



The Messengers

Book 1

Superhero or Superhuman??



**FOLLOW SAMIR ON HIS SPIRITUAL JOURNEY TO MAKE
HIMSELF WORTHY OF BEING ONE OF THE 313.....**

In loving memory of

Our granddad

Syed Nadeem-ul Hasan

And our great-grandmother

Mrs. Mehar Jabeen

We wish you were here with us.....

Author's Foreword

It does not strike in my head for a second that I am some great writer but there is no doubt in my heart that I want to do whatever I can to serve my Imam (ajtf). My inspiration comes from the lack of fun , entertaining and Islam friendly literature available for kids these days.

My only desire is to focus all my skills and talent in attaining the Marifat of my Imam. With an opportunity to launch the first book in the holy city of Karbala; I feel very blessed and eagerly seek guidance from Aba Abdillah. I seek his blessings for the success and completion of the series and I sincerely hope that my actions are acceptable to him.

I thank all who helped me especially my parents, my grandma and my siblings Rida and Ali. May Allah give us the courage to fulfill our goals.

I will not hold you anymore from indulging into a world of mystery where a person like you and me faces extraordinary circumstances and emerges out as a winner.

S.Sani-e-Zehra

Dua Imam-e-Zamana

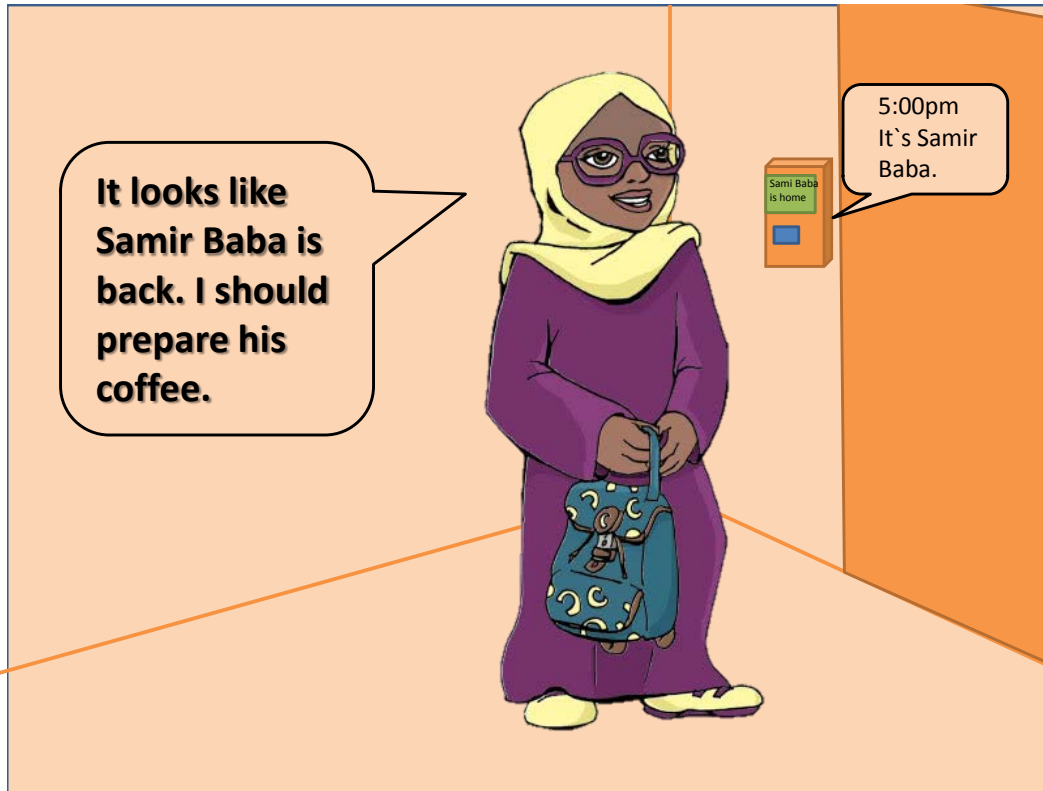


اللهم كن لوليك الحجة
بن الحسن صلواتك عليه وعلى آياته
في هذه الساعة وفي كل ساعة وليا وحافظا وقائدا
وناصرا ودليلا وعينا حتى تسكنه أرضك
طوعا وتمتعه فيها طويلا برحمتك
يا أرحم الراحمين

