

The Glory of God

The Day of Reckoning
Ibunda Ratu





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The Day of Reckoning

**THE GLORY
OF GOD**

Spiritual Journey of Ibunda

Assalamualaykum, Shalom and Greetings

Today I am blessed to publish my spiritual journey which I never thought it could be written in a book, in such a way that people around the world could access to this contents, not only from my website but also through Amazon and other International publishers.

The visions I have, had crossed many paths of many religions. The visions somehow eliminated so much gaps which had divided us for many centuries.

The knowledge received from the unseen world of Ālam al-Ghayb in a form of vivid dreams, were guided by the presence of the Divine nature, who had been watching over the children of the end times.

This book was named after the words given to me as the Glory of God (Keagungan Tuhan).

There were not just one dream I had but innumerable words and signs I had received through my soul journey in the unseen world. I gathered my strengths to write and to compile under His guidance and blessings. He will send down His soldiers to distribute and to spread the Glory of God to the world. I had been guided and given 'time' to write to the end of the page of this book.

I had went through ups and downs, the bittersweetness of life, all was written in the Lauhul Mahfudz (the record books). My faith in God was unshakeable, trusted Him in whatever been said and I read His words as the wisdom of God.

I have been showered with the gems of spiritualism, the clues and the signs that led me to live in the Glory of God. I thanked God for giving a protection to this physical body from being disturbed by the busyness of this world.

Alhamdulillah all praise to Allah. 25 years of discovering layers of self after self, in subconsciousness and unconsciousness seeking enlightenment from the science of AlMighty.

I had been taught from my childhood time to live life in Islamic way, blessed to be raised amongst the pious family, where my parents were the earliest to embrace Islam as ‘ad deen’. Not only my father was a sufi traveller from the tabligh circle but the whole family were brought to live in a moderate life while embracing Islam values together.

I was put to learn and to memorize the Quran in several religious villages during my childhood and I remembered how easy the sacred verses of the Quran had been into my pure soul.

Though I was a rebellious child, I went to seek for spiritual enlightenment beyond Islamic syari’a, on my own, at age 24.

I left my family, my father who was so contend to tabligh syari'a way and I went to seek my own path. I met with the spritual awliya guru who guided me through the study of the messages from the unseen Ālam al-Ghayb. The evidence of practices and seeing things were so much different from the studying of the syari'a way.

My book is the Glory of God, the writing of my journey seeking for enlightenment from the Divine source. I am giving away the most valuable knowledge in me, that I believed is the most relevant for the children of the end times and may God guided you through.

I rode the path of 'Ihsan' (kindness) to musyahadah (witness), and I valued the greatness of God and His Majesty that showed me how my faith had opened up more unseen to be seen and more unknown to be known.

I was convinced by my faith in God that I am spreading the righteous words to you, for you to read (iqra') and to learn.

To believe in the unseen is a major part of Faith. Know that the Hell is unseen, Eden is unseen, Angels are unseen, the punishment are unseen, even Allah, and the Lord of the Universe is unseen.

May you be blessed. He the most merciful and the most gracious.

Thank you. Wassalam.

IBUNDA

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Website www.mimpiku.id

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Summary of the Book

I took my time to translate from Malay manuscript into English, for its chance to be published internationally. The writing work only happened as soon as I received the last dream about my death letter. I doubt if I could had ever completed this work should there be no warning.

The book is about the Glory of God, who sent down His words so we could learn the essence of the knowledge through my dreams, where dreams are the most part of the purest divine nature, without desire and mind.

I summarized the content of this book, starting from the dreams around my lineage, my silsila of hundred years ago through the connections with the ancient figures from the past to now life.

From the beginning of the knowledge, I was introduced to the Unseen, the Goddess, the Shinto that appeared to me as the ‘greetings’ from the ancient sources.

Then I walked through the path of purification, to first meet with the Father of us all, Adam. In the message, I knew I was from His lineage of Bani Adam. I was showed that my flesh and blood were indeed holy from the beginning, as I was known in the Unseen world as the Goddess of Wisdom (Ratu Ilmu Putih).

I was saved from gog and magog of the end times in my meeting with Iskandar Zulkarnain, the Alexander. I also learnt that my path had crossed over the old scriptures of Avesta by a glimpse of my eye which I recognized the leader of Magi (Majusi), Zoroaster.

I was taken to be cleansed from misdeeds and sins as they read me, vetted me, judged me and acknowledged my visits to the unseen world.

They are the Lords, the Rulers, the Ministers for each borders to the Unseen world, Ālam al-Ghayb.

I met with them, the Saviour Lords; Muhammad, Isaiah and Moses, to acknowledge that my path is the path of many religions, where the Unseen had opened the gates to their Kingdoms.

My pillars of faith had grew stronger with these dreams over times.

I had been given the chance to send off my father's return to Rahmatullah (the afterlife) with Bismillahi Rahmanir Rahim.

I compiled this book, knowing that my life has come to an end.

My timeline is short, though I find it long to endure in this world, but He had given me the knowledge, the essence of my prayers that allowed me to recognize Him and His Ministry.

Regardless what religion you embraced, the enlightenment will reach to those believers who have faith in themselves, in their dreams. Though dreams seem a little simple, confusing, unknown, unpractical, mysterious, dark, cloudy, foggy...but that's alright. Have faith in them and God will open your hijab, your eyes, your veil to see the truth underneath the foundation of your religion.

I'm not tired of being taught, read, taught and read again from the unseen and seen world. They are all around me guiding me through the path of the righteous.

I was taken to hell and was showed my downfall. I died and live and died and live again. These

events had formed fear but I valued them and my faith had protected me from the Iblis (Satan) Kingdom.

These are the miracles from God unto me.

May the book gives you the wisdom, the help to discover yourself and layers of self. Remember, every missionary in finding oneself and finding God, all is written. Your sadness, your happiness in the journey of discovery, all is vetted.

Your story timeline is short.

My early 20s has come to late 40s. The timeline caught up so quick to my realisation. 25 years of learning spiritual gems is not a short period.

I developed my spiritual learning as young as age 24 where, I wrote every single details in my diary and uploaded them into my website before all is written in this book.

I was stopped by the Islamic religious group that they worried I was misled. They threatened me if I ever printed the book to expose this knowledge to the Malay people.

They never listened to their dreams and visions, but they worried about my dreams being written?

Kun Fa Ya Kun.

Be, and that's how you will **be.**

If you think dreams are only nightmares and thoughts buzzing then all will 'Be' as what you think, in your own 'Kun'.

The moment you questioned your vision, other visions will be poured unto you repeatedly until you understand, you followed and you obeyed. That's how you developed a strong Faith in God. The faith is not something other people can tell you to stop from embracing what you had witnessed.

But the moment you rejected your vision, ignored and denied, the door to the knowledge will be closed tight and you will not be uplifted.

Losers indeed are those who deny the meeting with Allah until the Hour takes them by surprise, then they will cry – Al An'am.

Dreams are foreign, strange, weird, but do not deny what you saw and what were told from the unseen. Remember, angels are unseen and they exist to deliver messages.

Attended the holy mass and listened to the religious talk, may enlightened you in the morning, and you be misguided by the evening.

Because your soul does not connected to the frequency of the unseen, the listening to recitations doesn't help much to retain the haqqul yaqin (faith) in you. Only witnesses

(hidayah) will help to uphold your faith for a long time.

There are some of them who 'pretend to' listen to recitation 'of the Quran', but We have cast veils over their hearts—leaving them unable to comprehend it—and deafness in their ears. Even if they were to see every sign, they still would not believe in them. The disbelievers would 'even' come to argue with you, saying, "This 'Quran' is nothing but ancient fables!"

Did you recites the holy scriptures everyday?
Why cannot you see and hear signs from God?

You took an oath to Prophet Muhammad, that you witnessed him as the rasool the messenger to God, but infact you lied to yourself. You took an oath to Moses, that you witnessed him as the companion of God, but infact you lied to yourself.

Proof to us one vision that you had witnessed them in this world for the sake of your oath in the afterlife?

Can you summoned them? Indeed, they will summon you if you are the righteous among their children. The Prophet knew His people and their whereabouts.

Those to whom We gave the Scripture recognized him 'to be a true prophet' as they recognized their own children. – Al An'am.

Why would you fight over a religion, the fact that your religion is not a ticket to Paradise?

Fight for your FAITH as the Faith is the assurance to Paradise.

The Day of Reckoning is NOW, your book is open for judgement.

Iqra', read the science around you.

Do not let fear hold you back.

Follow and Obey, and you will be guided.

Those who deny Our signs are 'wilfully' deaf and dumb—lost in darkness. Allah leaves whoever He wills to stray and guides whoever He wills to the Straight Way. – Al An'am.

Do not befriend those who are devoted to demons and prophesied news from among them, your witness unto prophet the messenger will be rejected before God.

For we walk by faith, not by sight.

Look after your tongue and your heart. Your accusations to the unknown foreigners that are foreign to you, will only invite more sins into your record.

*'Did no one come to warn you?' They will say,
'Yes, a warner did come to us but we did not*

*believe him.’ We said, ‘God has revealed
nothing; you are greatly misguided.’*

Look forward to meeting Him, indeed this is not
impossible.

May God bless you.

Year 2021

The Announcement Letter..

The Glory of God contents have been arranged in chapters, followed the way it has been revealed to me, from the early days to the later days.

This was my last vision, at the moment of my writing.

In July 2021, I received a long awaited letter from the unseen heaven about my death. This seems to me as an important letter, I had been waited all along.

When I received this letter, I was told that the letter couldn't passed through me and they had to deliver it as an announcement for whoever able to reach me in this world. So the letter

received was a bit like a page report that they slipped in a magazine book.

The paper stated that they had endorsed my death at age 49 years old. I read the page but it did not surprised me. I had been told before back in 2014 that I will die young, my age mentioned was 59 years old. The latter has age difference by 10 years.

When I received the news from the unseen ghoid about my passing back in 2014, they told me it was due to an infection. I might have mistakenly heard the age correctly at the time. The rumours died due to an infection was never thought to be so close to tuberculosis infection I had in 2020, where half of my strength has gone with this illness. Now I am living with another half strength, my body is weak and I am not as strong as before. My guts feeling is telling me

that I might not be able to survive covid19 variant that is attacking the nation.

I am ever ready with this news and it never shocked me at all.

As days goes by, I am waiting to see the shadow of the Death Angel. How would he looked like, would he be scary and how far did I fear him.

O God, give me the most beautiful day on the day I die and let me go gently peacefully knowing covid19 is very harsh and wild.

I don't mind if You summoned me earlier, where I still have my youth and beauty in this world for Your eyes O Rabbi, and I don't want to return home, old, fat and ugly.

Everyday I learned how to let go off my feelings that binded me to this body and mind. I let go of my fear, my desire, my wealth, my belongings, my properties, my loving clothings, my

important gadgets and make use wisely of my time, my spending, my cravings with the loved ones while I still have time in this world.

I took time to renew my will, listed down my insurance somewhere accessible, renewed hosting and domain of my website www.mimpiku.id for several years ahead and finishing what's pending including writing this book to the end.

I have nothing left to worry.

The book is written for you, for the living children of the end times.

My dreams were such a Scroll of Knowledge, manifested from the Unseen world, chapter after chapters, fulfilled my timeline with knowledge, one after another according to my level of understanding and my age.

The scroll has brought in the knowledge of all religions into one scroll, regardless differences we had.

In my dream, they acknowledged my book as 'Keagungan Tuhan' which means in English as the 'Glory of God'.

As much as I have seen Mother Maryam's braided hair that symbolises four religions braided into ONE, I understood the real meaning of this book.

I knew that I am leaving this earth soon and I prayed that this book will walk the earth, reached to many people, enlightened their path, so they followed my way of recognizing God and His Ministry.

Should the angel asked me to choose either du'a (pray) for my life extension or die young for my

FAITH to reach to people, I will choose the faith over life extension.

I trusted in God that He knows best.

..la hawlawala quwata illabillahil a'liyulazim.

O God, allow Bismillahi Rahmanir Rahim be my protection from the hellfires and be my light in darkness and be my shield in coldness.

Allow my body and soul, a glowing source from Bismillah. This is my path and I believed in You, Trusted You in my dreams.

I have Faith in whatever You asked me to go through in this world.

I don't have a name, I am the anonymous, the nobody and only a servant to God but they knew me in the Unseen world, of Ālam al-Ghayb.

They came to see me when I lacked of knowledge. They gave me wisdom that I knew

not. They saw what's coming unto me that I have no clue. They acknowledged me but I took years to spread their words.

In the name of God, I am so blessed to unfold the unknown.

Remember friends, the afterlife, and upon your death there will be no torment at the grave. The torment will not happened as long as you are not wicked. Your soul will return to the state of happiness. No sadness, no anxiety and no illnesses. The soul enjoys the action of their past activities.

No reckoning for your prayers and deeds!.

Death is just a transition from this physical realm to the unseen (barzakh) realm. Your soul will have a long way to survive **immortally** until the calling days.

Have you not heard from the dead spirits that there is no torment in the grave after death? Yet you were surprised to hear me said this.

Where do you think you will go after death?

Between the state of death and resurrection, our souls does not sleep in the unconsciousness but exist in happiness or live in misery untill the calling days. The caused of happiness is to know God is Supreme and the caused of distress is to forget your relationship with God.

But the door of Lauhul mahfudz is closed for your access. You have the tablet of your past.

You will not be destined!

Prophets only administering the book that has NOT been SEALED. They read you while you are living but you will be not be found after death!

When you saw the spirits lived in happiness, you called it Heaven. You knew it was **not true**, but you lied to your people. That was not the Heaven that God promised.

No torment in the grave for the good soul, but do not be fooled! Not that they have missed the torment, but the torment will come to them on the day of your consequences, the day of Rising!.

It is those who disbelieve in their Lords signs, and deny that they will meet with Him, their deeds come to nothing: on the Day of Rising We shall give them no weight.

There were many passages in the Quran about the fear of Hell and less mentioned about the Paradise. You have been guided well by fear and your soul shall return to the state of happiness in the afterlife.

(The Quran has 92 significant passages about hell and 62 about paradise).

Refined the verses in the Quran, on the doomsday when you ran across the sky between the heavens and the earth to escape from the collapsed and the explosion of the universe on the day of Qiyamah.

What Allah had said?

If you can pass beyond the zones of the Heavens and the Earth, pass! Not without authority shall you be able to pass! – Ar Rahman.

Whom Allah was talking to?

Can human fly across the sky?

Allah was referring to the **immortal beings**, deities, the Djinn, the saints, the time travellers, the sacred beings, the goblin, the goddess, the

gods who had earned their divine power and
super strength to wander the earth.

Those days that you had lived for thousand
years now has come to final judgement. The
Day of Resurrection in which Allah had
promised.

When the day of reckoning comes;

Your free roaming from the intermediate
zone ended.

You won't have time to think about your
wives and your descendents.

You will be busy to be weighed for your
deeds and sins.

But for the chosen spirits, the pious, the 'abid'
and the righteous, I am sure you knew that your
bags of prayers have had been heard, submitted,

vetted, reckoned and sealed in this world, before your return.

Knew that you had been judged and stood before God in this world, the Heaven place is where your soul belongs.

The Messengers knew who are on the Heaven's list. You had acknowledged them while you were living on earth and you will not be gathered alongside others for Judgement.

Only souls that had been reckoned and judged will be taken to the eternal Paradise or the eternal Hell, for the benefits that they had received.

Remember, the goodness of 'hal jaza ul ihsani ilal ihsan' will help your return to 'mindunihima jannaatan, mudhammatan', but God wanted more than your kindness to enter into His Kingdom.

'Peace be upon you for what you patiently endured. And excellent is the final home'. – Ar Ra'd.

Peace be with You! You have been good and pure, enter it to live there forever!

Though I am still breathing and living on earth, my part is done. Whether you like it or not, I don't carry any burden from non believers.

Year 1997

The Japanese Fairy and the Shinto

1997 was the year where the world was hit with the financial economy crisis. I was just graduated and fortunate to be guided into a handsome job paying field. At the age of early 20s, I wasn't really embraced with the understanding of supernatural. I knew that I was so much into the material world, chasing over my career and my ambition.

I had a dream that I documented in my diary way before the website existed. A dream of riding a fairy dragon.

It was an unforgettable dream because I never had such a dream ever since then.

I was riding a dragon, a small size, descended from the high to earth. Looked at the dragon, it had scaly green body, but looked smooth.

I saw from afar below was an island. I didn't know where, but then I felt my foot touched the water and it splashed.

It was such lonely, desolated place. I saw a hut with a thatched roof located on a hillside not far from the beach. So outdated like been in the old days. That day, the sky was clear like noon.

I ran around, played alone. While playing, my mother suddenly came down from the clouds (above) and called me to return. She said there were something important. I was asked to hurry up and be home.

Then I went to a place like a wooden house with a big door like a door of Japanese house. I went inside and sit

crouched behind a row of family members. From the front of the line was the oldest and followed by the younger one behind. I guessed more or less, seven people there and I was the second from the back, which means I have a younger sister behind me. I saw her age 6, had her flu at the time, my sister in front was around age 14 and I might be 10 years old. I found our clothes were all white like a Japanese kimono.

Ahh... no thought in a dream because all happened as if I knew myself and my family there. Suddenly a voice came from outside of the big door. Everyone fell silent and looked outside with full reverence as if seeing a King.

I saw it was a SUN, with a human face appeared and was conversing. Masya Allah goodness.

Who was that being, the Sun?

Where did Japanese came from?

Were they from the fairy magic world with dragon?

Did they really had a Sun God?

I was young at the time. Wondered about a dream doesn't really gave me much thoughts.

When I googled a story about Japanese origins, I saw that Japanese was one of the ancient nations existed in this world. The ancient nations worshipped the sun who was called the Shinto God.

I asked my mother if we have a family from the Japan side, so far none but we had the Chinese lineage.

Who knows if my ancestors' origin was from the Japanese fairy world, descended to earth

once upon a time ago and now we had been forgotten?

Shinto literally means "the way of kami" (generally sacred divine power). Shintoism is viewed as a traditional religion, a heritage of its ancestors who lived in Japan for centuries. The understanding arises from the myths related to the Japanese value system and their ways of thinking and acting.

What certain was, my dream had showed me with an ancient story that historically correct, but why I was in the story, only God knows best.

