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Short Stories



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وَكَلَّا نَقُصُّ عَلَيْكَ مِنْ أَنْبَاءِ الرُّسُلِ
 مَا نُنَبِّئُ بِهِ فُؤَادَكَ
 وَجَاءَكَ فِي هَذِهِ الْحَقُّ وَمَوْعِظَةٌ
 وَذِكْرٌ لِلْمُؤْمِنِينَ ﴿١٢٠﴾

*So [Muhammad], We have told you the stories of
 the prophets to make your heart firm and in
 these accounts truth has come to you, as well as
 lessons and reminders for the believers.*

- Sūrah Hūd -

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بِسْمِ اللّٰهِ الرَّحْمٰنِ الرَّحِیْمِ

Conversations With Death

I found him, the angel of Death.

He crouched on the ground, wearing his dark armour, waiting.

Have you ever felt sorry for any who became your victim? I whispered.

Never, responded the Dark Angel, his voice reverberated, filling the entire void. *Never . . . save twice.*

Pray tell, mighty angel, I asked.

Listen carefully, he said.

The Child

A terrible flood had ravaged through the land. Houses had been demolished, trees had been uprooted and bystanders had been swept away. The flood had been fierce; the inhabitants had never seen anything like this before. The wreckage had been carried far, far away from its home.

Suri opened her eyes. The sunlight made her squint. She felt strangely light when she knew too well that she should be heavy. She realised with sudden panic that the load in her waist seemed to be absent. Summoning all her available strength, she began to stir and tried to sit up. She felt weak, the strength had been sapped out of her. She couldn't get up. She lifted her head.

Near her right leg, she could see a pink form. Her vision was blurred so she had to blink a number of times to see clearly. She could see a tiny face and a tiny body. Her heart swelling with tender love, she joyously noticed the tiny chest rising and falling.

How could it be? Suri could not remember anything. Her new-found happiness gave her strength to now heave herself up. There was a sharp pain in her back as she tried to sit straight. She



reached out to her babe. The cord was still attached though she didn't notice. All she could do, as she held the infant boy in the palms of her hands, was to look at his serene face, sleeping without any fear or care in the world.

Suri felt herself smiling. She took a deep breath and brought the child closer to her face. She tenderly planted a kiss on his soft, ever so soft cheeks.

~

This was when His Command came. I was to take the mother of the babe. Indeed, I felt compassion for the child: who would tend to his needs? But, His will must be done. No mortal may tarry here; all must leave this ephemeral realm.

What of the second, O Dark One? whispered I.

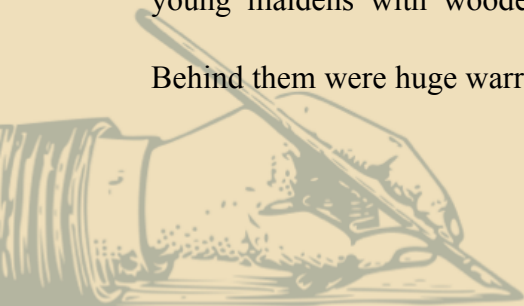
Pay heed, said he.

The King

The entire city's inhabitants gathered for the event. It was a beautiful day: the sun shined her glory onto the earth. There was a sweet breeze rustling the leaves. There was an excitement in the air as they all awaited the king's arrival.

The people whispered amongst themselves. Will they be let in to see the wonders kept therein? It was rumoured that King Shaddad was able to secure a tract of paradise and now barricaded it behind the golden bars. Others said that an angel had come at the king's bidding to blow heavenly breath onto the land, causing it to blossom with unearthly delights.

A soldier called out for order. The regiment fell into line and stood straight. The people gasped as they observed the procession now approaching them. Hundreds – nay, thousands – of young maidens with wooden baskets containing flower petals scattering them on the ground. Behind them were huge warriors, clad in black garments and wearing silver-steel masks shaped into



a gruesome, fearsome mould. They marched, the sound of their boots made the people fear for themselves. Then came the most extraordinary sight of all.

