

## I Dreamt

**O Muslims**, to give you an idea of the torment, fear, anxiety, and sorrow of the Hereafter, I will take you on an imaginary journey, inspired by an article I read online.

One day I read a story on WhatsApp which went like this: A man was travelling on the journey of life with his wife and children in a car. On the way, he passed by a man. He stopped the car and asked him, "Who are you?" He replied, "I am wealth and possessions." The man asked his family, "Shall we take him along with us?" They said, "Yes, with wealth we can shop and do many things." So, wealth boarded their vehicle of time.

As they proceeded, they met another man. The man stopped and asked, "Who are you"? The man replied, "I am rank and authority." The man asked his family, "Shall we take him along too?" They said unanimously, "Yes, we can do anything with power and position." So, power and position boarded their vehicle of time.

Along the way, many other comforts and luxuries also boarded the vehicle. As he proceeded further, he came across another man. He stopped and asked, "Who are you?" He replied, "I am faith". "It's not the time for religion yet. We want to enjoy life, and religion will take away our pleasures. Its instructions and prohibitions will tire us out. Once we've enjoyed life, we'll come back for you."

As they proceeded, they reached a checkpoint. The officer at the checkpoint ordered the man to stop and step out. The officer told him, "Your journey ends here." The frightened man could not say anything. The man at the checkpoint further asked, "Do you have deen (faith) with you"? The man replied, "We left him some distance behind; let me go and bring him". The officer said, "No, your time is over, there is no going back."

The man said, “But I have my wife, children, wealth, rank, and authority with me.” The officer replied, “These cannot save you in the court of Allah. The one who could save you was faith (Deen), and you left him behind.”

Then the man asked, “Who are you?” He said, “I am death, the one you were heedless of, and you did not correct your deeds.” The man looked back at the car, and now his wife was driving it, and no one got off. I remember, Allah told us in Surah At-Toba: *O Prophet, tell them plainly, “If your fathers and your sons, and your brothers and your wives, and your near and dear ones and the wealth which you have acquired and the trade you fear may decline and the homes which delight you, if all these things are dearer to you than Allah and His Messenger and the struggle in His Way, then wait till Allah passes His judgment on you; for Allah does not guide the wicked people”* (9:24). O Allah, forgive me. Further in Surah Alai Imran, verse Allah says: *Everyone is bound to taste death, and you shall receive your full reward on the Day of Resurrection. Then, whoever is spared from the Fire and is admitted to Paradise has indeed been successful. The life of this world is merely an illusory enjoyment* (3:185).

After reading the story, a wave of fear ran through my whole body, and I realized that sooner or later I will have to die, and that on the Day of Resurrection I will be raised to give account for my deeds. (O Allah, forgive me.) The Qur’an has told us, as Allah says: *He will surely raise the dead to life, and He has record what they did and the traces of their deeds (consequences of their deeds) that they have left behind, and He has taken account of all things in a clear Book (of evidence)* (36:12).

While reflecting on the moral of the story, I fell asleep. In my dream, I saw myself lying on my deathbed. I felt that my feet could no longer move, my heels had joined together (life

had already departed from them). Then I realized my arms could no longer move. Then my lungs stopped working; I could not breathe. Slowly, my soul began to leave my body until it reached my throat. In extreme pain, I tried to scream, but no voice came out. I wanted to tell my loved ones, but I could not. My mouth remained wide open. At that moment, I remembered that the Qur'an had said: **Nay! When a man's soul reaches up to the throat, and it will be said, "Who can cure him and save him from death?" And he, the dying person, will realize that it is the time of departing, and calf is inter-twined with calf. On that Day you will be driven to your Lord (75:26-30).**

I also remembered that the Prophet(SAW) said Allah accepts repentance even a year before death, even a day before death, and even before the soul reaches the throat. Despite this, I felt no fear, having heard a scholar claim the Fire will not touch the Muslims, then I suddenly recalled what the Qur'an said: **This is because they say: "The fire of Hell shall not touch us except for a limited number of days."** The false beliefs which they have forged have deluded them in their faith. How, then, will they fare when We shall gather them all together to witness the Day about (the coming of) which there is no doubt. **Where every human being shall be repaid in full for what he has done, and none shall be wronged (3:24-25)?** And further in Surah Baqarah says: "... **Why will not the fire of Hell touch you? Whoever earns evil and becomes engrossed in sin shall be doomed to Hell and abide therein forever (2:80-81).**

Oh Allah, I suddenly realized I was too late; I had not repented in time, and fear seized me. O woe to me! I had been heedless of this appointed day when I was to taste death. I saw the angels and my deceased relatives and friends. Then I remembered the Prophet(SAW) had warned that

devils will come to us in the form of our loved ones to prevent us from dying upon Islam.