Year 1998

The Pure White-Blood

I had a nice paying job in the Satellite broadcasting industry. Lived in a cosy apartment and had a car. In my early 20s I got to spend my life in the best way I could and I had many friends around me too.

Study the science of knowledge from the unseen world of Ālam al-Ghayb wasn't really my interest at the time. Though I had previously been groomed by my father in the Islamic deen, but I did not know that I was destined for a greater mission.

I have met with my spiritual awliya guru who lived far away in the remote area of the east coast of Malaysia. My sister and I used to drive all the way there on the weekend to listen to his speech. Just two

days there and we're back to our town in Kuala Lumpur. Every month we will repeat the visit.

We went east to seek the knowledge, studied and practiced. We came back to town and we worked for another month. I had so much energy to enjoy life and as well as listening to spiritual talks. I have both material and spiritual equally balanced. My destiny was written for me to read a long journey, to unfold the answer to my existence.

In 1998 I had a dream. It was very uncomfortable to tell but I did not deny that I was ignorance and stupid.

I saw a lightning from the sky, struck me in such a painful aching that I died. Masya Allah O God.

What was my great sin until the lightning bolted and killed me? What pleasures of life did I had for this painful death?

That's when I heard voices from many people around me, like I was at the ceremony. I heard they sang. Suddenly came the Iblis (Satan) devil carried a piece of paper with him. He showed the paper to the people around me and said, my name was written in his record that he came to claim my soul.

I was trembling. This was a horror event.

I heard all their conversations but there was no power for me to come back to life. The devil had written my name and my soul to be claimed. In such a chaos, the people suggested that they wanted to check my blood.



I felt like a deep painful needle sting into my heart. They saw my blood flowed **white**.

They said, ‘this woman is a **white-blood** human’.

That’s all I heard about me.

The devil finally did not succeed in possessing me so he went off. I was shocked from a scary dream. Masya Allah, All praise to Allah.

My heart was beating fast, like came back from a horror death.

Why am I the white-blooded human?

Well, dreams about **BLOOD** are often associated with symbols pain, patience and the innermost feelings. It also means painful purification. Blood too carries the meaning of a

spirit vehicle knotted in the old generations as the gates to open the key to spiritualism. Rarely do humans dream of white blood.

I believed that the white blood symbol is a sign of purity in my innermost feelings. I prayed, not even a day that I will fall into a trap of iblis satan who tried very hard to luring me into their world.

I smiled and wondered if I was a fairytale before. It doesn't matter now who I was as long as God guided me through.

O Allah, make me a pure woman and be sanctified by You. Do not released me into the hands of satan and his kingdom.

Lighten my path O Allah, so there were no dark power came after me from the dark realm.

Year 1999

The Angel Voice in the Unseen

Still in my early 20s, I got another dream. A short one but enough to make an impression about the powerful voice from the unseen world.

I dreamt that I died and waking up from death.



I was laid down on the grass, in the middle of a huge green field, as far as the eye could see. The field was empty.

I was startled and woke up by a loud voice from the sky. He sounded omnipresent and his voice was as loud as **thunder**.

Allahuakbar! Allah the Greatest.

I was awoken by a loud voice from death?

The voice called my name. Masya Allah.

The voice was so loud that I can still heard his power.

Suddenly, I was outside of a wooden house. I saw my dead body was lying there and many people visited me.

Their voices, speaking and reciting heard so far away yet I was so near to them. I wondered why the living beings sounded so far but my ears heard the unseen voices so loud.

They sounded like voices in the water, so unclear and so unreal. What real was the unseen voice. I woke up from my sleep.

Felt a little relieved, thought it was just a dream.

What was the lesson here?

The voice of a formidable angel that He wanted me to hear and to fear. It worked! Because the fear had never leave me until today.

A dream of death experience was a symbol of transformation. The transformation is often the result of a major change in your waking life where you have to let go of the old you and welcome the new you.

God knows best what His plan for me.

Year 2001

Mysterious Butterfly

This was not a dream, literally this was a real event that my brother-in-law had experienced. Meeting the unseen 'me' in the house we shared, once upon a time in 2001.

I was out that night. After had been working hard during the day and I spent the night with friends at the club in Kuala Lumpur. I had so much energy given my age was at the top of health and everything I needed in life was given; strong, wealth and beauty.

That night with friends, we went out for drinks in the city of neon.

I got a call at around 2 am, while I was enjoying the night. My sister called me and asked me to be home soonest possible. She said an important

story to tell but she needed me to drive home safely.

I drove from Kuala Lumpur to Subang Jaya and it took 45 minutes to arrive.

My sister quickly narrated the story the moment I entered the house. It was thrilled and mysterious with question mark.

That night, my brother-in-law was playing his computer games at the desk located by the side of the stairs. He saw a mysterious butterfly came into the house in the middle of the night, from the kitchen area towards the living room. The butterfly was quite big, almost the size of two palms.

The Butterfly seemed to fall behind the sofa and disappeared.



Suddenly he looked up the stairs, there was a woman looked exactly like me walking down, stepping the stairs one by one, in a softer way.

The woman smiled at him at a glance. He was shocked and couldn't speak a word.

My brother was quite sure that he didn't hear any sound came from the room, like a door opened or closed but just suddenly he saw me walked down the stairs.

He described 'me' as a feminine, gentle soft character in the way I walked past through him.

The women headed to the kitchen and back to sofa. Then she walked up the stairs again into my room.

My brother-in-law did not look back for fear. He knew that I wasn't around at home but wondered who was 'me' that he saw.

He jumped out of his chair and went to see my sister. He saw that my car was not there at the parking and confirmed what he saw was not his imagination.

They both waited for me to come back home safely, fear that I might run into trouble or accident since the sign was so obvious that my other self wanted to be at home and not wandered around 2 am in the morning.

We have our spirit guiding us but we had left them unattended. We would rather lived in the material world and forget our existence from the

unseen world of Ālam al-Ghayb because we thought they were not part of us.

Yes they are part of who we are today.

Hey ladies, never leave your inner self, know that they are part of your existence in the afterlife.

Year 2001

Visit to Bermuda Triangle

No human can set foot on the Triangular Islands of Bermuda safely. Lots of ships and planes had lost their control in a whirlpool from under the sea or been destroyed by strong tornado from the air above. It has indeed been acknowledged by scientists around the world about the existence of magnetic interference from the earth's axis in the Bermuda triangle as well as the collision between the two hot and cold seawater flows.

If according to the scholars, that's where the world's greatest dark power lies. When I had this dream, I wasn't aware of this place as been the place of supernatural. My age didn't comprehend the understanding of supernatural at the time. I could have swept away by demons

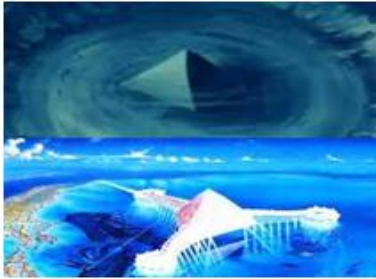
easily for not knowing the path that I went through.

I had a dream, went to an island of a tourist place. I was at the mountain over looking the ocean and suddenly I slipped and fell.

I grabbed and hold onto a cable line that carries passengers (tourists) across mountainous terrain. The cable was then cut off and I clung only to the broken rope. O goodness...I was so panicking though it was only in a dream, but I trembled to cross the ocean, underneath me.

With a speed of a moving cable, I crossed the vast oceans. The atmosphere was like at dawn. The chill feeling was like being pierced by ice into my body. I was shaking and was hanging in there for a long time. Masya Allah goodness.

My hands were all feeling numb. From the dark of dawn until the sky bright, I finally got to the sandstone.



I saw a couple of submarines were passing through the area. I also saw several large ships there too. When the cable approached the sand cliff, I let go of my hand and fell into shallow water.

The sandbanks were quite high and stretched long, and the soil was reddish, clay and a bit slimey.

Looked like a lot of white people there, mostly sailors to me. The men were skinny white people and bearded. They looked quite rough people. I was brought up to the land by one of the men. They then brought me to a house.

There were many houses there but I went to the wooden house on a hill.

Apparently the house was inhabited by an Indonesian woman. The woman's face was rather fierce in her 40s. She was quite plumpy with long hair, curly and wavy. Her hair black and her skin dark gray. Overall, she looked like a Javanese with puffy nose and square facial shape.

After recounting the event that had happened to me, the woman told me that I was at a very distant place away from Malaysia, and they called it Bermuda triangle. Masya Allah. All praise to Allah.

She was willing to help. With that woman's help, I will be sent home by a helicopter. While busy watching the helicopter rescue team arrived, I was startled by a long dream. Syukran Alhamdulillah (Hallelujah).

Felt so relieved and fortunate that I didn't die when I slipped off the mountain. Coldness clinging to cable lines and the journey was so thrilling.

When I referred this dream to my spiritual awliya guru, he said the woman was a saint, she had magic and the place I went was not under my imagination but it was true experience. She might have controlled the borders of the area in the Bermuda islands and rarely, people could travel there safely in dream or reality.

She was originated from Indonesia and the Balinese called her Ibu Nagoro (the Capital state Mother). I am sure many Indonesians did know her in the unseen world.

But what was the meaning of me travelling to such place, only God knows best.

I had visited this magic islands controlled by supernatural beings, and I survived the journey. I could have been captured or poisoned there but yet I know that I was finally fine.

The dream allowed my soul to travel to the kingdom of Djinn which existed in this physical world, to witness the women, ships, submarines and sailors all lived under the ruler of the Djinn. All thanks to Allah for giving me this experience to travel to the magic world though only in my dream, but it was a vivid dream.

Year 2003

Indonesian man from Heaven

In the year between 2002-2003, I had a lot of disturbance during my falling to sleep moment.

In the middle of the night, my physical body entered into different frequency or realm. I heard a strange sound. Most of them were like music bells and angklong instrument (two or more bamboo tubes) from afar then they got louder and closer to my hearing before I heard the conversations happened.

I was really tired as the event happened quite frequently that awoken me everytime in the middle of the night. There were times I got to call my housemate (called her using mobile phone, funny she was just next room) to come over to my room and sleep next to me until

dawn. She will ask why, but I said I will tell her tomorrow.

The fear feeling of seeing ghost at the time. I knew my knowledge was shallow and I didn't have the power to fight over this fear. I had many moments that I bumped into ghosts but I didn't write them in this book as they were irrelevant.

In 2003, I was still unmarried, 'single and available'. One night, when I was in semi-conscious, I was awoken by a smell from the kitchen downstairs.

I saw my door opened. My room was in a little dark but I can see in a dimly light that came from the ground floor of my house.

I heard the sound of TV and a strong smell like someone frying egg in the kitchen. The smell rose all the way up to my room.

Who was in my house?

Suddenly a man appeared entering my room, standing at the end of my bed. His face was vague. But I saw he was wearing jeans without a shirt.

Aah .. his body looked damn good in shape. He wasn't tall and not thin. He approached me and stood by the right side of my bed.



I looked at his face, his eyes a little like sylvester stallone's eyes, his eyelids thick but the eyes a little basket down. His nose pointed. I saw him quite clearly as he stood next to me

Then with a little fiery voice I asked, 'Who sent you here?'

The mysterious man said, ‘I was asked by the King to come here’. (*Raja Agung Sakti in English is the King of Supreme Shakti*).

I asked, “why did the person asked you, did not come here himself”

I talked as if I knew the King.

The man just quiet...

I asked again, ‘Are you a dead person?’

He replied, ‘yes... I was long dead, I come from the Heaven, I am Indonesian’.

Then I went silent this time. No comment.

After introduced himself, the young man then sat by my side. My body was still stiffed in bed. The longer with him, I felt like I knew this person long time ago.

I fell asleep for a moment while his hands caressed my hair.

Shocked from sleep, the young man was still sitting next to me.

Then he said, 'I need to go, you fell asleep earlier'.

He also kissed me and the kiss felt so great.

I said, 'come again tomorrow ya, I will be waiting for you'.

He nodded and left.

I was shocked from my semi-conscious state.

It felt like a short meeting with a mysterious man in my own bedroom, unbelievable!.

This was one romantic moment I encountered with the unseen spirit.

He said he was from the heaven and which heaven? The heaven sky or the Jannah?

I never met him again since then until today.

I suspected that he was Hang Tuah, one the malay warrior who vanished from the earth long time ago. The way he narrated about the King of the Supreme Shakti, he must been from the lineage of the Shakti power, of the warrior's knowledge.

Allah knows best.

The remembrance of him will remain in my memory and I will recognize him by his face in the unseen world of Ālam al-Ghayb.

Year 2003

Goddess Quan Yin

Our dream often tells about ourselves or things happening around in our lives. In 2003, I dreamt a meeting with a Goddess.

In a dream it was like a castle that I went to. It could also looked like a museum or large temple to me. Beautiful shiny marble floor, walls colored with golden luster. The castle had several statues placed on a floor but a little higher like an endowment with several stairs. I saw people gathered below the endowment.

They seemed to worship these statues. Then I saw a statue of a woman holding a vase, pouring water into a pond. There were people under the steps of the endowment, worshipped her. While I was busy looking at the statue, suddenly a

woman came out of the statue's body. She appeared and incarnated as a human being.

O God. I saw a woman came out of the body of a statue!

This beautiful woman walked down the stairs and headed towards me. As she was getting closer to me, I saw she looked elegant with traditional clothes like Thailand or Indonesian. The sheath cloth with gold thread and her hair bunned with jewelery gold. She walked like a Diva. Her skin was between thai-malay yellowish skin origin.



Her clothing had no sleeves. Both arms visible, encircled by bracelet ornaments. Her face was rather square, not round, oval or long shape. Her forehead was a bit lumpy and wide probably because she was bunned.

She was quite broad in size, slim but not full. Her look and body size fit her nicely with her height.

She approached me and I greeted her. The woman just smiled, walked away from me. She did not greeted me back, but only smiled?

I woke up from sleep. Wondered where I was just now.

Why did I come to a temple with all these statues?

I am not a worshiper of statues or pagans. I never recognized all these statues or their religion. What did you want to tell me?

Who was this goddess that man worshipped?

After a month passed, I followed a company trip to Bali. Coincidentally, this was a paid trip for the achievers in my company, so I went.

I wasn't plan for this travel but so fortunate that I was brought there for a reason. As the bus passed through the towns of Bali, I saw a carved statues in every shop there. The statue of a woman holding a vase was there too. Masya Allah.

Now I realised what the dream was about to tell me.

I was in the land of the goddess.

A similar description that I had earlier with her bracelet on her arms and her bun as well her clothes.

I had time to ask Balinese and they said that she was the Goddess Kanin. In Japan they called her Kannon and in China or Korea they called her Quan Yin.

The Goddess indeed was a magical being once and her influence to the world was so enormous especially to women.



I knew from my spiritual awliya guru that, the goddess guarded the wells, the bathing place of the angels. The water flowed from the wells will make our women looked younger and ageless.

Masya Allah All praise to Allah.

How great was this dream, just a month before my arrival to Bali the Goddess appeared herself to recognize me and probably knew that I was going to the place of her worshippers.

She was the Princess who looked after the wells, a pool of youth. If you travelled to the unseen realm and found this bathing pool of Lotus pond “Taman Bunga Teratai”, you will meet with the Goddess Quan Yin.

Year 2005

My Lineage of Bugis Jugra

This year in 2015, I was busy exploring mountains and islands, I made a stop at Malacca Island (Pulau Besar Melaka). I was with my husband and a group of spiritual practices.

While I was busy setting up the tent, I fell asleep. I went to some place that I thought was in Malacca.

There was an old town, I saw some buildings (shops) by the street.

I saw left and right of the street was a little quiet and lonely. There were a bunch of people carrying a princess in a shoulder carrier (candi) and they were heading to the palace. At the side of the street, I saw a written sign – JUGRA

I wasn't sure who was the princess as my dream was a little too short to know more.



When I woke up, I told my husband, I said, ‘I just went to an old city, quite like in Malacca, but the street sign written ‘JUGRA’.

The priest (ustadz) heard what I said and replied, ‘Jugra is not in Malacca but in Kuala Selangor’.

Oops... I might have mistaken the place again. I thought I was in Malacca but nah, I travelled to Jugra, the place in other states.

What was the connection between Kuala Selangor and Malacca?

I've never heard a story from my family about our lineage in Kuala Selangor.

After the agenda in Malacca ended, I went home to Kuala Lumpur and looked for information about Jugra.

I called my mother and asked if we had anything to do with Kuala Selangor. Then my father said, *'there are still relatives in Kuala Selangor, we were bugis from Batu Bara, Sumatra originally, there may be more relatives there if you looked for them'*,

Nah, to my surprised. In my childhood to now, my family never talk about relatives in Kuala Selangor.

Father never told us. Apparently, there was one incident where a family member from Kuala Selangor came looking for my father, with a concerned to some land.

At that time, I was studying in the University. They gave a genealogy book of my father's lineage. Masya Allah.

If I never asked, the mystery of Jugra will kept unfolded.

How can this not be important to me? I wanted to know about it of course, I have faith in my dreams.

I contacted our long lost contact and so happened that they planned for a family reunion and we were invited.

Since the dream in 2005, I took a family trip to the Reunion in 2010 and that was 5 years apart.

At the reunion, I saw we have many brothers and sisters lived in Kuala Selangor. I still have my father with us at the time and of course he knew all the old folks.

We are the new generation, doesn't know much and most of them.

I found that my family was from the lineage of Admiral Bentan, Megat Seri Rama (Laksamana Bentan). One of the warrior who killed the Malacca King, Sultan Mahmud Mangkat di Julang.

Because of the killed, he was chased out of Malacca and went to Singapore. His descendents came back to Malaysia, some lived in Johor, Perak and Kuala Selangor until today.

The rank of megat and princess had not been used by us ever since our Bentan killed the Malacca King.

The salsila lineage book had all our names there, and this book had been kept in the palace of Perak. To 'Ma'ding was our great grandfather, who was also a silver Bugis warrior too. So they

were among the members in the Perak palace until now.

From zero knowledge of my silsila lineage, now I had abundance to remember and to recognize.

Thank you God for giving me a short dream though it was simple but I managed to find the clue at the end.

Year 2006

Meeting Prophet Zoroaster

I had many short dreams during these years. The dreams revolved around my lineage and started to connect me to other holy saints and other religions I never heard before.

A dream in 2006 brought me to a foreign place and met with a male foreigner. At glanced, I saw him as a white male, on his 30s, black hair, his black beard encircled his chin up to ears. The beard was short and neat wrapped around his jaw face. His hair short and neat too.

