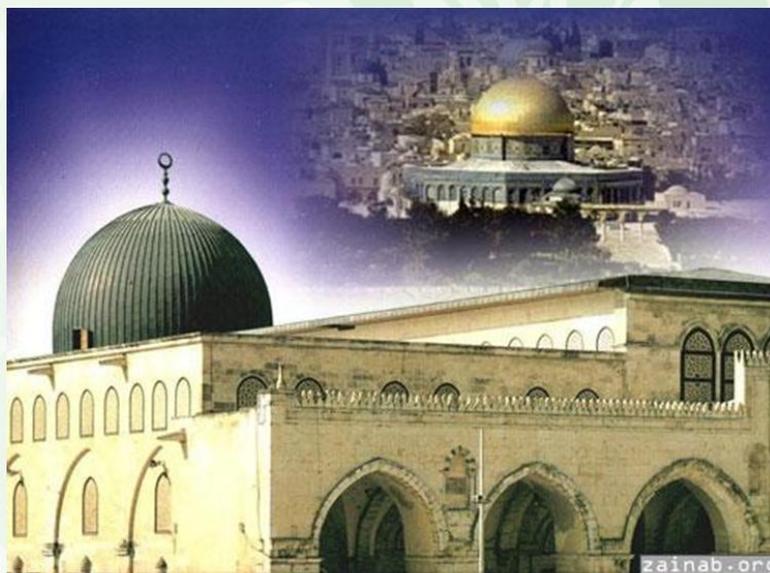


Volume 1 Issue 3



# Zainabi Magazine

Smiling to your Muslim brother is counted for you as a charity. Enjoining what is right and forbidding what is wrong is counted for you as a charity.

Pointing out the way to a lost man is counted for you as a charity, and removing a stone, thorns, and bones from the road is counted for you as a charity.

~Saying of Prophet Muhammad

# From the Writer

## Asalaamualaikum Children!

Welcome to the third issue of our magazine! We've put a theme into this month's magazine! This month's theme is tough things! See if you can see why we named it that when you read our three stories! Has your birthday arrived yet? Did you get a present? Were you excited about opening it? I think you probably may have been excited! But what if your mother told you to open it somewhere where no one was looking. Sounds like an easy task right? Actually it isn't. To learn more, check out the story of a young boy named Aun who's



on a quest to open a present without anyone looking! Only a few pages away!

Did you fast this Ramadan? It's wajib and necessary on you if you are baligh or baligha, and its mustahab if you are not. Is it your first time fasting? That's great! Read a story in a few pages about a boy named Ali's first experience!

Do you love the cover pictures and sayings on this magazine?

Would you like to choose? Starting this month, which picture and saying you'd like!

***All this and much more when you turn the page!***

# A small seed A small seed



Written By Zehra Jafri

*I planted a flower  
In the ground  
To spread blessings  
All 'round*

*Maybe one day  
It'd turn into a flower  
If I give it sunshine  
And a sprinkler shower*

*Slowly, slowly  
Day by day  
It grew taller  
All that hard work  
Did pay*

*Before my eyes  
The small seed  
Grew into  
A big gorgeous flower  
This is an example  
Of how great  
Is our lord's power*



Zainabi Studios presents...

# Hide and Seek



*Based on an Islamic School lesson I learned when I was little  
Rewritten by Zehra Jafri*

After the bell rang and school was dismissed I grabbed my backpack off the hook and ran straight forward home. I could just feel that inner voice in me shouting to me “Run, run! There’s a surprise waiting for you!”

I opened the door and said Asalaamaulaikum to my mother. There was a hint of a smile on corner of her lips. That’s what my mother always does when she’s either excited or she wants to teach me something. You probably know which one I wanted her to be.

Her hands were tied behind her back. I think she was hiding something.

“Aun.”

“Yes mother.”

“I have something for you.”

One of her hands shifted forwards from behind her back. That hint of a smile grew a little wider.

I tried to hide my happiness. My mother? Giving me a gift for no reason at all? I've got to be dreaming!

But then there were the times she gave me free vanilla ice cream but it was actually mashed bananas. She was trying to tell me not to eat too much ice cream.

So should I take this gift as a trick?

I took it as a gift.

Then I thanked her and strolled of to my room.

"Aun."

My mother called to me.

"Open that gift where no one will see it. Okay?"

I nodded. That was an easy task, wasn't it?

First I went to the basement, I opened the light so that enough filled the room yet no one upstairs could see it.

Slowly I opened the wrapping paper

"Hey Aun, where'd you get that gift?"

My head jerked back. It was my younger sister Aisha.

