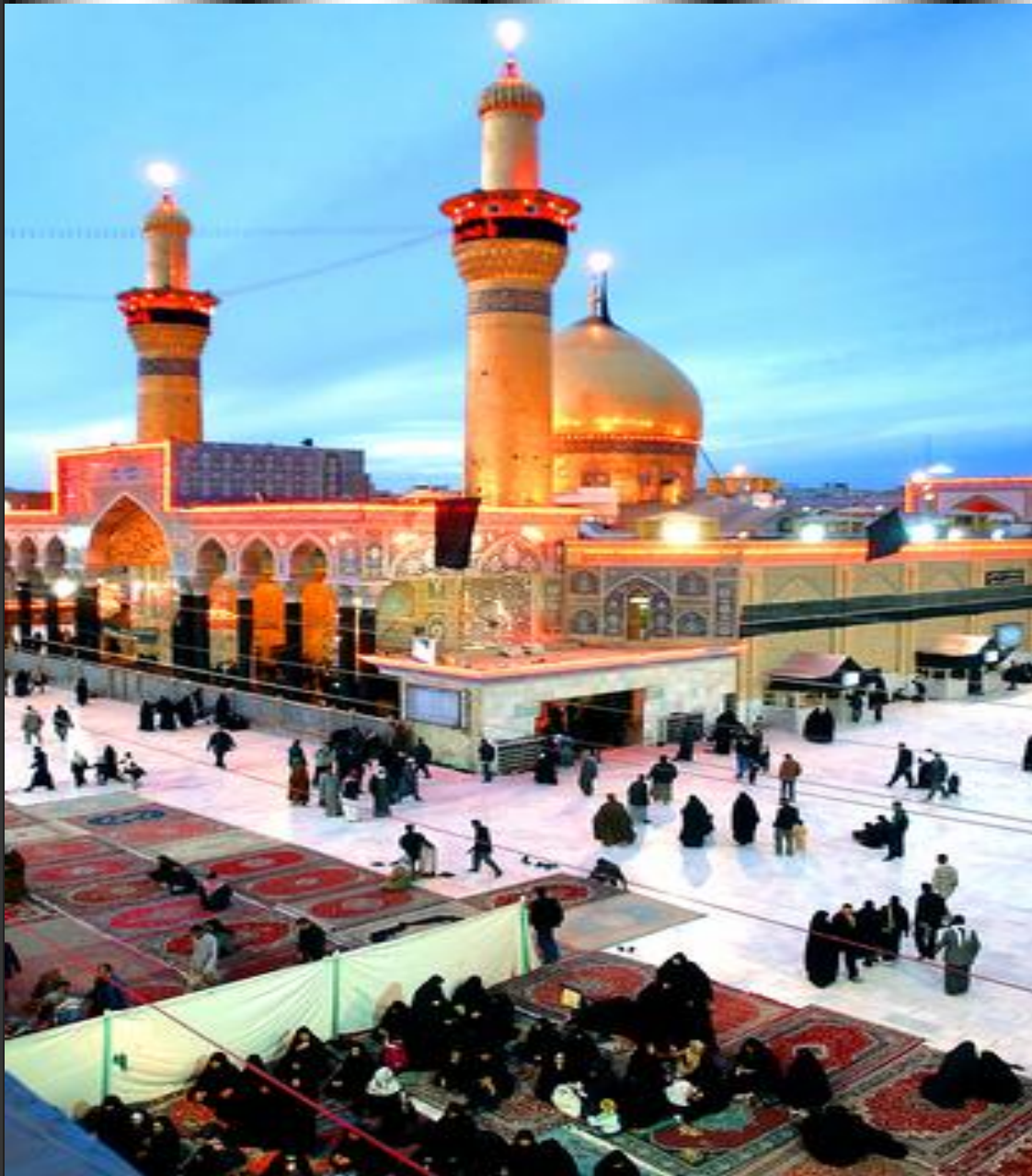


Zainabi Kids Magazine

Volume 1 Issue 9

MUHARRAM ISSUE

By Zehra Jafri



" I will lament for you morning and evening and weep for you with tears of blood - Imam al-Mahdi (a.s.) "

