



Zainabi Kids Magazine

The one of you who teaches knowledge to others has (before the Exalted God) the same reward as the learner, and even more.
- Imam Muhammad Al Baqir(a.s)

A salaam Alaikum Readers!

Asalaamualaikum! Welcome to the 6th Issue of Zainabi Kids Magazine! We're in the Islamic Month of Muhurram. What sort of things happened in Muhurram? Read and find out!

Have you ever wished you could be an animal? What do you think it would feel like to be your favorite animal for the rest of your life? Would it be fun? See what Zainab thinks!

Has someone ever been mean to you... not only that but your best friend? Have they ever lied to you... about you? In front of the whole class? Read Zain's story!



And many more when you turn the page!

Zaynab Zainab Zain
Zehra Jafri

A Pearly Poem

By Zehra Jafri



*In the clasped oyster
So very fragile and so round
I picked up the round little ball
And wiped off the dust
From right off the ground
Its beauty astound me
Its looks of luscious glass
All I could do
Was just sit and gasp
I took it to my mother
And showed my father too
The beautiful little pearl
How did this come to the world?
I really had no clue!
We took it to the jeweler
Inspecting it with glee
He gave it back to father and mother
Who made it into a necklace just for me!*

If I were an animal...

A story by Zehra Jafri

"If I were an animal, which one would I be? A mountain goat, a cow, or maybe... just me? I don't know which one to be... just not me!" said Zaynab, making up a rhyme in her head. It was a tricky rhyme. Part of her homework. What animal would she be if she *were* an animal? She read the question out loud. This was a really hard question!

"That would be cool to be an animal." Zaynab blurted out.

"Can you be a little quieter, I'm trying to do my homework," said Zainab who was sitting right next to her.

"Sorry. I just need help on one question. If I were an animal, which one I would be."

"Well... think. Which one would you want to be? What's your favorite animal?"

"I like them all because they're all Allah's creations."

Zainab looked stumped for a moment and started continuing *her* homework. "Think. It's not as hard as it seems," was all she said.

Zaynab groaned. This was not easy!

"I really wish were an animal! It would make this homework easier!

Besides, that would be pretty fun!

Zaynab smiled and put her hand on her desk. Then, all of a sudden... the desk started to shake WILDLY!

"Aaaaaaah!" Zaynab screamed. She was on a horse. With no head though! "STOP!" she screamed.



The horse stopped. Zaynab's muscles tightened as if *she* were stopping. Zaynab couldn't feel her hands either. Neither her feet. And she felt so... furry!

Wait a second... she was the horse! Zaynab held her breath. This couldn't be true. Zaynab looked around. "Help! Help me!"

She was in some kind of a ranch with lots of farmers around everywhere. She had been running in some sort of a track a few seconds before. Her voice came out in choked neighs. She sounded just like a horse! The farmers couldn't understand her.

Zaynab had wished she were an animal, and her wish had come true. She just regretted it now.

"I'll just try to be like the other horses..." Zaynab sighed.

The other horses were feeding on grass with their noses and mouths to the ground. "Yuck!" Zaynab thought. "Grass? I don't want to eat *grass!*"

But she did anyhow. There was nothing more to eat. Zaynab then tested out her running. "Yippee! I feel so free! Feel like I'm... like I'm flying!" Zaynab stopped. "But I wish I could really fly. Like those birds overhead." She thought.

Then there was a great flash of light and then total whiteness. Zaynab shielded her eyes from the light. Then she opened them. Everything was so blue and she was so high!"

Zaynab looked down. SKY! She was flying! Oh no! She had wished to be a flying animal. Zaynab was a bird! A seagull.





“Wow!” mouthed Zaynab. She looked around at the other seagulls circling above her. “Come and join us!” they clicked and chirped to her.

Zaynab flapped her wings. Flying felt so light. All she needed was the right balance and the right amount of wingspeed and she would fly! It was actually pretty hard and she kept tilting over the first few tries, but got better gradually. Zaynab still couldn't believe herself. “I'm flying!” she said, more rather chirped!

“Come and follow us!” said the seagulls. Zaynab tried to keep up with them, but she couldn't keep up. They were too fast. Then, her wings hit the water.

“Waaaaa!” she screamed. Her wings were drenched and she couldn't join the rest of the seagulls. “Help!” she cried. But the seagulls were too far away. Quickly thinking, Zaynab said, “I wish I could swim like... like a dolphin!”



