



The Messengers

BOOK 2

SUPERHERO AT PLAY!



Follow Samir on his next adventure through the perilous trap to brainwash minds.....

‘THE MESSENGERS’

Book 2

Superhero at play

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May Allah hasten the arrival of our Imam Inshallah.

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

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To Dadi and Nani (Amma)
I love you both
Thank you for being part of my life....

Please recite Surah-e-Fatiha for:
Syed Nadeem-ul- Hasan and Mehar Jabeen.

Foreword

Dear readers,

The launch of book one in the haram of Imam Hussain (A.S) was the biggest encouragement that I could ever get for staying committed to the project. I sincerely want to thank all who appreciated and encouraged me and I double thank those who provided me with their feedback so that I could improve my writing skills.

Hoping that I keep on receiving the blessings of Aba Abdillah and our Imam (ajtf) inshallah. May Allah give each and every one of us an opportunity to serve our Imam and be part of his team inshallah.

Samir is waiting for you so I won't hold you back any longer. It is now time to set your imagination loose as you delve into the world of mystery and deceit, power and corruption, truth and courage and puzzling mind games. Get ready to ride the rollercoaster of emotions and experience the excitement....

Regards,

Sani.

Chapter 1 - Chirp! Chirp! It's me.

“So you’ve been eavesdropping on me?!” retorted Naz. With flames of anger gushing out of her eyes, she looked at Huda with utter disgust. “Do you realize how much time it takes to build a reputation in the community; the capabilities and the charisma it requires for people to be convinced about what you are saying as true and even harder job of making them do what you want? It took me months to be where I am today and you thought you could blow it away in a second! How dare you! You good for nothing, unimportant girl!”

“But what you were doing was not right. It was fitna...”

“How dare you speak while I’m not finished; I will shatter your reputation into so many pieces that it will take you a lifetime to mend it! You have no idea of my communication skills...Like this”, She snapped her fingers a few times, “And you’ll be finished”. Naz was clearly a very arrogant female.

Huda tried to sound more confident this time. “But nobody will believe if you are telling a lie; people know me. I grew up in Peaceville. They know who I am. What you are doing is unacceptable and I intend to let people know about your reality. I have faith in Allah (swt) that Inshallah, truth will prevail.”

“Truth? Huh! What truth?” Naz said with a mean grin, confidence pouring out of every word she uttered. “You think you can make Renee believe that it wasn’t her best friend Farrah who leaked her secret when I have provided her with the shoulder to cry on. Not only that but I made her believe that Farrah was extremely jealous of her and struck at the right time. And it was Renee’s fault to trust her best friend. Today Farrah considers me to be her best friend and so does Renee. It started as an innocent overhearing of two friends talking in the lady’s bathroom while I was in the other cubicle and accidentally overhearing them; Renee was confiding into Farrah about how awful she felt by lying to her boss and Farrah was comforting her like a true friend making her realize that lying doesn’t lead a person anywhere but to disaster. Renee promised to go back to her boss and confess the truth and that’s where ‘yours truly’ jumped in.” The mean grin never left her face for a second.

“Before Renee could do that I gave a call to her boss, impersonating Farrah. As expected every block fell in the right place. Renee’s promotion was stopped and Farrah was proposed the same promotion. All I had to do then was to tell Renee about that, with of course, an extra spice of, ‘I was in the boss’s office when Farrah called.’ Farrah felt a moral inclination of not taking the advantage and refused the offer. It then fell right into my hands. I got a promotion and not to mention the financial advantages of a higher post. Today they are both working under me. I told Renee of how justified Farrah felt about her actions and Renee told me a few of Farrah’s secrets. I don’t have to explain what happened next, but I have a position in this community that nobody can challenge. You can either learn to live with it or prepare to leave.”

The expression of distaste and dislike was very obvious on Huda's face. "A little financial benefit and an insatiable appetite of power made you create fitna in the ever friendly community of Peaceville. One by one, you got people influenced by your verbal skills, creating a rift between people who once lived like brothers and sisters alongside each other. Today, there is no one who is not in a conflict with someone around them and it is all because of you. You are evil and you need to be ashamed of yourself."

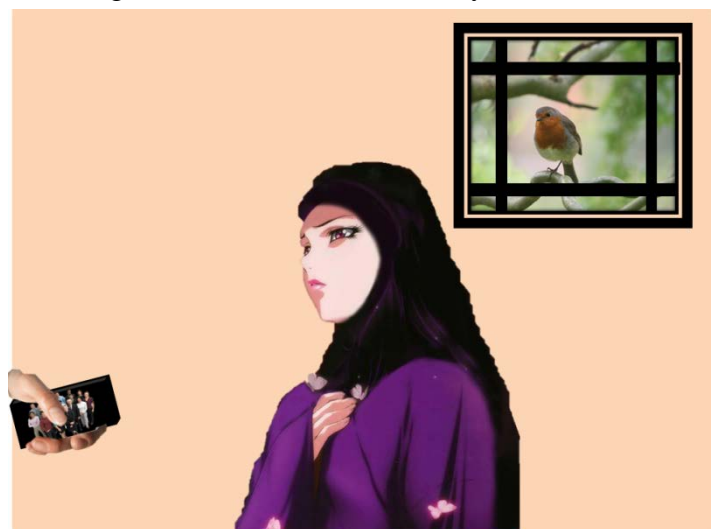
"Well....." Naz said. "If you are done with the lecture, I have a few appointments. You know how everyone invites me to their house and I don't like to keep them waiting."

"Well I don't think that will be necessary" said Huda with a shine in her eyes. For once Naz felt a little puzzled. "What do you mean ...?" Before she could finish her sentence, Renee and Farrah entered the room followed by Mr.Rahman, their boss. "Maybe we could be of assistance here." Said Renee and Farrah, "who, but... let me-" stuttered Naz.

"You're fired" Mr.Rahman's executive tone silenced everyone for a few seconds. He continued, "I have been running this company for the last 20 years, and my staff are like my family. We work together following the rules of Islam and earn our living and that is why Allah (swt) showers us with a lot of barakat.Your fitna led to the destruction of that positive atmosphere and it is an unforgiving and unacceptable crime. I will not only fire you but I will also give you a black letter of termination so you will not be able to find a job anywhere in Peaceville."

He turned towards Renee and Farrah, "I seek forgiveness for trusting someone who clearly did not deserve it." Renee and Farrah looked at Naz for a second and then turned towards each other. "I'm sorry" they both said together and moved forward to give each other a hug. Renee said, "There is no point in discussing this .We have learnt our lesson and hopefully will be able to recognize fitna in the future. May Allah keep us friend's forever, inshallah." Naz tried to say something but they both raised their hands and said, "You're not worth it so don't even bother." Naz stared with disappointment.

"For all your achievements, we have a little present for you", Huda smiled sarcastically as she turned her phone screen towards Naz. The members from all the families of Peaceville were watching the whole event on video chat. The eldest member of the community Mr. Abidi spoke with grace. "Due to all that you have done, we have decided unanimously to boycott you. You will never be allowed to enter our houses or attend any community events. We disown you from the Islamic community of Peaceville." The video chat was shut and everybody left. The only thing that was rotating in Naz's



head was “How did they do it?” She could obviously not have had a clue of what that little robin on the windowsill had to with the whole thing and would probably never find out.

Samir smiled as he congratulated himself on another complete mission. He remembered how he discovered that Naz was guilty. About a week ago, Samir noticed the increase in conflicts and tension within the community. People were impolite and rude to each other, there was a lot of backbiting going on and nearly everyone looked unhappy. Samir was present when a few of these fights occurred. Surprisingly, every time he noticed a blue car parked nearby. One day he became suspicious as the friendship ties between people became stretched and tense, so he decided to follow the car. He changed into a hawk as they have excellent reflexes and their eyesight is impeccable. It soon became a game of cat and mouse, as the car pulled from its position.



It set out for the forest along a neglected path. Large tree roots and plants caused the car to bounce along the track. The driver must have travelled along the route before because despite the obstructions it still maintained an amazing steadiness on the path. A little patch of trees shielded the car from his view. After it cleared on the other side, the car wasn't there! It should have been out of the trees by now, but where could it go? A cough from a motor turned Samir's head behind him only to realize that the car had doubled back. It had turned around and was heading back on the same route it had come from. This constant turning and switching paths must mean that this driver didn't want to be followed wherever he or she was going. It had to be the same person present at all the fight events.

