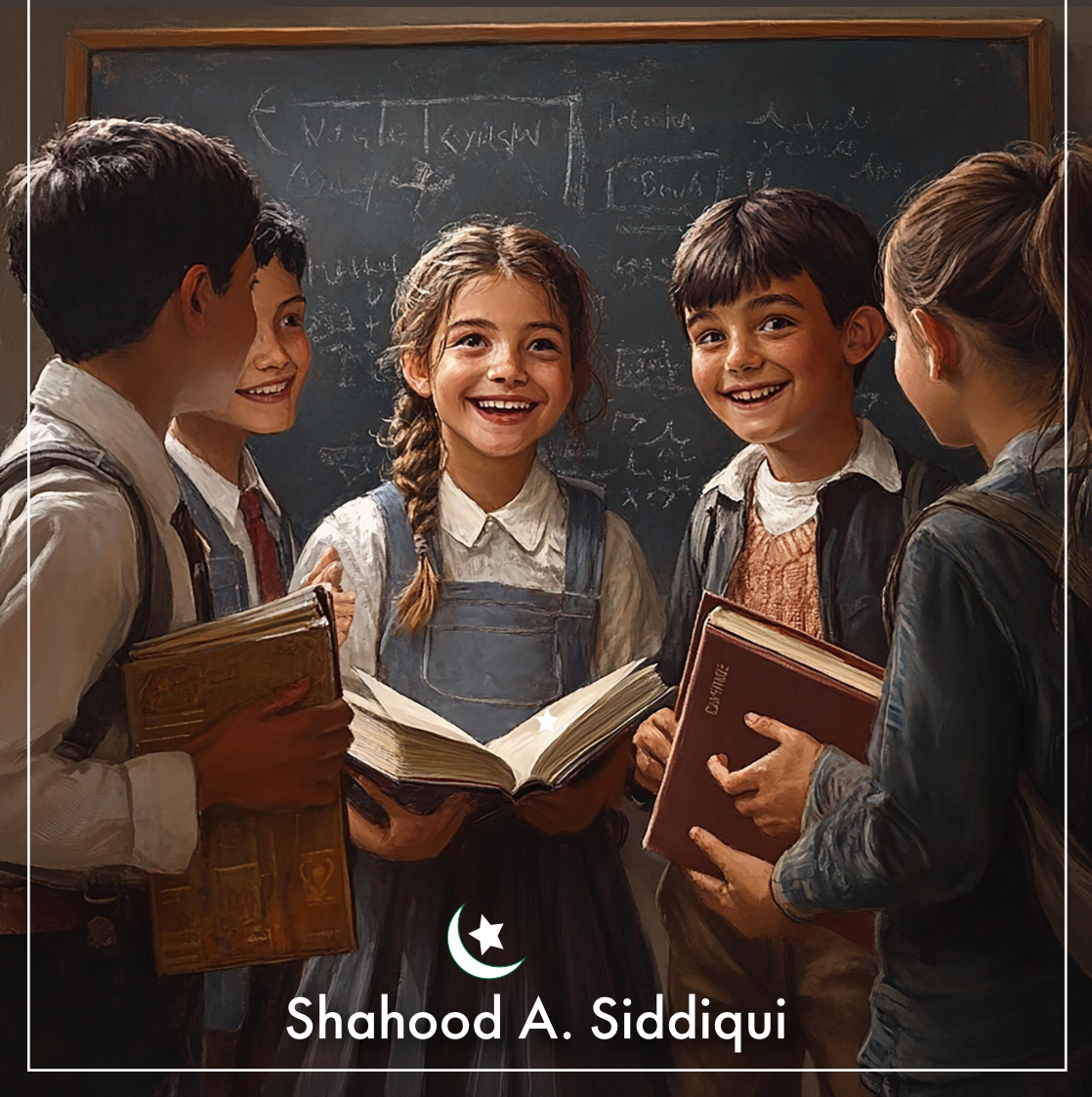
The Testimony to the Truth



Shahood A. Siddiqui

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

لِوَجْهِ اللهِ لَا نُرِيْدُ مِنْكُمْ جَزَاءً وَّلَا شُكُوْرًا

For the sake of Allah's Countenance (i.e., seeking only His pleasure), we do not desire from you any reward nor any thanks.

ABOUT THIS BOOK

(Published: September 2025)

This book contributes to the growth of future leaders by supporting children's development in intellectual, spiritual, social, and emotional areas. It highlights the need to look beyond academics and nurture values such as honesty, empathy, and integrity, which are vital for strong leadership.

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FOREWORD

Assalamu Alaikum –
May peace and blessings be upon you!
In the name of Allah, the Most Gracious, the Most Merciful.
It gives me immense joy to present this Young Reader Series, written with the hope of guiding our youth towards a deeper understanding of their role as Muslims in today's world. These stories are simple, relatable, and rooted in the teachings of the Qur'an, the Sunnah of our beloved Prophet Muhammad ﷺ, and inspired by the timeless work Shahadat-e-Haq by Syed Abul A'la Maududi (RA).
The concept of Shahadat-e-Haq, bearing witness to the truth, lies at the very heart of Islam. As Syed Abul A'la Maududi (RA) explained, Islam is not only about worship and rituals,

It is also about living as a community that embodies and proclaims the truth of Allah's guidance to all people. This witness is shown through honesty, patience, courage, justice, and noble character.

Young Muslims growing up in Australia and around the world face many questions, doubts, and challenges. This series has been written especially for them, using everyday situations they can relate to, such as school, circle of friends, and the community life. The aim is to help them see that even small actions, when done with sincerity, becomes part of fulfilling the great responsibility Allah has placed upon us as His witnesses on earth.

I pray that this series inspires young readers to embrace their faith with confidence, to live as true witnesses of Islam, and to carry forward the mission so powerfully described in Shahadat-e-Haq. May Allah make it a source of guidance, strength, and clarity for generations to come.

Shahood Alam Siddiqui

Melbourne, Australia

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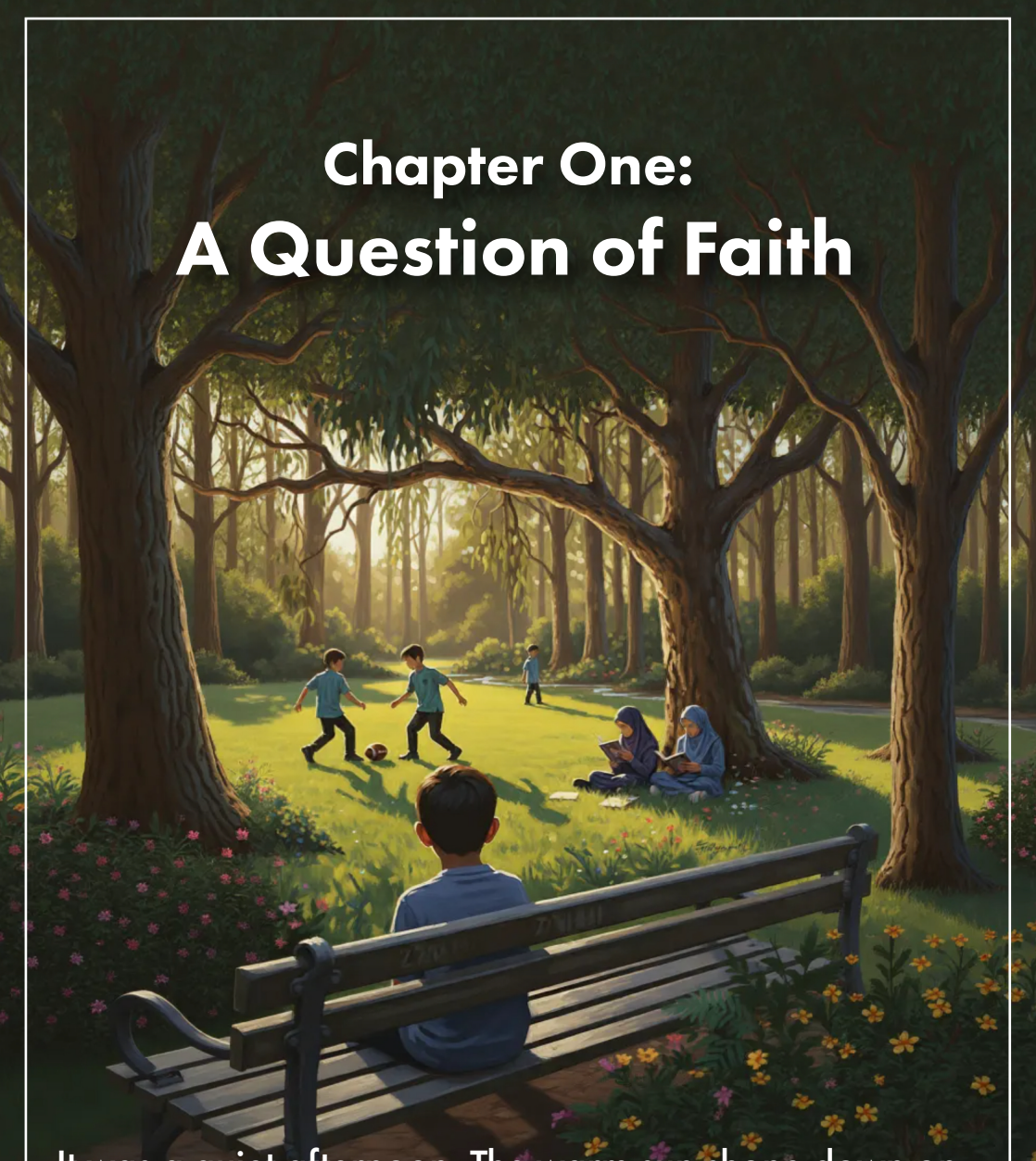
Chapter One:
A Question of Faith



It was a quiet afternoon. The warm sun shone down on the local park, where a group of friends often met after school. Shayl kicked a football across the grass while Salaar took off after it. Shifa and Shihaam sat under a gum tree, books open in their laps, while Izyaan leaned back on the bench, lost in thought.

After a while, Shayl stopped playing and asked,
"Have you ever wondered why we are Muslims? I mean, is it only because our parents are Muslims, or is there something deeper?"
The question just hung in the air. Everyone fell silent.
Shifa closed her book slowly. "I reckon being Muslim means more than just saying it. It is about showing people what Islam is really about."
Izyaan nodded. "Yeah, but how? We live in Australia. People here don't always understand Islam. Sometimes they even have the wrong idea about it."

Shihaam scrunched her brows. "That's the tricky bit. If people don't know the truth, isn't it our job to show them?"
Salaar stopped mucking around with the ball and joined the circle. "You're right. I read that Islam isn't just about praying and fasting. We also have a duty to stand as witnesses of truth. It's called Shahadat-e-Haq."
The friends looked at him with curiosity.
Salaar continued, "It means being a living proof of Allah's guidance. Not just with words, but with how we act, how we speak, how we stand up for what's right

Allah says in the Qur'an:

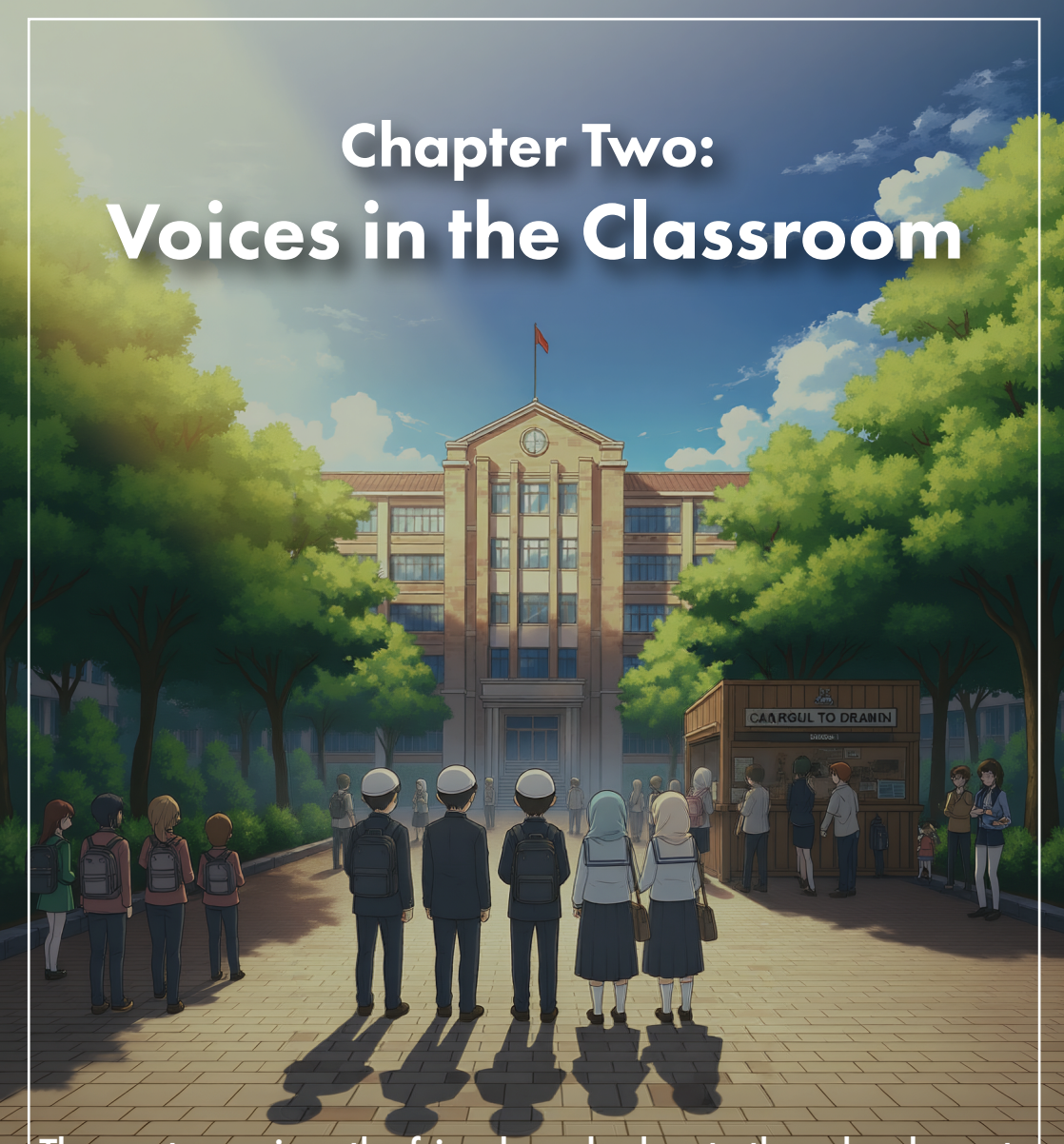
وَكَذٰلِكَ جَعَلْنٰكُمْ اُمَّةً وَّسَطًا لِّتَكُوْنُوْا شُهَدَآءَ عَلَى النَّاسِ وَيَكُوْنَ الرَّسُوْلُ عَلَيْكُمْ شَهِيْدًا ؕ وَمَا جَعَلْنَا الْقِبْلَةَ الَّتِىْ كُنْتَ عَلَيْهَآ اِلَّا لِنَعْلَمَ مَنْ يَّتَّبِعُ الرَّسُوْلَ مِمَّنْ يَّنْقَلِبُ عَلٰى عَقِبَيْهِ ؕ وَاِنْ كَانَتْ لَكَبِيْرَةً اِلَّا عَلَى الَّذِيْنَ هَدَى اللّٰهُ ؕ وَمَا كَانَ اللّٰهُ لِيُضِيْعَ اِيْمَانَكُمْ ؕ اِنَّ اللّٰهَ بِالنَّاسِ لَرَءُوْفٌ رَّحِيْمٌ

And it is thus that We appointed you to be the community of the middle way so that you might be witnesses to all mankind and the Messenger might be a witness to you. (Qur'an 2:143)

The children sat quietly, thinking deeply. For the first time, they felt the weight of responsibility not just to be good Muslims, but to show the world what Islam truly means.
Shayl broke the silence with a grin. "Alright then. If this is our duty, let's figure out how to do it together."
Everyone smiled and nodded.

