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radwaance

LIVING AND LOVING THE YOUNG MUSLIM LIFESTYLE

Born to be

Comic: Learn not
cheat

If somebody can read
your mind!

Why only me?

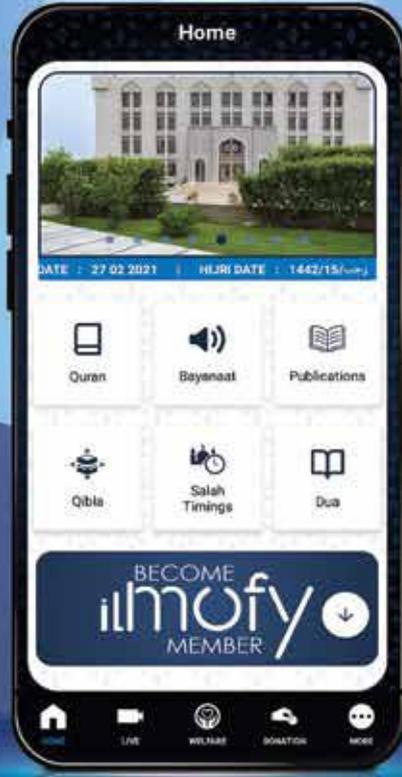
It's a Trust!!



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SNEAK A PEEK

ed's den 04
If somebody can read
your mind!

dear diary 06
The Extremist

storynory 08
Born to be - part 1



teens deen
Why only me?

misty mirrors 12
It's a tust!!

poetic rush 14
I walk on the street...

poster 15



homework helper
World quiz

leading lights 18
Hadhrat Khubbab bin al
Aratt ﷻ



screw n bolts 20
A mixed bag of fun and
frolic

fresh pens 22
Look, I have Returned!
Read to succeed

science nugget 24
Shiny Pennies

fresh strokes 25

comic 26
Learn not cheat

If somebody can read your mind!

Someone might respond: 'If someone reads my mind I would probably get locked away for a long long time.. on the other hand, someone could then explain to me too what I'm thinking.' Someone else might think: 'They'd be really worried about being anywhere near me.'

And yet one response could be: 'No, I would not like anyone to do any reading there... that's a strictly personal matter. At least let our minds be our own paradise! (or hell!!!)'

What about you? Well, I don't think we ever gave it a thought until now that we're posed with this question. I just hope it won't drive them crazy.

I don't believe anyone can actually tap into another's brain waves. My apologies to those who do and think they have some magical powers from the unseen, but I suspect most of that is because some people are very sensitive to non-verbal cues, and some are very shrewd at understanding people in general. People are not very difficult to understand if you focus on the process. We all have certain reactions in common, and in friendships and other close relationships, we can anticipate each other's behavior and needs very accurately. On the other hand, there are people who are so numb to the specifics of others' emotions and behaviors that you can scream your thoughts into their ears and they still won't get it.

However, what if people could actually see the inside of our minds just like they can see the



exterior of our skin? Even the mere thought is enough to give us goose bumps all around. Imagine people visualizing the grudges inside your head, the envy, the pride, the miserliness, the selfishness, the greed and the list is never-ending.

Nonetheless, there is only One being who can check out everything clearly inside your rapidly deteriorating grey cells. Yes there you have it: Your Lord, your Rab.. He knows what battles go on inside your little upper chamber all day long and how you never even try to get rid of them.

Only if we were sure that He can see inside our heads, we would have indeed taken the utmost care just like we take care of our face and clothes; things visible to the public.

But hadith on the authority of Abu Huraira رضي الله عنه says: "Verily Allah does not look to your bodies nor to your faces but He looks to your hearts", and he pointed towards the heart with his fingers. This means that you think Allah doesn't look at your mind and heart while all He actually looks at is your mind and heart! How mistaken we humans are, isn't it?

A person conceals his thoughts and feelings in his heart such as the love for a certain person or thing or the love for or desire to commit something haram. We can hide these thoughts from the people, but they cannot be hidden from Allah ﷻ.

We are told to read Surah Mulk every night and its starting is so profound Subhan'Allah: "*Blessed be He in Whose Hand is the dominion; and He is Able to do all things. Who has created death and life that He may test you which of you is best in deed. And He is the Almighty, the Oft-Forgiving. Who has created the seven heavens one above the other; you can see no fault in the creation*

of the Most Gracious. Then look again. Can you see any rifts? Then look again and yet again, your sight will return to you Khasi', and worn out." (Surat-ul-Mulk: 1-5)

Allah ﷻ informs His servants that He knows the secrets and apparent matters and nothing concerning them escapes His observation. Rather, His knowledge encompasses all that is in the heavens and the earth. Nothing, not even the weight of an atom or what is smaller than that in the earth, seas, and mountains, escapes Him.

This ayah alerts Allah's servants that they should fear Him enough to not commit what He prohibits, for He has the perfect knowledge in all they do and is able to punish them promptly. He tests and gives them some time, then He punishes them, and He is Swift and Mighty in taking account.

This is why He said next, "The Day every soul will find what it has done of good present [before it]," meaning on the Day of Resurrection, Allah subhanahu wa ta'ala will bring the good and evil deeds before the servant whether it was a lot or a little. Notice, He mentions the "good," first. This should be an encouragement for us to do more good deeds and not give in to laziness or procrastination.