I began reciting: “La ilaha illa Allah” (There is no deity worthy of worship except Allah). I looked up and saw my soul exit my body through my head. The next thing I knew, I was lying in my grave and was awakened by the terrifying sound of the Trumpet. Startled, I asked myself, “What is happening? What has woken me?” Then I realized it was the Day of Resurrection, about which I had doubted. O woe to me! though the Qur’an had told me: *When the Trumpet is blown. That is the day of the promised chastisement. Everyone has come, each attended by one who will drive him on, and another who will bear witness. You were heedless of this. Now We have removed your veil and so your vision today is sharp (50:20-22)* (O Allah, have mercy on me!!). And in Surah Al-Qiyamah Allah says: No, I swear by the Day of Resurrection; and no, I swear by the self-reproaching soul. Does man think that We will not be able to put his bones together again? Yes indeed, We have even the power to shape and restore even his fingertips (fingerprints). But man, desires to persist in his evil ways. He asks: “When will the Day of Resurrection be?” When the eyes are dazzled and the moon is darkened, and the sun and the moon are joined together, then the same man will say: “Whither to escape?” By no means, there will be any refuge whatsoever. Only with your Lord will be the retreat that Day *(75:1-12)*. O my misfortune, my misery! I awoke to the reality of this dreadful Day about which the Qur’an had warned me. I was crying bitterly, “O Allah, have mercy on me,” even though I knew that the Prophet(saw) had told us that repentance is only accepted before the final moments of death.

O my ill fate! O my miserable soul! I am too late. Because of the fear and anxiety of the Day, and the intense heat, I was

sweating heavily, in a way I had never imagined or experienced before. If this had been in the worldly life, I would have turned to coal. I looked around: the entire area was crowded with hundreds of billions of humans and jinn, like swarms of moths. I saw some people swimming in their sweat, some up to their necks, some up to their waists, and some only to their ankles. O Allah! The scene of the Day of Resurrection was terrifying beyond description, and the whole place was filled with groans and cries, as voices called upon Allah for mercy.

O my agonizing ill fate! In the horror of that Day, I realized I was in great trouble. In dismay and remorse, I took hold of my head in my hands and fell to my knees, crying, “O Allah, I am ruined!” O woe to me! The Qur’an had warned me that the time for remorse, regret, and repentance was only during the short life of this world, and that on the Day of Recompense, repentance would be of no benefit. O Allah, have mercy on me!

My heart was pounding at an unbearable rate; had it been in the world, it would have collapsed. O how I wished to die, just to escape the anxiety of this horrifying Day. O how I wished I could turn to dust or be sent back for another chance to be tested. But then I remembered: the Qur’an had told me there is no death after resurrection. O Lord, I have wronged myself, have mercy on me! It had also told me that I would never be tested again; the test of this world was the only test I would ever have. O despicable me! O my ill fate! O Lord, have mercy! O Lord, have mercy! Time was not passing; each second felt as long as a year.

For the past fifty thousand years, I had been swimming in my pool of tears and sweat, waiting for the Day of Judgment to begin. I remembered that the Qur’an states that on Judgment Day, when questioned about our time on Earth,

people will say: “We stayed for a day or part of a day. Ask of those who keep count of this.’ He will say: “You stayed only for a while, if you only knew that” (23:113-114). O Lord! Fifty thousand years had passed while waiting for the accountability to start. O my ill fate! I now realized that, in comparison, the life on earth was even shorter than the time spent in an examination hall. The Prophet(ﷺ) compared the stay in this world to the brief time a traveler spends resting under the shade of a tree.

O wretched soul! When I lived in the mortal world, I heard much about the questioning on the Day of Judgment, but at the time, it seemed like a fairy tale or a fabrication of the mind. Although the Book of Allah had warned me, O woe to me, I did not take heed. Today, the warning had come to pass. Here I stood, drenched and swimming in my pool of tears and sweat. The entire plane was filled with loud groaning and cries, calling upon Allah for mercy.