Asalaam Alykum,

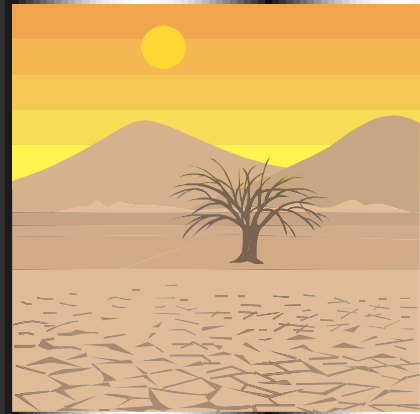
Asalaam Alykum readers! We are in the month of Muharram, a very special month indeed. You may have heard of this month before. It is the month when the tragedy of Kerbala took place, and when beloved Imam Hussain and his family and companions were martyred, thirsty for days by the cruel army of Yazid (may Allah curse him).

Many of the companions and family of Imam Hussain were children, your age or maybe even younger. They fought and died for the sake of Islam, and we pray to Allah to give us strength and not make us of the ignorant when Imam Mehdi reappears. When Imam Mehdi reappears, we pray to be on his side, and not against him, because we were not born at the time of Imam Hussain and the tragedy of Kerbala. I've dedicated this whole issue to Muhurram and the tragedy of Kerbala, as this was a major turning point in the history of Islam.

Among the caravan of Imam Hussain, was his special sister, Sayyeda Zainab. It is after her that my magazine is named, because she was a very important, and special personality. After Ashura, it was her who took care of the caravan. It is her who witnessed her whole family being killed. In all these hardships, she still carried on the message of her brother, showing the world that it was Yazeed who was wrong. She was the one who arranged the first majlis-e-Hussain. Our Salaams to you, oh Sayyeda Zainab, and your beloved family.

--Zehra Jafri

River Furaat



Oh Hussain, I cry for you
I have no more water for tears
Yet I am river furaat
Nothing more
If only I'd helped you before

I watched you on the day your family gave your lives
One by one, willingly
If I had hands I would've hit the army of Yazid
If I had feet, I would've trampled the army of Yazid
Yet I am river furaat
I am a body of river, without hands and feet
If only I had saved your bodies
If only I'd helped you before

As your family pleaded for thirst
"Al Atash! Al Atash!" was heard
All that time, I really wanted to help
I would if I could
Yazid forbade me to provide water for you
I would've flooded his army if I could
Yet I am river furaat
Nothing more
If only I'd helped you before

I watched Hazrat Abbas as he got water for Sakina
Martyred holding a dry mashk
The only water that was left for your family...
Was a pool of blood
Yet I am river furaat
Nothing more
If only I'd helped you before

Oh Hussain, I cry for you
I have no more water for tears
I've dried up in sorrow
If only I'd helped you
If only I'd done more before

I can't find you

Sayyeda Sakina was one of Imam Hussain's dearest children. She was around 4-6 years in age, and was also present in Kerbala. She loved her father very much, and wouldn't go to sleep, until she laid her head on her father's chest. I've dedicated this poem to Sayyeda Sakina.

*Father they've pulled my earring from my ears
If only you were there to wipe away my tears
But where have you gone father? Are we playing hide and seek?
I close my eyes to count to ten, but I never find you*

*Father, they'd tied me with a rope
They've tossed me on the sand
Oh where are you?
I want to hold your hand
Is we playing hide and seek?
Where can I find you?
I'm good at that game, you can't
find me too*

*I'm in the dungeon now
Dungeon of Syria
Father! I need you now!
Please come see us*

*We've been treated like animals
Tossed like sacks of potatoes
I don't know what they want with us
But I do know that I can't find you!*

*This dungeon is so small
My dreams are so big
My hopes to find you...
To get to you...
Are also getting big
I had a dream that I would find you
As I close my eyes to count to ten, to play hide and seek again
I never open my eyes again*



Find some of the important words about the tragedy of Kerbala

Crossword Puzzle of Kerbala

B B S A A O N I D N B

D A M M A H U M A A A

H I M N A R I A A F M

I M Z U P A H B A U I

A K B A R U H S A A S

M K A N I A S S U H L

A M F N S N N A I S A

R I S G O I A I A S M

T S H S N H S B K M H

Y A S K E R B A L A M

R Q F U R A A T N A S

- Hussain
- Kerbala
- Sakina
- Asghar
- Akbar
- Abbas
- Qasim
- Zainab
- Ashura
- Furaat
- Martyr
- Shaam
- Islam
- Prisoner
- Aun
- Muhammad

Bottom of For

Activities to do

One way of getting close, and being a friend to Imam Mehdi is truly crying for Imam Hussain and his family. Try printing out a calander of Muharram and marking the days of when you sincerely weep for Imam Hussain and the tragedy of Kerbala. See how much of a difference one small tear can make!