An immense carriage, crafted from ivory, decorated with pure silver and gold. It was being carried by hundreds of men, all crouched to the floor, heaving under its sheer weight, crawling along. It was skirted with pink sheets of silk curtains. It had a huge flight of stairs. The people could not see the monarch.

The mighty carriage was brought in front of the golden gates. The people waited with wide-eyed amazement. The Petal Scatterers had alighted the stairs and anticipated the emergence of its inhabitants. Suddenly, a bevy of buxom damsels began to emerge from the carriage. Dressed in iridescent transparent fabric, voluptuous, making their male observers swoon with desire. They were the Royal Concubines, masters of sensual pleasure.

Finally, the king emerged in all his royal glory. He wore crimson-red, embroidered with gold. He donned a lavishly-embellished crown and held a matching staff. Two concubines held each hand as they guided him down the steps, the Petal Girls generously raining their petals at his feet. The king stood before the golden gates as they were being opened by the servants. The people cheered joyously.

What a day, thought the king. Thirty years it took to make this paradise. Every vegetation known to man had been harvested therein. The greatest craftsmen had been summoned to build a palace whose like would never be seen in the hundreds of years to come. There was even an army of concubines raised in it, who had never seen a man before.

The gates were opened. The king tentatively took the first steps towards it . . .

~

Lo! His Command came: I was to seize the king before he could lay eyes on his prize. I felt sympathy for this foolish king. He had spent his entire life building his paradise but would leave



before tasting of its fruits. But, His will must be done. No mortal can tarry here. All must leave this temporal abode.

~

Suddenly, a thunderous sound began reverberating our surroundings. Even the depths of our souls were shaken. It was Him. I hastily crouched near the armour-clad angel and reverently closed my eyes and listened.

Know: the babe and the king are one.

Mufti Khalidul Haq Al-Amin



“

الحكايات جند
من جنود الله تعالى
يُقَوِّي الله بها قلوب المريدين

جنيد البغدادي

”



من نلوم؟

أروي لكم قصة صادقة ، امتلئت بحزن وغمّ وعلاوة على ذلك ، إنها تدل على قلة العلم الإسلامي

الحقيقي والاعتماد على العلم التقليدي . حدثت هذه القصة قبل ثلاثة عشر عاماً لفتاة عمرها تقريبا خمس

عشرة سنة . نسيت اسمها ولكن نقشت قصتها في قلبي ولا أكاد أنساها .

سافرت إلى قريتي الجميلة التي وقعت في جنوب آزاد كشمير . ولا يخفى على أحد أن القرى سالمة من

التلوث والسيارات الكثيرة ، ولها الهواء النقي والماء العذب والهدوء والسكينة . بينما كنت هناك لقيت هذه الفتاة .

سكنت قريبة مني فكانت تزورني كثيرا من الأحيان . وفي أحد الأيام ذهبت إلى بيتها الصغير وهي مشغولة

ببعض أعمال المنزل مع أمها . وأسررتها فقيرة فلا يرسلها أهلها إلى المدرسة لطلب التعليم العلماني¹ . ومن تقاليد

هذه القرى عدمُ تعليم البنات العلوم الشرعية بعد أن بلغن الحلم ، بحجة الاختلاط بين الجنسين . ما فهمت لماذا

ليست لدينا معلمات يعلمن البنات في مساجد القرى ، إذ لدينا كثير من النساء في كل المجالات الأخرى؟

بالمختصر ، كانت هذه الفتاة وأهلها محرومين من العلوم الضرورية ، الدينية والدينيوية ، ومن ثمّ يقضون حياتهم

حسب ما تقتضي العادات في تلك القرى . على كل حال ، صادقتُها فلعبنا وتسوقنا معا وشاهدنا التلفاز سويا

واستمعت مصاحبته .

