



The Messengers

Book 6



Respite after Spite

The evil makes a move, a strong and apparently, a successful one.

*DEDICATED TO,
Syeda Rida Zehra and
Mohammad Ali Mujtaba
Two friends who have always been
by my side.*

**Pleas recite Surah Fatiha for Syed Nadeem ul Hassan and
Mrs. Mehar Jabeen**

DUA IMAM-E-ZAMANA



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

CONTENTS

<u>Chapter 1 – A spring of memories.....</u>	<u>5</u>
<u>Chapter 2 – The tragedy strikes!!.....</u>	<u>10</u>
<u>Chapter 3 – Taken Aback</u>	<u>12</u>
<u>Chapter 4 – Truth or tales?</u>	<u>15</u>
<u>Chapter 5 – Someone special.....</u>	<u>17</u>
<u>Chapter 6 – Freeing a friend from a foe</u>	<u>22</u>
<u>Chapter 7 – Secrets and surprises</u>	<u>28</u>
<u>Chapter 8 – Hang on Huda!.....</u>	<u>34</u>

Chapter 1 – A spring of memories

Life surged forth from every corner. Smiling at their sunny friend, the golden buttercups waved their yellow heads merrily. Reaching from the soil was the grass, desperate to let its green stems touch the ever warm rays of the sun. The flowers opened their petals wide, showing off their beautify colours, waiting for the busy bees droning nearby. Spiders webs covered with dew, glistened like crystals and pearls. Pastures were scattered with new-born lambs. Puffy clouds littered the sky as they moved over the city of Peaceville. Spring had come.

Samir gazed in awe at the view from his balcony. He had boarded the rollercoaster of memories, taking him back to the previous year. His simple habit of self-accountability had flipped his life. At first, he began to see images of his inner self in the mirror in the form of birds like swans and vultures. It then moved to the stage where he could transform into birds! It was not long before he had a small team to help him defend the Islamic city of Peaceville. His best friend, Shajeeh; his late wife's friend, Huda; his housekeeper's son, Mukhtar, and two young girls, Maira and Zahra who were the latest addition to the team. Mukhtar was also blessed with the special power of controlling light.

This little team had already saved Peaceville many times from mad men; cunning conspirator's; precarious plans; and preserved the city's Islamic, pure stature. However, it was more easily said than done. One of their arch adversaries was a woman named Naas, who had been disgraced and had been boycotted by the citizens of Peaceville for her manipulative and ambitious attitude of turning a situation to serve her own personal ambitions. Ever since that day, she had tried many ways to find those who had exposed her; those people being Samir and the team. However, Allah (swt) protected his servants and she remained



unsuccessful.

His thoughts were broken by the loud ringing of the phone. He had set a timer to remind him to get ready for their weekly meeting.

After a quick shower, he got dressed and drove off to the team's office.

He found Maira and Zahra there, waiting for the others. The two had dressed in the same thing, looking more like twins than cousins.

After a few minutes, everyone was there. They all sat down on the table and began with the Dua for success.

“Part of our success lies in keeping an eye on our obvious enemies. We need to be aware of their activities. So, let's talk about Naas who is one of the main ones”. Samir commenced the meeting.

Zahra raised her hand and after an approving nod announced. “Our estimations lead to the fact that she is nearby but not in Peaceville, since no one would be willing to shelter her. We suggest looking into the databases of recent arrivals in all towns and cities within close proximity of Peaceville borders.”

“True.... but do keep in mind that when people like Rajab could live in Peaceville, there will be more like him who will give her shelter,” mentioned Shajeeh. He continued,

“ Naas is not only manipulative but she is very good at turning the circumstances to her own benefits through whichever means necessary; be it lying, cheating or any other greater sin. For now, we have to find about Naas's location and current activities. She has been out of

picture for some time and that should make us nervous.”

Every one nodded in agreement. After another small discussion, the meeting concluded.

Zahra and Maira were bothered by something. Samir had dismissed a few of their ideas and they were unhappy. Huda looked worryingly at the two girls.

“Huda Baji, don’t you feel a little put down?” asked Maira innocently.

“And why would I experience such an emotion?”

“Well, hasn’t it ever occurred to you that even after all we do, men don’t take us seriously?”

