



# The Messengers

Book 4



LITTLE THINGS... **BIG IMPACT!**

Small things have an impact; we just don't realize how big.....

# Dua Imam-e-Zamana



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

*DEDICATED TO  
BOO QASIMA.  
I WISH I COULD HAVE MET YOU....*

**Please recite Surah-e-Fatiha for Syed Nadeem-ul Hasan  
and Mrs. Maher Jabeen**

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## Chapter 1 - A call of urgency

**A**utumn dawned on the city of Peaceville with beautiful colors and cool late year breeze. Every tree stood tall and grand; each leaf designed in its own special way. Colors leapt forth from every corner. The farms smelt of fresh sweet hay as they hauled in fat vegetables for the seasonal competitions. The ground was turned inside out by kids searching for carrots and potatoes that had been left behind. The town was piled up high with leaves in every corner. Children laughed and screamed with joy as they plunged into the large piles of leaves filling the air around them with color.

Samir was busy in the garden catching leaves with Sonu and Zain when Hannah called him from the backyard door.

“Samir Baba! Samir Baba! You have a call from Br. Shajeeh. He said it’s important!”

“Alright Hannah, I’m on my way!”

He bounded through the short cut grass up to the house door. His hands felt cold as it had been quite a windy day. Samir stomped his feet and rubbed his hands to get some warmth.

Dry and crunched leaves fluttered down onto the floor. Hannah handed the phone to Samir. After she saw the mess on the floor, she faced Samir with a disapproved look. He smiled apologetically and slipped away to his room while Hannah grabbed the nearby broom and began sweeping the leaves.



He closed the balcony door so that he could hear the voice on the other side of the phone. “Asalaam Shajeeh, how are you?”

“Wasalaam. I’m fine Samir; how are the kids?”

“Spontaneous as usual; so what’s up?”

“Mukhtar has requested to hold a meeting so I wanted to know if there is any day that would suit you.”

“Well, tomorrow I don’t need to be at the office.”

“Great. I’ll call the other members and see if we can meet tomorrow.”

The conversation was broken by a loud wail from the backyard.

“Ok buddy, I’m running late for an important commitment and the road is jammed with traffic. See you tomorrow”

“Sure Shajeeh. I’ll mark the time on my planner. Call me if there are any changes.”

“Sure, Ala-fiz.”

Samir peered over the balcony and saw Hannah rubbing Sonu’s knee and then set her off running after Zain who sped past them.

He watched the sun as it started to set. The once pale sky was now stained with streaks of yellow and orange. The clouds looked like soft fluff edged with pink and purple to match the dazzling evening. He prayed the evening prayers and slipped into the cool silk sheets. A gentle zephyr slipping through a slightly ajar window filled the room with the smell of fresh leaves. He closed his eyes and fell asleep.

## Chapter 2 - Maybe.....Maybe not.

**S**amir woke up to the sound of chirping birds. He slipped into some casual clothes and quietly sneaked past the hallway because Sonu and Zain were still asleep. He wore a thick jacket and made his way to the car. The cold that hit him on his way to the car was not welcomed.

Icy blasts of air bounced off the the thick jacket. Samir pulled it more tightly around him to fend off the frosty blaze that nibbled his fingers. Chills seeped into his thin sneakers.

“I wish I had worn my boots. The weather is simply awful.” He slid into his car and the door was swung shut by the strong windy blasts.

The trees along the side of the road swung their great branches proudly as if signalling to the wind. His sunglasses dimmed the glistening sparkles that cluttered along the pavement, reflecting the light of the sun.



He stepped out of the car and swung the computer bag over his shoulder hurrying into the office room where the rest of the team was waiting.

“Okay, we can start now that Brother Samir is here.” Said Mukhtar. Samir took a seat in a nearby chair. Mukhtar took a deep breath and began.



“I am not sure how many of you are aware, but a new bank by the name of ‘Easy Cash Out’ has recently opened in Peaceville. It’s a small business, not too popular. However I feel that something else is going on behind the closed doors.” The group looked somewhat doubtful. Mukhtar’s suspicions didn’t seem to be too concrete.