So next time you feel alone and have no one to talk to, connect with Allah. He is like that best friend who can read your mind without your even uttering a single word. A lone tear would wash away all your sins, soothe your heart and make you take on a fresh start Insha'Allah

Was'salam,

Umm Abdullah

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Farheen Farwa's diary chomps down on her wholeheartedly embracing the life of an 'extremist'

The Extremist

I'm a regular girl living the life of hustle bustle in one of the beautiful cities of Pakistan. I love this place. It's amazing, especially the people here.

Like any other regular kid, I spent my childhood wishing for the school to shut down, exams to evaporate and my teachers to forget that they had given us homework. Uh-oh... I don't want to stand at the back of the class once again.

Then I grew up and went to a university, just like any other regular youngster would do. Got myself enrolled so I could get a nice-sounding

degree and go back to my regular, normal life. So, you see, everything about me is so regular, it's almost dull.

Except for that, I'm an extremist.

Yep, you heard that right. But wait before you decide to throw your laptop in a daze and inform the police about raiding my place. If you think you can get me busted before 'our gang' plans the next bombing spree, think again. I don't have any bombs here. They are kept in a safe hide-out so as not to blow my such-a-regular-person cover. Kidding.

So, you see, everything about me is so regular, it's almost dull. Except for that, I'm an extremist.

No, seriously, it's a joke.

Some of you folks might be thinking, "She doesn't even sound religious, let alone an extremist. What kind of a good Muslim cracks jokes? Extremism and humour are, like, mutually exclusive."

Extremism is just a highly misunderstood term. When we think of extremism, the word terrorism pops up in our minds almost like a knee-jerk reaction. While this picture may depict a sadly true reality, but not all extremists are like that.

My extremism began in college when I started taking my religion very, very seriously. I began doing hijab, which is like a pre-requisite if you plan on getting enrolled in an extremist institution. Then I think, "Okay, I've done this bit, what next?" I have no knowledge of my religion, I can't understand Arabic, and I have absolutely no idea which Qur'anic commentaries to pick. I find a little place and I think to myself, "Okay, these people seem reasonable." So, I start taking classes where the madrassah course is being taught, which obviously makes me a highly eligible candidate for extremism.

My next move? Taking out my weapon of mass destruction and running after the lovebirds in parks yelling 'haram, haram!' at the top of my

lungs.

NOT.

While I'm not much of a sport when it comes to Western culture, and I cringe at how birthdays, valentine's day, Christmas, and Holies are slowly replacing our love for Eids and Jum'as, still I don't believe in forcing my views on others. But even though I have applied this only to my personal matters, at times it raises a lot of eyebrows.

"Hey, why aren't you coming to my party?"

"Uh, thanks, XYZ, but I'm not a big fan of loud music, and an entire mob dancing to the obscene lyrics like there's no tomorrow."

"Ugh! When will you stop being such an extremist!"

Several such episodes have made me realize that I am, indeed, an extremist. But instead of justifying my acts and running away from the label, I have embraced it like my own. I now have an identity. I'm an extremist, a 'mullani' - whatever others want to call it. I don't mind people calling us the 'maulvians'- or ninjas. Frankly, it makes me feel more like a member of an 'in group'.

So, yes. I am an extremist, but please don't fear me just because of my inclination towards religion

Born to Be

Mr. and Mrs. Ansari watched their seven year old daughter with a mist of pride and adoration in their eyes, as she performed on stage. Mrs. Ansari was wiping the corner of her eyes with the tip of her index finger, while Mr. Ansari was beaming from ear to ear. The young girl whose curly brown hair sat a little below her shoulders was dressed in a fancy white frock, and in her parents' eyes looked nothing less than an angel. The girl didn't know of the magic her voice carried just yet, but everyone else in the room clearly looked spellbound. When her voice faded into the last tune, it took the crowd a while to regain their consciousness, and then a round of wild applause erupted. The little girl just stood there smiling sheepishly, a little nonplussed.

The warm memory of that day played in front of Tania, twelve years later, as she stood on top of an overhead bridge and watched the sun steadily hide behind a billboard. A wave of emotions flooded over her as she read the words, "Tania Ansari's Born to Be Out Now" printed over an image of herself in a blue bomber jacket, looking up at a blue sky with eyes closed and a microphone held close to her heart. It felt unreal. It was only a mere idea that had been sowed in Tania's mind last summer and now it had bloomed into reality.

"Woah! Is this for real?" an excited voice shouted.

"Unbelievable," another exclaimed.

Amira and Mehwish, Tania's best friends, were running up the bridge to join her, and both of them were delighted to see Tania's face on the billboard. The three of them stood there till the sun had completely disappeared, gawking at the billboard as the cars passed by beneath them. All along, Amira and Mehwish dreamingly jabbered about Tania becoming super famous and everyone's favourite singer in no time, and Tania thought they were being really silly.

"Come back to the real world, you two," Tania said. "Overnight success is only a fantasy. It doesn't work like that."

"Why not? I'm sure people are gonna go gaga over your voice," Mehwish contradicted.

"Yup! Don't believe us now, just wait and see it yourself," Amira said, like she had been to the future.

