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LIVING AND LOVING THE YOUNG MUSLIM LIFESTYLE

Over the  
Ramadan Moon

Best friends  
becoming strangers

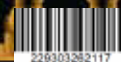
Comic: Hide & Keep

My first fast



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# خُفَرِ رَمَضَانَ

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# Over the Ramadan Moon

Assalamu'alaikum warahmatullahi wabarakatuh, Ramadan Mubarak everyone!

So your favourite month is here and you must be over the moon (the Ramadan moon to be more precise), with all the bounties that this blessed month has in store for us.

But are our radiant friends prepared for a fulfilling Ramadan? For starters, let's start with our favourite part... yesssss you guessed it right! Iftar! So how can you help.. How about taking the responsibility to fill a small dish with dates each evening and distributing the dates to everyone at Iftar. Wouldn't that be so overwhelming and enjoyable? It always feels good having done something for our parents, our grandparents and other family members. Not to mention all the amazing duas that this simple act will get you in return, at the very time when duas are sure to be answered Insha'Allah.

Next up, just the way adults set goals for themselves during Ramadan such as completing the Holy Quran a certain number of times or memorising a part of it, the children and teenagers should too have some goals for themselves. These goals need not be too lofty, rather simple ones like learning short duas or surahs or even abstaining from watching TV, playing video games and other bad deeds during Ramadan. Make a chart and hang it on the wall where you can tick off every day what you did and you didn't.

Of course, the ultimate reward for setting these goals and trying hard to reach them, will be from Allah ﷻ for both the parents and the kids, but for motivation, you can ask for some gift from your parents on Eid if you manage to reach your goal. Or if yourself asking

them isn't your cup of tea then you can make them read the above. \*smiles\*

Insha'Allah, it can become a Ramadan tradition or habit which you will follow even when you outgrow your desires for material gifts.

Every year we spend Ramadan in the hope to keep the same spiritual habits intact with us throughout the year, however, as sad as it is, we badly fall short. But remember that those whose Ramadan is well-spent - not a minute wasted and all time spent in the efforts of ibadah and controlling one's nafs - then those are the chosen ones whose life other than Ramadan is also spent in ibadah and free from sins. Otherwise, right from sighting the Eid moon, we have the tendency of switching from the

prayer mood to the party mood, forgetting all about the countless rewards that Allah ﷻ grants to his slaves for the worship during Chand raat, very rightfully called laila tul jaiza (the night of reward).

So the time for exerting extra efforts is here, the time for giving your best is here, and if, Allah forbid, we failed in this rewarding time too, then what other better season would we acquire to employ these efforts?

As you must have seen, and perhaps even played with, those pull-back cars which the further they are pushed back, the further they go ahead. Similarly, the more our efforts, the more we will go ahead in our spirituality Insha'Allah. The catapults use the same mechanism, so this Ramadan let's check how far can the catapults of our efforts throw us.

May Allah ﷻ make this a blessed Ramadan for all of us. If it comes to your minds, please remember us in your sweet Ramadan duas too

Was'salam,  
**Umm Abdullah**  
Editor.radiance@baitussalam.org

# My first fast

But, but, but, but, I read the whole twenty rakaats of Taraweeh! And it was really nice listening to the Holy Quran, even if my legs ached.

## Bint Aftab's diary gives us a peek of the triumphs and emotions involved when someone keeps their first ever fast in life

Dear Diary,

I had the bestest, craziest, and most amazing day of my life! No, silly, I didn't go to Disneyland or sit in a plane or see a dolphin really close. I fasted for the first time in my life today!

Uff, I've been waiting for this day for so long! Last Ramadan, Amma promised me that next year I'd be old enough to fast, but when this Ramadan started and I reminded her of her promise, she said that it was too hot and the days were too long and I would get sick. But I argued and whined and complained and moaned lots and lots and finally she said that she would talk to Baba about it.

Hehe. I moaned and complained and argued and whined in front of Baba too, and finally he hugged me and told Mama, "Let my princess

do what she wants."

So I fasted today! It was really hard waking up for Sehri, you know. Amma said she woke me three times and then just went back to the kitchen, but then Baba came and reminded me that I'd said I would fast today. That got me out of bed really quickly! I was kind of sleeping when I went outside, so Amma made me wash my face and brush my teeth, and finally I was really properly awake!

It was so fun doing sehri with everyone! At first everyone was quiet and just eating, but when there were a few minutes left for Fajr and we had all eaten, Bhaiya started joking and it was so much fun!

I didn't like how much Amma made me eat, though. A glass of milk, a bowl of porridge, a

few spoons of yoghurt, two dates, half a roti, a banana—I ate everything on the dastarkhuan! I felt so full I could barely move, but Amma made me keep drinking water and more water and even more water until I felt like my stomach was a bomb about to burst! Baba laughed when I said so, and Amma said that I would need it for the day.

Anyway, then Baba took me to the balcony just as the Fajr azaan started, and it was so quiet and nice and something else but I didn't know what. When I asked Baba, he said it was really peaceful.

After Fajr prayers, Amma told me to read the Holy Quran as much as I could, and I took it into the balcony so I could watch the sunrise too. Uff Allah, it was so beautiful Mashallah! I want to see the sun rise every day now!

But then I started feeling sleepy and Amma came and took me back to my room so I could go back to sleep. I whined and complained and argued and whined, because she and Baba would not go back to sleep, but this time I had to do what she said.

I fell asleep really quickly.

Amma woke me up a lot later than normal. A LOT later. I woke up at eleven. Baba and Bhaiya had already left, so I splashed my face (almost brushed my teeth before I remembered that I was fasting!), and went outside feeling kind of lazy.