Huda threw a disappointed gaze at the girls that had a hint of anger. “Girls, you know that this team was established in the name of our Imam (ajtf) and all we do is under His name. We try to make our efforts such that He will appreciate them immensely. The priorities of this team are to protect Peaceville and get closer to the Imam of our time (ajtf), and not personal gains and benefits. If someone attempts to use this for their personal desires then it is like taking a first step to becoming a person like Naas. As to answer your question, no, I don’t. I feel blessed to be part of this sincere team which is providing me with an opportunity



to serve my Imam (ajtf). We should focus on this goal” She then continued in a lighter tone with a smirk,

“After all, if you look through Islamic history, you will notice that men are the ones who lead. Wilayat or leadership is an attribute for men. Beware that the best effective tool of the enemy is divide and rule. If we stand together, none can push us down.”

The girls still didn’t look very convinced.

“Tsk, tsk” remarked Huda. “Don’t let these little things bother you. Now, let me see a smile.”

The girls couldn’t keep a straight face, and each broke into a grin. Huda smiled contently and treated them to ice-cream before dropping them home.

However, this did not last for long.

An hour later they were sitting in their room scowling again. They stayed up late that night talking to each other. They had some plans for the next meeting. Shaitan was clearly making his move and apparently looked quite successful.

Chapter 2 – The tragedy strikes!!

The meetings occurred more frequently and the team followed all available leads. The girls worked hard but continued to display an attitude; an attitude that only Huda was noticing.

She approached them once and reprimanded them for their behaviour but it did not do much good.

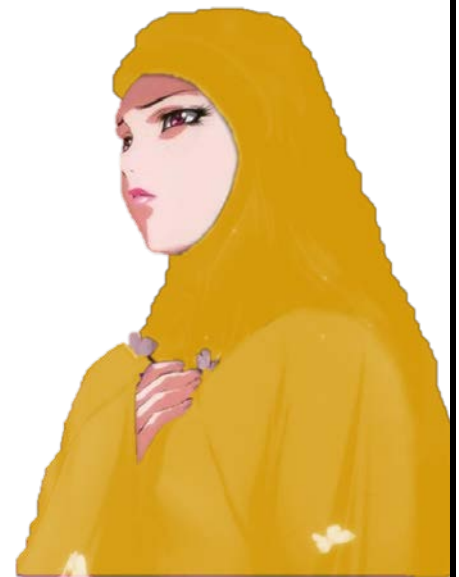
Naas was in her office, in deep contemplation. A woman sat at the adjacent table. She wore an angry scowl. Finally she threw up her hands, fell on her knees and cried,

“By He who caused the water to split for Moses, I see no solution for my plight.”

The woman rushed to her and whispered rapidly, “Ma’am, please, control yourself. Such an action would be deemed as a sign of weakness.”

Naas stood up and said, “Well Jodah, what do I do? I have never felt this angry and helpless in my entire life.

Huda returned home in a very bad mood. The girls’ attitude was very disappointing. She hurried inside and began to prepare for the meeting. In her haste, she didn’t notice the dark car that rolled into the shadows.



After working for an hour, she felt very tired and decided to calm down by reading a book. She took down her favourite book and sat down to read it. After a few minutes there was a rapid knock on the door.

She placed her bookmark on the page, and hurriedly slipped on her hijab. When she opened the door, she was speechless. There stood the person that they were looking for...Naas! With a thin, smile on her face she whispered, “Delighted to see you again, my friend. Aren’t you going to invite me in?”

Huda regained her composure and replied, “You are no friend of mine. No follower of the Imam (ajtf) would associate themselves with your name. To us, you are the murderer of peace and harmony and an accomplice of deceit and wickedness. Leave now or I will call the police.”

Naas was taken aback by this sudden tirade. But, she responded, “I thought you wouldn’t, that a pity.”

She snapped her fingers. Suddenly, everything around Huda went black, before she fell into a deep sleep.

Chapter 3 – Taken Aback

Everyone arrived punctually at the next meeting. The girls were still angry. Fifteen minutes had gone past since everyone had arrived, that is, everyone but Huda. After a few more minutes they decided to continue without her. The girls smiled to each other. Their plan was working.

The meeting was an exciting one. Since Shajeeh had found an image from a CCTV camera of Naas, in outskirts of the city. It was a few hours old but using that Mukhtar had managed to locate the nearest possible accommodation areas. The girls, under the heading of a survey, questioned all the accommodation providers about their guests. However, it led to a dead end.

Huda did not show up for the next two meetings. Samir began to get worried. He decided to contact Huda's brother, whom she may have visited.

Shajeeh called up Huda's brother, Ahmed, an old friend of his.

“Asalaam Alaikum, my dear friend. It's been quite some time. Where have you been hiding?” guffawed a deep voice on the other end.

“Wasalaam” laughed Shajeeh.

“How is your family; Huda and your wife?”