Samir, through his amazing hawk vision, saw the car take a sharp turn to the left and swerve into a rickety looking but sturdy bridge. It pulled up in front of a house and out of the car came a woman with long blond hair in a red coat. She had a large handbag with fluorescent colors. After a quick glance around, she scurried into a corner. There to Samir's surprise, she slid the wig off her head, turned her handbag inside out and hid them under a black stone leading to a vault. After that she entered the driveway.

There was no mistaking those giant gold 'N' gates or the elaborate sign of 'Naz Villa'. All the hedges and bushes were trimmed to form the name Naz. The maids and butlers were always in a hustle bustle running around the house. After he had confirmed that it was Naz, he followed her to work the next morning.

The next day Naz's behaviour was queer. He noticed that as soon as Naz left the washroom, she constantly glanced at Renee and Farah while making a telephone call. Her face wore expression of triumph and pride as she calmly spoke to someone over the phone. The phone was right beside the vent that led into a shaft on the east side of the building. He heard her talk and thought about how he could flip the tables.

From an anonymous account of 'friend of Peaceville,' he sent Huda some instructions and later mailed everyone invitation to Huda's house for a community party. It was there when the plot was exposed and Naz was held accountable for her deeds.

Samir looked through the window at Naz as she stared bewildered thinking about how she made the foolish mistake of telling everything to Huda. It was too horrific, because she let her pride and arrogance take over her intelligence, spilling the secret and now everyone knew. The acts that she had committed earlier no longer seemed useful and now they weighed down on her like some sort of heinous crime. She just didn't expect it to happen; it was too planned, too organized. Regrets and more regrets were all that Naz was left with.

Samir took a glide as he sighed with relief..., "Oh Allah please help us in all times of need."

Chapter 2 - A Secret Meeting

IT was a quiet and peaceful evening. Samir sighed as he gazed up at the stars that twinkled a soft yellow light against the darkness of the night. The moon protruded out from the obscuring mist surrounding it. The warm zephyr brushed his cheek softly. Samir closed his eyes and felt a familiar sensation run through his body. Warmth and excitement ran down his spine as he raised his hands up, waiting for the moment. After a few seconds a soft glow emanated from his body fading away gradually; in Samir's spot stood a small robin.



Flapping his wings, he gently perched himself on the railing of the balcony. As he gazed out into the black and grey scenery, he tipped his head to one side in a comical manner. Samir spread out his wings and glided off the railing in a rather lopsided way. "Astagfirullah!" he cried as his foot hit another high tree branch. He was still quite an amateur to flying but was beginning to master gliding and flapping. He zoomed through the dark night like a shooting star. After a while his wings began to ache so he landed on a nearby barn roof.

He was startled to hear voices from the barn. The barn was a poor one in terms of its condition. The roofs and walls were littered with the debris of rotten wood, weeds and ivy crept up the wall covering one side with a curtain of green. A pungent smell of animals wafted around the area. It was clearly not the most ideal spot to meet someone. To Samir's astonishment and shock, the people meeting in such an area and at such odd hours had a familiar voice. Slowly he lowered himself through one of the smaller cracks in the wall that lead to a bull pen. He made sure that he slipped through the middle to avoid the lacerated sides of wood planks caused by some ill-tempered animal.

There were two men in the barn. One was a tall man with broad shoulders, thick muscles, a large waist, and fists the size of hammers. He spoke in a deep voice. He wore a white collared shirt with a blue and black tie. He had few hair on his head and could be easily described as bald, the thin beard on his face curled around his circular mouth. The dark sunglasses prevented Samir from actually identifying him. A large smoking pipe was not helping either. Though he was high up on the beam, Samir was in a psychological discomfort to see the smoke curl in the air accompanying the strong smell of burnt tobacco.

The other person was younger, shorter, thin and looked relatively fit. He had fine thick black hair neatly combed back. He had the back of his head to Samir in such a manner that Samir was unable to see his face but he somehow looked familiar. Samir moved to one of the rafters descending from the ceiling in order to see the face. Suddenly the man with the sunglasses spoke, Samir leaned in to hear what he was saying,

"I have your next task. Keep this at your home and make sure no one finds it. In two weeks from now, a man will arrive at this time and ask you for a pot of honey. Give him the parcel and say night is the time. Remember, I will know if you have talked to anyone, so keep your mouth shut and everything will be fine."



He turned and exited through the back of the barn. The man whimpered and looked around nervously as if he was expecting someone to have followed him. When his head swerved towards Samir's side, Samir's beak fell open and he stood glued to the wood unable to do anything. The face was that of his childhood friend, Shajeeh!

Samir stepped back afraid, confused and panicked but as he moved, he dislodged a large piece of wood (at least it looked large to Samir). Losing his balance, Samir fell with it. It landed with a loud 'thud!' onto the ground. As if on cue, Shajeeh swirled around with a frightened look on his face and the packet clutched tightly to his chest. His face was white and his eyes were large with black under circles. But all he saw was a small robin with a chunk of wood. Relieved and relaxed, Shajeeh walked swiftly back to his vehicle, and drove off into the night.

At first Samir thought that he had dreamt up the entire scenario. To make sure that he was awake he gave himself a sharp peck with his beak.... "Ouch!!" He realised that it was real. A large blue bruise stood out against his brown feathers, which was caused by his little experiment.

"What could Shajeeh possibly be doing here? Surely this must be some sort of mistake, or is it? I have to concentrate; I'm going home."

Samir headed home puzzled and confused about the situation. He changed back into his original form. It was impossible for him to sleep the entire night as the event played again and again in his mind. He tossed, moaned, turned and groaned the whole night. In the morning Hannah knocked on his door and said in a cheerful voice,

"Samir baba it's time to wake up. May I enter?"

But as usual Hannah always entered as she completed her statement. She opened the curtains and asked Samir what he wanted to wear.

"That's alright Hannah.... I am a little out of sorts at the moment and will be skipping work today", Samir replied.

"Samir baba are you sure that you are alright? Would you like me to call the family doctor?"

Samir quickly denied saying he was fine and needed some sleep. A crying sound emerged from the kids' room and Hannah rushed to see if Sonu had woken up. Hannah left the door open and Samir smiled and laughed silently, as he listened to her

trying simultaneously to calm down a hyper Sonu and wake up a sleepy Zain for school.

Before Zain left he came to his father's room and after giving his salaams, he said something that surprised and puzzled Samir immensely.

"Baba, you know one of my best friends hasn't been to school for a long time. About this long." Zain stretched his little arms as far apart as he could. Upon asking, Zain said innocently, "It's Ali Raza. You know him. He is Shajeeh uncle's kid. Teacher said that he will be away for a few days. He is lucky because he doesn't get homework"

Zain continued to chatter about his friendship with Ali without worrying if Samir was listening or not. But Samir was in a world of his own; could this have anything to do with the strange event that occurred last night? It was a question that boggled his mind. He had a strange feeling that he was about to find out very soon. Samir decided that he was thinking a little too intensely but his supposition constantly disturbed him mentally.

After Zain left for school Samir did everything he could to keep his mind off the issue. Television, laptop, and sleeping were all tried but failed. Samir knew that he had to calm down and then focus. Unstable mental state will not lead him anywhere. Amidst all this confusion, Samir was able to establish one fact very clearly that something was not right about whatever had happened. Ever since childhood, Samir and Shajeeh had treated each other like brothers. They went to the same school, played on the same teams in soccer camp etc.

He had known Shajeeh since they were in nursery school. They grew up together like brothers, always there for each other in ones time of need. Shajeeh was a kind, goodhearted, god-fearing person. His movements were soft and he had a good temper. He always wore a benign smile that made others smile back at him. He always had something good to say about everyone. He always based his decisions on Islamic teachings.

It was highly unlikely of him to act irrationally due to personal feelings or anger. But, undoubtedly, it was him in the barn. He looked scared and it seemed as if he was being forced to do something. The other man showed a somewhat superior attitude, as if he had control over Shajeeh's actions. How could that possibly be?

What could Shajeeh possibly be doing there?

It was also very surprising that he decided to send his family on holidays without telling anyone of their location or time of departure, as if he wanted their location to be a secret.

What could he possibly be doing this for?