As Samir walked towards his house, he pondered, with a smile on his face about how wonderful his life was. “With a castle-like mansion on countryside to live in, a limo for travelling around and a fortune as a billionaire.... what more could a man desire?” he asked himself as his chauffeur parked the car on the driveway. The view from the car window was very scenic, a beautiful coffee coloured brick house with a variety of plants and seasonal flowers encircling, projecting it even more. All the plants and the healthy green grass were regularly maintained by experienced gardeners who



were paid handsomely by their employer. The entrance to the house was marked by a beautiful arched French door with a glass frame and the CCTV camera on the top was placed in a way that it did not take away from the aesthetics of the door. On one side was the intercom which was promptly answered by Hannah, the house butler. She was more than a worker to Samir. He respected her like his own grandma, and at this time of the day, she looked forward to that ring..... (ting..tong...)“5:00pm it’s Samir baba”



Just as the front door was opened two playful children ran out to greet him. “Dad! Dad!” they cried, “Guess what ?Ali invited us to his birthday on Saturday and we can’t wait!” “Whoa.....whoa....slow down you little chipmunks....let me come in.” “But you know.....” Samir quickly picked Zain and made a fruitless effort to silence him, while Sonu clung to his legs excitedly almost causing him to topple over. Anyone watching this would bet that Samir loved his kids immensely and was undoubtedly a very loving dad.



The maid greeted him with courtesy

as she took his briefcase and laptop from him. “Asalaam aleikum sir....It’s nice to see you, what can I get for you?” “Some cello tape would do for now Hannah..” chuckled Samir as he had both the chatterboxes talking without worrying if Samir was listening to them or not. After a few minutes, the kids started to calm down and took their places on the lovely chocolate leather sofa. Long brown curtains which covered the large glass windows let in last rays of the sun as it settled into the nest of the mountains leaving behind a soft glow as a promise to rise again the next day. Samir sighed as he took a deep breath “It’s good to be home” The brownish burgundy carpet stretching from the top of the stairs to the front doors led him to his bedroom, where he sank into the silken couch. He made a deliberate effort not to sit on the bed because he wanted to offer his prayers before lying down. Zain and Sonu accompanied him like obedient soldiers marching behind their leader. As they were very mannerly kids, they waited patiently while Samir offered his Maghrib prayers. After he was done, Samir picked up his large cup of coffee and sat lazily on his bed, now was the time to talk to his kids and Samir made sure that he never missed it.



Even the kids knew that it was time to talk to their dad about things that were important to them and about the problems that needed to be addressed. Six year old Zain started the conversation by telling how his day passed. The fight in school between Themoor and Jaffar became the priority. Samir was listening patiently as his son clearly took Themoor's side in the fight. Once Zain had finished his story Samir explained to him how important was it to be a fair person in a fight between two friends. "Taking someone's side in a fight can aggravate the conflict. It is very important to listen to both sides of the story before deciding whose side you're on, this will not only make you a good friend but a fair person. It is a very good idea to adopt good habits in childhood so that as an adult you are someone who is loved by Allah and respected by all". Sonu was sitting quietly with a somewhat blank look on her face, waiting to tell her Dad that her doll got a new green dress. Samir showed as much appreciation as he could for the lovely floral dress on Sonu's doll. The kids left as Hannah called them for dinner. When he was alone in his bedroom, he sank into the large bed. The cozy and warm edge comb gray color of the walls seemed to sing a lullaby. Like every day he picked up the picture of his late wife from the side table and started talking you to her. "I hope you are proud of our kids, you were a very good mother and I am



trying to do your job in the best possible way that I can .I hope you're pleased with my efforts and I also hope that you are smiling at us from the beautiful gardens of Heaven which you truly deserve. We miss you..... Good night”

He placed the picture back on the side table as his thoughts were getting focused for the last and most important chore of the day. Samir had the habit of spending ten minutes before sleeping in self-accountability. This habit was engraved in his daily life by his mother since his childhood. The self-accountability scan projected the word satisfactory for the day that he had passed. He was kind to the people around him, especially the ones who served him. He offered his wajibaats, stayed away from all harams, spent time with his kids, felt contented and thankful to God for all the blessings. A satisfied grin appeared on his face as he started to doze off. TRRIIINNGG!! The sharp sound of his cell phone shattered his calm for a second. “Hello” he mumbled lazily. An excited voice emanated from the speaker. “Asalaamaleikum buddy, hope I didn’t disturb you,” “I bet you didn’t”, echoed in Samir’s head. But he forced a polite reply. “Not really, I am still awake. You sound very excited Shajeeh, what’s up?” Shajeeh replied with even more excitement “Nothing much but I’m finally going on a ziaaraat trip to