“I found this.” A flyer was passed around. Samir held the thin poster paper carefully. It was a persuasive ad about borrowing money from the bank.



“I don’t see anything unusual.” Samir said, his brow burrowed deep in contemplation. “All companies exaggerate when it comes to advertising. It could just be a wild goose chase.

## Chapter 3 - Dress the best!

**H**uda hurried into her apartment. She was running late for a farewell party which was organized by a friend of hers who was going on a ziarat trip.

The walls were adorned with gold garlands saying

‘I’ll be back soon.’

The doors were embellished with long flimsy strings of sparkling stars and moons which gave the guests a convivial feeling as they entered the house. Huda was wearing her lovely sea green dress. She started meeting other ladies.



One of the women was wearing a long deep pink dress with lacy frills at the end.

The gold cardigan attached to the dress was silk with floral patterns made out of cloth. The dress glistened in the light like it had been covered with glitter. They were discussing the unfair high pricing of bad products in local boutiques. “Why, that’s a beautiful dress Nariya. Where did you find such a garment?” Huda asked.

“Well, havent you noticed that whenever we buy a garment like this, it is usually made of tawdry cloth

which releases threads and becomes loose and misfitted after a few parties. Luckily, I saw an ad for ‘Ladies Dream Designer Exclusive Couture’ a new brand in the town and I got this dress made from there.”

She named the price for which she bought it, and Huda’s jaw hung in mid-air. “That is a lot of money to spend on a dress, don’t you think?”

“You see I got this” She handed Huda a small blue card. “This is a dream card.”



“Hmmm. And how does this work?” Asked Huda. “It’s quite simple. You fill out a short application form and with guaranteed approval, you’re good to go. All stores have a 40% discount on purchases if you use this card to pay.” You can also buy cheap from their personal brands like Ladies Dream Designer Exclusive Couture. Its first timers promotions are exquisite and services are very convenient. It’s a must part of every wallet. In fact, ‘Easy Cash Out’ is going to hold an event to formally introduce themselves to the community. It’s about a couple of days from today.”

Before Huda could reply, they heard a ringtone and Nariya went rummaging in her gold clutch for her phone. “Just a second” said Nariya. Huda thought for a moment.

“Nariya, do you mind if I take a note of the company for reference?” Nariya nodded her head absent-mindedly and went back to her conversation. She noted the name the name of the company from the card before returning it to Nariya. After saying farewell to the host, she called the others for a meeting the very next day.

## Chapter 4 - Just a loan...

The next meeting had the room buzzing with excitement. Huda waited patiently until everyone was ready.

“In our previous meeting, we discussed a bank named ‘Easy Cash Out’.”

She then narrated the incident that occurred at the party.

Huda also told them about the introduction event. Samir stood up and said, “ My friends I think we might be indulging ourselves into a situation that may be more than what meets the eye. We have to remember that our suppositions could be incorrect; but if they’re not, than we best be prepared for the future...whatever it may be.”

They all concurred with Samir and set off home having that as the ending sentence for the meeting.

Shajeeh was on his way when his phone vibrated on the passenger seat. The car’s automatic bluetooth picked up the call.

“Hello?”

“Shajeeh, please, you have to help me”

“Mohammad? Is that you?” Mohammad Awn was an old colleague and a college friend. He now worked for a famous phone company down towards the southern region of Peaceville.

“Their isn’t time. Please meet me near Moula-e-Wafa mosque at 7 o’clock tonight.will you?”

“But... What..”

“There’s no time to explain. Please Shajeeh.... You’re my last hope... I know you’d never turn your back on an old friend.”

“But, what is this about?”

“Long story. Meet me at the mosque at 7 and I will tell you. I need yo-”

\*Buzz\*... Please deposit 25 pence to continue your call  
\*Buzz\*”

“Hello? Mohammad?”

Shajeeh hung up confused and shocked. What could his friend possibly be talking about? The only way to find out is to be at the mosque, he told himself. There was an hour till then, so he decided to go out on a walk through the neighbourhood to clear his mind.