I was a bit stunned. I didn't notice her when I came in. So she probably sneaked in. She's as sneaky as a cat until she pounces and surprises you! Aisha is really quiet and she can sneak anywhere without anyone knowing she was actually there.

"Listen Aisha, I've got to open this gift, but no one can see. Can you help me? Can you tell me where an empty room is?"

"Hey, why don't you check out Leila's room? She hasn't come back from school yet."

"Thank you!" I said after I ran out the room. Then I headed upstairs towards the first room on the left. That was Leila's room. Her light blue door with a bird poster on it wasn't hard to notice. Leila really loved nature.

I opened the door. No one was there. Then I touched the sparkly bow on my present and started to remove it when...

*Crash!*

Something fell out of Leila's closet. A second later, Leila came out of the closet. She was looking for something it looked like. She looked down at the bracelet that fell and picked it up. Then her eyes shifted to me.

"Aun! Why didn't you knock the door?"

"Oh, sorry Leila. I was in a hurry! Hey, weren't you supposed to be at school?"

"No, it's my day off... hey Aun, where'd you go?"

I set off again wasn't there an empty room?

The light bulb flashed on in my head. The bathroom! That's where I'd have some privacy for sure!

I raced across the hall to the bathroom and locked the door. I turned the light on and sat at the edge of the bath tub. Slowly I opened my gift...

Something buzzed in my ear. It was a housefly. Even though it was a small bug, it was still watching me.

I was hopeless. There was nothing. I sat down sadly. There was always someone somewhere.

Then I remembered. There was someone somewhere! There was someone everywhere! That someone was watching me everywhere! And that person was... Allah!

Now I remembered! How foolish was I? Mother was trying to teach me a lesson after all!

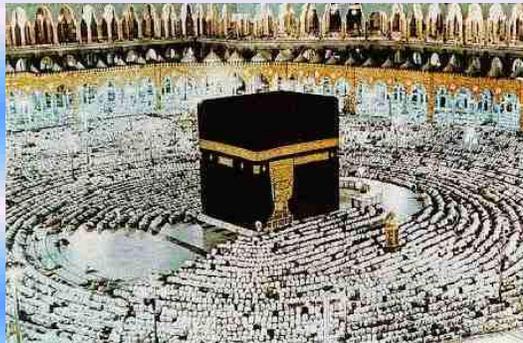
**The Moral: Every time you try doing something in secret or hiding, even if no one is watching, Allah is watching you for sure!**

# Your Turn To Choose!



Ever wanted to be a magazine designer? Here's your chance! All you need to do is pick one of these pictures, and/or sayings to be on the cover of next month's magazine and email them to me! Here are your choices!

1. Cover picture. Choose one of these two.



2. Saying. Choose one of these two.

- i. *One who reveals your faults to you like a mirror is your true friend , and one who flatters you and covers up your faults is your enemy .- Imam Hussain (a.s.)*
- ii. *There is no greater wealth than wisdom, no greater poverty than ignorance; no greater heritage than culture and no greater support than consultation. - Imam Ali (a.s.)*



Zainabi Studios presents...

# Fasting For the Day

*By Zehra Jafri*

**Asalaamaualaikum everyone! My name is Ali. I'm 6 years old. Today was the first time I fasted. Have you fasted before? At first I thought it was really hard! But when you read the rest of my story, see how easy it really was!**

"Go to sleep quickly, you need to wake up early tomorrow," said my mother to my father.

"Why?" I asked.

"You don't have to wake up early, Ali. But we have to. You're too young to fast but it is wajib on your father and me. Would you like to fast?"

I've heard about fasting in Islamic School. But I've never fasted before. It looks like fun!

"Okay mother, I'll fast."

"But you need to wake up really early for Sehri."

"What's that?"

"Sehri is when you eat something before dawn and before Fajr."

So I went to sleep and had dreams about food. I was about to reach the good part when...

"Wake up Ali," called father.

I rubbed my eyes. This was really early!

"Can I go to sleep?"

"Don't you want to fast?"

"Well, yes."

"But then you need to eat something now."

"Why can't I eat in the morning?"

"You can't eat in the morning because by then, you'll break your

fast. You can only do it before fajr.”

I unwillingly brushed my teeth. After that, we ate our breakfast. I think I ate a lot because I was full!

“Mother, can you tell me more about fasting? Why do we fast?”

“First of all, it’s the month of Ramadan. In Ramadan, Allah locks Shaitan away.”

“Why does he lock him away?”

“Usually Shaitan misleads us, right?”

“You’re right!”