Was he threatened?

Or is he making some wrong choices?

Or was Samir overthinking?

Either way, something strange was happening and Samir was determined to find out what.

It had been two weeks since the barn incident. A person would be coming to Shajeeh's this night but Samir had no idea who this person could be. After dismissing Hannah; he stood on the balcony like he had done so many times before, his body

glowed and in his place stood a red-tailed hawk. The long elaborate wing flapped long and hard; he felt the power of such a magnificent creature of Allah (swt). He leaped from the balcony and soared through the skies heading to the stars.



On approaching Shajeeh's, Samir landed on the balcony and felt the satisfying crunch as his talons dug into the wooden window sill. Shajeeh was speaking to a tall man with bulging clothes that were fully black. They exchanged messages and despite his keen senses, Samir could not hear what they were saying. Disappointed at the dead end, Samir set off home but he was sure that something weird was going on in Shajeeh's life.

Shajeeh tossed and turned as this was another one of his sleepless nights. The secret that was so harmless at first is now his biggest problem. He recalled his mother saying, "In times of difficulty pray to Allah (swt) and find a sincere friend."

Samir's image instantly came in his mind. "I should tell Samir." He picked up the phone and opened Samir's contact. Before he could press the green button, he heard a phone ringing; except it wasn't his iPhone. It was a small black phone, vibrating on his desk. "Don't even think about calling anyone to help, you're being watched and so is your family. Don't try anything smart Mr. Shajeeh." Shajeeh stared in disbelief at the phone in his hand, "I have to find a way to get to Samir, without getting caught."

He made various attempts to reach out to Samir but all failed. One day he received an invitation to Sonu's birthday party. He recited an extra namaz to thank Allah for providing him with the opportunity. Sonu loved books and Shajeeh knew the perfect way to reach Samir. Later that day Shajeeh went to the library and sat down on a computer. He was sure that he was being watched. To avoid suspicion, he went onto various websites as if browsing the internet but every now and then, he would open a separate tab and typed a few words and then close it. After a few hours he printed a few pages on Islamic law and alongside that, he printed his secret document. As he was leaving, he dropped half of his sheets near a side window.

While pretending to pick them, he glanced at the computer table. There was a man in a shapeless red hoodie scanning through the history of the computer. Gathering the rest of his sheets he hurried home to get dressed for the party.

Shajeeh walked into the fiesta room after being greeted by Hannah, the house butler. There were balloons, toys and laughter of small kids. Sonu was sitting on a little throne dressed like a queen. When Shajeeh reached her, she jumped with joy and showed him every part of her new birthday dress. Shajeeh smiled and wished her happy birthday. After that, he handed her a large rectangular box wrapped in blue paper decorated with snow flake images.

The party was of immense fun to all those who came. There was a bouncing castle with a tall jungle gym. Sparkles and glitters fluttered through the air while noisemakers and laughter spilled from every corner of the room. Sonu was playing in a little castle with her friends and in all the hustle-bustle; it took Hannah quite some time to find the little princess so that she could cut her cake.

The cake was cut and after the guests left it was time for the little girl to open her presents. She took down the one that Shajeeh uncle gave her from the counter and ripped open the pink paper. Inside was the storybook that she always wanted, '1000 stories from all around the world!' Attached to the corner of the storybook was a note to Sonu. Samir's eyes widened as he read the note.



In every sentence, one word was bolded.

It read,

To Sonu,

Happy birthday little one! **I** hope that your year be filled with joy.
May Allah (swt) fulfill your **needs** and support you throughout your life.
I hope Allah (swt) will **help** you to continue to shine in life like a star.
I can't wait to hear if you liked the book.
I hope that we'll **talk** soon Inshallah
Being part of your party was of immense joy.
I **watched** you grow up from a little baby to a big girl.
May Allah (swt) bless you!

Uncle Shajeeh

Joining the bold words made the sentence,

I - need - help - can't - talk - Being - watched

Shajeeh was in some sort of hole and he needed Samir's help. He clearly indicated that he is unable to communicate with Samir because he is under surveillance. Samir had so many questions but one thing was a fact in his mind- Samir's friend was in trouble and needed his help.

He heard his wife scream, "Shajeeh!!! Help!" Clutched in her arms were their young seven year old. His eyes opened wide with fear. Flames licked up the walls, turning everything to ash. He ran towards them but a large hole blocked his path. He leaped over and was on the tip when he began to sink down. His hand brushed the child's hair as he fell down into the dark abyss. He fell lower and lower. A deep voice swerved around him. He wanted to run away, to escape this horror, but was trapped.

"You did not heed my warning and now you shall pay!"

The air choked him as he gasped for breath.

Shajeeh shot up in his bed. Perspiration dripped from his forehead. His hand twitched and shivered vigorously as he snapped on the lamp that stood on the bedside table. It was late in the night and the cold wind from the window made Shajeeh feel like he was standing in the middle of snow. The chilly air ran through his spine as if he was wrapped in a blanket of ice. His conscience was eating him up for the secret that lay deep in his heart. He felt the extreme need to confide into someone. A friend, the police, anyone for all Shajeeh cared; this secret was ruining his life, and threatened everyone he loved and everything he had worked so hard to achieve. His career, his home and everything else that he had spent a lifetime building from scratch could all be torn down. He couldn't let that happen.

Samir kept silent for a week and made no attempt to contact Shajeeh. It happened that Huda was holding a dinner at her home. Sonu fell sick and Samir was staying behind to look after her. Shajeeh found this the perfect day to reach Samir. He put it in his agenda to make it to Huda's party. The lesser the blackmailer knew of Shajeeh's true plan, the more Shajeeh was sure of its success.

Chapter 3 - Moment of truth

It was growing late and Shajeeh slipped into his suit quickly. There was no moon in the sky, only the pale light of twinkling stars to illuminate the dusk. Shajeeh's vehicle slid through the black without a sound other than the soft humming of the car's engine. The dark silhouette of the nearby trees loomed over his car making the shadow of giant hands. The headlights brightened the road in front of him which later turned into Huda's driveway.

Huda greeted Shajeeh at the door and welcomed him into the house. There were warm drinks and sweet snacks. Shajeeh grabbed a few and then set off to make his little sneak away. While passing by another man, Shajeeh purposely bumped into him in such a manner that drink spilled all over Shajeeh's suit. The dark brown mixture made a large blotch on his clothes.

He requested Huda to use the guest washroom to clean himself. After receiving her permission, Shajeeh slipped into a spare change of clothes and turned on the shower. He then opened the bathroom window and went backwards out of it. His feet hooked into the plant frame and despite the shape of the frame, this was no easy climb. Unfortunately for him, Huda had planted roses and honeysuckles on that frame. Every move of his was subjected to be reconsidered as he was jabbed and pricked by sharp thorns. The honeysuckles shoved their little flowers into his face causing him to sneeze and unbalance himself. It was quite a spectacle but he soon reached the ground. He set off for Samir's house using the darkness of the night to cover his tracks.



It was a quiet night. Sonu had finally taken her medicine and fell asleep. Samir smiled quietly to himself as he sat beside Sonu, listening to the blatant snores of Zain in the next room. The shrill ring of the doorbell echoed through the empty house. Samir opened the door and to his surprise, saw a ragged and sore Shajeeh waiting to be let in. Samir ushered him in and provided him with some warm drink and food.

“Asalamalaikum Shajeeh, what happened to you? It looks as if someone dragged you through a storm! Is everything okay?”

“Walaikum salaam Samir, it’s a long story and I don’t have the time to explain right now, so I’ll just cut to the chase. My friend, I am in big trouble and need help.” Before Samir could say anything, he continued, “It all began about a month ago; you know that I work for the leading IT firm in the country. Well, I was working on a top secret project for him; a type of internet linker. Except my boss turned it into something disastrous. This internet linker attacks a child’s computer and links it to websites which are inappropriate. Sites which will expose children to not only haram images and movies but also to websites which will destroy their moral values....sites which will teach a child to do wrong and ways to hide it from the parents...sites which will teach them about justifying harams as halal...oh Samir, I have created a monster. All these children deviating from the right path will hold me responsible on the day of judgement. I can’t sleep. I can’t relaxHe is about to launch it very soon. He is threatening the safety of my family should I dare to betray him. That is why I found it so difficult to approach you. I don’t know what to do...please help me....Shajeeh burst into tears.

