



Jinnat

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Outwardly, Maulana Shameem's eyes were fixed on the calendar hanging on the wall that depicted Mecca and Medina, but his mind was lost elsewhere. His pride had been severely hurt today. He felt deeply humiliated. He couldn't forget the events that occurred during Fajr (early morning prayers). The face of Haji Jabbar kept appearing in front of him. If, for some reason, he didn't wake up for the morning call to prayer, they should have asked him the reason first, rather than scolding him like a servant. After all, he was the mosque's Imam, and everyone prayed behind him. Islam holds the position of Imam in high regard. He lived alone in the mosque, with no one to look after him at night, yet he was treated as if he were a daily wage laborer. After all, he had been writhing in pain from a stomach ache all night, but was there anyone to look after him? It's easy to blame others; try practicing those things yourself. After all, Haji Jabbar was also the president of the mosque's management committee; he too had some responsibility to check on the Imam occasionally. After vomiting in the last part of the night, he finally felt some relief and fell asleep. He blamed the management committee for his stomach ache. If the committee provided him with a proper monthly allowance, he could cook his meals himself. Since he was sent to this mosque after completing his madrasa education, he had been going from house to house for his meals. Morning meals were provided by one family, and evening meals by another. Each household's food tasted different; sometimes there was less salt, sometimes too much chili. Sometimes the food was delicious, and sometimes tasteless. Occasionally, he felt he was given leftover or stale food. This type of food had made him ill last night, causing him to toss and turn in bed with a stomach ache. The elderly worshippers naturally woke up before the Fajr call to prayer. When they didn't hear the call today, the president of the mosque's management committee, Haji Jabbar, checked the time and, as was his habit, became furious. He went straight to Maulana's room and shook him awake. After that, he scolded him harshly. Maulana tried to explain himself, but Haji Jabbar wasn't willing to listen and continued to berate him. The disdainful look Haji Jabbar tore Maulana's soul apart. He couldn't get that look out of his mind. For the past few days, he had noticed a change in Haji Jabbar's behavior. The issue began when Haji Jabbar commanded him to teach his children at home. Maulana found this manner of request offensive and suggested sending them to the mosque to study with other children. Haji Jabbar didn't like this idea, as he couldn't fathom his children studying alongside the children of lower social status. Furthermore, Maulana had asked the management committee to increase his monthly allowance, which had also displeased Haji Jabbar. The stomach ache provided an opportunity for Haji Jabbar to vent his pent-up frustration. Maulana Shameem had been trying to distract himself from the morning's events for a long time, but Haji Jabbar's recurring face thwarted his efforts.

To distract himself from the morning's events, he started to look back at his past, and the village in Bengal where he was born came alive in his imagination. Life was full of difficulties for his family. His father was a farm laborer. Among two sisters and three brothers, he was the middle one. His father stayed busy with his work late into the night. The three brothers also worked in someone's fields and thus helped with household expenses. There was a small pond at home where they kept fish as needed. His mother cooked delicious food. Not every day, but once or twice a week, she made fish curry and rice. His father would leave the house early before dawn and return late at night, then they would all eat together. After finishing the meal, everyone would sit around him and ask him to tell stories. He narrated tales of princes, princesses, fairies, and gods. Tired from the day's work, his father's eyes would begin to close while telling a story, and when the story halted in the middle, they would shake him awake. His mother would stop them from doing so, saying, "Let him sleep, he has come back tired," but they were eager to hear the end of the story, and his father,



without getting angry, would ask, "Yes, what was I saying?" They would all simultaneously remind him of the point where the story was left off, and the story would continue.

He noticed that as the sisters were growing up, the lines of worry on their parents' faces were deepening. He remembered the day when his father's friend Abdul Sattar had come to their house. His younger son was receiving religious education at a madrasa in Uttar Pradesh. His father had requested him to get one of his sons admitted to a madrasa as well, as it would be a great favor, for in this way both their religious and worldly lives would improve. Thinking about his son staying away from home, he agreed. Then Maulana Shamim recalled the day when he had to leave home for the first time. His father had somehow managed to arrange for his fare and necessary items. That day, he felt both the curiosity of seeing a new place and the fear of being cut off from his roots.