We listened to a bayan before Zuhr, recited the Holy Quran after the prayers, and then Amma got busy with making the food. I was kind of bored even after doing two tasbeeh because Amma told me to, but Amma didn't let me go outside to play. I guess she was right—it was a really hot and sunny day.

I made some bracelets with my loom bands, and gave one to Amma so she could wear them, and then did some homework before Amma forced me to go back to sleep. Uff. I lay in my bed for hours and hours but I just couldn't sleep, so after a little while I went outside and told her so.

I helped her in the kitchen then, and then it was Asr time and after the prayers I suddenly felt really, really tired! I had eaten so much in Sehri, but I didn't feel so full, and I was sure I would have been very thirsty if Amma hadn't made me drink so much water! I still felt kind of thirsty, though, but don't tell anyone, because I don't think we're supposed to say that.

Oh, and will you keep another secret? Only Amma knows, because I had to ask her if my fast broke or not because of it. After doing my homework I went into the kitchen and there was a bowl of corn and I ate a whole two spoonfuls! I didn't do it on purpose, I promise! I was washing my hands when I remembered that I wasn't supposed to eat or drink anything. I ran to Amma, of course, but she promised that my fast didn't break and it was OK. I hope Allah ta'ala forgives me.

by Adeen Ahmed  
12 year  
Homeschooler

# Travelogue of the Northern areas

## Part 2 of 2

Anyway, so I was really tired after Asr prayers and really lazy too, so I went and laid down for a bit on the sofa, only I didn't even know and I fell asleep! Baba woke me when he came. I'd slept for a whole hour!

We were really busy after that, making the food and setting the dastarkhuan (Amma had made my favorite dish, and Baba had bought gulab jaman and one-bite samosas just for me!), and then finally we turned off the lights in the kitchen and went and sat down too.

Everyone was making dua, so I did the same. Do you want to know what I asked? I started with Durood (and ended with it) because Baba says that's important. I prayed for my Amma Baba, that they would be happy and not get sick and that my Dado would get well and Nano's back stop hurting, and I prayed that I would be a good girl and always fast and be a good Muslimah and go to Jannah, and I prayed that I would get good marks in my exams and make my parents happy, that Bhaiya gets good grades in his exam and that Allah ta'ala protect us all from bad things and that we all become good Muslims and go to Jannah together.

Then we heard the siren going off, and the Azaan after it, and we broke our fast with dates and lukewarm water (it was so hard not to just drink the ice-cold sherbet but Amma didn't let us) and then had sherbet and the samosas and the rest of the food, without talking and quickly because the men had to go to the mosque.

By the time Baba and Bhaiya came back, we had already cleaned up the dastarkhuan AND the kitchen and Amma had made tea.

I don't know how they had tea—I couldn't even drink anymore water! I felt like a balloon.

Then Baba called for me and I sat down next to him and he kissed my head and said he was really happy that his princess had grown up. And he told me that now that I had fasted for the first time, I was an older Muslimah, with even more responsibilities. I couldn't miss any fasts now. I had to fast every weekend this Ramadan because I was only a kid, and then when I grew up I would keep all my fasts like Baba and Amma! And he told me why we fast, so that we can 'sympathize' with the poor and more importantly learn how to refrain from bad deeds for Allah ta'ala and obey His commands.

Then he went for Isha prayers and I went with him to the mosque for taraweeh. It was really, really tiring, because the Imam Sahab recited such long surahs (Baba later told me that he was reciting the whole Quran part by part and that's why the rakats were so long) and my legs would be hurting when we finally went into ruku.

But, but, but, but, I read the whole twenty rakaats of Taraweeh! And it was really nice listening to the Holy Quran, even if my legs ached.

Then we came home and I'm so sleepy that I keep yawning. I think Amma is coming to check on me, and she'll be upset if she sees I'm still awake, so I'm going to sleep now.

Tomorrow is a Sunday, and if Amma wakes me, I want to fast again!

After some time, we went around Bluewater Park, which is a green field near the river. There were tiny little creeks dotted about it, full of algae. We found all sorts of small yellow flowers, and a few purple ones. Further up there was a bee farm! The bees were kept in boxes, and we also bought a jar of honey.

Later we drove back to our hotel, but we stopped in between to a place called Hilltop. It was this huge gigantic rocky hill, and my sister and I started climbing right up immediately. My mother took some time though! The climb wasn't very tedious, but you had to be extremely careful. One dislodged rock and down you'd go.

And finally when we reached the very top, it was glorious. You could look at the whole valley from above, towering over. The hotels looked so small, and you could see the big mountains in the distance. It was the time of the sunset, and the sky was a million different colours - tiger-lily red, citrus orange, violet purple, misty blue, and sunlight yellow, streaking across the western sky. The clouds were floating serenely

in the scene, and the sun, a great big galleon of fire, was dipping down behind the mountains. It was a scene like no other.

There was a helicopter landing pad on top of the hill, and you could go on further up. If you went to the very top, there was this chalet or villa, and people were living inside it.

We returned home around Maghreb, very tired, but quite happy!

Day the Fourth, Sunday, 4th of July

We decided to go to Maoudan Lake that day, and woke up considerably early, as it would take three and a half hours to get there. We packed our breakfast, and started off going through Ushu Forest, which is a coniferous forest with gargantuan, long, stretching trees. It was a pleasant place, but lots of people had started camping there, stringing their clothes amongst the trees, and littering the forest. This was of course very off-putting, and certainly ruining the natural atmosphere.

