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LIVING AND LOVING THE YOUNG MUSLIM LIFESTYLE

White Noise



General Knowledge Quiz

The barakah factor

The world running  
*after you*



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My feet were tired. . . I thought this was it. I kept running and running but little did I know that I was running in a big circle and not towards my end goal.

And then a miracle took place and it all changed... Life took a hundred and eighty degree turn and the world lost all its meaning.

'What is the world anyways?' I often started questioning myself. Maybe a bubble full of mystical colours which I'm continuously trying to chase. But any moment it could disappear with a pop!

And life is slipping by... I know it won't wait for me to become a better practicing Muslim, instead the beautiful bubble of my life would soon burst. I remember an occasion where my little son announced, very publicly and very loudly, "My mom is 28!" If looks could kill, the daggers shooting from my enlarged eyeballs would have been the cause of his death. Hope he learned from a young age to keep his mouth shut on the topic of age... At least, where his *mother* was concerned.

There's this really strange phenomenon in our culture - to hide our age. Why are we scared or hesitant to say it? Are we fearful of the repercussions? I understand that ageism is alive and prospering, but what do I really stand to lose by proclaiming my age?

Or is it that we don't like getting older? With

youth being so highly valued, that makes sense to me.

But still I refuse to take a ride on that pity parade. No, I love getting older. But I'm just worried for each day passing by me without my Imaan augmenting and without me making any worthwhile progress in my and other peoples' lives.

Alhamdulillah it is still much better than the past where I found only longing and waiting and wanting for something else. Looking at my past self, I see turmoil, I see nervousness and anxiety. But now there's atleast a sea of calm and comfort. I move a little slower, a little more thoughtfully.

Yet how I long to be different! Better. Alive. And so I often start to cry as I'm talking to my Lord. Making dua... asking Him to bring me back to Him. To bring life back to my heart. I ask Him to forgive my sins. For hours on end, talking to Him, asking, asking, asking... Everything I want, everything I desire...

And soon I feel calmness spreading inside me, soothing me. We know that if a servant of Allah begs Him, truly begs Him, to get close to Him, He would absolutely answer that dua. And that's what happens everytime, Alhamdulillah.

And so I learnt, don't run after the world, let the world run after you.

And life has never been the same since. ●

Was'salam,  
**Umm Abdullah**  
Editor.radiance@gmail.com

# The world running *after you*

# Alia in wonderland

Part 2 of 3

by **Hafsa Kamal**  
Germany

"This is what Heaven feels like." A smile played on her lips as she closed her eyes, feeling the wind blowing about her as her wings allowed her figure to float in the air.

"Yes, pretty much." The voice jolted her to consciousness. Her eyes flew open and she drew a breath. She dared not breathe and turn around.

"Is this Alia?" it inquired.

Alia felt her entire body shake uncontrollably. She felt a warm hand clasp her shoulder.

"Alia."

The hand turned her around and pulled her into a hug. Alia's tears that threatened to spill earlier were flowing relentlessly. She quivered like Rahman did earlier. She felt her heart squeeze while she gulped for a breath between the sobs.

As soon as her cry quietened down, she pulled away to look at the person in front of her.

"Murtuza," she said, "Murtuza?"

"Remember what I said? Don't cry for me Alia," He smiled, his eyes were bespectacled no more.

"More for the memory of us, I think it's normal, but you'll be with me soon," he smiled gently,

"we'll play by that lake over there." He pointed at a distance from the sky onto a blurring line towards a different zone where a glittery lake pooled by tufts of grass.

"I'll show you around Insha'Allah," he was grinning, "it's beautiful out there."

"You aren't in pain anymore, right?" she asked, her hands gripping her elder brother's hands, afraid he'd let go. Which he would eventually.

"No, Alia," he closed his eyes, crinkling at the corners as if to recall what it felt like, "I can't even remember it, to be honest."

"Mommy cries," Alia confessed, "I caught her in the kitchen."

"No one wants to bear the pain of outliving their child," Murtuza replied in a matter-of-fact manner, "they don't see me the way you do right now. They don't know how content I am."

"She does!" Alia resounded fiercely, "she misses you a lot! But she knows you're in a better place."

"I wouldn't want to change it for the world."

"Don't you miss us?"

"I see you guys almost every other day from a portal - it's like watching a screen," Murtuza's eyes shone, "and I keep waiting, everyday, for you all to join me. It will be worth the wait. Knowing that

"You aren't in pain anymore, right?" she asked, her hands gripping her elder brother's hands, afraid he'd let go. Which he would eventually.

we'll be together one day is enough to make me happy."

Alia slowly felt a void in her heart getting filled. She knew she could live life if...

"But you have to be good Alia," Murtuza's voice took a grave turn, "do you remember when I prayed and recited Surah Mulk? I befriended Allah. For me, His presence became and is enough. I miss you all but I am happy with the One that created you and me. He is the best Host. He takes care of me. I came from Him and I have returned to Him. But you have to remember that the world won't be easy - Mummy and Daddy are in as much emotional pain as I was physically but they are close to Allah. Allah will bring them to me. I'm worried about you Alia. You are young but you're smart. You have to understand that the World is steeped in a lot of trials especially now that it is approaching the end times - you have to take care of your Deen." "Insha'Allah I will!"

"Promise me," Murtuza stared at her, "promise that you'll strive on His path."

"I promise."

"I'll see you then Insha'Allah," Murtuza started to walk away, "I love you, sister."

Alia felt like screaming for him to stop walking. She constrained herself from trying to pull him with her. However, the elation in meeting him and knowing where he was made it easier for her to make peace with his absence.