“My wife is fine, as for Huda, well, I haven’t really spoken to her in the past few weeks.”

“Really.”

“Yes, I have called her several times but she hasn’t picked up. But she sent me a text saying that she had left on some urgent business and would be unavailable for a good few weeks.”

“Well, I’m sure that she’ll call as soon as she can. I have to go now, give my salaams to everyone, Khudahafiz”

“Khudahafiz.”



Shajeeh hung up after talking for a few minutes. He told everyone about what had happened. The girls dismissed this as nothing serious but the men felt worried.

That night, the girls took a takeaway to Huda’s house; thinking that she finally agreed with them. Seeing the light in the living room window, they assumed that she would still be awake. However, when they reached the house, the door was unlocked. They got a bit worried now.

Maira opened the door and Zahra rushed in. The place was empty. There was nothing out of place, except for a book that lay on a little table beside an armchair. They searched the place from top to bottom, finding no sign of Huda.

Maira gasped, “What has happened to Huda?”

The girls closed the door and ran out of the house. They were very frightened and unsure of what they should do. They reached home but no matter how hard they tried, none of them could sleep that night.

“Zahra, what should we do?” Maira’s voice trembled as she spoke from underneath the covers.

“We need to tell the others.” Came her firm reply.

“But will they believe us?”

“I have no idea. But we have to try. For Huda’s sake. Who knows what could have happened to her.”

‘What victory were we hoping to achieve? We have been foolish, and because of that, Huda might be in trouble. Oh, I hope that the others believe us.’

The two of them went home and fell in to a fitful sleep. Their conscience was nagging at them, chiding them for what they had said and done.

Chapter 4 – Truth or tales?

Maira and Zahra came the next morning, trembling from shock and fear. They reached there a few minutes earlier to find the office door unlocked. Samir was inside, sitting in one of the couches. His head was in his hand as he contemplated deeply. Why didn't Huda show up? How could she have disappeared without a trace?

The noise of the door opening broke his trance. The girls shuffled in nervously. Noticing their scared and hesitant glances, he asked them in a concerned tone, “Is something wrong?”

“Yes, but it can wait till the others arrived.” replied Zahra as confidently as she could.

Samir nodded in acknowledgment and then resumed his thoughts. Zahra and Maira sat down near the table. Their faces wore scared, pitiful expressions.

It wasn't long before the others arrived. It was obvious that Huda's sudden disappearance had a disturbing effect on the team. Zahra cleared her throat and announced,

“Maira and I have some disturbing news. Last night, we went to Huda's house, to ...



um ... visit her. But when we arrived, we found the door open, with no signs of Huda.”

Samir looked at the girls and then opened his mouth to speak when Maira cried out,

“Wait! What worries us is that everything was in place but two objects. A book marked on a specific page, and – more importantly – a strewn slipper.”

“A slipper...I don’t understand...what are you girls trying to say?” Shajeeh spoke on behalf of everyone.

It had been dragged from the centre of the living room to the door. There were scratch marks on the wood from its pulling.”

There was silence for a few seconds. After a few minutes Samir cleared his throat and announced,

“Zahra, Maira, as much as we appreciate your concern about Huda, we can’t jump to such drastic conclusions based on such minor speculations. We have enough on our plates, and these added worries won’t help. For now, we remain under the assumption that the text is correct, and we direct our attention and efforts towards finding Naas. That’s what I think.”

Chapter 5 – someone special

Shajeeh clearly disapproved of the evidence. “I don’t believe it. Who could? I mean, a slipper? You can’t get a clue that could appear more insignificant.”

“Why don’t we call her brother again? He should know.” Suggested Mukhtar.

“Uh-h, I don’t think so. The last thing we need is her brother worried for nothing.”

The three men racked their brains for a solution to their predicament.

“I got it!” yelled Mukhtar.

Both Samir and Shajeeh nearly fell down by his sudden outburst. Both gave him a stern stare.

“Well, what is it?” Asked Samir.

“It’s so simple; all of us should go to her office and ask for her. But not at the same time.”

They all prayed that they were overreacting and that Huda would turn up soon.

It was a beautiful morning in Peaceville. Spring whistled through the air, melting the frozen dewdrops. The trees branches were painted with green budding leaves, shading the delicate nests that were under construction. The grass unravelled its long, green

blades, swaying softly in the gentle zephyr that tickled the cheeks of the giggling babies.

Samir couldn't help but smile at the perfect surrounding. As he approached the building, he tested the Bluetooth in his ear to make sure that Shajeeh could hear him.



“Asalaam Alaikum” greeted the smiling receptionist as he approached the counter.