From then on the roads disappeared. We were driving on bare rock and sand. We were in a jeep, but even so we kept jolting and rocking

The climb wasn't very tedious, but you had to be extremely careful. One dislodged rock and down you'd go. And finally when we reached the very top, it was glorious.



as we went on. Sometimes we would meet another car coming across the path to us, and we would have to squeeze past by driving right at the edge.

We passed several fields, and then we came to a stop halfway in our journey. There was a waterfall, gushing down from a hole in a mountain! Lots of people had stopped there. The waterfall was pouring down the rocks and then splaying down on the pebbles at the bottom of it, and trickling down the pebbly path. The rocks it poured down were all covered with moss and ferns and the path leading up to the top of the waterfall was rocky too. We climbed up, even though it was dreadfully slippery. When we reached the top it was absolutely heavenly! The waterfall was rushing down with an endless speed, over the rocks, with clumps of moss and heather and fern dotted about everywhere. You had to be even more careful there, especially if you were standing on a rock, because you could very easily slip and go into the waterfall, which was freezing cold.

After that we drove on and on, and then we came to this small forest area, and we stopped. There was a brook here, running from a couple of rocks at a far end. We wanted to get some water from it, fresh spring water, but when we went on further to look at it, it was all plugged up with trash. That was very sad, seeing that people litter all these beautiful places!

We drove on for forty-five minutes or so, bumping and jolting all the way, finally arriving at Maoudan Lake. It was this huge grassy area, with a large lake inside, and inside the large lake there was a very small islet.

There were lots and lots of people there, and several tents and camps. Men were driving round horses, and you could rent a boat to go around the lake. We had our picnic in a small corner, on the shore of the lake.

While we had our picnic, I reflected on the fact that people litter these places so much. The wild horses who lived here alone were saddled and muzzled for horse-rides, and people chucked their trash straight into the lake. It was a very depressing fact, seeing that people were ruining the ecosystem slowly bit by bit.



After we'd had our picnic, we got a boat ride around the lake. The motor-boat went at an astonishing speed, and the water was ice-cold! Sprays of it splattered into our faces. We also explored the islet, on which wild horses roamed freely, not yet saddled and muzzled. We returned home after that, and we almost got used to the bumps and jolts that rattled the bones inside us!

Day the Fifth, Monday, 6th of July

This was the last day of our trip. We packed up our suitcases and bags and checked out of the hotel, and then drove out back towards Fizaghat, Swat. The roads were considerably easy this time, once you recall the rocky ride to Maoudan Lake!

We did a lot of looking-from-the-window-for-a-last-time at the River Kalam, the mountains, and the cool air. As soon as we arrived in Swat at three o'clock it was all hot again, a full 32 C. We stopped there for half an hour to rest ourselves, and discussed what to do next. We could either stay in the Swat View Hotel for the night and leave for Islamabad very, very early in morning, or we could go right now and spend the night there before catching our flight back to Karachi at ten o'clock in the morning. We chose the latter, and set off.

The winding highways and motorways were a fresh relief from the rocky and bumpy paths of the mountains, and we settled down comfortably in the car for the three-hour journey. We stopped to buy some Swati peaches again for our house, as they are absolutely delicious! We passed Punjabi fields and orchards, too.

We arrived around eight o'clock in Islamabad, which also used to be our foster city. It was so lovely to see it again! Around eight-thirty we'd checked into our guest house, and we went out for dinner that night.



Day the Sixth, Tuesday, 7th of July

Today was our flight back to Karachi. We had a light breakfast and arrived at the Islamabad International Airport. As we seated ourselves in the plane and it took off, I felt nostalgic remembering the lovely sights we'd seen in the past five days. The River Swat, Malam-jabba, the River Kalam, Bluewater, Hilltop, Maoudan Lake, Ushu Forest...all these places of my beautiful Pakistan were amazing and breathtaking!



# Born to Be

Part Four  
Promise Not Broken  
by Yusra Farhan

Tania had a concert just the night before and then with barely any sleep, she went to college. Therefore, by the time she had returned home, she was immensely exhausted. She opened her bedroom door and dropped her backpack on the floor, ready to crash out.

“I guess it was time I fulfilled my promise.”

A cold chill ran down Tania’s spine when she suddenly heard the voice out of nowhere. She turned around and there was Romaisa, standing in front of her once again. But this time she wasn’t clad in black from head to toe, and Tania could now see her entire face.

“Romaisa! Gosh, you scared me,” Tania said and let out a sigh of relief.

“Sorry,” Romaisa apologized with a chuckle.

The biggest grin slowly appeared on Tania’s face and she ran up to hug her long lost best friend. Romaisa finally came back like she promised she would. This time Tania felt like her old Romaisa was back, the one she had always known.

“When did you arrive?” Tania asked.

“Almost two hours ago,” Romaisa replied.

“Alone?”

“Nope, my parents also came with me.”

“Are you serious? They are here?” Tania’s voice was full of shock.

“Yeah, they’re downstairs with Chacha and Chachi,” Romaisa replied with a grin. “You missed the dramatic reunion. I was so scared to see how our dads would react after seeing each other’s faces, but instead they got all emotional. Oh, it makes me so happy.”

“Really? So, how did your dad agree to come over here?”

“Well, it took three months to convince him. I just knew he had been dying to see his brother for a long time but he just couldn’t bring himself to suddenly show up. Long story short, he finally gave in.” Tania was glad he did.

Tonight everyone sat together in the dining room for dinner like they did when Tania and Romaisa were little girls. It was probably the happiest day in Tania’s life. She never felt this sort of bliss, not even when she accomplished all the milestones in her career. There is no other joyful sight than seeing your loved ones gathered all together and laughing.