I did not recognized him even I saw him at glanced, from 10 feet away. The dream was like been in a campus, with many rooms and students of the same age. I guessed we were 17 years old.

I saw a black mercedez car, 1998 E-class, appeared in front of me. The male got into this car. He must be a lecturer at this campus. The Mercedes car showed a plate number written in Persian (or Indian) letters but I could read them.

The plate number belonged to Zarətauštra, Zoroaster.

Who was Zarətauštra by the way and why I saw him?

I googled, and found some details here about this guy.

He was a prophet of the Aryan nation, from Persians (Iran) who sparked the religion of Magi (Majusi). He lived in the age of 1200-600 BC (BC), before the time of Prophet Enoch (Idris) and

Prophet Noah. He was prophet for the Persians people.

I studied about his origin and turned out he was among the world's 100 most influential leaders and his knowledge and the book of Zend Avesta is still in practice until today. MasyaAllah, All praise to Allah.

But why the prophet Zarasthura wasn't mentioned in the Quran? Did Bible and Torah mentioned about him?

After years of wondering, I concluded that he was indeed a true prophet. But why I got to meet him, only God knows best.

I might have been in the same lineage or in the same path and in the same school as him.

I believed our path had crossed. The path of the righteous always been in the foreign path, where we, foreigners meet.

I had acquired an odd knowledge but historically correct and he had been documented in this world.

I was enlightened and now recognized the leader that hold the book of Avesta for the righteous people of Magi (Majusi).

Alhamdulillah, Hallelujah All Glory be to Allah.

Year 2007

Prophet Adam, the Father of all Knowledge

The dream was intermittent, but yet it was a good dream. I put my writing here because the one I met was not just any human being but he was a Prophet Adam.

I saw that I was with my mother (or a women) in a wooden house, and the house has some stairs.



I saw the figure of an old man black skinned like Arab Bedouin, was praying underneath our house, near the front stairs. He was quite moderately small in size, quite skinny and black skin.

He was praying the last tahiyyat (in final sitting position). He wore a white robe and a white turban. There was no prayer mat or rug there, he sat on the ground soil for his last tahiyyat.

Then he greeted right and left, after the prayer. I heard like my mother's voice telling me, 'That is him, the Father of All Knowledge (*Bapa Segala Ilmu Putih*), the Prophet Adam '.



Her voice kept ringing in my ears until I woke up.

It was indeed a short dream, just at glanced of Prophet Adam. Though it was just a glimpse of him, importantly the message that God wanted

to convey was for me to acknowledge the meeting with Adam, the father of us all.

Why did she called him the Father of All Knowledge (Bapa Segala Ilmu Putih), God knows best.

I referred my dream to my spiritual awliya guru. Can Adam be an old man, small and black the way I saw him. Guru just nodded right.

We all know Adam wasn't in our normal height and size but I saw him otherwise.

If I saw Prophet Adam again, without any second doubt I will bow and knelt before him, greet and kiss his hand.

Year 2008

A Brothel House in Hell

In 2008, I was shocked by a dream that had changed my perspective on what ‘pleasure’ means in the afterlife.

When I was carried away by the world pleasure, I was shocked by the warning that I received in my vision, They had showed me my downfall.

It was in 2008, I saw that I was travelling by bus in a foreign city. The bus went over a long bridge. The city looked majestic with many tall buildings.

The long bridge overlooking the sea. The view from the bridge was breathless. I saw the blue sea, the sunny weather and all shapes of buildings there. Suddenly, I saw the buildings collapsed one by one. It was like an earthquake

that happened so quickly, all these tall buildings shattered to the ground.

I saw the bridge that we were passing through was getting the impact. The bridge was collapsing....while we were on it. The bus we boarded plunged into the sea. I was going slowly to the bottom of the sea with all other passengers. We trapped in the bus. It was an unimaginably chaos at the time.

Then I I saw a helicopter rescue, the shadow surfaced in the water. The rescuer saw me and I stretched my hand out to him. I was saved.

I survived in the tragic accident. They sent me to a shelter home to spend my night there. I saw it was a mansion. Upon entering the house, I saw a lot of women there. They were prostitutes in the house!. How can I be sent to a brothel?

I didn't think much about it, went into the house and walked past through each rooms there. On my right there was a counter, and a line of men waiting for their turn or queue.

They looked ugly and was sticking out their tongues seemed like having a delicious dish to be served. Their eyes wild and they looked messy and unmanageable. I kept walking through. I saw a room on the left had many woman, crouched on the floor to sleep. They were all naked, facing the fan, seemed to be drying their liquid discharged that came out of their genitals.

I felt nauseous.

I had to go through these rooms to the back. My feet staggered so not to step on the woman sleeping on the floor. At the back room, there were several wooden benches like bed. This wooden benches for these women to sleep. The

bed without mattresses and pillows. That's weird to me. Their legs opened and their feet were chained and shackled to a wooden 'pasung' (like a pillar) where their legs cannot be moved. With only sarong cover their bodies, there was a container near the pasung for people to place money.

Masya Allah. Goodness. It was unbelievable to have seen such a place.

I felt for repentance the moment I saw this event.

Very humiliating!

Never thought about the chastisement of hell for woman in prostitution.

It was the same modus operandi as in the world. They had a nice enchanting smells of perfume used in this world, but their body stinks and smelled rotten in hell.

Their genitals parts had this yellowish discharged and looked disgusting in hell.

Apparently the wicked man enjoyed their disgusting meal, they seemed to love the rotten. Looked at their face expression!

Suddenly I came across some school friends and they asked me, *'uh do you live here?'* I replied, *'Uh no, I just stopped by, I was told to spend the night here, didn't know that this is a brothel'*.

I woke up from a long sleep.

Still felt the shame. Nauzubillah. I seek shelter from Allah.

Why was me at the brothel?

What was the meaning of seeing magnificent buildings collapsed and I drowned in the sea but later saved and sent to hell?

The collapsed of the buildings in my interpretation, means that my a'mal prayers had been thrown, fallen and vanished. I must repent. My sins and misdeed that I procured in this world must be repaid and must be cleansed.

God had showed me the most valuable lesson here, a reverse torment for pleasure in this world, will be misery in the afterlife.

I saw my downfall. O God, please forgive me and my wrongdoings in this world. I had fell and failed. Please raise me up with my prayers and please re-mould me so I could be noble again.

I have seen Your hell and I fear Your torment.

Year 2008

Repent and Cleansed

The year of 2008 somehow had brought news from hell and my sin. Had my sin gone too far O God? Were you angry at me?

A stern warning to me! Do not let myself fell again. I am not dead yet, get up lady!

I confessed that I had debt in this world, with the company I worked for in my early years of life. The unfinished business sometimes had haunted me to get the peace I wanted.



The corruption happened way back when I was a smart, quick but short-sighted chic. This was related to some bids for the work I delivered. My heart sometimes felt the guilt from the wrongdoings I did. Because I was constantly thinking about that, I had a dream

I was chased by the police and I was caught. All felt quite real there though only in my dream, I can not ran away from the sin and guilt accumulated in this world. I received my punishment from the unseen world of Ālam al-Ghayb.

I was thrown into the jail. In the prison, I looked at the prisoners' cells. Each cell received different sort of punishment.

The cell next to me were tortured like his legs and hands were chained and shackled, he was asked to eat with his tongue. The other cells I saw they were punching their thighs until became hollowed and bled.

Then, my name was called.

I was taken to the room like an operating room. I was laid on a bed there and I heard a doctor said that my brain will be poisoned and my eyes will be lasered until blind.

Masya Allah my God. Is it true, the kind of torture I will receive? My eyes will be blinded and my brain will be poisoned?

They anesthetized me until I lost my consciousness. When I woke up, I was still in the hospital, I saw those tools and wires still on my body. Then the doctor came, told me that

my eyes had been replaced new and my brain had recovered.

I woke up from my dream.

O God what was the sin I did until you caught me and punished me this way?

What was behind a new pair of vision and a new brain will do for me?

Subhanallah. Allah the most Gracious.

He knows best what these implied to me.

A few years later, I found the gracious of God had turned me to become sharper in the way I see and I think.

Thank you God for cleansing me and accepting my repentance. Allow me to be 'someone' new, to walk the path of ma'rifatullah.

Amen.

Year 2008

**Meeting with Iskandar Zulkarnain
(Alexander the Great)**

In 2008, I had a vision of a Prophet which I never knew who he was before this dream. I met the prophet in the horrifying night of the emergency.

In the unseen world, I saw the city was undergoing a state of emergency, chaotic with extreme poverty. That night I was destined to be travelled at the wrong place and at the wrong time.

I saw many human beings (men) were everywhere on the street. They committed vandalism when they wilfully damaged the buildings and cars and they stole food from the shops.

It was a chaotic night where I was there, witnessed the event, in the darkest place at the darkest time.

There were no good human beings to ask for help.

I totally felt like a stranger in the foreign city and was alone.

I ran from being caught by the street criminals.

Then I saw a policeman so I asked for help. Sadly, the police said, *'this place is in the emergency, the criminals are everywhere and I can't help'*.

I continued my walk in the night of chaotic.

Until I arrived at the intersection where there was a man standing at the brick wall. There were several cars parked near him, so a little bit hidden from any sights.

I saw a young male standing and leaning against the brick wall, his legs crossed while he was singing.

The young male was like a 'white male', white skin with reddish hair. I saw his hair red, short, curly and thick. His age 26-33 years old.



The real him looked quite similar to these drawings except I saw his hair more reddish than ginger color.

At the time I saw him, he was singing a song. I heard the wordings clearly.

*‘... .And I built a barrier in between these two mountains with the hot iron, preventing the evil from one mountain to come down to another mountain to steal, so **flee** you from that mountain’ ...*



Spontaneously I stopped there and approached him.

I whispered in my heart that these are the verses of the **Injeel** (gospel) and he asked me to flee.

I approached him and said, “Sir, I knew you are a good person, please help me sir,

I just wanted to go home safely’.

I held his hand and he led me to the steep of hillside behind him. We jumped from a high place. Suddenly I saw the ‘familiar’ KLCC underneath me. He brought me down to earth, and KLCC (KL twin tower) was the sign that I was safely arrived ‘home’.

Then startled out of my sleep. It was such a relief.

The subuh prayer just in a couple more minutes. I took a prayer and unconsciously, I recited and repeated Al falaq verses three(3) times. I seemed to forget about other surahs verses.

Why did I confuse in my prayer? Why forgot? And why Al Falaq?

I wondered if I had a daydreaming while praying.

I was quite late for work, so I quickly picked up the Quran translation to see the meaning of al-falaq.

I knew I recited the verses often, before sleep, for protection from the evil spirit. But just to double check the meaning again..

Nah, hear what I found.

The verse of al-falaq was about last night. The night of chaotic, the darkest night, the fear that I had that night and the evil human actions in the dark of the night.

Goodness. Now I knew why I recited this verse three times repeatedly and unconsciously in my morning subuh prayer.

That evening, I called my father to refer to him further about my dream. We used to share the spiritual journey together sometimes.

I read to him the verses that I thought was from the Injeel gospel.

My father commented that the verse was actually from the Quran, the Al kahf verses.

It was about Iskandar Zulkarnain (Dhul-Qarnayn), a traveller, who God had given him the power to rule places he visited.

Zulkarnain met with the giant creatures that loved to spoil and to steal crops from the good people who lived on the other side of the mountain. Zulkarnain helped the good people to build the wall between the two mountains with the hot iron.

MasyaAllah. All Glories to Allah.

That was really like a mock-up version of my dream.

If according to history, Iskandar Zulkarnain is a Prophet and he had the Shakti power that God had gifted him to rule the world from east to west.

Some narrated that he was the half-God because his father was Zeus of Macedonia.

Why I visited him in the unseen world of Ālam al-Ghayb?

I knew God wanted me to recognize His Ministry. But why Iskandar Zulkarnain?

This dream reminded me of the greatness of Allah, that had showed me my Saviour from the gog and magog. I prayed that Allah saved me from the slander of the antichrist ad Dajjal at the end times.

There is a question mark here. I mentioned this verse from the **Injeel Gospel** the fact the Quran had these wordings too. But I

knew my words are true. The verse is indeed from the Injeel scripture.

I trusted my dream and my words were originated from the Divine nature, to give me the Wisdom of His Scripture.

I knew the verse of Al Kafh in the Quran, but indeed Al Kafh was revealed much earlier before the Quran. As I said again, I trusted my words in the dream.

God had gifted me His Wisdom to discover the knowledge and acknowledged them wisely.

May Allah showed me His Wisdom to all these knowledge that I never knew before. I had memorized **Al Kahf** surah (verse) ever since this dream came alive as a remembrance of my meeting with Prophet Iskandar Zulkarnain. In God's will.

Year 2009

The Blue Dust of the Qaf

I had a dream in 2009, I went to a foreign place which I never saw before.

The place I went was a wide, white sandy desert, huge as as far as my eyes could see. It was in a daylight at the place.

The desert I saw had many Arabs lived there, their house was like a cave house.



The scenery of the desert was so beautiful which I never had seen anything like this before in other places.

I walked near the sandy caves in the village. I walked through small caves houses on my left

and right of the narrow road. There were quite packed full of houses.

At the sandy alleys, I saw some Arab women sweeping dust that entered into their house. The sand was blueish dust. It was so fine that it didn't feel like dirty dust.

Masyaallah. The atmosphere was really blue, could it be the air blue or the sky blue?

The breezy wind somehow had a little blue too or maybe the blue sky, hence I saw the dust blue? It was very weird to predict what I saw and where the blueish ambience came from.

I stopped at the cave house. They served lunch and invited me to taste the food together. Alhamdulillah.

Without hesitation I ate with them. Wow, the taste of arabic rice just like tomatoes rice in Malaysia. Delicious and tasty, just like my

mother's cooking. I was thinking in my dream that my mother's cuisine could have come from here.

Arab women were all chubby. Their skin so smooth and white. Their body size were quite big, plumpy or fatty, not like us Malay, we were small and slim. **They were all wearing black robes (jubah).**

I enjoyed the food very much and while eating I woke up from a beautiful dream.

Is there any place on earth that has this blueish ambience, blueish dust or blueish ocean reflections?

I tried to dig out information about the realm inhabited by the Djinn in the Mount Qaf.

Before having this dream, I had other dreams, where I had been to places like icy mountains and blue ocean sea where I used to play and

bathed. I jumped from the mountain cliffs which was very high and I saw the water was so blue.

Could this be related? Could this be the sea realm surrounded by the Mount Qaf?

I dugged out more information about the Mount Qaf.

Kuh-i-Qaf is a legendary mountain in the Middle East. The Mount Qaf is said to be the homeland of Djinn, made out of shining emerald by God. Mount Qaf surrounds the living world as a belt and can not be crossed in any way. Behind Mount Qaf, carries the observer to a journey in an extraordinary universe. To those who climbed Mount Qaf got their souls purged on their way to Heaven. At the top of Mount Qaf was Heaven where

billions of virtuous souls were stored and **they existed without identity.**

This world is in the middle of the mountain of Qaf, no man can reach there, for he needs to spend four months in darkness, no sun, no moon, no stars and it is so blue that the azure colour of the sky is the brightness of the mountain Qaf that reflects on the sky, and it appears this colour. If this was not so, the sky would not be blue. All the mountains that are seen in this world are from the mountain Qaf.

I remembered the teaching of my awliya guru when I had my friend from Australia visit him in the village. She knew that she was from the lineage of the witches, originating from Ireland, fleeing from the Christian churches to South Africa and finally migrating to Australia. Her God is the two-horned God from the book of Shadow. She was one of my contacts and

good friend here in this world. She believed that Christian were the ones killed her lineage in Ireland, from her story.



She is from the Celtic group (Wicca) that prayed to the two-horned God.

She had many dreams where she saw herself came out, floated from the mountain chimney. The mountain chimney was deep steep. She didn't see clearly herself there but she knew it was her.

My awliya guru saw her and said, that it was **her shadow, an existence without identity** where she and her group of lineage belonged to. That's how she was born into this earth. That she was not

from the Adam's lineage. The 'Father' of the Djinn (Azazel) can bear his seeds, born out of the cave in the form of carbon souls.

He told this words a long time ago, and I always remembered every bits of his speech. What I didn't realised, the mountain he mentioned was actually the Mount Qaf.

The Blueish ambience is real and it has been narrated in the story where the Djinn have lived there on the 2nd layer of the Qaf realm.

But Qaf is also a crowded place for the Angels, where they lived on the 7th layer of the realm. The 6th layer is the place for Satan and its soldiers.

Then I realised that the Arab women there were all wearing black robes and black shawl to cover their hair. This could be their tradition

clothing. A little looked like they were belonged to the Djinn's lineage. I presumed they were the good Djinns with good behaviour towards a foreigner, who happened to travel to their place in the Unseen.

Allah knows best. All praise to Allah.

Year 2010

Goddess of Wisdom

I experienced the most enjoyable night ever with this dream and I had almost the same dream repeatedly ever since I memorized Al Quran verses. I remembered my awliya guru inhibited us from reciting the Quran as the a'mal (practice) without understanding the meaning, could bring disaster. I understood and I obeyed.

I never read Quran since then...but I memorized them and recited out the verses from my heart to my tongue. I made promised that that I will never read the verses like reading the ancient scriptures ever since.

In 2010, the Quran lived in my prayers as little as I could pushed them along as I stand before God. I still had a long way to memorizing

God's words slowly into my understanding so I could still obey the wisdom received from my spiritual awliya guru.

Started from a slow pushed of my foot as I walked, I was able to not set my foot on the ground while walking. I was floating in the wind, my body became lighter and harmonious with the wind rhythm around me. It felt like swimming in the water and how the body followed the flow of water so I could float.

When the body weight embraced into the wind gusts, my foot pushed me higher in the sky. The energy felt heavy and strong in the way I pushed my whole body through the wind. The art of this practice had grew stronger day by day, in my dreams. My jumps and fly became higher now and I tried this several times in different dreams.

If I tried to push harder before my time, I felt my body's ability been distracted and tired, it did awaken me from my sleep.

I knew my knowledge in Quran still shallow and won't be enough for me to sustain its power. I must worked harder in my tactics of absorbing the knowledge from Quran, so my soul can fly higher and longer in the unseen world.

In this dream I had in 2010, I was fighting with another woman (her face was not visible to me) but she wore all black. The fight I had using the power that I didn't understand how that worked in the unseen world.