The binding flash of light came again and Zaynab felt herself dragged into the water. She felt the pressure of the tumbling waves. Then she recovered from her short shock. Zaynab wiggled a bit. She had... she had a tail! Zaynab wiggled it freely. So this is what it felt like to have a

tail. It was so wiggly. Almost like an extra finger. Zaynab laughed and rolled around in the waves. She jumped up and down from the water and did flips in the water. This was so fun.

Then she choked and sputtered. Air! She needed air! But fish don't need air! Zaynab tried to calm herself down. But she needed air! What if she died? Fish die if they're not in the water.

Zaynab went up anyhow and took a deep breath. She *had* needed air! Dolphins weren't fish, they were mammals! Dolphins could breathe underwater and in air. Cool! But that meant she had to go up and get a breath of air quickly every time. This was so confusing! If she was a human, she wouldn't have to even think twice before taking a deep breath! This was it! She didn't want to be an animal any more!

"I wish I were a... HUMAN!"

Zaynab closed her eyes expecting the binding light. But it was gentler this time. Zaynab found herself in her room. She opened her eyes just in time to the sound of her sister.

"Zaynab! Finish your homework!" said Zainab. "You just went to sleep!"

"Huh? Sorry! Did I really? I thought I had turned into an animal!"

"You have a great imagination! You probably had a dream."

"Okay. Guess what? I turned into a horse and then a dolphin and then a seagull!"

"Wow! Which animal did you like being the most?" asked Zainab

"Hmm... Oh! I know!"

Zainab scribbled the answer down on her homework

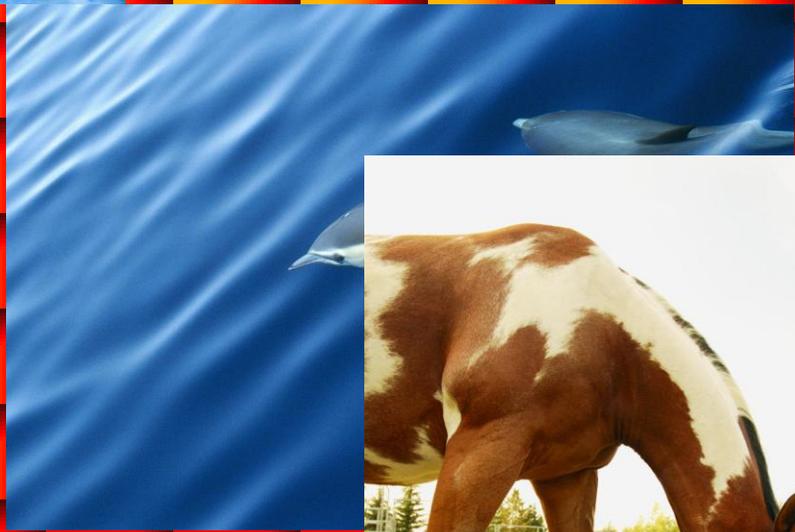
It said the words:

*I like all animals. But I'd
rather be myself!*

Think About It



Which animal would you have been? A dolphin, a horse, or a seagull? Would you rather be yourself? Why or why not?



If you were your favorite animal for a day, what sort of things would you do?

If you could choose to be a dolphin, horse, or a seagull, what are the advantages, and disadvantages of each animal?

Creative Learning: Venn Diagrams!

Here's an easy way to compare things. Making Venn Diagrams! Venn Diagrams are drawings like graphs that compare things. Just draw two circles that overlap. Then, write two totally different subjects on the outside of the circle. They are the titles for the Venn Diagram. Like... two different animals! I wrote Dolphin and Horse. In the blue circle, the dolphin's circle, I wrote down things that a dolphin is that a horse isn't. In the purple, I wrote things that a horse is and a *dolphin* doesn't. In the middle, I wrote things that they both have. Try adding a seagull, and make a Venn diagram of your own!

Things that Dolphins and Horses don't
and do have in common

By Zehra Jafri

Dolphin

Eats Fish
Lives in water
Swims

Both
Have
Tails

Eats grass
Lives on land
Runs

Horse



A Short Note About Muhurram



Asalaam Alayikum Readers! We're in the month of Muhurram! Some things you may know about Muhurram is this is the time to set things of enjoyment such as music, dancing and parties aside. This is the time when our Imam Hussain was martyred. This is the time to grieve for our Imam and his family. This is the month of sorrow.

