



# The Messengers

Are there more like me???



SAMIR'S JOURNEY TO DISCOVER WHO'S OUT THERE...

# DUA IMAM-E-ZAMANA



اللهم كرتوليك الحجة  
والخير صلواتك عليه وعلى آياته  
في هذه الساعة وفي كل ساعة وليا وحافظا وقائدا  
وناصرا ودليلا وعينا حتى تسكنه أرضك  
طوعا ونقعه فيها طويلا برحمتك  
يا أرحم الراحمين

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

TO MY PARENTS,  
MIMI AND BABA  
THANK YOU FOR ALL  
THAT YOU'VE DONE FOR ME.

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## CHAPTER 1 - THE CITY OF PEACEVILLE

Summer had begun and Peaceville shone and glowed in the morning light. The dew drops glistened with multiple colors. A beautiful rainbow of red, yellow, blue, and purple curved through the empty sky. Playgrounds and parks were swarmed with happy children and busy parents. Kites seemed to fill the skies and the air smelled of delicious food provided by the side street vendors.



Samir stood on his balcony. The air was cool and breezy to fend off the hot beams of the sun. He thought of a great idea,

“This is an amazing day for a glide...”

He decided that a robin would be the best. Being a robin always relaxed him; a flighty little bird with excellent senses. It is appreciated by the public and not chased around like pigeons.

Along with the change in weather, the season also brought new friends. Mohsin, Rajab's caretaker, and Samir kept in touch and soon became family friends. Ali Raza, Shajeeh's son, was a frequent visitor to Samir's home, as his friendship with Zain blossomed. Hannah had introduced her son Mukhtar, to Samir, who had moved back to Peaceville after graduating from another city.

Shajeeh had new visitors as well. The house beside his own had been vacant for a few months and now, a new couple moved in. They were friendly and decent. His wife often invited the new neighbour for tea and they spend hours together enjoying each other's company.

Samir sat down on the cream covers of his bed. He closed his eyes and felt himself shrink smaller and smaller.



Excitement and joy ran up and down his spine. Warmth embraced his shoulders. A feeling that now felt so familiar. Bright light illuminated the room and when it faded, a young robin fluttered out into the glaring sun.

Samir stretched his little wings and took off. He passed over the boisterous playgrounds and over the edge of the forest, reached a small clearing.

It was dotted with clusters of flowers of all colors. He landed on a stump covered in soft fuzzy green moss that smelled of fresh grass. Samir lay down on it, basking his wings in the warm sun rays.

It was as if he was having a hot tub bath. He had only one thought in mind... "What a perfect day."

## CHAPTER 2-AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE

Samir snuggled down into the warm moss. However, he was unaware of the danger that lay before him.

Cautious and wary, a pair of piercing green eyes stared at him through the thick bushes. Like a shadow, it slid through the blades of grass that hardly swayed at its movements. It raised its orange head towards Samir, closer and closer until the shiny black nose touched the tip of his wings.

Samir felt a bit ticklish, and woke up only to stare into a pair of hypnotizing pupils. He was frozen, looking in horror



and fear. Its mouth wide open revealing a set of yellow teeth, sharpened for the kill. Raising a giant paw, it slammed it down upon his wing pinning him to the wood stump. He could see down the fox's throat, the tongue hung to one side, hungry and blood thirsty.

Samir swung out his claw and yelled "Ya Ali!" in bird language of course. The fox yelped in pain and swung



its head back. The bright orange fur on its face was now stained with blood from the three slits below its eye. Licking itself, it whimpered, walking away from the stump; leaving Samir smiling. "That wasn't bad but I must be more careful."

A loud growl erupted from behind Samir as he swerved around to see the injured fox charging towards him. The look in its eyes told Samir that this fox was in pursuit of vengeance. Since his wing was hurt, he could not fly away. His eyes darted around wildly looking for a place of security. Spotting a hole, he dived towards a large oak and stumbled into a hollow space at the base of the tree. The fox thrashed his paws wildly inside trying to catch the little robin that helplessly fluttered from side to side to avoid its sharp claws

Suddenly a bright beam of light flooded the hole, blinding both Samir and his vicious predator. A focused beam marked its place on the fox's back, singeing its fur till it turned black. It growled and ran away trying to reach its back to ease the pain. Samir, however, lay dazed and confused. He heard a voice that was more of a whisper, "By the grace of Allah, you are safe. Be careful. All who are trying to serve the Imam are very

precious. Never try and find me" and then it was gone. The light and the voice disappeared. All that was left was a patch of singed grass. Whoever had rescued him had left him only one clue; 'Never try and find me!'