But I **won** in the fight because of my ‘speed’ had overtaken her.

Then I heard many voices said, *‘She won the contest because the Goddess of Wisdom (Ratu Ilmu Putih) is in her’.*

I was pretty sure what I heard in my dream.

Was I a descendent of the Goddess in my past life?

Why the Goddess of Wisdom had anything to do with me in this life?

Astagfirullah! May Allah protected me from the Evil.

I never heard a story about the Goddess of Wisdom other than the movies from HBO.

Remembered the vision of the Prophet Adam a while ago that He was the Father of All Knowledge and Wisdom (*Bapa Segala Ilmu Putih*)?

Is the Goddess of Wisdom had relations to the Father of Wisdom?

The way the visions had been narrated to me, sounded like there were something for me to study further on the titles of 'Wisdom' given.

In 2021, I revisited this page again, knowing that I have to conclude my findings on the Father of All Knowledge and Wisdom.

Adam is God's creation that was brilliant than any Angels and the Djinnns. The only thing made him different was the use of his brain and knowledge. He is much brilliant than any of God's creation and he can ascend to God's knowledge in a short period of time without

struggling to think. The Unseen had called him the Father of all knowledge and the wisdom. Hence, this was also the name given to me in the Unseen Alam Al ghaib.

I believed the knowledge I delivered here is 'foreign' to your hearing, but trust me, I am the path of the righteous.

All praise to Allah and Glory be to Allah. He knows best.

Year 2011

Kindness for Paradise

This year was the year I wanted to have a child again. I was not aware if my desire had been heard by the angel.

One the day in 2011, I dreamed of a verse,

"Hal jaza ul ihsani ilall ihsan"

...but I heard a little distorted to my hearing.

The voice that reads this verse seemed to tell me or to warn me about something important. I thought it could be due to I was thinking too much about getting pregnant. I tried to search the meaning in the Quran, but I failed to find anything. I was just looking for 'Ihsan' in the Quran, but my eyes didn't see thoroughly

enough to find it and several months had passed.

One day, as I was hearing recitation of the Quran, I heard these words appeared and it was from the Ar Rahman. Masya Allah.

The verse of '**Ihsan**' that I thought '**kindness**' could mean that I should be doing more kindness in this world so I could get pregnant. But the whole meaning in the Quran was actually had different meaning for my acknowledgement.

The Quran said, **Ihsan** that I should be doing more was to get me into His Heaven! The '**Heaven**' is the gems that I wanted to conceive and not the '**child**'.

I was shocked to learn this meaning. All praises and gratitude is to the Almighty!

The verse means; 'There is no return of kindness without kindness'. – Ar Rahman.

The interpretation about this verse was quite controversial to me initially.

The 'offspring' that I thought could be something I needed in this world as a **Return** of my kindness, was actually a '**Paradise**'.

My observation of this verse was quite true in the sense of how the verse revealed itself to me.

The verse is a closing passage for those who entered the **Paradise of Muqarrabin**.

The Paradise of Muqarrabin is the RETURN place for those who had compassion, kindness and good deeds (Makam Ihsan).

O God, You had showed me the **Makam Ihsan** (Ihsan State), and now guide me to the path of Muqarrabin. Amen.

Year 2011

Meeting Prophet Muhammad

This was the most unpredictable vision I had in 2011, knowing that the time of acknowledging this figure, I wasn't been religious in Islam and in the eyes of muslim, but God knows what He had planted for future.

I had been showered with a connection to the Father of Knowledge and I had acknowledged from thereon that I was destined for something greater, the wisdom, which God wanted me to embrace in this life.

I surprised that God had given me a lifetime chance that muslim been awaited for, to be chosen amongst the followers to meet with the last Rasool, Muhammad S.A.W. Just moments after I discovered my path, my gifts and my

spiritual guidance, I had Muhammad to visit me in this timeline.

Though all these memories were written only in my diary and the fact it took years for me to compile this book, the vision of Muhammad was one of the earliest came to me in my timeline after Prophet Adam.

I met a guy, we were sitting at a long table in a stall by the side of sandy soil overlooking a green field, in a place like a village.

The two of us were eating. The day was in the morning approaching noon. In front of us some arabs with a little rough look the way I saw them. I was with a good looking man, sitting together by the side of me and we had a conversation.

We sat on one long bench. The figure I met was moderately thin, somewhat taller

than me, the overall look like Bront Palarae , an actor from Malaysia.

I also noticed that he might have the look of ‘The Prince of Persia’ movie actor, Jake Gyllenhaal in his 30s.



More or less the Prophet looked like those two figures I knew in this world. Just that his beard a little different than in those pictures. The beard wasn't wrapped around the face, but his beard just below

lips and had several hair there, black and gray mixed together.

I did see him clearly from his side as he sat next to my left.

Muhammad was a sweet gentleman. The softness in his face and the flowing hair he had, swinging softly when blowed away by breezy wind gust, really took my breath away.

I waited for him to eat, and looked at him eating so politely, bowed and not turning his head or his eyes left or right. He didn't speak to the arab guys in front of us either. He looked calm and shy.

I saw his hair straight soft, parted in the middle, a bit lengthy below his ear and almost hitted his shoulder.

His hair had same-length cutting style. He had soft complexion skin like reddish brown but not white skin, a bit of Pakistani look and not so Arab.

I observed him closely and counted every bits on his face. He had gray hair, not so much but I can see them. Both gray on his hair and beard. All these gray-look of him made me had this conversation, commented on his look.

I commented and said, *‘so much white-hair you have, if blacken them, must be good looking...but if you color brown you looked much better and handsome’*.

I continued speaking, *‘you are still young, but why you had gray hair?’*

I did these conversations with him?
Unbelievable.

He turned his head looking at me on his right and said, '*brown?*'...with cynical smile.

Just one word?

He was silent and no further comment.

I never met a young man with some gray hair in my whole life. His age around 26 – 32 years old maybe.

Although his gray hair wasn't much there but still visible to my eyes.

Knowing my character in this world, I was a choosy person when comes to boyfriends.

Those conversations I had obviously showed how close my relationship with this guy.

Only good friends talked the way I did.

While waited for him to finish his fried noodle, the two Arabs in front of us called him and said, 'O Rasulullah, we must make a move now'.

I immediately got up and paid his meal and my meal, all together RM6.00 ringgit.

I was awoken by the fact that he had to leave. A beautiful meeting with our Prophet?

Surely I never thought that Muhammad would want to meet me as I wasn't his good follower of the Islamic syari'a.

Masya Allah. All Glory to Allah.

I smiled to myself, had some thoughts about Him, and why I met him in the way he appeared to me.

The unpredictable dream. That sort of conversations I had not knowing he was Rasulullah until towards the end?

I didn't know he was Rasulullah and my feelings towards him at the time, was like the two best friends having lunch.

All those conversations were not about the thing I wanted to hear the most. If I knew, I would have asked him about the secrets of God, about the afterlife and about the heaven. Clearly it did not happened in the meeting.

I was so a teenager back then. Talked about nonsense stuff, commenting on a boyfriend look?

Wondered how simple and ordinary he was, his character, his look and his smile.

Who would think that I have met Prophet Muhammad?

The way he dressed up, with just a blouse and pants. No robe, no turban, no shawl, no costumes, no horses, no sword and no prayer beads. Very ordinary guy.

The intimacy of the conversations I had with him could stirred up a little bit of jealousy in the heart of muslim towards me, especially the way I portrayed him.

Initially I preferred to silence and kept this vision to myself but I believed all happened for a reason.

Why did Muhammad appear to me in such a way so I could observed his look so clearly?

Why didn't he show me his glowing face until I cannot see him clearly?

Why didn't he come at me at night in dimly light so I cannot see him clearly?

Have you met Rasulullah?

Did he said he is Rasulullah or Muhammad?

I heard some people claimed they have met Prophet Muhammad but their description were a little different from my observation.

Rasulullah is not one person. Isa, Moses, David, Abraham were all Rasulullah. They called themselves rasulullah in the unseen world of Ālam al-Ghayb. So which one was the prophet that came to you or who the person 'Rasulullah' you had actually met?

I will describe more in this book about the Messengers I met in the God's Ministry.

The Rasulullah you have met might not be Muhammad that you thought, due to your lineage and the practice of your a'mal prayers.

Read this book to the end and you will know what I meant.

The visit I had with Muhammad is one of His visits among many other visits He had to do in this world and in the unseen.

Someone said, the Prophet cannot be seen in their form of the original, except those who are heirs to his wisdom, his knowledge and his practice.

March 2012

The Book of Life of Lauhul Mahfudz

In the month of March 2012, the night after submitted my prayers, I had a short dream but it was perfect.

I met with the JUDGE, the Hakim of the Ummah.

He who kept our book of deeds, book of life and book of remembrance. The book was also mentioned as Ummul-Kitab (Mother of the Book), Kitabun Hafiz (Preserving Book), Kitabun Mubin (Clear Book), Kitabun Maknun (Hidden Book), Imamun Mubin (Clear Guide) and al-Kitab (the Book) in the Quran.

The dream I had with the Hakim of the Ummah, face to face with Him at the meeting table. I was in a bright shining place, unable to see the

figure of the Lord but I recognized Him. The Judge, the Majesty took out three (3) cards from my book of record file, which was in the size of A4 paper in yellowish brown. He read them in front of me.

He said, 'your practice of a'mal prayers had been received in Lauhul Mahfudz'.

The first card read, the second and the third read to me .. the cards were about things happened in this world and will happen.



He said, 'there will be a day, where you get jerked out of your reverie (daydreaming) while brewing water, and the water spilled.'

He continued, 'That is the proof of your practice of a'mal prayers been accepted and the benefits has returned to you in this world'.

I nodded, understood what has been said.

In my heart I whispered, *‘Masya Allah goodness how He is so knowledgeable, knew everything about me’*.

Then I woke up from sleep.

This was the Majesty of God.

He gave me a breath of knowledge about Lauhul Mahfudz Al Kitab, the book of life.

He is the Majesty, The Wisest Judge.

He knew my timeline of my past and future.

The wisdom of God is infinite.

Only with a card, He read me.

Lauhul is literally a board to write on, and the Lauhul Mahfudz is the immaterial board or tablet on which God has prerecorded everything, material and

spiritual, another name for the Divine Knowledge. No alterations to the Lauhul Mahfuzd, as it is the Preserved Tablet.

In the month of Ramadan in 2013, after a year passed, I noticed the **benefits returned** to me in a very unimaginable way.

The month of **Ramadan 2013**, came with a **great test** into my life. I was a guarantor for a debt of my friend. He had been declared bankrupt and the event had pushed me to misery.

The borrower seemed did not making any progress with the bank, so I was called to responsible for the amount of his debt.

At that time my husband was unemployed for a month. I was speechless because two tests came together at the same time. My husband made a decision to quit work because of excessive

stress, and I was chased by the bank due to someone else's debt.

I succumbed into a great test in the month of Ramadhan. I lost appetite and the energy to fight for the case. I must pay the debt and that was final decision made by the bank. No mercy on me.

During the nights, when human were soundly lulled to sleep, my eyes wide opened at 3 am in the morning, I separated myself alone and made prayers quietly. I filled the house with beautiful melody of zikr chanting and remembrance of God. Those nights where I felt longing for God to hear me, to occupy me and to save me, I meditated until 5 am. I break for a quick breakfast in early morning (before subuh prayer) for Ramadhan fasting on next day.

I whispered to myself, 'O Allah, you know that I'm in trouble but the fact I prayed this long

hours not because I had trouble but you knew I always remembered you in wealth or in poor.’

After finished my tahajjud prayer, I went to the kitchen to brew my healthy drink because I usually did not take heavy meal for fasting. While I was mixing the drink (milkshake), i put down the glass. Suddenly my hand pushed the glass and it fell, the water spilled.

I was jerked out of my reverie by the spilt water. For a second, I felt a little angry at myself because the expensive ‘alpha lipid’ drink shake was spilled before I could drink it.

But quickly I remembered the words He said about Lauhul mahfudz and the day of the return of benefits was actually today when the water was spilled, out of my reverie.

I got that clue, the words and the sign. The favour of God has arrived.

The disappointment over the spilt of my milkshake suddenly disappeared. I shed tears when seeing the Love of God for me. Even the smallest sign made me grateful and thankful.

I received the blessings of God that was revealed to me after one year from the date I received the vision. The returns of benefits had happened in the holy month of Ramadhan.

Subhanallah Walhamdulillah Walailahailallah Allahuakbar.

Year 2012

The Flying Exploration

Back to the year of 2012, I had similar dreams before this dream #theflyingexploration.

In June, I dreamt about floating in the air but this time around I was showed the way I flew.

Since I had been practicing the walking in the air, over and over again, my foot did not touch the earth while walking in the unseen world.

I was hovering in the air.

But this time I had a little different dream than before. I met a friend, a 17 year old girl (we were same age). I recognized her in my dream as if we were from the same school in the unseen world of Ālam al-Ghayb.

I saw myself and her flying that night exploring the vast sky.

Just the two of us, I sensed that no evil spirit were around us and the place we flew.

It was a cold night. I saw my friend's hovering style was a little different than mine. Her hands spreaded wide and her legs sort of lifted up one side. Pretty easy. Flew like an eagle.

I saw my way of flying style, quite comfortable with closing both palms and pressed them towards my chest. We both in the same leg position with the right leg slightly uplifted.

The strong energy that came from my both palms became my steering wheel.

I can turned my whole body to the left and to the right.

This picture below explained the yoga position we flew.

Our flying style



My yoga position



My friend's yoga position

My friend accompanied me that night exploring the earth and we viewed them from as high as above the clouds, higher than the mountains.

We made a stop at a mountain peak.

I noticed a snowy capped mountains underneath me.

Masya Allah. Goodness. The view was majestic.

My friend was quite brave, invited me to continue flying through gorges of the mountains. We were like in yoga position, just silence but floated in the clouds, passed through the human

settlement area and headed towards a small town.

There was no evil power approached us that night.

We didn't fly like a superman, but just in yoga position.

I managed to have a quick chat with her. She told me that she acquired the knowledge of float and fly ever since she was small.

She also mentioned one name that familiar to me, a friend with similar benefits. He was also from the circle of my awliya guru.

Alhamdulillah, Hallelujah.

We stopped at a small town and I saw from above, the people had their night market, lighted up with neons. I saw Bubble tea and 'yong tau

fu' stalls at the night market. Somewhere, like a place in China town.

The clock showed 5.45 am in the morning when I woke up.

It was at night there in my dream but it was at dawn here in Malaysia.

I smiled to myself, it was indeed the most enjoyable night I had so far. The journey of flying while observing the earth from the clouds above the mountains will never be forgotten.

Year 2013

Shahada Statement of Lailaha illallah

In January 2013, I dreamed again. The calendar year had opened a new page in my life.

I was in a bright realm as bright as the sun at noon. I was in the office, a tall glass-wall office building. The glass covered the entire walls and the building looked rather round in shape. I was looking at the vast blue sky stretched out in front of my eyes. I saw quite a busy city with many buildings close to each other.

Then I saw a large plane appeared from the sky.

The plane was coming down so quick towards the earth. Looked like it was in distressed and to plummet into earth. Suddenly the plane moved upwards again and flew through the crevices of the buildings.

The plane headed towards me!

I ran out of time! To escape or to get off the building.

It happened so fast that I only had a few moments there before the plane crashed on me.

I was shocked, as death was so near to come by. I prayed that the plane will be diverted and I will be saved from been destroyed.

Then I saw the wing side of the plane sliced through the glass wall where I was standing on, and the glass shattered.

My eyes saw a slow-motion movements, and everything so slow that my whole body froze to death.

I felt my spirit was out of my body. I lost my senses. I felt like in the sakaratul death!

Before death upon me, my tongue recited these words, ***'I bear witness, that there's no God but God (Allah), and I am the messenger of God'***.

This sentence I recited upon my sakaratul death in the unseen world of Ālam al-Ghayb, with tongue and lips witnessed the presence of God and myself as the messenger.



I witnessed this shahada in the Unseen world, in my vision and it was not uttered in this world.

There was no mind control in the dream. Everything has been set. My Faith, my Shahada witnessed the God's existence in my presence in the unseen world of Ālam al-Ghayb.

I woke up at 5.00 am in the morning. The freezing cold body had no blood flowed in me for a second. I was shocked to froze.

I was Fana', in destroyed stage when I recited the shahada statement of faith.

I recalled the words that I had spoken.

I never say anything like this in this world before. I never was the messenger of God. I didn't know such shahada existed.

Why was this shahada statement of faith been taught to me?

During the destruction moment, I did not have a second to think about my family. It was as sudden event came to destroy me and my whole existence became slowmotion.

But the faith in God had showed me who I was in the unseen world.

God does not bestow pleasure on a servant greater than giving her the knowledge of *la ilaha illallah, there's no God but God*.

The messenger of God in the Unseen world means, I am the servant of God in this world.

How can I deny my own statement even though it was a different statement from the one I used to state before God.

I have faith in my witness and in my statement.

I do not fear what's coming to me and the punishment for being apostate.

Just because it is against the islamic law, I must deny my vision?

The shahada will not be lifted until I perished. I had testified the witness on the day I perished.

If I rejected this vision, I will be revoked and became apostate in the hereafter.

This is the path of enlightenment to test my Faith in Him.

I had been through the journey of witnessing His Kingdom and His Prophets, not knowing about the unseen and the unknown but my Faith in Him grew stronger that I had been uplifted with His Knowledge and His Wisdom.

I will never deny my statement.

The plane symbolises the vehicle that carrying my prayers.

When it destroyed me to death, I became perished which means my a'mal prayers had shattered to dust and turned into 'benefits'.

Humans have no duty to impart the knowledge of the Unseen if there was no shahada had been endorsed in the unseen world.

The shahada statement of faith is the foundation of any witnesses of God before you could spread His words.

In this world, in the Islam syari'a law, any mualaff foreigners to embrace Islam, the first thing to do is to witness the shahada of Muhammad as the Messenger of God. The shahada was embraced in front of the Hakim in the religious council or Imam in the mosque.

In my journey in the Unseen world, I embraced the shahada *'no God but God and I am the messenger of God'*, in the presence of the Majestic Lord, The Judge of the Unseen.

I have faith in Him and the vision He gave. My words were uttered in a state of divine nature.

My age was 41 years old at the time of this shahada.