Tania could not have imagined in her wildest dreams that Mehwish and Amira's words would actually turn out to be a true prophecy. When she woke up the next morning, everything looked exactly like it did every other day. The sun slowly spread its wings like it always did from behind the queue of trees in the backyard of the Ansari house, the birds hummed to the same tune they did every morning, and the morning breeze was as gentle and soothing

The journey to stardom began just like that, without any warning. There was no stopping the song offers and the interview calls that flooded in.

as before. However, the newspapers and social media platforms did have a new story to tell this morning.

Like she did on most Sundays, Tania woke up at ten a.m. and made herself a cup of her favorite chocolate mocha first thing in the morning. It was when she was scrambling the eggs that her dad entered the kitchen with a news, which caused Tania to drop the spatula.

“Tania, look! Don’t you think this girl in the paper looks just like you?” Mr. Ansari grinned and showed Tania the newspaper.

As Tania read the headline, her brain stopped working and it was hard to read the mixture of expressions on her face. Whether it was a dream or reality, there was no denying that it was really Tania’s name and face in the paper. Three out of eight songs from Tania’s album had made it to the top trending charts in less than twelve hours, and that was only the start. She kept pinching herself throughout the day to make sure she wasn’t in the middle of a dream only to find out that she had left a bunch of scratches on her arm. This was no dream.

It wasn’t like Tania had never dreamed of this or did not want this to happen. There was also no denying that she had put in every bit of effort to create the best masterpiece she could. It was just that the way things go far beyond your expectations at times tasted like honey, which you doubt to be raw. Perhaps just once in a while the world recognizes your talent a lot sooner than later and does not keep you waiting in loops of mis-

eries, Tania thought to herself as the reality began to sink in.

The journey to stardom began just like that, without any warning. There was no stopping the song offers and the interview calls that flooded in. It was too much to take in all at once, and yet something that could not be rejected. But, is anything ever given without something else taken away? The soaring fame came with a price. If happy, admiring faces followed Tania everywhere she went, so did eyes full of envy and hate. People who once felt like home suddenly felt like dark and unwelcoming forests. Moreover, she was robbed of the peace and privacy she used to have. Gone were the sweet luxurious days of having free time to herself, reading in a corner or simply being wrapped in cozy layers of serenity. Despite how much she ached for those things, it felt like a sin to complain, especially when she had been bestowed with the gift of living her dreams. However, sometimes when Tania’s heavy head would hit the pillow late at night, her wandering thoughts would wonder whether this really was the life she wanted. Was I really born to be a singer like everyone says, she would think. However, everytime she would shrug off the troubling thoughts and scold herself for being ungrateful.

After what seemed like ages, Tania sat with her two best friends again, but Tania couldn’t brush off the feeling that the bond they once had was not the same anymore. It was also perhaps the first time in ages that Tania noticed the sky again. It looked breathtakingly beautiful at this hour of the day, taking the tint of cherry blossoms and marigold. The end of semester was around the corner, and so Ta-

nia, Amira, and Mehwish had decided to catch up on their pending assignments together.

“How are you even managing all this at once, Tania?” Amira questioned as she ripped out a page from her notebook, clearly wearing an annoyed expression. “Like seriously, if you have some magic tricks, please share them.”

Tania just put on a tiny smile at that and didn't say anything. She hadn't told them about how miserably her grades had been falling, or how terrifying it was to hang on the verge of failing, or how it was a miracle that she had managed to pass the last two semesters. If anyone needed magic tricks, it was Tania. She was the one juggling through life, with the constant fear of how long she could keep on going like this without letting everything fall.

“I heard about the upcoming school play. Are you guys taking part in that?” Tania asked, changing the subject.

“Nah, it's not even that fun,” Mehwish replied.

“You're saying that? You were the one who was going crazy about it in the first year of college,” Amira chuckled.

“Because that was the first year and everyone wanted to be in it,” Mehwish said defensively.

“Plus, they also changed the drama teacher.”

“Well, I was thinking about helping with designing the backdrop and costumes,” Amira said.

“Yeah, you definitely should,” Tania encouraged. “You really did a great job last year.”

“Thanks and you should perform again,” Amira suggested.

“I wish I could. It was fun last time,” replied Tania. “But, I just can't. On some days, they hold the actors till it's dark for the rehearsals and I don't have that kind of time.”

“Oh, right!”

The moon was shining brightly outside by the time the girls finished their work. After hav-

ing dinner and thanking Tania's mom for the delicious meal, Amira and Mehwish left. An hour later, Tania's manager called up to discuss tomorrow's busy schedule with her and then she was off to bed, oblivious of all the unexpected things coming her way

Continued from pg 19

He kept all his wealth in a corner of his house with no security on it. The poor and needy were allowed to take whatever they wanted from it without seeking any permission. He was very afraid of the accountability and still feared of standing before Allah.

He died during Hadhrat Ali's caliphate, in thirty-seven Hijra in Kufa where he was settled in his last days. Some companions of Prophet ﷺ visited him on his deathbed and found him crying. On enquiring, he replied, “I weep because my companions have died and they did not obtain any such rewards in this world. I have lived on and have acquired this wealth and I fear that this will be the only reward for my deeds.”

After the soul of this God fearing companion departed his body, Hadhrat Ali ؑ stood at his grave and said, “May Allah ﷻ have mercy on Khabbab. He accepted Islam wholeheartedly. He performed Hijrah willingly. He lived as a Mujahid and Allah shall not withhold the reward of one who has done good.”

