



# Love Scripts

Getting Through To Him



بِسْمِ اللّٰهِ الرَّحْمٰنِ الرَّحِیْمِ

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## *It's The Way She Talks To Him*

How many a wife wishes that she could find the secret key to her husband's brain so that she can get through to him!

In desperation, she may try every trick in the book: hiding her true desires to appease him, asking indirect questions, convincing him, making demands, nagging, criticizing, giving him the silent treatment, and the list keeps growing.

However, even though she may think that she is conveying her point, none of these mechanisms effectively send the real message that she desires to communicate to her husband. In fact, they are all covert attempts to sidestep the core issue at hand: she needs or wants him to do something for her happiness.

It could be taking out the trash every week. It could be doing her a favor so that she can use her time for something else. It could be standing up for her in the face of her mother-in-law's criticism. It could be giving her more quality time without the children. It could be spending more time together as a family on a regular basis.

Name the game – countless wives wish that they knew how to get their husbands to play it! And the part that is often overlooked is that helping him to participate in the rules could be easier than some may think. Indeed, getting through to a man is a technique – and thankfully, it can be taught and learned.

The truth is that it's not only beauty and brains that grabs a man's heart, but it's **how** a woman talks to him. More specifically, it's **what** she says **and how** she says it.

The Prophet ﷺ said, “A kind word is charity.” (Bukhari)

This means that a kind word is an *akhira* investment. It is a way to one's Lord and a means to enter Paradise.

A kind word is also a way to form a strong love connection with one's husband. Undoubtedly, if a wife wants her marriage to blossom into a friendship, she needs to give as much *sadaqa* as she can.

With that being said, some women are hesitant to take this route because they think that it involves endlessly putting up with their husband's questionable behavior or becoming a doormat, but it's nothing of the sort.

**This way is more authentic, consists of less work, and produces quicker results inshaAllah.** Moreover, when a woman practices the right communication tactics, she reaps the benefits and so does her relationship.

The correct approach can lead to a stronger connection as a couple. It can ward off unnecessary conflict. It can quickly transform tension into tenderness. Thus, learning how to get through to your husband is essential for the success and longevity of a marriage.

The following story is a fictional account of a typical scenario that Muslim wives find themselves within today. Regardless of whether you change the characters' names, ethnicities, and occupations, the moral of the story remains.

Through this e-novel, Muslima Coaching hopes to illustrate and share its best tactics for communication, conflict, and connection – with the intention to unite hearts and ignite a spark of love in the ummah's marriages inshaAllah.

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# *How Do You Communicate With Your Husband?*

Your communication style can differ from person to person depending on how comfortable you feel with them, but the prize lies in knowing how to speak to the person who you are the most intimate with on an emotional, physical, mental and spiritual level: your husband.

Before you read the story or the Muslima Coaching's tactics, first gain a better understanding of how you currently communicate with your husband. The following descriptions were composed after studying the approach of several wives and clients. They are general descriptions, but most women will fall into one of them.

**Directions:** Read each type and select which one best matches your communication style with your husband the majority of the time.

## **The Silent Type**

### **Are you her?**

She does not immediately voice her upset when she's feeling it; instead, she has a tendency to hold it inside. She thinks that saying something will make the situation at-hand worse and believes that it is better to stay quiet for the sake of peace.

However, the bad thoughts towards her husband continue to attack her from different directions and pretty soon she begins to deeply resent him, causing the grudges to solidify.

Interestingly, she does eventually erupt but **not** over what she was originally upset over, which makes her husband believe that she is constantly irritated over ridiculous issues. **More than 50%** of the women who we coach fall into this category.

### **Her Pluses:**

She thinks things through and does not overreact in the moment. She initially listens to what her husband says and is willing to put her needs aside to meet his needs.

### **Her Minuses:**

She can overthink things and it causes her to form wrong assumptions, especially about her husband's intentions. She denies herself of true happiness by trying to be the martyr. She hurts her emotional being by bottling up her real feelings.

Her marriage suffers because she is not teaching her husband how to meet her needs, but rather she keeps hoping that he'll figure out how she feels. The problem is that most men never do unless his wife actively helps him to get there.