I began recalling all my deeds. O Allah! The very thought sent shivers down my spine. Because of the anxiety and horror of this Day, every act of disobedience I had committed against the Lord and Master of this Day, Allah (SWT) came flooding back to my mind.

Fear-stricken, I began reciting: O Allah, You are my Lord and there is no god but You. You created me, and I am Your slave. I am upon my pledge and promise to follow Your commandments to the best of my ability, and I seek Your forgiveness for what I have done. I acknowledge the blessings You have bestowed upon me, and I acknowledge all my misdeeds. Forgive me, for no one can forgive me except You. O Allah, I have no hope except in You; it is only Your mercy that can save me from the consequences of my deeds on this fearsome Day. O Lord, save me.

O my ill fate! O my miserable soul! The time for the examination had long passed. The Qur'an had told me that today, the remembrance of Allah and supplications carry no weight. O how I wished it were possible to ransom myself from the horror of this Day by giving away everyone, my progeny, my family, my friends, and all of humanity, in compensation. **But I remembered: Allah said that everyone will be recompensed for his own deeds.**

In Surah Al-Qiyamah, Allah says: **On that Day will man be apprised of his deeds, both the earlier and the later. But man is well aware of himself, even though he might make up excuses (75:13-15).** And in surah Ale-Imran Allah says: **"Whether you conceal what is in your hearts or disclose it, Allah knows it. Allah knows what is in the heavens and in the earth and He has power over everything."** The Day is approaching when every soul shall find itself confronted with whatever good it has done and whatever evil it has wrought. It will then wish there is a wide space between it and the Day! Allah warns you to beware of Him; He is most tender towards His servants (3:29-30).

O my Master! O my Sustainer! O my Lord! What have I done? O woe to me! I misused His mercy, and today no excuse of mine will avail me, nor will He punish anyone else for my mistakes. O my ill fate! O woe to me! The Qur'an had told me that everyone will bear his own burden, and no one will bear it for another. O woe to me, I ignored the warning, and I have missed my chance to call upon Allah's mercy! O Allah, have mercy...

Oh Lord, my life in the mortal world was mere six or seven decades, while waiting in fear and anxiety for the Day of Judgment to start, I have been swimming in my pool of tears and perspiration for the past fifty thousand years; and still interrogation had not started. I saw the impatient ones go to

the Prophet(SAW) to intercede on our behalf, so that Allah would begin the reckoning.

On realizing that 99.9% of the human population would be the dwellers of Hellfire, I wanted to plead with the people, telling them that swimming in our own perspiration was thousand times better than the torment of Hellfire. I tried to scream at them to stop asking the Prophet(SAW) to plead to Allah to begin the Day of Reckoning, but I was so horror-stricken that no sound came out. I was choking with fear. O Lord, have mercy on me!

O my ill fate, with the intercession of the Prophet(SAW), the interrogation began. Where I was standing, I saw scales being set up for everyone. I stuffed my fingers in my ears to avoid hearing my name and began moving frantically from place to place. Although we were all naked and uncircumcised, every soul was so petrified that no one looked at one another, and had it been the mortal life, we all would have died, O Lord, have mercy.

I passed by a place where scales were not set. The faces of all the people there were dark, reddish black. The Qur'an describes it: **On the Day of Resurrection, you shall see that the faces of those who had lied against Allah, have turned dark. Is Hell not vast enough to provide a room to the arrogant (39:60)?** There I saw some people who were blind, some without arms, and some without legs. I even saw people walking on their heads, their ears shaped like the feet of a duck. I remembered the saying of the Prophet (ﷺ), where he said that on the Day of Resurrection some people will walk on their heads. The Companions asked how they could walk on their heads. The Prophet(SAW) replied: **The One Who made them walk on their legs will make them walk on their heads.**



I also remembered the Qur'an says the blind will ask Allah: "O Allah in the world we could see, why have You raised us blind?" Allah will reply, "You forgot Me in the world, and today I have forgotten you. **Be the eternal dwellers of the Hellfire.** O Lord, have mercy!!

Still, I was wondering why scales have not been set up in this place, when suddenly I remembered the Qur'an says that **on the Day of Reckoning the deeds of the hypocrites, the polytheist and the disbelievers will carry no weight.** Their deeds will not be weighed, and they will be the eternal dwellers of the Hellfire.

I then spontaneously remembered the supplication the Prophet(SAW) used to make, which I used to recite after all my mandatory prayers, and I began to recite: "O Allah, I seek refuge with You from associating partners with You knowingly, and I seek Your forgiveness for the shirk (polytheism) I committed unknowingly or was unaware of."