O, Allah! Help us all to walk on Islam wholeheartedly and face all the difficulties with courage.

Question Block

Companions of Prophet ﷺ were persecuted during the early period of Islam. Do you think Muslims in present days are also persecuted? If yes, then please suggest what should be done to bring out the Muslims from this tyranny. The last date for sending in your answers is Feb 15th, 2022.

The best answers will be published in the magazine as well as given prizes In'sha'Allah

Why only me?

teens
deen



The human eyes, mind and heart can't fathom the wisdom in things out of our reach and that's why it's essential for us to stay patient always, explains this short story by Omer Mustafa

My car halted in the middle of the road, I got out and checked the engine, it was smoking badly. Now it was impossible for me to reach the meeting on time, why do all problems only come to me? And when I prayed to Allah so much to help me reach the meeting on time, doesn't praying to Allah bear any fruit? Does Allah forget those who pray to him? I called a mechanic and waited for him to study the problem, the mechanic took 45 mins to fix the engine and thus I arrived 30 mins late for the meeting.

jured, and were taken to the hospital. The police were investigating the matter in full depth and no one was allowed near the affected area. Seeing this I remembered the verse of Surah Bakarah with tears of joy dropping from my eyes *"And it may be that you dislike a thing and it is actually good for you and it may be that you love a thing and it is actually bad for you. And Allah knows while you do not know."* (2:216) Even though I thought that I really needed to go to that meeting and it would be productive

Why do all problems only come to me? And when I prayed to Allah so much to help me reach the meeting on time does praying to Allah doesn't bear any fruit?

When I arrived, I was left agnast to see 3 fire brigades around the building, I was confused at first but when I asked around, I got to know that a big arson had taken place due to a personal grudge with the boss and three people who attended the meeting were severely in-

for me, it was actually perilous to go there, and indeed Allah Knows more than we do and sees what we cannot see. Whatever happens, we should not give up and never loose faith in our creator as Allah loves all His creations

It's a Trust!!

Written by **Binte Hanif**
South Africa

"Shhhhh, shhhhh don't tell anyone. You are the only one who is aware of this. Hey! Fatima you know what.... This is what Aisha told me but don't tell anyone, ohhhhh Zahra you know what Aisha told Nuha, however don't tell anyone."

"Nuha I confided in you, do you understand my situation? My world has come to an end only because you decided to make me a fool and a mere discussion of gossip out of me. I trusted you..... but you....."

Sounds familiar?

Trust is not only looking after an individual's valuables, however the same gravity should be applied to their words. Do we understand the depth of someone's secrets?

"Trust is like a glass, once broken it can never be the same again." What an old, common, yet a very wise saying.

What is trust? Is trust essential for our everyday lives? Trust is a quality or condition of being trustworthy; loyal; reliable. I think trust is an essential way of life because you cannot make a relationship, friendship, a business, or an organization if there is no foundation. Part of that foundation is trust and loyalty as you should be able to depend, rely, and trust others that they will do exactly what is right for them and for you. Trust can be broken so quickly, it is scary, because once trust is broken it is a lot harder to gain back compared to when you first gained trust in someone.

People will not only lose their trust in you after they have figured out the truth, but they will lose their respect for you. Nobody wants to be friends with a liar or associate themselves with a liar. Guilt is another underlying consequence that comes with the liability of lying. Lying to

Whether it's in the workplace or personal relationships, a lack of trust is emotionally exhausting. A person feels like they're walking through a minefield, unsure when something they say or do could backfire on them.

family or friends or both can and will leave you feeling guilty because you are killing the trust they have put into you.

We all crave it. We measure it and are surprised when we have it in others. We want others to provide it to us quickly but tend not to extend the same time frame for it to be gained. Trust, with no real magic formula to obtain it, comes to us in strange ways and can leave us in a blink of an eye.

Studies suggest that keeping promises holds a lot of emotional value and when we break them, there is a decline of trust. The words of a 5 year old or the words of a 50 year old are a promise and a secret once mentioned in privacy which should be upheld to our very last breath.

As our beloved Rasullullah ﷺ has stated:

“When someone says something then turns away, it is a trust i.e it should be kept secret by the one who heard it.”

In our day to day lives we commit multitudes of actions which we consider as being merely trivial, however do we realize the consequences of our actions on the people around us?

Unfortunately in this time and age, when we are confronted on the fact of exposing someone's secrets or making someone a centre of gossip we start justifying our actions, not realizing how deeply we have hurt another individual. We do not realize how we would've felt if our secrets would have been exposed by the person we trust.

Moreover, presence cements relationships by allowing people to live and work together, feel safe and belong to a group. Whether it's in

the workplace or personal relationships, a lack of trust is emotionally exhausting. A person feels like they're walking through a minefield, unsure when something they say or do could backfire on them. They always feel like they're looking over their shoulder in case someone is about to stab them in the back. This is extremely stressful. Being in an environment with trust lets a person relax and feel safe. Their stress unequivocally decreases.

Trust plays a pervasive role in social affairs, even sustaining acts of cooperation among strangers who have no control over each other's actions. ... Placing trust in a person can be seen as a strategic act, a moral response, or even an expression of social solidarity.