“This month, Allah wants to see if we mislead ourselves or if Shaitan does. He wants us to show our inner self, without Shaitan guiding us away.”

“So why do we fast?”

“Fasting is a way to keep our patience. It is a way to strengthen your nafs.”

“Okay.”

After we said a special dua and read our Fajr prayers, I went to sleep again.

After I woke up, it was time for school. I grabbed my backpack and started making my lunch. Then I remembered I was fasting.

At school, the day went great. But at lunch time, I sat quietly at my desk and watched the other kids eat. It made me really hungry. But there was something else there my heart. I felt stronger! The whole day children asked me why I wasn’t eating. I told them I was fasting. I wasn’t scared! Until one kid said I would starve and die. I got really scared!

At home, mother asked how my day was. I said it was good and slumped on a chair. Mother sensed that I wasn’t happy.

“What’s wrong?”

“Some kid said that I would starve!”

“No you won’t.”

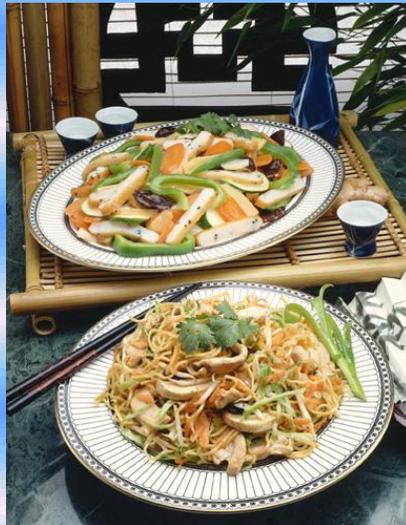
Mother took me to a corner in the room and said, “For years many people have fasted, yet most have lived. Besides, we’ll eat at Iftaar time! And all that counts is being strong. Don’t listen to them! Have they ever fasted? Listen to me dear, I have fasted lots of times.”

That made me feel stronger. I stood tall and said, “I can do it!”

I took a long nap until my mother woke me up.

“Wake up.”

I rubbed my eyes. “Do I have to fast again?”  
“No, we’re almost going to break our fast. It’s time for iftaar.”  
“What is that?”  
“That’s when we break our fast after sunset.”  
We read our prayers and after that, we read a special dua.  
Then mother passed out some dates.  
I said bismillah and ate the date. Then I felt really thankful for Allah who blessed me with this wonderful food after fasting!  
Now I know the meaning of fasting!  
Mother passed out chicken and spaghetti and much more.  
“Will you fast again tomorrow?” asked mother.  
It didn’t take me a long time to say the answer. “I’m ready!”



# Cool Crafts

Eid-ul-Fitr is coming up! Maybe it has gone by if you are reading this issue after Eid-ul-fitr. Don't worry! There are other Eids coming soon too! On Eid, It's really kind to give gifts. Here's a bunch of crafts you can make!

## Cards

Why buy cards at the store when you can make them hand made? Here's a how you make cards for starters.

You need:

Construction Paper (my pick is green)

One sheet of blank white paper

Decorations for your card

Pictures of Mosques or any other Islamic thing.



Directions:

Fold the construction paper in half

Fold the white paper in half.

Glue or staple the white paper inside the green paper.

Glue the picture you chose on the front of the card (you can draw your own picture too.)

Decorate the outside of your card with glitter glue, stamps, stickers, etc.

After the glue is dried well, write a friendly message!

## A Gift

You need:

Popsicle sticks

Paint

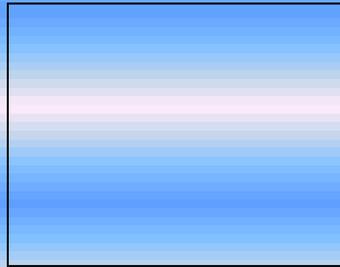
Markers or other small ornaments like glitter glue or stickers

Yarn or unbreakable string.

Really strong glue or small nails and Hammer.

Arrange the Popsicle sticks and spell out the first letter of the recipient's name.

If the recipient's name has curves like the letter C for example, make the letter like this as Popsicle sticks cannot curve.



Glue the Popsicle sticks together or nail and hammer them together.

After that paint the letter and decorate it with markers or other ornament.

On top of the Popsicle letter, hammer a piece of string (or glue it.) So that your friend can hang it in their room!

\*For a bonus, you can write your friend's name in Arabic or spell out their whole name if you want!

## Gift Bag

What you need:

Small Brown or White Paper Lunch Sack

Markers/crayons/other ornaments.

Foam letters.