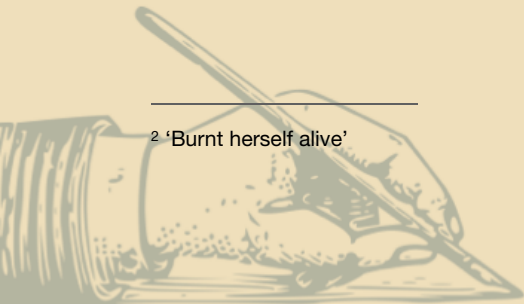
¹ Secular education'

عدت إلى وطني وبعد بضعة أشهر نبئت بخبر تكاد السماء تتفطر وتنشق الأرض ، ألا إنها قد انتحرت بطريقة مؤلمة بحيث أحرقت نفسها² . وفيما يبدو لي أنّها ما علمت أن الانتحار حرام شرعا وعرفا . وبحث عن سبب انتحارها فظهر لي أن أهلها أجبروا زواجها من رجل مسن ، فانكسر قلبها أيما انكسار ، وأنكرت مرة بعد مرة وأخيرا قنطت وفعلت ما فعلت .

من نلوم لهذا العمل القبيح المؤسف؟ الفتاة أو أبها أو نلوم نظام التعليم في تلك البلاد؟ يمكن أن ننقذ حياة شخص في المستقبل لو علمنا الناس الفرق بين الحق والباطل وبين الإسلام والتقاليد .

سائقة إسلام

² 'Burnt herself alive'



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إن من البيان
لسحرًا

”



إِنَّ مِنْ يَمُدُّ رِجْلَهُ لَا يَمُدُّ يَدَهُ

قبلَ أيامٍ كثيرةٍ ، زار المسجدَ الأمويَّ في دمشقَ والي مصرَ وقائدُ الجيشِ إبراهيمَ باشا ، وكان في المسجدِ يومئذٍ عالمٌ يُلقبُ درسَه على الأمةِ ، وكان اسمُ هذا العالمِ ، الشيخَ سعيدَ الحلبي . وكان الشيخُ عُرفَ ببساطتهِ وتقشُّفهِ وعِلْمِهِ وِيقينِهِ ، وكان لا يُبجِّلُ سُلطانا لسُلطانِهِ ولا يُوقِرُ غنيا لغناه ، ولكن يحترمُ الناسَ بما في نفوسِهِم من فضائلٍ وما في قلوبِهِم من إيمانٍ . وجاء القائدُ المُتسلِّطُ ودخلَ المسجدَ مع حَشَمِهِ وخَدَمِهِ وعليه لباسه الفاجرُ والشيخُ سعيدُ جالسٌ بكلِّ تواضعٍ على حصيرٍ ، وكان لِكَبْرِ سِنِّهِ يشكو ألما في رِجْلِهِ فجلسَ ماداً رِجْلَهُ إلى الأمامِ ، مُستندا ظهرَه على الجدارِ .

وما أن دخلَ الباشا المسجدَ حتى مشى إلى حَلْقَةِ الشيخِ سعيدٍ ، والشيخُ مُنهمكٌ في درسِهِ فنظَرَ إليه نَظْرَةً ، وما غيرَ جليسته ولا بدَّلَ هيئته . جلسَ الباشا بُرْهَةً قَصيرةً يَستمعُ إلى الشيخِ ، واستغربَ بما رأى من جرأةِ الشيخِ وزهدهِ واستقلاليتِهِ أيما استغرابٍ ، وخرجَ من مجلسِ الشيخِ مُطرقا رأسَه ، وليس من البعيدِ أن لو ائتمَرَ ملامُ الباشا به ليُخرجوا الشيخَ ويسبوا إليه . فلما دخلَ الباشا قصره أرادَ بالشيخِ كيدا ، فبعثَ إلى الشيخِ بكيسٍ فيه ألفَ دينارٍ من الذهبِ ، فلما جاءه به الرسولُ وألقاه بين يديه ، تبسَّمَ الشيخُ قليلا وردَّه إليه ، وقال له بسكينةٍ ووقارٍ : "سَلِّمَ على سيدك وقل له ، إن من يَمُدُّ رِجْلَهُ لَا يَمُدُّ يَدَهُ" .

قال ابن عسكِر عَفِيَّ عنه : هذه الفقرة الشهيرة تُعني عن ألف كتاب للموعظة ، فهل من مُدِّكر؟

ابن عسكِر البريطاني