Samir stared at Shajeeh in deep shock. He comforted Shajeeh as he held him, saying, “Shajeeh this is bad...., really bad, we cannot let this happen. What are we going to tell our Imam (as) that instead of helping him we were part of his enemies...”.The shivers ran down his spine as he spoke. Shaitan is finding new and innovative ways to destroy the goodness from this world. I know you will never do something like this and you want to stop this. I am ready to support you my friend.”

“The first thing you need to do, is calm yourself. An unstable and upset mind cannot think clearly and we need your full strength to do this. Give me some time and I will get back to you. In the meantime, the one thing that you can do that would really help us is to make a record of every little detail about your boss. Whatever you can think of. Little things you’ve noticed; anything that can help us know his personality and his thought process. Things that are important for him; his strengths and his weaknesses...make a detailed file on him and wait for me to get back to you. It will not be too long Inshallah.”

Shajeeh agreed and then set off for Huda’s place. The stars were not as bright so he had his hands out in front of him guiding him until he felt the rough coarse brick that made up the back wall. He climbed up the horrid rose frame and leaped back into the bathroom. After fixing himself up, he went back downstairs. There were not as many people as there had been previously. After exchanging farewell with Huda and some acquaintances, he left.

As he walked down the driveway, Shajeeh felt strange. It was as if someone had lifted a giant weight off his shoulders. He wanted to laugh and cry, and he felt relatively relaxed, free of some burden. It was like a giant abyss in his soul devoured all that plagued him. He smiled to himself as he slipped into his sleek black car and drove off into the darkness of the night. Right now he didn’t even care about the tiny convertible the slipped out of the shadows after him.

When Shajeeh reached home, it was late. The stars were faint small lights that danced through the sky. The icy zephyr brushed his cheek, sending shivers up his spine. He closed the window and sank softly into his bed after picking his laptop from a nearby shelf. He slipped a small wireless network into the USB port and started hacking into the office computers to access the data on his boss, whose name was Rajab Khan. He instantly recognized the image on Rajab's profile.

Rajab was a muscular guy who was quite plump, with a bulging head and beefy arms. He had large black menacing eyes that seemed to see right through Shajeeh, they were mean and unfriendly. His thin beard stood beneath a fat pink nose and a hideously huge mouth. His face was twisted into a permanent snarl and he always had a pipe in his mouth.

A Large cr...eee...k... echoed through the warehouse but it couldn't be heard over the sound of busy machinery, joking workers and beeping phones. A man looked around and nodded as if pleased with the work that was taking place. The pipe in his mouth glowed at the end like a torch and white smoke curved into large puffs and disappeared into thin air. Another thin man in a grey suit approached Rajab. He stared out of large rectangular spectacles that made him look even smaller and he spoke with a soft squeaky voice, "Um, your gracious sir, the computers require more computing components and motherboards." Rajab was clearly fond of flattery and all his workers knew that.



The large man smiled and said,

“Very well, order some. Soon my little invention shall dominate the world!”

The familiar smirk made him look more evil. The feeling of triumph was obvious on his face, “controlling children means controlling the future and a successful businessman is the one who can foresee the future and make the right choices, like me, of course.” He continued, “Hmmm history will be proud of me and my wealth will be uncountable. Wow! You’re a genius, Rajab!” he flattered himself and felt great.

Shajeeh’s visit left Samir in a state of deep thinking. It was a horrific plan. Controlling the minds of children who can and should become the companions of Imam and leading them to the opposite direction is a heinous crime. Exposing them to haram, desensitising them to the wrongs, accepting the wrongs as the rights and the worst is to do it in a way that it becomes too late before the parents realize. “Oh Allah, look how these companions of Shaitan are trying to do their job. Oh Allah, please give me the courage and wisdom to help my friend and stop this devilish plan. Oh Imam! help me, guide me, and support me.” Tears trickled down his face as he felt very emotional. “How could we stop this madman?” They didn’t have the facilities and it wasn’t very helpful to know that Shajeeh was being monitored. They needed to establish a place to work but it had to be somewhere that wouldn’t look suspicious no matter how many times either of them visited the place.

On his way to work the next morning, Samir saw a large premium office quite near to where he worked. The selling company was run under the name, ‘Lady Fatima (pbuh) Enterprises’ which was owned by Huda. He decided to stop by.

“Asalam alaikum Samir!” said Huda as she asked him to sit. “What can I do for you?” she queered.

“I just want to inquire about that office meeting room, put up for sale down by Muhammad Avenue.” Samir replied.

“Very well. It is a premium office meeting room with an interactive smart board and its own private Wi-Fi connection. There is a spacious seating arrangement for up to 100 people. It is at its lowest sale price yet. But why would you ask...do you have someone who would be interested?”

“I would like to purchase this office myself.”

“It would be a pleasure doing business with you Samir, but don’t you have a beautiful building of your own. Just out of curiosity....”

“I’ll tell you later, Inshallah. I will give you your asking price but my only condition is that no one, I repeat, no one can know about this deal.”

“You are beginning to make me a little worried, but I have known you for so many years and I know that you are a very good person. Your late wife was my childhood friend and I know your family. I know that you will not do anything wrong and in spite of this mysterious conversation; I am willing to put that trust on you.”

“Thank you for putting that trust on me. My wife always considered you as her sister and you are like family to us. Thank you for putting that trust on your brother. Inshallah, I will not let you down, I will come again soon to discuss the details of the deal. Take care and khuda hafiz.”

Samir then rushed to work. It was a busy day in the office. Workers moved from floor to floor calling out to others with messages or instructions. The fans rotated all day long providing a cool airy breeze for everyone. Samir stared out the glass doors. There was a knock on the door and he gestured with his hand allowing the worker to enter,

“Yes Ms. Farukh can I help you?” he asked.

“You had asked me to remind you to sign the documents for the donation to ‘A Heart of Gold’ organization and here is the list of other documents you need to sign.”

With that she gave a nod and left. Samir stared at the binder. He was busy signing papers when the clock seemed to swing its arm from one to five. On his way home, his fingers ached from constant typing and his head felt heavy after a tiring day.

He decided to clear his head by taking a nice long glide. After transforming to a hawk, he spread his large wings and soared out into the dusk. The warm air swung him up to the skies where he saw the sunset. The sun snuggled into the clouds as its rays shone bright and strong. Blue, orange, pink, purple and so many other colours stained the sky. The mountains swallowed up the sun as it disappeared behind the peaks.

The Ayat from Surah Rahman circled in his head,

Fabiallah rabikuma tukaziban.....

Then which of the bounties of your Lord will you deny?

Chapter 4 - A new team mate

Samir sighed as he thought of how to solve this mess. He knew it was going to take more than they could handle... but what to do? They needed help from someone they could trust. But nearly everyone worked for Shajeeh's boss. Suddenly he thought of Huda. He knew that Huda was a kind and grateful woman who was never rude to anyone. He had trusted her earlier regarding Naas and for as long as he could recall, he remembered that Huda always made the right choices...right in the eyes of Allah (swt). She was the childhood friend of his wife and was like a sister. She always offered her wajibaats and led a simple life, dressed modestly, observed hijab and was always part of good happening in the community. In case of Naas, it was clearly obvious that she was not scared of saying the truth in front of bullies and wrong doers. She definitely had a good character and can be trusted. "I will tell Huda, but not right away."

The next two days were spent in getting the place and Samir decided to inform Shajeeh. Shajeeh had no clue of how Samir was so confident about not being followed when he met him in the wudhu room of the mosque. Obviously, Shajeeh could not imagine that the window in the corner of the room was where Samir entered from and no one followed a robin to that.