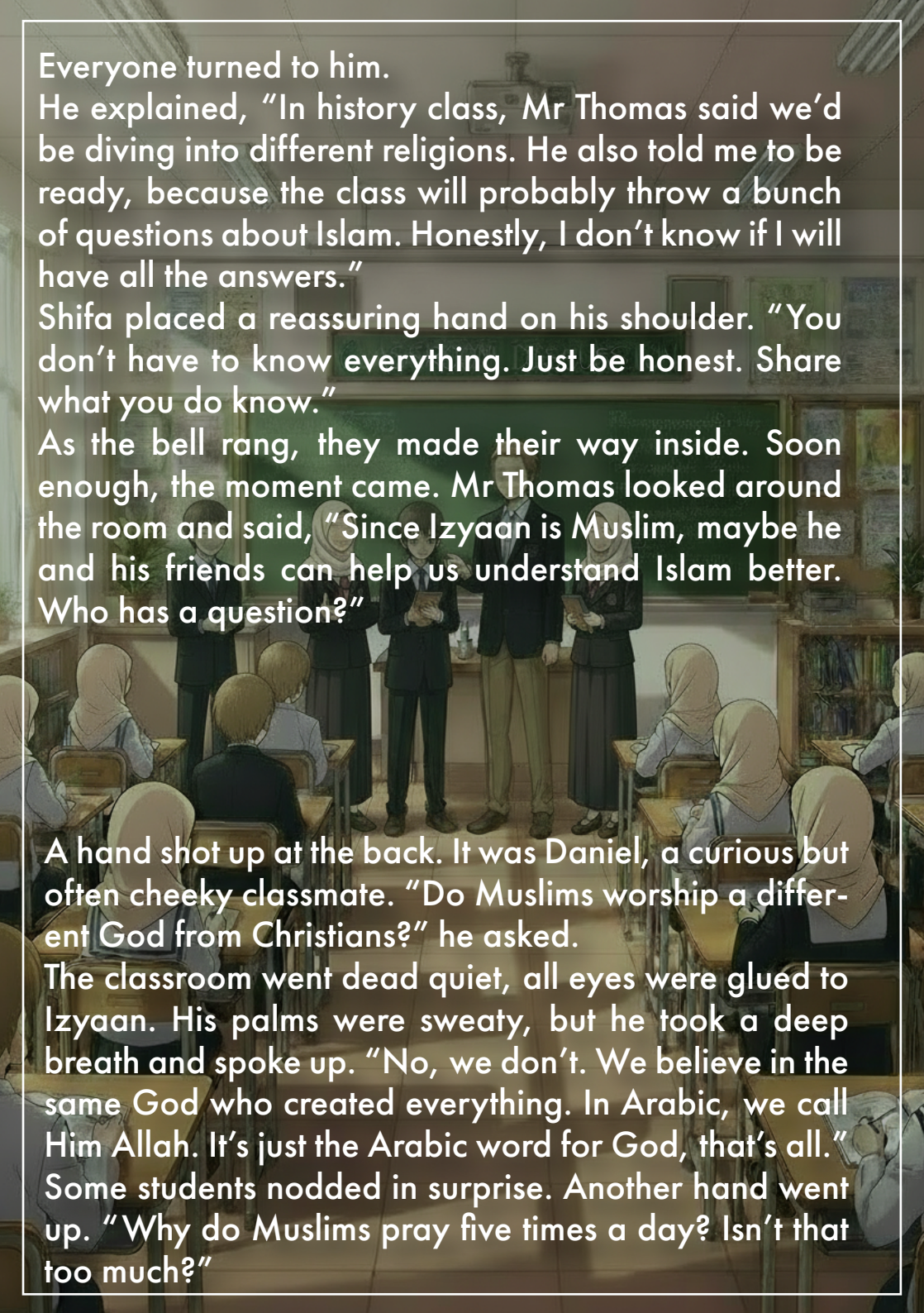
It was the beginning of a new journey.

Chapter Two:
Voices in the Classroom



The next morning, the friends rocked up to the school courtyard before class. The air buzzed with chatter, and the smell of hot chips wafting over the canteen

Izyaan looked a little uneasy. “You know how we said yesterday that we should show what Islam really means? Well, today might be the day.”



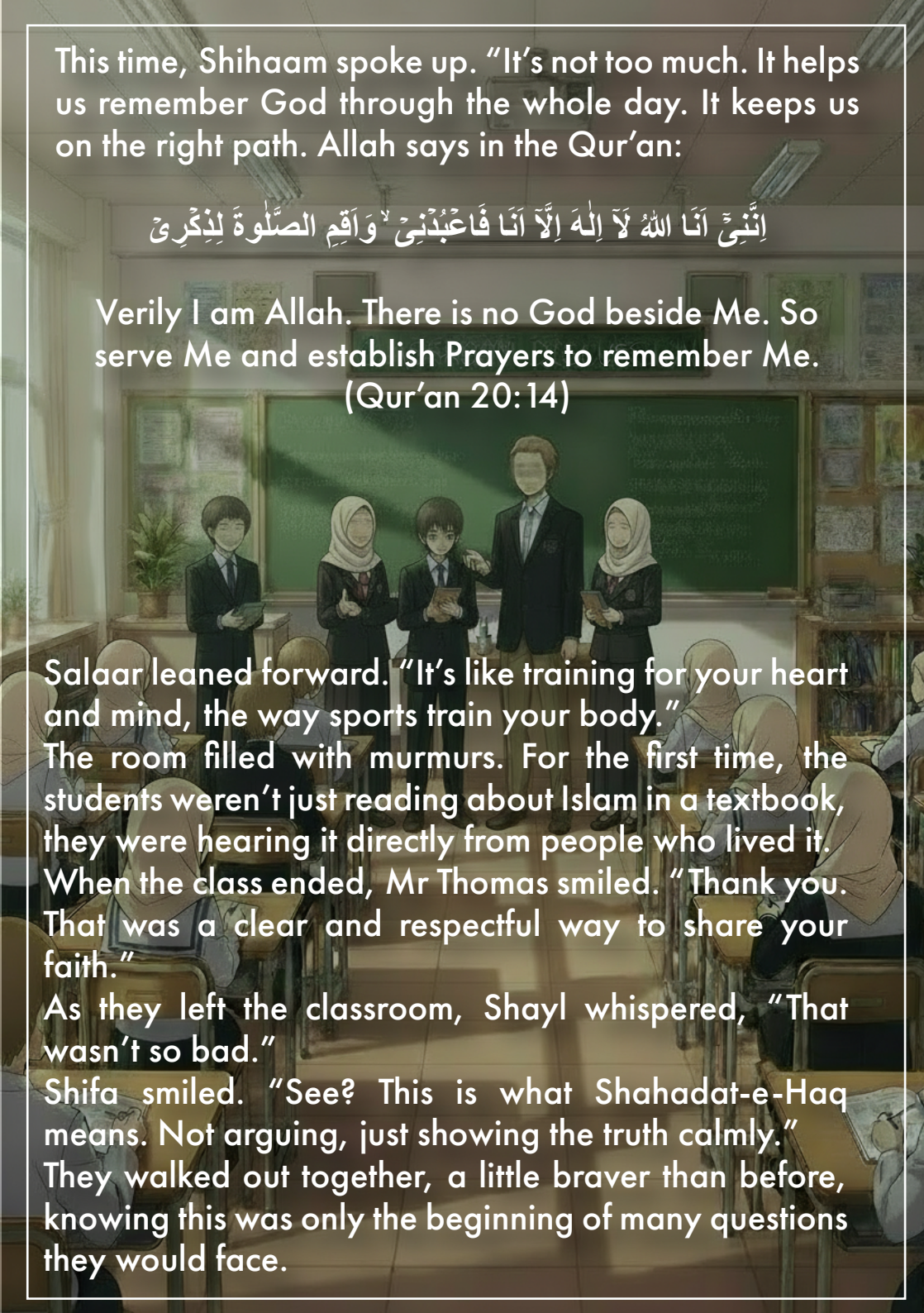
Everyone turned to him.
He explained, "In history class, Mr Thomas said we'd be diving into different religions. He also told me to be ready, because the class will probably throw a bunch of questions about Islam. Honestly, I don't know if I will have all the answers."
Shifa placed a reassuring hand on his shoulder. "You don't have to know everything. Just be honest. Share what you do know."
As the bell rang, they made their way inside. Soon enough, the moment came. Mr Thomas looked around the room and said, "Since Izyaan is Muslim, maybe he and his friends can help us understand Islam better. Who has a question?"

A hand shot up at the back. It was Daniel, a curious but often cheeky classmate. "Do Muslims worship a different God from Christians?" he asked.
The classroom went dead quiet, all eyes were glued to Izyaan. His palms were sweaty, but he took a deep breath and spoke up. "No, we don't. We believe in the same God who created everything. In Arabic, we call Him Allah. It's just the Arabic word for God, that's all."
Some students nodded in surprise. Another hand went up. "Why do Muslims pray five times a day? Isn't that too much?"

This time, Shihaam spoke up. "It's not too much. It helps us remember God through the whole day. It keeps us on the right path. Allah says in the Qur'an:

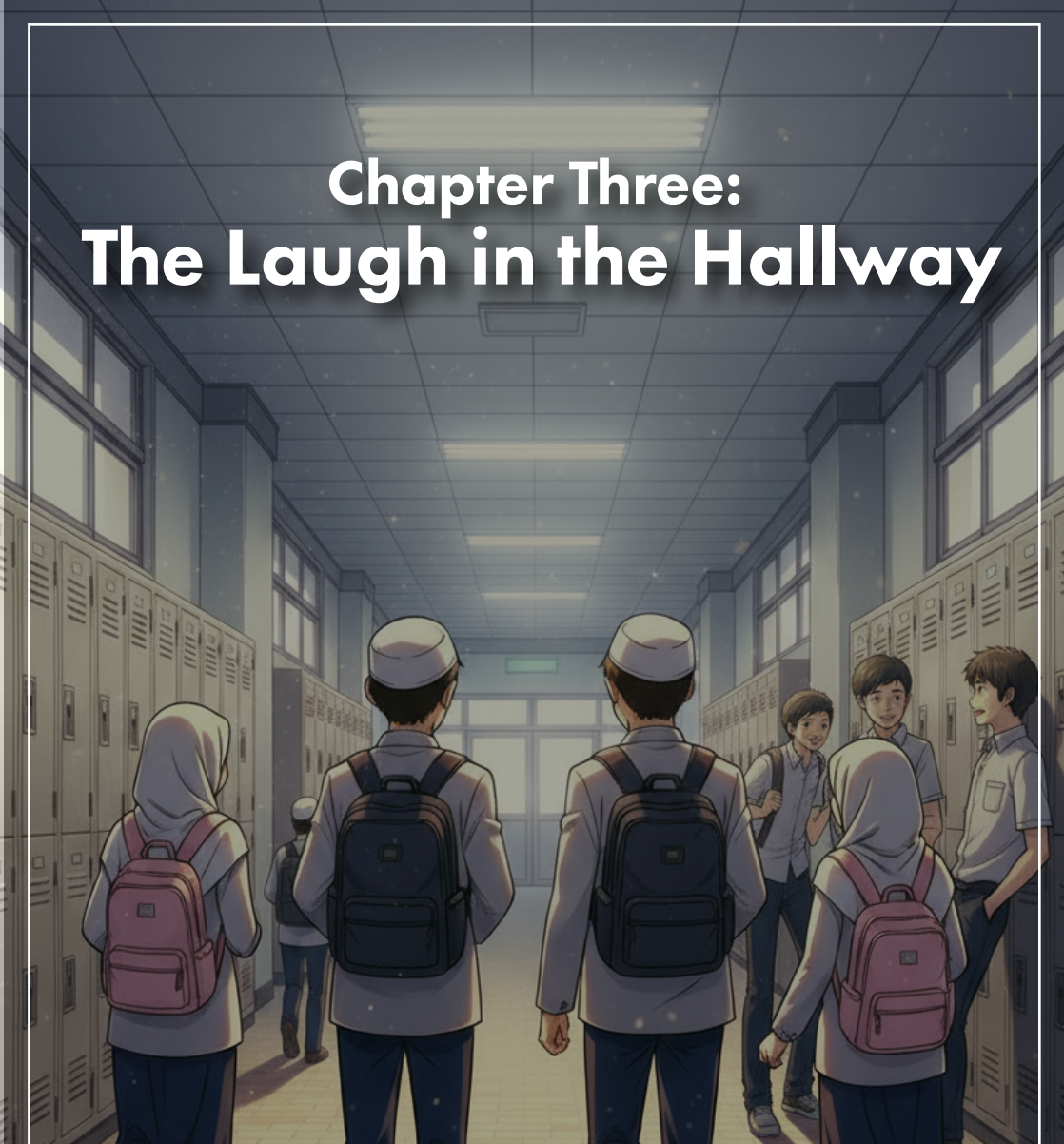
إِنَّنِيٓ أَنَا ٱللَّهُ لَآ إِلَٰهَ إِلَّآ أَنَا۠ فَٱعْبُدْنِى وَأَقِمِ ٱلصَّلَوٰةَ لِذِكْرِىٓ

Verily I am Allah. There is no God beside Me. So serve Me and establish Prayers to remember Me. (Qur'an 20:14)



Salaar leaned forward. "It's like training for your heart and mind, the way sports train your body."
The room filled with murmurs. For the first time, the students weren't just reading about Islam in a textbook, they were hearing it directly from people who lived it.
When the class ended, Mr Thomas smiled. "Thank you. That was a clear and respectful way to share your faith."
As they left the classroom, Shayl whispered, "That wasn't so bad."
Shifa smiled. "See? This is what Shahadat-e-Haq means. Not arguing, just showing the truth calmly."
They walked out together, a little braver than before, knowing this was only the beginning of many questions they would face.