Tears should only be spent on the imam's family. We must grieve for them. To Allah, our tears for the Imam and his family are special. I think of them as golden tears. Precious tears. We must think of Kerbala, think of the children of Kerbala. We should attend the majlis' so that we may learn more about this precious month, where every tear counts.

My birthday is in Muhurram this year, so I won't get to celebrate it the day it is.

But that's okay. It's almost like a lesson saying that a birthday is not the important thing. Your faith in Allah is more important than anything.

So turn the page and read more as the month of Muhurram passes by.



Water

Asalaam Alaykum, I'm Zainab. Today, it was snowing at our house, and the light went out. With the light, went the water. The water system was blocked with ice, and it wouldn't melt! My mother stored as much water as she could before the big storm. Zaynab, Zain, and I gulped it down at once. Now, we were down to one last cup of water! It was a hard decision of who would get the last cup, Zaynab or I. Zain wasn't very thirsty any more because he had gulped down too much water!



"I really want the glass of water!" said Zaynab.
"Please! I'm thirsty!"

"I'm older than you, so respect your elders!" said Zainab.

"But then, mother deserves it!" said Zaynab.

Mother came between them. "You two, stop quarreling! Want me to tell you a story?"

Zainab sighed. "We-ell, okay."

"Bibi Sakina, may Allah praise her, was a kind child. Now, her brother Ali Asghar had died. He didn't get any water, and he was only six months old!"

Zainab was terrified. "Yazid is very mean! Why did he kill him?!?"

“Some people in the world are very cruel. You must never grow up to be like them.” Said mother

“I agree!” said Zainab.

“Great decision. Now, when Bibi Sakina had finally gotten the water, she said that her younger brother deserved it more than she did. Then, she went to the grave of her brother, and poured the water over it. She was a great sister.”

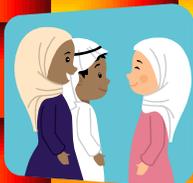
Zaynab looked at Zainab. “Does that mean you will give me the water?” asked Zaynab. “I’m younger than you, right?”

Zainab sighed and looked at the water and then at her sister. “Fine. You can have it.”

Zaynab jumped with joy. “Thanks! May Allah bless you very, very much!”

Zainab smiled. She felt very good. Almost like Bibi Sakina would’ve felt after she gave her water to the grave of Ali Asghar. May Allah bless them both.

Moral: Always think of others before you think of yourself. You may get rewards you never knew of!



A tip from Zaynab: You can turn this story into a play. Act it out, and see which materials you need. You can make a scene of Kerbala. You can use a real glass of water. Record your story!

A Poem About Muhurram by Zehra Jafri

Muhurram

When did the skies weep blood? Muhurram,
Muhurram.

What is the month when golden holy tears flood?
Muhurram, muhurram

M is for martyr, how a good Muslim gives their life to
save Islam

U is for uncle like Sakina's great uncle Abbas who
gave his life for the sake of Islam

H is for holy war, in Kerbala it was fought

And **U** is for united, how the Quraish were not.

When did the skies weep blood? Muhurram,
Muhurram.

What is the month when golden holy tears flood?
Muhurram, muhurram

R is for rights, for the rights of the muslims

R is for rise, for the rise of Islam

A is for achieving, how muslims achieved

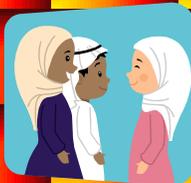
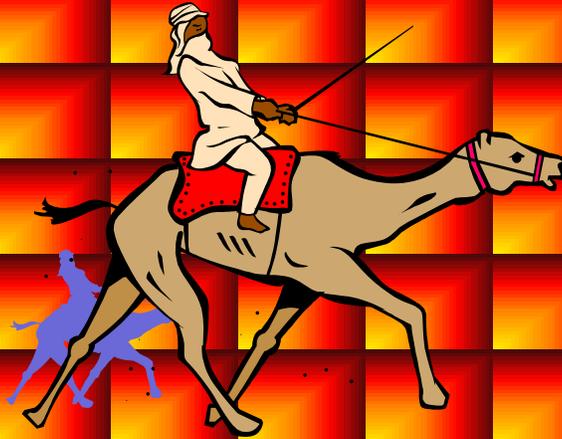
M is for the biggest martyr, who is Hussain the
biggest martyr of Kerbala.