Karbala for the first time. It's an unbelievable feeling. Samir replied a little insensitively "Good, but don't forget to pack lots of sun block. The last few times I've been there, it has proved to be the most useful asset." What Samir failed to realize was the disappointment in Shajeeh's voice, "Oh, thanks for the advice, I'll keep that in mind", he hung up shortly after that and Samir sighed with relief as he dozed off into the land of dreams. The next morning was like any other in his life, bright and sunny. He walked towards the mirror to straighten the collar of his white shirt. He jumped back at the sight that met his eyes. What he saw in the mirror made him dizzy. He rubbed his eyes in astonishment and pinched himself really hard, only to realize that he was awake. He gazed back at the mirror, scared to the extent of nearly trembling. His white shirt and floral collar had a different face, and that was the face of a CROW!!! "Oh my God..... this has to be a very nasty practical joke..... a nightmare". Crazy he went to the other mirror in the room, same result... he rushed to the bathroom mirror, a crow. He tried to recall if he watched a horror movie lately but his mind was blank. "What's wrong with me? What has happened to my face? What am I going to do? What will my kids say?" Samir was panicking frantically. The door



knob started shaking “Samir baba, breakfast is ready” Hannah said “You are a little late today, is everything all right sir?” Her words were followed by the opening of the door. Samir rushed to stop her from coming in, but it was too late, she had already entered. She gave him a deep look. Samir clenched both his fists and eyes at the same time. Hannah sounded a little worried. “Are you alright Samir baba, you don’t look too well.” “Crow” Samir uttered “I mean cool, I’m cool Hannah. I’ll be down in a minute. “So Hannah didn’t see me as a crow” he thought as he quickly grabbed his briefcase with a desire to run as fast and as far away as possible. For the next few days Samir made a conscious effort not to look in any mirrors. He even slept in the guest room, the only one without any mirrors, and felt like a safe haven. The self-accountability sessions continued on a regular basis. Samir felt a lot of stress and realized that he was unable to sleep peacefully.



Feeling claustrophobic within, Samir decided to go and visit his friend Shajeeh. Shajeeh greeted him soberly, but Samir was too occupied to notice. In spite of all the stress Samir was able to feel the coldness of Shajeeh’s behavior. Samir tried to talk about Shajeeh’s upcoming ziaaraat trip which he was sure would make his friend excited and happy, but Shajeeh’s reply left him surprised. “Oh forget that, it was a big deal for me but

people visit these places frequently and it is something very normal for them so let's talk about something else.” Samir left Shajeeh's house with even more discomfort and a throbbing headache. He decided to go to bed early. As a daily habit he started the self-accountability session. “Shajeeh was not happy to see me! Why is that? He is my childhood friend. What did I do to annoy him? I've always been very nice to him. At the party at Alam's house we were laughing the whole time and that was just last week. I didn't even meet him after that. The only time we talked was when he called me a couple of days ago and that was a casual call.....or....wait.....did something happen.....let's go back and recall.....we greeted each other, I wanted to sleep but I didn't show that, hmmm..... and then he told me about his ziarat trip....and I heard that and Oh....what I said probably made him feel that I wasn't as thrilled to hear the news as he expected me to be. Oh... on top of that I even made him feel that I was arrogant..... I have done thiskind of attitude.....Oh I have hurt him unintentionally”. The sleep vanished as if it never existed. He rose from the bed with a jump and started dialing Shajeeh's number. As he was about to press the first