The shahada was the fact that I, officially His servant in this world. He will guide me, teach me, remove my veils so I could received His Wisdom.

My journey had been arranged and written. He had the power over me in this life and the hereafter.

I have no power to change my storyline.

I'm not the fortune teller and I am not the priestess.

Note: I apologize if the content in this dream was a bit confusing to some people in the way I witnessed my shahada. Know that I expressed the words in my dream and without deep understanding of the context in supernatural, you won't be able to acknowledge this.

I had not been taught to debate, I was taught what I knew not. But I see myself self-sufficient so you do not

forbids me from praying the way I prayed as I am rightly guided.

Year 2013

My Mother's Visit

Yesterday, I met with my mother. She had passed away in 2010 and I dreamt about her in the month of June, 2013.

In the glorious month of Syaaban, my mother visited me here in this world. As I was looking after my father in Kuala Lumpur, she came to visit us one day.

I had a conversation with my mother.

I asked her the moment I saw her, *'mother, mom you came from heaven?'*

She just smiled.

Then I asked again, *'mom, tell me about God's secrets, what were those secrets of God?'*

I felt like I had been waiting for this moment to ask, I knew she had the answer.

I didn't ask about her condition or how heaven is.

But I just wanted to know the most precious thing about God and His secrets.

Then mom said, *'everything is counted by God, everything is taken into account, even the ones we didn't notice or unthinkable.'*

I asked, *'What else mom, what else in His secrets?'*

She said, *'You have to know yourself'* while pointing her finger towards me.

I said, *'which self mom, the lust self? The a'mal self?, what exactly mom?'*

Mom didn't answer my question.

She walked to the room where my father slept.

She said, *'that too counted'*, while pointing at my calves.

I nodded and said, *'this awrah, mom?, Is this awrah counted as well?'* repeated question but I understood the meaning of awrah she pointed out. It is to cover part of the body.

My mother nodded, agreed with me.

As she walked past and said, 'remembrance of God always, it is counted and always be counted'

I was kind of agreed with her this time and said, 'Do you mean 24 hours of remembrance, mom?'

I was just to confirm how much of remembrance I needed to do.

She nodded.

I took my mother to my father's room. My little daughter was in there too and both of them were sleeping.

My mother had a joyful character in this world, so the way she woken them up was like, *'Amboi, so long you guys been sleeping, don't you wanna wake up?'*

My mother greeted my father who slept so soundly with her joyful character. My father awoken and his eyes blinked at my mother, presumably felt like a dream maybe.

Then I said, 'father, this is arwah mom'

Arwah is a spirit ghost.

My father hugged mother. I saw his old age without teeth while my mother looked younger in her bunned hair.

While I waited for her to be taken by someone, I saw she smiled looking that person and they vanished from my sight.

I woke up before dawn and had my gratitude prayer to God and made du'a for my mother's spirit.

There were some peculiarity here. First, how much I wanted to know the secrets of God had for us in this world and the afterlife. Second, I found that I referred my deceased mother as the spirit ghost (arwah), and not a living person anymore.

I knew my heart had always wanted to learn about His secrets in the afterlife, I cannot denied that I will ask those questions to my mother or divine source who I believed can deliver me the message.

I knew she was in a happy place, far away land and her spirit was not bounded to this earth.

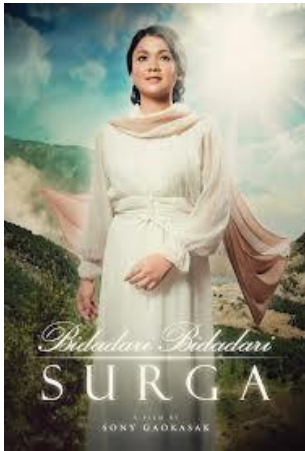
Meeting her had cured my longing for her which, I had missed so much since we departed, three years ago.

Salam and greetings to my mother Siti Rahela, may your spirit be blessed in Paradise.

Year 2013

Greetings of the Angels

The greetings of the angels was a beautiful dream. I saw myself with these women in our white gown and the dream was recorded in June 2013.



We wore a long white gown, like a white wedding dress. I pulled up a little bit of my long dress as I walked down the stairs.

We walked side by side while our hands clasped at waist. Their hair was beautifully groomed.



All the women were gentle and charismatic. As we descended the white stairs, I saw the white sky above, maybe the white clouds.

We were all singing a salutation, '*allahumma salli alaik*' repeatedly as we walked down the stairs.

The place felt like in the white area or the white clouds and I felt white all around me. I woke up at dawn.

Surprised that I never recited this greetings salutation verse before.

The word means 'may peace be with you'.
Masya Allah.

Some said this was the song of the angels in every layer of the sky heavens.

The angels greeted and saluted God the Universe and the Prophets.

I saw these women were beautiful, wearing a simple white gown, and they looked like a **Bride**.

Allah said, "My friends are hidden under My dome, no one knows them except Me".

The knowledgeable human (Arif Billah) is highly respected, they are the beloved of Allah, His close friend and His 'Bride'. The holders of the Enlightenment are the BRIDE of the AlMighty God.

Thank you O Lord for showing me the 'Bride' place of the angels. I have learnt the way the angel greeted You Lord, May I be the arif billah in the hereafter.

Year 2013

Mother Maryam's Visitation

On Monday morning, 26 Syawal/ August 2013, I met with the Queen mother, Maryam who I never thought of meeting in person. It was at 3 am in the morning, when I was awoken by the dream.

Coincidentally, before this, I had a dream a week ago, about the power that came out of my palms. Meeting Maryam somehow had connected to my earlier dream which happened last week.

It sounded very weird, knowing that my earlier dream where I sealed the power on my palms, and used that power I had in this dream, revealed something unbelievable.

How can I connected two separate dreams in one story?

All praise to Allah.

He who had given me the visions, to clear the uncertainty and allowed me to walk the earth with clearer understanding.

My soul knew that both dreams I had, lived alive in me and connected.

Last week, when I was given the wisdom of the palms, it showed me the power was like of the mirror's reflection. When I placed my palms onto a wooden table in my house, I saw my palms' reflection turned it into a mirror that showed me the origins of the wooden table where I saw the wood in the forest.

The energy reflections was like a mist then turned into a mirror where I can see things from there.

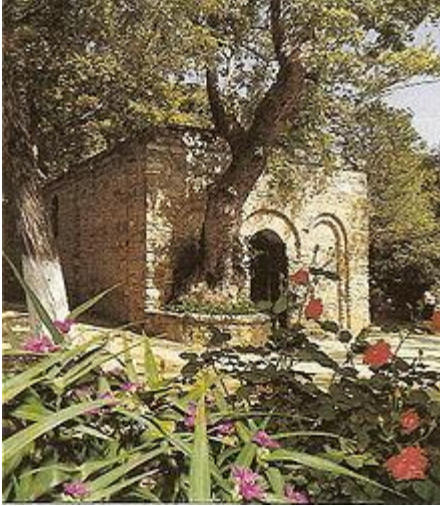
Then I tried it on a TV. A few seconds, the empty TV appeared ON with an interactive channels. My hand was like a magnet, attracted the satellite tv frequencies then radiated it through the tv screen.

I told my father about it. I said to him, how wonderful it would be if I could use the wonders of my palms in this world. Sigh.

In my second dream, I met with Mother Maryam at her house location in this world.

I used my palms in this dream that brought me to meet with Maryam at her house. Seemed that I knew the power sealed in me and took the advantage to use it in my dream.

Last night, I was at the foreign place, in hiding from being tracked by a tyrannical government. That was the sort of situation I felt at the time of the vision.



I was with several friends (more men and a few women), hid in a place like the shed of a shabby house. The next day, we started walking, from the mountains and came to a relic house of Mother Maryam.

My friends told me that it was the house of Maryam, who lived 2000 years ago. Somehow I don't know why 2000 years and not 3000 years ago.

Then I put my palms an inch away from the wooden wall of Maryam's wooden house. The energy of my palms became foggy and turned into a mirror until I can see my own face.

Suddenly Maryam appeared behind me and walked towards me.

I was shocked and looked at her. I came towards her while calling her name ‘Bonda’ (Mother).

‘Mother Mary?’ I said in a hushed voice, probably because I always speak English and sometimes Maryam became Mary. *‘Mother Mary?’*, I said again...

The woman was in her 20s, small, not big and not tall.

She said to me, ***‘Who do you want to meet as your intentions?’***

‘Mother Maryam’, I said quickly.

Ooh..apparently Maryam had already knew my intentions the moment I put my palms on the wall of her house.

Then Maryam extended her hand to shakehands with me and I kissed her hand too. I was very excited, didn't believe that Mother Maryam came to see me.



Maryam had thick and long hair up to below waist level. She tied her hair in a traditional braided style, where the braids were made up into four (4) bundles (4 braided hair) in one bundle.

I noticed that her braided hair for quite a bit, because very rarely met a women with braids in modern times. Her hair brown and her skin smooth white.

Usually the children of Israel had black hair, but Bonda Maryam had brown copper or golden

brown hair. She wore a necklace that had five - digit code (let the number be my secret).

I never imagined that Maryam's face like this. If you looked at the sculpture of Mother Mary, Maryam did not styled her hair that way. Her face wasn't the same either.

Maryam face looked so sweet and young. She's 20, but I called her Mother. Astonished. In the dream world everything seems surprising. How can I recognized her 'status' as the Mother when both of us looked like in the same age?

Dreams were the honest interpretation and manifestation of oneself, without a control of desire nor under a shadow of mind.

Dreams cannot be hoped for and it happened by chance.

I talked to Maryam about a few things especially my struggles to find the truth and to convey the truth.

I also asked her about Isaiah Al Maseh and Abdul Qadir Jilani. What I could concluded here was, everything I heard and seen was true.

Maryam invited me to pray at the white mosque which I have no clue about it, but she gave me a vision of the wuduk ablution place outside the white mosque. While sending her away I was jerked out and woken up at 3 am. Alhamdulillah, all praise to Allah.

The secret of breathing, had opened up a path to meet Maryam. The mother of the children of Israel.

May I be connected to a family and descendents of Bani Israel.

In 2018 I went to Baitul Muqaddis of Jerusalem and had a chance to take the wuduk ablution for prayer at the white mosque (Al Qibli), located hidden behind the Al Aqsa (the Golden Dome mosque). I made a prayer there alone and away from the groups.

I noticed that the wuduk ablution place where located outside, sort of behind the white mosque. This could be the place that Maryam mentioned, but God knows best.

According to history, the picture of Mary's house (pictured above) was considered to be the last place of Mary where her body was buried, adjacent to Mount of Pion in Ephesus, Turkey. The privilege and superiority of Maryam can no longer be denied through the verses found in the Qur'ān and Bible, Maryam is a person who is obedient in the knowledge of the Lord.

The three attributes of Mary are submission, obedience and faith.

Allah said: "And (remember) Maryam bint Imrān who kept her honor, so We blew into her womb some of Our spirit (creation) and she confirmed the words of her Lord and His Books and she was among the obedient". (Surah At-Tahrim: 12).

"Verily Allah has chosen Prophet Adam, and Prophet Noah, and also the family of Prophet Ibrahim and the family of Imrān, above all nations (who existed in their respective times) ". (Surah Al Imran 33)

Year 2013

Meeting Isaiah Al Maseh

I met Isa A.S (on the night of Israk and Mikraj). He was of a medium size (not too tall or too short), his skin color was reddish white, as if he had just came out of the steam bath. ” (Narrated by al-Bukhari and Muslim)

I read this passage and thought about it all day. The dream that I had about 6 months ago now appeared again for me to write in September 2013. I could not afford to keep the secret of this dream to myself, but I did not know how it should be written.

Six months ago, before meeting with Maryam, I met a handsome man. He was my secret admirer all along because I was afraid to write, of being misunderstood of what I have seen.

When I read on further, the description of Him was quite similar to the description of Prophet Muhammad, in his vision of Isaiah Ibn Maryam.

In my vision, I saw a man entered my house. From a distance he looked like my husband came home. Then I greeted him with a smile and said, '**Abang, you are back?**'.

As he came nearer to me, he put the **golf bag** off his shoulder. I saw that the man in front of me was a good-looking man. He sat down a sofa couch.

I knelt down in front of him with both hands on his thighs. As I looked up, stared at his face, the man that I called 'abang'. Abang in malay can be translated as 'husband or honey' in English.

Not a single word was uttered.

It was a clear picture of his look to my sight.

His skin looked like a little wet as if sweat with his blushing red white skin.

Surely he was not from the Malay race. His was from a foreign nation.

The sweat on his face radiated a reddish glow to his skin, as if he had just played golf in the evening.

How beautiful was my husband's when he sweat, I whispered in my heart, in the dream.

A medium-tall body, broad shoulders, slightly brownish thin hair, short and neat as in neat of hair-gelled. The hair looked like it was wet by his sweat. His forehead was a little bumpy and his cheeks were full. His cheeks were not of wide facial bones shape but have rather high cheekbones and full cheeks, made his face oval.

No mustache and no beard. There are no frowns on his face. Clean.

The sweat glowed quite reddish. Maybe the blushing red of his look caused by the heat and sweat of playing golf?

After waking up from a short but vivid dream, I smiled to myself.

Definitely he was not my husband in this world.

After this dream passed, I was extremely curious. I knew that this figure I met was Isaiah but I didn't know that he was so a good-looking man.

I tried to find out more by looking at some drawings of him from those claimed to have met Isaiah.

When I met Maryam soon after my vision with Isaiah, I had confirmed it when I asked Maryam about Isa and Sheikh Abdul Qadir Jilani.

God has sent down His vision one by one so I could connect the puzzles.

I met Isa but I didn't recognise if the person was really Isa other than as my 'husband' at the time of vision.

Then Maryam came into my dream. Since I knew she was Maryam in the dream so I asked her about my struggle discovering the truth.

Who are you to verify my vision about Isaiah?

The picture of Isa, painted by a group of Christians, showed his cheeks was a little sunken inwards. Looked a bit old, unmotivated as well as messy with long hair and unmanageable sideburns.

But Prophet Isa was a very handsome and good looking man. His skin smooth white, broad chest, neat hair and short with no beard.

Well, painting without a vision was like a syrup without sugar.

Prophet Isa looked like Keanu Reeves (American actor), the figure I knew in this world, for comparison.

Isaiah's face was oval and his forehead was a little bulging. Handsome indeed for me.



In hundreds of pictures of Jesus, only this picture resembled the real face of Isa.

Isa had no beard, no mustache and no sideburns. The face was not masculine, but softer.

The question here was, why would I saw him a little sweat, same description as Prophet Muhammad's about the dripping water on Isa's face but the water didn't drip?

I saw his face blushed in reddish skin after playing golf, was this coincidence?

Did Isaiah came to his people with such a look of trademark?

Or will this dream be the first and the last meeting I had with him? Sigh.

Prophet Muhammad narrated about Isa in his vision;

There is no prophet between me and Isa, and he will certainly came down (from heaven), when you saw him, then know that, he was a medium-bodied, reddish-white man. He will come down wearing two layers of clothes dyed red, his face looked as if dripping water even though it is not wet". (HR Abu Dawud).

Those who are lucky are those who recognises the Lord, who truly believed in the coming of Isa and the end times.

No one here would ever believed if I really have met Isa Al Maseh.

And verily Isa is a Sign of the Hour, so doubt not about it, but follow Me. this is the straight path. Surah Az Zukhruf: 57-61

Thank you O Allah for pointing me to Prophet Isa, indeed I knew He was Isa from the beginning. I trusted You that I am on the straight path with Rasulullah ..

Year 2013

Confession to Prophet Moses

Thursday October 2, 2013, was a beautiful day, the day I met with Prophet Moses Kalamullah.

I had been hearing about Moses from the speech of my awliya guru for quite some times but never had the chance to meet him in person.

He is the key to the knowledge of Torah.

I met him, eye to eye talking to him in a distance of two feet.

I was on a Highway, it looked like a wide Highway. While driving my car, I saw many other cars there slowed down, squeezed in as we approached the road blocks. From a distance, I saw a big glowing light in front of us, and there was like a checkpoint that we must passed through it.

As my car get closer, I saw it was actually a glowing figure.

I didn't see clearly yet because my car was still behind other cars.

Then I saw the cars were thrown away one by one. Getting closer, I saw the figure was a man standing alone there, with his bright shining white robes.

I sensed the fear that we were afraid to cross in front of him. I saw, when He lifted up his STICK towards the car, they were thrown away.

I thought this was not an ordinary traffic, but extraordinary. He threw them all. In my heart, trembling. Who was the great powerful figure?

I stepped forward to take a closer look at him.

I sped my car thinking I must passed Him, but suddenly I saw Him in front of me. I tried again, sped, but He was still right in front of me.

Then He lifted up and pointed His stick at me. I was thrown away.

Suddenly I found myself just two feet away from Him. On my knees bowed like worshipped Him. I only got to see his eyes, because his face were all covered up with his white beard. Long white hair and long white beard like white cotton.

I saw he was the figure of an old man, his skeleton was moderately thin, not hunched over, still upright, wore a white robe (from afar his robe and skin glowed shining bright).

He held a stick, the length of the stick was about higher than his height. The stick was

straight but notched, dark brown in color. He held the stick in the middle, not at the end. The stick I saw did not hit the ground.



‘Forgive me ayah’, ‘Forgive me ayah’, I repeated two times. ‘I know I made a mistake’ (I mentioned my own name here).

(The picture above is only an illustration. It didn’t show the real Moses and his beard much longer)

I also saw a stranger next to me. Not sure who he was, looked like Chinese man. Then I said, *‘why was he next to me?’* In astonishment. Of course, there was no one in the car with me just now.

Prophet Moses replied (*in English*), ***‘let him be here to listen and to learn’.***

The words of this figure were really soft, not as fierce as his face. Behind his sharp eyes, I saw him smiled.

He knew me. He smiled at me when I called him 'Ayah'. Ayah in malay can be translated to 'Father' in English.

I've woken me up before I could hear he speak further. I wasn't sure what else Moses wanted to say to me... but I've already confessed my wrong doings before Him.

It was at 5.20am in the morning, my whole body stiffened in freezing cold. I praised to Allah and 'istighfar'.

This is the King, who held the key to the Torah words.

Know that, there are part of the knowledge in Torah were in the Quran. Many of us knew but we didn't aware.