Chapter Three:
The Laugh in the Hallway



The week rolled on, and the group felt a quiet boost of confidence after what went down in the class. But not everyone at school reacted the same way.

One afternoon, as they were walking through the hallway, a couple of older boys leaned against the lockers, smirking. One of them called out, “Oi, prayer time, isn’t it? Do you lot carry a rug in your backpacks?”

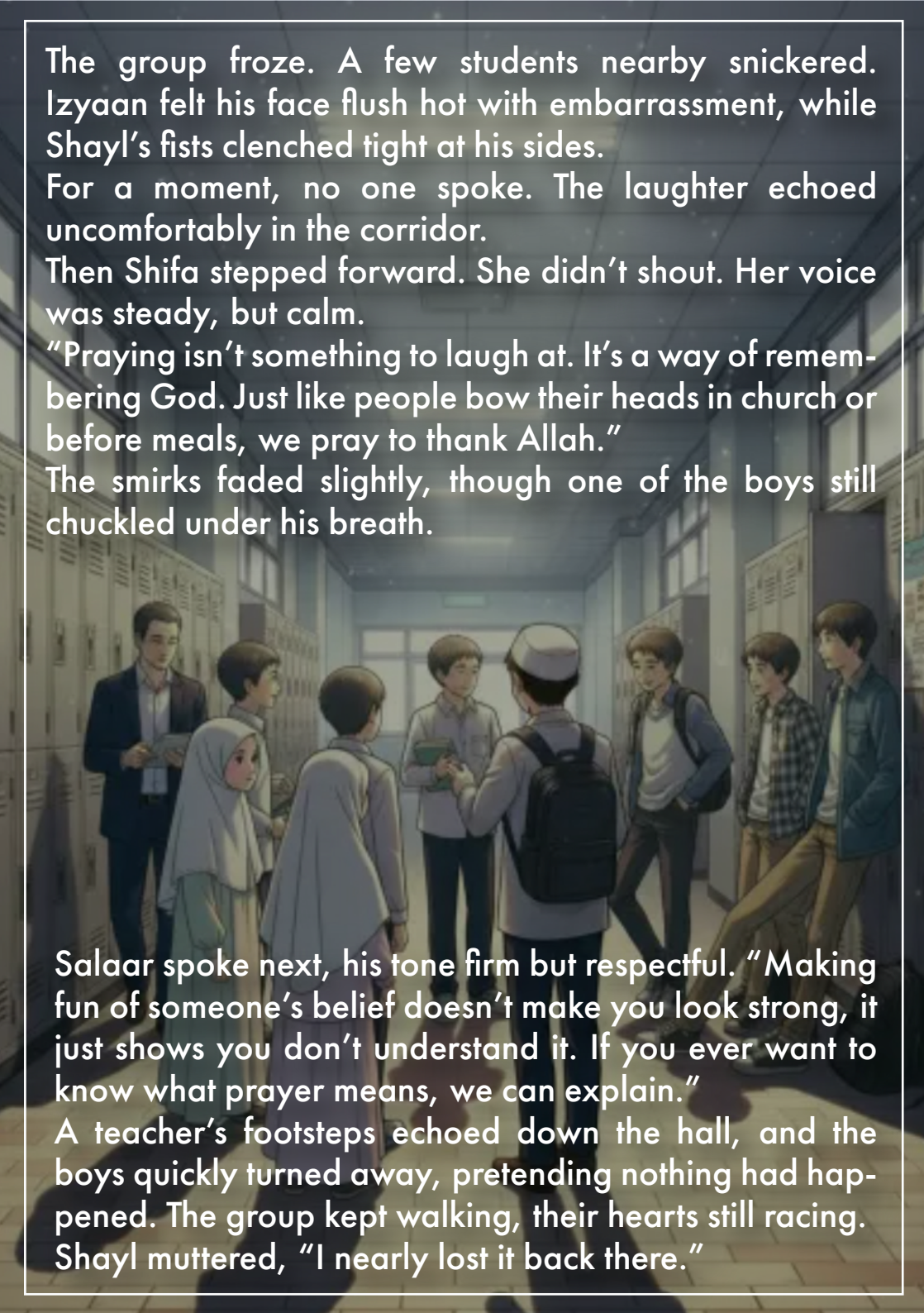
The group froze. A few students nearby snickered. Izyaan felt his face flush hot with embarrassment, while Shayl's fists clenched tight at his sides.

For a moment, no one spoke. The laughter echoed uncomfortably in the corridor.

Then Shifa stepped forward. She didn't shout. Her voice was steady, but calm.

"Praying isn't something to laugh at. It's a way of remembering God. Just like people bow their heads in church or before meals, we pray to thank Allah."

The smirks faded slightly, though one of the boys still chuckled under his breath.



Salaar spoke next, his tone firm but respectful. "Making fun of someone's belief doesn't make you look strong, it just shows you don't understand it. If you ever want to know what prayer means, we can explain."

A teacher's footsteps echoed down the hall, and the boys quickly turned away, pretending nothing had happened. The group kept walking, their hearts still racing.

Shayl muttered, "I nearly lost it back there."

Shifa gave him a small smile. “You didn’t. That’s what matters. It’s not just about defending Islam, it’s about showing patience and dignity. Allah reminds us in the Qur’an:

يٰٓاَيُّهَا الَّذِيْنَ اٰمَنُوا اسْتَعِيْنُوْا بِالصَّبْرِ وَالصَّلٰوةِ ؕ اِنَّ اللّٰهَ مَعَ الصّٰبِرِيْنَ

Believers! Seek help in patience and in Prayer; Allah is with those that are patient. (Qur’an 2:153)

Izyaan exhaled. “I guess Shahadat-e-Haq isn’t only in the classroom. It’s in how we respond when people test us.”

As they stepped outside into the afternoon sun, the group felt a little stronger. Their journey wasn’t going to be easy, but together, they were learning what it meant to live as witnesses of truth.

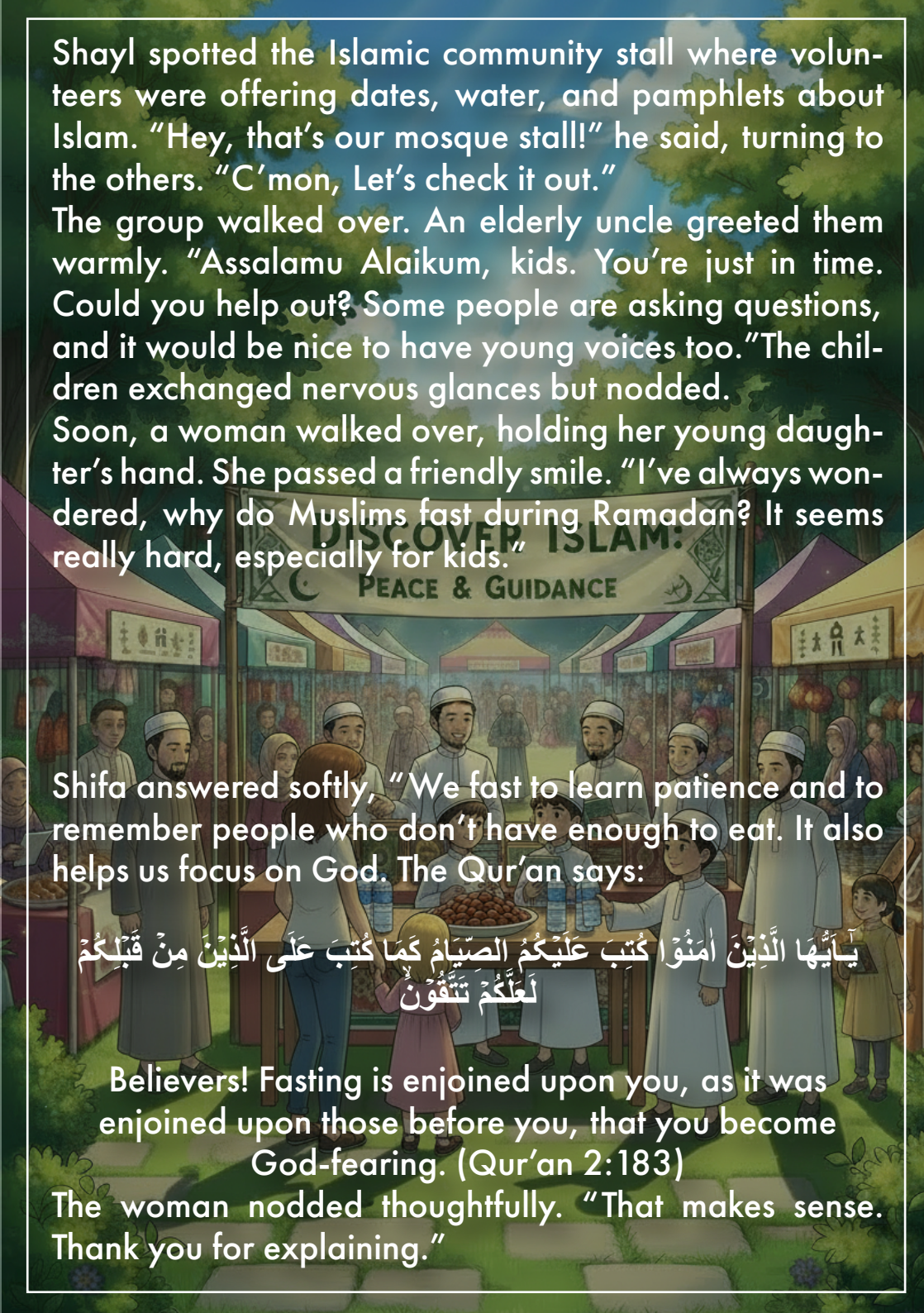
Chapter Four:
The Community Event

It was Saturday morning, and the town's annual multicultural fair had begun. Colourful stalls lined the park, with food, music, and games from different cultures. Families strolled around, trying new dishes and watching performances.

Shayl spotted the Islamic community stall where volunteers were offering dates, water, and pamphlets about Islam. “Hey, that’s our mosque stall!” he said, turning to the others. “C’mon, Let’s check it out.”

The group walked over. An elderly uncle greeted them warmly. “Assalamu Alaikum, kids. You’re just in time. Could you help out? Some people are asking questions, and it would be nice to have young voices too.”The children exchanged nervous glances but nodded.

Soon, a woman walked over, holding her young daughter’s hand. She passed a friendly smile. “I’ve always wondered, why do Muslims fast during Ramadan? It seems really hard, especially for kids.”



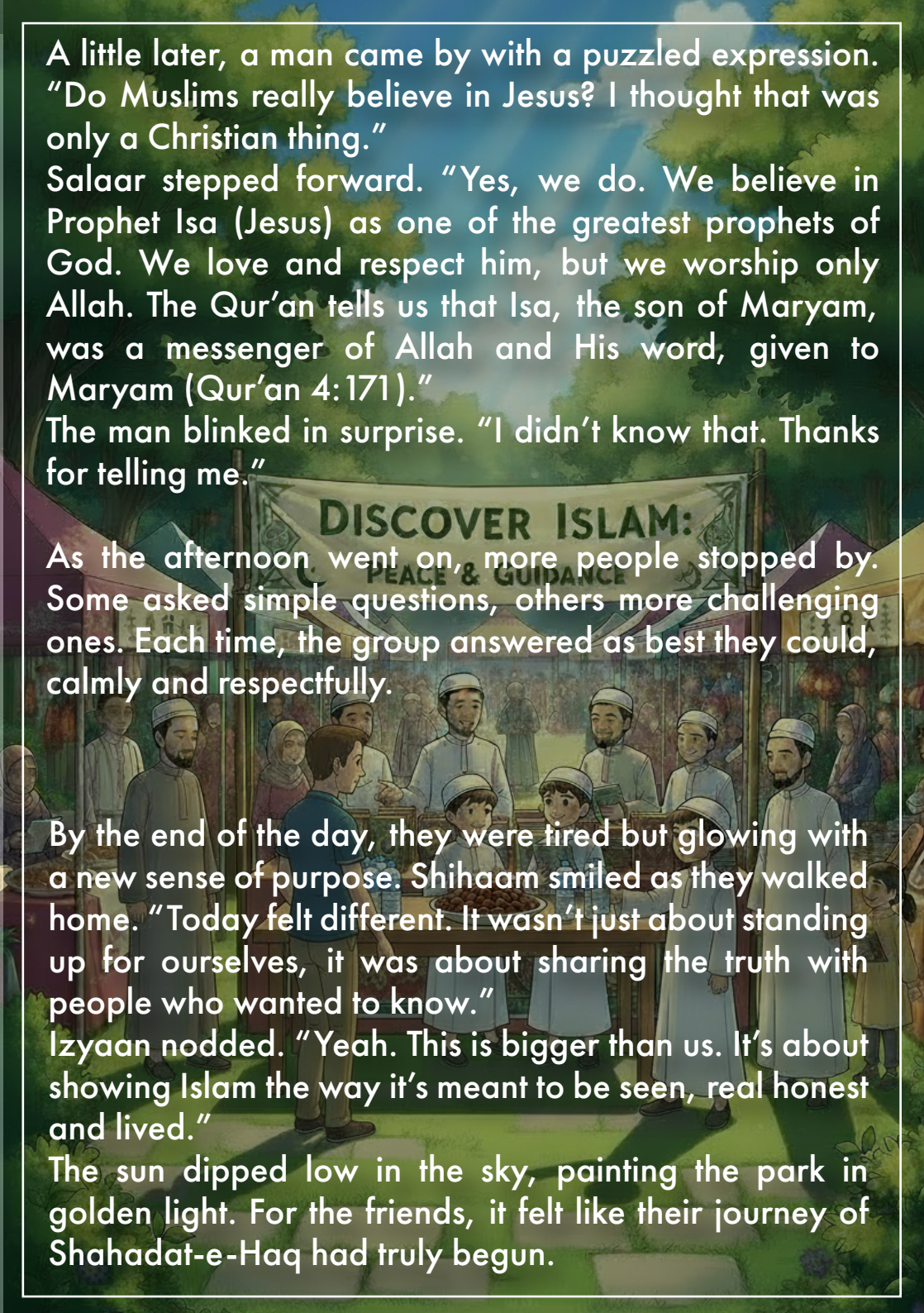
Shifa answered softly, “We fast to learn patience and to remember people who don’t have enough to eat. It also helps us focus on God. The Qur’an says:

يٰٓاَيُّهَا الَّذِيْنَ اٰمَنُوْا كُتِبَ عَلَيْكُمُ الصِّيَامُ كَمَا كُتِبَ عَلَى الَّذِيْنَ مِنْ قَبْلِكُمْ لَعَلَّكُمْ تَتَّقُوْنَۙ

Believers! Fasting is enjoined upon you, as it was enjoined upon those before you, that you become God-fearing. (Qur’an 2:183)

The woman nodded thoughtfully. “That makes sense. Thank you for explaining.”