Romaisa and her parents stayed over for the weekend and somehow the two cousins were able to catch up on almost everything during their late night conversations. All the words came flowing out from the heart. Tania shared everything about her career, college, Mehreen Ali’s death, and all the things she had kept to herself all this time were spilled

When they were at home, Tania found herself doing everything with Romaisa just like she was used to when they were kids. Their conversations over meals seemed to have no end.

out. Tania soon realized how both of them talked about quite opposite things, nevertheless, Romaisa was still the same person in numerous ways - kind, understanding, and a great listener. Romaisa seemed to know nothing about Tania being a singer and never heard any of her songs. Although Tania found it pretty weird due to the insane hype she and her songs had received, she did not mind. She was glad to have someone who did not look at her as Tania Ansari, the singer, or Tania Ansari, the latest sensation, but just Tania Ansari, a human being.

When it was time for Romaisa to leave, she reminded Tania that it was now her turn to come over to her house, and Tania promised she would. But of course, after that she got caught up with shows, concerts, and on top of all that, her final exams. Still, she had not forgotten her promise this time, and when she finally got a break, the first thing she did was catch a flight to Islamabad.

Islamabad somehow felt much more welcoming this time when Tania arrived, possibly because it now had a house that she could call home. Romaisa was overjoyed when Tania told her that she had come here for two whole weeks. Her aunt and uncle were also delighted to receive her at their house for the first time. After enjoying a warm and delicious lunch with everyone, Romaisa took Tania to her room. It was smaller and much simpler than Tania’s own room, but Tania loved the soothing aura it had. One wall was covered with beautiful paintings and really fine artwork of Arabic calligraphy. When Tania went to take a better look at them, she was taken aback to see ‘Romaisa Ansari’ signed on the corners. Later, she learned that Romaisa was a student

of art, but she said she did not draw living things as that wasn’t allowed in Islam.

For the first few days, Tania was taken on a tour around the city by Romaisa and her parents. When they were at home, Tania found herself doing everything with Romaisa just like she was used to when they were kids. Their conversations over meals seemed to have no end. Having lived so many years in solitude, Tania did not know she’d still enjoy this kind of constant company. It was just during the prayer times that Tania felt a bit awkward around Romaisa. Romaisa would spread her prayer mat and start her prayers, without saying anything to Tania. It wasn’t like Tania didn’t know how to pray. She just had not prayed in a long time, and it felt wrong to suddenly start praying just because Romaisa did.

In the evenings, Romaisa would go out to listen to spiritual lectures, and would return after an hour or so. Meanwhile, Tania would stay at home and fight boredom. The idea of anything ‘spiritual’ made Tania feel like it was best if she stays out of it. What kind of extraterrestrial things do they even talk about? She could not understand why Romaisa was even into such things, but she did not vocalize her thoughts. One evening passed by, then another, and then another, and Tania’s curiosity began to escalate. She wanted to know what was so interesting in these lectures that forced Romaisa to go every day. She always returns completely in her senses every evening, so maybe it wouldn’t hurt to go there just once, Tania decided one morning. Little did she know that this little decision was going to be the epic climax of her life.

**Continued Insha’Allah...**

# Ramadan

by Umm Abdur Rahman

My lovely month Ramadan  
How blessed is this month Ramadan  
Let's make speed to enter  
A door named Rayyan  
It's the holy month in which  
Increases our imaan  
Oh lovely month Ramadan  
This is its great virtue  
We were blessed with Quran  
Let us be amongst those  
Be pleased with them is Rahman  
Now the wait is almost over  
For here we are in Shaban.

# Kashmir Day

by Asma Parekh

When words loses depth  
And essence erodes from emotions,  
  
Politicians speak at length  
For deliberate party promotion,  
  
A mere observation of a public holiday  
Is seemingly out of proportion,  
  
We pretend to have done a lot for bleeding  
Kashmir  
Our freedom efforts are in snail motion.  
  
May Allah's immense help be with our  
brothers  
Fighting day and night for the ultimate  
struggle.

Ramadan takes place during the ninth month of the Islamic calendar.

Ramadan is a time to spend with family and friends.

Ramadan is a time for Muslims to focus on their religion, loved ones and other people who are less fortunate than them.

During Ramadan, many Muslims do not eat or drink from sunrise to sunset. This is called fasting.