### **How to Fix Her Weak Area:**

Come to terms with the fact that your husband is not a mind reader, nor does he have telepathic capabilities. Wishing that he would magically intuit your thoughts or decode your silence is not only dangerous, but it is actively setting him up to fail.

If you don't tell your husband how you feel and what you need, he will never know how to win your heart. Learn how to express yourself with the tactics included in this guide inshaAllah.

## The Explosive Type

### **Are you her?**

She is never afraid to speak her mind. Her husband does not need to guess hard about what's going on in her world. Even if she keeps her cool in the odd situation, she's itching to say how she feels. She convinces herself that it is necessary for her husband to be clued up, but it is hard for her to admit that the way she communicates is hurting her marriage more than helping it.

### **Her Pluses:**

It doesn't take much effort to figure out how she feels, and consequently, her husband will quickly learn what things aggravate her. She can feel sorry and guilty after getting things off her chest, which encourages her to want to make amends. Because she says how she feels quite freely, forming grudges are less of a risk but can still happen.

### **Her Minuses:**

Her way of expressing herself is emotionally draining. Her angry outbursts can be deadly, and it sucks the life out of the marriage because her husband is often caught between fighting back and running for cover. When it happens in public, such as in front of his family or children, it can embarrass him. Even though she is 'over' it, he is not so forgetful and it takes a lot of effort to mend his heart and regain his trust.

### **How to Fix Her Weak Area:**

Get in touch with what is genuinely bothering you underneath it all. Then, talk to your husband about how you feel only when your fizzing emotions have subdued and you're in a calm state inshaAllah. Find out how to express yourself without the drama by using the tactics included in this guide and then share that part with your husband inshaAllah.

## **The Talkative Type**

### **Are you her?**

She likes to share her opinions and ideas quite openly. She enjoys conversing over issues, even after they are done; sometimes bringing up things that happened in the past to prove her points. She is good at giving instructions and explaining topics.

### **Her Pluses:**

She does not ignore a problem when she sees it, but rather, she wants to find a workable solution through speaking about it. She feels comfortable voicing her opinions and expressing herself. She encourages her husband to speak up.

### **Her Minuses:**

She is so busy talking that she doesn't realize that her husband feels overloaded by the extra commentary. He is partially annoyed because he doesn't receive clear-cut directions of what she wants him to exactly do; this frustrates him because he feels like they're often going in circles.

### **How to Fix Her Weak Area:**

Men are solution oriented, and when they feel like they've gathered enough feedback to make a well-informed decision, they're finished with talking about it. Learn how to narrow-down what it is that you really want by using the tactics included in this guide, and then share that part with your husband inshaAllah.

## **The Muslima Coaching Wife Type**

### **Are you her?**

She is a balanced combination between the positive points of all three types.

She knows what she wants and is not afraid to say it, actively teaching her husband how to please her and guiding the course of her relationship.

Her method of voicing her needs is concise but clear, and it inspires him to want to take care of her needs.

Her way of expressing herself protects her friendship with her husband and increases his love for her, motivating him to do things for her over and over again.

Wishing that you could be her? Read the following story of a woman who betters her marriage by transforming the way that she speaks to her husband.

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*The "Love Scripts"*

*Story*

## Chapter 1: The Forgotten Date Night

Sarah looked up at the wall clock again. She watched as the small clock hand gracefully moved towards the number eight.

*Late again, she thought to herself.*

*He said that he was going to be home at six tonight.* Sarah bit her lower lip as she reflected quietly.

*Maybe he forgot about our date night. I assumed he would just remember.*

She let out a loud sigh. It was pointless. Her husband was always forgetting. A feeling of increased tension immediately crept on to her shoulders at the thought of her husband's irresponsible memory record.

*Geez, how hard is it to send a reminder email to himself? Surely there must be a way for him to stop his bad ways. Can't he just get his act together? He should just...*

She suddenly paused. She remembered their marriage counselor, Mrs. Bradley, saying something about not trying to change the other person – that it was a fundamental key to forming a great relationship. She tried to rack her brain for the exact piece of advice.