It's temporary, she thought.

A yellow gleam infused itself into the bluish sky. The beams torched the stars and kissed the darkness away, bit by bit. Alia's heart raced with alarm.

"Mom will be out of her mind if she sees I'm not in bed!" Alia chided herself, "I should have kept track of the time."

The wings slowly beat against the wind. She stepped into the room with relief. There was no sign of anyone entering her room. She lay on her mattress and let the wings furl beneath her. Almost immediately, she drifted off to sleep.

-

No wonder you're always late, why, this watch is exactly two days late! - Mad Hatter (from Alice in the Wonderland)

Alia roused from slumber and blinked as the rays blinded her vision.

"Time to wake up," Mummy had pulled the curtains open.

"I am very sleepy, mummy," Alia complained, "I have been up all night," she forgot that mummy had no idea about her night's escapade.

"You might have had a riveting dream," Mummy reassured, "I've kept tabs on you all night and you slept like a baby."

Alia's eyes widened with surprise. She patted behind her shoulders and didn't feel anything on it.

"Mummy, where are my wings?"

*Continued In'sha'Allah...*

# White Noise

by **Rabia Khalid Lakhani**  
Generations School

Faded away  
In the background  
Unheard  
Not visible  
Eardrums splitting from the screams  
Yet none seem to care  
Can even hear my cries for help?  
For I am screaming as loud as I can  
Are you?  
For all we hear  
Are whispers in here  
Fading away in the background  
Unheard, invisible  
Yet it's there, not loud enough  
Not noticeable, but there  
White noise  
Blank and pure  
In the background  
Faded away, yet so clear.  
Just need to listen  
So open your ears  
She's screaming for help  
But it's muted to your ears  
So open 'em up  
And listen to the calls  
For faded away, in the background  
Not visible, but clear.  
White Noise.  
It's there.

# My Allah

by **Haiqa Haris**

Allah is one  
I love my Allah  
Allah is great  
Men are small  
Allah is big  
I love my Allah  
Allah is my tasbieh  
I like me tasbieh  
My Allah is my everything  
My Allah granted me everything  
I love my Allah  
I love my Allah



## SUNAN AND AADAAB PERTAINING TO HAIR

Compiled by **Umm Ibrahim**

### SUNAN PERTAINING TO THE HAIR

- The Prophet ﷺ hair used to be either:
  - a) Up to mid-ear; (Bukhari )
  - b) Up to his earlobes; (Bukhari )
  - c) Up to his shoulders.
- The Prophet ﷺ would not let his hair extend beyond the shoulders.
- The Prophet ﷺ mostly kept hair on his head. It is narrated that the Prophet ﷺ shaved his head only on four occasions.
- When keeping long hair, it is sunnah to part the hair straight in the middle.

**Narrated Ibn `Abbas:**

*The Prophet ﷺ used to copy the people of the Scriptures in matters in which there was no order from Allah. The people of the Scripture used to let their hair hang down while the pagans used to part their hair. So the Prophet ﷺ let his hair hang down first, but later on he parted it. (Sahih Bukhari)*

- It is also permissible not to have any part, though to have a center part is preferable.
- It is permissible to shorten the hair by means of a scissors. (Muslim) However one should ensure that the hair is not unevenly cut.

• The Prophet ﷺ told the Sahabah ﷺ to honor their hair. (Mishkat)

Note: Honoring the hair means to keep it clean, oiled, neatly groomed and not to leave it disheveled.

• The Prophet ﷺ prohibited untidiness in the keeping of the hair on one's head and beard. (Mishkat)

• The Prophet ﷺ used to oil his hair very often. To prevent his topi (cap) and amaamah (turban) from staining he had a special cloth that was used to prevent other garments from being stained.

• Before sleeping and upon awakening, the Prophet ﷺ used miswaak, performed wudu and combed his hair.

Note: It is prohibited to comb the hair merely for fashion and show. However, it will not be wrong to comb the hair if it is unkempt.

• The comb of the Prophet ﷺ was made from elephant's teeth.

• When the Prophet ﷺ intended to put oil on his hair, he used to place the oil on his left palm and with his fingers he would first smear a little oil on his eyebrows, and then on his eyelids, and lastly put oil on his head.

• The Prophet ﷺ advised that after cutting the hair and nails, they should be buried so that they may not be used in witchcraft.

• For children it is preferable not to keep long hair. (Abu Dawud)

• The Prophet ﷺ has prohibited the adding of hair extensions to one's own hair.

*Asma, the daughter of Abu Bakr ﷺ, narrated that Allah's Messenger ﷺ has cursed such a lady who artificially lengthens (her or someone else's) hair or gets her hair lengthened. (Sahih Bukhari)*

• Women should not wear their hair in the shape of a hump. • The Prophet ﷺ used a mirror when combing his beard or hair.

*Dua when looking into the mirror:*

اللهم أنت حسنت خلقي فحسن خلقي

Allahumma anta hasanta khalqi fa hassin khuluqi

O Allah, just as You have made my external features beautiful, make my character beautiful as well.

• One should not dye his/her hair black. If one applies black dye he/she will not smell the fragrance of paradise.

You can apply henna or other colours.

• Sayyiduna Ibn Abbas ﷺ said that the following women are cursed:

- 1) She who adds false hair,
- 2) She who asks for false hair to be added,
- 3) She who tattoos and
- 4) She who gets it done.

