
8 years
Springfield School



Maryam Salman



Marium Zahid Jangda
10 years
The Intellect School



Muhibullah
9 years
APS Sadar Karachi



Umna Haq
7 years
Foundation Public School



Muhammad Abdullah Tarar
7 years
International Modern Arabic
School, Malaysia



Rumaisa
Beacon House School

meet
our
hero

Zawjah Junaid Mukaty's vivid description of a beloved sahabah, Hadhrat Zubair bin al Awwam, leaves us in utter awe and reverence

HADHRAT ZUBAIR BIN AL AWWAM



رضي الله عنه

Two years prior to migration and belonged to a noble family. His honourable and interesting lineage connects him with the Messenger of Allah ﷺ in a couple of ways. He was the son of Hadhrat Saffiyah bint Abdul Muttalib, who was the Prophet's paternal aunt, making him a cousin of Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ. Hadhrat Saffiyah was married to the brother of Hadhrat Muhammad's ﷺ first wife Hadhrat Khadija, therefore he became the nephew of the Prophet ﷺ. This chain of connections does not end here. He was also the husband of Hadhrat Asma bint Abu Bakr who was the elder sister of Hadhrat Aisha. Apart from these relations, he had a unique relationship with his beloved Prophet ﷺ. Once on an occasion, Prophet ﷺ said, "All the Messengers have disciples and Zubair is my disciple."

Conversion to Islam

Hadhrat Zubair was a young man of fifteen when he accepted Islam. Thus his name shines in the list of those who were early converts. Though he belonged to an honourable family, he still had to face persecution from none other than his loving paternal uncle who acted as his guardian as he was an orphan. He would roll Hadhrat Zubair in the mats and flicker a flame on its end which would burn the mat harming Zubair ﷺ. He would then ask him to leave Islam but this brave and strong man would clearly negate it.

The first to unsheathe the sword for Allah

One day he heard rumours of the murder of the Prophet ﷺ while he was in Makkah. He immediately unsheathed his sword and raced among the leaders of Quraish to

find Prophet ﷺ. He found the Apostle ﷺ in the outskirts of the city. Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ was very surprised to see him with a sword in his hand and asked him the reason for doing so. He said, "I heard that you had been killed". The Messenger asked him what would you had done then. He replied, "By Allah, I would have taken revenge on all the people of Makkah." Thus he was the first one in the whole history of Islam to hold a sword for the sake of Allah.

Migration to Abyssinia

Getting tired of the harassments of Quraish, he left for Abyssinia with a group of people of which he was the youngest. In those days a just ruler, Najashi (Negus) ruled Abyssinia, who received them with open arms but after a while, he himself had to face a rebellion on the battlefield for which

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he had to cross River Nile with his forces. This was a strenuous situation for Muslims as they were not sure what will be their fate if Najashi loose. They wanted to find out who was winning so they could think about their next plans. Hadhrat Zubair volunteered himself to cross the wide and vulnerable river and find out the aftermath. The Muslims inflated a water skin and tied it around him. He went across Nile and witnessed a victorious Najashi. He quickly swam back waving his garment and announcing the good news. What a brave young man he was!

Bravery

Hadhrat Zubair was an extremely brave and fearless man. There are many narrations expressing his valour out of which a few are mentioned here.

Hadhrat Zubair was in high spirits on the day of Badr. He had tied a yellow turban on his head and was riding one out of the two stallions Muslims had. Prophet ﷺ looked at him and said Angels have just come down to help Muslims and they all are dressed like Zubair.

In the same encounter, Zubair ﷺ killed a Quraishi warrior, Ubaidah bin Saeed, with a spear. He put his foot on his body and pulled out the spear with great difficulty but the head of the spear was bent. Prophet ﷺ asked for the spear and kept it with him till the end. After him, it was transfer-

red from one Caliph to the other and finally, after the martyrdom of Hadhrat Ali, Hadhrat Abdullah bin Zubair took it back and kept with him until his death.

In the battle of Uhud, one man fully dressed in armour was attacking Muslims wildly. Prophet ﷺ sent Hadhrat Zubair to tackle him who returned victorious in a very short time. His determination and gallantry made the enemies shiver. They had to sit and discuss as to who was this brave man.

Once Hadhrat Zubair brought information about Banu Quraiza on Hadhrat Muhammad's ﷺ orders. Our beloved Prophet ﷺ was very pleased and said, "May my mother and father be your ransom." These words were only spoken for two of the sahaba, the other was Hadhrat Saad bin abi Waqas ﷺ. We can well imagine what an honour it would be to hear these words from the blessed mouth of the Prophet ﷺ.

During the conquest of Egypt, Hadhrat Amr bin Aas demanded help from Caliph Umer. The caliph sent him four thousand men in four regiments each lead by a daring commander. Hadhrat Umer declared each of these commanders equal to thousand men. One of them was Hadhrat Zubair.

Let us end the discussion of bravery with a moral. During the era of Hadhrat Usman, rebels went crazy to overthrow him and blow a spirit of mutiny among Muslims.

It was a gruelling situation for the righteous. In these arduous circumstances, Hadhrat Zubair placed his eldest son Hadhrat Abdullah for the sanctuary of Hadhrat Usman and when the Caliph was martyred he risked his own life in performing the last rituals of the Caliph.