*Oh this is hopeless! She doesn't know my husband. How can you not try to change someone when they need to change?*

The sound of a car door slamming interrupted her thoughts. *He's home!*

She jumped up and rushed to the front door. She passed by a full-length mirror and caught a quick glimpse of her outfit: his favorite hijab along with his mother's specially chosen top from Pakistan. Not her personal

choice but she was willing to do anything to make this marriage work after having two kids.

And deep down inside, she knew that she wasn't just trying for the kids' sake. She was also tired of feeling lonely in her marriage and longed for a better friendship with her husband.

Sarah heard her husband, Ahmad, stick the key in the door and fumble around to open it. She waited anxiously as he calmly opened the door and walked inside the house.

“Assalamu alaykum,” he said in a deep voice. His gaze set upon her. He looked her up and down, and said nothing.

“wa alaykum assalam,” she replied, opening her arms wider so that he would notice her outfit.

“I'm hungry. What's for dinner?” he moaned.

“Nothing. I haven't cooked. We were supposed to have a date night tonight. It's the third Friday of the month today, remember?” she quickly replied, trying to hide any hint of disappointment in her tone.

“Oh man. Has the time flown that fast? I completely forgot. I've been at the office all day trying to crack some new website codes for that big deal I was telling you about. It's been a long day. Should we order in at that halal joint?”

Sarah flinched. She was sick of being at home. Leaving her career as a doctor to homeschool and raise her two children was a decision that she consciously made for herself, but it definitely had its consequences. Couldn't he understand the sacrifices she was making? All she was asking for was to spare one night a month!

“Well, I thought we should go out,” she began.

“Yeah but I'm tired,” Ahmad retorted.

“Well, so am I, but maybe if we went to the restaurant we would feel better. You know, get some fresh air and experience a new atmosphere,” she replied, hoping to convince him that he needed to go out as much as she did.

“I can’t be bothered. I’m happy staying at home. Hey, how did Abdullah do on his exam?”

Sarah lowered her shoulders. It seemed like all they ever talked about were the kids.

“Yeah fine,” she muttered, crossing her arms over her chest.

“Great,” Ahmad replied, oblivious to her change in demeanor. “So what did you decide for dinner? Ordering may just be the easy thing for everyone.”

“Yeah whatever,” she muttered again.

“Okay let’s get the usual then. We can spend the night catching up. We don’t need a restaurant to do that for us,” Ahmad said brightly.

Sarah sighed, caught between her feelings of sadness and disappointment. “Yeah, okay. Sure, whatever you want.” She turned away and slowly walked towards the kitchen in defeat.

Eight years gone and two kids later, this was their everyday marriage. Even though she was unhappy, Sarah knew divorce wasn’t an option for her. She always wanted to marry and fall in love, but it seemed like her husband was clueless about how to keep the romance alive.

Her mind wandered as she quietly reminisced about her marriage. The first year was easy. Married life was literally a breeze. She was sure that Ahmad and her would lead a promising relationship together.

They were both university educated, career-driven individuals. She studied to be a pediatrician and continued to work the first four years of

their marriage, but when their second child came into the picture, things began to change.

She couldn't handle a full-time job any longer. It wasn't about putting in the hours; she could easily do that. But it was managing the guilt that she felt whenever she handed her son, Abdullah, and her daughter, Yasmine, over to her in-laws for babysitting. It didn't seem right that they were raising her children, especially during these crucial years.

Being at work was double torture. She always felt a stab of pain when her little patients smiled happily at their mothers who were dutifully by their sides.

After much deliberation, Sarah made the difficult choice to leave her career and dedicate herself to her family as a full-time stay-at-home mother. This was a hard decision for her, but she didn't regret it, not all the time at least.

Ahmad was supportive. He came from a traditional Pakistani background where the males were generally the main breadwinners, but he liked that Sarah worked, and it was what initially attracted him to her.

He wanted an educated woman who could contribute to the family welfare. Yet, after the birth of Yasmine, he secretly desired for a better home life for his children. When Sarah mentioned that she was considering leaving her job to stay at home, he whole-heartedly agreed and promised to take on the role of the sole provider.