It was quite chilly outside but the parks still flourished with the sounds of laughter, joy and mischief. Shajeeh sat down on a nearby bench to overlook the situation at hand. Mohammad was a well-to-do, decent man with a wife and three kids who were graduating from the reputable institutes of Peaceville. As far as Shajeeh knew, they were all part of the advanced academic programmes in their institutes. Why would he need help?

Shajeeh's mind came back to his surroundings. Two men were handing out brightly coloured flyers to kids and parents. They also wore bright green T-shirts which bore the message 'Easy Cash Out Bank. Money in a flash with no tax!' He walked up to the two and after greeting them, Shajeeh asked,



“So.... What is this bank?”

“I’m Yusuf” began the taller of the two “And this is Amr. We work for ‘Easy Cash Out Bank’. We are dedicated to giving people the money they need, to get what they dream, in the easy, breezy and most convenient way possible. We make sure that you receive only the best. ‘Easy Cash Out’ is taking the first financial step to make dreams come true.”

“Hmmm.... Very interesting and do you have a number or an email through which I can contact the business?”

“Actually,” Amr began “Easy Cash Out is hosting an event in which the bank will formally introduce its exquisite services to the city of ..... of ....um”

“Peaceville silly!” Hissed Yusuf.

“Ah! Yes, that’s right... to the city of Peaceville. In fact we’re also planning to buil- Ow!”

Yusuf smiled politely at Shajeeh before glaring angrily at Amr who was too obsessed with his aching foot to notice Yusuf’s icy stares. “Here is a flyer of the event. I look forward to seeing you there. Now if you will kindly excuse us, we have business to attend to.”

“We do? But we’re suppo-” Began Amr before being rudely cut off by Yusuf, who gave him a sharp look and replied “Yes we do.”

He turned to Shajeeh “Good day to you sir. Allah hafiz” he said rather coldly.

“Allah hafiz.”

Yusuf pulled Amr off and scolded him quietly not noticing the surprised and confused look on poor Amr’s face who seemed to be unaware of whatever crime he had committed.

Shajeeh slipped the thin piece of paper into his jacket pocket. He made a mental note to show it to the others later.

Shajeeh sat on the nearby bench in deep contemplation. A phase which his family called, 'No Nonsense mood'. He didn't even notice the flock of geese nor the mischievous goose that pecked the tip of his shoelace that trailed on the ground until it had opened the loose knot on his runners.

He recalled his conversation with Mohammad. Why would he call from a public pay phone? His thoughts were interrupted by the vibration of his phone. It was almost 7 o' clock. Shajeeh got up and walked home. He sat in his car and drove to the mosque.

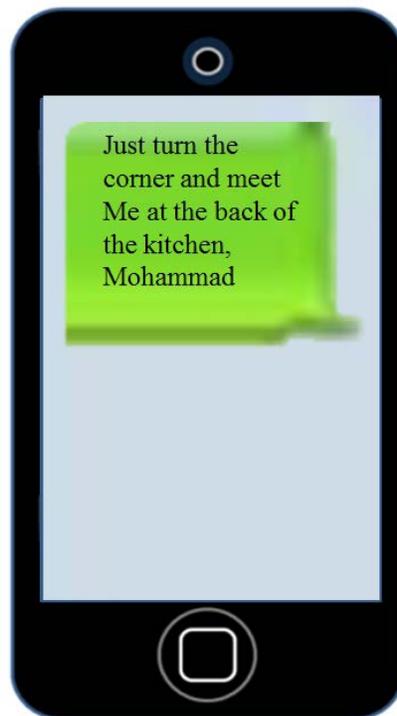


As he approached Ahmed Lake, a large building came into view. Its marble bricks were a soft honey combed color with dark streaks of brown. A large gateway with wooden doors stood open allowing access to the mosque. There was a giant green dome. The outer surface had

Quranic Ayats etched in, circulating the base. There was a long line of volunteers who worked for hours to keep the dome clean.

The most important part was that nearly every single person in Peaceville had contributed to the making of this mosque. Some in the work, but mostly in the payment.

Shajeeh parked his car and looked around, trying to find Muhammad. His phone vibrated and Shajeeh saw a text message from an unknown number. It read,



Shajeeh headed to the back of the kitchen of the mosque. He heard a hoarse voice, "Here!"

