



Episode #1

Writer: Falak Jahan

The room was dimly lit, with the moonlight bathing one side of the room in a deep blue hue, creating a calming and peaceful atmosphere. A gentle breeze blew through the room, adding to the tranquility.

But her prayer was even more peaceful still. Her focus on her prayer was so intense, it was as if she was truly in the presence of her Creator. Every step of her prayer was smooth and calm. After completing her fourth rakat of Tahajjud, she stood up slowly and placed her hands to her ears and said aloud, "Allahuakbar" gently, as if only she could hear it. She then placed her hands on her chest beneath her long blue hijab, which reached

her knees, and a white long skirt that covered her feet. She began reciting Surah Fatiha, then Surah Kafirun, and finally moved into ruku.

He observed that she took more time in rukuh than most people would. She stood up again, placing her hands to her ears and repeated "Samiallahu Laman Hamidah," and then placed her hands on her chest again. After whispering something inaudibly, she went into "sijdah,". Keep right foot's first toe towards Qibla and sit on left feet and slowly bow her head down on ground making sure her stomach did not touch her lap. It was a long sijdah, lasting for about four minutes, during which he waited patiently for her to rise again. She stood up once more, sitting for a moment before going into another sijdah. Just the act of watching her pray brought him a sense of peace. Every step of

her prayer seemed like the sunnah way to him. She continued her prayer for the second rakat, and he closely observed each moment, captivated by the beautiful way she was worshipping.

She is now at tashahhud and had almost finished her sixth rakat of Tahajjud. He found it difficult to see her face because she was wearing a niqab, but he could discern her eyes faintly.

Even so, they were enough to tell him that he had never seen such beautiful eyes in all his life. Those eyes can hypnotize anyone. As she finished her sixth rakat, she remained still, not moving or looking away. Gradually, she moved her fingers out of her hijab and began counting her dikr through her fingers. After a short time, she slowly lifted her gaze to the sky.

The moonlight streamed through the glass, bathing her whole make her look like a fairy. Her eyes which were tearty. It gave the impression that her eyes were shimmering stars. She was still on her knees, facing the balcony, and the moonlight that was hitting her face combined with the tears made her look like an ethereal angel. He was unable to take his eyes off her, transfixed by the beautiful sight. He had witnessed many people praying in his life and was a practicing Muslim himself, but this was the first time he had felt such profound peace while watching someone pray. The vibe of every step in her prayer was unlike anything he had seen before.

It was as if she was pouring all of her love and respect for her Lord into every movement of her prayer. He felt an overwhelming sense of tranquility as he continued to watch her,

feeling as if she could continue like this infinitely. Then he stand up to make his way towards her. But before he could take more than a couple of steps, he tripped and stumbled, creating an embarrassing moment.

"Ahhhhh." His eyes popped open, and he sat up gasping for breath. He clutched his head, still feeling the weight of the dream that had just ended. He looked around the room, fixing his gaze on the spot where she had been praying so peacefully. He could still feel her presence, the calm and peaceful atmosphere that had enveloped him in the dream.

He slowly got out of bed and walked to the spot, wanting to hold onto the memory a little longer. But as he stood there all those feelings still lingered within him even though

the dream had ended. The image of her praying, her eyes, her entire being engulfed in a state of tranquility and complete surrender to the Divine, it all still seemed so vivid in his mind.

He sat there for a while, trying to hold onto the memory, to somehow keep the feeling alive.

But as much as he tried to hold onto the memory, but the scene of her eyes fades away. He tried to recall her eyes, the way they had been so calm and peaceful, but the image was becoming increasingly blurry. But the feeling of tranquility it had stirred within him remained.

He dragged himself out of the spot and towards the washroom, his mind still thinking about the dream and the girl. He freshened

up and performed his ablutions, getting ready to go to the nearby masjid for Fajr prayer.

