

Quasimodo

A love story unfolds, between the flowing river and the pebbled path. Capricious as the river is, she soon finds her new love, the Sun. Does love consume all?



Tania Roy, 2002A3PS126

Pebbled path found it difficult for footsteps to tread on him. As he twirled into himself at the thoughtless touch of bold elements, he squirmed and panicked. He liked to sing when water jived on him. He liked to waltz in the rhythm of water's music. He loved to feel the curves of the elegant lady as she caressed him along her way. He liked to gift her with a diamond ring when the silver rays dazzled on him as water gurgled along.

He was alone, solitary. He defined peace for himself. Water made him feel happy. He was one with her. As nights passed with the two lovers entwined in the gossamer fragrance under the blue moonlight, pebbled path realized that he could no longer find peace in his solitude. He would be lonely when she was gone.

Then one day, while pebbled path was still dazed by the beauty of his new-found calm, the volatility of the happiness stared at him. He was bare. He was dry. He missed the soft kisses. He missed the laughter of his lady as she danced through him to he knew not where. He detested the footsteps even more now. Then he started reveling in the pain as the rubbers brushed against him, as the pebbles dashed into each other when those giant creatures stepped on his bruises, insensate.

Then one day he discovered the colors – a pristine green. That was water's gift to him in return of the diamond ring. He felt beautiful all over again. Clad in moss, he cherished the memories of the nights when water brought the stars to him.



But, the brook - she played with her lovers. She could enter the hearts of all those she passed by. She was a good lover, nevertheless. She could devote her present to the one she loved. Alas, her love was fleeting!

She had loved to meander through the huge boulders. She loved enveloping herself around the forbidding sinews of the black rocks, cooling them even more than they were. She shivered at the touch of light; she flirted with the stars, twinkled like the first touch of youth. Pebbled path was her lover, too. The most docile of them all, he was. She played with him, she laughed when she was around him. They were a good company.

Then came the sun. She glimmered in beauty as the sun played with her waves. She started waiting under sleepless nights, for him to come back to her. The stars cried as she twinkled without any emotion.

Pebbled path grew cold under her. Memories were but burdens to her. She just waited for the sun to come, to adorn her with the diamond ring.

The sun paid her visit regularly. He scorched her as the day proceeded. He wanted her only for himself. She was enchanted. She gave her away to him. She liked being taken away, losing her identity. For, what was identity when love was all that mattered? Much to her dismay, she realized her emotions. She could not run away. Her soul was absorbed by her lover, for the first time. Then one day, she lost herself.

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