Here is a short story with a beautiful message... A little girl and her father were crossing a bridge. The father was kind of scared so he asked his little daughter, 'Sweetheart, please hold my hand so that you don't fall into the river.' The little girl said, 'No, Dad. You hold my hand.' 'What's the difference?' Asked the puzzled father. 'There's a big difference,' replied the little girl. 'If I hold your hand and something happens to me, chances are that I may let your hand go. But if you hold my hand, I know for sure that no matter what happens, you will never let my hand go.' In any relationship, the essence of trust is not in its bind, but in its bond. So hold the hand of the person who loves you rather than expecting them to hold yours... This message is too short.....but carries a lot of feelings.

“To be trusted is a greater compliment than being loved.”

I walk on the street...

Written by Adeen Ahmed
11 years

I walk on the street
Every morning, every day.
My feet against the road's sleet
Watching people go on their way.

I see different people
Pashtuns, Sindhis, Punjabis, every kind.
Full of freedom, very gleeful
For Pakistan is their country, their home, their
shrine.

They make Pakistan their mural, their mosque,
their sky
Waving green flags and bright candles.
Pakistan is the story of their life
The troubles our ancestors took, their won
battles.

I see different things too
Theft and murder, hatred blind.
Horrible things that grew and grew
Bribe and argument that shame mankind.

"The government did it" is the favorite phrase
Of the people who won't own up, won't take
responsibility.
Everywhere we look, we see fire and blame

And the thing that's shattered is tranquility.
I look somewhere else and I see
People helping one another.
Some children planting small trees
Of hope, prosperity, love, and good future.

And that is the thing that we all need to do
Build bridges, fix roads, plant flowers and
trees.
Make our ancestors proud of us through and
through
And make Pakistan as pure as the breeze.

What was Iqbal's dream and Jinnah's fight
Is a Pakistan dithering between good and bad.
Why is it that a struggle so right
Has been wasted – turning our country's state
so sad?

Let us not waste more time
But be prudent, civil, helpful, and aspiring.
Let us make the old leaders proud of their
climb
Let us make Pakistan a country that is shining.
No time for sorrow – we should save tomor-
row.

7 S's OF OVERCOMING FEAR WITH FAITH



1. STRONG FAITH

Allah knows what is best for you and when it is best for you to have it.



2. SUPPLICATION

Use dua and zikr as your shield and fortress



3. SUNNAH

Adopt Prophetic medicine and regime (dates, honey, olives) and follow the Sunnahs of eating and drinking



4. SADAQAH

It increases your blessings and drives away difficulties, diseases and calamities.



5. SAFETY

Take precautions and trust Allah



6. SABR

Exercise patience in times of distress as Allah is with those who are patient.

7. SHUKR

Be grateful for all the blessings that Allah has given you for gratitude increases blessings.



World Quiz

- Which is the tallest building in the world?
- Eiffel tower
 - Bahria Icon tower
 - Petronas twin tower
 - Burj Khalifa
2. Which of the Seven Wonders is located in Egypt?
- Taj Mahal
 - The Pyramids of Giza
 - The Great Wall
 - Hanging garden of Babylon
3. Tiger is the national animal of which country?
- Israel
 - Germany
 - India
 - Nepal
4. What is the background colour of the Olympic flag?
- White
 - Yellow
 - Light blue
 - Red
5. The national flag of which of these countries shows a lion carrying a sword?
- Bhutan
 - Sweden
 - Nepal
 - Sri Lanka
6. Which planet is also known by the name of red planet?
- Mars
 - Jupiter
 - Mercury
 - Earth
7. In which year the second world war began?
- 1938
 - 1939
 - 1940
 - 1941
8. Which one is the official language of Canada along with English?
- Portuguese
 - Germany
 - French
 - Spanish





9. Egypt connects which of the two continents?
- Asia and Africa
 - Asia and Europe
 - Asia and Antarctica
 - South America and North America
10. "Krone" is the currency of which country?
- Finland
 - Greece
 - Norway
 - Hungary

11. Which country has the largest Muslim population in the world?
- Pakistan
 - Iran
 - Indonesia
 - Morocco
12. What is the national game of Bangladesh?
- Cricket
 - Kabaddi
 - Shooting
 - Football
13. The only continent in the world without a desert is?
- North America
 - Asia
 - Africa
 - Europe
14. The World's longest straight road without any corners is located in...?
- USA
 - Australia
 - Saudi Arabia
 - China
15. Which country is also known as the 'Land of the Rising Sun'?
- Japan
 - New Zealand
 - Fiji
 - China

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Answers

Hadhrat Khubbab bin al Aratt رضي الله عنه

Sacrifice. Devotion. Truth. Love. – We cannot even begin to imagine the reality of these assets without being aware of the glorious sahabah who bore them all! Zawjah Junaid Mukaty amazes us with the life accounts of one such sahabi

After a long hard day, a young tired slave was sitting lost in thoughts in his workshop. He was a skilled and the most famous sword maker among the Arabs who came to him from far and wide to have their swords made. Long ago, his mistress, Umme Anmar had sent him as an apprentice to a blacksmith who taught him this art. He could still remember those days when he was a young boy and had been taken a prisoner and brought to the slave market after the enemies took over his homeland, Al Yamamah, located on the Eastern part of Arabian Peninsula. Umme Anmar had liked him at the first glance and bought him. Since then he worked from dawn to dusk and earned for his mistress.