His mind swayed, unable to concentrate. Slowly he slipped down into a black world sparing him one thought.

“Alhamdulillah, I’m still alive!”

He smiled and fainted.

## CHAPTER 3-ALL I NEED IS A LITTLE LIGHT

Samir sat up groggily, shaking his head to stop the spinning. He tried to stand up but hit his head on a layer of smooth polished wood.

A sweet little voice got louder and louder as it approached Samir. He saw his daughter Sonu skipping into the garden holding a large pack of bird food. With Hannah by her side, she chattered excitedly about her little birdhouse.



He slowly stood up as his legs were still shaking and slumped down on the soft soil moistened by the afternoon dew. Using every drop of strength, he fluttered up through the giant doors.

He managed to make it to his room without being noticed by anyone but his door was locked. No matter how hard he jumped on the handle, the door remained fastened. He squished and squirmed under the little empty space, his feathers were pulled by the door until he burst out the other side.

After a quick transaction, he stood back in his human form. “Alhamdulillah” he sighed. No matter how much joy he received from flying, gliding, and chirping; it was always relieving to be back in the body that Allah had blessed him with.

However, his mind wandered back to the mysterious event. He had so many questions, and answers that raised more questions.

A knock at the door brought Samir back to his life. He would have to deal with this later. “Samir baba, you had asked me to remind you about the wedding of Br. Mohsin’s daughter. It is tomorrow.”

“Thanks Hannah and one last favour. Would you please have Nancy deliver a fresh cup of cappuccino to my room? I feel exhausted.”

“Why, of course. I’ll have it done right away.” She gave him a knowing smile and cheerfully trotted off down the hall.

Samir was soon lying down in his soft bed, wearing his favourite blue striped pyjamas. A large printed copy of the Nahjul-Balagha lay open in front of him as he carefully sipped the bubbly froth of his cappuccino. His

eyelids slowly got heavier and his mouth stretched out into long yawns. His mind echoing one word..... Sleep.

He woke up next morning to the welcoming rays of the sun that shone proudly over Peaceville. Hannah came in to remind Samir of the wedding. He took a long hot shower. Feeling refreshed, he changed into a pale aqua blue shalwar kamees. Once he was ready, he pushed the button on the intercom that lay on his bedside table.

“Please send Mukhtar.” A few seconds later Hannah’s son walked in. He was a tall, strong youth, with a powerful Islamic character. He walked in dressed in a white shalwar kamees with silver embroidery decorating the area around the collar. “Are you ready my boy?” Samir asked.

“Sure Sir. So when are you planning to leave?”

“How about now?” he replied.

Samir and Mukhtar sat in the black car. “To Rahman Banquet Hall”, Samir said, through the small receiver which allowed him to talk to the driver.



The driver answered with a tip of his gold rimmed cap and drove off. Upon reaching there, they walked to the large wooden doors with 'Bismillah' etched into the surface in an appealing Arabic calligraphy. Mohsin was on the stage thanking guests profusely for taking the time to come.

Samir greeted him and congratulated him on the wedding of his second youngest daughter out of the five. Mukhtar walked over to the groom who was seated on the couch. The two seemed to get along well and spent the next twenty minutes chatting casually.

As the ceremony started, the community elder, Mr. Abidi, said a few words about the bride and groom. Mohsin embraced his son-in-law, and with tears in his eyes, hugged his little daughter.

The bride and groom were soon up to their knees in presents and were surrounded by people. The bride was wearing a rich red gown that flowed behind her. Gold embroidery decorated the dress. She bowed her head to accept the sweet scented necklace made of pure flowers, handed to her by Mrs. Abidi. This was followed by food. Samir and Mukhtar ate their fill and then went to congratulate the couple. As they were leaving, the lights

flickered a few times and the entire hall turned black. After a few seconds, light poured in throughout the hall and the event continued like the light issue never occurred.

The new couple walked slowly towards the door, being showered by flower petals. They stepped into the white car adorned with bows and petals. Waving elegantly, and with hearts overflowing with happiness, they rode away to start their new life.