As the sound of the clock's ticking echoed in the room, her eyes fluttered open, the time reading 3:12. Quickly, she sat up in bed, her hands rubbing her eyes, a gesture reminiscent of a child just waking up. With a sigh, she got out of bed and made her way to the window, taking a quick glance outside before proceeding to the washroom to freshen up. She brushed her teeth and performed ablution, feeling the cool water against her skin, a refreshing awakening in the early morning.

After finishing her routine, she came out of the washroom and made her way towards the bed. She picked up the big claw clip that was

lying on her pillow, gathering her long hair in a messy bun. Just then, a soft knock on the door interrupted her thoughts.

She turned towards the door, listening to the voice of her father calling from outside, asking if she was up yet. In response, she said,

"Jii baba, abhi a rahihu" (yes, father, I'm coming),
while quickly taking her hijab from the table.

She quickly put on her hijab. Then she opened the door, seeing her father standing there. He spoke,

"Accha tum dono a jao me niche hu" (Okay, both of you come down, I'm already downstairs).

She nodded,

She hurriedly made her way to her little sister's room, which was right next to hers. She gripped the handle and pushed open the door. As soon as she entered, she found her sister Jannat, on her prayer mat, engaged in dikir after performing tahazzud. It seemed that her sister had been waiting for her. She spoke up,

"Awo meri jan, baba intezaar karrahe he" (Oh, my dear little sister, father is waiting downstairs).

Jannat quickly rose from her prayer mat and put it back in its place. She then picked up her Quran from the table and placed it carefully in her bag. In a soft voice, she replied,

"Haaa chalo" (Yes, let's go), as she reached out and held Khadija's hand.

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Khadija's grip on her little sister's hand felt protective. She then reached out and took her other hand in hers, as they made their

way down the stairs where their father, Jihan, was already waiting for them.

Together, they make their way to the masjid. Khadija held Jihan's hand and Jannat held Khadija's hand as they walked. The early morning air was cool against their skin, adding a sense of tranquility to the atmosphere.

The masjid was a beautiful sight, its architecture a mix of traditional and modern elements.

The two sisters, Khadija and Jannat, walked towards the women's gate, where a middle-aged lady opened the lock from the inside, allowing them entry. They entered the building and found a few women already there, who had come with their maharam. The masjid had two gates, and the first gate

was only for men while the second gate was for women. This division was a common practice in Muslim societies, where men and women worshiped separately.

The women's section was led by a middle-aged alima named Fatima, who was the wife of the Imam of the masjid. In Pakistan, it was not common for girls to go to the masjid, but the elders and imams had taken the decision to allow women to pray in the masjid and gain Islamic knowledge.

After the Fajr prayer, the women recited the Quran together. Later, they all left the masjid and made their way home. Jihan had been waiting for them outside the masjid. Upon seeing him, Khadija spoke up, "Ham a geye baba"(we are here baba, let's go)

Jihan nodded in agreement, and the three of them - Jihan, Khadija, and Jannat - started walking home while talking.

Haya prays at home always. This all wasn't normal for them like going to masjid for every prayer rather than Jihan. When the masjid arranged for a woman's prayer place Jannat was the one who requested him to take her with him. Even though it's just 2 minutes away from their home, she also can go by herself too. Khadija can't go for 5 salah because of her university and studies and most of the time pray at home.

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After coming home they saw Haya already making breakfast.

-Ammi keya bana rahi ho

Jannat said. Khadija went beside Haya and took 4 cups of water in a pan to make tea for everyone.

R

oti or sabzi, chay poyo tab tak ho jayega. (Roti and vegetable, drink tea till then breakfast will be ready)

-Me kuch madat karuu ammi (can I help you mom)

-Nahi meri jann, kuch nahi karna padega (no my dear you don't need to)

-Tum coffee piyogi or chay? (Would you take coffee or tea)

Khadija asked to Jannat

-Of course, coffee

she went to Khadija.

Then Khadija makes her coffee and tea for herself and Jihan, Haya. Jannat went to Khadija and back hugged her, then whispered something in her ears. Khadija laughed and she laughed back.

