

Three Fountain Pens

_A Short Story

When I was in primary school, I had a pen grip so firm that it could make four carbon copies without a carbon sheet! Although I preferred a fountain pen to a ball point pen, some limitations including the one mentioned above did not allow that. I had to wait till the first year of high school to put hands on my dream pen.

It all started with one of my paternal uncles gifting me a Hero pen in 1996. I struggled through the transition from a rotating grip to a stationary grip for some time. By the end of that year, it was smooth enough to answer tests. It became a permanent resident of my pocket soon after.

In 2002, on a rainy day in Bangalore, I met with an accident on my bicycle. I fell on my chest. Sadly, the pen that had served my cause for six long years with exemplary sincerity was crushed into pieces. [See photograph 1]



Fortunately, I had another Hero pen, which I used to carry during lengthy annual exams as my insurance. It made sure that I did not lose grip on my writing. Unlike its predecessor, this pen was at times adamant, yet saved its best performance for situations that mattered.

A couple of days ago, I took my pen out to sign a routine piece of paper. It was broken. There was no sign of any injury till the previous day. Quietly, I had lost a companion of eight years. [See photograph 2]

They had contrasting lives and ends. For me, it is a new beginning with a brand new pen. [See photograph 3] It will certainly take time getting used to it.



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