“Mohammad?”

From behind a few nearby crates, out stepped Mohammad. Shajeeh stood there in shock. His once prim and proper friend now stood in shambles. His hair was dishevelled in the most absurd manner and his face wore a haggard and wasted look. He wore a simple, red T-shirt with jeans but his shirt was crumpled and stained. His jeans were tattered and torn at the end. Threads and loose strings hung from the hemming. Deep, dark circles shadowed his eyes as if he hadn't slept for weeks.

“Asalaam Shajeeh”

“Wasalaam Mohammad.”

“I can understand your shock and surprise. I was a star in the prime of my youth. But later, I made some foolish decisions which caused my own downfall. My greed trapped me and now I face nothing but problems. All my privileges have disappeared before my very own eyes. Just like a plant that was once beautiful, but now, is a withered stick of dry leaves and old petals. I wish I could have foreseen the future of my actions before diving into a maze through which I would never find my way out. Please help me.”

“I don’t understand” quipped Shajeeh confused.

“Allow me to elaborate ... You must be aware of this ‘Easy Cash Out’ bank. Well, I decided to open an account. This was not too long ago. Soon I was given a credit card. I found an opportunity to make my family happy. I never had to say ‘No’ to my kids anymore. This credit card became a convenient source of cash and before I knew it, I was borrowing much more than what I was able to pay back.

After some time, they came knocking on my door for repayments. They said they understood my kerfuffle and instead of cash, gave me a choice to pay with items of equal value. They took most my wife’s jewellery, and some other valuable items. I was happy but not for long. They came back again with a bill twice as large as the previous one.”

“From the same card? Isn’t that a felony?”

“That was the issue; I wasn’t the only one in my family with a card. My wife and three kids had them too. Now you see the depth of the trouble I have tossed myself into.”

“They are threatening me and I don’t have anything left to give. Everything is gone, even my car. My savings are down to zero. All I need from you is some help with finding a second job that I can do to get out of this mess. I am even prepared to work on the weekends. I cannot leave behind a legacy of an infinite loan for my kids. I feel awful.”

“And you don’t suppose that working 24 hours, 7 days a week, will spoil your relationship with your kids and will reduce your life. Does that sound like an acceptable option?”

“I am desperate my friend, and I can’t think of any other solution.” Tears poured down his cheeks.

“Have tawakkul on Allah (swt). Let me think about what we can do and I will call you in a few days.”

Thank you so much Shajeeh. I will look forward to your call. Please help me and I will be eternally indebted.”

“We are only in debt of our Lord, my dear friend. Now try to get some good sleep. Allah hafiz.”

## Chapter 5 - Information Ho!

**A**n immediate meeting was called. Shajeeh narrated the event, while the others listened intently.

“So, now we know that slowly they are on a goal to bankrupt people and impound their items.” Stated Shajeeh. “The issue may seem small. But the amount of people going bankrupt is unbelievable. Mohammad wasn’t the only one.”

“If they are getting items from so many people, what do they do with it?” Mukhtar asked.

“Well, there’s only one way to find out.” Said Huda.

“Let’s follow them.” Samir exclaimed.

That day a small thrush followed a whistling workman. He pulled open the back of a large truck and placed inside were several boxes marked, ‘Valuables’.



“Hmmm that looks interesting”, chirped the thrush. He glided on top of a nearby fender and lay down low.

The truck backed up and turned down the main road. He double-backed a few times before heading up a side road. The path had obviously been used many times but since it was not a road, the ride was a bumpy one. There were many pot holes and humps and dips but the driver must have come down this route before because he was able to steer and keep control of the large vehicle. After about half an hour, the air smelt different. Samir took a whiff and cheeped rather loudly, “The Sea!”

Of course! He thought to himself. They ship the products out of the city. The driver jerked the vehicle to a halt before heading over to a man wearing dirty, salty clothes. He smoked a large pipe and his hat was ripped and torn from the top.

He hissed in a thin, raspy voice, “Where is my pay for last week?”

“You’ll get your dough” said the workman in a cool tone as if he had total authority over the situation.