When they reached home, Samir noticed that Hannah was peering through the window, awaiting their arrival. She opened the door and ushered them inside. It was pitch black and Hannah held a powerful torch which she flashed around.



“Hannah, what is going on?” Samir inquired.

“Well, it appears that the entire city of Peaceville is without power! I heard it a few minutes ago on the radio. They said it would be up any minute now.”

“And the kids?” he asked in a worried tone.

“Asleep in their rooms” she replied calmly.

Samir thought for a second and said, “Hannah when did this blackout start?”

“About two hours ago.”

The lamps flickered and exploded with light and the power suddenly came back on. Samir was in his room busy thinking. Hannah said that the power had been out for about two hours, but two hours ago they were at the wedding. The lights did glitch for a few seconds... his mind wandered off to his rescue in the forest. He hadn't given it much thought; but something about this bothered him. He decided to mention it at the weekly meeting tomorrow.



Next day, the meeting started with a few recitations. Huda started off by listing a few minor programs and their status “I couldn’t do much due to the power cut...”

Shajeeh was mentioning the information and feedback from their website. When Samir’s turn came, he said in a somewhat unsure tone,

“I don’t know whether it is of much importance, but I have seemed to stumble onto another mysterious event.”

“Oh no”, groaned Shajeeh. “Not another one! I just sent my detective cap off on vacation after our last case.”

“Well”, sighed Samir. “It looks like you’ll have to call it back. He then narrated the entire incident of the forest followed by the one at the wedding.

“Hmmm, interesting but ambiguous. We could relate the two but not very clearly. As you were hurt, there is a possibility of you imagining things but ..... You could be right as well.” Shajeeh analysed the situation.

“In case of the later, we need to find out who this person is. If he knows your secret identity, we could be in real trouble.” Announced Huda.

“But, didn’t you hear? He wanted to protect Samir. If he wanted him harmed, he would have left him to the mercy of that devilish fox.”

Samir shuddered. “We don’t know whether he or she is with us but one thing is for sure, they don’t want us to find out who they are. And it is extremely important that we do.



## CHAPTER 4 - A THIN RAY TO FOLLOW

Samir and his team met the next day. Huda had laid out a plan. The team left early in the morning heading into the forest. Huda and Shajeeh worked on the trees around the stump where Samir had been previously. They applied layer after layer of fake sheets of tree bark, covering wires and nails that they hammered into the tree to hold the cameras in place.

They all wanted to find this mysterious person. After setting up the cameras, they drove off in the car, loaded with monitors. Samir changed and went to a large hole in the base of a tree.

He moved closer to the empty abyss. It smelled of rotten carcasses. He heard a rustle and moved back. Suddenly there was a flash of those familiar yellow teeth and Samir ran off as fast as he could on those stick like feet. He glimpsed back for a second at that large open mouth; not to mention the three scars under its eye, courtesy of Samir. He could not keep running forever. It was catching up.

A blinding ray of light caused a second patch of burnt fur smoking right beside the old one. The poor fox went off, yelping, in the opposite direction. The light was so

strong that Samir couldn't even glimpse. But he did hear someone say,

“I told you not to try to find me. I saved you this once but the next time you try and set a false attack, I won't be there to save you.”

Then it was gone.

Samir looked around. Yet again the mysterious personality had disappeared without a trace. Samir transformed and rushed over to the car. “Did you catch the image?” he asked excitedly. Shajeeh and Huda played from the beginning of the recording.

There was darkness and noise of the villainous fox. Suddenly the whole screen illuminated so bright as if the sun had sat down in front of the camera. Huda stopped the video, “Look at the screen, Samir. The computer picked up some sort of humanoid figure.”

Samir scanned the screen. He saw a dark silhouette of what looked like a hand. It slashed in front of the camera but that was all it could pick up. Shajeeh and Huda turned to Samir, “What about you? Did you get anything...?”

“It may not be of much use, but the voice was of a man.”

They backed the car and drove away from the forest.

Back at the office, they were sitting around the white table pondering deeply about this strange case. “Perhaps we should try and force him to reveal himself, suggested Shajeeh. “But that might not work. Apparently, he is more informed than us.” He further added.