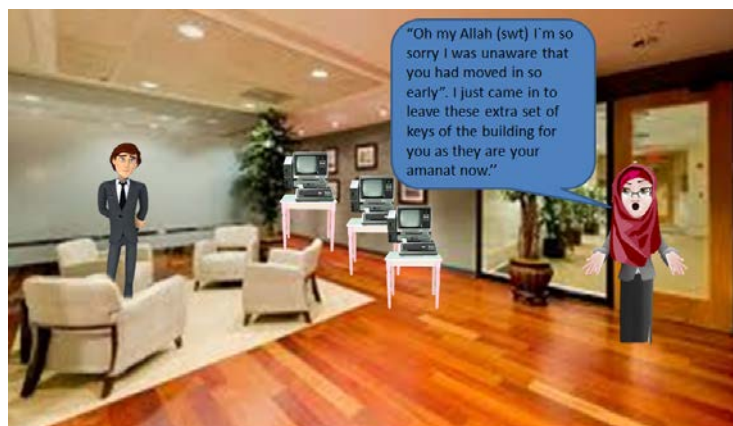
Samir explained him about the place and told him how to get there. It was quite an ordeal for Shajeeh. He started the journey in his own car, parked it in the shopping mall parking....got in the cinema....changed the jacket, wore the cap and glasseswalked out immediately and started the black car waiting in the other parking lot. This was Samir's extra car and Shajeeh knew that he had a slot of three hours before the movie ends to meet his friend.

Samir was already waiting as Shajeeh entered. They greeted each other and started to talk about the issue.

"So Shajeeh, tell me all about your boss and his evil plan now...."

As Shajeeh opened his mouth to speak, the door opened. "Huda!" exclaimed Shajeeh and Samir in unison.

"Oh my Allah, I'm so sorry. I was unaware that you had moved in already. I just came in to leave these extra set of keys for you as they are your amanat now." She looked



around at all of the equipment and then said in a somewhat worried tone,
“I am beginning to get a little nervous. Both of you at this hour...instead of being at home... working here...what’s wrong?”

Shajeeh looked at Samir and they made a tacit agreement to tell her about their secret.

“Huda, please have a seat. What you are about to know is very dangerous and highly confidential. Like I told Samir, it all started about a month ago. Khan Enterprise held a meeting for all the team leads. He wanted us to design a project which would expand the business. Along with a few of my colleagues, I designed a software known as ‘Web-linker’. This program was designed to cross-section multiple websites in order to acquire information. For example, you could drag science links and Islamic links and it will prepare the document after cross matching them. It was highly appreciated and was chosen by the board. Mr. Rajab personally requested me to design the program in such a manner that the control remains solely with the launching computer. I agreed to do so but became suspicious. That was an odd request. One day the boss confided in me, telling me what he actually wanted. He wanted me to convert the project into a device which will eventually give us the power to control and destroy the moral values of our youth. It was an awful idea and a moral crime. I was going to shut down the program but he threatened the safety of my family.”

“But how in the world did he intend to achieve this with the web linker. I fail to understand that”, Huda was genuinely confused.

“Let me explain. He asked me to create the web linker in a way that nobody could infiltrate it. There was nothing wrong with that. Obviously with so many competitors and hackers, all software’s are created with protective shields. I managed to achieve that. Then one day, as a trial, he asked me to lock the web linker with certain websites and send the program to one of his personal accounts. What raised a suspicion was that he was very secretive about it. Also the websites he asked me to link were made by our own company. To the best of my knowledge, our company wasn’t into website designing so I just thought of clearing my doubts. I sent those attachments to my own account as well. This was my personal account which nobody knows about and I only access it from the laptop that stays in my room. Being an IT professional, I cannot afford to be loose with the privacy of my work and my personal life. Once the process was complete, my boss asked me to finalize the program by doing the last step which was to enable the program so that it will inform the central control unit about any extra email accounts that are added. That ended the option of sending the copies to my own account. Upon completion, I received a handsome amount of bonus and a few days off from work. At home, I remembered that I had sent the websites to my account.”

Huda and Sameer were listening with utmost concentration.

“When I opened the programme and started seeing the websites, the world started swirling in front of my eyes. What I saw was horrible, horrific and awful. That is when I realized the seriousness of matter.”

“What do you mean... what did you see?” Huda was now bursting with curiosity.

Shajeeh continued, "I saw a collection of websites; websites for kids. Really awful websites. They had inappropriate material."

"What kind of inappropriate material?" Samir queried.

"Like there was a webpage about rights of a child above their parents."

"But what's wrong with that?" Huda leaned in to hear.

"The wrong part was the interpretation of those rights in a way where a child was encouraged to be independent. The word independence was explained as not obeying the parents and not to follow the religion, because these are all chains; chains which will pull you down. The text was supported by examples of the teenagers and youth who are big celebrities these days. They are earning millions and living luxurious lives. They followed the path of disobedience and haram, like stealing, drugs and a lot more." Shajeeh's voice became tense as he continued.

"Then, there was a computer game which is based on a child's journey and the villains are the parents. He has to sneak from their sight to complete the mission. There were also social chat rooms where adults faking as kids will brainwash their minds. A dictionary is created that defames words like intellectual, hardworking, obedient, etc. as uncool, weird and not acceptable and glorifies words like wicked, evil, devil and a lot more like these. There are also extra downloads available on how to keep your computer activities secret from everyone. It will brainwash our kids and make them dependent on our products. The sales will rise and millions will be earned.

"Oh Allah..." Huda was spellbound. "What a horrific idea. How do people come up with such things? Clearly Shaitan is at play. He is working very hard to prepare his force against the Imam; the dilemma is that we are not realizing the extent of his commitment and the dire need for us to act and take actions against him. He is not only waging his war against us but is planning to extend it to our future generations and we certainly can't allow that to happen." Huda said in an angry tone.

"Well, with Allah (swt) watching over us and guidance from our Imam (a.s), we will fail the evil planners, inshallah. I think we should offer 2 rakat namaz-e -Hajjat for our success and get ready to put this bug out of business." Samir said confidently.

Shajeeh, Samir and Huda smiled at each other as they got ready for the namaz.

Chapter 5- The Starting Point

It was a few days before the team got back together. Shajeeh had sent all he had recorded to Huda, who prepared the notes for the next meeting.

“There wasn’t a lot to take out but I did catch an address that was mentioned several times between phone calls and colleagues. It was,

101 Al-Aam Drive.”

Shajeeh stopped and Huda took over, “Upon inquiring, I found out that it is an old warehouse just about half an hour from here. Today, we will make a stop at the warehouse.” The others nodded in agreement.

After they wrapped up the session, Samir stepped into his car and drove to the warehouse. Very soon, they passed through the happy city of Peaceville. As they drove, the surroundings rapidly changed from bustling cities to lush forests to an isolated moor. The warehouse was down a hidden road to the left along which lay



dark looming trees whose branches now stood bare, rattling and thumping against the windows of the car. The warehouse was a tall building about 3 stories high. It was a blistered, broken and weather-beaten place.

Mr. Rajab was taking a stroll at the back of the building to get some fresh air. It was one of the times when he flattered himself, thinking about his wealth and achievements. The profit he would make from the new project will bring him in the list of wealthiest men in the world.

Samir noticed Mr. Rajab around the corner of the building, unaware that his movements were being watched. Rajab pulled out a small black phone from his pocket and punched in a few numbers. It was rather weird for someone to walk out of the building just to make a phone call, especially in such an isolated area. What was even more suspicious was the fact that a business tycoon was spending the most beneficial business hours in a deserted moor.

“This is definitely not a picnic”, Samir whispered. “But this is not going to help; we need to get more close to these people....”

Shajeeh interrupted hastily, “That is almost next to impossible. You have no idea of how sharp and cunning Rajab is. You get an inch closer and he’ll know.”

Huda sighed with frustration, “Is this it then...how are we going to stop this monster...what do we do?”

Samir spoke with his usual composure, “Giving up hope is a sign of kufr in our faith...Allah (swt) demands us to have tawakul on him. Tawakul means complete faith and trust on Allah (swt) and His mercy. If we are on the right path, He will guide us and provide us with a solution to our problems”

“Then how do you propose to handle this situation? Rajab pays his staff well so we will not find a single person in the company who will work against him. He also has connections with criminals and would go to all extents to stop us.” Huda was not too hopeful.

Samir had a grin of assurance on his face which puzzled Shajeeh and Huda. “This session is over. Let’s go back to our office and I have something to show you.”

Shajeeh replied with a smile, “We are having an overdose of mysteries lately. I hope your surprise isn’t another one. Though, I will be honest that you are making me a little uncomfortable...”

“Trust is a virtue of good friends and I ask you to trust me for now.” Samir said.

They all chuckled as they drove away from the depressing moor back to the happy city of Peaceville.

Chapter 6- The cat is out of the bag.

“Spill the beans. What’s your secret, Samir?” said Huda as she and Shajeeh took a seat in the chairs.