When did the skies weep blood? Muhurram,
Muhurram.

What is the month when golden holy tears flood?
Muhurram, muhurram

Muhuram is the holy month, of struggle, and of strive

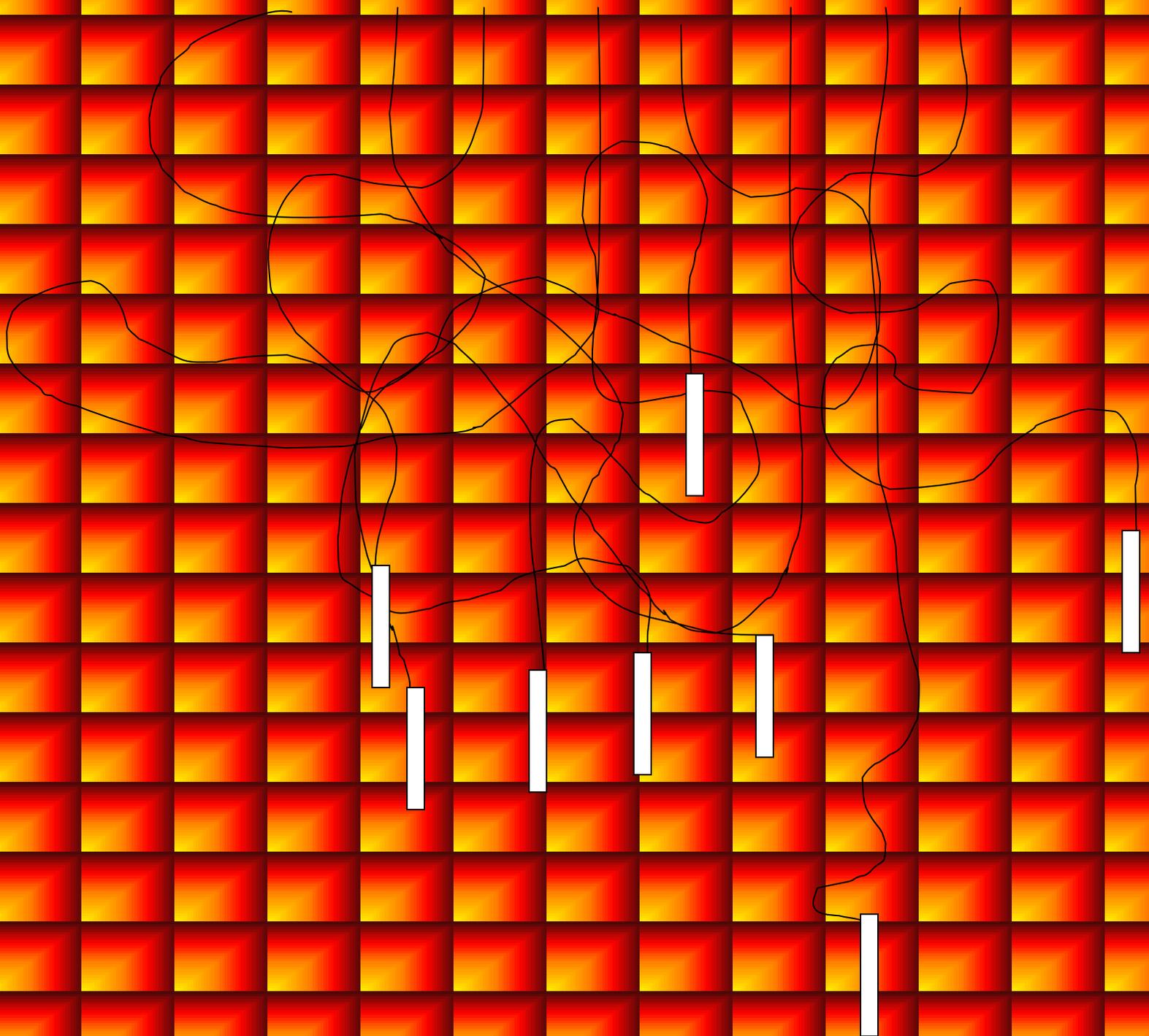
Muhurram is the holy month, where we keep the
message of Islam alive.



A tip from Zaynab: See which words start with M U H U R
R A and M. Make a letter poem of your own!