Host a children's majlis at your house. Get all your friends to participate. You can also videotape it as a memory!

Take notes on the speeches at your local mosque. Who knows, maybe you can publish a book when you grow older, referring to those notes! Those notes are really helpful too in life situations!

And.....

You can write an article, submit an original drawing, or give us a poem you've written about Muharram! Please send your work to me (Zehra Jafri) at zainabmagazine@gmail.com Your work will be featured in a future issue, inshallah. Please submit!



Word Scramble

These letters are jumbled up! Put them in the right order, and use the clues to help.

1. A son of Imam Hussain, who resembled the Holy Prophet.

R B K A A

2. A son of Imam Hussain who became Imam after Imam Hussain became shaheed. He was very ill during kerbala

A U B D N I E Z I N L A E

3. The time of day Imam Hussain was martyred

S R A

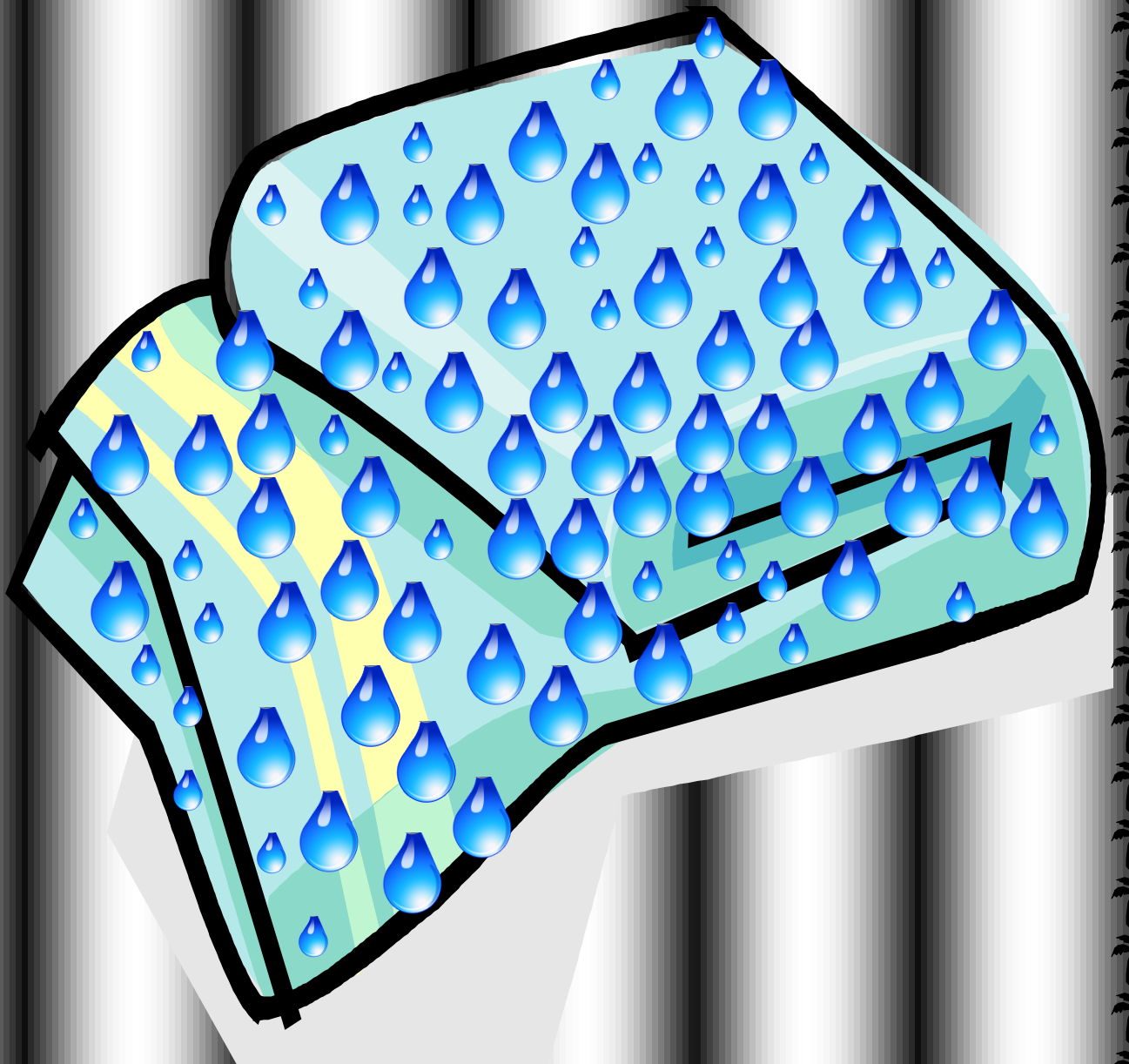
4. Imam Hussain's brother and alamdar of army, also known as "Kamar-e-Bani-Hashim."