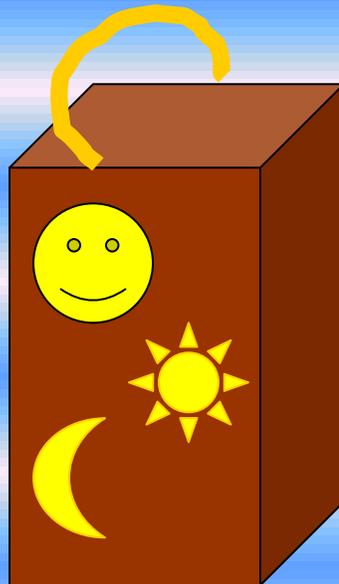
Bits of colorful wrapping paper or tissue

Yarn.

Glue or stapler

Decorate your plain paper bag. You can use wrapping paper to cut into objects or crayons for lovely designs. Be creative! Spell out the recipient's name out of the foam letters. Glue them on

Use the yarn to make a holder. Use the diagram on the bottom if you want. Glue or staple the yarn to the ends. Now put in your gift!



## Special Gift!

Do you want to give someone special something special?  
The best gift is the gift of Islam.

Find a one saying said by each of the 14 Masumeen to make a 14 page book. You can look in your Islamic School Book to hunt for sayings or the past covers of this magazine. Put one saying on each page and decorate it. This special gift will delight everyone.



Everyone has a gift! That's the gift of knowledge and creativity. How do you share a bit of your knowledge and creativity for everyone? Send us a craft, idea, or recipe to my email address at the end of this magazine. Help contribute!  
Your idea can be on this page in the future!

Eid Mubarak!  
**Eid Mubarak!**



Zainabi Studios presents...

# Time For Toy Trouble

Farwa wrote in her diary:

Today's my 76<sup>th</sup> birthday. I got many gifts but the best one I got was a doll on my first birthday.

I remember the day I got my little toy doll on my birthday as if it were the day before yesterday. I remember how my little brother broke it as if it were yesterday. And I can tell you about it...

"Happy birthday Farwa!" Farwa's mother said happily. Farwa blew out the candle on her birthday cake. It was her first birthday!

Farwa smiled and bounced on the chair. Then she put her hand in the cake and starting making a big mess!

The dark chocolate stains got all over her new white dress! Farwa's father got her off the table and set her down on the ground. Farwa started crying like any one year old would. Her mother quieted her down and handed her a present wrapped up with a silver and pink hearted bow. Farwa bended over and curiously ripped open the present. It was a doll! The doll was wearing the same clothes as her!



Farwa felt the doll's beautiful beaded and sequined clothing with her hands which made them chocolaty just like hers!  
Farwa and her doll were forever companions!  
They wore the same clothes  
Made the same hair style  
And Farwa took it around everywhere she would go!

...Until Hassan was born that is.

Hassan was born when Farwa turned 2.

When Hassan turned 2, and Farwa was 4, Hassan did something that made Farwa's heart ache.

One day when Hassan was sleeping, Farwa had to take a shower. But she couldn't take her little toy doll because it would get really wet! Farwa left it on the top of her drawer and went to take a shower.

When Farwa returned, she saw Hassan sitting on the ground with the chewed up head of her doll! She got a terrible heart ache and started to cry. Why did Hassan have to do this to her! Her tears blurred the sight of the doll's chewed up hair and ripped dress.

Farwa's mother ran through the door and picked up Hassan and the doll.

"Mama! I will never talk to Hassan ever again!"

"Farwa! He's only a little baby!"

"But he ripped my dolly and that's what he gets!"

Farwa stomped out of the room. Her mother placed the doll in a box in the basement. Never to be seen again.

Mother asked if she wanted any other doll but she said that wouldn't be the same.

Farwa grew older and Hassan did too. But Farwa grew meaner to Hassan too.

When Farwa was in 3<sup>rd</sup> grade and Hassan was in 1<sup>st</sup> grade, Hassan made a really pretty picture of her for her. Farwa ripped it up because it reminded her of the doll she used to have so long ago. Hassan grew really sad. He didn't do anything wrong!

When Farwa went to 7<sup>th</sup> grade, and Hassan was in 5<sup>th</sup> grade, some bullies started being rude to her. Hassan stopped them but he still didn't get Farwa's attention. Why was she acting that way, was what he wondered.

So the story ends that way... now let's see the last of Farwa's diary...

I will never forget that day when he ripped my doll... but I still feel I should've been even meaner!

Oh sorry Diary, I have to go and open the door. Wait... Someone's ringing the doorbell...

Farwa opened the door and it was Hassan!