“Patience is a virtue of the pious. I ask you to be patient as I prepare myself,” Samir sounded even more mysterious.

“Stop it or I’ll start with the virtue of a Momin called Jihad”, exclaimed Shajeeh. He raised his fist towards Samir jokingly.

“No need for that right now, my friend. I have something to show you. I am setting this timer for forty seconds. Huda, is the paper and pen ready?”

“Yes it is”. Huda was very quick to answer. Shajeeh and Huda were struggling to stay calm.

“Good. Now close your eyes and when you hear the timer ring, you can open your eyes. Ready? Go!”

Shajeeh and Huda sat there in the chairs waiting impatiently for the timer to go off. Dying to see what Samir had planned, the slow ticking of the timer drove them crazy. Finally the ring echoed the room and they both opened their eyes excitedly,

“What! Is this some kind of joke,” said Huda.

“Come on Samir”, said Shajeeh. “This is no time to fool around.”

They both sounded annoyed as they glared at the duck which sat in the centre of the room. It honked and then waddled to the glass table and with a swift move picked the pen. Tilting its head to one side it wrote in cursive,



“Um... Samir, I want to keep my eyes open just to make sure that this isn't some prank”, Said Shajeeh.

The duck gave a loud honk and nodded. Slowly he glowed until the light was so bright that it stung their eyes. When it faded, there stood Samir.

“Well? Any words?” Asked Samir, but no reply came from Shajeeh or Huda whose jaw seemed to dangle in the air. There was absolute silence for the next few minutes until Huda spoke slowly,

“Am I the only the only one who saw that duck turn into Samir”

Shajeeh shook his head. Huda then replied with somewhat relief,

“Good, then I'm not the only one who needs a doctor.”

Samir told them the story of how he came to know about his powers. The other two sat awestruck, absorbing every word he spoke. He ended by saying,

“I conclude this by thanking Allah (swt) and now we must discuss our future strategy in the next meeting.”

The next meeting was very crucial as they had to make their plan of action. The meeting started with the diurnal Dua for success,

يَا سَيِّدَ السَّادَاتِ يَا مُجِيبَ الدَّعَوَاتِ يَا رَافِعَ الدَّرَجَاتِ يَا
وَلِيَّ الْحَسَنَاتِ يَا غَافِرَ الْخَطِيئَاتِ يَا مُعْطِيَ الْمَسْأَلَاتِ يَا
قَابِلَ التَّوْبَاتِ يَا سَامِعَ الْأَصْوَاتِ يَا عَالِمَ الْخَفِيَّاتِ يَا دَافِعَ
الْبَلِيَّاتِ

O' the chief of all chiefs! O' the acceptor of prayers! O' the elevator of ranks! O' the master of virtues! O' the forgiver of sins! O' the granter of requests! O' the excerptor of penance! O' the hearer of all voices! O' the one who knows all mysteries! O' the remover of calamities!

Huda then began her input,

“Alright, so we know that Shajeeh's boss Rajab Khan is planning to launch a horrific virus that will attack our children. This will give him control of our future generations. The virus is programmed in such a manner that it is only controlled by the main server or in other words the computer from which it is launched. The program has the capability to develop a defense firewall in case of an attack from a foreign software. It is impenetrable and cannot be manipulated. In fact, upon attack, will act aggressively; if the attack cannot control the virus, as a security reaction, it will speed up the progress of whatever the virus is designed to do; in this case linking. It leaks through the networking system of a computer and does not show any signs of its placement until it has acquired total control over the central processing system

(CPU). It is like cancer and shows no signs of its presence till it has total control. If I had to put in brief words, this is an indestructible cyber fortress.

“There are so many security systems developed to fight these hacking monsters. Is there any way to develop some sort of security network program that can lock this bug out?” asked Samir.

“I’m afraid not. You see, the security network is the reason that it is able to leak into the system in the first place. Almost all security programs in Peaceville are tended to lock out unfamiliar, strange or random links and pop-ups. Our virus wraps itself around the security system and slowly, through loopholes in the security network, it leaks into the hardware taking control of the central processing unit. It is impossible to modify the virus because it has AGJK 11.521, a command which programs the virus in the phase of an attack to speed up the process for which it was developed. Besides, the main wall is heavily protected and the hacker could be traced. It is not an easy task.

Samir asked, “Why can’t we develop a virus of our own? When I get a virus on my computer, I use another virus to get it out. Can’t we just spin up some sort of virus that could attack this?”

“Yes but the virus we are dealing with has been developed by the group of the greatest computer architects in the entire region. We had put in weeks of efforts to design a fighter that would not lose. It would take weeks maybe even months and we don’t have that time if the virus is going to be launched in a few days.”

“Ok then can we try and place a tracer to track down the virus?” Samir inquired.

“According to the data given, the virus travels at a rapid pace leaking into over one thousand and five hundred computers in the first five minutes of the launch. If we place a tracker on the virus, it will tell us about the computers it is attacking but based on the statistics, too many children will be affected and there will be too many parents to inform. It will be too late to control the damage.” admitted Shajeeh, “Our little ‘spy’ would have no impact and just tag along like a harmless companion.”

Huda suddenly banged the table, startling Samir and Shajeeh.

“Why don’t we attack the main unit? I mean this bug is only controlled by the launching unit. So instead of attacking the virus, why don’t we attack the computer that will launch this virus? ”

“Yeah! Good idea Huda! What do you say Shajeeh?” Samir looked at Shajeeh.

“Oh yes!!!”

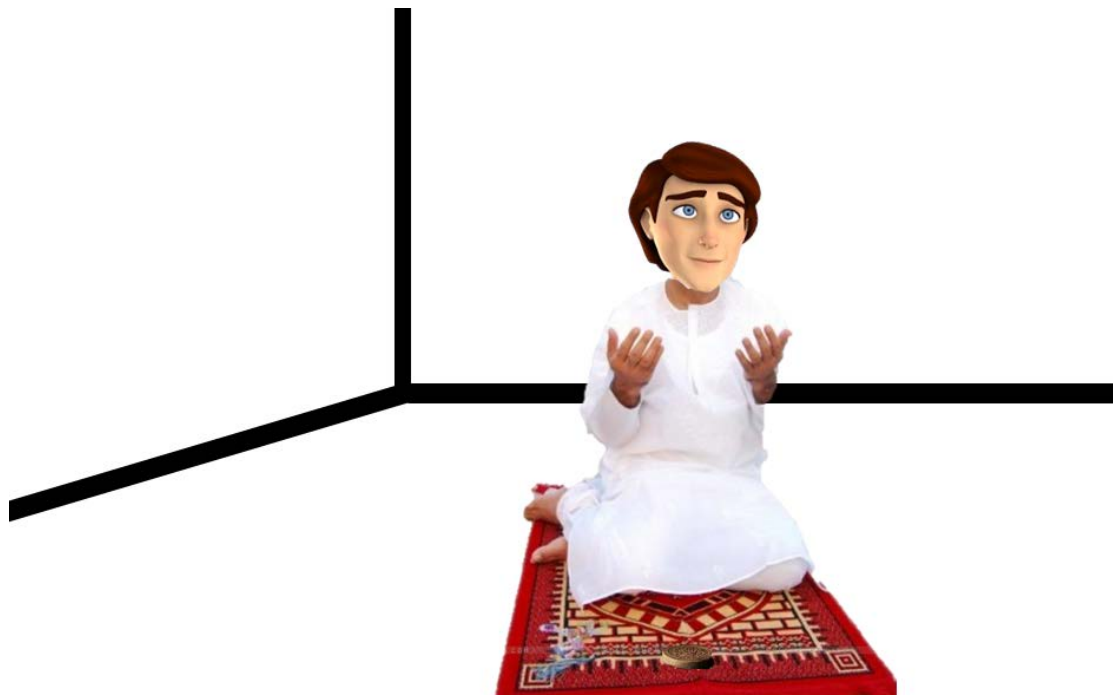
“Of course. Most viruses are independent meaning that they are able to travel and hack with whatever strength they are constructed with and the construction is a onetime process. Then there is a dependent type, like the one Shajeeh has made. The virus would be able to hack and destroy on its own but it constantly receives updates and improvements from the CPU. If the virus comes in contact with a superior system, it would automatically send a request to the control unit and would modify its programming to conquer the larger program. It is like a constant source of energy that

would keep the program strong and indestructible. Our tag-a-long would be a software which would give instructions to the control unit. This, in turn, would release a set of wrong commands to the virus or should I say the right commands from our point of view. If I had to brief our strategy in one line, then we are out to attack the control unit because it is more vulnerable between the two.