As Khadija and Jannat settled on the couch, a soothing domestic scene unfolded in the small living room. Khadija turned on the television, her eyes fixed on the screen as she casually flicked through the channels. In contrast, Jannat was deeply immersed in her book "Muslim Woman," taking sips of her warm coffee between the pages. As her cup drained, Jannat set it aside and lay her head down, resting it on Khadija's lap. Khadija absently began to stroke her hair, her focus alternating between the television and the woman using her lap as a pillow. Suddenly Haya called for breakfast.

Haya sit beside Jannat and khadija beside Jihan and start eating

-Suno kuchdin me Jibreel or Ayeshe ka shadi hone wala he. Salar already Pakistan a chuka he Imama or bacchoke ke sat. (Jibreel and Ayeshas's marriage gonna happen in some days. Imama, salar has come with childrens.)

-Accha, kitne din me? (Ohh, how many days later?)

-3 dino me, kuch wakt pehele hi mujhse bat huyi kal hi aye he wo." (In 3 days, I talked to him, they just came yesterday)

-Accha huwa yaha ageye, sabhi relatives yaha he or America me sadi karwana was a bad idea. (glad to hear they came here for marriage, most of the relatives are here, marriage in America was a bad idea)

khadija said to Jihan.

-Hmm, ham sabko jana hoga. (We all are invited)

-Accha, or mere sat market jawoge tum, mujhe kuch chize lena he. (Okay hut now you have to go market with me, I need some things to buy)

Haya said to Jihan

-Accha jawunga par jada pesa mat kharch karna! (Okay I will just don't waste much money dear)

-Jahannam me jwo tum. (Go to hell)

she said with angry tone glaring at Jihan.
Jannat laughed at it.

-It's okay baba ammi jada nahi kharch karegi, or karti vi to apko dena padega. (It's okay baba, mom won't waste much money, but if she do you have to give her)

Jannat said

-Haaa ye huyi meri beti jesi bat. (Yes! That's my daughter)

Haya said with a happy tone.

-Ab tum mummy ke side lerahiho, hmm? Ak neya novel ayahe review vi bohot acche thi chocha tha tumhe lake dunga. (Oh now you are standing on mom's side? A new novel came out the review is also good. I thought to buy it for you but...)

Jihan said while eating.

-Nahi nahi, me side nahi ke rahihu, ammi kam kharch karna. (No no! I am not taking mom's side. Mom you should she said to haya as a request and advise). Haya give a done face to both of them -tum dono jahannam me jwo ! (you both go to hell!)

Khadija laughed hard and stand up -Okay ab me ja rahihu mera janeka wakt hu chka he. (Okay, now I have to go to get ready for uni)

Went to the kitchen with her plate and washed them off.

-Tum dono ko kuch chahiye to bolo abhi". (If you both need something then tell) Haya said to Jannat and khadija

-Nahi mujhe bas bo novel chahiye, baba please!!" (I just want that novel, please baba) She said to Jihan with puppy eyes.

-Par mene jhut bola. (But I lied)

he said, teasing her. She looked at him with a betrayal face.

-Apne ye accha nahi kiya baba!" (It's not fair Baba!)

she said with a little dull face.

-Sorry meri jaan me dekhunga agar koyi neyi aya ya nahi. (Sorry my dear, I will see if there is any new novel come out) Jihan said

-Accha, tab thik he (Okay then !)

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she become happy

-Khadija tumhe kuch chahiye? (Khadija do you need anything?)

Jihan asked

-Haa baba mera shampoo khatam hone bala he. (Yes baba, my shampoo is about to finish)

she said and headed to her room to prepare. She rummaged through her wardrobe and pulled out an orange-colored dress that reached just above her knees. Alongside it, she grabbed a pair of loose-fitting white pants. She also picked up a hijab to cover her hair and a mask to conceal the lower half of her face.

As she got ready, the early morning sunlight streamed through the window, casting a soft and warm glow in the room.

Finishing breakfast Jihan went outside and got into the car talking with someone on call while waiting for them.

Haya is washing the dishes. Khadija comes out being ready . And went outside and get up into the car. She sits in front beside Jihan.