B A S B A



Tears for Imam

As mentioned earlier, its good to cry for the Imam and his family.
Count how many tears are on the napkin.



Alhamdulliah, this person has cried _____teardrops.

K**K**
e**e**
r**r**
b**b**
a**a**
l**l**
a**a**



Please share anything you learned this month about Kerbala and the caravan of Imam Hussain. We can publish it in the next month's issue of Zainabi Kids Magazine email what you learned to zainabmagazine@gmail.com and thank you!

My Hijab



Hijab is very special
It makes us who we are
It makes us pious Muslims
Both outside and inside

Oh cruel army of Yazid
Why did you take the hijab of the ladies of Kerbala?
Didn't you know they were suffering already?
Why hurt them more?



Hijab is very special
It makes us who we are
It makes us humble Muslims
Because that is what we are

Oh cruel army of Yazid
Why did you steal the hijabs?
Why did you parade the poor caravan in the streets
To show how cruel you are??



Hijab is very special
It separates right and wrong
This is what Yazid could not see



Destination: Kerbala

PART 3

Asalaam Alaykum! I'm Zaynab. Guess what? For my birthday a really long time ago, I got a toy airplane. I never opened it until today. It was just a toy, right? That's what I thought. Until a few days ago when I opened it! It was actually a real airplane! My sister and brother and I flew to the holy cities of Makkah and Medina previously, but this time, we're going to Medina! Join us for an adventure you'll never forget!

This time, Zainab flew the plane. She carefully controlled the airplane, as it flew in the sky as slick as a hot butter knife slicing through butter.

"What's Kerbala?" I asked. Zainab was flying towards Kerbala where she had said we should go.

"Well, for starters, it's a city in Iraq." Zainab said. "Almost there!"

I pulled out a tour guide from the seat pocket, flipping through the pages until I'd finally found Kerbala. I read the description out loud.

Kerbala

Kerbala is a city rich in history as it is in sights. It was the setting for the major battle of Kerbala in the time of the 3rd Imam, Imam Hussain (A.S.). Kerbala is a very historical, and holy city. Another major sight for avid sightseers is Masjid Ul Hussain, which is the tomb of Imam Hussain. Kerbala means "close to Allah" or "The land which will cause many agonies and afflictions." Why, it is noted that Angel Jibraeel said to the prophet that "Karbala, where your grandson and his family will be killed, is the one of the most blessed and the most sacred land on Earth and it is one of the valleys of Paradise."

Zainab listened. "Hmm, that seems like a very religiously important place!" he said. "I'm glad we're going there."

Zainab landed the plane, and we bounded off. Kerbala didn't look like what I thought it would look like. There were many buildings and mosques. I thought it would just be a desert. Zainab seemed to know what I was thinking.

"This is modern Kerbala. The Kerbala you must be thinking about was probably what Kerbala looked like in the time of Imam Hussain." She said to me.

"There's a lot of people!" Said Zain.

"Well it *is* Muharram, and what's better than visiting the shrine of Imam Hussain and his companions?" I asked.

"Nothing's better! Come, let's visit it too!" Zain smiled.

I was feeling a little hungry. "Umm... can we get just a small snack?" I asked.

Zainab nodded. "of course young sister! There is a man selling food right there."

We walked towards a man who had a cart of dates. They looked mouth wateringly fresh. We payed him, and he gave us some tasty dates in a small cup.