It's a jumbled up mess! Help us out! Which crayon wrote which letter in the word:

MUHURRAM



I wish I was in Kerbala

Asalaam Alaykum! I'm Zain. Today I was listening to the speech in Muhurram the the Moulana was giving. It was about Imam Hussain. Even though I've never seen Imam Hussain, the speech seemed so alive; it was as if Imam Hussain was sitting right next to me! Wait a second... was he?

Zain listened eagerly to the majlis... as best as he could. He was really bored

"I am so tired!" he moaned silently as he fiddled around with the threads in the carpet that he was sitting on.

"Ssh!" silenced a man next to him. "You must be quiet, because Bibi Fatima and Imam Hussain are all listening and watching you."

Zain wondered if that was true. Were they really watching him? Zain listened to the speech after that. The aalim kept on speaking.

"All of of wish we could be in Kerbala, but every day is Ashura every land is Kerbala!" said the aalim.

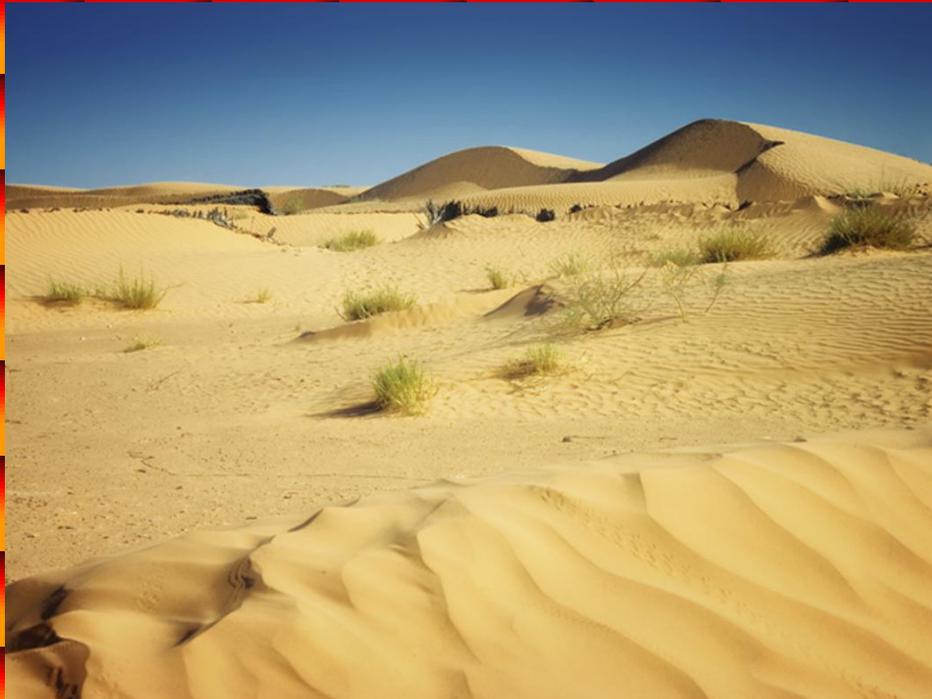
Zain didn't hear the rest of the speech. Suddenly, a big light came from nowhere that only Zain could see. He reached out his hand to touch the tempting light.

Until... "AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!" Zain screamed.

He was sucked into the light. He was in a place where there was sand and more sand as far as the eye could see. Was this... Kerbala?

“Where am I?” Zain moaned and lifted himself from the ground. Sand slid down his clothes. In fact, there were piles of sand everywhere and not the beach kind. The desert kind. In the far part of the desert, he could see the outlying stretch of a river and tents. On the opposite side, everything was the opposite. There were tents, yes, but no river. Whoever was camping here didn’t have good planning! This reminded him of a place that he could only see in the words of the aalim. “Is this Kerbala?” He wondered out loud. A beautiful voice rang out of somewhere behind him. “This is the last stretch of sand I will see.” The man said. He had a shining face glimmering with bright flashes of light. Zain couldn’t make out what his face looked like. The man turned his face towards him. “Will you help save Islam?” he asked Zain. Zain turned to him. He was scared and startled. Should he say

yes?
Why
was
there a
battle
going
on in
the first
place?



As if reading his mind, the man said one word, "Kerbala."

Zain recognized the word. This was Kerbala. This was the battle of Kerbala! In this man was... who was this man? But something told Zain that this man was a good man. Zain said that he would help out. "I'm honored to help," Zain mumbled slowly and unconfidently.