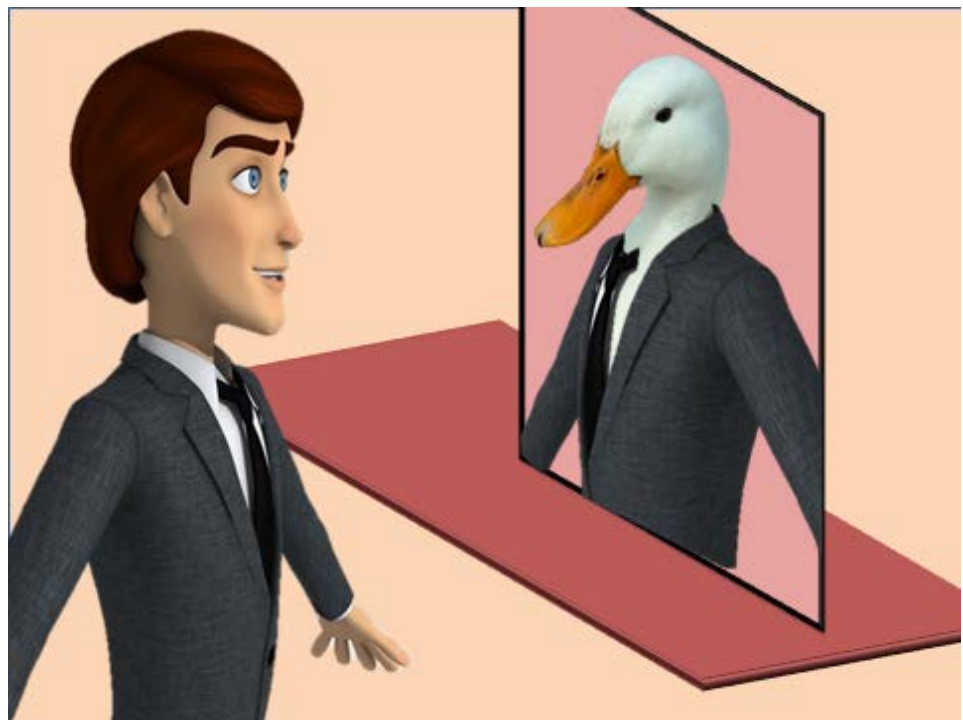


button, he unintentionally glimpsed at the mirror and froze.....

The crow face which had freaked him out earlier was now replaced by a duck.

The first thought in his mind was, surprisingly a feeling of thanks which obviously was overtaken by the shock and surprise...

One thing though was clearly different this time. He didn't jump as high as the first time. He covered his face with both hands



and started breathing heavily. "This isn't happening..... I'm dreaming..... I need professional help..... This can't be happening to me" Without lifting his hands from his face, he started processing his thoughts in the head. "I was going to do a good deed and Shaitan is trying to distract me. This is definitely some kind of hallucination, visual deception, or some other fancy psychiatric disorder. I'm

sure professional help will improve my mental situation. Until then I have to avoid the mirrors”

His breathing was still deep and short but he felt better. Making a conscious effort to maintain a lower gaze, he conveniently reached the mirror and covered it with a dark coloured throw which was part of his bed set. He picked the phone and started dialing Shajeeh’s number. “Asalamunalaikum, Shajeeh speaking,” the words felt like music to Samir’s ears.

“Uh.....uh.....
Walaikumsalam
Shajeeh, I called
to have a word
with you. Can
you talk to me
right now?”
Shajeeh’s voice



was surprising. “Calm down Samir, is everything all right?” “Yeah..... yeah...everything is fine, it’s just that I wanted to talk to you about something important...” The latter part of the sentence was uttered in a more composed tone; synchronizing with Samir’s personality. A brief pause was somewhat required before coming to the point. “Shajeeh, this is regarding the conversation we had about your ziaaraat trip. Remember, the day that you called me to

let me know that you finally got an opportunity to go to Karbala” The discomfort clearly shifted to Shajeeh’s side now. The brief awkward silence was disrupted by Shajeeh’s defensive attitude.

“What about that, I don’t remember much” Samir was Shajeeh’s friend for long enough to understand that he hit the bulls’ eye. “Shajeeh was clearly hurt, but his self-esteem was adamantly going to stop him from revealing his inner sentiments,” Samir smirked unknowingly; he felt his confidence pouring in as this was his forte. He was brilliantly skilled to process and solve the problem, once the problem is identified .Taking control of the situation and being aware of the sensitivity of the issue, Samir restarted his conversation with a lot of warmth “My dear friend, I feel very blessed to have people like you around me, people who understand me, and are there by my side in all thick and thins. Shajeeh, your big heart might let you forget but I want to sincerely apologize for the way I talked to you regarding your ziaraat trip, I was insensitive and I hope that you forgive me” A more relaxed tone accompanied Shajeeh’s next words, “Oh come on Samir, I know that you didn’t mean to be rude and I also know that you are