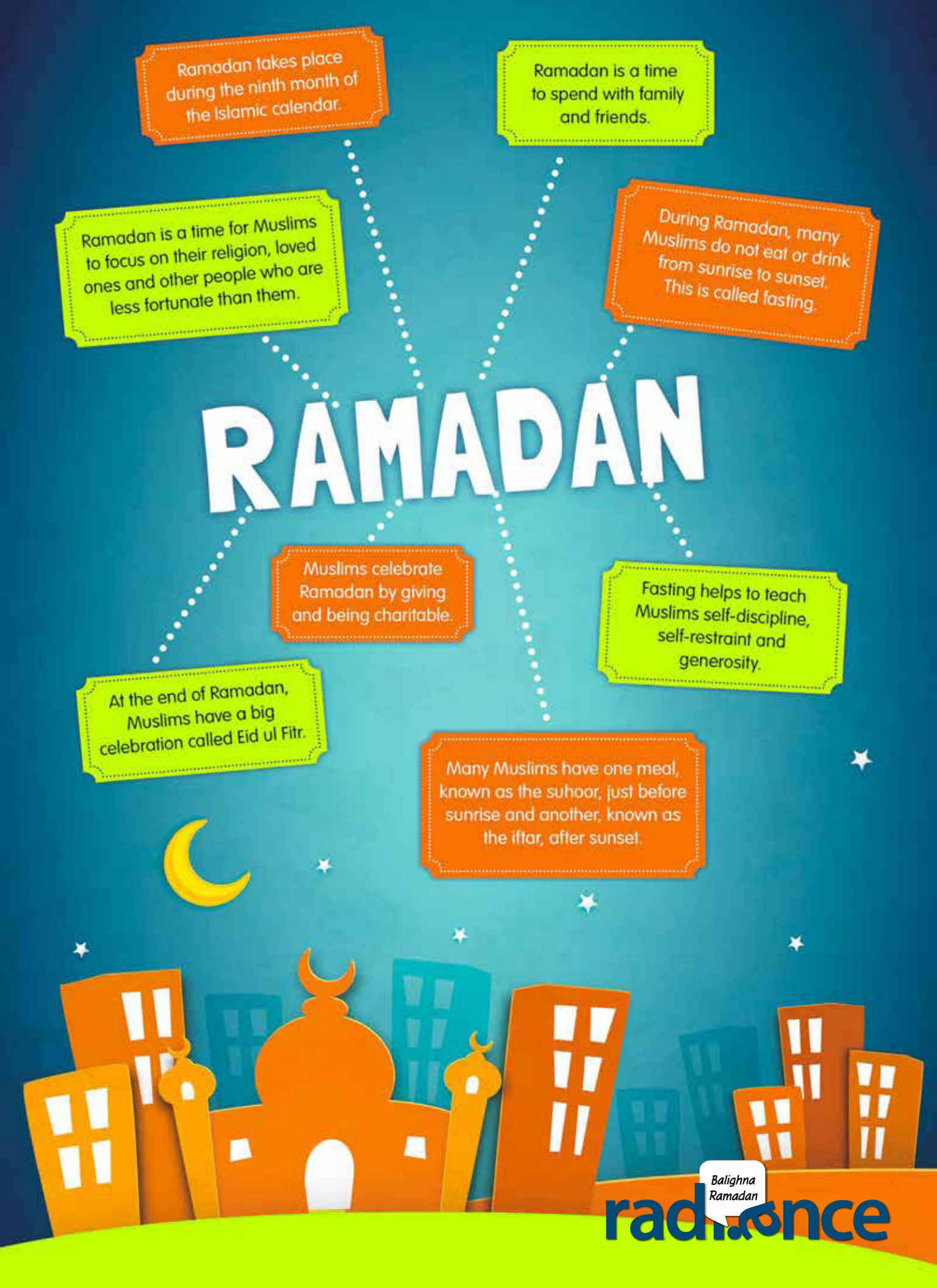
# RAMADAN

Muslims celebrate Ramadan by giving and being charitable.

Fasting helps to teach Muslims self-discipline, self-restraint and generosity.

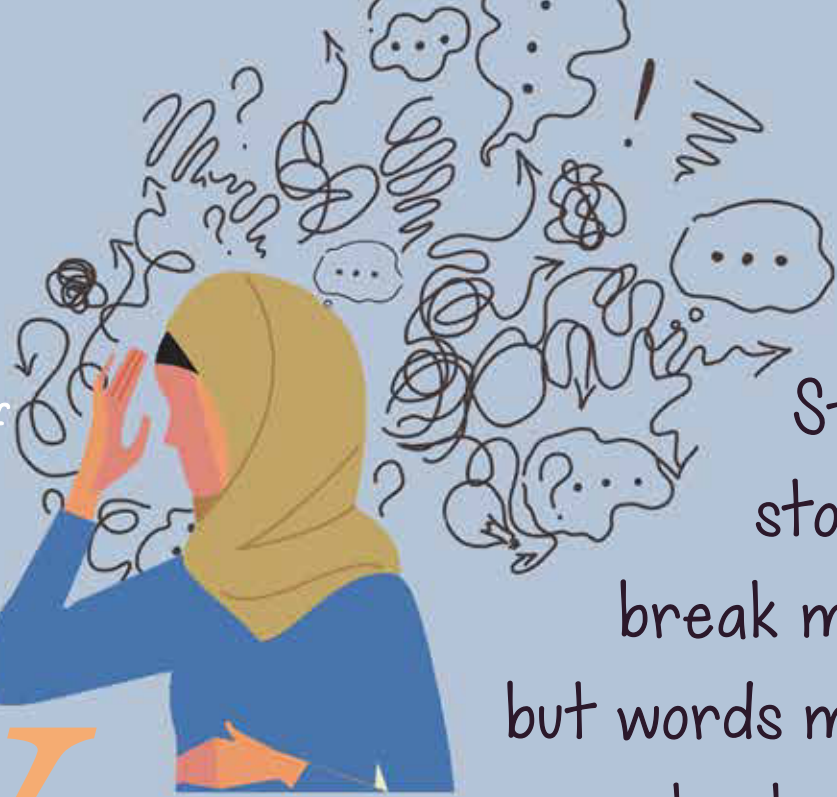
At the end of Ramadan, Muslims have a big celebration called Eid ul Fitr.

Many Muslims have one meal, known as the suhoor, just before sunrise and another, known as the iftar, after sunset.






by Binte Hanif  
South Africa



Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words might still hurt me more!

Did a bell ring? Is something wrong with the above proverb? Is it contrary to the one always used?

Let's contemplate with facts?