*Sa'id bin Al-Musaiyab ﷺ narrates: Mu'awiya ﷺ came to Medina for the last time and delivered a sermon. He took out a tuft of hair and said, "I thought that none used to do this (i.e. use false hair) except Jews. The Prophet ﷺ labelled such practice, (i.e. the use of false hair), as cheating. (Sahih Bukhari)*

# word puzzles

When was the last time you took your brain to the gym? Work out your mind with these puzzling word games and see how many you can get right.

Go down the word blocks, making a new word in each row.



The 'X' in each word represents a number of letters missing. Figure out the missing letters and uncover each word. (Hint: for each puzzle, the missing letters form different words that have something in common.)

W X Y

PO X TATE

NE X RK

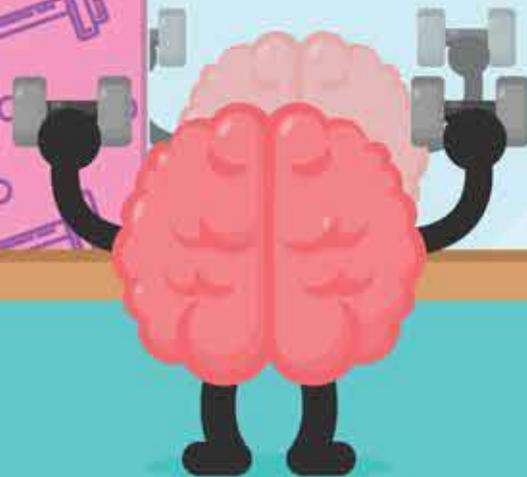
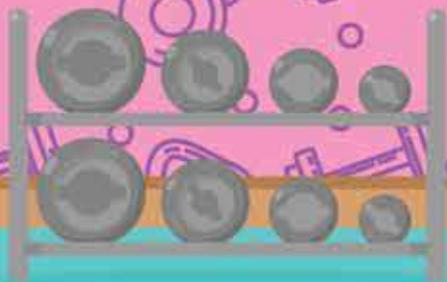
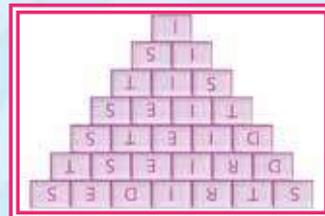
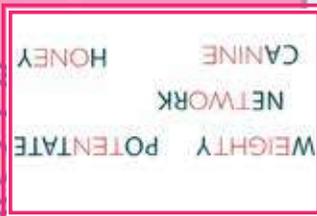
CA X

H X Y

Can you figure out how each of these photos is related? Got it?



## Answers



# Hadhrat Abu Salamah Abdullah Bin Abdul Asad رضي الله عنه

One of the Hadith tells us that the companions of Rasulullah ﷺ are like stars. And really they are! Whenever we study the biography of any one of them, we see that they have done something remarkable in their lives. This month's star is Hadhrat Abu Salamah Abdullah bin Abdul Asad رضي الله عنه, his feats penned down by **Zawjah Junaid Mukaty**

Hadhrat Abu Salamah's mother, Barrah, was the real sister of Hadhrat Abdullah bin Abdul Muttalib which made him the first cousin of the Prophet ﷺ. Apart from being cousins, they were milk siblings too.

## Migration to Abyssinia and Madinah

Hadhrat Abu Salamah رضي الله عنه is known as Sabiqoon al Awwaloon which means he was among the group who accepted Islam in its early days. He is known as the eleventh person to witness Shahadah. The polytheists of Makkah got fiery with every passing day and made it obligatory upon themselves to persecute any Muslim they could lay their hands on. The physical and mental anguish of Muslims made some of them leave their place and migrate to Abyssinia in the fifth Hijrah.

This group had eleven men and four women. Hadhrat Abu Salamah and his wife Umm Salamah were also part of this group. After three months they heard a rumour that the people of Makkah have accepted Islam so they returned. But this was just a rumour and they had to migrate again the next year. This group was larger than the last, it had eighty three men and twenty women.

They all returned to Makkah after a few years. By this time, the tyranny of Makkans had crossed all the limits and for this reason Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ allowed them to leave their beloved city and migrate towards Madinah. Hadhrat Abu Salamah is known to be the first man to do Hijrah.

His journey to Madinah was very heart breaking. In twelfth Hijra, the couple along with their son Salamah started for Madinah. He mounted his family members on a camel and himself preferred to walk. They had not gone far when Umm Salamah's tribe, Banu Mughaira stopped them and forcefully took her and their son with them. A little while later Abu Salamah's tribe, Banu Abdul Asad also came and snatched the little boy from his mother and took him away. Abu Salamah was left alone and with no options left, he migrated to Madinah.

Hadhrat Umm Salamah's distress took her every morning on Mound Abtah. There she cried till dusk and remembered her husband and son.



Luckily one day a resourceful and kind hearted member of her tribe passed that way and saw her torment. He went to his tribe and made them understand that this act was not decent and they should let the woman join her spouse. His efforts were fruitful and they allowed Hadhrat Umm Salamah to go.

Banu Abdul Asad also released her son from their custody and they both set off to Madinah on a camel. She was all alone without any human support but she was not frightened. Allah sent her help in the form of Hadhrat Usman bin Talha who had not accepted Islam by that time. He saw a lone woman so he quietly held the rein of the camel and headed for Madinah. When they reached Quba where Hadhrat Abu Salamah was, he handed him over his family safely and went back to Makkah. Hadhrat Umm Salamah remembered this act of kindness throughout her life.