For a few seconds there was complete silence. It was broken by Samir's loud "Mashallah! Wallah, God is on our side! Remarkable idea."

Shajeeh was next to join the excitement, "It is not a very difficult thing to do. The control unit is quite vulnerable. With strong security measures in place, Rajab feels that there is no way anyone can approach it physically so he did not bother too much about it. It is a one way computer which only lets out the instructions and that is what's going to work for us."

They all agreed to do a two rakat shukr namaz to thank Allah for raising their hopes from the depths of despair to the confidence of their success.



Chapter 7- Launching of 'Haqq'

Shajeeh, Samir and Huda spent the next few meetings in strenuous and arduous tasks. For long hours they fiddled around with wires and clicked on computers. When they went home, their eyes would sting from staring at an electronic screen for so long. They named the tag-a-long, 'Haqq' which is an Arabic term meaning truth. Days went by and Haqq became more perfect. Shajeeh trembled each time he looked at the calendar praying that they could finish before the launch date.

One day Samir and Huda were clicking and clacking away at their keyboards nosily until Shajeeh's loud takbir caused them both to jump,

"Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!"

"Shajeeh, what in Allah's name was that all about?" Inquired Huda, bewildered at Shajeeh's sudden action.

"Sorry about that. I just got a little hyper. I guess it was because I found the final programming file for Haqq. In a few hours Haqq will be complete. In the meantime let's offer a sajda-e-shukr for our success."

After the sajda, they sat down to a cup of warm coffee, courtesy of Samir. The hours dragged by, every now and again Shajeeh would check the status only to find the green pixelate bar move a few millimeters forward. Time went on until there was only thirty minutes left.

"Program is complete", the computerized voice boosted the spirits of the three who lay in the nearby chairs. They looked up in excitement unable to believe that there work was complete. Finally after days of painful work and stress, it was finally complete. Huda and Samir stood up in their seats. The look on their face was that of indescribable joy. Shajeeh jumped and carefully disconnected a fat green circuit board. He turned to the other two and said:

"My friends, this virus known as Haqq is the key to our success, inshallah. Now, we have to find a way to sneak into the enemy's fortress, but how to do it?"

Huda volunteered to speak, "We need one of us to get inside, and get Haqq to the control unit without being noticed and plug it in."

"Remember Huda, the warehouse is heavily guarded and the doors open with a password key. Now we know that there had to be someone Rajab trusted with the key. Shajeeh, do you know who it could be? A friend or colleague, perhaps?" inquired Samir.

"I did visit Rajab's place a few times, and there's this servant of his, I think his name was Mohsin." Shajeeh's eyes rolled towards the ceiling as he tried to remember that visit to Rajab's home.

"The door was answered by an old man who had piercing green eyes and a long white beard. When I went to the kitchen, I saw him praying with tears rolling down his cheeks. Rajab however came in and scolded him for 'tardiness', questioning on why

he must pray so hard when he got everything in this world. He once told me that he had been with Rajab since childhood and that Rajab trusted him with everything. Maybe we should try and talk to him. He might know after all.”

“I will go”, said Samir.

Samir sat in his black car staring out into the pleasant dusk. Huda constantly sent more and more information about Mohsin including his history with Rajab. He parked under some elm trees unable to be noticed as the color of his car camouflaged with the black evening. Mohsin was leaving through the back door. Seeing him leave, Samir picked up his walkie talkie and whispered to Huda,



“Alpha one to base, over. Calling, Alpha one to base, over..... Base, do you copy?”

“This is base. Go ahead Alpha one, over.”

“The eagle has left the nest. I repeat the eagle has left the nest, over.”

“Roger that, Alpha one. Prepare to move to stage 2, over.”

“Alright Huda.... I mean roger that base, over and out.”

Samir dropped the walkie talkie into the drink compartment and stepped out of the car. He walked up to Mohsin once he was out of the camera range,

“Asalaam alaikum. Are you Brother Mohsin, personal assistant to Mr. Khan?”

“Wasalam, and yes I am, can I help you?”

“Please come with me, sir.”

Mohsin looked at Samir, confused, but he followed Samir to his car. After sitting in the car, Samir spoke to him in a sober tone,

“I understand that this might be confusing and hard for you to believe, but I won’t keep you waiting any longer. My name is Samir and I’ve come to you for help.”

“But what can I do for you?” The confused look was still apparent on the old man’s face.

“It is about Rajab, you see he has gotten himself into a situation. He is about to commit a crime”

The sentence seemed to slap the old man. “Bu-Bu-Bu-But I have known Rajab since his birth and he would never do such a thing. Yes, I might disapprove of some of his friends, but no! Rajab would never do something wrong!” The poor man trembled and shook with shock and disbelief. Suddenly he sat up straight and said to Samir,

“Wait, how do I know that you’re not trying to rip off Rajab? How can I be sure that you’re not another one of his business competitors?”

“If it is proof that you require, then it is proof that you shall see” replied Samir.

He pulled out a file from the dashboard in front of Mohsin and opened it. He gave it to Mohsin to have a look. It mentioned that Samir was a billionaire and that he owned a company that was currently not in any business conflict with that of Rajab’s.

“So I see that you have no use for any wealth or secrets of Rajab. You seem like a good man and I am inclined to help you, but first, you must explain to me what you require.”

Samir replied, “I only want a little information from you and access to Mr. Rajab’s computer.”

“I see. So what is it that you want to know?”

“You have CCTV security in the house; I would like to know about the next blackout minute. I also need the password to his personal laptop. If you want Rajab to be stopped from committing a crime then you need to help me. Wallah, what Rajab is about to do is evil and unforgivable. If you could prevent the crime and did not, then how will you face the Imam (a.s) in the hereafter?”

Staring at the large watch with leather straps, Mohsin slowly spoke,

“What you ask will make me disloyal to my master. But what you have told me about his plan is awful and has to be stopped. It is a pity how Rajab’s over ambitious nature has put him on the path to hell. Well, in about fifteen minutes the cameras blackout for a minute and twenty seconds. That’s enough time for you to get up the back stairs into Rajab’s office on the top floor. And to answer your second question, no, the office does not have any sort of security. But before I give you the computer password, I want something that I can use to hold you accountable if you try to do something funny.”

Samir took out a blank piece of paper and wrote:

I, Samir Raza confess to trespassing and breaking
into the rightful property of Rajab Khan and
hereby admit myself as guilty.

Samir Raza

After signing the slip of paper, he handed it to Mohsin. Mohsin looked at Samir with respect. "This could certainly ruin you. I am sure that you are telling the truth. I trust you for now but remember that I am watching you."

With that the two gentlemen stepped out of the car and headed for the house. Mohsin led Samir around a neat and tidy garden and entered through the back door. Once he led him to the stairs, Samir ran for he only had about a minute before the cameras went back on. He rushed up the stairs, beads of sweat formed onto his forehead. Mohsin close behind him with lightning speed, punched in the numbers at the door before rushing inside and collapsing on a couch nearby.

Samir looked around at the deluxe office. It had a large hollow circle of wood in the centre of the room with an entrance that led inside the circle. It took up most of the area. It had no roof but high walls.

On the right, there was a large monitor screen. Mohsin went up and typed in the password. It was more than thirty digits! Samir then opened various files until he reached the one called 'DVPL-dependant virus place and location'. Upon opening the file, he saw schematics of the warehouse. Looking into the details of the building, he got the code for the security. He wrote it down on paper,

'thegreatRajabKhandominatesallfuture'

It took him a few seconds to read,

The great Rajab Khan dominates all future.

With that, he told Mohsin that the job was done and it was time to leave. However, since the cameras were back up and running, he said,

"Take me to an open window, then turn around and leave the room. I will be gone. okay?"

Mohsin took him to the corner window and opened it. He turned around and left urging Samir to hurry and be careful. After a minute Samir wasn't there! Mohsin looked down and saw a plant frame beneath the window. Assuming that Samir had climbed down, he set off back to business. However, he didn't realize that a small relieved robin was now fluttering away happily back to its car.

