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Creative Writing
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Promise:

"Pinky swear?" she said.

He smiled at her sincerely.

"Pinky swear."

These 2 simple words meant everything. A bond. A promise.

The simple gesture brought a deeper meaning to their relationship. It was something they would never forget.

Everything. The secrets, laughs, and arguments. All of these things were represented by a simple pinky swear.

They would never forget each other. No matter what. Their pinkies wouldn't let them forget.

Their pinkies would haunt them for the rest of their lives. It would be the light that fueled the relationship they had. It wasn't something that either of them could explain. It was deeper. This pinky swear was all they had to hold on to their relationship. It was the only thing that would help their relationship last. She wanted it to work. She needed this to work.

"You sure?" She said unconvinced of his commitment to this promise.

"Pinky swear" he says intertwining their pinkies one last time.

Gone:

He stares at his pinky expressionless. Lost. What had happened to his promise? It was just gone. Just like that.

He had invested all his time to his friends and to having fun. But what did he have now? Nothing.

She wouldn't speak to him. He had lost her. He deceived her. He lied. He had forgotten her. And now she had forgotten him.

She tried to keep the promise alive. He didn't do the same. She was tired of trying and he finally realized what he had done. He had ignored her. Left her alone. Forgot about her...

He did exactly what he said he wouldn't. He ignored her. Made her feel as if she was nothing but a chip on the block that he had blown away. And now he regretted it. It was a burden he held in him

And now he had nothing left. Nothing but a pinky. A pinky that would haunt him for the rest of his life. A pinky that would burden his everyday life.

"Why make a promise you can't keep," her broken voice would say to him.

His head would spin in circles. He couldn't sleep at night. Voices would whisper in his head. He was trapped in a dark hole full of nothing.

His pinky had to be the reason why. If it went would the feelings go to? It had to go. It needed to go.

And that's what it did.

Why keep the proof of something he couldn't live up to?

Broken:

Was it possible to fix what he broke? He looked down at what was left of his pinky. Did he think she would ever forget how he deceived her?

She stared at him. Her heart was beating the fastest it had been in a while.

Emotions flooded into her. She was lost. She hated him. He had betrayed her.

A promise was broken and nothing would ever change that.

He approached her and began to stutter, "He..ll..o"

"Hi," she said observing all he had become. He was nothing more than a broken man. A pathetic man. One too cowardly to keep a promise.

"I wanted to make it up to you." He said extending his hand for a truce.

She looked at the hand. It was different. It wasn't the same hand she had made a pinky swear. It was dark...scary...confused...

He stared at her with hope.

"Please. I will do anything." He quickly pulled out the other half of his pinky.

"You see. I'll do anything. Please. Lift me of this burden." He nervously sat down and began to fix what was broken. The pinky swear needed to be fixed. He couldn't live like this. Even with the pinky gone the pain still here.

"I'm trying to fix it. I need to fix this. I can't..."

She touched his shoulder cutting him off.

"You can't fix something that's already been broken."

She turned on a heel and walked away with her eyes full of tears.

Not all pinky swears can last she realized.

But why did she still want to believe they did?