Though he was a young man, he was far more intelligent and wise for his age. He deeply observed the abhorrent state of Arabs, of which he himself was a prey. Many vices of the society were collectively present in that nation, but his far-sighted mind always told him, 'After this night of darkness, there must be a dawn.'

He didn't know that he would be soon proven right.

Time moved on when one day he heard Muhammad ﷺ, The Sadiq, proclaiming himself as a Prophet of the one and only God. He personally went to the Apostle Muhammad ﷺ and listened to his teachings. What he heard was what he had always imagined. This was the dawn he was waiting for. Thus he immediately stretched out his hand to Prophet ﷺ and recited Kalimah Shahadah. Since then this ingenious slave, Hadhrat Khubbab bin al Aratt رضي الله عنه, became one of the Al-Sabiqoon al-Awwaloon (Foremost Muslims).

Hadhrat Khubbab رضي الله عنه did not try to hide his Muslim identity. A brave Muslim slave had become a threat to the coward polytheist Quraish. Umme Anmar marched towards him with her brother Siba'a Abdul Uzza and some hooligans of Banu Khiza'a to question about the news.

Hadhrat Khubbab refuted their multiple Gods and declared that there is no God except Allah. This was enough for that angry group who

He had never dreamed of possessing so much gold, silver and wealth. But the companions of Prophet ﷺ were trained by the Prophet ﷺ himself. Wealth and world never attracted them. Hadhrat Khubbab also found a unique way of spending what he had.

started beating him with whatever they could land their hands on. They hit him with the iron rods and stones and the worst was the big hot burning stone which they kept on his back till the skin and fats melted. They forced him to lie down on live coals. This act of insanity became their routine but Hadhrat Khubbab ﷺ remained steadfast in his decision.

Umme Anmar used to come to Hadhrat Khubbab's workshop and place hot iron rods on his head. The excruciating pain and burn would be unbearable for him and he would faint. Hadhrat Bilal, Hadhrat Yasir and many others were going through the same tyranny.

One day Hadhrat Khubbab came to Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ and requested him to pray for him. He wanted freedom from this savagery. The soft-hearted Prophet ﷺ raised his hands for dua and said, "O Allah, help Khubbab." Dua of a downtrodden and uttered from the blessed mouth of Prophet Muhammad ﷺ could not have been rejected. A few days later, Umme Anmar experienced a terrible headache which kept on increasing. This kind of illness was never heard of before. She shouted like a dog because of her nerve-racking pain. The only treatment for it was to place red hot iron rods on her head. This treatment was worse than all the headaches she had. May Allah always keeps us on the right path!

After many years, during Hadhrat Umar's Caliphate, Hadhrat Khubbab visited the Caliph one day. Hadhrat Umar met him with great respect and gave him a seat at an elevated position and said, "Except Bilal, no one other than you is more capable of sitting at this place." Then he asked him about the worst

persecution he had faced by the Makkans. At first, Hadhrat Khubbab hesitated but on Hadhrat Umar's persistence, he removed his cloth from his back. Hadhrat Umar was shocked to see his back and said, "How did this happen?"

Hadhrat Khubbab replied, "One day the polytheists removed my clothes and forcefully made me lie on burning cinders and dragged me till my flesh left my bones and the fat cooled the flames."

He is the one who was teaching the holy Quran to Hadhrat Fatima bint Khattab, sister of Hadhrat Umar, and her husband Hadhrat Saeed bin Zaid when the enraged Hadhrat Umar marched into their house before his acceptance of Islam. He had hid himself and came out when Hadhrat Umar had calmed down after listening to the verses of Surah Taha and recited Kalimah Shahadah. Hadhrat Khubbab seemed to be happy and excited and said, "O Umar! Glad tidings for you. Yesterday Muhammad ﷺ prayed to Allah, 'O Allah strengthen Islam with either Umar bin Khattab or Umar bin Hisham (Abu Jahl) whomsoever Thou like.' It seems that his prayer has been answered in your favour."

Hadhrat Khubbab ﷺ was very close to Prophet ﷺ and participated in many Ghazwat. He spent many years of his life in poverty but Allah blessed him with a lot of wealth later in his life. He had never dreamed of possessing so much gold, silver and wealth. But the companions of Prophet ﷺ were trained by the Prophet ﷺ himself. Wealth and world never attracted them. Hadhrat Khubbab also found a unique way of spending what he had.

Continued on pg 10

KIDS CORNER

JUKES

When do you go at red and stop at green?
When you are eating a watermelon...

What do you call a funny mountain?
Hill-arious

Exam patterns 1995 to 2025

1995: "Answer all questions"

2000: "Answer any five questions"

2015: "Answer either A or B"

2020: "At least read the questions"

2025: "Thanks for coming"

Two workers Ali and Bilal were taking a re-
frigerator by stairs to a house on the 18th
floor when Ali told Bilal:

"Bro, I have a good and a bad news."

Bilal: "Tell me the good one first."

Ali: "We are on the 15th floor"

Bilal: "Really. Means we are almost there.

Well what's the bad one?"

Ali: "We are in the wrong building."