### As A Soldier

Companions of Muhammad ﷺ never neglected the call for Jihad. They were ready to sacrifice anything which Islam needed then and there. Badr was the first and the most difficult war for the Muslims as they were facing both financial and emotional crisis. They had left everything behind when they migrated and many of the companions' family members were also in Makkah, due to which they were perturbed. But history has proved that Islam is the biggest strength for a Muslim and this was the case for all those Sahaba who were in Madinah in the second Hijra.

Hadhrat Abu Salamah ﷺ showed his war skills in this battle as well as in the Battle of Uhud. In the later battle a polytheist named Abu Usama Jasmī threw a poisoned arrow on him which pierced his arm. For some time the wound seemed to be healed but the poison was silently penetrating deep inside his body.

The next year, Prophet Muhammad ﷺ sent him to Mount Qatan where Tulaiha and Asad bin Khuwaylid, the chieftains of Banu Asad bin Khuza'ima, were plotting to invade Madinah. Hadhrat Abu Salamah had one hundred and fifty riders with him. They attacked the tribesmen instantaneously on the first of Muharram and returned victorious twenty nine days later. This skirmish is known as Sirya Qatan or Sirya Abu Salamah.

### Death

After he returned from the expedition, his wound which he got during the Battle of Uhud, reopened. No medication seemed to be helpful and in Jamadi us Sani, fourth Hijra, he left for the eternal world. While he was taking his last breaths, Prophet ﷺ closed his eyes with his own hands and prayed for him. He ﷺ said, "O Allah! Widen and enlighten his grave, fill it with Noor. Forgive this servant of Yours and exalt his status among the rightly guided people." He left behind a widow, two sons; Salamah and Omar, and two daughters; Durrah and Zainab. May Allah help us to follow the footsteps of these enlightened souls. Ameen. ●

# MENU

With Ayesha Ubaidullah, lets check out the ultimate comfort dishes getting a healthy makeover

## OREO SHAKE

### Ingredients:

1. 250 ml milk
2. 1tbsp chocolate syrup
3. 1 scoop vanilla icecream
4. Whipped cream (as required)
5. 3 biscuits of oreo (crushed)
6. Ice (optional)

### Method:

Put milk, crushed oreos, ice cream, ice, chocolate syrup in a blender and blend until smooth then pour it into a glass. And top it with whipped cream.



## CHEESY GARLICBREAD

### Ingredients:

1. French bread (1 loaf)
2. Parsely (as required)
3. Cheese (as required)
4. 100g butter (unsalted)
5. Garlic paste (1tsp)
6. Salt 1/4 tsp

### Method:

Make diagonal cuts throughout the bread. In a bowl, mix butter, garlic paste and salt. Spread the mixture evenly on the bread. Place cheese and sprinkle some parsely. Bake it for 15 minutes or until the cheese melts.



# Bedtime

## Routine High-Five

2.

Hold your palms together, recite (Al-Khlaas, Al-Falaq, An-Naas) and spit (only air) then wipe over entire body hands, beginning with head and face and then all parts of the body, do this 3 times.

1.

Make wudu & before climbing into bed, dust the bed three times with the corner of your clothes while saying BISMILLAH.

3.

Read your athkaar and ayatul kursi

4.

Say: 'SubhanAllah' thirty-three times, 'Al-hamdulillah' thirty-three times, and 'Allahu Akbar' thirty-four times.

5.

Sleep on your right side

bedtime  
rewards

# radiance

# Into my heart

Part 5 of 7

**Zawjah Junaid Mukaty** thrills us with a story of how anything one allows can enter the hearts and keep them engrossed

Istikhara worked. She felt relieved. She wrote a YES on the note and tucked it under the latch at ten. Five minutes later she saw a silhouette plucking the note. That whole night she wondered what her future has stored for her. Jim was taking a daring step for her. What will their father do to him? A year back, life was so different and easy. Life today was difficult but conscience was satisfied.

She dressed herself in comfortable clothes and shoes. At first she decided to take some necessary things with her in a bag but then hiding herself and the bag would be difficult. She kept roaming around the room aimlessly touching things that her parents had given her. She picked the red moon shaped cushion which was her fifth birthday present and she always slept with it. She could hear her own sobs.

After some time she sat in the corner to check what her heart said. She found only love of Allah ﷻ. Love so deep that she finally found herself at peace. Companions of Prophet ﷺ migrated to Abyssinia and Medina and she was also leaving her house and her loved ones in His way. A silent prayer

uttered her lips, "O Allah ﷻ! Bless my parents with the light of imaan."

At four, a faint sound of key was heard. She jumped to her feet and ran towards the door. She could not see anyone as everyone was fast asleep. She followed the plan and tiptoed towards the main door. She found it slightly ajar. Jim was so helpful. She also found the backside of the vehicle open and Jim standing with his back towards her and his face towards the servant quarter where the driver's room was. She jumped in the car and hid herself properly under the camping gear. Jim turned and threw in a white bag keeping his voice low, "Keep this sis," and with a loud thump closed the backside of the car. She heard someone sitting on the passenger seat. "How do you do Kathy?" "Fine," she answered while hiding. "Jim! You're putting yourself in deep danger."

"Don't worry about me. I'll manage. Where will you go?"

"I really don't know but I'm sure Allah will not leave me."

Jim was astonished. "You trust your Allah ﷻ so blindly."

Jim was astonished.  
"You trust your Allah so blindly."

"Jim, I pray to my Allah ﷻ that he reward you immensely by guiding you to the right path."

Suddenly they heard the driver quarter's door opening. They stopped their conversation. It was very suffocating and uneasy under the burden but Khadija bore it with patience. The journey began in silence. Their driver hated to drive at such hours so Khadija knew he will be in a bad mood and will not bother to notice something wrong.

