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The Story of Jannat...

Alliya Mujeeb Bazaz
Masters In English Literature
University of Kashmir.

She was beautiful. More beautiful than the word 'beautiful' could describe her. As hospitable as anyone in her neighborhood. A wondrous gaze and a sparkling smile. She even looked lethal in her sadness. Jannat - her name seemed to be so right. A sight that would make oneself benumbed for ages .

Jannat had two sons, both in their early youth. She loved both dearly. She had one daughter too, who was a teenager. Her name was Lalla. All her three children were sharp in their intellect ,though each of them used it differently.

She was a lucky woman. People would envy her for her enticing charm. Her children loved her too albeit each differently.

One day everything changed. An eventful day as you may call it. One of her sons found an opportunity away from the homeland to seek his fortune. The same day later she was detected with leprosy. All her children were shattered alike and so were her admirers.

Her son left anyways. Though his pain of leaving was visible and his heart cried. It was not an easy decision. But he took it, envisioning the doom and gloom that had befallen the family through the leprosy of their mother. Here life was dark and dead. There it could be better.

He had friends outside who knew of his ordeal. They welcomed him, consoled him and tried their level best to comfort him both emotionally and financially. If he was nothing. He was lucky.

The rest of the family back home was overlade with gloom. They knew not what to mourn more; the illness of their mother or the seperation of their brother. Nothing was the same. Jannat's son had to save his mother from the contemptuous gaze of the same people who were bewildered by her beauty sometime back. People taunted her that because of the horrendous face she now bore, her son left her. She never spoke of her sad state of affairs though and put a brave face to the decree of Allah. She was as hospitable still and people still called her Jannat. But in between these two unchanged things, the world had turned topsy turvy.

One day, this renegade entered their home, locked Jannat in one room and took Lalla to the other. Noise and cries was all that Jannat could hear. She was helpless because her son was out to look for a wage. Hours later when the outlaw left, arrived her son finding his sister outraged in a pool of blood and his mother locked in a room. HE WAS ENRAGED. He nursed his bruised sister consoled his mother and hunted for the culprit all alone. People laughed at his audacity, called him foolish but he turned deaf ears, for o he knew what it felt like.

Months later, he caught the this man by his collar to avenge his sister's ordeal. But was handicapped by the gang. He lost his arm, his leg, and an eye too. The gangsters injured his body brutally. His soul carried embers that nobody could see nor douse. He was high in spirits to console his sister's wounds. Promising her that he would avenge her culprit, though nobody, not even his sister knew how he would do it "handicapped".

Meanwhile, his brother came to know about the matter. He was disgusted too. He felt pity for them. And stood reassured of his decision years ago. He even advised his brother to forget everything and explore the world of possibilities to achieve something in life.

It was not so, that he was incapable, but his heart ached for his mother and sister. He couldn't just leave them. He felt handicapped not by his physique that had now become of him, but by the thought of living without his mother and sister.

Years later... his brother wanted to return home. Their joy knew no bounds until his brother broke the news that he was going to settle in a seperate home with his new family. When asked for a reason of not living with his mother and siblings... he bluntly replied that he wanted to keep his children away from the horror of leprosy, under a protected environment.