Gradually, Maulana Shamim became accustomed to life in the madrasa. Initially, he faced language difficulties, but then he slowly started learning Urdu. However, he did not know why, but whenever he compared the life in the madrasa with that of his village, his heart repeatedly desired to return to the village. Although there was no physical labor like in the village, and food and clothing were readily available, his heart still did not settle there. Some incidents occurred while he was in the madrasa that left a lasting impression on his mind. There were many teachers in the madrasa, but two people had a significant impact on his life. One was Maulana Ghaffar, and the other was Maulana Rahman Ghani. Maulana Ghaffar had a stern face and often scolded students for no reason, and he never liked him. He remembered the first incident when Maulana Ghaffar suddenly got angry during a lesson and said, "These scientists consider themselves great philosophers. Let them try to put life into a fly. They boast about making airplanes and helicopters, but let them create a helicopter as small as a fly made by nature. They dare to challenge nature; they will all end up in hell." It was then that he first learned that there was such a thing as a scientist in this world who challenged nature. A Kashmiri student had then asked Maulana Ghaffar, "Sir, where do these scientists live, and how can we recognize them?" Maulana Ghaffar, after thinking for a while, replied, "They look like humans in appearance, but their faces constantly reflect devilishness. These scientists are the offspring of Nimrod. He also claimed to have created heaven on earth and declared himself divine, but nature destroyed him in an instant." This was Maulana Ghaffar's daily routine; during lessons, he would bring up the topic of scientists and then curse them.

On the other hand, there was Maulana Rehman Ghani, who treated the students with immense love and kindness. His way of teaching and explaining things was extremely engaging. While the students felt nervous and time seemed to drag during Maulana Ghaffar's periods, time flew by in Maulana Rehman Ghani's classes. He always repeated a hadith that said, "Seek knowledge even if you have to go to China." He explained that knowledge does not only refer to religious knowledge; otherwise, why mention going to China? It refers to the treasure of knowledge scattered throughout the universe, and Allah has bestowed us with intelligence to utilize properly. By using it correctly, we can uncover nature's treasures and alleviate human suffering. He taught human history in a very interesting manner, explaining how humanity progressed from the Stone Age to the computer age and detailing the various obstacles ignorant people created along this path. Whenever Maulana Shamim would feel homesick or face any problem or complicated issue, he would go to Maulana Rehmangani. Maulana Rehmangani would affectionately pat his head and then inquire about the well-being of his family. Sometimes, he would delve into the incidents of his childhood and thus soothe the memories of home that were stirring in his heart. He himself would also feel relieved by narrating the memories of his past to Maulana Rehmangani.

One day, the students asked Maulana Ghaffar, "Hazrat, should we stay away from scientists and not be misled by their words? Certainly! Then should we also stay away from the devilish things they



create? Yes, absolutely!" Maulana replied without delving into the matter. "We should stay away from scientists and every devilish thing they create. A tyrant is always a tyrant; we should not be deceived by the paradise they create. These disgraceful scientists have created various things to mislead humans. Now look at this; humans have no standing, yet they have spread such lies that they have reached the moon. They claim there is land on the moon where humans can roam around just like here." Then someone questioned, "But on TV, we saw humans landing on the moon." To this, Maulana replied, "Oh, these people are very cunning. They must have made a film on some local mountain or something."

He remembered that in Bihar, Maulana Gaffar had once punished a student by making him a "murga" (a common punishment where students are made to squat and hold their ears from behind their legs). The poor student remained in this position for the entire period and was only relieved when Maulana Rahman Ghani arrived. This incident brought back another memory involving the same student from Bihar. It was a scorching hot day in June, and suddenly the electricity went out, making everyone in the madrasa restless due to the intense heat. Everyone came out into the courtyard, including Maulana Gaffar, who had a TV remote in his hand, possibly watching a program. He called the madrasa's electrician because electricity was available in the surrounding areas, suggesting a problem within the madrasa's electrical system. After a thorough investigation, the electrician discovered the fault and informed Maulana Gaffar that someone in the madrasa had turned off the main switch. Upon hearing this, Maulana Gaffar was furious and shouted in a stern voice, "Who is the devil who did this?" There was a moment of silence, but then the student from Bihar stepped forward and said, "I turned off the electricity. You had said, Hazrat, that we should not use any of the devilish inventions made by scientists." The student further explained that since electricity was also an invention of a scientist, he thought they should not be misled by any devilish invention, no matter how necessary it might be. He stated that they could endure physical discomfort but should avoid sin. Maulana Gaffar was trapped in his own logic. He glared at the student with anger and frustration and said, "Stay within your limits, don't try to be too logical." Then something occurred to him, and he quickly went back to his room. This incident was talked about in the madrasa for many days afterward.