Samir, Huda and Shajeeh were now re-entering into the gloomy scenery of the moor. Huda gave Samir the signal to morph. To get inside the warehouse, he would have to go in his smallest form possible. The human body shrunk smaller and smaller and when the light vanished, a small hummingbird fluttered back and forth to avoid getting hit by the slumped seatbelt. Upon reaching the warehouse, Shajeeh backed the car into the trees and gave the hummingbird a small bag with a microchip inside.

“May Imam be with you, inshallah”, he whispered to the tiny bird. With a nod of its head, the hummingbird slipped the strap around its body and hopped onto a nearby tree. It watched the car back away into the distance, then turned around and flew to the warehouse.



Landing on the roof, Samir studied his surroundings. There seemed to be only one way in and out of the building. So he quietly fluttered to it and punched in the passcode. Since the passwords changed hourly he had sixty minutes to get in, plug Haqq into the control unit and get out undetected. Suddenly the large door opened and a bunch of employees made their way out of the building. Samir slowly inched his way along the wall, and then swung himself inside.

He flew up to the high rafters that towered over the large screens and computers. The bag seemed to weigh down on Samir, getting heavier by the minute. He was dropping lower and lower until he heard the door open. Terrified at the thought of being caught, he zoomed up and collapsed on the rafter. For a few seconds he just rubbed his wings and groaned with pain. He heard a sharp and squeaky voice reciting a poem,

“Oh a great and wonderful master!

Named Rajab Khan,

Had the power and the magic!

To make a lab out of this barn.”

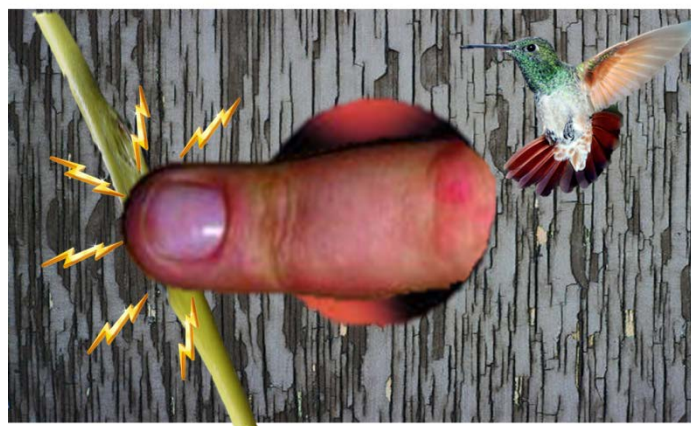
Samir rolled his eyes. He saw Rajab enter. Following him was a perky little man with a large bald head and a small, skinny body. He continued to recite verse after verse in Mr. Khan's praise until he was sent away. Samir sighed with relief as he moved his wing to bring the bag closer to himself.....but his wing hit wood. The bag was gone!

Samir stared around wild with panic. He saw a strap being pulled into the shadows. He clasped his beak around the strap and pulled, but something else was pulling it from the other side. Moving backward, Samir managed to lure the thief into the light. It was a large rat! He shivered as those beady red eyes seemed to stare him down. The rat was pulling Samir into its tunnel! With a hard tug, Samir swung beside the rat and pushed it off the rafter. The impact threw it off the rafter but tossed Samir into the tunnel.

Down and down he tumbled until he landed into the base of the tunnel. Scared at the thought of another encounter, he flew straight ahead. Luckily the route was abandoned. A sudden burst of light blinded Samir as he realized that he was back on the floor.

He was underneath a table. Looking around, Samir noticed a small hole in the corner which had bundle of wires leading through it. Samir was halfway through the hole when he froze. No matter how hard he pushed he couldn't move! His tail was stuck in the hole. A grunting noise seemed to stop Samir's heart. Rajab had sat on the desk. A shifting of boots stopped Samir dead in his tracks. Rajab suddenly swung his leg and kicked Samir through the hole. There was no time to attend to his aching tail because Samir had to hide.

Rajab sat down at his desk humming praises to himself. The project was complete at last. All he had to do was push the big red button, and voila! His beauty would conquer the world. A 'plop' sound from behind him drew Rajab's attention away, but seeing that it was only another rat he went back to his fantasy. He was starting to think up jingles and was half way through one, when he felt something squirm under his foot. Getting down on his knees, he peeked in the hole but when he stuck his finger in, all he got was a shock.



‘Jump!’ The hummingbird instinct kicked in as Samir leaped from right to left to avoid the fat finger that wriggled through the hole. Scared that it would hit him, Samir pulled an exposed wire and moved it in the finger’s path. It sent a shock to Rajab’s finger allowing Samir to make his retreat. He had successfully reached the end of a long trail of wires to reach the control unit. Carefully treading along the plastic pieces to avoid getting electrocuted, Samir made his way to the input station where he found the docks.

Samir finally got a moment to take a breath. He struggled through the tangled mess to find an empty dock. An empty green rectangle was the most beautiful sight for his eyes at that moment. With whatever strength he had, he plunged Haqq into the dock. A few seconds later he heard a loud blare as the time locks were set. He was locked in for the night.

Rajab stared at the board with extreme eagerness. The snarl on his face devouring every word on the large monitors. The excitement inside him was at its acmatic point when his chubby thumb slammed on top of the red button which said ‘launch’ on it.

“The program has been launched, Congratulations! Mr. Rajab,” The computerized voice sprung an unexplainable feeling in Rajab’s heart. He felt power, pride and superiority flow through the veins. The monitors showed large images of the virus. The list of websites appeared loaded in front of the screen. Rajab burst into a hysterical laugh; nothing could possibly stop him now. A loud shot from the computers got his attention. The display on the monitors dragged back and forth for a few seconds, and then a black page darkened the screen and slowly from the top appeared sentences in different colors that all said the same thing,

“Labaik ya Imam!!!”

Labaik ya Imam!!!

Labaik ya Imam!!!

Labaik ya Imam!!!

Labaik ya Imam!!!

Labaik ya Imam!!!

Labaik ya Imam!!!

“Noooooooooooooooooooooooooooo....” Rajab’s voice shattered the silence in the warehouse.

Chapter 8-It all ends



Rajab had snapped and started a rampage. Desks and chairs flew everywhere as stationary and paper cluttered the air. Plugs were ripped from their sockets and wires hissed and sparked. Rajab's hands crushed everything that fell into them. His temper overpowered his sanity. When he had caused enough chaos, he collapsed in the centre of the circle. The alarm buzzed and a small hole appeared in the roof, a beam of daylight from above flew upon Rajab. From the hole fell a scrap of paper that fluttered down to where Rajab was sitting. He looked up, shielding his eyes from the blazing light of the day. He grasped the paper, and on it was written:



Rajab shuddered and charged towards the door in fear. With a loud groan, the door gave way to the man's weight. Without a stop, he stumbled through the plains of the moor, bounding straight to the city. Rushing through the crowd he tossed aside

anyone that came in his path. He burst through the door of the police station and threw himself onto the nearest desk. “Help me! Save me from them! They are coming after me! Just take me to jail! I have committed a crime!”

He grabbed the man’s collar and grabbed the hand cuffs clasping them around his wrists. The poor officer screamed into the walkie talkie on his shoulder demanding multiple guards to the spot. They grabbed Rajab and threw him into a claustrophobic cell. Rajab wrinkled his nose; the air was a mixed smell of stagnant water and rotten food. He was safe at last. He sank to his knees. They could not reach him here.

Huda and Shajeeh had gone crazy with worry and grief. They were on the janamaz the whole time. The eruption of “Labaik ya Imam” sent Huda and Shajeeh into sajda after sajda as they praised and thanked Allah for their success. The doorbell sent a sharp tring through their ears. Shajeeh went to answer it. His yell brought Huda racing to the door. In came a bedraggled and haggard Samir. After he sat down, the first thing he said was,

“Alhamdulillah! We did it!!”

Shajeeh and Huda stared at each other in relief and then they fixed a feast for the three of them. Rice, chicken curries and so much more! Huda had prepared a giant cake which made Samir’s mouth water. For the next few minutes there was silence as the three dug into the food. With smiles, happy hearts and full tummies the three parted ways. Upon reaching home, all of them collapsed in their beds for a long well deserved sleep.