The man looked to the horizon. The desert sun was strong, but the light coming from his face was even brighter than any sun. "Let us go to the tents," he confirmed.

Children everywhere were crying for water. "Al atash! Al atash, they would scream out with their dry throats. It was almost as if they hadn't eaten anything for days now. Zain felt sorry for them. He wished he could get them water. "May I?" he asked the man. The man replied, "Their thirsts will certainly be quenched in heaven. My brother, Abbas has gone to get the water," he pointed out to a horse and a flag in the distance. Sometimes, the flag would raise high until it would touch the desert sky. Sometimes, it would sink low into the desert sand. In the end, instead of blood, water returned to the camp. Zain was heartbroken for the children and for Abbas. "Why are they so CRUEL!?" screamed Zain. He wanted to run to the river, and take the whole river back to the camp of the starving children.

Zain rocked the cradle of a little child named Ali Asghar. He was the sweetest young child, but he too was as thirsty as the others. "Let me go get water for

him!” said Zain to the man, but then he remembered what happened to Abbas. In the end, Ali Asghar too, was sent to the battlefield.

Zain was crying with tears streaking down his eyes. Crying for him was rare. Until today. “Let me go and fight! Please!” he begged the man.

“Do you really want to go?” asked the man.

“Yes! I do!” said Zain.

“You will fight in Kerbala. Every land is Kerbala. Every day is Ashura,” said the man.

Then a light appeared. Zain felt tempted to touch it. He was then sucked into the future.

Before he left to touch the light, Zain asked quickly, “What is your name?”

He could hear the sky, the mountains, the ground, the earth call out in harmony, “Ya Hussain!”

Zain was whisked back into the future back to the majlis. The man sitting next to him said, “You’re listening to the majlis more carefully. Great job!”

Zain smiled. “Thank you!”

The man smiled back. Zain could see his face flash. Almost like the sun. Maybe even brighter.

Moral: Just because we weren’t born in the time of Kerbala and weren’t there to fight, doesn’t mean we can’t fight for our rights today. Just like Imam Hussain said, “Every day is Ashura. Every land is Kerbala.”

Fly To: Makkah

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 today when I opened it...

"Aw! It's raining. Again!" Zaynab groaned. "That's the 5th time this week!"

"What do you expect? This *is* Seattle, Washington." said her brother Zain.

"Any ideas?" asked Zainab. She began jotting some down in her head

Color

Watch TV

Play in...

"I know! Let's play in the attic!" she said, springing off her couch.

"There's nothing in there," moaned Zain.

"Well, it doesn't hurt to try!" Zaynab cheered jumping off the sofa she was sitting on. The three of them raced upstairs to the attic and pulled out the ladder. It creaked as they got up and dust flew everywhere as they entered the attic. "This place is ancient!" Zaynab squealed with half joy, half terror. Who knew what could be here.

Zain flickered on a small light bulb that was hanging from the ceiling. The ceiling was REALLY low and you

had to be careful or you'd BONK your head on it! The light was barely any at all in the first place. With the light, Zaynab pointed out some boxes shoved at the end of the wall. They were huge and bulky stuffed with who knew what?

Zainab stared at the box and crept toward it. She rummaged through the box. There were clothes and toys so old that neither of them remembered them. Then, her hand hit a plastic box. She pulled it out. Bingo! It was a big box with a toy airplane in it. "It would be funny if you could ride in this!" she laughed. Zain went to her. "What is that thing?" Zaynab jumped with joy. "It's my airplane that I got for my birthday oh so long ago!" she snatched the box and opened it up. She lay the airplane on the ground gently. She peeked inside the window of the airplane. She could see tiny seats and controls. Why work so hard if no one could fly it? It wasn't a real airplane after all? Right?

Just as Zaynab thought that, a big flash of light came from the airplane. The ground SHOOK and THUNDERED under their feet!! The airplane

Grew and Grew and **Grew** and

Grew! Until it became the size of a real airplane.

Zaynab looked at the ceiling of the attic. It was now broken because of the huge airplane's roof. "What is that!!?" She stuttered. Zainab looked wide with shock. Zain looked half thrilled, half nervous. "Wanna go inside?" Zain asked. Zaynab, half thinking, opened the door of the airplane. "Wow, it actually opened up!" she said surprised. Zain and Zainab sat in the front seats. Zainab was the pilot, Zain the co-pilot, and Zaynab... the passenger who sat in the back. Zainab closed her eyes and prayed the dua that their family read before going on a car trip. Zainab hoped that it would work for an airplane ride too. After all, what would their mother say?