Maulana Ghaffar remembered another incident associated with him. On Fridays, the madrasa had a holiday, and on that day, the students would go out to buy necessary items or wander around. He, too, went to a poultry farm outside the city one such Friday. He was very happy to see different breeds of chickens there. Just then, his eyes fell on some machines lined up in one corner of the hall, emitting light. Underneath that light, many eggs were placed in trays. He inquired about it from an employee there, who told him that chicks are hatched from the eggs through this machine. He was filled with astonishment at his words; he remembered how at home, his mother would gather the eggs and have a hen sit on them, and after a few days, chicks would come out of them. He wondered what kind of machine this was that hatched chicks from eggs without a hen. He asked the employee, "How is this possible without a hen?" The employee explained that eggs require a specific temperature, which is provided by the machine. This temperature is what the hens provide using their body heat. However, since not many eggs can be kept under one hen, and continuous monitoring is required for the hen sitting on the eggs, the machine doesn't need much monitoring and can hold many eggs.

He asked the same question to Maulana Ghaffar upon reaching the madrasa. "Hazrat, today we went to a poultry farm where some machines were kept. An employee there said that chicks are hatched from eggs through these machines without being placed under a hen. Hazrat, you have told us that Allah puts a soul in every lifeless object, and nature has a set time and method for it. Can humans perform nature's tasks through unnatural methods?" Maulana Ghaffar promptly replied that it is



impossible and the poultry farm employee was lying and misleading him. He warned, "And listen, beware! Do not go to such devilish places again that can corrupt your faith."

But despite Maulana's admonition, he again went to the poultry farm the next Friday and stood near the machines. His gaze fell upon the eggs kept in one of the machines, which had started to stir. Before long, the eggs began to crack, and chicks started emerging. He watched this process until all the chicks had hatched. Later, he noticed movement in the eggs kept in another machine, and chicks began to hatch from those eggs as well. He observed this all day and then quietly returned to the madrasa without asking Maulana Ghaffar any more questions. However, he did tell Maulana Rahman Gani about this, who said that the knowledge the Prophet (peace be upon him) had mentioned seeking in China is precisely this kind of knowledge. Allah has blessed humans with sound intellect, and if one learns to use it correctly, they can uncover the hidden secrets of nature and benefit humanity. Take the example of hatching chicks from eggs. Someone must have thought deeply about what a hen does while sitting on her eggs, leading to the discovery that she provides warmth. Humans experimented on this and invented a machine to provide warmth to eggs without a hen. Now, imagine if someone like Maulana Ghaffar believed that this interfered with natural processes and thus refused to use their sound intellect, would such machines have been invented? Would it have been possible to hatch so many chicks without hens?

Shameem Miyan, think about this: Maulana Ghaffar travels to other cities for work or madrasa-related matters. Suppose he had to go to Delhi; would he prefer a horse over a bus or train? No, right? If he decided not to use the trains or buses invented by scientists, would he be able to carry out his decision practically? Then think about how many things made by scientists are used himself. That day, Maulana Rahman Gani's words brought him great comfort.

The difference between Maulana Ghaffar and Maulana Rahman Gani was that Maulana Ghaffar enjoyed delicious food and never missed an invitation, while Maulana Rahman Gani was an avid reader. His room was filled with books on every subject.

Gradually, his thoughts began to unravel. It was time for the call to prayer. With a weary heart, he rose for ablution. His entire body seemed exhausted that day, affected badly by Haji Jabbar's behavior, which had a negative impact on his mental state. He managed to perform his prayers that day, despite the difficulties.