The three of them thought quietly. The silence was nerve-wrecking. Huda broke the silence, talking so quietly that she was barely audible,

“We have to tell this person that we want to help him. Send him a message that we are not his enemies and that all of us are on the same side.”

The three huddled together whispering excitedly about a plan to communicate with this mysterious person.

## CHAPTER 5- DID YOU GET MY LETTER??

On Friday, the mosque was quite a hustle bustle. Boxes of tabburuk shifted here and there. The baby room was filled with giggles, squeals, and cries of little kids with hushing mothers. The salat hall was full of men praying the Jamaat and the latecomers trying to squeeze at the back.

After the last ‘Allahu Akbar’ was recited, Samir walked to the podium and announced into the microphone,



“Asalam alaikum my fellow brothers and sisters. On behalf of the Islamic Society of Peaceville, I wish all of you well. I take this opportunity to update you about the community events in Peaceville. So, starting from kids, the projects related to academic excellence and spiritual progress are being conducted under the guidance of skilled professionals and religious scholars. The children are showing positive results. The evaluation committee works closely with the educational institutions and socializing places to keep an eye on that progress.

Next, I would like to put up a request for more volunteers for the youth committee. We need more

people to join in. Working for the community has to go up a little on our priority list. If we want to serve our Imam (ajtf), then we will, I repeat, we will have to join hands; stand side by side and work together. We will have to put trust in each other and pray that we are blessed with barakaat. Today, unfortunately, the importance of unity is understood better by the enemies of Imam. Please think about what I said. I look forward to your response.”

After a few praises from individuals, Samir was folding away his speech when he bumped into a man, causing a few papers to fall down. He collected the fallen papers and apologised to the individual. As he was straightening the papers, a beige envelope caught his eye. Typed on it, in a cursive font, was his name. He glanced around and stuffed the envelope into his inner jacket pocket and then headed for the food hall.

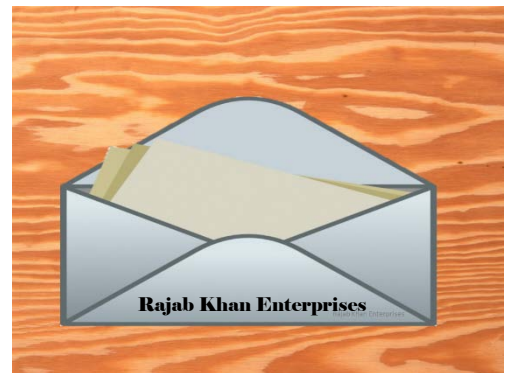
After enjoying a sumptuous meal, Samir headed home.

Buckets seemed to empty in the sky as water plopped onto the windscreen and the speedy wipers dashed back and forth. Samir rushed into the house and was welcomed by Hannah.

“My, my, I wonder when this horrid weather will end.”

Samir hurried upstairs to change into some clean and dry clothes. As he removed his black blazer, the envelope fell out. He carefully picked it up and tore open the top. Inside was a thick parchment which read, “Asalaam Alaikum, an excellent, intriguing speech. I was touched and motivated by your words. Inshallah, it will encourage us to stand as a wall against the enemies and we will prove to be an asset for our Imam (ajtf). However, I still can’t reveal myself. Keep up the good work and may Allah and our Imam (ajtf) shower many blessings upon you.”

There was something familiar about the letter. He felt that he had seen this before. He picked up a reading magnifier which is used to enlarge reading text, and began to scan the edge of the envelope. He was at the base of the front of the envelope when he dropped both, the letter and the magnifier in shock. Rubbing his eyes in disbelief, he once again looked at the corner. Typed in a bold and arrogant font was the logo, 'Rajab Khan Enterprises'



Rajab was in prison. It couldn't be him. "Could it be one



of the employees?" he asked himself. But they wouldn't know who he was. It had to be someone who knew him. "Of course!" exclaimed Samir. There was only one person who was close to Rajab since childhood, and that was his caretaker Mohsin.

Samir and Mohsin had been good acquaintances for a while now. This could be an advantage. Samir would have to find a way to confront him and get him to reveal himself. He looked at the calendar and smiled. The day after tomorrow, Shajeeh's new neighbors were hosting a barbeque. They had invited Samir and his kids, Shajeeh and his kids, Hannah with her son, and Mohsin.

Samir spent the next night and day thinking of methods to get Mohsin to reveal himself.