-Baba apne kaha tha apko is mahine turkey jana he. (Baba you said you will be going Turkey this month)

-Haa Jibreel ke sadi ke bad jayenge. (Yes after Jibreel's marriage)

-Accha, Unke sadi gharpe hogi ya community centre me. (oww, so their marriage will be at home or in community centre?)

-Community centre me. (In community centre)

-Acchaa, acchi bat, masjid me hota to or accha hota. (Oww good but if it was in masjid, it would be even better)

-Tumhe masjid me sadi pasand he? (You like marriage at masjid?)

Jihan asked khadija

-Haa, bohi acchi lagti he, bohot kam kharch me close relatives ko dawat deke bohot hi simply sa wedding acchi lagti he, mujhe aur jannat donoko.(Yes, we really like it. It's simple, there's very little expense, just inviting all the close relatives makes for a very nice wedding. Both Jannat and I really like it)

Jihan smile at her

-To fir tumhara sadi masjid me hi bohot simply karwaunga.(Then I will arrange your wedding in the mosque very simply.)

-Haaa ham donoka sadi masjid me hi hona chahiye. (Yes, our wedding should be in the mosque)

-Jesa tum kaho. (As you say)

Jihan said. They continue to chit chat waiting for Haya and Jannat.

After tashahhud she said

"mere Allah mujhe maf kardena or mere nabi pak SWA par bohot rehmat barsana" ("My dear Allah, please forgive me, and bestow your abundant mercy upon my prophet Muhammad (PBUH))

then said salam to both angles and finished salat ul israq. This is her habit or like a symbol of love for prophet Muhammad SWA, there is no prayer she said salam without praying for him. And about this no one knows. She kept it a secret between Allah and her as a sign of love for his messenger.

Then She is already ready wearing a green jibab and light green abaya.

Then take the books she needs which were kept on the table and put them into her bag and a water bottle. Then she went out of the

house and saw them already in the car waiting for her. She got up and sat in the back seat with Haya. Jihan starts the car.

Looking outside of the window she continued her dikir and counting them though fingers.

Khadija is revising chapters of her today's test. As soon as the madrasa came, Jihan stopped the car and Jannat got up. Closing the door she was about to leave when Jihan said

-Ye lo.(Take it)

offering her some money

-Nahi chahiye baba me pedar chalke jawungi.
(Don't need it baba, I will go back walking)

she refused to take

-Par inko rakho agar jarurat par jaye to. (But keep it, in case the need arises.)

Now she took the money.

She never asks for something as long as it becomes so important to have specially money. Whenever Jihan or Haya ask her if she needs anything she says about her needs.

And about money without school fees she doesn't ask by herself until they give by themselves. She doesn't even need to because they are always aware of their daughters' needs.

And the thing that why she doesn't ask is she always asks to Allah first then waits and surprisingly she gets it. She always makes a list of her needy things and ask them to Allah, anytime, anything.

Every single thing, big to small, expensive to cheap she asks him. To her as Allah is the provider so why to ask the creation while the creator is the main provider. And also it's a part of her iman, love and respect. Asking

things and receiving them is like getting loved by Allah, like his directly showing her symbol of his love.

This is what she loves the most in this world, this is the best feeling for her. This is why she is living. Saying bye to them she makes her way inside the madrasha.

-Fi Amanillah" she said to them.

-Fi Amanillah"- Jihan

-Dheyan rakhna. (Take care)

Haya said, Jihan starts the car and Jannat went inside the madras.

Khadija sat in her class, diligently writing her test. She was determined to keep her answers hidden, writing them carefully and making sure no one could see them. She was

focused, and had prepared well, as she breezed through the initial questions, answering them confidently and with ease. As she turned to the next question, she found herself stuck, unable to recall the answer.

-Uff, ab me keya karu!(what do I do now?)"

she thought, casting a quick glance around the room.

The student sitting next to her wouldn't tell the actual answer or won't even listen to her, so Khadija didn't feel comfortable asking her for the answer.