“Walaikum Salam.” Replied Samir.

“I wanted to arrange a meeting with Ms Huda? My name is Samir Raza. My organisation is on the partnership list.”

“Sure sir. Please take a seat whilst I process your request.”

Samir entered the waiting room. There were a few other people there. Samir gazed over the walls, in deep thought, when he was interrupted by a young lady.

“Mr Samir, my name is Sister Narjis, please follow me.”

She led Samir towards a large hall filled with desks and some glassed off cubicles. She led Samir towards one of the desks and seated herself opposite him.

“Sir I am regretful to report that Ms. Huda is currently unavailable. I am her current representative and if you have any queries or requests, I shall be more than delighted to assist you.”

“Oh! That’s inconvenient. Would you be able to give a date when she will be present?”

“I am afraid I cannot. Ms Huda’s appearance is entirely at her own discretion. We have received a message from Ms Huda stating that due to some urgent work abroad she will be unavailable for quite some time.”

“I see. Please be sure to notify my secretary as soon as she returns.”

After exchanging farewell, he left the office deep in thought.

The day after the next, Shajeeh visited the office under the excuse of collecting the monthly report for the government branch that he worked for.

Again he was met with the same response, and so was Mukhtar a few days later. Huda was unavailable and the company was unsure as to when she would return.

At the next meeting, Mukhtar declared,

“I can’t handle any more of this suspense. I think that we should go and investigate at Huda’s house”

The others agreed and that night Samir and Mukhtar went to Huda’s house. It was unlocked, so it was easy

for them to get in. They stepped onto the rug and gently closed the door behind them.

Taking a deep breath, Mukhtar opened his hands in a cup form, aimed on the floor. Within moments the entire room lit up from the strong blue rays that emanated from his hands. Slowly, he directed the rays across the floor. First he and Samir saw a trail of fat marks that were from the slipper by the door. They led to the door and then a few steps back. Following the retreating steps, were the marks from a high heeled sandal. Zooming in onto the wider edge, Samir saw a



brand label that left him staggering in to the nearby armchair.

“What’s wrong?” queered Mukhtar.

“That label is of ‘Ladies Dream Designer Exclusive Couture’.”

"How does that have anything to do with Huda?" Inquired Mukhtar, muddled by Samir’s drastic reaction.

"That brand, is owned by ... Naas."

Mukhtar slumped down on the floor, diminishing the bright UV lights to the yellow glow of a torch.

"So, this means the girls were right, weren’t they?"

Samir nodded in agreement. "We have to inform the others. Now, it is even more imperative that we find Naas. She must have gone after Huda for being the one that exposed her. But I was the one who sent her on that task."

Mukhtar responded, "This isn’t anyone’s fault. Its Allah’s will. With His help we will find her Inshallah"

Samir smiled at the young man by his side. Between them; like a jolt of energy, shot a look; one of hope, determination, bravery, and prayer. They informed Shajeeh. When they went home, each offered a 2-rakat namaz for Huda’s safety and welfare. The girls were weeping at home. They knew what had happened. After the namaz they felt at peace.

Chapter 6 – Freeing a friend from a foe

Huda sat up groggily. Her head felt a little dizzy and her arms and legs felt stiff and sore. After a few minutes she could make out certain details of her dim surroundings. She lay on the smooth wooden floor of a small square room. Besides the small flap at the end of the door, the main source of light came from a barred window, through a thick blind.

Through the dim light she could make out four walls, two of which had doors, one with a small window and the other had a bed which could be folded into the wall.

Huda stood up and tried each door. One opened into a basic washroom and the other was locked. The locked door was big and heavy, and made of metal. Soon her eyes adjusted to the dim light and she moved around her small chamber. Then she halted and listened intently. She could hear a voice, just barely; speaking on the other side of the door. Because they spoke in whispers, it was hard to hear what they were saying. But Huda could clearly make out a distinct voice. It was haughty and snubbing with an air of deceit in it. The thought sent shivers up her spine as she realised that it was Naas.

Suddenly the metal door squealed and creaked before giving a satisfying groan. It swung open, and there appeared Huda's most abhorred adversary, Naas.

"Hello my dear." She greeted in her sickening sweet voice.

Huda's stomach lurched and flipped inside her but she didn't respond.

"I see, we still have reservations regarding our previous experiences...that's a pity."

Huda remained in her calm composure. Her irresponsiveness angered Naas but she forced a smile.

"I always admired you Huda. Your bold, courageous attitude is well known to many. You are skilled and talented. With a thriving organization such as yours, you could turn your living style upside down. With the assets you have in your business account, you could live in a castle instead of that run-down cottage.