One day, news arrived that his mother was seriously ill. They had to admit her to a hospital in Kolkata. Although she had been brought home, arranging funds for her treatment was necessary. However, he wondered where to get the money from. There was no point in approaching the committee for assistance, knowing Haji Jabbar's nature well enough to not expect help from him. Therefore, he had asked Maulana Babar, who led prayers at a nearby mosque in his village and another neighborhood of the city, to lend him some money. Maulana had provided the money, along with advice to seek additional sources of income. After all, there were expenses to manage, and in the future, he would have to marry off his sisters and himself without a reasonable income. He had asked Maulana about this matter, who had said, "Start treating the upper air." He had asked in surprise, "What is the treatment of upper air?" Yes, upper air means spiritual treatment! In this, what needs to be done is to make a board of spiritual treatment and hang it in the neighborhood. After that, people will come to you with their problems. You have to listen to their problems carefully, read their minds, or make a locket and give it away to them.

Maulana Babar understood his words, but for some reason, his heart wasn't ready to testify to this work. However, when he suddenly heard about his brother's accident and his death, he again asked



Maulana Babar for money. Maulana explained, "How long will this continue? As soon as possible, find a means of income, otherwise you will fall into trouble." This time, as soon as he returned home, he hung up the board of spiritual treatment in the neighborhood and gradually spread the word to nearby neighborhoods that there are genies in Bengali Maulana's possession and genie children come to him for religious education. Those who benefited praised Maulana Shamim extensively and spoke highly of him in various ways. Some say that among the children studying in madrasas, there are also children of genies. People tell how they recognized them, that one day a child of a genie felt thirsty, so he sat there and reached out his hand, and his hand grew long enough to reach the pitchers of water.

"They would give those who came for treatment water after reading a spell and they had made quite a few talismans. Gradually, their rational income started increasing. Upon seeing patients coming for spiritual treatment, they would immediately tell them whether a jinn was riding on them or seven. Then slowly, one by one, they would remove the jinns and the patients would recover and go back home. Most of their patients were women. Among those closest to them in the neighborhood were Sharif Khan. Though they were skilled in making brass utensils, when work was scarce, they would ride a rickshaw. They would come to Maulana Shamim's chamber daily and assist him in his small tasks. Since they started spiritual treatment, Sharif Khan himself began sending patients to the chamber one by one. In addition, there are jinns in Maulana Shamim's grasp, which they tell the patients' relatives about. One day when Maulana Shamim was sitting alone in the chamber, he asked them, 'Sir, show me their sight in your grip.' Maulana Shamim ignores their words and says, 'Seeing jinns is not everyone's cup of tea, even weak-hearted people can get a heart attack looking at them, but still, when Sharif Khan persists with them, then Maulana peacefully satisfies their curiosity, saying that they will definitely show sight when the time comes, but if something happens to you, then you will be responsible for it.' Sharif Khan quickly filled his enthusiasm."

In the meantime, they had gotten married, and now they had rented a house on a long street in the neighborhood. While their income from spiritual treatment was reasonable, it also led them to understand the flaws and troubles of society closely. Most of the patients who came to them were afflicted by poverty. When several families lived in small, cramped houses, conflicts increased, and these would manifest in different ways. They believed that unemployment and poverty caused every problem and calamity they faced because someone had cast a spell on them. When the economic situation led to girls staying at home and their marriage age passing without any proposals, or if a woman in the house started feeling neglected, she would begin acting in ways that made people believe she was possessed by a jinn. Mistrust would grow among the family members, and they would start looking at each other suspiciously. In such cases, they would turn to Maulana Shameem to identify their enemy and thwart their attacks. Due to the high cost of medical treatment, people often sought spiritual healers. Once, some people brought a patient with similar symptoms to him. The patient would start trembling intermittently. They recited prayers over him, gave him amulets and water infused with prayers. However, it was found that the patient passed away just two hours after returning home. Later, it was discovered that the patient was suffering from a serious illness that could have been treated if he had been admitted to a hospital in time. The belief in spiritual healing had cost him his life. Maulana Shameem began to consider himself guilty and started to lose interest in his profession. He felt that there was something in this profession that went against his conscience. Although he continued with spiritual healing, he always insisted that patients see a doctor if their condition seemed serious.