There were reasons why many Muslims met with Moses besides Muhammad. They read the Quran but the original verses essentially from the Torah. They were literally embraced the Torah words into them, in their daily prayers and so Moses vetted them. But they did not know this could happened in the Unseen world.

The path you were walking is the path of Moses. You had embraced verses of the Torah that you didn't know.

Moses knew his childrens and He came to purify them.

I learned form my awliya guru that our connection to which Prophets that held our tablet book is like a soil where some soil if we

planted a fruit's seed, some seed will blossom and some will die. Because you need to know which soil you were from and what seed you should have planted that would be suitable to the divine nature.

We cannot forced your divine nature to be ONE with the religion you forced to embrace if you didn't know where the beginning of yourself. Did you know which land you came from?

This is the science of God. The blood connects all sciences in our system to the Unseen realm. God knows you from your bloodlines.

That explained my connections to Prophet Moses. Externally you viewed that as a connection to the religion. Internally you actually walked the path of the Prophet due to your bloodlines.

I have heard Muslim saw Moses' figure but they thought He was Muhammad. The fact that Moses introduced himself as Rasulullah, without knowing the path you were heading, you won't be enlightened until the day you die.

Rasulullah knew your name on his tablet, and you knew that you have met the Messenger for the benefits of the afterlife. But that's alright. Wrong Prophet as long as the Unseen knew that you will be saved and you were saved.

I had been enlightened by my spiritual awliya guru about Moses for many years in his speech. Moses is not a stranger to us though I never met him in person before this dream happened.

Now back to the lesson of the dream.

Did God wanted me to see Moses as an old figure dressed in such a powerful and fearful robe in the unseen world of Ālam al-Ghayb?

He showed me the stick he held of a supreme creature, powerful which has been said in the Quran.

I wondered who was the man with me during my conversation with Moses? Was he my guardian angel? How can he slipped into my dream there?

He seems to be interested in my meeting with Moses or he could be my witness in the hereafter.

Last night, before this dream happened, I made a prayer to God. I beg Him to grant my prayers for one reckoning.

Did you remember about the debt of the borrower who ran away from his responsibility and I had to bear it as the Guarantor?

The debt was undergoing the payment. He owed not 30 thousand, not 100 thousand... but let me

kept it a secret here. Because my heart did not let go of this event that I could not bear the suffering of going through back and forth to the court and the bank.

I tried my best to accept and to let go without resentment. **I made a reckoning with God.** Because I could not negotiated the matter with the borrower, so I prayed for God to decide.

The reckoning was, for me to demand the rewards of the borrower's prayers and his good deeds as the ransom for the payment of his debts in this world.

I trusted that God heard my prayers and He sent down **Moses** to lead me to the **reckoning**.

But the confessed I made before Moses and he nodded, assured me that all is settled and all is heard.

I believed there will be No ‘Day of Atonement’ for me to go through in the afterlife as I had reconciled this with Moses. In today’s world, animal sacrifice as the means of atonement is not relevant anymore. Know that your sins or suffering cannot be washed away easily with a little amount of money spent on the purchased of the animal for sacrifice. It doesn’t worked in the God’s eyes. The value of the suffering have to be equal with the currency of the world, not the old world but the new world where you lived now.

Alhamdulillah. Hallelujah. All praise to Allah for this Knowledge.

I prayed that there will be no restriction for my Spirit to ascend to the higher path.

I must earnt the purification to clear off the barriers before my next journey.

It was strange to learn that I called Moses as Father (*Ayah, in the modern generation call for father*).

I also called Adam as Father (*Bapa, in the older generation call for father*), Muhammad as You, Isa as Husband, Zulkarnain as Sir and Maryam as Mother.

Another importance I observed when I read my timeline again and again, in the beginning of my journey, it was Adam that came first into my timeline and Muhammad second.

I trusted that the Father of all Knowledge, Adam, the rasool awalleen (the first prophet) came to bless me with the ‘Opening’ of my journey and Muhammad, the rasool akhireen (the last prophet) to acknowledge that I am His ummah (people), the children of the end times.

The moment I met Isaiah almost in the middle of my timeline, to signify the messages that I will be in front of him, spreading the words of God, that Isa will reconcile four faiths (religions) into ONE. I believed that I carried his red and white clothes, as he is the living Ruhullah, the Spirit of God appeared to the people of the end times. Then I met Moses, for the reckoning as he held my book of prayers.

Astonishing! To see how Prophets worked hand in hand in the Unseen world. Without any differences in religions?

And why we made such a huge barrier in religions here in this world?

All of them knew what's coming to their children and the path we walked through and who will come next in our timeline. They knew who will be sent to purify us, who to reconcile us, and who to judge us.

I only had these Knowledge when I re-visited this page again in 2021 after 8 years later.

I am sure that the relationship I had in the unseen world with these Prophets had something significant to learn.

I trusted God that I am on the path of the Righteous.

“Say that I believed in Allah and what was revealed to us and Abraham, Ishmael, Isaac, Jacob and what was given to Moses and Isa from their Lord. We do not discriminate between any of them and only to You do I submit ”- al-Imran

O God, may You not restrict my journey and set no obstacles in front of me. Allow me to cross the path to acknowledge Your Prophets and to be judged before You.

Year 2014

Sacrifice and Purify

What are the weights of our sins? Can our sins be taken away by repentance? Are our prayers for forgiveness would be suffice to cleanse our sins?

I thought if I had the repentance prayers for 40 days and 40 nights (I did this before) and shed tears, I would be forgiven.

But guessed what? It had shown in my dream that the prayers were not suffice without ‘sacrifice’.

Maybe this vision only implied to me but not to you and God knows best.

People were different in terms of the level of knowledge. It is not a public statement I could tell, as if we were all the same.

It has been two months since my dream with Moses.

The dream I received in January 2014, was sort of like a follow up call to the answer that I seek.

It was so privacy that I could not write them here.

The year 2014, had opened up a new page for me.

The TEST that I was going through for more than 6 months now had showed some meanings to all these.

Did you remember when I confessed my mistake in front of Moses, I was awakened from my sleep in the middle of talking to Him. I was not sure what my mistakes were and which one.

This dream that I had, however told me about the mistakes and why I had to endure the TEST.

Then I had been enlightened soon after received the message. Alhamdulillah Syukran.

The meaning and the value of purification of our soul cannot be measured by hundreds of dollar. It was indeed invaluable.

God tested me to see if I had the anger, the resentment, the generosity, the sincerity, the kindness and the loves for poor and people around me.

Observed your daily life!

Even if my tongue did not complaint, I still shed tears for the hardships I must endured. To detach the emotions from my body and mind, to find the key to inner peace and to move on with life to my next journey was not so easy to learn.

The debt as the guarantor was not my fault. The fact I had been careful with my own debts, It felt like a persecution for me. But after been enlightened by the dream, the burden were swept away and the memory of suffering wiped and gone.

Subhanallah, All praise to Allah, the Most Gracious.

My meeting with Moses, was for ‘**reckoning**’ and ‘**purification**’. Sacrifice of the ‘money’, indeed to purify my soul!!

My script was written in such a way for me to endure the hardship and to embrace the ‘zuhud’ (lived in poor for a while) in this life.

Masya allah.

Imagined the sins of those criminals, killer, slanderer, rapist, cheater, pretender?

What value of money to remove their sins?

The wealth enough to pay for their sins?

What happen if they had nothing, O God?

What will you take from them in return?

I became frightened to think the truth of this vision. I cannot deny the message that revealed my weaknesses and I cannot uphold only the good news about me.

The sacrifice that I had to do to purify my soul, had **nothing** to do with the **Borrower**, in the eyes of God, they were just scripts written for me to walk the earth.

My tears dropped... .thinking how angels could played such characters in my dreams just to reach this message to me.

... because God loved me so much, I surrendered to His Judgement.

The burden disappeared in the blink of an eye after receiving this dream. I no longer remembered about it. Allahu Akbar, God the Greatest!

"You must be tested with your wealth and yourself and you must have heard many hurtful things from those who were given the book and from the polytheists. If you are patient and pious, indeed that is included in the matters that are prioritized" - Al Imran

"Then Allah guides the believers about what they differ with the truth by the permission of Allah He guides whom He wills" - Al Baqarah

Nothing else more important other than being purified by the Glory of God for the benefits of the hereafter.

I also encountered another dream following the event.

I saw a big rat in my house. While I was washing a long piece of red cloth with soap and the cloth stretched out on the floor, this rat came and rolled on the wet cloth. It was like washing its feathers on my red cloth.

Then the rat was turned into a human and he stood in front of me. I was shockingly surprised to see that the rat had literally become a human. He thanked me because I had turned him into a human being and he would served me sincerely.

After I woke up, I thought maybe the Djinn (genie) in my house had become a human and wanted to be my servant. Sigh.

Then I took a closer look at this dream, the meaning was something else.

The animal instinct (the rat) in me has been purified by my own sacrifice (symbol of the red cloth). The ‘humanity’ was fully embodied in me and my soul should shine without any slight of animalism.

O God, make it right, and allow my soul to be free from the faulty of animalism.

This dream really gave me a deep understanding of everything that has had been going on in my life.

If I did not witness God, I will not be His servant.

After I had been dignified as a servant of God, I must endured the suffering and sacrificed my life to pass His tests. I must acknowledged my faith in Him.

To achieve this path, I must have the
Humanity.

Alhamdulillah. All praise to Allah. The majesty of God.

I truly understood these messages and I will survive the challenges with God's blessings.

"You will not get goodness before you invested some of the property you loved. And whatever you donated them (infakkan), about it, God knows best " - Al Imran

O Allah, give me the purity of soul and let it remain in me until the day I died.

Year 2014

The Pious Angel ‘Solehah’

When my website was read by the religious council here in Malaysia, someone dared to come forward to threaten me via email, expressed their dissatisfaction with my writing. Repeated questions were thrown at me.

They didn't want me to write this book. They threatened to arrest me if they found this book being distributed. Because I did not follow their Islamic shari'a and my knowledge were different from them?

Isn't the Knowledge of God vast and they are not shallow!

I had a dream in February 2014, that had convinced me of my path was indeed a straight path and I must uphold it tight.

I have Faith in God.

Ignored those meaningless threats and hanged in there.

I was in a village, in a dream it looked like a place where people visited for prayers, like a holy place. There was a sharia policeman looking for me in the village. Maybe the controversial over the website 'mimpiku', they wanted to investigate me further.

What I felt on the Earth was what I felt in the Unseen.

I saw the policeman approached a woman. The police had seen my car there but went to ask about me from the woman whom I did not know before. She looked like a stranger to me. She happened to be there in the village at the time.

So I heard their conversations.

‘O Solehah, do you know Ibunda? (the police call my actual name here).

Solehah replied, ‘I Know. I always saw her here, coming to this village ’.

What the woman was trying to do? A confession to a police?

Acknowledged me and my presence?

How can she tells about my existence without knowing me?

Who was this Solehah by the way?

I didn’t know this woman but she knew me.

When I woke up, I browsed through the meaning of this dream.

I'm sure this woman named ‘solehah’ is not anyone else but she is ‘the title’. Solehah in malay means ‘the pious’.

That ‘solehah’ is a living virtue. She is a ‘being’, a pious in the form of a woman. Solehah knew my whereabouts, and it was the proof that Solehah knew me well.

Thank you Allah.

I never thought about the owner of this pious name was actually a **‘living being’**.

Many women uses the word ‘solehah’ and many women desire to be ‘solehah’. Sadly Solehah cannot be owned.

Because SOLEHAH is a living virtue who knows about you inside out.

How could you use the title of solehah on yourself while the real solehah did not recognize you? You were only good at deceiving people with false piety that you created upon yourself.

Many people described ‘solehah’ or ‘soleh’ with an outward clothing, the pious look with full hijab veil and a long robe. But solehah/soleh is much hidden from the external view.

Solehah did not accept your instructions and she/he did not lie about your true self. Solehah knew her master very well if you are the owner of solehah title.

When I saw my journey lately, my faith in God grew stronger. The keyword SOLEHAH in this dream is very important to describe about someone pious. I received an extraordinary knowledge about pious and virtue.

O Allah I prayed that SOLEHAH will be in me, sealed in me wherever I go in the hereafter.

"Do not drive away those who call on their Lord morning and evening, they expect His pleasure, you do not bear the

*slightest responsibility for their actions
and they do not bear the slightest
responsibility for your actions" -al an'am.*

Year 2014

The Glory of God

On 5 March 2014, I received a vision, a new chapter of the Glory of God.

The night before went to bed, I had my prayer, a little longer quiet time with God. I was saddened to think about the people, the Islam we embraced and discussions I had with the religious people over the contents of my website.

My prayer in silent, 'O God, why did they narrowed Islam and made it smaller and limited to my sight?

Is not thy words so vast and unlimited with undefined layers of secrets underneath?

Why did humans limiting down your boarders of knowledge and become contend?

What I wrote was wrong, in any ways.

They said that I am perverted and apostate.

Their interpretation of Your verses had made Islam sounded limited and contended.

While You are odd O God, please make me odd and different from them.

What was the true Islam, O God?

I am ignorant of your verses but I had never underestimate Your knowledge and Your miracle.

Because my heart was sad thinking about this matter, I fell asleep and dreamed.

At 3 am, my tongue repeatedly uttering the word, ‘verse, verse, verse’ ...so my husband startled from sleep and asked me what has happened?

Yes, the dream I had was hard to describe, but let me write it here for you to learn.



I saw smoke clouds billowing in the sky forming an appearance. I was in my car, driving. Quickly I pulled it over.

I saw three humans formed from the clouds, they were **very tall**, enough to reach the clouds in the sky.

A woman in the middle, two men left and right. They were so tall above the clouds that I had to look up to see them.

I ran out of my car to take pictures.

Then the woman came up to me. Apparently she was only as tall as me.

Praised to Allah. I asked her, ‘who is that tall’? The woman said, ‘that is my shadow’.

The woman wanted to give me the verse, but suddenly I found that I was in a mosque.

I looked up at the sky and I saw the clouds gathered again and became the verse (Quranic verse). I'm trying to read them. It was difficult, because the letters of Arabic alphabet formed from the clouds were not clear to me. Then the imam of the mosque gave me the scroll of the same verse. I read the verse to the end even though it was like crawling. Then I looked up at the sky again .., the verse turned into another verse.

I called my father to help me read the verses quickly. While calling *‘father, look*

at the verses in the sky, ‘*verse, verse, verse...*’, the last words uttered were a bit louder in my sleep to the surprise of my husband.

I couldn’t read what was the verse but the one I remembered was, ‘***Bismillahi Rahmanir Rahim***’ (In the name of God, the Most Merciful and the Most Loving).

The length of this word seems long enough to complete like reading the words from the right end to the left end of the huge sky.

That was my journey. When I shed tears yesterday, thinking about the truth of Islam, and the vast words of Allah. I was given a breath of knowledge, that the words (verses) made our self-worth.

With the knowledge, the person will be given the blessings to carry the great word of Bismillahi Rahmanir Rahim. They will be given the scroll to learn and to graduate from.

The shadow of myself, as high as the sky.
The word Bismillah showered onto me as far as from the right to the left of the mighty sky.

I had been chanting Bismillah as zikr for a long time, not knowing the power and miracle it has over me in times.

Great thanks to my awliya guru who had pushed us hard to embrace Bismillah in whatever we do.

My awliya guru was once said to me, ‘there is no need to chant many verses for the afterlife, just asked for Allah’s loves and mercy and it should be sufficient. He taught us to uphold to

‘Bismillah’ as the only a’mal prayer we should prioritized in this life.

He said the word will be our saviour on the day of retribution. Do not despair if I do not get any sign from the zhikr. The benefits is unseen and the zhikr Bismillah is the essence to penetrate into many layers of heavens in comparison to others.

I really practiced the chanting of Bismillahi Rahmanir Rahim ever since then. I even orchestrated Bismillah into a melody and carried the song with me all along.

Have faith in God and in ***Bismillahi Rahmanir Rahim.***

“And who is better in religion than one who sincerely submits to Allah, while he is doing good and following the religion of Ibrahim (the religion of Tawhid) which is

straight? And Allah chose Ibrahim to be His beloved " - An Nisa

"Indeed, God knows best who strays from His Path and He knows best those who are guided"- Al An'am.

Islam has the highest and abundance of knowledge. Narrowing it down and downgrading it to fit into your limited thinking just because you had followed some KNOWN imams of the world? Please do not discount the UNKNOWN person here to spread the words of God.

I do not follow you nor the follower of Imams you knew. But I have faith in God that His words are true.

He is the ruler of the unseen Kingdom so be afraid of what you're thinking and what you're saying to the unknown people as they could

have been graduated from the unseen world of Ālam al-Ghayb.

“O God of power, You give power to whomever You will, You take away power from whomever You will. You glorious whoever You will and You despise whoever You will, indeed You are omnipotent over all things ” - al Imran

Year 2014

My Death Premonition

This dream was a dialogue I had about the day of my death. On May 11, 2014, I met with the Messenger Angel.

In my dream, I had a conversation with Him, unknown, only His voice. The voice of a Man.

I asked, "Tell me about the day of my death, so that I know and be ready". "... Please say, when is the day of my death?" I repeated asked.

He said, "You died young, earlier than your friends, and you were 59 years old."

I asked, "what about my daughter?", Suddenly this was the second question I asked.

He said, "don't worry about your child, she will be taken care of".

I asked, "Why did I die young?"

He said, "You died of an illness, caused by an infection".

I uttered, "sick?"

And continued asking, "When I sick, did I know I'm going to die?"

He said, "Yes, you knew you're going to die"

While staring away... it was like a video showing myself lying sick on a bed... maybe in the hospital. Yes, I was still young at the time when I met my death.

Allahu Akbar. God The Greatest.

There was a woman there, took a round token like a large coin and placed it in a round shelf with other tokens, I believed those who had passed away. She inserted my token in there. I startled from sleep before dawn. All praise to Allah.

This was the most important dialogue I ever wanted to hear, about the day of my death.

Oh God, I surrendered if I have to leave this world before the age of 60. Do not prolong my life O Rabbi. I am okay with leaving early. The age seems long enough for me to be in this world.

Make my death easier for me O Allah...in the name of God All Merciful.

Year 2015

The After-Death Moment

That night, after a long meditation and zhihr, I had my time to speak to Allah in my du'a. Rarely do I beg for God's hearing in my native language as my Arabic prayers usually sufficiently long. But that night I prayed hard in silence until my tears flowed. I fear the wrath of God, I fear if I was not in His pleasure.