There I heard them being questioned, **"Where are those associates of Allah whom you used to call upon?"** But they were nowhere to be found, and already the Prophet(SAW) had told us no one would be able to intercede here, not even the Prophet himself. Seeing the torment, I heard them swear by Allah that they did not call on anyone except Him.

I was horrified when I heard people's skin, hands, feet, flesh, and bones testifying against them. The Qur'an told us in surah Nur: **They should not forget the Day when their own tongues and their own hands will bear testimony regarding their misdeeds. On that Day Allah will give them the full recompense they deserve, and they will realize that Allah is the Truth, Who makes the Truth manifest (24:24-25).** I heard them cursing their own body parts. O Allah, have mercy.

I remembered, the Qur'an says in Surah Ha Meem Sajdah: **They will ask their skins: "Why did you bear witness against us?"** The skins will reply: "Allah gave us speech, as He gave

speech to all others. He it is Who created you for the first time and it is to Him that you will be sent back. When you used to conceal yourselves (while committing misdeeds) you never thought that your ears or your eyes or your skins would ever bear witness against you; you rather fancied that Allah does not know a great deal of what you do. This thought of yours about your Lord has led to your perdition and you have become among the losers.” In this state, whether they bear with patience (or not), Fire alone shall be their abode. And if they seek to make amends, they will not be allowed to do so (41:21-24). O Allah forgive me! Out of extreme fear, I put my hands over my mouth so that I could suppress my screams and prevent anyone from hearing them. I started looking for a place to hide. The Judgment Day was a flat and hard rocky place, there was no room to hide in it, O Lord of Mercy. Suddenly my name was called, the crowd parted and made a way for me, O my misfortune, O I wish I could be hidden from everyone, O I wish I did not exist, O I wish I was ignored. O my misfortune, the Qur'an had told me, no one will be ignored, and no one will be able to escape the punishment for their deeds, O Lord of Mercy.

I saw the angels carrying them to the gorge and then throwing them in the Hellfire. Whenever someone was cast into it, the Hellfire roared with a loud, horrifying rage, as if it wanted to swallow everyone. O Allah, have mercy! The Qur'an in Surah Rehman says: *When they will be cast into it, they will hear it roar as it boils, as though it will burst with rage* (67:7). Oh, my Lord, have mercy on me.

Overcome with extreme fear, I put my hands over my mouth to suppress my screams and began looking for a place to hide. But the plain of Resurrection was a vast, hard, open ground — there was nowhere to hide. O Allah, have mercy! Suddenly, I heard my name being called. The crowd split apart and made way for me. O my ill fate! O how I wished I

were invisible! O how I wished I did not exist! O how I wished I could be ignored! But O woe to me, the Qur'an had told me that no soul will be ignored, nor will it escape its recompense. O Allah have mercy!

Two angels grabbed me by my arms and led me forward. I walked through the crowd wobbling with shame and remorse. Ah, how I wished the earth would swallow me. Ah how I wished, I had not disobeyed my Lord. The angels brought me to a place where my scale was set and left me there.

O my miserable ill fate, Allah has record of all my deeds, and nothing is hidden from Him. The Qur'an in surah Kaf says: (Other than Our direct knowledge) There are two scribes, one each sitting on the right and the left, recording everything. He utters not a word, but there is a vigilant watcher at hand. Lo, the agony of death has indeed come with the Truth. That is what you had sought to avoid (50:17-19). And in surah Ambiya, Allah says: That Day We shall set up **just scales**, so that none will be wronged in the least (Oh Allah, with just scales I am doomed, it's Your mercy that I look forward to). (We shall bring forth the acts of everyone), even if it be the weight of a grain of mustard seed. We shall suffice as Reckoners (21:47).

O woe to me! Only Allah's mercy can save me today. O Allah, I am sorry, I repent to You for my sins, please accept my repentance. Oh Allah, I know I am too late. My head was bent down in shame; I was the worst of the worst. I began recalling my whole life; it was as though I was watching a movie. I remembered, the Prophet(saw) told us that the first thing we will be called to account for is the salah. I remembered, I had not repented in the world for the prayers I missed, and today I am in deep trouble.

I started recalling my good deeds: to some extent I was helpful to others; I spent my wealth in the way of Islam and

on the destitute. I was hospitable to my guest. I recited the Holy Qur'an, but I did not follow it properly. I prayed five times, but the timings were of no essence to me. I wrote books to bring people back to the fold of Islam, yet I, myself was shy of implementing what I wrote in my own life.