## CHAPTER 6 - A LITTLE ESPIONAGE

The barbeque began with a great start. Zain and Ali ran about on the grass, dodging back and forth, between the adults. The women chattered excitedly about the latest trends in hijabs. Mukhtar and Ibrahim, the new neighbor, were conversing about a controversial Islamic topic. Shajeeh, Samir and Mukhtar were sitting down in deck chairs holding up cans of sodas.

"Which attribute of Allah (swt) do you find most fascinating?" Shajeeh asked the other two men.

"What I find very fascinating is the intriguing attribute based on His title 'Al-Noor' or the light. Isn't it mind-boggling, Mohsin?" mentioned Samir.

"Yes, amazing and unimaginable. It is such a unique feature. Such attributes and others can only lie with an infinite being. One who neither lives nor dies but is there. One who neither requires sustenance nor relief. One who is everywhere. One who is just and merciful. One who gives punishments so terrible yet provides rewards so great. One who stands alone with no support. One who deprives yet also provides and of course the One who shines His noor so bright but has never been seen by any being." replied Mohsin. His eyes stared at

the sky and his voice was very emotional.

"That was poetry!" exclaimed Shajeeh.

"It was poetry," laughed Mohsin. "It just wasn't my own."

The three men laughed and continued their conversation. The food was delicious and soon Ibrahim was making more to fill the empty bowls. The kids needed to be cleaned by the hose as they had drenched themselves in mud. The sprinkler was turned on far away from the food, and the children, laughing and screaming with joy, ran in and out underneath its cold jets of water. "Doesn't the light of the fire look so fearsome, Mohsin?" Samir queered.

"Yes, the light is so fearsome that it pains my eyes to look at it for more than a few seconds. How would we bear to be judged in front of the master of light or even glimpse at the flames of hell. "He said with a faraway look in his eyes.

The next hour was spent in finishing the food and cleaning up. Farewells were said and everyone departed.

## CHAPTER 7 - GOT'CHA!!!

At the next meeting, after starting with the diurnal Duas, Samir began with his story. The envelope, then the barbeque and ending with Mohsin's answers. "I have a feeling that we have found our culprit" said Shajeeh excitedly.

"Huda, you're rather quiet, what do you think?" questioned Samir.

Huda hadn't spoken since the beginning of the meeting. She said in a thoughtful way,

"I think we need to focus more on facts than suspicions."

Shajeeh summarized the facts and concluded the meeting.

Samir headed home and went to his room. Hannah came in, "Samir baba, you had asked me to remind you about the meeting with Zain's teacher. The day after, you have to take us to the birthday party of Sonu's new friend."

She then set off for Sonu's room. Sonu could be heard happily gurgling and giggling in her bed as Hannah read her favorite story. Samir went to bed early to be fresh for a bustling day.

He woke up early to meet his commitments.



Zain's teacher, Ms.

Zahra greeted him with a courteous smile. Zain was doing very well (Mashallah). From there, he headed home. He collapsed in his bed after a cup of coffee.

The temperature dropped further overnight, and the already wet Peaceville became more of Iceville. The morning erupted with horns and beeps as cars slipped and slid across the ice. Samir thanked Allah that he did not have to go to work that day. By the afternoon, Sonu got ready in her flowy pink gown. Samir helped her get in and whispered to his little daughter,

"Are you ready, princess?"