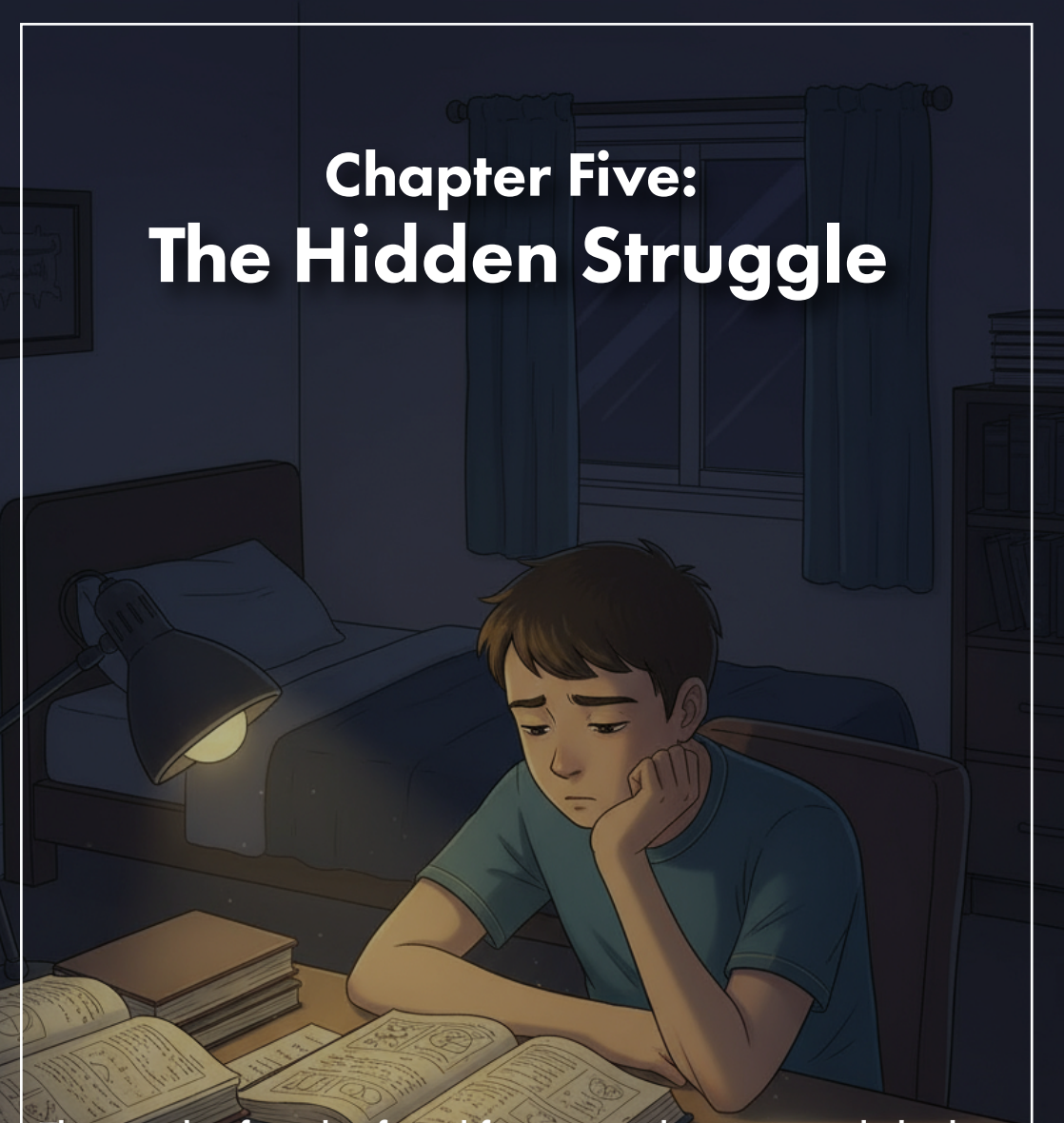
A little later, a man came by with a puzzled expression. "Do Muslims really believe in Jesus? I thought that was only a Christian thing."
Salaar stepped forward. "Yes, we do. We believe in Prophet Isa (Jesus) as one of the greatest prophets of God. We love and respect him, but we worship only Allah. The Qur'an tells us that Isa, the son of Maryam, was a messenger of Allah and His word, given to Maryam (Qur'an 4:171)."
The man blinked in surprise. "I didn't know that. Thanks for telling me."



As the afternoon went on, more people stopped by. Some asked simple questions, others more challenging ones. Each time, the group answered as best they could, calmly and respectfully.

By the end of the day, they were tired but glowing with a new sense of purpose. Shihaam smiled as they walked home. "Today felt different. It wasn't just about standing up for ourselves, it was about sharing the truth with people who wanted to know."
Izyaan nodded. "Yeah. This is bigger than us. It's about showing Islam the way it's meant to be seen, real honest and lived."
The sun dipped low in the sky, painting the park in golden light. For the friends, it felt like their journey of Shahadat-e-Haq had truly begun.

Chapter Five:
The Hidden Struggle



The week after the fair, life returned to its usual rhythm. Homework piled up, sports training took over afternoons, and the days felt busier than ever.

One evening, Izyaan sat alone in his room, textbooks spread out across the desk. His phone buzzed with group messages, but he ignored them. He felt restless, heavy with thoughts he hadn't shared with anyone.

Earlier that day, during lunch, he had missed his prayer. He told himself he was too busy, too embarrassed to slip away in front of everyone. Now the guilt weighed on him like a stone.

When Shayl rang later, Izyaan hesitated before answering.

"You alright, mate?" Shayl asked.

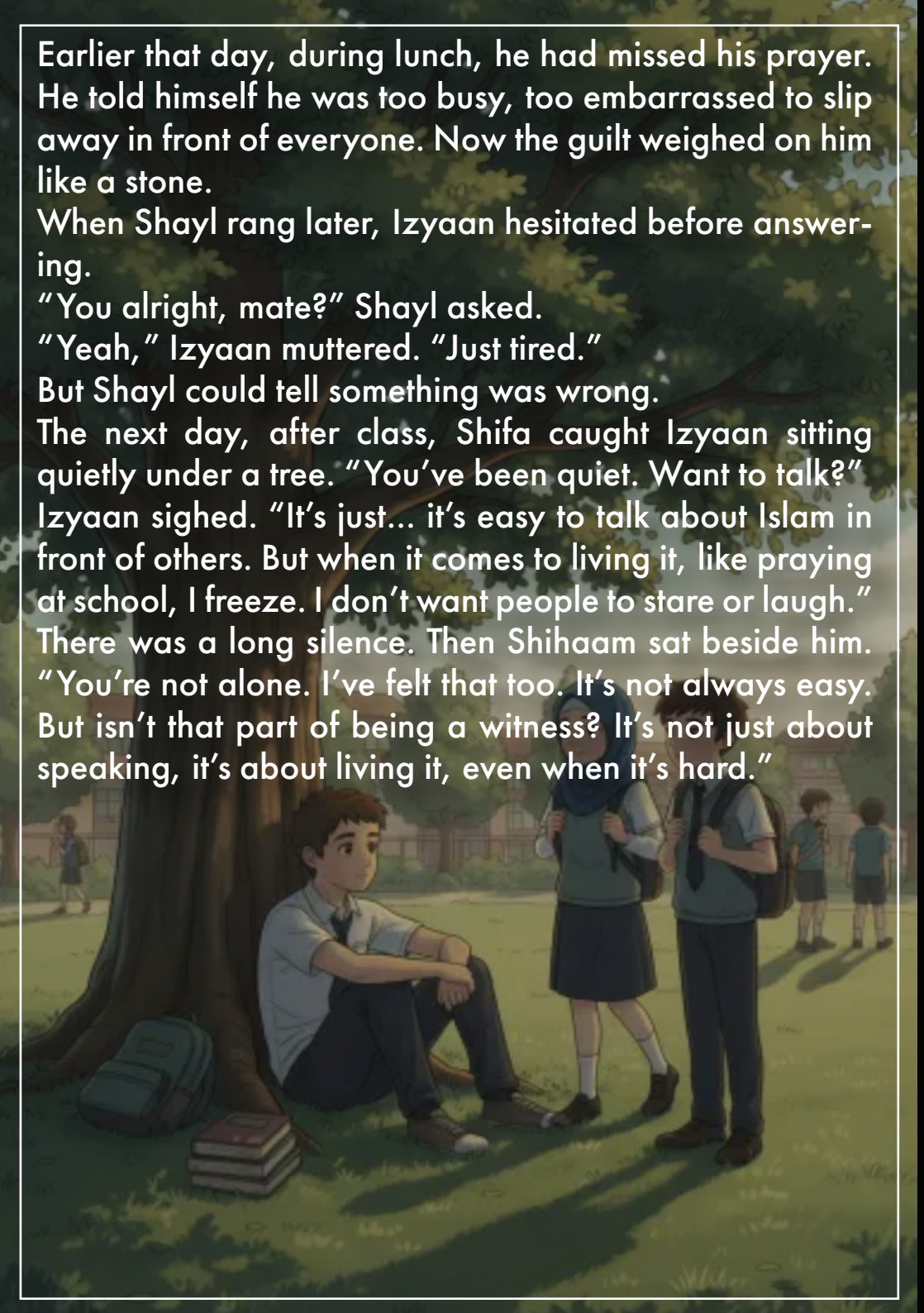
"Yeah," Izyaan muttered. "Just tired."

But Shayl could tell something was wrong.

The next day, after class, Shifa caught Izyaan sitting quietly under a tree. "You've been quiet. Want to talk?"

Izyaan sighed. "It's just... it's easy to talk about Islam in front of others. But when it comes to living it, like praying at school, I freeze. I don't want people to stare or laugh."

There was a long silence. Then Shihaam sat beside him. "You're not alone. I've felt that too. It's not always easy. But isn't that part of being a witness? It's not just about speaking, it's about living it, even when it's hard."



Salaar added, "We can help each other. If you feel shy, we'll pray together. That way no one feels alone. Remember, Allah says:

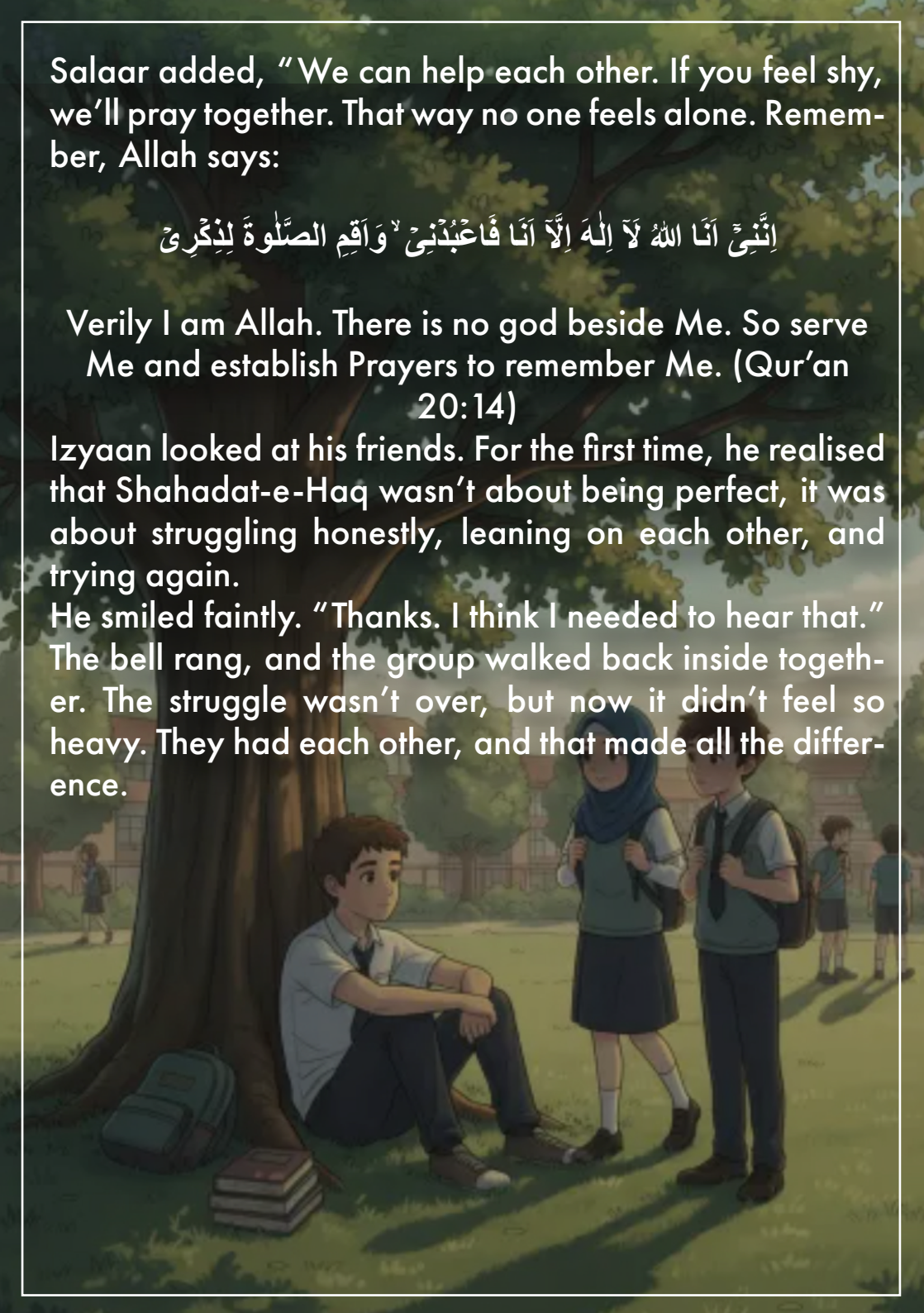
اِنَّنِیۡۤ اَنَا اللّٰہُ لَاۤ اِلٰہَ اِلَّاۤ اَنَا فَاعۡبُدۡنِیۡ ۙ وَ اَقِمِ الصَّلٰوۃَ لِذِکۡرِیۡ

Verily I am Allah. There is no god beside Me. So serve Me and establish Prayers to remember Me. (Qur'an 20:14)

Izyaan looked at his friends. For the first time, he realised that Shahadat-e-Haq wasn't about being perfect, it was about struggling honestly, leaning on each other, and trying again.