The sailor hissed and pulled out a scruffy and dirty tobacco pouch from his pocket and tossed it to the driver.

The workman's relaxed face grew into a grin as he pulled out a thick wad of bills from the pouch.

“The big guy has a new set of instructions. This time they are to be shipped to the town of Vainville. Now enough chit-chat. Help me unload the cargo.”

“My pay?” hissed the sailor in an irritated tone.

“Ah....Yes, well here you go. Now unload the stuff. I'm on a schedule!”

The sailor seemed satisfied with the bills handed to him and helped the workman unload the boxes. He hurried into the truck and drove off onto the highway. Samir fluttered out and headed for his house. He was shocked and couldn't wait to tell the others.

The next meeting was exciting. Samir's story caused a wave of silence only to be broken by Mukhtar a few seconds later.

“So this bank cheats people out of their money, and then impounds items which they sell in other cities.” He announced.

“Right” Said Shajeeh “But we still have an opportunity...”

“What?”

“Did you forget?”

He then handed Mukhtar the flyer of the event.



## Chapter 6 - No more Mr. Nice guy: Phase 1

**T**he sun shone through the windows glistening on the glitter that was scattered across the wooden floor of the banquet hall. The white walls were covered with posters about promotions and offers from the bank. The stage was of black marble and the golden curtains hung down in frills and bows. A giant shade of clear glass-shaped crystals surrounded and adorned the light which hung above. There were many people from all over Peaceville.

A fanfare blew through the enormous speakers. Everyone hurried to their seats. A chubby man in a striped blue and white suit with a royal blue bowtie walked on the stage. His mustache curved in an elegant manner and his chin bobbed up and down as he spoke.

“Hello everybody!” he boomed into the microphone in a jovial tone. “Welcome to this marvellous event hosted by ‘Easy Cash Out Bank’!”

A loud applause from the audience was enough to tell the hidden Mukhtar that it was time to do his part. He nodded to Shajeeh.

Shajeeh slipped past the crowd towards the side door which led to the back of the stage. It was eerily quiet there. Nothing except a few props and scenes which were tucked away in a dark corner. He could still hear that spokesperson cracking jokes and making puns which released cheers and laughs from the audience. He saw a plastic black box and smiled. Inside were wiring and switches. He gave Mukhtar the signal. Mukhtar carefully positioned himself on the high beams that towered above the back of the stage. He was at an angle that unless someone came almost beneath him, they couldn't see him.

A hot sharp wave was shot into the air. The trajectory aimed towards the giant wire which ascended from the box heading upwards into the ceiling. The plastic melted away in seconds exposing the heavy wiring inside.

Shajeeh could hear the voice of the spokesman announcing questions and handing rewards to the ones who could answer. The beam continued to pierce through the wiring. Sparks spitted and spluttered from the wires before it fused with a loud sound.

The spokesman's voice faded away as the microphone went dead on stage. In fact, he didn't notice for quite some time.

The lights in the hall began to flicker. The spokesperson stared in surprise. Then with a puff, the hall went black.

Women and men glanced around in fear and children began to wail.

The dim light flooded in through the windows and from the cracks between the door and the wall. The light



caused a ghostly silhouette. Everyone hurried out, relieved to be out of the room that looked like a black abyss.

Shajeeh and Mukhtar hurried out with the crowd, unnoticed, while groups of workers hurried backstage. They exchanged a smile and with a triumphant look on their faces, watched the commotion through the rear window as they drove home.

## Chapter 7 - No more Mr. Nice guy: Phase 2

**N**ext day, the event was the talk of the town. Its story was the headings of all the papers and the banks entrance was flooded with reporters trying to catch a minute with the manager.

Workers were pulled aside and interviewed. The place was erupting with chaos. Inside the office of the bank, the heads and manager were present. The manager paced the floor



back and forth. All four stole glimpses at the each other to confirm that they weren't the only nervous ones.

“Well... anything to say? You guys have disgraced this bank, messed up a most important event and stirred the public and press commotion. Don't you have anything to say?”

They glanced at each other but no one spoke.