After fifteen minutes they reached Andrew's house at Barsha. Jim gave the driver a laptop to give it to Andrew's brother and ask Andrew to come down. Their house was located on the twelfth floor so Khadija had ample time to leave the car.

Khadija was now standing in front of Jim who had a sad smile on his face.

"Thank You, Jim."

"I love you Sis. There is a mosque in the next lane. For the time being you can go in women's section there. All the best." Jim was worried for her but this was all he could do. The two pair of eyes were wet and sad but they had to part.

Khadija followed Jim's direction and entered the

mosque. Luckily it was time for Fajr so she had no difficulty in finding an open area for women. After Fajr she kept sitting there till Ishraq praying to Allah ﷻ. She was so frightened and lost. After Ishraq she draped herself in abaya and left the Masjid. She had planned to go directly to Maulana Jamshed with her face covered so no one could see or recognise her.

She had to take Metro from Mall of Emirates which was near to where she was. She started walking but her feet were heavy. Only trust on Allah ﷻ was making her walk. Finally she reached the station. She had a card but she preferred making another one so she went to the window and joined the queue. She was gazing the floor when she heard someone calling her Katherine. The blood rushed to her cheeks. This was her teacher's voice.

"What are you doing here at this hour my child? And what are you wearing." His voice was loaded with surprise.

"Oh Mr. D'Souza. Well I was here to visit a friend. How do you do?" The nervousness in her voice was clearly visible. She wanted to run away but her feet



were of steel.

“But your father told me that you are ill and can’t get out of bed also.” He was suspicious. Khadija had to do something.

“Yes I was. I plan to join from tomorrow so see you soon sir. I just have to find my father here so please excuse me.” She quickly left the queue and ran out of the station. Without knowing where to go and what to do she came out to the roadside and went inside Lulu. It was early morning, the only customers there were parents with their children before going to school. She roamed here and there killing time. No place seemed safe so she planned to switch her place. Where to go?

She came out once again and entered the Mall of Emirates but now she had covered her face with the dupatta of her abaya. Masjid seemed to be the best place so she entered the women’s prayer area of the mall. Women were cleaning and scrubbing the area. She quietly went and sat in a corner. Her heart was so tight that she felt trouble in breathing. She was terribly frightened and exhausted and lied down helplessly. Soon she was asleep.

-----  
Javeria was ready with her bag on Saturday morning. She had tight jeans, a shirt and some makeup hidden in it. Her brother was to drop her to Sophia’s house and also pick her from there in the evening.

“Have you taken all your books and stuff?” asked Hassan, as he was told she was going to study.

“Yes bhai.”

“Ok then let’s go.”

Five other girls gathered at Sophia’s house. Javeria changed there and dumped her clothes and abaya

in the bag. She looked herself admiringly in the mirror. Now she looked just like her friends. They all left Sophia’s house and reached the mall. All this time Javeria felt misplaced, she could not do things they were doing. They were laughing and singing and prancing all around the place.

Nida, one of her friends, challenged the others to steal an article from any store of their choice. All the girls except Javeria accepted it. All eyes were now on her and she didn’t know what to say. She was afraid they would kick her out of their group for being such a goody-two-shoes.

“I’ll do it, but first let me see how it goes with you all.” Everyone laughed at her innocence and agreed to it.

Sophia went first; she visited a perfume shop and returned with a Davidoff tester in her pocket. One by one, all the others came out with something from different stores. They were cheering each other on and really enjoying themselves.

The next turn was Javeria’s. Her legs were trembling but she pretended to be confident. She chose a big and busy store, thinking it would be easy since the staff was mostly occupied. She had learnt from her friends how to take care of security cameras too. She went inside and started looking around. When she found the right moment, she slipped a small notebook in her jeans pocket. Nobody saw her. Wow, this was easy. Why not prove herself brave in front of her friends? She decided to steal an expensive pen too. She again glanced right and left and put the pen in her second pocket.

Suddenly a strong firm hand grasped her elbow and ordered her to step aside. He had called security and Javeria was now trembling like a dry leaf.

*Continued In’sha’Allah...* ●

# General Knowledge Quiz

A quiz on the longest, largest and least around the world



Q1: The largest country of the world is?

Q2: The least populous continent?

Q3: Country which spends largest on Defense?

Q4: Tallest tree in the world?

Q5: River that carries maximum level of water is?

Q6: Largest, heaviest & longest mammal is?

Q7: Tallest Animal is?

Q8: Hottest planet with surface temperature 464oC is?

Q9: Fastest planet is?

Q10: Common element in atmosphere is?

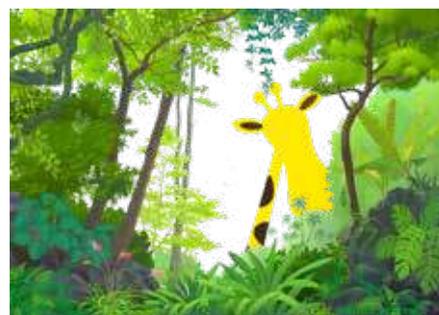
Q11: Largest bone in human body is?

Q12: Longest Glacier is?