He smiled faintly. "Thanks. I think I needed to hear that."

The bell rang, and the group walked back inside together. The struggle wasn't over, but now it didn't feel so heavy. They had each other, and that made all the difference.



Chapter Six:

The Headline

It was a cloudy morning when the students arrived at school, only to find the corridors buzzing with whispers. Phones lit up with the same headline splashed across the news:

"Teen in Local Area Linked to Extremist Group."

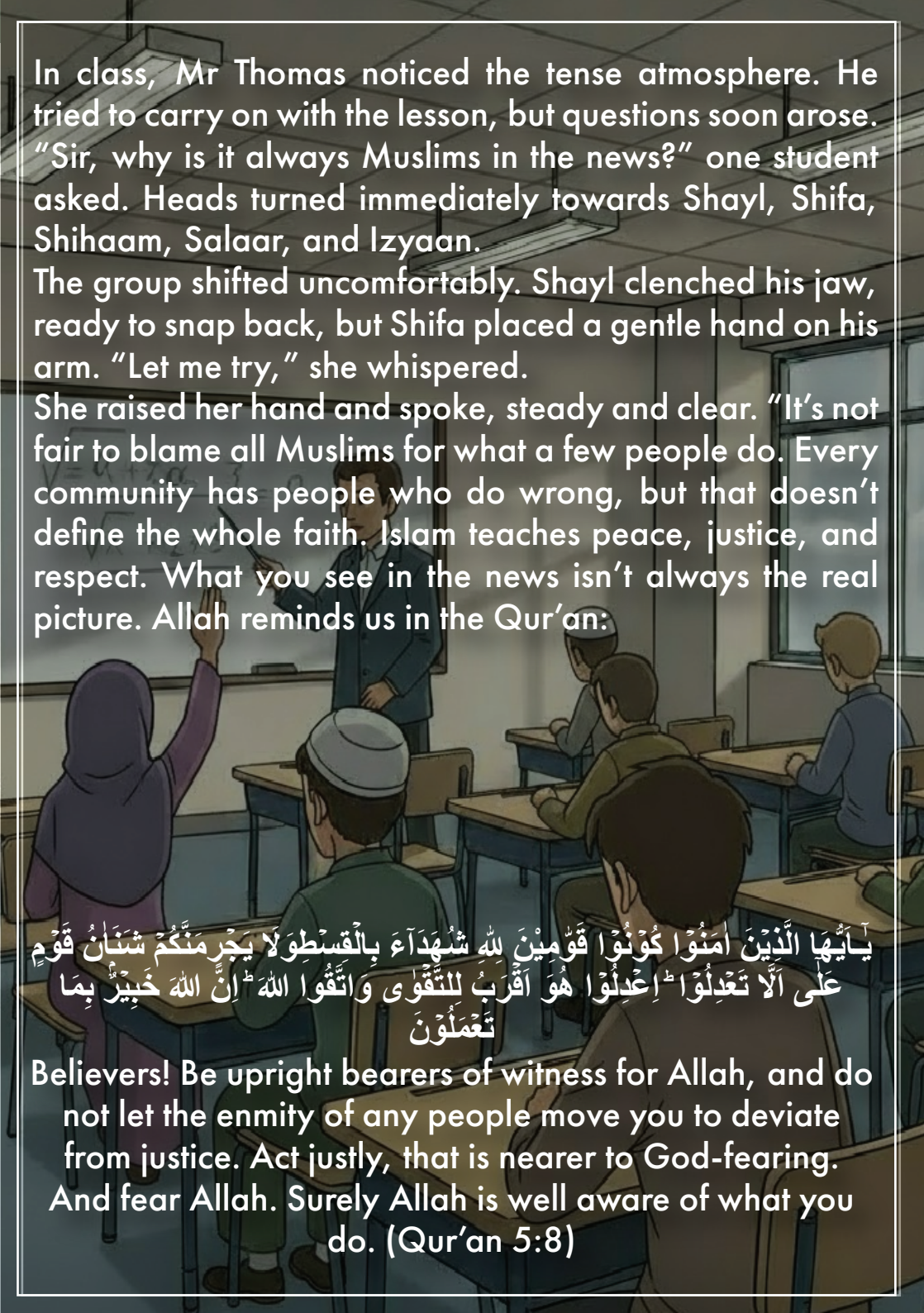
Although the article had nothing to do with them, the label Muslim was written again and again.

By the time Izyaan reached his locker, a classmate muttered loudly, "Looks like Muslims are at it again." A few others nodded. The words stung like thorns.

In class, Mr Thomas noticed the tense atmosphere. He tried to carry on with the lesson, but questions soon arose. “Sir, why is it always Muslims in the news?” one student asked. Heads turned immediately towards Shayl, Shifa, Shihaam, Salaar, and Izyaan.

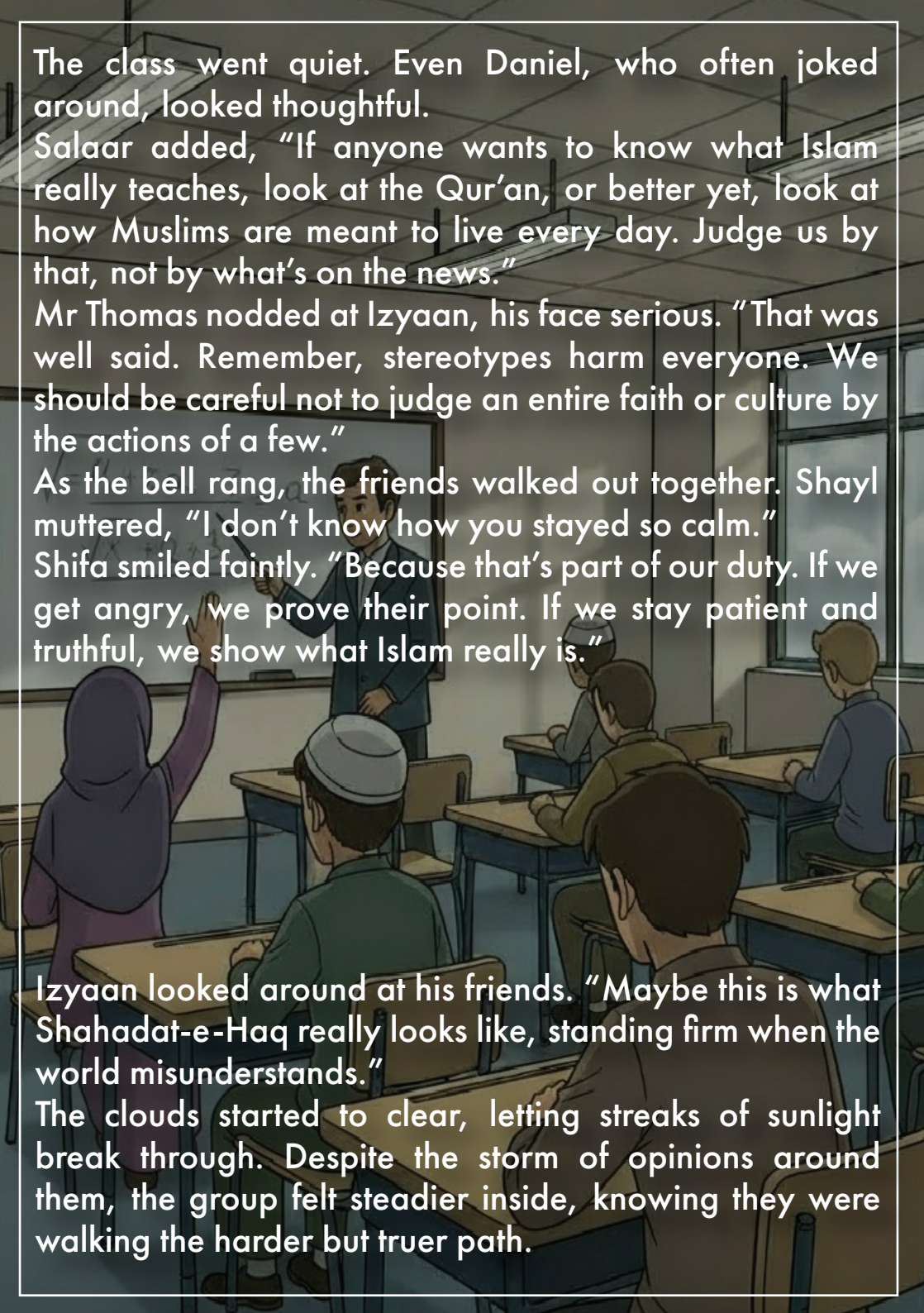
The group shifted uncomfortably. Shayl clenched his jaw, ready to snap back, but Shifa placed a gentle hand on his arm. “Let me try,” she whispered.

She raised her hand and spoke, steady and clear. “It’s not fair to blame all Muslims for what a few people do. Every community has people who do wrong, but that doesn’t define the whole faith. Islam teaches peace, justice, and respect. What you see in the news isn’t always the real picture. Allah reminds us in the Qur’an:



يٰٓاَيُّهَا الَّذِيْنَ اٰمَنُوْا كُوْنُوْا قَوّٰمِيْنَ لِلّٰهِ شُهَدَآءَ بِالْقِسْطِ وَلَا يَجْرِمَنَّكُمْ شَنَاٰنُ قَوْمٍ عَلٰٓى اَلَّا تَعْدِلُوْا ؕ اِعْدِلُوْا هُوَ اَقْرَبُ لِلتَّقْوٰى وَاتَّقُوا اللّٰهَ ؕ اِنَّ اللّٰهَ خَبِيْرٌۢ بِمَا تَعْمَلُوْنَ

Believers! Be upright bearers of witness for Allah, and do not let the enmity of any people move you to deviate from justice. Act justly, that is nearer to God-fearing. And fear Allah. Surely Allah is well aware of what you do. (Qur’an 5:8)



The class went quiet. Even Daniel, who often joked around, looked thoughtful.

Salaar added, "If anyone wants to know what Islam really teaches, look at the Qur'an, or better yet, look at how Muslims are meant to live every day. Judge us by that, not by what's on the news."

Mr Thomas nodded at Izyaan, his face serious. "That was well said. Remember, stereotypes harm everyone. We should be careful not to judge an entire faith or culture by the actions of a few."

As the bell rang, the friends walked out together. Shayl muttered, "I don't know how you stayed so calm."

Shifa smiled faintly. "Because that's part of our duty. If we get angry, we prove their point. If we stay patient and truthful, we show what Islam really is."

Izyaan looked around at his friends. "Maybe this is what Shahadat-e-Haq really looks like, standing firm when the world misunderstands."

The clouds started to clear, letting streaks of sunlight break through. Despite the storm of opinions around them, the group felt steadier inside, knowing they were walking the harder but truer path.

Chapter Seven:

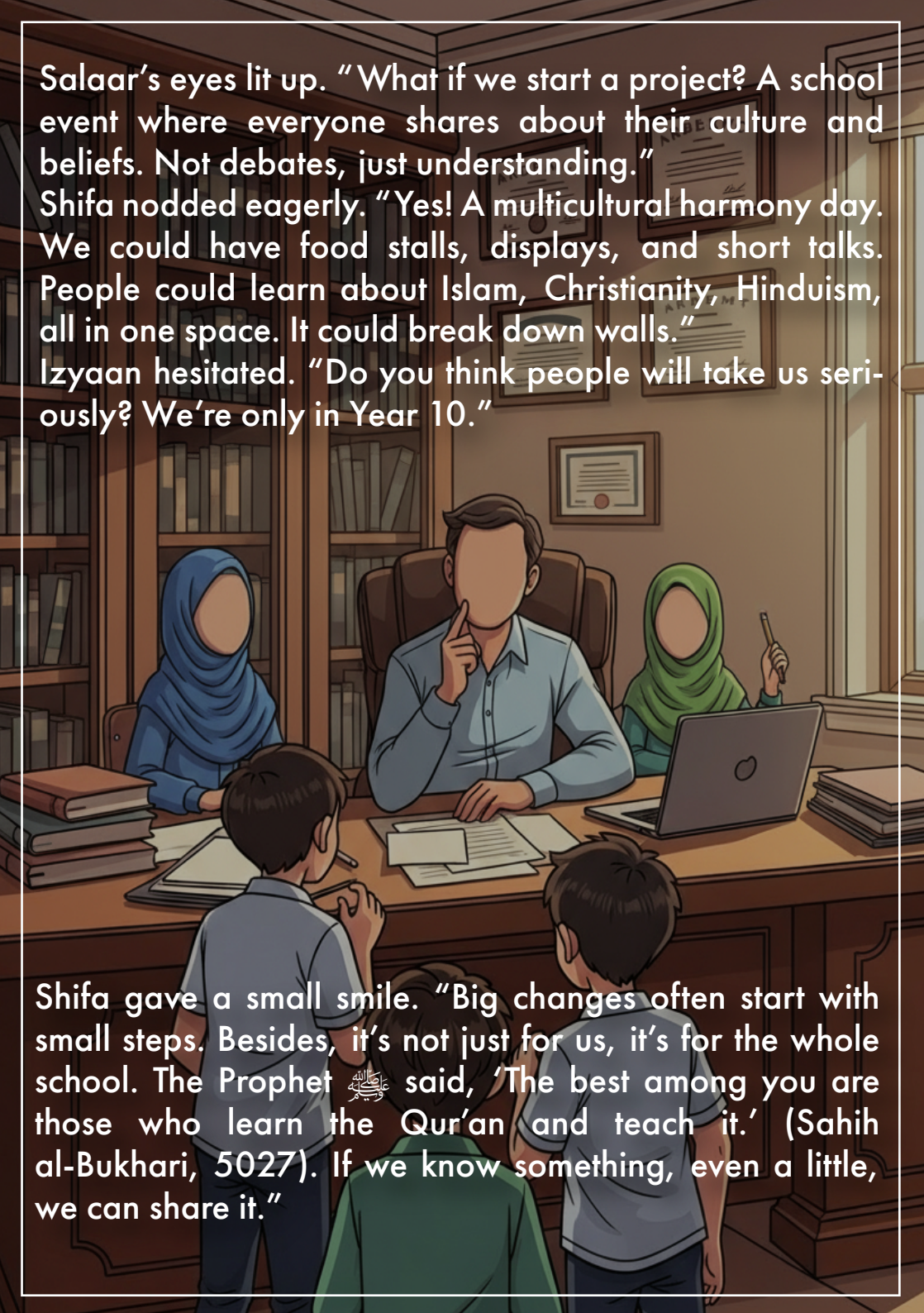
The Idea

The week after the headline incident, the group gathered in the school library. Books and laptops were scattered across the table, but their focus wasn't on homework.