Abu Hurairah  reported: "A person utters a word thoughtlessly (i.e., without thinking about its being good or not) and, as a result of this, he will fall down into the fire of Hell deeper than the distance between the east and the west."

[Al-Bukhari and Muslim]

Moreover it is prohibited to hurt someone jokingly as well. Do we realize the weight of our words on people's shoulders due to us uttering incessant remarks; knowingly or unknowingly emotionally abusing them and then we very casually say that "I spoke to him or her with my tongue, I didn't use my hands!"

WOW! Is this really fair? The old adage, "sticks and stones may break my bones, but words will never hurt", simply is not true, according to researchers.

Psychologists found memories of painful emotional experiences linger far longer than those involving physical pain. Michael Hughesman, a child psychologist based in Germany, agreed that it was likely that emotional pain was handled in a different part of the brain from

physical pain, and likely to be longer-lasting. He said: "There is something very intangible about emotional damage - with physical pain, you can see the bruise, but in emotional abuse there is often fear and anxiety which remains." If someone tells you in the playground that they are going to get you after school, then you tend to be anxious and afraid about it far more than if someone just punches you there and then.

Physical scars will be vanished over a period of time, whereas pain caused by words is more deeply felt and long lasting. Inadequately, commenting on an individual's past life, weight, skin colour, education, lineage, wealth or even mistakes that they may have committed causes a deep, unfathomably excruciating pain which causes one to lose focus and at times even becomes suicidal. Numerable children and adults have committed suicide due to emotional abuse and constantly being traumatized. Look at all the poor young teens that are committing suicide because of this entire internet Cyber bullying? WORDS! W.O.R.D.S!

Words have a magical power, they can either

An apology might not be enough as it is easier to forgive than to forget, however we can make a sincere apology to all those we might have hurt and try to blossom their life with flowers through our actions.

bring the greatest happiness or the deepest despair. Mental pain is less dramatic than physical pain, but it is more common and also difficult to bear. The frequent attempt to conceal mental pain increases the pain; it is easier to say "my tooth is hurting" rather than saying my heart is breaking.

Heart attacks, Strokes, Brain hemorrhages, panic attacks usually all occur due to constant pressure on the mind either through physical stress or emotional stress, why be a cause of someone's destruction?

Sadness is a natural emotion that is associated with loss and disappointment. However, if it doesn't fade with time, it might point to a treatable condition, depression, that can impact your whole body. Bullying at school or constantly staying in toxic environments all has a direct correlation to the above.

The tongue, a muscle without bones is even more powerful than the sharpest of swords and has the capability to annihilate an individual physically and emotionally. Every single human being no matter what position or status they hold, they unequivocally have no right to hurt someone with their harsh words. According to a study when we are accused of doing something terrible, even when we know we did not do it, just being accused of it, just hearing someone say the words that they think we did this and knowing that other people also heard it, causes us to feel huge amounts of guilt just as if we actually did what we were accused of!!

They can be so disastrous! What I can't under-

stand are the people who DON'T understand how THEIR WORDS can cause another so much pain! What I don't understand is how a person CAN'T SEE how they are DESTROYING another human being with the words they are using, and how they can't see it right in front of them, and don't STOP!!

Life is a roller coaster, each one has tons of predicaments to deal with, why add a further toll upon them with our words. An apology might not be enough as it is easier to forgive than to forget, however we can make a sincere apology to all those we might have hurt and try to blossom their life with flowers through our actions. It is said that it is a greater sin to break the heart of a Muslim brother or sister rather than destroying the ka'bah as Allah resides in the heart of a mu'min. Allah will forgive us for our shortcomings in our ibaadah however when it comes to the matter of shortcomings' carried out to Allah's creation, then we will not be pardoned by Allah until that person overlooks our faults.

"Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words can also hurt me.  
Stones and sticks break only skin, while words are ghosts that haunt me.  
Slant and curved the word-swords fall, it pierces and sticks inside me.  
Bats and bricks may ache through bones, but words can mortify me.  
Pain from words has left its' scar, on mind and hear that's tender.  
Cuts and bruises have not healed, its words that I remember."

## Hadhrat Utbah bin Usaid رضي الله عنه



Zawjah Junaid Mukaty narrates a beloved Sahabah's story that carries an important chapter from the Seerah concerning the Treaty of Hudabiya

Though Hadhrat Utbah or commonly recognized as Abu Baseer, belonged to the tribe Banu Thaqeef, but he lived in Makkah because of his strong relations with the natives. He was quite inspired by what Prophet ﷺ was teaching and embraced Islam in its early days. Quraish did not like this and keeping aside all the friendly terms with Hadhrat Utbah, they arrested him and started persecuting him the way they were doing it with other companions of Prophet ﷺ. This oppression took many lives and left irrevocable marks on many others.

After spending a long time in detention of the polytheists, Hadhrat Utbah managed to escape and reach Madinah in the sixth year of Hijra. By that time Treaty of Hudabiyyah had taken place between Muslims and Quraish. One of the conditional points of that treaty was that whoever flees to Madinah from Mak-

kah without permission of his guardians will be sent back to Makkah, while whoever comes from Madinah to Makkah will not be returned to the Muslims. And Hadhrat Utbah had come without permission from Makkah so according to the rule he had to be returned to the Quraish.

Quraish sent two of their men to bring Hadhrat Utbah back. Respecting the promise, Prophet ﷺ returned him to them and said, "Abu Baseer, according to the condition of the treaty, I cannot keep you with me. If I do this it will be violation of the promise which is prohibited in our religion. Therefore right now you go back, soon Allah will create a way of liberty for you and the other innocent Muslims."