Death

After the unjust death of Hadhrat Usman, the rebels made every effort to spoil the situations in Madinah. These attempts resulted in the Battle of Camel. Hadhrat Zubair was with Hadhrat Aisha R.A. Before the battle began Hadhrat Ali came forward and called on Hadhrat Zubair, "O Abu Abdullah! Do you remember when we were passing in front of Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ with hands in hands, the Prophet asked is Ali your friend and you shook your head in affirmative. Then the Prophet said one day you will fight with him unfairly." Hadhrat Ali went back in his battalion but Hadhrat Zubair changed his mind and left the ground and headed towards Basra. Umro bin Jarmooz followed him and martyred him and brought his head and belongings to Hadhrat Ali thinking he would be pleased by this act. Hadhrat Ali started crying and gave Ibn Jarmooz sad tidings of hell. He also prayed, "I hope Allah gather Talha bin Ubaidullah, Usman, Zubair and myself in Paradise."

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Jealousy



“Mum, mum...”shouted Sara, coming into the kitchen from outside.

“What happened darling, why are you in such haste?”

Sara started crying and with tears wobbled up in her eyes, muttered, “Why only them...why not us...”

“What are you trying to say Sara.”

Sara let out her tears, then sat on the dining chair and started gulping out, “You know what mum, Arisha and her family have shifted to the villa opposite to the flat below us.”

“Oh mashAllah, that is such a great news..may Allah ﷻ give them more.”

“Mum you are saying MashAllah and you are happy when we have nothing and the evil Arisha ..she has a big villa all white and furnished up to the bottom!! They also have a huge porch and a garden with lots of flowers. There is a huge swimming pool

by Zainab Loya

Jaffar Public School

happy for them and pray to Allah for what you want. You should even thank Him for what He has given you already.

Go and have a look on the streets!!! How do the poor live ..how eager they are to have proper shelter and food ..and see how well off you are compared to them. You have shelter, you have a family, you have food to eat. Now go and ask for forgiveness from Allah ﷻ and thank Him for what He has given you. If you wish for something, ask Him, He may not give it to you now but He might give it to you at the right time or give you something better than that. He never leaves his believers empty handed dear!

Rather than saying that Arisha and her family have no right of achieving this, you should be happy for them and pray to Allah for what you want.

as well and a tennis court. The house is huge ...you are happy for them rather than praying that it is us who should have all this because it is our father who works hard day and night. We deserve better!!”

“Come on Sara, I’ll tell you something. We should not judge a person by the amount of time he works ..it does not depend upon any person’s own qualities or toil as to how much he earns, it is Allah ﷻ who divides Rizq among people according to His ultimate Knowledge. By saying whatever you said, we would be in a way rejecting Allah’s ﷻ distribution. You know, you are going through an evil feeling called jealousy at the moment and jealousy creates anger in a person’s heart. Both of these things are big sins. Rather than saying that Arisha and her family have no right of achieving this, you should be

And one more thing, jealousy gives no benefit to a person but it damages a person’s good deeds just like fire eats up the wood.”

“Oh Jazakillah khair Ammi,” said Sara wiping her tears, “I will go now and thank Allah ﷻ for what He has given me and also ask for forgiveness. I will ask Him for what I wish to have and never feel bad about what others have.”

After asking for forgiveness, Sara rushed to Arisha’s house and asked Arisha for forgiveness for her rude behaviour she had shown to her earlier and congratulated Arisha and her family for the house.

From that day, both the girls became good friends and Sara lived thanking Allah ﷻ always



The boy who loved playing video games

by Muhammad bin Baber Zubairi

6 years

Once there was a boy Hassan. He loved playing video games. He played them all day and night.

One day in class he couldn't see the white board clearly. His eyesight was getting weak and this was very sad. The doctor asked him not to play any video game. He also had to wear glasses.

The doctor asked him to play outdoor games instead. Once he was playing cricket when he fell down and his glasses also fell and broke into pieces. Hassan then said sorry to his father who had to buy new glasses for him. Hassan prayed to Allah that his eyesight gets well soon.

Hassan knows that playing games is very bad for our eyesight, so he now doesn't like playing video games. His grades in class also improved immensely, for now he likes studying and doesn't waste time in playing games.

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Hadhrat Zubair was one of the Ashra Mubbashira who is given glad tidings of Jannah by the Prophet ﷺ during his life. May Allah bless them all. Ameen.

It's Quiz Time with dear Sahabah

Q1) Choose the correct answer from the bracket given in the sentences below:

- Hadhrat Zubair's first migration was towards
- There were stallions in the Battle of Badr.
- Hadhrat Zubair crossed the River



Gratitude List

by Muhammad Abaan Atif Khan

8 years

Nakhlah School

Alhamdulillah, Allah ﷻ has blessed me with His countless blessings. Whenever I look around me, I find nothing but Allah Subhaanahu waTaala and His blessings. I always thank Him for these blessings and pray to Him to make me one of His most thankful servants. Aameen.

Some of the blessings that Allah ﷻ bestows upon me are:

- ✦ My body parts
- ✦ Sunshine
- ✦ Fresh Air and rain
- ✦ Tasty fruits and vegetables
- ✦ Decent clothes
- ✦ Beautiful home
- ✦ My beloved family.

while he was in Abyssinia.

- martyred Hadhrat Zubair.
- was Hadhrat Zubair's eldest son.

Q2) Can our intelligent readers describe the personality of Hadhrat Zubair using the following words:

Young, brave, strong, steadfast, warrior, intelligent, rational, fearless, gallant

Send in your answers to radianceteam8@gmail.com and avail a chance to win a prize Insha'Allah

Not Just A Pen

Concept by Umm e Suddais

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