With my help, you could conquer the world and build an empire like no other. After all, you have to be big to do big things."

Huda chuckled and replied, "I am already attempting to build an



empire. It's true that I am unaware of its current state but I know that my business is providing me with more assets than all the money in the world."

Naas appeared confused.

"As for my home," she continued. I want people to be more interested in what I did and who I was, rather than where I lived. All the best people in the worlds came from humble beginnings, like our Imams and Prophet."

Naas's previous courteous tone and look were gone. Now anger and hate swam in those nebulous eyes. She was very confused and perplexed but made sure that a look of calm and cunningness stayed on her face.

"Look here Huda. You are at my mercy –"

Huda giggled, like a naughty child. Naas shot her a stern look.

"I'm sorry, but I don't recall any part of my statement being funny."

Huda stifled her laugh and replied. "Of course what's happening is very serious but what you said about me being at your mercy, was hilarious. You see, whether here, in the office, or at home, I will never be 'at your mercy'. We are only at the mercy of Allah (swt) and I am content to accept whatever future he has planned for

me. Be it spending the next five years here or the next five minutes.”

Naas was shocked. She had hoped that her phrase would intimidate Huda, but it appeared to have an opposite effect.

“I suppose you have already messaged my family and business about my disappearance with some very valid excuse.”

Naas tried her hardest to hide the surprise but Huda could easily see her confusion.

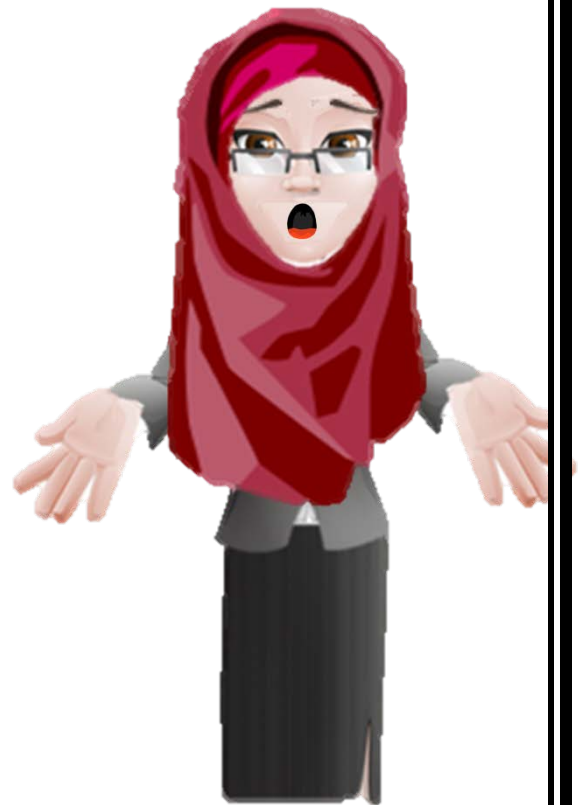
“You expected to intimidate me, well I’m sorry I didn’t give you the expected reaction. Although you have left me upset about something.”

Sighed Huda, her arms crossed as she leant against the stone wall.

Naas’s eyes lit up, an evil smile growing on her face. Huda looked up to the skies and asked in a sad tone,

“Oh Allah! With me gone, who will attend to the needs of my precious plants?”

Naas’s smile disappeared. She



glared angrily at Huda and exclaimed,

“Enough! Who do you work for?”

“Well,” began Huda, “I work for Allah (swt) and my Imam (ajtf). With their help, I also work for the mayor of Peaceville, Mr. Abidi.”

She smiled sweetly. Now, Naas’s stomach churned inside her. Huda’s confidence and fearless attitude perplexed and angered her.

“I asked you, who did you work for? How did you know about my little office scheme?”

Huda looked bored and responded “I found out.”

“From who?”

“Allah sent a little bird, to whisper your secret in my ears.” Huda wore an ear-to-ear smile.

Naas couldn’t stand it any longer. “Jodah!” she yelled. A young woman came rushing in. She was tall and thin. Her pale complexion made her green eyes stand out as they twinkled wickedly. Huda was disgusted by what she saw. This woman looked even more cunning than Naas. Her green eyes eyed Huda cautiously.

“We keep her, for now.”

The young lady nodded eagerly and followed Naas out the door. As the large door closed, Huda sighed. Only one thought echoed in her mind, ‘What happened to the others?’

Chapter 7 – Secrets and surprises

Samir, Shajeeh and Mukhtar had begun an emergency search for Huda and Naas. They decided to start with the city of Aggressville.