My Ramadan was merely abstaining from eating from dawn to dusk, and nothing more. Ramadan was supposed to instil in me the understanding of the hunger of the destitute so that I could be more caring towards them, yet it did not move me. Usually, I had two meals daily, but in Ramadan I would have four or even five meals. At dawn I would eat two meals combined (breakfast and lunch), and at sunset again two meals combined (lunch and supper), then I would continue eating through the night. Instead of losing weight, I gained weight, although the scientific research said that human body has been designed to eat less to stay healthy. O Lord!

From my charity a major share was tainted by ria (showing off). My pilgrimage to Makkah did not bring much change in me. O my ill-fated soul! Today I stand in the presence of my Lord, to be recompensed for my deeds. I recalled what Gabriel<sup>(AS)</sup> said to the Prophet<sup>(SAW)</sup>, [“Do as you like in the world, and you will be recompensed accordingly in the Hereafter.”](#)

O my ill fate, O my miseries, oh what can I do, my deeds carry no weight, O where I can run or hide from the recompense of this Horrifying Day. O woe to me, the Qur'an told me there is no place to hide or asylum except with Allah.

In fear, I started supplicating: [O Allah, I seek refuge from Your anger in Your pleasure, I seek refuge from Your punishment in Your forgiveness and mercy, O Allah, I seek refuge from You, with You.](#) O my ill fate, now, when it is too late, O Allah, have mercy on me. O Allah! I realized the hopeless situation I was in. O woe to me! It was the earnings of my hands, and I have no one to blame but myself. O

Allah, Your mercy encompasses everything, and it is far, far greater than my sins. O Allah, have mercy.

When my accountability began, I started pleading my case; I had mostly been on the straight path. I had helped others. I spread the word of Allah. I had performed my Salah. I had fasted during the month of Ramadan. I had tried to do whatever Allah ordered me to do and mostly abstained from the prohibitions. At times, tears would roll down my face out of love for Allah.

Ah, I recalled the Prophet's hadith in which he said that no one will enter the Paradise except with Allah's mercy, not even he himself. I was trembling and crying bitterly; my tears were falling into the pool of my perspiration. I was sweating profusely from the intense heat, a sweating I never had never experienced before, while at the same time I was shaking violently from the horror of the Day. O woe to me! I wished I never existed. I knew whatever good I had done in my life was far below the quality and sincerity our Lord Allah deserves, and that today my only hope was Allah's mercy. My eyes were fixed on the scale, waiting for the final decision.

O woe to me! O my ill fate! The decision was made. Two angels holding a sheet of paper, turned towards me. My legs gave way and I fell to the ground. I closed my eyes like frightened pigeon, thinking, perhaps I could escape the verdict that would likely be against me.

The angels read the verdict. O woe to me, O my despicable soul! I was to enter the Hellfire. I fell on my knees and started pleading: "O Allah, I tried to serve people, spread Your word to others with my books. O Allah, have mercy, O the Beneficent One, have mercy on this wretched soul." My vision blurred, and my whole body quivered with fear and anguish. Had it been the worldly life, my heart would have burst out of my chest. O how I wished I were dead, but

O woe to me, there is no death after this day! O Allah, have mercy!

Two angels grabbed me by my legs and started dragging me face-down towards the blazing flames of Hellfire. I cried bitterly, wondering if anyone could help me. O God, have mercy on this wretched soul.

The Qur'an in Surah Al-Mominun says: *And then no sooner the Trumpet is blown than there will remain no kinship among them that Day, nor will they ask one another (O Allah!! 23:101).* Further in Surah Ibrahim Allah says: *(O Prophet), tell those of My servants who believe that they should establish Prayer and spend out of what We have provided them with, both secretly and openly, before there arrives the Day when there will be no bargaining, nor any mutual befriending (Ah my ill fate, Ah miseries of this Day) (14:31).*

In desperation I was crying bitterly. O Allah, save me, O Allah, save me... Every soul was crying O Allah, save me, O Allah, save me, even prophets were crying "O Allah save us, O Allah save us". The Qur'an says that on that Petrifying Day, every soul will be worried about himself. O Allah, have mercy!

