



About Us: <http://www.the-criterion.com/about/>

Archive: <http://www.the-criterion.com/archive/>

Contact Us: <http://www.the-criterion.com/contact/>

Editorial Board: <http://www.the-criterion.com/editorial-board/>

Submission: <http://www.the-criterion.com/submission/>

FAQ: <http://www.the-criterion.com/fa/>



ISSN 2278-9529

Galaxy: International Multidisciplinary Research Journal
www.galaxyimrj.com

And The Sun Never Rose Again

Author : Jahangeer Majazi

Published : Authors Press, New Delhi.

Price : 295

Pages : 110.

Reviewed by:

Mufti Jameel Farooq

**“My heart has gone mad after you, and it’s you,
And only you that can claim the ardent passion of my heart!”**

(Mehjoor)

When a book is written in plain and simple language with sublime imagination that too on the bank of river Jhelum, which is surrounded by prime and pristine scenery then how one could be that ruthless to leave the book unread, knowing that the author is an outcome of that serene imagination.

Jahangir Majazi, the author of ‘And the Sun Never Rose Again’, has been brought up and reared at a vicinity in Hajin, district Bandipora. The author has undoubtedly literary background. The father of the author is well-known literary figure. He has written many short stories in Urdu and Kashmiri, apart from that he is an existing member of Admi Markaz Kamraz. The author’s brother is short story writer and critic; who contributes his articles to countless journals of the valley.

The novel ‘**And the Sun Never Rose Again**’ is a debut romantic novel of **Jahangir Majazi**, who presently is enrolled in Aligarh Muslim University for PhD degree. His debut novel has unquestionably marred the ones who have loved someone with the condition of unconditionally.

Jahangir in his novel has discussed two souls who were in love with each other but could not make it to the final spot due to their destiny. The destiny plays the pivotal part like Iago in their lives but despite all the offbeat of the fate; the lover still at the end eternalises his love with his utmost divine feelings for his beloved.

The Novel starts in the bus where Zaid and Zohra meet on the final time, the married woman(Zohra) is saintly religious but has failed utterly to stop loving the one who has left all his essence and existence for her, although, fully conscious about the fact that loving Zaid is sinfully irreligious now.

**“Blessed are those who cry in someone’s love
For the tears in love are the blessing from God”**

Zohra, starts to faint and demands water, although unaware about the presence of her lover in the same bus. While opening her eyes and after resuming her senses back, she feels as if she has become enlighten and hope has once again knocked at her door on seeing she being in the lap Zaid.

Zaid, is the protagonist of the novel who fall in love with a girl at an early age during his school days, knowing the fact that he has lost his heart for the one who (Zohra) has been nurtured with the meals of revealed scriptures, thus is very way is hard nut to crack, but still he promises himself with supreme determination and commitment that he goanna woo her someday and having hope in his heart that she would accept his suit as he loves her unlike the worldly people love their beloved.

I lived with so many broken pieces, but never thought to give up. I thought, once I made it through I would forget the pain that I sustained while I was walking the path alone.”

(Zaid)

His influence of love makes him touch the firmament, once an average student thus become topper of the class which paves many ways for him to study outside. He leaves the place to study at Bangalore but the new place and people do not cheer him up. He there too turns secluded and quit for his unrequited love creates vacuum in him which eats him like Shark eats fishes in the sea. He waits from dawn to dusk for the day to hear just a simple word of ‘yes’ from his beloved and one day she gives her consent while saying---- ‘ **Yes, I too love you, Zaid!**’

“I have broken your heart, I’ll heal that too. You’ve cried for me, now I will cry with you for us”

(Zohra)

Thus once unrequited love becomes requited-love. The two souls start dating each other and bliss become overt on their faces, but someone has rightly said, **“They make you that much**

happy when they're planning to take something precious from you." The something happens to Zaid and Zohra, some untoward happens to them then the fusion of the two passionate souls in no time become fission.

"Do not love me so much .I'm not so much fit to the reality system you live in."

(Zohra)

Thus the interval starts. Zaid, leaves for Bangalore where he develops some strange things, he become insomniac and takes less care of his health. He remains inside the hostel premises most of the time with taking less classes and bunking more; with which he deteriorates his health and studies too. He most of the times utters **Zohra**, and feels that she is before him and is talking to him. His health conditions start worsening day by day and one fine day he takes his language and flies towards his home land to meet his once girlfriend.

Zaid, waits for Zohra whole day and finally at the end of the day they meet and exchange the colloquies. Zohra, blames Zaid and reflects that Zaid is accountable for smearing and maligning her and her family; and Zaid without any second thought takes all her accountability on his shoulders then once together-souls part their ways like the birds whose bough was felled down by a merciless cutter.

Zohar's family ferret a match for her and marries her with her cousin, who turns some 10 years elder to her, but even after marrying her cousin and being reared, nurtured and brought up in religious family she never halts loving Zaid. Zohra, blasphemies, expletives and curses herself for being brought up in the family which had the thread and yarn of religion as inhaling and exhaling entity.

When Zohra unlocks her eyes to see his beloved in the bus; which brings hope and substance in her at the sunset, then the very next sun rise people carry the corpse of Zaid on their shoulders for his last rites.

"But I'm the inhaler, and I will inhale until death inhale me."

(Zaid)