Shajeeh, with Mukhtar's assistance, combed the internet and phone logs for any hint that could assist them. Huda may have attempted to send a distress signal. Samir became their eye in the sky, spending many hours gliding over the mysterious city.

However, their efforts were to no avail.

The two girls had other plans in mind. They began to walk towards the border where the two cities met. Maira had a bag full of brochures for some family event in Peaceville. They went around from place to place and asked various questions in hope that it would lead them to Naas. One lady pointed in the desired direction.

When they gave her the brochure, she peered at it carefully and beckoned to the girls to come closer with a thin bony finger. When they did so, she whispered to them, "If you want to promote anything I suggest you go there."

She pointed at a fancy villa, not far from where they were standing.

"When the girls asked why, she replied, "That's where our wise mayor, Madam Naas lives."

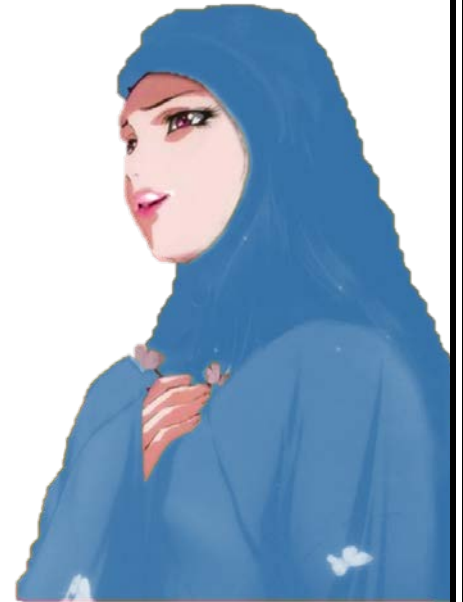
The girls thanked her and set off. With their hearts beating loudly in their chest, they approached the front door. There was no doubt that this was Naas's residence. The pavement to the door, was covered with red bricks and painted to look like a red carpet. It led up to the large French doors, each etched with a giant 'N'. The slots in the wood were filled with gold. Standing by them, were tall, elaborate pillars with swirling designs. Taking a deep breath, Zahra lifted the heavy gold knocker and let it thump against the door.

Their knock was promptly answered by a well-dressed maid. She smoothed her crumpled apron and asked them their purpose of visit.



“We have come to see, *Madam* Naas. We were told that she could assist us in our task.”

The woman nodded and ushered them into an, oddly designed room. The carpet was a lovely royal red, but everything else was gold. The objects were polished so that they shone in the light given from the exotic twelve bulb chandelier. The walls were covered with pictures of Naas's snooty and uptight face. The constant chattering of the finches in the cage, was quite irritating. They didn't have to wait long. Soon Naas appeared in a fancy gown. It was long and blue, sweeping the floor behind her. Since it was nearly lunch time, she invited them to join her. When they were all seated at the table, a servant walked past, nodding briefly at Naas. In her hand was a covered tray which she was taking somewhere. Naas smiled sweetly and said, "A guest, my dear. It's an old colleague of mine. She came a few days ago and is very tired."



Maira noticed the walls and doors, covered with cameras. Zahra nodded and the two of them started a conversation regarding the event. Seeing that they were from people from Peaceville. Naas asked them some very strange questions,

"Have you noticed anything unusual in Peaceville?"

"No, I can't say that I have" responded Maira. Zahra gave a similar response. Naas then asked them a few

questions regarding some of her previous projects such as the easy cash out bank.

Both of the girls gave her vague but satisfying answers. After lunch, the two of them left. They went as fast as they could back to Peaceville.

All the men were still in the office. The girls entered. Zahra cleared her throat and announced,

“We have found Huda and Naas.”

Samir and Mukhtar jumped up, yelling out ‘where?’ and ‘how?’

They narrated their tale, not missing out on a single detail. The three men absorbed every word. When they were finished, there was a silence echoing through the room.

Samir stood up and turned to Shajeeh and Mukhtar, “Gentlemen, I believe that these girls have hit the bull’s eye. I think we have found Huda. We have no time, we need a plan.”

He smiled at the girls. Their response was a meek grin, but their eyes were twinkling with relief and excitement.

The girls sat down with Mukhtar and began to describe the details of Naas’s house. Mukhtar was rapidly typing into the computer as they spoke. After a few minutes,

he walked up to Samir and Shajeeh, who were working together on other tasks.

Samir looked up,

“The door they described is similar to the ones installed in the VIP areas of Aggressville. These doors are rigged with alarms and time locks. The lasers are highly sensitive and the cameras have motion detectors. It’s a very secure system.”