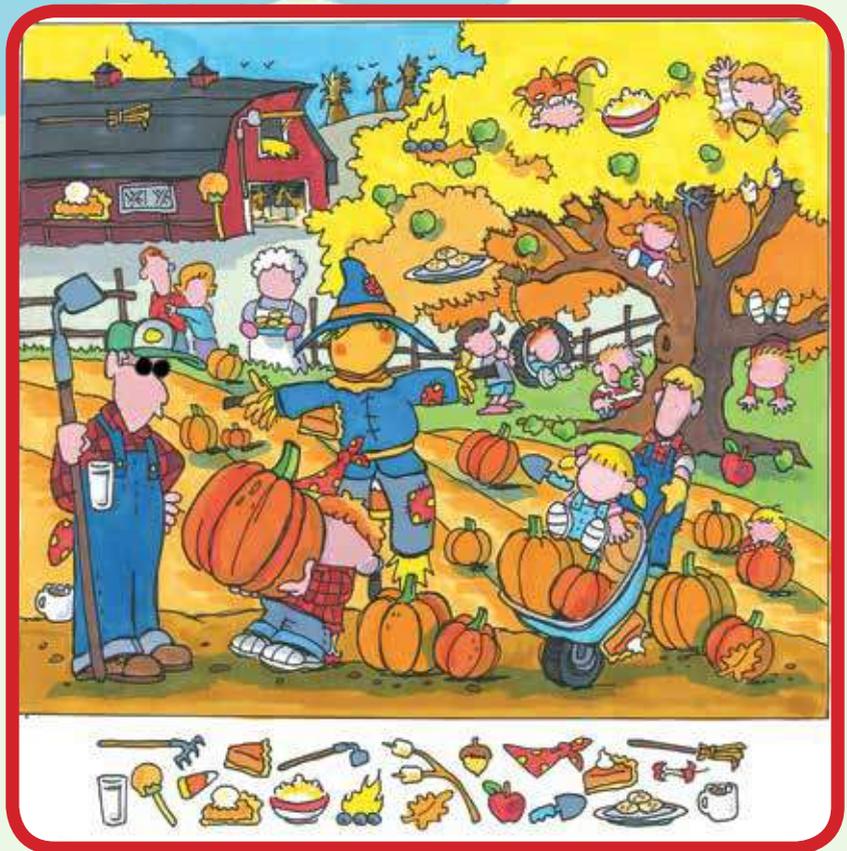
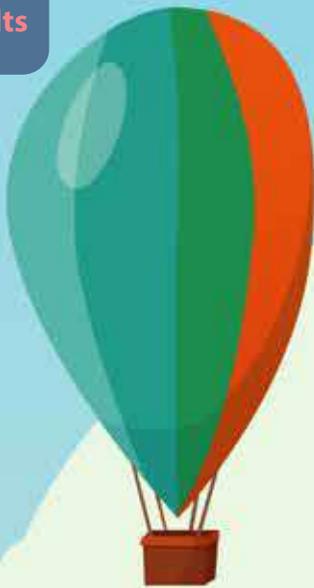
Q13: Brightest planet is?

Q14: The sum of angles in a triangle is?

Q15: The first black president of South Africa was?



**Answers on Page 25**



**HAHA!**  
**HAHA!**

Teacher: Class, we will have only half a day of school this morning.  
Class: Hooray!  
Teacher: We will have the other half this afternoon.

Hunter: What has given Mr. Bubbles nightmares since elementary school?  
Joe: Beats me.  
Hunter: Pop quizzes!

Mom: What did you do at school today?  
Mark: We did a guessing game.  
Mom: But I thought you were having a math exam.  
Mark: That's right!

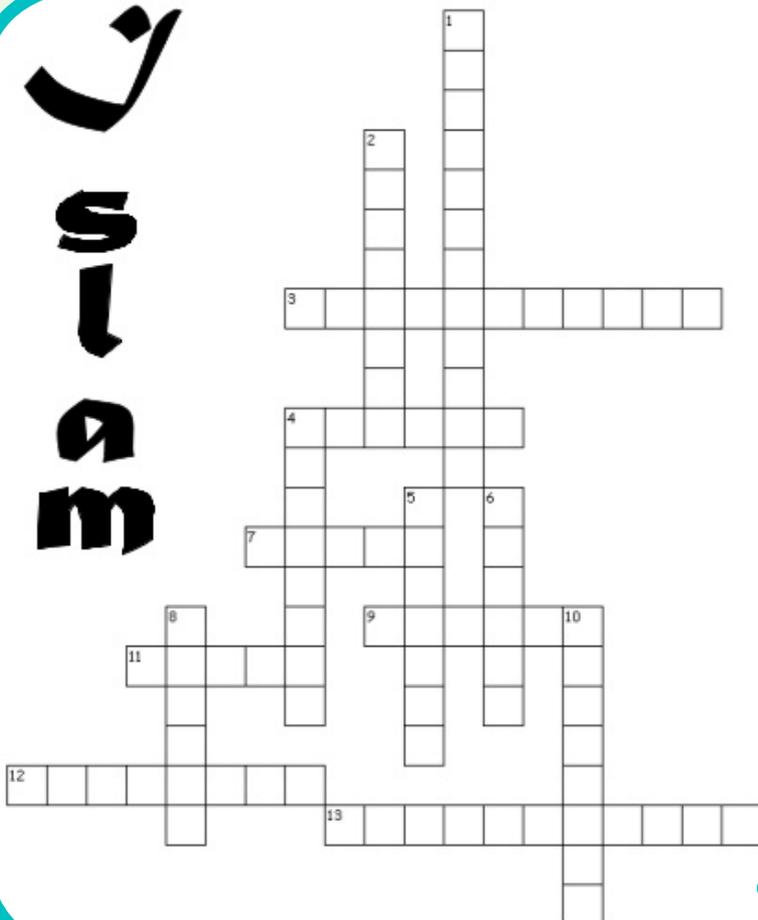
Stevie: Hey, Mom, I got a hundred in school today!  
Mom: That's great. What in?  
Stevie: A 40 in Reading and a 60 in Spelling.