Hadhrat Utbah pleaded, "O Rasulallah ﷺ, you are returning me to the polytheists. They will

Soon the pair turned into a group of people who had accepted Islam but could not join Prophet ﷺ in Madina because of the treaty.

force me to convert."

Prophet ﷺ replied, "Abu Baseer, go. Allah will soon arrange a way for your liberty." He trusted on Allah and the words of Prophet ﷺ and left with the men of Quraish.

This trio stopped at Zul Hulaifa. The two men sat to have dates. Hadhrat Abu Baseer praised the sword of one of them and expressed his desire to hold it and see it closely. As soon as he held the sword, his hatred towards them due to long oppression surfaced and he chopped the head of the owner of the sword. The other one got scared and ran back towards Madinah. He went straight to Prophet ﷺ complaining about Hadhrat Utbah who also followed him. Prophet ﷺ listened patiently to Hadhrat Utbah who said that formerly, condition of the treaty was fulfilled by Prophet ﷺ and he was sent back. And now, he was an independent man so he could stay in Madinah. Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ did not like the idea.

Hadhrat Utbah did not want to upset Prophet ﷺ so he left Madinah and settled on a coastal area which was near the track through which business caravans of Quraish travelled to Syria. Another companion, Hadhrat Abu Jandal joined him who had also escaped the persecution of Makkans and could not go to Madinah. Soon the pair turned into a group of people who had accepted Islam but could not join Prophet ﷺ in Madina because of the treaty.

This group considered Hadhrat Utbah as their leader and under his leadership they attacked the caravans of Quraish. In no time, business of Quraish crashed.

This hitch was a dilemma for the people of Makkah and the only way to get rid of it was to let the runaway Muslims of Makkah be considered as independents who could stay in Madinah with Prophet ﷺ. They requested Prophet Muhammad ﷺ to stop the group that intervened the caravans and call them back to Madinah. Prophet ﷺ wrote a letter to those Muslims in which he ordered Hadhrat Utbah and Hadhrat Abu Jandal to come back to Madinah and the rest to go to their homes.

To live under the patronage of beloved Prophet ﷺ was the greatest wish of Hadhrat Utbah which was about to be fulfilled but Allah had a different plan for him. His time to depart the world had arrived and he heard this glad tiding on his deathbed. He held the Prophet's letter in his hands and raised it to his eyes and departed for the next world. Hadhrat Abu Jandal led his funeral prayers and buried him there.

Today also, hundreds and thousands of Muslims are being persecuted by the arrogant polytheists. We all being the same body must also feel that pain and pray for them wholeheartedly if we cannot do anything else for them. O Allah! Help this Ummah. O Allah! Protect this Ummah

# KIDS CORNER

What are the five pillars of Islam?

What Breaks the fast?

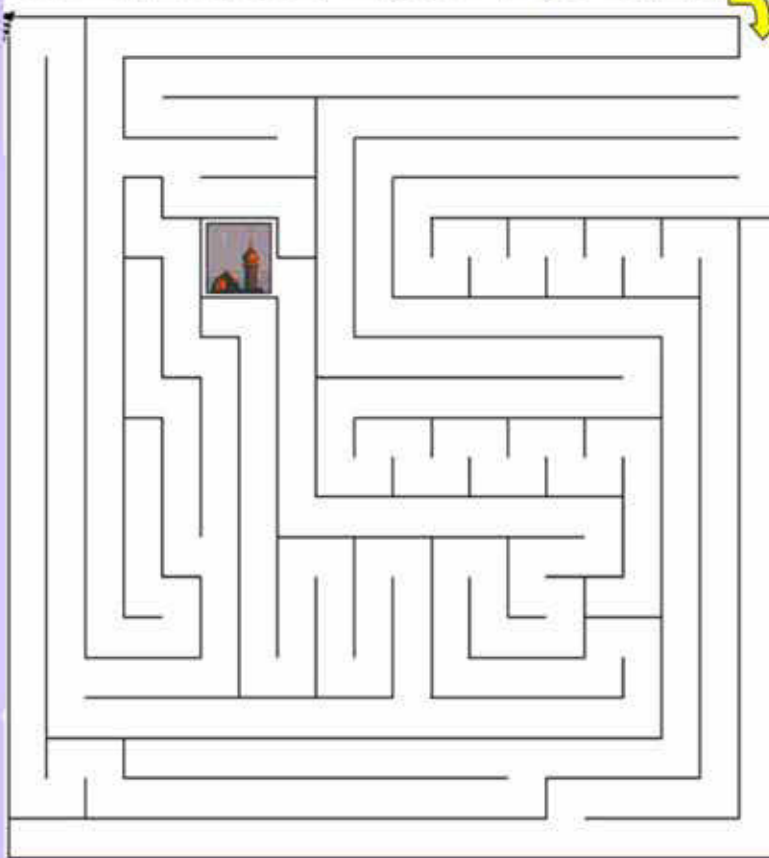
Some benefits of fasting:

How is fasting a shield?

What is back biting?

What is Iftar and when is it?

## almost iftar time



## Fixup the mixup

mixed	fixed	meaning
IKAFIT		
HORUSO		
WAITRAH		
DAHMARAN		
TARIF		
RUQAN		
STAF		



WORDS	Ramadhan	Sehri	Blessing
	Suhoor	Lunar	Fajr
	Fast	Prepare	Mercy
	Angel	Moon	Tahajjud
	Qur'an	Meal	Iqra
	Pillar	Shaytan	Deeds

If one is fasting, one should not speak vulgarly or act indecently. If someone swears at him or wants to fight him, He should reply "I am Fasting!"