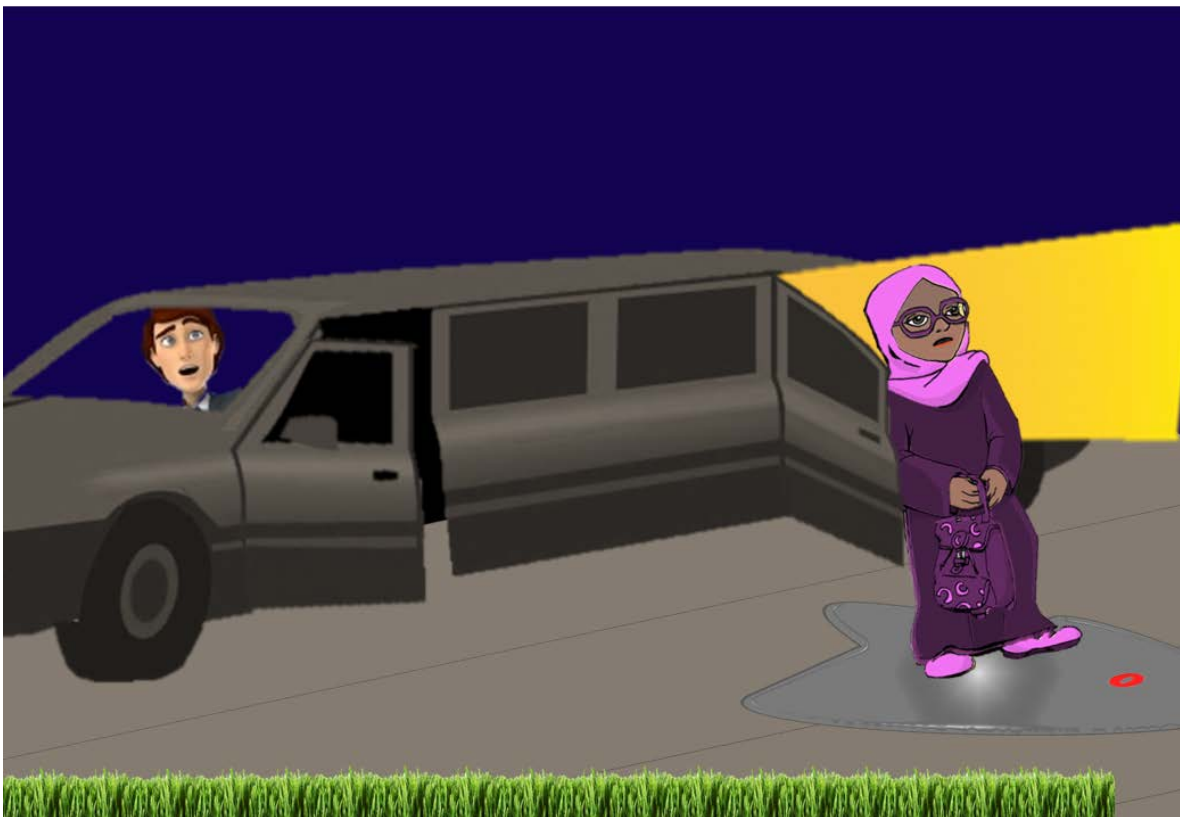
"Yes my king," she giggled. Samir smiled and then fastened his seat belt. The drive was rather short but Yousef, the driver, went slow because of the weather.

The parking outside the house was already full. Hannah

opened her door after the car had stopped and Mukhtar began to unstrap Sonu. Just as Hannah was about to step away from the car, her aqeeq (religious ring) fell onto the ground. She tried to bend down to look for it but it was slipping and sliding on a patch of ice!

A ray of light showed her the car door and she managed to grab it before slipping. She picked it up carefully.

Mukhtar exclaimed, "Mom, are you alright?" Hannah assured him that she was okay. "If you hadn't shone that torch dear, than I might have had a very bad fall" Mukhtar smiled nervously and busied himself in unbuckling Sonu, who was too busy playing with her



pink dress to notice anything.

Hannah opened her purse to put away her aqeeq. However, she noticed that at the bottom of her purse was the big black torch!

"Mukhtar dear," she asked her son. "How could you have turned on the torch when it was right here in my purse?" Mukhtar stood there nervously thinking of an answer when Sonu burst out crying from waiting for too long. Hannah quickly unbuckled her and said farewell to the boy. Samir was a little occupied as he was texting Shajeeh and Huda to meet him at his house. He sent them one message, 'I think I've got him!'

## CHAPTER 8-IT'S NOT OVER YET

When Samir and Mukhtar were walking into the house, Samir told him, "Mukhtar, I would like you to come with me." Shajeeh and Huda welcomed Mukhtar and the four sat down for a serious session.

“We’re here for a very important meeting to discuss an important project. So, not too long ago, I was attacked by a wild animal.” Samir purposely didn’t mention the fact the he was a bird at the time. “I saw a bright light which singed the animal’s fur. It hurt the animal but someone said to me, rather rudely, that I should never try to find him. He claimed that he was working for Imam and apparently it did seem so. We tried to call him in our group several times but unfortunately, he’s not interested in helping us with the good work.

Mukhtar said in a somewhat anxious tone, “How do you know that he is not interested.”