"Asalaamualaikum older sister. I wanted to give you this for your birthday, it reminded me of you! It was stuck in my attic in an old box that mother gave to me my wife sewed it back up for me and it's back to new and here's a piece of chocolate cake too."

Farwa ate the chocolate cake and wiped the chocolate on her clothes by accident. When she opened up the gift...

It was her doll! She fingered the beautiful sequins and beads all sewed up back together. It was all chocolaty like her dress now. Just like the old times.

Heavy tears streaked down her eyes.

Farwa looked at her brother who didn't know why she was crying.

Then she hugged her brother and started to cry.

Farwa felt young again. And this time, she'd be nicer to her brother.

**Moral: Friends come and go just like rain and snow, but your brothers and/or sisters stick with you forever so be mean to them NEVER.**



# Color Play

By **Kumael Jafri** age 9



Here is a question for your brain! Most of these questions have no right answer or a wrong answer. So just share what you think with others!

**What is the first color you get in your mind when you think about Prophet Muhammad?**

**How about Imam Ali**

**Try Bibi Fatima**

**Also try Imam Hassan**

**And Imam Hussain?**

**Or how about Bibi Zainab?**

**Try a color for all the Imam's if you want!**

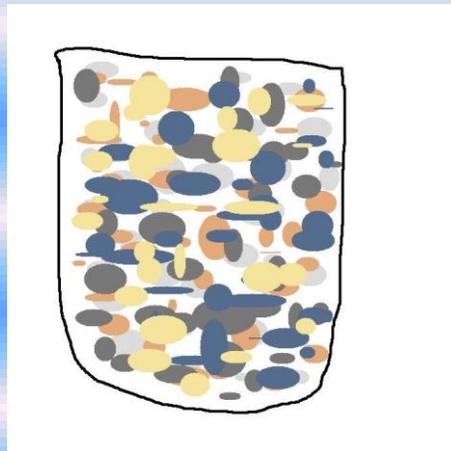
*Thank you so much Kumael for writing! This is such a great contribution!*

**Please read a salawaat for Kumael!**

# Games!



Did you guess the number of stones in this jar?



It's really hard isn't it? Well, the answer is **127 Rocks!** Good guesses everyone! Yet no one got close! Tune in for another game next month?

# Next Month

Email me what cover picture and saying you choose. See your options on page 7



.....

Kiran always thinks people are better than her. She thinks that she's ugly and not smart. How can her mother make her understand that she's special?

.....



Jamal and Imran weren't very good friends when they were little. Then what happened? Read this story next month!



.....

Flowers are so fun, fantastic, and floral!  
Plants are so perfectly positively pleasantly pretty!  
Create beautiful art out of plants and flowers!

.....



# Thank You!



Thank you, everyone for reading this magazine. Have you wondered who brings this magazine to you? Here they are!

**The person who checks all the facts is...**

H.I Abbas Ayeleya! Without him, there would be no story and everything would be just wrong! Thanks for checking!

**The people who put all this onto the web are...**

The Zainab Web Team! Without them, you wouldn't even see a magazine! Thanks for putting this magazine on the web!

**The beautiful pictures are by**

Microsoft Clip Art. Thanks for your beautiful pics!

**The Saying on every cover and the ones in the inside are by**

<http://www.al-islam.org/masoom/sayings/saying5.html>

<http://www.geocities.com/ahlulbayt14/SayingsProphet.html>

**The cover pictures, the calligraphy on the end, and the pictures of the mosques are by, [www.zainab.org](http://www.zainab.org)!**



# Zainabi Kids Corner

Done reading already! Have you zipped through all the crafts and suggestions and given me some too? Want some more? Check out the Zainabi Kids Corner at Zainab.org where you can check out some cool games and learn how to do wudhu too! Do you attend Zainab Islamic School? You can check out some of *your* presentations from school! It's so neat! Have some fun while you wait for my next magazine to come out. You can also find a link to my magazine too!

[Click here for a link to Zainab Kids corner](#)

[Click on this for a link to my magazine](#)

Be sure to add these pages to your favorites for easy viewing!

# Contact Us



Would you love to write one of the stories here? How about sending us a creative recipe for kids? Maybe a nice craft or a picture you made can work too! Or would you rather write a relaxing poem for everyone to read? Whatever, whenever, you can send your idea to me! My email address is

[zainabmagazine@gmail.com](mailto:zainabmagazine@gmail.com)

Don't have an email address? Ask your parents to help. It's fun to be involved!

Thank you for reading! Allah  
Hafiz!  
See you next month!



© Zehra Jafri age 11