

The Second Coming and other stories

Writing in English by Indians has picked up momentum in the last two decades and it has even earned acclaim world-wide in a few cases. This awareness has touched the North East region of India also. Some promising writers have tried their hand in English writing and they have received attention of the readers

Indrani Raimedhi is an Assamese writer who writes in English. She is a young, versatile and charming lady. She also writes in the leading English papers of Assam under the pen-name of Trinayani. She was a student of St. Mary's School at Shillong. As a child, even before starting school, she would go to the Central Library and browse through the English dictionary with keen interest. Her fascination and obsession for words later flowered into creative writing in English and she wrote several short stories and articles for magazines and newspapers.

As a budding writer, she was inspired by the sensitive insight and depth of Anita Desai, by the feminist writings of Ismat Chughtai and by the earthy and passionate fiction of Sadaat Hussain Manto.

In her short stories, Indrani Raimedhi has written about the interactions of human relationships and its repercussions on the society and the individual. She is also conscious about social issues and she has brought in AIDS, riots, etc. in her stories.

Her story "The Gift" is significant. A wife who loves her husband very much, wants to give a gift to him on his birthday. But little does she know that it would demand a high price because it would turn out to be the gift of freedom.

Her story "The Obsession", unveils the life of her protagonist Heman Karakya. His life and fantasies in the metropolis of Bombay are brought out with the use of beautiful language. He saw his fantasies broken into pieces in the terrible riots of Bombay. I quote - "At night one could see on the horizon the orange glow of the fire in the slums. People stayed indoors when curfew was imposed. Karakya heard of corpses left on the road to rot. Bombay was finished. He thought of going to Birpur for a few days. But Suresh had not given him his salary."

" ... A hundred yard away there a drum of coal tar, placed with bricks over a dying fire. She was there, her wig askew, waist deep in the coal tar. They had taken off her clothes and twisted her arms. She was there naked and bald melting slowly in the black, sticky, gurgling tar."

"He turned away, his face ashen, wishing desperately he had not come, trying to remember she was just a marionette "

"The shattered glass crunched under his shoes as he walked away, a lone figure under the sickly glow of neon lights "

I am sure Indrani Raimedhi's supple and beautiful language will appeal to the readers. She is a promising and a dedicated writer. One can expect a high degree of excellent fiction from her pen in the future.

I am sure she will climb to the peak of glory and fame one day.

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