Sarah was definitely happy with spending more time with her children, but the dynamic in her relationship transformed with her husband in the process. Her annoyance at his flaws grew now that she had the time to pay attention to them, and her ability to be patient and control her irritation when he let her down was at an all-time low. Managing two

children was hard enough as it was, and she didn't have the willpower to raise her husband along with them.

Ahmad followed her into the kitchen.

"Where's the menu? What do you want to order?"

"Whatever. I don't care," Sarah said, avoiding his eyes.

"What's with you? Just tell me what you want."

*To go to the restaurant, she thought to herself.*

"Nothing. Whatever. I'm fine. I'm not hungry anymore," she said stubbornly, half-hoping that he could read her mind.

Ahmad slammed the menu on the table. "You're going through one of those moods again! It's so annoying. You're ruining our night."

Sarah felt her cheeks get hot as her anger rose. "Me?!" she gasped. "You're the one who forgot about tonight. AGAIN!" she stressed the last word in a sarcastic tone.

Ahmad could barely contain himself. "I've been working all day. How am I supposed to remember some stupid date night with all the responsibilities I have? What do you have to worry about when you're at home all day – which detergent to use for the laundry?"

That was it. Forget the marriage counselor. Sarah exploded.

"It has nothing to do with your work responsibilities. When I was working, I could remember the kids' needs, a date night, and a lot more than that. My job was more stressful than yours. All you do is write website codes. Maybe if you applied yourself better, you could write a memo to yourself and be less forgetful."

Ahmad angrily pushed his chair back and stormed out of the kitchen, slamming the door harshly behind him.

“I’m just trying to help!” Sarah yelled out behind him. She felt the urge to cry but held back her tears with every ounce of strength possible.

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## *Chapter Two: The Pity Party*

“Geez, how insensitive! How do you put up with it?” Sarah’s younger sister, Iman, exclaimed.

Sarah flipped her long, black hair back and switched her cell phone to her other ear. She took a deep breath. Even though Iman was single, it felt overly comforting to hear someone’s support.

“Well, I guess he’s stressed out,” Sarah added shyly, believing it was fair to say something in her husband’s defense.

“Still! It’s unacceptable. You’re just as stressed. Surely he can’t think that taking care of two children is easy, especially with a hyperactive son like Abdullah.”

Sarah smiled at her sister’s comment. Abdullah was definitely a handful but that’s what made him so loveable.

“I know...” Sarah’s voice drifted. She wasn’t sure what to say. It was pretty unfair.

“If I were you, I’d give him a piece of my mind!” Iman snorted.

Sarah tilted her head to the side, debating whether that was necessary.

“I did tell him that I was stressed too and if he would just get more organized, these things wouldn’t happen.”

“Definitely,” Iman chimed in, “It doesn’t take that much effort to schedule in a reminder these days.”

“That’s exactly what I was thinking,” Sarah said in a quivering voice, holding back her tears. “Do you think he loves me? I mean, why

doesn't he put more effort into our relationship? It's me that had to find Mrs. Bradley and drag him to the first appointment."

"This is precisely why I'm not marrying a Pakistani! My dream guy is definitely a convert. Look at all the men in our family. They just expect their wives to wait hand and foot on them. I've never heard any of them say a thank you to their wives! Sometimes men can be selfish and self-centered, even dad..."

"Iman..." Sarah protested. "Don't go there. It's the last thing I want to hear about."

"Well it's true," Iman huffed. She quickly changed the subject.

"Look at what's happened to you Sarah," Iman added in a soft voice. "You were the star of the family, the first woman to graduate from university and become a doctor. Now you're just a housewife. I'm worried about you. I miss my sister, the champion woman that I know her to be."

Sarah silently listened to her sister's words. She knew Iman was right but she was torn. She loved her kids and leaving her job to take care of them was the best decision she made, but it was her husband's unsupportive behavior that was the problem. It was difficult to get through to him, to make him understand what she was experiencing in her life, and convincing him to help her out.