"I wonder if they were this delicious in the time of the Imam." I wondered. "These taste great, and thank you Allah for giving us this great snack!"

We walked to the area of Imam's grave. Zainab suddenly looked down at the dirt. "This soil... it is so special. It's Khak-e-Shifa."

"what's Khak-e-Shifa?" I asked.

"This soil that is around the grave of Imam Hussain is very special. It can cure any illness and disease, and it is very holy indeed."

"Wow..." I said, looking at the soil. "It looks like regular soil to me."

"But it's not just regular. Some soil has the blood of Imam Hussain." Zain said.

"Can't you make turbats out of this soil?" I asked.

"Yes. Why in fact, mother got some turbats and tasbeeh made out of Khak-e-Shifa when she went to Ziaraat last year." Zainab replied.

"That's really special indeed." I said. "Shall we go to the masjid and resting place of Imam Hussain."

As I stepped in, I felt really special with the thought that Imam Hussain was here somewhere.

"It's too bad he's dead." I said sighing. "I wish we could help him."

Zain shook his head. "Don't call a martyred person dead, his soul still lives." He said.

Zainab nodded. "very true. Also, even though the tragedy and

battle
Kerbala
is long
gone,
we can
still help
Imam
Hussain
by
helping
his



grandson."

"Who's his grandson?" I asked.

"Imam Mehdi of course! The Imam of the time! We can still help Imam Mehdi!" Zain and Zainab said knowingly.

Oh of course! Imam Mehdi was the Imam of the time! We could still help him!

After a while of staying in the masjid, we exited. I went to buy some more dates to eat. I only had money for one more packet of dates. As I bought it, I saw a young girl walking around the date stand, eyeing the dates with hunger in her eyes. She seemed really poor.

"Asalaam Alykum!" I welcomed her.

She looked at me shyly. "Walaykum Asalaam."

"Um... would you like some dates to eat?" I asked her.

She hesitated a moment but then smiled gratefully. "Yes. Shukran."

That made me smile. "You're most welcome!"

Doing a good deed made me feel good. I think that's how Imam Hussain felt when he was martyred for the sake of Islam. I think he

was satisfied that his religion would live on. And I could help it live on. I'd just done my part, only a small part. My sacrifice was much smaller than Imam Hussain's who had sacrificed his whole family. When I looked at my older brother and sister, Zain and Zainab, I could never imagine myself and them martyred. Imam's family had that special power that I had to work hard for. That encouraged me to be a better muslim from now on.

"When we go home, I'm going to fill up our sadaqat box!" I announced to Zain and Zainab.

They smiled. "is it me, or has Zaynab changed a bit after our trip?" Zain asked.

We got inside our plane, ready for the next trip. "Shall we go home now?" Zainab asked.

I nodded. "Sure! Though this trip was fun!"

"Which one was your favorite?" Zain asked us.

"I liked all of them!" I smiled. "All of them were holy cities of Allah, and I respect them all equally."

I flipped to the last page of the Tour Guide of the Cities of Islam. There was a blank page that you could fill out yourself. I took a pen and wrote in my neatest handwriting:

Everywhere you go, everything is just a bit different. Well... maybe the dates taste the same! Yummy and juicy! But one thing is for certain. In each Islamic city, you'll find beauty. Whether it's the history, or the place itself, which is a gift from Allah indeed.

Thank You!

شكرا

Thank you everyone for reading this magazine! I would really like to thank...

For the Editing

H.I. Abbas Ayeleya

For posting on the web

The Zainab Web Team

For Some of the Pictures:

Microsoft Clip Art and Zainab.org

For the Saying on cover:

www.zainab.org

Also, a big thank you to all the contributors who have contributed to the magazine! Please keep up the excellent job, and may Allah bless you

Thank you to anyone else I haven't mentioned as well

Special Sayings:

**" Al-Hasan (a.s.) and al-Husayn (a.s.)
are the two leaders of the youth of
paradise."**

-Holy Prophet

**" WHOEVER WANTS TO SEE
THE MOST BELOVED PERSON
IN THE EYES OF THE PEOPLE
OF THE WORLD AND THE
HEAVEN, HE SHOULD LOOK
AT AL-HUSAYN (A.S.)." -HOLY
PROPHET**

**" Whoever cries (as per the conditions) or
make others cry (as per the conditions),
Jannat is wajib for him." -Holy Prophet**