“What if the big guy comes down in the next few days?” continued the manager. “I can assure you that he would not be pleased and what would happen to us? Shut down, sacked and badmouthed. After Rajab's failure, Boss chose

us to do the work in this city. Peaceville cannot escape from our grasp. Fix it! Because that's your only option.”

All the heads nodded in agreement. They shuffled out of the office in single file with their heads bowed down in humiliation.

The day of the next event was warm and sunny. They had a shade in case of rain and a stage. Many people had attended. There was a long series of tables with various dishes. The spokesperson spoke in his fake jolly tone into the microphone.

Samir and Mukhtar watched from the inside of Samir's car.

“Well what do we do here? No blackouts or microphone falters and the place is crawling with guards and security.

“What about...” Samir whispered into Mukhtar's ear with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. They both nodded in agreement.

“My friends, this is the step to take; to reach that better world that all Peacevillians are struggling to achieve. I ca-  
RUN!”

The spokesman yelled and ran off stage screaming. The crowd turned around only to join him. A giant red hawk swooped out of the sky and dived towards the stage. Its screech echoed in the ears of the spokesman which it chased through the crowd. Men grabbed their families and rushed off. Children were snatched up by their parents and dashed away. The crowd had dispersed as if it was never there.

The organisers, who were standing at the side of the stage, now glanced at each other in horror as people disappeared. The site was a mess with overturned picnic mats and the food was scattered. They ran up and tried to convince people to come back, but their cries fell on deaf ears.

## Chapter 8 - A new plot....

**M**any people had gathered outside a site which was fenced by metal marks and security guards. On a wooden podium stood a young woman who was waiting to announce something. She looked as if she were dressed for a party. Her face overdosed with makeup and her yellow dress flowed behind like a river. The brown netting on top bore the initials in gold 'LDDEC'

The event was occurring towards the west side of Peaceville. It is more rural and is bordered with a large plot of land. The city is more towards the east side.

“What’s going on?” Samir asked Mukhtar.

He shrugged his shoulders “I have no idea”

The crowd settled down and the woman began.

On the microphone, was a face the team knew too well.

“Hello everyone.” She greeted “I, on behalf of the board of directors of ‘Easy Cash Out Bank’ and ‘Ladies Dream Designer Exclusive Couture’, proudly



announce the official beginning of construction of the new town Aggressville. Where values lie in making you not who you are but who you want to be. Live life in the lap of luxury. You can sign up to have a free one month trial with our exclusive town. If you have any questions, you can personally speak to me. My name is Ms. Naas and I am one of the directors of the project of Aggressville.”

Samir and Mukhtar stared in horror. “This is looking a lot more deeper than it seems. It appears that we are not yet done here.”

Back in the office, Naas was in a post event meeting with her boss.

“Hmm, well done. The city of Peaceville is becoming more of a challenge than business, and I chose you because I know that you seek vengeance. I will warn you though, that it seems like there is a force; a powerful force. It seems to destroy our plans leading from Rajab to the bank. This is no special city, yet, I feel an emanation of something very threatening by walking in its streets. Your task is not easy”

Naas nodded her head.

“I promise, I will not let you down. The city of Peaceville will be engulfed and no one will know until its too late.”

**Cant wait? Get a  
sneak peek at Book 5!**

**Peek A Boo!**

**I know you!**



A short announcement confirms the construction on the new town on the eastern periphery of Peaceville. Naas is back. A problem, the team thought, they had fixed. But she's back and is on a new task. The team has plunged themselves into a battle where the stakes are high. To keep their identity a secret for their safety, and that of the ones they love, and protecting the Islamic community of Peaceville. But will they be able to do both? Or will they falter and have to choose between the two?

Will the city of Peaceville be engulfed by the evil which has more power and intense determination?

Find out in Book 5 of the 'The Messengers':

**PEEK A BOO!**  
**I KNOW YOU!**



In our daily lives, we face situations where we have to make decisions. No matter how big or small, every decision has an impact on our future in this world and the Hereafter. Come along with Samir on his quest to save the city of Peaceville from a group who is willing to destroy others' future through tacit techniques.... Just to fill their own pockets.