The prayer was voiced out of my heart, because my tongue sort of being locked from speaking loud, let alone beg. Shame to pray nonsense, my heart does not allowed it.

In my principle, I always surrendered to whatever pounds were given to me, I will accept the way it comes.

I knew all is written in Lauhul Mahfudz and I am well aware of the script that God had for me to play in this world.

I closed my prayer with al kahf, '*... and those who expect a meeting with their Lord, do good deeds and do not associate Him in their deeds*'.

My closing with *...subbuhun quddusun rabbuna warrabbul malaikatuwarruh* (*The Most Holy Rabb my Lord, angels and spirits*) and remained silence, sending my prayers to Lauhul Mahfudz.

The dream had surprised me at 5 am in the morning.

I can't remembered the first stanza of the dream, but the situation was in the event of me being haunted and hunted by the disbelievers, that disallowed me to uphold my faith, that they wanted to kill and wiped me out of this earth.

Inside a house, a stocky man stormed in and fired shots at me....and I was killed.

I collapsed. While on my knees I felt the bullet pierced my chest from behind. Is this how it felt when I died?

O God, am I going to suffocate in my chest and die?

The spine felt very cold and the whole body was getting weak. My eyes did not move anymore. A blank stare and my heart said, 'am I on the verge of death?'

I heard the voice of my mother's spirit (or maybe a woman). She held my head and said, '*get your Roh (spirit) out of the body... and return you to God*'.

She whispered and released my spirit from this rigid body.

My eyes were tightly closed, my sight became black. All blackout. Blackness.

Oh my god I'm dead. I don't know for how long I had been in the blackout period. But I felt like it was a short time.

When I woke up, I was at the STATION. Many people were waiting there. I wondered what they were waiting for, maybe a bus, or a train? It looked like a train station. I was accompanied by someone, unable to see her face.

We went to the inquiry counter on the upper level. So it was actually a multi-layer station with train in the lower ground and I was at the upper level.

I gave my name to the guy at the counter, my short name. Then the guy asked for my full name.

Then he gave me a piece of card. It was written my destination... Stranged that I could not remembered the words on the card. It was a bit like the ancient word to me. Definitely the name of the place was not nowhere near the earth.

I looked outside, there were some floating cars (but looked more like 2-seater flying carriage) or flying saucers. One of them came to pick up a woman.

I did ask the counter guy, '*where the woman will be sent to?* A little busy body. He said to a ***cold area in the south***. I have no clue.

Then another the floating car came to pick me up. I was picked up a little faster than the rest.

*'You will be sent to a **village**',* the man whispered to me.

The village? Where? Then woke up from sleep.

I wondered about the meaning of this dream.

I was told once by my awliya guru about the village of the Prophets in the afterlife. The intermediate state, where the righteous will be sent to, out of this world, not on earth but the location as he described here.

The VILLAGE of the prophets located between the position of the index finger that lifts up on 'shahada', the witness statement in muslim prayer. The location is between the intersection of two roads. The path pointed up is going to heaven (Firdaus) and the path pointed down is going to hell. The place is near the 'Firdaus' station where the first inspection

and approvals were given to the souls to allow them to pass through the gates of Heavens and Hell.

It was also mentioned in the Torah, the place between the **Hades and the Sheol**.

Is this my resting place, O God AlMighty?

Can I returned and worked in Your Ministry?

Allow me to serve You Rabb. Allow me to serve under the banner of your apostles and the angels...

Ya Allah. My tears flowed. I didn't know why I shed tears but I have to accept what was written...the place isn't bad at all. It is a resting place where prophets and his people lived in the hereafter.

Is there still time for me to earn your
recognition for the work in Your Ministry
O Allah?

But I am grateful. I knew my place to go, the
life after grave.

This is 2015 and I still have time to find my way
up, to be recognized and to be working in the
afterlife.

O God, grant me the ‘closeness’ to you....

Year 2015

Drop-Out

My dreams became interrupted for a few years. The test of the FAITH had been undergoing for several months now and it will be going on for several years to come. If I succeeded, my faith will be stronger than before and if I lose, I will be disconnected from the unseen world.

Given the fact that what had happened in my life with the divorce, the money and my new marriage in recent years had taught me to surrender to His decision and His plan. The only thing resided in me all along was 'Pasrah', that I surrendered this matter to the justice of Lord.

In the middle of these, I was accused with false allegation from my circle in the village of my awliya guru. It was sort of a slander to my faith.

I did not raised any anger on anyone, with their false allegation. They had commanded me to leave the circle and I obeyed. I knew their allegation came with false proof. But I kept the matter small as I had accepted my weaknesses, and be obedience to the command.

Though I was despised and abandoned, the sadness I had deep in my heart will not be washed away easily.

I have asked God to keep these sadness in me, the fact that I was thrown out and abandoned, I have lost my access to the **‘library of knowledge’**.

I observed what’s happening around me in silence and patience.

The remembrance of what had happened in this world had turned me to become the **‘orphan’**,

walking the path alone, in the companion of God and my Divine source.

Knowing that the sadness will make me closer to the Mighty God, I will continue wanting to have this feeling so God will never ever leave me alone in this world.

Allah knows whatever you conceal and whatever you reveal, and knows whatever you do – Al An'am.

This is my destiny, written for me in such a dramatic way, to endure many tests in this world the way He wanted.

I am hoping that the result at the end of this temporary life will be sweet to embrace memories in the hereafter.

For those believers, know that in every prayers you had submitted, we looked for the **PROOF**

whether you had acknowledged them, the unseen that has come to you.

Iqra' and read your timeline again and again.

Dumb and foolish to those who submitted prayers but not knowing anything about their existence.

Do you think by upholding the law of your religion will save you into Heaven?

Or do you think your saviour will save you to Heaven?

Nah, remembered I said many times in this book that recognizing and acknowledging are important substance in this world for the **benefits you received** in the hereafter.

Why can't you see the path in front or behind you? Didn't your a'mal prayers shed you some lights to show your path?

How are you going to lead your life in the afterlife without being seen by the unseen?

But you claimed it is a straight path because your religion is true?

Nah, all religions are true here, all sacred scriptures and the holy messengers are true. None are teaching evil. All prophets are companion to God. Do not underestimate other religions, and accused false to other prophets.

Everyone here in this world embraced a religion and wished that their religion will take them to heaven?

But asked, why did you have so much **anger, rage, sadness, greed, ego, proud, resentment, guilt, lust, injustice and sins?**

There are **darkness** in you had not been washed away yet!

These dark spirits must be removed as
Heaven only a place for the white lights.

Isn't your path should enlightened your soul,
uplifted you from darkness so you truly walked
the path of the Messengers?

Shouldn't you be cleansed by the Messengers?

But you did not meet them at all? Neither in this
physical world nor in the unseen world?

How did you walk the earth like a blind man
carrying your a'mal prayers deeds on your
shoulder? ...didn't you have the bank to put
your investment?

The bank is your Saviour.

That should be the destination of our prayers.

Aren't the Saviours important to God as God's
companion? Who are we to walk direct to the
Mighty God without going through them?

Find your Saviour, get acknowledgement for you to receive the benefits, atleast ONCE in your lifetime.

Know that only ‘purified soul’ can access to the knowledge and the wisdom of the afterlife. Connect your soul to the unseen heavenly realm, and discover them before you discover God.

Knowing the ghost is not part of knowing the spirits from the Unseen world.

Remember, we walk by faith and not by sight.

Make connections and companions to the ghoib, the unseen. They are your spiritual guides, your self consciousness, your wisdom, your healer, your holy ghost, your conscience who, you must have faith in.

Aren't this the path of the Prophets?

You believed in the ancient hadiths, gospels and scriptures, too much information had overshadowed the now living spirits you ignored, for they (the living spirits) exist in you, in the now time. They were ancients and yet, you did not believe in them.

Hello, where are you in this world?

Understand that you are not following the path of followers, but you are standing on your own path. Religion does not matter to the Lord. Religion is your 'addeen', the way you lived your life in the right best way, but recognizing Him and His Ministry is all matter.

Do not fight over a religion, but fight over your faith in God.

The first is to have faith in your spirits, and it is obligatory. The second (faith in scriptures) will follow through. If the first fundamental is not

there, your faith is extinct and how can you uphold the faith of the apostles, by knowing them in scriptures won't be the same as acknowledging them in person.

Read the subtlety of the first stanza of Al-Baqarah, indeed my words are true.

*This is the Book, there is no doubt, a guidance for those conscious of Allah. Who believe in the unseen, establish prayer, and donate from what We have provided for them and who **believe in what has been revealed to you and what was revealed before you, and in the Hereafter they have faith.***

*Those are upon guidance from their Lord, and it is those **who are the successful.***

Believe in the unseen as your fundamental FAITH, what has been revealed to you, before you put your believe in what has been revealed

to the prophets before you. Those guidance from the Lord, and you will be successful.

Year 2015

The Door of Lauhul Mahfudz is Closed ...

A short vision received in August 2015, I saw many ghost spirits who died had came out of their graves. From the grave they headed to a house where I stayed. Then there was a voice taught me to impart the knowledge to these spirits.

I suddenly said to them, ***‘indeed the door of Lauhul Mahfudz is now closed, you go, scatter around and find yourselves, that is the only way for you to return’***.

I was shocked and woke up before dawn.

Masya allah, God Bless! These words were so great. I never knew what that means.

O God. Has the door of Lauhul mahfudz been closed? Why did I said to them that

they must find their ‘self’ as the only way to return?

La hawlawala Quwwata illa bil lahi Al 'Aliyyil Atheem, there is no power except Allah the Most Supreme.

In 2021, I visited this page again. Realised that I have more knowledge now than before. After five years since the page was written in 2015, only now I understood the meaning of this vision.

Iqraa’, read around us...and this book is a revelation.

Knowledge and Destiny were written in the book of Lauh Mahfuzh and it will be sealed upon your death.

You became an immortal being, with a tablet of your past memories.

No destiny is written after death.

Nah, why some ghost spirits still living on earth when they should be departed to the other side?

Why their shadows were behind you and your family? Can you see them?

But they have told you that they were in peace. You knew that they cannot 'return' but you lied to your people and tell that was heaven.

Because they had never crossed the path into the Unseen world before, they will be bounded to where they belonged.

I saw they were among the lost souls, cannot crossed over to the other side but to bind to this earth.

The fact that I do not have the knowledge of the afterlife but I have been there for a while where

my soul had crossed into the other side, the place far away from earth, where I was at the **station**, at the intersection between the heaven and the hell places.

I saw the woman was brought to **the cold place in South**, and I believed it was in the **Hell** realm.

So why can she cross over to the other side, while others cannot?

Did she have her **day of reckoning** in this world and she failed?

I wondered if anyone can easily reach this **'station'** without being reckoned before death.

You must get to be reckoned before your return!

The souls lived in the intermediate limbo can never cross to Heaven or Hell before the Day of Resurrection.

Talking to ghost spirits will not bring any benefits. The secrets of God of the afterlife will remain untouched.

Does anyone had the knowledge of tomorrow? Who will? Even psychic and paranormal doesn't have the access to tomorrow.

In God's realm, there is no TOMORROW.
He sees the beginning and the end.

The knowledge taught me the secrets of lauhul mahfudz which i never knew.

What ghost spirit sees, only memories of his past.

Indeed they must find their 'self' and their existence in this world (limbo state), for reckoning as the 'ticket' to return to the other side.

If you were destined to meet with your SAVIOUR, your soul will be saved and the return process will happen the moment you died.

You will not be wandering around in Mecca, Jerusalem or holy temples seeking for purifications. You have been purified by God, so your soul can return to where it belongs.

Know that there were ghost spirits prayed every night and day to find the reckoning day and took hundreds of years to find their way to return.

Did you bumped into them in your holy places?

Sadly, the Messengers did **NOT** carry the tablet of the sealed book neither their job to find the soul of the dead in the limbo state.

Lauh Mahfuzh (the Table book) was mentioned in the Qur'an 13 times, among them in surah Az-Zukhruf 43: 4, Qaf 50: 4, An-Naml 27: 75.

Year 2015

My Prayer, My Talk

The coming of November was such in hurry and time passed quickly unnoticed. I was preoccupied with various worldly affairs. That night I was really tired and I fell asleep. I was cradled by a dream while dawn is passing.

It was short dream in November 2015, but I thought I was in the realm of my subconsciousness. I saw a woman speaking in front of a microphone at a ceremony.

She was singing a melodious song, her voice soft but loud to my hearing. In front of her, was a scroll, probably the script.



One line...she sang in Arabic, another line she continued in Malay. I observed her wordings.

... "Have you **talked** to God today?"

I was startled by these wordings. I woke up and saw dawn was passing through and I late for Subuh prayer.

What was the meaning? Was my busyness being noticed?

Why didn't she insulted me with a harsher word like; "Have you **forgotten** to pray today?"

Why were her words so subtle? Not '**Prayer**' she mentioned here but '**Talk**' to God.

That day, when I fell asleep with worldly busyness, this dream really was a rebuke to me.

As sholatu mi'rojul mu'min, that 'prayer' is the Mi'raj of the believer.

"Whoever wants to talk to God, do kususyu' (concentration) in your prayer".

God understands all languages. Speak your language and have faith in your relationship with Him in devotion.

Prophet Muhammad said, "The first thing taken away from my people is kususyu', until you will not see anyone who is kususyu'."

O God perfecting me and my prayers....

My prayers became longer ever since I had this dream. It became an intimate moment with God, talked through the verses (in arabic) and my heart translated the meaning (in malay) silently. I followed exactly what was shown to me in the way

she sing at the ceremony, soft, loud and nice to my hearing.

She didn't not whisper.

So I sing my prayers loud to my hearing and I did not whisper. The energy of the prayer became much extraordinary, full of consciousness of kusu' and wholeheartedness. Alhamdulillah, All praised to Allah.

Year 2016

The Letters of Hijaiyyah in the Sky

While I was experiencing the science wisdom of my dreams, each prayers have now turned into beautiful song.

A line of verse sang in the language of God (Arabic) and a line of the meaning (in malay) whispered in my heart. My prayers became longer and kusyu'... I have so much faith in my dreams that I obeyed and I followed.

I took more new long holy verses, memorized them so my 'talk' with God becomes personal.

In March 2016 I dreamed again. While looking at the sky.... I saw 'hijaiyyah' the arabic huroof (letters) appeared in the cracks of the clouds... but their color glowed reddish yellow (orangey). The

letters were a bit scattered on the sky floor. While admiring this view, my legs feeling stiffed....and I was a little trembling, my legs were not strong enough to stand looking at the sky, so I knelt down. Then, I got up and prayed 2 rak'ahs as a sign of gratitude, right there in my dream.

Surprisingly, I prayed with the clothes I wore,... not wearing the white robe 'telekung' I used to wear. When I woke up, I was uttering these words; '**Allah is Almighty**', '**Allah is Almighty**'.... and it was 4.30am in the morning.

I saw the sky here dark at night... I must have been in another realm, with a daylight, same time.

Since then, I strengthened my legs to stand strong in my prayer. I was afraid if my legs

were not strong enough to stand before God Almighty.

As I saw hijayyah letters scattered on the horizon, colored in copper orangey. I truly have no idea what it meant by uttering those words, Allah Almighty, Allah Almighty repeatedly till I awake.

Praise be to Allah, who has placed on the letters of various secrets.

Every time Allah speaks with the huroof hijayyah, He stated that these are the verses of the book that are clear and obvious for those who are pious. The verses will then be accompanied by His name Ar-Rahman Lord of the heavens and the earth.

Read, look at the same verses in Al Baqarah, Maryam, Imran, AsSyura, Thaha, Qaaf, Al Araaf, Nun;

Alif, Lam, Mim, Ha, Ra, Kaf, Ha, Ya, Ayn,
Sin, Qaf, Sad, Ta and Nun.

The Quran has the knowledge of everything, it is in the Huroof and no one knows them except Hakims of the ummah.

Everything has a secret, and every secret has a key, and the key is Bismillah ar-Rahman ar-Raheem.

I returned to this page again in 2021, to complete the last hanging paragraph. I realised that I need to conclude the knowledge received over years for the huroofs letters that I visioned.

In the lights of the essence of the Quran, they are indeed a living creatures. You cannot read them but to embrace them in great remembrance so you will be guided. They had the power, penetrated deep into your inner strength. Your soul returned to

the ‘calm’ state, knowing they were soldiers behind you as your guidance.

*Hello the calm soul (nafs muthma-innah).
Return to your God with a satisfied heart
and with His blessings.*

As the huroofs entered and lived in me, I received more of the ‘heavenly’ pleasures than the fear of hell in my remembrance of the Quran. Though in the Quran revealed more Hell, God does soften it up for the believers to vision and to receive the signs from paradise such as garden and waterfall/river flow, wine, food and fruits, brides/partners/lovers, good resting place and jewelleries /clothings.

Year 2017

The Holy of Bismillaahir rahmaanir rahiim

I was swept away from the visions for almost a year.

After the letters of hijaiyyah, there were a 'pause' in my book of revelations. I had a feeling that God wanted me to have space for the Quran to come in, as he had gifted me with the key to the huroofs.

In April 2017, I came to write a revelation on this page about the Knowledge of the living secrets.

The living secrets in the form of huroofs (letters) cannot be recited in hurry before its revelation.

'High above all is Allah, the King, the Truth! Be not in haste with the Qur'an before its revelation to thee is completed,

but say, "O my Lord! advance me in knowledge." - Taha

It's all started with one verse that I recited repeatedly before the Quran revelations came into my life to embrace. The beginning of my a'mal practices with *Bismillaahir rahmaanir rahim* and it will end with *Bismillaahir rahmaanir rahim*.

I lived with Bismillah, the living secrets, as the light and the guide to unfold the Knowledge from the unseen world of alam al-ghayb.

Should the trees turned into pens and the oceans turned into ink, and gathered all Djinn, humans and angels to write the meaning of Bismillaahir rahmaanir rahiim for a million years, for they won't be able to understand it even only one tenth of it.

Prophet Muhammad said: *“There will be a group of people who will come to the Judgment Day by saying Bismillaahir rahmaanir rahiim. Their virtues outweighed their vices”*.

Because Bismillah is the **essence** of the Mighty God.

If the heavens and the earth and all its contents were placed on the scales, the word Bismillaahir rahmaanir rahiim would be even be heavier.

