

# THE MURDERER'S REPENTANCE

Tabassum Mosleh

## **Illustration**

Ahmed Taohid Rafi



## **Concept & guideline**

Abu Tasmiya Ahmed Rafique

## Chapter 1: My Story

I am a murderer. Not just any murderer, a serial killer. And I have killed ninety-nine people.

Does that make you turn your nose up against me? Does it send shivers down your spine? You hate me, don't you?

But stop. Before making any judgments about me, hear out my story.

I was born in Kafrah, a rotten place. Nature had endowed the place with breath-taking, wild beauty. But the beauty did not do much good to the hearts of its people. Almost every person around me was corrupt, evil, and greedy.



Belonging to a Jewish community, I had picked up some bits of religious knowledge, but not enough to guide me towards good.

Murdering people had become a habit to me. The first one was difficult; it wasn't just the victim that I had to kill – I had to smother my conscience too, you see. But each subsequent murder made me increasingly careless.





# The Giant Camel

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## Chapter 1: Carved out of the Mountains

Once upon a time, amid the barren sandy deserts of North-western Arabia, there used to be a thriving city. Beautiful houses dotted the landscape; not made of bricks but carved out of mountains!

The city of Hija – you have never seen anything like it. And the powerful nation who had built it was called Thamud.

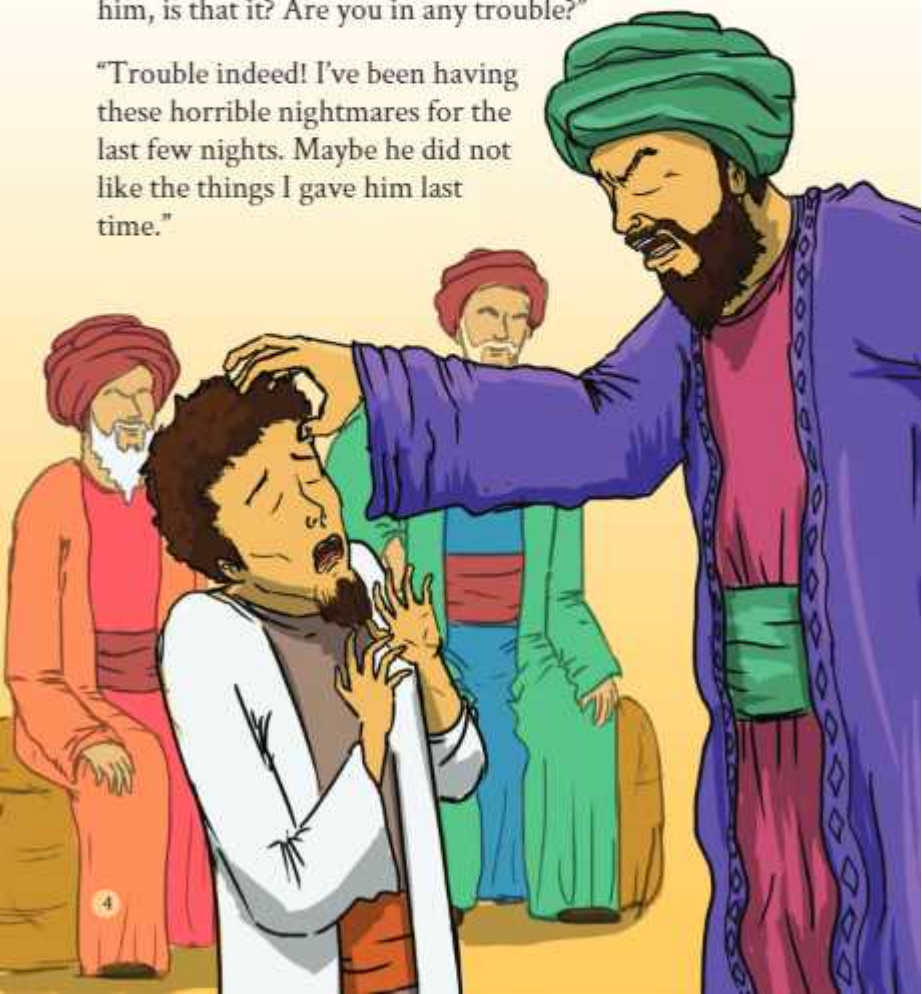
But it wasn't just the houses. Strewn about among the mountain-houses were many statues – the gods of Thamud. The people would place in front of these idols all kinds of gifts – sweets, ornaments, flowers – and in return ask them to solve their problems.



One day, some of the super-rich leaders of Thamud were standing together by the roadside, sharing the day's news. People were passing by on their way home after a hard day's work.

"I heard that you donated a lot of money to your idol yesterday," said one fat man to another. "Trying to please him, is that it? Are you in any trouble?"

"Trouble indeed! I've been having these horrible nightmares for the last few nights. Maybe he did not like the things I gave him last time."