“By his attitude” Samir responded. “After he got rid of that wild animal, he haughtily turned around and walked off, arrogantly, without even asking if I was alright.”

“But arrogance is not for those who want to serve the Imam. Arrogance is a trait of evil and such people will



be against the Imam.” Shajeeh was playing the game just right.

Huda started her part. “But, in fairness, these are all speculations. May be he has reasons for what he is doing and may be those reasons are valid. I think that we should not jump to conclusions.”

“But his mysterious attitude is not helping at all” Shajeeh said and continued,

“I also agree with Huda. I think it is not fair to judge others when you do not have adequate information about them.”

As planned, Samir said in a somewhat angry tone,

“This person who claims to be working for the Imam is nothing more than an individual with some powers that he is using to boost his ego and arrogance.”

Mukhtar snapped impatiently, “How could you have noticed that? You were a half conscious bird!” and with that he tightly grasped his mouth with his two hands.

Samir looked triumphantly at Mukhtar, “Well, it seems that we caught our little hero.”

Mukhtar defeatingly rubbed his face between his hands.

Huda smiled at Mukhtar and said comfortably, “We knew all along .We just wanted you to admit it. Realize that you’re surrounded by friends who are



willing to support you. Some of us are chosen by Allah (swt) to accomplish certain goals in life. We’re here to help, Mukhtar.”

“Between us and the Imam (ajtf), lie many veils of sins that block us from reaching him. Every time you make a sincere effort to reach out to Him, He helps tear a veil away from your heart. Your powers are an asset which you can use to reach your Imam (ajtf) faster”, added Shajeeh.

“I would like to know something. Mukhtar, if you knew about me and the team, then why were you reluctant to reveal your identity to us? And also, how did you find out about my powers?” asked Samir.

Mukhtar sighed deeply. "It was after you had dismissed my mother in the night. I realized that I had left my new watch on the kitchen counter. I went back into the house to fetch it. When I looked at the banister, there was an explosion of light. Fearing that the house had been attacked, I took a piece of wood and ventured upstairs only in time to see your transformation. I was shocked as you can imagine.

From that day on, I followed you and then this whole incident occurred. I couldn't reveal myself because I didn't know who to trust."

"What do you mean?" Samir asked.

He said solemnly, "My friends, there is a major plot at hand. One that threatens the safety of each and every citizen of Peaceville"

He continued. "A large piece of land is bought by a company which has stained reputation. The purpose on papers is to build a town. This land is bordering Peaceville. My sources make dangerous ventures to acquire information and a name has appeared. There is a person. They refer to her as Ms. Naas."



There was silence as Huda, Shajeeh and Samir exchanged glances of surprise and shock. Huda was the first to break the silence, “I feel that it is necessary to sit down another time and fully run through the information. For now, let’s recite two rakat namaz-e-shukr for our success. We are pleased to have a new member. We hope that you would be willing to work with us.”

They made the arrangements for the prayers. Samir raised his hands in Qunoot and closed his eyes.

“Oh Allah, we thank the revealer of the Book for blessing our team with another member .We seek refuge in Him and ask Him to save us from the evil. Oh Allah! Give us the power to defeat evil, so that when our Imam arrives, we are ready for him, Inshallah.” Samir bowed his head and bent into sajda.

The room echoed with a loud “Ameen”

# Sneak Peek!

Book 4!

LITTLE THINGS, **BIG IMPACT!**



Well, what  
are we  
waiting for?

**Mukhtar said solemnly, “My friends, there is a major plot at hand. One that threatens the safety of each and every citizen of Peaceville”**

**“A large piece of land is bought. This land is bordering Peaceville. The intentions are evil and the perpetrators are very smart... One name has come up. They refer to her as Ms. Naas.”**

**Is Samir’s team still too young and small to combat the enemy of this magnitude? They are aware that success comes with sacrifices and great price has to be paid by those who want to do the things right.**

**HURRY ! MAYBE  
YOU CAN HELP!**



**Samir was enjoying a beautiful morning until he is hurled back into a game of cat and mouse which could lead him to a good ally..... Or a very deadly enemy.....**

**He has only one clue. Whatever it is, it doesn't want to be found.**

**Contact us at: [asr.313@hotmail.com](mailto:asr.313@hotmail.com)**