When you look for something, why is it
always in the last place you look?

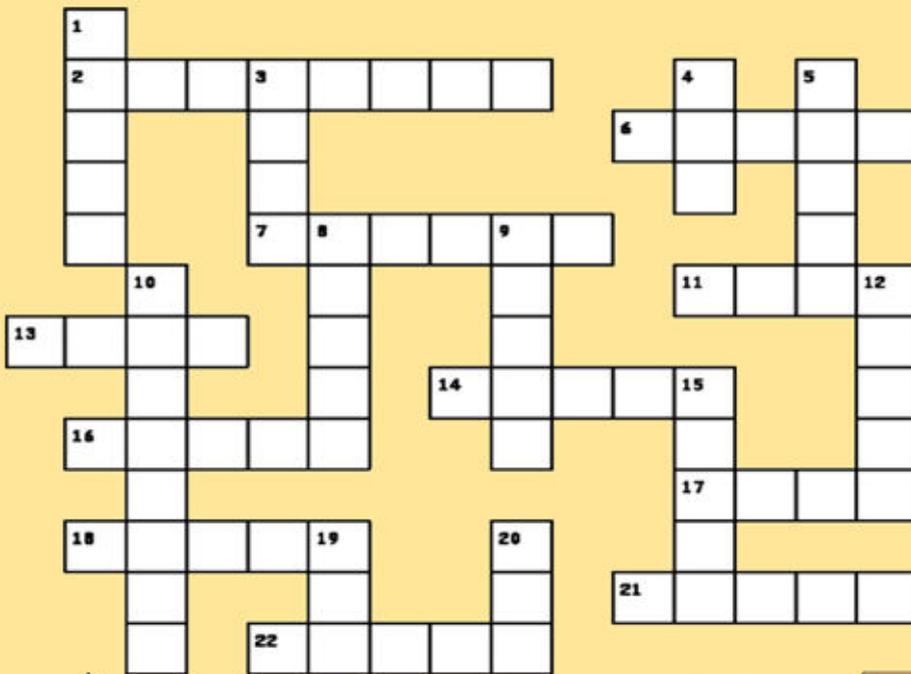
Because when you find it, you stop look-
ing.

What do you call an alligator in a vest?
An investigator



Find all the differences





CROSSWORD CLUES

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2. The first pillar of Islam. | 1. The religion of the Muslims. |
| 6. Prophet _____ was thrown in the well. | 3. The duty to be performed once in a lifetime. |
| 7. The Friday prayer. | 4. This creation of Allah gives us heat and light. |
| 11. The Lion is the _____ of the jungle. | 5. A guide to mankind. |
| 13. The _____ leads the prayer. | 8. A small version of Hajj and can be performed at anytime. |
| 14. The third pillar of Islam. | 9. A call made five times a day before Salah. |
| 16. The pillar performed five times daily. | 10. We fast during this month. |
| 17. Allah gave us this _____ as a test. | 12. The Qur'an is a _____ from Allah for all of mankind. |
| 18. Cloth worn during Hajj. | 15. We must always eat _____ food. |
| 21. The creator of the stars. | 19. Adam was the first _____. |
| 22. Musa's staff turned into a _____. | 20. Adam _____ from the tree. |

- Snake
Allah
Ate
Man
Ihram
Life
Salah
Halal
Zakah
Imam
Guide
King
Ramadhan
Adhan
Umrah
Jummah
Yusuf
Quran
Sun
Hajj
Shahadah
Islam

ANSWERS

Look, I have Returned!

Written by Ibn-e-Gul



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

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

“What? What’s up with you? Are you all right?” Jan could not help himself asking.

He could not believe it was the same Safir who motivated all the others into camping on this freezing weather in the mountains.

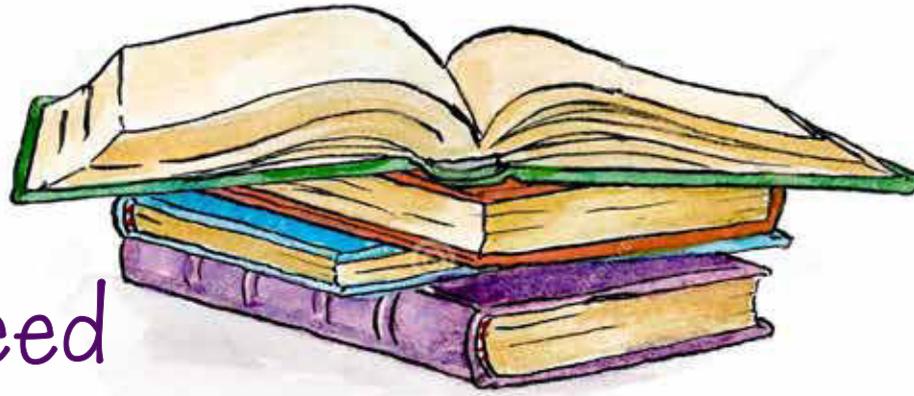
“I can’t explain. But, whatever, I must pack up to leave by dawn.” Safir wiped up his tears surrepti-

tiously. He was wide awake all the night long. By twilight he had the last glance of the mountains and left without stopping for a moment. All his friends particularly Jan were astounded by this prompt change of mind.