"I just don't know what to do. He doesn't talk much and when I try to prompt him, he's short with me. I just want him to open up to me. Ugh, it's so frustrating!" Sarah leaned back in her chair.

"Well that's why mom is always complaining about dad. He just won't compromise. Things have to be his way. She feels like he never considers her preferences, and it's only when she nags him to death that he yields.

“When we were younger, I didn’t really notice what was happening between the two of them, but now that I’m in my twenties, I can see things for what they are. I’m surprised they are still together after forty years with the way dad acts.

“It’s also why I am thinking of not marrying. When I hear that you’re going through the same thing, it makes me think that all men are the same. Why bother!”

“There are benefits to being married, Iman,” Sarah noted.

“Like what?” Iman challenged. “All I see is that you gave up everything to please your husband and he hasn’t lived up to his side of the bargain.”

“Well, for one, you can’t have your own kids without getting married.”

“Okay so I won’t have kids. There are so many in the world anyway. Why not help those that are having a hard time, like orphans? That seems more pleasing to Allah. Think about it Sarah. I can contribute my time towards charity and make a bigger impact on the world. I’m not going to spend all this time studying just to become a stay-at-home mom,” Iman insisted.

“Whatever Iman,” Sarah said, rolling her eyes. “Superwoman is for the movies, not real life. I have to run. Talk to you later inshaAllah.”

Sarah knew that her sister was still immature and inexperienced with love. She believed that at every woman’s core, her deepest desire was to fall in love, share her life with someone, have kids, grow old, and live happily-ever-after.

Iman was temporarily blinded by the assortment of opportunities in front of her, but she would eventually reach the same realization that Sarah did: a stressful career is not worth it and married life is. She just

didn't know how to get Ahmad to feel the same way about their marriage.

Sarah pressed her back comfortably into the chair, reflecting further. She replayed the scene with Ahmad over and over in her head, analyzing it from every angle possible. She couldn't see where it all went wrong and why he would suddenly turn angry over certain things she said. They couldn't relate to each other outside of the children's interests.

Iman's words echoed in her mind. *Sometimes men can be selfish and self-centered, even dad...*

Sarah looked outside the window, chewing on Iman's comment. Her father was a kind man, but he definitely had his moments of challenging behavior. She remembered finding her parents in a heated argument when she was ten years old returning home from school one day.

Her father was speaking in a raised voice, telling her mother that he was going to put his foot down with her. She recalled his fists shaking in the air and the intensity of his facial expression.

Her mother was not the least bit intimidated. She stood glaring back at him, as if he was a little child who needed disciplining. "Just save some money on the side!" her mother protested. "The children need savings to go to university! Can't you find a better job and make more money?"

Sarah's dad let out a cry of frustration, turned around, and stormed off. Her parents didn't talk to each other for a few days after that, but things eventually returned to normal. Sarah never mentioned what she saw to anyone, but that memory made a strong impression on her.

She would often feel upset at her father for how he treated her mother. It was a heaviness that she carried with her and still felt until this day.

She couldn't make sense of his moods. They appeared completely unjustifiable to her. Ahmad was similar to her father in this regard.

Sarah wondered if their marriage would also be like her parent's own forty years down the line. She prayed that it would be different, but it certainly seemed to be heading down the same path. And after speaking with Iman, she felt doubly sorry for her situation.

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## Chapter 3: Mr. Macho Uncut

Ahmad ran his fingers through his soaked hair. His entire body was drenched in sweat and his muscles were aching from all the exertion.

*This feels so good – just what I needed after all that commotion.*

He positioned his body for another round of kettlebell swings. He looked at his form out of the corner of his eye in the wall-to-wall gym mirror. It was perfect and ready for another intense workout.

All he needed was something to make him feel successful again and an extreme exercise routine always did the trick. The high of challenging his body gave him an extra boost, and when he pushed himself to beat his last record, it provided an unexplainable feeling of accomplishment – like he could win at anything.

He was driven to succeed. His father pressed him since he was ten years old to aim high and work for every penny he earned. Crying for help was not an option. His dad taught him to push himself hard, and when that wasn't good enough, the solution was to push himself even more.