One day, Maulana Shameem felt the urge to meet Maulana Rahman Ghani and went to his madrasa. Maulana Rahman Ghani was very pleased to see his student and inquired about his and his family's well-being. After finding an opportunity, Maulana Shameem shared his dilemma with him. He



explained the circumstances that led him to spiritual healing and how his conscience now prevented him from continuing, but he had no other source of income. He asked what he should do in such a situation. Maulana Rahman Ghani said, "Do what your conscience tells you, and as far as livelihood is concerned, there are many permissible means of earning." He advised him to go to Mumtaz Bazaar and ask for Aslam Mian. He suggested mentioning his name to Aslam Mian, who would then teach him the craft of embroidery on clothes. This way, Maulana Shameem would acquire a skill and no longer be dependent on anyone. The income earned through hard work would also bring peace to his heart.

Maulana Shameem understood and went to Aslam Mian's shop the very next day. Aslam Mian, upon hearing Maulana Rahman Ghani's name, immediately took him on and started teaching him the craft. Maulana Shameem would leave the shop only for the call to prayer, and after completing his prayers, he would return to the shop. Within a few months, he had learned the craft and began bringing work home. Eventually, he opened a shop in his own home and completely abandoned spiritual healing.

Sharif Khan contracted tuberculosis from driving a rickshaw and went to Delhi in search of treatment and other employment opportunities. Occasionally, Maulana Shameem would receive a letter from him, informing him that he was receiving treatment at a government hospital and had learned to drive an auto-rickshaw, which he was now using to earn a living in Delhi. During this time, Sharif Khan also brought his wife and children to Delhi.

After several years, he began to miss his old neighborhood and returned there with his family. After dropping off his children with relatives, he went straight to Maulana Shameem's house. Maulana Shameem was at his shop. Seeing Sharif Khan, he was overjoyed and hugged him warmly. Sharif Khan was pleased to see that Maulana Shameem's business had flourished and that several craftsmen were now working at his shop. After exchanging greetings, they inquired about each other's well-being, and soon tea and snacks were brought out from inside. After drinking tea, Maulana Shameem suddenly remembered something and, smiling, said to Sharif Khan, "Sharif Mian, you wanted to see jinns, right? Do you still want to see them?" Sharif Khan recalled the old conversation and agreed eagerly. Maulana Shameem warned him, "Look, some jinns are very fierce, and if you get scared, they might possess you." Sharif Khan replied confidently, "With you here, why should I be afraid?" After this, Maulana Shameem signaled him to wait there and went inside the house. After a short while, he called Sharif Khan from inside. Sharif Khan entered the house with a cautious mind. As soon as he stepped in, he saw four pairs of eyes staring at him silently. Seeing this, he was taken aback and quickly looked away from those eyes, glancing around the house. He thought Maulana Shameem might be playing a joke on him. Meanwhile, Maulana Shameem placed a hand on his shoulder and said, "Sharif Mian, jinns are made of fire, and these four are also made of fire. It is said that if the fire leaves a human body, it becomes cold, and people say that the person is dead. This simply means that as long as there is fire in a person's body, they are alive. The stomach keeps this fire alive, and this stove-like stomach constantly needs fuel, which is why people work day and night." "Let me first introduce these jinns to you. This is my father and mother, and sitting on the left is my younger sister, whose husband passed away due to illness. On the right is my sister-in-law, the wife of my brother Salim, whom I often mentioned, and who died in an accident. These jinns also have children who are currently at school. Come another time, and I will introduce you to them as well."

Maulana Shamim paused for a moment, then continued speaking, "I don't know how jinnat are, but they always occupied my mind. I always imagined them haunting these people, unable to find relief from their spiritual afflictions. Every person who came for spiritual treatment seemed to me



possessed by these jinnat, either under my control or controlling me. Sharif Khan listened in astonishment as Maulana Shamim's words unfolded. In his astonishment, Maulana Shamim placed his hand on Sharif Khan's shoulder and brought him into the shop. As he left, he regained some composure and hurriedly greeted Maulana Shamim's father and mother."

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