Shayl leaned forward. "We can't just keep reacting when things happen. What if we did something ourselves? Something that shows what Islam really is?"

Shihaam tilted her head. "Like what? We're just students."

Salaar's eyes lit up. "What if we start a project? A school event where everyone shares about their culture and beliefs. Not debates, just understanding."
Shifa nodded eagerly. "Yes! A multicultural harmony day. We could have food stalls, displays, and short talks. People could learn about Islam, Christianity, Hinduism, all in one space. It could break down walls."
Izyaan hesitated. "Do you think people will take us seriously? We're only in Year 10."

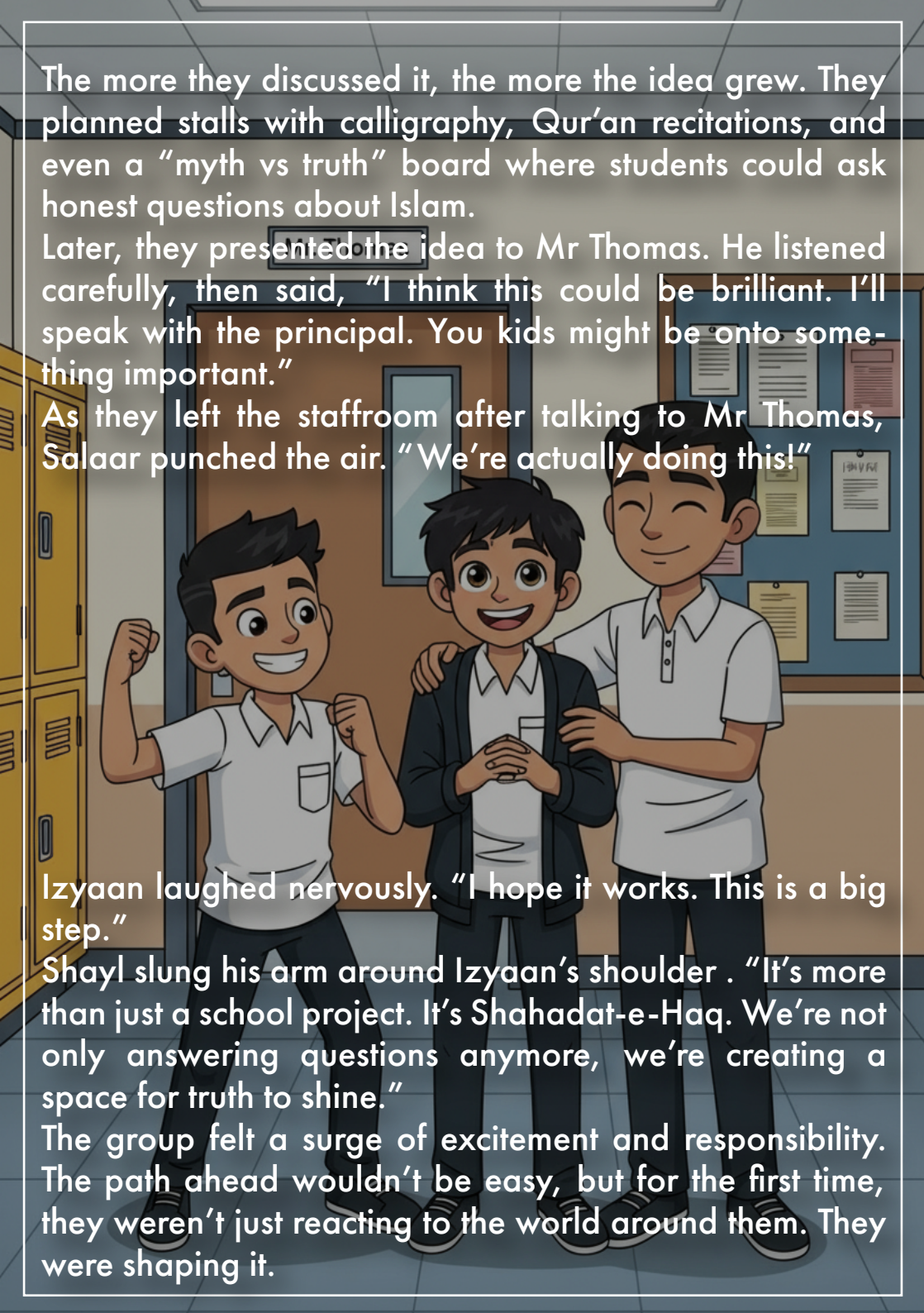


Shifa gave a small smile. "Big changes often start with small steps. Besides, it's not just for us, it's for the whole school. The Prophet ﷺ said, 'The best among you are those who learn the Qur'an and teach it.' (Sahih al-Bukhari, 5027). If we know something, even a little, we can share it."

The more they discussed it, the more the idea grew. They planned stalls with calligraphy, Qur'an recitations, and even a "myth vs truth" board where students could ask honest questions about Islam.

Later, they presented the idea to Mr Thomas. He listened carefully, then said, "I think this could be brilliant. I'll speak with the principal. You kids might be onto something important."

As they left the staffroom after talking to Mr Thomas, Salaar punched the air. "We're actually doing this!"



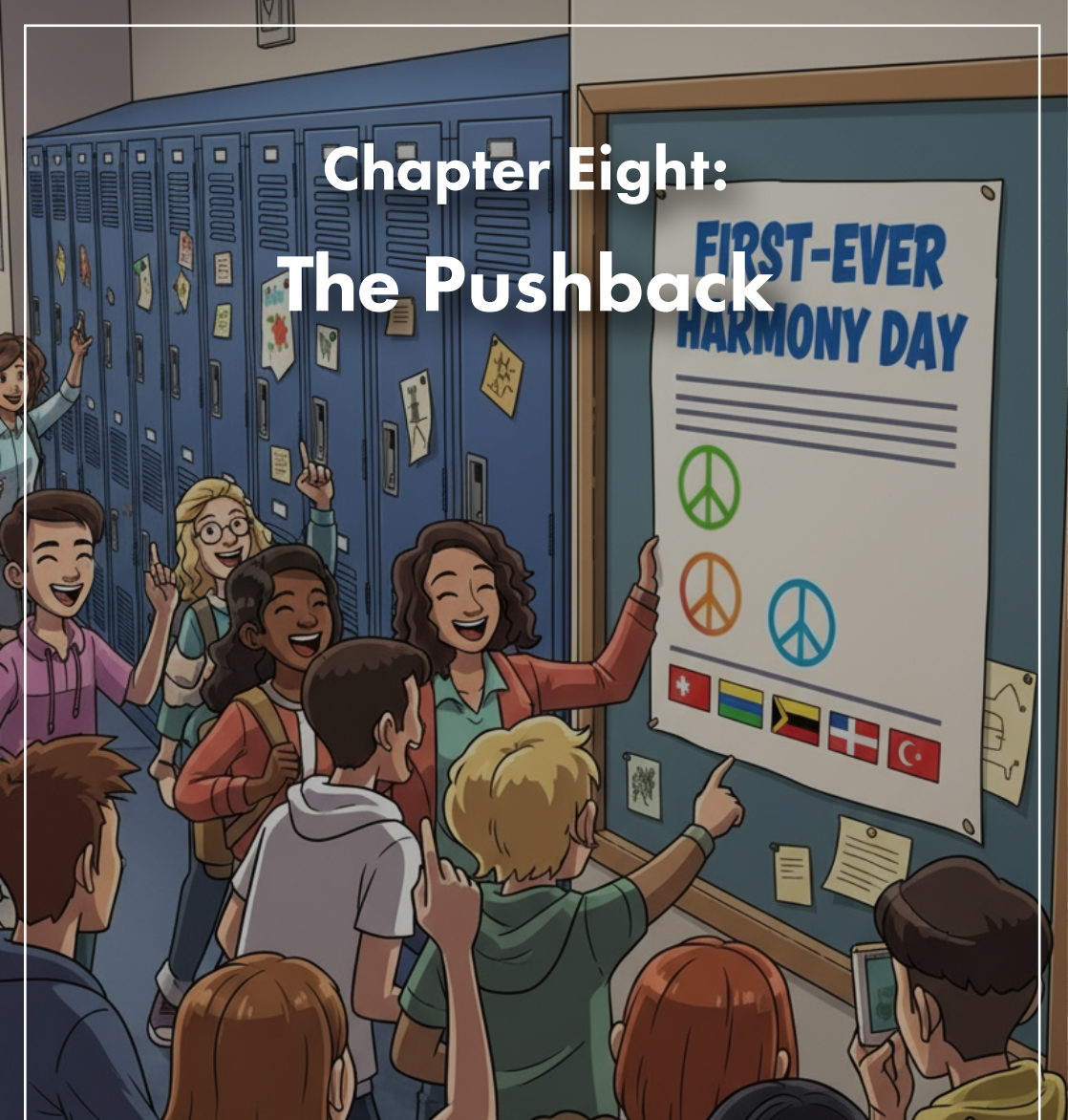
Izyaan laughed nervously. "I hope it works. This is a big step."

Shayl slung his arm around Izyaan's shoulder . "It's more than just a school project. It's Shahadat-e-Haq. We're not only answering questions anymore, we're creating a space for truth to shine."

The group felt a surge of excitement and responsibility. The path ahead wouldn't be easy, but for the first time, they weren't just reacting to the world around them. They were shaping it.

Chapter Eight:

The Pushback



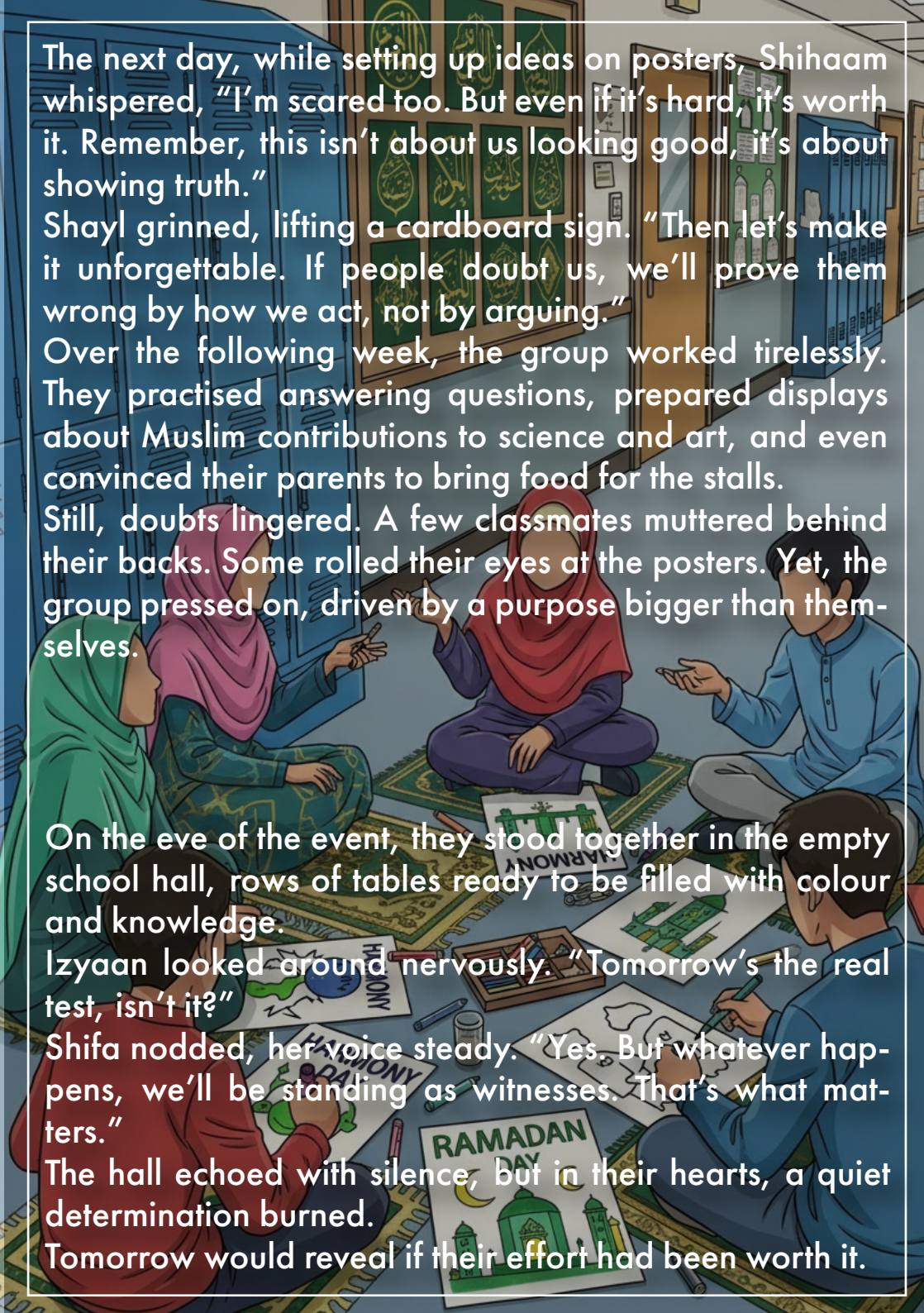
The principal approved their idea, and the school newsletter announced the first-ever Harmony Day. Excitement buzzed through the corridors but so did resistance.

At lunch one day, Daniel approached their table. "So, you guys are behind this whole culture day thing?"

Shayl nodded. "Yeah. It's about sharing and learning."

Daniel smirked. “Sounds like propaganda to me. My dad reckons you’re just trying to spread Islam.”
The words stung. Salaar sat forward, his voice sharp. “It’s not propaganda. Everyone’s welcome. It’s about all cultures, not just ours.”