very happy for me. Forget it buddy, we're cool." The conversation concluded after exchanging courteous remarks and a brief discussion on political affairs. Talking to good friends can be very calming for the nerves. The incomplete covering of mirror revealed part of Samir's image. It was something different this time, he could not guess what but the contour of the neck was somewhat different than the previous times. Curiosity was the source of the biggest discoveries and inventions in the world. Samir cannot be blamed for moving the covers for a sneak peek. A beautiful swan was gazing back at him. He moved his hands on his face in disbelief only to feel his short-trimmed beard. But his very own hands were moving on the face of the beautiful swan that had the sparkle of pearls in his eyes. He decided to do the wudhu to perform his Zuhr prayers. After reciting Dua-e-Imam e Zamana, he concluded his salat and raised his hands to start his diurnal supplications and Duas. "Oh Allah you are the greatest and the most merciful, I thank you for all that you have blessed me with, my health, my family, my being a believer of the Quran, Prophet(pbuh), and his progeny. I seek forgiveness for all the sins which I have committed



intentionally or unintentionally. Oh Allah! please make my duas worthy enough to be accepted and save me from any sins that could lead to disaster. Oh, Allah I am in a dilemma....I see my face replaced by different animals...I fail to understand what is wrong with me .I seek your guidance regarding this....please show me the way....I feel helpless and worried” the tears trickling down his cheeks felt like they were taking the load of stress out of his heart. The evening had to be very busy as it was fifteenth of Sha’baan. Hannah and the kids had left for the mosque earlier as there was a kid’s party scheduled before the main event. Samir decided to wear white, his favorite colour. The colour complimented his graceful personality generously. The mosque was decorated with colorful lights and fresh flowers. Everyone was smiling as they greeted each other on the birthday of Imam-e-Zamana(ajtf). A miraculous glow to the atmosphere could be clearly felt; the volunteers were the only ones looking a little worried as they knew it was going to be a big day, and they wanted it to be a perfect one. The speaker of the day was a very popular molana who was known for his eloquence and sincerity to the dhikhr of Ahlulbait. Nobody wanted to miss a single word of his speech. The cars were pouring in



as if there was a flowing river. More than half of the huge parking lot was already filled. The volunteers in florescent jackets were utilizing each and every spot like a jigsaw puzzle. The program started with



Nasheeds and munqabats in praise of our dear Imam. Samir always felt very emotional at such gatherings. After half an hour the much awaited moment arrived. The speaker took his place and started reciting the Khutba. His recitation created an unexplainable silence in the hall. As he started speaking on the topic of vision or baseerat, Samir felt very excited. He loved listening to this topic as he thought that if clearly understood, it could change the individual and eventually the society at large. The speaker started by defining vision as the capability to see beyond what is apparent, to hear what is not said and to understand the truth however concealed it may be .Vision is a gift that one is blessed with as he fulfills the prerequisites like gaining the knowledge of truth, performing the deeds recommended by Allah and staying away from haram .The speaker then moved on to explain the attributes of a person with vision. He explained that the envisioned person cannot be fooled by the corrupt and the wicked because he can see the within of that person .He explained about few renowned religious scholars who kept their gaze lowered when people came to meet them as it was painful to see various animals walking in the disguise of humans. They could see that because of their deeds, those people

had actually turned into dogs and donkeys. The speaker emphasized on the importance of vision; the most important type of which is self-awareness. If everyone can see and realize who they are then the 313 companions of Imam are going to gather very soon.

“May Allah hasten the arrival of our Imam...Inshallah” the speaker concluded his speech. But Samir didn’t realize that. Everyone had moved to the food hall but Samir sat there quiet as if he was meditating. The shrill voice of a three year old crying “Mommy!, Where are you?” brought him out of his trance. “I need to speak to the molana,” was the first thought that struck his mind.

Then he rose from the floor, paving his way through the large crowds of men eating, drinking and laughing. Samir finally reached the corner of the large hall where the molana was seated discussing an issue of Islamic law with some young gentlemen.



After exchanging salaams with the molana Samir requested to have a private talk with him. When they reached the prayer hall, Samir sat down and told the molana “I was very moved by the your speech. I have a few queries on the topic of baseerat. In your lecture you mentioned about the importance of self-awareness. Is it possible for a person to see his inner self?”

The molana gave a knowing smile and replied “Samir I have known you for a long time and I admire you for certain qualities . None of us are perfect beings. But Allah reaches out to those who seek his help sincerely. A tear of honest apology can do wonders. You apologized sincerely and received a gift” the molana left Samir in a state of trance; something which Samir was starting to get used to now. The drive home ended as fast as it started, at least that is what it felt like to Samir.



He decided to get to bed as soon as he entered the house. “I need to sort this out” As he passed the kids room he could hear their little snores, “Love you my kids, goodnight,” he barely whispered. As he entered the room he decided to sit on the balcony to clear his mind. The soothing zephyr touched his skin as soon as he opened the doors.