Focus shifted to the boy sitting in front of her, who was diligently working on his test. He was the top student in class, consistently scoring first place in every exam.

-Isse pusne se accha me na likhu!(It's better to not answer rather than asking him)

As she continued to ponder, her eyes darted to her friend, sitting a few seats away. She hoped that her friend would turn and look at her, giving her a subtle signal or indication of some kind. But her friend remained concentrated on her own test, not even glancing in Khadija's direction.

Frustration and determination warred within Khadija. She had studied hard leading up to this test, but some of these questions seemed almost impossible to answer. Her heart beat faster as she glanced again at the boy sitting in front of her, who appeared to be progressing steadily through the paper. Then she decided to skip it.

After the exam finished she went to her friend.

-Kesa tha ajka test Sayma" (how was your test Sayma?).

Khadija asks standing beside her bench.

-Mera accha nahi geya.(It wasn't good)

She replied with a dull face.

Khadija glares at her cause she always says this but at the end she gets good marks.

-Haa janti hu kesa geya. (yes I know very well how it was)

she said with a done face and roll her eyes.

-Tera kesa tha. (how was your test?)

-1 question likh nahi payi, or mere pas vi koyi nahi tha jo correct answer de paye, unse puch ke galat likhkar number cut hone se accha mene nahi likha.

(I couldn't write even one question, and I didn't have anyone who could give me the correct answer. Rather than asking and

getting the answer wrong and losing marks, I decided not to skip it)

And then a boy come Infront of them tall and good looking.

-Tum mujhse vi to puch sakti thi darling, me to tunhare samne hi tha. (You could have asked me darling)

Khadija looks at him with disturbing eyes and looks away without saying anything.

-Mujhe batawo to konsa question me bata deta hu, meri future Bibi. (Tell me which one my future wife)

-Astagfirullah! Shut up Dev, please chale jawo yaha se. Mujhe tumhari help nahi chahiye.(Astagfirullah Dev! Don't talk to me like this !)

Without answering her he put a note Infront of her

-Next test ka note he, pardlena. (This is note of next test, make sure you study it.) saying this he got up and made his way to the library.

-Bo itna vi bura nahi he.(He isn't that bad khadija)

sayma said to khadija

-To? Mujhe keya, tumhe dikhayi nahi deta bo kese lafzome bat karta he mujhse, astagfirullah, or todi number jada laneke liye me koyi na maharam se thodi na rista jorungi. Or besevi me ye ab usse bapis kar dunggi. (So? Can't you see the way he talks to me? Astagfirullah, it's not like I would ever try to create a relationship with na maharam just for the sake of getting a few extra marks. And anyway, I am going to return his note)

khadija said and sayma nod.

After Coming from masjid he make tea for himself. Sitting on couch and laptop In Front of him checking some files. And then his phone ring. He take it and saw it's from his mom.

-Assalamu walaikum mummy

-Walaikum salam, tumhara flight kab he.(
When is your flight?)

-Ajhi, 12.30 min pe he. Ak meeting he, bo khatam karke airport jawunga. (Today, it's at 12:30 pm. I have a meeting first, then I'll go to the airport afterwards)

he said

-Accha or subhase kuch khaye tum (okay and have you eaten anything yet?)

-Haa bas chay pi. Bahar jake breakfast karlunga ab time nahi he mujhe 10 min me ikalna he.

(Yes, a cup of tea, but I will get breakfast outside now, I don't have enough time, I have to leave in 10 minutes)

-Ese karoge to tumhara health kharab hoga, kam ka pressure thoda kam lo or apne upper vi dheyan do.

(You shouldn't do this, it's not good for your health. Don't stress yourself too much and take care of yourself)

-Mummy fiqr na kare, ajhi bas esa huwa he, or ap to jante he me roj gym jata hu. (Don't worry, today's just a one-off. You know I go to the gym every day)

-Haa ab kuch accha khalo, me rakhti hu. Allah Hafiz. (Sure, but still eat something good. Allah Hafiz)

-Allah Hafiz mummy." He said and put his phone on the table. Closing the laptop, he went to get ready.

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