# DAWUD عليه السلام

## THE YOUNG WARRIOR

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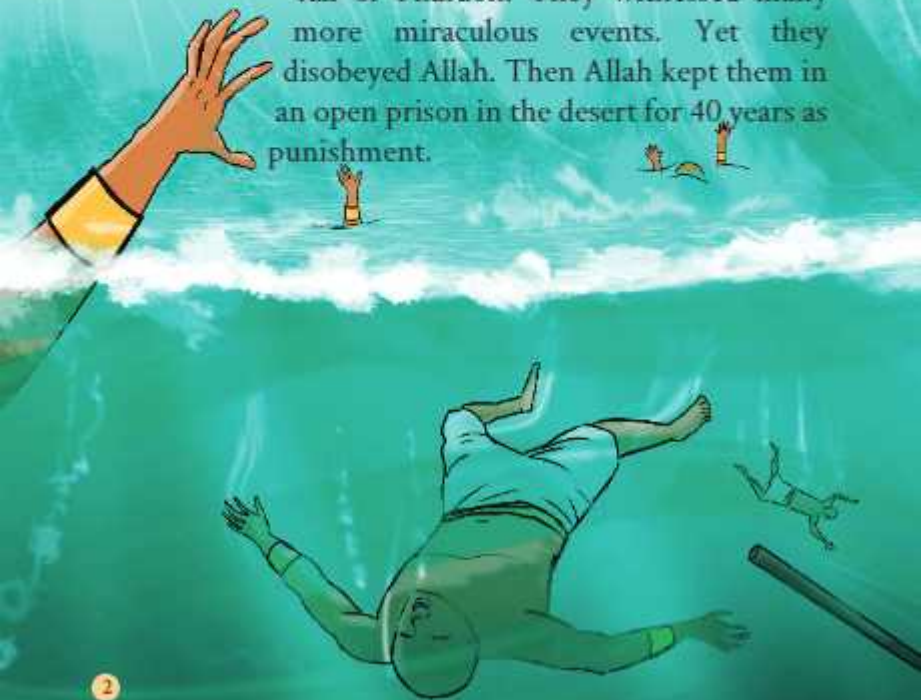
Abu Tasmiya Ahmed Rafique



## Flash back

King Jalut of Palestine. He was as powerful as he was tyrannical. At one time the Israelites were the rulers of this Palestine. You must have heard about Prophet Musa and Harun and how God divided the sea and saved the Banu Israil and destroyed Pharaoh.

Then Allah gave the good news of the victory of Palestine to the Banu Israil. Allah commanded to fight to conquer Palestine. But they did not fight. With their own eyes they saw the sea splits in two and the road gets formed miraculously across water. They saw the fall of Pharaoh. They witnessed many more miraculous events. Yet they disobeyed Allah. Then Allah kept them in an open prison in the desert for 40 years as punishment.



## Chapter 1: A Shepherd Boy

The lion was sprinting away, a bleating lamb held between its jaws. Dawud put the pebble in his sling's pouch, swung the cords, took aim and let go at the right moment. With the force of a bullet, the pebble hit the target. The lion fell.



# THE BRAVE YOUTHS OF EPHESUS

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## A Bit about Me

Rome – the mightiest empire in the world. A place of science and fashion; thriving populace and breath-taking architecture; chariot races and seasoned gladiators.

Rome, my country, my heart.

I was born in Ephesus, one of the most thriving cities of the empire. My family was rich and powerful, and we lived in luxury. As any average teenage guy, I had my pursuits, education and interests. But somehow, there was always a sense of something missing in my life.



I could never make my parents or friends understand how I felt. As I grew up, I gradually withdrew into myself. You would often find me just sitting alone, watching the sunset, the mountains and the birds returning home. Sometimes, I would go riding on the pearly-white beach, the ocean roaring by my side, reflecting the serene sky above.



In such moments I would wonder, who made the ocean? Who painted that riot of crimson and violet on that flawless blue canvas? Who created the mountains themselves, so tall and imposing?

Zeus? The god who couldn't save himself from human weaknesses? Or was it Armetis, Zeus's daughter? Because those were the chief gods of Ephesus.



No. The creator of this beautiful world had to be greater, purer, holier than that. He had to be above human flaws.

# The Boy and the Magician

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## Chapter 1- The Old Sorcerer's Apprentice

A very long time back, there lived a corrupt king called Dhu Nawwas in Yemen. He had a loyal group of courtiers and a strong, brute military, who tortured and oppressed the people to make them obey his unjust commands.

"I am your Lord," he loudly self-proclaimed to the inhabitants of his land. "Worship me, and I will watch over you."

But there was one person whom Dhu Nawwas himself secretly admired – his sorcerer. Fierce and wicked, people outwardly respected him, but were actually scared of his dark powers.



One day, the sorcerer said to Dhu Nawwas, "I have become old, my Lord. Aah, it's been a long time that I have served you. But I fear death is near."

The king lifted an eyebrow, "Can you not withhold death, or deceive it like you deceive my foes with your magic?" He chuckled.

The sorcerer smiled sadly. "Alas, my skills are yet to go so far as to elude death. But I know of a way I could still serve you when I'm gone."

"Tell me."

"Let us pick a boy, young and intelligent. I will teach him all that I know and have him prepared to serve at your feet."

Dhu Nawwas mulled over the proposition. "That could work. One, only one to inherit the secrets." The king concurred.

# THE INCREDIBLE WALL

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## Prologue

In those ancient times, the marvels of aeroplanes and great seafaring ships were yet to grace the world. Had they existed, Dhul-Qarnain might have ventured across that ocean to explore new realms. As it was, the sea blocked further westward expansion of his kingdom.

Undaunted, he set his sights on the east. With the same indomitable spirit, he embarked on a conquest of the eastern lands, ushering in an era of peace and prosperity wherever he went. With each new civilization he encountered, his knowledge and experience increased. The more he saw the world, the more he was awed by the incredible diversity of Allah's creations.

There were so many different kinds of people in the world — of myriad faces, complexions, tongues, customs, and cultures. He would never have realised all this if he hadn't witnessed it with his own eyes. From each of these new civilizations, Dhul-Qarnain gleaned valuable knowledge of science, engineering, language, and more.

His devoted army held him in deep affection, grateful for having such an amazing leader. Together, they experienced the wonders of the world as they explored new lands.