

# LANGUAGE IN INDIA

Strength for Today and Bright Hope for Tomorrow

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## Reminiscent Pledge A Symbolic Story

Kaneez Fatima Syeda, M.A. English, M.Phil. Scholar

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An obvious triviality sometimes proves hidden extremity.

Certain things of life cannot be confined to the annals of oblivion. These reminiscent things serve the purpose of invocation to misery. At moments, the words uttered by someone seem to be totality of life but when the splinters of that fickle-natured glassy verdict scatter before sensual sight and unbreakable ties meet with breakage, the compulsion of moments increases to suffocation.

The night was cold, rimy and mysterious. A pale flickering Star was shining somewhere in the heart of gloomy mist. Perhaps that was unyielding among its species. In the misty darkness of sky, it seemed a camp in heaven. Every object was expressing a coffin like gravity.

In that unfavorable gloomy night, a pedestrian was tracing some intangible and unseen steps on the wooded earth of the 'Heath'. She was walking mysteriously among the prevailing nocturnal mysteries. In that bleak hour of night, she had

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something to rely upon; some light in her heart which was a kind of fluctuation between grief and glee. In her tightly closed fist, perhaps she had something slippery.

She was holding tightly a verbal pledge in her “Fist of Entity” with an inherent dilemma of sensual anxiety. Though she was not sure about the reliability of the pledge, yet it was a constant source of strong light coming from the uncovered “Lantern of Trust” in her other hand.

Fast flurry of winds was hovering around that sole source of light in her journey but the pledge was unwavering. She was going to find out the person who had shown her that dark, gloomy path of life with the bright light of promise to come back.

She was walking with contentment because the “Lantern of Trust” was with her. She was pacing forth, when suddenly a shrill voice stopped her. The audible voice was the one frequently heard by her in the long hours of emotional distress. The voice was feminine and was saying to her: “Stop for a while!,” “Stop for a while!”

Surely the voice was of the “Queen of Broken Trust” who was residing in the “Inner Utopia” of our pedestrian since the day of her creation. She had often addressed the Queen as: “O, immortal friend! Come to my mortal sense and tell me, who you are? Whence have you come to reside in my entity?”

The reply of the Queen was always a bitter laughter and the single word: “Pledge.” Today, perhaps, she was talking to her for the first time in long syllables.

She was saying:

“O, pedestrian of this gloomy night, Listen to me! Today you are going in the same direction, on the same path which had once made me reprobate and desperate one. It is just quite possible that somewhere you happen to see him, the residing prince of my heart who got estranged from me and was lost in such like gloomy mist of time. I am hankering after his memories and vision since then. If you happen to see him somewhere on the way, so do tell him that the “Queen of Broken Trust” is still residing in the palace of her dreams. She gleans the splinters of your broken pledge every day and lacerates her palms.”

The Queen said so and got silent once again, perhaps once and for all. However, when our pedestrian stood motionless to listen to her, a blow of wind extinguished her sole source of light: her “Lamp of Trust”.

She was left aghast and started weeping. The “Queen of Broken Trust” once again laughed bitterly from her inner utopia. A bitter laughter and the single word.....Pledge!

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Kaneez Fatima Syeda, M.A English, M.Phil. Scholar  
Assistant professor of English, G.C (W)  
Jhang (Punjab)  
GCU Faisalabad  
Pakistan  
[kaneezfatimasyeda@gmail.com](mailto:kaneezfatimasyeda@gmail.com)