What kind of school do you go to if you're...  
...An ice cream man? Sundae school.  
...A giant? High school.  
...A surfer? Boarding school.  
...King Arthur? Knight school.

Teacher: Donald, what is the chemical formula for water?  
Donald: H-I-J-K-L-M-N-O.  
Teacher: What are you talking about?  
Donald: Yesterday you said it was H to O.



مايسلم



**Across :**

- 3- The country where Islam began
- 4-The name for someone who believes and worships Allah
- 7-This place is considered the holiest place of Islam
- 9- Hadhrat Abu bakr became the first \_\_\_ which means he was a successor of Muhammad ﷺ
- 11-The city where Prophet ﷺ was born.
- 12-Muslims were very \_\_\_ of their conquered people meaning they were lenient
- 13-Many \_\_\_\_\_ helped the exchange of ideas

**Down :**

- 1-Islam believes only in one gods therefore is a \_\_ religion
- 2- Nomads who lived in Arabia's deserts
- 4-The prophet of Allah
- 5-Muslims fast during ---
- 6-The city where Muhammad ﷺ founded Islam
- 8-Geographically, Saudia Arabia is made up of mostly ---
- 10-The Quran is the \_\_\_\_ of Islam

Contributed by *Rumaisa Naimetullah*

# String Phone Project

Step back in time and use some old fashioned technology to make a string phone while learning about sound waves with this fun science project for kids.

All you need is some string, a sharpened pencil and a few paper cups to get started.

Make a String Telephone

## What you'll need:

- 2 paper cups
- A sharp pencil or sewing needle to help poke holes
- String (kite string and fishing lines work well)



## Instructions:

1. Cut a long piece of string, you can experiment with different lengths but perhaps 20 metres is a good place to start.
2. Poke a small hole in the bottom of each cup.
3. Thread the string through each cup and tie knots at each end to stop it pulling through the cup (alternatively you can use a paper clip, washer or similar small object to hold the string in place).
4. Move into position with you and a friend holding the cups at a distance that makes the string tight (making sure the string isn't touching anything else).
5. One person talks into the cup while the other puts the cup to their ear and listens, can you hear each other?

## What's happening?

Speaking into the cup creates sound waves which are converted into vibrations at the bottom of the cup. The vibrations travel along the string and are converted back into sound waves at the other end so your friend can hear what you said. Sound travels through the air but it travels even better through solids such as your cup and string, allowing you to hear sounds that might be too far away when traveling through the air. ●

# ARTWORK



By **Ayesha Uzair Zavary**



By **Maheen Muddasir**



By **HAREEM FAISAL**  
CLASS: 2E  
SCHOOL: REFLECTIONS



By **Mariam Usama**



By **Asiyah Ali**



By **Fatima Chapra**

Grandmother grew vegetables. She canned them, ate them and gave them to the food bank. She grew more vegetables than she could eat, can, or even give away. Then she had a great idea. She took a shop on rent to sell the vegetables. She started selling the vegetables but gave them to the poor for free. Soon she started getting so much vegetables that she couldn't even give them away nor store them. There was immense Barakah factor in her wealth. She had too much wealth and no idea how to store that wealth. So she kept giving it away to the needy and thus Allah kept increasing it even more. She had no greed to make huge houses or

buy expensive things.

One day, she was going to the bank but in the way a thief came in full speed and took her bag. Crossly, the lady called the police. The police came soon and asked the lady what had happened. The lady explained everything and thus the police ran after the thief and caught him. The thief was not in sight but still he was hiding around the wall where the police got hold of him.

It was all from the barakah of the wealth that no one could steal it. ●



## The barakah factor

By Muhammad bin Baber Zubairi  
9 years

## My Marshmallow

by Fabiha Furqan  
8 years  
The educators school

Once upon a time there was a marshmallow. He was pink in colour with blue wavy lines. He smelled like strawberry. Sana who was wearing a glittery frock with red shoes, bought the marshmallow from the supermarket and kept it in the fridge. Marshmallow was feeling lonely in the fridge. It was too dark. The marshmallow wanted to go and meet his friends but there was no way out.

Sana opened the fridge to take out some fruits. The marshmallow tried to jump out from the fridge but Sana suddenly closed the door of the fridge. The marshmallow started crying with a hanging head. He was thinking it was not fun to be in the fridge. He was shivering as it was too cold in there. Finally one evening Sana opened the fridge and took out the marshmallow. Her heart was pounding to eat the marshmallow. She swallowed the marshmallow and he was not able to meet his friends. ●

# The need of Salam

by Sana Mushtaq Niaz

I loudly called out 'Assalamu alaikum' to everyone sitting in the lounge and everyone looked at me in amazement. They looked at me because I often said 'assalamu alaikum' only to the elders but today I said to all the children as well. Actually today in class there was a lecture in which our teacher emphasised the importance of offering salutations in Islam.

The teacher said that offering 'assalamu alaikum' means praying for one another. Giving walaikum assalam means that Allah gives you protection and offering Al-Salam (peace and blessings of Allah be upon him) means that Allah will give you peace too.