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

Written by
Syeda Umm-e-Hani
12 years

Read to succeed



Reading books is a source to fight against loneliness and to defeat boredom. It is also a source to start everyday with full vigour and enthusiasm. Books, no doubt are a very faithful friend of the reader who never betrays you but instead it stays with you, supports you and accompanies you. It cherishes each and every moment of your life.

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

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

“A reader lives a thousand lives before he dies. The man who never reads lives only one.” - George R.R Martin

A reader understands every person because of his reading capability. He has actually faced and read so many lives that he knows what do you feel like and understands your reactions. Reading calms one down and reduces stress. It takes us to an unknown world where we make unknown friends. A reader doesn't rely on any other friend because he relies the most on books only because they are his true companions.

Reading books will affect you directly. Your mind will get sharp and will let you think of ideas out of the box. They broaden our mind and makes us a true reader, writer and along with it gives us a lot of confidence too.

I can say it with complete confidence that no writer in this world has become a writer without reading. You must have heard, “Think before you speak.” It is the same case with writing.

That you should read before you think. Reading enhances a person's vocabulary and he is able to perform best in his studies as well as in other aspects of life. His imagination skills strengthens and his observation gets stronger, eventually which helps a person to write and express his feelings in his writings.

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

“I always kept two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in.” - Robert Louis Stevenson

After reading, writing is also important so that your imagination and ability to express your thoughts and surroundings get deep and sharp. Of all of this, there is another thing that is very essential for reading. One that you must read good books and not the books that put bad impression in one's mind. Bad books affect your thoughts and your personality very deeply so it's better that you read good, informative books that include biographies as well. When a person reads positive stories and stories of successful people, they get inspired and try to be like them.

“Reading is essential for those who seek to rise above the ordinary.” - Jim Rohn

Shiny Pennies

Overview:

You definitely have some dirty pennies lying around your house, so let's put them to good use in a simple and fun science experiment that even young kids can enjoy. Pennies are copper, and they are often in circulation for years (yuck!), so they often appear very tarnished. In this experience, you're going to see if soap or vinegar (or other liquids) do a better job at cleaning the exterior of the dirty copper penny.

What You'll Need

Dirty pennies
2 paper cups
Vinegar
Dish soap
Paper towel
Other liquids from around the house (ketchup, soda, etc.)

Steps:

First, make some guesses about which liquid will make the penny the shiniest. Then, put each penny in a paper cup. In one cup, pour in enough vinegar to totally cover the dirty penny. In the other cup, pour in enough dish soap to totally cover the dirty penny. Wait about ten minutes. After ten minutes, take the pennies out, rinse them in water, and rub them with a paper towel. Now compare the pennies and see how clean they got! Lastly, try it with other liquids from around the house.



What's Happening:

Pennies get dull over time because the copper on the exterior reacts with oxygen from the air. The copper and oxygen form copper oxides that make the penny dull and dark.

The acetic acid in the vinegar dissolves these chemicals and leaves the penny looking new and shiny.

Dish soap is great for cleaning lots of things, but it can't dissolve copper oxides.



Javeria Khalid, Grade 3
Baitussalam Masjid Islamabad



Manaal Ammaar
Grade 3



Ayesha Uzair Zavary
Grade 2



Blooms by Abeeha Waqar
grade 3

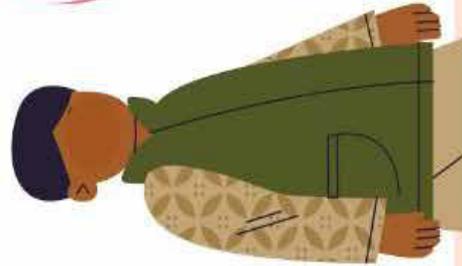


Khansa Ali Hashim
Kg 2

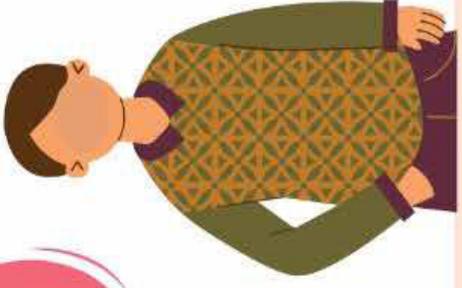
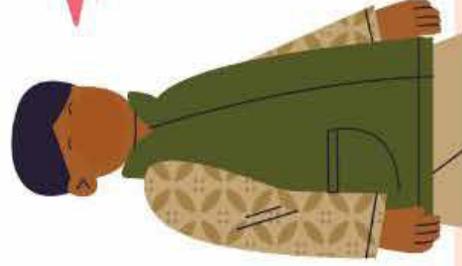
comic

LEARN, NOT CHEAT

psst...Ahmed, the teacher's not looking, pass me a note for today's math test!



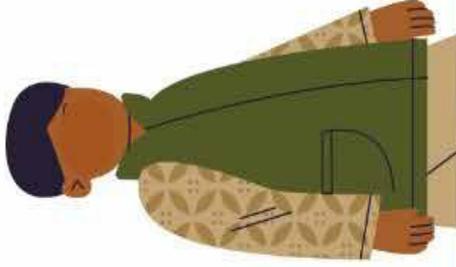
All right then....



Rabbi zidni ilma

"Oh Allah, increase my knowledge."

Akbar, that's the only note you're going to need in the maths test.





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