The décor of the balcony was in complete harmony with that of the rest of the house. The teak floor with multiple benches on one side provided ample seating for the entire family. A small copper patio heater not only added to the

aesthetics of the area but also provided adequate warmth when required. The series of white roses lined up against the balcony framing it like a twinkling pearl border. A nest of small glass tables were piled in the corner to be utilized when needed.

He desperately needed a cup of coffee, but as he had already relieved Hannah for the day, he decided to try to relax without it. The sky had more stars or at least Samir thought so. Lying down on his reclining patio chair, he gazed lazily and started thinking, “what is it that molana was trying to tell me? Am I missing out on something? I need to understand what is happening to me! Oh God help me!” suddenly he felt that there was more light around him and he heard a sound “Oh Samir! God is the mightiest and the greatest. He likes those who try to analyze themselves and he pleases with those who sincerely ask for forgiveness! Oh Samir please know that if you continue on this path then you may be one of those of whom Allah is fond of. You have been blessed with the gift of vision which helped you realize who you really were When you were mean to your friend you were like that crow, the important thing is that you possess the qualities of the animals you become. A crow is a scavenger and a person possessing his qualities feeds on the pleasures and emotions of others. Once you realized your mistake you asked for a sincere forgiveness that turned you into a beautiful swan; a swan which sails with grace and dignity on the bed of water. A simple habit

of self-accountability before going to bed has set you on a path that is guaranteed to lead to success. May Allah bless you.”

The voice vanished as Samir woke up sweating and breathing heavily. He looked here and there frantically, “who is it?” But all he could hear was the soft breeze which had gone a little bit cooler. “Was I sleeping?” Samir asked himself as there was no one to answer. The mental stress with physical exhaustion compelled him to come to the bed.

His last thought before dozing off was “I need to verify the authenticity of my dream” The feeling of reaching to some conclusion was enough to send Samir into deep sleep.

The next morning started with slight heavy headedness, but Samir was determined. His desire was strong enough to help him ignore his physical discomfort. He exited the room, and saw Hannah coming towards him.



“I have a few messages for you” Hannah was pleased to see her master. “Can you not see that I’m busy right now! I’ll call you when I’m ready” He quickly rushed to his room leaving Hannah in a shocked state. Standing in front of the mirror confirmed his doubts. He could see an ugly vulture.

For once he wasn’t scared. Without caring about how he would be perceived he rushed straight to Hannah’s room which was next to the entrance of the house.

The poor woman nearly toppled as she tried to stand up to her master’s arrival. “I apologize for my rude behavior; please forgive me as I’m not feeling well”. Hannah returned a smiling look believing the former part of his sentence, she knew he was a kind-hearted man and had never misbehaved with her before.



She could certainly forgive him. Hannah looked up again but Samir had already left. Then Hannah whispered to herself “If over excitement is an illness, then Samir was definitely very sick today” Samir rushed back to his room without realizing that he had already done a portion of his daily workout in commuting from here to there. As

expected the swan was back. “O my god, unbelievable.....O my god...”

The next few days were spent in processing the newly acquired capability..... “so I can see within myselfonly in the privacy of my own room.....probably because that is my time without any distraction, I am able to focus on my thoughts,.....my deeds decide who I really amas the voice told me that I



possess the qualities of the animal...that means that when I was arrogant, I became a crow....a frightening one....(a shiver ran through his spine).....when I realized my mistake, I turned into a duckand

when I made an effort to rectify it, I turned into a swan.....

then with Hannah....I was rude....and I turned into a vulture....and my sincere apology turned me back into the swan...(a smile of relief appeared on his lips)...thank God ...the voice said knowing myself and sincere effort to be on the right path will take me to the destination I desire.....

I have to utilize my gift to achieve my destiny. I will have to be very focused and careful about my powers....

Is this the beginning of my journey??

Will I be able to pave the way for the arrival of my master?

Will I be able to serve my imam???

Can I be one of the 313???

That is what I long for and that is the peak of success for me.....

Labaik Ya Imam!!

Labaik Ya Imam!!



Samir is a kind-hearted young man who lives a luxurious life. One day after a call from one of his friends he begins to see startling images in the mirror....images that are frightening and disturbing. He sets out on a journey of spirituality as he unfolds the mystery behind them. Will this journey lead him to an acmatic point of emotional stability and success??