“Is there any way to enter after the door has been sealed?”

“The door has been designed not to let anything in or out, the only passage is the flap, but it’s too small.”

He had a mysterious smile on his face. Zahra got up and asked Samir, “Sir, a hummingbird is your smallest form but it can’t get in without attracting unwanted attention.”

Suddenly her eyes glistened and she began to speak so fast that no one could understand what she was saying.

“Sorry sir,” she mumbled again, blushing red. “An idea struck me.”

“And what is that?”

“You can change into any bird, true?”

Samir nodded.

She smiled and asked, "Have you ever tried anything else that flies?"

Maira jumped up and yelled, "I know! I know! How about a butterfly?"

Mukhtar stifled a laugh as Samir's face turned from surprise to confusion. He sighed and replied, "I don't know. I've never done such a thing."

Zahra shrugged her shoulders and said, "No time like the present."

Samir took a deep breath and closed his eyes. The room illuminated with a bright glow. He tried to focus all his mental energy, but gave a sudden gasp. The light disappeared, and there stood Samir unchanged. No matter how hard he tried, nothing happened. They sat down, disappointed but not disheartened.

"There has to be something we can do!" exclaimed Maira. The suspense was almost unbearable.

"Was there anything in Naas's house that we can use to get Samir inside?" queered Shajeeh.

Both girls thought deeply and yelled in unison, "Finches!"

Chapter 8 – Hang on Huda!

Huda lay down in the foldable bed. She had just finished her night prayers and felt very tired. She busied herself by reciting a prayer for the safety of the team. As usual, Naas’s deplorable assistant returned that night to question Huda. After the fruitless session, she returned empty-handed.

Frustrated, Naas stomped her high heel and yelled, “Enough! I’ve had it. If Huda is not going to tell us anything than she is of no use. We will decide her fate in the morning.”

Jodah nodded.

The next day started. Naas was heading towards the dining room for a late breakfast. She yawned loudly as she seated herself at the elegant table. A loud ring shattered her thoughts.

Seeing no one around, she stood up and muttered as she opened the door, “Useless maid! I pay her much more than what she’s worth!”

There she saw two young girls. Both wore decent outfits from her brand, which pleased Naas very much. She recognized them instantly.

“Salam *Madam* Naas. I hope we didn’t catch you at a bad moment.”



“Oh of course not. I was just about to have a late breakfast. Please come in.”

She led them into the living room.

“This mansion is absolutely beautiful!” cried Zahra.

“Would you mind giving me a tour? I could use such a background in my descriptive essay homework.

Naas was overwhelmed with pride. “We shall begin with the backyard.”

She led Zahra to a large door leading to the side of the house. Seeing that they were gone, Maira made her way to the elaborate cage. Inside were at least five chattering finches. She tapped her Bluetooth and after receiving confirmation that the cameras had blacked out, she opened her large handbag. A little finch nervously edged its way to the cage. After a quick flap, it swept itself to the back, hidden from sight. He rested on a nearby beam, knowing that he would be here for a few hours.

Huda lay in her containment cell, her lips whispering dhikr. She wondered how much longer Naas would tolerate her terse and useless answers. ‘She can’t go on for much longer.’ She thought to herself. As she pondered, a scraping sound filled the cold room, as a covered plate was shoved under the door. She lifted the tattered cloth to find a thin sandwich with some water. There was a little bread and meat but hardly enough to appease ones appetite.

To pass the time and ignore her rumbling stomach, Huda spent these days fasting. As she recited the Dua for the breaking of the fast she heard a rustle beside the flap. She was pouring some water, and the noise startled her, causing her to spill some onto the cold floor. Looking up, she saw a bird. ‘It has to be one of Naas’s finches.’ She thought.

She carefully picked up the cloth and gently tossed it at the bird. Rather than flying away, as she hoped, it stared at her and the rag. She then ushered it out,

“Go on, shoo!” but despite her constant attempts, it continued to look at her in a very humanoid manner. Suddenly it spread its wings and landed right next to the spilt water.

Huda watched it cautiously as she bit into the cold bread.

After she had finished, the bird dipped its feet in the water. Huda watched it fly over to the foot of her bed and walk in a queer pattern across the concrete wall.

Huda came closer and noticed the footprints formed letters!



It only wrote one word, 'Salam.'

She smiled in a confused manner and said, "If you are who I think you are, then fly over to the window and make a figure eight beside it."