"All signals go," said Zain. Usually he'd be laughing, but he was serious.

"Okay, prepare for take off!" said Zainab.

Automatically, strangely, the airplane took off after going through the runway (the attic) blowing away some parts of their roof. Then, Zaynab could see the clouds. She peeked inside her seat pocket to see a tour guide... of Makkah! "Wouldn't it be cool if we could go to Makkah?" was what she asked.

Automatically the plane took off to Makkah because in no time, Zaynab could see a black and gold building.

Zaynab looked in her tour guide. It stated some things about Makkah.

MAKKAH—THE HOLY CITY

Makkah is home to Masjid ul Haraam and the Holy Kaaba that Muslims from everywhere visit every year. It is the capital of Saudi Arabia and is a holy city. Prophet Muhammed was born there too and it is a very great place to visit. Makkah is the mother of all villages and a home to many tourist attractions. Visit Makkah soon! A place to see before you die!

Then, it listed many maps of Makkah, and pictures of Masjid ul Haram and the Kaaba. Zaynab after reading, looked outside and could see the Kaaba. It was a lovely building, covered with a sheet of black and gold. It was such a beautiful combination! She could see lines of white, or were they people? Yes! They were people! There were hundreds, no, thousands of people! They were going all around the Kaaba. There were also two big mountains around called Safa and Marwa, Zaynab remembered from an Islamic School textbook. She could also see a building around the Kaaba. "This must be Masjid al-haram," she thought. It was a large masjid that went around the Kaaba.

"Can we do hajj?" pleaded Zain.

"I don't know if we can, Zain!" said Zaynab sadly.

"I don't know how!"

"Well, when we're older, we have to do Hajj," instructed Zainab. "It is wajib on us to do so, if we are baligh."

“I can’t wait to do hajj with mother and father!” said Zaynab excitedly. She was ready! But maybe in a few years or so...!

“Hey, let’s tour around and see more things!” said Zain, already starting to move the airplane.

In a few moments, the plane stopped at a mountain.

“What’s this cave for?” asked Zaynab.

She answered her own question by looking in her guidebook.

The Cave of Hira

In this Cave, the Holy Prophet stayed here and secluded himself. The Prophet also received the first revelation in this cave. This cave is very special, and the prophet spent a lot of time praying and pondering on Allah’s creations. It is to the left when one goes from Mina to Makkah.

“Seems special to me!” said Zaynab. “Let’s go inside!”

The cave was outlined with stone, and it seemed scary inside. Yet the thought that the prophet had once been here brightened Zaynab like a small torch. There were small crevices where light from the outside shined through. For a moment, Zaynab stood still, imagining the day Prophet Muhammad was here. This was where his very feet walked. This was where he prayed. This is where Angel Jibrael came. This was beautiful!

“Do you think we should be going home now? We’ve seen lots of things in Makkah, and mother might get worried!” said Zainab to Zain.

“Wait just a second... I don't think we're done just yet!” said Zain, jumping into the plane.

“Wait! Where are we going *now!*” said Zaynab.
Zain grinned and started the plane. “Climb in everyone, because our next stop is... MEDINA!”

To be CONTINUED...

Thank You!

شكرا

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

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Thank You For
Reading!



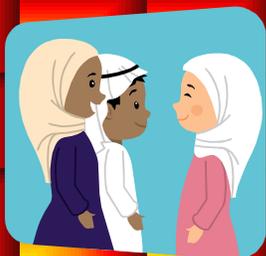
See you next time!

Next Month

Next Month, we'll have even more fun! See some of the things we'll have!



Zainab, Zaynab, and Zain aren't done using their fun plane yet! They're going to Medina next! See what fun they'll have there, and learn a little along the way!



Zainab, Zain, and Zaynab are very best friends! They're brother and sisters too! See how you can make a friend, and read Zainab's journal of her first day at school! Does she make a friend? Find out!



It's flu season again! Read a story about Prophet Muhammed, and a sick woman. Then, learn how to prevent spreading flu, and learn how to make a sick friend's day better. Then, read Zain's story about a sick day!

All this and oh, so much more!