I remembered in a hadith the Prophet(SAW) said to his beloved wife Ayesha(RA): There are three places where no one can intercede, and one of them is the Day of Reckoning. O my wretched soul, I also remembered the Qur'an in Surah Fatir warns: *No one can bear another's burden. If a heavily laden one should call another to carry his load, none of it shall be carried by the other, even though he be a near of kin. (O Prophet), you can warn only those who fear their Lord without seeing Him and establish Prayer. Whoever purifies himself does so to his own good. To Allah is the final return. (35:18).*

O woe to me! Today not even parents, siblings, children, nor any soul can lighten my burden of sins. On that dreadful

Day, no one would relinquish a single good deed. In desperation, with trembling voice, I called out to all my good deeds to help me, my fasts, my prayers, my recitation of the Noble Qur'an, the help I provided to the needy. O my ill fate, it was to no avail. My fate was sealed. The angels started to drag me towards the Hellfire. Its unbearable heat was intensifying with each passing second.

I looked back! I remembered the Prophet(SAW) saying, "How clean would a person be who bathes in a river five times a day? Likewise, one who performs the five daily prayers is cleansed of all sins." Tears streamed down my face as I cried, "O my prayers, where are you? Please come forward, intercede before Allah, plead my case, and save me from the torment of Hellfire." But to no avail. The two angels kept dragging me to the edge of the abyss. The heat of Hellfire scorched my flesh, and when it burned away, it grew back again. In Surah An-Nissa Allah warned: *...and as often as their skins are burnt out, We shall give them other skins in exchange that they may fully taste the chastisement* (4:56).

The burning sensation was unbearable; it would have killed me in the mortal world. O Lord, O the Most Merciful, have mercy on this wretched soul. Oh Lord, the sustenance You provided me in the world, made me so fragile that I could not endure the summer's heat or the cold of the winter. Oh Lord, please, have mercy on this despicable soul. I lost hope, and in despair I looked back one last time. Then I was pushed into the pit of the Hellfire.

As I was falling toward the fire, someone suddenly grabbed my arms and pulled me up. I looked up and asked, "Who are you?" The intercessor replied, "I am your Salah (prayers)." With tears of relief, I asked why it had come so late, rescuing me at the last moment. Salah smiled and said, *"Do you forget? You always performed me at the last minute."* O

Allah, if this is the result of praying at the last moment, what would it be if I had not prayed at all?

The thought choked me and sent shivers down my spine. I woke with a scream, crying, “O Allah, Your mercy is far greater than my sins,” then fell into prostration, repeating it repeatedly. When the fear eased a little, I rose, trembling. My bed was shaking, and though it was winter, I was drenched in sweat, breathing hard with the choking sounds of suppressed screams.

I started praying, O Allah, I have wronged myself please forgive me. I turn to You with tears of penitence; do not let me despair of Your mercy, for it is my only hope. Accept my repentance and grant me Your eternal Paradise. O Allah, I am pleased to accept You as my Lord and if You forgive me, I will be a happy slave of Yours. It took me half an hour to get my breath back.

As my nerves began to settle, I remembered the Prophet’s hadith: if your Salah is sound, your other deeds will be sound; if your Salah is deficient, your other deeds will be deficient. At that moment, the Adhan for Fajr was called. Though still trembling and breathing hard, I rose to make ablution. After praying, I was still shaking and short of breath, so I prostrated again and began to supplicate.

O Allah, I know my Salah is worthless; if I were to grade it, by Allah, they are worthless, and others would mark it below zero. Yet Your mercy far surpasses my sins, judge me by Your mercy. I humble myself and thank You for allowing me to pray, and I ask: O Allah, fill me with Your awe as if I see You in my prayer. Help me obey Your commands and protect me from Your wrath. Inspire in me Your love so I love You with all my heart and strive to please You. Have mercy on me, forgive the prayers I have missed, accept those I have performed, and make me among the guided.



O Allah, forgive all my sins—great and small, first and last, seen and unseen. I bow to You, believe in You, submit to You, and place my trust in You. My hearing, sight, flesh, blood, mind, and sinews are humbled before the Lord of the worlds. Be pleased with me and save me from the agony of death, the punishment of the grave, and the torments of the Day of Reckoning and Hellfire. Ameen. After rising from prostration, I thanked Allah for making me aware of my shortcomings. **O Muslims, pray before prayers are said over you.** Seek Allah's help through Salah and patience. In Qur'an Allah says: **No doubt, Salah is a hard task but not for those obedient servants (2:45).**