In general, he was good at whatever he put his mind to and he personally craved to achieve promising results. He didn't always have to be on top, but he needed to feel successful at whatever he decided to invest his energy and time into. Most people saw his good work ethic and praised his attempts to do well for himself – except his wife.

*What's up with her? She's never satisfied, always complaining about something or in one of her moods.*

Ahmad felt his stress levels lowering as he swung the kettlebell. He was frustrated with his marriage, but he didn't know how to change

things. He found himself working extra hours or hanging out at the gym more frequently because he couldn't stand going home and being around Sarah's negative vibe.

*It wasn't always like this.* He put his kettlebell down to take a water break.

When he first married Sarah, his heart was on his sleeve. It was exciting to select his partner for life. He wanted to fall in love, provide for his wife, grow old together, and be religious partners. He liked Sarah's unique ambition and her sharp mind. It's why he married her.

After giving birth to their second child, Sarah changed. She was no longer fun to be around. She complained a lot about taking care of the children along with the stress of her job. When she finally decided to stop working, Ahmad was pleased. He thought that this would be the answer to her unhappiness.

But it wasn't – it was merely the beginning. Even though he was working more hours to support them, Sarah never seemed satisfied with the choices that he was making. She chastised him for any little mistake he made.

He did forget about a few key appointments, like their five year anniversary, but it was only because he was pushing himself at work. He didn't have a choice. It was his responsibility to provide and he took it seriously. He couldn't bear the thought of letting his family down and he wanted to give them whatever he could afford.

He knew that Sarah was making sacrifices too, and he appreciated her dedication towards raising the children, but he hoped that she would notice his dedication towards being the sole provider. His job wasn't easy and he felt the pressure to perform at work. His career field was getting more competitive and impressing his boss was tough.

All he wanted was someone who would acknowledge him and admire him, as well as appreciate his efforts. He needed to feel like he was coming home to his biggest fan, not another uptight boss. Her negativity and disapproving looks drove him away. He couldn't stand her attitude anymore but he didn't know how to tell her what he was really thinking without blowing up. She never asked anyway. Maybe she didn't care.

One thing was for sure. He cared about her deeply, and he wanted things to be different for the two of them, but it was beyond him how things could possibly change for the better.

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Sarah lay in bed waiting for Ahmad to return home. She couldn't sleep knowing that he was away from her. She did worry about him.

She loved him too, but it was a strange type of love. It wasn't what she expected love for a husband to be like. It was an unusual sensation of longing to stay with someone, but it was constantly being polluted with an unsettling feeling of disappointment and intrusive doubts.

She heard Ahmad pull up to the driveway and the car engine turn off. She waited as he slowly made his way up the stairs and gently opened the bedroom door. She said nothing to him and remained motionless as he undressed and slipped into bed.

She could smell the sweat on him. He was quite stinky.

"Don't you want to take a shower?" she suggested, breaking the silence.

"No," he replied with his back turned to her.

“How can you go to sleep like that? It’s gross.” she added, hoping that he would agree.

“I’ll just sleep on the couch if it bothers you so much. I’ve got to get to work early tomorrow and I don’t want to think about it right now.” He rose to leave.

Sarah didn’t want him to go, but she couldn’t find the words to express how she felt. She wished that he would understand her better. She needed him to be more attentive to her desires – to be able to read her.

“I called Mrs. Bradley for an appointment tomorrow,” she blurted out. She wanted him to know that she was trying to make things work. She only desired to talk about their relationship for the sake of improving it. She hoped that he would do the same.

Ahmad let out a grunt. He hated going to those sessions. They were absolute torture. They often ended with him being blamed for their marriage problems.

“Can we talk about this later? I’ve got work tomorrow.” He hurried out of bed and left her stranded in the bedroom.

Sarah felt a stab of pain in her heart. She was lonely. She turned her face towards the *qibla* and prayed that Allah would come to her aid. Saving her marriage seemed to be doomed, but hopefully the next counseling appointment would create an unforgettable opening.

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