My Life as a Muslim

By : clumsymonkey

Zahra used to be the epitome of a good Muslim. However, in the last year of high school, a sudden thirst for popularity causes her to lose all her Islamic values. Now she wishes for nothing more than to be able to be a proper Muslim again and have the ability to differ from wrong and right. Khalisa used to be an Atheist, but also wild. After one day with a Muslim girl, her views on Islam change as her heart is suddenly guided. However, with happiness there comes pain. Not everybody, including her father, is content with her decision causing her to suffer. She wishes for nothing more than to be a good Muslim and for people to respect her decisions. Umaymah used to have the nickname of â Umaymah Jolly Bangiâ . But after Syria, her home, is conflicted with distress, she becomes anything but. Hiding in an underground lair with her sister while feeding off from scraps of food, she understands the true meaning of hardship. Her only wish is for Syria to be liberated. These three very different teenagers will experience hardship, torture and struggle. But after one journey and one shocking death, can everything change for them?

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Prologue

Unknown POV.

The melodious recitation of the blessed Quran amplified against my eardrums ecstatically as I soared to the Haram Shareef*. The beautiful yet calm atmosphere awe-struck my soul and took my breath away. It'd been a long yet eventful ten years since I'd last been here. Those were ten years of despair, longing and hope. My heart ached for my body to set foot once again in Makkah and feel at peace. In my heart was gratitude firmly placed as I pondered on the memories of when I first came here. The memories in my mind were significantly blurry - getting lost, awesome toys, baskin-robbins, and Halal* food everywhere.

Yeah, I'm such a man when it comes to food. No scratch that, I beat men.

However untouched my memories are, I will forever remember this serene atmosphere which allows your heart to invite the feeling of unity, devotion and utter happiness. It doesn't feel astray as normally, however it lightens and is angelic.

I don't know about you, but I'm certain that my inner soul isn't astonishingly perfect.

My worn eyes danced around my company; thousands, if not millions, of women dressed modestly from head-to-toe leaving only their face, hands and feet on display, as commanded by Allah. Amongst the women were Syrians, Indonesians, Turkish, British, American, Malaysians (who I can distinctly remember kissing me in huge masses) and many more. This is what I loved about Makkah - so many different cultures, creed and races. But all united by one thing - their belief in Allah and Muhammed Peace be Upon Him.

We stood shoulder-to-shoulder,not allowing Satan to interfere, in our rows of prayer, all praying in perfect harmony. After our prayers were over, I lifted myself from my seat to go and recite the blessed Quran. Taking the Quran which was coloured a deep blue with gold, intricate patterns, my heart felt alive with light and blessings. Women walking past me smiled smiles which could outshine the sunshine.

Yeah...Makkah makes me deep and sappy.

After reciting an overwhelming chapter, I placed the Quran respectfully in its reserved place, picking myself up to return to my hotel. I recognised my shoes as the purple sandals with a Mckenzie logo on them. Wearing them, I walked out of the Haram Shareef with a smile plastered onto my face permenantly.

On the streets of Makkah were people tied against lamposts, people laying with no hands or feet and needy children who looked like their eyes couldn't produce anymore tears even if they tried. I dropped money into each of their hands like I had done for the past time that I'd stayed here. I was careful to make sure not to touch any of the men in fear of breaking the no-touching rule. Mission Accomplished. I walked past a couple of girls singing a Nasheed. Their melodic voices travelled to my ears, inviting a joyous smile to my face.

Reaching my hotel, I beamed as I stood outside, my eyes raking the hotel's beauty appreciatively. Encrusted beautifully on the door was a sign which read 'Elaf-al-Huda' as well as a golden handle.

I fear that I've seen enough gold here to last me a lifetime.

I could feel happiness wash over me as I rediscovered my memories of this oh-so-awesome hotel. I strolled in, feeling more ecstatic, if that was even possible. The tranquilizing atmosphere was earth-shattering and flabbergasting. The place simply reflected Noor*. My heart embraced the content feeling of being elated as I skipped over to the Reception Desk. I noticed that same silver sword placed behind the Desk that I dreamt of having when I was younger. I earnt smiles from people around me, who looked just as elated as I was.

My awkward thoughts were rudely interrupted by a lurid duo of black-clad men stumbling through the entrance doors. Everyone cocked their heads toward them simultaneously and fear was immediately written on our faces. The men began to rap stupidly, as if it was karaoke night.

"I'm a Mujahideen,

And I'm causing a scene."

Interrupted by the shrieking of older women, they grew to a halt, sharing confused faces.

A Teenager - who looked around my age, if not slightly older - coldly glared. "Excuse me but this ain't karaoke night."

I broke in, "We've watched that movie and I don't want to think what you're thinking with that gun in your hand." I honestly hoped that it was a toy gun and not a rifle.

"You don't kill people dude." broke in another teenage girl. "Not just Muslims. Anyone. Why d'you think we have a bad reputation? Because of people like you!"

Touché.

The men chuckled evilly. Not the 'mwahaha' type ones. (Though I did wish it were. I've always wanted to hear that laugh in action, coming from a human, besides when people steal my Jelly Beans). The dazed looking one spoke. "Sister, we were watching the Four Lions* and Brudda Khalil said da 'bomb da mosque' idea was great. But we canâ t blow the Haram Shareef up so we decided to do a hotel full of Muslims." Wow, there was me thinking I get affected by movies. These boys certainly looked like the Four Lions Guys. The one that spoke reminded me of Brother Fasal. Proper BrainDead. The one next to him reminded me of Brother Barry, very bossy, but his name was Brother Khalil.

The bossy one next to him - Brother Khalil- said, "Now, which one of you will die for Islam!" Braindead roared and picked up the gun earning shrieks and screams from everyone.

I heard a bang.

Then, "Bro you weren't meant to really shoot her!"

"Bro, accident man."

"You idiot."

And then....

Nothing.

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