Shifa quickly placed a hand on Salaar’s arm before he snapped further. “We’re not forcing anything. It’s just a chance to show who we are. People can choose to listen or not. Remember what the Prophet ﷺ said, ‘The strong person is not the one who throws others down. The strong person is the one who controls himself when he is angry.’ (Sahih al-Bukhari, 6114; Sahih Muslim, 2609).”
Daniel shrugged. “We’ll see.” He walked away, leaving a trail of unease behind him.
That night, Izyaan tossed and turned in bed. “What if people don’t come? What if they mock us? What if the whole thing fails?”



The next day, while setting up ideas on posters, Shihaam whispered, "I'm scared too. But even if it's hard, it's worth it. Remember, this isn't about us looking good, it's about showing truth."

Shayl grinned, lifting a cardboard sign. "Then let's make it unforgettable. If people doubt us, we'll prove them wrong by how we act, not by arguing."

Over the following week, the group worked tirelessly. They practised answering questions, prepared displays about Muslim contributions to science and art, and even convinced their parents to bring food for the stalls.

Still, doubts lingered. A few classmates muttered behind their backs. Some rolled their eyes at the posters. Yet, the group pressed on, driven by a purpose bigger than themselves.

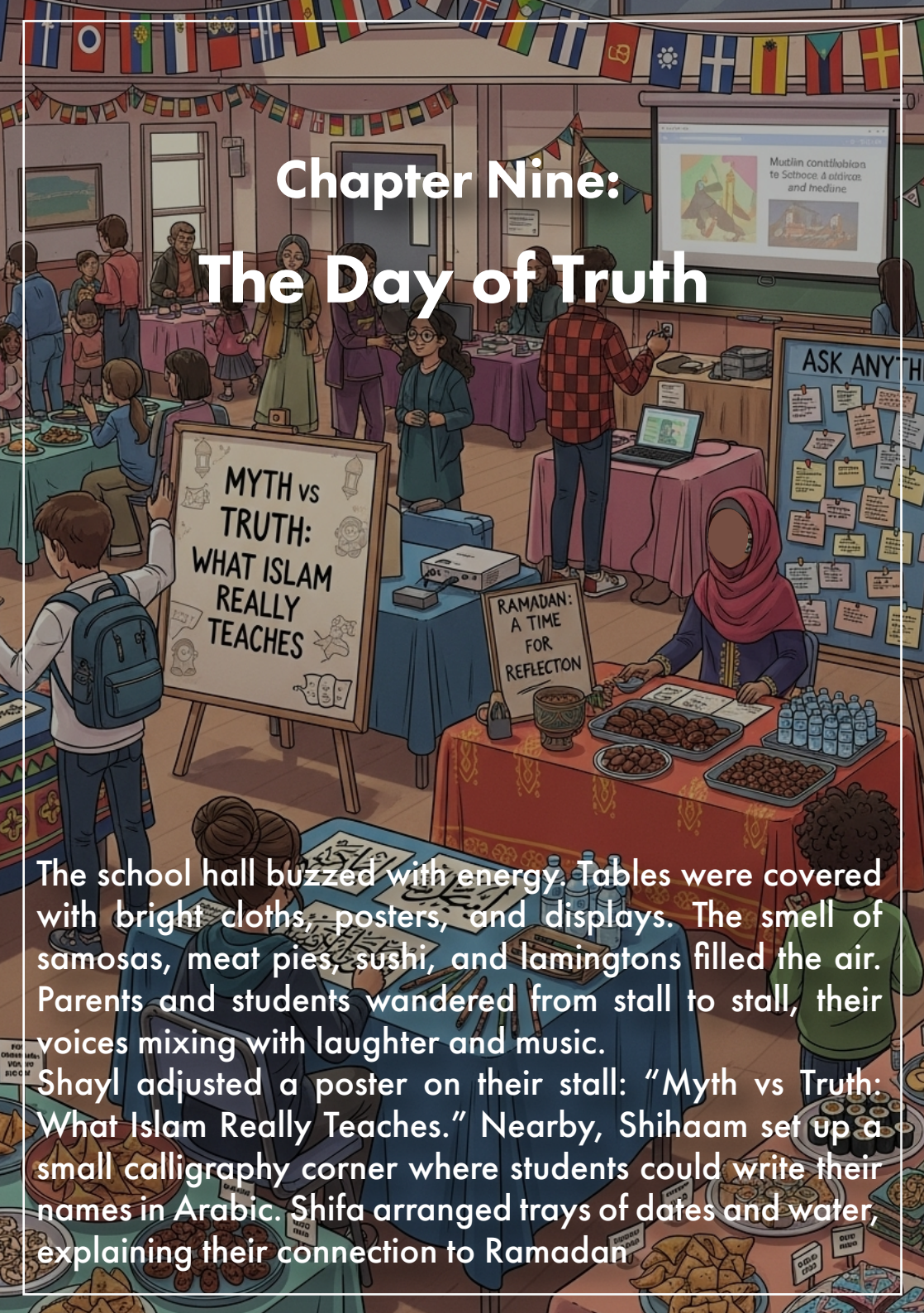
On the eve of the event, they stood together in the empty school hall, rows of tables ready to be filled with colour and knowledge.

Izyaan looked around nervously. "Tomorrow's the real test, isn't it?"

Shifa nodded, her voice steady. "Yes. But whatever happens, we'll be standing as witnesses. That's what matters."

The hall echoed with silence, but in their hearts, a quiet determination burned.

Tomorrow would reveal if their effort had been worth it.



Chapter Nine:

The Day of Truth

The school hall buzzed with energy. Tables were covered with bright cloths, posters, and displays. The smell of samosas, meat pies, sushi, and lamingtons filled the air. Parents and students wandered from stall to stall, their voices mixing with laughter and music.

Shayl adjusted a poster on their stall: “Myth vs Truth: What Islam Really Teaches.” Nearby, Shihaam set up a small calligraphy corner where students could write their names in Arabic. Shifa arranged trays of dates and water, explaining their connection to Ramadan

Salaar prepared a slideshow of Muslim contributions in science and medicine. Izyaan stood ready by the "Ask Anything" board, heart racing but determined.

At first, only a few students stopped by. Some looked curious, others cautious. Then, one by one, questions began to appear on sticky notes:"Do Muslims believe in Jesus?"

"Why do women wear hijab?"

"Is Islam against science?"

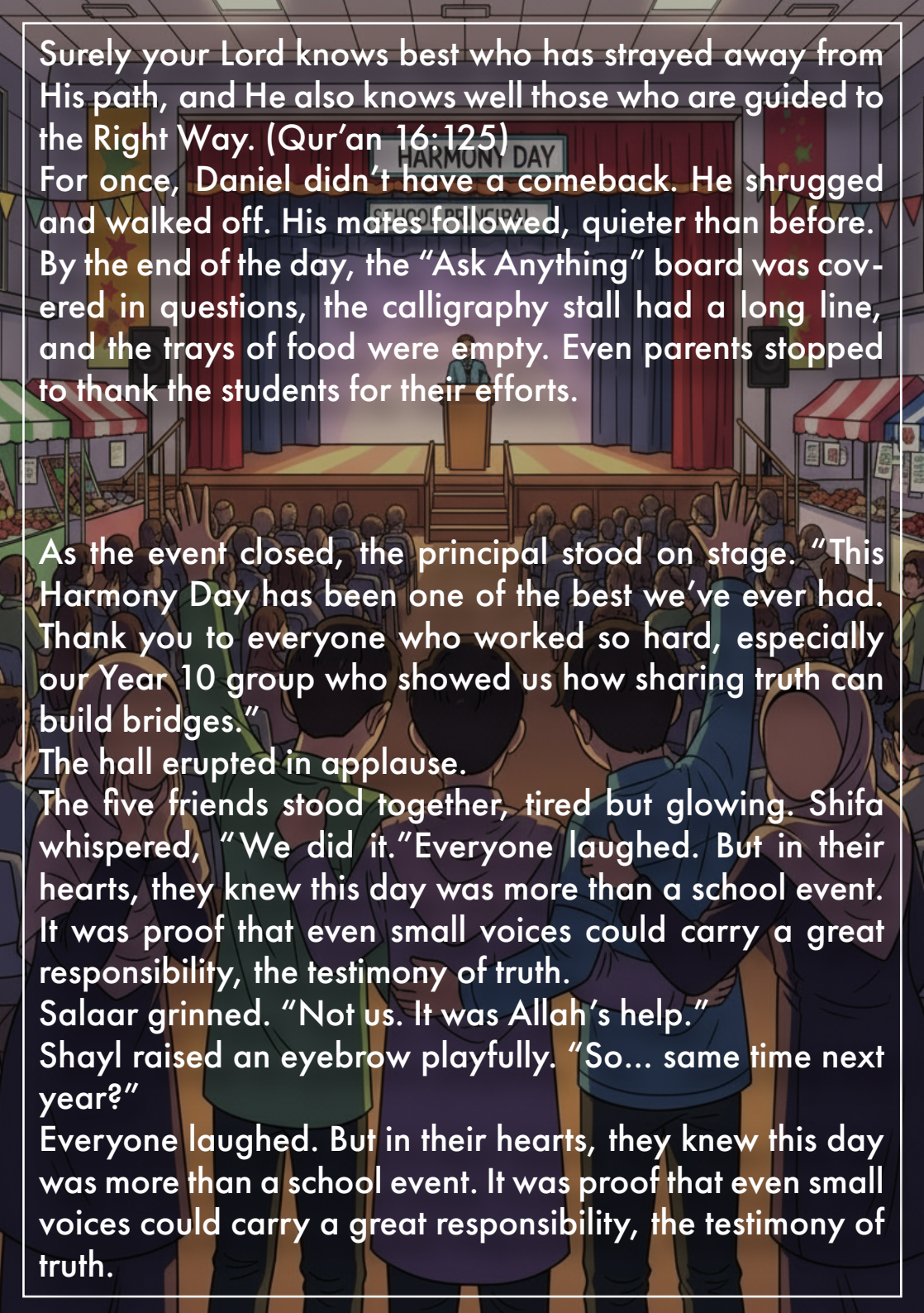
The group worked together, answering with calm, simple words. Each time they finished, the expression on the listeners' faces softened, surprise giving way to understanding.

A teacher stopped by and smiled. "You've presented this with such respect. I'm learning things I never knew."

But not everyone was friendly. Halfway through the day, Daniel and a group of mates walked past, snickering. "So, how many converts have you got today?" he jeered.- Shayl's fists clenched, but before he could react, Izyaan spoke. "We're not here to convert anyone, Daniel. We're here to share, just like the Italian stall shares their pasta or the Chinese stall shares their dumplings. You can join or walk past. The choice is yours. Allah teaches us:

اُدْعُ اِلٰى سَبِيْلِ رَبِّكَ بِالْحِكْمَةِ وَالْمَوْعِظَةِ الْحَسَنَةِ وَجَادِلْهُمْ بِالَّتِيْ هِيَ اَحْسَنُۗ اِنَّ رَبَّكَ هُوَ اَعْلَمُ بِمَنْ ضَلَّ عَنْ سَبِيْلِهٖ وَهُوَ اَعْلَمُ بِالْمُهْتَدِيْنَ

(O Prophet), call to the way of your Lord with wisdom and goodly exhortation, and reason with them in the best manner possible.



Surely your Lord knows best who has strayed away from His path, and He also knows well those who are guided to the Right Way. (Qur'an 16:125)

For once, Daniel didn't have a comeback. He shrugged and walked off. His mates followed, quieter than before. By the end of the day, the "Ask Anything" board was covered in questions, the calligraphy stall had a long line, and the trays of food were empty. Even parents stopped to thank the students for their efforts.

As the event closed, the principal stood on stage. "This Harmony Day has been one of the best we've ever had. Thank you to everyone who worked so hard, especially our Year 10 group who showed us how sharing truth can build bridges."

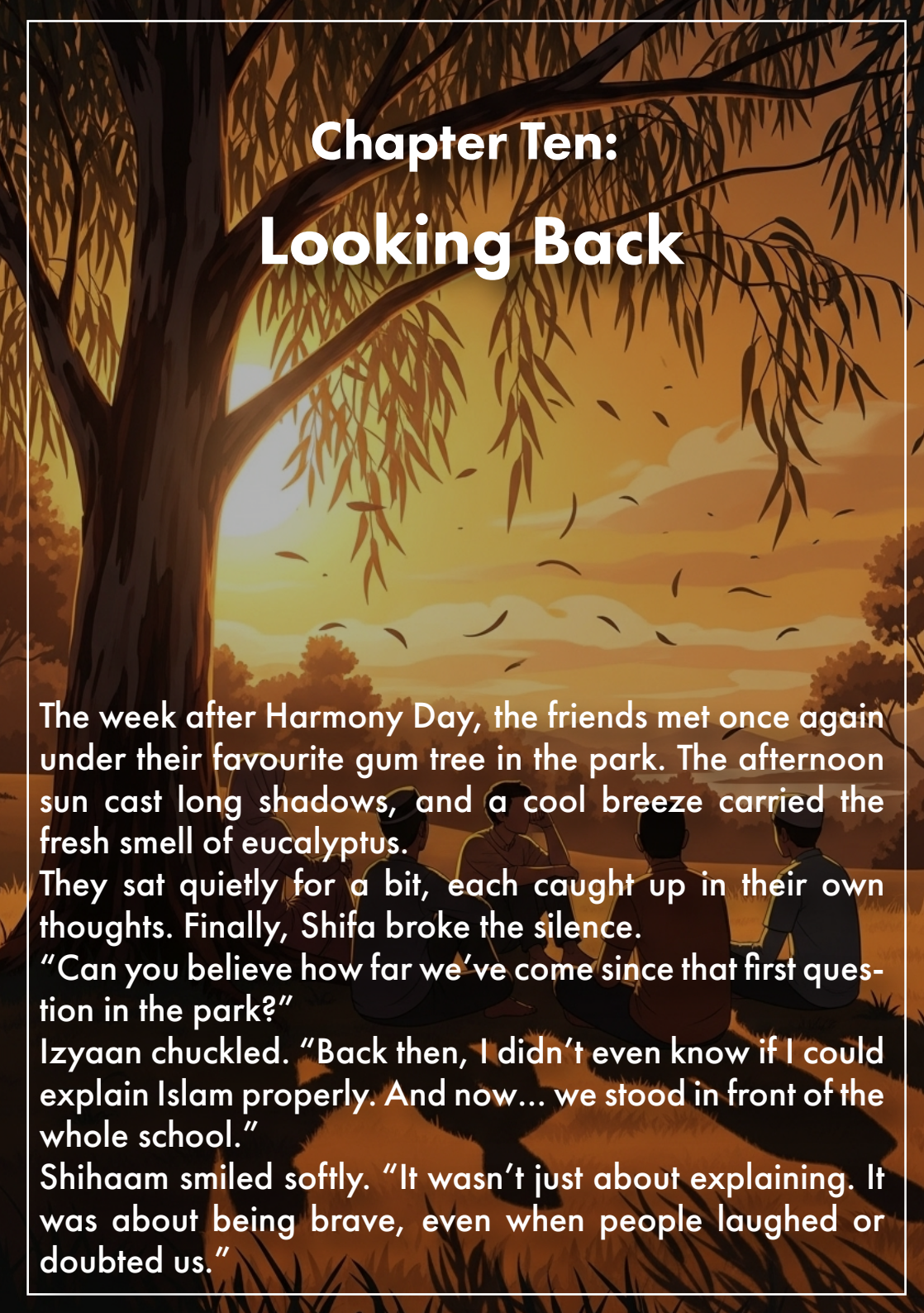
The hall erupted in applause.