When Ramadhan comes... The shayateen are chained...(so they cant influence us)

Whoever does not quit false speech (lying, cheating, swearing, slander, backbiting...) and acting upon it; Allah does not have any need for him leaving his food and drink.

What is Suhoor?

How many days in a Lunar month?

Who did Muhammad ﷺ meet in the cave?

Why is doing good easier in Ramadhan?

Why should we eat the Sehri meal?

What did the angel bring to Muhammad ﷺ

# Best Friends becoming Strangers



Manahil Faisal's story shows us a mirror of how friends leave everlasting impressions on our personalities

If I want to take a look back at myself, there are a lot of things that broke me, made me feel vulnerable and helpless. There has always been someone who has given me strength and courage to get back up again, none other than Allah Subhana Wataala. Allah, the Almighty, is helping us in our difficult times and showing us the light when there is no hope. I've gone through a lot of things, but the one I'm going to share today is like a childhood memory.

Back in my school days when I was a junior, I remember that I was a shy student with no friends, sitting alone in the back by myself. The teacher complained to my mother that I didn't take part in the classroom and that my overall performance wasn't good enough. So one day, my teacher came to me and asked me to get up. My lips were shaking as well as my hands as my legs tried their best to keep me steady. My vision was a little blurred because of the tears in my eyes. Instead of saying anything, she dragged my armchair along with my belongings and placed it close to the board in front of her chair. At that time, I felt like I was being exposed to thousands of people. I kept fidgeting in my chair all day as I glanced awkwardly around me.

Time passed by, and we were all promoted to Grade 2. At that time, I made my first friend,

Noor Fatima. She was a good friend, but she was a little strange to be exact. She had always been so disturbed by her family issues. She was overly aware of her clothes and stuff. Once, two of my classmates poured some juice on her clothes accidentally, which caused her to blow up in rage. Her face turned frighteningly red as if it had blown up like a volcano. After that, she began to swear and curse. I was so innocent that I couldn't understand the words that slipped out of her mouth, so I began to repeat.

The next day her sister came to resolve the misunderstandings and told me not to be friends with her or even try to talk to her again. From that day on, I found two new friends, or you can say best friends. We formed a group, and our friendship was as strong as a diamond.

Years passed and our friendship grew stronger. In fifth grade, we took place in a school competition. Half of our class took part in it. We had to sing a poem with some actions so we let the teacher set us up with two of our classmates. We introduced ourselves and found out them as Aavaiz and Fatima. Their first impression gave somehow good vibes. While rehearsing and performing our poems, without realizing we became closer to each other. We started spending more time together,

She brought me out of my comfort zone and introduced me to the whole new world around me. We positively changed each other.

er, ate together, and even started playing and sitting together like best friends.

One day, Aavaiz approached us along with Fatima and her birthday invitation. Her dad strictly told us not to wear inappropriate clothes. At that time I didn't understand why his dad said that but later on, I did. We got closer as we got to meet each other's families. Our bond became like peanut butter and jelly, sweet but salty.

But when I became her best friend, I realized the things I've been doing wrong from the outset. She treated me equally unlike Rabia who gets the second position in class but never tried to help me. Back then, I was so ill-mannered, and my dressing wasn't right for my generation. After Aavaiz came, without even realizing, instead of wearing tank tops, I started wearing Hijab, started covering myself in a halal way. I started having good manners, my grades improved as well. She brought me out of my comfort zone and introduced me to the whole new world around me. We positively changed each other. We learned a lot from each other.

The changes in me were visible to me, but they were also noticeable to others.

Everyone, including myself, liked me more now than they did previously, but Rabia kept complaining. She started doing things that were haraam and were not allowed in the school, like; being friends with boys, bringing phones and tablets, which were restricted to the school. I kept ignoring her, thinking she might stop sometime soon, but as time went on, she forced me as well, to follow her footsteps.

In the last two years, our group had expanded and two more girls joined us, Alveena and Atiya. Totally ignoring Rabia's attitude, I thought, hoped, and wished to see us all together in our future as we carried on our lives but things always don't go the way you want them.

As the group expanded, things started to become complicated. I was seeing everything but still kept telling myself, shutting the inner voice that they are happy with each other. I started to bottle things up and never said anything to anyone. They fought and I was the one crying, they argued and I was the one being stressed. I tried to keep everyone calm but for how long. And then one day they blasted on each other. Fatima had a swear fight with Rabia saying that things don't seem to go any further and that she is done with her strange behavior. Things went way far than expected on that day and I ended up begging Fatima for the friendship, to stay. I cried the whole night making myself look vulnerable. At that time, my mother and Aavaiz comforted me. She told me that we should let go of things when they are going while trying to hold them we only hurt ourselves.

Eventually, that one group of 7 friends that made promises to live together till the last breath broke apart into two groups, breaking, shattering my heart along with it. The heart which holds on to the memories and the time spent together. And finally, I realized that my mom was right from the start, she always told me that Rabia's company isn't good but I kept refusing and arguing. We all had different families, backgrounds, and, even personalities. Friends surely define our personalities and I wish I had been careful from the start only

Students with their wonderful painting class assignments



Abstract Art by Zubaida



Usman



Atika Fahad



Erum Imran



Ayesha, Uk



Zuha Abdul Mateen



Hafsa Iqbal



Syeda Umm-e-Kulsoom Moin



Nayyar Zafar



Layba Abdul Rahman



Fatima Jadoon



Rumaisa Junaid

comic

# Hide & Keep

Concept by Zawjah Zia  
Artwork by Zawjah Jahangir



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