The seven valleys of the cosmic mountains "Qaf" were stored with seven letters Al-Hijaiyyah, namely the letters that are in the holy word of "Bismillah".

Some of the Ariffins asserted that, in the perspective of enlightenment to Allah, Bismillaah hirrahmaan nirrahim is in the same position as KUN from Allah. Kun in English means ‘BE’ and it will be.

Year 2019

My Father's Return with Bismillah

Year 2019 brought some sad news for me with the passing of my dear father. He reached the age of 86 years.

His departure on 13 September 2019, had given me a great sign of the greatness of God.

God had chosen me, to look after my father's departure in this world. So I brought my father home to Kuala Lumpur to care for him not knowing that those were the last days of him.

I didn't realised the reason I took him from the village which was quite a distance away from Kuala Lumpur, to care for his old age but was actually to sent him 'home'.

Indeed, God did not burden me at all.

All I thought before I took him in was that I must be ready to provide a pleasant place for him to stay here and adjusted my daily schedule to include several arrangements for his bed and wheelchairs, have some disable friendly home, be the nutrients experts for his meals and hire a maid to cook for him while I was away working. Also I gave some thoughts on how to spend time with him after work, given my schedule for my daughter was quite full with her tuition class etc.

God knew His plan all along. God had triggered my heart to go home and took him here as his ‘time’ was running close.

My father was not in his bad condition when I took him in the car and we drove 5 hours to arrive home. He eats well, sits well and his memory good at the time of our travel.

He just had ONE day at my house before slipped and fell. My father broke his hip and that made his condition difficult to move, leading to his final days.

O God, if I knew those were the last few days with him.

Three weeks looked after him in the hospital wasn't a burden to me at all. The hospital was just 3 km away from my home. I slept besides him in the hospital and I shifted my time with my maid during the day.

My father took his last breath at the hospital due to acquired infection, pneumonia. He didn't die because of his hip broken infact he had a successful surgery a week before his passing.

Now since Yassin (the verse from Quran) lived in me, I recited them for father every night at the hospital while waited for him

to sleep. He used to wake up many times due to some ghosts around in the hospital so I took care of that with recitation of Yassin repeatedly. God is Most Merciful.

I saw the beauty in my father's departure.

He was fortunate that his own daughter did not know about his last days, otherwise she might have asked God to prolong his life.

The sacred Yassin, words of God accompanied him every day prior to his departure. God had chosen the best way for my father's return, surrounded by his children on the day he died.

O Allah, what about my sakaratul death departure?

Who will send me 'home' with Bismillah?

O God, if no one sends me, please send your angels to recite Bismillahi Rahmanir Rahim on my sakaratul departure moment.

I saw my father died so easy and gently until I didn't realise the actual time of his passing because the pulse was still beating. I had been chanting Bismillahi Rahmanir Rahim the whole critical hours of him and I saw not a single wave of breath or a blink of pain he had. He left us in the blink of an eye.

I saw his hands fall, his nose fall and his breath in his throat. I followed the slow breathing of nafs that came out of his mouth and then exhaled Bismillahi Rahmanir Rahim.. It disappeared for quite few seconds... ..before he breathed in again, I inhaled them with bismillah.

Only within God's knowledge, He knew when the nafs had returned home.

Last night, while I was sleeping and watched over his oxygen ventilator same time, I saw he was talking to **someone unseen.**

Could it be my mother's spirit or the death angel? I was holding his cold fingers until my eyes fell asleep and my hand slipped.

Obviously I have heard he was uttering the word 'home', 'home' many times.

Three weeks ago, before knowing about his departure, we had a small chat at home, on the first day he was just arrived.

Spontaneously I said, 'father, I will take care of you until you die, I will bury you here, near my home. I will not send your body back hometown to be buried'.

My father was quiet and listened. No comment.

He was still healthy when I was planning for his funeral?

Indeed I had decided the graveyard for him. How could possibly I did not know about his last day?

Allah is Great.... teaching His servant to know the unknown to see the unseen to talk the talking she never intends to speak.

I knew that my words had planned for his return.

But I ignored to acknowledge that he is going to die under my care. I would feel sad if I was the reason of his death.

The greatness of Bismillahi Rahmanir Rahim is not an ordinary zhikr. The word had showed itself the miracle of 'Kun', in my words, it happened.

Salam and Greetings to my beloved father,
Badli, may Allah blessed your soul with His
Love and Mercy.

May God raise and glorify us among His pious
servants. Ameen.

Year 2020

Laisalaha mindunillahi kasyifah

When humans were afflicted with the mysterious disease Covid19, the wind around me felt a little strange. In early February 2020 I fell ill with a viral fever. I waited for three weeks to recover but it didn't go away.

I went to specialist for further checks. Astagfirullah, I seek forgiveness. I was positive with Tuberculosis, a dangerous disease which is quite fatal.

I found that my body's immunity was getting weak after visited the hospitals during my father's illness. It could be caused by the TB germs from the hospital. God knows His plan.

In March 2020, Malaysia declared MCO (movement control order). The Covid19 had

attacked the nation. I was super ill with TB. Everyone was confined at home while covid19 is spreading into the whole world.

God gave His mercy on me. My disappearance from office for several months, was not felt by anyone due to Covid19 lockdown. TB medication was taken daily without failed.

But my body was so weak that I couldn't bear the torment of the TB drug. It caused my liver swollen and I vomited almost everyday.

I remembered my dream that said I died young at age 59 years old. I will turn 49 y.o in 8 months. Could I have misheard it correctly?

I felt my death is getting closer everyday. The sleep of the sick people were very much different than the sleep of healthy people.

One night in March 2020, I saw my body recited a zhikr "*Laisalaha mundunillahi kasyifah*".

I was amazed to witness with my own sight.

My Nafs (breath) did not leave my body when my spirit was away into another realm.



The moment my spirit came back into the body, I woke up and heard the chanting of my nafs, repeatedly in this verse, 'there's nothing without Allah and Allah who heals'.

I saw the chanting followed my nafs not my nafs followed the chanting. I slowly followed them until I fell asleep again.

Subhanallah. All praise to Allah.

Tears streamed down my cheeks as I resumed sleeping. Tragic... because Nafs wanted me to live. They healed me in my sleep with the healing chanting as though as they were looking after me while I was away in another realm.

This is the Majesty of God.

The **knowledge of healing** of '*Laisa laha min dunillahi kasyifah*' received from Him. While I never utter this du'a prayer before, not knowing it was a miracle verse for healing, but God taught me the knowledge.

Year 2020

Stairway to Heaven

Probably you have heard about the 'stairs' to heaven #stairwaytoheaven. Maybe some of you have had already been there, seen them and knew they existed.

It could be sounded like a fairy tale, but the stairs were real.

I had a vision happened in May 2020, where this was the year of a great test to my health. It also had opened up my subconscious veil, the hijab after years of quietness.

That night I was with some friends, they saw a figure floated, up in the sky. They thought it was the ghost wearing white robes.

They shouted 'ghost...!!!', as the spirit was hovering in the sky. I watched it closely, the

ghost that they claimed. Apparently my sight saw the opposite.



In the darkness, there was a man climbing the stairs to the unseen place. He carried a large bag on his shoulder as he stepped his foot on the stairs.

I saw stairs in front and behind him. The bag in his shoulder looked quite long but not so heavy. As he walked up, he went farther and higher.

Then I described what I saw to my friends there, in my dream.

I said, 'oh that is the spirit of a man of faith, he himself is a glowing figure, so I could see him ascending the stairs to the sky. He is not hovering like a ghost.

Those were the stairs he stepped on. The spirit is carrying its own deeds (in a bag) to be handed over'

And I woke up from sleep, had a thinking about what I have said, as I interpreted it clearly to the people in my dream.

Vision and dream are not something you can control in the unconscious mind. Every human had different level of seeing things either clearly, cloudy, foggy or shadowy in their dreams depending on their level of a'mal practices.

My vision is vivid but there were times foggy. But I could remembered and understood it well with some thinking and with having a pure heart, it will enlighten me further. This is what I called WISDOM.

They saw a ghost but I saw the righteous soul.

The stairway to heaven is a true vision. The stairs led to the unseen place above the sky, where it could be the path for your soul to return home.

As for me, I was once visioned that I was brought to the station upon my death. It was a multi-layer station with train departure in the lower ground and flying cars in the upper level.

The vision is a science of knowledge, the path to access to the other realm, connecting your soul to the living holy spirits world where you will return to the afterlife. God is All Great and All praise to Allah.

Year 2020

Warning from God #Coronavirus

The month of October in 2020, had given me insights into the Knowledge of the FAITH.

It has been two years since the world been infected with a contamination in the air and the wind that brought in the plague. A reminder from God that the Day of Qiyamah, the doomsday is indeed true and He does not break His Words.

I remembered my dream back in 2008, a vision about Iskandar Zulkarnain (Alexander the Great Warrior), who had showed me a glimpse of the end times, the fear of an emergency period. Gog and Magog had roamed the earth. Indeed, they are everywhere in this world now, bringing in disasters on earth.

Iqra', read and see around you.

Weren't you in the emergency state now?

What plagues had brought upon you?

Did not Coronavirus turned your country into poorer state than before?

Did you see humans lost their humanity?

The world economy is in poverty!

Man failed to live in harmony.

They stole and fled.

They killed and fled.

They were the gog and magog.

Did you see your economy has been invaded by the power of the great Ad Dajjal (Devil)?

Have you been awaited for this 'saviour' to your economy?

The intelligence master, could turned your faith upside down.

Did you see the signs of his cronies?

They were all well prepared to save the economy of the end times and they will save you from being poor!

You will be distracted with the material world, busy to earn your wealth and the pleasure of life.

Remember, the Test that God had prepared for the children of the end times, worsen than before.

If God ever walked the earth Himself, will you have the faith in Him before your sight?

To have faith is not to have sight.

See the seen with both eyes.

Do not be part of ad-Dajjal's masterplan, for him only see with **one eye**.

Have the haqqul yaqin (confidence) that you will be rightly guided.

The wisdoms source is not from the churches, temples or mosques.

The wisdoms source is from within you!

The secrets of God and Divinity stored in the hearts of believers.

Have faith in your visions and dreams.

The Book of Scriptures; Quran, Injeel, Psalm and Torah had been completed for you to acknowledge and to recognize His Messengers.

Know that the knowledge comes from the Unseen hence you need to witness the Unseen.

The real knowledge is within you!

Knowledge from scriptures is **Reflection!**

Do not Deny what you have received.

This is the end of times where the only way to return is to believing in yourself.

Follow the footsteps of Prophet Abraham. He believed in his dreams to sacrifice his son. Inspire his devotion, the obedience and the submission.

What kind of God would ask for child sacrifice?

Did you have the same faith for your dreams?

Abraham obeyed God's unexpected command as he trusted and knew Him to be trustworthy. He had the Faith in the Unseen.

I embraced the shahada statement that I am the messenger of God, knew that I

trusted God and trusted for what had appeared in my dreams.

The Faith is the ticket to Paradise, not the religion!

You will not be punished as apostate for the Faith you witnessed before God but know that, human will punish you for being the apostate in their eyes.

Glory be upon you!

Year 2021

The Wind of Rihul Ahmar

When the covid pandemic hit the world, I was having an illness due to tuberculosis (TB) infection for almost a year and the post-TB recovery was a little bumpy for me.

The moment I completed my medication, I had severe attacked on my nervous system due to lack of nutrients and body weak. The nerves damaged by prolong used of TB drug which has a huge impact on my stamina, muscle and bones density.

I was getting weird signs about my own health that I ignored. The post recovery had brought me to another type of illness that I did not understand the underlying caused. Though I had recovered from it, but I am writing here the important signs I received, for us to learn.

Prior to this incident, I met with the figure of Rihul Ahmar in my dream, in the month of November 2020. The figure of a man with dark tan skin.

He said to me, ‘I am coming to propose you, can I ask your mother's permission to come for the proposal? ‘.

I told my mother, the fact that I am getting married soon.

Mom asked, ‘who are you going to marry to? ‘.

I replied, ‘whoever come first, he will be the one I marry’.

I startled from sleep. The dream conversations sounded quite fun, about getting married again when I had already married here in this world.

All the interpretations showed that those signs will not be pretty. Soon after that, I fell ill again.. but the illness was absurdly strange.

In the King Solomon's time, it was said that Rihul Ahmar came to Solomon. Solomon asked 'who are you'. He said, "I am eternal until the Day of Judgment comes, no one can destroy Me but Allah."

My reluctance to ignore the warning before the event happened, led to disaster.

I received an uninvited visit from Rihul Ahmar in this world. He (the Wind spirit of Rihul Ahmar) had the power to paralyze my body and my mind. Not only did the wind come to attack me but it had reached my brain and my memory lost. I felt the difference in my system.

My energy gone vanished slowly. In the confusion, searching the cause of this injury, I

found myself lived alive but dead. My body and mind were NOT my self.

God showed me how anxiety and depression felt like in this world and this illness had attacked many children of the end times.

Could a normal human live without sleep day and night for three consecutive months?

The fact that I am not the God of the Universe, the unsleepiness had triggered me into emptiness. It was not about sleep disorder but I wasn't been able to sleep at all!

Days goes by extremely slow, I have passed three months and I have lost four (4) substances in my life.

My look, money, personality and the key to my prayers.

I prayed but prayers were not submitted

I lose my 'personality' (my soul spirit)

I lose my clothing (my wisdom)

I studied day and night, my physical body; the energy, the breath and the unstoppable mind.

I said, 'God! if you don't heal me sooner, I saw darkness is coming to me. Have mercy on me'.

God had taught me the meaning of Life after Death in this world. My soul carries the Wisdom has gone during my lost time. She left this body!

I lost the wisdoms, the words of God (Quran verses) were not found in my memory to be remembered.

I surrendered my FLESH to the AlMighty God.

My body and mind were no longer myself and I learnt to live without binding my soul to this body frame. I detached them and lived on knowing that my mind was NOT me.

If you lived according to the flesh you will die, but if you lived with the Spirit, you will live alive.

I acknowledged the emptiness and I lived only with a mercy of God. I learnt to understand how to revive from emptiness back to fullness.

The revival must be filled with the substance of God.

He saved me. He is my Savior.

God wanted me to feel 'Crazy' so He emptied me for a while.

It was destined that He wanted me to learn His creation, His science, that made by flesh and blood.

The science that I have learnt here is invaluable. Our body is just like a star in the universe. My star was dimming because the source of power wasn't strong there. When energy vanished, my soul spirit left the body. My strength is within the energy that God gifted.

God taught me the power of patience and importance of physical science. No medication can cure this illnesses. The science about minerals and nutrients to power up the source of energy is critical. I was guided by God to take high dose of magnesium, calcium, zinc, Q10 and vitamins while patiently wait for recovery with loads of du'a prayers.

Alhamdulillahirrabbilalamin.

On the **fourth month**, I healed miraculously.

God saved me! He is my saviour.

In my dream they told me about losing four(4) substances in my life during this darkest months.

Remember, the evil can consumed your body and mind while you're in emptiness. But the TEST only meant for a **short period**. Unsteadiness of 'body and mind' should not stay longer than it should. You should be healed by the Mercy of God to be able to pass His TEST.

I have been given back all my four substances, in **exchanged** for the energy to **write** and to translate this **book to the end**.

Some verses that have gone in my darkness time, now all have been restored.

The *Ar Rahman* verses that I sing in my early morning prayer (subuh) with a long standing qiyam, one day had showed me its miracle.

That night I met with two good looking gentlemen on my right and left. They were almost same height, same size, same age. These two good looking gentleman followed me everywhere I go. I noticed that they accompanied me without jealousy between them. Though the dream was short but the feeling of Heaven has lived in me ever since then. Trust Ruh Allah (Holy Spirit) in His Kalimah, Words.

Nah, the meaning of '*Hurum maghsuratum fil qiyam*' showed me different understanding as I thought the verse only meant for men to receive benefits as in 'maidens' to accompany them that are pure like rubies and pearls. So '*Lam yathmithhunna insun qablahum wa jaan*' had something new to learn.

They were both **God's new creation**, to accompany me in heaven. The miracle of this verses that I recited, not knowing that the pure 'maidens' were also the 'male' beings.

Ever since I saw the miracles of the huroofs, my ability to put more Quran verses into my heart had grew stronger than before. God gifted me the easiness to embrace His words.

Now I know why God had planted me with His Wisdom.

The Unseen was once told me in the beginning of my journey, that I was the Goddess of Wisdom (*Ratu Ilmu Putih, 2010*). But I took many years to realise and to acknowledge their words.

I have come to my senses now that I am indeed the wisdom being of God. I am His servant that uphold Bismillah (the words of God), witnessed

the living huroofs (alphabets), the angels, the knowledge of lauhul mahfudz, the heaven spirits, the Prophets and importantly to spread their words about the Day of **Reckoning** and the coming of the **Judge**.

I saw the Coming Judge (Isaiah) will carry the words of God, '*Bismillahirrahmanirrahim*', for Peace, Love and Humanity. He brings **Humanity** to the world.

No religion's mission. No war mission. No killings.

Stop fighting for your religion!

Religion is NOT a ticket to Paradise but your FAITH is !

I am not sending these messages to teach...but to let you know the words of God you may have forgotten.

I knew there will be evil and good regardless, the war will come and so the Dooms day will happen. It has been written and all will happen.

Coronavirus is the warning for children of the new age to be prepared mentally and spiritually on what's coming up in the future.

They will survive the pandemic but not you! They lose their parents in this world but they will be stronger and be independent for the new world.

Though 2021 has come to an end, the covid19 story has never ended. The variant continued to re-appear on earth and it is a warning that our generation has come to the end.

Our chapter soon will be gone much earlier than we thought.

And I felt my day is getting closer....

Read. Listen. Learn.

Spread the words of God.

Spread this Testimonials.

Thank You.

Buat Anak ku,

Hargai ilmu yang telah ibu sampaikan. Anak, sungguh kau memegang amanah yang besar kerana Ilmu ini. Teruskan....cari dirimu dan sampaikan Ilmu, hidupkan penyaksian tentang Keagungan Tuhan sehingga mati mu di atas Jalan Fisabilillah. Jangan kau gentar!

Sesungguhnya itu tugas mu bila dewasa kelak dan tugas ibumu sudah berakhir di tinta ini....

Ya Allah kurniai keturunan anak ku sebagai pendukung di belakangnya Isa Rasulullah, pejuang Allah dan meyakini-Nya seikhlas jiwa.

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