The five friends stood together, tired but glowing. Shifa whispered, "We did it."Everyone laughed. But in their hearts, they knew this day was more than a school event. It was proof that even small voices could carry a great responsibility, the testimony of truth.

Salaar grinned. "Not us. It was Allah's help."

Shayl raised an eyebrow playfully. "So... same time next year?"

Everyone laughed. But in their hearts, they knew this day was more than a school event. It was proof that even small voices could carry a great responsibility, the testimony of truth.



Chapter Ten:
Looking Back

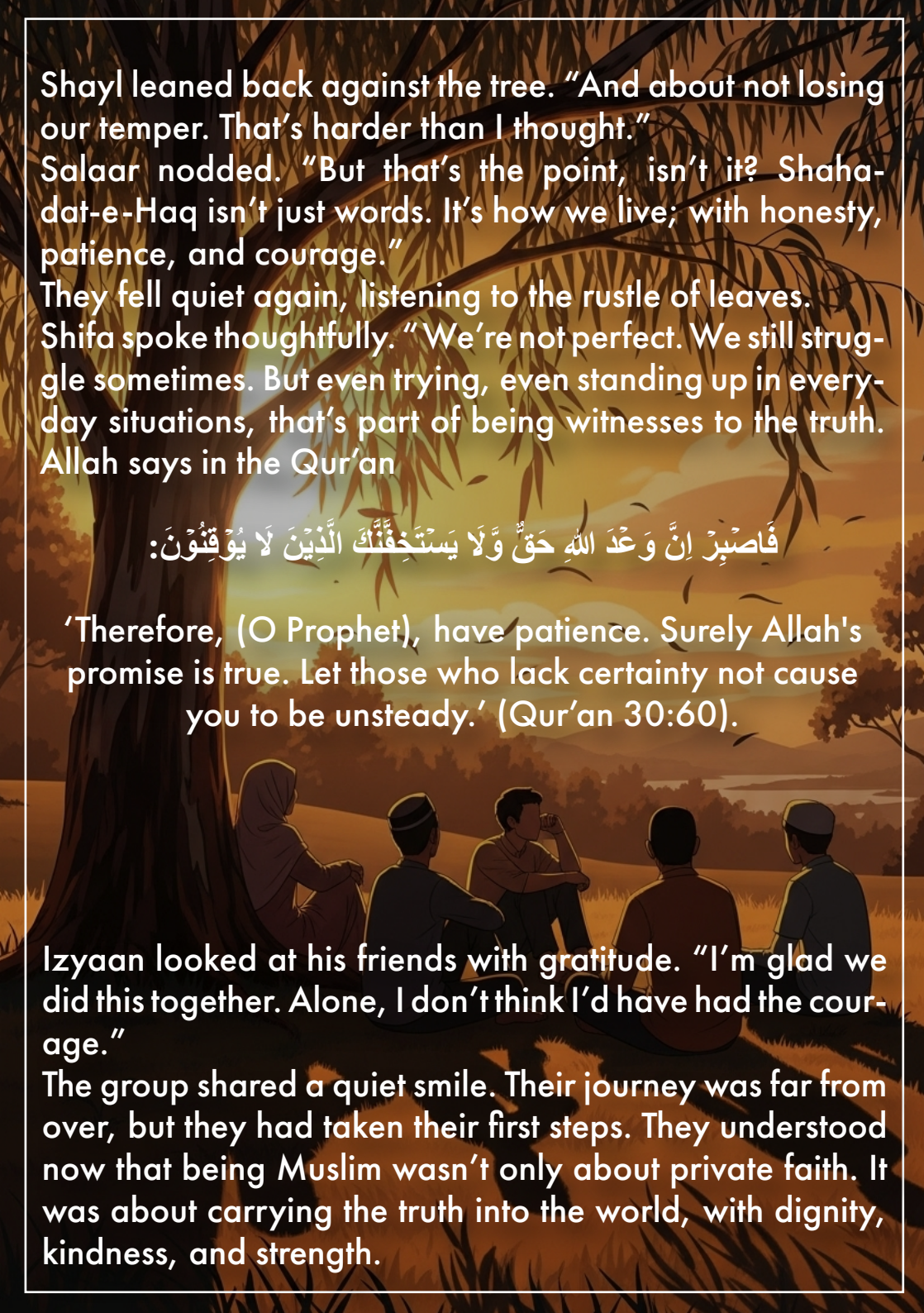
The week after Harmony Day, the friends met once again under their favourite gum tree in the park. The afternoon sun cast long shadows, and a cool breeze carried the fresh smell of eucalyptus.

They sat quietly for a bit, each caught up in their own thoughts. Finally, Shifa broke the silence.

"Can you believe how far we've come since that first question in the park?"

Izyaan chuckled. "Back then, I didn't even know if I could explain Islam properly. And now... we stood in front of the whole school."

Shihaam smiled softly. "It wasn't just about explaining. It was about being brave, even when people laughed or doubted us."



Shayl leaned back against the tree. “And about not losing our temper. That’s harder than I thought.”
Salaar nodded. “But that’s the point, isn’t it? Shahadat-e-Haq isn’t just words. It’s how we live; with honesty, patience, and courage.”
They fell quiet again, listening to the rustle of leaves.
Shifa spoke thoughtfully. “We’re not perfect. We still struggle sometimes. But even trying, even standing up in everyday situations, that’s part of being witnesses to the truth. Allah says in the Qur’an

فَاصْبِرْ اِنَّ وَعْدَ اللّٰهِ حَقٌّ وَّلَا يَسْتَخِفَّنَّكَ الَّذِيْنَ لَا يُوْقِنُوْنَ:

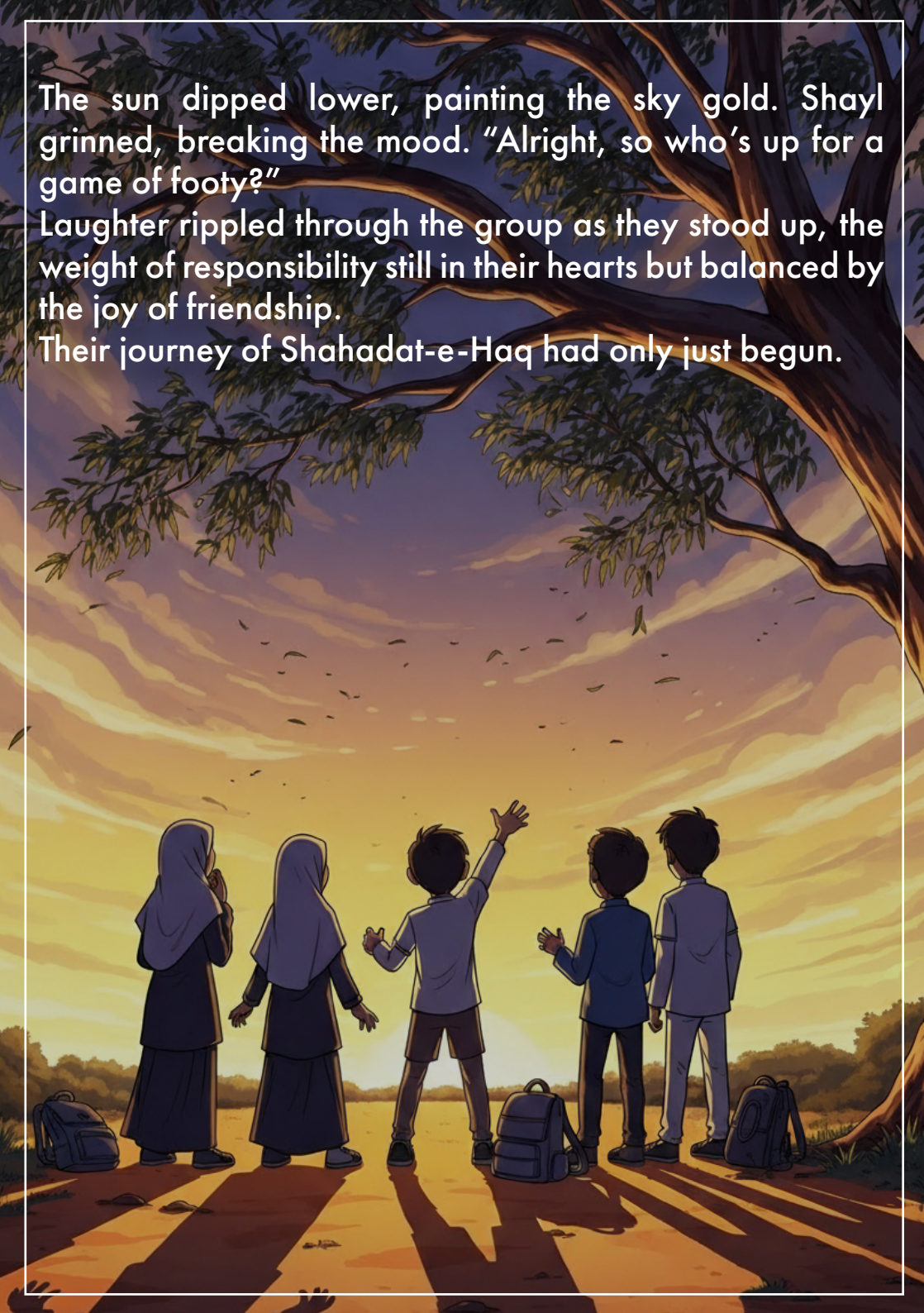
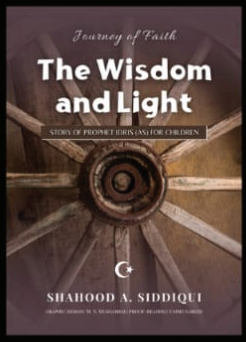
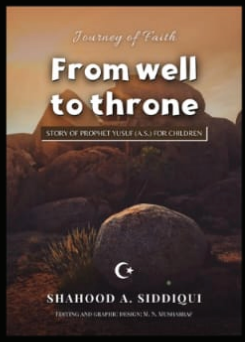
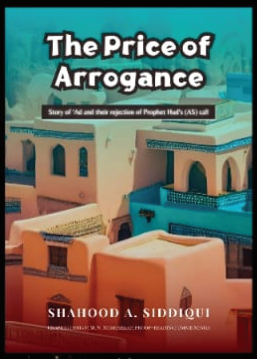
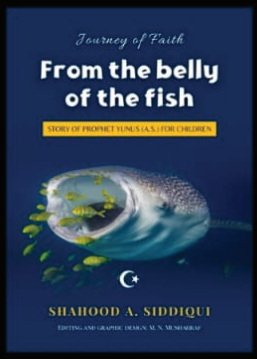
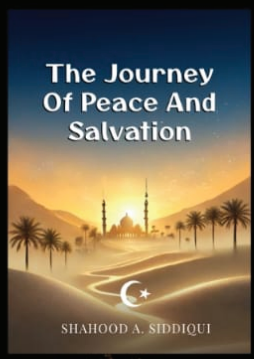
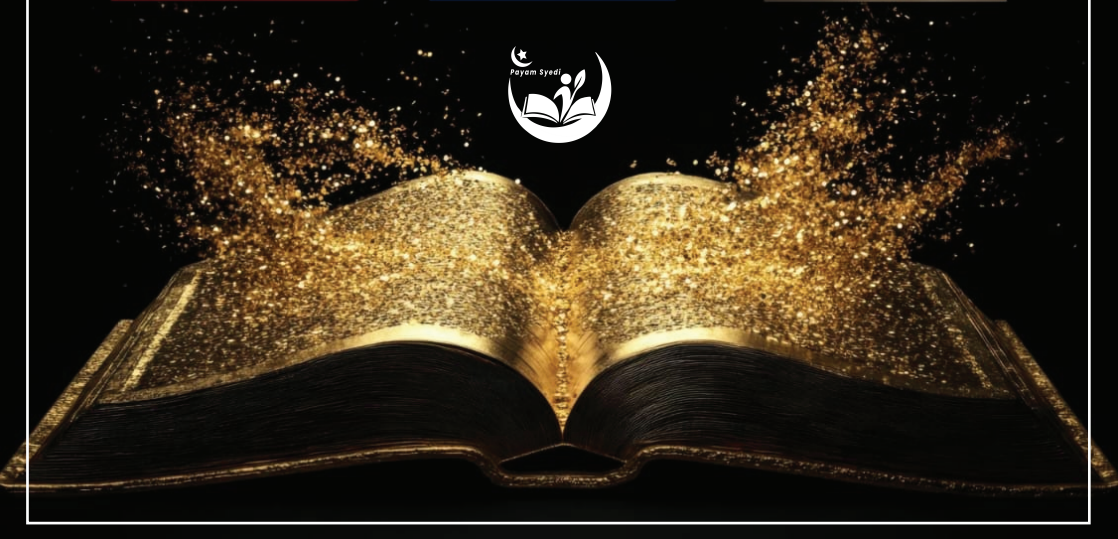
‘Therefore, (O Prophet), have patience. Surely Allah's promise is true. Let those who lack certainty not cause you to be unsteady.’ (Qur’an 30:60).

Izyaan looked at his friends with gratitude. “I’m glad we did this together. Alone, I don’t think I’d have had the courage.”
The group shared a quiet smile. Their journey was far from over, but they had taken their first steps. They understood now that being Muslim wasn’t only about private faith. It was about carrying the truth into the world, with dignity, kindness, and strength.

The sun dipped lower, painting the sky gold. Shayl grinned, breaking the mood. “Alright, so who’s up for a game of footy?”

Laughter rippled through the group as they stood up, the weight of responsibility still in their hearts but balanced by the joy of friendship.

Their journey of Shahadat-e-Haq had only just begun.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