The little finch flapped its tiny colorful wing and did as she had requested. Seeing this, Huda gasped in joy, but quickly gained her composure knowing that she was being closely monitored.

Suddenly her face lit up and she whispered something to the little bird. After a flash of light, she waited for a few minutes, after which she screamed loudly. Jodah and Naas came running to the door. Naas's face was plastered with a mud mask that made her look like a monster. "What is going on here?" She yelled. Huda ran out, screaming "There's a hawk in my room!"

Naas and Jodah screamed, and ran after her. They all ran out of the house, shadowed by a large bird. It had dark brown feathers following a snowy white head. The sharp eyes stood out against its pale feathers, making them look scarier. Its yellow talons were folded underneath the great powerful body that soared up with every strong stroke of its colossal wings. If the women stopped for a moment they may have noticed the kind brown eyes set into its predator physique.

They ran outside, yelling at the top of their voices, the eagle screeching in their ears before soaring into the black night sky. Hearing the tremendous amount of

noise, the neighbors phoned the police, who arrived promptly at the scene.

Naas and Jodah were running around in circles screaming,

“It’s behind me! Get it Jodah!” yelled Naas.

“Ma’am!” yelled the officer. Both woman stopped and looked around in confusion. “What happened?” he asked.

Suddenly Naas gasped and began to look around her. She ran around the property, the police and Jodah on her heels. She panted heavily before throwing her head up and screaming, “Nooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!”

Back at the office, things were unfolding. Huda and girls went into a private room while the men gathered food for a feast. However as they were bringing the stuff in, they passed by a closed door. Huda was talking to the girls, who eventually told the truth of what they intended to do. Huda calmed them down and assured them that it wasn’t their fault. Feeling happier, the ladies joined the men. The feast was scrumptious, but there was a mist of tension.

The boys threw looks of contempt and slight anger at the girls who began to feel more insecure, thinking that their secret may be known.

“We,” said Samir, gesturing to the men, “We have agreed that it would be best if the girls were relieved of their position in the team.”

“Samir may I speak to you.” Asked Huda.

They walked over to a corner and Huda told Samir the truth. “I implore you to reconsider. They are young and will make mistakes, but if we don’t encourage them on correcting them, next time there won’t be a connection.”

Samir went back to the other men who thought deeply. After discussing they approached the girls. “We have agreed to look pass this one and start over. We hope that Allah blesses you with an opportunity to correct your mistakes and strengthens your iman so that Shaitan finds it hard to mislead you.” Samir warned, “Huda grinned and announced, “Now, who wants some homemade desserts?”

“Me!” yelled Mukhtar causing all the others to laugh with ear-to-ear grins on their faces. All was well.



Sneak Peek!

Book 7



Sugarcoated Evil

Sugar, spice and everything nice...

That's what this villain's made of...

“Come in.” echoed the gruff voice. A long thin woman entered the room. She swept across the floor to the desk and seated herself at the opposite chair.

“How did it go?” he asked, lighting an enormous pipe.

“Well it wasn’t exactly the best life working under someone far more inferior and less capable than myself. However, the outcome was as you predicted. She based her entire efforts on the woman who exposed her. This woman wasn’t intimidated and all her questioning and threatening was to no avail.”

“It’s all right, we knew that she was only a temporary asset.”

“Now sir, it is now time, I’m tired of working under inferior characters. With all due respect sir, I believe that I should head the project now.”

He nodded in approval, pleased she began to depart.

“But Jodah,” called the man. “Remember something, you have high standard. I expect results. If I face any complication from your end... Your fate will be much worse that of those who preceded you.”

Jodah nodded with as much confidence she could muster in her nervous state. She knew that the Boss was serious about such a statement. Without further ado, she set her mind into thinking a new strategy for domination of the one city that had thwarted all their plans, Peaceville.

PUBLISHED SO FAR:

BOOK 1 - SUPERHERO OR SUPERMAN?

BOOK 2 - SUPERHERO AT PLAY!

BOOK 3 - ARE THERE MORE LIKE ME?

BOOK 4 - LITTLE THINGS...BIG IMPACT!

BOOK 5 - PEEK A BOO! I KNOW YOU!

Missed on a previous book? No problem! Read all the books online on our new website:

www.asr313.com

Keep up-to-date with new arrivals and titles on our Facebook page: Asr Kids



Shaitan is at play...

Using various ways...

He makes his move...

Which appears to be successful...

**But when the team is disintegrating...
the goodness inside all of them
emerges...**

Fighting for what is worth protecting...

**Will the team's personal problems cause
their destruction? Or will they be able to
unite to continue to protect Peaceville?**