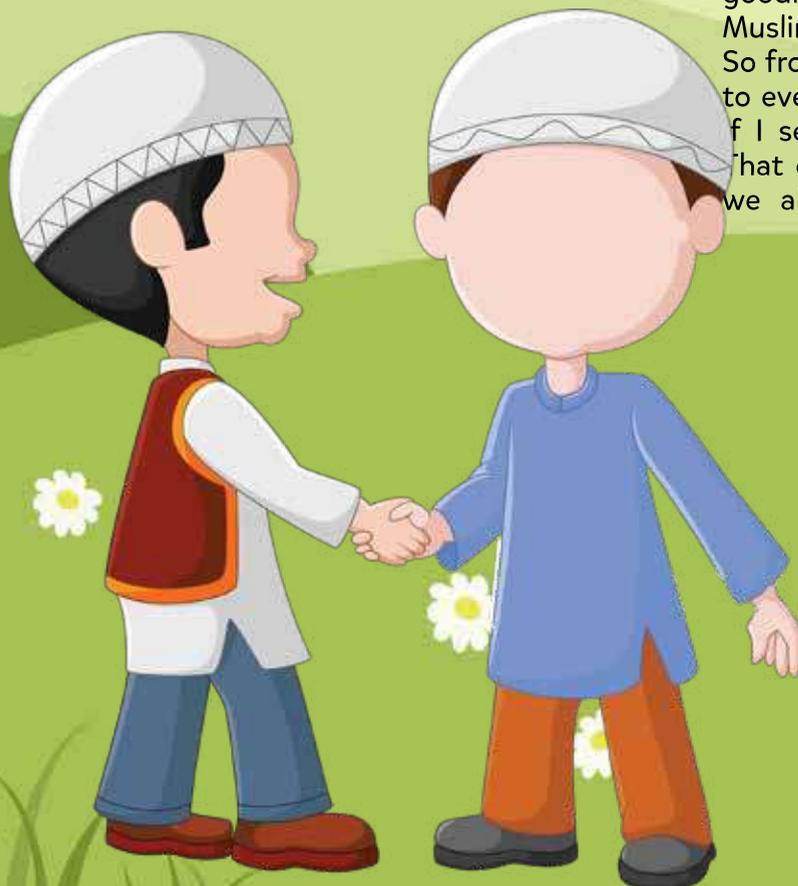
We must also take the initiative in peace, whether it is assalamu alaikum to the elderly or assalamu alaikum to the youngster. This increases the love in the hearts.

Then the teacher narrated to us a Hadith from Prophet ﷺ narrated by Imran ibn Husayn: "A man came to the Prophet ﷺ and said: Peace be upon you! He responded to his salutation. He then sat down. The Prophet ﷺ said: Ten. Another man came and said: Peace and Allah's mercy be upon you! He responded to his salutation when he sat down. He said: Twenty. Another man came and said: Peace and Allah's mercy and blessings be upon you! He responded to him and when he sat down, Rasulullah ﷺ said: Thirty." (Abu Dawood Hadees#5195)

Then the teacher looked at all of us children and asked who would be the first to offer 'assalamu alaikum' and who will get the maximum good? We all raised our hands and said: Meeee!

Today's lecture was great and we all felt happy especially because we often used to feel shy in saying 'assalam waleikum'. I did not know that offering assalamu alaikum brings so much goodness and love also grows amongst fellow Muslims.

So from now onwards, I will say Assalamu alaikum to everyone and every time that I see them, even if I see them for the fifth, sixth time in a day. That day too when we stepped out of our class, we all said salam to each other many times.



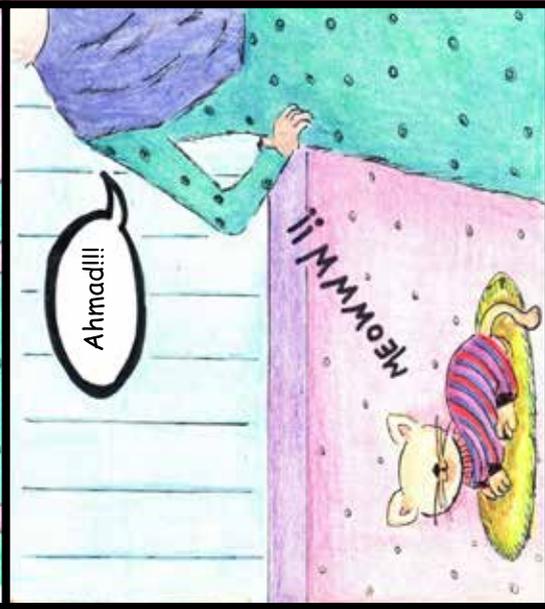
## General Knowledge Quiz

### Answers

Russia	Mercury
Antarctica	Nitrogen
USA	Femur
Redwood	Lambert (Antarctica)
Amazon	Venus
Blue Whale	180 degree
Giraffe	Nelson Mandela
Venus	

# The warmth of winters

Concept by Zawjah Zia  
Illustrated by Zawjah Aamir





**BAITUSSALAM  
IMDADI MARKAZ**  
امدادی مرکز  
خدمتوں کی حد تک مستحق افراد کو



**Brothers and sisters who are  
willing to help underprivileged  
families can contribute in  
Baitussalam Imdadi Markaz.**



Any deserving family can get ration & daily necessities  
after these three simple steps



Registration  
of deserving  
family



Issuance of  
Imdadi markaz  
Card



Acquiring ration  
from Imdadi  
Markaz

**Do you want to help an underprivileged family through baitussalam?**

Baitussalam can help you in this regard.

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Become a member of  
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**2nd option**

Help a deserving family by  
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**3rd option**

Donate stuff to baitussalam  
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affordability.

**Underprivileged family can shop anything from  
imdadi markaz according to their card limit.**



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